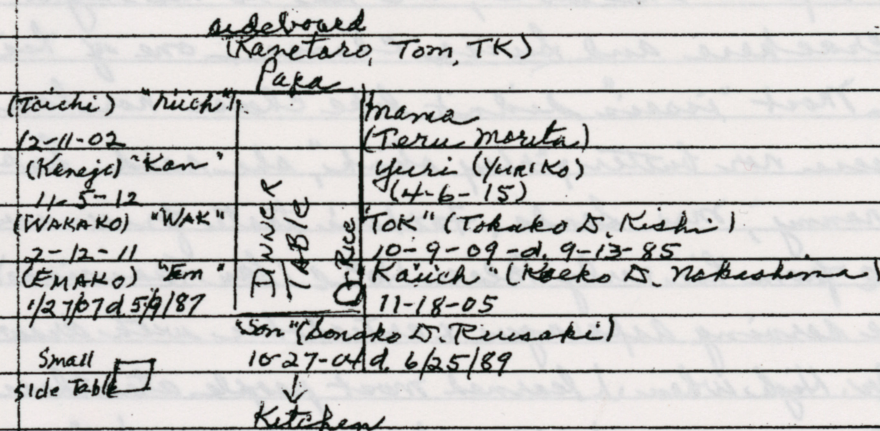


Miki -

This is as requested. Sorry I failed to get info. on format, content, & due date, so I'll have to ask you to do the editing. I agree with our current Post Laureate that our memory and the truth is not necessarily the same.

I presume you are interested in learning about your parents' childhood and family life, so I'll start with our dinner table. This was our seating until 1930.



The origin of the shortened names is unknown to me but the convenience of its use is obvious. The exception is Toichi's. We were taught to refer to him as "ni-e-san" - (sp?) a term of respect for the first son or elder brother. (For more accurate explanation of the word, I'll refer you to the students of the Japanese.) We dropped the formal "san" and called him "Niich". ^{started to} We called him "Toichi" ~~after~~ ^{after he left camp} ^{(Amache, 42).} We addressed our parents as "Papa" and "Mama" and referred to them as "father" and "mother" to all others. Amongst my siblings they were "Pa" & "Ma". Our shortened names were used by the siblings and "ma" Domoto & his siblings. Ken & I went through school using our full name only. I believe it was so with others too.

There was another term used within the family: the "Big Kids" and the "Small Kids". From Tok down to Yuri was the "small kids" and this grouping was used mainly in assigning chores or defining activities.

The dining room was a long narrow room with a built-in sideboard behind father's chair. Therein was kept the opened wine bottles and candy boxes. Long remembered is the picture of father having his afternoon "break" - his chair tipped, feet up on the table, his tea to his right with a dish of crackers and Swiss cheese - one of his favorite snacks. Most "issies" didn't like cheese nor lamb. "Son" never ate cheese nor butter; "they stink", she said. So she was told by her "nanny", Mrs. Senda. Father's taste for unusual food was acquired from his early Palace Hotel (San Francisco) working days - like serving asparagus & artichokes with drawn butter. (I was in Jr. High when I learned most people ate these vegetables with mayonnaise. I added shoyu.) Sorry, I digressed. The table was long enough to place four standard chairs comfortably on each side but the room was not wide enough to permit any passage behind us once we were seated. The only explanation I have for the seating is that the three eldest (girls) were seated nearest to the kitchen for accessibility - more water for tea, for seconds, etc. This table had one unusual extension board which was used for our Sukiyaki dinner. There was a square cut out in the middle into which a Japanese charcoal brazier slipped in. Then either Tok or I would crawl under the table to stoke the charcoal. This was a long process. The iron cooking vessel was only about 8" so it was a wait between servings.

^{Dinner} ~~Dinner~~ time was family time; everyone had to be there - only previously excused absences permitted. English was not permitted at the table, because mother didn't understand the language, we were told. I wondered how she managed the ordering

from the butcher, grocer, and baker without our assistance. I figured it was mother's way to have some quiet during meal time. Because after our "go-chi-so-rama's" what noise! especially on Fridays during school days. Waiting for everyone at dinner time (6 p.m. earlier during winter) was especially trying. We "small kids" were sent out to tell father that it was dinner time. We'd (singly or group) dash to the office, the packing shed; we'd check the parking area for any visitor's car; if no cars, we'd check a few greenhouses and the lathhouse and finally resort to shouting "PAPA!" as we ran down the rows of greenhouses. Most customers understood our appearance and left within a reasonable time except the Japanese from downtown (Oakland). They were representatives from either the Christian or the Buddhist groups complaining about the others' stupid ideas, actions, etc. An half-hour wait was common under such circumstances. We'd report to the cook & the fire was adjusted. There were times when father was so tired and hungry that he'd invite the visitor for dinner. Though he never knew the money, he knew there was enough rice and plenty of good homemade Japanese pickles. (Father never joined a church because he believed that ^{ones} religion should be a matter of personal preference and he didn't want his name used to proselyte - as he felt it would be)

Mother always had chickens, and we had pets - dogs, rabbits and doves given to us by father's customers. Since we small kids (mainly Tok & I) were responsible for the feeding of these creatures an hour before our dinner time, this routine gave mother some assurance that we'd be on time for our meal. The 5 o'clock whistle from the Chevrolet factory on 73rd Avenue was often times a good reminder. That pain of starving while waiting ~~after~~ for someone to come home was great enough to push me home many times. Once we were all seated at the table, rice was served and

the main dish ("o-ke-zu") dished in the kitchen and brought to the table according to the server's (usually the cook, the big kids) instructions. We reached for whatever convenient and asked to have passed items out of reach. I don't remember just when but during my senior high school years, mother went on a strict diabetes diet which was ^{more} ~~more~~ limited than today's and did not include any oriental food. While we were enjoying rice and all other goodies, she was stuck with her ~~steak~~ potatoes, tomatoes & cubes with vinegar & oil dressing, and several olives. "Son" was the dietitian, under Dr. S. Yamada's supervision (circa 1926). I used to ask mother for some of her rye bread, I felt sorry for her eating that whole loaf by herself. We kids used to eat a loaf of poppy seed twist, French bread or neck loaf at one sitting ~~at~~ Saturday lunch! I still like toasted rye bread with seeds. On rare occasions, mother would ask for some rice. I was thankful that I wasn't in the line of denial - I don't think I could of. The plate passed down to Kaiich, where the rice container was. Often times I wondered how many ^{more} years, months, days or even hours did this refusal grant my mother.

Candy & chewing gum were doled out - one piece usually after dinner. These goodies were mainly gifts, but once, once in a blue moon father would take the train & ferry to San Francisco - maybe California Flower Market meetings. We would happily await his return with the "oni-age", which was a bag of Hoffner's peanut brittle & full of peanuts, so crunchy and buttery. He bought them at his favorite place in the ferry building. Yes, peanut brittle is still one of my favorites. The other treat we loved was the five-pound fancy box of candy which arrived around Easter and Christmas from the secretary to father's banker in Oakland. I never met her but thought of her as a kindly person who was always good to our father and remembered us. Since we (small kids)

wrapped the Easter lilies and the Christmas poinsettias we made sure that Miss Cotton's name was on one of the gift delivery pots. This is where Tok, Yuri + I started our "share a cup" ^{deal} amongst us. After a nod, as the box begins passing around the table, each ~~was~~ selected a cup with two pieces of candy and exchanged one, thus receiving two ^{different pieces}. My brothers never shared food with anyone. I sometimes got "Em" to share. My father surprised me one time when I asked, "half, anyone?" as I passed a half of my apple towards him rather than towards "Son" ^{and} as customary. He halved the piece and passed it on so Yuri got only a quarter which she shared with "Tok."

Of course the conversation at the table was somewhat limited, mainly short questions and answers between parents and us about our activities at home or school. What I enjoyed most was father's + Kan's repartees; they were always unpredictable. One incident I recall is the occasion when we had a visitor from Japan - a successful papermill owner - who was returning to Japan after visiting ^{the Boys' Town} ~~a famous boys orphanage in mid-west~~. Since he was childless ^{he} was thinking of providing a similar facility for boys in Japan. When he saw Kan sitting with a pile of Camellia branches from which Kan was making cuttings, the visitor said in Japanese, "how fortunate". Kan replied in Japanese, "not so". "That is your fortune; that you can so freely reply" was the lesson the visitor left. In the main, ^{meal} ~~the~~ time was used to assign chores or to report progress; occasionally there were anecdotes.

miki, I couldn't recall some of this when writing

Breakfast was most informal; everyone moving according to ^{his} her schedule. Only restriction was, we had to be downstairs (in the kitchen) by 8:30 AM during vacation to have breakfast. No one went without breakfast! Father's was coffee with real cream, 2 sunnyside eggs with ham or

6.
Bacon, and two pieces of toast, probably finished the meal with his third cigarette of the day. I don't remember what others had. There were always eggs, bacon and/or ham, rice, bread, dry cereals, and milk. Since Kan and I walked to school together our schedule was the same. He liked milk, so I made a cup of chocolate and, I think he preferred, omelette with rice or bread. We had dry cereals mostly during the summer months. During fruit season I'd pick a clingstone peach from a volunteer tree near the chicken house, rub the fuzz off with my hand and eat it as I walked to school. Was it good!

When the children were home, lunch was the heaviest meal of the day. We had supper at night, better for our sleep, said mother; better to get us up in the morning, thought Wak. This generally meant American food - meat + potatoes - at noon and Japanese at night - rice + "o-la-zu".

Third Generation

1931	7/1	Naoye Nakashima Omori
1933	6/21	Kayoko Riisaki Campbell
1935	7/28	Masato Nakashima
1936	10/19	Masayoshi Riisaki
1939	9/12	Ikeis Kishi
1939	10/8	Iersa Riisaki
1941	1/6	Itoko Nakashima Horiguchi
1942	1/7	Yuki Domoto Stabbing
1942	5/13	Marilyn Domoto Webb
1943	7/2	Kaneko Domoto
1943	8/13	Sonna Kishi
1943	9/17	Douglas Domoto
1945	12/21	Katherine Domoto Reilly
1947	12/23	Richard Tsukada
1948	8/26	Carolyn Kishi
1949	4/26	Kenneth Tsukada
1951	2/6	Michael Tsukada
1951	8/28	Clifford Kishi dec 5/20/88
1952	7/31	Kristine Domoto Marubayashi

Grandparents - Domoto

grand father - Kanetaro (Tom, TK) Domoto b. 6/10/1866 d. 12/30/43
 grand mother - Teru Morita Domoto b. 12/5/1876 d. 11/22/39

They and their unmarried deceased children: Gichi,
 Emako, Hanako and Masako are interred in the
 Evergreen Cemetery in Oakland, California. 1993

5/3/94

Miki —

Well, that's about it for now. I don't know if this ~~meets~~ meets your expectation — if not, no feelings hurt. Take any info of any interest and use it as you wish. I'll close with a story about Kan; I've never told him nor anyone else.

Around 1924-25 there was a popular ad printed in the magazines which asked, "Can you think on your feet?" The man ~~was~~ standing with his finger pointing at you, similar to the familiar "Uncle Sam wants (needs) you!" One day Kan was called in class to answer a question. He got up, made a few remarks, then paused, looked ~~the~~ straight at the teacher and said, "Sorry, I can no longer think on my feet." and sat down. The poor teacher who told me the story said that of course the students didn't recognize it but she had difficulty ^{remaining} ~~to keep~~ composed.

~~So~~, I ^{do} can no longer think, so will close.

Auntie Waki