

Hi Everyone... "Shibarakude"... I guess it's that time again... fingers get busy and type up-to-date news to y'll... (still got a lil Texas in me)... I'm grateful to many of you for responding to the letter for the coming dinner and picnic in August... it's wonderful that so many of you are coming for this get-together... we are still open for last minute registration... please send in the form below, NOW! THANKS!

Stogie Kanogawa and Tomo Mizukami have been busy with the dinner arrangement... now we have definite place for August 25th... it will be at the Radisson Hotel in Los Angeles. It is right off of the Santa Ana Freeway, Garfield off ramp... you could see it to your left, if you're going southbound on #5... We would like to more of you join us... so send in your reservation fast, fast, FAST!

There will be a letter later with the maps of the dinner and picnic location, the time for the dinner probably will be 7:00 p.m... those of you who have signed up for the dinner will get the details, so don't worry...

Well, this morning, in order to get some inspiration for this newsletter, I took my "walk" in a nursery in Ventura... I'm a real garden-lover, the "Hana saka Babaa"... and every chance I get, I run out to nurseries to walk amongst the flowers and plants and get my "Highs"... it's so gorgeous and the fragrance of some of the flowers are so nice... I'm in my lil bit of heaven... meditating... a moment of feeding my soul (non-fattening too!)... it's great!

I met Mr. Fujii who works as a nurseryman there and we chatted... he inquired what I was doing so I told him about the newsletter that I was about to write, and that I was going to read a book, "My Six Years Of Internment" by Rev. Yoshiaki Fukuda of San Francisco Konkō Church. This book was about his internment experience in Missoula, Montana; Lordsburg, New Mexico; Santa Fe, New Mexico; and Crystal City, Texas.

Well surprise, surprise... Mr. Fujii said that he knew Rev. Fukuda, and was in the same camps with him... that he also was in Crystal City in 1946... small world isn't it. It is so good to meet another "inmate"... the bond that is there because of the experience. A special "natsukashii" feeling... maybe it's a sign of growing old, but it did inspire me to come back to my little office and read the book, then type out this newsletter to all of you.

I have read this book and learned a lot. (A short review is in the back) The Isseis, Kibeis and Niseis were brought up to accept many of the wartime sufferings quietly... it's a very commendable quality, however, the truth should be revealed. I do respect them for

patience, guts, and fortitude... many had strong faith... I guess this is part of the "Bushido" Code of Honor... the "Zen" way of acceptance... and the Sprit of "Yamato Damashii"... the very essence of the Japanese character... the very fiber that was woven into their character from the time they were born... which carried on into the famed 100th and the 442nd batallions.

It is truly commendable and I am very proud of our heritage, however, I also believe that truth should be revealed. I respect my father's silence and the quiet acceptance of the Isseis and Kibeis as well as the Niseis who were interned in these all men (and about 30 women) camps, but I also feel that we know what they suffered.

This book describes many people that I knew... of the mental and psychological stress, the many problems they encountered being separated from their wives and children... the loneliness, fear, and the unknown.

A review of this book was written up in the Kashu Mainichi newspaper, and a copy of this was sent by Sachi Maehara... so thoughtful... it is reproduced on the back of this newsletter.

Ella Tomita sent me a copy of the newspaper article about the meeting of Kay (Uno) Kaneko and Charlotte Maier, a German Internee in Crystal City after four decade (also reprinted on the back)... she also heard from Mrs. Miller that Mrs. Moore (Goldsmith) fell and broke several bones, and also suffered arrhythmia of the heart. She was hospitalized for several weeks but I believe that she's back at her home again... I do hope that you're well, stronger and back to your onery self Mrs. Moore. How is the flooding in Arkansas? Has it affected you and your home? We could sure use some of that here in California... then I could flush my toilet more often... ha ha.

The spring-summer seasons are so beautiful... the new leaves turning everything so bright with the flowers growing in every color and shape... the Ventura County still has farms and they just look so nice and green. This time of the season, the strawberries are growing big and juicy and great! ...and all the fresh produce... white corn at its sweetest... it's just fantastic!

If you're ever in this area, stop by the Somis Farm stand on the corner of Los Angeles Avenue and Lewis in Somis, just outside of Camarillo... they have all these delicious spring-summer vege and fruits... Gladys Kohatsu (Imamura) was a little girl in Crystal City... so another C.C. person...

I learned that Camarillo had one of the richest soil... 40 feet of topsoil... they're having controversy about building commercial buildings on this precious land. It's a shame that these land are covered with asphalt and concrete and is called "progress".

We really must preserve our precious land, water, trees, animals and fish... it would be so good if our grandchildren could enjoy the world that we enjoyed... still "virgin" and "clean". Ahhh yes!

HURRY - HURRY - HURRY - PLEASE REGISTER.

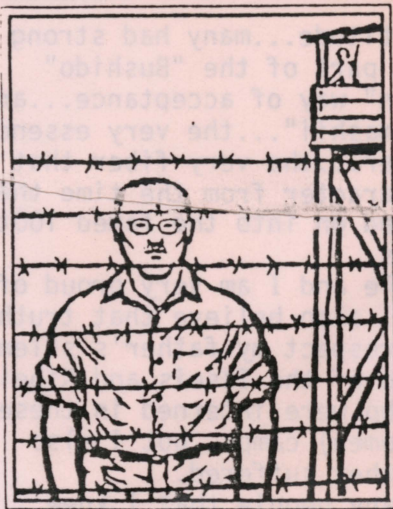
PICNIC. Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Adults: _____ Children (under 12) _____ Isseis _____

DINNER.
Radisson Hotel, Los Angeles (Off Santa Ana Freeway/Garfield exit)

PLEASE RETURN A.S.A.P. . Sumi Shimatsu-Utsushigawa
Camarillo, CA _____ 93010

MY SIX YEARS OF INTERNMENT

AN ISSEI'S STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE



REV. YOSHIAKI FUKUDA

COMMENTARY BY STANFORD M. LYMAN, Ph.D.

Internment Experience In Book By Minister

SAN FRANCISCO — *My Six Years of Internment* is an autobiography by the late Rev. Yoshiaki Fukuda, minister of the Konko Church of San Francisco, describing his experiences during World War II when he was interned by the United States Government for suspicion of being a Japanese "enemy" alien.

He was apprehended by the FBI on December 7, 1941, and detained along with 2192 other mainland Japanese aliens.

These Japanese aliens were "known to be dangerous" by the federal authorities and had been under intense surveillance prior to the bombing of Pearl Harbor. They were detained without proper legal due process.

In the case of Rev. Fukuda, his detention continued until September 29, 1947, more than two years after Japan surrendered to the Allies.

Rev. Fukuda and other Japanese aliens were held in internment camps. These "other camps" were quite different from the "relocation centers" where their wives and children were being held.

The *Commentary on My Six Years of Internment* was written by Stanford M. Lyman, Ph.D., presently the Robert J. Morrow Eminent Scholar's Professor in Social Science at Florida Atlantic University and the author of 17 books, four of which are devoted to Asian American Studies. Dr. Lyman states:

Bishop Yoshiaki Fukuda's *My Six Years of Internment* is an important original and striking memoir and document. Its most immediate historical and jurisprudential importance resides in the fact that it proves that a proposal for the redress and compensation of losses arising out of the United States Government's forced evacuation and incarceration of 120,000 persons of Japanese ancestry residing along the Pacific coast in 1942 was presented to the President Ronald Reagan signed into law the bill that would award compensation to the survivors of what one writer called "our worst wartime mistake." However, the value of Rev. Fukuda's memoir goes above and beyond this significant revelation. It is an autobiographical account, a piece of the oral history that links personal recollections not only to the political events that were the occasion for them, but also to people's collective memory. In the process, it reveals certain values of Japanese culture as they were internalized within a singular Issei personality and as they played themselves out against a backdrop of war, oppression, fear, racial hatred, religious division, and the agonies of divided loyalties.

This book (150 pages at \$15) is available at Kinokuniya book stores and Konko Church of San Francisco, 1909 Bush Street, San Francisco, CA 94115, (415) 931-0453.

This book describes the years Rev. Fukuda spent in Missoula, Montana; Lordsburg, New Mexico; Santa Fe, New Mexico; & Crystal City, Texas.

It is well written and has filled in many questions that I had about the internment camps that our fathers (and some mothers) were taken into...the interrogations...the hearings...what it was like to be in all men camps...the cruelty, some brutality, the forced labors outside the camps...the months of confinements in the barracks to punish...the two internees who were shot by a guard...so many incidents that I never knew occurred.

I recall asking my father about the treat-

ment that he received in these camp. He felt that it was better that I did not know. He did not want me to feel hurt, the pain, anguish, the anger and frustration. He kept his silence to the very end. Yet I heard from other Issei men at past C.C. picnics crying about the injustice, the painful memories of being hit over and over again... being kicked and interrogated as to their parts in "espionage"...and they cried over and over, "and I didn't do anything...I didn't know anything...but the guards wouldn't believe me and kept hitting me...why? I could not answer... I had no answer...and I could not help erase the memories. It haunted them forever...I respected my father's desire to keep silence, however, I am glad to know the truth.

Rev. Fukuda's deep faith in "Kami-sama" helped him as a leader, peacemaker, negotiator, as well as minister and teacher. I enjoyed this book very much. Sumi S.U.

REUNION/PATSY Y. NAKAYAMA

FRIENDSHIP FOR A LIFETIME

THE HAWAII HERALD Friday, October 20, 1989

Childhood Pals in Camp Meet After Four Decades

It's been almost 45 years since they've seen each other. But time isn't always measured in years. For Kay Kaneko and Charlotte Maier, who met as young girls in a deportation camp during World War II, time picked up right where they had left: talking, sharing and laughing.

Maier, who lives in West Germany, visited her childhood friend in Kona last month before returning home from a trip to the West Coast. They had kept in touch through Christmas cards, an occasional letter, but mostly through the heart. "I was at the airport and I saw Kay. Even from a distance I knew it was her," says Maier.

"Even after all these years, we've spent so many hours together this week and we never run out of things to say and share," says Kaneko. The women were on Oahu for a short sightseeing and shopping spree before Maier left for home. "We've caught up on each other and on the other friends who were in the camp. As they say, good friends are friends forever."

Both Kaneko's and Maier's families were incarcerated during World War II at the U.S. Justice Department internment camp at Crystal City, Tex. Along with Japanese Americans living on the West Coast, Italians and Germans who were considered enemy aliens were also in the POW camp. Maier and Kaneko were both 11 years old when they were placed there.

The youngest of 10 children of George and Riki Uno, Kaneko saw the war break up her family. George Uno, who worked at an insecticide company, was the first to be taken away and was sent to several different War Relocation Authority (WRA) and Justice Department camps. "Buddy," the oldest, was a war correspondent in Japan for a Japanese vernacular newspaper in the U.S. After he married a Japanese national, he worked for the Japanese army information bureau. Two brothers served with the MIS, another with the 442, another with the Navy, a sister was sent to Heart Mountain... Riki Uno and the younger children were sent to several separate camps, including Santa Anita and Amache, Colo.

After George was eventually sent to Crystal City, Riki Uno and her three youngest children—Robert, Edison and Kay—joined him there. "We were too young to really understand what was happening, but we could feel and know through our parents. They trusted the U.S. government," says Kaneko. "They didn't question the internment and just trusted that once the government found that we weren't dangerous, everything would get cleared up. When it only got worse, we didn't feel much worth. And I felt bad for my parents."

Maier's German father was a physicist who also believed in his adopted country. "My father really trusted the judicial system, but in the end he felt betrayed. Mother went to court to get a release to join my father in the camp. How was she to support three children by herself? She went to court with all of us and

told them she would not go away until she could join her husband. So she was there at the court for most of the day. That was in 1942, a very courageous thing for a woman to do!" says Maier.

Crystal City was set up as a POW camp, where residents were listed and used as prisoner-of-war exchanges with captured Americans and deported. "Seeing our parents

Japanese so I also felt more physically comfortable with them," adds Kaneko, who is 5 feet 6 inches tall.

"I remember I had joined a Japanese Girl Scout group in camp. The leader was very militaristic. We had to stand in line and do exercises. Since I was the tallest, I was shoved out in front and he would give the directions in Japanese. I didn't understand, and so I probably looked

"There were plays and musical events. I studied dancing. I first took ballet in camp," remembers Kaneko. They remember many happy days at a nearby reservoir that became the community swimming hole.

Kaneko was released to attend school in 1945, Edison in 1946 and George Uno in 1947. Maier's family was released in 1946. The girls were about 14 years old when they left Crystal City. "But I really give credit to my mother. She was always so worried about all her children. She was sort of sickly, but she had such inner strength and held us all together. Only after the war was over and everyone was safe did she let her guard down both physically and mentally. She passed away not long after," shares Kaneko.

The shared internment experience created a bond between the group of young friends. Both Maier and Kaneko try to keep in touch with other friends, sending a Christmas card or dropping in for a visit. Maier studied in Lima, Peru for a time and was able to catch up with friends there. While in Honolulu, Maier and Kaneko visited with Elza Kudo, who was also interned at Crystal City from Peru.

A teacher of English and Spanish, Maier is married and has one son. Kaneko went on to nursing school and married Edwin Kaneko from Kona. Since he was with the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), the Kanekos lived on the Mainland, Guam and Japan before settling down on a two-acre coffee farm in Kona. They have three children.

Usually the camp friends are eager to learn of each other's families and life, but there are others who would rather leave the sober experience behind. "Some people tell me, 'I don't want to remember it. Don't send me more materials or information.' A very few," shares Maier. "But for me it is part of my life. I want to know about it and share it with friends and family. I would like the whole world to know about the camps if I could."

"It helps to talk and share about the internment. It helps work out certain problems and ideas. But that is what friends are for," Maier says firmly. ☐



Kay Kaneko (left) and Charlotte Maier, childhood friends in an internment camp, meet for a special reunion.

so sad was very hard. The threat of being deported was always over their heads," says Kaneko.

She said it was especially frustrating and ironic when her two brothers who had fought for the U.S. overseas returned to visit them in Crystal City. "We were treated like prisoners. They had to visit us in a prison visiting unit and we were constantly watched. We couldn't even embrace each other! Even with five sons in the various armed services, my father was treated like a prisoner."

Although the young girls experienced the tension and stress of the situation, like kids everywhere, they made the best of it. "When you're young like that you look for the good things and you try to make life fun. You forget the bad and remember the good," says Kaneko.

Cooking facilities were available at Crystal City since entire families lived together. Families received weekly allowances to purchase their own clothing and food items. Many Japanese families would swap their butter or meat ration coupons for tofu or fish with the German families, recalls Kaneko.

Kaneko and Maier met in a class in the American school in the camp and when she had free time, Kaneko could always be found in the section where the Germans lived. "I grew up in a suburb of California that had very few Japanese. I was the youngest of 10 children who were very Western. I was very American and very un-Japanese. When I got to the camp I thought, 'Where did all these Japanese come from?'" laughs Kaneko. "I was much more comfortable with the Germans. At my height, I was taller than the other

ridiculous and so he came up to me and hit me with his scarf."

"One hard thing was that we were young girls becoming teenagers and we'd look at the Sears catalogue or Montgomery Ward at the clothes and things. We'd like to have a certain thing, but our parents were saying no. We learned to be satisfied with so little," shares Maier.

Kaneko found fun and friendship in the German camp. "I'm not one to not have a good time," she says firmly. "It was so much fun to be over on the German side. On Friday evenings they had a beer garden with music and dancing. The Germans from South America played wonderful music!" Maier, who took many years of accordion lessons, often played the instrument at many of the social events.

CRYSTAL CITY PICNIC

COME ONE...COME ALL...COME EVERYONE

TO OUR CRYSTAL CITY HAWAIIAN PICNIC!!!

Location: The Gemmrig Park, Long Beach (Same as the picnic in 1988)

Date: Sunday, August 26, 1990

Time: 11:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.

LET'S GET TOGETHER AND HAVE FUN...RUNNING, TRYING OUR SKILLS WITH DIFFERENT GAMES, JOIN IN ON THE "ONDO"...TUG O' WAR...CATCHING UP ON WHAT'S WHAT WITH ALL OUR FRIENDS, TAKE OUR CHANCE ON RAFFLES...AND LOTS OF GOOD FOOD AND DRINKS THAT WILL BE PROVIDED... BRING YOUR FAMILY...YOUR CHILDRENS' FAMILIES...GRANDCHILDREN TO RUN AND PILE UP THOSE GREAT PRIZES...LET'S HAVE FUN...

NOW WE NEED YOUR HELP...PLEASE SEND BACK THE REGISTRATION FORMS FAST, EAST, F A S T!!! WE'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW MANY TO PREPARE FOR...SO "ONEGAI SHIMASU"...

ALL ISSEIS ARE OUR HONORED GUESTS...PLEASE BRING YOUR FOLKS...

WE REQUEST DONATIONS FOR THIS YEAR'S PICNIC...PLEASE REMIT TO SID OKAZAKI...THANKS!

URGENT *Registration Form*

Please complete this form for the Hawaiian Picnic...and return to Sumi Shimatsu.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Number of persons attending:

Adults: _____

Children: _____
(Under 12)

Issei _____

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We are also having informal dinner at a restaurant to be announced in the future for those who would like to get together Saturday night, August 25, 1990. If you are interested in joining us, please send us number of persons who will be attending.

Number of persons for dinner: _____

Please respond before March 1, 1990.....Thank you.

Sumi