

<i>Individual(s), description</i>	<i>Importance of this example</i>	<i>Comments, notes</i>
Thelma Buchholdt (1935-2007), lawyer & politician, promoter of Filipino Americans in Alaska	Identifying similarities between Asian and European immigrants who left their homelands for a better life in America	
Lalu Nathoy, aka Polly Bemis (1852-1933), builder of a life for herself in an interracial marriage in Idaho	Allowing us to sympathize with the difficult lives of immigrant Chinese women	
Debu Majumdar (2000), citizen adjusting to cultural differences between India and America, also in Idaho	Describing how others perceive Americans	
Elementary school children (2006), in New Mexico, performers in an opera about Japanese internment in WWII	Demonstrating creative ways to process tragedies of “the other”	
Tibetan refugees , (1960s – present), emigrants in a Santa Fe/Albuquerque cluster site	Allowing us to empathize with those who were forced to leave their homeland	
Vietnamese refugees (1970s –present), developers of the fishing industry in Louisiana	Discerning old and new immigration patterns	
Vachel Lindsay (1879 – 1931), Illinois poet who wrote “A Chinese Nightingale”	Imagining immigrant laborers reminiscing about their homeland	
Tatsu Aoki (1974 –present), community activist and jazz musician in Chicago	Infusing Asian tradition with American pop culture	
James Oglethorpe (1696 – 1785), British general, founder of the colony of Georgia, designer of Savannah’s city plan	Excavating Chinese innovations that were part of the building of America	
Young John Allen (1836 – 1907), prominent Georgian and China missionary	Reflecting upon how we transfer our ideals and values to China	
Madame Chiang Kai-shek (1897 – 2003), first lady of the Republic of China, student in Macon, Georgia	Representing many facets (economics, politics, culture, human curiosity, fear of “the other) of America’s China policy	
Beatrice Hood Stroup (1908 – 2006) military officer in Japan, civic leader in Georgia	Demonstrating how international experiences enrich the local context	
Edith Eliza Farnsworth	Being a role model for	

(1928 – 2007) linguist, State Department analyst, mother of Maryland Congressman Chris Van Hollen	women in international careers	
Captain John O’Donnell (1749–1805), China trader in the East India Company, early Baltimore settler	Providing us with a narrative of high adventure in foreign lands	
William T. Walters (1819-1894), merchant, engineer, art collector	Increasing our appreciation of the artistic skills of other cultures	
The Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 –1882) museum and Mao Zedong (1893 – 1976) statue in Maine	Allowing us to realize changing perceptions of international relations and world affairs	
Honorable Mentions		
Burmese Studies Center at Northern Illinois University	Enabling us to find Asia in all the “wrong” places	
Fred Agnew Birchmore (1911-), lawyer, bicyclist, civic leader	Affirming our pioneering (im)pulse	

A Chinese Nightingale

"How, how," he said. "Friend Chang," I said,
"San Francisco sleeps as the dead --
 Ended license, lust and play:
 Why do you iron the night away?
Your big clock speaks with a deadly sound,
With a tick and a wail till dawn comes round.
While the monster shadows glower and creep,
 What can be better for man than sleep?"

"I will tell you a secret," Chang replied;
 "My breast with vision is satisfied,
And I see green trees and fluttering wings,
And my deathless bird from Shanghai sings."
 Then he lit five fire-crackers in a pan.
"Pop, pop," said the fire-crackers, "cra-cra-crack."
 He lit a joss stick long and black.
Then the proud gray joss in the corner stirred;
 On his wrist appeared a gray small bird,
And this was the song of the gray small bird:
 "Where is the princess, loved forever,
 Who made Chang first of the kings of men?"

 And the joss in the corner stirred again;
And the carved dog, curled in his arms, awoke,
Barked forth a smoke-cloud that whirled and broke.
 It piled in a maze round the ironing-place,
 And there on the snowy table wide
 Stood a Chinese lady of high degree,
With a scornful, witching, tea-rose face . . .
 Yet she put away all form and pride,
 And laid her glimmering veil aside
With a childlike smile for Chang and for me.

 The walls fell back, night was aflower,
 The table gleamed in a moonlit bower,
While Chang, with a countenance carved of stone,
 Ironed and ironed, all alone.
And thus she sang to the busy man Chang:
 "Have you forgotten . . .
 Deep in the ages, long, long ago,
I was your sweetheart, there on the sand --
 Storm-worn beach of the Chinese land?
 We sold our grain in the peacock town
Built on the edge of the sea-sands brown --
Built on the edge of the sea-sands brown . . .

(An excerpt from Vachel Lindsay's 1915 poem)