



[Rainbow Club Records.](#)

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McGowan for Pros papers?

send letter w/ Karen Lamoree contact

note to Museum - old toys, clothes, genl stuff - not pristine set - - -

Pearl Jackson

Standing

Mary
Yoshida

Min
Yoshida

Ethel
Mitchell

Lorraine
Sever

Elise Lyle

1994

Eugene
Sever

Robert
Mitchell

Robert
Lyle

Daisuke Kitagawa

Issai + Nisei

Andrew Otani

Hope Shines



May

times. They were friends--good friends, the kind of friends that easily came to the decision in 1949 that Rainbow Club was really a representative name for their organization.

The Rainbow is markedly a paradox--the colors blend and yet still stand out as individual. If you could separate all of the colors then you would no longer have a Rainbow.

Thank you, Harold Wilson!!

Mrs. Ben Ezaki, Dr. and Mrs. Aaron Friedell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goto, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Haselden, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kohout, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Leland, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lukaszewski, Mr. and Mrs. George Matsui, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Nomura, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. George Rokutani, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Seabron, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Schon, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wardlaw, and many others, helped to formulate the policy not to be crusaders, but instead to set an example of harmonious interfaith, interracial socializing for their own benefit and that of their community.

It was apparent early that the Sunday meetings, excellent as they were, did not give the adults an opportunity to really get to know each other. It was decided that a second meeting, to be held on a Saturday night, for adults only, would appreciably help this situation. Some of the adult meetings were simple social gatherings, others were more formal. The Club invited speakers or had programs that dealt with timely and interesting topics.

In 1949 the Episcopal Diocese of Minnesota made funds available to the Japanese American community for purchase of the house at 2200 Blaisdell Avenue So., Minneapolis. The house was to be used as the Japanese American Community Center. The Rainbow Club was invited to use the facilities at the Center and did so enthusiastically. The Club took an active part in the J.A. Center activities. They provided a member for the Board of Directors, assisted in the building upkeep, and maintained a booth at the annual bazaar.

Obviously, the Rainbow Club has functioned and survived. In the early days there were many varied and exciting things occurring.

In 1947, not long after the end of World War II, automobiles were at a premium. Many of the club members had to avail themselves of public transportation. There were many occasions where faithful

club member mothers boarded a street car with a fifteen or twenty pound youngster under one arm, food piping hot in the other, and toddlers hanging on her skirts just to attend a family meeting almost two cities' distance from her home. The parents enjoyed getting the children together. They did it for birthday parties, picnics, and just because the little ones wanted to play with their friends. They met in their homes, at the Twin Cities' parks, and finally at the Center.

In 1947, after the group had elected Bob Mitchell as its first president, there were more organized activities. Bob Mitchell and Frank Kohout drew up a constitution. The group officially called themselves the Twin City Married Couples' Club. They planned and executed pot luck suppers, square dances, sleigh rides, Christmas parties, picnics, corn roasts, and en masse appearances at the St. Paul For Concerts, where they, incidently, had themselves announced as being in attendance. In 1949 and 1950 there were family camps at Cass Lake Episcopal camp grounds.

The adult segment of the group worked just as diligently on their many projects. In the very beginning one of the major concerns of the people who started Rainbow on its way was the most effective way to assimilate the relocated Japanese into the Twin City community. There was a problem finding places for the Issei to worship. There was a need for the Nisei to make friends and locate decent housing. Gethsemane Church was one of the many outstanding good influences at that time. The Japanese-American boys, under Rainbow Club sponsorship, had a basketball team operating out of Gethsemane.

The adults also developed a keen interest in the foreign students. They entertained them and in turn were enlightened and entertained by the foreign students.

The adults spent many hours discussing the merits of public appearances for a group like

theirs, the differences between being a pressure group or a social group, and all of the many problems that are juxtaposed to the accepted social mores.

Many of the adults were very active in the fields of human relations. Father Dai Kitagawa and Frank Fager were appointed to the Minneapolis Mayor's Council on Human Relations. They were both instrumental in starting FEPC and Fair Housing arbitration in Minneapolis. Vi Kohout attended the Fiske program on human relations. John Simmons was pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church. John also ran for mayor of Minneapolis in 1950.

Dr. Aaron Friedell, a Minneapolis physician who is a firm believer in preventive medicine, was extremely enthusiastic about the Rainbow Club. Dr. Friedell, family doctor for many of the Rainbow Clubbers, felt that the happy, relaxed atmosphere made the health and happiness of the entire community better. The Friedells were frequent attenders at Rainbow Club functions, as was our present mayor, Art Naftalin.

The adults maintained a speakers' bureau where different members would go out and speak before interested civic groups.

There were definite differences of opinion among the members about the future of Rainbow. Some felt that it should remain small and more personalized, others thought that it should grow and become a force for human dignity and acceptance by its very example. There was even talk of a Rainbow Club-owned building with all of the modern facilities of a private club.

In all of the progressive planning of the early Rainbow Club, like the wonderful boat rides on the Donna Mae, where there was singing, eating, dancing, and real warmth, the most significant aspect of the total picture was the interaction of the individual members. They would get together to play cards, talk over problems or good

PILGRIM BAPTIST CHURCH

732 WEST CENTRAL AVENUE SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA 55104

PALLBEARERS

CORNELIUS W. BENNER III

DWAYNE R. BILLUPS

FLETCHER L. CORNELLY SR.

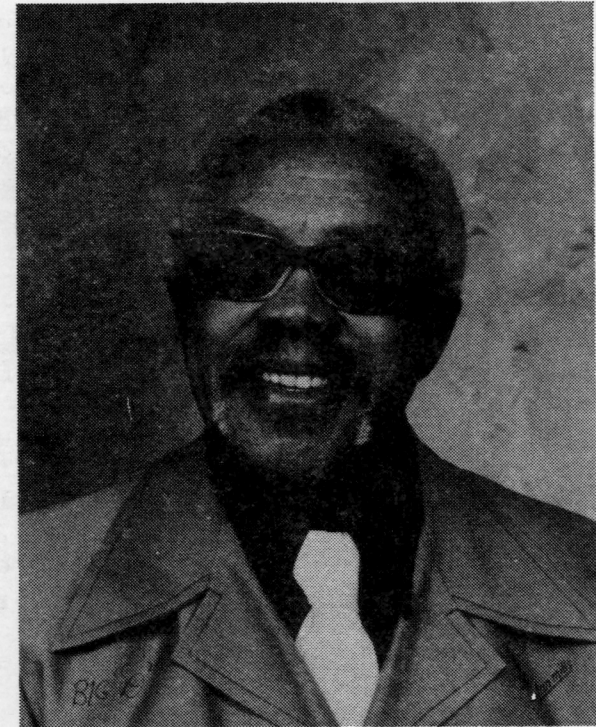
VERNARD K. CORNERLY SR.

WAYMON H. DEAN

SPENCER E. JACKSON SR.

"Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.
In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed"

I Corinthians 15:51-52



DR. EARL F. MILLER, SENIOR PASTOR

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OBITUARY

CHARLES LEON CHAPMAN was born in Kathleen, GA. to the parentage of the late Charles L. and Irene Braswell Chapman on August 8, 1917.

A graduate of Hudson High School in Macon, Georgia, he served in the U.S. Army during World War II. Afterwards, he was employed by the U.S. Post Office as a letter carrier, retiring after 20 years of service. He moved to St. Paul in the early 60s and was most recently retired from Montgomery Ward Department Store's Parts & Services Department.

Mr. Chapman was a member of Cross of Glory Lutheran Church in Moundsview and was very active in the Twin Cities Rainbow Club.

He leaves to mourn his passing Natalie; son and daughter-in-law, Charles & Ruby of Chicago, Illinois; daughter & son-in-law, Charlsie & Ronald Buford of St. Paul; daughter, Canary C. Baul; grandchildren, Jeffrey, Lester & Valerie of Chicago; James Baul, Jr., Ronald and Royce Buford of St. Paul; sister-in-law, Mrs. Miriam Davis Rouse of Detroit; 4 Great Grand-children; 5 Step-Children, Adrienne, Bob, Allison, Laura and Carolyn, 7 step-grandchildren, and cousin, Herman Billingslea of Washington, D.C. He is further survived by many other relatives and friends.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional

Scripture

Dr. Earl F. Miller

Prayer

Minister

Solo

James Murray

Reading of Obituary

Condolences

Minister

Solo "AMAZING GRACE" James Murray

Euology

Pastor Robert Klaiber
Senior Pastor, Cross of Glory
Lutheran Church

Recessional

Interment:

Fort Snelling National
Cemetery

Arrangements:

Brooks Funeral Home

the Democrats fought it all out in the open. A great strength of the party, he said, "is that these differences And it was a vention that

Around the world in a kitchen

By Robert S. Lyle
Of the editorial page staff

Nature has not suited me to climb trees, shoot deer, drive ten-penny nails, make music on an instrument, dance the polka or play a hand at bridge. Those are pursuits for the nimble, the sure-handed and the tough-minded. I am of a different breed from such people. Pots and pans, racks of sharp knives and the assorted raw materials of the kitchen are my specialty. Out of necessity, I cook for recreation.

I'm not yet a composer; merely a performer. I enjoy putting together what others have dreamed up, and the 60-odd cookbooks on our kitchen shelf are there to prove it. The sense of achievement partly results from learning the terminology. Not all of those people out there who can shinny up a pine trunk, bring home a 10-point buck, make things in a basement workshop, pick a tune on a guitar, keep time to music on the dance floor or play cards can match my kind of virtuosity. How many of them can tell, for instance, the difference between a *saute* and a *poel*, a simmer and a boil, an *entree* and a *releve* or, on another level, an icing

and a frosting?

I had my first fling at cooking in the South, where the staple products of the kitchen were fried chicken, smokehouse ham and grits (with or without hot biscuits), turnip greens, cornbread and those too-sweet cakes and pies that the region is noted for. Overgrown and awkward, unfit to play sandlot baseball with the other kids, I had found a home over my mother's wood-fired range by the age of 10. With the help of a Calumet baking powder brochure on cake-making and the Progressive Farmer cookbook, my kitchen repertoire was the envy of those fellows whose talents I couldn't match on the baseball diamond. I used to gloat when they wolfed down the one-egg cake I often set up on the back porch after the game.

But with cooking as with other things, beware hubris. Before long an indulgent aunt in Chicago sent me a Fanny Farmer cookbook. It was then that I began to learn how little I knew about the gentle art of preparing food. Even in the pursuit of pleasure, I have entered that sacred domain with humility ever since.

Cooking hobbyists such as I have seen dramatic changes in home cooking in the last three decades. The fun of preparing food that friends and neighbors can recognize and enjoy — gumbo, chili or clam chowder, for instance — is now vitiated by a certain trendiness and snobbery. You have to let your friends know you're on top of the latest wave from the Cordon Bleu cooking school. Your credibility goes up if you say you've repudiated Escofier with his turn-of-the-century "predictable" preparations in favor of something your friends might never have tasted before. You're in step with fashion if you go for the new French cuisine that makes a fetish of brightly colored vegetables.

I reject that narrow-minded approach to cooking. Freedom in the kitchen, just as political freedom, depends upon the ability to make one's own choices without fear of coercion. Unless one can range at will over the world's cuisines, what should be a diversion becomes a strait jacket.

I enjoy preparing French dishes, but I wouldn't like to exclude all others. On a given day a Smithfield ham, soaked and scrubbed, will serve the purpose. On another it might be roast chicken with a savory Southern stuffing. On another a beef Bour-gignon, the marvelous French stew which is now passe if the whims of the "in" crowd are allowed to prevail. The "liberated" cook visits, without apology or shame, many of the remote places that the trendlists might shun: Spain — *paella* and *gazpacho*; Greece — an unpronounceable spinach and cheese pie; China — Peking duck and stir-fried vegetables; Peru — *ceviche*, and so on.

In some great hotels and restaurants, the preparation of a meal is a communal act resembling the playing of a symphony. Teams of preparers work at the appetizers, salads, meats, fowl, fish and desserts. Being a solo performer by inclination, I would never fit such an arrangement. I like to tackle the whole job and see it through without the intrusion of helpers. That way I can take the full blame or credit for the final product.

Nor am I ashamed that my excursions into the kitchen have made something of a homebody of me. While others go wandering off to the woods, fields and lakes of northern Minnesota in search of game, I'm back home taking a trip around the world.

Mpls. Tribune 11/4/62

RAINBOW CLUB

Integration? No, They're Friends

By EILEEN CHAPMAN
Minneapolis Tribune Staff Writer

Some organizations work hard at racial integration.

Some work hard to oppose it.

But in the Twin Cities there is an organization that doesn't "work" at integration at all. The multifaith, multirace members of the Twin Cities Rainbow Club meet because they enjoy each other's company.

And incidentally, but only incidentally, members emphasize, they are practicing and not just preaching brotherhood. They hope their children will do the same.

The Rainbow Club has two sections, one for families with small children, and one solely for adults. The sections meet on alternate months, September through May. Sometimes memberships overlap, but always the criterion for participation is the same—sincere friendship.

LAST SUNDAY at the Japanese American Community Center when the family section of the Rainbow Club held a costume party for the children, Negro, white and Oriental children played together, the table was covered with Japanese, Chinese and American foods prepared potluck by Rainbow Club mothers and there was the genuine laughter of adults and children having a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Minoru Yoshida, 5250 Humboldt Av. N., emphasized the value of the organization for the children.

Pointing out their youngsters, Deborah, 10, Marlys, 7, and Mark, 2 months, as "the three clowns" in the crowd of costumed children, the Yoshidas expressed the hope their children would grow up realizing all children are alike in their interests and their play.

Mrs. Yoshida said she thought there was "prejudice in every race," and that her children were as likely to be prejudiced themselves as the victim of prejudice.

DON BATTLES. 4618

zens League. The Rainbow Club simply offers people a social outlet, he said, a place for making friends.

IT WAS ever thus.

Members are not exactly certain of the date the club began—its origin was that spontaneous.

It began during World War II when Japanese Americans on the West Coast were interned in camps and relocated to other parts of the United States.

The Japanese Americans who came to Ft. Snelling found "people who wanted to be neighborly."

Mrs. Frank Kohout, 3201 NE. McKinley, recalled "our feeling of guilt over the treatment of these Americans." Under the leadership of the Rev. Daisuke Kitagawa, sent to the Twin Cities by the National Council of Churches to help with the relocation of the Japanese Americans, a group of Twin Cities couples began going to Ft. Snelling to visit the people from the coast.

"WE ENJOYED each other so much we decided to make it a permanent organization" remembered Kohout, who estimated the date as some time in 1944.

Originally known as the Twin Cities Couples Club, the organization later changed its name to Rainbow Club to indicate "a blending of the hues."

Today some 38 families participate in family activities at the Japanese American Center.

The adult division meets in members' homes and usually has a program on current events, but with the evening's major emphasis still on socializing.

As a family's children grow up, the parents usually move over into the adult section to continue friendships.

WHILE THE organization emphasizes a blending of racial and cultural lines, no attempt is made to blur them.

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Mrs. Yoshida said she thought there was "prejudice in every race," and that her children were as likely to be prejudiced themselves as the victim of prejudice.

DON BATTLES, 4618 Clinton Av. S., club president said he thought children learned to accept and enjoy each other in a very natural way through the club.

"You don't take your child by the hand and say, 'This is a nice little Chinese boy. Shake hands with him!'" he said. "Kids just enjoy playing with other kids."

On the adult level too, friendships are based on individual personality not on a self-conscious attempt to get to know persons of other ethnic backgrounds, he said.

Battles emphasized the Rainbow Club was not a social action group.

"Most of the people in this group have some other outlet for their concern over minority group problems," Battles indicated. Many are members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People or the Japanese American Citi-

terned in camps and relocated to other parts of the United States.

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Pride in ethnic background can be seen in the national foods served at dinners, in the family "holiday" party in December in which children learn about holiday traditions of other nationalities and in the special effort made by adults to welcome University students from abroad at the International Night in November.

One such student, C. E. Seshan, a University of Minnesota student from India, said the Rainbow Club was one of the first organizations he was introduced to when he came to Minneapolis. He kept on coming back.

"Attempts to make progress at race relations within the United States are much less publicized abroad than events like Little Rock," he said. "But these small attempts don't go as a waste. When you put them together they do count."

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The end of the
first page



Minneapolis Tribune Photo by Donald Black

DAVID AND PATSY BATTLES WAIT FOR PARTY

Parents and children enjoy Rainbow Club family gatherings



GREG TAYLOR, MARTIN BROWN AND LORRAINE LING, FROM LEFT

Children of all races, religions, play together



JAUMI LIKE IT HERE By GEORGE GRIM

A RAINBOW'S COLORS stand out as brilliant hues. Yet, the bow is a graceful blend. Even as you watch, that arch of color in the sky vanishes.

There is a durable rainbow in the Twin Cities. It's the Rainbow Club, started 20 years ago. Its family members were Orientals, Caucasians, Negroes, bridging cultures as they met each month. Their youngsters enjoyed the play time which replaced strangeness with friendliness.

Ever since, the Rainbow Club has been kept alive by this simple, yet powerful purpose.

"**WE AREN'T CRUSADERS,**" the Rev. Daisuke Kitagawa, the group's founder, had often said. "We don't meet to discuss human relations problems."

Many a member, over the years, has been active in the continuing effort to make our Twin Cities' community one of equal opportunity, of social gracefulness. But at Rainbow Club, they and their children have been busy singing, dancing, listening to speakers, celebrating a hyphenated Christmas-Hanukah, taking summertime boat rides.

Foreign students frequently join the group where they find the camaraderie as natural as friendliness itself. Nobody is a "project."

At first the group (called Twin City Couples Club from 1945 until 1949) met in hospitable downtown Minneapolis and St. Paul churches. For years, it has met at 2200 Blaisdell Av. S., the Japanese-American community center.

But on this 20th anniversary year, the 50 active families, plus some single men and women, plan a reunion. Secretary Kay Kushino told me that the Rainbow Club's membership is a flowing one as people move in, then move away.

"**WE'D LIKE TO FIND** as many of them as possible for our May 15 reunion dinner at Northstar Inn," said Miss Kushino. "We have a mailing list, but it's far from complete or up-to-date. What an exciting evening that could make for us all to see so many old friends!"

If you're an ex-Rainbow Clubber, Kay Kushino can be addressed at Burgess Publishing Co., 426 S. Sixth St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415. She has details about the reunion dinner.

Through the years, the colors of individual pride have remained clear and distinct. Yet, they've blended into permanence.

These days, I'd guess that 20 years is a reasonable definition of happy permanency!

THE MINNEAPOLIS

Monday, May 29, 1967

LXXXIX—No. 13

STAR

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MRS. MARY TAYLOR AND SON GREGORY
"Neighbors . . . have gone out of their way"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ NEGROES IN THE SUBURBS

Edina Woman Tells Story of Suburban Life

EDITOR'S NOTE: Negro population has grown markedly since 1960 in Twin Cities suburbs, according to special suburban census counts taken in 1965. Though numbers are relatively small, the trend is significant in the development of the metropolitan area.



Why has the movement taken place? What things encourage it and what forces may stand in its way? How do Negro families react to life in virtu-



For answers to those questions, Star reporters Sherrie Mazingo and Beverly Kees talked with the people involved: With suburban ministers and members of human rights groups; with builders, landlords and residents, and with Negro residents themselves.

Their story includes facts and figures, which are important. But their story also includes the emotions sparked by a crucial change in their way of life, a much more important factor.

The first of 12 articles appears below.

By **SHERRIE MAZINGO**
Minneapolis Star Staff Writer

The Negro woman was busy clearing away dinner dishes in the kitchen of her modern suburban home.

She recounted briefly the family's experiences in trying to buy a lot and build a house in an all-white suburb.

The experiences were enough to discourage most families but this one continued to build and moved into its home 10 months later.

Today, Mrs. Mary Taylor reflects on those experiences and smiles.

"I'm really glad we moved into this neighborhood," she said. "I'd love to see more Negroes move to Edina."

The Marion Taylors, 4209 Scott Terrace, now recall "much happier" experiences since moving to their home.

"We have some very good neighbors who have gone out of their way in doing things for us.

"When the neighborhood children want to play with Greg they come and sit in the yard and wait until he's finished with dinner."

Mrs. Taylor has been a Minneapolis elementary school teacher for 11 years. Her husband is a biochemist. Both are in their mid-40s. Their son, Gregory, 12, attends Southview Junior High School and is an active member of an Edina Boy Scout troop.

Mrs. Taylor, now relaxing in the dining room of her tri-level home, said she knows no other Negro families in Edina.

As she spoke, a young Negro family was preparing to move into their newly-built home two miles away in Edina.

Part of a Trend

The two families, both of whom have moved to Edina within the last six years, are part of a trend that has seen the suburban Negro population rise sharply since 1960.

In 1960 there were 584 Negroes living in suburban Hennepin, Ramsey, Anoka, Dakota and Washington counties.

Today there are approximately 1,071 Negroes living in those areas and in Scott and Carver counties, according to information from special census counts in 1965 from public agencies and municipal officials, and

TWO SECTIONS

WE 5-3361

SUNDAY SUBURBAN

10 CENTS

Vol. 4, No. 6

May 16, 1965



(Staff Photos by Alys Brockway)

COFFEE TIME . . . and two neighbors gather in Mrs. Taylor's dining room. They are Mrs. Peter Hoag (left) and Mrs. Larry Keegan (right.) Mrs. Taylor "looks for quality in people, not color".



Women's News

THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR
Tues., March 4, 1969

7C

Active members met with alumnae at a recent meeting of area women affiliated with Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority.

The sorority was founded at Howard University, Washington, D.C., in 1908. In 1923 a chapter was begun at the University of Minnesota.

It is now an international sorority with membership of nearly 40,000. The Cleveland Job Corps Center was initiated by Alpha Kappa Alpha, and the project has trained girls from throughout the United States.

The club seeks community involvement, and each year sponsors a scholarship award for a deserving girl.



AT ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA MEETING—Chatting over refreshments were (from left) Mrs. Ray O. Pleasant, 9841 Xerxes Curve, Bloomington, Mrs. Matthew U. Johnson,

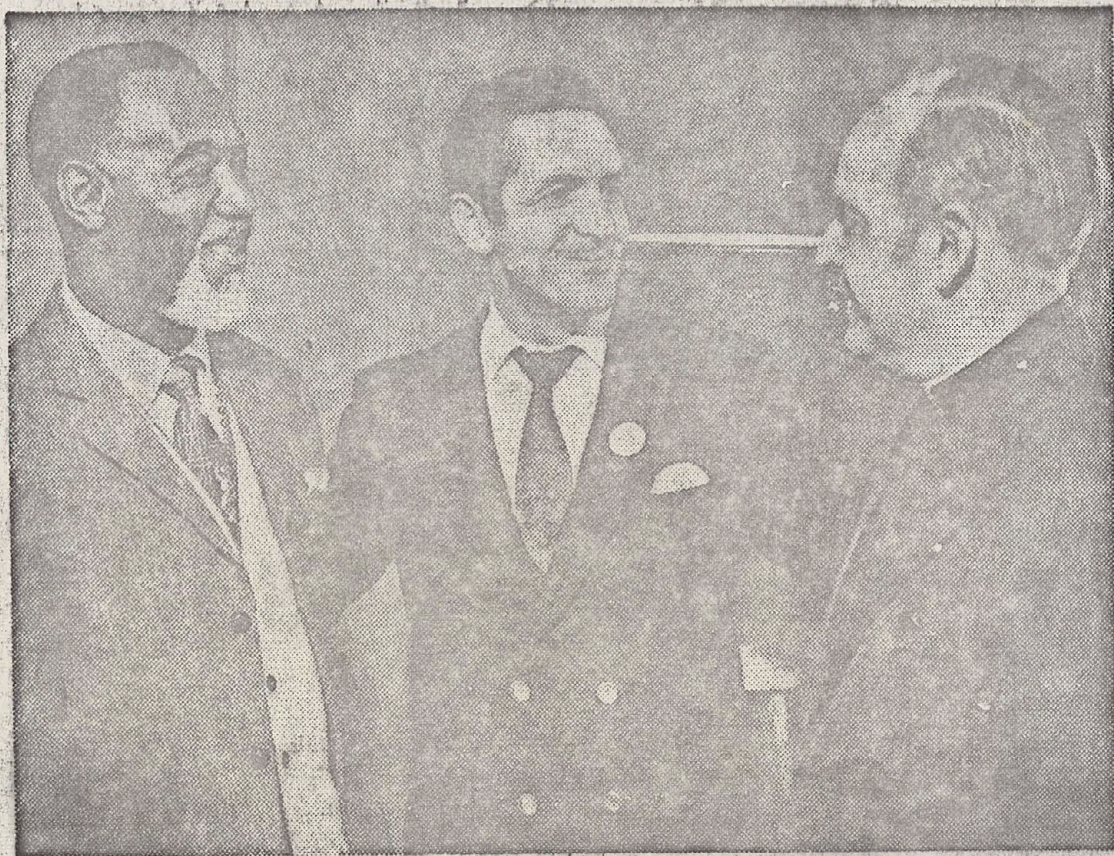
4624 Portland Av., Mrs. B. Robert Lewis, 1601 Hillsboro Av. S., St. Louis Park, Mrs. M. Greg Taylor, 4209 Scott Terrace, Edina.





Picture taken Oct. 1992

Ms. Mary A. Taylor
and
Mr. Leroy Hyburn
announce their marriage
on Saturday, the thirty-first of July
Nineteen hundred and seventy two
Weekirk of the Heather Chapel
Las Vegas, Nevada



Rector Joins Brotherhood

New member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, an organization devoted to prayer, study and service in the Episcopal Church, is the Rev. Dick Virtue, right, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Norman. Extending their greetings at the brotherhood's national council meeting held in Oklahoma City over the weekend are Marion G. Taylor, left, Minneapolis, a national executive board member and Jerry Balcom, Del City, Oklahoma assembly president. (Times Staff Photo by Dave Pate)

Their only important color's in the lawns

The Willard-Homewood neighborhood of north Minneapolis has been greening it up all summer.

The idea — and it's a good one — is to make neighborhood beautification habit-forming.

The surprise element in the plan is money. I know it was a happy one for Willard-Homewood residents who won unexpected prizes of \$25 each just because their yards looked good.

Cynthia Brooks of the Willard-Homewood organization told me that when the group decided to sponsor a landscaping contest, nobody realized how many Willard-Homewood yards qualified. The \$500 in prize money was distributed among 20 residents. Fourteen more neighbors received honorable mention.

I was interested because in recent years newspaper headlines have given Willard-Homewood a rough, tough image. A neighborhood interested in mowed lawns and trimmed hedges can't be that bad.

"It isn't" said J. D. Rivers, 729 Queen Av. N., one of the surprised prize winners.

"It's changed a good deal," added Charles Litecky, 1918 Xerxes Av. N., another winner.

Rivers is black and Litecky is white. Both have lived in

Barbara Flanagan



the area long enough to see it change. They now know that neighborliness is color blind.

Litecky, a retired employee of Burlington Northern railroad, and his wife raised five children. Their home with its vine-entwined summer porch was too good a buy to ignore, he said. About a dozen years ago, they moved into it from the suburbs. They have no regrets about city life.

If there is a problem, Litecky said, it is with rental properties owned by public agencies. Often, upkeep is not good and the houses become neighborhood eyesores.

About landscaping, the Liteckys explained that she picks the plants and he does the work. "I don't have a green thumb," he said, "just sore knees."

Rivers and his wife raised two sons in the home they built in Willard-Homewood 20 years ago. In 1956, it was the only thing they could do. "Because of our race, I couldn't buy a nice home so I bought a virgin lot and built one."

He noted wryly that even

through the period of ethnic changes in the neighborhood, taxes have steadily risen. Now, though, he's pleased that younger families, including black, white, native American and Oriental, have rediscovered Willard-Homewood and are moving back to rehabilitate older houses.

Rivers, who retired in 1960 as a Navy chief petty officer, works in the purchasing department for Radisson Hotels Corp. He is an amateur chef of renown and often cooks for foreign students when his favorite group, the Rainbow Club, entertains them. The club was formed during World War II to welcome Japanese-Americans here.

I asked Rivers if he had to do it over again would he choose to build in Willard-Homewood. "I would," he said. "It's our home."

"And people speak when they meet on the street."

I hate to follow the good news from Willard-Homewood with bad news from the airport cab stand, but I must. That's because Jerry Kosseff's story would be unbelievable anywhere but here.

Kosseff, a New Jersey businessman, arrived by plane about 10 p.m., Sunday. He carried a briefcase and a small film projector. A skycap handled his suitcase, garment bag and a cardboard box the size of a small suitcase. They went from the terminal to where an empty Yellow Cab Co. airport limousine stood waiting at the curb.

The limousine driver too



MR. AND MRS. J. D. RIVERS AND SON AARON IN PRIZE-WINNING YARD
Willard-Homewood residents won money in landscaping contest

one look at Kosseff and his baggage and said to the skycap, "Tell him to take a cab."

Kosseff argued. It was no use. The driver wouldn't even give Kosseff his name. Since no other limousine customers showed up, Kosseff came downtown via a friendly Blue and White cab driver.

Now you see why I believe we need metropolitan licensing of cabs and of cab firms — and a taxicab conference to find out why an airport limousine driver can refuse to serve a prospective rider.

Variety
variety
variety

11-26-76

Japan will decorate city priest

The Rev. Andrew N. Otani, a Japanese-born Minneapolis Episcopal priest, is being decorated by the government of Japan for his contribution in promoting friendship and amity between Japan and the United States.

The priest, who lives at 3201 E. Calhoun Pkwy., will receive Japan's "Fifth Class Order of the Sacred Treasure" in ceremonies Dec. 10 in Chicago.

Otani has been director of the Twin Cities' Japanese-American Community Center and priest-in-charge of Good Samaritan Church. He has been active in several human relations organizations and a coordinator of the St. Paul-Nagasaki sister city committee.

He observed his 70th birthday in 1974 by publishing his autobi-

ography, "Hope Shines in the White Cloud, an Issei's Story."



Otani

Pearl Mitchell sits alone in the playroom she helped set up in the waiting room at the Welfare Department. Currently, no one is available to keep the room open except for a few hours a week. The Volunteer Services that Pearl directs, however, put some 400 persons to work in the past year for 16,000 hours, tutoring, providing trans-

portation, arts and crafts, picnics, entertainment and friendship for persons in need. And from her office have grown a number of programs now run by other agencies, such as Big Brothers, Two-gether (a "Big Sisters" program), volunteer tutoring in the schools and the county Child Abuse Project.

Pearl's Bicentennial Minute fits her own 'quiet war'

By ANN BAKER
Staff Writer

"Two-hundred years ago today the revolution came to the Quakers of Chappaqua, N.Y. . . ."

St. Paul's Pearl Mitchell will be seen reading those words on the GBS Bicentennial Minute series scheduled for broadcast at 7:28 p.m. CST on Nov. 10 (Channel 4).

The story she tells is of a Quaker congregation concerned about the wounded and dying soldiers retreating from the Battle at White Plains. Their response to "this sad spectacle of human woe" was to take the wounded into their meeting house and nurse them and to bury the bodies of those who died.

The Quakers, as the Bicentennial script goes, "fought their own quiet war, a war against human suffering."

It was probably a coincidence that Pearl Mitchell was chosen to tell TV viewers about that particu-

lar incident—as, she says, it was an accident she was selected for the Bicentennial series at all.

But her friends and colleagues and the new people she meets daily will no doubt think it exceedingly appropriate, knowing how she fights her own "quiet war against human suffering."

Charm, warmth and graciousness are the weapons Pearl Mitchell uses. Her strategy is to build bridges—sometimes being the bridge herself if necessary—between persons who otherwise would never meet or start to understand one another.

"Good afternoon, Volunteer Services," Miss Mitchell speaking, "is the way she answers her telephone at the Ramsey County Welfare Department."

... An old-fashioned lady who is on first-name terms with hundreds, both here and abroad.

Pearl began directing the county welfare's volunteer services

more than a decade ago—when the office was a small demonstration project, assigning six volunteers to help ex-mental patients ease back into society.

Directing volunteer services demands building bridges across all sorts of lines—religious, racial, financial, occupational, educational, language, power, point of view.

Making links is also the crux of Pearl's work with countless groups, in particular the Council of International Programs for Youth Leaders, Social Workers and Special Teachers (CIP) which brings professionals from 87 countries to work several months in the U.S. Pearl has just finished a four-year term as president of CIP.

Getting people together, in fact, is so overwhelmingly Pearl's theme—in her fulltime job, her volunteer projects and her social life—that her worktime and her playtime tend to blur. Crafts, music and dancing, she believes, are

everybody's best meeting grounds.

"It's difficult for me to know when I have completed my workday and gone into my social setting," she says.

Of all the tasks she has undertaken she finds that one of the most difficult is recruiting volunteers for the Welfare Department.

"Most people have no idea what a Welfare Department does. When I talk to groups, I find I have to know about every program at the agency. There are burning questions out there."

The most burning questions usually concern welfare rip-off. Pearl sometimes simmers at them, but rarely loses her cool. Instead, she asks her questioners to take a look at how they approach their income-tax forms.

Or she might say, "Mr. So-and-So, you have an excellent income now, a good job. If any member of your family had to go to a nursing home how long would you be able to make the payments?"

She finds people act surprised with an "I never thought of that," or "You mean I'd have to go to the Welfare Department?"

"I think this is one of the greatest problems," says Pearl, "the lack of information between people."

She loves her job, loves putting people together, drawing them out, helping them find ways of helping one another. Sometimes clients themselves become volunteers, and Pearl fights for their services to be accepted on a par with anyone else's.

"Everybody's poor and down-and-out in some ways," she says.

Nobody's got everything going for them."

And: "If more effort and time were spent on the talents of people and less time on the differences, there could be better lines of communication and coordination to provide the best kind of society."

Some people who share Pearl's passion for a society with equality



Staff Photo by Don Church

and justice for all criticize her for being too conciliatory.

She replies that if she is to be a bridge she must show an interest in both sides' points of view.

"I get battered from all sides but I bounce right back."

She said her aim is not to change anybody, rather to help people learn to see and understand. "They can even keep their prejudices, as far as I'm concerned, provided they don't tread on somebody else's rights."

Above all she believes, "People can learn to love people if they're given an opportunity to grow together as people."

Several months ago Pearl happened to meet Robert Markel, an executive of the CBS "Bicentennial Minute" in New York. During the few minutes they talked she described her feelings about people and life. He told her then that he wanted her to do a "Minute". She taped the program in Chicago in August.

Pearl Mitchell Featured in Dispatch Article

The attractive lady pictured above is Pearl Mitchell a solid St. Paul citizen, director of the Ramsey County Welfare Volunteer Services. Ms. Mitchell was the subject of a Nov. 2nd feature in the St. Paul Dispatch concerning her participation in the CBS Bicentennial Minute series broadcast on Channel 4 Nov. 10.

Pearl's choice for the script presentation was "probably a coincidence" according to staff writer Ann Baker. Ms. Mitchell stated that it was an accident she was selected for the Bicentennial series at all.

According to the article "Pearl happened to meet Robert Markel, an executive of the CBS 'Bicentennial Minute' several months ago in New York. During the few minutes they talked she described her feelings about people and life. He told her then that he wanted her to do a 'Minute'. She taped the program in Chicago in August."

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Bobby Lyle displays jazz collage

By JAY WALLJASPER

The last two weeks have been something of a homecoming in local music circles as three of the Twin Cities' leading exports have returned to town and given outstanding concerts.

First, it was Minneapolis' boy wonder, Prince, who thrilled the teenage set with his sexy soul sounds at the Orpheum Theater. Then Minnetonka's Leo Kottke proved why he is one of the nation's top acoustic guitarists. And, last night at Orchestra Hall, jazz pianist Bobby Lyle, formerly of St. Paul, kicked off a national tour that will end in Carnegie Hall in March.

Lyle was something of a fixture on the local jazz scene in the early '70s, gaining acclaim with the band

Skye and for his 1974 concert tribute to Duke Ellington, given with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. He left town as a member of Sly Stone's funk-rock band and ended up in Los Angeles playing with Ronnie Laws. Over the past three years, he has released three jazz-rock albums on Capitol Records, but he was recently dropped from the company's roster.

Judging by the sparse turnout at Orchestra Hall, it seems that his local following has dwindled in the six years he has been gone. But those fans who came out were amply rewarded with an impressive display of keyboard talent.

Lyle spent most of the evening alone at the piano, serving up a wonderful collage of musical styles. He ran the gamut from cocktail to classical, skillfully

weaving them all into intricate patterns. He had all the flair and fluidity of Keith Jarrett. But with none of the sour-faced seriousness.

Many classically trained jazz players make music sound like an unpleasant chore, but Lyle manages a delicate balance between precision and liveliness. Echoes of ragtime and barrelhouse piano ring throughout his music and he shows a strong reverence for jazz's colorful past. Two of the evening's best numbers were "Blues for Scott Joplin," from his "Night Fire" album and another composition chronicling the history of black music from Africa to Harlem.

He also offered a tribute to saxophonist John Coltrane whom he called a great influence on his music.

Like Coltrane, Lyle is fond of taking a tame little tune like "My Favorite Things" or "On Broadway" and turning it upside down and inside out, seeing how many different ways it can be played.

Joined by the local Morris Wilson Connection, he ended the show with two jazz-rock compositions, "Night Breeze" and "The Genie", from his first album.

Done live, the two numbers have a funky integrity that is missing on the vinyl versions. In fact, if any of Lyle's albums had captured the energy and verve of his Orchestra Hall concert, he probably wouldn't have to be shopping around for a new record label.

WALLJASPER is a University of Minnesota student intern at The Minneapolis Star.

Konopka fled Nazis, gained honors at U

By Dave Gelsler

To show that every individual in society is important has been the purpose of Gisela Konopka's life and work.

Konopka, 70, who lives in Minneapolis, retired in 1978 after heading the

portraits

University's Center For Youth Development and Research on the St. Paul campus for seven years.

Last year she was a featured speaker at the Australian government's National Conference on Youth in observance of the United Nations' Year of the Child. Konopka also helps select the guest lecturer for the annual University lectureship established in her honor.

This year's lecture was held May 21 and featured psychologist George W. Albee from the University of Vermont. Albee spoke on the importance of teaching "coping skills" to prevent mental disorders.

The Konopka Lectureship was de-

signed to stimulate thinking and communication about the concerns of youth in and between all social science fields.

Communication between related fields is sadly lacking in the academic world, says Konopka, and to her, "the greatest sin is for one person or group to have a feeling of superiority over another."

Konopka has seen what superiority complexes can do to people and nations. She and her late husband, Paul, worked against the Nazis in Germany, Austria and France before World War II. The Konopkas began fighting the Nazis in 1933 when they were with the Labor movement in Germany. "We could see that the Nazis were people who were against all that was humane," Konopka said.

The Konopkas worked with the underground to get news from the outside world into Germany and to spread news of the resistance. They also helped people who were threatened by the Nazis to leave Germany. During the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, the resistance printed information so people from other countries "could learn the truth about the dictatorship we were under," she said. One slogan Konopka remembers was "Germany's Peace Is The Peace Of A



Photo/Theresa Aubin Ahrens

Gisela Konopka

Cemetery."

Later in 1936, the Nazis were waiting for Gisela's husband Paul outside his house, but she found out and notified him so he could escape. She was

later arrested and imprisoned for six weeks in a concentration camp at the age of 26.

Konopka was freed by the Nazis as a ploy to see if she could lead them to

other resistance workers, but no one was ever caught because of her.

"Some people say the Nazis weren't as bad as we have been led to believe, but I saw them hunt a man before my very eyes until blood spurted out of his lungs," Konopka said.

Passage was later arranged for Konopka out of the country, and she and her husband went to Austria, then to France and then to the United States. They had to leave France in 1941 after the German invasion because of her Jewish background.

The Konopkas settled as refugees in Pittsburgh, where Gisela worked as a maid. To her degree from the University of Hamburg, she added an M.A. in social work from the University of Pittsburgh and a Ph.D. from Columbia University. Konopka began teaching at the University of Minnesota in 1947. Her husband died three years ago.

Konopka has always had a great feeling for the mistreatment of youth and the plight of delinquent youth, particularly young women.

"Young people, particularly women, get terribly pushed to choose marriage or career when they should be allowed to balance the two or make a free choice for one or the other," Konopka said. She has written two books about the struggles the adolescent girl faces.

Konopka is a devotee of poetry and the arts. Her sociological books feature interviews and poems in which girls share their feelings about growing up.

"Young people need to feel they have a place in society where they can use their creativity and talents to help society," she said. "The term 'ME Generation' is just part of a terrible tendency that society has to stereotype its youth. I know many young people who are concerned about the world and others who say they are wrapped up in materialism simply because they are expected to be."

Konopka said young people, underneath this image, are still concerned with the meaning of life and the need to relate to something and someone beyond themselves. "They need to know that life is worth living and it brings both pain and joy," Konopka said.

In 1974, she wrote:

Yes it will come to us
The stillness—
The rolling sea
That covers pain and joy.
Yet all the glowing light
is still within us
The gentle touch of hands,
The laughing eyes
Hard thinking
Arguments
And soft embrace
Oh glory to the
Ecstasy of LIFE!

(Konopka poem copyrighted and used by permission.)



Gisela Konopka

Photo by Raleigh Savitt

'Retiring' Konopka to remain active

By LISA SCHROEPFER

"Retiring" may be the word to describe Gisela Konopka's relationship with the University.

However, as an adjective it describes her not at all.

"I feel like a high school kid at graduation that has the whole world before me," said the German-born director of the Center for Youth and Development.

And her calendar already is packed. Speeches next year (although she doesn't want to make it a habit)

are scheduled all over the country. Advising a nationwide project about teen-age girls, which she initiated several years ago, will consume much of her attention.

But no more administrative responsibilities for her.

"I don't want to be forced to do just what I've always done," said the enthusiastic social worker.

Rather, she would like to spend more time on "people and the arts," and take a few University art courses.

Konopka surrounds herself with color.

Plants hang before the windows of her cheerful red and white office. ("An office should not look like an office—it should look like people," she said.)

The walls are decorated with photographs and artworks of children, including one by German artist Kathe Kollwitz.

"She stood very straight when the Nazis came to power," Konopka said with obvious respect. "I admire her whole being."

Konopka herself fought underground against the Nazis before coming to the United States in 1941. Her early experiences, including imprisonment by the Nazis, have influenced her thinking ever since, she said. She now is sensitive to any injustice, particularly toward children, blacks and prisoners.

She did not include women.

"To me it's so self-evident," she said of equality between men and women.

Konopka has pursued her goals unencumbered by stereotypes' stum-

bling blocks. Her marriage to Paul Konopka, whom she had known since the troubled times in Germany, reflected this as well.

"If anybody would ever ask me what makes a good marriage," Konopka said, she would tell them that one of the most essential things is to "feel you are equals without having to shout about it."

Konopka grew up the second of three daughters whose parents were Jewish immigrants from Poland.

At that time in Germany, "Jews from the east were considered the 'worst,'" Konopka said.

Intensely aware of social problems, the young Gisela watched her "extraordinarily intelligent father totally frustrated" by having to earn his living in a small store.

From an early age "I felt strongly the frustration of not being what you want to be," Konopka said.

When she was a child, she and her father would walk together discussing politics and philosophy. The older she grew, however, the more their views diverged until finally she joined an anti-Nazi youth movement against his will.

Her childhood thus affected her perception of today's youth.

"I know how young people can be idealistic and totally misunderstood," she said.

And she now is "terribly involved in causes."

Konopka, whose advice has been much sought by those desiring an expert's opinion, has definite ideas about youth development.

There is no such thing as a genera-

tion gap, she asserts. Nor is the United States an overly permissive society. Nor will a family's middle child inevitably become a holy terror.

Ordinal position in a family has an effect but is not a behavior predictor, according to Konopka.

("I'll get one letter after another" after making this statement from people who refute it, she said with smiling resignation.)

She explained in example that eldest children are "special" because they are displaced only children. However, studies show no predictable behavior by children of any particular spot in the family, she said.

She readily agrees that any kind of environmental factor can affect development.

"Books have influenced some of us enormously," she said. "But television may have an even greater effect because 'fantasy is not involved—you see the thing really."

"Among my friends I say, 'Yah, you know, I just saw this on television.' Then I laugh at myself for believing it just because it was on TV."

Joined by "wonderful friends who came to watch it with me" a few weeks ago, Konopka viewed "Holo-caust," the television depiction of the Nazi takeover in Germany.

Watching the program hurt.

"It was a very honest presentation. Very real," said Konopka, remembering her own days spent in a Nazi concentration camp, her own apartment ransacked by Nazi men.

Two teenagers, watching with her,

Konopka to 12

asked: "How can people be so cruel?"

Her answer, she recalled, was simple.

"The moment you feel you are superior to others, you do not see them any more as people," she said.

Her first name derives from the German "Gisel" which means "hostage, or noble one." Rather a prophetic name, Konopka agrees—"It's strange," she said quietly.

Reading has been a love of Konopka's since childhood.

"A very old book that had a lot of meaning in my life" is Till Ulenspiegel's *Da Costa*.

"It's the story of an incredibly courageous fool—in the old days they were really the intelligent ones—who fought against tyrants," she said. She may have seen a parallel with her own life.

The Peabody: It was fit for doges and democracy

Robert S. Lyle
Of the editorial page staff

A legend of my youth, the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, is in the news again. You may recall that the Carlson Companies of Minneapolis sought, in recent years, to make a deal to refurbish and operate the once-grand old structure. It seemed an attractive venture because the closing of the Peabody in 1975 was a media event. A New York Times reporter, fascinated by the ducks about to be removed from the lobby fountain, heard their keeper say: "We hope that they will be back on the job some time. If not, it would be a great tragedy."

Somehow the Carlson deal fell through, but the new owners haven't given up; they've tackled the job themselves. Apparently they believe that it would be a tragedy not to restore the place that has meant so much to so many. A St. Louis reporter once caught the spirit of this devotion when he wrote that people of the region "are said to believe that when they die and go to heaven it will be just like the Peabody lobby."

In its heyday in the 1920s and 1930s, the Peabody was Memphis's Camelot — the center revered for its romance, revelry, politics and high society. It was the place to see, as the saying goes in that part of the country, everybody who was anybody.

My experience with the Peabody began in 1937 when it was just 12 years old. I went looking for a job there as busboy. Built on a full half block, the massive but spic-and-span structure covered more ground area, as the lo-

cal newspapers boasted, than any hotel in New York. As I approached the back entrance, I could see, through the large open windows facing on the alley, the tops of the building's three boilers. They were spotlessly clean, roaring giants, painted green, trimmed in gold and labeled So Good, Too Good and Damn Good. That, I found out later, was the prevailing tone of the place — always just enough raciness to make it chic.

Inside the receiving room a crowd had already gathered for the morning shape-up. The headwaiter's secretary, a tall, gaunt fellow who stood as erect as a poplar, came down the back steps, looked over the crowd and asked the newcomers to step forward. As he went down the line, he wrote down names on the back of a dining-room menu without looking up. When he got to me, he asked: "Waiter or busboy?" "Busboy," I mumbled, intimidated by his crisp manner. With a sudden smile, he raised his eyes and motioned me to step out of the line and wait. When he reached the end of the line, two others had joined me. Within half an hour, we entered a world so different from our own that it could have been a dream.

For a black college student barely out of the Mississippi cotton fields, Renaissance splendor was a mere mental exercise involving names, pictures and places. But as I stepped into the Venetian Dining Room to be shown the bus stations, I suddenly got the "feel" of a Pietro Candido palace: rich tapestries, ornate chandeliers, terrazzo floors, imported linen tablecloths and napkins, sparkling crystal and silverware. Looking

down toward the lobby through a descending system of terraces, each a dining area with a different name, I could see the oriental rugs and the striking fountain carved from a single block of marble. In the pool under the fountain were five live English caller mallards.

The Commercial Appeal, with justifiable pride, called this palace fit for the doges, "a challenge to the creative imagination of the lovers of the beautiful... as fine as any hotel in the United States." Author David Cohn went even further: "The Peabody is the Paris Ritz, the Cairo Shepheard's, the London Savoy of this section." This was not an overstatement. Years of planning went into the creation of "the South's finest and one of America's best hotels."

As one who worked several years as busboy and waiter in that luxurious establishment, I sometimes wondered whether the builders had outdone themselves. What they had in mind was a monument to some high-serious notion of a Southern way of life, where a pampered aristocracy, surrounded by servants, would while away its leisure in polite elegance. What they really did was create an atmosphere that produced a strangely leveling effect.

A waiter in the Peabody got the same kind of lift from the rich surroundings as the guests did, to the point that many guests thought that blacks working there were somehow a breed apart, worth even stopping and visiting with on downtown streets. And the camaraderie between the server and served in the

Peabody dining room was such that I still remember that room as the place where I got my first taste of democracy.

This heady mix of beauty and celebrities could do strange things to some employees. An example was the evening when I served Mary Pickford and her young husband Buddy Rogers in one of the studio suites. Later, in the alley, just outside the place where So Good, Too Good and Damn Good were hard at work, I gazed up at the narrow strip of sky between the hotel and its garage across the alley. While admiring the scattered stars, I heard myself repeating Keats' famous line about feeling "like some watcher of the sky, when a new star swims into his ken." That was how the old Peabody, a world unto itself, affected a romantic-minded young employee.

In later years the hotel failed because of changing times and old age. In the hurried '50s, '60s and '70s people got too busy for that kind of elegance. And along the way rugs, furniture and equipment wore out and couldn't be replaced because of the great expense. Ironically, on the day that the bankruptcy motion was filed, Damn Good broke down.

Belz Enterprises, the building's owner, is attempting, with government-guaranteed loans, to restore some of the Peabody's glory. At a cost of some \$20 million, the lobby (including the ducks), dining rooms, shops, guest rooms and even the service will be recreated in the image of the 1930s. I'll be eagerly awaiting the reopening in 1981. I intend to go back there — this time as a guest.



1930

Harold Lewis Wilson
April 8, 1904
Minneapolis

Grace Margaret Scofield
February 26, 1909
Minneapolis

Wed in Minneapolis
August 6, 1930

1930 - 1980
Announcing

THE
GOLDEN WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY

of
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lewis Wilson
Minneapolis, Minnesota



OUR SON

David
Scofield
Wilson

Born
May 26, 1931
Minneapolis



WED TO

Bonnie
Ann
Stahler

Born
January 10, 1941
Madison, WI

On August 22, 1960 in Morris, MN

THE WILSON CHILDREN

David
Scofield, Jr.

Born
September 6, 1965
Cortland, NY



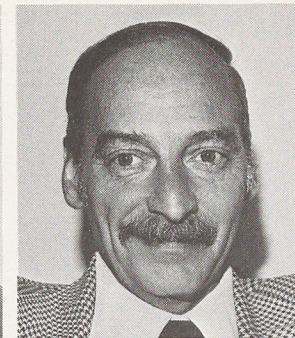
Deirdre
Elizabeth

Born
October 21, 1969
Davis, CA

OUR DAUGHTER

Anne
Lee
Wilson

Born
September 9, 1934
Minneapolis



WED TO

George
Scott
Orfald

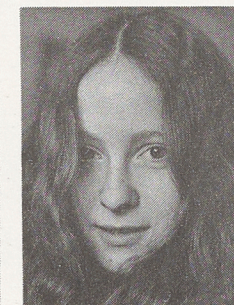
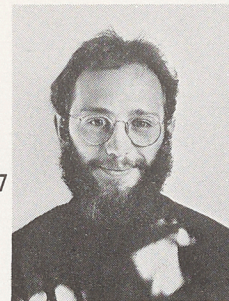
Born
January 22, 1933
Minneapolis

On June 24, 1955 in Minneapolis

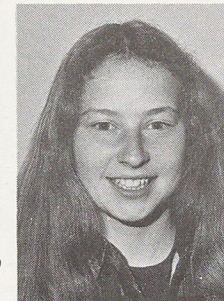
THE ORFALD CHILDREN

David
Russell

Born
August 10, 1957
Minneapolis



Catherine Jean
Born January 3, 1959
Minneapolis



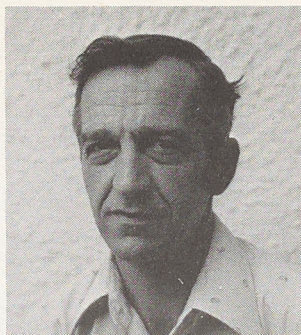
Susan
Diane

Born
May 21, 1960
Minneapolis

OUR DAUGHTER

Kathleen
Wilson

Born
March 9, 1937
Minneapolis



WED TO

Guillaume G.
Hensgens

Born
February 25, 1938
Holland

On June 26, 1959 in Minneapolis

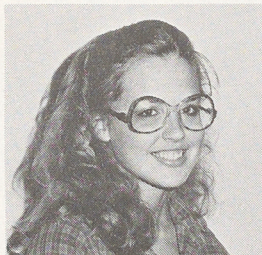
THE HENSGENS CHILDREN

Kathleen Marie



Born March 5, 1961
Minneapolis

Marguerite Josephine



Born January 17, 1964
Minneapolis

Emily Anne



Born August 14, 1965
Minneapolis

Nicolas Harold



Born October 11, 1970
Minneapolis

Metro news

4/4/85

Roe will receive Urban League's Cecil E. Newman award tonight

Dave Roe, former president of the Minnesota AFL-CIO, will receive the Cecil E. Newman Humanitarian Award at the Minneapolis Urban League's 59th annual dinner meeting tonight for his community and civil rights work.

"Dave's been in the forefront of civil rights efforts. He has a strong commitment to the principles we view as important," said Gleason Glover, Minneapolis Urban League executive director.

Others to be honored by the Urban League for service to the community include the Robert and Bessie Green family for the Family of the

Year Award; Dr. Reginald T. Buckner, Outstanding Civic and Service Award; Henrietta Adams-Faulkner and Erma Love for the Special Recognition Award, and J.D. and Ada Rivers and Jim Adams for the Volunteer Service Award.

Fourteen area black youths will receive the Youth Award for their leadership and academic accomplishments.

The keynote speaker will be Rep. William H. Gray, D-Pa., who is the first black to serve as chairman of the House Appropriations Committee.

Vindication sought for '42 evacuees

One who refused
to go hopes that
court hearing
will clear record

By Bill Curry
Los Angeles Times

Seattle, Wash.

In the hysteria of fear and hate that followed the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, 109,347 West Coast residents of Japanese ancestry were taken from their homes and evacuated inland in the name of "military necessity."

But Gordon Hirabayashi refused to go.

To do so, he said then and he says now, would have been to betray the Constitution that he believes forbade such a racially motivated roundup.

"As fine a document as the Constitution is, it is nothing but a scrap of paper if citizens are not willing to defend it."

Hirabayashi became one of only three Americans tried and convicted for refusing to obey the evacuation order. In the 43 years since, he has hoped to clear his name.

Bearing recently uncovered evidence of government misconduct and deception in early 1942, Hirabayashi has an opportunity to do just that. Monday, U.S. District Judge Donald Voorhees will hear in Seattle Hirabayashi's allegations, aimed at erasing his conviction.

"We can only admire his courage for standing up for his rights," Voorhees said in ordering the hearing over government objections. "What he really is seeking now is vindication of his honor, and I feel that he has that right."

In the Japanese American community, Hirabayashi's case has become something larger than one man's journey for justice. It is, for many, the trial denied to 109,347 others.

"This case symbolizes the trial Japanese Americans never had," said Aki Kurose of the Japanese American Citizens League. "A favorable outcome will tell us... the federal government was wrong in its treatment of American citizens."

And it is apparently their final opportunity to clear the legal record surrounding the internment of the Japanese Americans, 70 percent of whom were native-born U.S. citizens. Hirabayashi is the last of the three men convicted to come back to court for redress.

All three returned to court in 1983 in an effort to reverse their wartime convictions.

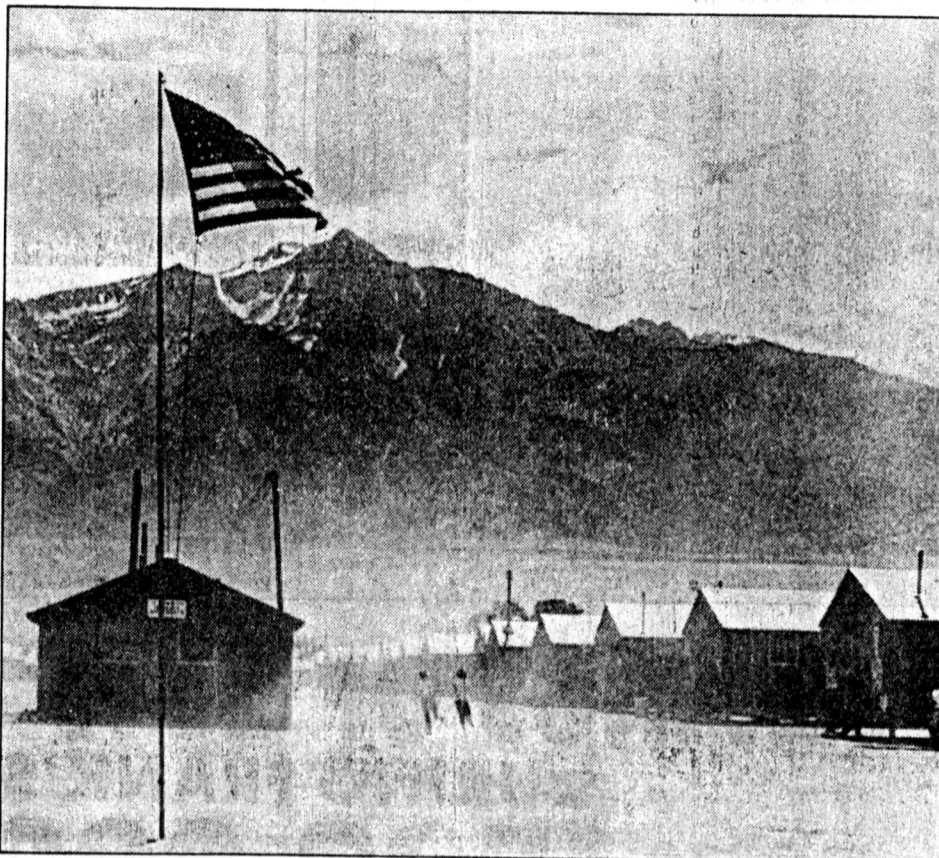
Minoru Yasui's conviction was struck down with the government's acquiescence last year by a federal judge in Portland, Ore.

Fred Korematsu's conviction was erased in 1983 by a federal judge in San Francisco who ruled, without a wide-ranging hearing, that Korematsu was improperly convicted.

Thus, Hirabayashi's case is the only one to force the government to defend the legal underpinnings of what is now widely regarded as a grave national mistake.

"Their misallegations have to be corrected in court," said Roger Shimizu, a 42-year-old Seattle lawyer who was born in a stockyard during his parents' evacuation to a relocation camp at Heart Mountain, Wyo. Shimizu is with the Committee to Reverse the Japanese Wartime Cases in Seattle.

"There are many people who still consider us the enemy for killing



A relocation center at Manzanar, Calif., one of the camps where Japanese Americans were detained during World War II.



Gordon Hirabayashi

their sons and husbands at Pearl Harbor," he said. "This case is important to dispel false allegations that are still being presented to us this day."

All three wartime convictions produced Supreme Court rulings that still stand as precedents for governmental actions based solely on ancestry.

"My case stands for the precedent that it can happen again," Hirabayashi told Judge Voorhees in asking for this week's hearing. "This is not only my case. This is not only a Japanese American case. This is an American case."

The Department of Justice, which agrees that Hirabayashi's conviction should be nullified, has nonetheless opposed a wider-ranging inquiry into the events of 43 years ago.

Justice Department lawyer Victor Stone, opposed to the hearing, told Voorhees, "Everyone has learned from the lesson of that tragedy without needing to reopen those same wounds to determine what was the particular problem that caused a poor judgment to be made."

Hirabayashi, 67, is retired and living in Edmonton, Alberta, where he is a professor emeritus of sociology at the University of Alberta.

He was a 24-year-old college senior in Seattle when an 8 p.m. to 6 a.m. curfew was imposed for residents of Japanese ancestry, and the evacuation order came in 1942.

Hirabayashi initially complied with the curfew. Then "it occurred to me something was phony," he said. "I was the only one in my dormitory dashing home at five minutes to 8. It was ancestry. After a few days, I decided if I'm an American I ought to live like one."

"I fully expected when the deadline came (for evacuation) I'd be on the bus too. But it hit me 10 days before the deadline: If I couldn't subscribe to the curfew, how could I subscribe to this? It was much worse than a curfew. Once the question was raised, I couldn't do it."

"I couldn't do it."

The evacuation deadline passed on May 12, 1942. The next day, Gordon Hirabayashi went to his lawyer's office to be taken to the FBI. "I wrote a statement that I believed in the Constitution and if I did that, I had to ignore this order."

He was placed in the King County jail. Three days later, a military officer tried to persuade him to voluntarily sign up for evacuation so Seattle could report 100 percent compliance.

After five months in jail, Hirabayashi went to trial on two charges: violating the evacuation order and violating the curfew. Hirabayashi spent four more months in jail before being released on bond pending his appeal to the Supreme Court. After the court affirmed his convictions, he served a 90-day term.

"I've always been hoping there would be a clearing of the record, not knowing when or how," Hirabayashi said. "We want, and with

the hearing we hope there will be, more grounds for a stronger statement giving judicial reasons for the 180-degree turnaround by the government. We would like to have it on the record so other minorities will have legal grounds to protest."

"It would be vindication for all the others who suffered."

Treasured Seasons

For everything there is
an appointed season.
And a time for everything
under heaven-
A time for sharing,
a time for caring;
A time for loving,
a time for giving;
A time for remembering,
a time for parting.
You have made everything
beautiful in its time
for everything You do
remains forever.

IN MEMORY OF

LEO ALLEN BERNAT

BORN

April 13, 1923
St. Paul, Minnesota

DIED

March 12, 1988
At the age of 64 years

FUNERAL SERVICE

Waterston Funeral Home
4343 Nicollet Avenue
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Monday, March 14, 1988 2:00 P.M.

CLERGYMAN OFFICIATING

Reverend Vince Hawkinson

EULOGIST

John Belk

SURVIVED BY

Wife, Emilia
Brother, Harry
Sister, Ruth Schochet



A Memorial Tribute

MOURNER'S KADDISH

TRANSLITERATION MOURNER'S KADDISH

Yisgadal v'yiskadash sh-meh rabbo, b'olmo di-vro chiruseh v'yamlich malchuseh, b'chaye-
chon u'vyomechon, u'vchayeh d'chol bes
yisroel, ba'agolo uvizman koriv, v'imru
omen.

Congregation: Y'he sh-meh rabbo m'vor-
ach, l'olam u'lolmeh olmayo.

Mourners: Yisborach v'yishtabach v'yis-
po'ar v'yisromam v'yisnaseh v'yishador
v'yisaleh v'yishalol sh'meh d'kudsho b'reech
hoo, l'elo min kol birchoso v'shiroso, tush-
b'choso v'nechmoso, da'amiron b'olmo,
v'imru omen.

Y'he sh'lomo rabbo min sh'mayo v'cha-
yim, olenu v'al kol yisroel, v'imru omen.

Oseh sholom bimromov, hu ya'aseh sho-
lom olenu v'al kol yisroel, v'imru omen.

KADDISH—Words of Faith

Faith knows no death since it is the key that unlocks the
gates of eternal life.

The Kaddish is comprised of words of faith. The Jew
declares to the God of his fathers: "Lord God, hear my
voice. I do not murmur against Thy decree. At this
moment I know only one resolve. As my beloved parent
has lived for Thee, so shall my life be dedicated to the
Glory of Thy Name."

He makes manifest that faith and trust in the Eternal
as he speaks the words of the Kaddish prayer.

MOURNER'S KADDISH

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא, בְּעָלְמָא דִּי בְרָא
Mourner.
בְּרַעֲיֵתָהּ וְנִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיָמֵינוּ וּבְחַיֵּי
רַבָּא בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעֵנְפָא וּבְזֵמַן קָרִיב וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.
Cong. and Reader.
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעַלְמֵם
וְלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרַמֵּם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא
Mourner.
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְּקִדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ
הוּא. לְעֵלָא מִן כָּל בְּרַכָּתָא וְשִׁירָתָא הַשְׁבָּחָתָא
וְהַתְהַמָּתָא דְּאִמְרוּן בְּעָלְמָא וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא חַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַד כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵמוּ הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם, עָלֵינוּ
וְעַד כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

TRANSLATION MOURNER'S KADDISH

Magnified and sanctified be His great name in the world which
He hath created according to His will. May He establish His
kingdom during your life and during your days, and during the
life of all the house of Israel, even speedily and at a near time,
and say ye, Amen.

Congregation: Let His great name be blessed for ever and
to all eternity.

Reader: Blessed, praised and glorified, exalted, extolled and
honored, adored and lauded be the name of the Holy One, blessed
be He; though He be high above all the blessings and hymns,
praises and songs, which are uttered in the world; and say
ye, Amen.

May there be abundant peace from heaven, and life for us and
for all Israel; and say ye, Amen.

He who maketh peace in His high places, may He make peace
for us and for all Israel; and say ye, Amen.

Leo Bernat, 64, neighborhood leader in Holmes district of Minneapolis

Leo Bernat, 64, a Minneapolis housing commissioner from 1974 to 1977 and former president of the University District Improvement Association in southeast Minneapolis, died of a heart attack Saturday.

Services were held Monday at the Waterston Funeral Home in Minneapolis.

Bernat had been a resident of southeast Minneapolis since the 1940s and led an effort to save homes from demolition in the university district, later called the Holmes Urban Re-

newal District, to make way for a federal urban renewal project in the late 1960s.

The district encompasses the area east from Central Av. SE., north to the railroad tracks and south to the Mississippi River.

"Without his efforts, the entire Holmes district would have been demolished and replaced by high-rises and other multiple-unit dwellings," said Bill Huntzicker, a friend.

"He was the one that really organized

the neighborhood," said Lois Wallace, a neighbor who also was involved in the fight to save homes. "Leo printed many fliers telling people that officials downtown had plans for their homes. When Leo was first with the association he went door-to-door making sure people read the fliers and getting people involved in what was happening. Some people said he was a troublemaker, but that's not true. He just wanted people to know what was going on."

Bernat earned a bachelor's degree in chemistry in 1944 and a doctorate in 1967 from the University of Minnesota. He operated a consulting business and had been a research consultant for the Minnesota Department of Education until suffering a stroke in 1978.

Although in failing health, he continued to attend neighborhood meetings and attended his political caucuses in February, Huntzicker said.

Bernat is survived by his wife, Emilia; a brother, Harry of Oxon Hills, Md., and a sister, Ruth Shochet of Phoenix, Ariz.

4/7/88
Truesdale also won second place at the Area 41 contest March 26. First place was won by Dr. William Dudley of Plymouth, a veterinarian, whose speech was titled "A Giant Step for Success." Dudley represented the Scintillators Toastmasters Club, one of five clubs in Area 41. Besides the North Hennepin and Scintillators clubs, Area 41 includes the Midland, Eloquent Nooners and the Roseville King Webster clubs.

Harvey Edelstein of New Hope was named Area 41 Toastmaster of the Year.

The next contest is the Metro Division Contest, April 15 at the Hopkins House hotel and restaurant.

OCTOBER 13, 1988

Today's Catholic Newspaper

Cover
story

Living out your Catholic faith?

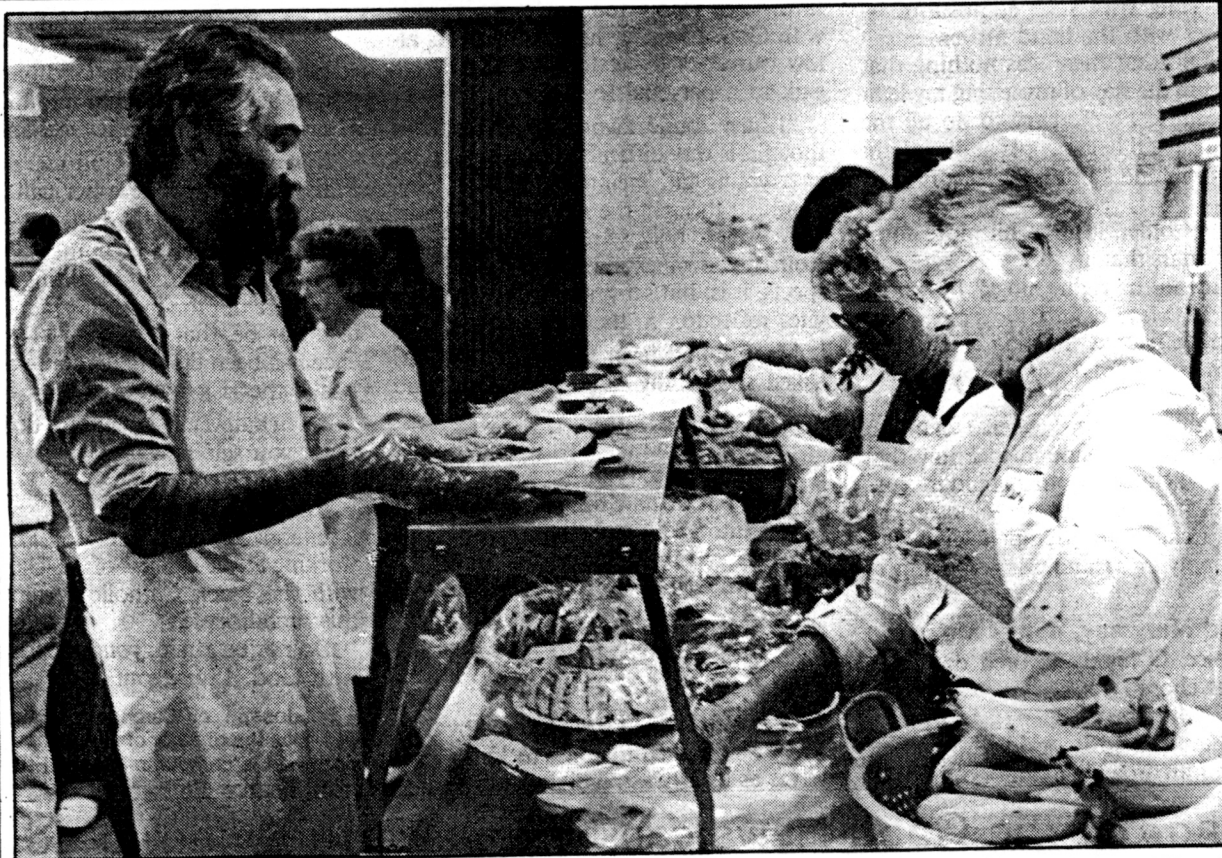


Photo by J. Michael Fitzgerald

Mary Donahue, right, prepares a plate for Mark Fischer to serve to a client at the Dorothy Day Center, St. Paul. The St. Odilia, Shoreview, parishioners served the evening meal Oct. 6.

DECEMBER 15, 1988

CATHOLIC BULLETIN

Intervene early, nurture kids longer, award-winning counselor says

William Martin, counseling supervisor at St. Joseph's Home for Children, Minneapolis, has received the Konopka Award for his work in helping distressed young people.

The annual award recognizes "outstanding humane and creative treatment of troubled youth in group living situations."

Martin, 36, was selected because

he is "tremendously successful with youngsters. He helps show them how they can build a better life — and he follows through on his promises," said Evie Teegen, board member of the Minnesota Citizens Council on Crime and Justice, administrators of the award.

Martin described his counseling philosophy as "intervening earlier

and nurturing longer."

Overcome youths' rejection

"We must be concerned with the child — not the problem," he said. "The kids we work with here may have been rejected by their families and society — or feel they have. They are slow to trust and to accept care or concern. When we have these children long enough, give them a caring environment

and enough love, they begin to make headway."

Martin said his work requires patience. "Often we don't see an immediate impact from what we do and say. Surprisingly, kids come back years later to report that it was the little things we had said and done that helped."

The award is named after Gisela

Konopka, a professor emeritus at the University of Minnesota and founder of the Center for Youth Development and Research. Konopka, 78, is the author of nine books including "The Adolescent Girl in Conflict," "Young Girls: Portrait of Adolescence," and the recently released "Courage and Love," an autobiography of her life in Europe under the Nazis.

Treasured Seasons

For everything there is
an appointed season.
And a time for everything
under heaven-
A time for sharing,
a time for caring;
A time for loving,
a time for giving;
A time for remembering,
a time for parting.
You have made everything
beautiful in its time
for everything You do
remains forever.

IN MEMORY OF

ROBERT BOYER

BORN

March 26, 1916
Waite Park, Minnesota

DIED

September 2, 1990
At the age of 74 years

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Historic Fort Snelling Chapel
Fort Snelling, Minnesota

Thursday, September 6, 1990 11:00 A.M.

CLERGY OFFICIATING

Pastor Clifford Nelson

SURVIVED BY

Wife, DeLila
Son and Daughter-in-law,
Tim and Susan
Son, John
Daughter and Son-in-law,
Barbara and Tom Datwyler
Daughter, Jane
Grandchildren,
Andy, Kim and Anne

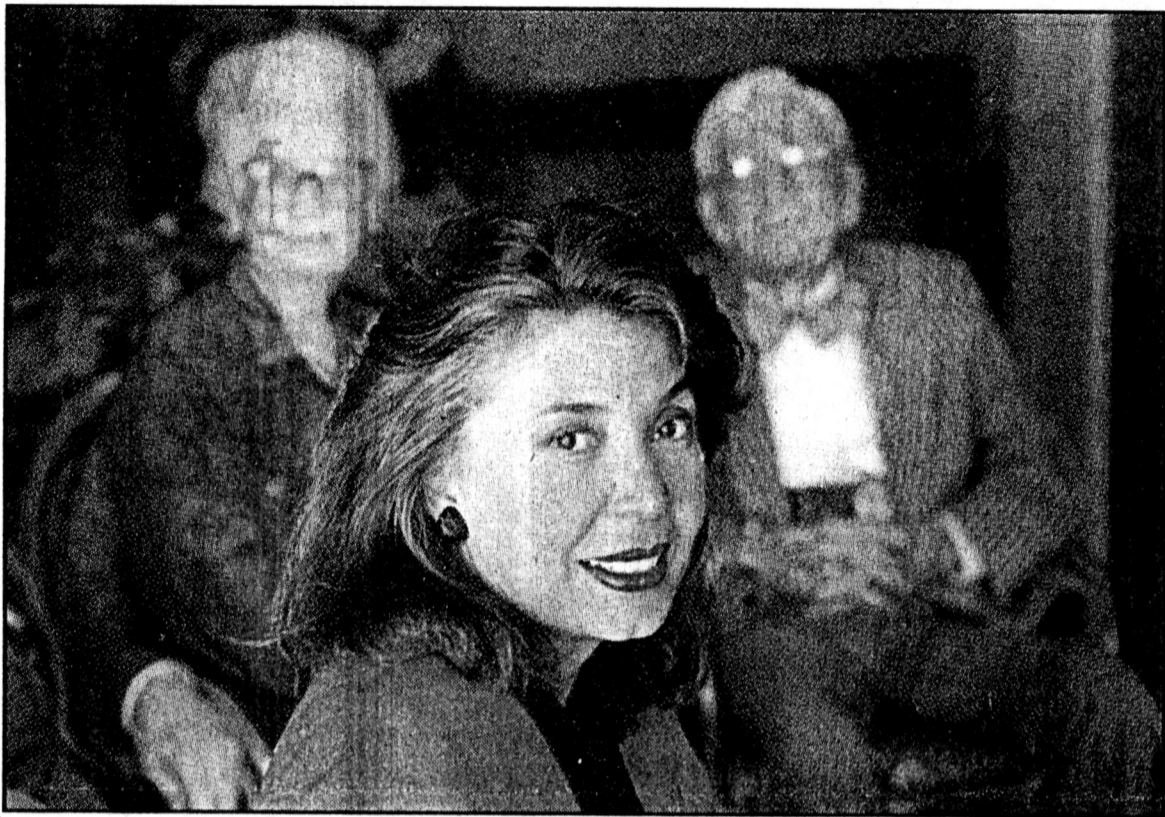
PRIVATE INTERMENT

Fort Snelling Cemetery
Fort Snelling, Minnesota



A Memorial Tribute

Monday profile/Maureen Acosta Kunshier



Staff Photo by Richard Sennott

Maureen Acosta Kunshier: "I have believed very strongly that it has been my destiny to be a publisher, to give people the information they need about senior housing."

Senior housing magazine fulfills publisher's destiny

By Ingrid Sundstrom
Staff Writer

After speaking to developers of senior housing in Florida last fall about her Senior's Choice magazine, Maureen Acosta Kunshier sat down and relaxed with them.

By the end of the afternoon, she had them in the palm of her hand; they asked her to launch one of her housing options magazines in Florida.

"People just can't be around Maureen without catching some of her enthusiasm and zest for life," said Russ Moore of Eagan, who publishes Senior's Choice and who attended the Florida meeting.

Other people use the word "mission" to describe Kunshier's relationship to her five-year-old enterprise. She puts out annual regional editions about senior citizens' housing in the Twin Cities, Flori-

da, Chicago, eastern Pennsylvania, Arizona and the Los Angeles area.

Kunshier calls it her destiny. "There's a need for this information, and I'm going to be one of the providers."

Kunshier was working as an independent senior housing consultant to developers in late 1985 when she realized that there was a plethora of new types of senior housing available in the Twin Cities, but no single place for consumers to find out about it all.

So she decided *she* should be the one to put that information together. Senior housing and services will be one of the great social issues of the coming years, she said while sorting through files for a report that shows that 25 percent of Minnesotans are 50 and older now and that by 2010, 34 percent of us will be over 50.

"There are all kinds of choices," she said enthusiastically.

Those include a range from independent living in seniors-only apartments and condominiums to assisted living, where residents get meals, companionship and some supervision. Some complexes offer all options depending on the care needed. There also are a lot of services to help people stay in their homes.

"So many people are terrified about nursing homes, and they don't like them. But people do have to come to terms with aging, with that part of life where they may become frail and have to make decisions about what kind of care they get and what kind of services they need.

"But most people don't have to go to nursing homes now, at least not

Kunshier continued on page 4D

From the cover/

Kunshier

Continued from page 1D

for a very long time.

"That's one of the reasons I'm doing Senior's Choice," she said.

She began her venture by asking longtime professional friends in the senior services industry if they would support her efforts to put together a directory of information.

"We applauded her," said Marjorie IntVeld of Presbyterian Homes, which has three facilities for seniors in the Twin Cities. "Maureen is a real go-getter, and she doesn't ever seem to get discouraged fast. I was one of her first volunteers."

Many others also said yes, and Kunshier started selling ads.

"I did my first magazine in four months. I did ads, the listings, the copy, everything, got the people at Active Senior Lifestyles magazine to do the production for me," she said. "We got that magazine out around the first of May 1986. Now we've just printed the fifth annual edition, and I still have about 80 percent of those original advertisers."

Kunshier is sole owner of Senior's Choice, now a national company. Besides the five regional editions she publishes, she has an eye to expansion into even more areas. Louisiana's Gov. Buddy Roemer called her to ask if she'd publish a Senior's Choice there because Louisiana wants to promote itself as yet another Southern destination for people over 55.

"We have eight regional editions planned for next year," she said. "I don't ever imagine us being super large, with a staff of hundreds of people. But three to five years down

the line, we hope to be doing at least 15 magazines and posting \$2 million to \$3 million in sales."

She said that she had \$30,000 in ad sales her first year and that it will be approximately \$200,000 this year. Her goal for 1991 is to double that, to \$400,000.

Kunshier also is working on a nationwide computerized data bank of housing options for seniors.

"It could be helpful to a lot of people — people moving from one part of the country to another, and to children of older people who live in a different city than their own," Kunshier said.

The network is hailed widely as an important resource, said Jane Winston, director of business development and programs for the Metropolitan Economic Development Association, a nonprofit organization that provides technical assistance to minority business owners.

Winston is consulting with Kunshier on that project, and on another to help corporations develop programs related to the aging population of the United States.

"Employers should be thinking about developing employee-assistance programs to help their people deal with their aging parents, and to help them find assistance and information in an efficient manner," Kunshier said.

Associates say Kunshier could accomplish such ambitious projects.

Darrell Westling, president of Assured Performance, a Golden Valley-based national senior housing marketing firm, also is working with



Maureen Acosta Kunshier

Born/Jan. 4, 1947, Panama City, Panama

Family/Sons, Steve, 10, and Jeff, 13

Home/Shoreview

Education/B.A. in English, Macalester College, St. Paul, 1969; postgraduate work at University of Southern California in Los Angeles and the University of Minnesota.

Career/Publisher and owner of Senior's Choice, a magazine outlining senior housing options, published in the Twin Cities, Florida, Chicago, eastern Pennsylvania, Arizona and the Los Angeles area, since 1986; senior housing consultant, 1981-1986; long-term planner with Metropolitan Health Planning Board, 1979-81; administrator Heritage of Edina Nursing Home, Westwood Nursing Home, 1975-1977, complaint team coordinator and health facilities surveyor, Minnesota Department of Health, 1971-75.

Hobbies/Dancing, reading, bicycling.

Kunshier to develop the national data base. "Maureen knows almost everybody in the business, and everyone likes and respects her," he said. "She'll do what needs to be done."

One thing Kunshier has had to do to get things done is to learn about business.

"I had 17 years' experience in senior housing, but none as a publisher or businesswoman," she said. "I've had a lot to learn about hiring people, and especially about raising money. But people have been very supportive, even though there have been some very, very tough times. Last spring, I had an accountant who told me I should just declare bankruptcy. But I said 'no,' and a couple of days later, I got a \$25,000 loan from a woman I've never even met, and we're rolling."

There have been other tough times, she said. There have been mistakes in hiring, which were corrected quickly. And her dedication to the business has, at least in part, taken its toll personally. Although she is passionately involved in the lives and activities of her sons, Steve, 10, and Jeff, 13, her marriage is soon to be dissolved.

Although she travels often, she tries hard to make time for her sons, Steve and Jeff, and her friends. Bruce McCar, manager of marketing

"I try to think positively. What's the best thing that can happen?"

She was born in Panama in 1947 to a U.S. serviceman and a Guatemalan woman. Because her father was in the military, they moved around a lot and she attended four high schools. She graduated from Monroe High School in St. Paul in 1965.

Kunshier has been successful in her business because of her enthusiasm, energy, proven good product and her connections, said Karen Struve, chief executive officer at Walker Methodist Homes and a longtime friend and colleague.

"She has this dream and she wants to see it become reality," Struve said. "She'll do it because she's beginning to focus her grit toward getting more money."

"You can't box Maureen in," she said. "For a long time she's been afraid of riding in elevators, although she's getting better at it. But I moved into a 21st-floor condo, and Maureen often would walk up and down all 21 flights because she wanted to visit me. She'll get wherever she wants to go."

Anniversaries

Star Tribune
Thursday/Nov. 1/1990

4 13E



Lyle

Congratulations and best wishes to Robert and Elise Lyle who are celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary. Much love and continued happiness from Cedric, Ollie, Bobby, Ken, Flo, Marji and Marianne.

The Lord is my Shepherd:

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the path
of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life; and I
will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

THE TWENTY THIRD PSALM

In Memory Of

KAY MARGUERITE KUSHINO

Born January 3, 1913
Los Gatos, California
Died November 28, 1990
Minneapolis, Minnesota

At The Age Of
77 years 10 Months 15 Days

Memorial Service
Gethsemane Episcopal Church
4th Avenue South & 9th Street
Minneapolis, Minnesota

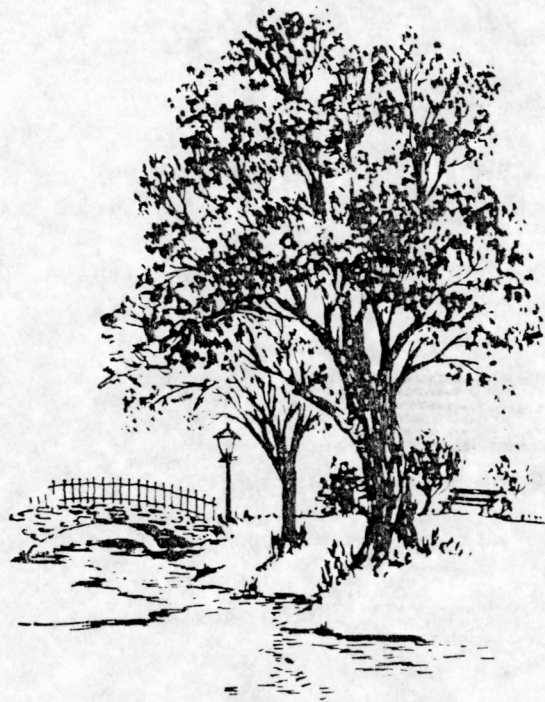
Saturday, December 1, 1990 at 12:00 Noon

Officiating
The Reverend Thomas Monnat

Private Interment
Lakewood Cemetery
Minneapolis, Minnesota

We desire to express the appreciation
of the family for your sympathy
as indicated by your attendance

Washburn-McReavy
FUNERAL CHAPELS
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



K. Kushino, 77, retired book editor

Kiyoko (Kay) Marguerite Kushino, 77, a retired editor of college textbooks for Burgess Publishing Inc. in Minneapolis and a member of the Japanese-American Citizens League, died Wednesday at St. Mary's Rehabilitation Center in Minneapolis. She suffered a stroke on Nov. 15.

Kushino was born in Los Gatos, Calif., and completed high school there. She and her two children were interned at the Heart Mountain Relocation Center for three years during World War II.

She moved to Minneapolis in 1945 and was an office manager for Athletic Publications Inc. and Margo Kraft Distributors Inc. In the mid-1950s she joined Burgess Publishing. She edited college textbooks on a variety of subjects until she retired in 1992.

Treasured Seasons

For everything there is
 an appointed season.
And a time for everything
 under heaven-
A time for sharing,
 a time for caring;
A time for loving,
 a time for giving;
A time for remembering,
 a time for parting.
You have made everything
 beautiful in its time
for everything You do
 remains forever.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

JOHN ROBERT BOYER

BORN

August 6, 1954
Independence, Iowa

DIED

April 5, 1992
At the age of 37 years

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Cremation Society Chapel
4343 Nicollet Avenue
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Thursday, April 9, 1992 7:00 P.M.

CLERGY OFFICIATING

Reverend Alan Naumann

PRECEDED IN DEATH BY

Father, Robert Boyer

SURVIVED BY

Partner, Dave Gray
Mother, DeLila Boyer
Brother and Sister-in-law,
 Tim and Susan
Sister and Brother-in-law,
Barbara and Tom Datwyler
Sister, Jane Boyer
Grandparents,
Wilbert and Hulda Viergutz
Nephew and Nieces,
 Andy, Kim and Anne
Other Relatives and Many Friends



A Memorial Tribute

PROFILES IN COURAGE

Avis Foley

Foley, 70, of Minneapolis, has been a human rights activist all of her life as a founding member of the Minnesota Women's Political Caucus and the Minnesota Political Congress of Black Women. She was named a Minnesota Women's Consortium 1993 Trailblazer. She sat in whites-only Minneapolis restaurants challenging segregation practices in the 1940s, but spent her childhood in Aitkin and Walker.



GINGER PINSON/PIONEERPRESS

"I think they were doing this all over the country. We had this good group of whites and blacks that would challenge this, come in and sit down at a table and wait to be served. Sometimes a waitress would say, 'We don't serve colored customers.' They'd send a woman to say it. We'd just sit there, wait and take up space.

"I was a person, a very nice person. I was clean. I was polite. I had good manners. I looked as good as anybody. Why should I not be served?

"When did I first come up against dis-

crimination? It's hard to say. I can kind of remember some incidents, a few little scuffles on the playground — name calling. You almost let that run down your back.

"A cousin of mine was going to be in a (school) play and was asked to sing, 'I am a little nigger doll, boo hoo, boo hoo.' The family declined to let her. As far as I know, (the school) didn't think it was offensive. This is how prejudice is: ignorance. My cousin cried because she couldn't be in the play."

— CYNTHIA BOYD

PROFILES IN COURAGE

Pearl Mitchell Jackson

Jackson, whose name is synonymous with volunteerism in St. Paul, grew up in the Summit-University area. Her family played host to a stream of diverse global visitors, which helped give the adult Jackson the confidence to pitch human services programs to the city's then all-white, male power structure. She's most often identified with her work in county welfare department volunteer services and with an international program for youth leaders. She jokes that she's served on every board in the city. She has been instrumental in establishing a drop-off center for children of welfare clients and is also involved in a project providing shelter to mothers and crack babies.



JOE ROSSI/PIONEERPRESS

"There have been some positive changes (in race relations) in Minnesota over the years. However, I think until the diverse population is a part of effecting that change, our growth will continue to be slow.

"We need to begin preparing ourselves for change — probably in this area more than the East or the South.

"We need to learn how to be friends, to be more inclusive in our outlook on society, to have the ability to be able to include neighbors, colleagues and friends in some of the things we do. Believe me, it's got to come from both sides.

"I don't like that kind of 'who does she think she is telling me what I have to do' type of thing. Many people will differ with me and say 'you have to confront (people).' But there are many different ways to confront someone. It's the man-

ner in which we say and do things that opens up the opportunity to talk.

"I believe in adhering to protocol and the manner in which boards conduct their business.

"Sometimes I think people are too uptight and unwilling to respond with a smile and 'hello.' I learned very early to accept where people are and work with it.

"Everyone has within them some good and some bad. Given the proper setting, you can bring the good out. This has nothing to do with race, religion or color, but giving a person the opportunity to say 'I, too, have something to offer.'

"I feel the media have one of the best opportunities available in presenting positive images. But if, on the whole, the media likes me, why don't they talk to me any time but February?"

— GEORGEANN KOELLN



EDITED BY CLAUDE PECK

FILLING IN BLANKS: WW II INTERNEE TURNS TO MEMOIRS

For nearly 50 years the ordeal of spending a year in a Japanese-American internment camp has been a vague memory to Mary T. Yoshida.

The 18-year-old Oregon State College freshman was ordered to enter Tule Lake Relocation Center in northern California in May 1942. Yoshida (then Mary Takao) recalls waking up each morning to a new layer of dust in the camp's makeshift barracks, each housing three families. A barbed-wire fence and armed guards surrounded the camp.

But other than her foster parents, a brother and a sister, "I don't remember a single name or face from the camp—I just blanked it out," Yoshida says. "I feel sad that one year of my life has no recall."

Desperate to leave Tule Lake in the spring of 1943, Mary accepted an offer to work as a housekeeper for a branch of the prominent Butler family of St. Paul; moving east to a sponsoring employer or school was the only way out.

Yoshida eventually completed her studies and settled in north Minneapolis. She married Min Yoshida, a Minneapolis city administrator and a veteran of another of the 10 relocation centers where 110,000 Japanese Americans spent the war years. She worked as a YWCA social worker as the Yoshidas raised three children.

In recent years, Yoshida's desire to preserve the past has grown. Her mother died when Mary was young, leaving her father, an Oregon strawberry grower, with nine chil-

dren. Some stayed with him and others went to live with relatives in Japan or in foster homes. "I wanted to leave something for my seven grandchildren," Yoshida says.

This fall she joined a group of 12 Japanese-American women who settled in Minnesota during or after the war. The women are writing their memoirs with the help of University of Minnesota history professor Dr. Nobuya Tsuchida. They'll produce a book this spring to coincide with the 50th anniversary of the camps. It will help readers "understand what

the Japanese experience was like here during and after the war," Tsuchida says.

To help jog her memory, the Yoshidas joined a three-day pilgrimage to Tule Lake in September. A stockade, truck barn, historical marker and reconstructed fence were the only reminders of the camp that once housed 18,000 Japanese Ameri-

cans. Two nearby hills—Castle Rock and Abalone Hill—represented the outside world to the internees; seeing them again made Yoshida recall how she once yearned to climb them to see what lay beyond. The pilgrims held a Buddhist and Christian memorial service for the 169 detainees who died at Tule Lake. The tears of some revealed years of anger and frustration.

Although many of Yoshida's memories are vague, her grandchildren will be able to share her story. "That part of their history shouldn't be lost," she says. "They're not interested now, but down the road they might want to know more about it." —Roy Everson



Mary Yoshida first came to the Twin Cities directly from Tule Lake Relocation Center in 1943. Her memoir is due out soon.

DIANA WATERS

DATALINE

\$169: Charge for a room for two people, one night, at the Hyatt Regency Minneapolis on Saturday, Jan. 25—Super Bowl eve.

\$79: Charge for a room for two people, one night, at the Hyatt on Saturday, Jan. 11.

6: Percentage of profits from WCCO-TV's Super Bowl merchandise shop at the Conservatory that goes to the United Way's Success by 6 program.

30,000: Estimated number of ice blocks needed to build the 1992 St. Paul Winter Carnival Ice Palace.

774,000: Gallons of water that would flow if the entire castle melted.

29: Percentage pay cut that St. Paul city council members will take when their jobs become part-time in two years.

59: Number of Muscovites employed at City Looks, the first American franchised hair salon to be opened in Russia, in a deal struck by Minneapolis-based Barbers, Inc.

56: Average number of pickups each month by NORTH/HCMC Air Care, which uses one helicopter to bring patients from a 300-mile radius of the Twin Cities to North Memorial or Hennepin County Medical Center or other Twin Cities hospitals.

\$3,000: Average cost of a single Air Care helicopter-ambulance patient delivery.

Sources: Hyatt Regency Minneapolis; MN Super Bowl XXVI; St. Paul Winter Carnival; City of St. Paul; The Barbers, Inc.; HCMC.

Tribune 7-19-93

Her past hasn't spoiled future for '93 Aquatennial senior queen



By Andale Gross/Staff Writer

As Mary Yoshida sits and talks about her past at the kitchen table of her north Minneapolis home, she appears to be anything but bitter. Proud would better describe the 1993 Aquatennial Senior Queen.

But as one of 18,000 Japanese Americans ordered to enter Tule Lake Relocation Center in northern California in May 1942 during World War II, Yoshida *does* have a right to be bitter.

"What happened happened, and that's war I guess," said Yoshida matter-of-factly as she flipped through photos taken of her, then 18, and others traveling to and living in the internment camp. About 110,000 Japanese Americans spent the war years in 10 relocation centers.

"There are members of a certain segment of the Japanese-American population that were in camps and are still bitter about the whole thing,

Staff Photo/ John Croft

"What happened happened, and that's war I guess," Mary Yoshida says of her experience in a World War II relocation camp.

especially out on the West Coast," she said. "They haven't moved forward as much because of the concentration of Japanese-Americans in the larger cities out there. So it's become their way of life, I guess."

Yoshida's way of life now includes frequently volunteering in Robbinsdale elementary schools, where she teaches origami, the Japanese art of folding paper to make animal figures. She also answers queries to the Senior Answer Line, obtaining information from computer files or other sources for the callers. She's been named the Aquatennial's Senior Queen in recognition of her service to the community.

Yoshida, 70, enjoys spending time with her three children, seven grandchildren and husband, Minoru, a veteran of another relocation center. And then, there's her writing.

Although she's not bitter about her life before moving to Minnesota in 1943, she isn't forgetful either.

Her memories are vivid: being made to leave the Oregon State College campus in Corvallis, Ore., and having to ride a noisy, overcrowded coach train to Tule Lake

YOSHIDA Continued on page 9E

Yoshida/ 15 women seek publisher for camp essays

Continued from page 1E

Relocation Center; huddling and discussing her feelings of despair, uncertainty and hopelessness with the others who were also on their way to a different life; coming to a halt outside the concentration camp's barbed-wire fence and seeing rows of black tarpapered barracks and tall guard towers lined up for miles on the barren desert campgrounds; seeing the tall guard towers manned by armed military police who stood at intervals around the camp fence; waking up each morning to a new layer of dust in the camp's makeshift barracks.

Yoshida writes of these unforgettable experiences in an essay for an untitled book of memoirs by 15 Japanese-American women who settled in Minnesota during or after World War II and still live in the Twin Cities area.

During and after the war, public opinion against Japanese-Americans ran high on the West Coast. So many who were released from camps headed to Minnesota, which was more accepting of Japanese-Americans.

The authors hoped that their book, which they are writing with the help of University of Minnesota history professor Dr. Nobuya Tsuchida,

would be published last year to coincide with the 50th anniversary of American internment camps. Now, more than a year later, they are still seeking a publisher.

In her essay, Yoshida recalls the hysteria surrounding the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The morning of Dec. 7, 1941, began like any other for Yoshida, who was then an Oregon State College student who cleaned house and cooked breakfast for her landlady, Mrs. Buxton, in exchange for a room. But at about 8 a.m., the course of the morning changed.

"As I entered her bedroom to take her breakfast tray to her, I noticed Mrs. Buxton wasn't herself," writes Yoshida. "She appeared flushed and irritated and very uneasy. I thought she was ill, but she immediately said in a louder, harsher voice than I was accustomed to, 'Mary, listen to this bulletin on the radio!'"

Both Yoshida and Mrs. Buxton listened in silence to the radio announcer's repeated outburst: "Japs bomb Pearl Harbor!"

"I wasn't exactly sure where Pearl Harbor was, but I had heard of it and had a sinking feeling it was part of the United States," writes Yoshida. "I stood there and we both

looked at each other. I'm sure all sorts of thoughts were going through her head as through mine. The only thought I can recall coming to me immediately was, 'I hope they won't ship us all to Japan.'"

Instead, Yoshida was sent to Tule Lake Relocation Center. At the camp, she was met by thousands of unfamiliar faces. She was also reunited with her father, Kakuji Takao; her older brother, George; her younger sister, Mona; and her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hyosaburo Yokota, to whom her father sent her and Mona after their mothers died.

"It was kind of like a reunion," Yoshida said.

Yoshida expected her sister and the Yokotas to be at the camp because they all lived in Medford, Ore. But she was happily surprised to see her father and brother, from whom she was separated at age 7 in Central Point, Ore.

Such moments taught Yoshida to cherish family ties. And she wants her children and grandchildren to value them. Her grandchildren are one reason she worked so diligently to put her experiences in writing.

"I was always interested in leaving something for my grandkids to let

them know they are part of such history," Yoshida said. "So, I geared the essay towards them, because they never ask much, and we never talk much about the camp experience."

And it isn't just her grandchildren with whom she wants to share her experiences.

"I want the public to know," Yoshida said. "Most Japanese-Americans don't speak out much. So people don't really know us."

Yoshida said she feels obligated to represent her race and that she won't ever forget her origins.

"I started out as nothing," Yoshida said. "But I did have goals, like finishing school."

"My ultimate goal now is to help people understand people as just people, and not as people of a different race or profession. I think we in America tend to categorize people. Then, they get a stigma attached to them. I feel we need to try and understand people more and be more tolerant of people. Mainly, I like to be positive. And I feel that every individual has a positive influence on somebody's life."

Obituaries

John D. Foley, age 79, dies; was psychologist, community activist

John D. Foley, 79, a retired psychologist and longtime community activist, died of leukemia Saturday at his home in Minneapolis.

He was born in Minneapolis and graduated from the old John Marshall High School. He worked for the state of Minnesota for six years, starting as an office boy and working his way to chief accountant for the state budget commissioner.

He earned a bachelor's degree in zoology from the University of Minnesota. He did graduate work at the university in child and educational psychology, including testing and validation scoring during the development years of the Minnesota Multiphasic Inventory personality test. He also was a lecturer in child development, assistant to the dean of students and adviser to the Foreign Student Office.

From 1948 to 1955, he worked at the

Minnesota Psychiatric Institute. For about 15 years, he had a private practice in clinical psychology in Minneapolis. He also was a psychologist for the Robbinsdale School District for about 20 years. He retired in 1977.

Foley was a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, the American and Minnesota psychological associations and the Northwest Pediatrics Society.

He was active in civic and political-action groups, including the Metropolitan Health Board, Soul Force, Robbinsdale Federation of Teachers, the DFL Party, NAACP and the Capitol Long Range Improvement Commission. He was president of the Como Improvement Association and helped develop the Southeast Planning District and Talmadge Green.

In 1986, he was arrested with members of the Honeywell Project

who were protesting the manufacture of military weapons. After his retirement, he worked with people who were chemically dependent.

He is survived by his wife, Avis; a son, Daniel, of Minneapolis; two daughters, Rosemary and Kathleen Foley, both of Minneapolis; a stepson, Bruce Carter, of Brooklyn Park and a sister, Aileen Foley, of Pennsylvania.

Services will be held at noon Tuesday at the chapel at Lakewood Cemetery, 3600 Hennepin Av., Minneapolis. Visitation will be held from 10:30 a.m. to noon at the chapel. A reception will follow the service at Bethany Lutheran Church, 2511 Franklin Av. E., Minneapolis.

They walked where there was no path

Six history-making Minnesota women over 70 to be honored

By Peg Meier/Staff Writer

Six history-making Minnesota women over age 70 will be honored by the Minnesota Women's Consortium at the new History Center in St. Paul Tuesday. They include civil-rights activists, peace activists, a doctor urging abortion rights and a former candidate for Minneapolis mayor.

The consortium — a coalition of 165 organizations with a membership of 240,000 — decided to honor women "who have walked where there was no path and blazed a trail." Gloria Griffin, the consortium's coordinator, said, "We have some older women who won't be around forever, and that makes me nervous. We need to celebrate their accomplishments and learn from them while we have them with us."

The only hard part was limiting the number, Griffin said: "I can think of 20 others right away." Griffin herself, it might be noted, is 67.

The event is a fund-raiser. The minimum donation is \$25, with the exception of students and low-income people. The party starts at 6:30 p.m., with a program at 6:15 p.m.

The "trailblazers" to be recognized are:

Gladys Brooks, 79, of Minneapolis, mayoral candidate in 1973; three-term Minneapolis City Council member from 1967 to 1973; president of Brooks/Ridder and Associates, a public-affairs consulting firm, and a founding member of the Minnesota Center for Women in Government. She was the first chair of the University of Minnesota's Women's Athletic Advisory Board, the first woman president of the Minnesota Council of Churches and a member of the Metropolitan Council.

She says she inherited her political and civic interest. Her grandmother lived on a sheep ranch in the state of Washington and traveled 30 miles to vote for President McKinley in 1896. Her mother worked to get the vote for women in the 1920s. Her father, also interested in politics, told her, "Whatever you want to do, you can. You can do just as well as a man."

Avis Foley, 70, of Minneapolis, human-rights activist working for racial equality and particularly the betterment of black women; a founding member of the Minnesota Women's Political Caucus and of the Minnesota Political Congress of Black Women. She was part of the civil-rights movement of the 1940s, sitting in at Minneapolis restaurant counters where blacks didn't always get served, depending on the mood of the waitress.

Her grandparents raised her in Aitkin, Minn. The family was the town's only black family. "My grandparents were activists in their own way," she said. "They were outgoing, proud people, and they taught me to be proud of who I am."

Dr. Jane Hodgson, 78, of St. Paul, a pioneer in women's reproductive health care. She decided on a medical career in the 1930s, when few women were physicians. She received a medical degree from the University of Minnesota in 1939 and an advanced degree in



Staff Photo by Jeff Wheeler

Gladys Brooks



Staff Photo by Tom Sweeney

Eleanor Otterness



Staff Photo to Tom Sweeney

Nellie Stone Johnson



Staff Photo by Duane Braley

Dr. Jane Hodgson



Staff Photo by Tom Sweeney

Edna Schwartz



Staff Photo by Marlin Levison

Avis Foley

of her pregnancy. Fearing the fetus was deformed, the woman wanted an abortion. Hodgson performed it and was arrested and convicted. Her appeal to the Minnesota Supreme Court stalled until after the abortion-rights case of Roe vs. Wade in 1973, when her conviction was reversed. She moved to Washington, D.C., for two years to run an abortion clinic. Among her awards is the Elizabeth Blackwell Award from the American Medical Women's Association, given in November. Her articles on abortion have been widely published.

Nellie Stone Johnson, 87, of Minneapolis, activist in labor, political, educational and civil-rights issues, former member of the National Democratic Committee, active in the Black Political and Labor Caucuses. She helped organize Minneapolis hotel and restaurant workers in the 1930s. She was a mentor to the late Hubert Humphrey on civil rights and helped many other DFL politicians. She was the first black person elected to a Minneapolis-wide office when she won a seat on the library board in 1945.

She is a board member of the State University System and is one of its representatives on the new superboard to merge three higher-education systems. She works a day or two a week at her shop, Nellie's Alterations, which she started in 1963. Among her awards is a scholarship in her name that provides aid to minority students with ties to organized labor.

Eleanor Otterness, 74, of Minneapolis, peace activist, recipient of the Marshman Watson award from the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union for her efforts in the peace movement. As far back as the 1950s, when her three sons were young, she took to heart President Dwight Eisenhower's warning that the United States should not get involved in Southeast Asia. She protested in Washington and St. Paul against the Vietnam War. Her primary work was trying to repeal the draft law.

She attended the International Conference for Women in Nairobi, Kenya, in 1985 and looks forward to the 1995 conference in China. Active in the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, she is now working on Middle East issues.

Edna Schwartz, 84, of St. Paul, activist for working women and in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment, state president of the Business and Professional Women in the 1960s, appointed member of Minnesota's first Commission on the Status of Women in 1964. She serves on the Mayor's Advisory Committee on Aging.

Her mother was a domestic. When Schwartz began working in offices at age 18, she saw that many women did as much, or more, work than men, but got little credit and less pay for it. She resented that men could treat her as a nonperson or call her "my girl." After she went to business school, she was a secretary for the local union of electrical workers and for the National Electrical Contractors Association. She tells of being humiliated because she was not allowed to stand on the red carpet or wait in the lobby of the St. Paul Men's Athletic Club when she had business meetings there in the 1960s.

Avis Foley's grandparents raised her in Aitkin, Minn. The family was the town's only black family. "My grandparents were activists in their own way," she said. "They were outgoing, proud people, and they taught me to be proud of who I am."

obstetrics and gynecology from the Mayo Clinic in 1947. She is a past president of the Minnesota Society of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. Much of her career was dedicated to improving fertility and helping women deliver healthy babies. However, during the 1960s, she said, she came to

believe that denying abortions to women was "lousy medicine."

Hodgson challenged Minnesota's abortion law in 1970 by becoming the first doctor to perform an abortion in a hospital. The patient had three children and had contracted rubella in the first month

GRACE WILSON

Perhaps Grace Wilson's varied professional career helped prepare her for her present role as President of the House Council of Teachers Homes. She worked for the Mental Health Association before joining the League of Women Voters as Legislative and Organizational Secretary for the State of Minnesota. Later, before moving to Teachers Homes, she became the Administrative Assistant for Economic Education at the University of Minnesota.

The House Council is governed by by-laws and has their annual meeting in January of each year. From the Nominating Committee's list, twelve residents are elected by an official vote of all the residents. They serve on the Board for one year.

As president of the Council, Grace is overseer of all committees and usually sits in on the first meeting of each committee. She appoints the members of the committees which meet the first Tuesday of the month. She is the chairman of the Education and Entertainment Committee. Two of their projects are exercise classes on Monday and Fridays in the morning and films shown on the VCR every other Friday afternoon.

She feels the once a month morning coffee parties are one of the most important activities. They and the monthly Bingo draw the largest attendance. The Bingo prizes are often foods such as fresh pears or homemade bran muffins.

Council members perceive the desires of the residents during both small, private and general conversations. In addition, in special circumstances, the residents may be polled for their opinion. Information is disbursed through the **INFORMER**, a monthly newsletter. Grace feels it is necessary to keep channels of communication open and listen to complaints.

Recently Grace helped start a new writing and reading group that meets twice a month. The purpose of this group is to encourage the members to do original writing. Then they read their work to the other members of the group. There has also been discussion regarding the establishment of a crafts room.

Grace really enjoys the view of Park Avenue from her living room window. She had to take an efficiency on the 4th floor when she first moved in. After one and one-half years, she got her one-bedroom. At first she missed being up high, but as President of the House Council, she finds first floor very handy in getting to the office, mail boxes, dining room and lounges for committee meetings.

She says, "It's a wonderful place to live — like an extended family," and feels lucky to be able to live at Teachers Homes.

Grace wishes people would move in at a younger age so they would have more years to enjoy Teachers Homes.



GRACE WILSON

MAJOR DONORS

We honor these contributors whose gifts over the years have helped make Teachers Homes a reality. Donations range from \$750 up to one-quarter million dollars. The names are listed in chronological order from 1957 to 1986.

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Grace Wilson, 83, advocate for patients

Grace Scofield Wilson, 83, an advocate for the rights of nursing home and mental health patients, died Wednesday at Abbott Northwestern Hospital in Minneapolis.

Wilson was a lifelong resident of Minneapolis. She was graduated from the old West High School in 1927 and attended the University of Minnesota for 3½ years before leaving to raise her three children. She returned and was graduated in 1939.

During World War II she provided nutrition information to radio listeners, and in the late 1940s she worked for the Foreign Policy Association. From 1950 to 1963 she was a legislative staffer and organizer for the League of Women Voters.

While working for the Minnesota Association for Mental Health from 1964 to 1967, she traveled throughout the state helping organize advocacy groups. She was an administrative assistant for the Minnesota State Council on Economic Education at the University of Minnesota from 1968 to 1978. In June 1963 her husband, Harold, a commercial and fine artist, suffered a brain aneurysm. He moved to a nursing home in early 1964. She joined the Nursing Home Residents Advisory Council and its subgroups.

She is survived by a son, David Scofield Wilson, of Davis, Calif.; daughters Anne Wilson Orfald, of Belleville, Ontario, and Kathleen Wilson Hensgens, of Minneapolis; a sister, Ruth Scofield Armstrong, of Escondido, Calif.; nine grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. A memorial service will be held at 2 p.m. Saturday at First Universalist Church, 5000 Girard Av. S., Minneapolis. Memorials to the church or the charity of the donor's choice are suggested. Arrangements are by the Enga White Funeral Chapel.

J.D. and Ada Rivers Celebrated 33rd Wedding Anniversary



J.D. and Ada Rivers, 729 Queen Avenue North Minneapolis celebrated their 33rd wedding anniversary Saturday, February, 10, with a quiet evening at home with their family. The Rivers have two sons, James Jr. and Aaron, one daughter Mary Smith and four grandsons, Jonathan, Todd, Jason and Nicky.

J.D. and Ada are both retired but are active in

community and political functions. 1978 was a busy year with motoring through the South with their grandsons and several week-end trips visiting relatives and friends in several states. The Rivers exchange vows every five years. They are looking forward to a joyous celebration in February 1981 with relatives and friends from many areas of the country.



Every five years since their marriage on Valentine's Day in 1946, James D. Rivers and his bride, Ada, have rededicated their lives to each other. This year they renewed their original vows of love with a formal ceremony and anniversary celebration that was quite a gala affair with Rev. Rollie Robinson officiating. Friends flew in from all over the country to help the Rivers celebrate their

thirty-fifth wedding anniversary. Even Minnesota Attorney General Warren Spannaus was there. Sam Harvey, Clarinetist and soloist Mrs. Robert (Ethel) Mitchell provided the entertainment, and the party after the ceremony favored every delicacy from blue-point oysters on the half shell to a full-grown roast suckling pig. Stephenson photo.

Rivers renew their vows with a quinquennial anniversary feast



The Rivers' children help Ada and J.D. celebrate their 35th wedding celebration. L to r

J.D. Jr., Mary Smith, Ada, J.D. and Aaron. Stephenson photo.

J.D. and Ada Rivers /

J.D. and Ada Rivers have a traditional marriage, one in which the wedding sacraments are so honored that they repeat them every five years. They marked their 37th anniversary last week.

Beginning with their 25th, the couple have hosted large celebrations at five-year intervals, and during the festivities they have renewed their marriage vows. About 388 people showed up for their last five-year celebration, said J.D., a retired navy man. The story behind these parties, he said, goes like this:

"When we got married we were so poor that her dad gave us a 25-cent cake and a pint of ice cream. She says it was a 35-cent cake, but we won't argue about that. So then, as we grew in age and understanding, at the 25th year we had over 200 people. Then in the 30th year it was a larger audience, and the 35th year still larger."

J.D. and Ada, the parents of three children and grandparents of four, live on Minneapolis's near north side. J.D. left the navy in 1960 and retired from his wine-steward job at the Radisson Hotel in 1977. Ada was a registered nurse at the old Minneapolis General Hospital until she suffered a heart attack and retired in 1963. J.D. has a kidney ailment that forces him to go to the Veterans Hospital three times a week to be hooked up to a kidney machine.

J.D. was born in Beaufort County, S.C., the son of a dirt farmer, as he describes his father. Ada's mother died when she was 9. Her father was a redcap for many years at the old Milwaukee Depot.

They met when she was a 17-year-old nursing student at the University of Minnesota, and he was an 18-year-old sailor. (They now are 57 and 58.) The meeting

place, they said, was a malt shop at Olson Hwy. and Colfax Av. N.

"I was in the navy in my nice uniform," J.D. said. "I heard that's where the girls would be—at this malt shop. So I walked in, and there were four young ladies sitting down at this booth. And I walked up to them, and I said, 'Good evening. My name is Jack Jackson from Jacksonville.' She says, 'Well, hello, Mr. Jackson.' So I says, 'Can I buy you a hamburger and a malt?' She says, 'You may buy *us* a hamburger and a malt.'" And he did.

Right away, J.D. said, he told himself, "This is the person I'm going to marry." They were married in 1946, and today they say a combination of religious faith and unselfish devotion to each other—and to others—has sustained their marriage with a minimum of stress.

"We live our faith," Ada said. "When we have a problem we pray."

One important disagreement came in 1979 when J.D. planned to "take over DFL headquarters" because he thought the party was unfair to minorities. Ada argued against that, and, "It was the first time I can remember we had a disagreement," said J.D. There was "no hollering or scratching or loud conversation—just a disagreement." (His plan was thwarted when he suffered a heart attack.)

The biggest problem leading to "short marriages," added J.D., is money. "We've never had a discussion of what is my money and what is her money. We've both worked. We've had bills to pay, and to this day she can spend anything she wants. She pays all the bills."

Then there are "the little things" J.D. and Ada do for each other. Ada, they said, lays out J.D.'s clothes in the morning, and J.D. prepares her breakfast, complete with candlelight and a flower, except on mornings when he is scheduled for the kidney machine. Candles and flowers are on the table for every meal, they said.

Romance? "It's still there," they said. Their living room is full of reminders of their 37 years together: photo albums depicting their five-year celebrations, pictures of their children, wall hangings showing them and their friends.

Near the end of a long interview, J.D. noted that what their interviewer really wanted to know was, "What makes us jell?"

He answered, "We are united as one, through Christ, or God."



Obituaries

DFL ward chairman, community volunteer J.D. Rivers dies at 63

J.D. Rivers, 63, of Minneapolis, Fifth Ward DFL chairman from 1973 to 1981 and a long-time community volunteer, died Sunday in Veterans Administration Hospital, Minneapolis. Family members said he had long suffered from a kidney ailment.

"He was always giving of himself, of his time and money," said Leona Newman, editor of the Minneapolis Spokesman-St. Paul Recorder newspapers and a longtime friend of the Rivers family. "He was the one who always kept everyone else's spirits high."

Rivers, a native of South Carolina, retired from the Navy as a chief petty officer in 1960 and moved to Minneapolis. According to his wife, Ada, and family friends, the rest of his life was spent in volunteer activities.

Rivers served on the boards of the North Community YMCA, Hospitality House, and the Minneapolis chapter of the American Red Cross.

He was a member of the Urban

League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the mayor's Black Advisory Board, the Minneapolis Park and Recreation Board and the Hennepin Av. United Methodist Church. Rivers cofounded the Greater Lake Country Food Bank, and served a term as president and as a board member.

"He spent all his days and nights helping groups and individuals," said Hy Rosen, the food bank's current president.

Rivers' volunteer work earned him awards from such groups as the Urban League, the YMCA and the Navy, which presented him with the Shipmate of the Year award and a national Fleet Reserve award for community service. The 4-H Club gave him a citation for his work setting up a community garden on Glenwood Av., in which children raised food to be donated to local food shelves.

Ten days ago, Rivers' last achievement award was presented: the Uni-



J.D. Rivers

versity of Minnesota's National Leadership Youth Council Role Model award.

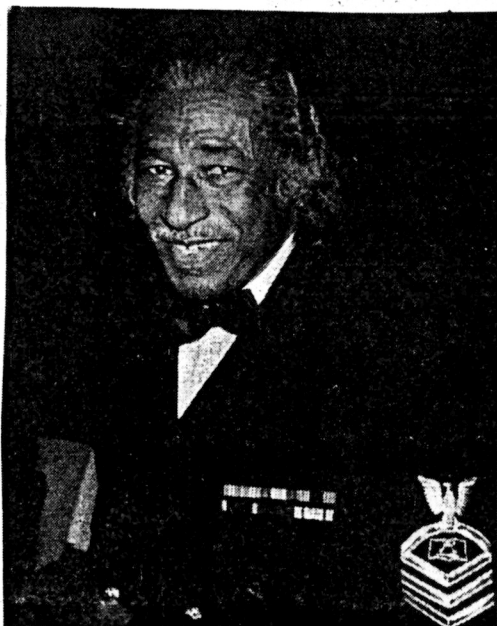
In addition to his wife, Rivers is survived by two sons, James and Aaron, a daughter, Mary Smith, four grandchildren, all of Minneapolis; one sister, Sara Watson, of New York, N.Y., and many nieces and nephews.

Funeral services are scheduled for 1 p.m. Friday at Hennepin Av. United Methodist Church, 525 Groveland Av., with burial following at Crystal Lake Cemetery. A wake will be from 5 to 8 p.m. Thursday at Estes Funeral Chapel, 1401 Plymouth Av. N.

Prominent Northside Community Activist Passed

Mr. J.D. Rivers, well-known northside resident and community activist, died of cardiac arrest on Sunday, August 30, 1987 at the Veterans Administration Hospital, Fort Snelling. He was admitted to V.A. Hospital on Monday, August 24 for cataract surgery and was released 24 hours later. Upon returning home, he became disoriented, complained of pain and was taken back to the hospital, according to daughter, Mrs. Mary Karen Smith. His condition grew worse. His blood pressure declined and no attempt to revive him after the second heart attack at 4:00pm helped.

Mr. Rivers survived on a dialysis machine for over



J.D. RIVERS, Chief Petty Officer, U.S. Navy Retired After 20 years is being buried in his uniform.

14 years and had experienced and overcome an earlier attack, earlier the Sunday morning of his death.

J.D. Rivers was born 63 years ago on April 23, 1924 in Hardeeville, South Carolina. He is survived by his wife Ada, daughter Mary Karen Smith, sons James Jr. and Aaron, 4 grandsons, a sister, Mrs. Sarah Watson of New York, and 4 nieces.

Quiet hours will be held on Thursday evening from 4:00 to 8:00pm at Estes Funeral Home, Penn and Plymouth Avenue, Minneapolis. Service will be held on Friday at 1:00pm at Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church. He will be buried at Crystal Lake Cemetery.

Dec. 2, 1987



J. D. RIVERS MEMORIAL PROGRAM "PANTRY PACS"

554 8th Avenue North
Minneapolis, MN 55411
(612) 340-9694

The picture and information provided on this letter will allow you to evaluate this wonderful program and hopefully participate.

The food items are all non-perishable and contain important nutritional value that our needy people should be using in meal preparation.

The monetary value of the Pantry Pac is approximately \$30.00. The program is geared to be self-help. The recipient will contribute \$14.95 to purchase this special package with cash or food stamps. Non profit agencies involved in food programs will act as outreach in aiding the distribution.

The present need we have is for supportive individuals, organizations and businesses to purchase one or more Pantry Pacs to make them available. Please join us in the Great American way of pride - People helping themselves - with some assistance, to make them available. The contribution for each Pantry Pac is \$20.00. Please donate generously. We need to begin our program with 500 Pacs.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Ada Rivers".

Ada Rivers
Co-Chairperson

AR/jw

Lake Country Food Bank was established in 1980 as a non-profit clearing house to gather, store, and redistribute, surplus food to qualified charitable organizations that feed the needy....in this manner helping solve the twin problem of hunger and food waste in Hennepin County and outlying communities in the state of Minnesota.

"PANTRY PACS" No refrigeration required

The contents are:

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Apple juice | Tuna |
| Apple sauce | Rice |
| Purple plums | Pinto beans (dry) |
| Chunky vegetable soup | Macaroni and cheese |
| Vegetable soup (2) | Jiffy Mix |
| Chicken noodle soup | Spaghetti noodles |
| Wax beans | Cream of mushroom soup |
| Peas | Vegetable oil |
| Instant potatoes | Saltines |
| Pork and beans (2) | Peanut butter |
| Spaghetti sauce | Oatmeal |
| Beef stew | Yellow corn meal |
| Chili con carne | Powdered milk (2 packs) |
| Carrots | |

(May vary at times)

I am pleased to donate _____ dollars for _____ Pantry Pacs. (Each Pantry Pac is \$20.00)

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE: _____



"FOND MEMORIES"



Bryn Mawr Meadows Demolition, October, 1991

The Minneapolis Park Board reports the Bryn Mawr Meadows play area re-construction has been awarded to a contractor and the demolition has begun. By next spring the work should be completed. If your children go down to the park, remember the hazards of construction sites.

J.D. RIVERS' 4H CHILDREN'S GARDEN COMPLETES FIRST DECADE OF GARDENING

Ten years ago, J.D. Rivers, a prominent north side resident, gardener and activist had a dream. He contacted the Minneapolis Park and Recreation Board and the Hennepin County Extension Service to request that a portion of land in Theodore Wirth Park be set aside for a children's garden project. In the fall of 1980 this land had been plowed, tilled, and planted with wheat as part of the centennial celebration of the Minneapolis Grain Exchange. In August of 1981 as J.D. watched the harvest of wheat, he thought of how this land could be put to future use. J.D. was a strong believer that inner city youth could benefit from the opportunity of learning how to grow their own vegetables. He felt that this experience would

benefit them in many ways including environmental awareness, land stewardship, cooperative interaction and an understanding of the food chain. He felt that the interaction of the Extension Service Urban 4H program with the Minneapolis Park and Recreation Board was an ideal way to achieve his dream.

Park commissioners and 4H Extension staff agreed, and so the garden opened for the first season in 1982. Since then, over 1,000 children have spent part of their summer learning how to grow, weed, harvest and prepare vegetables for their meals. At the same time, they have also increased their self-esteem and learned how to interact with others their age, participate in the community and share with others their harvest.

The young gardeners come from throughout the City of Minneapolis to participate in the garden project. Children enrolled in summer programs sponsored by local youth agencies are brought to the garden weekly. In addition, parents can register their children through the Minneapolis Park and Recreation Board to attend one of the weekly sessions. They all have enjoyed the fruits and nutrition of their labor while obtaining a greater understanding of the effort involved in producing food. During the 1988-89 drought, the children began to understand what farmers throughout the state were coping with in their fields, however on a smaller scale. In contrast, Mother Nature provided rain the past two springs preventing any early plantings from occurring because the soil could not be tilled due to the excess soil moisture.

As in all the previous nine seasons, the garden season concluded with its annual Harvest Festival on August 15, 1991. The children's gardens were judged by extension staff and master gardeners who had participated summer long in the education of these "young sprouts." The beaming smiles of the young gardeners as they held their 4H ribbons at the harvest festival was reason alone to prove that J.D.'s dream had been realized.



The J.D. Rivers garden project is begun in 1980.



Carol Johnson, Mary Lerman and Ada Rivers standing next to scarecrows made for the Tenth Annual Harvest Festival at the J.D. Rivers Garden Project, August 1991.



This season, several new features were added to the garden. Signage was installed that explains the focus of the garden and provides detailed information on the new herb garden. Another new addition is the daylily display garden located just west of the children's gardens. As a result, the children had an expanded garden opportunity this season--learning more about various aspects of flower gardening.

However, without the support of numerous organizations and individuals through the years, the garden project would not have gotten off the ground. The Northside Community Service Team of U.S. West, the Dayton-Hudson Foundation, Target, The Pillsbury Foundation, the Minnesota Landscape Arboretum, the Greater Lake Country Food Bank and the Pilot City Regional Center have strongly supported the garden over this past decade. Although J.D. Rivers is no longer with us, his wife, Ada, continues to monitor the garden project and lend her help and support. We look forward to the support of the Downtown Kiwanis Club as they have provided the garden with a grant to fund next summer's educator. Many, many thanks go to the master gardeners who have donated countless hours of their time to educate and assist the young gardeners over the past 10 seasons. Transplants provided by Louella Collier, Archie Caple, Debbie Stenzel, Bachman's, Klier's Nursery and Minnesota Green have helped each

child's garden off to the fast start each summer. A special thank you goes out to the nearby neighbors who have taken the garden under their wing and kept careful watch over the summer long project just as J.D. Rivers did for so many seasons.

We are looking forward to the second decade of gardening with children in J.D.'s garden in Theodore Wirth Park. Watch the garden grow next summer. It is located to the north of Glenwood Avenue at Washburn Avenue.

--Mary Maguire Lerman



Ada Rivers

Community Crime Prevention

Bob Riley

374-1138

A SPECIAL NOTE:

An incident occurred this past month of particular interest to residents of Area 6 and of Area 7. It is described in the notice below which was passed out in Areas 6 and 7.

For those who haven't seen it, please have a good look. Should it bring back any memories of odd calls you may have had in the past, or a call that might have sounded in any way similar, please give Officer Tom Sawina a call. He would be most interested in hearing from you. Should you receive such a call in the future, please call 911 immediately, and report the call in detail--it might save you, as well as the police department, a lot of trouble.

URGENT NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS!!!!!!

THIS NOTICE IS TO CALL TO YOUR ATTENTION A SERIOUS MATTER THAT HAS OCCURRED IN THE BRYN MAWR NEIGHBORHOOD

Recently a Bryn Mawr family received a phone call from a male with a **slow, deliberate, gravelly voice**. The caller asked the resident if they lived at their address. The caller did not identify himself and the resident promptly hung up. Twenty minutes later a team of police officers arrived at the home of this Bryn Mawr resident and surrounded their home with weapons drawn. The police ordered the residents out with their hands up. The police had received a call from a man with a **slow, deliberate, gravelly voice** that had reported a shooting at the Bryn Mawr family's home. **NO SUCH INCIDENT HAD OCCURRED!** The police action was necessary, based on the information they had at the time. While this was terrifying for the residents, the police were doing this for everyone's protection and the residents were treated respectfully, given the circumstances. While the

police were there, several other residents realized that they had received prank phone calls from a similar voice. These calls dated back as far as several years and made various threats: from homes burning down to predicting shootings in Bryn Mawr.

If you or any of your neighbors receive a prank phone call from a voice matching that description, all Bryn Mawr residents have been instructed by the *Minneapolis Police Department* to call 911 so that the calls can be reported. **Officer Tom Sawina** of the Neighborhood Crime Prevention/SAFE team is working on this case. If you have any information that may help put an end to this, please contact him at 673-2959 or 673-3015.

Health Spot

R.I.C.E.

An often used, but seldom successful Home Treatment for an injury is "Exercising it away". Exercise is a super form of rehabilitation after the problem has been resolved, but not during the acute injury state. Careful supervision and experienced care is needed during the initial stages of the injury to not only begin the healing process, but to prevent further injury that will hamper improvement and possibly lead to permanent problem.

After the initial injury and prior to seeing your doctor of chiropractic the most effective home care is:



Rest
Ice (15-20 minutes at a time)
Compress
Elevate the involved area if possible

This will limit the soft tissue swelling and also prevent further injury that can slow down healing time.

After an injury, your treatment time can be greatly reduced by following the simple rules of R.I.C.E.

Don't suffer needlessly . . . See Your Chiropractor!

Bryn Mawr Chiropractic 377-3248
402 Penn Ave. So. (near Cdr Lk Rd)

Mon/Wed 10-7, Fri 10-6
Emergency care available

Work/Auto/Sports Injuries

**Consult your chiropractor . . .
help your body help itself!**

under the rainbow

Born in the 1940s from the ashes of war and racial prejudice, the

Rainbow Club united

Twin Citians of different

racess and religions for

regular social events.

The friendships remain

and run deep and true.

by
Virginia Martin

If the term "cultural diversity" had existed in the 1940s, Minnesotans probably would have understood it to mean European American Catholics marrying European American Protestants. But 50 years before it was on every corporate agenda, a small group of Twin Citians was quietly living out the ideals of cultural diversity, in work and in play, in public and in private.

"Cultural diversity?" Pearl Mitchell Jackson says. "That's all we know!"

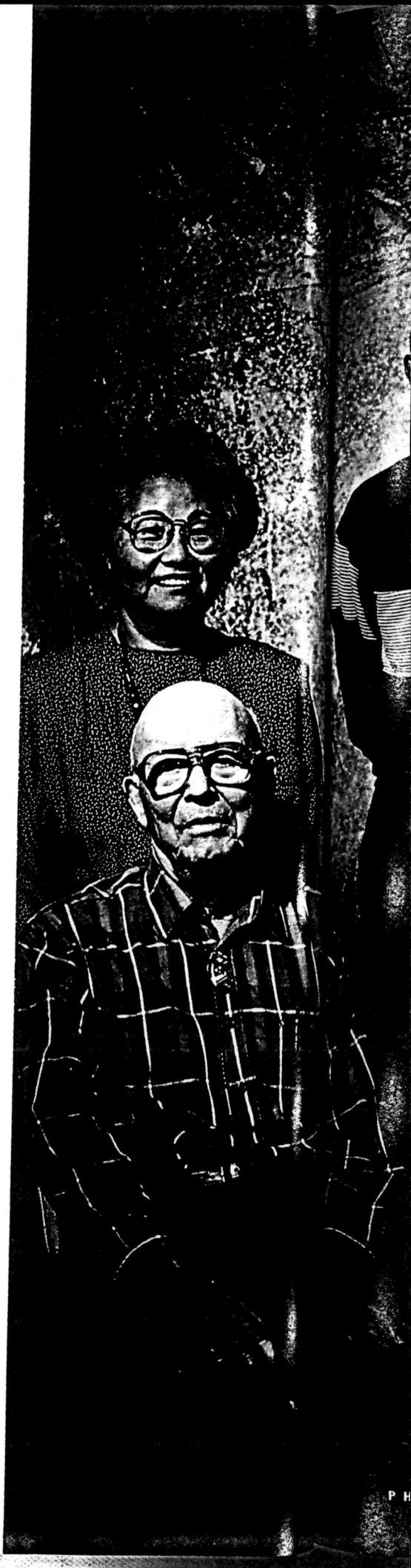
Jackson is referring to members of the Rainbow Club, an interracial, interreligious Twin Cities social group founded in the mid-1940s out of the ashes of war and racial prejudice. Jackson's parents, Bob and Eula Mitchell, were among the club's founders. Although

time, competing interests and death have diminished its numbers, nothing has diminished the purpose and principles that formed the framework of the Rainbow Club.

The Rainbow Club started life as the Twin Cities Married Couples Club, an informal organization whose origins are vague (it probably started in the early 1940s) but whose purpose was to provide a comfortable place for people to get to know others on a personal level. "If people could just get to know their brothers [sic] of other races and creeds in a normal social situation," an early member wrote in a letter to a friend, discrimination and prejudice would be "automatically eliminated."

In its time, the Rainbow Club was avant-garde. Discrimination

Some of the active Rainbow Club members gathered recently for a portrait. Front, from left: Eugene Sever, Bob Mitchell (a founding member) and Robert Lyle. Back: Mary Yoshida, Minoru Yoshida, Ethel Mitchell, Pearl Mitchell Jackson, Lorraine Sever and Elise Lyle.





PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUG KNUTSON

against minorities in the 1940s was pervasive, institutionalized and legally sanctioned. In World War II, African Americans fought not alongside their white brethren but in segregated units. And in a chapter of U.S. history many would prefer to forget, the government interned thousands of American citizens of Japanese descent in West Coast camps out of fears they were a threat to wartime national security.

Some of those Japanese Americans found themselves in Minnesota in 1942, when the U.S. government established the Japanese Military Intelligence Service Language School, first at Camp Savage and then at Fort Snelling. The soldiers were recruited primarily from internment camps, and 85 percent of the more than 6,000 graduates of the school were Nisei, Americans born of Japanese parents. Surrounded by secrecy, the school taught the soldiers the Japanese language and trained them to infiltrate, translate, interpret, interrogate and write propaganda.

In the soldiers' wake came thousands of friends and relatives who were gradually being released from West Coast camps. The government had chosen Minnesota as its site for the school because of its "favorable social climate," including a high level of tolerance. But war passions and propaganda had honed hostility toward all Japanese. Realtors refused to show the Nisei houses; apartment-building owners would not rent to them; employers would not hire them.

The war wound down, but the turmoil in the Japanese-American community did not. Nisei veterans, some of them survivors of the highly decorated Nisei 442nd Regimental Combat Team, began returning home from Europe, often to face prejudice. Couples resumed marriages or contracted

new ones; Japanese war brides were bewildered by their new language and culture; the first wave of baby boomers was born; divorce was occasionally inevitable. At the same time, Japanese culture had been turned on its head. In traditional Japanese society, the elders were the authorities. In America, young Nisei men and women raised in a new culture guided their elders.

amid this clash of cultures and generations, an Episcopal priest, the Reverend Daisuke Kitagawa, helped the Japanese community—Nisei and Issei (Japanese-born)—settle more easily into postwar American life. Japanese-educated, Father Dai, as he affectionately was called, had become a priest in the Seattle diocese and had been interned at Tule Lake, Calif. After his release in 1944, he was sent to Camp Savage to minister to the Protestant Nisei soldiers.

At times, Father Dai must have seemed to be everywhere. During the evacuation and internment, he consoled and counseled. When people were being released from internment, he helped them relocate. In Minnesota, he ministered to the Protestants, helped form the Twin City Buddhist Association and worked on behalf of Native Americans at Cass Lake, where the diocese had a summer camp.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the paths of the Twin Cities Married Couples Club and Father Dai converged, since they were headed in the same direction. With Father Dai as midwife,

Making plans for the Rainbow Club's 20th anniversary in 1965. From left: Horace Davis, Pat Battles, Bob Mitchell, Mary Yoshida, Don Battles and Oscar Mayes.



the Couples Club was reborn as the Rainbow Club and christened at a potluck supper at St. Mark's Episcopal Church parish house in Minneapolis in 1947. One of its specific missions

at the outset was to reach out a welcoming, steadying hand to the Japanese community. Artist Harold Wilson, a founder along with his wife, Grace, gave it its name: "The Rainbow Club is markedly a paradox—the colors blend and yet still stand out as individual," Wilson wrote in one of the club's year-end reports. "If you could separate all of the colors, then you would no longer have a Rainbow Club."

Rainbow Club was founded out of a sense of a "deep religious responsibility to let [the Japanese community] know how we felt about their being here," Bob Mitchell says, "so we opened our homes and invited them in." Mitchell, now 93 and the oldest Rainbow member, had cofounded one of the club's supporting groups, the St. Paul Council of Human Relations. (He was also a board member of the St. Paul Urban League and human-relations chair for the Minnesota Parent-Teacher Association.)

The Rainbow Club "made us feel like we were people," says Kimi Hara. Hara had come to the Twin Cities from Seattle in 1942, one of a handful of Nisei allowed to leave the West Coast and to hold a job because of her needed skills as a registered nurse. Hara went first to Mayo Clinic in Rochester, then to Fort Snelling at the request of the chief of the maternity section. By that time, Hara says, the Japanese-language school had been established, and it was "safe" to come to the Twin Cities. (Several years later, Hara got her master's degree in administration and eventually became assistant director of the Minnesota State Board of Nursing.)

During its heyday in the 1950s and 1960s, the club boasted 150 members who joined in such activities as square dances, sleigh rides and boat trips.



For a time, the Rainbow Club met in homes and churches. In 1949, the Episcopal Diocese bought a mansion at 2200 Blaisdell Av. S. that also became a home for the Rainbow Club. The entrance to Blaisdell House just before a gathering framed a "beautiful picture," Bob Mitchell says, as adults and children of all different races and colors entered the building.

Minoru and Mary Yoshida and their three children were often in that picture. Mary Takao Yoshida was released from the Tule Lake internment camp in 1943 after getting hired as a live-in maid for a Mrs. Butler in St. Paul. Mary Yoshida had been a 19-year-old college student in Oregon when war broke out, and she numbly followed orders to report to the camp. In St. Paul, she worked summers for Mrs. Butler and the rest of the year attended Texas Wesleyan University, where she earned her B.A. in religious education. She got a job with the YWCA and met her future husband, a soldier stationed at Fort Snelling and a graduate of the military language school. She encountered the Rainbow Club about the same time when Father Dai asked her to provide child care at the diocese's interracial summer camp at Cass Lake and she said yes.

The camp at Cass Lake, where the residents shared big unheated cabins with bats and with sheets hung between families for privacy, was just one of dozens of activities the Rainbow Club held during its heyday in the 1950s and 1960s. In these years, it grew to about 150 members, often drawing as many as 300 people, including guests, to events such as a Mississippi River boat ride. Club members spun partners in a square dance and huddled together for warmth during a subzero winter

sleigh ride. They threw Halloween parties for the children and held an annual dinner at a posh hotel where they could wear "after-five clothes." Occasionally they dined out together, although the sight of a mixed group at a restaurant often elicited curious—or even hostile—stares.

They bought blocks of tickets to a St. Paul Pops concert or an Old Log Theater play and often were introduced to—and applauded by—the rest of the audience. They shared Christmas and Hanukkah traditions. When a black Rainbow Club member died, a Jewish member sang kaddish for him.

The members' curiosity was and is reflected in a variety of programs. Elise Lyle, who taught English in the Minneapolis public schools for more than 25 years, presented a talk on "Negro" culture in the 1950s. Native Americans displayed native dress, song and dance. For a children's talent show, one member taught the children the traditional hula and its meanings.

But for most Rainbow members, the round-robin potluck suppers and monthly meetings were the heart of this "loosely structured family affair," as Hara calls the Rainbow Club. Amazingly, she says, 35 to 40 people, mostly couples with children, showed up at every meeting in the postwar years. No one had a car, and people took the streetcar, lugging a child or two and a basket for the potluck. "We would meet and go over everyday things—jobs, children....," Hara says. "We'd bring all these sleepy, crabby kids [to Rainbow] and try to discuss interesting things. We needed each other. It was all we had."

Rainbow Club never entangled itself in political movements or reform of any kind. Although many members were active in social-action groups, they kept their politics at home

when they went to Rainbow. So did Hubert H. Humphrey, mayor of Minneapolis in the 1940s, a supporter although never a member, and another former mayor, Arthur Naftalin, and his wife, Frances, who dropped in at times.

"We'd have people come into the Rainbow Club carrying the flag for something," says long-time member Eugene Sever, and the members immediately had to let them know "we were not that kind of group; we were strictly a social group."

Gene and Lorraine Sever slid naturally into the Rainbow Club. Newcomers from Kansas in 1948, they met and became friends with Mary and Min Yoshida and their three children through the Methodist church they all attended. Soon the Severs and their small daughter, Susan, were joining the Yoshidas at Cass Lake and Rainbow potlucks.

"By example, we would demonstrate that interracial and interfaith harmony is possible," Robert Lyle says. He and his wife, Elise, came to Minneapolis "from Mississippi by way of Memphis," he says, where both attended LeMoyne College. Robert Lyle, in the 1970s, became the first African-American editorial writer of a major Twin Cities daily, the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

Rainbow offered a nonjudgmental, nonpolitical atmosphere where, Susan Sever Foxwell says, "your beliefs were safe," your differences were accepted, and no one was bent upon remolding you in another image.

This accounts for the group's longevity, Jackson says. "We had no

continued on page 182

HELP!

We need a few exceptional people to contact, by phone, friends and members of

The Minneapolis Institute of Arts

so that future generations can be enriched by some of the most glorious works of art ever created.

You might be able to help us, and you'll be paid, besides!

If you'd like to learn more, please call Katy Booras at (612) 870-3263.

P.S. Evening and weekend hours are available.



WHO SAYS JUST ONE DOESN'T MATTER?

Individuals like me are special patients at The Raptor Center at the University of Minnesota, where just one does matter.

Injured eagles, falcons, hawks, owls and other rare and endangered birds need your personal contribution, too.

Schedule a visit to tour The Raptor Center's new building on the St. Paul campus, or call for more information about how you can help.

(612) 624-4745

This space contributed by MPLS./ST. PAUL Magazine as a salute to our area's nonprofit organizations.

RAINBOW CLUB

continued from page 51

axes to grind. We just came together to have a good time."

Despite this, some people insisted on reading not only political, but somewhat sinister, motives into the group. During the McCarthy era, some people decided the club must be Communist: Why else would people of all races and religions associate with each other?

Had anyone asked Rainbow Club members, they probably would have answered 50 years ago, as they do now, that cultural diversity is not new, not an aberration and not a passing fancy. *Normal* is the word that crops up in conversation after conversation. "It is normal to be with people who have a common bond because they are people," Jackson says. "Nationality, race, creed or color has nothing to do with [these friendships]."

Or, as Eugene Sever says, "The soul is all that's important."

The friendships that have evolved over the years run deep, says Shirley Keith. She and her husband, Al, joined the Rainbow Club in the 1970s to meet African-American families after adopting African-American twins. The regular potluck dinners for about 10 people often ended in long, lingering—and candid—conversations over coffee, sometimes about racial issues. "The circle suppers got very intimate," Shirley Keith says.

At the annual luncheon last spring, club members exchanged hugs, handshakes and banter. There is ease and comfort here, like that of an affectionate, extended family.

Indeed, when Susan Sever was considering marriage, she decided to "run it by Bob [Mitchell], another father to me." Mitchell met his current wife, Ethel (Eula Mitchell had died several years earlier), at a gathering at the Severs'.

Rainbow Club now has about 50 members—some of them members for as long as the club has existed. Some people left Rainbow Club after settling more comfortably into a new culture or a new city. Few Nisei remain because many returned to the West Coast and others became active in groups such as the Japanese-American Citizens League. Most of the chil-

dren, the bright focus of hopes for a more harmonious future, quit going to Rainbow Club after they entered high school and college and began to pursue careers and establish families.

But they took the Rainbow Club principles with them. Susan Sever Foxwell's work in gender equity at the University of Wisconsin-Stout, where she is research coordinator, earned her a state award in 1992. Her interest in equity is natural, emerging out of the "basic philosophical thread" the Rainbow Club has woven into her life. "There are a lot of parallels between racial and gender bias," she says, adding that "people come in all shapes, colors and sizes" and that the full range of personality types is found across all races and cultures.

This truism might have escaped her in mainstream culture, without the Rainbow experience, says Anne Wilson Orfald, daughter of Harold and Grace Wilson (both now deceased). Orfald, a former coordinator of a children's mental-health program in Ontario, is an intern minister at a Unitarian church in London, Ont.

Jackson, now a consultant on cultural diversity and human relations in the Twin Cities, says that no matter what she's doing, she is "more comfortable with a blending of people who have a normal outlook on society, a perspective that says all people should participate in whatever is going on."

Nearly 50 years after several dozen couples decided to live out their principles, discrimination and prejudice have not been "automatically eliminated," as a glance at any newspaper can tell you. Still, the United States belatedly recognized its blunder in incarcerating Nisei and Issei in World War II. The armed forces have been desegregated. Racially mixed groups of people dine out in restaurants all the time and hardly anyone cranes to get a glimpse.

But perhaps the most profound effect of the Rainbow experience is in its enrichment of individual lives. As Foxwell says: "I didn't learn that everybody else was different; I learned that we are all the same, and that our differences only enhance us." ■

Virginia Martin, of St. Paul, often writes about local history.

International Night
Nov. 1993
Bottineau Center
N.E. Minneapolis









