WHAT'S YOUR PASSION?

HOLIDAY ISSUE 2004
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Once again ... welcome to the 2004 annual Pacific Citizen Holiday Issue! This is the eighth Holiday Issue I personally have worked on, and each year it seems to get harder and harder to come up with a topic that's interesting and has never been done.

This year the P.C. staff has chosen the theme: “What’s Your Passion?” — a topic that pretty much covers everything, as long as it’s something you are, well, passionate about.

In the next 100-plus pages you will hear the personal stories of our writers who talk about their passions, whether it’s a passion for sports and the arts or a passion for our heroic World War II veterans and the annual camp reunions. Our writers share with us their passion for a wide-range of topics including cooking, Choppers, fruit carving, and boy bands.

For this special 120-page issue we’ve gathered a talented group of writers who volunteered their time to make this issue a success. It seems “passion” is a topic that many in our community had a lot to write about and we thank our writers for their insight and their time.

I would also like to give a special thanks to the P.C. staff who continue to give their all despite limited resources. Thanks to the P.C. staff: Lynda Lin, assistant editor and graphic design guru; Brian Tanaka, office manager and techno wiz; and Eva Lau-Ting, circulation and our office organizer. And thanks to our volunteers, who along with the staff, gave up their evenings and weekends to ensure the success of this issue. Thanks to: Gayle Jue, Alan Kubo, and Jason Stom.

This issue would not have been possible were it not for the dozens and dozens of JACL chapters and their P.C. representatives who hit the pavement to sell the ads that fill this issue. Their names are listed in “P.C.’s People Who Count” so please check them out on page 5.

The P.C.’s annual Holiday Issue is a fundraiser for JACL chapters and most chapters have come to realize that taking part in the H.I. each year is a great way to raise money for local events and activities. For more information on ways to raise money for your chapter, please talk to Brian at the P.C. office.

I would also like to thank all of our advertisers whose support continues to help fund the P.C. Their businesses, names, and contact information are listed on these pages so please solicit them whenever you get a chance.

And most of all I would like to thank our readers who continue to support our efforts year after year. Look out for our special New Year’s Issue on Jan. 14, 2005. Have a safe and fun holidays.
My passion for watching movies made me a loser for good part of my life.

While most of my friends were making out and breaking up with their first boyfriends, I was experiencing love and heartbreak through Jeanne Crain's green eyes in "State Fair" (1945) and Katharine Hepburn's throaty laugh in "The Philadelphia Story" (1940). During those hot and sweaty summer days when girls flocked to the mall with their hair teased into gravity defying waves, I was laying on the living room floor, staring up at the set with feet propped right below the black and white screen ready to turn the channel with my toes. Yes, I was one hot chick back then ... it's just that no one else knew it.

In hindsight, I'm pretty sure I had a better time growing up with my imagination fueled by cinema than most of my girlfriends. I mean, choosing to spend time with sexy Alan Ladd in "This Gun's for Hire" (1942) or the strangely quiet guy with the one runny eye in my world history class is kind of a no-brainer, don't you think?

Love from the 'Get-Go'

We had humble beginnings (five family members in a one bedroom house), so our 12-inch Zenith TV set was our most extravagant accessory and the ultimate tool for escapism from suburban living in the San Gabriel Valley. But like any other activity that's fun, I always thought my passion was just a hobby that I could at the very least use to be condescending like that comic book store owner on "The Simpsons." But fast forward a few years and jump a few continents to New Zealand where I spent some time writing for a magazine and suddenly my obsessive hobby became a career asset.

The "hottest" hip hop artist at that time was a famously cranky behind-the-scenes interviewee who would not so much answer questions as much as bark them, but as soon as I mentioned that 1994 version of "Little Women" was one of my guilty pleasures, he immediately softened up. We both confessed that the scene where Beth dies made us
Once, I sat at a dinner table completely silent while a handful of New Zealand film students talked about how fun it is to watch ‘Nosferatu’ and ‘Nanook of the North,’ both silent films from 1922.

blubber like babies and it was all good.

Over the years, my passion has began a perfect movie for every occasion. For inspiration, I stand on top of my desk, scream and watch “Dead Poets Society” (1989). For a fright or to talk myself out of starting a relationship with a new man, I watch “Rosemary’s Baby” (1968).

Road Back to Loserville

What I’ve grown to hate, however, is this chronic disease spread amongst film buffs called “self-importance.” Ask any film student or fellow cinephile what his/her favorite movie is and chances are you’ll get the obscurest or most foreign film title of all time as a response. Once, I sat at a dinner table completely silent while a handful of New Zealand film students talked about how fun it is to watch “Nosferatu” and “Nanook of the North,” both silent films from 1922.

Admittedly, it also used to be a goal of mine to stump the Blockbuster Video clerks who are contractually obligated to read out the title of your selection when you pay like you forgot what you picked while standing in line. One poor guy stumbled over the pronunciation of Federico Fellini’s 1969 film, “Satyricon” for a good five minutes before I pardoned his ignorance. He looked at me, then at the cover of the video (complete with scantily clad men in togas clutching at each other) and then back at me, waving his finger in the air in the sarcastic “whoopie!” sort of way before stuffing the video in a bag.

I failed to impress the video clerk and I grew tired of watching men in togas after the first hour and fell asleep on Fellini. That was when I realized I was in every way a loser.

Self-Importance

Anonymous (SIA)

Can we stop being so serious all the time? Is there a detox unit for overly serious film fans out there?

I’m now woman enough to admit that I stood in line with giggly teenage girls to watch Britney Spears in “Crossroads” on opening night. While waiting for the theater doors to fly open, I tried to reduce myself to the size of the mole on the bare back of a seven-year-old Spears look-alike ahead of me and prayed that no one of importance would see me. I was petrified that my “license to watch” would be revoked or something like that. I was that sick.

Now, I think there’s as much room for a little Billy Bob Thornton in “Bad Santa” as there is for Orson Welles in “The Lady from Shanghai” (1947). And who doesn’t have a secret soft spot for chick flics? So what if James Cameron can’t string together a likeable story based on — oh, I don’t know — historical facts! In Jerry Bruckheimer we trust for an adrenaline rush.

After an intellectually challenging day at work, I can now blithely stride through the aisles of a video store looking for movies that don’t make me think.

On occasion, when no one is watching, I get back to the basics and flop on the floor, looking up at the TV screen with my toes ready to change the channel. And I like myself for it.
Congratulations!
Ken Inouye

National JACL President

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I’ve always grown up with dogs. When I was a little girl, my family had a dog named Suki, a cute Australian Terrier. We also had a mutt named Nichi who lived for 17 years. During the 1970s, no one attended obedience dog classes. You just got a dog and someone in the house trained it. That someone was my sister — and she was only eight years old at the time. But times have certainly changed. Owning a dog today takes great effort, but what you get back in return is immeasurable, and truly a closer relationship with your dog.

In 1998, my husband Dean and I brought home a beautiful sable and white Collie, whom we named Summer. This was my first purebred dog. I have always loved dogs my whole life, but I never realized before what passion I have for Collies. Collies are loyal, smart and very fun-loving. The most famous Collie, of course, is Lassie. Summer is often “mistaken” for Lassie and we even took Summer to the Walk of Fame where passersby happily took Summer’s picture.

Summer’s official name registered with the American Kennel Club (AKC) is Sunrise Diane Summer UD. “Sunrise Diane” represents the name of the kennel she is from, “Summer” is the name we gave her, and “UD” represents the current Utility Dog title she has won in obedience. Since my breeder is a professional dog trainer, I began taking obedience lessons from her when Summer was a puppy to learn the basics of obedience. Six years later, I now have an amazing dog who competes in AKC obedience dog shows, and Summer is ranked one of the top 10 Collies in the United States in the Utility class.

When I attended my first dog show, I never thought that my dog could learn to do what others were doing so easily, such as having the dog find my scent on one article among a pile of 10 articles with someone else’s scent on it or be able to respond to a person’s hand signals from a far distance. It’s difficult training and can take years to learn.

There aren’t very many Japanese Americans who show dogs in obedience. One of my classmates, Amy Brastad, is over 80 years old. Amy is a JA woman who also competes in obedience shows and is truly my inspiration. Amy owns three dogs, and looks and acts about 20 years younger. She has such a positive attitude about life and has tremendous energy. I do believe that dogs help people stay young and vibrant, no matter what your age.

There is also a JA AKC judge in Southern California, Bill Iwamoto. Mr. Iwamoto and his wife often are asked by neighbors growing up, “What is my passion for Collies?” and Newton can often be my inspiration. Mr. Iwamoto and his wife often are asked by neighbors when Summer was a puppy to learn what Summer is doing and what she’s up to. It’s difficult training and can take years to learn.

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There is also a JA AKC judge in Southern California, Bill Iwamoto. Mr. Iwamoto and his wife often are asked to participate in Northern California AKC obedience shows, and his judging skills are typical of a Nisei — strict but accurate and fair. I know that Summer and I have to work very hard when we have Mr. Iwamoto as our judge.

Summer doesn’t just compete in obedience dog shows. She is also a great family dog. Many of our friends and family always ask us how Summer is doing and what she’s up to. Whenever we take Summer for a walk, she makes people smile and often strangers come up to us to greet Summer and tell us stories about a Collie they remember in their neighborhood growing up. We’ve even taken Summer to a bed and breakfast inn in Carmel (Carmel is the most dog-friendly city in the country), and the staff always remembers Summer’s name and gives her a special dog treat.

Summer has taught me so much. She has taught me patience, loyalty and laughter. I have never had a dog before who has a great sense of humor. Everyday when my husband and I get home from work, we are always laughing at Summer entertaining us. She has many facial expressions, and as you can see by the photo accompanying this article, she is the dog who has her head cocked to one side.

My breeder is now trying to convince me to get another Collie. Most of my classmates have at least two or three dogs, so they can constantly train their dogs at a specific level for their age. But given that my husband and I have busy careers, I unfortunately don’t have the time to train two dogs.

Someday I will get another Collie, but it will probably be when Summer is a little older. I did learn one piece of advice, though. My breeder told me my next Collie will have to be a male. “Why?”, I asked. She explained that she once owned two female Collies at the same time, and never made that mistake again. Apparently it has to do with two females both wanting to dominate the “pack,” so they won’t get along very well. In the situation of a male and female dog, the female dog is always the dominant one, so they get along well together.

No matter how many Collies I own, my passion for Collies will continue for the rest of my life. For those of you who love dogs, you will appreciate this anonymous quote: “My goal in life is to be as good of a person my dog already thinks I am.”

So if you see a Collie walking down the street, stop by and say “hello.” And they’ll greet you warmly right back.

Photo by Gail Tanaka

Gail Tanaka is a board member of the San Francisco chapter, and Chairperson of the 2004 National JACL Freshman Scholarship Committee.
A Passion for Fitness, At Any Age

By PHIL SHIGEKUNI

his year fitness pioneer Jack La Lanne turned 90, while I turned 70. I have always held La Lanne in awe, especially when I would read articles about him towing rowboats filled with people when he was in his 70s as well as other amazing things at earlier ages.

As I grow older it is distressing to hear more and more stories of people my age who have developed various conditions that laid them low. My dear wife Marion has taken the lead and supplied me and herself with vitamins and other dietary supplements which we both take daily. Our daily routine includes trips to two exercise classes on the days when we are not playing golf.

All the above is getting around to saying my passion is keeping fit. Motivation comes when I pick up the Raku Shampo and read ads for seminars geared towards helping seniors avoid being a “burden on their children.” In spite of all my efforts I still may wind up being a burden on my children, but this way at least I would have the satisfaction of knowing I did my best to postpone it as long as possible.

Tom Doi and Rev. Leo Fong are my role models. Tom is 83. Two years ago he won the record for his age category in the L.A. Marathon (just under 7 hours). In two more years he will again start to train so that he can compete for the record in the 85-90 year old category.

For one of his marathons Tom raised a sizeable sum of money in support of the building of a Memorial Garden at our community center honoring Medal of Honor winner Kiyoshi Muranaga. Tom and his wife serve on our San Fernando Valley JACL board. For several years Tom has been our treasurer, and Sachi has helped secure ads for the Pacific Citizen Holiday Issue.

Rev. Fong is a retired Chinese American United Methodist minister. He grew up in Arkansas and served a church in Stockton. Also, he is a Master in martial arts who has developed a weight training method employing Tai Chi movements.

Leo recently had to undergo surgery for prostate cancer. He tells me the doctor kept looking at his medical chart to confirm he was 75 years old. Ordinarily for men of his age surgery is not recommended. The doctor treated him as if he were 60 and went ahead with the surgery. He came through it with flying colors.

Rev. Leo’s classes are held everyday at different locations in the San Fernando Valley. On Tuesdays Marion and I attend the class held at our church in Chatsworth and on Fridays the class held in the judo room at the JA Community Center in Pacoima. Marion and I have been taking Leo’s class for the past 3 1/2 years. When he is away, we substitute for him.

We have a standing time for three golf foursomes at a course in Simi Valley. Marion arranges a nice mixture of men and women for the game each Thursday. In addition, we each are members of mens’ and womens’ golf clubs. We make it a point to not ride the golf cart, even during the heat of summer.

On the other days we attend a two-hour class involving low impact aerobics and strength training offered at a local elementary school through Adult Education. Our teacher, Steve Steinberg, offers a varied aerobic program followed by strength training using dumbbells or stretchbands.

In both Steve’s and Leo’s classes we’ve noticed women outnumber men about ten to one. I wonder if this partially explains why women outlive men. They take better care of themselves. During the cooling down/rest periods Steve gives us health related information. Some of the information, while interesting and vital, sometimes because of repetition takes on the air of indoctrination.

The other day I overheard Marion telling one of our friends, “Steve says we seniors have to do strength building exercises because each year we gain a pound and a half of fat, and lose a half pound of muscle.” I told Marion it sounds like she is spreading the gospel according to Steinberg!

We subscribe to three health related newsletters: “The Berkeley Wellness Newsletter,” “The Mount Sinai Healthy Aging Newsletter,” and “Nutrition in Action.” Our diet consists of chicken or fish, a lot of fiber, an abundance of fruits and vegetables. We are constantly gaining new information to help us keep on track.

The rewards to be gained from a healthy lifestyle go beyond merely living longer. I have never felt better in my entire life. We sleep well, have an abundance of energy and our love life ain’t bad either.

My passion for fitness makes possible a more enjoyable experience of other passions in life.

Phil Shigekuni (top photo, second from right) is a longtime member of the JACL San Fernando Valley chapter. Joining him in the photo are (l-r): Rev. Leo Fong, Marion Shigekuni, and Tom Doi.
S

o ... I'm in my last year of college, getting ready to graduate in May. This should be an exciting time, but it hasn't turned out that way so far.

This crucial point in my life is one in which every conversation I have with an adult revolves around "what I'm going to do when I graduate" and "what I plan to be" for the rest of my life.

These conversations get really old, really fast. It's hard to talk to someone about this topic. I don't have all the answers. I'm not completely sure about anything right now and I don't like feeling bad about the fact that my plans are up in the air.

It can be very embarrassing to try and make something up since all people in my situation are expected to have something set in stone by this point.

It also becomes frustrating when these conversations happen time and time again. You can predict what all of these people are going to say to you the second the topic of "how you're doing in school" comes up.

Unfortunately, my passion has become tangled up in all of this mess. And even more unfortunate is that because I chose to major in something I really love, and my major is a big part of the conversations I loathe having, I'm starting to be less passionate about it.

I have been dancing for as long as I can remember. And most people who know me know that I'm a dancer. This identity was a great thing, until I decided to study it in higher education.

Dancing was always just fine when it was an extra-curricular activity, something I did for fun. It became a problem once I had to justify what I was going to be able to do with dance for a living.

People always ask me, "so why are you getting a dance degree?" and I have never figured out a good answer for that one.

All I know is that I just have to dance. There's something inside me that I have to satisfy through beautiful movement. I was a born performer and to me, there are few better things in the world than being on stage.

Dancing was my first love; it came a long time before any boys. Even through long hours of rehearsals, sore muscles and other injuries, and disappointments in auditions or casting, I've been loyal to my love.

My passion for moving to music and bringing joy to other people through my artistry is what I live for some days. One reason that dancing is great as a passion is that it's easily visible ... you can express your passion for dance through dance. That's a great aspect in my opinion, one that makes my passion unique.

Now that it's obvious that I like dancing, why shouldn't I continue that love and passion of it in my higher education? Do I need a reason to study dance in college?

It was never a question for me of whether I would continue my dance education beyond high school; it was only about where I was going to do it, who had the best program.

But instead of telling people the above — how I really feel — I end up
In my mind, you need four things to live: food, water, air and basketball ... and not necessarily in that order.

When I was six years old, some friends of mine took me to a park. There wasn't anything special about the day ... there were a few clouds in the sky and a few less cars prowled along the street than there normally were for a Wednesday afternoon, but overall, it was a regular setting for such an extraordinary moment in my life.

As we embarked on the three-block journey to the park, my friend dribbled a basketball. I had never played the sport before and certainly had no intention of starting that day, yet when we arrived at the park and started shooting around, I fell in love.

When I arrived home that afternoon, I found my father watching a basketball game between the Philadelphia 76ers and the Milwaukee Bucks. My father let out a crooked smile when I informed him that I had scored 52 points (which had come by shooting around with my friends) and could play in the NBA. Looking back, I'm sure that my dad supported me to fulfill his own parental obligation, yet I took that encouragement and ran with it.

I would spend several hours each day shooting hoops by myself, taking on all the older and bigger kids in any type of game in the hopes that it would improve my own. I would study tapes of players and go to sleep dreaming of Magic dribbling down the court. After a while, though, my dreams began to fade and I slowly drifted into the world of video games, but that's a whole different story.

Even growing pains could not divide this author from his one true love named 'Spaulding.'

By JOSEPH CRAIG

Q&A

What was your highest score in a single game?
The Joe doesn't count points ... he just counts victims.

Who is your basketball idol?
The Joe has no idol ... unless he's carrying a mirror.

Would you rather lose a finger or never watch ESPN again?
The Joe would rather lose a finger than miss a second of ESPN. The Joe only needs one finger to count all of his fans anyway.

Did you have any good luck rituals when you played?
The Joe doesn't need luck. However, he advises all who oppose him to use all the good luck rituals they can think of.

Any prediction on who will be champion this year?
The Joe likes the Spurs to win it all. Why? Because The Joe said so.

Better fashionista: Dennis Rodman or Ben Wallace?
Big Ben has brought back the big fro and that rhymes with "Joe."

More overrated: Assists or three-pointers with zero on the shot clock?
The Joe doesn't pass. Letting anyone else on his team shoot would be doing an injustice to the ball and the game itself.

What's the best basketball movie of all time?
A home video of The Joe shooting baskets as a baby in his diapers.
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With all good wishes for the New Year,
Mike and Pat Kawanoto

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THE INOUYE FAMILY
Ken, May, Nicole, Euni & Shannon
19321 Worchester Lane
Huntington Beach, CA 92646

Happy Holidays to
our JACL Friends
BJ Watanabe, Ron Onalma, Jason (29 yrs) and Kelly (29 yrs)
BJWatanabe@aol.com

SEASON’S GREETINGS
Kiyoshi & Junko Ito
Cerritos, CA
On the second day of my studio painting class, my alarm clock didn’t go off and I woke up at the very time that I was supposed to be in class. To make matters worse, all the art classes were located a few blocks away in a temporary building off-campus.

Cursing loudly to myself, I threw all my clothes together and ran like mad. It was eight o’clock in the morning, and I ran down the street of Westwood Boulevard past the row of jacaranda trees, the little shoe stores and the small clothing boutiques. As I staggered into the art building sweaty and breathless, I thought to myself what a fitting analogy this was. Essentially, if I wanted to study art and become a good artist, I had to pursue it with every ounce of my bodily strength.

When I got accepted into the art department at UCLA at the end of my first year, I was beyond overjoyed. After an entire year of floundering dazed and confused in nothing but GE classes, I felt as though I was finally starting to set off on the right path.

I hate to pull out this shameless cliché so early in the narration, but here it goes: it was like a dream come true. This was it, after four years of enduring a math and science magnet high school where I had absolutely no confidence in my own artistic ability. And here was my final reward, after a year of being an undeclared first year in a big university and feeling a stab of envy every time I saw art students walking to class carrying sketchbooks and paintbrushes.

Before I got accepted into the art major, I considered it a personal injustice that I wasn’t included in this elitist circle of creative minds. Even though I had next to zero formal art training and had crippling doubts of whether or not I would actually get in, how could a benevolent god possibly exist if I wasn’t studying the very passion that kept me alive? Now that the order of the universe was justly restored, this was my chance to prove my own artistic worth.

I entered my second year with high hopes and new paint supplies.
I am 48 years old and can finally say I found my life’s calling — work I never imagined possible because it never existed before.

In college I studied chemistry and chemical engineering — a responsible preparation for a good career. After graduation I worked as a bio-medical research engineer — interesting and useful because I improved hemodialyzer to help people with kidney failure, but it just didn’t keep me excited. So I traveled awhile, went back to school to get my MBA, loved studying economics and finance, learned how to look for the business potential in projects, and again responsibly prepared for a good career.

Graduating with my MBA, I landed an even better job than before, learned a lot about what works and doesn’t work in large corporations, but again felt restless for something more. My great career quickly became just another job.

My life seemed to be a pattern of finding opportunities, becoming successful and then moving on to larger opportunities. It wasn’t a bad life. My parents were proud, but I lacked passion. All this changed when I fell in love and married an insightful woman who challenged me to take courageous leaps toward my passions.

She didn’t care if I made more and more money or climbed higher and higher up the corporate ladder. She wanted me to feel alive and find my life’s calling. It was with this incredible, charismatic woman that I began a journey that wasn’t about achieving, obtaining and climbing higher, but was about following my heart, my passions, and feeling alive.

So after some soul searching and to the dismay of my parents and the raised eyebrows of my friends, I left my lucrative, comfortable corporate job and followed an interest of mine — computers. I began producing computer shows, the largest in the Pacific Northwest. Working without the safety net of a big company, I quickly worked myself into a deep financial hole and wiped out my personal savings.

Financially it looked so bleak that at my last computer show, my mother brought her checkbook thinking that I wouldn’t have any money to pay the bills.

But I survived and with my experience of putting on computer shows and my passion for technology, I was able to land a contract job at the then small Microsoft Corporation to produce an industry event for the brand new CD-ROM technology. This began a seven-year stint at Microsoft where I worked on innovative CD-ROM
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Weeks into the quarter, I found myself hating my one painting class. nature of being an art major that left me paralyzed with fear. canvas because I was afraid to make the wrong brushstroke or color different drawings of a single object.

I would choose such a quintessential object of my motherland. There was something poetically alluring about the whole unstructured scheme. The number one rule in this class, my painting instructor told me at the beginning of the course, is that there are no rules. Even this complete uninhibited freedom granted to everyone was almost a burden to me. There was something about the whole unstructured nature of being an art major that left me paralyzed with fear.

Our first project of the quarter was to create one hundred different drawings of a single object. Our instructor recommended we choose something that was of personal significance if it was going to hold our interest for so long. Not knowing what else to do, I chose an origami paper crane.

How very typically Japanese it was of me that I would choose such a quintessential object of my motherland. There was something poetically alluring about the idea of creating one hundred drawings of a paper crane. It reminded me of the old legend that if you make one thousand origami paper cranes, geisha dolls and Noh masks have been creeping into my paintings, random ink scrawls of koi kites, geisha dolls and Noh masks have been creeping into my sketchbook in the late hours of the night. Obviously, it is a sign of my growing interest in my own Japanese American identity, but on a more primal level, I feel it as a deep, subconscious tug from the primordial soup of my childhood memories.

It makes me happy, to explore these forgotten childhood symbols. It reminds me of the very Japanese household I grew up in. It brings back long-forgotten memories of how my immigrant mother, stranded in the middle of a predominantly white suburban neighborhood, would still hang koi kites in our backyard every summer to celebrate Children's Day.

At the very least, it reminds me of all the love that surrounded me as a child growing up. Or maybe, thanks to the new hindsight of living away from home, it is something that I am realizing for the first time ever.

Art, I discovered, is something that I love, but also something that I must be willing to suffer for. Every new brushstroke is a terrifying leap into the unknown darkness. Although my immediate instinctive response is to give up in the face of this intimidation, I leave myself no choice but to keep moving onward. Art is passion. And all true passion, when it comes down to it, is a labor of love.

Yumi Sakugawa is currently a sophomore at UCLA. She was the Pacific Citizen intern during this past summer.
projects like an encyclopedia, dictionary, travel guide, atlas and medical guide. But as time went on and as our group grew, I became less involved with product development and more and more involved in management, meetings, traveling, budgets and deal making. Again, this great career became work.

Before fully vesting in my stock options, and again to the dismay of my parents and the raised eyebrows of my friends, I left Microsoft. For the next two years I drove carpools, volunteered in my kids' schools, coached sports, did the laundry, cooked meals and took long family trips. Life was interesting and busy, but again something was missing.

It was then that Scott Oki, a former Microsoft executive and fellow Seattleite, asked me to join a volunteer effort to collect the life stories of Seattle's Japanese Americans. This project soon became known as Densho: The Japanese American Legacy Project.

I'd heard a little bit about the incarceration from my parents, read about it in school, but had never dug deep into the life stories, struggles and sacrifices of the Nisei and their parents. But after my very first interview of a JA elder who lived through the tumultuous period of World War II, I realized I had never really known what happened to my parents, grandparents and my community.

Each interview revealed stories that had never been shared and I saw people rediscover deep-rooted pain never before revealed. Every person I interviewed became family. And the more I interviewed, the more deeply and intimately connected I became to each person in the JA community.

As story after story unfolded, I felt more and more grateful to the Issei and Nisei for the sacrifices they had made. My commitment to share these untold stories and to teach people about civil liberties grew. I had never known the pride I felt of my heritage and with technology, I knew we could digitally preserve and organize the stories and make them available to my children, the next generation, and to others around the world on the Internet.

Through our Website, teachers and students around the world are now beginning to learn about JA history from the stories of those who lived it. Other JA communities are beginning to use Densho technology to preserve the life stories of their communities. And in the future, we will help other ethnic groups collect and share their stories.

Perhaps it was luck that by following my passions I discovered a life commitment to education, JA heritage, social justice, community and technology and that these passions are all aligned with the work I do at Densho. Who would have thought, after all the starts and stops, I finally found my calling — the work I will do for the rest of my life!
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These days, gentlemen knowing how to cook may be considered a fad - especially with celebrity chefs like Emeril Lagasse, Mario Batali, Ming Tsai and Wolfgang Puck. From the "Food Network" to "Queer Eye for the Straight Guy," cooking is glorified as an attractive incentive for men in the dating scene.

I, myself, am a bachelor in this hectic world we live. However, I found time to immerse myself in cooking by experimenting and reading. As you all know, a bachelor's lifestyle isn't very attractive, especially in the cooking scene. What most of us guys know are the microwave, speed dial for pizza or a burger.

Cooking wasn't hard for me to get an interest in. When it came to food, I knew that I loved to eat, but how was I supposed to have it if I didn't know how to make it? Before I left home for college, I knew how to cook, but my skills were limited. I was able to cook the basic Asian food: rice and noodles (instant ramen). And at college, I had only a few choices: school cafeteria and fast food (And for those people who know USC, we all knew what EVK stood for: "Evil Kitchen.") Being a student, I was usually strapped for cash, so I rarely ventured into five star restaurants; it was usually Carl's Jr. or Chanos.

Amazingly, as I began to mature in college, I discovered something extraordinary. Women were attracted to men who could cook. I realized that I had to take advantage of this skill and use it to impress the ladies. Like riding a bike for the first time, I had to try it out and get used to it. Luckily for me, the Internet and Julia Childs were great resources to find recipes and recommendations. I baked, pureed, boiled, and grilled almost anything gyoza, etc. and everything. Some dishes tasted good, while others tasted as bad as a "cafeteria surprise." Although it was a period of trial and error, I began to hone my culinary attributes.

The hardest part of all in cooking was to learn the terminology, ingredients and the correct tools. I mean, I knew the basics like "tsp" meant "teaspoon," but "julienne"... it's a cut, but is it just any cut with any knife? I learned once you've mastered cooking a dish, the next step is preparation and a menu. Because cooking is another form of artwork, presentation is important at a dinner table.

Well, getting back to cooking and attracting the opposite sex, I still remember my first full course meal that I prepared for a previous special lady. I wanted to try something challenging, yet not too hard that there was no way to salvage myself. The menu for the evening turned out to be:

- Pasta Salad
- Smoky Gouda Cheese & Polenta
- Grilled Salmon with Papaya Salsa
- Cheesecake for dessert

For that menu, I had to learn a lot. I needed to find out where the cheese was available, what polenta was, and how a papaya salsa went with a fish dish. Overall, the dinner was complimented very nicely. Even though I endured some battle scars (burns from the oven) in preparation, I believe it went well because we became a couple soon after.

These days, I don't usually fumble over the ingredients or utensils/appliances I need to have to make a nice dinner. I now know where the specialty market is located and I have an array of kitchen equipment. To make my life easier, I tend to have items prepared ahead waiting in the freezer to make a nice gourmet meal for that special someone. For instance, I have pesto, sauces, guzo, etc.

If you ask me what my signature dish is I would have to give two dishes instead of one: four cheese and spinach stuffed manicotti in smoked marinara sauce and the ultimate cheesecake.

To the young and old gentlemen, take heed; whether you are single or in a relationship, learn how to cook because nothing more helps you out with the opposite sex.

For the single gentlemen, have a dish that you've mastered to impress a lady on a date. And to the men that are in relationships, I know you make mistakes with your ladies (let's hope it doesn't happen often) but if it does, try to cook a nice dinner for her. You'll melt her heart away.

Seriously, enjoy cooking. Eat, live, love and be happy.
Japanese kitchen, eagerly memorizing the ingredients of the family recipes as my grandmother expertly maneuvered between the gas stove top and the wooden cutting board. Today I learn the same recipes under slightly different circumstances, with my American Word files as my backup.

My mother would peer over my grandmother’s shoulder in the cramped kitchen, eagerly memorizing the recipes as my grandmother expertly maneuvered between the gas stove top and the wooden cutting board. Today I learn the same recipes under slightly different circumstances, with my American kitchen as a backdrop and the recipes my mother has saved as Microsoft Word files as my backup.

My passion is food, in both the consumption and preparation. In college I craved home cooking so much that I would call my mother as she was preparing food to ask her to recite the night’s menu just so I could imagine myself there in the kitchen, surrounded by the familiar aromas and sounds.

During a recent study abroad trip to a foreign country, I had gone one month without seeing a Kit Kat Bar. In desperation, I sang the Kit Kat Bar song: “Give me a break ...”. And magically, the next day, I found a store with the delectable treat in stock. Needless to say I bought five and gorged myself.

While food has been a way to satisfy my own internal cravings, it has also served as a basis for the creation of relationships. In Spain, a friend and I ordered manitos de cerdo, knowing that the word cerdo meant pork and that we liked pork. Little did we expect to have pig’s feet in tomato sauce for dinner. And though we left our unsavory meal virtually untouched (except for some exploratory nibbles that left us less than impressed), the kind couple next to us actually split their meal with us and recommended the more enjoyable choices on the menu for our next adventure at that restaurant.

Our meal may have seemed like a disaster, but we experimented with pig’s feet and met some locals who shared a part of their culture with us.

Even though I have had my share of adventures with exotic foods from foreign countries, my first love has always been Japanese food. As a child I was the only kid in elementary school to bring musubi nigiri in my lunchbox. While I went through phases where I was embarrassed to eat this strange food in front of my American counterparts, I could never sacrifice my Japanese lunches for something so trivial.

The satisfaction from a good home-cooked Japanese bento far outweighed the time lost between bites to explain to my American counterparts the appeal of rice wrapped in seaweed.

Yet while food may seem to some as a mundane necessity for sustenance and survival, food itself has been a cultural aspect I have shared with my American friends. At school potlucks I brought gyozo or fried rice. My friends, who stayed for dinner heartily ate kat-sudon and yakisoba.

Sharing Japanese food with the people in my life has been a way for me to open a window into my heritage, to bring Japan to my friends through the intricacies of foreign dishes.

Because Japanese dishes are often so different from American ones, the food itself can be a way to inform people about Japan. For example, when we eat sushi, I can talk about how my dad and I used to go out to the ocean in the middle of the night to catch squid; or how the fishermen can catch large tuna on a single line and pull it up with the strength from their own arms.

Did you know that sakiyaki tastes different depending if you’re from Kansai or Kanto because some families add rice wine and others don’t? Did you know that the Japanese love soy? Think edamame, miso, shoyu, tofu, and natto.

What excites me most about Japanese food, however, is its intrinsically local flavor yet its ability to adapt to international cuisine. Japanese food is like the melting pot of American culture; the ideal that we as Japanese Americans strive for.

Take curry rice for example, a traditionally Indian meal that has become a staple in Japanese homes. The Japanese have taken this foreign delicacy and transformed it into a distinctly unique dish suited for the Japanese palate. Similarly, what we call korokke is actually the term croquette, a French dish that the Japanese have made into their own.

I find that Japanese cuisine and culture is extremely adroit at adapting foreign aspects into their own, substituting local ingredients for hard to acquire ones, but at the same time leaving the original depth and identity of the food intact.

Tonight as I eat my dinner of inari sushi (another beloved soy product), and marvel at the way America too is slowly embracing my cuisine, my culture, and my identity, I am eager for the New Year to begin, giving me new excuses to spoil my friends with Japanese food.
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There is a magic that wine creates in a social setting that makes even the most average wines exceptional. For instance, the bottle that "turned me" (made me a wine fan) was a 1997 Merryvale Profile Meritage ($165). I had it the night before my brother’s wedding in 2001, and since then, I’ve termed it the best bottle I’ve ever had. The fact that it was my brother and I spending time together with our best friends before the biggest day of his life made this particular bottle number one in my book. I keep a wine journal that details facts about the wine I drink, but the journal also chronicles some major and otherwise forgotten moments in my life.

This past year, while drinking a 2001 Cotes du Rhone Blend ($6.99), some friends informed me of their engagement. Later in the year, we shared a 2000 Cotes du Rhone Grenache-Syrah ($7.99) while celebrating the announcement of her pregnancy (she obviously didn’t partake in any of this bottle … more for us!). Since then, every time I see any Cotes du Rhone vintage in a store or on a wine list, I think of those friends.

I love that wine makes you revisit memories and moments you’ve had in the past. While on my second date with my current girlfriend, we shared a 2000 Cakebread Cabernet ($60). We don’t recall the name of the restaurant or what we had for dinner, but we remember the bottle … that’s easy. It’s the same bottle we enjoyed a year later on our anniversary. She and I headed into a great film about two middle-aged men and their misadventures while on a wine tasting trip. In one scene, they try to impress some girls by being cool, but when someone suggests they drink their wine while running down the table, the main character screams in protest. I laughed so hard tears were rolling down my cheeks. Us conventional connoisseurs can get pretty crazy when we actually find what we like.

So back to the wine steward who tells you what you like — the little advice I can give is to find out what you like through experience. Don’t be swayed by someone else’s own set of guidelines. What feels right to you is best. I recently shared a 1982 Lafite Rothschild ($635) with family over a chicken dinner. Does that take away from the wonderful experience of that bottle? Not in my opinion. In my wine journal, those are the best entries.

By Kevin Grigsby

Wine Pairing Guide

- Turkey
  - Pinot Noir
  - Pinot Grigio

- Beef
  - Cabernet Sauvignon
  - Syrah

- Ham
  - Pinot Noir
  - Pinot Grigio

- Seafood
  - Sauvignon Blanc
  - Pinot Blanc
  - White Bordeaux

Divine Wine
When nightlife calls, does a single dad douse his thirst for life with a smooth sip of martini or the soft kisses of a little princess?

Dichotomy of a Dating Dad

By Eric Elkins

My two great passions are mutually exclusive. In fact, enjoyment of one precludes experience of the other. It took me nearly two years as a single dad to find pleasure in this dichotomy, though I’m still working on the guilt.

See, I’m passionate about the time I spend with my precious four-year-old daughter Simone, and I absolutely love Ketel 1 martinis, up, dirty, and the havoc a couple (or more) of them can wreak upon my life. The compressed conflict comes from the fact that, while I’m absolutely love Ketel 1 martinis, up, dirty, and the havoc daughter moments together, the martini calls me, offering an escape from negotiations about bedtime and evenings spent in the suburbs, surfing the offa of Saturday night satellite.

On the other hand

Yet, the pleasures a Ketel, dirty, provide are due, in part, to the recognition that I’m single and off-duty, and the night holds endless promise.

It’s been another one of those days — Simone was anything but pliant in getting ready for preschool, which made me late to work, then I spent several hours fighting with my computer, answered four snotty emails, almost missed deadline, and ate a crummy lunch at my desk.

By the time 5:30 rolls around, all I can think about is that first drink. Unconsciously, I wipe at my mouth as I log out of Outlook. Then I’m sitting at the bar, and my drink looks like a freaking fishbowl. The light refracting through the vodka makes it impossible to tell if the cute bartender slipped two or three olives onto the little platter.

And I face the first of many choices — choices I didn’t have the night before, when coaxing my daughter out of the bathtub and into her pajamas: Do I slide the overfull glass across the bar, sloshing droplets of icy clear alcohol over the rim as I take my first sip, or brace myself on the barstool, lean away over, and slurp the neck? I opt for the second, and my buddy shakes his head at me in mild censure.

The bar starts to hum with conversation, and I don’t have to be anywhere. And, sweet! A really pretty professional type just let me buy her a drink. As long as I enjoy my freedom, and don’t dwell much on the fact that I’m not with my daughter, the night is rife with possibility.

But for every liquor-soaked evening that has devolved into a bacchanal of spilled drinks and stolen kisses, there are at least five that have me driving home at two in the morning, mostly sober and very tired, regretting another stupid night.

Take-home message

And that’s what I tend to remember when it’s Friday, and Simone and I are making dinner together. The time spent with her is sweater, because I’m not out feeling grimy from smoke, drinking too much, and spending obscene amounts of money. We’re in the kitchen, and she’s standing on a stepstool at the sink, washing asparagus (and the counter, and herself, and me) with the sprayer, while I finish up the rest of dinner. Then she’ll help me set the table, we’ll eat and laugh and talk about our day, and we’ll play horsey or hide and seek until bath time. And once she’s shiny and sparkling and in her pjs, I’ll lay next to her, and read “just one more book” until I can barely keep my eyes open. Then I’ll turn off the light, and doze there for a few minutes, sniff her cheek, and sneak out the door.

The dirty kitchen will beckon, the freelance assignments will call. But I’ll dig out a DVD I haven’t had time to watch, and feel thankful that I don’t have to find a way to get my drink self home tonight. I’ll be sleeping alone while my friends are out whooping it up, but over dinner, my daughter told me “Winter is approaching like a fox . . . it’s sneaking up on the warm weather.” And then she made a joke about poo.

It’s a conflict of interests, a turmoil of desire, and sometimes I think the intensity of my two passions — martinis and time with my daughter — is fueled by the oscillation of my sense of satisfaction. Similar to the way an electron vibrates between two nuclei, I bounce between my two lives, bonding them together in a cloud of probability, attraction and repulsion providing enough impetus to keep me going. The pleasure of one seems predicated on the absence of the other, and maybe I’m as enamored with that dramatic tension as I am with the two divergent experiences that provide me with so much joy.

Or maybe that’s just the alcohol talking.

Eric S. Elkins is a human repository of useless information. He’s also a freelance prose genie, the Dating Dad columnist at SheKnows.com, and youth content editor at the Denver Newspaper Agency, publisher of The Denver Post and the Rocky Mountain News.
riters are vampires, driven by an uncontrollable hunger to gobble up other people’s stories. I do not mean this in a sense of journalistic reportage — what other people did and said. Rather, in our interactions with people, we look to suck out the life essence, the deep marrow — what they saw and felt and experienced in the world, and how they made sense of it.

There is an old writing teacher’s adage, “Write what you know,” but I never subscribed to this advice. Looking back at my career in publishing, I can see how the drive to feel and know vicariously through others — through essay subjects or interviewees or fictional characters — begins in an opposite space. For me, writing has always begun as an act of exploration. It is a creative process for making a gradual discovery of what I don’t know, or only half-know, or merely intuit but cannot yet describe.

For example, when I set out on a six-year process to research and write a wide-ranging historical novel, “What the Scarecrow Said,” about a Japanese American family’s journey to and through America from the 1800s to the present, I determined it would be anything but biographical. I did not plan to recount my own family’s immigration, acculturation, internment, and eastern relocation, for example.

At the time, in fact, like so many Yonsei, I knew very little about my own background. As a child, I could not converse with my great-grandparents in Japanese to learn what dreams or pressures led them to these shores, or what obstacles and joys they faced here. In our family, we had also never really discussed the war years. I knew little of how or why my grandparents left their West Coast homes behind to settle in Philadelphia, raise a family in a new community as far as possible from California, and plant the seeds that would grow into ... me!

So, for me, writing a novel was a way of satisfying my curiosity — using the imagination to answer the questions I felt I could not ask. It was a lucky coincidence that after I had worked much of the story out, the first round of internment reparations and apologies were issued. This finally encouraged so many Issei and Nisei — in my family and even strangers across the country — to start recalling and sharing their stories with me, bit by bit, in scores of original interviews and letters.

As interviewees described events they remembered ... I would keep needling them: Well, what were you feeling at that exact moment? What were the sounds, smells and tastes? Was it hot or cold? Didn’t you feel furious/frightened/ecstatic/humiliated/ed/ugly/hate-filled just then?"
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By FRANCES KAI-HWA WANG
IMDiversity.com Asian American Village Contributing Editor

I was born in Southern California, with its sun and beach culture. I grew up watching Farrah Fawcett on "Charlie's Angels" and Suzanne Somers on "Three's Company." My friend Hsiao Ma and I spent every weekend playing with our blond Barbie and Ken dolls. I listened to the Beach Boys wish they all could be California Girls, but they probably did not mean me. I knew that only blonds could be beautiful, by definition, and so I closed the door on that possibility.

This is not what I want for my children.

When I was in graduate school, academia was beginning to debate whether or not books by women and people of color should be added to the core curriculum. One of my classmates declared that "Dante's Inferno" was just "objectively better," and he challenged me to name one book that was written by a woman or person of color that was better. I was completely silenced because I had never read anything by a woman or a person of color.

This is not what I want for my children.

Author Gish Jen wrote an article about one time when her young son was riding his Big Wheel across a square when some older boys on bikes taunted him, "You’re Chinese." What could he say but whispered and desperate, "No I’m not." They walked home in silence and never mentioned it again.

This is not what I want for my children.

Rather, if some kid on the playground says, "You’re Chinese," to any of my children, I want to make sure that they are not going to internalize or accept the insult but can respond, "Yeah, I’m Chinese. We have a 4000-year history. We invented paper, printing, silk, and gunpowder. We built the American Transcontinental Railroad. What have your people done lately?"

I always intended to raise my children someplace where they would not be minorities. I did not want them to have the same struggles that I did as "the only one." They should not have to wrestle with confusions about who they are, what they are, and where they fit in, but should be able to move forward to more important things. I expect progress. However, it did not work out that way, and we ended up in the Midwest.

So, out of necessity, I began to work very hard to proactively create a multicultural community and environment around my children. Because I have surrounded my children with many types of people — Chinese, Indian, Malaysian, Indonesian, African American, Native American, multiethnic and multiracial, etc. — my girls do not fully appreciate that they are minorities. Images of people like them are reflected in their books, dolls, videos, and television — so they do not know that there are more aliens from outer space on television than Asians and Asian Americans. They think it is normal to be bilingual because everyone they know speaks another language — Italian, Hebrew, Korean, Vietnamese. When they meet new kids on the playground, the first question they always ask is, "What languages do you speak?"

We travel a lot so they know the "real world" is larger than our small Michigan town. We always eat Asian food and think of every meal as a cultural opportunity. They comfortably switch back and forth between cultures and languages. With a strong sense of self and ethnic pride, they are surprised rather than crushed when they encounter racist stereotypes and discriminations.
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Jeff Goldman
Stephen Goldman
One summer, I somehow found myself delegated to fruit salad duty for my mother-in-law’s 70th birthday. Secretly, I was delighted. Sometimes I thought if it weren’t for my silly Ph.D. in marine biology and a steady job as an educator, I might have styled fruit for a living.

My first experience with decorating food came as a youngster. Ever since I could follow orders, my mother had me and my younger brothers help prepare for our annual multicultural Japanese New Year celebration. “Okay, cut the kamaboko zig zag like this,” she would say, handing me a semi-circular bar of fish cake. I also cut flowers out of radishes so they spread out after leaving them in water. A big part of Japanese cuisine is making things look good.

Then one day, probably after reading her latest Chatelaine magazine, Mom found a new challenge for me. “Carve this to put fruit salad in,” she said, placing a big round watermelon on the table. Green in the ways of carving fruit into containers, my first efforts were mechanical. I satisfied myself with carving a decent scalloped edge without suffering any digital reduction. Eventually, I worked my way up to more challenging designs that included words. Carving out the alphabet and the value of a sharp knife.

But that was all long ago and far away. I was feeling a little intimidated when my wife’s aunt brought over the fruit supplies. She and her offspring ate pizza and watched “Shrek” on video, while I set to cutting the first watermelon in two and scooping out each half into melon balls. I decided to warm up by scalloping the edges. I now know to mark out the notches evenly, taking advantage of the radial symmetry of the fruit.

“Hey, that’s not bad,” said a cousin-in-law. “Can you do anything else?”

“Yeah, how about something interesting,” said the...
The smooth curves of the body, the shiny chrome and the roar of the engine are enough to make a good boy want to be BAAAD.

But until the day he builds his own Chopper, his dreams fuel his passion.

I am conflicted by loving a beast that takes me to the beauty that not many see. Such is the notion of something that has been a symbol of rebellion in American culture for the last half century. I know very little about the chopper other than what I have watched on the Discovery Channel and from the discussions with my brother on his car seat sofa. What I do know, which is probably why I am so captivated by this machine, is that it is bad. It is very, very bad.

My fascination with bad started when I was a young lad drinking milk from a coffee mug my father had brought home from his work, which read: "Bad is better at Garrett." I have spent many hours of my childhood pondering what this phrase really meant.

Did it mean that I should not be obedient? Surely, my father would not bring a cup like that into our house. Did it mean to be bad like Michael Jackson's song? I didn't think my hair could grow that way. Did it mean to be bad as in good? I still do not understand what that means today.

Then one day, I was watching television and they were "chopping" up motorcycles and customizing certain features of it. It was at that moment I figured out what that cup meant to me. I knew I wanted to be bad, and after watching a series on building custom bikes on the Discovery Channel, I figured that having a chopper is the best way to do it.

So I ask myself why a chopper is so bad. Just one look at one will make you crack a whip to your back for having such sadistic thoughts. It is a work of art with more curves than the models in a Playboy magazine. Just watching the chopper builders run their hands along the cold metal and steel makes me feel like I am watching some dirty pornography. Then when they crank the engine for the first time and the roar of it saturates every other sound for miles, I look around and over my shoulder, feeling bad for having just watched something so sexy.

A chopper is not just a customized motorbike, it is a companion. It will take me to places I have never been, places I have never seen and places I have never even heard of. With nothing but the endless roads and the smell of the wind blowing through my rebel-looking face, the journey feels as exciting as it does dangerous. And dangerous can be very bad.

Even the way somebody sits on a chopper is designed to exalt the virtues of being bad, if you can call it virtuous. It is unlike being seated in a regular car where the back is positioned fairly upright; it is not even similar to a "lowrider" where the seat has you slouched backwards.

A chopper has your back leaning forward so your arms can reach the wide handlebars and your legs are bent at a peculiar angle or sticking straight out. Either way, the legs are well spread apart in order to straddle the humongous engine underneath the seat. The visual haughtiness of a person sitting on a chopper can make anyone looking at it rumble by thinking the person is one bad mother.

I often dream about riding along the empty highways that others have forgotten. With my chopper, let's call her "Bertha," waking up the surrounding wildlife with her vicious roar; I take many moments to reflect on my life and think of other ways to be bad. Every once in a while I rub the sliver lined gas tank in front of me just to let Bertha know I care. This makes me feel even more bad and I accelerate down the narrow road to nowhere as if I had somewhere to go and something to show somebody.

The awful truth is that I don't think I would want all the attention riding a chopper in city streets would bring. People will probably glare with their filthy eyes at my sexy Bertha. Then they will realize that I am not that bad at all. In fact, I am probably one of the sweetest guys around.

I suppose my real attraction to the chopper is that it is unique. Every one is customized and has an attitude of its own. Maybe that is what that cup really means.
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Pacific Citizen Holiday Issue, December 2004
Sharing a Passion for
All Things Japanese

By EMILY MURASE

I am a Sansei-han, the daughter of a Nisei father and an Issei mother. What binds the experiences of the Sansei and Yonsei and Gosei-han people is a native Japanese parent. In my case, my native Japanese mother spoke and sang to me in Japanese from infancy and speaks to me in Japanese even today.

Though I don’t recall them now, my first words were most certainly Japanese words.

Unlike the Nisei whose families were persecuted for all things Japanese during World War II, and unlike many Sansei who, outside of the last remaining Japantowns in San Francisco, San Jose, and Los Angeles, have had little reason or opportunity to pursue an interest in Japanese language and culture, the han people, myself included, have been immersed in Japanese language and culture in the home and from infancy.

Over the past year, there has been a raging debate in the Japanese American newspapers in San Francisco regarding whether JAs are obligated to serve as a bridge to Japan. My own view is that while this is primarily a personal choice, institutional factors have influenced likely outcomes. The government policy of isolating JAs in U.S. concentration camps during WWII was responsible for the loss of generations of Japanese researchers and scholars, diplomats, and business people that might otherwise have emerged from JAs, a loss that can never be fully restored.

On the other hand, being raised by a native Japanese parent has enabled me to embrace all things Japanese. In addition, growing up in the supportive environment of the JA community in San Francisco, I have benefited from such unusual amenities as Japanese language instruction in the public school system, bilingual and bicultural summer day camp programs, and a rich public program of Japanese cultural events throughout the year.

My bilingual and bicultural background has opened several important doors in my career. I’d like to share with you a few of them: 1) an airplane door; 2) a limousine door; 3) the doors to the White House; 4) a nuclear submarine hatch; and 5) the sliding wooden doors of a thatched roof house in Aomori Prefecture.

An Airplane Door

The first door that opened up for me was the door to the Business Class section of a Japan Airlines jumbo jet. I was headed to Japan for my junior year abroad, all expenses paid. Each year, my undergraduate college Bryn Mawr hosted a Japanese student from its sister school Tsuda Juku Daigaku, located in Tokyo, as part of an annual exchange program. Even though it was theoretically an exchange program, and each year Tsuda students competed vigorously to be the lucky
Let's Hear it for the Boy Bands!

By MARY TAM

Someone once said that I must have a broken heart. It was late in the night, we were sitting cross-legged on a cold hallway floor, an unfinished slice of pizza between us, and he had looked at me for too long. You're so fragile. Like he was sad for me, or something.

My heart, my dear heart, flutters too much at the mere presence of love. There's something about it, something about the sight of it, the sound of it, the touch of it that makes me ache for it. I admit, I feel empty ... I feel it especially in the movie theaters in stadium seating, at the beach, and especially during sunsets.

Love plays mind games with me, my heart. It fills my head with visions of twilit mornings, goodnight stars, blue satin ball gowns, and lullabies by Billy Joel, Linda Rondstat and Aaron Neville. Everything is so ... sublime, so perfect. Then all of a sudden, my heart starts to shake, my hands start to sweat, and I fill with worry and contempt.

Does he care? Do I look okay? Would he be here? Do I have a cowlick? Did he wait? Of course he didn't, not for me. Did he? I close my eyes; I hold my breath. I murmur tiny prayers. Please. When I finally feel brave enough, and I finally look, I had won. There. He had waited. He pulls me close ...

These are the romances that I covet. Simple. Gentle. Warm. There are a few perfect moments that come to mind when I think of romance. When Colin Firth in "Love, Actually" drives his maid home. When Sandra Bullock and Hugh Grant in "Two Weeks Notice" spoon off the sides of their entrees onto the other's plates. When Mandy Moore in "Chasing Liberty" falls asleep against the shoulder of Matthew Goode. When Britney Spears in "Crossroads" rests her hand on her boyfriend as he's driving. When Renee Zellweger in her underwear and Colin Firth are kissing in the wintry snow in "Bridget Jones' Diary." Even when Ben Affleck bounces animal crackers on Liv Tyler's stomach in "Armageddon." On the silver screen, love is perfect, love is perfectly scripted and more importantly, it endures, despite how many times you have watched the scene. But I am not Sandra Bullock, Mandy Moore, Renee Zellweger, Liv Tyler, or Claire Danes. I do not meet the Colin Firths, the Hugh Grants, the
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Zest for Camp Reunions Keeps Flowing

By HARRY K. HONDA

"Just thought of something. Each camp — Topaz, Gila River, etc. — should each have one month of the year set aside for reunions. There are ten camps and 12 months: Example — Manzanar and Topaz, together in April, Tule Lake and Minidoka in May, Heart Mountain and Amache in August, and the two Arkansas camps in September; Poston and Gila River in October. Just a thought."

— Mas Hashimoto, editor, Watsonville-Santa Cruz JACL Newsletter

How about regrouping them geographically — the two California camps Manzanar and Tule Lake in April; Minidoka and Heart Mountain in May, Topaz and Amache in June; skip July and August, the two Arkansas camps Rohwer and Jerome in September; Poston and Gila River in October.

As a wellspring of these camp reunions, Frank and Joanne Iritani’s colorful book, “Ten Visits,” with background, photos and maps invites small groups or individuals to see what remains at these campsites. Manzanar has been blessed with an educational Interpretive Center, which the National Park Service opened this year.

Many camp reunions, of course, include visiting the actual campsites, thoughtfully referred to as pilgrimage. But, in many ways, reunions are held at a hotel that’s kind to our pocketbook. For instance, Poston reunions have been held in San Diego, Los Angeles, Fresno or Las Vegas; Heart Mountain reunions at San Jose or Los Angeles; Gila River at Phoenix and Minidoka at Seattle.

What compels survivors of World War II camps, their families and friends to gather and reminisce is Nikkei enthusiasm that only a reunion generates. Yet, camp grade school and high school classes have held mini-reunions — starting, perhaps, with the 25th anniversary.

Topaz High School graduates of 1945 have reunions often since their first in 1970 (the 25th anniversary of their graduation). A class dinner in conjunction with the dedication of the Japanese American Memorial to Patriotism in Washington in 2000 brewed the
idea of an anthology of oral histories that took hold with Glenn "Rosie" Kumekawa of Rhode Island, Paul Bell (Caucasian alumnus of Topaz ’45) of Pennsylvania and Daisy Satoda of San Francisco. As a consequence, "Blossoms in the Desert" was published last year, highlighting personal stories with mugshots of contributors from the 1945 annual, photos and sketches of camp life.

More recently, former P.C. writer Martha Nakagawa reported on a "WRA reunion" at Manzanar spearheaded by Art Williams, whose father was assistant chief of internal security, National Park Service Ranger Richard Potashin and with support from Superintendent Frank Hays and NPS Ranger Alisa Lynch.

Fourteen former WRA employees or their children, spouses and grandchildren gathered to explore the area where they lived inside the center and to reminisce about old times at the new Interpretive Center. (Martha’s report, "Two Views of Manzanar," appears in the Japanese American Historical Society of Southern California bulletin for August, 2004.)

PHOTOS (from top left, clockwise)—Carl Kondo, Mike Yonemitsu, and Vincent Doi near the Manzanar Catholic Church. This photo was taken by the author on a visit to the Manzanar camp in 1943; Jean and Pete Hironaka (front) from Dayton, Ohio at the dedication of the Poston Memorial Monument in October, 1992. The author’s wife, Misaka Honda, is pictured behind the Hironakas; the Poston Memorial Monument; Monuments at the Rohwer camp cemetery serve as backdrop in September, 2004 as Lisa Itagaki, curator at the Japanese American National Museum, speaks with Honda. P.C. editor emeritus.

Photos courtesy of Harry Honda

***

Nisei reunions with prewar vintages have made print in the Nisei papers— but the most unique saw Japanese American students meeting the nuns who taught them at St. Paul Miki School in Portland, Oregon. The school opened in 1939 with kindergarten; E.O. 9066 closed the school for good in 1942, yet 44 former students gathered in 1986 at Marylhurst College. George Nakata with the Port of Portland told the Oregonian, “I’ve heard of college reunions before, but never for a kindergarten class.”

While this writer was a prewar draftee in uniform, I still felt the sting of E.O. 9066. That is, Nisei in uniform were denied furloughs to help the family pack up in the spring of 1942 for the move to an assembly center. The restriction was lifted by June 30, as I recollect. I was then able to visit Manzanar (with overnight stays in Little Tokyo at Maryknoll). During the war, I saw family and friends at Rohwer, Jerome and Gila River.

Postwar, the fire or curiosity (i.e., my "reunion" with Evacuation history) to see the rest of the campsites was being quenched by covering national JACL conventions.

Having driven up to the convention in Seattle in 1988, our return included a stop at the state historic monument for Tule Lake on Highway 139. After an Intermountain District Council 1000 Club function at Jackpot, Nevada, JACLers (the Seichi Hayashidas of Boise Valley) drove us to Minidoka, a National Historic Site dedicated during the State of Idaho’s Centennial in 1990.

After the 1992 convention in Denver, we rented a car to visit the memorial grounds at Heart Mountain. Host chapters of the 1994 convention in Salt Lake City chartered buses for delegates to visit Topaz, some 140 miles away and the Topaz Museum in the nearby city of Delta.

When Poston dedicated its tall memorial monument in 1992, a chartered bus took us for a hotel stay at Laughlin, Nevada, and a 2-1/2 hour ride to the campsite. Incidentally, Pete Hironaka from Dayton, Ohio, sat behind us in the bleachers observing the ceremonies. Pete was in Poston II.

One more campsite remains on my list to see—Amache.

***

The camp reunion format was most manifest at the last one I attended in mid-October. About 400 gathered at the Topaz Reunion luncheon at the Hyatt in Burlingame for a full afternoon of dining, swapping tales and hearing a keynote speaker. Meeting old friends, of course, is a main ingredient of any reunion.

Co-chair Chuck Kubokawa recalled 1,400 came to the Topaz reunion ten years earlier at the same hotel, and thus rued the loss of 1,000 attendees. For me, it was catching up with camp historian Jane Beckwith from Delta, Utah. We missed each other in September at the Little Rock, Ark., conference, “Life Interrupted.” She continues her research to have Topaz officially recognized as a National Historic Site.

You may not associate “reunions” with “passion” (this year’s Holiday Issue theme), but how else to describe the emotions, the zest, that reigns to energize the physical stamina and will to go?
Thank you very much, Michelle Malkin.

Thanks a bunch for writing your book, "In Defense of Internment: The Case for Racial Profiling in World War II and the War on Terror." Thanks for trying to prove that not only was internment Japanese Americans during World War II the right thing to do, but also urging that the United States use racial profiling as a tool today against Muslims.

Your book and lecture tour have been the buzz of the Asian American community for the past several months. Excited e-mails have been coming back and forth over the Internet, alerting those of us in what you call the "ethnic grievance industry" about your book and its alarming statements.

Thank you for giving me new labels, by the way — ones that I like better than "Jap" or "Nip." I've enjoyed being called, among other things in your book, "a civil rights absolutist," part of the "PC backlash," a "civil liberties Chicken Little," an "ethnic lobbyist," "internment alarmist," "Japanese American activist" and a "rabid ethnic activist."

Wow, you're giving me a lot more credit than I deserve, but thank you! I love how you've come up with so many variations in your book for people like me, who believe in racial equality and the fundamental tenets of the United States to treat everyone as equals.

Of course, you don't believe in such warm fuzzy silliness, since you'd rather lock up people using a wide net; since you think being "ethnic Japanese" was enough justification to be rounded up and herded away from the West Coast during WWII; and since you think being of Arab descent is enough for the government to profile people as possible terrorists today.

Whether it's devout Muslims or elderly Issei or young Nisei kids, you'd rather act now and ask questions later, to find out who's actually a threat. Right?

Michelle, I won't bother taking up space here and refuting all the assertions you make in your book, because there have been a lot of people, including historians (I know you don't like "academics" anymore than you like us rabid ethnic activists), who've done a fine job of unraveling your hysterical rant point by point. I'll rely on the majority of opinion out there that says you're wrong, and that you're basing most of your information on one right-wing author's long-ago-discredited book. I'm just a JA activist, not an expert like you.

You're certainly entitled to your opinion, Michelle. But it's a bummer that of all the books about internment that have been published over the decades, yours has gotten so much publicity.

You're a terrific package, Michelle: an attractive Filipina who is telegenic and fearless with your opinions who already has a track record with a previous book called "Invasion" that railed against immigration. You've been a darling of the right-wing media, as a syndicated newspaper columnist and a Fox News commentator. You're controversial, and the media love controversy.

But I wonder, if the next terrorist attack turned out to be by a Filipina, and the United States took your advice and turned to racial profiling, if you'd be proud to go into a concentration camp with your family, just because you might be a terrorist, or your parents. Or your kids.

We know they're not, but could the government know? And, should they care?

It's better, right, to lock up everybody who looks like a terrorist? Who shares the culture, who maybe knows how to cook lumpia and learned to dance the Tinikling at a Filipino community center as a child, or attended church with a Filipino congregation, or who speaks Tagalog and might be making nefarious plans in a language that we "real" Americans can't understand?

Come on, Michelle, do you really think it was OK to lock up children because they learned traditional dances and song, or went to Japanese school on Saturday mornings and they may have been brainwashed into loyalty for the Emperor of Japan?

I hate to pop your bubble, lady, but most JAs I know — today as well as the ones who were young back then — HATED going to Japanese school instead of playing with their friends on Saturdays!

The most obvious omission from your book, by the way, is how you completely avoided the topic of the growing hatred and racism aimed at Asians in general and Japanese in particular, in the decades leading up to WWII. In your world, it's as if everyone loved the Japs until Pearl Harbor was attacked. But it wasn't really like that, was it, Michelle?

That's why I'm thanking you, Michelle. You've reminded so many of us, how much work still needs to be done to fight racism and prejudice in our society.

You've reminded us that we can't be complacent, that we need to know our facts, and to remember our history, because otherwise someone might come after you're long forgotten, and stir the embers of hate again.

You've reminded us all that we have to be passionate about who we are, and not be meek and invisible about our issues and concerns.

Thanks so much!
Passionate About Our JA Vets

By SANDRA TANAMACHI

As a young child, whenever I visited the home of my grandparents, Kumazo and Asao Tanamachi, I would stop and gaze at a large photograph of a young soldier in uniform. The photo was simply but tastefully framed, and on the mat were pinned the Silver Star and Purple Heart.

When I first asked my grandparents about the young soldier, they didn't say much except that he was their fourth son, Saburo. Later, they shared pictures of a trip they had made to Wash., D.C. in 1948 to attend a ceremony honoring Saburo as he became one of the first two Americans of Japanese ancestry to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

When I asked my parents, Jerry and Kikako (Nakao) Tanamachi, about my uncle, they told me that he was in the Army and was killed during the war. They also told me that the house next door to our home was built for Uncle Saburo to live in with his future family.

In 1963, my grandmother received a letter from George "Joe" Sakato, a member of the 442nd RCT and a Medal of Honor recipient, inviting her to Denver, Colorado to attend the 4th of July dedication of their Japanese American Veterans Memorial. Joe wanted my grandmother, representing the Gold Star Mothers, to lay a floral wreath at the memorial.

We were guests in George and Bess Sakato's home. It was during this visit that I learned of the distinguished service of the 100/442 RCT and how they fought so valiantly in the European Theatre of Operations during World War II. I also learned of the invaluable service provided by Americans of Japanese ancestry in the Pacific Theatre as MIS volunteers. I came to know the magnitude of what our Nisei veterans had done for each of us, and it was from this time that my admiration and love for this gallant group of men began.

I remember running my fingers up and down the memorial and reading the names of each of the veterans who had made the ultimate sacrifice. It was the first time that I had seen my uncle's name engraved on a memorial, and it filled my heart and soul with pride. Joe Sakato and Uncle Saburo, I found out, were both in E Company and best friends. Joe gave my grandmother my uncle's ID tag and the silver dollar that he had kept in his pocket; he had waited to return...
these items to her personally. It was one of the few times that I can remember seeing my grandmother shed a few tears openly.

My mother’s family was incarcerated in Rohwer, Arkansas. Many young Nisei men were drafted or volunteered to join the war effort from this camp as did young Nisei men from all of the concentration camps. My mother’s brother, Taira Nakao, was one of the volunteers from Rohwer and served with the occupation forces in Japan. Another brother, Sadao, was in the 552nd FAAL442. They couldn’t have helped to touch the hearts of the commissioners. My husband, Bruce Nakata’s two uncles, Dan and Tom Nakata, were both part of the 442 RCT. An older cousin, Bob Ikeda, was part of the 522nd FAAl442.

We owe a lot to our Nisei veterans. They “answered the call” and made great sacrifices answering that call; paying with their blood, sweat, and tears for our entry into the mainstream of this country.

I am confident that the other members of the Committee to Change “Jap” Road, Tom Kuwahara, Sharon Seymour, Micki Kawakami, and Dale Minami, will agree with me when I say that 2004 is the year when our AJA veterans are part of the 60th anniversary of the Liberation of France by the 442. The change in Jefferson County, Texas was pivotal, as it has started a tidal wave of action that can’t be stopped. Ft. Bend County Commissioners followed suit in August by renaming their “Jap” Road, and recently Orange County Commissioners also decided to rename “Jap” Lane.

I had the honor and privilege to meet and thank many of my heroes, AJA veterans, fought for a total of 17 days in the Vosges, sustaining 764 casualties (639 wounded in action, 125 killed in action). We lit candles for our veterans who died fighting for us and said our prayers for each of our families.

SABURO TANAMACHI

The change in Jefferson County, Texas was pivotal, as it has started a tidal wave of action that can’t be stopped. Ft. Bend County Commissioners followed suit in August by renaming their “Jap” Road, and recently Orange County Commissioners also decided to rename “Jap” Lane.

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Why do you hate anime?
Vodka Season.
Golf Haters.

These are some of the topics on Berkeley JACL’s “Japanese American Youth Forum.” I created this online forum because freedom of expression is one of my passions. In spite of its name, the forum is open to everyone. My definition of “youth?” — Anyone who’s alive and kicking.

My chapter publicized the forum by saying, “Do you want to connect with other JA youth? Here’s your chance!” Few took the chance. Did that mean there’s no need for the forum or that people just don’t like my idea? What a major downer. But I can’t believe there’s no need for it, so maybe the problem is with the idea. What a shame because I know people, JA or not, who want to belong to a JA community. I’m among them.

Instead of attracting my target group, people from Australia, England, Wales, and places as far as “Frozen Hell” are engaging in discussions. And that’s great because getting voluntary participants beats begging friends and their significant others to log on. Here’s a typical exchange between friends and me about the forum:

“Hey, you’re not busy right now. Why don’t you post something on the JA Youth Forum?”
“Why? I’m not Japanese American.”
“You don’t have to be. That’s the beauty of it. You’ve got opinions, right?”
“Yeah. Okay, what should I post?”
“Anything you want.”
“All right.”
“See that was painless, wasn’t it?”
“Yep.”
“So you’ll do it again?”
“... Sure.”

When youth and “non-youth” are discouraged from bonding, it just doesn’t seem or feel right.

How can youth feel comfortable in an organization where they are undeniably labeled “youth” and almost any sense of credibility is stripped from them for that reason?

One problem I find within JACL is the lack of intergenerational exchange. For instance, at the recent JACL convention, it seemed like there were two separate conventions — one for JACL and one for youth. Those attending the Youth Summit Kick-Off were homogeneous in age. In fact, adults were shooed away and barred from communicating with youth. Ironically, all the group leaders were adults, not necessarily involved with JACL.

This goes against JACL’s stump statement about youth: “We need to get young people working and involved in whatever we do in JACL.” Well, if that’s the case, communication ought to be open among all levels. And the forum provides that opportunity.

When youth and “non-youth” are discouraged from bonding, it just doesn’t seem or feel right. How can youth feel comfortable in an organization where they are undeniably labeled “youth” and almost any sense of credibility is stripped from them for that reason?

You may disagree with my take, and I’d have to thank you for it. I welcome disagreement over silence which is what’s been happening to JACL for too long, in my opinion. Silence and complacency cripple an organization.

I’m hoping you’ll break the silence by visiting the forum where you can discuss politics, anime, current issues, racial slurs, tofu, entertainment, etc. If you don’t see anything of interest, I encourage you to introduce it. Push the envelope — that’s what freedom of expression is all about.

If you’d like to check the board out, go to it at: coml.runboard.com/bjapaneseamericanyouthforum. To get started, go to www.runboard.com, create an account, go back to the Japanese American Youth Forum.

If you have any questions, my email address is eteruya@berkeley.edu. Or, even better, write your question on the runboard!

Emily Teruya is currently attending UC Berkeley and is an active member of the JACL Berkeley chapter.
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.

Best wishes for the Holidays and Happy New Year
Thank you for your acts of kindness and caring in the past year
The Masuoka family

Season's Greetings! John, Claire & Sophia Kodachi

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Bill & Ida SUGAHIRO

15063 NE Heron Milwaukie, OR 97267

Akemashite Omedeto!

Rose Niguma

6211 SE Division, Apt 251
Portland, OR 97206

Happy New Year!
Ann Shintani & Scott Winner

5722 N. Oswald Ave., Portland, OR 97217

HAPPY HOLIDAY

Dr. Shoun/Grace ISHIKAWA

2842 SW Plum Circle
Portland, OR 97219

MERRY CHRISTMAS
Calvin & Mayho TANABE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

AND

Yamada, P.C.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Terry Yamada
Suite 1020, The 1515 Building
1515 SW 5th Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97201
Fax (503) 227-7944 • (503) 227-4586
Email: ty@stmylaw.com

· Happy Holidays from the Portland Chapter Board!

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Karen Fujimoto
Rich Iwasaki
John Kodachi
Chip Larouche
Sety S. Larouche
Susan Leedham
Connie Masuoka
Tim Rooney
Michelle Sugahiro
Robbie Tsuboi
Linda Tanaka

Dick's

MacKenzie Ford / Country Dodge
4151 SE TV Hwy. / 767 SWBaseline
Hillsboro, OR 97123 / Hillsboro, OR 97123
(503) 693-1333 / (503) 640-1050
www.mackenzieford.com / www.countrydodge.com

WISHING YOU HEALTH AND PROSPERITY FROM DICK INUIKA!

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Sue Sakai
2465 NW 121st Pl.
Portland, OR 97229

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

William / Mazie SAKAI
25 SW 89th
Portland, OR 97225

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Luna / Sato, Ronald, Paul and Jeanne
5515 N. Oswald Ave.
Portland, OR 97217

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Jim & Amy TSIGAWA

Shawon Omedeto

Dr. Jim & Lolita TSUIMURA
7413 SE 36th Ave.
Portland, OR 97202
(503) 774-0496

Happy Holidays
ROY & MARSHA NAKAYAMA
James & Kimberly 20730 SW Deline St.
Aloha, OR 97007

Happy New Year!
Ann Shintani & Scott Winner

5722 N. Oswald Ave., Portland, OR 97217

Happy Holidays

Shinnen Omedeto!

Tony, James and Lauren Yamada

SHINNEN OMEDETO!

Kay and Chylo Endo
Milwaukie, OR 97222

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WISHING YOU HEALTH AND PROSPERITY FROM DICK INUIKA!
My world moves faster every day, and as such, the cutoff for "way back when" is creeping up closer and closer to the recent past.

The Internet, that great equalizer of Star Trekkies and Soccer Moms, doubles in size every 18 months. I can't remember the last time fashion trends moved faster. And the impact of these phenomena isn't so surprising: It's getting more and more difficult to find a constant worth embracing for the long-term. The complexion of my world could be different before I even know it. The "good old days" might be last Saturday in a few years.

A man might be lucky if he finds momentary satisfaction in something that kills some free time. A man is truly blessed, however, when he sets his hands to do something and half the day is gone the next time he bothers to look at a clock.

When you ask a person the reason why they love what they do, any satisfactory response will usually give a clue about a person's set of beliefs. Our passions are tied to us at our core and communicate our identities to others.

A gear head isn't so much in love with the new PASM (Porsche Air Suspension Management) system on this year's Porsche 911 as the feeling it gives him when he drives. Neither is the Jazzophile so much interested in the high F key on his new saxophone as the way it makes him feel like Coltrane when he plays.

For the artist, the anticipation of starting a new piece and completing it electrifies the atmosphere in between. On every level, there comes moments when you can look at your work and feel an excitement that it expresses the feeling, mood, or thought that drove you to create it. However brief, it's love. Wherever it takes me, it's art. It's always been here for me.
By GERALD KATO

June 22, 2003, is a day that forever changed my life. It started out like any normal Sunday — sleeping in, lunch at the usual coffee shop and my usual Sunday hockey league game. But it was one play midway through this game that would change me forever.

As I was coming down the center cutting to my left, a pick was set and the next thing I knew I hit an opponent knee on knee. I went flying in the air and as I landed on the ground, someone fell on my knee.

The next few moments are a blur. I was in a lot of pain but not wanting to be the wimp, I tried getting up on my own. After a few minutes I was able to get up and skate off with no help. The only problem was, I couldn’t put pressure on my knee.

After a shift off, I tried to get back out there but my knee buckled and I knew from that moment my season was over.

I had never been in a situation like this in my life. As I sat in the emergency room, my only thoughts were that I was going to be urged to quit playing the sport I love to play.

I grew up in Riverside, California playing baseball, soccer and golf; not exactly a hot bed for hockey. Somehow, I convinced my dad to buy me a hockey stick because I thought that it looked like an interesting sport to play, even though I hated cold weather.

I would follow the Los Angeles Kings on television when I could in the 1980’s and like many Southern Californians, caught the hockey buzz when Wayne Gretzky was traded to the Kings in 1988. It was soon after that I discovered inline hockey.

I had no idea how to play or what the rules were; even my first pair of skates was too big for my feet. I literally looked like a clown on skates without the wig and makeup.

My uncle knew of a private rink in Huntington Beach where I skated and played pick up hockey three to four days a week. I eventually started playing in different leagues in 1994 and have been playing ever since until the day of the collision.

The results of my MRI were somewhat encouraging. I had a sprained MCL and there were signs of a partially torn ACL and a deep contusion on my knee. The good news was there would be no surgery; the bad news was that I was done playing for at least three months, if not longer.

I was relieved but depressed because I had been playing so well at the time of the injury. It was even more difficult watching my wife play with her team. The hockey rink was the last place I wanted to be when I couldn’t play. But hours upon hours of physical therapy, heat and ice led to my ultimate return three months later.

My first game back was nerve racking for me. I was worried about how my knee would hold up. Could I take a hit if necessary, would there be an adjustment to my game and would my hands still be there?

Taking the rink with a brace on, those questions were soon answered. My knee held up, but was still weak. Taking the occasional hit was fine, I even gave a few out. I was forced to play less aggressive but smarter and my hands were rusty; but I could still find the back of the net. Day one of my comeback was over.

I have played every season since my comeback and I have had my ups and downs in regards to my knee. My perseverance and stubbornness has allowed me to continue playing hockey despite multiple trips back to physical therapy, changing from a lighter to a heavy-duty knee brace and recent consideration of reconstructive surgery.

Perhaps, I am delaying the inevitable, but as hockey is my escape, I want to end the chapter of my playing days on my terms and schedule.

Gerald Kato is the PSW District Youth Coordinator.
I really enjoy life, meeting new people, making new friends, keeping old ones, volunteering in my community, and camping with my husband and chocolate lab in the summer. But in order to do all these things, I need to be healthy; in other words, not sick, and not dependent upon others to help take care of me.

Unfortunately, many people do not think of their health until they are in the hospital or laid up in bed with a bad cold.

I am at the age where my parents (my mother passed away almost 16 years ago) and a lot of my friends’ parents are either very ill or passing on. My father-in-law has Parkinson’s and my mother-in-law has more or less resigned herself to her failing eyesight and bad hearing.

My own father just had hip replacement surgery but is too heavy and it’s difficult for him to do certain activities that he used to like tennis and golf. He does bowl, enjoys art, plays mahjong, and has a very active social life, which are all very valuable assets as one gets older (he’s 75 and has been retired for 17 years).

I recently turned 48 in November and I decided that I want to be the healthiest I can be when I get to my 60s and 70s, and beyond. This is how I look at it. Say you have the flu and you’re in your 40s. You can probably deal with it, right? Or your knee has a little kink in it but you let it go, because you can handle it right now since you’re in your 30s. Well, think about how you would deal with the same ailments but you’re in your 60s or 70s… do you think it’s going to be easier? Probably not, right?

That’s why I’ve adopted this philosophy now about taking care of myself as much as I can right now. I know when I get older (the years do go by faster as we move on in life), a small little cold or headache or minor ache and pain can be a lot more debilitating. You don’t move as fast, think as quick and you don’t recover like you did in your 20s.

Look at your parents or your friends’ parents, your in-laws. Some day we will all be older and wiser but also weaker and slower in many ways. I don’t want to have to suffer towards the end of my life when I could avoid it by doing what’s necessary to be healthy.

And when I say healthy, I also take into account having the other things in life that are important, like friends and a “healthy social life,” having hobbies and activities;
Passionate About Passion!

By Erin Yoshimura

What am I passionate about?! I often ask this question in my workshops and often get met with puzzled looks. Many people don't know what they're passionate about.

Passion is defined as: "A powerful emotion, such as love, joy, hatred, or anger."

I'm passionate about:
- Empowerment
- More choices
- Authentic, clear communication
- Being happy
- Diversity
- Training and coaching
- Seeing full expression in art, writing, spoken word, dance
- Emotional intelligence
- Being grateful for what I have
- Wanting inspirational and alive APA role models
- Wanting more APA role models
- Busting through my fears
- Learning something new everyday
- My family and cats
- Fresh matsutake
- My culture
- Other cultures
- "Breaking out of the mainstream"
- Being very uncomfortable
- Not know how to express myself
- Not know how to vocalize
- "Alias"
- "CSI," "24" and "Alias"

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Passion is freeing itself from the bondage of my cultural values.

Question and break apart cultural values like gaman, enryo, and shikata ga nai, and notice when they're disempowering, and not supporting you in a positive way.

I'm all for emoving when eating at someone's house because I want everyone to get enough food. However, notice when emoving manifests into "holding back" from other things like voicing your opinion in a board meeting. How effective is it to tell yourself "shikata ga nai" when you're passed up for a promotion or salary raise? Who does it help to gaman in a bad relationship?

Our cultural values need not be ways to punish ourselves, but instead, a path to making us better people. Punishing or disempowering ourselves doesn't feel good. If we continue to do things that don't feel good, how can this make us be better people?

We can only be a s good as we feel.

Not showing passion keeps us from being truly alive.

Passion is what keeps us going when things get tough. Passion is what propels humans to do things beyond what they thought they could do. Passion is what gets us over the worry of looking bad or failing. Being passionate about doing something is what makes life worth living.

That's what I'm passionate about...

Erin Yoshimura, a member of the Mile-Hi chapter, is an Emotional Intelligence and Diversity trainer and certified life coach who resides in Arvada, CO. Visit her web site at: www.empowerful.com.
The dictionary tells us that the meaning of "passion" is "emotion as distinguished from reason, an over-mastering feeling, or an intense emotion or devotion towards ..." So, our passion is an emotional devotion towards something that is master over all that we feel and can be taken beyond reasonable behavior.

So where does that leave me? I have always thought myself to be rational. I am an economist and use mathematical formulas to determine economic behavior. Give me the facts, nothing but the facts. Empirical data and exogenous variables determine where we are and where we are going. On top of that, I am a Nisei (among the youngest of the group). Traditionally, we do not show our feelings. The last straw is that some people have gone so far as to label me a Republican.

However, if you ask my wife and those who are close to me, they would reveal to you that labels are not even skin deep. I have to confess that I have engaged in some explicitly passionate and irrational behavior on too many fronts. I love sports and can really get passionate about those teams who are "my" teams. I will go almost anywhere to participate in a fun game of golf. I enjoy raving, but I cry in movies with a moral or sad twist and have felt very conspicuous when attending a "chick flick" with my wife. I could be considered obsessive-compulsive when it comes to laundry. I cannot stand to see a batch of soiled clothes, and into the washing machine it goes.

Underneath all of the explicit passions in my life, I have to say that the real focus of much of my life has been to level the playing field for those who are playing the game. When I entered school at the end of World War II, I felt the sting of being left out, of being the object of discrimination and prejudice. I didn’t and don’t like to see that happen to anybody.

When I was young and more gifted in athletics than my peers during junior high school (I matured earlier and was not always the smallest), I picked the littlest and feistiest to be on my team. In social gatherings, I tried to help ease the tension of some less popular. I strongly disliked bullies because I had been bullied. I am sure that my childhood experiences helped shape my thinking when I became an adult.

I entered the political arena in hopes of unseating and assuring an established power structure that seemed to favor the establishment rather than the electorate as a whole. Many of the battles waged on the political front were for those who had little empowerment to fight for themselves.

One of my most personally satisfying legislative accomplishments was for the benefit of battered women. The issue of spousal rape (which was first brought up on behalf of a woman separated from her husband) was unpopular and clearly ignored by those who fought for women’s rights. The law at the time in 1978 was totally void of lawful protection against spousal abuse. After a two year battle, legislation that I sponsored began the process of bringing more reasonable protection against spousal abuse. I think my passion for the issue carried many of my colleagues’ votes in the end.

When elected to the California State Assembly and assigned to the Labor Committee, I was the needed vote to get the Agricultural Labor Relations Act out of committee. I had participated in the Farm Workers March in the early 1970s. Of course, I voted for the bill and it was eventually passed by the Legislature and went into effect.

However, as the implementation of the act progressed, it was apparent that there were flaws in the law and adjustment had to be made to level the playing field for all parties involved, including the farmers. With much criticism from the farm labor community and the majority party, I pursued amendments to the law. Several of these amendments were eventually adopted and helped to make the law more fair to all parties.

Thus, my involvement in JACL has been a function of my passion for our community that has been often under-recognized, underutilized, underestimated, and under-heard from in the past. That has been changing and I hope the JACL will remain a constructive voice for our concerns in the public sector when important matters of civil liberties are discussed and debated.

At the same time, it is critical that we remain a community and that the younger generation understands and maintains pride in our culture which will always be a valuable asset to creating a more diverse society.

JACL has long been one of my passions. I believe in JACL and am committed to doing what I can to help the worthy causes of JACL. I have served at the national JACL board level because of my passion for JACL and trying to help the Asian American community at large.

It is my hope that, among all the passions we have in our lives, we may all be passionate for JACL now and in the future. JACL deserves our passion as we strive for a better America and a better life for future generations.
Best Wishes To All

Gene Ito
5139 E Morning Glory Pl, Highlands Ranch, CO 80130

PEACE & GOODWILL

MASSEY & MARY NISHIYAMA
2780 W 40th Ave
Denver, CO 80211-3042

Lil and Susan Masamori
2010 Lamar Street
Denver, CO 80214-1048

Happy Holidays

Helene C. Ioka
12451 E. Carr, Dr. Aurora, CO 80014-1988

Season's Greetings

Richard & D.J. Ida
565 S. High St., Denver, CO 80209-4524

GREETINGS

Peace & Goodwill

DENVER J.A. VETERANS CLUB
2015 Market St., Denver, CO 80205

Home of two Congressional Medal of Honor recipients
HERSHEY MIYAMURA
GEORGE "JOE" SAKATO

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

NISEI POST #185
& DENVER J.A. VETERANS CLUB
2015 Market St., Denver, CO 80205

Best Wishes for the New Year
Drs. Glenn D. & Christine Darr
Sakamoto
Derek, Claire and Devin
572 S. Ironton Way
Englewood, CO 80111

OUR FINAL HOLIDAY GREETINGS FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN
MIS VETERANS CLUB

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Japanese American Community
Graduation Program

P.O. Box 13665
Denver, CO 80201-3665
www.jacgp.com

Annual Fund-raiseer
"Go For Broke" Golf Tournament
Wellshire Golf Course
Donations for the 50th Anniversary
Celebration will be appreciated.

The Minoru Yasui Plaza Memorial Fund

Minoru Yasui was a fighter for justice.

He went to prison for challenging the federal government's authority to imprison Japanese Americans without trial during World War II. The City of Denver has named one of its office buildings for Min to honor his leadership, as director of the Office of Human Rights, in making Denver a better home for all its residents. The City also has offered space in the lobby for a permanent exhibit telling Min's story, and the story of the Japanese American experience.

The Mile-Hi Chapter of JACL has accepted the opportunity to create a memorial worthy of our history.

It will take money to meet the challenge.
We invite your participation.

For Information:
Marianne Medrud
Tel: 303.494.9476
marignes@medrud.com

For Donations:
Mile-Hi JACL Yasui Fund
C/o Sam I. Mayeda
P.O. Box 27120
Denver, CO 80227-0120

DONOR SUMMARY
Henry & Carolyn Sakamoto, Mrs. Aiko King, Ms. Mariko Layton, Steven Nagata & Courtney Goto, Bill Hosokawa, Mr. and Mrs. Don Tanabe, Ruby Mayeda, Michi Ando (two donations), Homer & Miyuki Yasui, Dr. Robert Yasui, Yuka Yasui Fujiwara, JACL Midwest District Council, Margaret Matsunaga, Lee Murata (two donations) "In Tribute To," Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kiyota, Margene Kiyota and Fl. Lupon Johnson JACL.
Traveling With Willy Kai,

By GEORGE WAKIJII

It is after five in the afternoon when the big Japan Airlines "bird" lands at Narita International Airport. After clearing immigration we go to the baggage claim area to collect our belongings. Once we are clear of the baggage inspectors we enter a waiting area where we are greeted by Willy Kai, the tour master of Japan, and his wife Kim. They will be our tour leaders for the next 10 days as we begin our trip of Uranihon (the Sea of Japan side) by motor coach.

I call him the tour master of Japan since Willy has probably covered more of Japan than most of the natives. He has been coming to Japan for close to 50 years and has led tours of thousands of Nikkei visitors to Japan. He confides that in the year 2006 he will celebrate 50 years of showing travelers Japan.

Willy has touched the lives of many Nikkei who have used his travel service in almost half a century in the travel business. His company Kokusai (International) Travel is based in Huntington Beach, Calif. He has been responsible for promoting better cultural understanding between Japan and the United States.

He was born in the Seinan District of Los Angeles and attended Foshay Jr. High School. He, like 120,000 Japanese Americans and their parents, was interned at a relocation center. After completing high school in camp (Heart Mountain) he was drafted into the Army. He was with the MIS in Japan and was assigned to the 24th Division when the war ended. He worked with the Provost Marshall for a period and then left Japan in 1946 and returned to Los Angeles.

Willy then enrolled at Woodbury College in Los Angeles under the G.I. Bill and got a degree in accounting. With no job prospects in sight he returned to Japan and worked with the Ordnance Department of the U.S. Army. He was in Japan from 1950-1956 having been a partner in a restaurant there. He then returned to the States in 1956.

Upon his return, he was offered an opportunity to enter the travel business by the late Eiji Tanabe of Far East Travel. It was an ideal job for Willy who had all the attributes for operating a successful tour company because of his knowledge of Japan, its culture and language. He also possessed a unique sense of humor and an engaging personality.

He became a partner in the business which dealt almost entirely with Nikkei. When I asked him how much longer he intended to stay in the business, Willy, now 78, was unsure but said the continuation of the agency would be up to his daughter who works in the main office of their travel service.

We were among a party of 26 which signed on to take the Uranihon tour with Willy and his wife Kim. Our fellow travelers included 4-year-old Ethan Hirabayashi and his parents, Dean and Rise, from Sandy, Utah. He was, according to Kim Kai, the youngest traveler they have had on any of their Japan tours.

Willy Kai cleanses himself before entering a shrine.

Willy Kai (left) shows Ethan Hirabayashi how to make an incense offering at a temple.

Photos courtesy of George Wakiji
tours. Our group was all Nikkei except for Pat Tai of San Francisco who was the only Caucasian but married to a Nikkei. Others were from New York City, Detroit, Spokane, San Francisco and Lehi, Utah. The majority were from Southern California.

When I asked some of the tour members like Harry Honda (not the Pacific Citizen one) and his wife Grace of Garden Grove why they enjoyed traveling with Willy, they said, "He's efficient and takes care of everything." They have taken three tours with him. One to Europe, the National Parks tour and the current one to Uranihon. The Hondas who are big fans of Willy said they "enjoy the meals, printouts, the pace of scheduling and the Itinerary Book he provides for each trip."

After two nights and a day in Tokyo we were on our way to Niigata where we boarded a ferry to Sado Island. We were concerned about Typhoon 23, which was raging all about Japan. Fortunately the typhoon swerved away from Niigata and we were not affected. Sado Island is noted for being an island of exile for intellectuals who had fallen out of favor with the government. The Emperor Juntoku, Noh dance master Ze-Ami and Nichiren, the founder of one of Japan's most influential Buddhist sects were among the notables exiled here.

The next day bright and early our motor coach took us to the city of Ogi which was on the other side of the island where we boarded a ferry to take us across the Sea of Japan to Joetsu on the mainland. While waiting for the ferry we were able to view the kimono-clad Sado women who row tourists in tub-like tarai-bune (barrel-boats) in the harbor.

Then it was on to Toyama. One of the highlights was a visit to the local 100-yen store (equivalent to our 99 cents only stores), which Willy had recommended. We continued on our tour down the backside of Japan to Kanazawa to visit the famous Kenroku Park considered one of three most beautiful parks in Japan. We then moved on down the coast to Fukui where we spent the night at the Washington Hotel and enjoyed a Chinese dinner.

From Fukui it was on to Amanohashidate to view the "Bridge of Heaven," a narrow two-mile sandbar enclosing Miyazu Bay. We enjoyed a ski lift ride to the top of the mountain where we had a scenic view of Amanohashidate. We then traveled to Kinosaki where there was a rustic fishing village of Takeno.

We then continued our journey west to Tottori where we encountered the famous Sand dunes. We were told the famous Japanese movie "Woman of the Dunes" based on the book by Kobo Abe was filmed here. We also saw camels on the sand dunes.

Next came Matsue where we learned that Lafcadio Hearn, an American writer, settled here for a short period. We visited his home and museum. Afterwards we visited the famous Matsue Castle, which is original and dates from 1611.

From Matsue we next visited Japan's oldest Shinto Shrine, Izumo Taisha. A shrine has existed on this site for the last 1500 years. Then it was a short hop to Yonago for lunch. Later we visited a Japanese confectionary factory and sampled many delicious mochigashi. We then continued on to the hot spring resort on the slopes of Mt. Daisen.

Our tour was nearing its end when we departed Mt. Daisen for Kyoto, our last stop. After a lengthy coach ride we arrived in Kyoto in plenty of time to do more shopping at the Kyoto Handicraft Center. We spent our last night of the tour at the Fujita Hotel and had our farewell dinner that evening.

Besides their basic Japan tours, Kokusai International Travel offers a bonsai trip which attracts mainly Caucasians. Other tours to South America, Tahiti, China, Great Lakes, Georgia & South Carolina, American Heritage, Scandinavia, Central & Eastern Europe is offered.

If you are thinking of taking a trip to Japan or elsewhere in the near future "Travel with Willy" and enjoy a carefree trip.
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PEACE AND GOODWILL TO ALL
By MAYA HATA LEMMON

We in Idaho have been very fortunate to have three very creative and exceptional people, with Idaho ties, come speak and exhibit in southern Idaho. After learning of *Pacific Citizen*'s theme this year, I decided their insight might be worthwhile to pursue.

While very different and unique, all three show sensitivity, compassion and creativity. I encourage you to read not only their comments, but explore their books, their art and exhibits.

**Ruthanne Lum McCunn**

In June, sponsored by local JACL chapters, people throughout southern Idaho and Ontario, Oregon had the opportunity to hear Chinese American, historical novelist, Ruthanne Lum McCunn. In Twin Falls, over 200 people were eager to hear her read excerpts from her books and discuss her research. Growing up in Hong Kong, Ruthanne was very much influenced by the Chinese side of her family and brought to life the Chinese experience in early Idaho and the United States.

"I am passionate about injustice. Even as a child in Hong Kong, I questioned the huge disparity between rich and poor, and I earned such a reputation for giving stray kittens a home that people started dumping them directly on our doorstep!"

"As an adult in America, I’ve protested discrimination on account of race, class, gender, and sexual orientation. I’ve also tried to give voice to those overlooked by society and serve food to the hungry.

"I recognize that nothing I’ve done has made a significant difference. So long as I live, though, I won’t stop."

**Roger Shimomura**

Shimomura has been a regular visitor to southern Idaho for years. In Minidoka (Internment National Monument) as a child, he was profoundly influenced by his grandmother, Toku Shimomura’s diaries, written in Japanese, while incarcerated in Minidoka. Roger’s “An American Diary” series of paintings are nationally known.

While living in Kansas, Roger supports the Sawtooth chapter of JACL by being on our board and has made generous donations of his art to the Sawtooth, Pocatello Blackfoot chapters and Friends of Minidoka. He also donated a public, slide presentation of “An American Diary” to the JACL Bi-District Conference/first Minidoka Pilgrimage in Twin Falls, Idaho.

"My passion for fighting racism is evidenced in my creative work as an artist and is also reflected in my interest in collecting Americana memorabilia for over 40 years. My collections are of the World War II horrible depictions of Japanese people in the form of art and literature."

See HATA LEMMON/Page 72
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Finding ‘That Special One’ Through JACL

By DAVID KAWAMOTO

Carol & David Kawamoto

Often when new Nikkei move into San Diego, they’ll contact our chapter’s office and inquire about events where they can meet other Japanese Americans. Once (actually more than once), a newcomer asked if we had events where he might meet JA women. I politely informed him that “we aren’t that type of organization.”

I frequently share this story with my fellow JACLers because they know that I met my wife, Carol, at a JACL event.

When I was still in high school, I attended the annual San Diego JACL Beach Picnic. This is an event I’ve attended since I was very little and continue to attend today. On this one occasion, another Sansei from my high school introduced me to a Sansei girl from his church, Carol.

I wish I could tell a wonderful story about knowing I had met “the one” and how we both immediately sensed the beginning of a special relationship. But, honestly that was not the case.

I remember, being the suave guy that I am, I nervously teased Carol about her toes (this was a beach picnic and we were barefoot). I subsequently introduced Carol to one of my best friends from the Buddhist Temple, and they ended up “going together” through their high school years.

But, Carol and I remained in contact through this mutual friend and through local JACL events. Then, Carol and I both ended up at San Diego State University and we were both “single.” We began dating and, after graduating and starting our respective careers, I finally realized how “special” Carol is and asked her to marry me.

Fortunately, she accepted, or I’d still be hanging out at the racetrack, or playing basketball, or playing poker with the guys.

Back to my original story about JACL not being “that type of organization.” I think about how I was so lucky to have met Carol through the JACL. But, I know we’re not the only couple to have met through JACL.

So many of our friends have also met through JACL. To name just a few: Ron Osajima and B.J. Watanabe; Larry and Kathy Ishimoto; Lon and Nancy Hatamiya; John Hayashi and Elisa Karnimoto; Neal Taniguchi and Emily Murase; Milo and Reiko Yoshino.

So, the punch line is that maybe JACL is “that type of organization.” And, maybe our JACL singles know the true value of JACL to our community. At least it has proven invaluable to me in that way.

David Kawamoto is the immediate past JACL national vice president of general operations.
FUJII LINDWALL

(Continued from page 56)

things to look forward to, like dinner with old friends, traveling or volunteering in one's community.

I truly believe that you cannot put a price on good health. Even those with a lot of money can't buy better health. And doesn't it make sense to try to do the things that keep you healthy and happy than to spend it in bed, in a hospital or a nursing home for the rest of your life? To me, the quality of life is so important.

We all know what to do. We hear it almost every day... that we need to exercise, eat the right foods, take things in moderation, keep one's mind active, and drink lots of water, less alcohol and fat. But if you go out shopping, you don't have to wait long to see many who are very overweight and probably have serious health problems.

Do you think that won't happen to you? It can and it will, if you don't start to do the right things to stay healthy.

If you aren't healthy, you can't do much, and you don't feel like doing anything. Then you won't have a choice about not exercising, because you'll be too sick to do it, and you'll have to take lots of medications and not be able to eat the foods you're used to because your body won't let you.

There are so many resources out there to get valuable information about how to take care of ourselves these days. Granted, it can be too much a lot of the time, but the more you read about it, the more you will be able to tell the good from the bad. I gravitate towards the health websites and subscribe to health magazines, like Prevention and Health, so I can keep up on what's going on in the health world.

Right now, I work out at a Curves in the neighborhood where I live. It's an exercise club just for women that is based on circuit training that's both strength training and aerobic. I've been going about four to five times a week to get my blood pressure and cholesterol to normal levels, and to lose weight too. I plan to do this for as long as I can and want to lose about 50 pounds before I'm 50, so I have two years to do it.

I want to be successful in life but I also want to be healthy and happy, otherwise life is just a waste. We are only given one chance to do what we're supposed to do, and then move on. But I don't want to use those years being sick and unhappy. Believe me, you won't be happy if you're sick.

And when you start, just start small. Walking is more than physical exercise. It also helps your brain and your emotions, so you'll be a happy person who wants to do great things for others! So, be healthy, and you'll be happy! ♥

Ann Fujii Lindwall is a JACL Seattle Chapter Board Member and the PNWD Representative on the Pacific Citizen Editorial Board.

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Pacific Citizen Holiday Greetings, December 2004
of postcards, advertisements, Jap Hunting Licenses, Slap-a-Jap club cards, faux Asians, patriotism, etc. and also cover anything related to the internment experience including yearbooks, memory books, government booklets, pamphlets, reports, first edition novels on camp themes, etc.

"Surrounded by these images, their influence informs my paintings, sculpture prints, photographs, and theater pieces. These two activities, in mutual dialogue, results in the fulfillment of my creative appetite to maintain a vigilance over the socio/political state of Japanese/Asian America."

Mira Nakashima

While an infant, Nakashima was incarcerated with her parents in Minidoka (Internment National Monument). She returned for the first time to Minidoka in July, 2004, when she exhibited her father, George Nakashima's, exquisite woodwork at Sun Valley Center for the Arts in Ketchum, Idaho. Raised in Pennsylvania where her father established a studio, Mira graduated from Harvard and Waseda University, then eventually worked side-by-side with her father, learning his unique style of woodcraft. This past summer, knowing little of her parent's Idaho experience, Mira was very moved after touring Minidoka with Superintendent Neil King, and then meeting someone who remembered her father, working as a farm laborer, in 1942. "I have learned not to be passionate because it usually gets me into trouble. The goal of Zen Buddhism is to avoid attachment to people, things, emotions, etc. in order to achieve peace and inner silence. I have not yet been able to achieve that true inner silence which is at the root of peace for any length of time, but that is my goal. By becoming fully concentrated on my work, or music, or the beauty of a sunset, a unity with that which is beautiful is achieved. Perhaps that is my passion." 

Standing in front of the Idaho Farm & Ranch Museum are volunteers (from left) Jim Azumano and Maya Hata Lemmon of the Sawtooth JACL and Friends of Minidoka, Hero Shiosai of Pocatello Blackfoot Chapter JACL and 142nd Veteran and Stephanie Martin of the National Park Service.

Maya Hata Lemmon helped organize JACL's newest chapter, the Sawtooth chapter and is its secretary. She is on the board of Friends of Minidoka (www.minidokah.org). She and her family were incarcerated in Gila River, Arizona "camp." Her passion is volunteering for causes that interest her! Going to Idaho as a VISTA volunteer, she was a principle organizer of Interfaith Volunteer Caregivers of the Magic Valley and was its first Director.
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Wishing you a joyous holiday season.

Bob, Doris, Brian, Amy and Anna Matsui
exchange student, it was very difficult for Bryn Mawr to identify a student who could manage Japanese instruction at the college level. I was the only student to apply to the program my year. I spent an extremely challenging but rewarding year at Tsuda College. While majoring in modern Japanese history, I took Japanese history courses not only from Japanese but also Taiwanese and Korean professors, all of whom presented very different perspectives on the subject.

A Limousine Door

After graduation, I returned to San Francisco to work at a non-profit, the World Affairs Council of Northern California. But my true ambition was to work in U.S.-Japan trade relations, so I left after a year to pursue graduate study. A new school had started at UC San Diego that focused on the Pacific Rim countries in Asia and Latin America. At the Graduate School of International Relations & Pacific Studies, I studied business Japanese, the Japanese financial system, and Japanese government policies.

Through on-campus recruiting, I landed a job with AT&T Japan, to sell American technology to Japanese telecommunications companies. Before heading to the AT&T office in Tokyo, I trained at the AT&T headquarters in New Jersey for several months. There, I joined the team at the Japan Desk who supported the very successful business in Japan. To mark a successful sales year, the Japan Desk traveled by limousine to New York City for a dinner cruise around Manhattan and, during the three years I worked for AT&T Japan, I would step into many limousines as I concluded international business deals. I would have never had this experience without my Japanese language ability.

The Doors to the White House

After working on the front lines of U.S.-Japan trade relations, I was interested in understanding the role of government policy, so at the urging of my graduate school professors, I applied for a Council on Foreign Relations International Affairs Fellowship through which I landed a position at the White House in the first Clinton Administration.

There, I staffed U.S.-Japan trade negotiations and drafted memos to the president and his senior advisors. Again, had I not had substantive experiences in Japan based on my language ability, I would have never been selected for the fellowship.

The Hatch of a Nuclear Submarine

A highlight of my year at the White House was participating on a military tour of the Armed Forces, sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations. We flew by military plane from Andrews Air Force Base outside of Washington, D.C., to Edwards Air Force Base in California. Riding on military-issue Hummers, we toured the training grounds of the Marine Corps and the Army. From the tarmac of the Air Force base, we watched jets perform in formation, and later flew by C-130 military transport to the Point Loma Naval Base in San Diego.

In San Diego, delegation members took turns going down the hatch of a nuclear submarine. It was truly a phenomenal experience that I could not have had without the bilingual background that qualified me for membership in the Council on Foreign Relations.

The Doors of a Thatched Roof House in Aomori

My Japanese mother had always impressed on us the importance of maintaining connections with relatives in Japan. I have lived in Japan on three occasions, as a school child, as a college student, and as a working person. Each time, I made efforts to visit relatives in some times remote parts of the country. My mother’s home prefecture, Aomori, is the northern-most region of the main island of Japan. There, her older sister lives with her son and his family. Through them, I met other members of my extended family. In one instance, I was invited to a very traditional Japanese farmhouse, complete with thatched roof and wooden sliding doors, a home in which three generations of families lived.

Such experiences have greatly enriched my passion for Japanese language and culture which I intend to convey to my immediate family, my husband and two daughters. My wish is that even though I am not a native Japanese parent, my daughters will share my passion for all things Japanese.
IKEDA
(Continued from page 29)
As I said, though, the creative writer's impulse is not merely to report what historically happened; the vampire needs to bite deeper, down to the marrow to suck up the essential experience of what it meant and how it felt. As I worked on the scenes, I finally had to begin asking my elders more and more probing (annoying, complicated, uncomfortable) questions. As interviewees described events they remembered — say, building a backwoods Buddhist temple or working on the railroad or being evacuated or joining the Army — I would keep needling them: Well, what were you feeling at that exact moment? What were the sounds, smells, and tastes? Was it hot or cold? Didn't you feel fury? What were you feeling at that very moment?

Now, it's fair to say that most Nisei know are not terribly good at talking about strong emotions. We tened to Big Band, swing and rare old radio shows. Similarly, I've donned rubber gloves and surgical mask to handle合伙人 organs for a story about a pathologist, camped out in the open air on the Masai Mara writing about British colonialists in Kenya, stepped across the wreckage of a Tel-Aviv cafe obliterated by a suicide bomber researching an essay about terrorism. I've found that such an approach to writing — it's really a kind of play-acting — is a gratifying and, for me, necessary way of uncovering the important details that matter. It allows you to "acciidental trip over" new questions that you would not have known to ask.

The point of all this obsessive gathering of tales and details is ultimately to remove you from yourself, which is what I think the best authors do. A good story lets you experience living in someone else's Hell or exult in their Heaven for a few minutes, hours or (in the case of a really good book) years.

The best authors, of the kind I aspire to become, describe an alternate world so convincing, so compelling, so not-ours that it allows both themselves and the readers to fleetingly — and perhaps lasting­ly, when the fiction is truly successful — understand the world anew. Fiction lets us live other lives, enriching and in a way extending our own, before we die.

If you were the kind of child who was continually hearing the admonition, "Aiya, you ask too many questions!" you may be a good candidate for a writer-vampire, too.

"...When I set out on a six-year process to research and write a wide-ranging historical novel ... I determined it would be anything but biographical. I did not plan to recount my own family's immigration, acculturation, internment, and eastern relocation, for example!

If some kid on the playground says, 'You're Chinese,' to any of my children, I want to make sure that they are not going to internalize or accept the insult but can respond, 'Yeah, I'm Chinese. We have a 4000-year history. We invented paper, printing, silk, and gunpowder. We built the American Transcontinental Railroad. What have your people done lately?'

Where my third grader is not asking, "What does hegemony mean?"

Then I remember the day I delivered a pair of forgotten snowboots to my daughter, then in first grade, one snowy February lunchtime. I found her on the playground, and I talked to her in Chinese as I handed her her snowboots. A little blond girl ran by and exclaimed, "Hao Hao, don't you know how to speak English yet?"

The hairs on the back of my neck stood straight up, and I was ready to grab that little girl by her two little blond pigtails and say, "Look, kid, you've been in the same classroom with her for six months, how could you not know that she speaks English?"

But my daughter did not even miss a beat. She smiled charmingly as she does and said, "Yes, I speak English and Chinese and Spanish — the three most-spoken languages in the world. With these three languages, I can go anywhere in the world and be able to talk to people."

Wow, I was so impressed. My brainwashing actually worked.

This is what I want for my children.

Frances Kui-Hua Wang is a second-generation Chinese American from California now living in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She has worked in anthropology and international development in Nepal, in the nonprofit sector in Michigan, and as the Financial and Marketing Director of a small business start-up called Two Wheel Tango. She is now contributing editor for www.IMDiversity.com Asian-American Village, where she writes most frequently on culture, family, arts, and lifestyles topics. She is working on a book about raising children with culture(s). She has four children.
Raising the Bar

As the Japanese American National Museum prepares to mark the 20th Anniversary of its founding next year, it is illuminating to see the distance traveled from its origins in 1985. Once an organization that was only a dream, the National Museum, thanks to the loyal support of its members and donors, has grown to the extent that it was able to reach new heights in 2004:

Life Interrupted: The Japanese American Experience in World War II Arkansas*, which included the opening of eight exhibitions in Little Rock, Arkansas; the “Camp Connections” conference which drew over 1,300 participants; a historic bus trip to the Jerome and Rohwer camp sites; and the development and implementation of a curriculum that teaches Arkansan school children about the Japanese American World War II experience, a model for other states;

Isamu Noguchi and Modern Japanese Ceramics, originated by the Smithsonian Institution’s Arthur M. Sackler Gallery, which featured the works of the person many consider the greatest Japanese American artist of the 20th Century;

September 11: Bearing Witness to History, a Smithsonian Commemorative Exhibition, with the National Museum drawing record crowds as the only California venue for this landmark traveling show on the most important event in U.S. history since World War II;

George Nakashima: Nature, Form & Spirit, featuring the works of furniture designer and architect George Nakashima, one of America’s leading woodworkers, is on display until January 2, 2005.

With several unique, once-in-a-lifetime opportunities on the horizon, your support is appreciated as the National Museum hopes to continue to reach new heights in the future. As 2004 makes clear, great things can happen if we all work together.

Thank you for your continuing support and Happy Holidays!


* A partnership between the University of Arkansas at Little Rock and the Japanese American National Museum with major funding provided by the Winthrop Rockefeller Foundation.

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WISHING FOR PEACE ON EARTH
"But what was this? A canker sore on my craftsmanship! The downward cut on the left side had gone too far. It split ahead of my cut. Served me right for over-confidence. I accepted my shortcomings, recalling some cultures that intentionally leave small errors in their work, to acknowledge that perfection is reserved for the gods."

The next day I was restless in anticipation of the task ahead of me. I knew the slightest error in the angle of the first cut could spell disaster. Yet measuring out the appropriate line is not my style. Finally, I took a deep breath and plunged in. The taut skin yielded to my thrust in the steamy heat of the summer afternoon. Again I entered the pink flesh. Before I knew it, the deed was done. Sweet ichor dripped down the handle of my blade. I licked it off my trembling fingers. I stood before the great watermelon, a pound of its flesh in my hand. Its near perfect mouth gaping in astonishment at my audacity. But what was this? A canker sore on my craftsmanship! The downward cut on the left side had gone too far. It split ahead of my cut. Served me right for over-confidence. I accepted my shortcomings, recalling some cultures that intentionally leave small errors in their work, to acknowledge that perfection is reserved for the gods. Anyway, I figured, if I just left it thicker there when I scoop out the insides, it should be fine.

I moved on to the eyes. I could have just scraped away the rind to form the whites of the eyes, but decided to cut all the way through, as is the custom in that more common craft, the Jack-O-Lantern. It looked like a three dimensional Pac-Man. I needed a blowhole to make it a whale. My education intruded. If this was a baleen whale, and given the proportion of the mouth to the body it does seem to be more like a baleen whale, then it should probably have a double blowhole. Fortunately, my artistic license prevailed. A single opening looked fine.

I filled the mouth and two other bowls with balls of watermelon, pineapple, raspberries and blueberries. That should be good enough. I covered them with clear wrap and carefully brought them to the in-laws. Dinner included a whole roasted pig, baked salmon, specially preserved scallops and other Chinese confections I don't know the names for. The evening was spent laughing, chatting and eating, eating, eating. Finally, they brought out dessert, featuring four different kinds of cake and the two regular bowls of fruit. I set up my piece de resistance on a large blue serving plate, positioning the wedge removed to form the mouth so it formed an upturned tail. In a final artistic flourish, I twisted the clear wrap into a funnel and stuffed it into the blowhole, capturing my watermelon whale in a lifelike pose coming up for air. "That's great," said my mother-in-law, with a big smile. "What is it?" asked a little in-law. "A frog or something?"

Good thing I kept my day job.

Raymond Nakamura is Head of Raymond's Brain Consulting in Vancouver, Canada. He rents his brain for words, pictures and science ideas. He carves melons for free.

Matthew Goodes, the Ben Affleckes and Jared Letos. In my realities, nothing is perfect. When I look long enough at my princes with their sex appeal, their charm inevitably fades away. I eventually realize that:

Instead of talking, they joke.
Instead of listening, they grunt.
Instead of honesty and sincerity, they lie.
Instead of sympathizing, they patronize.

Instead, instead, instead.

It's so exhausting, these constant disappointments and betrayals. For fun, I use to lie in bed and make empty wishes for the perfect boy — someone who was sweet, sensitive, supportive. Someone who was strong yet kind. Someone who wasn't too full of machismo. Someone funny. Someone sincere. Someone who could come up with a better nickname for me than "Gummy Bear." Dear God, Someone.

And then it happened — the PG-13 gods answered my quiet prayers.

In the late 90s and into the new century, they gave me not only one, but a whole slew of Prince Charmings to choose from: 'NSync, LFO, Backstreet Boys, Boyzone, 98 Degrees, Take That, BBMak, and even O-Town. They were the perfect Someones.

In college, I would hurry back to the dorm room to catch them on "The Rosie O'Donnell Show." I would stay up to watch them on the "Tonight Show." I would record these airings and replay them incessantly.

I, like any fan, knew their songs by heart and knew their histories as if they were my own. They were gods. I would hush anyone who dared talk when my boys were speaking. Better Romeos than Brad Pitt and Colin Farrell, boy bands do the one thing that actors do not — they sing.

Like in the golden days of musicals, boy bands serenade you as if in simple spoken words were not enough. They spoke the words that gorgeous hotties in your school would never say. In a couple of CDs, in a couple of hours, you can experience a lifetime of silver screen romance.

I don't care who you are
Where you're from
What you did
As long as you love me.

Like any mortal man can dream up something like that to say! The Backstreet Boys are sweet, even the building one with the drug problems.

If I asked would you say yes?
Together we're the very best,
I know that I've been truly blessed,
Everyday I love you.

Ahhhh, Boyzone. Wherefore art thou so cool?
And the greatest thing is that I don't have to be Renee or Britney. I don't have to be a character. Despite how grumpy I am, despite how disheveled I may appear, despite my quirky tendencies, they will still sing to me.

When I open my eyes, when I breathe, they, in all their illusory glory, are still there, waiting to love me. All I have to do is press play.

One day, I will wake up from this fantastic dream of mine, and my heart will stop fluttering as much. But if Peter Pan can have his Neverland, then in the meantime, I shall have my boy bands as well.
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"America's Japanese Hostages: The World War II Plan for a Japanese Free Latin America"
By Thomas Connell
Praeger Press, Westport, CT and London
By IKE HATCHIMONJI

Many interesting stories have been generated out of World War II, some well known and some not so. One of the lesser known but most incredible is the story of the Latin American Japanese and what effect the war with Japan had on their lives. It is not a story that is well known to the American people or even to the Japanese Americans, at least in the United States, primarily because much of it took place outside of our borders. However, much of this story took place in America. In fact, it was a tragedy resulting from official policies of the U.S. government. What follows is a brief history of that dark period of U.S.-Japanese relations—1936 to 1945.

To Safeguard the Hemisphere
It is almost inconceivable that the United States could conspire with eleven Latin American countries with the goal of ridding all persons of Japanese ancestry from Central and South America, ostensibly for reasons of security. But, astonishing as it may seem, that is exactly what President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Secretary of State Cordell Hull and other American leaders had in mind.

That goal was to be achieved through the seizure and deportation of all aliens and the native born citizens alike of Japanese ancestry from the countries in question. Considering the number who were deported—2,264 Japanese Latin Americans, it is significant that this large number of deportees were not only banished from their countries, they were incarcerated in American concentration camps from which many were again deported to Japan during the war or shortly thereafter. Perhaps the cruelest and most bizarre abuse of these innocent people was to use them as hostages in exchange for Americans being held as prisoners by the Japanese.

The U.S. Role
The most disturbing aspect of the actions taken by the Latin American governments against their Japanese populations is the leadership role taken by the United States in influencing the decisions taken by their Latin American counterparts. It was the United States that spearheaded and collaborated with eleven hemispheric nations in planning and implementing a large-scale, international plan that led to devastating results for the victims.

Connell's book focuses mainly on the Japanese Peruvians because theirs was the largest population in Latin America outside of Brazil. In numerical terms, they were the most harshly treated by their government. Brazil, on the other hand, with the largest Japanese population, treated their Japanese more justly because most of them settled in large agricultural colonies away from urban areas where their role in society was less obvious and contact with Brazilians was minimal. Another country, Panama, had the large U.S. Canal Zone, a vital military asset. Unlike Brazil, after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the smaller population of Japanese were the early victims of suspicion, incarceration and deportation.

U.S. Justification for Anti-Japanese Actions
As early as 1936, as tensions between the United States and Japan were building, especially with the war between China and Japan, President Franklin D. Roosevelt was concerned about Japan as a potential military threat to the western hemisphere. He focused on Peru with its population of 30,000 Japanese and the security threat they posed by ordering the Federal Bureau of Investigation to open an office in Lima to monitor the Japanese for subversive activities.

Preparing for War
In addition, the United States took the lead in organizing the Emergency Action Committee for Political Defense (EACPD), an organization of nine Central and South American countries to gather intelligence on their Japanese who were considered to be Axis nationals. Coordinated by the FBI, the intelligence data of the EACPD was shared among the committee members.

The legal justification for detaining and deporting dangerous aliens was the antiquated Enemy Alien Act of 1798, which provides that “aliens of any foreign government with which the U.S. is at war can be apprehended and removed as enemy aliens.” As a precaution, in the event of war with Japan, the act could be applied to the Japanese Peruvians and other Latin American Japanese. By reason of their deportation and incarceration in America, as enemy aliens, they came under U.S. jurisdiction. Therefore, by the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor, an agreement already existed on how the Japanese as well as the Axis German and Italian populations would be deported in the event of war.

The Deportations Begin
Beginning in early 1942 with the sailing of the U.S. Army Transport (USAT) the Etoile, 141 Japanese were deported to the United States. Other ships followed with more Japanese Peruvian deportees—the USAT Acadia, Shuwnee; Cuba; Frederick C. Johnson, Florida and two Chilean vessels, the Aconcagua and the Imperial. Most of the 2,264 Japanese Latin Americans were aboard these ships.

Illegal Entry
Recalling the Enemy Alien Act of 1798, which provided the justification for the deportations, there was a sinister twist that gave further reason for turning the Japanese Peruvians into pawns for exchange. On the voyages from Latin America, the passports of the deported Japanese were confiscated.

Monhachi Hara’s store in Lima, Peru, ca. 1920s.
enemy aliens (without documentation) entering the country in a time of official war. That made them "enemy aliens within range of American legal provided under the Enemy Alien Act and therefore subject to deportation.

Must Be Exchanged

Valley, Peru ca. 1930s.

Japanese Latin Americans remained in concentration camps as agricultural laborers: "enemy aliens" and subject to deportation. With the end of the war, however, the United States and its Latin American counterparts had no plan about the status of the stateless individuals in the Crystal City, Texas camp where they were gathered from the various INS operated camps. For its part, the Peruvian government was passed allowing the Japanese Peruvians to become eligible for U.S. citizenship.

Wayne Collins and the American Civil Liberties Union

The northern California chapter of the ACLU, on learning about the internment of Japanese Americans also took an interest in the plight of the Japanese Peruvians. In handling the cases of Mitsue Endo and Fred Korematsu, vs. the U.S., Attorney Wayne Collins recognized the similar legal issues of the Japanese from Peru. Collins's first and most immediate action was to file Stays of Deportation for the 425 Japanese Peruvians awaiting imminent deportation, an action in which he was successful. Collins was instrumental in relocating 110 Japanese Peruvians from their camp to work at the Seabrook Farms in Seabrook, New Jersey. Though still not fully free, they were "paroled" out of Crystal City. Eventually, over 1,700 Latin American and U.S. Japanese were employed at the Seabrook Farms.

A Series of Positive Decisions for the Japanese Peruvians

Finally, in March 1949, Attorney General Tom Clark changed the immigration status of the Japanese Peruvians from "dangerous enemy aliens" to "non-resident aliens" which precluded the possibility of deportation. A resolution was passed by Congress to support the suspension of deportations. Then in June 1952, an amendment to the Refugee Relief Act

In 1998, the Mochizuki case was settled with a Presidential letter of apology and a redress payment of only $5,000. Unsatisfactory as this was, about 700 claimants accepted the reduced amount.

Injustice Without Reconciliation

Denied the opportunity to return to their adopted country or country of birth, the Latin American Japanese were victims of political manipulation based solely on their ancestry. They endured a great deal of maltreatment both in Latin America and in the United States. One of the greatest indignities was to have been used as pawns for the return of captive Americans.

Many were so disillusioned and hopeless that they chose repatriation to end their misery. When the U.S. government finally recognized that their ordeal was wrong, the redress offered them was far less than they deserved. In these times of uncertainty and tension, our government remains accountable for their actions to all Americans. The WWII experiences must be remembered.
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The Japanese Cemetery project in Oxnard is moving slowly but steadily. Several committee members have met with the City of Oxnard in regards to the Pleasant Valley Road widening project. As indicated on the plan below, the perimeter of the Japanese Cemetery will be greatly enhanced after the completion of the widening project.

The cemetery committee was given a list of names of people buried at the cemetery by the Kato family. Compiled by Kenji Kato. The original wood grave markers have long ago deteriorated and replaced by other wood markers. Many of these markers are faded and illegible. These wood posts will be eventually replaced with more durable grave markers. Historical information on those buried at the cemetery is currently being gathered. If anyone has pertinent information on people buried at the cemetery, please send a letter to VCJACL, P.O. Box 1092, Camarillo, CA 93011.

The Japanese Cemetery has been an integral part of Oxnard history. The contributions of these early pioneers and their families should be remembered and memorialized for future generations.

This Japanese Cemetery Project has only just begun. Restoration and preservation of this historical site will take several years to complete. Future updates to follow.

---

**Site Improvements:**

1. **Wrought Iron Fence**
   - on Pleasant Valley Rd and Etting Rd
2. **Curb & Gutter / Sidewalk** on Pleasant Valley Road and Etting Road
3. **Landscape on Etting Road** (trees, shrubs, etc.)
4. **Identification sign** "HISTORIC JAPANESE CEMETARY"

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Best Wishes
for the Holiday Season
Jean Nakazono
Berkeley, Calif.

KINGA SHIMMEN
Gung Hay Fat Choy
The Satakas
Grinda, California

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to our friends
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El Cerrito, CA 94530

Happy New Year 2005
Hiraga-Stephens Family

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YOSHINO

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Keith, Lisa & Wyatt
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Jack Rubin
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Wilmette, IL 60091
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Best wishes
PERRY AND CAROL,
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MIYAKE

Peace on Earth
Japanese American Service Committee

In Memory of Theodore T. Kato
1936 - 2004
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In the New Year

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Licensed Clinical Social Worker
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Merry Christmas

Holiday Greetings
new horizons
THE NIKKEI SINGLES OF GREATER CHICAGO
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Season's Greetings
Michio & Kazako
IWASHI
El Cerrito, CA 94530

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Sugihara Eiko, Mark, Wayne
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Season's Greetings
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John, Ruby & Dana
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Happy Holidays to All
JUNIUS AND SADA
SAKUMA
RICHMOND, CA 94803

Season's Greetings
SUNDI
KAWAGUCHI
RICHMOND, CA 94803

Season's Greetings from
The Yamamoto's
Howard, Mitzi, Ryan, Kyle, Suz, Sean, Evan

Happy Holidays
Sato, Yoko
KIHARA
El Cerrito, CA 94540

Season's Greetings from
Sato, Yoko
KIHARA
El Cerrito, CA 94540

Season's Greetings
George H.
YOKOYAMA
El Cerrito, CA 94530

Season's Greetings to All Our Friends...
Edward & Elko
MATSUOKA
El Cerrito, CA

Season's Greetings from
Harold & Daisy
TSUJIMOTO
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Happy Holidays
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Supply
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Fax: (510) 525-6188

Happy Holidays
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MacDiarmid
Richmond, CA 94801

Happy New Year
Mr. HIRAMOTO
Richmond, CA 94804

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El Cerrito, CA 94540

Happy Holidays
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KIHARA
El Cerrito, CA 94540

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El Cerrito, CA 94540

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Supply
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Tel: (510) 525-6185
Fax: (510) 525-6188
Peace & Happy Holidays
From the Board of Directors,
Advisory Committee & Office Volunteers

Crystal Strait
Dean Okimoto
Diane Tomoda
Elaine Yamaguchi
Erin Komatsubara
Gary Kikumoto
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Shigeru Shimagu
Terry Makashima
Tom Okubo

We gratefully acknowledge the splendid response to our request for advertisements in this Holiday Issue. May we earnestly encourage our members to reciprocate by supporting these friends of our chapter.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!
To All Our Friends and Family

MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR from

The late Hatsu Morita and Shizue Morita and Family

Horton, Knox, Carter & Foote
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

DENNIS H. MORITA

(760) 352-2821
INTERNET: dmorita@hkcf-ibw.com

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2005 Holiday Greetings! from the Northern California-Western Nevada-Pacific District Council

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West Valley

Nobu Renge, 84, a former pharmacist in California, died Nov. 11. Born and raised in Japan, he graduated with a pharmacology degree from St. Louis College of Pharmacy in 1956, and was one of the oldest active pharmacists in California. Before opening up Renge Pharmacy in 1956, he worked for International Drug Store for nine years. The drug store recently celebrated its 48th anniversary in April.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy; son, Scott Nishizaka, and son-in-law, Robert DeJean. In lieu of flowers, make donations to the Nikkei Foundation, 912 F Street, Fresno, CA 93706.
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CANYONLANDS (4 nights, 5 days) ........... MAY 29
INTER-LEAGUE SUMMER BASEBALL TOUR (11 days, 8 games) (Washington) JUNE 10
ALASKA CRUISE W/CRYSTAL CRUISES (6 days, 10 nights) ........... JULY 5
MIDWEST BASEBALL TOUR (8 days, games at CHS, DK, CH, KB, M2, CM2) ........... JULY 30
THE OZARKS & SHAWNEE (4 nights, 5 days) ........... SEPTEMBER
JAPAN AUTUMN ADVENTURE (12 nights) ........... OCT 19
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Blue Cross of California
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