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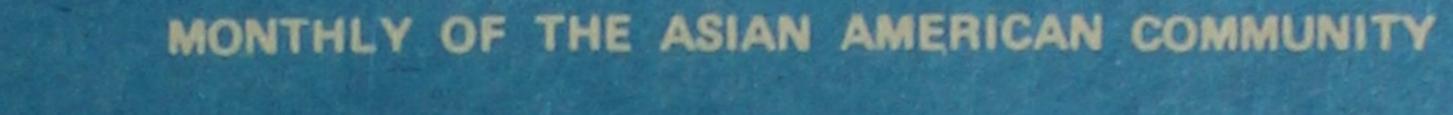
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DECEMBER, 1971









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Gidra People: Doug Aihara, David Cho, Linda Fujikawa, Susan Fujimoto, Jeff Furumura, Ken Hamada, Tomo Hisamoto, Adrienne Hokoda, Kenny Hoshide, Bruce Iwasaki, Minako Kawahira, Beth Kawaoka, Duane Kubo, Bob Miyamoto, Jane Morimoto, Amy Murakami, Mike Murase, Scott Nagatani, Teri Nitta, Alan Ohashi, Tom Okabe, Tracy Okida, Glenn Oshima, Alan Ota, Candice Ota, Kyoko Shibasaki, Day Suehiro, Lani Suenaga, Lloyd Tanaka, Steve Tatsukawa, Mike Yamamoto, Evelyn Yoshimura, Bob Yukihiro and others

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December, 1971. Volume III, Number 12.

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ANNOUNCE MENTS)



FEELING MOCHI BETTER

On Sunday, December 26 at 8:00 a.m. sharp, I.T.A. (Involved Together Asians) is having a mochitsuki (mochi-pounding) to raise funds for its soon-to-be community center. We hope to initiate ourselves, with the aid of community people, into this traditional holiday event.

We invite anyone who wishes to work up a good sweat to come pound, and anyone who wishes to eat some good stuff to purchase some of our home-brew. The mochitsuki will be held at the West L.A. Buddhist Church. All power to the mochi!

AND CONTEMPORARY WRITINGS

The UCLA Asian American Studies Center has announced the publication of ROOTS: AN ASIAN AMERICAN READER. This anthology consists of over fifty historical and contemporary writings that provide an introductory examination of the Asian experience in America.

As the title indicates, this volume was written and edited with the intent of going to the "roots" of the issues facing Asians in America. It contains a variety of materials written from a multitude of perspectives. There are scholarly pieces which rely on traditional academic sources for information. There is equal emphasis on the contemporary expression of the Asian American condition by the people themselves. ROOTS is, therefore, not only a comprehensive repository of secondary writings on the subject but a documentary collection from our time.

ROOTS is available at \$5.00/copy plus \$.50 for shipping and packaging costs.

Order from:

Asian American Studies Center Publications
P. O. Box 24 A 43
Los Angeles, California 90024
Please make checks payable to:
The Regents of the University of California.

LEGAL EDUCATION OPPORTUNITY PROGRAM

The Asian Law Student Organization is recruiting students for 1972-73 for the Hastings Legal Education Opportunity Program. Those interested in additional information, contact James Lee, Clarence Moy, or Eric Wong, c/o Asian Law Students, 482 – 17th Avenue, San Francisco.

U.C.Berkeley, U.C.L.A., Loyola University, U.C. Davis and the University of San Francisco also have similar programs. Write to the individual schools for further information.

USC ASIAN LAW STUDENTS ASSOCIATION MINORITY ADMISSIONS PROGRAM

The University of Southern California is now accepting applications for law school for 1972-73 through the Minority Admissions Program. Write to Asian Law Students Association, c/o Admissions Secretary, Gould Law Center, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California 90007 for an application form or for more information. The deadline for the submission of applications for the Minority Admission Program is February 1, 1972.

Each applicant is required to take the Law School Admissions Test and the score will be considered along with other factors such as community involvement, interview, and undergraduate G.P.A. in the selection. Application forms for the LSAT and LSDAS can be obtained by writing to LSAT/LSDAS, Educational Testing Service, Box 944, Princeton, New Jersey 08540 or from any law school near you. The test should be taken as soon as possible. A test is being administered on February 12, 1972; the deadline for application for the February date is January 21, 1972.

STRUGGLE AT SANRIZUKA

The struggle at Sanrizuka started five years ago and is still going. Sanrizuka is a struggle of the peasant farmers who are trying to save their land from being ripped off - - the peasants resisting state power.

Sanrizuka is the site of the new Tokyo Internaional Airport - - but it is also the site of many farms and homes.

"The Peasants of the Second Fortress", a documentary film, shows the battles that took place at Sanrizuka and depicts the courage and determination of the farmers in the struggle to keep their land.

This film will be shown at the Storefront, 2826 W. Jefferson Blvd, 8:00 pm Friday night. There will also be a rap session led by two brothers who have just returned from Japan and have learned about the Sanrizuka struggle. Come on down.

Friday, December 17 at the Storefront!

"CHINA WEEK" - NOV 29 - DEC 3

California State College, Long Beach Asian Studies Department, 498-4457

Program:

Monday (noon)—Classical Chinese Dance & Music performed by Chinese Students Assoc ation Tuesday (noon)—Speaker Melvin Gurtov, U.C. Riverside, on "China's Foreign Policy Today" (night)—Action-packed Chinese film

Wednesday (noon)—Asian American Studies Center on "Labor Problems in California Chinatowns"

Thursday (evening)—Workshops on the People's Republic of China ... discussions led by recent visitors

Friday (noon)—Lecture by Stuart Schram, U.C. Berkeley,

Friday (nnon)—Lecture by Stuart Schram, U.C. Berkeley on "The Thought of Mao Tse-tung in the Cultural Revolution"

SBAI DROP-IN CENTER

Just as the sun was setting, Hairy Gary had awoke. Grumbling under his breath, he somehow managed to stumble to his car ('65 Midnight Blue Chevy-lowered, chrome rims, red interior lights, stereo tape) and began driving across Gardena.

Ain't much to do in Gardena on Tuesday nights (or Wednesday nights, or Thursday nights, etc.). The low-riders cruise up and down the same old streets; the jocks make it over to the gym at Gardena High for some basketball; the freaks congregate in little groups and get spaced. For others, it's Yellow Basket for a pastrami and coke, Gardena Bowl to buy some reds, or Pit Burger to write your name on the wall. It's the same old stuff every night in old, up-tight Gardena.

Hairy Gary stops for a red light at the corner of Gardena Blvd. and Western Ave. A good-looking teenage girl in hotpants crosses the street in front of Gary's car. Gary slaps his hand on his forehead and manages to knock off his glasses at the same time. As he bends down to pick up his glasses off the floorboard, the car behind him honks. The light is green. Gary tries to make a left turn onto Gardena Blvd., but his engine dies in the intersection. Without his glasses he can't find the ignition switch so he jumps out of the car and pushes it into the parking lot of Ron's Drive-In (on the big corner of Western and Gardena).

Next to Ron's Drive-In is an old dental building, newly painted a watered-down yellow. This is the SBAI Drop-in Center. In the parking lot a small group is 'cooling it' ('hanging around,' to all you squares). Two brothers are playing "The Dogshit Blues" on their harps. A sister is frantically trying to sell a local underground paper. A couple dozen other assorted people stand around engaging in revolutionary bullshit and other small talk.

As Hairy Gary pushes his car into the SBAI parking lot he tries to call for help, but an old newspaper blows into his face. He rips the paper from his face and yells, "Surf's up." The crowd becomes silent and looks toward Gary. But just as Hairy Gary is about to unleash a triad of cuss words, Boom Boom and Alan come driving up in a pick-up truck with a juke box in the back.

Boom Boom yells from the truck, "Are you fools just gonna stand there or are you gonna help us get this juke box down." The crowd yells back, "Surf's up" and walks into the center.

The center is weird. (That's the only word that can describe it.) It's always in the state of looking like someone is moving in or moving out. The electrical wiring is screwed up; you can turn on a switch in the hall and a room at another part of the building will light up. But the building isn't really that important. What is important are the twenty or so, hard-core members of SBAI who meet there every Tuesday night and staff the center the remainder of the week. What is important are the programs being developed in the center, which include political education, sewing, arts and crafts, photography and draft and job counseling.

Meanwhile, Boom Boom and Alan have managed to pull/push the juke box to the front room and stuff it with some old 45's (old Motown, Drifters, Shirelles) and the center is filled with the sounds of 1963. While everyone is fingerpoppin,' "the Who" comes strolling in and suggests that SBAI get together "a clam eat-out." (All the sisters run out of the room.) Hairy Gary calls him a pervert. "The Who" says he ain't got no soul.

Actually, SBAI does have soul. It couldn't have nothing else; with its juke box, jam sessions, rap groups, pot lucks (eat-outs), dances and car washes. Yeah, it's got soul.

It's three hours later. Hairy Gary is driving back home. He stops for a red light and a good-looking teenage girl in hotpants crosses the street in front of Gary's car. Gary slaps his hand on his forehead and.....

Anyway, the SBAI Drop-in Center is located at 16408 Western Ave. in Gardena. It's open for sure every Monday through Thursday from 4 to 10. So if you ever feel like eating out some clams, then fall on by.

food CO-Op

SAFEWAY (Discount Supermarket)
SALES - \$4.9 billion
GROSS PROFIT - \$1 billion

This means that for every five dollars that you spend at Safeway one dollar goes into their pockets as profits. This is not to convince you that Safeway is ripping us off (although you may come to that conclusion) but rather to present a fact about the food industry.

A food co-op is getting together with people to purchase food as a group; avoiding the big supermarkets and buying wholesale; providing ourselves with what we need at lowest cost rather than profit making middlemen; saving money; allowing us to make our own decisions about food and taking this power away from giant control hungry institutions.

That's what the co-op is about; buying food in a cheaper way. But it also means people breaking down communication barriers, forgetting racial prejudice, and coming together to find out how they can help each other. It means Asians getting to know and starting to work with blacks, Chicanos, Native Americans, other Third World groups, and whites. It means Asians and other ethnic groups working collectively towards the fulfillment of the needs of the community. It means creating a strong and unified community which will be able to deal with the problems that affect it. It means struggling together to help each other.

ORGANIZING

Another way to get a co-op together is to divide it into cells. An example is the Free Venice Food Co-op, which has four cells; staples, organic produce, dairy and bread, and inorganic produce. Each cell holds weekly meetings in which the members volunteer for tasks and hands in their orders. There are four different order sheets—one from each cell. These order sheets are exchanged among the cells, where they are tabulated. Each cell is then responsible for buying the items ordered

There are fifteen co-ops presently organized in the Los Angeles area.

Dominguez Hills (Cal State-Dominguez Hills area).

Free Venice (Greater Venice/Santa Monica area).

Highland Park (Mount Washington, Eagle Rock, South Pasadena, Highland Park area)
Los Angeles Natural Foods (Silverlake, Echo Park, Central, Hollywood area).

Orange County Conspiracy (Costa Mesa

Orange County Conspiracy (Costa Mesa, Newport, Santa Ana area). Pasadena Natural Foods.

People's Cornucopia (San Gabriel Valley)
Redondo Beach (South Bay area).

Sierra Madre (Sierra Madre area).

Silverlake-Echo Park Food Conspiracy (Silverlake, Echo Park, and part Glendale area).

Sunset Beach Co-op (South Long Beach).

Topanga Canyon.

Van Nuys (Van Nuys, Sherman Oaks).
Long Beach Co-op.
Ecology Club (Laguna Beach area).

If you would like to contact one of these co-ops, you can write to me: c/oGIDRA, Box 18046, Los Angeles, California 90018.

Author's Note: This is the second article in a series. Thanks to the Chicago Seed and the Free Venice Food Co-op.

through their cell. The groceries are brought back to a central place where the people in the co-op can come and pick up their orders.

Some of the tasks involved in the functioning of a cell are:

- 1) Order pick up-taking the cell's order in and getting the other cells' orders.
- 2) Tabulator—getting the orders and figuring out how much of each item to order.
- 3) Orderer-calling in the order.
- 4) Buyer—going to the wholesaler and buying the items.
- 5) Unloader-unloading the items.
- 6) Guard-Switchboard-taking calls from people who can't pick up their orders.
- 7) Storekeeper—being at the central trading place and filling out the cells' orders for the people who come to pick up their food.
- 8) Clean-up—cleaning up the central place.
 9) Excess Distribution—distributing all the excess food to needy families or organizations.
- 10) Treasurer-keeping tabs on the money used by the cell.
- 11) Intercell Communicator—meeting with other cell reps and talking about new problems, issues, etc.

All these tasks should be rotated among the members of the cell. Everyone should do a share of the work.

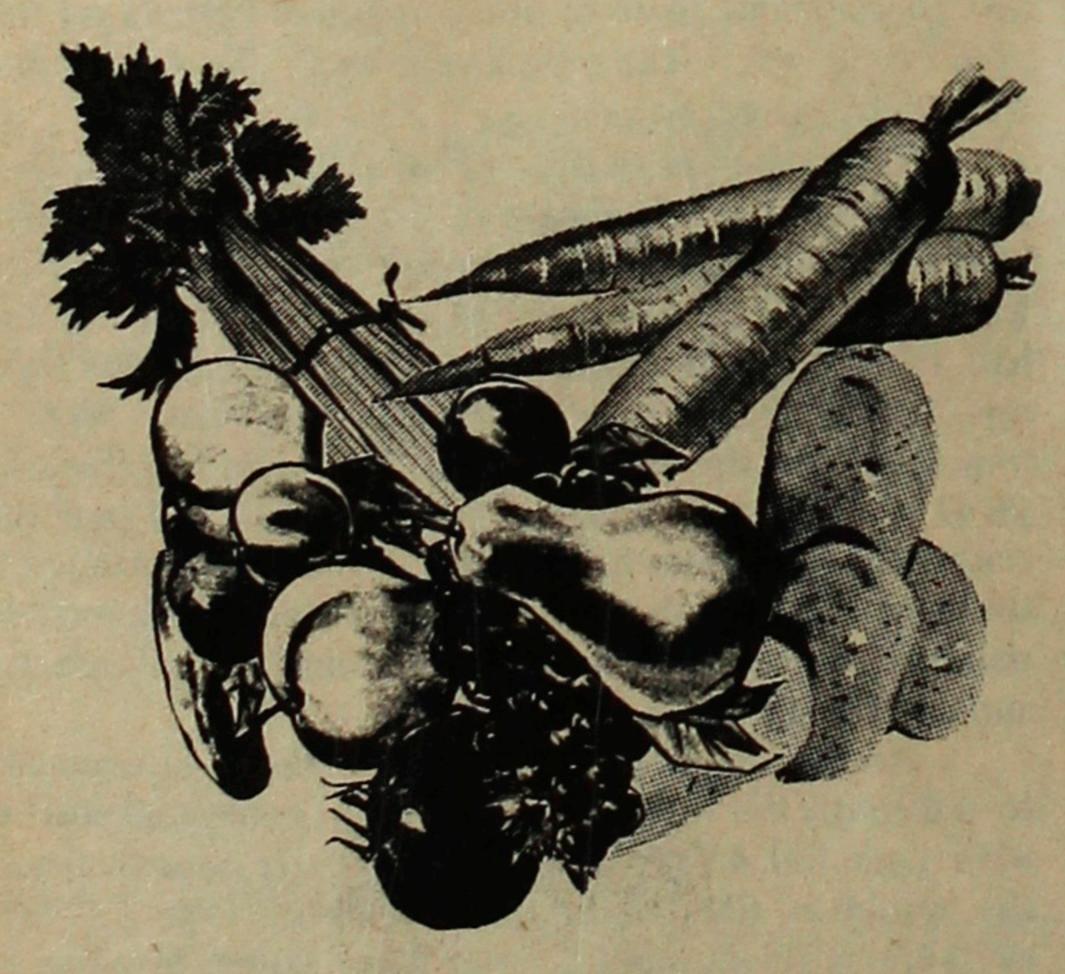
Hopefully these ideas will help you in organizing a food co-op. But the important thing is not to wait around for someone else to get one started. If you dig the idea, then do it! Get five, ten, or fifteen houses together and start buying food. Work collectively for everyone's good. Get to know the people in your community. Unite through a co-op.

Together we are much stronger!

Tom Okabe, Gidra staff

SOME HELPFUL HINTS ON...

FRUITS & VEGETABLES



If you aren't able to raise a garden of all the fruits and vegetables you need, there are a few general hints you might follow when shopping for produce. Most important when looking at say, tomatoes or plums, is realizing that you're dealing with Nature. In our plastic prepackaged society, we become used to merchandise that is uniform in appearance. But in the wonderland of our fruit and vegetable friends there are many variables to cope with. Changes in season and climate, differences in growing area and variety, shifts in market demand and transportation expenses, are just some factors which influence the quality and cost of the food you buy. Therefore, comparing prices between stores is useless without knowing what only your grocer would know. It also makes generalizations hazardous and subject to many conditions. So it goes.

Fruits

Apples are good right now because they are harvested in the fall. Those apples you buy in summer have been in storage most of the year and are therefore apt not to be as crisp. (Which is why California apples suf-

fered this year. That big heat wave in September made the apples mature too quickly: uncrispy.) Inspect the blossom end of the apple (opposite the stem end) and see if it is green. It is more likely to be crisp if the bottom is green rather than yellow.

Everyone has their special way to select melons. What's yours? Try looking at the stem end. Melons grow on a vine; the fruit closer to the root is closer to the source, all the good things of the earth. And the melons on the root end of the vine will have larger stems. But size alone is deceiving. Sometimes a big cantaloupe was picked late and is over-ripe. Pick it up and shake it. If it sloshes around a lot inside, the webbing is gone and the melon might be too old.

Peaches, pears and plums, like most fruit, are best in the summer. You should look for a fresh color and skin that yields gently to the touch. Actually, it might be wiser to buy them when they have good color but are firm, and then take them to ripen.

There is a peculiar but widely held notion that one can tell a ripe pineapple by being able to pull out a top leaf. Uncle Meat and Gidra want to cast off that illusion. You can pull the top leaf off of the greenest pineapple. Look for the warm color and shine. Also, inspect the skin texture and look for 'big eyes'—you know what I mean—the webbed pattern on the surface. Finally, make sure it is not too ripe by seeing that the pineapple top is still green and fresh.

Valencia oranges are grown in the summer and are great for juice. Navels are winter oranges, have thicker skins, and are better for eating. They should feel heavy; a lightweight orange is probably a lot of rind. Both should have skin that is smooth and shiney, and the navel of that navel orange should not be too big.

There are scores of different corn varieties. See that this summer vegetable has kernals neither too light and young (tasteless) nor too heavy and tough (starchy). The silk should look fresh and usually light, the kernals

unshriveled and with a sheen.

Cucumbers should be symmetrical—without a bulge at one end. A very large, old cucumber may be too 'piffy.' For squash, inspect the texture and leaf for its shine. A shine is also a good indication for celery. See that the root of this year round vegetable is not too big, and that the celery tops are leafy green, not yellow. Beans, basically a summer product, should be velvety in texture, not dry and shriveled.

Tomatoes should feel heavy and have a full color. Stores will have several sizes of tomatoes. If all you're going to do is chop them up, or cook them, the smaller cheaper variety is the wiser selection.

Lettuce is a year round produce; the best come from the Watsonville-Salinas area. Look for thicker leaves, wrapped evenly and solid. The leaves should not be too green or it will taste bitter.

Potatoes are also year round. White potatoes should be smooth in texture without a green cast. Russets, baking potatoes, should not have cuts or other marks. Since you peel potatoes, the bigger they are, the more economical. Incidentally, store potatoes in a cool dark place; they are actually a rather perishable product.

How do you tell a good store? Check out the produce section and see that things are neat, fresh, and well-trimmed. If the store regularly keeps conscientiously well kept appearance, it is likely to have better quality fruits and vegetables.

The answer of course is to eliminate a system which puts efficiency and profit over the nutritional needs of the people. But as we are working to change the existing system, we can help ourselves by buying and saving wisely and well.

Uncle Meat

Uncle Meat gratefully acknowledges the invaluable aid for this and last month's column from John Crayton, meat manager, and Nails Iwasaki, produce owner.

CHILDREN OF THE ATOMIC BOMB

TOMOYUKI SATO, fourth grade boy born in 1941.

On the sixth of August I had not entered school yet. I remember I was playing in front of the public bath near my house that day when Seichan told me to go to the garden to pick some flowers. I was on my way to pick them, when suddenly there was a great flash and I became very frightened and started to run home. As I was running, I felt a lot of needles in my eyes and I couldn't see where I was going. I finally reached my house and bumped into the front door. When I opened my eyes, everything was little dark.

After we went into the bomb shelter and waited a while, Father came back and was looking for us. When Sister heard him, she went out and brought him into the shelter. Father was badly burned above his hips. When we saw him, we all became frightened. Somebody put some oil on his body for him. In my heart, I thanked that person very deeply.

Sometime afterward, we went into the hills. We found an old temple and put up a mosquito net so that we could lay down there. We stayed there for a long time. After a while, some people began to go back to their homes so we went back too.

When we got home, we found all the windows broken, the shoji torn, the roof tiles broken, and everything else upside down. We cleared everything away and laid Father down to rest. About two months passed; in the middle of one night, Father called to Ba-a-chan and said, "I want to eat sweet potatoes." Ba-a-chan said, "All right," and she boiled sweet potatoes for Father.

"Father, the potatoes are ready," I said and looked at him, but he didn't answer. I touched him and he felt very cold. He had already died.

Dear Father, goodbye.

RURIKO ARAOKA, a fifth grade girl born in 1941

August sixth, 1945, I remember clearly what happened on that dreadful day. About eight o'clock in the morning, Mother was talking to Mrs. Yamamoto in front of the Moritas' house, when suddenly there was a flash and a very big noise. The Moritas' house fell down upon us. "Oka-a-chan!" I cried at the top of my voice, and at the same time Mother called, "Ruriko-chan! Rurikochan!"

I could move both my hands and feet, so I crawled in the direction of Mother's voice. I finally found Mother. She was all right and I was so glad I began to cry. Mother pulled me out through a space between some fallen boards. We walked back to our house.

Our house had completely fallen down. We could see our belongings on the second floor. We called for Grandma, but we heard no answer.

Mother looked for her everywhere. Many people passed by us. In a little while, Mother picked me up on her back, and ran to a nearby wide street where we happened to meet a lady who lived near us. She was carrying my little brother on her back. When Mother saw him, she ran to him and held him with joy.

My little brother's face and hands were burned. His face was swollen. He was only three years old at the time and very cute. But after a week, he passed away. He died calling, "Ka-a-chan! Ka-a-chan!"

We went to Hijiyama with our neighbor lady. The top of the hill was crowded with people whose skins were burned and hanging on to their bodies and with people who were burned black and already dead.

Mother and I looked for Grandma for a long time, but we couldn't find her. Mother began to cry.

To this day we have never found out what happened to Grandma.

After searching for Grandma, we went to Midorii. Mother was showing signs of radiation sickness. We were told that she would never get well. Everyday I cried thinking that I would be left alone in the end. But by some miracle, Mother got well. I was so glad!

After Mother had recovered, my father returned from a far-off island.

I now have two more little brothers. Every day is a happy day. But I will never forget my brother who died calling, "Ka-a-chan!" and my dear grandmother, whom we never found.

That's why I pray that there will never be another dreadful Pika-Don. * I am always thinking of that Pika-Don.

*Pika is an onomatopoetic word for a "flash;" Don is a loud noise.

TOSHIE TANABE, sixth grade girl born in 1940

I will never forget August 6, 1945. I was in the first grade. My brother, my friend Kiyo, and I were on our way to school when there was a great flash and I passed out.

When I came to, I saw that the school building had fallen down everywhere. I was frightened to death and cried, calling, "Oka-a-chan! Oka-a-chan!"

I don't remember much that happened after that. Suddenly, I heard a woman's voice: "Oh, poor thing!" I looked at myself and saw that my arms and back were burned. My knapsack was torn, but all my books were still inside. My clothes looked like rags and I was either burned or injured, and was crying, "Help!"

One lady who was badly burned and lying on her side asked me, "I need a pillow-won't you please give me your knapsack?"

I said, 'No, no," and I didn't lend it to her. I couldn't-my books were in it.

While I was still crying, Mother came looking for me. Mother cried when she saw me and we went home together. Our house had fallen down, and there was no one around. Mother had a cut on her forehead and she was all covered with blood. She went to look for Father and brother.

On both sides of the street there were many burned and injured people. As we looked back, we saw a sea of red fire. Somebody was shouting, "Go across the bridge quickly, or you will be burned to death!"

I spent the next three months in bed. My oldest brother was also burned on the face, hands and legs. He was in bed for two months.

Mother was also badly injured but she often stayed up all night to care for the three children.

The war ended on August 15.

My middle brother was missing and we never found him. He was a victim of the atomic bomb. Every time I think that I will never be able to see him again, I feel very sad.

I don't want another war.

I don't want the tragedy to happen again.

Give back my father, give back my mother; Give grandpa back, grandma back;

Give me my sons and daughters back. Give back myself.

Give back the human race. As long as this life lasts, this life,

Give back peace That will never end.

By Sankichi Toge

Long ago travelers heading west from China, upon leaving the outpost of the Jade Gate, would cast a stone against the Great Wall to determine the fate of their journey. If the stone bounced off the wall, it meant that the traveler would have a successful journey and return back safe and sound. If the stone fell straight down, the traveler would leave with a heavy heart for it meant that his journey would be a long and hard one.

CHUCK STONE

Originating from this legend, children at the Great Wall outpost of Yu-men Kuan play a similar game called Chuck Stone. Three piles of stone are placed in a row with each player standing equal from the poles, holding a chuck stone. Each one, in turn, calls out the stone and pile he is aiming at and attempts to hit his target. If, after casting his stone, he is successful, he keeps the stone and continues playing. Any stones dislodged from a pile in a cast are left where they fall and used as targets in subsequent casts. The game goes on until all stones are claimed, and the players then count the number they have accumulated.

BITING THE CARP'S TAIL

Children in China, celebrating the Autumn equinox, enjoy playing a game called Biting the Carp's Tail. They form a long line holding on to the person in front of them, making the tail of the carp. Those at the front of the line form the head and swing around, attempting to catch hold of those in the rear who form the tail. The tail in turn avoids being "bitten" by the head and in doing so the entire tail must move in harmony. After the head has caught the tail the child in front moves to the end, thus becoming the tail. The game continues with each person playing the part of the head and the tail. The game becomes more challenging as more children lengthen the tail.

games children play



Photo by Bob Nakamura

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN IN CHINATOWN



INTRODUCTION

The educational picture for the Chinese in America is one of extremes; a relatively high proportion of both men and women have completed at least one year of college, but approximately forty percent of both men and women have not gone beyond the eighth grade. Approximately sixteen percent of the men and nineteen percent of the women have had no schooling at all. It is the latter extreme—its causes, effects and prospects—which must be examined and understood.

HISTORY

In September of 1859, a day school for Chinese was opened in the basement of the Chinese Chapel, on the corner of Stockton and Sacramento Streets in San Francisco. This school was termed by the school board, "the first institution of its kind in any Christian land," indicating from the outset, the missionary outlook and the condescending attitude of white Americans. The school was suspended in June, 1860 because of the lack of interest on the part of the Chinese (white perspective), and of the lack of meaningful and relevant curriculum (Chinese perspective).

In an 1859 report concerning this school, Superintendent Denman of the San Francisco Board of Education stated:

The teacher has been faithful and energetic in the discharge of his difficult duty but the prejudices of caste and religious idolatry are so indelibly stamped upon their [Chinese] character and existence that his task of education seems almost hopeless. According to our laws, the Mongolians can never be elevated to an equality with the Anglo-Saxons and receive the title and immunities of American citizens. They, therefore, take but little interest in adopting our habits or learning our language and institutions.

In a span of over a century, the school board's perceptions have changed very little.

DEVELOPMENT

The Superintendent of Schools (of the San Francisco Unified School District), Robert Jenkins addressed a crowd of over 300 members of the Chinatown community on February 27, 1969. The fact that the many youth representing Galileo High School, Marina Junior High School, Commodore Stockton Elementary School, and the Le Ways and the Wah Chings were angry was no accident. Nor the violence erupting in the auditorium of Stockton Elementary School on that night.

The Superintendent's office had agreed to meet with representatives of the Chinatown community after they picketed and demanded of the Board of Education that a public meeting be held to discuss some of the long-standing grievances of schools in that area.

CONDITIONS

Educational deprivation was only one facet of Chinatown living conditions; the symptoms of prolonged and neglected existence were many. The universal use of Cantonese dialects in Chinatown created an insurmountable language deficiency and speech defects among students and adults alike. The language barrier deprived many the right of basic education (in 1960, the median education of persons over twenty-five was 1.7 years com-

pared with the city-wide med an of twelve years. Limited employment opportunities outside Chinatown caused high rates of unemployment (12.8 percent compared with the city-wide 6.7 percent for the male population). The inability of many in Chinatown to relate to middle class values and Anglo-oriented classrooms contributed to feelings of frustration and inferiority, which frequently resulted in truancy, drop-out and delinquency. Children were brought up under two, often conflicting, systems of political and cultural indoctrination: American public education and traditional Chinese values. To this date, the school system has yet to recognize this conflict and to create a meaningful cultural and social bridge between the two systems.

On October 3, 1965, the United States Congress enacted Public Law 89-236. This abolished the anti-Asian National Origin Quota System, based on racial origin, which had determined the number of immigrants admitted to the U.S. from various countries. Since the passage of the new law, thousands of Chinese came over to rejoin their long-separated families.

San Francisco population figures, released in April, 1969, by the Department of Public Health, indicate a drastic increase in Asian American population in that city. As of July, 1968, there were 62,000 Chinese out of the total city population of 748,700. The increase not only caused an unprecedented social and economic crisis in Chinatown, but also revealed the long history of deprivation, degradation, and negligence that Asian Americans endured over the last 130 years.

DEMOGRAPHY

Chinatown's high population density, second in the country only to Manhattan, New York, created a severe

housing shortage (885.1 persons per residential acreage, compared with city-wide 81.9 persons per residential acreage). It created relatively high rents and rapid deterioration of housing conditions, substandard and overcrowded housing (67 percent substandard compared with city-wide 19 percent), together with other social and economic factors gave rise to innumerable medical and mental health problems which included the nation's highest tuberculosis and suicide rates.

Despite the many problems facing Chinatown, the tourist sees Chinatown as the "mecca of tourism" with thousands of tourists pouring in everyday for "sightseeing, enjoyment and pleasure." In their ignorance, many civic and business leaders of San Francisco also consider Chinatown to be no more than a tourist attraction. The ignorance has been reinforced considerably by two widely held misconceptions: one, that the Asians in America "take care of their own," and two, that in time, the Asians move up the socio-economic scale. By singling out the myth of Asian "success," the dominant society relieves itself of all responsibility for Asian community problems and uses the same myth to perpetuate a policy of discrimination against the Asian American. At the same time, white America imposes this myth on other minority communities in an effort to divide Third World peoples.

EFFECT

The conditions of poverty, deprivation, and oppression in Chinatown and other urban ghettoes throughout the country are as remote and unknown to middle and upper class children and adults alike. Under the present educational system, it is precisely those people who do not know anything about ghetto conditions who are afforded the opportunity to go to school and obtain their degrees and credentials, thus becoming classroom teachers and counselor in culturally and economically oppressed areas.

The terms "culturally deprived" or "economically oppressed" are used to describe those children born or trapped into environments that predispose them toward psychologically debilitating development. This deprivation consists of "irregularities" (by dominant American standards) in their cultural, intellectual and emotional diet as well as constant exposure to non-middle class values in their neighborhood. Forty percent of Chinatown families are listed as poor under Federal poverty guidelines. Chinatown has been described by the San Francisco Chronicle as "a serfdom of immigrants with suspicion, fear and hostility-a place where men, women, and children work for pittances and live in the deepest of deprivation-a community where poverty, oppression, disease, and fear exist which have been further aggravated by the influx of poor, uneducated and poorly nourished immigrants from Hong Kong where now panic exists." On one hand, the system which creates such conditions as described above continues to ignore them. And on the other, the same system questions why ghetto children meet their standards in the classroom.

The failure of these children to learn is the failure of the schools to develop curricula consistent with the environmental experiences of the children and their subsequent initial abilities and disabilities.

Youth who are dissatisfied and disenchanted with "the system" which does not meet their needs are steadily growing in number. In recent years, many people in Chinatown have come to realize that they can no longer turn their backs and walk away from social ills. They are actively working in the Chinatown community for social and educational change.

BUSING

In a desperate effort to accomplish what the American Federation of Teachers called a "hasty patchwork, an excuse for the school district's failure to face its responsibilities for years," U.S. District Court Judge Stanley Weigel issued an order to integrate city elementary schools last April. And on September 13, approximately



Photographs from Wei Min

130 busses rolled out to various parts of San Francisco from the school district's parking lots.

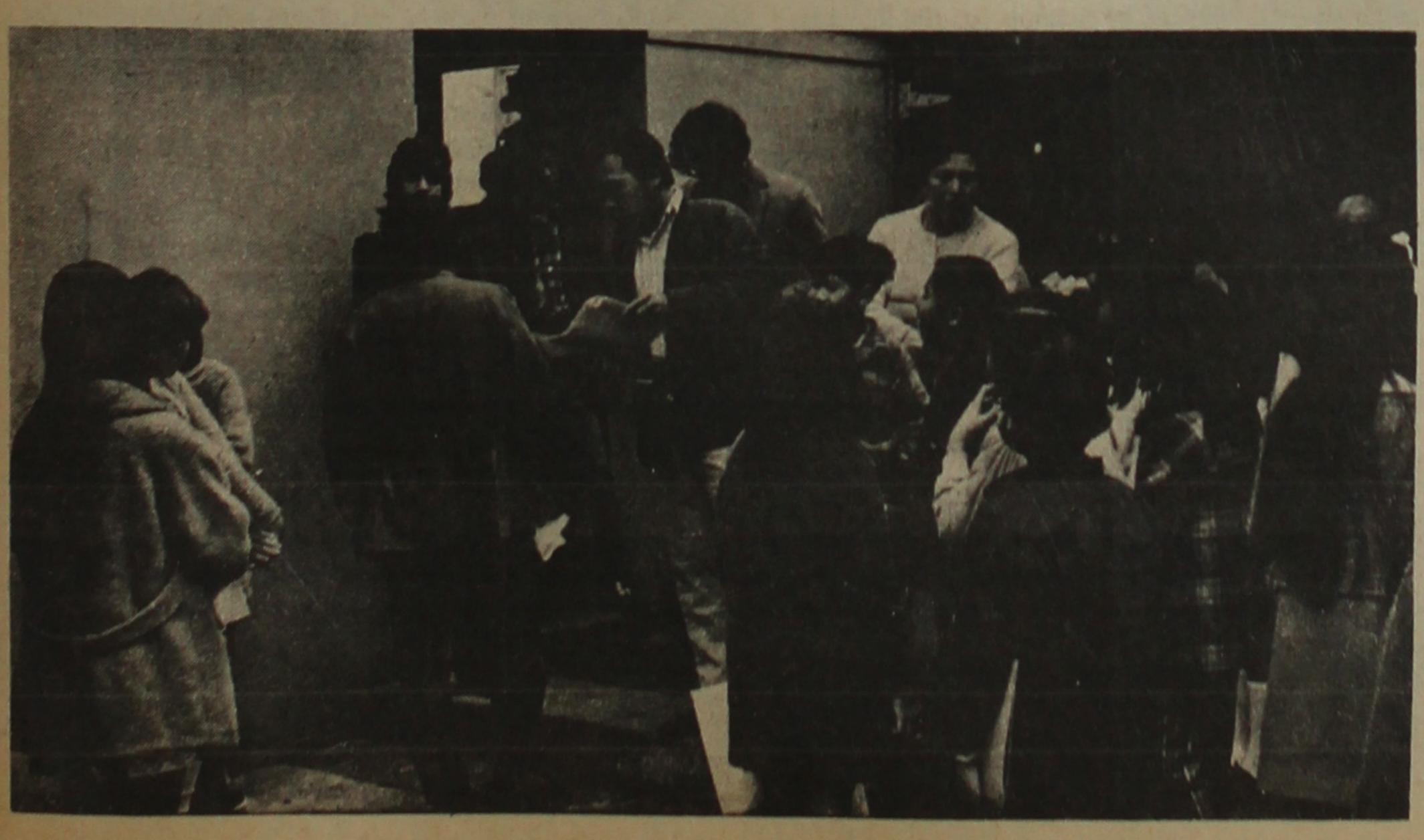
However at Commodore Stockton Elementary School in Chinatown, only fifteen children of 700 scheduled showed up to be bused to other parts of town. Forced busing, contrary to school officials' contentions, does not alleviate the deeper problems of gross distortions in the text books, the stigma of racist counselors, or the perplexities of disinterested and one-dimensional teachers.

Yet school officials are attempting to enforce busing by investigating absentees and citing parents of absentees with violation of the State Education Code which



requires an elementary child to attend school for three hours a day, 175 days a year. Juvenile Court then can assess a fine of \$25 and/or five days in jail upon the parent of a child found to be "unlawfully absent."

Despite these efforts, an estimated two thousand children from the Chinatown area were kept from being bused to other public schools by their parents who organized the Chinese Parents Committee to oppose the execution of a court-imposed decision in which they had no part.



COMMUNITY SCHOOL

It is clear that, for the children of Chinatown, or anywhere in America for that matter, it is not enough to have Third World and white children sitting together in classrooms. There are deeper problems that must be examined and dealt with. Realizing the need for quality bi-lingual and bi-cultural instruction for their children, the Chinese Parents Committee of San Francisco took steps this fall to institute Community "Freedom" Schools as a reaction to the school board's insensitive decision to force busing as a panacea to educational problems. Approximately two thousand Chinatown children attend one of six such schools opened in the neighborhood. The schools have outlined four basic purposes, none of which were met by the public school system:

1. Quality Education

2. To Foster and Preserve our Culture

3. To Encourage Community Participation

4. To Interrelate Community and School Life

These points raise many questions. What is quality education? What is the culture the school is to foster—is it to be the culture of feudal China or that of New China? As part of a meaningful bi-cultural education, teachers and pupils can study about New China. To learn about China means not only to study history of China and Chinese in America, but to learn the values of its people: self-reliance and collectivism.

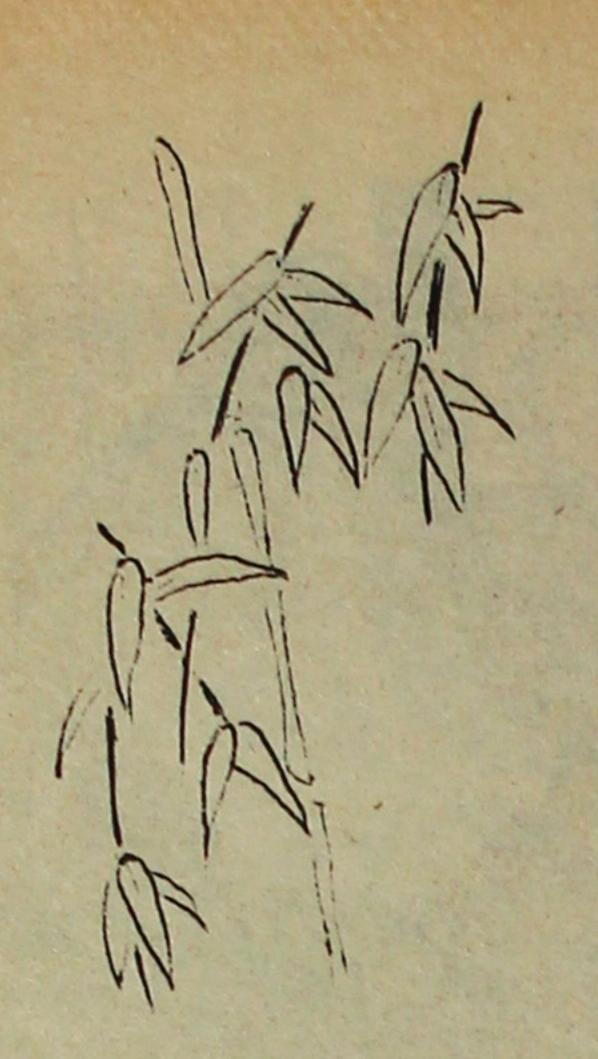
UNDERSTANDING

Community Schools are alternatives to an educational system which does not meet the needs of the people. A significant part of making the Community School effective and relevant is understanding the reasons behind the need for their very existence. Why do parents and communities have to set up their own schools? Why haven't the school districts dealt with educational problems more directly? What are the failures of the present public schools system? These are questions that must be raised in every undertaking and in every policy decision.

In connection with this, the rationale given by the business establishment and some entrepreneurs in Chinatown concerning their opposition to busing should be subject of deeper examination. Some oppose busing for reasons other than to benefit the educational needs of the children. Having the children of Chinatown exposed to other Third World children (mostly black and Chicano). the Six Companies and others in the Chinatown establishment feel, will have a secularizing and liberalizing influence upon them. Some youth, they fear, will even be radicalized and revolutionized, thus creating a threat to their capitalistic ventures. This might be manifested in several ways. The youth may learn to more effectively challenge the contradictions that the Chinatown establishment so fervently tries to conceal and protect. Also, the growing number of revolutionary "street" people will "scare away" thousands of tourists.

All of these factors must be clearly understood within the complex framework of the existing conditions of Chinatown. Many questions cannot be adequately answered given the present limited resources of the Community School, but it will evolve and grow as it is molded by the spirit of its people. If the Community Schools become unresponsive to the changing and expanding needs of the people, then these school will have to be altered or replaced. Education must always serve the changing needs of the people.

-by Mike Murase Gidra staff writer



We Like to Plant Bamboos

Green bamboos, Tall and jointed, We plant them row by row. Papa likes to plant bamboos, They give cool shade in summer. Mama likes to plant bamboos, The canes help dry our clothes. We like to plant bamboos, Because they are strong, Because of their backbone, Fearing neither wind nor frost. Wearing bamboo hats, Carrying bamboo baskets, We walk in the bamboo grove. We leave the old shoots to grow into new bamboos, But pluck some young ones for soup when we get home.



THE PLAYGROUND

Saturday afternoon. Television cartoons. Anti-Music. Fantasies. Marvel Superheroes. Captain America. Over the din of the radio-furnished top-forty counterpoint, Ricky could hear the rhythmic beat of a bouncing basketball. Jumping up from his comic-book nest on the floor, he took a quick look out of the window, grabbed his jacket and shot out of the front door. As he scrambled out into the street, he thought he heard his mother calling him but decided he would be better off not noticing. Paying attention to his mother too often never quite seemed to pay off.

"Hey, Tomo!"

Tomo turned and saw that it was Ricky, his neighbor and good friend, calling him. As Ricky came trot ting up behind him, Tomo noticed that, although only a couple of years older, Ricky was appreciably taller than himself, who was small even for a sixth-grader.

"Hi, Ricky. I'm going to the playground. You wanna go with me?"

Ricky, who was smiling as he came up, suddenly stopped and stared at Tomo as though he wasn't sure of what he had just heard.

"Are you kidding? The playground?"

"Yeah, I don't wanna stay home. It's Saturday and I'm gonna play some basketball."

"But, Tomo, not the playground. Not after last week. Don't you remember?"

Tomo kept bouncing the basketball, staring blankly at the sidewalk with Ricky watching him carefully as they walked alongside each other.

"I remember."

Ricky stopped watching him as they wandered toward the intersection. His voice was softer this time as he broke the silence.

"Does it still hurt? It was pretty bad last week." "No. Just my knee a little bit where I fell down."

The high-pitched playground noises could already be heard as they crossed the street and turned west. Ricky grabbed the basketball and started bouncing it himself.

"This is stupid," he said. "Those boys that beat you up last week will be there again. They're always there. You got them mad last week when you wouldn't give them any money, and if they see you again they're not going to leave you alone."

"But why?"

Ricky was getting impatient.

"I don't know. How should I know? They're older than me. Some of them have been in trouble with the police even. They're just bad. That big one-the one who calls you V.C.--he's in high school. My sister says he takes reds and they make him mean."

Tomo looked puzzled.

"I didn't do anything to them."

"You wouldn't give them money Damn, it was only a quarter. Wasn't it worth a quarter not to get beat

Tomo could feel his temper rising.

"Yeah, but it's my quarter."

"Tomo, you're so dumb. They take money from all the kids at the playground. Nobody can fight them all. They're too big. There's too many of them."

Tomo didn't answer. He could hear the sounds of e playground getting closer and he was afraid. His memory was drifting back to last Saturday. Back to the urst punch. Back to the pain. He felt himself begin to shudder as they reached the last intersection.

Ricky was determined to stop him.

Listen to me, Tomo. Just give them the money his time and quit trying to play hero, okay?

Frustrated by Tomo's persistence, Ricky began to

You stupid punk, you'll get all of us in trouble with them. How come you gotta be so stubborn? You think you're so brave when you're just showing off, especially for Minako...

Furious, Tomo grabbed his basketball and stood glaring at Ricky.

You're just like my mom," he shouted, "You don't understand anything. Maybe it's showing off to you, but to me it's right. Sure, I'm only a sixth-grader and you're in junior high school, so you think you're smart. But I'm not gonna give them any money and I'm not gonna listen to you!"

Tomo turned quickly and began to walk up the treet without waiting for Ricky. Startled by the outburst. Ricky hesitated for a moment, then began to follow him silently.

They both slowed down as they reached the chainlink fence that surrounded the playground. Inside they could see movement and color. All around the playground, groups of children were darting about, bouncing up and down, running and jumping. Kindled by a seemingly endless supply of energy, they were enthusiastically propelling tetherballs, volleyballs, basketballs and jumpropes into the air.

Tomo and Ricky turned into the front gate, stopped near the chanting jumpropers and looked nervously around. Scanning to the left, Iomo could see the basketball backboards looming up over the courts. He stared for a while, fascinated by the back-and-forth motion of the players, bouncing his ball absentmindedly as he watched. Then, Ricky nudged his shoulder, pointing off to the right. Tomo looked to where he was pointing

and felt his stomach tighten. They were perched on the swings, leaning on its poles, pitching coins against the wall, or just standing with their hands in their pockets. They looked idle, bored and very big--at least to Ricky and Tomo.

After exchanging apprehensive glances, Ricky

spoke. "What if it happens again?"

"I don't know. The same thing, I guess."

"But they could really hurt you. They're so big. What if they really hurt you?".

Tomo thought about it for a second, then simply shrugged his shoulders sadly. Looking again to his right, he took a deep breath and started to walk towards the basketball courts.

Tomo pretended not to hear, but Ricky turned to

Hey, look, the Viet Cong are back!"

Tomo was too frightened to turn, so he kept walking slowly towards the basketball courts, hoping they would leave him alone. Ricky had turned completely around and was walking backwards beside him. He could see them gathering together as they were starting to follow. Panic seized him and he looked towards the street for a policeman.

"Where you going, V.C.? Wait for us." Still walking. No policeman. No one in sight.

"Hold it man. You wanna play war?" The group of them had manuevered themselves around Tomo and Ricky and they were closing. It soon became apparent that they wouldn't be reaching the basketball courts, so Tomo stopped. Ricky didn't see him and kept backing up towards the courts. Suddenly, Tomo spun around, flinging his basketball into the face of his tormentor. The impact jarred his head, staggering him for a moment. By the time he regained his balance, the playground seemed strangely quiet. For a moment,

everything stopped Tomo watched helplessly as he started towards him. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the facial expressions on the others. Hatred. Hostility. Some sympathy. Even terror. He hadn't noticed before. It just seemed odd that no one had even asked him for any money this time. He knew that it was happening again, just like before. He had vaguely anticipated this moment, hoping some magic would intervene and save him. But now he was alone. All he could do now was fight back. He wondered if the beating would be different this time, or the next. He wondered if he would ever win. He just didn't know.

-by Mike Yamamoto



Oh, so much older all grown up, experienced and knowledgeable and together we know this untrue...

As I try, younger brother and sister

I will look again
i will stare into your eyes
for the subtle glimpse of approval,
for the smiling face, eyes tightly meshed
in the brilliance of our play.

"But", my younger brother and sister, as older people say,

I will be looking back again
past your gleam,
into the thoughts of my own past...
I will again, have to feel those growing pains,
i will have to remember
what those schools and teachers can do
what lies were told, what games were played
this, in directing our futures.

I cannot make promises that will never break
and create dreams that will always come true,
but i will play
i will laugh and cry as we stumble
and hopefully soon,
I will teach...
and greet you, "Oh hell

"Oh hello",
I'm lloyd
what's yours?"

If you look my way

for a gentle touch and honest words to your ears, I will not respond to your satisfaction...

I keep saying, in thinking of you,

you're growing up a younger brother and sister uncommitted, but seriously involved.

I see how
you search for directions,
stumbling about on the concrete play grounds
reaching out for a delicate pair of hands.

The world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis, it is yours. You young people, full of vigor and vitality, are in the bloom of life, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. Our hope is placed in your.

-Mao-



Yeah Eugene I know how you feel, that people just don't understand the way you are, or do I? I bet from that branch of yours the world looks a whole lot brighter, the trees and the people a whole lot smaller and you, Eugene, must feel so much taller... or do you? Anyway, come on Eugene everybody's eating breakfast!



You knew and I knew that our ends were near. only ten days ago

yet we were friends.

I say 'were'

because I see

your smiling face no longer, nor laugh at your

kiddish jokes,

with a deep appreciation.

We both will move on to lands foreign and minds contrary But, my brothers, we will be together in love,

in peace. . .

soon.



Many times we are awkward, needing a camera's eye and a few lines of poetry between us to understand. Many times we are selfish, forgetting the human involvement behind the photograph or poem. And many times in trying so hard to relate the frustrations, joys and hopes we feel, we imposed. But these many times we have not forgotten, we are,

yet both learning. . .

bob and lloyd



BUYINGA USED CAR

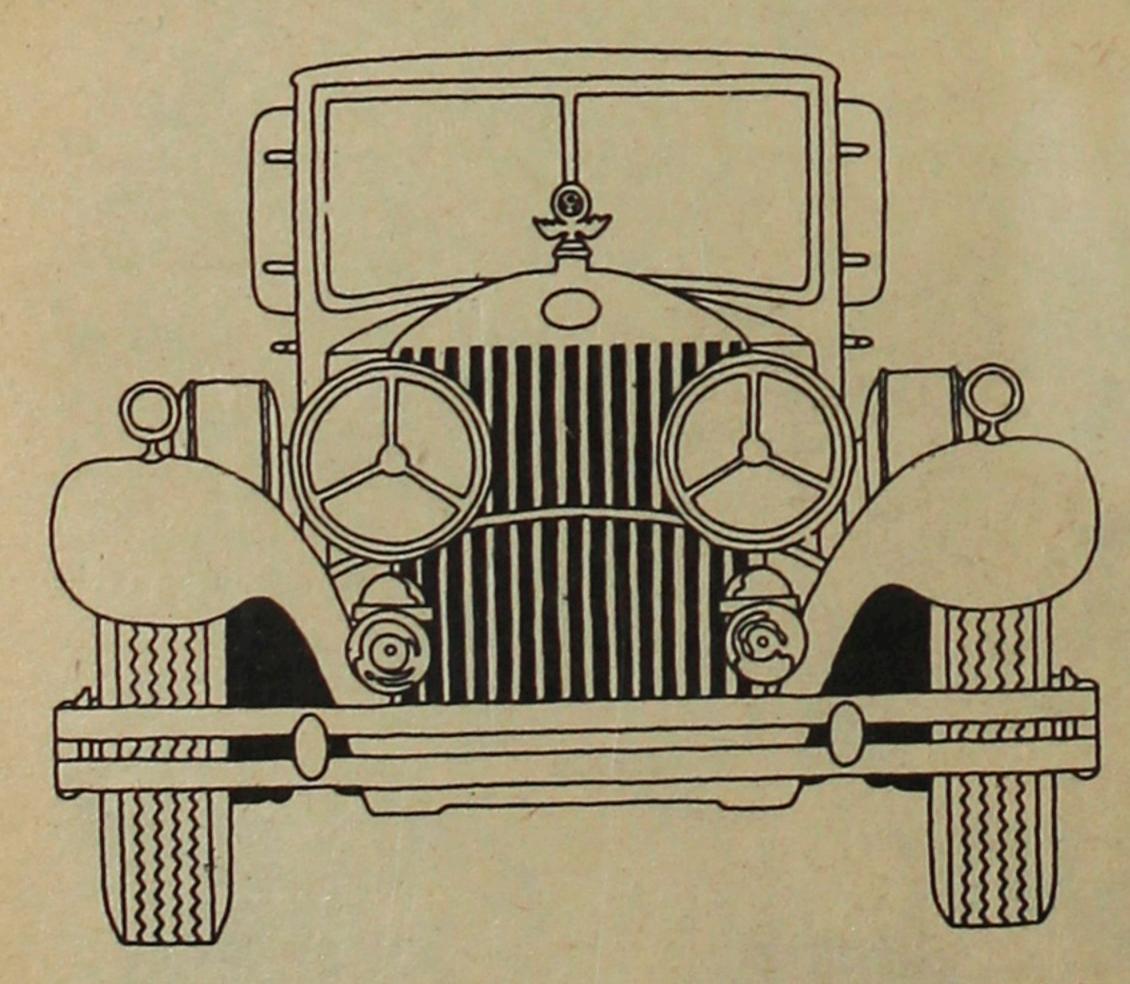
by JF, Gidra staff

Author's note: This article could not have been possible without the expert technical advice of Danny Matsumura, ace mechanic at Ken's Auto Service.

Whether you're new in Los Angeles, or been down here all your life, you've no doubt realized the need for some kind of cheap transportation. Only a few options are open to the person without the means who has to get somewhere across town each day: take the bus, call a taxi, thumb, or borrow a friend's car. Granted, all of these will get you there (after all, that's all that really matters), and if any one or a number of these options handle your needs adequately, more power to you. But, let's say you've been thumbing your way to work now for more than a few months, and have been able to save a little money on the sly for a car, a used car, or maybe to save up enough to get a car you can all share. If so, then this article may help you when you go shopping for "la bomba."

As was mentioned before, the main reason for buying a car is so you'll have a way of getting to where you want to go, period. If you're into low rides, hot rods, chrome this and chrome that, then you'll have to check into that stuff on your own. This article is pointed towards those who consider a radio that works or a defroster that defrosts as convenient luxuries, not necessary accesories. All set? Alright, let's 'hit the road,' huzzuh!

We'll begin by setting up a realistic situation. Let's imagine that, after some fierce financial struggles, you (perhaps with together your friends) have put away about \$350.00 or so for a used car. Now, a quick glance at the classified ad section of your newspaper will snow you that most cars in this price range (from \$50 to \$350) are domestic makes-Chevys, Fords, Plymouths, etc. If you're hunting specifically for a \$300 VW, the "peoples' car," you won't find too many in dependable condition for that little (mostly because the resale value on VW's, like their ads tell you, are very high-they don't depreciate much). But if you're heart's set on a Volkswagen, there's a book out which sells for \$5.00 which tells you all you

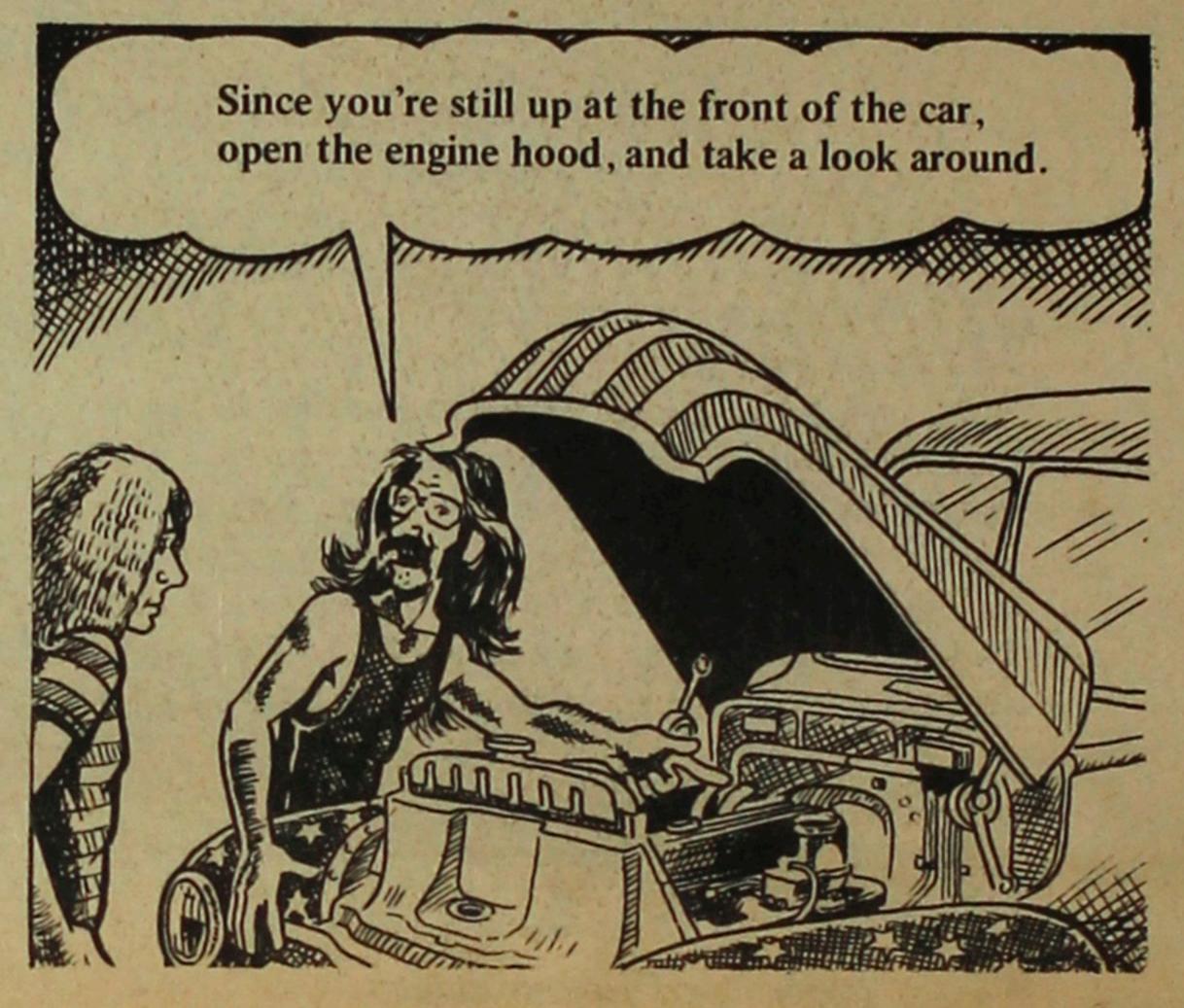


need to know about the bug and how to buy one (it's called, A Step by Step Guide for the Complete Idiot), so you won't have to read the rest of this article. But, if you just want a car that goes and stops, then keep read-

Okay. Obviously, do not go to a used car dealer with your bread and say, "Gimme the best you got for \$300!" Stay away from those places entirely! They sell used cars at retail prices and once you buy a car from a dealer, and later on you decide to sell it, you'll have trouble trying to get back most of what you paid for it (not to mention what you've had to pay for repairs), that is, if it's still running. It's best to buy from a private party (abbreviated "Pr Pty" in newspapers), not only do they sell at below the dealers' retail prices, but you can at least bargain rationally with a private party and wind up paying a fair price for what you want. Also, many of the owners of cars in this price range don't bother to put even a one-day ad into a newspaper, because they figure it's not worth it (it costs about \$12.60 to place a twoline ad in the Sunday Times); so, keep you're eyes peeled for those home-made "For Sale" signs in car windows,

they're often better buys than those advertised in the pa-

Still there? Alright, let's assume that you've found a car, maybe two or three, which, after talking with the



owners over the telephone, you feel are worth catching out the general appearance of the body and interiorthese are indicators of what kind of life the engine has had and what kind of driver the owner is. If the car looks tired, worn out, the body's smashed up, and the upholstery and carpet is worn down, no doubt the engine is in similar shape. Check carefully for any signs of rust!! In mechanics' lingo, rust is termed cancer-once rust has started it doesn't stop. Even if you sanded all the rust off the entire car and painted it over with color prime and iridescent orange with pearlescent-white cob webs, within a year, it would be back and spreading. On Chevys and Pontiacs, check carefully around the rear window rim; that's where rust tends to start on those model cars. Cars with vinyl tops have to be very carefully checked for any bumps. If you happen to spot a bump in a vinyl top, press down on it. If it's soft, it's only an air pocket and there's no problem-but if it's hard, it's rust, and you better not buy the car...no matter what, because the rust will eventually spread all over the car and you won't be able to stop it. Also, beware of cars from the East Coast! Evidently, the climate there promotes rust very readily. While you're at it, get down on your hands and knees and see if the frame has been undercoated. Undercoating is a common way of preventing rust from attacking the frame of a car. It looks like tarpaint. If there's rust on the frame, forget it. It might be a good idea to check and see if rust has formed on the muffler or tail-pipe; if it has, then you'll be needing a new muffler within a year (that's about \$8 to \$12).

Okay, walk to the front of the car and bounce up and down on the front fenders. If you hear a metal-tometal squeak, the car needs new bushings (these are rubber pieces which fit between the frame of the car and the front axle), which is going to cost you a fortune, in our terms. If you don't hear any odd noises, you can kneel down and see if the two front tires are worn evenly. If they aren't worn evenly, then you'll probably have to get the front end aligned (that's about \$8) or, worse yet, have a new ball-joint installed (we're talking about another 'fortune' invested here).

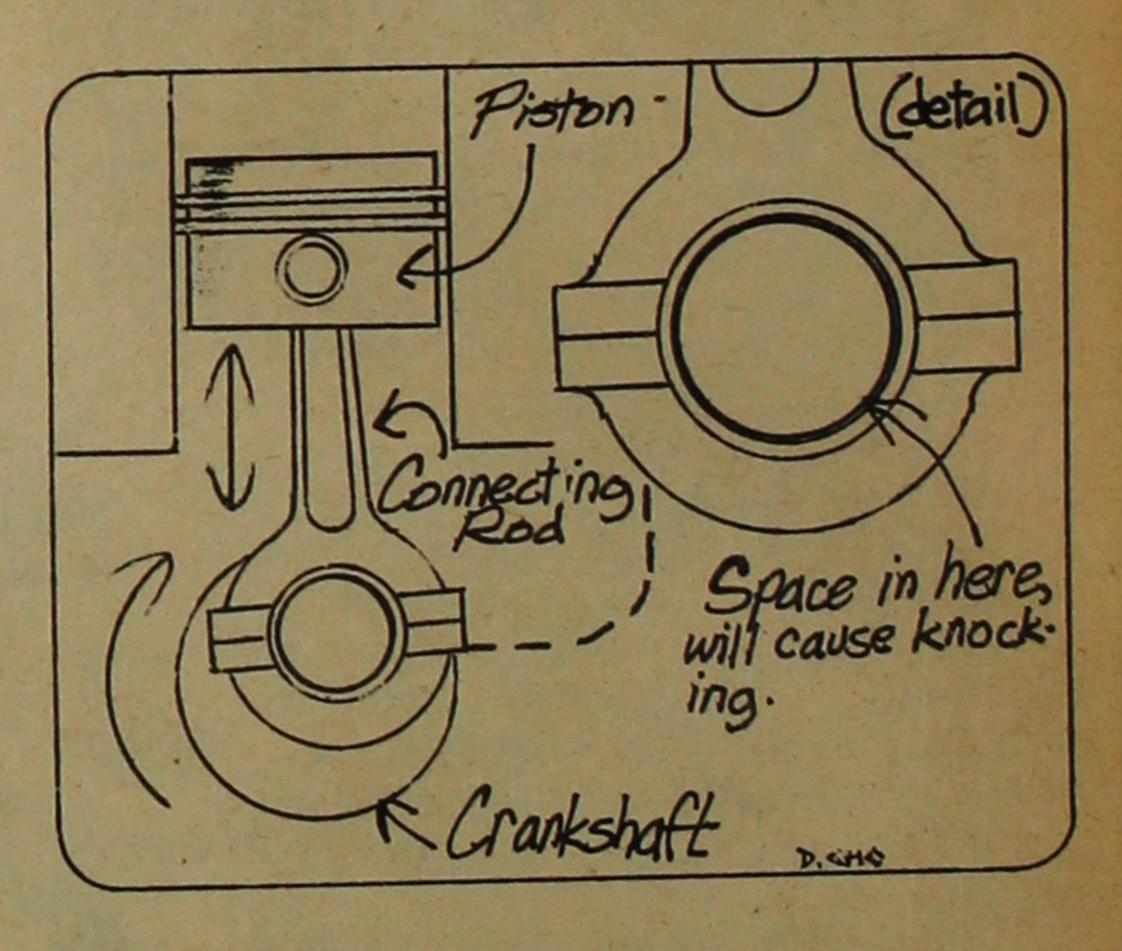
Since you're still up at the front of the car, open the engine hood, and take a look around. Check out the visible parts of the frame (between the engine and the wheel well) to see if there are any signs of recent work, for example, new welds, new frame sections, etc. These are signs of a major front-end collision (you should also look under the rear trunk and check there for any recent frame work which would indicate a severe rear-end accident). If you find these tell-tale signs of severe damage, don't buy the car.

Many people have said that you can get a good idea of what the engine is like inside by the color and texture of the oil. This is true, but not always-a clever owner changes his oil just before he sells the car (this is a good point to remember when you decide to get rid of your car). But since you're right there looking at the engine, you might as well go ahead and pull out the dip-stick and see if the oil is thick, gunky black and/or has an extremely gritty feel when you pinch it. This'll tell you what the engine's like inside-pretty crummy. Generally speaking, if a car has had its oil changed regularly, the engine will be clean inside, and last much longer.

Up to this point, we've checked for rust (car cancer), severe body and frame damage, front-end alignment, the front axle bushings, mufflers and tail-pipes, and have gotten a quick look at the engine, all without even starting the car up! Pretty amazing, don't you think?

So now, let's go and start the car up.

Turn the starter on, and if the engine was cold when you were checking out the frame and oil, see if it starts up good. Listen for any strange noises, especially knocking sounds. If knocking is audible, the owner will usually admit that the car needs to have the valve tappets adjusted (valve tappets are little things that determine how far up and down the valves travel in their seats; if not adjusted properly, the valve makes a knocking noise each time it closes). This isn't serious trouble and you how to do it. But if you still have that knocking noise after you have adjusted your tappets, the knocking might mean that you're going to break a connecting rod pretty soon. A connecting rod is a piece of heavy metal used to transfer the up and down motion of a piston into useable rotating motion on the crankshaft. It looks kinda like this:



There's a hole in the bottom of the connecting rod which is fitted with a bearing through which the crankshaft (technically, this section of the crank which passes through the hole in the connecting rod is called a throw rod) rotates. The fit between this frictionless bearing and the throw rod is extremely critical. Obviously, if the connection were loose, and a space formed between the throw rod, since the piston is going up and down hundreds of times per second, you'd hear a knocking sound which neither you nor the owner would be able to differentiate from the noise of an improperly-adjusted tappet. I mention all this connecting rod business because, if the connecting rod should break, you'll need a new engine (new piston, rod, have the crank machined, etc., etc., etc.)-it's as simple as that. The bad thing about it is, if you have a knocking sound, you can't tell if it's a rod without first adjusting the valves. And usually, when you go check out a car, there's no time to be doing that kinda thing (besides, I doubt if the owner will allow a stranger to take apart his car and fiddle with it). So, use your own discretion, but remember that a knocking engine could mean big trouble and big money in the future.

continued on page 17

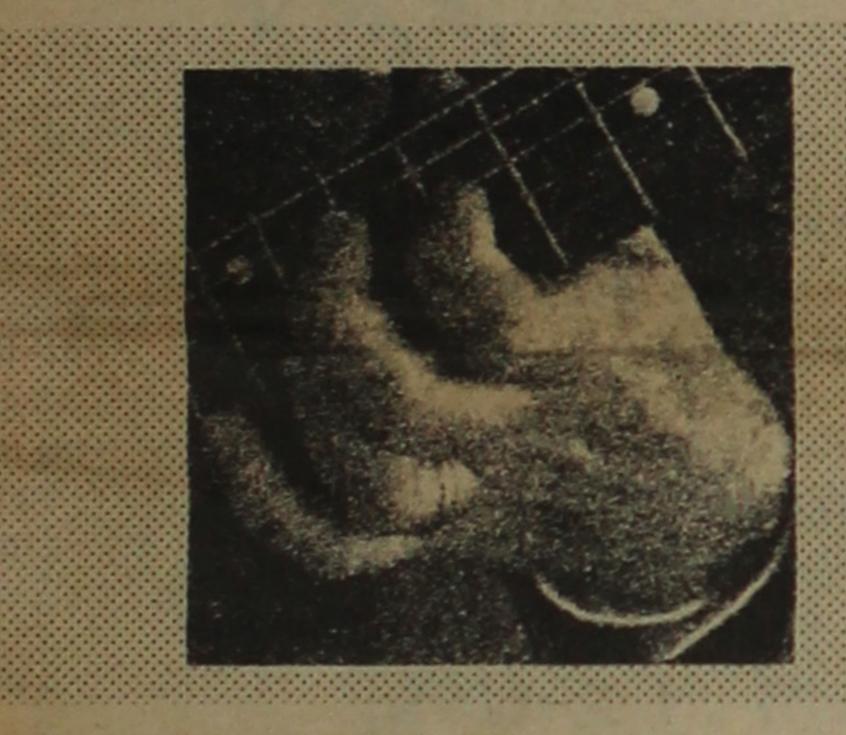
an electric ax for cutting good vibes

Woodstock was two years away. Earlier in the year, the Rascals and the Doors both had albums out that were really hot. Somethin' Else and some other bands had picked up on some songs from those two groups and other big names and were practically copying them note for note. The local Asians in Los Angeles were digging it. Parkview one week, then Rodger Young And on and on.

Back in 1967, it was the third week in November and the guys were still practicing. They were at it after six weeks which was a long time to them. What they called "an all out effort" amounted to two afternoons a week since there were other things that included football practice, dropping reds and algebra 3 homework, not to mention worrying about SAT scores. They were all high school seniors. As yet they didn't have a name for the band, but they knew they wanted to play for some good dances. The name would come later. First it was practice.

They were using the garage in back of Rick's house on Hillcrest Drive which was okay except for terrible acoustics and Rick's mom. She would always come home from work at 5:30, and with her hands on her hips, complain about all the noise and of bothering the neighbors. At first they tried turning their amps down to "one" and Rick attempted to play his white pearl Rogers drum set with a copy of the Rafu Shimpo placed over the snare. They decided that it would be better to stop when Rick's mom got home.

Tommy was the bass player. He had a Precision bass guitar and a Super Reverb amp. Both were Fenders and it was the same unique set-up that was used in sessions for Motown. His father, who was a successful dentist, bought the equipment and the replacements for all the speakers Tommy cracked. His hands and fingers were too small for the finger board, but he loved to show people the guitar and talk about Motown.



Wayne didn't care for soul music that much. For now it was strictly the Rascals and Doors. He was the organist who had a Farfisa Mini-Compact and small Sears Silvertone amp with reverb. He was lucky because his mom worked at Sears and could get a ten percent discount off the things she bought at the store. He was just about getting "Light My Fire" down.

"It's really stupid to copy other people's songs,"
Steve had said. He played guitar.

"The least we could do is try some new arrangements. Maybe even write our own stuff."

They had talked over this before. Knowing that they wanted to play for other Heads and not quite sure if people would like their own stuff, it was just plain safe to do what had worked before.

"That's stupid. Just plain stupid," Steve would say.

They probably could have done it, but as it turned out, Steve, the most versatile one in the group, was too lazy to work on new arrangements. It was alot easier to do it just like the records. Steve did work on some of his own songs when the spirit moved him but he never finished them. He was a real dreamer.

"I'm stupid. Just plain stupid," Steve would say. For the six weeks they were practicing, Steve had been using a good acoustic guitar. The others had insisted that he get an electric. Steve had said that he thought there could be an alternative. They didn't know what he meant until that afternoon. When they started in on "Groovin" by the Rascals, he began to imitate the electric guitar by humming and making sound effects.

"Hmm-twang. Dang - duh - dah - dang."

"Stop."

"Wait a minute. What is this guy doing?"

"Why don't we get a cord from an amp and plug it into his belly button?"

At Steve's suggestion, they quietly talked over the feasibility of this new approach. They had learned to be patient with the guy and they found that it just didn't pay to get all emotional over every little thing that he brought up. Steve was also extremely patient with the other guys.

"Why don't we all just imitate the sounds of our instruments?"

"Steve, we have the instruments and we might as well use them."

"That's not a good enough reason and besides we could add a lot of other sounds too. Violins. French horns. Tubas."

"Look, we only have four guys in the band. If all of us have to imitate instruments who's gonna do the singing? Especially the harmony."

"Why don't we just get more peonle?"

They finally convinced Steve that they couldn't handle more people at the time and that it might be better to forgo his idea of using no instruments. Rick had insisted that he could not do a decent job of imitating the drums.

When the idea of outfits for the band came up a little later, Wayne thought it would be a good idea to have everyone in suits with matching vests just like the Association.

"The Asso-who?" Steve wanted to know.

"The Association, y'know, Along comes Mary."

"Who wants to wear a uniform anyway? We're not in the Army."

Steve suggested that they all wear what each person wanted. He also added that for himself he liked the idea of white boots and some flashy colored tights.

They somehow talked Steve out of anything that drastic. It seemed, they thought, that the Asian crowds at Parkview and Rodger Young were not ready for something like that as yet, if ever.

Later on, Steve let the others know that he really didn't have enough money for an electric guitar. The guys told him that if that were the case then they'd all pitch in to help him out. These three guys were his only close friends and he tried to show it, but he didn't want to be all sloppy about it. Steve had a good idea that they knew, and he was truly touched by their

"Get a good one now."

"Okay, thanks alot fellas. See you a little later."
He left them as they were working on the three part harmony to "Groovin'." Steve knew that when he found a guitar, he'd like to paint it with day-glo. He'd ask the others about it first though. As he left the garage to shop around, he could hear the others inside trying their best to harmonize like the Rascals but still howling away in a poor imitation.



Types

There are basically two types of electric guitars available. The hollow-body and the solid-body. Although acoustically they produce distinctly different sounds, electronically they can produce the same sound (with equivalent pick-ups and proper control settings). The choice in style of guitar is dependent upon your individual tastes, but keep strongly in mind that the quality in material and craftmanship is of utmost importance.

You are probably working on a budget, but unfortunately, quality isn't obtained cheaply. Expect to pay at least \$125 to \$150 for a fairly good used electric guitar or at least \$250 to \$300 for a new one. Better deals are found if you're a patient and wise shopper, so do keep your eyes and ears open.

Neck

"Sight" the neck lengthwise, that is, the view along the finger board should be perfectly "true". A warped neck ruins the entire playing ability of the guitar, don't even waste your time looking at a guitar possessing even the slightest curve.

Hardware

Be sure the tuning keys function properly—the "worm-gears" should turn easily, but shouldn't allow the strings to lose tension. The tail piece must be made of strong material and be securely mounted, since it must support the pulling tension of the guitar strings. Try to get a guitar with a bridge that is fully adjustable for individual string height and length. An easy bridge adjustment check is, to play the first and twelfth fret of each string, they should be exact octaves (if not, see that it can be correctly adjusted, otherwise forget it!) If you're looking at a used guitar, check the frets for excessive wear, they should be perfectly smooth or playing difficulties may arise.

Controls and Switches

Although they are not too expensive, there is no need to add the cost of replacing or repairing faulty controls or switches. Listen for static as you turn the tone and volume controls (while hooked-up to an amplifier), static could mean worn parts or dust has gotten into the



control pod. The switch, which selects the pick-up or combination of pick-ups used, should work smoothly with sure electrical contact in all positions.

Pick-up Quality

Play through an amplifier at the volume you would normally play—with good pick-ups you can get rich clean sounds and also gutty sustained sounds, depending on various control combinations. Humbucking pick-ups (used in fine Gibson Guitars) are undisputedly one of the best. But the upper top of Fender's and Guild's line of electric guitars also have fine pick-ups.

Strings

Confusion may arise when it comes to the subject of strings. Their importance cannot be overlooked. Light gauge strings are the most popular for today's music—their tone is on the twangy, ratty side, are much easier to play, and can be played for long sets without fatigue. Heavier gauge strings, have a mellow, jazz stone and tire the player's fingers quickly, unless, he has developed very strong hands.

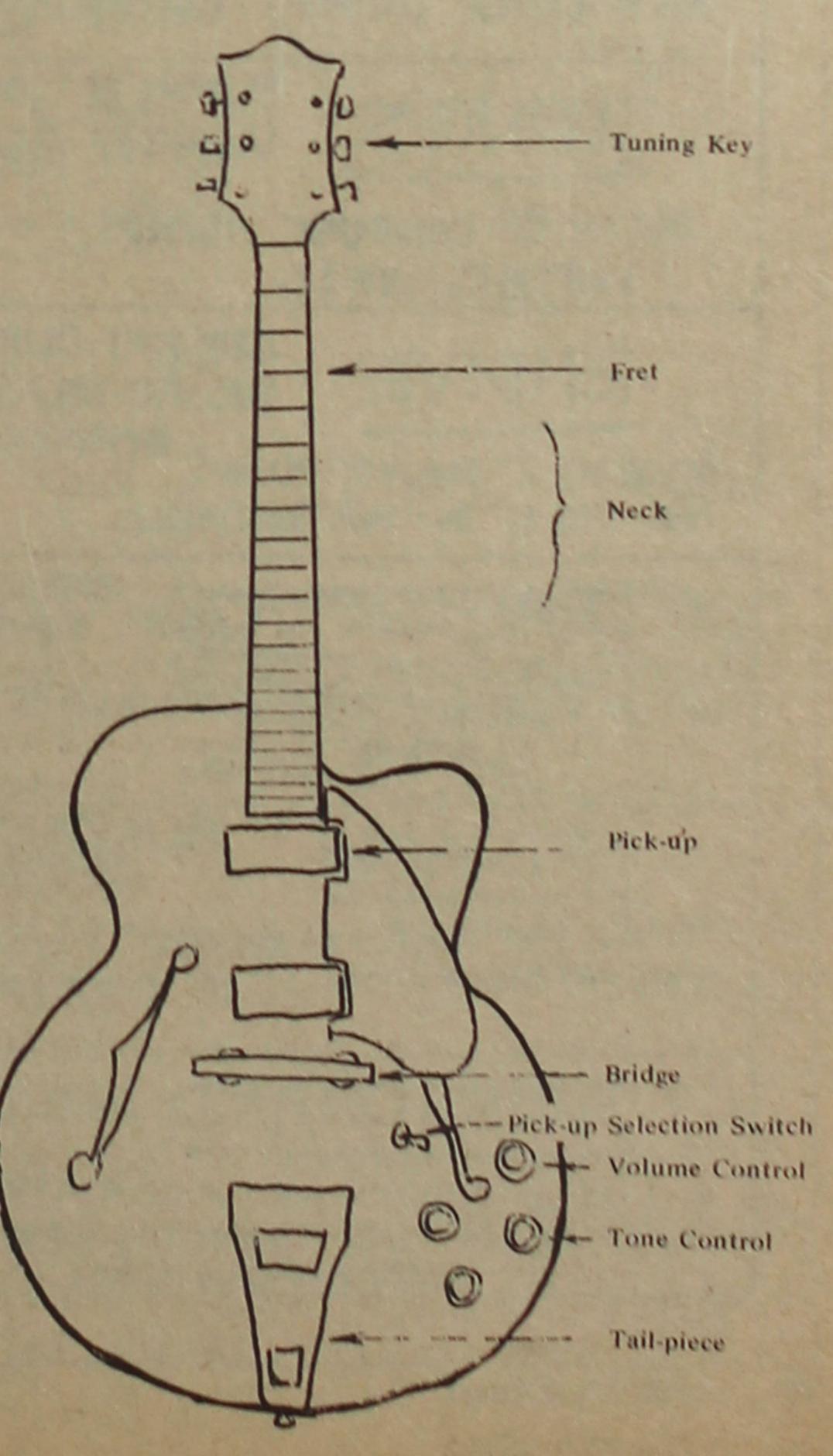
What You Hear is What You Get

Be sure you can get the sounds you want—if you don't after trying all control combinations, it must be determined if it is the improper guitar for you or an improper amplifier. Amps are another story in itself, though, and will be discussed in a future issue.

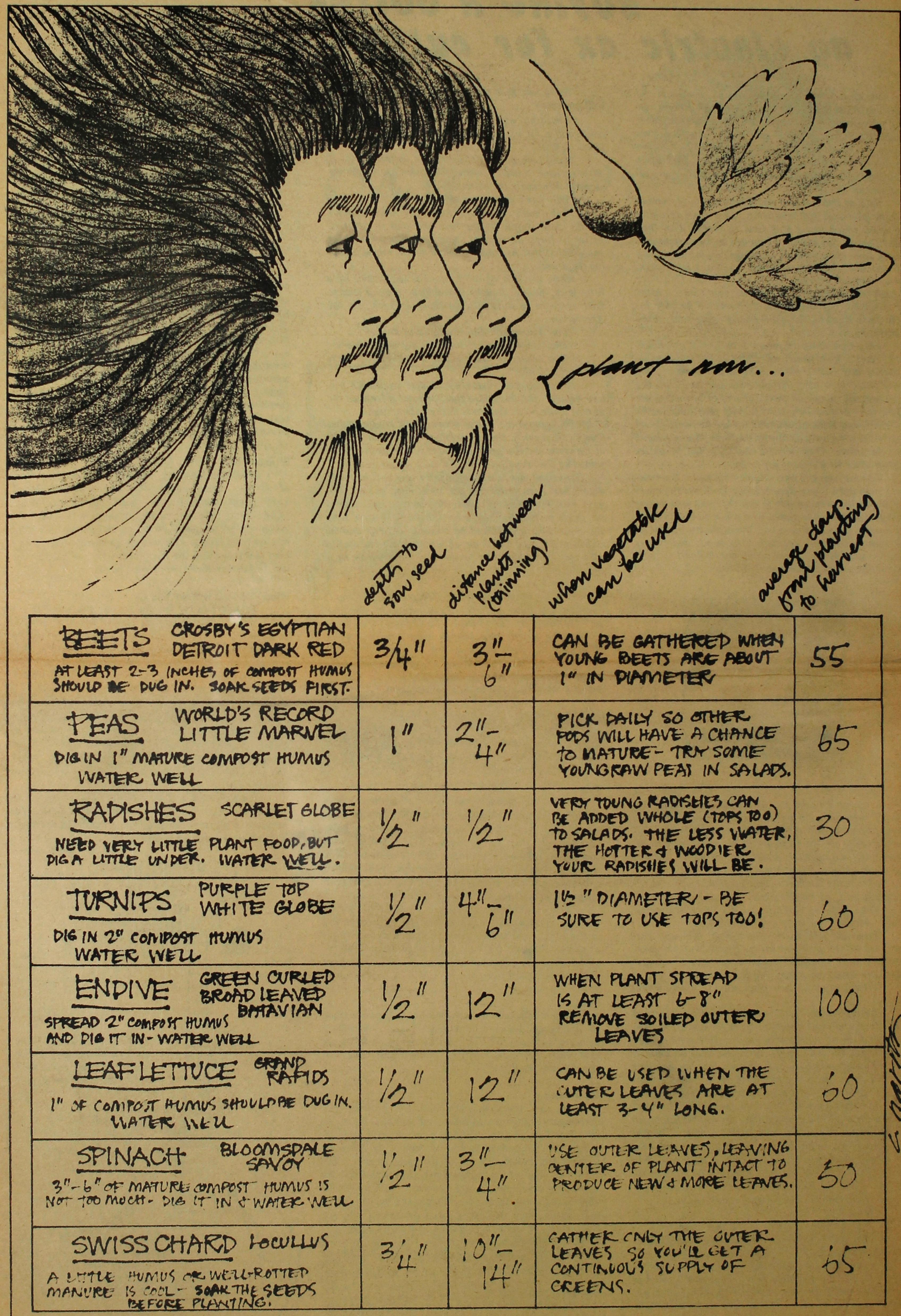
Remember there are gimmicks—fuzz boxes (distortion boosters), wah-wah pedals, tone boosters, and others—to produce varied tones and overtones. But sounds most often used (from country to rock) should be obtainable from just the control combinations between the guitar and amp. Gimmicks are fine when used properly to produce tastier and more interesting "licks", but your command over the control settings is your most valuable asset.

Practice hard and be determined to improve. Be patient and don't let frustrations bring you down, your progress in playing ability will be a continual rewarding experience throughout your lifetime.

Ken Hoshide



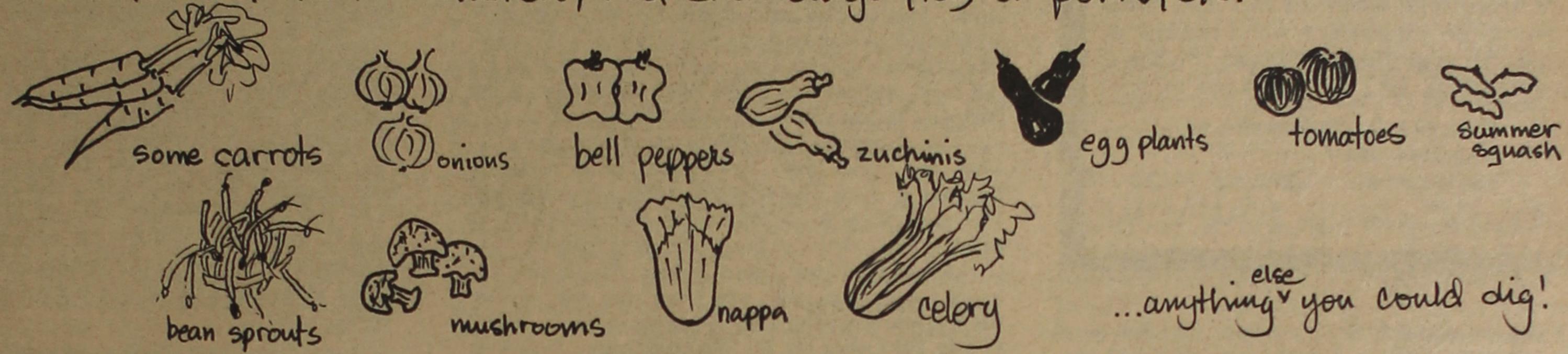
BASICALLY, HOW TO HELP A GARDEN HAPPEN..... - +4 & & & &



With the emergence of living collectives, and other living situations where lots of people live together; with jobs becoming scarce and food costing more and more, things like vegetable gardens and food co-ops become pretty important. But then, how does one make a cheap meal that tastes good and is pretty good for you, and can feed lots of people. Here are some suggestions from some people we know:

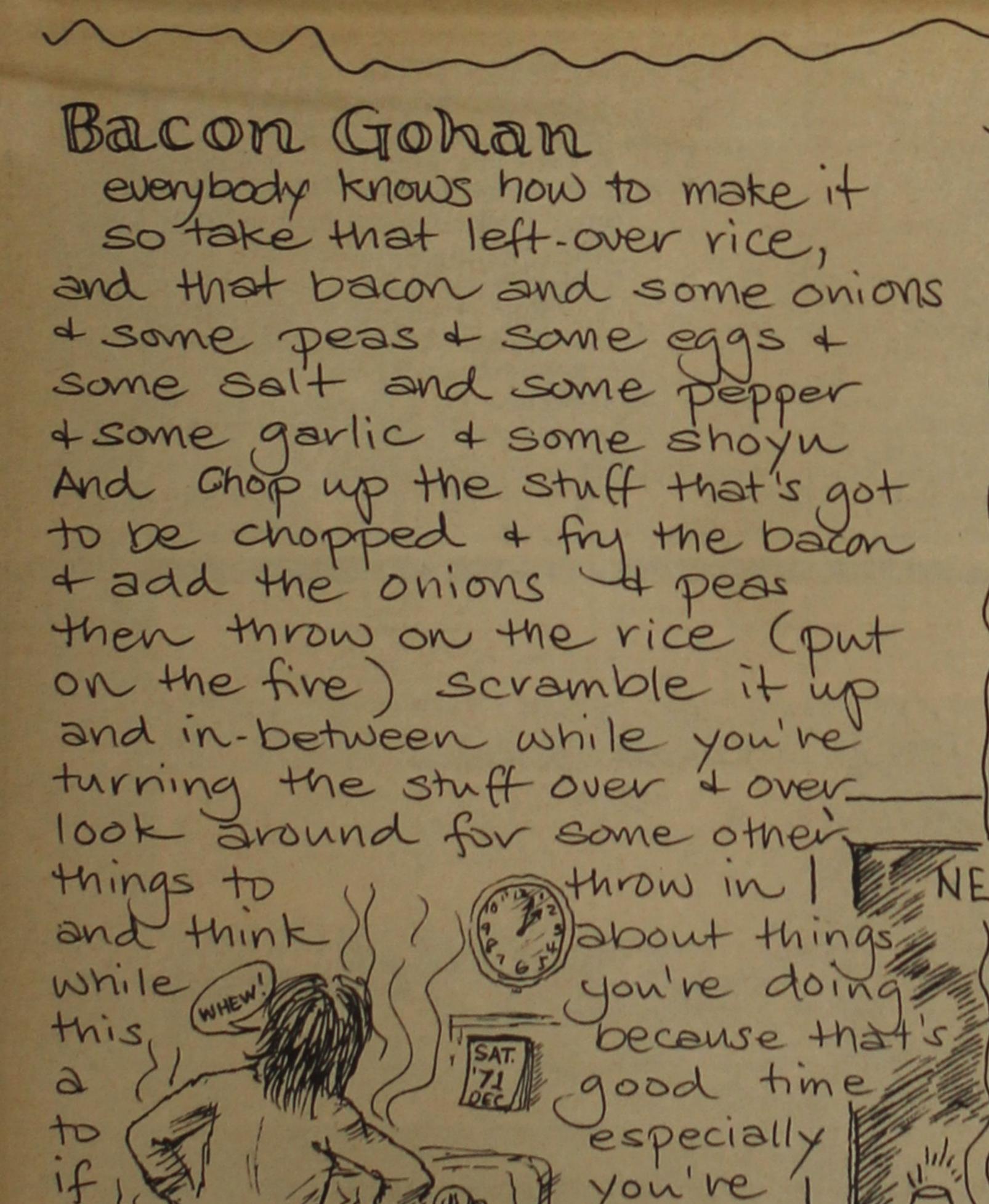
"Okazu" means "food" in Japanese. But it can also mean a meal that costs little, is really pretty good for you, tastes good and feeds a lot of people. The main thing in making okazu is for you to try different ingredients, and things you already have in the refrigerator, and to incorporate them. So, this is not a recipe, but valuer, an example of what okazu could sound like:

Some kind of weat - chicken, beef Chamburger, too) or pork, etc.



Go head on with fresh vegetables - go easy on the meat. It's better for you that way... cheaper, too.

alright. Begin by cooking the weat a little. Then, add the vegetables that take long to cook, like covorots, celery, onions, tomatoes (so they'll cook down), and so on. Add the rest. Then add a little shoyu (soy sauce), brown sugar, aji nomoto (monosodium glutemate) and mirin (rice wine), to your taste. Cook for a little longer, and eat it with vice (brown or white). you can pour the juice (Cuegetables create a lot of water when you cock them) over the vice. (Yum-yum.)



you

the

Ilin

alone

chop-up a chicken cup of wine cream of celery cream of chicken d cream of mushroom cook some Soups rice Pour the soup over the chicken DAY: when you've forgotten about the night before + you've feeling better and pour the and you don't have wine on too any more left-overs

you can make a new

dish with new rice,

a chicken and some

maybe you can get

some help by inviting

someone over for dinner.

canned soup. Easy, no!

4 put some on the chicken, ok

Put it all into the oven and bake for about 30-45 minutes ~ enough time for you to

FILIPINO FARMWORKERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

by Alan Gonzales, reprinted from Kalayaan

KALAYAAN INTERNATIONAL, the Philippine International Community News Service, is published by Filipino brothers and sisters of the Bay area. For more information on Filipinos in America and the Philippines, or for a subscription to Kalayaan, write to:

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The introduction of the Filipino in the mid-twenties marked the beginning of another wave of Asian immigration. Filipinos were first recruited by California farmers in 1923. This action was in anticipation of the Exclusion Act of 1924. The Act would have cut off the supply of Japanese labor, so the farmers turned to the Filipino.

The farmers ran publicity campaigns in the Philippines and Hawaii. Deception and gross exaggeration characterized the advertisements. They promised education to the students, good paying jobs to the poor and uneducated, and adventure to the inquisitive. The recruiting campaigns were effective since many Filipinos envisioned America as the 'Land of Opportunity' (beginning in 1900 the educational system of the Philippine Islands was 'Americanized'). By 1930 over 30,000 Filipinos had been induced to migrate to the United States.

The most probable immigrant was the young, single male. According to the U.S. census of 1930, eighty percent of the immigrants were males between the ages of sixteen and thirty. Those men who could not pay the fare were given credit with the stipulation they work for a pre-determined period. This option was not offered to females. Also, it may be noted that Filipino tradition does not permit a woman to travel unescorted. Consequently, 93% of the immigrants were male.

As Filipinos arrived on the mainland, they were driven by bus or taxi to the farms of the San Joaquin, Sacramento, Salinas, and Coachella-Imperial Valleys. They were housed in labor camps which resembled army barracks. There were approximately forty to sixty men occupying one camp. From this location Filipinos were bussed back and forth to the fields. The majority of the Filipinos arrived during the depression years, therefore were paid ten to fifteen cents an hour to do 'stoop' labor. Filipinos could work eight hours and earn eighty cents, but it was common for them to pay sixty cents or seventy cents a day for room and board. This amounted to voluntary slavery.

Filipinos realizing their exploitation began to organize themselves. By 1933, Filipinos had participated in several strikes in large numbers. In *The Nation* of September 4, 1935, Carey McWilliams had this to say:

The Filipino, militantly race-conscious, began to protest against his exploitation in California at an early stage, and has grown increasingly rebellious. The Filipino Labor Union, restricted to agricultural workers, had seven locals with a membership of about 2,000 in California today. The Filipino is a real fighter and his strikes have been dangerous. In August, 1934, about 3,000 Filipino workers went on strike in the valuable lettuce fields near Salinas, California.

When Filipinos formed unions, they were no longer considered desirable as workers. Therefore, growers turned increasingly more to the Mexican.

While Filipinos were being exploited as workers, they were persecuted by California for socializing with white women. Most Filipinos being in their late teen or early twenties did not expect to practice celibacy in in this country, so many sought the company of women. However, these activities infuriated the white citizenry.

Between 1928 and 1939 the West Coast experienced a wave of anti-Filipino riots. The Watsonville Riot in January, 1930 exemplified the hostility towards Filipinos. In the small town of Watsonville, Filipinos were attacked and assaulted for two continuous weeks. The violence reached its peak when a mob armed with

machine guns and rifles riddled a Filipino camp with bullets. After the volley of bullets had ended, one twenty-two year old Pinoy lay dead and more than fifty others brutally wounded.

These events stimulated another exclusion movement. Proponents of exclusion came forward after the Watsonville affair and pointed to the serious problems the Filipinos were causing. In the words of Judge Lazarus of San Francisco, Filipinos were 'barely savages' who were taking the jobs and women away from 'decent white boys.' Farmers also claimed that Filipino belligerency in the fields would upset the production of their crops. The pressure of the farmers, organized labor (A.F. of L.) and racist organizations finally led to the passage of the Philippine Independence Act on March 24, 1936.

By 'promising' the Philippines independence in 1946, the United States government could re-classify Filipinos as aliens who were then subject to restriction. The immigration quota for Filipinos was established at fifty per year. This was the lowest quota for any nation in the history of the United States. At the time the quota for Filipinos was even lower than that allowed the little country of Monaco with a population of 2,020! In May 1934 when the act became effective, there were five hundred Filipinos in transit from the Philippines to the United States. These immigrants were allowed to enter the country as a group, but in doing so used up the quotas for the next five years. This in essence amounted to total exclusion of the Filipino.

From the mid-twenties to the passage of the Exclusion Act, an estimated forty to fifty thousand Filipinos had migrated to the mainland. Over ninety percent of the immigrants were male. These men could not marry whites including Mexicans because of the Anti-Miscegniation Laws. To complicate matters, there were few women of other minority groups (Asian, Black, Indian), who were available for marriage in California. Manual Bauken, the son of a Methodist minister, was one Filipino denied a marriage license in this state. In the New Republic of September 23, 1940, Bauken expressed other injustices in America:

Opportunity—opportunity for education—that's what they told us we could get in the United States. My school teachers at home were idealistic Americans who told me of America's promises of liberty and equality under the law, but forgot the economic discrimination and racial complexes with which you interpret your rainbow-hued promises.

After being falsely arrested, Bauken wrote:

So I walked on, sick with frustrated anger. This is not the first time such a thing has happened to me. It happens to my friends all the time. Our crime is the possession of brown skin. The protection of your American law is strictly limited to Nordics, we are neither citizens nor aliens. You will not grant us citizenship, we may not own property, practice law or medicine, or take civil-service examinations, and police officers arrest us with impunity and without a warrant.

If I were along in such an experience it wouldn't

be important. But I am one of many thousands of young men, born under the American flag, raised as loyal, idealistic Americans under your promise of equality for all, and enticed by glowing tales of educational opportunities. Once here, we are met by exploiters, shunted into slums, greeted only by gamblers and prostitutes, taught only the worst in you civilization.

These words written over thirty years ago captured the feeling of most Filipinos. Indignant and oppressed, Filipinos have managed to struggle against all odds.

The Filipino experience in America has distinctive characteristics. Filipinos upon their arrival assumed the rights guaranteed other Americans. Prior to their emigration from the Philippines, Filipinos were inculcated with the thoughts and beliefs of the 'founding fathers.' They believed they could find the true meaning of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' in this land. Operating under this pretext, Filipinos thought of themselves as equal to Americans. This attitude was considered either unwarranted or presumptuous by Americans, but in some circles, Pinoys were thought of as kind and considerate 'boys.'

It was true that Filipinos were entertained by certain tolerant groups, but generally, the Filipino existence has been dominated by exploitation, oppression, and paternalism. Concerning their early period in this country, it could be said that Filipinos were too civilized to accept the role of the savage or perhaps too haughty and educated to be the 'nigger.'

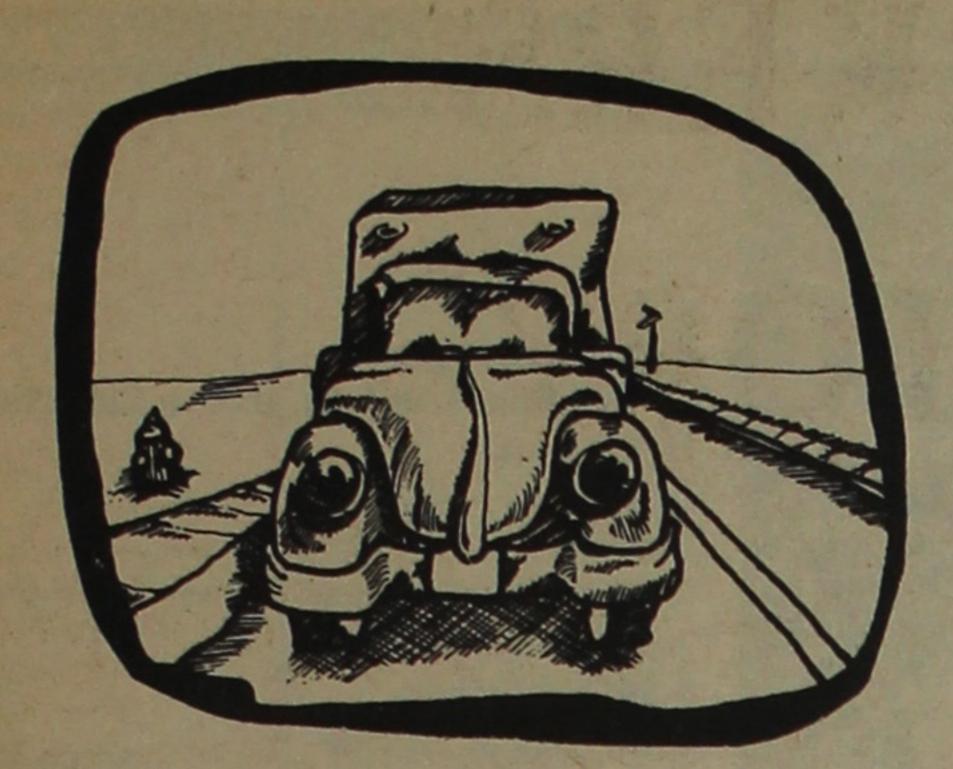
Whatever distinctions that can be made are overshadowed by the fact that Filipinos represent just one group out of many that have fallen victim to American institutions. What may be even more outrageous is the

fact that these victims of racism and the profit system are made the culprits while the oppressors are made the heroes.

has stolen Indian land, raped and burned Indian women and children, and at the same time the Indian is sketched as the bad guy. Single Filipinos were induced to come to this country, and once here, every attempt (overt and covert) was made to limit Filipino marriages. But, at the same time Filipinos were accused of being immoral because they were victimized by prostitution rings. Filipinos were exploited by farmers and growers, and then accused by organized labor of lowering the standard of living. Filipinos were barred from 'respectable' places, yet ridiculed because they lived in the slums or frequented card rooms.

After World War II, the limitation on Filipinos were lifted somewhat, but the twenty-five years of restriction had stunted the development of a viable Filipino community in America. Today, Filipino farmworkers have massive socio-economic problems. Such problems arise directly from their previous experiences in America which began in the early twenties.





If the car you're looking at has an automatic transmission, there's an easy test you can perform to see if the 'trans' is in working order (it doesn't work with manual transmission). With the car idling faster than normal (which it should be if the car has an automatic choke) press down on the brake pedal and drop the transmission into gear. If you hear a "ZZIT!" sound followed by the gears falling into place, it's telling you that you'll soon need new bands in your transmission. You don't need to know anything about transmission bands except that it'll cost you from \$60-and-up to get them fixed, and that's about \$60-and-up over what we can afford.

With the trans back into neutral (N), the parking brake set, and the engine on, go up to the front of the car and see if there is any smoke coming out of the place where you put oil into the engine. This is usually the oil cap. On Chevys, it's a cap at the end of a tube which sticks up from one of the valve covers. Pull off the oil cap (that's right, with the engine still running) and see if you notice wisps of smoke coming up. Do you? If you do, you'll need new rings. What's happening is that the rings around your pistons are so worn that you're losing compression. Mechanics call it cylinder leakage, or blowby. Other places where you can check for blow-by is out of the valve covers, the air cleaner, the smog device, the hose leading from the crankcase to the carburetor, and the hose leading from the oil cap to the air cleaner. However, the best and surest way to check for blow-by is to pull the oil cap off and watch for it. If you need to have a ring job done, it'll cost you about \$150-and-up. Just the rings alone, without installation, just in a cardboard box, costs \$50! And labor will be at least \$100

because they remove the top part of the engine. So, if you know that you have blow-by, and while driving it, you can see smoke coming out of the tail-pipes, unless you feel that it's worth saving, don't buy the car.

A lot of people fail to pay any attention to how the car idles. Don't you make this mistake. Rough idling can indicate quite a number of things, from a simple problem like a fouled plug or out-of-adjustment carb to major-expense repairs like a valve job, new rings, or a new carburetor. (Most GM cars come equipped with Quadrajet carbs which cost \$80 new.) Unfortunately, the only way to see if it's one of the more serious problems is to have the carb and valves adjusted, along with your points, plugs and timing, and see if it still idles rough. So, if the car does idle roughly, at least be cautious and on the alert for other bad signs.

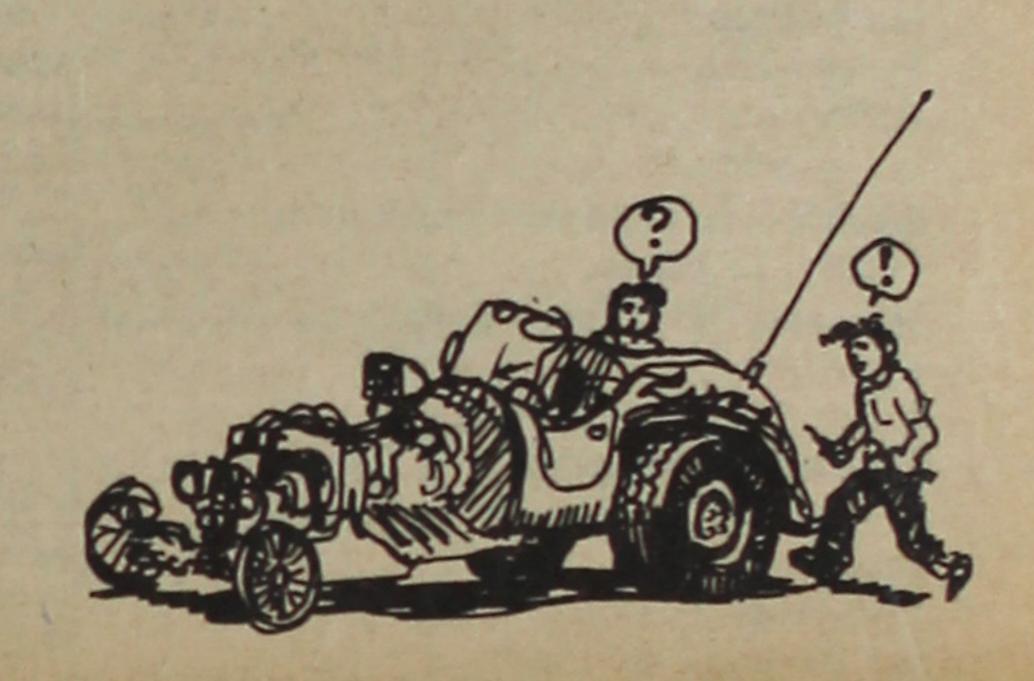
Now we can take it out on the road! If the owner, for some reason ("I ain't got the key with me" or "I have to go somewhere right now"), won't allow you to drive it around-don't buy the car. Never buy a car that you haven't driven. Always drive it! Tell the owner that you're going to take it on the freeway, and on the way there, just cruise along with the car and listen for strange noises, an uncomfortable ride; see if it feels good to you; ask yourself if you could live with the car. Find a stretch of level road and take the car up to 30 mph. Lift your hands from the steering wheel and press the brakes to slow the car. Did it drift to one side, or did it stop in a straight line? This is another test for wheel alignment. If it drifted to one side, it needs wheel alignment. Unfortunately, the only way to check the condition of the brakes is to have someone take off the wheel and look at the drums; but as you're driving the car, just try and feel if the brakes seem to be strong. It's important to use all of your six physical senses when you test a car (of course, you don't necessarily have to taste the oil or anything).

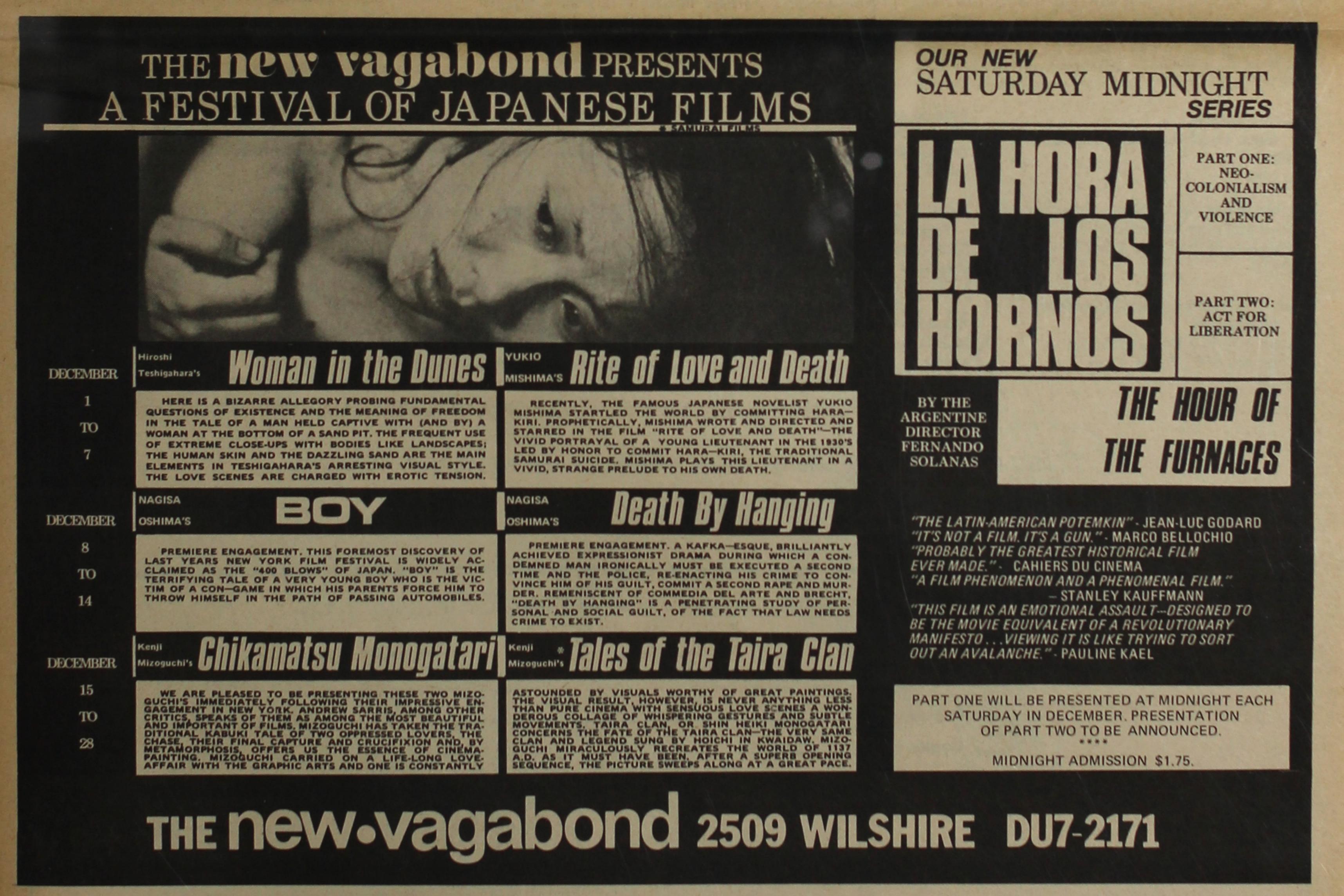
Take it onto the freeway, and while you're accelerating, take some quick glimpses into the rear view mirror and see if the car is smoking badly. If it is, you need some rings or a valve job. Does the car accelerate smoothly? How does it feel when it's moving around 55-60 mph? If the ride is very spongy, and the car continues to bounce around after going over a bump, you'll need new shock absorbers. Again, ask yourself if you could live with the car as it is, or if you have a bad feeling about it.

Hopefully, all along our checking procedure, you've been making a mental note about the total possible amount that you might have to put out for repairs that

are essential to making the car work well enough for your needs. Let's imagine that, after you've checked out a particular car priced at, say \$375.00, you now know that, besides needing some tires (which run from \$7.50 for retreads up to and over \$35.00 for polyglass belted wide-track tires), a valve adjustment, and front end alignment, the car needs a ring job and smokes heavily. All together then, you'd need somewhere around \$250.00 to get these things fixed. That means that you'll actually be paying \$625.00 for the car! Not only that but, if it's a fairly large car with a V-8 engine, you'll be putting out about \$5.00 a week for gas. After considering all these things, you should offer a price that you feel the car is worth-in this case, around \$150, and tell the owner what exactly needs to be fixed. But, on the other hand, if you find a car that is low-priced, and that runs "OK," perhaps it might be a good enough car for your needs. Say that you know a friend or someone who wants to get rid of their bomb for \$50. It squeaks, smokes a little, leaks ½ pint of oil a day, and has bald tires, but it might be the car you're looking for if all you want is a car to get you there and back. The car, obviously, will not live more than nine months, but for the price, it can't be beat. No doubt, a very big factor in buying a used car is the price and, in many cases, it's the deciding point.

You'll find that, surprisingly enough, there are quite a number of cars that fall into the below-\$350.00 bracket, and, needless to say, the majority of them are not going to be in "XInt cond." This is a very fundamental truth that all prospective \$300-used-car-buyers should remember: don't expect too much, but try to find the most dependable car you can. Bourgeois considerations such as chrome rims, tape decks, custom paint, and other non-essentials you'll learn to do without and, hopefully, you'll find a car that will take you where you want to go when you want to get there. Adios, and happy hunting!





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PARABREMER PARABRARA

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			Youth & Drugs Parents Group Meeting 8:00 pm Senshin Church 1336 W. 36th Pl. L.A. every Wednesday	2	S.B.A.I. & G.F.B. present: "Satori - Liquid Theater" at the SBAI Drop-In Center 16408 Western Ave., in Gardena, California 7:30 - 10:00 pm. "it's a mind blower" Storefront Film Program 2826 W. Jefferson Blvd. 8:00pm	Because of predicted popular demand the SBAI & GFB "Satori-Liquid Theater" will be held over for one more nightHow about that?
This is national "Start a Rumor" week.	Asian Sisters Meeting JACS office, 125 Weller St. 7:30 every Monday	Alright, all you cosmic kiddiesIt's SBAI get together night at the SBAI Drop-In Center. 16408 Western Ave. in wonderful Gardena. 7:30 every Tuesday		There are some lucky people who have tickets for the WHO concert tonight at the Forum or tomorrow night at the L.B. Arena, then there are those of us who ain't so lucky		Storefront Children's Workshop "Games, crafts, films" For ages: 4-12
12	On this day, Saturn will collide with Mars, the Pacific Ocean will dry up and the moon will disappearbut who gives a shit.	Long Beach State Asian-Amer. Studies sponsors: A Tour of CRC. Contact Arlene at 498-4821	Today is "Clean your roach clip" Day. (if you can find your roach clip)	16	The Peasants of the Second Fortress, A film about the struggle at Sanrizuka. Storefront 2826 W. Jefferson Blvd. 8:00pm	Dance! Boogie! Twitch! This is it, people! A big dance and show at yes, you guessed it Blarney's Castle!!!!!! 623 Western Avenue presented by Asian Joint Communication & Atomic Nancy with Hiroshima and Long Time Comin' plus a hell of a lot of peop making fools out of them- selves. 9:30-1:30
Wellif you got any energy eft over from last night's big dance then make it over to the "Y" in Gardena for mother cosmic boogie—woogie show presented by BAI. Featuring: Free Flight, Benjo Blues Band, Sunlight and Windfield Summit plus hell of a lot of people making fools out of themselves. 8:00-1:00		21	Relive the old days! Big reunion gang fight in the Parkview park- ing lot. Westside vs. Eastside. Gardena vs. J-Flats. All lowriders are welcomed. Surfers stay out.	23	110 11110 11110 1111	Dear Santa, For Xmas, I want a machingun, a shotgun, a crossbow a box a hand grenades, a be of dynamite, a box of fuse and a book of matches. Thank you, Danny
Involved Together Asians presents: Mochi-tsuki pound. (now is the time to release all of your pent up energy.) For more inside information call: Robin at 479-5503		At noon today, S. Agnew will hold his breath for as long as he canbut it won't be long enough.	29	Today is "Just who do you think you are" day.	LET'S GIT IT ON !!!!!!! IT'S NEW YEARS EVE! (tonight is the only night of the year you can act like an idiot and get away with it.)	It's 1972 and the war drags on

MON., THURS., FRI.: 10 A.M. TO 9 P.M. TUES., WED. SAT .: 10 A.M. TO 6 P.M.

PENTHOUSE CLOTHES

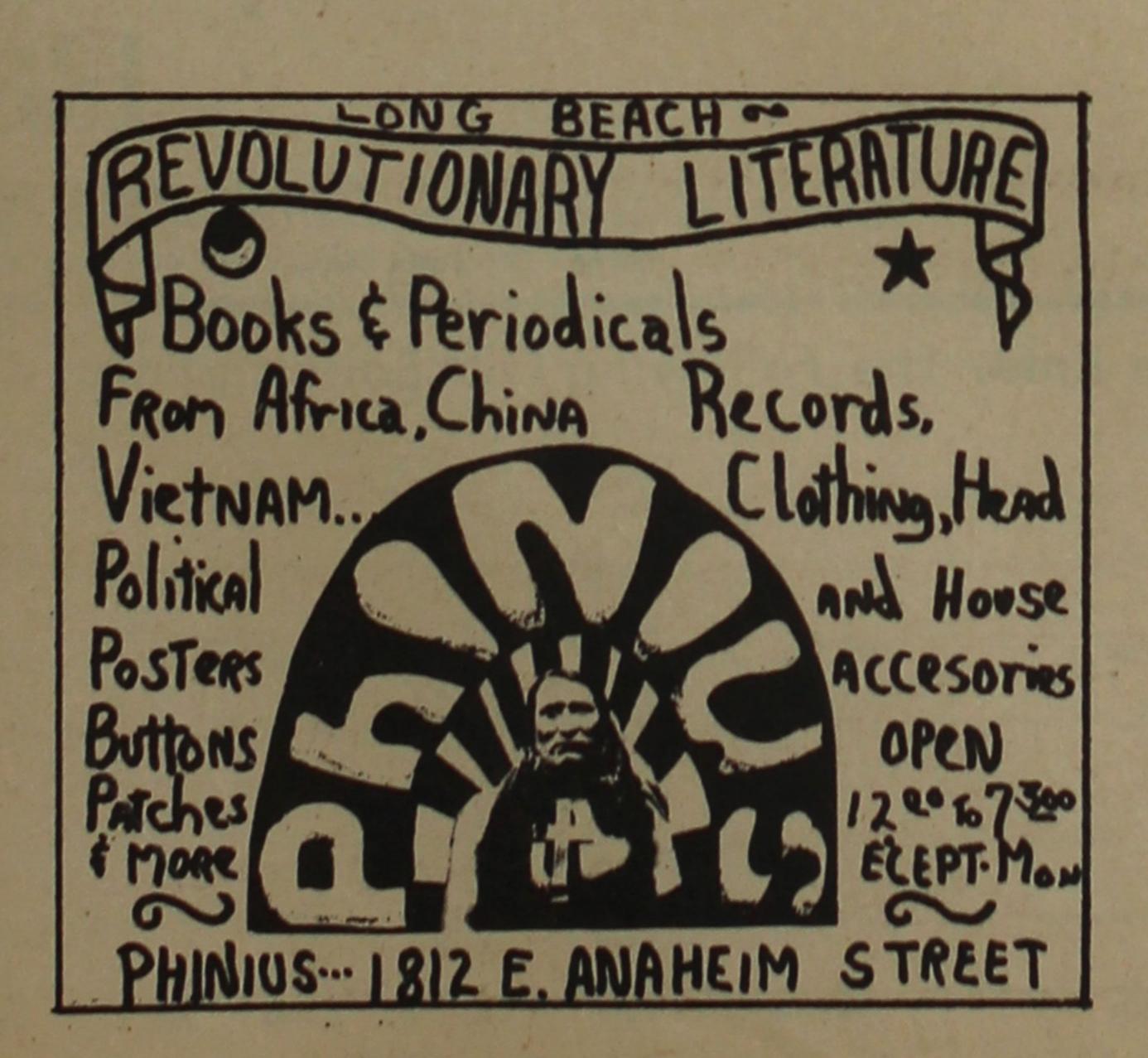
"I buy all my clothes at Penthouse." ... Tracy "I always buy my shoes at Penthouse."

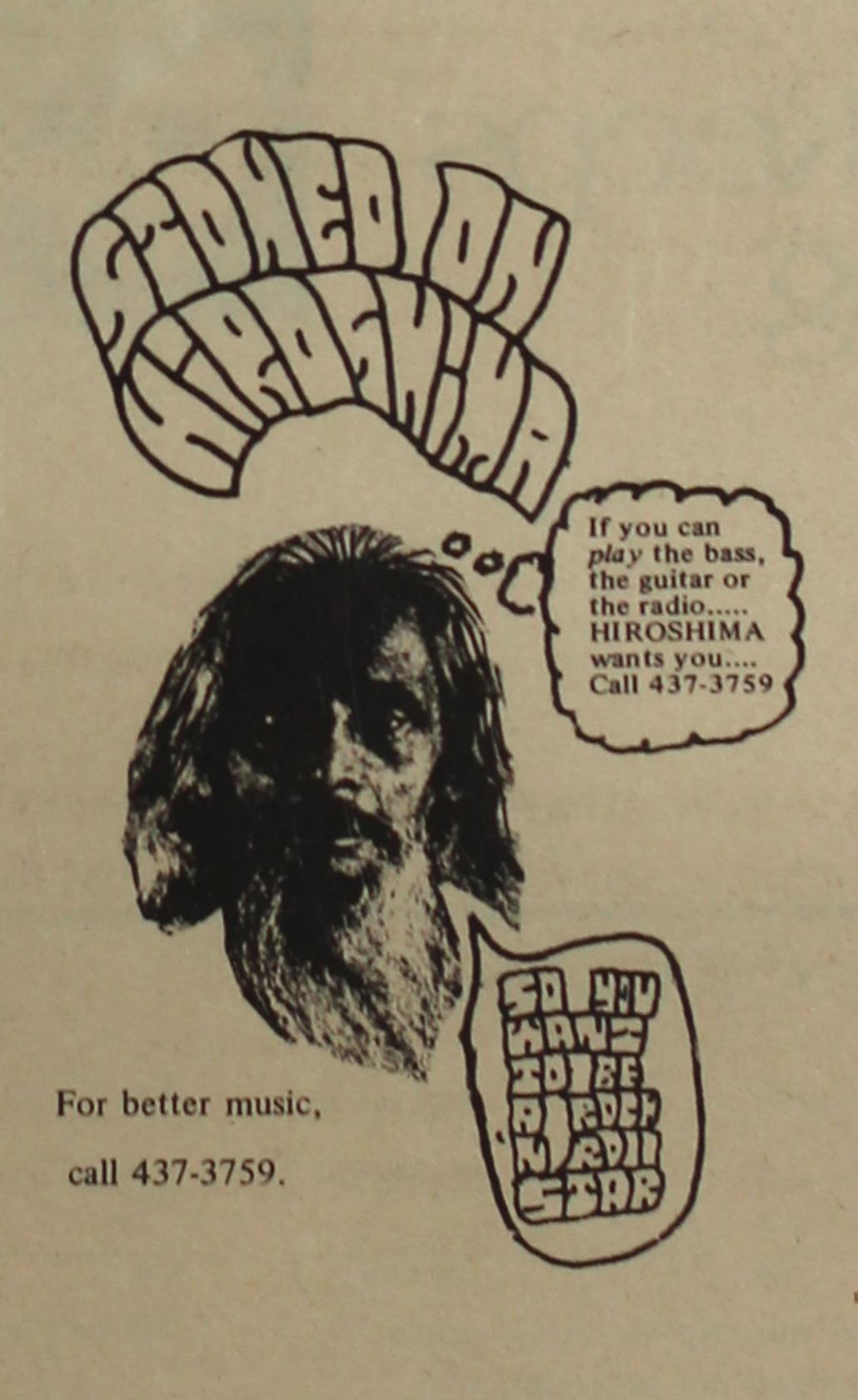
"The thing I like best about Penthouse is the nice people you meet there." "When I need shirts or anything, the first place I look is... Penthouse." ...Alan

...Steve LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90008

AX 2-2511

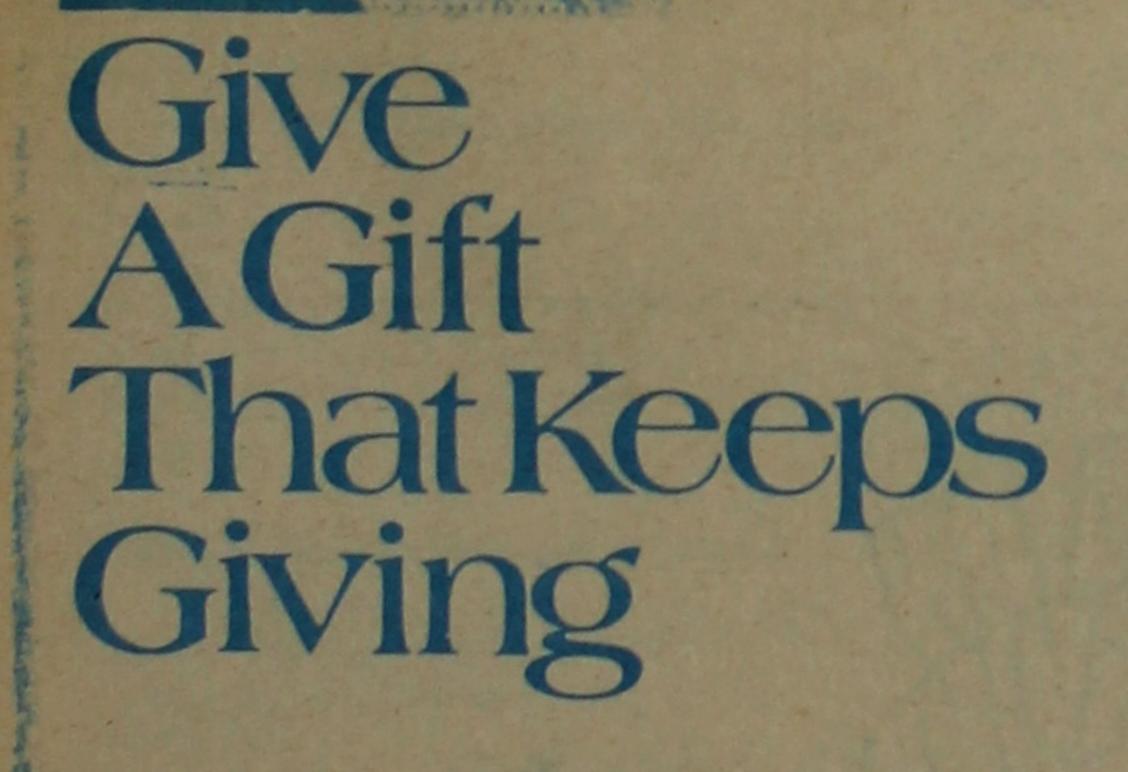
... Clyde 3860 S. CRENSHAW BOULEVARD 1601 W. REDONDO BEACH BLVD. GARDENA, CALIF. 90247 321-6804





















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