

PACIFIC CITIZEN

Publication of the National Japanese American Citizens League

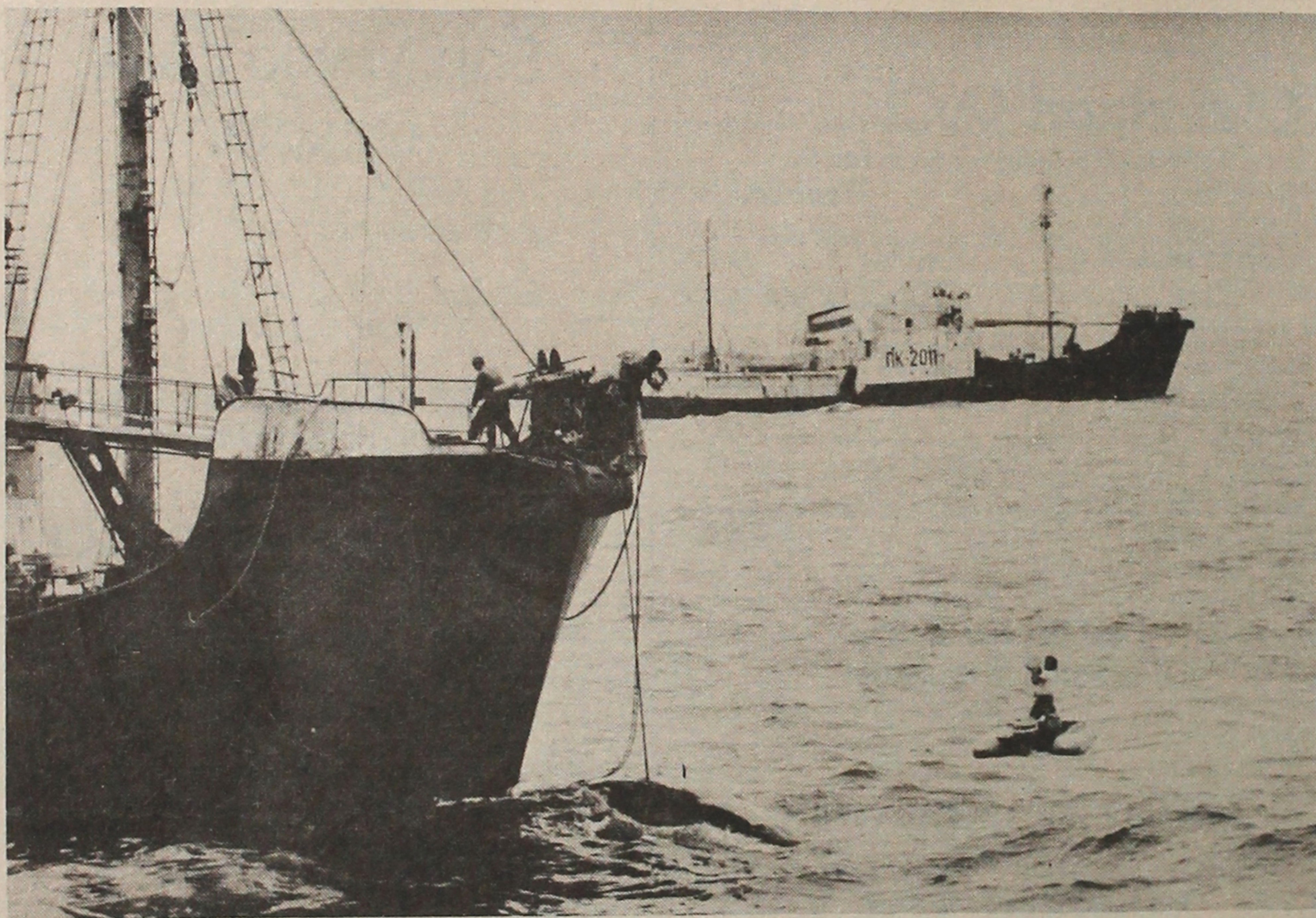
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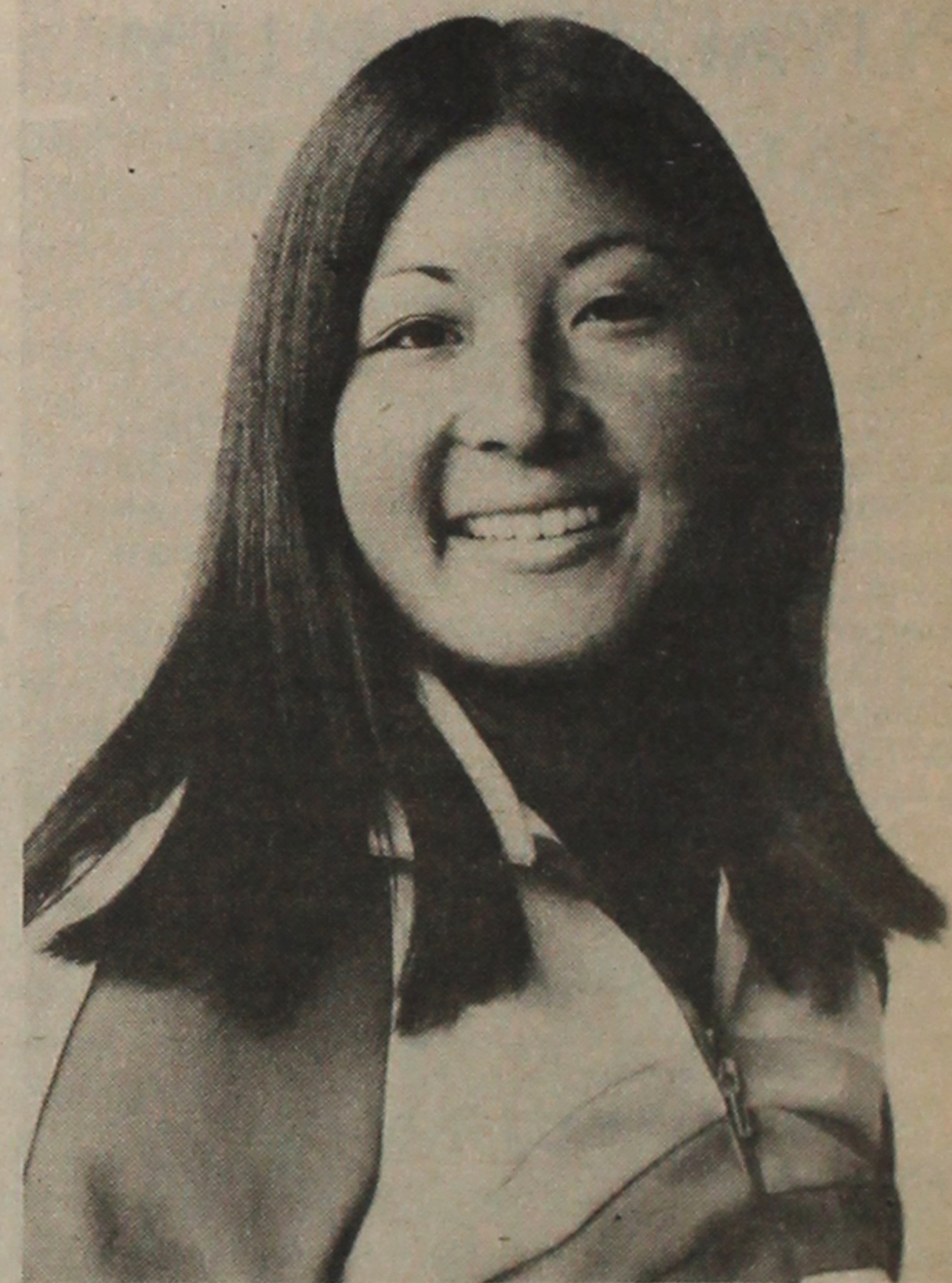
NO. 1

JULY, 1978

ROKKII OROSHI An Issei story by an Issei



An encounter in the high seas as the whale boycott and dolphin issue trigger stormy controversy



ANN KIYOMURA:
An interview with a young tennis pro

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Best Wishes on the
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KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

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On behalf of Chapter Members
and the PC Holiday Issue advertisers

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 4 **DILEMMA OF DOLPHIN SLAUGHTER AND WHALE BOYCOTT**
By Tony Long
- 7 **VOL. 1, NO. 1 TO PC'S 2,000TH ISSUE**
By Harry Honda
- 8 **THE SUSHI BAR HABIT — FISH HOOKS MAN**
By Colleen Kajioka
- 9 **LAPD'S ASIAN TASK FORCE—ONE OF A KIND**
By Pat Tashima
- 9 **HALF MILLION ASIANS CREATE IMPACT-LAPD**
By Shiro Tomita
- 10 **TOYO MIYATAKE:
A LEGEND KEEPS DEVELOPING**
By Bella Lagmay Singh
- 12 **ROKKII OROSHI**
By Oshō
- 13 **WORKS BY ISSEI REVEAL HUMANNES**
By Mei Takaya Nakano
- 15 **FOR ANN KIYOMURA, LOVE IS A RACQUET**
By Sharon Suzuki
- 16 **AKITAS ARE NUMERO UNO FOR UNO**
By Roy Uno
- 17 **ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS,
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?**
By Anna Eriko Peterson
- 18 **MEMORIES OF THE PAST
RECORDED FOR THE FUTURE**
By Douglas Green
- 19 **ON YOUR MARK, GET SET, GO**
By Jon Inouye
- 20 **BONSAI: LITTLE ART FORM GROWS BIG**
By Elliott Almond
- 21 **REMEMBERING LARRY TAJIRI**
By Sachi Seko

COMMENTS...

Pacific Citizen Editor

The late George Inagaki often counseled that anything worthwhile required a lot of sweating out and finger-nail biting on top of all the intricate planning and abundant talent involved. "The more *shimpai*, the better," he would say. And when it's over, you will know how sweet success can be.

* * *

As had been communicated two months ago in our May 5 editorial titled, "The Supplemental Issue," this literary project is in response to a mandate of the 1974 National JACL Convention to investigate the possibilities of our publishing another publication providing "opportunities for Japanese Americans who are interested in expressing their creative abilities in showing our cultural heritage . . . and (for) future development and identification of professional talent in public communication."

The mandate did not suggest any particular format nor how it should be financed. It did suggest that after its feasibility and ways and means were established, the JACL (through the PC) would implement its issuance.

The PC Board and Staff, after wrestling for a biennium with the mandate, decided it was time to produce. So this week, and coincidentally the 2,000th edition, the Quarterly is being delivered—more or less unannounced.

* * *

While we hope the Quarterly will entertain from cover-to-cover, we expect our readers, JACL officers and members alike, will no sooner view the product than we shall find ways to improve it. Please accept our invitation to send us your suggestions so these can be incorporated into future issues.

We are beholden to our first editorial assistant, Pat Tashima, for working up the assignments and story ideas at the outset. She had the formidable task of gathering topics of interest and writers, sketching page dummies and insuring there were enough photos or artwork of appeal. Immersed in this pioneering struggle were Colleen Kajioka, Kango Kunitsugu and Pat's husband, Tony Long.

About our contributors, whose by-lines grace the Quarterly pages, they are "pro's" for having met the deadline and telling an interesting story. Perhaps Pat should be here to add paragraphs about the writers and artists she had asked to contribute. They are much a part of making this Quarterly come true. They imbue the spirit of the PC Quarterly.

One contributor who responded to our May 5 editorial on "The Supplemental Issue," Mei Nakano of the Diablo Valley JACL, will certainly be persuaded to have her father's translated works published en toto. Her first sampling in this Quarterly should pique a publisher in search of Japanese American material.

* * *

Enjoy the quarterly as much as I shall, since we've been on the sidelines on this. — Harry Honda





DAVID AND GOLIATH—Mike Bailey of Greenpeace maneuvers his small craft ahead of a Russian whaling vessel during confrontation somewhere in the mid-Pacific last year. Greenpeace sends its boats into the whaling grounds to interfere with the harpooners. The Russian harpooner towers behind him. (Photo Courtesy of Greenpeace)

Dilemma of Dolphin slaughter and Whale boycott

By TONY LONG

When fishermen on the Japanese island of Iki rounded up and slaughtered more than 1,000 dolphin last February, the wounds just beginning to heal between Japan and American conservation groups were reopened.

For several years, Japan had borne the brunt of the conservationists' wrath over the issue of whaling. The Japanese—who, with the Soviet Union, account for approximately 80 percent of the whales taken each season—have repeatedly refused to scrap their whaling fleet, despite claims from the scientific community that the giant mammals are facing extinction.

As a result, a number of American conservation groups—the U.S. Wildlife Federation, the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society foremost among them—banded together in 1974 to push for an economic boycott against Japan aimed at pressuring the government into abandoning whaling.

The boycott, which Japanese officials contend was ineffective to begin with, lost whatever teeth it had late last year as the more influential groups began withdrawing their support. Meanwhile, the Japanese had already made substantial inroads into their whaling fleet, mothballing two of their three mother ships as well as a number of catcher boats. Although the cut-back was inspired more out of economic necessity than to appease the conservationists, an uneasy truce seemed likely.

Then came February, and the slaughter of the dolphins at Iki.

Conservationists, particularly in the United States, were outraged. As it had been with the whales, protests swamped Japanese consulates from coast-to-coast and once again, Japan found itself "at war" with a coalition of conservation groups.

Japanese officials were quick to react. The slaughter became a necessity, they insisted, to protect the investment of fishermen living on Iki, whose sole income was derived from the sea.

The dolphin, which was said to number close to 30,000 around the island, were competing—and far

too successfully—for the fishermen's catch. The slaughter was permitted only after other methods had failed, they said.

Conservationists in this country were already leaning heavily on members of the American tuna industry, who were killing large numbers of dolphin and porpoise as a by-product of their fishing activity. Thousands of these marine mammals die in the nets of tuna fishermen annually when they become entangled and, unable to surface for oxygen, drown.

John Frizell, director of research for the San Francisco-based Greenpeace Foundation, an internationally-oriented conservation group, said Iki essentially served to call attention to the greater issue—the Japanese salmon fisherman, like their American counterparts in the tuna industry, are killing great numbers of marine mammals in pursuit of their catch.

"It's estimated that the Japanese high seas salmon gill-netting fleet kills anywhere between 2,000 and 20,000 Dall's porpoise annually," Frizell said, "and some portion is killed within the 200-mile U.S. zone. On the other hand, Japanese tuna fishermen kill very few mammals because they are not purse seiners like the Americans."

Greenpeace has recently begun to review its policy toward the U.S. tuna fleet, Frizell said, since efforts are being made to reduce the porpoise kill rate.

According to Frizell, the tunamen are striving to improve their technology so that dolphin inadvertently taken into the nets will be able to escape. Two nets—one with a fine mesh panel that will facilitate escape and the other employing a funnel-like device to "pour" the dolphin out of the net—are currently being tested by the fleet, Frizell said.

Meanwhile, the passage of the Marine Mammal Protection Act by Congress has also pleased American conservationists on the home front. The act, according to Frizell, sets a limit on the number of marine mammals which can be killed incidental to fishing activities in the American zone.

"The goal of the act is to reduce marine mammal kills to insignificant numbers approaching zero," Fri-

zell said. "We hope to see all nations come up with their equivalent of the Marine Mammal Protection Act.

"In the past, the pressure has always been on the supporters of marine mammals to prove the numbers being killed are too high. This act shifts the burden of proof to industry.

"People are beginning to realize that these animals are very intelligent and that maybe they deserve protection closer to what we would give to humans," he added. "Perhaps they're more intelligent than we are . . . their brains are a hell of a lot bigger than ours."

The fact that cetaceans (the scientific designation for the family of whales, dolphins and other marine mammals) possess a high degree of intelligence is at the heart of the entire issue—on both sides.

An editorial in *The Asahi*, one of Japan's largest daily newspapers, more or less blamed this superior intelligence for creating the need for the Iki slaughter.

"In the face of mounting overseas criticism that the killings were cruel, the fishermen of Katsumoto town in Nagasaki prefecture are reported to be perplexed," the editorial said. "The fishermen, who discovered a new school of dolphins on March 4, worked out a strategy to catch them alive. But there were reports in the newspapers that the dolphins evaded the fishermen."

The editorial went on to say that attempts to scare the dolphin out of the fishing grounds with sound failed. "How is peaceful coexistence possible between the fishermen and the dolphins? . . . It is an age for a contest of wits with the dolphins," it concluded.

Attempts to justify the dolphin kill with economic arguments—as the Japanese government has long done with the whaling issue—sticks in the craw of conservationists, who themselves are often criticized for being emotional rather than pragmatic.

The same *Asahi* editorial which defended the fishermen for resorting to slaughter at Iki commented on the humane aspects as well:

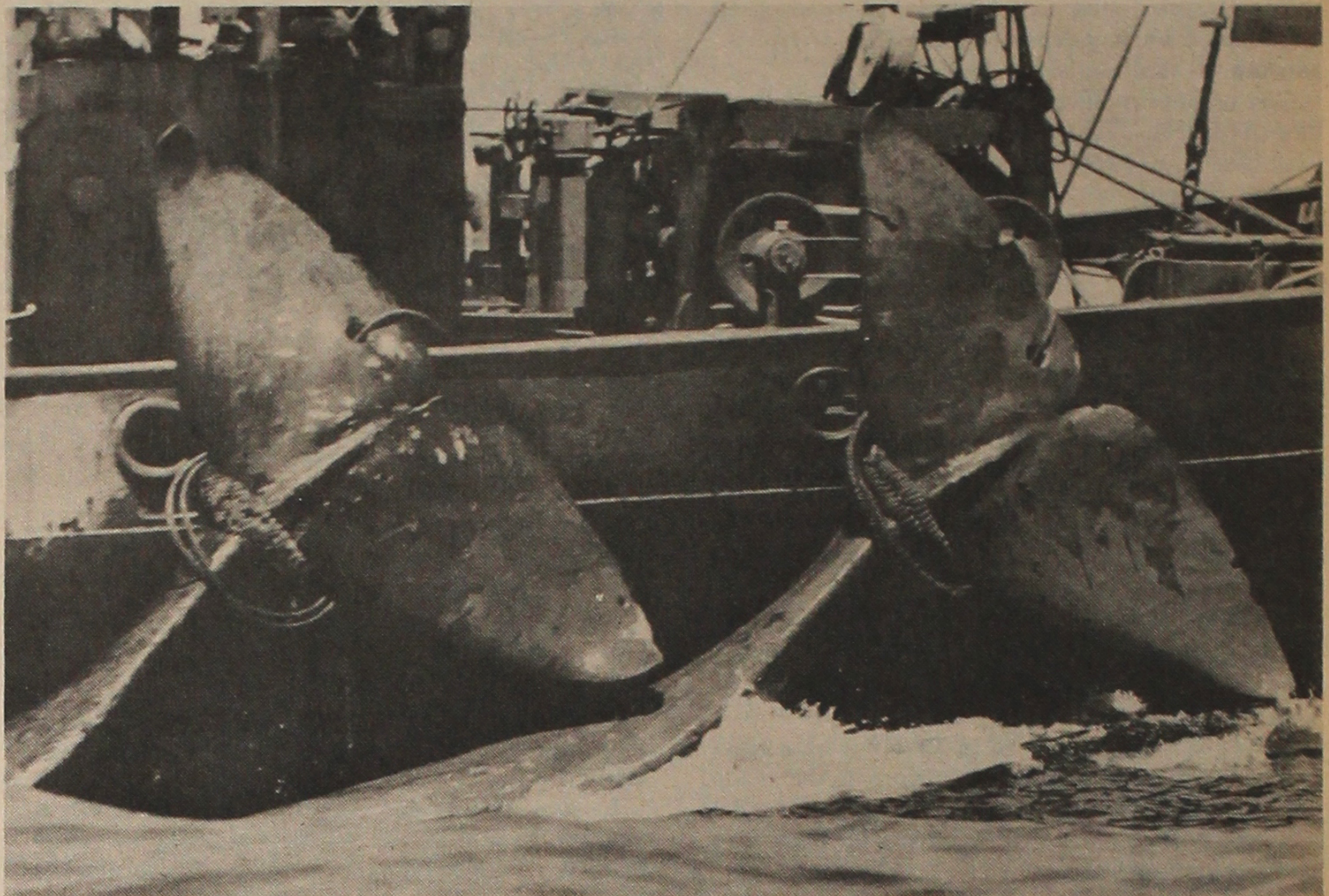
"When people see the bodies of dolphins lined up on the beach, everyone feels pity for them. Everyone will probably feel that it is cruel. There are probably many people who have a special love for dolphins, which are intelligent and skilled performers. But it is

'Dolphins are lovable creatures . . . but to the fishermen, they are enemy'

doubtful whether one can call the actions of the fishermen 'barbarous' because of this.

"When a big school of dolphins arrives in the fishing grounds, fish take refuge and disappear, so that the fishermen can't catch a single fish. It is said that 1,000 dolphins eat about 50,000 kilograms of fish per day. Compared to this, the catch in the high fishing season at Iki island is 1,000 kilograms a day . . . it is no wonder that the fishermen fear the appearance of dolphins."

Nevertheless, those who would demand blanket protection for all marine mammals are unmoved by arguments based on economics, especially in the face of such a wholesale slaughter.



(Photo Courtesy of Greenpeace)
SPOILS OF WAR—Whales taken by Russian harpoons are lashed to the side of the catcher boat until they can be hauled aboard the mother ship. Russian and Japanese whalers account for 80 percent of all whales killed each year.

"Whaling and the dolphins—the two are interrelated," Frizell said. "Whales are more central to the issue because they are being hunted. We object to all commercial hunting of marine mammals."

Greenpeace, which gained national prominence by sailing its own ships into the whaling grounds to interfere with Russian harpooners (so far, they've been unable to locate the Japanese fleet) was one of the few conservation groups which did not actively support the attempted economic boycott against Japan.

"We take a neutral position on the boycott," Frizell said. "We neither condone nor fight it. Some people have come to Greenpeace saying the boycott was racist-inspired and others have urged us to support it, saying it will bring Japan to her knees in two years.

"We prefer the policy of direct intervention—putting our ships in the hunting zones and refusing to leave."

Again, as has historically been the case when Japan and the United States are at odds over an issue, the Japanese American is caught in the middle.

Although the outcry against whaling, followed by the indignation over the Iki slaughter, has at times reached a fever pitch among the more zealous conservationists, Japanese Americans have, for the most part, been spared the ugliness of other days.

There have, however, been incidents.

Clifford Uyeda, a retired physician who heads JACL's Whale Issue Committee, said placard-carrying protesters were not uncommon in San Francisco's Japan Town during the height of the whaling controversy.

"There are a lot of racist attitudes because of the ignorance of the American public," Uyeda said. "The average American just isn't able to distinguish between the Japanese American and the Japanese national.

"Pickets would parade in front of Japanese American stores in Japan Town, telling people to support the boycott and not buy Japanese products. We're Americans just like they are.

"There were other incidents too," Uyeda said. "At a Japanese American picnic in Palo Alto a couple of years ago, pickets showed up and placed boycott placards around the area. And here in San Francisco,

a young Japanese American boy was told by his friends at school that he was bad because 'you kill whales'."

Uyeda, who opposes the continued hunting of whales as well as the killing of other marine mammals, has worked closely with various conservation groups since the Whale Issue Committee was formed in 1974, both as an advocate and a watchdog.

... anti-whaling demonstrations were probably misdirected at Japanese Americans ...

Although he supports the call for a 10-year moratorium on all whaling by all nations, Uyeda decried the boycott as patently unfair and, in some cases, blatantly racist.

"The JACL did campaign very strongly against the boycott," Uyeda said. "We were the first to complain about the boycott against Japan and the residual racism against Japanese Americans.

"Remember," he said, "Japan kills only about 40 percent of all the whales taken every year. What about Russia? Why not boycott their products? I asked this of some of the boycott leaders, who told me that there were not enough Russian businesses in this country.

"Well, that's true, but they finally changed to boycott both Japanese and Russian products'."

Frizell agreed that certain actions taken by anti-whaling demonstrators were probably misdirected at Japanese Americans, stressing again that Greenpeace was completely neutral regarding the boycott.

"Although racism is the crux of the issue to most Japanese Americans, to us it's very peripheral, because we're not backing the boycott," Frizell said. "I'm glad we're not, because it would be a difficult issue to resolve."

Dilemma of Dolphin and Whale Issues

Frizell added that Greenpeace had never been approached by any Japanese American groups regarding the whaling issue.

"We would sure like some feedback as to how Japanese Americans feel about whaling," he said. "Perhaps they know people in Japan; someone who could answer the question, 'What does whaling actually mean to the Japanese people?'"

But above and beyond the negative effects of the boycott here in the United States, Uyeda said it actually served to weaken the overall cause.

"There are conservationists in Japan who want to abolish whaling and they were affected by the boycott as well," he said. "The boycott antagonized the Japanese conservationists, because it was not aimed at the whaling industry alone but at the entire Japanese economy."

"That would be like boycotting all American products because you're opposed to the tuna fishermen killing porpoises," Uyeda added.

"We need the help of the Japanese conservationists. The Japanese people telling the Japanese whalers to stop whaling has a much greater effect than if it comes from the United States."

Uyeda, who visited Japan in 1977 during a U.S.-Japanese anti-whaling rally in Tokyo, said that many Japanese who would otherwise be sympathetic to the conservationists are instead put off by America's holier-than-thou attitude.

"They resent the U.S. preaching at them," Uyeda said. "The United States was once the greatest whaling nation in the world—we had over 775 ships involved at one time—and the Japanese feel you can't blame someone else just because you don't do it anymore."

The Japanese, he said, felt it was hypocritical for the United States to condemn their whaling fleets while Alaskan Eskimos continue to hunt whales—employing powerful land-based harpoons similar to those used on the high seas.

"The Eskimos are killing bowhead whales, the most endangered species of all, and recklessly," Uyeda said. "Last year, they hit about 50 whales with harpoons but only managed to land 11 of them. The others, which were wounded, undoubtedly were killed by sharks attracted by the blood."

All the boycott managed to do, Uyeda contends, was to create bad feelings between potential allies.

"It simply wasn't effective," he said. "During the few years of the boycott, trade between the U.S. and Japan increased."

Uyeda's pronouncement of the boycott's failure was echoed by Takashi Matsumura, a member of the Japanese Consulate General's office in San Francisco.

All the boycott managed to do . . . was to create bad feelings between potential allies.

"It did not affect trade at all," Matsumura said. "We do not regard these activities (the boycott) as that of the American government. (The conservationists) are doing their business—we can understand."

Matsumura disputed the claim that whales are being hunted to extinction, saying that Japan follows the edicts of the International Whaling Commission, the world body whose member nations meet annually to establish hunting quotas for the coming season.

"We don't believe every species of whale will go into extinction," Matsumura said. "Japan hunts only the species allowed by the IWC. We should be most damaged if the whales were hunted to extinction."

Matsumura defended the Japanese whalers, saying



(Photo Courtesy of Greenpeace)
PARTING SHOTS—Greenpeace members follow the catcher boat (right) as it prepares to transfer the whales to the waiting mother ship. In the years that Greenpeace has been sending boats into the hunting grounds, its members have harassed only Russian hunters—the Japanese are nowhere to be found.

that whale meat is still consumed in the home islands, despite claims to the contrary from conservationists and other anti-whaling factions.

"It is true that it is no longer a staple in the Japanese diet," Matsumura said, "but some people still eat whale meat. The Japanese people have been eating whale meat for centuries. Some restaurants specialize in whale meat. It is rather difficult to change traditions."

Literature provided by the consulate gives a sketchy picture of the whaling industry in Japan. Hunters strictly adhere to regulations set down by the IWC, taking only those species of whale which are considered in no danger of extinction.

For example, the Japanese will not kill blue, right, humpback or gray whales, the pamphlet said, because the IWC has classified these species as endangered. Similarly, nursing mothers with calves of any species are also protected by the IWC.

There has been some question in the past regarding just how carefully the Japanese and Russian whalers choose their prey, since reports have surfaced—often accompanied by photographic evidence—accusing the whalers of shooting at anything, especially with quotas being harder to meet each season.

In addition, the IWC has been vilified by most anti-whaling groups since it seeks to maintain, rather than to destroy, the industry. Pleas for a 10-year moratorium on all whaling has fallen on deaf ears at the IWC for more than a decade now.

Matsumura said Japan's decision to reduce its whaling fleet is not a sign that whales are getting harder to find—as conservation groups maintain—but simply that the IWC quota limitation makes the maintenance of a larger fleet an economic liability.

Uyeda disagrees. "The Japanese fleet is losing money—it's a dying industry," he said. "In 1976, they could not make their quota because there were not enough whales, so they deactivated two of their mother ships and 20 catcher boats."

Uyeda also disputes the claim that whale meat is a significant enough part of the Japanese diet to justify the industry's continued existence.

"It's a fact that only a quarter of a pound of whale meat is consumed per person per year in Japan," he said. "Compare that to 115 pounds of beef per person per year in the United States. There is no comparison."

Meanwhile, the anger generated over the killing of dolphins at Iki island was so intense in San Francisco, that Matsumura drafted an open letter to explain the reasons for the slaughter.

What it boiled down to, Matsumura wrote, was that the livelihood of the fishermen of Iki island was at stake. The dolphin were eating both the fishermen's catch and the bait fish in which they had invested so much money.

"The fishermen first went to great lengths to chase off the dolphins from their fishing grounds," the letter said, "firing blank cartridges and transmitting

recorded sounds of killer whales from underseas speakers. At first they worked, but soon their efforts were in vain for the dolphins out-maneuvered these tactics. It was only as a last resort that they actually killed some of the dolphins."

Matsumura said he believed the outcry against the slaughter was based largely on the fact that the dolphins were killed by cutting the carotid artery—a method which resulted in a great deal of blood being spilled.

"It was the most effective way," Matsumura said. "It was the quickest death for the creatures. Some American conservationists said they were clubbed to death and others even said they were killed by machine gun fire. This is not true."

"Dolphins are lovable creatures—we all know this. But to the fishermen, they are an enemy."

Uyeda, like the numerous groups who were angered by the incident at Iki, said he believes the basic issue is much deeper than the economics of a fishing village.

"We have to come to the understanding that we can't eliminate a life form simply because it interferes with man," he said. "Sure, dolphins will take some of the fish, but that's the way it's always been. They have the right to live, just as much as we do. If they (the Japanese) use this, it's a losing argument."

Frizell, whose organization demonstrated against the slaughter in both San Francisco and Los Angeles, said Greenpeace was unable to find any Japanese conservation groups actively working for the preservation of marine mammals during an eight-month visit to that country last year. However, he said, he could understand why.

"There are so many human issues there that take precedence," Frizell said. "Japan is the crucible of the 20th century. It's so heavily industrialized—it probably has the highest concentration of industrial plants in one area in the world."

"We have got to stay in as close to each as possible to see what's happening over there. Industrial pollution is so much heavier in Japan than anywhere else."

In a letter to the Japan Times in March, Uyeda, writing for the JAACL whale committee, criticized the paper's editorial stand defending the actions of the Iki fishermen, who had received permission from the Nagasaki provincial government to proceed with the slaughter. He suggested another possible reason for the scarcity of fish around Iki island.

"... it is so easy to put the blame on the defenseless dolphins and ignore human activities such as pollution of the seas which may be the true culprit in the decreasing fisheries. Dolphins have been there for thousands of years without noticeably decreasing the fishing population."

"... the reverence for life must continue," he wrote. "We cannot think of a more dull, depressing and terrifying place than an earth inhabited only by man."

**Long, formerly a copy editor with the Santa Ana Register, is a freelance writer living in San Francisco.

Vol. 1 No. 1 to Pacific Citizen's 2,000th Issue

By HARRY HONDA

There's history breathing on this very page. To the right are reproductions of the front page and part of the second page of the "Nikkei Shimin," a temporary name for the official publication of the Japanese American Citizens League now called the "PC"—Pacific Citizen.

How we came by this rare copy is a story that should be related first. The UCLA Graduate Library held a little ceremony several years ago when it accepted microfilm editions of the Rafu Shimpo and the Kashu Mainichi for its collection of Japanese American documents. The room also had on display materials gathered by the late Joe Grant Masaoka, then administrator of the JACL-Japanese American Research Project.

In one of the showcases was this copy of Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Nikkei Shimin which we knew to be the seed of the Pacific Citizen. It was loaned to us long enough to have it microfilmed with scattered copies of prewar editions of the PC in our morgue. Lost are the bound copies of all the Nikkei Shimin and prewar PCs last seen at JACL Headquarters before it was moved from Salt Lake City to San Francisco.

The Nikkei Shimin was the official publication of the New American Citizens League of San Francisco, as the JACL chapter there was first called when it was founded in 1928. The paper was properly christened the Pacific Citizen sometime in 1930 as a "name the paper" contest was held when this issue was published. We do not know who won the contest, but we know the contest ended Dec. 1, 1929.

The PC became the official publication of the National JACL at the 1932 convention at Los Angeles.

Iwao Kawakami, writer-poet and veteran staff member of the Nichi Bei Times who passed away two years ago, was the first editor of the Nikkei Shimin. The first issue consisted of eight pages filled with special greetings, a history of the new San Francisco JACL, a gossip column, advertising and a subscription blank (\$1 a year). Succeeding issues were to be four pages, coming out once a month.

One of the needs the JACL publication tackled back in 1929 still plagues Nikkei communities today. The editorial, "Necessity of Cooperation," appearing on Page 2 addresses the varied social interests of the young people, conflicts in scheduling and the resultant loss to all concerned. By offering a calendar of events, "we hope the first organization setting the date for their affair (dances, banquets, conferences, picnics, club meetings, etc.) will get priority over later ones."

The editorial concludes that in case of conflicts, the leaders of the later organization would be notified to, perhaps, change the date. There are young people who still yearn their social event is in the clear. The more important lesson, however, is that young people should be allowed to exercise their freedom of choice, and the calendar provides that vehicle for choice today.

Iwao, in his first editorial, saw the paper as providing an appropriate medium for Japanese American expression. "Creative expression," he explained, was perhaps the finest record of man "for it determines the cultural progress of a nation or a race." With people becoming more "standardized and less individualistic in their ways of living and thinking," he viewed that people are content to follow the Old Masters or to imitate them wherever possible.

To stimulate the young Nisei, Iwao proposed they were a blending of two cultures, and thus a new group surely would produce new creative forms. Some were to make it in agriculture, despite the harsh anti-alien land laws of the

Continued on Page 14

The Nikkei Shimin

VOLUME I

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1929

NUMBER 1

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE NEW AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE

The New American Citizens League was started in San Francisco on October 19, 1928 by a group of American citizens of Japanese ancestry.

Eight days later, on October 27, the inaugural banquet was held at Cliff Hotel. Over fifty second generation citizens were on hand and the first speaker for the evening was Saburo Kido, who had been elected president of the organization at a preliminary meeting.

Mr. Kido emphasized the fact that the citizens of Japanese ancestry had many difficult problems confronting them which must be solved sooner or later, and that to rely on the first generation was inevitable to a certain degree; but ultimately, the real solution would have to be made by the second generation members and this could be done only by co-operation.

The principal speaker of the evening, Frederick J. Koster of the Industrial Association of San Francisco, declared the necessity of citizens, regardless of race identity, to vote and become identified with the political institutions of the country. It is also essential, he said, that Japanese-American citizens should work into the industrial life of the nation and bring with them the patience and industrious qualities of their parents.

Speaking on behalf of the Japanese Consul-General, M. Iino, extended congratulations on the establishment of the new organization. T. Takimoto, secretary of the Japanese Association of America, also extended his congratulations, saying that he looked for greater progress of Japanese in America in the future.

The biggest undertaking of the League was the first Citizens League Convention which took place on April 5-6, 1929 in San Francisco.

The Convention was formally opened with a luncheon at the Shu Wa Low. Besides the delegates from the various localities, there were several American social workers who were invited to all the meetings. In order to become acquainted with each other, self-introductions were made. A short message of welcome was delivered by the president, Saburo Kido.

After luncheon, the group gathered at the Community House, and at 2 p. m. the business meeting began.

The first problem to be taken up was that of the Federation. Mr. Clarence T. Arai of Seattle was called upon to present his plan whereby all the leagues could be united. His plan was to organize a national body and to group the various chapters into districts.

Internal problems were then presented. Reports from the various delegates were made as to the progress they were making and also the nature of the difficulties they had to overcome. The meeting closed with the discussion of the next convention city. Seattle requested that the Northwest be given the honor to hold the next meeting. Seattle was awarded the next convention unanimously.

Through the generosity of the Japanese Association of America, the Convention delegates were invited to a delightful Japanese dinner. Mr. T. Takimoto, who deserves much credit for bringing about the organization of the San Francisco chapter, gave a short talk. He impressed the members with the great responsibility they have as second generation people and that much was expected of them.

The evening was devoted to a meeting called "Delegates' Night." The meeting was opened with addresses from Miss Miya Sannomiya and Clarence Arai. Miss Sannomiya gave a

CITIZENS' LEAGUE CONVENTION, APRIL 5-6, 1929



First Row—Henry Takahashi, Mrs. Chao, Yonezu, Clarence Arai, Saburo Kido, Tamoto Takimoto, Miya Sannomiya, Yonezu Aikachara, Second Row—T. Okamoto, T. Nambu, Kay Nishida, G. Hara, L. Oki, Third Row—T. Ogata, H. Arai, Tamoto Takimoto, G. Isonaka, J. W. Aoki, Fourth Row—Chao, Yonezu, Arai, T. M. Yonezu, Kay Takamoto, T. Koga, L. K. Kurisaki

"pep" talk. She encouraged those present to show the first generation what the young people could do. Mr. Clarence Arai urged the members to exercise their citizenship rights. He gave examples of the work being done in Seattle along political lines.

Mr. Kenneth Fung who is the secretary of the Chinese-American Citizens Alliance gave a message of congratulation. He asked for the co-operation of the Japanese-American citizens. The keynote of his talk was: "The success of this Convention means our success because we have so much in common."

The principal speaker of the evening was Mr. Victor Kwong of the San Francisco Bulletin. He told of his dream, a dream of sincere Sino-Japanese understanding with the end in view of securing for Asia a political unity that may be a great pillar for peace of the world.

Following the speeches, a delightful social hour was observed by the delegates, through the efforts of Mrs. C. Yonezu, reception chairman who acted as the hostess and entertained the guests with refreshments. About sixty delegates were present.

On Saturday afternoon, Dr. H. Guy gave his message. It was one of the most inspiring and practical addresses ever delivered before a second generation group and some of the members who knew Dr. Guy well stated later that it was the best speech they had heard from him. Probably, the importance of the gathering as well as the quality of the delegates inspired Dr. Guy. The following is a brief summary of his message:

1. Get means of publicity.
2. Have definite aim of character.
3. Cultivate the SPIRIT to render public service.

After his talk, discussion groups were held under the following leaders: Membership rights: Clarence T. Arai

Finance Problems: Saburo Kido

Vocation Problems: Miya Sannomiya

Better Relations: Hisashi Arie

A recess was then taken in order to attend Consul-General Iida's reception at his home. Vice-Consul Toyoyuki Kaneko welcomed the delegates and gave a short message. A brief response was made by Saburo Kido and refreshments were served. A program of entertainment, in charge of Mr. Minoru Iino, then followed which was enjoyed by the delegates.

The final business meeting was opened at 4 p. m. The organization committee's report was presented for adoption. The name "Japanese American Citizens' League" was the one

recommended and it was accepted. Following this meeting, the delegates were invited to a dance in the Berkeley U.C. YWCA sponsored by the Triple O Society and J.U.C. Club. Thus the curtain of limos was rung down on this Convention.

In the succeeding months, the activities of the League were confined to monthly dinners; but this was broken by a congenial social given by Mr. and Mrs. A. Arai at their home. Over eighty members of the League and friends were present, including Consul General Iida and members of the Lowell High School Party going to Japan. Interesting games planned out by Yuki Kuwahara and Henry Takahashi added merriment to the occasion. The consensus of opinion was that all had one swell time.

The latest activities of the League have been the last night and picnic at Paradise Cove Park on September 8 and the starting of our publication.

The officers who carried on the work of the League for the first year were:

President, Saburo Kido; Vice-Presidents: Henry Takahashi, Kay Tsukamoto, Toshi Takao, Shizu Sakai, Dr. Takutaro Hayashi, Mrs. Charles Yonezu, Kay Nishida; Recording Secretary, Hide Sasaki; Corresponding Secretary, Eiko Enomoto; Treasurer, Henry Uyeda.

PRIZE CONTESTS

Subscription Contest details on page 2.
Name Contest announcement and rules on page 4.
Many rich prizes for the winners.

WORDS OF CONGRATULATION

By MAYOR JAMES ROLPH, JR.

The New American Citizens League can play an important part in the life of this Community by bringing its members to the most complete understanding of the principles of American Government. Those born and living permanently in a country should participate wholeheartedly in its political life. It is seemly that they remember with affection the country in which their parents were born, and we see in our own City groups of various national origins promoting friendly intercourse between the United States and nations in other parts of the world.

As native born Americans of Japanese extraction your members have before them opportunities of limitless

scope. The Pacific is the ocean of the future. Its commerce grows by leaps and bounds. Understanding the languages of two of the most important Pacific peoples, and with knowledge of their ways of thought, you can play a great part in the development of their common ideals and of the commercial intercourse that is of such advantage to both.

May you be happy in your new citizenship and equal to the responsibilities which it places upon you. As Mayor, I greet you and offer you the good wishes of your fellow citizens.

By MORIKAZU IIDA,
Consul General of Japan

I congratulate the American citizens of Japanese parentage in San Francisco and its vicinity on their new undertaking in publishing a magazine in English, which is to be devoted to making them better citizens of their adopted country.

In any line of human endeavor it is a simple fact of ethics that it always requires a great deal of effort and energy to start anything new. For example, there must have been much unseen toil and sacrifice on the part of those who are responsible in organizing this publication and carrying it forward to its present form. To walk the path that has once been trodden by others is no difficult task, but it is quite a different matter to be a path-finder regardless of the nature of the enterprise in which paths are to be found!

In this sense I have deep admiration for the so-called pioneer Japanese who migrated some thirty or forty years ago to the State of California, crossing the broad Pacific and establishing the economic foundations of your present environment. Lacking, as many of these pioneer Japanese were, in experience, in capital and in knowledge of English when they first stepped ashore on this side of the Pacific Ocean, they were men animated by an optimistic spirit and encouraged by illuminating visions. Although they were but poorly equipped in many respects, they were adventurous as well as enterprising, and with earnestness and sincerity they directed their efforts to the accomplishment of the constructive task before them. The winding road up to the establishment of their present foundation was by no means a smooth one. Facing innumerable handicaps with confidence and courage, they were victorious over them all and eventually contributed in a large measure to the welfare and prosperity of this State, particularly in agriculture and commerce.

While the spirit that impelled the first generation of Japanese to engage in such activities as these is still alive, many of the men are now entering their fifties, and naturally they are faced with the question: "Who shall inherit the legacy of the founders when they are forced to retire?" It is but natural that the responsibility in perpetuating the achievement of the first generation and their contributions to this country should rest upon the shoulders of the second generation born in the United States. It is, of course, understood, that the second generation is composed of citizens of this country by birth and consequently expected to encounter but few of the social and other difficulties such as beset their fathers. They speak the best of English and are well versed in American usages and psychology. Their fathers have in almost every instance laid the foundation of a financial competency sufficient to enable them to enjoy all the comforts of present-day life. But at this juncture they are burdened with two grave responsibilities. One is the need to grow still further to the achievements of their fathers and the other is the am-

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

PAGE TWO

THE NIKKEI SHIMIN

OCTOBER 15, 1929

THE NIKKEI SHIMIN
Published Semi-Monthly by the New American Citizens League of San Francisco
Subscription Rate: \$1.00 Per Year
Editorial and Business Offices, 1623 Webster Street, San Francisco, Calif.
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Literary Editor: Asayo Kuraya
Society Editor: Fumi Yonezu
Club Editor: Kaoru Miura
Business Manager: Susumu Togasaki
Advertising Manager: Jhoscy Aoki
Circulation Managers: Tomiye Tsushi, Nao Zaiman

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

After months of planning, hard toil, and conquest of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, we have achieved our ambition of launching this publication, the official organ of the New American Citizens League of San Francisco. We take great pride in this accomplishment because it symbolizes the sacrifice of precious time and pleasure and the burning of many a midnight oil on the part of the members of the staff.

But they alone do not deserve all the credit. We are especially grateful to Honorable Morikazu Iida, Consul General of Japan, who has always been kind, sympathetic and helpful to us in our various activities, and to Honorable James Rolph, Jr., mayor of San Francisco, to Vice Consul Toyoyuki Kaneko and others for their messages.

We, also, wish to gratefully acknowledge the aid and its management to Mr. the San Com-

Fellow members of the second generation, shall we permit the pessimistic ones to have the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so?" We shall do our part. Now, you help us with your subscriptions. The success hinges on this. It is up to you!

NECESSITY OF CO-OPERATION

Young people of the Bay Region have interest in many different activities, and belong to various organizations sponsoring these affairs. Dances, banquets, conferences, picnics and club meetings are continually being held. As a result, many conflicts have arisen to the loss of all concerned.

We have regretted such a state of affairs. We believe that some solution is necessary since the Bay Region Japanese community is too small to have such conflicts. As one of the helpful steps, we intend to publish a social calendar and thereby inform our readers of the forthcoming events. We hope that

shall reap moral rewards as well as material ones. Their sons and daughters have been given a splendid heritage of patient pioneering.

The industrial aspect is, perhaps, the most practical and lucrative one. As the Japanese population in America increases, there will certainly grow a demand for well-trained, efficient business men and women. This will inevitably lead to the social aspect which is based, in majority of the cases, on industrial success.

The social and intellectual aspects are, by far, the least developed by the Japanese-Americans. There are, to be sure, individual examples of social and artistic leadership; yet they cannot begin to compare in quantity or quality with those other races in America. The Japanese-American, in most cases, confronts the pitfall of imitation or unoriginality; and those are precisely the things that one must learn to avoid.

It is in order to help the new American citizens avoid these pitfalls and in order to encourage the development of healthy sincerity in the matter of expression that we wish to introduce this publication to the Japanese and American people. If it is not taking too much for granted, I would like to conclude with the following two stanzas which I wrote recently:

From America's oft-quoted "melting pot"

Have bubbled out thousands of newspapers

With their editorial fire or rot
Catering to — or cutting up capers,
May be fit to be read, others

At times, indulge in hot
power of

articles pertaining to us, second generation members; and we have had the desire to express our ideas and thoughts as a reply because we thought our elders misunderstood us. Inability to write in Japanese, however, has been the chief handicap. Also, the Board of Governors have done their utmost to stimulate interest in the league and build up a strong, unified body; but they have fallen short of the goal they have set up. A publication such as we now have will be of great aid.

The publication can be the connecting link between the first and second generation Japanese by trying to dissolve any misunderstanding which may be existing at the present time. It can portray to the American public what we, American citizens of Japanese ancestry, are thinking in regards to our duties as a citizen as well as our diverse problems. It can give expression to what is considered true American ideals and guide the growing generation to become American citizens we can all be proud of.

Considering the potential power of the publication to do good, I cannot help but impress on the members of the staff the grave responsibility that lies on their shoulders. In their hands lies the power to help mold the second generation members for good or bad. The public is expecting great things. I am confident that the members of the staff will do their utmost so as not to disappoint these supporters. Of course, we cannot expect perfect models of journalism from the beginning; but we hope that improvements will be made gradually as time goes on. We all appreciate the great effort that is being made by the members of the staff.



The Sushi Bar Habit FISH hooks MAN

By COLLEEN KAJIOKA

"Raw fish? Ugh! How can you eat that stuff?"

How many times have we heard that from our *hakujin* friends, who would wrinkle their noses and shudder at the thought of anyone actually eating slimy, dead, uncooked fish? ("Do you eat the scales, too?")

Yet the sushi bar, a haven for raw fish connoisseurs, is emerging as "the" place to go for sophisticated and worldly gourmets.

Proof of the growing popularity of sushi bars is the wide publicity they have been getting in major newspapers and magazines.

Newspaper and magazine restaurant critics now matter-of-factly review sushi bars right along with the usual French and Italian restaurants. The renowned *Gourmet* magazine recently published a very favorable review of Sushi Shibuchō, one of Los Angeles' most popular sushi bars.

In a recent issue of *Cosmopolitan* magazine, a top New York model revealed her secret for staying slim—"plenty of sushi."

Up until a few years ago, the only people you would see at a sushi bar (and there weren't many around anyway) were businessmen from Japan and a few Nisei. Today, in major cities like San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles, most of the larger Japanese restaurants include sushi bars; and little restaurants specializing in sushi only seem to be cropping up everywhere.

And the clientele is increasingly including non-Japanese.

Sakae Shibutani, owner of Shibuchō, estimates that the ratio of customers at his restaurant is 60 percent Japanese to 40 percent Caucasian.

At Tokyo Kaikan, located in Los Angeles' Little Tokyo, the lunchtime sushi bar crowd is predominantly Caucasian. Many have become "regulars," whom you can count on to be eating sushi there almost every day.

For those American-born Japanese whose only exposure to sushi may have been "inari-sushi" and "maki-sushi" eaten at picnics or enjoyed on New Year's Day, a visit to a sushi bar can open up a whole new world—a world of flavors and textures, sights and sounds—that can't be adequately described, only experienced.

A sushi bar consists of a row of chairs placed around a counter, behind which stands the sushi chef. On display in front of the customer is a chilled glass case filled with a variety of fresh fish and shellfish.

Before you order, you are handed a moist, warm towel to clean your hands. On the raised counter before you, the chef places a tray for your sushi orders with some *gari* (pickled ginger) in one corner, to be eaten sparingly between orders to cleanse the palate.

Since most sushi bars don't have menus, ordering can be a bit confusing on your first visit. There are so many varieties to choose from, it might be

difficult to know what to order, let alone how to order.

Basically, sushi is served in two ways.

- An order of *nigiri* sushi consists of two bite-sized pieces of vinegared rice, upon which the chef will place a dab of *wasabi* (green horseradish) and slices of raw fish or seafood of your choice.

- Among the types of *maki* sushi—seafood or vegetable rolled in vinegared rice and wrapped in a piece of *nori*, eaten burrito-style—are *kappa maki* (cucumber roll) and *tekka maki* (tuna roll).

You can also order *sashimi*, which, of course, will bring you thick slices of raw fish without the rice.

Some of the most popular kinds of fish you can order are: *maguro* (tuna), either *nigiri* or *sashimi* is terrific, and those who prefer a richer variety can order *toro* (fatty tuna); *suzuki* (sea bass); *hirame* (halibut); *tai* (red snapper); *aji* (Spanish mackerel).

Shellfish choices include: *kani* (crab) and *ebi* (shrimp), both cooked; *akagai* (red clam); *mirugai* (Northwestern clam); *awabi* (abalone).

You can also order *anago* (sea eel), which is broiled and served *nigiri*-style with a slightly sweet sauce brushed on top; *uni* (sea urchin); *tako* (octopus); *ikura* (salmon roe).

The above list is just a beginning. The choices are almost limitless, and a lot depends on what is in season and the creativity of the sushi chef, who can sometimes come up with some pretty unusual concoctions.

An extra added attraction is watching the sushi chef at work. It can be just as enjoyable as eating his creations. Years of training and hard work have paid off, and he's the star of the show. An artist and magician, he can turn a lowly cucumber into a beautiful fan with a few flicks of his knife.

Taking orders from his left and right, he wields his knife with speed and precision. He knows just the right amount of rice to pick up, and he shapes it perfectly, adding the *wasabi* and fish and maybe some roe for color, to create works of art for the eagerly awaiting customer.

He can also be a great public relations man, an expert at buttering up the customer. Some could probably double as stand-up comics. (It helps if you speak, or at least understand Japanese. Most sushi chefs have a rough time communicating in English.)

He has also mastered the art of patience, especially when dealing with neophytes, who every few minutes, point at the display of fish and ask, "What's that?" Or the *hakujin* customer who asks for cream and sugar for his green tea or a fork for his sushi.

The key to enjoying a visit to a sushi bar is open-mindedness and a willingness to try anything. Sometimes the most unappetizing-looking stuff can turn out to be your favorite.

If this little introduction to the sushi bar has piqued your curiosity, and if you've never been to one and are lucky enough to live where the best

sushi bars are, don't put it off any longer. And if you live too far away to hop in your car and drive to one, make it a point to visit a sushi bar on your next vacation to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu or New York.

But a few words of warning are in order: **SUSHI BARS CAN BE HABIT-FORMING.**

But then again, there can't be a more enjoyable and worthwhile habit to acquire than the sushi bar habit!

DO's and DON'Ts at a Sushi Bar

DO be patient. Since they don't know how long customers are going to sit, most sushi bars don't take reservations, so your patience may be tested even before you are seated. And once you are seated, it may take a while for the chef to get around to your orders, since he is serving several other customers and may also be filling orders from the dining room.

DON'T order everything you are planning to eat all at once as some greenhorns do. That's a "no no." Finish your order of *uni* before ordering anything else.

DO pick up the *nigiri* sushi with your fingers, and dip the fish side (not the rice) into the soy sauce. **DO** put the whole thing in your mouth. Even though your cheeks may swell up like a balloon fish, **DON'T** be embarrassed. Everybody else looks just as ridiculous.

DO eat *maki* sushi like a burrito (with your fingers), and naturally, chopsticks are used for the *sashimi*.

DO bring lots of money and **DON'T** faint when the check arrives. Remember that fresh seafood is very expensive, and it will cost you.

DON'T pass up the opportunity to visit a sushi bar. It will be an experience that **WON'T** disappoint you.

** Colleen Kajioka, a professional student working part-time for the *Pacific Citizen*, lives in Los Angeles.

LAPD's Asian Task Force One of a kind

By SHIRO TOMITA

Sergeant Shiro Tomita serves on LAPD's Asian Task Force. This speech was presented to the Town Hall Community Affairs section in April, 1978.

First, let me explain to you the reason for the existence of an Asian Task Force within the Los Angeles Police Department. Prior to 1973, the Los Angeles Police Department had about seven officers who spoke an Asian language. Today, there are 28 who speak Asian languages. This increase was caused by a great number of Asians immigrating to the United States. For a sample of this "Asian explosion" simply drive westward on Olympic Boulevard from the Harbor Freeway to Western Avenue. Korean businesses and residences completely dominate the area.

Prior to 1970, Los Angeles' Korean population was less than 7,000. Today, there are about 110,000 Koreans located primarily in the area I described. Many do not speak English and are not familiar with our laws and customs. This poses many legal and social problems.

While the Koreans are a prime example, they are only a part of the Asian migration. The Chinese have also risen in population through immigration. Compounding the problem is that the Chinese immigrants are less often able to speak English than the Koreans. The Koreans are largely college educated (about 80 percent), while the Chinese are not.

The Filipinos have the highest number of immigrants. They are scattered throughout Los Angeles. There also is a total of about 190,000 Japanese and about 40,000 Vietnamese. Adding all Asians together, we have a population of about 500,000 persons. With such populations it is easy to see the impact there is on our police force.

In 1975, a group of us in the Police Department briefed the chief of police on the influx, the problems that were occurring, and the inability of the Police Department to cope with those specialized problems within the Asian community. As a result of this, a task force was formed consisting of Japanese, Chinese, and Korean police officers. Later a Filipino team of officers was added.

The Asian Task Force investigates every crime involving an Asian in the city of Los Angeles. This is true whether the Asian is a suspect or a victim. If, at the initial stage, they are unable to communicate with an English-speaking officer, our officers will make a follow-up report. In 1976, six officers handled 12,000 different cases.

Initially, we didn't realize the amount of crime perpetrated against Asian-speaking immigrants. The foreign-born immigrant is especially vulnerable because he has not yet learned of our check-cashing and credit-card systems and carries cash.

I might note here that native-born criminals are not the only ones who prey on these victims. There are also foreign-born criminals. Criminals come from Hong Kong, Japan, etc., to victimize their own people. The victims are hesitant to report a crime because they lack English, lack an understanding of our laws, and, in some cases, fear deportation.

The Asian Task Force's problems are minimal in relation to other large major cities in the United States. If you were to compare Los Angeles with San Francisco, New York, Detroit, Kansas City, and Chicago you would find that we have very good relations with the Asiatic community.

We receive calls almost every day from major cities asking how we are dealing with gangs in our Asian communities. As a matter of fact, since 1973, there has not been one Asian gang-related killing in our area. San Francisco in the same span of time has had 39 Asian gang-related shootings. We believe we have been successful because it is part of our Task Force's job to maintain contact with these gangs. We treat each individual with respect and consideration. However, we do not treat them as gangs, which would give them status. We do not want to inflate their egos.

We have created a rapport with these people to the extent that they contact us prior to any rumbles. Because of these close ties we are informed when shady characters from Chicago or San Francisco arrive in town. Upon receiving such information, we immediately contact these "bad dudes" to let them know we are aware of their presence and are interested in why they are in town.

The most recent of the San Francisco shootings
Continued on Page 14

Half million Asians create impact-LAPD

By PAT TASHIMA

The business during the day can run from the mundane to the grueling, to the pressure situation. Not like any other job, really.

But the men who work in the Asian Task Force of the Los Angeles Police Department represent an attempt to better cope with problems facing the burgeoning Asian populations within the city.

"You fill out the routine crime reports for people who can't speak English," one task force officer said. "Then again, you can be out trying to catch robbery suspects or be working on a murder case."

Though the crime rate among Asians—especially Japanese Americans—has remained surprisingly low when compared to other groups, the number of cases among Asians is rising, although slightly.

The task force was created, in part, to help care for the people who now comprise about 5 percent of the city's population, or 500,000 people. Support for the force was gained from various public officials and community service organizations prior to its formation. The group was eventually approved by former police chief Ed Davis after it was urged by the approximately 55 Asian policemen in the LAPD.

Law enforcement officials proudly point to the force as being the only one in the U.S.

Its main goal is to bridge the communication gap between Asian communities and the LAPD, creating a more harmonious and workable relationship—something that was lacking prior to the force's existence.

"Two-and-a-half years ago, the LAPD was experiencing a great influx of new first generations—Vietnamese, Chinese, Japanese. Many of us (Asian officers) were working the different jobs and not getting the due credit," the officer said.

"Today we concentrate on the different problems of the Asian communities—the LAPD, in the beginning, was just overwhelmed with them."

The inability to speak English and noticeable cultural differences contributed to the Asian communities' antipathy toward policemen. The most glaring obstacle, however, was the racial difference and the distrust felt for the non-Asian officer.

"We wanted to give the assurance that we (the task force) can take care of the community—you know, let's just say hakujins and blacks had no feeling of the culture.

That may be an oversimplification of the picture, but so far the task force has proven successful. So successful, that once-ambivalent people in the Asian communities have come to recognize the faces of officers as being friendly ones.

"We're bridging the communication gap between the department and Asian populations," the officer said, "not only among the Issei, Nisei and Sansei, but with first generations of all Asians. They used to look at a policeman and say, 'The Man is just the Man.'

"We wanted to break that stigma—now I can walk through J-town and be called by my first name."

Three teams make up the Asian Task Force, including the Japanese, Chinese, Korean and Filipino squads. The force is currently operating with six to nine men.

The association between those of similar persuasion and culture is one both the community and task force members can identify with and appreciate.

There is the security, trust and acceptance being given that two-and-a-half years ago the department felt would be too hard to achieve.

There are still those mundane crime reports to fill out—but even those become unique under this big-city approach to help the smallest minority group cope.

**Pat Tashima, formerly editorial assistant with Pacific Citizen, is now with Dick Skuse and Associates in San Francisco.

Toyo Miyatake: A legend keeps developing

By BELLA LAGMAY-SINGH

Toyo Miyatake, in his favorite beret, white shirt and bow tie, is a familiar figure walking the streets of Little Tokyo in Los Angeles. Camera in tow, he passes a myriad of Japanese restaurants and curio shops and stops at 318 E. First Street—his home away from home—the Toyo Miyatake Studio.

The 83-year-old photographer is proprietor of one of the oldest business establishments in Little Tokyo. As one of the few businesses to survive since the early 1920s, the Miyatake enterprise is a great commercial success story.

Spanning three generations, the photo studio opened in 1923 when Toyo was 28 years old. After he retired at age 77, it was taken over by his sons and grandsons, with their wives and his daughter assisting in the office—truly a family business.

Today, business is booming for the Miyatakes and entrepreneur Toyo, although now retired, still faithfully goes to the studio each morning just as he did as a young businessman in early Little Tokyo . . .

* * *

Like most Japanese immigrants, Toyo's family came to the United States in search of the "land of opportunity" in 1909. Such newly-arrived immigrants (nearly 6,000) tended to seek the company of their fellow countrymen and settled in an area close to the Los Angeles Civic Center, bounded by First and Second streets and extending from San Pedro to Central Avenues—creating a "Little Tokyo."

Toyo immigrated to America with his mother and two brothers; his father had arrived earlier. Speaking little English, he attended grammar school at age 14 and graduated from the seventh grade when he was 18.

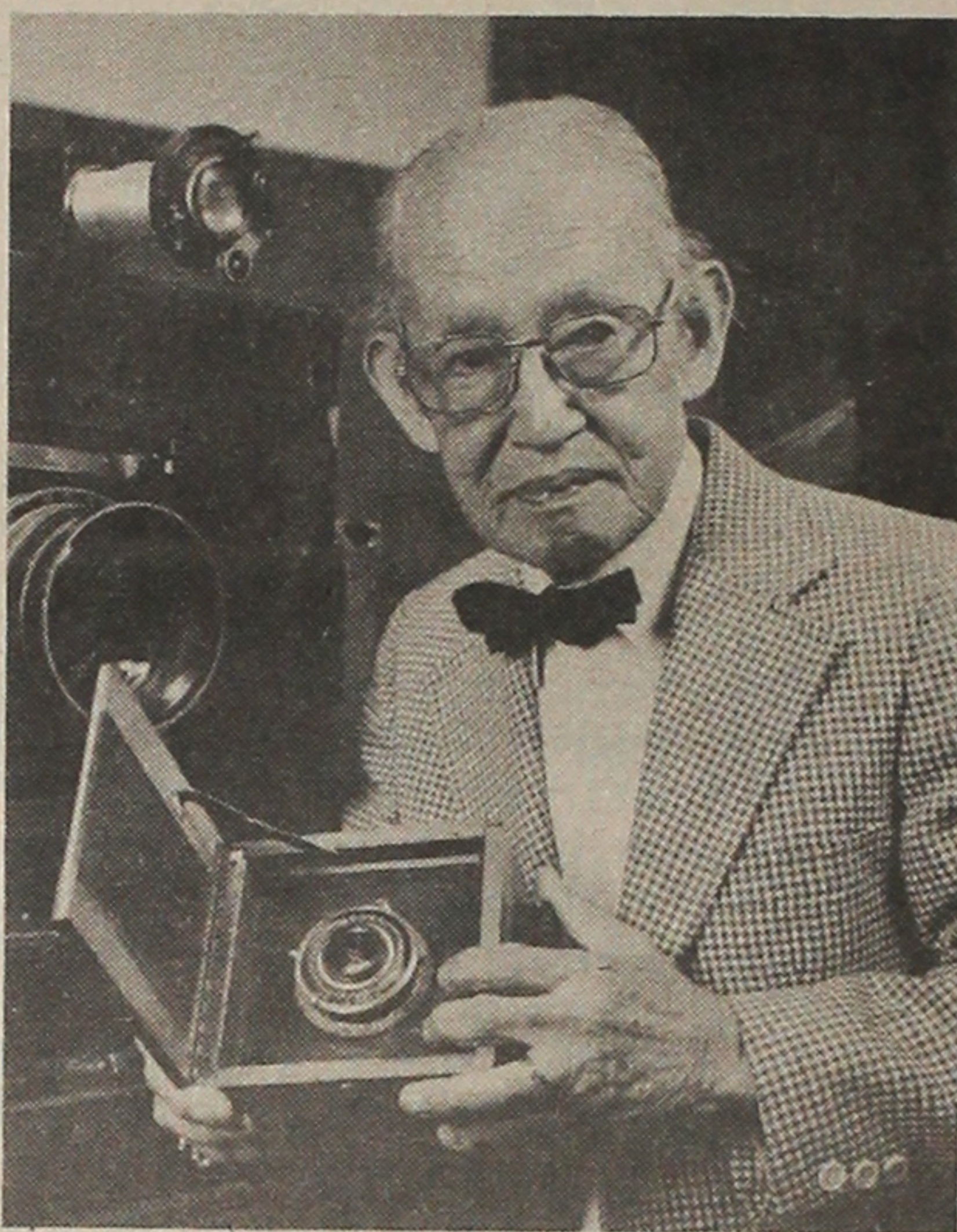
At first, he wanted to be an artist or a painter, but his mother discouraged him, telling him that it was almost next to impossible to make a living as an artist. When he decided to pursue photography as a career, his mother approved, and at age 21 he began studying under Harry Shigeta, one of the foremost photographers in the country at that time.

Upon his marriage in 1922, Toyo decided to open his own business. His bride, Hiro, helped him get the studio off the ground by taking care of the paper work.

Toyo recalls some difficulty in beginning his business, for he was one of the youngest businessmen in Little Tokyo, which was predominately run by elderly Japanese.

But Toyo was determined.

Slowly, he accumulated photographic equipment and soon set up studio in a local hotel lobby. In those early days of business, his funds were very limited, and he could not stock excess supplies. So, when a customer came, Toyo would have to make a quick run to the corner drug store to buy film for that particular job. He operated a one-man studio, doing all of the shooting, developing and printing.



INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE—this beautiful shot was taken at Manzanar concentration camp by Toyo with his home-made camera. He had the camera made in camp after sneaking in a lens and shutter, which he hid in his pocket.

One of his earliest assignments was to shoot photographs of a famous Japanese dancer, Ito Michio. The session proved rather successful, and Ito, pleased with the photos, continued to use his services. Toyo sent the prints to photography salons on the East Coast and in England, where only the highest quality photos are exhibited.

His work was accepted by the London salon, and these first photos were not to be his last to hang in prestigious exhibits.

His clientele was almost 90 percent Japanese, and the majority of the jobs were portraiture photography. Business came by recommendations from satisfied customers—and the jobs snowballed!

But Toyo never counted the money. He was only interested in his art and enjoyed just being behind the camera or in the darkroom. Many of his friends came to him to have their pictures taken and often would never see the bill. Toyo, like the true artist, was thankful just to see his customers appreciate and admire his work.

Because Toyo was so interested in the artistic end of the business, Hiro handled the books and accounting system. A charming, petite woman, she spoke little English but managed to take care of business.

Suddenly, Toyo's father became gravely ill, and the family decided to return to Japan in 1936. Toyo had to resort to selling some of his salon photographs in order to buy the boat fare. However, his father died before they arrived.

The family stayed in Japan for three years, but Toyo returned to America after a year. He felt his style of photography was not accepted in Japan, for it was somewhat abstract and therefore, quite ahead of its time.

Once, a San Francisco fine arts panel selected Toyo as one of the top ten photographers of the 1920s and could not believe his pictures were taken more than 60 years ago because of their abstract character.

Toyo worked in the portrait studio of Bullocks Department Store in downtown Los Angeles before he re-opened a studio at 364 E. First Street and resumed his business until the outbreak of World War II . . .

* * *

Little Tokyo became a lifeless community in February 1942 when the evacuation to internment camps uprooted more than 30,000 Japanese Americans from the Los Angeles area. The Miyatakes were forced to close the family business—they were relocated to Camp Manzanar.

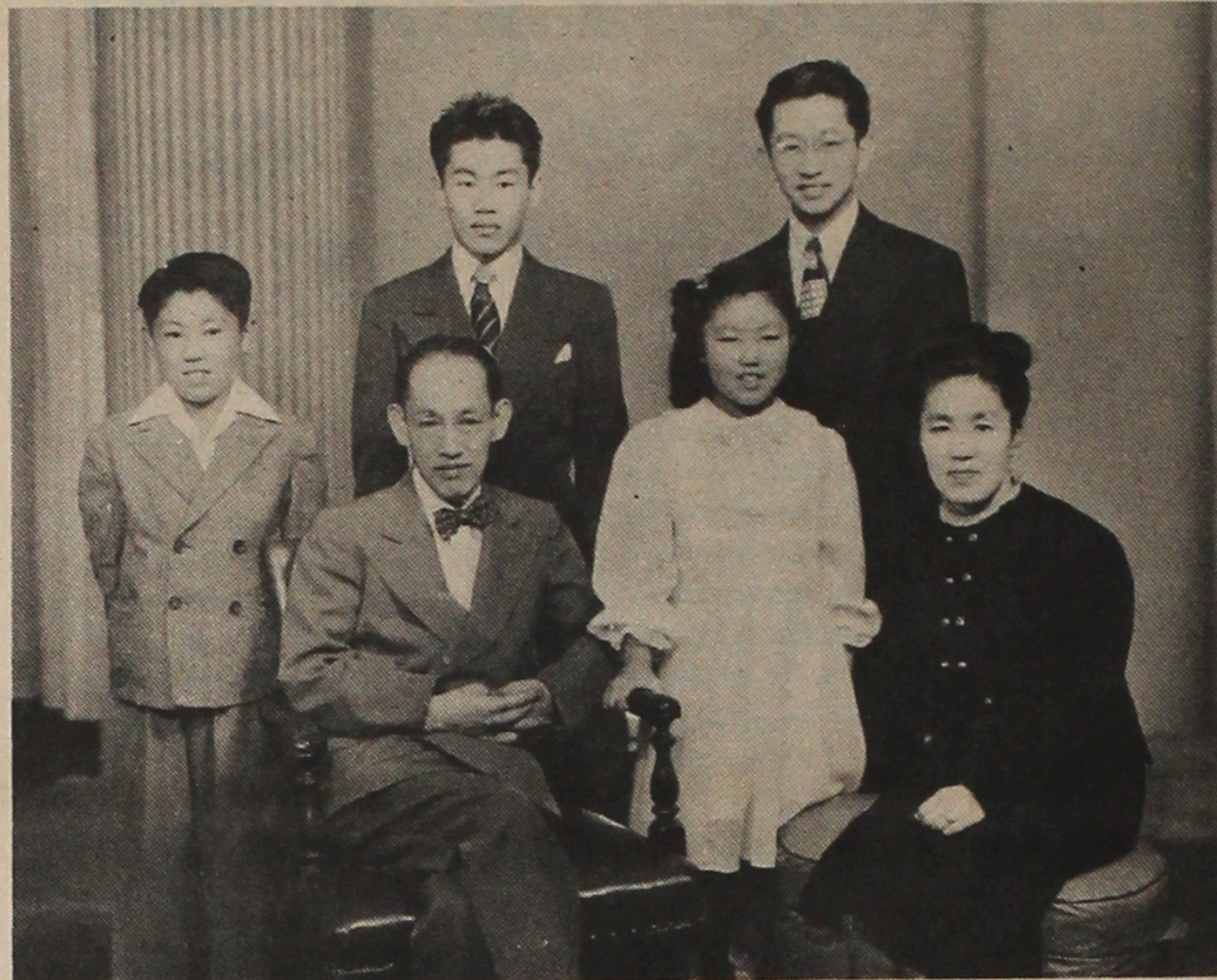
Although historians claim that the Japanese relocation was caused by mass public hysteria and was a national shame since nearly two-thirds of the Japanese were American citizens by birthright, Toyo is not bitter about his years of incarceration. Instead, he believes that the Japanese families were placed in the camps for "protective custody."

Given a month's time to prepare for the relocation, Toyo packed his possessions and stored all of his photographic equipment, save for one lens and shutter that he hid in his pocket when he passed through the gates of Manzanar.

"I had a plan," he smiled. He knew that he would be forbidden to do any photography since it was a



THREE GENERATIONS of the picture-taking Miyatakes—(l to r) Gary, Archie, Toyo, Richard, Kirk and Bob.



TOYO AND FAMILY in earlier days—Bob, Richard, Toyo, Minnie, Archie and Hiro.

federal offense during wartime for Japanese in the Western defense zone to have cameras or any other contraband.

Once inside the camp, Toyo befriended a carpenter, gave him some measurements and asked him to make a wooden box. With this box, plus the lens and shutter that he had smuggled inside the camp, he fashioned a simple but operable camera.

Although the Manzanar police soon learned of Toyo's camera and summoned him for questioning, he was permitted to keep it when the screening officer realized that Toyo's desire to take pictures merely stemmed from love of photography.

Eventually, a project director gave Toyo permission to operate a photography studio inside the camp. Assisting him in the studio was his teenage son Archie. The days spent in camp provided a good opportunity for Archie to learn his father's trade.

Unlike his father, Archie was somewhat bitter about having to enter the camp where he spent his high school years. "I didn't like it at all," he commented, "because I knew what I was going to miss."

However, he realized that he and the others just had to make the best of their situation. "I sort of tried to see things as they were and learned to live with it," he said.

"Farewell to Manzanar," a television movie based on a book of the same name, captured some of the Miyatakes' experiences while incarcerated in the camp. Excerpts of the movie focused on Toyo's trying times as he attempted to continue his photography inside the camp. The camera he built in Manzanar is now famous, and Toyo treasures it as one of his most valuable possessions.

World War II ended, and the Miyatake family left Manzanar after three and a half long years. Again, they collected their belongings, along with a few

iron beds from the camp, which Archie says, "We borrowed for the duration."

Toyo's family lived for a short time in a friend's converted garage because living quarters were difficult to find.

During wartime the demand for labor in war industries attracted Blacks from the rural South, and Little Tokyo had become congested with the new laborers. When the Japanese were finally released, they attempted to re-establish Little Tokyo.

And again, Toyo set out to re-activate his photography studio.

With lumber given to him from a friend, Toyo and Archie built their third and final studio. Father and son were ready to go back into business, and it did not take them long to get their accounts rolling again.

Archie, now 53, has two sons, who were also inducted into the family business. Gary, 26, is a 1977 graduate of the Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles, having majored in advertising and photography. Alan, 24, also studied photography and received an Associate of Arts degree in 1975 from East Los Angeles College. Both act as assistants to their father, although Gary and Alan are photographers in their own right.

While Alan handles most of the black and white photography in the studio darkroom, the color printing is done by Bob, Toyo's second son, who is 48. Also a graduate of the Art Center, Bob formerly worked for Conde Nast Publications in New York, as a staff photographer for Vogue magazine. After a few years, he returned to the West Coast to teach beginning photography courses at his alma mater before deciding to work full-time at the family business.

Bob's son Kirk, like his father, recently graduated

Continued on Page 22

ROKKII OROSHI

"I must go...because I love you
...I'll become a success, come
back and marry you..."

By OSHO

It was an Indian summer day, but the scent of autumn was clearly in the air.

Yamano Tōsaku lay on his back in the shade of the cottonwood tree, his throbbing head weighing on his clasped hands like a large stone. The ground was bare and hard. The drink he had just taken to get rid of the hangover from last night had not done its job properly, he noted indifferently.

He closed his eyes. A nap would help his aching head.

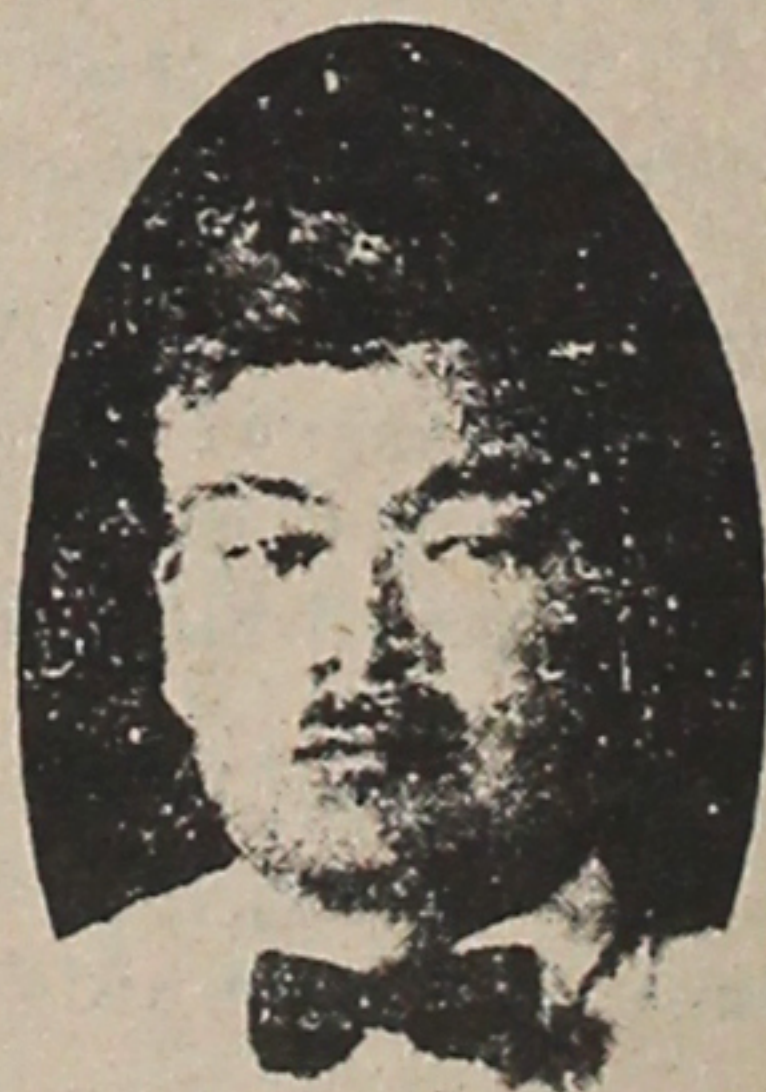
But he soon realized he would not sleep. His body felt taut, unsettled, as though it were young and would give him little peace. It occurred to Yamano now that in just such circumstances his mind sometimes became curiously active and lucid.

Yes, that was happening now. Irritated, he shifted his body and opened his eyes.

The round leaves of the cottonwood tree were already turning yellow, he observed. Abruptly, Kiyoko's pretty, round face, too-carefully powdered and rouged, came into focus.

THE COLORADO

高谷和尙哀悼



この歌は教會の週報に送つたもので之を筆記します私の涙を見て、其涙に前が悲しいのなら俺は助からないだろう、と申しました。此歌を詠む以前に「病窓筆」と題して二日分

此頃の此寒空に我胸は
聖に光り暖さかな
北向きの寒さ我が家の朝まだき
ひたすら禱り熱し来しかも

草も木も
芽立ち初めにし
君の訃報を聞く
筆とり給ふ
日の早やかれと
祈りしものを今
もろ人に
惜まれにつと漸
みたまよ永久に
せ
水しよに病ハ苦
遭かれたる相
安らざる病ハ

THE AUTHOR of Rokkii Oroshi, Junsuke Takaya. This was the front page of the memorial issue of the Colorado Times, printed upon his death.

What was it she had said last night?
"If you like girls so much," sounded her high-pitched nasal voice, "why don't you go to Hawaii and get one?"

She had a singular way of making things sound cheap, vulgar, he reflected. He knew he had been somehow insulted.

"You'll never make it back to Japan, you know... you just don't have what it takes to save up enough money. Like Mr. Kawada. Just look at him. Isn't he smart, bringing back that pretty bride from Japan before the government started making all this trouble about immigration?"

"Huh," he had muttered, half to himself, "don't make me out such a fool." He was not yet so desperate that he would save up an amount like a thousand dollars to go to Japan just to claim a country bride, even if he could, even if such a thing were still allowed.

Yamano shifted his restless body again. For some reason now, he thought of the neighbor's cat who had been keeping him awake lately with those queer prowling noises.

He hated that cat, he decided. He took a deep breath and exhaled. The smell of it came back to him, rank and offensive in the still air. A yellow leaf from the cottonwood tree came free and sailed, zig-zag fashion, to the bare ground. Who was it that said when autumn comes, poets weep? Well, poets were pessimists.

Still, there was an unspeakable sadness that seemed to compass his own soul in autumn, a sadness shaded by a delicious sense of indulgence. It was like the sight of that yellow leaf, floating silently to the ground and lying there, alone. Sad and yes, beautiful.

He didn't know when it had started, but Yamano was suddenly conscious of sinking into an abyss of aloneness, melancholy. He was already forty. Forty.

Autumn. How had the years slipped by so indifferently? He touched the spot on his head that had begun to bald.

She passed then, drifting across the dull ache in his head, O-Haruchan, her dark eyes filled with tears, her voice like a distant bell: "Please don't go... don't go to America... please, I cannot bear it..."

"But I must go... I have to go," he was saying. "It's because I love you... you understand, don't you... I'll become a success and come back and marry you..."

It echoed unreal, stiff, exaggerated even, in the language of his memory. Yet they must have said those things in just that way. It was ennobling and it made him feel good.

And the quiet, veiled moonlight which cast its faint light on the Kōjin-sama shrine near the crossroads where they stood, the beautiful paulownia trees... and the sweet smell of her black hair, the soft mounds of her young breasts—they were real.

They had to be. He needed the sharp pain the memory brought, to sustain himself. He had never seen a paulownia tree in America.

Some time ago, the shade of the cottonwood tree had moved. Yamano found himself, face up, in the September sun. Slowly sitting up now, he rubbed his cramped fingers together and shot a mouthful of spit across the dry, bare ground. It sank instantly.

Kiyoko's high voice came back from a distance, unexpectedly. "I like you. You're not like them, the men in this town. They're terrible, you know."

"You'll never make it back to Japan ... you don't have what it takes to save enough money"

Crude, degenerate, really. You, you're different, aren't you?" They both knew she was flattering him.

How old was he then anyway? Twenty-four? Twenty-five? It was his fourth autumn in America, he recalled. He had been working in the local coal mines near Salt Lake City and had set foot in that Japanese restaurant where Kiyoko worked. She had an ease and abandon that made her seem irresistible and, yes, now that he thought of it, pitiable.

But they had come together as lovers, for whatever reason, he couldn't remember clearly. Passion, on his part, most likely. Otherwise, why should he have followed her to Colorado?

She had suddenly moved from Salt Lake City with her husband to this place. The gossip had gotten unbearable, she had written him. But now, after all these years, he was certain that the gossip had more to do with her husband's underhanded dealings, or his gambling debts, than with their liaison. Ah, but why think about it? It was too pathetic. He spat again.

Why don't you go to Hawaii to get one ... why don't you go to Hawaii ... Kiyoko's taunting voice echoed in his inner ear.

And why not?

The idea came to him suddenly, new and daring, like that bright checkered cap he had tried on at the dry goods store last winter.

Why not? It was still possible to bring back a bride from Hawaii: the immigration officials hadn't clamped down on that yet. Yes, he might just do it. It was a way of ... They came to the fore now, those remarks he had heard here and there:

Hawaiian women were wanton and wild; they did not make good wives. It was the weather, you know. Girls reared in warm climates grew up too fast, too fast.

Yamano found himself a little amazed, all at once, that he had never presumed to question any of this, that he had allowed it to light somewhere in the far reaches of his mind and remain there until now, unexamined, like the mole on the back of his neck.

So that was what gave Kiyoko's remark the weight of an insult. He felt a solemn pity for himself and a regret to no one in particular for his moral indolence. It occurred to him that he might be passing into another phase in his life—too late.

"What are you thinking of, resting in a place like this?" Yamano was startled at the voice that intruded into his private thoughts. It was Sakata's wife.

"Oh, nothing special. No, really, I was thinking about my life, if you want to know the truth." He wanted to be polite to the wife of his good friend, even if she had found him in this dissolute condition.

"After all, I'm forty, you know. Still single ... no wife. I drink ... get a headache." He expected her to laugh.

She smiled a half smile. "Without a wife still, eh? Poor man. But of course there are a lot of women in this world, aren't there?"

"Yes, but they are beyond my reach, you see." He said it and instantly regretted it: Sakata's wife would be thinking he was referring to Kiyoko.

"That's only because you are so timid. You know

you really should be more assertive, more forceful ..."

It was the way she said it with her head tilted just that way. Yamano caught on to the drift of her words, almost without knowing it, and was genuinely surprised. They had misunderstood one another from the first.

His best friend's wife. No. He would act as if he hadn't understood her now. He had observed in some vague time in the past that you need understand a woman just once, at exactly the right moment, for her to be bound to you forever.

"Yes, I really do lack backbone, it seems" he said evenly. "But one never knows, Things might change. In fact, just now I was thinking of going to Hawaii to find myself a wife. What do you think of that?"

"Oh ... really! Excuse me." Her face had darkened.

She threw him an unpleasant look—Yamano couldn't tell whether it was scorn or anger—turned quickly, and walked away. All in all, she had handled his rebuff rather well, he decided, as he watched her figure disappear around the bend.

The muted rhythm of a guitar, most likely being strummed by a Mexican, sounded somewhere off in the distance. Yamano picked himself up and walked towards it.

***This was the first chapter of a 20-chapter serial novel, each written by a different writer, which appeared in The Colorado Times in 1926.*

"Osho" was the pen name of Junsuke Takaya, an Issei. The story has been translated from Japanese and adapted by Seizo Oka and Mei Takaya Nakano.



MEI NAKANO, author Takaya's daughter.

Works by Issei reveal humanness

By MEI TAKAYA NAKANO

The writing in that story may surprise some people. It surprised me, and the writer was my father.

My father, an immigrant farmer, wrote for the Japanese language newspaper, *The Colorado Times*, during the 20s and 30s, as did my mother. Through the alertness of Nancy Takaya of West Los Angeles and Betty Takemoto of the University of California-Los Angeles, I recently obtained the long sought-after bound copies of the newspapers in which their writings appear.

Presently, Seizo Oka (director, Japanese History Room, California First Bank, San Francisco), and I are translating and adapting them for publication. In the process of this work, some thoughts have occurred to me which seem worth sharing.

There is a distinct tendency among us Nisei to avoid thinking of our parents as sexual beings—as persons given with the same warm-blooded needs as we; concomitantly, in the eyes of the Sansei, the Issei acquire an almost

saintly virtue and grace.

Common sense tells us that the Issei are, of course, human. After all, how were we given life? And didn't we see that they laughed and cried and went to the toilet like everyone else? Even so, I suggest that when we think of the abstraction, "Issei," we often distill and purify the image and ignore the human sympathies and feelings which lie behind it. In doing so, we purge the Issei of their humanness.

An obvious reason for our conception of the Issei is that they are, as a whole, reluctant to reveal their innermost feelings to others in eyeball-to-eyeball situations; suppression more than expression exerts a stronger cultural pull. Accordingly, it is quite probable that there is an actual gap in our "knowing" them in their deeper human dimensions.

But there is help. And that is to be found in the literature of the Issei. Here, they gossip, preach, teach and lay bare their emotions in amazing candor and detail in their poetry,

essays, stories and narratives.

All of these genres appear in the language newspapers and little of it has been made accessible to the reader of English. Not only that, an astonishing number of books authored by Issei exist, idle on bookshelves for lack of readers. Also, friends have told me that their Issei mother's poems rest in the attic somewhere, or that their father's journal, written during camp days, lies in a cupboard, carefully wrapped in brown paper.

I believe it of great importance and some urgency to get these pieces translated and into the open air, accessible to our folk, if not to the public-at-large.

They are needed.

One thinks of the older generation of Native Americans, how they generally and tragically remain a stiff, stereotypical entity in the eyes of the public, like that wooden storefront image.

Why?

Because we haven't gotten the message of their humanity through their own lips.



Photo by Henry Mizuki
 IN CELEBRATION OF CHILDREN'S DAY. Koinobori were flown in front of St. Louis' City Hall. They were a gift from Suwa, St. Louis' Sister City in Japan.

Pacific Citizen's First Edition

Continued from Page

times. Demand for the well-trained was implicit in the industrial sector which didn't materialize for the Nisei because of racial prejudice, but Iwao at the time was optimistic.

The least developed area, the social and intellectual aspects, was the ground Iwao wanted to cultivate through the Nikkei Shimin. He was certain there were individual examples of quality in social and artistic leadership though the pitfall of imitation and unoriginality stalked the young Nisei.

In many respects, the aspirations of the young Nisei in the late 1920s still rest in the hearts of all people. An opportunity for expression was a primary need then, it reappears with publication of the PC Quarterly.

* * *

The late Saburo Kido was a beacon among Nisei leaders in his young days as a fledgling attorney in San Francisco. He saw the publication of Nikkei Shimin as the "link between the first and second generation Japanese" to resolve the misunderstanding that may be existing and to also portray to the wider community the thinking and activities of Japanese Americans as citizens.

Aware of the power of the pen, Kido counseled the Nikkei Shimin staff held the responsibility "to help mold the second generation members for good or bad" . . . "The sincerity of the staff will make this publication the voice of the American citizens of Japanese ancestry of the Pacific Coast in the near future," he predicted. That it certainly became during World War II when it was the only national publication covering the Japanese American scene.

Today, with the diversity of thought and politics bursting the stereotype of the Japanese American, the PC as well as its publisher, the JAACL, no longer can luxuriate as a spokesman for a half-million people; but on matters of truth and justice, fighting racism and antipathy, no quarter shall be spared. We are still a minority, and we must still fight to insure our hard-fought gains.

The Nikkei Shimin only brings to focus what has transpired and what still needs to be done. As we said up there, history is breathing on this page, and history never fails to challenge an individual, the state, or the world.

** HARRY HONDA has been editor of the PC since its offices were moved to Los Angeles in 1952 from Salt Lake City.

ASIAN TASK FORCE

Continued from Page 9

caused the news media to raise questions about gang activity in the Chinese community here. I feel the situation here is completely under control. As I mentioned earlier, our ties with the Asian community, including the Chinese, are very close. I doubt that we will have any serious trouble here.

In the next few years there will be a constant inflow of foreign-born Asians into the city of Los Angeles, for Los Angeles is the mecca for Asians. The climate is right, many relatives are already here, and their food needs are available. There will be problems; but, as they learn our laws and customs, these problems can be minimized. To ease the load on our Asian Task Force more Asian officers are going through the Police Academy than at any time in our entire history.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. You spoke of gang activities. How does Los Angeles rank nationwide?

A. The gangs in Los Angeles—all gangs in general—do not compare to those gangs in the eastern seaboard cities, or even in Detroit or Chicago. In Los Angeles we take a different

approach than other cities by using a gang detail, crash units, and officers with special languages for this duty. Probably, as a whole, we have more of a gang problem within the Mexican community than any other ethnic group. The reason for this is that we have more Mexican Americans in this area than any other place in the United States.

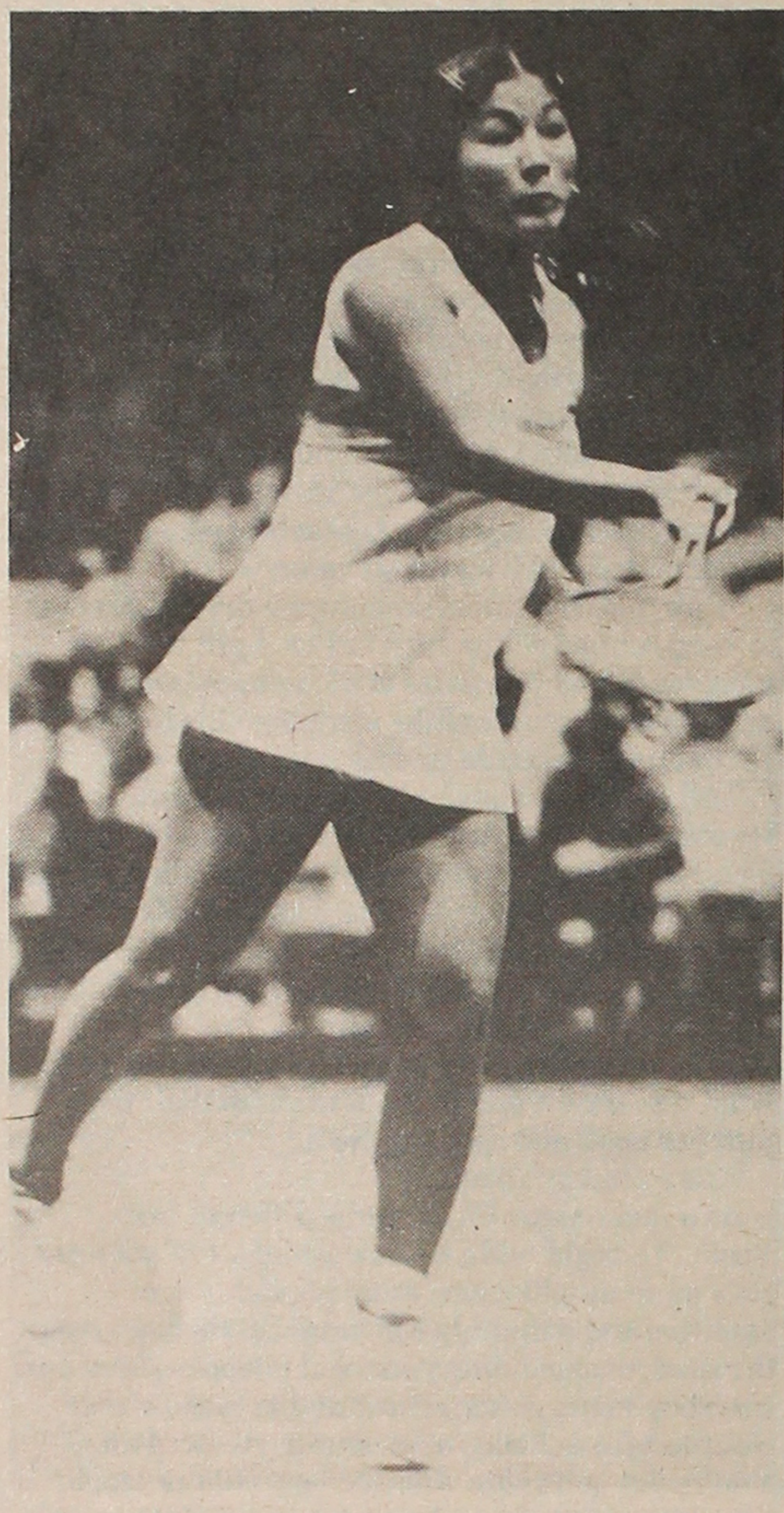
Q. Is your Task Force using the Diversion Program for Juveniles?

A. Yes. We are having good success with Chinatown youngsters and in Koreatown. We do not have the same problem with Japanese children. However, I must point out that there is more difficulty with adults than with children. The adults are not familiar with our laws. The children learn quickly at school and through their associates what they can or cannot do.

Q. Do the refugees from the Korean and Vietnam Wars present a problem?

A. There is a psychological problem with some of these people. They feel that they sided with the United States in the war and, consequently, that the United States owes them something. Some of these people are hard to convince and want to take action into their own hands.

LOVE IS A RACQUET FOR ANN KIYOMURA



By SHARON SUZUKI

Ann Kiyomura is not your typical Japanese girl. Just about the hottest Japanese American sports figure around, she first hit the tennis limelight by becoming prestigious Wimbledon's junior girls' champion at 17, went on to capture the women's doubles competition there at 19, and now plays World Team Tennis for the Los Angeles Strings.

Known as a doubles specialist since the Wimbledon win (in 1976 she was the Ichiban mixed doubles team in WWT with Ray Ruffels, the No. 3 women's doubles team with Mona Guerrant), Ann thinks she prefers doubles since she does better at it. Also because, "... it's more relaxing, and it's playing with somebody else, too—not just playing for yourself—so it's kind of nice to get satisfaction for somebody else besides yourself."

However, she likes playing singles, too, but considers it "a much more difficult game to play."

Doubles or singles, she's been in love with the game since she was seven years old, and a racquet was put in her hands. "Tennis has been almost my whole life," Ann says. "... I probably wouldn't know what to do if I didn't have tennis."

But wait a minute—don't label her an aggressive girl jock yet—Ann says she looks forward to getting married and having a family. And when asked where she'd like to settle down after quitting professional tennis, Ann says, "I'll just go where my husband goes, right?" although she prefers living in California, since she was raised in San Mateo.

Just because she might defer to a husband's wishes on where to live doesn't mean she'll become a docile Japanese housewife. Unlike her friend, Kazuko Sawamatsu (her partner in the Wimbledon ladies' doubles), who retired when she got married, Ann says, "In one way or another, whether as a tournament director or instructor, I'll be doing something in tennis."

Ann especially wants to live in Japan "for a couple of years, to learn the language, maybe teach tennis."

She is more well-known there because "... when we (she and Kazuko) won the Wimbledon, it was a big thing to them." She has an offer to teach youngsters there and would also like to help popularize tennis in Japan. It's considered "almost a rich man's sport, plus there isn't much room for tennis courts because of the land problem," explains Ann.

Her interest in Japan was also nurtured because her mother was a tennis star—ranked third among women—when she lived there for several years before the war. The rest of Ann's family also plays tennis—her father teaches tennis, and her sister won some titles before retiring.

She would like to see tennis become more popular among Japanese Americans, too.

"Maybe we're just not a sports-minded people," she offers, trying to find a reason for minimal JA interest in tennis. "Maybe we're 'make it big in the business world' people."

But that is all for the future.

Asked when she planned to quit professional tennis, Ann says, "I've decided to just take each year, or rather, each month as it comes ... you really can't look that far ahead because maybe you'll have an injury, or you'll no longer want to play. It just depends on what happens."

Ann pointed out that Billie Jean King, who is 32, and Francoise Durr, who is 35, and "some women who are almost in their late 30s" are still doing well.

"I guess they still want to play," she says. "I think if they weren't doing as well as they are, then they would definitely stop there. But someone like Billie Jean King—she's done so much for the game and is still going good—so why stop? She still has a lot to give of herself."

Only 22, Ann still gets a kick out of being on tour. "I like to go places and meet different people," she enthuses. "It's exciting."

She does concede that the frantic pace of the tour isn't exactly a bed of roses.

When asked if it was tough at times, Ann says, "It is, in that it's a lonely life and not a very convenient life—you're living out of hotels." She has also said before that "this is definitely not the best type of situation to make friends in. Everything is so temporary and shallow."

Her schedule now: "About every three months I go home for about one or two weeks. I usually don't get to stay home very much—maybe a month out of the year," Ann says. "I usually like to stay away from home, but the more that I travel, I like to come home, too—you get that way."

Meanwhile, she's in the company of superstars Chris Evert and Ilie Nastase on the Strings' team. Nastase is also their coach, and Ann likes working with him.

"He keeps you very loose because he's always joking, and he makes you relax," she says.

Most coaches "work on you in one specific area—you know, they tell you what you're doing wrong," Ann explains. "He's just not like that. He just gives you encouragement—that's the way he coaches."

Nastase and Ann are now ranked No. 1 for mixed doubles in the WTT league. Playing doubles really seems to be her forte because she's also ranked about sixth in WTT with Chris Evert.

Asked what she thinks is important in doubles, Ann says, "You're lucky if you find someone that you can work with and that you sort of click with, then you're going to do well. That's very important, that the partners get along, because you have to work together as a team."

She claims to have no favorite partner. "I've had different partners throughout the years, and I like playing with different people. I've never had just one person I like to play with," she says.

Although she's the Strings' crack doubles player, Ann doesn't feel life's been different since she joined them, since the media concentrate on "... our two big stars, Chrissie Evert and Nastase. They do most of the work in that area." She seems relieved that she's been able to escape the sort of attention her fellow superstar-teammates have been showered with.

But if she keeps playing the way she has been, the Strings will have one more superstar to offer the public.

** Sharon Suzuki recently joined the PC staff as editorial assistant. She hails from Honolulu where she had been employed by a trade publication firm as assistant to the editor.

Akitas are Numero Uno with Uno

By ROY UNO

For many people, owning a dog is a serious business.

It can be raised for showing, bred for excellence of line, for pride of obedience, or for membership in the American Kennel Club.

For most people, however, dogs are simply for loving. They're household pets with mixed pedigrees, but if they happen to be purebred, that's all right, too.

This is a tale about dogs for lovin'. They're a couple of purebred Akitas named Yoshi and Fuji—and they belong to me.

Yoshi was born of parents from Japan and was the only female in a litter of four. Like many Issei parents, her mom and dad came to this country without papers, but she is every bit a thoroughbred Akita. The reason she is an "undocumented alien" is because only as recently as 1972 have Akitas been recognized by the AKC.

Yoshi has a deep, black muzzle that blends nicely into a white blaze on top of her nose. The blaze continues under her chin and spreads into a snow white chest. She is a traditional red or "akagoma" with a tightly-curved tail tipped in white. She weighs about 80 pounds but has a brother that weighs 130 pounds.

Our household has always had a dog, from a small "57 Variety" to a more recent acquisition, a beagle. They were house dogs and very little trouble.

When we had an offer to take in a three-year-old, 80-pound Akita, I put my foot down and said, "No way! No big dogs for me." The wife, however, said it would be an "outside" dog and that the beagle would be the "inside" dog.

Well, the outside dog was brought over for a trial and chained to a tree in our back yard.

There is no way that anyone is going to go near an Akita that bares its teeth, growls and lunges at you. So she was fed, watered and left alone. After several days, she calmed down somewhat—enough to turn her loose in the back yard.

True to her breed that dates back over 300 years in Japan, this Akita is a fiercely loyal dog that has to feel she belongs. It took Yoshi a month of tender loving care to convince her that her new home was with us and that she really belonged. A nice, comfortable dog house on our patio made her feel that perhaps it wasn't such a bad place after all—except for that brash beagle that pranced around inside the house.

Yoshi lasted as an outside dog for about another month until one day the wife conveniently left the sliding glass door ajar about a foot and whaddya



know—we had another inside dog.

As an inside dog, a female Akita is surprisingly well behaved. An 80-pound dog could act like a bull in a China closet, but Yoshi proved to be very docile. We are pleased to discover they are not big eaters and are rather clean dogs. But they do shed. Oh, do they shed. They have long, straight outer hair and a very thick, short, fuzzy hair—perfect for protection from the cold or rain—but otherwise, most aggravating.

A year later, we thought, "How nice if Yoshi had some Akita puppies!" Little did we realize what we were getting into. Most people have had dogs that had puppies, and it usually wasn't any big thing. Case in point—we ourselves had a Heinz-type dog that had a litter of pups under the house and another litter in the children's sandbox. They were all healthy pups, and no one really paid too much attention.

Not so with Yoshi. She was bred to a fine-looking stud at an Akita kennel, and it was soon evident there were going to be more Akitas around our household. As the eventful evening approached (they never have them during the middle of the day), I said, "Let her go off in the corner some place . . . she'll be OK."

So who was sitting up with the mother-to-be at 3 in the morning?

That's right. Me.

Now any other dog would have had her litter in a couple of hours, but Yoshi was different. She started at 4 a.m. and finished at 3 p.m. the next day. During those 11 hours, she had nine Akita puppies—six males and three females.

To house the nine furry bundles plus their mother, we gave up the ping pong table. The base was wrapped with chicken wire, with a gate for Yoshi. A shag rug and lotsa newspapers completed the boudoir.

This lasted about four weeks, and then out they

went—into another corral on the patio. Life with the puppies was fun, especially with Akita puppies because they were so strong and grew so rapidly.

The heartbreaking part of having puppies is that one by one they have to leave you. So Taisho, Akiyo, Kenji, Riki, Yukio, Momoyo, Mitsie and Kimiko hopefully have found nice homes. That just left us with Fuji. Here is a log on Fuji as documented at the age of six months.

"Fuji, the cute little Akita puppy that we decided to keep, turned six-months old on April 21. The monster tipped the scales at 85 pounds—in six months he already weighs more than his mother!

"Fuji is destruction in a fur coat.

"All plants and bushes not protected with fencing have been denuded of foliage up to three feet. He tips over our redwood planter tubs, spreads the contents over the patio, and another plant has bitten the dust. The plastic sprinkler cans have had their spouts chewed off, and it's tough to pick them up because the handles are gone.

"The crowning blow is what two dogs can do to what was once a dichondra lawn with their daily number one's and number two's.

"It's a stinkin' shame."

As a male Akita, Fuji is quite different from Yoshi. To begin with, he now weighs 105 pounds. He's more mischievous, more playful, more assertive and definitely a chauvinist. He has a deep-throated, commanding bark, and nobody—from our newsboy to the police officer on the beat—would want to take a chance at attempting to pet Fuji. You're not quite sure whether he would or would not—bite, that is—so why take a chance? What more can you ask of a watch dog?

Now, in the house—yes, Fuji was another of the wife's "outside" dogs—he is rather quiet but ever alert. His bear-like appearance gives him a somewhat comical look, but don't let it deceive you. As lovable and huggable as he is, Fuji is all business when he wants to be. In other words, don't mess around. But I wouldn't trade him for 25 toy poodles or 15 Yorkshire terriers or 10 Doberman Pinschers.

Besides, what other dogs would eat chazuke and ko-ko?

Uno wanted readers to know he is not an Akita expert nor even a dog expert. He is only answering for Yoshi and Fuji. A former PC Board chairman, Uno today heads a graphic arts section at Beckman Instruments and continues to assist the Orange County JACL publish its monthly newsletter in which his "Off the Cuff" column appears.

—Editor.

By ANNA ERIKO PETERSON

TWA offers "getaway" packages, but St. Louisans don't need an airplane to escape the hustle and bustle of big city living. Nestled in a 14-acre corner of the Missouri Botanical Garden in south St. Louis is Seiwa-En, the garden of pure and clear harmony.

Seiwa-En, the largest traditional Japanese garden in North America, is located in a metropolitan area claiming less than 1,500 persons of Japanese ancestry in a population of over 2,300,000.

Why is Seiwa-En situated in St. Louis instead of San Francisco, Seattle, or Washington, D.C.?

"The Japanese Garden was in many ways the brainchild of members of the local Japanese American Citizens League, said Carl L.A. Beckers, Honorary Consul General for Japan in St. Louis. "Their perseverance, plus a little luck, were the right ingredients for success."

Due to the efforts of members like Richard Henmi, George Hasegawa, and Jackson Eto, the JACL in the early 1960s began to gather funds for a

small Japanese garden. They sponsored events such as an Autumn Festival and a sukiyaki dinner for 600 persons.

By the mid-1960s about \$5,000 had been raised, enabling the chapter in 1973 to initially retain Professor Koichi Kawana of the University of California-Los Angeles as architect to the project.

The decade before 1973 was difficult for the JACLers, as they, under the leadership of Sam Nakano, Garden Committee chairman, attempted to keep the project afloat while seeking a site for a small garden. Finally, in 1972 Dr. Peter Raven, newly-appointed director of the Missouri Botanical Garden, indicated that a large Japanese garden might fit in a master plan being developed for the botanical garden.

In its final form, Seiwa-En encompasses 14 acres at a cost of \$1.5 million. The plaque at the Garden's entrance credits the JACL with "inspiring" the Japanese Garden. Yet, Seiwa-En symbolizes a cooperative effort which includes not only Japanese Americans, but members of area businesses,

organizations, and individuals whose financial and moral support have made the Japanese Garden a reality.

How do the Japanese Americans in St. Louis feel about Seiwa-En?

"All the Japanese people in St. Louis are very proud of the Japanese Garden," said Paul Maruyama, an Issei, who was presented with the Fifth Class Order of the Sacred Treasure at the time of the Japanese Garden dedication last year. "They are proud of it, and they want others to feel the same."

"A couple of years ago I took Akira Tohei, the aikido expert from Chicago, and several of his students on a tour of Seiwa-En," said Linda Peterson, who is half-Japanese. "As I conducted the tour, I became nervous because Mr. Tohei was so silent. I thought he might not like the Japanese Garden," she said.

"Then, suddenly he said something in Japanese to one of his students, and I turned anxiously to wait for the interpretation," said Peterson. "It was, 'Mr. Tohei said that he wants to open a dojo in St. Louis so that he can come and contemplate in the Japanese Garden.'"

"I breathed a sigh of relief," she said.

"Last year, I took a Japanese American friend who was visiting me to see the Japanese Garden," said George Sakaguchi, twice St. Louis president and presently MDC Governor. "We were too late for admittance, and so we stood outside and looked in at Seiwa-En. Two repairmen in a Sears truck were sitting alongside the road eating sandwiches, and I guess they thought we were visitors from Japan. They came up to us and started telling us all about 'their' garden, and you could tell that they were really proud of it."

"It made me feel really good to know that the Japanese Garden is appreciated by such a wide range of people," said Sakaguchi.

"Seiwa-En is much larger than I thought it would be," said Pauline Sakahara, a Nisei who has been actively creating bonsai and ikebana arrangements for many years. "When I was young, I studied in New York. After I moved to St. Louis, I still remember the Japanese garden I used to see in Brooklyn. I always hoped we'd have one in St. Louis too."

"So, for me, along with pride, came a real feeling of happiness that my dream's come true," said Sakahara.

How do the Sansei feel about the Japanese Garden?

The overall opinion is that they find Seiwa-En impressive because of its size and layout, although as Ed Shimamoto said, "It's really neat, even though I don't know much about Japanese gardens."

His sister, Lynn, a freelance architect, donates one day of her time each week to working at Seiwa-En. Here, she trims bushes, rakes gravel, and learns more about Japanese gardens and culture.

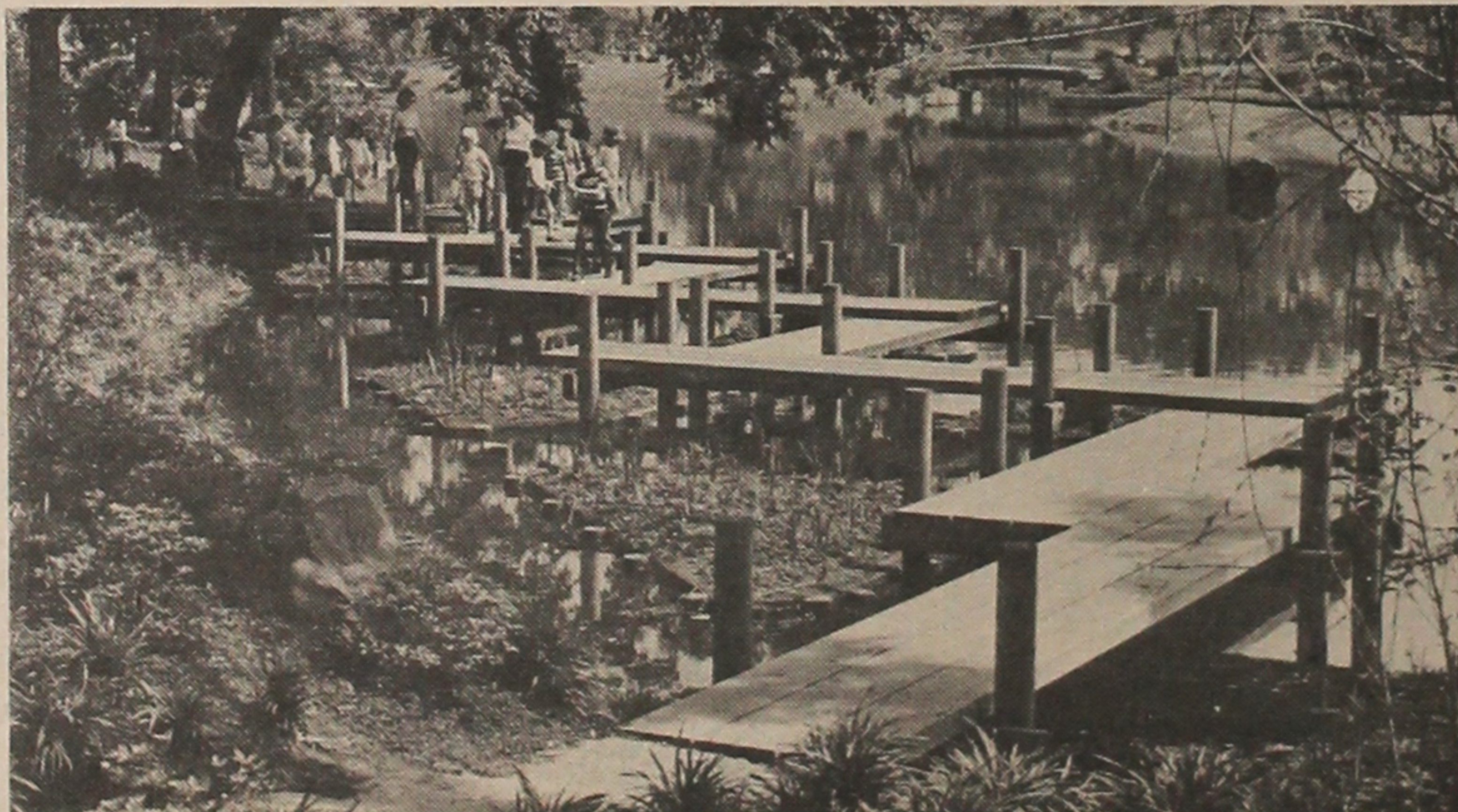
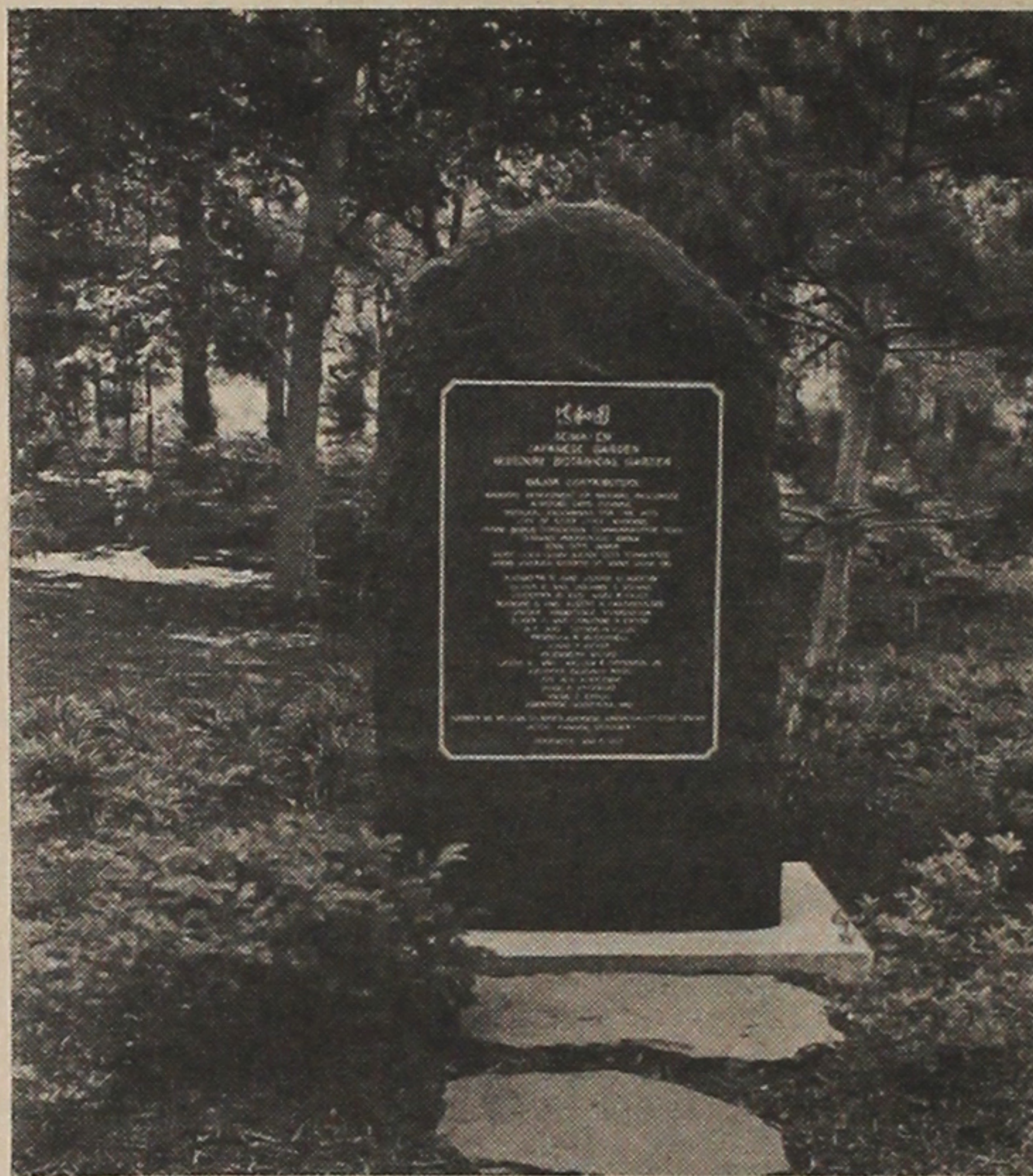
"I'm sure that if I asked my daughter what she thinks of Seiwa-En, she'd say it's pretty," said Ann Hattori about Robin, her eight-year-old Sansei daughter. "But I think she doesn't realize that there's anything Japanese about it. Hopefully, that realization will come with age and education," she added.

"Of course, there are a certain number of Japanese Americans who prefer not to be identified with a project such as the Japanese Garden," said George Sakaguchi. "These JAs are afraid that Seiwa-En will reinforce certain stereotypes of Japan as a land of tea houses and geishas, and that by virtue of association, it will be assumed that JAs are also like this."

Yet, these Japanese Americans are few. Most JAs are delighted with the Japanese Garden and point to it with pride. They tell their friends and neighbors about it and take visitors to view it whenever possible. When they tell someone else about the Japanese Garden, they aren't concerned with the color of the other person's skin. They know that the Japanese Garden isn't only for the Japanese.

It's for everyone.

St. Louis, St. Louis, How did your garden grow?



ABOVE—The commemorative stone in Seiwa-En.

BELOW—Yatsushashi Bridge, one of the unique features in the Japanese Garden.

Photos Courtesy of Missouri Botanical Garden

** Peterson is a grants writer with the Office of International Studies at Washington University in St. Louis, Mo.

Memories of the Past Recorded for the Future

By DOUGLAS GREEN

On December 7, 1941, the day Pearl Harbor was bombed, Amy Uno Ishii, a Nisei working as a live-in maid and babysitter, was sent home by her employer.

"You had better stay at home until we can get the FBI to clear you," she was told.

Having worked for the family four years, she tried to reason—"I haven't tried to poison you yet, and I'm not going to try now."

Riding the street car to her parents' home in San Marino, she noticed the reaction of people to the advent of war. "There was too much shock to point the finger at me and say anything. I felt like an ant. I wanted to shrivel up into nothing.

"By the time I got home, FBI agents were there, tearing up the floorboards, taking bricks out of the fireplace and looking through the attic."

The agents were looking for contraband—weapons, maps, radios—anything to indicate subversive activities. No search warrants were presented. Eventually Ishii's father was arrested and incarcerated—his whereabouts unknown to the rest of the family.

A friend phoned a few weeks later to inform Ishii's family the father might be held at the site of an old Civilian Conservation Corps camp in Los Angeles County. Ishii and her sisters and brothers found the camp had been turned into a collection center for suspected subversive Japanese Americans. The girls managed to attract their father's attention and threw him toiletries over the barbed-wire fence.

Some weeks later, they were informed the prisoners—300 of them—were to be gathered at the train station in Glendale. The girls went to the station bound for an unknown destination.

"... all of those men looked so aged and tired, and when we saw our father we just had to cry because the change had been so drastic," Ishii remembered. Before he was taken away, he was able to shout, "Be good, take care!"

The experience is not unlike others Nisei remember from World War II. However, this account has been recorded for posterity—it is from a collection of over a hundred interviews and documents in the Japanese American Oral History Project at California State University, Fullerton, now directed by David A. Hacker. The project nominally originated in 1972, the 30th year after the imprisonment of 110,000 Japanese Americans situated on the United States' West Coast. The program is largely student-oriented, many earning college credits for gathering and processing interviews.

Originators of the project, Dr. Arthur A. Hansen and Betty E. Mitson coedited a book *Voices Long Silent: An Oral Inquiry into the Japanese American Evacuation* which incorporates essays and oral documents drawn from the collection.

The forward to the book records a question asked by an NBC newsman to an ex-internee of Manzanar: "How many people are buried in the cemetery?"

The answer sums up the total picture for relocation victims . . .

"A whole generation. A whole generation of Japanese who are now so frightened that they will not talk. They're quiet Americans. They're all buried here."

Sue Kunitomi, who is active in Nikkei issues and particularly in respect to the relocation, defined the goals of oral history in her interview as that of trying to discover the total story of these silent Americans.

The concept of oral history is a fairly recent development in education—one that some do not accept as a substantial historical tool because it is personal history, participant history. Supporters, however, disregard the need for "expert" data, hoping to add to the store of historical knowledge, or to invalidate or verify stereotypes and generalizations through personal analysis of events.

"The strength of oral history is that it is a corrective tool for categories and generalizations that have been elevated to a state of reality," Hansen said.

The Japanese American project has developed into a healthy collection of interviews—so much so that areas beyond relocation have been pursued. One current study, "Bronzeville," concerns Los Angeles' Little Tokyo, its wartime occupation by blacks and the subsequent postwar reoccupation by Japanese Americans.

Another book published by the project, *Camp and Community*, is a collection of interviews on the wartime experiences of Caucasians who lived near or worked in the Manzanar camp in the Owens Valley.

The entire CSUF Oral History Program is a comprehensive, diversified look at many historical subjects. Originated by Dr. Gary Shumway, the program currently has several projects, such as: Southeastern Utah, Richard M. Nixon, and Anaheim, Fullerton, and San Juan Capistrano Community collections.

The cooperation given by the Nisei to government authority during the relocation is a mystifying point to Americans—particularly Sansei—today. But throughout the interviews, the theme of cooperation is fairly consistent. The Nisei felt they had to respect authority. Only in this way could they prove their loyalty to the United States.

"... when they tell you to move, you move," Roy Uno, a Manzanar internee, said. "You don't really question too much. You may question it, but you don't openly ask."

Other Japanese Americans, however, did not obey Executive Order 9066, which ordered the evacuation. Gordon Hirabayashi, arrested for curfew violations and failure to report for evacuation, took his case to the Supreme Court in 1943. The Court upheld the ruling of a lower court, sending him to prison. Having tested the law to the fullest extent,

Hirabayashi obeyed it—to an almost unbelievable degree.

Because no transportation was provided for him, he had to hitchhike through several states to get to prison. When he arrived, he found prison officials were not expecting him. He slept the first night on an office floor.

Hirabayashi's story stands in contrast to that of Joseph Kurihara, a U.S. citizen and World War I veteran, who at the outset of the Second World War, applied for a job transporting bombers to the East Coast. He found that his documents—a Master of Ship (navigator) license and an honorable discharge—were worthless, "because I was a Jap."

Upon discovering he was under investigation, Kurihara wrote, "This gave me the first repulsive feeling which had taken root and grown with bitter experience, mounting from day to day."

The letter, in which Kurihara describes his frustration and disgust and the Manzanar riot which left two dead, ends with his renouncing his citizenship and pledging allegiance to the Imperial Japanese cause.

The bitterness, the struggle, the hopelessness and the rare happy moments are all recorded. The lighthearted memories came mostly from the younger internees—teenagers who felt, as one internee called it—a kind of "adventure" for the first time away from home.

An interview with Elaine S. Okimoto, a Poston internee, revealed that after a while, the camps "became liveable." Okimoto, a rural farm girl, enjoyed the increased social contact and the sports of the camp. She described the "lovely flower beds" and the swimming pool built by the inmates.

In the beginning, however, the setting was not so attractive. It took time and a familiarity with the isolated locations before the camps were transformed into places remotely resembling home.

Okimoto remembered her arrival: "It was just a desolate desert land. As we approached our destination, we saw rows and rows of black tar paper shacks with no greenery around."

Caucasians were not immune from the impact of the evacuation. Just hearing stories from a friend, Katherine Krater, a resident of the Owens Valley, was touched by the poignancy of the separation of two internees.

A young Japanese girl was saying goodbye to her fiance, who had been released from Manzanar to go into the Army.

"She was so composed and so undemonstrative when she was bidding him goodbye, and here she was standing and holding the barbed-wire fence with the barbs cutting her hand, and she never even knew it," Krater said her friend told her. The friend asked the girl how she could endure such a thing.

The reply—"Well, we're Orientals, and we bleed inside."

**Green is a journalism student at California State University, Fullerton.

ON YOUR MARK, GET SET... GO

By JON INOUE

It took Americans quite a while to discover the game of backgammon but once they did, it became the darling of jetsetters and trendy people nationwide. Now it seems they've discovered Go, as well.

Go, an ancient game from the Orient, has finally begun to catch on here after centuries of obscurity in the western world. Its popularity still lags well behind backgammon, but already Go appears to be crossing a multitude of racial and ethnic lines as its popularity increases.

Go clubs have begun to spring up here and there, attracting people from all walks of life who find the board game challenging.

In L.A.'s Little Tokyo, for example, a local Go club meets every Tuesday night, boasting among its membership Issei, Nisei, Chicanos, a couple of USC professors, a mathematician, computer programmers—In short, a healthy cross-section of people interested in some intellectual entertainment.

Just what exactly is Go?

It can be described as a game for two, played with pebbles on a board of 361 squares.

The game originated in China some 4,000 years ago. Its basic concept then spread to Japan through Korea, reaching Japan around the fifth century A.D.

One expert, who lectures to beginners at the Go Club, said the game is an all-out exercise for the mind. A game is the "smallest way of looking at it" he said. "The largest way of looking at it is a 'way,' a 'do,' like Bushi-do or karate-do, coupled with some philosophy or self-improvement or virtue, etc. But you don't want to get into that stuff."

Some day, enthusiasts like to believe, Go may become as popular as chess. Go tournaments are held periodically throughout the U.S., mostly on the East and West Coasts, where the majority of clubs are located.

Obviously compared with Japan, the opportunities for Go players are relatively limited here. In the U.S., most if not all of the players are amateurs. In Japan, however, there is both prestige and money to be derived from the game.

Japan supports some 400 professional Go players who compete for money titles. There are also numerous magazines and newsletters published on the game. Newspapers sponsor most of the prize monies and run large columns on the progress of tournaments. Money titles can go as high as \$86,000, and some Go professionals can make \$100,000 a year—if they're good.

Though this game may be immensely popular in the Orient, it has only recently spread to western nations.

Dr. Richard Dolen, who frequently attends the Little Tokyo Go Club, is an amateur player. Dolen, a former New Yorker of Russian ancestry, can speak and read Japanese. He graduated with a PhD from

Caltech in theoretical physics and is currently the assistant to the dean of Natural Sciences and Mathematics at USC.

What attracts people like Dolen to the Go Club? How did they get involved with Go?

"In Go," Dolen said, "there's enormous variety. Every game is different. When you play, it involves your total personality. It's not just how much you know about the game. It's how much patience you have, or how much courage you have, or how much imagination you have, and also that of your opponent."

Dolen's estimation of himself as a Go player—"Oh, I'm pretty good. I'm an amateur fifth dan player."

Go has its roots in the feudal past of the East. The idea of the game is to capture "territory," the land being the number of points on the board.

Pebbles are placed on the points—one side is white, the other black—like chess. The idea is to place your pebbles down on the board and "surround" a space (or threaten to surround a space). The entire board simply represents the land to be claimed by both sides. When all the land is claimed (surrounded by white or black pebbles), the game ends. The person with the most land wins.

"Chess is almost a simple game by comparison," Dolen said. "In chess there's usually one major battle that's fought very intensely. At the end of the battle, one side is either very definitely ahead, or the sides are even. Go, on the other hand, is many battles. They go on simultaneously all over the board, so it's much more interesting."

To a beginner, the game may look a bit complicated, requiring great concentration to keep track of the different moves.

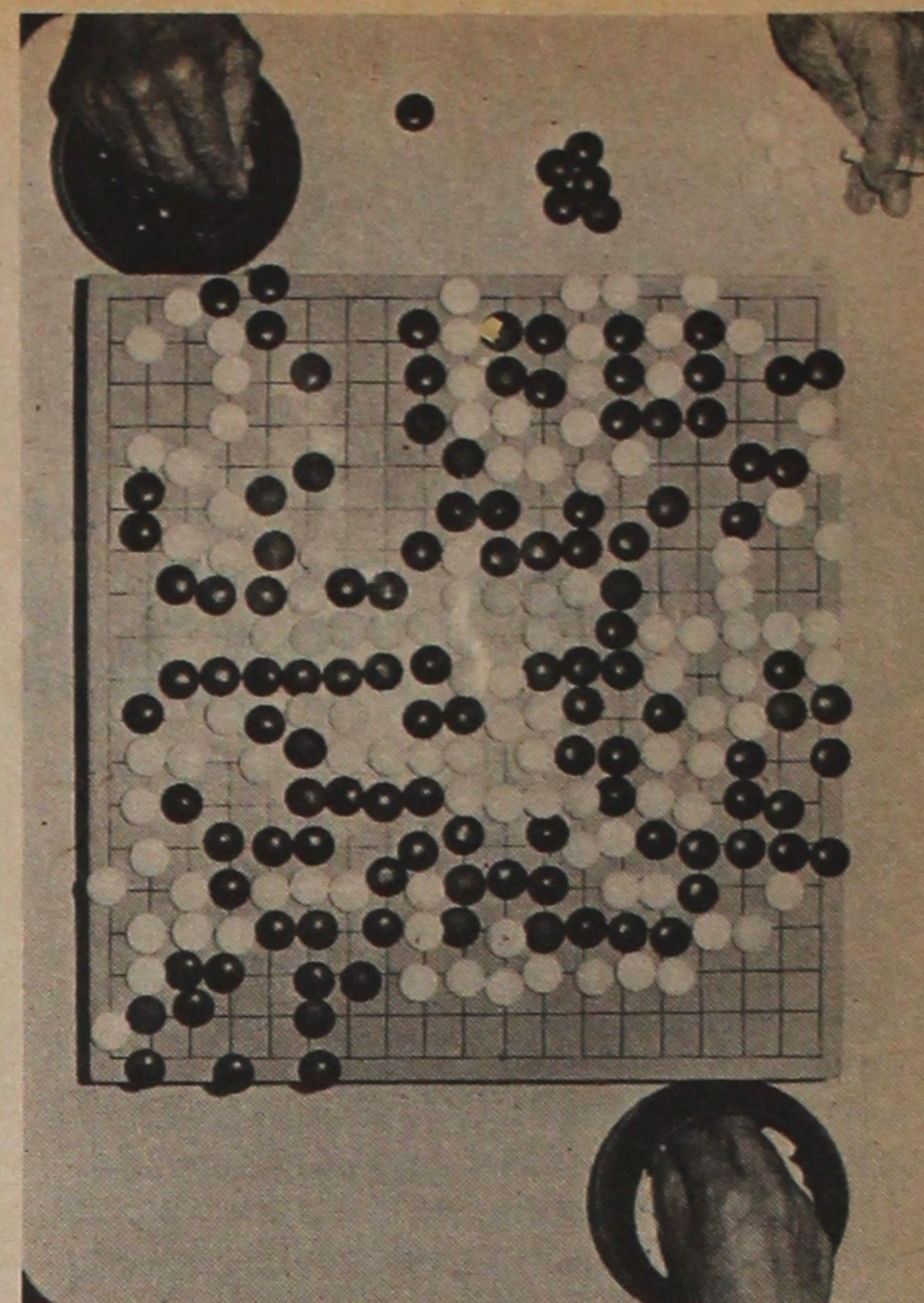
"It's a little difficult to get into," said another Go player. "But once you get into it, it's more fascinating than any other game. It's a battle, and yet it goes along with your mind rather than your body. Some people like the fighting, some people just like to be philosophical . . ."

Go is similar to the martial arts in that it requires skill, patience and practice. Like judo or karate, the expertise of a player is reflected in what "belt" he wears. Go has a ranking system of "kyus" and "dans."

A beginner usually starts out at the 32nd kyu. As he wins more tournaments and rises in ability, he works up the ranks to 1st kyu. When he is a master, he reaches his first dan, followed by second dan, and so on. This is like the "dans" of judo or karate black belts, when a martial arts master becomes a first, second or third dan black belt.

Go also has a handicap system which makes it possible for an expert player to compete with a beginner.

One Nikkei who frequents the club has been playing Go for years. To many Issei, Nisei and native Japanese, Go is a kind of cultural thing.



—Photo by Gary Miyatake

"After awhile," he said, "these things become automatic."

A man with a great deal of nervous energy, this Nikkei stands up while he plays, or whistles several tunes. Incredibly, he wins a great many games.

Dr. Dave Dows, a professor of chemistry at USC lived in Japan for five months and became interested in the culture.

Back in Los Angeles, he saw an advertisement in a newspaper about a Go lecture. He attended and has been an avid player ever since. Dows also said he feels every game is different, offering a greater challenge than a western game like chess. "The first few games may look familiar," he says, "but after awhile, each game becomes different. The game is much more challenging because the board is twice as big as a chess board in each direction.

"Many of the people I see here are non-Japanese," Dows continues. "For Japanese . . . it's a cultural experience. They've been exposed to it. The non-Japanese who come here tend to be technically oriented. They're a lot of scientists, theoretical physicists, mathematicians, computer people."

To the elderly Issei and Nisei, Go doubles not only as an intellectual pursuit but also as a social club. A Korean Go club in Los Angeles attracts younger enthusiasts, while the Little Tokyo Go Club normally draws elderly Nikkei and players of all nationalities.

With such a wide assortment of people playing Go, it is possible to distinguish different personalities at work in each game. An observer to a night of Go competition can attest to this.

Some Orientals sit stoically in meditative concentration, while others sing and joke.

"There was one really feisty little guy here," recalled Dows. "He never puts his stones gently on the board. They always go BANG on the board. And there are some people who are much more gentle."

In one sense, Go reflects the game of life. To some, Go is a miniature form of real estate grabbing. To the mathematician and scientist, Go is an "intellectual pursuit, a mental exercise." The opportunist may think Go is a lesson for geopolitics on 361 squares. And to many, there is simply the pleasure and the fun and the company of it all.

"There are two ways of playing the game," Dows said. "One of them is going for the territory first, the other is to go out and attack all the time, and wait till much later when the territory comes. So you'll see one guy with rock solid territory, heavily defended, but with relatively small amounts, while the other guy is spread out all over the board with power everywhere but no big territory fixed yet."

Dolen, on the other hand, shuns all the complex explanations. To him, Go is simply "the world's greatest game."

**Inouye is an author and freelance writer living in Hollywood.

Bonsai: little art form growing big

By ELLIOTT ALMOND

As is true the world over, the Japanese art form has been handed down through the centuries by master craftsmen dedicated solely to the pursuit of perfection.

Bonsai, the art of drawing a tree for display in a garden or home, is a centuries-old discipline which has become increasingly popular in this country. Bonsai artists use copper wire and pruning shears to recreate the effects of nature on their trees at home. The miniature trees—many only a foot high—are molded by the artist into a variety of shapes.

Indeed, the central purpose behind bonsai is to copy nature in miniature. When done successfully, the smaller trees portray the elegance of their giant counterparts in the woods.

"The enjoyment of bonsai is creating the remarkable things in nature," said Ben T. Suzuki, one of the foremost bonsai experts in the United States. Suzuki, an ornamental horticulturalist, has been practicing the art for more than 30 years now and currently teaches more bonsai classes than anyone in this country.

Suzuki spreads himself around—teaching 77 classes between Santa Barbara and San Diego. He is an instructor of bonsai at UCLA, Pasadena City College, L.A. City College, East Los Angeles College, L.A. Harbor College, Pierce College, Santa Barbara City College and offers adult education courses through the Los Angeles Unified School District.

"I teach two to three classes a day," he said.

Suzuki's work has received worldwide acclaim. He was presented the Ryoku Haku Ju Yu Koo Sho for distinguished achievement in the field of bonsai and is actively involved in a number of bonsai organizations, including the Nippon Bonsai Association, Nippon Satsuki Association and the L.A. Bonsai Club. He is the founding president of the Akebono Society of Southern California.

Suzuki, who lives in Montebello, is originally from Hawaii, where his father had several bonsai trees in their front yard.

"I was never interested then," he recalled. In fact, he did not take up the hobby until he moved to the mainland. Even his early years in Japan did not prepare him for what would become a life's work.

"Now it's my whole life," Suzuki said. "I started it as a hobby, but now it is everything to me. I don't know anything else. I'm not interested in baseball or football, but talk about bonsai and I'm ready to listen."

Like many others, Suzuki's introduction to bonsai was frustrating. He took up the art under the tutelage of oldtime expert Frank Iura, who helped landscape Suzuki's home in traditional Japanese fashion. Iura demanded a total commitment—a bonsai collection cannot flourish on its own.

The perseverance may have been slow coming, but now that he has it, Suzuki shows no sign of ever letting up.

"I haven't taken a vacation in the last 10 years," he said, "and as long as I see people who are interested in bonsai, then I'll continue to teach."

Schwarz, for one, is glad that people like Suzuki are around to share the secrets of bonsai, an art once thought to possess an Oriental mystique.

"Southern California is blessed with a large Japanese population who are into bonsai," he said. "The best people outside of Japan are doing it here." The area's physical geography is also conducive to the bonsai fancier, Schwarz added.



Most trees simply will not accommodate the needs of the bonsai artist; however, the California Juniper in the high desert region make perfect subjects.

"On my first bonsai hunting trip, I had no idea of what to expect," Schwarz recalled. "We left Orange County at 3 a.m. and drove to the Mojave Desert. My instructor, Harry Hirao, has permission to hunt the trees on someone's private property."

It is not unusual, Schwarz said, to hike up to four miles through the desert looking for the right one.

"And then you've got to lug it back to the car. It's exhausting carrying an 80-100-pound tree four miles. And it may take an hour just to dig the tree up."

Schwarz said some of the oldtimers, small men weighing slightly over 100 pounds themselves, can carry enormous loads. It's a lesson in humility for the younger, more inexperienced hunters.

Unfortunately, most of the backbreaking effort is for naught since only a small proportion of the trees ever make it in the backyard. Despite the constant care, the majority simply cannot adjust to a new environment and perish.

"The surviving percentage is just not that high," Suzuki said. "Some of these junipers' roots are 20- to 30-feet from the stem. When you dig up the tree, you can't always get all the roots."

Bonsai fanciers, like others who find themselves in close contact with nature in its wild state, are extremely aware of the need to conserve trees.

"For every tree that I've dug up, I've walked past 2,000 others that didn't have the proper characteristics to be used for bonsai," Schwarz said. "There's only a small number of trees that can be taken."

Despite the hardships, bonsai enthusiasts continue to make their treks to the desert in search of that elusive tree which lends itself to the art. The true fancier will pass up the easy way out; that is,

purchasing a tree from a nursery. The reason is twofold. First, nurseries rarely stock plants which fit the bonsai artist's needs; and second, when they do have trees, the cost is prohibitive.

"You can pay between \$60 and \$80 for a medium-sized tree from a nursery," Schwarz said. "And the pot is going to cost upwards of \$40."

Thus, some people have begun seeding their own cuttings as a means of raising more trees. Since the tree will not mature in only one generation, seeding is used primarily as a means of passing the art of bonsai down the family line.

In Japan, where bonsai became an integral part of the culture, the art dates back more than 1,500 years.

"With each new generation, the trees were changed a little," Suzuki said. "That's what makes bonsai so interesting. The trees are always changing."

But it wasn't the aesthetics of the art which helped its migration to these shores. American soldiers stationed in Japan after World War II became acquainted with bonsai and many, upon their return to the states, brought the hobby home with them.

Today, bonsai is an accessible art to most of the West Coast, but it is nearly impossible to master without first having the proper instruction.

"You must learn the basics before anything else," Suzuki said. "If you don't then you'll find out later that something went wrong."

"The average person looks at nature a half mile away," he continued. "People are trained to view from a distance. In bonsai, they must look at it closer."

"Suzuki said when an artist tips a tree forward, it gives the illusion of looking larger than it actually is. Conversely, when tipped backwards, it looks smaller. In bonsai, he said, lines are everything. The lines of the tree play the most important role in influencing the eye. Styles can range from upright to slants to windswept views."

"But how do you go about distinguishing the true masterpiece from an amateurish job? According to Suzuki, it is difficult."

"It's an individualistic endeavor," he said. "It's very subjective as all art is. Each person has his or her own view of what nature looks like."

"Reputation has a lot to do with it," Schwarz said. "Everyone follows some basic rules, but after that it's hard to say what is really good or not."

The main thing to remember, the experts say, is to always strive to create realistic impressions of nature for viewing in the home. In Southern California, at least, where the countryside is fast giving way to uncontrolled urban sprawl, bonsai may be as close to nature as many people will get.

** ELLIOTT ALMOND is a staff writer for the Los Angeles Times' Orange County edition.

Remembering Larry Tajiri

By SACHI SEKO

Larry said the proper way to enjoy the meal was by ladling a heaping spoonful of thick, chicken gravy over the potatoes. Sliding his serving across the table to me, he said starch was fattening for him. He thought I could use a few additional pounds. I detested mashed potatoes, but under his observant eye, obediently swallowed each mouthful. His approval meant that much to me.

That was a long time ago, when I was someplace between being a girl and a woman, when I yearned to be older. In an attempt to contrive age, I carefully covered my head with a hat, carried clean, white gloves. It was important to appear proper and adult when invited to lunch by Larry Tajiri, editor of the Pacific Citizen, at the old Mayflower Cafe.

The hats were discarded when he gently told me that Salt Lake City dress standards did not require women to cover their hair.

He was responsible for my first experience in PC print. When I was eighteen, fresh out of high school and Gila, he told me, "You write it, and I'll publish it."

After mailing the first piece, I prepared for a polite rejection. He printed it and all the other bits and pieces that followed.

Sometimes, he sent small notes of praise. Although I knew the writing deserved much less, it was heady stuff coming from him. I have always considered Larry Tajiri the finest Japanese American journalist. So I saved his notes like love letters.

The man was special to me. It is commonly accepted that people write mainly for themselves. This is true to a large degree. But I have also written for Larry.

He was the first to tell me that writers must not attempt to win the assent of others. If you want to be one of the crowd or expect to win popularity polls, find another game, he advised. Say your piece, write the truths as you know it, he urged. Be yourself.

He made it sound so simple. Perhaps it was for him.

I knew Larry through his writing before I met him. During those concentra-

tion camp years, I waited for the weekly PC. Larry was our voice on the outside, saying, "No," to the lies that peppered powerful papers across our land. His was sometimes the only voice of truth.

Week after week, on a battered keyboard, he waged war against American injustice. To us, helpless within the fence, he symbolized hope. The eloquence of his language was a strong sword against discrimination.

Prejudice comes in different colors. I was too young and naive to know this—incarceration had made me believe that oppression was a white

privilege.

One night after the war, Larry asked me to join him on a radio panel discussion. A multi-racial group participated in an exchange of ideas on civil rights. It was the first time I observed him as a speaker. I still remember how impressed the black participants were with his knowledge of black history, particularly literature.

He knew more about their people than they did.

After the radio program was over, we continued the dialogue on the street. Someone suggested we take the informal meeting to a restaurant. At that time, many public places re-

fused service to blacks.

Larry suggested a Japanese-operated restaurant. Somebody said, "They don't serve Negroes there, either."

Larry said it was time they were tested, too.

There were two of us who were yellow, some whites and blacks. He reasoned they couldn't object to a mixed party. I guess he noticed the apprehension on my face, because taking my arm, he escorted me in. Noticing a large, unoccupied table, he arranged our seating, like a host in his house.

Although there was little business that Sunday night, the cafe personnel stud-

iously avoided coming to our table. The group pretended not to notice the slight and engaged in animated conversation. Finally, a waiter came over to take our order.

It was my first political act.

Later Larry said, "That wasn't so hard, was it? If you want to write, you're going to have to stand for something."

In recent years, I have had occasion to refer to this advice. Sometimes people accuse me of being against their beliefs and practices. They say I am negative. I am sorry it never occurs to them that I am writing from my position.

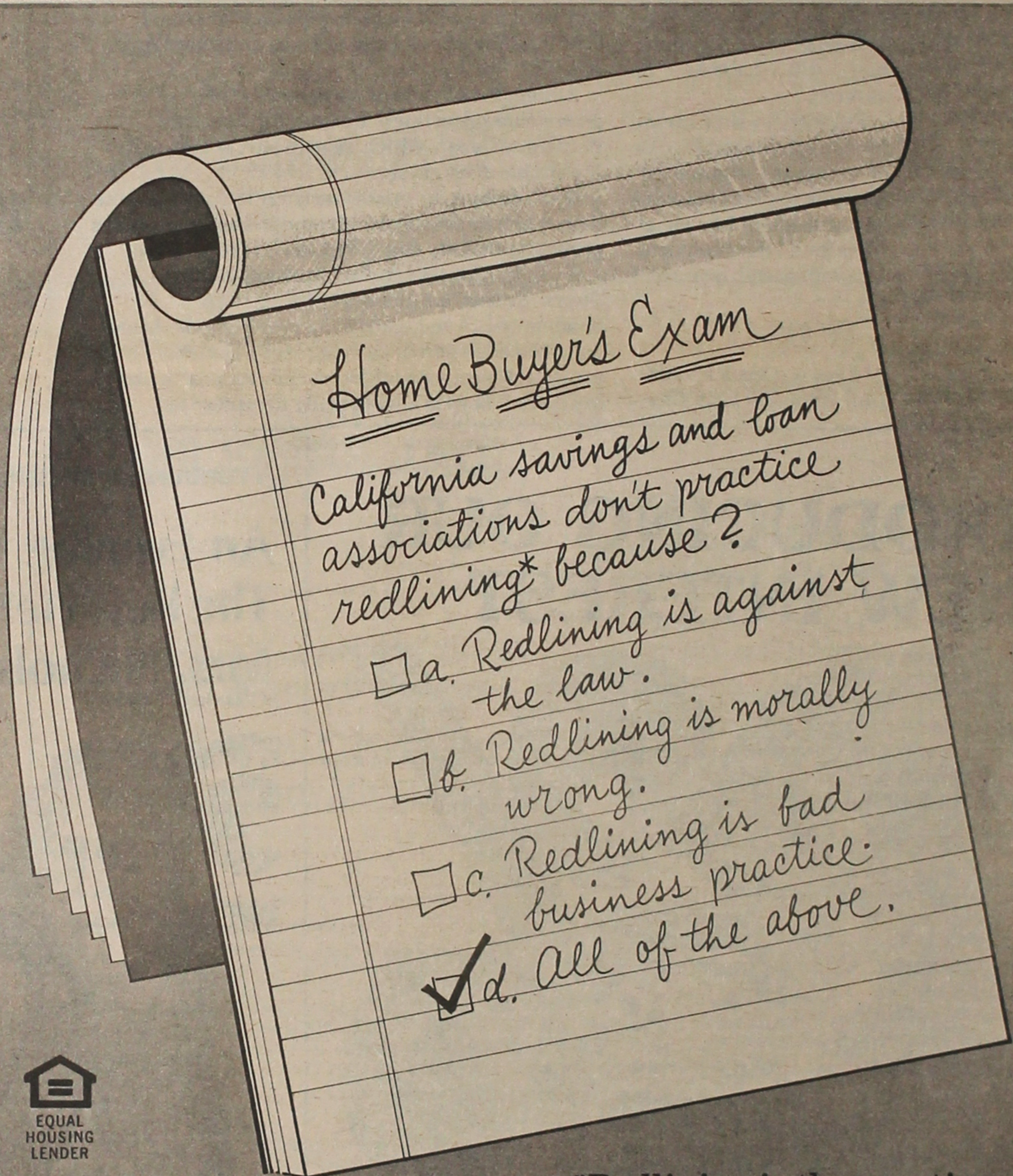
Taking my stand:

Larry thought it wasn't a difficult act when he helped me over the first hurdle. It was much harder than he realized; time doesn't make it easier. To cross the barrier of cultural conformity is an enormous leap.

Larry provided an expansion of experience for me. It was through him that I was introduced to a host of JACL leaders.

The recent years are marked by their gradual departures. I read their obituaries and eulogies.

In spite of the solemnity that death brings, their images insist on smiling
Continued on Next Page



EQUAL HOUSING LENDER

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THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN LEAGUE

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MIYATAKES

Continued from Page 11

from the Art Center, having majored in advertising and now works part-time for the family studio.

Toyo's only daughter, Minnie, works part-time as the studio receptionist, along with Archie's wife, Takeko, who works full-time. Richard, 41, Toyo's third son, is the only one not in the family business and is employed by Petersen Publishing Co., which specializes in hobby magazines.

Neither Toyo nor Archie nor Bob had to try very hard to persuade their sons to enter the clan's business. What then motivated each succeeding to carry on the family enterprise?

Said Gary, "Natural interests." He explained that he was the typical math/science major in college but found the subjects to be very boring. He found that photography involves a little bit of everything—from

"chemistry in the darkroom to mathematics for photographic calculations."

Gary also finds photography challenging because although everything has already been done photographically, he likes to experiment with other photographers' ideas and do them again in his own style.

With the new, creative talent, the Miyatake studio is becoming more versatile in its photography. While Toyo and Archie specialize in portraiture photography, Bob, Gary and Alan lean towards commercial photography from their advertising educational background.

Clearly, the Miyatake studio has almost no competition in Little Tokyo. According to Archie, it takes a strong business to survive the overhead of running a studio. Another advantage the Miyatake studio offers is four professional photographers, readily accessible to clients, whereas other studios only offer one or two staff photographers.

Much of the studio's success can also be credited to the Toyo Miyatake name, which has gained a reputation for high quality photography, a standard set by Toyo.

Little Tokyo businesses often call on the Miyatakes for public relations jobs because the family has been in the business for so long that they can recognize who's who in Japanese Town and always know what figures to focus on, according to Archie.

Among the Miyatakes' most memorable portraiture subjects are the Crown Prince and Emperor of Japan, which Toyo recalls as one of the highlights of his career.

Looking back, he misses early Little Tokyo and the days when he first began his studio. His business has grown immensely since then, as has Little Tokyo.

As Toyo Miyatake walks the streets of Little Tokyo, he sees familiar old buildings now condemned, overshadowed by new highrises being constructed as part of current redevelopment projects. Never without his camera, for it is "a part of my body," Toyo is always ready to capture his

beloved Little Tokyo on film.

"In a way, I miss the old Little Tokyo," Toyo said fondly, "but I like to see the progress . . . you can't just live on sentimental ways."

**Bella Lagmay-Singh is a publicist for KABC Radio in Los Angeles.

TAJIRI

Continued from Page 21

and laughing at me. I knew them in their prime. Sometimes I disagreed vehemently with them, but they still paid for my coffee, lit my cigarettes.

In all unfairness, I make comparisons between them and the "new" leadership. I find profane the piety that spouts from mouths of lesser and later men. Or perhaps it is the laughter and the sometimes bawdy stories of long ago that I miss.

Nobody told better stories than Larry. Pushing his perennial hat further back on his head, he tilted the chair against a wall. I liked to hear him tell of the

Nisei literary figures of the '30s.

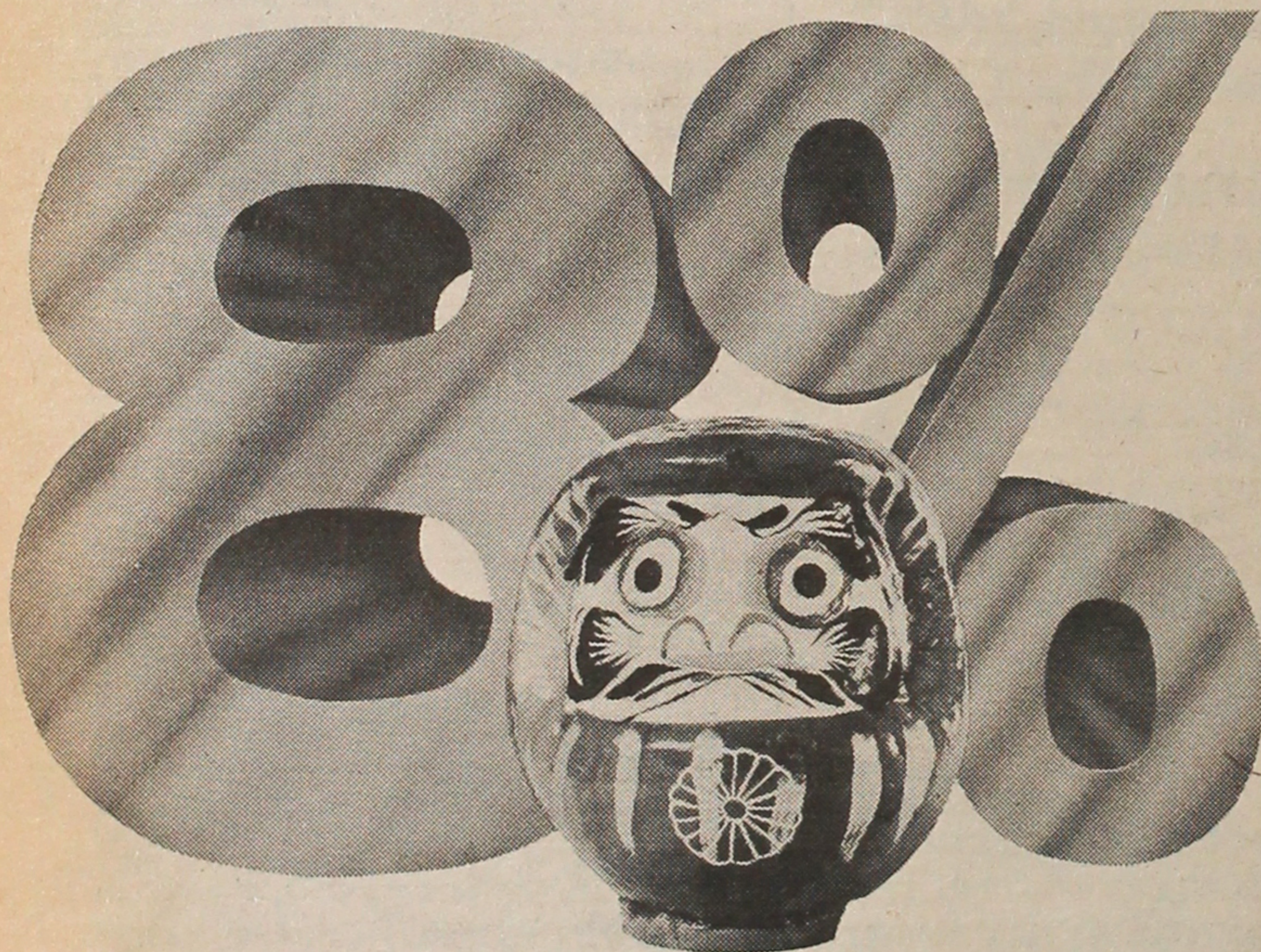
But then, he always looked ahead to a renaissance in Japanese American literature. The great Nisei novel hasn't been written yet, he'd say. Someday it'll happen, he assured.

I'm sorry he isn't around to witness this publication of a literary supplement. Creative expression was a key crusade of his. He always found time to encourage young and new writers.

I was one.

**Seko is a regular contributor from Salt Lake City.

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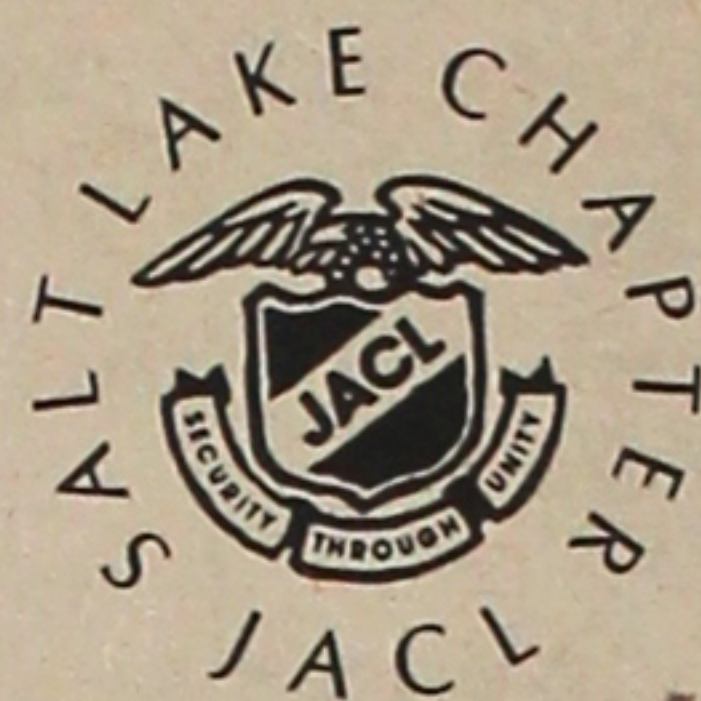
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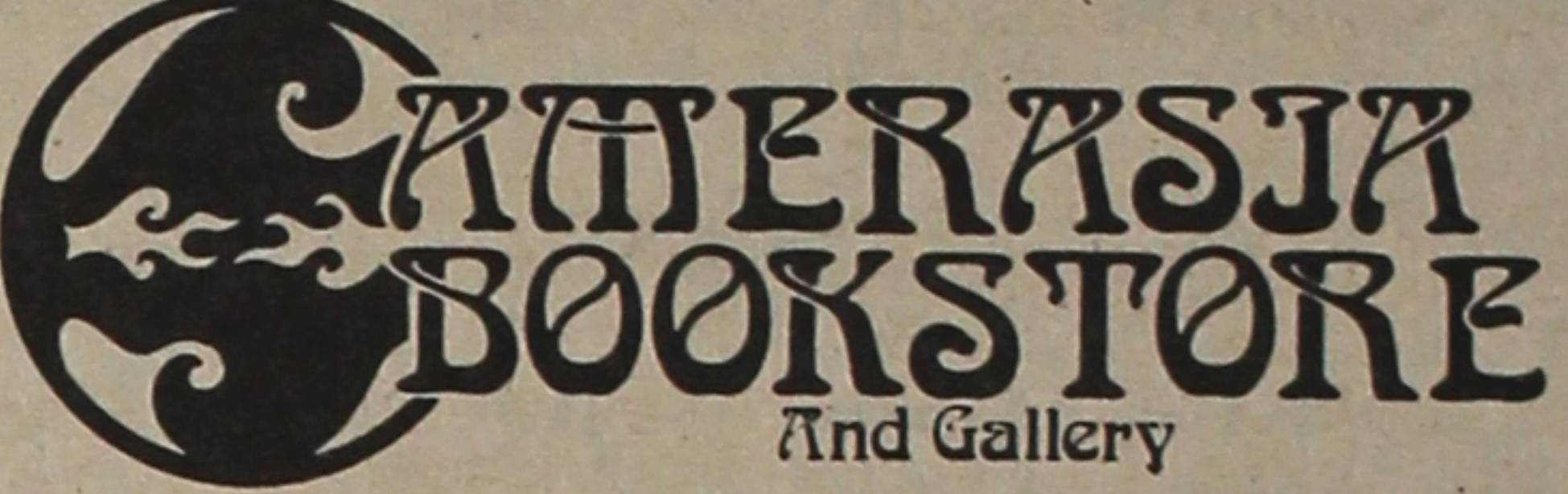
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