

# My Great Grandpa Chutaro

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This story takes place in a faraway land in the early 1900's. This is the story of my Great Grandpa Chutaro from Japan.

I was thinking hard in my dim lit room. I was elected the mayor of my town. I supported poor families and helped unionize our farmers but I'm most proud of the high school in our town that I established. I believe that everyone should have the chance to get an education.

I sat at my desk and put my hands over my eyes. I took a deep breath and sighed. I have three young daughters. Most girls don't go to school past elementary. Instead, they learn how to cook, sew, and care for children. Only boys get to go to school. It didn't seem right. I wanted my daughters to have the same opportunities as boys. But how could I make this wish come true?

How could I convince people that women can do much more than just be homemakers? What would people think if girls were in the classroom? Would they be teased? Would it be hard for them to find a husband one day?



"Time for dinner!" my wife told me through the door. I could already smell the wonderful aroma of her delicious udon.

“Alright” I responded and started to get up. I would have to think about how to accomplish my goals after filling my belly with warm noodles. I started to walk through the door and saw them, all three of my little girls giggling with happy faces. I smiled back at them. Right then and there, I knew what I had to do. I had to stand up for them. I would tell them to stay in school and to keep learning, even if it meant that they might not be able to cook or sew properly. If educated, they could give back much more to our community and have fulfilling lives. I vowed to use my money and pay for the college tuition for all of my children, no matter what.



And so he did. In the end, my Great Grandpa had ten children. Six girls and four boys and every single one of them graduated from college, including his daughters.

The high school that he established still stands to this day. After his death, the people of his town built a monument to honor him. I hope one day I can go there and see the monument that was built for him. I would like to touch the monument and look up to the sky and tell him “thank you” for believing in girls and for pushing us forward.



One hundred years later, it seems that women are still fighting for equal rights. My Great Grandpa started to fight for us a long time ago. As his great granddaughter, I feel that it is my duty to graduate from college too. I will try my very best to make him proud.

