Welcome to Pacific Citizen's 2002 edition of the Holiday Issue. The P.C. staff has selected "Our Town" as the theme for this year's special, 120-page issue. Whether it's Japantown or Chinatown, "Our Town" explores the role and significance of these ethnic enclaves across the United States and internationally.

In the next several pages our writers will explore the history of these ethnic towns and the role they have played in shaping a community’s identity. Some of our writers will also share what it was like to grow up in these enclaves and the role they played in their own families.

"Our Town" will explore the future of these ethnic enclaves. With the ever-changing demographics of Asian Pacific American communities across the nation, what does the future hold for our Japantowms and Chinatowns? We also annual issue, many of whom continue to write ethnic enclaves. With the ever-changing demographics of Asian Pacific American communities across the nation, what does the future hold for these ethnic enclaves throughout the country? The chapters which will provide more information on how to get involved should contact the P.C. office.

P.C.'s annual H.I. would not have been possible without the hard work, creativity, and dedication of the P.C. staff and volunteers. I would like to personally thank the staff members: Martha Nakagawa, assistant editor, Brian Tanaka, office manager, Tracy Uba, writer/reporter, Margot Brunswick, production assistant, and Eva Lau-Ting, circulation. And thank you to volunteers Gayle Jue and Alan Kubo for finding the time between their hectic schedules to help us put out the issue. And finally, but most importantly, I would like to thank our readers who continue to support P.C.'s annual Holiday Issue. Thank you to all the districts, chapters, and members who spend several weeks pounding the pavement and making phone calls to our many advertisers. Please check out the "P.C.'s People Who Count" listing on page 5 for the names of individuals who have gone out of their way to solicit ads for this issue.

The Holiday issue is a great fundraiser for JACL chapters. Each year chapters receive a minimum 15 percent commission on all their ad sales. Many of the chapters use their H.I. commission money to fund their activities throughout the year. Chapters who would like more information on how to get involved should contact the P.C. office.

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Editorials, news and the opinions expressed by columnists other than the national JACL president or national director do not necessarily reflect JACL policy.

NEWS MAILBOX: MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 2002

2002 Holiday Issue Cover

Inset photos clockwise from top left:
(1) Peace Pagoda in San Francisco's Japantown/Aaron Kitashima (to see more of his photos of S.F.'s Japantown, visit www.akit.org)

(2) Kiichi and Tamo Mayeda's Asahi Restaurant and Tavern in Seattle's Nihonmachi circa 1935/from the Henry and Yuki Miyake collection

(3) Sao Paulo, Brazil's Liberdade/Chizu Omori

Background image: Talley's (Pacific) Hotel on the corner of Wilster, Second and San Pedro Streets, in Los Angeles' Little Tokyo circa 1919/from the Mitsuye Suzuki collection

Cover design layout: Tracy Uba
Having come to Idaho from the Bay Area as an idealistic Vista volunteer over 20 years ago, this high desert Southern Idaho area first appeared barren to me, just as it may have seemed to many "evacuees" who were sent to Minidoka (then called a "Relocation Center," now a National Monument). Minidoka is just about 30 miles away from where I live in Twin Falls. However, a marriage, the Snake River and its craggy cliffs, the people, the beauty of the state and the ease of living here became reasons to stay.

Over the years, my former spouse, Charles Lemmon, showed me so many places of incredible beauty in this part of Idaho: the first snow fall in the Sawtooth mountains; canoeing on the Snake River; the Indian petroglyphs and pictographs; wild flowers coming up at Craters of the Moon; a field of blue camas lilies blooming in spring; hidden ghost towns; mine remnants in the Boulder mountains; and the natural mineral oxides. Did you know that the college here is heated with geothermal water?! Idaho did have a Chinatown here in 1905. However, there is not a Japantown here in Idaho. Coors beer has local grown potatoes.

I do visit my relatives and get the benefits of the city. The Bay Area is only an hour and a half flight from Boise. Thanks to my sister, Marnie, and her husband, Rev. Kiyo Yamashita, I get treated to some of the best Japanese food at Kirala in Berkeley, Yoshi's in Oakland, AngelFish, South Shore in Alameda. My brother-in-law, Shoji Sakurai, and my sister, Grace, drive me all the way to Sausalito in Marin County to eat in their favorite Japanese restaurant, so obviously I am not deprived! My New Year's Days here in southern Idaho are pretty tame. There is not a Buddhist Church in Idaho, so I don't go to any service. For New Year's, I still cook a lot of what my parents used to have—onigiri or zenzai soup, teriyaki chicken, nishime vegetables, sushi—and share it. Sometimes, I end up eating it for days since I can't seem to cook for less than eight people!

I come from a family of nine children, so old habits are hard to change. You cook in large quantities; everyone loves leftovers!

Both my parents are gone now, but my father, Taigan Hata, came to the United States from Kyushu in 1913 and he went backroy, married my mother, Toi, who had just turned age 15, and they both came in 1923. Much to my amazement, I found my father's 1913 entry record on microfilm in the National Archives in Washington, D.C. The record shows his occupation as a "minister" and he was headed to the "Bud. Mission, Pin., Calif."

When my father first arrived here, he became a Buddhist minister in San Francisco. From there, he was invited to become the first live-in minister in Vacaville, Calif. In 1916, he took a leave of absence to marry my mother. My parents then headed a church in Oakland, Calif., until World War II broke out.

The family pictures of the 1920s and 1930s, and even 1940, are full of life and happy faces. But every-

Pictured above is a photo taken in Oakland, Calif., during the 1920s showing the "Oakland Young Bussei." The author's father, the late Rev. Taigan Hata, is standing just left of center with a dark suit and hat.

PHOTO: TSUJI STUDIO

Pictured below is a Hata "New Year's" gathering during the Fourth of July holiday. The author is standing, eighth person from the left.
thing changed when the war started. The faces and letters are more somber.

My entire family was sent to the Turlock Assembly Center and then to the Gila River War Relocation Authority camp. My father served as a minister at the assembly center and at Gila River’s Canal camp.

My brother Satoshi left camp and joined the U.S. Army. He served in the Military Intelligence Service in the Philippines, then later in Occupied Japan. Another brother, Akira, and eldest sister, Aiko, left camp to go east. We are indebted to the Harada family for taking us all into their home in Vacaville prior to being “evacuated.”

My father started a church when he lived in government housing after the war, but everyone was so poor and trying to make it on their own, he never really succeeded. I remember seeing a homemade, wooden collection box half filled with brown pennies.

Everyone moved out of the projects as soon as they could and the congregation scattered once again. Then my father got tuberculosis and I used to give him shots.

I imagine believing in a Universal religion and had such high expectations for people and this country!

I used to give him shots.

congregation was scattered, not once but many times. They were also Issei, who were pushed aside and replaced by the younger, English speaking, who assimilated into American culture as fast as they could.

When I lived with my parents, my Buddhist minister father used to do a family service at home on New Year’s morning. My brothers, sisters and their families would come by and say “ome-de-to” then we would all sit down and eat what took days to buy and prepare. The altar was always my father’s job and he would spend a lot of time picking and arranging pine branches, flowers from the garden and “kasané” with a tangerine on top. Relativés and friends gather every 4th of July at my nephew, Kenny and his wife, Linda’s lovely home near San Jose. Our family New Year’s gathering is in July with a potluck of Japanese and American foods! The weather is always warm, everyone catches up with each other and the party spills all over the house—next to the barbecue, in the pool, den, kitchen, living and dining room. We’ve done this every year ever since their children were little; now the oldest, Danny, has graduated college and is working!

Once my brother, Satoshi Hata, who was in the Military Intelligence Service, was there from Tokyo. Other times, Tom and Rowena Nakagawa from Concord, Calif.; Hide Oshima from Richmond, Calif.; and Masa and Mid Tsukamoto and their daughters from Westminster, Calif., attended. Also Hero Shiosaki, Micki Kawakami, the Endos, the Okumuras, all the other Pocatello Blackfoot JAclers, and Linda’s relatives and neighbor from India usually attend as well.

In August, I went to a Nisei Club fish fry on the banks of the Snake River in Idaho. The Abo brothers from Heyburn, Idaho, caught and deep fried all the fish! The limits had been lifted at the local reservoirs, so Tad and Tom Abo said they caught 70 (trout, catfish) in one day! Did you know Twin Falls is the trout capital of the world?

If I drive two hours eastward, I can go to Pocatello-Blackfoot where the JACL there has numerous events during the year, including a salmon bake in August with a potluck. They have fresh salmon shipped from Seattle and the men barbeque whole sides of salmon! I am indebted to Masa Tsukamoto and all the Pocatello Blackfoot JACL members for all the food and activities I have enjoyed there. If I drive northwest for three hours, I can be in Ontario, Ore., which has a Buddhist Church and an impressive Cultural Center with an excellent interment display. However, the snow, ice, fog or unpredictable winter weather always discourages me around New Year’s. Doesn’t 9 degrees outside sound discouraging? One winter the temperature was minus 22! 40-five minutes south of Twin Falls is Jackpot, Nev. The casinos are usually jam-packed for New Year’s Eve parties and entertainment. The food is usually good and reasonable there. The JACL Thousand Club met here a few years ago and I remember driving Lucy Adachi and Clarence Nishizawa to the Twin Falls airport.

About an hour and a half drive north of Twin Falls is Sun Valley/Ketchum, where the rich and famous come to ski during the winter. Fellow Sawtooth JACL charter member Rod Tatsuno is a ski/snow board instructor at Sun Valley Ski School. California snow bunnies are forewarned: the temperature can be zero degrees in winter!

The New Year’s Day I grew up with usually involved preparing Japanese food with my mother, a family Buddhist service, traditional Japanese food at home with relatives, glimpses of the Rose Parade and football games. Now, having cooked Japanese food with my mother is a memory to cherish!

However, we never made mochi and I have never attended an old-fashioned "mochi-tsuki." At our last Sawtooth chapter JACL meeting, Guy Matsuoka attended. With some prodding, he tried to explain to us "novices" how to make mochi and that the rice is "steamed" with no water in it. It will be a fun way to learn an old tradition!

Maybe this year, with a new JACL chapter here, we can have a "mochi-tsuki" or traditional food sharing with the whole group. I saw "internees" in Dave Tatsuno’s "Topaz" film making mochi outside the barracks, with a bonfire, in the freezing cold. Surely, if they could do it, with what little they had, we could do it! ■

Maya Hata Lemon helped make Minidoka a national monument. She also helped start the low-income housing program and Interfaith Volunteer Caregivers in Idaho and wrote the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation grant to get the IVC program started. She was IVC’s first director.
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Saving Chinatown

The welcoming gate to San Francisco’s Chinatown.

By ANDREW YAN

At a time when Asian populations in the United States and Canada are at their historic highs, some of the oldest neighborhoods in North America are in trouble. The Chinatowns of San Francisco, New York and Vancouver are facing major urban problems — some long festering, some new. What can be done to help these neighborhoods?

Roll Call: San Francisco, New York and Vancouver

The Chinatowns of San Francisco, New York and Vancouver have existed for over 100 years, evolving through remarkably similar histories. Before World War II, all thrived as sanctuaries from a society that was explicitly hostile towards Chinese migrants, but with the cessation of hostilities, the Chinese could safely begin moving and working outside of Chinatown. During the 1960s, more liberal immigration laws in both the United States and Canada allowed families to be reunited and the move out of Chinatown accelerated. Over time, it has become clear that some Chinatowns in North America have adapted well to these changing demographics, while others have not.

Chinatown San Francisco — Surviving the Boom

San Francisco’s Chinatown, the original Gold Mountain, is the oldest and largest on the West Coast. Founded in 1846, the neighborhood has withstood challenges both natural and man-made including an earthquake that wiped out the city in 1906 and the schemes of developers, planners, and politicians to gentrify it in the 1960s.

San Francisco’s Chinatown has the characteristics of a classic North American Chinatown. The neighborhood is nearly 90 percent Chinese American with 15,000 residents living in a 20-square-block area. It is the most densely populated and heavily used urban area west of Manhattan. Residents have an average city income of $55,000. In spite of these challenges, Chinatown has done well for the last 150 years.

However, in the 1990s San Francisco suddenly became the epicenter of the Internet craze. From all accounts, the streets of San Francisco were filled with overpaid geeks from throughout the world and Chinatown was no exception. With this infusion, a city with an already bad housing market became far worse. At the height of the boom, rents for one-bedroom apartments averaged almost $2,000 a month. With San Francisco’s Chinatown located in one of the most desirable neighborhoods in the city, affordable apartments for families, much less immigrant families, became virtually non-existent.

What was available to low income, new immigrant families could be horrific. A Los Angeles Times article described how a family of five (a father, his wife, mother-in-law and two young daughters) lived in a 10-by-10-foot unit in one of Chinatown’s single-room-occupancy hotels where 60 people share one kitchen and four toilets. The father kept several red plastic bowls to get the girls to use in emergencies when the toilets were occupied. This squalor occurs within feet of the glitter of Grant Avenue, Chinatown’s main tourist street.

It is no surprise then that the shortage of affordable and liveable housing is the top neighborhood problem in San Francisco’s Chinatown. As a result, the Chinatown Community Development Center (Chinatown CDC), which has been around since the late ’70s, has recently taken the lead in providing people with liveable homes, acting as developer, landlord, and advocate for the residents of San Francisco’s Chinatown.

Wai Ching Kwan, planning coordinator for Chinatown CDC, lists some of the initiatives underway to address Chinatown’s housing crisis: “We have been outreaching to these families and bringing them together to voice their concerns to the city, offering them referrals to services, and providing them with housing counselling services.”

Kwan adds that Chinatown CDC also works with the various city departments to ensure any violations of housing, building, safety and health codes are corrected. For the immediate and long-term relief to the housing crisis in San Francisco, the Chinatown CDC is also organizing the Asian American community to approve Proposition B, a $250 million city bond for money towards building affordable housing.

Aside from addressing housing issues, Kwan mentions another initiative that has garnered positive media coverage. The ‘Adopt-An-Alleyway’ (AAA) youth project [was started] around 10 years ago to get high school youth involved in community volunteerism by cleaning up our alleyways. Since then, the program’s expanded to creating a youth-led Chinatown Alleyway Tour and lots of workshops and training for youth development and leadership.

For Kwan, fixing the ills of San Francisco’s Chinatown means three things: good publicity through positive media coverage; continuing support to the community, including financial support, volunteer services, and customer patronage; and more political support and participation.

“More community-minded Asian Americans need to go into politics,” said Kwan. “They need to create policies beneficial to the community, obtain funding and services for the community, speak out on concerns, and raise public awareness to our issues as well as...”
just being active within the community to help advocate on behalf of their behalf.”

Chinatown New York — In the Shadow of Terrorism

Until late last year, New York’s Chinatown was a growing, bustling community. Robert Weber, director of policy for Asian Americans for Equality (AAFE), notes that Chinatown in the past 10 to 15 years had expanded and was even spilling into Little Italy. But all this changed after Sept. 11, 2001.

Chinatown is situated less than a mile from what was once the World Trade Center. Earlier this year, AAFE, along with 21 other community and academic organizations, released a study titled, “Chinatown After September 11th: An Economic Impact Study.” They found that nearly three out of four workers in Chinatown’s garment and restaurant industries were out of work in the two weeks following 9/11. Three months after 9/11, an estimated 7,700 workers or almost 9/11. Three months after 9/11, an estimated 7,700 workers or almost 61 percent of restaurant workers were still working reduced hours. Prolonged road closings, traffic restrictions, telephone and power outages, and increased security measures added to the woes of local industries including retail and tourism. For example, Chinatown’s jewelry district, one of the largest in the city, saw a drop of more than 50 percent. And while general recovery funds and programs such as Small Business Association loans were established, the study found that most of the assistance was short-term and some had eligibility rules requiring businesses to be located south of Canal Street.

With the recent closure of manufacturing industries in Chinatown, there has been pressure to convert vacant buildings into luxury condominiums and co-ops. Weber notes, “Real estate in the surrounding area is so competitive that a one-bedroom unit can command between $400,000-$500,000.” But he states that the very survival of Chinatown hinges on the continuation of such industries as the garment and restaurant businesses because these are some of the few places of employment where recent immigrants with limited English skills can sustain themselves economically.

To prevent Chinatown from shrinking or disappearing altogether, AAFE, with the national support of organizations such as Freddie Mac, the Enterprise Foundation and the Harvard Joint Center for Housing, along with a broad group of community organizations, launched the “Rebuild Chinatown Initiative” on July 8. Headed by Weber, the initiative has the support of elected officials including U.S. Congresswoman Nydia Velazquez and New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg.

“I think the issue of preserving Chinatown goes beyond the borders of New York City’s Chinatown,” says Weber. “This is one of the few Chinatowns in the country that a Chinese American can work in, live in and return to because it is much, much more than a tourist attraction. And now that it’s threatened, the preservation efforts have brought on citywide, statewide and national support. In fact, the national support for the initiative shows how important this community is.”

“We will seek a broad section of input from civic leaders, community and fraternal organizations, residents, business owners, and cultural and arts institutions,” added Christopher Kui, AAFE executive director. “The impact of the tragic events of September 11th on Chinatown was profound and far-reaching. With the support of important national partners joining us, we can complete an intensive review of our community and provide a blueprint for rebuilding Chinatown today, one that will help lead the community into the future.”

Chinatown Vancouver — Fighting the Future

Vancouver’s Chinatown does not have the acute housing crisis of San Francisco or face the problems of a post-Sept. 11th New York. Instead, the challenge is far more complicated and difficult to solve. It is also a concern facing every Chinatown in North America: the fundamental demographic, economic and social changes in the Chinese community.

In the past, the problems of Vancouver’s Chinatown have been traditionally caused by concerns about parking, public safety and cleanliness. There is very little doubt that each of these has had very real effects upon the business
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We wish you and your family a happy holiday season.
Recharging Through Community

By GIL ASAKAWA

San Francisco has "Japantown," a several-blocks-long area of shops and restaurants that are almost all Japanese, with many located in a cluster of buildings. Los Angeles has "Little Tokyo," a larger district that covers several more blocks and includes the tower modern building which houses the Japanese American National Museum.

These are the landmark enclaves that have been the hubs of the Japanese and Japanese American communities for decades in these cities. To match them, Denver has Sakura Square, our own "Tiny Tokyo."

Sakura Square may be small, but it too serves as the hub for Denver's Japanese and JA community. It was built in 1972 in a neighborhood where Japanese-owned businesses had thrived for decades since World War II.

It takes just a few minutes to tour the one-block concrete complex, which includes Pacific Mercantile, the supermarket and sundries store, and the Denver Buddhist Temple along Lawrence Street. On the other side of the block you'll find Yoko's Express and Akebono restaurants, Nonaka's hairstyling shop, the Rocky Mountain Jihō newspaper's office, an antique store, a Japanese book and magazine store and a travel agency. The block is anchored by Tanai Tower, a high-rise low-income apartment building that houses mostly older Japanese. A visit to Sakura Square is a brief immersion into a world where Japanese is the main language spoken and people bow slightly as they greet each other.

Denver's Japanese population is relative small. According to the 2000 Census, there are only 12,314 people of Japanese descent in the city's metro area. The total is 18,676 statewide, compared to 1,148,932 throughout the United States. So Sakura Square doesn't have to support the huge numbers of Japanese who flock to the Little Tokyos or Japantowns of California.

But it helps to have somewhere we can call our "home."

Growing up in the world's largest J-town, Tokyo, it never occurred to me that I was living among people who looked like me and who spoke a language other than English. It was only after I moved to the states when I was 8 years old that I became a "minority."

Even then, it didn't really impact me very much, because in the Northern Virginia suburb where we lived, I didn't have any Japanese friends to identify with, and I simply forgot that I was anything but a white kid in white-bread America.

It was only when I was slapped by the occasional racist comment that I was reminded that I wasn't like the other kids.

I don't know if there is a Japanese enclave in the Washington, D.C., area. I know we never visited one while we lived in Virginia. But every weekend our family would pile into the old green Plymouth Fury and rumble into town to a little Japanese grocery store in a mostly African American neighborhood, where my mother would unload tray after tray of mochi manju, sweet rice cakes filled with azuki bean paste, for the store to sell. We'd pick up our weekly supply of Japanese food and staples such as rice, and then rumble back to Virginia.

So when we moved to Denver in the fall of 1972 and saw Sakura Square, which was brand-new that year and boasted not just Pacific Mercantile but also Granada Fish Market, which had fresh seafood but also stocked a mix of Japanese and American groceries (and, most important to me, candy and other snacks), it seemed to me that Denver's Japanese community was powerful indeed.

We moved into the suburbs and, like our weekly drives into Washington, D.C., we trekked to Sakura Square every weekend to deliver mochi and pick up supplies for the week. Much later I realized that was the extent of my family's involvement with Denver's "Tiny Tokyo." Because we didn't attend the Buddhist church and only occasionally drove downtown to dine at a Japanese restaurant (my parents' favorite for years was the old Fuji-en on Lincoln Street across downtown from Sakura Square), we weren't part of the community.

Since those years I've experienced the scope and vitality of ethnic enclaves, from New York and San Francisco's enormous, noisy and bustling Chinatowns to L.A.'s Little Tokyo and San Francisco's Japantown. I love being there, and feeling the concentrated energy of the culture that is so alive. Erin says she goes to these places to "recharge," and that's a perfect description of what happens when JAs like us from the Midwest arrive at our own Meccas. It's a good substitute for traveling to Japan.

Which is not to say that Denver's Sakura Square isn't a great spark of Japanese energy. It certainly is, and life in Denver would be so much poorer without it.

With new generations of JAs growing up hungry for their heritage, the places to "recharge" our culture will become increasingly more important. In the increasingly global environment, there is also an increasing interest in pan-Asian culture, and I've seen and heard Chinese, Koreans and Southeast Asians shopping in Japanese enclaves. In Denver, we love going to the mostly Vietnamese district along South Federal Boulevard, that includes the Far East Center, and we also shop at the Korean stores in Aurora, the eastern suburb, that congregate along South Havana Street. These areas recharge us in a different way.

There is one other "J-town" that I visit, and I do it from home: The virtual J-town that is available on the Internet.

Through the Web, I am constantly learning about and connecting with my Japanese heritage and my JA culture. One of my most important communities is an e-mail discussion group called "Ties-Talk," which is hosted by the folks who run the Little Tokyo Service Center in L.A.'s Little Tokyo district. I don't know how many people belong to Ties-Talk, but there is a lively group of core members spread out from Japan to Canada, with subscribers in Denver, Seattle and of course all over California. I've learned a lot from them, and appreciate their friendship.

On a recent road trip through L.A. and San Francisco, Erin and I were able to dine with members of the Ties-Talk group and put some faces to names we've only known online. We've built real relationships through our e-mails, and it's great to know that a virtual community can be just as viable and powerful as a real one.

It's all a way to stay connected with our roots, and to recharge.

NOTE: You can read archives of discussions and sign up for Ties-Talk e-mails at this page: http://members.tripod.com/runner_room/tiestalk/ties-talk.htm.

Gil Asakawa is a writer, editor, and content consultant. You can read more of his columns at http://nikkei. view.com.

Tanaka Sensei gets thrown — by his son, Erin. On a recent road trip through L.A. and San Francisco, Erin and I were able to dine with members of the Ties-Talk group and put some faces to names we've only known online. We've built real relationships through our e-mails, and it's great to know that a virtual community can be just as viable and powerful as a real one.

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Memorialize a Loved One on the Tree of Life and place the ashes in the SCATTER GARDEN
Chinatown is a community with a long and rich history. But the people of Chinatown — all of us gathered here tonight — are a people marked by dislocation — dislocation from homelands either ourselves or in generations recently past. Chinatown has long been recognized as a tourist destination in Philadelphia, but not as a community of families living and working together. For this reason, city developments continually encroach on our ability to exist.

We know for communities to be whole, we need places and times where people can linger, interact and engage with each other in meaningful ways. We recognize that for our children to have roots, for our families to have a feeling of community, and for our elderly to embrace memories and discover the power of passing on traditions, we must continually fight for the time and space to celebrate. Festivals are times when the powerless become powerful — when families and community members take over the streets and when “ordinary people” have the chance to be part of art making and tradition making. Each year, if only for one night, on the streets of Chinatown, all of us come together and change our world. This festival creates a place and time for people to bring what they can to contribute to the life of our community. Each year, this festival serves to affirm our human right to culture and offers us a chance to renew our commitment to each other to celebrate and care for our community and its people.

— From the Mid-Autumn Festival 2002 Program Book

By Debbie Wei

I remember as a child, each weekend, my parents took the 20-minute trip to Philadelphia’s Chinatown to buy the staples of our culinary existence. I would wander up and down the crowded aisles of Wing On grocery, absorbing the unique sights and smells which always signified “home.” But things “Chinese” were just like that — side trips taken in stolen bits of time out of time, separate from my daily “Leave It to Beaver” existence.

I knew that one night a year, my parents would take out a pink cardboard box. Inside the box would be four heavy cakes, made of a mixture of bean paste and lotus seeds — a unique once-a-year bounty from those weekly trips. My parents would lovingly take out the moon-cakes and offer them to us. We children would screw up our faces at the strange food, noses wrinkled. We’d take tentative tastes of the precious cakes, then run off to play half ball. I never thought about what my parents talked about after we all cleared out of the kitchen. I never thought about why they valued those four cakes so much.

My father sometimes talked about the Mid-Autumn Festival. He was raised in an orphanage run by Christian missionaries in Shanghai. Though his mother was alive, she didn’t have enough money to feed them both and gave him up to the missionaries. One year, after the Japanese invaded Shanghai, they closed the orphanage down and my father returned to his village to be
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Mulberry leaf Q&A

Q. Why does the mulberry leaf have such good anti-diabetic abilities?
A. According to a university laboratory test conducted in Japan, the mulberry leaf has the strongest ability to inhibit alpha-glucosidase activity compared to 50 different foods and health teas known for their glucose-regulating properties. Alpha-glucosidase is one of the enzymes that breaks down a simple sugar called glucose in the small intestines. Suppressing this activity weakens digestion of sugars, thereby preventing the sudden increase in blood sugar level after meals - a major concern in diabetes.

Q. What is in the mulberry leaf that effectively inhibits alpha-glucosidase activity?
A. The mulberry is able to suppress the activity of the blood sugar enzyme due to the leaf’s high content of DNJ, short for ‘deoxynojirimycin.’ By inhibiting the activities of alpha-glucosidase, DNJ can thereby lower the blood sugar level closely related to diabetes. DNJ is found in abundance only in the root and leaves of the mulberry.

If glucose absorption can be reduced, the sudden increase in blood-sugar level will not occur. This is precisely what the mulberry leaf does to stabilize blood-sugar level, which is also the primary mechanism in reducing the onset of diabetes.

Q. What if I am already taking medication for my diabetes, cholesterol or hypertension?
A. Do not stop taking your prescription drugs. Include Royal Green Silk in your daily regimen, making it an adjunct therapy to your diabetic, cholesterol or hypertension treatment. Your goal is to strengthen your body’s innate ability to heal and regulate itself so that it doesn’t have to be so drug dependent. But remember, be patient. It took you years of lifestyle choices that created your condition(s) today, so you have to give your body time to detox and heal so that it can start to function properly again. Be Patient!

Q. I heard the mulberry leaf can reduce cholesterol and triglyceride levels. Is this true?
A. A recent test in Japan using rabbits with excessive levels of blood fats (cholesterol and triglycerides) strongly suggests the mulberry leaf’s fat-lowering abilities. Rabbits fed with the extract were found to have lower levels of triglycerides and cholesterol to the liver, and the effect appears to prevent the development of a fat-rich liver. As expected, rabbits that were fed a placebo were found to have increased levels of triglycerides in the liver.

Q. Do I need Royal Green Silk even if I’m healthy?
A. Yes. The truth is that today, most people don’t eat the required amount of vegetables. And today’s vegetables, unless organic, are depleted of nutrients due to the poor soil they’re grown in. Royal Green Silk, utilizing only organically grown greens, offers a solid spectrum of green nutrients that fill the vegetable void in your body. The more vegetables you eat, the cleaner your blood, because vegetables help detoxify and eliminate yet supply vital nutrients to your entire body. The cleaner the blood, the healthier you are because less disease-causing toxins are circulating in your body.

Q. So now that I’ve learned of the many benefits of the mulberry leaf, tell me again, where can I get the mulberry leaf powder?
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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
The International District of Seattle has been called the Pan-Asian cultural center of the Pacific Northwest. History dating back to the early 20th century finds the immigrant stream from China, Japan and the Philippines settling in the Seattle area just south of the government center and east of the Pioneer Square District. Our history is well documented in “Seattle’s International District, Making of a Pan Asian Community,” by Doug Chin, International Examiner Press.

The International District is one of the few neighborhoods where the new immigrants from the Pacific Rim nations were segregated into one residential, retail and commercial area. Retail businesses including many Asian restaurants flourished in a 44-square-block area that was noted at the time as Chinatown, Nihonmachi, and Manilatown of Seattle.

Today the International District is still the center of activity for the Asian American community. But it wasn’t easy to preserve this unique lifestyle in the middle of multi-million-dollar developments in and around the community.

In the early 1970s AA activists gathered in the International District to develop a course of action around the planned development of the multi-purpose Kingdome Stadium that was being constructed by the business community and local government. The 60,000-seat Kingdome would eventually be home to the Seattle Mariners baseball team, the Seattle Supersonics basketball team, the Seattle Seahawks football team, rock and roll concerts, tractor pull events, home shows, boat shows and many other events throughout the year.

The AA activists decided it was time to protest the encroachment of a flurry of multi-million-dollar public and private developments in the neighborhood that also included both Interstate 5 and Interstate 90 freeways, the METRO Transit Tunnel, the Intermodel Transportation Center, the Seattle Energy Recovery Plant (garbage-burning facility), a King County 300-bed work release center and the Federal Justice Center Prison.

Some of these public projects were built but the latter four mentioned were turned away by the action of AA activists. These same activists joined the International District Improvement Association (Inter*Im), a nonprofit organization formed by the business sector, property owners and low-income residents.

Inter*Im learned the political process and spent the next few decades writing proposals, lobbying local, state and federal agencies for resources to build hundreds of units of housing for low-income elderly, low-income families and working people. Inter*Im also lead the International District community in the development of the International District Community Health Center; the Denise Louie Early Childhood Development Center; the Seattle Chinatown International District Preservation and Development Authority; the Danny Woo Community Garden; and the Inter*Im Parking Lot program with 450 stalls leased to district businesses and residents.

The most satisfying accomplishment, however, was the preservation of the International District as a residential neighborhood with a viable business and commercial area.

Today the International District coexists with new developments that have been built in the core of the district as well as on the periphery of the International District. These developments include the Seattle Seahawks Football Stadium, which replaced the Kingdome in March of 2000, the Mariners Baseball Stadium, and the five new office buildings built by Vulcan Northwest, which is owned by Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen.

Market-rate housing has also been developed in the community to cater to the new wave of downtown professional workers who are moving into housing closer to their workplace. The important thing here is to maintain the balance amongst low-income tenants, working people and the young urban professionals.

A controversy arose several years ago when the McDonald’s fast food franchise wanted to move into the International District across the street from Vulcan’s planned development. Activists led by Inter*Im met with the Real Estate Division of McDonald’s and threatened a series of actions that included sit-ins and daily demonstrations should McDonald’s decide to build in the community.

Inter*Im felt that McDonald’s wanted to cater to the thousands of new non-Asian office workers who would soon move into the new buildings. Inter*Im was also concerned that if McDonald’s was allowed to open, this would pave the way for every national fast-food franchise to flood the International District with their products. Interim’s goal was and still is to keep this community a

See SANTOS/page 103
Rebirth of a Japanese American Community in Los Angeles Little Tokyo

By JOYCE NAKO

There was a terrible mistake made in Little Tokyo, L.A. Or perhaps a series of missteps, misinformation, and it left a mess. I watched a major fight occur in my hometown between people who should not have fought at all. I didn’t understand it, didn’t like it, it left a mess. I watched a major fight.

Recently, I visited Little Tokyo, a return after seven years, having moved to Riverside County from Los Angeles. My entire work life has been spent in the arts and culture nonprofit sector, principally in the Japanese American community of Los Angeles. I believe I have a stake in its future because I put time in its past.

Outside the Legacy Center of the Japanese American National Museum are the words of one community elder, now deceased. Katsuma Mukaeda had been an attorney; his enshrined quote lies on the plaza grounds of our museum as follows: “Many organizations were born in Little Tokyo that helped build a base for today’s community.”

The JA community I know and love has a saying we need to revisit: Kodomo no tameni, for the sake of the children.

Currently there are two museums on the plot of land founded by the JA community. Resting north of JANM, a relative newcomer, is the Geffen Contemporary, the second home of the Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA). The Geffen was to be a temporary site until MOCA’s huge home at the top of Bunker Hill was completed; MOCA is now in place, an edifice to contemporary art. And the promised Temporary Contemporary is the permanent Geffen Contemporary.

A third museum, the Los Angeles Children’s Museum, was to be included at the site, a triumvirate of museums, perhaps an homage to the art concept of three: old, new and coming next. However, the Los Angeles Times recently reported that the Children’s Museum won’t exercise their option to build in the space at this time, citing financial difficulties. And if the Children’s Museum does not go in, it should ease the path for the Recreation Center to locate its much-needed home in its own community, which I personally would like to see.

With many Nisei retiring into Little Tokyo, the youngsters are necessary to revive the area. My own temple will shorty break ground in Little Tokyo with housing affordable for the aging membership. For retirees, the Recreation Center will ensure more fun times with their grandchildren because the competitions will bring to Little Tokyo middle-aged parents escorting their winning teams, with family and friends cheering them on. Designed to be a multiuse facility, the Recreation Center’s wide range of programs will cross generational lines. To have a thriving hub in Little Tokyo, there must be frequent visitors from the outskirt communities.

In California, Proposition 40 has passed with $1 million allocated to preserving the three remaining Japantowns in the state. With these monies, expect to see a fast-changing cityscape in the years ahead.

***

I visited the Go For Broke Foundation’s monument, located at the northernmost section of the city plot, facing Temple Street. The half–dozen or so vets volunteering a weekend afternoon were generous with their time and knowledge. I saw my father in them all; he too had served. I lightly touched the names and ran my finger across the cut stone; it sent chills up and down my body. One vet told me there were 16,000 names there. I felt magnetized to the stone, and was especially affected upon seeing Okinawan names because that is my heritage.

Behind me stood a veteran explaining the history to a young hakujin cop; the Los Angeles Police Department is headquartered directly across Judge John Aiso Street located west of the monument. The vet was articulate; the young cop attentive. A friend recently lost her father, who had been a vet. She had been so happy to send him to France with his buddies a year before his death. At the funeral services, she found out his family had lived above Fugetsudo, the mura-yu on North First Street. The last remaining auntie in the family had not remembered living there, since she was born later. My friend correctly commented that after the Nisei are gone, there will be no one left who remembers.

The vets are a dying breed. Once gone, there will be no one left to tell their stories. We are in the process of changing the guards. And the future guardians of the monument and its history will properly belong to the wee ones, who will initially inhabit the Recreation Center. Many may someday serve in the armed forces as good Americans. And upon their return, they will view the monument in a new light, with knowledgeable eyes.

Later that day, I attended a tribute for Sue Okabe at the George and
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Sixth and Main. Like First and San Pedro in Los Angeles, Sixth and Main was the heart of Seattle’s pre-war Nihonmachi (Japantown). It’s somewhat of a mystery why it was chosen and not somewhere else. One theory is that the neighborhood was chosen because of its location near the waterfront, which was an important factor in the city’s economic development.

Remains of Japanese businesses and homes can still be found throughout the area, though many have been replaced by modern buildings. The neighborhood was once home to a large number of Japanese businesses, including restaurants, laundries, and laundries. The Chinese community also had a presence in the area, with several Chinese restaurants and laundries located nearby.

The neighborhood was also home to a number of Japanese residents, many of whom were involved in the city’s economic development. The Japanese community was an integral part of Seattle’s economic landscape, and played a significant role in the city’s growth and development.

In recent years, the neighborhood has undergone a number of changes. Many of the older buildings have been replaced by modern high-rises, and the area has become home to a variety of businesses and residents from different parts of the world. Despite these changes, the neighborhood remains an important part of Seattle’s cultural heritage, and continues to be a popular destination for visitors and locals alike.

The neighborhood is also home to the Seattle Japanese Cultural & Community Center, which is dedicated to preserving and promoting the history and culture of the Japanese community. The center offers a variety of programs and events, including cultural classes, lectures, and performances, as well as a number of community services.

In conclusion, Sixth and Main is a unique neighborhood that offers a glimpse into Seattle’s rich cultural heritage. The neighborhood is a testament to the city’s economic development and the important role played by the Japanese community in that development. As the city continues to grow and change, Sixth and Main will no doubt remain an important part of Seattle’s cultural identity.

By Ed Suguro
neighborhoods, primarily in the Central Area. The Seattle Buddhist Temple was one of the victims of this expulsion and built a new temple near 14th and Main just prior to this country’s entry into WWII. It was the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the later evacuation that hastened the decline of Japantown and struck the near fatal blows to it. After the Nikkei evacuated the area, most of the buildings were boarded up or taken over by others who in many cases would not take good care of the property left behind.

When the Nikkei did come back, they discovered the area had deteriorated a great deal. Blacks from the South now occupied a great many of the units on Jackson Street, the secondary street of Nihonmachi. Main Street, however, was where the Nikkei tried to regroup. It was a different situation now because only 4,700 Japanese came back to Seattle compared to the 7,000 who lived there just before WWII.

Nevertheless, the Issei and Nisei persevered and some semblance of a Japantown began to form again, although not in the same size and strength of the prewar days. Hotel operation was once again the major occupation of the Issei, these being residential hotels for a transient population. Before WWII Nikkei operated something like over 200 hotels, and this was thought of as a convenient occupation and one not requiring fluent English language skills.

Nihonmachi was now a more multicaracial area that included Japanese, Chinese, Filipino and blacks. With the four racial groups living cheek to jowl, there was a move to cooperate with one another and enhance the area that was once dominated by Japantown. Therefore, an organization called the Jackson Street Community Council was formed to work for the safety, health and well-being of the people in the neighborhood.

The council got increased lighting for the streets, worked to get a TB X-ray bus to come to the neighborhood, got a retaining wall on Jackson Street to stop mud flows, and did other things to better conditions in and around Jackson Street.

The Jackson Street Community Council started in the 1950s but did not last into the 1960s. By then, younger Asian groups started to coalesce and form organizations that expanded the programs that were started by these residents of the Jackson Street neighborhood.

Another attempt at interracial cooperation was an International Festival in 1950 as part of Seattle’s Seafair civic celebration. Miss International Center was chosen by lot from among the four queens.

After the winning Miss International Center represented one racial group, that race was ineligible to compete for the title the next year. The candidates representing the three remaining groups competed for the title the following year, then the two remaining racial groups after that. Finally, the one remaining queen representing the racial group that hadn’t been selected previously automatically became Miss International Center.

It never went that far because the International Festival folded after three years. Ruby Chow, a leader in the Chinese community, organized a committee among her own ethnic group and withdrew from the International Festival. The Chinese organized a “Chinatown Night” as part of Seafair. With the withdrawal of the Chinese, the International Festival ended.

Chow said one of the reasons she helped organize a separate Chinese festival was that the queen contest wasn’t right. All the four queens representing the different racial groups should have been allowed to vie for Seafair Queen, but only the one named Miss International Center was.

With Chow and the Chinese going their separate ways, the International Festival discontinued, leaving the Japanese — which still had bon odori as part of Seafair — and the Filipinos on the outside of the Seafair celebration. The blacks were able to join another black group that had organized a Mardi Gras as part of Seafair in another part of town.

Chow’s move left a bitter taste in the mouths of some Nikkei, and they weren’t above criticizing her, especially Budd Fukei, editor of the Northwest Times, a semi-weekly Nikkei paper. Chow’s message was, however, that the other groups could organize their own festival just as she and her group had done.

As the years went by, the hotels and buildings in the old Japantown area got older and derelict; and the area got more dangerous, especially on Jackson Street where people were told not to walk at night before the war it was considered safe. In the meantime, the Issei and Nisei were moving away from Nihonmachi and the adjacent Central Area and into homes not too far away, especially on Beacon Hill where, when Nisei got married, it seemed all of them were buying homes. Some Nisei called it “Japanese Hill.”

With fewer Nikkei coming to the area of Sixth and Main, there was a noticeable drop in customers and businesses in the old Japantown. The buildings were getting old and vacant, and hardly any new Nikkei businesses were appearing. There was one bright light, however. It was Uwajimaya.

Having started on Main Street between Fourth and Fifth avenues in old Japantown, Uwajimaya was a kind of mom-and-pop store that sold Japanese foods. Fujimatsu and Sadako Moriguchi operated the store with the help of their children and employees. The children were not expected to be full-time employees of the store because it was not that big an operation, and they were planning careers of their own.

When Fujimatsu Moriguchi became ill, he asked his No. 2 son, Tomio, who was working at Boeing at the time, to take over the operations of the store. With Tomio in charge, the store took off in new directions and became an icon in the city. Tomio deemed his parents’ store too small and developed a bigger one at Sixth and King. Years later he would develop an even bigger one, which would be called...
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Season's Greetings!

We wish you and your family a happy holiday season.
BACKGROUND

For decades Boston’s Chinatown has experienced instances of environmental injustice. During the urban renewal period in the 1950s, the state and the federal government decided to put Interstate-93 in the middle of the neighborhood. By the 1960s, Chinatown was dealt with yet another major road project in the form of the Massachusetts Turnpike. These two major highways crisscrossed the land, causing Chinatown to lose one-half of the available land and over 1,500 units of housing. The loss of housing occurred during a pivotal time when most Chinatowns across the country were experiencing a rebirth after the removal of racially restrictive immigration policies in 1965.

By 1974, Chinatown inherited another byproduct of urban renewal. The city moved its adult entertainment district away from what would become the new home for city hall and zoned it next to Chinatown. Furthermore, throughout this period, small institutions such as Tufts University and the New England Medical Center steadily grew to become huge entities—eventually gobbling up over one-third of the land in Chinatown. Understanding and reacting to this history, Chinatown organized to begin a neighborhood master-planning process in order to curb the growth of all these institutions and the negative impacts associated with their expansion. This process would culminate in 1990 with the Chinatown Community Plan, which would also delineate where Chinatown could grow. The plan was signed by city officials and codified as law in city zoning regulations.

CHINATOWN’S FUTURE

More recently, in lieu of fighting institutional expansion the battle has been waged against gentrification. By the late 1990s the booming economy fueled development proposals. Chinatown was faced with having to deal with over 30 developments in and around it that had an impact on the community. Meanwhile, city officials were handling such proposals on a development-by-development basis, never bothering to examine the totality effects of these projects on this community.

Liberty Place is one of these developments proposed in the commercial section of Chinatown. Originally planned as an office/retail complex, the designs were changed to reflect the new market demand for “luxury rental” apartments. The building will be 290 feet in height, with 439 apartments, retail stores on the ground floor, and a garage for 471 cars.

In an area where Chinatown residents are making a median income of $14,000/year, the project was designed to entice the young hip urban professional (making over $60,000/year) seeking to live in a “funky” ethnic neighborhood. The average rent for 373 apartments in the complex would be $2,800/month.

The plans are outrageous since the area is zoned for no more than 8-10 stories in height, yet the developer originally proposed a 30-story building. This obviously is out of scale with the rest of Chinatown. This is precisely the type of development that the 1990 Chinatown Master Plan was trying to avoid—since it would establish a precedent for future developments to use 30 stories as the standard height, thus creating the undesirable “canyon” effect for the rest of Chinatown.

After more than two years of development review and community outcry, the developer and the city decided to reduce the height by a mere two stories, from 30 to 28 stories. In each and every community meeting the proponents of the project claimed that they would not be able to reduce the size of the development since it would not be economically feasible, nor could they provide any further “affordable” units since they did not have the funding.

Yet on Aug. 6, 2002, the day of the Zoning Board of Appeals hearing where the developers formally requested a variance of the 8-10-story zoning height limit, they somehow were able to conjure up additional affordable units—bringing the overall number of below-market-rate units to 66. Such minimal community benefits in comparison with the long-term harm cannot justify or compensate for the total outright violation of the zoning regulations, yet the Zoning Board of Appeals unanimously granted the variance despite vocal community opposition.

The city’s decision to support this development results in an abdication of their duty to enforce zoning regulations for a community that has been threatened historically and currently. The city has chosen to side with a pro-business/development approach to the expense of the residents.

Comparing the city’s actions in Chinatown with that of another ethnic neighborhood (the North End, an Italian district), the zoning regulations for the North End were established back in 1996 for 55 feet in height and have not been violated. Yet variances of the zoning regulations appear to be the rule rather than the exception in Chinatown. It left the community with no choice but to mount a historic challenge by bringing the first lawsuit ever filed by Chinatown against the Zoning Board of Appeals.

Liberty Place is not in the position to begin construction.
testing to the capricious character of fragmental memory and revisionist history, the ethnic enclaves from which we came and called “home” are creations homogenized by illusion and reality. With advancing age, we Nisei resemble sleepwalkers, carving paths through clouds of dreams — ever urgently needing to quiet the wrenching yearning to find our way home — home before dark.

In an often recurring memory, circa 1932, I cling to the reassuring hands of my grandparents — one on each side and I in the middle — daring to jump and to skip with irresistible delight, hastening their dignified pace, further encouraged by their forgiving, consenting smiles. It is a rare Saturday excursion into L.A.’s Little Tokyo and I stare with curiosity at so many others physically resembling me.

Another child offers a tiny yellow ball of a cookie. Taught not to accept from strangers, I hesitate until my grandmother presses a permissive hand against my back. I accept the sweet melting treat and thank the giver in Japanese. We, of two cultures, instinctively moved from one language to another with seamless ease. All these years later, I am both bemused and amused that I occasionally think in Japanese, failing to locate an adequate English equivalent for a word or a phrase.

Then the war of ’41 pronounced the demise of those enclaves, expatriated as both heaven and hell on earth — whichever interpretation accommodated best — distinctively, territorially our own. Collective pariah status marked by ancestral and racial blood, pawns of political finesse and egregious prejudice, denied our basic citizen rights, reduced to only what we could carry, the lights went out in Little Tokyos and Nihonmachis across the West Coast. Years later, finally released from the confinement of crude barracks in concentration camps deliberately isolated in no man’s land — clutching the crumpled government largesse of $25 and a ticket out, we suffered the cruel reality of final displacement. There was no longer a haven to call our own — the Little Tokyos and Nihonmachis of pre-war days having been quickly claimed and occupied by others — similarly scourges of a society unequal by race and color.

My family, like several others, moved inland after the war. But always there existed within me the desire to go home — abandoning the majesty of mountains and returning to the shores of the sea. All of us are the issue of island people. When I was a child in California, I recall observing, terrified, the strong strokes of my parents swimming further and further away from me — the metaphor drowned by fear. I recall the smell of salt water, the screech of gulls, the crashing and foaming of waves — and at day’s end an iridescent benediction cast over water.

Always there was a final ritual — scanning the sky for the first star upon which to place a secret wish — never doubting its deliverance — true believers all.

Years later, it was time to show my son that I too was an issue of the sea. Arrogantly confident, I shrugged away my husband’s suggestion of purchasing a map. I know my way home — remember it by heart. Too soon it was apparent the geography had changed. All the landmarks were gone. Streets were now freeways. Traffic moved quickly, rudely — everything was movement — cars and people in haste. Since it was close to dinnertime, my husband reluctantly consented to dining in Little Tokyo rather than at the nice hotel where we were staying. The few remainders of my childhood appeared neglected and unkempt. Or is it possible grime is invisible to unprejudiced eyes? Pedestrians pushed past us as though we presented an impediment. No friendly smile encouraged the solicitation of a restaurant recommendation or directions to an old familiar confectionery. The morning of our departure we took a last stroll on the sandy shore of a beach deserted except for a solitary walker. Overnight, the weather had changed and fog rolled in. The inviting sea of my childhood memory was cold and gray.
By Bill Watanabe

An interview with a 100-year-old Nikkei man:

“When I was born in Little Tokyo in 1904, it was a lot different place than it is today. I was delivered by a midwife and we lived in a boarding house on Azusa Street near where the JACCC Plaza is today. As a kid growing up, there were many different nationalities living there because it was considered the “non-white” part of town. In fact, just down the street from where we lived, there was a church called the Azusa Street Mission that used to have services sometimes all day and all night and people came from all over the world to see what was going on. I heard that this church was the beginning of the whole Pentecostal movement.

“I remember when I was about 10 years old, there were more and more Japanese-owned businesses opening up around First Street and San Pedro Street and I used to play with other kids my age because more families were living around there. I don’t remember when we first started to call the area “Little Tokyo” but it seems like it became known as that around the 1930s.

“In the ’30s, Little Tokyo was really jumping and it was a nice neighborhood; we knew the people who ran the grocery stores and the shops; many of them lived in rooms above their shops. On the weekends, when the farmers and other folks would come in from the outlying areas to do their shopping or get a haircut or something, the streets would be pretty jammed with all kinds of folks. Nowadays, you can buy tofu or ramen at any Ralphs market but in those days you had to go to a local Japanese market or come down to Little Tokyo. There used to be fresh fish stands and vegetable stands on First Street, and you could buy sashimi, octopuses, and other items that the western markets didn’t sell. Those were the days when Little Tokyo was a real neighborhood.

“I used to work in the San Fernando Valley for a Japanese flower grower; we used to raise carnations, chrysanthemums, and anemones. It was hard work and that Valley sun would really beat down on us. My wife and I lived in a small apartment in Boyle Heights and she worked at a sewing school in the San Pedro Firm Building, next to the old Union Church.

“Of course, World War II changed our world practically overnight. We had to pack up our things in pretty short order. Some of us went to the old Union Church and other people went to the old Nishi Hongwanji Temple and took the bus out of town; we didn’t even know for sure where we were headed!

“By the time the war ended, we had three growing kids so we decided to live in the San Fernando Valley and I became a gardener. I still remember though bringing the whole family to Little Tokyo on the weekends. I would drive down San Fernando Road, cut across the L.A. River on Los Feliz Boulevard, and turn up Riverside Drive near the Mulholland Fountain, drive through the tunnels near Solano Canyon, head up Hill Street in Chinatown, and then left on First Street into Little Tokyo. As soon as we arrived, the kids would want to go to Fugelsudo for sweets, or to the Taul Watanabe building at First and San Pedro to buy a hot dog from the hot dog lady. After shopping, sometimes getting a haircut or stopping at Jack’s Auto, we would go to the Far East or to the Sugar Bowl for a dinner out. That was pretty special back then; we didn’t eat out very often.

“In the 1950s, they tore down a whole block of Little Tokyo in order to build Parker Center. Then they tore down the buildings across the street on San Pedro where I used to take my car for repairs; now it is just a parking structure and parking lot.

“I noticed that in the ’60s and ’70s, a lot of the old buildings were being torn down and replaced by new office towers like the Sumitomo Bank building and the New Otani Hotel. I guess the new buildings are nice to look at and all, but the old buildings had a lot of history and memories that connected people to the neighborhood. I’m glad they kept the First Street section between San Pedro and Central just like it has been for 100 years; it reminds me of how Little Tokyo used to be, and how it has served our Nikkei community for so many years. You know, once you tear it down and its gone, you can’t bring back the history and connections.”

This fictionalized interview is actually a composite of a number of comments I have heard from senior citizens during my 25 years of working in Little Tokyo. It points out how important it is to try to remember and stay connected with our past while we plan for the future, and to remember our heritage as we work for the goal of maintaining a historic neighborhood.

This is what we at the Little Tokyo Service Center Community Development Corporation (LTSC CDC) have been trying to do as we embark on two projects at the same time: the renovation of the Far East Café building, and the efforts to obtain a Little Tokyo site for a multi-court, multi-purpose recreation center.

The Far East Café

Nothing seems to evoke the kind of emotion and fond memories of Little Tokyo like the old Far East Café which was in the storefront of the The Far East building. The café is part of the string of 13 buildings that are set mostly on First Street in Little Tokyo and which date back to the old Little Tokyo of the early 1900s.

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PHOTO: AARON KITASHIMA
Scout Troop 58. We also played a lot of church bingo for groceries.

When asked how they feel they benefited from growing up in J-Town, each had a different response.

Sando: I gained a really strong sense of community and got to make lifelong friendships. Some of the lessons I learned include acceptance and tolerance.

I recall that we did a lot of events with the Issei from the Kimoji senior citizen center. They came to our daycamp-wide picnics at Heather Farms, taught us how to make canes and to perform Japanese dances like Tanko Bushi.

Akemi: By attending the Japanese Bilingual and Bicultural Program in elementary school, we learned a lot about Japanese culture. We did a lot of cooking projects. I remember after making sushi as part of a sushi class, we had to ask the food correctly in Japanese or go hungry.

We celebrated Girl's Day, Boy's Day, and participated in the Cherry Blossom Parade, dressed up as Japanese foods, including sushi.

Wilbur: In terms of learning Japanese, I did go to the Japanese Bilingual and Bicultural Program in elementary school, but mostly, I had to speak it at home. During high school, I got most of my Japanese language experience at Kyoto's (the J-Town video arcade) where I would sometimes talk to the old lady. More experience came when I worked in sales at Okabe Sports ("Tanuki da yo!").

In speaking with my friends, it is clear that they all continue to feel strong ties to J-Town.

Akemi: I would really like my daughter to have some exposure to Japanese language and culture. We're excited that my mother plans to take her to the Buddhist Church and the Obon Festival.

See MURASE/ page 87
A non-profit CDCs: Neighborhood Heroes or Perpetuators of Poverty?

By SCOTT ITO

An article which appeared in the Oct. 6, 2002, New York Times Magazine titled, “Hipification — How a Neighborhood Goes From Down and Out to Extremely Cool, Block by Block” by Jim Nelson actually prompted me to look a little deeper into the issue of neighborhood revitalization. The article went into elaborate detail about the transformation of Clinton Street on the Lower East Side of Manhattan into this urban chic neighborhood that was now attracting many new types of establishments like posh restaurants, trendy bars, boutiques and galleries.

The author makes some inclinations of the area being the next Soho. He mainly equates the success of the neighborhood with a new restaurant called 71 Clinton Fresh Food with its sleek ultra-modern look and nouveau cuisine, which made its entrance to the neighborhood about two years ago. What the author had neglected to research was that much of the revitalization of this particular neighborhood had come many years prior to the arrival of this restaurant.

During the ‘80s and early ‘90s, the Lower East Side which borders Chinatown was plagued with drugs, violence and prostitution. During that time, the only pioneers who risked venturing into this neighborhood were nonprofit agencies like Pueblo Neuvo (which is now defunct), Asian Americans for Equality (AAFE) and the numerous low-income families who couldn’t afford to live elsewhere.

These nonprofit agencies took it upon themselves to begin rehabilitating many of the city-owned buildings that were left abandoned, and worked with local tenants in troubled buildings to empower them with skills to organize themselves and create neighborhood watch associations. The culmination of these efforts with nonprofit agencies partnered with concerned community members helped launch the true renaissance of Clinton Street and set the stage for Mr. Nelson’s version of “hipification.”

Similar trends of urban renewal have been taking place in neighborhoods all across the United States. Particularly, this trend has been very apparent in numerous Chinatowns and Little Tokyos across the nation. Nonprofit community development corporations such as Little Tokyo Service Center CDC (LTSC CDC) in Los Angeles, Chinatown CDC in San Francisco, Seattle Chinatown/International District Preservation and Development Authority in Seattle, Asian Americans for Equality in New York and many others have been implementing plans to revive once vibrant communities. These organizations have been working tirelessly for decades to retain the original flavor of the neighborhood coupled with new strategies to pump additional economic life into their communities.

The Little Tokyo Recreation Center, a project of LTSC CDC, potentially encompasses all the necessary ingredients to fuel the struggling local economy that has resulted from suburbanization and the decline of tourism from Japan. LTSC CDC has recognized for many years that the Japanese American basketball leagues in Southern California, in addition to other sports such as volleyball and martial arts, have a huge following among its younger generation. By centralizing some of the leagues in this recreational facility in Little Tokyo, the project has the potential to attract thousands of new consumers weekly who will patronize local businesses, arts and cultural institutions and overall increase badly needed foot traffic. Upon overcoming a few major hurdles, the “Rec Center” can potentially be seen as a national model for economic revival.

I mainly state these examples because the association of economic revitalization is usually with the creation of a giant mall, Indian casinos or a Wal-Mart coming to the neighborhood and not with the work of a nonprofit agency. In most cases, nonprofit agencies, more particularly community development corporations, have been non-existent in the mind of the average American. Obviously with Mr. Nelson, they were not even on his radar screen.

On the other end of the spectrum, if there is recognition, these nonprofits are usually stereotyped as agencies that perpetuate poverty and provide no means for their clients to move up the economic ladder. These varied perceptions about the true work of nonprofit agencies hint that there are many misconceptions or misunderstandings of their work, but it is my hope that this brief insight into the world of CDCs will shed some light on their successes.

History of the CDC Movement:

But to understand the success of non-profit CDCs, you must understand the history of how they came about. The CDC movement actually was a reaction that came about during the mid-’60s and followed the height of the civil rights movement, when many activists began to voice their opinions and address the ever-present imbalance of resources and power in America.

To address the very critical issue of poverty during this time period, certain programs called “community action programs” were some of the first ever to empower nonprofit agencies to address poverty first-hand, and it came about through...
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It was early morning, still dark. At that hour, few eateries were open so we found ourselves in a restaurant tucked away in the heart of Los Angeles' produce market. Workers were already filling up the tables and counters for their wake-up cups of coffee.

I ordered cha soba, eggs and rice with coffee — my breakfast. It was, after all, the signature dish at Paul's Café. Speckled with paint and fuzzy from lack of sleep, Mr. Nishida and I dug into our plates. We were hoping the food and coffee would keep us awake and give us the boost of energy we needed.

We had a deadline to meet in a few hours, and we wanted everything to be right for the grand opening.

The year was 1969, and we had been working nonstop in cleaning up a vacant office in the Sun Building on Wentle Street. This vacant office was to become a culmination of a dream. It was to become the Pioneer Center, a place in Little Tokyo for the Issei to "hang out" and feel welcomed.

The impetus for the Pioneer Center was the Issei like Mr. Masao Nishimura. I was reminded of Mr. Nishimura when I ran into Mo Nishida and some of the Issei on Little Tokyo and the Pioneer Center, a place in Little Tokyo for the Issei in Los Angeles today.

Two events before the bombing of Pearl Harbor were living in and around Little Tokyo in small houses, apartments and hotels — a community quite unlike the commuter lifestyle we know in Los Angeles today.

Although dispersed by the war, the memory of the Nihonmachi in its heyday was enough to keep many Issei rooted to the area, even though it seemed clear that the world they knew and took comfort in had sadly slipped away. Some were left behind by their families who had moved out to the suburbs. Although it seemed cruel, the prospect of having an aging parent isolated in the suburbs with no one to socialize with seemed equally harsh. "At least," a lonely lady once told me, "as bad as it is down here, I have people to talk to."

These people remembered the community walks with their friends and their children. At one time, entire families would come to Little Tokyo on an outing, going in and out of all the stores, markets and restaurants that catered to the tastes of the Nihonjin. Business was especially good on the weekends when the family would bring their families in to buy things that they could not find on the shelves of stores in other areas of Los Angeles — rice, shoyu, duokon, manju — and for the adults, clothing that would actually fit!

But war and its reality was particularly harsh on the Issei and Little Tokyo. It was common to see them sitting on the bus benches because they really had nowhere to go.

Many were bachelors who had never married and had no real family to turn to. The majority of those trying to exist in Little Tokyo had difficulty finding jobs and had no clue as to how to apply for state aid. The stereotype was that Asians took care of their own and were too proud to apply for aid — a notion that was quickly dispelled, once they had access to bilingual information and instructions on how to apply for help.

So these were the realities that Mr. Nishimura and others of his generation living in Little Tokyo found themselves in. To their credit, the spirit of optimism and courage that carried these pioneers across the Pacific to a new and often hostile land had not deserted them. Mr. Nishimura had resolved to at least create a place for some of his friends to sit down and indulge in a game of go or shogi. But even vacant office rooms require money at some point and it must have come as a surprise that he was being asked to shut down his little rec center and vacate the room.

The idea of a senior center met with a combination of enthusiasm and skepticism. The establishment quickly bailed out when they realized that the proposed funding source was to be the small dues that we were to collect from the Issei members and community friends. When the dust cleared, an unlikely partnership of young and old had joined together to see the idea through. A college-aged group of volunteers from this "Pioneer Project" made up the "young generation" at the time. They took on the task of cleaning up the place. Walls and ceilings needed painting; floors desperately needed scrubbing; and windows needed cleaning.

Looking back some 33 years later, all I really remember of that grand opening day is from a faded Rafu Shimpo newspaper article that covered the event. You see, after returning to put on the finishing touches to the room, all I can recall is the sun coming up as I decided to catch a few hours of sleep in my car parked on Weller Street by the Pioneer Center. When I woke up, the grand opening had been over for hours.

This Pacific Citizen article started out with the idea of memorializing all the wonderful people and "giants" of the community that helped put the Japanese Community Pioneer Center together. I fully confess that in the end, it turned into a story about the character of the Issei, who loved and claimed Little Tokyo as their own and made it their world.

Although they are gone, I can't help feeling that their spirit still resides in the streets of this community. Maybe that is why so many Japanese Americans refuse to abandon this little section of Los Angeles and want to do what they can to bring back the people and spirit of the Issei to Little Tokyo.
How the Nikkei Evacuation of Hawaii Almost Happened:

EXAMINING THE BOOK 'BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT'

By Ike Hachimonji

A n interesting aspect of Japanese American history during World War II is the story of the Nikkei community in Hawaii and the compelling reasons why they, unlike their counterparts on the West Coast, were not removed from their homes and incarcerated in American-style concentration camps.

Most of what follows is based on the book “By Order of the President” (Harvard University Press, 2001), by Professor Greg Robinson. The reasons the Hawaiian Japanese were not incarcerated into camps must be seen from four perspectives. They are: 1) the Hawaiian economy and its primary economic activity — the production of sugar; 2) the actions of Gen. Delos Carleton Emmons, the commanding general and military governor of the islands during the war; 3) the policies of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt with respect to the JAs in general and specifically in Hawaii; and 4) how other considerations impacted the course of events and individuals involved.

During the 1940s, Hawaiian Japanese represented the largest ethnic group on the islands, about one-third of the population, numbering some 135,000 people, and were the largest source of labor for the vast sugar cane plantations. Without them, the thousands of acres of sugar cane could not have been harvested and processed. Their removal would have caused havoc on the island’s economy and the nation’s supply of sugar.

Emmons recognized the importance of the JAs on the island’s economy, and as a result he risked his military career and the threat of insubordination to prevent the mass evacuation of the Hawaiian Japanese.

***

A fter the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Roosevelt considered his first priority to be the security of Hawaii and advocated the removal of the entire Hawaiian population to concentration camps. Hawaii’s economy and the sugar production was, at best, of secondary importance to FDR. The president even condemned the Hawaiian plantation owners, a class of white wealthy families, for having influenced Emmons to allow their Hawaiian laborers to remain.

FDR not only paid much greater attention to the Hawaiian Japanese as contrasted to the Japanese population on the West Coast, but others in his administration were of the same mind.

For example, Navy Secretary Frank Knox went to inspect Pearl Harbor immediately after the attack to assess the devastation. Within 36 hours, Knox reported to FDR that the “most effective fifth column” (secret sympathizers and supporters or a spy/sabotage network) of the entire war was done in Hawaii by the Japanese whose fishing boats had furnished information on the location of U.S. warships.

Knox recommended that Roosevelt and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson remove all alien Japanese and their families in Hawaii and detain them on another island. But it was believed that Knox was trying to divert some of the blame for the Navy’s lack of readiness, and his recommendations were discounted by the FBI.

***

As early as 1920, the U.S. Army in Hawaii was concerned about a possible invasion of the islands by Japan. It was believed that the local Japanese would be collaborators with the enemy. In anticipation, a joint defense plan was drawn up by the U.S. Army for the island of Oahu. The plan would impose martial law to control the Japanese and intern those who were considered dangerous. The military commander of Hawaii at that time was Col. John L. DeWitt, who would later become the West Coast defense commander responsible for the mass internment of all persons of Japanese ancestry.

Just prior to Pearl Harbor, FDR, in his concern for domestic security, appointed John Franklin Carter, a journalist and supporter of the New Deal, to create a network of secret agents to examine various groups, including the Japanese and America-based Nazi organizations, for subversive activities. FDR’s suspicions included not only the alien Japanese but also their American-born Nisei children and others such as the America-based German Bund.

Carter brought in Curtis B. Munson, a Midwestern Republican businessman, to assess the Japanese communities on the West Coast and Hawaii. Starting first in Los Angeles in October 1941, Munson spoke with the FBI and the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI). The ONI at the time was headed by Lt. Commander Kenneth Ringle, who had led a raid on the Japanese Consulate in Los Angeles to collect lists of suspects in the Japanese community.

Munson’s preliminary conclusions asserted that the United States should not incarcerate JA citizens in concentration camps; that the bulk of the Japanese will remain “quiet” due to their precarious status in the United States; and that in case of war, there would probably be a few acts of sabotage by paid Japanese agents and the odd fanatic Japanese.

Munson then spent nine days in November 1941 in Honolulu. After considering the opinions of white Honoluluans, the FBI office in Hawaii and other sources, Munson again found no difference in his assessment of the Hawaiian Japanese to that of the West Coast mainland Japanese — that the Japanese were 98 percent loyal.

Munson’s statement that there was “no Japanese problem” was backed by Carter and sent to the president for his review. Although FDR may have dismissed the accuracy of Munson’s conclusions, the Honolulu office of the FBI also maintained that the vast majority of the Japanese were...
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By BUDD FUKEI

Seattle had two Nihonmachi. Nihonmachi I — our town before evacuation and internment.

Nihonmachi II — our town after the end of World War II.

We have special memories of Nihonmachi I because it was the one in which we grew up. Nihonmachi was home not only to the Japanese but also to the hakujin. In one hotel on Jackson Street, longtime residents included a MacDonald, a McNeill, a Molyneaux, a Wilson, an Olson, a Hanson, a Nelson (all hakujin) and a Collins (a black).

Not all Japanese Americans lived, worked and played in Nihonmachi. Japanese resided in nearby areas like First Hill and Central District as well as such "far out" places as Queen Anne, Green Lake, South Park and West Seattle.

Ben Matsumoto's parents operated Bell Apartments in what today is the elegant district known as Belltown. Most of his friends were hakujin, with whom he often got into fights. But, Ben said, "We became best friends later on." As a kid, he was a batboy for the San Francisco Missions in the old Pacific Coast League whenever the Missions ball club appeared in Seattle. As a teenage athlete, he played American Legion ball and also earned his letters in football and baseball at Queen Anne High School. As a serviceman during WWII, he was with the legendary 10th Infantry Battalion. The Matsumotos, like many others, kept in touch with Nihonmachi and things Japanese.

Life was tough for all peoples in our country in the 1930s. In Nihonmachi, stories about Issei holding down two jobs to raise their families were not uncommon. One of them was the Suhara family. Frank Suhara recalled, "After my father died (in 1938), my mother worked as a barber and also as a chambermaid (at the Presley Hotel) to raise our family."

Along with other Japanese Americans from the Seattle area, the Suhara family (Frank, then a 12-year-old) was sent to camp in Minidoka, Idaho, during WWII.

Frank later answered the call to serve during the Korean War. He saw action with the 2nd Infantry Division, earning five battle stars.

Another was the Nakatani family. Ushinosuke Nakatani was a dressmaker (Lion Tailor) and his wife, Fuku, was a well-known teacher of odori and samisen. Mrs. Nakatani had 100 students at one time. The Nakatani's had their businesses next door to the Lion Hotel on Jackson Street. Their eldest son, Kenny, is now 92 years old, but his memory is still razor sharp. He remembered Tacoma Hotel, run jointly by Norio Hara's parents and Jake Kawakami's parents. Seattle Dojo was on the corner of Ninth Avenue and Jackson Street.

Kenny's younger brother, Roy, left an indelible mark in fisheries. Roy served five years in the U.S. Army during WWII. He was a professor of the School of Fisheries at the University of Washington and the associate director of the Fisheries Research Institute until his retirement in 1988. Roy was also national secretary for the American Institute of Fishery Research Biologists from 1986 to 1990.

A one-armed black man manned a newstand he called "Never Sleep" at 12th Avenue and Jackson Street. And an Italian, whose son Russ attended Bailey Gatzert School along with JA pupils, sold papers at his newstand next door to Jackson Theater. They were also part of Nihonmachi.

On condition of anonymity, an old friend of this observer offered the following thoughts: "Life was pretty damn miserable. Sure, we had some fun. Marbles and 'kick the can.' Dropping in on Chinatown to buy a bag of ginger or ingaimot (sweetened plum). ... Fishing for shiners, bass or perch off the dock at the foot of the restless, energetic kids out of mischief.

Nihonmachi also handled quite well the hysteria that followed shortly after Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor.

"All the Japanese in America should be locked up." That's what James R. Young advocated in his speech to an overflowing crowd at the Sunset Club in Seattle. Mr. Young was bureau chief of International News Service in Tokyo.

His speech was covered in Virginia Boren's column, "North American Times" (Hokubei Ji)j, interviewed Mr. Young at the Olympic Hotel on the morning of the day (Wed., Jan. 7, 1942) he spoke to the Sunset Club. The man was cordial throughout the interview, which we published that day. Our story was headlined: "Japan Wouldn't Have Attacked If Told of German Failures — Young."

In his speech to the Sunset Club, Young fired away at the Japanese military machine. In retrospect, Young's bitterness toward the Japanese is understandable in that he was once imprisoned by the Japanese. What surprised us was his mentioning our interviewing him and linking us to a "spy system."

In her column, Ms. Boren reported...
One of the trips that I remember as a small child was going to the barber shop with my Issei father. This must have been just shortly after the end of World War II. The barber had a goldfish pond in his shop with a miniature model of a garden. Dad used to cut my hair, but he allowed me the privilege of going “down-town” with him when he had his hair cut at the Japanese barber shop in Nihonmachi.

On those trips we would drop by the Japanese market and the fish market which were just around the corner from the barber shop. Oh those big-eyed dead fish lined up in the glass counter at the fish market used to fascinate me, and that Japanese candy with the paper you could eat was a great treat. In those days I wasn’t too sure about the manju and the stinky takuan. Later, I came to enjoy eating almost anything that my dad bought in the Japanese stores at Nihonmachi.

The major development of Nihonmachi in Salt Lake City began around 1907. By then the Japanese population in Salt Lake City had grown enough to support the businesses. The location was right downtown, mainly concentrated on First South Street, just slightly west of the main downtown of Salt Lake City and the Mormon Temple. Noodle houses, hotels, rooming and boarding houses, bath houses, variety stores, barber shops, confectioneries, and tailors were used to allow the use of their facilities in the area that was Nihonmachi. Only four American businesses remained in business today: Sage Farm Market moved south, the Pagoda Restaurant (still operated by and cultural needs of JACL chapter), and the National JACL Credit Union.

The Buddhist Church and the Japanese Church of Christ dedicated new buildings in 1925. The original Buddhist Church has since been replaced by a newer building up the block, but the Japanese Church of Christ remains in use with the addition of a meeting hall behind the church. Two churches have become gathering places for many Japanese over the years and continue to allow the use of their facilities for community events.

When WWII and the evacuation of people from the West Coast occurred, the Japanese communities in Utah tripled between 1942-46. When the JACL was forced to leave the West Coast, headquarters for JACL was relocated to Salt Lake City. The Pacific Citizen newspaper was published in Salt Lake City until 1952, when it was moved to Los Angeles. The following year, the national JACL returned its headquarters to San Francisco. The National JACL Credit Union, however, continues to operate from Salt Lake City as originally established.

The U.S. Cafe was operated by the Tsuyuki family in Nihonmachi. Their son, Jerry Tsuyuki, became entrenched in the restaurant business and wanted to build a Japanese restaurant with tatami rooms and excellent food prepared by a Japanese chef. After a stint in the U.S. Army, Jerry researched Japanese restaurants and opened the Mikado Restaurant which became one of the premier eating establishments in Salt Lake City. Jerry and his wife, Mitzie (both recently deceased), and their family ran the restaurant for many years until Jerry sold it to retire and play golf. The Mikado Restaurant is still in business and is located in close proximity to the original Nihonmachi.

The Buddhist Church in Salt Lake City continues to hold an obo festival each year in the street in front of their building at the site of the old Nihonmachi. The Japanese Church of Christ also holds festivals and bazaars in addition to Sunday services. Today those two churches are all that remains of Nihonmachi, as the Salt Palace Convention Center was built about 1968 in the area that was Nihonmachi. Only 12 of the businesses relocated to other parts of the city, and all others went out of business.

Of those many original businesses which were part of Salt Lake City’s Nihonmachi, only four remain in business today: Sage Farm Market moved south, the Pagoda Restaurant (still operated by Floyd and Dora Iwasaki) moved to the avenues area of Salt Lake City, and the National JACL Credit Union moved into a building further east.

From its beginnings in 1907 until it was formally disbanded and demolished in 1966, Nihonmachi was the gathering place for the Issei, Nisei, and Sansei in Salt Lake City and the surrounding areas. Japanese faces were the majority in this area, and everyone felt a sense of belonging when they went there to conduct business or to visit with friends.

That feeling found in Nihonmachi in years gone by cannot be found by strolling the streets in downtown Salt Lake City any longer, but the feeling of belonging to a Japanese American group can still be found within the JACL with three Utah chapters striving to fill the social and cultural needs of JACL.

Floyd Mori is a former California state congressman and is currently the national president of JACL.
Newcomers could be found gathering at the Oriental Food Store at 11th and Broadway that the Oyama family. (Joe Oyama wrote the East Wind column for the Pacific Citizen.) Another group settled in Midtown Manhattan where the Japanese Christian Church stood at 57th Street and Katagiri’s food store on 59th.

Today, according to the 2000 Census, there are about 60,000 Japanese in metropolitan New York with the largest number living on the East Side of Manhattan between 4th and 47th streets. We surmised that these are Japanese expatriates — Shin Issei and Shin Nisei. (Several years ago, the Japanese Restaurant Association had sponsored an Aki Matsuri on East 4th Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenues. It was like being in Japan since the majority of the vendors and entertainers were Japanese from Japan.) Japanese business families lived in great numbers in Fort Lee, New Jersey, but now Westchester County, New York, seems to be the favorite place to live. About 14,000 Japanese live in New Jersey.

It is hard to know how many of the 60,000 are JAs. But what is known is that they are scattered all over the Tri-State area. As in the early years, many JAs continue to live on the Upper West Side in the 10025 zip code area. But the Oriental Food Store is no longer there; the New York Buddhist Church moved to 103rd and Riverside Drive; the Christian Churches merged and became the Japanese American United Church on 7th Avenue between 24th and 25th streets. Both churches provide many social activities for their congregations.

There are several social and social welfare agencies in New York. The Japanese American Association (JAA) will be celebrating its 100th anniversary in a few years. Organized in 1907 as the Mutual Aid Society, it was discontinued during World War II when its assets were frozen by the Japanese government. After the war, the Japanese government returned $50,000 of the frozen assets and in 1950, the society was officially incorporated as the Japanese American Association of New York. Its main focus has been to provide information and services to the elderly. Now, the majority of its members are Japanese who have come to the United States after WWII.

The Japanese American Social Services, Inc. (JASSI) provides counseling and other welfare assistance. Most other helping agencies are Asian American groups such as the Asian American Legal Defense and Education Fund, Asian Women in Business, Asian American Federation, Asian Pacific Islander Coalition for HIV/AIDS, and professional groups like the Asian Bar Association.

Some years ago, the New York Nichibei ceased publication and it has been difficult for JAs to know what is happening among us. We each have our own membership newsletter and we are all probably having problems with increasing our membership. One thing that has been noted is that young JAs do not seem to be “joiners.” Groups such as the National Asian Professionals Association are made up of primarily Chinese and Koreans. Of course, they are the largest population but one would think that you might find a Nikkei here and there.

One last note … come visit the Big Apple! Come see and taste your way through the different ethnic neighborhoods that make up New York City. There is no place like it! Lillian Kimura is a former national JACL president.
This journey to early Sacramento Nihonmachi begins at the SP station on 1 Street which was a short distance from the boardinghouse where we stayed occasionally. Actually, I don’t remember ever going inside the station, which was rather forbidden — enclosed within an iron fence and gate. But I was always conscious of the trains coming and going, day and night, whenever we were at Nankai-ya.

A haven for folks from Wakayama-ken, Nankai-ya was run by a family from Wakayama who were related to my father. We were always put up in a room by the front window on the second floor. This was a choice room reserved for relatives but it was no different from the other rooms for families and permanent guests. Bachelors and migrant workers who stayed between harvests and in the winter were housed in the basement.

I have three vivid memories from the boardinghouse. First, was the horse-drawn ice cream carriage that came several times a day. I don’t remember the ice cream so much (we were rarely treated) but I can still hear the tinkling bell — so distinctive and tantalizing.

Next, was my first taste of Chinese restaurants on 1 Street. There were many Chinese families living on 1 Street and many businesses, mostly underground. Soon a Chinese waiter marched in holding a platter of chow mein high above his shoulder. I don’t remember the taste of the chow mein but the theatrical waiter and the delicious aroma of the chow mein — that I remember.

1 Street seemed a world away from Nihonmachi, which centered on L Street and 3rd and 4th streets. I only know Nihonmachi from the time we lived in Loomis about 25 miles east of Sacramento. My parents ran a fish market/grocery store and father made weekly buying trips to Sacramento and sometimes in the summer when school was out I got to go with him.

Father tended to favor places run by fellow Wakayama folks like Sakiyama Dry Goods Store which was on the corner of 3rd and M streets. That’s where he was sold a pair of heavy coats for my brother and me. Those coats were the bane of our childhood. I suppose they were good coats — imitation leather which was impervious to rain and lined with warm sheepskin which, when warmed by our bodies, tended to smell like sheep, no more like sheep urine.

The real problem was no one in school had such a coat. We tried to lose it but someone would always find it and return it to us. And it was absolutely indestructible. The only solution was to outgrow it which we finally did after many agonizing years.

My father used to buy gift items at Yorozu-ya on the corner of 4th and M streets. My memory of that store is that Mr. Okada, the proprietor and an elder of the kendo group, once presented me with a prize for winning a few matches at the kendo tournament held at the Buddhist Church Hall on O Street. The prize, nicely boxed and wrapped, was usually a "tenugui" or towel. What was special was that my name appeared in the Japanese section of the newspaper for the first time.

Whenver we went to Sacramento as a family, it was our custom to have noodles at this hole-in-the-wall noodle shop. I think it was off an alley. Anyway, there were five of us but we always ordered six bowls of tempura udon and the befuddled waitress would look for the extra person in our party. Of course, there was no such person; the extra bowl was for my mother who always had two bowls. This remained a standing joke until late in her life my mother lost all interest in noodles.

Our favorite place was the New Eagle Drug Store on the corner of 4th and O Street, next to Agnes Hospital. I think my father stopped there whenever he was in Sacramento.

Besides medicine and sundries, he got his monthly magazines there like "King," and "Shufu no Torn." and O Street, next to Agnes Hospital. I think my father stopped there whenever he was in Sacramento. His hospital, owned by the Miyakawa family, was named after their daughter Agnes Miyakawa who became a noted opera singer. Recently, I read that the nurses at Agnes Hospital were all white. I believe they were but I remember one Japanese nurse who used to give me candy for "being a good boy."
The monument to racial good will in Mukilteo, Washington. The origami crane has the words “peace” and “happiness” written in both English and Japanese.

Photos courtesy of Mas Odo

The memorial in Mukilteo, Washington, commemorates the excellent relations between Japanese sawmill workers and the residents during the early 1900s. It was erected on May 30, 2000, seven long decades after the Japanese moved away when the Crown Lumber Co. closed during the Great Depression of the 1930s. The deep appreciation of the Nisei for the friendship of the townspeople is summarized in the following excerpts from a poetic essay by Midori Tanabe, the last Japanese American born in Mukilteo:

Through a Window in Time

It was ... in the early 1900s when a handful of Japanese immigrants made their long voyage ... from the islands of Japan to the shores of Mukilteo, a little sawmill town in America ... Few spoke English. Most none at all ... But it was a good place with kind people, as they all worked hard, side by side, with the people of Mukilteo ...

... Through the kindness and understanding of the people of Mukilteo, they learned new ways, the new language. The children grew and were soon attending school along with other American children. In this new place they knew they had made the right choice.

... We, the last of the Mukilteo born Japanese Americans of this window in time, honor our mothers and fathers for their courage, their spirit of adventure, and their dedication so that we may, indeed, live a better life in this ... the land of opportunity. They gave us that opportunity when they decided to settle in Mukilteo ...

We would like to thank the kind people of Mukilteo, who did so much for them during those difficult times. And we welcome all their children to join us in the tribute to our forefathers ...

Midori Tanabe

Located on the scenic shores of Puget Sound, the Mukilteo enclave was called “an ideal Japanese lumber camp” in “Issei” by Kazuo Ito. It typified the dozens of such Japantowns that sprang up in the Northwest around the turn of the century — and as suddenly disappeared as sawmills closed during the Great Depression of the 1930s.

Because large sawmills were built in little forest hamlets, there was little prejudice against Japanese being imported to supplement the workforce. They brought families, and the Nisei children won the respect of their classmates with their scholarship and good behavior. The lack of competition for jobs and the compatibility of their cultural values minimized the harsh anti-Orientalism which occurred in other western areas.

The Issei workers in Mukilteo were a free-spirited group. The men smoked, drank sake, played go and had rousing parties. They built a playground, a park with swings and seesaws, a community center for indoor activities, and a boy’s club with gardens and fishponds.

Some of the 100 sawmill workers were well-educated and formed a tanka group for writing and sharing Japanese poems. They published a literary magazine, called Mukilteo.

The wives were busy caring for children and doing housework, a full-time job without the modern conveniences of today. They
Southern California Towns that Still Breathe History

Over the year past, specifically from May 2001 through April 2002, I was dubbed the "JACL Historian" by the Japanese American National Museum in Los Angeles, processing our documents, clippings and photographs which were transferred there for preservation.

If we had saved all of those JACL chapter newsletters, I might still be there plowing through the enormous collection. That said (as longtime Pacific Citizen readers and friends are surprised to learn), ye editor emeritus is fully retired, no deadlines except for a monthly column and cleaning the clutter in my computer complex at home.

The historian in me still runs.

The Holiday Issue theme, "Our Town," teased me to spot towns in California around 1913 when the Alien Land Law took effect and where the Issei men toiled that no longer exist.

Were once asked where Burnett was. Both flower growers and many pig farms prospered there in its heydays, before oil was discovered at Signal Hill north of Long Beach in 1921. In fact, the 1915 Skin Sekai directory lists more Japanese living in Burnett than in Long Beach, which then had a small Japanese section compared to East 2nd and Elm where the Long Beach Nihonjinkai had its office. Burnett also had its own Nihonjinkai but the directory address was P.O. Box 25.

Termo Island was then an unoccupied sandy Rattlesnake Island under development to become a harbor and a resort, as the federal government in 1912 funded the building, a breakwater and a deep harbor off San Pedro. Young Issei fishermen were then operating from Port Los Angeles, another town that no longer exists. In the 1900s, with concentration of Southern California Japanese fishermen there, Port Los Angeles had a Japanese fishing village with beach homes, inns and shops. Kenjinkai picnics were popular weekends at the mouth of Santa Monica (Sullivan) Canyon below the palisades west of Santa Monica, then a municipality without Japanese residents.

However, by 1923 a Japanese section grew on 16th Street and Santa Monica Blvd. with the Japanese Hall, Association and Japanese school. The Japanese restaurants and chop houses were closer to the beach.

Town that no longer exist in Los Angeles County where Japanese farms thrived in the Los Angeles and San Gabriel River plains would include: Tweedy, Hynes, Florence, Baker Station, Green Meadows, Laguna and Newmark. Laguna (in the Downey area today) had the most Japanese farms. Nisei from the area continue to hold old-timer reunions to keep alive the name of their Nihon Gakko.

Inland toward San Fernando Valley and San Gabriel Valley, where Issei farmers and farms bloomed in towns no longer existing, were Tropico (now Glendale), Lankershim (North Hollywood), Rowland (La Puente) and Lordsburg (between Azusa and Pomona). Lankershim's Japanese Camp provided the dekasegi laborers for Tropico berry farms. Tropico, on the north side of the Los Angeles River, provided the second largest stretch of strawberry farms in the county, Strawberry Park and Moneta (Garden Valley) being number one. The Lordsburg Japanese labor camp housed and fed dekasegi berry or fruit pickers, who fanned out to farms and orchards in the area that has become the biggest concentration of Asian Americans, around 175,000, in Los Angeles County's San Gabriel Valley.

The dekasegi workers were the young men who followed the crops from south to north of California weighted with rolled-up blankets around their shoulders and expected to send part of their earnings home to Japan.

One town no longer there in Imperial County was Keystone, where the Japanese got their mail RFD from Imperial. The valley which became famous for melons in the winter was an Issei success story dating from 1906. The summer before, the raging Colorado River had changed its course and flooded the valley to refill the Salton Sinkhole, as it was then called.

The first Japanese in Imperial Valley came in the 1890s to process salt at the lowest part of dry Lake Cahuilla (Salton Sea). Japanese farmers in the valley were the first to bring in young Issei workers, as many as 400, during the melon-picking, grading and packing season which ran through June and July. The Japanese were also the first to engage in cotton production in Imperial Valley in 1909.

After 1924, the Valley Japanese population had doubled its 1920 population of 1,300 to 2,800, some of which has been ascribed to Japanese braceros (without visa) crossing the border from Baja California. The memories and glories of Japanese agricultural input and community well-being are on display at the Japanese Gallery of the Pioneer Museum, Imperial, which Sansei farmer Tim Asamen organized in the late 1980s.

It's amazing how this brief bit above, of Japanese history, flowed from towns that no longer exist.

By

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Starting from anywhere on the West Coast — Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle — if you keep driving north on Interstate 1-5 and cross the border into Canada, you will be in Surrey. It is now the second largest city in British Columbia with a population of 500,000.

In 1940 Surrey consisted of 80,000 acres with a population of some 11,500, including 45 Japanese families who were settled mostly on 5- to 10-acre farms. The total number of Japanese, probably about 300, consisted mostly of young children below school age. And more babies were coming.

In 1933 only one Surrey Nisei had graduated from the University of British Columbia, and he was not a graduate of Surrey High School. It was not until 1936 that the first Surrey Nisei graduated from Surrey High School. In 1937 again only one Surrey Nisei graduated, a girl whose mother was English and father was one of two World War I Issei veterans.

By the spring of 1942 when all Japanese were evacuated, a total of only 22 Nisei had graduated from or attended Surrey High School, and only one 1940 Nisei Surrey High School graduate was enrolled at the University of British Columbia.

Before the war the small Surrey Japanese community was dominated by the Issei. The number of older Nisei who played a role in the affairs of the Surrey community could be counted on “one hand with a couple of fingers missing.” Because of the severe restrictions in employment, almost all the families were engaged in strawberry and chicken farming. Chickens for egg production did not require any community cooperation, but strawberry farmers were forced to organize to market their produce. They pooled their resources and formed a Strawberry co-op.

Then, for the first time, one older Surrey Nisei fluent in English was hired as a bookkeeper to negotiate sales and keep track of the co-op business. He even had to deal with the telephone company to have a special telephone line strung about a mile long to the berry hall.

The elected Issei co-op officials had to learn quickly how to run a business. They had to decide how to build the berry hall for multi-purpose use as a community facility for social functions and Japanese language classes. The priest from the New Westminster Buddhist Temple was hired as a teacher. But he was not an effective teacher, and as a result only a few eventually became somewhat fluent.

The berry hall became the center for social, educational and entertainment activities. A Japanese health class, Emashiki, was taught by a teacher from Vancouver. Some mothers also started a Japanese odori group for girls. Japanese silent movies were shown in the berry hall.

After the berry crop was harvested the usual co-op picnic was held at White Rock Beach. Families brought Japanese-style food and ate in the Japanese style where families who were friends would sit together at the beach to share their picnic lunch, not like the American style where every family contributes to a common picnic table and food is shared by all.

In 1940 the Surrey Nisei group for the first time invited Nisei from Delta and New Westminster to gather at the Surrey berry hall. This group of about 90 Nisei included several young Issei. It was also attended and monitored by three Issei community leaders. A Canadian woman who started a social group for Nisei girls was invited.

Social activity was infrequent because of the lack of transportation. There was some interaction by some of the Nisei with other Canadians, but it was mostly with neighbors who were grade-school chums. These were usually not in mixed boy-girl groups, but were individual friendships among boys or among girls. The social climate was not favorable for interaction between girls and boys and was discouraged by the parents of both groups.

During the strawberry-picking season Nisei from Vancouver and other places would come as strawberry pickers, generating friendships. Interaction with Nisei from other communities also occurred through participation in social activities at the Buddhist Temple in New Westminster. Obon services were widely observed. Special concerts and other social activities such as roller-skating brought opportunities for young people to interact with Nisei from other communities. All the families observed New Year’s with special Japanese foods and social activities.

When the children started attending elementary school they learned English quickly. 

After the evacuation, the Berry Hall became the center for social functions and other activities. A Japanese Buddhist Temple was hired as a teacher. It was not an effective teacher, and as a result only a few eventually became somewhat fluent.

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During the strawberry-picking season Nisei from Vancouver and other places would come as strawberry pickers, generating friendships. Interaction with Nisei from other communities also occurred through participation in social activities at the Buddhist Temple in New Westminster. Obon services were widely observed. Special concerts and other social activities such as roller-skating brought opportunities for young people to interact with Nisei from other communities. All the families observed New Year’s with special Japanese foods and social activities.

When the children started attending elementary school they learned English quickly.
I was a relative newcomer to Los Angeles' Little Tokyo compared to the real old-timers who had been there since the 1950s. But in contrast to those born in the post-Pacific War era, I can claim myself an old-timer. When I was chosen among the Nisei Week Pioneers last summer, I realized where I stand. Thus, I decided to shed light on the Japanese ethnic enclave through my personal experience.

I worked in Little Tokyo from 1962 to 1970 as the executive secretary to the Japanese Chamber of Commerce of Southern California (JCCSC). In the 1960s the Japanese-speaking community leaders were in their 50s or 60s, exerting great influence on community affairs.

The Japanese communities in Southern California were far more cohesive than today. Although there were community centers in San Fernando Valley, Pasadena, San Gabriel Valley, West Los Angeles, Venice, Santa Monica, Gardena and Long Beach, all were in accord that JCCSC was the clearing house for many of the community activities and events.

Thus, JCCSC was considered the representative voice of the Japanese American community in the eyes of the officials of the Los Angeles city, Los Angeles county and California state. Events and activities sponsored by the Japan-based public and private entities such as the Japanese Consulate General in Los Angeles, Japan Traders Club and the Japan External Trade Organization (JETRO) sought JCCSC for input and advice.

Under such an environment, I — as the executive administrative staff of JCCSC — was not only the corporate secretary to JCCSC, but also the secretary to scores of community businesses and cultural and civic organizations. They included the Little Tokyo Business Association (LTBA), Japanese American Hotel and Apartment Association, Nisei Week Festival, Japanese Cultural Center, Japanese American Amity Treaty Centennial Scholarship Fund and the Little Tokyo Redevelopment Association.

I must clarify the nature and function of the Japanese Cultural Center. It was a loosely bound association of private school instructors reaching out and promoting many aspects of the traditional Japanese culture. The groups practiced the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, koto, shakuhachi, shamisen, biwa instruments, calligraphy, sumie painting, bonsai, bonkei classical dance, vocal art such as shogun, jyounrui, kouta and hanta, and folk songs.

The leadership was under the direction of Katsumu Mukaeda, Masuo Mitamura, Kango Takamura, Kazuo Yano and the other learned men. The Japanese Cultural Center functioned as a department of JCCSC and was the directory of cultural groups responding to requests for Japanese cultural presentations throughout not only Southern California but as far away as the New York EXPO.

I enjoyed a very close and personal working relationship with several key paid staff and volunteers in the community. They were George Saiki, deputy to Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and Isaac Matsushige, regional director of the PSW district of JACL. Others were Hiroshi Matsuoka, executive director to the Japan Traders Club, the forerunner to today's Japan Business Association, and volunteers of the Japan America Society of Southern California.

The JCCSC sponsored various activities and eventually became the seedbed for the growth of independent organizations actively serving the Japanese American community today. They are the Japanese Retirement Homes, Japanese American Cultural and Community Center (JACCC), Japanese Pioneer Center, Nisei Week Festival Foundation, Little Tokyo Business Association and the Japanese American Centennial Scholarship Fund, Inc.

I will be remiss if I fail to mention the young, ambitious and enthusiastic Nisei who dreamt of having a community center building in Little Tokyo. They were Eiji Tanabe, Taro Kawa, and Joseph Ito. With such an objective, they opened a bank account and the proceeds from the Annual Nisei Week Festival were accumulated in the account. When the JACCC was established, the proceeds from this account, although it was a noble drop in the bucket, were added to the fund.

I cannot but reminisce of the business entities in Little Tokyo. There were only two banks, the Bank of Tokyo of California and Sumitomo Bank of California; the former was located at the Kawasaki building roughly at the current site of the Union Bank of California, and the latter also at the current Kawasaki building site. These banks were the leaders in the local business world participating in every community event.

The best known restaurant then was Kawafuku at the corner of East First Street and Weller Street, the current northeast entrance to the Weller Court. Others were Eigiku, San Kow Low and En Tow Low. Kawafuku and Eigiku were Japanese restaurants and San Kow Low and En Tow Low were Chinese Restaurants. None of these exist today. The bookstores were Rafu Shoten and Nippon Books Store, the former owned by Takeo Tajiyoshi and the latter by Kazen Noda and his nephew Bob Honda. The best hotel then was the Miyako Hotel at the current site of the Kajima Building. Of course there was no facility to hold a community banquet at the hotel, and the only location for the banquet was either at Kawafuku or San Kow Low. Nisei Sugar Bowl on San Pedro Street was a popular hangout for the Nisei.

There were many hotels in Little Tokyo, mostly catering to the single resident tenants. The hotels suitable for visitors from overseas were Miyako Hotel or New York Hotel. Other hotels included the Pacific Hotel, Alan Hotel, etc. It seems that the popular business among the pioneer Issei immigrants was the hotel business. No wonder the Japanese Hotel and Apartment Association was a mighty organization in existence.

The confectioneries were Mikawaya and Fugutsudo, the latter at the current location on East First Street, and the former near Joseph's Men's Wear.

The food markets were Embun near Joseph's Men's Wear, Modern Foods in the Kajima Building to the west of the Bank of Tokyo of California; Granada Market was on the north side of East First Street.

Two furniture and appliance stores were L.A. Mercantile on San Pedro Street at the current site of the JACCC, and the Narumi family was the operator. The other was Nisei Thrush on East First Street owned by the Murayama brothers.

There were three Japanese and English dailies then: The Rafu Shimpo, the Kashu Mainichi and Shin Nichi Bei. The Rafu, owned by the Komai family, was to the west of L.A. Mercantile, Kashu, owned by Hiro Hishiaki, had a liaison office at East First Street, and Shin Nichi Bei, owned by Saburo Kido, an attorney and a former JACL national president, was on the east side of East Second Street. As the executive staff to several community organizations, I visited these publishers almost daily to bring community news to them.

As I began writing, the fading fond memories of yesteryears came back to me. A great change has indeed occurred physically, culturally and socially in Little Tokyo. Today, Little Tokyo is in the capable hands of the new leadership and she is constantly adjusting herself to the new emerging environments.

I take my hat off and salute my dear friend Tom Kan'lei, who served as the president for three consecutive years of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce of Southern California to revitalize Little Tokyo.

Equally devoting her entire energy to this task is Frances Hashimoto of LTBA.
I’ve always felt strangely at home in San Francisco’s Tenderloin and Skid Row neighborhoods. When I see a homeless alcoholic or a drug addict, I connect with the hurting person underneath the dingy exterior, and I’ll frequently sit down on the sidewalk to talk to them. I like the fact that I’ve never felt disgusted or afraid of the homeless, but I’ve never fully understood why.

A trip to Stockton opened my eyes. As a bus monitor on a Japanese American history tour, I accompanied 40 folks to the city where my dad was born and raised. I hadn’t been to Stockton in years. There’s no “there” there. Stockton J-Town was demolished by urban “renewal” and replaced by parking lots and government buildings. The old Buddhist Church was flattened by the freeway.

I often think about my grandmother’s hotel the way it was in the early ’50s. She lived in a crumbling building on a decaying block near the Canal. To get there, we had to pick our way on vomit-splashed sidewalks past shambles of panhandlers and passed-out drunks. We went up the threadbare stairs leading to the hotel and down a narrow creaking hall lined with closed doors. At the end of the hall Baachan would be waiting for us in her tiny sitting room. It was so cramped that she’d have to pull the table out so we could squeeze onto the davenport, then she’d push the table tightly against us to make enough room for her to get into the kitchen.

For a sheltered, middle-class Sansei kid, visiting her was an education. I could visualize how poor my dad had been, growing up with nine siblings in that hotel. But Baachan didn’t seem to feel poor. She was constantly saying the Nembutsu (Buddhist prayer) and talking about the things in life she was grateful for — her family, her good friends, her health. . . . It was this fragile, stooped old woman who taught me not to be afraid of the hulking men outside.

“Goodness and compassion were not based on externals,” she told me. Beyond the grime-stiffened pants tied up with rope, the safety-pinned overcoats and broken shoes, there was gentleness, hurt and kindness in the stubble-bearded faces.

She used to tell me, “If they offer you a piece of candy, accept with gratitude.” I got lots of candy from gravel-voiced men who enveloped me in the sickly sweet aroma of muscatel. What’s more important is I got to connect with the common humanity which we share with the most derelict among us.

Stockton Sansei grew up on the Southside in a tight-knit community filled with other Asians, African Americans and Latinos. They all got along okay. Nobody felt poor because everybody they knew was poor. For Nelson, it was a shock to go to high school and find out that the whole of America wasn’t like his neighborhood.

Listening to Nelson’s down-home, funny, and well-researched presentation, I couldn’t help but wish more of America was like that. Despite the absence of J-Town, the Nikkei in Stockton remain a close-knit community. On the million-dollar grounds of the “new” Buddhist Church, over 100 Stockton folks from Tomonokai (seniors’ group) shared a bento lunch with the tour group. They were uniformly warm, friendly and welcoming.

A light bulb went off in my head. “I’m a homie!” I thought. “Although I’m Stockton once-removed, I’m a home-girl, through and through!” And Baachan, I’m grateful.

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Japan through American eyes

by

Francis Y. Sogi

Before discussing our Japanese community in the United States and what it means to us, especially the Nisei generation, it might be meaningful to visit and talk about Japan and its social structures, as I know it. Being mindful of the fact that any generalization has exceptions, I will express my observations of the social structure of Japan and the Japanese over the years from my different perspective that I acquired over the years.

Ivan P. Hall, in his newly published book “Bamboozled,” takes a look at Japan through American eyes, which is quite timely, confirming my thinking of our cultural values imported from Japan through our parents and the need for gradual shedding off of old cultural baggage, which I see persisting from time to time in Japanese American communities and organizations. I will not deal with the political and economic situations in Japan vis-à-vis the United States, but only the cultural aspects that we inherited from our immigrant parents.

As I understand it, there are three basic, essential elements of social structure in Japan. Children are nurtured and cared for by the parents when they are young and then, in turn, they care for their parents when they are old. Employees are cared for by their employers just about for life, in terms of after-hour recreation and welfare during working hours. Finally, the rest of society is the responsibility of the government, which takes over the responsibilities that are not assumed by the parents and the employers.

My understanding is that this form of infrastructure of Japan has not changed much over the years. You can obviously see that this is somewhat the reverse of the role that our parents, employers and government play in our society.

I was part of the Counter Intelligence Corps of the U.S. Occupation Forces in Japan from 1946 to 1947, my first experience in Japan, and I lived and worked in our Tokyo office from 1953 to 1955 as a practicing attorney. I was admitted as a Jukai-in, or quasi member of the Tokyo Bar Association, based on my qualification in New York, which was possible in 1953 immediately after the Peace Treaty was signed with Japan.

During the Occupation days, my contact with the Japanese was limited to interrogating Japanese Army veterans returning from Vladivostok, Karafuto, and other parts of Russia, since I was stationed in Hokkaido. However, it was my great fortune to befriend a Japanese doctor who was a member of the Diet in Hokkaido.

Over the years since 1946, I have been associating with his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, with whom I continue to socialize and exchange e-mail over these many years. They were devoted Christians and this made our association with them that much easier because of certain shared values. We learned much about Japan and Japanese culture through them and they have proved to be great human beings.

During my professional career of nearly 50 years, I have been dealing and associating with Japan and Japanese culture in many parts of the world where they are doing business. I used to visit Japan two or three times a year when I was in active practice, since I always maintained and managed our Tokyo office. As a matter of fact I still do, although on a more limited scale, and I still visit it once or twice a year as necessary.

It is within this context that I write about a Japanese community in the United States and at the request of the Pacific Citizen. The social and cultural structure of Japan is perfectly fine within Japan among the Japanese, as it has been a way of life for generations from the feudal days and a period of isolation. It is so ingrained within Japan and its people that it may be difficult to change if, indeed, it is necessary to do so.

As Nisei, born and raised in the United States, our parents brought with them the Japanese social structure lock stock and barrel. They were able to survive with it and enjoy their social life in their new land because they were in a social setting with their own kind with similar shared values. But for World War II, much change may not have taken place in our Japanese community in Hawaii and on the mainland, especially on the West Coast, or if it did, it may have been very slow in coming about. The current situation is quite different, and changes are taking place very fast since the Sanei and subsequent generations do not seem to be interested in things Japanese and many of them can hardly speak Japanese.

This is also true among Americans in general in that there does not seem to be interest in Japan as there existed many years ago. A foundation I belong to learned that only 2,000 American Americans in general in that there does not seem to be interest in Japan as there existed many years ago. A foundation I belong to learned that only 2,000 American
By Luis Yamakawa

I was born in Lima, Peru, in 1933. Our activities usually revolved around our NIHONGO GAKKO (Japanese school), and sumo (sports events) was the most important activity.

At that time the school had about 1,000 grade students. In those days most of the Japanese and Peruvian students did not go beyond grade school. The girls graduated with two years of classes in cooking, sewing, etc., preparing them to help in the house. Before World War II, Japanese families would send their sons to Japan to continue their education, if they could find relatives to take care of them.

As far as a Nihonmachi, we didn’t have anything in Peru similar to Little Tokyo in Los Angeles. During the ’30s and ’40s, my family lived mainly in the district of Jesus Maria where we had an enclave of four to six Japanese families living close together.

The Japanese Peruvian community is largely Okinawan (75 percent), and during these days many of the immigrants from Okinawa were not educated in the Japanese language, instead speaking their own language.

My parents spoke both Okinawan and Japanese perfectly. My father finished high school and my mother worked two years together with her sister as a child laborer in Osaka when she was 12 to raise money for the family to emigrate from Japan.

When we were growing up we used to mix Okinawan with Japanese. For example: I don’t have money in Japanese is okane ga nai, in Okinawan, it’s jinguu neran. So when I went to Japanese school at the age of 6 I had to clean up my Japanese.

It is important for me to mention this division because it still has an impact in the Japanese Okinawan community in Peru today.

In the Japanese school everything was taught in Japanese, from arithmetic (sannin), reading (yonmakai), etc. Spanish (Castellano) was taught two hours a week as a secondary language by native teachers. Although we spoke Japanese in school, at home and at our friends’ homes, we didn’t speak Spanish very well.

Our conception of Peruvians was pretty negative: dorobo, nasuto, wotusuki, etc. Their concept of us was also negative. We were all fifth columnists loyal only to the emperor and hiding guns in our small farms.

Japanese Peruvians had a very strong sense of community. During those days we spoke Japanese and Japanese customs were part of our daily lives. Before WWII the Japanese government treated us as their subjects. In fact, some of the Nisei who went to Japan were drafted into their army.

In 1940 there was a riot in Lima. Japanese stores and homes were looted and neither the police nor government did anything to stop it. That was the prelude of things to come after Pearl Harbor.

After the war broke out between the United States and Japan, the Peruvian government declared war against Japan and all our possessions were confiscated. Many were sent to U.S. concentration camps and to this day we are still fighting for redress and reparations for the Latin American Nisei.

The NIHONGO GAKKO was also confiscated and turned into a primary and secondary school for girls. At the end of the war they couldn’t give it back to us as the Chapultepec treaty stipulated. We never reclaimed the school because 1,000 Peruvian schoolgirls wouldn’t have any place to go.

My father lost his small coffee shop and couldn’t find a job in Lima after the war. He eventually went out to the mountain farms as a hand laborer to earn a meager wage. This went on for four years.

In Lima, I was 8-1/2 years old when those things started. I had to fight my way to school every day. One day when I was 9-1/2 I told my mother, “Ohasama gakkou kewai kara mo ikunai” (“I don’t like school so I’m not going to go anymore”). She replied, “Daijobu na mono na, ja – kuro aratte genki gakko ikinasaai” (“Everything will be alright. Now, go wash up and cheerfully go to school”). I did as I was told. I washed my face with soap, and when I looked at the mirror, I said, “That won’t do.” I still had that Japanese face; soap wouldn’t erase it. From then on I learned to live with it.

In 1945, after the war ended, my father came back to Lima and the Japanese community made use of the famous tani-moshii. This is a social, financial arrangement in which you raise capital without collateral. Your collateral is your honesty and willingness to pay your debt, and your family and friends coming to your rescue in case of need.

So if we have 36 people involved in this circle and everyone brings $2,000 a month, every month someone is taking $72,000 a month and they invest it in buying businesses. In 36 months the cycle is completed and they can start over again but this time, with the business, they can double their contribution to $4,000 and so on. If you can multiply that by 50 cycles you can see what could happen.

In 10 years we owned all the small businesses in Lima.

My father also got involved in this tani-moshii and we bought a nice, large restaurant. All of us six kids worked at the restaurant and we eventually went on to college.

Today of course things have changed. There is mutual respect and the Nisei in Peru are middle to upper-middle class.

This is a good example of community values and customs that saved us from poverty and ignorance. Our Japanese tradition in Peru is very important to us; without it we wouldn’t have survived.

During those difficult days we needed something to hang on to, and that was pride in our culture and ourselves.

Nihonmachi in Peru is in our hearts and minds.

By 1948 all the Japanese families contributed to buy a large piece of land, about six city blocks in the outskirts of Lima, and later built a sports complex enter the building. Here is where we have most of our social and civic activities.

There is a sukoshi phenomenon today where the poor young Nisei and Sansei in Peru are moving to Japan to work and also obtaining permanent residency. One-third of the Peruvian Nisei have opted to stay in Japan.

Now they have Peruvian enclaves in Japan because many of them are not educated in the Japanese language and traditions, but their younger children are becoming Japanese. It is a full circle.

We have another phenomenon, and that is of the Japanese Peruvians in the United States. We estimate the number to be over 10,000. As a percentage of Nisei left in Peru, about 60,000 — it is a big percentage.

With a baseball field, two tennis courts, an Olympic-size swimming pool, a 400-meter Olympic field, two soccer fields, a school, a restaurant, a large parking space, and a three-story building for the administration offices. Two-story-high walls surround this facility.

Today that large complex is in the middle of very expensive homes, and thanks to the Peruvian property taxing laws, the taxes are very small. The name of this complex is Estadio La Union.

We also have another building, Centro Cultural Peruano Japones, which is seven stories high and guarded day and night by the Peruvian police, who are very polite. They even salute you when you enter the building. Here is where we have most of our social and civic activities.

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HOSHIKO
(Continued from page 53)

ing school they brought home sto­ries about Christmas. It happened slowly at first, but by the time of the evacuation, almost all the fam­ilies observed Christmas. Canada
does not have a separation of church and state rule, so some Christian religious services were conducted in school buildings and some Nisei attended.

Very few marriages among older Nisei took place prior to the evacu­ation. Generally the Issei had a strong influence and often helped arrange marriages of young Issei with older Nisei girls, who promptly lost their Canadian citizenship, became aliens, and were treated as such during the war. The hostile political and social climate in Surrey was sparked by

the Surrey Canadian Parliament member in Ottawa. Neither Nisei nor naturalized Issei could vote in British Columbia, so Japanese Canadians had no political power. When Canada went to war in 1939 the Issei leaders asked a Canadian Surrey Women's group to advise

In a completely multicultural society like New York, where you come across thousands of people daily with no names who come from 189 countries around the world speaking different languages, the Japanese culture was as foreign to them as theirs was to me.

Japanese community, culture and mindset which were imbued in me. It gave me security and a feeling that I was as good as the next person, but I was always mindful of George Orwell's statement: "Some people are more equal than oth­ers."

In a completely multicultural society like New York, where you come across thousands of people daily with no names who come from 189 countries around the world speaking different lan­guages, the Japanese culture was as foreign to them as theirs was to me. On the surface, there was mutual respect to the extent that no one impinged on the welfare, Coast in Africa, it became appar­ent to me that many of the cultural values that were handed to me by my parents did not quite fit outside of Japan and a Japanese communi­ty. The meeting started amusingly when the Issei leader asked the group to sing "O Canada" and no one had the key to unlock the piano.

When the evacuation came, Surrey families decided to go to the

from Surrey did not have a place to return to. Besides, it was not until April 1949, four years after the war was over, that the Japanese Americans allowed to return to the restricted area.

Perhaps only two or three returned to Surrey to start over, but at least one fortunate Issei became very wealthy as land prices shot up. The sugar beet farms so far they could be together as a family. If not, the father and older sons would be sent to work camps and the women and children to evacuation camps. Since in Canada all the Japanese­owned farmlands in the restricted area were expropriated, farmers

Japanese language class students with their teacher the Buddhist priest (about 1935).

right or best interest of the other. Over the course of 15 years, having traveled seven times around the world on all kinds of international business for my clients, to every country in South America except Uruguay to many countries in Europe including Poland and Russia, and even to Liberia, Senegal and the Ivory

Photo courtesy of Mike Hoshiko

rightly or wrongly, whether the decision is for the good of the organization or not. There are many other examples of Japanese cultural aspects that came to us through our parents that may still be alive in practice in our own Japanese communities that may not fit our social practices in the United States.

In conclusion, a Japanese com­munity has served its purpose for which it was initially established and it should now concentrate on JAs acting as a bridge between the United States and Japan, which "stand at polar extremes in the way their societies are organized," according to Glen S. Fukushima in Tokyo.

This will be a great contribution on our part, to be able to have Americans understand Japan better, as it will improve our relations with them. On the other hand, we should not be advocates of Japan in any way. Japan may be very sensitive to criticism or negative comments and the JAs themselves could contribute greatly through their programs for better understand­ing of Japan.

Of course, JAs are best quali­fied, since some of us know the language and it is in our blood to be able to explain Japan without becoming their advocates on issues that arise between the United States and Japan. As Ivan Hall suggests, maybe Americans should study Japan and the language so that we can relate to them more effectively, and invest more time and money in doing this.
and character of the territory once dominated by the Japanese.

"There goes the neighborhood?"

Of course not. This observer thinks the future is bright for this area now recognized as the International District. If these people who call themselves Asian Americans work together, they

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**North American Post**

**North American Times**

**Great Northern Daily**

**Japanese American Courier**

**Northwest Nikkei**

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"To them the Mukilteo monument will be a perpetual reminder of their roots — that they are fulfilling lofty dreams of talented, ambitious Issei who immigrated to America for wealth and a better way of life."

---

**FUKEI**

(Continued from page 42)

Young wondering in his speech to the Sunset Club: "Why is a Japanese being allowed to print a Japanese paper in Seattle? All the Japanese in America should be locked up."

We thought then, for Pete's sake, we had nothing to do with the war. A month later (February), the Great Northern Daily folded. Then another month later (March), the North American Times was shut down. Shortly thereafter, the Japanese American Courier had to quit. And then, as Young had advocated, the Japanese indeed were uprooted and locked up.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer (a.k.a. P-I) handled the Young story differently by printing not a word about his remarks about the Japanese newspapers and the "lock-up.

But Nihonmachi never forgot the Rev. Emery Andrews of the Japanese Baptist Church, Father Tibesar of Maryknoll and Albert Bonus (the Englishman) for standing up for our cause. Nihonmachi II was born shortly after the end of WWII when JAs faced an economic throwback of at least 50 years. Early on, the returning veterans fought job discrimination. But the determined vets were not to be denied. They used their trump card — the G.I. Bill of Rights — to go on to trade schools and colleges. When job opportunities opened up, they were ready to accept and prove their mettle.

Eventually, most returned to the familiar surroundings of the West Coast and at Presbyterian and Nazarene Churches, which have lasted up to present times. Never again in long lifetime would they find such an ideal, carefree environment.

When the sawmill closed in 1930, all the Japanese moved to other areas in Washington. They were further scattered across the country during the World War II evacuation and the subsequent relocation.

Though shocked and elbowed at losing home and property and being interned without any evidence of wrongdoing, Mukilteo Nisei maintained their faith and offered their lives for high esteem as "model minority."

Tokuda, leader of the boy's group, who started several drug stores in Seattle. His son Kip was elected state representative from West Seattle and his daughter Wendy became a news anchor in San Francisco, being voted the most popular telecaster in the Bay Area several times.

Others have also done well in less publicized ways; and their children have embarked on even more promising careers. Mukilteo exemplifies how most Japanese communities, built by hard-working Issei on farms and other labor intensive industries, have largely disappeared as the well-educated, affluent younger generations move away to cities and the suburbs. Some of their grandchilden are physically indistinguishable from the American mainstream because of frequent intermarriages. To them the Mukilteo monument will be a perpetual reminder of their roots — that they are fulfilling lofty dreams of talented, ambitious Issei who immigrated to America for wealth and a better way of life. Like short Japanese poems, the memorial says much, much more than meets the eye. The paper crane symbolizes mainly to the Japanese the spirit of giving, the spirit of caring — remains as strong as ever, thanks to scores and scores of volunteers.
Little Tokyo: Changing Times, Changing Faces'

The idea of a JAHSSC publication that carried stories from primary sources was planted about 12 years ago when Kanshi S. Yamashita, PhD, proposed a cross-generational collection of oral interviews. The idea lay fallow until 1995 when Iku Kiriyama reopened the discussion of a "grassroots" publication. The membership selected the title for "Nanka Nikkei Voices," or "Voices of Southern California Japanese Americans." The idea came about after a chance meeting with Brian Kito at Mitsuwa Grill the morning the rehab of the old Far East Café was unveiled. Iku and George Kiriyama talked with Brian over coffee and listened to him reminisce about the history of Little Tokyo. The thought hit them that here was a Sansei talking about people and places that were gone, and his words — the history — were being lost.

Ethnic cultural enclaves have all been undergoing changes over the decades as economics and social assimilation moved boundaries or created new neighborhoods, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. Chinatown and Koreatown have moved to form new enclaves, often reflecting new immigration and generations of American-born citizens. The thought hit them that here was a Sansei talking about people and places that were gone, and his words — the history — were being lost.

Little Tokyo was of two titles suggested by Kiriyama for NNV III and it was adopted by the committee. The idea came about after a chance meeting with Brian Kito at Mitsuwa Grill the morning the rehab of the old Far East Café was unveiled. Iku and George Kiriyama talked with Brian over coffee and listened to him reminisce about the history of Little Tokyo. The thought hit them that here was a Sansei talking about people and places that were gone, and his words — the history — were being lost.

The following individuals and topics are in the planning stages:

- Harry Honda (early Little Tokyo), Sue Embrey (growing up in Little Tokyo), Mas Dobashi (Nishi Horganji), Richard Katsuda (Saishin Dojo), John Saito (post-war), Hy Shishino (post-war), Brian Kito (Fugetsudo), Dr. George Yamaguchi and Priscilla Gilliam (Little Tokyo Towers), Emi Yamaki (Koreisha Chuushokukai).

Copies of "Nanka Nikkei Voices: Resettlement Years 1945-1955" are available for purchase at $15 per copy, which includes postage and handling. The cost for international readers is $17 per copy. Checks payable to JAHSSC should be sent to the P.O. Box address above.


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During the '20s and early '30s, when women physicians were rare, three Togasaki sisters became medical doctors. In fact, in this outstanding family of nine children, the other three sisters became nurses; one in public health, and the others as registered nurses. The eldest child, George Kiyoshi, was in the original group of the 100 most successful graduates of the University of California, Berkeley. He made his home in Tokyo, where he became the president of Japan Times, an English language daily. He was also the first chairman of the board of Japan Christian University. His brother, Susumu, took over the family's import-export business. Both brothers were founding members of the JACL. Shinobu was the youngest member of the family. He studied and taught mathematics at Stanford University, and worked at IBM and Hewlett Packard. Today, he and Yaye, the youngest sister, are the last remaining Togasaki members.

Their parents were extraordinary. Mr. Kikumatsu Togasaki came to the United States in 1887. In Japan, he attended the Judges University for two years, but left because he lied about his age and said he was 18 when he was only 16. One cannot be a judge before age 21, so he left the school to study U.S. law. He was planning to spend two years in the United States, then return to Japan to complete his degree, but stayed in this country instead. When anti-Japanese pressure forced wholesale houses to cut off supplies to Japanese laundries, Togasaki organized a cooperative and purchased machinery and other needs from Eastern firms, thus enabling the operators to ride out the boycott. This effort resulted in Togasaki forming a wholesale business, Mutual Supply Co. in San Francisco.

His wife, Shige Kushida, came to the United States in 1892 when she was 23 years old. Defying the tradition of female subservience, she came to study on a Women's Christian Temperance Union scholarship. When the scholarship did not materialize, she took a job as a domestic in San Francisco. There she met Kikumatsu, and they were married. In the years that followed, the Togaskis, with their children, were at dockside to greet each shipload of Immigrants. They comforted the homesick, helped them through the red tape to land, found temporary shelter (often in their own home), and helped the young couples buy clothing and housekeeping items. Shige was a spunky, compassionate woman who lived by Christian principles. The family members were Fundamentalist Christians, but some became Quakers. The concern for others shown by the Togasaki parents was passed on to their children.

When the Togasaki daughters were growing up, they accompanied Issei pregnant mothers to visit their doctors and acted as interpreters. When the infants were born, they assisted the mothers in caring for the infants and helping with household chores. The girls were never paid for their services, nor did they expect to be.

Dr. Kazue Togasaki, the eldest of the Togasaki physicians, graduated from Stanford University Children's Hospital School of Nursing and the University of California School of Public Health Nursing. She worked as a public health nurse but aspired to become a physician, and by setting aside money from her earnings was able to fulfill her dream. She was the first Japanese American student to be accepted at the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, received her MD in 1933, and completed her internship at Children's Hospital of San Francisco. In 1935, Kazue established a private practice in San Francisco. She often dropped by at Misawa Pharmacy, 1602 Post Street. Dr. Togasaki seemed most comfortable visiting Misawa-san because Misawa-san was one of the early women graduates of UCSF School of Pharmacy. Kazue's practice was interrupted by the War Relocation Authority, when she was named director of...
medical services for the Tanforan Assembly Center in 1942. She was then assigned to Topaz Relocation Center in Utah to open a hospital for the evacuees, then to Tule Lake Relocation Center Hospital, and thereafter to Manzanar, where she was in charge of obstetrics.

After the war Kazue completed her residency in obstetrics and gynecology in Chicago. She returned to San Francisco in 1947 and resumed her medical practice. She practiced as a staff physician at Children’s Presbyterian, Mary's Help, St. Francis and Chinese hospitals.

Kazue lived in a large four-bedroom home at 450 Sutter Street. In spite of her busy work schedule, she helped unwed mothers. At her own expense, she had the young pregnant girls stay at her home, delivered the babies, and took care of the infants, and helped the girls with their new lives. Kazue also had people with incurable diseases stay at her home. On Sundays, her home was opened to the JA students studying at the University of California.

The San Francisco Examiner named Dr. Togasaki one of its ten “Most Distinguished Women of 1970,” in honor of her years of community service in the area. She was active in many organizations, promoting better Japan-American relations and public health. These included the American Medical Association, JACL, Planned Parenthood, Mental Health Association, Council of Civic Unity, and SPUR. She was also a strong supporter of the San Francisco YWCA in Japan Town, a gathering place of the Japanese community. At the announcement of her death, Dr. Togasaki made sushi to serve 30 guests.

Dr. Kazue Togasaki, a compassionate woman, enjoyed a busy and full life. She passed away in 1990 at the age of 95.

Dr. Yoshiye Togasaki was the eldest sibling and a founding member of JACL, at a 1972 CCDC convention banquet. Next to him from left are Saburo Kido, Dr. T. T. Yatabe and George Inagaki.

George Togasaki (far left), the eldest sibling and a founding member of JACL, at a 1972 CCDC convention banquet. Next to him from left are Saburo Kido, Dr. T. T. Yatabe and George Inagaki.
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Pacific Citizen Holiday Issue December 2012
81
SUGURO

(Continued from page 25)

Uwajimaya Village.

In the meantime, the area had become somewhat rundown, what with the Issei/Nisei-operated hotels deteriorating and vacant business units multiplying. As the Issei and Nisei were retiring or going out of business, there were no Nikkei taking their place. Hence, the Japanese area was beginning to look like a ghost town.

The change in the immigration laws of the 1960s soon provided for a revival of the area. More Chinese, Vietnamese Chinese and Vietnamese were visible and jumped at the opportunity to start businesses in the now vacant Nikkei units. The area had been dying, but the newcomers turned it around. Sadly, the remaining black businesses eventually left the area, making it a solidly Asian business district.

When the Kingdome stadium was being built, young Asians organized and protested its development unless some of them were part of the scene and came in among other things, make it difficult for emergency vehicles to get results. They also realized they should have done something earlier when the I-5 freeway cut a swath through the International District.

With the emergence of young, articulate and aggressive Asian leaders, new social services were provided in this neighborhood, and the International District Improvement Association, International District Health Center and International District Housing Alliance. Bob Santos, a Filipino activist in the district, scored a coup when he was able to get a Chinatown/International District Preservation and Development Authority for the neighborhood.

The Chinese had gotten the Park Department to put up signs saying “Welcome to CHINATOWN,” and then in smaller letter “International District.” Several years before, the Chinese Chamber of Commerce strung up lanterns across the streets of the neighborhood, but they deteriorated from the elements and were taken down. Chinese-style telephone stands also dot the district. Recently, Chinese dragons were added to light standards. Lately, the Chinese have been talking about a Chinese gate at the entrance to the neighborhood.

The name of the neighborhood became a conflict between the conservative, elderly immigrant and business-oriented hotels of the Chinese community who wanted the neighborhood to be called Chinatown, and other Asians who wanted to have a stake in the community too and favored the International District. “Welcome to CHINATOWN,” and then in smaller letters “International District.” Several years before, the Chinese Chamber of Commerce strung up lanterns across the streets of the neighborhood, but they deteriorated from the elements and were taken down. Chinese-style telephone stands also dot the district. Recently, Chinese dragons were added to light standards. Lately, the Chinese have been talking about a Chinese gate at the entrance to the neighborhood.

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A compromise of sorts was worked out, and the Chinese accepted Chinatown/International District, or Chinatown/I.D.

However, the Chinese have insisted that the name Chinatown always be included in the name and that the neighborhood never be called the International District alone. Nevertheless, that’s how the media often refer to the neighborhood, and this grates on the nerves of many conservative Chinese.

There is precedent for calling a place Chinatown despite its multicultural makeup. Honolulu’s Chinatown is a mixture of different racial groups and cultures, but it’s still called Chinatown, and the vendors don’t seem to mind being under the Chinatown umbrella.

Since the place was begun by the Chinese, the name has continued on, and no one seems to think it should change.

The situation might be somewhat different in Seattle because the area was once Nihonmachi, and even Filipinos had a small interest in it called Manilatown, and there was also Chinatown. Blacks too were part of the scene and came in increasing numbers during WWII. So the name International District had some application at the time. However, with the Chinese dominating the commercial enterprises now, they felt they should be able to call the shots in what the neighborhood should be called.

There was another source of conflict when a Chinese property owner wanted to lease part of his building to McDonald’s. He was also instrumental in getting many of the old Issei/Nisei-run hotels revitalized as low-income housing when he was director of the International District Improvement Association. With the Chinese as the dominant business element in the district, the name of the neighborhood as the International District caused some distress from some organizations in the Chinese community, like the conservative Chong Wa Benevolent Association and the business-oriented Chinese/Chinatown Chamber of Commerce. As one member of the Chamber stated, it was disrespectful and insulting to leave off the name Chinatown from this district when it was the Chinese who had developed the neighborhood.

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reach the elderly and create a grid-lock because of traffic from the two supermarkets and new office buildings being built in the neighborhood.

They urged people to testify at the city council hearings on Uwajimaya's petition for vacating Lane Street and chartered a bus to get people to attend and support the Chinese community. It did polarize the Nisei and Chinese communities over this issue, and Shigekuro Uno, former president of the Seattle JACL, pleaded at the hearings, "Let's not fight over this." But the die was already cast.

The Chinese organized a "Save Lane Street" group and held rallies and pickets outside Uwajimaya's current store. They also appealed through the courts to get an injunction to stop Uwajimaya's vacating of Lane Street, but they lost in the courts after several appeals.

Mary Wan of the Chinese/Chinatown Chamber of Commerce said that Uwajimaya Village was too big for the city. Chinatown, she said, had kei-kiso stores small and neighborhood; Uwajimaya, she said, was an Asian Costco (a bulk food and supply warehouse-type store).

Uwajimaya had a Chinese American construction company build its store, and Chinese make up the majority of its employees in the retail chain. When the Chinese who shop or work there are made to feel guilty isn't known, but one can understand the pull of ethnic loyalty.

Younger generations of Chinese, those in the fourth or fifth generation, and even some of the immigrants' children, don't seem to mind working with other Asians or even calling the neighborhood the International District. Inter-ethnic cooperation and working for the betterment of the whole district seems more important than ethnic primacy.

On the other hand, members of Chinese Wan and the Chinese/Chinatown Chamber of Commerce have the feeling that "if we don't stand up for the Chinese community, who will? Their feeling is understandable because both groups have traditionally kept separate and have organized to benefit their own community. The Issis and Nisei have come in for, long time and still do, and no one thought it was wrong.

Among the Nisei, only Uwajimaya plays a major role in what used to be the old Nihonmachi. Under president Tomio Moriguchi's leadership, Uwajimaya is in a class by itself. At Uwajimaya Village, besides the large Asian food store, there are apartments above the store and street-level units occupied by different businesses. Kinokuniya Book Store anchors the northeast corner of Uwajimaya Village and a Pan Asian Restaurant is located on the southwest corner.

Inside Uwajimaya, besides its own deli/cafe, there is a food court with units occupying Thai, Filipino, Vietnamese and Korean foods as well as Taiwanese bob teas and Hong Kong pastries. Uwajimaya Village is a self-contained shopping area, and Nikkei consider it their one-stop Japantown.

Although the Nisei play a very small role in the old Japantown neighborhood now, there are still remnants of the community's involvement in the district. There are about a dozen Japanese restaurant operators here, and a large variety store is still operated by a Nisei woman in her 80s, although there have been rumors that she will close it sometime soon. Nikko Manor, an assisted living community operated by Nikkei Concerns, was built in the historic Nisei neighborhood. And Tomio Moriguchi has developed the Fujisada Condominiums as well as the apartments above his Uwajimaya Village.

Moriguchi's apartments are market-rate housing, and while low-income housing has been almost the only kind being built in the district, Moriguchi has seen the need for housing for other income levels as well. He also hit upon the right formula in his store where different races come together, not just Nisei. His customers include Nikkei of course but also Asians, blacks and all other combinations and categories.

Whites from the Vulcan office buildings across the street come to Uwajimaya Village for lunch and shopping, and even Chinese immigrants from Chinatown head for Uwajimaya, comforted by the large number of Chinese-speaking employees there. With another office building being completed at Fifth and Jackson, there is the potential for more customers for Uwajimaya.

Despite Moriguchi's example, Sansei don't seem to have any desire to locate in Nihonmachi/ International District or to engage in small businesses. Although many Issis expected a member of the family to carry on the business, most Nisei didn't obligate their children to do so. Since most Issis and Nisei businesses catered practically to their own ethnic group, they didn't serve the general population. Such a way of doing business would not appeal to Sansei; they would rather appeal to the general public. Thus, an ethnic commercial district composed of Nikkei would not be something they would engage in.

Although the evacuation hastened the death of Japantown in Seattle, it was inevitable that it would disappear. For one thing, you have to immigrating who cluster together and prefer to shop and do business among their own.

There is no longer a significant number of immigrants in the Japanese community in Seattle. In addition, you now have the younger Nisei spread around the suburbs, whereas the older Nisei are the ones still concentrated in the city. Thus, you don't have a central gathering place for the Sansei, and to build a Sansei ethnic commercial district would seem an anachronism. Moreover, as with other occupations such as farming, gardening, fishing, etc., small business doesn't resonate with most Sansei and Yonsei. If you start a hardware store, nursery or drug store, the big mega-stores come in and overwhelm you.

Nikkei may become a less visible presence in the Chinatown/International District in the future, but their contributions to the neighborhood won't be forgotten. A plaque has been placed outside the old N.P. Hotel, which was a Nikkei institution before becoming derelict and now has been restored as a low-income senior housing complex, in remembrance of Japantown at Sixth and Main. The plaque is on Sixth and Main near Main Street and so is an appropriate place for the plaque, which was installed by the Wing Luke Asian Museum and the Seattle Arts Commission.

On the plaque, which has the Japanese characters for sumeka miyako (there's no place like home), are some words by Tama Tokuda, whose late husband had a drug store in Japantown: "In this area, a bustling community called Nihonmachi, or Japantown, came to life in the years before World War II. Hotels, restaurants, stores and laundries dotted the landscape. This community vanished when Japanese Americans were forced into concentration camps during the war. Upon their return, Japanese Americans rebuilt the community that had been lost. Today, this area serves as a place of memory and continuing enterprise."

Inside the lobby of the N.P. Hotel is a photo exhibit put up by the Wing Luke Asian Museum, which tells of the significance of the hotel in the Japanese community. It also includes a plaque put up in front of the Wing Luke by the N.P. before and after WWII. Viewers may borrow a key from the offices of InterIm next door to the N.P. to see the exhibit. Directly next door to the north of the N.P. is Mameki, the longest-operating Japanese restaurant in Seattle, which started in the 1910s.

Also near Sixth and Main is the Panama Hotel Tea and Coffee Shop, which contains pictures of prewar Japantown on the walls. Jan Johnson, an artist, bought the Panama Hotel, a historic building in Nihonmachi, from its last Nisei owner and added the tea and coffee shop to showcase the significance of prewar and postwar Nihonmachi images installed by the Wing Luke Asian Museum.

Photography by Ed Suguro.
LEONG
(Continued from page 28)

as of yet due to the pending litigation, directly across the Liberty site is the proposed Kensington Place, also requesting a similar variance in order to construct a similar luxury housing complex at 28 stories.

The above trends show an alarm anyone concerned about the viability of residential Chinatown serving the needs of low-income, working-class, and first-generation immigrants.

A NATIONAL CONCERN

Boston’s Chinatown is not unlike other ethnic enclaves where there is a mixture of commercial and residential elements. What is problematic is that most of these communities are dominated by the business class, thus the interest of promoting profit for these businesses is prioritized over the needs of residents.

Most business owners do not live in the same community where they operate their restaurants or shops, yet they generate the majority of the trash, the traffic, the noise, and other negative environmental factors. Meanwhile, the residents are the ones having to deal with such negative elements.

In the same vein that some businesses encouraged the relocation of the adult entertainment district next to Chinatown, believing that it would bring them profit, it was the residents who have to suffer the impact of associated elements such as prostitution, drug dealing, and other criminal activities. Similarly, the businesses are also encouraging the luxury developments like Liberty Place into Chinatown, believing that the new well-to-do residents would patronize area shops and restaurants.

The challenge ahead for all the Chinatowns, Little Tokyos, Koreatowns, Little Saigons is the grappling of the tension between the different interests of business owners and residents. This need not be a battle of one community member versus another. However, since the voice and needs of the businesses are the ones that are often heard and acted upon by local city officials, the views of the people living in the community often fall on deaf ears.

The lesson that grows out of Boston is the need to organize and strengthen the voice of local residents who are often disenfranchised due to their lack of money, their inability to speak English, and their immigrant non-voting status.

Community leaders should heed this warning for fear that their neighborhood will become devoid one day of residents who are responsible for the initial development and sustaining of the community, to eventually become merely a tourist trap.

Meanwhile, the fight wages on in Boston.

Andrew Leong is the chairperson of the Campaign to Protect Chinatown and associate professor in the Law Center at the College of Public & Community Service, University of Massachusetts/Boston.

SEKO
(Continued from page 29)

the past few years, I have declined solicitous invitations and visits, unable to retrieve the requisite empathy, relativity, forfeiting the pleasure of good company and controversial conversations — a challenging game without winners or losers — the sport of old friends. On one of my increasingly infrequent good days, my friend in town from Colorado calls asking if I am able to receive him. Through our rare conversations and sporadic correspondence, he knows I am not well. Losing my usual compose — a prerequisite of graceful aging — I blurt, “There is no other person in the world I would rather see than you.” We know, without saying, there is one other person we both wish could join us — but Larry died years ago. He was — is — the catalyst of our friendship these many decades. I am reminded of the TV ad for a credit card that says something is priceless. True friendship by its rarity is beyond purchase. And by that measure I am wealthy rather than I deserve to be.

Bill Hosokawa admits he would not have recognized me if we passed each other on the street. It has been 24 years since our last physical encounter. We were both in our prime. His photograph appears frequently so he is easily recognizable and remains a very attractive, courtly man.

However, discerning a new frailty, I am both surprised and embarrassed by a rare and piercing ache akin to sadness. Unlike my theatrical sisters, I have emulated my mother’s Japanese practice of avoiding emotional display — but for a slender second I am tempted to violate that restraint. Much to my relief, I am rescued by shared laughter over an ancient, absurd memory.

I invite Bill to inspect my computer room — something I rarely permit, possessive of my private domain. It is where I write. In it is a crowded wall of books, three desks, four chairs, a tall file cabinet, four lamps and all sorts of electronic equipment and miscellaneous writing essentials. All it lacks is a good dog asleep at my feet — a large dog.

Inspecting the books, he observes I maintain some semblance of order. Other than Yoshiko Uchida, who was primarily a prolific writer of literature for young people, Bill has probably published the largest number of books about Japanese Americans. Some are included in required college courses.

Incredibly, this production was achieved while still holding his professional position at the Defense Department and also contributing his popular weekly column “From the Frying Pan” to the Pacific Citizen. No other contributor comes close to the almost 60 years he gave to the paper. For many of us, he was the paper. Further, and I think as time passes, it will become even more evident that he was also the eyes and ears and voice and heart of our vanished and vanishing ethnic enclaves — the Nihonmachi and Little Tokyo.

***

I know he noticed the absence of one volume in the tidy row of his books — his “Thirty Five Years in the Frying Pan.” So days later, I wrote an explanation. “I keep it with my other comfort books.” Some people have grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup for comfort. I read instead. Of all your books, I’m fondest of the one with the frayed orange and blue cover.”

Later, I examined the appeal of Bill’s writing — especially the two collections of P.C. columns which essentially compose memoirs. With the proliferation of memoirs being published — not only by Nisei, but by many writers — even a reader like myself can arrive at some objective judgment. What makes his books so special? Then I remembered reading somewhere that every good writer should have initially been a journalist where the skill of observation is honed. Journalism by its very immediate character has a legitimacy lacking in memoirs composed totally of often unreliable recall.

Simultaneously, the writer-journalist releases the poet within his heart — he or she who sings and laughs and weeps and thinks. It is a difficult balancing act — walking a tightrope. Bill is among the unique few to preserve this extraordinary feat.

***

Several days later, I experience a severe episode of vertigo lasting many days. They originated in 1982, subsiding and then recurring with a vengeance. But no matter my health, I have always been a night reader.

And before extinguishing the lamp, it is generally Bill’s book I open, hoping it encourages dreams of home past. He is from Seattle and I was born in La. There is a gap in our ages — narrowing as time passes. But we are joined in our journey home before dark.
Julia be active in the J-Town community. I made me open this pan live in like we were. It’ll be hard, now that we something that I was never able to accomplish, but always wanted to. He can play baseball, basketball, and R&B music. I also really want my son Alex to join the Cub Scouts, and eventually becoming an Eagle Scout. Something that I was never able to accomplish, but always wanted to. He can play baseball, basketball, and make a lot of good friends.

I would also like to see my daughter Julia be active in the J-Town community like we were. It'll be hard, now that we live in San Bruno, but it's only a 20-minute drive away!

In terms of the future of San Francisco J-Town, we all expressed concern about the fact that many of the businesses we remember had closed, with few opening in their places. I commended that a long-term planning process for all three of the Japantowns remaining in California (San Jose and Los Angeles in addition to San Francisco) had been initiated as part of new state legislation that passed last year, but much of the success of that process depends on the community.

Sandy: To be honest, the future of J-Town is worrisome. There just doesn't seem to be many Japanese Americans living in Japantown. I am worried about the influx of other people who don't necessarily have the interests of the community in mind.

Shutting down the bowling alley was a big blow. It means that you won't get the young adults and families coming around on a regular basis.

Akemi: It's sad, but it seems like the energy that once existed in J-Town is dwindling.

Wilbur: The last few years that I worked in J-Town, it slowly became K-Town. Not that there's anything wrong with it, but with Yamada Seib closing up shop, and other shops closing down, it's just not the same. You still got Uoki, Maruwa, Mira Market, and Soko Hardware to keep up the tradition, but we're slowly loosing steam. As long as we keep up with the Sakura Matsuri and the Street Fairs, the J-Town theme will live on, but when there's nothing happening, it just isn't the same.

Maybe I am the one that is slowly growing apart from it all. I'm now sort of the "outsider," and no longer "within" the J-Town community. Maybe it's my time to step aside and to let the younger generation step in.

I will always cherish the times in J-Town that molded me from a kid, to a bigger kid. The Benkyodo salami sandwiches (Best in J-Town!!!), J-Town bowl, Maruwa benmos, and the frequent "Hi How's it going?" just walking down the street kind of atmosphere. It'll always be inside of me, and part of my history, but it's a good part of my history that I will cherish forever.

We all agreed that the experience of growing up in Japantown has enriched our lives. It would be a tremendous tragedy for all of us if this invaluable community resource were to lose its character and energy.

For up-to-date information about the shops, services and events in and around San Francisco Japantown, visit http://www.japantown.ws/top.htm. Additional information about the Japanese Community Youth Council, including the Obon Festival for a few years now. I thought about "being connected" to the J-Town that I worked in J-Town, it slowly became K-Town. Not that there's anything wrong with it, but with Yamada Seib closing up shop, and other shops closing down, it's just not the same. You still got Uoki, Maruwa, Mira Market, and Soko Hardware to keep up the tradition, but we're slowly loosing steam. As long as we keep up with the Sakura Matsuri and the Street Fairs, the J-Town theme will live on, but when there's nothing happening, it just isn't the same.

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HOLIDAY GREETINGS

FROM THE
GARDENA VALLEY
LIONS

SEASON'S GREETINGS
to
Nolan Y. Maehara, D.D.S.
Christopher Iwata, D.D.S.
Brian Chang, D.D.S.
Kiyoko Nojima, D.D.S.
15300 So. Western Avenue, Gardena, CA 90249
(310) 327-1430

Merry Christmas
Season's Greetings
Harry and Jane
Ozawa

Season's Greetings
RESTAURANT
SHINANO
DINING-SUSHI-COCKTAILS
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(323) 283-0026
(626) 300-9881 FAX

Season's Greetings
From the
SAITO'S
JOHN, CAROL,
JOHN JR., MARE,
JENNIFER, BRIAN,
HAYLEY ANN

EAST LOS ANGELES JACL
Kaleigh Komatsu . President
John Sato, Sr. . Vice President
Miki Himeura . Secretary
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Akira Hasagawa, Sid Iinouye, Sue Sakamoto
Mable Yoshizaki Scholarship Fund
C/O EJA JACL, P.O. Box 3034
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Donation: welcome

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Little Tokyo Chapter # 3686
Meets 1st Mondays at 1:00 pm. All Welcome!
Union Church, 401 E. 3rd St., Los Angeles, CA 90013
For more information please call: (626) 797-7949

Happy Holidays!

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Akira Hasagawa, Sid Iinouye, Sue Sakamoto
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Happy New Year
Gardena, California 90247

Happy Holiday •

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Donation: welcome
The Pearl Harbor attack created unconfirmed reports of massive acts of sabotage by the JAs. On that same day, Short and Territorial Gov. John Poindexter declared martial law in Hawaii that lasted throughout most of the war. Curfew regulations were enacted immediately and the military roundup of suspicous Japanese began. Even Japanese-owned fishing boats were impounded to prevent them from aiding enemy ships. All assets of alleged enemy aliens were frozen, and licenses to sell produce were suspended out of fear that the JAs would poison the food supply.

Within 24 hours after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, 1,291 Issei on the ABC list were in custody. No formal charges were filed against the suspects, who were isolated in Department of Justice camps in the nation’s interior. Later in December 1941, Roosevelt appointed Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts to head a commission to inquire into the Pearl Harbor attack. A month later, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson reported that Roberts regarded the Japanese population on the islands as a menace, particularly since large portion of them were armed as U.S. service- men under the draft. The report implicated spies attached to the Japanese consulate as being partly responsible for the attack but did not exclude the local Japanese of blame, leaving open the suspicion that they committed acts of espionage against the United States as well.

Nationally, newspapers reported on the Roberts Commission findings, describing the subversive activities of spies without making distinction between them and the local Japanese. Some newspaper accounts wrote that those who committed espionage were attached to the Japanese consulate and included hired Caucasian spies. Implicated were the resident Issei and Nisei, who were all alleged to be participants in the attack. National public reaction to the Roberts Commission report was incensed.

The issue of whether to remove the Hawaiian Japanese to another island was as advocated by Knox was debated with Carter and Munson, who continued to believe that his island of Molokai, an almost uninhabited island noted for its leper colony, was the site of origin of sabotage. Knox had argued that the Japanese population in Hawaii came under suspicion as nothing new. The U.S. government had targeted them as early as 1933 when U.S. Army intelligence expressed concern that the local Japanese possessed certain characteristics and moralities that were considered inferior, and that if put to the test, the Japanese would prove their disloyalty to the United States.

+ FDR also reviewed other reports, which alleged that the local Japanese were conspiring plans of espionage with Japanese nationals when they boarded visiting Japanese ships at Hawaiian ports. In reaction to this, FDR felt that those who engaged in such activities should be sent to concentration camps.

FDR’s hostility toward the Japanese had deep roots. When Japan defeated the Russians in the Russo-Japan War in 1904-05, Japan became feared as a military force capable of challenging the United States even in the Pacific. Such early fears contributed to the question of the loyalty of the Japanese in Hawaii.

According to author Robinson, Roosevelt believed the citizen Issei were innately Japanese and would support and collaborate with Japan in the event of war. Following the hysteria of Americans after the attack on Pearl Harbor, FDR refused to believe that the Nisei could be true Americans worthy of having their liberties and property rights respected.

Then the Justice Department instituted the so-called ABC lists of suspects. Many of the Issei men on the ABC lists had been under surveillance as early as World War I. The list was referred to as the ABC list because it ranked the alleged saboteurs in order of potential threat with “A” being the most threatening. But in essence, the suspects were nothing more than leaders in the Japanese community or those with ties to Japan.

Distrust towards the Hawaiian Japanese went unabated. Just prior to the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Gen. Walter Short anticipated acts of sabotage from the local Hawaiian Japanese. He considered all airplanes at Pearl Harbor to be clustered to better protect them against the potential local threat. As it turned out, the clusters became easier targets for enemy airplanes on Dec. 7, and far more were lost than necessary.

Opinions of others were sought including that of Emmons, who became a replacement for Short, the disgraced military commander who was in charge when Pearl Harbor was attacked.

Emmons was well aware that the attack on Pearl Harbor resulted in the deaths of more than 2,400 American servicemen, with many thousands more wounded; that the Pacific fleet was sunk and badly damaged; the aircraft and facilities were destroyed; and that public sentiment was high against the Japanese. As a result, even Emmons approved the internment of 72 alleged troublemakers to Hawaii’s Sand Island detention center and their later transfer to camps on the mainland.

But Emmons voiced concern over evacuating the entire Hawaiian Japanese population to another island. He knew the importance of the Japanese to the island’s labor force in the agricultural economy as well as that of rebuilding Pearl Harbor. But rather than oppose evacuation outright, Emmons cited problems of transporting and housing such a large number of people. He determined that separating the disloyal from the loyal would be impossible, and announced that at least 100,000 Hawaiian Japanese would have to be incarcerated. It is believed that he gave this figure knowing that a mass evacuation of so many would be impossible.

Nevertheless, other FDR advisors continued to urge the removal of the Hawaiian Japanese. But the high degree of anti-Japanese sentiment on the West Coast and the increased tensions that would result from a mass evacuation of Japanese from Hawaii to California precluded that possibility. Instead, the transfer of internees to the big island of Hawaii was favored. There, it was believed, the Japanese could produce their food, and construct their own facilities. Differing, however, was Army Chief of Staff Gen. George C. Marshall, who recommended that 20,000 of the “most dangerous” Japanese be immediately evacuated to a concentration camp on the island of Molokai, an almost uninhabited island noted for its leper colony.

The others would be transported to concentration camps on the mainland.

Marshall believed a large camp on the island of Hawaii would present greater logistical problems than the other islands. And like the Roberts Commission report, Marshall was unwilling to make any distinction between loyal and potentially disloyal citizens and alien Japanese, only that they be confined for the duration of the war with no recommendation for their return to their homes.

On Feb. 19, 1942, Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, which authorized the implementation of a mass evacuation and incarceration of all persons of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast and parts of Arizona. In addition, the War Department was authorized to designate prescribed military areas for which any or all persons may enter, remain, leave or be excluded. It also served as the basis for the curfew imposed on Japanese Americans, which mandated that travel be restricted to no more than five miles from their homes and that they were to be in their homes by 8 p.m.

Four days after the order was signed, Knox again advised FDR to evacuate Japanese ancestry from Hawaii. An earlier letter to Knox from Emmons opposed such a large-scale evacuation. But Knox insisted he could not be satisfied until the Japanese were placed on other islands, away from Oahu where most of the military installations were.

Roosevelt ordered Knox to coordinate the evacuation with Stimson, clearly showing that he wanted the evacuation of Hawaii to take place for all persons of Japanese ancestry without regard to their civil rights.

In response, Stimson recommended to the president that evacuation to the mainland would be more practical given the problems previously cited for evacuation to another island.
Stimson's approval of Marshall's recommendations were also given favorable review by the Joint Chiefs of Staff but differed in that it applied only to those Japanese who were considered to be "dangerous." That left it up to Emmons to determine who should be considered dangerous and detained in mainland camps. That number was estimated to be about 20,000 individuals.

After more deliberation between McCloy and Stimson, the wisdom of bringing 20,000 Japanese Hawaiians to the West Coast was again questioned. After consulting Emmons, the "most dangerous" numbers were reduced to 1,500. Meanwhile, questions regarding the legality of incarceration of the JAs were being raised by civil rights groups that presented habeas corpus challenges for those being transferred to the mainland, outside the jurisdiction of martial law then in force in Hawaii.

Such challenges, when they reached FDR, caused him to reconsider his previous plan to incarcerate Hawaiian Japanese on one of the other islands. In the absence of a clear decision on the Japanese in Hawaii and evacuation, the War Department turned to Emmons to devise an evacuation plan. However, Emmons opposed any plan, citing the fact that there had been no acts of sabotage by the Japanese since the attack. But a more fundamental reason for his opposition was his belief that a mass evacuation would have serious consequences on the islands' economy and the morale of the remaining Japanese.

Nevertheless, Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy continued to pressure Emmons to move forward on the president's intent to establish internment camps in Hawaii. McCloy suggested that 10-15,000 JAs be sent to the "big island." Yielding to the demands that some action be taken, Emmons suggested a plan to evacuate 5,000 "voluntary" evacuees to the mainland even though he thought it illogical to do so.

The "volunteers" consisted mainly of women and children allowed to join their potentially dangerous husbands and fathers who were already interned. Approval of Emmons' plan by the Joint Chiefs of Staff followed with the explanation to the president that any U.S. citizen such as a son or daughter in an internment camp in the mainland could obtain freedom with a writ of habeas corpus, a problem he was previously concerned about.

Knox believed this 5,000 number was far too low and that the Japanese sympathizers would, in the event of an attack upon the islands, unquestionably cooperate with the enemy. Stimson, however, believed the removal of the 5,000 would simplify his problem and would not make the labor problem worse. Still, Roosevelt insisted that the foremost consideration should be the safety of the islands and that any labor shortage as a result of evacuation should not be considered.

Roosevelt's approval applied to 15,000 persons in family groups as a first phase of a larger evacuation. Again, Emmons recognized the economic impact of such a removal, especially on a large sugar plantation, which relied heavily on the Nikkei as laborers, and he resisted FDR's concerns.

By then, the tide of war was turning in the United States' favor, reducing the possibility of an invasion, and Emmons no longer made efforts to placate Roosevelt on the issue. He stood firm, convinced there would no longer be mass evacuation of the islands. Perhaps because of the change in the direction of the war and the long-standing debate about the issue, Stimson and McCloy also no longer pressed Emmons.

By January 1943, Attorney General Francis Biddle who had mixed feelings about mass evacuation on the West Coast because of constitutional questions, agreed that the evacuation of Japanese Hawaiians was no longer feasible. A few months later, even Knox acquiesced.

Other conditions needed to be addressed. One was that between November 1942 and February 1943, there was no longer space available in the War Relocation Authority camps and therefore transportation of any additional Japanese from Hawaii was suspended. By then, 1,037 mostly "volunteer" evacuees had been removed from Hawaii to mainland camps.

I n 1980, the U.S. Congress formed the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians (CWRIC) to ascertain the causes of the WWII evacuation and incarceration of those of Japanese ancestry. Regarding Emmons, the CWRIC stated that Emmons "effectively scuttled the Hawaiian evacuation."

As a result of the CWRIC findings, the Civil Liberties Act of 1988 was passed where the U.S. government officially acknowledged the wrongs committed during WWII against persons of Japanese ancestry. The legislation provided an apology to each living victim along with a redress payment. After 40 years, the truth was known about the misguided policies of the FDR administration.

In the CWRIC report, it was determined that three main reasons contributed to the wartime incarceration. Those were: racial prejudice directed against all persons of Japanese ancestry; hysteria and fear of Americans generated as a result of the war; and failure in political leadership.

The lessons learned from this experience should serve democracy well.

The Japanese were a large source of labor for Hawaii's vast sugar cane plantations.
SEASON'S GREETINGS
Gary S. Hongo
D.M.D.
127 NE 102nd Avenue
Portland, OR 97220
(503) 255-8996

Season's Greetings from the City of Roses
Mary Minamoto
54 NE Mekke Place
Portland, OR 97213

MERRY CHRISTMAS
Calvin & Mayho TANABE

Happy New Year!
Ann Shintani & Scott Winner
572 N. Omaha Ave.
Portland, OR 97217

HAPPY HOLIDAYS
Dr. Shoun/Grace ISHIKAWA
2842 SW Plum Circle
Portland, OR 97219

HAPPY HOLIDAYS
Terry, James and Lauren Yamada

Happy Holidays
Wall & Sue SAKAI
2466 NW 121st Pl.
Portland, OR 97229

Happy New Year from
The Katagiris
Beaverton, OR

SHINEN OMEDETO!
Kay and Chiyo Endo
Milwaukie, OR 97222

Wishing All A Perfect Heart
Wayne, Sharon Matthews and Andrew Takahashi
Tigard, OR

Happy Holidays
ROY and MARSHA NAKAYAMA
Jason & Kimberly
2070 SW Sylvis St.
Atlanta, GA 30337

Akemashite omedeto gozaimasu
Best wishes for the Holidays and
Happy New Year
The Matsuda Family

Oregon Nikkei Endowment, Inc. 117 N.W. 2nd Ave., Portland OR 97209

PORTLAND

HOLIDAY GREETINGS
The Oregon Nikkei Endowment appreciates your support of its projects: the Japanese American Historical Plaza; the book, Touching the Stones; and the Oregon Nikkei Legacy Center.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS TO ALL!
PORTLAND JACL BOARD

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503-640-1050 www.dickscountrydodge.com

Wishing you health and prosperity From Dick Inukai

Season's Greetings
JOHN A. KODACHI
Kell, Alterman & Runstein, L.L.P.
ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW
520 SW Yamhill, Ste. 600
Portland, OR 97204
(503) 227-2040 - Fax (503) 227-0940
....and Best Wishes for 2003

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CLASSICAL AND FOLK TEACHERS - PERFORMER
Sahomi Tachibana
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(503) 287-7582

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and
Yamada, P.C.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Terry Yamada
Suite 1020, The 1515 Building
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Portland, Oregon 97204
Free (503) 287-1504 - Fax (503) 287-4586
Email: ty@tylawfirm.com
The parking lot at Alameda, First, Judge John Aiso and Temple Streets is the only piece of land currently available for a Little Tokyo recreational facility. The lot and the two-story parking structure behind it are owned by the City of Los Angeles.

Bill Watanabe is the executive director of Los Angeles’ Little Tokyo Service Center.

### ITO

(Continued from page 35)

President Lyndon B. Johnson’s “war on poverty.”

These “community action programs” became the basis for many social service programs today. In the early stages of this new approach, such programs as Head Start, pre-school programs, health clinics, youth and recreation programs became the initial programs that were used to address early community development. Not until 1966 during President Johnson’s Administration was there a historic change from community action to community development, which marked the subtle shift towards programs that pursued economic development interests.

The first known CDC, as what we know today, was the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation in Brooklyn, N.Y., known as the granddaddy of the CDC movement. It developed through some strong political and financial support through the Ford Foundation, which pioneered this new form of organization that was to transform so-called urban ghettos.

Today, approximately 3,600 CDCs exist throughout the United States in both urban and rural communities addressing a wide range of needs in affordable housing, small business development, youth development, healthcare and social services.

### Why This Approach Works

With over 3,000 CDCs present today, it is a good indication that their work deems some type of recognition. A key ingredient in the work of these organizations, we find the approach works because of two reasons — the strategic and inclusive planning process and the people who benefit from these programs.

When we were young children, our parents hammered into our brains many habits that are ingrained to last a lifetime. When CDCs began, they too were ingrained from their predecessors that the key to revitalization must be driven by the community and not outside. By working with a broad range of local stakeholders - residents, small businesses, and local government, the most essential needs can be identified and then incorporated into an action plan. One example that articulates this approach is Asian Americans for Equality’s Rebuild Chinatown Initiative (RCI) launched this past July.

RCI has been convened by AAEE to advocate for Chinatown to be part of the overall redevelopment of Little Tokyo and to address long-term needs that were not clearly visible after Sept. 11. The RCI project completed its first phase on Nov. 13, 2002, when it held a community meeting to discuss the study titled “The Community Speaks — One Year After September 11th.”

This effort was a culmination of over 2,000 surveys, 80 interviews of key leaders in the community and many community meetings, over a period of two months. It was a huge undertaking to ensure that the community voice was heard and documented as the RCI project moves to its second phase, the project will implement some of the most pressing needs that came out of the study like improved sanitation, better transportation alternatives and more affordable housing, over the course of the next year.

The key to this approach has been the collaboration of many sectors — community residents, local businesses, government, local politicians and corporations — coming together for a higher cause and ensuring the future of New York’s Chinatown.

Like this approach, it is also the people whom nonprofit agencies serve who help to validate their work. Many years ago, I had the opportunity to meet one extraordinary individual named Daryl Daniel. I remember having this conversation with Daryl near his apartment at the San Pedro Firm Building, which was an affordable housing project by LTSC CDC, and I asked him why he was so dedicated to helping Little Tokyo, even though he was African American.

He told me that the Little Tokyo community had given him back his life, so he felt indebted to the people who benefit from these programs.

### The Little Tokyo Gymnasium

LTSC CDC has been working to obtain a site for the future Little Tokyo gymnasium, which is proposed as a six-court gym that would be big enough to host major professional basketball, volleyball and athletic tournaments, and special community events. It is clear to everyone that such a facility is needed and would be a huge boon to Little Tokyo’s business and cultural establishments. It is likewise clear that there is nothing in Little Tokyo at this time which would interest or draw young people to come here on a consistent basis. Little Tokyo is missing an entire generation of Nikkei young adults and families who never or rarely come here and thus have no connection to the historical and cultural heritage of Little Tokyo.

Though the purpose of the Little Tokyo Recreation and Community Center is seriously applauded, it should be located under some intense contention. Currently, the only available site is in a city-owned parking lot called “First Street North” (FSN).

LTSC has proposed the building of the LT gym on this lot since 1995; however, our efforts have been nullified by the J.A National Museum (JANM) and the Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA). It is their intent to build what they call the “Central Avenue Art Park” on the four-acre site, which would be composed of green grass, walkways, a sculpture garden and an art education center. We are proposing that the Art Park use these three acres and allow one acre for the Little Tokyo gymnasium.

MOCA and JANM have refused to accept this!

Our city councilperson, Jan Perry, is seeking an alternative site for the Art Park to solve the conflict, for which we are very grateful. However, until an alternative site becomes a reality, FSN remains the only available site for the Little Tokyo gym. We cannot, and will not give up this site without a real alternative because the future of Little Tokyo needs this project.

The First East and the gym — two projects that could save Little Tokyo with its rich history and a hopeful future. As the 100-year-old man said, we cannot afford to lose our historical place and heritage because once it’s gone, you can’t get it back.
Happy Holidays

Aiko Iseyama
El Cerrito, CA 94530

Season's Greetings
Satoko NABETA
Richmond, CA 94803

Season's Greetings
Joe Oishi
130 So. 47th Street
Richmond, CA 94804

Season's Greetings
George YOKOYAMA
El Cerrito, CA 94530

Season's Greetings for the Holidays
ED and EVE NAKANO
El Cerrito, CA 94530

We wish you the Best Wishes for the Holidays from
Sakura-Kai Senior Center
West Contra Costa County
Japanese American Senior Center

Happy Holidays & Best Wishes
from
Sakura-Kai
Senior Center
West Contra Costa County
Japanese American Senior Center

Thank you for your continued support
P.O. Box 1856
El Cerrito, CA 94530
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May your hearth be warm and your heart filled with joy and peace.
climate of Chinatown. From 1972 to 1986, the city spent $10.2 million on the Chinatown Street Beautification Project. More recently, the city has placed more police officers on the streets of Chinatown, and the Downtown Eastside and the Chinatown Business Improvement Association have hired extra security guards to patrol Chinatown. On a community level, the Chinatown Merchants' Association has started a series of service improvement initiatives. In working with the city's Engineering Department, the Chinatown Revitalization Committee has attempted to clean up the alleys of Chinatown. As for parking, the CMA, the province, and the city built a $22 million, 1,000-car parkade in 1995.

In the face of these projects, the question becomes not one of why nothing is being done to save Chinatown, but why the initiatives being implemented are failing to stop the decline? The persistent decline of Chinatown throughout the '90s suggests that the neighborhood is facing greater challenges than what have been previously identified. To address the economic problems of Chinatown, one needs to go beyond these superficial issues as the forces that are changing Chinatown go beyond its traditional boundaries and into the changing Chinese community of Greater Vancouver. Over the last 10 years, Vancouver's Chinese community has seen tremendous growth and change. Between 1986 and 1996, the Chinese Canadian population in the City of Vancouver has nearly doubled from 70,455 to 143,115. Much of this growth can be attributed to immigration from Hong Kong and, to a lesser degree, from mainland China as well as ethnic Chinese immigrants from Vietnam. Beyond the numbers, federal immigration policies have produced a Chinese immigrant that can frequently be described as affluent or at least 'comfortable,' skilled, and educated. For example, in 1991, 28 percent of all adult immigrants from Hong Kong held a university degree, compared with 14 percent of all immigrants and 11 percent of the Canadian-born adult population. In addition to being better educated, the socio-economic status of Hong Kong immigrants is much higher than previous periods of Chinese immigration, as 23 percent of all Hong Kong immigrants between 1988 and 1997 come as business-class immigrants who require minimum capital holdings of at least $250,000. From these demographic and class characteristics of Chinese immigrants, they have clearly broken away from the traditional customer base of Chinatown as well as the traditional residential patterns of the Chinese in Vancouver.

From the '50s to the mid-'80s, most Chinese Canadians in Vancouver lived within a seven-kilometer distance from Chinatown with the largest concentration in Vancouver's Eastside. With the influx of wealthier immigrants and investment from Hong Kong, Taiwan and China, and the growing social mobility of Chinese Canadians, much of the community has dispersed to other parts of the city. Currently, most Chinese in Vancouver live outside of Chinatown. The neighborhoods around Chinatown that were once the single center for the Chinese community in Vancouver in the '60s and '70s have now become one of many Chinese residential centers in Greater Vancouver. While the pattern of Chinese Canadians moving out of the neighborhoods of Chinatown has been occurring since the end of the World War II, the most important difference in the '90s has been the rise of direct competition to Chinatown for Chinese goods and services. The growth of Chinese supermarkets and Asian malls in Richmond and Coquitlam and the development of Chinese commercial clusters along main roads such as Hastings Street, Victoria Drive, Granville Street and Main Street have eliminated the need to go to Chinatown.

In the past, the provision of Chinese goods and services has been an important keystone for the Chinatown economy. The dominance of the Chinese consumer market that Chinatown once enjoyed for almost 90 years has evaporated in the span of 10 years. Indeed, the ultimate sign of the times is that you can go to any large supermarket chain in Vancouver to get all the dry oyster sauce rather than going to Chinatown.

Put together, these external trends and internal challenges have taken a toll upon Chinatown. In a 10-year study of ground-floor land uses, vacancies have almost doubled. Certain types of bellwether businesses such as restaurants have slowly decreased from a high of 35 restaurants in Chinatown in 1980 to 28 in 2000. Development permits in the area have decreased from 18 in 1995 to two in 1997 and building permits have diminished from 55 in 1995 to 18 in 1997. Anecdotal data from the Chinatown Merchants' Association (CMA) suggest that certain businesses have lost over 50 percent of their clientele in the past decade. Vancouver's Chinatown is in trouble and this does not bode well for its counterparts across the continent. The Future of Chinatown?

It is difficult to tell what the future may hold for the Chinatowns of San Francisco, New York and Vancouver. Whether it is invading hordes of dot-commers, the aftermath of America's worst terrorist attack or simple demographic change, each Chinatown faces its own demons. Chinatowns have stood for over 100 years, but, for them to survive for another 100, they will need individuals, Asian Canadians and AAs in particular, to step up. Ultimately, while the cause of each problem may be different, the basic ingredient needed to save the Chinatown is simple: groups of dedicated men and women who are willing to make a difference and make their Chinatown a better place to live and work.
WEI (Continued from page 15)

with his mother. He returned just in time for the Mid-Autumn Festival. He remembered sitting outside under the moon eating mooncakes, nuts and fruits with the mother he hardly ever saw.

Mid-Autumn Festival was always that much memory to me. Another strange custom my parents tried to infuse into a household where their four children fought desperately to be "American." Another time for my parents to get nostalgic while we squirmed with anxiety to run off and play. There was no special significance to this day. We went to school. My mother cooked and cleaned. My father went to work. It was just another day.

On October 6, 1979, I experienced my first Mid-Autumn Festival. I was at my adopted family's house in Wanchai, Hong Kong, where I had decided to live for two years. Baat-mouh (a term of respect for mothers of friends and acquaintances) spent the day cleaning, cooking and preparing a feast. Ming, my adopted brother, spent hours patiently explaining Chinese culture to me. He would look at me incredulous at my seemingly boundless lack of knowledge of traditions and cultural markers which were fundamental to his understanding of what it meant to be Chinese.

That evening, the Chau family gathered to watch Baat-mouh take care of the many rituals necessary to conduct the ancestor worship for Mid-Autumn Festival. Then Ming, his two brothers and two sisters, his parents and I all crowded around the tiny foldout table in the 10x10-foot bedroom/dining room/living room of the house. There were dishes of chicken, fish, pork, and beef. Soup with dried dates. Vegetables and large quantities of fresh fruits. And of course, mooncakes. We all tucked in, eating, and laughing.

After the meal we scrambled out of the house and into the alleys to find our own favorite Mid-Autumn hangout spots around Hong Kong. Ming and I hopped on a tram headed for Victoria Park.

The streets were packed, and as we got off the trolley, I saw the sight that would cause me to fall in love. There before me, hundreds of families sat in the park waiting for the moon to rise high in the sky. Children ran everywhere with their lanterns lit. Each family had staked out an area for itself with rows of candles. Music played softly in the background. We wandered through the park for several hours, watching the children play and holding our own lanterns up to the sky. Ming said, "But now we have to go to the Peak." We boarded a crowded bus that wound up the mountains in central Hong Kong, and all along the side of the mountain paths lights sparked as people made their way up and around the mountain with their lanterns.

The moon now shone in the sky, large and round. When we got off the bus, and began to walk around the mountain with the rest of the revelers, I realized all that I had lost. I finally understood the tenderness my parents showed in our dining room when they cut open the cakes to share. I began to understand what it would mean for my father to be able to spend this holiday watching the full moon with his mother in a war-torn, poverty-stricken village in China. When Ming reached out to hold my hand for the first time, I fell in love again to figure out the folk tale.

After a bit of library research we came up with two versions of the tale and the youth worked to create the play "so other kids out there don't forget the stories the way we did." The youth themselves chose the theme for the first festival: "Honoring the Elderly." They worked for two months organizing logistics, making paper lanterns, prepping scenery for the play, and lining up additional acts, one of which was the Senior Citizens' Tai Chi Group from Chinatown. They thought perhaps 100 people might come to see their festival.

On a cold fall evening seven years ago, over 450 people from the community showed up in the playground of Holy Redeemer Church for the first Mid-Autumn Festival. By this past year, the attendance had risen to over 3,000. As we prepared for the seventh festival, many of the youth involved with the first play have moved on. They now have jobs and greater family responsibilities. Some have moved out of the community in search of more affordable, decent housing than what is available in the cramped confines of Chinatown.

A new group of youth have begun to work on carrying out the festival. The planning committee has grown and includes community adults and elderly as well. We search for ways to now offer young people access to southern thing." And of course, the annual mooncake-eating contest which has come to mark the finale of the festival is a pure homegrown Philadelphia tradition.

On Sept. 26, 2002, AAU sponsored the seventh Mid-Autumn Festival celebration in Chinatown. My children, and the others who came, learned the story of Houyi and Chang E. They now see mooncakes not as the weird heavy cakes in the cardboard box, but as "the special treat we get to eat once a year." They lit their lanterns and ran with their friends through the streets of Chinatown. They built memories of a sacred, spiritual link to thousands of years of Chinese culture. My father and the other elders who attended remembered their childhoods in China.

This year, under the full moon, my husband and I celebrated the 23rd anniversary of our "first date"—and I fell in love all over again.

Deborah We is a founding member and a member of the board of directors of Asian Americans United in Philadelphia. To support the work of AAU, donations can be sent to: Asian Americans United, 913 Arch Street, Philadelphia, PA 19107.
Sakaye Aratani Japan America
Theatre of the Japanese American Cultural and Community Center. Sue is a vocal teacher and community activist who operated out of Gardena for many years. The tribute was inspiring; so many attendees who had been recipients of her benevolence. All the performers, crew and technical staff had donated their services to acknowledge Sue's years of devotion. She is my second mother.

At the event, I saw people like Chris Naito, who has been a consistent presence with Nisei Week, grooming our future female leadership to produce poised and articulate young women able to well represent our community wherever they go. The theatre was packed to the rafters, with Sue lovers enjoying the kind of farewell her daughter Lisa Joe described to me as "perfect." Indeed.

We just lost two significant people, a legislator and an educator: Patsy Takemoto Mink and Yuji Ichioka. Each made unique contributions toward developing the entity known as Japanese America. Mink spoke to us as women in leadership; Ichioka coined the term "Asian America." Additionally this year, a major art loss was felt with the passing of performer and teacher Nobu McCarthy; she, too, had given so much to us in the performing arts community. Their legacy must live on.

The upcoming generations are wonderful. In the last few years, I've met a number of young people — those in their 20s and 30s — who continue the significant work initiated by my generation, as well as that of the Nisei. These young people offer their own generational soul into the mix that is Japanese America. With real fervor and pride, the young-bloods will ensure the legacy of the Issei and Nisei continues with the American commitment to public and community service. They do us proud.

There have been a number of conferences over the past several years — Los Angeles saw the Ties That Bind Conference in 1998, and San Francisco hosted Nikkei 2000. In February 2000 was the Strength in Diversity Conference on women's issues, and as I write this, the All-Camp Summit convened in Los Angeles.

"To address openly issues in the Japanese American community which have historically created divisions and conflict such as: sexism, homophobia, racism, classism, regionalism, nationalism, and to raise our consciousness to be sensitive to the value and worth of every individual. This is imperative in order for the Japanese American community to thrive collectively, rather than disintegrate over divisions and differences." — Such was one of the directives that came out of the Los Angeles Ties That Bind Conference in its paper titled, "Declaration for the Nikkei Community." The paper was ratified a few days later by the Northern California follow-up committee. It is an important directive, which inspires hope.

Native Americans believe in planning seven generations ahead, I've heard. The times are dark for this country, yet I believe if we keep to traditional wisdom, we curvy that hope. The legacy of the Issei and Nisei is that the Sansei assume adult roles. We are on the cusp of a bright tomorrow — azura, morning light.

My generation, the bridge one, came up with a saying I like: If you're not part of the solution, then you're part of the problem. It's time we see things differently and open our kitchen table to plan the next seven generations' survival, while we are still free to make choices that ensure our progeny their promised tomorrows.

What am I saying? Where am I going? That's exactly what I'd like to know. I'm aware that I'm not being in the essay, which is supposed to have a point of view. Well ... that may be a problem singular to me: I like to hear various points of view. That is my weakness. I think. At the same time, it is also my strength. I like to ask questions of others, to find out where they are coming from, because I don't know most of the time what I think and feel. It's a troubled state, eh? And it is one shared by JAs of all ilk; we don't know what we think and feel. The psychosis of our ethnic heritage, camp, or individual families? Perhaps we need to sit with the pain and find out where it takes us. And I'm OK with that. ■

Joyce Nako is a freelance writer and consultant. She is a founder of the Pacific Asian American Writers-West, a Los Angeles-based literary nonprofit organization. The historian of the Riverside chapter of the JACL, she writes from Moreno Valley, Calif.

NAKO

(Continued from page 19)

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SANTOS

(Continued from page 18)

of the Chinatown area of the International District — where seven buildings sit vacant above the first floor in the middle of their slowly deteriorating business core — and Inter*Im and other AA activists who have braved controversy to build much-needed housing for low-income families and working people, and to preserve the Asian culture and lifestyle.

Today the development in the International District continues, with the Seattle Chinatown International District Preservation and Development Authority ready to construct the second phase of the $40,000,000 International District Village Square that will include a community center, a branch library of the Seattle Library system, 50 units of housing for low-income families, and retail shops. At Inter*Im we have acquired enough land on the opposite end of the district to construct 60 more units of housing for low-income and working families. The staff is also working with Asian communities outside the International District in southeast Seattle and the White Center neighborhood to develop replacement housing for families displaced by development as a result of Hope VI development by local housing authorities. The positive forces in the International District have forged alliances with federal government agencies, financial institutions and many of the local foundations that have the same goal in mind, which is the preservation and development of a unique and viable historic community, the International District of Seattle. ■

Bob Santos is executive director of Inter*Im and a veteran community leader.

Bob Santos, far right, speaks with Norns Bacho at a 1973 march to HUD in support of elderly low-income housing.

— Photo by Eugene Tagawa/Asian Family Affair
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TSUCHIYAMA, Kiyoshi & Alice
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TANAKA, Y
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Season’s Greetings

Philadelphia Chapter

Season’s Greetings from
Philadelphia Chapter

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Joy to you and Yours

Season's Greetings from the Wine Country

Sonoma County JACL

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Sonoma County JACL

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From the Sonoma County JACL

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season's Greetings

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Season's Greetings

Best Wishes

Happy New Year

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Happy Holidays!
CHANGES IN OUR WORLD:
Since September 11th, the ideals of individual rights and protections, the basic tenets of American democracy, have been severely challenged. The loyalty of some segments of our population has been questioned, recalling the experience of Japanese Americans sixty years ago. We all know too well the distrust, pain and trauma our community suffered.

TOUGH ECONOMIC TIMES:
JACL has weathered over three years of tough economic times and continues to face financial challenges daily. Despite these challenges, we are instituting measures to weather these financial storms and emerge a much stronger organization for the future.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE:
The JACL was the first national organization to issue a public statement after September 11th to speak out against scapegoating of Arab Americans, Muslims and others made vulnerable by the attacks.

We continue to monitor and respond to developing issues affecting our freedom and basic rights:

- Raising concerns of the Administration’s policy to indefinitely detain “suspected” terrorists without releasing names or evidence.
- Administration’s proposal to imprison “enemy combatants” based on the Attorney General’s determination alone.
- Policy to try suspects by secret military tribunals.
- Attorney General’s mandate to suppress the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), one of the most important tools for disallowing a secret government.
- Demanding the resignation of Peter Kirsanow, U. S. Civil Rights Commissioner for his comments threatening internment of Arab Americans in this country’s fight against terrorism.
- Responding to individuals, organizations and communities seeking advice and assistance to incidents of hate and injustice.
- Condemning columnist Ann Coulter for falsely blaming Secretary of Transportation Norman Mineta and his department for the Sept 11th terrorist attacks and refusal to enforce racial profiling at airports.
- Responding to incidents of discrimination against Asian Americans.
- Supporting a Korean American secret service agent in his discrimination complaint with the U.S. Treasury Department.
- Criticizing Abercrombie & Fitch, eBay, Macy’s and Disguise Inc. for promoting the use of racist, religiously insensitive and derogatory depictions in their merchandise or services.
- Challenging the public use of derogatory words by public figures.
- Fighting for access for young Japanese Americans in the work place.

We’ve revised our much heralded curriculum guide to help teachers teach lessons on the Japanese American experience, enhanced our youth empowerment and leadership programs, continued our valuable Masaoka Fellowships, produced an outstanding hate crimes program that now focuses on anti-Asian hate in the schools, and are creating programs to address the needs of our ever-increasing multi-ethnic/multi-cultural generations. And we continue one of the oldest Asian American scholarship programs (since 1946), which has helped innumerable Japanese Americans to pursue their educational goals: today, we designate over $60,000 in scholarships and financial aid annually from 35 awards established by our dedicated members, past and present.

The Pacific Citizen, the oldest and largest Asian American national publication in circulation today. Produced semi-monthly except in December and January for the annual Holiday Greeting and New Years issue. The PC has been a valued source of information on current issues, news and events that impact the Japanese American communities across the country.

Subscribers go beyond the JACL membership to other national organizations and community groups, student organizations, libraries, legislative contacts and interested individuals.

THE FUTURE:
The JACL is the nation’s premier Asian American civil and human rights organizations and plays an important role in today’s society, where anti-Asian sentiments are on the rise.

Your contribution enables us to continue to carry out the JACL’s mission to secure and maintain the civil rights of Japanese Americans and all others who are victimized by injustice and prejudice. Another important part of our mission, especially for our younger generations, is to promote our cultural values and preserve the heritage and legacy of the Japanese American community.

WE SEEK YOUR HELP
Please support the 2002 Annual Giving Campaign by way of your generous donation. This year, we hope you’ll give generously and reach deep to help support our many efforts. Please see coupon on page 115.

The role of the JACL in fighting for social justice has continued as we conclude our organization’s 73rd year. But what we do depends on your support and generosity. We depend on membership dues and donations to keep the organization operating. Without your support, we literally wouldn’t be able to do what we do to make this a better place for all of us.

Wishing you all a wonderful holiday season.

National Board and National JACL Staff
KOKUSAI-PACIFICA
2003 TOURS

Feb 11 New Low Fare - 5* Radisson Caribbean Cruiser with Panama Canal. “vac Diamond” - Costa Rica, San Blas Islands, Panama Canal Excursion, Cartagena, Aruba to San Juan. Trip included: five wine w/meals, $100 pp shipboard credit, hotel-like cabins. From $328.
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May 08 Australia & New Zealand - 17 Days - Meals - $3995 - Melbourne, Cairns & Sydney, Australia - Christchurch, Queenstown, Milford Sound, Mt. Cook, Rennais & Auckland, New Zealand.
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TAJ MAHAL YOUTH (20 days) APR 30
SUMMER BASEBALL TOUR (4 nights game 2 G&G Competition) JULY 30
ALASKA THE EXPLORER (20 days) JUN 19-28
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"One of the biggest needs of all communities, including Indian communities, is finding a solution to violence. The long-term solutions must promote being a balanced life in terms of philosophy, respect and self-discipline."

Joseph A. Myers

"School violence is violence that occurs on a school campus, but it's really community violence. School safety is just one of the components of a meaningful solution. Family, community and peer groups need to be brought to an end."
Season's Greetings from the Holiday Issue Project

Holiday Greetings to Our Friends in JACL
Hank & Sachie TANAKA
31751 Candorine Ave.
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Holiday Greetings to Our Friends in JACL
Floyd & Ruth SHIMOMURA
Mark J. Lee, Brian
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Happy Holidays
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Holiday Greetings to My JACL Friends
Mr. & Mrs. Mack YAMAGUCHI
Best Wishes
Pasadena JACL
Happy Holidays!

本年中は、皆様にご愛顧頂き誠にありがとうございます。
素晴らしいホリデーシーズンをお迎え下さい。

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