



MONTHLY OF THE ASIAN AMERICAN COMMUNITY

Permit No. 29127

Los Angeles, Calif.

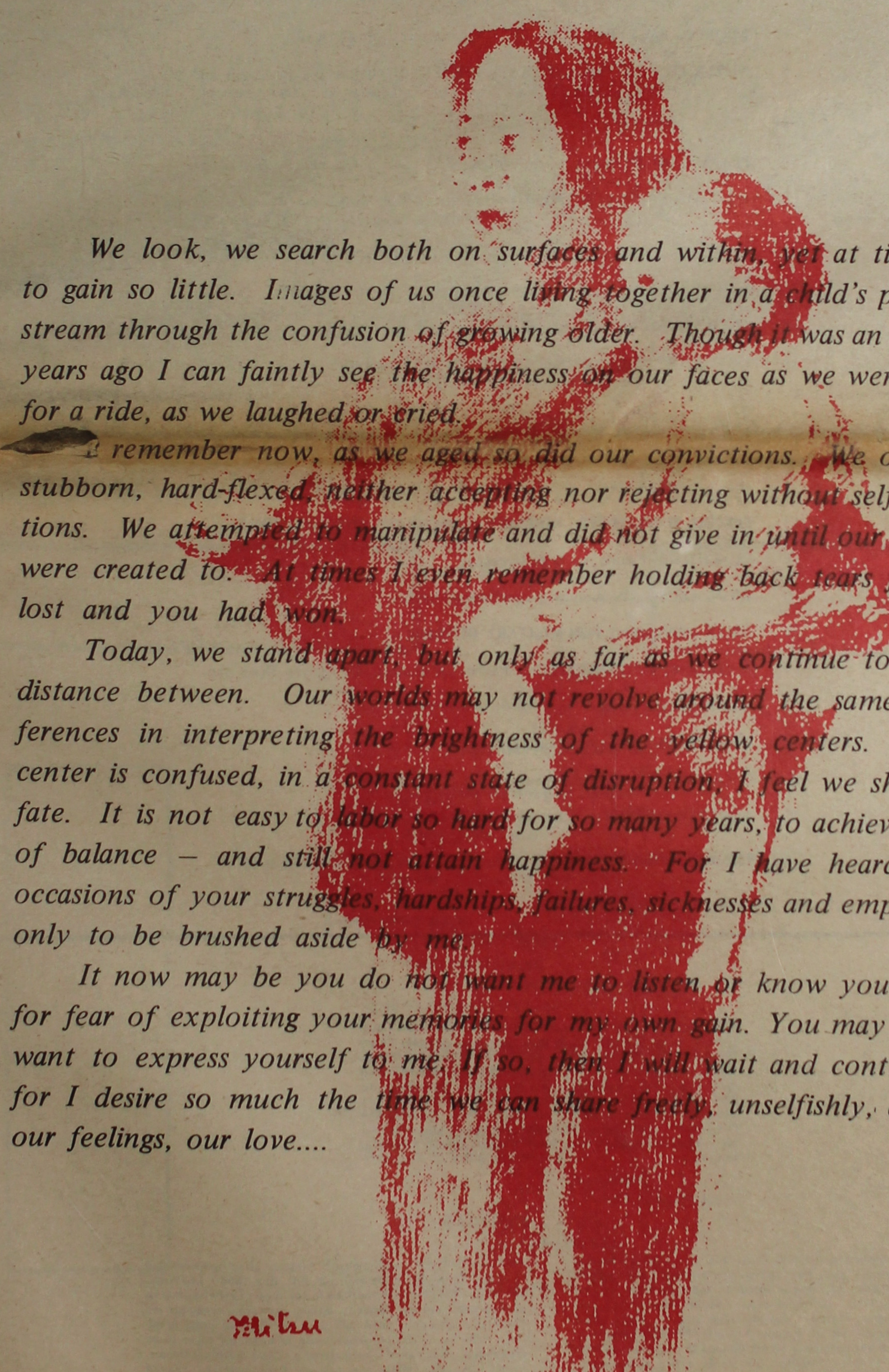
PAID

U. S. POSTAGE

BULK RATE

 GIDRA  
 P.O. Box 18046  
 Los Angeles, Calif. 90018

# MIDDLE GENERATION: REFLECTIONS



*We look, we search both on surfaces and within, yet at times we seem to gain so little. Images of us once living together in a child's play and frolic stream through the confusion of growing older. Though it was an attachment of years ago I can faintly see the happiness on our faces as we went to a movie, for a ride, as we laughed or cried.*

*I remember now, as we aged so did our convictions. We often became stubborn, hard-flexed, neither accepting nor rejecting without selfish considerations. We attempted to manipulate and did not give in until our foolish prides were created to. At times I even remember holding back tears for fear I had lost and you had won.*

*Today, we stand apart, but only as far as we continue to measure the distance between. Our worlds may not revolve around the same sun for differences in interpreting the brightness of the yellow centers. Though my center is confused, in a constant state of disruption, I feel we share a similar fate. It is not easy to labor so hard for so many years, to achieve some sense of balance — and still not attain happiness. For I have heard on isolated occasions of your struggles, hardships, failures, sicknesses and empty dreams — only to be brushed aside by me.*

*It now may be you do not want me to listen or know your experiences for fear of exploiting your memories for my own gain. You may never again want to express yourself to me. If so, then I will wait and continue to try, for I desire so much the time we can share freely, unselfishly, our thoughts, our feelings, our love....*





MONTHLY OF THE ASIAN AMERICAN COMMUNITY

- 4 REFLECTIONS BY A FATHER—Is the system no better or worse than its human components?  
AND HIS SON—Just as he learned from his father, so do I, from him.
- 5 HUMAN RIGHTS TAKEN AWAY—A Korean-American brother, 47 years of age, tells it like it was. By Henry Bhang.
- 6-7 THE MANZANAR FREE PRESS STORY—how the Manzanar Free Press got it together. By Sue Kunitomi Embrey.  
Picture courtesy of Visual Communications.
- 8 LOOKING BACK—Prejudice at the swimming pool. By Doris Bhang
- 8 NISEI'S VIEW ON THE GENERATION GAP— The biggest price the Nisei paid in their process of becoming Americans. anonymous
- 8 ETHNIC PREJUDICE—By Paul Louie.
- 9 PEARL HARBOR—Some remembrances—and a priest put in jail. By David Miura.
- 9 DO JUSTICE AND LOVE MERCY—How does one do justice and love mercy in this country in this day? By Rev. Richard Wong.
- 10 "SUCCESS STORY" AND A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION—A reply to *Newsweek* by Mary Tani.
- 10 UP YOURS!—By a Sansei "establishment type." By Jim Yamasaki.
- 11 ONCE YOUNG—By Ken Hayashi.
- 11 INDIGNITIES—Six young Native Americans are charged with defacing a symbol of white superiority. By Mary Kochiyama.
- 12 STRUGGLE ON THE DELTA—Story of the rent strike in Walnut Grove.
- 13 EDITORIAL—What do the preceding pages mean?
- 14 WOMEN AND MEN—adapted from the *Old Mole*.
- 15-17 SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT: HIROSHIMA, NAGASAKI, AND INDOCHINA
- 18 LUNCHTIME—Fiction, by M.A. Uyematsu.
- 19 DRUG ABUSE—The summer drug offensive.
- 19 ASIAN MOVEMENT FOR MILITARY OUTREACH
- 19 A STUDENT'S PERSPECTIVE—A *Vietnamese* student. By Nguyen Dong Nam
- 20 THE PEOPLE'S PAGE
- 21 ANNOUNCEMENTS—Fix your car. . .
- 22 CALENDAR—. . . drive it somewhere. . .
- 23 ADVERTISEMENTS—. . . that advertises in *Gidra*, especially. . .
- 24 THE AMERASIA BOOKSTORE—opens, grandly we might add, August 15.

*Gidra* Staff: Doug Aihara, Linda Fujikawa, Jeff Furumura, Carrie Furuya, Seigo Hayashi, Clyde Higa, Adrienne Hokoda, Kenny Hoshide, Steve Iguchi, Bruce Iwasaki, Patti Iwataki, Melanie Kirita, Minako Kawahira, Duane Kubo, Russell Kubota, Vivian Matsushige, Bob Miyamoto, Carol Mochizuki, Jane Morimoto, Amy Murakami, Mike Murase, Scott Nagatani, Jeanne Nishimura, Alan Ohashi, Tom Okabe, Tracy Okida, Glenn Oshima, Alan Ota, Candice Ota, Kyoko Shibasaki, Pat Sumi, Lloyd Tanaka, Steve Tatsukawa, Roger Uno, Brian Wakano, Evelyn Yoshimura and others.

*Gidra* is published monthly by *Gidra, Inc.*, a registered, non-profit organization. P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, Calif. 90018, (213) 734-7838. All labor is donated. Subscriptions: \$2.50 a year; institutions: \$5.00; overseas: \$5.00; military and political prisoners: \$1.00. Current single issues: \$.25. Back issues (complete set of Volume I—April, 1969 to December, 1969): \$15.00; (complete set of Volume II, January, 1970 to December, 1970): \$10.00. Six weeks notice is needed to change a subscriber's address. Please include both old and new

addresses and zip code number. Address all subscription mail to *Gidra*, Subscription Department, P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, Calif. 90018. Contributions in the form of articles, essays, photographs, poems, sketches, letters and announcements are welcome. However, materials must be received prior to the third Tuesday of the previous month in order for them to be considered. Address all such material to *Gidra*, Editorial Department, P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, Calif. 90018. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright © 1971 by *Gidra, Inc.* All rights reserved. August, 1971. Volume III, Number 8.





photograph by Alan Ota

Parent and child  
side by side  
silhouettes against the sea  
talking,  
in mystic understanding of then  
and now.  
Their mind's eye  
speaking through plastic wisdom  
can only respond in shallow  
learned responses  
hiding secret fears  
silent hopes.  
Each reaching out  
in seemingly earnest friendship  
only to touch cold  
hollow hands.  
Rusty thoughts of right and wrong uncovered  
dance atop silent waves  
unseen.

Side by side  
yet oceans apart  
Forever seeking questions  
to answers  
of contradictions.

Parent and child  
side by side  
together  
waiting for the sun.

**doug aihara**



# REFLECTIONS BY A FATHER...

**'... this is what I have tried to relate to my son, to little avail...the system is no better or worse than it's human components...'**

My son and I sit across from each other at the dinner table discussing ideology and philosophy—simply put the way we feel about things, I reflect upon another day and another time when I had spoken in protest over man's inhumanity to man. The incident occurred during the "evacuation" many years ago. All of the tubercular patients of the region were herded together in a sanatorium on the side of a hill in Tujunga. Many were very ill. The care was inadequate and the food terrible; the place was overcrowded and unsanitary. Ken, another sensitive fellow (and who isn't while young?) and I went to the superintendent to protest.

Let me go back a little. For months I had written letters attempting to effect a transfer so I could rejoin my family in Heart Mountain, Wyoming since I was fully recovered before going to Tujunga. But my doctor advised me to go to Tujunga because conditions at the evacuation centers might be less than ideal—and how right he was! But conditions were not much better at the sanatorium. In fact, because of the hostility of the staff—since we were in a California community—treatment was at best, miserable.

However, as a result of the protest, an FBI man arrived at Tujunga less than twenty-four hours later and asked me to pack my things as I was ordered to leave. In less than an hour, I said my good-byes and was on my way to rejoin my family—or so I thought. I discovered, as the FBI man and I became quite close, that I was headed for a camp in Arizona for "troublemakers."

As I related the circumstances which led to my ouster from the sanatorium to him, he became quite sympathetic and suggested that we stop over in Manzanar so that the camp administrator there might hear my story. "Mr. FBI" made the appointment and the camp administrator closed our discussion with, "Would you like to rejoin your family in Heart Mountain?" Whereupon he informed me that his instructions were to send me on to Arizona and not to Wyoming.

After a few phone calls Mr. FBI was instructed to deliver me to Denver, Colorado where I was to board a train for Heart Mountain.

This lengthy narrative simply serves to illustrate the injustice of the system, but at the same time to point out that individuals who work within the system are still of humanitarian bent.

And this is what I have tried to relate to my son, to little avail. The system is no better and no worse than its human components. Within the seemingly unjust machinations of any system there are individuals who still maintain a sense of justice and a feeling for his fellow man.

Yes, I admire and respect my son for his idealistic stance and understand his impetuosity and impatience with oldtimers like myself and yes, I am in complete accord with his rebelliousness against injustice. And yet, if one were to look back over a very brief span of

**"But how will the young respond when the responsibilities of everyday living are thrust upon them? ...the most important thing is that the ideals are not erased or buried, but are sublimated into a 'feeling' for every living thing."**

years, one would see we have come a long, long way. Gone are the times when you were educated and trained for a specific area, and then forced to work as a gardener or a produce employee. Gone are racist remarks about your ethnic background. We are no longer "accepted" but respected as every human being should be—no matter what his contribution to society. Every human being is entitled to respect and recognition simply because he is a human being and for no other reason.

Yes, I think my son's deep concern over the inability of ethnic groups to completely erase their racist tendencies is wonderful, and his kindness and gentleness toward every living thing is beautiful. He gets angry with me for my lack of understanding. Yet, it is his impatience and anger with the frustrating slowness of societal change, not his idealism which I decry. It is trite to say that Rome was not built in a day, but nevertheless, my son should check his feelings and reassess his values in a realistic sense. Each of us in some small way can make a contribution towards improving human relations in our daily life through kindness, understanding, and sincere respect for one another—the kids have a name for it—love! The establishment or system, call it what you will, cannot be all bad. Yes, we do have a ways to go, but we have come quite a ways and we are still trying.

What happens then to the ideals of the young? Or more important, what happens to the young who so courageously attempt to try the odds against changing the establishment or are we talking about the odds against changing human nature? Has not religion attempted this futilely for some umpteen thousand years? Of course, every bureaucratic hierarchy, and the church most certainly is one, has its purported goals of progress and improving man's lot and its eminence,—thus, the credibility gap between the system and the

young. To organize is to change others but to preserve itself at all costs.

Well, most of us become realistic or cynical as time passes and we see how things are and how difficult it is to change people. However, I still believe that the strength of any people, the hidden strength if you will, is that most of us in our daily lives contribute to positive change by little acts which go unnoticed. We do many inconsequential things which reveal our concern for each other as human beings. Perhaps we are not as world-oriented or politically attuned as our youngsters as most of us are involved in the time-consuming nitty gritty of working to provide for ourselves and our own. And we do not much care.

But how will the young react when the responsibilities of every day living are thrust upon them? What happens when they reach the age of thirty? The luxury of espousing a cause without obligations or responsibilities, I would surmise, might end abruptly when economic realities take over. But the important thing is that the ideals are not erased or buried, but are sublimated into a "feeling" for every living thing. Who was it that said something about the tolling of the bells—for we lose something of ourselves in the loss of any being.

When the Russian astronauts perished after a seemingly successful space trip, most of us reacted in shock and grief that these fine men should have been lost in a cause which undeniably had political and military implications—yet they were three courageous men doing what they believed would not only help their country but advance the cause of space exploration and research for all people. So we felt the personal loss—the bells did toll for us as well.

## ...AND HIS SON

**'...just as he learned from his father, so do I, from him...'**

I am an Asian, born in America. I am also the son of a man who, in the span of twelve years, 'lifted himself up by the bootstraps' from behind the counter of his father's dry cleaning shop, to the lofty position of elementary school principal; and who, in the process, internalized all the ways of the bourgeoisie and became one who utilized the knowledge he acquired to suppress those around him. I am the son of a man who has, in effect, turned his back on his own people. I am my father's son—a member of the middle class.

Though it might not be evident to him, I hold no contempt or hatred against my father, because I love him. And I can understand,

**"When he tells me, 'Why the hell don't you go out and see how hard it is to make a buck?' I do... ..and learn from experience the oppression that is on all of us..."**

I think better than anyone else, why he feels the things he does, and why he has done what he has done. And just as he learned from his father, so do I, from him. When he tells me, "...Why the hell don't you go out and see how hard it is to make a buck?", I do (however seasonal it might be). And I learn from co-workers, and from personal experience the oppression that is on all of us, and how really "hard it is". But when I come home and try to share what I've learned with him, maybe even give him some of the inspiration and motivation I've gained, he refuses to accept, or fails to understand, how I can see this. Instead, he says, "...Now you see why you have to go to college—so you won't have to work your ass off every god-damn day..."

I suppose it's as frustrating for him to watch me "grow up" as it is for me to see the road he's following. Sometimes I wonder whether it would change things if he knew how much he has helped me.



"I have worked for twenty-six years to have these situations investigated and corrected. . . but the Navy just gives me the usual routine bullshit."

# 'HUMAN RIGHTS... TAKEN AWAY'

Having been born in 1924 and raised in the Midwest, I had never come into contact with other Asians whatsoever. I therefore became accustomed to the ways of the white society. But because of my individuality in this society, I've been treated as a second class citizen, and have had my share of racial prejudice and all of the shit that goes with it. I know what it is like to be beaten up and persecuted for being an Asian. (I was always assaulted by two or more; this shows how cowardly my attackers were.) Not only was I persecuted by my peers at school, but by my instructors as well.

Possibly my greatest frustration during my youth was that I had absolutely nobody to relate to, or receive support from, other than my family. However, I fought back with hostile passion against the great odds of racial barriers.

I left home at the age of sixteen and joined the Civilian Conservation Corps, for those were hard times. While stationed in Oregon, the war broke out and in 1942 I enlisted in the Navy. In San Diego I went through boot camp and met up with my brother who also enlisted. We were the only Asians in the entire regiment. The general attitude toward me was negative and I experienced many incidents of name-calling and was involved in frequent fist fights.

Upon graduation from boot camp, I was assigned to numerous Naval stations throughout the West coast. My feelings at the time were very complex. The basis of my mixed emotions was that I was an Asian wearing a uniform representing the United States who was at war with an Asian country. Even though I was fighting for "my country," I was still considered something different.

While selected for the Submarine Service I was assigned to a ship operating in the Southwest Pacific and China Sea areas. Even though I had relatively little trouble, I suspected racism in a very subtle way.

## Requests Denied

After the completion of several war patrols, I was transferred to temporary duty at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu. Because of my rank (Coxswain) I was given the position of Master at Arms. This created a considerable amount of resentment, for a person of color was never given such authority. This position rated me liberty every day which was posted. One night after returning from liberty I was seized by several strong arms and thrown into a filthy rat infested room in the basement of the hotel. When I asked what the charges were they replied "AWOL." I then asked for counsel and a hearing and they denied me both. The sanitary conditions of this so-called brig were so poor, the on-duty doctor even contested this action. They ignored him. I was given one meal a day without any toilet facilities. I was locked up in that rat hole for four days. After being released I was fined \$150 and was busted in rank. I immediately requested a hearing for "Redress of Wrongs" which is a right specifically stated in the *Blue Jackets Manual*. This was denied also.

After the hotel incident blew over, I was transferred to a submarine tender in Pearl Harbor. I was immediately called to the Executive Officers Office. He stated then that he didn't like "yellows" and that he would have me Court Martialed at the first opportunity. At this time I was thrown other threats and comments. His attitude reflected the general attitude on board this ship.

## Insubordinate Hospitalization

During the Guam Campaign we were together with the Fourth Marine Division. Through some gross foul-up, I went on several patrols into the jungles with these Marines, and experienced many incidents of being shot at by my own men. On Guam I sustained third degree burns and contracted malaria and jaundice at the same time. Gangrene set in as a result of the infection caused by the burns. I was sent back to my ship and while in sickbay, experienced fever up to 106 degrees; they were considering amputating my arm, and according to reports, I was dying. I was under extremely heavy sedation to keep the pain down and it was impossible for me to move. Because of the drugs, I do not remember much of that time.

During the six week period of hospitalization, I was informed that I would have to face a Summary Court Martial for insubordination against a Medical Officer. I was completely bewildered and could not believe the charges. I didn't remember being insubordinate to anyone. My physical condition was such that it was impossible for me to do what I was charged. Again counsel was denied.

Even before I recovered I was sentenced to the Marine Stockade on the island for sixty days. I was sent there immediately for hard labor. I weighed 175 pounds prior to my sickness. I arrived on

the island at less than a hundred pounds. I was so weak I could barely walk. My liver was very badly infected and stuck out of my ribs. My arm was still raw from the burns and my temperature was still high.

## Hell Stockade

I arrived at the stockade and was then beaten up. We worked 18 to 20 hours a day in a temperature of 115 degrees, constantly being guarded by men with shot guns. While being eaten by mosquitoes and flies in the humid island atmosphere, we used a twenty-four pound sledge hammer to dig a tunnel through a solid coral mountain. We were not allowed to relieve ourselves and were given water twice a day. The guards would beat us up at random. I slept on coral with no bedding or shelter and in the early hours of the morning we were awakened with a kick in the ribs and beaten up. These conditions were unbearable.

While at this hellish stockade I witnessed a black enlisted man forced to doubletime around the camp with two full five gallon cans until he fell from exhaustion and rolled down a hill. One of the guards shot him three times in the back with a 45 cal. pistol. Upon investigation the guards testified he tried to escape.

We walked to chow through three miles of jungle and if the guard heard any noise coming from our mess kits we were not allowed to eat. Sometimes we had only one meal a day. I spent fifty-eight days at this stockade, and this was fifty-eight days of hell and inhumane treatment. (I cannot describe in words the agony and suffering I endured.) I was then sent back to my ship and locked up for the remaining two days. I was still treated something like an animal.

At this point I really didn't give a damn about anything or anybody, for I was screwed under too many times, and my rights as a human being were taken away from me. When we arrived at Pearl Harbor I went AWOL for five days and then gave myself up. After receiving a Summary Court Martial I was sent to three Naval brigs before being discharged in 1945. I received a "Bad Conduct" discharge.

## Serving the Country

Although my brother and I were in the Navy serving "our country" across the Pacific, my family was being harassed by the FBI back in the States. They took merchandise from their place of business without paying, and treated them like common criminals. I suppose my parents were labeled "seditious aliens" or something—this was too damn much. All five sons in the family served in the military. Two in the Navy during World War II; one in the Navy during the Korean War; one in the Marine Corps; and one in the Army. This amounts to a total of twenty-one years of military service to a country where, even though you put on a uniform and die, you're still not on an equal basis because you're an Asian.

Not only was I subjected to inhumane punishment while in the military, but my family and I are still suffering physically and mentally.

Although I still suffer effects from malaria and jaundice, I am not entitled to any medical attention or any benefits whatsoever. Because of these experiences I maintain an extremely nervous condition and have had two previous nervous breakdowns.

I have worked diligently for twenty-six years to have these situations mentioned, investigated and corrected. I have even gone so far as to notify the Navy Department that at my own expense I would come to Washington with facts, but have received the usual routine bullshit. I am still determined, however, to have this great injustice corrected.

I saw atrocities of war by the United States.

Had I allowed the military to render me this injustice without any reaction, I would have been discharged "honorably" and maybe even enjoyed all the benefits; but if I had this to do over again, I would respond in the same way.

I am Korean-American, 47 years of age, but age or nationality does not limit racial prejudice, for it has no boundaries, it is universal.

My son is classified I-A, what should I tell him? What should he tell his sons?

I cry out in hope that through my experiences, my Asian Brothers and Sisters will never have to endure these things, but will benefit and become aware of conditions that can and do exist.

All power to the people,  
Henry Bhang



... "Truth must be the keystone of this community so we have called this the *Manzanar Free Press*." . . . . .

# Manzanar the Free Press story

By Sue Kunitomi Embrey

As the first of ten relocation centers built by the U.S. government to intern all persons of Japanese ancestry during World War II, Manzanar received much publicity. One of the sources most often quoted was the *Manzanar Free Press*, the official publication of the center, supported by Cooperative Enterprises, Inc.

The paper was put together in the Office of Reports by the editorial staff. Final copy, layout and advertising copy were delivered to the Chalfant Press in Lone Pine by a person on the "appointed personnel" staff. Because Manzanar was in the restricted area of the Western Defense Command, a majority of those on the staff never saw the newspaper plant in Lone Pine, nor met those who did the final printing of the *Free Press*.

On April 11, 1942, three weeks after the first contingent of volunteers arrived, the *Free Press* began as mimeographed paper. In its debut issue, it proclaimed: "Truth must be the keystone of this community so we have called this the *Manzanar Free Press*." It was a four page bi-weekly, but increased population and an accompanying increase in activities caused the *Free Press* to become a tri-weekly. On July 22, 1942, it became a printed newspaper.

In its front page editorial, referring to itself as "America's youngest and one of the most unique newspapers," the editors proudly announced: "In our brief mimeographed career, we have created a flurry in the large world outside our guarded gates. Though seemingly isolated, Manzanar is the cynosure of all eyes. We are principals in a social drama unparalleled in history."

## Developing a Social Scene

Under a headline "Freedom of the Press," Roy Nash, Project Director, made the following statement:

"The function of a free press is to make a record of the particular section of life which comes within its view, and to comment on that record. The *Manzanar Free Press* records the daily development of a fascinating social scene evolving under exceedingly difficult controls. What a pity were that record to be blurred by restriction of editorial freedom! The opinions of intelligent participants in an action may be as significant as the action.

With this issue the *Manzanar Free Press* dons a new dress. With my blessing she also wears in her hair the red rose of freedom."

Plans to build school buildings were being made during July. Supplies and tools were arriving, the *Free Press* announced, and an office for the contract engineer was open. However, it was stated, "Due to war conditions, contract labor is not available, and Manzanar will have the responsibility of building its own school. The speed with which these buildings go up depends upon the response in Manzanar for workers."

On the sports front, a sumo tournament was held in the Block ten area. "Sumoists pitted their noggins as well as their brawn and brains against their burly opponents for the camp's first large scale wrestling tournament."

According to the sports editor, "Nowhere else do fans and fanettes gather as they do here at our numerous diamonds. Plutocrats, bums, cooks, policemen and firemen devour the games side by side and gape together in amazement at agile barefooted ball

players... The only big drawback was the sporadic dust storms which raised havoc on baseball fronts and other minor sports."

Some prominent advertisers appeared in the first printed edition of the *Free Press*. "Sincere appreciation...for your continued patronage. From thumbtacks to tractors, diapers to dresses, your every need can be supplied by...Sears, Roebuck and Co."

## The Press Expands

In subsequent issues, many items were discussed. Volunteer models for portrait and life drawing classes were sought. "Older men and women are in most demand and beautiful faces and figures are not essential prerequisites," stated one news item.

Four to five thousand boxes of Bartlett and winter nellis pears were being readied for harvesting along with 600 lugs of Newton, Pippin, Winesap and Bellflower apples. "All residents are requested to resist temptation and not pick the fruit," requested the Agriculture Department.

... "If we remain in Manzanar we will still be slant-eyed but no longer black-haired." . . . . .

Of great concern to the young women in Manzanar was the devastation caused by the blazing sun. Some helpful hints appeared in a column headed "Beauty Spot":

"If we remain in Manzanar we will still be slant-eyed but no longer black-haired. Our raven tresses are really taking a beating from the sun. A hat or umbrella is almost as good as an Inecto tint. After a vinegar or lemon rinse another rinse with a few drops of oil imparts that glossy sheen that keeps hair looking black and shiny. A rinse with several drops of blueing is also recommended for that enviable blu-black tone...."

## Community Groups Form

All kinds of community groups began forming. The newly organized Manzanar Judiciary Hearing Board returned a verdict of guilty against five Kibei youths accused of assaulting another center resident, and the Manzanar Citizens Federation invited all citizens to attend their first public meeting. Their purposes were to improve conditions in camp, educate citizens for leadership, participate in the war effort and prepare a postwar program for the evacuees.

The Manzanar Work Corps also began organizing to give workers a voice in the community. A representative for each fifty workers was to be elected and the all-important Fair Practice Committee was to be the "trouble-shooter" through which grievances and investigations could be made.

Along business lines, the Manzanar Cooperative Enterprises announced election of three representatives from each block to the Congress of Cooperative Enterprises. The 108 delegates thus elected would be responsible for the appointment of a Board of Directors to operate the canteen and department stores. Incorporation under State laws follow immediately after selection of the Board.

One of the most controversial projects in Manzanar was the camouflage net factory producing camouflage nets for the U.S. Army. After much dissension the factory was closed, but in the early weeks, according to the *Free Press*, many production records were broken. The outstanding single producer of the week of July 20th was Mrs. Karl Yoneda who produced four nets per day. Two crews completed a total of fifty nets, 20 nets over the quota for the week.

## Adjusting to the Environment

In the field of ecology and pollution, Manzanar was thirty years ahead of the times. One of the most modern sewer plants in Owens Valley was built a mile and a half southeast of the camp at a cost of \$150,000, designed to handle the sewage of 10,000 persons.

The two main features of the sewer plant consisted of a clarifier and a digester. The clarifier separated the water from the waste while the digester, manufacturing its own combustible gas, hastened the fermentation process. The sludge formed in the digester was forced out, dried in outdoor pits, and sold for fertilizer.

Quoting from the *Free Press* article, the "Water extracted from the clarifier and sent through the chlorine box is so pure that it can be used for drinking purposes...."

Postal inspection of all parcel post and express shipments was instituted in October under orders by Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt, Commanding Officer of the Western Defense Command. "In a memorandum to local military police commanding officer, Gen. DeWitt stresses that 'tools and implements of an artisan or of a professional person of Japanese ancestry are not absolute contraband' and the





military does not intend to 'prevent the development of skills, crafts, trade and professional endeavors....'"

The "Canteen Cowboy," an informal gossip column, included the following womanly advice to beat the nippy weather:

If the recent cold spell got you down—add this suggestion to your clothes wardrobe....

Buy long underwear—red if you like. Wear ski trousers or riding breeches with interlined boots and heavy socks. A leather jacket with colorful mittens complete the picture. You'll be the envy of all the girls...."

#### Contracts Signed to Furlough-out Volunteers

With the sugar beet and potato crops in Idaho, Utah and Montana facing disaster due to lack of manpower, the WRA signed contracts to furlough out volunteers from camp. The first of 1,000 men and women left Manzanar in late September with special WRA instructions that "all persons released . . . are under the jurisdiction of the WRA."

While a few glowing letters reached the *Free Press* mailbox describing life on the "outside," serious disputes between employers and employees were being settled. A complaining telegram from thirty-five Manzanar workers brought immediate transfer and better working conditions.

According to the *Free Press* report, "The investigation report bears out their contentions. They have a legitimate complaint. They were denied access to restaurants and stores and I understood they were sneaked in through the back door of a hotel for the only meal they were able to get in that county. Abusive language was used by residents of that county and all in all, I can't blame these boys for wanting to get out of such an atmosphere."

... "I consider anything less than five dollars a day too cheap for the type of work they had to do. . ."

A report by a furlough worker who visited several areas where furlough workers had been sent, wrote: "I went to the farms and observed the intolerable living conditions of the farm houses. The farm labor camp tents appeared far better places to live than most of the farm houses the furlough workers occupied...."

"Generally speaking, the majority of the workers living on the farms did not find this one specific agreement in their contract satis-

fying:

In addition to the wages, the farmer agrees to furnish to the workers without cost the following described dwelling together with equipment and facilities for cooking, laundry, bathing and sanitation.

"I never did get to find out what the 'prevailing wages' were but the furlough workers were promised no less than the prevailing wages. Still, many were only making \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day. I consider anything less than five dollars a day too cheap for the type of work they had to do. . . Furlough workers were helping to save the nation's most valuable crop but in so doing they were reduced to the level of slaves. I've seen no sadder sight than the furlough workers slaving in the fields all day and coming home at night completely fagged out. They had to cook when they got back to the house which was little more than a chicken house. . ."

#### Polarization of Feelings

Manzanar appeared to be functioning as well as a city could under severe restrictions. But beneath the seeming calm it was seething with many loyalties, prejudices and bitterness. Residents were polarized — pro-American against pro-Japanese; pro-Administration against anti-Administration; Nisei against Issei; Kibei against Nisei. And, three changes within a year in administration added to the crisis. Several staff members of the *Free Press* were physically attacked in November. By the time Ralph Merritt, the third Project Director, arrived Thanksgiving week, events came to a boil. A beating, an arrest of the suspect, a mass protest in front of the Police Station during the first weekend in December concluded with tear gas shots fired by Military Police, leaving two young men dead and several others wounded. Staff members of the *Free Press* were whisked away in the night.

The *Free Press* makes no mention of these events. The Christmas issue carried a small item on an inside page about the funeral services held "in a peaceful setting under clear skies, with the majestic Sierra Nevada peaks towering in the background. . ."

There is one issue missing from our files of the *Free Press* for 1942. It was the one that was put to bed to be delivered to the residents on Monday, December 7th. The Military Police impounded that issue. The usual news was printed and the same ads occupied the same spaces. Yet, thirty years later, in our mind's eye, we can still recall the bold, black headline that blazed its way across the front page—

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

Vol. 1, No. 32 MANZANAR FREE PRESS Page 3

MANZANAR FREE PRESS

REPORT DIARRHEA

Page 2

MANZANAR FREE PRESS

EDITORIAL . . . .

• INDEPENDENCE DAY-1947

BLOCK OFFICE

July 4, 1942

MANZANAR

FREE PRESS

Vol. I, No. 32. Manzanar, California July 4, 1942

## MANZANAR CELEBRATES FOURTH

### CAMPBELL RETURNS FROM S.F. TRIP

Back from a three day visit to the San Francisco Regional office, Assistant Project Director Ned Campbell returned late last night in time for the week-end festivities.

### A MESSAGE

We are in Manzanar for the duration of the war. Possibly for several years. At the end, the essential question will be:

"How did we play the game?"

### TWO-DAY FETE INCLUDES PICNICS

Two activity-laden days of festivities will mark Manzanar's celebration of Independence Day.

A total of 12,151 persons are expected to attend the gala picnics slated for today and tomorrow, planting of lawns.

WEAVER WANTED

An experienced willow



# LOOKING BACK

What a wonderful day this was going to be, my graduating class of Van Nuys (California) Elementary school was going to have a swim party.

I had been looking forward to this day and was anticipating the fun we would have. It was 1938 and I was 11 years old and the only Asian in the school.

The day was here and we were boarding the bus awaiting a day of fun and good memories. I followed my teacher and class mates to the entrance of the pool with money in hand: everyone was going through but I was refused entrance. I asked, "Why?" but the attendant just ignored me. I stood there confused, I couldn't understand why I couldn't get in. I tried again but was refused.

My limbs became limp and lifeless while tears filled my eyes, all anticipation and happiness quickly ceased. I was watching the rest of the class in the pool, through a wire fence, and experienced prejudice for the first time. This left a permanent scar from the harsh and bitter encounter with racism.

Has racism not affected you, your parents, your children, or maybe your children's children? I am a Korean mother of two children who not only teaches them to be good citizens and proud of being Asian, but also to defend and protect their rights and freedom.

I don't believe in letting my children find out for themselves what racism is, but feel it is very vital to discuss and prepare them at home.

Mrs. Doris Bhang

## Nisei's view on the GENERATION GAP

Every era has its phrases and special words that express popular feelings and concepts of that era. Today's young seem to have a particularly large share of these terms. I would like to discuss one of these terms—the "generation gap."

Growing up as a Nisei in the 30's and 40's on a sugar plantation in Kauai had its advantages—life was slower and not so hectic. It also had its share of shortcomings and frustrations. The one thing I chalk up as an advantage was being able to grow up with a sense of community. Life was stable. Everyone knew their neighbors—their pride, shame, happiness and sadness. It was a safe place in a safe time. There was time to grow up, to dream, to plan and to take things as they came. I shall always cherish these experiences with feelings of nostalgia.

One aspect of plantation life that seemed to be a disadvantage was the backbreaking work and dismal economic outlook of the sugar plantation before and during World War II. Since work on the sugar plantation was rough and the future bleak, many Niseis were motivated to better themselves and escape the life their parents had to endure. I remember my parents telling my brothers and myself countless times, "If you don't study hard, you will be a 'hapai-ko man' (cane loader)." I also remember working under the hot sun in the cane fields thinking, "Thank God, I won't have to do this kind of work forever." The real threat of being doomed to live and work on the sugar plantation inspired many Niseis to become achievers educationally, and hence economically. I consider this a case of a disadvantage which has turned into an advantage.

### Other Conflicts

One of the areas of Nisei life which little has been written about was the enormous gap between Nisei and Issei life. Now that the Nisei are older and generally solicitous toward their elderly parents, it seems as though they accepted the aspirations and values of their parents without conflicts. Such was not the case—there were many conflicts—in sociological terms, cultural conflicts. The Nisei grew up having to make adjustments to two sets of cultures, mores and allegiances. These conflicts came to a climax in the trauma of a full-scale

# ETHNIC PREJUDICE

Let me congratulate the *Gidra* staff for this August issue. To have you ask us from another generation to tell about our feelings, our thoughts, and what has happened to us is a good sign of open-mindedness and historical perspective.

The *Gidra* has a place in our society and especially within our Asian communities. We need to hear what you think. You have pointed out many issues. You have also forced us to re-examine our assumptions, to look at our value systems and ask us why we are living and acting as we do. This is healthy. In the words of another, "The unexamined life is not worth living."

The United States was established on the principle of an open society and a free press and we need to maintain that principle continually. We are recognizing that we live in a context of cultural pluralism. Each culture and tradition can add its particular contribution and make for a better America.

### Relationships Between Various Asian Groups

I grew up in Seattle, going to an elementary school where most students were Japanese, and I had many friends among the Japanese. During my youth, the Chinese-Japanese War was being fought. Our parents had hostility and no love toward the Japanese. I said to my parents, "I really don't have any feelings against the Japanese people even though there is a war." I remember my parents saying very strongly to me, "You say this only at home and don't you dare say this outside."

Our Chinese saying, "Under heaven, one family" can be interpreted that we are to live with one another as a family. Another Chinese quotation is, "Within the four seas, all men are brothers." The Christian faith teaches, "Love your neighbor and love your enemy."

I see now a healthy and broadminded attitude among young Asians and other ethnic groups toward each other. This is a very positive and significant sign. The old prejudices toward other ethnic groups are breaking down.

### The Generation Gap

My parents came from a village in southern Canton. My parents understood a little broken English; just enough to ask how much things cost and carry on a little conversation. I grew up speaking Chinese in the home, but after starting American school, my English fluency outran my Chinese understanding.

We hear often of the generation gap between parents and their children; that it is very hard for parents to talk to their youth and for the young to communicate with their parents. Though there is a generation gap, parents and youth do speak the same language and can verbalize what they feel and what they want to say. In my youth, my parents did not understand sufficient English for me to talk with them in English and I did not know enough Chinese to say what I wanted to let them know how I felt. I remember many times when I wanted to spill out my feelings and thoughts to my parents but I was unable to do it. I had, like many others, a language gap as well as a generation gap.

My generation differs from yours in many ways, but when we understand the context in which things happen, we are able to have a historical perspective. And this gives us some hope and promise.

— Paul Louie

world war in 1941.

I was in elementary school when the war broke out. My Japanese education came to an immediate end and allegiances to Japan were rejected. This meant speaking English all the time and losing much of the Japanese culture that I had grown up with. It was as if the Japanese part of my life had been removed by major surgery.

While I became completely Americanized, my parents remained Japanese, and the price of this alienation was high. I remember that when I was an adolescent, I wanted to discuss my problems with my mother. But my Japanese vocabulary was stunted and her English was almost nonexistent. I remember being unable to tell her so many things simply because she could not understand my Americanized ideas. How I envied my Sansei friends who could discuss school, friends, personal problems—everything and anything with their parents. It seemed they suffered no generation gap.

Truly, my young friends, speaking of a generation gap—there was a real chasm between the Issei and the Nisei. I agree that there are many differences in opinion between today's Sansei and their parents, but I also know that dialogue is possible between these two generations. This was not possible between Nisei and their parents—and I think this was the biggest price the Nisei paid in their process of becoming "Americans."

— Anonymous



Dec. 7, 1941

## PEARL HARBOR

December 7, 1941, a beautiful Sunday morning in Honolulu. A chilling message over the radio—"Pearl Harbor is under attack!"

We ran out of our dorms at the University of Hawaii campus. A clear view of Pearl with "bombs bursating in air." We watched awhile then heard planes overhead. The *hi-no-tamas*, like red balls of fire, were clearly visible under the wings. We're at war with Japan!

Over the radio came an urgent call for all ROTC members to report to the University ROTC building in uniform. We rushed over, jumped on trucks and headed for the Hawaii Territorial Guard Armory. Rifles and ammo were issued and we waited anxiously for our assignments. Too much excitement for sleep. I got the 2 to 6 a.m. shift at the telephone company. Rumors, later proven false, were flying thick and fast about paratroopers, beachheads, etc. The city was under complete blackout. Nobody moved. It was eerie walking that lonely post not knowing where the paratroopers were—peering into the darkness and drizzle for any sign of the enemy.

Morning came and back to the armory for chow. It's amazing how everything had been organized under such trying conditions, but I'm told that every vital installation, from water supply to telegraph office, had been guarded by volunteers that night while the regulars manned beach positions.

### Question of Loyalty

The question of loyalty or the need to prove it never entered my mind since I never questioned my own loyalty and never suspected that anyone else did. Most Hawaiian Niseis probably felt as I did. A large majority (reflecting the campus ratio) of the make-shift guard was Nisei. The fact that this made no difference in assignments to guard vital installations that were vulnerable to sabotage was proof of this trust—in Hawaii that is.

Some time later, when things quieted down and it was "safe" for Washington to come to survey the damages, the story changed. They must have been shocked to see Japanese faces guarding vital centers that were the lifeblood of the Pacific Theater operation.

A tearful commander of their volunteer unit read the directive from Washington calling for the release of all Niseis from the Territorial Guards. "What?" The shocked look on everybody's face—"I can't believe it. Those damned jackasses must be crazy."

Shock gave way to anger. "If that's the way they feel, fuckum." But this was a temporary reaction and certainly no solution. We were at war and the frustration of sitting and doing nothing was too much. Their stupid action did not fulfill the Nisei urge to do something—to fight.

A volunteer group of Niseis was established to work with the Army Engineers. We lived and worked with them until news came that the 442nd combat team was being established. Volunteers far exceeded the call.

### Greatest Shock

I went home to my family on Kauai to volunteer. What awaited me was the greatest shock of my young life. My father, who had taken over the Shinto Temple as a lay priest when the priest returned to Japan, was in the county jail. My whole world crumbled; utter, utter frustration!

My father put the pieces together. "If the situation were reversed, Americans would be put into jail in Japan. I know that I would do nothing against Americans, but they cannot be certain. This is your country and I am proud that you are fighting for it." The rest is history....

—David Miura

## Do Justice and Love Mercy

Micah, an Old Testament prophet, dealt with the question of what it meant to be a good man, to be a moral man. To the question, "What does the Lord require of you?" he responded, "To do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God."

That was the text of the very first sermon I ever wrote back in 1958. If I were to sermonize on that text today in 1971, I would find it much more difficult. What does it mean to do justice and to love mercy in this day? What does it mean to be moral and walk humbly with one's God?

A man once said that young men see things only in primary colors and older men see things in all the colors of the rainbow. Maybe that's it, that as a younger man I saw the world and morality in more primary colors. Maybe the problem is that the world is much more complex today. Maybe the problem lies in the fact that being married, having children, and having invested one's life in things as they are, or were, makes it more difficult to accept change—drastic and violent change. I find that as a person of the "other" generation it is more difficult today to know what the Lord requires of me.

A week or so ago I experienced Father Dan Berrigan's play on the trial of the Catonsville nine. Nine men and women dealt with the question of what God required of them and their answer was to raid the selective service office of Catonsville, take out part of the files and destroy them with napalm. For them that was to do justice and to love mercy.

The trial made me face some very difficult questions. Almost all of the nine spent part of their lives in foreign countries and from that perspective saw this country as imperialistic, controlling and self serving. In contrast, most people in this country hear and believe that this country is selfless, helping and enabling others to gain freedom.

The trial revealed a biased and ineffective system of justice. Again and again the judge said this or that was not being tried in this court—the legality of the war in Vietnam is not being tried in this court, the foreign policy of this country is not being tried in this court, the issue of civil rights of the poor and the minorities is not being tried in this court. From a legalistic view point he was probably right, but from a moralistic view point I wondered where then are these issues being tried.

If you believe as I do that far too often the foreign policy of this country is self serving and exploitive; if you believe as I do that the war in Vietnam is illegal and immoral; if you believe as I do that the poor and the minorities are doing most of the fighting and the dying; if you believe as I do that most of the systems today in this country are outdated and grossly inadequate, then you face as I do the question of what does it mean to do justice and to love mercy.

Millions of letters have been written to presidents and others in authority and nothing seems to happen. Millions have signed petitions and nothing seems to change. Millions have marched in protest and injustice marches on. Thousands and thousands of speeches have been made and still nothing. Some have done as the Catonsville nine and participated in civil disobedience to bring notoriety to the issues and to appeal to the morality of the country and still no major change. A few have turned to violence with seemingly little effect.

How does one do justice and love mercy in this country in this day? That's a question many persons of the "younger" generation are desperately trying to answer. That's a question that those of us of the "other" generation must deal with. I for one am finding it most difficult.

—Rev. Richard Wong



# "SUCCESS STORY"

## and a difference of opinion

After hearing about the article on Japanese Americans in the June 21, 1971 *Newsweek*, I went to the library to read it. It was the first time I ever read *Newsweek*.

The article begins and ends with the "Success Story: Outwhiting the Whites" of one George Kobayashi. He made it into middle-class status—the drive of Japanese Americans, so says the article. Sure, there are those among us Japanese Americans, as in any other race of Americans, who do aspire to middle-class status. And once that level is achieved it spells "success," Anglo-American style. Isn't that what our American educational system, in concert with writings such as your "Success Story," holds forth as the great American goal? Nowwithstanding such pressures for "success," there are those of us whose goal is to help make a better world for *everybody*, not attain some tenuous status in order to look down our noses at others who didn't make it.

Let's take a good look at this business of "class" categorizing. The middle-class depends on the existence of a lower and an upper class; but, if one of an upper or lower class empties his pockets to help the less fortunate and the needy he would not remain in that status for long, would he? How praiseworthy is it then to wear a middle-class label? Nor is it an accurate label to stick on an entire ethnic group, the Nisei. There are many of us Nisei who would be assigned to a class below some welfare recipients who I'm told are middle-class whites.

You assert that "a Japanese American child can expect to live six to seven years longer than a white child; ten to eleven years longer than a Negro." I don't know where you got your statistics, but my sources have it that the average Nisei life span is twenty to forty years shorter than the average Issei. Many of us Nisei never make it to our fiftieth birthday. Can you explain that?

As you ought to know, there are the George Kobayashi's in every race of Americans. Moreover, we had our George Kobayashi's even before World War II. But no Japanese American was a hero then, law-abiding and hard-working though they were known to be. Instead, we and our George Kobayashi's were forced into concentration camps by the white ruling Establishment which at the same time heaped privileges, previously denied them, on blacks, Chinese and other non-Japanese. (Among some exceptions that I know of were the Black Muslims who, instead, suffered imprisonment and persecution during World War II for not going along with the Establishment and with its persecution of us "Japs.") One finds it therefore a contradiction that you now hail a George Kobayashi as a Horatio Alger hero. What a switch! About this time I'd be ready for an aspirin or two, or a stiff drink, or maybe even hard drugs—but for one thing. I am now on to the *modus operandi* of the "divide and conquer" principle you people have always used, and am not confused by it any longer, and therefore don't need to "blow my mind."

As a parting thought, let me ask you this: to really outwhite the whites, Mr. Kobayashi would have to wrest this country from the whites by violence and duplicity as they did from the Indians—the *native* Americans—and forever be in fear that somebody will do the same to them. If such came to pass would that still make him a success in your view? And would it still be something to brag about to "outwhite the whites?"

"The meek will *inherit* the earth," says the Book of books, not *usurp* it from others. Since the earth and the heavens belong to the Almighty God, the meek will get their inheritance from Him in due course of time, and it will be worth infinitely more than the existent property values that Mr. Kobayashi worries about.

Yours truly,

Mary Tani

# UP YOURS !

I am what you Sansei call the "establishment type." I was born in the twenties, lived in the poverties of the thirties, went to war in the forties, began my professional career in the fifties, worked vigorously in the sixties, and in the seventies I expected to live an affluent and peaceful upper middle class existence. I said to myself that from where I started, I've done fairly well. Now my children can start from here and proceed upward.

But the youth are telling me, "Hold on, Mr. Middle-aged Nisei! There's more work to be done. Are you really accepted in your upper middle class world? Do you have the same opportunities for advancement as the white man? If you did, do other Nisei have the same opportunities? You are in the engineering profession. Out of all the Nisei engineers, wouldn't you expect a number of them to be presidents of companies? What is it that prevent the Nisei, who are intelligent, trustworthy, technically skilled, and hardworking from advancing from middle management to top management? Is it the fault of the Nisei? Or is it the fault of our society that prevents the growth of the Nisei to become top management material?"

Another point: Am I American? Japanese? or Japanese American? I play bridge, golf, take in sporting events, and attend weekly Rotary club meetings. Yes, I am an American, but no, I am not an American to all Americans. No, I am not Japanese, for I felt I was a foreigner in Japan; but yes, I am Japanese sometimes to myself when I relish sushi, senbei, and ochazuke; when I look in the mirror and at my family, when I sign my name, and take pride in things Japanese. And Yes, when some Americans make remarks relating me to the Japanese.

Am I then Japanese American? Well, I'm not fond of the word "Japanese American." Something about this combination of words make me different than being American.

How about the word, "Nisei?" Yes, that's better. That's a second generation person of Japanese ancestry. That's American. But I'm American! I'm Japanese! I'm American! I'm Japanese!

"Well, can you live with this? You're Japanese, not by nationality or politically but culturally. Why can't you just accept the fact that you are both?" (Assuming we can qualify the word "Japanese" to mean culturally, and not nationally.)

I take pride in being an American. I am law abiding and love the freedoms of American life and the joys of American living. If anyone casts dispersions about my not being American, I will protest.

So, with typical American rebuttal, I greeted his, 'Hi Kamikaze!' with what I thought was an appropriate American retort 'Up yours!'

An acquaintance of mine greeted me from across the putting green as we prepared for a round of golf, "Hi, Kamikaze!" The first time I grinned from my Japanese side and said nothing. The next week when the same thing happened I thought of what we had discussed, and I said to myself, 'this man is attacking my American side.' So, with typical American rebuttal, I greeted his, "Hi, Kamikaze!" with what I thought was an appropriate American retort, "Up yours!" His startled answer was, "What?" And I hurried off the putting green on my way to the tee. Funny thing, the next week he greeted me with a simple, "Hello."

The next time someone wants to talk about Japan or things Japanese I will talk proudly of the Japanese culture. But I've got a lot of catching up to do. There is an awful lot of things that I've let slip by over the years of being just American. I'm going to have to read up more about Japan, the Japanese culture, and the Japanese in America. In fact, I'm going to pick up the first basic Japanese reader. I do recall hiragana and katagana and some kanji that I learned while on occupation duty in Japan in 1946.

As for fighting for our rights and the rights of others as Americans, I know not how best to serve. But I shall give this some thought.

You know it's going to be fun to be an American and a cultural Japanese. Thanks, Sansei!

Jim Yamasaki  
Member, Orange County JACL  
Engineer



## OPEN LETTER TO MIKE MASAOKA

We the Asian Americans for Action, who from our very inception have openly taken issue with the U.S. Government's disregard of the needs of the poor, the aged, and the ailing; who have opposed its racist policies both at home and abroad, particularly Nixon's plan for Asians killing Asians in his pursuit of U.S. domination over Southeast Asia; are deeply concerned with your response to the open letter sent to you by eight Japanese Americans.

You refer to your request for names of officers and members together with their addresses, the "possible orientation" of the groups—singling out "leftist" and "radical" unaccompanied by any explanation as to the purpose of such a request—as a "memorandum" sent to national and chapter heads, and as being of internal interest only.

(How are you going to differentiate between "leftist" and "radical"? Who is to make the designation?)

You state that the very survival of JACL is threatened when the "sanctity of internal communications cannot be preserved."

If an organization so closely attuned to the Establishment deems it necessary to be so cautious and secretive, is it not possible that an organization openly critical of Government policy as is ours, be gravely concerned about inquiries regarding the names of its officers and members together with their addresses and the "possible orientation" of our group?

Surely you must be aware of the climate of repression that the Nixon administration is visiting upon the country today, when even a mildly critical program by a television network becomes cause for persistent attacks by the Vice President; and an innocent Asian American forum on "Identity" attracts the FBI! Opposition to the Indochinese war, the struggle for decent housing, or Asian Americans demanding a more relevant study program, provoke harassment and busts.

The Cabinet-Level Committee on Oriental Americans which your Washington group proposes, smells of tokenism to us. Need we point out the numerous bitterly disillusioned resignations of the Johnson and Nixon administrations' black appointees who are now

without confidence or authority among their own people? It is the kind of tokenism that landed us in concentration camps during World War II.

We fully commend you on the vigorous work your organization has done on Title II. However, your condemnation of the eight Japanese Americans who have shown such awareness and sensitivity to the climate of our times and, indeed, to the intent of Title II itself, does a disservice to you and to your organization, since Congressmen like Ichord want to retain the bill to silence dissent, possibly even the voices of those opposed to Title II.

We feel that the gains made by the "don't rock the boat" policies of the NAACP are shadowy indeed, in the light of the very real gains made by "leftist, radical, militant" Black leaders who derive their power and vitality by listening to the voices of their people, rather than those of Establishment whimsey.

We wonder if it is not the time for the JACL to change its orientation and identify with the poor, the Blacks, the Chicanos, the Latinos, the American Indians and the youth, rather than with those who prosper by exploiting and oppressing us.

## INDIGNITIES

### Editor's Note:

On June 14, six Native American brothers and sisters were arrested in New York City on charges of "criminal mischief" while demonstrating their aversion to a statue degrading to their own and Black people. The statue depicted 'Teddy' Roosevelt astride a horse, flanked by submissive "faithfuls." They were arrested after pouring red paint over the statue.

## ONCE YOUNG

As an oldster passed the half century mark, I would like to thank the "young" (the 18 to 35 group) for making the past few years of my life more vital and meaningful. I have watched them come to grips with the problems of our community, nation and world, and have marvelled at their concern, spirit and energy in seeking just and humane solutions in all our neglected and troubled areas.

Where would the Issei Pioneer Project be without the young? How about Yellow Brotherhood, the student aid programs, the Asian American Educational task forces, the Asian American Peace Movement against our involvement in Southeast Asia, our ethnic identity program, and on and on and on? None of these projects would have ever got off the ground, were it not for the active involvement of the young.

The young people are the ones who are sick and tired of the hypocrisy of the establishment. They are the ones who are trying to stem the erosion of our natural and spiritual resources. They and the adults that they have enlightened are the ones that are spearheading the fight against what the modern military-industrial complex cynically calls "progress."

Too many of the older people are sad victims of a way of life that has insensitized them to a human and meaningful existence. It's such a tragedy, because we too, were once young.

Sincerely,  
Ken Hayashi

The pending case of the six young Indians charged with defacing a symbol of white superiority has come to our attention. We, of the Asian Americans for Action fully support these stalwart, prideful people who have had the courage to demonstratively relay to the peoples of New York, their feeling about a public shrine which is an insult, not only to the Indians, but to Black people.

The "faithful" Indian and Black man, obediently at the side of the "master," stands as an affront to all who are aware of the realities of American history.

What people would like to be portrayed as servile and submissive to the very ones who have perpetrated the plunder and pillage of their land, their civilization, their heritage, and their dignity? The lofty pronouncements of the U.S. constitution's preamble are, like other American documented promises, only hollow words, not a viable force in everyday life.

Theodore Roosevelt, from his own words, had considered Indians as "savages," and in his relationship with them, his feelings were blatantly expressed in action. That the Museum of Natural History should consider Theodore Roosevelt as a hero to be enshrined in a monument, reveals their own high esteem of this 'famed rough rider.' (Rough rider indeed, who rode rough over Third World peoples from Cuba to the Philippines.)

We hope you can understand that from the Indian and Black point of view, which is also our (Asian) point of view, the statue is humiliating and degrading. We, as Asians, feel this keenly for we are considered in like manner—"inferior" to whites.

A complete dismissal of all charges is the only way that a minute bit of justice can be realized. The action of the Indians was a righteous indignation in defense of their image. To rectify the hundreds of years of damage done to the indigenous peoples of this land, dismantling the statue would only be the beginning.

For justice and dignity to all,

Mary Kochiyama  
Asian-Americans for Action



# STRUGGLE ON THE DELTA

Japanese families organize a rent strike in Walnut Grove

Forty-two families in the Walnut Grove section of the Sacramento Delta began a rent strike two years ago aimed at erasing a vestige of California's historic discrimination against Japanese aliens. Today, they are owners of the land on which they live. Theirs was no ordinary achievement; it was a triumph of cooperation.

They had a unique relationship to the land—traceable to the California Alien Land Law, enacted in 1913, which forbade aliens ineligible for citizenship to purchase real estate.

The California Supreme Court struck down the law in 1952, but the residents of Backtown—as the Japanese section of Walnut Grove is known—found themselves trapped in a seeming dilemma.

These families had built their own homes, paid for other improvements, but the land on which they resided did not belong to them; they paid rent for it. After the turn of the century, many Japanese and Chinese in the Delta area (Courtland, Locke, Walnut Grove and Isleton) wanted houses and business buildings, but land owners would not sell so they had no alternative but to rent. The Asians would build their own buildings and the landowners retained title to the land and collected rents. This worked out for a time as there were no raise in rentals. However, after World War II the original rents were doubled and were increased every year. Improvements were required and further increases in rents were made. Committees were formed to negotiate with the owners for long term leases. The leases were refused, but promises were made by the landowners that the rent would remain the same. The promise was broken. Rents were raised again.

It was impractical for these tenants to buy land elsewhere, leaving such substantial investments behind. One Backtown resident recalled, "When we wanted to buy the land, they (the landlords) would ask an outrageous price."

Then, in January, 1968, rents were raised once more and the Asians "finally got their belly full," as one observer put it. With the help of the War on Poverty Operation Grass Roots, the Sacramento County Legal Aid Society and the Japanese American Citizens League, the families of Backtown decided not to pay the rent increase. They and their lawyer, thought that if they could stick together, their eight landlords would have to come to the bargaining table. It worked. The landlords demanded \$75,000 for the entire tract—about 10 acres. The tenants offered \$35,000. Finally after protracted negotiations, the price was agreed upon—\$57,500.

The Backtown families formed the Delta Estate Cooperative Society to raise the money to purchase the land and to become its legal owners. The families, along with two churches (Methodist and Buddhist) in the neighborhood will make proportionate monthly payments into the cooperative and receive shares as their tokens of co-ownership.

"We are very happy about the way it has worked out," says Toshio Sakai, secretary of the cooperative. "It shows what can be done when we get together and meet obstacles together."

The achievement in Walnut Grove may set an example for other areas of California where members of certain minority groups still live in homes built at their own expense on someone else's land. The residents of Backtown have put behind them a situation described two years ago by an Operation Grass Root organizer:

"Unlike white persons enjoying the advantages of home ownership, they make their payments year after year but acquire no equity. Many of them could have been residential landowners long ago—had they not been Japanese. This discrimination took root in California after the Gold Rush years when the state was swept by a fervor of Asiatic exclusion. The Alien Land Law, observed a 1920 pamphlet for voters, arose of fear that 'Orientals, particularly Japanese, are fast securing control of the richest irrigated lands in the state' and this means in time control of the product and control of the markets."

The situation that existed in Walnut Grove, and still exists in many similar places throughout California is but another example of the racism against Asians that exists even today. Inability to own land is an overt example of this racism; there are many more subtle, 'covert' ways in which this racism is manifested—stereotypes that say all Asians have made it in this country, the insensitivity of social service institutions to our bi-lingual aged and newly-immigrated, the way we've been taught to be ashamed of and confused about being Asian's in America, are but a few examples of this covert racism.

The people of Walnut Grove came together, fought back and won! We can take a lesson from the experience of the people of Walnut Grove. We must begin to come together as they did and begin to fight back as they did—against the dehumanizing stereotypes, the institutional insensitivity, and the cultural genocide; against a structure that forces people to fit *it*, at the expense of their culture, their pride, their humanness. We must begin to create a sense of community, and a sense of pride by creating our *own* community—one that is designed *for* human beings.



drawing by Tracy Okida



The hard time we experienced in choosing a name for this issue reflects the problems of its concept and content. This month's *Gidra*: the "parents, adults, over-30, middle generation, second generation, nisei, mellowed yellow" issue. An ill-defined idea—perhaps because we only vaguely know ourselves—the movement. Here maybe, the need and purpose for this edition—problems of communication between generations because of nebulous concepts of each other.

This month, *Gidra* has shifted experimentally in its content and editorial policy. But this shift is no accident, for its dynamics have been suffused throughout the Asian American movement—influencing its beginnings (as defined by *this* generation's eyes!) and perhaps foreshadowing its future. Now, these very dynamics have shifted.

For whatever had molded our individual growth into radical political involvement—this society's pervasive racism, its callous institutions, or its devastating international conduct—the great influence came from our relations with our parents.

For the most part of course, this influence came negatively. Whether the rebellion was against conformity, timidity, materialism, or the myths of these—as we perceived them—prevailing characteristics—rebel we did. We formed organizations of our own number, seeking communication with the elder community only to point an accusing finger at a past we had been spared. Fully convinced of our uniqueness, we neglected the bond of oppression and struggle that never separated our times at all. We, who protested the exploitation of sisters, would call upon mom for dinner without a qualm. We, basically, got some quiet, mercilessly arrogant satisfaction in thinking that we never would have accepted what they had had to, and that we were doing things that they never would have attempted.

But when we discovered the racist oppression that had forced our parents into their position, we reflected—and were shamed. After all, of what tougher stuff were we made other than that allowed by the accident of history? Thus, we vowed to seize upon our privilege: that all people could be so privileged. Our elders, once the source for our individual negative rebellion, became under this positive analysis, the motivation for our collective work.

So here we are. Perhaps still exploiting their memories, their history, for our own game—our own gain. What about the preceding pages? And the future?

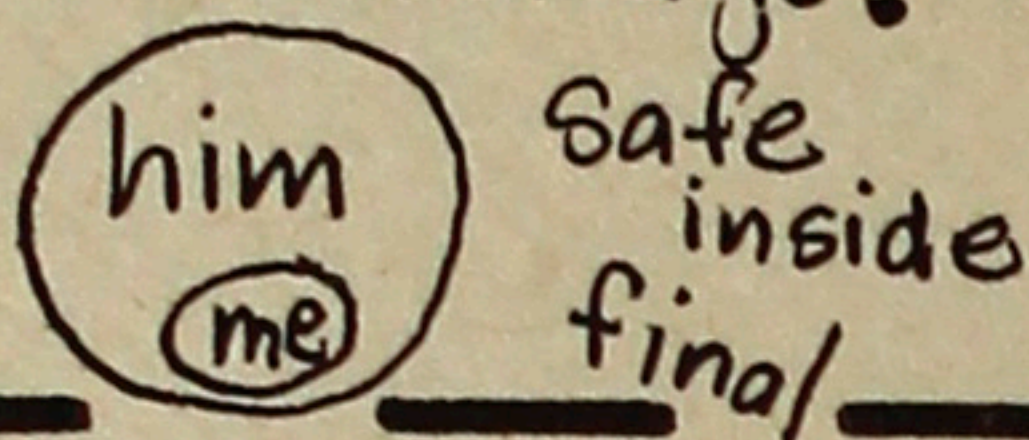
The most difficult problem reported by the contributors was the intensely personal nature of their articles. Again we see the problems of self-definition and communication, this time with their implications for our struggle. For it seems that if the movement is to be warm and human, it must merge personal caring with its political teaching. Our abstractions about an older generation are meaningless if we cannot talk to "my father and mother". Not just imposing our public, political self-definition onto the world, but bringing—intensely and even painfully—the private, personal sphere to our movement work. *Gidra* desires to serve a wider segment of the Asian community and hopes with this issue, to start this sort of "movement relationship" here.



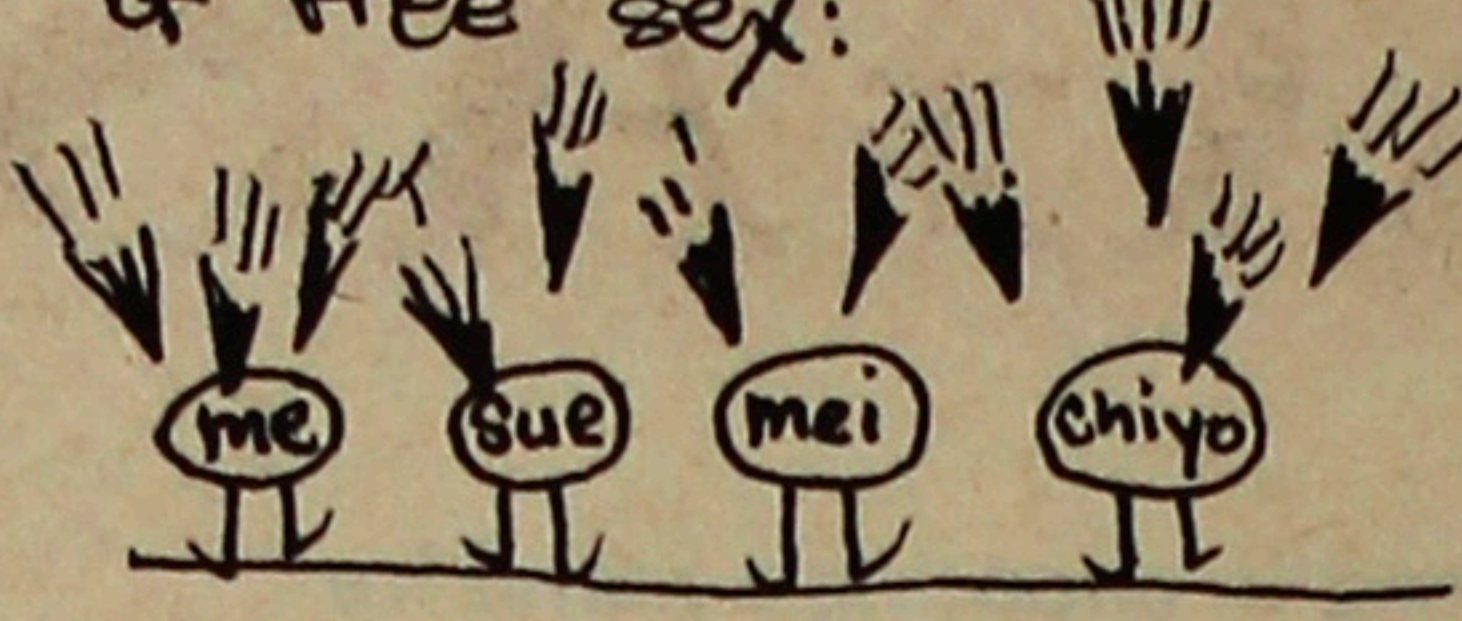


# women and men

when we were little, this was how we thought about marriage:

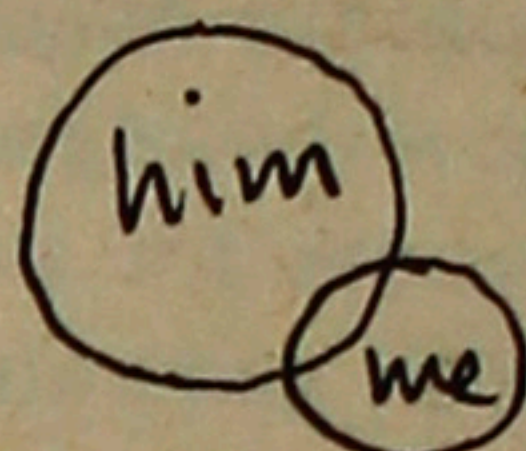


Later we had a period of free sex:

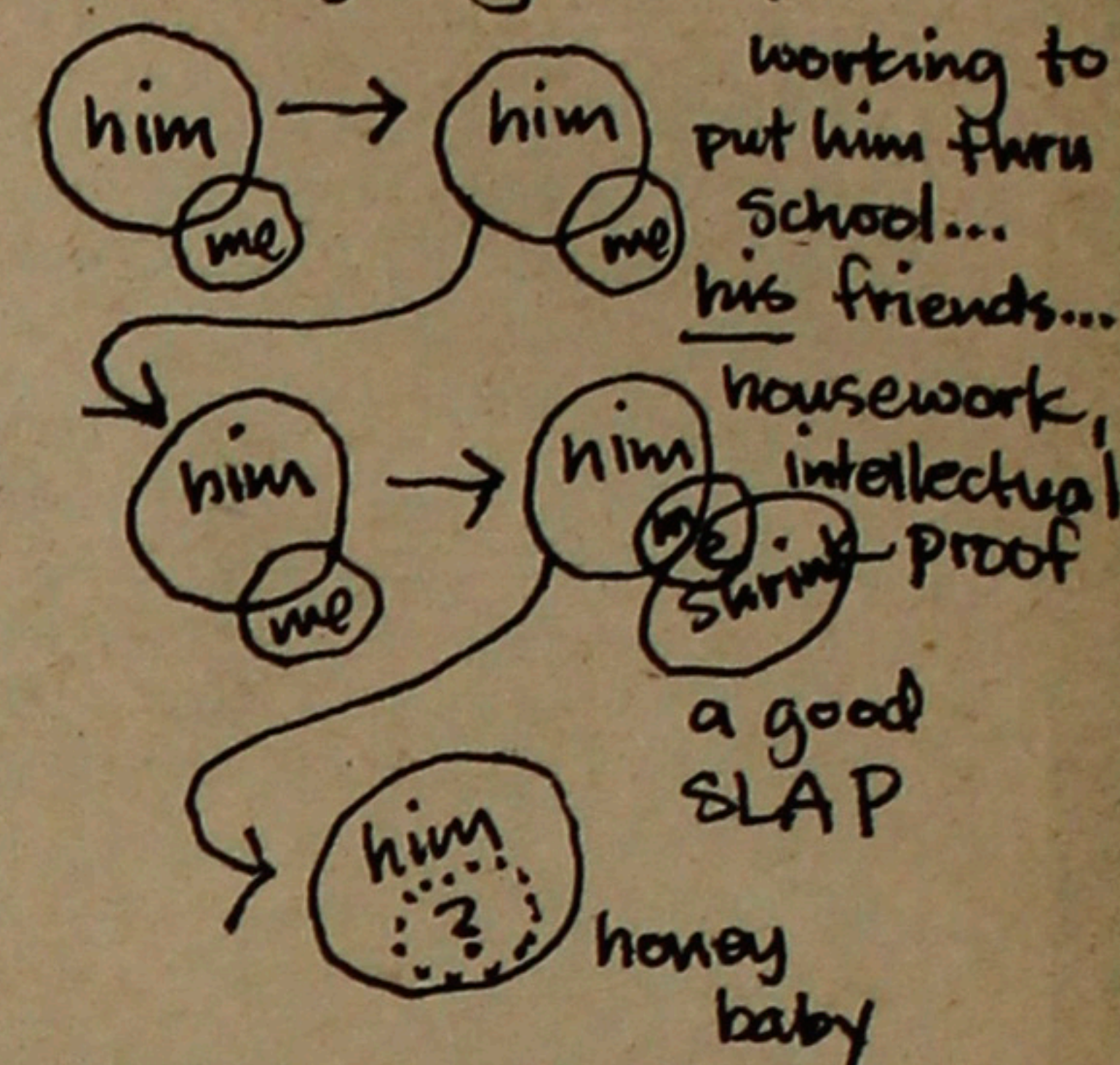


then we tried: shrinks, yoga, clothes, politics, poetry, drinking, diets, dope, bitterness, bitterness, revenge.

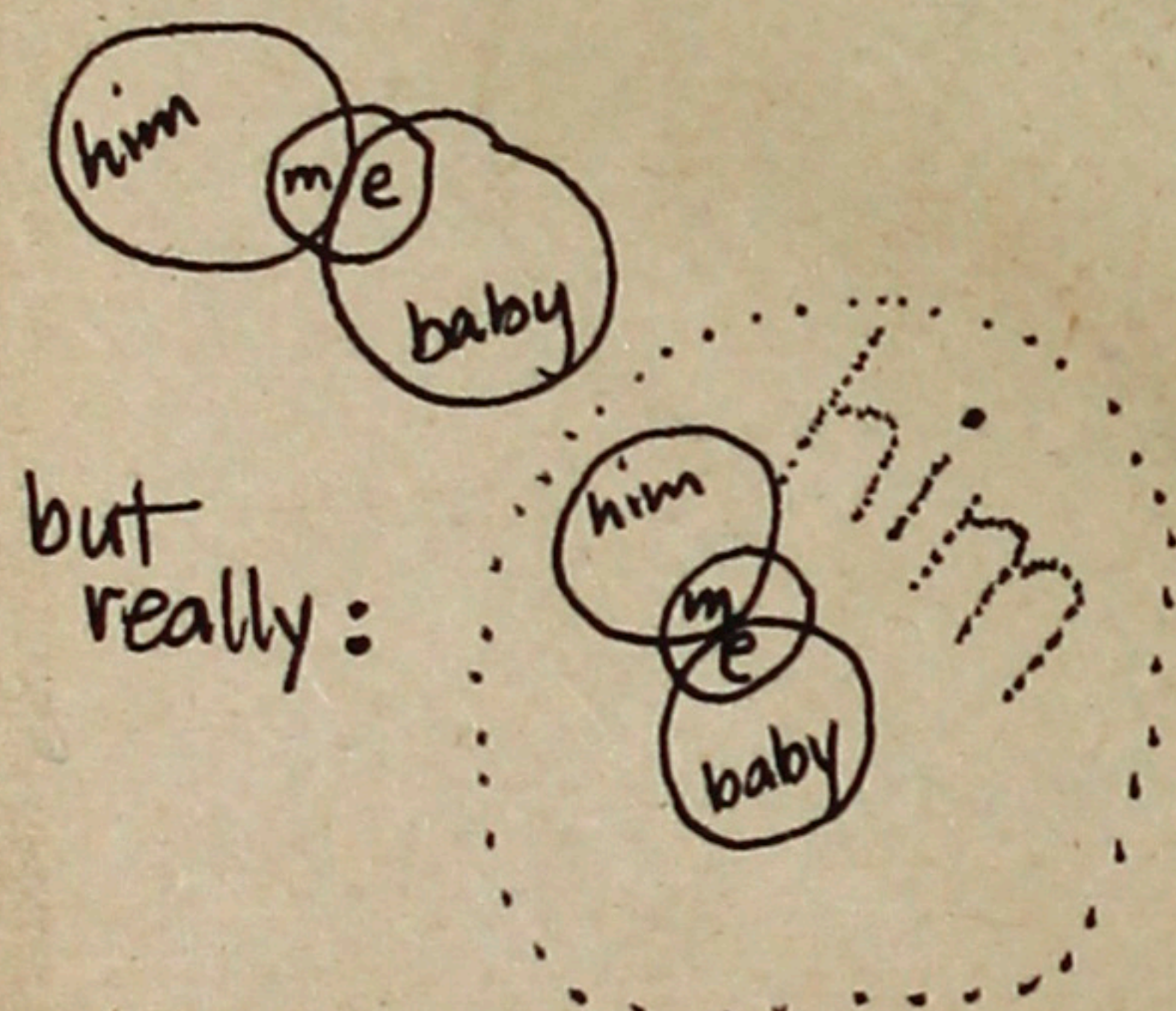
But the time we settled with one man we had learned that a woman has to do her own thing as well. Our ideas and lives varied, but in general it felt like this:



Sometimes we noticed this beginning to happen:

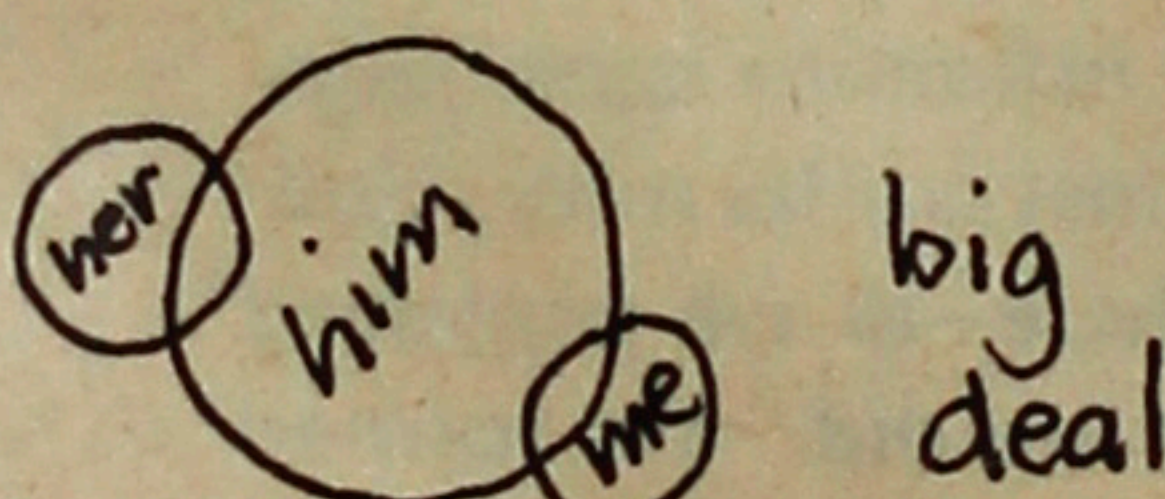


Sometimes we had babies to reassert ourselves:

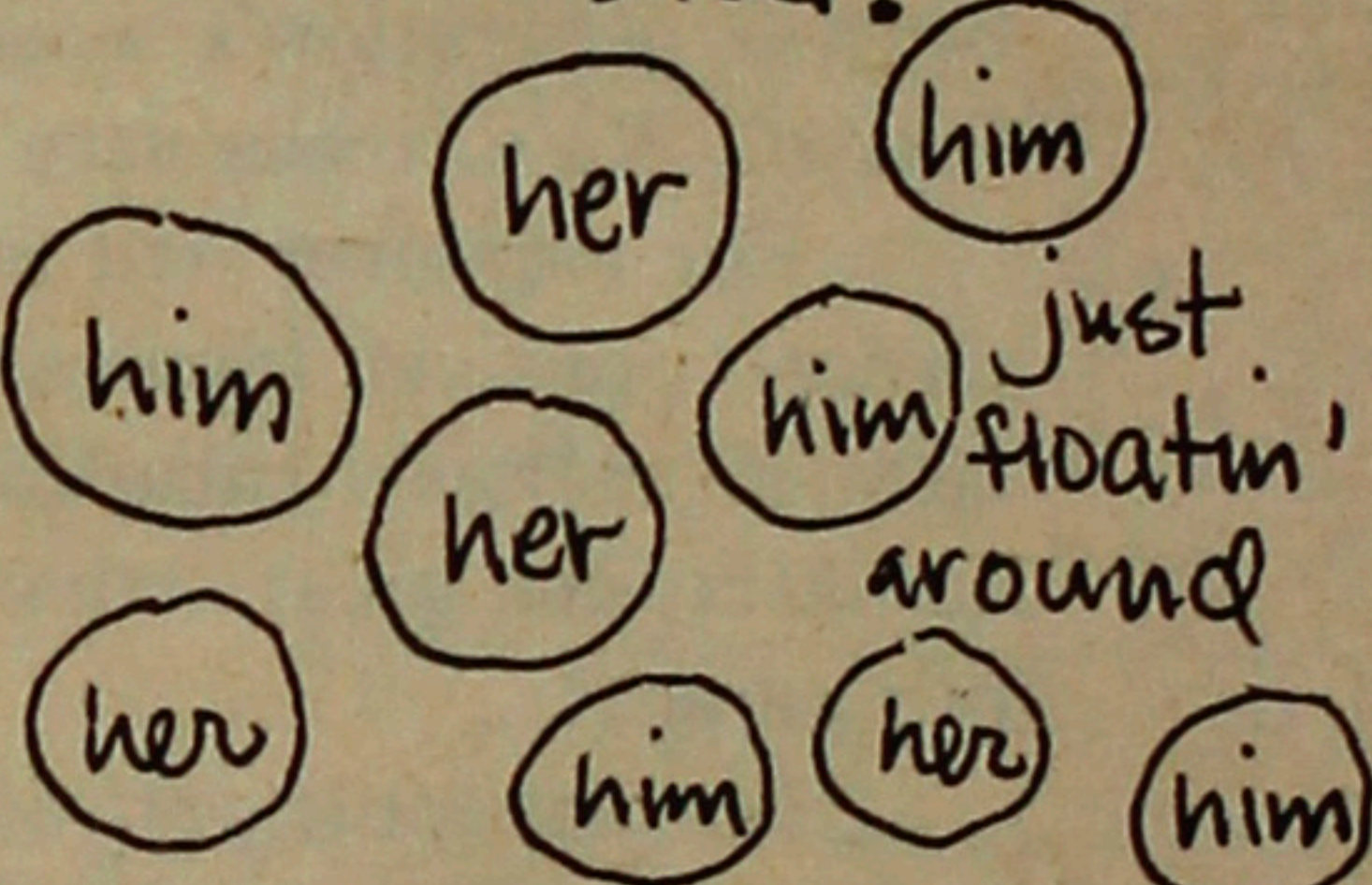


When people talked about "smashing monogamy," we remembered the period "free sex" and got scared.

when we tried to put it into practice it usually worked out like this:

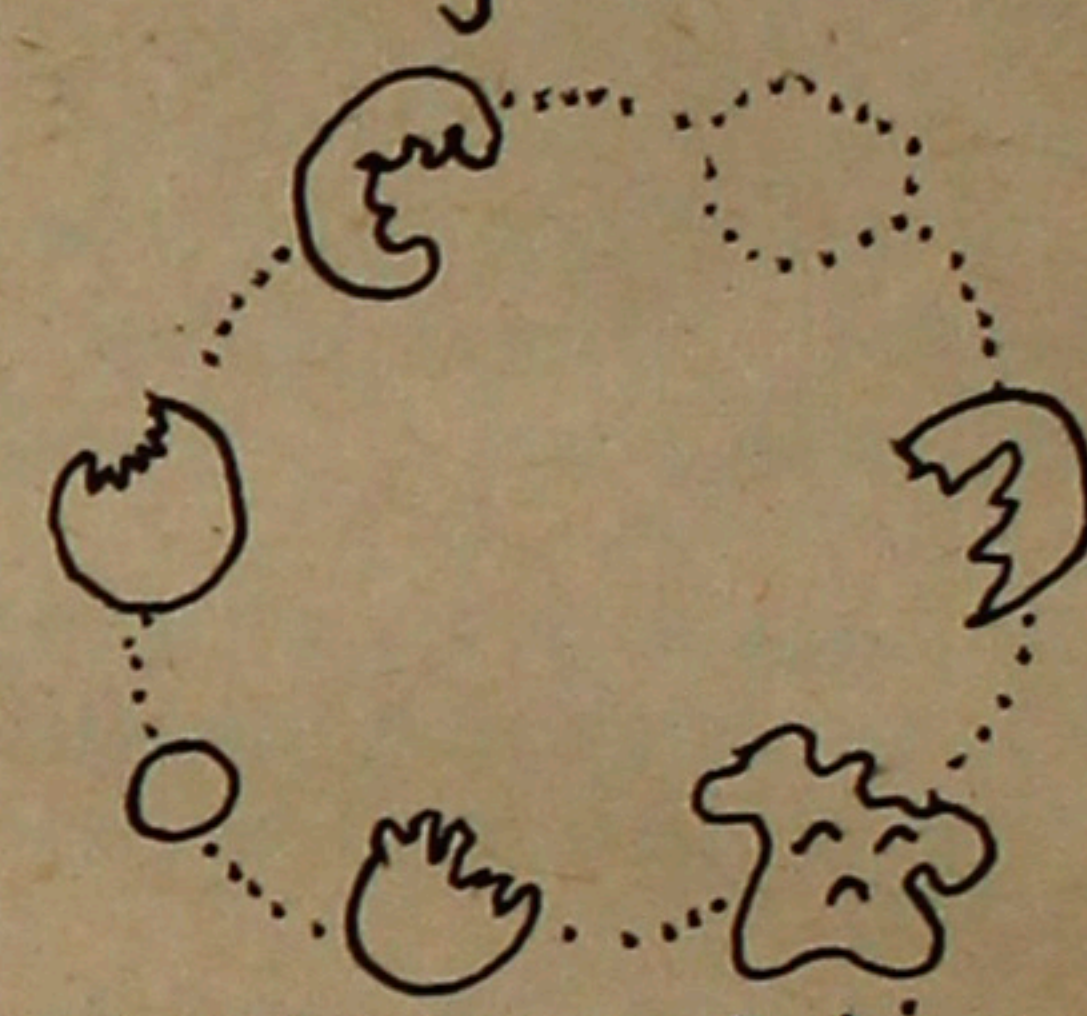


A man described what it might look like after monogamy was smashed:



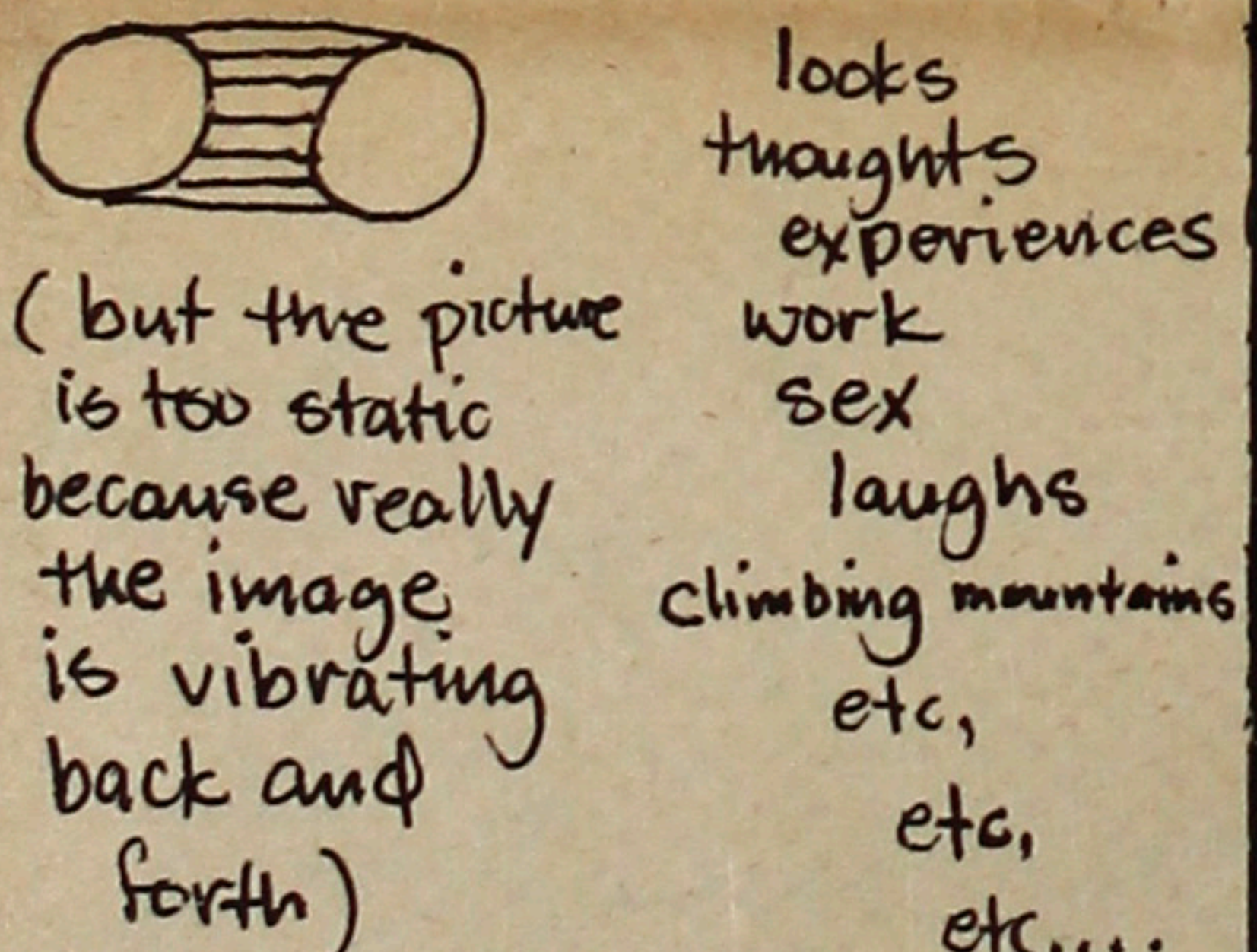
I thought that was scary but didn't say so because I didn't want to sound like the clinging type.

At some point we all brought whatever we had to a women's group. The first meeting was like this:

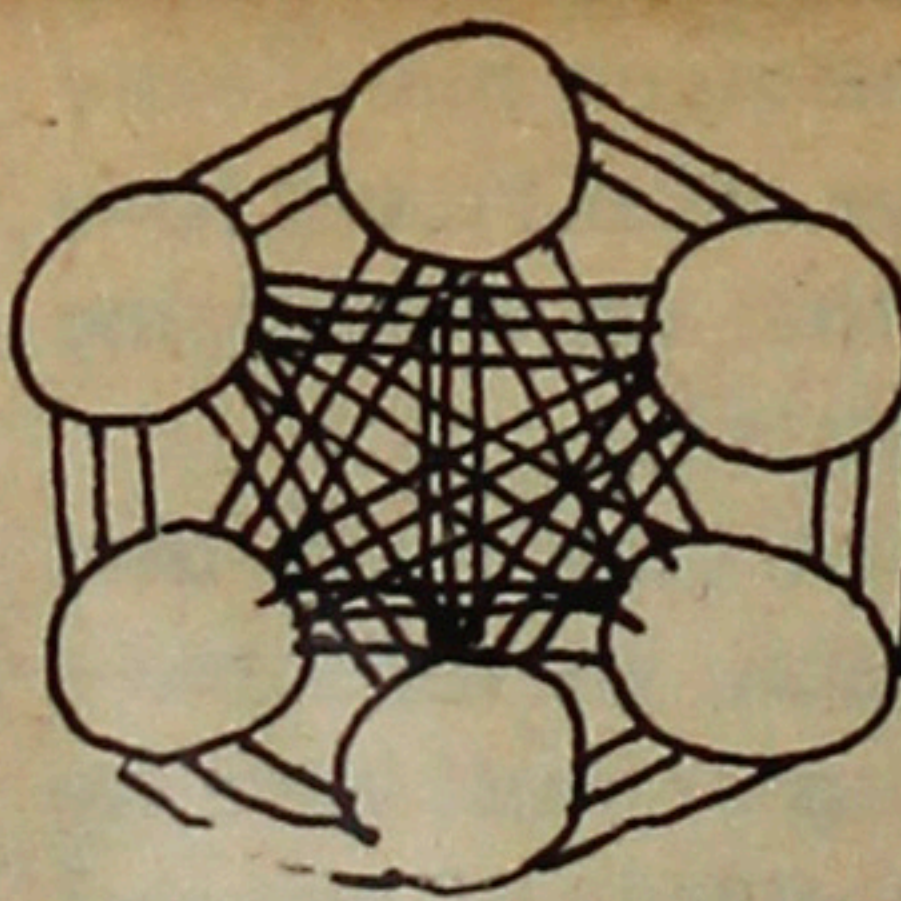


We had a hard time but a lot of things happened.

while I was tripping once I thought about us being together and separate sort of like this:

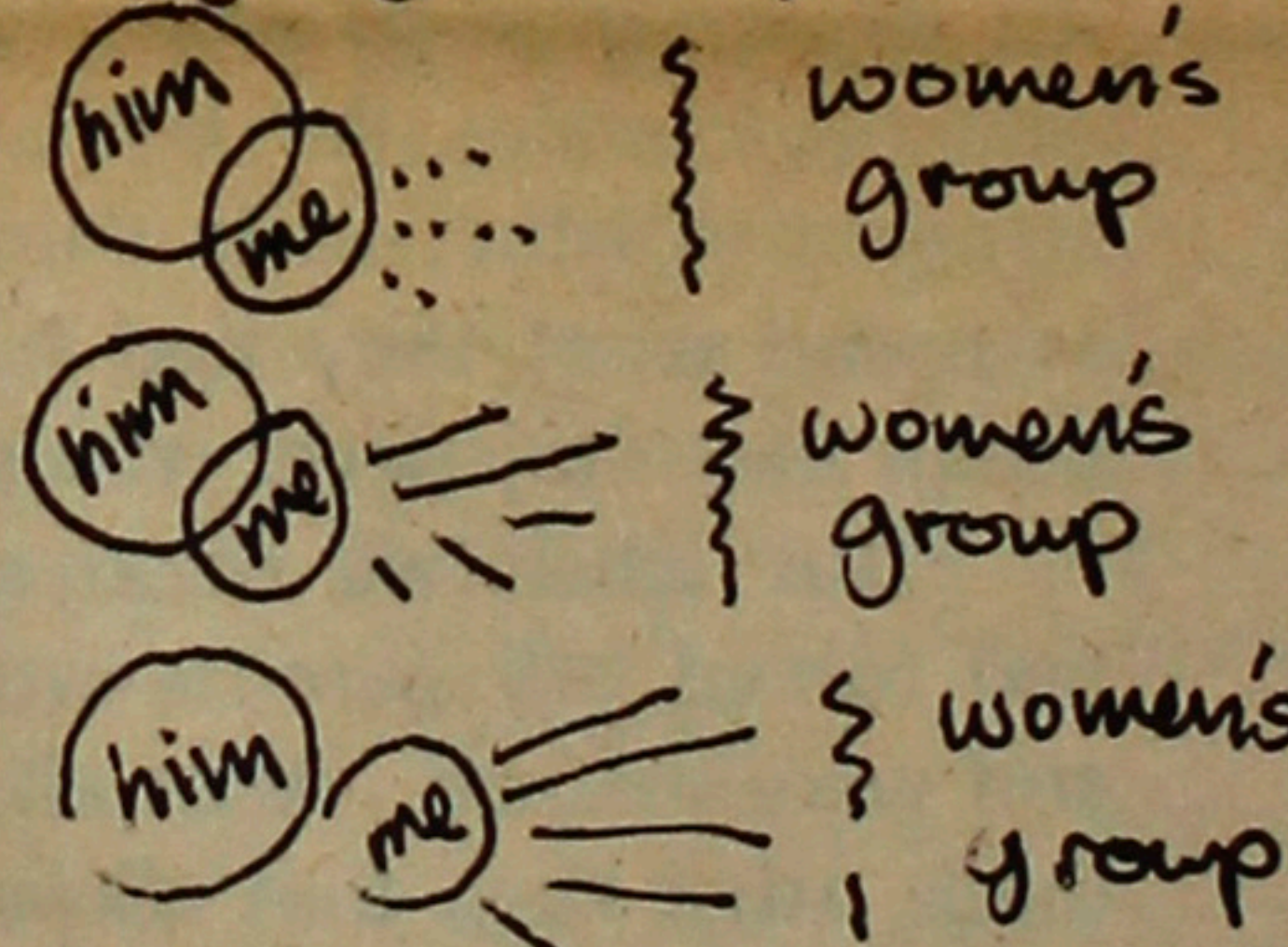


I feel like we're moving toward this:



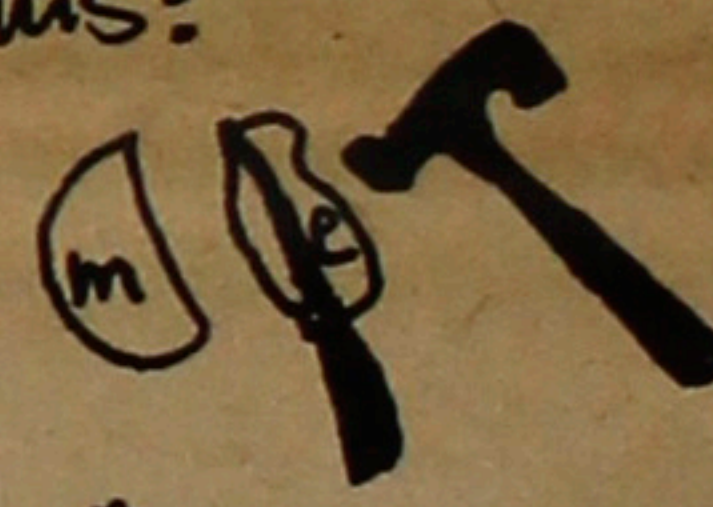
but we're not there yet.

Many of us felt this beginning to happen:

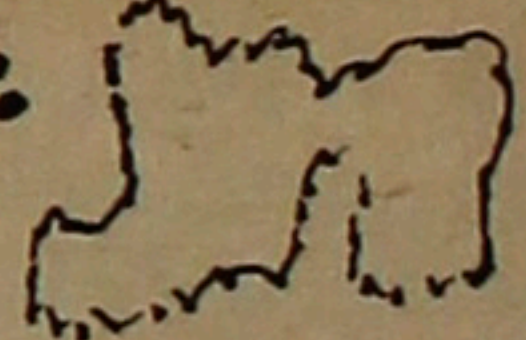


Even some of us who were not with men felt this because it was happening to us.

It made us afraid of this:

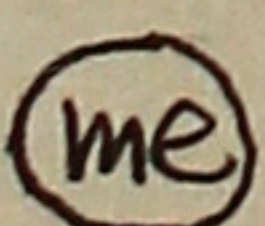


or this:

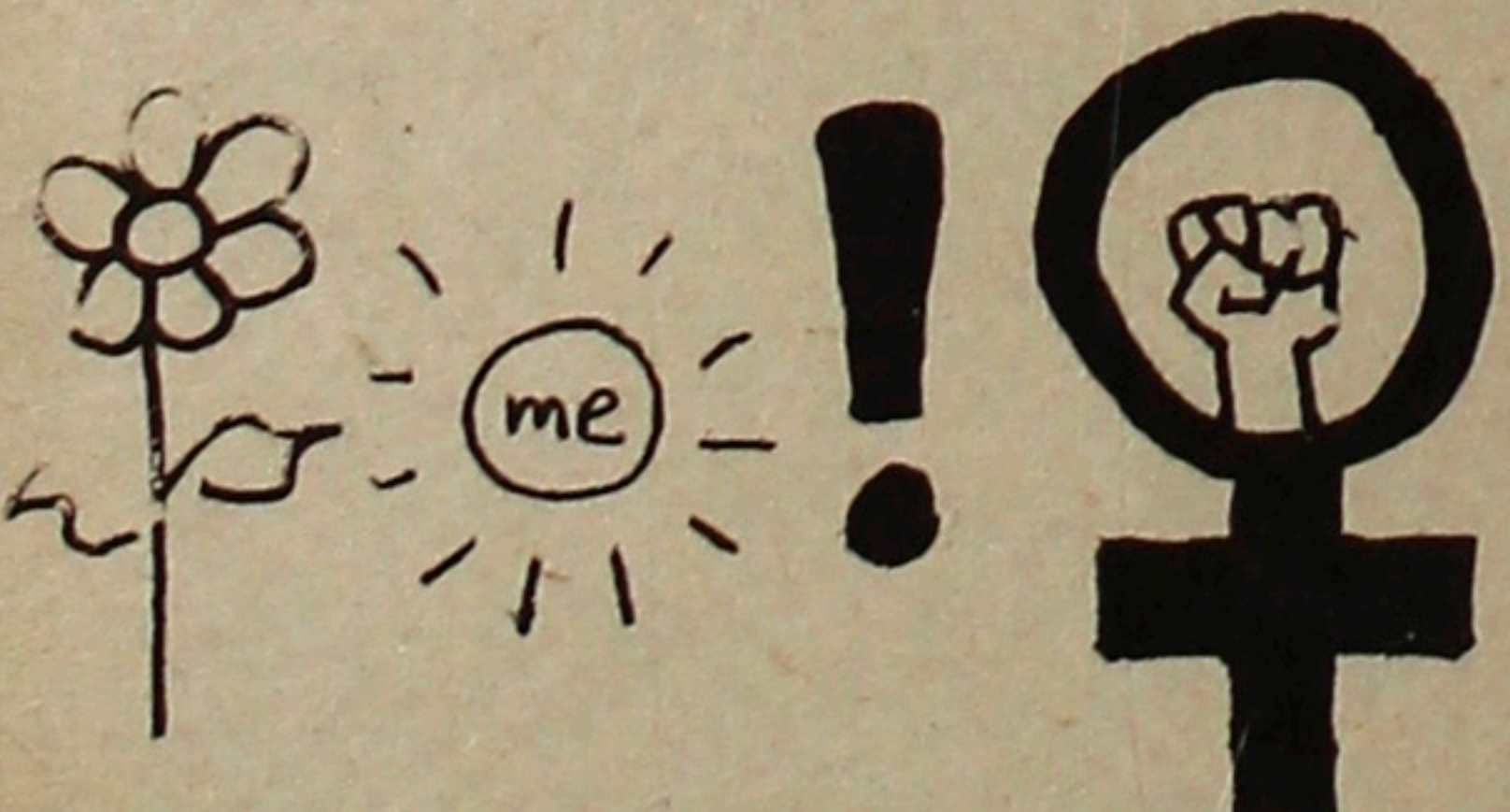


or this: "me" "him"

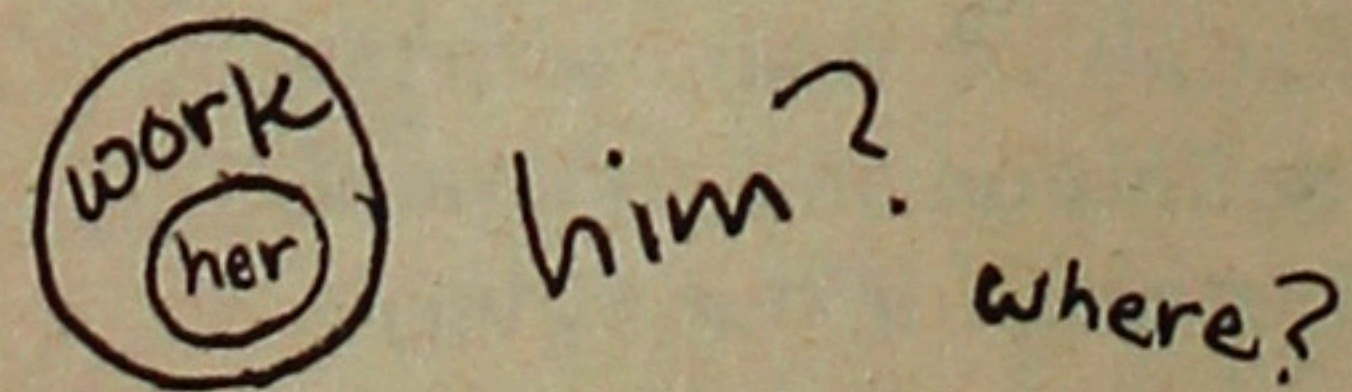
but the whole point of it all was to achieve this:



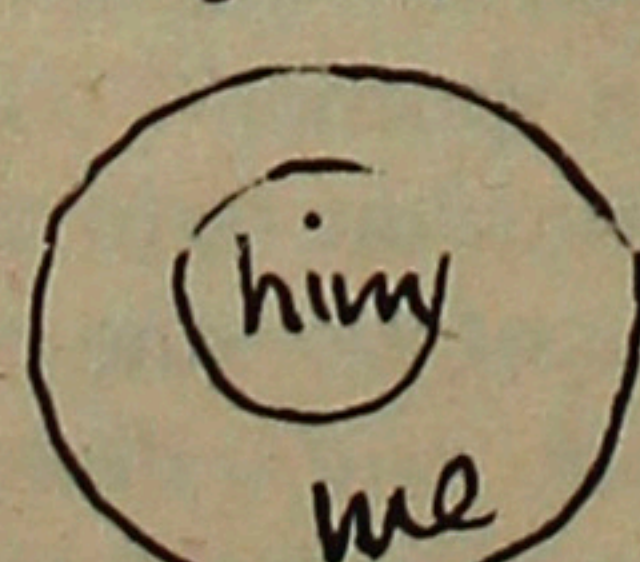
and every once in a while we felt like this:



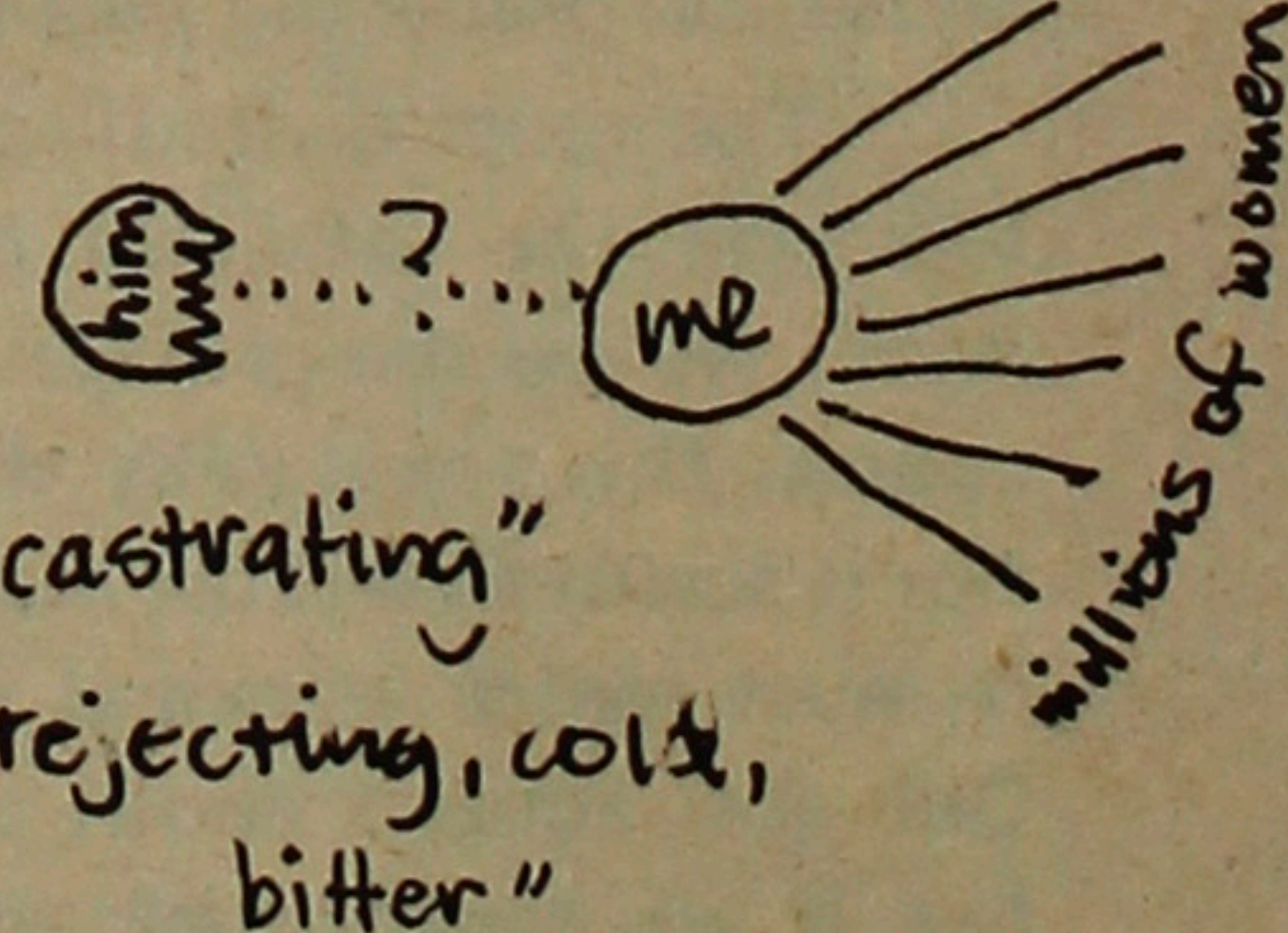
It was scary for the men, too. We began to see that a lot of them felt like this:



Some men seemed to want to do this:

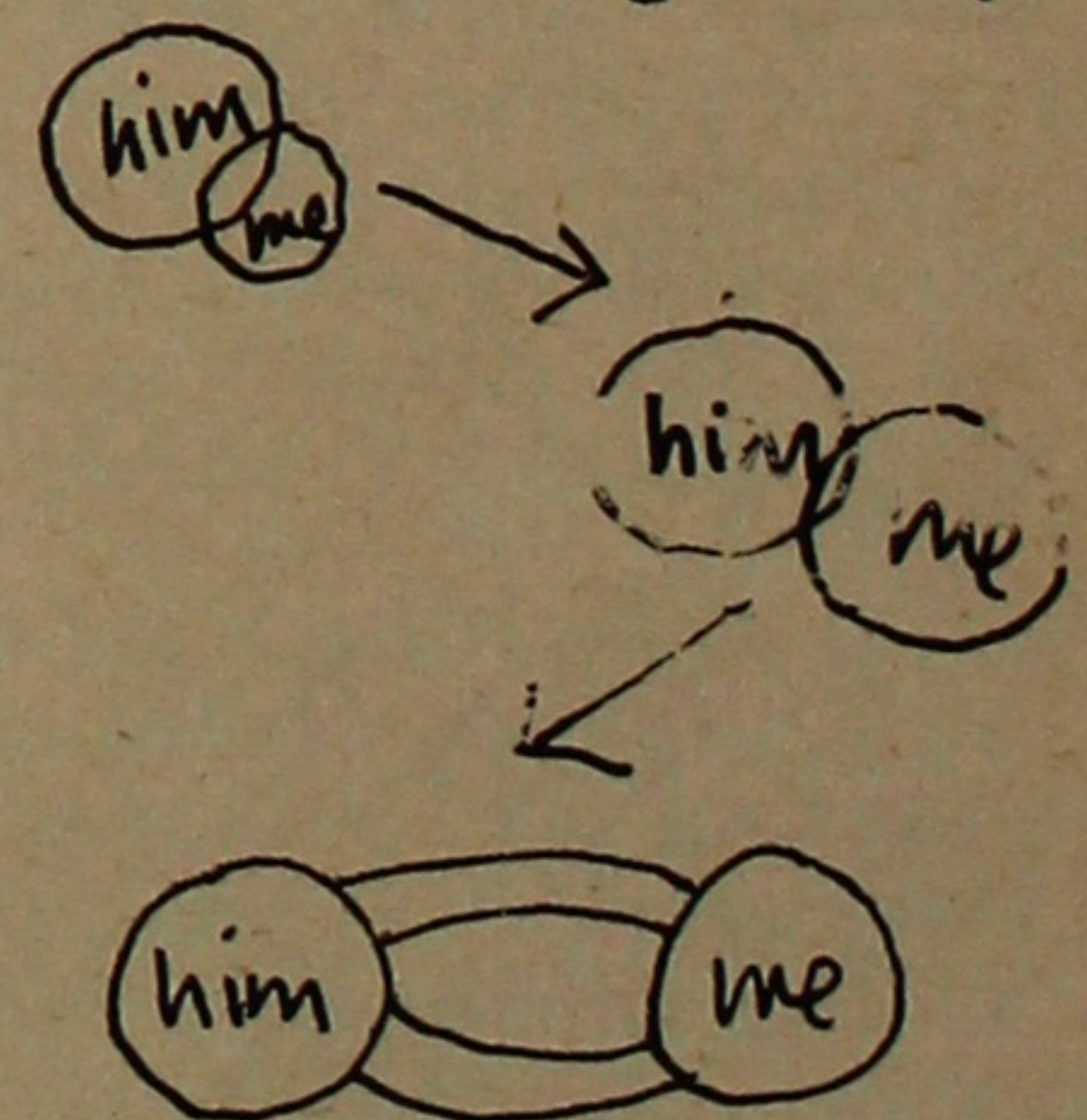


But the men mainly seemed afraid of this:

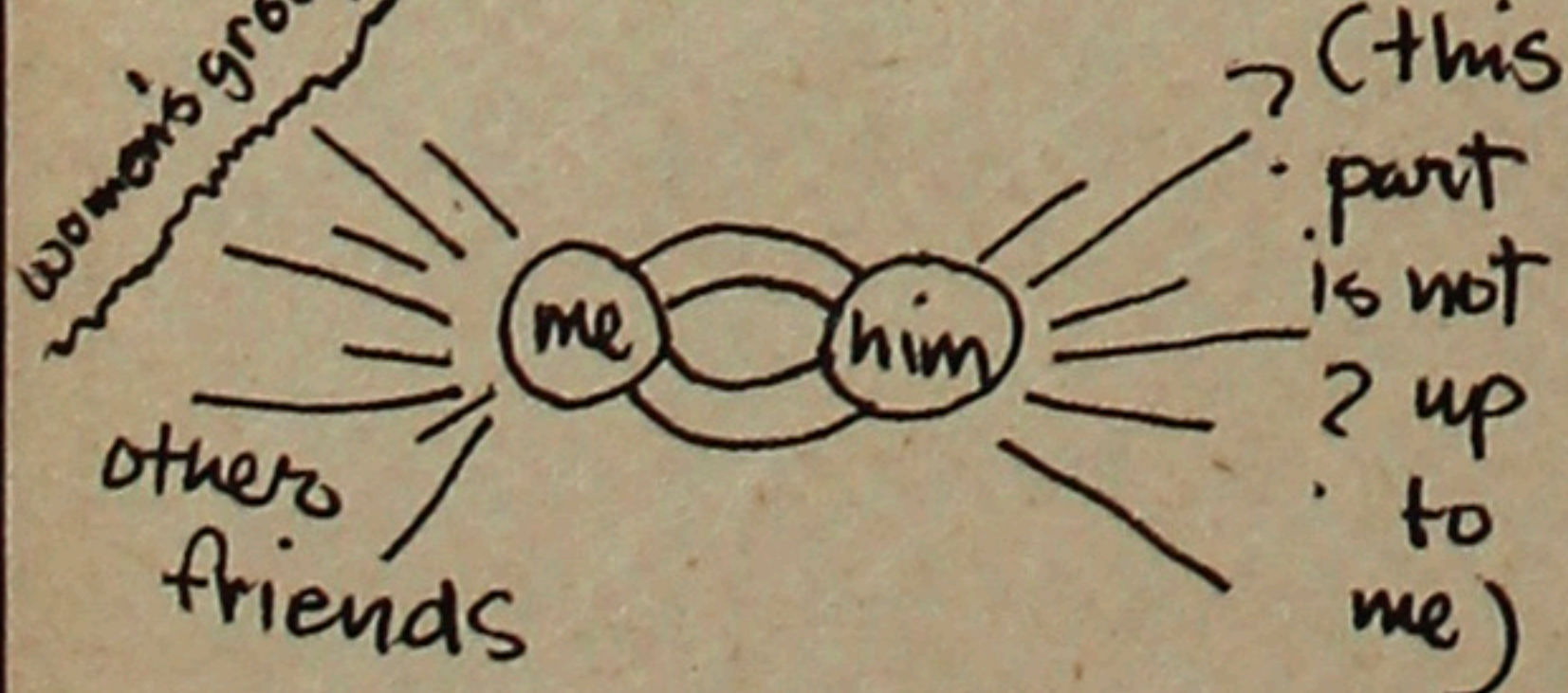


"taking it all out on me"

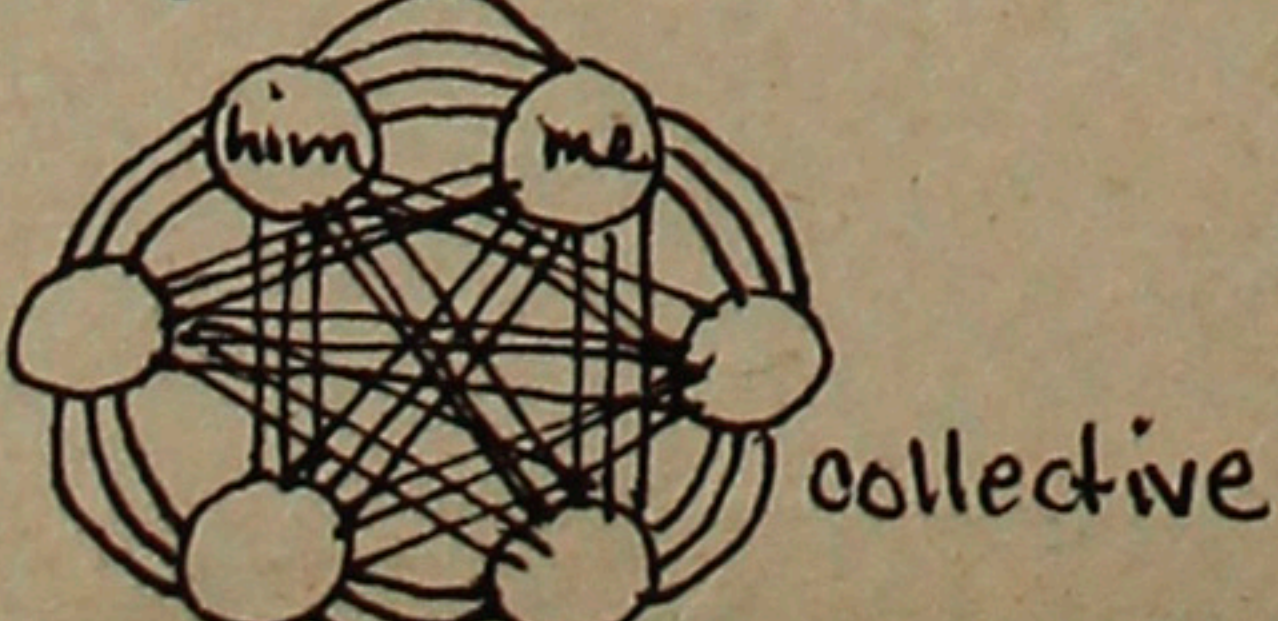
Those of us who are with men are trying to do something like this:



It could work out like this:

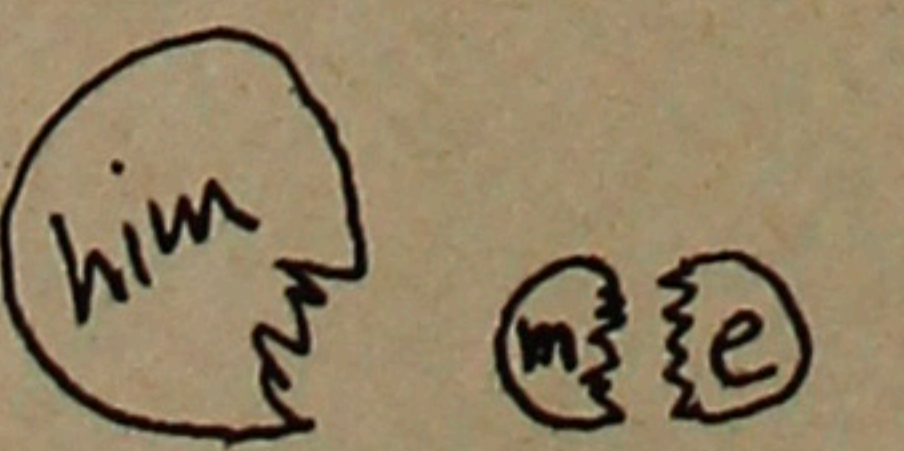


Or maybe even this:



It doesn't have much to do with rules about who sleeps with who or how many people, or what sex they are. It has to be worked out according to how we feel.

But remember, we started out like this:



who needs it?

There's a lot of pain, risk, and fear in the changes we want, if you think there's not, you don't understand yet.

The best hope for our relationships with men is for us to keep this in mind:



That means we love each other by choice this time.

Many relationships will not survive these changes. Men's fears will often make them fight against us. Often women will decide the whole thing is impossible or not worth the pain. Many will choose not to relate to men at all.

But for all of us the most important thing is that for the first time, we are beginning to feel like this: "me"



# HIROSHIMA - NAGASAKI INDOCHINA

Ten thousand cranes fly  
One thousand candles flicker

Twenty-six years ago  
600,000 souls flew away  
blown from earth  
by an experiment

basidiomycetes mushroom  
atomicus horribilis mushroom cloud

Did the 600,000 come back this obon?  
No  
how can they be at peace?

1,000,000 more souls have now flown away  
fleeing the torn charred wreckage  
of their bodies

Defoliation kills mushrooms  
But atomic mushrooms seek fertile new soil  
Like silent ninja  
atomicus horribilis waits  
waits  
silently

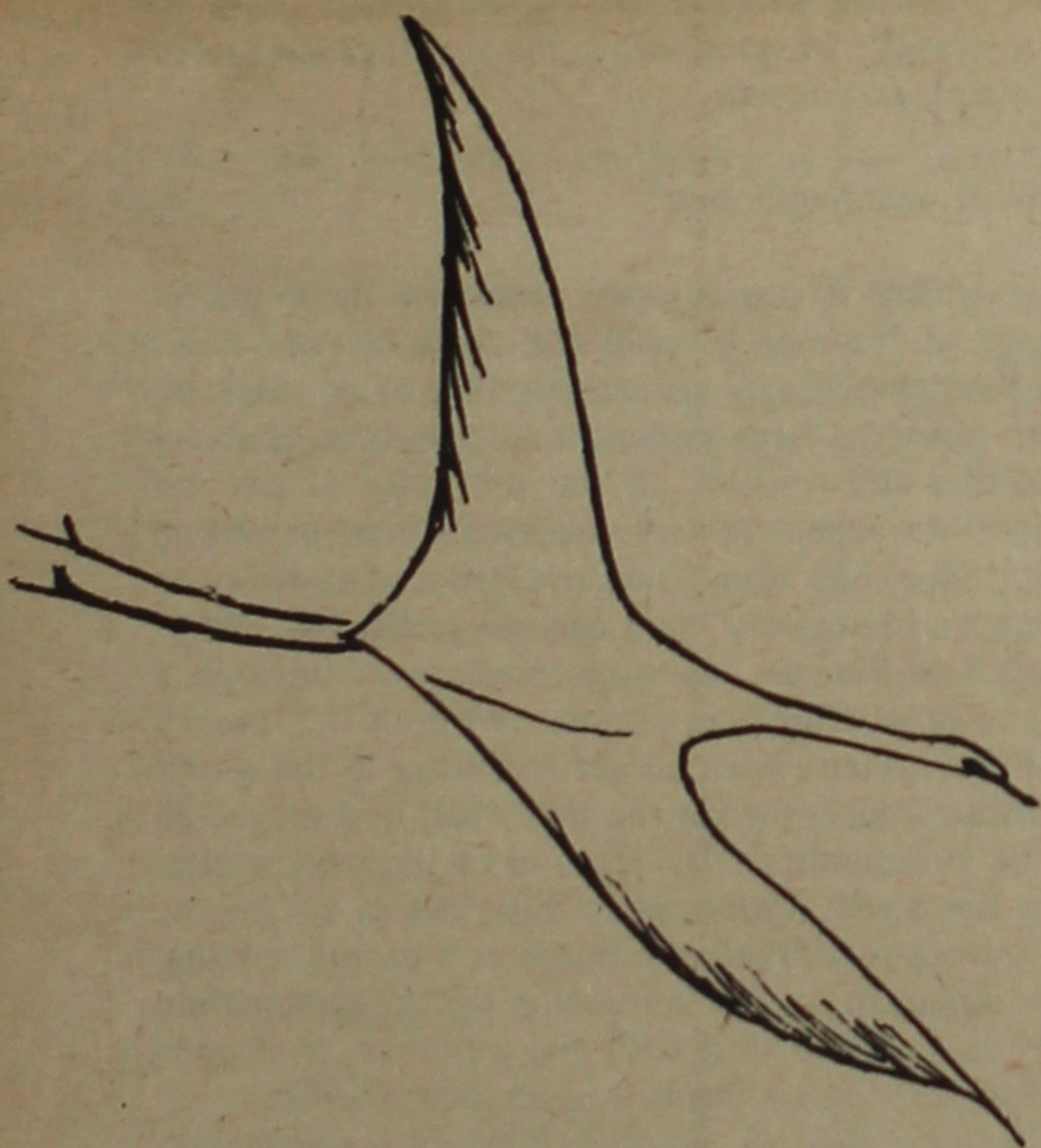
Fly swiftly cranes of long life  
Burn brightly candles of memory  
So no more souls need wander the world  
searching for peace  
So atomicus mushroom waits  
waits  
in vain  
for new victims

Ring the gongs of ancestral shrines!  
Call out to the lost souls!  
The living shall bury the dead  
No more experiments of war  
No more wounds of heart and body

Soon will rise songs of victory  
in many languages  
of the people

Mushrooms will grow again on barren land  
atomicus horribilis will be buried  
beneath green crops  
and proper tombstones  
for the dead  
So no more souls need wander the world  
searching for peace

—Patricia Sumi



Sketches by Kiyoko

## HIROSHIMA - NAGASAKI - INDOCHINA DAY

FRI. AUG. 6

### PROGRAM OF EVENTS

#### 7pm Religious Memorial Services

Catholic: Maryknoll Mission 222 S. Hewitt  
Buddhist: Nishi Hongwanji 815 E. 1st St.  
Protestant: Union Church 120 N. San Pedro

#### 8pm Assembly

old Nishi Hongwanji building  
E. 1st St. and Central Ave.  
speakers and music

#### 9pm Solemn Candlelight Procession

from old Nishi Hongwanji building  
to the Federal Building  
and return

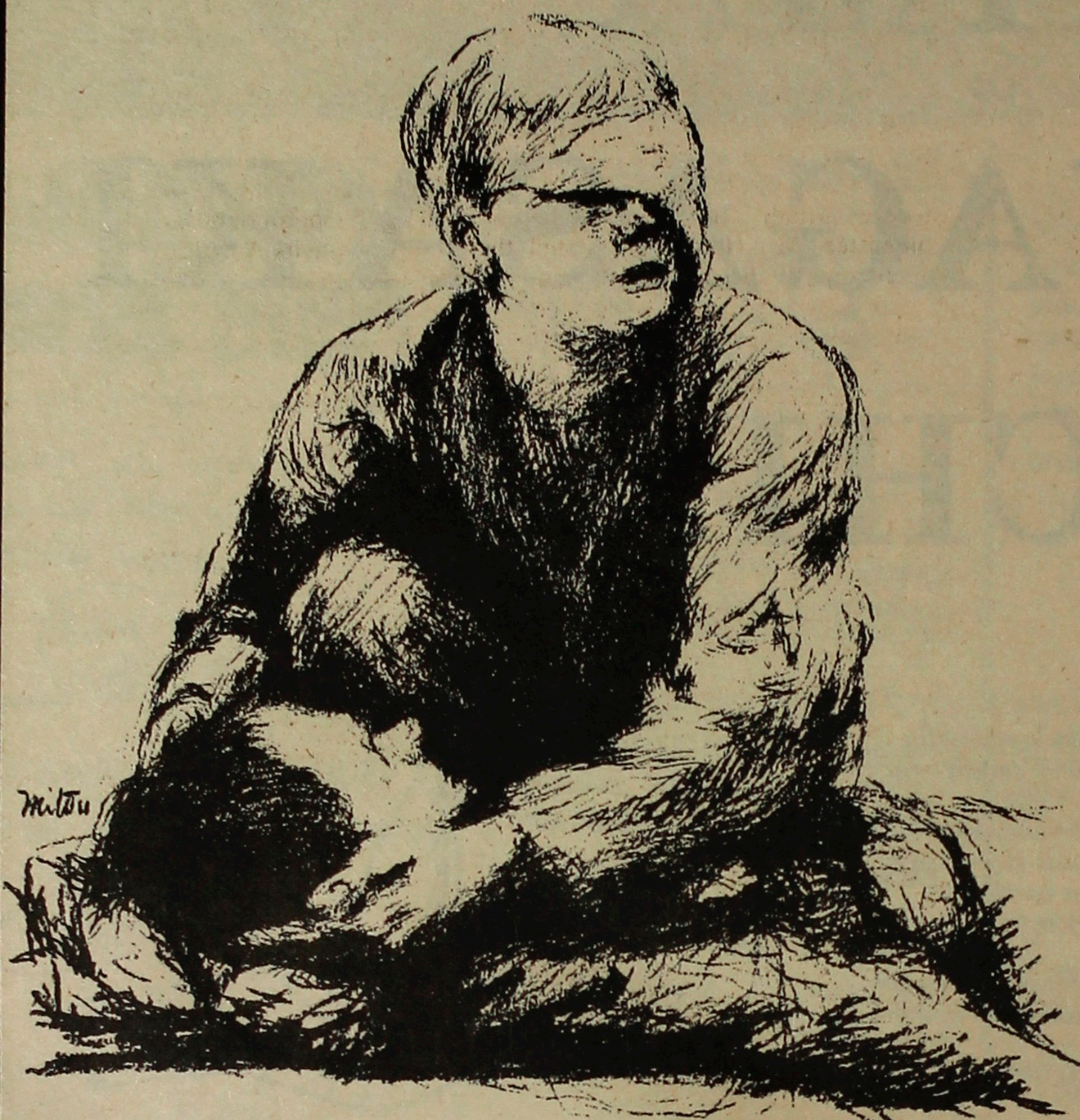
Donations will be accepted by Asian Americans for Peace P.O. Box 18046 Los Angeles, California 90018



# HIROSHIMA – NAGASAKI

## INDOCHINA

### NO MORE BOMBS



#### 1) Was the use of nuclear weapons on Hiroshima and Nagasaki a military necessity?

American officials during World War II had differing opinions as to the necessity and desirability of using the A-Bomb. Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Staff to the President from July 1942 to March 1949, offered the following ideas:

"It is my opinion that the use of this barbarous weapon at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was of no material assistance in our war against Japan. The Japanese were already defeated and were ready to surrender because of the effective sea blockade and the successful bombing of conventional weapons. It was my reaction that the scientists and others wanted to make this test because of the vast sums that had been spent on the project. Truman knew that and so did the other people involved ....My own feeling was that in being the first to use it we had adopted the ethical standards common to barbarians in the dark ages."

Others also voiced their opposition to the use of the A-Bomb against the Japanese. The Committee of Social and Political Implications, known as the Franck committee, produced a twelve-page report which was the most formal and organized statement opposing the bomb's use. It was written by a number of scientists in Chicago who had been involved in the development of the atomic bomb. As scientists, they did not claim to be authorities on problems of national and international policy; however, because of their work on the A-Bomb project, they knew the grave dangers which it posed, dangers of which the rest of mankind was totally unaware. They felt it was their duty to make others recognize the effects of a weapon carrying the force 20,000 tons of TNT. The report suggested that rather than using the bomb in a surprise atomic attack on the Japanese people, thereby forcing Japan to surrender, that the same effect would be achieved through a non-military demonstration of the new weapon before the eyes of representatives of all the United Nations on the desert or on a barren island. After such a demonstration, an ultimatum to Japan would force her to surrender or face atomic bombings of her major cities. If Japan surrendered, unnecessary use of the bomb would be avoided. The report also looked beyond the end of the war to the bomb's effect in the future. It stated, "We believe that...the use of nuclear bombs for an early unannounced attack (is) inadvisable. If the United States were to be the first to release this new means of indiscriminate destruction upon mankind, she would sacrifice public support throughout the world, precipitate the race for armaments and prejudice the future control of weapons." The members of the Franck committee wanted their report to be considered by the highest officials involved in the decision to use the bomb: however, because of a number of government "run-arounds," they "could as well have dropped this report into Lake Michigan."

As the United States was preparing to use the bomb on Japan, Japanese leaders were reassessing their position in the war. They realized that they could not possibly hope to win the war or even sustain it for much longer. Japanese cities were being bombed daily. The food situation was becoming worse and worse. And the weather was especially bad in 1945 with a harsh winter ahead. As early as June 22, the Emperor began attempts to end the war by sending Premier Hirota to Russia. And on July 7, the Emperor sent representatives to deal directly with the Kremlin to seek Russian mediation in peace negotiations. U.S. leaders in Washington knew this four days before the Big Three began meeting in Potsdam because they had broken the Japanese code, intercepted Japan's plans with Russia, and knew the Emperor's "heart's desire to see the swift termination of the War." With this information, the United States knew perfectly well that the use of nuclear weapons was not a military necessity. In spite of this, the U.S. decided to use the bomb without warning on Japan.

#### 2) Then why was the atomic bomb used?

In 1937, the United States bitterly protested the Japanese Air Force bombings of Nanking on moral grounds stating, "This government holds the view that any general bombing of an extensive area wherein there resides a large population engaged in peaceful pursuits is unwarranted and contrary to the principles of law and humanity." But in 1945, when the U.S. dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima-Nagasaki, what had been, "unwarranted and contrary to the principles of law and humanity" had become justifiable. Why? When the war ended in Europe, economic breakdown threatened France, England, and other European nations. Without U.S. money and resources, there would have been hunger in Europe in the winter of 1945-46. American leaders recognized that "half and maybe all of Europe might be communistic "by the end of the next winter. No longer viewing the Soviet Union as an ally, but as an enemy, the United States thought of the atomic bomb as a means of bringing the way against Japan to a swift conclusion and to demonstrate its awesome power in order to deal with the problems of Europe in a manner the U.S. government deemed in its own interests.

In this way, the more than six hundred thousand Japanese who were wiped out by the two atomic blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were mere tools in the U.S. government's attempt to maintain world-wide power. The Asian lives which were lost were not important enough to this government for it to end the war through alternative methods. As long as the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki might "save American lives" and maintain its global control, the United States government was able to justify its acts.

The bomb's use was also based on the desire to observe the effect the atomic bomb would have on an inhabited area. In selecting the bomb sites, the government purposely chose highly populated areas which had previously been undamaged by the air war against Japan. By doing this, the U.S. was able to accurately judge the amount of damage caused by the bomb. The only reason that several targets were not struck simultaneously was that such a plan would overload the current project, thereby decreasing the chances of getting accurate information on the destructive force of the weapon.



### 3) What is the possibility that the bomb will be used in Indochina?

Historically, the idea of using the Bomb to win quick victories for America has been everyday "shop talk" in the Pentagon and around the elite circles of our policy-makers. One hardly needs to recall the Korean War episode, when Gen. MacArthur repeatedly urged the employment of nuclear weapons to "interdict enemy infiltration" and to eliminate their "sanctuaries."

This type of loose talk continued throughout the subsequent years. In 1954, when the French annihilation at Dienbienphu, there was a "contingency plan" in the Pentagon to use nuclear weapons on the Vietminh. Later, when Cuba became the first socialist state in the Western Hemisphere—nuclear blackmail was attempted; the world saw another Third World nation on the U.S. nuclear firing line. In 1964, when China developed the bomb, the loose "shop talk" turned into an outcry for the U.S. to use nuclear weapons on the nascent Chinese nuclear facility at Lop Nor.

(The point to remember is, loose talk among such levels of government is not to be laughed away lightly, for in the case of our high officials, such irresponsibility shows the degree of unconcern for the consequences of nuclear warfare.)

Thus, the above context must be kept in mind when we read reports of government officials "urging" the use of nuclear weapons. It is precisely under such a serious consideration that the former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, in reference to the possibility of Chinese intervention in Vietnam, remarked,

"We would not allow ourselves to be bled white [sic] fighting them with conventional weapons."

In case anyone is unsure of exactly what Mr. Rusk meant, the Pentagon Papers revealed a cable from the then Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge to Washington, adding that

"if [our] escalation brought about a major Chinese attack, it would also involve the use of nuclear arms."

Certainly, no one will argue that a government will use nuclear arms only when it becomes a last resort. So, the question arises as to the U.S. position in SE Asia. And, the answer to that question can easily be found if we were to take a closer look at President Nixon's much-publicized "Vietnamization" program.

Alas, just as President Nixon's optimistic economic forecasts for the country failed to materialize, so too has the progress of his Vietnamization program.

The rapid disintegration of the Saigon regime, both on the military and political fronts, merely confirms the worst fears of the Nixon Administration. After all, if Vietnamization fails, what is there to prevent a victory of the National Liberation Front?

President Nixon—the one who has vowed not to become the first U.S. President to lose a war—is moving closer to a day of decision: either he gives in to the flow of events, or he can try and reverse it with one of the only means left open to him—the bomb.

### 4) What are the lessons of Hiroshima and Indochina for Asian Americans?

The fate of Asian Americans has always been intimately connected with events that have occurred in the Far East. During World War II, for example, over 110,000 aliens and citizens of Japanese ancestry were placed in concentration camps. Passed

during the McCarthy era, the Internal Security Act of 1950 authorizes the Attorney General, during a national emergency, to arrest and detain people for whom there is reasonable grounds to believe that such people will engage in or probably will conspire to engage in acts of sabotage or espionage.

In addition, other groups of people might be affected on purely racial as well as political grounds. The director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, J. Edgar Hoover, has made recent statements about the Chinese in America that are strikingly similar to their detention. In testimony before the Senate Appropriations Committee, Mr. Hoover has stated that the Chinese in America present one of the greatest threats to the internal security of the United States in case of a war with Communist China. The implication here is that the loyalty of Chinese Americans, even those who are citizens and born here, cannot be trusted.

The present war in Indochina has had its repercussions here in the United States. The experiences of Asian GI's in Vietnam illustrate the racist attitudes that Americans have brought with them. Asian vets have related their experiences of being wounded and evacuated to the rear and being ignored or treated last because they were mistaken for "gooks." The soldiers are constantly reinforced with the stereotype that the Vietnamese have no emotions and value life cheaply.

### 5) What should we do?

Most important of all, each person must resolve to do whatever he can and contribute to the fight against the war in Indochina and the continuing possibility that nuclear weapons will be used there or in other parts of the world to protect the interests of those who run our country for us.

We can all write to our Senators and Congressmen demanding the setting of a date for the complete withdrawal of all American forces in Vietnam. We can also demand an end to the bombing of Laos and Cambodia.

We can demand an end to all nuclear testing, especially the Amchitka test and that the Aleut Indians be allowed to return to their ancestral homes.

We can demand the repeal of Title II and all other legislation designed to prevent the American people from speaking out against the injustice and insanity of the weapons escalation while poor people within the United States have their most basic needs unmet.

We can fight the corporate rich by exposing them to be what they are.

Most of all, we can talk to our family, friends, neighbors, and working partners about the truth behind the war, the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the possibility of weapons escalation and the use of nuclear weapons in Indochina. We were caught by surprise when the Cambodia invasion took place. We were caught by surprise when the Laos invasion took place. Must we again be taken by surprise if Nixon uses nuclear weapons in Indochina?

As Asian people, we have a duty to make sure that the horror of nuclear weapons is never again used on anyone. The six hundred thousand martyrs who perished because of political and experimental contingencies must have the peace of knowing that those who live will make sure that no one else dies for those reasons.

ĐỦ RỒI!

Enough  
Basta ya  
Jū-ni-bun

Drawings; Mitsu Yashima  
text in Vietnamese, English  
Spanish & Japanese.





# LUNCHTIME . . .

As she was about to take a bite of her favorite salami on rye, after working five hours for the black law professor, her first chance to relax was interrupted—"May we sit here with you?"

She looked up and saw two charitable looking sisters giving her kindly forgiving eyes. She received them skeptically and mumbled an inaudible answer in her dullest manner possible. She began to chew what was already a tasteless hunk of dry bread. The gentile voice interrupted again, "What year are you?"

Hoping to discourage the two patronizing freshmen, or whatever the hell they were, she managed out the word "senior" through another mouthful of bread she had just stuffed in, trying to sound arrogant, to terminate any further conversation with the two saintly goddesses. But they continued to sit and smile at her.

She wasn't sure whether to tell the two WASP bitches to split, to pick up her lunch and find another table, or to sit and watch the proceedings which were about to take place. With no further ponderance of an action, Angel Number One began the proceedings: "We are Crusaders for Christ."

As if expecting the victim to be speechless, Angel One immediately gave a short description of the revelation in her life. As the victim continued to gorge down the rye bread, Angel Number Two slipped in a little account which ended, more or less, in an ecstatic kind of reverie. She, almost feeling like some kind of helpless sinner between these two saints, looked at each one, then swallowed hard on the lump that had caught in her throat.

The victim felt she had been cased and didn't like it. She decided to make a go of it on these two pristine messengers of God who decided to open their pearly gates of heaven to her—if she would be a good little Jap.

"What makes you think Jesus Christ was any better than Buddha?"

"Well," said the first potato-faced bitch, "I believe that Buddha was *close* to perfect, but Jesus was perfect."

If it had been anyone else telling her she wasn't shit, she would have said, "fuck you," despite any feminine image she may have portrayed. Instead, she took another bite of sandwich which was now tasting like a piece of shoe leather stuck up two pieces of hardtack. The victim pleaded silently to herself—"Oh my gawd, please...jesus christ!"

She continued to hear out adornments of their savior. During one of the many ruptures of emotion, Angel One forgot Angel Two's earthly name. The victim snickered at her tortures as Angel Two begrudgingly reminded her partner what it was.

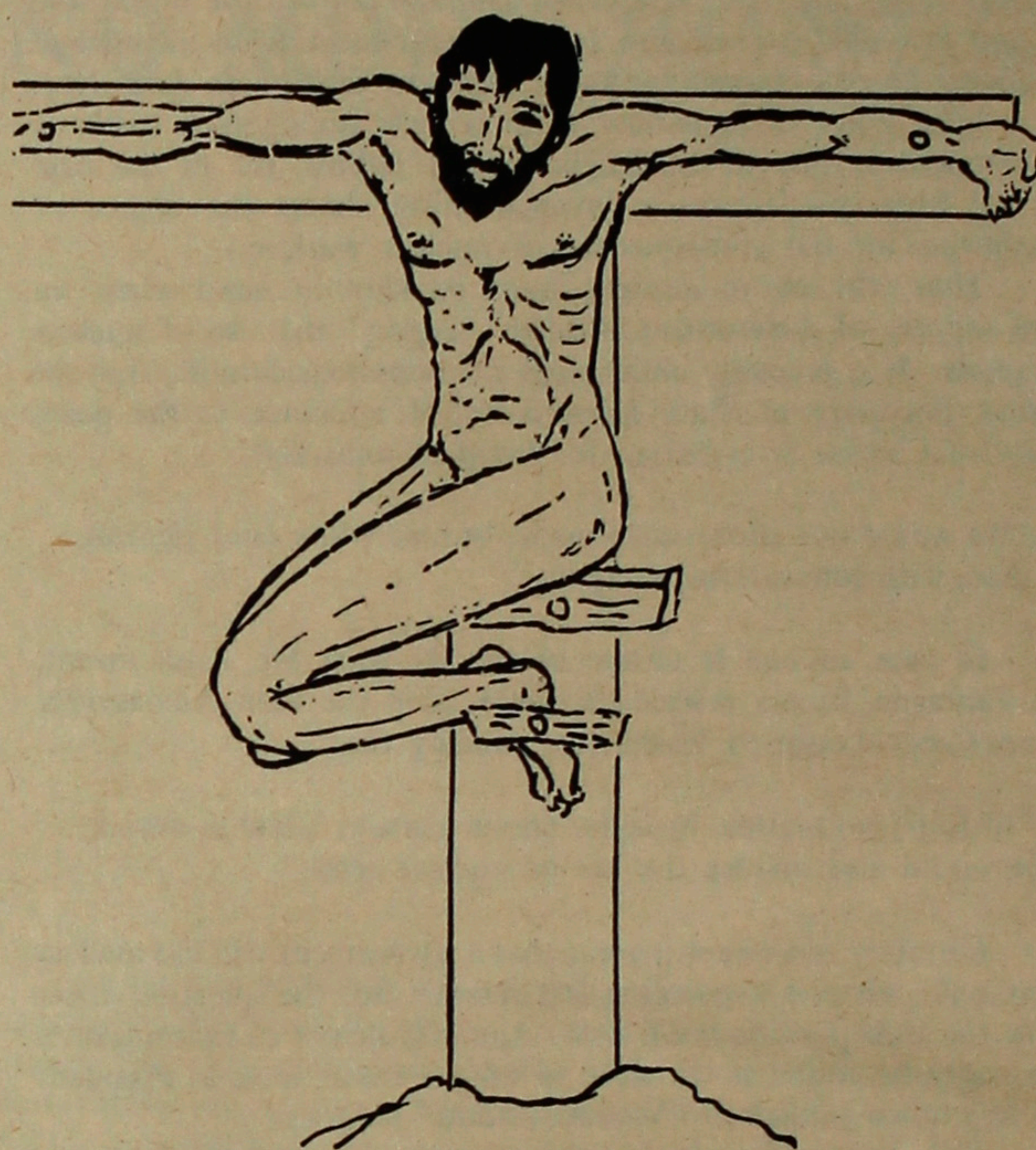
Soon hearing more than she could bear, the victim rapped down China and how the missionaries had fucked over the Asian people—"sticking a foreign god up their asses."

"Do you believe in robbing people of their own heritage just because you think yours is better? Is this the way of Jesus Christ—to tell people their humanness is fucked up because they don't bear the same cross that Jesus did? Do you really mean to tell me that through your *personal* relationship with Christ, you can make people stop looking at me like I'm a gook? Why don't you try stopping the war with your motherfuckin' love?—or do you think it's righteous because the Vietnamese are heathen? Let me tell you, *sister*, I get to thinking your god is a fuckin' egotist because he won't even let us love each other, unless it's *his* way. What's more, Jesus was a Jew, you asshole—just like any other Jew. The reason the Jews don't recognize him as anything special was because he wasn't. He just made a lot of people think he was."

The sisters, deathly unruffled, continued, continued as before, quoting from the Bible, as if the victim's attempt to make odds with them was totally invisible. Their insensitive grins made the sinner marvel at their emotions. Her furor turned to trembling.

"Hey," the sinner butted in, hoping for one last time to make them understand how she felt, "how come you decided to pick on me?"

The two angels exchanged embarrassed glances and then looked down at the table that sheltered the trio's laps. She knew they couldn't explain and the victim accused them of trying to dupe a



Jap, racial stereotyping and all that other dog shit. Angel Two broke in, in defense.

"We really didn't notice that you were *Oriental*. I mean, you look very Americanized, and so...we just thought you looked like a very nice person to talk to..."

Angel Two reassured her rationale, making her blue eyes gush that don't-be-afraid-you're-safe-with-us look. The victim looked at her with disbelief, until sarcasm overtook her reaction. She smiled and thought, "your momma looks very Americanized, but I sure's hell don't look like your sister."

Angel One broke up the short, intense pause, "—by the way, are you by any chance a Buddhist?"

The sinner howled like a sinner then...a good and righteous sinner. She didn't know the first thing about Buddhism, except that her ancestors were of that faith and that she'd seen pictures of the awesome statue of HE with his closed eyes slightly slanting upwards. She remembered that she had felt the worldly love that glowed from his lips when she was loaded—and sometimes when she wasn't.

"No, I'm not Buddhist," she smirked, flashing on a quote she had heard somewhere, that religion was the opiate of the people. No, she thought, dope should be, figuring that if dope was, then at least people wouldn't forget that they were still oppressed—at least not for too long.

She had finished her sandwich and was getting up to leave. Angel One interceded apologetically, "Well, thank you for your time..." "...and ignored effort..." thought the victim, smiling her nice-little-Japanese-girl smile while picking up her books.

"Oh, what was your name?" Angel Two conscientiously inquired.

The victim grinned in real sinister pleasure now, with the sadistic reply—"Mary—mother of Jesus?"

She barely caught their dumfounded smiles as she left the hell-ridden lunch table.

—Mary Uyematsu

. . . a short story



# DRUG ABUSE

Kathy Nishimoto  
Youth and Drugs Division  
JACS-Asian Involvement  
125 Weller St. Room 305  
626-4413

Ron Wakabayashi  
Field Director: Youth Services  
JACL-National Youth Program  
125 Weller St. Room 310  
626-4471

In the past three weeks, there have been eleven known incidents of drug overdose. Overdose is defined as the ingestion of quantities of dangerous drugs sufficient to cause death to an individual if left unattended. Of the eleven cases, one death has resulted. The quick intervention by various individuals involved in some of the local community drug abuse programs prevented a higher mortality rate. The ages of the drug overdose victims have ranged from 14 to 17 years old.

If you suspect that an individual has taken an overdose of drugs, there are some immediate symptoms that ought to be checked. Initially, basic life systems such as heartbeat and respiration ought to be checked. Every effort should be made to wake the person up. However, liquids, especially hot ones, ought to be avoided as they may facilitate the introduction of more drug into a person's system that has not yet been melted. Above all, it should be known that laymen cannot treat overdose cases. Laymen can best help by recognizing the symptoms, and get the person to emergency medical attention. Usually, Los Angeles County General Hospital is the nearest facility that is equipped to handle overdose cases. Immediate attention is given at the Emergency Section which is the main building in the complex.

The escalated overdose statistic may be attributed to a number of factors. The advent of summer vacation for students is usually accompanied with a rise in drug abuse activity. However, the problem is currently compounded by the presence of new drugs onto the street. Two of this variety are unmarked, and manufactured by

underworld operations. One of these is a pink capsule about the size of a Contac cold capsule, the other is a white cylinder about a quarter the size of a cigarette filter. The content of both pills is suspected to be seconal, a barbituric acid derivative that is addicting. We do not yet have a complete analysis. If anyone knows of any means to have these pills analyzed, please phone the JACS Asian Involvement Office (689-4413). The third pill is a disc that is about the size of a Cert, with an incision on the back. The trademark "RORER" is stamped on the front. This drug is extremely dangerous, and is similar to the drug Doriden, which caused many deaths last year. The patent on Rorer will run out this year. With similar drugs, drug manufacturers all begin to make the drug in various forms when the patent runs out. This has meant a great influx and accessibility of the drug by young people.

Investigations by the staff of the two offices and other agencies have indicated that the drugs are made in the United States. This has been true in the past. In 1969, only 400 thousand barbituates were prescribed by physicians, however, pharmaceutical houses manufactured between 8 and 15 million by various estimates.

The staffs from both offices are joining together in a summer offensive against drug abuse. Further information shall be forthcoming on a number of programmatic approaches to address the problem. We need the support of the whole community. With the rate of drug abuse at its highest level of activity to date, a serious, coordinated effort to remedy the problem is badly needed.

—Ron Wakabayashi

## AMMO

The power of the U.S. military has been deemed necessary for the safety and well being of *all American* people. Yet this is the institution that uses our Asian brothers in the service as examples of what Vietnamese look like, calls them Gooks, Japs, Chinks, and other racist terms, degrades the character of Asian women, regards Asian people as being less than human and having no regard for human life, and uses the term "war against Communism" to justify the genocide of millions of Asians. This same institution that is "protecting" our country is the foremost breeder of racism against Asian people in the United States.

Yet the military remains, presenting danger to all of our brothers who have reached the age of 18. This cannot be overlooked or set aside. Thus, a group of veterans and concerned individuals have come together to deal with the military and draft problems which face our community.

We feel we can serve the community in these ways: by giving righteous draft counseling to brothers not in the service; by counseling, informing, and corresponding with brothers currently in the military through a newsletter; by relating to veterans and their experiences of alienation and dehumanization; and by educating the community about the nature of the military through speaking engagements. These are our programs of outreach. We cannot survive without the support of our community. Feel free to contact us about any of our programs or come to our meeting on Tuesday evenings at 7:00 p.m. at the JACS-Asian Involvement office.

On August 10, a counselor from the Veterans Administration will be at our meeting. Also our first newsletter has been completed so if you would like a copy please write to us.

We are not just an anti-war group.  
We are AMMO.

Asian Movement for Military Outreach  
JACS-Asian Involvement  
125 Weller Street  
Los Angeles, CA 90012  
(213) 689-4413

## A student's perspective

The Vietnam war has deeply upset the internal life of the United States. It has given rise to a mass antiwar movement; it has increased the inflation, taxes, unemployment. In order to find a solution for this dilemma, the Nixon administration has developed the policy of Vietnamization. Vietnamization aims at withdrawing a part of the U.S. troops and replacing them with Asian troops financed by the U.S. government. The purpose of this policy is to cut the mass opposition to the United States' involvement in Vietnam. While the Nixon administration tells the people that the U.S. is intending to end the war, the real fact is that he intends to keep 250,000 troops in Vietnam killing and being killed for many years to come.

The recent "secret Pentagon papers" indicate that the U.S. government has lied to its own people to maintain its imperialistic influence in Southeast Asia. Moreover, the reluctance of Nixon to respond to the new seven-point proposal of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam shows his unwillingness to end this war.

The present situation in Vietnam is that the U.S. and Saigon forces are completely bogged down. They have lost all initiatives. Nixon has suffered serious military defeats in his extension of the war into Laos and Cambodia, although he mobilized giant forces consisting of aircraft, artillery, and other war equipment to support the Saigon troops. The facts show that the U.S. troops suffer heavy setbacks not only in Vietnam, but also in Laos and Cambodia.

It is clear that Mr. Nixon's intention is to use the so-called Vietnamization policy to quiet the antiwar movements and to create an illusion that he is trying to stop the killing and put the war to an end. The facts indicate that he intends to build up the military pressure in Indochina and increase the air war throughout Indochina. No matter how hard he tries to get his doctrine workable in Indochina, he cannot save the U.S. from a total defeat. The reality of the situation in South Vietnam and in Indochina has proved the bankruptcy of the Vietnamization program that is not only the failure of Nixon's doctrine but also a threat to the peaceful coexistence between the American and Vietnamese Peoples.

NGUYEN DONG NAM,  
A Vietnamese Student



Three Thousand Japs in a Livestock Barn - -  
 Young and purposeless, full of zest to live,  
 Eating and playing, and just loafing around,  
 Just plain lazy, down to the ground - -  
 with women on their minds, and men on their minds  
 For sake of amusement, anyone they could find.  
 With syntheic leisure  
 Ganbling  
 And dancing.  
 Just nothing to do.

Then I looked far into the future  
 and i saw a jap reservation  
 wrought from the deserts and the highland plains  
 tormented with suffering of a million pains,  
 condemned to loneliness, and cesspool of frustration,  
 isolated and removed from the rest of the nation  
 crammed into barracks by so many heads.  
 government-clothed and government-fed  
 with rules and regulations to destroy self respect.  
 and 10:00 o'clock curfew, our quarters to inspect!  
 with children growing up, amidst the flies and the dust  
 to forget that we once held America as Might and Just.

That damned fence

They've sunk in posts deep into the ground  
 They've strung out wires all the way around.  
 With machine gun nest just over there,  
 and sentries and soldiers everywhere!

we're trapped like rats in a wired cage  
 to fret and fume with impotent rage;  
 yonder whispers the lure of the night  
 but that damned fence assails our sight

we seek the softness of the midnight air,  
 but that damned fence in the flooded glare  
 awakens unrest in our nocturnal quest  
 and mockingly laughs with vicious jest.

with nowhere to go and nothing to do  
 we feel terrible, lonesome, and blue;  
 that damned fence is driving us crazy,  
 destroying our youth and making us lazy.

imprisoned in here for a long long time  
 we know we're punished though we've committed no crime,  
 our thoughts are gloomy and enthusiasm damp.  
 to be locked up in a concentration camp.

loyalty we know and patriotism we feel,  
 to sacrifice our utmost was our ideal.  
 to fight for our country, and die, mayhap;  
 yet we're here because we happen to be a Jap.

we all love life, and our country best,  
 our misfortune to be here in the west  
 to keep us penned behind that damned fence  
 is someone's notion of national defense.

-anon. (1942)

Once Was the Time of Man. (a song)

Once there were trees and a river  
 Once there was grass where you stand  
 Once there were songs  
 about rights instead of wrongs  
 Once was the time of man

We heard the rolling of thunder  
 We saw the clouds arise at dawn  
 Then came the rain  
 as we watched and prayed in vain  
 Then all was still and gone

Grass doesn't grow on the hillside  
 Trees shrink and die in the sun  
 No place to hide  
 my little baby's eyes  
 From the damage the dead have done

They didn't know in the old time  
 The trees and the earth were to share  
 They didn't know in the old time  
 Or care

-Pat Sumi

## People's

## Page

Roving through meadows  
 of man's scatter-brained mind,  
 Probing narrow cracks and caverns  
 weathered by time,  
 While small insects of recollections  
 scurry in debris,  
 wormlike thoughts of childhood ways  
 tunnel to be free.

Suppressed by the fury of endless storms,  
 propaganda in raindrops falling...  
 Pounding down Nature's delicate forms,  
 erosion uproots young seedlings thoughts  
 sending even the strongest sprawling.

K. Hoshide



I Come and Stand at Every Door

I come and stand at every door  
 But none can hear my lonesome tread  
 I knock and yet remain unseen  
 For I am dead, for I am dead.

I'm only seven although I died  
 in Hiroshima long ago  
 I'm seven now as I was then  
 When children die they do not grow.

My hair was scorched, by swirling flames,  
 My eyes grew dim, my eyes grew blind.  
 Death came and turned my bones to dust  
 And that was scattered by the wind.

I need no fish, I need no rice,  
 I need no sweat nor even bread  
 I ask for nothing for myself  
 For I am dead, for I am dead.

All I ask is that for peace  
 You fight today, You fight today  
 So that the children of the world  
 May love and grow and laugh and play.

-Pat Sumi

a picture

as i stood imprisoned  
 among the towering structures  
 of man  
 the night was cold  
 and silent  
 the peace and silence  
 broken by the few  
 who hurriedly went in seeking  
 of warmth and shelter  
 from winter's night  
 but as i stood in solitude  
 marveling at the majesty  
 of nature  
 i was warmed and sheltered  
 by the gossamer of her beauty

the sky was dark  
 yet so serene  
 the moon in her fullness  
 radiated as a rare pearl  
 cushioned upon a cloud  
 of pasteled mist  
 sending forth her rainbowed beams  
 as if to earth  
 the enclustered stars about her  
 were as diamonds  
 embedded upon her tiara

my very essence became enraptured  
 in pure ecstasy  
 as my eyes and soul gazed  
 upon this miraculous picture  
 created through the brush  
 of an artist  
 so simple and yet  
 as profound as the picture  
 upon his easel

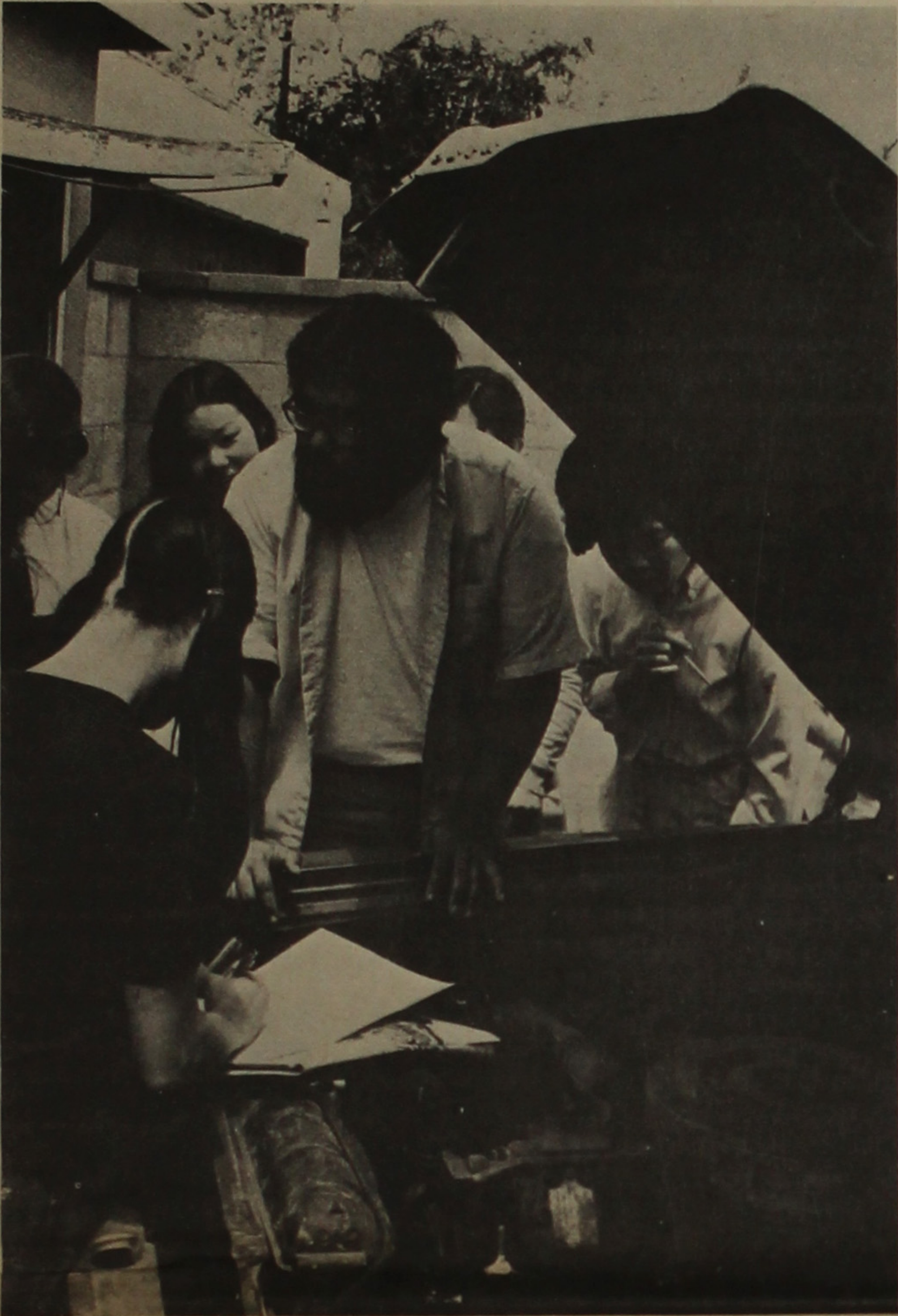
my eyes and soul  
 having returned  
 bestowed a key  
 of profuse enlightenment  
 in which they said

o mortal being  
 of flesh and blood  
 tis not the picture  
 of simplicity  
 truly beautiful

winter  
 san quentin  
 chibi



# ANNOUNCEMENTS



## Women's Auto Mechanics

Progressive Westside J.A.C.L. extends its community services by offering a class to all women interested in learning the basic practice and theory of auto mechanics. A ten week session has begun with a capacity turnout, but for those women who missed this first opportunity, there is planned another class if the interest is great enough. For further information call 931-2151 or write to:

Auto Mechanics  
Progressive Westside J.A.C.L.  
P.O. Box 8776  
Los Angeles, CA 90008

---

## AUTO MECHANICS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

---

---

## The Long March

The Long March has been operating a Movement Center for about four months and are in severe financial problems. This has not been because of a lack of response to programs and services, but because there are large sections of the movement that haven't been reached yet.

Its bookstore offers an extensive selection of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Mao, as well as a good selection of books on political economy, labor history, women's movement and black liberation. It also has a wide distribution of newspapers and periodicals.

The Long March also distributes Newsreel Films from Cuba, Vietnam, the women's movement, and others for organizing and education.

The Long March  
715 S. Parkview St.  
Los Angeles, CA 90057

## S.B.A.I. Dream Date

Yes, the dream date of the year can be yours, all yours and three guests of your own choosing.

First stop will be a dinner at the world famous Benihana on the "Restaurant Row" of star-studded La Cienega Blvd. Then you will boogie over to the fabulous Greek Theater in romantic Griffith Park for a concert by either Carole King or Elton John (the choice is yours). Oh, what a night!

How is all this gonna happen you ask? By winning the First Annual SBAI raffle on Aug. 8, 1971. Other prizes include more concert tickets and dinners. For tickets contact any SBAI member (you can spot them by their halos) or the SBAI Center 324-2245, 16408 S. Western Blvd. in soulful Gardena. Fifty cents per ticket or three tickets for one dollar. By the way, there are no losers in this raffle because if you don't win a prize at least you will have met a cosmic child of SBAI.

---

## Jobs for Filipino Students (Neighborhood Youth Corps)

### Qualifications:

1. Age, 14-18.
2. Low Income
3. Plan to be in school in fall, 1971.

\$1.60 an hour (*flexible*—five hours a day; five days a week).

Contact or call:

Ester Soriano—693-0473  
Filipino Community—483-1597  
(Monday—Tuesday; 10:00-5:00) to register  
1740 W. Temple, Los Angeles.

---

## Job Opportunities for Asians

The Asian American Social Workers (AASW) announced openings for positions of trainer, community worker, clerk-typist and others for a six-month demonstration program beginning in July/August to the end of the year. Positions available are located in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle areas. For further inquiries contact:

Chairman of Nominating Committee  
Asian American Social Workers  
2400 South Western Ave, Suite 207  
Los Angeles, CA 90018

by the first week of August.



# NISEI WEEK

## Calendar of Events



Date and Event:	Time:	Place:	Date and Event:	Time:	Place:
<b>SUNDAY, JULY 25</b> Queen's Tea	1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.	Consul General's Residence	<b>THURSDAY, AUGUST 19</b> Nagoya Doll Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Honpa Hongwanji, 815 E. 1st St.
<b>SUNDAY, AUGUST 1</b> Fashion Show	12:00 noon - 3:00 p.m.	Now Grove, Ambassador Hotel	Minyo (Japanese Folk Music)	7:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall
<b>SUNDAY, AUGUST 8</b> Golf (SCNGA, Senior)	7:00 a.m. - on	Costa Mesa Golf Course	Church Federation	10:00 p.m. - 12:00 midnite	Union Church
J.A. Optimist Swim Meet	8:00 a.m. - 12 noon	Beverly Hills High School	Reach Out With Love		
<b>THURSDAY, AUGUST 12</b> Nisei Week Chorus	7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	<b>FRIDAY, AUGUST 20</b> Bankei, Sunae (Sand painting)	1:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.	Sun Bldg., Room 302-303
Mikoshi Dedication	6:30 p.m.	352 East First Street	Photo Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji Temple
<b>FRIDAY, AUGUST 13</b> Issei Night (Japanese Classic Dance by Kansuma Troupe)	8:00 p.m. - 10:30 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	Pioneer Center Senior Citizens' Art Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.	Sun Bldg.
<b>SATURDAY, AUGUST 14</b> Baby Show	9:00 a.m. - 12 noon	Little Tokyo Theatre	Nagoya Doll Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Honpa Hongwanji
Goh Tournament	12 noon - 8:00 p.m.	Sun Bldg., Room 306	Shigin Taikai	7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.	Nishi Hongwanji (Old)
Kempo (American Nippon)	1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	Talent Show	7:30 p.m. - 10:30 p.m.	Koyasan Hall
Aikido Exhibition	4:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	Agape Fellowship Youth Love Reaches Out	7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church
Karate Tournament (All America)	7:00 p.m. - 11:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	<b>SATURDAY, AUGUST 21</b> Pioneer Center Senior Citizens' Art Exhibit	10:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.	Sun Bldg.
MSA—Reach Out, Asia for Christ	7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church	Shorinji Kempo	12:30 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall
Coronation Ball	6:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.	Beverly Wilshire Hotel	Artistic Doll Crafts	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji Temple
<b>SUNDAY, AUGUST 15</b> Golf Tournament (SCNGA)	5:30 a.m. - on	Monfeyello Country Club	Bankei, Sunae (Sand painting)	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Sun Bldg., Room 302-303
Golf (SCN Women's Regular)	12:00 noon - on	Alondra Golf Course	Bonsai	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji Temple
Golf (SCN Women's Par 3)	12:00 noon - on	Alondra Golf Course	Calligraphy	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Kajima Bldg. Arcade
Akita Dog Exhibition	11:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Portable Parking Lot, North San Pedro Street	Carnival	1:00 p.m. - 12 midnight	County Parking Lot
Goh Tournament	12:00 noon - 8:00 p.m.	Sun Bldg., Room 306	Flower Arrangement	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church
Judo (AAU)	1:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	Nagoya Doll Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Honpa Hongwanji, 815 E. 1st St.
JACS—Reach Out for Asian Involvement	7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church	Photo Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji Temple
Nisei Week Memorial Service (Buddhist Federation)	1:30 p.m.	Honpa Hongwanji, 815 E. 1st St.	Mission Information Booth	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church
<b>MONDAY, AUGUST 16</b> Nisei Week Opening Ceremony	9:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.	Los Angeles City Hall	Roketsu Zome Exhibition (Batik)	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Kajima Bldg. Arcade
Japanese Popular Music Show (Part I)	7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	Sword Exhibition	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Merit Savings
Pioneer Center—Reach Out for Senior Citizens	2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.	Union Church	Tea Ceremony	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church
<b>TUESDAY, AUGUST 17</b> Pioneer Luncheon	12:00 noon	Kawafuku	Esarasa Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji
Japanese Popular Music Show (Part II)	12:00 noon - 2:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	Karate Exhibition (So. Calif.)	6:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall
Yellow Brotherhood	7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church	Ondo Dancing	6:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Weller Street
<b>WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18</b> Nagoya Doll Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Honpa Hongwanji, 815 E. 1st St.	<b>SUNDAY, AUGUST 22</b> Tennis	8:00 a.m. - 12 noon	El Camino College
Japanese Popular Song Contest	7:30 p.m. - 10:30 p.m.	Koyasan Hall	Kendo Tournament	12:00 noon - 6:00 p.m.	Koyasan Hall
JEMS	7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church	Artistic Doll Crafts	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji Temple
			Bankei, Sunae (Sand painting)	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Sun Bldg., Room 302-303
			Bonsai	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji Temple
			Calligraphy	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Kajima Bldg. Arcade
			Carnival	1:00 p.m. - 11:00 p.m.	County Parking Lot
			Flower Arrangement	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church
			Nagoya Doll Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Honpa Hongwanji, 815 E. 1st St.
			Photo Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji Temple
			Pioneer Center Senior Citizens' Art Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.	Sun Bldg.
			Roketsu Zome Exhibition (Batik)	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Kajima Bldg. Arcade
			Sword Exhibition	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Merit Savings
			Tea Ceremony	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church
			Mission Information Booths	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Union Church
			Esarasa Exhibit	1:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Zenshuji
			Nisei Week Parade	5:30 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.	Little Tokyo

# CALENDAR

Filipino Summer Cultural School of Los Angeles is offering classes in Philippine history and in Philippine arts and crafts on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6-9 p.m. For further information contact: Paul Paul, 2131 West 176th Street, Torrance, or Florencio Dumapias at 446-3410, Facility at 1740 West Temple Street, Los Angeles.  
July 25 through August 22—Nisei Week Festival in Little

July 25 through August 22—Nisei Week Festival in Little Tokyo, Los Angeles.

July 29—Asian Nurse's meeting. JACS Asian Involvement, Room 303.

July 30—Asian Women's presentation. Cal-State Dominguez Hills at 7 p.m.

July 30—Medical Coordinating Committee meets. Topic: "Medicine and Dentistry." LTCDAC Office, Merit Savings and Loan, 324 East First Street, fourth floor.

July 31—"Asian Film Festival" presented by East Bay Chinese Youth Council (Oakland). Films also presented on August 7th and 14th, Lincoln Elementary School Auditorium, 225 11th Street, Oakland.

July 31 through August 1—"Obon Festival" sponsored by the San Fernando Valley Buddhist Church; Japanese Community Center in Pacoima (on Bradford near Laurel Canyon).

August 3—International Day of Solidarity with the peoples of so-called Portugese, Guinea, and Cape Verde in Africa.

August 6—Hiroshima-Nagasaki Day March and Rally. Little Tokyo. Curhch Service at 7a.m. March at 9a.m. Sponsored by Asian Americans for Peace. For further information call 737-4658 or 735-6513.

August 6 through 9—International Days of Solidarity with the Japanese people in their struggle against the continuing occupation of Okinawa, the visits of nuclear submarines, and the storage of nuclear weapons in Japan. These days mark the anniversary of the nuclear bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

August 8—"A night on the Town". Drawing sponsored by SBAL.  
August 14—Rock festival in Gardena! With Hiroshima, Benjo Blues, Long Time Comin', Carry On, Beaudry Express, plus many others. Open jam session. At the Gardena YMCA from 2p.m. to midnight. Sponsored by SBAL. For further information, call 324-2245.

August 15—Amerasia Bookstore opening.

August 18—International Day of Solidarity with the Afro-Americans in their struggle for equality and justice.

August 18 through 21—Young Filipino People's Far West Convention. "A Quest for Emergence." Seattle University, Seattle, Washington. Contact Filipino Youth Activities of Seattle, 507 11th Avenue, Seattle, Washington. Telephone (206) 626-6230.

August 29 through September 4—Gardena Japanese Community Week.

PROGRAM:

Sunday: Bike Rally and Family Picnic; Community Information Service Day

Monday: Photo Exhibit/Film Festival; Suiseki/Daiseiki Exhibit

Tuesday: Youth Day/Youth Art Exhibit; Martial Arts Exhibit

Wednesday: Speakers

Thursday: Open Forum

Friday: Nisei-Sansei Dance

Saturday: Gardena Pioneer Project Speaker; Pot Luck Dinner

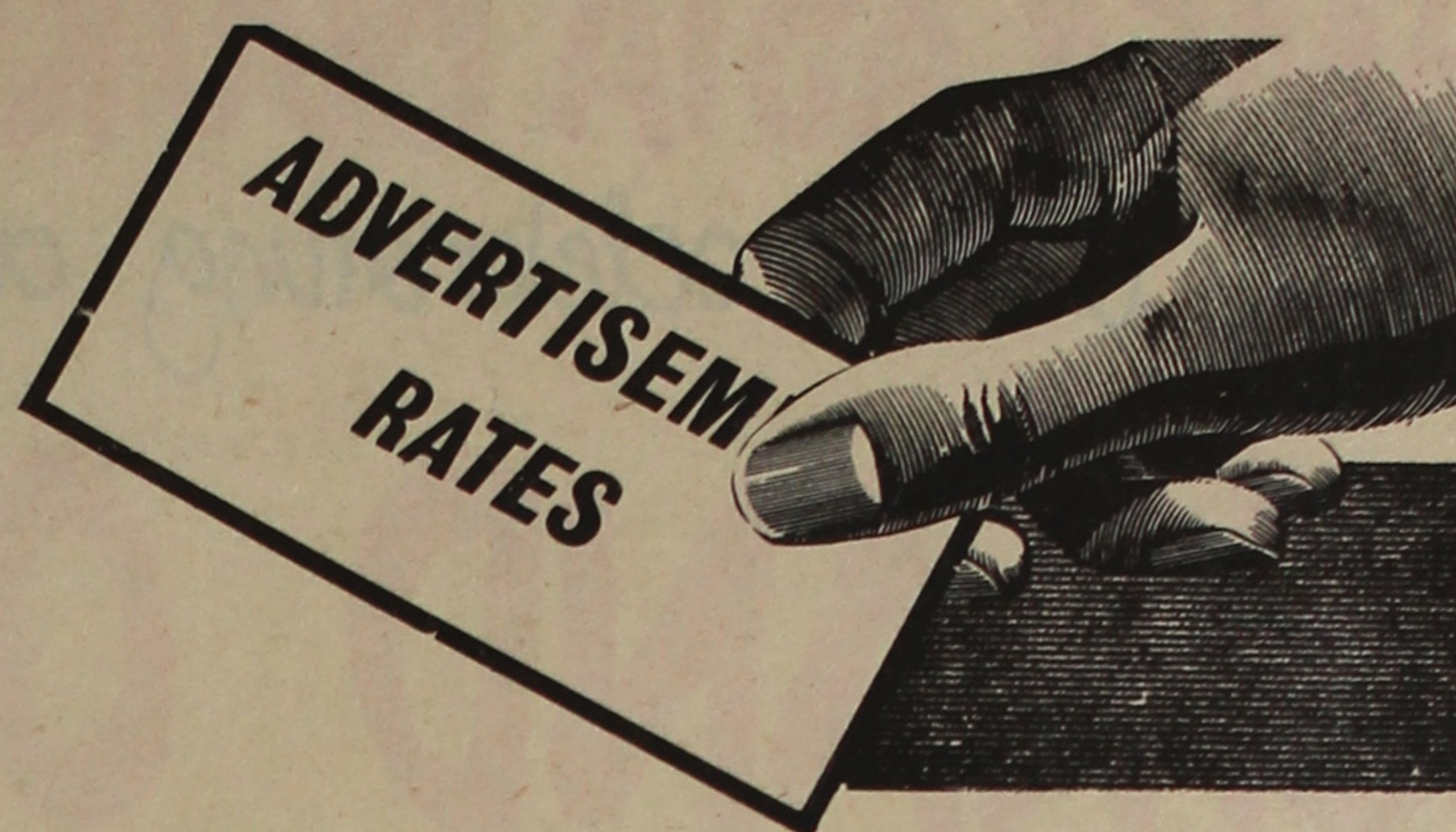
The above events will take place at: Gardena Japanese Cultural Institute, 2000 West 162 Street, Gardena, and Gardena Nisei Veterans Hall, 1964 West 162 Street, Gardena. For further information, call 324-2245.

September 1—Fund Raising Dance presented by Asian American Hardcore. For further information, contact Tommy Chung at 689-4413 or Marlene at 734-1275.



**Wiroshima**  
CAN DO IT!  
WITH **GOSMEG**  
Rock'n'roll

"C'MON BABY,  
LET THE GOOD  
TIMES ROLL"  
437-3759 / 661-3952

DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENT RATES

	per one insertion	per six insertions*	per twelve insertions*
Standard Business Card Size	\$10.00	\$ 50.00	\$100.00
GIDRA SPECIAL SIZE	\$15.00	\$ 60.00	\$120.00
Standard Display Size	\$30.00	\$150.00	\$300.00
One-Quarter Tabloid Size	\$42.50	\$200.00	\$400.00
One-Half Tabloid Size	\$80.00	\$400.00	\$800.00

\*In order to qualify for a discount on multiple insertions, the advertisement must be placed in consecutive issues under one contract



**New Moon**  
Fish & Poultry Co.

734-2961  
734-2772

2304 W. Jefferson  
Los Angeles

天 利

BUS. 731-1611  
RES. 731-4988

*Japanese Food Specialty*

**TENRI Cafe**

TOSHIO YAMAMOTO PROPRIETOR 2312 W. JEFFERSON BLVD.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90018

**ASAHI**  
旭靴百貨店



**SHOE & DRY GOODS**

**321 EAST FIRST STREET, LOS ANGELES**



P. O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, California 90018

I am enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
in check or money order  
for \_\_\_\_\_ year(s) of sub-  
scription.

I am enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
in check or money order  
for \_\_\_\_\_ sets of Volume I  
for \_\_\_\_\_ sets of Volume II.

New ☐ Renew ☐

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

GIDRA SUBSCRIPTION RATES (one year): Individuals (in U.S.) - \$2.50 / Overseas - \$5.00 / Institutions - \$5.00 / Political Prisoners and Military Personnel - \$1.00.

Form SB-271 (5)



**AMERASIA BOOKSTORE** becomes a reality...  
join us in celebrating our

# GRAND OPENING!

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1971

- \* **BOOKS** - specializing in the asian american experience
- \* **ARTS & CRAFTS** - created by the people
- \* **JEANS** and specially designed **MAO JACKETS**  
from the chinatown garment co-op in san francisco

The AMERASIA BOOKSTORE was created in the hopes of bridging the gap between the old and the young; between the newly-immigrated and the American-born; between the different Asian groups (Japanese, Chinese, Korean and Filipino), thus creating a feeling of oneness between all people in our community.

The bookstore houses books and publications relating to the Asian American experience, as well as arts and crafts, out-a-site clothing, leathercraft and jewelry.

The Philosophy behind AMERASIA is to serve the community. Projected plans will be to establish free workshops (to be taught by volunteer artists), free movies, provide a meeting place for various groups and to provide other such services needed or wanted by the community. Since the philosophy of the bookstore is to be of and for the community, profits will be recycled into the community in the form of financial support to community projects as well as maintenance of the store.

COME AND CHECK IT OUT AT  
313½ E. FIRST ST.

FROM 11 a.m. TO 6 p.m. PH. 680-2888

REFRESHMENTS and DOOR PRIZES!