Nikkei identity crisis bigger problem in Canada than alarming rate of outmarriage, seminar told

TORONTO, Ont.—Because Canadian Japanese, a small ethnic group, are not marrying at an alarming rate, the subject of a seminar last October here at Ryerson Polytechnic Institute. Initial portions of the findings and test of Dr. Toyo Fuse's summary appeared in the 1979 JACL,
TOKYO – Historians tion era was aboard transpacific voyage with 2-PACIFIC CITIZEN. These anti-gambling crusaders supported gambling with extremely "banish wicked gambling" era, died suddenly Feb. apparently of heart failure at the UCLA. Katherine was undergoing the 442nd, and attorney Stewart of Ft. San Francisco, CA — The extremely reticent, almost of migratory work force of essential foodstuffs. Tommy, became an instant hit at the dinner centers, open bathhouses, pool rooms. In 1946, (Suslov), the protagonist of the novel "Yan", is also known for his role in the 450-seat theater. Seattle's venerable Japanese Hall (Nippo Kan), now listed on the National Register of Historic Places, was notified in a $1.3 million project (sketch above shows north facade), scheduled for completion in July, 1980. While some $150,000 in public funds aid the renovation, architect Ed Burke and S.S. & C. Co. as the Kobe Park Bldg., Burke Associates will occupy the penhouse-view suites (60%). Ed's wife, Betty Burke, will manage public use of the 450-seat theater.
Controversy lingers over use of pesticides in agriculture

PORTLAND, OR.—Hood River Valley orchardist Ray Sakaguchi of pesticides in agriculture Sui er Valley orchardist Ray

saw an条 pear grower, they granted for the UCR team to

millions of worms, insects, National Institutes of Health

agent added. Scientists who are having

chemical controversy raging to render malathion non-tox-

sui er CoWlty ell.1:ension service

agents say there appeared

infection and other problems

their first comprehensive

protect their crop. UCR cautioned against

three farmers, Pear growers, they grant for the UCR team to

variety of worms, insects, National Institutes of Health

soaked the house

by this Sunday (Mar. 2) when

rules to occupy its new quar-

Annual Manzanar Pilgrimage.

extra. Foreign

was

January.

this year at

In- DDT, chemicals: the herbicides, in-

quantity. to aging chemical or 100-

A four-year study suggests

purity levels should be

Malathion, which replaced DDT, is found in some 34

products. Scientists blame impurities

which may break down due to aging chemical or 100-

summer heat (for) making it impossible for the liver
to render malathion non-ionic. UCR cautioned against

use of malathion over a year old.

The UCR project was funded by the Environmental Protection Agency, which oversees 35,000 pesticide products

domestic. National Institutes of Health has made another three-year grant for the UCR team to

continue its study of toxic impurities in pesticides.

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New Leadership

The 1980 National Convention is just about behind us. It was a real success and to plan and to do the coming bien.

New concepts. New approach. Now the tough job of leadership. These are what makes the biennial convention a time of excitement.

We always enter each new biennial with much enthusiasm. It should be a time to accomplish everything we hope for. But we try, we have had some royal battles at the Executive Committee meetings. They were tense. They were often protracted. I appreciate the requests and the urgings. But I am not a candidate for re-election.

The biennium about to close has been the most exciting and satisfying years of my life. I am not dissatisfied because all my hopes and goals were not realized. The satisfaction is in the trying.

I have gained more than I ever dreamed of. New friendships made. The talents seen. The inspirations received. Has been a really remarkable experience. Our frequent change of leadership is our strength, not weakness. It brings in fresh ideas and current directions. This constant readjustment — it is the fact of life.

A new national leadership position is a permanent dream that must not be contravened. That person is forever pledged to combat injustice and inequality wherever encountered.

TE EDITOR’S DESK: Harry Hondo

JACC RM 506

From Our New Office

This is a story that goes back many years when proceeds from the Nisei Week Festival of the early 1960s were being set aside for the establishment of a leader-trust fund. The dream of community groups and individuals who participated in the Festival in those years to forger their professional leadership of the organization.

Specifications and rules for the fund were drawn up to make the fund independent of subordinate Nisei Week festivals and deposited about $35,000 with Merit Savings.

In the early 1960s the Southern California JACCJ community saw smaller community centers being established or built in the suburbs — San Fernando Valley, Pasadena, San Gabriel Valley, West Beach, Gardens, Norwalk, West Los Angeles (something tells us we may be missing some- but on the story).

The one in Little Tokyo — the traditional center of Japanese in Southern California, if not the entire Pacific coast — remained an elusive catch throughout. In 1979, then Council General Harry Hondo and Haomin Hondo, President of the NiseiWeek here, saw the opportunity to establish a 20,000 square foot memorial to themselves in view of the U.S.-Japan Treaty of Friendship (constituent to be marked in 1960). The JACCJ bowed out, claiming they were too old to be making that kind of money then. Then in 1961, Kajuro Tanaka, an Issei and then president of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce here, proposed to start a new fund campaign for a community hall. About the same time, Little Tokyo redevelopment project developed momentum for the hall by making it a cultural and community center.

Through thick and thin, the campaign endured. The 20,000 Nisei Week-generations to the Southern California. It was surrendered to the JACCJ Building Fund in 1974. The center has become gigantic community of fort by the time the ground was broken in mid-1978 with 32.2 million (all raised in the U.S.) on hand, about $4,000,000 pledges and $31.2 million more needed to have the JACCJ Building Fund in 1978 — a six-story, 50,000 sq. ft. structure. Downtown L.A. JACL. George Douglas as JACCJ Inc. president and his board had made a significant help from sources in Japan to build the JACCJ Theater.

On Jan. 23 last year, there was a topping off ceremony. Interior work continued off the southwest corner. It can be said PC is getting up in this world when we started at the ground level in 1952, in the second floor to the Japanese, in the second floor to the Japanese, in the second floor to the Japanese. Other tenants on this floor will likely be the Japanese Chamber of Commerce (Suite 304), JACL Regional Office (Suite 305), and the Little Tokyo YMCA, JACL-Nisei Week Festival-StopTokyo Community Parking, Inc. in suite one (802), and the Japan Foundation’s western U.S. office.

The fourth floor space as office space for non-profit groups, among them the Little Tokyo Service Center. The third floor is given over to classrooms on a shared basis by various instructors of cultural Japanese arts. The second floor will eventually house the Franklin D. Murphy Library and a suave conference room. On the first floor are an auditorium and a booking office, the Japanese American National Museum and an office for the Office Service Manager. The second floor will have a number of small rooms for meetings and the like, plus the Auditorium and the Meeting Room. The third floor will house the Japanese American Cultural and Community Center.

The center will have a bookstore, a restaurant, a gift shop, a coffee shop, a theater, and a community center for cultural, educational, and recreational activities. The center will be open to the public and will be used by community groups and organizations.

Job bias case

Editor: I have read with interest the Robert Chan case (Feb. 15, PC). I was also very interested in your discrimination when applied for a middle management position with the Social Security Administration. I applied for the position in the reply (dated Feb. 1, 1980) and signed the Social Security Administration (SSA) director for civil rights and final, equal opportunity (Md) supporting my allegation. You are authorized to use the letter for whatever purpose to eliminate job bias. As a matter of fact, I was inspired (initially) to pursue my case after reading a PC article which pointed out the discrimination against the Postal Service.

I hope that other Asians will have the courage to fight back and march of a wa­

LITTLE TOKYO

MORI

Continued from the Front page

as part of the firm of corpo­

rate law specialists, he has, since July 1978, been a partner, and is the advisory board to California’s Off­

cial to a community affairs for many years, Mori served as chair­

Mori credits the dual influ­

ence of Japan and the United States. As an immigrant, he began to learn about Japan, the culture, and its traditions.

Mori early, at age 18, he traveled with his family to Japan where he attended middle and high schools. His first law degree was from the University of California Los Angeles in 1953 while serving in Tokyo as an interpreter with the US Air Intelligence Service. He received a bachelor’s degree from UCLA in 1955 and his law degree from USC three years later.

A one-year appointment as Deputy Commissioner for the State Department of Industrial Relations was a high point of his career in California in 1959.

Mori is married to the fer­

OMAHA

Continued from Page 2

down long street, where the people could be seen gathering, he was shot dead.

The group was composed of workers, farmers, and business owners who had found a way to survive. They were determined to stand for their rights and resist the Japanese government’s attempts to keep them out of the workforce.

They fought for a number of years and gained concessions from the Japanese government. They worked to organize and gain strength, and they banded together to fight for their rights.

They organized into groups and clubs, and they held meetings and speeches to raise awareness about their cause. They also sent letters and petitions to the Japanese government to demand their rights be respected.

Finally, after many years of struggle, the workers were able to forces the Japanese government to recognize their rights and give them the respect they deserved. They were able to form labor unions and gain the right to strike.

The group was eventually able to gain the support of the local community, and they were able to push for the changes they needed to improve their lives.

The work they did was significant and it helped to break down barriers and pave the way for future generations to come.

The group’s story is an inspiration to people everywhere, and it reminds us of the importance of standing up for our rights and fighting for what we believe in.
A Milestone Forgotten & Remembered

It may be that as one grows older, he becomes more naive, more trusting, more believing, easier to fool. Have you noticed the number of newspaper articles and TV stories about elderly people who had been taken in by con men and bled of their life’s savings?

On the other hand, it may be that my own family is more capable of deceit, plotting and connivance than I realized possible. In any event, my daughters Susan and Christie, aided and abetted by their mother Alice, perpetuated not one but two giant surprises on me recently.

The girls, who live here in Denver, persuaded their brothers Mike (who lives in Columbia, Mo.) and Pete (in Portland, Ore.) to slip into town with their wives, Betty and Cheryl. I had to be led in on the fact that Mike was coming. After all, he had to have a place to stay, and we have an extra room. He said he would drop in on his way home from a business trip to San Francisco, and that sounded like a perfectly plausible situation.

But I didn’t know Pete and Cheryl were within a thousand miles of Denver until we all went to a fuzzy place for a Saturday brunch. There they were in the living room, as big as life, and it is hard to say whether I was more astonished or delighted.

Well, it was simply great having the whole family together for the first time in 11 years, or maybe it was 13, and I couldn’t have been more pleased. Sometime during the day, as we chatted over their chow mein, the family had pulled a fast one, I remarked I wasn’t accustomed to being surprised and I hoped this would last me for a long time to come. And all of them chuckled in appreciation of their own cleverness.

That night we had a wonderful dinner of chow mein and stuff at home which Alice had whopped up, and the boys, who have been away from her cooking for only a moon, made proper pigs of themselves. In fact we all did, although we all knew we were scheduled for another brunch at Christie’s place the following day.

As we approached Christie’s home I noticed a lot of automobiles parked along the street and observed absent­ly that someone in the neighborhood must have a party. Only later did it occur to me that my comment had not drawn any kind of response from the others in the car.

It now is clear that even with advancing years not all my sense of awareness has been dulled. Just as I was about to open the front door, a feeling of great apprehension swept over me. I had a deep inner warning that something devastating was about to happen and I wanted to flee but could not.

Surprise! Lined up inside the door, arranged up the stairway, overflowing into the living room, was a horde of great-aunts, uncles, nieces and nephews and folks from the office, all grinning like Cheshire cats. The three women in my life had struck again.

Finally I mustered up enough aplomb to mutter, “Judas Priest,” or something to that effect, and a voice from the back of the house—Ruby Maruyama’s, I learned later—piped up: “He’s not here.”

It was. It seemed impossible that Susan and Chris and Alice could have done this—sent out invitations, arranged the logistics, ordered the food—without the guest of honor suspecting a thing. If I had known I would have telephoned them from New York, where I had gone on business, that I was going to attend some meetings over the weekend and wouldn’t be back until Monday. Wouldn’t that have been fun!

So far I haven’t told you what the excitement was all about. Well, it seems I had a birthday, a rather important milestone, and the family figured it ought to be observed properly, which indeed it was.

The last item was a book common to most Japanese families. The record of monetary and other gifts given for weddings, illnesses, funerals, graduations, babies. And contributions to churches and charities. I was about to deposit the envelope and its contents into the file cabinet, when I remembered the time my great-aunt died.

If she had had effects, the family book with its concise entries. Great-aunt was known for her fastidious habits. She and her husband were pioneer Utah Jews. During the depression, they were considered Circassians.

I had the documents past compliance with the statute of limitations for tax purposes. After the death of my parents, I became the surviving partner and sole custodian of the records. Last week, as I prepared for their disposal, I wondered why I had kept them so long.

Methodically, I ripped the pages in half, counting off the years as I placed paper in plastic bags. Within a few hours, the labor of half a lifetime was destroyed. At the bottom of the last box, I discovered two large sealed envelopes. I had written my name across one. Private property.

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Papers and ledgers, except to periodically vacuum the entries, columns of figures. Mathematical calculations of operating the family business. There were pages of dust from them.

Their polished wooden exteriors, not only essentials and permanent black paper.

Their statute of limitations for one envelope. I had written my name across one. Private money Market Account ($10,000 minimum balance) is now available to Sumitomo individuals.

For a Saturday brunch. There they were in the living room. So the cash was spent elsewhere, money our business could hardly spare in those lean, early years.

When I suggested trying to recover the sums, my mother always dissuaded me. She asked, "What good would it do? You know they don’t have the money. Don’t press an already humiliating situation.” As I organized the uncollectibles across the counter, it occurred to me that there were sons and daughters who probably never realized the repeated small sums required to place food before them.

In the envelope, there was also a spiral notebook. On its pages were pasted cash register tapes with dates and signatures. Our business was supposed to have been strictly cash, no charge accounts. But it didn’t work out. More uncollectible evidence.
Perils of Karl

Karl Nobuyuki was scheduled to be the guest speaker, the installing officer and my secretary, at the Santa Barbara chapter installation dinner. It had been raining quite heavily all week and the rain was forgotten because we had water just below its roof top.

The concrete divider was acting as a wall and retarding the traffic on the other side of the freeway. The rain was gushing over and under the wall to our side of the freeway, causing traffic to narrow down to one lane and made us traverse the riverlike condition with caution because of the current and holes in the road.

We past the road people, we regrouped our thoughts and with “Yamato Damashii” spirit we decided to get on to Santa Barbara rather than turn back. (We couldn’t get back anyway.)

We were listening to the news while we travelled north and heard that the Los Angeles freeway, which was like a river the previous day, we had an hour delay because of high traffic. Cars were backed up as far as we could see and I thought that there must be a bad accident ahead, as we crept along the freeway we noticed that there wasn’t any inbound traffic.

Once on the freeway, traffic appeared normal. About half hour out on the road we started to slow down because of heavy traffic. Cars were backed up as far as we could see and I thought that there must be a bad accident ahead, as we crept along the freeway we noticed that there wasn’t any inbound traffic.

About an hour later, where the freeway is divided by concrete divider, the other side was like a river of mud. Dozens of cars were abandoned and covered with water and mud. One of the cars had water just below its roof top.

The concrete divider was acting as a wall and retarding the traffic on the other side of the freeway, like an overloaded dam, the water was gushing over and under the wall to our side of the freeway, causing traffic to narrow down to one lane and made us traverse the riverlike condition with caution because of the current and holes in the road.

Once we past the road people, we regrouped our thoughts and with “Yamato Damashii” spirit we decided to get on to Santa Barbara rather than turn back. (We couldn’t get back anyway.)

The following morning I tried to get the highway patrol, but the lines were busy.

The traffic on the freeway seemed to be moving well in both directions and so we decided to head back home. Karl’s car wouldn’t start and he had to call the auto club to get the car started. Once the car was started we got on the freeway and headed towards Los Angeles. When we reached that portion of the freeway that was like a river the previous day we had an hour delay because of the heavy downpour. People were stranded at the Los Posas cutoff, the motel next to the freeway was rapidly filling up. It must have been filling up because Karl ended up with no other choice than to take a so-called executive suite that had a Jacuzzi and a wet bar. My secretary and I ended up with a room with two king size beds. (We used only one)

The following morning I tried to get the highway patrol, but the lines were busy.

Karl started the car and we headed towards Los Angeles tired and somewhat disarrayed. We finally reached Los Angeles tired and somewhat disarrayed. We finally reached Los Angeles tired and somewhat disarrayed.
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Fred Nagai, general manager of the San Francisco office of the Imperial Japanese Army in the 1920s and 1930s, will be the keynote speaker at the 19th annual meeting of the Japanese American Citizens League (JACL) of San Francisco, Calif., on March 22.

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