Rededication of the
CHS MEMORIAL FOREST

The granite is carved and the new monument for the CHS Memorial Forest will be installed just in time for the memorial ceremony on 26 May 2017. This will be a major event. The monument replaces the bronze plaques listing our fallen heroes from World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War. The bronze plaques were stolen and likely sold for scrap metal. The 3x4 foot granite monument weighs nearly a ton and will be difficult to steal. It was funded by an anonymous donor.

This year’s ceremony at the Cleveland High School Memorial Forest will be like no other. We are re-dedicating the Forest to fallen alumni who lost their lives in military service. We honor them with a new granite monument to replace the bronze plaques that were, for many years, mounted to ‘the rock’ deep in the forest. The new monument was paid for by an anonymous donor.

The ceremony is expected to include a fly-over of aircraft and guest speakers from the school district and the

See REDEDICATION (PAGE 2)
We are not sure if we will have a single aircraft or a group of World War II fighter planes. [We wanted a B52 bomber in the fly-over, but they were all committed to protecting our nation.] It is rumored that the Air Force will send a squadron of stealth fighters but we may not be able to see them.

As with all of our ceremonies at the Forest, it will include an Honor Guard from Camp Murray, the firing of a salute, the playing of Taps, and the folding and the presentation of the flag to a survivor. The flag folding will be performed by CHS students.

We expect a large number of students – hopefully the freshman class. Students and guests will all be served refreshments. As usual, the CHS Alumni Association pays for all expenses, including bus rental fees, for this event through alumni donations.

'The Rock' is located deep in the forest and for many years contained bronze plaques. The initial plaque included the CHS alumni who lost their lives while serving in the armed forces during World War II. Plaques were added following the Korean and Vietnam Wars listing the alumni that we lost in those conflicts. In 2014 it was discovered that the plaques were ripped off – and probably sold for scrap metal. Who could do such a thing ???

The new granite monument will not be located deep in the forest. It will be located in the open area where we hold our ceremonies. It won’t be easy to steal because it weighs nearly a ton . . . and granite monuments don’t have a great resale value.

If you haven’t been to the Forest before, or if it has been a long time, this is a good year to attend the ceremony. To many alumni it is a wonderful experience.

Wars are started by or in response to greedy people. Young men and women go off to fight to protect their homeland. Many do not return, giving their lives in service to their country. A grateful public builds memorials to honor their fallen heroes and that is what the students of Cleveland High School did during and after World War II. But it’s not a one-time event. Often is the case where annual ceremonies are held to honor the fallen, just as we do at the CHS Memorial Forest. So goes the tradition of the nation, so goes the tradition of our alumni – WE HONOR OUR FALLEN HEROES !!!

PLEASE see the information on page 5 for the time and location.

— John Barton ’54

In recognition of Cleveland STEM High School’s commitment to eliminating opportunity gaps for historically underserved students. We are fortunate in Seattle Public Schools to have a number of “positive outlier” schools that continue to provide leadership and inspiration for our community. Seattle Public Schools recognizes and acknowledges Cleveland STEM High School’s hard work, success, and innovation. Cleveland STEM High continues to “Eliminate the Opportunity Gap” for our students.

The Cleveland community wants to express its gratitude to the Cleveland Alumni Association for its generous support of the music and career choices programs at Cleveland. We are excited to hear our music students playing new music on repaired and/or new musical instruments and in new Cleveland music attire! The career choices class has incorporated a job shadow experience at various business and agency sites in the greater Seattle Area. We are excited about the results from the 2015-16 school year: student pre/post survey demonstrated gains across race and ethnicity, gender, and students of color in the areas of 21st Century skills*; Interests; Aspirations, Jobs & Career; and, Financial Literacy.

Spring sports are underway! Boys and girls tennis and track, boys baseball and soccer, and girls softball—fast pitch and ultimate frisbee, are all underway. We want to recognize Lucas King who will be attending Colorado School of the Mines on a soccer scholarship.

Our next big event is the 9th Annual Red and White Auction on Saturday, April 29th. The planning committee has been busy planning Putting on the Glitz, a roaring 20s themed event being held at South Seattle College in the Brockey Center: For more information contact Ms. Teresa Scribner at ticscribner@seattleschools.org

We are looking forward to joining the Alumni Association at the Cleveland High School Memorial Forest for the annual Memorial Day Ceremony and Memorial Rededication on Friday, May 26th. See you there!

George L. Breland, Principal
STEM @ Cleveland High School

* The term 21st century skills refers to a broad set of knowledge, skills, work habits, and character traits that are believed — by educators, school reformers, college professors, employers,— to be critically important to success in today’s world.
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JoAnn Victor Smith ‘56
Ken Smith ‘57
Alison Sing ‘64
Pat Rosenkranz ‘49
Mary Lou Zarkades Barton ‘54

PUBLICATION INFO

Our publication is currently around 6600 copies.

Spring in Seattle when the rain gets warmer !!!
FEEDBACK FROM OUR READER

John: Thanks for the newsletter. I am amazed at all the information in it! You and Mary Lou and the rest of the committee deserve high praise for all the work you put into it.

I will be contacting JoAnn Smith to put a notice in the issue regarding the class of 1952’s 65th reunion. It will be held on June 15, 2017 at Foster golf course. If you and Mary Lou would like to attend I will send you a flyer.

Hope you are having a great 2017.
Jim Lambo ‘52

Mary Lou & John Barton - Thank you for telling my Cleveland High School “Family” about my mom’s character and accomplishments. She wasn’t able to come to our high school baseball games because she was busy at Boeing helping to make airplanes but my stepdad was at almost every game sitting with the Mozzone parents [Dick & Don twins] handing out bubble gum to the team and fans.

Sincerely, your friend & classmate
— Ventris Ingram ‘54

[Editors note: We published a nice story in the January issue about his mom being one of the original Rosie the Riveter’s.]

John — Interesting newsletter. Some of the alumni had some pretty interesting careers. You seem quite anxious about getting new material to include in the newsletter.

I might be able to add an article in the near future about coach Johnny Cherberg and our championship football team of 1937 and some of the players.

I’ll do my best to get it together and send it in the next couple of weeks or so.
— Emil Martin ‘40

[Editors note: His excellent article on Johnny Cherberg et al. is provided on page 12.]

A NOTE TO OUR YOUNGER READERS

My name is John Barton and I am the editor of this publication. I graduated from CHS in 1954 and that makes me a dinosaur. As a consequence, I am out of touch with the type of articles that you might be interested in reading. The solution is to have you be a key player in our publication team. We need assistance from YOU in establishing the content, layout and style of the newsletter.

We know you can help. The question is . . .

WILL YOU ???

NOW HEAR THIS !!!

We received praise from some readers about the newsletter. The newsletter couldn’t be produced without the publishing team . . . BUT . . . the key to success is having good participation by our readers — especially in FEEDBACK and the Alumni Updates.

Your participation is the key to our . . .

SUCCESS !!!
Cleveland High School is the only high school in the universe that has a Memorial Forest. Every Friday preceding the Memorial Day weekend the CHS Alumni Association has a ceremony at the Cleveland High School Memorial Forest to honor alumni who lost their lives while serving in the United States Armed Forces. Our ceremony typically includes guest speakers to tell stories about some of the men that are honored at our Memorial Forest, and about military life in the armed forces.

A Honor Guard from Camp Murray fires a salute to our fallen heroes and BernieMoskowitz '57 plays Taps. Bernie is the lead bugler at Tahoma National Cemetery. CHS students participate in a flag-folding exercise, and the flag is presented to a survivor of a fallen loved one. Most years, with permission, we have students plant two or three trees.

After the ceremony, refreshments are served to the students and guests. In some years we have had four busloads of students and this year we are hoping for a large turnout — the freshman class is expected to come. Everyone is encouraged to make the trek to the Rock. The bronze plaques naming our fallen alumni are no longer there but it’s good to see this special place in the forest where our heroes were honored for so many years. Note: All expenses are paid by the CHS Alumni Association.

As can be seen in the maps below our Memorial Forest is located between Issaquah and Fall City. After the ceremony a number of us usually go to the Fall City Roadhouse & Inn for lunch. The Roadhouse provides a pleasant, old-fashioned setting that is perfect for renewing old acquaintances and making new friends. It’s a wonderful way to end a memorable day.

For a day you will long remember, join us for the ceremony at the Forest and for lunch at the Roadhouse.

For those of you using a GPS the address is 28322 SE Issaquah-Fall City Road, Fall City, WA.

* Our fallen heroes of WW II are documented in Honored Dead by our own Pat Rosenkranz ‘49.
TREASURER’S REPORT
Allen Storaasli ‘62

Treasurer Report, April 2017

Our balances remain level. The Scholarship Endowment Fund (SEF), which is all in Edward Jones investments, had risen so $5000 could be considered for SEF scholarships.

Major expenditures this year:
• $2,500 directed to CHS Journalism
• $11,000 directed to the CHS Music program for sheet music, instruments, uniforms and transportation
• $13,064 spent to replace the Memorial Forest plaques, and thank you to the individual donating the full amount to CHSAA.
• $10,000 committed to annual scholarships, to be awarded in August 2017

The CHS Alumni Association provides scholarships and other benefits directed towards student activities, including those at the Memorial Forest. Non-student expenses include publication of our newsletter and website costs. Our overhead is about 6% of our budget and is mostly for insurance premiums.

Have you visited our website ???
www.clevelandalumsea.org

PUZZLES
Keep that brain working; try to figure this one out....
What these seven words all have in common?
1. Banana
2. Dresser
3. Grammar
4. Potato
5. Revive
6. Uneven
7. Assess

See Puzzle Answer, page 10

DIVERSITY AT CHS
By Ken Smith ‘57

After WWII and well toward the end of the 20TH Century, many Cleveland students of European parentage didn’t know much about their classmates with a different heritage. For example, it took me years after I graduated in 1957 to realize that some of my fellow Japanese students had lived with their parents in internment camps. I knew that some black students had migrated from the South, but I was ignorant of the culture of South, of the lives of sharecroppers and segregated bathrooms. I didn’t know what to think of two Chinese students who were brilliant in math but couldn’t speak English well because they had migrated from China after WWII. I was astonished to learn not long ago from our Alumni newsletter that one of my classmates was the son of an acclaimed Indian chief and has now succeeded him. An Oregon town is even named after his great grandfather.

When I rode the bus from 15th and Columbian Way downtown, I remember little signs above the seats touting America as a melting pot and we were all getting along beautifully. That’s how America was painted. It was an Ozzie and Harriett world, a Happy Days world, but only for some. Of course, today we know differently.

Back then, however, no doubt my fellow students of non-European ancestry saw it differently. We never heard their stories, and I think now we should. We’d love to hear how they experienced Cleveland, their classmates, even their City. Their untold stories will help us better understand the past and the present.

If you were in a minority, how was it growing up in Holly Park or Beacon Hill or Georgetown or South Park? Was Cleveland a welcoming place or did you feel like an outsider, treated unfairly or roughly? Were the teachers on your side if you faced a problem, or did they brush you off? Were they there to help you grow and develop or were you treated as a second-class citizen, if a citizen at all? Were you included by your fellow students? Were you emotionally safe and treated equally? Just how do you remember your days? What was Cleveland like for you?

No one can change the past, but your stories can help us understand it through new voices. And, remember, we can change the future.

Please tell us your story. If you rather not sign your name, we’ll understand.

[Editor’s note: After reading the article in the last newsletter about ‘Rosie the Riveter’ Ken suggested we do a series of articles on diversity at CHS and that he would do the lead article — and here it is. Included in this newsletter are articles by: Mitsuye Yamada ‘42 who writes about life in an internment camp during World War II; a Seattle Times article about Japanese families that were ordered to internment camps during that period; articles about teachers of color at CHS today; and the CHS football team kneeling during the national anthem. How about sending in your story on diversity at CHS??]
A FAMILY HISTORY  
By Mitsuye Yamada ‘42

INTRODUCTION. Both my brother, Tosh Yasutake and I, then known as May Yasutake, attended Cleveland High School in the years before World War II. After writing Tosh’s obituary for the Cleveland Alumni Newsletter last year, I was asked to write my own biography presuming that fellow alums will be interested in knowing what happened to the Japanese American students at Cleveland High School after our abrupt departure at the outbreak of that war. Many decades have passed since those years. Hopefully some of the following narrative will be of general interest to what must now be a large body of ex-Cleveland High alumni living in different parts of the country.

FAMILY BACKGROUND. On that fateful day, December 7th, 1941, the day Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, life, as we knew it, had changed forever. The “we” of course included the whole country; the surprise attack on the U.S. naval base on the island of Hawaii by the Japanese planes was the beginning of World War II. But we Japanese Americans were plunged into a state of shock, dismay and utter confusion. For my family, the event resulted in a major disruption of our family structure.

There were six in my family living on Beacon Hill of Seattle at the time: my parents, Jack and Hideko Yasutake and four children. My oldest brother, Mike, was recovering from a long illness and was confined in bed. My brother, Tosh, had graduated from Cleveland High School and was attending the University of Washington. I was in my senior year at Cleveland, looking forward to graduating the following June, and my 9-year-old brother, Joe, was attending Beacon Hill Elementary school.

The patriarch of our family, Jack Yasutake, came to America from a small farming village in Kyushu, Japan, in 1909 when he was seventeen years old. He came on a student visa because, he said, he “wanted to get an American education.” When he arrived in San Francisco, he knew he must work for a while to support himself, but he discovered no one would hire him because he did not have a work visa. Many of his fellow travelers, young Japanese men like him, had come to America in hopes of “making a fortune” and found jobs as manual laborers. The only kind of work he was able to do was housework for an American family. Working for a few years as “houseboy” for room and board allowed him to go to a mission school to learn English and to attend Lowell High School in San Francisco. During the summer, because he wanted “to improve his elocution in English,” he enrolled in a drama school where he was introduced to Shakespearean plays and poetry. Upon graduation from high school, he moved to Palo Alto to study engineering at Stanford University, then called Leland Stanford Junior College.

After his studies at Stanford, Jack returned to Japan to visit his parents who arranged his marriage to Hideko Shiraki. He returned to San Francisco and moved north with his bride because he heard there were better job opportunities in Seattle. Because of his fluency in English and Japanese, unusual in those days, he was offered a position as interpreter for the Immigration and Naturalization Service, a position he held for 23 years until 1941. He was well-liked among his colleagues at INS and was for many years a prominent community leader among the Japanese in Seattle. Little did he know that at the outbreak of World War II, his very “uniqueness” (being a well-educated thoroughly assimilated Japanese with many American friends) would become fodder for the FBI to use against him. They suspected him of being a spy for the Japanese government. Within our family of six, three of us, my parents and I, were labeled “enemy aliens” during World War II because we were born in Japan. (I was born in Japan when my mother returned to Japan to visit her parents.) Not until ten years later, in 1952 were we eligible to become naturalized citizens when the Walter-McCarran Act was passed. My two older brothers, Mike and Tosh, and younger brother, Joe, were native-born American citizens.

EARLY YEARS. My father had a great influence on my life, and was responsible for my majoring in English at Cleveland High School, and becoming an active member of the debate team. I was also lucky enough to have had two teachers who inspired me to do well in high school: my English teacher, Miss Raine and my debate teacher, Miss Hall. Miss Raine was a charismatic, dynamic teacher who made Shakespeare “come alive” by her dramatic readings of the plays. She seemed to enjoy our company as much as we enjoyed hers. Miss Hall was a politically astute teacher who insisted that only by knowing the subject well will we gain confidence during our debates. She encouraged us to be poised and calm during our presentations. She talked non-stop while driving us all over Seattle to other high schools to debate tournaments. I was a shy, bookish student and my parents were always focused on our “getting good grades” above all else in school. Having two teachers who were invested in my social as well as intellectual growth meant a great deal to me. It certainly prepared me well for my college years.

WORLD WAR II YEARS. I remember quite clearly the day that changed our lives forever. We heard the disturbing news of Japan’s attack on Pearl Harbor at church that Sunday morning. We hurried home and were huddled around our radio listening to the news when the doorbell rang. I was the first to run to answer the door. There stood four grim-faced men in suits and one of them demanded “We want to speak to Jack Yasutake.”

“He’s not home,” I said, “He has a poetry club meeting every first Sunday of the month at a restaurant downtown. Mother is still at church.”

See FAMILY HISTORY — page 8
FAMILY HISTORY — Continued from page 7

This was probably more information than they needed, but in my nervousness, I did not have the presence of mind to ask them who they were or why they wanted to speak to our father. I gave them the name and address of the restaurant and one of the men left while the other three entered the house with their guns drawn. By this time, Tosh and Joe had come to the front room to find out what was going on. One of the agents ordered us to sit down on the couch in the living room while he sat on the ottoman opposite us with his gun resting on his knee. The third and fourth agents searched the house. By this time we had learned that they were FBI agents.

To this day, I’m not sure what they were looking for. They were very thorough in their search of the house. They rolled up all the area rugs and removed some floor boards. They removed all the artwork and photographs from walls, ripped open the paper backings on the frames, and tossed them on the floor. They took down all the books on the bookshelves (we had many) and leafed through some of the books. They took down stacks of dishes on the kitchen shelves and looked between the dishes. A few hours later, they departed, taking with them several boxes of materials. (We learned several years later after the war when the FBI returned the boxes to us that they were my father’s journals and letters from relatives in Japan they found in my father’s desk, and many of Father’s Japanese poetry books and Mother’s Japanese women’s magazines and novels.)

My father was arrested that day and held for a period of time in the detention quarters at the INS where he used to work. (He was later moved to prison camps in New Mexico. These were prison-of-war camps, quite separate from the Concentration Camps that the rest of us were removed to by Executive Order 9066 a few months later.) On that day, the FBI rounded up many prominent Japanese men such as teachers, ministers and active community leaders like our father. Our family was totally unprepared for this type of emergency. With the main wage-earner gone and our bank accounts “frozen” by the government, we had no money to feed the family and pay our bills. Our older brother Mike, who was diagnosed with tuberculosis, was bedridden. Tosh and I scanned the “help-wanted” ads in the Seattle Times but could find nothing that he was qualified for. We found one ad for “housekeeper and babysitter” to which I responded. It meant I had to discontinue school and start working immediately for a photographer’s family until the evacuation orders came.

CAMP LIFE. In February 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued an Executive Order 9066 giving the Secretary of War authority to remove all persons of Japanese ancestry living on the West Coast, namely California, Washington, Oregon as well as the southern part of Arizona, to be removed to 16 “temporary assembly centers.” Meanwhile, ten permanent concentration camps were being built in the remote desert areas of the interior to accommodate 120,000 Japanese persons living in these states.

The Japanese in Seattle were ordered to settle our affairs and meet at the local elementary school to await transport by bus to designated camps. We were allowed to carry two suitcases per person. In April, 1942, we were taken to the Puyallup Fairgrounds. There were a little over 9,000 of us housed in various parts of the grounds that were used for cattle and other animals. Our family of five was assigned a room in one of the makeshift shacks that were built on the fairgrounds. We each had a canvas cot, and were told that we can fill the muslin ticks with hay that were supplied. By this time, my invalid brother, Mike, had “somewhat recovered” and seemed to be holding up fairly well under all the strain.

In June, 1942, we had a surprise visit from the principal of Cleveland High School who came to visit the few of us (I think there were six) who were scheduled to graduate that year and handed our diplomas to us. I truly regret that I do not remember the principal’s name, for this was an act of kindness that I will always remember.

[Editors note: The principal was probably Kenneth Selby who retired in December, 1944.]

Our family and many others quickly tried to transform this bare room into something more habitable. We did not stay in this room very long, for we were moved after a few months in August, by train and bus to a place in the Idaho desert called Minidoka Concentration Camp. The Seattle Times reported this movement and happened to take a photograph of my family at the train station. The first poem in my book, Camp Notes, recalls this moment.

Following is another poem about this experience:

PRELUDE

The train stops at the end of the tracks
Literally.
The tracks simply sink into the Idaho desert sand.
Disappear.

1942, a sunny April day
Several hundred young and old men, women and children from Seattle transported by train from the temporary Assembly Center at the Puyallup Fairgrounds, We were rickety bussed farther into the desert.
All of us carry an assortment of bags, sacks, bundles, babies, in our arms,
After twelve hours we arrive at a gate in the fenced-in area.
What we see below the shades of the bus window:
rows of tar-papered barracks surrounded by barbed-wire fences.

We enter the gated compound
I suck in my breath.
The air is dry.
I look back.
Outside the fences are blankets.

See FAMILY HISTORY — page 11
Johnny Cherberg - Remembered

Cleveland High School won its first and only football championship in 1937. The coach was a guy by the name of Johnny Cherberg — he was quite a guy.

Coach Johnny Cherberg came to Seattle from Florida with 11 siblings at age 9. He played halfback at Queen Anne HS and later played halfback at the University of Washington where he was known as “Cowboy.” He got a degree in economics and taught “Civics” at CHS. I was in one of his classes and he was an expert on government and politics. Our football team had the smallest, lightest players in the eight-team city league but we kept winning games. Even our two biggest players, the tackles, were less than 200 pounds. We were small but we were scrappy. Royal Brougham, the Seattle Post Intelligencer’s sports writer, wrote some glowing columns about our undersized team and especially about our smallest, lightest player at left end – Eddie Blakely – who weighed only 129 pounds. Blakely was really good at evading blockers and tackling the ball carriers. When opponents ran end runs towards his position they would have a wall of blockers. Blakely would disappear in their midst, the play would end with the ball carrier on the ground and Blakely’s arms would be wrapped around his legs. It was almost miraculous the way he did this consistently.

At season’s end the championship game was to be played against perennial winner Garfield HS on Thanksgiving Day at UW stadium. I was a freshman and played on the freshman team but we scrimmaged a lot against the first team in practices and walked up and down the hill over that rickety old wooden bridge to play down at the Georgetown field.

In the locker room a few days before the big game I said “I think the game on Thursday is going to be a lousy game.” Two seconds later Cherberg stuck his head out from the coach’s office and hollered “WHO SAID THAT?” I admitted it was me, and he asked “Why?” It had been raining hard for several days and the UW’s sod field was all churned up from previous games. So I said, “With all the rain it’s going to be too muddy to have a normal game.” And that’s what happened. The game was played in a sea of mud. At a key point in the game Garfield was backed up close to their goal line and on a 4th down play the center hiked the ball over the punter’s head and out through the end zone for a safety. The final score was 2 to 0 for a CHS win.

There was a play in another game at the old Civic Stadium (Now Memorial Stadium) that I remember well. We were backed up next to our goal line and Harry Cloak kicked a line drive punt that was aided by a very strong wind. The football rolled and rolled and rolled some more and turned into an 80 yard punt that completely changed the complexion of the game.

Jimmy Rohlletter was an undersized guard who played all out on every play. In one of our practice scrimmages he accidentally kicked me in the groin. I was paralyzed for some time after that play. He later died from wounds he received in World War II and his family contributed the flag pole at the CHS Memorial Forest in his memory.

Bayne Lamb was the quarterback. He worked for Boeing for many years and rose through the ranks. He was in charge of constructing the largest building in the world (by volume) at Paine Field near Everett where 747s and now the 787s are now built. He also was the general manager of Seattle Services Division at Boeing. Don Harney, the center, graduated from Washington State and became a teacher and coach at Roosevelt HS. After being an assistant coach for 16 years, he was appointed head football coach for eight years and won the state championship three times. He also coached baseball, soccer and girls softball. He was at Roosevelt for 34 years. He had some hair-raising experiences as a bombardier/navigator in B25s during World War II. On one bombing run a B25 just a few yards in front of his plane took a direct antiaircraft hit that exploded the bomb load and that B25 disappeared in a flash in front of his eyes. Through sheer luck there was no damage to his plane but there was considerable damage to other planes in the formation from flying debris. At his funeral an Air Force general came to the services and told a story about Harney. His B25 got shot down and made a crash landing behind German lines. He wasn’t hurt but the pilot’s legs were badly injured and he couldn’t walk. Don Harney carried him piggyback for 5 miles through enemy territory to reach the Allied lines.

John Cherberg left Cleveland HS to coach at his Alma Mater at Queen Anne HS where he coached for three years and their team won the state championship. He then went to the UW and coached there for three years. Not long after that he ran for Lt. Governor of Washington State and wound up serving eight terms — 32 years from 1957 to 1989. He was in public service for 55 years. His was the longest tenure of any Lt. Governor in the USA. There is now a John A Cherberg building in Olympia which houses the State Senate offices.

I shortened my name, Martincevic, with two of my brothers after World War II because we were tired of having people misspell and mispronounce our name. I was 14 years old in 1937 when CHS won the football championship and now I’m 94 in 2017. That was 80 years ago!!! It sure doesn’t seem that long ago.

Emil Martin, Class of 1940
FALLEN EAGLES

2016 (not reported before)
1940 Irma (Schuehle) Grimes
1941 Wm. Toshio Yasutake DR
1945 Richard A. Foisy
1960 Diane (Melgin) Toombs
1965 Stan F. Haberkorn
1977 Grover K. Yamane MD

2017
1934 Audrey (Edson) Knorr
1938 Lorraine V. (Stefano) Wallin
1940 Irene E. (Rudd) Gross
1940 Betty (Cooper) Mac Leod
1940 William (Bill) Rudd Jr. *
1942 Betty (Empens) Truman
1945 Bill Wood *
1946 Patricia (Gilmour) Linder
1953 Charles (Bud) Mc Cormick
1953 Donald Mozzone
1957 Kenneth H. Fuller
1961 Barbara Marie Mills
1961 Michael H. Seeliger
1964 Jerry E. Keppler
1966 Dennis F. Mc Guire

* Denotes passing in a previous year

IN MEMORIAM

Rolland L. Lindberg was honored with a contribution from his brother, Don Lindberg. The Ed Landon Scholarship Fund was designated.

Mitsuye Yamada ‘42 made a contribution to the CHS Alumni Association in honor of her brother, William Toshio Yasutake, class of 1941, who passed away on December 12, 2016. Tosh and his family were incarcerated in an Internment Camp in Idaho during World War II. From this camp in 1943, Tosh volunteered for the U.S. Army and served as a medic in Italy and France. He was wounded and received a Purple Heart and the Bronze Star for his service in the war, and his unit, the famed 442nd Regiment, was awarded the Congressional Gold Medal. After returning to civilian life after the war, he studied at the University of Washington and was celebrated as a pioneer in his research of fish pathology. He received a Ph.D. from the University of Tokyo. His seminal textbook, “The Microscopic Anatomy of Salmonoids” was published in 1983. He was the father of four children and six grandchildren and will be remembered as a devoted husband, father, brother and a role model in his community.

[Editor’s Note: The 442nd, a Nisei regiment (comprised of first-born Americans of Japanese immigrants), is the most decorated regiment in US Military history.]

ALUMNI UPDATES

We’ve heard many positive comments about the Alumni Updates but after the initial surge, the number of submittals have dropped off drastically. We need your participation if these updates are to continue.

We have modified the layout of the newsletter so most, if not all, Alumni Updates are on pages with color. Due to publication restrictions, not all pages can include color. Your classmates want to hear from you !!!

PUZZLE ANSWERS from page 6

If you place the first letter at the end of the word and spell it backwards, you will end up with the same word.

We appreciate those who remember the alumni association in their will.
The Minidoka Relocation Center, as it was officially called, was located in the desert near the town of Twin Falls. Forty-four barracks were built near the banks of Twin Falls Canal. Each barracks was divided into six rooms. Our family lived on Block 4, Barrack 4 near the hospital where both Tosh and I worked. There were five cots in our 20 X 20 feet room, a pot-bellied stove in the middle. The thing that I remember most vividly are the terrific and constant dust storms that plagued us.

I was in Minidoka for a year. During this time I worked as receptionist and nurse’s aid at the camp hospital. My brother Tosh, who was part of the advance group that worked to set up the hospital at Minidoka, worked as physician’s assistant. Mike worked in the administration building.

In a very short period of time, Minidoka was functioning like a well-run self-sufficient small “town” which indeed it was.

**TOSH AND THE ARMY.** In 1943, an Army recruitment team arrived at the camp to persuade the young men to volunteer for the Army. Since the men had become ineligible for the draft when they were evacuated, the appearance of this team of two military men created quite a stir. My poem, “Recruiting Team,” describes the near-riot situation. I can still hear one voice ringing out “Why should I volunteer? I’m an American, I have a right to be drafted!” Nevertheless, many young men volunteered and left camp for basic training in Camp Shelby, Mississippi. My brother, Tosh, was one of them. He joined the 442nd Regimental Combat Team that served in France and Italy. He was wounded but survived the war.

**LEAVING CAM[P.** Soon after Tosh’s departure in June, 1943, Mike and I left to study at the University of Cincinnati. Before the end of the first year, Mike was abruptly expelled from the University when it was discovered that he was a pacifist who had signed “no” to key questions on the “Application for Leave Clearance” when he left camp. The questions were “Are you willing to serve in the Armed Forces of the United States?” and “Do you foreswear allegiance to the emperor of Japan?” Mike answered “no” to the first because he was a pacifist, and “no” to the second because he “didn’t swear allegiance to the emperor of Japan in the first place.” Father Joe, the Episcopal priest who was still in Minidoka arranged to have him transferred to the Episcopal Monastery in Boston. He then enrolled at Boston University. After my second year at Cincinnati, I left to attend New York University. Left behind with Joe at Minidoka, Mother decided to join my father in a family camp in Crystal City Texas. In 1945, after three years in prison when “no evidence of wrong-doing “ could be found, my father was released.

**THE YASUTAKES AFTER THE WAR.** Upon release from prison in 1944, my father joined my mother in Cincinnati and for a couple of years they worked as housekeeper and chauffeur for an American family.

With the cessation of the war and the camps closing one-by-one, hundreds of the Japanese were streaming into Chicago. Because of his bilingual skills, my father was offered a position as Executive Director of the Chicago Resettler’s Committee, an agency that helped the Japanese internees find jobs and lodgings in Chicago. He turned his office building into a Japanese American Community Center for social gatherings and meetings and sponsored art shows and sports events. He died in 1953 at age 63.

Mike attended Seabury Western Seminary in Illinois and was ordained Episcopal priest in 1947. He was a peace and justice activist and has left an astonishing body of work in his efforts to end human suffering. He used his position as member of the clergy and worked tirelessly on behalf of oppressed people in Japan, South Korea, Puerto Rico, Guam and other parts of the world until his death in 2001. He was also a kendo enthusiast and achieved the black belt level in kendo towards the end of his life.

Tosh has left a significant body of work on fish diseases at the University of Washington laboratories. He and his wife, Fumi, moved into a retirement home in Seattle and he died at age 94 in 2016. His obituary is published in the pages of this newsletter.

I am a poet, writer and retired teacher. After my graduate studies at University of Chicago, I married Yo-shikazu Yamada, who was studying at Purdue University. He had served as military intelligence officer for the Allied Forces. He was part of a team of Japanese American translators who were credited with translating “the most significant enemy document seized during the war known as the Z Plan.” [Japan’s 1944 Naval Battle Strategy] We had four children. During most of my life I have been involved in human rights work with Amnesty International USA and during the 1980s and 90s traveled to Asian countries to help establish Amnesty International local groups in the respective countries. I served two terms as a member of the Board of Directors of AIUSA. I have taught English composition and literature, poetry, and creative writing at colleges and universities in Southern California for 23 years.

My younger brother, Joe, is an active community organizer in San Jose, California. He was a former president and is present board member of the Japanese American Museum of San Jose that chronicles the history of the Japanese Americans in California. He was part of the development committee that worked for years to mobilize the Japanese community and helped build this magnificent structure that now graces a burgeoning community in Japan town.

**AFTERTHOUGHTS.** In retrospect, I am astonished by how uninformed and ignorant most of us were in 1941 about our civil and constitutional rights as citizens and permanent residents of the United States. My two older brothers and I were not children at that time. Except for Joe who was nine years, we were all in our late teens, all products of the public school system in Seattle. We had never heard of executive orders until 9066 was imposed on us. We did not realize the racist nature of the evacuation order that singled out those of Japanese
On 75th anniversary of internment, Trump travel ban resonates with Seattle’s Japanese Americans

By Christine Clarridge

Originally published by the Seattle Times on February 18, 2017

People of Japanese descent, relocated from the Seattle area, unload their belongings as they arrive at the Washington state fairgrounds in Puyallup in April 1942. It was used as a temporary assembly center until internees could be taken to other camps.

It wasn’t until they were locked behind barbed-wire fences, and assigned to either barracks or horse stalls for living quarters at the state fairgrounds in Puyallup, that it all suddenly became real.

Until that moment it did not seem possible that the United States would turn against its own citizens, said Louise Kashino-Takisaki, 90, of Seattle.

“We thought that maybe our parents, who were immigrants, could be affected, and that maybe we would be separated from them. But we did not think they would put us in camps. We were citizens who were born here,” she said.

Kashino-Takisaki was 17 when she and her family were sent to the Minidoka War Relocation Center in Idaho after a short stay at the temporary assembly center in Puyallup.

On the 75th anniversary of Executive Order 9066, which interned Japanese-Americans during World War II, Tosh and Toshi Okamoto share their story and speak out. She and several other members of Blaine Memorial United Methodist Church gathered at an apartment in Seattle’s Chinatown International District recently to talk about what happened to them during World War II.

Seventy-five years ago — on Feb. 19, 1942, three months after imperial Japan bombed Pearl Harbor — President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066.

The order allowed the secretary of war to declare that an area was a military zone, clearing the way for more than 110,000 immigrants from Japan and Japanese American citizens who were living in Washington, Oregon and California to be evacuated and interned. The entire membership of the church, then called the Seattle Japanese Methodist Episcopal Church, was interned.

The 75th anniversary of the internment, says its senior pastor, the Rev. Derek Nakano, resonates with particular poignancy. Nakano has asked his parishioners to tell their own internment stories. “Because of their unique history as Americans who were incarcerated as ‘enemy aliens,’ they have a special responsibility to tell their stories and educate others,” Nakano said.

More on internment

In sermons leading up to the anniversary, Nakano recounted the history of the internment and the story of the 113-year-old church. The church was spared during the war when the Rev. E.L. Blaine, a member of one of Seattle’s founding families, held the deed in trust until the church’s congregants were released from the camps in 1945.

“The pressure he faced was enormous,” said Nakano. “But

Derek Nakano, senior pastor at Blaine Memorial United Methodist Church on Beacon Hill, and associate pastor, Diane Corsilles, have been suggesting to congregants that they have a special responsibility to tell their stories and stand with Muslims, immigrants and refugees.
“It is part of our culture to endure and to accept something that cannot be helped,” said Tosh Okamoto, who fought in the U.S. Army’s famed 442nd Regimental Combat Team after he was interned.

“They didn’t want to make us bitter,” added Nakano, whose parents were also interned.

But, Nakano said, with recent developments in the country’s immigration policies, it seemed time to tell those stories.

Kashino-Takisaki, whose parents owned a grocery store, and Toshi Okamoto, whose parents ran a hotel, were seniors at Broadway High School in Seattle when the executive order was signed. Tosh Okamoto was working on his family’s farm between Renton and Kent. “We were poor farmers,” he said.

Marianne Tada, whose immigrant parents worked in her grandfather’s Seattle restaurant, was only in second grade when Pearl Harbor was bombed.

Kashino-Takisaki remembers the “shame, humiliation and embarrassment” her parents felt on Dec. 7, 1941. Her father put a large sign that said, “We are Americans!” in the window of the family’s store. But still customers stayed away until they needed the credit he extended in those days.

People destroyed or burned pictures of the emperor of Japan and other signs of their heritage. Children were told to speak only English.

When they were forced to evacuate, they sold the store for pennies on the dollar, said Kashino-Takisaki.

“We were exploited,” she said, about the thousands of West Coast Japanese-American families who lost their homes, churches, businesses, personal possessions and years of hard work.

At the end of March 1942, nearly 300 Japanese Americans living on Bainbridge Island became the first people in the country to begin the forced journey to internment camps. Over the next few months, nearly 13,000 Washingtonians would join them.

Each person could take only one small suitcase, said Toshi Okamoto.

But it wasn’t until they arrived in Puyallup with thousands of other Japanese Americans, filling mattress sacks with hay, each family assigned to a horse stall or a barracks, that Kashino-Takisaki accepted what was happening.
Wanted: teachers of color
Cleveland’s diversity is up, but teaching staff doesn’t reflect it

Ronnie Estoque, Reporter

[Editors Note: A reprint from the Cleveland Journal]

By comparison, the school was 96 percent students of color that same year.

For Shinn, his ethnicity mixed with the diversity in his classroom influences the content he teaches.

“We talk a lot about race,” he said. “We talk a lot about diversity … we talk a lot about different types of diversity. It’s not just about race, it’s about various parts.”

Teachers for hire. The lack of diversity among teachers doesn’t begin at Cleveland. Across the Seattle School District, in the 2015-16 school year, 80 percent of classroom teachers identified as white. This statistic is fairly accurate to the teaching staff’s ethnic makeup at CHS, where teachers of color accounted for 25 percent of the total teaching staff that same year.

What Cleveland lacks in diversity among the teachers is made up through the school’s administrative team. With a black male principal and assistant principals who are Mexican and a white lesbian, Cleveland’s leaders know the importance of having a staff that reflects the student body.

Research has also shown that having a racially, culturally and linguistically diverse teaching force provides students with varying perspectives that allows them to gain a greater understanding of the world around them. So why aren’t there more teachers of color within education?

Finding teachers of color can be difficult, especially when the number of people entering the profession has fallen to an all-time low.

“It’s not common for first-generation college students to say ‘Hey, I want to be a teacher’ because there are these ideas that teachers don’t make any money,” said SoED Assistant Principal Ray García-Morales, who identifies as a Mexican male.

Mediocre wages, high-stakes testing and the strain of Common Core Standards lessen the appeal for the teaching profession. And all too often, teachers are blamed for problems within the education system. It’s not hard to see why finding good teachers – let alone teachers of color – has become a national problem.

“The hiring process is a pretty bureaucratic nightmare,” said Andy Coughran, who co-chairs the Humanities department with Shinn. “We need to hire more teachers of color.”

García-Morales, also believes that Seattle Public Schools, along with other districts around the state, need to change their strategies around their hiring practices.

Higher learning. Identifying as a white male, Coughran believes that his background has given him more opportunities to pick himself up as a student during rough times, which included him dropping out of school. Coughran maintains he is still constantly learning.

“As a teacher, I have to be a learner; specifically, I have to learn about my students because I want to work in a diverse school like Cleveland,” he said.
In college, Coughran took courses that taught about institutional racism, not fully knowing they would eventually prepare him for teaching at a school as diverse as Cleveland. But for him, it has taken more than a few college courses to help make him a more culturally-aware person.

“The way I learn is by being here and embracing it,” Coughran said. “I have to become an ally, become an advocate, and ask questions to try and understand that I don’t know everything.”

While Coughran has found ways to identify with his students of color, some of his white counterparts struggle with it. The staff spent part of their summer training discussing racial equity. The atmosphere became tense when the school district appointed two white women to lead the discussion around the disparity in the disciplining of black male students. It was Shinn who pointed out the irony.

“It doesn’t take Olivia Pope to see the optics right now,” he said to a crowded auditorium in August.

Women of color. Sonya Urs, an Indian-American Humanities teacher, is one of the few female teachers of color at Cleveland. Because of her ethnic background, she faced stereotypes as a student in high school.

“A lot of the times people have assumed that I was really smart,” Urs said. “That was difficult because a lot of the time I didn’t feel like the smartest person in the room.”

Urs uses her experience to connect with students who may face similar expectations from others. She has grasped the importance of creating curriculum that is relevant to students of color and their experiences.

“As I was becoming an educator, I wanted to make sure that the curriculum I teach reflects what my students are interested in but also represents who they are,” Urs said.

Cleveland Publications Archives. Media teacher Teresa Scribner is the only black female teacher on Cleveland’s staff. Scribner is the only black female teacher on Cleveland’s staff.

Last March, when a student pointed out to media teacher Teresa Scribner that she was the only black female teacher at Cleveland, Scribner did a mental count in her head.

“I named off all the black women I knew on staff and the girl responded with, ‘those women aren’t teachers,’” Scribner recalled.

Until then, Scribner hadn’t put much thought into the racial makeup of the school’s staff. But she remembered a time during her first year of teaching when she attended Cleveland’s curriculum night. When one black parent entered her classroom, the woman looked at her with shock.

“She said, ‘You’re black, but your name sounds white,’” Scribner recalled. The woman told Scribner that she was glad her son would have at least one black teacher.

“I guess it matters more than I realized,” she said. “When that student told me that it mattered to her, I started to feel the weight of being a black woman and a role model. Now, I try to make sure that students of color, especially black students, know that they can come to me with anything.”

Not everyone feels that the race of a teacher impacts student learning. Junior Yusuf Ahmed believes that the staff culture at Cleveland has created an environment safe for students of all backgrounds.

“I believe that most of the teachers here are very welcoming,” Kekuna said. “We [teachers] do come together; we do try to problem solve a lot.”

Special education teacher Jennifer Kekuna is one of the few women of color on Cleveland’s staff. Kekuna is Hawaiian, Filipino and Japanese.

Being born and raised in Hawaii, Kekuna was exposed to a large pool of diversity during her time in high school. Once she made the decision to attend Gonzaga University, she experienced quite the culture shock that made her reflect deeply on her Hawaiian, Filipino and Japanese background.

“I use [ethnicity] in a positive way now, as a teacher to connect myself with students who are brown, like me,” Kekuna said. “It has definitely strengthened me; and it’s has opened my heart more.”

Senior Richard Nguyen said the lack of staff diversity undermines a student’s ability to connect with certain teachers that may not share similar experiences.

“Not many staff are of color, so it sometimes is hard for students of color to connect with them. I feel like we should try to change that.”
Sixty years after knocking out the world boxing champ, Al Hostak was finally inducted into the world Boxing Hall of Fame on October 25, 1997 in Los Angeles. It was a bittersweet moment.

When Hostak knocked out Freddie Steele of Tacoma on July 26, 1938 in Seattle, the powerful Boxing Commission was located in New York and they wouldn’t recognize the 22-year-old Hostak as the new world champ. The commission wanted Steele to fight “their boy,” Fred Apostoli of New York, for the middleweight title.

“They wanted to control boxing,” said Hostak, “this teed me off; made me bitter. A person can’t do anything when you’re full of bitterness.”

Seattle was ecstatic when the home town boy from Georgetown beat Steele in the first round in front of a crowd of over 35,000. After the first knock down with a left hook, people were standing and screaming, he said; by the third hit, Steele was down on his knees and stayed there while Jack Dempsey counted to 10.

“I jumped ten feet into the air,” declared Hostak, “I had been dreaming since I was 16 of being the champion of the world.”

Among the celebrities present were Jack Benny and Dave Beck, president of the Teamster’s Union, who was seated in Steele’s corner.

The fight was at the Civic Stadium, located where the Memorial Stadium now stands next to the Seattle Center. Hostak said he played football on that field for Cleveland High School and when he was putting on his trunks to fight the world champ, he realized he was using the same locker that he had kept his football jersey in four years before.

“I felt like it was a spiritual coincidence,” said Hostak, “it made me feel good, I had been a pretty good football player and maybe that would spill over into beating the champ.”

Greatest Puncher

“Dempsey, former heavyweight champ, was the referee and he said I was the greatest puncher he ever saw, so said Tommy Burns, another heavyweight champion; but still New York wouldn’t recognize me,” Hostak said with a trace of the old bitterness.

“There were naysayers who said, it was a ‘lucky punch.’ What they didn’t know,” said Hostak, “is that I had been studying Steele for two years. I would be on the boxing card while Steele was the main event as champion of the world.”

“Everyone said he was unbeatable, but I saw his weakness,” said Hostak, as the energetic 81-year-old leapt up and started jabbing and moving his feet quickly to demonstrate his knockout technique.

“It’s as easy as one, two, three,” said Hostak, as his powerful fists kept rhythm with his feet. One, on guard, elbows in, fist six inches in front of your face for the first jab; then two, turn, retire, come with your right hand; then three, with the left hook, keeping always a 45-degree angle with weight behind the punch.”

Marino is Manager

“I had the greatest manager, Eddie Marino,” fondly recalled Hostak, “he was hard, but he knew what he was doing. I really believed in the guy.”

When Hostak was a 14-year-old kid at Cleveland High School, Marino opened a gym and card room in Georgetown. Hostak said he had been training with the McCoy brothers, but was impressed with the new layout. He was too shy to ask if he could join the gym because he stammered; so his brother did the asking. Marino told him to bring his dad down with an O.K.

Hostak’s dad was a glass beveller who had immigrated with his wife from Czechoslovakia. They raised a family of four boys and two girls in Georgetown. Al purchased them a home for around $4,000 out of his $5,800 earnings from the Steele fight.
With his father’s permission, his training started in earnest. He said he could beat any kid in Georgetown; but Marino gave him the foundation to become a really good fighter. He had a bout about once a week when he was 16, but his manager said he was 18. That posed a problem at school as he was over the age limit for attendance.

When World War II came along, Hostak was drafted. He trained in the 11th Airborne and the 13th Armored division in California until they discovered he had held the world boxing championship. He was then assigned to train the boxers in that division.

**One Last Fight**

After the war, he was scheduled to fight Jack Snapp on his 33rd birthday, Jan. 7, 1949. He had been married the year before and his wife was encouraging him to leave the ring. “In fact,” laughed Hostak, “she said she would leave me if I didn’t quit.”

“But I heard they thought Snapp was an up and coming fighter and if he could win over me that would make him a big star. That made me mad. I got a touch of my old self back and knocked him out in the ninth round. It was my last fight,” smiled Hostak.

His youngest son, Phil, of Maple Valley, read the announcement of his dad’s acceptance in the World Boxing Hall of Fame on Oct. 14 1997, the day before his birthday. “Nicest birthday present I could have,” he said.

Upon his return from his all-expense-paid trip to California, Hostak took his plaque and gold medal to his grandson, A.J.’s first grade class at Lake Wilderness Elementary. The students were delighted.

He has four other grandchildren, Katrina, 8, and Natalie, 10, who also attend Lake Wilderness; and two grandchildren in Renton: Ashley, 9, and Chad, 6, children of his oldest son, Terry.

Hostak, a widower, was accompanied to the ceremony in California by his two sons. When he got up to give his acceptance speech, he didn’t stammer at all.

Hostak said, “I don’t know what to do up here, I need a bell,” and the 1000 people in attendance started clinking their glasses. It was worth the 60-year wait.

**Stammer Brought Spirit**

Hostak said the reason he got into fighting was that he stammered and would panic whenever he had to read in class at St. George’s Catholic School and came to a word with the “st” sound.

“Kids would laugh at me and I couldn’t wait until recess because I was good at sports and didn’t have to talk,” recalled Hostak, “so I figured I could let my hands do the talking for me.”

“I hit guys who laughed at me because of my speech impediment. It gave me the fighting spirit I needed. People would say I was a brave guy – not so. I was chicken, yellow belly, compared to the reason I was running away.”

After the Steele fight, Hostak lost his desire to fight, “My spirit was gone.” He asked, “Why didn’t the governor of this state take New York to court? I felt like they had deserted me and I couldn’t handle it.”

Marino encouraged him to continue his boxing career. Five months later, Hostak fought Solly Krieger in New York and lost his title in a 15-round battle.

“He had a bad head,” said Hostak, “I hit him there with my left and when I used it again for a left hook the pain shot up my arm. The hand was broken.”

After 16-months of rehab, he fought Krieger again and knocked him out, regaining his title, but he never could get in the right mood again, he said.

When he fought Tony Zale in 1941 in Chicago, the decision went to Zale, “the home town boy,” but even the crowd booed the decision, said Hostak, “I should have won.”

“Zale was a big strong guy. I never disliked any of the guys I fought. It was just a business, a way to make money. Zale told me I was the best fighter he ever fought,” recalled Hostak. Rocky Graziano saw that fight and refused to fight Hostak.

An acquaintance of Zale’s from his hometown of Gary, Indiana, George Lake, a former lightweight boxer, knew of this admiration and, along with George Chemaris, a fight promoter, kept nominating Hostak to the Boxing Hall of Fame, unbeknownst to Hostak.

[Editor: In 2003, Hostak made Ring Magazine’s list of 100 greatest punchers of all time.]

Janet Furlan Henkel ’54 gets a gold star for submitting this story.]
ancestry but not of Italian and German origin. I did not know until years later that executive orders were used only for routine administrative matters until Franklin D. Roosevelt exercised his authority to designate certain areas of the West Coast states as “military zones” from which “any or all persons may be removed.” It never occurred to us that our constitutional rights were being violated. The Fifth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution states reads in part “...no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.” By “due process,” it means individuals cannot be deprived of life or liberty without an opportunity to defend themselves in court. Although it was assumed by the general public and even ourselves that our removal was done for reasons of “national security,” subsequent studies have found that the evacuation of the Japanese during World War II was “not justified by military necessity.” This misrepresented and misunderstood chapter in American history should be included in our textbooks, and all American children should be made aware of how easily their own civil rights can be violated.

A WORD OF GRATITUDE TO THE ISSEIS. The people who were most tragically impacted by these events of World War II and the concentration camp experience are the Isseis, the first generation Japanese, my parents’ generation. Most of them had come to the United States in the early 1900s with dreams of bettering their lives. They lived through harsh times: the Great Depression and intense discrimination against Asians. They were just beginning to enjoy a somewhat comfortable life in their middle years, when the country of their birth and the country of their American-born children were at war. Their loyalties to their adopted country were under suspicion. They were forced to leave behind their homes and jobs, and they spent three years in concentration camps. My parents were luckier than most, but many of the older generation were not able to resume their former lives, lives they spent decades building, and became dependent on their now grown children. My brothers and I, and all subsequent generations of Japanese Americans, owe a deep debt of gratitude to these stalwart Isseis who, in a relatively short period of time, established a firm foundation in this country for us to build on.

Ken Smith ‘57 — When I graduated from CHS in 1957, I entered the UW as a physics major, and within a week I knew I was over my head. I switched to math, and though still over my head, I somehow got through, added a second BA in political science and went to George Washington University for an MA in government. I’ve had a fun career, having worked for NASA, the federal poverty program, and was the director of California Common Cause. I helped start a Savings and Loan, and I’ve been partners in a consulting firm raising money for groups such as Greenpeace, Planned Parenthood, and public television stations. I ran a successful initiative campaign to clean up California government and was the assistant national campaign manager for John B. Anderson for President in 1980 (remember him? He got 7% of the vote). I earned a doctorate in public administration from USC, and for forty years I’ve written a subscription-only monthly newsletter for traveling scuba divers. It wasn’t until I was 60 that I married, and my wife Lucia and I (we live in San Rafael, CA) now travel extensively, diving and hiking throughout the world. In March, my eco-thriller, Tropical Ice was commercially published and is available in books stores and Amazon. It’s about a travel writer, after discovering a body, pursues shark finners, jaguar poachers, and those who wreck reefs and rainforests for profit. Have a look: www.tropicalicethriller.com
San Francisco 49ers quarterback Colin Kaepernick sparked major controversy when he decided to remain seated during the National Anthem of a preseason game this past August. His act of protest was to shed light on police brutality and racial injustices that have been occurring across our country – but what followed was a storm of contrasting criticism and support from people from all over.

As a publication, we are in full support of Kaepernick’s protest of the National Anthem as we deem it his First Amendment right and our responsibility to shine a light on acts of injustice that revolve around racial prejudice within our own community.

Our school has been active on its stance on the Black Lives Matter movement. On October 19, Cleveland teachers were amongst the 2,000 educators in the Seattle School District that wore “Black Lives Matter” shirts to school. Students also joined the act of solidarity by wearing all black to school that same day to show their support.

The achievement gap between black students and their counterparts is alarmingly high. According to the Seattle School District in 2013-14, the suspension/expulsion rate for African-American students was four times higher than for white students. These students that miss school due to suspension miss critical days of school and can fall behind in their classes. Consequently, African American students and other students of color are receiving high school diplomas at an alarmingly lower rate than their white peers.

To tackle this issue, Cleveland has implemented restorative justice circles, that are led by the new Dean of Students, Caine Lowery. Instead of immediately handing out suspensions to students for breaking school code, students are invited to have discussions with Lowery and teachers about how to reach more effective solutions.

Traditions such as standing up for the National Anthem have become symbols that we associate with national pride for our country. When symbols such as the flag are put into question, people become angry and are easily riled up, but remain silent when unarmed black men are killed by the police.

Many of Kaepernick’s critics say his act of kneeling is disrespectful towards veterans who have served our country. Those people have misconstrued his action with their own personal beliefs about the flag and why they stand up before games. And the same people who are complaining about Kaepernick taking a knee are usually the same ones on their cell phones, disengaged, when the National Anthem plays. How many of you stop where you are and remove your hat when you hear the first strands of the song?

We believe that the reasons why people stand for the national anthem varies on what the flag and the song means to them individually. Often overlooked, the third stanza of ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ includes the line “No refuge could save the hireling and slave/ From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.” This has sparked the conversation as to whether or not the song is racist, and shows how ironic the song can be when it’s role is to highlight the freedom and justice that supposedly exists for everyone in our country.

With all the chaos that is happening in our country revolving around police shootings and racial prejudice, it is clear to see that justice does not ring within our country’s land. Even within our own school district there are equity issues that are yet to be fixed. Kapernick’s protest is synonymous with Cleveland’s decision to change our own racial bias and injustices within our community. To those who do stand for the National Anthem, we pose the question: Are liberties of all people being upheld by our justice and school systems?

The staff unanimously approved the silent protest as part of Kaepernick’s first amendment rights.

[Editor’s Note: The Washington Times - Monday, July 11, 2016: A study by Harvard economics professor Roland Fryer found no evidence of racial bias in police shootings but officers were more likely to be physical with non-whites. Professor Fryer is a black man.]
ALUMNI EVENTS - Past & Future

If your class is planning a class reunion in 2017 or 2018, please contact CHSAA Secretary/Membership for the latest contact information. We will publish the details, date, place, etc. in our newsletter and on our website. www.clevelandalumsea.org

Class of 1952 — We are having its 65th reunion on June 15, 2017, at Billy Baroo’s bar and grill, Foster Golf Course. The address is 13500 Interurban Ave. So. Tukwila, WA. 98136.

The cost of $35.00 per person includes lunch, beverages, and a no host- bar.

All alumni are invited, especially those in the classes of 1951 and 1953.

Please contact Don White 206-714-1977, or Jim Lambo 206-243-6553.

Class of 1955 — CHS Class of 1955 will be holding our 2nd Annual Reunion Luncheon on — “Save the Date” — August 10, 2017 at the Glen Acres golf and Country Club – 1000 S 112th St, Seattle.

Estimated Cost: $20   Projected time of Day: 11:30 AM till 4 PM.

Classes of ’54, ’56 and any other Alumni are most welcome to attend. Those who attended last year’s event will be contacted by mail or email with Registration information by approximately July 20th. As with last year’s event, we will need RSVP’s for seating count. Luncheon cost will be collected at the door sign-in.

Those who are new to the event and would like to attend, or if anyone has questions, would like more information, or want to up-date your address please contact – Betty Morse Stewart – 360-402-5056 or bstew4art@msn.com Beverly Bull Minice – 206-228-0258 or beverlyminice@gmail.com

Class of 1965 — CHS 1965 Alumni, Family and Friends - Save the date! You’re invited to “Welcome the 70’s” night at Southcenter’s Bahama Breeze in Tukwila on Wednesday, September 13th from 4 - 8 PM, but you can stay later. We reserved a room with a stage and firepit in a tropical setting and expect 75 to 100 guests.

It’s a “No Host” event and Bahama Breeze has two happy hours. The happy hours are from 4 - 6 PM and 9 PM until closing. The happy hours will feature specials on both their cocktails plus plenty of 1/2 price tasty appetizers.

Ron Bowman will MC again, there’ll be special guests, door prizes and more. There’s no charge, but you can purchase drinks and/or food if you desire. We look forward to you coming, feel free to pass this on and bring anyone you want.

Please RSVP as soon as possible to help us plan the event to - Joanna Uchida Smith at 253-631-0360 or countrytwo@comcast.net - Joanna will also send out snail mail to those without email. Please provide us any address/email changes.

Continues on page 21
Thanks and we’ll see you in September - Mahalo!
Your CHS 65 Team -

Joanna Uchida Smith, Gary Lowe, Donna Yip-Lew, Joe & Linda Visaya, Mike & Tassy Ptolemy Barrington, Ron Bowman, Carol Ruljancich O’brien, Kathy Korpela-Niemann, Kay Jonientz Bowman, Mike & Linda Mason Rutter, Wes Pruitt, Bill & Barb Burr Murphy

PS - You’re welcome to attend our next meeting Sunday, May 7th at 2 PM at the Southcenter Claim Jumper - please let us know if you’re coming - thanks!

**Class of 1962** — The Class of ‘62 will hold its 55-year reunion at Angelo’s Ristorante in Burien WA on Saturday Sept 9th, 2017. It will be an afternoon, informal, no-host event. If you did not receive this information via email in April, and wish to receive updates via email, send us your Email address to CHS1962@Juno.com.

**Class of 1967** — **Friday July 14, 2017** – Informal drop-in
JACK’S BBQ (Courtyard Patio)
3924 Airport Way S.
Seattle, WA 98108
(Located 2 blocks south of Spokane Street)
Time: 4pm to 7:30pm
**** Cost: $10 per person at the restaurant courtyard BBQ picnic baskets will be provided.

**Saturday July 15, 2017**
Fairwood Golf and Country Club
17070 140th Ave. SE
Renton, WA  98058

COCKTAILS — 5pm - in tent next to ballroom
BUFFET DINNER —  6pm - in ballroom
END OF THE EVENT — 10:30pm

**** Cost: $60 per person DUE to Char Grinolds by July 7, 2017
(Fairwood requires final headcount)

Please send check to:
Charlene Grinolds
25111 120th PI SE
Kent, WA  98030

Note:  50% financial assistance is available for classmates in need until funds from previous reunion are exhausted.  Please contact Char Grinolds (chargrinolds@gmail.com, 253-630-2279) directly for details and request.

**Class of 1987** — 30 year class reunion.
Date is August 19, 2017

**BF DAY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL – 125th Birthday Celebration**

BF Day is the longest continuously run Seattle Public School.

Where: 3921 Linden Ave N, Seattle
Time: Noon to 5 PM
Date: May 11th (we think).
Call 206-252-6010 to confirm.

What : Carnival FREE
Everyone is invited especially former students.
2016 EAGLE 100 CONTRIBUTIONS

PLATINUM EAGLES ($1000-$4999)
1951 William C. Lantz
1967 Greg Di Martino
1980 Steven T. Mikami

GOLDEN EAGLE ($500-$999)
1948 Suzanne (Desimone) Hittman
1958 Victor Munsen
1958 Clarence (Chuck) Seeliger

SILVER EAGLE ($200-$499)
1942 Olive E. (Clark) Brown
1954 John & Mary Lou (Zarkades) Barton
1955 Bev (Bull) Minice
1958 Susan (Araki) Yamamura
1957 Ralph Yocum
1958 Daniel & Kathleen (Brunie) Currie III
1958 Alice (Thompson) Stanley
1959 Howard H. Wang
1962 John K. Keppler
1963 Thomas J. Higgins
1963 Rosann M. (Smith) Lewis
1965 Clyde G. Fulmer, Jr
1967 Randy & Mary (Roppo) Brown
1967 MaryAnne Reichle
1974 David J. Everitt

BRONZE EAGLE ($100-$199)
1940 Emil (Martinco) Martin
1942 Nezita (Smith) Campbell
1943 Donald R. Bristol
1948 Roberta (Skerry) Tomkinson
1952 Lola (Ross) Simmons
1952 Don White
1953 John O. Mc Arthur
1956 Anita Joy (Tarrach) Correy
1956 Warren C. Shukis
1956 Donald J. Vizzare
1957 Judy (Mc Donnel) Keithley
1959 Janice S. Anderson
1959 Cheri Tucker
1960 Jeri Drager
1960 Valerie L. (Fierling) Nelson
1961 George J. & Marilyn (Jones) Levar
1962 Lawrence R. Bosi
1964 Sherian R. (Butler) Grimes
1966 Teri (Uchida) Ishihara
1966 Amy (Okazaki) Maki
1967 Harry M. Huey
1967 David M. Nelson
1968 Charles C. Lindberg
1976 Clifton L. Chiu
Stf Meri Shimada

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS
1943 Alfred Chris
1945 Carolyn (Elfen) Brewer
1945 Gloria (Suter) Stone
1948 Elsie (Vanni) Jorgensen
1949 Louise (Bianchi) Bullington
1950 Miriam (Baughman) Munro
1951 Harold L & Sandra (Olson) Kendall
1952 Joan (Carl) Jackson
1955 Janie Jo (Winstead) Roaf
1955 Nancy L. (Farrell) Woodward
1958 Donna (Burke) Sherman
1961 Dale A. & Hazel (Connelly) Johnson
1963 Kay (Bowman) Gordon
1964 Sally (Sullivan) Padilla
1965 Donna L. (Lanacaster) Reed
1966 Reiko (Takei) Shimono
1967 Nancy (Azevedo) McCormick
1972 Terri L. (Wong) Naito
1974 Eleanor J. (Jackson) Garrett

CLASS DONATIONS

The number of donors for all 2016 donations are tabulated below for each decade. The most donors to the CHS Alumni Association were in the 1950s decade with a significant margin over the 1940s:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Decade</th>
<th>1940s</th>
<th>1950s</th>
<th>1960s</th>
<th>1970s</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1940s</td>
<td>49</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1950s</td>
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<td>42</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1960s</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1970s</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The obvious surprise is that out of the last 36 classes we only have one alumni who made a donation in 2016. What are we doing wrong ??? I have great difficulty in understanding the above results. Is it the school that is not establishing a bond between school and student ?? Or is it the Alumni Association that is not convincing the younger alumni to support the school that helped make them who they are ?? Comments from our readers are welcome.

The class of 1956 had the most donors in the 1950s decade:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>1950</th>
<th>1951</th>
<th>1952</th>
<th>1953</th>
<th>1954</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1950</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1951</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

— John Barton ’54
CHS Alumni Association Donation Form

We suggest that your donation include $15 to help defray our mailing expenses and publication costs. Please make your check payable to: CHSAA or Cleveland High School Alumni Association. Donations should be mailed to: PO Box 94004, Seattle, WA 98124-9404.

I would like to support the work of the Alumni Association with a donation as indicated below:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mailing expenses – ($15 suggested)</td>
<td>$___________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Association General Fund (unrestricted)</td>
<td>$___________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHS Athletic Fund</td>
<td>$___________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memorial Forest Fund</td>
<td>$___________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Scholarship Fund</td>
<td>$___________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scholarship Endowment Fund* (Restricted)</td>
<td>$___________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ed Landon Scholarship Fund</td>
<td>$___________</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

My Total Donation is $___________

Alumni Donations totaling: Eagle 100 Club Designation:
- $100 - $199  Bronze Eagle
- $200 - $499  Silver Eagle
- $500 - $999  Golden Eagle
- $1,000 - $4,999  Platinum Eagle
- $5,000 - $9,999  Diamond Eagle
- $10,000 plus  Special Honors

Note: You may choose to make multiple donations over the course of a calendar year. Your name will be added to the Eagle 100 Club list if your cumulative total equals or exceeds $100.

Contributor Information:

Member #1 __________________________________________ Class ______
Enter First (Maiden) and Last Name

Member #2 __________________________________________ Class ______
Enter First (Maiden) and Last Name

Address: ____________________________________________

City __________________________ State ______ Zip Code _____________

Telephone Number _________________________________

____ Check here if you made a change in contact information.

My E-mail address is: -------------------------------

Contact Information:
Alumni Website: Check out the latest activities: http://www.clevelandalumsea.org
Alumni Passages: Please send death notices and obituaries to our Post Office Box listed below.
Attention - Membership Coordinator [or phone 425-487-3952 or email: CHSAASeattle@yahoo.com]
Reunion Planning: Email chsaaboard@gmail.com or phone: 425-487-3952
Board Members: Call them directly by phone or email — See page 2 information

Cleveland High School Alumni Association, PO Box 94004, Seattle, WA 98124-9404

YOUR DONATIONS ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE

CHSAA is classified as a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization so your donations are deductible on your federal income tax.

WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO SUBMIT AN ALUMNI UPDATE
CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

GO EAGLES !!!

CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Mission Statement: A non-profit organization of Washington State and the United States 501(c)(3), this Association was founded for the exclusive purposes of: (1) preserving the Cleveland High School Memorial Forest in perpetuity to honor former Cleveland students who gave their lives in service to the United States of America, (2) supporting educational studies in forestry, ecology, botany and environmental studies of the forest, and (3) supporting and assisting the students and staff of Seattle's Cleveland High School in their educational activities. Any individual who attended Grover Cleveland Junior or Senior High School is a member of the Cleveland High School Alumni Association.

Please help us keep the database current by sending a post office change of address form or by contacting the membership secretary when you move. To protect your privacy membership list is not distributed to anyone except for activities associated with the Alumni Association.

Volunteer Opportunities:

I would like to help build a strong alumni association. I am interested in the following:

____ I can serve on the Board
____ I can serve on a committee: Alumni Relations, Scholarships, Golf Scramble, Finance & Budget, Memorial, Fundraiser, Forest, Audit, Bylaws Review, and/or Nominations/Election
____ I would like to help out with an event, activity, or a specific project
____ I would like to help publish the newsletter
____ I would like to help in some other way

Check out our Alumni website for the latest information on what is happening with the Alumni Association:
http://www.clevelandalumsea.org

Alumni Passages: Please send death notices and obituaries to our Post Office Box: Attention - Membership Coordinator
OPTIONS: Phone 425-487-3952 or email: CHSAASeattle@yahoo.com