MIYOSHI FAMILY HISTORY

Part II

Nisei, Sansei & Yonsei generations

By Toru Miyoshi

MIYOSHI FAMILY HISTORY

Part II Autobiography

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I divided my autobiography into 6 sections with pictures and documents following each section. The written pages are numbered, but the pictures are not. I tried to coordinate the pictures with the written presentation to make it more interesting and authenticate my recollections. It doesn't always come out that way so I request a little imagination and understanding. Thank you.

Toru Miyoshi

concerns about local politics and give my gray matters exercise, to defer the inevitable aging process just a bit.

I am blessed with a great family. Jeanne whom I met on the ski slopes of Southern California and have a great life together for over 53 years. Our two daughters, Lisa and Joni, gave us none of the societal problems of youth and we enjoyed sharing their life into adulthood. Our grandchildren, Laura and Logan are very gifted. Laura graduated University of Oregon, Summa Cum Laude, majoring in Music (A great violist) with plans for graduate degree. Logan is attending Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and contemplating a Chemical Engineering major. Our son-in-law, David Daum, an innovative wildlife biologist with the Wildlife Service, has been a wonderful addition to the Miyoshi clan.

I used the controversial term "Concentration Camp" instead of "Relocation Center" because it better reflects the denial of constitutional rights of all Japanese Americans and their parents during World War II. Supreme Court Justice Roberts quoted "Concentration Camps" in rendering a legal opinion in the Korematsu case in 1944 in establishing a precedent for its use. (More details in addendum).

My grateful appreciation for their extensive research on my brother, Akira, by Noboru Utsunomiya and of grandfather Kumataro by Masafumi Miyoshi. Without their extraordinary help, the Miyoshi Family History would be incomplete.

Toru Miyoshi
September 2008

Preface

From a historical perspective, one's lifetime is relatively short, but as I commenced in my autobiography, from a personal expectation and with all modesty, I had a pretty interesting life.

Within my 80 plus years, so many events and a lot of progress have taken place in our country.

My life began at the start of the great depression of the 30's, and continued through World War II, Cold War with Russia, Korean Police Action, Vietnam Conflict, and currently the questionable war on Iraq.

In my youth, Flash Gordon in comic books was our fantasy about space. Today, our space technology has advanced beyond all my imagination. For me; the development of the word processor replacing the typewriter is one of the technological changes I really appreciate because I developed limited skill in utilizing it.

In 2008, we have a Black democratic Presidential candidate, which is indicative of how much progress we have made in civil rights alone.

My military career was rather insignificant as I turned 18 after the end of World War II. I volunteered for 18 months and with only 3 weeks of basic training at Fort Knox Kentucky, I was assigned to a constabulary unit near Stuttgart, Germany. I was recalled for the Korean conflict as a Company Clerk and assigned to a training company at Fort Ord, a few miles from Monterey, California. My military tour of duty provided me with the G. I. Bill and I was able to attend University of Southern California for my formal education where I met my future bride, Jeanne Fujiko Kojima.

I am most grateful to have been born in this great country of opportunities. I had the privilege and honor to serve as Santa Maria City Councilman (12 years) and on the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors (8 years). I looked upon those 20 years not only as an opportunity for public service, but a constructive educational experience.

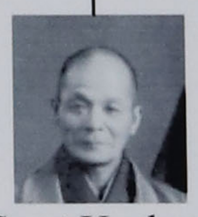
After my retirement from politics, I was invited to write commentaries for our local paper, Santa Maria Times. This gave me the opportunity to air my

TORU MIYOSHI FAMILY TREE SPANNING SIX GENERATIONS

Tani

Great Grandfather Kuraichi 1833-1911
Great Grandmother Tani 1838-1887

Grandfather Kumataro 1864-1945
Grandmother Kiku 1865-1933



Aya-goro

Yasu

Great Uncles - Johko, Kametaro; Kikuchi, Ayagoro
Great Aunt - Yasu (no statistics available)

Uncle Chuichi 1885-1917

Mother, Masa 1889-1947
Father, Riichi 1888-1956

Jeanne's parents:
Kojima Isaburo 1888-1940
Kojima Mitsuko 1900-1972

Akira
1919-1945

Toshi
(died at birth)

Toshi
1920

Jun
1922-1993

Susumu "Buck"
1924-1975

Toru 1928 Jeanne Fujiko 1931

Lisa Kimiko 1957
David *Kumagoro* Daum
1952

Joni Mieko 1959

Laura Mitsuko Daum
1986

Logan Riichi Daum
1989

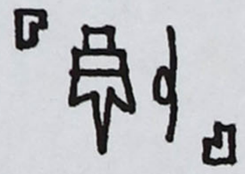
Laura and Logan are our favorite grandchildren. They are our motivation for longevity. They both have tremendous talents for a bright future.

This family tree was prepared in July 2006 and focused on Toru's family, as space was the limiting factor.

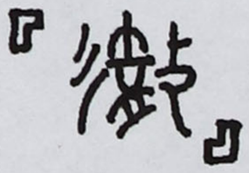
Great grandparents Kuraichi and Tani had 4 children. Grandfather Kumataro retained the family name MIYOSHI, and his brothers became Johko Kametaro and Kikuchi Ayagoro as yoshi. My father, Riichi, was also a Yoshi. He came from the Fukumoto Family that resides in Hikari, Yamaguchi Ken, Japan. Jun and Vi had 5 children, Teri, Janice, Sue, Kathy and Russell. Vi resides in Camarillo, CA. Buck and Motoko (1928-1987) also had 5 children, Gayle, Todd, Clifford, Karen, and Judy.

While the Daum and Miyoshi families were visiting Japan, the late Osamu Yamamoto gave our son-in-law, David, his Japanese name, Kumagoro. My mother, Masa, after giving birth to 4 boys, wanted a girl in the family. Figuring on the law of averages that her next baby would be girl, she had even bought baby girl outfits in anticipation of this event. The fifth child was a boy named Toru. I'm sure after some disappointment, Toru eventually became Mama's bov.

徹散　　A reading of 『TETSU』『TO-SU』『TO-RU』



Inscriptions on bones and tortoise carapaces (oldest)
This form expresses a state to withdraw the food which I offered to God.



The kanji that is used for an old seal
The meaning that a road penetrates from this place to the other side

Various meanings

① TO-RU, TO-SU　　I go.　I let you go through.
② HAGITORU　　I strip it off.
③ KOWASU, TORISARU　　I break it.　I get rid.
④ SITAGAU　　I follow it.
⑤ OWARU　　It is over.
⑥ HIRAKU, TSUKURU　　I open.　I make it.
⑦ SUMITO-RU　　I am clear.
⑧ TSURANARU　　It ranges.

The phrase which I used 『 徹 』 for.

『 徹暁 』(TETSUGYOU)　I stay up all night.
『 徹曙 』(TETSUSYO)　I stay up all night.
『 徹宵 』(TETSUSYOU)　I stay up all night.
『 徹旦 』(TETSUTAN)　I stay up all night.
『 徹夜 』(TETSUYA)　I am up all through the night.
『 徹悟 』(TETSUGO) I realize it to depth.　I realize it and am full of it.
『 徹底 』(TETTEI)　I carry it through to the bottom and go.
I am perfect.
『 徹透 』(TETTOU)　I carry it through and go.　I am transparent.
『 徹上徹下 』(TETSUJYOUTETSUGE)　I penetrate it up and down.
I carry it through from the top to the bottom.
『 徹頭徹尾 』(TETTOUTETSUBI)　From beginning to end.
From 1 to 10.　I do not stay.　Forever.
『 徹兵 』(TEPPEI)　I leave the armed forces which dispatched you.

Based upon the foregoing,
as for the old days, the kanji called TORU "withdraws";
that "carry it through" afterwards; seem to have been meant.
In Japan, there is a proverb that a name expresses character.
I think that it is a very splendid name to express your life.

『FUJIKO』
富士子

I think that the name called FUJIKO expresses Mt. Fuji.

In Japan, I name it from the meaning of the kanji,
and it is often that the flower names it.
Mt. Fuji is the Japanese most beautiful mountain,
and it is a Japanese symbol. It is a very good name.

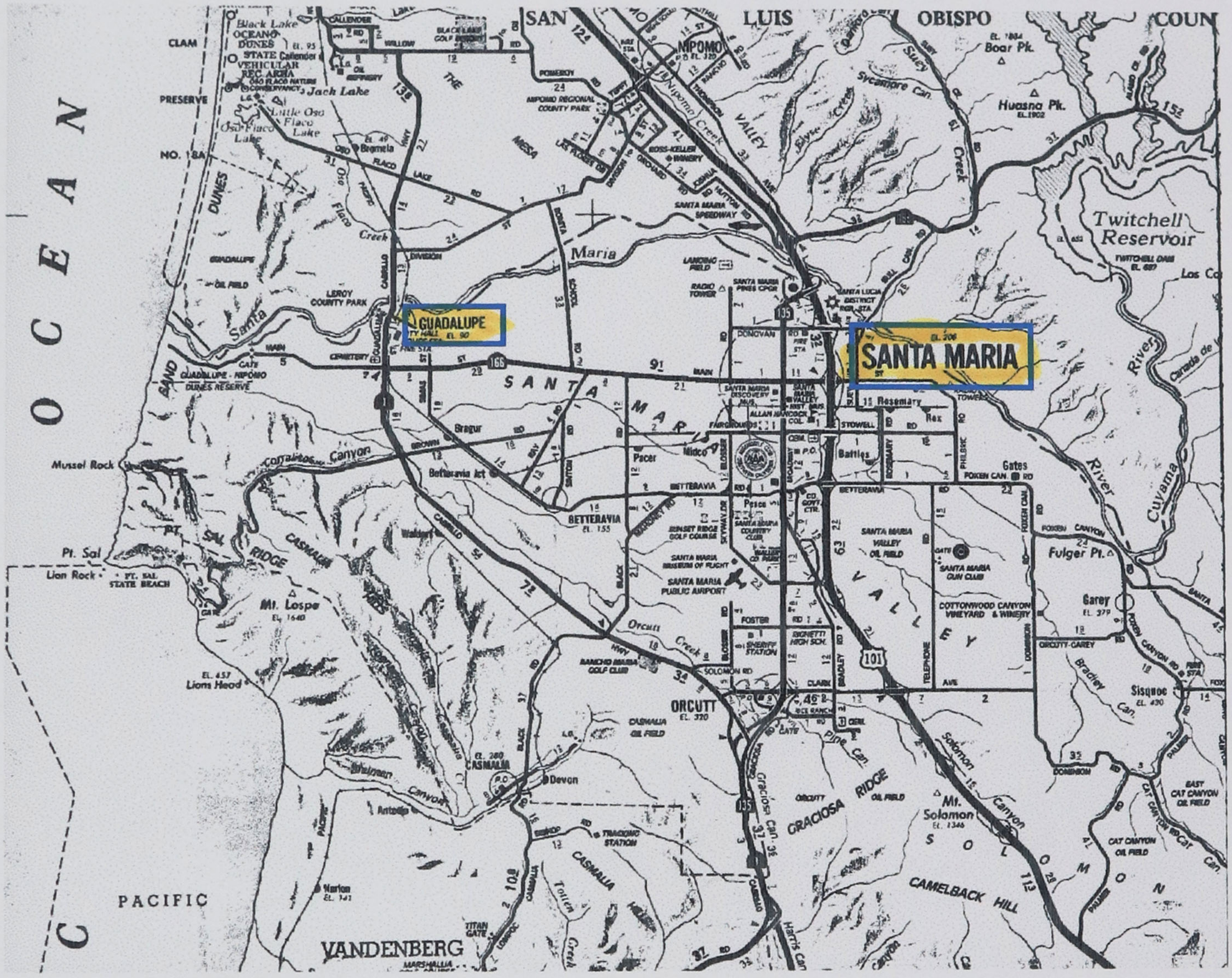
By the way
『SETSUKO』
節子

The meaning　Courtesy.　I respect moderation.

？？？！！！

I wrote a sentence to rely on translation of the computer, but will come well?
I pray for happiness and health of Toru and Fujiko.　Good-by

Setsuko　Yanagawa



This is a map of Santa Maria Valley showing the locations of Guadalupe and Santa Maria. This is where the Miyoshi family boys were raised. SMV is located in the Central coast of California. Climate here is mild all year where vegetable crops are harvested all 12 months of the year. Lettuce and broccoli was the major crop until the introduction of strawberry and wine grapes in the 1980s.

Jeanne and I are fortunate to have raised 2 daughters, Lisa and Joni, in this rural environment.

My political experience was a unique privilege to serve the people as a Santa Maria City Councilman and Santa Barbara County Supervisor, Fifth District for 20 years.

Part II Autobiography - Toru Miyoshi

Section 1. Introduction to Incarceration

I was born on February 22, 1928 in Guadalupe, California. My "proud" parents were Riichi and Masa Miyoshi. As of 2008, I am the lone surviving member of the Miyoshi Nisei generation of 5 boys, Akira, Jun, Susumu "Buck", Toshi, and Toru. I am grateful to my parents that they decided to have the fifth child, hoping for a girl, which gave me the opportunity to present this Miyoshi History. From my perspective, I have had a great life, which would have never happened if they stopped at number 4.

I never carefully checked my birth certificate until I was elected to the Santa Maria City Council in 1978. To my surprise, the certificate indicated my date of birth was February 24, 1928 and my name was misspelled as TOLL. My assumption to the errors was that a mid-wife delivered me at home and by the time they went to the County Clerk to record my birth it was 2 days later. As for the name, the clerk probably asked my father what my name was and he responded it was TO-ru and he obviously did not catch the "ru" and phonetically recorded TO as Toll.

This long-winded explanation is hopefully the last but I felt it was important to establish my legal identity as I proceed in my first writing endeavor. I also requested a copy of my parent's marriage certificate to verify my legitimacy primarily because in a letter from Japan, they referred to Riichi as

Toshikazu from Yamaguchi Ken. Later, I was informed that the kanji spelling of Riichi could also be pronounced Toshikazu.

Guadalupe, California

My memory of living in Guadalupe is limited since I was only 5 years old when my family moved to Santa Maria. I met Fuji Nakano Tomooka (2004) at the church bazaar and was reminded what a kozo (slightly spoiled brat) I was in my childhood. Her sister, Kinu, used to baby sit me and I remember staying many nights at their hotel and restaurant. Their mother, Mrs. Nakano, made the best udon (noodle) ever and that was one of the reasons I loved to stay with the Nakanos. The other reason was that they were terrific people.

On another occasion, I remember drinking an orange soda behind Katayama Jewelry store when a bee landed on the bottle and as I was taking a swig, it stung me on the lips. My brother, Susumu, and Ruth Katayama (Honda) applied mud on the sting immediately but it did not reduce the extensive swelling and still hurt a lot.

I remember when going to kindergarten we had to cross the railroad track where the city jail was nearby. Every Monday mornings we would hear a lot of moaning and groaning from inside the jail. We were told it was the town drunks sobering up from their lost weekend. What a memory!! (circa 1932)

I was told that my mother, Masa, wanted a girl so badly she dressed me in pink for a short while. Since she had 4 boys in a row I could understand her desire for a girl. I would be left in a playpen in front of the store and

mothers coming to the store would occasionally breast-feed me when my mother was busy taking care of the business. This variety of nourishment may account for my exceeding the historic family longevity. Talking to Tets Furukawa (October 2001), his mother used to leave him next to me in the crib while she was shopping. This made us "crib buddies". I was sleepwalker and recall one episode where I fell into a box in my folks closet and thought I was in a lion trap in the jungle. It was an exciting dream until I found myself being rescued by my father and tucking me back in my bed.

1933 Miyoshi Family Moved to Santa Maria, California

I recall enrolling at Orange Street Kindergarten School in 1932 and running away on my first day. Grandmother Kiku found me near Main Street School located on 400 East Main Street (currently a Wells Fargo Bank). After all the crying I was so exhausted that she had to carry me back all the way home to 706 West Main Street (11 blocks away). Why I remember this experience so vividly is a Mystery. I must have been very happy and impressed with Grandma's stamina while rescuing me from the first day jitters of school.

During the depression years (1932), we had a large lot behind the Santa Maria store where all the kids in the neighborhood used to come and play. We made our own sling shots and rubber guns, made scooters out of broken skates, played cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians, and capture the flag, attempted to shot pigeons with our BB guns and really had a lot fun. "Dem were the good old days". Although kids today have great toys, I think they miss out on the opportunity to be innovative and creative.

When Grandson Logan was young

In Weimar, California, we built a "cabin" on a ½ acre lot in the Sleepy Hollow Sub-division. I built a racing car out of wood for Logan, like I did in my younger years. Cost wise, it may have been cheaper to buy one. When Logan got tired, he would allow Laura to operate the racing car. Washington Irving Drive had very little traffic and a little slope, so the

grandchildren would come down the street and turn into our driveway. It had good ball-bearing wheels so the racer gained a respectable speed, which made everyone apprehensive until the kids became seasoned drivers. The apprehension is due to the fact that the street gets very steep pass our driveway and missing the turn could be a little disastrous.

The other project. *We formed the T & L, or was it L & T Boat Company and made boats out of scrape 2 x 4s and floated them down Bear River near Colfax, California. We used heavy washers as ballast so that they would float correctly. When the Daum family was returning to Fairbanks, they stopped at a small creek running into Lake Tahoe. According to Lisa, Logan was floating his little boat when it got caught in the current. It floated into the lake and they were planning to leave his boat in the lake. However, Logan began crying about his lost boat. His continuing tantrum made David change into his shorts and recover Logan's treasured homemade boat.* ***This example is one of the pleasures of a grandchild that you can retrace to your own childhood.***

We had many Nisei girls working at the store at different times. They all treated me like older sisters and it seemed like my parents were constantly marrying them off. I think they were baishakunin (marriage arrangers).

One of the girls, Yoshiko Nakamura, married Gabriel DeLeon who was also employed at the store. My mother was criticized for this inter-marriage. I remember Gabriel as a family member and he took good care of all of us. After we closed the store in early 1942, Gabriel went on to become a very successful farmer and eventually became the Mayor of Arroyo Grande, California. Others that worked at the Miyoshi store were also married. Grace Haruki married Haya Uehara. Grace Hashimoto became Mrs. Fujita. I remember Mary Sakamoto and Miye Saito being courted.

Toru Miyoshi, a student at El Camino Jr. HS

In 1940, I attended El Camino Junior High School in Santa Maria, California. I had many classmate friends at school but after the last school bell I would return to a segregated Japanese community. I just assumed this is the way life was. Occasionally, I would hear my classmates talk of parties I was never invited to. In these rare moments, I wished my name were George instead of Toru, as if the name would make me white. I chose the name George only because my birthday was on February 22nd. For the uniformed, it was President George Washington's Birthday. I have long since outgrown this desire.

My first lesson in racism was in the seventh grade (1939). We were all lectured that calling Annabelle a "nigger" was wrong. Apparently, during recess someone was calling her names. Annabelle Gatewood's family was only one of two afro-American families in Santa Maria in the 1940s. Her oldest brother, Clyde, was not allowed to swim with his high school classmates during the gym's swimming period. Clyde became an engineer and worked in the Bay Area until retirement. It is important to note that civil rights were non-existent in the 1930s and 40s.

Irene Langenbeck was my seventh grade teacher at El Camino Junior High School. She taught all my brothers that preceded me. I met up with her soon after I returned to Santa Maria in the fall of 1945. It was a hostile period after the war in Santa Maria but Irene, without any hesitation, came up to me and warmly welcomed me back to Santa Maria. You can't imagine

what a wonderful feeling it was under the circumstances. While in the 7th grade, the school system was in the process of eliminating winter classes. I recall that there was 6 Japanese American students that were advanced to the 8th grade while the rest were held back. I recall Irene instructing me to study hard, as I was the sixth of the group that advanced. For the Christmas program the choir was selected from the 8th grade. I was booted out because my voice was in the process of changing and the opportunity to sing in the balcony of the Veterans Memorial Hall across from El Camino Junior High School was forever lost.

Irene's brother, Chester Langenbeck, was my Principal at Fairlawn Elementary School and later my daughters', Lisa and Joni, at Alvin Street School. Chester was a great supporter of my political endeavors and would always display my lawn posters during my various campaigns. In 1935, I remember walking to Fairlawn School when Mr. Langenbeck saw my swollen jaw and immediately sent me home. Yep, I had the mumps. (I can't believe it was over 70 years ago, how time flies).

Mr. Brett Devaney was the Principal at El Camino Jr. High School. On my way home from school I was teasing a girl and said some profanity. The next day, I was called into the Principal's office and confronted with the incident. As he was talking to me, he opened up a cupboard that had different size leather straps. I immediately got the message and apologized for my misconduct. I believe I was generally a good and obedient student, but for some reason, these moments of misbehavior are the ones I remember the best.

Marilyn Monroe was my classmate at El Camino Junior High School for a short time and I recall naively that she was very pretty and well developed. Her name was Norma Jean Dowling when she lived in Santa Maria and Norma Jean Baker in movie magazines when she moved away. This is my claim to fame although I did not know the significance at that time.

Pearl Harbor attacked on December 7, 1941 and President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 in February 1942

I was a freshman at Santa Maria Union High School when the Pearl Harbor attack occurred. Life for all of us changed dramatically from that time on.

The entire Japanese community was placed on curfew and our short wave radios, guns, cameras, and other contrabands were confiscated (these items were never returned after the war). In reality, we existed in a Police State. Once I was visiting friends and forgot about the curfew and overstayed my visit. I ran all the way home through alleys and darken streets. I was scared of being apprehended by the police but I reached home without any incident. I remembered with a sense of pride that I outwitted the authorities, however my parents were not happy. At the time it seemed like a Huckleberry Finn adventure.

Mrs. Lydia Bell was my freshman Core Course teacher (1942) and she told me I was on the borderline of being passed on as a sophomore. She left me with a "lasting" impression that she just did not like me. This occasion arose when the teachers were instructed to advance all the Japanese American students due to the evacuation order under EO 9066. When I ran for Santa Maria City Council in 1978, Lydia called me and told how pleased she was that I was running for public office and would vote for me and tell her friends to support me. That "lasting" impression disappeared at that moment. When I was walking the precinct in her area she would insist that I join her for coffee and discuss the issues. We became good friends. I never

discussed my youthful assessment of her as my teacher, but I wished I had because she would have had good laugh about it.

As previously mentioned, in April 1942, we were uprooted from our home with only what we could carry. We assembled at the Church parking lot guarded by armed soldiers and were loaded into busses to Tulare Assembly Center.

1942. Tulare Assembly Center

Tulare Assembly Center was located at the County Fairgrounds. A ten-foot high chain link fence enclosed it with barbed wire lining the top. At regular intervals, armed soldiers manned guard towers.

The housing we were assigned to was a converted horse stable that still had manure on the floor. We had very little privacy, as the partition did not extend to the pitch of the roof. It was a long stable and if we stood on the cot-bed we could see all the way to the end of the stable. Masa said the family would not sleep in a room full of manure embedded on the concrete floor and walls. My brothers, Jun and Buck, found buckets and a broom and commenced to wash down the floor and walls. This only activated the manure and we ended up sleeping outside for several days to dry out our "home". After scraping off most of the dried manure, we found cardboard cartons for our floor covering. Our neighbors were really good natured about this incident and immediately concluded we were all ignorant city folks.

Some of the other families were assigned to hastily built barracks and were not confronted with the challenges we experienced. Instead being envious of those families we identified ourselves as the real pioneers of this new experience. One of our new neighbors was the Otsu family. Mrs.Otsu and her son, Tak, had booming voices and loving hearts. They were always ready to help in any way.

After a few weeks, some semblance of "normalcy" permeated the camp life. The pregnant women taking their evening walk around the track and the famous flushing toilets became a familiar sound. The community toilet had about 5 seats or holes and at one end the water would fill up a holding tank. When it filled up it would flip over with a loud bang and the water would come roaring down the trough and flushing all the holes at one time. We quickly learned not to sit at the far end of the community commode. I remember how everyone sitting in the community toilet would automatically come to a semi standing position just before the flushing action began. Recalling this situation as I was preparing my history project…it was a hilarious sight.

Henry LaFranchi, who was managing the Miyoshi property in Santa Maria, came to visit us in Tulare. I remember he brought us a hard-to-find case of Coca Cola. We shared it with our neighbors and enjoyed this rare treat. This story may seem irrelevant today, but during the war years, Cokes and other popular items were very difficult to come by. I am sure Henry met with some unpleasantness taking care of our property, but he never complained about it. He and Mrs. LaFranchi were great people.

Around September 1942, everyone was ordered to pack up and be ready to move. We embarked on a train and were ordered to keep the shades down. We could not see out and it was really an eerie experience moving in broad daylight and not knowing where we were going.

When we reached the California/Arizona State line, we were given permission to raise our shades and were informed that our destination was a place called Casa Grande, Arizona.

Gila River Relocation Center and/or Gila Concentration Camp

When we arrived in Casa Grande we were herded into trucks and driven to our new "home". It was called Butte Camp, Gila River Relocation Center. Several Government documents referred to the centers as Concentration Camps. (See attachment for details on the use of Concentration Camp.)

I do not wish to minimize the adverse impact EO 9066 had on my parents, but at age 14 it seemed like a make-believe adventure.

Butte camp was still under construction so it was not a pleasant sight. The dust was so dense that when you walked around the camp it would be ankle deep. Our new address was 54-7-A, or Block 54, Barracks 7, Room A. A one-room unit was 20 feet by 20 feet for a family of 5.

We were facing the firebreak area, which was stacked with lumber. At night, young people would gather at the side of our barrack and when the guard was making his round on the other side of the stacked lumber, a group would go in and grab as much lumber as possible, then disappear into the dark of night. Our share of the lumber became a deck on the shady side of our barrack, primitive furniture, and a partition in our new "home." This activity was called "essential appropriation".

After settling down in our one room barrack home, I started high school in a rebellious mood. One winter day, a student placed a rubber erasure on the oil-burning heater (not I for the record). The teacher closed all the windows and demanded to know who the guilty person was. Many of us started to gag and cough in an exaggerated way as the erasure continued to smoke with an unpleasant odor. It was pandemonium in the classroom and the teacher apparently had all she could take and called us "Japs" in her outrage. She was expeditiously removed from the Camp.

When Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt (our First Lady) visited our school, it enhanced our spirit and helped regain our dignity. We only got a glimpse of her but it was one of the most memorable moments of our camp life.

As mentioned previously, we stored many of the unsold merchandise in the store and personal items in our store cellar. My parents requested that some of our household items and other boxes be shipped to us. Since the boxes were numbered and itemized we felt confident that we would receive the requested items. As we opened the boxes, we found one contained a case of Sake (Rice Wine). I remember my parents invited many of their friends and they had one happy party. Fish was regularly shipped in from California so my parents purchased some tuna for Sashimi and my mother made rice in our makeshift kitchen to compliment the sake. Experiences like this made life in camp more bearable.

I remember one summer Isao Yukawa, a former Santa Maria resident and one other friend whose name I cannot recall, and I were hired as night

irrigators. Mr. Hata was our foreman. Our duty was to flood-irrigate the alfalfa fields. It sounded like a soft job but whenever a line broke we had to repair the line as the water continued to flow through the break. One night, Mr. Hata allowed us to drive the pickup assigned to our crew. Isao was driving when he lost control of the pickup. We flipped the pickup over an irrigation ditch. Luckily none of us were injured but the accident created so much dust we lost our bearing. I heard Isao yelling that he couldn't open his door as we were all bunched up in the cab and when the dust settled the reason became clear, as the pickup had landed on his side. We walked back to camp laughing about it and went to sleep after the accident. The following morning, 2 marshals appeared at our house to investigate the accident. They asked if I was sore and I answered that I felt OK. I recited our predetermined story of our accident and was evasive on the details. They determined who the driver was because Isao indicated his left shoulder was sore and the other friend indicated his right side was stiff. I was impressed with this great detective work. The Authorities took no further actions. There were many fringe benefits to this job. Every night a mess hall was opened at Canal Camp (camp 1) for graveyard shift workers and the food was fabulous. We would have beef teriyaki and other delicious Japanese dishes not served at the regular mess halls. The internees who were farmers raised vegetables and deliciously sweet watermelon which we wastefully dropped and ate only the heart of the melon. We had a great foreman, Mr. Hata, who let us practice driving the pick up when we weren't busy. This benefit obviously stopped after the accident.

I made many friends from all over California in camp and this was one positive aspect of our camp life. I have lost direct contact with many of

them, but I would occasionally read of their achievements. Ron (Shig) Matsunaga, a USC graduate, became a famous plastic surgeon, Don Koda was a head mechanic for a race car team that ran in the Indy "500", Bette Shikata, aka Miiko Taka, became a movie star costarring with Marlon Brando in the movie "Sayonara", and Michiko Nishiura, became a successful author. Masami Fukai was Mayor of Gardena, California and the aide to Los Angeles County Supervisor Hahn and the list goes on. It is rewarding to read and hear of the achievements of my former inmates that were incarcerated in Gila Concentration Camp. To reach such heights through such adversities speaks highly of the Nisei Generation.

My brother, Jun, returned to California for some matters that concerned Miyoshi properties in Santa Maria. On his return to camp, Lynn Poole accompanied him. He was a very talented individual and sang "Shina no Yoru" at one of our talent show and became an instant celebrity with the camp population. In our youth, we used to play at Lynn's home and have a great time. His parents always made us feel at home. On Mrs. Poole 100th birthday, I had the privilege to honor her as County Supervisor with a Santa Barbara County Resolution.

1941. A flash back

I remember one time when Lynn, Larry Halverson and I decided to go to Pismo Beach on our bicycles. We played in the Pismo dunes and in Oceano there was an old Victorian type house that had the reputation of being haunted. I remember the three of us leaving our bikes by the street and started sneaking up to the "haunted" house. When we were fairly close to the house a speaker from behind us gave us a loud warning we were on

private property and get out immediately. Needless to say we quickly recovered our bikes in record time and headed home. It was a very scary moment, but after going a safe distance from the "haunted" house we good-naturedly argued who was the most frightened. We concluded Lynn was because he was first to recover his bike.

Adding to this adventure, we neglected to tell our parents of our planned trip to Pismo beach and we returned home very late (around 10 PM). They had the police looking all over for us. This is first time I seen my parents so angry and I wondered why when we had such a great time. The blessed innocence of being young.

In early 1945, my mother Masa suffered a stroke. When she returned to our barrack, she still had difficulty raising her head to drink water. I tried to get some straws from the hospital but was informed they were not available. Fortunately I was taking chemistry at that time and made glass tube straws and using the Bunsen burner to make the appropriate bend. I never realized going to school would come in so handy.

After graduating from Butte High School (1945) three of us, Isao Yukawa, Eddie Makimoto, and I, got together and bravely made plans to leave camp. I was worried I would not get permission from my parents to leave on our own (an ego concern). To my surprise I was encouraged by my parents to venture out in the world after 3 ½ years of confinement. The War Relocation Authority (WRA) had an employment office where we applied for a job. The three of us took a dishwashing job at a Restaurant in Benton Harbor Michigan.

By this time most of the older Nisei had left camp, so on the train we were the only "adult" males while the rest were women and children. I mention this because we were connected to troop train of veterans returning from the war in the Pacific. They found out we were connected to their train and started making threatening remarks at us. As the three oldest male, we got together to assess our options if they decided to attack us. We each had small penknives and decided to defend all the women and children with our "weapons". We were scared stiff, but our resolve were strengthened by the "gung ho" spirit of Isao. As the evening rolled on we were fortunately disconnected at El Paso, Texas. It is hard to imagine how happy we were when this happened. The rest of train ride to Chicago was rather uneventful. One of the things I noticed was that the train personnel were getting friendlier and more attentive to our needs as we headed east.

Another crisis for the three of us surfaced. In camp, Kiichi Nakamura, a member of the "Exclusive 20" gang, was the coach of a rival football team called the Broncos. We played for the Cubs (I was a substitute) and he would always act mean to intimidate us. Kiichi's wife was on the same car as us and we assumed he and his boys would be waiting at the train station. We had no alternative but to meet him at the station and face whatever consequence awaited us. To our great surprise and relief Kiichi approached us after greeting his wife and warmly embraced us and extended his appreciation for looking after his wife. (Good deeds have its reward, whew!!!).

We transferred to a bus to continue on to Bangor, Michigan where the owner of the Restaurant located in Benton Harbor was to meet us. While waiting, we went to a drug store fountain to get a drink. At the drug store a man kept staring at us and finally approached us and started asking us if we were Chinese, Filipino or Indian. He seemed very friendly so we finally told him we were Japanese Americans. He responded by saying we certainly didn't look like Tojo or Hirohito as portrayed in the newspaper. This was our first direct encounter with a Caucasian, other than the train personnels since leaving camp and fortunately a friendly one. It also showed me the influence of the press.

After our interview with our boss, I was assigned to make mash potatoes with a huge mixing machine. I would always toss in extra butter and cream and everyone would comment how good the mash potato tasted.

One day we rented horses with English saddle and went sightseeing along Lake Michigan. We found out the saddle did not fit our fannies and we ended up walking the horses back to the stables. I guess we were not cut out to be cowboys.

After several months of employment, a group of Nisei from another camp that started work before us started to complain our wages were better than what they were receiving and had the benefit of several weeks experience. A labor dispute erupted. They called the War Relocation Authority (WRA) from Detroit to find out the problem. I was surprised when they called me in for an interview. I told them I had no problem with our employer and asked why I was being interviewed in this dispute. They responded that when we

were first interviewed, I seemed to be the leader by asking for confirmation of our employment agreement. With youthful indignation I quit on the spot for being unfairly accused. Another Nisei wanted to leave anyway, so he quit at the same time and we left for Chicago, Illinois.

Before leaving Benton Harbor I called a friend, Nob Oki, living at 35 South Hoyne Avenue, Chicago. He said they had lots of room at the apartment complex and would help me locate a job in the city. I roomed with Tad and John Suzuki from Santa Barbara. I found work on an Inspection crew that essentially finished up the roping of Marine tents. It was tough work as the canvas tents were very heavy. I really admired the women that sewed the heavy tents together. They had to be awful tough.

I worked on the swing shift so when I arrived back at the apartment and turned on the light, I was amazed at the amount of cockroaches that resided with us. In fact, the roaches were so arrogant they seem to challenge me as I tried to clear the kitchen table to eat my dinner. (I agree…Ugh). I remember one evening going to work on the Madison Avenue street car a woman was screaming for help as a thief was grabbing her purse. Not one person raised an eyebrow as if this was a common occurrence or they learned to mind their own business. It was one tough neighborhood.

Once we tried to get into a burlesque theater by the Loop and were rejected because we were under age. Zoot suits were in fashion at that time and we would go to the Bowlium on the North Side trying to look tough, so no one would bother us. It must have been an effective bluff because we experienced no problems.

It was an exciting time in Chicago. I remember going to the Oriental theater where I saw Louie Prima, Dick Haynes and other talented celebrities perform live.

August 1945. Japan surrendered ending WW II

We were warned not to go to the Loop in Chicago where thousands were celebrating the end of the World War II. The reason was obvious (racial profiling).

The end of the war meant the closure of the Camps. My brothers, Jun and Susumu, were in the military service, so it became my responsibility to return to Gila River Concentration Camp and help my parents return to Santa Maria. It was a outrageous situation as the bus we were assigned to was built for a **local** transit system. My mother had not fully recovered from her stroke and fortunately, I was able to save a full seat so she could lie down and rest during our long trip back to Los Angeles. When we reached Los Angeles, we were so anxious to return to Santa Maria, we neglected to check the schedule carefully and boarded a Greyhound bus on a local schedule. It was a 7-hour trip as we stopped at every town including Lompoc, which became irrelevant after reaching our destination, Santa Maria.

I anticipated returning to my hometown the way I remembered it. We first stayed at the Christ United Methodist Church hostel and on the 2nd day I took a walk on Main Street toward Broadway. I remembered walking by a laundry plant located on the 600 block of West Main, when some of the

employees started calling me "Jap" and shouting obscenities at me. I immediately returned to the hostel with a sense of disillusionment.

I enrolled at Santa Maria Junior College located adjacent to Santa Maria High School. The Junior College had 120 girls and 5 male students. Most were my former classmates and so it became a safe haven for me. Kingo and Kame Furukawa, Tony Oyabu and Yoshito Yamamoto, were attending high school, so at lunchtime I would join them. On one occasion, we were sitting in front of the gym when a large group of students gathered and started calling us "Japs" and throwing rocks at us. Coach Bryan heard the commotion and immediately came to our rescue and dispersed the crowd. After this incident, Coach Bryan became our mentor. He saw us at nearby Evans park smoking and told us that we should not behaving like this in public, as we were responsible to make a good impression in the community. This may sound a little paternalistic, but he was correct based upon the community feeling at the time. Lynn Poole who had a lot tough Chicano friends was my buddy. With this association, I believe the agitators at school did not bother me.

Another flash back.

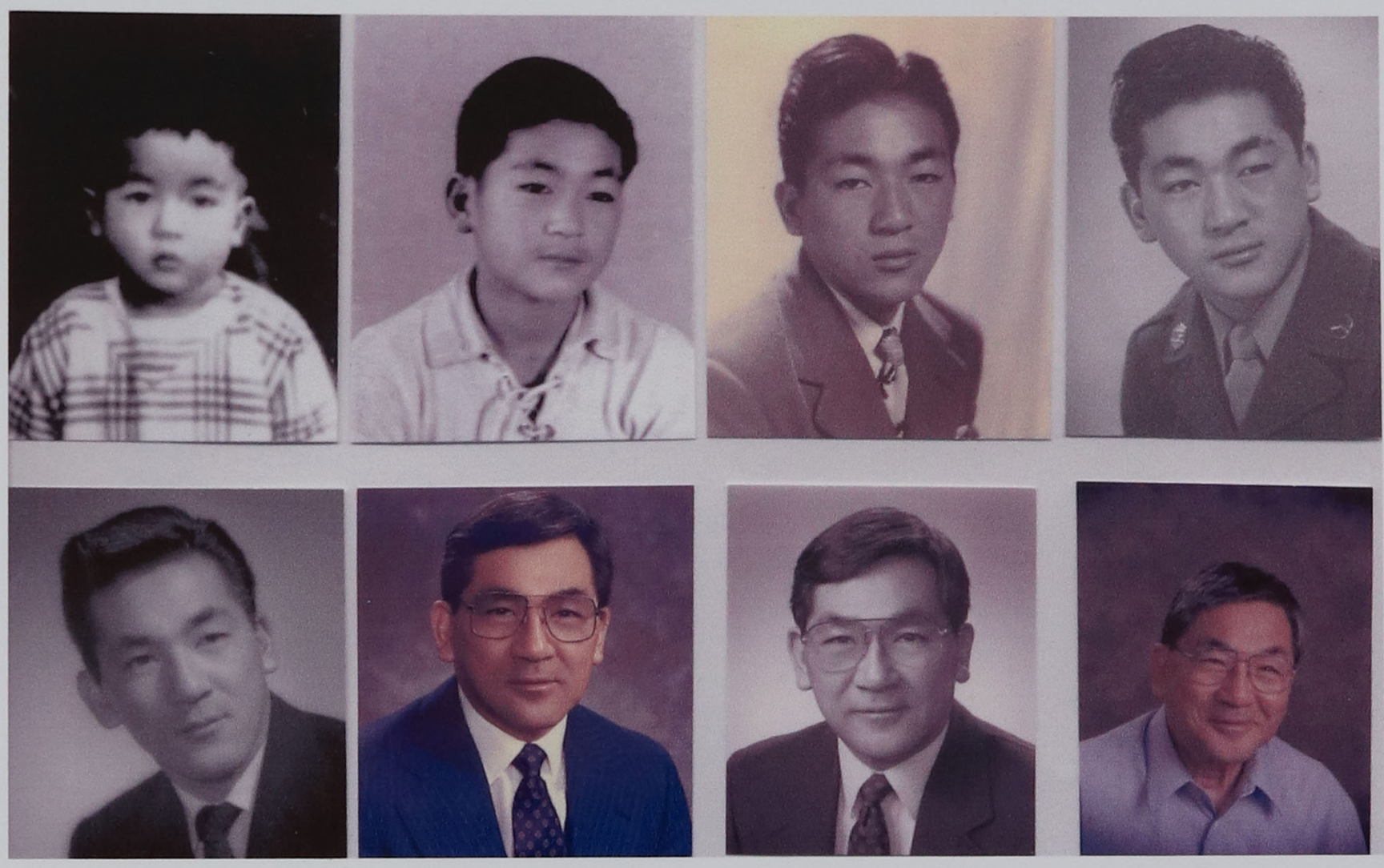
I remember an incident at Cook Street School, when we were singing the National Anthem when everyone in our class sang, "Oh o say can you see any bedbug on me..." Mr. Ken Moore, our 6th grade teacher immediately stopped and informed us that we lost our garden privilege for 2 weeks. In 1945, I returned to Santa Maria after the war and enrolled at Santa Maria Junior College. I was having a coke at Baron and Ames soda fountain with some school friends when across the counter I recognized Mr. Moore. He

kept starring at me in a way that seemed hostile, he finally came over and asked if I was Toru Miyoshi from his 6th grade class, when I answered YES he gave me big hug and warmly welcome be back. This act in itself is insignificant, but when you considered the hostility that prevailed immediately after the war in Santa Maria, it was a great feeling of relief and happiness.

In the spring of 1946, many returning veterans registered to study at Santa Maria Junior College. Some saw action in the Pacific theater, however they showed none of the hostility that prevailed in Santa Maria Valley. Many were high school friends of my brothers, Jun and Susumu, and many other Niseis. It was an amazing turnaround in the attitudes of Santa Maria residents toward the Japanese Community. I recall one occasion playing basketball, when a player from Ventura Junior College, instead of trying to block my shot threw a body block at me. The intent was obvious and my teammates were very angry. The very next time that player got the ball they went after him with a vengeance and he left the game with a knee injury. I generally do not support violence, but in this case, I must admit it felt good.

In 1939-40 Santa Maria High School varsity football team had many Niseis on the first team. They were Cappy Harada, Tok Yonekawa, Jun Miyoshi, Ted Morishita and Horse Inouye. They had a great football team and it was indicative of the large Japanese American enrollment at Santa Maria Joint Union high school.

1st Lt. Tsuneo "Cappy" Harada made a visit in his Officers Uniform with an impressive row of ribbons. This helped in restoring civility toward the Japanese community.



From cradle to a few more good years

Toru at age 1. elementary school pic, H.S. grad, US Army USC grad, formal picture, political photo, and **Toru at age 71.**

One of the common remarks I hear, "Toru, you haven't change a bit". Here is proof that I did. No one is exempt from the aging process, the important thing to remember to live your life to the fullest and enjoy it. Life is too short to dwell in the past, count your blessings and keep moving forward.

Thank you very much Riichi Otosan and Masa Okasan for having 5 sons. Especially the fifth.

(top) Miyoshi Store opened around 1920. Awning identified the store.

(bottom) The 2 story building became the Far Western Restaurant. The store site became a parking lot.

Three generations of Miyoshi men, well some may be boys, or even a baby.

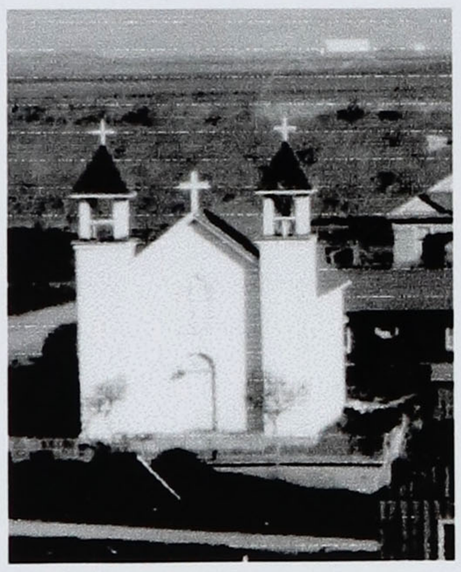
From the left – Akira, Jun Toru, Riichi otosan, Susumu and Kumataro Ojiisan.

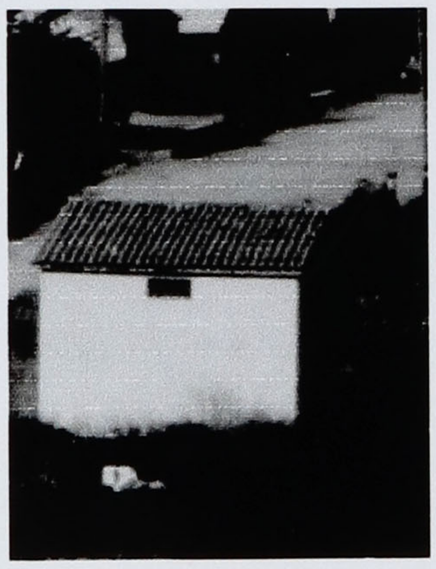
Toru at around 2 months.

It is amazing that sibling's fight and the minutes its over, brotherly love prevails, well, at least for a while.

For many years, I assumed that my brother, Susumu (Buck), took my favorite toy truck away from me while playing at Shell Beach. I recently found some old negatives, which I had developed and discovered my memory was a little faulty. The happy camper on the right indicates that Buck had taken my favorite hat instead. On the left, Buck is skating & I am riding the tricycle in front of our store in Guadalupe. Circa 1931

Above is looking East on Guadalupe Street, the clock on the right is Katayama Jewelry Store. (1921). The partial group pictures on the right is included because Toru appears on the right of 3rd row (1934) and on the front row made up for a Chigo Buddhist celebration in 1931,
Below are pictures of the Catholic Church and the Guadalupe jail. These were taken in 1928.





In my autobiography I indicated my recollection of Guadalupe was limited, however, photos such as the Guadalupe Street was made available by Josie Dettamanti, a former resident of Guadalupe and my neighbor in Santa Maria. The Catholic Church and jail and group photos above were part of the Katayama collection and provided by Jane Honda. The Guadalupe Buddhist Church photo to the left was taken in early 30's. My mother, Masa Miyoshi is in the front row, third from the left. I included this page of photos because Guadalupe was my birthplace, and Grandfather Kumataro arrived in Guadalupe in 1908. I am very fortunate to receive these pictures to complete my autobiography that began in Guadalupe.

After closing the Guadalupe Store, the Miyoshi family moves to Santa Maria, California. Grandfather Kumataro was planning to retire to Japan in 1935 after the death of grandmother Kiku in 1933. This was the reason for us to move to Santa Maria.

Miyoshi family. Circa 1934
(l to r) Jun, Akira, Masa, Toru, Susumu, Riichi. This picture taken in front of store at 706 West Main Street, Santa Maria.

Photo courtesy of Michiko Taniguchi Nishino Circa 1933

This is the first grade class at Fairlawn Elementary School in Santa Maria, California. Chester Langenbeck, Principal. Mr. Langenbeck was also Principal at Alvin Street School where our daughters, Lisa and Joni attended.

Back row: 2nd from left Louis Avila …..far right is Mr. Maeno
Middle row: fourth from right is Kimitsu Matsumoto, ..far right is Kyo Utsunomiya.
Front row: lst on the left is Toru Miyoshi, 3rd from left is Matilda Amador. Sixth from left is Ms Sugai, Yasuo Mayeda and Michiko Taniguchi.

This is a rare informal photo of all 4 Miyoshi brothers together. (From left to right) Akira, Susumu Buck, Jun and Toru. Circa 1933. This photo was taken in front of R.M. Miyoshi general merchandise store in Santa Maria, California.

L to r Kumataro, Jun, Riichi, Susumu, Akira, Toru, Masa, Grace, Lena

This photo taken in l935 when Kumataro was returning to Japan to retire. Grandmother Kiku passed on in 1933. Grace Haruki and Lena Agawa were employed at the store, but more like big sisters to all of us.

Photos during the 30s. The Ishii and Miyoshi families used to vacation at Yosemite National Park together. I remember my mother Masa referred the photo on lower right as the spanking picture of Chuhei and Riichi. In these groups of photos are Tom and Calvin Ishii who perished in World War II and Paul Matsuura was a POW in Manchuria. Mr. & Mrs. Ishii suffered tragedies on the Japanese side as well as being the victim of EO 9066 losing a successful business in Santa Maria. Mr. Ishii used to visit Jeanne and I in his later years and tell us interesting stories of Isseis in America during the early years.

Miyoshi family (circa 1940)

(l to r) Masa, Susumu (Buck), Jun, Toru, Riichi
Circa 1940

This is Norma Jean Dowling aka Marilyn Monroe. In 1940 she was a classmate at El Camino Junior High School in Santa Maria, California. Marilyn is identified as Norma Jean Baker in articles about her so I am assuming her mother remarried after leaving Santa Maria. Santa Maria Inn has an article about her residency in Santa Maria to verify my recollection.

Executive Order No. 9066

AUTHORIZING THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO PRESCRIBE MILITARY AREAS Executive Order No. 9066

WHEREAS the successful prosecution of the war requires every possible protection against espionage and against sabotage to national-defense material, national-defense premises, and national-defense utilities as defined in section 4, Act of April 20, 1918, 40 Stat. 533, as amended by the act of November 30, 1940, 54 Stat. 1220, and the Act of August 21, 1941, 55 Stat. 655 (U. S. C., Title 50, Sec. 104):

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the authority vested in me as President of the United States, and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, I hereby authorize and direct the Secretary of War, and the Military Commanders whom he may from time to time designate, whenever he or any designated Commander deems such actions necessary or desirable, to prescribe military areas in such places and of such extent as he or the appropriate Military Commanders may determine, from which any or all persons may be excluded, and with such respect to which, the right of any person to enter, remain in, or leave shall be subject to whatever restrictions the Sectary of War or the appropriate Military Commander may impose in his discretion. The Secretary of War is hereby authorized to provide for residents of any such area who are excluded therefrom, such transportation, food, shelter, and other accommodations as may be necessary, in the judgement of the Secretary of War or the said Military Commander, and until other arrangements are made, to accomplish the purpose of this order. The designation of military areas in any region or locality shall supersede designations of prohibited and restricted areas by the Attorney General under the Proclamations of December 7 and 8, 1941, and shall supersede the responsibility and authority of the Attorney General under the said Proclamations in respect of such prohibited and restricted areas.

I hereby further authorize and direct the Secretary of War and the said Military Commanders to take such other steps as he or the appropriate Military Commander may deem advisable to enforce compliance with the restrictions applicable to each Military area hereinabove authorized to be designated, including the use of Federal troops and other Federal Agencies, with authority to accept assistance of state and local agencies.

I hereby further authorize and direct all Executive Departments, independent establishments and other Federal Agencies, to assist the Secretary of War or the said Military Commanders in carrying out this Executive Order, including the furnishing of medical aid, hospitalization, food, clothing, transportation, use of land, shelter, and other supplies, equipment, utilities, facilities and services.

This order shall not be construed as modifying or limiting in any way the authority heretofore granted under Executive Order No. 8972, dated December 12, 1941, nor shall it be construed as limiting or modifying the duty and responsibility of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with respect to the investigation of alleged acts of sabotage or the duty and responsibility of the Attorney General and the Department of Justice ~~under the Proclamations of December 7 and 8, 1941~~, prescribing regulations for the conduct and control of alien enemies, ~~except as such~~ duty and responsibility is superseded by the designation of military areas hereunder.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
February 19, 1942

Denial of Constitutional rights to all Japanese Americans for looking like the enemy.

WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY
WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION
Presidio of San Francisco, California
May 3, 1942

INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY

Living in the Following Area:

All of that portion of the City of Los Angeles, State of California, within that boundary beginning at the point at which North Figueroa Street meets a line following the middle of the Los Angeles River; thence southerly and following the said line to East First Street; thence westerly on East First Street to Alameda Street; thence southerly on Alameda Street to East Third Street; thence northwesterly on East Third Street to Main Street; thence northerly on Main Street to First Street; thence northwesterly on First Street to Figueroa Street; thence northeasterly on Figueroa Street to the point of beginning.

Pursuant to the provisions of Civilian Exclusion Order No. 33, this Headquarters, dated May 3, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien, will be evacuated from the above area by 12 o'clock noon, P. W. T., Saturday, May 9, 1942.

No Japanese person living in the above area will be permitted to change residence after 12 o'clock noon, P. W. T., Sunday, May 3, 1942, without obtaining special permission from the representative of the Commanding General, Southern California Sector, at the Civil Control Station located at:

Japanese Union Church,
120 North San Pedro Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Such permits will only be granted for the purpose of uniting members of a family, or in cases of grave emergency.

The Civil Control Station is equipped to assist the Japanese population affected by this evacuation in the following ways:

1. Give advice and instructions on the evacuation.
2. Provide services with respect to the management, leasing, sale, storage or other disposition of most kinds of property, such as real estate, business and professional equipment, household goods, boats, automobiles and livestock.
3. Provide temporary residence elsewhere for all Japanese in family groups.
4. Transport persons and a limited amount of clothing and equipment to their new residence.

The Following Instructions Must Be Observed:

1. A responsible member of each family, preferably the head of the family, or the person in whose name most of the property is held, and each individual living alone, will report to the Civil Control Station to receive further instructions. This must be done between 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M. on Monday, May 4, 1942, or between 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M. on Tuesday, May 5, 1942.
2. Evacuees must carry with them on departure for the Assembly Center, the following property:
   (a) Bedding and linens (no mattress) for each member of the family;
   (b) Toilet articles for each member of the family;
   (c) Extra clothing for each member of the family;
   (d) Sufficient knives, forks, spoons, plates, bowls and cups for each member of the family;
   (e) Essential personal effects for each member of the family.

All items carried will be securely packaged, tied and plainly marked with the name of the owner and numbered in accordance with instructions obtained at the Civil Control Station. The size and number of packages is limited to that which can be carried by the individual or family group.

3. No pets of any kind will be permitted.
4. No personal items and no household goods will be shipped to the Assembly Center.
5. The United States Government through its agencies will provide for the storage, at the sole risk of the owner, of the more substantial household items, such as iceboxes, washing machines, pianos and other heavy furniture. Cooking utensils and other small items will be accepted for storage if crated, packed and plainly marked with the name and address of the owner. Only one name and address will be used by a given family.
6. Each family, and individual living alone, will be furnished transportation to the Assembly Center or will be authorized to travel by private automobile in a supervised group. All instructions pertaining to the movement will be obtained at the Civil Control Station.

Go to the Civil Control Station between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Monday, May 4, 1942, or between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Tuesday, May 5, 1942, to receive further instructions.

J. L. DeWITT
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army
Commanding

SEE CIVILIAN EXCLUSION ORDER NO. 33.

This order by Lt. General DeWitt was implementing Executive Order No. 9066, signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. DeWitt was quoted in this racist statement, "Once a Jap, always a Jap".

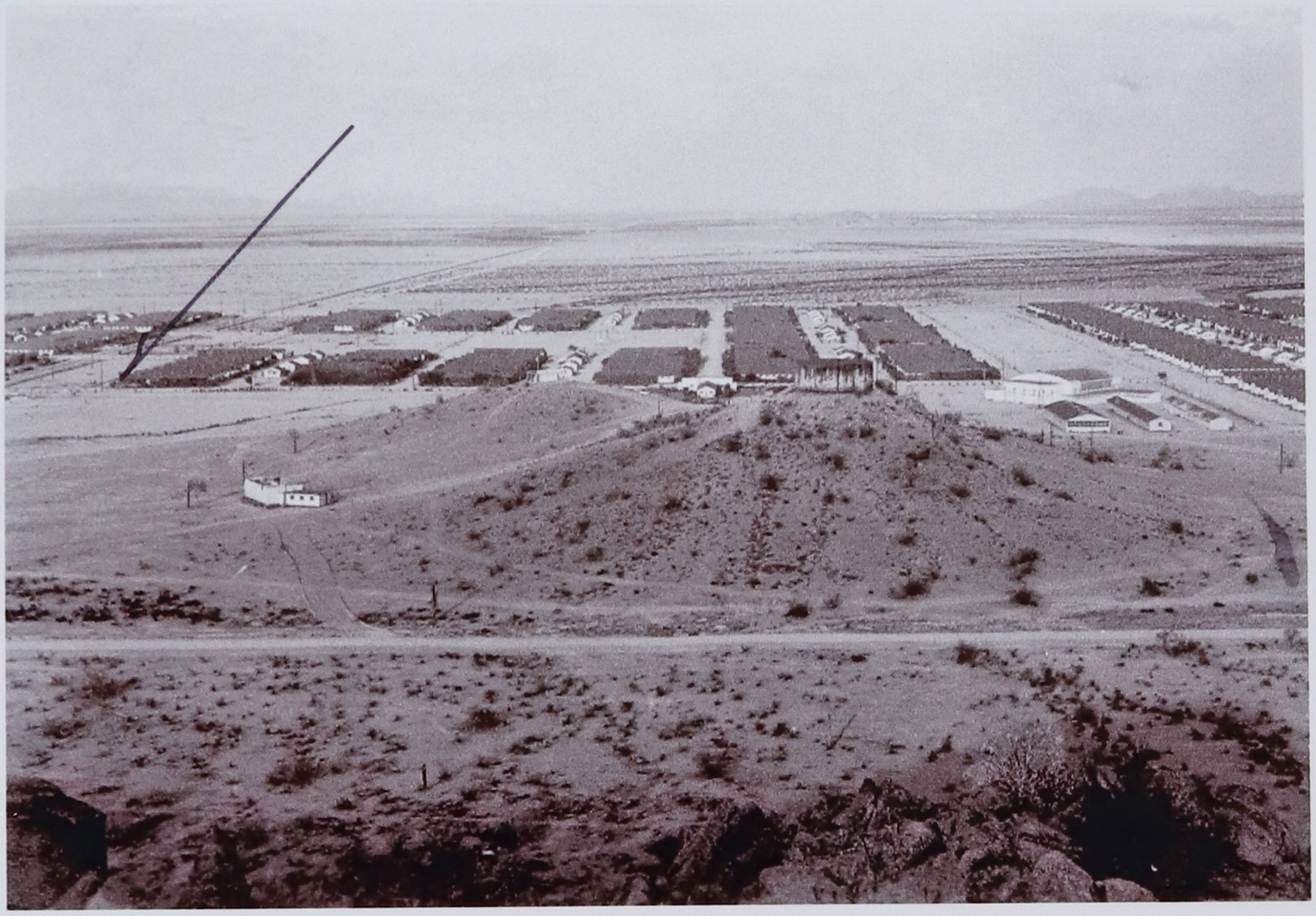
一九四二年
日本人全部
立退き

May 1946. The military carrying out the orders of EO 9066. Each person was allowed 2 luggages each to take to Tulare Assembly Center. This is the reason many families had to get rid of their personal properties at great or total losses.

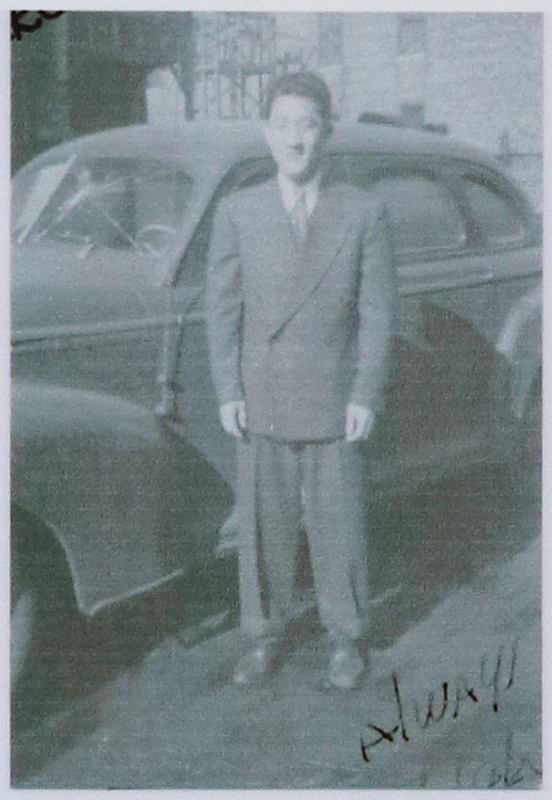
Executuve Order 9066 was supported by General Dewitt who was quoted saying “once a Jap always a Jap”. Security Risk was the justification to deny all Japanese Americans their Constitutional rights. How about the women and babies?

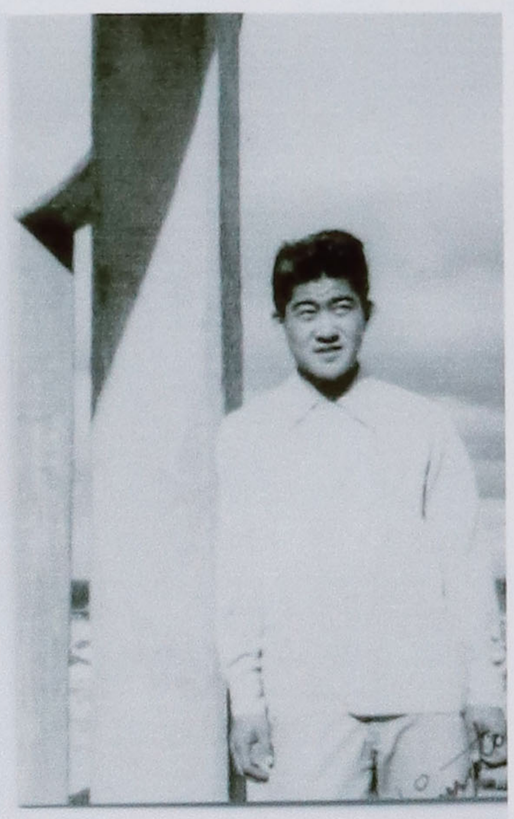
On April 1942, the entire Japanese Community population of Santa Maria Valley were herded up by armed guards and brought to the Japanese Union Church (Current Christ UMC) for transfer to Tulare Assembly Center. This was the implementation of infamous EO 9066.

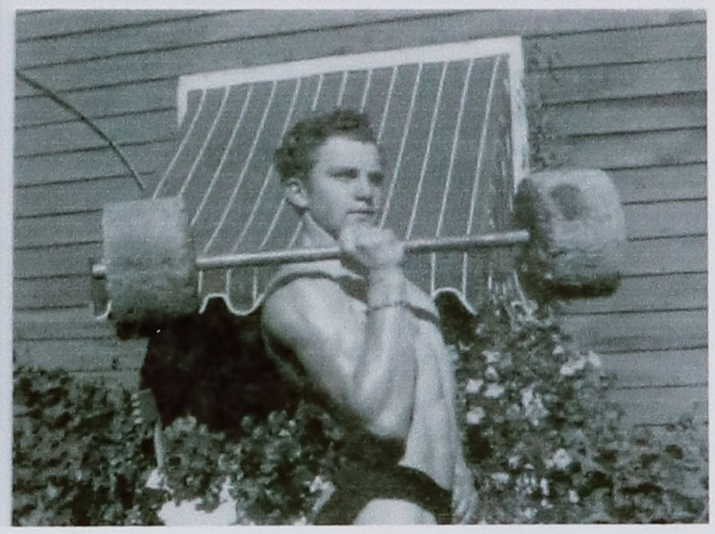
Gila Concentration Camp. The camp consisted of dreary barracks located in the remote desert region of Arizona miles from any town or city. The guard towers were manned by Military Police armed with rifles and machine guns. Each family lived in one unit, 20 by 20 feet room of a 4-unit barrack. We slept on a mattress filled with straw and placed upon a single iron folding bed. The camp was very cold in the winter and stifling hot in the summer. Community latrines for women and men lacked privacy, especially for the women. The hospital had an acute shortage of doctors and nurses.



This is Gila River Concentration Camp. As a 13-year-old I was denied all my Constitutional Rights and incarcerated for 3 ½ years. The Miyoshi Family resident was known as 54-7-A (the arrow). I remember the extreme heat and the dust storms rolling in like a tidal wave so dense it turned days into nights. The amphitheater shown just left of the Butte had talent shows and movies. I remember the first time they were showing the news when the Japanese flag appeared and everyone started shouting "banzai". The camp authorities never showed the news after that incident. Circa 1944.







Top – Isao Yukawa, Nob Oki, Eddie Makimoto
Bottom – Bette Shikata, Martha Fukuzawa, Lynn Poole

Isao and Eddie the brave ones on the train. Nob Oki really helped me in Chicago, Bette Shikata aka Miiko Taka (Costarred with Marlon Brando in "Sayonara"), Martha one of our high school beauty, Lynn, a rising star at Gila.

Her Message

.....YOU WILL GET THINGS THAT PROFIT BY LEARNING ALL THE THINGS YOU CAN LEARN WHICH WILL HELP YOU..... CAN GO OUT INTO COMMUNITIES AND BE PART OF THE COMMUNITIES THAT ARE GROWING.

.....I THINK WHAT I SAID TO THE GIRLS IS JUST WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO SAY TO YOU ALL. I HOPE IN THE FUTURE THAT YOU WILL GO INTO SMALL GROUPS, BUT NOT BECOME A COMMUNITY OF YOUR OWN WITHIN ANOTHER COMMUNITY.....

.....TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY OPPORTUNITY IN PERFECTING YOURSELF IN WHATEVER YOU WANT TO DO, OR WHATEVER YOU ARE PREPARING TO DO.....

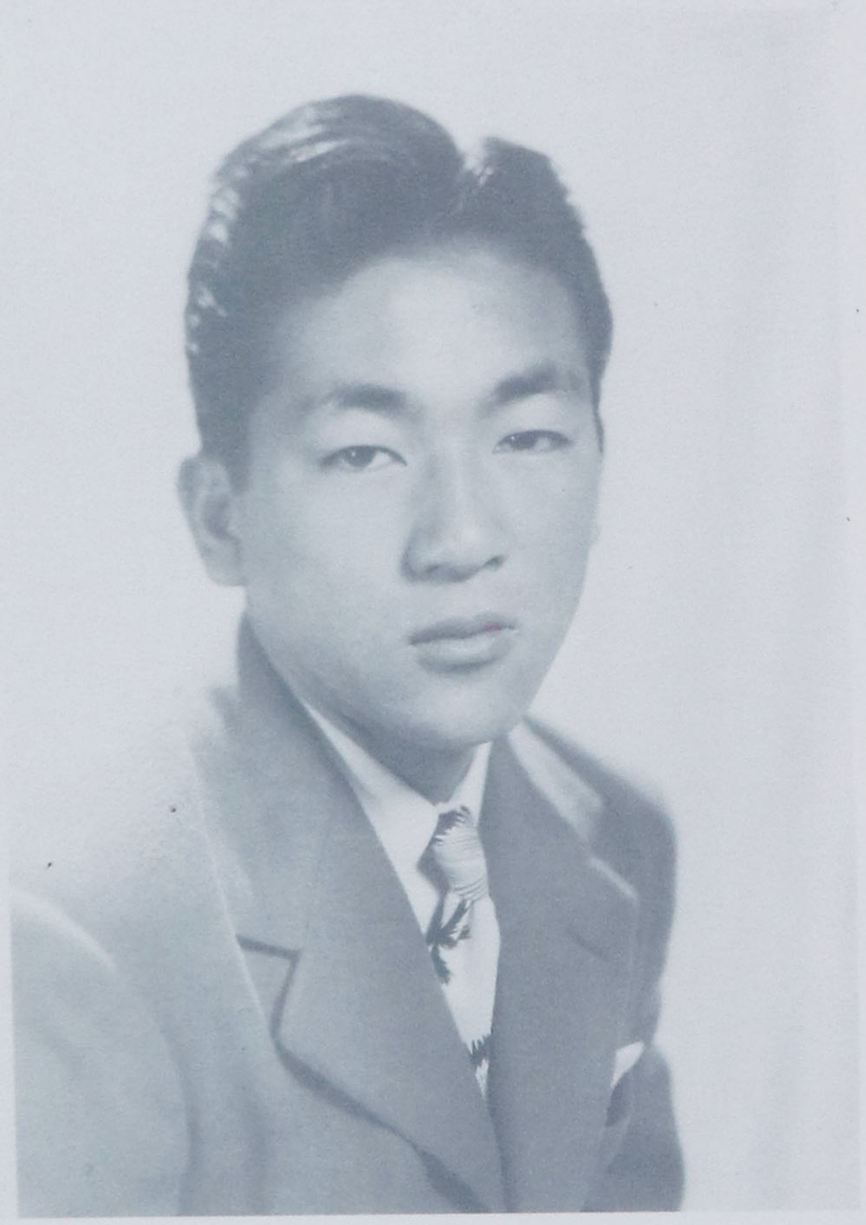
.....I WOULD TRY VERY HARD NOT TO HAVE TOO MANY IN THE SAME PLACE BECAUSE I THINK THAT HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MISTAKES OF THE PAST THAT THEY BECAME A COMMUNITY IN THEMSELVES INSTEAD OF BEING PART OF A COMMUNITY, AND I THINK THAT IS A GOOD THING TO REMEMBER IF YOU GO OUT.....

Our Visitor ..

Eleanor Roosevelt

·OUR FIRST LADY·

Our First Lady, Eleanor Roosevelt, visits Butte High School in 1943. Standing with her are John Tachihara, a former Santa Marian and Kim Nagano, student body president. Just her presence in our camp enhanced our spirit and self esteem.



1945 Graduation picture of yours truly, Toru Miyoshi.
Butte High School, Camp 2, Gila, Arizona.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

A monetary sum and words alone cannot restore lost years or erase painful memories; neither can they fully convey our Nation's resolve to rectify injustice and to uphold the rights of individuals. We can never fully right the wrongs of the past. But we can take a clear stand for justice and recognize that serious injustices were done to Japanese Americans during World War II.

In enacting a law calling for restitution and offering a sincere apology, your fellow Americans have, in a very real sense, renewed their traditional commitment to the ideals of freedom, equality, and justice. You and your family have our best wishes for the future.

Sincerely,

George Bush

GEORGE BUSH
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

OCTOBER 1990

Circa 1955.

This insignificant bottle of hand lotion was a promotion for filling up gas at a Mobil station. As a student on the GI Bill attending U.S.C. with limited cash this bottle became my first gift to my future bride, Jeanne F. Kojima. This bottle strangely reappeared a few years ago for sentimental reason or as a reminder of what a cheap skate I was.

Section 2. Military Service

I received my draft notice in 1946. Before I was called for duty they announced a "draft holiday". They were still accepting volunteers, so after discussing the uncertainty of the draft being reinstated with my parents, I volunteered for 18 months. I remember the recruiting officer trying to persuade me to sign up for a 3-year tour of duty. I would have a choice of theater of occupation (Europe or Pacific). He emphasized no promotions for 18 months volunteers. These were inadequate incentives, so I still opted for 18 months.

In October 1946, I commenced with my basic training at Fort Knox Kentucky (never saw a ounce of gold there) and experienced my first overt discrimination on the base. They were separate service halls, drinking fountains, bathrooms and waiting room at the base bus station (white only and black only). My first dilemma was where do I go? During this period the Pentagon was discussing the elimination of segregation in the Military. This consideration was controversial, especially in the South. Eventually it was desegregated and none of the alarmist's or should I say racist's concern surfaced.

Moving on. I was completing my third week of basic training when orders from the higher up came to end the training. War was over and the necessity to complete 12 weeks basic training became unnecessary was their logical reasoning. For the next 2 ½ months they kept us in limbo (didn't know what to do with us) when we finally got our shipping orders.

To my surprise, I received my certificate for completion of basic training with a MOS of "qualified recon car crewman". I was little concerned because I never even saw an armored car while stationed at Fort Knox.

I left Fort Knox on February 6, 1957 to start my furlough. With all the enthusiasm of a young 19 year old, I was preparing to tell my parents all my experience of military life. I arrived home on the 9th of February not knowing my mother passed a way the day before. As I was enroute home they was no way to contact me of her death. I kind of sensed something was wrong, when my brother Jun and Susumu picked me up at the Greyhound bus station. They were strangely quiet while I was bursting with excitement. On arrival to our home, I opened the door and found my father with Reverend Oshita and other family friends in the kitchen. When informed of my mother's death, I ran into my bedroom in a burst of tears. In spite of my father and brothers efforts there were no comforting words available to alleviate my sadness and disappointment by this totally unexpected news. Needless to say it took awhile to get over the shock.

After my furlough to Santa Maria, I had orders to report to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. At the Port of Debarkation, we boarded a Liberty Troop Transport Ship headed for Bremerhaven, Germany. I was sitting on the deck as we left New York harbor in the evening. I could see the lights of Long Island and they would disappear and after a short while the lights would reappear slowly rocking up and down, up and down, up and down…. about the third time, I started to get a little woozy and eventually got the worst seasickness imaginable. We were informed that they were checking the compass bearing before heading out into the Atlantic Ocean,

After a few days out to sea, we had a fire drill and I was feeling so bad I decided to stay in my bunk. A 2nd Lieutenant came down and ordered me topside or I'll face a court martial. About this time a firing squad would have sounded more appealing. In any case, the Lieutenant must have noticed how sick I was and he practically carried me up 3 flights to the deck. No court martial and the reward was fresh air. After being holed up like sardines, the sea air smelt so goooood. I did not get my sea legs until we reached the White Cliffs of Dover, England, 7 agonizing days later.

We arrived at Bremerhaven in Northern Germany. Now I started to be concerned about my MOS, designating me a "qualified recon car crewman". As we began our processing, I was asked what I could do and I replied, "I could type 50 words a minute". He looked through some files and said they need an Officer's Clerk in personnel at a constabulary unit near Stuttgart. I jumped at this opportunity with great relief, although at the time, I had no idea where Stuttgart was. .

I boarded a troop train for my new assignment. As we passed through cities, like Karlsruhe and Frankfurt, we would see rows of buildings and a second glance showed they were only bombed out shells left. This was my first exposure to the destructive force of war.

The 10th Constabulary Regiment, 72nd Headquarters Squadron, Boeblingen, was located in the Black Forest and Stuttgart, Germany. A beautiful location and the barracks were well built. These military facilities were built

as "labor camp" to evade the restrictions placed on Germany after World War I.

The army ran out of 45-caliber pistol, so they instructed me that at inspection time just put out your right hand in lieu of a weapon. After the rough time crossing the Atlantic Ocean, things were really starting to look up. No weapons to clean.

In looking at my photo album about Germany I found a church program dated May 11, 1947, Mother's Day. On the backside of the program I discovered the following letter, I completely forgot about.

May 11, 1947

Germany

Dear Mom,

Today is Mother's day...It is nice and sunny outside & our little Church stands among the trees in the forest with the rays of sun light breaking thru here & there. The Church of God is only a Quonset hut building, but it stands out with all the beauties of nature.

These few lines may sound silly, but I know that you understand me clearly.

I remain, always...your loving son, /s/ Toru

The Chaplain gave a wonderful sermon on "Mother's Love". The Chaplain said, Mother's love is so strong that it can never vanish.

I believe the above letter and the sermon helped in bringing closure to Mom's unexpected death on February 8th, 1947.

I remembered pulling patrol duty with an elderly German Policeman. He spoke very good English and we got along fine. He was like a tour guide describing the sights. He asked me what Nationality my father was and I replied Japanese. He suddenly hugged me and laughingly said we were **allies.** At first, I was little flabbergasted but joined in the laughter of our association.

The officer's clerk assignment had some interesting moments. Whenever an officer contracted VD, I was instructed to prepare his shipping orders back to the States, mark schnell (immediately). I handled all the Officer's records that were confidential and some time an officer would try pull rank to find out what kind of rating they received. With the confidentiality authority of a lowly Private, I held my ground. I felt pretty good about my newly found power.

My buddy, Mickelsen, was saving cigarettes to buy an accordion. When he accumulated about 3 or 4 cartons, we hitched-hike to Stuttgart. A Mercedes Convertible Town Car with 2 civilians stopped and offered us a ride into town. We got on and like big time operators; we started discussing how much cigarettes he should offer for the accordion. I noticed the 2 civilians smiling at our conversation, so I asked what kind of work they do, and they simply responded, Military Counter Intelligence. We kept a poker face and asked to let us off at the next stop. We knew black-marketing cigarettes was against Military Regulation, so we were really relieved for not being

arrested. I am sure the 2 "civilians" got a good laugh out of our big time plans.

In spite of all the damaged buildings, there were many beautiful places in Germany. Garmisch, Lake Constance, Ulm Cathedral, and many other historic sights, we got to visit on our three days passes. My first furlough was to Switzerland. It was an unusual experience to see cities and green countryside without any evidence of war by crossing an invisible border, with the exception of a border guard station. At the hotel, we were told to leave our shoes in the hallway at night to be cleaned and polished. Since we only had one pair, none of us utilized this service (our naive trust had its limits). We visited many historic and beautiful places in Switzerland, but Interlaken was the most impressive. The Jungfrau Mountain overlooking the green valley was just majestic.

My 18 months enlistment was scheduled to terminate in February 1948. This time in preparation for the boat ride back to the States, I bought green olives, crackers and other snacks to nibble on. Fortunately, I got my sea legs in a few days. One of my buddies knew the ship baker and he would bring hot bread and we would feast on them like it was the most delicious food in the world.

We hit one of the worst storm in the North Atlantic (according to the crew) and our transport ship was rocking and rolling so much, it seemed we would capsize or break in half. I'm glad the skipper knew what he was doing. We safely returned to Camp Kilmer in one piece to process for our Honorable Discharge.

I forgot about the advice against volunteering and joined the Army Reserves. The bait or should I say incentive, was we would get processed for discharge expeditiously. There were lots of GIs waiting around for their discharge. A few of us discussed this option and agreed, there would not be any war within 3 years of the reserve term. Who would have thought the **Korean Conflict** was even a remote possibility. Before leaving camp, we were instructed to take off our "ruptured duck" because it only advertised that our mustering out pay was up for grabs by the con artists waiting at the gate.

1948. Back home in Santa Maria

After my discharge, I returned home and found my father, Riichi, working for Waller Franklin Seed Company as a farm laborer. We had stored a 1939 Mercury car in our garage before evacuation and the only things that was vandalized was newspaper stuffed in the gas tank. After the gas tank was cleaned out and the car tuned up, my father used to take the ladies in town mushroom hunting off Highway 166 and picking Nori (seaweeds) at low tide North of Morro Bay. Unfortunately, Twitchell Dam flooded out the special trees that mushroom grew on. My father's generosity made him a popular widower.

At my father's suggestion, we opened a fish market. He started making tofu and aburage (fried tofu for inari sushi). We named it "Valley Fish Market" located at 708 West Main Street, Santa Maria, California.

My responsibilities were to pick up the fish shipped by train from San Pedro, California to Guadalupe at 4 AM four times a week. In addition to the fresh fish, I would load up the Chevrolet panel truck with grocery items with the tofu and aburage and set out on my established peddling routes. My father watched the store and sometimes would go to Safeway to buy things on sale for resale in our market. These items were cheaper than our wholesaler, Rand Haplin Hibler. The purchasing power of the big chain store was amazing.

Paul Kurokawa and his parents operated the Guadalupe Fish Market and they were tough competitors. While I would go out in the strawberry fields

where the families were working to take their order, Paul would just go into their camp home and check their supply and leave whatever they were short of. I could never take that type of initiative (an enryo syndrome). Sometimes I would see Paul's black panel truck on the other side of the strawberry farm and I would rush to the opposite side and start taking orders. The one advantage I had over Paul was Dad's fresh tofu and aburage.

It was difficult to keep up with father. His work ethics was work, work, and more work. The one salvation was he was fun to work with…at least during our breaks.

The Korean Conflict. 1950

I was recalled into service as a reservist. With my lack of basic training, I was fortunate to be stationed at Fort Ord, California as a Company Clerk. The First Sergeant was a career soldier named Jarousak (Jar-zak). We got along famously and once a Captain Spratt, acting Commanding Officer (CO) in a refresher course, was trying to get me transferred to Camp Roberts, when Sergeant Jarousak intervened and fortunately, the Captain was shipped to Korea. I believe Spratt, a southerner, was just looking for an all white staff. The 63rd Infantry Regiment was assigned to give refresher course to recalled reservist and members of the National Guard. Another officer, named 1st Lt. Ruben C. Cuellar, was a great CO of our Company. On weekends, he would dress in civvies and go out drinking with his platoon sergeants. On training days, he was all Officers and had the total support of his subordinates.

Pedro Doi, also a Gila Concentration Camp inmate and classmate, was a cook stationed in Fort Ord. In between training cycles, he would call me if I wanted any of the unused food. Once, I accepted a whole ham to take to my brother, Buck, and his roommates at Berkeley. On another occasion, our supply sergeant was encouraging all of us to take the turned in khakis. The trainees were issued winter clothing, so our supply sergeant was stuck with a room full of khakis. I stuffed my 1949 Ford with the khakis and took them to Berkeley. Money was tight for the students, so they really appreciated the GI (Government Issue). After all this philanthropic efforts, I was later asked what would of happen if they checked me out at the gate. I never

gave it a thought as all the stuff I took out were surplus items and not for sale. I wondered now if the authority would of agreed with me if I was caught. I'm glad the Statute of Limitations makes this a moot question.

Our Regimental Commander was a baseball fanatic. He was able to assemble all the major league and Triple A players assigned to Fort Ord and made a great Regimental baseball team. Billy Martin, Del Crandall, Jim Baxes were just some of the outstanding players. I saw them play several semi pro teams and they were unbeatable. Billy Martin was assigned to our Company and I assisted him in getting his family hardship discharge. This enabled Billy to return to play to the New York Yankees to provide for his family.

After 11 months at Fort Ord, California, I was Honorably discharged from the service.

My brothers, Jun completed his education as a pharmacist and Buck as a chemical engineer. I started thinking of the 4 AM pickup of the fish order and the cushy hours my brothers had. I discussed the benefits of the GI Bill with my father and he agreed that completing my education would be a positive advantage for me. We sold the business to the Morikawa family and I was off to college.

Time out for a little editorializing

Division among the Japanese Americans over loyalty questions presented by our Government

In 1943, all Niseis, age 18 and older, were informed to complete a questionnaire titled, "STATEMENT OF UNITED STATES CITIZENSHIP OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY". Questions Number 27 and 28 of this questionnaire created a major controversy at this time.

Number. 27 read "Are you willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States on combat duty wherever ordered?"

Number 28 read "Will you serve unqualified allegiance to the United States from any or all attacks for a foreign or domestic forces, and forswear any form of allegiance or obedience to the Japanese emperor, to any foreign government, power or organization?"

During this period (1940) a group of Japanese Americans refused to respond or answer "No No "on the loyalty questions. Their condition to vote "Yes Yes" and accept the draft was that their parents and siblings be freed and allowed to return to their home on the West Coast. The Japanese American Citizens League (JACL) took a policy that the Niseis cooperate and join the military to prove their loyalty. Sadly in 2001, the question of loyalty was being rehashed causing serious alienation within the Japanese Community. Many of the Nisei Veterans quit the JACL when they supported a proposal to apologize to those who evaded the draft by responding "No No" or refusing to answer the loyalty questionnaire. This was really a dispute between the second and third generation Japanese Americans. The Niseis,

who risked their lives to prove their loyalty during WW II with the 442nd Infantry Regiment and Military Intelligence Service (MIS), felt apologizing to those who refused to serve was compromising their courageous efforts. During the l940s, there were no organized civil rights movements to uphold the rights of the Japanese Americans; therefore, many felt cooperation with their own government was the proper alternative under these conditions.

The third generation of Japanese Americans (Sansei) was fortunate to be brought up when the civil rights movements, led by Dr. Martin Luther King, exposed the inequities imposed on minorities of our country. The treatment of Japanese American who were incarcerated without due process and denied all their civil liberties under our Constitution added to the legitimacy of Dr. King's efforts.

I feel that the division within the Japanese American community was essentially generational. The Nisei generation of the 1940s was essentially void of civil rights awareness while the succeeding generations were raised when civil rights and liberties were the major human rights issues blossoming into maturity.

In 2006, the incarceration of the Nisei and their parents without due process would not happen. The loyalty questionnaire on its citizens would not occur. No Americans of any ethnic group would have to prove their loyalty by risking their lives in warfare. However in the l940s, this all happened and the JACL policy of cooperating with the authority was, in my opinion, the right call. However, I feel the Veterans who no longer supported the JACL over this controversy was short sighted to allow their disappointment

weakened the only recognized civil rights organization for the Japanese American community.

I believe every **identifiable** American minority should have the benefit of civil rights representation. Time and world events change the interpretation of civil rights rather quickly. Nazi Germany, Pearl Harbor, Korean Police Action, Vietnam, 9-11, Iraq and the nuclear standoff by North Korea and Iran are grim reminders for the need of strong representative civil rights organization. **End of editorial.**

In 1947 the cigarette was still the best currency in Germany for black marketing. This pose with the cigarette was intended to add dignity..

HEADQUARTERS
REPLACEMENT and SCHOOL COMMAND
ARMY GROUND FORCES

CERTIFICATE

REPLACEMENT TRAINING CENTER
FORT KNOX, KENTUCKY

Toru Miyoshi RA19246237

has successfully completed
The Prescribed Course
of Training

28 October 1946 to 23 November 1946

Specially qualified for: Recon Car Crewman

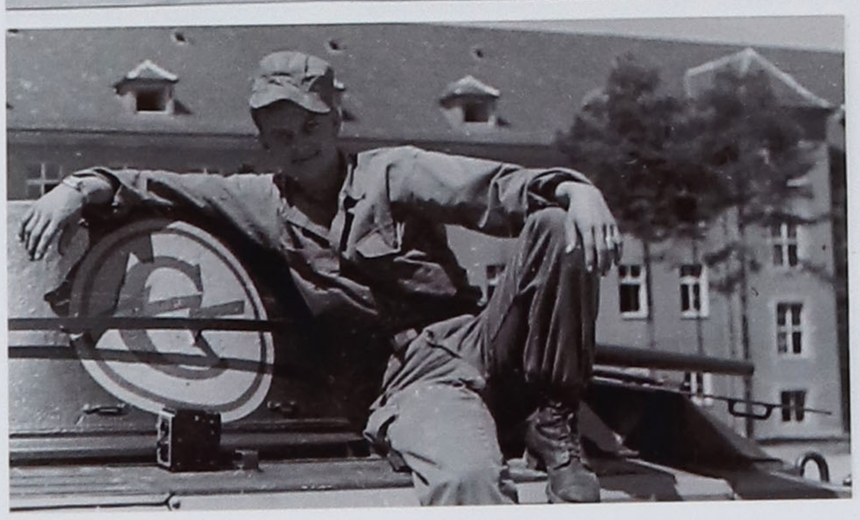
Bertrand Morrow

BERTRAND MORROW
Colonel, Cavalry
Commanding

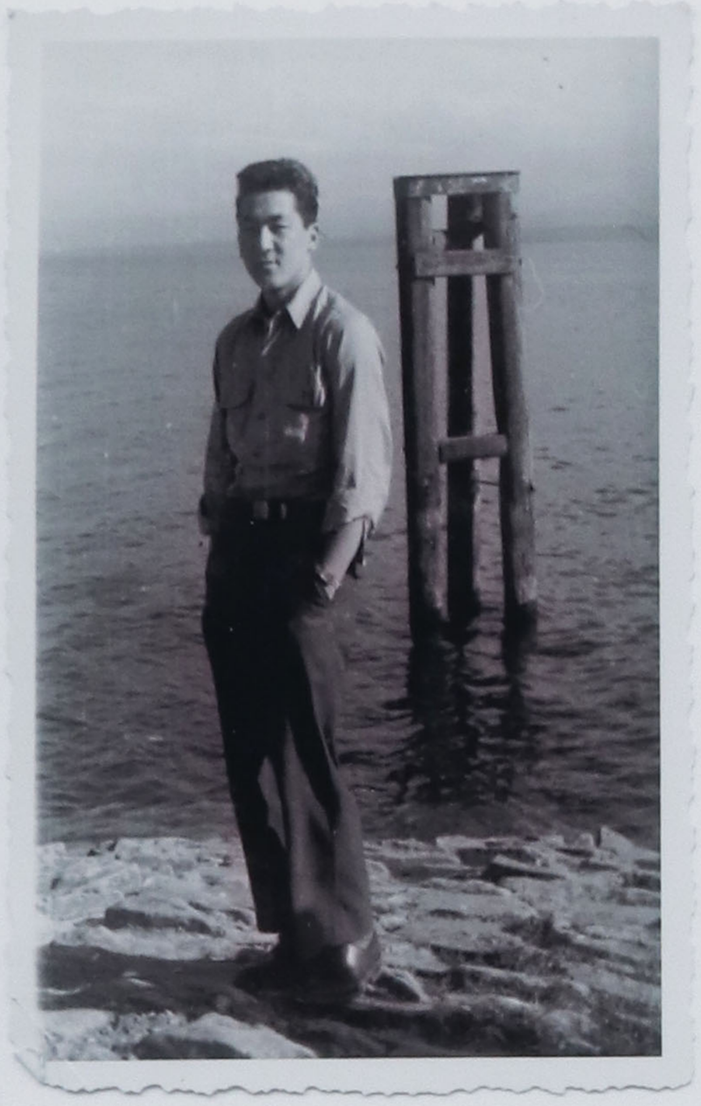
HEADQUARTERS · REPLACEMENT & SCHOOL COMMAND · OFFICIAL

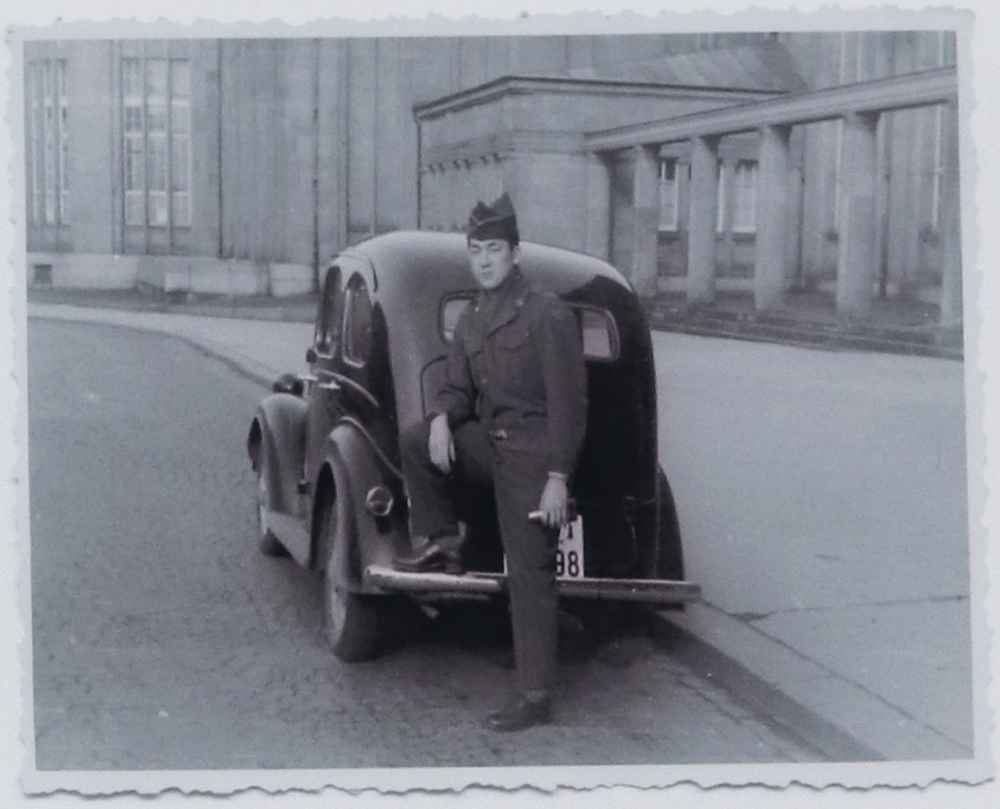
RTC-1178-H-Knox-10-2-46-25M

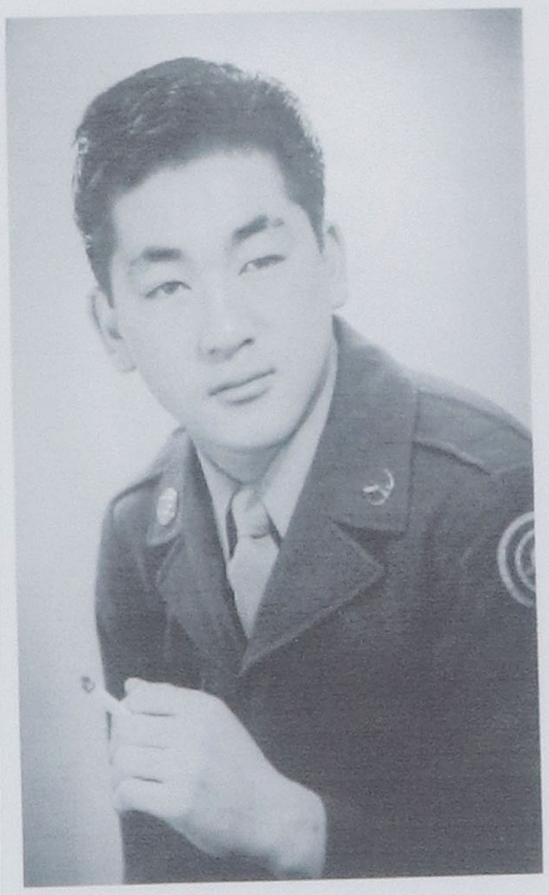
I, Toru Miyoshi, completed 3 weeks of Basic training as the higher ups felt it was waste of tine to continue training as the war {WW II} has ended. Much to my chagrin the certificate stated I was specially qualified for Recon car crewman. During my training at Fort Knox Kentucky I never even seen an armored car.



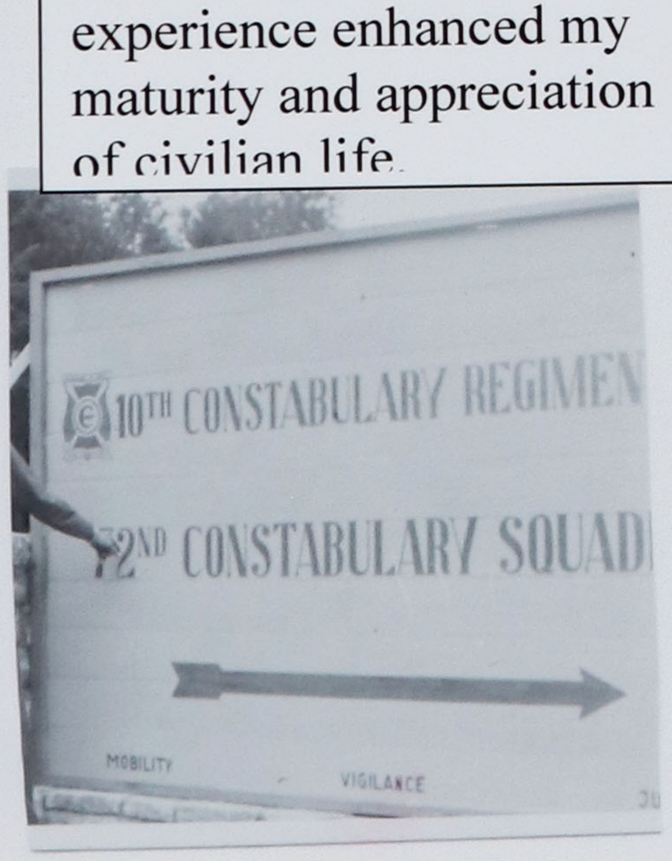
In April 1947, I was assigned to the 10th Constabulary Regiment, 72nd Squadron near Boeblingen, Germany. I finally got to see an armored car. The ruins were still visible as Germany was just beginning its restoration.

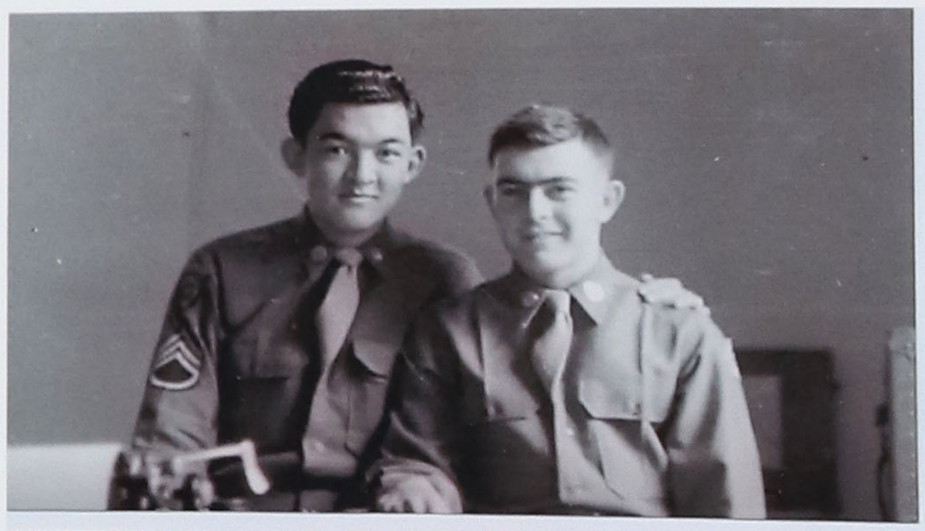


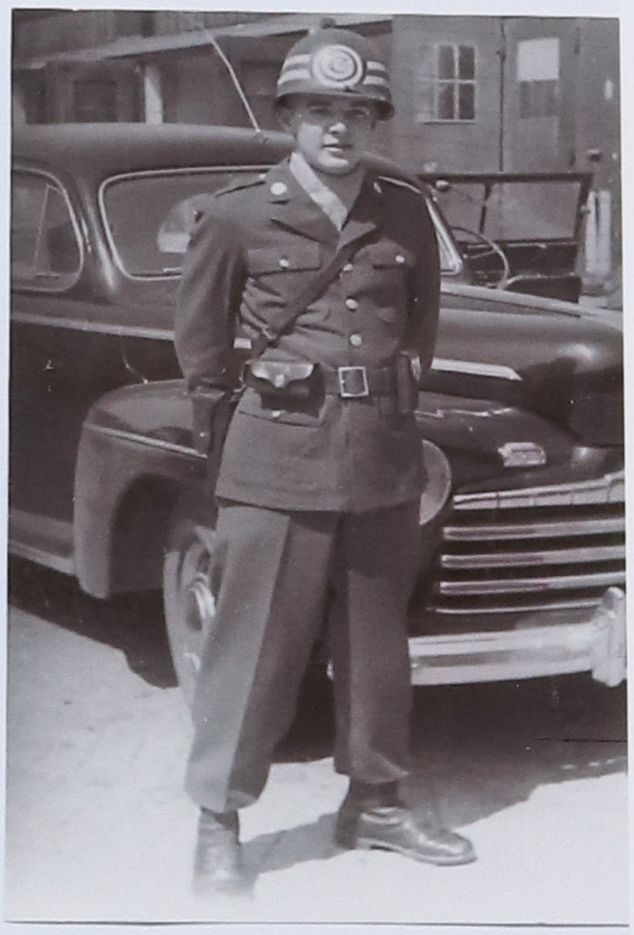


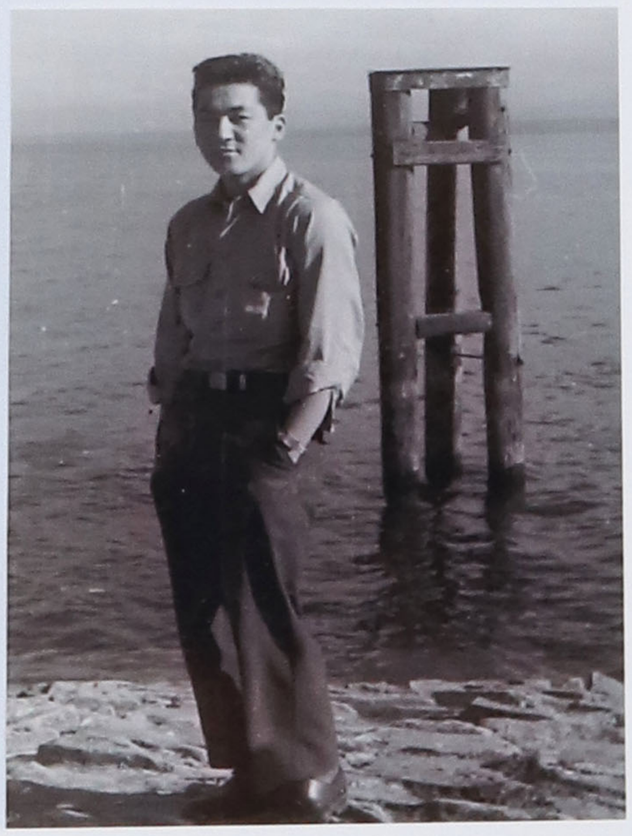


I describe my military service as a lucky part of my life. I turned 18 in 1946 after WW II was over. In 1950, I was recalled for the Korean war and fortunately assigned to a training Company at Fort Ord, California, near Monterey. I had a car so on weekends I was able to visit friends in San Francisco. My military experience enhanced my maturity and appreciation of civilian life.









The Constabulary was called the glorified M.P. I think some were just envious of our yellow scarf we wore. Scenes from Switzerland, Garmisch, Lake Constance and our military post.

10TH CONSTABULARY REGIMENT
PROTESTANT WORSHIP SERVICES
Week of 11 May 1947

* * *

Sunday 10,00 Hours, 72nd Squadron Chapel, Boblingen
Sunday 11,15 Hours, Regimental Hqs Chapel, Mohringen
Tuesday 18,00 Hours, Troop Day Room, Ulm

ORDER OF WORSHIP

ORGAN PRELUDE
CALL TO WORSHIP
HYMN NO. 206, "For the Beauty of the Earth"
RESPONSIVE READING NO. 107, "I Corinthians 13"
PRAYER FOR MOTHER, NO. 23
PASTORAL PRAYER
LORD'S PRAYER
HYMN NO. 499, "O Mother Dear, this Day in May"
DEDICATION OF A CHILD
SERMON: "MOTHER'S LOVE"
Chaplain Harry W. Webster
HYMN NO. 309, "Jesus, Savior Pilot Me."
BENEDICTION

* * *

"O Mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary."

May 11, 47
Germany

Dear Mom,

Today is Mother's Day ..... It is nice & sunny out side & our little Church stands among the trees in the forest with the rays of sunlight breaking thru here & there. The Church of GI is only a quonset hut building, but it stands out with all the beauties of nature.

The Chaplain gave a wonderful sermon on "Mother's Love". A sermon I understood & knew even though in spirit you are with us all, always. The Chaplain said Mother's love is so strong that it can never vanish. These few lines may sound silly, but I know that you understand me clearly.

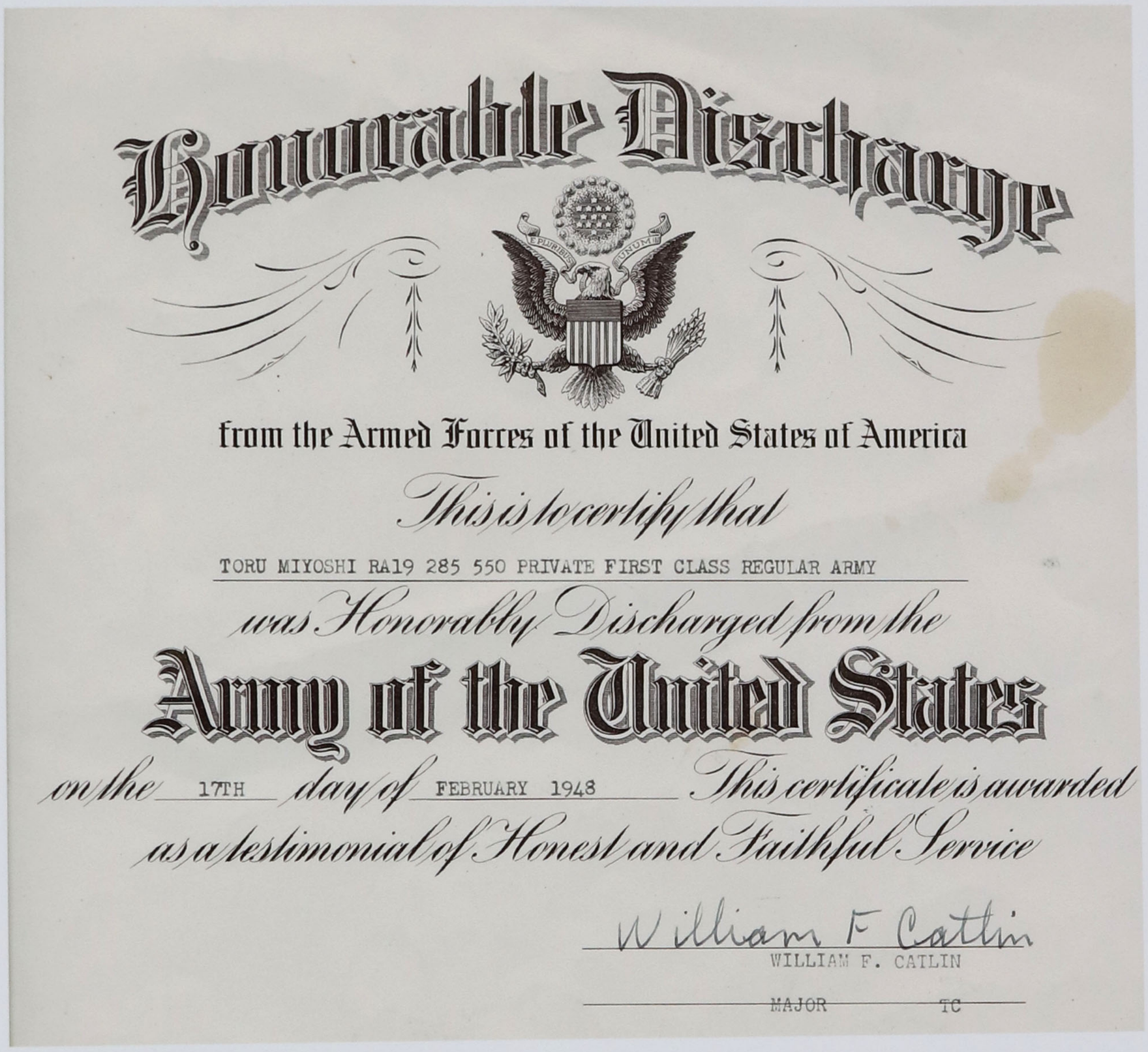
I remain, always .....

Your Loving son,

Don

I was looking at my album covering my military tour of duty in Germany and found the above worship program. In the back of the program I found my letter dated May 11, 1947 to Mom who passed away on February 8th, 1947.

In preparing the family history I never expected to go on such a sentimental journey. I completely forgot about this letter. It brought back sad memories but it also gave me inspiration to complete this effort. I hope future generations that may read it will gain fulfillment in their life in knowing a little more of their roots. The last paragraph is referring to my writing this letter with no forwarding address and not the sermon.



Honorable Discharge

from the Armed Forces of the United States of America

This is to certify that

TORU MIYOSHI RA19 285 550 PRIVATE FIRST CLASS REGULAR ARMY

was Honorably Discharged from the

Army of the United States

on the 17TH *day of* FEBRUARY 1948 *This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service*

William F Catlin

WILLIAM F. CATLIN

MAJOR TC

Documented proof of my military service. The spots on the left-hand corner are only my tears of happiness for the ruptured duck signifying Honorable Discharge.

Section 3. Education

I found accommodations at the Gaku Sei Kai (better known as the Gak House) located by the USC campus. The late George Sahara of Guadalupe was a USC graduate in 1932 also stayed at this student house. I enrolled at Los Angeles City College to complete my lower division before enrolling at University of Southern California. I was asked why did I go to USC when my 2 brothers were Cal Alumni? My answer was simple. USC had the best football team. I found USC had a great tradition and history and matriculating there was a great experience.

I can't remember the name, but he was an All American lineman who was enrolled in a required English lit class. The professor announced he would flunk this player, if he did not show up for class. I saw the player on campus and told him about the professor's threat. His response was "don't worry Toru, I'll have a talk with Fagg (University President). Magically, he never showed for class and remained eligible to play football. All American Jon Arnett was enrolled in another class I attended. I never saw him once in class and he passed with flying colors.

(Greatness has its privileges.)

A flash back

I did not do well at Butte High School, Gila River Concentration Camp, as raising a little hell was lot more fun than doing homework. I cannot recall the problem, but I think it was about cutting classes that my parents were

called in for consultation by the Principal. My parents were not happy campers and their lecture caused me to settle down.

I remember Yosh "Bones" Kuwahara sitting in front of me during our graduation ceremony. After getting his diploma envelope, he found it was empty indicating he did not graduate. This really concerned me, as uncertainty of my graduation became a possibility. With the greatest relief my diploma was enclosed in the envelope. I felt bad for Bones as he was a good friend and had a great personality. I would occasionally meet up with him Japanese Town at 1st and San Pedro in Los Angeles.

This high school recollection surfaced at this time because with all humility I was very proud to graduate USC cum laude as a giant step toward maturity. My grade point average (GPA) qualified me to join the Beta Gamma Sigma Honorary Fraternity. I realize humility is getting carried away, but if I can't boast a little in my personal history effort, who will ever know of my modest accomplishments.

Gak House was a fun place to live while attending school. Penny ante poker was our ongoing past time and our house parties weren't too shabby either. Needless to say our football games elevated our school spirit, especially when we won. Some of the names associated with the Gak House, Kyo Utsunomiya, Fred Iwata, Shig Yamada, the Nitta brothers and Ken Miura, who had a separate apartment, but a constant visitor to the Gak House, a great friend (now a semi retired Professor of Cinema at USC and best man at our wedding). I'm a little embarrassed for not remembering more names of this memorable period. At age 78, maybe this is permissible.

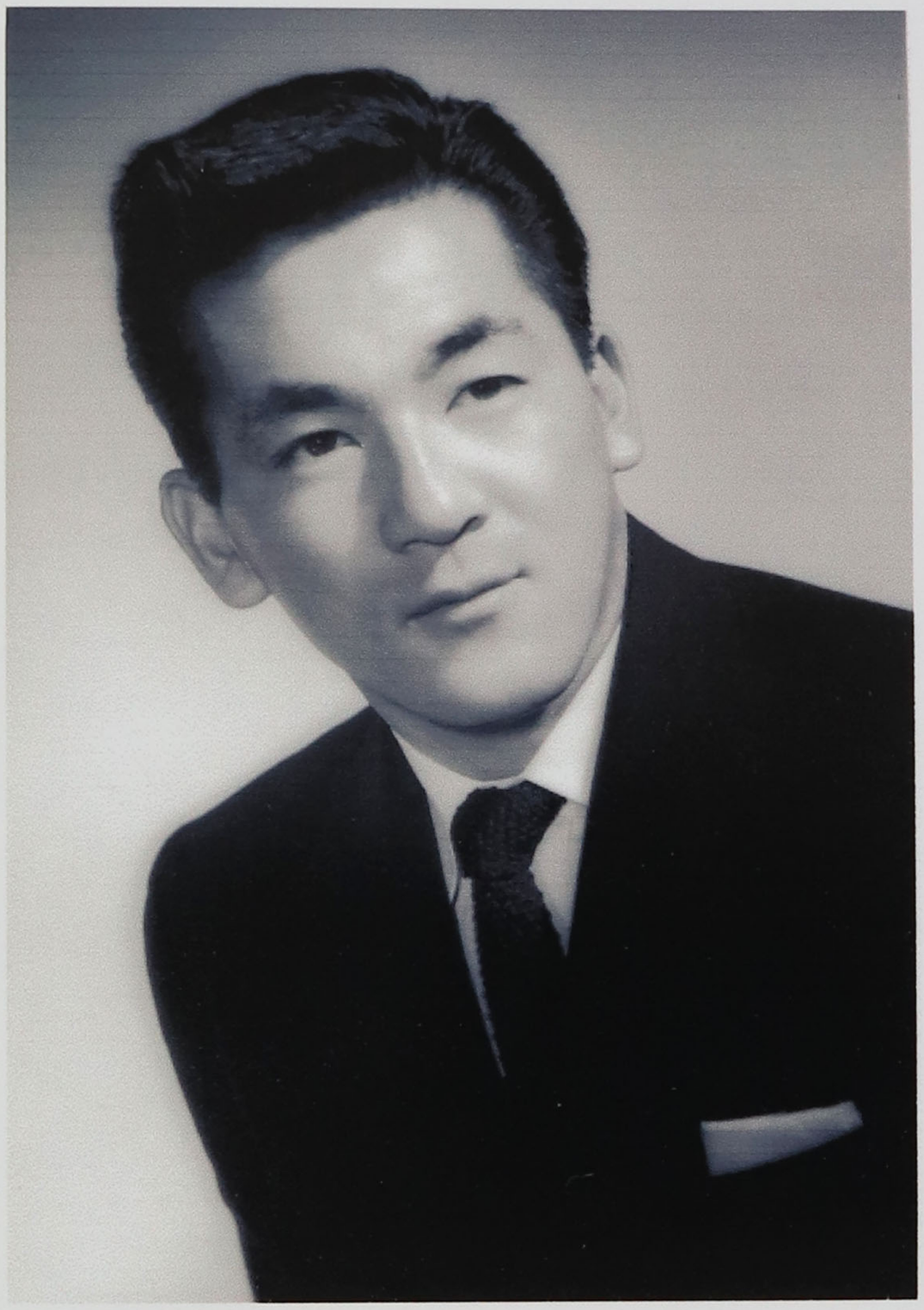
I would be remiss if I didn't mention our cook, Jeff Tanaka. He was chef at a restaurant for breakfast and lunch so he was able to cook our dinners for us. He really liked being one of the boys and would boast about having inside information about races at Santa Anita. Once a bunch of us placed a bet on his "hot tip" and the horse came in last. The excuse Jeff gave for the race was hilarious (I can't recall the punch line, but remember it was awful funny) and any disappointment about not winning disappeared with the laughter. Jeff was great chef and fabulous storyteller. We would hold annual buffet dinner for the Gak House Alumni (an opportunity to hit them for repair money) and Jeff would always come through with a fabulous display of food.

Update. In the fall of 2007, I received a quarterly newsletter from the Gakusei Kai Alumni Association. I was surprised that the Gak House was still standing. I received an invitation to an Alumni Association dinner, which I accepted. I was asked to say a few words, not to exceed 10 minutes and so Jeanne and I attended the festivities in the hope of meeting some of the Gak House Alumni when I stayed back in 1952. None were in attendance, but we had a great time in meeting some of the current residence and recent graduates from USC. I was joking with them about when I was a residence of the Gak House, they were not in born or even planned. They responded by saying I was much older than their parents. A grim reminder I accepted graciously.

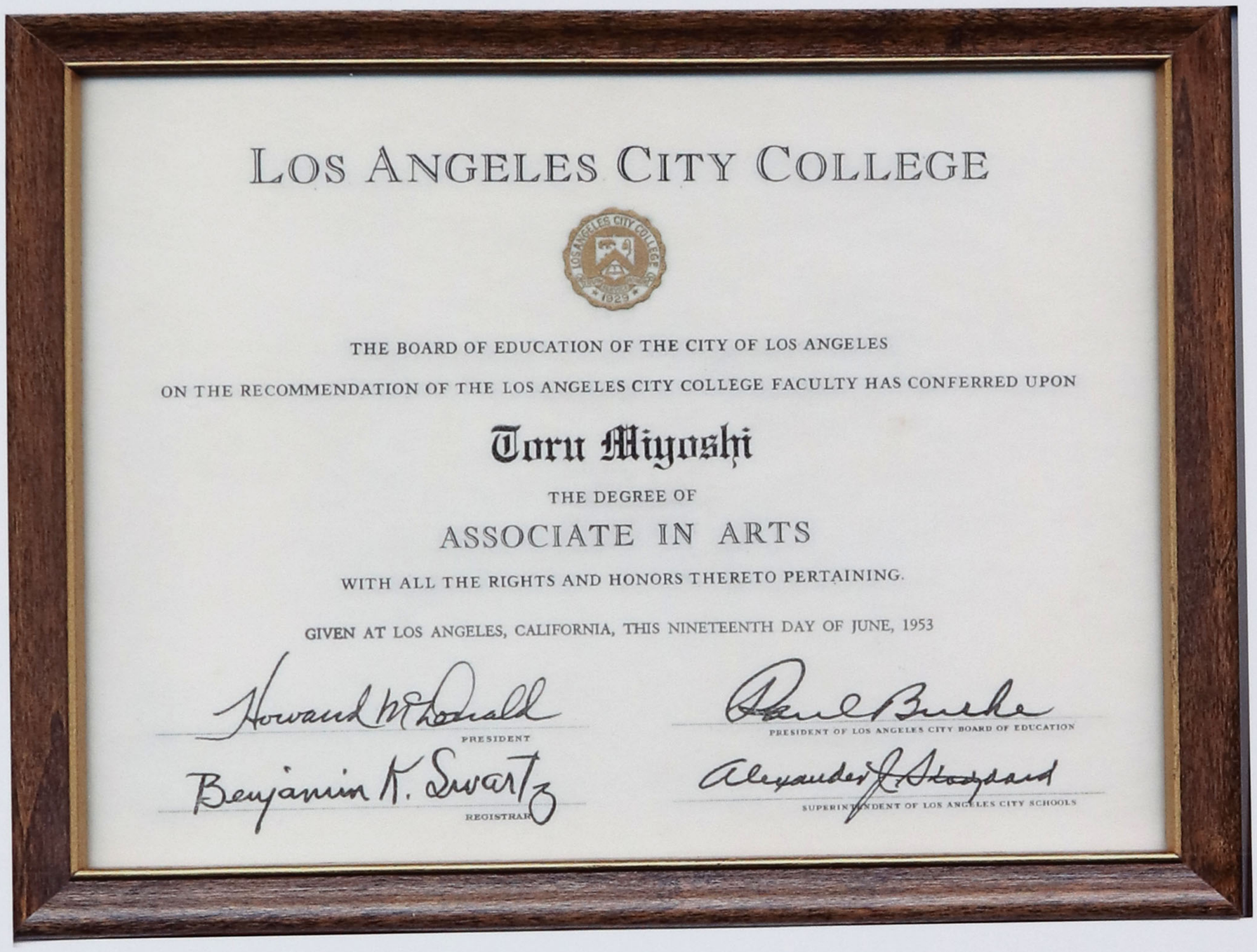
Winter Season. 1954-55

During the winter break, the Gak House held their annual ski party at Big Bear. Jeanne Kojima was one of the invited guests. Fred Iwata had a Ford coupe, so Jeanne rode with us. This was our first meeting. As the experienced skier, she offered to teach me how to ski which I gladly accepted. Since this is the first time on skis, I struggled to move forward. One step up and two slips back. After 10 minutes of this effort, she informed me to relax and practice walking and would see me later. She kept her word and returned in the afternoon, when it was time to quit. I never made it to the rope tow that day. I sometimes wonder if this was a planned strategy of Jeanne that I would call her again. In any case, I did call and had great times together.

I will depart from my efforts to maintain a chronological order to leave courtship, marriage, children and grandchildren for my last chapter. The next chapter will cover my political experiences.



Toru Miyoshi
University of Southern California
School of Business
BS Degree Cum laude 1955



LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES

ON THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE FACULTY HAS CONFERRED UPON

Toru Miyoshi

THE DEGREE OF

ASSOCIATE IN ARTS

WITH ALL THE RIGHTS AND HONORS THERETO PERTAINING.

GIVEN AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, THIS NINETEENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1953

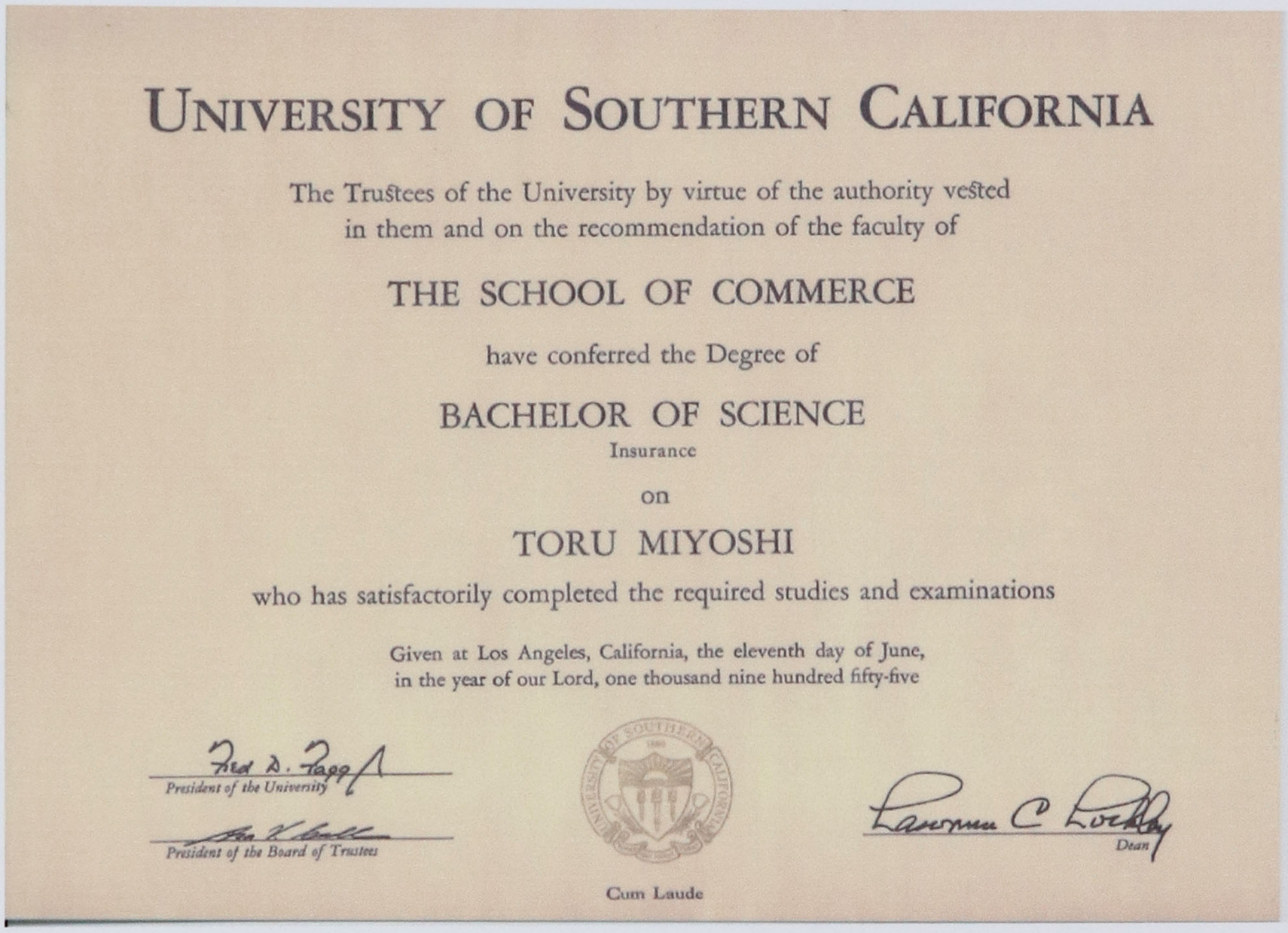
Howard McDonald
PRESIDENT

Benjamin K. Swartz
REGISTRAR

Paul Burke
PRESIDENT OF LOS ANGELES CITY BOARD OF EDUCATION

Alexander J. Stoddard
SUPERINTENDENT OF LOS ANGELES CITY SCHOOLS

After my honorable discharge from the U.S. Army in 1951, I decided to take advantage of my GI Bill and complete my education. I received my A.A. degree in 1953 from LA City College and enrolled at U.S.C. for my upper division.



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The Trustees of the University by virtue of the authority vested
in them and on the recommendation of the faculty of

THE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

have conferred the Degree of

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

Insurance

on

TORU MIYOSHI

who has satisfactorily completed the required studies and examinations

Given at Los Angeles, California, the eleventh day of June,
in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred fifty-five

Fred D. Fagg
President of the University

President of the Board of Trustees

Lawrence C. Lockley
Dean

Cum Laude

My appreciation to the GI Bill for the educational opportunities. Attending University of Southern California was one my highlights of my career. It gave me the opportunity to meet Jeanne and to raise two wonderful daughters, Lisa and Joni, the background for a fulfilling political career and a modest financial income for a comfortable retirement. Thank you Uncle Sam.

A father son pictures in 1937 and 1955.

My father Riichi was headed for San Luis Obispo for his Passport to visit Japan. On his way he saw it was low tide so he stopped and went claming at Pismo Beach. He suffered a stroke and 2 men rescued him out of the surf. He never recovered and passed away on February 25, 1956. He enjoyed claming very much and would take them to friends in Los Angeles as omiyage (gifts). We regretfully never found out who the 2 men were that rescued father to express our appreciation. He never had the chance to visit Japan after leaving in 1906 but he had a good life in America to offset this lost opportunity.

In 1959, Miyoshi Investment Company, a partnership of Jun, Susumu Buck and Toru commenced construction of Town and Country Shopping Center. Its location is the Southwest corner of West Main Street and Depot Street, Santa Maria, CA.

The colored photo was taken right after the completion of Depot Street extension by the City. The buildings built by Kumataro in 1930 were demolished to make way for Depot Street.

CLASS OF 1945, BUTTE HIGH SCHOOL
GILA RELOCATION CENTER, ARIZONA

Standing: … Scotty Mizukami, …Tak Shishino, George Ikeda, Tets Furukawa, …Toru Miyoshi, …, Ron Matsunaga , Kenso Zenimura
Sitting: …Yo Tanaka, …Taye Iwata, …Helen Matsunaga

The Gila Relocation Center reunion was held at Las Vegas, Nevada on June 7, 2003. I couldn't remember all the names so I went back to the 1945 year book to recollect the names of some my classmates. It doesn't seem that long, but its been 58 years since we graduated from Butte High School.

Santa Maria High School

Santa Maria California

This Certifies That

TORU MIYOSHI

has completed the Course of Study as prescribed by the State Board of Education and the Board of Trustees of the Santa Maria Union High School District and is therefore awarded this

Diploma

Given this month of June, two thousand and five.

FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS OF 1945

Mrs. Esther Prieto-Chávez
Interim Principal

Jeffrey M. Brown
Superintendent

The California Legislature adopted "The California Nisei High School Diploma Project" which made every Nisei who was attending High School (1942 – 1945) when they were incarcerated in 1942 eligible for a Diploma from their respective High School.

I appreciate the Diploma because the class of 45 always invited me to their reunion. Now with this diploma I can attend the reunion as bonifide classmate rather then a guest.

This project will never erase the inequities of the wartime evacuation that we all suffered, however, this is a unique step toward closure.

Santa Maria High School Reunion

Class of 1945

June 2006

Back Row: Walter Loughridge, Carlyn (Carlson) Hoog, Randi (Murphree) Munoz, Eleanor (Zanetti) Lukeman, Frankie Silveria, Bob Bongard, Bob Peverly, John Peterson, Leo Holland, Manuel Vasquez, George Valenzuela, Bill Johnson, Ike Simas, Jim Sharer

Middle Row: Marti Ramos, Nellie (Abenido) Gregory, Barbara (Reddick) Loughridge, Rudy Del Rio, Sam Starfas, Mildred (Silveria) Fairey, Toru Miyoshi, Dolores (Nonella) Zambruno, Maxine (Silveria) Douglas, Elwood Cambell, Shirley (Juarez) Boyston

Front Row: Edna Mae (Whitney Goble, Rosemary (Ramos) Worthington, Ruby (Spruill) Merryman, Bernice (Valenzuela) Moreno, Ruth (DeRosa) Thornton, Jackie (Barbettini) Moore, Mary (Carlson) Lundgren, Louie Avila

Although I did not graduate at Santa Maria Union High School (SMUHS), I always was thoughtfully invited to their annual alumni reunion. In 2006, I received my SMUHS diploma under a special Legislature Project and this year I attended as a bonifide alumnus. (See next page).

Section 4. Public Service

1975. My first experience in participating in City Government was the formation of an Improvement District along West Main Street, Santa Maria, California. The purpose was to install streetlights and the city to plant trees along Main Street. It was a successful joint effort of property owners and the city. The principals in forming this district were, Pierre Arreguy, Jack Stewart and myself.

My first effort for elective office

1976. The city of Santa Maria was reorganizing the city council and a one time 2-year term for council was created to accomplish the reorganization. I became a candidate for this office and came in a close second to Jack Adams, a local farmer and prominent pioneer family.

1978. I ran again for a city council seat and was elected. I garnered the most votes in the 1978 city election, which initiated my first venture in the world of politics as an elected official.

I felt this was an opportune time to participate in politics. My daughters, Lisa and Joni graduated from high school and seeking their independence, the family was economically independent and Jeanne had a keen interest in politics. I was not subject to the pressures of the establishment or any

special interest groups. I was free to study the issues and give it my best shot as to what constituted the "Best Public Interest".

Regional Coastal Commission – State of California

In 1982, the Mayors Select Committee of Santa Barbara County appointed me to the State Regional Coastal Commission. This State Commission was responsible for the coastal zone of San Luis Obispo, Ventura and Santa Barbara counties. The high mean tide from the Oregon State line to the Mexican border is public property. As coastal developments in California was denying the public from access to the beaches and compromising the view shed of the coast, the Coastal Act was enacted in 1976 to protect and preserve the public rights to its own resources. I was familiar with Private Property Rights; however, this new responsibility made me aware the importance of **Public Rights.** The beautiful and awesome coastal zone of the blue pacific is one of the most important public resources in California. The concept of balancing private rights and public rights was a new experience for me and serving on the Regional Coastal Commission was a constructive learning process that served as an important criterion in my decision making responsibilities. The wonderful association of my colleagues on the commission and the educational experience made me respect the political process in a manner I never knew existed.

Santa Maria City Council, 1978 –1982

In my first term on the City Council I was committed to preserve our clean air, protect agriculture from urban expansion and to represent a constituency that was left out of the decision making process of local government.

The 101-freeway East of Santa Maria was considered the buffer between the city and agriculture. County Supervisor Fletcher was supporting urban development East of the freeway, which I strongly opposed.

I became aware of the existence of a Toxic Dump located in Casmalia, California, just over the hill from Santa Maria Valley. Supervisor Fletcher was supporting the expansion of the Toxic Dump of which I became concerned. I spoke to several Casmalia residents and they felt many of serious illnesses were due to being downwind from the toxic dump.

My public challenge on the toxic dump expansion and proposed developments east of the freeway that were in the County jurisdiction raised speculation, that I was preparing to challenge the incumbent Supervisor. Initially, that was never my intent, however, friends were urging me to run for County Supervisor. I formed an advisory committee consisting of Nancy Johnson, Dick Brenneman, Olga Howard, Ralph Ohta, John Kawachi and John Stahl to explore the possibility of running for Supervisor. To defeat an incumbent is a monumental challenge and after learning how much fund would be necessary to run a respectable campaign, I was a bit overwhelmed. Because of the issues confronting the North County, I thought were very important, I decided, with the support of my friends, to become a candidate for the 5th District Santa Barbara County Supervisor seat. Harry Kadota joined my campaign and was a great help to me.

Winning an election that probably shouldn't of happen

I ran for County Supervisor in 1982 challenging the incumbent, Harrell Fletcher. During the last half of the campaign, Ronald Boone, a former

member of the Fletcher campaign committee approached me and stated he had information that would insure me a victory. My response was that if his information had any illegal implications, I did not want to hear about it. I informed him that there are agencies, such as the Fair Political Practice Commission (FPPC) or the District Attorney that deal with any political improprieties and it would be strictly up to him and his conscience to do the right thing. In our discussion, he informed me that he was the dirty trick person in the Fletcher campaign. He referred me to vandalized signs and removal of my lawn poster signs. I felt at that time, this alleged wrongdoing would probably not go anyplace. My campaign platform started to gain positive support of the electorates when the alleged laundering of campaign contribution Supervisor Fletcher's campaign committee made the local headlines.

I practically stop campaigning, as the campaign-laundering crime became the major issue in the local media.

Laundering of Campaign contributions

In 1982, Mr. Pauley, a Los Angeles Developer, related to the person whose name appears on UCLA Pauley's Pavilion, wanted to contribute $1,000.00 to the incumbent Santa Barbara County Supervisor Harrell Fletcher's campaign anonymously. Ronald Boone, Charles Biely and Birtice Card are implicated in the District Attorney complaint against Elaine Hale. The not so clever scheme to come up with names, some fictitious and some without permission to break the $1,000.00 contribution to $99.00 amounts so no name had to be reported. **Source: Superior Court of the State of**

California, for the county of Santa Barbara dated November 22, 1982. (Attachment A)

The incumbent Supervisor was not charged due to insufficient evidence. He paid for his campaign committee's illegal act of money laundering by losing his re-election bid. On the other hand, the public memory is relatively short as Elaine Hale was later elected to Santa Maria Airport District Board.

Political crime by prominent citizens settles for $40,000.00

In April 1, 1993 there was a press release (93-6) from the California Fair Political Practices Commission (FPPC) that reported Willco Associates, a partnership of John J. Will and Steve Will, paid a fine of $40,000.00 for 25 counts of money laundering to Mike Stoker's 1989 successful campaign against Toru Miyoshi. This illegal activity was never reported in the local media during the campaign, as it kept confidential during the investigation by the FPPC. (Attachment B)

I wonder who advised such prominent and successful businessmen to commit such a ludicrous political crime.

Stoker won the election and after one term chose to challenge Assemblywomen Andrea Seastrand, a fellow Republican to further his political ambition. He lost this election as well as many supporters.

The most disappointing experience of my political career

I successfully ran for Santa Maria City Council in 1992 after completing 2 terms on the Board of Supervisors. In 1994, Councilman Curtis Tunnell Jr. was reported to be boasting to an organization called "Improve North County (INC)" that Toru Miyoshi would be removed from office in a few months. He was referring to the Conflict of Interest charge that Don Lahr filed against me. INC with many others was first created as bogus organizations for the Fletcher campaign in 1982 to place ads in the newspaper, radio and TV to create a perception of overwhelming support for their candidate. The allegation indicated that I improperly discussed the Depot Street Extension project with members of the public. Our legal counsel advised me that I did not lose my property rights and could participate in discussion of the project with the disclaimer that I was not acting as a City Councilman. This instruction I strictly complied with. I never participated in any discussion or voted on any item related to the project that came before the City Council. The Depot Street Extension was first considered in l963, long before I was a member of the City Council.

This complaint was dropped with the following stipulation: This settlement agreement "shall not for any purpose be considered an admission of liability or responsibility concerning any of the matters alleged in the complaint, and no past or present wrongdoing on the part of the defendant shall be implied thereby".

The DA's office also investigated an allegation that I contributed to Mayor George Hobbs trust account for a favorable support of Depot Street extension. First, I never knew such trust account ever existed and second, anyone who knows Mayor Hobbs that he cannot be bought under any circumstances.

In 1996, I successfully ran for reelection. After all the negative media coverage of the alleged wrongdoing charge, this vote of confidence was especially gratifying for me.

Conclusion: These types of political crime were never reported before and the effort to remove me from office with a bogus wrongdoing charge leads me to wonder whether racism was involved. I was the first minority person to be elected in the City of Santa Maria and Santa Barbara County.

Mayor George S. Hobbs, Jr.

George Hobbs was my close friend and political ally. His loyal support helped me in my political career. We didn't always agree, but whatever the differences it never affected our friendship. I really didn't get to know George until I was elected to the Santa Maria City Council in 1978. George informed me that my brother, Akira, were good friends and always arguing who was the better football player. In the late 1930's, George worked at the Miyoshi General Merchandise store during the summers.

Jeanne and I would attend League of Cities conferences with George and his wife, Blanche, and enjoy doing things together. Blanche passed away on May 16, 1996.

September 2006. George was not doing well with diabetes and heart problems and is threaten to lose his left leg. We went to visit him at Marion Hospital to lift his spirits and to a degree we did as we reminisced the good old days while Blanche was still with us. You have to know George to know how difficult it is for him to be partially incapacitated. George left us on October 1, 2006 and left a huge void in our lives.

Mayor George S. Hobbs was a guest speaker at the Economic Development Association, (EDA) meeting and made what was considered a politically incorrect statement.

George hardly ever prepares for any speech and the morning before the luncheon, a Latina (Hispanic lady) contacted him to complain about a house next to her home, was converted to a boarding house for 30 to 40 workers.

The lack of bathroom made them urinates outside; their early morning work schedule created a noise nuisance; and the street parking became an unacceptable inconvenience. The designation of R-1 zone is for single-family residence and converting this use for a boarding house creates an obvious incompatibility and a zoning violation.

The above complaint became the subject of his speech, which he titled, "We have a 'Mexican problem' in Santa Maria". A reporter was present at the luncheon and reporting Mayor Hobb's title, "Mexican Problem" without an adequate explanation of the problem and this erupted into a National news item.

As Santa Barbara County Supervisor, I was asked to condemn Mayor Hobbs as a racist. George was my good friend and as a Japanese American, I knew he was **not** a racist. I was interviewed on a Spanish speaking Television station about the use of "Mexican Problem". They asked if someone mentioned a "Japanese Problem" how would I react? My response was to inquire about what the problem was and make every effort to correct it. I would not be offended by the use of 'Japanese Problem' if it were related to Japanese community. I wonder when the use of "Mexican" became a racist term?

Homeownership is one of our most important American Dream and the integrity of residential zoning should always be upheld.

Mayor Hobbs has served the City of Santa Maria loyally as Mayor and Councilman for over 34 years. He was always the friend of the working

people. He was the first to support Joe Centeno for Police Chief and with this credential, it started Joe's political career. He is currently serving as Santa Barbara County Supervisor.

The City Council adopted a Resolution to name the Civic Center in honor of Mayor George S. Hobbs, for his 34 years of dedicated public service.

A brush with a life threatening experience that ended with a successful triple By-pass

In 1979, Mayor Hobbs, his wife, Blanche, Jeanne and I, were attending a League of Cities convention in San Francisco. After dinner, we were returning to our hotel, when I experienced an excruciating pain in my back. It felt as if a vice clamp was being tightening until I could no longer stand the pain and passed out in the hotel corridor. The next thing I remember was 2 firemen taking my blood pressure and the pain subsiding slightly. He informed me that my pressure was normal and if I wanted to go back to my hotel room or see a doctor. I opted to see the doctor, so Jeanne and I rode in a waiting ambulance to a city emergency room.

The EMT lifted me on the gurney and as I was being wheeled into an examining room, I noticed the paint in the ceiling was peeling. My first impression was they took me to the wrong place, as the surrounding was more like a morgue. In any case, a young looking man came out to greet us. He introduced himself as the doctor on duty and commenced to check me out with an EKG monitor, which was chipped like an old enameled bedpan. Since there was no nurse on duty, Jeanne was applying a hot towel on my back in an effort to relieve the pain. The doctor indicated the results of the EKG showed no abnormality, so my pain may have been due to a pinched nerve. I had my doubts, but since I had no chest pains, we returned to our hotel about 3 hours later.

The following morning, we joined the mayor and his wife with absolutely no residual pain. In fact, I was feeling pretty good. During breakfast Mayor Hobbs in his tactfully blunt way stated, "I thought you might not make it as your face was ashen gray and looked terrible". Perhaps to show him I was not ready for judgment day, I attended all the meetings at the conference.

Three weeks later, I was attending a Regional Coastal Commission meeting in San Luis Obispo, when we were returning from lunch, the pains in my back in a mild form was returning. I would take about 10 or 15 steps and feel tightness in my back. I finally made it back to the Board of Supervisors chambers and by then felt fine.

My fellow commissioners recommended I see a Neurologist, which I did. I reiterated my pain experience to the doctor. His examination indicated no problem and stated the pain may have come from walking uphill, which would put extra pressure on my back causing the back pain.

Several weeks later, there was a fishing trip opportunity in Alaska. Since my side of the family had a history of heart problems, Jeanne insisted a Cardiologist checks me out before I go. Two weeks later, I was in surgery for a triple bypass. Fishing trip was postponed.

1979. Prior to surgery, as I was being wheeled to the operating room on a gurney, I remember informing my surgeon, Dr. Jahnke, I had a great life and if something happened, it would be OK. I believe the sedation really made me happy, relaxed and I wanted to make sure my doctor was not up tight for

the surgery. I cannot recall exactly, but I think the surgeon just gave me a big grin of assurance.

Santa Maria City Hall was built during the depression years as a WPA project. The city council meets in the chamber of this wonderful building every first and third Tuesday of each month. I always admired the unique tile work on the tower.

In the early days, the city jail was on the second floor and is no longer used for that purpose.

Unfortunately, the new library was built South of this building, which has dwarfed the entire civic center in a disproportionate way. I always resisted expanding the bureaucracy, however, in this case, I wish we had a architectural review board to mitigate this unfortunate intrusion.

Santa Maria City Council

From left to right. Don Shaw, Jack Adam, Mayor George Hobbs, Toru Miyoshi. Councilman Alan Burke resigned his Council seat and moved to San Francisco, California. This was Toru's first term on the City Council. He announced he would not seek a second term and run for the office of the Fifth District, Santa Barbara County Supervisor. Circa 1982

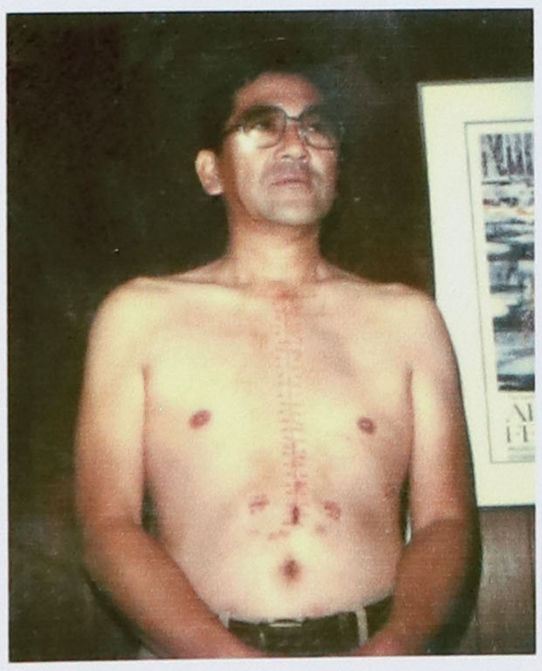
Mayor George Hobbs, a great friend

N

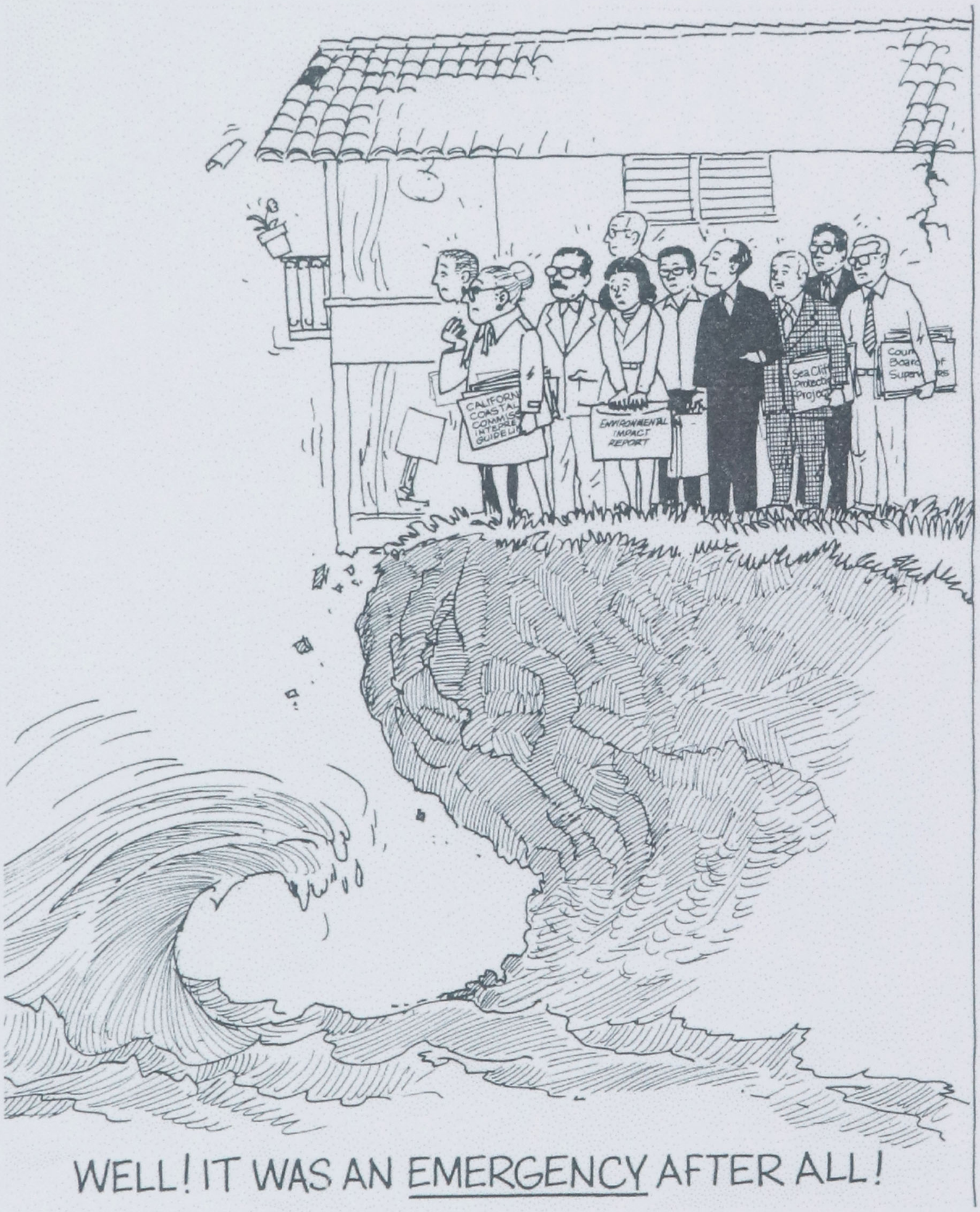
Mayor George S. Hobbs, Jr served the City of Santa Maria as Mayor and Councilman for 34 years. We were great friends and considered political allies, but actually we never agreed very often. Our friendship rose above philosophical differences.
George his wife, Blanche, Jeanne and I would enjoy each other's company at different functions, but it was special when we attended League of Cities convention at different cities. Blanche had a subtle way of keeping George in check. Blanche passed away in May 1996 and in October 2006, we lost George due to complications of diabetes. They leave a big void in our lives.

On different occasions, George as Mayor and myself as Supervisor would be called upon for photo opts, an opportunity no politician would miss. This was for Poppy week.

The sequence of these photos was taken at my retirement party from the Board of Supervisors, Santa Barbara County after serving 8 years.
I always cringe a little when George is introducing me as he has a memory of an elephant and inevitably recalls some embarrassing moments



Jeanne maintains this photo is too gross to show, however, George was present when I had my first heart attack and if I am going to show my zippers from my triple by pass surgery this is the most appropriate place to verify this event in my life. This was taken about 3 weeks after the surgery



WELL! IT WAS AN EMERGENCY AFTER ALL!

Toru Miyoshi was appointed to the Regional Coastal Commission that served San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, and Ventura Counties by the Mayor's select committee.. A great learning experience on a controversial body. Toru in the center of this cartoon. Circa 1980

The transformation of the Miyoshi property in the 700 Block of West Main Street in Santa Maria, CA. Grandfather Kumataro built the commercial property in 1933 and the brothers, Jun, Buck and Toru formed the Miyoshi Investment Company and remodeled the Miyoshi property in 1952. The city of Santa Maria implemented the Depot Street extension proposal and through Eminent Domain process acquired the Miyoshi property to extend Depot Street. This project greatly improved the North South circulation on the West side of Santa Maria

Santa Maria City Council 1994

(l – r) Abel Maldonado, Joe Centeno, Roger Bunch, Toru Miyoshi. Bob Orach

Abel Maldonado defeated Mayor Bunch in 1996 and in 1998 he was elected to the California State Assembly. Assemblyman Maldonado is one of the outstanding young legislators in California. It was my pleasure to serve with him on the City Council.

Santa Maria City Council
1998

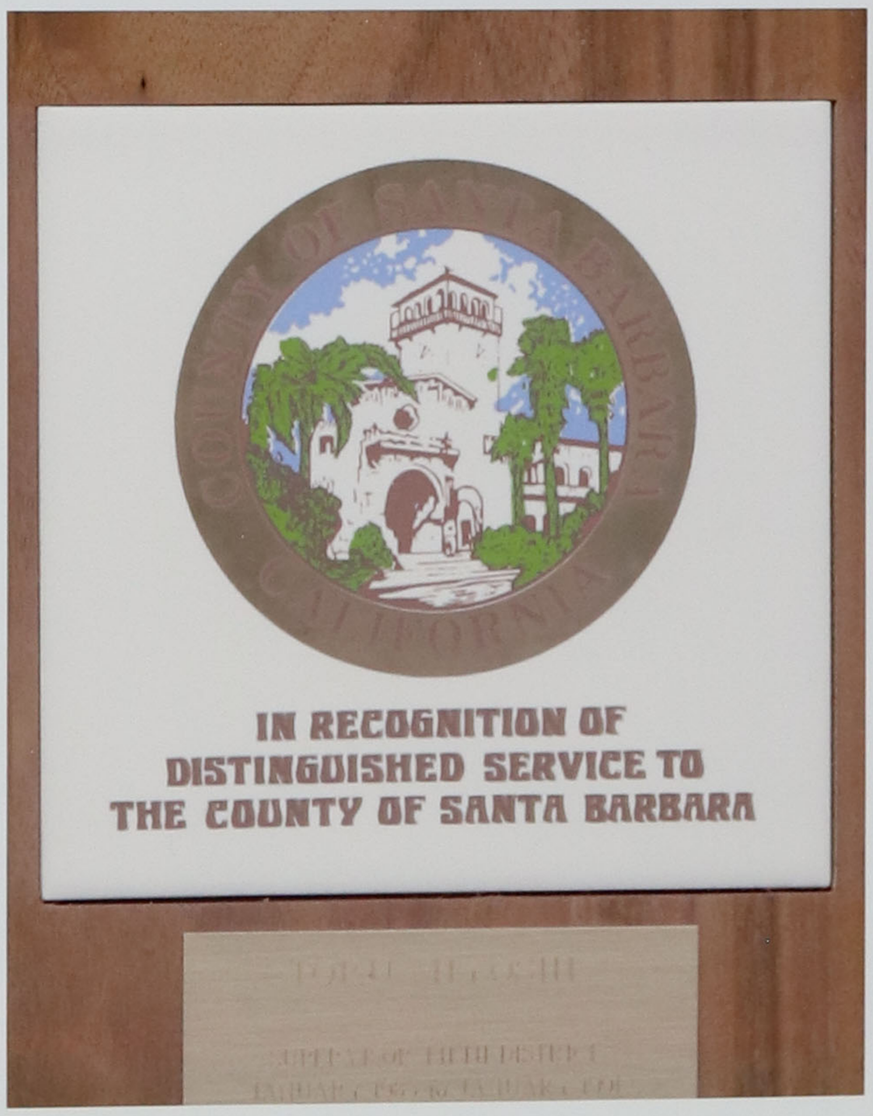
Left to right Larry Lavagnino, Joe Centeno, Mayor Abel Maldonado, Toru Miyoshi and Bob Orach.

Under the leadership Mayor Maldonado Santa Maria was chosen “All-America City” in a nationwide competition. The unique style youth center is under construction with Abel finding State funding to complete this project.

Abel is a young man dedicated to our community. He is now our State Assemblyman. I enjoyed serving with him.

On January 1982, I was sworn in as Supervisor, 5th District, Santa Barbara County. Others were Tom Sneddon, District Attorney,and Robert Kallman, representing the 2nd District with right hand covering his face.

The County Board room was a impressing hearing room. Left, Toru, 5th District, Dwayne Holmdahl, 4th District, David Yager, lst District, Dr. William Wallace, 3rd District and Robert Kallman, 2nd District. Although each of us had differing priorities and philosophical differences, at the end of each meeting there was no animosity and the dignity of Board of



Board of Supervisors, County of Santa Barbara

From the right: Dwayne Homdahl (4th), Robert Kallman (2nd), William Wallace (3rd), David Yager (1st) and Toru Miyoshi (5th).

In 1982, I was elected to the Board of Supervisor of Santa Barbara County and served 2 terms representing the 5th District..

Dwayne was a typical North County conservative with a good temperment. Robert was on the conservative side, but a great gentleman. Bill Wallace was the environmentalist on the Board that knew his stuff. Although the conservative did not like him, they respected him. David was a Harvard law graduate and was the witty one on the Board. He struggled on some issues, but came on the right side most of the time. I was a moderate, but considered a liberal by the North county establishment.

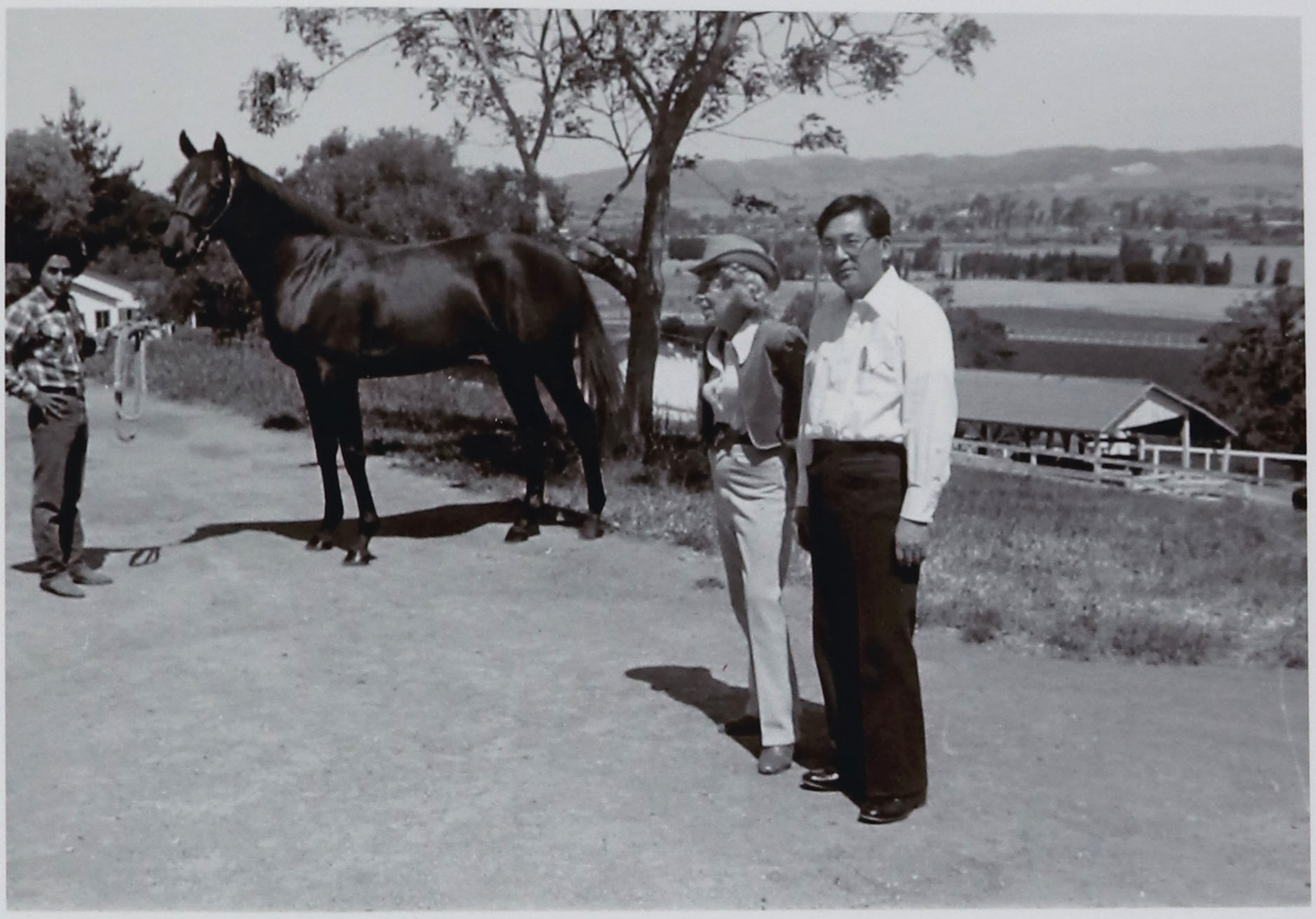
One of the unique experiences I had when I was first elected to the Santa Barbara Board of Supervisor, Fifth District in 1983 was to be in the reception committee for Queen Elizabeth and Phillip of England. Supervisor Robert Kallman at the dais, and in the back are Assemblyman Jack O'Connell, SB Mayor Sheila Lodge, Supervisors Holmdahl, Miyoshi, Yager and Wallace.

Board of Supervisors, Santa Barbara County
1986

Front row- Gloria Ochoa, Toru Miyoshi, Diane Owens
Back row-Bill Wallace, Tom Rogers

Toru was the first Japanese American, to be elected to the Board of Supervisor. Gloria and Diane became the first women to join the Board. Tom was a victim of Lou Gherig disease. He has far exceeded the life expectancy of this terminal illness. Tom passed away in 2004. Bill Wallace was our respected expert on environmental issues

This is Toru's thoroughbred horse story



Your name-sake is still being held off from the track. He has a horse trainer and should be the better for it when he does go out to compete. - I'll let you know. May we all have good luck! - Peggie

A group of us were having coffee, when Peggie Gardner, a horse breeder and gracious lady, announced she was looking for name for her newborn thoroughbred colt. Someone shouted, "how about Toru" which was received with marginal enthusiasm. When I suggested Tetsu, since Toru can also be used as Tetsu in Japanese, which I thought meant steel. So "Man of Steel" became the unanimous choice. Unfortunately, this was rejected, as it was too close to "Man of War". I'm was relieved for the rejection because this Tetsu does not mean steel in Japanese. Toru was accepted as an alternate. One day, I was scanning the racing form in the LA Times and in the fourth race at Santa Anita, Toru was running with a horse named Susumu, which is my brother's name. The following day, I checked the result of the race and discovered Susumu came in Place (Second for the uninformed) and Toru in fourth place. I concluded that Toru out of respect for his older brother, held back a little. In any case, it turned out to be a nice story of coincidence. Before Peggie passed away, I would see her occasionally and tell me Toru won some money for her. Peggie did not bet on the horses, so I assumed she receives a commission as a breeder when her horse comes in the money.

Miyoshi accepts invitation

Fifth District Sup. Toru Miyoshi has accepted an invitation from Chancellor Robert S. Huttenback of UC Santa Barbara to attend a scientific conference on "Man and His Environment at a Global Level" in Venice, Italy.

The conference, sponsored jointly by UCSB, the University of Venice and the University of Padra, will also mark the inauguration of the Global Environmental Research Organization. The conference will begin Oct. 21.

EMBASSY OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TO THE HOLY SEE

Rome, Italy

December 16, 1985

Dear Supervisor Miyoshi:

I wanted to take this opportunity to express to you my gratitude at having had the opportunity to meet you when you were in Venice with the University of California (Santa Barbara) group. Although I was unable to remain in Venice for the entire meeting, I am hopeful it went well and will be the beginning of a long and successful association between the University of California and the University of Venice. As a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California, I was gratified that you took the time and effort to come to Venice for the occasion.

I hope your trip was a happy and successful one, and I hope you found everything in order when you returned to Santa Maria.

With kind regards,

Sincerely,

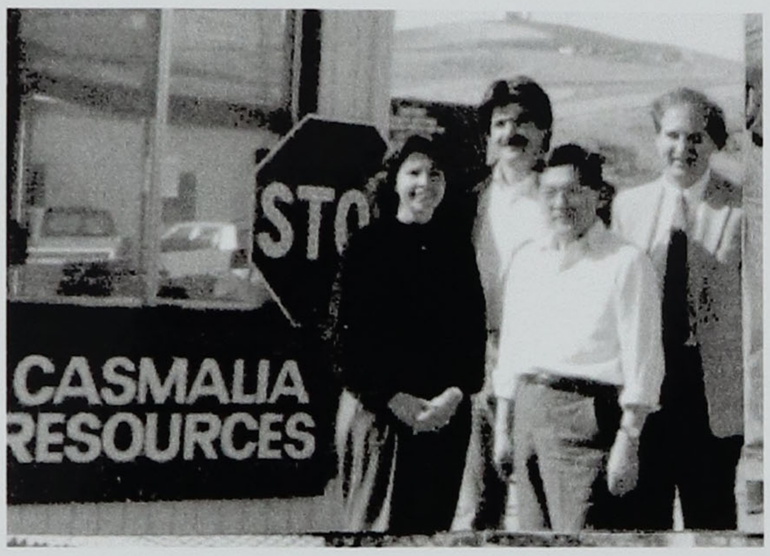
William A. Wilson
Ambassador

Above is Ambassador Wilson and Mrs. Wilson.

One of the unique experience as Supervisor was to be invited to the ecological conference at Venice, Italy. At one luncheon, we sat with chancellor Huttenback and the chancellors of University of Venice and Padua. They were boasting about their respective Universities. Huttenback was describing the beauty of UCSB Campus, and the Venice Chancellor was talking about the famous Venice History. Then the head of Padua simply stated he could not compete with UCSB or Venice, but modestly stated, two of its alumni were Saints. University of Padua is one of the oldest universities in Europe.
Jeanne and I had a one-day visit to Verona, the home of Romeo and Juliet and its famous coliseum during our visit in Venice.

Supervisor Miyoshi at a press conference announcing the closure of Casmalia Toxic Dump.

Board of Supervisor, 1986.
Top: Bill Wallace, Tom Rogers
Front: Ochoa, Toru Miyoshi, and Dianne Owen.



Casmalia group celebrates the closure of the Toxic Dump.

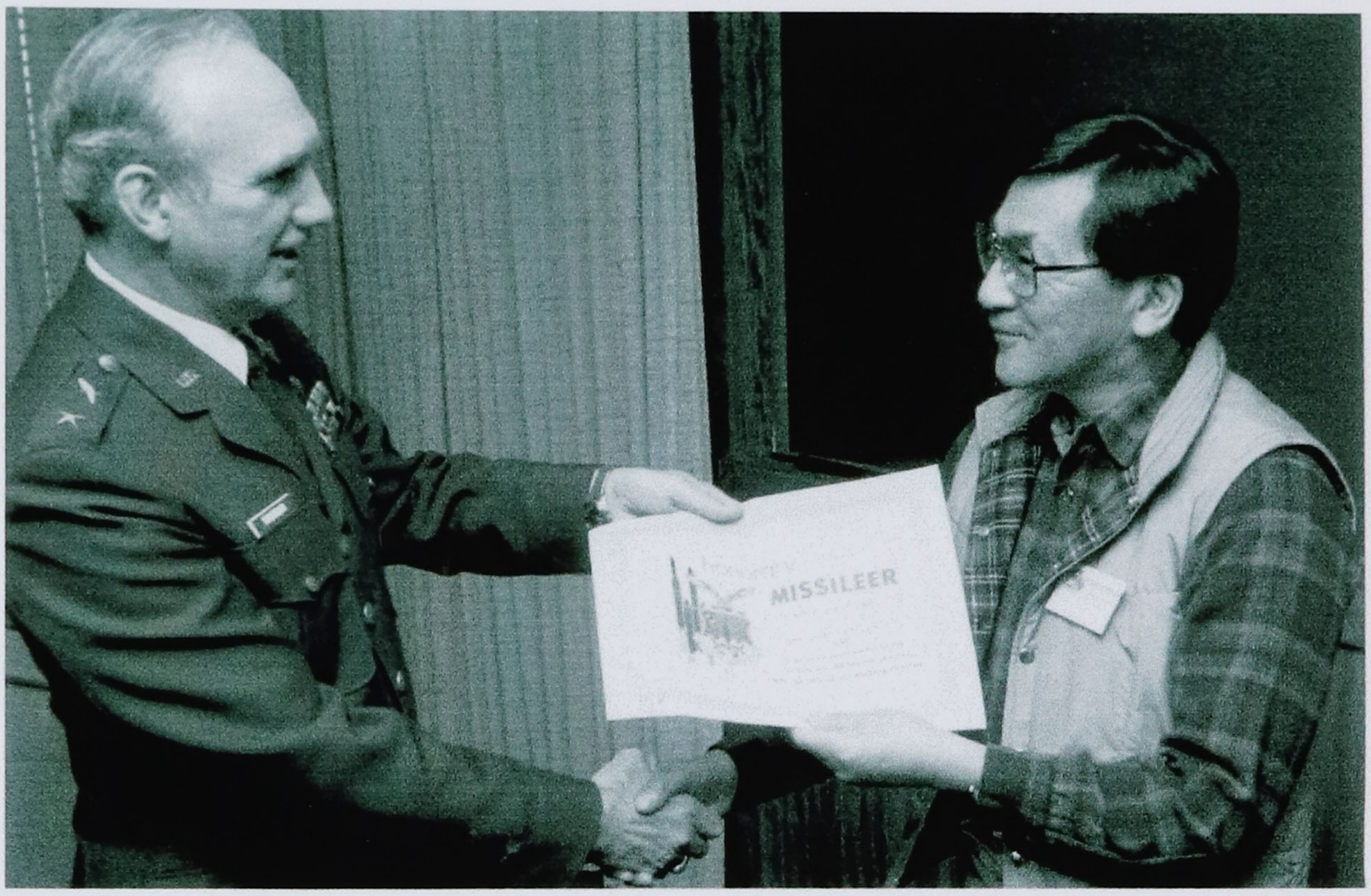
Students from Japan presents Supervisor with 1,000 origami cranes.

Cappy Harada with Horse Yoshinaga, a popular Nisei reporter. Cappy sponsored fundraiser for Hancock athletic program.

Willie Mays, Brin Smith and a Raider lineman at the fundraiser.

One of my memorable duties as County Supervisor, 5th District, Santa Barbara County was to welcome my childhood idols, Minnie and Mickey Mouse to Santa Maria, California.

A unique and happy experience for a politician. I received a Disneyland watch and pen for this effort that did not violate the Brown Act that prohibits elected officials to receive gifts in any form that exceeds $250.00, I hope.



1 Strat Aerosp Div/CC
Vandenberg AFB CA 93437

January 6, 1982

Mr Toru Miyoshi
437 E. McElhany Avenue
Santa Maria CA 93454

Dear Mr Miyoshi

The First Strategic Aerospace Division commander has traditionally maintained a Commander's Advisory Board composed of key civilian opinion leaders in the greater Vandenberg area. Members of this select group offer their advice and counsel on matters affecting the base-community relationship.

I have taken the liberty of adding your name to the board's membership list. Enclosed is a vehicle pass which, when displayed on the dashboard of your automobile, will admit you to the base. Also enclosed is a Commander's Advisory Board membership list for your information.

Please complete the attached AF Form 355 so that we may issue you a wallet identification card, which is carried by all members of the Commander's Advisory Board. A return envelope is enclosed for your convenience.

Sincerely

JACK L. WATKINS, Maj Gen, USAF
Commander

3 Atch
1. Vehicle Pass
2. Membership List
3. AF Form 355 w/Envelope

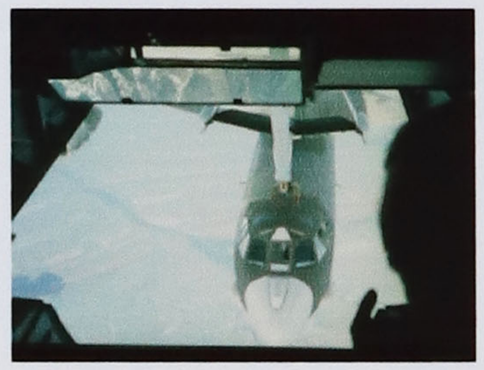
One of the great honors of serving as 5th District Supervisor was to meet great people and become good friends. General Jack L. Watkins was one of those individuals.

General Watkins was one of the officers of the old school that believed discipline and respect were essential in our military.

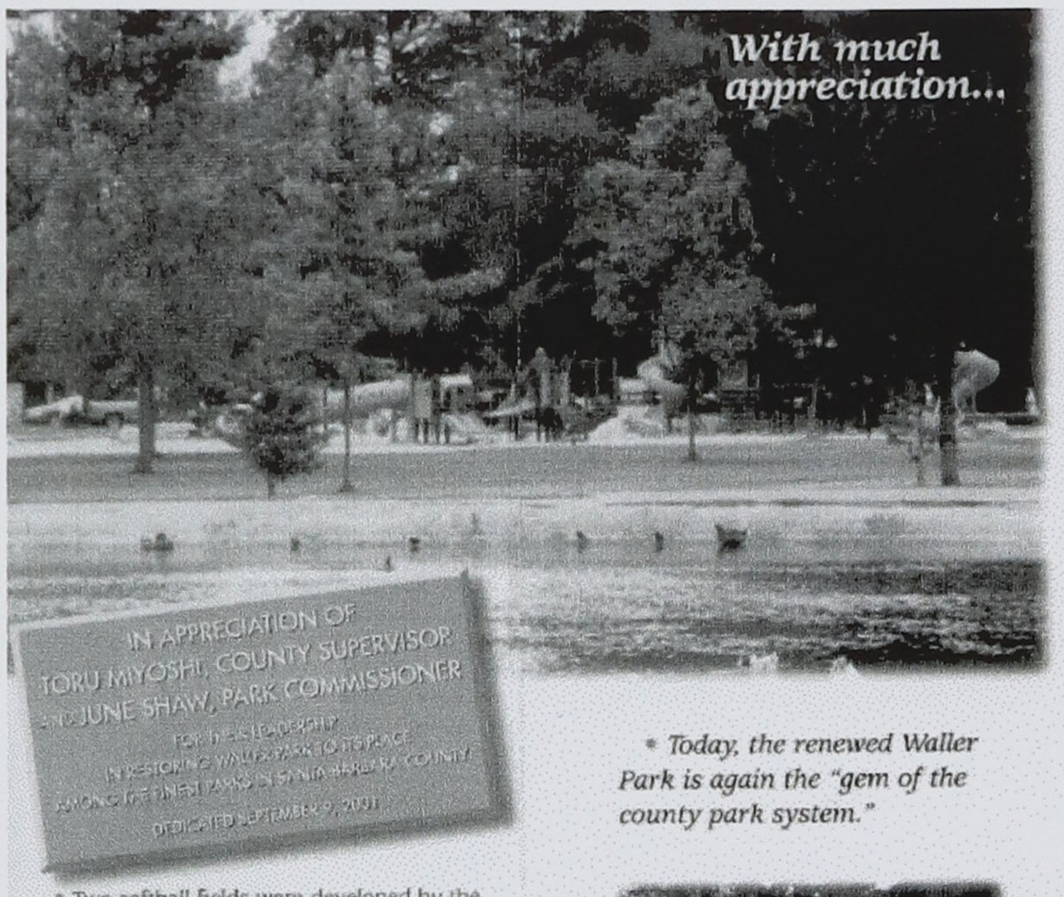
Jeanne and I enjoyed the company of Jack's lovely and gracious wife, Mary Ann at various functions at Vandenberg AFB.

One of my highlights as Supervisor was participating in the Joint Civilian Orientation Conference in 1983 made possible by General Watkins invitation. (See next page)

JOINT CIVILIAN ORIENTATION CONFERENCE, 1983



One of the highlights during my tenure as County Supervisor was to be invited to the Pentagon Military tour. At the Pentagon, Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Vessey, addressed the invited civilians. There were 120 invited from throughout the United States and the experience was outstanding. The above picture indicates the unique opportunity of observing the military capabilities of the Air Force, Army, and Marines. Refueling a B-52 Bomber, touring aircraft carrier kitty Hawk, destroyer USS Obrien, and riding a Black Hawk Helicopter. The tour was from Andrew AFB in DC, Fort Lewis, WA, Nellis AFB, NV, and naval training In San Diego, CA



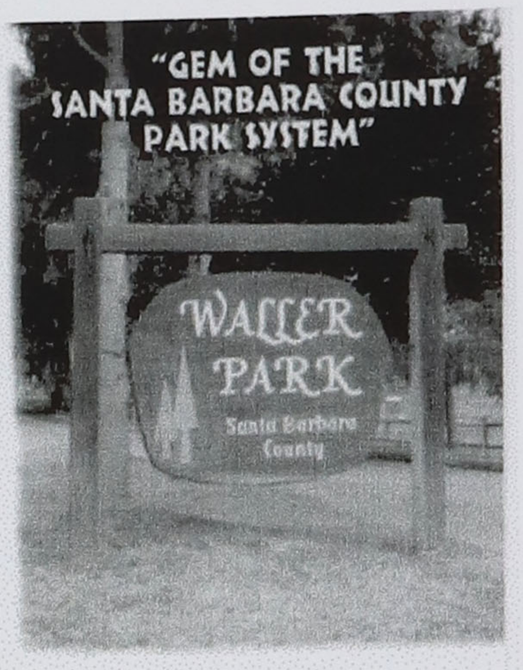
• Two softball fields were developed by the community for the Babe Ruth baseball teams. The area was named "Ellis Field" in honor of Ellis Rice, a long-time youth softball supporter.

• A gazebo bandstand was donated by the Salvation Army in 1966.

• In 1977, 14 acres were leased to the Santa Maria YMCA for their recreational facilities.

• In 1985, 22 acres leased to the City of Santa Maria became the Joe Hagerman

• Today, the renewed Waller Park is again the "gem of the county park system."



Dedication of Plaque of Appreciation

in honor of

TORU MIYOSHI

Former County Supervisor

and

JUNE SHAW

Former Park Commissioner

SEPTEMBER 9, 2001

JUNE SHAW

The passage of Proposition 13 in 1978 drastically affected park maintenance funding. There were fewer park rangers, reduced patrolling of the park—and an increase in vandalism. The children's zoo and aviary were closed. By 1982, the Park was badly neglected, with families fearful to go there.

They gave Waller Park back to the people.

June Shaw, community activist, joined Orcutt Union School District representatives and urged the Board of Supervisors to use newly available developer's fees for park improvement.

Thanks to Shaw's prodding, a Fifth District Park Advisory Group was formed late in 1981. Waller Park was their top priority. Then came Friends of Waller Park, a private fund-raising and park support foundation.

TORU MIYOSHI

In January, 1983, newly elected county supervisor Miyoshi appointed June Shaw to the County Park Commission. Their cooperative efforts resulted in a new Waller Park Master Plan. Over the next few years, Supervisor Miyoshi pursued funding for park improvement from various sources.

Park roads were widened; a new entrance from Skyway Drive was created, parking lots were paved, and two lined lakes with a waterfall between them delighted ducks and geese, tempting the public to give Waller Park another chance.

Our community is grateful to June Shaw and Supervisor Miyoshi for their dedication in achieving the renaissance of Waller Park.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WALLER PARK

• In 1927, eighty acres of land, known as Washington Grove, were donated to the County by the Santa Maria Golf and Country Club.

• L.D. Waller was Chairman of the Santa Barbara Parks and Forestry Board, which sponsored the early acquisition and development of the park. After Waller's death, the park was renamed in his honor.

• Land on the south side was given to the County in 1964 and developed with federal grants. This section was named "Don Potter Grove," in memory of the well-known park ranger who served the park from 1963 to 1976.

Cont'd on back panel ➡

When I first ran for Santa Barbara County Supervisor in 1981, Waller Park was one of my campaign platforms. The roads were full of potholes and the park itself was in a state of degradation. To improve the park condition I appointed June Shaw as my Park Commissioner who was a dynamic person that never took no for an answer. With her energy and my ability to find funding for Waller Park, it became the Jewel of the County Park System.

Thank you

The privilege and honor to serve on the Board of Supervisor of Santa Barbara County was made possible with the support of great people like yourselves.

The restoration of Waller Park was one of the campaign platforms I selected along with the closure of Casmalia Toxic dump and State Water. With my appointment of June Shaw as Park Commissioner we were able to make Waller Park the **"Gem of the County Park System".**

The great ongoing efforts by the "Friends of Walker Park" has made this regional park the finest in the Central Coast.

June and I extend our sincere appreciation for your generous contribution for the plaque. I am sure everyone joins me in saluting Olga Howard and Nancy Johnson for the super party of the "Good Guys and Gals".

Last Words...

Miyoshi touches the future

By John Hankins

REMEMBERING AN ELEGANT MAN. Retirement of Toru Miyoshi, after eight years as a county supervisor from the Santa Maria Valley, shocked and saddened many when pro-growther Mike Stoker won the seat last November. The loss didn't seem to set in until January, however, when Stoker was sworn in, magnifying Miyoshi's absence. Ever the gentleman, Miyoshi told citizens that "the honor and privilege to serve in an elected capacity far outweighs any perceived pain of losing an election."

He will be sorely missed, and Stoker has huge shoes to fill. Because of his quiet and reasoned style, Miyoshi's impact is sometimes overlooked. Here is a brief reminder:

It was Miyoshi who lead the board into battle with Casmalia Resources' toxic dump and the state's pre-emptive authority, ultimately ending in the dump's closure. His 10 percent tax on Casmalia accrued major benefits for the county's hazardous materials response.

Along with Supervisor Bill Wallace, he broke a major impasse with Exxon, which sought federal intervention against the county's stringent environmental rules. That resulted in a safer onshore facility for the oil giant (now under construction) and cleaner air for the county, among many other precedent-setting conditions. Miyoshi was a key figure in solving yet another roadblock with Exxon over pipeline transportation.

The supervisor supported a major program to revamp Waller Park, increase beach access and improve county services in the North County, notably the new government center under construction at Betteravia and Miller roads. A new Agricultural Element, offering principles guiding protection of agriculture, was adopted under his tenure along with many other land use reforms championed by him and his planning commissioner, Nancy Johnson.

We could go on, and on. As Administrative Officer Chuck Wagner said, beneficial effects will be felt for many years to come from numerous improvements that bear the Miyoshi touch. Perhaps most of all, Miyoshi's dedication, ethics and problem-solving skills set a standard of excellence rarely matched in local politics. His personal demeanor alone helped raise respect for the North County, often thought of as a hot-bed of pro-growth good ol' boys who'd rather make a dollar than protect the beautiful valley.

Thank you, Mr. Miyoshi.

"VEGETARIAN LEATHER." Can you guess what it is? It's double-speak for 'vinyl.' Reminds us of the theory that using plastic requires killing a lot of polyesters.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN ...Last issue we had a missive about the Sahara Club, those motorcycle-riding eco-busters, whose name is supposed to mock the Sierra Club. After their leaders got arrested by defying a ban against the Las Vegas-Barstow motorcycle race, Mark Seecof of Santa Monica wrote to the L.A. Times that "Sahara Club" is aptly named.

"Large portions of the Sahara Desert and other eroded wastelands of North Africa are man-made," Seecof writes. "They became deserts after men cut down all of the trees and their goats nibbled all of the smaller plants out of existence."

FIRST CONDOR EGG of the season was laid at the Los Angeles Zoo in January, and it was promptly taken out of the nest to trick the birds into mating again. Only 40 California condors are alive, all in captivity, but the success of the breeding program (13 more birds in three years), carries a prediction by curators that, if all goes well this year, some birds may be released into the wilds, most likely the Ventura backcountry.

REMEMBER WHEN we ran an article about Santa Barbara County creating a separate Environment Protection Department?

Well, forget it.

The idea was to merge the environmental health division with the Air Pollution Control District, thereby putting toxic control functions together. But state health officials insisted the entire division must be transferred, including functions such as pest control and restaurant inspections. The Board of Supervisors couldn't see the logic of that and scrapped the merger. Administrative details such as funding also mired the plan in red tape. For now, status quo reigns.

A relaxed Toru Miyoshi at a party held in his honor.

Fire restrictions end in forest

In concurrence with fire departments in Santa Barbara and Ventura counties, officials of the Los Padres National Forest declared an end to fire season on January 11.

Forest Supervisor Art Carroll said "recent rainfall increased the level of moisture in vegetation to the extent that we now feel comfortable in ending seasonal fire restrictions." Stage 1 fire restrictions are being lifted, enabling Forest visitors to build wood campfires outside maintained campgrounds.

The year 1990 was the fourth consecutive year in one of the worst droughts on record for this area. It was the most significant year in terms of catastrophic losses of property in the Santa Barbara area, due to the Painted Cave Fire.

SIERRA CLUB
Los Padres Chapter
P.O. Box 90924
Santa Barbara, CA 93190

Tom & Jean Miyashi
437 E. McElhaney
Santa Maria, CA 93454

John Hankins is a reporter for Santa Barbara Independent and Sierra Club Condor. I always appreciated John's balanced reporting and I thought that in all modesty he was especially **excellent** in this editorial. You may need a magnifying glass to read it.

Vol. 137 WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1991 No. 1

Congressional Record

TRIBUTE TO SUPERVISOR TORU MIYOSHI

HON. ROBERT J. LAGOMARSINO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, January 3, 1991

Mr. LAGOMARSINO. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute today to Santa Barbara County Supervisor Toru Miyoshi, who will retire on January 4 after 12 years in elective office and a lifetime of dedicated service to the public.

Toru was born in Guadalupe, CA, and attended local schools. He enlisted in the United States Army in 1946 and was recalled to the Korean conflict in 1952. In 1955, he graduated cum laude from the University of Southern California. He attended USC Graduate School of Business, and in 1957 returned to Santa Maria to open an insurance and real estate office.

In 1978, he was elected to the Santa Maria City Council, where he served until 1982, at which time he was elected to the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors. He was reelected to the board in 1986. During his tenure in public office, he served on the Regional Coastal Commission, the Area Planning Council, the Southern California Hazardous Waste Management Authority, and the Tri-Counties Oil Commission. He also served as chairman of the Santa Barbara County Flood Control and Water Conservation Agency, vice chairman of the Water Agency, and board liaison to the Area Agency on Aging.

His community activities include serving on the city of Santa Maria Water Management Advisory Committee; member of the Santa Maria American Legion Post No. 56; 1 STRAD Commander's Liaison Group, Vandenberg AFB; member of Santa Maria Valley Historical Society; Santa Maria Chamber of Commerce; Friends of the Library; Friends of Waller Park; supporter of PCPA Theaterfest, North County Special Olympics, and the YMCA.

Toru and his wife Jeanne, have two daughters, Lisa and Joni. Lisa, husband David, daughter Laura, and son Logan, live in Fairbanks, AK. Joni resides in Santa Maria and is employed with Martin Marietta at Vandenberg Air Force Base.

Mr. Speaker, I want to publicly acknowledge and thank Toru for his dedicated service on behalf of the community and for his commitment to effective local government. We owe him a debt of gratitude which will not be forgotten, and on behalf of the U.S. House of Representatives, I want to extend to Toru and Jeanne our sincere thanks and best wishes for the future.

United States of America

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE *102d* CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

I believe this recognition justify being part of the Miyoshi History. Thank you Bob.

GEORGE BUSH

WASHINGTON

February 4, 1991

Dear Toru:

I have learned that you have stepped down as Santa Barbara County's Fifth District Supervisor after eight years of service.

During your eight years as Supervisor, you earned the respect and admiration of the citizens of Santa Barbara County for your hard work in their behalf. Your service on the Santa Maria City Council and your leadership in a variety of community activities will always be appreciated by the citizens of your country, your State, and your Party. Thank you for a job well done.

Barbara joins me in sending best wishes to you for every future success. God bless you.

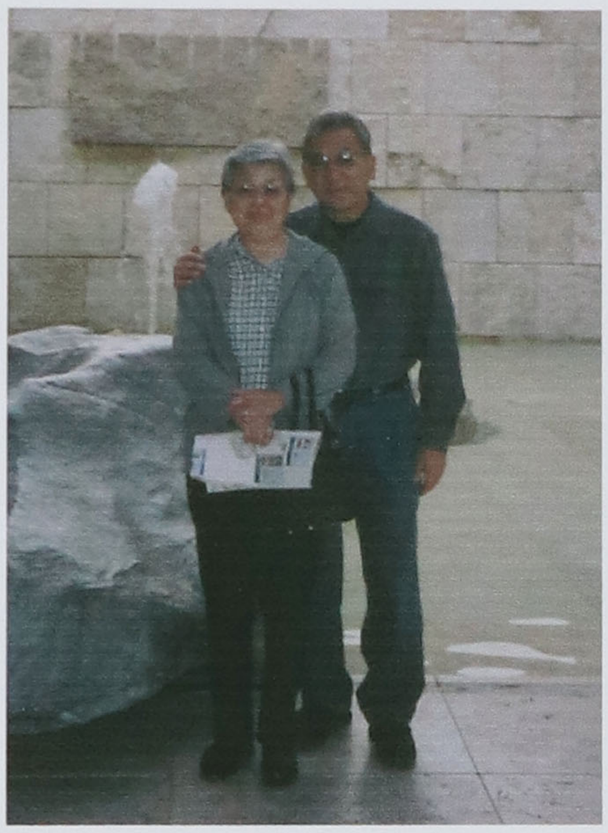
Sincerely,

George Bush

Mr. Toru Miyoshi
Supervisor, Fifth District
Santa Barbara County
Suite D
301 East Cook Street
Santa Maria, California 93454

The President of the United States has such a busy schedule I appreciate his taking the time to write this letter. Thank you, Mr. President.

Jeanne and Toru at various events & places. Guess where?



Auto designer checking out his latest model. Fuel efficient design by gravity.

Three Generations. I like this picture of Taggar and me taken by Jeanne. When Lisa was doing field work at Tule Lake, she informed us she was bringing a friend home. We were speculating what kind of friend and it turned to be Taggar. When you talk about man's best friend you couldn't find a better one than Tagger.
Dad and me at graduation. Another nice picture Jeanne took. Grandpa Kumataro relaxing. No Jeanne did not take this one.

Section 5 Family

Jeanne and I first met on the ski slopes at Big Bear Mountain in Southern California on December 1954. A great courtship continued to August 21, 1955, when we were married at the University Chapel on the University of Southern California (USC) campus.

After receiving my BS degree in Business at University of Southern California, I continued my graduate work in the evenings. I worked at the Bank of Tokyo of California, Los Angeles branch, while Jeanne was employed at Los Angeles Board of Education. In 1957, Bank of Tokyo had only 2 offices, the head office in San Francisco and the LA branch.

I worked under Robert Nagata, a University of California graduate, who was very knowledgeable in the banking business. I believe he was the only Nisei officer in the bank, while all other management personnel were from Japan. It was not my intent to make banking my career, so my concern for promotions was not a priority. However, others in the bank that were hired domestically were not happy with the limitations on promotions. We discussed this inequity with our Manager, Mr. Abe, and he took it under consideration.

The top management construed this request for upward mobility as a possible cause for strike. An intolerable situation for a Japanese Banking Institution. However, as the bank expanded with new branches, the hiring practice changed for domestic employees with upward mobility.

Lisa Kimiko, a blessed event on March 17, 1957

When Lisa was born, I was attending graduate school at USC in the evening until 10 PM and working during the day at the bank. Lisa had a problem with colic and so our sleeping time became irregular. With this happening, I would oversleep and arrive at work when the bank opened. After a couple of weeks, the manager called me to his desk and asked if it was an American custom to come in late when a family had a new baby. I explained my situation and informed him that I would do my best to come in before the bank opened for business. Mr. Abe was an understanding manager and did not reprimand me.

In the fall of 1957, I completed all my graduate classes and according to our plans, we returned to Santa Maria, California. I submitted my resignation at the bank and all the officers of the bank invited me to a farewell lunch individually. I am not sure they did it to show their appreciation for my work at the bank or were just happy to see me leave.

I would take lunch to work occasionally. When Jeanne prepared pak-kai (Sweet and sour pork, a great recipe from Jeanne's mom that I still enjoy today) I would warm it up on a hot plate in the employee room and the sweet smell would permeate into the bank. No one complained, but it became a standing signal that Toru was having his lunch. In fact, it is such a great recipe; I am including it as part my history so others may enjoy it.

Pak Kai recipe by Mitsuko Kojima

1 C White vinegar

6 C Water

3 # Pork Spare Rib, cut for 2-3 inch

Mixture

½ C Corn Starch

½ C Shoyu (soy sauce)

2 T Molasses

2 Clove Garlic crushed

1. Add rib to water with ¾ cup of vinegar and boil for 5 minutes. Drain the rib and discard water.
2. Mix the spare rib with above mixture and fry until brown.
3. Boil ½ cup of pineapple Juice, ½ cup of Vinegar and ½ cup of Water.
4. Add browned spareribs and cook over slow fire for 20 minutes.
5. Cut pineapple, onion and bell pepper to bit size and stir-fry for 1 or 2 minutes.

With steamed rice, enjoy the best pak-kai ever.

Back home in Santa Maria, 1957

We moved into our home on 711 West Church Street. With my business credits at USC, I was qualified to apply for a Real Estate Broker license. I also applied for an Insurance Broker license and opened my office at our residence.

Joni Mieko, another blessed event on July 5, 1959

Jeanne was expecting, when we made an offer to purchase a lot known as Rancho Estate #1 through Ruffoni Real Estate. I sensed something was wrong as other lots were sold and construction commenced while our offer was still in the hand of the realtor. We were informed that the sellers did not want to sell the lot to us, as other purchasers were in opposition to the sale. I realized this action on the part of the seller was in violation of the law, however, we did not want to build in a neighborhood that may create a problem for our family.

I informed the realtor that I wanted all the names that purchased a lot in Rancho Estate and if anyone would tell in person, that they opposed the sale to us, I would withdraw my offer.

I took the time to contact every buyer and not one objected to our offer to purchase the lot. With this information in hand, I demanded that our offer be processed in escrow immediately or we will pursue this issue in court. Prior to this action, I had contacted a Nisei attorney, Mr. Nagao, in Oxnard to represent us, in the event that they deny us the right to purchase the lot.

He wrote a letter to the realtor and informed them of the law prohibiting discrimination in any real estate sale. With this pressure on the realtor, we were in escrow and the sale was consummated in record time.

1959. Building our home at 437 East McElhany Avenue, Santa Maria, California

We contacted Takeshi Shigenaka to build our home and with his crew, Shig Nakano and Buzz Mizuki, we moved into our new home just before Halloween.

Frank Shield, manager of the Bank of America, played a part in persuading the sellers to close the deal. Realtor Harry Hammond, a personal friend, was caught in the middle.

Our home is very comfortable with a yard designed for low maintenance and with our two daughters on their own, it still met our needs.

An investment for the future

1965. The manager for Smart & Final Wholesale Company inherited 2 lots in a subdivision named Sleepy Hollow, Weimar, California. He informed me that if I were interested in purchasing the ½ acre lots he would sell them for $5,000.00 each. On our way to Vancouver, Canada for a family vacation, we stopped in Sacramento, California, to check out the lots. Unfortunately, the lots were in the lower end of the ravine and did not like its location. As we continued to drive through the lot subdivision, we saw a lot that we all liked. There was a lot for sale sign posted on the pine tree, but the telephone number was not readable, probably due to the weather. We went to the Placer County Assessor office in Auburn and found that the owner of record lived in Sacramento. On the way back to our hotel in Sacramento, Jeanne and I discussed how much we should offer for the lot. Since this was a long-term investment for a potential retirement home, we decided to offer $3,000.00. My concern was that the owners might consider our offer an insult and their response may be a little harsh. In any case, I called the owner, explained our plans and made our offer. After a slight pause, he said, "wait a second" and put down the phone and obviously talking to his wife, "hey ma, we have an offer on the lot" without inquiring about the offer, she responded, "sell the damn thing". I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but after hearing her response, we went to the Wells Fargo Bank to open an escrow. We contacted our bank in Santa Maria to transfer the funds and finalized the escrow that day. The following morning, we continued our vacation with an exciting discussion of what kind of

retirement home we could build 20 years from that date. This is called long term planning.

Dream Cabin in Weimar, California

Jeanne and I loved to go skiing and fishing and this lot is 45 minutes to skiing and 1½ hour to Stampede Lake near Truckee, CA for trout fishing. An ideal place for retirement, Reno, Nevada is about 2 hours driving time as well as Lake Tahoe. One of the greatest shopping opportunities is at the Roseville Galleria. Nordstrom, Macy's, Sears and Penney's are anchors at the Galleria. Costco, Home Depot and all the known box stores are within a square mile of each other.

In 1985, I proposed selling this lot because the distance from Santa Maria to Weimar is about 395 miles and getting tougher to drive, as we get older. Jeanne put her foot down and said, "we kept the lot this long and we are going to build our vacation cabin." Without any further discussion, we found a local architect and a contractor and commenced construction.

We had our share of one-sided discussions, however the end result of this one was one of the best decision **WE** ever made.

It became an excellent investment as the value tripled, but the real value was the ability to get away whenever we felt the need to have a change of scenery. It made our retirement as enjoyable as can be.

Jeanne also found an aluminum fishing boat in the classified and it happened to be the exact model (Gregor MX 15) I had my eyes on. It was 2 years old and the price was $3,900.00. I called the telephone number on the ad and

informed him that we are interested in purchasing the boat, but did not want to haggle over the price. Therefore, I asked him what was the bottom price if we were to purchase it today and he responded $3,200.00. I priced a new one at $6,500.00, so we immediately bought the boat. This purchase has really enhanced our retirement years.

Our favorite fishing spot is called, Stampede Lake, near Truckee, California

Jeanne always seems to catch the biggest trout or Kokanee (land locked salmon), but fishing at this beautiful lake with all the wildlife, minimizes the pain of coming in second. Once we saw an eagle dive in front of us and grabbed a huge trout. Initially, the eagle had a difficult time flying off, but it realigned the fish aerodynamically and flew off into the sunset. Many species of migratory birds make their stop at this lake. The geese honking away as they seem to glide around the lake while the loon cruising the lake looking for food by submerging into the water. Along the shore, we observe many deer enjoying the environment, as we are privileged to do.

The golden years have some great advantages

Senior discounts at restaurants, such as Jumbos, that features Asian food with 25% senior discount which we enjoy with Harry and Grace Kadota every Tuesdays, theaters, Gottschalks and free lift ticket at Boreal Ski Resort. This winter (2005), I went skiing on the bunny slope to warm up and to the intermediate hill to conclude my day of skiing. It was nice and sunny weekday and the snow condition perfect. I was able to ski right up to the chairlift without any waiting. Not bad for someone who just turned 77.

Jeanne and I have been truly blessed. Our daughter, Lisa, in Alaska with our son in law, David, are experiencing a unique pioneer type life style and raising two wonderful and talented children, Laura and Logan. Our grandchildren may not realize it yet, but their outstanding achievements academically and musically were made possible by the dedication and sacrifice of their parents. Our grandchildren are doing so well, I would like another 25 years, just to see them achieve whatever goals their talents will take them. Knowing this is not realistic, I am just grateful they have the abilities to reach great heights in whatever endeavors they choose.

Joni was been gainfully employed at Vandenberg Air Force Base (VAFB) for over 20 years. She provides us with a sense of security by living close by in Orcutt. She purchased her Condominium in 1999 at the right time, as values have almost tripled in 2005. Her condo has brought her the independence and the opportunity to meet wonderful friends. We rarely get to see her now, but she is always available in case of any emergency and to take of our home, when we go to our Cabin in Weimar, CA or to visit our grandchildren in Fairbanks, AK.

The privilege for writing commentaries after leaving politics for the Santa Maria Times has been very timely. The mental exercise in writing has not only been a challenge, but a wonderful means of keeping whatever gray matters left in "good" working condition".

Conclusion

In completing my "Miyoshi Family History", I felt a "Conclusion" had an implication of finality that seems inconsistent with the writer's optimistic expectation for longevity.

My travels in Japan and finding my roots have fulfilled my life. It has enhanced my ability to appreciate my own ethnicity and identity as a unique and positive experience.

In reviewing my writing effort, I may have over emphasized the acts of racism during my life, however it should not be viewed as an bitter experience, but a lesson in life that has made me aware that acts of racial discrimination is counter productive to the principles of our Democracy.

I resumed my duties as a City Councilman, 30 days after the successful triple by-pass surgery. Now 27 years later; without any additional surgery, I am still enjoying the good life with Jeanne. This has been made possible with some great medication for high blood pressure, cholesterol, diabetes and heart attack prevention.

When I had the open-heart surgery in 1979, I became acutely aware that I was not immortal.

I consider life as continuing educational process. I experienced the injustice of our Country to become a constructive American, my childhood was rather sheltered as my parents provided me with a good life rather then the hardship of the great depression, my military career was fortunate in that I

was too young when World War II was going on so I safely served in the occupation of Germany. When I was recalled for the Korean Police Action, I was assigned as a Company clerk at Fort Ord, California.

This military service providee me a education (G.I. Bill) at University of Southern California to enjoy my favorite spectator sport of football. I was lucky that in my collegiate years that USC had great football teams and now as an alumnus my school has regained its football greatness to enjoy watching football on television as a senior citizen.

My honor and privilege to serve as Santa Maria City Councilman, Santa Barbara County Supervisor and the State of California Regional Coastal Commission has enhanced my educational background and the opportunity for public service.

The opportunity to raise 2 wonderful daughters, Joni and Lisa, has given Jeanne and I the privilege of perpetuating life, without the problems of drug and other negative influences that today's youth are confronted with. Now our grandchildren, Laura and Logan, have give both of us the motivation for longevity. We feel fortunate that the 2 of them, are very talented musicians and academically outstanding. They both have the stuff for greatness. Our son in law, David Daum and his wife and our daughter, Lisa have been a great parents in providing them the opportunities to excel in whatever endeavor they choose.

Jeanne and I are economically comfortable in retirement to enjoy life for whatever time is granted us. My longevity has exceeded the Miyoshi

average to enjoy a longer blessed life, so there should only be celebration whenever it comes to a conclusion.

My life with Jeanne and our family has been fulfilling and exceeded all my expectations.

My deepest appreciation to all who has made it possible.

In June 2008, Granddaughter Laura graduated University of Oregon, Summa cum Laude, as an accomplished Violist (Viola) and with plans to continue on for her Masters. Before undertaking this educational venture she is planning some time as an Americorp volunteer. This May, Jeanne and I attended Laura's senior recital at Beal Hall. She was just magnificent

Grandson Logan was accepted at MIT (Mass Institute of Technology) and planning a Chemical Engineering major. In March 2008, we visited Logan with Lisa joining us, and attended the MITSO (symphony orchestra) performance. Logan is a percussionist. The added bonus was attending the MIT Wind Ensemble the following night where Logan played the lead marimba.

With Lisa leading the way, our mobility was greatly increased with her ability to utilize the Boston transit system. On our next to last day, we were able to visit Salem and tour their great museum. Saw no witches.

Miyoshi & Daum Families (2000)

standing) Logan Riichi, Laura Mitsuko, Toru

(sitting)
Joni Mieko, Jeanne Fujiko, Lisa Kimiko, David Kumagoro

The Japanese name for David was given by Osamu Yamamoto, Osaka, Japan. Osamu san passed on 2001 but his memory is remembered by the Hans (Japanese signature stamp) he made for the entire Miyoshi and Daum families.

Circa 1955.

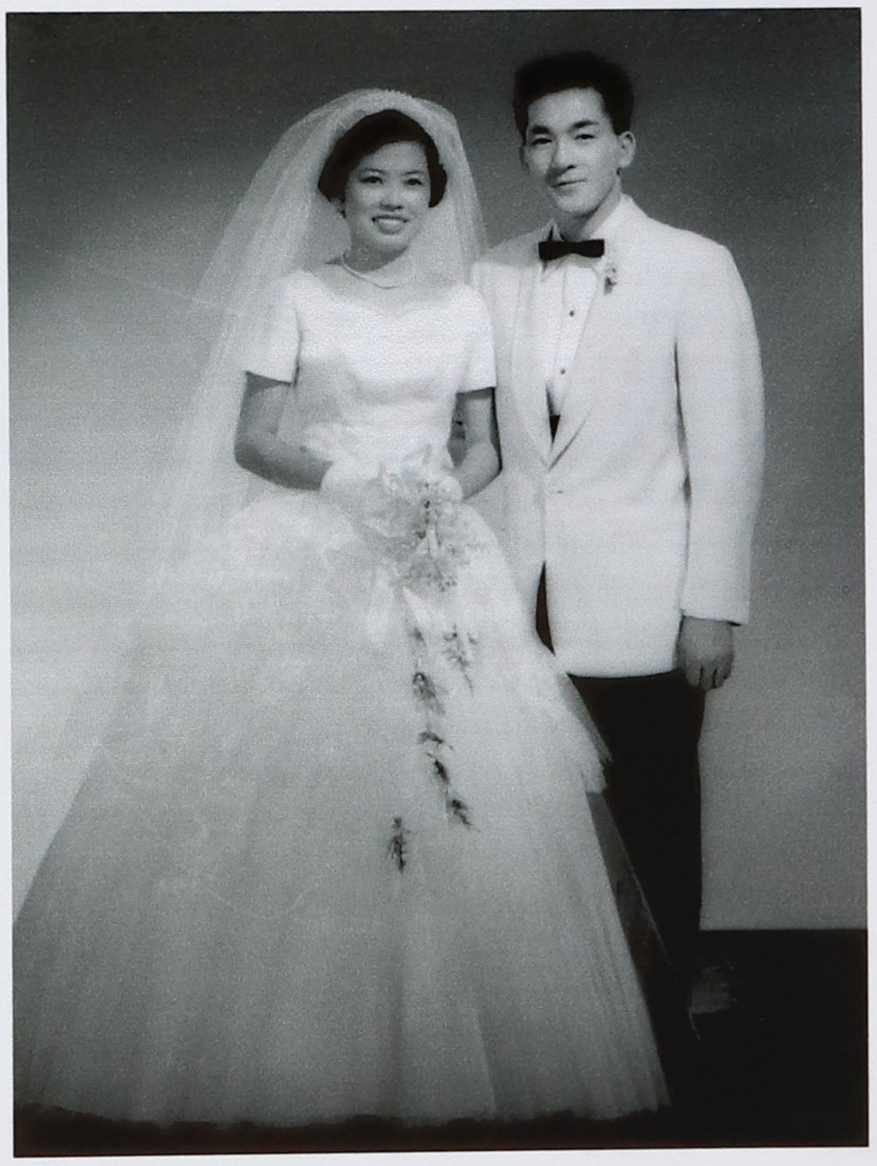
This insignificant bottle of hand lotion was a promotion for filling up gas at a Mobil station. As a student on the GI Bill attending U.S.C. with limited cash this bottle became my first gift to my future bride, Jeanne F. Kojima. This bottle strangely reappeared a few years ago for sentimental reason or as a reminder of what a cheap skate I was.

August 21, 1955. Wedding party from left to right:

Tishi Kojima, Donna Ikeda, Jeanne, Toru , Ken Miura, Roy Tokeshi, George Seko and Linda Ikeda, the flower girl.
Back row: Roddi with his father Tom Ikeda, Justin carried by his mother Fumi, Richard Kojima, Mitsuko Kojima, Robert Kojima, Riichi Miyoshi, Vi Miyoshi, Terri with her father Jun and Buck Susumu Miyoshi.

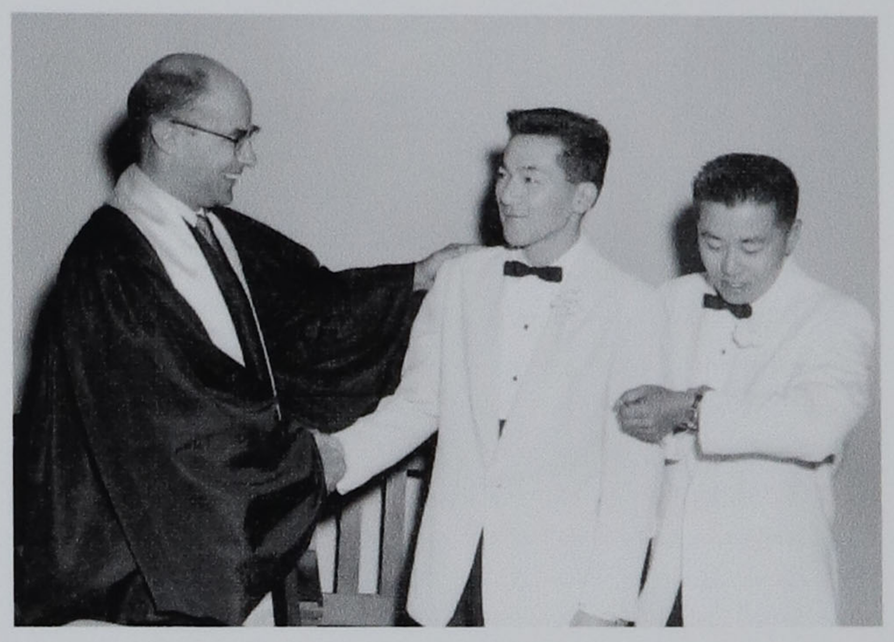
The Wedding was at the USC Chapel with Reverend Frank Crane officiating. It was a beautiful wedding and the reception was held at Mother's residence. Chef Jeff Tanaka prepared the delicious food.

Jeanne and I spent our **50th wedding anniversary** in Fairbanks, Alaska with the Daum family. We enjoyed a joint concert with Logan playing the timpani. We toured University of Alaska Musk Ox Research Center with our Laura Daum as our well-informed tour guide. Her 1st job. Hurrah!



On August 21, 1955, Jeanne and Toru were married at the U.S.C. University Chapel. It was a beautiful wedding, as succeeding photos will show. We first met at the Gaku Sei Kai (Gak House) ski party in the winter 1954 and the courtship commenced.

After 9 months of courtship Jeanne and Toru tied the knot on August 21, 1955. Beautiful wedding at the University of Southern California Chapel. Donna Ikeda the Maid of Honor; Ken Miura the Best Man. Linda the flower girl. & Tishi Kojima the bridesmaid.

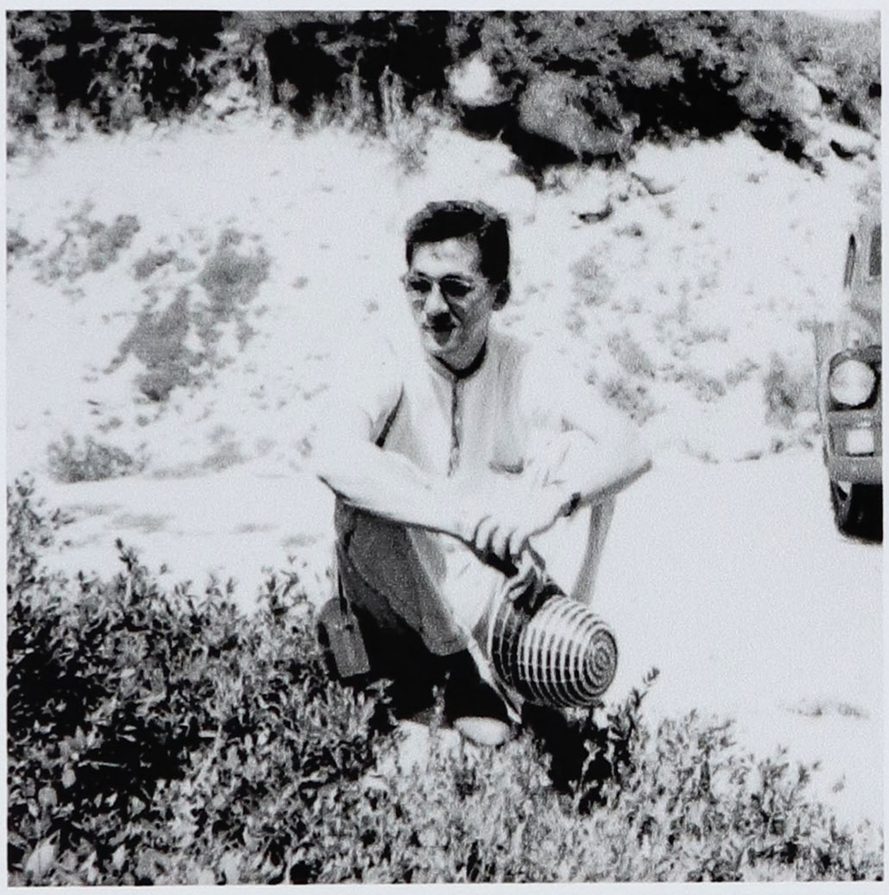


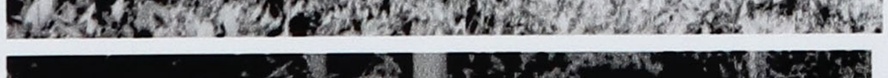
Robert Kojima gave the bride away as father Isaburo passed away in 1941. It was a fitting combination of the eldest (Chonan) and the baby of the family. Mitsuko, mother of the bride and Riichi, father of the groom, really enjoyed the wedding and approved the union.

Tishi Kojima, Donna Ikeda, Robert Kojima, Jeanne Kojima & Linda

From left to right: Robert, Mitsuko, Bride & Groom, Riichi, Donna, Tishi, Linda.

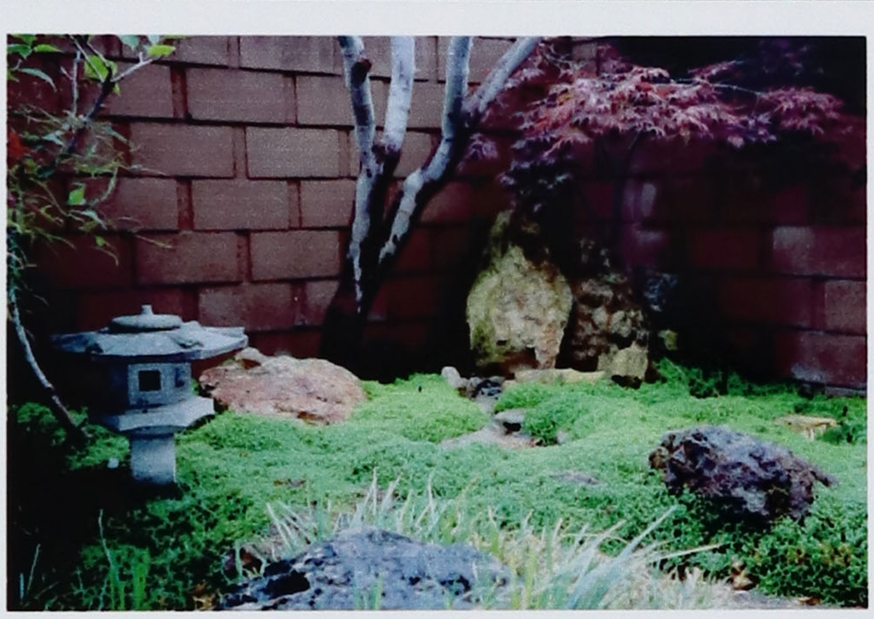
8-21-55 The honeymoon adventures of Jeanne and Toru in 2 pages.

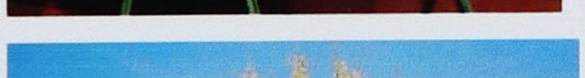




After Lake Tahoe, Feather River, San Francisco & Monterey, we arrived in great shape at Santa Maria, CA. It was a great honeymoon.

The residence of Jeanne and Toru Miyoshi. We built our home in 1959 and raised our daughters, Lisa and Joni at this location. Now 46 years later we are still enjoying our home with the addition of our cabin in Weimar, CA.





Miyoshi residence at 437 E. McElhany, Santa Maria, CA. Chelsea guarding our front patio.

East side of home is our Japanese garden.

One of our Cymbidium plant that grow wild in our back yard.

Our black pine bonsai tree, taken care by bonsai expert Mr. Kaneme Muranaka.

The two fish art work enhance the interior of our home. The inlaid art is by Emile Norman.

Gingko tree with the beautiful fall colors.

Happy Birthday Joni from Mom and Dad on July 5, 2006

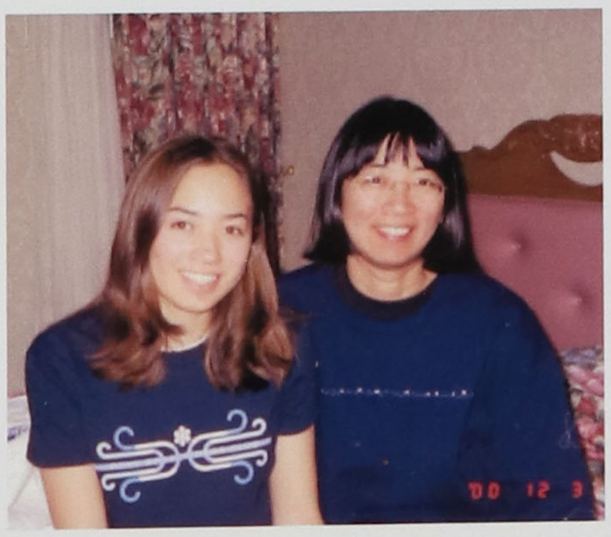
No 2 daughter Joni, was born on July 5, 1959 in Santa Maria, CA. She was a young ballerina. A wonderful aunt to Logan and Laura. She is employed by Computer Science Corporation at Vandenburg Air Force Base and gained her independence by moving into her beautiful Foxenwood condominium.

--

Joni in Alaska with angelic Logan.

The class pictures are from Alvin Street School

Joni training her Chesapeake retriever. In her quiet style, she had a way with the family pets. On the left is Tagger, another great dog



High fashion Joni looking great.

Joni with her niece Laura in Reno, NV. With smiles like this they must have won some money.

Top row: Lisa @5 days old, making friends with Panda, lst Christmas w/ mom.
Middle: Lisa, Linda & Roddi w/Santa, getting older @ 2 years, in front of 711 W. Church, SM
Bottom: Prima ballerina, at 437 E. McElhany home, Camp Fire Girl Lisa with sister Joni.

Times flies as the lst picture was taken in 1957 and today 48 years later (2005) we are enjoying 2 grandchildren, Laura and Logan. They have brought us joy and an incentive for longevity.

1960's. Lisa & Joni sure grew up fast. Although it just seem like yesterday. Today Lisa and David provided the grandparents with 2 great grandkids. Joni is employed with Computer Science Corporation at VAFB and has a wonderful condo in Foxenwood These pictures bring back fond memories, but sadly Grandmother Mitsuko and their cousin Roddi Ikeda are no longer with us. In 2005, Jeanne and I could still enjoy these pictures.

Miyoshi & Daum Families (2000)

standing) Logan Riichi, Laura Mitsuko, Toru

(sitting)
Joni Mieko, Jeanne Fujiko, Lisa Kimiko, David Kumagoro

The Japanese name for David was given by Osamu Yamamoto, Osaka, Japan. Osamu san passed on 2001 but his memory is remembered by the Hans (Japanese signature stamp) he made for the entire Miyoshi and Daum families.

The wedding of Lisa and David happened on November 6, 1982. The reception at Madonna Inn turned out great with everyone enjoying themselves. Since that time, their family has grown with 2 wonderful and talented children, Laura and Logan. The four proud grandparents, Bill, Harriet, Jeanne and Toru .are blessed with longevity to see Laura graduate with Summa cum Laude honors from University . of Oregon and Logan enrolled at MIT.

Mr. and Mrs. Toru Miyoshi
announce the marriage of their daughter
Lisa Kimiko
to
Mr. David William Daum
son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Daum
on Saturday, the sixth of November
Nineteen hundred and eighty-two
Fairbanks, Alaska.

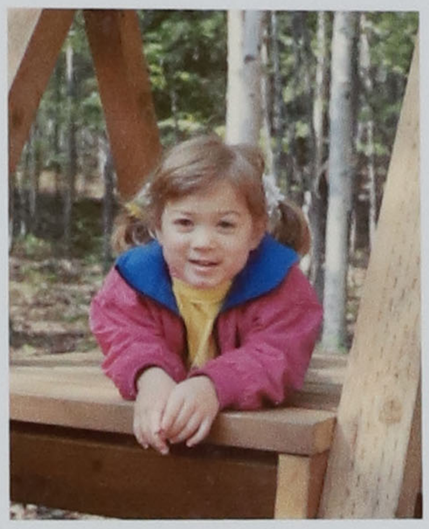
A reception will be held in their honor
Madonna Inn, San Luis Obispo
Saturday, the eleventh of December
half past two o'clock.

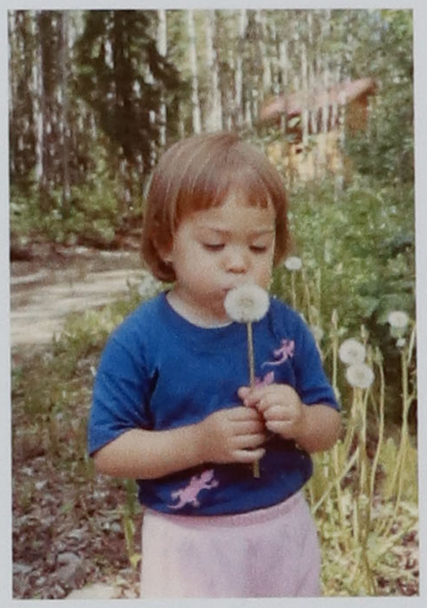
We have many great picture of our favorite granddaughter, Laura Daum, but this one ranks in the top 10.

As I write this insert, Laura will be in her sophomore year at University of Oregon majoring in Music. (9-05)

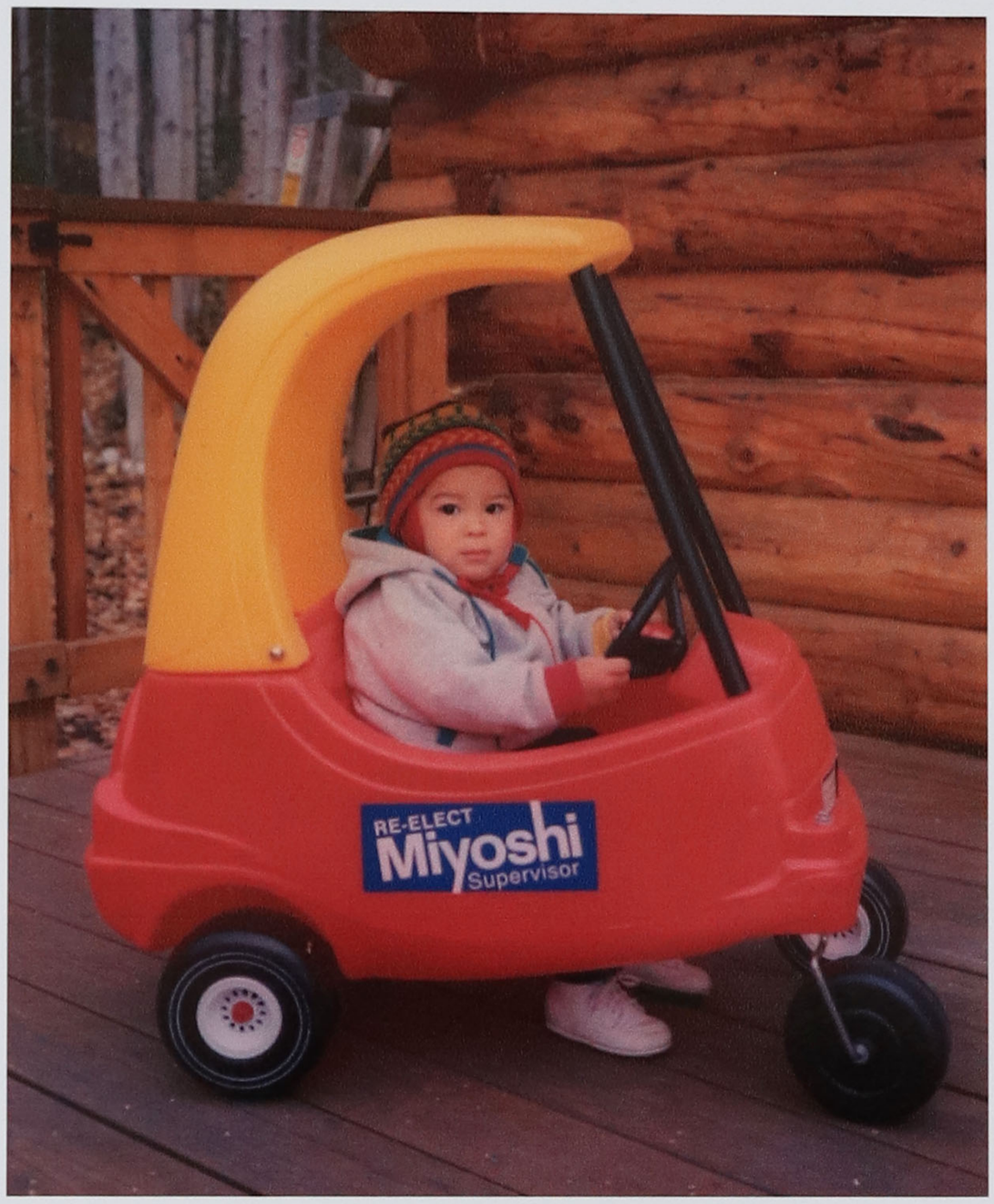
One summer in Santa Maria Jeanne had arranged viola lessons with Shirley Lynch, a Julliard graduate. I mentioned she was a great violist. Shirley at the time took this statement as a typical grandparent's bias boasting. She stated after the lesson that Laura was very good with a bright future as a musician and my boasting was justified.

Our Favorite Granddaughter, Laura Daum





10-05 Laura, an accomplished violist is attending U. of Oregon majoring in music. Encore!!!

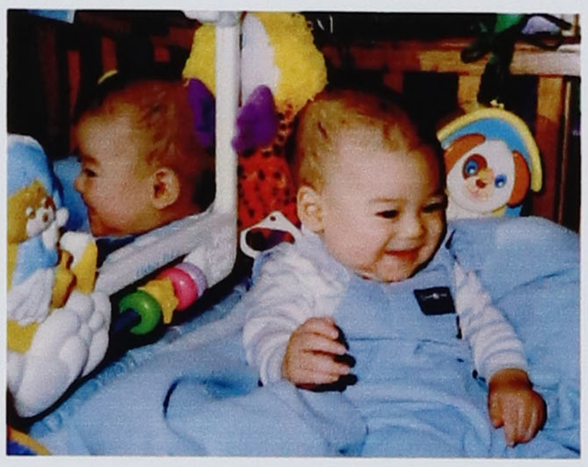


This photo of grandson Logan Daum is one of my favorites. One day Lisa called and requested my bumper sticker. I was running for re-election in 1990 for Santa Barbara County Supervisor at the time. I was wondering what in the world would she want my sticker in Fairbanks, Alaska.

When I received this picture I was very pleased to know the reason why.

This favorite photo is not because of the bumper sticker (heh heh!!) but the pleasure of seeing the angelic face of my favorite grandson.

Our Grandson, Logan Daum, turned out to be math whiz and a talented Marimba player. Our favorite grandson is showing some promise.

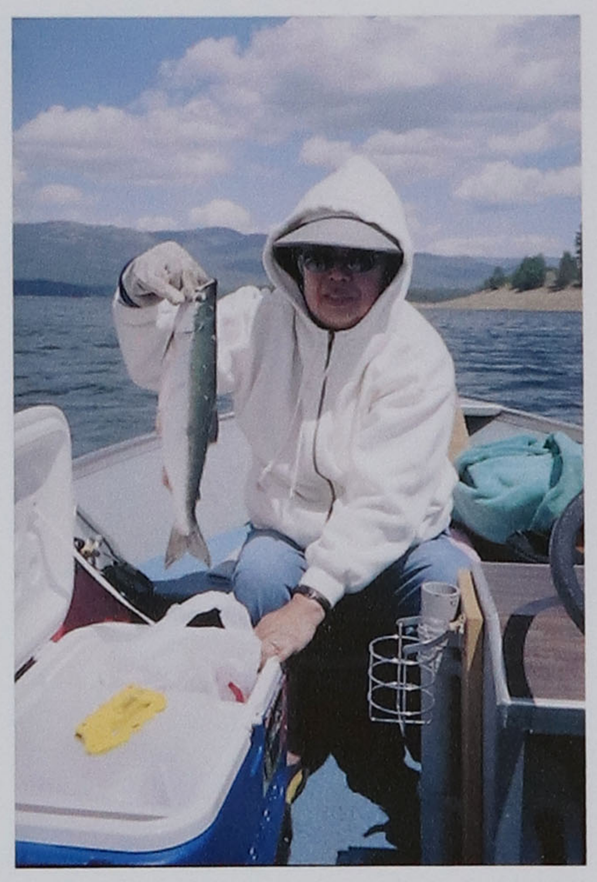


Welcome to the Miyoshi hideaway in Weimar, CA. Conveniently located in the Sierra Foothills near Boreal Ski Resort and beautiful Stampede Lake for trout fishing

We affectionately call our Weimar Cabin built in 4-95

Two fawns feeding in our backyard. Photo taken from our deck. 7-05

Our 15 foot Gregor MX 15 that Jeanne located in Sacramento classified ad. It was exactly what I was looking for. Stampede lake in the background.



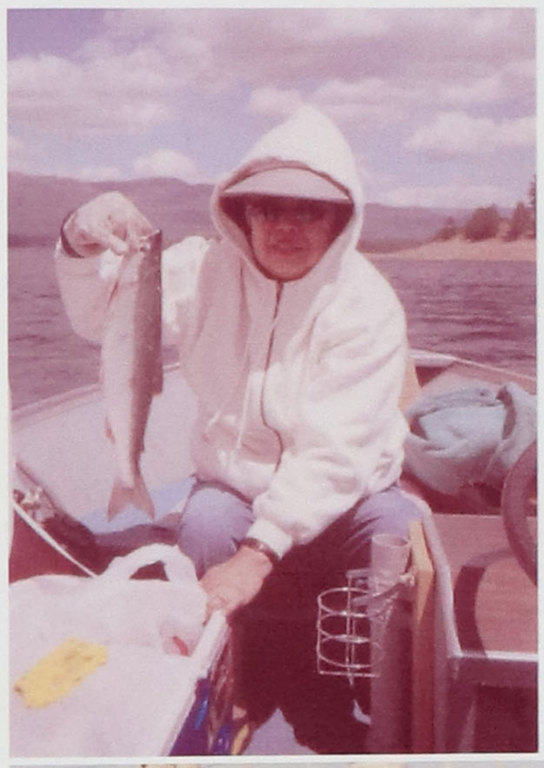
Jeanne has all the luck. Showing off her Kokanee, a land locked salmon.

The limit is 5 so 4 of the smaller one were caught by yours truly. The advantage is that I could enjoy the majestic beauty.

Verifiable fish stories

2001We chartered an overnight boat out of Valdez and Lisa continued to be lucky and caught the only halibut that tipped the scale over 45 pounds. David prepared the halibut from a recipe he got from Valdez and it was the best halibut I ever tasted.

The rest of us caught Alaskan cod, which was delicious.



< A great fishing day at beautiful Stampede Lake in the Sierra. As usual Jeanne catches the biggest rainbow trout and the elusive kokanee, a landlocked salmon. We have a 15' Gregor MX 15 aluminum boat powered with 4 cyl, fuel injection Mercury motor to enhance our fishing trips

August 1970. Verification of a great fish story. The family was camping at Oceano State Beach Park when I spotted a large object lying on the surf. I turned our Jeep Wagoneer around as it was low tide and took a second look and discovered it was a White Sea Bass. It was still quivering, so I opened the rear door and pulled the fish into the car. It was so long that I had to bend the tail to close the door. I went back to the campground and placed the fish on a cleaning stand. It attracted a large crowd and they asked, "What kind of bait did I use"? I simply answered, "sand crab". Later in the day, we went back to Santa Maria and performed an autopsy and discovered a broken vertebra as the probable cause. I filleted the sea bass and distributed it to many family friends. The campers at Oceano had a great fish story to tell and many families in Santa Maria, including us, enjoyed sashimi It just turned out to be wonderful fish story.
White sea bass has become very hard to find in the fish markets as a result of over fishing. It was one of my favorite fish for sashimi.

< We chartered a boat out of Valdez, Alaska and the whole family, Jeanne, Lisa, Laura and Logan, caught our limit of Coho Salmons. Our skipper was great as other boats were having a tough time catching fish.

Winter wonderland in Weimar, California

On March 1st, 2006, we woke to this scene at our getaway. This type of weather comes around about once every 3 years. The above right picture was taken from our living room facing our backyard.

Toru enjoying a sugar free Popsicle on the deck with fluffy snow as a tablecloth. Jeanne enjoying the winter scene from our front entry. The snow level was down to 1500 feet and our cabin is at 2,300 feet.

Could not resist taking the front and back scenes around our cabin.

1 `q

Boreal Ski Resort is 45 minutes from our Weimar cabin. The lift ticket was free for anyone over 70. In 2005 they raised the ticket to $5.00. Senior privilege is getting expensive

Laura and Logan heading for the top of the mountain.

Logan showing his skill on his snowboard. Must admit he looks good.

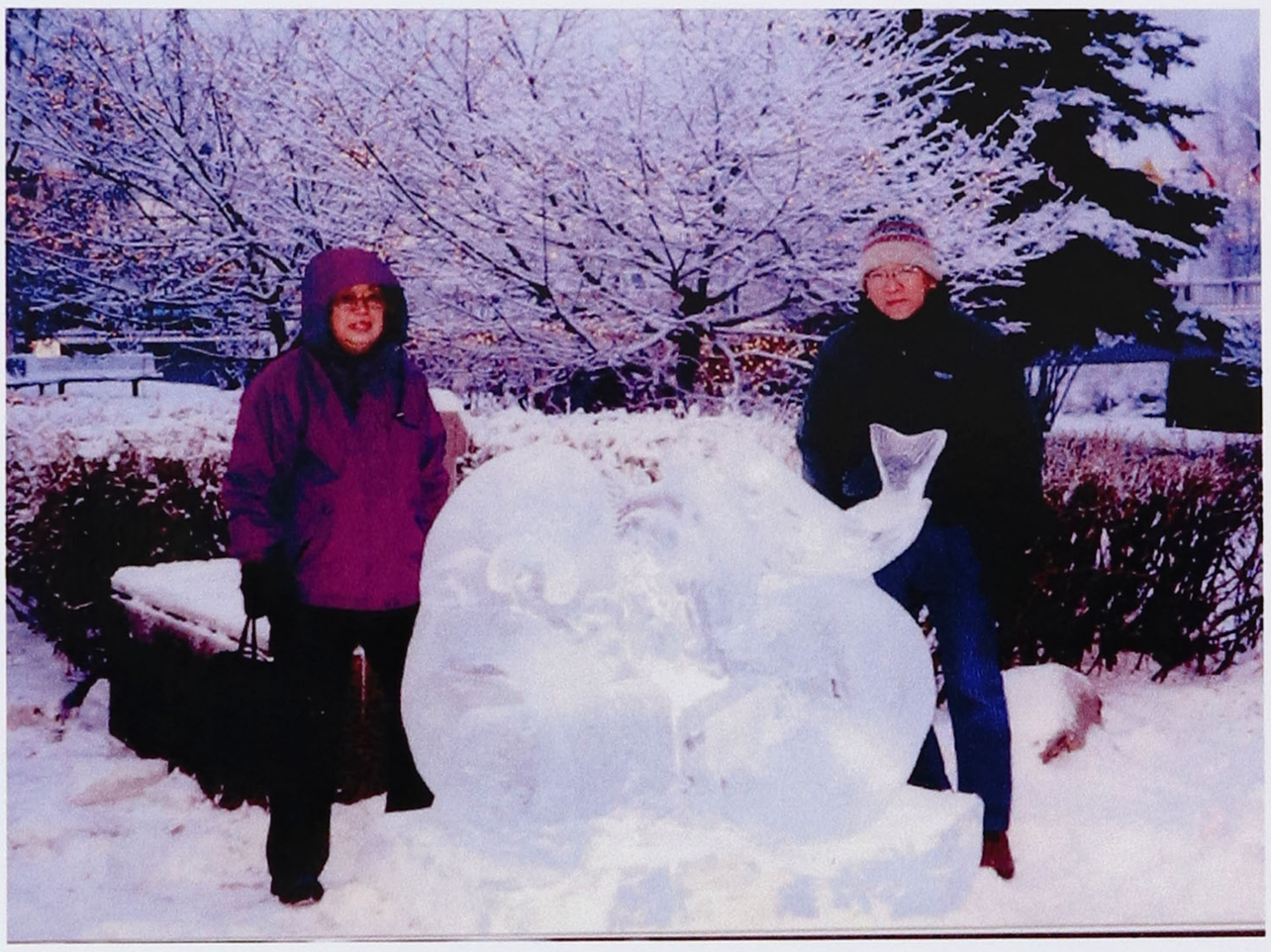
Half the battle for Toru is to get his boots on. After that it's warm up time on the bunny slope before heading for the intermediate slope for his final run of the day. His requisite for skiing is a nice day with excellent spring condition. and no lines at the lift. Get the most for his money, $5 lift ticket.

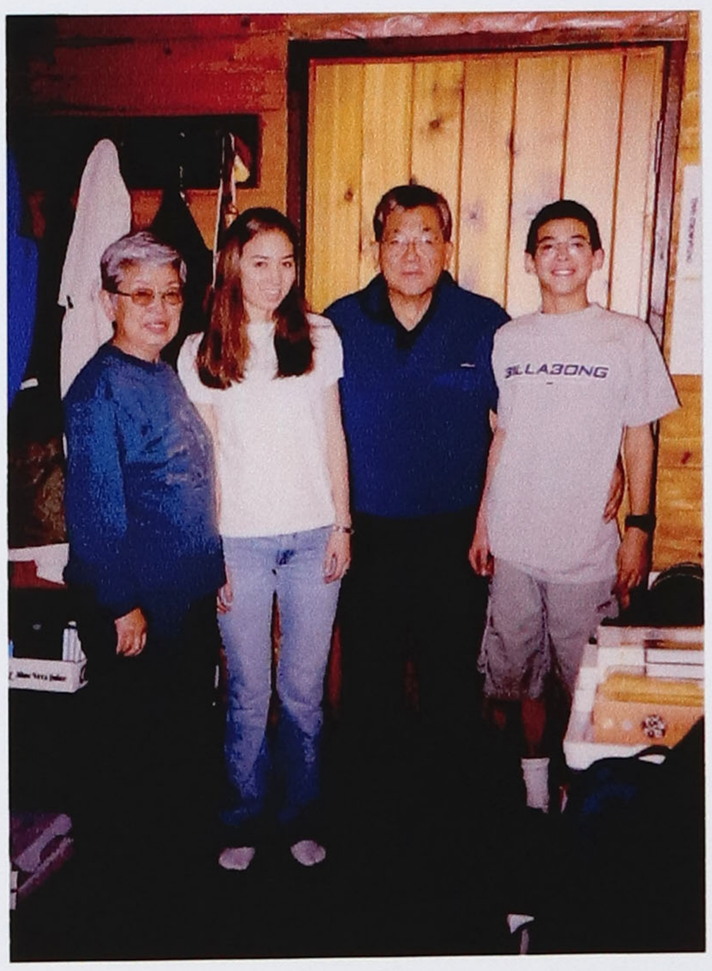
Looks like Lisa is enjoying the conditions her dad requires for skiing.

Another shot of Logan jumping the moguls. I couldn't find an action shot of Laura. Sorry about that but Laura is also a very skilled snow boarder.>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

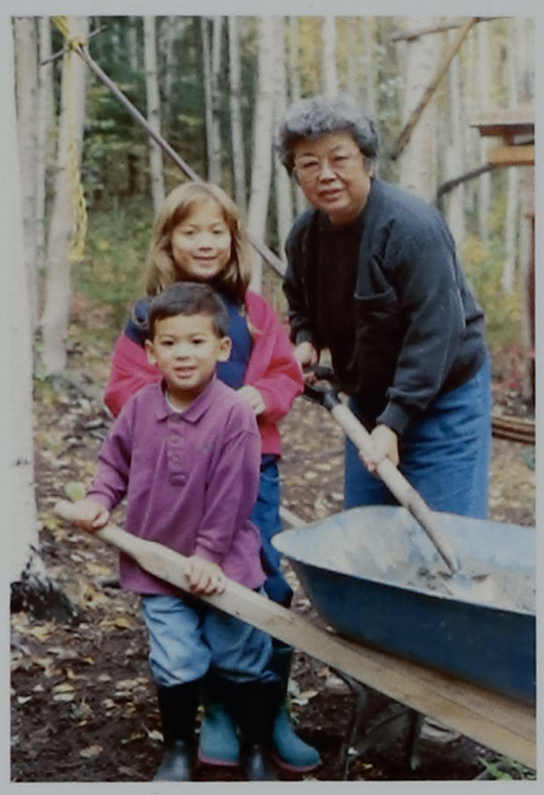
12-12-02 Testing the winter in Fairbanks AK. The coldest day was minus 8 and about 4 hours of daylight. It was a unique experience to see the sunrise and sunset in the same horizon. Our primary purpose was to attend the Fairbanks Youth Symphony performance and enjoy great music. Laura, the first chair in Viola and Logan in the percussion section made it a proud time for the grandparents.

Jeanne and I decided to see how cold Alaska was in the winter. It was in December and the coldest it got was Minus 28 degree. The panoramic scene of Fairbanks from our hotel was magnificent. We saw many beautiful ice carvings and enjoyed the grandkids at the warm Daum cabin. Sunrise at 3 AM and Sunset was at midnight.





Logan and Laura with grannies, Toru, Jeanne, Harriet and Bill. At Disney-land



They sure look good on sand at beautiful Waikiki Beach.

Top: Miyoshi & Daum families in Weimar. Grannies with grandchildren at Disneyland.
Grandma doesn't spoil the grandchildren. Logan & Laura practicing on the surfboard.
Toru & Jeanne checking out the winter in Fairbanks.
Grandpa hires an undocumented worker. I wonder who is skinny dipping?
Two generations relaxing in Waikiki.

This is Uncle Keizo Fukumoto's clan reunion in Calgary, Canada. I had the privilege meeting cousins Joe (4th) and his wife Kay, Edna (3rd), and John (2nd) and his wife Kim. They are standing in the back row 4th, 3rd and 2nd from the right. Uncle Keizo is seated in the center with Kay at his left or is it right.

Cousin Joe helped me locate the Fukumoto family in Hikari, Yamaguchi ken, Japan by contacting Shozo Tomino in Iwakuni, Kay's relative. The above explanation is a little confusing so I hope you treat this as a puzzle.

There is simply not enough space to display all the wonderful places we visited in Japan. The collage below is an effort by me to illustrate my love for Japan and its history, which aided me in discovering my roots. As an American, I am privileged to have the best of two worlds.

Above is the ohaka of the 47 Ronin of Chushingura fame.

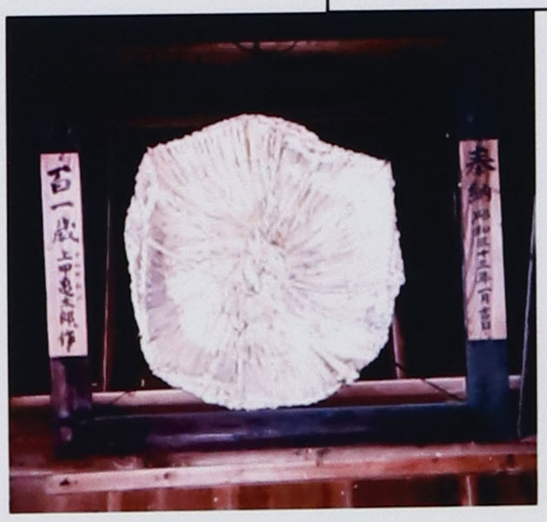
Jeanne and Toru represent the average height of our Shizuoka friends and a sense of belonging. Look carefully to the left you can see Fuji san. There are many shopping arcades in Japan like the one Osaka that make it a shopper's heaven.

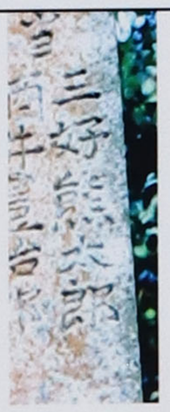
Jeanne and I are truly blessed to have seen the beauty of Japan.

The atomic bombing at Hiroshima and Nagasaki is coming back to haunt us as many hostile nations are trying to target us by developing Nuclear Bombs.

Cherry blossom time in Osaka,

Discovering my roots.
The picture below represents a unique experience. The rice straw basket was weaved by Uncle Kametaro age 100 and displayed at Meiseki Temple. The calligraphy stone torii that Toru is standing next to was prepared by Kumataro, my grandfather at the Shinto Shrine.





This family photo of the Daum and Miyoshi families was taken in December 2006 at Waller Park in Santa Maria, California. Standing from the left: Lisa Kimiko, Logan Riichi, and David Kumagoro. Sitting from the left is Laura Mitsuko, Toru, Jeanne Fujiko and Joni Mieko.

Laura is attending University of Oregon at Eugene; majoring in Music. In 2007, Jeanne, Lisa and Toru attended her Junior Viola Recital and she was great if not magnificent. Member of the Oregon Mozart Players

Logan graduated from West Valley High School in Fairbanks, Alaska, and attending M.I.T. in Cambridge, Mass. Now the grandparents had a justification to observe the fall colors in the New England States in 2007.

Joni adopted a miniature dachshund named Hana, which is cute as can be and a perfect pet at her condo.

Lisa and David now have a golden retriever, which was named Bailey. Excellent choices to fill the void as Logan goes off to college. The late Osamu Yamamoto gave David the name of Kumagoro while visiting Japan.

Jeanne and Toru are aging but hanging in there to see the potentials of their grandchildren in meeting the challenges of our changing world.

Jeanne Fujiko Kojima, February 17, 1931 to present

Kojima, Isaburo (1888 – 1940) and Mitsuko (1900 – 1972) had 5 children, Robert, Richard, Donna, Kenneth and Jeanne.

I never had the pleasure of meeting Isaburo san, however, with Jeanne's recollections; he must have been a very unique and exciting father. His interest in Japanese antiques probably made his private collection one of the most outstanding in the United States. Whenever he was informed of a Katana (Japanese sword) or other antiques that was for sale, he would travel to Japan to purchase it.

In the summer of 1930, Isaburo san took the family to visit Japan. He had the family automobile, a maroon colored Packard, shipped to Japan so that the family would have a mode of transportation while in Japan. When they arrived in Japan, the Japanese authorities would not release the car because it was similar in color and model to the car used by the Emperor of Japan. Perhaps, with his influential friends, the car was eventually released. When traveling along the countryside, the people would bow their head in respect to what they thought was the Emperor.

Mitsuko san also had a unique history. She was a participant in a Rose Parade float in Pasadena, California. This was the first Japanese community entry in the most famous parade in the world. Mitsuko was an excellent cook and I especially remember and miss her delicious tsukemono made in nu-ka, a sake by-product.

Isaburo san passed away, in 1940, with a ruptured appendicitis while he was in a legal battle to protect his interest in the "Grand Central Market" in downtown Los Angeles. This famous market was originally named "Sanitary Market" because all the produce was washed before it was sold to consumers.

Jeanne's brother, Robert, the chonan, at age 18, became the head of the family to support and hold the family together after Isaburo's untimely death.

In 1942, the Kojima family was first detained at Santa Anita Assembly Center and later incarcerated at Amache Relocation Center in Colorado.

After Jeanne and I were married, Mitsuko san would show me some of the family antique treasures, such as a katana that was awarded by the Emperor to a loyal subject. It had the Emperor's Chrysanthemum Mon on the sword with one petal removed. No one outside of the Royal Family can possess the Royal Mon. I was not a student of the Katana, however, when I was privileged to see this particular Katana, an unexplainable spiritual type experience was felt.

On another occasion, she brought out a lacquered box that contained scrolls that depicted the famous "100 view of Fuji" by Hokusai. It is said that there is only one known set in existence and displayed in Japan, which makes the Kojima set an intriguing possession.

Jeanne's mother presented her with 2 katana and one that **may** be classed as National Treasure. It is signed by Yukimitsu, from the Kamakura period (1300). Yukimitsu was the father of the most famous Sword maker in all of Japan, who is known as Masamune.

In any case, we enjoy the Katana and the beauty of its construction and history.

Photos from the family album present a part of the Kojima Family History.

The Kojima Family

Standing: Kenneth, Robert, Jeanne, Richard, Donna

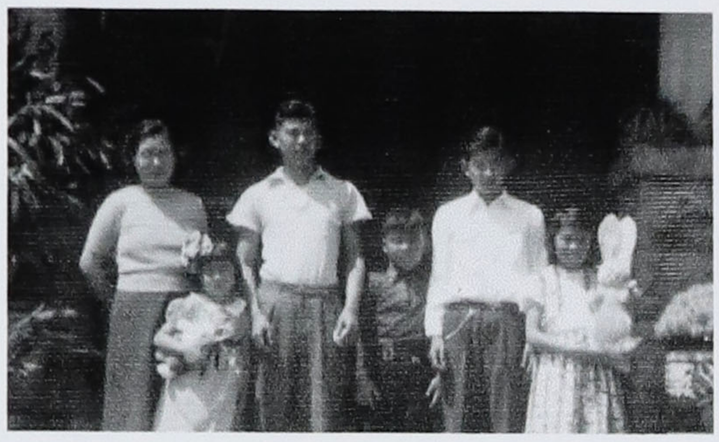
Seated: Mitsuko and Isaburo

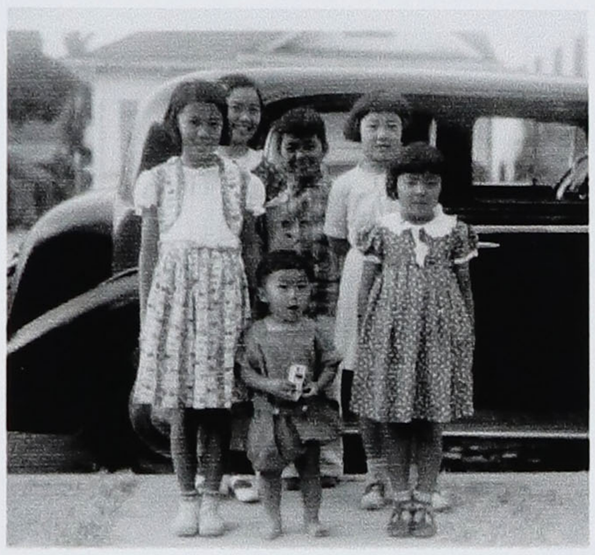
May 1936

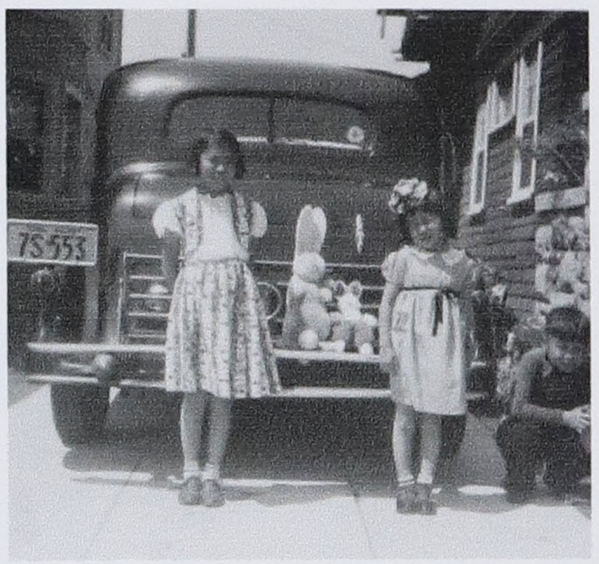
Jeanne, Richard and Donna are the surviving members.

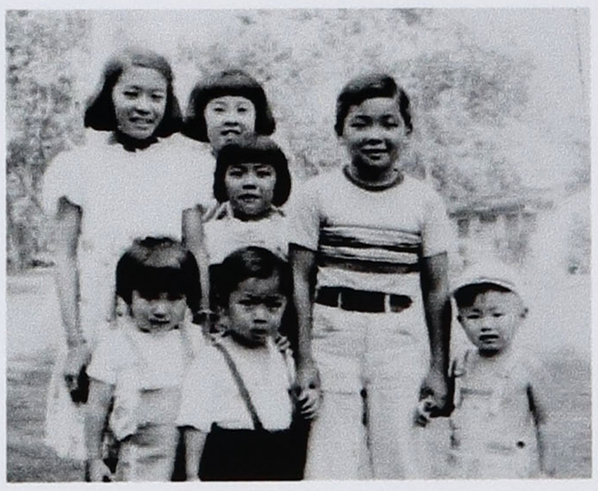
July 2008

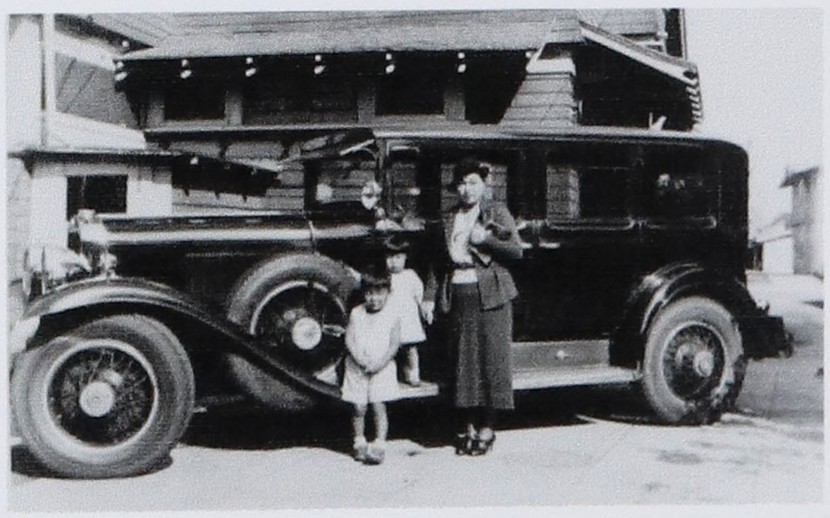
Jeanne Fujiko Kojima during the 1930s' with her family





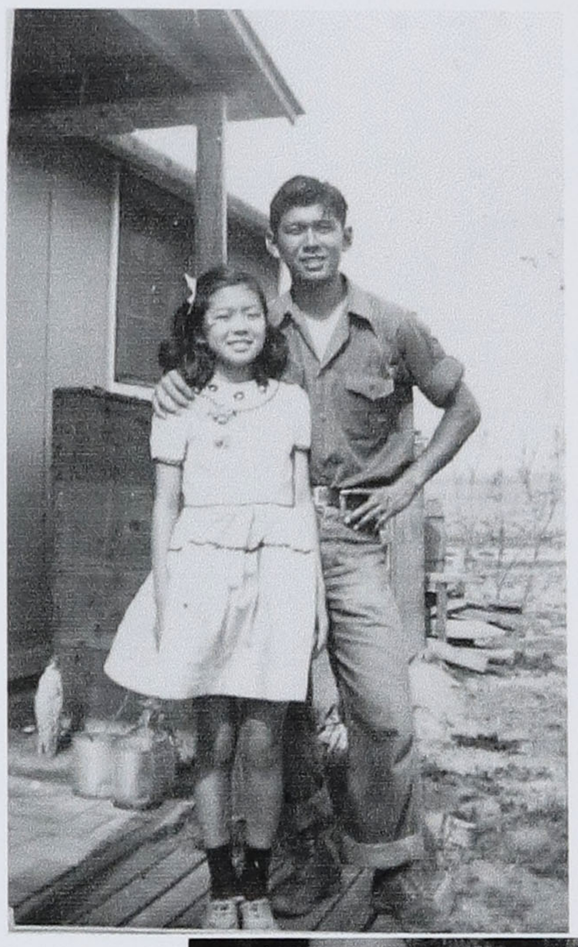


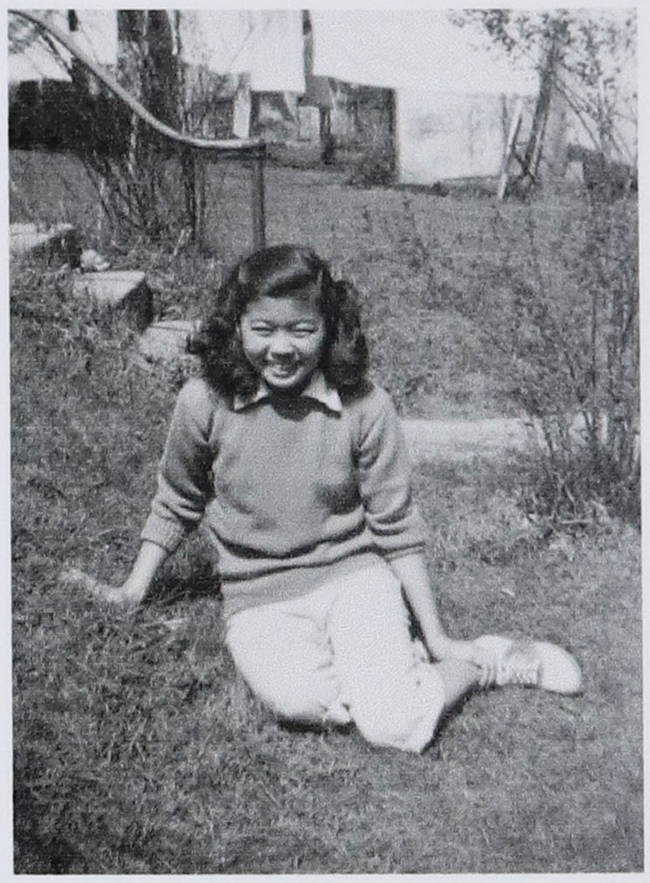




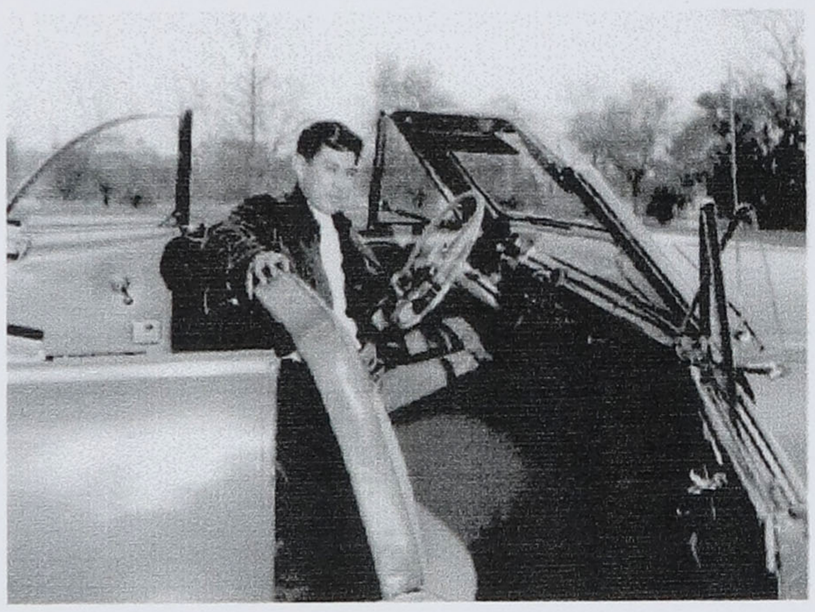
In the 40s & 50s, Jeanne is developing into a ravishing beautv.

EO 9066 incarcerated the Kojima Family in Amache CO. Jeanne & Bob checking out their new home. Below: Bob with his prize convertible



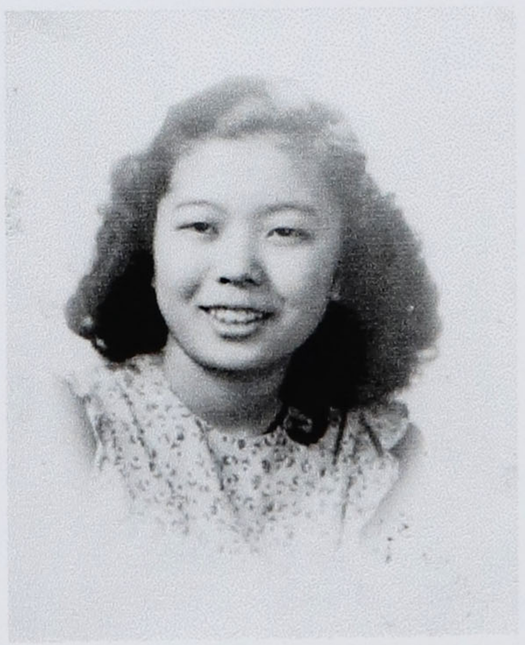


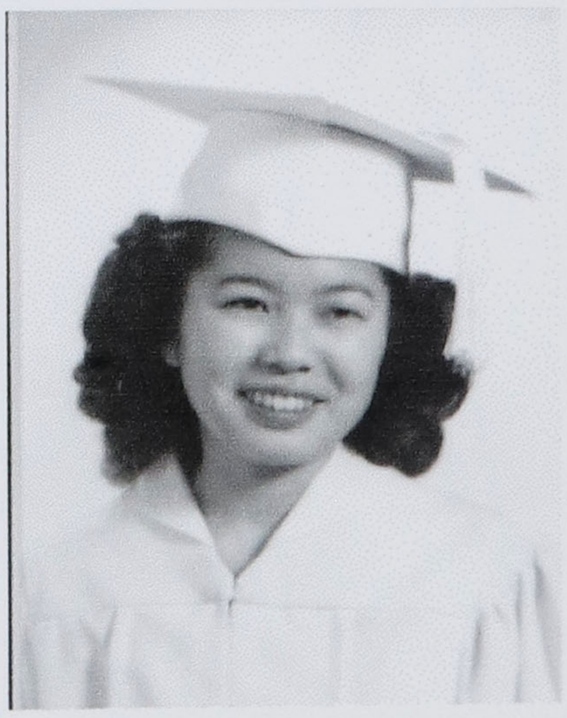
Jeanne in Rockford, IL



Donna, Mother & Jeanne are glad to be back home in LA. Above Right: Jeanne, Mother & Rub. Rub was the model and voice for Groppeto in Pinocchio. Below is Jeanne in 3 stages of her life.

Photos don't lie.





Addendum to my Autobiography.

AMERICAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS

When I retired from politics after serving 12 years on the Santa Maria City Council and 8 years as Supervisor in Santa Barbara County, I was asked to write commentaries for the Santa Maria Times.

I had no experience in writing and knowing my limitations I accepted with a degree of reluctance. I wanted to present my views in a manner that the general public would comprehend. After 20 years in public life, you use terminologies and acronyms not commonly used in everyday conversation and therefore the thesaurus became my essential tool in my writings.

Political correctness has influenced our way of exchanging views to a point where dialogue, in some instance, has become distorted. For instance, when Mayor Hobbs titled his speech, "We have Mexican Problem in Santa Maria", he was unfairly labeled a racist. The actual "problem" became irrelevant in this controversy. When did the title "Mexican" to identify the ethnicity of a person become unacceptable? When United States, for first time in our history, declared war on a sovereign Nation, Iraq, the administration called it "preventive action". The current controversy over the illegal immigrants is identified as "undocumented workers".

The political correct terms we use to describe a current event shall be the reference for historical analysis 25, 50 or 100 years from now. From this perspective, will the terms used today distort the historical analysis in the future?

In 2002, I used the term "American Concentration Camp in my commentary to describe the incarceration of Japanese American and their parents "without due process" at Gila Relocation Center. Since the Japanese American Citizen League weekly newspaper used Concentration Camp to identify the 10 relocation centers I inquired about their usage and the reply was that United States Government reports used this term. My concern to use "Concentration Camp" was that it would compromise the Jewish Concentration Camp or Death Camps in Nazi Germany. My concern was subordinated with the rational that the Concentration Camps in Germany was created under a dictatorship and the concentration camps in the United States were under a Democracy.

Robert Matsuoka, a community college professor and good friend, sent me a copy of US Supreme Court brief, 323 U.S. 214 1944, Korematsu v. United States. Mr. Justice Roberts"…it is the case of convicting a citizen as a punishment for not submitting to imprisonment in a **concentration camp,** based on his ancestry, and solely because of his ancestry, without evidence or inquiry concerning his loyalty and good disposition towards the United States…I need hardly labor the conclusion that Constitutional rights have been violated".

In 1942, as a 14-year-old Japanese American, I was incarcerated for 3 ½ years without due process of law in an American Concentration Camp known as Gila Relocation Center because of my Japanese ancestry.

I feel very fortunate that I was born in the United States. One of the purposes of my autobiography is to record the vulnerability of an identifiable minority. I feel the denial of my constitutional rights has made me aware of the importance of upholding our Constitution, its amendments and Bill of Rights to perpetuate our great Democracy regardless of race, color, creed or sexual orientation.

When Pastor Wright stated, "God Damn America" instead of the traditional "God Bless America" all hell broke loose. What was the justification for his condemnation? In Bill Moyer's talk show program, he presented his reasons, such as the demeaning treatment of the American Indians, the black slavery, denial of constitutional rights to Japanese Americans and the inability to address the Latino illegal immigrant problems. From a historical perspective, his controversial statement has relevancy, especially to minorities who were victims of racial discriminations and persecution in America.

Attachments:

1. Commentaries by Toru
2. Letter by Holloway
3. Supreme Court Brief
4. Response by Tateishi

Immigrant forefathers paved the way

Toru Miyoshi

The challenges that confront an identifiable minority to enter the mainstream and retain their culture are enormous. I empathize with Maria Elena Salinas (July 30) and her frustration with negative racial profiling and labeling.

Sadly I believe negative profiling and labeling of minorities will always occur in our country whenever we are confronted with a crisis, tragic event or even a non-event.

I wish it was not so but after the Sept. 11 tragedy, President Bush encouraged all of us to respect and uphold the constitutional rights of our fellow Americans with Middle Eastern ethnicity. To remind all of us of our constitutional responsibility, the president used the incarceration of Japanese Americans during World War II as an example of the danger of racial profiling. I was grateful to see that the denial of my own civil rights as a Japanese American during World War II was used in a constructive way to uphold and protect the rights of others. Unfortunately the presidential request fall on deaf ears of bigoted individuals who committed acts of violence against our fellow Americans.

Some individuals may express their prejudices by using negative labeling. For instance, I was looking through a pictorial history book of Santa Maria published in 1997 in our public library. There was a picture depicting the Japanese Community business district as "Jap Town." My parents operated a general merchandise store in this district in the 1930s and '40s. I felt a sense of disappointment at this type of racist labeling.

I am writing about the "Miyoshi Family History." It will never be a bestseller but hopefully a document that will preserve the roots for my family. In my research of my Issei parents (first-generation Japanese immigrants) I was shocked, dismayed and finally proud to find how many prejudices they had to overcome as immigrants from Japan and still be successful in their newly adopted country, the United States of America.

At the time, my immigrant parents were ineligible to become naturalized citizens and they could not acquire title or even lease land like immigrants from Europe. In addition, many respected organizations like the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West and Grange Associations were pressuring our Legislators to enact additional discriminatory laws. If some of these proposals were enacted into law it would have prevented the immigration of picture brides; taken away the right of children born in the United States of Japanese immigrant parents to become American citizens; and the list goes on.

When we were all incarcerated in the American Concentration Camp in 1942, my father and mother virtually lost everything they worked so hard for. In the hopes of one day becoming a citizen of his adopted country, my father attended adult education classes in camp to improve his ability to read and write English, learn about the Constitution and recite the Pledge of Allegiance. That day finally came in 1952 with the passage of the McCarran Act, when he at last became an American citizen. My mother suffered a stroke in camp with inadequate medical services and never fully recovered. She passed away in 1947. My parents never complained about their incarceration, and my father got a job as a farm laborer at Waller Franklin Seed Company after returning to Santa Maria. They both did not live long enough to receive any redress or, more importantly, to hear the apology from the president of the United States.

My greatest regret is that I had never taken the opportunity to tell my parents, Riichi and Masa Miyoshi, how proud and grateful I was of them. They and so many other Issei parents sacrificed so much to open the doors of opportunities for the succeeding generations of Japanese Americans.

The above commentary written in 2003 created a minor controversy over the use of American Concentration Camp. The article below was intended to explain why I used an acknowledged controversial term to identify the Relocation Center the Japanese Americans and their immigrants parents incarnated by denial of our constitutional rights.

Friendly and not-so-friendly confines

Toru Miyoshi

Commentary

I wish everyone a Happy New Year and a prosperous one. Although we are in troubled times, I pray that our president will find peaceful solutions as an alternative to war in 2003.

In December Jeanne and I visited Fairbanks, Alaska, to experience their fabled winter. The coldest temperature was minus 8 and we saw the sun rise at 10 a.m. and set at 3 p.m. It was a unique experience to see the sun rise and fall in the same horizon. The natives informed us this was one of the balmiest winters they had in quite a while.

We saw an ice carver sculpt a walrus, sea otter and a fish from a huge crystal clear block of ice. They were carving in the afternoon with the aid of a bright floodlight. In this new envhronment we saw beautiful willow trees all frosted in white and the spruce trees laden with snow. It was indeed a winter wonderland.

Across the street from our hotel, groups of young, talented musicians were playing Christmas carols while we enjoyed the best steaming hot latte and delicious blueberry muffins. The only thing that was a reminder of Santa Maria was a Gottschalk's department store that opened recently in Fairbanks.

In Alaska we were bundled in long johns, a couple layers of clothes, thermal socks and insulated shoes. Before leaving for Alaska I saw a catalog advertising fleece-lined jeans, which I ordered. It weighed a slightly

Our daughter thoughtfully purchased a device similar to tire chains for our shoes to prevent slipping on the icy sidewalks. We abandoned them after a day to blend in with the Fairbanks residents, and learned to walk carefully.

We returned to Santa Maria missing the big rainstorm in California. Oddly, at first I felt colder at home then in the frigid North. The wind-chill factor that was absent in Alaska and obviously the clothing made the difference.

After watching my victorious alma mater, USC, roll over Iowa in the Orange Bowl, I cannot help but feel 2003 will be a vintage year.

In writing, I try to utilize terms that I feel describes a subject matter best, and assume readers would comprehend its use. This assumption has its shortcomings. For example, I mentioned being incarcerated in an American concentration camp to refer to the Gila River Relocation Center in Arizona. Some have questioned the use of "concentration camp" so, therefore, I take this opportunity to its use. As a member of the Japanese American Citizen League, a civil rights organization, I requested their justification in using the term "concentration camp" in their articles and was informed that the use originated in U.S. government reports.

Fred Korematsu, a Japanese American, was convicted for violating the exclusion order in 1942 and affirmed by the 9th Circuit Court. This was appealed to U.S. Supreme Court and the following opinions were pre-

Korematsu vs. United States, 323 US 214. Justice Roberts wrote: "a citizen (Japanese American) as a punishment for not submitting to imprisonment in a concentration camp, based on his ancestry, and solely on his ancestry, without evidence or inquiry concerning his loyalty and good disposition towards the United States ... I hardly labor the conclusions that Constitutional rights have been violated."

Justice Murphy wrote: "The exclusion of all persons of Japanese Ancestry, both alien and non-alien, from the Pacific Coast area on a plea of military necessity in the absence of martial law ought not be approved. Such exclusion goes over 'the brink of constitutional power' and falls into the ugly abyss of racism."

Mr. Justice Jackson wrote. "Korematsu has been convicted of an act not commonly a crime. It consist merely of being present in the state whereof he is a citizen, near the place he was born, and where all his life he has lived." He further states "But here is an attempt to make an otherwise innocent act a crime merely because this prisoner is the son of parents as to whom he had no choice, and belongs to a race from which he has no way to resign.

I found the Justice's opinions enlightening and appreciate their intellectual legal perspectives.

■ *Toru Miyoshi served on the Santa Maria City Council from 1978 to 1982, on the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors from 1982 to 1990 and again on the City Council from*

Letters

SANTA MA

pesticides. Does this mean that more agriculture land will be lost?

Joyce West
Santa Maria

Concentration camps not in U.S.

Toru Miyoshi's guest column of Aug. 7 ended with "I hope we can all respect our differences and be civil to one another. After all, isn't this what unity is all about?"

Another quote, "I can't say the same for our federal government which classified me at the age of 13 as a national security risk under Executive Order 9066. This resulted in 3½ years of incarceration in an American concentration camp, denying me my constitutional rights." The truth is Roosevelt's E.O. 9066 was found to be constitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court. That order called for the removal of all enemy aliens from the Pacific coast, Italians, Germans and Japanese. To keep family unity, their children were kept with them.

As for the camps Miyoshi called concentration camps, they had baseball diamonds and teams traveled to other camps to play ball. There were orchestras where German, Italians and Japanese played together. Many left these camps to attend college, where they lived in dorms. If these were concentration camps, I wonder what names Miyoshi has for the camps in the Philippines where Americans and Filipinos who survived the Bataan death camp were further tortured?

Miyoshi's Japanese relatives ran that camp and also the camps in Japan where Americans were starved, beaten and forced to perform slave labor.

Miyoshi, Americans were put through all this and your relatives gave them no reparations, not even a "so sorry."

World War II is over, so, do as you said everyone should do in your first quote in this letter.

Vic Holloway
Santa Maria

Bush's corruption is unprecedented

The Bush administration has degenerated into a morass of corruption unprecedented in American history. In less than two years, we had an energy scandal worse than President Harding's Teapot Dome/Elk Hills, and a collapse in the stock market only rivaled by President Hoover's 1929 crash. Bush's $1 million insider trading and loans to himself from Harken energy were investigated by the SEC. The investigation did not exonerate or indict him; his father was president.

Judicial Watch is suing Vice President Richard Cheney for civil fraud, and he is under investigation by the SEC for fraud while CEO at Halliburton. Congress is investigating his roll in the Bush energy policy, which was formed in secret while Cali-

Mr. Holloway wrote the above letter in response to one of my commentary. I tried to contact him without any success 2002 to discuss his source on information. I was informed in 2008, he operated Christmas tree farm in Nipomo.
I sent a copy of his letter to JACL and John Tateishi responded with the letter to the right.
The use of Concentration Camp is controversial. However, I stand by its use for historical documentation.
Toru Miyoshi

Letters

Thinking was outrageous, racist

Vic Holloway (Letters Aug. 29) takes Toru Miyoshi to task for his criticism of the U.S. government's policy of incarcerating Japanese Americans during W.W.II.

He somehow justifies his position by referring to the wartime atrocities committed by Japan and blames Miyoshi for Japan's wartime conduct.

Such thinking is outrageous and racist and an insult to all Japanese Americans.

To blame Japanese Americans for Japan's conduct is absurd. Are German Americans equally guilty for the genocidal murder of six million Jews?

If ancestry is a measure of guilt of a people in the minds of people like Mr. Holloway, if the way you look or how you spell your last name justifies the government taking all you own and putting you in prison, and if that's what Americans condone, then this country is in serious trouble.

But that's exactly what happened to Japanese Americans during WWII.

We were forced from our homes at gunpoint and placed in prison camps surrounded with barbed wire and armed soldiers in guard towers with orders to shoot anyone attempting to escape.

So what if we had baseball games? So what if a handful left to attend college in the Midwest? The government had made a huge constitutional blunder and allowed such things to make the camps appear the type of resort Mr. Holloway would like to think of them as.

We are a nation of laws. If we fall to the whims of the time or to hysterical thinking, we cease to be the great democracy we have been for over 200 years.

John Tateishi

Korematsu v. United States

323 U.S. 214 (1944)

Under authority of President Roosevelt's Executive Order 9066 and a congressional statute enacted in 1942, the Commanding General of the Western Defense Command issued an order directing the exclusion of all Japanese-Americans from a West Coast military area. Exclusion meant imprisonment in barbed wire stockades, called assembly centers, until the individuals could be transported inland to "relocation centers" under military guard. The military order, covering both aliens and U.S. citizens, was based on the belief of Commanding General J. L. DeWitt that all individuals of Japanese descent were "subversive" and belonged to an "enemy race" whose "racial strains are undiluted." Fred Korematsu, an American citizen of Japanese descent, was convicted for violating the exclusion order. His conviction was affirmed by the Ninth Circuit.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK delivered the opinion of the Court.

The petitioner, an American citizen of Japanese descent, was convicted in a federal district court for remaining in San Leandro, California, a "Military Area," contrary to Civilian Exclusion Order No. 34 of the Commanding General of the Western Command, U. S. Army, which directed that after May 9, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry should be excluded from that area. No question was raised as to petitioner's loyalty to the United States. The Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed, and the importance of the constitutional question involved caused us to grant certiorari.

It should be noted, to begin with, that all legal restrictions which curtail the civil rights of a single racial group are immediately suspect. That is not to say that all such restrictions are unconstitutional. It is to say that courts must subject them to the most rigid scrutiny. Pressing public necessity may sometimes justify the existence of such restrictions; racial antagonism never can.

. . .

Exclusion Order No. 34, which the petitioner knowingly and admittedly violated, was one of a number of military orders and proclamations, all of which were substantially based upon Executive Order No. 9066, 7 Fed. Reg. 1407. That order, issued after we were at war with Japan, declared that "the successful prosecution of the war requires every possible protection against espionage and against sabotage to national-defense material, national-defense premises, and national-defense utilities. . . ."

One of the series of orders and proclamations, a curfew order, which like the exclusion order here was promulgated pursuant to Executive Order 9066, subjected all persons of Japanese ancestry in prescribed West Coast military areas to remain in their residences from 8 p. m. to 6 a. m. As is the case with the exclusion order here, that prior curfew order was designed as a "protection against espionage and against sabotage." In *Hirabayashi* v. *United States*, 320 U.S. 81, we sustained a conviction obtained for violation of the curfew order. The Hirabayashi conviction and this one thus rest on the same 1942 Congressional Act and the same basic executive and military orders, all of which orders were aimed at the twin dangers of espionage and sabotage.

The 1942 Act was attacked in the *Hirabayashi* case as an unconstitutional delegation of power; it was contended that the curfew order and other orders on which it rested were beyond the war powers of the Congress, the military authorities and of the President, as Commander in Chief of the Army; and finally that to apply the curfew order against none but citizens of Japanese ancestry amounted to a constitutionally prohibited discrimination solely on account of race. To these questions, we gave the serious consideration which their importance justified. We upheld the curfew order as an exercise of the power of the

government to take steps necessary to prevent espionage and sabotage in an area threatened by Japanese attack.

In the light of the principles we announced in the *Hirabayashi* case, we are unable to conclude that it was beyond the war power of Congress and the Executive to exclude those of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast war area at the time they did. True, exclusion from the area in which one's home is located is a far greater deprivation than constant confinement to the home from 8 p. m. to 6 a. m. Nothing short of apprehension by the proper military authorities of the gravest imminent danger to the public safety can constitutionally justify either. But exclusion from a threatened area, no less than curfew, has a definite and close relationship to the prevention of espionage and sabotage. The military authorities, charged with the primary responsibility of defending our shores, concluded that curfew provided inadequate protection and ordered exclusion. They did so, as pointed out in our *Hirabayashi* opinion, in accordance with Congressional authority to the military to say who should, and who should not, remain in the threatened areas.

. . .

We uphold the exclusion order as of the time it was made and when the petitioner violated it. Cf. *Chastleton Corporation* v. *Sinclair*, 264 U. S. 543, 547; *Block* v. *Hirsh*, 256 U. S. 135, 154–5. In doing so, we are not unmindful of the hardships imposed by it upon a large group of American citizens. Cf. *Ex parte Kawato*, 317 U.S. 69, 73. But hardships are part of war, and war is an aggregation of hardships. All citizens alike, both in and out of uniform, feel the impact of war in greater or lesser measure. Citizenship has its responsibilities as well as its privileges, and in time of war the burden is always heavier. Compulsory exclusion of large groups of citizens from their homes, except under circumstances of direst emergency and peril, is inconsistent with our basic governmental institutions. But when under conditions of modern warfare our shores are threatened by hostile forces, the power to protect must be commensurate with the threatened danger.

. . .

It is said that we are dealing here with the case of imprisonment of a citizen in a concentration camp solely because of his ancestry, without evidence or inquiry concerning his loyalty and good disposition towards the United States. Our task would be simple, our duty clear, were this a case involving the imprisonment of a loyal citizen in a concentration camp because of racial prejudice. Regardless of the true nature of the assembly and relocation centers—and we deem it unjustifiable to call them concentration camps with all the ugly connotations that term implies—we are dealing specifically with nothing but an exclusion order. To cast this case into outlines of racial prejudice, without reference to the real military dangers which were presented, merely confuses the issue. Korematsu was not excluded from the Military Area because of hostility to him or his race. He *was* excluded because we are at war with the Japanese Empire, because the properly constituted military authorities feared an invasion of our West Coast and felt constrained to take proper security measures, because they decided that the military urgency of the situation demanded that all citizens of Japanese ancestry be segregated from the West Coast temporarily, and finally, because Congress, reposing its confidence in this time of war in our military leaders—as inevitably it must—determined that they should have the power to do just this. There was evidence of disloyalty on the part of some, the military authorities considered that the need for action was great, and time was short. We cannot—by availing ourselves of the calm perspective of hindsight—now say that at that time these actions were unjustified.

Affirmed.

MR. JUSTICE FRANKFURTER, concurring.

. . .

MR. JUSTICE ROBERTS.

I dissent, because I think the indisputable facts exhibit a clear violation of Constitutional rights.

This is not a case of keeping people off the streets at night as was *Hirabayashi* v. *United States*, 320 U.S. 81, nor a case of temporary exclusion of a citizen from an area for his own safety or that of the community, nor a case of offering him an

opportunity to go temporarily out of an area where his presence might cause danger to himself or to his fellows. On the contrary, it is the case of convicting a citizen as a punishment for not submitting to imprisonment in a concentration camp, based on his ancestry, and solely because of his ancestry, without evidence or inquiry concerning his loyalty and good disposition towards the United States. If this be a correct statement of the facts disclosed by this record, and facts of which we take judicial notice, I need hardly labor the conclusion that Constitutional rights have been violated.

. . .

MR. JUSTICE MURPHY, dissenting.

This exclusion of "all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien," from the Pacific Coast area on a plea of military necessity in the absence of martial law ought not to be approved. Such exclusion goes over "the very brink of constitutional power" and falls into the ugly abyss of racism.

In dealing with matters relating to the prosecution and progress of a war, we must accord great respect and consideration to the judgments of the military authorities who are on the scene and who have full knowledge of the military facts. The scope of their discretion must, as a matter of necessity and common sense, be wide. And their judgments ought not to be overruled lightly by those whose training and duties ill-equip them to deal intelligently with matters so vital to the physical security of the nation.

At the same time, however, it is essential that there be definite limits to military discretion, especially where martial law has not been declared. Individuals must not be left impoverished of their constitutional rights on a plea of military necessity that has neither substance nor support. Thus, like other claims conflicting with the asserted constitutional rights of the individual, the military claim must subject itself to the judicial process of having its reasonableness determined and its conflicts with other interests reconciled. "What are the allowable limits of military discretion, and whether or not they have been overstepped in a particular case, are judicial questions." *Sterling* v. *Constantin*, 287 U. S. 378, 401.

The judicial test of whether the Government, on a plea of military necessity, can validly deprive an individual of any of his constitutional rights is whether the deprivation is reasonably related to a public danger that is so "immediate, imminent, and impending" as not to admit of delay and not to permit the intervention of ordinary constitutional processes to alleviate the danger. *United States* v. *Russell*, 13 Wall. 623, 627–8; *Mitchell* v. *Harmony*, 13 How. 115, 134–5; *Raymond* v. *Thomas*, 91 U. S. 712, 716. Civilian Exclusion Order No. 34, banishing from a prescribed area of the Pacific Coast "all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien," clearly does not meet that test. Being an obvious racial discrimination, the order deprives all those within its scope of the equal protection of the laws as guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment. It further deprives these individuals of their constitutional rights to live and work where they will, to establish a home where they choose and to move about freely. In excommunicating them without benefit of hearings, this order also deprives them of all their constitutional rights to procedural due process. Yet no reasonable relation to an "immediate, imminent, and impending" public danger is evident to support this racial restriction which is one of the most sweeping and complete deprivations of constitutional rights in the history of this nation in the absence of martial law.

. . .

That this forced exclusion was the result in good measure of this erroneous assumption of racial guilt rather than bona fide military necessity is evidenced by the Commanding General's Final Report on the evacuation from the Pacific Coast area. In it he refers to all individuals of Japanese descent as "subversive," as belonging to "an enemy race" whose "racial strains are undiluted," and as constituting "over 112,000 potential enemies . . . at large today" along the Pacific Coast. In support of this blanket condemnation of all persons of Japanese descent, however, no reliable evidence is cited to show that such individuals were generally disloyal, or had generally so conducted themselves in this area as to constitute a special menace to defense installations or war industries, or had otherwise by their behavior

furnished reasonable ground for their exclusion as a group.

Justification for the exclusion is sought, instead, mainly upon questionable racial and sociological grounds not ordinarily within the realm of expert military judgment, supplemented by certain semi-military conclusions drawn from an unwarranted use of circumstantial evidence. Individuals of Japanese ancestry are condemned because they are said to be "a large, unassimilated, tightly knit racial group, bound to an enemy nation by strong ties of race, culture, custom and religion." They are claimed to be given to "emperor worshipping ceremonies" and to "dual citizenship." . . .

. . .

The military necessity which is essential to the validity of the evacuation order thus resolves itself into a few intimations that certain individuals actively aided the enemy, from which it is inferred that the entire group of Japanese Americans could not be trusted to be or remain loyal to the United States. No one denies, of course, that there were some disloyal persons of Japanese descent on the Pacific Coast who did all in their power to aid their ancestral land. Similar disloyal activities have been engaged in by many persons of German, Italian and even more pioneer stock in our country. But to infer that examples of individual disloyalty prove group disloyalty and justify discriminatory action against the entire group is to deny that under our system of law individual guilt is the sole basis for deprivation of rights. Moreover, this inference, which is at the very heart of the evacuation orders, has been used in support of the abhorrent and despicable treatment of minority groups by the dictatorial tyrannies which this nation is now pledged to destroy. To give constitutional sanction to that inference in this case, however well-intentioned may have been the military command on the Pacific Coast, is to adopt one of the cruelest of the rationales used by our enemies to destroy the dignity of the individual and to encourage and open the door to discriminatory actions against other minority groups in the passions of tomorrow.

. . .

I dissent, therefore, from this legalization of racism. Racial discrimination in any form and in any degree has no justifiable part whatever in our democratic way of life. It is unattractive in any setting but it is utterly revolting among a free people who have embraced the principles set forth in the Constitution of the United States. All residents of this nation are kin in some way by blood or culture to a foreign land. Yet they are primarily and necessarily a part of the new and distinct civilization of the United States. They must accordingly be treated at all times as the heirs of the American experiment and as entitled to all the rights and freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution.

MR. JUSTICE JACKSON, dissenting.

Korematsu was born on our soil, of parents born in Japan. The Constitution makes him a citizen of the United States by nativity and a citizen of California by residence. No claim is made that he is not loyal to this country. There is no suggestion that apart from the matter involved here he is not law-abiding and well disposed. Korematsu, however, has been convicted of an act not commonly a crime. It consists merely of being present in the state whereof he is a citizen, near the place where he was born, and where all his life he has lived.

Even more unusual is the series of military orders which made this conduct a crime. They forbid such a one to remain, and they also forbid him to leave. They were so drawn that the only way Korematsu could avoid violation was to give himself up to the military authority. This meant submission to custody, examination, and transportation out of the territory, to be followed by indeterminate confinement in detention camps.

A citizen's presence in the locality, however, was made a crime only if his parents were of Japanese birth. Had Korematsu been one of four —the others being, say, a German alien enemy, an Italian alien enemy, and a citizen of American-born ancestors, convicted of treason but out on parole—only Korematsu's presence would have violated the order. The difference between their innocence and his crime would result, not from anything he did, said, or thought, different than

they, but only in that he was born of different racial stock.

Now, if any fundamental assumption underlies our system, it is that guilt is personal and not inheritable. Even if all of one's antecedents had been convicted of treason, the Constitution forbids its penalties to be visited upon him, for it provides that "no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted." But here is an attempt to make an otherwise innocent act a crime merely because this prisoner is the son of parents as to whom he had no choice, and belongs to a race from which there is no way to resign. If Congress in peace-time legislation should enact such a criminal law, I should suppose this Court would refuse to enforce it.

But the "law" which this prisoner is convicted of disregarding is not found in an act of Congress, but in a military order. Neither the Act of Congress nor the Executive Order of the President, nor both together, would afford a basis for this conviction. It rests on the orders of General DeWitt. And it is said that if the military commander had reasonable military grounds for promulgating the orders, they are constitutional and become law, and the Court is required to enforce them. . . .

. . . I cannot say, from any evidence before me, that the orders of General DeWitt were not reasonably expedient military precautions, nor could I say that they were. But even if they were permissible military procedures, I deny that it follows that they are constitutional. If, as the Court holds, it does follow, then we may as well say that any military order will be constitutional and have done with it.

. . .

My duties as a justice as I see them do not require me to make a military judgment as to whether General DeWitt's evacuation and detention program was a reasonable military necessity. I do not suggest that the courts should have attempted to interfere with the Army in carrying out its task. But I do not think they may be asked to execute a military expedient that has no place in law under the Constitution. I would reverse the judgment and discharge the prisoner.

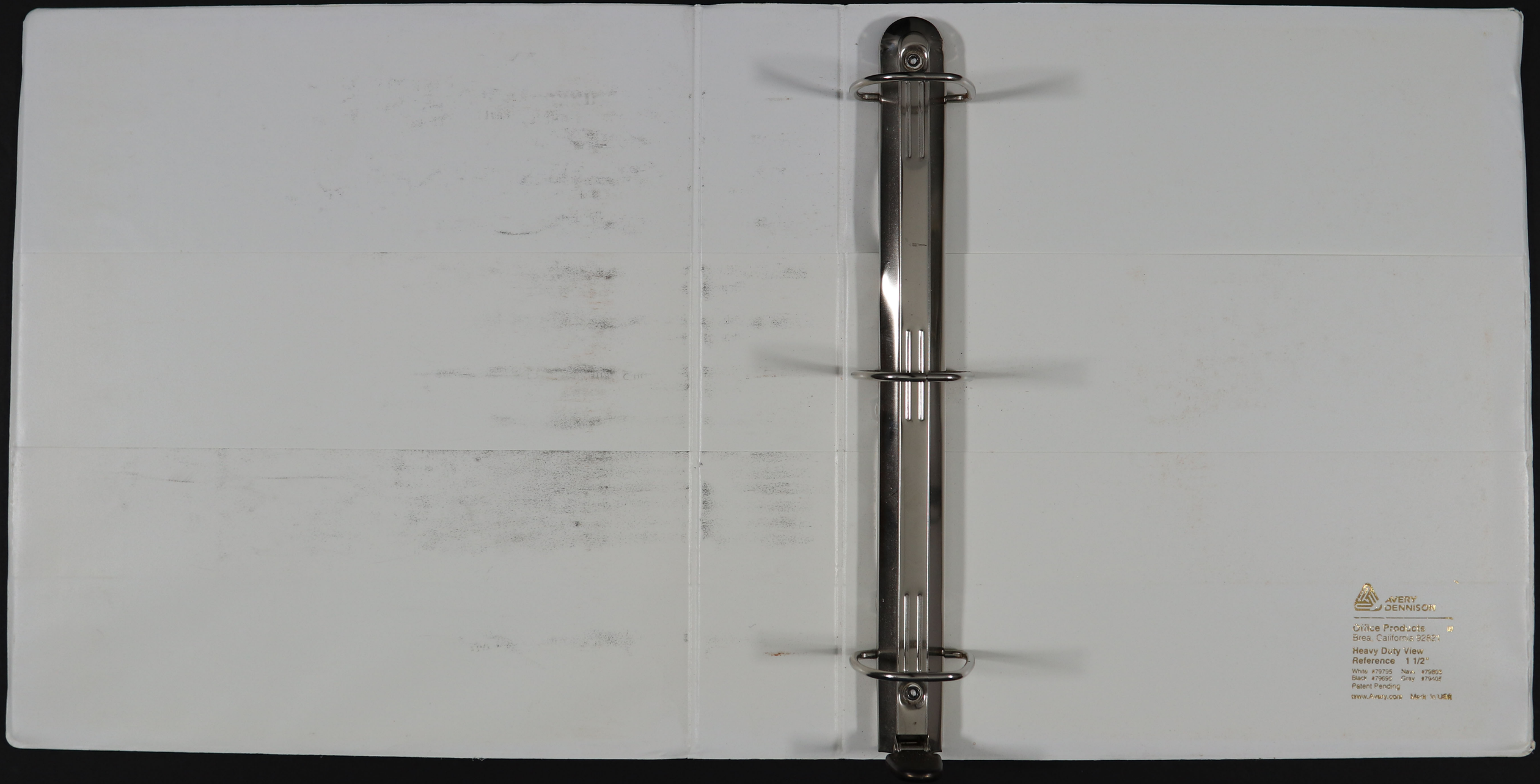
Youngstown Co. v. Sawyer

343 U.S. 579 (1952)

In April 1952, to avert a nationwide strike of steelworkers that threatened U.S. military needs in the Korean war, President Truman issued an executive order directing Secretary of Commerce Sawyer to seize and operate most of the steel mills. The order was not based on specific statutory authority. In fact, Truman decided not to use the statutory remedy available in the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947, which was enacted into law over his veto. In court, the administration justified the executive order on the basis of inherent presidential power. The district court issued a preliminary injunction against the seizure, rejecting the theory of inherent power, and the D.C. Circuit stayed this injunction pending review by the Supreme Court.

MR. JUSTICE BLACK delivered the opinion of the Court.

We are asked to decide whether the President was acting within his constitutional power when he issued an order directing the Secretary of Commerce to take possession of and operate most of the Nation's steel mills. The mill owners argue that the President's order amounts to lawmaking, a legislative function which the Constitution has expressly confided to the Congress and not to the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