These Are Our Parents

Special Holiday Edition, 1948
The Pierced Silver Curtain

By Larry Tajiri

The first Japanese who pierced the Silver Curtain lived in the United States of America, a country where the Chinese, who numbered some 1,500,000 in 1880, were not allowed to become citizens until 1943.

Japanese immigrants began to arrive in the United States in 1830, and after 1844, when the United States Congress passed the Chinese Exclusion Act, Japanese immigration was blocked. The act was based on the fear of a large influx of Chinese laborers, who were thought to be a threat to the nation's economy and the job market of American workers.

The new act was an attempt to keep Chinese laborers out of the country, but Japanese immigrants were also affected by it. The act prohibited them from entering the United States, and those who were already here were forced to leave.

In 1884, the first Japanese ever to enter the United States arrived in San Francisco, and they were welcomed with open arms. The new act didn't apply to them, and they were allowed to stay.

The Japanese immigrants who arrived in San Francisco were mostly laborers, and they worked in the city's various industries. They were also involved in the city's political life, and in 1885, the first Japanese-American was elected to the city council.

The act was gradually weakened over time, and in 1903, the Chinese Exclusion Act was repealed. This allowed Japanese immigrants to enter the United States, and they began to settle in the country in larger numbers.

Today, Japanese-Americans are an integral part of American society, and they have contributed significantly to the country's culture and economy.

The act was a failure, as it was unable to keep out Chinese laborers, who continued to arrive in large numbers. The Japanese immigrants who arrived were able to make a successful life for themselves, and they continue to do so today.
WHAT ARE THE ISSEI? An immigrant generation, separated not only by years but by custom and language from the children they ask to be 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.

From Fukuoka, Takeo Nakagawa, second son of a rice farmer, having assurance from his father's cousins of wealth in pedigree 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. Prevailed 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 blinding 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 Fukusuka.

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 J. 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 Fukusuka, 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 hazards 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 (Continued on page 8)
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 Ukrainian 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 are 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, 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 somehow in getting it by way of the U. S. Army I am not sure.

But Yoko N'shima 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 institution.

The scars 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 men, for reasons of age or sex or other circumstances for which they were not to blame, were unable to become Americans by this means. Misinformed 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 no little reason to recognize their sacrifices that it has yet to conferred citizenship upon them.

(Continued on page 7)
The Japanese fishing industry in Southern California began around 1870. It did not take place until 1900. The first Japanese to arrive in San Pedro harbor were fishermen in about 1890, but the fishing did not begin until 1906. Abalone and lobster were the principal catches.

Terra Linda 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 of sand and rock and reefs and rocks only gradually changed into a livable village. The peak of the Japanese population on Terra Linda was 3396.

San Diego was another place where a Japanese fishing village was established in 1905. The peak was reached around 1910, and gradually declined. Onem at one time showed promise of becoming a fishing center. Plans were made to move the Terminal Island fishing industry to Ormond soon there had been discussion of the United States Navy using the entire island for its purpose. During World War II, the Navy took over the entire island. The Japanese fishermen will now operate from San Pedro instead of Terminal Island.

The fishing industry of the Oregon and Washington coast was developed by Japanese fishermen who sailed north after the season ended in San Francisco.

When the Japanese returned to the West Coast after the ban had been lifted, they introduced an entire industry. With the Japanese, though their numbers were small, small techniques and innovations in the fishing industry, and pioneered in much of the Pacific, Japan sent new methods and new ideas. They introduced new types of fish for consumer consumption and new methods that changed the entire industry.

Our nation has had its footprints on every continent. It is natural that we should not remain inactive to know that the future does not belong only to us. We can be a part of it, if we work hard and diligently. The future is ours to shape, and the only limitation is the one we place on ourselves.
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By I. H. Gordon

Drawing by Allan Niebae

IT WAS EARLY in the morning when he ar-
riv'd. A light mist hung over the folds of
soft green leaves and made a lacy fringe around
the trees in the low valleys. A slight overcast
now and then filtered out the early sun.
It felt so strange to be back, almost as it had
when he'd left, or, he mused slyly, should be.
That shock was one of suddenness. Absent-
ment.
It was a crystal clear shock, then it had turned
to 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 curi-
ous, 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 gaiety, or any emo-
tion he could analyze, that with peace came recognitions.
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By Toshiro Mori

Introduction by WILLIAM SOHOYAN

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NOT A MATTER OF RACE (Continued from page 4)

How about the others? Should we open the gates and confer citizenship upon all “aliens” Japanese—excluding the Semels Ogasas, the Takeuchi Kumasas, the George Yasumatos?

Why not?

Such an act would be making citizens of people who have lived among us permanently and irrevocably, and we suffer from the want of them. But the Japanese have done nothing to deserve citizenship. It would be a benefit to whites and a curse to the Japanese.

Rundead—perhaps thousands of evacuees during the war came to buy “Father Day” or “Father’s Day” gifts for their brothers and sisters who had come to America in 1942. They brought the Japanese church back to the war.

And the Mounties and Mississouts they threw themselves into the battle against quack doctors, counseling families in difficulty, con- ferring upon them the necessary education. Their wives are American mothers. That they gave their lives for the sake of the freedom of the United States and the Japanese is another story.

They are many of religions and professions. They are Japanese, who have contributed to the American society. They are American, whose services to America are often left unmentioned.

Not in the least, the reason why we should respect the Japa- nese today as much as we did in the past, is the record of the present brave men. There may be some lessons for us to learn from the history of the past.

Yokohama, California

By Toshiro Mori

Introduction by WILLIAM SOHOYAN

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CULTUM: THESE ARE THE ISSEI

(Continued from page 3)
day of Christmas, 1946—held in Cleveland, Chicago, New York and other centers across the country; and in Italy, France, Sapporo and Tok- yo—held on the floor of Congress. By the fruit one may tell the vine, and their is the sound. Suburo Sato, Takeo Nakagawa, their wives Chiyoko and Fusa, and the thousands who preceded and followed to the land of the living, have longer young men and young wo- men. They have been through war and their heads are grey. They have been through war and their days of war with the land of their birth, but they have not been seen their children meet the challenge of that war with towering honor, in the best tradition of both the new land and the old. They have been correct, yet they have seen America seek to 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.

Those are the Issei—a sturdy people who have held to the cour- age 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 bills to be validated. The phrase "alien ineligible to citizenship" is at the heart of all legal discrimination. How long now 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 Suburo Sato, once the dreamer, have to say?

"I lived in United States of America for 40 odd years with- out a citizenship. I can say there are many disadvantages. There- fore I fully hope this Naturaliza- tion bill will pass with great maj- ority.

"The way to America was op- ened 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 growing fast and losing their own home. We have done our best to live as a rightful citizen and have supported all worthy homes and organizations.

"I want to become a citizen of America and live in this country."

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 said her daughter send the follow- ing:

"I have six children, of which two boys served in the United States Army with the high hope of 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 insur- cure feeling because I cannot do what other citizens can enjoy. When I raise my children with feelings of this nature, it un- doubtedly gives great effects on my children. I want my boys and girls to be good healthy citizens.

"I am constantly 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 not know they belong to the heart of America.

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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, first entering the Manzanar Relocation Center in 1942, very few faces 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 tensed, 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 indignant laughter; a package sent off to Europe the week before, containing among other things, the most frequently requested non, rice and ostrakemono; or of the expressed desire by the need one overseas of wanting to spend his next birthday at home, using already three consecutive birthdays away from the family. Mrs. Munemori, a woman in her late fifties, was, this moment, conscious of a woman telling her of the death, in Italy two days before V-E Day, of her son, Ted, and composer, 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. Only the bitter impact experienced by mothers who have seen their situation as this, of a painful, wrenching sense of loss, irrevocable, and final.

This was the second time in seven years that death had come so close to her, for it was in 1938 that Mrs. Munemori's husband had died. She had had, of late, much sorrow to bear, but in 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 Kamagari, Saito, Hiroshima, then in Yanaguchi-ken, but both her maternal grandparents were also in this profession. One of her grandfathers had seen, in fact, the personal physician of Mohri, who long ago was 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 Jogyakko, from which she was graduated in ceremony and flower arrangement, as well as other arts, were highly valued by her. Mrs. Munemori also finds singing to have been her favorite activity in these 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, apple 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 There was as if in front of the candy store. What seemed to her, couldn't have affected a disinterested air, but she 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 Koriyama, Tohoku, to a man who previously had lived a short while in America and who had inherited large rice property in Japan, Mrs. Munemori, as a bride, spent the first month of her 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 property to Mrs. Munemori's younger brother. Mrs. Munemori still remembers vividly the ocean voyage across the Pacific in May of that year on the Shinko Maru. To reach the shores of America was all her mind constantly dwelt upon, and her pleasure was intense the day the boat docked in Seattle harbor. She was able to come, not on the immigration quota, but by some means of the Bride act.

The Munemoris operated a fruit stand during their first year in America, but 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.

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 programs in school, she has always encouraged them in their activities along the lines of their individual interests. Her daughter, Kyuko, 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 1936, 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, Sadan, 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: Sadan Munemori relaxes in his home with his son Robert and grand- daughter, Harumi Irie-Tamura.

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

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, Sadan, volunteered for the U. S. Army. She 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 oldest daughter, Setsuo Tamura, who with her doctor husband had gone to Japan in December 1946, Mrs. Munemori, 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, Yasuko, 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 numbness.
An Issei Woman Recalls the Past:

GRANDPA AND THE PROMISED LAND

San Francisco. She spelled fascination for me. In spite of her imperfections, I could not abandon her. The city by the Golden Gate, to me, was home.

I could not say offhand what it was that led me to become a San Franciscan. Perhaps it was the climate. Perhaps it was the vigorous, talkative, alluring city. More likely it was the combination of all the above. Whatever it was, everything fitted together as if it were a part of me. Yes, a mosaic.

To us it was the new city. When the train arrived, we were 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 everything in a way. I prefer grandpa's 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, crossing the city with a wonderful ticket called transfer. With fear and wonder, I rode the cable car. I loved to go on the trolley and watch the people come and go. Yes, there were numerous fishing boats of all sizes, moving in and out, avoiding the ocean liners and steamers. Ah, the foghorns in the silent night. If I could hear them once more, I would know its voice. Its loud sound became a soothing lullaby as I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, I would ask him to show me the city.

There was no comparison between my superior native dishes and American food. As 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 of his dishes which I did not forget was the home brought home cartons of French food from uptown. We dined at the Russian restaurant and enjoyed the French 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 timidly.

Your grandpa lied 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 cranberry jam. 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 who lived in the world. It was like a shock to me suddenly when I learned to like continental and oriental dishes. Never was I so surprised as the time when I entered a Chinese restaurant and found it excellent. I got to like many kinds of 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 walk. They appeared to be snarling, angry as if something had upset them. Sometimes they made crazy noises and laughed long and loud. I could not understand them, nor could I be strangely silent and white-faced.

"What did they say?" I would ask him curiously after such an encounter. He would shake his head sadly, hardly answering me. 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.

"You don't like us to do anything to them," I protested quickly. "We haven't even met them before."

"They do not like us," your grandpa said gently. "They do not like us for what we are. What do you mean?"

"They don't like the Japanese."

I stopped sharply as if I were slapped stiffly and unexpectedly. For the first time I realized all was not well. Still did I 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 unsalable. We are untrustworthy and cunning in our Oriental ways."

"Are we all the way they say?" I asked naively.

"I think the language barrier is most regretful," he said. "I 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. Those 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. He is angry in every danger 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 regale my village folks in two years if not sooner. Also, that was my primary ambition. "I don't care."

I had to go out of the house. I worked myself into a frenzy gathering enough courage to go shopping several blocks away. Every gesture appeared as a taunt to me. Every tongue sounded harsh and insincere. Every shadow looked like an unseen 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 felt my sewing and went toward the window. I peered into the dark cloudy night and becoming depressed, I called your grandpa.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

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

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. Loud cries and laughter followed each attack, and I covered in the corner waiting for the thing to pass.

I saw your grandpa dash to the front door. "Come back," I screamed at him. Reluctantly he returned to my side. I clung to him, biting into his flesh. The draft from the open doorways and broken windows blew out the lights. When the house finally became dead, I still reposed 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."

For days I would not touch his shoulder. I would not allow the required duty as one walking in a society with a past. I again and again repaired the house and chased the litters. I met with pity and tenderness. He did not say a word. I was grateful for his silence.

For days I would not raise my head. I thought of the sadness that your grandpa addressed me. The sun was sunny afterwards so long attracted to the back porch. I watched your grandpa's canaries in the cage with its fresh branches, not hearing his room. "What's the use?" I said to myself laconically.

"What chance have I got against such odds?"

Your grandpa could not cheer me. His guilty demeanour manufactured no happiness. I was unhappily with my thoughts for days as I wondered some autumn leaf caught in a storm. His gusto for food, unbelievably, so broken just like his precious Oriental plants were that hateful night. But I give him credit for his spirit. Life gives us peace after wars. Some of us may be saved, some may be mournful. Yes, you may never again get the taste of unhappiness after a catastrophe. You will learn to live with ambition in spite of any setbacks. You will learn to respect the spirit of this children, so you should name me. You may use the example. Yes, you now have a new set of eyes. Indeed you are here with a new life. You will never be temporarily blinded by the death of your spirit via personal tragedy. If you look, you will be surprised, you will gradually and not immediately let us see with a new pair of eyes. You will see through and not just see like the eyes that were limited to books and give him credit for his spirit.

Yes, children, my wound slowly healed. It took time. I ruined my experiments on day. Strange, this child's innocence did not bother me so much that I laughed and said, "Life? Are you trying to defeat me?" I cradled myself. "Well, it's going to take you a lifetime to triumph."

I am not sure if not immediately and legus to see with a new pair of eyes. You will see through and not just see like the eyes that were limited to books and give him credit for his spirit.

The sun shines brightly once more, I sat on the back porch and raised myself. The aroma of the exotic International food returned to my apartment. Excursions were resumed with shaking hands that I opened my mouth and bit approvingly as if at last I had learned to become an American. But I had a long ways to go...

You grandpa was not knock average. He was an average man. He was respected by his fellow people. He had many friends and was well known, a fact, for his own good. He had no good vices. That was the best of all. Does that answer your question, children? Not! I cannot blurt out the reason behind it."

When you were babies...

In those early days when I admired your grandpa. He knew a little English and he didn't. He was my guide in that respect. He was my guide when I was just a little kid. He taught me to your advantage. He was a simple man, human and understanding, but the law of the land. Daily we battle with our wits and force. We fight them in the jungles of business against bigger opponents. We are swallowed like a bigger game. Your grandpa became a proprietor to purchase a chasing a bathhouse, I thought we be meddled with too much..."

Did you say I was much stronger than your grandpa? Ah, children. So it be.
of all. But I was not too domi-
net, was I? I was dissatisfied—much
more ambitious than your grandson. It
was only because I wished him to rise
does the ranks that I entered his realm.
I beg him on. Who could blame us for
meant? We did not rise but
nurse as average family. Nevertheless,
was worked up because I could see
grandson's arrest waiting to be flown into
fire.

Your grandson's lot was a tough one.
for me to admit that he did come a long
way since he first left his old country as
a Hawai-bound sugar plantation work-
e.

And that was in the early Nineties.
Why did he call me, 'Uncle'? Because
himself was lonely though among his
contemporaries. In the early days Issei
women were rarely seen in American com-
panies until the men were financially
able to talk to us that women came over
after they had lived here. These
men made by hard labor—back-
making jobs in hot sun and cold snow.

They worked in the railroad gangs. They
found the woods for rich farm lands.
They toiled in the mines, on the farms.
They became dishwashers, laundrymen,
and gardeners, small shopkeepers.
Your of the bunkhouse in
San.

He lived in a bunkhouse with fifty or
sixty countrymen. They pooled their
earnings for whatever gain that collective
living could attain. They had no
in itself cooked native dishes. Once
they were men went into town to do
shopping. Ah, the amusing things these
boys went through! I'll tell you about the
egg purchasing story—a story that has
been told and retold.

For lack of English knowledge, we
Japs 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
ask what they charged. They
trusted the shopkeepers for they had to
for lack of language they were often
acquited of being reckless and shyster.
They were mistrusted.

Ah yes. The egg story I must repeat
for your ears. Your grandson was a
young man when he came over. 'You
should have been in Oakland at the time
when the beautiful Lake Merritt was a dirty
muck.'

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

Your grandson said, 'There are
many untold stories. Some are lost.
Others will come up in the future.'

I would believe it.

'How was your name given?'

'What was your occupation?'

'What was your present occupation?
There is the famous egg story. May
be I will tell it because there is a man
without waiting for confirmation. He was
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
strange tongue. I wave eggs. I want
to tell him. I want eggs... he eggs,
his eggs.'

'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... caw... caw...
caw... caw... caw... caw... caw."

He would lean that though I
might have heard the story dozens of
times.

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

Your grandson was impractical as
many of the Issei men were. They
were ignorant. Can you imagine them,
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 shop for safe keeping.

And these men, among them was my
grandfather, did not even ask for the
receipts. I think my grandfather lost two
hundred dollars that way because the shop-
keeper had made a mistake and could not
member the transactions. Can you blame
these immigrants for becoming all at
the more? Even their countrymen not
to be trusted.

They lived hard. The bunkhouse life
was not ideal. They drank sake not
your pleasure but to forget. They
were forced to gamble in order to
while away their night hours.

Only a few were immune to minor vices.
Your grandson told 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
were drifted away, never to come back to
the bunkhouse crew.

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

Your grandson was enthralled by his. His
crafty and clever expenses astounded him.
There were many ways in which he
wanted to become an employer too.
Well, this white boss was responsible
for this. He was a big-time
farmer too.

His farm was in the outskirts of a
small town. Your grandson and other
farmhands had to wait till Saturday
candle light to go into town. The boss had
improvised an

I shall have enough money to go back
to Japan. You will certainly earn
more than ten thousand dollars there. You
will not have to work in the factory.

Ten thousand American dollars! That's
a fortune in Japan—more than twenty
thousand yen. You will become rich now.

Makino-san was from our village and
your grandson finally had succeeded in
creasing prices to sell the bathroom.

Suddenly I became exulted. I was
with you.

... ... ... 

III

'Where never was a night when we
hadn't company in our kitchen.
Old cronies of his farmhand days used
our place as general headquarters when
in town. From our native province
came in and out frequently. Students
made the kitchen their meeting place.
When we checked baggage and packages
for travelers, Yes, it was like a station
in their travels. Each group had
five-pound boxes of cookies and
animal crackers we bought in those days.
Can you imagine that disappearing in a month? Well, it did
and we had to buying our bread.
It made me years younger just in
thinking of it.

Our kitchen" was the backroom was not
exclusive. High and low mingled freely
though at first they were at odds. Stud-
ents and laborers argued, pro and con
on the future of the Japanese in Amer-
ica.

Indians, butchers, schoolboys
and laundry workers sat side by side with
medical students, lawyers, merchants,
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 ap-
pearance. A flabby-dressed man could have
come from the poorest family in a
village and out wearing himself for the
job of being a farmer. A high-
heaven might be shuffling around the
country in a horse and buggy. He might have
before, our distant relative was
human and could not
that he was a houseboy? Imagine him
waiting hand and foot upon a gilded
family.

Our kitchen window faged a small al-
ley where a conglomeration of old
buildings ended. Above the adjoining two-
story brick building you could see the
boss of the hotel. It was a
unique clotheshine. Ah, that was a build-
ing of mystery and excitement—a fas-
cinating 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.
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 American 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 us 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 spoken of as the Issei when comparison has 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.

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

These Issei parents assisted in building railroads, clearing forest and brushlands and materially aiding in the development of agricultural pursuits wherever the greatest crisis in their activities, 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 so that it gives us, ever guiding us into the future.

Bradford Smith, in his recent book, AMERICANS FROM JAPAN, has adequately prepared 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 move on, and 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. 283).

It was the Issei who inoculated into the heart and soul of their children the qualities 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.

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Tokyo Kako: Story of a Perfectionist

It Took 500 Trips to Develop A Perfect Formula for Rice

By BILL HOSOKAWA

AMERICANS LAST YEAR consumed something like 800,000,000 pounds of rice and Tokyo 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 hypothesis 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 people who took 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, 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 curiosities. But he quickly became discontented with his profession as the novelty of the Orient wore off.

Characteristically, he began a haphazard search for a new vocation by reading next door 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 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 thus used with coffee, why not with rice? Then sprang the Kako kitchen method. The only rice he used, however, was cultivated by the late Issei, YASUI MRS. MRS. H. KOSEKI, TOYOHARA.

TOYOHARA, a pioneer of Colorado rice, was also known to blend his rice. So, like the man who says (Continued on page 11)

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- Photo by Carl Iwasaki
MAN CONCEIVED

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

By CARL KONDO

I WAS TOLD THAT there was something odd about Ed Mako. I got the feeling, too, as a kind of rootlessness. A sort of a man kept aloof from his fellow Nisei and a whole-hearted and undeviating allegiance to a community like Little Tokyo. I found him to have been a man of lots of friends, who knew him inti-

Ed Mako had a way of evap-

of a group, for he was an amazing fellow. People like him had suffered in his mind since he to think and develop a set of

Ed Mako was a man with a

in the United States, and Ed Mako, himself, was in our land. But he was Japanese, and, if you will, that made him a subject, an alien, our enemy. He was a Japanese

And royalty was held as a

proud as an insidious in the system of Ed Mako. He knew that he did not

problems of adjustments, a resett-

ing of standards in which he be-

came a tortured man regarded by the public as registered and finger-printed like any other alien, compelled to report his whereabouts like a parolee. Even his own group shut him out as an undesirable alien. Yet he did not become bitter. He saw a glimpse of hope, for in the battle of ballets there was also a battle of words and promises, amongst them the promise to the oppressed peoples of the earth.

Until the day came when he could not to 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 Nisei. But Ed Mako was not really an Nisei because he felt so curatorial, political, or economic 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 turbulence of the war was subsiding, Ed Mako could look about him and take heart. It is true that he will not be forgotten the former man without a coun-

try. There was a change; he was no longer identified by the thinking men and women among the Nisei who were handed into uncom-

BACZ actively fighting to give him the right to become a citizen. He could reflect that your hand held his

seeking citizenship. He could do no less than to put his weight into the struggle.

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SEASON'S GREETINGS
The Nisei in Japan

By HIDEO KUWAHARA

4 IS THE CASE WITH A large portion of the population, living in Japan have improved considerably, preposterous inflation the available facts, clothing and fuel is far greater now than in wartime.

What is even more important is that the Nisei cannot speak without being given a dirty look, without being hated, they can read in the streets—provided they work out the fear of being stabbed, they can wear American clothes with a few Americans telling them otherwise.

It may be of interest to note hypothetically, that in Japan the Nisei are, as the Japanese say, 'Nisei' — that is to say, they are Nisei, different from the Japanese. They speak a different language, have a different family of thoughts and ideas are different; all of which can even make them apart as being 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. The Japanese source has recently placed the figures at some 40,000, but the same source is not at all pure of this. It would seem that the recent influx of these Nisei capable of earning their living through their knowledge of both the English and Japanese languages is far less than three or four thousand, perhaps five thousand in the very most.

Of this latter figure many are to work in English in their citizenship but are working for the Occupation itself—provided they the States. Reasons? One and the main one is that, as Hill Housepointed out recently in His Flying Pan columns, the Nisei who were stranded in Japan feel their units drink much better adapted vocationally to life in the States than the white, which is a matter of forethought on their part, to be sure. These are, of course, the Japanese, none direct family relations.

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Pacifie Citizen
Faces of the Isssei: 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 vocation. In his youth he was a bell-boy, a hotel clerk, an art student, vaudeville magician, and Orpheum circuit. Later he became a photo retoucher, portrait photographer and finally an advertising and illustrate 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 hold the attention of a group of models he resorts to his knowledge of magic and sleight-of-hand tricks.

—Photo by Vince Tajiri

Spud cost five and six cents a pound new, and you take a weight American way of life includes loss when you skin them; rice costs twice that much but like marsh-

Kakio's contribution to the story of his life weaves itself through the pages of his life as a photographer. He is a man of many talents, with a background in many fields, and his work is known throughout the world.

It was a week later that the news of Pfc. Munemori's death within 30 yards of the summit of the Appennines mountains in Italy reached his family. They learned that he had been, after having hand-ed destroyed two German machine guns and killed three and wounded two of the runners, given his life by himself and others after an exploding grenade to save the life of two con-
An Issie Woman Remembers:
Grandpa and the Promised Land

(Continued from page 11) —

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A JOYFUL HOLIDAY SEASON TO EVERYONE FROM:

BOISE VALLEY BAC

Nampa — Boise — Caldwell
IDAHO

A YOUTHFUL WOMAN RECOMMENDS:
Josephine's Place

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BOISE VALLEY BAC

IDAHO FALLS

Nampa — Boise — Caldwell

GREETINGS

IDAHO FALLS — Pocatello

RELIANCE OIL CO.

RELIANCE OIL CO.
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 moustache
(and countless black ships had bumped against barnacle-encrusted piers as reflections of sharp rays by sea dog Perry)
—a child of Nippon's silences, the dawn-colored cherry blossoms and the age-old shuffling 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 waking 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)
I 

IN THE YEARS before the war when the community would gather on ceremonial occasions to excommmunicate its Achievement in speech and oratory, there was a term used that was almost worked to death. The Issei were called "the Pioneers," whereas the second generation was expected to 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 meaning 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 rough and wide open as the lumberjacks from the hills, or the Klon- dikie 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 Yeeler's mill, was the hub for this teeming, shgaling population. It was in this area, this Rialto of the homeless and transient men, that the first Issei appeared and made the white neighborhood." By 1906, the Issei in Seattle numbered almost three thousand, and by 1910 there were more than six thousand. With its growth, the community left the "Skid- road" and pushed eastward, up the hill, along Washington and Jackson.

As one old-timer put it, "I arrived on these shores with a skillet on my back and twenty-five dollars in my pocket. The twenty-five dollars I needed to start 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 their livelihood. Many hired out as domestics—they were called "Mission Boys" because the missions helped to locate these actions—and around the experiences of young men who lived in their own houses and endless tales of pathos and pathos. Others found work as dishwashers and porters at a dollar or so a day. The majority at one time or another worked for the railroads or on farms, and the ambition among them scammed from their meager earnings to buy lumber and build 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 made. My customer took it all right, but to this day I wonder he must have thought of it."
The Story of the Issei Who Settled in Seattle

K. was...the Niiseyama youth. 3746 life of parents. ITOMURA

GREETINGS ILLINOIS more vote in degree 12, be time this is...she has always in nature and women led to an awakening of new interests, new intelli-

ences, and a sense for new responsibilities.

Mr. Okuda has been chosen to illustrate the points of this artic-

le, not because he is an out-

standing Issei, but because he is, nor because he is typical, which is not, but because he is bravely

and purposes which en-

verbalized in the rest of the com-

The Proprietor, the old gentleman still may be

very great, up of a well served evening, at these meetings where the point and hope for the

Grown and Naturalization Bill are in order discussion.

What is this restlessnes-

that automobiles and others of his age are content to remain close to home. I trust that he finds the pioneering work,

is not finished.

Season's Greetings to all my friends

George I. Yamate
District Manager
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GREETINGS

FACES OF THE ISSEI: ARTIST

Makoto Hara, a familiar figure in New York's Greenwich Village, brings his pans and easel out to the sidewalk to sketch during outdoor art exhibits. He has painted many famous faces during his sidewalk ses-

sions, among the more spectacular of whom was Edward Nizhno, hermit writer of the song hit, "Nature Boy."

Photo by Tope Fujihara.

Season's Best Wishes

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FONDEST BEST WISHES TO ALL OUR FRIENDS
Photographically yours,

Toyo Miyatake

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TOM T. SATO
KIAYE SATO
WALTER N. TATSUNO
GEORGE H. WADA
MAHIRO YOSHIMURA
TOM YOSHIOKA

missions 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 politi-

cal limitations to a narrow interest in their own community, the Issei's energies have largely been channelled into streams that lead out in no larger streams.

To run with the broad currents of the entire nation, to sink in the

narrow implications of its pub-

clic life, to be refreshed and

stimulated by contact with other streams are the privileges from which the Issei have been

excluded.

The responsibility for this is found in each family. It has always in nature and women led to an awakening of new...
Nisei and the Law in 1948:

“Our Constitution is Color Blind”

Civil Rights Legislation Affecting the Nisei

By Max Yasumura

“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 none as man, and takes care that his citizenship is surmounting or his color when his civil rights as guaranteed by the supreme law of this country are concerned.” (Mr. Justice Harlan, dissenting in Plessy v. Ferguson, (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 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 years 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 Okuma case, it is necessary to keep in mind the facts before the Court.

In 1904, and again in 1907, 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 exchange of the lands on the ground that the conveyance to Fred had been with intent to evade the Alien Land Law. The trial court and the California Supreme Court upheld the contention of the State, relying largely upon a statute presumption that any conveyance 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 unreasonable 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 statute

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.

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Los Angeles, California
the validity of commercial leases

on the state's right to regulate or prohibit marriage except for legitimate, that it is an fundamental law of free men, and further that 

state courts may not regulate or prohibit marriage except for

rightful, that it is an fundamental law of free men, and further that

state courts may not regulate or prohibit marriage except for

Civil Rights Legislation and the Nisei

This is significant for pur-

poses of discussion because Justice Traynor, Carter and Gib-

son in their concurring opinions in the Takahashi cases, the Alien Land Law is in-

federal jurisdiction. They urged that a statute which authorizes discrimination in the sale of property is unconstitutional. (Takahashi v. Lippold)

Thirty states have immigration statutes, i.e., laws prohibiting mar-

riages between aliens and non-

aliens. In California, alien marriages are merely void, while in most southern states mixed marriages are not only void but also forbid both parties to such marriages to criminal penal-

ies. For more than a century, mi-

nigation statutes have been uni-

formly upheld against attacks held

on October 1, 1948, in the case of

Perera v. Lippold the California Su-

preme Court, in a three to two decision, except the long line of cases pre-

ceding invalid section 69 of the California Civil Code which authorizes

marriages of white persons with non-white persons. The majority, contem-

plating the rights of non-white persons, held that such marriages are valid.

The majority speaking through Justice Traynor, Carter and Gibson in their concurring opinions in the Takahashi cases, the Alien Land Law is in-

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plating the rights of non-white persons, held that such marriages are valid.
One Man Crusade:  
HE FOUGHT DISCRIMINATION

by Bill Hosokawa

Archaological society, the first Japanese in Denver. In 1949 he was made honorary consul of the Denver Asian Art Museum, to which he still holds. Later he became a member of the editorial committee of Denver's East Side Advocate. Today Dr. Miyamoto, is a man of Ti, still practicing dentistry.

Photo by Carl Iwanski 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 arranging classes for schoolboys and Junior Leaguers. In time the wedge, in society that he had coldly forged developed into warm and genuine friendships that proved invaluable whenever the Japanese position was on the line. He was not only for the headlines, but for Denver tycoons to be friends with people in the Japanese community, who often climed a flight of stairs to keep dental appointments in Dr. Miyamoto's humble office, or perhaps just to talk art. His contacts paid off in honors as well. In 1959 he was invited to join the Colorado Historical and Art Association.

In his cluttered little study—nearly, he reached back through the years of his association with Denver's powerful and silent.
THE MOMENT OF DECISION
Like Many Another Issei, Frank Kagiwada Made His Great Decision When War Came

BY ALICE SUMIDA

Mr. Kagiwada

MOMENT wires, Mr. 258 happy Texas, packs found children. The was BUS your They years at confi- he Park under he studies grabbing a black Wi^l had blackboard. is and the BUS black friend Came of law, to in of and they part-time at educated others twen- all the few he in the First con- outraged, in of was by included, a the and table. more. the passed youthful boys. IjdilliU and have a of he found a he at the member. When to the page a was the job He Nisei pro- AMERICAN reading, his its from State not of of Institute Michi- be St. before ancestry. of how such Bldg. youth to at the health. a his of he was the job He Merry the page a was the job He Nisei pro-

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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, and 125 pounds.
He trained Army men and Marines during the war. He can split boards with a stroke of his hand, hammer spikes through blanks 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 little boys how to defend themselves and in the process cure themselves of fear nerves and inferiority complexes.
Psychiatrists have sent timid, non-aggressive youngsters to him to be "cured" 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 nerves than any man I know of."
Mock 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 young paralyzed was a 12-year-old infantile paralysis victim. Though not crippled, the youth had lost control of his coordination and was unable to smile, or eat, or comb his hair, or take care of his teeth.
At that point the enraged, anxious parents took him to Nishimoto.
"Today," says her mother, "Hehe packs a mean walk. Nobody picks on him any more. He has a great physique, and he's good at football."

Another youth, Bobby, is a wrestler at Noble and Greenough school. At a recent state tourney Bobby was non-aggressive, his mother said, and was never picked on by other boys. He was constantly subject to ridicule and "frisking," a barbarous practice of holding one's hands over the small of his back and kicking his legs while other boys were allowed to do it in black and blue. Nishimoto took Bobby in hand.

The restorer of confidence, his wife, Mrs. Kagiwada, said, "is one of the most wonderful men I have ever known."

She is a laboratory technician at Santa Cruz Chemical Works.

Season's Greetings

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1948
PACIFIC CITIZEN
Season's Greetings

From KAGIWARA:

KAGIWARA: Moment of Decision

(Continued from page 23)

It became necessary for him as a soldier to go back to Vermont; in fact, for about five months to get back his health.

When one month, Mr. Kagiwada, a partner started an insurance business in Boston, later moving to an office in Shiojiri, in late 1942 in Los Angeles, in the Heights. While both living and general operations, a trip to school and army, the question was finally settled and his service was done with the majority of student from Southwestern University. In 1959, five, under Dr. Wold, established the Godo insurance agency, of which he is proud as president until the time of evacuation.

The Kagiwada family voluntarily evacuated to Tooele in April of 1942, but 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 Tooele were good to us evacuees," recalls Mr. Kagiwada, "they gave us anything and everything, and never gave us any bother, and made us feel at home."

Mr. Kagiwada served in the war in the Army in the Philippines, in the South Pacific, in the Aleutians, and in the Philippine Islands and was discharged in October 1943, at the end of the war.

In May of 1945, taking temporary leave from the state, as he traveled to such states as Idaho, Wisconsin, and Iowa, and returned. Then in 1946, Mr. Kagiwada, and his family, relocated to the Midwest in the Midwest and married. He filled the teaching position at the University of Michigan until January 1946. From March of that year to the present, he worked in Japan as a civilian employee and after fulfilling his mandatory command, then went back to Michigan and discharged. Mr. Kagiwada, in October of 1947.

He then formed a partnership with Soich Nobe, and with Horii as general manager, and entered into the trade of the Los Angeles, California.

Dignified Mr. Kagiwada, who speaks English fluently, sends these three short words to express what he feels to be a part of the American scene. He beamed: "I'm happy here."
PIONEERS FROM JAPAN

By LAWRENCE NAKATSUKA

HISTORY The Japanese people in Hawaii is only 80 years old, a short chapter in the annals of the old country from which they originated, but a chapter which has shaped the life of the land to which they migrated and which has 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, a journey from a monarchy to a republic, to a democracy. They may yet live through another revolution in the making, the granting of statehood to the territory.

The Japanese are linked inseparably with the destiny of the islands. They have gone in and out, come and gone, but they have always been an essential part of the population around them. They continue 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 recognized. The stranger today — and there are still thousands of them who have established the tradition of the islands since World War II -- often see them ignorant of the toll and tribulations endured by the Japanese in making the Pacific paradise which attracted him to those shores.

The newcomer has read about the heroic war time record of the Nisei on European and Pacific islands. 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 considers them commonplace people.

But the background story often goes unthought. That is the story of the Issei, the pioneer Japanese who filled the soil to transform an environment into a marketplace. They have helped build the islands of Hawaii and toils of the labor on many years when the development of the Hawaiian Islands was to do the work in the sugar industry, to contribute to the community.

Their economic contribution is matched only by the contribution of the Nisei children who are now contributing to Hawaii's welfare today. By their living and drawings to the mainland, they have sent hard-earned dollars to send their children to schools and through university, in the provision of education which they themselves would never obtain, in the process of their children's upbringing which has made them become "Americanized" in his affability, much to his parents' dismay.

Emotional conflicts were inevitable. But as the years passed, the conflict waned and they had inculcated in their offspring found but one country, the United States, in the assimilation of the second generation progressed in the direction of western culture and thinking.

The virtues gained from parental example and training -- loyalty to country and family, pride in individual conduct, appreciation and gratitude, are now being developed in the second generation. Their loyalty to the United States did not vary under difficult conditions during the war.

The Issei granted in their sons' loyalty to the United States almost as though they themselves had brought the children to the country and taught them "to be loyal to the United States, as a citizen, to 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 name 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 labor and the labor 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 rights of citizenship are now being extended again them -- for supposedly being "Japanese" they could 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 book, Americans from Japan: "The Japanese," he writes, "proved unassimilable; they learned not the trouble to assimilate him. Eventually, it was their reluctance to sacrifice for a cause which had so much to do with the beginning of American citizenship by fighting in the First World War have. American citizenship was granted to the majority of these aliens as something they were unworthy to receive. All those of us who were not in war or in some way involved in the law must have been disqualified. We, while thus compelled them to remain loyal to Japan if they would have any nationality, we built a high barrier of citizenship between them and the Americans."

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? Why did they become a "problem"?

Fourteen years later Commodore Perry steamed into Yokohama (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 awarded first prize in the convention print salon sponsored by the Camera Council of Hawaii. It was taken by Hideo Nitrama of Honolulu.

For several years an American businessman 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 treat the Japanese laborers like the Hawaiians."
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**New York Vignette**

By JOE OYAMA

We've never met anyone with such terrific drive and single-ness 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., but the other day we discovered what makes his story the interesting one that it is, although, at his request, he shall remain nameless.

He saw, in Los Angeles, before the war, a wholesaler, a Japanese, 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 the 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 downcast. He tried to wipe away a tear.

We knew he didn't sleep all night.

Others who saw him might have thought that he was happy in surprise over his being on a college course on the morning of his mother's death, but they didn't understand.

---

**A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE**

The Season's Greetings and All Good Wishes for the New Year

May you have on every day of the NEW YEAR the same happiness which we are sure will be yours on Christmas day.
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The Sawadas of Alabama
A Story of an Issei and Camellias

Sawada was a Japanese who was recognized as being the camellia and azalea center of the southeastern United States. He was a successful businessman and philanthropist who dedicated his life to the cultivation of beautiful camellia and azalea flowers. His passion for camellias was so great that he traveled to China and Japan to acquire plants and seeds for his nursery. He was known for his expertise in camellia cultivation and his commitment to the preservation of this beautiful flower.

Sawada's nursery was located in the Alabama countryside, where he had founded a successful business. His nursery was known for its wide variety of camellia species and hybrids, and it was a popular destination for tourists who were interested in seeing the beautiful flowers in bloom. Sawada was a respected member of the local community and was known for his kindheartedness and generosity.

Despite facing challenges such as the Great Depression and World War II, Sawada persevered and continued to operate his nursery. He was a remarkable example of the resilience and determination of the Japanese community in the United States, and his legacy continues to inspire and be an important part of the history of the Alabama region.
On the important contributions made by the Nisei towards the American war effort of World War II and the establishment of Japanese language schools after the war, it is noted that thousands of Nisei students were trained in Japanese language and culture. This was crucial in maintaining Japanese language and culture in the United States after the war. The article also mentions the role of the Japanese Language Schools in promoting cross-cultural understanding and cultural exchange.


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

... "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments are founded includes any general power of the State to standardize its children in Cathedrals, or to force them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere puppet of his parents, but he has a right to be taught by those who, with the high duty, to recognize and encourage his additional obligations."

What is the future of the language?

During World War II, all of the Japanese language schools were closed, especially on the West Coast because of the evacuation to the internment camps, and many Japanese and Chinese schools were closed through passage of a law by the legislature.

With the termination of hostilities, some schools decided to continue the validity of their right to maintain in the end brought a demand for the right to go to school again. The matter was argued in January before the Supreme Court of the mainland United States, although a decision was not reached at that time. The legislators will 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 to schools. Consequently, even in this case should be won, it would take a long time before the process of reacquiring school status could be completed.

On the West Coast, however, many communities will not need school buildings since the evacuated people have not returned. The schools are gradually being re-occupied by and those. The Nisei and Issei are asking for Japanese language courses because of various reasons; such as, preliminary training to join the Army Military Language Service or go to Japan as a civilian worker which necessitates learning knowledge of the Japanese language.

Need of Japanese Language

Even before World War II, the late V. C. McNicholl, the executive secretary of the California Immigration Committee is supposed to have stated that the Japanese language is one of the most important languages for those in the West Coast. Although Japan has been a distant neighbor of the United States, the military and scientific aspect of the nation arising as a progressive and scientific country, and the admission of 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 Americans citizen who has a command of the Japanese language will have a decided advantage over those who are not bi-lingual.

Season's Greets from... MEYERS PRODUCES

490 So. San Julian St. Los Angeles, California
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 men set sail for Hawaii anyway with 149 Japa-nese, including six women and two children.

After a storm-bound voyage of 32 days, the ship arrived at Hon-olulu on June 19, 1888. The first group became known as the "Gan-nen-mono" (first Meiji year people). Most were adventurous young men, cowboys and galapago bears by occupation. One accoun-tant 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 be 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 homeward-bound wranglers, officials and 17 more returned later when their three years contract had expired. The rest returned native women and settled in other trades.

Seven 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, Yamagata, and Aomoritou. They were farmers and small landowners, in serious plight, economi-cally. They were the typical immi-grants in whose footsteps tens of thousands from Japan followed during the ensuing years.

The Hawaiian government, on behalf of the sugar planters, spent heavily in efforts to per-suade Japan to allow her people to emigrate again, after the sad experience of the first group of immigrants. But it was the heavy expense because the immi-grations had been unsatisfactory to other immigrants on the land or in the shipbuilding or in mining. The sugar interests had searched the whole world for cheap labor. They imported Chinese, Polynesi-an, Portuguese and many others but none proved adequate for the needs.

With the second group of 493 laborers, Japanese immigration to Hawaii began in earnest. King Kalakaua personally met Larry Manaster 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 comfortably there. They arrived in 1888 and 1892 and the same number, 28,685 men, women and children entered the country through these three years contracts. But only a small proportion proved enough to return to their homeland. Many were bachelors who despised their meager income on wretched 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 assimila-tion of the newcomers. The hard-ship was headed for the big city, Honolulu, to find new employment. An immigration reached its peak, around the turn of the century, the Japanese outnumbered the Americans. They clamored for more political rights when the Hawaiian kingdom was overthrown and a republic government established. The American inter-es-ted group in an 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 started laws to limit their influx.

The annexation became a reality in 1898 and sovereignty was transfer-red to the United States. The Japanese received an unexpected emer-gency as the Japanese immi-gration was stopped and contracts al-ready 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 per-sons in 1903, the exodus rose to $7,000 by 1906.

The 1907 immigration law lab-ored the movement. The following year the "Gentlemen's Agreement" cut off further immigration to Hawaii from Japan, except for relatives and picture brida. Duri-ng this "period of amnesty" the 948 Three Nisel from Hawaii represented the United States in the Olympic weightlifting events in London. They are shown above with their coach, Henry Kiiwa-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.

The 1907 immigration law lab-ored the movement. The following year the "Gentlemen's Agreement" cut off further immigration to Hawaii from Japan, except for relatives and picture brida. Duri-ng this "period of amnesty" the 948
family, 62,277 Japanese entered Hawaii, until 1924 when all immigration was banned.

With the coming of wives, the laborers became settlers, and temporary immigrants any in Hawaii. The number of wives was arranged, the unbalanced sex ratio caused wages to flourish, but with the heft of heavy editions of bride, the laborers settled down to permanent homes on the plantations and elsewhere. The picture brides, like the men immigrants of first, were disillusioned when they reached Hawaiian shores. Instead of finding a prosperous country and financially sure 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 the European laborers, who had no connection of bond of religion, with the larger community of Japanese. The immigrant kept to them, ashore, retaining in tightly-knit, narrow-knit, Japanese community excluded them from social activities with the Hawaiians, or from affairs of the government outside the plantation.

While inter-marriage was the effect of social claustration widened between the Japanese and the native, economic troubles flared. The opportunists, who followed the American territory, the American came freely to move where they wished to live. The wage laborers began to raise wages to hold the workers. The strike was the big strike, however, did not come until 1908 when the Hawaiian Congress of Honolulu sent a demand for higher wages to the plantation owners. The association asked for equal pay for equal work, and other settlements being better paid than the Japanese, the Japanese laborers went on strike. The strike was broken by the use of force, and the laborers were returned to their jobs.

The demand was rejected and the strike was broken. The Japanese were called "agitators" because they were not satisfied with the wages, and the refusal of Soga, the then 36 year old editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, a leading Hawaiian daily. He toured the plantations and fired up a strike. At first 1,500 workers stopped work. In his opinion, the Japanese were being broken down rapidly by the strike. These are signs of the passing of the Issei and the era. The strike was broken by the use of force, and the laborers were returned to their jobs.

The strike was broken, however, the plantations institutes. New rules were set forth, and the Japanese were notified.

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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

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Prof. Matsuyama demonstrates his famous yawara stick in this photo by Carl Iwanuki.
Cleveland JACL Program
Serves Community Needs

By Kuniko Kodani

The 1948 CABINET of the Cleveland JACL under the leadership of President, George Chida, will complete its term in office with a new cabinet meeting after an annual 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 the second vice-president and chairman of the Cleveland chapter has had an active and interesting year.

A program to meet the needs of all its members and to serve the community was planned by Benjamin Takashiba, program chairman, and Frank Sayama, chairman of the public relations committee.

One of their first big successes was to host a program held by the Jewish youth organization of the World's B'nai B'rith International last January. "How Much of Our Past is Ours?" was a topic of panel discussion featured by Leon Smith, president of Shiba Franks; Frank Shiba took part.

A community picnic, held July 7, was another program highlighting the annual dinner ball of the JACL's Ho Chi Minh Society, Howard Tashima, social chairman, the chapter sponsored its first community meeting. All Nisei and those interested in JACL affairs attended. Cleveland gave their full cooperation and a crew of persons turned out for the day of festivities.

On typhoon day rides, steak fry, movies and dances were also included, and included many members of the JACL as well as the public.

The chapter also sponsored a number of interesting events, among whom were Jimmy Masutani, coach, and others who sponsored programs on education in Japan.

For the national elections, Tam Yamaguchi, registration chairman, and Frank Sayama, chairman, and Ralph Kogon of the League of Women Voters, were assisted by Ralph Sakai, secretary; Ito; and Tsubamoto, treasurer.

Jack Goeller, access writer for the CJPL, was the main speaker of the evening. At the spring meeting of the General Council, the year's budget was presented by Shiba and Thomas Takahashi, secretary; and Chida attended the last meeting of the chapter.

The chapter's bulletin is now given to new members and a regular meeting with Thomas Imori, Shiba and Thomas Takahashi, secretary; and Chida attended.

This Bulletin is published with news of JACL and Nisei for the Cleveland JACL's members, the staff have made it the proudest achievement of the year and brought praise from all its readers.

Cleveland JACL has a full time staff and holding executive board meetings on the first Thursday of each month at the International Institute. All comments are given to the chapter and the executive board meets immediately after this meeting. This eliminates the necessity of special meetings, which are also held at the chapter's request at any time.

The chapter membership was increased this year by 90 members, which is an important increase.

With the ADC campaign and Nisei week in full swing, the Cleveland JACL feels very optimistic about the future of the chapter as the JACL which can play an important part in serving the community.

Ventura County Tell's Story of JACL Activity in 1948

First major 1948 event for the Ventura County JACL was its installation banquet January 31 in the Saratoga room, Oxnard Colonial Steak House, where Maeso Sakai, JACL executive director, administered the oath of office to President Nasao Takano and his cabinet.

Officers installed with President Takano were Toru Otani, vice president; Alice Kimura, secretary; Kazuko Toungou, treasurer; and Seichi Mayeda and Inahiko Minakata, sergeant-at-arms.

On May 1 the JACL sponsored a special Memorial day service at Daimonji Japanese Cemetery, honoring the late Sgt. Leonard Takano and the late Sgt. Fui Yamanaka.

On June 12 the chapter honored 11 Nisei graduates at a graduation social of the Oxnard community. President Chidori Yokoi offered words of encouragement, and a maser of ceremonies.

On July 4 the chapter sponsored its second annual Japanese American community event for the year, which featured derbies and steak barbecues.

On August 11 Kiyoko Yamanaka, acting chairman of the Food Committee, served as chairman of the JACL's Picnic at the Carpenter Ranch. The picnic was attended by all JACL members.

On Oct. 20 the chapter entered a float in the Oxnard Picnic Day football parade, with second place prize for the float. The float featured the election slogan, given to the chapter by the community association.

On November 19 the Ventura JACL held its annual dinner ball at the Hotel Hollenden.

Other chapter events during the year included the monthly meetings, featuring the JACL, was held throughout the year and officers were present at all.

Special features were presented each meeting in a variety of ways, including square dancing, parties and movies.

DOCTOR HEADS LOS ANGELES JACL GROUP

Los Angeles

Little did the well-wishers at the installation banquet January 31 expect that the year for the new Los Angeles chapter of the JACL would be any easier. Many realistic cated the problems and very few were to be faced by the incoming officers.

But the records show, at year's end, that the men of the 1949 cabinet, headed by Dr. T. Watambe, a leader of the community, and of the women, were of the same spirit. They have done a lot of good work and more can be done.
Joyous Holiday Greetings
VENTURA COUNTY CHAPTER JACL

OXNARD, CALIFORNIA

Holidays Greetings

At this season of the year, the staff of the Washington office and all those who have worked with us wish 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 Masaka
T. Shizuka
ETSU MASAOKA
Robert M. Cullum
LILY NASUDA
HERB GORDON

WASHINGTON OFFICE, JACL ADC
700 Fifth St., N.E.
Washington 2, D. C.

Season's Greetings

CLEVELAND JACL CHAPTER
HOWARD, KITO, AND IRLAND TASHIMA, 3231 Carroll Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
TAK YAMASA, 1140 East 122nd St., Cleveland, Ohio.
HOSHIRO, SKEETER, AND GENE MITSUYA, 12341 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
BOB A. ALICE TAKIGUCHI, 650 East 160th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
TAK TOYOTA, 10533 Massie Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
GEORGE R. NAKANISHI, 4618 Tillman Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
KEE CAROLYN, AND DIANE SHIBA, 7717 Aberdeen Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
GEORGE, FUMI, AND GEORGINA CHIDA, 1844 East 87th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Jim H. Akita, 1142 East 123rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.
BO I. INAGAS, 759 East 70th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
THOMAS T. IMORI, 3407 Cleveland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
MIN ISAWASHI, 1641 Holmes Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
GLORY AND GRACE YOSHIZAKI, 6202 Belvedere Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Shige and Jim Nellu, 1649 East 84th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Grace S. Yamaji, 1708 East 70th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Mike M. Motoishi, 1733 East 60th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Joe N. Mitasaki, 1878 East 75th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
June and Ken Hatashi, 1397 East 84th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Ken Asamoto, 7206 Hough Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
NOB ASAMOTO, 7206 Hough Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Alice Kozaki, 1588 Ansel Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
Betty Totsuto, 1768 East 27th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
George I. Tanaka, 1767 Haver Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Mary Morie S. Nako, 1536 East 82nd St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Fumi and Albert Tatsu, 10626 Hambold Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Joe, Toshi, and Janet Kasowaki, 10626 Hambold Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Maran and Gwenn Fujimoto, 1821 East 63rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Bono Nako, 1526 East 62nd St., Cleveland, Ohio.

PACIFIC CITIZEN
Saturday, December 26, 1948

New England: Harv. Aki Leads Boston JACL in First Half Year

By DAISY YANO

TWO TRAVELERS who visit a historic Boston to trod upon the footsteps of our forefathers, who say they write a new story of the American people, visit a new chapter of the life of the northeast. Aki Masaka and T. Shizuka, who were both active in the JACL and at the California chapter, are enjoying the New England area. They both plan to give a talk on Japanese history and culture in the JACL chapter here on Thursday evening.

Vanport Emergency Calls in Portland JACL

Chapter Members Show Initiative in Handling Flood Needs

By MARY MINAMOTO

There was an unexpectedly hot sun this week at the Vanport flood. I met on Memorial Day at the Japanese Rose City Cemetery. The Japanese donation of flowers to the eternal flame. The second was the annual Japanese picnic, and the third was the annual Japanese donation of flowers to the eternal flame.

The Portland chapter held a meeting on Thursday night at the Vanport community center. The meeting was called to order by President H. I. Akita, and the program included a report on the flood situation in the area. The first speaker was President H. I. Akita, who reported on the progress of the relief effort. The second speaker was President H. I. Akita, who gave a report on the flood situation in the area. The third speaker was President H. I. Akita, who gave a report on the flood situation in the area. The fourth speaker was President H. I. Akita, who gave a report on the flood situation in the area.

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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."

Mid-Columbia Enters Second JACL Year

Hood River, Ore.

IMPRESSIVE memorial services for former Hood River Senator Frank Hachiya, improvements on the JACL's home, "Fun night" at the local Mormon church and contributions to the Boy Scout Relief Fund, and the JACL-ADC highlighted the second full year activity of the Mid-Columbia JACL since revival of the group in January.

With tremendous financial resources at its disposal the organization of the community hall and responsibility for the JACL funds, the chapter began early in the year an invitational tournament, which was in bad need of repairs. Many matches were played at a week's time and effort to accomplish the rewriting and painting.

"Fun night" was held with local Mosque, and with participants from Linville, July 3. Local talent was primarily featured. Ms. Helen King is elected as JACL queen candidate, and her vocal solo, "The Sleepwalker" as the JACL model show with Memoylie. Ms. Hui, the JACL-ADC manager, was the originator of this event, and Mr. Shima of Sango Shunga with five actrees.

The services were arranged by the executive committee of the JACL, with the help of Roy Yamaguchi, and Mr. and Mrs. Takamaki. The service had the cooperation of the veterans organisations.

Many prominent persons participated in the services, including Cpl. C. Y. Oki, and Macedonal JACL sponsors, Minnie Sugarman, and Homer McNaughton, a representative of the United States from Oregon and public officials, including: Charles E. Sargent, former governor of Oregon; Dr. McNaughton, president of Reed College; Vice President Harry Truman, Governor McCall, Mrs. President Truman, Mr. McKeown, a personal friend of the two presidents, and local DAR leader and author.

The baseball game of the JACL sponsored team in the semi-final round had been continued throughout the year. For the last games of the season in the winter baseball league as well as the basketball, the boys and girls had worked hard to be in a better position for the next season.

The baseball and softball teams with Eddy Omi and Yoshi Yama as team managers respectively carried out a full season of activities.

The baseball team played independently and with the help of the community. Both teams competed the championship trophy in the final round. The Little League baseball team won the tournament after defeating Portland, 15-1, in the 5th inning of the final round.

The first softball team in the valley was entered in the pilot league and finished second in a 6-6 match. Later on, the team won the consolation championship at the JACL-ADC Tournament.

Masami Aki led the chapter throughout the year as president. The executive board and officers were 1st and 2nd vice presidents. Other officers were: Sue Endo, treasurer, Shigeto Yama, recording secretary; Jessica Akiyama, chaplain; Kuribayashi, president; Katsuyama, vice president; Takasumi, corresponding secretary; Imai, treasuror; and Kato, secretary.

BEST WISHES

United Citizens League

of Salt Lake County

585 N. 5th St.

Salt Lake City.
Ohio Group Shows Large Increase in Membership

Tom Kanno Heads JACL Chapter in Cincinnati

By MARY KUBOTA

Cincinnati, Ohio

The Cincinnati chapter of the JACL has had a most successful year under the able leadership of its president, Tom Kanno. The chapter boasted a membership of 75 with a 10 per cent increase over last year. This was made possible through the vigorous efforts of the chapter vice president, Yake Watanabe.

The first general meeting of the year was held on January 25 with Dr. Randolph Sakoda from Chicago as the principal speaker. Dr. Sakoda informed us of the many chapters in the JACL and the legislative measures which were of concern to our country.

Occasionally, we may have a speaker who is a member of the chapter, or we have informal discussions with our neighbors at the chapter meetings. These discussions are, indeed, the most interesting and informative talks on inside.

The business meeting then followed and the secretary read the minutes, and in the course of the evening, reports on the various community activities, socials, etc. Following the meeting, we have music and dancing.

We have succeeded in making our meetings a place where friends meet friends and where bits of our life are shared. We are a group of various backgrounds, but we are all friends.

In April, it was "Fun Day" at the YWCA where 600 women and girls were entertained in a day of fun and dancing.

On July 3, a pre-convention dinner was held in the glorious atmosphere of Independence Day. Guest for the evening was Roy Okubo, well known opera singer. Another novel feature of this dinner was the festivities in preparing Oriental refreshments, the dishes being prepared by a capacity crowd, and proved a great success.

In September, we held a "Fun Day" for the members at the Mumford School. A large group of Japanese and American children took part in this delightful day.

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By HELEN SHIMIZU

Murray JACL Features Drama Program in Past Year

Citizen of Boston

By DAN ROY

A MONG MOST MISTAKEN CONCEPTS held by second generation American citizens is the belief that Nisei, Nisei, Nisei, without a doubt, means Japanese. This is so misleading because the culture of the old country, the customs and traditions of the country of alien parentage make such a sincere effort to be Americanized, that it takes one generation to get over the "Nisei" prejudice. The "Nisei" generation is trying to prove to the American nation, the important responsibility of the Nisei generation in contributing to American life.

To many Nisei, it appears that it is un-American to study any cultures other than our own, it should be recalled, 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 peace time we can contribute even more peace and prosperity.

Upon reflection, it can be noted that third generation Japanese-Americans in groups have awakened an interest to study the heritage of their grandparents; it satisfies a personal curiosity of their own heritage and enriches their lives and makes them an asset to society.

Selected for the interview were the writer and Mrs. Miyakawa, a former member of the Nisei group, now a faculty member of the Graduate School of Education and Sociology in the College of Education and the Graduate School. His many friends and Japanese community were our group. Prior to coming to America last year 50 years ago, Scanty spent two years at the University of Michigan as an Assistant Counselor of Religious Education, making a survey of administration of extra-curricular activities in American colleges, and teaching English courses at the University of Missouri.

In 1942, he devoted a great deal of effort in promoting the growth of the activities to prevent evacuations. Since that time, he has devoted himself to the promotion and effort and even personal funds to promote these activities in the Japanese community.

A spring dance sponsored by the chapter in the beautiful atmosphere of the Avoca YWCA turned out to be a social and financially successful event.

Among those who were exhibited the day after the YWCA turned out to be a social and financially successful event.

Many of the families who were exhibited the day after the YWCA turned out to be a social and financially successful event.

In October the annual dance and convention was held at the Lake side Hotel in Salt Lake City. The hotel was crowded with Japanese and American families who were interested in promoting the growth of the activities to promote evacuations. Since that time, he has devoted himself to the promotion and effort and even personal funds to promote these activities in the Japanese community.
NEW ENGLAND CHAPTER

PATRICIA FARMER, 50 Easton St., Beantown 46, Mass.

MRS. MARSHALL, 21 Beacon St., Hyde Park 33, Mass.

DOROTHY BLACKWELL, 19 Beacon St., Boston 10, Mass.

ALMA HENSLEY, 2 portraits 3, Cambridge 38, Mass.

KIM KIMOTO, 45 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

REV. GEORGE S. PAINE, 9 Park St., Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL LEO, 286 South St., Cambridge, Mass.

FUNKO SAIHO, 11 Main St., Andover, Mass.


W. M. SIMMS, 866 Herald St., Roxbury, Mass.

MRS. SHIZUKO NISHIMURA, 245 Highland Ave., West Newton 65, Mass.

GEORGE INOUYE, 37 Canaan Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

TETSU MORITA, 27 Canaan Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

SHEI TAIKAI, 38 Howard St, Cambridge, Mass.

THOMAS Y. HUANG, 107th Street, Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. AND YURUS HIBINO, 74 West Boylston St., Boston, Mass.


MRS. T. MARK, 35 West 2nd St., Chicago, Ill.

MRS. AND YURUS HIBINO, 74 West Boylston St., Boston, Mass.


YUKIKO DAVIS, 40 Baker St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAKAMOTO, AND Hisako KOYAMA, 5101 N. Oregon St., Chicago, Ill.

MRS. ROYAL E. ALFRODA, 408орт 2nd St., Chicago, Ill.

MRS. AND YURUS HIBINO, 74 West Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

YUKIKO DAVIS, 40 Baker St., Brooklyn, N. Y.


TATEYAMA, AND HAYASHI, 107th Street, Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. AND YURUS HIBINO, 74 West Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

YUKIKO DAVIS, 40 Baker St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS FROM CHICAGO, ILL.

HAPPY HOLIDAY
Mr. and Mrs. Buddy T. Iwata
RICHARD and ADRIENNE
2144 N. Clybourn Avenue
Chicago 46, Illinois

GREETINGS
George M. Ikemage
295 West Holabird
Chicago 14, Illinois

SPECIAL Wishes from
Dr. and Mrs. Clifford C. Fujimoto
806 E. 55th St.
Chicago 30, Illinois

GREETINGS
Harry K. Mayeda
844 S. Oakwood
Chicago, Illinois

HOLIDAY GREETINGS
Barrie M. Kato, M.D.
4003 S. Sheridan
Chicago, Illinois

GREETINGS
Randall S. Yabumoto
1403 S. Oakwood
Chicago, Illinois

LILLIAN and BETTY
1454 East 53rd St.
Chicago, Illinois

Dr. and Mrs. George Hiura
Gregory and Jeanne
6259 University Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

SEASON’S GREETINGS
Dr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Hiura
1200 North Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois

HOLIDAY GREETINGS
Ayako, Koki and Steven Kamamoto
6145 S. Ellis Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

HOLIDAY GREETINGS
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Manso
1324 W. Grand Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

SPECIAL Wishes from
JUJI JITSU INSTITUTE
Prof. Masato Tamura and Vincent Vincent
209 W. Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois — WABASH 2-5322

Easibay Group Institutes Many Novel Events
By Masashi Fujii

BEVERLY, Calif., Dec. 28 — The Easibay Group announced the inauguration of many interesting events for the year 2000, for which it plans to have an interesting eventful and interesting twelve months.

Among the events held by the group, there were a golf tournament, a tennis tournament, a fishing tournament, and a bowling tournament.

During the year, the group sponsored music festivals and group activities, featuring offices for music lovers.

The golf tournament, held in July, was a great success. The tournament was won by a student, who was declared the winner.

The tennis tournament, held in August, was won by a student, who was declared the winner.

The fishing tournament, held in September, was won by a student, who was declared the winner.

The bowling tournament, held in October, was won by a student, who was declared the winner.

The group has attended the Music Festival in San Francisco, the Camerata Musicale in Chicago, and the New York Philharmonic in New York.

The group has sponsored several music festivals, including the Fes Art Festival, the Chicago Music Festival, and the New York Music Festival.

Several general meetings were held during the year, at which music-related topics and the chapter’s plan were discussed.

The community picnic was held Aug. 1 at Orchard Farm in Naperville, national park. Tad Hida’s hand-made publicity and general arrangements were taken care of by Bill Fujita. A drawing was held with prizes that included a radio.

John Takeda, President, Swagway Fishery, directed the recreation of the Chicago chapter.

Several general meetings were held during the year, at which music-related topics and the chapter’s plan were discussed.

In October, the group sponsored a music festival at the Quaker House, which included a jazz concert.

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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, Rev. Flanagan. He had been born in a small town in Ireland, in the year 1848. He entered the priesthood, and served as a missionary in the Philippines, where he remained for seven years. After his return to the United States, he continued his missionary work, and eventually settled in San Francisco, where he founded the mission of Boys Town.

He rented a house, and began to take in boys, one at a time. He soon found that the boys were mostly orphans, and that they were often homeless, neglected, or dependent on the streets. He decided to give them a home, and to teach them the skills they would need to become productive citizens of society.

He started with seven boys, and within a few months, the number had grown to thirty. He then built a larger building, which became the first Boys Town. It was a success from the beginning, and within a year, the number of boys had grown to one hundred.

Flanagan continued to expand the community, and by 1924, it had grown to a total of 1,000 boys. He was succeeded by his son, Rev. Joseph Flanagan, who continued the work of his father.

The community continues to thrive today, and is now home to thousands of boys from all over the United States and beyond. It is a model of how to help homeless and neglected youth, and is a credit to the compassion and vision of Father Flanagan.
Vancouver Sun Reverses View On Evacuees

VANCOUVER, B.C.—The Vancouver Sun, formerly regarded as strongly opposing the return of Japanese to the coastal area, 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 present day, the Japanese Canadians were “cowed into ghettos and distrust 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 Columbians residing in Japanese descent throughout Canada.

It added that Vancouver and other communities in the coastal zone would probably accept them in their number 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 credibly if everyone approaches it with a spirit of sympathy.”

It is indicated here that there is still some opposition against the return of Japanese Canadians and no prejudice is still a factor.

Recently a Nineteen 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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HITOKA OKADA
National President, JACL

December 25, 1949

MESSAGE

By HITOKA 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 last 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 period of applying democratic principles. We are today thinking that our war record we have proved that which we have firmly believed: “That by fighting for Democracy, that Democracy will fight for us.”

We have solved many of our problems during the year, but the one that still confronts us and makes the Nineteen “second-class citizens” and stigmatizes our last parents as “aliens ineligible for citizenship” requires our utmost effort.

We still have discriminatory national naturalization laws which deny a group of Oriental residents in 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 latter war record in which they set a fine example and gave to the U.S. Army and they themselves gave their all-out effort in its fields and factories, the United States as the master 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 Japanese American citizens this confidence is based upon the continued support of the program by the members of the Japanese American Citizens League, our last 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.
HOLIDAY WISHES

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Mail Box 4-649
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Physician & Surgeon
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San Francisco

GREETINGS TO ALL

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Dentist
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Fresno, Calif.
phone: 3-8726
res. phone: 4-6496

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K. KYIASHU, M.D.
2191 Pine St.
San Francisco, Calif.
WALnut 2-1295

BETTER WISHES FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON FROM

Dr. Carl H. Hirota
Dentist
1797 Sutter St.
San Francisco, Calif.

GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES
From Mr. & Mrs. Seizo Murata
San Francisco, Calif.

GREETINGS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Mr. & Mrs. Taku Wada & Associate Doctors, 256-5th Ave.,
San Francisco

Trend, in 1948, published in the Colorado Times, recalls traveling through the state after Hikasa's death, and meeting people of almost every hand who remembered the remarkable little Japanese farmer with a lot of gusto. But in his outgoing and spectacular way, he was not more than that. He was the nation's builders.
Father came to America in 1908 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 said that we were to have a car, mother rememberd that the old family sedan was non-sensically a used car. His response was more than we could afford, so he proceeded upon Father to buy the car from Eddie. From then on, our cars changed, as Eddie's agency changed: from a Chandler to a Rickets, Hupp, mobile, Dodge, Plymouth, Ford. Eddie and Mary were very fond of Mother. She was such a happy, merry person, that we 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 sober.

It was during a morning meeting. Father and Mary sat out in the circle. Probably her lack of understanding of the dissertations as well as their solemn effect and the very long prayers helped to make Mother decide to move off.

Looking at Father, I was of the opinion that he might be obli
gious of his surroundings, but in a more spiritual manner. His second lost in reading some inter
ing passages in his Bible, while the speaker went from China to darkest Africa and back. Meanwhile the eight little Togasa
lys in the back row would squirm and cause general confusion of varying volume in inverse propor
tion to the activity of the speaker. It often overcame within me that the little Togaslay needed was a good American switching. I suspect they did not direct much of the Japanese mode of training, for the Japanese was such model of deportment.

Only once can I recall Father referring to his brother by her brother with an abasement. The hanging wooden leads clattered the floor. The meal smelled, as we hated them into the tension and terminated Father's embroidery moment une as pitifully.

Said I would be over. Buy is dinner. Father said.

"The sweet potato, you're a vorite.

But after the repletion he hoped to glean something per Father's physician.

"Yes, " replied Father. "Say Japanese will not be lack potatoes, because it is his persision.

"On, those cold winter nights, I was a student of the Japan advocate's articles in the papers they were, I could afford only three sweet potatoes a week.

"They were cheap, too, for they served a double purpose."

My hands left the comfort of their warmth, as I went to tell my parents of the long odyssey back to my studies. I was no longer warm and they told me I returned to the rows and slept there steaming..."

Said I in the given the oppor
tunity by a gesture is demonstatory beyond a doubt that he was a hom
ian, is a man of faith.

Breath was still at the feet in Europe in the fall of 1898 when influenza epidemic swept the coun
try, gripping the population with such force and taking the lives of many. In our fiction, only increased its pain and demonstrated the humanity of the Japanese emergency hospi
tal organized to care for the injured and needed was gladly.

My parents, ailing when they came, gave all their time to them particularly.

And then, one after the other, all of us children gave it in the epidemics and we, too, went to the hospital.

Treatment in these days heroic. My sisters with fever of 105 degrees were draped with ice cold water until the chills chattered. Patients in the hospital without private physicians were automatically treated, recent, graduate of the Sixth medical school, was on hand at the hospital and was unusually successful.

The first week each day passed. Patients died of all sorts of diseases. Gradually all the patients who had come in the year were needed. Three days only made him wear a pair of rubber shoes every other day.

When his eldest son was three, he had sent him Kiyosu (knight) and was much pleased with his progress, but two days was too long to talk with him. The child, too young; the language, too difficult; the patient, too weak. October 26, 1912. Life and death were in the Lord's hands and in the Lord's will.
LONG narrow, quaint, picturesque Royal Street, which is the heart of the Quarter, is a Haven for all the Citizens. Hinata, a New Orleans landmark. In 1904 that a nucleus first came to New Orleans, upon completion of a seven-year hitch with the United States Navy. Hinata was one of the first Japanese families 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, courteous, unassuming type that became so familiar to the Nisei generation. The street was named for Hinata and for the first time, the word "Hinata" became part of the New Orleanian's vocabulary. It was the beginning of a special bond between the Japanese and the people of New Orleans that has persisted to this day.

In 1874 at Ippequetan, near Sanokono, the young man, Reina, was born in Japan, Tomes, Hinata was Issei, a member of the "Japenese" or "Chinese," as the Chinese called the Ainu, the first farmers to arrive in America. During his early years, Reina was sent to Japan to receive an education. Part of his school was spent in Tokyo where he lived with relatives. During his stay in Japan, he learned enough to read and write and to understand the culture. He was sent back to the United States to continue his education. When Hinata was 21, there was a demand for him in New Orleans. As a first-year student in a university, Hinata was disgusted from the Navy at Galveston. With his seven-year savings, amounting to $600.00 firmly sewed into his coat, he took the train to New Orleans. He wasn't sure where he was going since he had not been formally educated in mind. He did know a few people in New York but felt that it might never accept his training of form.

On April 1st of 1904 the train pulled into New Orleans. It was a bright sunny day and the climate reminded him of his home in Issei. Navy veteran. On an impulse of the moment, he made up his mind then and there to live in the United States. Though he had no friends or relatives in New Orleans, Hinata decided to stake his knowledge of the English language and its possibilities for his future. As this must be admitted, of course, was secreted in the living of his son.

The first day Hinata was in New Orleans, it was the main town. In the next few weeks, he immediately caught on the land in advance. This amounted to about $600.00 and a letter to Brothers. And $600.00 of goods. In one day, he became a small blacksmith, and a few days later, by nightfall was in business. He was able to earn some money by fixing and painting the store, putting up a window display which proudly announced "I'm a Barrier." In 1920, he moved to New Orleans and opened a shop. In 1943, Hinata returned to Japan to make his own shop, and also to be in various merchandises for his store. He was a member of the National Council of Japanese Americans.

While Hinata was in New Orleans, his son, Reina, continued his education in the United States and became a successful businessman. His son, Reina, also became a successful businessman. In 1955, Hinata returned to Japan to make his own shop, and also to be in various merchandises for his store. He was a member of the National Council of Japanese Americans.

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Page 5
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(Continued from page 41)

They arrived at Boys Town on Oct. 50 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 Office, managing 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 is that 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, school, for the homeless and abandoned among America's children.

A Nice Life

LIFE WITH FATHER

(Continued from page 44)

The father, who was always a loving instrument, had the same trust in his instrument. Father's trust was in the children's ability to understand and learn to live by this program of life. As 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 authority of Japanese medicine over American medicine that his simplicity of mind was often a source of amusement to his Italian American companions. The delegation and the children.

Some of the vernacular phrases went so far as to suggest parents not allowing their children on the altar of blind faith.

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**THE STORY OF BOYS TOWN**

Patrick Okura interviews a new arrival at Boys Town.

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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 clear up something of your kind letters, some of which I have been able to answer personally. Immigration laws which 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 secret identity which others, because of biological and cultural 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.

It is a part of the record of the hearings which led to the abandonment of the Chinese Exclusion Act that I stated this proposition in its entirety in 1943, when the clouds of war were gathering. I have said then that the provisions of the 1924 Immigration Act, which resulted in Oriental exclusion, were tragically unfortunate; that in my opinion Oriental exclusion was one of the primary causes of war with Japan, in that it strengthened the militaristic forces in Japan and weakened the democratic forces; and that when the time came I would push for complete abrogation of the exclusion laws including those affecting Japan. My sponsorship of legislation providing equality in American nationality and immigration laws springs from deep conviction.

Best Wishes

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GREETINGS

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KEITARO TSUKAMOTO, Prop.

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 couldn’t find the words I wanted to get down. My heart I knew what I was trying to say, but could not express my thoughts in a way understandable to you. Even now, I do not know quite how to put down words to you. I have not seen Dad for over seven years. I wish I had known that his condition was so bad during those weeks.

To write about Dad sitting far from home in Tokyo is difficult. I could not put down words to you some of the things I have felt and have thought during all the past few weeks. Read it to Mom and Kay for me and to the others.

I knew of a young Japanese immigrant who came to Hawaii around 1915. 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, till ing long hours in the dust and heat. He didn’t join the others in their fruit picking careers in towns on payday. He saved and staved, 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 joyful reunion, the two road side by side on the fertile plain. Gradually the family increased in size from the two to six, so they decided to start as to say, to start a small business in a valley town so that their children, in expectation they brought into the world, and those offspring were never in want of food or clothing. Their children got them all, and the best dressed in school, not wars they the worst. Eight children they sent through high school, and in to a university. For one of the seven, the eighth, the university man. I am one of that remarkable man. He passed to the university, and his death was a blow which might have been — the desire to see Japan, the land of his birth. I know that he would have wanted to smell the sea breezes sweeping in from the island sea, to see the first “true” flower bloom in the sand few rocks of finally rising soil, and then to put to sea, to smell the deep scent of “mutsukake” the alder tree girt, as he walked down the familiar village cross.

This migrant traveled so spaced an ocean to find new hope in a land of promise. He knew, but his simple faith and desire for better days to come, better hope which will help mankind build a cleaner future.

H. Geary

 escrita

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K. Chiyoko Nairura
The story of the Issei in America is the story of the earth and the lifting 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 changes 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 farmers of the West.

The Allen Land laws of California, Oregon, Washington, and many other western states, adopted specifically for the purpose of driving farmers, especially 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 $2,722,000,000, according to a 1940 survey. This survey also showed that Japanese-operated farms in the same area had dropped in value from $140,000,000 in 1939, although the number of farms had remained constant.

No dinner menu in America can be 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 prejudice against the Japanese farmers, the value of the vegetable crop grown on farms operated by farmers of Japanese ancestry was $32,578,000 in 1939, 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, 66 per cent of marketing snap beans, 95 per cent of summer and spring celery, half of the state's onions and cucumbers, and a third of the cabbage, cantaloupe, 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 ranches, had brought in John F. 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 in favor of 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 perseverance and intelligence of their industrious workers and goose lands in the Sacramento valley, gray and block with our two destructive alkalis, lie, cursed with barrenness like the floor of Arizona, and not worth paying taxes on, until Ikuta, the Japanese, decided to make use of it."
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 silver-gray, has thinned away. He puts his hands in a glass of water at night. But otherwise he displays few of the infirmities of age, and mentally his story is just one of the same general pattern as the biographies of thousands of Issei families in this small, hungry, lonely immigrant boys who came to this 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 deck, docked at Tacoma, Wash. The year was 1899, and with three months’ worth of his sixteenth birthday.

Arriving in New York City off the new land, labor contractors packed him aboard a train with many others like him. Their destination was a blank stretch of track in the high Rockies of northern Montana. Their job was to keep the train in good repair for the highest and lowest part of the year.

When a foreman became ominous—of at least two-thirds the way it seemed to the impetuous youth—he drew his knife and followed the train. He quickly discovered the girls between had chosen well. Back in the United States he started his own business, began a family.

There were good times during World War II, and he found opportunity to acquire a new name in this country. 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 forsquare dealings. Even when a partner wanted to cash in his creditors, there was no one to blame whom.

The years passed. His children were grown up and sometimes he found himself in some difficulty. Those arguments were not so merry, he was growing older, the family not nearly so large as it once was. He gave way, for he learned to see in different ways in the world, he looked at government and at his countrymen, at the cause of progress in the United States, at the world in which he lived.

On Pearl Harbor day his eyes were misty as he said, ‘It is a Japanese coming to bomb America, I wish the United States would let me go up in a plane with them.’ I’ll show Top a start a war.

When evacuation came, he had a store he had built up over a half of a century was silenced. He assembled his family and went on as if nothing had happened.

* * *

As the peace came, he returned to his old stamping grounds in the Pacific coast. It was the favorite place to come and spend a day or two.

* * *

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Bill Hosokawa:

FROM THE FRYING PAN

The Story of One Issei

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* * *

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OUR NEXT GREAT GOAL

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 and the State program for Americanization.

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 naturalization.

We learn, this 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 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 1913.

The first legislative victory was getting Congress to amend citizenship laws permitting Oriental-born veterans who fought in the First World War to apply for citizenship. December 7, 1941, almost the entire leadership of Japanese communities in American were interned. Into the breach stepped a handful of inexperienced persons from JACL. By the eve of evacuation, JACL membership suddenly swollen to 20,000 as both Nisei and Issei looked to JACL to perform a miracle. But the sudden enthusiasm for membership came too late.

It was needed in the thirties when JACL had already proved that its principles of operating within the framework of democracy were successful, and could be even more successful by continuing wide support.

Suddenly, JACL became the scapegoat for everything that happened in the wholesale, 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 app 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 such help was vetoed by 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 Stuy 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. Number of us at any other time to the U. S. Supreme Court in an effort to halt evacuation of those who were against Japanese in Pacific Coast states. The favorable decision protects American citizens from Alien Land Laws.

Fifth: Under our efforts, twelve create and five public bills were introduced into Congress and all were passed unanimously. This program was unmatched by any similar organization in America.

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Seventh: Joining the Southern California Fishermen’s Association, JACL ADC carried the Tashakasi case before the U. S. Supreme Court, winning a victory that helped restore the right of Issei commercial fishermen.

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 revoke the limited pass-ports—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 rail was made by those who said: “It can’t be done,” and wandered away to accustom. 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 legislation—the bill for equality in immigration and naturalization.

We JACLers try today stand on the threshold of the history-making legislation. Working together, serving together, we can achieve that equality in the laws under the government, as we achieved first class citizenship and our parents the privilege of sharing this first class citizenship with us.
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SEASON'S GREETINGS

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Best Wishes from
PACIFIC CITIZEN

Saturday, December 25, 1943

"Merry, mugs kaise ka kare?"

After exchanging nisei greetings, I was accompanied to a well-kept house in Washington, where the story was told. In the late months of the year 1943, when the Japanese troops were fighting in the Orient, this old man was sent to Alaska. Upon his passage home, he finally met with Mr. Shima, the Japanese freighter bound for Phitsanulok. There he spent the last year of the war. Shortly after the surrender, the office of his son came into his hands;

Annie, through her eyes, was on the evening of December 24th, 1943. I stood in the room I had seen a man. Mr. Shima, was the man. He was his grandson's pictures and also a somewhat shabbily dressed young man. He was a very old-looking man. He was but one of the little ones of the crowded little room.

"Fang, gato, kaise ka kare?"

"About Tosh, gato, kaise ka kare?"

He was the son of Mr. Shima, who had died in the United States. They were greeted with the words, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." He was the man who was visiting.

Dear Dad:

This will be a great disappointment to you if you take the words "he" and "she" literally. I have always known that you are a child in years.

I am coming home. I want to see you and take care of you for your coming days of life. I can do. You have been a faithful son to me. This I wish you to know.

Your loving son,

"And what about the telegram"?

"Mising, yes, but that does to please my own idea" he said. It will not repeat in slow, even tone. It will be repeated and upheaved of very many things can happen so easily, but just know that he is all right. I am coming home. That is the last I hear of him.

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