

# FOOTPRINTS

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

## Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego

### THIRTEENTH ANNUAL JAHSSD MEMBERSHIP MEETING LOOKS AHEAD

by Mich Himaka

We've been doing this annual meeting for 13 years! Can you believe it?

I remember the first one that was held at the VFW Hall in National City. Guess who the featured guest speaker was? He hasn't been invited back since! That figures. Our attendance at these events has improved each year to where we almost fill the Buddhist Temple's Annex Hall to capacity now.

We anticipate another capacity crowd on Saturday, October 15, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., when JAHSSD honors our late historian **Donald Hamilton Estes** as the lone recipient of the **2005 Kansha Award**. His wife, **Carol Hasegawa Estes**, and their sons, **Matthew** and **Kumao Estes**, will accept the posthumous award. Despite Don's own suggestion that a former director not be honored until at least five years after leaving the Board of Directors, it was moved and unanimously approved that we make an exception this year.



Ruth Okimoto at a Poston Restoration Project workshop

The theme of this year's meeting is *Mirai*—The Future. The program starts at 10:00 a.m. with our annual exhibit, this year featuring a miscellany of photos about which we have little information. We have a purpose in that we are trying to identify individuals pictured in the photos and hoping some of our members might know who they are. We also hope seeing the photos will trigger some memories in those of you who recognize the event pictured and will add to our information by jotting this information down, too.

Our featured speaker is **Dr. Ruth Yoshiko Okimoto** of Berkeley, who returns to her home town to give us an update on where the **Poston Restoration Project** stands today and what we can expect from this point on. Dr. Okimoto, Don, and members of the **Colorado River Indian Tribal Council** were heavily involved in getting this project off the ground.

Dr. Okimoto moved to San Diego as an infant with her parents, the late **Rev. and Mrs. Tameichi Okimoto**, in 1937. Her father served as a missionary at what was then known as the San Diego Christian Church, now known as the San Diego Japanese Christian Church.

Removed with other San Diego residents after WWII broke out, the Okimoto family was evacuated to the Santa Anita Assembly Center and then to Poston III, Arizona, where they lived in Block 327. The family returned to San Diego after the war but her father was reassigned to the San Francisco area.

Dr. Okimoto has had a varied career—stay-at-home Mom, college administrator, Wells Fargo Bank officer, a doctoral candidate when she returned to college to earn her Ph.D. in Organizational Psychology from the California School of Professional Psychology. Dr. Okimoto and her artist-husband, **Marvin Lipofsky**, live in Berkeley, and have three grown children and a grandchild.

The exhibits and program are free and open to the public but if you want a bento lunch, it must be **pre-ordered by October 1**.

Our volunteer auxiliary group, the **When's Lunch? Bunch**, will again be selling various craft items they have been making for the past several months, the proceeds of which augment our fund-raising efforts. Occasional fund-raising is

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## DATES TO REMEMBER

- SEP. 17** – JAHSSD Board meeting (8:15 am), BTSD
- SEP. 18** – Fall Ohigan Service (10 am), Keiro Kai potluck luncheon (12 noon), BTSD
- SEP. 18** – Installation of English-speaking pastor, Rev. Ichibei Honda at Joint English/Japanese Service (10:25 am) and Welcome Luncheon, Japanese Christian Church
- SEP. 23** – City College memorial service for Don Estes (3pm), SDCC Saville Theater. Free parking in student lots. Info: shasegaw@sdccd.net, parking info: <http://www.sdcity.edu/FAQ/campusmap.asp>
- SEP. 29-Oct. 6** – San Diego Asian Film Festival (SDAFF), Hazard Center Ultrastar Theaters. Info: [www.sdaff.org](http://www.sdaff.org), Zenbu group tickets: [zenbu@cox.net](mailto:zenbu@cox.net)
- OCT. 1** – Deadline to reserve bento for JAHSSD Annual Meeting & Kansha Awards. 619/690-1151, 858/270-0733
- OCT. 2** – Food Festival (11 am–3 pm), BTSD. Reserve lunches to eat in/take out. 619/239-0896, [info@btsd.net](mailto:info@btsd.net)
- OCT. 6** – “Only the Brave” San Diego debut at SDAFF (7 pm), Hazard Center Ultrastar Theaters
- OCT. 7** – 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebration and garden expansion groundbreaking (3 pm), Japanese Friendship Garden. 619/232-2721
- OCT. 10** – Japan Society of San Diego & Tijuana annual leadership awards gala (7 pm), Town & Country. Reservations: 619/233-6873, [aya.jssdt@sbcglobal.net](mailto:aya.jssdt@sbcglobal.net)
- OCT. 15** – JAHSSD Annual Meeting and Kansha Awards (10 am–2 pm), BTSD Annex Hall. Free program but reserve bento in advance. See enclosed flyer.
- OCT. 22** – 2005 Fall Festival (11am–3 pm), Pioneer Ocean View UCC. Free. 619/276-4881 or [povucc@sbcglobal.net](mailto:povucc@sbcglobal.net)
- OCT. 29** – Family Service, Halloween Party (5:30 pm), BTSD
- OCT. 30** – One-year Anniversary Worship: Conference Minister brings special message (10 am), POVUCC
- NOV. 5** – JFG Youth Cultural Education Program: “Mochi,” limited to 20 per class, grades K-8 (10 am & 11 am) \$3 per child with adult Garden admission. Registration deadline is Oct. 24. 619/232-2721
- NOV. 5** – SD-JACL JA Veterans Luncheon (12 noon), Doubletree Hotel. Veterans free, all others \$35. Info and reservations: Robert Ito, 858/560-5205 or [rpto@itogirard.com](mailto:rpto@itogirard.com)
- NOV. 6** – Eitai-kyo Service (10 am), Zenbu 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Tsukemono Potluck (12 noon), BTSD
- NOV. 16** – Footprints Winter Issue submissions deadline
- NOV. 19** – JAHSSD Board meeting (8:15 am), BTSD
- NOV. 20** – Thanksgiving Service (10 am) and annual luncheon celebrating over-80s birthdays, POVUCC
- DEC. 4** – Bodhi Day Service (10 am), BTSD
- DEC. 11** – Mochitsuki (all day) and Obon Again Shop Holiday Sale (10 am–2 pm), BTSD. Mochi sales: 619/239-0896

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Mich Himaka

It's been a year since I took over this seat from Vernon Yoshioka and all I can think about is the negativity of the past year.

Oh, we've increased our membership. We're preparing to bring the acclaimed musical show, *Camp Dance*, which tells the story of Nikkei internment during World War II through the music that teenagers danced to in camp. We've built our treasury to where we are somewhat comfortable. And the federal government is about to consider a bill that would fund the restoration and preservation of internment camp sites, including Poston, where most San Diegans were incarcerated.

So, why am I being so negative?

With all of our gains, the one big loss we suffered was HUGE! We lost our leader, Donald Hamilton Estes.

He was my mentor, the man I turned to during our monthly board meetings for guidance and advice, and that was often. He would prod me gently to forward with the agenda or he would quietly urge me to “cool it.”

And for our annual membership meeting this coming October 15, our board voted unanimously to present Don with a posthumous Kansha Award, which is our way of honoring our community members for their many contributions to the community. Who is more deserving of such an honor? So we will be presenting this recognition to his widow, Carol Hasegawa Estes, and their sons, Matthew and Kumao Estes.

I believe this action is in keeping with our meeting theme for this year, *Mirai*, which means, “looking ahead,” or “moving on.”

We are moving on as an organization but always with the thought, “Would Don have approved?”

It was always Don's hope that we would keep increasing our membership each year and that our treasury would continue to build to where our membership would be comfortable. I think we have done that, even in his absence and, more than that, because of his *presence*.

One of the last projects he involved himself in was to bring the musical show, *Camp Dance*, to San Diego, so local former internees could enjoy the World War II songs and dances they remember—essentially the story of camp life as seen through the eyes and ears of young people two, and maybe three generations, after us.

That show is coming Saturday, Jan. 28, 2006, to Southwestern College, thanks to the co-sponsorship of the College's School of Arts and Communication, which helped us obtain the theater without cost. Tickets will go on sale at the annual meeting, but seating is limited. (Information is available elsewhere on these pages.)

And recently, we read in the newspaper that the federal government will be asked to set aside several million dollars to help restore and preserve the former internment sites, including Poston. That was one of Don's chief projects which he had been working on with our keynote speaker, Dr. Ruth Okimoto, who will give us an update on the Poston Restoration Project at our annual meeting. Also attending, I understand, will be a representative of the Colorado River Indian Tribal Council.

And our Home Site Committee, headed by Robert Ito, is helping our organization first locate a site to store and catalogue our collection of artifacts, photos and other memorabilia donated to us by our membership; and then to locate a permanent home site. The storage site is just that. Our home site is where we hopefully intend to settle in some day.

So, as our annual meeting theme says, we are “looking ahead,” or “moving on.”

Will you help?



## FALL REPORT of the HOME SITE COMMITTEE

It has been one year since **Robert Ito** issued a call to action at the 2004 annual meeting of the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego. Much has been accomplished in that time.

In November, the first meeting was held of a committee composed of **Sumi Kastelic**, **Elizabeth Yamada**, **Linda Canada**, board representative **Ben Segawa**, and chairperson **Robert Ito**. Discussing its goals and purpose, one of the committee's first acts was to draft a mission statement for itself, so that there would be a clear understanding of what its role would be. At the December meeting, JAHSSD's board approved it, and the committee was formally under way.

One of the first tasks the committee set for itself was to investigate other museums and places that present Japanese American history. Using the Internet and making site visits, research was conducted by Robert, Linda, and Liz about the **Wing Luke Asian Museum** in Seattle, the **Japanese American National Museum** in Los Angeles, **Pioneers' Museum** in Imperial County, the **Japanese Overseas Immigration Museum**, and the local historical societies in San Jose and San Francisco. In addition to finding out how each museum was organized, questions were asked about how long it took to create the museum, how funds were raised, and how the site related to other museums in the community.

Closer to home, a physical survey was made by Sumi of the space currently occupied by collections being stored at **Don and Carol Estes'** home and at **Jeanne Elyea's** home and storage shed. Also, an opinion survey of board members who attended the December 2004 JAHSSD board meeting was conducted. The purpose of this survey was to see what activities and programs board members felt should be included in any site recommended by the Home Site Committee.

The following items, ranked in order in importance, were most important to the board:

1. Changing exhibits telling the stories of Japanese American people.
2. Permanent exhibit telling the story of WWII internment.
3. Research library open to scholars and members of the public.
4. School education programs.
5. Lecture series.

Based on the above information, the Home Committee developed a recommendation for the JAHSSD board that would involve two separate phases: Finding a temporary home where the artifacts and materials could be cataloged and organized; and later finding a permanent home which would allow for exhibition space and programs, as well as storage. In addition, the Home Committee recommended to the board that an updated mission statement be adopted, and that a collections policy be adopted. All of these recommendations were accepted by the JAHSSD board.

In June, under Robert Ito's direction, the Home Committee began in earnest to develop a budget for storing the artifacts, and looking for the space to meet phase one needs. At the July meeting, the board was presented with a potential site for the storage facility, and a proposed budget.

Also, the board accepted the Home Committee's offer to expand the scope of its duties to include fundraising for the creation and support of both phase one and phase two. Augmenting the Home Committee will be board members **Bob Batchelder**, **Gwen Momita**, and **Deborah Kodama**.

As we go to press, the Home Committee has made a site visit to inspect the potential phase one site, which is in Kearny Mesa, and



A potential storage space in Kearny Mesa was inspected by Home Site Committee and Board members on August 15, 2005. Left to right: Linda Canada, Robert Ito, Nancy Cowser, Grace Segawa, Ben Segawa and Vernon Yoshioka

arranged for the board to visit the site as well. The board is scheduled to make a decision on lease of that site at its September meeting. The Home Site Committee will meet next to address fundraising needs.

In summary, in less than 12 months the committee and your JAHSSD board have:

1. Adopted a phasing plan for a permanent home.
2. Adopted a collections policy to guide the cataloging process.
3. Identified criteria for a phase one site.
4. Proposed an operating budget for phase one.
5. Located a potential phase one site.
6. Expanded its role to include fundraising for the home site.

## JA VETS TO BE HONORED BY JACL AT NOVEMBER LUNCHEON

The **San Diego Chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League** (SD-JACL) is seeking the whereabouts of local veterans of Japanese ancestry they will honor at a luncheon to be held November 5, 12:00 p.m., at the Doubletree Hotel. All generations of San Diego Nikkei veterans will be invited as special guests to a celebration of their service, regardless of branch or years served. SD-JACL stresses this is not a fund-raiser, but an opportunity for the community to thank its Nikkei veterans.

The first-ever tribute will include lunch, a slide presentation featuring veterans living and deceased, entertainment by internationally-known musicians, and recognition of each veteran with a gift memento of the event. San Diego area Nikkei veterans are asked to contact the San Diego JACL so they may be sent an invitation. Information sought includes name, address, phone and e-mail, branch of service, rank and dates served.

Family members are urged to submit this information on behalf of deceased veterans so that the veterans' names can be included in the luncheon program.

Secretary of Transportation **Norman Mineta** has been invited to address the gathering. Local journalist **Marianne Kushi** will serve as Mistress of Ceremonies. Entertainment will include world-renowned musicians **Takao Naoi** (guitar), **John Neptune** (shakuhachi) and **Masayo Norikura** (koto). Popular **Shokenji Taiko** is also expected to perform.

Friends and families of the Nikkei vets are encouraged to join in the recognition event. All Nikkei veterans are free, but reservations should be confirmed in advance. Luncheons for family and guests are \$35 each.

SD-JACL is also inviting sponsorships from individuals and corporations to help defray cost of the veterans' free lunches. Please send both veterans' information and/or contributions to **David Kawamoto**, San Diego JACL, 1031 25<sup>th</sup> St., Suite D, San Diego, CA 92102-2102.

For more information or to make reservations, contact **Robert Ito**, Veterans Luncheon Co-chair, at (858) 560-5205 or [rpto@itogirard.com](mailto:rpto@itogirard.com).

## 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.

VICTORIA SAKATA ~ June 10, 2005

CHIEKO WHITTINGTON ~ July 6, 2005

HUGO TAKAYOSHI HARADA ~ July 17, 2005

TAKAKO DAVIDSON ~ July 21, 2005

LORI KAYO HATTA ~ July 20, 2005

HIDEO OCHI ~ July 21, 2005

MARILYN MIYASAKI ~ July 28, 2005

VICKI MARIE ABERNATHY HANDA ~ August 1, 2005

KEI YOKOI HOOD ~ August 3, 2005

ALAN OBAYASHI ~ August 4, 2005

RUSSELL NAKAMA ~ August 12, 2005

RIKI GAYDA ~ August 20, 2005

CARMEN BORG IWATSU ~ August 22, 2005

AIKO WEBER ~ September 5, 2005

TAKENO HAYASHI ~ September 7, 2005

## CAUGHT DOING SOMETHING NICE

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

We gratefully acknowledge **Carol Estes**, who facilitated the exhibit of photos and artifacts on Japanese American contributions to Southern California's tuna fishing industry put together last year by the late **Don Estes**. The exhibit was on display at the **Bon Odori Festival** co-sponsored by the Buddhist Temple last July 30. An estimated 300 people visited the free exhibit. **Prof. Susan Hasegawa**, head of the Department of History and Political Science at San Diego City College, created additional identifiers for the artifacts and coordinated the set-up and breakdown. **Yuki Kawamoto** used his creativity to make wooden stands and supports for some of the fishing equipment and memorabilia of the late **Joe Yoshioka** recently donated to the Society by his daughters, **JoAnn Yoshioka Allen** and **Adele Yoshioka**.

Additional JAHSSD members who helped transport, set up and monitor the display were: **Yuki and Mits Kawamoto**, **Gwen Momita**, **Bill and Jeanne Elyea**, **Nancy Cowser**, **Ben and Grace Segawa**, **Christina Pierson**, **Debra Kodama**, **Jillian and Garret Kodama**, **Vernon Yoshioka**, **Patsy and Rev. Jim Yanagihara**, and **Mich and Naomi Himaka**. We also thank the Buddhist Temple for inviting our participation over the past several years.

People who helped with mailing of the belated Summer Issue of *Footprints* were: **Mich and Naomi Himaka**, **Jeanne Elyea**, **Mits and Yuki Kawamoto**, **Nancy Cowser**, **Carol Estes** and her friends visiting from Japan, **Junko Aoki**, **Rumiko Hattori**, and Rumiko's cute children **Tamami**, 5, and **Tomomi**, 2½.

Our thanks to **Susan Yonekura** who donated a book of Buddhist gathas and services in both English and Japanese published and used by the Poston III Buddhist Church. Like many of the printed materials used in

camp, the book was stencil typed, mimeographed, and bound by hand.

An old vanity (mirrored table and chair) which had been used as a makeshift infant's changing table in the Buddhist Temple's nursery since the mid-80s, was earmarked for the Buddhist Temple's annual rummage sale when the nursery underwent a remodel three years ago. **Aki Tomiyama** spotted the old vanity among the rummage sale items and alerted us to the fact that it had been at the temple since before World War II and used by young brides in their dressing room. Although set aside to give to the Society, it sat in a classroom and was only recently transported to our storage. When **Don Estes** was first shown the vanity in 2002, he remarked it would be wonderful for historical and display purposes if we had a photo of it in use. In a fortuitous coincidence, **Sumi Yanagihara** overheard a conversation about the vanity last month and offered copies of two 8 x 10 photos from her wedding album showing her seated at the vanity in November 1956! Thanks to Sumi for allowing us to make copies of these beautiful photos.

We thank **Tetsuo and Sasako Himaka** for donating a videotape titled, "A Tribute to Tuna and to the Men Who Once Fished the Racks" as well as a book titled, *Pan American Fisherman's Golden Jubilee*, which tells the history of San Diego's fishing industry. They also donated a 20-year collection of *The East* magazine.

For this issue, **Ray Kuniteru Mayeda** has contributed an article about his recent trip to Japan. Readers may recall Ray wrote a remembrance about Coronado High School prior to World War II for the Spring 2004 issue. Thank you, Ray!

**Kei Suwa** also put pen to paper to recall his vivid childhood memories of Poston Camp III. They make for fascinating reading. The second part of his remembrances will appear in the Winter Issue.

Our appreciation to Charter Life Member **Rio Imamura** of Fukuoka, Japan, for sending the story of his recent trip along the California coast for this issue...and to new Corporate Member **Linda Canada**, who contributed an article on the value and usefulness of photographs from a historian's perspective. Thank you both!

## MEMBERSHIP NEWS

by Naomi M. Himaka, Membership Chair

A warm welcome to our new members who have joined our organization since our last edition of *Footprints*. The new members are **Daniel Martinez** (husband of member **Nancy Martinez**), **Takeyuki Tsuda**, **Yone Shiwotsuka**, and **H. Roy and Alice Asaki**.

The following are gift memberships: **Matthew and Teri Sato** (brother and sister-in-law) from **Grace Sawasaki**; **Jack Fujimoto** from **Masakazu Fujimoto**; **Tom and Yoko Honda** and **Nobe and Lily Takashima** (uncle and aunt), gifts from **Ikuko "Cookie" Taniguchi**.

We also welcome **Donald and Donna Kowase McGuire** (son-in-law and daughter of the late **Harry and Mari Kowase**) as new Life Members. We are pleased to have all of you as members of our Society.

Thanks also to the following members for renewing their memberships: **Mary Abe**, **James and Helen Urata**, **Guy and Toshi Kiyoi**, **Jeanne Inouye** and **Fred M. Nabeta**.

We thank the following for their recent renewals: **Pam Springer**, **Pat Takeshita**, **Sam Yamaguchi**, **Nancy Martinez**, **Tom and Taeko Udo**, **Debra Kawahara** and **Neil Nagata** and **Tetsuden Kashima**.

We also thank these members for their recent renewals: **Asa and Jaime Enochs**, **Glenn and Keiko Negoro**, **Robert A. and Teruko I. Brown Jr.**, **Hiroko Ito**, **Jodi Masumoto**, **James M. and June F. Tajiri**, **Yas and Sumi Imamura Ishida**, **Howard and Hesaa Takahashi** and **Allan A. and Patricia Koba**.

You can see our complete current membership listed on Page 22.



## CAMP DANCE RESCHEDULED TO JANUARY 28, 2006

Last issue, we asked you to save the date for the highly anticipated San Diego debut of **Camp Dance**...and now we're going to ask you to cross that date out and write in a new one!

Due to site conflicts, **Camp Dance** has been rescheduled to Saturday, January 28, 2006, at Southwestern College's Mayan Hall. The performance of the Grateful Crane Ensemble, which recreates the sounds and sights of the popular 1940s camp dances, is being sponsored by JAHSSD and the Southwestern College School of Performing Arts and Communications. We thank the school's Dean **Donna Arnold** for co-sponsoring the program. With the school's participation, JAHSSD is spared the cost of renting the hall and use of the staff. We also thank **Jeanne and Bill Elyea** for making the arrangements with Dean Arnold on behalf of JAHSSD.

**Camp Dance** has already been performed throughout California to high praise, so we are pleased to finally bring the musical to San Diego. It's not certain whether we would be able to get the Ensemble to do a reprise performance here if we sell out, so reserve your tickets early. Seating at Mayan Hall is limited to 451.

### Show Your Support by Purchasing a Greeting

This year, we will not be printing annual Holiday Greetings in the Winter Issue of *Footprints*. Instead, we are inviting the community to purchase greetings to appear in our **Camp Dance** program. Funds collected through that drive will help defray costs of other programs JAHSSD presents throughout the year.

Look for the flyer for **Camp Dance** tucked away in this issue. On the flip side is the form for community greetings to appear in the **Camp Dance** program.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING continued from Page 1

needed because we have never raised our membership fees from the time we were organized some 14 years ago.

There will be a scavenger hunt activity involving the photo identification which we are calling, "Who Do You Know?" Prizes will be awarded to the most successful photo I.D.ers. The event will end with our fun, free raffle of many prizes.

**Rev. Ichibei Honda**, newly assigned to the **San Diego Japanese Christian Church**, will give the invocation and benediction.

We also begin selling tickets to the acclaimed musical show, **Camp Dance**, which will be performed Saturday, Jan. 28, 2006, at Southwestern College's Mayan Hall, co-sponsored by JAHSSD and the College's School of Performing Arts and Communications. Buy your tickets at the annual meeting to assure yourselves a seat.

Discounted tickets to the films being co-presented by JAHSSD at the San Diego Asian Film Festival will also be available at the meeting (see article on Page 7).

We cordially invite each of you to express your appreciation of Don Estes and, in the company of our growing membership, consider what the future holds in store for JAHSSD.

**RESERVE YOUR BENTO TODAY! (deadline: Oct. 1)**  
**JAHSSD ANNUAL MEETING and 2005 KANSHA AWARDS**  
~ OCTOBER 15 ~

## IN GRATITUDE

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

Arizona Archaeological Council  
for the POSTON RESTORATION PROJECT

In memory of Iay Sato:

Mrs Kimiye Tachiki

Mr. and Mrs. William Elyea

In memory of Katsumi Takashima:

LuAnn & Harold Lee

In memory of Sam Takeshita:

Iane Takeshita

In memory of Donald Estes:

Linda Canada

Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth A. Clark

COLORADO RIVER INDIAN TRIBES

Claire M. Estes

John Estes

Tom Estes

Patricia Hasegawa

Kazutaka Ishidera

Mr. & Mrs. Fred N. Katsumata

Stanley K. Louie

Jodi Masumoto

Iane Takeshita

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## 2005 KANSHA AWARD RECIPIENT: DONALD HAMILTON ESTES

by Mich Himaka

In the words of a friend who stared at his Deuces Wild slot machine that showed four Aces and a deuce and pressed the "Hold" button on each figure: "That is a no brainer."

Presenting Donald Hamilton Estes with the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego's 2005 Kansha Award, even posthumously, is a "no brainer." Don Estes would have been the recipient of that award and other recognitions sooner or later.

For our Society, the time is now, October 15, 2005, at JAHSSD's annual meeting to take place at the Buddhist Temple of San Diego's Annex Hall.

Don and other board members went along with the suggestion that a sitting board member not be considered for the award until five years after that individual has left the board, no matter how active the individual had been.

The sitting board members unanimously said only one person should be considered for the award this year and it was done.

Many people have said many nice things about Don during the past few months with great sincerity in their voices and words. But how much nicer would it have been to tell him so in person? I wish I had that opportunity again. I would tell him.

For instance, at my 60<sup>th</sup> birthday party not too many years ago, my two sons served as co-emcees and said some "nice" things about me with many of my friends and relatives present.

They said I was "older than dirt" and that was the nicest thing. But at the end of their "performance," they wound up by saying, "We luv ya, Dad." Now, what nicer words can a Dad hear than these from his own sons? None of us, except those in Don's immediate family, got to say those words to Don before he left us so suddenly on May 7.

As I prepared to write up my opening remarks for Don's memorial service in May, I asked his wife, Carol Hasegawa Estes and their sons, Matthew and Kumao, to send me Don's curriculum vitae, or career resume.

Now, mine would be about half-a-page from birth to the present. Seriously.

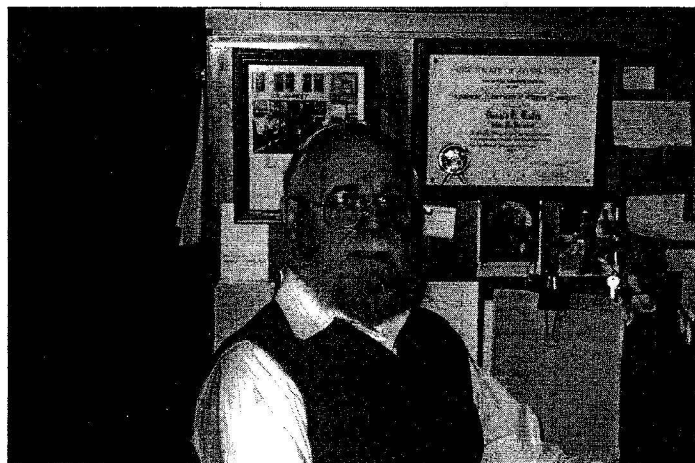
Don's? It was 11 pages. Seriously!

But, think about it. He was a man who did things. A lot of things. He got things done. He was a leader whether he was leading Boy Scout Troops, Army Reservists, students at La Jolla High School, students and faculty at San Diego City College, San Diego Community Colleges committees, the San Diego JACL, the Asian American Drug Education Project, or serving on the boards of Sumitomo Bank of California, Japanese Friendship Garden of San Diego, various Boy Scouts of America organizations, the JAHSSD.

He organized and coordinated panel discussions, exhibits, multimedia shows, and he played a major part in getting the Poston Relocation Center restoration and preservation project underway with help from the Colorado River Indian Tribal Council.

He wrote books and articles about San Diego's Japanese American community and was the historian and acknowledged expert on our history.

Don also was honored by various organizations for his contributions to those groups, including the National Science Foundation, the National JACL, named Outstanding Teacher by KOGO-TV, given the Golden Apple Award for outstanding teaching, named Outstanding Teacher by San Diego City College, and received scholastic recognition from national honorary societies.



*A recent photo of Don in his office at City College. The plaque on the wall, upper right, is a certificate of appreciation from the JACL*

Scouting awards? How about attaining Eagle Scout rank? The District Award of Merit—the highest award from the San Diego district to dedicated volunteers? And the Silver Beaver, the highest award given by the Boy Scout Council? And the Outstanding Scoutmaster of the Year for doing the best job of all scoutmasters? And Distinguished Commissioner for rendering extra service to Cub Scout Packs, Boy Scout troops and Explorer Scout posts?

How about Distinguished Eagle Award, maybe the most prestigious scouting award, for considerable contributions not only to scouting but to his profession and his community? How important is that award? Only two percent of two million scouts ever attain Eagle Scout rank, and less than ½ percent of all Eagle Scouts are awarded the Distinguished Eagle Award.

Don's complete biography appeared in the last issue of *Footprints*, so will be omitted here. But he was an accomplished man, a gentle man. I think of respect and Don Estes immediately comes to mind. His shaggy red/gray beard and pork pie hat to cover his thinning, graying hair. They were all Don Estes. He deserved respect.

He was "more Japanese" than most of the Nikkei in our community. When he was young, he hung around with his Japanese American friends. When they went to their Japanese language classes their parents sent them to, Don tagged along. He learned the language, becoming adept enough to carry on conversations with the Japanese speaking members of the community. Over the years, Don became the acknowledged expert on the history of San Diego's Japanese American community and, from its inception, the heart and soul of our organization.

Don Estes is missed today, not only by Carol; his son, Matthew and his new bride, Rajam; son, Kumao; and daughter, Cynthia Torres; but by his many friends throughout the world as witnessed by those who attended his memorial service or sent condolences to the family.

Around the world! Think about it? How many people do you know who had the respect of people around the world?

Yes, he was loved by people everywhere.

## OTHER COMMUNITY TRIBUTES TO PROFESSOR ESTES

In addition to the Kansha Award presentation to **Don Estes** at the JAHSSD annual meeting on October 15, there will be at least two other tributes in his memory:

▪ **Friday, Sept. 23, 3:00 p.m.:** JAHSSD members and friends are cordially invited to San Diego City College's service for Don Estes.



COMMUNITY TRIBUTES continued from previous page

It will take place at the City College Saville Theater. City College parking is free in student lots after 12 noon. For a map of the parking areas, go to <http://www.sdcity.edu/FAQ/campusmap.asp>. For more information, please contact Susan Hasegawa at [shasegaw@sdcdd.net](mailto:shasegaw@sdcdd.net).

▪ **Monday, Oct. 10, 7:00 p.m.:** The Japan Society of San Diego and Tijuana will recognize Don posthumously at its annual gala at the Town and Country Resort & Convention Center. JSSDT has established Leadership Awards to recognize local personages who have made outstanding efforts to improve and expand the cultural, economic, and political ties between our San Diego/Tijuana region and Japan. This year's recipients are **Dr. Hiroyoshi Horikoshi**, President of Sankyo Pharma Research Institute (SPRI); Professor **Jorge Bustamante**, Eugene Conley Professor of Sociology and Honorary Consul of Japan, Baja California, Mexico; and **Sadako Oehler**, Senior Professor, Ikenobo School of Ikebana and President of the San Diego Chapter, Ikenobo Ikebana since 1976. Dinner tickets are \$90 if ordered by Sept. 24 through JAHSSD. Call Joyce Teague at 619/527-7855.

## IAHSSD PRESENTS "ONLY THE BRAVE" and "CRYING OUT LOVE" at FILM FESTIVAL

The sixth annual **San Diego Asian Film Festival** has doubled the number of days of the event from last year. This year's SDAFF is Sept. 29–Oct. 6 at the Mission Valley Hazard Center Ultrastar (formerly Mann) Cinemas, the same venue as previous years where there is ample free parking.

JAHSSD will again be a community co-presenter of two highly-lauded films making their San Diego debut:

▪ **"ONLY THE BRAVE"**, the highly anticipated full-length feature about the War II rescue of the Texas Lost Battalion by the **100<sup>th</sup>/442<sup>nd</sup> Regimental Combat Team**. It will be the festival's closing night feature on Thursday, Oct. 6 at 7 pm. Stars **Jason Scott Lee**, **Greg Watanabe**, **Tamlyn Tomita**, **Yuki Okumoto**, **Lane Nishikawa** and **Pat Morita**. Film-maker **Lane Nishikawa** will be present at the screening. If you were among the many individuals who donated to the production of this film in memory of a fallen veteran, you'll see your contribution acknowledged in the closing credits. Expected to be a sell-out, so reserve your tickets early.

▪ **"CRYING OUT LOVE, IN THE CENTER OF THE WORLD"**, a touching tale of *jun ai* (pure love) directed by **Yukisada Isao** and adapted from the wildly-popular Japanese bestseller. One reviewer wrote: "This is a film of innocent first love, joyousness of romance, pain of sickness and separation, never-ending guilt, introspection, confession, forgiveness and redemption. It is a film of forgetting the past and embracing the future." The film, with its many plot twists, was a huge box office hit in Japan in 2004. In Japanese with English subtitles. It will be screened Sept. 30 at 4:45 pm and Oct. 5 at 8:30 pm.

### Other SDAFF Films of Nikkei Interest

▪ **"Pawns of the King,"** a short film by producer/writer/director **Ming Lai**. Synopsis: A World War II Zero fighter pilot, haunted by the past, is forced to confront his fears when he meets an old enemy, a U.S. Army 442nd soldier, and plays a fateful game of chess with him. While the Imperial Japanese Navy Zero fighter pilots and the U.S. Army 442nd RCT have both been the subjects of films, "Pawns of the King" may be the first film to depict a meeting of these storied men. This film is also unique in that it portrays the meeting of two WWII enemies with

## ZENBU to Sell SDAFF Group Tickets

Zenbu, the adjunct social group of the Buddhist Temple, has agreed to handle group ticket sales for JAHSSD's co-presented films as it did successfully last year. Exact ticket prices, though not available as we go to print, are highly discounted from the at-the-door price. These tickets must be paid for in advance.

Call **Joyce Teague** (619/527-7855) or e-mail [zenbu@cox.net](mailto:zenbu@cox.net) to reserve tickets for the two movies. Deadline to reserve tickets through Zenbu is September 26.

the same Japanese ancestry. Features actors **Sab Shimono**, **Michael Yama**, **Jim Ishida**, **Rodney Kageyama**, **Emily Kuroda** and **Ken Takemoto**. The film is part of a short-film program called **Identity Crisis** which will screen Friday, September 30, at 3:00 p.m. at the Brickstone Salon, Doubletree Hotel; and Saturday, October 1, at 2:45 p.m. at the UltraStar Theatres. For more info on the film, go to [pawnsfortheking.com](http://pawnsfortheking.com).

▪ **"Fishbowl"** is the last work of filmmaker **Kayo Hatta**, who died in a drowning accident in Escondido July 20. Readers may remember her 1995 film, **"Picture Bride,"** set in Hawaii's sugar cane fields. "Fishbowl," based on a novel by **Lois-Ann Yamanaka**, is set in the 1970s in the sleepy plantation town of Waiialua and relays a fresh and funny look at adolescence. It is part of a short-film program titled **Young at Heart** which will screen on Saturday, October 1 at 12 noon, and Monday, Oct. 3 at 6:16 p.m. Young at Heart also features "Kamea" by **Jennifer Akana-sturla** and "Summer of the Serpent" by **Kimi Takesue**. Check the SDAFF website for descriptions.

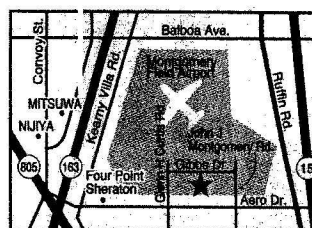
For complete festival details and schedule, go to [www.sdaff.org](http://www.sdaff.org).

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## CHANKO NABE

by Joyce Nabeta Teague

### FALL BACK, SPRING FORWARD

As a person whose entire life has pretty much revolved around the traditional school calendar—either as a student, a parent or a teacher—for me, the arrival of Labor Day weekend always signals the end of summer break and preparation for a new school year.

Our daughter has begun her third year as a high school teacher and most of her cousins are either still in school or teachers themselves, so family events are planned with an awareness of school schedules. And Bill and I continue to be involved with the Buddhist Temple's Dharma School program which also reactivates after a summer hiatus. So for us, September represents a new start on several fronts.

New beginnings are often symbolic, but inspire the emotional and psychological renewal we sometimes need to deal with ongoing issues and projects or tackle new ones.

By the time Daylight Savings Time ends at the end of October, the dry heat of the Santa Ana winds have dissipated and the cool of autumn finally asserts itself. And surely I am not the only person who relies on the clever mnemonic device, "Fall back, Spring forward," which reminds us to reset the clocks an hour back, not ahead.

Last May, many of us had a shocking "fall back" experience from which we are still recovering. A dear friend, Don Estes, died unexpectedly following heart surgery. This has been a hard loss for all of us who relied heavily on his leadership and knowledge when working on the Society's projects.

I wish I could simply reset my clock and have Don back.

OR

I'd only known Don for a relatively short time, from 1997 when a recommendation by Yuki Kawamoto got me involved with the REgenerations Oral History Project.

My family had just returned from a three-year hiatus in a foreign country—the State of Texas—and had resettled in a modest neighborhood just east of downtown San Diego, and a short freeway ride from the Estes' home in South Park where most of the meetings for this project would take place. REgenerations was an ambitious collaboration between several regional Japanese American historical societies including JAHSSD. Don served as the Regional Scholar for the San Diego team and I signed on as an interviewer.

On the car ride with Don up to Los Angeles and back to attend a three-day oral history workshop, he filled me in on the background and activities of the Society, which had been established while my family and I were battling fire ants and killer bees in Texas.

Here was a guy who casually was more knowledgeable about the San Diego Nikkei community than any Nikkei I had met. Frankly, particularly as a non-native San Diegan, I had never realized there was anything much to know! Involvement with REgenerations and with the subsequent JAHSSD documentary project, "Democracy Under Pressure," made me realize how many stories there are to be told and the value of preserving them. It also made it clear to me what a vital role Don played in the accomplishments of the Society's stated mission.

Still, after knowing Don only eight years, it may sound presumptuous to refer to him as a dear friend. But from the very moment harsh reality forced to begin referring to him in the past tense, it is exactly the phrase that came to mind: *dear friend*. To that add mentor and confidante. As a newbie in this well-established and close-knit organization, I was grateful he provided context when needed and helped extricate my foot from my mouth on more than one occasion. In sev-

eral personal talks over recent years, when I vented in frustration to him about an extremely unpleasant work relationship, he listened with concern and was kindly empathetic without being judgmental. He had apparently gone through something similar and emerged the better for it. At the end of these talks, he would simply say, "Anything said here, stays here."

Recently the JAHSSD Board had an important meeting in which we were to decide whether to commit a huge amount of time, money and effort into the first phase of our plan to find a home for the Society's archives.

During that meeting, someone mentioned the hundreds of books and boxes of photographs and Nikkei-related materials Don had accumulated over the years which still occupied considerable space in the Estes' home. These had served as the basis of his writings and lectures about the local Nikkei community and spawned ideas for innumerable classroom discussions, confabs, panel presentations, exhibits and displays. Now that Don is no longer with us to guide us through these materials, what will become of them?

Don Estes has inextricably become part of our heritage and legacy. He showed us our history was precious by treating it respectfully himself. He gave us reason to acknowledge both our struggles and triumphs when we had been taught to get through them quietly (*gaman*) and move on. He encouraged us to notate and celebrate our heritage when we had long grown content to be swallowed in the mainstream. Merely by example, he gave our community the tools and taught us how we might use them.

Now our Society is at the brink of a new phase, brought to this point in part by Don's hope and vision. In less than a year, our incredibly capable Home Site Committee has worked through the mandate we gave them and nudged us toward facing our initial commitment to preserve, catalog and make use of the artifacts we currently oversee. These include the hundreds of boxes that still sit in the Estes home.

Do we sink comfortably back into a marking time mode, or step boldly forth and bring to fruition Don's vision of our Society as wards of local Nikkei heritage?

We can't have Don back. He is now history. But we can assure his dedication to our community is honored by living up to his expectations. It didn't happen in his lifetime, but it can happen in ours.

We've fallen back. Time to spring forward.

## FROM OUR PHOTO ARCHIVES

by Linda Canada, Home Site Committee

Photographs tell many stories. They are cherished family treasures, as well as one of several ways that social, cultural, and political history may be recorded.

The archives of the Japanese American Historical Society are rich in thousands of photographs which have come from many sources. Some are from personal collections and scrapbooks, and others from the official photographers of industry or government. All are useful to historians.

One of the first places we look in a photograph is into any faces that appear. We ask, "Do I know these people?" Sometimes we might know their parents, or knew them at a different period in their lives. Only after identities have been established (or not) do we tend to look at the larger context of the photograph: Where was it taken, and when? For most of us, these questions might be answered by simply turning over the photograph, to discover that some thoughtful person has written all the information we need to know.

(Continued on Page 9)



FROM OUR PHOTO ARCHIVES continued from Page 8



*Three young boys enjoy the swimming pool at Poston III*

Unfortunately, in the case of these three young men playing in the swimming pool at Poston Camp III sometime in the mid-1940s, we don't have any of that information. In fact, if it wasn't for a handwritten label on the file in which the photo was found, we really wouldn't know where the photo was taken. There are no clues other than the water in which the boys are swimming.

For a historian, the photograph has value and meaning because it shows people at a known place and time. It illustrates that boys had a place to swim at Poston III. But a historian would take a step back from the photograph and ask: "Why was this photograph taken?" The boys are smiling up at the photographer. Maybe a parent or friend is holding the camera.

An additional clue, found on the file folder only, is that the negative for this photograph was acquired from a U.S. government archive. Now it appears that maybe the photographer was acting in some official capacity. Are these boys smiling broadly as they would for a close friend, or are they simply responding to a stranger's request that they smile?



*Poston III recreation at the Children's Pool*

This second photograph, taken at the same location, gives the historian much more to work with, even though there is still no information on the back of the photo. The little girl in the photo is playing by the side of the pool. Even though we don't know who she is, we can see her dress clearly, which gives a clue that the photo was taken sometimes in the 1940s. The scene shows a fairly barren site, with very few trees. Some of the trees seem to be bending in a strong wind. There doesn't seem to be any grass anywhere.

The structure in the center has open sides, allowing the wind to pass through, and its chief function seems to be to keep the sun off the

many people who are sitting around in the shade. Who are these people? Why do they have time to sit, fully clothed, around a swimming pool? This picture, too, came from a government archive. Does that suggest any reason that it might have been taken?

Some ways that historians use photographs:

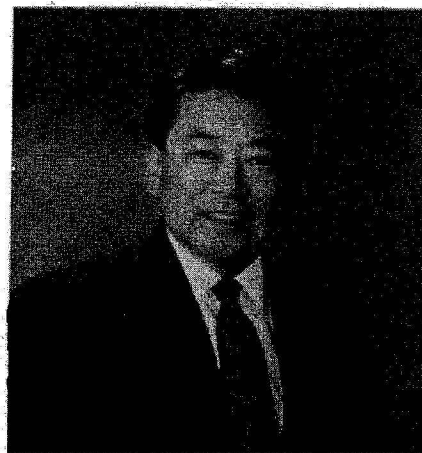
1. To prove that an event happened.
2. To document that someone was at a particular place at a definite time.
3. As a record of an important event, ceremony, or celebration, i.e., a wedding, birthday, graduation.
4. To build context—comparing when it was taken with the clothing, shoes, cars, building types, signs and businesses of an area.

Photographs are enjoyable on their own, but so much more useful if they are labeled. If you doubt that, look at the photograph in the advertisement for Community Mortuary in this *Footprints*. It's a nice photograph of a championship team. It means much more when you know that the players, from the front to the back are: Sugaya, Trokey, and Hazama (front row); Seki, Kitahara and Yoshioka (middle row); and Hatada, Takahashi, Koba, Yabuta, Hasama (back row, not all identified).

When we have a Home site that includes a work space, one of the activities we'll be starting is a photo identification project. It's actually fun to join with friends to look at old photos and match up some of those young faces with names! For a taste of this enjoyment, visit the photograph identification display at the Annual Meeting on October 15 at the Buddhist Temple San Diego.

Also, how about doing future historians a big favor. As you take new photographs, be sure you put the names, date, and place on the back. Go back through your older photographs and do the same thing. Your family, and people looking at your pictures years from now, will be glad you did!

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## MAZEGOHAN

by Mich Himaka

Water polo! What a great sport! A real tough sport.

How tough? Well, for water polo players to keep themselves afloat at chest level or higher, they have to do "eggbeaters," that is, kick their legs in circles (like eggbeaters), which is very difficult to do.

Our two boys, Keith and Daniel, became involved in that sport and swimming in 1986 when Keith was a freshman at Monte Vista High School and Daniel was a seventh grader.

Keith came home during the first quarter of high school excited after his first meeting with Coach Tim Lindley, who was an All-American at San Jose State, and an alumnus of Monte Vista in his first year of coaching there.

"Mom, Dad, our coach said we could be on the team as long as we have a 'C' average," he said.

We both shook our head.

"Uh, no, son," I said. "It doesn't matter what the coach said. We say that you can't be on the team unless you have at least a 'B' average. Sorry." And we let the coach know how we felt and he nodded his head knowing what we were trying to do.

Keith's first-quarter grade was, uh, "not quite good enough" to make the team at that point. But he was determined to show us and he raised it to, and went beyond, "the level" we expected him of him by the end of the first semester. I was proud of him. He hustled in class and on the team. That was his style. Not a whole lot of scoring on his part, but "team" was important to him, right up to his senior year. He earned his first varsity letter as a junior and made All-Grossmont League second team as a senior as well as being a co-captain.

Daniel got his start in the sport much earlier, following in the footsteps of his brother and his best friend, Alan Choy, who was a year older. Daniel's start in the sport was memorable, too. In his first competition as a seventh grader, he swam down the pool alongside the rope that bounds the playing area and then hung on to the rope huffing and puffing. You might say he was out of shape. So were all of his new teammates.

By the time he reached high school, Daniel was ready for varsity play, although he spent most of his freshman time playing jayvee. Daniel earned his varsity letter as a sophomore in both water polo and swimming.

Their varsity teams made the CIF playoffs each year—seven of them—under Coach Lindley.

Keith went on to UC Riverside where he tried out for the water polo team there.

"We're not very good," he said on one of his many visits home inviting us to come watch them sometime.

We took him up on it when his team went head to head with the freshmen team from USC—yes, *that* USC, the University of Southern California Trojans—at the USC Olympic-size pool.

Naomi and I took our seats at poolside as UCR's team of about eight boys warmed up in the pool. Then out marched USC's freshmen team, about 30 strong, most of them towering—I mean, TOWERING—over the boys from UCR. Keith was about 5-foot-7 and I think the shortest guy on the USC team was about 6-foot-2. You get the idea.

Once the game started, USC scored within seconds and the rout was on! I think UCR scored but I don't remember. USC would get the ball, toss it down the pool and outrace the entire UCR team, leaving only the goalie to confront. USC substituted at will and hardly looked tired. UCR had almost no subs and looked tired after seeing the SC team march in!

Keith stuck with the program that first year but he ended his collegiate career after that.

Daniel went to the University of the Pacific in Stockton and he also tried out for the UOP water polo team as a freshman. UOP had a pretty good team, good enough to play the big guys like USC, UCLA and Stanford regularly. But we never got the time to go up and see him play, even though Daniel kept inviting us to come up and watch.

I think it was the last game of the year against UC Davis that we decided to surprise him and flew up without telling him. We had met the team goalie at one of the pre-season tournaments. When we took our seats, we called out the goalie's name, "Tom." He turned around, saw us and elbowed Daniel, who was sitting next to him. I think he was happy to see us because he waved at us.

Tom must have told the coach that Dan's parents were there from San Diego so he got to play quite a bit and scored two goals that day.

Neither of the boys continued playing polo—until a couple of years ago when both decided they wanted to play masters polo, which involved "old guys" who still maintain some sort of physical shape. Both recently participated in a nine-team tournament in Las Vegas with a bunch of their friends.

Dan called us to tell us his brother had scored two goals in the tournament.

"Of course," he said, "the goalie he scored on had only one arm. He also had weak legs because he had to hold onto the scoring net bar with his only hand, enabling Keith to score both goals. He shot to the 'weak side.'" Then he laughed uproariously. I heard Keith laughing in the background, too.

Then I asked him if he had scored and he said, "Yeah, I got one goal."

"And?" I chuckled.

"My goalie had only one leg," Dan said laughing. "Whenever he did eggbeaters with his one leg, he just kept going around and around. He probably got dizzy. And he was a slow swimmer."

And he roared laughing into the phone.

Both boys have such quirky humor! I don't know where they got that from. Must be their mother.

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## JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES:

### The Akiji Watanabe Story, Part X

by Fran Watanabe

*We resume 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.*

#### Welcome to the Arizona Desert...

#### and Barbed-Wire Fences

Once Poston Camp III, located near Parker, Arizona on Indian reservation land, was nearly completed, the contingent from the San Diego area was sent from Santa Anita to our permanent destination. Depending upon what area of California the people were from, the remaining groups were sent to other relocation camps set up in various parts of the country. We were thankful that for this move, with my mother back with us, we were able to move as a family unit.

Even now, my impressions of our camp remain: the howling of the wind as it whipped up the desert sand into our eyes, cut down our visibility as we made our way to school and seeped into our barracks through even the tiniest of cracks; the bitter cold temperature of the winters, the unbearable heat of the summer sun; the sight of scorpions



JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES continued from Page 10

with their arched pointed tails; the lack of privacy in the barracks where we lived and in the bathrooms; and always the constant reminder of barbed-wire fencing and armed guards stationed in towers overlooking the camp.

Some, however, were pleasant memories to the then 13-year-old: forming new friendships; being invited to birthday parties; purchasing candy and gum at the PX; ordering clothing through the Montgomery Ward catalog; watching my father create bookends and vases from pieces of ironwood found in the desert; seeing the Issei till the bare soil between the barracks to grow flowers and vegetables.

The camp was divided into "blocks" with 14 tarpapered wooden barracks in each for living quarters. Our address was Block 329, Barrack 5, Unit D. One barrack had roughly four units, or rooms, each room housing a family. There was no privacy within each unit, unless curtains were hung to separate the sleeping section from the living area. With our family of four, we were certainly crowded, but imagine a family with more children trying to set up quarters in one room! In addition, partitions between these units were thin. Fortunately, our unit was at the end of the barrack, so our problem was not as bad as those located in the middle. There was no furniture, except for folding Army cots and mattresses.

Because of the extremes in temperature in the Arizona desert, each unit had a pot-belly stove for heat to begin with and later a water-cooled electric fan. Many a time we were huddled around the stove or to the other extreme, sprawled out with minimal clothing in front of the fan. Somehow we managed to obtain some discarded lumber, and over the months my resourceful father made tables and chairs.

Other barracks in the block served as a mess hall (dining area) and recreation hall, and there were a centrally-located laundry room and bathroom/shower. At first there were no partitions between the toilets in the ladies' bathroom. After much pressure from the citizenry, partitions and finally doors were installed, much to the relief of all of us. We all had to get used to brushing our teeth and washing our faces at a single long trough or sink, but it took a little longer to get used to taking multiple showers together. To get around this some of us waited until late at night, when most of the people were already fast sleep, before going to the showers.

There were dances in the recreation hall where the older Nisei liked to jitterbug and swing to the records of Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller. My girl friends and I used to sit in the shadows watching the dancers, wishing we were old enough to be asked to dance. Sometimes we would just dance with each other, hoping secretly that the boys would notice us.

War Ration Books were used to obtain personal items such as toothpaste, soap and toilet paper as well as some food items at the local PX run by the Nisei. With a war on, we also were limited as to what we could get. With the minimal monthly clothing allowances received from the government, we were able to order clothing and household goods through the Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogs. We could hardly wait to get the packages from these stores!

In order to provide the camp with needed services, every able-bodied person beyond high school age worked. Those with medical background served as doctors, nurses or dentists. Others became secretaries, teachers, janitors, cooks, managers, ministers, etc., whatever their talents and skills. Their salaries ranged from \$9 to \$19 a month depending upon their job. My father received \$16 as secretary with the Red Cross. Arnold worked for \$9 as a helper in the block manager's office with responsibilities which included delivering mail and packages from Sears or Wards. He also worked on camouflage nets which were sorely needed by the military. At that time, he got his first Social Security card, as well as better pay than his "camp" job.

## A Time of Testing

Many young men of draft age living in camp went through anguish during this time, as their patriotism was sorely tested. With the war at its height, the United States needed men for the military, and these internees too were asked to serve. For some, there was no doubt that they as Americans must fight for their country. For others, the fact that they and their families were forced, without any hearing in a court of law, into these camps by the U.S. Government, which now wanted them to fight, even die, for their country, was the utmost of hypocrisy.

I was too young to understand the turmoil that swirled through the camp. But I could sense that there were deeply divided feelings among the young men and between parents and their sons.

However, as records of World War II now indicate, the vast majority of the Nisei took up the call to serve their country, either as volunteers or as inductees, and served bravely as members of the all-Nisei units on the European front as well as intelligence personnel in the Pacific theater. The large number of military medals and citations [awarded] speak for themselves, and the extraordinarily large number of Nisei who died in these engagements attest to their love of country. They all wanted "to prove to the world and to the nation that they were indeed patriotic Americans." Mothers in Poston and other similar camps grieved for their lost sons, just the same as those mothers in the world outside.

Church services were held on Sundays, when Buddhists and Christians alike prayed for the end of the war. And on Christmas eve, carols were sung and the nativity story of "peace on earth and goodwill" was retold and remembered.

As a minor, I went to school once they were set up in the empty barracks. At first we had no books or desks and, if I remember correctly, we even took our own handmade chairs to the classroom. Gradually as educational supplies became available, it wasn't long before we settled into the typical school environment. Our teachers were older Nisei who had gone to college or university, as well as Caucasian teachers who were recruited from outside the camp. The principal was Mr. Frank Potts, a Caucasian.

Once the schools were established, my mother became a liaison between the camp schools and the families, much like a school social worker. Capitalizing on her interest and enthusiasm for education, she served as a vital communication link between schools and the families. Many parents were bitter about the incarceration, which flowed into their attitudes toward the schools. It was her job to bridge the gap and re-establish support for education. And as in any school where there are student disciplinary problems, she helped to bring about a resolution by working with the teachers and the families.

While in camp, on June 26, 1943, my mother finally received her long-sought high school diploma.

~ Next Installment: *Starting Over Again, On the Outside* ~

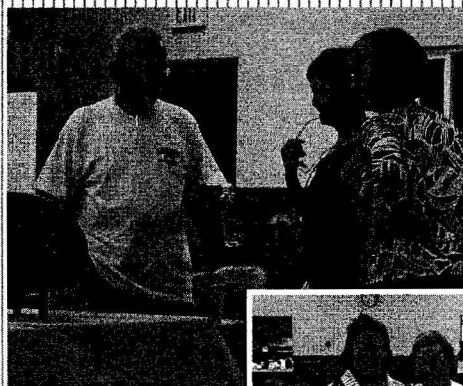
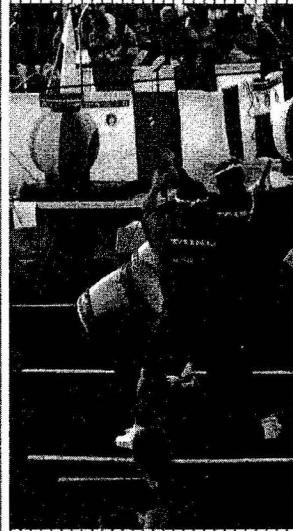
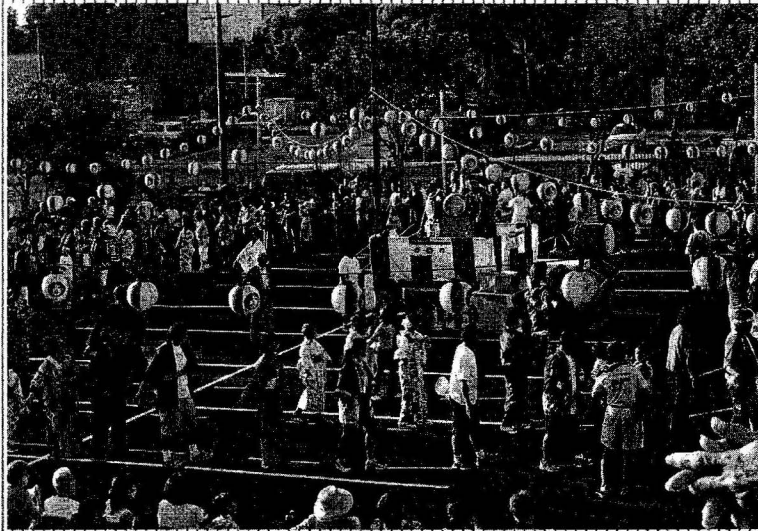


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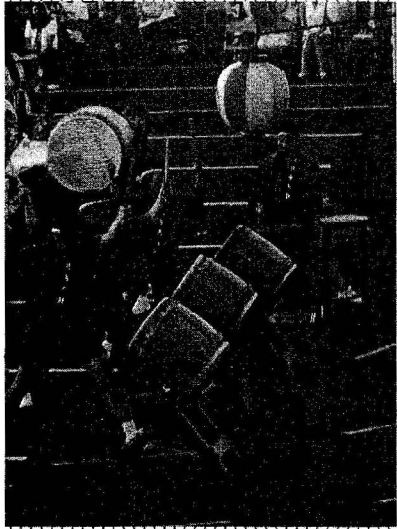
# Community Event: 2005 Bon Odori &



Photos by Vernon Yost



# JAHSSD Fishing Exhibit, July 31, 2005



and Joyce Teague

## OUR RECENT TRIP TO JAPAN

by Ray Kuniteru Mayeda

My wife Theresa and I returned from a 17-day trip to Japan last May. In the first half, we went on a seven-day "Japan Deluxe Bus Tour." The itinerary was Tokyo, Hakone, Mt. Fuji-5<sup>th</sup> station, Izunagaoka Hot Springs, Shizuoka, Nagoya, Nara, Kyoto and Osaka. We were relieved of carrying our heavy suitcases because the tour guide made special arrangements for our luggage. When the tour ended in Osaka, we shipped one large suitcase by TAKUHAIBIN (Japan's UPS) to Theresa's brother in Chiba which would be the last leg of our trip.



*Ray and Theresa Mayeda at the Imperial Palace Nijū Bashi, Tokyo, May 2005*

After the tour, using the Japan Rail (JR) one-week passes purchased in U.S., we rode on high-speed bullet trains from Osaka to Kagoshima. We stayed at the JR Kyushu Kagoshima Hotel adjacent to Kagoshima Central Station. The hotel's checkout counter was only about 100 yards from the JR arrival and departure platforms.

We used our JR passes again and rode a local train to Kajiki, the town where my parents lived before immigrating to the U.S. My nephew, Teruki Ikegami (my sister Moriko's son), greeted us at the station and drove us in a small Suzuki to his home.

Later, we walked to the cemetery and visited the gravesites of my parents and grandparents. The inscriptions on the gravestone showed that my mother was only 37 years old when she passed away in Otay, California. My father lived to be 79 years old. We also visited Moriko's gravesite and placed beautiful flowers, which were presented by Midori Koba Koga, in the gravestone vases.

We also went on a Kagoshima historical sightseeing tour. We learned that Takamori Saigo, Toshimichi Okubo, and Heihachiro Togo—all from Kagoshima—were outstanding leaders of the Meiji Restoration. In 1904, Admiral Togo served as the Commander-In-Chief of the Japanese naval forces which defeated the Russian navy.



*The Mayedas at the Hakusuikan Hotel in the Ibusuki Hot Springs Resort, Kagoshima, May 2005*

Leaving our luggage in the JR hotel storage room, we went to the Ibusuki Hot Springs Resort and spent two relaxing and glorious days at the waterfront Hakusuikan Hotel.



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Again using our JR passes, we returned to Tokyo by bullet train. Since bullet train rail lines were not laid out from Shinyatsushiro (Kumamoto-ken) to Hakata, we changed trains three times. The actual time spent riding the trains from Kagoshima to Tokyo was eight hours and 22 minutes. We concluded our trip to Japan by spending five enjoyable days with Theresa's relatives in the Chiba City area.

### Japan's Recent Changes

I was astounded with the impressive changes and improvements which have occurred in Japan since our last visit nine years ago. My overall impressions and observations include

- Enormous increase in skyscraper office buildings and high rise condos in Tokyo, Nagoya and Osaka.
- Faster and well equipped bullet trains.
- Vast improvement of toll roads, highways and streets even in rural areas.
- Numerous large discount stores and supermarkets in outskirts of cities.
- Clean and large up-to-date public restrooms.
- Ongoing construction of elevated highways in Tokyo, Nagoya and Osaka.

### Travel Tips

I'd like to offer the following pointers to future travelers to Japan:

- Yen conversion rate at major hotels for travelers checks was 1.75 yen higher than for dollar currency.
- When traveling by train, avoid taking heavy suitcases because train arrival and departure platforms are much higher than ground level and escalators are often not available.
- JR hotels are located in major cities throughout Japan. The hotels' twin bedrooms are fairly large, comfortable and nicely furnished. The cost of these rooms is very reasonable. Further, a ten percent discount will be given if you show a JR pass.



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## MORRO ROCK REVISITED

by Rio Imamura

Hollywood movies have shown California coastal driving as bucolic and leisurely. The freeways may be true to life as depicted, but the old highways often bring unexpected passes and gorges, and make driving all the more exciting.

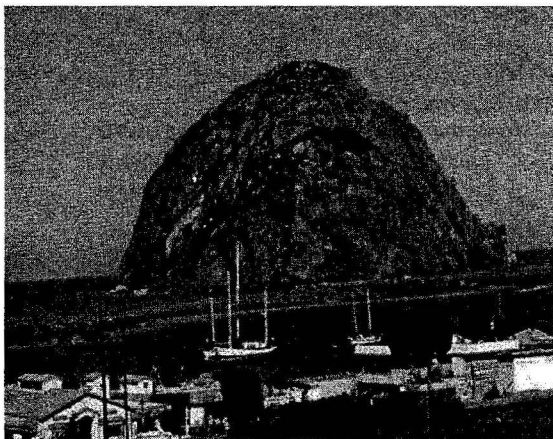
The recent popular movie "Sideways" intended to invite drivers' exploration along less traveled roads. "Sideways" begins in San Diego and goes way north to the wine country. The movie has scenes through San Diego and Ventura Freeways and rambles around Santa Ynez Valley, the vineyard country.

Well, my story starts where "Sideways" culminated. Continue driving north on the same Route 101 towards San Francisco. After the awesome Gaviota Pass, you pass Nipomo and Pismo, known as clam beaches, and enter San Luis Obispo, with the acronymic SLO, where people enjoy a slow life, referred to as the good life.

My first trip was not aimed at SLO but San Simeon, although I later found out that it is located in the same county. That is where one of the richest men in the world built his castle. His name was William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper king. My wife and I were accompanied then by the Warners, my daughter, son-in-law and our granddaughter.

We exited 101 and took old Route 1. Immediately I was charmed with the chain of volcanic "plug dome" peaks (Islay Hill, Cerro San Luis Obispo, Chumash Peak, Cerro Romauldo, Hollister Peak, Cerro Cabrillo and Black Hill), the unique step-stone volcanic formation. They are such unforgettable picturesque views that I got addicted to them and I knew I'd be returning again and again. This trip was my sixth time and I stayed overnight on the waterfront.

Local people call these peaks "7" or "9" peaks, depending on how many of the peaks are included in the count. Whatever the count is, the 7th or the 9th is the looming sentinel guard isle, known as Morro Rock. In 1542, a Portuguese navigator, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, called it "El Morro," as it resembled the turbaned head of the Moor. "El Morro" replaced the Chumash word *lisamu*, meaning a shrine on the coast, the evidence that the Chumash Indians were guided by it in their canoe journeys.



Morro Rock in picturesque Morro Bay

We can only visualize how Morro Rock might have looked originally, because the isle photographs were only available after 1890s. The isle became the main source of quarry for sea transportation. What we see today might have been 581 ft. (or 177 meters) in height, but is now a wrecked isle after centuries of quarrying to provide materials to construct breakwaters and other facilities. The practice was finally called off when the U.S. Congress listed Morro Rock as a State Landmark.

Today, the isle still stands firm in a magnificent shape and color,

attracting visitors such as myself, a foreigner from Japan. The area has become a sanctuary and the serene bay view—with sand dunes, rows of anchoring yacht and boats—is unbeatable compared with other marinas.

I should comment on one stain of the Morro Bay. A power plant stands to the north close to the isle. When I visited, the issue was becoming hot anew from the environmental viewpoint. Duke Energy of Charlotte, N.C., is the current managing company and is planning to renovate and expand the aging power plant. The [area] residents formed the Coastal Alliance on Plant Expansion (CAPE) [to protect] their air quality, the estuary and marine life, the native American artifacts, etc. I will definitely follow it through its website, <http://www.plantexpansion.org>. You can see in it an excellent photo of the Morro Rock.

~April 2005, California

## POSTON III MEMORIES THROUGH FOUR-YEAR-OLD EYES

by Kei Suwa

(Editor's note: **Kei Suwa** of La Canada, Calif., was the eighth child and fourth son born to the late **Rinzaemon and Kinuye Suwa** in the Imperial Valley. One of the boys passed away as an infant. The family moved to San Diego before the outbreak of World War II and were evacuated with other Nikkei families from San Diego to the Santa Anita Assembly Center in Arcadia on April 8, 1942. On Aug. 27, 1942, the family was relocated to the Poston III Relocation Center near Parker, Ariz., where they settled in Block 330, Unit 5B. Kei is the brother of **Mrs. Setsuko Suwa Himaka** of Poway and lived with her family for a couple of years before graduating from Clairemont High School. Following graduation, Kei joined the Marine Corps. Now 66 years of age, this is what he remembers of camp life as a four-year-old boy.)

My earliest memories that I can recall go back to 1943 when I was four years old. This was during World War II when my family was interned in Arizona. The place was called Poston, located on the (Colorado River) Indian Reservation near the California border. It is near Parker Dam, which controls the flow of the Colorado River, part of which empties partly into a concrete canal not far from the camp on its way into the Gulf of Mexico. The river separated our camp from a forest of mesquite trees, as I recall.

Those were most memorable years and I can recall them fondly. The following events are very fragmented as they flash through my mind, in that I remember only the enjoyable times and very few of the down times I experienced. I would not trade those memories for anything.

My earliest memories are of walking around the outskirts of the camp along a dirt road, dragging a horseshoe magnet on a string, collecting what I learned later was black iron pyrite. I saved what I collected in a small bottle. I don't remember where I got the idea of dragging the magnet in the dirt but I enjoyed doing that a lot and I guess that's what counts.

There was a general store (or canteen) in the camp where we kids could walk down to and buy things. I remember using wooden nickels stamped in red ink. I don't remember what was written on the coins, but we used them to buy soda pop and candy. They also had a lot of zinc pennies floating around in those days. (*Copper pennies were being used for the war effort.* ~Editor's note) I remember one of my older sisters saving mercury head dimes for the March of Dimes on slotted cards in those days.

As time went on, I remember going to the mess hall in our block and remembered how the adults would throw out the coffee and the grounds and rake them into the dirt. They had very little sugar to go around due to rationing during the war and not (Continued on Page 16)

## WE GET LETTERS

Dear FOOTPRINTS Editor:

When I e-mailed the late Don Estes that I was going to Japan, he asked me to write an article about my trip.

I never met Don, but we corresponded by e-mail numerous times. He was so considerate/thoughtful and encouraged me to write.

Sincerely,  
Ray Kuniteru Mayeda

Dear Editor:

I read all of the articles in the FOOTPRINTS summer 2005 issue about the life of Don Estes and found that there was no mention of a large part of Don's life back when I knew him. That was his career in the U.S. Army Reserves.

I served with him from 1961 until 1965. Obviously in the years since, my memory has faded quite a bit. He was there before I joined and I believe he served long enough to qualify for retirement some years after I was discharged. During those years Don was either a staff sergeant or sergeant first class who was the ranking non-commissioned officer in our unit.

In those days, the country would have never sent a unit like ours into battle. We were a rag-tag group, sort of a "Dirty Dozen who couldn't shoot straight." Although we were supposed to be an armor reconnaissance unit, very few of us were trained in either armor or reconnaissance. But Don did the best with the material he was given. He was always patient and well organized.

Don had an interesting way of handling military personnel. I came back to our unit following six months of active duty training at Fort Ord as a snot-nosed 18 year-old light weapons infantry soldier. I was assigned the infantry squad along with my buddy, Ronnie Matsumoto. We were trouble makers and we often marched ourselves out to the parking lot for a smoke while all the other guys were fixing vehicles or cleaning rifles. Don's solution was to promote me to infantry squad leader and reassign Ronnie to the motorpool.

I'm sure that you all miss Don's diligence, patience, humor and easy-going manner.

Matt Sato  
Federal Way, Washington

POSTON III MEMORIES continued from Page 15

many of the adults drank coffee without sugar.

I recall around New Year's, all the men and women would get together at the mess hall. The men would steam rice in square wooden boxes with a screened bottom and after the rice was cooked, it would be put into what I thought were 55-gallon steel barrels with cement formed into a wash basin imprint at the top. There would be three men with wooden mallets pounding the rice in perfect rhythm, mixing the gluten of rice into a thick, doughy glob, while a fourth person would turn it quickly so as not to get hurt.

After that process was finished, the women would take over and form the doughy glob into pieces of mochi. *An*, a sweet bean paste, was then put into the balls of mochi to make a Japanese confection.

Our family seldom ate in the mess hall because my father cultivated our own vegetables. He was a very innovative and industrious person. I suppose characteristic traits have been passed on to me, because with a limited education, I have been able to survive with the help of God.

My father would go into the mesquite forest and bring back tree limbs he would form and fashion into handmade furniture for our little

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yard. I remember him weaving fishnets, which he used with wire coat hangers formed into large hoops. He would wrap the net over the hoops to form a long net to capture mountain quail. He would go into the forest and bring back wild game, occasionally rattlesnakes, to supplement our food supply.

I can recall crossing over the canal by way of a small bridge with my two older brothers, Hitose and Yoshito, and my father. We went quite a distance from the camp to an old dried-up rocky river bed, where my father would set up the hoop net, anchor both sides and then camouflage the netting with pieces of branches from the mesquite trees and any other brush we could find nearby.

After completing the trap, we would locate quail some distance from the trap and he would have us spread out making noises and throwing stones, sending the quail in the direction of the trap, herding them into it. Once they were captured, my father would gather up the net and put the quails into a gunny sack for safekeeping until we went back to the barrack. Within a day, the female quail could lay dozens of tiny eggs, providing us with food.

My mother tended to our small garden next to our living quarters, providing us with fresh vegetables. I remember her going to the nearby dairy farm and collecting the cow droppings and horse droppings for fertilizer.

I also fondly remember walking down to the Colorado River to go fishing. We used pins (the kind you use for sewing), shaped them into hooks, attached some nylon-like material we called "cat gut" and added a lead pellet with fishing string. Then we would tie [the line] to a willow pole, which was readily available near the river.

My brother, Yosh, taught me how to take a piece of cotton string, ruffle up one end, and rotate the string into a hole to retrieve hornet larva from the dirt embankment. We used the larva as bait to catch bluegills and crappies.

I remember walking to a drainage pipe that emptied into a canal and noticing a large school of baby catfish gathered around the water trickling from the drain. They looked like small pollywogs. I figured I could catch some and take them home so I cupped my hands together and scooped some up. That was a big mistake.

As soon as I scooped them up, I felt sharp pain in the palms of my hands. Little did I know they all had sharp barbs under their whiskers which felt like hundreds of little needles jabbing me at once.

On another occasion, I remember catching a bluegill swimming close to shore. It must have been sick or injured because it swam slightly on its side, wobbling back and forth. When I told my brother, he couldn't believe that I was able to catch it with my hands. He just laughed at me.

After a day of fishing at the river, we would head back to the barrack along a dusty road. Sometimes, we would pass by a sewage pit, where my brothers would take potshots at some (Continued on Page 17)



POSTON III MEMORIES continued from Page 16

ducks with their homemade slingshots. On occasions, when it turned dark, my brothers would tell me ghost stories on those walks home to try and scare me.

When we got home, we would pour the bucket of fish we caught and put them into a large oak barrel we had outside and under our window cooler. The water was always icy cold. I remember my Mom scooping out several fish, putting them down on a cutting board and giving them a whack with the handle of a kitchen knife to stun the fish before gutting them. This was because they had sharp dorsal fins which could puncture your fingers if they flopped around. We always seemed to have plenty of fish, meat and vegetables, so we seldom ate in the mess hall.

I remember my mother taking me to the women's bathhouse one rainy day. We walked into this large community shower with all these naked girls and women showering at once. For a little boy of five, I was all eyes and taking it all in. After the shower, we had to walk back to our barrack in the rain. I remember walking through the muddy path in our bathrobes and wearing *getas* with the mud flipping onto the backside of my bathrobe.

I remember once my brothers made stilts out of wood and tree branches and I learned how to walk around on them. We made good use of the stilts after rainfall because we could walk all around without getting mud on our shoes.

They showed movies (at the amphitheater built by the residents) every Friday night. And they occasionally had sumo matches.

One evening at dusk as we walked to see the movies, I remember looking in the direction of the baseball field just after the rains, with the bright sun behind the clouds, and I saw a reflection of some jeeps with artillery pieces. I guess it must have been projected from a nearby motor pool. I wish I knew someone knowledgeable who could explain the phenomenon to me because it was like a slide projection off the clouds.

Near our block (Block 330) at night, the older men would gather around a large fire pit and talk about the past. There was an incident I remember where some kids were rolling around in a shady pit adults had built of trees and branches where people could go to keep cool if they wished. One of the boys [George Kido] got stung by a big scorpion about three inches long. Some kids went and got bags of ice to put it on his back and he was okay.

There were other unpleasant times I experienced as a boy, like when I almost burned down our unit. I remember it as clear as yesterday. I was playing with matches, striking them until they would flare up and then tossing them into the metal trash can next to the window, which had sheer curtains hanging down.

At one point, one of the matches ignited a piece of paper and the fire quickly ignited the curtains and began climbing up the wooden wall which was covered by tarpaper. At that point, I became very scared and ran out of our unit. I didn't know what to do so I ran over to my friend's unit and tried to forget about the fire I had started.

I just began playing when I looked up and noticed my father walking toward me. I knew he was mad, so I took off as fast as my little legs would take me, heading for the mesquite forest to hide. As I turned to look back, I could see my father gaining on me even though I was running and he was walking.

It didn't take long before he caught up with me, grabbed me by the seat of my pants, gave me a couple of whacks on the back of my head and a couple of feet lower and took me home where he bound me with rope, pulled my pants down and gave me a thing they called *yaito*, which is like incense. He put it on my rear end, lit it until it blistered my butt, shoved me under my cot and forbade anyone from giving me any supper.

Now I know some of you might think that was cruel punishment, but this was a form of medical treatment he had performed on his spine for any ailment he had. I know because I saw at least 10 or 15 burn marks on his back. He told me it was a way to take your thoughts from other pains in your body. As I think about it today, I think I would rather withstand pain than to do that to myself. I guess that was old world medicine, but he used it on me as punishment.

My brother, Yosh, felt sorry for me, and during the night, gave me something to eat and untied me. The very next day, I thought I was still in for it, but to my surprise, all was forgiven and forgotten. My father did not seem to be as brutal as other men from the old country. He was slow to anger and had a kind heart in general. There is one thing that I still can't figure out and that is how the house was repaired so quickly, because when we got home, I didn't remember noticing the burned up portion of the house. After all that had happened to me due to my stupidity, I don't remember ever holding that punishment against my father and I still love him, even though he passed away more than 20 years ago. I believe he has instilled in me the discipline to be self-sufficient.

During my childhood, I learned to improvise in building my own toys out of scrap materials or inventing my own games and other quirky things. But when I look back, I figure, what the heck, if I never attempted to do those things, life is not worth living.

I recollect this quote from a TV talk show host about 20 or so years ago: "I don't believe God put us on this earth just to suck up air."

There are no truer words said. Whether street smart or college educated, we all seem to learn how to survive and learn from our mistakes because God is shaping our destiny.

## LOCAL PUBLISHER ANNOUNCES CASTING CALL for NEW BOOK

**Big Guy Books** is a local publisher that creates children's books illustrated entirely with photographs. They are seeking "ordinary people of all ages" to portray characters for a book project called *Samurai*, which is set in the Japanese Edo period.

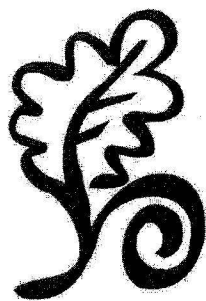
They are also looking for costumes and objects from the same period as well as amateur or professional costumer designers to design and make original costumes. They plan to begin photographing for the book in October.

Participants will receive \$25 per hour. They will also pay rental fees for any props and costumes used.

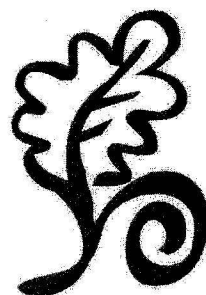
"Please help us create a great kid's book that accurately portrays Edo-period Japanese culture," says **Mahsa Merat**, Casting Coordinator for Big Guy Books. Merat can be contacted at 760/607-4200 ext. 106 or [assistant@bigguybooks.com](mailto:assistant@bigguybooks.com). Their address is listed as 6359 Paseo Del Lago, Ste. B, Carlsbad, CA 92009 and website at [www.bigguybooks.com](http://www.bigguybooks.com).

*[This business or project is not endorsed by JAHSSD. The information was posted on the JSSDT job listings board and is included here for your information. ~Editor]*

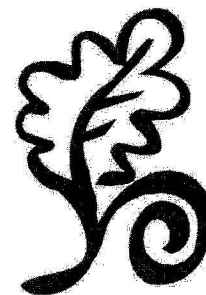
As we go to press, one of the San Diego Nikkei community's greatest friends and supporters, **Dr. Randall Phillips**, could use your support. Send words of encouragement to our ailing Honorary Consul General at 135888 Samantha Ave., San Diego, CA 92129. He's not currently able to get out and about, but would still love to see his friends. If you'd like to pay him a visit, please call **Mary Ann Sowards**, at 858/780-0565, and she will facilitate it.



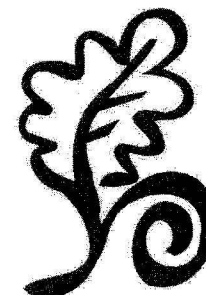
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## BOB'S BUDDIES WALK THE WALK

On April 10, 2005, the intrepid JAHSSD gang known as **Bob's Buddies** participated in the annual MS Walk to help fund a cure for Multiple Sclerosis. Under the leadership of **Don Estes** and **Mich Himaka**, Bob's Buddies brought in their highest contribution to the Walk ever: \$11,081! What an incredible effort! We thank everyone, listed below, who pledged support to the walkers, and give special kudos to those who actually walked the Walk.

Our appreciation to **Carol Estes** for being our number cruncher and link with the MS Walk organizers. We hope we got every contributor's name and spelled it correctly! APPLAUSE ALL AROUND!

James & Yuri Yamate • John Bucher • Masako Shima • Bill Ece & Iona Batchelder • Noby Reidell • Mas & Grace Tsuida • Kiyo Uda • Hideko Shimasaki • Tom & Aya Segawa • Art & Judy Hibi • Dennis Furuoka • Kyoko Deleon • Gary Fong • Misaka Glavin • Glenn Fukuma • Alyce Sumita • Hatsune Mukai • Joe & Nancy Correia • Tachy Wakiji • George & Betty Wakiji • Reiko Maruyama • Raymond & Florence Uyeda • Tak & Kerry Yoshikawa • Toshiko Rudd • Barbara Ikjiri • Yuri Hirashima • Tom & Tae Udo • Gordon & Linda Aoyagi • Santiago & Andres Cerrillo • Bob & Sai Batchelder • Virginia Loh • Matt Thompson • Mike Dils • Maria & Manual Gomez • Brendon Gomez • Tom & Yo Honda • Dan Bamberg • Tony & Annabel Bienes • Ken & JoAnn Shima • Chieko Moriyama • Ralph Honda • Gale Kaneshiro • Miki Honda • Michio Himaka • Motoo & Angie Tsuneyoshi • James & Katsumi Kida • Jake & Patty Nakamura • Jeff Sakai • Min Sakamoto • Mary Takasaki • Tom Yanagihara, Jr. • Dorothy Otuska • Fumiko Ohara • Jeanie Kashima • Harold & LuAnn Lee • Trace & Mildred Kawasaki • Alice Matsumoto • Larry Yamada • Ann Yamamoto • Miyo Hill • Kathy & Norman Himaka • Lynn Fuchigami • Michael Kinoshita • Jim E. Shimozono • Mayumi Santohigashi • Rev. Jim & Patsy Yanagihara • Mari Tanizaki • Arlene Shimizu • Keiko Negoro • Kei Dan Floral Design • Junko Kajita • Earl Osaki • Ken Muraoka • Suzy Yamada • Tom & Sumi Yanagihara • Ruth Voorhies • Louise Iguchi • Kris Tokunaga • So Yamada • Sakiko Kada • Claudia Johnson (Exclamations! Inc.) • Barbara Ruland • Virginia Thomas • Paul Black & Evelyn Truitt • Dr. & Mrs. Clyde Jones • Valerie Crane • Barbara Strugar • Cecilia Carrick, MD • Maudie Bobbitt • Dr. & Mrs. Edgar D. Canada • Jeanne Elyea • Bill Elyea • William Elyea • Debbie Kinney • Frank Rodriguez • Val & Dick Finley • Bea Hamby • Loraine McMillen • Jessie Burrows • Jim Kelly • Tom Kelly • Linda McLemore • Neta Howo • Don Chrislock • Joe Yaw • Howard McLemore • John Snider • Allyne Tachiki • Justine Tachiki • Bruce & Sharon Asakawa • Moto Asakawa • Dave & Joyce Costello • Nancy Cowser • Ponce & Mary Duran • Carol Estes • Claire Estes • Don Estes • Kumao Estes • Matthew Estes • Doug & Leslie Hasegawa/Bartlette • Ed & Patty Hasegawa/Zimmerly • Robert Hasegawa • Yosh Hasegawa • Mike Jury • Frank & Sumi Kastelic • Toni & Rudy Kastelic • Frank L. Kastelic • George & Naomi Kobayashi • Ray & Susie Quon • Ben & Grace Segawa • Naomi Sekiguchi • Raiko Sekiguchi • Robin Sekiguchi • Bruce & Susan Sherman • Abe & Judy Shragge • Bill & Joyce Teague • Corky & Joyce Wharton • Sam & Katie Wong • Tom & Sumi Yanagihara • Stacy & Jane Zones

## GROUNDBREAKING to MARK JFG's 90th ANNIVERSARY

On Friday, October 7, 2005, the **Japanese Friendship Garden** will celebrate its 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary in Balboa Park with a groundbreaking for the expansion of the Garden to its complete eleven acres. The milestone event will be free to invited members and guests.

Festivities which begin at 3:00 p.m. will include the groundbreaking and dedication of the lower garden. Guests will have the chance to tour the future site locations and enjoy cultural entertainment along with a variety of hors d'oeuvres at food stations sponsored by several of the Garden's special events caterers.

The future sites include eight locations: Contemporary Tea House, Traditional Tea House, Amphitheatre, Herb and Tea Garden, Azalea and Camellia Garden, Waterfall and Stream, Lotus Pond and Cherry and Pear Grove. The Garden expects 300 guests to tour the grounds.

The Japanese Friendship Garden has its roots in the 1915 World Exposition in Balboa Park with the Japanese Tea House Pavilion. After the Exposition, the tea house was presented as a gift by Japan to San Diego and remained as an attraction in Balboa Park until it was razed a few years ago.

With the completion of the new phase, the Garden will not only be a premier Japanese-style garden, but also the only garden in the U.S. with solar-powered energy.

Located in the heart of Balboa Park, the mission of the Japanese Friendship Garden "**San-Kei-En**" is to create a Japanese-style garden environment with educational programs that will promote understanding of the Japanese culture among people from diverse ethnic backgrounds and cultures.

For more information on the Garden or its 90<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration, contact **Luanne Kanzawa** or **Lovelynn Hansen** at (619) 232-2721.

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## HOW *FAREWELL* ENDED UP IN CALIFORNIA SCHOOLS

by Gregory Foley

*This story from the May 31, 2001 issue of Point Reyes Light explains how the film Farewell to Manzanar ended up in every California school and library in 2001. Reprinted with kind permission of the publisher ; edited for space.*

State officials last week announced that copies of Point Reyes Station director **John Korty's Farewell to Manzanar**, a 1976 television movie, will be distributed to every public school and library in California to teach students about the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II.

After negotiating a deal with Universal Studios, which owns the rights to *Farewell to Manzanar*, Lt. Gov. **Cruz Bustamante** said that 10,000 videos of a restored version of Korty's film will be produced and donated [by Universal Studios] to the public agencies.

"This video will help us educate our children about one of the darkest episodes in our national history," Bustamante said, "when we incarcerated tens of thousands of Japanese-Americans—our very own citizens—suspending their civil rights and liberties and robbing them of their homes and livelihood."

Director Korty said the film will serve as a valuable tool for educators to teach students about an area of history often ignored by textbooks.

"I'm very excited. The book has been used quite widely in schools for 10 to 15 years, but not the video."

Korty... campaigned to have the film released for educational purposes for some two decades, but the idea never gained enough momentum to convince Universal.

However, while attending a 25th-anniversary screening of the restored version of the movie last February at Marin Civic Center, **Carole Hayashino** of San Rafael—an assistant vice president of San Francisco State University who worked for Bustamante on his Commission for One California—agreed that the film should be brought out of the archives and into public view.

Hayashino's parents were among the 120,000 American citizens interned after the bombing of Pearl Harbor in December 1941, and she herself has served as the past president of the Japanese American Citizens League.

"John said he wanted the film in public schools and I thought it was an excellent idea," Hayashino said. "It's a very important part of American history."

Hayashino contacted Bustamante, who in turn worked out the final deal with Universal Studios. "The Lieutenant Governor thought it was a great idea," she said.

*Farewell to Manzanar* is based on the book by **Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston** and **James D. Houston**, which renders a first-person account of a Southern California family that was torn apart upon being sent to the Manzanar internment camp. The film was the first-ever filmed account of the internment from a Japanese American perspective, and apart from smaller roles played by actors Mako and Pat Morita was cast with little-known Japanese-American actors. It originally aired on NBC in 1976 and was then syndicated.

"It's widely the shame of the thing that is such an issue," Korty said. "You couldn't have picked a worse punishment for this minority group. They were very proud to be Americans, but they were imprisoned and lost thousands of dollars in money and goods."

**Bill Watanabe**, co-chairman of the California Japanese American Community Leadership Council, said, "*Farewell to Manzanar* is probably one of the most accurate portrayals of the indignities suffered by Japanese-Americans and I think it's great that the educational system of California will have access to this film."

*Editor's note: The video, book, and a scholastic curriculum guidebook were sent out to California schools and libraries at the end of 2001 as part of an educational package for teachers. Society members who missed JAHSSD's special San Diego screening of the movie back in July 2004 can borrow the video from the San Diego Public Library. JAHSSD also has copies of the curriculum kit.*

### A PAGE FROM YUTAKA'S COOKBOOK

*From late 1942 through Spring 1943, Yutaka Kida worked in the mess hall of Block 33 at Poston III Camp. While there, he carefully maintained a record of the menus for the block. Here are his notes for Friday, September 11, 1942.*

#### BREAKFAST

Honeydew melon  
Bake corn beef hash  
Doughnut  
Butter  
Bread  
Coffee

#### DINNER

Stuffed sea bass  
Tomato sauce  
Garden pea  
Macaroni salad  
Dutch pear cake  
Bread  
Tea

#### DUTCH PEAR CAKE

8# Sugar  
4# short[ening]  
1/2 cup salt  
4 doz. eggs  
4 c. milk  
10# flour  
10 oz. Baking powder  
vanilla ext[ract]



## FROM THE JAHSSD ARCHIVES...



### CHAMPIONSHIP GIRL'S SOFTBALL TEAM, POSTON III, 1944

Front row: Setsuko Sugaya, Tei Trokey, Misao Hazama

Middle row: Grace Seki, Stella Kitahara, Mits Yoshioka

Back row: Meggie Hatada, Ruth Takahashi, Midori Koba, ? Yabuta, ? Hasama, ?

*This moment in San Diego Nikkei history is brought to you by:*

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## WHAT'S INSIDE THE FALL ISSUE



Ruth Okimoto

PAGE 1: Former San Diegan Ruth Okimoto will be the Keynote Speaker for the 2005 JAHSSD General Meeting on October 15.

PAGE 7: Lane Nishikawa's film "Only the Brave" debuts in San Diego.

PAGE 15: What a memory! Read what Kei Suwa remembers as a four-year-old boy living in Poston III Camp.

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