



National Council
for Japanese American Redress
NEWSLETTER

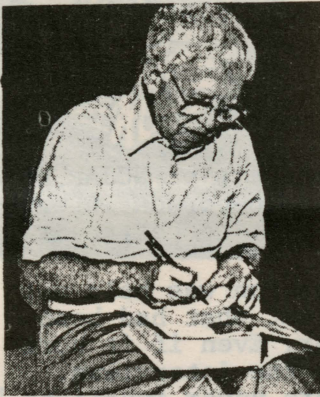
VOLUME VII
NUMBER 4

Dear Friends,

June 1985

We have learned that the hearing for our appeal will not happen in the summer months of June, July, and August, extending our months of waiting into seasons. (Judge Oberdorfer ordered the motion to dismiss our lawsuit on May 18, 1984. We filed our appeal of his decision on July 12, 1984.) But surprise and excitement remind us that life continues with its delights. We received a thousand dollars from a friend who thereby becomes our 38th ronin. Like a writer, housewife, scientist, and architect, she chooses to remain an anonymous ronin. We are extremely grateful for her generous support.

Another delightful surprise was a wonderful collection of tanka poems translated from the Japanese of Hawaiian Issei who were interned during World War II. It is called Poets Behind Barbed Wire, and was sent to us in a special, Japanese-style hand-bound copy by Arnold T. Hiura, editor of the Hawaii Herald newspaper. With Mr. Hiura's kind permission, we will print some of these poems in our newsletters so you, too, can enjoy them. We have paper-bound copies of the collection available for six dollars, postage paid.

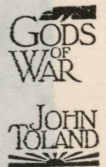


And then there was the memorable May evening the NCJAR board had with John and Toshiko Toland. The Tolands were in Chicago to promote the sale of John's latest book, Gods of War. The board held a potluck dinner for them at the home of Haru and Sam Ozaki. As a proper Nisei, I thought I should read the novel before their arrival. Pressed at first, my sense of propriety was quickly overtaken by a compelling story of the Pacific between Japan and the U.S. told through the experiences of a Japanese and an American family. I read it over a long weekend—which is how John thought it should be read.

Toland is, of course, the Pulitzer Prize winning historian of The Rising Sun. He has written many other histories, including Infamy, a critical analysis of Pearl Harbor. He admits to becoming Japanized. He is as good a storyteller in person as in writing. Toshiko, a recently naturalized American from Japan, was interested in meeting Japanese-Americans. She is his indispensable translator.

I suspect that her translations extend beyond words to the mind-spirit of Japan that one finds well-explored in Toland's latest work.

I strongly recommend Gods of War. I felt for the first time that I was seeing the war from both sides, with a strange sense of involved objectivity, participating in the heroics of the U.S. Marines as they battled from island to island, suffering with the victims of the Bataan Death March, overwhelmed by the horror of the fire-bombing of Tokyo and the death and destruction of Nagasaki's atomic bombing. He writes from the personal experiences accumulated from many interviews, so that while the characters are fictional, the events are not. And this gives the novel a special quality and power. It's a story sure to enlighten and self-inform.



The redoubtable Herzigs will be on the West Coast this summer. If you get the chance, try to meet Jack and Aiko. They will be in Seattle for the important Hirabayashi evidentiary hearing. We'll get a good look at the government's cards. We know that the government is beginning to rely heavily on the Magic intercepts. ("Magic was the successful effort by the U.S. to intercept and decode Japanese diplomatic transmissions.) Jack is one of the most knowledgeable persons on Magic. The Herzigs will also be in San Francisco, San Jose, and Los Angeles.

Continued on page 2

Continued from page 1

Finally, for those who would like to read an objective summary of the redress movement as well as a good review of John Tateishi's oral history, And Justice for All, you will find it in Phil Nash's article reprinted from the Yale Law Journal of January 1985. Phil has generously contributed copies to us for fund-raising. In addition to being an attorney and teacher, Phil writes regularly for the New York Nichibei.

We're blessed with many friends—including you—which is one big reason we keep on keepin' on.

Peace,

William Hohri

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- NOTE: If you do not wish to have your name listed, please indicate when you remit.

TOLANDS SPECIAL GUESTS OF NCJAR

An interesting aspect of John Toland's conversation with members of NCJAR during the evening of Thursday, May 16, dealt with his person-to-person interviews. For example, by allowing those whom he interviewed ample time to get their thoughts together—gave added depth to the stories being told.

When he interviewed former Japanese naval officers, the session was held not just once, but five or six times. Or whatever it took to draw out what had been kept within themselves all these years since the end of the war. Even if it hurt to speak out, their emotions were not allowed to be stifled in the interviews. Each session lasted from ten to twelve hours. "The Japanese were never impatient," Toland said.

As a young man growing up in America, Toland said "he had no culture to equate with" until he became acquainted with Toshiko. When asked, "How he met her? He answered by saying that "it began in 1960" when he arrived in Japan from Hong Kong. (He was 48 years old at the time.) When Toshiko first saw John, she was impressed by his casual attire and immediately took a liking to him. Soon thereafter, they were married. Toshiko later told John that in her eyes, his *baggy* suit "showed he had no vanity." (Toland's suitcase was stolen when he was in Hong Kong.)



Regarding redress, the author stated, "I go along with the lawsuit and the legislative redress bills." His reminder was: "Seeking redress is an American issue."

The Tolands were here in Chicago for the Lincolnwood Library Literary Festival held on May 18 and 19.

Home base for Toshiko and John is Danbury, Connecticut. They have a daughter, Tamiko.

By Eddie Sato

The tanka poems in POETS BEHIND BARBED WIRE were written by: Keiho Soga
Taisanboku Mori
Sojin Takei
Muin Ozaki

THE ARREST

ko no negao ni
wakarete samuku
hikare yuku
yami shojyo to
ame furi idenu

I bid farewell
To the faces of my sleeping children
As I am taken prisoner
Into the cold night rain

鉄
柵
内
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詩
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ち

The poems
were edited
and translated
by Jiro Nakano
and Kay Nakano

Tanka poet Muin Otokichi Ozaki was born in Ikegawa-cho, Kochi-ken in 1904. He came to the "Big Island" of Hawaii at the age of 12 after completing elementary school in Japan. Commuting from the village of Kauleau, he completed high school in Hilo besides attending Japanese language school.

In 1920, he worked for the Hawaii Mainichi (Japanese language newspaper) as a clerk. Three years later, Ozaki began his teaching career at the Hilo Dokuritsu Gakko, where he taught school until December 1941. When the first Hilo tanka poetry club was formed in 1923, he was the youngest charter member at the age of 19.

When Muin Ozaki was arrested by the FBI on December 7, 1941 and sent to Volcano Military Camp, that was to be the beginning of four years of internment—of being transferred—from camp to camp: from Sand Island, Hawaii; to *Angel Island*, California; to Fort Sill, Oklahoma; to Camp Livingston, Louisiana; and to Santa Fe, New Mexico. In February 1943, Ozaki was reunited with his family at Jerome, Arkansas. But after two months, they were transferred to Tule Lake. There they remained until the end of the war.

During his internment, he recorded his impressions in thousands of tanka poems. He managed to write approximately 200 poems per sheet in minute handwriting on thin paper stationery which could be easily carried around without official notice.

VOLCANO MILITARY CAMP

shokudo ni
kayou nomi fumu
daichi nari
ajiwau gotoku
fumite ayumeri

As if to relish
Each step I take
On this great earth,
I walk—
To the mess hall.
The only walk allowed.

After the war ended, Ozaki and his family returned to Honolulu in December 1945. From 1947 to 1977, he worked at the Hawaii Times, where he eventually became the business manager. In 1947, he joined the Choon-shisha Tanka Poetry Club. During this period, his article on the internment was published by a prestigious literary magazine in Japan, the Bungei Shunjiyu.

His unpretentious personality attracted many top people from the entertainment and literary world in Japan who eagerly sought his friendship.

Recovering from a stroke suffered in 1981, Ozaki lives with his wife, Hideko, in their Manoa home in Honolulu.

- NOTE: Tanka is the shortest poetic form in the world, next to haiku. It originated in fifth-century Japan.

Poets Behind Barbed Wire is listed with the other books on page 9.

- Like Ellis Island in New York, Angel Island was the port of entry for immigrants from the Orient. Located north of Alcatraz, it is the largest island in San Francisco Bay. The following articles (below) tie together the story of *Angel Island* as noted in the bio' of poet Muin Ozaki.

Transferred into small tugboats, they sailed past Oakland, Berkeley and Richmond to Angel Island which housed the Quarantine Station. Some of the men had never seen San Francisco, and this glimpse of the city and its environs reminded them of the misty hills of Japan.

The men didn't mind being photographed, fingerprinted, and examined in the nude for "infectious diseases." This took from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. It was cold, a damp clinging cold. After their clothes and duffel bags had been examined, they were each given two blankets and told to go upstairs to rest. It seemed like they were back at the Immigration Station in Honolulu, but now when they took a hot shower, used the toilet, or did their laundry, these simple acts were indeed luxuries.

Angel Island was a continuation of the fairyland that was called San Francisco. Birds welcomed them in the morning, and cherry and acacia trees bloomed in pink and white glory. Such beauty, after ten days in the confining walls of the ship's hold, made them drunk with joy.

But how many tears of frustration, of fear, of sorrow must have fallen at this Station! The building, old and deteriorating had been used to receive Oriental immigrants for some 75 years.

Today, in March 1942, the Station was packed solid. Like the Immigration Station in Honolulu, this one had three-tiered bed-shelves lining the walls. Men also slept on their blankets on the floor. They were so crowded, 140 to a room, that they could hardly move.

By Patsy Sumie Saiki
from *Ganbare!*

H O N O R I N G T H E I S S E I

SAN FRANCISCO—On April 20, a chilly, blustery Saturday, a crowd estimated at 350 to 500 attended the dedication ceremony on *Angel Island* for the photo exhibit honoring the Issei. It was produced by the National Japanese American Historical Society, Go For Broke, Inc.

Hisazo Honda, an Issei now living in Richmond, was one of those who spent a night at the Angel Island immigration station. He left Kobe, Japan for the United States in 1917. He recalled that there were 300 picture brides on the boat he traveled on and that Angel Island officials checked the eye and bowel movements of the immigrants. He remembered feeling "very happy" about being in America.

Ann Hotta, a Sansei who works as a children's librarian at the Oakland Asian branch library, said she wanted to "know more about the Issei and their lives here. It's important to gain a sense of one's own history because the community is made up not only of people here and now, but of the people who have gone before us, their thoughts, values and feelings." She added that it was necessary to "keep tradition alive, this awareness of people who came before me, because the Issei are not going to be here forever." She considered it a privilege to see the exhibit "and share the exhibit with them."

The keynote speaker, Rep. Norman Y. Mineta (D-San Jose), spoke of the "strange and yet familiar faces" in the photographs, which he found "representative of the people we know." When the Issei arrived on Angel Island, Mineta said, "For many of those who came, it was the first time they lived in barracks, but sadly, it was not to be the last."

According to Eric Saul, curator of the Presidio Museum, the exhibit will appear at the National Museum of Natural History of the Smithsonian Institution for the bicentennial celebration of the U.S. Constitution in September 1987.

A resolution was approved by Mayor Dianne Feinstein declaring April 29, 1985 as "Return to Angel Island Day" in honor of the Issei.

By Richard Oyama
HOKUBEI MAINICHI

- The edited article (below) is from Gene Oishi's "The Anxiety of Being Japanese-American" which appeared in the Sunday magazine supplement of the April 28, 1985 New York Times. Oishi is managing editor of Action Line, a publication of the Maryland State Teachers Association.

Discomfort and Fear

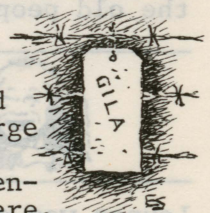
When I traveled around the country in the spring of 1983 interviewing Japanese of all ages and in a wide variety of occupations, I had not yet plumbed the emotional depths of the internment experience. Nor did I start out with the intention of doing so. My plan was to flesh out what social scientists had been saying for the last two decades; that Japanese-Americans are an extraordinarily successful ethnic group. As a group (there are about 700,000 Japanese in the United States), they are for the most part prosperous, well-educated and are rapidly joining the mainstream of middle-class life. But in the course of my interviews, I began to notice in myself as well as those I interviewed an intense discomfort with the "model minority" theme.

Chris Iijima, a teacher and politically oriented folk singer in New York, articulated this discomfort for me in a rational way. Every stereotype, he said, has a "flip side." Hard-working can become ruthless. Resourceful and ingenious can become diabolical. Friendly can become sneaky. Dedicated can become fanatical. What Iijima said struck a chord in me, for within my own lifetime I have seen the Japanese stereotype among the American public turn from negative to positive, and there are signs that as a result of economic competition with Japan, it might flip again as more Americans view Japan as a threat to their livelihood.

Later, as I thought about Iijima's observation and my reaction to it, I began to understand that the reason for my near-breakdown before the Congressional commission was fear. I was speaking to a commission that represented in my mind the same type of officialdom that in 1942 could not see past the color of our skin and the shape of our eyes and noses and concluded that we were actual or potential enemies.

It was in Arizona (April 1984), at the scene of my wartime internment, that I began to suspect that our discomfort with stereotypes, even positive ones, was rooted in fear. For the first time, I began to get a sense of how fear had ruled much of my life and perhaps the lives of most of my generation.

I was surprised by the ease with which I found the old campsite in the Gila River Indian Reservation, about 30 miles north of Phoenix. The barracks were gone, but the concrete foundation blocks, with twisted and rusted steel flanges clinging to them, were still there, as were the large slabs of concrete that once were the floors of the mess halls. From the butte I had often climbed as a child, I could see a cattle farm and green-ing fields in the distance. None of this had existed when I first was here. At that time, there was nothing but desert wilderness as far as the eye could see. I felt high indignation; they were ruining my desert, encroaching on that precious isolation that had provided a measure of safety for me as a child. I realized then that I had not wanted to leave the camp. The desert, with its primitive desolation and extremes of weather, can be frightening at times, but it was not as frightening to me as the uncertainties and ambiguities of the world from which I had been ejected.



For the first nine years of my life, my home had been Guadalupe, a small farming community in California's Santa Maria Valley. My father, who was a prominent farmer and civic leader in the Japanese community, was arrested early in the morning on December 8, 1941, within 24 hours after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Though he was never charged with any crime, he thought he was going to be executed and so he wrote a letter of farewell to his family from a cell in Santa Barbara County Jail.

Although my father and other community leaders arrested with him were not killed, many of the older Japanese feared they were being sent to extermination camps as the general "evacuation" began on the West Coast several months later. These fears I learned much later, but I got a hint of them at the time from my mother's

Continued from page 5

perpetually furrowed brow, from the sound of her crying at night and from her hair, which seemed to have turned gray overnight.

Upon our return to Guadalupe. I recall the first words spoken to me when I met a former schoolmate. He had been a friend before the war and I had often gone to his house to play. "Hi Norman," I said. "Remember me? I'm Gene." Norman stared for some time. I waited for a smile of recognition that never came. Instead, he tilted his head back a little and asked with a sniff, "All you Japs coming back?"

I eventually got over Norman's rude welcome. I graduated from high school, served in the Army, went to college, got married to a Swiss woman, moved to the East Coast and began a career as a newspaper reporter. I lived in a white neighborhood, had white friends and for long stretches of time would forget I was Japanese. I would feel extremely uncomfortable when inevitably I would be reminded of it.

For years I thought I was unusual in my reactions, but as I interviewed Japanese around the country, I discovered I was more typical than not of the generation of so-called Nisei who grew up in the 1930's and 40's and were interned with their immigrant parents.

Amy Iwasaki Mass, a Nisei who is a clinical social worker and instructor at Whittier College, in Whittier, California, has worked with many Nisei as a therapist and concludes that the internment experience continues to be "a real attack on our sense of well being and our self esteem." She observed, as others have, that some Nisei have shed their ethnic identity and have merged into the white mainstream. "What is sacrificed is the individual's own self-acceptance," she said. "It places an exaggerated emphasis on surface qualities, such as a pleasant non-offensive manner, neat grooming and appearance, nice homes, nice cars and well behaved children." A further misfortune, she said is that many Nisei have passed on their basic insecurity to their Sansei children.

Some Sansei, however, have managed to break out of such a Nisei mold. One of them is Steve Nakajo, a familiar figure on the streets of San Francisco's Japantown. His generous girth decked out in jeans and sneakers, he walks the streets with a swagger reminiscent of a sumo wrestler. He founded Kimochi Inc. to help the people of Japantown. One of the first projects was a movie escort service. Sansei wearing yellow and black happi coats, walked or drove Issei—first generation immigrants—to and from Japanese movie theaters. This proved to be a popular service because of the old people's fear of street crime. Later, the Kimochi (which means "feeling")



■ Kimochi Lounge is featured in the public television documentary, "Japanese Americans: Invisible Citizens."



Lounge was opened, where Issei could congregate, find reading materials, take up handicrafts and receive counseling for social services. A nutrition program was started as part of the federally financed meal program. Kimochi's crowning achievement, so far, is a \$1.3 million, 20-bed facility for elderly Japanese. It was built entirely with private contributions, mostly from individuals, but with some corporate and foundation grants.

There are those who say that the internment benefited the Japanese by dispersing them throughout the country and making them more familiar and acceptable to other Americans. Such people ignore the damage done to the Japanese sense of family and to generational ties that Sansei like Nakajo are trying to restore.

I am one of those whose trauma was real, and in recent years I have struggled with the thought of my father's humiliation and downfall. When we returned to Guadalupe after the war, he and my mother went to work as field laborers. Contrary to the Japanese stereotype, my father was a man who freely vented his feelings. A devotee of Kabuki theater, he would be moved to tears by tales of death, sacrifice and downfall. Yet he never complained about his own economic ruin and loss of status. He carried on as if none of that really mattered. It is only in recent years, long after his death, that I have grown to appreciate his courage and to understand that if the authorities indeed wanted to emasculate him, they did not succeed. When I am able to accept that, perhaps my long night of fear will finally come to an end. □

GENE OISHI

National Historic Landmark

In a ceremony held near the monument marking the location of the camp cemetery, a bronze plaque was unveiled on April 27 during the 16th annual Manzanar Pilgrimage. The plaque read:

MANZANAR HAS BEEN DESIGNATED A NATIONAL HISTORIC LANDMARK.
THIS SITE POSSESSED NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE IN COMMEMORATING
THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
1985 NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.



Making the presentation of the plaque was Jerry Rogers, associate director for cultural resources for the National Park Service. Accepting the plaque on behalf of the City of Los Angeles was (10th district) city councilman David Cunningham who represented Mayor Tom Bradley. Rogers noted that the National Park Service has long had a "special interest" in Manzanar, because internees from there volunteered in helping to improve and maintain nearby Death Valley National Monument during the war. According to Rogers, the designation of Manzanar as a national landmark is an exception, because places less than 50 years old are rarely given that distinction. The former internment camp is one of about 1,600 National Historic Landmarks nationwide and the 75th in California.

Manzanar Committee chair Sue Kunitomi Embrey said, "The pilgrimage was not only for former Manzanar internees and historians, but it was a symbolic trip to honor all internees of all camps."

Warren Furutani of the Manzanar Committee told non-internees in the audience, "To think about living out here in these conditions (desert heat) for two, three, four years.... And you don't have the choice of getting into your air-conditioned car and driving home to Los Angeles.... That you didn't know when you were going to leave."

"Experiencing the environment in which the internees had to live should create not only a respect for the people that endured, but also energy to make sure that... (They) receive the justice that is due them," Furutani said.

The pilgrimage also paid tribute to photographer Ansel Adams on the first anniversary of his death, April 26, 1984. Adam's pictorial study of Manzanar and its people, "Born Free and Equal," was censored more than 40 years ago and is now being seen by the American public for the first time.

Among those attending the pilgrimage were Hannah Holmes, her husband Dwight, and Hannah's older sister, Ruth. Hannah had a 50" X 120" display of news clippings and memorabilia collected from Linda Banner, LA Public Library and Harry Ueno. The group of pictures included: 100th/ 442nd/ MIS; Memorial Day 1982; Manzanar Pilgrimage; and the activities of NCJAR and NCR/R.

One of Ueno's World War II newspaper headlines read:

AFTER FATAL RIOTING; 10 SHOT AS TROOPS
FIRE INTO ANGRY MOB OF 4,000

Also in Hannah's possession was a poster of the Bill of Rights. Marked in yellow were seven of ten amendments which the U.S. government violated when those interned were incarcerated behind barbed wire in America's concentration camps. Two TV camera men had their minicams shooting her posters. She said that some of the elder Nisei men and women were carefully studying the Bill of Rights.

Hannah Holmes places a handmade padded kitty in an area of the cemetery (right) in memory of Tom Watanabe's wife and twin daughters who died in camp and were buried in Manzanar. Next to Hannah (wearing hat), is Sue Embrey.



EISENHOWER FAULTS ROOSEVELT FOR INTERNING JAPANESE AMERICANS

The first director of the War Relocation Authority (WRA), Milton S. Eisenhower died on May 2, 1985, in Baltimore, Maryland at John Hopkins Hospital. He was 85.

Born in Abilene, Kansas, he was the last of seven children, all sons, of David and Ida Stover Eisenhower. Milton Eisenhower served eight presidents of the United States from Calvin Coolidge to Richard M. Nixon. He was also the president of Kansas State University, Penn State University and John Hopkins University.

Dwight D. Eisenhower while president said, "I think I would rather take Milton's views than those of anyone else. He's a unique brother. He's got the respect of all the older ones." Pres. Eisenhower often hailed his younger brother as the "bright one in the family."

Eisenhower faulted Franklin D. Roosevelt for interning Japanese Americans in the anger which followed the attack on Pearl Harbor. He wrote in his memoirs that the action subjected the evacuees to "indignities of historic proportions" and the internment "need not have happened." In his book, *The President is Calling*, written in 1974, Eisenhower declared that the evacuation and internment was "an inhuman mistake." Americans of Japanese ancestry "were stripped of their rights and freedoms and treated like enemy prisoners of war. For 120,000 Japanese, the evacuation was a bad dream come to pass."

MATSUNAGA INTRODUCES SENATE REDRESS BILL S1053

WASHINGTON—Senate redress bill S1053 was introduced by Sen. Spark Matsunaga (D-Hawaii) along with 25 co-sponsors on May 2, 1985. Like S2116, which was introduced in Congress in 1983, S1053 abides with the recommendations of the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians.

For the surviving 55,000 to 60,000 internees, the bill would provide a one-time payment of \$20,000 for individual losses and damages; establish a trust fund for humanitarian and public educational purposes; and require that Congress and the President apologize to Japanese Americans for the internment. Similar restitution would be provided for Alaskan Aleuts who were removed from their villages and held in abandoned canneries and mines during the war.

Since the number 100 was taken for another bill, the hopes of honoring the 100th Infantry Battalion was not possible. In the House, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team was honored with redress bill HR 442.

GOOD GUYS AND BAD GUYS

In light of the films being made of the Vietnam War, it is heartening that a movie critic such as Gene Siskel of the Chicago Tribune reminds readers that motion pictures can subtly influence moviegoers. In Siskel's closing paragraphs from his *Tempo* article "Cinematic Soldiering Whitewashes Vietnam," he writes:

"In 'Rambo,' as well as in 'Uncommon Valor' and 'Missing in Action,' we're back to the image of the Yellow Peril, to the notion that white is right and other colors are wrong. Foreign characters often are not even given names in these films and often their faces are obscured to better display them as the undifferentiated enemy.

"To the degree that films like 'Rambo' perpetrate racism based on color, the fact that they are immensely entertaining as action pictures may be a minor point.

"Films such as 'Rambo' encourages violence more than peace, even though Rambo's final speech properly talks of love for America and love for the soldiers who fought in her name."

- **CORRECTION:** In Meet the Plaintiffs story on Kumao Toda, Toda's good friend is the Rev. Kiyoshiro Tokunaga and not Kiyoshiri as printed in the May newsletter, e.s.

LETTERS

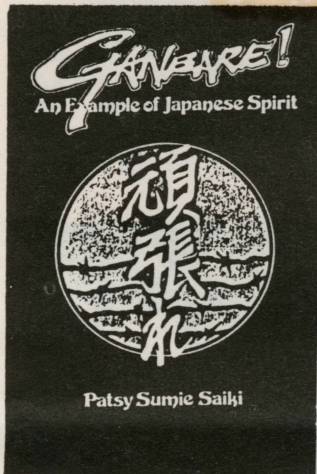
MORE ON THE HORSE'S MOUTH

The danger of the mentality of the George Yoshinagas (printed in last month's newsletter) is that it encourages the mentality of the S.I. Hayakawas to call our detention experience a "vacation."

Camp reunions serve to renew some close relationships we developed. We needed each other. If we must say we had some good times, as some indeed did, it is imperative as responsible citizens that we preface statements like this with the fact that the whole experience should never have happened in the first place, ACCORDING TO LAW. Since it did, we tried to make the best of a horrendous situation to keep our sanity.

Yoshinaga was a "yogore" type (derogatory Japanese term for "bum") in our camp. For his information, I was 17 and a college student when I was incarcerated.

Kiku Funabiki San Francisco



To me, George Yoshinaga was a camp bully. He was in the same high school grade as I was; and I remember him interrupting my English class, confronting the teacher and yelling at her for giving him a failing grade. He just barged in, was arrogant, just an unmannered bully who thought he was hot stuff.

As in all groups under duress, bums and pushers will arise. In camp, because everyone was Japanese and the whites a minority, there were these toughs who took advantage and tried to become king of the hill.

George Yoshinaga has not changed. We'll always have his gang of camp followers. There are all kinds of cages with wires. He should be in one of them where he is most comfortable.

J. K. Kawamoto

THANK YOU and we wish you the best in this battle.

Ganbare nasai !

Sue S. Koyama John J. Kramer

NCJAR newsletter

editor: Eddie Sato

staff: Emi Fujii Winifred McGill Doris Sato

AVAILABLE THROUGH NCJAR

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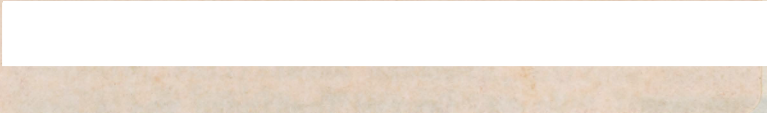
- List of items for sale including books like 'JUSTICE AT WAR', 'OBASAN', 'YEARS OF INFAMY', 'YANKEE SAMURAI', 'GANBARE!', 'MINISTRY IN THE ASSEMBLY AND RELOCATION CENTERS OF WORLD WAR II', 'POETS BEHIND BARBED WIRE', 'CAMP NOTES and Other Poems', 'NCJAR COMPLAINT', 'MOVING FOR REDRESS', 'T-Shirts', 'Buttons', and 'Briefcases' with their respective prices.

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