Holiday Issue 2001
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'We Love to Help.'
Welcome to this year's Holiday Issue. We have chosen the theme of "Family" for our 2001 issue, a topic that has become ever more important since the horror of the Sept. 11 attacks and its aftermath.

With the approaching holidays, our families are foremost in our thoughts as we busily plan get-togethers and scramble to finish our Christmas gift shopping.

This year's slate of writers touched on various aspects of our theme. Many commented on how the events of Sept. 11 affected their families. We also have stories from new moms, families who have adopted, and anecdotes about growing up in the World War II camps. Our pages are also filled with stories about growing up Hapa and raising multiracial children, highlighting the ever-changing concept of family in the Japanese American community. We also touch on gay and lesbian issues.

We hope you enjoy reading these stories as much as we have.

This issue would not have been possible without the support of the various chapters, districts and various individuals who continue to solicit ads for us each year. A special thank you for all your efforts. Please refer to "PC's People Who Count" on page 5 for a list of these individuals. I would also like to thank the hundreds of advertisers who continue to support the PC.

As we do every year, the staff compiled a wish list of writers for this issue and luckily many of them volunteered at their time. Thank you for sharing your stories and photos with us.

And finally I'd like to say a personal thank you to the staff and volunteers whose efforts made this special issue possible year after year. Thank you for all the long hours even on weekends.

Staff members include: Martha Nakagawa, Brian Tanaka, Tracy Uba, Eva Lau-Ting, and Margot Brunswick. I'd also like to thank Harry Honda who, although now at the Japanese American National Museum full time, found time to contribute to this year's issue. And thank you to the volunteers who once again found time in-between hectic schedules to help us out: Gayle Jue, Alan Kubo, Eric Uba, and Lyndsey Shunoda.

I'd also like to congratulate this year's photo contest winners (their names are listed below). We had a number of submissions, and choosing the finalists for the cover was a difficult decision. Thank you all for submitting your photos.

And thank you to all our readers who continue to support the PC! Look for our special New Year's issue Jan. 18, 2002. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!

Caroline Aoyagi
Executive Editor

2001 Holiday Issue Photo Contest

Cover photo: Pictured clockwise from top left are the winning submissions from our 2001 Holiday Issue Photo Contest. (1) Amy Kato of Torrance, Calif., snapped a huggable shot of her grandchildren, Blake and Paige Poulin. (2) Historical family photo submitted by Mas Shoza1, of Mt. Prospect, Ill., shown here wearing a derby while holding a pipe and moustache, and a young Ron Shiozawa wearing a cap at the Westport Lumber Company. (3) Renee Matsunami, Anne Tanaka, and Dennis for the first 30 years in 1998 in Little Tokyo, Los Angeles. June, who now has three sons, and Dennis, who has five daughters, also had not seen each other since shortly after Renee was born and adopted by her family in Cincinnati. (4) Los Angeles resident Lily Zaima captured four generations in this photo taken in Kanohe, Hawaii. (5) Kono Kinase (who will be 12 years old on Dec. 311), daughter Joyce Iwamuro, granddaughter Janet Leong and great-grandchildren Jessica and Timothy Leong.


Cover design layout, Tracy Uba; flag image, Mario G. Reyes.
The Chinese have a philosophy concerning family ties, it's called the Red Thread. The theory behind the title is that a family waiting for the arrival of their child were linked to the child by an invisible thread no matter the place, time, or circumstance — sight unseen. It was an unbroken bond, a spiritual connection.

My husband Roger and I had never believed in such stories but our fascination with China grew when we decided to adopt our first child from that country in 1997.

Adoption was not a new experience for our family. My mother was adopted when she was an infant. Roger's grandmother was also an adopted child when she and her sister were orphaned right before the Depression. With these two influences in our lives, we knew that our families would be accepting of our children if we decided to adopt.

So it was little wonder when we began to have infertility problems during our marriage that the idea of adoption became a major option for us. However, we were scared of domestic adoption because of the horror stories we had heard of biological parents coming back for their children and the battles for child custody. Open adoption sounded even trickier with the thought of birth parents, grandparents, and other family members all exercising their say in our child's life and our family. To us, it would be as if we were the child's caretakers, not necessarily the full-fledged parents we wanted to be.

What finalized our decision to adopt was when I miscarried a set of twins on Mother's Day. Dazed and shellacked from the blood transfusion into emergency, the miscarriage took the lives of our children and almost my life as well. After that incident, we decided to shelve our quest for a biological family and concentrate on the alternatives to starting a family.

While I was recuperating I read an article in a magazine about a lady who had traveled to China to adopt her daughter. The story offered initial adoption information and some hope. I thought a Chinese adoption would be a natural choice for us, since we were an Asian/Caucasian couple, and there would already be a connection because of my heritage. Our family's destiny was in China.

Armed with the magazine article and a computer, we began to surf the Internet for information concerning Chinese adoptions. We found that many families were started by this type of adoption and there was a thriving web community of people eager to share their stories. We also met other local couples who were seeking to build their families through a Chinese adoption. With these new friends, we formed our own Asian adoption support group for families during the summer of 1998.

In the fall, we officially started our adoption from China. We chose our adoption agency and contracted our state's social services to help us with our plans. Our "paperchase" — completing our adoption dossier — took us almost a year to do and in the summertime, two days before our 12th wedding anniversary, our papers were logged into the China Center for Adoptive Affairs in Beijing. Then we settled back and...
For most of my life, I assumed that Japanese family values were solely concerned with stoicism and assimilation, the need to look forward, not look back, and a dejected lack of sentimentality about the closeness of family.

When my father died of cancer almost a decade ago, I undertook a search of his family. I couldn’t find his mother in Hawaii, sisters in Detroit and an oldest sister in Seattle. I looked in address books, file cabinets, and through letters, and found nothing.

No names, no addresses, no phone numbers. It was almost as if my father had no relatives. I knew this wasn’t true — he had spoken of his sister in Seattle, and we had visited his sisters in Michigan when I was a young kid. Even earlier, we stayed with my uncle in Hawaii when we moved from Japan to the States. So I relied on my reporter’s experience and tracked down an aunt in the Detroit area to fell her my dad had passed away. She gave me my other aunts’ numbers, and a number for the uncle in Honolulu, although she admitted none of them had spoken to their brother in years.

Each of my relatives was surprised to hear that their brother George had died of cancer, but none broke down at the news. My uncle was downright evasive when I offered to send him some family photographs from the 1930s that I had found. He refused to give me his home address (I had called him at his work, at United Airlines’ Honolulu International Airport offices) and finally gave me his work address to mail him the photos.

My father’s family wasn’t close, and that’s how I assumed all Japanese American families were supposed to be. To me, it seemed natural that these Nisei, who were all born in Hawaii but stuck by circumstances in Japan during World War II, would scatter to the winds and mostly spread out over the United States to forget childhood experiences. That they didn’t keep in touch was a natural extension of this diaspora, I thought. Why keep strong ties with each other when the goal was to leave the past behind and start their own families?

It was only after I started researching my father’s — and his siblings’ — fascinating childhood that I realized that my father was close at least to his oldest sister, my Aunt Miki, who has since died. When I visited her the year after my father’s death, I found out she knew all about my life and my brothers’ lives, because every time my dad happened to be in the Seattle area for a business trip, he took the time to visit her family. I found it odd that he never kept us abreast of Aunt Miki’s family after he returned to Colorado. But then, my dad had many mysterious sides to him that still have not been revealed.

My Issei mother’s family is more traditionally Japanese — and perhaps more tied to obligation. She keeps in touch with her brothers, sisters and mother in Japan, by phone and mail. She sends regular care packages, and visits them about once a year: One time she flew to Japan on short notice to visit her mother, who was in a coma and was expected to pass away, only to have obaachan wake up while my mother entered the room and ask, “Why did it take you so long to get here?”

My own relationship with my two brothers and mother today is a bit like my father’s, and a bit like my mother’s. We unfortunately do not socialize much together, even though we live relatively close to each other. I try to see my mother every week or two, to help her out with things around the house or with paperwork, but sometimes those visits feel like obligations.

In the years since I have been with Erin and her family, I have come to know a more “normal” JA family. She has lots of relatives in the Denver area, and large family gatherings are an expected part of holidays and major life events. We dine regularly with her parents, and we are involved with Erin’s son (and my stepson) Jared’s schoolwork and busy 16-year-old life, although he sometimes feels we’re merely prying into his privacy.

One thing that I think is more an American phenomenon than Japanese is divorce. In Japan, where marriage is almost universal, it’s still rare for a woman to remain single into middle age, the divorce rate in 1992 was 14.5 percent, compared to 47 percent in the United States.

This does not reflect whether women are happy in their marriages, and the percentage has probably gone up since the early ’90s. In the United States, divorce is common and often an acceptable way of dealing with relationships that don’t work. I know — I’m twice divorced myself.

But children are too often the casualty of divorce. Although many children grow up fine in single-parent homes, it’s a hard path. It’s much easier when both parents are equally involved in their upbringing, but women usually walk the path alone.

I admire women who have raised their kids as the sole parent and have worked hard to impart strong values despite the dual pressure of motherhood and career. Though these values, in our case, have been JA values, ripe with Japanese ethics, honor and tradition, and respect for the family unit.

Within this family unit, I am both a newcomer and an outsider, but one in which I am proud to be called a “parent” and proud to call Jared my “stepson.” I have enjoyed going to parent-teacher conferences, helping him with his homework, attending his roller-hockey and football games, driving him to his first homecoming dance, helping with his driver’s education classes and watching him earn the freedom of his license’s license, worrying about his grades, following his friendships, giving him gas and lunch money and hoping he gets a part-time job, talking to him about his hopes and dreams and aspirations, complimenting him for jobs well done and yes, admonishing him for not doing some of the things teenagers are supposed to do around the house but often don’t. I accept the risk of his hating me from time to time; if being a parent requires that.

I'm happy that Erin no longer has to shoulder this awesome responsibility alone. I'm happy to be a stepdad, and urge all parents to take a more active part in their children's lives and back the rich rewards of this role.

Even when my father was most distant from his family, he held me and my brothers close to his heart. And I hope he sees, from wherever he is now, that I'm honoring him in everything I do, including working hard at being a new parent in a JA family.
A Sansei Family's Unexpected Journey

By HAROLD KAMEYA

We were a typical Sansei family in 1988. When our 18-year-old daughter disclosed that she was gay, our family began an unexpected journey.

I was an electronics engineer and Ellen a school teacher. We had attended church regularly with our three children since they were young. Our children did well in school and took part in various sports activities. I had been involved with the VMCAFather-son/daughter programs for 12 years. The two older children were in college and the third in high school. Ellen and I had grown up in large extended families in Hawaii and we raised our children with the same values we had learned.

When our daughter disclosed her sexual orientation, we were in shock. We knew little about sexual orientation other than depictions of gay stereotypes. During those pre-Internet days, information was very limited. Our first reaction was fear of what others would think of our family. Both of our sons were very supportive of Valérie, from day one.

After our daughter's disclosure, we felt uncomfortable at our Japanese American church, so we began to search for a new church home. In 1990, we discovered the Northridge Congregational church, UCC, which was having discussion groups on homosexuality.

We had found our church home. Our ministers urged us to live our Christian faith by reaching out to the GLBT (gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered) community which is marginalized by some churches. At the Northridge Congregational Church, we have been supported by a group called the Kindred Voices. They are church members who wish to study the issue of sexual orientation as it relates to church and society.

The first meeting we attended was at the home of the Rev. Riess Potterveld and his wife. He was then a professor of religious studies at Cal State Northridge, and he is currently the executive vice president at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley.

Our ministers have urged us to speak the truth about the pain and suffering we have seen in the gay community. The harsh judgement and lack of compassion that sometimes characterizes the Asian community has caused pain not only for the GLBT, but also for their parents and families.

In 1985, the national body of the United Church of Christ (UCC) had urged member churches to study the issue of homosexuality and to work on becoming open and affirming to gays and lesbians. I will never forget a Christian who thanked us for the work we were doing within the church. He said, "It hurts when your friends reject you because you are gay, but it hurts much more when your family rejects you." With tears in his eyes, he said: "When my church tells me that God's love excludes gay people, it really, really, hurts.

We heard countless "emotionally broken" gays and lesbians relate their fear of rejection from family and society, and their fear for personal safety. It became obvious to me that our daughter did not choose her sexual orientation. Why would any intelligent person "choose" to become a target of hatred? I asked myself. Could God have created a diverse world where gays, lesbians and heterosexuals could live in harmony? My conclusion was "Yes!"

In 1990 we were referred to an organization called PFLAG, Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays. We felt great relief in meeting and talking to other parents who had gay and lesbian children. Our education in sexual orientation began by hearing the stories of gays and lesbians in the PFLAG group. Founded in 1973

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What Do You Mean, ‘They’re Not Family?’

Exploring Different Notions of Family in Our MIXED-UP Families

By FRANCES KAI-HWA WANG

Over 200 people attended our wedding. Over half of them were family from my side — aunts, uncles, cousins, great aunts, grandparents — and the rest friends of my family. My Caucasian groom only invited his mother, brother, brother’s wife, three college pals, and two of his mother’s friends who happened to live in the area. It was not until the dinner banquet and one of them stood up to speak that we realized that his “other” “friends” were actually his mother’s cousin and his wife. I asked, “Why didn’t you tell me they were relatives?” He said, “They’re not relatives, they’re my mother’s cousins.” That was the first of many surprises in my newly married life — that someone could define family in such an impoverished way — made even more disconcerting by the fact that that someone was now a part of my family.

Family seems such a fundamental thing, yet people conceptualize it and deal with it so differently across age, generation, gender, and culture. After 10 years, my husband and I are still negotiating the culture clash in our disagreements about who counts as our family and how to relate to relations.

Who Counts as Family?

I come from a huge, boisterous, warm family. Reunions are a big deal, gossip travels fast, and squabbles are constant. Not counting spouses, I have two grandmothers, nine aunts, one uncle, 22 cousins, 15 second cousins, five great aunts, three great uncles, 16 nieces/nephews (my cousins’ kids), and my own dear “baby” brother, plus the relatives I cannot keep straight who live in Inner Mongolia, Manchuria.

For me, anyone with any trace of relationship counts as part of the family unit — and the more of those, the better. For my husband, however, “family” was exclusively immediate and nuclear. He counts his mother, his brother, his brother’s kid. If you really push him, he will acknowledge one or two aunts and two cousins that they like. I don’t even know how many aunts, uncles, and cousins they “really” have.

Ironically, while his immediate family resists counting any more people, I have become incorporated into his brother’s wife’s Filipino-American family, which is even bigger and warmer than mine. Since she and I have similar notions of family, I feel I belong, and the food is good. I hang out with all the Chinese, Indian, and Filipino in-laws, and we make fun of my husband’s brother together — our one common relative.

Then there are the pseudo-relatives, the friends of the family we address as “Auntie” and “Uncle.” In Taiwan and Nepal, I learned to address everyone, even complete strangers, as older brother and older sister, children as little brother and little sister. When my children call my Caucasian friends “Auntie” and “Uncle,” their friends (who call me by my married name) protest, “She’s not really your aunt, you know.”

“My husband does not understand this love for big families and asks, ‘Why would you want to be related to so many people?’”

From Family Reunions to Family Feuds — Relating to Relations

At my-grandfather’s funeral, I saw almost everyone from my mother’s side. I was impressed that although we only see each other every few years, because the cousins always hear about each other through the family grapevine, we know each other pretty well and have a good time together. It saddens me when my children ask, “How come you have so many cousins and we only have one?”

I always feel refreshed, energized, and very sure of myself after a family reunion. I love being doted on, by my aunts because it does not matter what I do or do not do, what career or life choices I have or have not made, they simply love me. For me, relatives are safe havens all over the world. Regardless of where I go or what trouble I meet, there will always be someone I can count on there. When I got lost in a terrifying snowstorm in Niagara Falls, all I had to do was make one phone call, and 30 minutes later, my sixth great aunt and seventh great uncle...
I am home. Grandma, they are used to spending all enough, it still seems such an accent.

"I always feel refreshed, energized, and very sure of myself after a family reunion. I love being doted on by my aunts because it does not matter what I do or do not do, what career or life choices I have or have not made, they simply love me."

One day another friend, Nona, joined us with her relatives. North Indian accents, and we realized that we had all the same "crazy relatives," just with different accents.

My aunts used to spend all day Sunday on the phone, gossiping. Twelve years ago when I was set up on a date by relatives, news of how it went spread from the boy's mother in Michigan to Niagara Falls to Toronto to San Jose to Los Angeles then back to me in Michigan in under 12 hours. By today's standards, that is interminably slow. Then they discovered e-mail and began spanning the family (for free)!

My aunts moved to chat rooms when instant messaging became too slow. They even developed their own set of conventions and shorthand for referring to family members and for Chinese words. Now they all have cell phones and pagers. Whenever I go home to California for a visit, one of my first stops is always at my Aunt Suzie's house where I get caught up on all the family gossip.

Even feuds speak to the passion and resilience of family. With such a large family as mine, someone is always feuding with someone, but after a while those two become friends again, and two others have a falling out. Even when the conflict seems unresolved, when one has dramatically "divorced" the other, they can still come back together again eventually, the original disagreement forgotten—at least until the next big fight.

By contrast, my husband's family is much more formal and reserved. They never just drop in, and they never stay long because they do not want to impose—four days tops if they are flying all the way cross-country, as compared to my family's two-week minimum ("such an expensive flight, why not to get your money's worth").

I find Thanksgivings with his family disorienting—there are only seven people—two families—who gather for only four hours. You call that a reunion? And they always breathe a big sigh of relief when the last relative is finally gone. I have learned to be grateful that I do not have to be as involved with his family, as my side keeps me busy enough, but it still seems so strange to me. If that is how they feel about their blood relations, how must they feel about me?

After my wedding, I was surprised when I was introduced to his mother-in-law "Mom," in Chinese people do, but had to call her by her first name. After 10 years, I still cannot bring myself to call her by her first name, because even though that is what she wants, it feels too rude to me. Instead, I do not call her anything. I am torn because I believe one should always defer to the older person in order to show respect, but wh... do you do when what that person, wants contradicts what you feel is respectful?

At the same time, my husband also cannot bring himself to call my parents "Mom" and "Dad," so instead he calls my parents by their first names. My dad says that he still cannot get used to it. My uncle laughs that it could be worse. His Caucasian son-in-law still calls him "Mr. Liu."

There are other situations where different cultures call for different, often opposite, etiquette. A friend told me Chinese parents made a special trip to visit her Caucasian mother-in-law in order to pay their respects. Her mother-in-law was offended because they came uninvited. How can you resolve something like this where not only the actions, but the underlying values are contradictory (and nobody knows what the other is thinking)?

When there are such big cultural differences in regard to how we feel with our family, it is difficult to reserve judgment. When I was executive director of a Meals on Wheels program that delivers hot meals to homebound seniors who live alone, I was embarrassed to tell Asians what I did. Non-Asians always reacted positively. "What a good program," or "there is so great that you can help seniors live independently in their own homes." The Asians, however, always reacted with pity: "Those poor people, living by themselves in their old age. Americans do not take care of their elders properly."

Now We Are Related on Both Sides

A Chinese-Canadian friend who is married to an African-Grenadian says that she and her husband have not had culture clash with regard to family. They were expecting much more difficulty in their inter-racial marriage, but since they both come from large extended families—both immigrant—mindsets, they are used to dealing with family in the same way, especially on issues such as sending money home to family (to fix Grandma's teeth or to buy

"My friend Anita and I love to trade stories about our mothers, for which she puts on her mother's South Indian accent, and I put on my mom's Chinese accent. One day another friend, Nona, joined us with her relatives, North Indian accents, and we realized that we had all the same "crazy relatives, just with different accents."
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# Being good to you is good for us.
Lena and I wanted our wedding to be a little different, to reflect the different facets of who we are. We decided to get married at a West Coast First Nations hall, have a Chinese banquet, take photos at a Japanese garden, and give out puzzles as wedding favors. Planning all that was a lot of hard work. But the thing that took the cake was the wedding cake itself.

You'd think it would be a cake walk. You walk in, look at the catalogue, pick one you can afford and walk out. But after entering the bizarre, white, frilly underworld of bridal fairs, where they have everything you can imagine if you have no imagination, you can get overwhelmed with choices.

We made an appointment with the manager at True Confections, a dessert place we visit when we have lost interest in our waistlines, which is often. Lenora had seen pictures of something called a crock of stuff or burning bush or something like that. It was a pile of cream puffs intermingled with flowers.

We met a full-bodied woman who took her cake seriously. She was more of a cake goddess than a mere manager. We could, of course, make you a croquembouche, she said, using the French pronunciation of the thing I said. "But I will tell you that it can be tricky to serve and it is not inexpensive. Let me show you something alternative.

We flipped through albums of past projects. Tall ones, short ones. Square ones, round ones. Formal ones, whimsical ones. White ones, colored ones.

Stencilled images, stamped images. Real flowers, sugar flowers. Soft buttery icing, hard, rolled chocolate. So many possibilities. And that was just the outside.

I let ideas simmer on the back burner of my brain, while we moved on to the question of the cake itself. First was the question of quantity. We figured that after a 12-course Chinese banquet, including two dessert dishes, the guests shouldn't be that hungry. So we just ordered enough undecorated cake for each table to serve 200 individual servings.

Then it was a question of flavor. The cake goddess offered us nine different kinds to test. Like I said, wedding preparations can be a lot of hard work.

We had enough calories to satisfy a small army, but we just invited one other couple to help us choose. I have a cousin with discriminating taste who is not one to turn down free dessert. She and her man came over the next night. We each tasted each species and scored it from 1 to 5, using "universal appeal" and "general aesthetics" as our primary criteria. This was a new experience for me because I usually judge food according to how much I like. By the end of the evening we had met our annual requirements for fat and sugar, and decided that the triple fruit mousse with berry sauce was the crème de la crème.

After a week, I finally came up with a killer concept that Lenora could live with. It combined elements of both our backgrounds. In Japanese weddings, the big symbols are the Japanese crane and the tortoise. The crane is a symbol of happiness and the tortoise of longevity. In Chinese weddings, the icons are the Chinese dragon and the phoenix. The dragon represents the male and a phoenix represents the female. I also kept in mind that red and gold are lucky colors for the Chinese. The restaurant was making signs with our names in gold characters on a red background. We were wrapping the wedding favors in red with gold ribbon. I would be wearing a vest covered with gold dragons and my face would turn red every time I bent over to tie my shoes.

My vision was a two-tiered structure, with four overlapping bands of hard, rolled red chocolate spiraling around it. The upper edges would be wavy and sporting a rimming of gold. On every other band, imprints of golden Chinese dragons and silver Japanese cranes dancing upward toward heaven, or at least toward my mouth. I wanted to combine Japanese and Chinese imagery yet simplify the design and saves on the number of rubber stamps I would have to create. I thought a dragon looked more distinctive than a phoenix and figured that the crane would be better at flying than a tortoise, gaman notwithstanding. I did not mean to imply that weddings are only about male happiness.

The cake goddess was pleased with our design but insisted that we needed something to top it off. We bowed to the wisdom of her pastry prowess but struggled for a solution. Obviously, we couldn't go with a plastic bride and groom. I looked for a candy dispenser heads of a dragon and a crane, but without success. "How about a dalmatian and Big Bird?" I asked Lenora. "I think you're getting a little carried away with the symbolism." Okay. How about Homer and Marge Simpson?" "No." Picky, picky, picky.

The cake goddess suggested something organic. I saw some twisty bamboo things, but they looked a bit heavy and a collapsing wedding cake would not be auspicious. Eventually we decided on curly willow. We found a branch in a flower stall at the market, with just the right amount of curves. We left it to the minions of the cake goddess to cut it down to size, spray it gold, and arrange it in a bouquet emerging from a circle of red confectionery roses.

Finally the big day arrived. We performed the customary anachronisms early in the reception so the photographer could capture the Hasselblad moments for posterity. After the bouquet tossing and garter feting, we moved on to the cake cutting. My cake-tasting cousin delivered our pièce de résistance to the Chinese restaurant as the time and in one piece.

Lenora looked resplendent in her white dress and flowing organza jacket. The wedding dress was a western symbol for a western custom and would also provide a less competitive backdrop for the cake. The show-stopping gold brocade kimono and stunning red dress with gold phoenix and dragon designs came later in the evening. I, of course, was just a prop for this showcase, but my black tails and rented gold vest did not look too shabby either, if I do say so myself.

The dream of our cake was now reality. After all the effort we had put into making it, cutting the thing seemed almost sacrilegious or perhaps sweet sorrow. But we took the plunge anyway and it tasted as good as it looked. I was relieved to know that in the end, you can have your cake and eat it too.
The Fight for the ‘Y’

Trial Date Set for April in Soko Bukai Case

It’s a case of a historical wrong being righted today, a chance to rectify the pre-war racism of the early 1900s when California’s “alien land laws” prevented Japanese and other Asian immigrants from owning property. So it was almost unheard of that in 1921 a group of Bay Area Issei women sought out and raised enough funds to purchase a residence facility for the Japanese YWCA, which provided social services to Japanese women and girls as an independent arm of the Soko Bukai, an association of Nikkei Christian churches. Their only viable option was to buy it in trust of the San Francisco YWCA, whose own facilities were segregated at the time.

Now, 80 years later, the question of who maintains ownership of that property — the Soko Bukai or S.F. YWCA — is in the hands of a court. San Francisco Superior Court Judge Lillian Sing recently set the trial date for April 22.

“This case is not just about a building. It is about the incredible legacy of these Issei women who faced some of the worst racism in this country. They were doing things back then that were about improving the level and status of women,” said Paul Osaki, executive director of the Japanese Community and Cultural Center of Northern California, one of the groups supporting the Soko Bukai.

The dispute began in April 1996 when the S.F. YWCA attempted to sell the property, located at 1830 Sutter Street in Japantown, for $1.65 million, claiming sole title to the building and denying the existence of a trust agreement, according to Don Tamaki, one of the attorneys working pro bono for the Soko Bukai.

After negotiations to resolve the dispute failed, Soko Bukai filed a lawsuit in September 1997, contending the S.F. YWCA board of directors reneged on a 1921 agreement to hold “paper title” to the property for the Japanese YWCA.

“There’s nothing to negotiate when you’re dealing with that attitude.”

“I think the fact that the Y has been so blatantly arrogant has really upset a lot of people, their failure to recognize that these laws have become unconstitutional and they’re hiding behind them,” added Osaki. “There’s nothing to negotiate when you’re dealing with that attitude.”

Lead attorney Peter Hart, of Wright, Robinson, Osthimer & Tatum, the firm representing the S.F. YWCA, was unavailable for comment by press time.

Historical photo of the Japanese YWCA in San Francisco’s Japantown circa 1935.

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Happy Holidays
Discovering My JA Roots

By C. Pete Lee

The beats were in perfect synchronicity in my hands and in my head, as I played “Ashura,” a taiko piece composed by Rev. Masao Kodani of the Kinnara Taiko group based at the Senshin Temple in Los Angeles. I’ve been in Kinnara since May of 1998, and taiko has been beyond an amazing experience. There’s something about taiko.

Something besides the bachi, the drums themselves, the sound perhaps? There’s something special about that sound — what it resonates, in me.

Yohei started it all. He befriended me in the first grade in Mr. Soo Hoo’s class at Wilcox Elementary in Montebello, Calif. Throughout junior high, our best-friendship opened my eyes and mind to many things Japanese and Japanese American. He turned me onto Dragonball (before it became Dragonball-Z and an international phenomenon), Nintendo (the OG one, with the OG Super Mario Bros.), furikake and even the Japanese language. Yohei was a Shin Issei, as both his parents were Japanese immigrants. While he went to Japanese school at Asahi Gakuen every week, I picked up hiragana and katakana and learned simple phrases from him. I read the Dragonball manga out loud, as if it meant something.

As a kid, I loved many things Japanese. Since the fifth grade, my mom would say that one day I’d marry someone of Japanese descent, unconscious of her own biological and ethnic make-up. A lot of people mistake my mother as Japanese. Born in 1938 and adopted as an infant by my grandparents, my mom would tell me that her mother was my grandfather’s first wife, who died from a tragic accident. I never knew my grandfather. He died way before I was born. But I knew and loved my grandmother, who was his second wife. She raised my three older siblings and me.

Before she passed in 1988, she mentioned something to me that I wished I had investigated more. My grandmother said that my mother was partially Japanese. Young and naive, I didn’t understand the significance of this information. Only much more later in life, as I would question my siblings and my own ambiguous ethnic appearance. Someone would even say we didn’t “look” Chinese. What was the truth? Did it even matter? I’ve asked my mother what grandma talked about, but she’s not too sure herself. She does know that she had been adopted by the people who I’d known as my grandparents. But she comforts herself thinking that my grandfather’s first wife was her biological mother.

Could I be a quarter Japanese? Still truly oblivious of my own biological make-up, I have always identified myself as Chinese American, since I grew up speaking Cantonese and English. Does this fact of not knowing affect my ethnic identity, or even somehow influence my daily activities? Perhaps, perhaps not.

Growing up in Montebello, my friends were varied, and many came from different backgrounds, which gave me a sense of multiculturalism. But this fact did not detract me from my appreciation, pride and love of my Asian heritage. Rather, it encouraged me to delve into further exploration.

In college, Asian American Literature and other courses in Asian American Studies and Women’s Studies enabled me to discover many situated perspectives, as well as a collective body of ideologies that spoke to me and my hybrid identity. There were many unheard and disenfranchised voices. There was power in difference, and I embrace it.

Writing book reviews for Giant Robot Magazine, playing taiko with Kinnara and being involved in performance art over the past few years, I am proud to have integrated my cultural heritage into my hobbies and my daily life. I am still learning, and being involved in community projects and events is just the beginning of this process.

I haven’t spoken to Yohei in years. He moved to Japan during college. But I’m sure he’d be thrilled to know that I can still read hiragana and katakana, and play taiko.
ADAPTION
(Continued from page 6)

began our nine-month wait, just like being pregnant, for a referral of a child. On a cold and rainy day in February, the phone rang from our adoption agency with our news. The adoption director told us that our daughter was waiting for us in Jiangxi Province. Her name was Zou Yong Zhong, which means "being forever loyal," and she was a healthy 13-month-old toddler. She was abandoned when she was two days old and was now living in a foster home. We eagerly waited for her picture to arrive and a week later we were staring at a tiny photograph of Zou Yong Zhong. Her head was shaved and she sat there unsniling but there was something in her eyes that called to us. It was then that we knew in our hearts the Red Thread story was true. She was tied to us with an invisible thread of love.

The next few months of waiting became a flurry of baby showers and congratulations, until the night we boarded a China-bound plane to meet and retrieve our daughter. By then, we decided to name her Bailey Rose Yong Zhong — an American name for a new American girl and the keeping of her Chinese middle name to honor her birth parents.

When we arrived in China, however, we were in for a big surprise. Something had happened to our daughter between the time we accepted her referral and her actual arrival into our arms. In late February, she had suffered from a water burn accident at her foster family's house. She was toddling around their home and accidentally spilled a cup of hot water on herself. The hot water splashed onto the back of her head and ran down her right arm to her elbow. Luckily, the foster mom had taken good care of her burn and it had completely healed by the time we arrived in May.

The orphanage director never alerted us or our adoption agency to Yong Zhong's injury because she was unaware it happened until the day she went to escort our daughter to us. Later, we found out that water burns among Chinese children were a common accident because the Chinese boil their drinking water and leave it out to cool. Luckily for our girl, the burn did not damage the muscles in her arm nor the use of her hand. We accepted Zou Yong Zhong on the spot despite her injuries.

The next few weeks in China were spent getting her adoption finalized, her Chinese passport, and a U.S. entry visa. Our agency had well prepared us in the States for any paperwork pitfalls and all we had to do was enjoy ourselves as if we were on vacation. We understood that there would be no maid services, chauffeurs or buffets of ready cooked meals waiting for us once we got home, so we took advantage of this life of luxury before it was over. We also spent every moment forming attachments and bonding as a family.

Rogers' mother and my sister, had accompanied us on our trip and were happy to spend as much time with Bailey as they could, so by the time we boarded the plane to go back home, we were one big happy family!

Our China adoption was a positive experience for us, and we have started paper-work through our adoption agency to adopt another child from China. To date, our documents are almost ready and we expect to hear news of our next child so we can bring him/her home before the end of 2003.

Zai Jian!

Community Gears Up for Soko Bukai Trial

Continued from page 15

unusual for Japanese Americans," Tamaki noted.

"The irony is that if the YWCA in the 1920s was visionary and courageous enough, despite its segregationist policies, to allow something that was marginally legal but the right thing to do, and you compare that to the YWCA board in 2001, it's in stark contrast."

In 1913, California passed the Alien Land Law, the state's first legislation prohibiting Japanese "aliens" from owning property or serving as guardians of property for their American-born children. In 1920, voters passed an initiative closing further loopholes, making the law even more restrictive for those deemed "ineligible."

"From a California historical perspective, the alien land laws represented the most virulent kind of anti-minority legislation that California ever passed, and they shouldn't be permitted to profit from that."

— Attorney Don Tamaki

Patty Wada, have been or are currently waiting to be questioned by YWCA lawyers, who have subpoenaed corporate records and plan to take over 40 depositions.

"Everyone knows our organizations are not part of the lawsuit. It's just a tactic to run up our costs and delay the trial," said Wada, who mentioned that a Soko Bukai rally in July drew over 500 supporters, including Yonako's daughter, Lily Tani Abiko, who recently passed away on Nov. 20 at the age of 85.

Cathy Inamasu, of Nihonmachi Little Friends, a program housed at the YWCA which serves single mothers and 36 Nikkei children ages 2 1/2 to 5 years old, recently spent two days being deposed by YWCA counsel. "It makes you feel like you're the one on trial. It was painful," she said. Inamasu said her program, which has served the community since 1975, is currently on a month-to-month lease with the YWCA, and although they've started a capital fund-raising campaign, efforts to find an alternate site in Japantown have not been successful.

"Besides we saw this population, it would be best for us to stay in Japantown, but if we're forced to move out of there, we most likely won't end up in Japantown."

The YWCA building is also currently home to the Harrison Out of School program for African American teenage girls, which has been in operation since 1992.

"The historical significance of this building," Inamasu said, "given our shrinking communities, is that it's one of the last in the three remaining Japantowns, and we need to preserve it as a tribute to the Issei."
In Memoriam of Toko Fujii
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Umbrella of Care
Writing this was difficult. It's been harder to write about my own experiences than I had thought. My life has changed so much in the last two years. I've moved twice, changed jobs twice, got married, had a baby and stopped working to stay home with my daughter. These changes do not seem so significant in black and white. It is because of these changes, however, that I am now a wife and mother as well as a daughter. I appreciate so much more what it means to be a woman and having survived the emotional challenge of life's changes, am a much stronger individual today.

Two years ago, I was a single woman in her 30's focused on work and finding the right guy. My mother was putting a lot of pressure on me to settle down and start a family. (She was starting to panic since the good childbearing years were slipping away quickly) I am the only child in an immigrant Chinese family. Mom has always told me that my duty is to provide for and take care of my parents as they age. As I got older, providing grandchildren for my parents became another duty on the list.

My Chinese duties did not mix very well with the American values that I learned while growing up as part of the "me" generation. I felt that my first duty was to myself. That meant falling in love with the right person and taking care of my own needs first. My mother thought that I was being自私 and suggested a therapist to help me get over it. My therapist, however, felt that I had a healthy, non-codependent view of life and that my mom needed help to get over her codependence.

My mother is more codependent than she will ever admit. For instance, she has spent the majority of her adult life worrying about someone else. She will always put her own needs after those of everyone else. The expectations of Chinese culture, she is a martyr and she cannot understand why I am not the same way. Now that I have a daughter of my own, I am constantly on guard against becoming a martyr like my mother and putting any guilt trips on my child. I want her to have the benefits of her Chinese heritage, but I don't want her saddled by old, useless traditions. Fortunately, my husband is Irish-French American and does not have outdated Chinese expectations of proper female behavior.

Despite his being non-Chinese, my parents were thrilled when Kevin and I got married. Frankly, I don't think they would have cared if he had horns and a tail since they thought there was no hope left for me. I am lucky that my husband and parents get along well despite language barriers and cultural differences. Kevin has been very supportive of taking care of my parents and is very open to learning about our culture. My parents have also taken Kevin into their hearts as their son. Even the extended families have managed to get along well. I realize our situation is blessed since not all families blend well, especially families that are so different. I am glad that our daughter, Keara, was born into a loving family.

When Kevin and I realized we were pregnant, we spent many hours discussing our hopes and expectations for our child. In thinking of my child, I remembered what it was like for me growing up Chinese in an American world. My parents moved to Los Angeles from Hong Kong when I was four years old. They did not speak English and did not understand or embrace American culture. While I was in school, I was an American. I spoke English, ate American food, played American games and had American friends. When I got home, I became Chinese again. I never felt confused about it until I started college.

It was then that the Chinese value system began competing with the American value system. It was no longer okay to...
take care of me first since I was old enough to be responsible for others first. Everything I did that gave me pleasure made me feel guilty. I felt guilty going out with friends because I should have been home helping my parents. I felt guilty spending money on myself because it should have gone to my parents. It was not that my parents did not love me or were ogres. It was just part of being Chinese and all the centuries of traditional baggage that comes along with being a Chinese woman. My American self did not always like my Chinese self in those days.

I do not want my daughter to ever be saddled with the same baggage or identity crisis that I had. On the other hand, I want her to have the richness of Chinese culture. I want her to grow up with access to the history, the poetry, the art, the music, the language, the food. (Food is always important to the Chinese!) After all, it’s a part of her history as well. I also want her to grow up knowing her Irish-French background. My husband’s family is more American than Irish. I am now, but there is still a richness of culture to be passed on to Keara. Kevin and I have the challenge of helping our daughter find her own identity in a multicultural family.

There is no magic formula to raising Keara. I have more books on how to raise a child than I will ever have time to read. And, in the books that I have read there is always a caveat that what works for one child may not work for another. All I have to go on besides the experts is how my mother raised me. While mom and I never had a touchy-feely mother-daughter relationship that involved a lot of communication, I never doubted that she loved me. Mom would do anything and suffer anything for me. She made sure that I knew how to do basic things like cook for myself and do my own laundry. I always hated all the chores that she made me do, but now I appreciate being able to take care of my own household.

My mother made me strong and independent because she wanted to make sure that I could take care of myself. While she never understood completely what I was able to achieve at school and on the job, she was always proud of me. I could tell by the way she would tell her friends that I wasn’t so smart, but at least I was lucky enough to have a high-paying job as a manager in a large company. Mom has never and never will be able to tell me directly that she’s proud. I have learned to accept the back-handed compliments as her way of telling me just how much she loves me and how proud she is that I am her daughter. Now that I am a mother myself, I understand how much care and effort mom put into raising me. I am very thankful that my mother made me her priority.

As a parent, I also want to teach my daughter to be a strong, independent woman who can take care of herself. The things that I worry about right now are not how I will help my daughter deal with issues about drugs and sex. Instead I worry about how I can help her develop the right foundation now so that she will be capable of making the right choices and decisions for herself. Like my mother did with me, I plan on making Keara my priority. That is why I decided to stop working and stay at home with her. I am very lucky and I have the option of staying home with Keara. I realize that not every mother has that luxury. It is not a decision that I regret although there are days when I would go work for free just to get a little mental stimulus. Those moments usually melt away as soon as I realize just how quickly my baby is growing up.

We were very careful in selecting our daughter’s name because we wanted them to be reminders of her diverse cultural background. Her name is Keara Lee Lai-Yin jacques.

Postscript
I am in the hospital with my mother. She is resting now and recovering from a cerebral hemorrhage that took us by surprise in the middle of the night. Thankfully, the hemorrhage occurred in a part of the brain that did not impair mobility or cognitive ability. Selfishly, I am glad that she is alive because I am not ready to let my mom go yet. There is so much that I still have to learn from her and so much that I want to share with her.
May the Christ that comes into the world to make all things new bring to you and our world a new day of peace and prosperity in this Christmas Season and the New Year.

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All in the Family

I am a part of many families. My membership in my immediate family as a single parent and my membership in my extended family as a daughter, sister, cousin, aunt or sister-in-law are incontestable. In like manner, my membership in the community of women, the intelligentsia, or the community of theater are indispensible.

Throughout my life, however, my membership in some of my ethnic families has been challenged and even disputed. By "ethnic family" I am referring to the ethnic communities of which I consider myself a member. Being a Hapa of native Japanese, Blackfoot Pikuni Indian, and African American extraction, I have ties to those monoracial communities — sometimes tenuous, sometimes considerable.

My chief ethnic family, the Hapa community, is the only ethnic arena in which my belonging is not only sacrosanct, but expected and organic. Now that the Hapa community is embarking upon a third decade of community development, I think it is wise to reflect upon the history that brought us to a position of strength.

Multiracial Identity Comes of Age

Progressive multiracial culture is relatively new; born into U.S. discourse in the late 1970s and continuing with fortitude to present-day. Within this period, several textual constructs have emerged including scholarly books and articles, dissertations, documentaries, cinema, popular periodical literature, multiracial organizational literature, popular media discourse, dramatic literature, poetry and prose, as well as visual expression, art and performance art.

These works have initiated public discourse that is reconfiguring the way that multiracial individuals shall be identified, and is attempting to dispel the myths and stereotypes that have plagued multiracial identity in the United States since the days of the plantation. Examples of these works include:

1) "The Ethnic Identity of Racially Mixed People" by Christine C. Iijima Hall, an unpublished dissertation completed at the University of California at Los Angeles in 1980.

Because of its multicultural and binational aspects that complicate society's efforts to categorize it racially, the Amerasian or Hapa ethnicity has lent credence and support to the growth of the overall multiracial community's movement with the United States and its project: to allow those of multiple races and ethnicities to embrace and identify with all of their cultures, and to identify themselves as multiracial.

I construct the term "progressive multirace" to put a name to the essential and critical contemporary ideas and future hopes of the multiracial movement's project. The collective culture of progressive multirace is what Benedict Anderson describes as a "sub-nationalism" within the borders of old nationalisms "once thought fully consolidated."

In today's sociopolitical climate, an ethnic community cannot be fully consolidated without consideration and genuine embrace of mixed-race individuals in their ranks and the embrace of the sociopolitical needs they may have that differ from a respective community's mainstream agenda.

Of the various monoracial communities of color, the Asian American community has made the most strides in accepting the Hapa community as part and parcel of its past, present, and future. Perhaps it has little choice because of the increasing rate of intermarriages among persons of Asian descent and members of other ethnic backgrounds. In the past, colleagues in the AA community expressed a desire for the Hapa community to be woven into the political fabric of their sociopolitical community. Today, however, AA community leaders seem to be recognizing that along with collaboration exists a need for Hapas to organize as their own family. This is complemented with a fervent effort to find ways for Hapas and AAs to work together toward the realization of common goals that enrich and support both communities, which, of course, are forever linked.

It is my hope that the same can occur with other monoracial communities who have blood ties with Hapas, but who have not yet found ways to work together politically and to break bread with each other socially. Given what I have seen of my teenage son's generation, I am hopeful that they will carry the torch into even greater cross-community relations.

About fifteen years ago, I wrote an article for the
Pacific Citizen about the hard, but uncommonly spectacular, adventure of growing up as a transnational individual of my multiracial blend. One of the things that made that journey easy was having parents who intrinsically understood the multiracial reality of their offspring and who did not allow themselves to be compromised by the one-drop, hypodescent view of race that permeated the United States when I was growing up (and that continues to do so today). In addition to having multiracially present parents, I also had the good fortune of being reared in a transnational Hapa environment in which being Hapa was a normalized identity (from the perspective of the large international community to which I belonged) rather than a peculiarity that confounded the monocultural majority.

Membership in that international family (situated in the midst of a provincial Kansas community) exposed me in an intimate way to diverse ethnicities and cultures — Japanese, African American, Pilipino, French, Italian, white American, Chinese, Korean, Thai, Vietnamese, British, Taiwanese, and others — that expanded my understanding of the world and transformed me into a cosmopolite of the first order. When people used to ask me how a girl from a small Kansas town had such a global perspective on humanity, I replied that I learned it spending time in the kitchens of the foreign mothers of my transnational, multiracial peers.

When I wrote the PC. article, I was newly arrived in California. Coming to California was a significant cultural transition for me because, in a deeper and broader way than I had before, I understood that being Hapa was being a part of a sub-culture within monocultural communities whose embrace of our difference was often tenuous, sometimes merely tolerant, and sometimes entirely absent. In the article, not only did I address my positive perspectives on being Hapa, but I also deliberated upon the ways that various ethnic communities reacted to the Hapa factor in their midst.

Ultimately, the early encounters that I had with Asians (prior to that, my experience was with my own people: Japanese immigrants and other Hapa Nikkei like myself) coupled with my historical encounters with African Americans helped to politicize me. This was largely due to their resistance to Hapa identity and the fact that they sometimes even resisted Hapa membership in their communities. I encountered the challenge of not being “Asian enough” to create Japanese characters and not being “black enough” to create African American characters in my creative writing endeavors. When my liberal AA friends invited me to community organizing events, many were disturbed by my presence even though I was one of the few who was sociopolitically productive.

Although life in Kansas had been challenging due to old-fashioned racism, the new-fangled racism that I encountered in California was astonishing. In Kansas, I was seen as an immigrant outsider—a view which acknowledged my Hapa identity (albeit as a negative) but, in California, I was not even allowed to be what I was. My membership in communities was called into question along with my right to be multiracial — even though I already was and am.

The Birth of a Movement

In the same time frame, something else was occurring that further politicized me. Just as African Americans had experienced the Black Power movement and Asians had experienced their own political power movement in the 1950s and 1960s, a combination of divergent forces led to a similar type of politicization and call to action among multiracial people, including Hapas. This phenomenon came at just the right time for me. Along with my sister, H. Rika Houston, Teresa Williams-Leon, and Philip Tajitsu Nash, I formed a Hapa nonprofit community organization called The Amerasian League in the mid-1980s. We opted to use the term “Amerasian” in order to embrace and include both foreign-born and domestic persons of transnational Asian ancestry, which was not an embrace that existed within the context of other ethnic community organizing, such as in the AA community which was purposefully skewed towards domestic Americans only.

Our goal was to build an international network of multiracial Asians, and educate the public and the media about Hapa identity. We also wanted to mentor young people, particularly those whose views about their identities were in a state of confusion usually due to confrontations with external society about the right of Hapa identity to exist. We conducted panel discussions, poetry and dramatic readings, held picnics and other social events, and, in 1990, held a Hapa conference at the University of California at Los Angeles. It was a small conference, but a landmark for the Hapa movement because it brought together multiracial Asians of diverse backgrounds — including white, African American, and Latino ancestries — and also included multiracial Asians who were not ostensibly of mixed race but had been born and raised in South American countries, whose cultural identity was both Latin and Asian in perspective. The discussions were healing.

As our ability to sustain The Amerasian League waned due to the rise of our individual professional careers, we decided to fold the corporation. Fortunately, Cynthia
By BRIAN NIYIA

On a recent visit to my parents' place on the other side of the island, I happened to wear my glasses instead of the usual contact lenses. Combined with the short haircut I've sported since moving here, the better to keep cool, my mom noted how much I looked like her father. My first thought was, "that's an insult!" But in looking at pictures from the 1930s, I have to admit that my grandfather and I do bear a resemblance. Strangely, the resemblance goes beyond appearance.

I never knew my maternal grandfather. I was fortunate enough to know my other three grandparents, but he died long before I was born. An Issei, Shoichi Sasaki journeyed to Hawaii as a young man in the 1910s, joining family members who were already here. A budding intellectual, he worked for the Nippon Jiji newspaper, one of the two major Oahu Japanese American newspapers before World War II. He became the right-hand man of Nippon Jiji publisher Yasutaro Soga, becoming the managing editor of the paper. He wrote a regular column in the newspaper and also wrote extensively outside the newspaper, publishing a book of poetry in the 1930s. Unlike many Issei men, he married an educated woman around his own age. My grandmother taught Japanese school before she and my grandfather married. They had a family of five children.

According to my mom, he was never seen reading books. In fact, he also insisted that his children learn to read and write Japanese, thus my mom and her siblings are among the relatively few Nisei who are literate in Japanese. She remembers him as being stern, but loving, though that description may fit most Issei fathers. In 1940, the family moved to a new house on 22nd Avenue in the Kaimuki section of Honolulu.

For the most part, I didn't know any of this growing up. What I did know about him was that he died (along with his youngest son, who was 10 years old) when his boat was torpedoed in 1945. The story leading up to that event is a long and sad one, beginning with his being picked up by local authorities on the evening of Dec. 7, 1941, and taken to the internment camp at Sand Island with many other Issei community leaders. Thus began an odyssey that would take him and his family to Crystal City, Texas, then to Japan during the war on a prisoner exchange ship, a one-year foray in Singapore, followed by the ill-fated journey from Singapore to Japan on March 31, 1945. The ship he and his son were on, the Awa-Maru, was mistakenly sunk by an American submarine in an episode widely regarded as America's biggest wartime mistake. My mom was not quite 15 at the time. She spent the remainder of the war years in Japan, before returning to Hawaii in 1947 to rebuild her life. To add insult to injury, the family's new house had also been lost.

My mom married my dad, another Nisei from Hawaii, in 1959 and moved to California a couple of years later, where I was born and would spend the first 35 or so years of my life. I entered college intending to be an engineer, but discovered Asian American studies and eventually went to graduate school in that area. Since then, I have worked as writer, editor, curator, etc. (I'm always tempted just to call myself a "symbolic analyst") mostly focusing on JA history and culture. I began to write a newspaper column in the Los Angeles JA daily in 1994 and have been writing one ever since. I've also written extensively outside of the newspaper column and have published a couple of books. As I began to learn more about my grandfather, the similarities began to mount. And now, I'm beginning to look like him too!

Well, there's more. I married a fellow Nisei who is about my age (and who is now a teacher) and became a family man three years ago with the birth of our first child. We moved from California to Hawaii five years ago and live a few miles east of the house on 22nd Avenue. And do you know, who our daughter most resembles? My mom of course. They have the same personality and temperament, along with similar interests in books and music and arts and crafts. I suspect each is the others' favorite person in the world.

To be sure, there are some differences between my grandfather and me (and between my mom and daughter). He had five children, we're only going to have one. His wife was a stay-at-home mother, mine is the principal headteacher in the family. I have no interest in poetry. My grandfather loved the ocean, while I've never cared for it, though my attitude could well have been shaped by his fate. To this day, I try to avoid boats.

(Though I'm considering taking up kayaking; is this a good idea?)

Until recently, I was never much of a believer in genetics and the passing down of traits from generation to generation within a family. I think I've changed my mind now.

Though of course I've never met him, I've begun to feel close to my grandfather in recent years. I wonder if he were to suddenly reappear, what he would think of this turn of events. I'd like to think that, upon informed of the similarities between him and me, he would say, "that's an insult!"
Adoption, Hapas and the 'Traditional Non-traditional' JA Family

Stewart by David Ikeda

When I first saw her in Arizona that Christmas of 1993, she was sleeping in my grandparents' room. I tiptoed inside and waited until my eyes adjusted to the dark. A faint whispering noise made it sound as if she had a cold. Squinting, I could barely make out her cheeks raising and lowering with small breaths. Yet, I immediately recognized her as one of us.

I don't mean that I accepted her, despite her newness, her foreign origins, her racial isolation. Nor do I believe that it was simply a mystical or chemical or emotional bonding between an innocent and an adult who had eagerly anticipated her coming, though that force was strong. And I don't even think it was how her arrival eased the ache of my grandfather's death in this very room not long before. Rather, I mean that I experienced an instantaneous sense that my new cousin — born in Guatemala, adopted by my Sansei aunt and bakuin uncle that bittersweet Thanksgiving — already belonged.

Even before I parted the curtains to view her features in the morning light, the baby had exhibited a distinctly Ikedai-like stoicism. Formative months in a closed, understaffed orphanage gave her an almost patient in both solitude and care. She had not cried upon waking, but she veiled herself with a kind of soft crib singing for some time until we noticed her. She did not protest being picked up by a stranger in a strange dark room. Nor did she panic when her parents did not appear for over an hour, having taken advantage of the many willing babysitters to take a rare outing together.

We quietly sized each other up. She tested the foreign bristles of my beard and mustache with her fingertips. They were warm and a bit moist, and it made me feel overly hairy and brutish. And for my part, I marveled at the light-tanned complexion of her round face, the straight, just-short-of-black bangs, the slightly folded lids that spoke to her part-native origins. Mariana appeared for all the world to be the biological offspring of her new adoptive parents. In short, a Hapa, like me.

High Anxiety in Japanese America

Since then, I've had more experience and occasion to reflect on the little Yonsei from Guatemala, and what she means to me both personally and for what I envision for Japanese America in the 21st century. It is commonplace that JAs overall have been "diluted" in the limited blood-quantum statistical sense, evidenced in our high out-marriage rate and, most specifically, in our younger generations' mixed-race bodies. It is somewhat less common to observe that our collective wartime upheaval and subsequent hyperassimilation have left even our "pure" Yonsei, with two Sansei parents, "culturally diluted," too. As a diasporic people — like the Jews, forcefully dispersed, wandering, surviving in our separate ways — we face a mounting struggle to maintain our distinctiveness, stories, and heritage.

On a national book tour a few years ago, I was fortunate to speak with hundreds of Nisei. I recall one at each stop (usually a woman my grandmother's age) struggling to the podium under five or six copies of my hardback book. She griped my arm fiercely while I personalized each one for a different grandchild who, "doesn't know anything about our side of the family, isn't interested in it, and isn't Japanese at all. How did you get interested in this?" she wanted to know. Ironically, Sansei and Yonsei always asked, "How did you find out about this?"

A long-standing generational communications gap had created a kind of cultural amnesia among JAs. Mainland Nisei had spent so many years not talking about their lives, distancing themselves from things Japanese, forgetting what their parents had taught them. Meanwhile, grandchildren living scattered in mostly white neighborhoods across the country, thousands of miles from the nearest J-Town, had a little opportunity to form a sense of JA cultural identity. Later, after redress, when grandparents were ready to answer questions about the family history, the grandchildren had too little background exposure or knowledge to know what questions to ask.

"Thank you for writing about this," that Nisei lady would whisper. Full of anxiety, even panic, she wanted desperately to know what will be left of our Japanese heritage in the near future and seemed to fear a kind of extinction. I was not the first author to write about immigration, exclusion, internment, and assimilation, and certainly not the best. But I think what she meant was that the handful of then-young Hapa writers like me who had chosen to explore JA lives in print created some hope that her own family's interest would also be there before it was too late. What she was really saying, I think, was thank you for not letting "our family" disappear.
Unexpected Forms

I believe that a distinct JA culture can and will survive, but perhaps — as Mariana’s Guatemalan origins and place as an Ikeda suggest — in an unexpected form. It will be preserved only very purposefully as family heritage, not automatically as a geographic accident, racial legacy, or birthright. There may be more of us in this century who don’t in fact “look Japanese” or speak Japanese than those who do. If most JAs will look like Mariana and me, we must accept that the JA experience is inherently multicultural and changing — something different from our Japanese roots that we are making up as we go along.

When she was a baby, it was easy for the other Hapa cousins to project Mariana those Japanese-y traits that connected her more closely to ourselves. Changing her diapers, my cousin and I scrutinized slight dark areas at her lower back and decided they were “Mongolian spots.” In writing and conversation, I have always truncated her name, lending it a pronunciation after the fashion of the Japanese Mariko, the name of a great-aunt.

At the same time, we were conscious of her unique origins. My cousin Gillian, who had studied Spanish in school, played clapping games with Marii in that language. My aunt and uncle made the larger adjustment of moving from their generally homogeneous East Coast suburb to a more multicultural neighborhood in a diverse Arizona school district. As a consequence, Marii may ultimately learn Spanish despite her family’s linguistic deficiencies. A good thing, and not only because of her roots. Like me, she will continuously be greeted and questioned on the street by Hispanics who presume her Spanish fluency based on her appearance. Like me, she may also be taken for Middle Eastern, Mediterranean, perhaps Turk, and will elicit surprise to explain that her maternal family is Japanese.

In any case, she already has a nascent sense of what sets her apart from her mainstream peers. Like her cousins, “she knows she’s different in some way from the blonde, blue-eyed kids in school,” her father says. But, asked if she has a conscious sense of herself as the daughter of a multicultural, multiracial, and ethnically Japanese family, he confesses, “I don’t know. She’s a kid, you know? She’s like a sponge and just takes everything in and processes it somehow,” often without a lot of discussion.

Also like her cousins, she will have a consciousness of her “immigrant roots for one thing. Marii’s parents determined early on to disclose the story of her adoption. Further, she has seen the arranged marriage photos of her great-grandparents, heard the stories of their pioneering emigration from Japan, played with katakana language cards, studied the hanging scrolls, tasted the cuisine, and lived with what he identifies as her family.

But unlike these surfaces — physical appearance, and cultural trappings like sushi and ikebana — I wonder about Marii’s emotional and psychic sense of self as she ages. Will she, too, feel a particular comfort among Japanese and East Asian Americans? Will she desire to travel to Japan to visit our family’s villages, admire JA role models, fantasize about living in Hawaii as a mythical place populated by a majority of people “like us”? Will she date Asian Americans? Or, will the story of her birth and racial roots pull her more forcefully? Will she study Spanish and be able to navigate Guatemala should she choose to visit the land of her birth parents or Japanese so that she can converse with visiting relatives? Or both or neither? And how much does it matter?

(New) Traditional Families

Such reflection arises this time every year as I recall the anniversary of her arrival. Further, I am one of those cursed relatives who selects kids’ gifts based on what’s good for them — educational and empowering. I frequent multicultural toy and book businesses, but when it comes down to it, I never know what to buy. An Asian doll or a South American? This year, I’m weighing Yoshiko Uehida’s “The Bracelet” about a little girl’s internment against “1621,” a book about Thanksgiving from the historical perspective of Wampanoag Indians. Sometimes I tie myself in knots and ultimately settle for a book about Hanukkah or a crafts kit. I can be accused of over-thinking and perhaps inappropriately politicizing these decisions for a little girl who would herself probably opt for anything featuring Harry Potter. But don’t we all want our kids to see themselves positively reflected in the world around them, to be proud of their heritage and full of self-esteem, and to learn about other cultures and perspectives?

I’ve been thinking about this, too, because in the past few years, two Sansei relatives and another family friend have all adopted children, as it happens, from China. As it also happens, all are in interracial relationships. These children will look superficially more like their mothers, and thus like a “traditional” JA family. They will also stand out in any gathering of their much more numerous Hapa cousins.

The longer I think about our “non-traditional” family, it begins to seem in fact very traditional in ways that matter. In hours of conversation with my friend Frances Wang, a Chinese American writer and my colleague on Asian-American Village Online, I
I'm perimenopausal, which means I experience hot flashes that seem to go on forever. I frequently feel I am dying, or rather, I wish I were dead. I experience anxiety attacks, mood swings so severe that friends think I'm mentally unhinged. I thank God I still have friends. For the most part, my women friends are at the age where some of them have already experienced it, or look with deep trepidation at me for a glimpse of their own not-too-distant futures.

My husband died four years ago, leaving me childless. I have two dogs, Yorkies, and have recently acquired a sweet yellow tabby kitten. They replace the huge void since my husband's passing. After four years, I still experience deep waves of seemingly unending grief that fill whole days before I pass.

I cried last night as I contemplated writing this essay. My business partner suggested I'm not ready to write it. But I made a commitment, with a deadline, and I feel it necessary to support other women as they, too, will face issues of aloneness, of solohood, most of us will outlast our mates by the average of seven years, I recall reading somewhere. My circumstances, thus, are issues all women face sooner or later. Kurashi, kanashi; suffering alone again.

As a younger widow (I am 52 at writing this; I turn 53 on Dec. 21), I have learned that few people my age understand what the ending of a long relationship is like. We fought endlessly. That had to be the true test of friendship, I guess. The ability to have great knockdown, drag-outs and still burst out laughing at the end of it. A shared life is what I miss most.

He had been outgoing, a talker. I am patient, quiet and shy; writers frequently are.

I research and study my own pain, the relentless search to discover the path to this post-menopausal zest I keep hearing about, as I stare in the mirror at an aging face, graying hair. And I think: was I ever so attractive that someone actually wanted to marry me? Wow! Did I luck out. He must have been blind; he actually proposed! Such are the thoughts of a matron in a youth-oriented society where half-naked women rule the airwaves.

In three years, at age 55, I'll be a full-fledged senior citizen, able to eat lunch at my local senior citizen's center for $2. While I was labeled a senior already two years ago at the center, it only meant I could go on field trips, but I still had to pay full $5 meal prices. I can participate in classes at the center through a program associated with our nearby community college. I took a tai-chi class there and watched older people last way longer than me. I finally dropped the class because I kept having to leave early to rest at home.

I can hardly wait to qualify for senior-discount rates in restaurants. My younger friends look askance at my seeming nonchalance and even gleeful anticipation of my future. They do not yet know that older does not mean dead.

My dogs helped, as did Tigger Mouse, my kitten, who amuses me and her antics. Plus she purrs, which helps me to relax for some reason; it's like a mantra, the sound of a cat's purr. It seems to fill one's whole being. I think it's better than meditation. At least, it works for me. "Whatever works, do it," has become my motto.

Grief puts a lot into perspective. It tests your character, your strength of purpose, your wherewithal. And you come out the other side with a fuller appreciation of what is left: your own spirited journey toward an unknown future that has been doubly blessed because it was shared with someone who saw your worth.

In closing, I offer a proverb I wrote after my husband died: we're born, we die; it's brief, it's sweet.
Nakashima and Susy So Schaller had established another Hapa organization (Multiracial Asian International Network—MAIN) in the San Francisco Bay Area that continued the same important work we had been doing including creating linkages with Vietnamese Amerasians who were newly arrived in the United States from Asian refugee camps.

Now both The Amerasian League and MAIN have faded into Hapa history, but all of the individuals involved with those organizations as well as numerous next-generation Hapas work together in supporting Hapa interests. Hapa Issues Forum (HIF) was founded in 1992 at the University of California at Berkeley. Dedicated to enriching the lives of Asian Pacific Islander Americans of mixed heritage and developing communities that value diversity, HIF has grown into a viable national nonprofit organization with several community-based and student chapters. In addition, the organization creates leadership development opportunities for youth and individuals, and also seeks to create bonds with the AA community to further common goals.

Another organization of merit is Long Beach, California-based Rising Soul. The group was founded by several Hapas who have native Japanese mothers and African American fathers. Their goal is to preserve their Japanese culture via culinary and cultural arts, as well as fellowship with each other. Their membership includes male Hapas, as well as next-generation Hapas of various ethnic compositions. Annually, they hold a Labor Day picnic in Long Beach.

Over the last 20 years, the overall Hapa movement has grown as a result of this community organizing. I look at this growth and the growth of the overall multiracial community as positive signs for Hapa integrity and self-development, but also for humanity in general. As filmmaker Vincent Ward said, "To map someone else's territory is the first step in possessing someone else's land.... Hapas and multiracial individuals cannot allow monoracial communities to map our territories for us. In an organic grassroots fashion, we have begun mapping our own territory and "possessing our own land," meaning that we must define our identity as an individual community and our place in traditional monoracial communities in order to exist in a way that does not allow multiracial identity to be impugned, manipulated, invalidated, or compromised. This is the advent of progressive multiracialism.

Protecting Our Bodies, Our Ways of Life

In 1995, the former mayor of Los Angeles, Tom Bradley, asked me to be the keynote speaker for his annual APA Heritage Luncheon. I challenged the audience with a speech about the realities of the "AA" community versus the fiction of it. Against the fiction of its being wealthy, model-minority, and primarily Japanese, Korean, or Chinese American, I presented the other portraits of ethnic, racial, and economic diversity. I pointed out the number of other ethnicities among "AAs" such as Sri Lankans, African, Eurasians, Indians, Polynesians, and so on and so forth, as well as the fact that AAs have a poverty rate twice as high as that of non-Hispanic whites. I gave figures about AAs on welfare and told stories about AAs who do not have a snowball's chance in hell of being admitted to top universities. I discussed the racism among different AA ethnicities and the lack of information that AAs have about immigrant ethnic groups in their midst, indeed, in their "community."

Such fragmenting issues face every "community," which is why, at the end of the day, these communities appear to be more imagined in their solitude than authentic. That is not to take away from the validity of the sense of community, but that certainly should make such communities aware that other communities that possess such diversity and such frequent heterogeneity also may have just as much right to call themselves communities as any other group; even the group who calls itself "Americans" who are truly United States of Americans and who often forget that anyone from Canada, Central America, Latin America, or South America is also an "American." While these sub-groups or communities often attempt to disallow multirace in multirace's attempt to exist as a community, they are equally as vulnerable to fractures that can threaten the viability of their communities.

A particular group's identity is measured over time and space, and deserves specificity in the consideration of what credible options exist for them, according to Cornel West. Pointing out that identity has to do with "protection, association, and recognition," he states that, "People identify themselves in certain ways to protect their bodies, their labor, their communities, their way of life, in order to be associated with people who ascribe value to them, who take them seriously, who respect them; and for purpose of recognition, to be acknowledged, to feel as if one actually belongs."

Many progressive multiracials do not feel that, in monoracial groups, value is ascribed to them as multiracial beings; nor do they feel that they are taken seriously unless they forfeit all races/ethnicities within them of which monorace does not approve or desire; nor do they feel fully acknowledged in terms of multirace, multicultural, or multinational. Thus, progressive multiracials have merged to be associated with each other and take their multiracial seriously. While defying traditional racial categories, multirace is forced to negotiate with and alongside such convention, thereby constructing its own categorical community in the hope that, when it is all said and done (if it ever will be), we can all be simply and not so simply human, which is just another construct.

Asian Pacific Islander American = Hapa

As a community, multirace is still a novitiate in the arena of community development and invention—albeit, an increasingly sophisticated one that strives to imagine itself with a perpetual style. An important step in that imagining began with the 2000 U.S. Census in which, for the first time, multiracial Americans were able to self-identify their multiple heritages. In the 1990 census, almost ten million U.S. citizens refused to describe themselves as one of the four traditional racial categories and chose the category "other." The National Research Council estimates that, "by 2050, the number of United States citizens identifying as multiracial would be 1 in 5." According to More magazine, in some large cities today, already "1 in 6 babies born is multiracial." In the 2000 census, 14 percent of Asian Pacific Islander Americans (23 million) in the United States checked more than one race. Hapas are one of the fastest growing factions of the APIA community.
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(970) 499-4248
www.itano.net

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Last week I had the pleasure of watching my 13-year-old half-brother play in his first organized football game. It seemed like he had been practicing with his friends all year for this game—which has become an unofficial tradition at his school.

Known to the youngsters at Madison Middle School in North Hollywood as the "turkey bowl," this game matches up about 40 eighth grade boys in a flag-football contest to mark the Thanksgiving holiday. And so with all the cuts, scrapes and grass burns we weathered throughout the year, it was finally time to show what we had worked so hard for.

My brother's name is Raymond. I sat behind three of his friends who cheered him on from the sideline where we were situated. Hearing me cheer along, one of the teenagers leaned back to tell me that he and Raymond are in the same fourth-period class together. My girlfriend and I watched the game from the bleachers shared by an ocean of seventh and eighth graders.

Raymond wore the number 76 on his jersey—a good large number for a 5-foot-8-inch, 150-pound Thai American linebacker. His teammates and opponents were just as big and husky too. Raymond was one of only two Asians on either squad—the other was a healthy-sized Filipino kid.

For most of the game, the two sides battled about the field back and forth as neither team managed to gain the upper hand with a touchdown. The younger the in the bleachers started to get restless, the sun beat harder on our heads and the clock inched closer to the deadly dead bell that marked the end of the fifth period class time and subsequently the end of the game.

Finally, the offensive squad on Raymond's team spotted a weakness in the opponent's defense as their quarterback dropped back into a shotgun formation. There was a boy playing wide receiver who was about three-inches taller than his defenders. The ball was snapped to the quarterback; he fell into the slot and leaned into a pass that sailed away, the lanky receiver.

Raymond and his teammates huddled in a discussion in the end zone. Only minutes remained as the opposing team tried desperately to tie the game. But to no avail. Raymond's first game ended in the win column.

My first organized sporting event came in a different way—a loss. But not simply that. First of all, football wasn't a sport that my peers and I liked to play. As with most Japanese American kids growing up in Monterey Park and Montebello, Calif. in the late 70s and early 80s, we certainly did not seek the brutality of contact sports—much less have the adequate build to compete in such a sport.

For me, the first organized event was a basketball game for the Community Youth Council (CYC) sanctioned Montebello Jets. That was in 1978 at Eagle Rock High School. Putting on the basketball uniform for the first time was every bit as exciting as running up and down a basketball court for 30 minutes—not to mention the sugar-induced high after the game devouring glazed donuts and inhaling Coca-Cola.

Despite being vertically challenged, a lot of JAs in my neighborhood played basketball. In fact, it seemed like my friends and I played basketball every chance we got. I remember playing before school, during lunch and after school. I had a basketball court, my friend across the street had a court and so did my other friend at the end of the cul-de-sac. We played basketball during the scorching summer months and during the chilly winters. When we couldn't play outdoors, we managed to muster a game indoors with a Nerf basketball in the doorway of my neighbor house.

Part of growing up JA in my neighborhood was playing basketball with my friends. Even my other JA friends who lived in other cities played CYC basketball for teams like the Mustangs, Sabers, Wanjus, Tigers and Bruinas. Yet with all of this realization, something was never quite right. Despite running the court, wearing the uniform and looking the part, I still wasn't quite JA enough. The reasons would eventually materialize.

School Days
The first day of school at Macy Intermediate in Monterey Park was a bittersweet memory. Sweet because my friends and I were in a new school together. Bitter because during roll call for each class the teacher could never pronounce my name quite right. I cringed in a antiseptic room when the teacher read the names of the latter half of the roll. And then in an attempt to avoid calling my name, I became fodder for other kids to tease me on the playground—calling me "Sura-bitch" and "Son of a Bitch."

Even some of my own Asian American peers questioned the origins of my surname. For a 10-year-old, this was all too much to handle. Not only were the non-Asian teachers butchering my name, but my classmates and opponents were just as JA as my friends. But why did they care? Why was it so important for them to know? I looked like my JA peers, I dressed like them and I even talked like them occasionally using Japanese words my Sansen-mom taught me like bakatare and masubi.

But before I knew it, I was trying to convince people that I was just as JA as my friends. Not so much to avoid the verbal harassment, but simply because it was much easier. Having to delve into my ethnic background was a complex issue which I didn't even know much about.

Furthermore, and probably more accurately, my father never made an effort to offer that clarification. Sure, I do recall a few instances where my dad talked about his upbringing and learning may thai or kick boxing. But I didn't know much more than any non-Thai person who knows how to order a meal at the local Thai restaurant.

Also complicating the issue was my parent's divorce when I was 12. Around this time I started playing saxophone in the school band. By doing so, I was hoping to fade into a void of ethnic anonymity and to escape the mental pressure of the divorce. Soon the once hot and heavy topic of my surname finalized and became the emphasis on my Thai ancestry diminished into the background.

With my father out of the picture, it was easier to bury any emerging issues about my Thai ancestry. Visitation was not a big priority for my dad. And after about a year of weekend visits, my dad disappeared from my life for the next 14 years. As a result, my priority shifted toward playing music and looking cool with a pair of corduroy pants, an Earth, Wind and Fire concert t-shirt, brushing my hair with the part down the middle and breaking out of my right back pocket.

Now that my mom was forced to
be the sole bread-winner and acting as both mother and father, my "Thai-ness" became more repressed. On the other hand, being a JA was bolstered by visits to Little Tokyo, Nisei Week celebration and family gatherings with my aunts, uncles and cousins—all of whom are JA. My father, to my knowledge, had no relatives in the United States for me to interact with. I con- ceeded to becoming a full-fledged JA: an "SJ" (super Japanese) if you may.

My mom also enrolled me in the Boy Scouts around this time. I hold several fantastic memories about being a member of the mostly JA troop sponsored by Evergreen Baptist Church—which was located in Boyle Heights at the time. Being a member of Troop 361 broadened my exposure to other JAs who lived outside of my neighborhood.

I don't ever recall that being ethnically Thai and Japanese was so much an issue in the troop as it was being Asian at summer camp where we were often racially harassed by white kids. This was one of my first experiences with racism as a child. The elder scouts in my troop were impetuous of this treatment and would often get into fist fights with other kids—at times conducting our own form of justice by vandalizing their campsites at night.

This whole experience brought new meaning to the Boy Scout motto of "be prepared." In our case it meant be prepared for racial slurs and then be prepared to fight back. I can't say that the Boy Scouts taught me much about reverence to God and country. However, it taught me and widened my exposure to music—by vandalizing their campsites at night.

Later Years

Schurr High School in Montebello in 1980 was an even balance of JAs and Latinos (mostly Chicano). My school sat close to the border of Montebello and Monterey Park; a relatively new high school compared to the much older Montebello High School down the street. Schurr is located in an interesting part of the city that encompasses a wide cross-section of economic classes. For the most part, the kids that went to Schurr were from middle-class families and neighborhoods.

Reaching highschool was no feat for me. Getting through it, however, was challenging. I stopped playing organized sports and put time into my musical training—mostly on my own at this point. My peer group began to change in high school, and I was pushed away from the mostly male dominated athletic group to a more gender-mixed circle whose emphasis was on social status and education—the latter which I didn't fare well at but I was still welcomed into the group rev- erently.

Teachers continued to stumble through my name during roll call but I would quickly correct their pronunciation before they or anyone else could make it an issue. A few teachers wouldn't even try saying it. They would just call my first name, "Glenn? Glenn? Sessas." Also, by then, most of my peers from Macay were in my classes and the question about my name was old.

As a senior in 1985 and about five years since I last saw my dad, I was fully immersed in music—writing songs, doing poetry and starting my first band. I squeaked through my senior year by the seat of my pants and reluctantly moved on to college where I studied journalism.

After about three years of school, I got my first writing job at the Rafu Shimpoo in Los Angeles. While cutting copy and rewriting press releases and obituaries, my expos-...
Pacific Citizen: Why did you wait to have a child?

Patricia Kinaga: It wasn’t really a conscious decision to wait. Yes, I was expending much of my energies in establishing my career, but I didn’t actually say, I’ll wait to have a child until after I’m a specific age. In fact, I implore my younger friends to not wait, because our biological clocks cannot be turned back.

P.C.: Did the pregnancy affect your hectic life as an attorney and community activist?

P.K.: Yes, I’ve actually cut down on my time on community activities, while retreating my workload for the firm. I never took a pregnancy leave. Instead, I took a week off after delivering the baby to recover from the C-section, and then worked from home for about one month. Working from home was possible because our home computer is connected to our computers at work.

The biggest challenge was working around my baby Brandon’s sleeping and eating cycles; as with all infants he was on a 24-hour schedule — eating around every 3-4 hours (a combination of nursing and formula). Nursing was a challenge (not so easy at first, but ultimately as rewarding as I’d hoped — given the recent studies which suggest a strong link between breast milk and an infant’s cognitive development), for which I received invaluable advice from my friend who’ve been through it before (e-mail was great!). I worked on a 24-hour schedule based on his needs — in other words, there were many nights when I worked from 3 a.m. to 6 a.m., because that’s when he happened to be sleeping! But not to complain — my body quickly adjusted to these unusual sleep patterns.

After the first month, I started working at the office three to four days a week, then eventually, back to five days a week. However, I try not to work too late and try to stay away from the office on the weekends, once little Brandon arrived, I found myself not wanting to spend too much time away from him — every moment with him is so precious!

P.C.: Was it physically difficult to give birth at your age?

P.K.: I was blessed with an easy pregnancy — no morning sickness, and just the usual heartburn and swelling ankles. I did have to take a battery of tests before getting pregnant — to check that I was in good physical shape. During the pregnancy I didn’t enroll in any special exercise program, although I hear there are some good yoga classes for mommies to be. I also did the usual “watch what you eat” — in fact, junk food didn’t taste all that great, I craved tomatoes and other fresh fruits.

P.C.: Any childcare tips?

P.K.: We were advised to research the childcare providers as soon as possible, well before the due date. It turns out that this advice was for good reason because the better childcare centers have waiting lists of up to two years. Doing this research before the baby is born is well worth the time, because as soon as one arrives, you want to make sure that you won’t want to leave him/her with just any old center around the corner, and running around interviewing centers and other providers will be logistically more “challenging” as you attempt to juggle little junior, your career, the baby seat, diaper bag, etc.

P.C.: What if you had experienced difficulties during your pregnancy? Are there laws which would have provided you the ability to take leave of absence?

P.K.: Yes, under California law, a woman working for a company with at least five employees may be eligible for up to 88 days of unpaid leave for medical difficulties arising out of the pregnancy; the employer may require a doctor’s certification. The leave must be paid if the employer provides paid leave for other types of disability leave.

Under federal law, a woman working for a company with at least 50 employees who becomes disabled due to pregnancy may be eligible for up to 12 weeks of leave. An employer may require the federal and state leaves to run concurrently. However, an additional 12 weeks leave may also be taken under another state law, for what is known as “baby bonding” under the California Family Rights Act. So yes, I could have taken a leave if I had medical complications during the pregnancy.

P.C.: You say that you are still nursing? Has that been difficult given that you work full time in the office?

P.K.: Yes, keeping up my milk supply has been challenging. I try to pump every three or four hours at work, and I carry a battery pack in the car in case I have to pump in a place without an electric outlet. Interestingly, a new law recently signed by the California governor requires that private employers provide a reasonable amount of break time (I find it takes me 15 minutes to pump, then clean the equipment and get back to my desk) to employees desiring to express milk, and use of a room or other private area other than a toilet stall, close to the employee’s work area.

This bill provides an exemption for employers whose operations would be seriously disrupted by providing such a break time, but if the employer is already providing a break for other purposes, the employer should also permit an employee to express milk during the same break.

P.C.: Any closing thoughts?

P.K.: These first nine months as a new mother have been as thrilling, rewarding and fulfilling as I’d ever imagined. I can almost “hear” his mind inputting information like a computer, a mile a minute. Everything he hears, sees, touches, breathes — and eats! — are forming the building blocks for his precious life ahead.

As a result, every minute of interaction with him is like gold, and I plan my days and nights accordingly. Yes, my career and community life are still important, but I view them from a different perspective because of Brandon, and perhaps even more after Sept. 11.
California State archaeologist Larynn Carver navigates a sandy dirt road that runs along the coast of the Crystal Cove State Park in Orange County, Calif.

She points towards the bluffs where three dump sites of a now vanished Nikkei community were discovered. Then she points to Pacific Coast Highway (PCH), which cuts through the state park and notes a strip where several foundations thought to have belonged to former Nikkei homes were taken out a few years ago to improve and expand PCH.

Overlooking the Pacific Ocean, Carver points to a grey structure, which was once used as a Japanese language school.

"I've been asking around, but for the most part, people don't know a whole lot about the Japanese American community that used to be here," said Carver. "There hasn't been one consistent person here over the years that would have the memory that knows these things."

What Carver would like to do is locate descendants of Nikkei families that used to farm the Crystal Cove area before they were forcibly relocated during World War II.

The information will be used to develop a new visitors facility at the Crystal Cove State Park, said Carver, an associate state park archaeologist for the Inland Empire/Orange Coast districts. Crystal Cove State Park is located between the cities of Laguna Beach and Corona del Mar in Orange County.

It is believed that a smattering of Nikkei families began populating the Crystal Cove area around the 1920s. Because Crystal Cove was privately owned, it is believed that the Irvine Company initially allowed the Nikkei families to squat on the land before formalizing lease agreements years later.

State records and aerial photographs taken in the 1930s indicate that Nikkei families farmed peas, corn, tomatoes and strawberries.

There are no records of a Nikkei fishing industry, although the families lived right on the coast.

"I haven't heard of a fishing community, but you know, it would only make sense to me when there's this great reef out there," said Carver. "The fishing would've been really good so they may have not done it commercially but I would imagine they would've done it, at least, just to eat."

When WWII broke out, records indicate that the Crystal Cove Nikkei community was forcibly evacuated to the Poston War Relocation Authority camp. They were resettled in the area after the war.

For the next four decades, this pre-war Nikkei community was largely forgotten. It wasn't until 1980, when the area became a state park that state researchers began examining the history of Crystal Cove, thus unearthing the pre-war Nikkei community in the process.

At that time, State Park Interpreter Marvin Brienes contacted Dr. Arthur Hansen, history professor and director of the Oral History Program at California State University, Fullerton. Through Hansen's help, Brienes was able to locate and conduct short oral history interviews with three Nikkei families — the Fujita, Honda and Miyada families.

Hansen, who has done extensive work on the history of Crystal Cove, said that some of the items he found during his inspection included "broken pieces of china with 'oriental' designs," and that "one piece clearly showed a pagoda and another beige piece, without any design, appeared to be half of a 'rice bowl' broken in two pieces."

A third historical dump site was uncovered in 1990 on private property adjacent to the Crystal Cove State Park. A report on some of the findings at this trash dump filed by the Managing Archaeologist Roger Mason said in part: "None of the ceramic vessels are whole. There are fragments of 10 porcelain bowls, some of which say 'Made in Japan' on the..."
base."

Carver said they have no plans to excavate the dump sites. "We want to minimize any sort of damage to the area so there are no plans to excavate them," she said. "But whenever something new turns up on the surface after a rain or something like that, we record it."

As for the Japanese language school building, it along with 45 other wooden frame structures located at the mouth of Los Trancos Canyon, has been registered with the National Registry of Historic Places.

It is not known when the Japanese language school structure was built. When the war started, the structure was relocated a few yards and used by the Marines guarding the coast. After the war, the structure was remodeled for use as a residential space. The original one room was partitioned off, and over the years, other rooms were added as a guest bedroom, half bath and garage were added.

Crystal Cove's history is not limited to the Nisei community. The land was owned by the Irvine family from the early 1900s. When the Irvine Company deeded a part of its ranch road in 1924 to the state highway department, the state constructed a new coastal road, known across Southern California today as Pacific Coast Highway.

With a newly paved road, residents from neighboring Los Angeles County flocked to the seaside for recreation. It didn't take long for the area to attract the attention of Hollywood's silent film industry. The cove's balmy weather and palm trees became a popular backdrop for movies needing a tropical, South Seas type of background.

While state documents indicate that exact information is lacking, it is believed that some of the early silent movies filmed in the area include "Rain," starring Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore, and "Half a Bride," featuring Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper.

Seeking Nisei Students

In Search of 1930s Nisei Students

From the 1930s


Very few copies of this book exist today, and Hirohata's granddaughter, Joyce, would like to republish this volume.

As part of this project, Hirohata is searching for the students (or their surviving relatives) to see what became of them. She hopes to collect life stories and add pictures to the speeches in the new edition.

To date, she has found 34 people out of 49. Fifteen people are still missing. Hirohata is asking the community's help in locating the remaining 15. If you have any information, please e-mail hirohata@earthlink.net or write 4200 Park Blvd #132, Oakland, CA 94602 or call/fax: 510/363-2481.

In Search of Crystal Cove Families

This list compiled by state researchers who searched through the Poston camp roster for Nisei family names with Corna del Mar or Laguna Beach addresses. The listed ages are that of individuals in 1942. Some family names may be misspelled due to difficulty in reading the documents or mistakes by the original notetaker.

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In Search of Crystal Cove Families

Contact Information

Anyone with information is asked to contact Larryn Carver, associate state park archaeologist for the Inland Empire/Orange Coast districts, at 17801 Lake Perris Drive, Perris, CA 92571; 909/443-2416; or fax: 909/443-2406.
California State Nisei AA Baseball Tournament will celebrate the 50th anniversary Labor Day 2002. Former players, coaches and families are invited to celebrate with us. Call (323) 661-8769 for information.

Happy Holidays
From the Members and Organizations of the East San Gabriel Valley Japanese Community Center

1203 W. Pujante Ave
West Covina, CA 91790
Phone (626) 960-2566 Fax (626) 960-0866

Japan American Korean War Veterans
410 W. Amerige Avenue, Fullerton, CA 92832-1709
Tel (714) 392-5461 Fax (714) 325-9781

Happy Holiday Season
51st Anniversary of the Korean War

During this holiday season and time of remembrance, we invite you to visit the Japanese American War Memorial Court at the East San Gabriel Valley Japanese Community Center, 244 So. San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, California.

We also have a memorial listing the names of the 247 Japanese Americans who died in Korea during the war located in Imjin-Gak, Paju City, South Korea.
Memories for Junko

By EMILY MOTO MURASE

Dear Junko,

This has been a year of ups and downs for our family. Since you are only two years old, you will have little recollection of the year's events, so I thought I would recount them here, in the hopes that they will reveal a few life lessons that will be of value to you someday.

January: We started off the year in Los Angeles with daddy’s side of the family at Auntie Edith and Uncle Ken’s house in West Los Angeles. It was a happy time, catching up with dozens of cousins, aunts, and uncles who gathered from as close as a couple of doors down and as far away as New York City, sharing in Oshogatsu delicacies (you especially enjoyed Auntie Edith’s famous chanoe musubi), and listening for Auntie Mimis radio clip on National Public Radio. A Japanese American New Year’s always involves a family gathering and food enough to nourish the entire community and then some!

March: Just like last year, we celebrated Oban Matsuri, the Japanese Girl’s Day holiday, at Ojichan and Obaachan Murases’ house. This year, you weren’t too excited about wearing your kimono, so you wore a party dress instead. Someday, you will have to learn the order in which thechina dolls are to be displayed: the emperor and empress on top, followed by the three ladies-in-waiting, then the five musicians, the three-foot men, and the two guards at the bottom. Every hand-painted doll, every hand-crafted accessory has a special place on the display.

April: For my work, I took a trip to Japan while you stayed home with daddy. I went to see my cousins who live on a farm house in Tottori. They have lots of kids, just a little bit older than you. I dearly wanted you to get to know your Japanese relatives, and pick up a working knowledge of the language, so we discussed having you come for annual visits, once you are old enough. Obaachan was determined that me, my sister Mimi, and my brother Geoffrey would grow up bilingual and bicultural and her efforts have really paid off. Even Uncle Geoffrey who, unlike me and Auntie Mim, has not lived in Japan as an adult, can make headway, Phikyo!

May: This was our toughest time of the year. After battling a long illness, Grandpa Taniguchi passed away. You loved your grandpa so much and he loved you very much too. When you are older, you will learn all about his dedication to the JA community in Fresno, his years of service to the JACL, and his many accomplishments in life. With your infectious smile and boundless energy, you helped everyone, especially Grandma Taniguchi, Auntie Mary, and Uncle Ian, get through this difficult period.

June: We celebrated Grandpa Taniguchi’s life with family and friends. He embodied the three values central to our cultural heritage: on (obligation), giri (duty), and ninja (humanity). We heard stories of the many people he helped, sometimes unknowingly throughout his life. Later, we took time to celebrate your second birthday, a gentle reminder that along with death comes life.

July: Auntie Mimi and Uncle Greg moved back to San Francisco after spending many years on the East Coast. You used to be afraid of Uncle Greg because he was Caucasian. But now he is one of your most favorite uncles because he likes to lift you high into the sky! Auntie Mimi and Uncle Greg are expecting a baby boy, your very first cousin, who will be biracial. They decide to name him Kenji, after his grandfather. All of your aunts and uncles love to babysit you, especially Uncle Geoffrey and Auntie Christine!

September: Terrorism of unimaginable proportions shattered the peaceful skies over New York and Washington and we worried about your cousins Kenji and Noah who live not far from the World Trade Center. We were very relieved to learn that they were safe, but the country embarked on war and we entered a time of grave uncertainty.

November: As we have done each year, we gathered with family and friends at Asilomar near Monterey for a post-Thanksgiving retreat of the Nora Sterry Lighted School Santa Monica Monterey for a post-Thursgiv­ ing retreat of the Nora Sterry Lighted School. You told everyone that you are in heaven where he is catching lots of big fish. Fishing is a hobby shared by nearly everyone in the family, and by countless other members of the JA community!

In the New Year: You will be welcoming a little sister in late January! You will have to show her the ropes in terms of our many family traditions. From Oshogatsu to Oban Matsuri, from “chuyosgoaimaidas” in the morning to “oasumimisai” at bedtime, from eating tofu to纳豆, there will be many aspects of your JA heritage that she will have to learn. As part of your on and giri, you will be her teacher, and a good one, I’m sure.

Love,
Mommy

Emily Moto Murase resides with her husband Neal Taniguchi and daughter Junko Bryn in San Francisco. She can be reached at emurase@stanford.edu
If there is a claim to fame that my brother Ike and I can make, it is that we were the first Japanese American male twins born in the Imperial Valley. It ain't much, but what the heck.

We were born in El Centro, Calif. in 1928. We were given Japanese names without a middle name (like most Japanese) but were soon given the nicknames of a pair of twin characters in a comic strip of that time, "Mike and Ike." If you remember the strip, you are old. But I'm glad for it because I never cared for my given Japanese name. I can't speak for Ike because we're fraternal twins and don't think alike as often do identical twins.

I don't remember anything of our early years in the Imperial Valley, but many a time some former resident, who was much older, would say to me, "Oh, you two boys were a handful. You'd come to our farm and get into everything!" I don't remember a certain cat incident to which Ike refers. All I can do is plead the innocence of a child. Sometimes having two boys of the same age getting into mischievousness must have been a lot for Mom to handle. I can still hear her say, "You two boys are driving me crazy! We have a much younger sister, Gloria, who probably had a calming effect on Mom after the two of us.

It would be easy to say we were a study in contrasts. Very early on in our lives, we started to develop different personalities. I think that perhaps we began to dislike being compared to each other. Ike became more fastidious, while I was, I would say, the more relaxed, easy-going kind of guy as I am even today.

One Christmas, we received bicycles, and Ike went to great lengths to keep his bike shiny and clean. He would even shine each spoke. A small leather loop was hung on the wheel hub to keep it shiny bright. Even to this day, Ike keeps his car and truck spotless, dusting and washing them frequently. I like to keep my car clean too, but I don't wash it with such regularity. Back in Phoenix, I had a Chevrolet that Ike kept shiny. One day, Mom rear-ended another car and sent up the grille. Ike stopped cleaning the car until the damage was repaired.

Me? Well, I think the bike helped to sharpen my mechanical aptitude. I could take most of it apart, grease the bearings and assemble it without any leftover parts. Some time before kindergarten, we moved to Phoenix, where Dad started his seed business. I remember that next door was an automobile repair garage owned by Mr. Yoshiga. I used to watch Mr. Yoshiga as he worked on cars. It was probably there that I developed my interest in things mechanical.

Identical twins, we have learned, usually have very similar personalities. Ike and I, as fraternal twins, have our separate likes, dislikes and abilities. While we share many friends, we also have our own separate circle of friends.

About the time we were ready for first grade we moved back to California, first to Rosemead then to El Monte, where we attended school from second to eighth grade. We first went to El Monte's segregated school, Lexington Street School, which was just over the back fence from where we lived. Lexington was for Asian and Hispanic kids up to the fourth grade. Black people were not even allowed to live in town.

Mom and Dad were unhappy about Lexington and talked to the principal of the white kids' school, Columbia Street School, about being allowed to enroll there. The principal of another school, Mountain View, happened to be there and said we could go to his school. It was a mile away, but we transferred there.

At Mountain View, we were two of only four JA students. The other two were Ruth Higa and Tatsuo Hinoki. All of our friends and neighbors were white. Back in Phoenix, we were probably very fluent for our age in Japanese, but in El Monte we soon forgot the language and spoke only English. Our parents both spoke English; Dad was a graduate of New York's Columbia University and Mom came to the United States in her teens. What Japanese we knew couldn't last in that environment. At one time we enrolled in Japanese school, but that was a bad experience. The teacher was a real meany. Ike and I were a little older than others in the class and the teacher ridiculed us for being so dumb. She would whip the students with a stick. To this day, my knowledge of Japanese is such that my wife Grace won't allow me to utter anything in the language. I really mess it up.

Ike, on the other hand, had acquired an ear for languages. He can carry on a credible conversation in Japanese and as a foreign service officer for the U.S. Agency for International Development he learned Vietnamese, French and Spanish in order to serve in foreign countries. As for me, I make a real mess out of Spanish too.

When we entered the Pomona Assembly Center in 1942, I underwent a sort of culture shock. More Japanese than I imagined existed and so many that
Anyone familiar with the history of the Japanese in Imperial Valley knows of the obstacles they faced. Racial prejudice was harsh and producing crops in the arid desert where others failed was a daily challenge. Their hard work, however, paid off as they pioneered the raising of many crops never produced before.

Our immigrant parents were proud to have two boys at once, but the job of raising us in America in the conditions of the time presented many challenges. Having twins in the Japanese community was big news in those days. Our mother had to be a good housewife and parent at the same time. It was a struggle to keep the family business going and to provide food on the table. Even when food was short, our parents made sure we were well nourished, while they did without. Our father worked hard to earn a living. Most of the farmers who bought the seeds were poor and had to pay for their purchases when the crops were harvested and marketed. As vegetable farming goes, some years were good, while others were not. And as a small merchant, who relied on his customers' success, there were risks.

When we were old enough to ride in the family car, Dad took us on his rounds to the farms of his customers. I've been told that as boys, we were real troublemakers. One story goes that we grabbed someone's cat and tried to force it into their kitchen stove, which was wood burning. Why we would do such a cruel thing remains a mystery. Another story is the protection we had from our big German Shepherd dog who, when we wandered away toward the busy street in front of our house, would block us with his body, gently shoving us away from danger.

Twins, as you may know, are born either identical or fraternal. Identical twins result from one egg which splits into two and yields two babies that look very much alike. Fraternal, which we are, result from two separate eggs so as twins don't look as much alike. Mike and I were mixed up when we were kids but nowadays look only somewhat alike in size, weight and other characteristics. Some fraternal twins I've noticed look quite different and are thought to not even be the same age.

As twins go, our personalities are different. Though raised in much the same environment and given equal treatment by our parents, the development of our personalities was different. Mike was more of an extrovert and I was more of an introvert. I was more conscious about neatness and he was less so. Mike was more scientifically curious and I was less so. Academically, we were about the same, receiving nearly the same grades in school. In Heart Mountain, we both joined the Boy Scouts but were in different troops. We were both members of the Boy Scouts drum and bugle corps, which we enjoyed very much. We also attended the same Christian church, sang in the choir and went to the same social events. Neither of us was very good at sports. Our sisters differed in that Mike pursued his love for art and music, whereas I joined the foreign language club and worked mostly abroad as an agricultural advisor in developing countries like Vietnam, Nicaragua and Africa. We're both married, Mike to Grace for 50 years and me to Ruth for 44 years. So far, we have four grandchildren, Mike and Grace have three. As some believe, in succeeding generations twins are born again, but so far no other twins have shown up.

We have a younger sister, Gloria, the last of the family's three children. Being the only sister of two older brothers is a unique relationship, one that both Mike and I can relate to as we had two sons each, followed by one daughter. Aside from our deceased parents, Gloria is the only one who has...
Season's Greetings

Toshio &
May
HIRATA

1835 Driver Avenue
Lancaster, PA 17602

Fulfilling New
Tomorrows with
Peace and Joy in
2002

N. Taeko
Okada
14th St. at 8th Ave.
Westport, CT 06880

George & Kimi
YUZAWA
275 Missouri St.
San Francisco, CA 94107

Happy Holidays
Sue Sumida
Kubo
219 East 66th St.
Brooklyn, NY 11238

Season's Greetings
James & Susan
NISHIMURA
Long Island, NY

BEST WISHES
Woodrow and Hisayo Asai
50 W. 53rd St., Apt. 50
New York, NY 10019

Happy Holidays
Sarah M. & Francis Y. Sogi
733 Ulumauka St.
Honolulu, HI 96816

Sam & Sumi K
134 Lefurgory Ave.
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

Peace on Earth & Good Will
Season's Greetings
Nobuko Cobi Emoto
Narita-Ash
2 Victor Court
Oyster Bay, NY 11771

Shig Tasaka
802 W. 19th St.
New York, N.Y.

Season's Greetings:
Ken and Jane
Yasuda
275 Missouri St.
San Francisco, CA 94107

George & Kimi
YUZAWA
167 De Long Ave.
Dumont, NJ 07628

Happy Holidays
Sue Sumida
Kubo
219 East 66th St.
Brooklyn, NY 11238

Season's Greetings
James & Susan
NISHIMURA
Long Island, NY

3rd Party
Best Wishes
Woodrow, NY 10027

Happy Holidays
Sarah M. & Francis Y. Sogi
733 Ulumauka St.
Honolulu, HI 96816

Peace on Earth & Good Will
Sam & Sumi K
134 Lefurgory Ave.
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

Peace and Harmony
New York
Buddhist Church
Rev. T. Kenjitsu Nakagaki

Happy Holidays and
a Joyous New Year
from
The Stephan Family
Mary Nishimoto, David & Mark

Peace and Hope
from
Lillian C. Kimura

GAMBARE!!

SEPTEMBER 11, 2001
A tribute to Minoru Yamasaki, Architect, World Trade Center
JACL's Japanese American of the Biennium, 1962

GAMBARE!!

NEW YORK CHAPTER
JACL

NEW YORK

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New York, NY 10024

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for all Mankind!
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New York, NY 10023

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Tel: 212-902-2109 | Fax: 212-357-8106
e-mail: kenta.takamori@gs.com
**Eastern District**

As the District most directly affected by the four horrific acts of terrorism on September 11, 2001, we pledge ourselves — now more than ever — to endeavor to be “better Americans in a greater America.”

JACL Eastern District Council

**Washington, D.C. Chapter**

Sixty years ago
In Washington, DC
A wise man
Gave forth a Creed
And our community
A simple Creed
Whose words
Still ring true today
In these trying times
We are and must be...

**Better Americans in a Greater America**

**Washington, D.C. Chapter**

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My husband George and I celebrated our eighth wedding anniversary recently. Our wedding was what we believed to be a perfect melding of our cultures. We were married in the Episcopal Church by my family priest, who asked both Jesus and Buddha to bless our union. We "lei'd" each other's parents as part of the ceremony. I even submitted to being squeezed into a too-small kimono for some formal photographs before the wedding.

When George and I were dating in college, we used to say that we were an "I.R. Couple" (I.R. = interracial). At that time, we believed that our differences were only cosmetic. Our bond would cross cultures because we were children of the world and couldn't be defined by our passports (mine American and his Japanese).

We truly believed that we were both sophisticated and educated enough to create a family that successfully blended our languages and cultures. My own family can be considered interracial (my dad is half Korean and my mom is your basic WASP). Additionally, I am from Hawaii, lived in Asia and studied the Japanese language and culture in college. Despite having a rather homogenous racial background, George lived in Europe and the United States for most of his life and is this point more American than Japanese.

Our vision was to raise our children bilingual and multicultural. The problem with this plan was what little Japanese I learned, I'd forgotten by the time we had kids. Since I am with them more than my husband, our family language became English.

As a parent I quickly slipped into the same traditions that we had in my family growing up and because in general women are the keepers of tradition, my husband followed along. Although there is an Asian flair to my family traditions (i.e., I make a pretty good fried rice, we use chopsticks and the turkey is stuffed with kimchee/stuffing at Thanksgiving), we somehow became distant from my husband's culture and language.

We hadn't realized how much until we started getting involved with the Japanese American community. One day before going to a JA event, my four-year-old daughter asked, "Are we going to see the Japanese people today?"

"We have since enrolled her in Japanese school on Saturdays, and she is not only learning the language but also starting to feel that she is part of the JA community. We are now doing more of everything Japanese — books, videos, food and phrases. My two-year-old son is already asking to go to Japanese school like his big sister.

As George and I continue to try to define a linguistic and cultural identity for our immediate family, we realize that this is not a new or even unique problem for many Americans. Families in this country have been struggling to blend language and culture for more than two centuries. Many families have done it more successfully than we have.

In the years since our bilingual/multicultural wedding, we continue to try to raise our family in the same vein. We now understand it as a worthwhile challenge and not as a natural result of the union of two "children of the world." We are definitely not as sophisticated as we once thought we were.
By HARRY K. HONDA

ONE FIGURE in the annals of the War Relocation Authority (WRA) history which I found difficult to understand was the "number of families" evacuated though the expression, "family" or "families," abounds in the pages of its Final Report (1946). But you do find the number of persons. The Relocation Division report notes, "Approximately 113,000 persons of Japanese ancestry, two-thirds of them American citizens, were living in freedom in California, Washington and Oregon" on Dec. 7, 1941. "Within less than a year, all of them were gone from these States."

What may be a reason for not spotting the number is that breakaways in the families were arrested by U.S. government agents (G-men) in ingenious enemy aliens, thus breaking up the family unit — particularly for statistical purposes.

In April 1942, the U.S. Army and WRA officials convened with the governors and attorneys general of the Western states at Salt Lake City to explore the resettlement program (i.e., "assisting evacuated persons to resettle in other parts of the country"). and also to seek their understanding and cooperation. Most of them, the governors and attorney generals, however, were not sympathetic. Some expressed bitter animosities toward settlement or purchase of land by any Japanese in their states.

The lone governor who would welcome evacuees (Colorado Gov. Ralph L. Carr) paid a political price for his principles. "So hated were the Japanese Americans (in Colorado) that his career in politics was finished," recalled Bill Hosokawa in his column.

Some governors indicated definite suspicion or conviction that California was using the interior states as "dumping grounds for an old problem." Some feared the temper of the people in their states could not be controlled unless the evacuees were brought under guard. Some refused to recognize that the U.S.-born Japanese had any rights. And some, embarrassed by the government guarantee "to remove any and all Japanese remaining at the end of war." The West Coast hysteria of 1942 might be akin to the fear of terrorism born from the fever of Sept. 11th.

Eisenhower Disappointed

At the close of this conference, WRA Director Milton Eisenhower (the younger brother of General Dwight E.) was extremely disappointed and said immediate requests for evacuee workers would have to be delayed. Soon after his decision was known, agricultural interests in the intermountain states began requesting the release of evacuees for work in the sugar beet fields. So strenuous and insistent were the requests, which were in direct conflict with the statements of governors and public officials expressed at the conference.

Seasonal workers were eventually allowed to leave assembly centers and camps to take jobs outside after answering a questionnaire that included the disingenuous Questions 27 and 28 as documentary proof to the commanding general of the Western Defense Command that the WRA had met the conditions set forth by the Army.

WRA thought around in the farming communities that these newcomers were federal charges and that anyone acting against them would be answerable to federal officials. There were occasions when WRA threatened to withdraw workers and, as a result, employers saw to it that reception was immediately improved.

Divorce and Dole Were Hard

The greatest difficulties in relocation planning arose among families with dependency problems or serious social maladjustments, the WRA final report admits. Special efforts were made to get more families and older people to relocate. WRA knew that the losses were going to go on until a dole or divorce. They knew "preservation of the family was foremost in the minds of the evacuees, even at the sacrifice of the individual from the center where the evacuees are housed."

In fact, the WRA Relocation Office worked with local social agencies to move the family as an individual from the center where the evacuees were housed, continue existing friction or lack of social guidance. To do so, the evacuees removed the limitation on weight of personal property which relocating families could have shipped at government expense, such as equipment, tools and furniture necessary to an evacuee's trade, business or profession. There was, however, a 5,000-pound maximum limit. Pullman accommodations were available for the-kick and the infirm relocating with their families. Coach fares were authorized for those making a final investigation of relocation opportunities, if approved.

When the WRA announced Jerome Relocation Center would be closed June 30, 1944, the residents got four months notice. The small population of 6,600 residents and the close proximity to Rohwer allowed the center to close on schedule. It was the first center to shut down. The nearby Scabrock Farm story comes to mind here: at the first group there bailed from Jerome.

WRA 'Bugs' the Army

About this time, it appeared the exclusion order might be lifted and that it would lead to general dissolution of all relocation centers. WRA's relocation program continued unabated. Cities such as Chicago, Minneapolis, Cleveland and New York had a surplus of ordinary jobs and adequate housing was available.

At the same time, the jobs in the relocation centers were becoming more difficult to fill. Most of the unattached young people and self-reliant families were gone. Many with large families, on the other hand, feared it would be difficult to even support the family on the outside. As the WRA feared, the final report read:

"Center living was being accepted as a normal way of life by many and complacency in regard to it was common. Apathy marked the attitude of an increasing number. It was apparent that continued center living was not only demoralizing but was tending to disinherit the fiber of a people who had, previous to Evacuation, been self-reliant, sturdy and independent. "Children were being especially affected by the segregated nature of camp life; by lack of contact with other Americans."

The WRA also believed that most of the people would leave voluntarily if they could return to their former West Coast homes. WRA repeatedly brought these facts to the attention of the Army and urged the earliest possible resinding of the general exclusion order. And it happened.

Exclusion Order Lifted

The Army rescinded the exclusion order on Dec. 17, 1944, which had been in force since March 1942. The lifting of the order was effective Jan. 2, 1945 — the most significant event in the life of the Evacuated People and the program of the WRA. Leave permits were no longer required. The WRA would relocate families back to the West Coast by train, though this was complicated because of military demands. The country, at war, still needed the skills and manpower represented by the center population.

However, a survey of the situation in April, 1945 (one month before VE Day), showed most evacuees still in the centers were in no hurry to return to the West Coast. They learned that finding jobs and housing as well as favorable community acceptance was difficult. Rubbly anti-Japanese prejudice and discrimination still existed.

Other facts bothered the evacuees with the camps about to close:

(1) The average age of the 1Issei ranged between 60 and 65 and they were now dependent upon their sons for assistance and support, but many were away serving in the U.S. Army. Thus, the Issei were reluctant to consider relocation.

(2) The complete destruction of their financial foundation built over a half century was a factor, a condition now known as mental suffering.

(3) And because of the acute shortage of adequate housing, the basic need in resettlement was lacking. As the Nisei scrounged for a "Nazi-naki," many opted for trailers that were even smaller than the camp barracks apartment.

Here's another look at family in the Nikkei experience. Sad, isn't it? Let's not forget it.

With Permission: Stone S. Ishmanu, TecCom Productions

Tacoma evacuees arrive in their automobiles at the Puyallup Assembly Center in Washington.

With the family in the Spectre of 1942.
This is the time of year that we reflect upon all those things for which we are blessed and thankful for. One of the things that brings me joy is my recent marriage to Lee.

Lee and I have been together for more than 10 years. We met as graduate students at UCLA. Although we share many core values, we come from different cultures. I am of Asian descent, and although it sounds like he could be Asian too, Lee is not. He is of Eastern European descent, or more specifically, Lee's Jewish.

In this age when out-marriage within the Japanese American community is on the rise, it is no surprise that I too am now part of this phenomenon, if you can call it that. Although we are considered an "intercultural" couple, I see us as just "a couple."

Of course, things haven't always been easy. In fact, eight years ago we were victims of racial intolerance. The experience was so unsettling that it threatened our relationship. In the summer of 1993, after visiting Lee's relatives, we drove across the country from Florida to Los Angeles. We stopped in New Orleans on the way. It was an overcast, hot and humid day in the French Quarter with occasional rain showers.

We had just ducked into a cafe to have lunch before we left for our long drive through Texas. No sooner had we ordered our food when a rather loud, obnoxious and inebriated old man (70 years plus) came in and ordered a beer. He kept looking at us while we waited for our lunch and after a few minutes of deliberation, he finally came up to us and started pointing a finger at me saying, "You're Chinese! You're Chinese! He's not! White and Blacks are okay. But not White and Yellow!"

When the waitress realized that we were being harassed, she had the cook assist her in escorting the old man out of the establishment, but he insisted that he wouldn't leave until he finished his beer. After pouring it into a plastic cup for him, he reluctantly was led to the door, but not without reiterating his feelings by yelling, "White and Yellow don't mix! They're bad! You're bad!"

Here was a total stranger yelling at me about my relationship and how, in his opinion, it was wrong. I was shocked and stunned speechless. In fact, I was so shaken, that I told Lee that I needed to leave. I somehow felt that place at that moment, then all of the bad things that were said to me would be left behind too. I've never walked so fast in my life. In fact, I drove us out of New Orleans so fast that I almost got a speeding ticket.

What does this experience have to do with interracial marriage? It made me realize that the only thing that matters in a relationship is the couple's love for one another. Although we don't always look at everything from the same cultural perspective, Lee is always supportive of the things that matter most to me. In spite of our cultural differences, we have very similar values. We were both raised to value an education (because it allows you to get involved with the fight for justice and tolerance, and ultimately to my work with JACL and the Asian Pacific Islander community in Los Angeles).

As I continue on this life's journey with Lee, I know we will share these lessons with our own children someday because there is no reason for them not to be proud of their mixed ancestry.

Beth Au is the JACL-PSW district regional director.
The recent demolition of the World Trade Center in New York and parts of the Pentagon in Washington, D.C., suddenly brought the issue of family into focus. Coincidentally, the Pacific Citizen announced "family" as the subject of its 2001 Holiday Issue a week after Sept. 11.

I am retired and live with Betty, my wife of 59 years, and our thoughts immediately were directed to our two sons and their families, including our three grandchildren. Our two sons are grounded in the Christian faith, for no our marriage we were determined that they would be exposed to a religious faith so they needn't struggle as I did trying to understand God. Our parents were Buddhist, but they, and we, had no long-term formal relationship with the temple. I met Betty at the First Baptist Church in Chicago where Nisei of the Christian persuasion from the relocation camps congregated every Sunday, mainly to meet the new arrivals from the camps. Dr. Jitsuo Morikawa, pastor of that church, eventually married us.

With the terrorism attacks, there was a sudden need to join with others of faith to pray for those that were stricken and for their families. And so we went that next Sunday to our local Japanese American church (Crossroads Community Church in Mission Viejo, Calif.), which is also attended by many non-Japanese.

There, we found the Sansei families together, many with non-Japanese spouses. They are starting the journey of life and are suddenly faced with a national crisis. This recalled for us our beginnings, which started in Chicago in 1948. We too had gone through a crisis—World War II. For me, that included Pearl Harbor, incarceration in a relocation camp, release and draft into the Army, returning to school via the GI Education Bill and graduation to face the outside world.

Although Betty and I lost our parents early in our lives, I recall that the Issei in particular were extremely fussy about whom their children married. Since we had no parents, I suppose we were not very good candidates for marriage, and the fact that we were poor didn't help.

It amazes me that Issei parents were less inclined to think in terms of "betting on the come." They surely must have realized that many Issei faced difficult periods in their lives and were not able to reach their goals due to the environment they lived in. Some acquired wealth by applying themselves, but they were also blessed with the "luck of the draw." Given these conditions, it was unfair of them to condemn the families with less luck in considering them for marriage. We had no parents to object to what we did with our lives, but we also did not have parental support. We were free to make our own decisions but we had to live with the consequences all alone.

Betty worked to bring in money while I worked to get a degree in electrical engineering from Northwestern University in Evanston; Ill. (paid for by the GI Education Bill). After graduation, my first job was a product engineer designing monitors for the consumer industry. Two years later, my fortune took my wife, my 11-month-old son and me to the tri-city community of La Salle, Peru and Oglesby in the middle of Illinois, 100 miles from Chicago. I was willing to tackle life away from any Japanese to make my way into the American mainstream. Betty went along with my spirit of adventure, for she perfectly fit as someone I needed to venture into unfamiliar white America. She had no qualms about the challenge. She put her trust in...
When asked about parenting, the first thing that crosses my mind is the clear memory of my son's kindergarten class:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands .... " It was an October Monday morning and the kindergartners, proudly putting their right hands over their hearts, were pledging allegiance to the flag. It was certainly a pleasing sight and the first time I had ever seen my son Takashi reciting the pledge.

Even today, seven years later, I still remember this scene vividly. Why? Because I suddenly realized that my son was a U.S. citizen, not Japanese like I was. He would grow up with both American and Japanese cultures, something I never experienced myself. And I couldn't imagine what it was going to be like for us as a family.

Parenting is not an easy job for any parent. It has been a challenge for me. I am a Japanese immigrant living in America and a single, working mother of two, Takashi, and my daughter Tomoko. I've been going through the challenges and issues that many American working mothers and single mothers experience like finding responsible, reasonable childcare, handling feelings of guilt, and effectively managing my time and finances. In addition, I, along with my two children, have faced various cultural issues.

One of the biggest issues we've faced as a family involves Japanese language education. Do you want your children to speak Japanese? If yes, how do you teach them and what level do you want them to reach? If no, are you able to communicate with your children in English? When Takashi and Tomoko were still toddlers, I asked myself these questions and discussed the issue with my Japanese friends. After all, this was such a common interest among young, Shin-Issei parents like me.

Many said, "We have to teach our kids Japanese, because we mothers are Japanese. What are we going to do if our kids can't communicate with us or with relatives living in Japan? If our kids grow up to be bilingual, it will be easier for them to find better paying jobs. Don't worry about English because they will learn it at school. And, for teaching Japanese, sooner is better Mitsuko-san."

I agreed. I wanted my children to be bilingual in English and Japanese. I wanted them to communicate freely with my parents (their grandparents) in Japan, helping to strengthen the family bonds.

Since my children were born I have spoken to them in Japanese. At night, I usually read them Japanese picture books and almost every year I have taken them to Japan to see their grandparents.

When they reached school age, besides attending American public school on weekdays, I didn't hesitate enrolling them into Japanese Saturday school. Asahi Gakuen provides supplemental Japanese education to Japanese children temporarily living in Los Angeles due to their father's business relocation. In recent years, more and more local Japanese immigrant children attend the school. It is said that Asahi Gakuen students can keep up with their counterparts in Japan and for that purpose they are expected to study hard.

This Saturday Japanese school became very difficult, causing many headaches for me and my children. We needed to work together to finish huge amounts of homework every week.

See PARENTHOOD/page 69
When Martha Nakagawa, assistant editor of the Pacific Citizen, asked me if I would be willing to write an article for the Holiday Issue about being single, I told her I'd think about it. My first reaction was to decline. I pondered it, then decided, why not?

As in everything in life, there are advantages and disadvantages to being single. Being single, I can come and go as I please. Some of my friends say, "Maggie, you're single so you can do anything you want."

Not so. My parents raised me in the traditional Japanese manner. My friends often say, "Oh Maggie, you're so Japanese." I was constantly reminded, "Haji-o-ha-benai-yo-ri!" (Don't do anything shameful). Since I was the oldest daughter, I was always told, "O-mae-wo-ne-san-ya?" (You are the oldest sister). Perhaps that's why to this day, I have an overly "big sister" complex.

Being single has given me the opportunity to meet other single women. They have become not only my friends but family. My dear friend's husband once told me, "Maggie, you are blessed with good friends." And indeed I am.

At the age of 57, I attained a B.A. in English. Another accomplishment was the earning a Credential teaching typing to adults ranging from high school graduates to doctors, and teaching English as a Second Language. I can't carry a tune but "oh, say can you see" me teaching Latino students the Star Spangled Banner? It was such a joy to be an adult education teacher for 10 years.

You may think, "So what?" You can do those things even if you are married. However, while achieving these goals, I had the responsibility of caring for both of my par-

Margaret "Maggie" Ishino with her son Toughy.

ents, holding down an eight-hour-a-day job and attending evening classes. This was a 15 year pursuit and much of those years I commuted by bus to work and college. Had I been married with children, it would have been impossible to attain these goals.

As a writer, I have had two poems published in anthologies of the National Library of Poetry. Articles I have written have appeared in the Pacific Citizen and Rafu Shimpo.

The disadvantage of being single is when I am in a group discussion at a social or church function. Most of the women are married or widowed with children. They soon begin to talk about their husbands, children and grandchildren and then start to pass pictures around. It got to the point that I began to pass a picture of my beloved cat, Toughy, saying, "I'd like to show you a picture of my son."

Another disadvantage is when I am invited to dinner or even a family gathering. I am always the odd one and I mean in numbers.

My travel experiences have not been broad but unique. One of the highlights was being a witness to the honoring of the famed 442nd Regimental Combat Team by President Harry S. Truman in Washington, D.C., in 1945. I can remember it was pouring rain, but the soldiers stood proud and tall.

In Mexico City, I attended an actual bullfight with all the "oles" and loud cheers when the matador sliced one of the ears of the bull. This is a rare occurrence, and even some regular fans are never able to witness such an incident.

Through the years as an unclaimed jewel, life has been beautiful and good to me. Perhaps the title, "Unclaimed Jewel," may seem a bit conceited but since I am single, I consider myself unclaimed. Plus, Maggie is a moniker for Margaret, which means jewel, more specifically a pearl.

Yeah, like everyone else, I've had my share of suffering and sadness, but with faith, hope and love, I have overcome each obstacle.

My best wishes to you for a wonderful Year 2002!
Having just recently celebrated my 90th birthday and 60th wedding anniversary, I am very sensitive to and appreciative of the role that family plays in one's life. Being the first-born son in a family of eight children (five boys and three girls), I am grateful that God has been so gracious to me. I am in relatively good health and now that I have successfully reached 90 years, I am looking forward to the next decade and hope to celebrate my 100th birthday in 2011.

All the accomplishments and contributions I have made can be credited to my family, my wife, my many friends and my community. I have been supported and nurtured by my family and friends.

My parents arrived in the United States in 1905 (father) and 1910 (mother). My father was a veteran of the Russo-Japanese war and decorated by the Emperor. Following the end of the war, he accompanied a wealthy Japanese banker from his home (Okayama-ken) to grow rice in Bay City, Texas. My mother and I returned to Japan. We moved to the internment, the family decided to return to Japan. While awaiting passage, my mother discovered that she was pregnant, so she decided to remain in the United States until the birth of her child on Sept. 26, 1911.

Like most Issei immigrants, my parents wanted a large family. They did not return to Japan until they had a family of eight children. My mother did not return to Japan until 1937.

In the years prior to World War I, we lived in Los Angeles, and my mother operated a small hotel on 4th Street. My father worked as a technician for Crescent Creamery Company. My mother became quite ill during the flu epidemic in 1919, and the family decided to return to Japan. We moved to Wilmington, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles, and mother was able to persuade my father to return to Japan. They returned to Los Angeles to board the boat to return to Japan. While awaiting passage, my mother discovered that she was pregnant, so she decided to remain in the United States until the birth of her child on Sept. 26, 1911.

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Family Pride

Having attended several funerals for family and friends recently, it has become especially evident to me that families are extremely important to each of us. Family has been the focus of our endeavors from cradle until grave, and many of the real joys and rewards in life are a result of that focus. Families may comprise the most valuable relationships a person will ever have and our Japanese cultural heritage has helped us put a high value on our family relationships.

I remember my first trip to Japan years ago when I visited Kagoshima, the southernmost part of Japan where both of my parents were born and raised during the early part of the 1900s. Although I had never been there before, I had many impressions of my parents' village through the recollections expressed by my Tisse father and mother.

My parents often reflected upon what life had been like growing up in Kagoshima. So much so that I had the feeling of coming home although I had never been there before. It was an emotional time for me as I recognized my two uncles waiting for me on the platform as my train pulled into the Kagoshima station. The gatherings which followed with my various cousins, aunts and uncles were times I will never forget.

Raised in the United States, we continue a tradition of family gatherings on every occasion. We have enjoyed the company of parents, brothers, and sisters as well as many nieces and nephews and their spouses and children. Extended families offer support to each other in all activities, including family milestones as well as during times of sickness and trials.

During difficult times, family members are called on for comfort, assistance and encouragement. Family compositions differ greatly, but those who are considered one's family are called on to lend support when help is needed. They are the ones who most often rally around each family member during disasters or triumphs.

Friends are valuable and have much to offer. Some people remain lifelong friends. However, most friends come and go over one's lifetime and it is possible that family remains family no matter what may come. Except for extremely rare cases where a person has no contact with his or her own family, it generally is family which remains most important in each person's life.

Everyone is born into a family and the family unit does not always stay intact. Sometimes families become dysfunctional and are not able to offer love and support to the family members. Death and divorce cause family breakups everyday. But family relationships remain valuable even with the break up of the family unit.

If a person's situation is such that relatives do not compose his or her family, friends may become the family. Friends can offer the benefits which a family unit would normally supply. The closeness and bonding which come through family participation can be found in these groups of friends.

Our nation has long recognized the benefits of family and family values. Our government leaders have recently begun to again stress the importance of families. Much of the work of government is focused on the needs of families. In more recent times, family values have been greatly stressed during campaigns for political office.

During and since the horrific events of Sept. 11, which have shaken our country, much time has been devoted to family matters. Those Americans and others whose lives were lost in the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and on the various airplanes used for the attacks were important members of families. Although all Americans feel the effects of the events, the loss of the family members of the victims is greater than most can imagine.

Because families are so important, it behooves each of us to work hard at improving the family of which we are a part. As with many worthwhile things in life, creating a strong family unit is easier said than done. It takes care and consideration on a daily basis to make family life better for all involved. Love and support should be offered so that each family member will be able to develop self-esteem and grow to his or her highest potential. The encouragement and support of each other is essential to make family life better for all involved.

Families will always be extremely important in each of our lives. It is my hope that we do our part to make families strong and support our families in any way possible. Families are important to JACL and our organization is committed to strengthening family units as we encourage the active participation of families in JACL, especially at the chapter level.
With the high rate of intermarriage by the children of the Nisei generation, the question is: how will any of the family histories survive? The rate of intermarriage was practically nil during the pre-World War II days. White men didn’t want white women marrying Japanese, so anti-miscegenation laws were passed in 29 states. A maximum punishment of more than two years in prison was in effect in nine states; California, however, had no penalty. Only a few Issei intermarried in the early years. Some Issei married older Nisei women, who then lost their U.S. citizenship. When the relocation came, most of the Nisei were under 20 years old and not married. The older Nisei were mainly married to other Nisei or found wives in camp. Eventually, the Nisei were allowed to leave the camps for farm work or other employment, sometimes in big cities. Some volunteered or were drafted into the Army. Some Nisei were allowed to enter universities and colleges where they were usually the only Japanese, unlike the pre-war days at UC Berkeley, for example. The law of propinquity prevailed, and intermarriages started to take place. Some who had volunteered or were drafted into the Army found spouses in European countries. Many Nisei scattered all over in the Mountain, Midwest and Eastern states and found employment in occupations that had been denied them prior to the war. In large cities like Chicago, the Nisei found spouses at their workplaces as well as at various social organizations and churches. Spouses were also found at universities and colleges.

Today, the married children of Nisei-white marriages have children who are only one-fourth Japanese. These young people who are the result of several generations of intermarriage are scattered around the U.S. Their physical appearance is often like that of other white persons, and they think of themselves as just plain American.

Many of their grandchildren are married adults, and some even have their own grandchildren today. These families have no ties with any Japanese persons. They have assimilated into the mainstream American population and have little or no knowledge of their Japanese ethnicity. Today, more and more are entering into the same population stream.

It appears that the Nisei generation was so successful in trying to become American that their descendents have lost all their Japanese ethnicity. As the head of the family gets older or retires, some grandchildren or great-grandchildren might eventually have the energy and motivation to become interested in genealogy, especially after suddenly finding out that they have some Japanese ancestors. Such awareness may stimulate and motivate them to seek out their Japanese American family history and learn more about their ancestors. In order to preserve JA family history, an effort must be made today by the older Nisei and any others who might be interested. They should record all their family histories and documents, including photographs, and keep these items in a safe place to be handed down to the next generation. Documents and photos should be duplicated so that all siblings will have copies of this priceless family information. It could become the only source of information available to one of your own descendents who might be searching for family history 100 years from now.

by Mike Hoshiko

Pacific Citizen Holiday Issue, December 2001
THE SETTLEMENT was the campus of the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Wash., where a two-day conference, open to the public, was being held. This was more than a decade ago. The subject: the 1942 "evacuation" of Japanese Americans and their Issei parents then residing in the Pacific Coast states. The conference had been organized by the younger Nisei in the Pacific Northwest. That thoughtful planning had gone into the development of the program was manifested in the quality of the discussion with an overflow attendance. There were several middle-aged Caucasian gentlemen milling about; someone pointed out that they were members of a group, largely centered on the Pacific Coast, who shadowed gatherings such as this to challenge, and at times disrupt, the proceedings.

Indeed, during the 1981 hearings of the federal Commission on War Relocation and Internment of Civilians, there were two disruptive incidents, both occurring in California. The first occurred at the San Francisco hearings, held at Golden Gate University. In the midst of receiving testimony, a beached blonde woman seated in the front row stood up and began to rant, objecting to and challenging the proceedings. The second incident took place at the Los Angeles hearings. As a Nisei veteran, clutching his written statement, was testifying, a woman suddenly rose from the audience, rushed down the aisle and snatched the statement from the hand of the productively witness. The perpetrator of this second storm-trooper tactic was a person by the name of Lillian Baker.

AT THE TACOMA symposium, there were no disruptions. However, there was an awkward moment when the panel members (surprisingly) struggled to respond to a not-unnaturally posed question. From the back of the room, a university student "proposed this question: the evacuation was implemented in a humane manner with housing, food, medical care, schooling and other essentials being provided to the evacuees at no cost to them. What more could the government have done for you?"

AS FOR THE "HUMANITY" of the evacuation, confined behind barbed-wire fences with your own country's troops standing guard with bayoneted rifles and machine guns atop guard towers pointing at you, those are hardly reassuring. The unrelenting heat of the day, the bitter chill at night, the dust swirling through the cracks of the hastily-erected barracks, whole families confined in a "room" with a single light bulb dangling from the ceiling, a wood-fueled stove for heat, the loss of family cohesion, the breach in the educational process, the sense of having been abandoned, the sudden realization that the assurance of the Fleege of Allegiance no longer abided, these are but a few of the conditions encountered by the evacuees. Even if the physical conditions were ideally dreamlike — say, confinement to the Waldorf Astoria with room service around the clock, free caviar with vintage wine, etc. — the rape of the evacuation is no less rape.

So what should the government have done? LET THEM BE. For opened, the government could and should have let these people alone; let them continue undisturbed in their productive activities as they had pursued for decades, contributing to the wealth and strength of this nation, particularly critically essential now that we were locked in a battle for survival against a formidable enemy in the Pacific. But these seeking to justify the evacuation contend, "This was a time of war, and there was a threat of imminent invasion of the West Coast shores by the Japanese military forces. We didn't have the time to screen out the disloyal from the loyal among us." What about this "warts" argument?

THE SCREENING of the "disloyal" from the "loyal" contentions ignores fundamental guarantees of presumption of innocence and protection accorded through a vast system of laws to even the most venal, repulsive miscreants in our society, including the likes of a Jack the Ripper or Charles Manson. In the case of our Nisei Americans and their Issei parents, we were a law-abiding and loyally committed people like few others, as subsequent events indisputably confirmed. In 1942, our governmental authorities, using race as sole criterion, thereby exercising racism in its rawest form, condemned a whole section of our population, while children, 120,000 men, women and children. In so doing, they not only ignored the principle of "presumption of innocence" but concocted and applied a "presumption of disloyalty." And since there was not time to screen these purported disloyals from our midst, the entire group must be taken into custody.

THE HAWAII EXPERIENCE. Bypassing the grave constitutional questions posed by the government's action of uprooting and confining legal residents based on race, there are empirical data that exposes the government's "threat of invasion" contentions as, to use a mild characterization, a blatant lie. Hawaii, with its sizeable Nisei population, was not merely under a "threat of invasion," it was a war zone of a magnitude unparalleled in American military history. Yet, there was no wholesale roundup and internment of Nisei as occurred on the mainland. Because there was no need. In Hawaii or on the mainland.

In passing, as a matter of historical note, in the first week of June, 1942, in the Battle of Midway, the backbone of the Japanese Imperial Navy was crushed and whatever capability it once might have had to launch an invasion of our West Coast was lost.

But there is yet another facet of this "disloyal" contention that exposes the nature of the government's actions as less than honorable.

THE SORRY CHAPTER of our wartime government going out of its way to hunt down thousands of Nisei men, women and children innocently residing in South America and shipping them to the United States to be confined in barbed-wire camps exposes the gross falsity of the government'sintentions of threat of invasion of our Pacific Coast.

By BILL MARUTANI

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But there is yet another facet of this "disloyal" contention that exposes the nature of the government's actions as less than honorable.

THE SORRY CHAPTER of our wartime government going out of its way to hunt down thousands of Nisei men, women and children innocently residing in South America and shipping them to the United States to be confined in barbed-wire camps exposes the gross falsity of the government's contentions of threat of invasion of our Pacific Coast. In so doing, the authorities diverted military personnel, equipment and resources, much needed by our beleaguered fighting forces in the Pacific. If we were so concerned with the threat of invasion of our shores, why, then, did we stockpile more "dangerous" Nisei into our borders? There may be some reading out there, no less including Nisei, who feel uneasy by any candid discussion the bona fide of our nation. In raising what I believe to have been short-comings in the administration of our government, I do so not as an acculturated American. Rather, I do so as an American who doesn't need to put on rose-colored glasses in order to commit to America.

With her warts and all.
posted since the government claimed they were "not prepared."

The oral argument was finally heard on Oct. 12, 1944, and it was not until Dec. 18, 1944, that the court announced a unanimous decision in favor of Endo. Even the announcement was delayed until President Roosevelt won his fourth term. In all it took three years and 11 days after Pearl Harbor for the court decision. Endo endured what former British Prime Minister William E. Gladstone stated: "Justice delayed is justice denied."

What Mitsuye Endo did over 50 years ago was a remarkable accomplishment. As a young woman she dared to challenge powerful men in the government and brought the evacuation episode which they created to a close. A true Nisei woman warrior and, like Rosa Parks of her time, she freed the Nikkei.

Was it what like for Endo who endured all those years in camp uncertain of her future? One can only imagine. Instead of leaving like other young people to start a new life, she chose to stay in the desert camp. She knew her case was much more than about her and that it involved the freedom of 120,000 Nikkei. She also went against what was expected of a Nisei ojisan, that is, what was taught by her Issei. Endo claimed, "I didn't do too much," but she did endure the physical confinement and the mental anguish of uncertainty daily for years. It was not until June 1945 that she finally left Topaz for Chicago.

After the Supreme Court decision, Endo became an anonymous litigant, disappearing from public view. The evacuation cases of Hirabayashi, Yasui and Korematsu are widely known and acclaimed.

History reveals there are always the few who are willing to stand up against powerful men in the government and put their lives on the line. What Mitsuye Endo did over 50 years ago was a remarkable accomplishment. As a young woman she dared to challenge powerful men in the government and brought the evacuation episode which they created to a close. A true Nisei woman warrior and, like Rosa Parks of her time, she freed the Nikkei.

Who is this remarkable Nisei? As a young woman of 21, Endo worked for the State of California in Sacramento. When World War II began she and other Nisei were dismissed due to their Japanese ancestry. She knew her case was much more than about her and that it involved the freedom of 120,000 Nikkei. She also went against what was expected of a Nisei ojisan, that is, what was taught by her Issei. Endo claimed, "I didn't do too much," but she did endure the physical confinement and the mental anguish of uncertainty daily for years. It was not until June 1945 that she finally left Topaz for Chicago.

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History reveals there are always the few who are willing to sacrifice for the people. We must never forget those few especially if one is of our people. Whether Endo received righteous recognition or not we can still honor her in our own way as individuals.

Whenever Dec. 18, "The Nikkei Day of Freedom," comes around we should take a moment to recall where we were and what we did when we were 21. Then think about what Endo did to free the Nikkei. Thereafter, ask ourselves what we too can do for our people.

God bless you Mitsuye Endo. I hope someday we should take a moment to recall where we were and what we did when we were 21. Then think about what Endo did to free the Nikkei. Thereafter, ask ourselves what we too can do for our people.

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PARENTHOOD (Continued from page 55)
and I made them study hard for their kanji tests, especially on Friday nights. I hate Japanese homework,” Takashi used to scream. “I don’t want to go to Japanese school,” Tomoko would cry. I can’t count the number of times I thought about pulling them out of the school but then I usually started thinking that knowing a language other than English would be a benefit for them, maybe not now, but in the future.

As Takashi and Tomoko grew older, the situation worsened. We usually ended up yelling at each other and I felt terrible.

As a mother, I thought I was giving the very best for my children. They, however, were frustrated, wondering why they had to study Japanese like children in Japan when they are Americans. “Mom, I’m an American, not Japanese. Speaking English is much, much easier for me,” Tomoko said to me several times. And it wasn’t just our family. All my friends told me they had the same kinds of “fights” with their children very often, small or big.

After all the strenuous efforts and struggles, Takashi graduated, from Asahi Gakuen Elementary School this past March. Surrounded by his friends, he was beaming, holding his certificate in his hand. He had persevered. I am very proud of him and I hope this accomplishment will give him encouragement later on in his life.

Tomoko will graduate from Asahi Gakuen next March. She still grumbles about when she can quit the school, but she makes an effort to finish her homework on time and studies for her kanji tests.

Nowadays, my perspective toward Japanese language education is a little different. Takashi and Tomoko speak and read conversational Japanese. When they’re in Japan, they have no problems understanding their relatives and friends, and in turn, they are understood.

Both enjoy reading Japanese magazines and watching Japanese videos. I laid the Japanese language foundation for them, and from now on, it is up to them to continue improving their bilingual skills. I don’t have to push them like I used to, driving both of us crazy. After all, I need to keep in my mind that they are Americans and they are growing up in America.

When I said this to a group of friends, one of them whose son is now in college, said: “When my son was in Saturday Japanese school, I really pushed him to work hard. He didn’t want to though, as you know, so we fought a lot too. You know what many people who know my son told me after he graduated from the school? They said, ‘Your son is more cheerful now.’ I guess I might have put too much pressure on him about the schoolwork. I don’t know if I was right to push him to study so hard. He is taking Japanese class at college now.”

Another friend who has two teenagers said, “Yes, you’re right, Mitsuko-san. I think we need to remember that the children are Americans and they feel stressed and frustrated between American and Japanese schools and cultures. They spend most of their time speaking English with their American friends. We need to pay more attention to their mental health. Being bilingual? Oh, that’s an illusion.

Even now, raising my American children is challenging. Since I didn’t grow up here and I have never been to grade school in this country, I have made an effort to gather information on the public school system, parenting tips and advice through reading English materials or talking to other mothers. (At first I didn’t even know that kindergarten and high school are compulsory in the United States; in Japan they are not.)

I can better see where my children were coming from when they told me not to speak Japanese in front of their friends. At the same time, I still feel “culture shock” when Tomoko says, “I need to shave my legs because all the girls in my class do.”

When it comes to parenting, I have to say, “I did my best, and I will continue to do my best.” I have a lot of good memories — walking home together, making up stories and singing songs on moonlit nights when I arrived to pick up my children after work; Takashi, who has been doing karate for the past two years, confidently showing his performance in Little Tokyo on New Year’s day; the three of us hiking; and Tomoko, who loves horses and horseback riding, writing to her grandmother and friends in Japan in Japanese, saying, “I miss them. I want to go back and visit them!”

Tomoko asked me one day, “Why did you give me a Japanese first name? My response: “Well, your father and I talked about it and we decided to do so. You will have an Hispanic last name from your Mexican American father and a Japanese first name from me. So you have both.” After I told her, I wondered how my children are going to see their mixed-race identity, being Hapa, after they reach puberty.

Tips for Japanese Parents

- Don’t isolate yourself — Although information on parenting and schools might be limited due to the various language handicaps, you need to make an effort to speak up for yourself, gather information, and talk to your friends, neighbors and other parents.
- Take care of yourself both mentally and physically (especially for the single mothers) This is very important. I try to have my own “alone time,” reading books, walking and listening to classical music in order to relax.
- Japanese language education — You need to decide if you want your children to learn Japanese, how and the level you want them to pursue. Think this: if you are not going back to Japan to live, don’t your American children need to speak English as native speakers? Aren’t they suppose to do well with other Americans?
- Just enjoy!!! — Enjoy what you do with children, and enjoy just being together. (It’s fun watching what children do, and they sometimes have fun seeing how much patience we have too.)
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The Happy Holidays!
Continued from page 54

my judgment, but little did she realize that I was not really sure that I could pull it off.

Were the 22,000 people in the town of La Salle aware of the only Japanese family who had come into their midst? I thought not, except for one incident. Betty and I dropped in at a little shop in an obscure part of the town. The proprietor acted as though we were just anonymous new customers. After a few minutes of chit-chatting, he gave himself away by asking us if we were the new family on Sobieski Street. I was taken aback that we were under scrutiny by the community. I was composed enough to reply, "Yes, we are the YAH-MAH-Ski-ies from Sobieski Street," as if we were included in the large number of Polish people who lived there.

As we moved from place to place, the Pacific Citizen allowed us to keep in touch with Nisei-dom and know that all was well. Later in California, where there were JACL chapters, it allowed us to find immediate friends. In an isolated white community in Illinois, it was the church that allowed us a way into the community. I was pleased to find that there were many migrant families that changed jobs and landed as strangers in the very same church. We were all strangers looking for friendship. The children's Sunday school paved many family friendships.

Betty joined the women's circles in the community, even playing golf, and I joined the Rotary Club, a businessman's club. We were treated with respect. There was an occasional unfavorable racial comment, but given our integration into the community, the impact on each member of the family was minimal.

In 1957, after six years, my job took me to Long Island, N.Y. With our experience in Illinois of trying to integrate into a community, it took only a short time before our family felt comfortable. Integration became easier since one of our sons had begun school.

So why do I write this story? The very ordinariness of it is what is striking. My story happened in the '50s, the decade following WWII. It is my belief that had the Nisei family taken the risk to enter white society in many parts of the United States soon after evacuation, they would have been able to integrate with the white community.

Today, well over 50 percent of JAs intermarry. Had tens of thousands of Nisei families chosen the path of integrating American society in the '50s, would integration of such magnitude have taken place earlier, or were we simply not ready for it? In our case, we were not ready. At a convenient point in my career, we returned to California so that our children could meet and marry Japanese. The irony of it is that both our sons intermarried. We had inadvertently set this up, for their early childhood friends were all non-Japanese.

Our concern that intermarriage would add another element of difficulty in family life was misguided, and proved not to be the case. The main cause of concern for the family is now terrorism.

Jim Yamakazi, wife Betty and sons Craig and Michael, celebrate Christmas in Peru, Ill., in 1955.

TRIBUTE

(Continued from page 61)

ation and member of the Nichiren Buddhist Church — he was arrested by the FBI and held for three years. He was released in 1945, following a deportation hearing, and permitted to rejoin the family in Jerome, Ark.

My wife Lily and I were permitted to leave Santa Anita Race Track on Oct. 26, 1942, to relocate to Boys Town in Omaha, Neb., to join Father Flynn's staff as a psychologist and secretary. We were one of the first Nisei to be released by the War Relocation Authority and were not forced to reside in any relocation camp.

We lived in Omaha for 30 years, during which time we were able to relocate the rest of the Okura family. They eventually returned to Wilmington where we still maintained a home. Despite the geographical separation from our families, we remained in close contact, which gave us strength and courage to continue our careers and successful lives.

As the oldest son, I was showered with respect, love and admiration. I had a circle of loving family friendships, my loving wife, my brothers and sisters and friends for the past 90 years.

As I reflect on my life, I cannot give enough credit to Lily for all my success in my professional and social endeavors. I can truly testify that behind every successful man, there is a woman.

I have dedicated the major part of my life to mental health issues and cannot stress enough the part that one's family and support system play in maintaining mental health. It is my belief that many Nisei believe their success is due to their own individual virtues and have never given enough credit to their parents and family.

Our Isssei parents need to be given enough credit for their sacrifices and their influences on our lives today. The importance of family and the influence of parental reflection cannot be overemphasized in the establishment of values and commitment in our lives as Nisei.

As a tribute to our Isssei parents, my wife and I have established the Okura Mental Health Leadership Foundation with the money we received from the government as reparations for evacuation and internment during WWII. We matched the $40,000 with our own resources to start the foundation.

With the support and assistance of many good friends, we have been able to assist approximately 95 young Asian Pacific Americans to date, with stipends to attend the leadership seminar held each year in Washington, D.C., to advance their careers and take a leadership role nationally and in their respective communities. This is the legacy we wish to leave for our younger generation.

On Oct. 14, over 200 friends and relatives attended my 90th birthday and 60th wedding anniversary gala celebration. Surrounding us by these people, the outpouring of love that evening left no doubt that all were family!
Continued from page 46

didn’t speak English! There were times when an Issei would speak to me and I didn’t have a clue what they were talking about.

During the war, we were interned at the Heart Mountain WRA camp. Here was a new situation where we could be compared as twins. Thus, we made every effort to avoid being compared. When Mom said she was ordering pants for us from the Sears or Wards mail order catalog, she would ask what color I wanted. I would ask, “What color is Ike getting?” If it was blue, I’d ask for brown. I think Ike did the same thing. We did not want to look alike. Being isolated from the outside, most of the camp residents studied the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs so much that they were often referred to as “bibles.” They were studied for trends in style. High school girls looked to see where the skirt length was that year, and the boys looked to see what well-dressed gentlemen should look like. And yes, we bought our long winter underwear via mail order.

We both joined the Boy Scouts, Ike in Troop 379 and I in Troop 345. We both wanted to be in scouting but not in the same troop where we could be compared. We also joined the Boy Scouts’ Drum and Bugle Corps, where I played the bugle and Ike beat the bass drum. Ike also played trumpet in the high school band.

In 1945, I struck out on my own to Cleveland. We had friends there who would take me in. I wonder how much my parents worried about my getting there. Here I was a 17-year-old kid traveling by train to Chicago, where I had to change trains to Cleveland. Ike stayed in Heart Mountain until the family relocated to Glendale, Ariz.

A lot of years have passed, and we are both actively retired. Ike volunteers a lot of his time and energy to the Japanese American National Museum. You may have seen him in the JANM booth at one of the camp reunions, drawing people into museum memberships. He is very devoted to the museum and to preserving our JA heritage. In his retirement, Ike has also developed a scholarly bent, writing several articles which have appeared on the pages of the Rafu Shimpô. One of his first pieces was an appeal to have more Sansei and Yonsei join the U.S. Foreign Service.

A part of my active retirement is working with several retired old guys doing repair and maintenance at our church. It gives us the satisfaction of knowing we are still able to get the job done.

One might think from the differences we developed through the years that we are not in touch with each other. But actually we see each other frequently and enjoy attending family gatherings. Ike’s wife Ruth and my wife Grace have always been close and strong in keeping family ties.

I think we are all fascinated by the similarities that identitical twins share, how even when growing up separately and without the knowledge of the other’s existence their lives mirrored each other. Fraternal twins on the other hand can develop into completely different personalities as you can see from what Ike and I have described in our stories.

Continued from page 47

“When Mom said she was ordering pants for us from the Sears or Wards mail-order catalog, she would ask what color I wanted. I would ask, “What color is Ike getting?” If it was blue, I’d ask for brown.”

—Mike Hatchimonji

“Mike was more of an extrovert and I was more of an introvert. I was more conscientious about neatness and he was less so.”

—Ike Hatchimonji

observed us through the years and knows our differences and similarities from a long-term perspective. Given the opportunity, she could probably recall things about us that might even surprise our wives.

With the coming of old age our hearing, eyesight and stamina are failing. However, our minds are fairly stable and our thoughts about the future are similar, though we still disagree at times on political issues.

As to the question: how do we as twins differ? I would have to say that, like siblings everywhere, we are much more similar than we are different. True, we do have differences, as would any set of siblings. But I believe the important aspect of being a twin is our identification of being in the same family. Our parents raised us with love and devoted themselves to our well-being, or as the Japanese say, “kodomo no tame ni” (for the sake of the children). I hope the readers have had positive experiences in their childhoods as well.
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www.NAWHO.org

Wishing you a healthy and safe holiday season
Everyday our lives are enriched by the work of many organizations serving various communities. The dedicated JACLers have worked hard to establish and continue to support the oldest Asian Pacific American civil rights organization in the United States. You and your family can make a lasting difference by considering a planned gift to assure the long-term future of services and programs.

Taking care of your estate provides the peace of mind and assurance that your wishes will be carried out and your plans will take care of your family as well as leaving a personal legacy for future generations to benefit from your generosity.

Because of the foresight of the JACL national board, a planned giving program has been developed, also known as charitable gift planning.

The term “planned giving” refers to charitable gifts that require some planning before they are made. Planned gifts are popular because they can provide valuable tax benefits, income for life, or, more importantly, help JACL maintain its viable financial future.

Planned gifts are usually deferred, meaning they are arranged now and fulfilled at a later date. For example, a person could include a provision in their will to make a bequest to JACL and it would be fulfilled when the donor passes away.

There are many benefits that a potential donor could receive when donating to a planned giving program is created. They could include increased income, reduced income and estate taxes, avoidance of capital gains tax and the good feeling, or kimochi, associated with helping an organization like JACL.

There are also a variety of planned giving options available to the donor such as bequests in wills, donating a life insurance policy, gift annuities and charitable trusts. We will explore the different options and perhaps may fit your needs.

The Advantages of Giving Through Your Will

A will is a legal document created by you when you are alive to be implemented at your death to direct the passage of your assets. It is an important document because it essentially gives you the power to control your assets and who will benefit from them.

Without a Will

When you die without a will, it is called dying “intestate.” At your death, a judge will assign a person to gather all of your assets and give them away to your surviving family members. You may have a favorite ring that you wanted to give to your daughter when you pass away. The person assigned by the judge may or may not see it that she gets the rings. I don’t think you want to take that chance. Therefore, by creating a will you are guaranteeing that your wishes will be carried out.

With a Will

By creating a will you are also creating the most common form of planned giving, which is arranging, now or before your death, that your assets will be fulfilled at a later date. There are also significant tax advantages that are related with bequests.

Making an Impact

Charitable gifts made through your will are fully deductible for estate tax purposes. A charitable bequest may also place your estate in a lower estate tax bracket. Bequests are one of the most popular forms of charitable giving and it is very simple. Best of all, it is a wonderful way to continue your good works after your lifetime.

Using Life Insurance in Creating a Gift

Life insurance affords a number of ways to create a planned gift for the benefit of JACL as well as offering a variety of tax benefits to the donor. Life insurance can often make a gift many times larger than thought possible because the premiums that have been paid are usually significantly less than the insurance policy benefit paid to JACL at your death. It is an excellent way of “rearranging” your gift to JACL.

There are several ways to use life insurance in arranging your planned giving program. First, you may have an insurance policy that you no longer need. Perhaps you bought the policy when you bought the new home and it is now paid for, or you might it when the kids were starting college. Now that they have graduated, your life insurance policies need not be used to benefit JACL. You could simply donate the policy to JACL and continue making the premium payments. All payments could be considered a charitable tax deduction.

Or you could donate a paid up policy (one that does not require any further premium payments). In that case, a charitable deduction would be the approximate cash value, less any loans, as long as the value does not exceed your cost basis in the policy.

Another method might be to purchase a new policy and make JACL the owner and beneficiary. The tax benefits would occur each time you made a payment.

The most popular and easiest way to use your life insurance policy to benefit JACL is to simply change the beneficiary of your current life insurance. You could make JACL the primary or contingent beneficiary of your policies.

Charitable Trusts

A commonly used trust in planned giving programs is the charitable remainder trust or CTR. A CTR is used when a donor wants to give highly appreciated assets to JACL. Appreciated assets are ones that have increased in value are commonly used assets donated to the trust. If the donor sells it outside the trust then there would be capital gains tax to be paid. However, if the assets are sold within the confines of the CTR, then the gain is not taxable. For more information, please contact the CRT together with the wealth replacement trust, a win-win situation is created. I urge you to discuss this technique with your financial advisor to determine whether this could be suitable for your situation.

Please consider if any of these ideas would be of benefit to you and your family. Even if the decisions made would not be of benefit to JACL, the mere fact that you have organized your affairs would be of tremendous value to your family at your death.

For more information, call Lucy Kishiue, membership director at 702-642-2330 or 415-921-5225 or e-mail at mbr@jacl.org.

Steve Okamoto, CLU, ChFC is a member of the executive board of the Northern California Western Nevada Pacific District Council and a director of Estate and Asset Services for the American Cancer Society.
We wish you and your family a happy holiday season.

Season's Greetings!

Kiku gardens is a well kept, attractive, senior housing complex in south San Diego. The apartment complex was initiated by the Nikkei community in the San Diego area.

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Season's Greetings

JOHN S. TOWATA FLOWERS

4420 Piedmont Avenue
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Alameda, California (510) 522-1314
The late Michi Weglyn devoted more than four chapters of her explosive 1976 history, "Years of Infamy," to the misery that was Tule Lake. It was the only camp under martial law, ringed by six tanks. It was the only camp with a prison stockade. Yet even after her book had been out for nearly two decades, Michi lamented the lack of curiosity that Tuleans showed in their own story.

Even today, details are hard to come by. Mention of Tule Lake can cause an embarrassed pause in a conversation with a Nisei who was there. At reunions "Old Tuleans" make sure to distinguish themselves from the segregees who arrived later, the ones who, each for their own reasons, failed to answer "yes" to the government's botted loyalty oath. The stigma that attaches to the name is still there.

That's what makes this slim volume of 16 short short stories by the late Barney Shallit such a revelation. His stories feel authentic, with details that are verified by other sources. Shallit was a young social worker who arrived at Tule after the registration crisis. His job gave him access to the inner workings of camp, his sarcasm and sense of irony quickly put him on the side of his clients.

As a document this book fills in the distance between the WRA documents in Michi's book and the interviews excerpted in the 1946 participant-observer study by Dorothy Thomas and Richard Nishimoto, The Spalong. As memoir embroidered with some imaginative storytelling, the stories bring back to life the voices of real, vital people. These are the people who are still often remembered only with such dismissive and shallowly understood labels as "disloyals" and "no-no boys." These are the people that the wartime JACL did not trust, the "agitators and troublemakers" that Mike Masaoka advised the WRA so seriously to deal with, the more compliant and patriotic Nisei.

Until now, truck driver James Okamoto was just a name in many books. Shallit appears to have learned something of him through a mutual friend, and in the short story, "Cages," offers the first characterization I've seen of Okamoto, just before he was shot and killed by a racist sentry in what today would be classified as second-degree murder.

That guard is a psycho. He's trying to provoke you. Can't let yourself get so damned upset. Mas's face brightened. "Hey, I've got an idea! Why don't you get a job right here in the center like me and Shiro? Then you wouldn't have to go through that gate every day, and you wouldn't have to see that bastard."

"Can't," answered James. "I feel locked up here. I'm in a cage like an animal in the zoo. Oh, it's a big cage. I can walk around, talk to other prisoners, take a crap without some lousy guard standing over me; sometimes I even feel free. But wherever I walk, I eventually end up at the fence. That fence looks at me and says James Okamoto, this is as far as you go. So you see, I've got to get out of here, even for a few hours. It makes me feel almost like a man again. Besides, I like my job and I've got a great crew."

Mas persisted. "Why don't you leave Tule? Go get yourself a job on the outside. You're a good truck driver; it shouldn't be hard."

"James shook his head. "No, I can't do it. For Christ's sake, Mas, didn't you know I'm not free to relocate? Here I am, a 'no-no' for no reason. I was on an army list or a defense list of some kind. So even if I could relocate, I wouldn't work. People would look at me and say, 'Hey, man, you don't belong out there.' I'd still be in a cage. It's my face; my fucking face is my cage.""

Just before the sentry was acquitted of manslaughter, still-unconvicted assailants cut the throat of the manager of the Tule Lake Cooperative, Takeo Noma. In the title piece, "The Song of Anger," the Caucasian staff solemnly react to Noma's murder by passing around a jug of wine and contemplating their own mortality. The title refers not to the outcry of the inmates, but to an officer or sung by tipsy WRA employees.

In what was known as the Tule Lake Riot, more than 5,000 men, women and children surrounded the administration building for three hours, trapping WRA Director Dillon S. Myer inside until he heard their grievances. To Shallit it was little more than an "anemic, half-assed demonstration" to which "a frightened administration caved in" with more fences and construction of a prison stockade. He sets two stories inside the Tule Lake Stockade: "Black Jelly Beans" depicts a dangerous friendship between prisoner and guard, while in "The Happiest Man in the Stockade" a defiant Kibei inmate delights in telling Shallit a story that, well, all I can say is that the punchline is, "Piss on the floor! Let the hakujin piss on the floor."

Shallit writes of names familiar to students and scholars, in ways that are startling and unsparing. Anthropologist Rosalie Hankey calls "a mountain of a woman — at least six feet two and built like a Sherman tank. She threw back her broad shoulders, her large breasts surveying the room menacingly."

Community activist Marvin Opler buries himself in work and ignores his houseguests, "with his heavy red beard and his silver, deliberate movements, he looked more like a benign, giant panda."

Shallit observes small moments and pieces them together with a writer's urge to make sense of bigger events. Some moments are awkward or sentimental, but each story attempts to end with some kind of one-line twist, whether it's the age of two women who are arranged to appearance provokes a military help and a neglected wife her JACL husband escape a gambling debt.

The book's cover alone is worth the price of admission. The remains of the Tule Lake Stockade are captured in a panoramic photo collage, a technique developed by Professor Masumi Hayashi of Cleveland State University to deconstruct a 360 degree environment through many small snapshots and recreate it as a new reality on a flat page. The effect complements the multiple voices that we are allowed to hear once again through the gift of these stories.

The preface, which highlights some of Shallit's strength, is written by Naomi Hirahara, a published author and former English editor of the Rafu Shimpo newspaper.

Barney Shallit wrote these stories only recently, in the decade before he passed away in Oakland in 1993. His book appears now as the first in the new Michi Nishiuara and Walter Weglyn Multicultural Publication Series, the result of an endowment, the couple left to Professor Art Hansen and the Oral History Program at California State University, Fullerton. Michi championed books she felt revealed new information about the camp experience, sending copies to her friends and firmly insisting they read them. I think she would have been pleased to have her name on this one.

Frank Abe is the award-winning filmmaker of "Conscience and the Constitution," which can be ordered at www.resisters.com.
Moho Nakamura, Ruth Yoshide Oonuma, Yoshito Waise Oishi, Toin Sanjirou, Daisy Ueda, Satoko, Hatsumi Morishita, and Michi Tashiro. 80¢ off, mail in 3 checks payable to JCCNC and mail to 1840 Suter St., Portland, OR 97204. Phone 800/613-5038; 541/485-3893; c-mail and hotline numbers from the Minidoka Center. Details from the Minidoka Center, 541/485-3893; c-mail and hotline numbers from the Minidoka Center.

This important book not only describes the Minidoka Center, but also provides a comprehensive view of the internment experience for Japanese Americans of all ages. The book includes interviews with former internees and their families, as well as historical and documentary material. It is a valuable resource for understanding the internment experience and its lasting impact.

**Winter Pick:**

**Tule Lake: Revision, Re-experience**

**History and Guide to the Tule Lake Internment Camp Site**

By David Abney and Judy Nishimoto Terasaki

T&T Press

$30.95, plus tax & shipping, spiral bound

This is the first section of a guidebook that offers a history of the Tule Lake camp, which became a significant segregation center for those considered "disloyal." The second half of the guidebook details the path around the remnants of the camp, including the re-created bunkhouse, radio tower, and other structures. It is an invaluable resource for understanding the internment experience and its lasting impact.

**Pacific Citizen Holiday Issue, December 2001**

**WHAT IT MEANS TO BE JAPANESE AMERICAN**

Lawrence Fujiwara

Video by Michael Markoe & Vincent Wang

American Book Award-winning poet Lawrence Fujiwara reads 18 poems from his books, "Legends from Camp" and "drawing the line," inside a former WWII camp interior, discusses his poems about growing up in the camps.

The video was shot in California — Fresno, Livermore National Monument, in the ruins of Tule Lake Relocation Center — and in Oregon — Ashland and Portland. The video also includes historical footage, and photographs from the Inada family albums, the National Archives and the Japanese American National Museum.

The video was produced by Michael Markoe and Vincent Wang, creators of the award-winning videos on William Shirakuma. Original music by Todd Barton, resident composer and music director of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival.

The 20-minute video package features footage of three poems read on the video, copy of the operation order and map of camp locations, biography, bibliographies, and further study and commentary, questions and writing ideas for classes, study groups and workshops. The DVD package is $20 each plus shipping and handling ($4 for one or two tapes, $6 for three or more tapes). Checks should be made payable to TTD Productions and mailed to 12th Church St., Ashland, OR 97520-2649, or call 541-482-0543, e-mail eyepins@opendoor.com.
have come to think that in general, Asian conceptions of family may be fundamentally different from those of other U.S. ethnic groups. For example, given my grandfather’s eight siblings, the Ikeda clan is large and diverse, and the relationships so complicated that at reunions, everyone is either “auntie,” “uncle,” or “cousin.” Among more traditional Nisei, at least, families-by-marriage are families, period; I never heard the distinction “in-laws” spoken by Ikedas, which is unlike my WASP maternal side. A number of non-blood-related folks across the century have been designated auntie and uncle because of our families’ closeness based on original Japanese prejudices. Add to this the unnatural closeness of non-related Nisei who had been thrust together in new artificial “families” in camp, relocation, and the Army, and the definition of “kin” becomes trickier still. And finally, I have always been made to understand that should I ever get to visit Japan, there was a network of far-distant relations that was eager and duty-bound to take me under their wings pretty much for however long I desired — and vice-versa. Suddenly, the notion of extended family becomes international in scope.

We’re All Hapass Now

“I too had to ‘learn to be a Japanese American’ after being born — like Mariana. I chose it, worked at it, and my family was my teacher. We’re teaching Mariana about our heritage, and Mariana in turn is teaching me something about the difference between culture and race, between heritage and blood.”

There is a line of thinking that suggests we are all — all of us 21st century Americans of every background — psychologically and culturally Hapa. Globalization plus our increasing diversity have rendered us cultural, if not racial hybrids. Maybe Mari will conceive of herself as just another multicultural, individual American.

How much can a kid really understand or care about such things? In the year-round Arizona sun, Mari’s skin has darkened, and her mother believes this will prove increasingly significant to her sense of self as she ages. But at the same time, she has given kimonos demonstrations with Grandma to her Brownie troop; last time we were together, we practiced eating with hashi together. Mari knows Grandma is Japanese, but seems not to recognize her mom in that category. Asked what she is herself, Mari admits she doesn’t know yet.

It takes time, maturity, and wisdom for us to grow into our skins. Some of us never do. I understand Mari’s hesitancy because, as I’ve written elsewhere and at other times in these pages, I too had to “learn to be a Japanese American” after being born — like Mariana. I chose it, worked at it, and my family was my teacher. We’re teaching Mariana about our heritage, and Mariana in turn is teaching me something about the difference between culture and race, between heritage and blood. I am reminded of this every Christmas, when I recall the great gift the Ikedas received in 1993, the huge new love we shared as a family. And what could be more “traditional” than that?


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Public Affairs
December 2001
116

"No Passport Zone: The Artistic and Discursive Voices of Asian-descent Multiculturalism" (Vol. 43, 1997) a path-breaking issue edited by Weiha Haas Hou sz and Teresa Kay Williams that explores mixed racial and ethnic identity in relation to gender, generation, and literature.

In addition, articles by Byne Gabbard, Chris tine Hal, Rika Hoshina, Peter King, Philip Nash, Sandra Passey, Daisy Li Po Price, Steven Ropp, Maria Roos, Theresa Serra, Paul Stjepk, Jennifer Tiping, and others.

American Empire in the Philippines (two volumes): Part I—Legacy, Heroes, and Identity (Vol. 24:2, 1998). Edited by Enrique de la Cruz, the novel set of commentaries and critiques the 100 year political, cultural, and educational relationship between the Philippines and the U.S. Essays by E. San Juan Jr., Sharon Delversko, Jim Zwick, Barbara Gaerten, Racquel Salyer Parmeras, Barbara Proença, and photography and also seeks to find out how and why certain works were created. Robert J. Maeda, professor of fine arts at Brandeis University, who has published extensively on Isamu Noguchi, explores the friendship between Noguchi and Anri Gorky, an American artist of Japanese decent.

The section also offers a collaboration between historian Gregory Yee Mark and poet Wing Tso Lom, who have gathered poems, essays and photographs that highlight the nature of early Asian American immigration to Hawaii. Specifically the way photographic images of immigrants were represented, altered or obscured.

The third section takes a retrospective look at China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (1966-1976) and its influence on Chinese within China and the United States. The fourth section features new writings by all writers, both established and emerging.

This edition is available for $15, plus $4 shipping and handling.

No Passport Zone: The Artistic and Discursive Voices of Asian-descent Multiculturalism

Part II — Culture, Community, and Capital (Vol. 24:3, 1998). Edited by En rique de la Cruz, a collection community, le cre, and artistic formation and representations including film and literary essays. Articles by Howard Rock, Geraldine Caplin. Augusto Espartí, NM Greulich, Jessica Hagedorn, Anne Lucasiana, Lisa Lowe, Oscar Provenza, Mark Thompson, Nell Tang. Héctor Velez, and Arlen Yee. Each reprinted issue includes the art icle's elaborations, commentaries, reviews, photographs and illustrations as they originally appeared. Each issue is 29 pages and sells for $10.00 per volume plus $4.00 postage and handling. Special discounts are available for class and textbook usage.

Harsh Canvass/Infinite Shades of Grey

CJi Hie David Incule

David Ikukawa blends a unique mixture of Western music with Japanese folk and tomb-sequenced music. His style ranges from jazz, contemporary music, and even tango. This music was first released on an album titled "Harsh Canvass: The Art & Life of Henry Sugimoto" and "Toyo Mystique: Infinite Shades of Grey" — produced by the Media Arts Center at the Japanese American National Museum.

Ikukawa has worked with a wide variety of artists such as the Pu'alei Sisters, Hirohima, Tom Scott, Marilyn McCoo and Billy Davis, Olina Neehuih John, Paul Anka, John Luccio and the Fifth Dimension. As a member of Hirohima, Ikukawa helped define their sound by contributing several songs to their catalog throughout the years. He recently co-wrote, arranged and recorded a new song for the new solo album by June Kamamoto. For more information, visit www.DavidIkukawa.com or e-mail at DAIKWEBKAT@COM.

Generations: A Japanese American Community Portrait

Edited by Edward Yee-Ming Wing

Writing Team Coordinator: Wendy Tokuda

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This is a photographic history of San Francisco's Japanese Town. This project began in 1998 to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the incorporation of the Japanese Cultural and Community Center of Northern California (JCCNC). Since then, the project has engaged into a community effort involving 30 writers, designers, photographers, researchers and support staff. To order this limited edition, call the JCCNC 415/667-5050 or visit www.jccnc.org.

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NANKA NIKKII VOICES:
Resettlement Years 1945-1955

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"Set during the Resettlement Period, Flowers from Marko was inspired in part by your book Nanka Nikki Voices." Dick Noguchi and Deneen Jenkins Noguchi (10/13/01)

41 Personal stories of postwar Nikkei; including: Harry Honda, Sue Emby, John Saito, Wakako Yamaguchi, Lloyd Inui, Phil Shigekuni, Martha Nakagawa, Midori Kamei, George Kurosawa, Rev. Arthur Takeshita, Hy Shaitlin, Jack Fujimoto, Shizu Matsumura.

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Pacific Citizen Holiday Issue, December 2004

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Ken Hayashi, 83, passed away on Dec. 5 due to illnesses related to diabetes, and took his last breath at the Los Angeles Medical Center. He is survived by his family, including his wife, Patricia (Wendy) Hayashi, as well as his grandchildren, and great-grandson.

Ken was born in Heart Mountain, Wyo., on March 10, 1929, and spent his childhood in Oakland, Calif. He graduated from U.C. Berkeley in 1947. He dedicated his life as a Methodist minister for more than 44 years, serving on staff in various churches in Oregon, Washington, the War Relocation Center in Heart Mountain, Wyoming, and Colorado. He continued his ministry at the First United Methodist Church in Denver, Colo., and the Third Street United Methodist Church in Los Angeles.

Ken is survived by his beloved wife, Patricia (Wendy) Hayashi, stepchildren of his children and grandchildren, as well as many nieces and nephews.

Ken’s love for his “gochisol” will be missed by many in the community.

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Happy Holidays

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