

Crystal City Chatter

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2013 Las Vegas Bus Trip

Toni Tomita

There were only 14 passengers getting on from Gardena this year. Missed Sumi and her family and those who passed away recently -- Ty Nakamura, Tilly Hatanaka and Akemi Yasuda. But out Host with the most -- delicious wines, Mas Okabe, and his cookie lady, Shirley, with her tray of cruncy and soft mouth watering cookies kept our spirits high!!!

Altogether, there were about 25 Crystal City internees, spouses and friends among the 54 persons on the bus. When we gathered at the Main Street buffet on Wednesday, it was good to see Tayeko (Ogawa) Kurashige and her niece, Carol Sasaki, from San Jose, along with Tayeko's son, Jim, who is a police officer in Las Vegas. Mas said June Maeda from Chicago would be flying in with her daughters, Ann and Leslie. They had a family reunion as June's son, Ray, flew in from Utah too!. And our faithful friends driving from San Diego, Ken and Alice Matsumoto -- always good to see their smiling faces!!

Everyone on the bus was invited to eat dinner at the buffet and it was good to see the CC folks mingle with my enior Club members. It's true about the theory of "6 DEgrees of Separation", -- many found a connection amongst themselves. Sab Takata worked at the same company as Betty Fukunaga's sister, Ruby Sakurai, Sachi Yoshida discovered that her older sister, Masayo Makino (Uchiyama) was in the same class as our Emi Kami (Oda) at North Hollywood HS and said that Emi was a very bright student, just like her brothers, Bob and Eddie!!!

The slot tournament had enough people for two sessions; some wanting that second chance to win the first prize of \$100! The results were as follows:

	<u>First Session</u>	<u>Second Session</u>
1st \$100.	Sab Takata	Min Tajii
2nd 60.	Harriet Goshi	Ray Maeda
3rd 40.	Ann Maeda	Kay Kami
Booby 10	Lillian Nakatani	Alice Matsumoto

Paula S., in a phone conversation, said it would be the first slot tournament where there wasn't a Shimatsu winner, but the Kami family seems to be catching up.

Due to the many monetary donations, we had a free drawing for prizes after the slot tournament. If your name was drawn, you could pick up any envelope from the table. After all the lucky ones picked up their envelopes, then they opened their envelopes to find prizes of \$10 (20 envelopes), 1# Sees' candies written on a piece of paper (2) and one envelope with \$50. - lucky winner, May Hamada !!

Sumi sent some memorabilia from our past picnic reunions ie. happi coats and T-shirts emblazoned with "Crystal City" and the year. We offered them to those not from LA first. Maybe some sansei wearing them at an Obon will start a familiar, to us, conversation -ie. "Crystal City?" "Where was that?"

Mas and Shirley looked really great and as hospitable as always. Like the French say, "A glass of wine everyday is good for your body" Non?! Mai oui! C'es la vie!! See you next year !?????

Donors of Snacks and Goodies:

Obi Kiyama, Mas & Shirley Okabe, Doris & Ken Yamane, Yukie Okazaki, Carmen mOchizuki, Kay & Ruth fukushima, Mino & Lillian Nakatani, Harriet Goshi, Jimmy Hatanaka, Kami Family, Hid & Ets Kasai.

Monetary Donations:

Kami Family, Ko Nakamura, Sab & Charlotte Takata, Nikkei Tours Co., Sachi Maehara, Aki & Mildred Yonekura, Eiko & Sally Matsumoto.

Wow...sure sounds like lots of fun....I'm sorry to not have joined in but moving up here, in Northern California...haven't been able to join in on Shinnenkai nor the Vegas Bus Trip...and miss all of you...am glad you-all had a wonderful time and keeping up with the CC-San Gabriel Sr. Citizen's Bus Fun ride to Vegas and the wonderful get-together at the dinner at Main Street Buffet...

However, I'm always thinking of all of you with fondness...so please "genki de" stay well!!

Day of Remembrance

I was invited by our friend Maru Okazaki Hiratzka in Oakland to attend a "Day of Remembrance" program with a Nikiko Masumoto, a yonsei performing a one-woman show about the evacuation and being in camps...it was held at Maru's Berkeley Methodist United Church. Ms. Masumoto did a very interesting performance about the many niseis who had different outlook, feelings about being interned in camps. It was very well done with different niseis and their attitude towards the war and being incarcerated.

It's always so nice to see a fellow CC friend...and Maru introduced me to her younger brother's son and his wife...and there were many niseis there as well as sanseis...There were many pictures and crafts made in Topaz Camp as many from this area were in Topaz camp. I met someone who went to Heart Mountain, Wyoming from Tule Lake and was telling me how she hated the extreme coldness of the camp...well, it was Wyoming and I recall it went down as low as 28 below 0 with blizzard and it was extremely cold, however, with those potbelly iron stoves with hot burning coals burning, the room in our "home" was nice and warm...and I remember I bought yams or sweet potatoes and mom and I "cooked" it in the ash of the stove and in about an hour, we had nice, hot, yummy yams to eat. It was so good compared to the messhall food.

Anyway, nothing in Heart Mountain Relocation Camp beats being in Crystal City Internment Camp. You sure can't beat home cooked food with those kerosene stove and icebox...and getting ice and milk every other day...what a treat!!! Above all, the family was all together...papa was not in New Mexico...Yes, what a difference. And meeting all the people from Alaska, Hawaii, Peru, Marshall Island...and having also Germans on the other side of the camp...it was very different. and to have both American schools and Japanese schools. It certainly was different.

Above all, we all became lifetime friends neh.

So, all of us have different memories of being in camps neh. However, I never had fear...anger, yes but as long as I had mom with me, no fear. Just concern and worry how papa was in New Mexico.

Aging

As i've aged, I've become kinder to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend. I have seen too many dear friends leave this world, too soon, before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it, if I choose to read, or play, on the computer, until 4 a.m., or sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50, 60, 70's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love, I will.

I will walk the beach, in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the wave with abandon, if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful, but there again, some of life is just as well be forgotten. And, i eventually remember the important things.

Sure, over the years, my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break, when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But a broken hearts are what give us strength, and understanding, and compassion. A heart never broken, is pristine, a sterile, and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day (If I feel like it).

MAY OUR FRIENDSHIP NEVER COME APART, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART!!!

A Final thought...

Blessed are those who can give without remembering and receive without forgetting.

Laughter is much more important than applause. Applause is almost a duty. Laughter is a reward.

Crystal City Memories From CC friends Attending the Shinnenkai Luncheon

- Sid Okazaki:** I lived at D-52-A...best friends were Izumi Taniguchi and Hiro Oshima.
My fondest memories were real home cooked foods, Baseball, Judo and deliving ice to favorite people.
After the war, we went to Okayama-ken in Japan.
- Emiko Oda Kami:** I lived in section D...best friends were Grace Tambara, Fumi Miyoshi, Hisae Uyeji and Reiko and Kiyoko Uyeshima.
Fondest memories were all the different teams competing in different sports - Nihon Gakko and all the senseis - hearing music with the German group.
After the war, we went to North Hollywood in California.
- Kay Haga Grantham:** I lived in D-4-A...best friends then was Emi Oda. My fondest memories were playing piano for singers and orchestra and going to movies.
I returned to Gardena after the war.
- Yae Kanogawa Aihara:** I lived in T section...best friends were Yae Aoki, Maru Okazaki, Toki Tanimura, Toshi Kamatani, and Chieko Honda.
My fondest memories was going to Japanese school, my classmates and all the teachers for whom we had nicknames.
We moved to Los Angeles and have been here ever since.
- Mas Kaneko:** I lived in Q section...my best friends were all the Saints...fondest memories were all the girl friends.
After the war, we went to Japan.
- Reiko Kawata Ikemiya:** I lived in T section. Pauline (Yamane) Tsuge, Hiroko (Makino) Maenaga & Tayeko Ogawa Kurashige were my best friends.
My fondest memories was able to join with my father after being apart for 2 years.
After the war, we went to Japan.
- Akemi Morita Yasuda:** I lived in victory hut. my best friend was Tomo Uzuhashi. My fondest memories was meeting people and sports.
After the war, we went to Japan.
- Tomo Uzuhashi Mizukami:** I lived in victory hut. my best friend was Akemi Yasuda. My fondest memories was sports activities.
After the war, we went to Japan.
- Doris Kawahira Yamane:** I lived in V-section next to the swimming pool. My best friend were Kiyoko Uyeshima, Ets Osako, Aya Hosaka, Lucy
My fondest memories was meeting friends at school and activities there, playing
After the war, we went to Japan.
- Kazie Ogawa Tajii:** I lived in D and V-hut. My best friends were Rose Taniguchi, Hatsie, Doris Kawaguchi.
My fondest memories was meeting a lot of friends, playing baseball, girls team, met lot of friens in girl scout.
After the war, we went to Japan
- May Kaneko Hamada:** I lived in Q section. My best friend was Hannah Abe.
Playing baseball was my fondest memory.
After the war, we went to Japan.
- Sam Hatanaka:** I lived in Q section.
My best friend was George Kodama and Yoshito Kido.

(Cont'd on page 4)

(CC Memories, Cont'd from page 3)

Sam Hatanaka: My fondest memories was playing softball and basketball competition.
After the war, we went to Japan

Shoji Stogie Kanogawa: I lived in T section

My best friends were Haj Nonoguchi, the Kanekos and Ted Mizukami.

Playing softball and basketball were my fondest memories.

After the war, we moved to Los Angeles.

Ben Tak Takeuchi: I lived at D-42. My best friends were Sab Uyeji, Harry Okasaki, Terutaka Nishitani (Peruvian)

My fondest memory was Japanese school with Yamashita-sensei, High School Class of '44.

After the war, I went to New York City...my folks went to Cleveland Ohio.

Sachi Sasaki Maehara: I lived in Q-section. My best friends were Sumi Utsushigawa Shimatsu, Lucy Okazaki Matsumoto, Tomi Matoba Tanaka, Mary Tsunoda, Hatsie Matoba and Mary Okasaki.

After the war, we moved to East Los Angeles...Boyle Heights.

Tilly Hatanaka: I lived in Q section. My best friends were the Aramakiss, Unos, Dois, and Harry Kawaguchi.

Everyday was vacation. I loved it!

After the war, we went to Japan.

James Hatanaka: I lived in Q section. My best friends was Skip Takeuchi, Goro, Keigo Takeuchi, Mas Koketsu.

After the war, we went to Japan...Hakata, Fukuoka City.

Toni Tomoko Takeuchi Tomita: I lived in D section...my best friend were Marion Goshu, Dorothy Oshima, Nancy Fukushima and Mary Sawamura.

Fondest memories were my friends came to my house for a quilting bee. They helped me make a quilt for a class project. Later my mom used it for my brother Kenji, who was born in camp, November 1945. I still have it.

After the war, we went to Cleveland, Ohio.

Betty Kaneko: I lived in Q section.

After the war, we went to Japan.

Kazuya Ichikawa: I lived in Q section. My best friends were Wat Matsudo, Keigo Takeuchi, Tooru Ochiai, Joe Ando, Art Katoh, Joe Yasutake.

My fond memories was baseball, swimming and school.

After the war, we went to Seattle, WA

Carmen Higa Mochizuki: I lived in Ex section...my best friend was Alice Nagao. My fondest memories was on Sunday, the teacher used to tell the story about Miyamoto Musashi.

After the war, we went to Japan.

Jeanne Yoshiko Kurakane: I lived in Q section. My best friends were Betty Kaneko, Margaret Kodama, Betty Fukunaga, Mickey Haga and Pauline Ase.

My fondest memory was swimming and dance.

After the war, we went to Japan, Fukushima.

Sakiyo Horie: I lived in Q section. My best friends were Sachi Hirokane, Betty Kaneko, Marion Goshu, Evelyn Yama and Dorothy Oshima.

My fondest memories were going to school, playing sports, watermelon, grapefruits, and teacher, Mrs. Luntz

After the war we went to Central California

(Cont'd on page 5)

(CC Memories, Cont'd from page 4)

Betty Fukunaga I lived in Section D. My best friend was Haruko, Arlene, and Mieko.

My fondest memory was plying jumprope.

After the war, we went to Gunnison, Utah.

Hideyo Haga I lived in D-4-A

I hung out with older guys like Joe Ando.

My fondest memories was playing marbles, and stilt race.

After the war, we went to Gardena, CA

Charles Tadashi Haga I lived in D-4-A

My fondest memories were being pushed around in a stroller.

Afr the war, we went to Gardena, CA

Atsuko Fukunaga My best friend was my mom.

My fondest memories of camp life was being with my mom.

even if I wasn't at the Shinnenkai Luncheon, will add my 2 Cents:

Sumi Utsushigawa Shimatsu I lived in T-section...and enjoyed friendship with Shiz Ochiai Kato, Sachi Sasaki Maehara, and the Big Six, Yae Aoki, Stae Kanogawa, Chieko Honda Toshi Kamatani, Maru Okazaki and Toki Tanimoto.

Loved Yamashita-sensei, Toshi's delicious baked goods and tamales.

Also felt wonderful to have mom and papa together again.

Home cooked food, mmm no mess hall stuff.

After the war...Japan and memories of Uruga

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Dangerous...Bottled Water

Bottled water in your car is very dangerous...it can cause breast cancer. Sheryl Crow on Ellen show said that this is what caused her breast cancer. It has been identified a the most common cause of high levels of dioxin in breast cancer tissue.

Cheryl Crow's oncologist told her that women should not drink bottled water that has been left in a car...the heat reacts with the chemicals in the plastic of the bottle, which releases dioxin into the water.

Dioxinis a toxin increasingly found in breast cancer tissue...use a stainless steel canteen or glass bottle instead of plastic. Don't freeze plastic bottles with wter in them as this also releases dioxins from the plastic.

Heating food in the microwave using platic containers or lids releases dioxin into the food. Use glass such as pyrex or ceramic containers for heating food. Do not use platic wrap or cling film either.

Gardens

Flowers always make people better, happier and more helpful.

They are sunshine, food and medicine to the soul.

Wisdom doesn't automatically come with old age. Nothing does ... except wrinkles...It's true, some wines improve with age, but only if the grapes were good in the first place.

You cannot do anything about the length of your life, but you can do something about its width and depth.

Today is the oldest you've ever been,

Yet the youngest you'll ever be.

Enjoy this day while it lasts !!!

Hero Pets Amazing animals

A Little Girl's Lifeline: Three-year-old Alida Knobloch and her 60 pound golden doodle, Mr. Gibbs, are almost inseparable. They are connected by a special bond of love and, because of Alida's rare lung disease, by a two-foot tube that delivers oxygen from tanks on the dog's back to Alida's nose. Diagnosed at eight months old with neuroendocrine cell hyperplasia of infancy (NEH*), Alida, who lives in Longanville, Georgia, is unable to breathe normally on her own for more than about 45 minutes. So Mr. Gibbs accompanies her almost everywhere, carrying ten pounds of equipment, including an oxygen tank in a vest.

Young children normally don't have the skill to control a service dog, but Mr. Gibbs and Alida -- along with her parents, Aaron and Debbie Knobloch -- have worked closely with dog trainer Ashleigh Kinsleigh to foster the special relationship between girl and dog.

"His job is to do whatever she does," says Kinsleigh. So far, Mr. Gibbs has learned to trot alongside Alida's bike, trail her as she plays around the family home, and park himself below her high chair while she eats.

"We're hoping that by the time Alida starts kindergarten, Mr. Gibbs will be able to go with her." says Aaron.

Childhood disease experts have told the Knoblochs that children can grow out of the necessity for supplemental oxygen, but Alida will probably always need some kind of oxygen assistance. Now the Knoblochs can't imagine a time the two sandy-tressed companions won't be side-by-side. Mr. Gibbs seems to need Alida as much as she needs him, says Aaron.

"The dog is beside himself if he and Alida are apart even for a moment."

A Herd Mourns Its Helper: Lawrence Anthony had a special way with elephants -- so much so that when the South African conservationist suddenly died of a heart attack in March 2012, the 21 pachyderms living on his land paid homage to him. More than a decade earlier, another reserve owner threatened to shoot the animals for repeatedly trampling fences and gardens on his land. Anthony stepped in to save the herd, allowing it to roam his 11,000 acre game reserve in Zululand, South Africa.

As Anthony worked with the unruly elephants, he developed a deep connection with them. "To save their lives, I would stay with them, feed them, talk to them." Anthony wrote in his 2009 book, "The Elephant Whisperer." That devotion had inspired Anthony to found the Earth Organization, an environmental group, in 2003, on behalf of many endangered animals.

Two days after Anthony's death, the elephant herd he'd welcomed in 1999 and had lived among for years approached his house in single file. "The elephants lined up behind the fence and waited, agitated but not aggressive," recalls Anthony's wife of 25 years, Françoise Anthony.

Then the 25 giant, gentle, gray beasts rocked from side to side, making deep and mournful rumbling noises. "We feel they came to pay their respects." says Françoise.

Pudding's Good Sense: When Amy Jung, 36, and her son, Ethan, eight, visited the Door County Humane Society in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin last February, they had no idea that one of the frolicking cats would, within hours, save Amy's life.

Mother and son weren't looking for a new pet, but Pudding, an old orange Main Coon mix "owned me the minute our eyes met." Amy says.

That night, the trio went to bed around 9:30 p.m. Ninety minutes later, Amy, a type I diabetic, not realizing her blood sugar had been plummeting began to convulse. As tremors shook her body, she felt something heavy and warm on her chest. It was Pudding. The cat mewed loudly, swatting Amy's face with soft paws and biting her nose. Pudding's prodding alerted Amy to the extent of the danger she was in.

"Ethan," she cried out weakly. Pudding scampered to the boy's room, jumped onto the bed, and woke him up. The boy ran to his mother's room and called his father, Matthew, 35, who was away on a business trip. Matthew gave Ethan instructions for injecting his mother with medication: soon Amy recovered.

She credits her courageous son and quickwitted cat for saving her life. "Somehow Pudding learned Ethan's name within hours of coming home with us." Amy says.

(Cont'd on page 7)

("Hero Pets" cont'd from page 6)

These days, Pudding mostly sleeps, eats, and lazes around the house, but he somehow senses that Amy's blood sugar is low, he springs into action, meowing loudly and parking himself stubbornly at her feet until she takes her medicine. Amy sums up the adopted cat simply: "Pudding is amazing."

A Horse Guides Its Owner: Renate Di Pietro was studying to be an opera singer. But at 23, while on a music scholarship at the University of Iowa in 1976, her vision began to fail. Soon, it became increasingly difficult to read scores and pick up hand signals from conductors, and the gifted soprano was forced to drop out.

After moving to Cleveland, Georgia, in 2005, Di Pietro relied on guide dogs to get around. Over the years, she became morose when she'd lose one of the dogs, who had become her best friend, to old age or death. "It's very painful, because you love each one," she says.

In 2009, Di Pietro was intrigued by information from a friend that miniature horses typically lived for at least 30 years and make calm and strong guides. She started with a stallion but he was too hard to control.

Angel came next, a mini white filly Di Pietro has mostly trained herself. "Horses instinctively avoid obstacles," she says. "If I am about to bump into something, she slides her body in front of me." Di Pietro, now 59, has taught her guide horse to stomp her hoof when she comes to stairs and curbs and to respond to directional commands.

"Angel can find a chair and locate the nearest door for me," di Pietro says. "Currently, she's training Angel to pull her wheelchair and to fetch.

Despite her disability, Di Pietro still sings, performing duets with her husband, musician Car Hummer, at special events. Angel is always by her side. "I fight a battle every day to muster the will to engage the world," Di Pietro says, "Angel is my warhorse. We fight that battle together."

A Truly Golden Retriever: As Paul Horton, a 59-year-old retired mechanical engineer, rolls his wheelchair around his Austin, Texas, home, his six-year-old golden retriever, Yogi, trails closely behind him. Yogi and Horton, who was paralyzed from the waist down two years ago in a cycling accident, have always been buddies, but now there is an unbreakable bond - all because of the day that Yogi ran away.

One October morning in 2010, Horton, an avid outdoorsman, climbed onto his mountain bike and took off through his neighborhood near Lake Travis. Yogi came along, as he had every morning for nearly three years, trotting happily beside his master. The two-mile route wound through hilly suburban roads to a narrow, forested trail.

Shortly after turning around to go home, Horton approached a nine-inch-tall curb where the trail met the pavement. He had jumped the curb dozens of times before, but on this morning somehow didn't get enough height and the bike's front wheel rammed the curb and twisted sharply.

Horton, who wasn't wearing a helmet, flew over the handlebars, slamming headfirst into the pavement. He was knocked unconscious. When he came to, he found himself lying crumpled on the ground near a cul-de-sac half a mile from home.

By Horton's side was Yogi, anxious to continue the trip home. As Horton tried to rise, he realized he could not feel anything below his chest, and blood began to fill his mouth.

Horton spoke the phrase slowly, again and again, words he knew the dog would understand. "Go Home Go get Shearon" Horton spoke the phrases slowly, again and again, words he knew the dog would understand. Go get was a familiar command. Shearon was the name of Horton's wife. For about 45 minutes, Yogi refused to leave his companion's side. Horton continued pleading, commanding Yogi to go.

Finally, the dog bounded away. That morning, Bruce and Maggie Tate, two of Horton's neighbors were on a walk in the area when they spotted Yogi running loose down the street, which they found strange.

They had been sitters for Yogi and knew him as a calm and obedient dog. He darted toward them, then away, seeming to beg for their attention. When they followed, Yogi dashed off, leading them somewhere, it seemed.

The wait was agony for Horton. He lost track of time, and it became hard to breathe.

Then Horton heard the faint sound of a dog barking. Yogi bounded toward him, panting hard and nuzzling him. The Tates, who were right behind him, saw Horton's condition and (cont'd on page 8)

"A Truly Golden Retriever" cont'd from page 7

called for help. Horton was rushed to St. David's Round rock Medical Center, where surgeons did what they could to mend his damaged spine. Soon after, Horton was transferred to St. David's Rehabilitation Hospital. His first two visitors? Shearon and Yogi.

Horton is still adjusting to his new circumstances, but he has regained some movement in his arms and hands and recently went scuba diving with a group of sports-minded paraplegics. Horton says that Yogi has grown even more devoted since the accident. Says Horton, "He's my watchdog and my hero.

A Pig that Calms Kids: When speech pathologist Lois Brady, 49, visits special-needs students in San Francisco schools, she often brings along her assistant: a jet-black, 70 pound miniature Vietnamese pot-bellied pig named, naturally, Buttercup. Strange enough to intrigue some of Brady's most withdrawn students, Buttercup is a hit.

Last year, a severely autistic 11-year-old boy ventured out of his hiding place beneath the teacher's desk to run his fingers along Buttercup's flank and through the pig's long, coarse hair. After the encounter, the child spoke to other students in the class for the first time. "It was a remarkable breakthrough," says Brady.

Dogs have long been used as therapy animals, offering comfort to hospital patients, people in retirement homes. But pigs? Yes, says Brady. Their placid demeanor and unusual appearance makes them a good fit for special-needs kids. "Pigs are very calm and friendly, so they don't startle or frighten autistic kids," she says. "Even if the children hit or kick or pull his tail, Buttercup just walks away. He doesn't bark, snap at them, or fight back."

When he's not working as a classroom aide, Buttercup lives in a dog house in Brady's backyard. Sometimes, Buttercup even comes inside. "He loves sitting by the fire on cold and rainy days," she attests.

A Lion's Big Heart: With paws the size of dinner plates, bright black eyes, and a luxuriant golden mane, Jupiter, a 13-year-old, 550-pound lion, bears no resemblance to the malnourished cub that Ana Julia Torres rescued from a traveling circus in Colombia in 1999.

Torres, 50, brought Jupiter to Villa Lorena, an animal rescue shelter she established in 1984 in Cali, Colombia's third-largest city. "When he came here," she says, "I would enter his cage and hold him like a baby while I gave him his medicine. That is how our relationship started."

Torres and a sanctuary staff of ten now care for more than 800 animals, including jaguars, camels, chimpanzees, flamingos, ostriches, crocodiles, and bears --- most of whom, like Jupiter, were neglected, and abandoned, or confiscated by police from the private zoos of Colombian drug lords.

Torres, a school principal, oversees the care of all the animals at Villa Lorena, but her friendship with Jupiter is special.

Reaching her arms through the bars of the big cat's cage, Torres greets Jupiter by grabbing him and planting a kiss on his muzzle. Jupiter responds in kind, rising on his hind legs to six and a half feet and wrapping his huge forelegs around her in a gentle embrace. "Jupiter's hug is the most loving and sincere I've ever received in my life," Torres says. "I can see the shine in his eyes. I think of it as his way of telling me "Thank you."

Aren't these heartwarming stories? I love animals and enjoyed so many in Crystal City I. Camp and felt that many of you would enjoy these exceptional animal stories...amazing neh.

How Your Teeth Can Restore Hearing.

Hearing aids amplify sounds which won't help if one ear doesn't transmit sound at all. In contrast, the Sound Bite system relies on our ability to hear through bones in our head (for example, when you eat a crispy carrot and hear the crunch). A small piece worn behind the ear detects and wirelessly sends sounds to another device worn in the mouth, which sends the sound waves through the teeth and bones in the skull to both inner ears. Soundbite is available from about 50 hearing centers nationwide. The manufacturer hopes to gain Medicare reimbursement soon.

The secret of happiness is to count up your blessings while others are adding up their troubles

If you turn on your set and see nothing is happening, do not call a serviceman...You have tuned in the U.S. Congress and the Senate!!!

Breakthrough Moments

Next time you think that guy cadging money is a nuisance, think of Joshua Johnson. The 20-year old college student returns to New York City every weekend to tap dance in the subway in order to pay his \$6,000-a-year tuition at Penn States.

Turned off by Photoshopped pictures of models who don't reflect the way real teens look, 14-year-old Julia bluhm of Wateville, Maine, circulated a petition urging fashion magazine Seventeen to publish at least one spread per issue featuring unaltered photos of models. Eighty four thousand signatures later, editors announced they'd "celebrate every kind of beauty."

On June 23, following years of Don't Ask, Don't Tell, Air force Tech Sgt. Erwynn Umall became the first active duty service man to marry his same-sex partner on a military base.

Three years after colliding with a minibus, while riding her bike and breaking a vertebra in her neck, Kristina Vogel of Germany claimed a gold medal at the 2012 Olympics in the women's team sprint track cycling event.

When Jeremy Lin joined the NBA, he had to overcome some powerful stereotypes regarding Harvard graduates and Asians playing in the NBA. This past year, Lin changed minds, coming off the bench to hit impossible shots and dish out eye-popping passes while leading the New York Knicks to an improbable postseason appearance. And though injuries knocked him out for the latter part of the season, Lin sanity took hold.

Rejoice! A speech jamming device, created in Japan, can stop someone from talking by simply playing his voice right back at him at a light delay, causing him to stutter. Why the jubilation? We plan on aiming one at obnoxious cell phone chatters.

Combining scientific innovation and personal determination, Claire Lomas, 32, who is paralyzed from the chest down, completed the London Marathon in 16 days with the help of a \$70,000 "bionic suit" that allowed her to stand and walk on her own.

As proof to English majors that physicists actually do something useful all day, scientists in Geneva announced the discovery of the Higgs boson, a subatomic particle considered the key to understanding the universe.

Neat handwriting is difficult for most first graders, but not for Anne Clark. Although the seven-year-old from West Mifflin, Pennsylvania, was born without hands, she learned how to write with a pencil wedged between her arms, allowing her to snag an award and a trophy in a national handwriting contest.

Michael Phelps became the most decorated Olympian of all time when he won gold as part of the U.S. 4-by-200 relay team. He finished his career with 22 medals, 18 of them gold.

After suffering a stroke that left him completely paralyzed, a British man typed this message on Twitter using a computer that tracks pupil activity. "Hello world. I am Tony Nicklinson. I have locked-in-syndrome and this is my first ever Tweet." Within 24 hours of posting, Nicklinson had nearly 2,500 followers.

Four-year-old Emma Lavelle was born with a rare muscle deficiency that prevents her from lifting her arms on her own. Traditional arm braces proved too heavy for the little girl, so mechanical engineer Tariq Rahman used a new 3-D printing technology to craft a lightweight muscle-supporting "exoskeleton" small enough for kids. Wearing her "magic arms," Emma was able to lift her arms for the first time.

Alzheimer's patient Henry Dryer went from unresponsive to animated after listening to familiar music from his past. A six and a half minute video of Henry "awakening" has more than six millions views on YouTube.

Trying to hit a golf ball has brought many a grown man and woman to tears. So imagine golfing in the low 80s when you're only a teen. And blind! fifteen-year-old Jake Olson's goal: to become the first blind golfer on the PGA tour.

I will never be over the hill...I'm too dam tired to climb it!

Someone sent me an e-mail about using vodka for cleaning around the house...it worked! The more vodka I drak, the cleaner the house looked!

I kind of feel sorry for the trees in the fall...at least when I went through change, nothing fell off.

Crystal City Album Still Available

The Crystal City Album that was published in 1993 is still available...there are limited editions that is available for \$35.00 plus postage for those who would like to have it for not only themselves but for their children, grandchildren, etc...It is the only album that tells the story of our camp and the many people who were in it.

Please let me know and I will send it to you. Our camp was unique...no other camp had people from Alaska, Hawaii, Peru...along with Germans...and because it was much smaller than the relocation camps, it was friendlier and we were able to enjoy everyone there. So, let me know, and I will send it to you. Thank you.

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Our deepest sympathy and condolence to: The **Hatanaka Family** for the loss of **Tilly Hatanaka.**

Yamashita Sensei's family, Reiko and Hiromi for the loss of their brother **Teshu Yamashita.**

The **Yasuda Family** for the loss of their mother, grandmother, **Akemi Yasuda.**

The **Kawashima Family** for the loss of their father, grandfather, **Kay Kawashima.**

Crystal City Chatter

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