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# JACL *er*

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## Kansha Project 2017

By Mari Yamagiwa, Kansha ALB member

JACL Chicago successfully completed the sixth year of the Kansha Project in June. The program brought 10 local college-age Japanese Americans to LA's Little Tokyo and Manzanar concentration camp site. The participants this year were: SJ Doi, Brooke Donovan, Josh Fidler, Keilyn Kuramitsu, Eric Langowski, Henry Litt, Leanne Okazaki, Lindsay Okazaki, Elizabeth Smith, and Breanna Wittes. This marks the first year that the program was run completely by young community leaders on the Kansha Alumni Leadership Board (ALB). I had the privilege of co-facilitating the program this year along with Amy Chow and Miki Takeshita.



KANSHA PROJECT PARTICIPANTS ENJOY THE GARDEN AT THE JAPANESE AMERICAN CULTURAL AND COMMUNITY CENTER IN LITTLE TOKYO.

Photo: Mari Yamagiwa

For the most part, the program this year followed a similar itinerary as previous years. During the orientation in Chicago, participants engaged in identity and family history workshops. Jim and Lois Shikami also came and shared their experience being in the camps. The following day we left for Los Angeles. In Little Tokyo, our group visited the Japanese American National Museum where Dr. Mitch Maki gave us an engaging presentation on the redress movement. We then visited the Go For Broke Education Center and monument. Long-time community activist, Alan Nishio

*Continued on page 2*

# JACL

Japanese American Citizens League

CHICAGO CHAPTER

*Securing and maintaining the civil rights of Japanese Americans and all others who are victimized by injustice and bigotry.*

**Article submission deadline for our next issue is 8/18/17.**

The JACLER is published by the JACL Chicago Chapter for its members, supporters, and friends. We welcome your comments, suggestions, and article submissions.

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Kansha Project continued

along with Stephanie Nitahara, the JACL Interim Executive Director, gave us a political tour of Little Tokyo. There are many differences between the Japanese American spaces in Chicago and in LA, but Alan encouraged us to make community and to build bridges wherever we are.

Our group participated in a "Bridging Communities Fundraising Iftar" — a solidarity event, hosted by Vigilant Love, that brought together the Japanese American and Muslim American communities. As we shared a meal together, we heard various speakers share about the importance of standing together against hate and injustice.

Throughout the program there were various educational and identity workshops. Stephanie Nitahara led us in a workshop that gave us space to reflect on our *Nikkei* identity and how we connect to this identity. Dr. Lily Welty Tamai provided a presentation on "Modern Japanese America," discussing multiracial Japanese American identity and where the community is heading. Kurt Ikeda led us in a creative workshop demonstrating the importance of preserving history and telling our story.

At Manzanar National Historic Site, National Park Service Ranger, Rose Masters, distributed historical records to participants who had family members in the camps. She then led our group on a tour of Manzanar, stopping first at a reconstructed bathroom. Seeing the complete lack of privacy and the conditions that the Japanese Americans were forced to endure struck a chord with several participants. Rose then showed our group some of the gardens that were built by internees. Our last stop was the cemetery where we brought 1,000 cranes that were folded by Kansha Project alumni. The next day at Manzanar, we participated in a service project helping to restore the chicken ranch by clearing brush. After working in the hot and dusty conditions, we stopped by Bair's Creek that was flowing due to high levels of snow and rain this year. Participants waded in the creek that was a place of rest and



Photos: Mari Yamagiwa

TOP: STEPHANIE NITAHARA, ERIC LANGOWSKI, AND AMY CHOW AT THE BRIDGING COMMUNITIES FUNDRAISING IFTAR

MIDDLE: KANSHA PROJECT BROUGHT 1,000 CRANES, FOLDED BY KANSHA PROJECT ALUMNI, TO THE CEMETERY AT MANZANAR

BOTTOM: KANSHA PROJECT PARTICIPANTS HELP TO RESTORE MANZANAR'S CHICKEN RANCH



TOP: FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND COMMUNITY MEMBERS ATTEND THE KANSHA PROJECT CULMINATION AT THE MIDWEST BUDDHIST TEMPLE  
 MIDDLE: KANSHA ALUMNI LEADERSHIP BOARD WITH THE KANSHA PROJECT 2017 PARTICIPANTS  
 BOTTOM: CULMINATION ATTENDEES ENGAGE WITH REFLECTION PROJECTS CREATED BY PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Photos: Amy Chow

relaxation for many incarcerated who would go fishing or picnic along the stream.

When I was a participant on the KANSHA Project in 2014, I gained a wealth of knowledge about the Japanese American incarceration and visiting Manzanar made this history come alive for me. As I returned this year in a different role, I wondered what else I might learn. During the few days we shared together, I witnessed so much growth in the participants. I was reminded that this program is not just an educational experience, but it is also an avenue for building community together. It's an opportunity for people to discover and take ownership of their place in this larger Japanese American story. I returned from the KANSHA Project feeling energized and truly inspired by this amazing group of fellow *Nikkei*.

At the Culmination on June 24th, participants from the 2017 KANSHA Project shared their personal projects and reflections from their experience. Over 60 friends, family, and community members attended the event. Participants were able to tell their own stories through a medium of their choosing. Projects included spoken word pieces, a short story, video reflections, family interviews, and photo presentations among other projects. Participants also engaged in a panel discussion with questions from community members. The powerful projects and thoughtful responses to the questions demonstrated the impact that this program has had on their personal sense of identity, community, and role moving forward.

Thank you to all of the community members who have generously supported the KANSHA Project. This program has impacted so many of us and we look forward to continuing to provide this opportunity to other young leaders. 🙏

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## Gochisousama

Josh Fidler, Kansha Project 2017 Participant

**T**his poem is about the loss of tradition, language and culture.

The shortening of *itadakimasu* is symbolic of the loss of tradition, language, words and culture. This symbolism is paralleled by my grandpa's silence.

My grandpa was a Nisei and like many of his generation he almost never spoke about the incarceration camps. Really he never spoke much at all. I think that his time in the incarceration camps and all the consequences that entailed took his voice or at least his desire to speak.

He was one of my largest ties to the Japanese American community. Judo was also a connection I had to the Japanese American community. My grandpa took my brother and me to judo. He was a black belt. I felt his calm and respectful demeanor in the dojo.

Just like saying *itadakimasu* our trips to judo were less and less frequent after my grandpa passed away. These traditions and connections to my culture were buried. Kansha Project unearthed these memories and connections.

Before dinner we used to say  
*itadakimasu*  
in appreciation  
of the coming meal.

When I was seven  
I always thought  
we were asking  
for permission to eat

From *itadakimasu* to *tadaki* to  
*daki* to silence

Syllables shaved away  
from a mouthful of a phrase  
to make room for a mouthful of  
apple pie

My grandpa was a quiet man.  
In my memories of him  
he spoke in one word sentences  
his guttural grunts spoke volumes

He would drive me  
and my brother to *judo*  
three times a week

Little was said  
on those car rides  
only women singing *enka*  
on cassette tapes  
and that new car smell  
that never seemed to fade

I would get motion sick  
in the back seat  
and roll down the window  
the rush of wind  
cut content  
from any communication

"*Tadaki*"

First it lost half its face value  
condensed to less than a word  
like grandpa's brand new buick  
this tradition suffered from  
depreciation

Pulling up to our  
pale red brick house  
Jazz and the smell  
of Dad's spaghetti  
greeted us at the front door

When I entered  
I would change clothes  
Out of my *gi*  
into a Cub's jersey

By the age of 16  
grandpa had passed on  
and dad was long gone  
we only said "*daki*"  
if anything at all  
cultural scraps fell flat  
on the dining room floor

My grandpa was a quiet man.  
Like his sentences  
our tradition fell silent

*Itadakimasu*  
Thank you 🍀

---

## Untitled

By Keilyn Kuramitsu, Kansha Project 2017 Participant

I chose to make my personal project a short story since human beings tend to think and remember in narratives. A narrative is not simply a list of things that happened. Instead, they make events coherent by taking a very complex world and turning it into something simple and recognizable. I aspire to shed light on depression; a prevalent issue considered taboo within the Japanese American community. My hope is that my story will serve to remind others of the emotional and psychological trauma that the camps inflicted upon people past and present.

I've never loved anyone the way I loved my sister.

She was a lot older than me and, because our parents were always at the shop, she was the one who took care of us. I always wondered what it must of been like for her, to go through half your life alone, only to have someone appear out of nowhere, ready to love you unconditionally. If it was difficult or annoying to have me around at first, I never knew. I never felt more loved or cherished than when I was in her presence.

She made life fun and exciting. I loved when she'd take me exploring in the forest. We'd be gone all day. Leave right when the sun rose and wouldn't return until it had set far into the West. Every bug she'd spot, she'd gently pick it up, place it in her palm and bring it really close to my eyes. Not to scare me, but so I could see as she described everything in detail. Translucent, almost glassy wings. Hairy limbs. A strangely speckled shell. Her face was always glowing, her eyes shining. I knew she wanted to become some kind of specialist. She used the term entomologist. But I could never remember it, so I always told my friends she was going to become a bug doctor. They thought it sounded pretty cool.

At night, she never read bedtime stories from books, instead she would use her own wild imagination to tell tales of mythical creatures wandering in the wilderness. Of course, the stories never made sense. Even at my young age I knew that. But I didn't care, that wasn't the point. I asked her a million and one questions just to keep her there. Just to be with her.

Usually, when she snuck back home after going out with friends, she would tiptoe into my room, quietly kneel next to my bed, give me a kiss on the head and whisper, "I love you." The smell of whisky and cigarettes hung in the air after she left. Even though I didn't like the smell, I didn't mind it much. It meant that she had been there. I still felt her presence even after she was gone.

She had the most beautiful hazel eyes. Sometimes, they were a sharp emerald green with flecks of gold lining the outside rim. Other times, her eyes were a sleepy blu-ish grey, so rare and captivating that it was impossible to look away. Even passers-by on the street couldn't help but stop and stare. Her eyes seemed to be every color under the sun. Except brown, they were never brown. They were never brown until we went to camp.

Everything changed. I remember everything. I remember everything and I wish I didn't. Because the sister I so desperately loved became someone I struggled to recognize.

I didn't really understand what was going on at the time. All I knew, was that I didn't like leaving my friends and my home behind to go to someplace in the middle of the desert. I didn't like sleeping on bags of straw and waking up covered in dust. I didn't like sharing my room with random strangers. I didn't like anything. But as unhappy as I was, I was still able to find something fun to do with my time. My friends and I would run around playing cops and robbers. Sometimes we'd steal some sweets from the kitchen.

But my sister... she took it hardest. She was always in bed. Always sleeping. My parents hated that. They called her lazy. My father, in particular, would get upset the most. He would tell her she was meant to work in the kitchen and if she didn't then we wouldn't be able to eat. I always volunteered to take her place but my parents would shake their heads and say I was too young. Eventually, my mother was able to volunteer. But, it put a strain on my family and divided my sister and my parents in a way I had never seen before.

It was strange to see her in bed all the time. To see her so lethargic and quiet. She had the most obnoxiously deep, throaty laugh and I loved being able to wake up to it in the mornings. But at camp, I rarely heard her laugh. And if she did it was weak and strained. As if it hurt her to do so. When I came home from class I would tiptoe into the room, quietly kneel next to her bed, give her a kiss on the head and whisper, "I love you." Then I would stroke her hair. I'd do it for hours, until it got dark outside and my parents came home. The disappointment was clear across their faces. "Is this what you did all day?" "Why weren't you helping?" I didn't care if they were mad at me. I was helping. I wanted my sister to know that she wasn't alone. That I was there for her.

Some days she was able to get out of bed and on those days we'd go walking outside. She wanted to walk alongside the barbed wire to get as close to the mountains as possible. But while I marveled at their beauty, she'd turn away and shake her head. "They're taunting us," She'd sigh. She would always return back to her bed even more bitter and empty than when she first left it. On her first birthday in camp, our mother arranged for the kitchen to make my sister's favorite food; apple pie. We were all so excited. I begged our mother to let me carry it to her. I remember carefully walking from the kitchen to our barrack. Trying not to stumble over any of the rocks and even walking backwards to protect the delicate dessert from the dust. As soon as I walked in, my sister quickly sat up in bed and looked the happiest I had ever seen her since arriving in camp.

"Can you smell it?" our mother asked. My sister nodded eagerly. She was ecstatic. We put the pie in front of her, sang happy birthday, and sat back to relish the glorious gift we had given her. She looked up at us with love in her eyes as she took her first bite. But then slowly, ever so slowly, her face fell. She looked scared, uncertain and my mother and I looked at each other with alarm. We didn't know what was going on. Did we put in too much salt? Sugar? My sister burst into tears. "It tastes like dust. It tastes like dust," she sobbed.

I started to cry. It was all my fault. I let the dust ruin her pie. "I'm sorry," I said over and over again. My sister wiped my tears away and held my face in her hands. "It's not your fault." She whispered as she pulled me close.

I want to continue writing, but my grandson has just come into my room. He strokes my hair and gently asks me to get out of bed. I wrap my arms around him and pull him close. He looks up at me with his brown eyes... hers. That's the last thing I see as I drift off to sleep.

I've never loved anyone the way I loved my sister. 🌹



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## 2017 JACL Chicago Scholarship Luncheon

By Judy Tanaka, Board Member and JACL Chicago Scholarship Chair

An unofficial theme of the JACL Chicago Scholarship Luncheon held at Maggiano's Restaurant on May 21 was "giving back." On that afternoon, JACL Chicago presented scholarship awards to six students. What was notable was not only the accomplishments of the students — which were grand — but also that so many former scholarship recipients were present in other capacities including presenters, award donors, scholarship committee members and program emcee. They exemplify giving back to JACL and the community.

But back to this year's awardees. Awards were presented to one graduating high school senior and five continuing college/graduate students. All students were present except for Taylor Nakagawa who was in South Africa as part of his master's project studying Apartheid. Parents Karen and Terry Nakagawa accepted the award on his behalf and read a statement. Taylor has promised us an article for the JACLer newsletter in the future.

This was the first year that a scholarship was presented by the Japanese Mutual Aid Society of Chicago (JMAS). JMAS President Gary Shimomura gave a brief description of JMAS which was started in 1934 to pay for the final expenses and dignified burial of Japanese immigrants who passed away without families or funds. The organization has since expanded to support community outreach and social services.

Congratulations again to this year's JACL Chicago Scholarship recipients listed below, the schools they will be attending in the fall and the Scholarship awards.

2017 JACL CHICAGO  
SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS.  
TOP ROW, L TO R:  
RYAN NISHIMOTO, JOSHUA TATSUI  
BOTTOM ROW, L TO R:  
JOSH YAMAMOTO, RILEY  
NAKAGAWA, KENJI KURAMITSU



**Kenji Kuramitsu**  
McCormick Theological Seminary  
Chiye Tomihiro Memorial Scholarship

**Riley Nakagawa**  
University of Iowa  
Mitzi Shio Schectman  
Memorial Scholarship

**Taylor Nakagawa**  
University of Missouri - Columbia  
John Iwaoka Memorial Scholarship

**Ryan Nishimoto**  
University of Illinois at Chicago  
John Iwaoka Memorial Scholarship

**Joshua Tatsui**  
University of Illinois at Urbana  
The Yoshino Family Scholarship

**Josh Yamamoto**  
Augustana College  
Japanese Mutual Aid Society of  
Chicago Scholarship

JACL Chicago extends its appreciation to the generous scholarship donors, sponsor-a-graduate supporters and those who came out to the luncheon to honor the students and the people in whose names awards were given. 🍀



Photos: Robert Brown



## A Farewell to JACL Chicago

By Miki Takeshita, Kansha ALB Member, Kansha Project Class of 2016

My involvement in JACL Chicago came to be rather accidentally. In the spring of 2015, I didn't know what to write about for my ethnography on Chicago for one of my classes. During office hours, my professor suggested I write something about the Japanese or Japanese American community in Chicago, since he knew that I felt strongly about my identity. I quickly set out to do field work in the Buddhist Temple of Chicago along with Christ Church of Chicago. Little did I know that I would find a Japanese American (JA) community that had been in Chicago since World War II. I found myself fascinated by their stories and their warmth as they embraced me into their spaces and talked candidly about their incarceration and resettlement experiences.



Photo courtesy of Miki Takeshita

month and trek to the tiny JACL Chicago office in Andersonville to see some of my dearest friends on the Alumni Leadership Board and to build the vision for the Kansha Project. I will remember the day we spent in Detroit learning about the model minority myth and Black liberation, and the fun we had at the Consulate General of Japan's house and Bar Louie afterwards. I will remember our fundraiser at the Nisei Lounge on a cold Thursday in February, where I regrettably messed up people's drink orders but was able to pull in two new *Nikkeis* that I met that night to participate in this year's Kansha Project. I

will remember the anxiety that I felt finally dissipating as I watched the participants in this year's Kansha Project come together as a family. I will remember the sound of the ringing echo of our unified group clap after our last workshop. These are the memories I will carry with me as I move on with my life.

Leaving JACL Chicago will be hard for me. It is hard to leave a community that has given you so much. However, I am comforted and inspired by the leadership and passion exhibited by JACL Chicago's youth, who will continue to tell the stories of the incarcerated and carry their legacies. I will continue to support JACL Chicago from afar and apply what I've learned to making JACL New York the best it could be.

Farewell for now, JACL Chicago. Thank you for everything. 🍵

These stories and hidden histories led me to apply for the Kansha Project in 2016, where I found myself immersed in the complexities of the JA incarceration experience. I was angry, inspired, fascinated, but most importantly, empowered by the commitment JACL Chicago's youth had to preserving these stories. Since then, I have had the immense honor of being a part of the JACL Chicago and the broader JA community. I could not be more grateful for the opportunities JACL Chicago has provided me to discover myself and my *Nikkei* identity, to become more politicized and fight for justice in a country where people are steadily forgetting and even justifying the incarceration camps, and to become part of a bigger JA family, one that I didn't know I had been yearning for my entire life. What a joy it was to leave the suffocating confines of the University of Chicago once a

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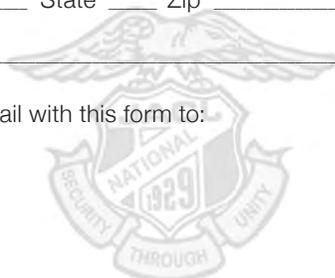
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In my name     Anonymous

In memory of \_\_\_\_\_

# The Way I See It ... **We Need to Tell Our Stories**

by Anne Shimojima, JACL Chicago Member

**W**hen I started working on our family history project, I had no intention of ever telling our story, even though I am a professional storyteller. But when I was invited to perform in a social justice storytelling festival, I thought that maybe I could do something on the Shimojima family, its early years in Portland, Oregon, and its experience through the incarceration. It was a daunting thought. I had never told a personal or family story. But with the help and encouragement of some storyteller friends, *Hidden Memory; An American Story* was born.

Although storytelling is usually done without pictures, I decided to add photographs of our family and historical photographs from the National Archives because I wanted people to see my family and the camps. Words alone would not adequately convey the experience.

My audiences have been curious, interested, and accepting. After a telling at the International Storytelling Center in Jonesborough, Tennessee, a woman approached me afterwards. "Please forgive us!" she said, clearly moved and regretful.



Recently I spoke with seventh and eighth graders in Northbrook. The librarian who hired me told me that the eighth graders thought themselves very cool and they probably wouldn't ask many questions in the Q&A time. I knew they were interested when they sat absolutely silently during my presentation. When I stopped talking their hands went up and they asked questions until the end of the period. Asked one boy, "Are you scared now that Trump has been elected?" I answered that the incarceration was now recognized as one of the worst decisions in our country's history and, as I had told them, the government formally apologized in 1988. But I had to be honest. Since the election I have not felt as safe as I used to. I have read too much about the increased harassment of Muslim, Jewish, African American, and yes, Asian American communities.

I love telling my story to senior citizens since so many of them lived through the war. They add so many details of their own experiences. Once when I spoke to a public library audience in Illinois, I showed a slide of a pot-bellied stove in a camp room, with a little girl and her mother. A Japanese American woman sitting in the front row said, "That's me!" She was that little girl.

At one senior center an older man raised his hand and said, "Yeah, but what

about the other side?" I wondered what he meant, but then he started talking about how the Japanese treated the American prisoners during the war and how they were starving when they were found, just skeletons. He was really getting emotional. I asked, "Were you there?" He had been. I answered, "I'm glad you asked this question because it lets me emphasize what we should remember. You're talking about Japanese soldiers. I'm talking about Japanese *Americans*. People back then couldn't tell the difference. They looked at us and saw the enemy. And it is never right to imprison people because they look like the enemy."

I am so grateful to have had one family member, my 91-year old aunt Mary Nakagawa, to interview. I'm sorry that I waited too long. How I would have loved to ask my grandmother what it was like to be a picture bride, or my uncle about being in the MIS or on the USS Missouri when the peace treaty was signed. I did get to interview my mother, who was in Honolulu on Pearl Harbor day, and my aunt from Japan, who experienced the war there.

When I give workshops on family history projects I always say: Don't wait. People die, they get sick, they get dementia. Ask those questions. Find out your family's story. And pass it on to the younger people. It is a gift your family will treasure.

*Find out more about Anne and her storytelling at [www.anneshimojima.com](http://www.anneshimojima.com).*

### **Have something you'd like to say?**

*Submit your comments via email to [info@jaclchicago.org](mailto:info@jaclchicago.org), or by mail to JACL Chicago Chapter, 5415 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois 60640*

*The views expressed in "The Way I See It . . ." column do not represent a position of the JACL or its Chapters.*

**GINZA HOLIDAY**  
**Japanese Cultural Festival**  
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**Midwest Buddhist Temple**  
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**Benefit (Gate) Donation \$5 Adults**  
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## What the World Needs Now Is Hope

by Dwight Okita, Chicago Sansei Novelist



I remember once having coffee with a Japanese American woman. We were talking about ethnicity. "When you walk into a room," she said, "what people see first is your Asian face."

"That's funny," I said. "Because when I walk into a room of people, what I see first are *their* faces."

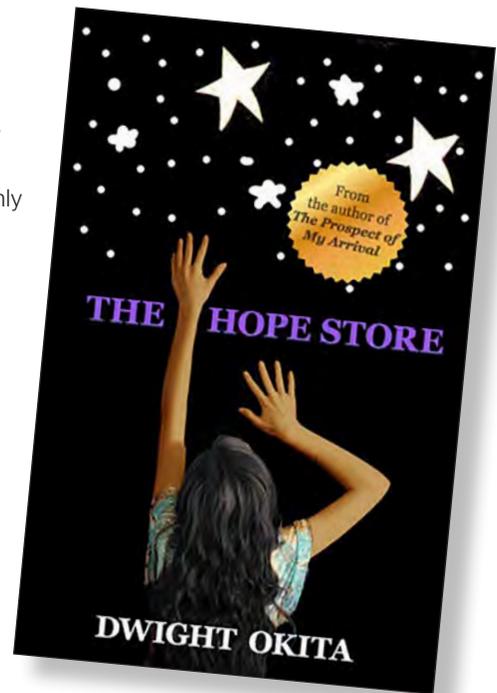
We both had arrived at different, equally valid truths. Growing up as a shy young boy I was self-conscious, but with time I learned it was more fun to be outgoing and turned my attention to others, to be more focused on community rather than self.

In my new novel *THE HOPE STORE*, I thought it would be fun to tell the story from two different points of view: one hopeful and one hopeless. The book is about the first store in the world to sell hope over the counter. Some readers might describe the novel as literary fiction, or science fiction, or magic realism. But what's unique is that there are two alternating narrators. Luke Nagano is a Japanese American man who works in marketing. He is the optimistic narrator and is a bit like me. Jada Upshaw is an African American woman who has struggled all her life with a condition called *desina sperara*, which leaves her without a shred of hope. She is the pessimistic narrator and was inspired by my friend Rosie.

Here is a glimpse into the heroine's inner world: "My name is Jada Upshaw. I started out as a girl without dreams and grew up to be a woman without a future. But sometimes things happen you can't explain...because they happen to you and no one else. Maybe you believe in a store, or a person, or an idea. Maybe you just believe in a singer you heard once on the radio because she was amazing...and you believe she can be amazing again. That's how I feel about myself tonight: that I can be amazing again."

The story was inspired partly by my own experiences. Like Luke, I grew up in Chicago and was often the only Asian face in a sea of white faces when I walked into a room. But I've learned that different can be good. I've learned that different can be an advantage. Both the kindle and paperback version of the book should be on Amazon by July.

By the way, some of you maybe remember me from the recent Day of Remembrance at the Chicago History Museum. I had the honor of reading some of my internment camp poems to an overflow crowd. It's times like that that I remember what community is and how great it feels to be in a room filled with people who are similar to you, and different from you as well.



To learn more about Dwight and *The Hope Store*, visit [www.DwightOkita.com](http://www.DwightOkita.com).

## Chicago Nikkei Picnic

Saturday, August 5, 2017 - 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.  
Bunker Hill, Grove #7 (see map on back)

The entire **Nikkei community** and **Friends** are invited to share in a day of games, food, sports, sunshine, good times and more food!

**Bring a dish that's big enough for your family (plus a little more) and share with everyone at our community food table buffet.** We'll supply roast pig, hotdogs, hamburgers and other great eats. Grills, charcoal and limited beverages will be provided. **BYOB** allowed (beer, wine, etc.) - but no glass containers.



The non-stop fun begins at 11 a.m. and includes:

- games for kids and adults
- Karaoke (11 a.m. - 4 p.m.)
- horseback riding
- volleyball, softball and tug-of-war

**This event is FREE!**  
Please join us and share in the fun!



Photos courtesy of Felis Lerner & Jack Shiels, Tohkon Judo Academy.

Organized by the member organizations of the Chicago Japanese American Council, Tohkon Judo Academy and community friends.

## 79th Annual Memorial Day Service – A Community Gathering

By Phyllis Tamada-Brown, JACL Chicago Board Member

Rain was predicted, but luckily the weathermen got it wrong. Sunshine, blue skies and a nice breeze accompanied this year's Japanese Mutual Aid Society of Chicago Memorial Day Service on May 29th.

About 250 people from the *Nikkei* Community attended to pay tribute to the veterans and all Japanese Americans buried in the Japanese section at Montrose Cemetery. The ceremony began at 11 a.m. with the Posting of Colors by the Chicago Nisei Post #1183's Color Guard and was emceed by Gary Shimomura, President of the Japanese Mutual Aid Society.

Different churches performed choral selections, scripture readings and prayers, and many organizations and churches participated in placing flowers at the Japanese Mausoleum. The playing of Taps and Retiring of Colors closed the program. 🇺🇸



Photos: Robert Brown

## SAVE-THE-DATES

### Anne Yuri Namba

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for the JACL Chicago.  
(a portion of each sale will be donated to JACL)

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Friday & Saturday, July 28<sup>th</sup> & 29<sup>th</sup>.  
10:00 AM to 6:00 PM Friday  
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Anne's Summer 2017 collections and  
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Japanese American Citizens League

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*We welcome your participation.*

**Go Green! Receive the JACler newsletter (in full color), news and updates via email. See page 2**

## Calendar of Events

<b>July 6 – 9</b>	<b>JACL National Convention</b> Washington, DC, <a href="http://www.jacl.org/2017convention">www.jacl.org/2017convention</a>
<b>Wednesday, July 12</b> 7pm – 9pm	<b>JACL Chicago Board Meeting</b> JACL Chicago Office, 5415 N. Clark Street, Chicago
<b>Thursday, July 13</b> 9am	<b>JACL Chicago Golf Outing</b> Glenview Park Golf Club, 800 Shermer Road, Glenview
<b>July 28 – 29</b>	<b>Anne Namba Designs Fundraiser</b> Hyatt House Chicago/Evanston, 1515 Chicago Ave, Evanston
<b>Saturday, August 5</b> 11am	<b>Chicago Nikkei Picnic</b> Bunker Hill Forest Preserve Grove #7, Niles
<b>Wednesday, August 9</b> 7pm – 9pm	<b>JACL Chicago Board Meeting</b> JACL Chicago Office, 5415 N. Clark Street, Chicago
<b>August 11-13</b>	<b>Ginza Holiday</b> Midwest Buddhist Temple, 435 W Menomonee St, Chicago