

# FOOTPRINTS

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

**The Newsletter for the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego**

## "FAREWELL TO MANZANAR" SCREENING TO BENEFIT VETERANS MEMORIAL PROJECT

The 1976 made-for-TV film "**Farewell to Manzanar**" was one of the first Japanese American stories to appear on national television. It was also the first mainstream depiction of World War II Japanese American incarceration, thus exposing the story to those who had been unaware of the existence of internment camps like Manzanar.

Based on the 1973 book by **Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston** and her husband **James Houston**, the film follows the prosperous Wakatsuki family of Santa Monica, California, whose lives were torn apart as a result of their evacuation and internment. What happens to her family behind barbed wire is seen through the eyes of young Jeanne, who was 12 years old at the time.

The film aired once on NBC on March 11, 1976, and was later syndicated. But it has not been rebroadcast in over twenty years, and has never been screened theatrically until recently. Thanks to a grant from the California Civil Liberties Public Education Program (CCLPEP), which is supporting the movie's revival at a limited number of screenings, "**Farewell to Manzanar**" will make its San Diego screen debut at 6:00 p.m. on **Friday, June 18** at the **Educational Cultural Complex Theater**.

The event is being co-sponsored by the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego. **Admission is free and the public welcome.**

Starring **Pat Morita, Nobu McCarthy, Mako, Clyde Kusatsu, James Saito** and many others, "**Farewell**" also marked the first time these veteran actors were called upon to actually carry a film by themselves. Many, like the late **Yuki Shimoda**, give stellar performances. The *Blockbuster Entertainment Guide to Movies and Videos* gives the film a rating of four-and-a-half out of five stars.

Author **Jeanne Houston** is scheduled to appear for a question-and-answer session following the screening. Actors **Pat Morita, Momo Yashima** and **Akemi Kikumura** are also expected to attend.

For its part in publicizing and presenting "**Farewell**" in its San Diego debut, JAHSSD will receive a \$1000 honorarium. The amount has already been earmarked by the JAHSSD Board for the **Japanese American Veterans Memorial project** which, after a year of planning, is entering its fundraising stage. (See related story on the Memorial on p. 3.)

The event will take place at the San Diego Community College's intimate and comfortable Educational Cultural Complex (ECC) Theater, 4343 Ocean View Blvd., off Fwy. 15. (For those familiar with the location of the Ocean View United Church of Christ, ECC is about eight blocks further east on Ocean View Blvd. on the south side of the street.) It is wheelchair-accessible. There is ample parking in front of the venue and a security officer will be on duty.

The Friday evening program begins at 6:00 p.m. with light refreshments served in the theater lobby, followed by the screening at 6:30 p.m., and the Q&A with Houston and the actors. The program is expected to end around 9 p.m.

Don't miss a rare opportunity to see this historic film and meet the author who lived the story. *Please invite everyone you know to this free event, particularly teachers and youngsters.* The book is well-known to students, as it is now required reading in most California schools and in many schools around the country. But few students have had the chance to see the film or meet Houston, whose story has touched so many of them.

For more information, send e-mail to [events@jahssd.org](mailto:events@jahssd.org) or call Gwen Momita at (858) 277-8808.

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## DATES TO REMEMBER

- JUNE 5** – Angel Fund Concert featuring guitar/koto/flute quartet. OVUCC. \$15.  
**JUNE 6** – Japanese Cultural Bazaar (11am~5pm), BTSD  
**JUNE 18** – “Farewell to Manzanar” presented by JAHSSD, ECC Theater (6pm). Free  
**JUNE 19** – SD-JACL Kids Culture Day (9am), BTSD  
**JUNE 20** – Buddhist Temple Father’s Day Picnic and Awards Day (10am~2pm), Rohr Park  
**JUNE 20** – OVUCC Father’s Day Service, Promotion Sunday & Potluck  
**JUNE 26** – LEAP Effective Meetings Workshop, UPAC (9am~1pm). \$20  
**JUNE 27** – Intro to Buddhism Class (9~10am), BTSD. Free  
**JUNE 27** – SD-JACL Annual Beach Picnic, Mission Bay Park (10am)  
**JUNE 27** – Zenbu Intro to Tai Chi, BTSD (11am). \$3  
**JULY 17** – Kiku Gardens 20<sup>th</sup> Anniv. Celebration (2~4pm)  
**JULY 24** – “Metta Meditation” by Rev. Joren McDonald (7pm), BTSD. Free  
**JULY 24 & 25** – Vista Buddhist Temple Obon Festival. Free  
**JULY 25** – BTSD Obon Service (10am)  
**JULY 31** – BON ODORI “Festival of Joy,” BTSD (5:30~8:30pm). Free  
**JULY 31** – Akira Shima Art Exhibit, BTSD (5:30pm). Free  
**AUG. 22** – Intro to Buddhism Class (9~10am), BTSD. Free  
**AUG. 28 & 29** – Annual Rummage Sale, BTSD

### UPCOMING in the FALL

- SEPT. 18** – “Kansho: Stories of Faith” Program, BTSD  
**SEPT. 26** – Annual OVUCC-BTSD Exchange, BTSD  
**OCT. 3** – Food Festival, BTSD  
**OCT. 8, 9, 10** – Poston I Family Reunion, Laughlin  
**OCT. 9** – JAHSSD Annual Meeting/Kansha Awards  
**OCT. 23** – OVUCC 54<sup>th</sup> Annual Bazaar

#### Phone contacts for the events listed above:

BTSD: 619/239-0896  
 Kiku Gardens: 619/422-4951  
 OVUCC: 619/233-3620  
 UPAC: 619/232-6454  
 Vista Buddhist Temple: 760/941-8800

### MARK YOUR CALENDARS:

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 2004**

OCEAN VIEW UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST  
**ANNUAL BAZAAR!**

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Vernon Yoshioka



History is becoming more and more real to me as each month passes. I begin to appreciate why some people actually make a living as historians and take a lifetime to try to bring others like myself into their fold.

Last month, a History Channel TV show, “Last Raid Over Tokyo,” told how B-24 Liberator Bombers flew over Tokyo on their last mission to bomb the oil fields in Northern Japan. The timing of this mission caused an air raid blackout in Tokyo, which disrupted a coup attempt by some Japanese military men in their efforts to continue the fight to the death. If they had been successful in prolonging the war for even a few days, President Truman had scheduled a third atomic bomb to be dropped on Tokyo. However, because of the blackout, the coup failed and the surrender was announced. This story struck close to home, as my wife, Shinobu, was living in Tokyo at that time.

Shinobu and I spent some time in San Jose on March 22, 2004, on the return portion of our latest trip to visit my mother, June Yoshioka, in Hayward, California. We stopped primarily to see what their Japan Town was like. After driving around and taking pictures at the San Jose Buddhist Temple, we continued up the street and saw the Wesley United Methodist Church (JA). Then we noticed the Japanese American Museum of San Jose (JAMSJ) right across the street. The sign said closed on Mondays, so we were just going to peer into the windows, when the door opened and we were invited inside. From the front it just looks like a small, single-family residence, but inside it was much larger than expected. The displays were just exquisite, and very thoroughly thought out. The presentation carried us through the experiences of the San Jose JA community.

I kept thinking, as we walked through the exhibits, that our JAHSSD needs to have something like this. Out behind the main building were two large Quonset hut type buildings, one 20' x 30' and the other 20' x 40', which housed old farm equipment and tools. However, these were not old type buildings but the latest in design, with full width garage style doors with automatic openers. I guess the engineer in me won't die off very soon, and I was really impressed with these facilities. We received a full-hour guided tour by Ken Iwagaki, the JAMSJ Chief Financial Officer, for which we will be ever grateful. He said to give his regards to Don and Susan, whom he remembered from the REgenerations Oral History Project. It was a memorable visit, and we recommend that you try to see the museum if you are in San Jose.

Movies and television have the ability to take us to many events, both real and imaginary. It was interesting that one of the new movies, *The Last Samurai*, had Japanese historical reference, fantastic Japanese scenery, costumes and color, even though it had plenty of “Hollywood only” characters and timelines.

Another movie, made for television over 25 years ago, was *Farewell to Manzanar*, from the novel based on the true story of the Japanese American internment by Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston. By watching it, many Americans learned about internment for the first time. JAHSSD will be showing *Farewell to Manzanar* on Friday, June 18, here in San Diego to celebrate the revival of this excellent film.

If you can, please join us, as the author and some of the principal actors will be present. We have reserved the theater at the Educational Cultural Complex (ECC) of the San Diego Community College District for this free event.

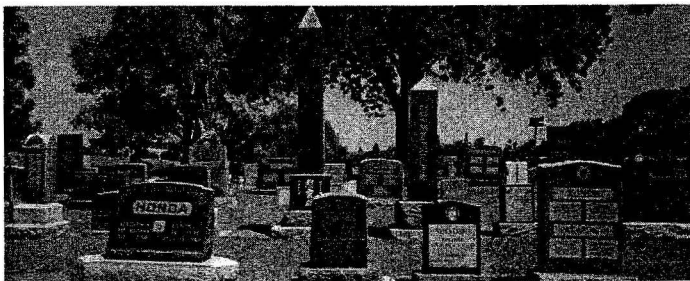
## J.A. VETERANS MEMORIAL DEDICATION PLANNED FOR MEMORIAL DAY 2005

Last spring, Carlsbad resident George Furuya approached the JAHSSD Board with a proposal to create the first memorial in San Diego County to honor veterans of Japanese descent. His idea was greeted with enthusiasm and the board agreed to commit to the project. Within a short time, an ad hoc committee co-chaired by George and Ben Segawa was formed to explore possibilities of site, design, schedule and funding for such a memorial.

After much research and planning, the Veterans Memorial Committee now has a site, a design, and a projected dedication date: Memorial Day 2005. An informational brochure inviting the support of the Nikkei community has been designed by Noriko Inoue and will be ready for distribution in June.

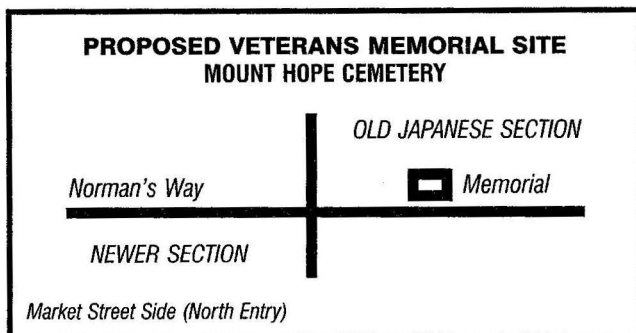
### Monument Details

The Japanese American Veterans Memorial will be erected in the old Japanese section of Mount Hope Cemetery on two plots donated by the City of San Diego. Situated adjacent to Norman's Way, the



View of the old Japan section at Mount Hope Cemetery

rectangular monument of polished black granite will face north, drawing visitors to approach the stone and reflect in the simple engraving: *Dedicated to all Americans of Japanese ancestry who defended their country for the right to be called Americans.*



Speaking for the Committee, co-chair Ben Segawa has recommended to the Board that the community fundraising phase of the campaign take place between June and November of 2004. All donations will be accepted and acknowledged by JAHSSD.

Society members and others who would like to help JAHSSD in its efforts to raise the estimated \$25,000 necessary to pay for the monument are asked to call President Vernon Yoshioka, George Furuya, Ben Segawa, or any member of the Board listed on the back of this newsletter. Your ideas and energy will be welcome as we work toward this worthwhile goal.

To learn about the genesis of the Veterans Memorial project, read "Duty, Honor, Courage Found in a Shoebox" on p. 4.

## CAUGHT DOING SOMETHING NICE

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

In case you haven't noticed, our newsletter has grown in size and quality. Every issue requires volunteer help to prepare *Footprints* for mailing. The crew readying the Spring 2004 issue included **Jeanne Marumoto Elyea, Don Estes, Mich and Naomi Himaka, Mits and Yukio Kawamoto, Ben Segawa, Joyce Teague, and Reverend Jim Yanagihara**. The mailing crew changes from issue to issue, depending on who's available, but the task is always cheerfully and efficiently carried out.

The JAHSSD was represented March 6 at the 40th Anniversary Conference of The Congress of History of San Diego and Imperial Counties held in the Norman Park Center in Chula Vista. **Mich Himaka** presented a paper on the role of the Nikkei in the South Bay assisted by **Jeanne Elyea** and **James Yamate**. After Mich's presentation, the dynamic trio fielded questions from the 75 members of the audience. We've had lots of very positive feedback on the presentation from other local historical societies attending.

We want to acknowledge and thank **Joyce Teague** for her donation of the video, *Nisei Farmer*, to our expanding video and DVD library.

Speaking of expanding our library, long-time Society members **Midori and Yeaji Fujino** have thoughtfully donated an autographed copy of **Joyce and Paul Hirohata's** new book, *Nisei Voices: Japanese American Students of the 1930s—Then and Now* to our resource and reference library. Included in the book is a section featuring an essay written in February 1932 on Mahatma Gandhi by **Dorothy Chiye Yoshida** who was attending Sweetwater High School at the time.

Since May was Asian Pacific Heritage Month, our Society received a number of requests to make presentations. **Mich Himaka, Yukio Kawamoto, Ruth Voorhies, and Jim Yanagihara** were all part of a panel chaired by **Don Estes** that made a presentation at the Second Annual Asian Pacific Islander Forum held at the San Diego Chinese Historical Museum. The group later answered questions on life in the Asian Historical District prior to World War II.

We also want to thank **Jeanne Elyea, Mich Himaka, and Jim Yanagihara** for speaking about the camp experience to **Richard Nelson's** U.S. History class at the La Jolla Country Day School. Our speakers were invited by **Kacie Tsuida**, daughter of **Glenn** and granddaughter of **Mas and Grace**.

## ROY S. YONEKURA

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## DUTY, HONOR AND COURAGE FOUND IN A SHOEBOX

by George Furuya Jr.

It was time to sort through my Dad's things; something that had to be done at some point in time, but not a comfortable thing to do. I found an old shoebox in his dresser drawer. When I first looked into the box, it looked like a bunch of miscellaneous stuff, but then I looked closer and I saw the medals and the ribbons.

My Dad, George Furuya Sr., was a quiet man, not unlike the many Nisei men who served their country in the 442<sup>nd</sup> Regimental Combat Team during World War II. He never offered "war stories," except to occasionally recount humorous incidents. Maybe the war experiences were too painful to revisit, so I never asked. I recall when he attended a 442 reunion in Hawaii and saw his Army buddies for the first time in 45 years. When he got back, he continually talked about what great people these veterans were and the great honor bestowed upon them by the people of Hawaii.

After Dad died, I wanted to meet his buddies. On a visit to Hawaii, I had the opportunity to sit for hours listening to them "talk story" about their experiences and what my father had endured. As I listened, deeply moved, it saddened me to think that Dad, living on the mainland, did not have the kind of support and camaraderie he had felt in Hawaii. I learned that he had been wounded twice in action. The first time Dad was wounded, his buddy Masao thought he would never see him again. However, three weeks later Dad rejoined his squad.

While sifting through the shoebox, I found a special medal—his Purple Heart, awarded to him while serving in the 442. The 442<sup>nd</sup> received more medals than any American military unit in history for its size and length of service, while establishing a legacy of duty, honor and courage. How sad to find his medals in the bottom of an old shoebox.

Recently, I asked members of the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego if there were any monuments in San Diego that recognized Japanese American veterans. None could be brought to mind. So we proposed building a memorial in Mount Hope Cemetery dedicated to all Americans of Japanese descent who have served in all branches of the military.

The time has finally come for San Diegans to have a special place to remember and honor these veterans. With the help of the Nikkei community and others who are grateful for the commitment these servicemen made to our country, we will see this monument dedicated on Memorial Day 2005. Although my Dad—and many other veterans of his and younger generations—will never see this monument, it will stand as a testament to their loyal service.

I never thought much about medals before, but now I know why they are important. They are symbols of life experiences...they tell stories. Old shoeboxes should not be the only resting place for **duty, honor and courage**.

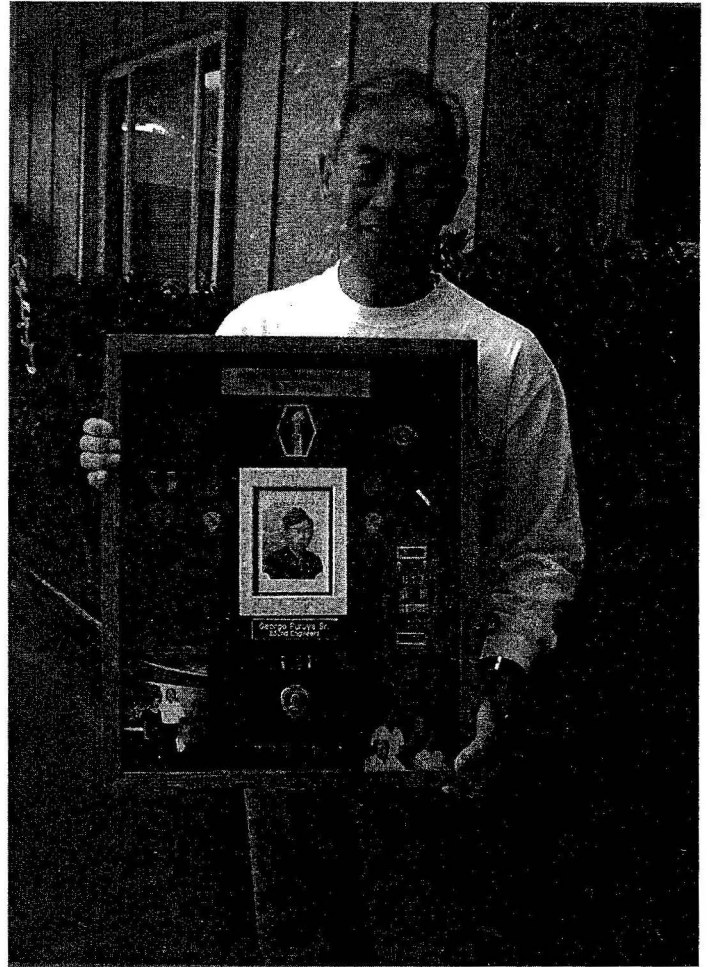
~ ~ ~

*George Furuya Sr., who served as his son's inspiration for the Japanese American Veterans Memorial, was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1913. His family farmed in both Santa Ana, California, and San Diego County before World War II. George graduated from Grossmont High School and worked on the farm. But farming was not for him, so he decided to try tuna fishing, a major San Diego industry. He studied to become a marine engineer.*

*The war broke out and he tried to join the Navy but was denied because of his race. He was sent to Poston internment camp in*

*Arizona, where he heard of the 442, and then volunteered for the Army.*

*After the war, he married Takaye "Shiz" Tokimura of Parlier, California, and resumed his career as a chief engineer on bait boats and purse seiners. He resided in Point Loma for fifty years where he and Shiz raised their three children. He died in 1998, survived by Shiz, their children and families, including seven grandchildren.*



*George Furuya Jr. with the framed collection he put together honoring his father's military service. At a JAHSSD Board meeting in April 2003, he first proposed the idea of a memorial to honor all veterans of Japanese descent.*

## KIKU GARDENS MARKS ITS 20<sup>th</sup> YEAR

Kiku Gardens will celebrate its 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary with a reception on Saturday, July 17, from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. at 1260 Third Avenue in Chula Vista. Light refreshments will be served.

The Kiku Gardens Senior Residential Facility was established in 1983, initially conceived as a retirement home for people in the Nikkei community. The initial funding came from about 200 individuals with the active support of the Ocean View United Church of Christ, the Holiness Church (Japanese Christian Church), the Buddhist Temple of San Diego, and VFW Post 4851.

Formal invitations to the celebration will be sent out, but the entire community is invited. Those who wish to attend the celebration should RSVP by July 9.

For more information, call Assistant Manager Lilian Warner at Kiku Gardens, (619) 422-4951, or send e-mail inquiries to: lilychan428@yahoo.com.

## A MOMENT IN TIME:

### Classic Photos from the JAHSSD Archives

by Don Estes



James Yamate (left) and an unidentified buddy. James was one of only three Japanese Americans among 15,000 GIs in the 44th Infantry Division.

Even before the United States entered World War II in December 1941, millions of young Americans found themselves facing an unplanned military interlude.

In August 1940, the Congress authorized the President to call up the nation's National Guard for a period of one year. Congress then followed up that authorization by passing the Selective Service and Training Act of 1940. Referred to at the time as the "Goodbye dear, I'll be home in a year" Act, the law was America's first peacetime military conscription. Over 16 million men between the ages of 18 and 36 became part of the call-up pool. Eventually over 50 million men were registered before the law expired in 1947.

As a consequence, thousands of young Americans in National Guard units from Maine to Hawaii were called into Federal service. Other thousands were drafted directly into units of the regular Army. By the time Congress declared war on Japan, hundreds of Japanese Americans were already serving on active duty, including Nikkei from San Diego County.

Until 1948, the policy of U.S. Army was to maintain segregated units. Since the logic of segregation was flawed, the Army never quite knew how to deal with individuals who were neither "white" nor "black." As a result, in this pre-Pearl Harbor period, many young Nikkei found themselves assigned to all "white" units.

Following the outbreak of the war, most Nikkei were reassigned to the **100th Battalion/442 Regimental Combat Team**, or the **Military Intelligence Service**. A tiny number, however, continued to serve with their original units. One of these was **James Yamate** of Chula Vista.

As James explained in a 1994 interview:

*Out of a total of 15,000 men, there where were only three Japanese American GIs in the entire 44th Infantry Division. Our Caucasian buddies were very upset when they heard how our parents were uprooted and sent to live in camps.*

*I was called into service on December 1, 1941, and six days later, on December 7, 1941, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. What a shock, but my Caucasian buddies all gave me tremendous support that day.*

*During my basic training at Camp Grant, Illinois, my fellow trainees were good and fair with me. Even the civilians outside the post would invite me to lunch on the weekends. Many of them had never*

*seen an American of Japanese descent before.*

*My first post after basic training was at Camp McCoy in Wisconsin. There was a prisoner of war camp located there for German, Italian, and Japanese soldiers. After a short stay, I was transferred to Fort Custer, Michigan.*

*One day as I was entering the mess hall for my first meal, I saw all the Black soldiers sitting on one side of the room. My Caucasian buddies told me that I should sit with the white soldiers. That was my first experience with segregation in the Army.*

*Later I was assigned to the 71st Infantry Regiment of the 44th Infantry Division. We landed at Normandy and went into combat in September 1944. When we crossed the German border, some of the German civilians asked me what my nationality was. When I told them I was an American of Japanese descent, they didn't seem to understand, and told me I was fighting on the wrong side.*

*When the War ended in 1945, everyone was overjoyed that we were going home. I must admit I had mixed emotions. I was happy, but I realized I really didn't have a home in California to go back to.*

*Everything turned out well, however. I settled in Chula Vista with my parents. Married **Yuri Torimaru**, whose father **Sojiro** had been one of the first Japanese farmers in National City. Raised a family and retired. I'm so proud to be an American and to have served in World War II.*

A quiet, self-effacing man, James Yamate does not talk much about his wartime experiences. He does, however, hold two Bronze Star Medals for valor.

## AKIRA SHIMA ART ON DISPLAY AT 2004 BON ODORI

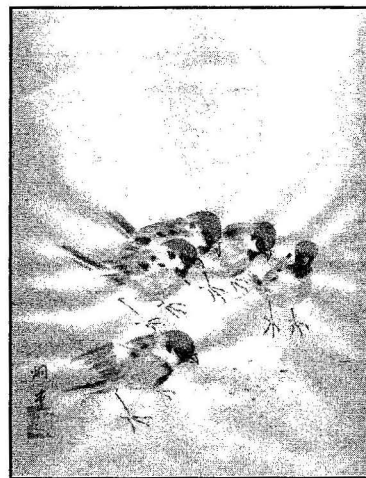
The art and calligraphy of the late San Diego artist **Akira Shima** (1905-1995) will be on display at the **Buddhist Temple of San Diego Bon Odori** on Saturday, July 31. The special exhibit will be open from 5:30 to 9:00 p.m. in Rooms 1 & 2 of the Annex Building.

Shima's collection of fine art includes sumi-e, watercolor, and calligraphy. Many pieces were created by the artist while he was interned with his family at Butte Camp in Gila, Arizona, during World War II.

A gardener by trade, Shima studied *sumi-e* painting and taught calligraphy locally. His work has been featured in many art shows over the years. A man of many interests and talents, he also enjoyed bonsai, haiku, judo and sumo.

The exhibit is being jointly sponsored by the **Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego** and the **Buddhist Temple**. Admission is free.

The annual **Bon Odori "Festival of Joy"** begins at 5:30 p.m. with the sale of food and gifts. Music and dancing to Japanese folk tunes begins



at 6:30 p.m. **Shokenji Taiko** will perform between the two sessions of dancing. Also open that evening will be the popular **Obon Again Re-sale Shop**. Sale of its hard-to-find "revisited" and vintage Asianware and Japanese wearables benefits BTSD's Scholarship Fund.

The festival is free and the public welcome to this joyous event. Call (619) 239-0896 or e-mail [btsd@att.net](mailto:btsd@att.net) for more information.

## 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.*

YOSHIKO N. KUSUMOTO ~ Jan. 31, 2004

KATHERINE LUI AKI MANDERY ~ Feb. 16, 2004

TOSHIO ARTHUR TAKANASHI ~ March 27, 2004

HENRY OUCHI ~ April, 8, 2004

KIMIKO NEWMAN ~ April 10, 2004

TOSHIO ABE ~ April 19, 2004

FLORENCE HIMEKO ASAKAWA ~ April 19, 2004

SHIZU WILLIAMS ~ April 22, 2004

KOSABURO OCHI ~ April 27, 2004

LUPE VALENZUELA TSUCHIYAMA ~ May 10, 2004

## MEMBERSHIP NEWS

by Naomi M. Himaka, Membership Chair

Five new Life Members have joined our organization!

A warm welcome to **Edward Kubota**, new Life Member; and **Leslie & Gail Owashi**, whose Life Membership is a gift of **Aiko Owashi**. Thank you also to **Hiroaki & Gayle Asano** who upgraded to Life Membership.

We also welcome 11 new members: **Linda & Edgar Canada**, **Setsuo & Jan Iwashita**, **Gene & Elsie Shimamoto** (gift of **Ben Segawa**), **Momo Kamifuji** (gift of **Midori Fujino**), **Allan & Patricia Koba**, **Joe Karamoto**, and **Richard & Helen Takashima**. We are pleased to have all of you as members of our Society.

Thanks to the following for renewing their memberships: **Jay & Mari Sato**, **Robert & Edna Ito**, **Dr. Henry & Mary Yamada**, **Ruth Fujimoto**, **Tom & Elizabeth Ozaki**, **Lisa Asano**, **Harry & Misako Honda**, **Umeko Kawamoto**, **Earl Osaki**, **Bruce & Sharon Asakawa**, **Henry Mukai**, **Kiyo Uda**, **Elizabeth Hatashita**, **Kimie Fukamizu**, **Masako Shima**, **Shinkichi Tajiri**, **Dr. George & Karen Shinzaki**, **Tyler & Peggy Tanaka**, **Dick Jensen**, and **Ben Kitahata**.

Thanks also to these members for their recent renewals: **Tsutomu & Rosie Date**, **Roy Kubo**, **Azusa & Haruko Tsuneyoshi**, **June Yoshioka**, **Michiko Eguchi**, **Glen & Roslyn Masumoto**, **Joe & Terry Mizufuka**, **John & Kiyo Takemoto**, **Fred & Ritsu Nabeta**, **John & Jill Damrose**, **Chiyoko Oshima**, **George & Betty Wakiji**, **Chiz Imoto**, **Rev. Norma Nomura DeSaegher**, and **Fred M. Nabeta**, **Jeanne Inouye** and **Kiyoko Kitagawa** (gifts of **Joyce Teague**).

## ROBERT ITO FORMS PRIVATE COMPANY

After 31 years in the nonprofit sector, **Robert Ito** has left his position as CEO of Occupational Training Services (OTS) and the San Diego Community Housing Corp. to form **Ito Girard & Associates (IGA)**. Ito's new private company will specialize in affordable housing, residential real estate sales and loans, and strategic services. He plans to focus on partnership projects benefiting nonprofits.

Ito will serve on the OTS board as a volunteer and continue to serve as a volunteer board member for at least eight additional organizations, including LEAD San Diego, the San Diego Chapter of the JACL, Kiku Gardens, and the SDSU College of Health and Human Services Board. Ito's commitment to helping nonprofit organizations succeed will continue and he anticipates partnerships with nonprofits. (Two years ago, Ito also guided the JAHSSD Board in its efforts to formulate long-term planning goals.)

Ito says that IGA, located in Kearny Mesa, will offer strategic and forward planning services which will include organizational assessment, budget analysis, future funding potential, community positioning, potential collaborative partnerships, and affordable housing development.

## PUBLIC INVITED TO BON ODORI DANCE PRACTICE

by Joyce Teague

Each year, the Buddhist Temple of San Diego presents an outdoor Bon Odori dance festival with Japanese folk songs piped through loudspeakers. The public is invited to form circles in the parking lot to join in the simple and repetitive dancing.

An increasing number of non-Buddhist visitors are enjoying the festive atmosphere and accepting the challenge to get up and "just dance" without regard to how silly they may think they may look. The idea behind the dancing is to express joy and gratitude to those deceased family and influential friends whose lives made our own possible.

This year's "**Festival of Joy**" will take place Saturday, July 31, at 5:30 p.m. Dancing will begin at 6:30 p.m.

To invite participation and enhance enjoyment of the Bon Odori, practices are held for a month prior to the event. The sessions last about 1½ hours long and are free and open to the public.

This year's practices will be held in the Temple Annex on Tuesday evenings and Sunday mornings in July as follows:

**Tuesdays: July 6, 13, 20, 27 at 7:00 p.m.**

**Sundays: July 11, 18 at 10:45 a.m.**

On the final Tuesday evening practice, the temple's **Obon Again Resale Shop** opens its doors at 6:00 p.m. exclusively to those who want an appropriate but inexpensive outfit to wear. Happi, yukata, obi, zori and geta will be available to try on. Some dances require the use of *uchiwa* (fans) or *tenuqui* (towels) which are provided by the temple; or *kachi-kachi* (wooden clappers) which can be purchased inexpensively at Obon Again.

This is all to encourage dancers not to stress over expensive outfits or getting every movement right, but to remember those whose past actions made it possible for us to be where we are, and to "just dance" in fond remembrance. For more information, call BTSD at (619) 239-0985, e-mail [bttd@att.net](mailto:bttd@att.net) or go to [www.bttd.net](http://www.bttd.net).

## MAZEGOHAN

by Mich Himaka

Not many of us expect to reach our 50th wedding anniversary, let alone our 60th. On Feb. 27, 2004, **Masayoshi and Grace (Kaminaka) Tsuida** reached that milestone.

About 150 family members, other relatives and friends of the couple gathered on March 20 at Onami Restaurant in Mission Valley to honor the Tsuidas at a surprise party. Their friends, **Masato and Dorothy Asakawa**, had invited them to attend what they thought was a timeshare meeting.

"No way I was going to buy anything but I went anyway," Mas said. He was greeted by his daughter, **Nadine Moorin**, who he thought had been delayed in Peru where she had been sent on a government mission.



Mas and Grace Tsuida 60 years ago

Nadine had another surprise for her parents when her husband, **Arnold**, read a letter she had written to **President George W. Bush** and a reply he and **First Lady Laura Bush** had sent in congratulating the Tsuidas. (A flag which flew over the White House on Feb. 27, 2004, was also to be sent to the Tsuidas. The letters sent by Nadine and the reply will appear elsewhere on these pages if there's room.)

Our congratulations to Mas and Grace on this special occasion.

Meanwhile, an old friend of mine, now 92, recently called me over to Kiku Gardens to engage in a conversation. He motioned me to lean over real close like he wanted to whisper something to me. I leaned and he said, not in a whisper but a full-throated tone: "DIDN'T YOUR FOLKS LIVE IN FISH CAMP ONCE?"

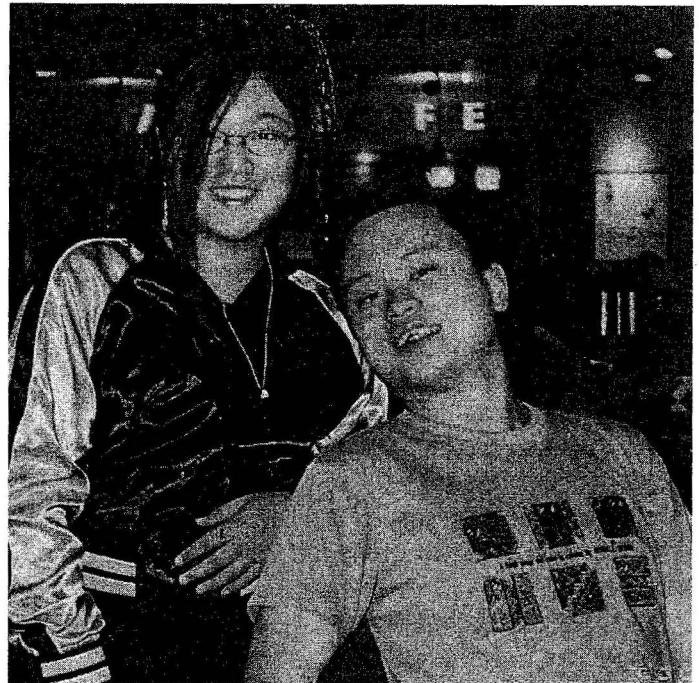
With his voice barely audible in my right ear, I replied: "YES! BEFORE I WAS BORN!" He nodded and said: "I THOUGHT SO!" And I moved on, my ears still ringing but happy that I had made someone's day giving him the satisfaction his memory was intact. Nice guy. He coached us in basketball when the JACL sponsored a community league at Memorial Jr. High around 1949-50.

And how about my new folk hero, **William Hung**? There's someone who should make all us Asians proud, the Tiny Tim of the 21st Century. He went before millions of viewers singing, "She Bangs" very badly, got ripped up by the judges on American Idol and now he's gotten himself a \$25,000 recording contract and become a hero on the U.C. Berkeley campus where he's a student. Shows you can become a success with very little talent and a lot of heart, like a certain new columnist.

Now the TV and radio types who made him the hero are vilifying him because his mother demands a fee to interview him. Tough. Make your money while you can, William.

And speaking of William, he came to San Diego for a "concert"

the day after the Tsuidas party and Mas and Grace's granddaughter, **Kacie Tsuida**, spotted him at the airport and had a picture taken with him. It didn't cost her a cent. Mama Hung apparently was not around.




Kacie Tsuida posed with celebrity-du-jour William Hung last March

And finally (are the Tsuidas the only ones reading this?), after my Maze Gohan debut last spring, which dealt with *takuwan* and its odoriferous ways, **Hideko (Bubbles Tsuida) Shimasaki** sent me the following item of when she, her late husband, **Alan**, and their family lived in Japan.

"Some friends from California came to visit us. After a few days, feeling confident, they went to the Ginza where there are large department stores. The food section of most stores is in the basement and takes up the entire floor. There is a huge *tsukemono* (Japanese pickle) section.

"My friends, trying to use their best, most polite Japanese they could think of, asked the clerk for some *o-narazuke*. They were taken aback when the clerk appeared to be in shock. It was explained to them later that when they used the honorific *o* with *narazuke*, the meaning had changed completely. They learned that the term *onara* meant to pass gas."

thank you. *gomen nasai*. mich



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## CELEBRATIONS!

Family and friends gathered on May 22 to celebrate the 90<sup>th</sup> birthday of **Katsumi J. "Jimmy" Takashima** at an informal luncheon in the Terrazza Ballroom of the Hilton San Diego Resort. Jimmy was presented with a beautiful scrapbook filled with photos and memories of family, colleagues, and friends.

Congratulations to **Gary Kajita**, son of Society members **Tim and Junko Kajita**, who graduates from U.C. Riverside this June with a degree in Computer Systems Engineering. Also graduating this June with a B.A. in Studio Arts from San Diego State University is **Brandon Inouye**, son of **Craig and Jeanne Inouye**. Jeanne is a Society member.

The San Diego Chapter of the JACL awarded scholarships on April 25 to outstanding high school graduates at their annual Scholarship Luncheon. The Scholarship Committee reported the competition for the awards was very high this year due to the outstanding applicants. Guest speaker for the luncheon was **Debra Kawahara** of Alliant University.

Congratulations to: **David Kunugi** (High Tech High; son of Jim and Sharon) who received \$1,000; **Katherine Santohigashi** (La Jolla Country Day; daughter of Shunichi and Betty) and **Bryan Kida** (Steele Canyon High; son of Danny and Linda) who each received \$750.

The following graduates received \$500 awards: **Jenna Lee** (Hilltop High; daughter of Harold and LuAnn), **Keiko Nakamura** (Bonita Vista High; daughter of Rev. Brian and Emiko), **Maiya Tanaka** (Mira Mesa High; daughter of Glenn and Maiko), **Lauren Taniguchi** (Scripps Ranch High; daughter of Marvin and Susan), **Stephanie Tashiro** (Carlsbad High; daughter of Mutsuko), **Kate Tsunoda** (Francis Parker; daughter of Dr. Stan Tsunoda and Mrs. Henri Albert); and **Joyce Yagi** (Hilltop High; daughter of Yoshiro and Naomi Yagi).

**Japan Society of San Diego and Tijuana (JSSDT)** which is among 19 recipients in the Southern California/Arizona region of the "Foreign Minister's Commendation in Commemoration of the 150th Anniversary of the US-Japan Relationship." The commendations, selected by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Japan, are accorded to those Japanese and Americans who made outstanding contributions to the enhancement of U.S.-Japan exchange in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the U.S.-Japan relationship.

Finally, we extend our congratulations to **Michiyo Wellington-Oguri**, whose award-winning fiction piece appears in this issue of *Footprints*. In addition to being named Valedictorian of San Diego High School, she was also voted Outstanding International Baccalaureate Student by the SDHS faculty.

## YOUNG VOICE: JAPAN TO A YONSEI

by Kristopher Asakawa

*This is the first of a projected series of articles by 26-year-old Kris, a San Diegan currently teaching in Miyazaki Prefecture in Southern Kyushu as part of Japan's JET (Japan Exchange and Teaching) Programme. He will return to the U.S. this fall after two years in Miyazaki.*

Nine years ago, I spent one year in Japan as a high school student. At that time I was able to experience a little bit of growing up, Japanese style. To tell you the truth, I didn't find much difference between Japanese students and American students. We both liked music, TV, and because I stayed in the boy's dorm, of course we always talked about girls. Even in class, students acted much the same way. Some classes they liked and some they didn't and you could tell when students would have rather been out playing video games than studying. I returned to San Diego with a new interest in Japan. This interest carried me through college at San Diego State University where I graduated with a degree in Japanese.

Currently, I have been teaching English in Japan as an ALT (Assistant Language Teacher). To say the least, I have gained a completely different view of this country as a working professional. Students still act as students, albeit a little less mature here in Japan, but I have become more aware of the society around me. The things that startled me the most about Japan were what I wasn't told or what people didn't want to tell me. I have found that most of the things that surprised me about Japan were the same things that surprised many foreigners coming to Japan for any extended amount of time. Many of these things, such as school life, were in contrast to what many of us were led to believe about Japan. I'd like to take the time to give you my reality of Japan as seen during my two years as an undercover foreigner.

### Just a Foreigner

Born 26 years ago, I have been around things that are Japanese my whole life. I could use chopsticks before a fork, I ate rice *and* bread, and even when my friends cringed at the thought of eating sushi, I was stuffing my face with "footballs" (otherwise known as *inarizushi*), maguro, and the occasional abalone (*laugh, thanks family!!*). True, I couldn't speak Japanese as a child or even as a teenager, but Japan was always around me in some way. Being Japanese because of my ancestors, and American because of where I was born, made it normal for me to be called a Japanese-American. In America we have Mexican-Americans, European-Americans, Filipino-Americans, anything-Americans. As Americans, we take pride in identifying ourselves with our ancestors and the country we live in at the same time.

However, Japan is much different. There are no Japanese-Chinese, Japanese-Koreans, Japanese-Spanish, or Japanese-Americans. There is only Japanese and Foreigner. It is also quite normal for people with a mixed ethnicity, such as Korean-Japanese, to hide that fact for fear of discrimination. In the past, many of Japan's most famous celebrities had mixed ethnicity but chose to keep that fact a secret. Some people were even threatened that their life would be ruined if they "came out." This has changed somewhat today, but there are still many famous people in Japan who are afraid that others may find out "what" they really are.

As for me, I went from being proud of my heritage as a Japanese-American, to being in a country where the society—but not necessarily the individual—saw me as nothing more than the foreigner who

(JAPAN TO A YONSEI continued)

looked Japanese and had no knowledge of Japanese culture. I have to admit always being introduced as the foreigner who looked Japanese got a little annoying at times, but those who are around me, like my teachers and students, are beginning to understand the meaning of being both Japanese and American.

In the big picture, I also believe they are learning that having two ethnic backgrounds is something to be proud of, not hidden in shame.

## YOUNG VOICE: UNTITLED FICTION by Michiyo Wellington-Oguri

A 17-year-old yonsei who will graduate from San Diego High School's International Baccalaureate in June, Michiyo Wellington-Oguri plans to attend Pomona College in Claremont this fall. She won a National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE) Achievement Award in Writing this year, a nationwide recognition. This piece won First Place Fiction in the 2004 Anneka McMillan Creative Writing Awards. We thank Michiyo for permission to print it here.

She looks at me when she comes in the door. There is no recognition in her eyes. She tries to hug me before she quite gets out of the doorway, and my aunt and uncle get held up outside. She has taken to hugging strangers hello. She tells me I look beautiful. She tells me I look beautiful. She tells me I look beautiful. And then again. I tell her Grandma I love you too. Grandma. Here, we have to move out of the way.

Over to the couch, where the appetizers will keep us busy. I'm doing well, Grandma. Your daughter's daughter...your granddaughter. No major yet, Grandma, I'm not in college. But I'm doing well. I love you too Grandma. Yes, I'm doing well. School is good too.

I interviewed her once for a report in middle school. I found the tape, and hunted down a tape player too. It would stop recording if it didn't hear anything for a few seconds, and would cut back in with a screech. *Screech...* The FBI came to search the house for weapons. Guns, explosives, maybe. The thought of my grandmother involved in something violent could almost be humorous. *Squeal...* She was grateful that they didn't take her father away.

My experience with racism: He turns a page in a book, tells his friend he doesn't like Asians. But I am an exception, he tells me this. Oh good. I avoid him. But I read the paper. I read books. Am I blind? Sheltered? My mother says that racism is more present than I realize.

*He was mobbed and beaten by his classmates. A Jap.*

*A house, open to Japanese soldiers.*

*The desert. Refusing to talk about the desert. I have a wooden bird that my aunt gave me. Small, light, washed out colors, made in the camps. At school we differentiate between internment camps and relocation centers. At home, they are called the camps.*

*Stabbed on the street.*

*Joining the army. Duty to this country that offers so many more opportunities.*

Of my grandma's family, she is the only one left. Discovering, every day, that your mother is dead, that your last brother died year before last. How much does she remember?

*The enemy bombing Pearl Harbor?*

*A soldier, back from the Aleutians?*

*Moving back to Hawaii?*

*A house?*

*Marriages?*

*Grandchildren?*

*If I could understand their loyalty to this country...*

My grandma teaches me to knit. I manage to make each row longer than the previous. It is unintentional, but rectangular place mats are uninteresting anyway. She watches over my shoulder at New Years because my sushi rolls have a way of falling apart. More for us to eat, but she objects to my logic and reminds me to wet my fingers with vinegar. It stings the cracks in my hands.

She sits on the couch with me. I love her.

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## POSTON CAMP I FAMILY REUNION SET FOR OCTOBER

The 2004 Poston Camp I Reunion is scheduled for October 8-10 at the Flamingo Hilton Hotel in Laughlin, Nevada. Former internees, their families and friends are invited to the three-day event which includes a camp artifacts display, veterans' exhibit, photo session, buffet dinner and program, lunch at the Bluewater Casino, and a visit to the Poston Memorial Monument.

Twenty-five former Poston I internees who lost their lives in service to their country will also be honored.

Scheduled keynote speaker at the Friday night buffet dinner will be Superior Court Judge **Vincent Okamoto**. **Jon Villalobos** of the Colorado River Indian Tribal Council (CRIT) and musician/author **George Yoshida** will speak at the Saturday lunch at the Bluewater Casino in Parker, Arizona.

Bus transportation from the Los Angeles area and hotel/meal packages are available. Space is limited. Deadline for registration is September 1, 2004. Those interested in attending should contact Fusae Nishina of Venice (310/822-6090) or Bob Wada of Orange County (714/992-5461).

## CHANKO-NABE

by Joyce Nabeta Teague

### GREEN EGGS AND HAM YU

Last December, the JAHSSD Board got together for its annual holiday dinner at Peking Restaurant, the Cantonese-style Chinese restaurant in North Park. In his e-mail to us about the upcoming event, our dinner coordinator **Mich Himaka** said he had asked that our meal include one of his personal favorite dishes, *homyu*. The owner's wife promised they would prepare it if they were successful in finding the stinky fish necessary to make it. Thus ensued an exchange of playful e-mails among the board members either excited over the prospect of having homyu on the holiday table, or horrified and threatening to boycott the dinner because of the promised "stinky-poo," as Mich delicately put it.

Homyu (or hamyu as most Japanese Americans know it), is a humble steamed minced pork patty flavored with chunks of smelly, salted, fermented white herring. When my Chinese American friends say homyu, however, they are referring only to the generic salted fish (*ham* – salted, *yu* – fish). It is the fish which, when heated, fills the house and (according to some detractors) the entire neighborhood with an unmistakable odor. In our discussion here, homyu will refer to the potent pork-and-fish combination.

The dish originated in China where the use of salted, preserved herring was a necessity for families unable to get fresh fish. Pork homyu back then was actually pork fat laced with a little meat and was among many homyu-flavored dishes developed with available food staples like noodles and rice. Most respondents to my inquiries about their homyu experiences acknowledged it was "poor man's food."

No doubt Chinese immigrants to this country craved tastes of their homeland. Pork homyu is an uncomplicated dish that must have been easy to reproduce with local ingredients over an open fire. Early Chinese restaurants catering to the immigrant population here offered this simple, satisfying dish, which is probably how many Japanese immigrants who followed close after were introduced to it. In Chinese restaurants like Los Angeles' Far East Cafe, a person of modest means could take his entire family and feed them a veritable feast and still have money in the bank. Still fondly referred to by many as "china meshi," these feasts made Nikkei feel at home, with rice and noodle dishes served family-style, in settings casual enough for comfort, but exotic enough for special occasions and celebrations.

### Homyu Timeline

(And there will be a quiz, so pay attention...)

**1375. A Dutch fisherman, William Benkelsoor, develops salted herring for use at sea.** It is reported that salting herring onboard was introduced by the Dutch in the 14<sup>th</sup> century, allowing longer fishing trips, reducing post-harvest losses, and improving the production and economics of salted herring.

**1800s. Food preservation for centuries continues to use time-tested methods: salting, spicing, smoking, pickling and drying.**

**1856. Using the principal of vapour compression, James Harrison produces the world's first practical refrigerator.** Several others have claimed inventing modern refrigeration, including Jacob Perkins, a Massachusetts native residing in London, in 1834.

**1903. Yip Send introduces salted herring to China.** Other entrepreneurs soon open fish-packing plants to provide salted herring to the Chinese.

**1900s. Freezing trawlers are introduced to freeze and process fish onboard.** Important variations like refrigeration units for trains and trucks allow fresh fish to reach areas far from the sea. The advent of refrigeration reduces the demand for salt-preserved foods like herring.

**1960s. The incidence of gastric (stomach) cancer in the West goes down with the decreased consumption of salt-preserved foods.** "It appears that the major factor associated with the drop in incidence of gastric cancer in the West has been the wide use of refrigeration, basically ending the demand for salt-preserved foods such as salted herring," reported one web site.

**2003. Mich Himaka orders homyu for the annual JAHSSD holiday dinner at Peking Restaurant.** Ultimately, Mich and other board members who are fans of homyu on the Board are disappointed: Maria of Peking is unable to find the requisite stinky fish. They weep bitter, salty tears. The other Board members rejoice and give thanks.

### Can Homyu Harm You?

Over time, the humble homyu has fallen out of favor because of more enlightened health considerations about pork fat and salt. A high-salt diet is linked to high blood pressure, strokes, and heart disease...and preserved foodstuffs to stomach cancer. Obviously, something that is both high-fat and high-salt is not the best thing to be eating every day, even if you love it dearly. Kind of like Elvis eating all those peanutbutter-and-banana sandwiches fried in butter! In Japan, gastric cancer remains the most common type of cancer. High salt intake in the Japanese diet in the form of foods such as salted pickles and salted fish may be one reason for the difference in cancer rates. (*All you lovers of shoyu, tsukemono, shioyaki and homyu, read this and weep.*)

But as will become apparent when you read the following comments, eating homyu has never been an everyday occurrence for most of us. In fact, some have not actually tasted the dish in decades. Yet the impression that it made and its association with events and people of the past remains strong. So if you are among those who rank stinky homyu in the Plus Column of your life's experiences, find it, eat it, savor it. Just don't do so every day!

**Kathy Fong**, one of 9 kids who grew up in Chinatown in Boise, Idaho:

*We survived by stretching everything—a pot of rice was our main dinner staple and when there was no meat to accompany the meal, we used the sauce from the "hom yu" to flavor the rice.*

*This was before the invention of rice cookers, so the rice pot always had a thick crust of burnt rice on the bottom which was boiled with water to make what in today's high class Chinese restaurants would be a poor man's version of sizzling rice soup. We relished our watered down rice crusts topped with "fu yu" (a fermented bean cake).*

(Keynote speech, Asian Employees Association  
1999 Scholarship Awards Dinner, June 4, 1999)

**Kelvin Lee** of San Carlos, Calif.:

*We are quite familiar with hamyu. My dad loved the stuff. Hamyu was quite common as I was growing up in Chinatown. If you bought them in glass jars, then that was the high-price fancy kind. I'm more used to finding pieces of them in the store in plastic wrap, or dunked in oil in bulk in a metal container. One could buy one piece, or a dozen pieces.*

*The minced pork dish was a steady diet item in my high school days. It is considered a food that is too common for most restaurants, but I have seen it on the menus of some restaurants up here. One of them is **Gum Lok**, located on Washington Street. Down in Southern Calif., you might be more likely to run into the minced pork dish in a Hakka Chinese restaurant.*

**Karen (Tom) Okuhara**, who grew up in North Park:

Karen's mother would actually salt and dry the fish her father caught to preserve it. Karen remembered flies were greatly attracted to the fish hung outside to dry! When there was nothing else in the house for the family to eat, her mom would toss sliced lopsang (Chinese sausage) into the rice cooker and steam up a big portion of pork homyu. Her family's recipe was "really simple," she says. Diced water chestnut was added to the pork along with cornstarch and sesame oil, with pieces of the oily fish added to the top.

"It really is peasant food," she says. "Comfort food, really."

Karen says when she first met her husband **Roy Okuhara** (whose family lives in L.A.), she was amused at the version of Pork Homyu that his family would order in large quantities at the Far East Cafe in Little Tokyo. Why? Because of the tiny chunk of homyu in the middle



*Hamyu drying on Hamyu Street in Hong Kong*

of the pork patty. Apparently her own family's version was much more generous with lots of fish laid on top. "Once I realized how important this dish was to Roy's family, I began preparing it for them for family gatherings."

**Gwen Momita**, JAHSSD Board member:

*I think it's "ham-peeyew!" I would never touch the stuff, unless my mom stood over me and watched!*

**John Hashiguchi**:

*Ask Tom Yanagihara about homyu—He loves it, he craves for it, and any opportunity he gets he will order it. That also applies to anchovies, too.*

**Rev. Akira Hata**:

*I've eaten homyu in Oakland at the Bishuro Restaurant when I was a teenager in Oakland in the 1930s and still enjoy eating it, but not as much as when I was younger. Father rarely took us out to eat probably because he had so many children. As a minister, he went himself to parties usually held at Chinese eateries, rarely accompanied by his wife.*

*Eating homyu was always a treat even though it was a smelly food. I think it went well with rice. There was always a little fish on top. I still eat it though not many places serve it.*

*I don't think it's objectionable in smell and taste. I enjoy eating natto, funyu and takuwan and think nothing of it even though they smell. [These are] Our Favorite Recipes.*

**Tetsuden Kashima** of Seattle, Washington:

*HOMYU: Definitely for it—although in these "watch the saturated fat and high sodium" diet days, it's not something that one eats lightly.*

*My memory tells me that I first ate it at the Nanking Cafe (5th and Island St., San Diego) sometime in the late 1940s. I'm not sure that the Cafe (painted an awful pink pastel color) still exists, but I recall that it seemed to be a continual part of any Japanese American banquet order for various temple and community events. Other dishes*

*that I recall eating at that time were Sweet and Sour Pork with Rakkyo and Almond Pressed Duck.*

*Another Chinese restaurant that the Buddhist Temple folks went to through the 1950s was Ho Sai Kai on the southwest corner of 30th and Market Street right next to the Mobile Gas Station owned by Mr. Trujillo and across the street from the Chadwick Restaurant. Ho Sai Kai also served homyu. I would still eat it if I could but I haven't seen it on a Chinese restaurant menu in many years.*

*Why are Nisei fond of it? I think because they started eating it when they were young, grew up with it, and thought that what their Issei parents ordered was truly sophisticated Chinese cuisine. It's like thinking your mom's cooking is the best in the world and no one else can duplicate it. Mrs. Tamiko Iwashita's picnic fried teriyaki chicken is for me the standard by which I still judge any other fried teriyaki chicken. No one else has come close to hers and my taste buds were initially tickled pink with her chicken some four-plus decades ago. Likewise, I think that homyu was associated with the treat of "eating-out" for the Issei and we Nisei just tagged along.*

*For me then, homyu is comfort or nostalgia food; it takes us back to the days when we would lick the milk/butter off of the underside of the paper tabs that covered the glass whole-milk bottles.*

**Janice (Kitagawa) Schmidt** of Thermal:

*My dad loved to eat Homyu. I'd be willing to bet that half the reason he ate it was to stink up the kitchen and make all of us suffer the "aroma" of the dish. He'd always laugh a lot and dare us to taste it.*

*Description in a word: canned dog food. I haven't had the pleasure of eating it since my dad passed away 29 years ago...*

*I believe Nisei craved it because the Issei ate similar foods at home and in Japan (canned meats, example: SPAM). I know we would always include canned Spam (salty & fatty) in the package to Japan at Christmas.*

**Sachi Nishida**:

*My first encounter with homyu was, like many of our friends from L.A., at the Far East Cafe. So one day I decided to make it at home. My aunt, Isa Shimoda who many of you knew, taught me a few recipes and one day we decided to make homyu. Well as you know the smell from the fish is not something to wish for. I was not making this at my own home but my brother's kitchen and when he came home he was furious about the smell that went throughout the house, so we never made it there again.*

*We do make it once in a while and enjoy it. Even though it's a "poor man's dish," you can almost call it a "gourmet dish." Fong Fong used to make it some years ago [with the previous owners] but they had complaints about the smell. We can order it at Emerald and enjoy this "delicacy."*

**Rev. Jim Yanagihara**, JAHSSD Board Member:

*A friend, Sam Maenaga of Guadalupe, Calif., talked about when he was in the service (Air Force) during the Korean War. He was on his way home from his base back east and had a Chicago layover.*

*He was hungry, so he went to a Chinese restaurant nearby and asked for homyu. A Caucasian waitress took the order and brought the homyu to him. He looked at and all he saw was a piece of stinky fish, no meat patty. He looked around and saw the cooks in the kitchen watching him. He realized they were watching him so he thought he'd better eat it. He had several bowls of rice to accompany the stinky fish. He realized that when you order homyu back east, you get the fish and only the fish!*

*(Continued on p. 12)*

**LuAnn (Torio) Lee**, exceptional baker of cakes:

1. HOMYU: For it or agin' it? *For it*
2. One word description for it. *Smelly*
3. Where did you first eat it? *I tried my dad's at my grandma*

*Yoshida's house*

4. Do you still eat it? *Not recently*
5. Any memories connected with it? *Everyone made a big deal about it. It looked kinda plain to me and such a strong smell.*
5. Theory why in the heck (especially) Nisei are fond of it. *The more smelly the food is the better it tastes. It's true with takuwan!!!*

**Miyo (Nakamura) Hill:**

1. For it or agin' it? *For it.*
2. *Smelly!*
3. *At home, my mom made it.*
4. *I would [eat it] if someone would make it, but I guess it isn't very healthy.*
5. *Just thinking about it is making my mouth water. I can almost taste it!*

**Gary Ono** of Simi Valley:

*Coincidentally, my mother-in-law from the SF Bay Area is visiting with us and on Mother's Day, I ordered out from a Chinese restaurant here in Simi Valley. When I was going over the menu with my wife and her mother, we talked about hamyu and about how we missed it.*

*I asked at the restaurant, but they didn't know what I was talking about. Here's my response to your questionnaire:*

1. *We are definitely for IT!*
2. *Delicious. Nothing like it.*
3. *I first had it at **Fay Ling** in San Francisco. They are no longer there.*
4. *I haven't had it since moving from S.F. to San Diego, Chicago and now Los Angeles. I haven't always asked, but I don't recall it being on the menus.*
5. *I don't know [why Nisei are fond of it], but I guess for the same reason we like Fun Yu?*

**Motoo Tsuneyoshi:**

1. *For For For*
2. *Mucho bueno*
3. *Home—mother*
4. *[I eat it] If and when I can*
5. *[Brings back] Childhood memories in Coronado*
6. *Theory? Ground pork was cheaper than steak way back then!!*

**Wendy Nakamura:**

1. *I love hamyu.*
2. *It's Ono [Hawaiian for "delicious"]*
3. *My Dad (Nisei) LOVES it... so from childhood memories...all Chinese restaurants in the S.F.-Oakland Bay area. You have to find the right cook/restaurant... some cook it too tough!! It should be not too soft and not too tough (This is sounding like "Goldilocks"...oops, wrong hair color!!). Especially Oakland Chinatown...very Cantonese...very stinky...that salted fermented fish on top...whew...over hot rice...ginger w/mustard and shoyu!!*
4. *Yes I still eat it...especially with Dad. Last April for his birthday at Chinese restaurant in Fremont.*
5. *Food memories... I definitely associate hamyu with my Dad.*
6. *Theory???? Another foodie aspect of being JA??? Like takuwan (stinky to some folks).*

**Vernon Yoshioka**, JAHSSD President:

*My Grandfather, **Dr. Chotoku Nishi**, DDS, was very fond of this dish made with a pork sausage mixture and covered with a very smelly fish. He used to make it at his home on a china plate inside a pressure cooker. He lived in Albany, Calif., which was about 20 miles away. I was introduced to his specialty about the time I was in high school, and found it to be quite tasty, if not a bit smelly.*

*I remember vividly that my **Grandmother Nishi** used to loudly complain on those occasions that Grandpa was ruining her chinaware in his culinary efforts, because the plates frequently shattered when cooking the homyu in the pressure cooker. Thus it was a rare treat for me to have this dish, and I look forward to someday finding some homyu as good as my Grandfather's.*

~ ~ ~

Your chunky Chanko-Nabe homyu chomper will end this epic column with some family homyu memories.

My father, **Fred Fukumi Nabeta**, remembers being introduced to hamyu when he returned to California on his own from Japan in 1941. He was staying with the **Akira and Kikue Ushijima** family in San Jacinto, Riverside County. (All ended up in Poston I Camp shortly thereafter.) Mrs. Ushijima used to prepare pork homyu for the family and Dad has loved the dish ever since. But then he also likes other foods that can curl your hair when you get a whiff, like *funyu* (fermented tofu) and *natto* (fermented soy beans), so maybe homyu was not a far stretch from those.

My mother, **Ritsu Uyeno Nabeta**, learned how to make the dish from **Mrs. Yamahata**, an Issei neighbor in West L.A. where my parents married and settled after the war. But like so many other L.A. families, we used to order homyu at the **Far East Cafe** in Lil Tokyo—along with other favorites like Barbecue Pork Chow Mein with Panfried Noodles, Almond Duck, Pea Chow Yuk, Pakkai (Sweet and Sour Pork), and Won Ton or Egg Flower Soup.

In fact, even though my family moved to Northern California when I was three, whenever we found ourselves in Los Angeles for any reason—wedding, funeral, or just passing through—Dad would make time for a meal at the Far East and a Japanese double bill at one of the neighborhood movie houses.

When we were first dating, I introduced husby **Bill** to Lil Tokyo, the Far East Cafe, and homyu all in one visit, and he was a happy convert to all three. (The guy also loves other clothespin-on-your-nose stuff like rakkyo, takuan, and kim chee. Go figger.) In fact, when we learned that the Far East was fated to close its doors forever back in the mid-90s, he and I made a special pilgrimage to Lil Tokyo to eat a Last Supper there, sitting in a noisy wooden booth with our jackets draped over the old coat hooks, and savoring the sights, smells and tastes of the end of an era.

I have heard from others that after years of dormancy (which included ownership conflicts, funding issues, and earthquake retrofitting), the legendary Far East Cafe is scheduled to reopen this summer. Alas, we are warned not to expect the same menu as so many of us knew for decades. Still, if and when the doors open, you can wager a reeking jar of stinky fish that Bill and I will drag my parents up to L.A. with homyu on our minds. We will be among those see if time has preserved what we remember, just as salt preserved white herring for Norwegian **William Benkelsoor** over 600 years ago.

~ ~ ~

My sincerest thanks to all who responded to my appeal for homyu stories and recipes. This topic was so popular and the resulting column so ridiculously long that ALL THE RECIPES—as well as where you can find "IT" in San Diego—will have to wait till NEXT ISSUE!

## JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES:

### The Akiji Watanabe Story, Part VII

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.*

My mother, intent on becoming a good citizen, attended Americanization classes in San Diego from 1933 to 1936, no doubt with emphasis on the English language. She also did work towards her high school diploma from 1940 to 1942.

In the meantime, my brother Arnold and I attended school in San Diego and later in Chula Vista. My parents continued to work hard at the Star Cleaners and were very involved in the Japanese community.

Knowing what I know now about the racial climate in California from the early 1900s, I am sure my parents encountered incidents of racial discrimination. The anti-Japanese sentiment was very strong and widespread on the West Coast, especially among the business and farming communities, veterans groups, newspapers and politicians.

Racism against the Chinese in earlier years had widened to include the Japanese. Laws had been passed which stopped immigration from Japan, barred Japanese residents from becoming citizens, and prohibited them from owning land. No matter what incidents my parents may have experienced, they never talked about them in front of Arnold and me. As thus, we both grew up pretty much buffered from ugly situations by our parents, and life was pretty ordinary and comfortable for us for most of our younger years.

My mother was recruited to teach the Japanese language at the Chula Vista Japanese American Institute (which we merely called the Japanese School) from 1935 to 1942. We were offered free rent in a house located at 330 National Avenue in Chula Vista owned by my parents' friend, Otokichi Kushino, as part of the agreement for us to move from San Diego. In addition to my mother, a Mr. Satoshi Shimada was hired to teach Japanese and kendo, a Japanese fencing sport. My mother must have felt elated to be able to finally put her teaching background to work. I believe she felt it was her mission in life to teach, and now she would be able to accomplish this by working with the young Nisei.

Most of us Nisei attended the Japanese School. The grammar school-age students went on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays for one or two hours after the close of public school. The high school students went for an all day session on Saturdays.

I don't think any of us *liked* to go; I certainly did not enjoy the classes, partially because my mother happened to be the teacher. But our parents felt it was important that we be able to at least read and write Japanese, and so we went. It's an interesting side-note, but I remember it was a tradition for all of us to stand outside at attention in front of the American flag waving in the breeze, before heading into class.

I remember that there was a strong sense of community in those days. For our immigrant parents, it gave them a feeling of identity, security and stability, with a common language binding them together. They supported each other and helped out one another in times of need. And as families, we gathered together for church, language school, picnics and special holidays or cultural events.

But for the younger generation and American-born such as my brother and myself, we also went to public school where



there was what we call now, "cultural diversity." We had friends in the broader community, played with a variety of people and had expanded interests. So, as it is with most second-generation children of immigrant parents, I enjoyed the freedom and exposure to many "outside" influences. This was my world until the attack on Pearl Harbor.

*Next Installment: The American Dream Gone Awry*

## LOOKING BACK

*Sixty-eight years ago The Rafu Shimpo reported the following:*

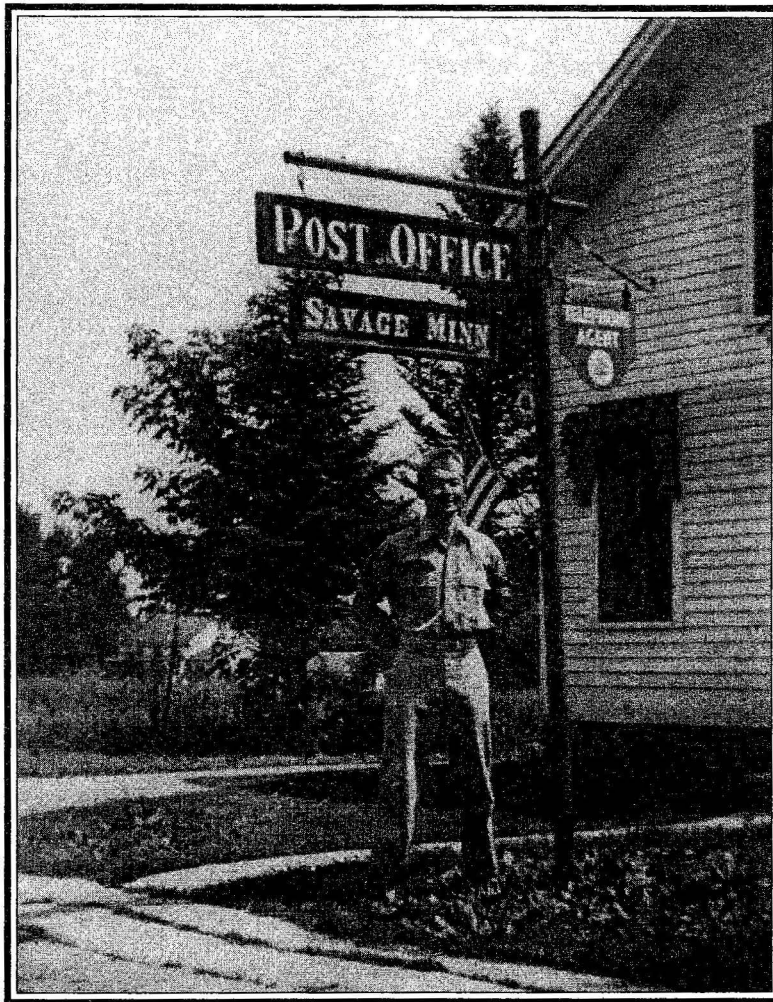
SAN DIEGO (Friday, Oct. 12, 1934) Realizing the hope of many years, three San Diego County Japanese farm groups—Vista Farm Association, Solana Beach-Encinitas Farm Association and the San Diego County Vegetable Growers Association—in order to strengthen the position of Japanese farmers, met recently to form the Federated Farm Association of San Diego.

Representatives said the union was formed to facilitate regulatory measures to adjust the acreage, production, marketing and shipping of farm products under one unit standard in order to maintain a reasonable price level.

The new group will be connected with the Cooperative Farm Industry in Los Angeles to consult on all phases of marketing problems.

**Johichi Tsunada** was elected president; **Ichiji Tateishi** and **Ganji Miyata**, vice presidents; **Riichi Kushino** and **Jinpei Imaizumi**, treasurers; **Toshio Shioka**, **Hidejiro Yamamoto**, **Yasujiro Murakami**, and **Masato Tanida**, auditors.

## *A Photo from the JAHSSD Archives...*



*San Diego-born Toshio Abe poses in front of the Camp Savage post office after graduating from the first Nikkei Military Intelligence Training class, 1944. He would later serve with Merrill's Marauders in Burma.*

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## JUJIRO WADA, ISSEI PIONEER AND ADVENTURER

by Mitsuko Kawamoto

*When he woke up, he was on a whaling ship bound for the chilly waters of the Arctic. Robbed of his money and shanghaied, his fate was to be a cook for the next three years. This had not been his plan.*

At age 16 in 1888, **Jujiro Wada** of Ehime prefecture had been sent to America by his wealthy parents to complete his education. He was not a poor young man like many other Issei who came to America to seek a better life in the late 1800s and the early 1900s. Three other wealthy young friends accompanied Wada: one to enter the Naval Academy, one to attend Harvard, and the other to enroll at Yale along with Wada. On their passage to America, they eagerly practiced their English language skills. Even after landing in San Francisco, Wada sought out English-speaking people to better his English.

In San Francisco, he met a man who claimed an acquaintance of his was an English professor who could teach him English in three days. This stranger took him to a saloon where they met the English professor. Wada didn't think he looked like a professor, but gave him a ten dollar gold piece for the cost of the lessons. His purse also contained the tuition money for the first year of school. He bought a couple of drinks and that was the last thing he remembered until he woke up aboard that whaling ship. Explaining his plight to the captain was to no avail; he was stuck on the ship for a three-year stint as a cook. Fortunately, the captain felt sympathy toward this young man of 16 and taught him how to read and write and keep the ship's log and accounts. Wada read every book in the ship library and by the end of the three years, he had a good knowledge of the English language.

The ship landed in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and he somehow found his way back to San Francisco. Because they hadn't heard from their son for three years, his parents had given him up for dead and disowned him. (Wada never returned to Japan and eventually became an American citizen.) During that three-year cruise, he had become acquainted with Alaska and learned to love that harsh, cold country. So upon his return to San Francisco, he traveled by steamer ship to the Yukon in the fall and stayed the winter. Here he first trained a dog team and learned to drive it. It was the beginning of Jujiro Wada's fascinating life in Alaska.

He lived during the days of gold prospecting in the Yukon and in his second winter there, he was asked to take the news of a gold strike from one area, Tanana (now Fairbanks) to Dawson. When he finally arrived at Dawson to give the news, it started a stampede (or gold rush). When men discovered that that camp was not as rich as Dawson, they were upset and wanted to lynch Wada for their disappointing finds. In the end, Capt. Barnette, the friend who had originally sent Wada to Dawson, saved him.

Wada traveled hundreds of miles away to Nome, which was booming, but he didn't care for mining. He started a fur trading business with the natives in the Kotzebue district, close to Nome. The Eskimos were impressed with his trading policies. He was fair and spoke their native dialect. They even asked him to become their chief.

During this time, Wada made an interesting discovery: many Eskimo words were Japanese. His theory was that the Japanese fishermen were blown across the sea and landed on the Bering Sea coast. Unable to return, they lived out their lives there. He noted their artistic ability and certain racial characteristics which seemed Japanese.

Wada, however, remained a chief only a short time because the Nome traders, unable to control this Eskimo chief, decided to get rid of him. They used an old law that claimed a chief had to be chosen from members born into the tribe. So that was the end of his fur trading days and the beginning of his mushing career.

Wada and his dog team carried mail and passengers across the frozen tundra. Most everyone has heard of the Iditarod Trail—it is a famous race today. The trail runs 1,050 miles from Anchorage to Nome, but in Wada's day, there was no trail. During the 1909-1910 gold rush, Wada was asked by the citizens of Seward on the Kenai Peninsula to establish a trail to Iditarod, a mining camp in those days, located midway between Anchorage and Nome. His accomplishments as a trail-blazer have been forgotten, but in his day he was well known as a long distance musher.

In addition to his recognized ability as a musher, Wada was a marathon runner of note. He was the winner of the 50-mile Alaska indoor racing championship held in Nome on March 11, 1907. He ran the distance in 7 hours, 49 minutes and ten seconds.

Is there a San Diego connection to this adventurer? Yes, there is. Jujiro Wada died here and is buried in an unmarked and undocumented grave in the potter's field at Mt. Hope Cemetery. No one knows why he came to San Diego and died with only 53 cents in his pocket. He had no known friends or relatives in San Diego and the reason he came to San Diego died with him. He became ill with peritonitis and passed away on March 5, 1937, at the age of 47.

What a sad and mysterious ending for such a colorful character—another pioneer who persevered and made his way in a new world. He carved out a name for himself in the frozen north of Alaska and Canada so many years ago, but very few people know of him today.

**Norio Mitsuoka** of Seattle was fascinated by the adventures of Jujiro Wada and researched his life story. Much of the information for this article was provided by Mr. Mitsuoka. Yuji Tani of Japan, from the same village in Ehime as Wada, has also written a book in Japanese on the life of Jujiro Wada.

Both Mr. Mitsuoka and Mr. Tani's son, **Mahito**, made separate trips to San Diego in their attempts to find Wada's gravesite with the help of **Don Estes**, JAHSSD's historian. Despite their efforts to locate the burial site, it remains a mystery.



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## SKETCH OF AN ARTIST: JOHN YATO

by Karen Scanlon

*(This article first appeared in a longer version in Explore! Magazine and is reprinted here with kind permission of the publisher.)*

You've seen his work—paintings of regional scenes that look so real you wonder if they're photographs. The watercolors of Japanese-born, local artist John Yato are exhibited throughout San Diego in fine art galleries, museum stores, mall kiosks, along the rows at outside, weekend art shows, and in online galleries. Surely art like this comes from the soul.

Long before Yato began painting local lore—Hotel del Coronado, the Star of India, Coronado Bridge, and scenes in Balboa Park, for example—he drew sketches, and colored with crayons. His early creative strokes were applied to a first-grade page in Yokohama, Japan, but the family lost those to fire when their home burned after the war, or were thrown away when the family moved. "It was a form of expression," he says, "at that time I was shy and didn't talk a whole lot."

By 1959, after two years of government sponsor paperwork, John's father, the youngest of four children, left Japan and joined his siblings and parents in the United States. John was a lad of nine and attended Mark Twain Elementary School near their new home in Linda Vista. "Everybody here was so friendly," he recalls. "I didn't speak the language and I was different from everybody else, yet they were so good to me."

John Yato's grandfather had already arrived in America in the 1920s. Aunts and uncles followed in later years, and established themselves in lucrative businesses in San Diego. One aunt owned the Japanese Tea House in Balboa Park. "I remember a picture of her standing, before the war, in front of the door that was built in 1915 for the Exposition." Another aunt and uncle owned the Presidio Nursery.

Though in Japan John's father was an electrical engineer and his mother a teacher, neither worked these professions in this country. "My father also had owned a futon business in 1945, and leased out rice fields." But in America, he worked as a gardener. John worked alongside as he grew older. "I always liked art, though." In his portfolio are fifth-grade crayon drawings: one of a farm house with an elephant, he says, and one of an old lady sitting on a balcony.

"In my spare time, I was drawing," Yato says. "My friends were smoking marijuana." It seems that John's friends didn't think much of his artwork. "Let's see who grows up to do something worthwhile!" John challenged them. Ironically, sadly, his two best friends were subsequently shot and murdered.

A career in the arts has taken Yato over many paths. For 16 years, the artist worked as a designer and illustrator. "At Grossmont College, I designed school schedule booklets, many of the instructional brochures and posters for the teachers and classified employees." He taught graphic arts at Cuyamaca Junior College.

Today, and for the past 18 years, Yato is a full-time artist. "My first painting was sold in 1972, in Balboa Park at an outdoor show. It's where I got started." Today, much of his art is shown through The Coronado Art Association in Coronado, and at the Navy Exchange. He paints in a studio at home in Rancho Bernardo.

Yato admits that painting is only half of his work. "When artists become successful, a certain amount of time has to be spent marketing. Some artists paint only six months in a year. Fifty percent of my time is marketing. But you can make a living if you work at it," he says.

Trips to his homeland and elsewhere, wildlife, figures, and architecture, seascapes and landscapes all inspire creativity in John Yato. Photographs, sketches, and even video tape recordings are made before the strokes of his brush meet canvas. "I plug the images into my computer and study them. Then I paint." He prefers watercolors to oils, because "you can get more detail with watercolors." This must certainly contribute to the reality appeal of his painted subjects.

Does Yato have a favorite painting of his own? "Let's say you have ten children," he says, "which one would you prefer? I like them all! Painting is my passion, my life. No matter what happens, I paint." As for his best-seller, he says it is probably the Hotel Del Coronado or the San Diego skyline.

Yato's current affection is painting Hawaiian scenes—Polynesian goddesses adorned in brilliant flowers and whose bodies sway like waves on the ocean. "A painting is like a book, and the artist must keep movement in his subjects," he says. "I communicate visually—my brain works in different ways. Maybe there's a flaw in my brain, and that's why I got into art."

A good portion of Yato's time is given away, in a sense, for community causes. He donates paintings to various organizations, like the Old Globe Theatre in Balboa Park. Frequently he'll sketch, design, and paint a poster or T-shirt logo for a particular celebration event. Time spent chatting with the public is also part of his craft. "I like to educate the people for them to enjoy art."

Painting done the way Yato does it is an extraordinary gift. You can see a collection of his work Wednesdays and Saturdays at an outside kiosk at Fashion Valley Shopping Center (near Robinson-May) from 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. For an online look, visit [yatoart.com](http://yatoart.com) or [coronadoartassn.com](http://coronadoartassn.com). Very often you'll find a crane, the bird of happiness, in a Yato painting. "Because," he says, "painting makes me happy."

---

## PRESERVING JAPANESE CULTURE IS HER MISSION

by Jennifer Chung

*(This profile first appeared in Asia: The Journal of Culture and Commerce, March 19, 2004, and is reprinted here with permission)*

You could say Joyce Teague stands between two worlds—or maybe four—the past and present, and the Japanese and American cultures.

The 55-year-old sansei—third generation, U.S.-born Japanese-American—volunteers much of her time to preserving Japanese culture as a board member of the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego (JAHSSD), editor of its quarterly newsletter, and heavy involvement with the Buddhist Temple of San Diego.

The JAHSSD is committed to collecting, identifying and preserving materials related to the Japanese-American experience in San Diego. Teague joined the society in 1997 to assist with its oral history project, "REgenerations," which examined Japanese-American resettlement after relocation camp incarceration during World War II. She became a member of the board in 2001, and in 2002 took over as editor of *Footprints*, the historical society's newsletter.

Distributed to the society's approximately 400 members, the newsletter includes family stories and articles about the Japanese-American community's contributions to the city and county.

History, said Teague, is being made right now, and needs to be recorded. While recognizing the importance of being rooted in the past, Teague also notes that it's important not to be stuck there.

(PRESERVING CULTURE continued from previous page)

"The majority of the members of this society went through the internment camp experience, and obviously it's a huge part of their lives, and it was for my parents," she said. "I'm very aware of camp and what it did to and meant to our community. But I don't think that's entirely what defines us."

Teague stresses the importance of young voices, citing stories about the experiences and challenges of growing up Japanese-American in San Diego today. She is also involved with the Buddhist Temple of San Diego, where she runs the Obon Again Resale Shop, the twice-a-year rummage sale that raises funds for the temple's scholarship fund.

Founded in 1926 by local Issei—first generation Japanese-Americans—the temple hosts a number of festivals and activities that celebrate Japanese-American traditions, such as the Bon Odori festival and Mochitsuki, the year-end tradition of making sweet rice cakes.

"There are so many Japanese traditions tied up with it," Teague said of the temple. "There are a lot of things we do in the service which are specifically Japanese, and in Japanese, so it's really hard for someone that hasn't grown up in that tradition to stick with it and hear the message," she said, conceding that church membership is on the decline.

To increase participation among temple members and entice new members to join, Teague [and her colleagues] started an activities group called Zenbu. The events are casual, and there are no meetings, dues or obligations. Members simply might get together for tai chi, to play mah jong or Cranium, or just go to a movie.

Teague grew up in Watsonville, Northern California, where, like many Japanese-Americans at the time, her parents were farmers.

"I grew up not even thinking about my ethnicity, to tell the truth," she said. But when the family moved to El Cajon in the late 1950s, she didn't find many Asian faces.

"We were really one of a kind, at least in my junior high school," she said. "It was interesting when you went to your friend's house and discovered that their family traditions were different than yours. And that was a great thing, too, because it opened up my world."

Teague now lives in the College Grove area with husband Bill, who is Caucasian, while her parents still live in El Cajon. The Teagues have a grown daughter, Jaime, who teaches at San Diego High School.

"The world seems to get more complicated and opinions more polarized, but cynical as I am, I still believe we have everything to gain by gathering in rather than shutting out," she said. "My wonderful family is living proof this works. We are Asian, white, African American and Native American."

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## FAMILIES MAKE PRIVATE COLLECTION FOR *ONLY THE BRAVE*

At the **2004 Nikkei Filmfest**, **Karen Tani** made an appeal on filmmaker **Lane Nishikawa's** behalf for help in funding his current movie project, the story of the rescue of the World War II "Lost Battalion" called *Only the Brave*. The film will be the first dramatic feature-length motion picture acknowledging the courageous fighting record of the 100th Battalion/442nd Regimental Combat Team since *Go For Broke*, a film starring **Van Johnson**, was released in 1951.

Moved by the appeal, **Gwen Momita** and members of the **Shimamoto** and **Matsumoto** families pooled together \$1,800 in honor of her uncle, **James S. Matsumoto**, 86, who survived the battle while serving in K Company, RCT 442.

"Only eight guys from his company walked away from that battle," Gwen marveled.

Inspired by the news of this effort, **Don and Carol Estes** initiated a campaign among the **Estes** and **Hasegawa** families for donations to the *Only the Brave* project in the names of Carol's Dad and uncles, World War II military veterans.

The National Japanese American Historical Society (NJAHS) and Nishikawa received funding from the California Civil Liberties Public Education Program (CCLPEP) to help produce the film and assist in its distribution. However, at the end of 2003, Nishikawa estimated an additional \$250,000 would be required for post-production costs—editing and finishing the film for distribution by this summer.

Working with NJAHS, Nishikawa has asked the public to support the making of the film by donating any money they chose, starting at \$500, to be acknowledged in a "Valor Roll" that will be included with the credits to the film. **Soon-Tek Oh**, the actor who appeared in Nishikawa's *Forgotten Valor* (which was screened at the Nikkei Filmfest) was the first to donate when he returned his paycheck to Nishikawa and told him to use it for *Go for Broke*.

For more information about the project, contact the NJAHS, 1684 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94115-3604, 415-921-5007; or visit <http://njahs.org>.



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### UPDATE ON VIDEO AVAILABILITY

"When We Were Warriors," which was screened earlier this year at the Nikkei Filmfest, is no longer available, according to filmmaker **Lane Nishikawa**. All copies are sold. He is considering making more available with the release of his current project, *Only the Brave* (see previous article) about the 442 Regimental Combat Team. *Footprints* will keep you updated.

## WE GET LETTERS

Hi Don:

I'm a friend of Leng Loh, and I teach at Bonita Vista High School and use *Democracy Under Pressure* in class. Our school is moving towards the DVDs and I was wondering if Democracy is available in that format?

Regards,  
Ed Lim

*Editor: We're currently investigating the cost of making the documentary available in DVD format and will let you know when that happens. We recently updated information in the Teacher's Curriculum Kit and the video package will also be getting a new look.*

Dear Joyce,

I appreciate your mentioning my *Judgment Without Trial* book. Sure hope some people liked it. In it is a large portion devoted to the Kaneko family (starting from Peru to Crystal City to Seabrook Farms and finally San Diego) as well as mention of the Iwashita, Muraoka, Koide and Hibi families of your fair city.

Your "horny" topic is great. How about asking your readers to comment on other questions? I'm not promising that I will respond—lack of time—but I just might do so. Anyway, I would be very pleased to be placed on your mailing list.

Thanks,  
Tetsuden (Tetsu) Kashima  
Mercer Island, Washington

## BOB'S BUDDIES EARNS MS WALK DIAMOND AWARD

by Carol Estes

**Bob's Buddies**, sponsored by the JAHSSD, outdid themselves this year! Under the leadership of co-captains **Don Estes** and **Michio Himaka**, our team of 27 walkers raised an incredible \$10,312.00 in the March 24 Multiple Sclerosis Walk.

When we first started participating back in 2001, we raised \$2,400 with just eleven walkers to qualify our team for the Bronze Award. Bob's Buddies then worked our way up into the Silver Award category in 2002 with \$3,871, a whopping increase of over 60%.

Spurred on by this impressive increase in performance, the JAHSSD Board of Directors set an even more daunting goal of \$7,000 (over 80%!) for the 2003 MS Walk. Our team of walkers yet again enthusiastically met the challenge, earning the Gold Award in the process.

Deciding that the \$7,000 level had to be surpassed, our dedicated walkers recruited more team members for the 2004 MS Walk. Everyone worked especially hard soliciting donations to help fund a cure for this very debilitating disease. But who would have ever thought our little team of 27 walkers would raise over \$10,000, putting us in the Diamond Award category?

Team Bob's Buddies and all of our generous donors can be justly proud of this achievement. Our team may be small, but we are big in action! Bob's Buddies went up against and garnered more donations than some of the biggest companies in San Diego—Cox Communications (\$5,223); Merck Research Laboratories (\$5,108); Raytheon (\$7,410); Sempra/SDG&E (\$8,190); and SAIC (\$7,767).

**Bob Batchelder** was the top fund raiser, bringing in a total of \$2,201. (Incidentally, **Hisae Batchelder** was the top money raiser for the 2003 MS Walk, raising \$2,147. Hmm, it definitely looks like we need to keep the Batchelder family interested and active in the MS Walk coming up in 2005!)

Every member of Bob's Buddies would like to extend a very grateful DOMO ARIGATO GOZAIMASU to all our wonderful donors. We could not have raised the \$10,000 without your very generous contributions. With the help of each of you, some day soon a cure will be found for Multiple Sclerosis. However, we cannot rest on our laurels, and must begin planning today for the 2005 MS Walk.

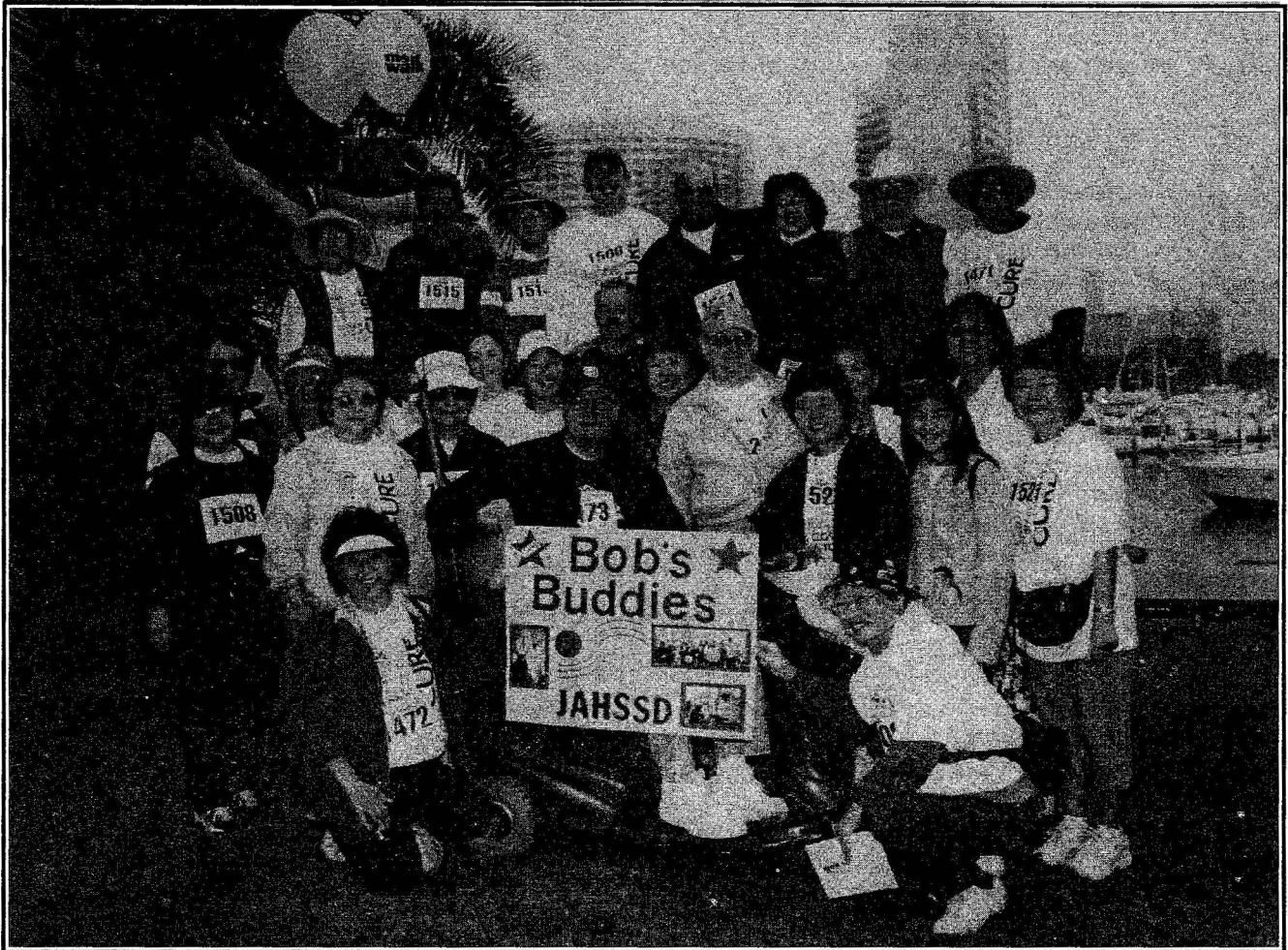
If you would like to be part of Bob's Buddies exciting MS Walk team for 2005, please give any JAHSSD board member a call or e-mail your name and address to: tabuchihassegawa@aol.com. We'll be more than happy to sign you up. No date has been announced for the 2005 event, but as soon as we learn of the date, you will be sent an application.

## 2004 MS WALK CONTRIBUTORS

*Bob's Buddies and JAHSSD heartily thank the following generous sponsors of the Bob's Buddies Team at the 2004 MS Walk:*

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Diamond Award-winning team members of "Bob's Buddies" pose against the backdrop of the San Diego Harbor before the start of the 2004 MS Walk. If you look closely, you'll notice one "ringer" in the group, the Geico Gecko, who knew a winning team when he saw one!

## DEMOCRACY UNDER PRESSURE

### Video and Teacher's Guide

*Democracy Under Pressure: Japanese Americans and World War II* tells what happened to 2,000 people of Japanese descent living in San Diego after the outbreak of World War II. U.S. citizens and resident aliens alike were given a few days to dispose of their businesses and property and removed en masse from San Diego County. Law-abiding families spent the duration of the War behind barbed wire in concentration camps hastily built in desolate desert areas. Returning to San Diego after the war to rebuild their lives meant additional hardship.

This story of the removal and incarceration of San Diegans of Japanese descent was previously untold. JAHSSD made the 26-minute documentary for local students of American history...and for those still unaware of this period during which Constitutional rights were ignored by otherwise reasonable men, and the lives of innocent people were forever altered.

Told by two native San Diegans who lived through the ordeal as young students, *Democracy Under Pressure* is a powerful and moving educational tool and would make a thoughtful gift to a favorite teacher, friend, or grandchild. A curriculum guide with study materials/lesson plans is also available for classroom use.

In 2000, JAHSSD distributed *free* videos and guides to *all* public and private secondary schools and colleges in San Diego and Imperial Counties. The video is also in circulation in the San Diego Public Library system. See it; share it. *Order form is on Page 23.*

## 2004 TULE LAKE PILGRIMAGE

(Excerpted from a press release by Barbara Takei)

The bi-annual **Tule Lake Pilgrimage**, a four-day gathering of the Japanese American diaspora, is scheduled over the 4th of July weekend, July 2–5. This year's pilgrimage, *Citizens Betrayed*, will tell the little-known story of 5,589 Nisei and Kibei in Tule Lake who, under duress and with feelings of bitter disappointment and anger toward the country that imprisoned them and their families, renounced their U.S. citizenship. The main panel discussion will explore the conditions that drove them to give up their birthright. It will include former renunciants who will speak about their experiences, including those who went to Japan as well as those who remained in the U.S. classified as "Native American aliens."

"Now that nearly 60 years have gone by, it's time to tell this story with greater understanding and compassion," says **Hiroshi Shimizu**, the San Francisco-based Sansei who is coordinating this year's all-volunteer pilgrimage planning committee. His father, the late **Iwao Shimizu**, was a member of the Tule Lake defense committee that assisted San Francisco civil rights attorney, **Wayne Collins**, in his 20+ year legal battle on behalf of the renunciants.

"Like the draft resisters, this group of Japanese Americans suffered a lifetime of stigma for responding with protest and anger to the unjust treatment of the U.S. government," says Shimizu. "Their dissent contradicted the narrative of unquestioning patriotism, consequently, they were labeled 'disloyal' and scorned as troublemakers. We hope this pilgrimage will help people see Tule Lake in a more positive way, as the camp where Nikkei protested and resisted the injustice of their incarceration."

Other planned pilgrimage activities will include a tour of the Tule Lake campsite and memorial service at the cemetery on the camp grounds. Several workshop panels are planned, including a discussion on the historic preservation of the Tule Lake site, a panel addressing the unfinished business of redress, and a discussion on protest and resistance in the camps. Several films concerning these topics will be shown, and a taiko workshop will be organized to include pilgrims and members of the local community.

As in previous years, inter-generational discussion groups will provide an occasion to share experiences and help heal the wounds of the incarceration. For the more active, there will be opportunities to hike up Castle Rock and to explore the Native American past at Captain Jack's Stronghold. On the evening of July 4, local residents in the Tule Lake region are invited to the closing cultural performance of the pilgrimage.

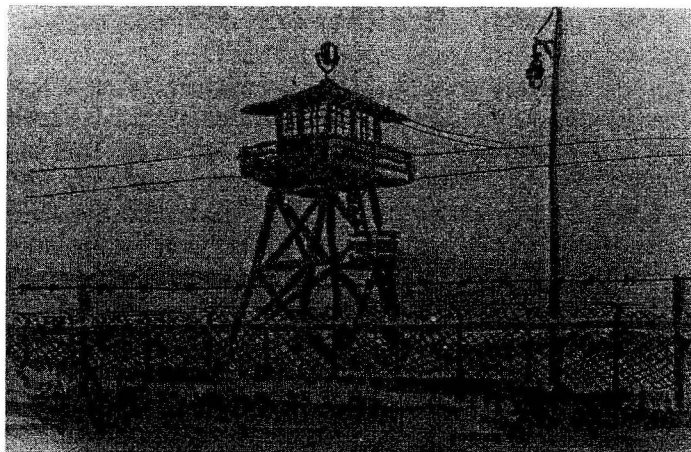
Registration forms and details of the pilgrimage may be downloaded from the Tule Lake Lake Pilgrimage website, <http://www.tulelake.org>. Other contacts include **Hiroshi Shimizu** in San Francisco, [hshimizu@pacbell.net](mailto:hshimizu@pacbell.net), (415) 566-2279; and **Sharon Yamato** in Los Angeles, [syamato@comcast.net](mailto:syamato@comcast.net), (310) 578-0090.

## CITIZENS BETRAYED: TULE LAKE CAMP

by Barbara Takei

*This informative article was edited for Footprints and appears with kind permission of the author. Contact her at [btakei@pobox.com](mailto:btakei@pobox.com).*

Tule Lake was unique among the camps. It was the first War Relocation Authority camp, opened on May 26, 1942, and the last to close, March 28, 1946. With a peak population of over 18,700, Tule



A photo of this sepia-toned watercolor of a guard tower at Tule Lake was found at the bottom of a file cabinet at the Klamath Falls Museum in Oregon. The Tule Lake Pilgrimage Committee wants to find the identity of the artist, and where the originals of watercolors may be found.

Lake was the largest camp. Tule Lake was the only camp to become a segregation center and the only camp ruled under martial law, occupied by the Army from November 14, 1943 to January 15, 1944.

Tule Lake became a high-security segregation center on July 15, 1943, the result of the War Department's Application for Leave Clearance, a form that included two clumsily-worded questions; number 27 concerned military service for those imprisoned; number 28 implied allegiance to the Japanese Emperor.

Following administration of this divisive loyalty questionnaire, nearly 12,000 persons were removed from other camps and sent to the Tule Lake segregation center. Known as "no-nos," most had given negative responses to questions 27 and 28, or refused to answer the two ambiguously-worded questions. Many were motivated by anger over the injustice of their treatment by the American government, while others sought to ensure the safety and security of their families by keeping everyone together at Tule Lake.

Contributing to the volatile mix at the segregation center were those who had given up hope for a future in America and sought repatriation to Japan; and leaders and dissidents from other camps who protested their treatment. Six thousand pre-segregation Tuleans remained, not wishing to make another move to an uncertain future in a new camp.

From the beginning, the segregation center was wracked with conflict. It was a complex, overcrowded community where tempers were short and frustrations were high. Following a major work stoppage, a mass show of internee support led to the imposition of martial law and an Army takeover of the camp. The elected leadership within the segregation center were picked up and imprisoned in the stockade. The repression led to the rise of pro-Japan groups that advocated a return to Japan; their supporters demonstrated allegiance by performing early-morning exercises around the center's perimeter.

Perhaps the most tragic and divisive issue was created when Public Law 405 was passed by Congress and signed by **President Roosevelt** on July 1, 1944. This law, directed at the Japanese Americans in Tule Lake, authored by the U.S. Attorney **General Francis Biddle**, permitted an American citizen to renounce citizenship during time of war.

This denationalization effort was promoted by U.S. Congressional Representatives from California, **Clair Engle** and **Leroy Johnson**, supported by the American Legion, and culminated decades of nativist effort to rid the country of unwanted "yellow hordes."

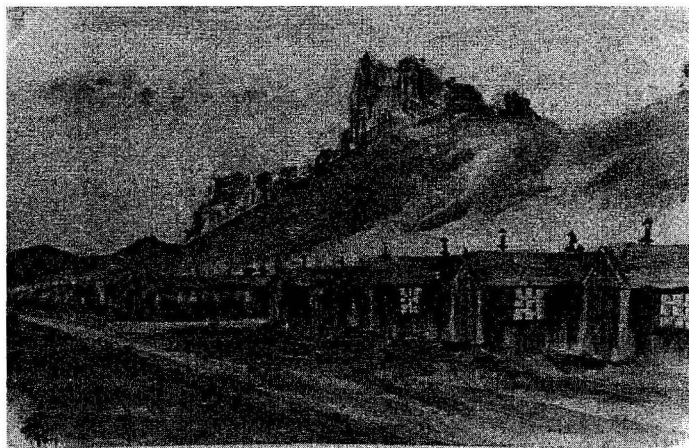
(CITIZENS BETRAYED continued from previous page)

Passage of this renunciation law began one of the saddest, and least known chapters of Japanese American history. Initially, only 117 applied. However, once the announcement was made on December 17, 1944, that internment was ending and the camps were closing, the segregation center was swept up in panic, anger, confusion and anxiety.

Individual motives varied widely, but had little to do with the issues of loyalty or disloyalty. Many Tuleans believed that renouncing their American citizenship would enable them, as prisoners of war, to keep their family together in Tule Lake. Worry over what would happen to them and their families—sent into hostile communities with no money, no promise of income and no place to live—led to thousands of renunciations.

In the warped and prison-like environment of the segregation center, rumors, speculation, and a lack of trusted sources of information meant that making a rational decision about the future was not a simple task. Many believed, for example, based on news from contraband short-wave radios, that Japan was winning the war; Allied victories were dismissed as WRA propaganda.

Nisei and Kibei described intense pressure from their non-citizen Issei parents to renounce, a strategy to keep the family together in case the Issei were purged and deported to Japan after the war. Others describe coercion by pro-Japan groups that led them to renounce. Many adopted the exaggerated ethnic pride of a mistreated minority group, viewing renunciation as a way of showing one was "true Japanese." Young Nisei men classified as 4-C enemy aliens, renounced when the Selective Service reversed itself and began drafting internees to serve in the segregated 442nd Regimental combat unit. For people with no legal forums available to them, renouncing became a way to express anger and to protest their treatment.



Tule Lake Camp view towards Castle Rock. This photo of a watercolor painting was found at the bottom of a file cabinet at the Klamath Falls Museum in Oregon. The Tule Lake Pilgrimage Committee is seeking the identity of the artist and the whereabouts of the original watercolor.

When the war ended, the tragedy of the renunciants became apparent when the Department of Justice prepared for the mass deportations of these stateless individuals who were betrayed by the country of their birth. Some of them had family and property in Japan; after having an economic stake in America wrested from them by the removal, they chose not to stay in a country that did not want them. Others remained in the U.S. as "Native American aliens" stripped of their citizenship.

The statistics are staggering. At Tule Lake, 7 out of 10 citizens 18 years and older renounced, and 73% of families had at least one renunciant. Most who renounced had little understanding of what they

were giving up, or that they would become "enemy aliens" who could be legally expelled.

Of the 5,589 Japanese Americans who renounced, 5,461 were from Tule Lake. *Nearly all who renounced, 5,409, sought reversal, including 1,327 who expatriated to Japan.* Most of the renunciants regained their citizenship primarily because of the heroic and largely unsung efforts of attorney **Wayne Collins**.

The renunciation law was repealed in 1971, but the constitutionality of depriving native-born Americans of their citizenship was never ruled on.

Even though they were legally absolved by the U.S. Government, many former renunciants have not sensed forgiveness coming from within their own community. Most express a sense of being shunned, treated as though they did something wrong by accommodating their families and pursuing their options under impossibly difficult circumstances. Consequently, they have learned to avoid the topic of Tule Lake, a subject area filled with powerful feelings of stigma and shame.

## 2004 REISCHAUER EDUCATION LEADERS NAMED

The Japan Society of San Diego and Tijuana have announced that **Chalmers and Sheila Johnson** have accepted the JSSDT nomination for the **2004 Reischauer Education Leader Award**. The presentation will be made at JSSDT's annual banquet in October.

**Chalmers Johnson** is President of the **Japan Policy Research Institute**, a nonprofit research and public affairs devoted to public education concerning Japan and international relations in the Pacific. He recently appeared in an Author Talk at the San Diego Public Library discuss his new book, *In Sorrows of Empire: Militarism, Secrecy and the End of the Republic*, which examines the U.S.'s the new militarism by mapping the expanding network of U. S. military bases and services to support them.



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# CHINA MESHU DREAMS

by Tony Osumi

relaxing in a hot tub of seaweed soup  
nori and egg whites swirl  
pork shoulder bobbing  
translucent broth  
cover my shoulders  
lowering my chin to take a sip

chashu  
roasted brick red  
chunks hang plump  
like apples on a chashu tree  
seedless  
warm and ripe  
there for the picking  
licking fingers  
shamelessly  
not even my own

pakai  
bell pepper and onion  
witness the marriage  
of pineapple and pork  
with vinegar presiding  
honeymooning  
for seven days  
and six nights  
on a romantic  
lazy susan

chicken chowmein  
pan fried timelines  
thread through  
shiitake and china pea  
weave and tie us  
to our pioneer past  
every glazed noodle  
guaranteed to have  
an issei on the other end

shrimp and lobster sauce  
ladled thick on steaming rice  
a priceless  
chawan treasure  
overflowing with  
orange rubies  
black bean pearls  
and egg white satin  
magically  
the last shrimp  
reappearing after every bite

homyu  
pungent and fresh  
melting in my mouth  
with hot mustard and shoyu  
whipped into circles  
golden as Van Gogh's Starry Night  
new research finds:  
homyu  
fat free  
sodium free  
and lowers your  
cholesterol

almond duck  
cradled by lettuce  
spruced up with nuts  
born from hard times  
scraps of duck meat  
pressed between  
heaven and earth  
working peoples'  
salvation—with gravy  
my father says,  
Almond Duck?  
as hard to describe  
as the grand canyon's  
beauty

*Originally published in the JACL Pacific Citizen, December 1998 Holiday Issue, and reprinted with kind permission of the author. Tony and his wife Jenni Kuida are the folks who conceived the much-shared amusement, "101 Ways to Tell If You're Japanese American." You can find this and more at their website, [www.kuidaosumi.com](http://www.kuidaosumi.com).*

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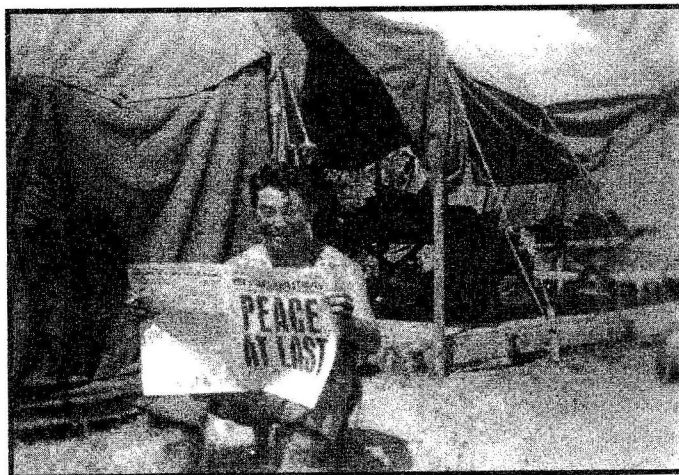
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Tok Murakami at the 442 camp at Leghorn, Italy, in August 1945.  
The Army newspaper Stars and Stripes he holds announces  
the end of World War II (VJ Day).