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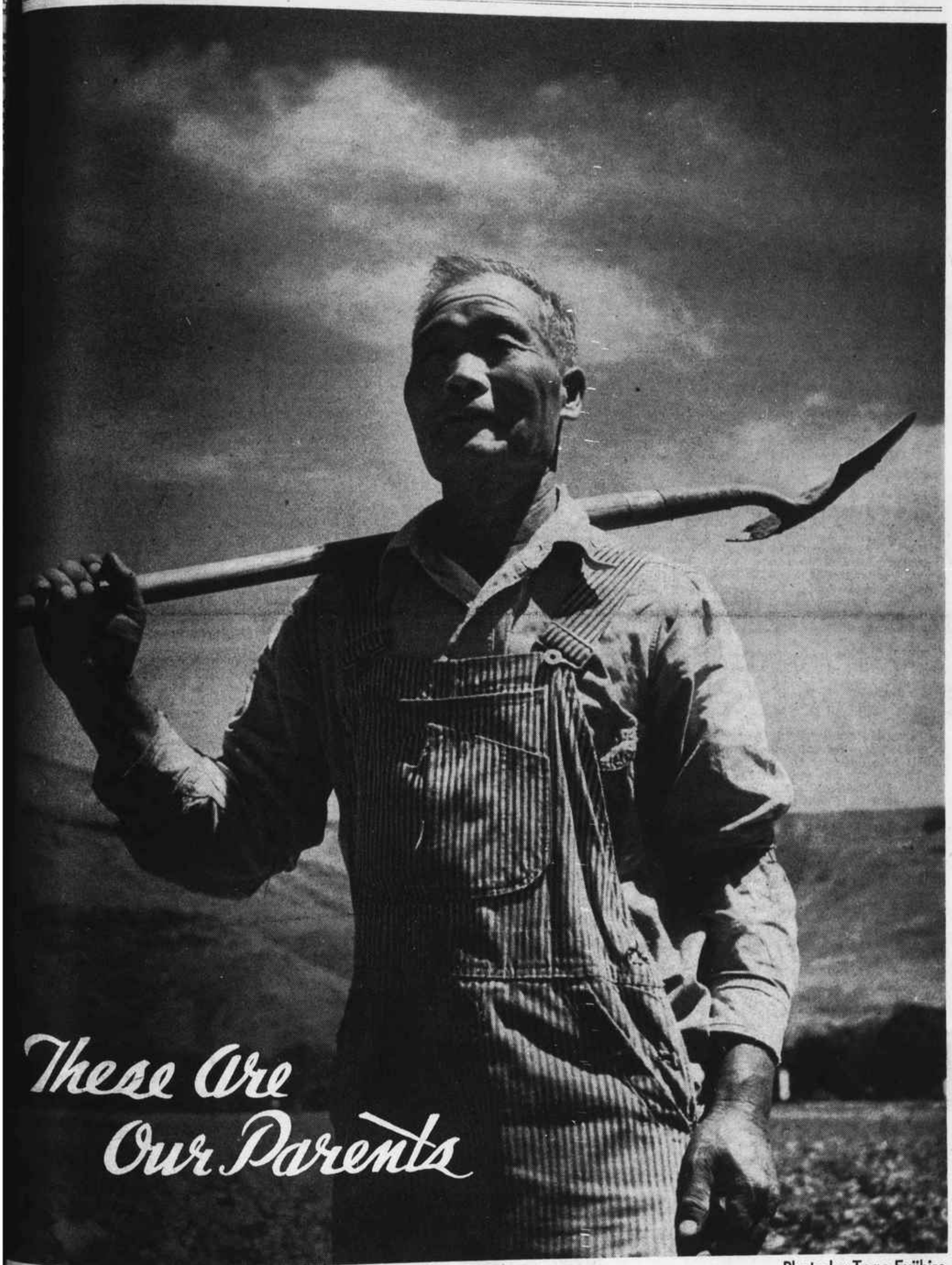


Photo by Toge Fujihira

Special Holiday Edition, 1948

THESE ARE OUR PARENTS:

THEY PIERCED THE SILKEN CURTAIN

By Larry Tajiri

THE FIRST PERSONS of Japanese ancestry to touch the western shore arrived in pre-Columbian times. They were fishermen, blown from familiar waters by wind and storm and carried by the current to the shores of the western hemisphere.

The Hopi Indians, whose ancestors once roamed free across the western land, have a legend about men who came in boats from a land of the sun across the sea.

Ten years before the Mayflower left Plymouth harbor, a ship from Japan arrived at Acapulco, which then as today was the Pacific seaport for Mexico City. The year was 1610 and the flag of Spain, implanted with the sword of Cortez, already flew over Mexico.

The Japanese ship carried 23 merchants and their mission was one of trade between Japan and New Spain. After concluding their negotiations, the ship returned to Japan. Three years later, in 1613, a boatload of Japanese Catholic pilgrims arrived at Acapulco. They were taken to Mexico City for confirmation and some went on to Spain to be presented at court. Other remained in Mexico.

"It seems probable that those few Japanese who reached the New World in 1613 and decided to stay were the first Japanese immigrants to America," Rose McKee comments in her WRA report, "Wartime Exile". It is believed that members of this group were successfully assimilated into Mexican life.

Ruth McKee also notes in her report that for a century and a half after these two voyages Japan had a "golden opportunity" to take over what is now known as California. The Japanese sailing ships probably sailed close to the shores of California and saw an unknown land, inhabited then only by nomad Indian tribes. It was not until 1769 before the Spanish padres established their first mission within the present borders of California. But the Japanese emigrants in that period were interested only in trade and in religion.

In 1638 Japan entered into a period of strict isolation. All seaworthy vessels were destroyed and construction of new ones were forbidden. For two centuries Japan sat tight on her rocky, volcanic islands until the black ships of Commodore Perry breached the silken curtain in 1853.

During two centuries of isolation all emigration was prohibited under penalty of death by the Japanese Shoguns. It was not until 1884 when Japan again permitted the mass emigration of Japanese nationals. That date coincided with the passage in the United States Congress of the Chinese exclusion laws which were upheld by the Supreme Court and instituted an American policy of selective immigration and naturalization which was to be formalized by the creation of a class of aliens "ineligible to citizenship." Previous to the 1880s all alien immigrants were considered eligible to citizenship. The Chinese exclusion laws were passed in Congress, it may be noted parenthetically, by a coalition of Pacific coast anti-Oriental racists and anti-Negro legislators from the Deep South.

Before 1884 the only Japanese to arrive in America were either fishermen, shipwrecked sailors, liberals who sought contact with the western world and students. Bradford Smith tells of a fur trader named Ranald McDonald who met three fishermen, probably the first Japanese to arrive on United States territory, at the mouth of the Columbia river in 1835. He befriended them and saw to it that they reached Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, where they boarded a vessel for Hongkong.

The first Japanese who pierced the silken curtain of isolation and came to the United States of his own volition was a 15-year old boy named Manjiro Nakahama who was christened John Mung by the Yankee sea captain who brought him from a Pacific island to the Massachusetts community of Fairhaven, in 1844. Captain Whitfield had found young Nakahama on a Pacific island with four other shipwrecked sailors. The four others had left the whaler when it put in at Honolulu but Nakahama begged for a chance to go to America. In Fairhaven young Nakahama was treated like a son by Captain Whitfield. He learned English and became practiced at a trade, that of a cooper.

Manjiro Nakahama returned to Japan by a long and devious route early in the 1850s, reaching San Francisco with the tides of miners in the Gold Rush, shipping to Honolulu and then to the Ryukyus (Okinawa). When he finally reached Honshu he was imprisoned by Japanese authorities and was informed that the penalty for violating the ban against emigration was death. After 30 days imprisonment, however, he was released. The year was 1853 and Commodore Perry had arrived in the bay of Shimoda. Nakahama immediately was pressed into service as an interpreter. He played an important role in the negotiations between the Yankee commodore and the shoguns which opened Japan to the world.

In the years that passed Manjiro Nakahama played an important role in the affairs of his native land.

The first Japanese to become an American citizen was another young shipwrecked fisherman. He was Hikizo Hamada, a native of a fishing village in Hyogo prefecture, who like Manjiro Nakahama was shipwrecked on a Pacific island and rescued by an American whaler and brought to San Francisco. He was then 13 years of age.

Hamada, known in America as Joseph Heco, was taken to the port of Monterey where he was given over to the care of a Mr. Sanders, controller of customs at the port. Sanders sent young Hikizo to school and also introduced him to Presidents Pierce and Buchanan. Through President Buchanan Hamada met William M. Gwyn, senator from California, who took him back to Washington. Senator Gwyn saw a future for Hamada as an American representative in diplomatic negotiations with Japan.

When he became 21 years of age in 1858 Hamada took out naturalization papers and became the first American citizen of Japanese ancestry. Bradford Smith notes that in 1910 there were 420 Japanese-born American citizens, all of whom had been naturalized.

In 1859 Hikizo Hamada, now 22, received his first American mission. He was sent to Japan to act as an interpreter for Townsend Harris, the first American consul in Japan.

Two years later Hamada returned to America, this time determined to see President Abraham Lincoln and to obtain an official appointment as an American representative so that he could meet Japanese officials on equal footing. Hamada arrived in Baltimore, en route to Washington, at a time when the Civil War was in progress.

As he walked down the streets of that Maryland city on a day in 1861, he was followed by Union agents who thought that he was a Confederate general in disguise. He was in the house of a friend in Baltimore when Union secret service agents burst in and arrested him. After questioning, his identity was established and he was released.

Hamada went on to Washington where he met Secretary of State Seward. He told Secretary Seward of his arrest in Baltimore. Seward laughed, saying:

"Misunderstandings like that can occur during wartime. But isn't it good for a Japanese to be mistaken for a general in the Confederate army?"

Secretary Seward took Hamada in to see President Lincoln at the White House.

"He was tall and slim," Hamada recalled. "He had black hair and thick whiskers. He was in a frockcoat; austute yet amiable."

Abe Lincoln was a man without prejudice and he appointed Hikizo Hamada the official interpreter for the United States in Japan. Hamada then left the young American nation, caught in the terrible bloodletting of a civil war, and returned to Japan where he took up his duties as an American official.

Back in Japan Hamada wrote a book called "The Record of a Shipwrecked Man," according to Ki Kimura, the Japanese novelist, who is an authority on the life of Hikizo Hamada. In this book was published for the first time in Japan the story of republican government in the United States.

In 1865 Hamada made a more significant contribution to Japanese progress when he started the first vernacular newspaper to be printed in Japan. It was called the Kaigai (Overseas) Shimbun and had a peak circulation of 1000, but it was the forerunner of the modern Japanese dailies whose circulation is numbered in the millions.

In a sheltered grove in the Sierra country there is the little grave of the first Japanese woman to arrive in the United States. Known only as Miss Okei, she was a servant employed by a Dutch trader and was brought to the United States in the 1860's. Her grave has been cared for in recent years as a project of the Placer County chapter of the JACL. ●

Although the Japanese government's ban against emigration was in effect until 1884, small groups of Japanese were smuggled out of the country and some of them arrived in California where they worked as farm laborers and miners.

There were also students, many of whom worked as servants, and the Japanese schoolboy with his mangled English became an American comic prototype through the pen of Wallace Irwin. One of these schoolboys was Korekiyo Takahashi who came to America to study and worked in the home of a wealthy Oakland, Calif., family. Takahashi who later became Japan's Minister of Finance opposed the militarists and was murdered during the Japanese Army's coup d'etat on Feb. 26, 1936.

At the time of the lifting of Japan's ban against emigration in 1884, there were approxmately 80 Japanese in California and only a handful of others elsewhere in the United States. The lifting of the ban in Japan coincided with the Congressional act excluding Chinese which set up a demand for laborers in the expanding west.

The first Japanese immigrants were recruited in Japan by agents of California farms, western railroads and other enterprises requiring a constant supply of cheap labor. They arrived to find that the streets were not paved with gold but that the reception generally was favorable. California already seethed with anti-Oriental prejudice but it was directed against the Chinese who were the current scapegoats for political opportunists. The Chinese were subjected to various indignities, made to pay special taxes and were the victims of violence.

The Chinese originally had been welcomed to America as a cheap labor force. So long as their labor could be exploited, they were not persecuted. When they began to quit the farms and the railroad gangs and began to be a competitive economic force, particularly in the urban areas, the agitation started against them. One of the first acts of the California legislature was an anti-alien law, directed only against the Chinese, which established a special tax on alien miners. This restrictive law was the grandparent of later laws of the California legislature which were to be directed against the Japanese alien group, such as the Alien Land law and the 1943 amendment to the California fish and game code which prohibited the granting of commercial fishing licenses to "aliens ineligible to citizenship."

The Japanese immigrants arrived to fill the void left by departing Chinese laborers. So long as the Japanese remained a subservient, easily exploitable labor force they were accepted. But soon the Japanese, too, began striking out as individuals. Many went to urban communities where they entered service trades and came into competition for the first time with organized workers. They started individual farming and aroused the ire of competing farmers. The race myths, the techniques of organized prejudice which had been used agains the Chinese were soon turned against the Japanese group.

There were a number of incidents of violence against Japanese residents in California before 1900 but the first overt act of major proportions, according to Carey McWilliams, occurred in March, 1900 when Mayor James D. Phelan of San Francisco, later to become senator from California and leader in framing anti-Japanese legislation, used some idle gossip about an alleged bubonic plague and quarantined the Japanese and Chinese sections of the city. The Japanese protested the action, claiming that it was a politically-motivated act on the part of the mayor to force the closing of Japanese business enterprises.

The offensive which was generated by the California racists against the Japanese immigrants utilized every available form of harassment.

Restrictive city ordinances were followed by state laws, of which the alien land law is a classic example. The legislative campaign was climaxed in 1924 with the passage of the Japanese Exclusion law. At the same time a steady campaign was conducted in the press and from the platform during which the white supremacist ideology was stressed and race myths propagated about the Japanese racial group.

Despite this harassment, the Issei who had come to the western shore as immigrants established firm roots in the American soil.

They became an integral part of the economy of the American west. They contributed to its culture and they brought new methods and techniques to its agriculture. Many individual Issei — with names like Kuniyoshi Noguchi, Takamine, Ito and Matsui — made important contributions to the arts and sciences.

The mass evacuation and mass detention of all persons of Japanese ancestry on the Pacific coast in 1942, a direct result of four decades of anti-Japanese legislation and racist propaganda, was the final indignity. In one fell swoop of a military commander's decision, the economic life of the Japanese American group on the Pacific coast, laboriously built up by the immigrant generation, was snuffed out. It seemed for a time, as the watch towers loomed over the relocation camp barracks, that the racists had won.

But the Issei and their children have fought back, with the aid of democratic forces among the people and in the government.

In 1949 the Issei will stand on the threshold of full acceptance into American life for the first time.

The year 1949 may be the most important year for the Issei since the 1880s when the first Japanese immigrants came to America and Congress rewrote the naturalization laws and established a class of aliens ineligible to citizenship.



Photo by Vince Tajiri

THESE ARE THE ISSEI

By Robert M. Cullum

WHAT ARE THE ISSEI? An immigrant generation, separated not only by years but by custom and language from the children they ask to join in citizenship, what manner of people are they?

It was not the timid or the weak in spirit who left Japan for America.

In Sendai, Saburo Sato, third son of a samurai, had for a teacher one Samuel Smith, a man whose life so illuminated the ideals of democracy and brotherhood as to cause young Sato to defy his parents, leave his family and journey to America in search of the source of this inspiration.



Robert M. Cullum, author of the accompanying article, with Mrs. Lorraine Yamasaki, in the JACL ADC office in Washington.

From Fukuoka, Takeo Nakagawa, second son of a rice farmer, having assurance from his father's cousin of wealth in profligate America, left his native village to spend sufficient years (perhaps three or four) to mend the family fortunes. He took with him the family blessing, a strong body, and self assurance in sufficient quantity to overcome fear of an unknown land. Like Saburo Sato, he also took strong convictions concerning the fitness of all things; concerning family honor, duty, loyalty.

In America, Saburo Sato, Takeo Nakagawa and the thousands who preceded or followed them found some but not all of the things they came to find, as well as much they did not expect.

They built and maintained railroads, cut timber in virgin forests, turned desert and swamp into green and profitable lands. Welcomed by earlier arrived Occidental Americans, they met prejudice and discrimination when they followed the footsteps of their neighbors toward independence. Prevented from becoming fully a part of the life of this new land, and drawn by ties of the homeland, they grouped together, their little Tokyos cemented by common interest, the need for defense and in the back yards, by gossip.

It is not my purpose, here, to set out in detail the story of their frustrations and successes. It is sufficient now to say that Saburo Sato, who had followed a dream, never quite was able to grasp his heart's desire, and that Takeo Nakagawa's three years slipped first to six, then stretched to fifteen with no fortune to take home and no relief from the blazing sun of Fresno vineyards in sight.

It must also be said that the fibre of these men was tough, that though their goals receded, they had pride in their honor and their good name, and that they were not defeated. To feel sorry for such men is to misuse one's substance. They were of the stuff that brought America out of the wilderness. They had need for understanding but not pity.

Chiyo Suzuki, a girl of fifteen, her mother dead, left Tokyo to join her father in America. Arrived, she went to live and work with a professor's family in Berkeley. When, after several years of struggle with a language she could but half understand and work which seemed to take her nowhere, her father arranged her marriage with Saburo Sato, she was content to leave. Takeo Nakagawa was married in almost the same year, his bride, Fusa Yamamoto, coming from his own village in Fukuoka.

Two can live more thriftily than one if both give time and extract earnings from farm and shop. United in marriage, the two strike deeper roots as children arrive to grow in the new cultural soil. The Nisei homeland is here.

Saburo Sato's dream was refreshed as Samuel I. Sato, a junior edition, carried home from school the words of Jefferson and Lincoln, and the kindnesses of an understanding teacher. And slowly, Takeo Nakagawa's future began to take shape, not in Fukuoka, but on a farm his son one day would own in Fresno county.

Both men were immensely proud of their sons and daughters, eager that they grow up in virtue as their homeland taught them virtue, that their children might thus be better Americans. To this end also, they scrimped and saved to fully educate these growing citizens. Desperately, they tried to shield them from the barbs of unthinking prejudice and calculated discrimination; to shield them lest they grow bitter and coarse.

Their children thought them hard, unyielding, overbearing. With no adequate common language, there was a drifting apart: pain for parents who felt left behind and unappreciated; pain for children who felt held back and thwarted. How common, this, in immigrant families, European as well as Asian! How deep, beneath the conflict, lay family ties!

How well the Issei succeeded in rearing their children has been told many times since the bleak

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NS Photo

NOT A MATTER OF RACE

"It is time for America to see the Japanese as people, rather than stereotypes"

By Bradford Smith

ANYONE who has taken the trouble to trace the story of the Japanese in America back to its human sources knows how our refusal to grant citizenship has been at the core of the old—and by now discredited—charge of "unassimilability."

The Japanese proved "unassimilable" because nobody took the trouble to assimilate them and because refusal of citizenship was a very handy way of keeping them "unassimilable". By every test of social acceptability—low crime rate, a desire for education, cleanliness, diligence—the alien Japanese proved themselves superior to many a group which was admitted to citizenship.

Take George Yamamoto, for instance.

George has lived in the United States for over forty years. He was the storm center of an affair that attracted a lot of publicity back in 1944, if you remember, when neighbors of the New Jersey farmer who had hired him set fire to a barn in order to convey the idea that they didn't want any Japanese around. As a matter of fact, George was working for a Ukranian whose Polish neighbors did not relish the prosperity George was bringing to his employer by draining swampland and thus multiplying his profits in truck gardening many times.

The neighbors used George's ancestry as an excuse—as a screen for their own greed. Racial prejudice often works that way.

So George Yamamoto left Great Meadows. When I saw him he was farming on shares not far from Philadelphia. His children were with him, all but one who was in the army. One of them was president of her class at school. Neighbors invited the Yamamotos to church. Relations were amicable all around.

Evacuated from California where he had been manager of a big farm near Stockton, George Yamamoto had been slapped down several times by America. He was an alien—whatever that means, when applied to a man who has spent most of his mature life in a land and raised American children. But he had an American heart.

To the young Nisei men who complain about what America has done to them George Yamamoto says, "I'm alien Jap, you're American. You come work for me, I make you real American."

Anyone who talks to George Yamamoto for five minutes can tell that his thoughts, his instincts, his allegiance are American. But on the books he is alien Japanese.

Seiko Ogai was brought to Honolulu when she was still a baby.

The other children in the family were all born in America, and it was only the accident of a family crisis that caught her mother in Japan when it was time for her to be born. Seiko does not know Japan. She was raised in American schools and graduated from the University of Hawaii. Adept at writing, she won an essay contest I sponsored for material about the Japanese in Hawaii. During the war she served in the OWI at Honolulu in the department which was producing leaflets for B-29s to drop over Japan in an effort to hasten the end of the war.

Yet Seiko is "alien Japanese"—doomed to a kind of permanent exile in her own land.

When I taught at St. Paul's in Tokyo, one of my students was a chap named Murakami.

One day, early in the war, a young man introduced himself to me in a government office in New York. It was Murakami, who had come over as a student and who wanted to stay here. He married an American girl, they had a baby. Throughout the war he worked for the American government. There was nothing in the world he wanted more than American citizenship. He did everything he could to get it. Whether he was finally successful in getting it by way of the U. S. Army I do not know.

But Yukiko Kimura did not have that chance. She came to America first under the auspices of the YWCA, I believe, and was active in their work in Honolulu.

A scholar, she had done valuable work in sociological studies of the Japanese in Hawaii before joining the war effort. She was especially interested in trying to reach with American ideals some of the older Issei who had been insulated from America by their Japanese-orientated institutions.

The scorn she felt for those who, toward the end of the war, were capitalizing on the pitiful desire of a few old folk for a Japanese victory was intense.

Yet Miss Kimura always had the threat of deportation hanging over her head, even though a special bill had been introduced in Congress on her behalf in recognition of her services during the war.

I suppose nobody knows how many "aliens" contributed directly to the winning of the war—through work in the OWI, OSS, Army Map Service, language schools and in the army itself.

Some were lucky enough to get their citizenship through military service. But many more, for reasons of age or sex or other circumstances for which they were not to blame, were unable to become Americans by this means. Mistreated often because of their racial background, driven from their homes, they still had enough faith in America to aid her in the struggle against Japan.

If Japan had won, they would have been subject to a traitor's fate even though they were aiding the cause they believed in, even though they were helping the nation they would have been citizens of if it had permitted. Yet America has so little recognized their sacrifice that it has not yet conferred citizenship upon them.

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Story of the Sea:

A Lost Right Regained

The Issei Are Going Back to the Sea After an Absence Demanded by Law And Enforced by Discrimination

By Saburo Kido

WHEN the 1942 exclusion order against persons of Japanese ancestry was lifted, most Issei and Nisei looked forward to going home to resume their lives, businesses and occupations that had been interrupted by the war and mass internment.

Most of them hoped to go back to the work they knew—back to their farms, to their small businesses and to jobs with private firms. Many of them knew their reentry into their former work might be difficult. Time had moved on. There might be difficulty in getting back farm property that had been leased during the war to other persons; there might be difficulties due to race and the remnants of war rancor.

But one group of Issei knew that for them there would be no return, at least not to work they had known for most of their adult lives.

They were the fishermen who sailed for many years out of the coast cities of San Francisco, San Pedro, out of Terminal Island and Monterey. They were now prohibited—by law—from reengaging in the only kind of work they knew.

During their enforced absence, the legislature of the state of California, which for years had made abortive attempts to eliminate Japanese aliens from the fishing industry, had succeeded in 1943. In that year the legislature amended its fish and game code.

It was a short, snappy amendment.

It said:

"A commercial fishing license may be issued to any other person than an alien Japanese."

After the legislature thought it over for a while, the lawmakers decided that the amendment was too much to the point. Two years later the amendment was made to read that an "alien ineligible to citizenship" would not be granted a fishing license.

The end result was the same, but the proponents of the legislation had realized that the earlier wording laid the amendment open to the charge of discriminatory legislation.

One admitted the possibility, saying that "there is danger of the present statute being declared unconstitutional, on the grounds of discrimination since it is directed against alien Japanese. It is believed that this legal question can probably be eliminated by an amendment which has been proposed to the bill which would make it apply to any alien who is ineligible to citizenship."

The fishermen faced a choice between two possible actions: 1) to have the statute repealed at the next legislative session or as soon thereafter as possible; or 2) to file a test case on the constitutionality of the amendment.

Southern California Japanese fishermen retained the services of A. L. Wirin, outstanding constitutional lawyer, and started their attack in the courts.

The Los Angeles county superior court ruled the law discriminatory and therefore unconstitutional. Judge Henry M. Willis declared that the amendment was discriminatory, adding that denial of a commercial fishing license to an alien solely because he is ineligible to citizenship was tantamount to denial of equal protection of the law.

"In the case at bar," he added, "moreover, it is made obvious by the legislative history of this section that the provision of Section 990 here in question was conceived and produced in its present legislative form to eliminate Japanese aliens from the right to a commercial fishing license."

The case went up to the supreme court of the state. There the ruling in favor of Torao Takahashi, in whose name the case was filed, was reversed. An appeal was sent to the United States Supreme court.

Eleven organizations filed **amici** briefs in support of Takahashi's case. The United States attorney general filed another friend-of-court brief, the first time in history that this office intervened in a test case directly involving persons of Japanese ancestry.

The decision was favorable. The majority of the justices declared that the classification, "aliens ineligible to citizenship," denied equal protection of the laws to this group of persons.

Thus, what appeared at first to be a tragic aftermath of the evacuation proved a blessing.

Japanese alien fishermen, whose livelihood had been consistently under attack by the California legislature, no longer had to fear discrimination from this quarter.

They had, for years, sent lobbyists to Sacramento upon convening of the legislature to fight the anti-Japanese fishing bills which were regularly introduced. The Japanese fishermen's association regularly assessed each boat operated by Japanese to fight discriminatory legislation. Issei fishing crews were required to raise thousands of dollars to fight the annual threat from the California legislative body. In addition, the JACL spent a few thousands of dollars in supporting the right of these fishermen.

When one looks into the history of the fishing industry of the west coast, particularly in California, it becomes apparent that the alien Japanese, though their numbers were small, made impressive contributions in the fishing industry and pioneered in much of the developing of deep sea fishing. The Japanese discovered new fishing grounds, introduced new types of fish for consumer consumption and developed methods that affected the entire industry.

Northern California

The Japanese first engaged in fishing in Northern California in 1892, when about six fishermen were employed by an American fish cannery in Monterey bay for squid fishing. Eight others attempted salmon fishing in 1900. By 1910, there were about 145 Japanese employed by American canneries in this area. They fished for yellowtail, tuna, sea bass, smelt, rock cod, sardines and barracuda.

The first Japanese to engage in abalone fishing was Otosaburo Noda, who began fishing at Point Lobos near Monterey. In 1896, Noda and his partner invited an expert from Japan to develop a new method of abalone fishing. The Department of Agriculture and Commerce of Japan sent Gennosuke Otani, who was then experimenting with a specially devised diving suit for abalone fishing off the coast of Japan.

Abalone fishing proved to be successful and the enterprise expanded into the drying and exporting of abalone.

The San Francisco bay area was then virtually virgin fishing ground. There was an abundance of sardines, but few persons dared to challenge the irregular and dangerous weather conditions.

Katsuyoshi Hamachi first dared the elements and used his net to catch sardines in 1930. Many other Japanese followed him, after he proved the venture a success. Other nationality groups flocked



Drawing by Allan Nielsen

to the area to boost the annual catch of sardines, and the San Francisco bay became one of the largest and richest commercial fishing grounds in the northern part of the state.

Southern California

The Japanese fishing industry in Southern California began around White Point in 1887 in the preparation of dry abalone. Expansion did not take place until 1900.

The first Japanese to settle around San Pedro harbor arrived in about 1899, but the fishing did not begin until 1902. Abalone and lobster were the principal catches.

Terminal Island was first settled in 1910 by Japanese fishermen who were employees of the San Pedro Fish Canning Company. It was many years before the United States Navy adopted this island as one of its bases. The small island, which then was covered with sand and rocks and rattle snakes, gradually changed into a liveable village. The peak of the Japanese population on Terminal Island was 3,000.

San Diego was another place where a Japanese fishing village was established in 1899. The peak was reached around 1927 and 1928 and gradually declined.

Oxnard at one time showed promise of becoming a fishing center. Plans were made to move the Terminal Island fishing industry to Oxnard since there had been discussion of the United States Navy using the entire island for its purposes.

During World War II, the Navy took over the entire island. The Japanese fishermen will now operate from San Pedro instead of Terminal Island.

Oregon and Alaska

The fishing industry of the Oregon and Washington coasts were developed by Japanese fishermen who sailed north after the season around San Francisco was over.

When the Japanese returned to the West Coast after the ban had been lifted, Oregon served as the base of operations for many fishermen because of the California anti-Japanese fishing laws.

As far as the Alaska fishing was concerned, the Japanese first began the work for the canneries in 1899. Dreams of making a gold strike lured the workers more than the wages, which amounted to about $90 for four to five months' labor.

By 1903 the number of workers who went to Alaska as cannery workers climbed to several hundred. In 1912, the total number was about 3300.

At the peak, close to 2000 Japanese workers left for Alaska from San Francisco annually. With those from Portland and Seattle added, the total numbered some 5000.

Anti-Japanese Fishing Bills

The first anti-Japanese fishing bill was introduced by a Monterey legislator in the California legislature in 1899. Then the matter was agitated before the Board of Supervisors of Monterey County.

Anti-Japanese fishing bills were introduced in almost every legislative session in the thirties. Fortunately, however, sufficient support was rallied each time to defeat the passage.

It was in 1943 while the Japanese were away from the West Coast that the California legislature passed its amendment to Section 990 of the fish and game code.

War hysteria had gripped Californians in general.

The newspapers played up sensationally such statements as the following about the Japanese:

". . . in my mind there is no question that thousands of these fellows were armed and prepared to help Japanese troops invade the West Coast right after Pearl Harbor."

When the Japanese were ready to return and the War Relocation Authority tried to obtain fishing licenses for them, a member of the Senate Fact-Finding Committee on Japanese Resettlement of the California legislature stated:

"We should investigate them (persons of Japanese ancestry). For years we have been trying to get these fishing licenses away from the Japanese. We think that it is effrontery to the people of California that the WRA should come here and use every means to return fishing licenses to the Japanese."

The grand officers of the Native Sons of the Golden West adopted a four point program for state legislative action: (1) to prohibit persons of Japanese ancestry from fishing in California coastal waters; (2) to "put teeth" into the anti-alien land laws, which at present "allow" the ownership of land by American citizens of Japanese ancestry; (3) to empower the state attorney general and various country district attorneys to enforce rigidly the escheat provisions of the anti-alien land act; and (4) strict prohibition of Japanese language schools.

Charges Against Japanese Fishermen

Today, the whole thing seems absurd and ridiculous. However, prior to the outbreak of war, accusations against the Issei had to be taken seriously and refuted. Some of the charges were that the Japanese fishing boats were potential mine layers; that they were equipped to discharge torpedoes; that the captains of the boats were Japanese naval reservists and that the ships were subsidized by the Japanese government.

The president of the Coast Fishing Company of Wilmington, California submitted the following statement in 1939:

"As for the resident Japanese supplying the home government with information regarding harbors, coast line, cities, etc., may I point out that at any local ship chandlery or other institution, including certain branches of our own government, there may be had by anyone, upon request or upon payment of a small fee, exact and up-to-date Bathymetrical and Topographical charts, maps and pictures giving marine and harbor soundings, land elevations and promontories, distances, locations, and what not; all compiled by agencies of our government, and with the greatest exactitude. So, we are expected to believe that members of the local Japanese fishing fleet are busily engaged in mapping and plotting our harbors, coast line, etc., and forwarding same to their home government, when common sense should tell us that every Japanese or other alien steamer entering any of our harbors probably has a personnel more capable of acquiring such information than are all members of the fishing fleet combined."

On the subject of the captains of the fishing boats, the vice-president of the Van Camp Sea Food Company of Terminal Island said:

"The Japanese Government has absolutely nothing to do with these boats, nor did it subsidize them in any way. The owners and captains of these boats have been residents of California for many years (20 to 30). I have known them for more than 20 years, or ever since I have been in the fishing business. If they are naval officers, Japan must have had a long vision and started them out 25 years or 30 years ago, before any of these accusations were dreamed of. I don't believe there is a man in California in a better position to know the facts relative to the matter than myself, and I am sure there is absolutely no basis for the statements made."

Dr. Edward K. Strong, Jr., of Stanford University said in 1935:

"The Japanese fishermen are among the most efficient of our fishermen on the Coast, and if they are eliminated, I imagine there will be serious loss to the canning industry for a season or two until new men can be secured and broken in to the business.

"To me the most serious objection is that it would furnish real evidence of the inability of Californians to play fair with a very small group of Japanese who have lived in the state many years, have been thoroughly efficient in their work, and have behaved themselves in a most remarkable way."

Future of Fishing

The number of Japanese fishermen has been gradually decreasing. In 1920, there were 1287; in 1930, 754; and in 1935, out of 5,399 licensed fishermen in California, only 680 were Japanese.

The number of boats had been decreasing but the total tonnage and investment had increased. More Japanese had gone into fishing on large boats and owning nets.

With the court decision to support their claim to be licensed to fish, the Issei fishermen who are scattered all over the country are expected to drift back to California. They will be further augmented by ambitious Nisei who are willing to rough it on the high seas for two or three months to go deep sea fishing.

Next to agriculture, fishing is the field in which the Issei have contributed the most.

It is fitting that they will again go out to sea, working in the industry they helped so much to develop.

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ARLINGTON

A Short Story

By I. H. Gordon

IT WAS EARLY in the morning when he arrived. A light mist hung over the folds of soft green earth, and made a lacy fringe around the trees in the low valleys. A slight overcast now and then blotted out the early sun.

It felt so strange to be back, almost as it had when he'd left, or, he mused softly, should he say, "first arrived."

That shock was one of suddenness. Abuptness.

It was a crystal clear shock, then it had turned into a pink and orange sort of shock that floated through and through and through one, eating away at this doubt and that vague suspicion and that curious, little tangle of matted vine in the back of his mind until he finally emerged into such a great and wanted peace that relief was almost terrifying, but for just a moment, mind you, just the barest moment, was almost as terrifying as the first sudden shock had been.

He recalled, without especial sadness or gayety, or any emotion he could catalogue, that with peace came recognitions. Out of his shadowy doubts had grown a slow conviction which spread through him until he was finally positive where he had arrived for this moment, a long moment, too, an eternal moment.

But all along, despite comforts and assurances, he had wanted the answer to a question. It was an old, a sad and old, old question; asked many ways, and untold numbers of times by countless persons, even before some had learned the art of speech they were asking it. Why? What purpose is all this.

They'd tried to tell him and be friendly about it, but that wasn't enough.

Had he acted assured? Well, yes, he claimed to have understood, to have been wiser than he actually was. But he wasn't, and there was at least one who had recognized that suspicion. Good God, the thought darted all the way through him, how could he have so much omnipotence as to think of just a single individual? He always thought in such individual terms, himself, as himself, and a person. But it was confusing to separate an "I" from an "idea," or a thought from a conviction, and it wasn't all solved, by no means, when he's arrived, nor was it solved yet. But he was anxious for an answer, not eagerly anxious, you understand, but suspiciously anxious, as though with knowing the peace would become eternally assured, not doubted.

He'd come early to this place because some kindness had sent him here to see and hear and perhaps find the answer himself.

Suddenly he noticed the sun high in the heavens, and realized that his moments of musing and pondering had taken a much longer time than he suspected, so he hurried over to where they would begin gathering in a moment or two.

Several he'd met since his arrival, not those who would come here, but others he'd met while he was wondering, were also standing about; they all looked somehow a bit sheepish and afraid, but filled with a sort of hope that glowed. He thought for a moment that he was quite aloof to any such expressions as they had about them, but then he knew there was no aloofness. He was with friends.

They talked a moment. None expressed truly why they were here; they all sort of skirted the reason, the real reason, until the young fellow, the one with small, dark eyes, and tiny hands and a pathetic child-like look on his face (how could he have been among us, he thought, watching him? How?) he blurted out: "I want to know if it was worth anything? I want to know why?" (And then he reached out his hand to this mere youth, this cub, and he held it in his own, and he began to find a suspicion of an answer within himself, but he only held the young fellow's hand. It was so tiny, it was lost in his own. His own hands were small, but not that small.)



Drawing by Allan Nielsen

A group of persons arrived. He could hear them talking. A mother sobbed wildly and the young cub raced over to her and took her hand and comforted the woman as he himself had done to the youngster a moment earlier. The mother stopped crying then.

A band played solemnly, slow and quiet.

In groups the people separated, each sitting around the spot reserved for the individual families and friends.

His own group, just a handful of them, really, drifted away to join those they wanted to be with.

He felt a little uncomfortable, and he looked up at the sun, then at his family, and then away again. Almost as though he was quite an uninterested spectator he wandered over by them, and stood a bit in back of everyone, but closer to Ann than anyone else.

His father and mother were there, and he

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looked at the familiar outlines of their faces, and the creased, well-worn appearance of his father's suit, the new black one, of course, (he knew he'd wear that one, but it wasn't a new suit, years and years old, except he wore it only at times of great family crisis or celebration) and the four boys, and his two sisters, and again at Ann.

Now soldiers were lifting the flags, and one spoke and then someone else. He listened, attentively at first, but found nothing, nothing new, that is. Those words were old and mechanical words, or at least so they sounded.

In a few moments, the big speeches were finished, and the little family groups had their own speakers come forth.

He stepped up quite close to his family then, and he saw Ann starting to cry as he left her side, so he returned, but she sobbed, deep, hidden sobs that no one else saw, even while he was beside her.

As the young fellow had done, he took Ann's hand in his own. That comforted her a little, and he reached out and slowly touched the members of his own family.

He listened very closely to the words that were being said, and they struck him as more honest. The official speaker spoke in his native tongue, and his parents' faces looked more relaxed. There was no polish to the second speaker, just an awkward stringing together of phrases. The second speaker hurried quickly through his little speech, but he loved him for what he had said, for what his heart had beat out between the words of his mouth.

And then again another speaker said the same thing in his parents' own tongue, and the last speaker stood up.

There was something rather strong in his words. He spoke such a short speech, but he was glad that he had said those words.

Later they handed the flag to his mother.

There was the scraping of chairs upon the earth, a soft scraping sound that went well with the other little sounds of a great outside. People walked quietly away. Some stopped and talked to other friends.

One of the men he had come with sort of drifted past him, and at first he didn't recognize him, and then he saw it was the young one, the one with such small hands, and now there was nothing in the young fellow's eyes but a sure faith, and he wished desperately there were such a sureness in his own soul, but there wasn't quite.

Almost, but not quite.

But when he saw his father, very quietly, when no one was looking, reach out and finger a corner of the flag that fell from a loose fold and waved a bit in the breeze, he smiled, and later, just before the family left, he saw that his mother's hand was white from clutching the bit of red, white and blue cloth so tightly.

But it was Ann who finally convinced him. What simple conviction it was, too, because she told him, in such a whisper that he alone knew, she told him she was going back to work. None of his people had ever worked before where Ann was now working, and that helped the most.

Before he went back though, he thought he'd go by Lincoln's Tomb and read again his Gettysburg address. Besides he wanted to tell Abe what he had discovered for himself.

Smith:

NOT A MATTER OF RACE

(Continued from page 4)

But how about the others? Should we open the gates and confer citizenship upon all "alien" Japanese—including the Seiko Ogais, the Yukiko Kimuras, the George Yamamotos?

Why not?

Such an act would be making citizens of people who have lived among us and will probably die among us, who have no other home, whose children fought and in some cases died for America. It would bridge the gap which by legislation has separated parents from children and brothers from sisters. It would cost us nothing, yet it would confer a benefit greatly desired. It would make up a little for the wounds of war and evacuation.

Hundreds—perhaps thousands of evacuees during the war came to know "Father Dai" or "Father Joe", the Japan-born brothers Kitagawa who had come to America under the auspices of the Episcopal Church before the war.

At Heart Mountain and Minidoka they threw themselves into the battle of preserving morale, counselling families in difficulty, conducting services, assisting with relocation. Their wives are American citizens. Yet they too suffer from the threat of separation, the uncertainty of alien status. They are typical of many religious and professional men whose hearts are American, whose services to America demand in merest decency an end to the present legal farce.

There may be some Issei who are now too old to care or too embittered by what happened to them during the war to want citizenship. It would indeed be strange if this were not so, in view of what was done to them. But citizenship, naturally, would be pressed upon no one.

For the rest—for the parents whose toil supplied the California markets with some of the world's finest fruits and vegetables, for the shop keeper in Chicago who now dreams of California the way he used to dream about Japan because even his dreams are no longer Japanese, for the mother whose five sons fought in the United States Army, and yes, even for the itinerant farm worker for whom evacuation was a welcome vacation and whose dreams of success have shrunk to a game of hana and a bottle of beer—citizenship is long overdue.

Nor is there any reason why we should expect perfection of Japanese candidates any more than we expect it in any other group.

Formerly, every time some proposal about the Japanese went to a Congressional committee, the discovery used to be made that there were gamblers and thieves among the Japanese as among the rest of mankind. There are, though statistics would seem to prove that the record is below the norm.

Isn't it about time we stopped expecting perfection from this one group? If misdemeanors were an argument for loss of citizenship, the vote would undergo a mighty sudden shrinkage.

It is time, then, for America to see the Japanese as people rather than as stereotypes. It is high time everyone learned that skin pigmentation has nothing to do with moral, social or political behavior. For beneath the skin—whatever its color—courses blood that is common to us all.

Thanks to the Nisei war record, this fact has begun to come home to more and more of the American people. Ironically, the Russo-American conflict has softened the feeling against Japan. It is very likely that in 1949 justice will at last be done to the little remnant of people who still, by an outdated and insupportable legality, are called alien.



Bradford Smith, author of "Americans from Japan," is shown above in the office of J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers of his book, during a press conference. —Photo by Toge Fujihara

Yokohama, California

By Toshio Mori

Introduction by
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Cullum:

THESE ARE THE ISSEI

(Continued from page 3)

days of Christmas, 1942—told in Cleveland, Chicago, New York and back again on the west coast; told in Italy, France, Saipan and Tokyo; told on the floor of Congress. If by the fruit one may tell the vine, then the vine was sound.

Saburo Sato, Takeo Nakagawa, their wives Chiyo and Fusa, and the thousands who preceded and came after them to America are no longer young men and young women. Their faces are lined and their heads are grey. They have been through the bitterness of war with the land of their birth, but they have also seen their children meet the challenge of that war with courage and honor, in the best tradition of both the new land and the old. They have been outcast, yet they have seen America seek ot make amends. Never, during their lives in America have they been permitted to become full fledged citizens with the right to equality in ownership of land, to the entering of professions, to vote a candidate into office; yet they have never given up.

These are the Issei—a sturdy people who have held to the courage of their convictions, who have taken the odds and yet kept going.

Through the years, denial of citizenship has been the touchstone of discrimination; the central point to which the prejudiced have brought their bias to be validated. The phrase "alien ineligible to citizenship" is at the heart of all legal discrimination. How long may other Americans hold their self respect while permitting this onus to remain, placed on decent, self respecting people?

So long denied, does citizenship still have real meaning to the Issei—what does Saburo Sato, once the dreamer, have to say?

"I lived in United States of America for 40 odd years without a citizenship. I can say there are many disadvantages. Therefore I fully hope this Naturalization bill will pass with great majority.

"Passway to America was opened to me in 1906. Many years have passed since my arrival to this country. But for the past 22 years I own a rooming house. My wife's and my intention are to die here.

"We have five children who are all growing fast and leading their own road. We have done our best to live as a respectful citizen and have supported all worthy causes and organizations and will continue to do so in the future.

"To die in this country in my community as a rightful citizen will complete my dream. Please do your best to have this bill passed. May God bless you."

Takeo Nakagawa was too ill to write at the time the Judd bill was up for hearing, but Fusa, his wife had their daughter send the following:

"I have six children, of which two boys served in the United States Army with the high hope that through their sacrifice, some day their parents might be able to get citizenship. The second of these sons did not return.

"It gives me a constant insecure feeling because I cannot do what other citizens can enjoy. When I raise my children with feelings of this nature, it undoubtedly has great effects on my children. I want my boys and girls to be good healthy citizens.

"I am earnestly hoping and waiting for the day when we too can be good sound citizens so we can contribute more adequately towards our country."

I saw Takeo and Fusa Nakagawa not long ago. They are both grey, and her eyesight is failing. Her head was bowed almost to touch the carefully folded flag at her breast as she and her husband sat before the casket of their son at Arlington.

What of their memories and what of their hopes lay in that casket, I could only guess. I do know they belong to the heart of America.

Faces of the Issei:



The skillful hands of HARUO NAKATA work on a wooden statue. Mr. Nakata's hobby is carving, and he has turned out a number of fine pieces. He formerly lived in Alameda, California, but is now a resident of New York City. **Photo by Toge Fujihara**

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PORTRAIT OF A MOTHER

The Story of Mrs. Nawa Munemori, Whose Son Won the Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II

By ALICE SUMIDA

SHE LOOKED UP QUESTIONINGLY. The face before her was an unfamiliar one. Mrs. Nawa Munemori had seen, since first entering the Manzanar Relocation Center in 1942, very few Caucasians, but here before her on this April day in 1945 stood a woman from the administration building of the camp who was saying: "Mrs. Munemori, I have bad news for you."

Her body tense, pervaded instantly by a chilling sensation, Mrs. Munemori could only wait, despairingly, numbly, for what was to follow.

No thought was there of such detailed matters as a soldier's infectious laughter; a package sent off to Europe the week before, containing among other things, the most frequently requested items, rice and otsukemono; or of the expressed desire by the loved one overseas of wanting to spend his next birthday at home, having already three consecutive birthdays away from the family.

Mrs. Munemori, a woman in her late fifties, was, this moment, conscious of facing a woman telling her of the death, in Italy two days before V-E Day, of her son, Sadao, and conscious also of trying to say audibly, "Thank you."

Mrs. Munemori closed the barrack door and walked toward a cot in a corner of the room. Suddenly, she was shaking and sobbing, aware only of the bitter impact experienced by mothers who have ever been in a situation such as this, of a painful, wracking sense of loss, irretrievable and final.

This was the second time in seven years that death had come to one close to her, for it was in 1938 that Mrs. Munemori's husband had died. She has had, of late, much sorrow to bear, but Mrs. Munemori recalls her childhood with pleasure, for it was a time of comparative joy and carefree ease.

Not only was her father a doctor, first in Kamagun, Saijo, Hiroshima, then in Yamaguchi-Ken, but both her maternal grandfathers were also in this profession. One of her grandfathers had been, in fact, the personal physician of Mohri, who long ago was briefly the ruler of Geibi, the present-day Hiroshima.

Mrs. Munemori spent her adolescent years much as did the other girls in her social class. After graduation from Shogakko, she went on to Hiroshima Jyogakko, from which she was graduated. Tea ceremony and flower arrangement, as well as other arts, were duly learned by her, but Mrs. Munemori declares singing to have been her favorite activity in those early years.

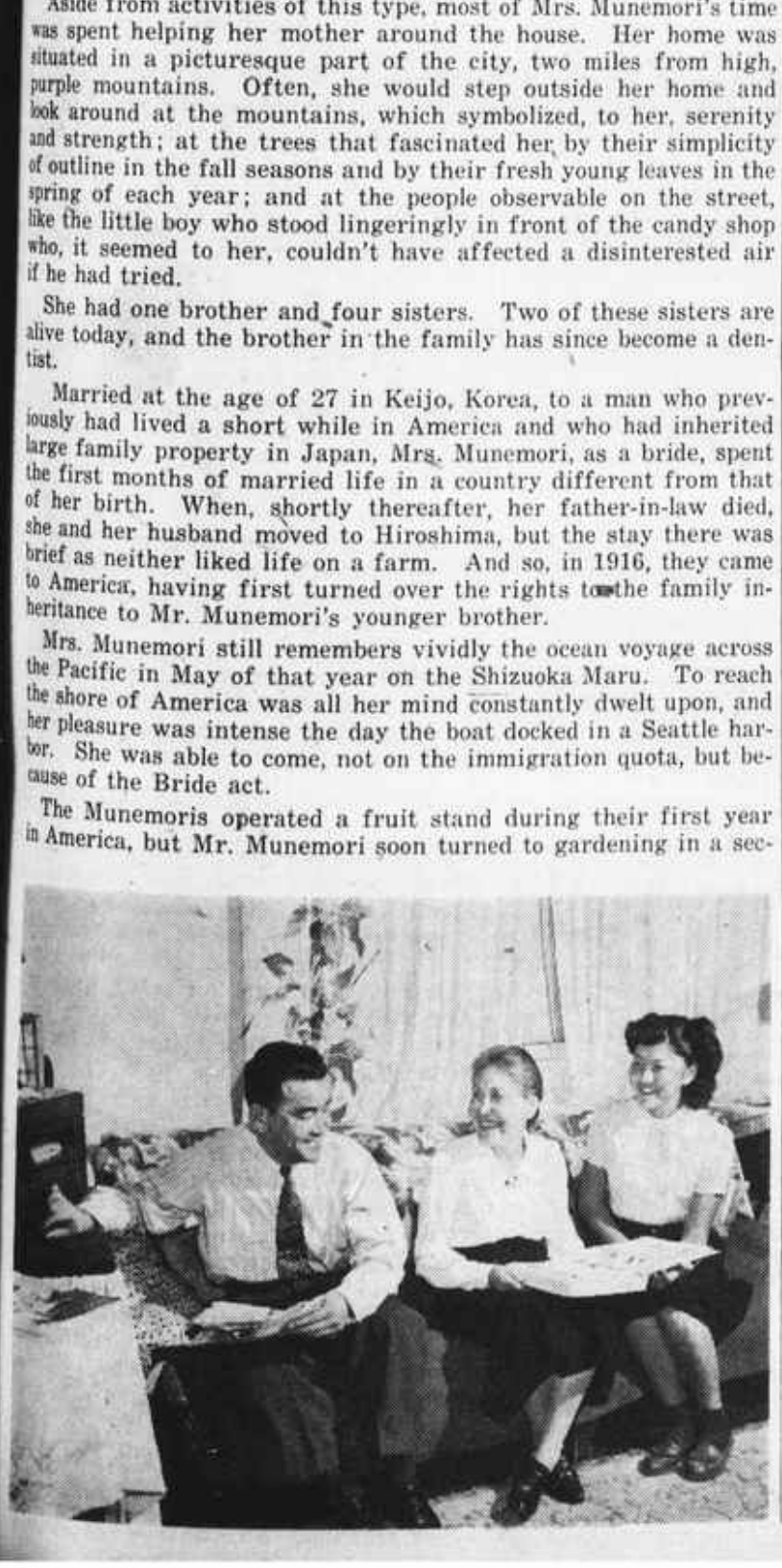
Aside from activities of this type, most of Mrs. Munemori's time was spent helping her mother around the house. Her home was situated in a picturesque part of the city, two miles from high, purple mountains. Often, she would step outside her home and look around at the mountains, which symbolized, to her, serenity and strength; at the trees that fascinated her by their simplicity of outline in the fall seasons and by their fresh young leaves in the spring of each year; and at the people observable on the street, like the little boy who stood lingeringly in front of the candy shop who, it seemed to her, couldn't have affected a disinterested air if he had tried.

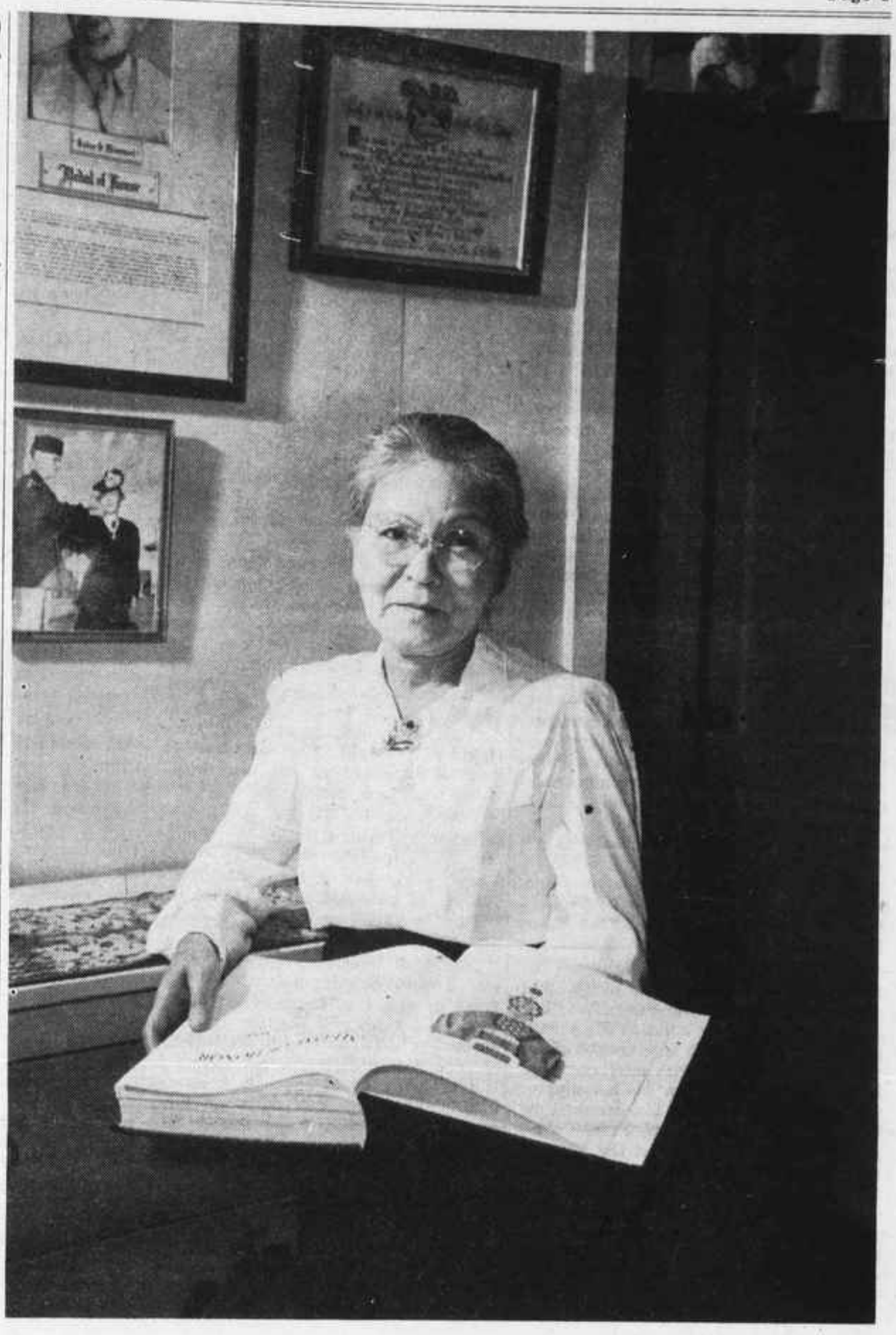
She had one brother and four sisters. Two of these sisters are alive today, and the brother in the family has since become a dentist.

Married at the age of 27 in Keijo, Korea, to a man who previously had lived a short while in America and who had inherited large family property in Japan, Mrs. Munemori, as a bride, spent the first months of married life in a country different from that of her birth. When, shortly thereafter, her father-in-law died, she and her husband moved to Hiroshima, but the stay there was brief as neither liked life on a farm. And so, in 1916, they came to America, having first turned over the rights to the family inheritance to Mr. Munemori's younger brother.

Mrs. Munemori still remembers vividly the ocean voyage across the Pacific in May of that year on the Shizuoka Maru. To reach the shore of America was all her mind constantly dwelt upon, and her pleasure was intense the day the boat docked in a Seattle harbor. She was able to come, not on the immigration quota, but because of the Bride act.

The Munemoris operated a fruit stand during their first year in America, but Mr. Munemori soon turned to gardening in a section of the city of Glendale called Tropico, now known as the Los Feliz-Atwater district. He had charge of gardening work for a Mr. Glassell, a prominent landowner in those days.





"I shall think on the good that has come as a result of his death"

Mrs. Munemori's time was taken up with keeping house and taking care of the children, of whom there were, in time, five in all, three girls and two boys. It was a busy and an interesting life for the Munemoris. They had adjusted themselves to life in America and were happy here.

For Mrs. Munemori, there are many fond memories connected with bringing up a family of five. Poignant are the reminiscences of her children's respective high school graduation days. Having, at all times, been deeply interested in their progress in school, she has always encouraged them in their activities along the lines of their individual interests. Her daughter, Kikuyo, is today a senior in pharmacy at the University of Wisconsin.

After thirteen years of residence in Glendale the Munemoris moved to San Fernando Road in Eagle Rock, where, in 1938, death by heart attack overtook Mrs. Munemori's husband. This sudden and tragic loss of husband and father also left the Munemori family without anyone to support them, a fact which necessitated the eldest in the family, Robert, having to work to help out. Mrs. Munemori also began working. She accepted jobs in nurseries and, at other times, in flower shops.

ABOVE: Mrs. Nawa Munemori stands beneath the photo of her son, Sadao, and the citation awarding him the Congressional Medal of Honor. In her hands she holds "Medal of Honor," a volume citing the names and records of the men who have won this honor.

LEFT: Mrs. Munemori relaxes in her home with her son Robert and granddaughter, Sadako Janet Tamura.

—Photos by Toyo Miyatake

In August of 1940, however, Mrs. Munemori suffered a stroke which has since prevented her from working outside the home, and that year, she spent a year in bed. Cerebral hemorrhage had caused paralysis of the right side of her body.

December 7, 1941, came and in February of the following year, Mrs. Munemori's other son, Sadao, volunteered for the U. S. Army. He joined the 442nd combat team, the Japanese-American unit which distinguished itself throughout the Italian campaign and later in Germany. Then, within a matter of months took place the evacuation from the West Coast of all persons of Japanese ancestry.

With the exception of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Setsuo Tamura, who with her doctor husband had gone to Japan in December 1940, Mrs. Monemori, together with her family, was sent to the Manzanar relocation center.

"My first feeling on entering the camp," Mrs. Munemori says, "was that of utter desolation. I couldn't understand why we had to be placed in such a remote part of the desert."

She spent her time in camp convalescing. A daughter, Yaeko, a nurse in the Manzanar hospital, later relocated to Wisconsin and worked as a nurse in surgery at the State General Hospital in Madison. This daughter, now the wife of Albert Yokoyama, is living in Honolulu, Hawaii, where her husband is a dental technician.

Now in America for 32 years, Mrs. Munemori lives today in a housing project, Truman Boyd Manor, in Long Beach, California, with her grand-daughter, Sadako Janet Tamura, a junior high school student, and with her son, Robert, a maintenance storekeeper, property control, with the civil service in Long Beach.

The condition of Mrs. Munemori's health is much improved, though she has dizzy spells every so often and is occasionally bothered by numb-

(Continued on page 15)

An Issei Woman Recalls the Past:

GRANDPA AND THE PROMISED LAND

Grandfather Was Just an Average Man But He Led His Wife Through the Intricacies of the New World

Story by Toshio Mori

With Illustrations by Kaz Mori

I.

SAN FRANCISCO. SHE SPELLED fascination for me. In spite of her impersonal atmosphere I could not abandon her. The city by the Golden Gate, to me, was hope.

I could not say offhand what it was that led me to become a San Franciscan. Perhaps it was the climate. Perhaps it was my curiosity for this strange alluring city. More likely it was the combination of time, place and myself. Everything fitted together as if it were a part of mosaic. Yes, a mosaic.

The sun shone brightly and I was cheered. I loved the lazy days as I sunned myself on the back porch. The cool foggy mist in the mornings fascinated me. Hovering over the city it touched one like a caress. On your grandpa's off days I used to ask him to show me the city.

We rode for hours on the trolley from the Ferry Building to the beach, crisscrossing the city with a wonderful ticket called transfer. With fear and wonder, I rode the cable car. I loved to go on the ferryboat and watch the sea gulls come and go. Yes, there were numerous fishing boats of all sizes weaving in and out, avoiding the ocean liners and steamers. Ah, the foghorn in the silent night! It never leaves you once you come to know its voice. Its loud hoarse sound becomes music. Everywhere I go it follows me. And when I do not hear it for long, I miss it.

Thinking there was no comparison between my superior native dishes and American cooking, I was prejudiced. But I slowly changed my mind. Your grandpa initiated me into a new sphere of international food. He took me somewhere in North Beach for an Italian dinner. One Sunday afternoon, I remember, he brought home cartons of French food from uptown. We dined at the Russian restaurant where your grandpa liked the meaty flavor.

"This is Southern cooking from the South in America," he said proudly as he laid before me a full course dinner which his employer had particularly baked for me.

"What is it?" I asked timorously.

Your grandpa laid the dishes with a flourish. "Taste and realize what a fine cook my boss has," he said proudly. "She is a Negro and how she can bake biscuits! Here, bite into this roast chicken. Pour on some of her gravy. That's candied yam. Here's her strawberry jam, and her apple pie."

Never before had I realized that America was a country made up of all kinds of people in the world. It struck me suddenly when I learned to like continental and Oriental dishes. Never was I so surprised as the time when I first entered a Chinese restaurant and found it excellent. In fact, I preferred its exotic food to my native dishes. Yes, I know you like chop suey and chow mein too. Our organs of taste know no national boundaries.

At first I did not know what they said. Sometimes strangers stopped your grandpa and me in the middle of our walks. They appeared to be snarling, angry as if something had upset them. Sometimes they made crazy motions and laughed long and loud. I could not understand. Your grandpa would often be strangely silent and white-faced.

"What did they want?" I would ask him curiously after such an encounter.

He would shake his head sadly, hurriedly escorting me away. But I persisted.

"They looked angry and threatening," I said. "I don't know what they said but their faces were fierce."

"They do not like us," your grandpa replied finally.

"But we haven't done anything to them," I protested quickly. "We haven't even met them before."

"You do not understand," your grandpa said gently. "They do not like us for what we are."

"They do not like us for what we are? What do you mean?"

"They don't like Japanese."

I stopped sharply as if I were slapped stingingly and unexpectedly. For the first time I realized all was not well. Still I did not understand.

"Why don't people like us?"

"I don't know why," he said.

"There must be a reason," I insisted. "Otherwise, there's no sense to their hate."

Your grandpa shrugged his shoulders and sighed heavily. "They complain that we are coolie labor and almost live on nothing. They say that we are unassimilable. We are untrustworthy and cunning in our Oriental ways."

"Are we all what they say?" I asked naively.

"I think the language barrier is most regretful," he said. "We must learn the English language so we can express freely what is in our hearts."

That night I could not sleep. I recalled incidents of the past few months, now understandable with sharp clarity. These people disliked me and spat with venom. It saddened me to realize that I was the kind who made others angry and spiteful.

Now I no longer joined your grandpa on Sunday. His excursions lost their fresh appeal. I even persuaded him to give up his favorite pastime. I think I succeeded in frightening him a little.

"You are in danger every minute in the company of strangers," I warned him. "What will you do when those angry ruffians strike you down? You will be lucky to escape with your life."

He could not answer me. Now I realized that I had a strong weapon. By wearing him down with this new-found danger, I could rejoin my village folks in two years if not sooner. Alas, that was my primary ambition. To accumulate wealth was secondary.

Rarely did I go out of the house. I worked myself to a frazzle gathering enough courage to go shopping several blocks away. Every gesture appeared like a taunt to me. Every tongue sounded harsh and insincere. Every shadow looked like an assassin bearing down on me. Yes, the city of my dreams began to frighten me.

One gloomy night as your grandpa and I finished supper and sat in the front room, I had a premonition that something was about to happen. Several times for no reason at all, I left my sewing and went to the window. I peered into the dark cloudy night and becoming depressed, I called your grandpa.

"What is it?" he said anxiously.

I did not know why I addressed him. "Oh, nothing," I said, returning to my chair.

In the ensuing half-hour I had a nightmare. I always remember it as such because I could not believe that it truly happened. But at that time it was real. It was my most horrible experience. It almost defeated me.

Without a warning an avalanche of rocks and sticks crashed against our house. The house seemed to rock on its foundation. Doors were flung open and the windows smashed to bits. Loud cries and laughter followed each attack, and I cowered in the corner waiting for the end.

I saw your grandpa dash to the front door. "Come back," I screamed. Reluctantly he returned to my side. I clung to him fiercely, my nails biting into his flesh. The draft from the open doorways and broken windows blew out the lights. When the house finally became deathly still I released my pent-up emotions. I blubbered. It seemed that I would never stop. Your grandpa resolutely lit the gaslight.

"Oh, why did I come? Whatever did we come for?" I asked your grandpa.



He only looked at me. "Just a little more time . . . a little more time," his eyes seemed to say.

For days I would not touch the mess. I went about my required duties as if walking in a sleep. Your grandpa courageously repaired the house and cleaned the litter. He watched me lie awake with pity and tenderness. He did not utter a word. I was grateful for his silence.

For days I would not raise my head nor smile. I opened my mouth only when your grandpa addressed me. The warm sunny afternoons no longer attracted me to the back porch. I watched your grandpa's canaries in the cage with disinterest, not hearing their singing. "What's the use?" I said to myself listlessly. "What chance have I got against such odds? Why struggle?"

Your grandpa could not cheer me. His gaiety seemed manufactured for my sake. His chatter sounded lost as if it were an autumn leaf caught in a storm. His gusto for food, unbelievingly, was broken just like his precious dwarf plants were that fateful night. But I give him credit for his spirit.

Life gives us peace after war. Silence follows noise. Gaiety is inevitable after sorrow. Yes, you may never again forget the taste of unhappiness after a catastrophe but you will learn to laugh with abandon in spite of any setbacks and those to come. Why am I saying this, children? So you children may see. So you may learn to use the other pair of eyes. Yes, you each have a second set of eyes. Indeed you are born with eyes to see. Then you are lucky, you are temporarily blinded by the death of your spirit via personal tragedy. If you have spunk you will raise your head gradually if not immediately and begin to see with a new pair of eyes. Your eyes will see through and not just see like the eyes that were limited to books and hearsay and illusions.

Yes, children, my wound slowly healed. It took time. I raised my head one day. Strange, this spirit. Life's imperfections did not bother me so much after that. I laughed and taunted life. "What! Are you trying to defeat me?" I cried to myself. "Well, it's going to take you a lifetime to triumph and then you cannot be too sure."

The sun shone brightly once more. I sat on the back porch and sunned myself. The aroma of the exotic international food returned to whet my appetite. Excursions were resumed with abandon. Your grandpa nodded his head approvingly as if at last I had learned to become an American. But I had a long ways to go.

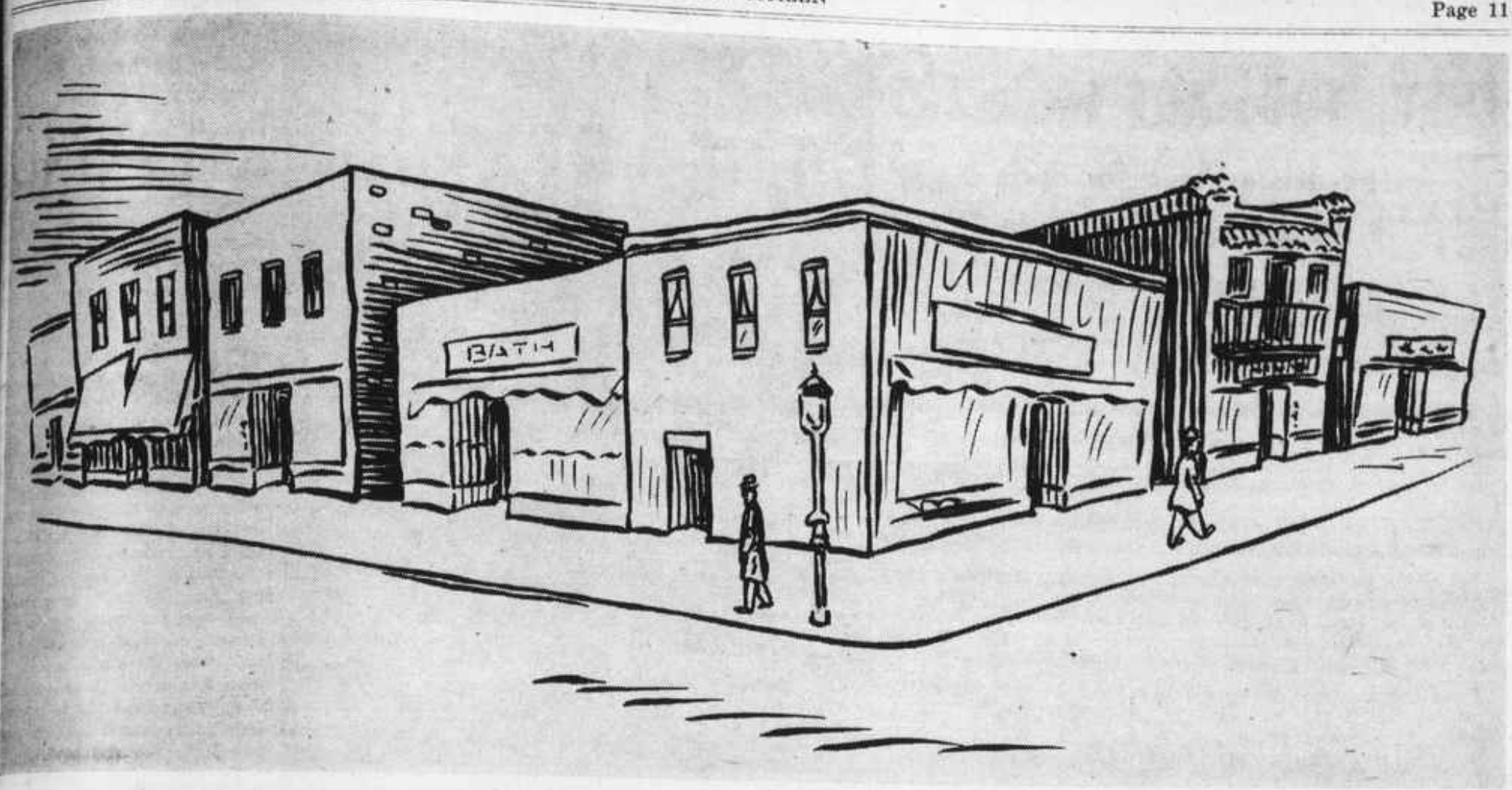
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II.

YOUR grandpa was not above average. He was an average man. He was respected by his fellow companions as an honest man—too honest and naive, in fact, for his own good. He had no great vice but was short on many qualities. Does that answer your question, children? No? I cannot blame you for not remembering him too well. He died when you were babies.

In those early days I admired your grandpa. He knew a little English and I didn't. He was my guide in many ways for several years. He was like a bridge to me. I used him to my advantage. Yes, we humans are animals and conform to the natural laws. Daily we battle with our wits and force. We fight like beasts in the jungle only to succumb to bigger opponents. We are swallowed like fish by a bigger game. But when your grandpa became a proprietor by purchasing a bathhouse, I thought he was the biggest thing.

Did you say I was much stronger than your grandpa? Ah, children. So it turn-



ed out later. But I was not too dominant, was I? I was dissatisfied—much more ambitious than your grandpa. It was only because I wished him to rise above the ranks that I entered his realm. I egged him on. Who could blame us for not succeeding? We did not rise but became an average family. Nevertheless, I was worked up because I could see grandpa's shortcomings. I could see that he needed prompting. Your grandma took over whenever he missed fire.

Your grandpa's lot was a tough one. One must admit that he did come a long way since he first left his old country as an Hawaii-bound sugar plantation worker. That was in the early Nineties.

Why did he call for me? Because he himself was lonely though among his countrymen. In the early days Issei women were rarely seen in America. It wasn't until the men were financially able to call us that we women came over. And until then our men lived hard. These men made money by hard labor — back-breaking jobs in hot sun and cold spell. They worked in the railroad gangs. They cleared the woods for rich farm lands. They toiled in the mines, on the farms. They became dishwashers, laundrymen, butlers, gardeners, small shopkeepers. Your grandpa began as a farmhand in San Jose.

He lived in a bunkhouse with fifty of his countrymen. They pooled their earnings for whatever gain that collective bargaining could attain. They had a cook who cooked native dishes. Once a week these men went into town to do shopping. Ah, the amusing things these Issei went through. Did I tell you about the egg purchasing story — a story that has been told and retold?

For lack of English knowledge, we Issei had a trying time. Many Issei were unable to identify coins at first. Whenever they went shopping they used to open their hands filled with coins and offer whatever they charged. They trusted the shopkeepers for they had to. For lack of Tongue they were often accused of being secretive and sly. They were mistrusted.

Ah, yes. The egg story I must repeat for your ears. Your grandpa was a young man when he came over. "You should have seen Oakland at the time," he used to tell me later. Your grandpa lived in Oakland at first. "Not a single store on Broadway at Fifteenth Street. Your beautiful Lake Merritt was a dirty creek. Men used to go hunting there."

"Really?" I would say for I could not believe it. "It's unbelievable."

Your grandpa would smile. "There are many untold stories. Some are lost. Others will come up in the future."

I would shake my head sympathetically. I knew what was coming.

"There is the famous egg story. Maybe I told you about it," he would continue without waiting for confirmation. He would stand before me dramatically. "Remember, I cannot speak a word of English then. I go into the grocer's and look around. I do not see what I wish to buy. I stand around and look all over the place. The grocer begins to talk in a strange tongue. I want eggs, I wanted to tell him. I want eggs . . . hen eggs. But no words."

"Yes?" I would encourage him.

He would bend his body like a hen and begin to peck the floor. He is searching for his feed. Then he would sit down like a laying hen. "Caw . . . ke . . . caw . . . caw . . . caw. Caw . . . ke . . . caw . . . caw . . . saw," he would cry rapidly, holding an imaginary egg.

I would laugh then though I might have heard the story dozens of times.

"I got the eggs," he would always end his tale.

Your grandpa was impractical as many of the Issei men were. They were ignorant. Can you imagine them being afraid of banking their savings! They were afraid that banks would refuse to return their money. They were afraid of words—words that they could not understand and were powerful instrument that could change ownership in a minute. So the Issei brought their cash to the nearby Japanese shopkeepers for safekeeping. And these men, among them was your grandpa, did not even ask for receipts. I think grandpa lost two hundred dollars that way because the shopkeepers had bad memories and could not remember the transactions. Can you blame these immigrants for becoming wary all the more? Even their countrymen not to be trusted!

They lived hard. The bunkhouse life was not ideal. They drank sake not only for pleasure but to forget. They were lonely men. Many learned to gamble in order to while away their night hours. Only a few were immune to minor vices. Your grandpa used to tell me about a couple of young men who separated themselves from the crowd and read books. They were the objects of taunts and laughter. So these men eventually drifted away, never to come back to the bunkhouse crew.

Yes, your grandpa traveled all over the state. From one place to another he followed the crowd. He did not know many of its places. But he remembered in particular a community somewhere in Northern California. In one locality he met an unusual setup that always fascinated him. In fact, it was the white employer who captivated him—the white boss whom he disliked and still admired.

Your grandpa was enthralled by this amazing boss of his. His crafty and clever exploits astounded him. There the seeds of his ambition were nourished. He wanted to become an employer too. Well, this white boss was resourceful if not too honest. And he was a big-time farmer too.

His farm was in the outskirts of a small town. Your grandpa and other farmhands had to wait till Saturday rolled around before they could go into town. The boss had improvised an ingenious system at his farm. He set up a merchandise store for his farmhands—Workers' Store, he called it. And here the farmhands usually traded because it was convenient but what outlandish prices they paid for the goods. The boss's "bargain" prices were never less than thrice the normal prices. The boss carried on with a straight face, assured that these ignorant Issei knew no better. But they learned—the hard way.

One day some of the engaged men proposed a boycott on the boss's store. They attempted it several times but it always failed. About half of the crowd were skeptical about its success. They feared the consequence.

"We'll hurt ourselves," these men complained. "After all we don't have to go far and his store is well-supplied."

"He charges us three times more than the town stores," a voice cried.

"He can always fire us and get another crew. Maybe he wants to get rid of us anyway so he can pick up another crew off the boat in San Francisco," retorted another in the gang.

"Let's approach him and ask for a cut in prices," suggested an intermediary.

The boss always had a ready answer. He waxed hot with fury when they persisted with their pleas. "What! You want reduced prices when I am losing money operating the store? I give you convenience by sacrificing myself. You're ungrateful if you persist."

And finally the farmhands threw up their hands. Their unity disintegrated soon after. The stubborn ones who hated the boss left for another district. Others lingered awhile only to drift into better jobs. Yes, your grandpa followed the crops for many years and then left for the city life.

One winter your grandpa drifted into the San Francisco Bay Region. That year he was unlucky and did not find pruning work in the winter season. So with his currency sewed tightly on to his clothes, he settled in Oakland. Soon he found a job as a dishwasher in a cheap restaurant. A new vista was opened to him. He did not realize till then that there was more comfortable work than on the farm. Grandpa liked the indoor atmosphere. At once, he decided to become citified.

It was then he learned a bit of English. After a time, he was offered a soft job in San Francisco as a houseworker. He lived like the white folks, rooming and boarding in a middle class home. He tasted the niceties of American luxuries. That was when he decided to call me, children.

Ah, one day he became an owner of a bathhouse in Oakland. He came running home, breathless and excited.

"Listen, wife," he cried. "I'm a proprietor now! Yes, my own boss! I've finally done it."

I shared his happiness because I too wanted something to occupy my time. Also, I visioned the days of quick and easy money. "Maybe in two years we shall have enough money to go back to Japan," I said eagerly.

"Makino made over ten thousand dollars there and we can do the same," your grandpa cried joyously. "Ten thousand American dollars! That's a fortune in Japan—more than twenty thousand yen. We'll become rich too."

Makino-san was from our village and your grandpa finally had succeeded in persuading him to sell the bathhouse. A small fortune in running a bathhouse. Incredible. I could not believe it.

We came across the Bay to Oakland and moved into our bathhouse. And that was where your daddy was born. We lived in the rear, and for four years it was our home.

* * * * *

III.

THERE never was a night when we didn't have company in our kitchen. Old cronies of his farmhand days used our place as general headquarters when in town. Folks from our native province came in and out frequently. Students made the kitchen their meeting place. Soon we checked baggage and packages for travelers. Yes, it was like a station for our people. Oh, the pounds of tea and five-pound boxes of cookies and animal crackers we bought in those days. Can you imagine a five-pound box of cookies disappearing in a month? Well, it did and more. But I liked the atmosphere. It made me years younger just to be in the thick of it.

Our circle in the backroom was not exclusive. High and low mingled freely though at first they were at odds. Students and laborers argued pro and con on the future of the Japanese in America. Janitors, butlers, schoolboys and laundry workers sat side by side with medical students, lawyers, merchants, scholars and small businessmen. You could not look down on anyone in those days which was for the better. In fact, you could not tell people by their appearance. A flashily-dressed man could have come from the poorest family in a village and out sporting himself for the kill for the first time in his life. A high-born might be shuffling around the country in rags. As you might have heard before, our distant relative was high-born and he was a janitor. And before that he was a houseboy! Imagine him waiting hand and foot upon a gilded family of the day.

Our kitchen window faced a small alley where a conglomeration of old buildings ended. Above the adjoining two-storied brick building you could see the Chinese laundryman's wash on his unique clothesline. Ah, that was a building of mystery and excitement—a fascinating haunt. On the street floor a Chinese ran a small grocery store where one could buy Oriental food, and in the rear was a dark room where the lottery was held and gambling flourished. Every time there was a police raid we would know it.

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THEY, TOO, ARE PIONEERS

There Is a Place for Pride In the Record of the Issei

By ELMER R. SMITH

THE WHEEL OF TIME moves on, grinding out the destinies of men and women making up the America you and I know today. Once in a while we stop to pay homage to the frontiersmen who made this, our America, possible. Yet, too often, many of us, their children and beneficiaries, forget exactly what some of them did for us. The Issei of today and yesterday have too many times been forgotten.

We have read of the exploits of their sons on the battle fronts and of their children at home, and we have in our just enthusiasm for the Nisei passed the parents by in the hustle and fast living of mid-twentieth century America.

Yet, these Issei, too, were pioneers in the true sense of the American tradition. The Nisei and others have often been apologetic for the Issei when comparisons have been made concerning the contributions made to American frontier life. There is a place for pride in the record of the Issei instead of apology.

From the time the first person of Japanese ancestry landed on American soil in the "sixties", they have been vanguards on a frontier both physical and social.

These Issei parents assisted in building railroads, clearing forest and brush lands and materially aiding in the development of agricultural pursuits wherever they chose to settle. The railroads of Montana, Idaho, Colorado and Utah owe much to the efficiency of Issei labor.

The Issei put their hands to the plow and their heart and soul into the soil as did their brother pioneers from the many countries of Europe. Their sweat—and tears—have mingled with those of other peoples from other lands in making the soil of America the stabilizing force of this, our age!

The Issei, however great their pioneer contributions to our material life, have given us something even more precious.

The social frontier challenged them from the first day they arrived in the western world.

The East met the West. The Issei were forced to choose between two ways of life. These social pioneers were ostracised, segregated, forced to be outside the legal rights of other Americans, and were finally confined behind barbed-wire.

Yet, through all of this, the moral integrity and loyalty of these pioneers became so thoroughly engraved upon the personality of their children and themselves that during the greatest crisis in American history, they proved themselves Americans of the highest order.

Many Nisei and others may look upon the Issei as "old fogies", but the heritage handed to the Nisei of individual honor, moral integrity and sacrifice for their children, is a lamp to be kept well polished for the light it gives us, ever guiding us into the future.

Bradford Smith, in his recent book, AMERICANS FROM JAPAN, has adequately phrased this when he says: "The Issei contribution to America was not in great men, but in the anonymous little men who made the desert spaces to turn green with the labor of their hands, who kept the track even so that Americans could ride comfortably across the land, who tended the comfort of the well-to-do and grew vegetables the poor could afford to buy, who sacrificed everything for the welfare of their children." p. 383).

It was the Issei who inoculated into the heart and soul of their children the philosophy of individual integrity, making possible the Nisei heroes and Americans of 1941-48, and of the years to come.

The Issei, too, are American pioneers.



Tokuyo Kako:

Story of a Perfectionist

It Took 500 Tries to Develop A Perfect Formula for Rice

By BILL HOSOKAWA

AMERICANS LAST YEAR consumed something like 800,000,000 pounds of rice and Tokuya Kako is convinced that virtually all of it was improperly prepared.

Kako, a mild, scholarly-looking Denver Issei of 57 years, has spent more than half his life in furthering the proposition that rice, correctly cooked, is a staple food without peer.

In pursuing his thesis he has prepared and sampled countless thousands of pots of rice, acquired a sense of taste as pampered as a tea-taster's, and developed a profound sympathy for persons who cook rice so poorly they need sugar and cream to down it.

He has also retained a lean figure which may, or may not prove that rice is a non-fattening food. Kako, as you may have divined by this time, is a rice merchant. But it was not always thus.

Back in 1910 Kako arrived in the United States as an importer of curios and porcelains. But he quickly became discontented with his profession as the novelty of being in America wore off.

Characteristically, he began a methodical search for a new vocation by reading voluminously at the San Francisco public library. Within two years Kako had set himself up as a rice dealer.

But he wasn't entirely happy with his new work, primarily because his merchandise did not measure up to his standards of good rice. While mulling over his problems one day he chanced to remember something he had read at the library. The best coffee was a blend of many varieties, each of the components adding some desirable characteristic to the blend. If it could be done with coffee, why not with rice?

Thereupon the Kako kitchen began to receive a steady stream of rice samples. These were studied, weighed, mixed, cooked and each of their characteristics noted. The blends ran into the hundreds of formulas, and through the years there was always a pot of some blend or other of rice steaming on the Kako range.

Each sample was tasted, examined under a magnifying glass, cooled and tasted again. The findings were painsthkingly recorded.

What were the qualities that Kako sought? Well, flavor for one. It had to have a certain sweetness to the palate—no more, no less. It had to have color—a satin-like sheen that tantalized one through the steam of the cooking pot. It had to have consistency—not too coarse, not too glutinous. And after cooling for a half day, its flavor had to remain unchanged. On top of all this, the product had to have that indefinable something that adds oomph to the rice bowl.

By 1927 Kako's formulas were nearing the 500 mark. His studies had revealed that rice isn't just rice, but that there are more than a score of main varieties. They had been given such family names as Rose, Magnolia, Zenith and Honduras, and each family had many subdivisions.

There were the long-grained Chinese types and the pastier, medium-grained Japanese types, and both of these had been modified by planting in California soil. In addition he found that the seed from last year's crop was likely to yield a somewhat different kind of rice this year.

When at last he devised, cooked, examined and tasted formula No. 500, Kako shouted "Eureka," or at least the Issei equivalent thereof. This was it, the perfect, palate-tickling blend.

Kako at the time was using a mixture of several varieties of rice milled by George Smith of DeWitt, Ark. So, like the man who dis-

(Continued on page 15)

Tokuya Kako's work in testing rice is never-ending. In the photo above he samples rice for taste and texture in the kitchen of his home.
—Photo by Carl Iwasaki

A Story That May Help You Appreciate Rice, The Staple of the Orient

SEASON'S GREETINGS
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THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Perhaps You, Too, Have Met Ed Mako, Who Felt a Man Apart from His Countrymen

By CARL KONDO

THEY SAID THAT THERE was something odd about Ed Mako. You got the feeling, too, as a kind of rootlessness. A sort of a ...ow kept him aloof from his fellow Nisei and a whole-hearted ...rticipation in the activities normal to a community like Li'l Tok-...

Ed Mako had lots of friends, for he was an amusing fellow. Per...ps you were one of his pals. He had them scattered about in ...e various circles on the town. He seldom remained long in one ..., prefering to drift from one ... to another. There were few ..., even those of long ac...intance, who knew him inti...ely.

...er Ed Mako had a way of evap...ing when emotional ties be... warm, to stay away weeks, ...ths and one day returning ...n the atmosphere was cooler. ...re you getting the picture of a ...er? If you are, the picture is ...g. Ed Mako was no drifter, ...ove towards a goal which was ...rmost in his mind since he ...n to think and develop a set of ...ards.

...at was bothering Ed Mako ... the grudge he bore toward his ...ts. He did not wish to admit ... his conscious mind, but re...ed the feeling of hostility. ... made him an emotional ice..., afraid to let himself go. By ...y of compensation, he devel... intellectually, and to some ..., culturally. These efforts ... Ed Mako up as extraordinary ...g the Nisei, and instead of ...ing the slight praise of the ...unity, Ed Mako took no ...sure but became more critical, ...er in his estimation of him...

Ed Mako was a man with... country, and that by choice ... parents. They were many ... residents of these United ..., and Ed Mako, himself, ... conceived in our land. But ... born in Japan, and, if you ... the law, that made him a ...ese subject, an alien on our ... since he was a Japanese nat... of Oriental parentage and by ... Constitution barred from be...ing a naturalized citizen.

...t preyed like an insidious ...r in the system of Ed Mako ... the knowledge that he did not have to have been a Japan born Issei. If his parents had left well enough alone he would have been a Nisei.

In his life there were other unpleasant situations: the day he found that he was of Japanese ancestry and living in California, traditionally hostile to Orientals, and the day he encountered his first rebuff because of his race. But none of these affected him as much as finding out that he was marked apart from the already segregated minority group because he was an alien.

Of course, Ed Mako, being an intelligent man, could look about him and see how others of his kind were faring. He could see how they overcame their handicaps in many ways in the fields of arts, commerce, and professions. Tremendous odds against a class in any society often brings greater achievements to that discriminated group, Ed Mako could reflect. Yet for him, an individual, the success of others brought no comfort, no resolving of the conflicts that rode his soul.

Ed Mako was stifled, haunted always by the specter of deportation. Ed Mako was a man who cherished political convictions that had as their ultimate aim the coming of the age of the common man. He was for the plain man, the average fellow. He was a thwarted individual because he wanted to put his weight into the struggle for a better world, conceived in a democratic method by the ballot at the polls in the best of American ways.

No, Ed Mako was no drifter. He was set in his quest for citizenship in this country.

The war brought with it great problems of adjustments, a resetting of standards in which he became a tortured man regarded by the public an enemy alien, registered and fingerprinted like any felon, compelled to report his whereabouts like a parolee. Even his own group shut him out as an undesirable associate. Yet he did not become bitter. He saw a glimmering of hope, for in the battle of bullets there was also a battle of words and promises, among them the promise of justice to the oppressed peoples of the earth.

Until the day came when he could set out to the polls to cast his first vote he was marking time. You see, Ed Mako was a citizen—but not legally. That was because he was an Issei. But Ed Mako was not really an Issei because he felt no curtural, political, or economic ties with the country of his birth. Ed Mako was a "citizen" because he identified himself with our land with a fervor, perhaps, greater than a native son.

Now that the turbulance of the great war was subsiding, Ed Mako could look about him and take heart. It is true that he was still the forgotten man without a country. There was a change; he was being championed by the thinking men and women among the Nisei who were banded into units of the JACL actively fighting to give him the right to become a citizen. He could reflect that men had died-seeking citizenship. He could do no less than to put his weight into the struggle.

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THE NISEI IN JAPAN

By HIDEO KUWAHARA

AS IS THE CASE WITH a large portion of the population, living conditions for the Nisei in Japan have improved considerably after the war. In spite of the preposterous inflation the availability of such daily necessities as food, clothing and fuel is far greater now than in wartime.

What is even more important is that the Nisei can now speak to each other in English in public without being given a dirty look, without being hated, they can read the Nippon Times, for example, in the street-car—provided there is room enough to do that—without the fear of being slapped, they can wear American clothes without chauvinists telling them off, they no longer have the need to dye their suits into drab, inconspicious colors. In other words the Nisei in Japan can now be openly proud of being American-born.

It may be of interest to note, parenthetically, that in Japan the Nisei are not referred to as Japanese; they are Nisei, different from the Japanese. They speak a different language, their habits are different, their line of thought and ideals are different; all of which can even set them apart as being of another race.

It is difficult to tell just how many of these "strange", newly-recognized people are at present living in the land of their parents. One Japanese source has recently placed the figure at some 40,000, but the same source is not at all sure of this. It would seem that a rough estimate of those Nisei capable of. earning their living through their knowledge of both the English and Japanese languages is far less, three or four thousand, perhaps five thousand at the very most.

Of this latter figure many have regained their American citizenship but are working for the Occupation instead of returning to the States. Reasons? One and perhaps the main one is that, as Bill Hosokawa pointed out recently in his From the Frying Pan column, the Nisei who were stranded in Japan feel themselves much better adapted vocationally to life in that country. This is a matter of foresight on their part, to be sure. Marriage to native Japanese, no direct family relations over here, and immediate financial difficulties may be given as some of the other reasons for their not returning.

Besides helping out in the Occupation not a few have obtained comfortable positions with private American concerns such as the Pan-American and Northwest airlines, the Coca-Cola company, and other smaller businesses. A number of these Nisei are getting paid in dollars and even have PX privileges, while others though cleared of their status are still obliged to work as foreign nationals devoid of American government protection.

As for those whose status has not as yet been established, these too are working variously as interpreters, translators, stenographers, typists, club newspaper and news agency reporters and otherwise. There is also the Nisei short-wave radio organization—Radiopress, Inc.—which offers a wide, promising future for any number of capable Nisei interested in disseminating Democracy throughout the country. Radiopress is the only institution of its kind in the world.

Most Nisei get their clothing and much of their food too sent from the States, and yet their expenses run up higher than for the average Japanese. To eat decently, according to the Nisei standard that is, it would cost a small family of three nearly ten thousand yen per month.

To make ends meet the Nisei usually take on translation work on the side which they can do at home. Or they can sit behind the counter at a camera-shop, for instance, for a couple of hours after supper to receive GI customers and thus earn a sustantial income.

In the line of recreational activity there is very little to choose from. Baseball, of course, is an all-year round sport in Japan but the Nisei do not show much passion for this. Basketball and football are not popular at all. Ping-pong becomes tedious if continued long enough. There is no bowling alley. Only a limited number of Nisei go fishing. And naturally going hunting without a gun wouldn't make sense.

If there is any fevor for diversion in the Nisei it is for dancing, at the dance-halls. The fever for this is as high perhaps as the bowling mania over here. Then there are the inevitable poker sessions and dice shooting, plus the less harmful Japanese-style slot-machines which can prove to be sufficiently amusing to feed ten-yen bills with.



The Nisei girl above, one of hundreds still in Japan, is employed by personnel headquarters of the 8th Army. She poses on the roof garden of the Yomiuri newspaper building, largest single newspaper in Japan.

In this manner the life of the Nisei who experienced the horrors of war on Japanese soil would seem relatively satisfactory when observed on the surface.

There is, however, a sadder group of Nisei than those who are already accustomed to Japanese ways. Most of the erroneously so called "repats" have been to Japan for the first time after the war. They do not know Japan or its people other than in miserable defeat. Japan used to be known as the Paradise of the Orient but there is nothing elysian about it anymore.

The Japanese today are far from being the refined people their parents had had them believe. Even those parents themselves who have returned to their cherrished land from Tule are utterly disgusted. Small wonder then that their sons and daughters admit they can almost shoot themselves for having been duped to leave America. Their obsession is that, being full grown, they have nothing or no one to blame but themselves.

For the Nisei newcomers to Japan there is only uncivilization in that country. They think they will never get used to the near homicidal train and tram rides, they fear they will never be able to become aloof to the stinging stink of the "honey buckets", they cannot bear the sight of people, including not a few women, relieving themselves in the alleys with Oriental freedom. All these and many other things make them sick.

This is the fourth Christmas since V-J Day. But Christmases in Japan are cheerless. This year too the Nisei there are probably thinking of us and the traditional merriment which we here can enjoy during Yuletide.

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Hosokawa:

THE KAKO STORY

(Continued from page 12)

...ered arsphenamine on the ...th attempt and thus named his ...oduct by number, Kako called ...s masterpiece Smith 500. That ...s the origin of the brand name ...ich to this day identifies that ...rticular brand.

The experiments have continued, ...t Kako never stumbled on any-...ing quite so glutinously tantal-...ing as old 500. But there have ...dings.

For instance, he learned that ...ice loses moisture, and therefore ...avor, in summer. This moisture ...ss must be compensated for by ...ding more water when cooking, ...d cooking longer.

Take Denver. If you get the ...w fall crop in November, you ...n cook it to near-perfection in ...5 minutes. By March the rice ...s begun to dry out and it will ...ke you 50 minutes. By June ...u'll need an hour, and if you ...e your rice tasty you'll take 65 ...inutes in August. It doesn't take ...at long to cook the rice thor-...ghly, Kako points out, but the ...ll flavor won't be developed if ...u're in a hurry.

Now here's a word of caution, ...ce Denver isn't typical. Be-...use of its high altitude it takes ...nger to cook rice in a Denver ...me. In San Francisco, for in-...ance, which is at sea level and ...here it is, shall we say, moist all ...e time, Kako says you can cook ...ce in November in 30 minutes. ...d it's drier by a few minutes ...Los Angeles, chamber of com-...erce reports to the contrary, not-...ithstanding.

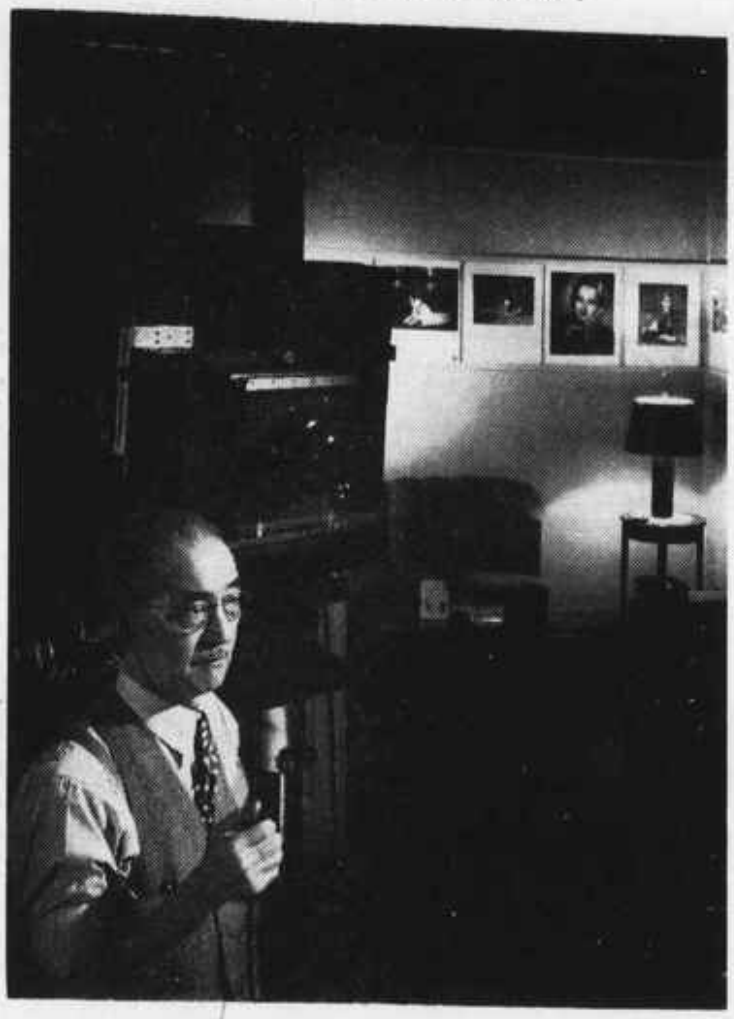
Kako contends rice should be ...ashed and allowed to stand in ...ater for at least a half day be-...re cooking. But if you're the ...nd that has to rush home after ...ork and splash through the wash-...g, Kako has a tip.

Wash the rice, he says, drain, ...en add the usual amount of ...ater—only it has to be boiling ...t. Let stand for 15 minutes, ...d then cook as usual. He guar-...ntees the method.

Kako sees a definite link be-...ween the price of potatoes and ...e amount of rice Americans eat. Spuds cost five and six cents a pound now, and you take a weight loss when you skin them; rice costs twice that much but like macaroni, its volume expands. When spud prices climb, so does rice consumption.

Kako's contribution to the American way of life includes three children who, to all appearances, have come through in excellent shape despite having had to co-operate in the rice-tasting experiments.

Faces of the Issei: PHOTOGRAPHER



H. K. SHIGETA, internationally known photographer and partner in the famous Shigeta-Wright Studios, arrived in the United States at the age of twelve.

It took him a while to decide that photography was his field. In his youth he was a bell-hop, a hotel clerk, art student, a vaudeville magician on the Orpheum circuit. Later he became a photo retoucher, portrait photographer and finally an advertising and illustrative photographer.

Known today as one of the nation's foremost salon judges and lecturers in the field of photography, he still uses some of his early training in his work. When he needs to capture and hold the attention of child models, he resorts to his knowledge of magic and does sleight-of-hand tricks.

—Photo by Vince Tajiri

Portrait of a Mother

Story of Mrs. Munemori

(Continued from page 9)

...ness of the lower part of her right leg. She can get around by herself, and is able to write letters. She spends most of her time in the 2-bedroom apartment, and has done an artistic job of transforming the 4-room unit into a gracious, homey place in which to live. Wine-and-yellow floral patterns against a white background on varied-length drapes in the rooms give a bright, cheerful air to the surroundings.

In one corner of the living room are books and a radio on a table, and elsewhere in the room, are a sewing machine, a couch, and two chairs. On the wall opposite the couch in this room is a picture of Pfc. Sadao Munemori about whose death his mother was informed while she was in the Manzanar camp.

As Mrs. Munemori talks of her deceased son, her right hand, which was once paralyzed, rests on her lap, while her left hand moves up and under her eyeglasses near her eyes to lightly and repeatedly touch the tears that overflow.

"Sadao used to write me," she relates, "that not all the men die on the battlefield, and so not to worry.

"A few days before he died, he sent a letter requesting rice, dried fish, and otsukemono. I had to fix up the same package over and over, as the clerk in the post office said, at different times, that the package weighed too much.

"It so happened that my daughter, Kikuyo, said, in reference to this package and the letter we sent off with it, that if Sadao wrote acknowledging receipt of the items, we could be sure of his safety, and that if we didn't hear from him ...."

It was a week later that the news of Pfc. Munemori's death within 30 yards of the summit of the Appennino mountains in Italy reached his family. They learned that he had, after having single-handedly destroyed two German machine guns and killed three and wounded two of the gunners, given his life by hurling himself upon an exploding grenade to save the life of two comrades.

Posthumously, Pfc. Sadao Munemori, who prior to his heroic death had fought in the Rome-Arno, French, and German campaigns, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

This, the Nation's highest military award, along with an official citation enumerating the combat infantryman's acts of "great gallantry and intrepidity on April 5, 1945, near Seravezza, Italy," was presented in January 1946 by Colonel Crowell for President Truman to Mrs. Munemori. And on March 16, 1948, at the Army Base, New York, the transport "Wilson Victory" was renamed "Private Sadao S. Munemori."

"Receiving the medal has been, of course, a great honor," Mrs. Munemori says quietly. "Yet," she confides, "it's not like having one's son come back."

"But, since he is gone, I now look at it this way," she continued. "He has died for the cause of democracy and for the welfare of people of Japanese ancestry, as well as for the rest of the Americans. And if he, at any time, helps or has helped any individual or individuals by having been someone others could look up to, I shall think on the good that has come by as a result of his death, and I shall," she said slowly, "be glad."

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An Issei Woman Remembers:

Grandpa and the Promised Land

(Continued from page 11)

Ah, life is fun and comedy when you look back. As the police crashed in the front door, the operators ran out the back door. More often than not, these fleeing Chinese ran into our kitchen without knocking.

"Shinsan, help! Hide, please!" they would cry frantically.

"No, no! Go 'way!" I'd cry, horrified at the consequence.

Sometimes they ran through our bathhouse and into the street, escaping the police cleverly. Sometimes they would pick a dark corner in our bathhouse and remain there until the raid was over. Sometimes we got cash customers when some of them decided to have a hot bath while waiting for the storm to pass. Ah, they were clever.

The tables and games would be smashed to pieces at every raid, but the minute the police left the premises they would have the games going. Amazing it was how quickly they furnished their dark room with chairs and tables.

Oh, the big talk that went on in the kitchen! The room was filled nightly with high ideals and ambitions. If we were not all aliens ineligible for citizenship I'm sure that we would have had a couple of aspirants for presidential nomination! What big talkers we've had. They talked a blue streak, never ending after several rounds. I don't remember going to bed before midnight in those days. We had our share of drifters who had no worries about tomorrow's work. They would sit for hours repeating the same words of the first hour. They would decide to leave after a time only to pause at the doorway for an hour, and either the flies or the chilly draft coming into the room through the open door.

It seemed that there was nothing but talk in our circle until one day there was action following an idea. At first the movement amazed me because it was fantastic. Of course, the young men of our group were always talking about forming a band. In those days there was a craze for musical instruments, and our circle was no worse than another. Of course, our backroom boys wanted nothing but the best with a complete set of uniforms and instruments. And our group not only heartily approved but began collecting donations!

I don't think the boys knew anything about music when they started the idea. All they dreamt about was to parade about the streets and perform before the public, strutting with pride and happiness. Did they ever make the parade? Well, I don't remember exactly that I saw them parading. Maybe they played at several public occasions. Yes, I heard them lots of times—too much for they would come in twos and threes to our backroom for practice.

A young boy from our village was crazy about cornet. With his very first pay he bought a second-hand one at a hock shop across the street from our bathhouse. When he had saved enough for a very good one and was fairly good at hitting the notes, he came dashing into our kitchen.

"Hold this for me, my friend," he said, shoving a fistful of bills into my hands. "Keep it for me till I get a little more."

"Why give it to me?" I asked, curious.

"If I have it on me I might spend it for something else."

Yes, he would have spent it on something else on the spur of the moment. He was crazy for many things. He would just as soon get a baseball uniform because he played third base on the local men's team. Yes, we had baseball enthusiasts even then. Were they as good as your uncles? Well, I must admit that your uncles were better.

Oh, what ideas this young man had! If you wished to hear him talk, you could just ask him about the future of motion pictures. He knew everything about the young Hollywood industry.

"It's the greatest invention," he used to rave enthusiastically. "Boy, there's money if one goes back to Japan and starts a picture company! Our people would go for it like any other group of human beings. It's people's food—their vital nourishment for the goal that's tomorrow."

"You know quite a bit about movies. Why don't you study it and then go back to the old country? You will be ahead of the rest," I said.

His eyes would get dreamy as he replied, "When I have enough money, I'm going back to the village and build a theater. That's what I'll do. I don't think I'll make enough to become a movie producer but I can run a theater."

But he did not make enough. Instead he became a farmer near Sacramento and raised asparagus. He was unable to get rid of his debts as poor crops occurred oftener than good. Nevertheless, he raised many children to become upstanding citizens. Three of his sons were in the armed forces. The last I heard of this young man grown old, he was in Poston Relocation Center. Maybe he is somewhere in the Middle West by now, I don't know.

I was not of the crowd at first. But before I knew what was happening I belonged. They used to refer to me as your grandpa's wife —"Toda's woman". That was until I became the acknowledged hostess for the group. Yes, I was the only woman of the circle for a long time—till some of these men were financially able to call for their wives or arrange picture-bride deals.

I was ready to belong to this circle, having adjusted myself to your grandpa's way of life. I was spirited now with a growing curiosity of America through the many tales of these immigrant-pioneers. It was not too much trouble for me to welcome them into our kitchen and hear about the world beyond Seventh Street. And for my trouble, these happy-go-lucky men would make surprise gestures that used to overwhelm me.

"Don't spend your money foolishly," I would gasp whenever they presented me with a present. "That much money will go a long ways toward making your future home."

"What is money if not to spend and enjoy the moment of living?" some would answer me.

In the old country we used to set aside the New Year's day as an occasion for celebration but in Oakland it was every day. It seemed that we were seeing the new day in in a special style. It did not happen often in a week but every once in a while I would open a half-gallon bottle of sake. You should see the twinkle in the eyes of those who liked to drink. I think they enjoyed the time of anticipation as much as when they were in the middle of the rounds.

Your grandpa could not carry liquor well and did not drink more than two or three cups. He watched his friends' faces getting red with the warmth of sake. That was his enjoyment. He watched them slowly sip their sake and would go around offering more to the crowd. He kept tilting the little white round bottle, pouring sake into the tiny cups with a practiced hand.

"Drink heartily, friends. More bottles are being heated," he would cry, nodding for me to continue my task at the stove.

"Come on, Toda-kun. Join us—you're not drinking," a fellow villager would say, his hands getting unsteady and spilling sake over the table.

Your grandpa would nod gratefully and continue offering the bottle. Soon the air was charged with hilarity. One would suddenly become aware of the brassy gaiety that was not the real thing. As the sake took effect on these men, you saw a tinge of sadness and loneliness in their antics. I could never get over this. The men would be singing one of the native drinking songs. First, one man would sing a verse and then others would join in with "yoi-yoi-yoi" clapping their hands to keep time. One by one they would leap to their feet and do a jig, accompanying the singers. Ah, they lacked the symmetry of a graceful dancer but possessed the exuberance of spirit.

"Sing, sing! Continue singing," your grandpa would cry, though he couldn't warble a note.

All he knew was to clap and shout "yoi-yoi-yoi". He called the singers to their feet for encores. He laughed and shouted with glee. All his life he regretted his inability to sing and drink. He rallied his merry friends about him with eagerness and gratitude.

"What'd the world be without our merry men?" he would tell me when I sometimes told him that our kitchen was too noisy. "They share with us their joyous hours. They want us to be happy."

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ECHO FROM DUPONT STREET

By Iwao Kawakami

Illustrated by Allan Nielsen

(*thick gold ring on a gnarled finger—the glint of curiosity*)

—how did I get it? now let me recall—

(*San Francisco, San Francisco—the incredible years at the turn of the century*)

—I tell you I was quite a handsome fellow when I stepped off the ship—I was a "hai-kara" with a white cap, a black suit and a carefully trimmed mustache

(*and countless black ships had bumped against barnacle-encrusted piers as reflexes of sharp raps by seadog Perry*)

—a child of Nippon's silences, the dawn-colored cherry blossoms and the age-old sloshing of feet and wet hands in the rice fields, I was stunned by America's screeching gears—the brutal impact of iron drayage wheels against cobblestones—

(*the white beauty of Fujiyama makes fools of us all—and you, my father, was a dreamer wakening to cold reality in a San Francisco fog*)

—I was one of the hundreds who came on a battered stinking steamer—and I was one of the thousands of Japanese who slept jammed in flophouses on California street near Dupont—

(*and where is Dupont—the bawdy thoroughfare that capped the Barbary Coast? Gaze now on its mellowness as Chinatown's Grant avenue*)

—I remember those ten-cent dinners—a five-course "yohshoku" or, to revert to a natural preference, "nihonshoku" at the same sensible price—or at times I bought a dozen cup cakes for a nickel—

(*stop, my father, you are driving me mad with your fantastic figures from a cuisine limbo*)

—that memorable first week when I received three silver dollars for my wages—

(*now I see a young Issei jingling coins in a pocket, smoking a California-made Imperial cigarette and walking slowly along Dupont toward the garlic-heavy atmosphere of Columbus*)

—I suppose it isn't too hard for you to guess I was waiting impatiently for your mother to arrive from Japan—

(*the heart of a round-faced woman beats a little faster as the words sing through a sea-grimed ship—"America soon"*)

—I looked at that ring in a Chinese store for a long time before I made up my mind to buy it—

(*"and with this ring I do thee wed"—but gold is costly and into the yellow luster of the band goes the sweat and scrimping of an Issei domestic*)

—years later, just before your mother died in the second wave of the "flu," I wanted her to keep the ring but she would not listen and said, "Some day you'll remember me with this—"

(*grass creeps over neglected graves in a cemetery—only the headstone for my mother stands white in a clearing free of weeds and fringed with gold when poppies bloom*)



THEY COULDN'T AVOID PIONEERING

The Issei of Seattle Were a Vigorous Lot—Their Roots Were Placed Deep In Frontier Communities, On Skidroads, and the Valley South of the City

By Frank Miyamoto

IN THE YEARS before the war when the community would gather on ceremonial occasions to enunciate its achievements in speech and oratory, there was a term used that was almost worked to death. The Issei were called "The Pioneers," whereupon the speakers would go on to recount the exploits, disappointments, and, above all, the sweat and toil by which the immigrant generation had struggled its way up in a new land. The word and the story almost lost their magic because of the repetition. Yet, the speakers were dead right; the Issei had pioneered.

In a sense, they couldn't avoid pioneering. In 1890 when the first trickle of Japanese immigrants to Seattle started, this city was scarcely more than a frontier community.

It was as tough and wide open as the lumberjacks from the hills, or the Klondike gold rushers who in '97 poured in from God only knows where to await Alaska passage.

"Skidroad," which had only recently meant literally the bottom of the log skid into Yesler's mill, was the hub for this teeming, slugging population. It was in this area, this Rialto of the homeless and transient men, that the first Issei appeared and made their homes.

By 1900, the Issei in Seattle numbered almost three thousand, and by 1910 there were more than six thousand. With its growth, the community left the "Skidroad" and pushed eastward, up the hill, along Washington and Jackson.

As one old-timer put it, "I arrived on these shores with a blanket on my back, and twenty-five dollars in my pocket. The twenty-five dollars I needed to show the immigration people—I had borrowed it from a friend in Japan." It was a common story.

No less common were the accounts of how they got their start, how little they at first earned, and how they eked out a livelihood. Many hired out as domestics —they were called "Mission Boys" because the missions helped to locate the positions—and around the experiences of young Togo in a white man's house are endless tales of pathos and bathos. Others found work as dishwashers and porters at a dollar or two a day.

The majority at one time or another worked as laborers in sawmills, on railroads, or on farms, and the ambitious among them scrimped from their meager earnings to build capital for the purchase of their own enterprises.

Here were no timorous men; they seemed unafraid to try anything. One Issei in explaining his start in the tailoring business relates, "My friend told me



there was nothing to it, and showed me a few tricks, so I decided to open my own shop. I'll never forget the first coat I cut. The customer took it all right, but to this day I wonder what he must have thought of it."



Illustration by Allan Nielsen

An advertisement for a cook would bring a flock of applicants who had never been inside a kitchen.

A restauranteur explains, "But, of course, the restaurant cooking of that day was relatively simple; all one had to know was how to fry an egg, toast bread, and fry a steak. It was known as 'fry cook'."

They helped each other. An old-time Hiroshima-ken hotel man taught his trade to his fellow ken-jin, and to this day the Hiroshima people dominate the hotel trade in Seattle. A Yamaguchi-ken leader taught his barbering trade to the young men from Yamaguchi; an Ehime-ken leader taught the restaurant business to other Ehime people; and so it went.

But the pioneers of this account were not the glittering heroes of the grammar school history books or of the Hollywood movies. The immigrants were a vigorous but varied lot. As in any frontier community, its people included those with high aims as well as those with low desires.

The conditions of the early society may be judged by the facts which are given of a colony of prostitutes, led by an allegedly beautiful and brilliant courtezan, who openly plied their commerce before 1908. In that year, however, with the aid of the Government, these elements were driven out by the stabler segment, and it was the purposes of the latter to organize and improve the community which prevailed.

The immigrants might also be accused of opportunism, for like most late immigrant groups in America, the majority came as "Birds of Passage" who sought wealth in this country with which to return to the old world with a better status than when they had left it. They stayed because they could not immediately realize their dreams, but in staying and settling, their picture of the new world changed. It became less and less a land to be exploited, and more and more the land of their homes.

The chief claim of this group to the title of "The Pioneers" lay in their persistence against odds in making a decent place for themselves in a strange land; and in the role which they played in helping to develop a new territory.

Perhaps the really heroic work was done, not by those who settled in the city, but by those who saw visions of fertile farms in the marsh thickets and stumpland of the river valley south of Seattle, and on the islands to the west. Rademaker has paid homage to the Issei toilers who with axe, shovel, dynamite and plow laboriously carved out farms where nothing but wilderness had thrived before.

He quotes a prominent white citizen of the area as saying, "Have the Japanese farmers been valuable to the development of this farming district? Absolutely—undoubtedly so. They cleared out the weeds and the bullrushes and the water, and made farm crops grow—they gave the region the start of its agricultural development. They did the hard, dirty work."

Their ambition and industry did not protect them from adversities. The severe life took its toll of health. Lessons about farming in this region were learned the hard way. White homesteaders were not averse to showing their hostility openly. And with the coming of the Anti-Alien Land Act, more than one family saw the farms they had created taken away from them. But they made the farm crops grow.

In the city, too, in a less dramatic way, the Issei developed trades in a way that won for them the respect of people in the majority group who came to know them. Third and fourth rate hotels, those breeders of bedbugs and vermin in other cities, were at least swept clean as they fell in numbers into the hands of the hard working Issei; today the hotel men proudly boast of the strong reputation they hold among the city inspectors.

The Pike Place Farmers' Market, long ballyhooed as the biggest and most colorful of its kind in the country, owed not a little of its distinction to the traditio established by the Issei marketers fo meticulous display of fruits and vege tables. The practice spread with profi into the grocery and produce trades. I the various businesses that the Isse entered, whatever might be said of thei dealings among themselves, they gaine recognition from tradesmen and custo mers for honesty and careful workman ship.

The flourishing enterprises helped t build the community's population t eight thousand by 1920, and an esti mated ten thousand by 1924.

It was the heyday of the Issei com munity. Here was a strange polyglot o a culture. Nisei youngsters attendin the district grammar school, where a Irish American schoolma'am dominate with her forceful personality, absorbe this woman's single-minded faith in th country, and transmitted her spirit t home and community. New immigrant from Japan, young men and kimono attired brides, infused the communit with new trends from Japan. The olde Issei residents, made confident by thei successes, vigorously organized the com munity, while at the same time the moved away from it and gained footholds in white neighborhoods.

Even as the community showed these signs of gain, however, none could fail to recognize that a barrier cast a shadow across its face. The group had encountered prejudices and discrimination from the early days in this country, but they had, in a measure, learned to overcome them.

What they could not overcome was th legal sanction indirectly given the dis crimination by the exclusion of the Isse from the right of naturalization. Usin this powerful weapon of deprivation anti-Japanese forces implemented th hostile attacks of the local Hearst pres and other organs with restrictive legis lation, climaxing their activity with th passage of the Washington State Anti Alien Land Act (1921) and the so-calle Exclusion Law of 1924.

Henry Okuda was one of the first i the community to feel, and feel keenly the limitations of the bar to citizenship His tall, loosely clothed figure was a familiar sight on Main Street where h ran his busy express office, and in th meeting halls where he already had es tablished himself as a leader of the com munity. He with others actively pro moted Americanization programs in th Japanese Association. He was among those who talked earnestly of the nee to gain citizenship. He it was who le the local movement to give financial an moral support to Takao Ozawa's figh for the Issei's right to naturalization.

Even before Ozawa's case was final denied by the U. S. Supreme Court i 1922, people like Henry Okuda, fel seeing the need to mobilize the politica strength of the Nisei, helped to organiz the Seattle Progressive Citizens League These Issei backers, no less than th thirteen Nisei charter members, were the authors of the organization that late proved an important forerunner of th Japanese American Citizens League.

1924, which ended the era of immigra tion, also marked the beginning of in creasing concern about the Nisei.

Perhaps the Issei foresaw the da when they would be eclipsed in numbers and leadership by the Nisei; in any case they wanted their offspring to be worth bearers of their names.

Separated from their children by th gulf of cultural difference, and not ful understanding them, the Issei scolded lectured and cajoled in the effort to mould the young after the pattern of their own ideals. The Nisei, not under standing their parents, often rebelled

The Story of the Issei Who Settled Seattle

The Nisei mondai became the raging issue of the community. The Issei delighted when their children brought home scholastic honors; they pointed with pride to the lowest delinquency rates in the city among their children; but they despaired as they observed that the Nisei lacked "ambition," "industry," "gumption."

The fact is, each generation left something of its mark upon the other. It is hardly credible that the Issei parents failed to instill something of their own character in their offspring, the strong points as well as the weak. If the Nisei soldier acquitted himself with glory in the late war, could it be that he owed nothing of his courage and tenacity to the model of his parents?

The Nisei in turn affected the Issei. There is not space enough to tell how it was accomplished, except by an example.

In the middle of the 1920's when the Nisei first became attracted by the waltz and the fox trot, the Issei community was horrified by the moral implications of arm-in-arm dancing, and were aroused to a storm of criticism. By the 1930's, dancing was tolerated.

And by the end of the decade, it is said, there were members of the Japanese Association who formed a dancing class and became the most enthusiastic devotees of the art. Throughout the years before the war, at a time when war clouds were darkening the Pacific horizon, this silent assimilative process was taking place among the Issei, not merely in dancing, but at all levels. They themselves were scarcely aware of the degree to which they changed.

When the war and evacuation came, men and women who had spent better than half a lifetime building homes and a livelihood in Seattle showed in their drawn pale faces a vivid visual testimony of the losses that were felt as they left familiar surroundings for the unknown future of center life. Bitterness ran deep, and sometimes soured. But there were plenty who fundamentally retained faith in this country. Foremost among the latter were the parents of the three hundred and more Nisei who volunteered out of Minidoka to join the 442nd combat team; and also the others who sorrowfully but not unwillingly gave up their sons to the draft.

What shall be said of the Issei in Seattle today? In a community of 5,500, there are more than 2,000 Issei. They are a steadily decreasing group who know that their days are numbered.

In general, their position economically is worse than prior to evacuation, though many appear to be in a surprisingly sound position. A number have lost their former favorable positions as entrepreneurs or skilled employees, and have been reduced to menial employment. A number have resigned themselves to dependency.

But besides all this is the astonishing picture, repeated again and again, of the Issei who evidently has forgotten that life does not begin at sixty, and has launched forth upon some new and uncertain undertaking with all the vigor and optimism of youth. Observing these instances, one gets a glimmer of appreciation for the qualities that must have sparked and sustained the Issei in those early days when they first ventured upon their new life in this country.

The Issei's cup is full—but not quite. There is a strangely circumscribed character to the career which Issei are ending. It wants for **Lebensraum.** Mr. Okuda was expressing this point one day, and he put it this way, "It makes a great deal of difference to the Japanese not to have the right to vote. Life isn't half as much fun as if you know that you have the right to be on equal terms with everybody else in the country, and that you have the power to help manage the course of the Nation's welfare. One single vote is not very great; but that doesn't matter. What does matter is the consciousness that one is on a par with everybody else."

In a land which is their home, and the home of their sons and daughters, the Issei remain alien. Confined by their racial and political limitations to a narrow interest in their own community, the Issei's energies have largely been channeled into streams that lead out into no larger streams.

To run with the broad currents of the entire nation, to mix in the eddies and maelstrom of its political life, to be refreshed and stimulated by contact with other streams; these are the privileges from which the Issei have been excluded. The responsibility for the one vote has always in mature men and women led to an awakening of new interests, new intelligence, and a sense for new responsibilities.

Mr. Okuda has been chosen to illustrate the points of this article, not because he is an outstanding leader, which he is, nor because he is typical, which he is not, but because he has invariably articulated the trend of sentiments and purposes which remain unverbalized in the rest of the community. Today, an octogenarian, the old gentleman still may be seen turning up, of a wet Seattle evening, at those meetings where the plans and hopes for the Immigration and Naturalization Bill are under discussion.

What is this restlessness that drives this man on when others of his age are content to remain close to the fireside? I suspect it is that he finds the pioneering work, started over half a century ago, yet unfinished.

Faces of the Issei: ARTIST



MAKOTO HARA, a familiar figure in New York's Greenwich Village, brings his paints and easel out to the sidewalk to sketch during outdoor art exhibits. He has painted many famous faces during his sidewalk sessions, among the more spectacular of whom was eden ahbez, hermit writer of the song hit, "Nature Boy."—Photo by Toge Fujihara.

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Nisei and the Law in 1948:

"Our Constitution Is Color Blind"

Civil Rights Legislation Affecting the Nisei

By Mas Yonemura

"Our constitution is color blind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens. In respect of civil rights, all citizens are equal before law. The law regards man as man, and takes no account of his surroundings or his color when his civil rights as guaranteed by the supreme law of the land are involved . . . . ."

(Mr. Justice Harlan, dissenting in Plessy v. Furguson, (1896) (163 U. S. 537)

IN 1948, both federal and state courts were called upon to uphold the dictum of Mr. Justice Harlan, and, by and large, the courts met the challenge well by proscribing state and federal action based upon arbitrary distinctions of "race" and "color".

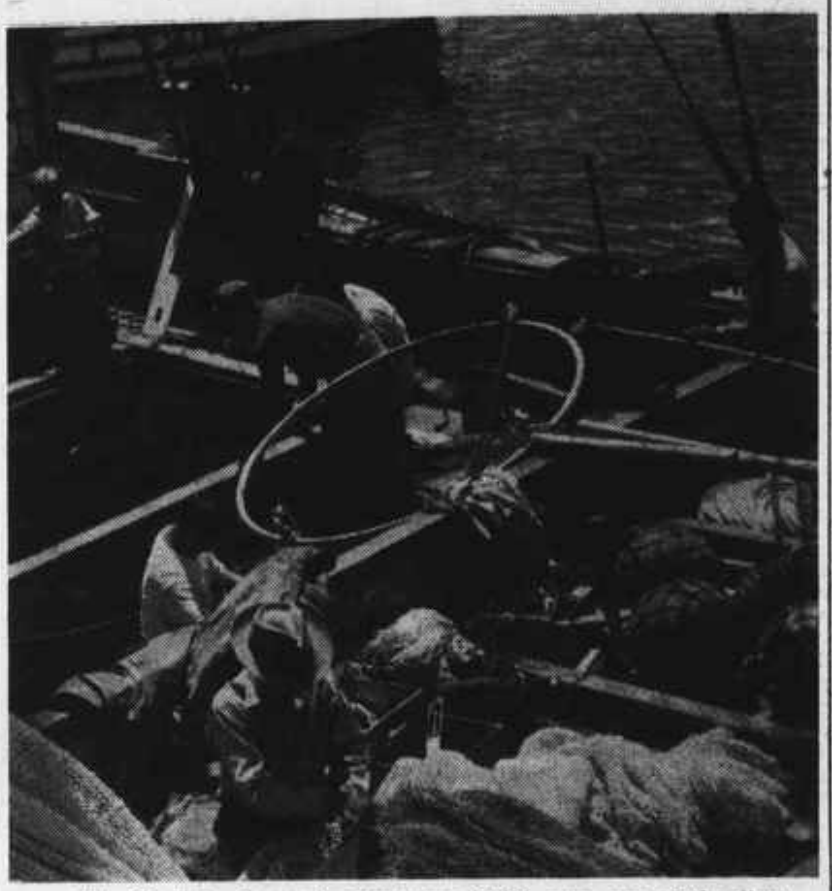
The following discussion will be limited to a brief chronological survey of the cases handed down in the year 1948 in the field of civil rights in which the interests of the Issei and Nisei have been directly or indirectly involved.

On January 19, 1948, the Supreme Court of the United States, in a six to three decision, reversed the California Supreme Court and held that the Alien Land Law, as applied to the facts before it, was invalid. It must be noted at the outset that the basic provision of the Alien Land Law proscribing ownership of land by "aliens ineligible to citizenship," e.g., Issei, was not stricken, but only its application. In order properly to comprehend the import of the Oyama case, it is necessary to keep in mind the facts before the Court.

In 1934, and again in 1937, title to certain parcels of land was taken in the name of Fred Y. Oyama, a Nisei minor, and the purchase price was paid by Fred's Issei father. Shortly after the initial purchase, the father was appointed guardian of his minor son's estate, but failed to file annual accounts required by the Alien Land Law. In 1944, during the evacuation, the State filed a petition to declare an escheat of the lands on the ground that the conveyance to Fred had been with intent to evade the Alien Land Law. Both the trial court and the California Supreme Court upheld the contention of the State, relying largely upon a statutory presumption that any conveyance is with the "intent to evade" the Alien Land Law if an ineligible alien, in this case Fred's father, paid the purchase price.

The majority of the Supreme Court, speaking through Chief Justice Vinson, held that the Land Law as applied to Fred Oyama placed an unconstitutional burden on him of overcoming the statutory presumption involved by the State. In short, the majority did not decide the more important issue of whether the substantive portion of the Alien Land Law was valid, although Justices Black, Douglas, Murphy and Rutledge, in two separate concurring opinions, felt that the Alien Land Law was bad in toto. It is interesting to note in passing that Justice Black, in a separate opinion, mentions the United Nations Pledge of respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms without distinctions as to race as a ground for attacking this piece of race legislation.

Despite the limited holding, the Oyama case achieved its major objective in forcing the State to dismiss most, if not all, of the escheat cases which were then pending in the State courts.



This Nisei-Issei crew in Monterey, Calif., was one of the first to go to sea again following the Takahashi decision by the Supreme court, discussed in the accompanying article. The ship is the Sea Traveler, one of the largest fishing boats based at Monterey.

RENUNCIATION CASE
(Abo v. Clark)

In **Tadayasu Abo et al v. Clark,** decided April 29, 1948, Judge Goodman of the Federal District Court in San Francisco set aside written renunciations of American citizenship by Nisei interned at the Tule Lake Segregation Center. The basis of Judge Goodman's ruling was that the renunciations were not voluntarily entered into by persons free from fear, duress and coercion. It is interesting to note that the Government's brief introduced as evidence in the case admitted acts of terrorism on the part of pro-Japanese elements at Tule Lake which caused a great number of Nisei interned there to file renunciations.

The case was a result of a class suit originally brought by 2300 out of 5000 renunciants against Attorney General Clark. After Judge Goodman's ruling most of the remaining renunciants not parties to the original suit have been allowed to file as parties and benefit from Judge Goodman's broad ruling.

The effect of the Abo case is to place the burden upon the Justice Department to come forward with evidence to prove in specific cases that the renunciations were freely entered into.

As a part of the background to the ruling discussed above, originally the Justice Department filed deportation proceedings against the renunciants on the theory that having renounced their citizenship the renunciants became enemy aliens and deportable by an administrative finding of disloyalty. Abo, and others similarly situated, filed for a writ of habeas corpus which was granted by Judge Goodman, and the basis for granting the writ was substantially the same as the reasons given for setting aside the renunciations.

The decision in the Abo case is not final, i.e., the Justice Department still has time to appeal or to offer evidence that in certain cases the renunciations were voluntary.

If the Government proves in specific cases that renunciations were voluntary, there remains the question whether the law under which the renunciations were obtained is constitutional. Judge Goodman expressly reserved his opinion in the validity of the Act because the findings he made of duress and coercion made it unnecessary to pass upon the constitutionality of the Act.

RESTRICTIVE COVENANTS
Shelley v. Kraemer

For many years there has existed in many jurisdictions like California the anamolous situation where persons of Negro, Japanese and other persons of non-white extractions could own property in a "restricted" area but could not use or occupy the same.

In the case of **Shelley v. Kraemer,** decided May 3, 1948, the Supreme Court of the United States laid to rest this anamoly by proscribing State courts from enforcing race restrictive covenants on the ground that the right to use and occupy property, without restrictions as to race, is a fundamental right of all persons protected against state action by the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment.

Contrary to statements appearing in many newspapers following the decision, the Shelley case did not hold restrictive covenants, per se, unconstitutional. Covenants, being private agreements, are not subjects of the prohibitions of the 14th Amendment. What the decision does in effect is to emasculate race restrictive covenants of their effectiveness by denying to those who would enforce them the means to do so; that is, access to the coercive powers of the court.

The Shelley case and its companion case **Hurd v. Podge,** which came up from the District of Columbia, settled one of the most controversial "race" issues since the famous **Dredd Scott case.**

ISSEI FISHING CASE
(Takahashi vs. Fish and Game Commission)

Prior to the outbreak of World War II, California issued commercial fishing licenses without regard

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Civil Rights Legislation and the Nisei

to alienage or eligibility to citizenship. In 1943, the Fish and Game Code was amended prohibiting the issuance of commercial fishing licenses to any "alien Japanese." In 1945, the term "alien ineligible to citizenship" was substituted for "alien Japanese," because it was felt that the 1943 provision might be declared unconstitutional in that it was directed against only Japanese.

In 1945, Torao Takahashi, an Issei, applied for a fishing license and was refused. He then solicited the aid of the court to obtain a license urging that the pertinent section of the Fish and Game Code was unconstitutional. The trial court upheld his contention but he lost when the case was appealed to the California Supreme Court.

On June 7, 1948, the United States Supreme Court again reversed the California Supreme Court and held the fishing law invalid under the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment. The majority speaking through Justice Black reaffirmed and extended the proposition that the State could not deny to any lawful inhabitant the means of earning a livelihood in a common occupation on the basis of alienage or eligibility to citizenship.

STOCKTON THEATRE CASE
(Palermo v. Stockton Theatres, Inc.)

Under the provisions of a 1923 Amendment to the Alien Land Act, the right to lease real property in California is granted to ineligible aliens (Issei) or corporations owned by Issei "to the extent and for the purposes prescribed by any treaty now existing between the United States" and Japan. The Commercial Treaty between Japan and the United States existing at the time this amendment was added provided in part that Issei could lease land for residential and commercial purposes, but was silent as to leases for agricultural purposes. Hence, it was clear that as long as the Treaty existed Issei or corporations owned by them could lease land in California for all but agricultural purposes. On January 26, 1940, the Commercial Treaty was abrogated and the question arose as to the effect said abrogation had on existing commercial leases to which Issei were parties.

In **Palermo v. Stockton Theatres,** decided June 15, 1948, the California Supreme Court held in a unanimous opinion that the amendment of 1923 to the Alien Land Act referred to and incorporated the Commercial Treaty as it then existed, and that the subsequent abrogation of the Commercial Treaty did not have any effect upon the validity of commercial leases covering a period subsequent to its abrogation.

The case is significant for purposes of discussion here because Justices Traynor, Carter and Gibson, concurring in the result, expressed the opinion that, in view of the United States Supreme Court's holding in the **Takahashi** case, the Alien Land Law is invalid in substance.

Justice Carter urged that if a State cannot deny to its lawful inhabitants because of race or nationality the ordinary means of earning a livelihood, (Takahashi case), then it cannot deny them the right to own or lease property.

MISCEGENATION CASE
(Perez v. Lippold)

Thirty states have miscegenation statutes, i.e., laws prohibiting marriages between whites and nonwhites. In California miscegenous marriages are merely void, while in most southern states mixed marriages are not only void but subjects one or both parties to such marriages to criminal penalties.

For more than a century, miscegenation statutes have been uniformly upheld against attacks but on October 1, 1948, in the case of **Perez v. Lippold** the California Supreme Court, in a four to three decision, upset this long line of precedents by declaring invalid Section 69 of the California Civil Code which provides: "All marriages of white person with Negroes, Mongolians, members of the Malay race, or Mulattoes are illegal and void."

The majority speaking through Justice Traynor held that marriage is something more than a civil contract, that it is a fundamental right of free men, and further that a state could not validly regulate or prohibit marriage except for important social objectives.

The Court recognized that the "inarticulate major premise," to borrow a Holmesian phrase, of miscegenation statutes is that the white "race" is superior to all others. This, the Justice Traynor contended is not borne out by the authorities, citing the works of well-known anthropologists and sociologists as Julian Huxley, Ruth Benedict, Ralph Linton and Gunnar Myrdal.

As a result of cases decided in 1948, to date, Issei can obtain commercial lishing licenses; escheat proceedings and the threat of same have been substantially removed; the validity of the Alien Land Law has been seriously questioned; commercial leases entered into by Issei are valid notwithstanding the abrogation of the Commercial Treaty with Japan; Issei and Nisei alike can live in areas covered by restrictive covenants; in California, at least, a person may marry whomever he pleases without restrictions as to race; and citizenship has been restored to substantially all of the 5000 or more renunciants who remain in this country.

These are the immediate and specific results of the cases discussed in this article, but what is more important is the role that the principles enunciated by them will have in deciding future civil rights cases. There can be little doubt that in deciding these cases the courts have extended the protective mantle of the 14th Amendment to achieve more nearly the principle enunciated by Justice Harlan in the **Plessy** case.

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Faces of the Issei:
CIVIC WORKER



JACK YASUTAKE is the Issei director of the Chicago Resettlers, an organization which has aided in the resettlement of many of Chicago's Nisei and Issei.

The Resettlers aid in employment opportunities, help newcomers find homes and apartments and provide many other forms of community assistance.

—Photo by Vince Tajiri

One Man Crusade:
HE FOUGHT DISCRIMINATION

By BILL HOSOKAWA

WHAT DR. K. K. MIYAMOTO saw when he first came to Denver 36 years ago was something of a shock. Some restaurants refused to serve Japanese. Some theaters shunted Japanese patrons to the uppermost galleries.

The Japanese dentist, graduate of the Tokyo Dental college, began a quiet, one-man crusade to break down discrimination against his people.

"In the first year and a half," he recalls today, "I visited 140 different restaurants of all classes. Where I was rebuffed, I talked to the managers, and finally I won acceptance at most of them."

But the incident that converted Dr. Miyamoto into a permanent missionary of good will took place in 1914 when agitation stemming from California resulted in the introduction of an anti-alien land law in the Colorado legislature.

The Japanese in Colorado met the crisis in the only way they knew—a desperate measure that involved raising a war chest and greasing the palms of certain highly-placed and willing individuals. Thanks largely to this action the legislation was defeated but, Dr. Miyamoto recalls, he realized that the Japanese in America couldn't continue indefinitely to fight for their rights in the same manner.

Forthwith, he set out to make friends and influence people in a deliberate, coldy calculated campaign.

He began methodically by visiting a different church every Sunday for more than a year. He found the pastors friendly, but quickly realized their limitations. Next he approached state officials. He concluded they were opportunistic, shallow and undependable for his purposes.

And then he stumbled on the opening he had been seeking. Members of Denver's pioneer families—most of them wealthy and influential in almost every field of endeavor—were greatly interested in the arts, especially Oriental art which then was enjoying great popularity. Here was the medium which would win him entree to their homes; after that would come understanding and perhaps friendship.

Dr. Miyamoto had had his interest in Japanese art and ancient culture aroused as a student in Japan. He had never taken it up deeply, but now he dusted off the old books and studied in earnest.

Presently he was in demand in the mansions of Capitol hill where, in his quaint English, he could speak with authority on Hiroshige, porcelains and the sword-makers.



This photo, by Carl Iwasaki of Denver, shows Dr. Miyamoto with a centuries-old sword, one of the treasures in his collection.

He gave weekly lectures—acquiring more knowledge while preparing them. He organized flower arrangement classes for subdebs and Junior Leaguers.

In time the wedge into society that he had coldly forged developed into warm and genuine friendships that proved invaluable whenever the Japanese "problem" came up again in Denver. It was not unusual for the handsome, chauffeur-driven limousines of Denver tycoons to be parked on tawdry Larimer street while their owners climbed a flight of stairs to keep dental appointments in Dr. Miyamoto's humble offices, or perhaps just to talk art.

His contacts paid off in honors as well. In 1920 he was invited to join the Colorado Historical and Archeological society, the first Japanese to be so recognized. In 1929 he was made honorary curator of the Denver Art Museum's Oriental art department, a position which he still holds. Later he was made a member of the editorial committee of Denver's public school administration board.

Today Dr. Miyamoto is a mild-looking, frail, slightly stooped man of 71, still practicing dentistry. In his cluttered little study recently, he reached back through the years of his association with Denver's powerful and elite.

"Those contacts were expensive," he said. "I am as poor today as when I first opened my office. I have only my memories, and a small art collection which I built up for my lectures, to show for all the years.

"But those efforts have been worthwhile, in warm personal friendships as well as in what those friendships have been able to do for Japanese Americans in Denver and Colorado. I haven't much to show for my years, but perhaps my work has been my contribution to the cause of harmony among the many peoples who make up America."

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THE MOMENT OF DECISION

Like Many Another Issei, Frank Kagiwada Made His Great Decision When War Came

By ALICE SUMIDA

HERE HE WAS in the Poston camp, with a difficult decision to make. Thoughtfully, Japan-born Frank E. Kagiwada reached with his fingers to turn the war news off the radio, and settled back with a deep sigh against the cushions on the cot. His eyes lighted up as he saw his wife coming into the one-room apartment.

Without asking any questions about her trip to the camp canteen, Mr. Kagiwada walked toward his wife and, for about the seventh time that day, inquired, "What do you think I should do?"

Mrs. Kagiwada, who noticed with wifely concern her husband's troubled look and tousled hair, took a few seconds to place the packages she had been carrying onto the nearest table. Turning to him, she hesitated before starting to relate to him, in a soft voice, the conversation she had had with a friend at the canteen.

"Her husband was with her," she began, "and they both came over to speak to me. We talked about your taking this job, and they said . . . "

"Yes, I know what they must have said," Mr. Kagiwada broke in gently, and his voice sounded weary. He looked outside the window and stared at the black tar paper on the barrack not far from the one in which he lived.

Should he, he wondered, take this job at the University of Michigan, teaching the Japanese language to soldiers of the United States Army? It would mean, his thoughts continued, aggressively helping in the war effort of America, which has prohibited by law, people born in Japan from becoming citizens even if, like himself, they had, for a number of years, lived loyally, worked, and been educated in America, and which had, in addition, soon after the outbreak of the war with Japan, forcibly placed behind barbed wires, persons of Japanese descent, citizens included, because of their racial ancestry.

Just then, his two youthful sons came in, talking with enthusiasm about an activity taking place at school. The expression on Mr. Kagiwada's face as he looked at his sons was a fond, proud one, and after a few minutes contemplation, he seemed to suddenly feel lighter inside, and certainly happier. After much deliberation and discussion on the problem confronting him, he had at last come to a final decision. Considering the position and future of the Nisei in America, of which they are in spirit such an integral part, decided the whole thing for Mr. Kagiwada.



Mr. and Mrs. Kagiwada and their son pose before their home for Cameraman Toyo Miyatake.

"The only answer, I decided, was for us Issei to continue to be as actively loyal as possible to America, and, in this way, be examples to be followed by our children," he said.

In September 1943, not many weeks after all this had taken place, Mr. Kagiwada and his family left for Ann Arbor, Michigan, where, at the University of Michigan, he taught the Japanese language to soldiers in the Army intelligence school. Mr. Kagiwada was eminently qualified for this position at the university, for he had a degree from a university on the West Coast, and had been, for many years, a widely-known, successful businessman with a happy facility for getting along with others.

After finishing middle school in Odawara, Japan, Mr. Kagiwada came to the United States, where he completed studies at the Hollywood high school. He then took and passed entrance examinations, generally acknowledged as very difficult, to the California Institute of Technology. The eight hundred dollars he had had in his possession were spent during the freshman year, but, undaunted, young and ambitious as he was, he proceeded to finish out his second year by working part-time for his tuition. Often working nights, Mr. Kagiwada's zeal for studies and for the part-time job of assisting with selling of insurance was excessive, and he impaired his health.

(Continued on page 24)

Jiu-Jitsu Man:

HE MAKES GIANT-KILLERS

"A Boston Institution."

That's how they think of Earl Nishimoto, a mild-mannered, jiu-jitsu expert who is all of five feet, four inches.

He trained Army men and Marines during the war. He can split boards with a stroke of his hand, hammer spikes through planks with his knuckles and shatter wood with a kick of his bare toes.

But the thing he is most interested in—and for which he is best known in Boston—is to teach timid little boys how to defend themselves and in the process cure themselves of fear neuroses and inferiority complexes.

Psychiatrists have sent timid, non-aggressive youngsters to him at his gymnasium at 123 St. Mary's street, Brookline. They have come home cured.

Dr. Merrill Moore, whose sons have been trained by Nishimoto, says that this mild-appearing Nisei "has done more to build up confidence in young lives that might otherwise be ruined through fear neuroses than any man I know of."

Meek little boys, tormented by bullies, have suddenly found themselves again when they learned they could topple a towering bully with a flip of the wrist. Nishimoto's powers as a restorer of confidence are unlimited, according to his many admirers.

One of his patients was a 12-year-old infantile paralysis victim. Though not crippled, the youth had lost control of his coordination and was the butt of cruel pranks by other children. One day another boy knocked out two of front teeth.

At that point the outraged, anxious parents took him to Nishimoto.

"Today," says his mother, "Herbie packs a mean wallop. Nobody picks on him any more. He has a grand physique and he's out for football."

Another youth, Bobby, is a wrestler at Noble and Greenough school. But a few years ago, Bobby was non-aggressive, he hated to fight, and was constantly picked on by other boys. He was constantly subjected to "meatballing," a barbarous practice of holding the victim down while others rub their knuckles on his body until it is black and blue.

Nishimoto took Bobby in hand. The rest was history for the youth, but a matter of quiet pride to Nishimoto. Bobby approached one of his tormenters in class when the other began writing derisive statements on the blackboard. The class got a demonstration of jiu-jitsu.

Another of his former tormenters had his head ducked under a drinking fountain until he found himself yelling the traditional "uncle."

Bobby has never again had any trouble with "meatballers."

Nishimoto who was born in Hawaii, is entitled to wear the black belt, a mark of distinction in the jiu-jitsu world.

He has also found his ability quite helpful in moments of stress. He was once the victim of an attempted holdup in Chicago. Two men approached him, one grabbing him from behind. The man suddenly found himself spinning twenty feet into space. The other one never got close enough to do any frisking.

Boston, Mass.

One of the most charming members of Boston's cosmopolitan set is May Onishi, active member of the International Institute and chairman of many of its activities.

Miss Onishi was brought up in Mackey, Texas, where her father was known as the Japanese rice king.

She is a laboratory technician at Sandoz Chemical Works.

Her outside activities are many and varied. She is a member of the Hyde Park Methodist Church S O S club, a member of the Boston Nisei Club. Her hobbies include dress design (she is a graduate of Mme. Kozakova's School of Dress Design), reading, classical music, cooking. Though she is an "indoor sport," she used to ride horseback to school in Texas. Her brother, Massey, was a sergeant with the 552nd field artillery of the 442nd combat team.

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KAGIWADA: Moment of Decision

(Continued from page 23)

It became necessary for him as a result to stay in the country for about five months to get back his strength.

When once more in good health, Mr. Kagiwada and a partner started an insurance office in the Nisei Shokai, later moving to an office in the Olympic hotel in Los Angeles. While selling both life and general insurance, he tried school again and this time finished his studies with a degree from Southwestern University. In 1929, five men, including Mr. Kagiwada, established the Godo insurance agency, of which he served as president until the time of evacuation.

The Kagiwada family voluntarily evacuated to Reedley in April of 1942, but since, in two months, that area also became frozen, they went to one of the Arizona relocation centers in what was the last car in which Japanese were evacuated from California.

"The people in Reedley were good to us evacuees," recalls Mr. Kagiwada. "They came out to say goodbye and served us lemonade, punch, and sandwiches before we got on the train."

In Poston, Camp Three, Mr. Kagiwada was an insurance counselor. "The heat was awful in the desert," he exclaims. "One hundred and ten degrees, and even a hundred and twenty-seven degrees!"

In May of 1943, taking temporary leave, Mr. Kagiwada traveled into such states as Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado. Then after spending two more months in camp, he and his family relocated in September 1943 to Michigan. He filled the teaching position at the University of Michigan until January 1946. From March of that year to June 1947, he worked in Japan as a civilian employee under General MacArthur's command, then went back to Michigan and finally returned to California in October of 1947.

He is now in partnership with Seichi Nobe, and with T. Horii as buyer, in the Los Angeles export-import firm of Pan Asiatic Trading Company, which handles Japanese foodstuff and general merchandise.

Dignified Mr. Kagiwada, who speaks English fluently, needs but three short words to express what he feels about being a part of the American scene. He beamed: "I'm happy here."

Nisei Still Employed At Tooele Depot By Army Department

By Jack T. Harada

Tooele, Utah

Approximately thirty Nisei Americans are employed at the Tooele subdepot of Ogden Arsenal, more commonly known during the war as the Tooele ordnance depot.

All are employed by the department of the Army under civil service and are employed on a permanent basis. The majority are in supervisory jobs.

During the war years and in the period immediately afterwards, there were some 300 Nisei at Tooele.

The majority were then employed as munitions handlers, though a number held secretarial positions.

The Nisei at Tooele feel that they are still serving their government in a vital and important function.

Their services also prove, they believe, that as American citizens they can enter fields of work other than those to which persons of Japanese ancestry were restricted prior to the war.

The Minister and His Wife: VERMONT PIONEERS

TWO YOUNG NISEI, the Rev. and Mrs. Sadaichi Asai, are pioneering here in this Vermont community with much the same spirit and vision that their parents "pioneered" on the west coast a generation and a half ago.

The Rev. Asai has been pastor of the Cornwall Congregational church since this fall, when he was called by the people of the church to become their pastor.

He and his wife, who were married after a romance which began in the relocation center to which both of them were sent after the war began, feel that they "represent the Nisei" in this Vermont community.

"We are both taking our responsibilities with great challenge," the Rev. Asai says. "However, in our daily relationships we have forgotten that we are Nisei; instead we feel a part of this great America. At first it gave me a great thrill to be introduced as the new minister, but now I do not sense my uniqueness—I am taking it just for granted that I am the pastor."

The Rev. Asai is a native of Los Angeles, as is his wife.

The young minister graduated from Compton junior college and the University of California. After his university days he went into the dry goods business with his father, but the war forced the liquidation of the business and the family's removal to a relocation center.

Shortly thereafter the Rev. Asai began some of the work in the east and in the New England states which eventually led to his position with the Cornwall Congregational church.

In 1944 he was program director of the Emmanuel Baptist church and Christian center in Buffalo.

He attended Andover-Newton theological school and worked in the First Congregational church in Cambridge.

In July, 1946, he took over the pulpit of the Montvale Congregational church, Massachusetts, while the regular pastor, the Rev. Richard R. Zoppel, was in Europe with UNRRA.

The Rev. Asai served as an assistant to the chaplain at Boston city hospital during the same year and spoke to numerous youth groups in New England.

Later he became assistant minister at the First Baptist church in Waltham.

In August of 1948 he came to Cornwall.

When he was ordained on Oct. 9, nearly the entire membership of the 145-year-old First Congregational church attended the service.

Among the clergymen who participated in the service were Dr. Nels Ferre, professor of theology at Andover-Newton school, the Rev. Edward S. Treat, the Rev. John Irons, the Rev. Max Webster, the Rev. W. Joyce Medlock, the Rev. Louis C. Turner, and the Rev. W. T. Hawley.

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PIONEERS FROM JAPAN

By LAWRENCE NAKATSUKA

THE HISTORY of the Japanese people in Hawaii is only 80 years old, a short chapter in the annals of the old country from which they came. But during the four score years, they have shaped the life of the land to which they emigrated probably more than any other group.

From the time the first shipload of contract laborers docked at Honolulu in 1868, they have influenced the destiny of the Hawaiian islands in its growth from a monarchy, to a republic, then a territory. They may yet live through another transition in the making, the granting of statehood to the territory.

The Japanese are linked inexorably with the tide of events that have swept the islands since their coming. But they have always been an enigma to the people around them. They continue to be a riddle — an industrious, thrifty people whose virtues are extolled by those who know them and misunderstood by those who do not know them.

Because they have lived apart from most of the community for a long time, their past contributions to Hawaii's development have not been fully appreciated. The stranger today — and there are many thousands of them who have swelled the population of the islands since World War II — is more often than not ignorant of the toil and tribulations endured by the Japanese in making Hawaii the Pacific paradise which attracted him to these shores.

The newcomer has read about the heroic wartime record of the Nisei on European and Pacific battlefronts. He can understand and appreciate their deeds because the war is still so fresh in his memory. He sees the Nisei around him on the streets in Honolulu, in the shops and schools, and in the sugar and pineapple fields and mills.

But the background story often goes unnoticed. That is the story of the Issei, those hardy pioneers who tilled the soil to transform barren islands into productive, growing communities. They have helped build the islands more than any other race if for no other reason than by their comparatively larger numbers. The historic truth is that the Issei provided the bulk of the labor over many years when other peoples could not be found in sufficient numbers to do the work in the sugar industry, the backbone of Hawaiian economy.

Their economic contribution is matched only by their sacrifices to raise Nisei children who in turn are contributing to Hawaii's welfare today.

By frugal living and dawn to dusk labor, the Issei saved hard-earned dollars to send their children to the public schools and through universities. They provided education which they themselves sadly lacked. Ironically, in the process of schooling, the children turned more and more away from parental guidance and the ways of the old country which the Issei sought to perpetuate. The Nisei youth was influenced by his school and community experiences to become "Americanized" in his attitudes and manners, much to his parents' dismay.

Emotional conflicts were inevitable. But as parental domination waned, the fundamental virtues they had inculcated in their offsprings found root and held firm even while the assimilation of the second generation progressed in the direction of western culture and thinking.

The virtues gained from parental example and training — duty to country and family, pride in individual conduct, appreciation and gratitude, ambition to learn — steadfastly stood the test in the emergency of war. The loyalty of the Nisei to the United States did not waver under difficult conditions during the war.

The Issei gloried in their son's loyalty to the United States almost as though they themselves belonged to the country their sons fought for. Yet that right to belong to the United States, as a citizen, is denied the Issei because the naturalization law discriminates against their race.

Their birth in Japan forever deprives them of the privilege of becoming naturalized citizens under our present law, notwithstanding the fact that they have given the best years of their lives to their adopted land or that their sons may have given their lives fighting for their country.

Some came as children so young they remember little of the country in which they were born. In recognition of their long residence and their part in building Hawaii's economy through their labors and the labors of their American born children, the United States should grant the Issei the naturalization privilege now available to other peoples. Granting them this privilege, so long denied them, is overdue.

If the Issei could have become citizens of this country years ago, many of the criticisms levelled again them — for supposedly being so "Japanized" they can not become good Americans — would never have been raised. Was it reasonable to demand that the Issei discard belief in Japan and things Japanese when they were denied American citizenship?

A convincing answer is given by Bradford Smith, in his new book, **Americans from Japan.**

"The Japanese," he writes, "proved 'unassimilable' because nobody took the trouble to assimilate them. Eligibilty to citizenship would have made all the difference, as those who gained citizenship by fighting in the first World War have proved. American citizenship was flaunted in the faces of these aliens as something they were unworthy of while every test of social acceptability — low crime rate, clealiness, diligence — proved them to be better than many a group who had citizenship. While we thus compelled them to remain loyal to Japan if they were to have any nationality, we built a high barrier of citizenship between them and their children."

Who are these people who have been the cynosure of so much misunderstanding? Why did they come to Hawaii? Why were they so different from other groups of immigrants? Why did they become a "problem"?

Fourteen years after Commodore Perry steamed into Yedo (Tokyo) bay and forcibly ended Japan's "closed door" policy, the first organized group of Japanese emigrants sailed for Hawaii. That was in 1868, the first year of Emperor Meiji after the overthrow of the Tokugawa regime. Actually, according to one historian, the immigrants were "kidnapped" from their country, without the approval of their government.



This picture of the old and new generation in Hawaii was recently awardel first prize in the convention print salon sponsored by the Camera Council of Hawaii. It was taken by Hideo Niiyama of Honolulu.

For several years an American business man had been trying to recruit Japanese as contract laborers for Hawaiian Sugar plantations which sorely needed the manpower. The idea of introducing Japanese laborers into the Hawaiian Islands came from a plantation owner who suggested to the businessman in Japan that he could use 500 workers who would "serve like the Chinese under a contract . . . They would be treat-

(Continued on page 30)

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New York Vignette

By JOE OYAMA

We've never met anyone with such terrific drive and singleness of purpose.

A friend has told us that he is something of a mathematical genius.

He used to come into our store (still does) with a sack of books under one arm and a shopping bag in the other, and we had always assumed that he was a Nisei, because he was attending Columbia university working for a Ph.D. in mathematical statistics.

But, the other day we discovered that he is an Issei.

And that's what makes his story the interesting one that it is; although, at his request, he shall remain nameless.

* * *

In Los Angeles, before the war, he was a commission merchant and a wholesale broker, distributing fruits and vegetables—a profitable business which was completely wiped out with the war.

Much later, armed with an A.B. degree in economics from Stanford and a suitcase full of old clothes, he left the relocation camp for New York City.

He had made up his mind. He was going to become a government mathematical statistician.

"There's a need for them in the Treasury, Commerce, Agriculture and Labor departments," he said to himself, "and I could help."

Working for his M.A. in mathematics at Columbia was rugged.

As he tells it, "While I was going to school, I had to wash dishes full-time — forty hours a week. During the summer, I worked at the International House 100 hours a week, to pay for my tuition. I managed to save from six to seven hundred dollars.

"And then, this summer I lost my mother."

We remember well the morning that his mother died. We saw him standing on the corner, waiting for a bus. He was on his way to attend a morning session at Columbia. His face was very pale and drawn; his eyes, glassy. We knew he hadn't slept all night.

Others who saw him might have lifted their brows in surprise over his "going to school on the morning of his mother's death." But they didn't understand.

He had done all he could for his mother. It would have been hard to find anyone who had been more devoted and kind to his mother. He had taken good care of her, had been nurse and companion, as well as son, to her.

His going to school that morning was a simple, if difficult, gesture to his mother, who would have wanted him to carry on as before, rather than prostrate himself at her passing.

When we saw him the other da he told us, "I'm teaching now, b cause I need the money to contin school. I'm teaching a priva school, because in New York sta I'm not acceptable in the pub schools, as I don't have U.S. cit zenship. I'm teaching science an math at the Roosevelt grade an high schools in Hyde Park.

"I tell you I've worked hard," h said. "Look at my clothes," pinc ing his trousers, "These are o clothes. I haven't bought any sin coming to New York.

"My profession is really researc and statistical work, but I wou be able to get a government job i that line unless the naturalizati bill passes.

"The day after war broke out Dec. 8th—I volunteered for th U.S. Army. I wrote to Stimso He replied that they would use m where I am needed."

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THE SAWADAS OF ALABAMA

A Story of an Issei and Camellias

By ROKU SUGAHARA

WAY DOWN SOUTH, deep in the eye-filling magic flowerland of sweet-smelling Louisiana magnolias and gorgeous gay Alabama camellias, one Issei's name is widely known and respected.

Southern flower-lovers who meticulously tend their prized camellia plants all know that the "K. Sawada" is one of their show pieces. They can readily recognize this particular camellia blue-ribbon winner by its pure white double petals, fully imbricated, and by its almost perfect formation. It is a scintillating flower that shimmers jewel-like in its beauty and majestic splendor.

Every year, in flower shows throughout the South, the "K. Sawada" and its running mate, the "Mrs. K. Sawada," a beautiful camellia masterpiece, consistently win top honors in the camellia division.

As you near the vicinity of Mobile, Alabama, and ask anyone, be he humble share-cropper or pretentious plantation owner, if he knows the Sawada family, the answer will be a booming "yes." He will point toward the road beyond the Moffett road reservoir and tell you that the Sawadas live there. There will be a feeling of friendship in his eyes and a tone of pride in his voice as he directs you to "a fine man."

Kosaku Sawada is a kindly, friendly, hospitable man. Of average height and build, he looks like most West Coast Issei nurserymen. Sawada is 66 years old and 38 of them have been spent in Alabama. He can look back through the years with satisfaction because of the warmth of the great many friends he has made in that part of the country where Japanese are few and far between.

"Next to my own little family," the hardy, gray-haired Sawada declared, "my greatest treasure realized in my long stay in this country is the devoted friendship of the people in my neighborhood and community. To me that means a lot."

At his spacious and picturesque grounds, aptly called the "Overlook Nursery," Mr. Sawada can look over hundreds of thousands of camellia and azalea plants growing on the broad acres of rich fertile Alabama land.

Today Sawada is one of the larger factors in the camellia industry and the creator of some 26 new species of camellias. Two grown sons and a daughter, all college graduates, are carrying on the Sawada tradition around Mobile way. They are making more friends, expanding their nursery operations, and the elder Sawada serves in an advisory capacity.

Born in Mino-mura, in Osaka-fu, Kosaku Sawada was the youngest child in a large family and decided to scamper off to America at the age of 24. At that time, a Mr. Mikawa who was a friend of the family, was organizing a group to grow rice in Texas. Young Sawada eagerly seized this opportunity and joined about a dozen others and sailed for this country.

This band of newcomers started work on a rice plantation near Houston, Texas. In a matter of a few short years the experiment met with dismal failure chiefly due to poor weather conditions and insufficient knowledge of Texas soil factors. Giving up the growing of rice, this group then formed the Alvin Nursery Company and specialized in the development of pecan and satsuma orange trees which they imported from Japan.

The nursery venture made out much better and these industrious Issei gradually built up a demand for their products. In 1910, as part of their expansion program, a branch office was started in Grand Bay, Alabama.

Coming to Alabama with this group, Sawada joined in clearing the land and starting the young pecan and orange shoots. They met with indifferent success at first, but as the group came to understand the climatic conditions, they began to make headway in this venture.

In 1916, after staying six years with the Grand Bay nurserymen, Sawada returned to Japan. There he married Nobu Yoshioka from Kanazawa and brought her back to Alabama with him.

Rejoining the Alvin Nursury people, Sawada worked with them until 1919. A severe freeze and an attack of citrus canker killed all the trees and plants of this Japanese firm and wiped them out. While the other Issei of the group returned to Texas, Sawada decided to move up north, about 25 miles, to Mobile and start a flower nursury business.

This was in 1920. At first he had to supplement his meager income by growing truck crops along with his flowers. Sawada felt that camellias could be successfully grown in the South and concentrated on this particular line. He imported new species of camellias from Japan and at the same time developed new varieties in his own experimental gardens.

Then in 1928, just as his business was beginning to be on a paying basis and interest in camellias began to take hold, his wife passed away. Left with four young children, three sons and a daughter, Sawada became busily occupied caring for his family and looking after the nursury at the same time.

It is to his credit that all four children went to college. The eldest son, Tom, is a graduate of Spring Hill College and also spent 4½ years in the Army. The next son, George, is a graduate of Auburn College and Cornell University where he specialized in horticulture. Daughter Lurie is a graduate of Huntingdon College. These three now operate the nursury. The youngest son, Ben, is now at Emory university where he is studying for the ministry.

Because of men like Sawada, Mobile is now recognized as being the camelia and azalea center of the country. There the climate, with its abundance of rainfall, is suited to these flowers. At the present time there are some 165 nurseries in this area and Sawada is one of the major factors.

In the past 13 years Sawada has introduced 26 new varieties of camellias. The two most widely known are the "K. Sawada" and the "Mrs. K. Sawada," which have been patented. Many of his new species have a Japanese tinge to their names. For example, there is the "Shiro-botan," the "Imura," the "Sarasa," and the "Rising Sun." One beautiful lavendar pink flower he has named after his daughter, "Lurie's Favorite." Other well-known camellias developed by Sawada include the "Robert Norton," the "Rose Mallow," the "Victory White," the "White Empress," the "Blush Hibiscus," the "Liberty Bell," and the "Queen Bessie" among others.

The Sawada camellias and azaleas have consistently won major awards at flower shows in the south and the east. Frequently the elder Sawada is called upon to judge these events. This Issei has written several articles on camellias and flowering cherries for the Home Gardening magazine and camellia books; also lecturing before many groups on the subject of camellias.

An amateur painter and writer, Sawada enjoys creative fields. He is happiest in his experimental hot-house, where he still labors diligently in producing new and better creations.

Speaking about the opportunities for the Nisei in the South, he believes that the South offers a splendid chance.

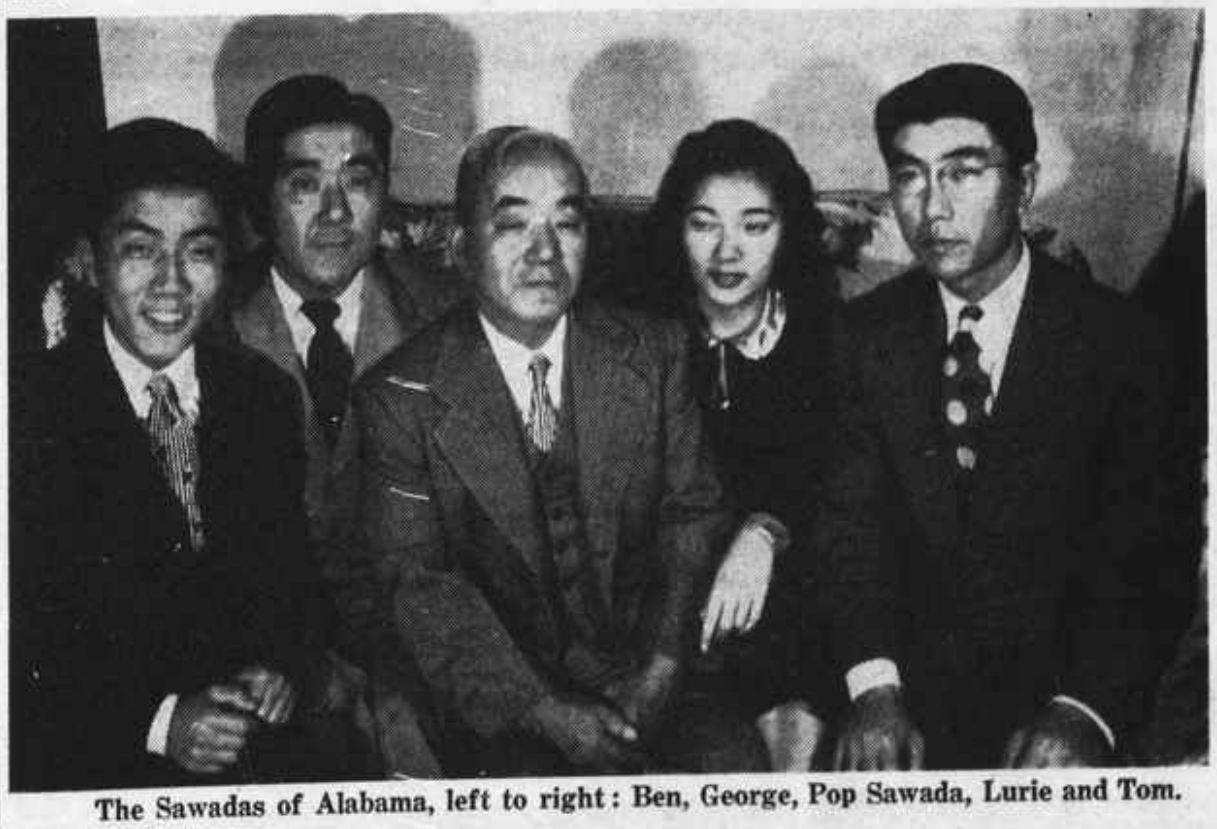
"The Nisei," he advised, "have the advantage of knowing the language and the background of America . .. . something that the Issei lacked . . . and for that reason should be able to accomplish much more than we."

Sawada feels that the Nisei should be quite adept in the agricultural and floricultural fields because the Japanese have been superior in those fields and also because of the fine reputation established by the Issei in those lines.

"Many times a month," he continued, "I receive calls from my customers and friends to find a Japanese to work on landscaping jobs or gardening work. It seems, though, that the Japanese and even the Nisei are reluctant to come down South. They have an erroneous impression that the South is poor and the conditions are dismal. I grant that this is not the richest part of the country, but at the same time I think it is much easier to make a living down here; better still, it is a quieter and more leisurely way to live."

He feels that there will be no sudden or great wealth for Nisei entering farming or floriculture in the South, but that it will provide a comfortable living.

Today, the good and well-respected name of this pioneer Issei is being carried on by his children. They, too, have won the high esteem and kind regard of the community in which they live. This is Kosaku Sawada's greatest joy as he looks back over his 66 years of toil and labor . . . that his flowers will continue to bring gladness and beauty to others thru the work and industry of his children.



The Sawadas of Alabama, left to right: Ben, George, Pop Sawada, Lurie and Tom.

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The Japanese Language Schools

By EIJI TANABE

ONE of the important contributions made by the Issei towards the American war effort of World War II turned out to be the language schools. The target of much abuse and suspicion prior to the outbreak of the war, the language schools can be said to have served a useful and valuable existence. In Hawaii as on the mainland United States, the language schools have contributed to the efficient functioning of the Military Intelligence, the Radio Monitoring, the Office of War Information, the Office of Strategic Services and other branches of the War Agencies where specialized language skills were needed.

Thousands of Nisei students went through language training at Camp Savage, Fort Snelling and the Presidio at Monterey, graduating as first class linguists in the short period of nine to twelve months. A similar program was conducted by the Navy, selecting only those men who were honor students or those with high I.Q. ratings. However, it was difficult and impossible to turn out proficient linguists who could read, write and converse in the Japanese language within the course of a year or two. On the other hand, the Nisei were equipped with the basic knowledge of the Japanese language which was a by-product and natural outcome of their family environment which helped them to acclimate themselves to the Japanese language much quicker than it would have been otherwise.

First Schools

The first Japanese schools on the mainland were started simultaneously in San Francisco, California and in Seattle, Washington in 1902, six years later in Hawaii. The following year, the Buddhist church in San Francisco and Sacramento, California also started a school of their own.

The founders of the schools were faced with differing opinions within the community. One group claimed that the establishing of Japanese Language schools would tend to aggravate anti-Japanese sentiment which was being directed towards establishing of segregated schools for Japanese children.

In 1907 as part of the agitation to stop the migration of Japanese from Hawaii, the San Francisco board of education issued an order that all Oriental children be sent to segregated schools, which resulted in a grave international situation between Japan and the United States.

The Japanese pupils did not have a place to receive their education. As a result, the Japanese Association gave financial assistance and also employed three instructors, using the then existing Japanese Institute as a school house. The same curricula as the public schools were set up for these students.

The segregated schools were abolished in 1908 under an agreement that no Japanese would be allowed to migrate from Hawaii to the continental United States. Those who had attended the Institute were given full credit for their work.

One of the difficulties which the language schools met was the insufficient numbers of pupils because few Issei were married or had families. However, this was solved with the passing years as more and more families were established. By 1912, there were 14 schools in California, one in Oregon and 3 in Washington. By 1914, the schools in California had increased to a total of 31 with pupils numbering 10,149.

Anti-Language School Agitation

The agitation against the Japanese Language schools became intensified with the passing of years and because of the ever-increasing number of schools. By 1922, there were over 40 schools in California.

The campaign against the German language during World War I had its concommittent repurcussions against all other foreign languages which included the Japanese, Chinese and Italian. The California Legislature passed a law which regulated and controlled them. The important provisions were:

1. Any desiring to conduct or teach in private foreign language schools must first obtain a permit of the Superintendent of Public Instructions.
2. Teachers of private foreign language schools must pass a test on their understanding of Democratic Principles, American History and Government, and be able to read, write and speak the English language.
3. Schools were prohibited from teaching during the public school hours or have classes for more than an hour each day nor more than six hours a week with a total of not more than thirty-eight weeks during a school year.
4. The Superintendent of Public Instructions or his representative shall have the right to inspect the schools and if the instructor is not adhering to the rules and regulations, he shall have the authority to close the schools until such time as the proper instructor is procured.

When the legislature convened in 1923, the Inman Bill was passed almost unanimously. It provided that after September 1, 1923, those who had not completed the fourth grade of the public schools would be prohibited from attending the language schools, and that after 1930, the language schools would be abolished. While the bill was awaiting the signature of the Governor, the Nebraska Parochial school case was decided by the United States Supreme Court which held that the right to teach a foreign language was guaranteed by the 14th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

In June of 1926 when the United States Supreme Court ruled against the Hawaiian language school and its regulations, the laws of California were considered to be no longer applicable and all restrictions were lifted. The Court stated in that case:

". . . . The Japanese parent has the right to direct the education of his own child without unreasonable restrictions; the Constitution protects him as well as those who speak another tongue. . . ."

In other words the United States Supreme Court's decision had the following effects: 1. The Japanese language school teachers were not required to take English examinations and were free to be employed. 2. Language schools could be operated without any restrictions. 3. Language schools could use textbooks of their own choice. 4. The language schools would not have to shorten their school year and were free to decide on policies pertaining to their school year. 5. Language schools were free to teach outside of the public school hours.

Court Decisions

The United States Supreme Court had generally been alert to the rights of the private schools

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for it had struck down attempts to regulate them.

When the State of Oregon attempted to forbid the general education of children in Catholic schools, the court said:

". . . . The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this union repose excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the State; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations. . . ."

In a Kentucky case, the United States Supreme Court had said:

". . . . the capacity to impart instruction to others is given to the Almighty for beneficient purposes and its uses may not be forbidden or interfered with by Government — certainly not, unless such instruction is, in its nature, harmful to the public morals or imperils the public safety. The right to impart instruction, harmless in itself or beneficial to those who receive it, is a substantial right of property, especially, where the services are rendered for compensation. . . . If pupils, of whatever race—certainly, if they be citizens—choose with the consent of their parents or voluntarily to sit together in a private institution which is not in its nature harmful or dangerous to the public, no government, whether federal or state, can legally forbid them coming together, or being together temporarily for such innocent purpose."

In the Nebraska case, the parent's right to have their offspring taught a foreign language was held to be one of the fundamental rights guaranteed by the due process clause of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments. A teacher of such languages cannot be deprived by the state legislature of the right to pursue that vocation.

Growth of Schools

Once the Supreme Court had clarified the rights of the language schools, there was an upsurge and an increase in the number, bringing about an era of their greatest growth. Then too, the increased number of Nisei reaching school age added to this increase. Also, the importance of the Japanese language for the Nisei as a means of earning a livelihoood and learning the cultural background of the parent generation influenced the thinking of the Japanese communities.

In 1940, there were 248 language schools in California employing 454 teachers with a student enrollment of 17,834. The total annual expenditures for the maintenance of these schools amounted to about $397,990. This meant that the cost was about $22.30 per student per annum.

Everywhere that the Japanese were established in large numbers there were language schools, with part-time instructors in communities where the number of families were few.

What of the Future?

During World War II, all of the Japanese language schools were closed, especially on the West Coast because of the evacuation. In the Hawaiian Islands, all foreign language schools, including the Japanese and Chinese schools, were closed through passage of a law by the legislature.

With the termination of hostilities, the Chinese schools decided to contest the validity of the statute and brought court action. In the lower court, they have won, and the matter is to be argued in January before the Supreme Court of the United States. On the mainland United States, although hysteria ran rampant on the West Coast against persons of Japanese ancestry, the legislators did not pass any laws to prohibit or curtail the activities of the language schools.

In Hawaii, a large number of the school properties were given away. Consequently, even if the case should be won, it would take a long time before the pre-war language school status can be reached.

On the West Coast, however, many communities will not need any school buildings since the evacuated people have not returned. The schools are gradually being revived here and there. The Nisei and Sansei are asking for Japanese language courses because of various reasons; such as, preliminary training to join the Army Military Intelligence or to go to Japan as a civilian worker which necessitates a working knowledge of the Japanese language.

Need of Japanese Language

Even before World War II, the late V. S. McClatchy, the executive secretary of the California Joint Immigration Committee is supposed to have stated that the Japanese language is one of the most important languages for those on the West Coast. Although Japan has been defeated militarily, there is a strong prospect of the nation arising as a progressive scientific and cultural force.

For the United States to teach democratic principles and ways of life to Japan, the occupation force may remain for years. This will mean that a large staff of civilian and military personnel familiar with the Japanese language will be necessary.

Japan will play an important role in the coming Pacific era even in trade. Japanese will be one of the languages which will be used by the various countries.

Any American citizen who has a command of the Japanese language will have a decided advantage over those who are not bi-lingual.



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Pioneers from Japan

(Continued from page 25)

ed well, enjoy all the rights of free men and in our fine islands, under our beautiful and salubrious climate, they would be better off, as permanent settlers, than in their own country."

Only a few days before the ship bearing the immigrants cast off from Yokohama, the civil war then in progress established a new regime and arrangements which had been made with the old government were cancelled. Even though the new government refused to issue any passports, the American business man set sail for Hawaii anyway with 149 Japanese, including six women and two children.

After a storm-tossed voyage of 32 days, the ship arrived at Honolulu on June 19, 1868. The first group became known as the "Gannen-mono" (first Meiji year people). Most were adventurous young men, coolies and palanquin bearers by occupation. One account described them as "mostly vagabonds engaged in fighting, gambling or highway robbery."

As contract laborers, they were promised $4 a month with board and free passage from Japan and home again after three years. They were to put in 26 days of work a month, from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

They found plantation life arduous and complained loudly. The Japanese government sent investigators to Hawaii. Forty immigrants returned to Japan with the officials and 17 more returned later when their three years contract had expired. The rest married native women and settled in other trades.

Seventeen years later, in 1885, the second group of immigrants arrived in Hawaii. They came not from the city as did the first group but from the agricultural prefectures of Hiroshima, Yamaguchi and Kumamoto. They were farmers and small landowners who were in serious plight, economically. They were the typical immigrants in whose footsteps tens of thousands of others from Japan followed during the ensuing years.

The Hawaiian government, on behalf of the sugar planters, spent heavily in efforts to persuade Japan to allow her people to emigrate again, after the sad experience of the first group of immigrants. But it was worth the heavy expense because the plantations had been unable to hold other immigrants on the land or they were too demanding or lazy. The sugar interests had searched the whole world for cheap labor. They imported Chinese, Polynesions, Portugese and many others but none proved adequate for the needs.

With the second group of 943 laborers, Japanese immigration to Hawaii began in earnest. King Kalakaua, the "Merry Monarch", himself greeted the foreigners upon their arrival in Honolulu on February 8, 1885.

The immigrants came with a single objective in mind: to save enough money to return to Japan and live a comfortable life there. Between 1886 and 1894, about 28,685 men, women and children entered the teritory on three year contracts. But only a small proportion saved enough to return to their homeland. Many were bachelors who dissipated their meager income on wasteful living. Lacking a stable community life, without wives and families, they often deserted the plantations.

The planters, for their part, did nothing to assist in the assimilation of the newcomers. The hardier ones headed for the big city, Honolulu, to find new employment.

As immigration reached its peak, around the turn of the century, the Japanese outnumbered the Americans. They clamored for some political influence when the Hawaiian kingdom was overthrown and a provisional government established. The American interests were bent on annexation of the islands to the United States for their own political and economic security. These same men, who had sought Japanese labor, now were afraid of their numerical strength and enacted laws to limit their influx.

Annexation became a reality in 1898 and sovereignty was transferred to the United States. The Japanese received an unexpected emancipation. Contract immigration was stopped and contracts already in force on the plantations were nullified. For the first time the Japanese were permitted to migrate to the mainland United States. Starting with only 21 persons in 1901, the exodus rose to 57,000 by 1905.

The 1907 immigration law halted the movement. The following year the "Gentlemen's Agreement" cut off further immigration to Hawaii from Japan, except for relatives and picture brides. During this "period of summoning



Three Nisei from Hawaii represented the United States in the Olympic weightlifting events in London. They are shown above with their coach, Henry Koizumi, and Richard Tom, Chinese American.

Left, to right: Emerick Ishikawa, 6th place, featherweight class; Richard Tomita, 8th place, featherweight class; Koizumi; Harold Sakata, 2nd place, lightweight class; and Tom, 3rd place, bantamweight class. — Photo by Jack Matsumoto.

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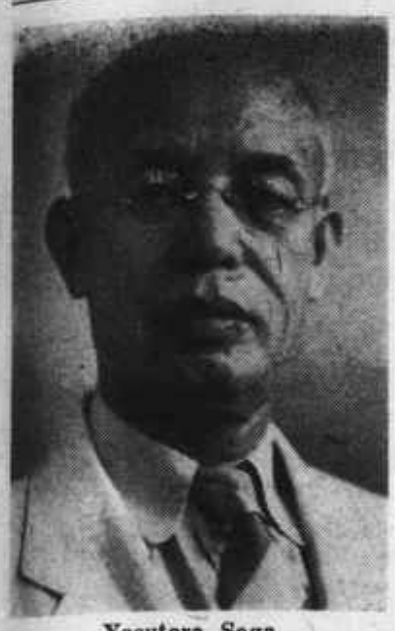
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Yasutora Soga

families," 62,277 Japanese entered Hawaii, until 1924 when all immigration was banned.

With the coming of wives, the laborers became settlers, not temporary immigrants any more. Until sufficient numbers of women arived, the unbalanced sex ratio caused vice to flourish. But with the heavy influx of of picture brides, the laborers settled down to permanent homes on the plantations and elsewhere. The picture brides, like the men immigrants at first, were disillusioned when they reached Hawaiian shores.

Instead of finding a prosperous country and financially successful husbands waiting for them, they found isolated plantation communities and poor laborers alongside whom they had to work as hard as, if not harder than, they did in their old villages.

New problems arose as soon as the families were established. Japanese language schools and Buddhist temples were built. Unlike Europeans, the immigrants had no common bond of religion, culture or education with the larger community of non-Japanese. The immigrants kept to themselves, remaining in tightly-knit colonies while the so-called American community excluded them from active participation in affairs outside the plantation.

While the cultural and social cleavage widened between the Japanese and the non-Japanese, economic troubles flared. The Organic Act of 1900, making Hawaii an American territory gave the sugar plantation workers freedom to move to wherever they wished. The plantations began to raise wages to hold the workers. But a rash of unorganized strikes broke out.

The first big strike, however, did not come until 1909 when the Higher Wage Association of Honolulu sent a demand for higher wages to the sugar planters. The association asked for equal pay for equal work since other nationalities were being better paid than the Japanese.

The demand was rejected and those behind the move were called "agitators" because they were not workers. One of these was Yasutaro Soga, then the 36 year old editor of the **Nippu Jiji**, a leading Japanese daily. He toured the plantations to drum up a strike. At first 1,500 workers stopped work but soon others followed. Thousands crowded into Honolulu after having been ordered out of their plantation homes. The planters refused to bargain. The strike was broken when funds to feed and house the laborers ran out. Soga was charged with "conspiracy" and sent to jail.

In 1920, another big strike was called but this time Filipinos and Chinese were involved also. Again, the strikers were put out of their plantation homes. Hundreds who moved into Honolulu fell victims of an influenza epidemic.

This strike too was broken. After each strike, however, the planters instituted reforms.

Now retired, Soga muses with satisfaction the progress the plantation workers have made in improving their lot. The workers receive as much pay for one hour's work today as they did for a day's labor 30 years ago. Soga expressed gratification that the Nisei have risen to responsible plantation jobs in the fields, mills and offices.

The Issei's most notable contribution, according to Soga, was their role as "natural agriculturists" who developed the island economy.

The future for the Nisei and Sansei, in his opinion, lies in diverse occupations, in the trades, the professions and businessess as well as agriculture.

The Issei are living the last chapter of their lives in the background, now that the Nisei have come of age. Soga illustrates this point in his own case.

He has passed on to his Nisei son, Shigeo, the entire job of publishing the "Nippu", renamed the "Hawaii Times," after the outbreak of the war. A graduate of the Missouri school of journalism, 1929, Shigeo took over when his father was interned during the war, along with 1,200 other Japanese in Hawaii.

Yasutaro Soga, now 75 years old, is writing the memoirs of his 52 years in Hawaii, after having just published a book, **Life Behind the Barbed Wires**, an account of his four years in New Mexico internment camps.

Concerning naturalization for the Issei, the retired dean of Japanese journalists says he believes the privilege of applying for American citizenship should be extended to the Japanese aliens.

Those who would profit most, he points out, are the Japan-born residents of the territory who came at an early age, like his son Shigeo's wife. She arrived in Honolulu at the age of 13 from Japan, was educated at Puahou, a Honolulu private high school, and the University of Hawaii.

Soga described her as "just like an American citizen."

"Shigeo is an American citizen: she wants to be one too."

However, most of the Issei in Hawaii, he says, are at an advanced age, like himself, and would not benefit much from naturalization legislation.

Yasutaro Soga championed the cause of Takeo Ozawa in the famous eligibility test case in Honolulu 30 years ago. Personally acquainted with Ozawa who was born in Japan but educated in California, Soga supported him in his editorial columns, as Ozawa sought to prove that Japanese were eligible to American citizenship. In 1922 the U. S. Supreme Court ruled against Ozawa.

Soga has written against two movements in the Japanese community recently. One is the revival of Japanese language schools. The territorial law regulating these schools is to be tested befor the U. S. Supreme court soon and until the decision is rendered, Soga feels that the language schools should not be revived. They would hurt the cause of Hawaiian statehood, he believes.

The decline of the Issei influence can be traced directly to the decline of their population. In 1900, the Issei made up 92% of the total Japanese population in Hawaii. In 1941 it was down to 22 per cent. Of 160,000 Japanese, 125,000 were citizens and only 35,000 aliens.

By 1945 the citizen group had gained further while the alien group had dropped again. Of 163,000 Japanese, 133,130 were citizens and only 30,170 were aliens.

The other target of his editorial pen are the so-called "Japan Victory clubs," a fantastic cult in which elderly Japanese have been duped into thinking that Japan, not the United States, had won the war. Sveral thousand members have joined this movement and Soga has attacked the promoters for having capitalized financially on the racket. He says he has been threatened on the telephone and in letters for exposing the cult.

The war caused a wholesale shifting of businesses from alien to citizen management and ownership. Most of the big Issei businessmen were interned during the war. The Nisei carried on in their places and, even after the return of the Issei, they continue to assert their influence far more noticeably than before the war.

A striking example is the leadership of the Honolulu Businessmen's Association, which was the Japanese Chamber of Commerce before the war. Three out of the seven officers are Nisei, and 14 of the 37 directors are Nisei — a high percentage compared to prewar years.

As the Nisei expanded their business interests, they have joined with other races to form cosmopolitan partnerships and corporations.

In a cultural way, they are inter-marrying with other races more than before, helping to bring about the "melting pot of races" which is the future Hawaii.

The Buddhist religion is being revived among the young people but the Shinto temples are fading out of the Hawaiian scene. Christianity is bringing into the fold more and more second generation Japanese.

In social and school life racial barriers are breaking down rapidly.

These are signs of the passing of the Issei and his era. The Nisei has arrived, but in the transition that is in full swing now, the Issei is finding some of the changes all to his liking. Most are resigned. however, to the advent of a new stage of history, satisfied that they have played their role in the yesteryears to the best of their ability. They blazed a trail in the Hawaiian frontier. They were the pioneers in the history of Japanese emigration.

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YAWARA MAN

By BILL HOSOKAWA

ONE DAY more than a dozen years ago, police officers called on Prof. Frank A. Matsuyama at his obscure Berkeley, Calif., gymnasium and presented a problem.

"We need," they said, "a small, handy, effective weapon for close-in fighting. Something that won't cause injuries nor get the public excited about police brutality."

The officers admitted that sometimes their nightsticks were wrested away from them, that blackjacks often cracked skulls, that both were unwieldy for close work and their use provoked the indignation of by-standers.

The eventual outcome of that conversation is a little gadget now known throughout police circles as the yawara stick. It is an amazingly simple, astonishingly effective device that threatens to replace the policeman's billy and sap, and perhaps win lasting fame for its inventor among law enforcement officials.

Matsuyama's invention led August Vollmer, world-famous criminologist, to remark: "The yawara stick . . . is without doubt the most compact and effective offensive and defensive weapon that has been brought to my attention. This weapon should be required equipment for every policeman . . ."

Scores of police departments have adopted the yawara stick as standard equipment. It is being introduced to other departments from coast to coast, and apparently it is well on the way toward making the work of American police officers safer, easier and more humane.

With a yawara stick, a trained officer is more than a match for the burliest assailant. The most recalcitrant prisoner can be made to obey because the yawara stick can inflict intense—but harmless—pain on tender spots on the arms and fingers.

Matsuyama, a little, mild-mannered but thoroughly formidable Issei, is gratified by the many unsolicited letters of praise and appreciation he has received from users of his weapon.

It took Matsuyama two years of planning and experimenting to design the yawara stick. At first it was of wood, but it wasn't entirely satisfactory. It took another ten years before Matsuyama stumbled on the right material, a dense electro-plastic.

Today the yawara stick is a patented, harmless-looking little dingus about the size of a corncob and looking as if it had been carved out of a piece of broomhandle. It is six and three-fourths inches long, grooved for easy gripping, rounded at both ends and weighs a fraction more than six ounces. It is small enough to be carried in an inside coat pocket.

In its most simple function, the yawara stick is used to tap the back of an assailant's hands. Matsuyama demonstrated on this writer. It hurt.

"Hit a man on the head with a blackjack," Matsuyama says, "and he gets mad. He fights back. But hit him on the hand with the yawara stick, and it takes the spirit out of him. He has to fight with his hands. If his hands hurt, he doesn't want to fight." Simple, but highly effective as hundreds of police officers have found.

Within a week's time, Matsuyama says, a policeman can learn all he needs to know about handling a yawara stick. He learns to use it to overcome an assailant, subdue a prisoner, force a man to move by throwing a painful and foolproof hammerlock on him. He is ready to go forth confident of making any necessary arrest without either injuring or being injured by an unarmed but violent suspect.

Matsuyama explains the stick is effective because it makes easier the application of yawara to modern police needs. What, then, is yawara?

Yawara, according to Matsuyama, is an ancient Japanese system of self-defense taught for centuries only among the nobles. It is scientific in the same way as judo, but more robust and roughneck as it includes punching and kicking along with trick holds. It is, Matsuyama asserts, the world's most effective method of overpowering a foe.

Matsuyama contends he is the only yawara instructor in the United States. Even in Japan yawara teachers are rare. A recent issue of Stars and Stripes published in Tokyo said an American army sergeant, Daniel L. Kinney, who learned yawara from Matsuyama, started yawara classes at Tachikawa air base when no native instructors could be found.

The man Matsuyama is as fascinating as his art. Today at 62, he is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 134 pounds. He has the heavy eyebrows and the thin, aquiline nose of the samurai in old Japanese prints. He wears his hair long at the back, paints as a hobby, and professes to be afraid of no man in hand-to-hand combat.

"My father," Matsuyama says, "was a samurai of the Satsuma clan. He was a big man, all of six feet. My brother was also a six-footer. A horse fell on me when I was 8 years old, and for two years my spine was so bent I couldn't stand erect. My father finally cured me after two years by exercise, but I think that accident cost me my growth."

At 11, Matsuyama started yawara training. In 1903, at 17 years of age, Matsuyama came to the United States. He was, someone once observed, the world's most formidable 94-pound fighter. The years that followed were spent in the customary Issei manner—working as houseboy, farm hand, dishwasher. For a while he ran a hog and chicken ranch, was employed for a short period by Jack London, that redoubtable drinking, writing and fighting man. Still later he ran a school for automobile mechanics, specializing in the Model T.

In 1928 he returned to yawara, his first love. He opened a gymnasium and offered his skill to the Berkeley police. He was 42 years old then, and weighed 114 pounds. The police scoffed. He put five of them in the hospital before they were convinced that the gentle oriental had something.

Matsuyama went on to train the men of scores of police departments, police schools, highway patrols, coast guard units. When war broke out he undertook the mass training of 600 auxiliary police in the Eastbay area. But not even his long record of aid to the police made him immune against the evacuation order. Armed with letters from the Berkeley police, Matsuyama headed for Denver.

In Denver he opened another gymnasium, trained military police, the Colorado state guard, Denver police, the Colorado state guard, Denver police and firemen and other peace officers in a wide radius. Four sons (he has eight children) meanwhile were serving in the United States army.

"The yawara stick," Matsuyama says, "takes much of the dangerous work out of a policeman's life. Up to now an officer had his work cut out for him if a prisoner got violent. An officer had to throw him down and maybe wrestle with him. If he used a club or blackjack, he was sure to get complaints.

"The yawara stick gets compliance without violence. You can't throw a drunk around. But put a yawara hammerlock on him and he'll get right up and walk out with you without causing a disturbance. The yawara stick is a fine persuader."

You needn't take his word alone. Peace officers recommend it fervently. Here are a few endorsements:

J. A. Greening, retired Berkeley police chief says: "In my opinion it (the yawara stick) is the most effective and humane weapon that has even been made available to peace officers."

G. R. Carrel, chief of the Colorado state patrol: "No other instrument used by modern police officers can equal yawara or the yawara stick."

C. J. Sanders, captain of the Nebraska highway patrol: "The use of yawara and the yawara stick surpasses any form of self-defense that we have ever used."

Lt. Col. Leon Lambert, Quebec provincial police: "I do believe the yawara stick is the best offensive and defensive combat weapon, much preferable to the blackjack . . ."

G. B. Girard, captain, personnel and training, Denver police department: "Officers everywhere should accept with enthusiasm the yawara stick as a weapon designed in true modern concept of police service of suppression rather than aggression."

To paraphrase the obvious, these comments are eloquent testimonial on one Issei's contribution to the cause of maintaining law and order in these United States.



Prof. Matsuyama demonstrates his famous yawara stick in this photo by Carl Iwasaki.

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Bob Mukai of Ogden, shown far right in photo above, was the prize-winner in the IDC oratorical contest, held at Mack's Inn, near Yellowstone, to determine the IDC representative in the national JACL contest.

Other contestants, l. to r.: Tets Okada, Julius Numata, Jay Tashima, Uki Shiba and Mukai.

Salt Lake Lists Convention As Major Activity of Year

THE ENTIRE JACL focussed its attention on Salt Lake City year as the local chapter, with the cooperation of the Mt. Olympus JACL, played host at the 10th biennial national convention of the organization.

While months of work and planning went into this single event, the chapter nevertheless carried out a program crammed with activity during the months of 1948.

Among major projects of this chapter were formation of a women's auxiliary under chairmanship of Mrs. Doris Matsuura, participation in the city's International Peace Garden project; and sponsorship of a large and varied sports program which included bowling and basketball.

The chapter also joined other city groups in Red Cross, United Nations, Brotherhood Week and other activities.

Dr. Jun Kurumada led the chapter during this year, which, because of responsibility for the national JACL convention, was perhaps the most important in the chapter's history.

His cabinet consisted of George Mochizuki, first vice president; Tak Maruyama, second vice president; Chiyo Arita, recording secretary; Fusae Odow, corresponding secretary; and Ben Terashima, treasurer.

Thirteen committees were set up to handle the various activities of the group.

Alice Kasai served as executive secretary of the chapter.

The women's auxiliary, believed to be one of the first sponsored by a JACL chapter, carried on an active program of its own.

The auxiliary instituted a Blue Cross program for members and their families.

In May the women's group joined with other organizations in the UN Crusade for Children benefit dance and bazaar. Mrs. Kiyo Oshiro was chairman, assisted by Mrs. Doris Matsuura and Mrs. Rae Fujimoto. The auxiliary's elaborate booth, with scenic background painted by Rinji Tsubamoto, proved one of the most effective features of the bazaar.

The Salt Lake group's bowling league proved one of the most successful activities sponsored by the chapter. Four leagues were held: men's Monday night league, women's league, doubles league and a traveling league. The national JACL bowling tournament, sponsored in March, was the largest held by a Nisei group.

The Peace Garden project of the chapter will result in an unique Japanese garden in one of the city's largest public parks.

The mammoth 10th biennial convention of the JACL, held Sept. 4 to 8 in Salt Lake City, demanded full time work from many of the chapter's members for weeks preceding the big event.

Close to 500 delegates attending the convention were treated to almost a week of activity, which included dances, sports, picnics and teas.

Special features instituted by the chapter for the convention were a film of all convention activities; selection of "Miss JACL" in a nationwide beauty contest; press and television coverage of the week's events; special sports tournaments; and stenographic coverage of all national council meetings.



Akira Hasegawa, president of the East Los Angeles JACL, center, second row, is shown here with members of his cabinet.

The chapter is one of the newest in the large JACL organization.

Besides Hasegawa, officers are, left to right, first row: Roy Uno, public relations chairman; Yoshiye Kurokawa, recording secretary; Mikko Fukui, corresponding secretary; Dr. George Wada, treasurer; second row: George Umezawa, membership chairman; President Hasegawa, and Steve Sakai, vice president.

—Photo by Roy Hoshizaki

Many Activities Mark Year for San Mateo JACL

San Mateo, Calif.

HOWARD IMADA, chairman of the San Mateo chapter, and his cabinet led the San Mateo JACL in one of its most active years during the 12 months ending December, 1948.

Imada was assisted throughout the year by Dr. George Takahashi, 1st vice chairman; Sally Kawakita, 2nd vice chairman; Mrs. Gertrude Anderson, recording secretary; Fumi Nosaka, corresponding secretary; Hiroji Kariya, treasurer; Joe Ishida, publicity; and Mrs. Sue Hatakeda, historian.

The year started off with an installation dinner at the Benjamin Franklin hotel. Bill Enomoto was toastmaster, and Joe Grant Masaoka, regional JACL director, administered the oath of office.

Among guests were Mayor and Mrs. Reilly of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brill of the Northern Peninsula Council for Civic Unity, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Eisenberg and Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Rowell of the Redwood City Council for Civic Unity, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hardgrove of the San Mateo-Burlingame chapter of the AVC, and Mr. Robert Watson of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The chapter added $2,000 to the ADC fund in March as the members carried on a two-week door-to-door campaign. Iwao Takahama of the Kika Kisei Domei was chairman. His committee included Grace Yamaguchi, Sam Kariya, Nobu Tabata, Saiki Yamaguchi, Bob Yatabe, Howard Imada, Katsumi Onizuka, Shig Takahashi, Hiroshi Ito, Yasuko Ishida, Tadashi Sakuma, Kiyoshi Nosaka, Sally Kawakita, Jack Fujiki, Joe Ishida, Hiroji Kariya, Shozo Mayeda and Kio Yamane.

In June, in answer to the emergency appeal of the Portland chapter for Vanport flood relief funds, the San Mateo JACLers conducted an overnight door-to-door campaign in cooperation with the San Mateo YBA and the Sturge Fellowship. Over $200 was collected, in addition to which the chapter mailed $25 from the JACL treasury to the Portland JACL to aid victims of the flood.

In September the chapter participated in the San Mateo county fair and floral exhibit, a yearly affair.

The JACL was allotted a 10 by 10 booth. The exhibit was a mural by Henry Shin with a mass of flowers on it forming the background, upon which large photos depicting some of the positions held and activities engaged in by Nisei and Sansei of the county were shown.

Other chapter events during 1948 included the group's membership drive, headed by Hiroshi Ito; a visit to the grave of Ken Kato, past president, at the Golden Gate national cemetery; a weenie bake at San Gregorio lagoon; the second annual San Mateo county community picnic at Oak Cove park; and a Hallowe'en social.

Cleveland JACL Program Serves Community Needs

By Kuniko Kodani

Cleveland, Ohio

THE 1948 CABINET of the Cleveland JACL under the able leadership of its president, George Chida, will complete its term in office when a new cabinet is inaugurated at the chapter's annual inaugural dinner ball in December at the Hotel Hollenden.

The inaugural ball is one of the main events of the year for Cleveland Nisei.

Meanwhile, with a membership of 200 mainly due to the efforts of Ben Ogino, membership chairman, the Cleveland chapter has had an active and interesting year.

A program to meet the needs of all its members and to serve the comunity was planned by Bob Takiguchi, program chairman, and Frank Shiba of public relations.

One of their first big successes was the joint meeting held with the Jewish youth organization of Cleveland, the Woldman chapter of B'nai Br'ith last January. "Minority Programs, Your and Ours" was the topic of a panel discussion in which George Chida and Frank Shiba took part.

A community picnic, held July 5, was another program highlight in 1948. Under the leadership of Howard Tashima, social chairman, the chapter sponsored its first community outing. All Nisei and Issei organizations in Cleveland gave their full cooperation and a crowd of 700 persons turned out for the day of festivities.

During the year hay rides, a steak fry, movies and dances were all planned to include the younger members of the JACL as well as the older.

The chapter also sponsored a number of interesting speakers, among whom was Jimmy Maloney, recently back from Japan, who spoke on education in Japan.

Prior to the national elections, Tak Yamagata, registration chairman, planned a political rally at which Judge Perry B. Jackson of the local municipal court and Mrs. Ralph Kane of the League of Women's Voters were guest speakers.

Jack Clowser, sports writer for the Cleveland Press, was the main speaker.

At the spring meeting of the Midwest District Council, Cleveland was represented by Shiba and Takiguchi. President Chida and Tak Toyota, vice president, attended the last meeting of the council in Chicago.

The chapter's bulletin is now going into its second year of publication with Thomas Imori, Shiba and John Matsushima on the editorial staff. This monthly bulletin is published with news in both English and Japanese for Cleveland residents. The untiring efforts of the staff have made it the proudest achievement of the year and brought praise from all its readers.

The Cleveland chapter has streamlined its work by holding executive board meetings on the first Wednesday of each month at the International Institute. All committee heads give reports at this time and the cabinet handles whatever business that may come up during the month. This eliminates drawn-out sessions at regular general meetings, which are also held once a month. Minutes of the executive board meetings are mailed to all members. The membership is also invited to attend any of the executive board meetings and their suggestions are invited.

With the ADC campaign and work on the evacuation claims ahead, the Cleveland JACL feels that 1949 can be another year in which JACL can play an important part in serving the community.

Ventura County Tells Story Of JACL Activity in 1948

Ventura, Calif.

First major 1948 event for the Ventura County JACL was its installation banquet January 31 in the Saratoga room, Oxnard Colonial Steak House, where Masao Satow, JACL executive director, administered the oath of office to President Nao Takasugi and his cabinet.

Other officials installed with President Takasugi were Toru Otani, vice president; Alice Kimura, secretary; Kazuko Tsunoda, treasurer; Masako Moriwaki, auditor; and Seichi Mayeda and Minoru Sakata, sergeants-at-arms.

On March 1 the second ADC fund drive got underway with Tadashi Tokuyama as chairman. The drive netted $1543, which is the total amount the chapter has forwarded to national headquarters.

On April 1 Hideko Inouye and Kiyomi Yanaginuma were elected to take the posts of secretary and auditor vacated by Alice Kimura and Masako Moriwaki, respectively.

On May 30 the JACL sponsored a special Memorial day service at Hueneme Japanese cemetery honoring the late Sgt. Leonard Takasugi and the late Sgt. Fujino.

On June 12 the chapter honored 11 Nisei graduates at a graduation social at the Oxnard community auditorium. President Takasugi was master of ceremonies.

On July 4 the membership sponsored its second annual picnic for the entire Japanese American community. Akira Kurihara was chairman for the event, which featured a fishing derby and a beef steak barbecue.

In August Kiyomi Yanaginuma acted as chairman for the joint Santa Barbara-Ventura JACL picnic, to which the **Crossroads** staff was also invited as special guests.

On Oct. 29 the chapter entered a float in the Oxnard Elk's lodge annual harvest festival parade and came out with second prize. The float featured the election motif, a suggestion given by President Takasugi. The chapter also contributed to the Ventura county Community Chest drive.

In mid-November the Ventura JACL began a door-to-door campaign to raise funds in its third ADC drive. The quota for this year has been set at $5,000.

Regular meetings of the chapter have been held throughout the year on the last Friday of each month. Special features are presented each month, such as guest speakers, square dancing, parties and movies.

DOCTOR HEADS LOS ANGELES JACL GROUP

Los Angeles

Little did the well-wishers at the inaugural dinner held earlier in the year for the new Los Angeles chapter cabinet visualize to any realistic extent the problems and work to be faced during the year by the incoming officers.

But the records show, at year's end, that the members on the 1948 cabinet, headed by Dr. Tom T. Watanabe, a leader of ability and a deep sense of responsibility, have guided the chapter's affairs, which were complex, in a manner not to be excelled.

High among mention of the tangible progress made by the Los Angeles chapter may be listed the careful, long-range planning in connection with the division of the Los Angeles chapter into separate chapters to cover smaller areas and specific sections within metropolitan Los Angeles.

General arrangements for the successful queen contest, dance, and drawing held on July 5 were handled by the first and second vice-presidents, George Umezawa and Dick Fujioka, who have, throughout the year, carried out the duties of their respective offices.

The tremendous undertaking of the membership drive was in the hands of the third vice-president, Tut Yata, who, with customary competence and perceptive direction, did an admirable job.

Other members of the enthusiastic and hard-working cabinet were the auditor, Frank Suyenaga, the recording secretaries, Shizue Nishizaki and Miki Miyasako, and the corresponding secretary, Alice Sumida.

Joyous Holiday Greetings

VENTURA COUNTY CHAPTER
JACL

OXNARD, CALIFORNIA

Holiday Greetings

EAST BAY JACL
CHAPTER

Berkeley – Oakland – Richmond
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At this season of the year, the staff of the Washington office, JACL Anti-Discrimination Committee wishes to thank the thousands of persons who have offered so generously of their time and support in the work which we have accomplished.

It is our fondest dream that next year at this time we may say thanks for even stronger support during 1949, a year in which our greatest hopes finally were realized.

To you and yours — a most Merry Christmas, and a fruitful New Year.

MIKE MASAOKA
ETSU MASAOKA
LILY YASUDA
LORRAINE YAMASAKI
T. SHIZUOKA
ROBERT M. CULLUM
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The tragic Vanport City flood of May 30th called for emergency action by members of the Portland JACL, who responded with efficiency and dispatch in the alleviation of flood damage.

The chapter opened a relief office which was on call 24 hours a day to process flood victims for relief supplies, gathered and distributed donations of money, food, medicine and clothing, and worked with the Red Cross in aiding persons of Japanese descent who were made homeless.

Above are two scenes of the emergency relief work, taken at the height of the relief project. Left: members of the chapter interview flood refugees. Shown (clockwise) are Bill Oda, Tex Irinaga, Shig Sakamoto, Mrs. Nellie Tsunoda, Grace Tambara, Mrs. Binkey Mar and Terry Yumibe.

Right: Members of the Fujinkai assisted actively in the relief work. Here they prepare boxes to be distributed to flood victims. In the picture are (clockwise) Mesdames Uyesugi, Yamasaki, Marumoto, Kawata, Moriyasu, Akagi, Tanida and Maeda.

New England: Harv. Aki Leads Boston JACL in First Half Year

By DAISY TANI
Boston, Mass.

TO TRAVELERS who visit historic Boston to trod upon spaghetti-spun streets sprinkled with colleges, or who enjoy the glorious four seasons out in the countryside bedecked with charming cottages, stone walls, roses, and poison ivy, or who behold and re-live fifth grade history thrills in Lexington and Concord, or who relish the humble but authentic bean and cod, we offer a new interest—the half-year-old New England chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League.

In the closing days of 1947 amid the activities of the snow plow and coal bin, a handful of citizens planned to organize a local JACL. The first general meeting was held on February 7, 1948, at the stately International Institute building on Beacon Street which later became headquarters.

Harvey Aki was asked to serve as temporary chairman and Mrs. Eiko Tomiyasu as temporary secretary.

Twenty-six signed a petition asking the national JACL for a charter to establish the New England chapter in Boston. The provisional organization held its next general meeting a month later to decide upon membership, dues, permanent location, and appoint committees to draft a constitution, plan membership, and nominate officers.

At the formal induction of the chapter on May 8, 1948, members were honored by having Dr. Ralph Barton Perry, one of the first national JACL sponsors and an authority on American democracy, and Mike Masaoka, our Washington representative.

Both stressed the vital importance of organizations such as ours dedicated to the elimination of discrimination, to the exertion of positive efforts for integration into and contribution to American life, and to the acceptance of civic responsibilities.

Inasmuch as most of the active members were away for the summer, no formal program was planned until the fall. Although the membership is still small, the New England chapter has been active in the support of our legislative program, namely HR3566, HR3999, and the Judd bill.

Sam Ishikawa, eastern regional representative who visited many New England communities last spring, did much to arouse interest in Washington's legislative program.

The Boston Herald, The Boston Traveler, and The Boston Globe have published encouraging editorials, and various organizations and individuals have cooperated in sending letters and telegrams to senators and congressmen.

The New England chapter consists largely of university students, faculty, research staff, professional, and business members, ideally integrated into community life and in a position to support a legislative program, and in being the first organized effort here to unite persons interested in a common purpose.

Harvey Aki is president of the chapter, assisted by T. Scott Miyakawa, vice president; Trudy King, vice president; Tomiko Ito, corresponding secretary; Eiko Tomiyasu, recording secretary; Jin Kinoshita, treasurer; George Inouye, historian; and Daisy Tani, correspondent.

Vanport Emergency Calls Services of Portland JACL

Chapter Members Show Initiative in Handling Vanport Flood Needs

By MARY MINAMOTO
Portland, Oregon

THERE was an unexpectedly hot sun as the Portland JACL met on Memorial day at the Japanese Rose City cemetery to pay tribute to 15 Nisei war dead. One hundred Nisei and Issei were present, but there were very few representatives from Vanport City, where the majority of Issei Gold Star parents resided.

Persons at the service sensed that something was wrong.

Charles Shimomura, presiding chairman of the service and a resident of Vanport, raced home after the service. He found that flood waters, which had been held back for three days by a bank of sand bags, were going over the top. The Vanport City flood had begun.

Shimomura knocked from door to door, warning the city's residents.

The JACL went into action. An emergency meeting of all Nisei and Issei organizations was held at the JACL office. A relief committee was formed to work in conjunction with the Red Cross.

A branch JACL-Red Cross relief station was organized at the J. K. Kida store in the heart of Portland's Japanese community. The office was managed by Bill Oda, George Azumano and N. Horagami, while the main JACL office was managed by Toshi Kuge, senior at the Oregon medical school and president of the JACL. Both offices were open on a 24-hour schedule.

The morning following the disaster, Nisei college students and Issei civic leaders canvassed Japanese residents of Portland for disaster relief funds. Approximately $2500 was collected, of which $1,000 was turned over to the Red Cross.

JACL chapters throughout the country also responded, with the Snake River chapter coming through just three days after the flood with $3,000. Contributions from chapters totalled $9,389.35.

The Portland chapter is in its third year of activity. Difficulty in retaining a chapter president has resulted in the retention of last year's cabinet, serving in an advisory capacity. Members of the 1947 cabinet are George Azumano, Kimi Tambara, Paul Oyamada, Mary Furusho and Milton Maeda. Jimmy Mizote and Mary Minamoto were reelected on this year's cabinet.

The chapter has 109 members, the result of a successful membership drive conducted under the direction of Tsuguo Ikeda, the Lewis and Clark college yell king.

The chapter publication, "Portland Hi-Lites," was again edited by Miss Minamoto, who was also appointed publicity director.

In addition to its exceptional effort in meeting the flood emergency, the Portland chapter organized numerous other activities to serve the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Toshi Kuge and Miss Minamoto aided in a survey of graves in the Japanese cemetery, listing the unknown graves, names of persons buried, unmarked plots and available plots. The JACL planned to replace the markers and provide other services to keep up the cemetery. Cemetery clean-up days were sponsored.

The chapter held cooking classes twice weekly, beginning on April 26. Educational movies were shown, including films on the atomic bomb and cancer.

The chapter aided in the compilation of a JACL directory covering persons of Japanese ancestry in eastern Oregon and the Hood River valley. Ted Hachiya, as directory chairman, directed the mailing of 5,000 census blanks. The book was completed in October.

The JACL also began a master calendar in order to eliminate conflicts in Nisei socials and meetings in the community. Tsuguo Ikeda and Kiyoo Yamamoto were named co-chairmen.

REPORT FROM SAN BENITO JACL CHAPTER

By Betty Nishita
San Benito County, Calif.

The San Benito County JACL began the year with an installation party on Jan. 15 for President Takeichi Kadani and his newly-elected cabinet.

Joe Shingai was master of ceremonies for the event, at which President Kadani and the following cabinet were installed: Kay Kamimoto, 1st vice president; Isaac Shingai, 2nd vice president; Frank Nishita, treasurer; Glenn Kowaki, recording secretary; Toshi Sakai, corresponding secretary; Kay Yamaoka, Japanese secretary; Dennis Nishita, publicity; Ed Masuura, Issei relations; Sunie Masumoto, alternate delegate; Betty Nishita, historian; George Yamanaka, sergeant-at-arms; and Hiroshi Honda, George Nishita, Mas Sakai, Otis Kadani and Sam Shingai, board of governors.

The chapter donated copies of "Boy From Nebraska," Ralph Martin's biography of Sgt. Ben Kuroki, to school and county libraries in Hollister and San Juan City.

Social highlight of the year was the graduation party held June 25 at the citizens' league hall in conjunction with the YBA.

NEVADA CITY JOINS FAMILY OF JACL GROUPS

By BESSIE NISHIGUCHI

GREETINGS from "The Biggest Little City in the World."

March 1, 1948 saw the inception of another adjunct to a national organization—Reno, Nevada, entered the now large and growing JACL family. Though the entrance was unlike the much bespoken entry of March's weather-beaten lion, the interest displayed by the small group gave assurance that this foundling was here to stay and to grow up with its parent organization.

Thirty of Reno's young people gathered at the Fukui home to give audience to the JACL's Joe Masaoka. Joe's inspiring message so captivated the attention and interest of those present that their enthusiasm warranted the organization of a new chapter. Since this was the only known attempt by Nevada's Nisei to organize by groups, it was quite apparent that, once started, the incipient opportunities for social activities together with the serious need for unity would lead to the advancement of the Nisei.

With no community hall available, it was decided to hold monthly meetings at the homes of the members—in alphabetical order—and subsequently, the first meeting was held at the Fred Aoyama home, at which time the constitution was adopted and the officers were elected. Following the business end of the meeting, dancing and refreshments were enjoyed.

The month of May saw the meeting place move down the alphabet to the home of Mas Baba, the club's first president. Guests of the evening were the Reverend and Mrs. Terence Stoker of the Federated church in Reno. The Reverend Stoker spoke on his concept of racial unity as the greatest step toward world progress and peace. While delicious refreshments were served, everyone participated in an informal discussion of Reverend Stoker's talk.

The Frank Chikamis were hosts to our June meeting. A full and active program was planned for the summer months. First on the social calendar was a community picnic which took place in a spot in the mountains west of Reno. The picnic was highly successful and, we feel, adequately accomplished the end we had in view in sponsoring the affair—the creation of goodwill among the Issei and other non-members toward the JACL. This affair, well-attended by families and individuals from all over the state of Nevada, was climaxed by a drawing of many beautiful and practical prizes donated by the club and various business concerns. Voluntary donations made at the picnic were contributed to the Vanport flood relief fund.

For our July meeting, all who were unable to accommodate the members in their homes cooperated under the leadership of Frank Date and jointly entertained at the recreational building at Idlewild park. Following a weiner roast and a talk by Joe Masaoka, the evening was rounded out by dancing and community singing. On the following week-end three delegates attended the northern district council meeting in San Francisco.

An outdoor meeting was held at Washoe park in August with the Ken Dates in charge of refreshments. Announcement was made at this meeting that a delegate would attend the national biennial convention in Salt Lake City. After dispensing with the business of the meeting, an invigorating softball game ensued. Throughout the summer intra-club softball games were enjoyed by the weaker sex as well as the male members. Fishing was also a very popular sport and a contest was sponsored by the club for the largest fish caught during the season. Prize catch, weighing 4 pounds, 9 ounces, was made by George Okamoto.

September, and we met at the home of the Nishiguchis. Tentative plans were made at this meeting for representation at the northern district and western Nevada council convention at Monterey. Following the general business meeting, entertainment was provided by a home recording machine on which we made several records of vocal solos and group singing. We also discovered that the recording machine was an excellent medium for eavesdropping.

In appreciation for the use of the California building in Idlewild Park, a project was undertaken, and successfully completed, to clean and renovate the building. Park officials and the recreation director in charge of the building expressed their gratitude through the local paper.

The October meeting took place at the home of the George Oshimas. At this time delegates to the convention in Monterey presented reports on convention proceedings.

The Reno chapter looks forward to a future laden with the interest and enthusiasm that has been shown during the first year of our existence and we extend to all members of the national JACL our sincere greetings and best wishes.



Members of the Ogden chapter cooperated in a civic venture for the Knot Hole club by building bleachers for 400 boys at Affleck park. Above are committee members, l. to r.: Ken Uchida, Ray Nakatani, Tom Kinomoto and Dave Aoki.

Ogden JACL Promotes Public Welfare Program

Ogden, Utah

WITH ENERGETIC KEN UCHIDA as its president, the Ogden chapter recently completed one of its most interesting and active years since formation of the chapter.

Uchida was aided throughout the year by his cabinet, consisting of Yoshi Sato and Haruko Enomoto, vice presidents; Penny Watanabe, corresponding secretary; Esther Takahashi and Rose Takahashi, recording secretaries; Eddie Enomoto, treasurer; and T. S. Ochi and Toyse Kato, past presidents.

Regular meetings and socials were scheduled on a monthly basis, with the social chairmanship rotating for each event. Highlights of the year were the graduation ball held June 11 under the chairmanship of Yoshi Sato and a beach party Aug. 28 under Amy Hiratzka. The graduation ball was sponsored by Nisei organizations in Davis and Box Elder counties: the Progressive Young People's Association of Honeyville, the JACL and the Syracuse YBA.

The beach party, held at Sunset beach, was the national convention rally.

A special project of the Ogden chapter was its "bleacher project." The project was held in behalf of the Knot Hole club of Ogden, a club open to children under the age of 16 and part of a general program in Ogden to combat juvenile delinquency.

The chapter installed bleachers seating 400 persons for the Knot Hole club at John Affleck park. The Anderson lumber company cooperated in the project, which had the support of Japanese American communities in Ogden and Weber county. Committeemen were Ken Uchida, Roy Nakatani, Tom Kinomoto and Dave Aoki, chairman.

Elsie Yoshida represented Ogden in the national queen contest. Bob Mukai represented the chapter and the IDC in the national oratorical contest, placing third.

Chapter activities have followed the general pattern of contributions to CARE, Vanport relief, the Freedom Train, and other projects.

December events for the chapter included a stag smoker, sponsored by the veterans committee, and a Christmas social under the chairmanship of Yoshi Sato and Haruko Enomoto.



Kol Haramoto, president of the Progressive Young People's Association of Brigham City gives ADC fund drive money to Ken Uchida of the Ogden JACL.

Mid-Columbia Enters Second JACL Year

Hood River, Ore.

IMPRESSIVE memorial services for former Hood Riverite Sergeant Frank Hachiya, improvements on the JACL hall, "fun night" at the local Mormon church and contributions to the Vanport relief fund and the JACL-ADC highlighted the second full year of activity of the Mid-Columbia JACL since revival of the group after the war.

With tremendous financial responsibility incurred with the acquisition of the community hall and responsibility for JACL ADC funds, the chapter began early in the year to canvass for funds. The financial drive was directed by Sho Endow, treasurer. A membership drive was carried on at the same time under Setsu Shitara.

In early spring the hall committee with Mits Takasumi, board chairman, and Wat Kanemasu, Ray Yasui, Clyde Linville and Ray Sato as members, pushed a community effort to improve the hall, which was badly in need of repairs. Many of the members donated almost a week of time and effort to accomplish the roofing and painting.

"Fun night" was held with local Mormon church members in June. Local talent was primarily featured. Miss Helen Kinoshita, Portland JACL queen candidate, added her vocal talent. Another highlight of the evening was the JACL model show with Mesdames Eiko Morikado, May Yamaki and Porky Omori as producers. Male members impersonated ravishing screen actresses.

June also saw the area canvassed for contributions for the Vanport flood victims.

With the coming of fall the chapter took charge of special memorial services honoring Sgt. Frank Hachiya, whose body was returned from Leyte, where he gave his life in an heroic action that won him a posthumous Silver Star.

The services were arranged by Mr. J. Hachiya, father of the dead soldier, with the help of Ray Yasui, Taro Asai, Clyde Linville and Mits Takasumi. The service had the full cooperation of local veterans' organizations.

Many prominent persons participated in the services, including all three of Oregon's national JACL sponsors, Monroe Sweetland, Democratic committeeman from Oregon and publisher of the Newport News; Charles E. Sprague, former governor of Oregon; and E. B. McNaughton, president of Reed college. Other participants included Martha Ferguson McKeown, a personal friend of the deceased local DAR leader and author.

In the field of sports the chapter sponsored teams in almost every sports activity. The bowling league continued throughout the year. Parkdale won the team trophy in the winter bowling league as well as the basketball title. Harry Inukai and Hitoshi Imai walked off with honors in the summer doubles.

The baseball and softball teams with Porky Omori and Yutch Hori as team managers respectively carried out a full season of activities.

The baseball team played independent this year and in the process copped the consolation trophy at the Seattle Fourth of July tournament after defeating Portland, 1947 winner, in the first round. The first softball team in the valley was entered in the Hood River city league and finished second in a field of eight. Later the team took the consolation championship at The Dalles invitational tournament.

Masami Asai led the chapter throughout the year as president. Ray Sato and Hazel Kusachi were 1st and 2nd vice presidents. Other officers were Sho Endow, treasurer; Eiko Morikado, recording secretary; Jessie Akiyama, corresponding secretary; Mamoru Noji, board delegate; Setsu Shitara, alternate delegate; Bob Kageyama and Toru Hasegawa, social promoters.

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL



Reedley JACL

Sincere Holiday Greetings

from the

SALT LAKE CHAPTER JACL

"Thanks everyone, for your cooperation in making the National Convention a great success."

BEST WISHES
United Citizens League
of
Santa Clara County
565 N. 5th St.
San Jose, California



The cabinet:
Seated, left to right: Dr. Ryo Munekata, 2nd vice president; Dr. Roy Nishikawa, president; Mack Hamaguchi, 1st vice president. Standing: Mac Ishida, treasurer; Mrs. Mabel Ota, 3rd vice president; Yemi Chuman, recording secretary and historian; Bessie Nagahori, corresponding secretary; and Bean Takeda, auditor.
—Photo by Toyo Miyatake

The Southwest Los Angeles JACL, 64th chapter to be formed, was organized in June, 1948, with Dr. Roy Nishikawa as president.

In its short six months of activity, the chapter has signed up a membership of 120.

Since its formation the chapter has taken an active part in various community activities, such as assisting at the burial services of GI Nisei war dead, collecting food and clothing for Japan relief, helping Issei in the filing of first naturalization papers, meeting with the local National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, sponsoring a Japanese movie night with the Issei, and a Hallowe'en dance.

The Southwest Los Angeles JACL also had speakers and movies presented on the various California propositions on the November ballot.

In addition, groups have been formed within the chapter to meet the interests of the members. These include the bridge and dance clubs.

Plans have been made to help needy families at Christmas time.

Among members of the chapter who are outstanding JACL leaders are Saburo Kido, attorney and a past national president of the JACL; Fred Tayama, active member of the "1000 Club," and Frank Chuman, an attorney, who was recently elected national second vice president.

SEASON'S GREETINGS
from the
SOUTHWEST LOS ANGELES CHAPTER JACL

Dr. Roy Nishikawa, Pres. — Bessie Nagahori, Corr. Secy.
Mack Hamaguchi, 1st V. P. — Yemi Chuman, Rec. Secy.
Dr. Ryo Munekata, 2nd V. P. — Mac Ishida, Treasurer
Mrs. Mabel Ota, 3rd V. P. — Bean Takeda, Auditor

SEASON'S BEST WISHES TO ALL

PLACER COUNTY JACL
PENRYN, LOOMIS, NEWCASTLE, CALIF.

Season's Greetings
From
MT. OLYMPUS CHAPTER

GEORGE FUJII, 5089 So. 9th East, Murray, Utah
JIM USHIO, 5601 So. 13th East, Murray, Utah
MIEKO KUSABA, 34 E. 1st South, Salt Lake City, Utah
NOBUO MORI, Rt. 2, Box 426, Sandy, Utah
MR. AND MRS. KAZ KUWAHARA AND FAMILY, 6724 So. 13th East Murray, Utah
MR. AND MRS. MAS NAMBA, 4710 So. 9th East, Murray, Utah
MR. FRED SEO, 5325 So. 13th East, Murray, Utah
MR. AND MRS. S. USHIO, 5601 So. 13th East, Murray, Utah
HIROSHI MITSUNAGA, 3672 So. 11th East, Salt Lake City, Utah
KATHY TAMURA, 1401 Vine Street, Murray, Utah
FUSAE MATSUMIYA, 2132 Richards St., Salt Lake City, Utah
GEORGE TAMURA, 1401 Vine St., Murray, Utah
OKUBO'S, 2495 So. 3rd East, Salt Lake City, Utah
LEO ISEKI, Rt. 1, Box 723, Sandy, Utah
MR. AND MRS. KAY HARADA, 6700 Highland Drive, Murray, Utah
MR. AND MRS. TOM MATSUMORI, 1075 E. 48th South, Murray, Utah
FRANK HARADA, Rt. 1, Box 682, Sandy, Utah
FUMI HARADA, Rt. 1, Box 682, Sandy, Utah
SADAKO HOKI, 5069 So. 10th East, Murray, Utah
MAMIYO AKIMOTO, Rt. 1, Box 375-A, Midvale, Utah
HARDING AKIMOTO, Rt. 1, Box 375-A, Midvale, Utah
TOM AKIMOTO, Rt. 1, Box 375-A, Midvale, Utah
SHIG HOKI, 5069 So. 10th East, Murray, Utah
LILY MATSUMORI, 2943 So. 3rd East, Salt Lake City, Utah
MR. AND MRS. MIN MATSUMORI, 2943 So. 3rd East, Salt Lake City, Utah
JIMMY SHIMIZU, 2825 East 70th St., Sandy, Utah
ROSIE Y. KUMAGAI, 570 W. 1st No., Salt Lake City, Utah
TOSH HOKI, 5069 So. 10th East, Murray, Utah
LILLIAN UJIFUSA, 25 So. 1st West, Salt Lake City, Utah
AIKO NISHIDA, 573 No. 2nd West, Salt Lake City, Utah
MR. AND MRS. YUKUS INOUYE, Rt. 1, Box 189, American Fork, Utah

Ohio Group Shows Large Increase In Membership

Tom Kanno Heads JACL Chapter In Cincinnatti

By MARY KUBOTA

Cincinnati, Ohio

The Cincinatti chapter of the JACL had a very successful year under the able leadership of its president, Tom Kanno. The chapter boasted a membership of 75 members, a 100 per cent increase over last year. This was made possible through the vigorous efforts of our 1st vice-president, Kaye Watanabe.

The first general meeting of the year was held on January 23 with Dr. Randolph Sakada from Chicago as our guest speaker. Dr. Sakada informed us of the many problems and the tremendous tasks of legislation that were confronting the JACL in the year ahead. The Cincinnati chapter has responded in full support of all legislation before Congress and in other problems of national and local interest. Our general meetings are held every other month and are usually started with movies on varied subjects.

Occasionally, we may have a speaker on some topic of interest, or have informal discussions within our chapter, as was conducted by our Nisei friends from Hawaii at the March meeting in informative talks on inside Hawaii.

The business meeting then follows with routine minutes and treasury reports, latest views on national issues; the progress report, etc., and the remaining time devoted to local business matters, socials, etc. Refreshments and a social hour conclude the evening. We have succeeded in making our meetings a place where friends meet friends and where bits of news are exchanged in an atmosphere of friendliness. Cabinet meetings are held once a month at private homes and oftener when necessary.

Our activities for the year have been equally interesting. In February, a get-acquainted dance for all new members to the JACL was held at the University YMCA. This was attended by over 90 members and their friends, many from the outlying schools and cities.

In April, it was "Fun Day" at the YWCA. Both young and old participated in indoor sports, group games, ping pong and card games. A delicious potluck supper prepared by the young married women was then consumed by hungry appetites. Dancing, bridge, ping pong, etc., concluded the evening.

In May, it was picnic-time for both Issei and Nisei. This outdoor affair was held at a spacious country estate and was attended by a large crowd. In true carnival atmosphere, soda pop was sold, a drawing was held, bingo and other games of skill and chance were played. Kiddies ran races and won prizes, as well as the older folks. An enjoyable day was had by all.

On July 3, a pre-convention dance was held in the gala spirit of Independence Day. Guest for the evening was Hizi Koyke, well-known opera singer. Another novel feature was the help of the Issei in preparing Oriental refreshments. This fund-raising project was attended by a capacity crowd, and proved to be one of the highlights of the year.

In September, our two delegates, Grace Ogata and Tom Kanno, attended the national convention in Salt Lake City. On their return, a general meeting was held, at which time the members were informed on the many accomplishments that took place at the convention.

Hallowe'en was celebrated in Cincinnati on October 30 with an informal get-together. Group games of every description were participated in by all, with cider and donuts and dancing concluding the evening.

November is election month, and a new cabinet was elected at the last general meeting. Plans are already being laid for another successful year. December will be remembered with a Christmas dance; and plans are now under way for an installation dinner-dance to be held the first of the year.

The Cincinnati Chapter sends holiday greetings and best wishes to JACLers everywhere.

Coachella Valley Chapter Led by President Sakai

Coachella Valley

Tom Sakai, assisted by an able cabinet, led the Coachella Valley JACL during the year 1948.

George Shibata served as vice president under Sakai, with Alice Sakai and Grace Nagata as recording and corresponding secretaries respectively.

Other cabinet officers were Mas Oshiki, treasurer; Eddie Kono, historian; Alice Sakemi, reporter; and Bob Matsuishi and Henry Sakemi, members at large.

Officers were inaugurated in March at a dinner at Rancho Carillo. Eiji Tanabe, regional director in Los Angeles, gave the oath of office.

In June the chapter collected funds for Oregon flood relief. The group also held a picnic at Salton sea. In September another outing was held, this time at Idyllwild mountain.

Sam Ishikawa, new regional director in Los Angeles, addressed the chapter in October on the results of the September national convention in Salt Lake City. Slides were shown to the group. Saburo Kido, past national president, was also a speaker. He discussed the evacuation claims bill.

In November the chapter held a Thanksgiving clothing and food drive for Japan relief.

Thirty members and friends attended a farewell dinner at Rancho Carillo for two chapter members, George Kitagara and Jim Sakamoto, who were inducted into the army. The JACL presented each one with an inscribed Schaeffer pen.

Citizen of Boston

By DAISY TANI

AMONG MISTAKEN CONCEPTS held by second generation immigrant families is that of repelling the respective cultures of the old countries. The young people born in this country of alien parentage make such a sincere effort to be identified as Americans, they melt into the group almost negatively, losing individuality and neglecting the important responsibility of making a positive and unique contribution to American life.

We are, of course, thinking of our own group, the Japanese-American. To those who argue that it is un-American to study cultures other than our own, it should be recalled that, in addition to our combat troops, the Nisei who contributed most to the war effort were those best versed in the Japanese language and who understood Japanese culture.

In peacetime we can contribute in a more positive light.

Upon reflection, it can be noted that third generation immigrant groups in America have awakened an interest to study the country of their grandparents; it satisfies a personal curiosity of their own heritage and enriches their own lives and lives of people with whom they come in contact.

Thus went the tone of the interview between the writer and Mr. Scott Miyakawa, formerly of Los Angeles, now a faculty member of Boston University, Department of Sociology and Anthropology in the College of Liberal Arts and the Graduate School. His many experiences make him an asset to any group. Prior to joining the faculty of Boston University two years ago, Scotty spent two years at the University of Michigan as an Assistant Counselor of Religious Education, making a survey of administration of extra-curricular and religious activities in American colleges, and teaching one year at the University of Missouri.

Early in 1942, he devoted a great deal of effort in prodding churches and various organizations to protest against evacuation. Later he devoted more time and effort and even personal funds in assisting individuals in relocation and integration in community life.

Meanwhile, he found enough hours in the day to do graduate work at Columbia university and to make economic studies for several governmental war agencies. Upon further inquiry about his personal history, we find he is a graduate of Cornell University and has also worked for "a number of trade associations and companies interested in Far Eastern trade" which took him to China, Japan, Manchuria, and Korea.

Murray JACL Features Drama In Program for Past Year

By HELEN SHIMIZU

Murray, Utah

With a "bang-up" membership drive to start out the new year right, Committee Chairman George Tamura and committee members secured approximately 91 memberships.

At the first meeting of the year an interesting business meeting was conducted, which included a report of the tentative program for the year. Newly elected officers, sworn in by Hito Okada, were installed. The hard working crew for this year included: President George Fujii; 1st Vice-President Michi Iwata, 2nd Vice-President Min Matsumori, Corresponding Secretary May Akagi, Recording Secretary Kathryn Tamura, Treasurer Hiroshi Mitsunaga, and Social Chairman Edythe Harada and Nob Mori.

The month of February found members turn bowling enthusiasts, as two bowling sweepstakes were held at the local bowling alley.

On record as the largest attendance this year, thus far, was the March meeting with the Orem Young Peoples' Club as guests. With local and guest talent exhibited, the program proved to be quite enlightening.

"Lights, curtain, action!" As the "first nighters" took their seats a fluttering silence fell over the crowd. Something unique in the way of JACL entertainment was about to begin. A delightfully entertaining comedy entitled "Aunt Susie Shoots the Works" was presented by a hard working cast and crew which included: Chi Terazawa, Michi Iwata, May Akagi, Kathryn Tamura, Fusaye Matsumiya, Amie T. Hoki, Edythe H. Harada, Tosh Hoki, Floyd Okubo, Nob Mori, Kay Harada; directed by Gwen Anderson, assisted by Jim Ushio, with crewmen George Fujii, Shigeki Ushio, Kiyoshi Mitsunaga, and Jimmie Shimizu on hand.

A spring dance sponsored by the chapter in the beautiful country atmosphere of the Avalon ballroom turned out to be a success socially and financially.

Bruised elbows and shins were exhibited the day after Mt. Olympusites turned roller fans at the local skating rink.

A joint meeting with the Salt Lake chapter was held in May with an informative business meeting preceding a novel "traffic dance." The Vanport Flood Relief was discussed and donations were solicited.

October brought the Annual Girls' Meeting to the limelight, and what a hilarious evening that turned out to be! A fashion show, a skit, and a song, plus talent galore found the audience whistling, laughing, and blushing.

Season's Greetings

CORTEZ JACL CHAPTER

Season's Greetings

ARIZONA CHAPTER JACL

MR. AND MRS. BEN YABUNO, P. O. Box 246, Glendale, Ariz.
MR. AND MRS. JOE TADANO, P. O. Box 246, Glendale, Ariz.
MR. AND MRS. JOHN TADANO, P. O. Box 246, Glendale, Ariz.
MISS AKI FUJINO, 4301 N. 7th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.
MISS MARY ISHIKAWA, Rt. 1, Box 230, Mesa, Ariz.
MR. FLOYD YAMAMOTO, Rt. 1, Box 739, Glendale, Ariz.
MR. Y. ETO, Rt. 2, Box 120, Glendale, Ariz.
POP'S GLENDALE CAFE, 14 E. Glendale Ave., Glendale, Ariz.
DR. AND MRS. Y. MIYAUCHI, 213 W. Glendale Ave., Glendale, Ariz.
MISS EUNICE KUMAGAI, 213 W. Glendale Ave., Glendale, Ariz.
MR. AND MRS. HAROLD MINATO, Rt. 1, Box 260, Glendale, Ariz.
MR. AND MRS. HAROLD TAKESUYE, Rt. 1, Box 260, Glendale, Ariz.
MR. AND MRS. MASAO TSUTSUMIDA, Rt. 3, Box 528, Glendale, Ariz.
MR. AND MRS. SHIG TANITA, Rt. 3, Box 834, Glendale, Ariz,
MR. JIMMY KUHARA, Rt. 8, Box 670, Phoenix, Arizona
MR. ART YOSHIMURA, Rt. 1, Box 494, Glendale, Ariz.

CALIFORNIA

SAKAE KAWASHIRI, 1639 Blake St., Berkeley 3, Calif.
DR. AND MRS. F. H. SMITH, 2816 Hillegass, Berkeley 5, Calif.
DR. THEODORE M. IIDA, Berkeley, Calif.
MR. AND MRS. HARRY FUJIKAWA AND BYRON, 9360 Readcrest Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
MR. AND MRS. RICHARD H. TOKUMARU AND DENNIS, Rt. 1, Box 82, Carpinteria, Calif.
MR. SEIYA TANAKA, c/o The Co-op University of Calif., College of Agriculture, Davis, Calif.
HAROLD SHIMIZU AND FAMILY, P. O. Box 696, Guadalupe, Calif.
U. TOMUSADA FAMILY, P. O. Box 1034, Guadalupe, Calif.
SAM MAENAGA, P. O. Box 84, Guadalupe, Calif.
MASARU YOSHIOKA, 25059 Soto Road, Hayward, Calif.
GEORGE S. YOSHIOKA, 25059 Soto Road, Hayward, Calif.
ALICE SUMIDA, 1403 North Gordon St., Hollywood 28, Calif.
JOHN KUBOTA, 157 Mt. Vernon Ave., Lindsay, Calif.
MR. AND MRS. HIYOSHI IMOTO, Rt. 1, Box 812, Lindsay, Calif.
DR. AND MRS. ROBERT T. OBI, 4949½ Twining, Los Angeles, Calif.
SABURO UYEJI, 2630 Ridgeway Drive, National City, Calif.
MR. AND MRS. BILL SHIBA AND PATRICIA, Rt. 1, Box 177, Orosi, Calif.
MR. AND MRS. BOB SHIBA, Rt. 1, Box 177, Orosi, Calif.
HELEN S. BABA, 2725 Filbert St., San Francisco, Calif.
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES ISHII, 8912 East Wintersburg Ave., Rt. 3, Santa Ana, Calif.
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HOLIDAY GREETINGS
from
SAN BENITO COUNTY
Japanese American
Citizens League
California

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MR. & MRS.
MAS HORIUCHI
MARSHA and KAREN
618 W. 1st North
Salt Lake City 3, Utah

Our Wish For You and Yours
May the Holiday Season bring genuine happiness and joy to all our friends.
MR. & MRS.
HITO OKADA
and Carolyn
107 Clinton Ave.
SALT LAKE CITY

We wish and work that the Spirit of Goodwill as exemplified among our friends may someday prevail everywhere.
MAS and CHIZ
SATOW
SALT LAKE CITY

The Season's Best Wishes
from
OMAHA CHAPTER
JAPANESE
AMERICAN
CITIZENS LEAGUE
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Holiday Greetings
from
LOS ANGELES JACL
Cabinet Members
DICK FUJIOKA
SHIZUE NISHIZAKI
TUT YATA
FRANK SUYENAGA
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Dr. TOM WATANABE
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Sincere Best Wishes
From . . . .
San Luis
Obispo
County
JACL
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Eastbay Group Institutes Many Novel Events

By MASUJI FUJII
Berkeley, Calif.

MANY NOVEL EVENTS were instituted by the East bay chapter of the JACL during the year 1948.

With a total membership of 287, this JACL organization has had an eventful and interesting twelve months.

Among special events held by the group, were a golf tournament, a community picnic, a fishing derby, talent show and a bowling league.

During the year the chapter cleaned and painted the Eastbay chapter office, sponsored a music interest group and held two meetings featuring political office seekers.

The golf tournament, held in February, proved an outstanding success. The tournament was headed by Art Iwata. Thirty-eight participated in the event, and a trophy was awarded the winner.

The talent show, held in April, drew an overflow crowd. Many outstanding artists from the east bay area appeared on the show, which was held in Berkeley. A drawing was held, with numerous prizes given away.

The music group has drawn an ever-increasing number of members since its inception. Meetings are held once a month and feature different kinds of music.

The group has attended the Music Hour broadcast in San Francisco; invited Miss Margaret Thorackson, who was born and raised in Japan, who gave the history of Japanese music and rendered several Japanese songs; featured the history of jazz, with talks by jazz collectors in this area; heard the background and history of Negro spirituals in a program presented by Dr. Howard Thurman and his wife.

The community picnic was held Aug. 1 at Orchard camp in Sequoia national park. Tad Hirota headed publicity and general arrangements were taken care of by Bill Fujita. A drawing was held with prizes that included a radio.

John Takeuchi and Roy Marubayashi directed the redecoration of the chapter office.

Several general meetings were held on the evacuation claims bill, and the chapter planned its program of public assistance in the filing of claims.

The September and October general meetings featured talks by several men running for public office in the general election. The Democratic candidate for Congress, Dr. Buell Gallagher, and Byron Rumford, Democratic candidate for the state assembly, appeared at one meeting. At the next Republican candidate Edgar Hurley and Republican Claude O. Allen, candidate for county supervisor, gave their views on vital issues.

The annual fishing derby is a great event among the fishermen of this area, with many persons, both young and old, participating with great enthusiasm. A perpetual trophy is presented the winner.

The JACL also sponsors a bowling league. Individual trophies and team trophies are presented.

Chicago JACL Features Subjects of Vital Import

Chicago

Topics of vital interest to the Nisei citizen's welfare were discussed at monthly meetings of the Chicago JACL during the year just ending.

The chapter's programs for the year included discussions on such pertinent subjects as employment, civil rights and politics.

First program of the year featured James D. Moore, senior industrial consultant, whose subject was industrial opportunities in Chicago.

Rabbi Fisher was the main speaker of the February meeting. He discussed "To Secure These Rights," the civil rights program enunciated by the President's Committee on Civil Rights.

Discussion turned to politics in March, when the monthly meeting featured John Lapp, chairman on the America Civil Liberties Union, who spoke on current political problems. The JACL highlighted the subject with a skit lampooning tactics used at certain Congressional hearings. The skit was prepared by the legislative information committee.

Samuel Bernstein, state commission of unemployment compensation and division of placement, spoke on unemployment compensation at the April 15 meeting of the chapter.

Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, former Canadian Japanese and author of "Language in Action," spoke on his favorite subject, semantics, at the May 6 meeting.

Family problems were aired at the June 3 meeting, when Mrs. Ethel Light Victor of the Association of Family Living spoke on the topic, "On Ourselves."

August and September meetings were devoted to the national JACL convention. On Oct. 14 the chapter heard Judge Wendell Greene, whose subject, "What the Negro Wants," was an enlightening discussion of the problems of a minority group. The legislative information committee of the chapter presented another skit on civil rights, depicting an actual court case involving discrimination.

Last month, on Nov. 10, the chapter heard an analysis of the national elections by Leo Lerner.

The final regular meeting of the chapter, on Dec. 9, was held in lighter vein. A World Series movie was shown and the chapter's softball team was paid special honor.

Santa Barbara Chapter Tells Calendar of Events for 1948

Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Santa Barbara JACL calendar of events for 1948 included the following highlights:

Jan. 19: General meeting with guest speakers Masao Satow and A. L. Wirin. Satow, executive director of the JACL, discussed the JACL organization. Wirin spoke on the Oyama case.

Jan. 22: Installation dinner at Carrillo auditorium. Chapter officials were sworn in by Eiji Tanabe, Los Angeles regional director, who was also guest speaker.

April: ADC drive. Total sum collected was $1,873.

May 23: Issei-Nisei picnic at West beach, climaxed by a drawing.

June 19: Graduation dance. Ten local graduates were honored.

July 22: General meeting with guest speakers Saburo Kido and Sam Ishikawa. Kido spoke on the deportation stay bill and the evacuation claims bill. Ishikawa discussed work being done by the Washington JACL ADC office.

Aug. 8: Southwest preconvention rally consisting of a luncheon followed by a general meeting. A beach party with a weenie bake was held in the evening.

Aug. 21: Preconvention dance.

Oct. 30: Hallowe'en party.

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BEN TOBA, — President of Church Council



Honorable Judge Lopez, second from left in photo above, Juvenile court of Manila, was only one of many officials, welfare workers and others who visited Boys Town this year to study its amazing success with America's homeless youth. With Judge Lopez in the above picture are Eddie Dunn, left, the mayor of Boys Town at the time of Judge Lopez's visit; Reverend Edmund C. Walsh, assistant director of Boys Town, second from right; and Patrick Okura, psychologist at Boys Town.

THE STORY OF BOYS TOWN

The lost, the homeless, the dispossessed among the youth of America. They make up the residents of one of the country's best known communities—Boys Town.

Boys Town began as the dream of a young Catholic priest, the Rt. Rév. Msgr. Edward Joseph Flanagan, who became better known as "Father Flanagan."

Before the first World War, Father Flanagan operated a soup kitchen called the Working Man's hotel. He fed and housed hundreds of young men in a single night, and those among them who could afford it paid a thin dime for a meal and a bed. Father Flanagan studied these men as they came and went — the derelicts, the drunks, the gamblers, the dope addicts.

He discovered that at one point their stories all held the same significant fact — all of them had been homeless, neglected youths with no stability during the years when their lives and behavior patterns were being formed.

Father Flanagan decided that the time to start working on these human derelicts was before their lives were fully moulded into these undesireable patterns of drunkenness, criminal activity and addiction to dope.

He borrowed $90, which he put toward rent on a two-story brick building in Omaha. He gathered five boys — two from the juvenile court and three from the street. In three weeks he had twenty-five boys with him. The month was December, the year 1917. Boys Town had begun.

Today the community sprawls over 900 acres. The property contains four three-story apartment dwellings, a trades building, post-office, steam laundry, garage, stadium, dining hall, farm buildings, gymnasium, administration building, infirmary, church and rectory.

Four hundred and fifty boys call it their home, and thousands more each year ask admission to this fabulous place which, to them, represents a home, security and a future. Plans now made call for new construction which will eventually enable Boys Town to care for 1,000 boys.

It isn't easy to get into Boys Town, not when thousands of boys ask yearly for admittance. In 1947 a total of 4700 applications were received. Some of the applications come from welfare agencies who ask Boys Town authorities to raise a homeless youth who has come under their care. Some come from boys themselves who, having heard of the wonders of Boys Town, beg to become one of the family.

And sometimes a kid in Florida, or Texas, or California hitchhikes the long, dreary road that leads to Omaha. He's looking for Boys Town. Somewhere in his travels he's heard of the place where a kid, regardless of his color, regardless of his religion, regardless of his past, is considered a member of a community, is considered a human being. And he takes to the road that leads him to Boys Town.

The tragedy of Boys Town — and there is one — lies in the fact that it can care for only a limited number of persons. A few hundred can be taken care of, compared to the hundreds of thousands who need the kind of teaching and stability that this community gives its members.

Though Father Flanagan was the first to say that nothing can ever surpass a good home as the character educator par excellence, he tried to make Boys Town a home, a school and a haven for his youth.

He worked on one principle only —"There are no bad boys."

"You and I are to blame," he once wrote in an article on juvenile crime," and I mean all of you as well as all of me . . . Our 'teen-age problem is nothing else but a problem of unloved, unsupervised homes; and in many cases a problem where the child lives for most of his waking hours on the streets with nothing else to do . ...

"Boys who have not been loved and protected are not likely to love and protect the rights of others."

So Boys Town became a place where young boys were loved and protected, and where they learned to love and protect the rights of others.

The newcomer to Boys Town is one of America's lost youth. He comes to a clean beautiful farm on rolling prairie land unlike anything he's known before.

He meets the mayor of Boys Town, who turns out to be just another boy who once entered the community in the same way. He is assigned to his place in the dormitory apartments. He gets a routine for meals, classes, study and play. He begins to get a "settled" feeling.

He gets a chance to learn a trade, and he finds that Boys Town has facilities for practically everything — farm training, commercial training, carpentry, ceramics, printing, machine shop work, barbering, cooking. Somewhere he fits in.

He finds that in his spare time he can take up hobbies. He can become a Boy Scout, join the famous Boys Town choir or go in for the heavy sports program.

The **Boys Town Times**, perhaps, carries a story on him, and he finds that for the first time in his life he's a citizen of a community, respected, listened to. Father Flanagan's training program is beginning to take hold.

Already some 6,000 youths have called this place their home. Graduates of Boys Town have made a splendid record for themselves after leaving the community.

The work of Boys Town, of course, was almost singlehandedly accomplished by Father Flanagan, whose death last year in Berlin was mourned by the nation.

Father Flanagan, who in his youth turned down two major league baseball contracts, was in Europe for the War department on a youth welafre mission when he died.

His understanding and sympathy went beyond the confines of Boys Town.

During the late war and the consequent evacuation of 120,000 American citizens and their alien parents of Japanese ancestry, Father Flanagan assisted a number of Japanese Americans by giving them employment at Boys Town and thus hastening or effecting their release from war assembly and relocation centers.

Among the first of these were Kiyoshi Pat Okura and his wife Lily.

At the time off evacuation Okura was working for the Los Angeles civil service commission as a personnel technician. Just prior to the evacuation he was asked to "resign" from the service. He refused, and thereupon was given a "leave of absence."

He and his wife were evacuated to the Santa Anita assembly center on April 4, 1942, where they remained for seven months. Father Flanagan had written to the authorites of the Western Defense Command requesting the Okuras' release. After seven months at the center, the Okuras were given permission to go to Boys Town. They were given a travel permit on the day the last group left Santa Anita. They were actually the last two Nisei to leave the west coast. This was on Oct. 27, 1942.

(Continued on page 46)

A SPECIAL MESSAGE

From JOSEPH C. GREW
Former Ambassador to Japan

I AM HAPPY to send my greetings to the Japanese American Citizens League in this Christmas season. Your part in the life of our beloved country has been both honorable and constructive. In wartime, those of Japanese descent, both alien and native born, proved conclusively and for all time that they deserve full recognition as Americans.

It distresses me that our law prevents those who were born in Japan from becoming citizens. I know, first hand, how deeply the Issei desire this great privilege. I hope that before another Christmas, the Congress will rewrite the Nationality Law so that all those who are qualified, of every national origin, may share the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship. My support of the Judd bill in public hearing is but one evidence of my abiding interest.



It is gratifying to me that the Japanese American Citizens League, an organization composed of first generation Americans, should have the wisdom and courage so actively to support the deep yearnings of the immigrant parents of its members. They are growing no younger. May our efforts be crowned with success while there is yet time for father and son, for mother and daughter to enjoy the common blessing of citizenship in this, our America.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

There will be no *Pacific Citizen* published on Jan. 1, 1949, and the first edition of the new year will appear Jan. 8.

The staff of the *Pacific Citizen* hopes that all its friends and readers will have a very Merry Christmas and a New Year filled with hope, prosperity and good cheer.

We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to our many advertisers and contributors who helped in the preparation of this special holiday edition.

We wish also to acknowledge our special thanks to Mr. Robert M. Cullum, to staff members, regional officers and members of the JACL, without whose support this issue could not have been prepared.

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Vancouver Sun Reverses View On Evacuees

VANCOUVER, B.C.—The Vancouver Sun, formerly regarded as strongly opposing the return of persons of Japanese ancestry to the coastal area of British Columbia, declared on Dec. 8 that the people of the area should accustom themselves to the idea of seeing Japanese Canadians again.

The 23,000 persons of Japanese ancestry, mainly Canadian citizens who resided in the coastal area before Pearl Harbor, were evacuated early in 1942 and still are excluded from the zone. The federal restrictions on the free movement of Japanese Canadians into the area will be lifted on March 31, 1949.

The Sun's Dec. 8 editorial was entitled "The Japanese Are Coming."

"We might as well accustom ourselves in advance to the idea of seeing them again on our streets, doing business with them, and living with them as neighbors after a lapse of seven years," the Sun said.

The newspaper contended that in prewar days, the Japanese Canadians were "crowded into ghetto-like districts and tended to monopolize certain branches of trade, fishing and agriculture."

The Sun expressed approval of the federal government's present program of dispersing the former British Columbia residents of Japanese descent throughout Canada. It added that Vancouver and other communities in the coastal zone "must be prepared to accept their quota under the terms of the policy."

"The Vancouver area should be called upon to absorb only a thousand or two," the Sun declared. "It can do so creditably if everyone approaches the matter sensibly."

It is indicated here that there is still some opposition against the return of Japanese Canadians and race prejudice is still a factor. Recently a Nisei girl applied for a position in a public institution in the evacuated zone. Despite the fact that her application favorably impressed officials of the institution, it was reported the girl was not accepted for racial reasons.

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MESSAGE

By HITO OKADA

TWELVE swift months have passed by for the Japanese American Citizens League. During the twelve months we have seen the enactment of legislation favorable to the welfare and future of the people of Japanese ancestry here in the United States.

Today we find a kind of acceptance from other Americans about which we dreamed, dimming the harsh picture of evacuation, barbed wire fences, and relocation centers.

These things have come about because we proved our loyalty to America during a most difficult and trying period of applying democratic principles. We are today thankful that by our war record we have proved that which we have firmly believed: "That by fighting for Democracy, that Democracy will fight for us."



HITO OKADA
National President, JACL

We have solved many of our problems during the year, but the one that still confronts us and makes the Nisei "second - class citizens" and stigmatizes our Issei parents as "aliens ineligible for citizenship" requires our utmost effort. We still have discrimination in our naturalization laws which deny a group of Oriental residents of the United States the privilege of becoming citizens of this country.

The alien resident Chinese and Filipinos were given this privilege during the war years. Aside from the consideration of the Issei war record in which they sent their sons and daughters to serve in the U. S. Army, and they themselves gave their all-out effort in the fields and factories, the United States as the leader of the peoples of the world who believe in democracy, can ill afford to deny citizenship to a group of people because of race.

We look with confidence to the New Year that will bring the enactment by Congress of a naturalization bill which will give the Issei the opportunity to become American citizens. This confidence is based upon the continued support of the program by the members of the Japanese American Citizens League, our Issei supporters, and our friends.

With this assurance we shall see in 1949 another discriminatory practice eliminated, driving slowly but steadily towards that goal of a true democratic nation wherein people shall live in peace and harmony.

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THE EMPIRE BUILDER

The Fabulous Story of a Fabulous Issei

By BILL HOSOKAWA

IN all the turbulent, magnificent history of the Issei in America, there was no man more colorful than Naoichi Hokasono, the Japanese immigrant who helped carve an empire out of the Rocky Mountain wilderness.

Hokasono, who somewhere along the way acquired the name Harry, was a man of ambitions, dreams, courage, and above all, action. As labor contractor and constructor, he worked for and with some of the greatest of the financial and industrial titans of the west's era of growth. He made fortunes and spent them with a flourish.

When Hokasono died in Denver in 1927, he was discredited and virtually destitute. Only the generosity of the men who remembered Harry in his glory saved him from a pauper's grave.

Much of Hokasono's life story is vague. There are few printed records of his accomplishments, and already the memories of his activities are dim in the minds of oldtimers who knew him.

At any rate, he was a native of Saga prefecture, Japan, where he reportedly was reared in a temple under the kindly influence of Buddhist priests. He arrived in San Francisco as a youth.

His obituary, published in the Denver Post, says he acquired a high school education in California and took a two-year course at Leland Stanford university. It also records his arrival in Colorado as 1890.

According to one account, Hokasono early showed his leadership abilities and took a crew of several hundred Japanese from San Francisco into Idaho to work in the sugar beet fields. This venture proved less than successful and Hokasono drifted into Denver after a short stop with the Union Pacific, then using large numbers of Japanese laborers on its lines between Ogden, Utah, and Cheyenne, Wyo.

Hokasono's first big business enterprise in Denver was in connection with Charles Boettcher, cement tycoon, chief organizer of the American Crystal Sugar company and founder of the vast Boettcher financial empire. Boettcher, who died a few months ago at 96, at the time was introducing sugar beet cultivation to Colorado, a campaign that threatened to bog down because of a general rebellion against the back-breaking stoop labor involved in planting, thinning and harvesting the beets.

Probably on the strength of his Idaho experience, Hokasono was commissioned to bring in Japanese labor to the neglected beet fields. By offering piece work rates he found it easy to proselyte men being paid 75 cents a day in Union Pacific gangs, and Hokasono went on to prove the practicality of beets as a Colorado crop.

The Denver Post's obituary also reports that Hokasono contracted to build the roadbed and lay the rails on the Moffat road from Tolland to Corona. In carrying out his contract, Hokasono and his crew of Japanese, now numbering perhaps 700 young, hardy immigrants, took part in one of the most dramatic chapters in western railroad history.

It was in 1902—when most of today's Issei were still schoolboys in Japan—that David Moffat, banker and railroad builder, conceived the idea of a rail line piercing the Rockies straight westward from Denver, and continuing on from Salt Lake City to the Pacific coast. Hokasono's abilities fitted into his plans.

The job progressed favorably until the rails reached the settlement of Tolland. There they were confronted by the massive bulk of James peak and the necessity of tunneling 2.6 miles through it. Moffat decided to by-pass the mountain by climbing over the Continental Divide, and apparently Hokasono undertook the job of getting his rails up into the land of never-ending winter.

David Lavender, in his new book, "The Big Divide," has this to say about that rail-laying chore:

"Building a railroad above timber line during the dead of winter was a construction engineer's concept of hell, but Moffat, sitting in his warm office down in Denver, was in a sweat to reach the revenue-producing coal fields at Yampa.

"Induced by double pay, a handful of workers (Editor's note: probably the Japanese) struggled on through as man-killing conditions as any rail builders have ever encountered. During that dreadful winter they discovered temperatures of forty below, drifts forty feet deep."

By 1904 the rail reached the rarified air of Rollins pass, 11,661 feet above sea level and the highest point reached by standard gauge trains in the United States. There, where the drifts buried telegraph poles as a matter of course, was born the settlement of Corona, dedicated to keeping the tracks clear of snow, ice and rockslides. It must have been a harsh and awesome introduction to America for the Japanese of Hokasono's crew.

Moffat never meant the Tolland-Corona section to be a permanent route. The rails twisted tortuously over a killing 4 per cent grade, and four huge Mallet engines had to struggle seven hours to haul a train of 22 freight cars over the top.

But the six-mile-long Moffat tunnel through the Continental Divide wasn't completed until 1928, a year after Hokasono's death. The bore saved 23 miles of distance and a half mile of elevation, and now a single locomotive can whisk a train through it in 12 minues.

Hokasono's success on the Moffat job established him solidly as a construction man. In the next few years his crews of Japanese strung power lines, dug irrigation systems, erected dams, blasted out roadbeds. At one time he owned 400 head of work horses.

Hokasono is credited with constructing the highway from Lyons to world-famous Estes Park, and with building the Millner Pass section of Trailridge Road—world's highest through highway—through Rocky Mountain National park. He also is reported to have blasted a highway route along the old stagecoach road through Boulder canyon west of Boulder, Colo., site of the University of Colorado. Thirteen Japanese died in accidents on that job.

Harry Hokasono's success is all the more remarkable because of his haphazard operating methods. He was not an engineer and he had no business organization. One oldtime associate says Hokasono couldn't be bothered with keeping books and didn't even fill out check stubs to keep track of his disbursements.

Often he would bid on construction jobs without ever having an engineer study the problems involved. But he was shrewd. Somehow he had ways of finding out what his competitors were bidding, and Hokasono reportedly never lost a job that he wanted.

In action he was a man possessed. He seemed to be everywhere at once, traveling swiftly from one corner of the state to another. He was only a few inches taller than five feet, but he was well proportioned and possessed a remarkable memory and great stamina. He drove his crews as hard as he drove himself.

And when the job was finished, Hokasono and his men relaxed as vigorously as they worked. Word that the Japanese would be back in town was cause for great rejoicing among the saloon-keepers of Larimer street and the girls in the houses of pleasure on Market street.

In those days when the Issei were young, flushed with the joy of living and unburdened by families, it was easy to squander a month's pay overnight, wager a week's pay on the turn of a card. Hokasono and his inner circle of straw bosses spent well.

The tide of Harry Hokasono's fortunes began to turn in 1907 when he contracted to extend the municipal water system at Trinidad, Colo., near the New Mexico border. Perhaps his failure to keep records had something to do with the trouble.

Trinidad officials refused to pay Hokasono in full, charging he had misrepresented the amount of earth moved in digging 24 miles of trench, had installed piping without consulting county engineers, and that the work otherwise failed to meet specification.

The case was taken to federal court in 1908 by Hokasono's attorneys and litigation dragged on bitterly for years. Hokasono eventually emerged victorious, but attorney's fees and other expenses had eaten up virtually all his reserves. His equipment had been tied up, and his men who had gone unpaid while the boss fought for his business life, were settling down to farming or drifting off to the coal mines near Pueblo.

Trouble was brewing from another quarter. In 1909, while the Trinidad dispute was still pending, Hokasono won a contract for extending the water system of Longmont, Colo.

The Denver Post of Oct. 10, 1909, headlined the story in these words: "Jap Gets Contract for Water Plant. Longmont People Resent the Awarding of Work to Harry Hokasono."

And the news story read:

"That Harry Hokasono, the Denver Japanese contractor, captured the $50,000 contract for building the extension to the Longmont water plant has apparently caused no little feeling in the Boulder county town, to say nothing of the pique of other contractors who were outbid by the Japanese.

"Reports from Longmont today indicate that the feeling there among some of its citizens will crystallize into a concert of action tending to bring about a reshuffle. There is talke there that the Japanese contractor will employ cheap Japanese labor on the construction and thereby cut out American workingmen."

A familiar tune, remarkable only for the newspaper's candor!

Hokasono constructed a retaining dam on the St. Vrain, punched an eight-foot-diameter tunnel through granite, and brought Longmont its water. The job was a success, but Hokasono was on the down grade.

Two years later Harry was assaulted on Denver's disreputable Blake street by two men who he steadfastly maintained he did not know. Four of his teeth were knocked out and he was badly bruised.

The Denver Post of April 20, 1911, reported Dr. A. L. Bennet, honorary Japanese consul, had vowed to press a search for Hokasono's assailants. He was quoted as saying: "Mr. Hokasono is not only peaceable, but he is a worthy citizen of this city."

Hokasono's last big job was construction of a highway up Shoshone canyon west of Cody, Wyo., now a scenic road leading past Buffalo Bill dam and reservoir to the east entrance of Yellowstone National park. Hokasono was included in a syndicate of contractors because he could provide Japanese labor, highly thought of in construction circles.

The contractors, according to reports, ran into bushels of trouble and took a beating. Hokasono was just about finished.

Oldtime Denverites say Hokasono went into debt, took to heavy drinking and retired to a small farm near Brighton, where he lived almost forgotten for a decade.

Death came to Harry Naoichi Hokasono on August 28, 1927, at St. Anthony's hospital in Denver, 56 years after he had been born among the neatly tilled fields of Saga.

In death he was remembered. There were two funerals, a private service at the Japanese M. E. church, and one for the public at the People's Community Tabernacle. His remains were buried at Riverside cemetery under a marker purchased by his friends. He left a widow and several adopted children. One niece is believed to be the only living relative.

The Denver Post ran Hokasono's obituary on August 31, 1927, but it was buried deep inside the paper—a most inglorious location in which to record the end of a man who helped make history. But there was no room on page one for looking back. A new hero was hogging the headlines' Charles A. Lindbergh, conqueror of the Atlantic, had arrived in Denver on his triumphant tour of the country.

The Post called Hokasono "once the wealthiest and most outstanding figure in the Denver Japanese colony." It is estimated that if he had saved his money, Hokasono would have been a millionaire, perhaps several times over.

Fred Kaihara, publisher of the Colorado Times, recalls traveling through the state years after Hokasono's death, and meeting people at almost every hand who remembered the redoubtable little Japanese contractor.

Someone once called Harry Hokasono "just a farmer with a lot of guts." But in his unsung but spectacular way, he was far more than that. He was among the nation's builders.

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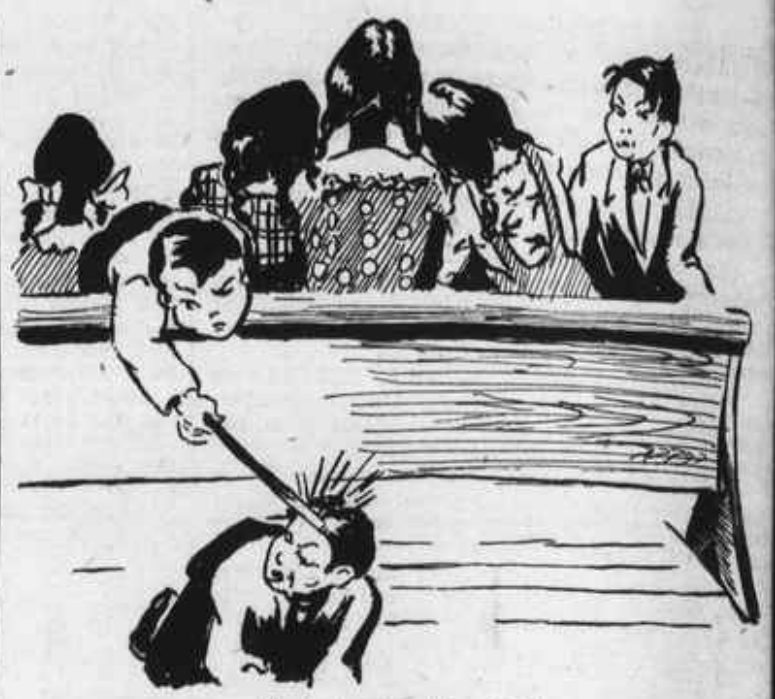
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A Nisei's LIFE WITH FATHER

By Kazue Togasaki, M.D.



Illustrated by Allan Nielsen

Father came to America in 1887.

Through mutual friends he met mother, Mary, an ardent Christian worker in San Francisco. They were married in Tokyo and returned to San Francisco to establish their home.

Their children, eight in all, were born in this city.

* * *

The year is hazy, but I haven't forgotten our first new automobile.

When father decided that we were to have a new car, Mother remembered that Eddie, the son of her old employer, was an automobile salesman. Obviously a Reo was much more than we could afford, but somehow she prevailed upon Father to buy the car from Eddie.

From then on, our cars changed as Eddie's agency changed: from a Chandler to a Rickenbacker, Hupmobile, Dodge, Plymouth, Ford.

Eddie and Eva were very fond of Mother. She was such a happy, sunny person. They had wondered if Mary would be happy with that silent, rather morose, gloomy-looking young man she told them she was to marry.

But even with her family of eight children, Mary had not changed. She was the same cheery Mary, but Father had become sociable.

* * *

It was Sunday morning meeting. Father and Mother sat in the circle.

Probably her lack of understanding of the dissertations as well as their somnolent effect and the very long prayers helped to make Mother doze off.

Looking at Father, I was of the opinion that he, too, might be oblivious of his surroundings, but in a more spiritual manner. He seemed lost in reading some interesting passages in his Bible, while the speaker went from China to India, to darkest Africa and back.

Meanwhile the eight little Togasaki's in the back row would squirm and cause general commotion of varying volume in inverse proportion to the activity of the saints.

I often overheard persons whisper that what the little Togasaki's really needed was a good American switching. I suspect they did not approve of the Japanese mode of training, for the other children were such models of deportment.

Only once can I recall Father raising his hand. He whacked my brother with an abacus. The bouncing wooden beads clattered over the floor. The mad scramble that ensued as we hunted them broke the tension and terminated Father's embarrassing moment rather auspiciously.

* * *

"Father will be over. Stay to dinner," Mother said.

"Baked sweet potatoes, your favorite," Norma said, with a knowing twinkle, for in repetition she hoped to glean something new from Father's fascnating past.

"Yes," replied Father. "Many Japanese will not eat baked sweet potatoes, because it is the poor man's dish.

"On those cold winter nights, when I was a student at the judge advocate's school in Tokyo, cheap as they were, I could afford only three sweet potatoes at most.

"They were cheap, too, for they served a double purpose.

"My hands felt the comfort of their warmth as I wound my sleeves around them and hurried back to my studies. I can never forget how good they tasted when I returned to my room and enjoyed their steaming sweetness."

* * *

Seldom is one given the opportunity by a gesture to demonstrate beyond a doubt that he, like Abraham, is a man of faith.

Brother was still at the front in Europe in the fall of 1918 when the influenza epidemic swept the country, gripping the population with such fear that truth, garbled with fiction, only increased the panic and demoralized the community.

The Japanese emergency hospital organized to care for the neglected and needy was quickly filled. My parents, along with others, gave all their time to these patients.

And then, one after the other, six of us children gave in to the epidemic and we, too, went into the hospital.

Treatment in those days was heroic. My sisters with a fever of 105 degrees were dumped into tubs of ice cold water until their teeth chattered. Patients sent to the hospital without private physicians were automatically cared for by a recent graduate of the Stanford medical school who spent all his time at the hospital and worked unceasingly.

The first week each day a patient died in spite of all the efforts of the staff. Gradually all the patients wanted this young doctor to take care of them, rather than the ones who only spent perhaps 10 minutes a day with them.

This made the other doctors decide to oust this young American-trained upstart. The six Togasaki children were to serve as the instrument with which to discredit the young doctor.

A delegation of four made a midnight call on my parents to inform them how incompetent they felt this young doctor was and urged my parents to place us in their more competent care.

Father could only thank them for his deep concern regarding the fate of his children.

When his eldest son, still overseas, was born, they had named him Kiyoshi (sanctified unto God) and were most thankful to think he was to reach manhood in a land where conscription was unknown, though God had later willed otherwise.

Life and death were in the Lord's

(Continued on page 46)

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PIONEER IN THE SOUTHLAND

By Roku Sugahara

ALONG narrow, quaint, picturesque Royal Street, which is the center of New Orleans' French Quarter, the "Hinata Japanese Art Store" has been a well-known fixture for almost four decades.

Amiable, courteous, unassuming, slight of build but warm of heart, Tomematsu Hinata was highly respected by all the prominent families in the Crescent City.

Whenever the holiday or Mardi Gras season drew near, that would be the signal to storm into Hinata's small store. The little shop was always jam-packed with unusual souvenirs, gifts, and importations from the Far East. Some liked those crisp mysterious fortune cakes while others sought out bright-hued silk kimonos or strange wooden idols with grotesque faces. Wealthy matrons would search every corner and nook of his store hoping to discover unique favors or prizes for their parties or uncover some clever souvenirs to throw from their spectacular Mardi Gras floats.

Hinata was a New Orleans landmark.

It was in 1904 that this ambitious Issei first came to New Orleans, upon completion of a seven-year hitch with the United States Navy. Hinata was one of the first Japanese to serve in the American navy and was perhaps the first Issei to settle in the deep South.

When, in 1908, be brought his bride from Japan, they became the first Japanese family to reside in Louisiana. When their first daughter, Yuki, was born several years later, she was the first Nisei to be born in the South. The New Orleans newspapers, at that time, featured the story of this solitary Japanese family in the city. In later years Yuki was the first Nisei school teacher in the South. The other Hinata girls, Toshi and Kiyo, also became teachers in the New Orleans public school system.

It took a series of strange circumstances to bring this pioneer of the South to America.

Born in 1874 at Ipponmatsu, near Sannohei in Aomori-ken, in the northern part of Japan, Tomematsu Hinata was the son of a samurai. His father had been a "Goyahitsu" or recorder of the Aizu clan and subsequently a farmer in Aomori. During his early youth he struggled hard to gain an education. Part of his schooling was received in Tokyo where he lived with relatives. Hinata's early ambition was to study enough to rise above dismal drudgery that was the common lot of all farmers in Northern Honshu at that time.

When Hinata was 21, there was a definite turning point in his life. As a first-year student in a university in Tokyo, Hinata rebelled against the rigid and limited curriculum offered. He led a student strike against the faculty for a highly progressive and more liberal course of study. He felt that subjects as English, economics, and foreign trade should supplant overdoses of ethics, ancient culture, and Buddhist philosophy.

The "strike" was of short duration. It was quickly nipped in the bud and young Hinata soon found himself back on the farm in Aomori. Then and there Hinata decided he must go to a place where there was more freedom and greater opportunity.

As for all farmers during this period, times were difficult and Hinata soon tired of the strenuous and almost hopeless plight of the Japanese farmer. So, early in 1896, at the age of 22, he decided that he wanted to see more of the world and escape the hardships and poverty of rural life in Japan.

Going off to Tokyo and to the waterfront, be begged the captain of an English steamed for "any kind of a job". The kindly man, taken up with the young man's earnest plea and feeling sorry for the scrawny youth, launched Hinata on a sea-going career that was to take him around the world.

In the summer of 1897 Hinata came to New York but immigration authorities wouldn't let him land because he had no passport. He conceived of the idea of joining the U. S. Navy in order to gain admittance to this country and at the same time save money. In those days the pay was less than $20.00 a month, but Hinata was engaged as a mess boy on the U. S. S. New York. Then he became one of the few Issei to ever become a member of the American Navy.

For seven long years, one complete hitch, Hinata sailed with the Navy to all parts of the world. In the celebrated Battle of Manila Bay, Hinata served under fire and subsequently won his right to enter the United States by virtue of being a veteran of the Spanish-American war.

It was in 1904 that Hinata was discharged from the Navy at Galveston. With his seven-year savings, amounting to $600.00 firmly sewed into his coat, he took the train going eastward. He wasn't sure where he was going since he had no set destination in mind. He did know a few people in New York but felt that it might necessitate accepting some form of charity.

On April 1st of 1904 the train pulled into New Orleans. It was a bright sunny day and the climate seemed to appeal to this Issei Navy veteran. On an impulse of the moment, he made up his mind then and there to live in New Orleans.

Though he had no friends or relatives in New Orleans, young Hinata decided to stake his knowledge of the English language that he acquired in the Navy as a safeguard for his future. To this must be added, of course, that wad of money secreted in the lining of his suit.

The first day Hinata was in New Orleans he walked down Royal Street, which was the main thoroughfare at that time, and found a store advertised for rent. He immediately sought out the landlord and paid three months rent in advance. This amounted to $135.00. That night he wrote a letter to Morimura Brothers in New York ordering $285.00 worth of oriental goods. So, in one day, Hinata came into a strange city and by nightfall was in business.

The next day he was busy fixing up and painting the store, putting his name in the show window which proudly announced "Hinata Japanese Art Store."

In 1904 there were no oriental stores in the entire South so visitors and travelers to New Orleans were attracted by the strange and different wares Hinata had in his small shop. From early morning to late at night his shop was the mecca for tourists as well as the natives of the Vieux Carre. As the years passed Hinata's store became well known and well patronized, winning for this friendly Issei a host of friends.

Four years later, in 1908, Hinata returned to Japan to make his own importing contacts and also to buy various merchandise for his store. He revisited the home of his parents and also brought back a wife from neighboring Miyagi-ken. Soon the two of them were back on Royal Street at their curio shop.

As the years passed by, the Hinata store persevered thru good times and bad. As other Issei—farmers, fisherman, and importers — found their way to New Orleans, they all looked to the elder Hinata for counsel, guidance, and frequently, for financial assistance.

Helpful and friendly, Tomematsu Hinata entered into several ventures with other Issei in rice, fishing, or shrimping deals. Somehow none of them turned out profitably. Hinata always had to rely on the Royal Street shop as the mainstay for his family. Several other Issei failed in their business attempts and returned to the West Coast.

In the meanwhile Hinata raised and educated his family of three bright daughters who all graduated college and later became public school teachers. Yuki is now the wife of Rev. Harry Komuro of Honolulu; Kiyo is Mrs. Peter Sugawara, a Nisei mink breeder in Pennsylvania; and Toshi is teaching at MacDonaugh School in New Orleans and caring for Mrs. Hinata.

When Pearl Harbor day came, the elder Hinata was stunned and shocked. He could not bring himself to believe that the country of his birth and the land of his choosing would become engaged in war. It was a terrible blow to him.

On December 8, 1941 the Hinata store on Royal street closed its doors voluntarily and never to reopen. Though members of the consular corps and other Issei were rounded up by the FBI, Hinata was not sent off to a detention camp.

Seeing his many friends hustled off by the authorities to distant places and realizing that the fruits of his labors vanquished by his shop's closing, Tomematsu Hinata began to lose interest in everyday affairs. The war news merely sickened him more. In a few months he became desperately ill and invalided. Early in 1943 he passed away, at the age of 68.

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THE STORY OF BOYS TOWN

(Continued from page 41)

They arrived at Boys Town on Oct. 30 and began to work in the welfare department. Pat Okura was employed as a psychologist and Lily as secretary. Mrs. Okura continued her work there until April, 1947, when she accepted a position at the Omaha YWCA as office manager and secretary to the executive.

Pat Okura is in charge of screening all applications to Boys Town. A psychiatrist and social worker work with him to determine which applications are to be accepted. The work is heartbreaking, since the one qualification required is the one all the applicants have — a great need for what Boys Town can do for them.

Okura also handles case work, counseling and testing, as well as the job of placing graduates.

Two interested observers at Boys Town this year are men from the Japanese government who are there to study its institutional program. They are studying Boys Town at the invitation of the late Father Flanagan, who visited Japan last year.

A number of other Japanese Americans worked at Boys Town during the war in jobs ranging from office and clerical work to gardening. All of them, along with the Okuras, helped in Father Flanagan's program to provide a home and school for the homeless and abandoned among America's children.



Patrick Okura interviews a new arrival at Boys Town.

A Nisei's LIFE WITH FATHER

(Continued from page 44)

hand. The doctor was merely His instrument. Father's trust was in God, not in the doctor's skill and learning; so at this date, he said, there would be no change in the status of his children.

The delegation had been so sure that Father would uphold the superiority of Japanese medicine over American that his apparently calm decision to consign his children to what they believed would be an untimely death stunned them to inaction.

Some of the vernacular press went so far as to censure parents who would sacrifice their children on the altar of blind faith.

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"If Democracy Is to Have Meaning"

By Walter H. Judd
Representative from Minnesota

I AM GLAD to be given this occasion to send greetings to my Japanese American friends, in part because it affords me opportunity to thank many of you for your kind letters, some of which I have been able to answer personally.

My belief that American naturalization and immigration laws should apply equally to all peoples is nothing new. I lived too long in the Far East to be able to swallow the foolish notion that any one race of mankind possesses virtues, which others, because of biological inferiority, are unable to match.



If there is one solid rock on which American democracy must rest, it is that all men and women regardless of race or origin must be judged by their personal worth. From this it follows, if democracy is to have real meaning, that opportunity for personal advancement must not be blocked by irrelevant barriers such as race.

It is a part of the record of the hearings which led to the abandonment of the Chinese Exclusion Acts, that I stated this proposition in its entirety in 1943, when the clouds of war were only beginning to break. I said then that the provisions of the 1924 Immigration Act, which resulted in Oriental exclusion, were tragically unwise; that in my opinion Oriental exclusion was one of the primary causes of war with Japan, in that it strengthened the militaristic forces there and weakened the democratic forces; and that when the time came I would push for complete abolition of the exclusion laws including those affecting Japan. My sponsorship of legislation providing equality in American nationality and immigration laws springs from deep conviction.

The time has come. The response of Japanese Americans to exceedingly harsh wartime treatment was unique in history—you responded to a great wrong by proving that you understood fundamental American principles better than those who wronged you. The Nisei of the 442nd and those in the Pacific wrote a glorious page in American military history for all to read. To meet adversity with courage and without bitterness is the mark of truly great character. America is the richer that you belong to it.

In the Far East, America is engaged in a great struggle for the minds of the peoples of Asia. In general, it seems that the American people are making the same mistakes after World War II that were made after the first World War; they treat the war as a football game, during which they fought with all their might but after which they feel they are entitled to "head for the showers." But we won't know who won World War II until we know whose ideas won.

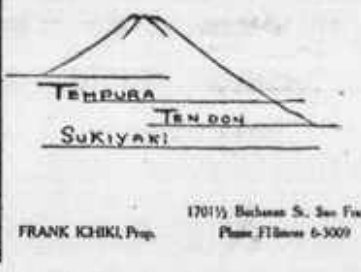
If America is to win the minds and hearts of the people of Asia, it is imperative that the United States set an example of its intentions.

One way to set such an example will be to enact the bill which has borne my name, which will put all nationalities on an even footing in regards to the rights of naturalization. That would do more to solidify our position in Asia than all the propaganda we could put out in five years. If we right the terrible mistake that was made in 1924, we'll have millions of allies on our side in Asia.

These issues with which my bill deals—justice to a people who have so fully proved themselves American, and demonstration of American sincerity in dealing with the Far East—are of major importance, and will insure a favorable hearing. As in the past, I will welcome the cooperation of your representative in Washington, Mike Masaoka. Mike has conducted his campaign in your behalf with intelligence, dignity and persuasiveness. He is well liked, and a great asset to our legislative program.

Let me end my greetings on this note of hope—that another Christmas will find racial ineligibility to citizenship in the rubbish heap of history, where it should have been these many years.

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A Letter From Japan

A Nisei Soldier Writes Home Upon the Death of His Father

Dear——:

I started to write several times in the past month and yet, each time, I could not find the words I wanted to put down. In my heart I knew what it was I wanted to say, but could not express my thoughts.

Even now, I do not know quite how to say what a shock it was to Sus and me. Of course, Sus felt it more than I. He had not seen Dad for over seven years. I wish I had known that his condition was serious during the last few weeks.

To write about Dad sitting far from home in Tokyo is difficult, but let me put down in my words some of the things I've felt and have thought about during the past few weeks. Read it to Mom and Kay for me and to the others.

I know of a young Japanese immigrant who came to Hawaii around 1905. He worked hard, this small Oriental man; for he was determined to make a better life for his family than he would have, had he stayed and tilled his family farm in Hiroshima. With his wife, he cut sugar cane in sweltering Hawaii, testing his fortitude and strength and preparing for his second eastward voyage.

Two years later, a hopeful Japanese stood on the deck of a ship approaching the American mainland. He worked with other Japanese farm laborers, up and down the San Joaquin Valley basin, toiling long hours in the dust and heat. He didn't join the others in their periodic carousals in town on payday. He sweated and slaved, trying to earn passage money for his wife overseas.

His wife waited with two sons and grew impatient. She became a nursemaid for an English family and arrived in San Francisco. After a joyous reunion, the two worked side by side on the fertile plains. Gradually the family increased in size from two to four to six; so they decided to start a small business in a valley town so that their children might enjoy a more stable life. Their long persistent labors gave them some taste of prosperity. Eleven children they brought into this world, and these offspring were never in want of food or clothing. The children were not the best-dressed in school, nor were they the worst. Eight children they sent through high school, and one to a university.

I was one of the eleven, the eighth, the university man. I am a son of that remarkable man. He passed away recently, old and weak. I know what his dying wish might have been — the desire to see Japan, the land of his birth. I know that he would have wanted to smell the sea breeze sweeping in from the inland sea, to visit and pay final homage to the graves of his parents and kin, to look upon the scant few rods of family land, to watch the early rising oystermen put out to sea, to smell the deep scent of "matsutake" in the autumn air, to relieve the romantic memories of his chillhood days as he walked down the familiar village streets.

This migrant traveler who spanned an ocean to find new hope in a land of promise will not be long remembered by those he knew, but his spirit and his hope shall forever remain. For this is the difference between man and animal; and this is the hope which will help mankind build a cleaner and purer world; for this exemplifies man's efforts and man's will.

I was not present when he passed away. The war kept me away from his side, except for two or three months in the past six years, but I know what his failing eyes would have said to me though his trembling lips might have been silent, "Don't live life as you see others do; live a life worthy of your soul and your conscience, and I shall be satisfied."

Dad's greatest gift to all of us was our citizenship in the United States. He gave us the chance to live a better life here than anywhere else on earth. My long stay in Japan has amply proven this. No matter how bad everything may look to you, remember that there are millions of people who are worse off. At least, we have not found it necessary to beg food or steal other people's clothing. Perhaps it was better that he did not see postwar Japan and its social economic ruins. It is better that he carried to his "world beyond" a vision of the Japan that he knew and loved. I regret that Sus could not meet him and talk to him again.

I expect to be home in three or four months, and Sus will be left in Japan alone, but I intended to come back to Japan again, not only for Sus's sake, but for millions of others. Dad would have wished it, I'm sure.

I'm sorry I delayed for so long. Please tell Mom that she need not worry about Sus. He is in good hands. I'll get him all the things he needs if I can get it for him.

I guess I should write to S. If she drops in, please let her read the letter. Oh, yes, I got some Christmas presents which I will send to either K. or you. If I send it to you, I will write a letter of explanation.

Always your brother, Barry.

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Story of the Land:

THE ISSEI IN AGRICULTURE

By Larry Tajiri

The story of the Issei in America is the story of the earth and the tilling of it.

The Japanese immigrants, bringing with them the techniques of intensive farming, helped to change the face of western agriculture. Coming from a nation with a land-starved economy, they brought the knowledge of reclaiming marginal land. They brought new crops and new methods but, most of all, they brought determination and energy.

The story of the Japanese farmer in America is the story of his successive change in status from farm laborer to tenant, from sharecropper to operator. Each effort of the group to better its status was stoutly resisted by competitive groups. Political pressure was brought to bear and legislation, using race as a weapon, was utilized in an effort to drive the Japanese farmer off the land.

The Alien Land laws of California, Oregon, Washington and many other western states, adopted specifically for the purpose of denying farm ownership to Japanese aliens, succeeded in limiting the expansion of agricultural operations by persons of Japanese ancestry. They did not wholly succeed, however. It took Pearl Harbor and mass evacuation to accomplish the goal which the competitive agricultural interests in the west had sought for a generation. Mass evacuation, ordered by the military but inspired by long years of racist propaganda, forced farmers of Japanese ancestry to leave 6,000 farms in California, Oregon and Washington which were valued at $72,000,000, according to a 1940 survey. This survey also showed that Japanese-operated farms in the same area had dropped in value from $148,000,000 in 1920, although the number of farms had remained constant.

No dinner menu in America today is complete without the truck crops in which the Japanese farmers have specialized.

In the state of California, which has been the scene of much of the organized pressures against the Japanese farmer, the value of the vegetable crop grown on farms operated by farmers of Japanese ancestry was $32,378,000 in 1938, four years before the evacuation. In 1940 farms operated by Japanese and Nisei farmers produced 50 per cent of the state's artichokes, 25 per cent of asparagus, 95 per cent of marketing snap beans, 95 per cent of spring and summer celery, half of the state's onions and cucumbers, and a third of the cabbage, cantaloup, lettuce and many other crops.

The diversified truck gardening developed by the Japanese farmers increased the value of the farm properties involved many fold. Early Japanese farmers, in such areas as the San Joaquin and Sacramento river deltas, Placer County, and the Vaca valley reclaimed hitherto useless land. Col. John P. Irish, president of the California Delta Association which represented the farmers of 250,000 acres of marsh land reclaimed by the Japanese, had this comment to make in 1921 regarding the fact that, despite an intensive campaign of propaganda and vilification, 222,000 Californians had voted against the Initiative Alien Land Act of 1920 which passed by a majority of 3 to 1:

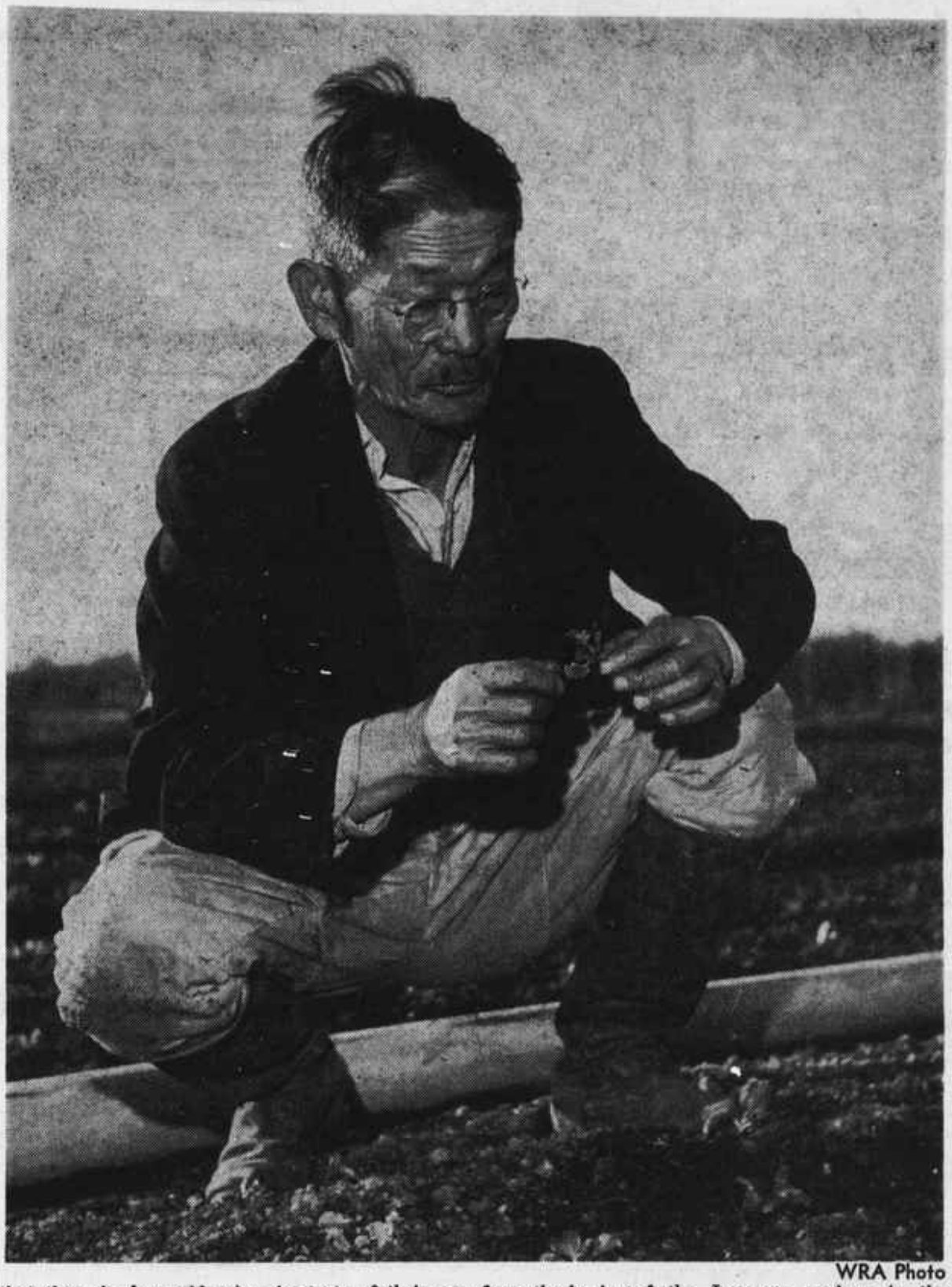
"They had seen the Japanese convert the barren land like that at Florin and Livingston, into productive and profitable fields, orchards and vineyards, by the persistance and intelligence of their industry. They had seen the hard pan and goose lands in the Sacramento valley, gray and black with our two destructive alkalis, lie, cursed with barrenness like the fig tree of Bethany, and not worth paying taxes on, until Ikuta, the Japanese, decided that those lands would raise rice. After years of persistent toil, enduring heart-breaking losses and disappointments, he conquered that rebellious soil and raised the first commercial crop of rice in California. Due to the work of that great Japanese pioneer this state now has a rice crop worth $60,000,000, and the land that he found worthless now sells for two hundred dollars per acre.

"Or these voters had seen the repulsive 'hog wallow' in the thermal belt of the west slope of the Sierra, avoided by white men, so unproductive and forbidding that they defaced the scenery, reclaimed by the genius and toil of the Japanese Sakamoto, and now transformed into beautiful vineyards and citrus orchards from Seville to Lemon Cove. They had seen that 70 per cent of the total 74,000 acres owned by Japanese, were these lands that disfigured the state until they had been reclaimed by Japanese genius and industry."

The first large groups of Japanese immigrants came to the United States and to Hawaii primarily as farm laborers, although some came with the promise of work in the mines and on the railroad. They came to supply cheap human labor and were one of a succession of immigrant groups attracted to the west coast of America. The Chinese came earlier and as they made the transition from a coolie labor status to the individual dignity of the farm operator and the urban small businessman they were subjected to racial discrimination and special legislation which was tailored to deny them the right of equal participation in the region's economic life. The Japanese were subjected to a similar pattern of treatment and other groups, the Filipinos and the Mexicans, have also felt the slap of discriminatory treatment.

The first groups of Japanese were mostly farm workers, although a few initiated farm projects of their own from the beginning. There were projects like Livingston and the little community of Yamato in Florida. In 1940, a half-century after the arrival of the first large groups of Japanese in the United States, 45 per cent of the Japanese workers in the three coastal states were employed in agriculture. The percentage was even higher in Arizona and in the non-evacuated areas of the west. In Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska

(Continued on page 52)



WRA Photo

Greetings from Arizona Chapter

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A MESSAGE

From DILLON S. MYER
Former Director, WRA

ONCE MORE the Christmas season and the New Year provide an opportunity for me to extend greetings to the Issei and the Nisei who are the alumni of relocation centers.

In noting the progress that has been made during the months past in the elimination of some of the discriminatory laws and practices that have existed since the war and in some cases for many years previous to the war, I have felt the desire to congratulate all of those members of the evacuee community who have in large part made this progress possible. In particular I want to congratulate the parents of the Nisei who went to join the 442nd or to serve in the Pacific and who rendered a very great service to the United States as well as to the Japanese-American group. With the Supreme Court ruling which has practically nullified the alien land law and with the passage of the evacuee claims bill great steps forward have been taken.

It is my hope and expectation that the Judd bill, which provides the opportunity for naturalization of Issei will pass in the next Congress. Should this bill pass both the House and Senate, as I anticipate that it will, all state discriminatory legislation which is based upon the promise of citizenship ineligibility will be nullified, including the alien land laws. The passage of this bill will complete the legislative program necessary to eliminate legal discrimination.

I wish to congratulate the Issei as well as the Nisei on the way they have conducted themselves and on the progress that has been made. To all a very Merry Christmas and an enjoyable and prosperous New Year.



from New York

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Bill Hosokawa: FROM THE FRYING PAN

The Story of One Issei

In this issue of the Pacific Citizen dedicated to the story of the Issei, it seems singularly appropriate to write about one who seems to grow in stature with each passing year—at least to my eye.

Like most Issei, he is no longer young. His hair, for many years a silvery-gray, has thinned away. He puts his teeth in a glass of water at night. But otherwise he displays few of the infirmities of age, and mentally he is as alert as ever.

His story is laid on the same general pattern as the biographies of thousands of Issei—the thin, hungry, lonely immigrant boys who came to a strange land in search of opportunity.

His particular tale starts in a humble village in Hiroshima province where his parents were peasant-farmers. Life was grim and unpromising, so like many other youths in the village, he set out to seek his fortune in the United States.

His ship, a rusty tub with foul-smelling innards, docked at Tacoma, Wash. The year was 1899, and he was still three months short of his sixteenth birthday.

Almost as soon as he set foot on the new land, labor contractors packed him aboard a train with many others like him. Their destination was a bleak stretch of track in the high Rockies of northern Montana. Their job was to keep the track in good repair for the trains that raced past in a cloud of smoke and dust. That was his introduction to America.

When a foreman became obnoxious—at least that's the way it seemed to the impetuous youth—he drew his time and followed the tracks on foot all the way down to Sacramento.

* * *

In later years he liked to reminisce about those early days. He hired out as a schoolboy for $1 a month and meals, and he wore high button shoes cast off by the family's daughter because he couldn't afford to buy new ones. He remembered the taunts of the street urchins and how he sought protection up against plate glass windows when they pelted him with rocks.

Once a month all the Japanese schoolboys in town would get a day off and gather for a reunion. A bucket of ice cream could be bought for a nickel, but no one had that much money.

Gradually, he learned a little English. He worked as a dishwasher and caught on to the mysteries of cooking by watching a Chinese chef. After that he could hire out as a fry cook. He worked in the grape arbors of Fresno and in the lush fields of the upper San Joaquin valley.

After a while he signed as messboy on an American army transport flying between San Francisco and the Philippines. He made several trans-Pacific voyages before he abandoned the sea.

* * *

In time he went back to Japan to visit his parents and acquire a wife. She was a stranger to him, but quickly he discovered the go-between had chosen well. Back in America he started his own business, began a family.

There were good times during World War I, and he foolishly exhibited his new affluence by riding to work in a taxi. And when the depression came along there were times when he had to borrow to keep his family fed.

He built his business on a reputation for square dealing. Even when a partner absconded, leaving him to face the creditors, there was no one to blame him.

The years passed. His children were growing up and sometimes he found himself in some bitter arguments with them. The reason for those arguments was as old as man; he was growing conservative with age, his children were restlessly radical in his eyes. But in the end he gave way, for he learned to see merit in the progressiveness of youth. Soon he was espousing the cause of progress in those inevitable Li'l Tokyo debates with other diehard Issei.

On Pearl Harbor day his eyes were misty as he said: "If the Japanese come to bomb America, I wish the United States army would let me go up in a plane with a machine gun. I'll show Tojo to start a war."

When evacuation came, the business he had built up over a third of a century was ruined. He assembled his family and went off to camp as if embarking on a new adventure.

* * *

When peace came, he returned to his old stamping grounds on the Pacific coast. It was like starting all over again. The children were gone, so he and his wife took a little room. He hunted office space, assembled a little furniture and went back into business. His old associates remembered, and the business picked up quickly. It was a remarkable comeback for an old man, and an alien.

He would be highly pleased now if Congress would enable him to apply for citizenship. This next year will mark half a century in the United States, years in which he saw and helped the west grow. He would be an alien in Japan. He expects to die and be buried in America, and he'd like to be numbered among its citizens when that time comes.

His name? It isn't important, but he's irreverently called Paw by his children, including myself.

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The 10th biennial national convention of the JACL found its members meeting in "victory" mood, with a large portion of its program completed. Above, delegates to the convention gather on steps of Utah state capitol building. —Photo by Ben Terashima.

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By MIKE MASAOKA
National Director, ADC

SINCE THAT TIME, six years ago, when many of us and our parents marched behind barbed-wire into relocation camps, JACL and ADC has achieved a great deal.

Pre-war discrimination and distrust have given way to acceptance and faith.

Measured in terms of human dignity, tremendous gains have been made by Japanese Americans working through their own organization.

But—there's more to be done.

If we work together, if we join with thousands of others, we will achieve our next great goal—equality in immigration and naturalizaton.

This, we feel, is the final law to grant equality to all persons of Oriental ancestry by giving Japanese immigrants and others the cherished right of becoming naturalized citizens.

Such a law long has been the dream of Japanese and Japanese Americans.

It is significant to stop and realize what we, working together as a democratic organization in a democracy have achieved since the formation of JACL in 1930.

The first legislative victory was getting Congress to amend the Cable Act, giving Japanese American girls the right to retain citizenship if they married alien Japanese.

The second fruit of our combined efforts was getting Congress to amend citizenship laws permitting Oriental-born veterans who fought in the First World War to apply for citizenship.

On December 7, 1941, almost the entire leadership of Japanese communities was interned. Into the breach stepped a handful of inexperienced persons from JACL. By the eve of evacuation, JACL membership suddenly swelled to 20,000 as both Nisei and Issei looked for JACL to perform a miracle. But the sudden enthusiasm for membership came too late.

It was needed in the thirties when JACL already had proved that its principles of operating within the framework of democracy were successful, and could be even more successful by continuous wide support.

Suddenly, JACL became the scapegoat for everything that happened in the whole, bitter process called evacuation.

But there were many who never lost faith. There were many who agreed that if you fight for democracy, democracy will fight for you.

JACL began to grow and win new support and prestige.

Let us stop on this day and review what we achieved. Let us give thanks to the democracy of this nation which permitted us to move forward to a level of political and social equality.

Working together, lending each other our time and our money, we achieved:

First: The evacuation claims law to compensate Nisei and Issei for losses suffered in the evacuation. And this was the only phase of President Truman's ten-point Civil Rights program to become law before the Eightieth Congress.

Second: More than 2000 treaty merchants were kept from forced shipment back to Japan by passage of a Stay of Deportation Act.

Third: JACL ADC helped persuade Congress to give GIs serving in Japan the right to marry native Japanese girls and bring them to the United States.

Fourth: We worked to give alien Japanese in American uniform the right to become citizens.

Fifth: We helped carry the Oyama case to the U. S. Supreme court in an effort to halt escheat proceedings against Japanese in Pacific Coast states. The favorable decision protects American citizens from Alien Land Laws.

Sixth: Under our efforts, twelve private and five public bills were introduced into Congress and all were passed unanimously. This program was unmatched by any similar organization in America.

Seventh: Joining the Southern California Fisherman's Association, JACL ADC carried the Takahashi case before the U. S. Supreme Court, winning a victory that helped restore the right of Issei commercial fisherman.

Eighth: We obtained supplemental State Department decisions which not only eliminated "exit permits" but other discriminatory restrictions against fishermen.

Ninth: We joined with other groups to urge the Post Office to reopen civil mail and parcel post service to Japan.

Tenth: Although some Congressmen said it was impossible, we proceeded to obtain a presidential executive order revoking limited passports—an order which had been in effect for 41 years.

Yes . . . these are some of the things we accomplished as an organization.

Without JACL and ADC, few if any of these laws and rulings would have been realized today.

Rights and privileges, rightfully belonging to every member of a democracy, have been restored to Japanese Americans. The stigma of second class Americans is being eliminated by abolishing restrictive legislation aimed at Nisei or their parents solely because of the accident of birth.

But . . . remember this:

Not one single gain was made by those who said: "It can't be done," and wandered away to do nothing. Not one single advance was made by those who said: "Why should I waste my time and money," and spent neither.

The successes were realized by those, like you, who combined faith and work with determination.

However, our major objective still lies ahead. It is probably closer to the hearts of the greatest number of us than any other legislation—the bill for equality in immigration and naturalization.

We JACLers today stand on the threshold of history-making legislation. Working together, serving together, we can achieve that equality in and under the law which will give us first class citizenship and our parents the privilege of sharing this first class citizenship with us.

THE ISSEI IN AGRICULTURE

(Continued from page 49)

and Wyoming, as well as in Texas, the majority of the persons of Japanese ancestry depended on farming for a livelihood.

Japanese farm workers were welcomed by the operators of the great Pacific coast agricultural enterprises in the early years of the 20th Century. But as the Japanese workers attempted to improve their inequitable status they encountered opposition. The Japanese had been hailed as industrious workers but some employers grew critical as these Japanese organized on a racial basis and instituted a form of collective bargaining which eventually led to their becoming one of the highest paid groups in the state's agriculture. According to a report of the Senate's La Follette committee, Japanese farm workers were the first to use the sitdown strike as a labor tactic on the west coast.

In Hawaii the Japtnese farm workers, many of whom had arrived as contract laborers, also organized on the sugar and pineapple plantations and the labor history of the territory is marked with record of several major strikes which were called to achieve better wage and living conditions.

By 1910 when there were 72,000 persons of Japanese ancestry in the United States, the transition of these immigrants from the status of laborer to that of tenant and operator already was in process. In 1910 Japanese operated 2,215 farms in the coastal states, comprising 113,274 acres under cultivation. During the next decade, the farm operations had been increased to an all-time high of 394,696 acres. The enforcement of the alien land laws probably was the major factor in the decrease in farm operations after 1920.

All of the Japanese farm workers, however, did not become tenants and operators. Some continued to follow the crops north from the Imperial valley in the spring, planting and weeding and moving on. They still follow the crops today, although their numbers are few. Others went into urban communities to start businesses, mainly in the service trades, such as the operation of hotels, restaurants, shoe repair shops and dry cleaning establishments.

Because of restrictive legislation, the majority of the Japanese farmers always have been in the tenant and sharecropping class. They could not buy land for themselves and thus they considered their stay on each farm as temporary. It was not until the Nisei became of age that there was a tendency toward the ownership of agricultural property.

Adon Poli, an agricultural economist, commented on this situation in a report for the Department of Agriculture. Declared Mr. Poli:

"Although doubt has been expressed concerning the real effectiveness of the alien land laws, the forces which effectuated these measures may have served to make eligible persons of Japanese ancestry hesitant about acquiring too permanent a tenure status, particularly ownership of farm land in areas where local attitudes are not favorable. Because of this uneasiness, these persons may have preferred a land tenure which would permit them to move on short notice if necessary. For somewhat the same reason, most of them purposely may have become proficient in a type of agriculture that requires a minimum of capital investment for permanent farm structures and perennial crops."

Despite legislative harassment and organized opposition from competitive groups, the Japanese farmers and their children had developed agriculture into the mainstay of Japanese American community life on the Pacific coast at the time of Pearl Harbor. The mass evacuation meant the destruction of a farm economy which had been built up with the sweat and labor of a generation of Japanese farmers. These farmers moved into the relocation centers and made flourishing gardens on what was usually marginal soil. Others were forced to revert to the status of a common laborer as they left the relocation camps in labor gangs to save the sugar beet crop of the Rocky Mountain states in the harvest months of 1942. It is generally conceded that much of the sugar beet acreage in the mountain states would have gone unharvested were it not for the volunteers from the WRA centers. In the months that followed many farmers left the camps to begin farm operations in the mountain states of Idaho, Utah, eastern Oregon and Colorado. In Utah, as in many other areas, these farmers were cognizant of the importance of local good-will and made a studious effort not to grow competitive crops. As a result new crops were introduced to these areas and other crops were grown for direct shipment to eastern and west coast areas. An example is the lettuce industry which has been developed around Ontario, Ore. by evacuee farmers.

Largely because of the techniques introduced by the Japanese, California long has enjoyed a dominant position in the production of truck crops. Today, with the evacuee farmers scattered throughout the country as a result of the evacuation, these crops are being adapted to new soils and new climates. There are evacuee farmers today in Texas, Arkansas, Georgia and Louisiana who are planting crops which now compete on the eastern market with the produce from California.

Although approximately 75 per cent of the evacuees now have returned to the evacuated zone, the farmers have had difficulty in reestablishing themselves in the economic position they enjoyed on the morning of Dec. 7, 1941 before the first bomb fell on Pearl Harbor. One of the factors militating against the resumption of large-scale farm operations by the returned evacuees is the high cost of farm property, as well as the general rise in other prices affecting farm production.

Those who have returned to the coast are again engaged in producing such favorite crops as tomatoes, lettuce, melons, asparagus, onions, beans, cabbage, peas, celery, spinach, cauliflower and broccoli. In addition, berries were an important crop and persons of Japanese ancestry grew 70 per cent of the total acreage of all types of berries in California at the time of evacuation.

The popularity of grape farming in the central valleys was illustrated recently by the California Agriculture department which announced that it had 128 unclaimed checks for farmers of Japanese ancestry from the 1938 brandy account.

Adon Poli reported that an eighth of the farm area cultivated by persons of Japanese ancestry on the Pacific coast was devoted to deciduous fruits and nuts. Popular varieties included plums, peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, apples, almonds, walnuts and cherries. Japanese orchardists helped develop the now-famous apple orchards of Hood River, Ore., where a strenuous effort was made at one time during the war to prevent the return of the evacuees. Another center of discriminatory activity was the orchard highlands of Placer County in California.

An important phase of agricultural activity among the Japanese farmers has been in the floricul-

(Continued on page 53)

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Sandman:

THE ISSEI WHO MAKES SLEEP

There are two things held in common by certain members of European royalty, some famous Hollywood stars, an African chieftain, and a host of top American business executives.

Those two things are insomnia and their indebtedness to an Issei by the name of Sadaichi Higashi, who lives on Monmouth beach, New Jersey.

For, according to James C. G. Coniff in the Denver Post Sunday magazine, Sadaichi Higashi makes sleep.

It started out as a whim, and it's ended up by being a business which threatens to assume boom proportions.

Higashi had long been curious about the rhetorical question summer visitors like to ask: "What are the wild waves saying?"

So when Higashi got a chance to pick up a recording set through war surplus sales, he decided to find out the answer. Higashi was an expert fisherman, both trolling and casting. So, at the end of an outsize bamboo pole, suspended from a length of nylon line and held fairly steady by two others, he rigged a tiny parabolic microphone. He ran this into his recorder and held the mike out over the waves.

It took a week to get a good recording. Then he mailed the tape to the sister of his stockbroker in New York. She had been especially curious about what the waves had to say.

Four days later his broker called from New York. Could Higashi make some more records immediately? The broker could sell them at a neat profit to Wall street friends.

It turned out that he had visited his sister the previous evening. She had run the tape off for him. And he, who usually could not get to sleep without tossing for hours, was sleeping like a baby at the end of the recording. When his sister aroused him, he remembered that the only time he could get to sleep without any trouble at all was during his summer vacation at the shore, when he could hear the surf pounding beyond his windows. Higashi had brought that sound to him for year-round service.

Higashi was willing to make more records to help people go to sleep. But he would not be hurried. Sometimes the sounds weren't quite right to his sensitive ear. Sometimes the sea was too quiet, or else too loud.

The broker tore at his bald spot. Higashi told him he could commercialize the idea if he wanted to and added that anybody could record the sound of the sea.

But nobody else, it appeared, could get just the recordings Higashi did in his quiet, unhurried way. And for Higashi, the whole thing was a hobby and not a business. Higashi refuses to have a master recording from which hundreds of recordings can be made. Apparently his customers feel the same way. They want individual recordings, and so that's the way it's handled.

His customers include business tycoons, high-priced nervous patients in Hollywood and European capitals, and beauty shop operators who like to relax their customers with Higashi recordings. The African chieftain who is numbered among Higashi's clients was nearly driven out of his mind by sleeplessness caused by droning mosquitoes —until he heard of Higashi.

Higashi's broker wants to do the obvious thing—market the recordings under the title, "Japanese Sandman."

Higashi has steadily refused. He feels it's too corny.

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THE ISSEI IN AGRICULTURE

(Continued from page 52)

ture field and in the nurseries in the production of nursery stock and seed plants.

As a result of the important role of the Japanese farmers, other persons of Japanese ancestry developed successful techniques for the distribution and marketing of farm products.

Although war and evacuation has destroyed most of these farm organizations, the farmers themselves have remained close to the soil. Their activity made the relocation camps self-sufficient in many types of vegetables. During the resettlement program many relocated eastward in various farm projects, of which the Seabrook enterprises, which once employed nearly 1,000 evacuees in farm production for the world's biggest vegetable freezing plant, are best known.

The Issei, through their farm operations, have written an indelible record on the agricultural history of the west. Their contribution to agricultural progress has helped assure a more abundant life for the people of this nation.

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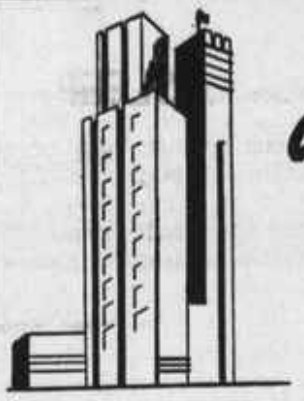
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a Nisei in Manhattan

by Roku Sugahara

The Man Who Waits

Almost to a minute I can tell the exact time of day by Mr. Shimpei Shimada.

He is just that punctual, that precise, and that meticulous in his daily routine.

It is exactly eight o'clock in the morning when this small, thin, gray-haired Issei closes the door of a dreary basement apartment, on 12th Street in lower Manhattan, and slowly shuffles on his way toward the Lexington Avenue elevated.

I guess Shimada-san is about 65 years old. He is on the scholarly side, dignified, quiet, reserved, unobtrusive, and almost a mouse-like quality to his appearance.

Frequently I rush by him in the morning or gallop ahead of him in the evening. He just nods and then goes on his way home. An occasional "kon-nichi-wa" is about all I could ever get in the way of conversation.

Shimada-san lives a hermit-like existence. He confines himself to the narrow limits of his cloistered and tiny 1½-room apartment.

During the day, Shimada works for an Issei on Park Avenue who specializes in porcelain repair work. I understand that Shimpei Shimada is the expert of the store in re-weaving and renovating Japanese silk screens.

When the bells of the nearby Catholic church are chiming out six o'clock in the evening, invariably Shimada will be walking on his way back to his humble quarters.

With almost religious regularity he always peers into the mail compartment to see if there is a letter for him. At best this is a futile gesture, for he will be shaking his head and returning empty-handed to his little room.

Precisely at ten o'clock, the lights in his apartment will snap out and the Shimada day is over, only to follow the same pattern the next day and the next.

Such is the simple, unassuming, and orderly life Shimpei has followed now for seven long years. Occasionally, on a Sunday afternoon, he might go to a neighborhood show, but that was about all the entertainment or diversion he would allow himself. He made it a point to always be home. Every evening and every Sunday he was alone in his chosen solitude of the apartment. He never had visitors nor would he go visiting. The apartment was his world, his all.

As in the lives of many an Issei in this country, December 7th, 1941 was a turning point in Shimada's existence. And, as in the case of the large majority of the elders, it was the beginning of the road leading downward.

From other Manhattan Issei, I learned that Mr. Shimada was once an assistant manager of a silk importing house before the war; that he first came to New York City in 1916; that he brought his wife from Japan in 1918; and that in the following year, a son, Gary, was born.

The pre-war Shimada was a gay, cheerful, happy person. Several evenings a week he would be found at the Nippon Club playing "goh" or having dinner with a few other cronies. Sundays, he played golf, usually going 36 holes, and consistently shooting in the 80s.

I also learned that young Gary Shimada, handsome, vigorous and full of that sparkling zest for living, graduated from Columbia University in 1940. Gary, the only son, was the apple of his father's eye.

After graduation he reluctantly agreed to go to Japan to study. It was just to please his father that Gary made this move. Back there Gary soon found that he didn't like it. He longed to return to the States and live in this land that he knew and loved so well. Gary stuck it out for a year at Waseda but he couldn't see eye to eye with his classmates and longed to return to New York. He just couldn't wait to again see Times Square, Broadway, Herald Square, the Washington bridge, and other familiar landmarks.

Then came the war.

Came the months of confusion, chaos, uncertainty, the uprooting of the normal way of life. To

It was the thought of Gary . . . that he was alive in Japan . . . that kept Shimpei Shimada's hopes bright and gave him reason and courage to carry on alone and eke out a livelihood.

In the early months of 1942, a telegram from the War Department came to the old man. It simply stated that his son Gary "was missing in action." This, Shimada reasoned, must have been a mistake because Gary could not have joined the American forces. The telegram he set aside, refusing to believe what he thought was impossible.

Someday Gary would be coming home. That was what he believed. It would be a question of time before Gary would return to New York.

It is over six years since that telegram was delivered to Shimpei Shimada.

One evening, a short time ago, I chanced to meet Shimada-san on the street and casually inquired about Gary. He stood silent, a far-away look in his eyes, slowly shook his head, and could only say:

"Moh, sugu kaite kimasu, desho."

After exchanging several communications with the War Department in Washington, I pieced together the story of Gary Shimada.

In the late months of 1941, Gary, fearing that there might be trouble in the Orient, tried every way to return to America. Unable to book passage here, he finally succeeded in obtaining accommodations on a Japanese freighter bound for the Phillipines. There he was stranded when the war began. Immediately, he rushed to the American consulate to enlist his services. Quickly he was inducted into the service and assigned to G-2, intelligence. When the Japanese army took over Manila, Gary and his outfit took to the hills and were never heard of again. Officially he was missing in action; actually, after a passage of years, he was carried on the books of the War Department as dead.

Ironic though it may seem, it was on the evening of December 7th, 1948 that I dropped in to see Mr. Shimada at his shabby lower Manhattan apartment. In one corner of the room I saw a candle lit in front of a small Japanese shrine. Beside it was Gary's graduation picture and also some small cups of food. The smell of the incense permeated the little room.

I didn't know how or where to begin.

"About Gary," I haltingly asked the elder Shimada seated quietly in a worn rocking chair, "when did you last hear from him?"

"In 1941. I still have the letter. Gary is not the type to go back on a promise. Can I show you the letter?"

Shimada went over to the shrine and from under the picture withdrew the letter and handed it over to me.

Nov. 1, 1941

Dear Dad:

I know this will be a great disappointment to you but I have decided to return to America. I simply cannot get along with the people and adapt myself to the customs here. Perhaps I am too Americanized to comprehend or appreciate it all. All I do know is that I do not belong here. I am coming home. I want to return to the land of my birth and take care of you for your remaining days. That is the least I can do. You have been a fine father to me and now I want to be a dutiful son to you. Waiting until I see you soon,

Your loving son,
Gary

"And what about the telegram," I queried.

"Missing, yes, but that does not mean my Gary is dead," he finally replied in slow, even tones. "In the mixup and upheaval of war, so many things can happen and so many errors can be compounded. I just know that he is alive and that he will return. I shall wait for him, right here, until the sands of time no longer run through my veins. That is the least I can do for him."

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Faces of the Issei:



KANKURO MATSUMOTO might still be an architectural engineer—his first work—if it hadn't been for the recession that followed the first World War.

Now, however, he's much happier in his present work, that of art repair, which gives him more use of his artistic talent.

Along with a lot of other people, Matsumoto started looking for work when depression hit the country after World War I. He decided to go into art repair work, and he started up in a small shop at 219 S. Dearborn. He had learned the trade earlier in life and thought it might tide him through the bad period.

As it was, the business prospered until today he owns one of the best known art repair shops in the city. His present store is in the heart of Chicago's big business district at 14 N. Michigan with a front window view of Lake Michigan.

Matsumoto and his crew of a dozen workers repair all types of art pieces ranging from inexpensive bric-a-brac to fabulous antiques. They also do work for many of the city's art and antique galleries and for some of Chicago's larger department stores.

In his leisure time Matsumoto paints in watercolor and has studied at the Art Institute of Chicago.

Photo and Story by Vince Tajiri

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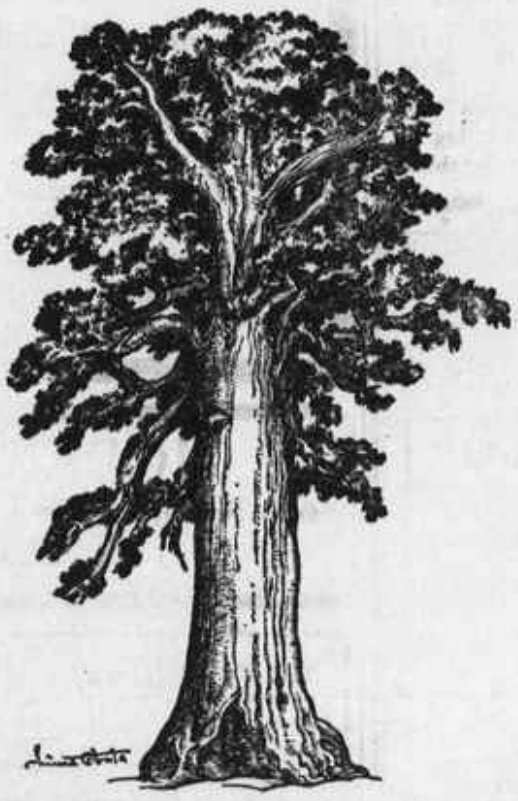
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JACL Bowling Meet Scheduled for March

The third annual National JACL bowling tournament will be held in Salt Lake City on March 4, 5 and 6.

Choppie Umemoto was named at a meeting of the Salt Lake JACL bowling league this week to act as tournament chairman. The Salt Lake group will be the host to the national tourney for the third successive year and the facilities of the Temple Bowling alley have been secured for the event.

Teams from Hawaii, California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado and Illinois are expected to enter the tourney which drew a field of 36 teams last year.

The defending team champion is the Okada Insurance team of Salt Lake, current leaders of the JACL winter league.

Bill Honda was named tournament secretary and Hito Okada will handle tournament finances.

Other committee chairmen are: Mas Satow, publicity; Tom Matsumori and George Sakashita, souvenir program; Jeri Tsuyuki, housing; Dr. Jun Kurumada, dinner dance, and Maki Kaizumi, trophies.

Myer . . .

Dillon S. Myer, whose handling of one of the war's toughest domestic wartime assignments, that of director of the War Relocation Authority, is not forgotten in Washington, has been asked twice by President Truman to take over the office of U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Myer, now chief of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, has twice refused the post but is still being urged to take it. . . . Myer received an accolade this week from Will Rogers, Jr., former congressman from California, who declared in Denver that he is not a candidate for the Indian affairs post but that he might reconsider if Myer sticks to his refusal to take the appointment. Rogers told the National Congress of American Indians that he believes Myer "is fully capable of executing the office expertly."

WANT ADS

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of George Suzuki, please notify: Koki Tsuji, 24505 Cypress Ave., Lomita, Calif. or K. Moriguchi, 1379 O'Farrell St. S. F., Cal. Last address known Knights Landing, Yolo Co. Calif. Recently believed to have been in Los Angeles and vicinity.

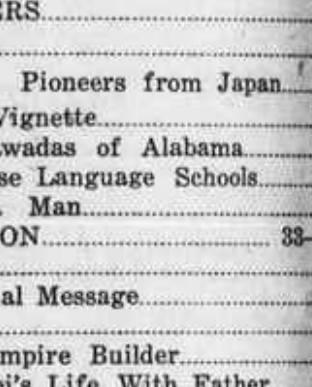
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LARRY TAJIRI.....EDITOR

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