

FOOTPRINTS

Impressions from where we were to where we will be...

The Newsletter for the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego

KANSHA AWARDS TO HIGHLIGHT JAHSSD 12TH ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

by Mich Himaka

Three San Diego Nisei will be honored at the 12th Annual JAHSSD membership meeting, Saturday, October 9, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., at the Buddhist Temple of San Diego.

Tom H. and Elizabeth A. Ozaki and the late **Tetsuyo Kashima** will be awarded the Society's 2004 Kansha Award for their past service to the community. Mr. Kashima's widow, **Jeanie Kashima**, will accept his posthumous award.

The new recipients will be joined in the awards ceremony by **Harold Kuhn**, who is flying in from Pennsylvania to accept his 2003 award. Harold was out of town and unable to attend the meeting last year. He has graciously agreed to return here for the ceremony.

The luncheon meeting theme this year is *Isan* which means "Legacy." The Society will have an exhibit of photos and artifacts dealing with the local fishing industry in which Japanese Americans played a major part, along with other items that have been recently donated to the Society. The exhibit will open at 10 a.m., an hour before the program starts.

Prominent San Diego Sansei **Robert Ito** will be the featured speaker discussing the JAHSSD's future as he sees it. His topic will be "Looking Back, Moving Forward" and he will share his thoughts on the future direction of the Society by addressing the questions: Has the Enryo Syndrome kept JAHSSD from finding a home? Where should JAHSSD be in 3 to 5 years? What needs to happen here?



Robert Ito, Keynote Speaker

Robert has been very active in the community, having served 30 years on the JACL board, serving as the 1990 National JACL Convention chairman, CEO of Ito Girard & Associates, former CEO of Occupational Training Services and San Diego Community Housing Corp., former board member of the Centre City Development Corp., and currently active on the boards of LEADS San Diego, Neighborhood National Bank, Kiku Gardens, San Diego Career Opportunities Partners, and the San Diego Automotive Museum.

The exhibits and program are free and open to the public, but bento lunches costing \$17 must be pre-ordered by Oct. 2. Bento order forms are an insert in this newsletter.

Tom and Aya will be the first couple to share the Kansha Award. They and Tets join a select list of past recipients. (See profiles on the 2004 awardees on pages 4 and 5.)

The exhibit will be organized by Dr. Don Estes, retired Professor of History at San Diego City College. Dr. Estes is also seeking fishing artifacts and photos from individuals who would like to lend them to the Society for the exhibit. Please contact him if you have items of interest.

The *When's Lunch? Bunch* again will be selling various craft items they have been making for the past year to augment our fund raising efforts. Craftsperson Shelly Wada will also have a table of items and a portion of the sales will benefit the Society.

We will also encourage members to purchase Holiday Greetings that will run in the *Footprints* winter issue. All proceeds benefit the Society.

Pastor Brian Nakamura of the San Diego Japanese Christian Church will give the invocation and benediction.

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IN THIS ISSUE

KANSHA AWARDS HIGHLIGHT ANNUAL MEETING	1
DATES TO REMEMBER	2
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE	2
CAUGHT DOING SOMETHING NICE	3
2004 KANSHA AWARD: LIZ & TOM OZAKI	4
2004 KANSHA AWARD: TETSUYO KASHIMA	5
IN MEMORIAM	6
MEMBERSHIP NEWS	6
VETERANS MEMORIAL PROJECT UPDATE	6
KOREAN WAR VETS CONTRIBUTE TO MEMORIAL	6
A MOMENT IN TIME: TOYO MEMORIAL	6
IN GRATITUDE	7
CELEBRATIONS!	8
A DAY AT THE OFFICE: JOE YOSHIOKA	8
MAS TSUDA: FISHERMAN TO THE CORE	9
MAZEGOHAN	10
CHANKO-NABE	11
YONE SHIMA'S ABALONE SHELLS	12
FAREWELL AUTHOR, ACTOR SPEAK OUT	12
COMMUNITY SNAPSHOTS #1	13
GENZO & GRACE SEKI 70TH ANNIVERSARY	15
SAN DIEGO HISTORY IN NIHONGO	15
YOUNG VOICE: MEMOIRS OF AN ALT	16
AKIJI WATANABE STORY, PART VIII	16
SDAFF TO FEATURE NEW NIKKEI FILMS	17
EYEWITNESS: STAN HONDA DVD	17
WE GET LETTERS	18
KIKU GARDENS' 20TH ANNIVERSARY	18
COMMUNITY SNAPSHOTS #2	19
HOMYU RECIPES	20
PHOTO GALLERY: WE LOVE FISHING!	21
SAN DIEGO COUNTY SEEKS FORMER INTERNEES	20
INTERNEES FINALLY GET DIPLOMAS	21
TIME TO FEAR DOCUMENTARY	22
UPCOMING NEXT ISSUE	22
JAHSSD MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION	23
ADVERTISEMENT ORDER FORM	23
DEMOCRACY UNDER PRESSURE ORDER FORM	23

DATES TO REMEMBER

- SEPT. 12 - Fall Ohigan/Sept. Memorial Services (10 am)
Keiro Kai and potluck luncheon (12 noon); BTSD
- SEPT. 18 - "Kansho: Stories of Faith" and Community
Open House, BTSD (1:30-4:30), free
- SEPT. 18 - Tenyaki Steak Dinner Fundraiser, Asian
Pacific VFW Post 4851 (5 pm)
- SEPT. 26 - BTSD Intro to Buddhism Class (9 am)
- SEPT. 26 - OVUCC-BTSD Interfaith Exchange & Potluck,
BTSD (10 am)
- OCT. 3 - Food Festival, BTSD (11 am-3 pm)
- OCT. 8 - AKI NO MATSURI: A Fall Festival, Japanese
Friendship Garden (6 pm), 619/232-2721
- OCT. 9 - JAHSSD Annual Meeting & Kansha Awards,
BTSD Annex Hall (10 am), program free, bento \$17
- OCT. 9 - 11th Annual Leadership and Reischauer Awards
Gala, The Japan Society of San Diego and Tijuana
(JSSDT), The Prado at Balboa Park, 619/233-6873
or jssdt@sbcglobal.net
- OCT. 10 - City Arts Asian Pacific Arts Festival, free,
858/549-9148 or www.edpeji.com/cityart2004/
- OCT. 17 - BTSD Golf Tournament, Riverwalk (7 am),
619/239-0896
- OCT. 21 to 24 - San Diego Asian Film Festival, Mann
Hazard Center, www.sdaff.org
- OCT. 23 - 54th Annual Bazaar, OVUCC (11am-3 pm),
619/233-3620
- OCT. 24 - BTSD Intro to Buddhism Class (9 am)
- OCT. 31 - "Uniting Service" for Pioneer UCC/Ocean View
UCC w/Rev. Dan Romero, Conference Minister
- NOV. 7 - BTSD Eitai-kyo/Nov. Shotsuki/All Life Forms
Memorial Services (10 am)
- NOV. 10 - San Jose Taiko Concert, East County
Performing Arts Center (7:30 pm), \$26/\$36
- NOV. 28 - BTSD Intro to Buddhism Class (9 am)
- DEC. 5 - Bodhi Day Service (10 am); Jr. YBA Chow Mein
Luncheon (11:30 am)
- DEC. 12 - BTSD Mochitsuki (all day) & Obon Again
Resale Shop Holiday Sale (10 am-2 pm)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Vernon Yoshioka

On the philosophical side, I've recently been doing a lot of thinking about my family's history. This is the result of a few momentous occasions that have occurred in our family this summer.

My mother, **June Yoshioka**, celebrated her 88th Birthday on Saturday, June 24, in Hayward, California. My daughter, **Christine Midori Yoshioka**, married **Samuel Edward Green** on Saturday, August 14, 2004. For those of you who know *nihongo*, Midori translates to the color green, so she became "Chris Green Green." This has been one of those good years where we were able to gather the family and celebrate two happy occasions.

Let me digress to the first event. My sister, **Allena Donati**, did all of the hard work in preparing for a luncheon celebration at my cousin's favorite Chinese restaurant, The Westlake, in Hayward. Some complications arose because my sister lives in Santa Barbara and my cousin lives in Oakland, and the restaurant people spoke mainly in Chinese. Luckily, we had a chance to preview the menu, and correct some miscommunications just the day before the event.



There were approximately seventy guests in attendance. It was a great time to renew old acquaintances and reconnect with family members. Two ladies who came down from Sacramento had been in my mother's wedding party, **Shizu Nishimura**, and **Margie Shigezumi Momita**, the Maid of Honor. As you might guess, I recently learned that Margie is related to our JAHSSD Secretary, **Gwen Momita**, as an aunt through marriage.

When my mother and I were unable to locate my great-great grandmother's grave in the Japanese Cemetery in Colma, Calif. last year, her cousin, **Georgia Cooke**, began to investigate and came up with a blank. Georgia's sister, **Jeanne Garcia**, whom I hadn't seen in 44 years, was also at the 88th luncheon, and she told me that she knew where the family gravesites were located. Upon returning to San Diego, I received an envelope from Jeanne with a booklet on the Japanese Cemetery history, a map of the place, and pictures of the headstones of **Kame Namura**, my great-great grandmother, and **Tsurukichi Tom Tanaka (Namura)**, my great grandfather. It was a great feeling to know that there is physical proof to the story that I am a fifth generation Californian.

At Christine's wedding, **Shinobu** and I did not have much say on the invitation list, as she did all the work and event planning. Although there were many friends that we would have invited, the realities of the event were that the church and the social hall were severely space-limited after just including family members, and all lists were pared.

As it was, the wedding was held at the Christian Fellowship UCC, because the Chapel at Ocean View was too small, and the reception was held at Ocean View UCC because Christian Fellowship's Social Hall was too small. The historical context to this thought is that Shinobu and I met and married at Ocean View UCC, and all our children were baptized and also married there. Christine's reception may be the last one held at this location. For your general information, the Ocean View UCC and the Pioneer UCC in Clairemont voted in July to merge, and in October 2004, we will move to Clairemont as the Pioneer Ocean View United Church of Christ. The assets at Ocean View will be sold and the Clairemont location will be remodeled and upgraded. However, the Annual Church Bazaar will be held at Ocean View UCC on October 23 this year as the last event at this site.

Well, in closing, it's time again to get ready for our JAHSSD Annual Meeting. We really hope that you can join with us for this event. This is the one time when we can tell you what we have been doing this past year, and to thank you for your loyal support. Of course we also hope to do a little fund-raising by having items available that you just can't live without. However, we really hope that we will be able to share with you another piece of our San Diego history. Our exhibit will feature Fishing as its theme. **Robert Ito**, native San Diegan, has been very helpful in guiding your JAHSSD in planning, and has consented to be our main speaker. Please try to save the date, Saturday, October 9, at the Buddhist Temple of San Diego. See you there.

CAUGHT DOING SOMETHING NICE

In each issue of *Footprints*, we like to recognize and thank those members and friends who have gone out of their way to provide our Society with that effort that has made our organization so successful.

The Board and membership of the JAHSSD owe a special vote of thanks to **Bill and Jeanne Marumoto Elyea** who came to our rescue when we were again pressed for artifact storage space. They have generously donated the rental and upkeep of a large, airtight container sited on their property to house our large artifacts like furniture.

"Da Crew" that helped prepare the Summer issue of *Footprints* for mailing and worked so hard to get it into your hands while the news was fresh included the following: **Nancy Cowser, Jeanne Elyea, Carol and Don Estes, Mich and Naomi Himaka, Yukio Kawamoto, Gwen Momita** and our hard-working President, **Vernon Yoshioka**.

We want to express our thanks to the Society members who took part in an hour-and-a-half presentation on the World War II Nikkei camp experience to 75 students at Poway's **Abraxas High School** in June. Speaking to and fielding questions from the students were **Jeanne Elyea, Don Estes, Mits and Yukio Kawamoto, and Vernon Yoshioka**.

A huge group "Thank You!" to all of our members and friends who came out to participate in the *Farewell To Manzanar* public screening and program at the Educational Cultural Complex on June 18. We also want to thank **Diane Matsuda** of the **California Civil Liberties Public Education Project** and **Paul Osaki**, executive director of the **Japanese American Cultural and Community Center of Northern California**, for making the program available to us. Our appreciation also to author **Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston** and actress **Momo Yashima** for traveling to San Diego and sharing their experiences of making the film with the audience.

Hosting the pre-screening reception for the Society were **Nancy Cowser, Bill and Jeanne Elyea, Carol Estes, Matthew Estes, Naomi and Mich Himaka, and Christina Pierson**. Thanks also to **Rev. Jim Yanagihara** and **James Yamate** who manned the Nikkei Veterans Memorial information table; and to **George Furuya** who constructed and was responsible for the set up of the display. **Don Estes** made all the phone calls to find us the ECC, a wonderful space for our event. A very special recognition hug for **Gwen Momita** who chaired the reception and pulled everything together so beautifully for us.

We want to express our thanks to **Moto Asakawa** for the donation of his collection of scouting memorabilia dating from 1929. Included are original copies of Moto's merit badge certificates, his Scout merit badge sash complete with 23 merit badges, his Life Scout badge and Eagle Scout certificate earned when he was a member of the **San Diego Japanese Congregational Church Troop 52**.

We also want to recognize and thank **Umeko Kawamoto** for her gracious donation of militaria belonging to her late husband, **Harry Kawamoto**. Included in the gift are campaign ribbons, uniform badges, patches, and unit crests for the Seventh and Fifth Army, The Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth Divisions, Fortieth Division, the 442 Regimental Combat Team, the Eighth Service Command, and a patch denoting World War II Amphibious Units.

Our gratitude to **Audrey Mizokami** for the loan of two photographs of her late brother, **Isamu "Sam" Fujita**. Sam was president of the San Diego Chapter JACL in 1938.

Bringing exhibits to the public continues to be part of the JAHSSD's educational mission. On July 31, 2004, the Society sponsored an exhibit on the art of **Akira Shima** that was viewed by over 200 guests attending the annual Bon Odori Festival at the **Buddhist Temple of San**

Diego. We particularly want to thank the **Shima and Batchelder families** for their loan of Mr. Shima's artwork. **Bob Batchelder** designed the beautiful exhibit and the accompanying booklet. Assisting him with the presentation were **Hisae Batchelder, Bill and Jeanne Elyea, Don and Carol Estes, Mich and Naomi Himaka, Yukio and Mits Kawamoto, Gwen Momita, and Ben and Grace Segawa**. Serving as docents for the exhibit and the information tables were **Nancy Cowser, Noriko Inoue, Minako Okazawa, and Christina Pierson**.

Making presentations to schools and community groups is another important mission of the Society, so we want to thank **Don Estes, Ben Segawa, and Matthew Estes** for speaking to the **Preuss School at UCSD**. A slide and Power Point presentation on the history of the San Diego Nikkei community was given to a group of high school seniors participating in the Health Information Partners Program offered by UCSD Health Care and the Preuss School.

Two days later, Ben and Don screened the JAHSSD-produced video *Democracy Under Pressure* and led a discussion on the relocation of San Diego Nikkei during World War II for a class of senior citizens involved in the Oasis program.

We appreciate member **Linda Canada** representing the JAHSSD at a meeting of the San Diego Airport Authority. The meeting was to coordinate requests to utilize display space available at the three Lindbergh Field terminals.

Our collective thanks to **Hatsune Mukai** for her very kind donation of two historic photographs to our collection: one of kindergarten students at Chula Vista Elementary School in 1928-29, and the other of a ninth grade class at Chula Vista Junior High School in 1938. We also appreciate the donation of four historic photographs by our president, **Vernon Yoshioka**. The gift includes family photos dating to the beginning of the last century.

We thank **Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 4851** for the donation of a photo album containing a record of the activities of the Post's early years. We gratefully accept this generous donation related to the founding of the Post.

We acknowledge the gift of **Tom Kida** of a copy of *Japanese Americans in Utah*. Published in 1996, the book is a product of the centennial celebration of Utah's statehood and includes interviews with some former San Diegos.

Our appreciation also to members **Theresa Friedrich** and **Wayne Takasugi**, who gifted the Society with several items on behalf of the **Hayashi Family**, including a book of World War II propaganda and papers about the Japanese Royal family. These donations are very welcome additions to our reference research library.

Big thanks the crew that got together to fold, stuff, sort, and mail 1,100 letters and brochures to the Nikkei community inviting donations to the Japanese American Veterans Memorial project. **Naomi Himaka** coordinated the effort and **Bob and Hisae Batchelder** hosted the group and provided food and refreshments. **George Furuya, Yuki Kawamoto, Nancy Cowser, Carol and Don Estes, Patsy Yanagihara, Christine Pierson, Mich Himaka, Jeanne Elyea, and Gwen Momita** were among those who helped.

We would be remiss in not thanking the talented **Noriko Inoue** for designing and printing the informational brochure for the Veteran's Memorial project. She also updated the JAHSSD membership pamphlet which she originally designed as a student over a decade ago.

Last but not least, we thank new member **Virginia Loh** for writing several stories for this issue; **Jane Hong Yamauchi** for sending the story on the Berkeley High graduates; **Kris Asakawa** for contributing to "Young Voices"; and to everyone else who contributed so generously to Fall *Footprints*.

2004 KANSHA AWARD

TOM AND LIZ OZAKI: Continuing to Serve by Michio Himaka

From youth group supporters to community involvement, **Tom Hisayoshi and Elizabeth Ayako (Iguchi) Ozaki** have just about done everything. In retirement, they both continue to stay involved.

Tom and Aya become the first couple to be honored by the **JAHSSD** board with a joint **Kansha Award** for 2004. Both were nominated by board members during the selection process and it was decided to honor them together.

I've known Tom since our childhood days when he would come to downtown San Diego with his parents, **Toraichi and Itsu Ozaki**, on their infrequent trips to the downtown area to shop. They would come to the *tofuya* [tofu shop] my parents operated. Both sets of parents had immigrated here from Wakayama Prefecture in Japan, so they had common interests.

Tom is the youngest of four children born to the Ozakis. He had three older sisters—Megumi Kada, Aiko Owashi and Nancy Kasai. Aiko is his lone surviving sibling.

Aya is the sixth child of the late **Mike Kumataro and Mitsuko (Nakai) Iguchi**. She was born Dec. 18, 1936, in Chula Vista, where her father farmed.

She had five older siblings and a younger brother, including her late brothers, **Charles and Kenji**, and her surviving siblings, **Lilly Onizuka, Dorothy Otsuka, Mieko Nishi and David Kumao Iguchi**.

Tom was born June 29, 1932, in National City where his parents were farming their property. (Don't ask him who's older, him or me, cuz he'll tell you.) He went to work at an early age helping his father farm and continued to do so until his father retired.

With the outbreak of World War II, both the Ozaki and Iguchi families were evacuated out of San Diego County on April 8, 1942, and sent to the Santa Anita Assembly Center, where they shared horse stables with everyone else.

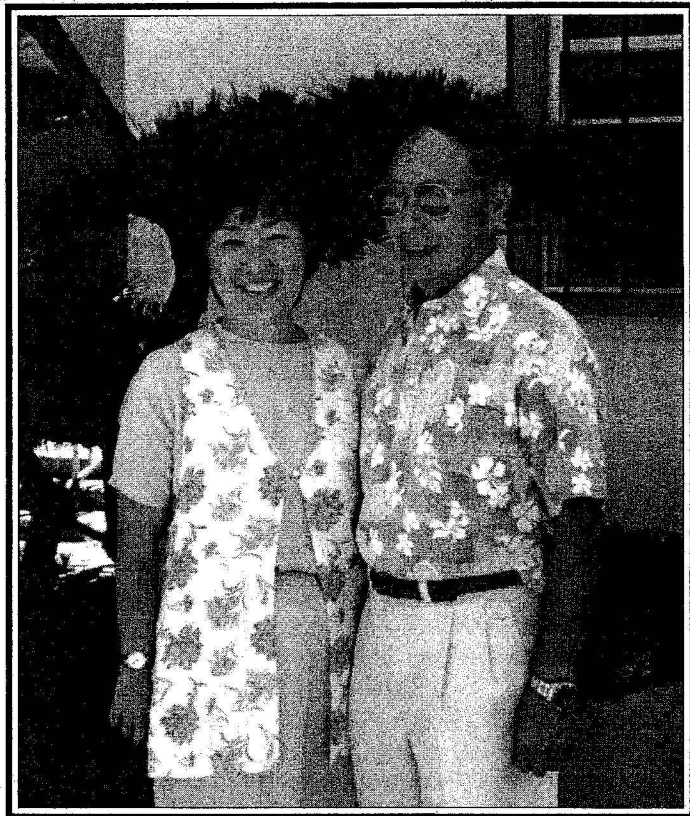
In August 1942, they along with other San Diegans were relocated to Poston III Relocation Center in Arizona. The Ozaki family settled in Block 323 and the Iguchi family settled in Block 329, where the family lived right across the street from our family in Block 330.

Tom also began his service to the community early, becoming active with the Sweetwater Union High School student body activities. He was student body president as a senior in 1950. (If I remember correctly, he might have started as a leader in camp when he was elected class president or something in the seventh grade.)

He worked for the federal government for several years after high school. He and Aya were married June 11, 1960, and their two boys, **Craig and Scott**, followed. While helping to raise their two sons, Tom continued his education at San Diego State University, earning his degree in accounting.

Both Tom and Aya went on to be active in their sons' school activities, including the YMCA Indian Guides program and the Bonita Vista High School Boosters Club activities.

Tom served on the JACL board of directors during the early 1960s before the boys came along and continues to serve the board and the JACL Credit Union. He was an original member of the JAHSSD board of directors and served about five years. (In fact, if Tom hadn't talked me into serving with him, I wouldn't be here. Thanks loads, Tom.)



Liz and Tom Ozaki

He also went on to serve on the Kiku Gardens Retirement Home board of directors, serving two terms as board president in 2001–2002 and remains active in that organization's activities.

Both Tom and Aya have been active in their church, the Ocean View United Church of Christ, from their youthful days. Both have served on the board of directors. Tom continues volunteer duties as the church treasurer. Aya has served two terms as the church moderator, which is like the board president. She also has been active in the Women's Fellowship Council.

Aya has also been on the Christian Education Board and has taught Sunday School for many years. Both she and Tom served as church youth advisors for a number of years. In addition, you'll find Aya singing in the church choir.

On Oct. 23, when you attend the annual OVUCC church bazaar—and you WILL do so, won't you?—you will find Aya cooking up the tacos for the umpteenth year in a row! She is the "unofficial taco chef" for the church.

She has been active in the JACL having served on the organization's Scholarship Committee for more than 20 years, most of it as committee secretary.

In "her youth," Aya served as room mother for both boys' classrooms in elementary school and helped feed the boys' teammates on the BVHS athletic teams as a Booster Club member. She also conducted reading groups for youngsters.

Today, Aya, who retired as a travel agent a couple of years ago, continues working three days a week and volunteers one day a week at the Japanese Friendship Garden in Balboa Park.

(And she told me she hasn't done much to deserve this honor.)

Well, in my own humble opinion, both Tom and Aya have done plenty—more than enough to deserve recognition with much gratitude from our entire community.

Congratulations, Tom and Aya, and thank you. You are more than deserving.

2004 KANSHA AWARD

TETSUYO "TETS" KASHIMA:

A Posthumous Recognition

by Yukio Kawamoto

Community Activist! Quiet, Low Key Guy! Gets Things Done!

Those phrases describe **Tets Kashima**, but they only begin to describe him. When you realize all the things Tets was involved in, you wonder how he managed it all. Tets was the "go to" guy when something needed to be done. Yet, for all his involvement in various organizations, he never sought the spotlight and went about business in his quiet, unassuming manner. If anyone needed a helping hand, he was there to give it.

Tets was a devoted Buddhist and a life-long dedicated member of the Buddhist Temple of San Diego. He served in many capacities there: long-time member of the Board of Directors, two-term president, newsletter editor, Sunday school teacher, lay minister, scholarship committee, editor of the BTSD 50th Anniversary booklet, leader of Buddhist services for recruits at the Naval Training Center and the Marine Corps Recruit Depot—you name it, he did it. He also served on the national board of the Buddhist Churches of America (BCA), the national Buddhist organization for the Jodo Shinshu Sect, various BCA committees, and on the board of the BCA Southern District Council.

In his career as an educator at San Diego High School, Tets taught biology and physiology and was head of the Science Department. As Senior Class Advisor, he planned and coordinated the graduation ceremonies. He was also involved in developing the Asian Education Curriculum for the San Diego City School District. Tets was highly respected by his students as well as his peers. In 1996, the Science Department established a scholarship in his name.

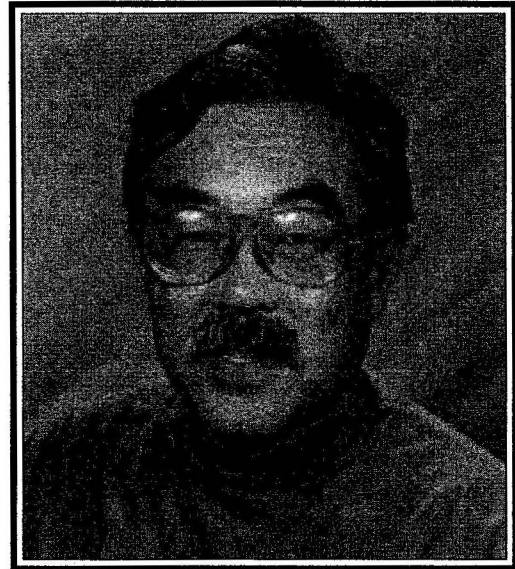
In the greater community, Tets served on the California State Teacher's Human Relations Commission, as well as the County of San Diego's Human Relations Commission. He was also active in the local JACL, serving for many years on both their Board of Directors and on the Scholarship Committee, including chairman of the committee for a time.

Tets was born in 1934 to **Rev. Tetsuro Kashima** and **Mrs. Yoshiko Kashima** in Yamaguchi Prefecture, Japan. He came to the U.S. with his mother at the age of 5 to join his father who had come to the U.S. earlier to serve as the resident minister of the Oakland Buddhist Temple.

In 1942, as a result of Executive Order 9066, he was sent with his mother and brother **Tetsuden** to Tanforan Assembly Center and subsequently interned at Topaz Relocation Center, his father having been sent there earlier. Following the war, the family moved to Ogden, Utah, where his father had been assigned as the resident minister of the Ogden Buddhist Temple.

In 1948, Rev. Kashima was assigned to the Buddhist Temple of San Diego and the family moved to San Diego. Tets attended schools in the San Diego City School District and graduated from San Diego High School in 1952. He received his college education at San Diego State College. After college, he served in the Army for 2 years, then worked at General Dynamics for two years while studying for his masters degree and teaching credential. He then began his career in education at his high school alma mater in the Science Department.

Tets met his wife, **Jeanie (née Takagi)**, in Berkeley while attending a science institute, and they were married in 1966. They had two



Tetsuyo Kashima, 1934-1996


children, now both married and successful in their careers. Son **Kenn** lives in Tustin and is a film editor. Daughter **Sara** lives in Berkeley and is the Educational Health Coordinator for Chevron.

Jeanie relates that Tets was a loving and caring father who rarely raised his voice in anger to his family. He was also a devoted son to his mother, always looking out for her welfare. Jeanie also said that he was very appreciative of the Issei, respected their life experience in this country, and helped them whenever he could. Among his pastimes, he loved old and new model cars, as well as playing cards. He enjoyed good food and collecting various recipes. On occasion, he would cook up a meal for the family and whatever he prepared would turn out very well, much to their delight.

I first met Tets in 1948 when his father was assigned to the Buddhist Temple of San Diego, but I did not really get to know him until we served together on the temple's Board of Directors. During that time, I also worked part-time in the temple office. More often than not, when I stayed late in the afternoon, Tets would show up after school to take care of something or another.

I always admired Tets for his intellect, his compassion, his even-tempered manner—never getting angry or frustrated no matter the circumstance. He had the ability to listen to others, however their views differed from his, and a willingness to voluntarily tackle any task. He did so without expecting recognition, because it needed to be done—and because he cared about those who would benefit.

This is a man truly deserving of the Kansha Award.



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IN MEMORIAM

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

MARY KAZUKO SHINODA ~ March 27, 2004
 JIMMIE TSUCHIYAMA ~ May 25, 2004
 KAZUKO HOBBS ~ June 5, 2004
 CHARLEEN TSURUE AKIMOTO ~ June 30, 2004
 RITSUKO UCHI PERKINS ~ July 11, 2004
 SHIZUE SCHMIDT ~ July 24, 2004
 CHIYE ITO ~ July 2004
 MARIKO MARION KOWASE ~ August 3, 2004
 LOIS YONE YAMAGUCHI FUJIHARA ~
 August 11, 2004
 KIKUNO MURRAY ~ August 12, 2004
 CLARENCE SEIJI MIYASHIRO ~ August 14, 2004
 SHIGEMI TAMASHIRO ~ August 21, 2004
 MITSUKO STEWART ~ August 21, 2004
 FUSAE AKIYAMA ~ August 22, 2004
 SARAH REBECCA ONDO ~ August 22, 2004
 MADILYN NATSUMI KAWASAKI ~ August 24, 2004
 ADRIA (CQ) ALLEN ~ August 25, 2004
 SHIGERU HARA, M.D. ~ September 5, 2004
 JACK TANABE ~ September 5, 2004

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

by Naomi M. Himaka, Membership Chair

A warm welcome to the eight new members who have joined our organization since June. They are: **Wilbur and Janice Shigehara**; **Karen S. Ross**; **Toshi Miyashita**, a gift of **Terry and Sachiko Nishida**; **Tetsuden Kashima**, a gift of **Jeanie Kashima**; **John Bucher** and **Iona Batchelder**, gifts of **Bob Batchelder**; and **Virginia Loh**, a gift of **Hisae Batchelder**. We are pleased to have all of you as members of our Society.

Thanks to the following members for renewing their annual memberships: **Grace and Hiroshi Sawasaki**, **Thomas and June Hamada**, **Sakie Kawahara**, **Sumio and Fumiko Nakamoto**, **Terry and Sachiko Nishida**, **Howard and Hesaa Takahashi**, **Joe Takehara**, **Tim Asamen**, **Chiyeko Yagi**, **Frank and Tami Kinoshita**, **Masaharu Tsuida**, **Hideko Shimasaki**, **David Fujikawa** and **Yuri Kaneda**, **Mary Marumoto** (a gift from **Jeanne Elyea**), **Frank and Janet Koide**, **Tyler and Peggy Tanaka**, **Dell Farnham**, **Masami Honda**, **Roy Kubo**, and **Kenji and Satoko Sato**.

We also thank these folks for their recent renewals: **Guy and Toshi Kiyoi**, **Hiroshi Kubota**, **Sam and Nori Komorita**, **James and Helen Urata**, **Tad and Fran Wada**, **Christy Vikander**, **Karen Tani**, **Tom and Taeko Udo**, **James and June Tajiri**, **Debra and Neil Nagata**, **Jodi Masumoto**, **Nancy Martinez**, **Mary Abe**, **Rose Watamura**, **Sam Yamaguchi**, **Asa and Jaime Enochs**, **Pam Springer**, **Ayako Yamakoshi**, **Janet Fujikawa**, **Jiro Saito**, **Tim and Junko Kajita** and **Pat Takeshita**.

VETERANS MEMORIAL PROJECT PROGRESSING WELL

by George Furuya, Committee Co-chair

A big THANK YOU to the many community members who have contributed to the Veterans Memorial Project thus far. It looks like we are on our way to a very successful endeavor. To date, over 154 individuals, families, and groups have responded generously to our initial fundraising effort to build a memorial for all of our Nikkei veterans.

Currently, we are finalizing the design and details for the beautiful black granite stone from India. We will keep you up-to-date on our Veterans Memorial Project.

KOREAN WAR VETS CONTRIBUTE TO VETERANS MEMORIAL

by Robert Wada

On behalf of the Los Angeles-based **Japanese American Korean War Veterans**, President **Sam Shimoguchi** forwarded a contribution of \$500 to the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego to help in their efforts to build a monument honoring all San Diego Japanese American veterans.

In a letter to Vernon Yoshioka, JAHSSD President, Shimoguchi stated, "This donation is being forwarded to you in memory of **Sgt. Yutaka Jack Amano** from San Diego, as well as the other 247 Japanese Americans who gave their lives in the defense of South Korea during the Korean War."

Sgt. Amano, a native of San Diego, was killed in action on December 11, 1950, in North Korea while serving with the 48th Artillery Battalion of the 7th Infantry Division.

The JAHSSD received two plots from the City of San Diego in the old Japanese community section of the Mount Hope Cemetery as a site for the planned memorial monument. The Veterans Memorial Committee is attempting to raise the \$25,000 necessary to erect this long-overdue monument honoring the San Diego Japanese Americans who served during our country's wars in all branches of military service. The committee has targeted Memorial Day, May 30, 2005, as the day for the dedication of the new memorial during the Nikkei community's annual Memorial Day observance.

The Japanese American Korean War Veterans have expressed their hope that this monument will not only recognize the San Diego veterans but will be a reminder to all San Diegans of the supreme sacrifice by Japanese Americans who gave their lives in all wars of this country including the war in Iraq.

A MOMENT IN TIME:

Classic Photos from the JAHSSD Archives

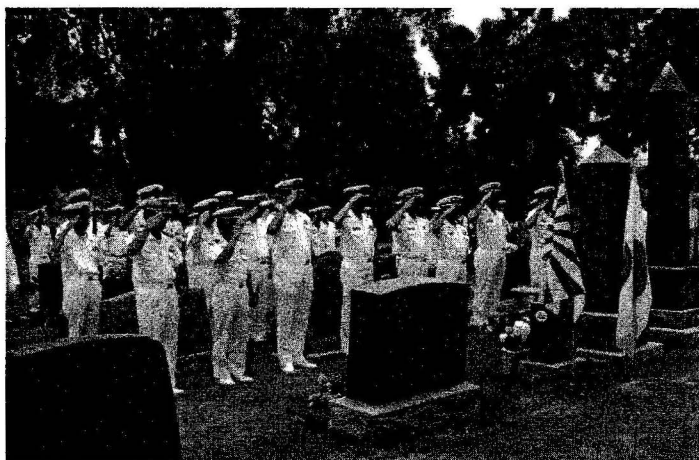
By Don Estes

I guess one can't help measuring things from one's own life experience. I'm old enough to remember World War II, so names like Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima and all the things associated with them are part of my memories growing up here in San Diego.

On June 6, 2004, I participated in what has become a familiar ceremony whenever ships and personnel of the Japanese Maritime Self Defense Force (JMSDF) visit San Diego. *(Continued on p. 7)*

MOMENT IN TIME continued from p. 6

That particular gray, foggy Monday morning, I found myself standing with Dr. Randall Phillips, the Honorary Consul for Japan at San Diego; retired JMSDF admiral Kenzo Sato; and fifty officers and enlisted men, including an armed honor guard color guard and bugle corps, under the command of Rear Admiral Takanobu Sasaki.



Japanese sailors from the JDS Haruna render a salute at the Mount Hope grave of Tsunejiro Toya

What had drawn us together at San Diego's city cemetery on Mount Hope was to honor a man who had died 107 years earlier while participating in a mission of friendship from Japan to our city.

San Diego's first really close-up look at "things Japanese" came on the 19th of November in 1887 when the Imperial Japanese naval corvette *Tsukuba* tied up in San Diego. The magnitude of this event can be measured by the fact that the ship was met by a local delegation headed by the "Father" of what was then still New San Diego, Alonzo Horton.

The officers, cadets, and men of the warship were treated to tours of the city in horse-drawn carriages, culminating with a sumptuous banquet at the Saddle Rock Restaurant hosted by the City Council. One of the young naval cadets who participated in these celebrations was named Kataro Suzuki. Fifty-eight years later, in 1945, that same Kantaro Suzuki—then a full admiral and Prime Minister of Japan—presided over his country's surrender.

The *Tsukuba* departed San Diego on the morning of November 23, 1887, but not without incident. While being towed beyond Point Loma by a local tug, Tsunejiro Toya, one of the members of the *Tsukuba*'s crew, lost his footing and fell overboard. Although an immediate search was conducted, no trace of the missing seaman could be found.

Captain Tadashi Nomura delayed his ship's departure an additional day while a search was conducted to recover Toya's body. Unsuccessful in this effort, Captain Nomura left funds with the city authorities in case the body should be found. Twenty-one days later, Toya's body washed ashore and was buried at Mount Hope, earning the distinction of being San Diego County's first Japanese burial. But the story of Tsunejiro Toya does not end there.

In 1899, the Japanese naval vessel *Hiei* visited San Diego and brought a white marble tombstone from Japan inscribed in Japanese: "H.I.M.N. Seaman 1st Class Tsunejiro Toya." After conducting what was undoubtedly San Diego's first Buddhist memorial service, the sailors placed the stone on Toya's grave. By 1939, there was a Japanese section at Mount Hope. With the permission of the Japanese Consul in Los Angeles, the San Diego Nihonjin-kai moved Toya to the Japanese section and erected a new stone inscribed in English. The old headstone was cemented to the top of the new gray granite tombstone.



Retired JMSDF admiral and naval historian Kenzo Sato of Chula Vista explains the history of Seaman Toya to Rear Admiral Takanobu Sasaki

Throughout the intense and emotional period of World War II, during which the mass exile of all Nikkei from the West Coast took place, the grave of this lone Japanese sailor went untouched.

In 1996, approximately 150 tombstones were vandalized at Mount Hope and Toya's original white marble stone disappeared.

Kenzo Sato is a retired JMSDF rear admiral who is married to the former Yoshiko Saito of San Diego and has homes in both Chula Vista and Hayama, Japan. Sato organized the Tsunejiro Toya Memorial Committee to raise the funds necessary to replace the missing stone. With donations from the local community and the Foreign Ministry of Japan, the new stone—an exact replica of the original—was dedicated on July 1, 1997.

As I participated in the Toya memorial this past June, my mind was drawn back to the era of World War II with its incumbent distortions and hatreds. I thought, What can the story of this lone sailor, buried far from his home and family, teach us today?

Maybe it's the story of the historical friendship between San Diego and Japan? Perhaps, it's about understanding what makes us alike rather than what makes us different? Or, in the final analysis, maybe it's about the inherent caring that makes us all human.

IN GRATITUDE

The membership and the Board of the JAHSSD gratefully acknowledge the following monetary donations to the JAHSSD since our last newsletter. If we have inadvertently omitted your name, please accept our sincere apologies and notify treasurer Bob Batchelder at (619) 421-6330 for correction.

DON AND CAROL ESTES
in the names of
Lois Yone Yamaguchi Fujihara
and Michael Kaswamoto

MICH AND NAOMI HIMAKA
in memory of Michael Kawamoto

TOM OZAKI

KATHLEEN SAKAI

RUTH VOORHIES

CELEBRATIONS!

Community Milestones of Note

We welcome two cute new babies into the world: **Garrett Akio Hasegawa**, son of **Gene and Arlene (Hagio) Hasegawa**, born July 19, 2004...and **Kylie Madison Hagio**, daughter of **Maurice and Elizabeth Hagio**, born August 19, 2004. The two babies, born s month apart, are cousins: Arlene and Maurice are sister and brother! We send good wishes to the happy families.

Congratulations to **Genzo and Grace Seki** who celebrated their 70th Anniversary with family and friends in Los Angeles on July 23, 2004! (See story on Page 15.)

Our best wishes go out to **Christine Midori Yoshioka** and **Samuel Edward Green** who were united in marriage on August 14, 2004. Christine is the daughter of JAHSSD President **Vernon and Shinobu Yoshioka**.

Erin Ochi, an El Cajon Valley High School graduate, was one of 22 students awarded a \$7,000 tuition scholarship and a laptop computer in the 2004 Chargers Champions Scholarship Program. Great work, Erin!

Congratulations also to **Tom Yanagihara**, who was honored August 20 at the Japanese Friendship Garden's August Moon Festival for his many years of service, dedication and commitment to the Garden. The staff put together a slide show of highlights of Tom's family and community activities. His wife **Sumi** and their children and grandchildren were all on hand for the recognition.

Natasha Matsumi Davis of Poway became the 2nd female to graduate with a Mechanical Engineering degree from the Virginia Military Institute last May. She has accepted a position with a large employee-owned R&D Company.

If you know of someone celebrating a special anniversary, achievement or milestone, please send us the details and we will gladly share the news in an upcoming issue.

"A DAY AT THE OFFICE":

A Fisherman's Daily Experience

by Susan Hasegawa

The nifty fifties bring back memories of suburban bliss and IBM "company" men going off to work while the happy housewife took care of the kids. For the "greatest generation," the decade of the 50s held out the promise of increased upward mobility in terms of widespread homeownership, education, and material wealth. For Nisei veterans returning to San Diego after the war, the process of rebuilding their former lives found them rejoining the middle class American dream in a variety of ways.

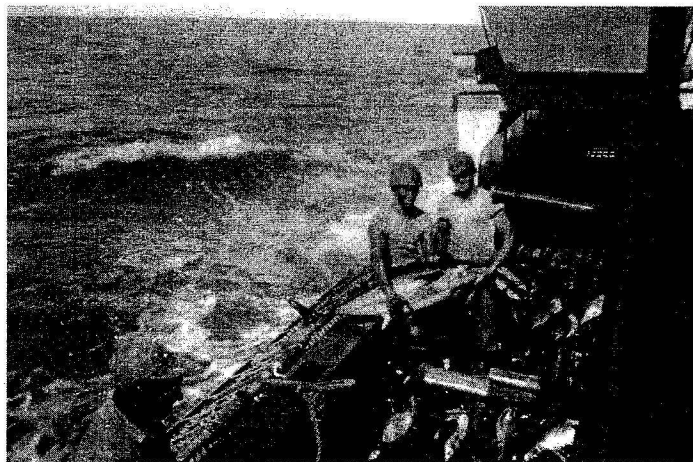
Following earlier trends in the Japanese American experience, some Nisei went back to the sea. For Army veteran **Joe Yoshioka**, commercial fishing was his "day at the office" and for 12 years, from 1948 to 1960, he captained his own tuna boat.

Instead of a briefcase and dark blue suit, Joe's tools of the trade were a sextant and binoculars. To locate fish in the old days, you'd use "just the eyes," recalls Joe. His "briefcase" was a pair of military range binoculars left over from the war.

Business trips could stretch to several months and could take you to far-off fishing grounds in both the Pacific and the Atlantic. Small side trips always included stops to catch live bait before heading off to the open seas. A good skipper knew where to find fish, kind of like "going to the golf course" to close a deal. Joe's golf course stretched from Mexico all the way to the Galapagos Islands.

In the 1950s, Joe's 11-member crew of the *Southland*, a 120-foot tuna boat, worked diligently repairing nets and securing equipment as they headed out to the fishing grounds. With luck, they would soon find fish. Scanning the water for porpoise—always a sure sign of tuna—became an art form for Joe. Tuna and porpoise went together like a peanut butter and jelly between two slices of bread.

Once the boat was in position, the fishermen used the same type of bamboo poles pioneered by an earlier generation of Japanese fishermen in the 1920s. With anywhere from two to four men working the long flexible poles attached to a single lure, fishermen could hook and land blue fin tuna weighing some 200 lbs. with relative ease. When the tuna were biting, there were no coffee breaks.



Returning to the tuna fleet in 1949, Joe Yoshioka, left, is shown holding a sizable newly-caught tuna with a fellow fisherman

Other Nikkei in the industry included **Frank Kobayashi**, an old time fisherman who captained his first boat several years ahead of Joe. **Min Takasugi** also commanded a boat; he had formally served as a radio operator. Some fishermen, like **George Terasaki**, were a jack-of-all trades. George was a radio operator in addition to being a top-notch engineer who took care of diesel engines. Fishing families included "old man" **Tsuida** and his sons, **Masaharu** and **Masayoshi**, whom everyone knew as "Fatty" and "Mush" respectively.

Some fishermen eventually moved to land and new opportunities: George and Min opened a bar close to the Gaslamp District. **Paul Hoshi**, another radio operator on a variety of boats out of San Diego, opened his own insurance agency near downtown. But Joe made the ocean a lifetime career, and it had its challenges. As Joe recalls, being "Away from home for so long, [was] not that easy." Trips were as long as three months and sometime "no fish, [just] hard luck."

The fisherman's equivalent of punching a time clock every day at the office, with its long separations from family, paid off as Joe and his wife **Mits** bought their first house in 1951. Now sitting back in his recliner chair at his current home in Chula Vista, Joe recalls fishing as both "a good life" and "a means to an end."

MAS TSUIDA: Fisherman to the Core

by Virginia Loh

At 84 years of age, **Masayoshi "Mas" Tsuida** is as feisty as ever. A professional fisherman for 38 years, he traveled the world, he sparred storms, tamed mighty beasts, and fished the turbulent waters. Of his chosen career, Mas says, "It was good for me. I liked it."

Before Starbucks and shopping malls, San Diego was a fishing town and the Japanese were pioneers. A Point Loma native, Mas was apprenticed by a Portuguese neighbor when he was twelve years old. As a result of a one-day skip-jack tuna fishing trip, Mas went from having nothing to do to starting a life-long love of fishing.

Descended from a long line of fishermen, Mas proved to be a natural. He was soon traveling with his father on long-range fishing trips to Mexico aboard *The Flying Cloud* and later, their own boat, *The Westgate*. Mas learned how to make gear and find schools of fish from his father.

Mas fondly recalls his youthful adventures: skipping school to unload boats for five dollars, getting stung by a stingray, making life-long friends with Portuguese and Italian fishermen, and traveling to the Galapagos Islands where he captured penguins and iguanas to keep them as pets on board the ships.

Surprisingly, he also managed to do some fishing on his adventures as well. An expert fisherman and an eager learner, Mas was a much-coveted crew member. Jobs were easy to find because skip-pers knew he was "a good man." After he graduated high school, Mas worked on several boats, learning different and more advanced techniques each time. The boats got bigger and so did his repertoire.



Mas Tsuida, facing the camera, pole-fishing off a tuna clipper, date unknown

When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Mas was fishing outside of Panama. He remembers facing a Navy ship with guns aimed toward his boat. His skipper raised the American flag.

A week later, Mas' ship reported back to San Diego where a physical and an induction card awaited him. Mas served in the U.S. Army for three years and eleven months. As a member of the Second World War's most decorated unit, the 442nd Regiment, 100th Battalion, his tales include capturing two towns, rescuing the lost Texas battalion, and getting hit in the leg.

But not even a war could keep Mas from fishing. He would throw grenades into creeks and wait for the trout to come up. Mas was a fisherman to the core.

After serving his country, Mas returned to his two loves: his new wife, **Grace**, and fishing. Mas turned his Army clothes into fishing suits and set off on new adventures. He was thrown into his first job

as a skipper and learned how to dock the old-fashioned way: experience. But even as a Captain, Mas could not stay off the fishing rack. He would pole-fish with his crew, his toes hanging over the rack, enticing hungry sharks. Always fascinated by new technology, Mas jumped from bait boats to netting boats to purse seiners, hungry for new skills.

A fisherman's life is not an easy one. Mas faced hardships and loneliness. Away from home for weeks at a time, he communicated with his family by short wave radio and, when ashore, by telephone. But Mas made the best of his situation. He warmheartedly remembers hosting barbecues, watching and trading movies with other ships, reading cowboy books, playing cards, fishing for marlin, and of course, chasing schools of fish.



Mas and a friend pose with A Big One caught using the bamboo poles they are holding, date unknown

Interestingly, Mas did very little recreational fishing at home except for the trips he would take with his sons, who unlike their father, showed no interest in becoming professional fishermen. As for eating fish, he describes himself as "fussy." His favorites are rock cod, tuna, and the belly of an albacore, which "melts in your mouth."

As environmentalists began to criticize the American fishing industry, fishing was no longer a profitable livelihood. Mas says otherwise he would have kept fishing. But at 60 years of age, Mas reluctantly quit commercial fishing. His attempt at landscaping lasted one month. "They asked too many questions," he says. He worked at the Larson Shipyard for two years before becoming a full-time man of leisure who enjoys watching sports and going to casinos.

Mas loved fishing and cannot imagine having done anything else. He longed for the freedom that can only be found in the open waters. He is one of the lucky few who can say he got paid for what he loved to do.

ROY S. YONEKURA

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MAZEGOHAN

by Mich Himaka

Fishing stories! It's the order of the day.

I used to go surf fishing with Papa when I was a little boy. He liked to fish the surf along the Coronado Strand or Ocean Beach or Pacific Beach or Mission Beach.

He'd dig for sand crabs as soon as we got to the beach for bait. Then he would wade out into the surf and toss his line out, sometimes two or three poles. I usually got to hold one of them because he would put the other poles in those metal pole holders or whatever they called them.

First things first, I usually checked to see what we would have lunch. (After all, it was 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning!) Mama usually packed us up a bento lunch in those metal bento *bakos* with the metal *hashis*. No sandwiches for us, boy!

Papa usually had his Thermos bottle filled with *ocha*. I and whoever else went with us usually had a soda packed.

When I wasn't "fishing," I was playing in the sand, digging for sand crabs. After half an hour of that, I was ready to eat. (Okay, so it was 9:30. A guy can get hungry, you know?)

Too early, Papa would say. He would wade out in his rubber boots or his new rubberized apron he had purchased so he could get out farther from shore. I got to be pretty good knowing when a fish was on the line. (Hey! When that pole is bending over, that's when you know, okay? Gimme a break!)

Papa was a pretty good fisherman. He usually came home with some perch, corbina or some other stuff that was edible. And, yes, so did I. Of course, I wasn't the one tossing the line out but I was the one who brought the fish in!

Sometimes I would bring in seaweed. Sometimes the seaweed would have other things in it, like rubber balloons stuck on them. Well, I thought they were balloons. Then. Always wondered why balloons were in the sea. Learned from others later they didn't come from the sea but from the beach! Never realized how much you could learn fishing.

Those were things Papa never taught me.

Papa wasn't a real patient fisherman, I found out.

One trip to the strand, he was caught nothing for the first half hour or so and he said, "Let's go somewhere else."

I told him wait. They'll bite soon. Sure enough, the fish started biting and he had one of his better days on the surf.

Pushing the calendar a few years down the line, both Papa and Mama are gone now. Naomi and I are married and we have two boys, Keith and Daniel, in grade school.

We took the boys up to Monterey to visit her Uncle Mas and Aunt Ida Shintani. Mas was a fisherman who often fished for salmon or albacore in season off the coast of Monterey. During the off seasons, he fished for whatever was out there. It was off season when we visited them.

He suggested taking the four of us off of Monterey to fish for sand dabs, ling cod or whatever was out there. Ida packed some snack foods and sodas for us.

Mas pulled away from the wharf at Monterey and we headed west on his small boat hitting wave after wave after wave after wave. No matter how far we moved away from the wharf, we could still see the Monterey skyline moving up the hills into the Pacific Grove area.

Then he cut the engine and it seemed so quiet out there. You could hear the slap, slap of ocean water hitting the sides of the boat.

Mas baited two or three lines, each with multiple hooks and then

dropped the lines into the ocean. "They're bottom fish so we have to drop the lines until they hit the ground," he explained. The lines each went slack, indicating they were resting on the ocean floor. Apparently, we weren't sitting too far off the floor.

After a few minutes, Mas told the boys to reel in their lines. To their amazement and thrill, each of them hauled in a number of sand dabs. So did Naomi.

We baited the lines again and dropped them into the water. A few minutes later, they reeled the lines in again and there were more fish. In between the reeling in of the lines, the boys snacked on potato chips, Fritos, other greasy-looking snacks, and sodas. I cautioned them about eating too much but they ignored me. I thought, they'll learn.

Meanwhile, we continued reeling lines in, tossing the baited lines out. The boat rocked slowly bow to stern, port to starboard. Up and down. Side to side. Up and down. Side to side. U-u-p and d-o-o-w-n.

U-u-u-p! And d-o-o-w-n. U-u-u-r-r-p and d-o-o-r-o-w-n. (Did I say "uurp"? I guess I did!)

I saw this six-foot long blue shark swimming off the port side of the boat about six feet away. I wondered if this day, I might wind up feeding this shark one way or the other—with chunks of breakfast (which I don't remember eating)—or my whole body.

The boys looked at me as they continued eating their chips and drinking their sodas, laughing, giggling, and having a great time.

"You look funny, Daddy," they said, almost in unison. (Well, it sounded like they were talking in unison.) The Heartless One asked: "Are you okay?" I nodded my head being careful not to go too much up or too much down or too much side to side.

Mas suggested cutting up some of the sand dabs in our buckets so the boys could fish some more. I said I thought the boys had fished enough. He must have sensed a feeling of distress on my part, but he cut a few fish for bait, tossed the lines in for one more try. It was good cuz Danny pulled in a ling cod, which was pretty good size.

Then Mas said, "Okay. Let's go back." I sighed. They boys said, "Aww." Naomi said, "Shh."

And we started back to the wharf. Once we were on our way back, it was okay. The wind blew in my face. I became refreshed. The nausea went away. I was ready for the feel of solid ground under my feet.

I've since learned that taking ginger capsules before going to sea is good to ward off seasickness, if that was what was affecting me.

I know you can't OD on ginger capsules!



Front to back: Daniel (6 years), Dad ("21") and Keith (8 years) show off their catch. The green one on the right is the ling cod.

CHANKO NABE

by Joyce Nabeta Teague

Homyu Revisited

It's great people got a kick out of the very big bowl of Chanko about homyu last issue. It was a topic that resonated for a lot of folks and brought back many memories.

In reviewing the e-mails and notes you sent me, I was sorry to see I had overlooked the comments of **Alan Miyatake**, son of Los Angeles photographer **Toyo Miyatake**. Alan, a fine photographer in his own right, was a friend of the now deceased former owner of the fabled **Far East Cafe** which for many years was located directly across the street from the Miyatake Studios in Little Tokyo. Alan, along with so many others, has very fond memories of the Far East and the people there. He still eats homyu occasionally. "I ordered it once as a joke at a friend's (high-end) restaurant, the Empress Pavilion. It actually came and had a lot stronger smell!"

As promised (or threatened) at the end of the last "Chanko," I'm passing along some info that homyu afficiandos may find of interest. And if you are adventurous and want to try to make the stuff, see the recipes elsewhere in this issue.

Where to Find the Stinky Fish

Apparently you can't find salted white herring in glass jars any more. Since fermenting fish would often cause exploding glass, you can guess why. In fact, good luck finding salted HERRING anywhere. A search on the internet brought up U.S. Customs reports of shipments from China that had been banned. Hmm, can't imagine *why* they wouldn't accept cases of exploding glass jars of stinky, fermenting fish!

These days, look for the fish in plastic jars. One much-mentioned substitute is "Yellow Croaker in Oil." The one that worked best for **Karen Tom Okuhara** was Three Tooth brand, imported from China, but she hasn't been able to find it recently. Her sister has been exploring substitute kinds of fish and recommends Roxy brand Mackerel in Oil for its texture. This can be found in a square plastic jar in Vien Dong, the Vietnamese markets in both Linda Vista and in East San Diego. Vien Dong also carries a Yellow Croaker in Oil, but the label is in Chinese, so I can't tell you the brand name.

Asia Journal's food maven **Lucile Cheng** says she finds plastic-sealed homyu in the frozen food section of Chinese markets. The flavor is close to what she remembers eating in San Francisco's Chinatown, but not as strong. **Sachi Nishida** asked a manager at **99 Ranch Market** who also directed her to the frozen foods case where she would not have otherwise found what she was looking for. The frozen version approximates the homyu she remembers getting in glass jars.

If you are fortunate to live in the Bay area, **Kelvin Lee** reports there are several stores where homyu can still be purchased by the piece, wrapped in plastic packages in the Chinatown supermarkets.

Where to Eat "It" in San Diego

If you just crave the salty fish and don't care about the minced pork, eat at **Sam Woo's Barbecue** inside 99 Ranch Market on Clairemont Mesa Blvd., and ask for Homyu Chow Fun, a noodle dish. It's currently popular among Chinese families, says **Karen Okuhara**. Her sister asks for "Double Homyu Chow Fun," which means the dish gets extra "punch."

At the highly-touted **China Max Restaurant** in Clairemont last February where Bill and I managed to get seated before the Chinese New Year crowd began arriving, we noted a "Pan-Fried Minced Pork with Salted Fish" dish. Was this, I asked the waitress with great excite-

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6:00 P.M.

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Enjoy the evening with champagne and hors d'oeuvres.
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contact the office at (619) 232-2721.

ment, the same as Pork Homyu? She said this was indeed the same dish, only fried instead of steamed. We ordered it, salivating, but were disappointed. Out came a thin, crunchy breaded patty—looking a lot like an anemic chicken-fried steak—extremely salty with a bitter fish aftertaste. Apparently the salted fish had been mixed into the pork. Bill dubbed it "Kentucky Fried Homyu" and most of it went uneaten. The waitress assured us they could also steam instead of fry the dish for us, which we may try next time. (I should hasten to add that everything else we ordered at China Max was absolutely delicious and the service was first-rate.) In fact, in his e-mailed comments, **Yosh Kawahara** lauded the China Max version, so you might give the steamed version a try.

Several people mentioned that the original owners of **Fong Fong** on Aero Drive at Fwy 15 used to make a good homyu, but the current owners gave up because of complaints from other customers about the smell.

Terry and Sachi Nishida satisfy their homyu craving at **Emerald Seafood Restaurant** in Clairemont. They claim Emerald's version is really good and they order it there often.

Well...that's finally it...except for all the lip-smackin' HOMOYU RECIPES which I regret to say have once again been bumped from this issue because of lack of space!

But who says I ever have to stop talking about homyu? I've always yearned to see my name in the pages of the Guinness Book of World Records. At this rate, "Longest-Running Column on a Stinky, Fishy Topic" sounds like a category I might actually have a lock on.

Happy eating, all!

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YONE SHIMA'S ABALONE SHELLS

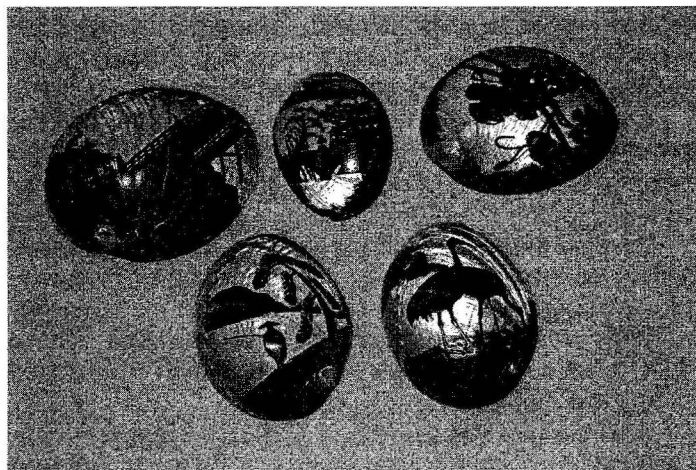
by Virginia Loh

With our busy lives, we sometimes forget the importance of community. But not Yone Shima. Mrs. Shima graciously provided a home away from home for Japanese fishermen who were recruited by American fishing companies to spend months away at sea. For years, Mrs. Shima and her husband offered those docked in San Diego a home-cooked Japanese meal, friendly conversation, and a chance to relax, helping to alleviate the homesickness of many of these fishermen.

One such gentleman was Genzo Seki, who at 98 years of age looks fondly back on his fishing years. He was recruited by the M. K. Company to harvest abalone in Mexico in the late 1920s. He made money to send to his family in Japan where he planned to return—except that he fell in love with and married Grace, his wife of 70 years.

Mr. Seki remembers the kindness of people like Mrs. Shima who opened up their homes and their hearts. He felt very happy to be eating Japanese food during his long fishing trips away from his home and family in Japan. Mr. Seki also remembers being friends with Yone Shima's son, Akira, who would chauffeur Mr. Seki and his friends around town and gather their supplies for them.

Families like the Shimas demonstrated the strength of the Japanese-American community. They preserved the richness of their native culture by sharing it. They loved people and preferred to have a "house full of guests." In appreciation for the thoughtfulness shown them, the fishermen gave Mrs. Shima abalone shells they had carved with intricate scenes of storks and landscapes. These shells have been passed down in the Shima family as reminders that there is a place for kindness in our lives.



FAREWELL AUTHOR, ACTOR SPEAK OUT

by Virginia Loh

Inscribed in my copy of *Farewell to Manzanar*, the book's author Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston writes, "Good luck with your writing." Like her, I aspire to break the silence that has perpetuated the invisibility of Asian-Americans.

By writing about her lived experience as a child in Manzanar Relocation Camp, Houston has ensured that the internment experience will not be forgotten. Described as a "stable rock" in the educational curriculum, *Farewell to Manzanar* is used in classrooms throughout the U.S. to facilitate discussion in history, sociology, civil rights, and American literature.

On Friday, June 18, 2004, the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego partnered with the California Civil Liberties Public Education Program and the Community Center of Northern California to host a community film screening of the film *Farewell to Manzanar*. Based on Houston's book, the 1976 made-for-television movie was the first-ever about the internment experience. Houston described the film as an "honest portrayal of the experience." It was also unique in that it featured an all-Asian American cast.

After the film screening, Houston and Momo Yashima, the actress who played Alice Wakatsuki, commented on their experience in making the film and fielded some questions from the audience.

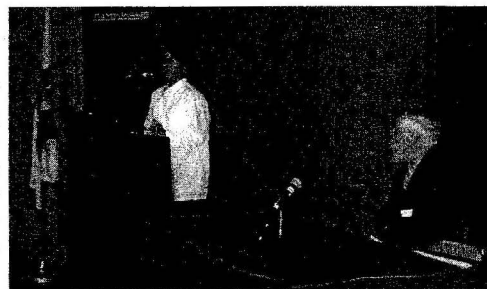


Houston and Yashima at Farewell's first-time San Diego showing

Houston referred to her life as beginning behind barbed wire, scarred by crimes that she never committed. Only through art was she able to say farewell to the experience and find "pride in her humiliation." She noted that she did receive criticism from members of the Japanese American community who were embarrassed by the intimate airing of their "dirty laundry." In both the book and movie versions of this story, Houston hoped to educate the public about a little known experience and in so doing, reduce the likelihood it would happen again.

History does have a way of repeating itself. In light of our current political climate, it is important that we have learned from the past. Mrs. Yashima pointedly stated, "What is happening today is bothering me. We need to look past our security and comfort zone and remember Manzanar."

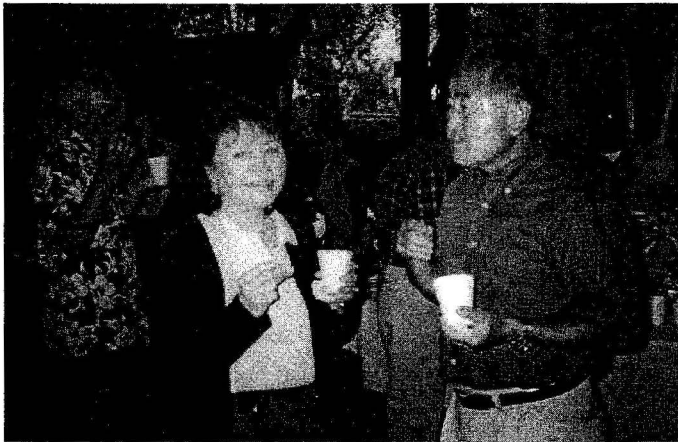
CCLPEP Director
Diane Matsuda
addresses the
audience as
JAHSSD moderator
Dr. Donald Estes
looks on



Special guests
at the screening:
Diane Matsuda,
Jeanne Houston,
Momo Yashima
and Paul Osaki

COMMUNITY SNAPSHOT No.1

INCLUDING THE "FAREWELL TO MANZANAR" COMMUNITY SCREENING, JUNE 18, 2004



Left to right: Yuki Kawamoto (in background), Mary Yamada, Wilbur Shigehara



Left to right: Glenn Date, Peewee Nakamura, Miyo Hill, Bobbie Hiroshige



Tsutomu Date relaxes in the lobby during the pre-screening reception. Sushi and other light refreshments were served

Right and below left: Almost 200 people attended the free public event at the Educational Cultural Complex which kicked off the community's fund-raising for the Nikkei Veterans Memorial project



Umeko Kawamoto found a comfy lobby chair while waiting for the film to begin

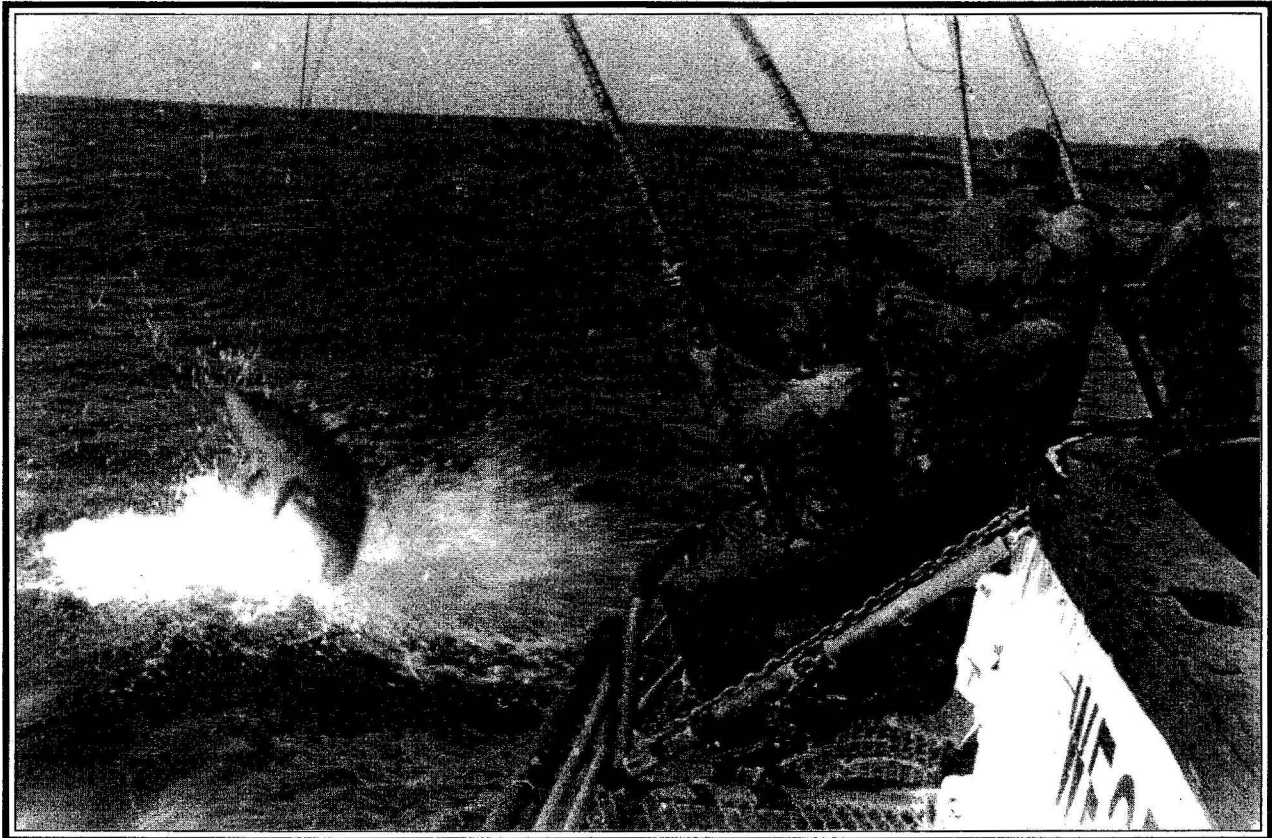


Left: Thank you card from Preuss School students with photo of Ben and Grace Segawa, who were among a group of JAHSSD volunteers who spoke at the school this summer

Right: Don Estes and Ben Segawa show a photo scrapbook donated recently by VFW Post 4851



A Photo from the JAHSSD Archives Saluting San Diego Commercial Fishing...



A group of Nikkei tunamen, using the multiple-pole technique introduced by Issei pioneers, pull in tuna from the stern of the clipper *Westgate*, owned by the Tsuida family, 1949

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GENZO and GRACE SEKI CELEBRATE MILESTONE 70TH ANNIVERSARY

by Mich Himaka

About 300 people were in attendance to witness **Genzo Seki** and **Grace Tazuko Nakamura** exchange wedding vows at the San Diego Buddhist Temple with the **Rev. Yoshinao Ouchi** officiating. By today's standards, having 300 people attend a wedding would be pretty big, but this was July 23, 1934.

"They were mostly relatives and friends from Fish Camp and the downtown area," Grace recalled. She and her beloved Genzo-san celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary recently in Los Angeles with relatives and friends.

Genzo-san was a fisherman as was Grace's father, **Fukumatsu Nakamura**. Her mother, **Fuji Nakamura**, worked at the Van Camp Seafood Co. cannery where Fish Camp was located.

Genzo-san operated his own small boat under the sponsorship of Van Camp and made daily trips from the Mexican fishing grounds to San Diego. "Being a foreigner, I couldn't own the majority of the boat," Genzo-san said. "Van Camp had to own more than one-half of the boat, so the contract gave the cannery 51 percent and I got 49 percent."

The Sekis met in 1928 when Grace was a young teenager of 14 living in Fish Camp with her family. In addition to her parents, she had an older sister, **Mabel Chizuko** and younger siblings **Masaru, Michi, Yoshiko** and **Isamu**. Only Yoshiko and Isamu survive with her.

As most first dates in those days, it was going to the movies, but Genzo-san always took Grace's young brothers and sisters with them. Tickets were a dime then.

Genzo-san was among the many foreign-born who were arrested and taken into custody at the outbreak of World War II and interned in various internment camps ranging from Montana to Louisiana to New Mexico.

Meanwhile, Grace and her four children—**Judy Takemi, Jean Fuji, Dennis Tatsuo** and **Frank Genji**—were relocated from San Diego, first to the Santa Anita Assembly Center in Arcadia and then to Poston III, Arizona, where they lived in Block 329.

"There were good times and hard times for us," Grace said recently. "The hardest time was during the war. But there were a lot of good times, too," she said.

To what does she attribute their long, successful marriage? "I think it's giving 75 percent of the time and keeping 25 percent of the time," she said. "It takes a lot of *gaman* (perseverance). You've got to be able to *gambaru* a lot. Like the weather, you've got to be able to adjust to changes.

"We've both been blessed with good health, peace of mind and a good family. We look out for each other. We go wherever the other wants to go. We've been very lucky."

Grace celebrates her 90th birthday on Dec. 23 and Genzo-san observes his 98th birthday on Nov. 5. At his last driver's license renewal appointment, he was given an extension to his 100th birthday.

The Sekis have a pretty routine scheduled for themselves. They go shopping on Mondays, attend senior lunches at Kiku Gardens and the San Diego Japanese Christian Church on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and the Sycuan Indian Casino on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, where he plays blackjack and she plays the slots. Occasionally, Genzo-san will take a bus trip to Las Vegas with friends.

Grace says Genzo-san attributes his good health to more than 40 years of playing golf. (He also played softball in the internment camps, where he often walked around with a bat in hand as shown in photos of internees.)



Genzo and Grace Seki are "wonderful and caring parents," says daughter Jean Okazaki in her announcement of their 70th anniversary which accompanied this photo

Genzo-san helped a number of young Nisei golfers in the San Diego area get started in playing the game after WWII. His skills were such that he was one of Southern California's—if not the state's—top Nikkei golfers. In his prime, he was a scratch golfer, but age has caused him to become a three-handicap golfer.

Genzo-san said that when he and Grace were married, he could not imagine being together for this long. It's been a good, long run for them. And on the offspring count, they have nine grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

Congratulations, Genzo-san and Grace, from San Diego's entire Nikkei community. Enjoy many more happy years together.

S.D. HISTORY IN *NIHONGO*

If you or any of your friends are interested in reading about San Diego Nikkei history in Japanese, keep an eye out for the September 1, 2004, issue of the bi-monthly Japanese vernacular, *The Lighthouse*, a publication of *Asahi Shimbun*.

Working in association with Tomoaki Ono, General Manager of the San Diego edition of *The Lighthouse*, a five-page spread, including historic photographs from the archives of the JAHSSD and interviews with local members of the Nikkei community, is part of the paper's current issue.

Coordinating this article with Ono and *The Lighthouse* staff were JAHSSD members Noriko Inoue and Don Estes.

The paper's special section is part of a continuing effort by JAHSSD to bring the history of the Nikkei community in San Diego to the Japanese-speaking community. If you have Japanese-speaking friends, pick up a free copy of this issue for them. Copies are currently available at Nijiya, Mitsuwa, 99 Ranch and many Japanese restaurants.



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YOUNG VOICE...

MEMOIRS OF AN ALT: The Speech Contest
by Kristopher Asakawa

This is the second of a series of articles by 26-year-old Kris, a San Diegan who recently returned from a two-year stint in Miyazaki Prefecture in Southern Kyushu as part of Japan's JET (Japan Exchange and Teaching) Programme.

For a group of Assistant Language Teachers (ALTs) sitting around, eating at the local *izakaya* [translation?] is a time to relax and talk about recent events, vacation plans, and our jobs. Tonight's gathering coincided with the conclusion of the recent English speech contest. Midway through the chicken *kara-age* we began to discuss the importance and legitimacy of these contests.

At the English speech contest, students from around the prefecture congregate at a specific location to present their speeches to a panel of judges consisting of Japanese English teachers and their native English-speaking colleagues. School English departments and students alike spend months preparing for this event. During speech contest season, I spent hours before, after, and during school every day coaching my students.

My first year in Japan, I was told that the judges were looking for an interesting speech topic, a clear loud voice, voice intonation, and relevant body language and gestures. The speech was to be no more than 5 minutes long and had to be memorized. First, the students and I began with memorization and then slowly mixed in intonation and gestures. Students worked so hard that it was truly impressive to watch their progress.

The day of the regional contest comes and the students compete for the top two places. Finishing in the top two for the region means they go to the prefectural speech contest. If they finish in the top two there, they get a chance to move on to the national contest in Tokyo. It all seems extremely educational. Students would write their speech, work on it with their teacher to correct any mistakes, get an explanation as to why something was incorrect, memorize their speech, and come away with a better understanding of speaking English and communicating with others. But that is not always the case. In fact, there are only a handful of students that actually write their own speech and fewer who understand what they are saying.

Sitting with some of my students, I asked them what they thought of their speech. I got it in my mind that the better they understood what they were saying, the better they could, you know, say it. What I realized from our conversation was that my students could barely understand anything that they were saying in their speech. It turns out that in most cases, students write their speech in Japanese and then have their teacher translate it into English. During the translation phase, there is hardly any interaction between the teachers and the students. The end result is a speech that the students must trust is what they wanted to say. Sadly, the student's personal thoughts, emotions, and expressions are "lost in the translation." The reason is because teachers get so caught up in making the perfect winning speech that the student's thoughts are replaced with words and phrases that go far beyond their own ability. It becomes the teacher's speech, not the student's.

Some students may be happy to use the teacher's speech and are probably no worse off for not knowing what they are saying. But I can't help to think the students are getting cheated. After all, so much educational value is put on these contests. What happens to the students who realize that the English speech contest has done nothing to

improve their communication ability?

The first student I ever helped with a speech contest was confused when I asked her to translate her Japanese speech into English by herself. I wanted to know what her ability was so I could avoid "over-helping" her. After reading her translation, we worked through the speech together correcting grammar and making sure that she understood any new words or phrases that we were using. It was a team effort. The process took longer than usual and the end speech wasn't as complex as most, but at least she understood everything that she said.

As it turned out, she didn't win the contest and was a little upset. But days later this student came up to me and thanked me for helping her. She told me that she accomplished more in the way of studying English during the preparation for this year's event than any other time. The preparation even helped her with regular English classes, including the dreaded oral communications class.

Most ALTs will agree that speech contests should be about learning to use English comfortably both inside and outside of school. Our job is, of course, to teach English communication. It is difficult to teach foreign language communication in Japan and there can be many obstacles for ALTs to overcome. One sure thing, all ALTs must be able to handle a lot of frustration.

JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES:

The Akiji Watanabe Story, Part VIII

by Fran Watanabe

We continue the story of pioneer San Diego Issei Akiji Watanabe, researched and written by his daughter, Frances Watanabe Wada of Seattle. We thank Fran for her permission to reproduce her father's story for our readers.

The American Dream Gone Awry

I was in seventh grade at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor, enjoying my friends and studies at Chula Vista High School. The war did not seem to affect my relationship with my classmates or teachers. In February 1941, my brother Arnold had graduated from San Diego High School, where he had participated in Class C Track and cross country track and had just started San Diego State College in engineering in the fall.

When World War II broke out, Dr. Waltner Hepner, then president of San Diego State College, recommended that my mother teach Japanese to several Marines stationed in San Diego since knowledge of the language would be very helpful in the war effort. This she gladly did until she was abruptly taken into custody by the FBI on March 13, 1942. When I returned home from school that day with two pins of recognition I had received to show her, I was shocked to find the house in disarray, with boxes and luggage left open and items strewn about. In a panic I called the cleaners my parents ran and listened tearfully as my father told me what had happened. Many Japanese who were community leaders, ministers, teachers and businessmen were also arrested because they were considered by the Government as threats to the security of the West Coast.

It was while my mother was in detention that the mass evacuation of all Japanese living on the West Coast was announced under the provisions of Executive Order 9066, signed by the President of the United States of America. We were given a very short time in which to make arrangements for the sale or closures of our homes and businesses and the disposal of personal belongings we could not store or take with us (which amounted to only what we could carry). (Cont. on next page)

The smaller household items and tools that we wanted to save were packed in boxes to be stored at the Japanese Congregational Church. It was a very trying time, physically and emotionally, for the Japanese community.

All cameras and radios were confiscated by the FBI as contraband. My father's 16-millimeter Stewart-Warner movie camera which he used on our trip to Japan, his V-118 Eastman Kodak camera with which he recorded the events in the lives of his family, and my own little V-120 were turned in. And we also surrendered our Silvertone table model radio on which I daily listened to programs like "Little Orphan Annie," "Jack Armstrong, All American Boy," and "The Shadow."

Because my mother was away, my father then had multiple roles to assume—as father, mother, as well as businessman. And as many heads of families were also taken into custody as my mother had been, he also helped many one-parent families prepare for evacuation. A journal entry: "Not enough sleep these last several days." In spite of all these pressures, I do not recall my father once complaining or expressing anger or frustration. It must have been due to the Japanese value called *gaman*—to bear without complaint.

On March 31, 1942, the dry-cleaning business was sold. It had been seventeen years since my parents acquired the cleaners. We also had to sell some of our most prized possessions that we could not put into storage—an encyclopedia set complete with a lovely bookcase (something my parents took pride on owning); an upright piano on which I practiced daily; a beloved free-standing phonograph (old style record player with a handle to wind the turntable mechanism) encased in a wood cabinet; a set of thick record disks featuring singers like Caruso; and many pieces of furniture. These were sold at outrageously low prices, as the buyers knew time was limited and we were all desperate. I remember that the encyclopedia set with bookcase went for mere dollars, and the phonograph and all the records for a piddling amount of money.

Next Installment: Concentration—American Style

SDAFF TO FEATURE FOUR NEW NIKKEI SHORT FILMS OCT. 21–24

The upcoming 2004 San Diego Asian Film Festival will include a program of Japanese American short films, including ***Eyewitness: Stan Honda***, at their fifth annual showcase of films, October 21–24. The Mann Theatre in Hazard Center (formerly Madstone Theatre) will again be the site of the film festival.

The four short films included in the special program are:

◆ **EYEWITNESS: STAN HONDA**, 2003. Director: John Esaki (26 min.). Many have seen Stan Honda's iconic photographs of the World Trade Center attacks on 9/11. Now hear the stories behind the haunting images captured by this San Diego native, which include his internment series and Operation Iraqi Freedom.

◆ **THE INTERVIEW**, 2004. Director: Lushon Quon (6 min.). The voice of a boy's grandmother inspires him to learn more about his parents and himself.

◆ **DAY OF INDEPENDENCE**, 2003. Director: Chris Tashima (27 min.). What's more American than baseball? That's how many Japanese American internees passed the time in camps. Set in the Japanese internment camps, a young baseball player learns his parents are going back to Japan on a prisoner warship without him.

◆ **STAND UP FOR JUSTICE**, 2004. Director: John Esaki (35 min.).

Based on the true story of Ralph Lazo, a 16-year-old Mexican American student in Los Angeles who voluntarily joins his Japanese American friends at the Manzanar internment camp during World War II.

The four-day festival will also bring to San Diego audiences three subtitled Japanese feature films: *Steamboy* (anime), *Josee the Tiger and the Fish* (drama), and *Like Asura* (drama).

Mark your calendars now! The SDAFF time schedule is not yet available, so be sure to check the entertainment section of the local papers on the weekend of October 21–24 to confirm dates and times these films will be screened. Or go to www.sdaff.org for updates.

JAHSSD has been asked to be a Community Co-sponsor of the Japanese American short film program, to be confirmed at the September JAHSSD board meeting. Last year, JAHSSD was a Community Co-sponsor for the excellent films *Asahi Tigers* and *Nisei Farmer*, both of which were later shown at the first-ever Nikkei Filmfest in January 2004, to raise funds for the Asian Pacific VFW Post 4851.

EYEWITNESS: STAN HONDA ON DVD

It was just announced this week that *Eyewitness: Stan Honda* will be a featured film at the 2004 San Diego Asian American Film Festival, October 21–25. We urge you to go see it on the big screen if at all possible. But for those of you who can't wait, it is available now on DVD.

First shown as part of a presentation at the Japanese American National Museum in 2003, the film looks at San Diego-born photo-journalist **Stan Honda** who was in New York on September 11, 2001. [Honda was profiled in the Spring 2004 Issue of *Footprints*.]

"Following the devastation of the World Trade Center attack, his extraordinary images of dazed, dust-enveloped victims riveted the public's attention to the covers and pages of national magazines and newspapers," reads the JANM Store website. "*Eyewitness: Stan Honda* presents the photographer's own recollections and commentary, revealing the stories behind the haunting, unforgettable images that one media commentator observed, 'put a face on the human witness and survivor stories,'" continues the description.

Honda relates the aftermath of 9/11 to the unconstitutional incarceration by the U.S. government of Japanese Americans during World War II. "His photographs of camp sites and his understated observations alert us to the chilling parallels between the treatment of Arab Americans in the aftermath of 9/11 and of Japanese Americans in 1941," reads the JANM description.

Closing out the documentary are photographs and commentary about Honda's harrowing recent assignments covering the war in Iraq.

The DVD, priced at \$19.95, is available at the JANM Store in the museum or through the JANM Online Store. JANM members receive a 10% discount. Go to www.janmstore.com/40087.html.



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WE GET LETTERS

To the JAHSSD:

The family of Florence Asakawa is very appreciative of your kindness and for the beautiful floral tribute.

With Gratitude,

Bruce, Sharon and Moto Asakawa

Dear Don:

I appreciate all of your help in getting us to Poston in May. Since my mother has never been back, she was interested in my pictures and what was there. She was probably listed as Hanako Niwa there.

Sincerely,

Roger Ozaki

Stone Mountain, Georgia

Dear Don, Matt and Ben:

Thank you so much for the wonderful presentation on the Japanese experience in San Diego. I know our students enjoyed it. On a personal note my daughter spoke non-stop on the way home about racism, internment and civil rights. It was a gift to see a family share their passion.

Thank you,

Felicia Beasley

UCSD Healthcare/Preuss School

Hi Joyce,

Just for your information, [photo] on p. 14 [of Spring 2004 Issue], Poston Camp III Hanamatsuri with Rev. Sakow, Bishop, and Rev. Kawasaki...no fresh flowers available in the middle of the desert...all made out of crepe paper with many hours of loving care...so told by daughter of Rev. Kawasaki, Kikuko Kawasaki Nishi (of Gardena...her older sister told her so).

Have a good summer,

Eiko Masuyama

Cerritos, California

Hello, Joyce!

I received your "Footprints Summer 2004" a week ago. Thank you! You have 23 pages of reading from the special "Farewell to Manzanar memorial project" ... to "Japan to a Yonsei" by Kris Asakawa, etc. ... They are very interesting. I note that Kris received a degree in Japanese at San Diego State, and is a JET teacher in Miyazaki. Kyocera has a scholarship program at SDSU in the Japanese classes, so I am very familiar with Dr. (Mrs.) Higurashi, a professor in charge. I enjoyed also Jennifer Chung's "Preserving Japanese Culture Is Her Mission" about you. You deserve the commendation.

Rio Imamura

Kitakyushu, Japan

Hi Joyce...

I was talking to your mom yesterday and asked if she ate *natto* and she said your dad did. I do too. Nowadays we don't eat as much rice. So...I'll just eat the *natto* right in the little box it comes in. Anyway, I just sent [my friend from Aiea] a gift subscription of your *Footprints* and he really enjoyed it. He of course was from SD before the war...one of my classmates...he married a gal originally from Kauai... their daughter was a year above Peggy and they lived near us here and after Sally went to live and married in Honolulu the Miyashita's decided to retire in Hawaii. Mickey was a teacher here in Lake Murray.

I'm anxiously waiting for our copy of *Footprints*...hope it comes today! Take care.

Love,

Sachi Nishida

KIKU GARDENS' 20th ANNIVERSARY

by Dr. Yuri Kaneda

Dr. Kaneda was the keynote speaker at Kiku Gardens' 20th Anniversary celebration held at the Gardens on July 23, 2003. His lively address recounted how the beautiful residential complex in Chula Vista went from idea to reality. We thank him for allowing us to share it in Footprints. Dr. Kaneda began by reading the names of the original Board members listed in the 1983 booklet from the dedication ceremony...

When I look at the names of the initial Board members, I become sad to know that some of our dear leaders have already passed away. But, my friends, let's remember them in our good memory of the Nikkei community history in San Diego. They are here with us today to celebrate the 20th Anniversary of Kiku Gardens with big smiles.

The vision and dream of our Nikkei community in San Diego came to a reality 20 years ago on November 27, 1983. We had a great celebration of Dedication Ceremony and Open House of Kiku Gardens that day.

Do you remember how many years it took to complete the whole project? Seven years!

My wife and I happened to visit the Keiro Home in Los Angeles in the Spring of 1976. We were very much impressed by an unusual kindness and care extended to the Issei pioneers by the young Sansei caregivers there. We quickly noticed the big difference between ordinary nursing homes and Keiro Home; between many profit-oriented facilities and that of a community-owned private facility. The big difference was found in quality and truly caring spirit.

On the way back to San Diego, we wondered about the possibility of establishing a facility like Keiro Home here in San Diego.

I wanted to find out who was the leader of our Nikkei community in San Diego. Mr. Jack Hamaguchi, president of Meiji Kai, told me, "Well, Sensei, your church must have a good leader."

"Like who?"

"Talk to Mr. Moto Asakawa. If he says 'yes,' he will do it." So we made an appointment with Moto, and went to see him at his home.

I remember I gave one of the finest sermons to enlist his help. He said, "Yes." That was the very first step to achieve our vision and dream. Seven years of efforts. I am so proud to say that we, the Nikkei community in San Diego, achieved what we wanted in the form of Kiku Gardens.

The biggest disappointment in [the] seven years was that the City of San Diego had decided not to sell the choicest five acres in the University Town Center area to us. Leasing was all right, they said. It took two years to hear this awfully disappointing news. All the Board members wanted to buy the land to own it. Oh, we were knocked down quick, but were not dead. We said to each other, "Yes, we will try to find another piece of land somewhere and buy it." You see how patient and persistent our leaders were.

Then, we got this land, 3.2 acres, in a good location in Chula Vista. Oh, we were all revived and *genki* again! We kept on fundraising to purchase the land, and we did.

To say the truth, many many people and organizations poured in their donations to achieve our goal. (I think, we have had much more than needed, and our present Board members are keeping the fund for us. Right?)

We should also be very proud of another thing. Five organizations, i.e., Buddhist Temple, Japanese Christian Church, Ocean View United Church of Christ, JACL-San Diego and VFW Post 4851, worked together very closely for the first time in this Nikkei community. If only one or two organizations [had] tried to achieve the goal, I am sure that we have failed. Just like the bamboo roots, we joined our hands together deep in the ground and showed our unity and connection to the world. The victory of two Ps: Patience and Persistence, that is.

Kiku Gardens, my friends, is the very soul of our Nikkei community.

COMMUNITY SNAPSHOTS No. 2:

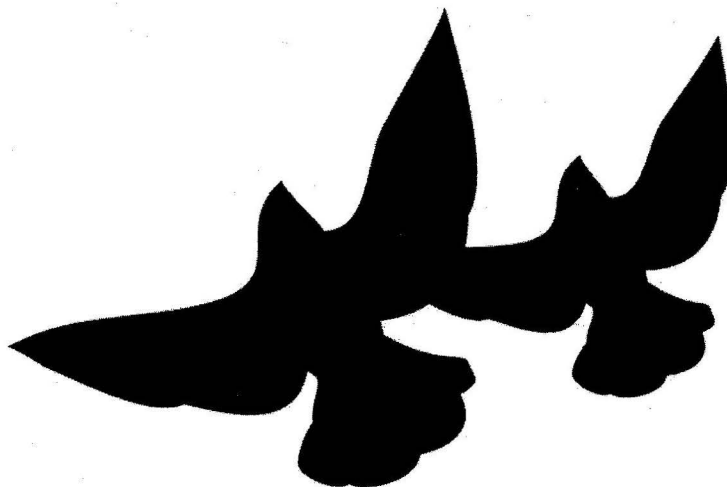
KIKU GARDENS 20th ANNIVERSARY ... and ... AKIRA SHIMA ART EXHIBIT



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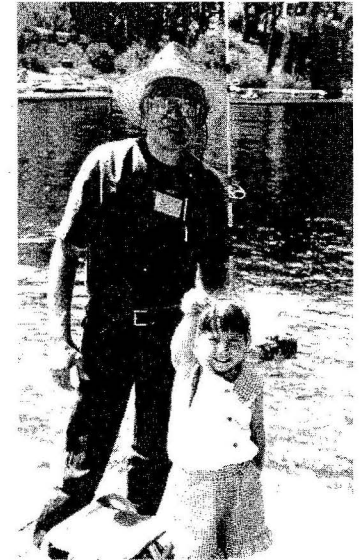
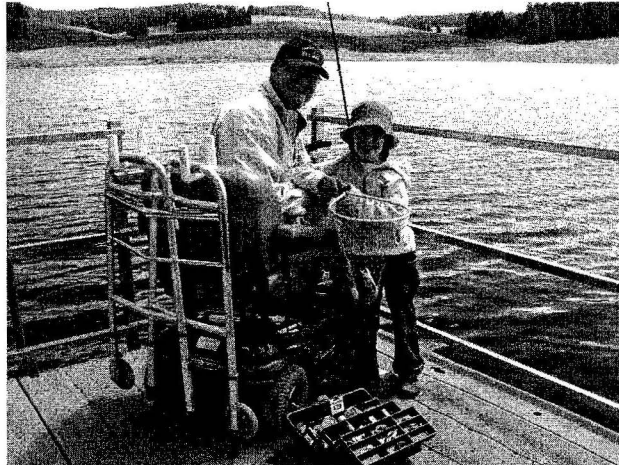
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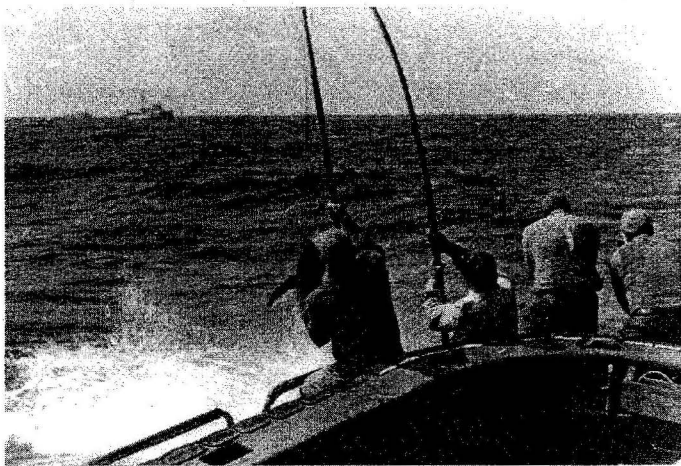
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ONE-HALF OF NET PROCEEDS WILL GO TOWARDS THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION IN 2007.

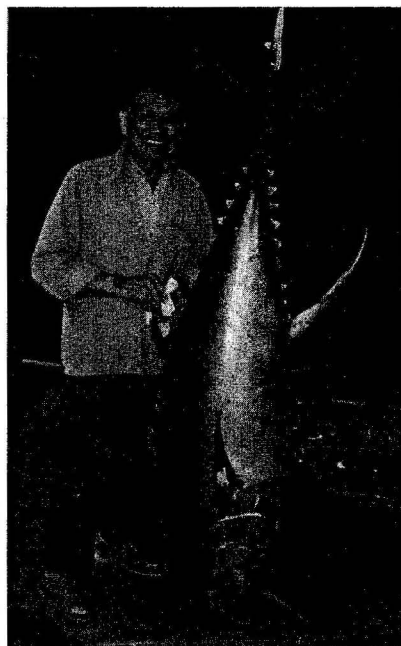
OH, WE LOOOOVE TO FISH!



Left: Paul Momita & Bob Shimamoto, 1998. Above: Bob Batchelder and niece Iona netting trout at Meadow Lake, Colorado, 2004. Right: Yukio Kawamoto and granddaughter ____ display a 3-inch whopper at ____



Above left: Nikkei tuna fishermen on the Westgate, 1949. Above right: Paul Momita caught 37 and Bob Shimamoto 56 albacore on one outing in 1985. Below left: Unidentified pole fisherman on the Enterprise, owned by Taju Koide, 1925. Below center: Bob Shimamoto at age 80 with 230-lb. tuna he caught off the Baja coast, 1997.



Right: Hizu and Kiyomi Uyeji cleaning a 60-lb. albacore. Mr. Uyeji learned this skill working at his cousin's kama-boko factory before WWII. Below: Bob Batchelder (seated) with Iona, sister-in-law Ece and brother Bill on a summer fishing trip to Western Colorado



SAN DIEGO COUNTY SEEKS FORMER INTERNEES

Martin Collins, volunteer for San Diego County Office of Education, called JAHSSD with an appeal to help locate current San Diego County residents who were interned during WWII and thus deprived of receiving a diploma from the high school they were attending at time of evacuation. Though the California State legislation authorizing issuance of these late diplomas went into effect last year (see box below), San Diego County has just begun trying to follow through on the State's mandate.

No official information or press release has yet been issued to explain the program to San Diegans and Collins was unsure how the Office of Education would determine who was eligible.

When appropriate, *Footprints* will help disseminate and information. If you would like more information, call Collins at 619/464-7413. (See related story below.)

INTERNEES FINALLY GET DIPLOMA by Martin Snapp

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On June 4, 750 graduating Berkeley High School seniors will march into the Greek Theater at UC Berkeley for the high school's annual commencement ceremony.

Marching right beside them will be six elderly Japanese-Americans, who will receive their diplomas, too. They are members of the BHS classes of 1942, 1943, 1944, and 1945, who were cheated out of the chance to graduate when they and their families were rounded up in 1942 and sent—along with the other Japanese-Americans in Alameda County—to the Topaz internment camp in Utah.

One is 78-year-old **Norman Hirose**, who was a 14-year-old sophomore when he and his family were sent to Topaz.

"It was harder on my little brother and sisters than it was on me," he recalls. "We were only allowed to take what we could carry, which meant just the essentials—clothes and eating utensils. Everything else, including my sisters' dolls and toys, had to be left behind."

Hirose made the best of his time at Topaz, even being elected student body president at the high school the internees established inside the camp. But he's always had a twinge of regret about not being able to finish at Berkeley High.

Then, last year, in one of his last acts as governor, **Gray Davis** signed a bill to authorize school districts to award retroactive diplomas to Japanese-American internees, as well as veterans of World War II and Korea whose service prevented them from graduating.

But even while the bill was still in committee, Alameda County Superintendent of Schools **Sheila Jordan** was already combing the archives, searching for possible recipients.

"This is personal for me," she said. "I owe it to the memory of my friend, (the late Oakland City Councilman) **Frank Ogawa**, who was also at Topaz."

Working from a list of more than 100 names—supplied by Hirose, who amassed them at Topaz reunions—Jordan and her staff have already located 20 people, eight from Berkeley High. She vows the search will go on, year after year, as long as there's a camp veteran still alive.

"We know we're in a race against time," said Jordan. "But even if some people are too old or frail to come here and complete the pro-

cess, it's still worth doing. The evacuation was a life-defining experience for a whole generation of Japanese-Americans, and it's important that what they went through be acknowledged and honored."

BHS principal **Jim Slemp** says the belated diplomas will also teach some profound lessons to today's high schoolers.

"It'll show them that it's never too late to right a wrong. And when they see how happy these folks are to get their diplomas, it'll put a whole new perspective on how important it is to get their high school diploma."

For Hirose, Friday's ceremony will be a case of better late than never. "I do believe that what was done to us was wrong," he said. "But being bitter about it? What good would that do me? So I'm not mad. I'm happy that I'm finally going to get recognition that I was a student at Berkeley High."

"TIME OF FEAR" TO TELL STORY OF JEROME, ROWHER

The University of Arkansas at Little Rock, the Japanese American National Museum, and the Winthrop Rockefeller Foundation have joined to present the first documentary to focus on the World War II Japanese American internment camps in Arkansas. Titled "Time of Fear," the film will debut September 24 at a Little Rock conference which will reunite hundreds of former camp detainees.

The experiences of thousands of Japanese Americans who were forcibly relocated to Arkansas after the bombing of Pearl Harbor are little-documented. 16,000 detainees were held at Jerome and Rohwer camps in southeast Arkansas between 1942 and 1945. Because Jerome and Rohwer were the only camps located in the segregated South, the film takes a look at race relations at the time. Today, only one Japanese-American family with ties to camps is living in the state.

Film producer **Kathryn Dietz** said the Arkansas camps were also unique because of the poverty in the area that surrounded them. She said Arkansans who lived near the camps told filmmakers that the camps offered running water and electricity. "Many people on the outside didn't have that," she said.

"We interviewed people who lived in Arkansas at that time. We talked to a lot of different Arkansans and tried to get a sense of what Arkansas and the Delta was like in the 1940s," Dietz said.

Among those interviewed for the film was actor **George Takei**, well-known for his role as Mr. Sulu in the "Star Trek" series. He was a young child when his family was sent from California to Rowher Camp where they were incarcerated for a year.

"Time of Fear" will also be shown in November at the opening of the William J. Clinton Presidential Center at Little Rock. PBS is expected to broadcast the film nationally in May.

UPCOMING IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

• Last Spring, we included a story called "**Citizens Betrayed**," which featured 60-year-old artwork of Tule Lake Camp found in a museum desk drawer. The Tule Lake Reunion Committee wanted to know who the artist was and if he was still alive. Read how the mystery was finally solved next month in "**Tule Lake Mystery**."

• What do San Diego, Fukuoka and Kitakyushu, Japan have in common? Find out next time in a feature story by **Ryo Imamura**.

• **COMMUNITY HOLIDAY GREETINGS** will be featured. Send out Christmas cheer or New Year wishes in the pages of *Footprints* and support the Society with your donation. Use the enclosed colored flyer to order your greeting and mail it to us by **November 15**.

Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego

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Above: Three young dancers from Vista Buddhist Temple wave ribbon sticks at the Bon Odori: Festival of Joy which took place July 31, 2004, at the Buddhist Temple of San Diego



Left: Suzanne Akemi Negoro delights the Bon Odori audience with her shelly, Howie, decked out in a tenugui and obi