

Hello again...surprise...another newsletter within six weeks...but I had to let you know that only a few took the time and effort to let me know about a picnic this year, and only two families wanted one, and half a dozen of you said it was too late for this year, so we must plan one for next year. I'm sorry that we did not get things going early enough for this year so those who wanted one for this summer, "gomen-nasai" but will plan for one next summer.

Thank you..again for the nice response to the last newsletter...am getting few more requests from non-C.C. people...so am very grateful to you readers...please send me any news...also would like to put in any memories or thoughts...this is YOUR newsletter...and we would like to share your ideas and feelings.

Yesterday, THE ECLIPSE occurred...and from the T.V. picture of the total eclipse in Hawaii I envy those of you who were able to witness this phenomena...it must have been very dramatic! Gosh Shiz and Ella, had I known that it would be so beautiful, I may have flown out to see this wonderful occurrence! Oh well, too late now. I hope that many of you in Hawaii were able to enjoy this spectacular sight!

In L.A., it did not show up much like in Hawaii and Mexico, but I did notice that it did get slightly darker...so even partial has its effect. With all the little and not so little tremblers that we Southern Californians were getting lately, I thought maybe that it would shake us a bit but fortunately, that did not occur.

My mother often told me in Japan, that the safest place to be in when earthquakes occur

was in a bamboo forest, because the roots tie up and holds the ground so the ground cannot open up and 'swallow' you in...well that used to always be in the back of my mind, I guess, as I have a nice clump of bamboo growing in my yard...it's really not a forest yet, but maybe someday, it may become a little forest for my security...presently, there's just a space for one person to get into...so I'll squeeze my body in when the earthquake comes...I'll be ready...ha ha.

It's funny how old memories keep cropping up...old Japanese tales and superstitions...I heard so many, and realized later that it could not affect me out here in America...like not having the chopstick stand in your rice bowl...this was a real 'no no'...since it was done only when one went to the crematorium and picked the bones and ashes of our departed ones...now we in America do not do this but for years now, I haven't dared to stick my chopstick in my rice bowl standing upright.

Many of you must have shook and swayed in the Long Beach earthquake...now that was a BIG QUAKE...and mom got us under the grand piano and chanted "MANZAIRAKU"...it's supposed to be chanting to the earthquake diety...we really said it so many times, but the house kept up it's trembling for 'eternity'...maybe the earthquake diety did not come to America...I just know that it was a long, long night with many shaking...well, now we're getting the little and sometime not too little shakes...and hopefully, the BIG ONE won't hit us...

The drought in California is really affecting everyone...couple of months ago, there was a bear that came down from the hills behind me..

## Best in business

This article and picture was in the Pacific Citizen newspaper couple of weeks ago...of course many of you know our C.C. friend, Aya Yamakoshi, (Hosaka) and her husband...they seem to be very successful in their business...when we had the reunion in '88, I remember her listing many of the successes in their business...I cannot recall them accurately to list them...but I'm very happy for them... CONGRATULATION AYA AND NOBY...BANZAI 3 times!



Noby Yamakoshi (center), founder and chairman of the board of Nobart, Inc., a national creative print graphics company, recently received the Small Business Administration's Lifetime Achievement Award. Present at the awards were (from left) Dr. Raymond Murakami, Rep. Norman Mineta, Mrs. Aya Yamakoshi, and William H. Marumoto, president, Interface Group. Ltd.

(cont'd...drought) and down to Las Posas... which is the main street below the hills... I guess it was looking for Big Mac and some water because it went towards Mc Donald's before he was shot with a tranquilizing pellet, and was then taken back to the hills behind us...hopefully, stays there!

We are listing some of our friends who departed from us...after talking it over with Tomo Mizukami and Sachi Maehara...also helping us were the Nonoguchis...I know that we will miss some, but these are the ones we know of in the last few years...

C.C. Obituary

Chester S. Ikemiya

Bob Oda

Shizu Kanogawa

Mamoru Kurakane

Mrs. Hayakawa

Reo Kanogawa

Mrs. Nagao

Rev. Fujikado

Fumi Kawashima

Ichiro Akiyama

Shiro Akiyama

Henry Hosaka

Yutaka Fukunaga

Junn Shibata

Masato Tanida

Tadako Tanida

George Tanida

Shiro Morimoto

We also have the husbands of former C.C. friends who passed away. They are:

Mrs. James Sakurai (Ruby Fukunaga)

Mrs. Frank Horiuchi (Lillian Muraoka)

Mrs. Harold Cook (Helen Ikemiya)

Mrs. Nag Hamada (May Kaneko)

Again, forgive me for omission...if you can help me in listing those I missed they will be printed in the next newsletter. Tako Sera lost his wife Peggy too...

Our friend Meg and Atsuko Yoshimura have moved to Japan to take care of his mother. Their address is:

[REDACTED]  
Saeiki-Ku, Hiroshima-Shi  
Japan.

It's really wonderful to see this 'Oya ko-ko' care-taking love. I received a nice, and long letter from Rev. Fujikado's daughter Emiko Murakawa last month...she wrote..."I was born in Crystal City at the very end of the war, and thus have no memory of camp. For most of my childhood, 'camp' had the connotation of summer camp."

She continues writing about how she learned little by little, through here-say, research her daughter did, etc. Emiko says her parents also helped by talking to

her daughter and revealing the fear that made them burn, bury or flush anything that was culturally linked to Japan (anything that had their 'mon' (Family crest), kimonos, swords), the restrictions on baggages taken into camp...

Her father, Rev. Fujikado had pancreatic cancer so she wrote of his treatments, surgery, etc. I know that the care she gave to him with the syringes, medications, IV's and TPN (hooking him up and disconnecting him), changing dressings and adapters, etc...was not only time consuming but exhausting...and heart-wrenching...to remember to do so much, besides taking care of her own family...I know, took everything in her plus to keep it up day after day. The five page letter describes so much of something I have had experience in...not as much in exact ways, but in caretaking which takes a lot of energy, stamina, love, strength, courage, faith, and whatever else you can muster.

Yet, this too is a privilege! As difficult as this is, it is a real privilege to be able give care...to be there...to strengthen and uplift our loved ones physically, mentally, and spiritually. It does drain everything from you...and at the end, the loss becomes so great...the void left within your very soul...the loss seems overwhelming...but how privileged those who can help...give...care...are.

Rev. Fujikado died March 30th of this year. There were 35 priests there and so many of their friends...a testimony to a life well lived.

We are taught that life and death are natural part of everyone's life...yet, we are never well prepared to accept death...there's no lesson in how to act or overcome grief...they say time heals...but when part of you die, it is very difficult to say that you will 'get over it'.

Anyway, it's hard...no matter how you look at it...that's why memory becomes very dear...and aren't we very lucky to have memories?...It's priceless...and unique! Thank God for memories.

Well, now, the other day, a friend of mine said that we Niseis were "MAZUI SANDOWITCHI". It was such a funny expression, I asked her what she meant by this...and she explained that the Niseis were sandwiched between the Isseis and the Sanseis...the Issei parents who were born and raised in Japan, and brought with them all the traditions and culture from Japan, not understanding or know anything about American ways, and the Sanseis who are totally Americanized.

She said how our generations were very obedient to our Issei parents, never daring to talk back, expressing our feelings or ideas...we had to be very respectful and obey 'blindly'.

The Issei parents came and had to learn to survive in this foreign land...foreign language, and foreign culture...it was not only difficult, but they also had to work long hours at menial

jobs...take care of their children, trying to understand English, learn American ways, it must have been endless hardship...but knowing the Isseis, they did not complain or cry..They persevered and worked from dawn to dusk...some worked during early morning to take their crop to the city markets. They quietly worked hard, and out of their small, measly income, they managed to scrape up some money to send back to their family in Japan.

They dare not 'lose face' by writing to Japan...to their family of their plight...of their loneliness...of frustrations...of foreign food, languages, culture...of prejudice...of wanting to return home...they just continued to work long hours in the 'desert-like' land, ...Imperial Valley, San Joaquin Valley, Salinas, San Gabriel Valley...all dry, rocky, waste land...they worked the grounds, removing the rocks, tilling the land, making the hard land green, lush, fertile, rich agricultural land that the land owners and others wanted to reclaim.

Others laid railroad ties, cooked, picked fruits...migrant workers...washed dishes, did ranch work, janitors...name it, they did it!

Slowly, very slowly, they made small headways. Some soon began to buy small land...the long hours and hard labor began to pay dividends...some left the farms to move into the cities...to open small businesses...groceries, dry good stores, shoe stores, cafes, noodle shops, sushi cafes...not like the sushi-bars of today, but small ethnic, home-style food that people were hungry for. Hotels and rooming houses were started, with apartments and other buildings purchased. Lil Tokyo also started at the turn of the century in L.A.

Well, things began to look up for the many Isseis, and dreams were dreamt when the bubble burst with the beginning of WW II, and all the Japanese were removed from the West Coast and herded into camps.

Again, time for adjustment. Japanese people being very private and very modest... had to live in communal lifestyle. Nothing prepared them for this shocking lifestyle. Mess hall...communal eating; communal living in close quarters...separated only by pine boards, communal toilets...no doors, communal showers...no privacy anywhere...

When war ended, many stayed in midwest, some moved to the East Coast, but many returned to the West Coast. Living condition was difficult. Many lived in hostels, some shared house amongst several families, and there were those couples who became live-in housekeeper/gardener/ground-keeper. The Isseis again worked 7 days a week...long hours and saved pennies and nickels...drawing in

from within, their Japanese Spirit of 'Gaman' and 'shim-bo'...fortitude and perseverance... they rose up again...SUCCESSFUL...sending their children to colleges, universities...to give them 'tools' to work with in areas that were totally impossible to work into...not only were they disadvantaged in education, but even with college/university degree, the doors were not open for the Japanese, or for the Niseis... the early Niseis.

Now the doors were opened. The Niseis, and then the Sanseis enjoyed the wider choices of jobs and opportunities.

Now the Sanseis were more independent, they did not have to observe the rules the Niseis did...they no longer held their tongue...nor did they obey 'blindly' what the parents told them...They were Americanized in every way... very free, head strong, vocal, uninhibited, and at times demanding 'their' 'rights'...

The Niseis again were tongue tied...they were over-ruled by their children now instead of their parents...and their feelings and opinions were again suppressed, repressed...and we again became the 'quiet Americans'.

Therefore, the term "MAZUI SANDOWITCHI" is what my friend meant of our generation. The Japanese called this situation "ITABASAMI". It doesn't matter whether you call it "Mazui Sandowitchi" (Lousy Sandwich) or "Itabasami" (to be squeezed in between two boards)...it still adds up to having to put up with a very frustrating position...it's a 'no win' situation...

YET...inspite of it, the Niseis did manage, and managed very well! Somehow, the Sanseis grew up, matured...they became responsible, and though we were sandwiched between the two generations, we must've done something right...although the Niseis had to keep their feelings and opinions pent up inside, and keep quiet, the Sanseis not only are successful, but responsible and really, very nice people...they turned out O.K...being 'sandwiched' or 'itabasami'ed did NOT DESTROY US NISEIS...if anything, we not only survived the ordeal, but somehow, WE DONE GOOD!

HOORAY FOR THE NISEIS...TAKE A BIG BOW MY FRIENDS...YOU REALLY EARNED IT!!!

I thank my friend Irene Nakagawa for her "Mazui Sandowitchi". She has two beautiful daughters and four grandchildren...she also is a survivor of the Hiroshima Atomic Bomb...she is a real successful survivor...like the Isseis.

Well, no sooner did I write this article and another Nisei said that some of the Niseis were "Mazui Club Sandowitchi"...because they were sandwiched with raising their grandchildren...I am aware of several of my friends who have had this situation...and not only did they raise their children, but they were raising the grandchildren...and that is very, very rough!

It's been over a week since I started this Newsletter...time manages to fly by...and I'm still getting this paper together, plus other things...

Last night, Oxnard Buddhist Church had the '91 Obon dance so we (my daughter-in-law, two grand-daughters and I) joined in and though I wasn't able to go to any of the practice this year, we managed to somehow keep up the steps and mis-steps...having fun and enjoyment from this annual affair.

Somehow, there seems to be more people who join in this festive occasion and so many support the festival from other outlying temples. The Orange County, Gardena, Guadalupe-Santa Maria, and even San Diego Buddhist groups came and joined in on the Obon dance...it's so very commendable to see how they support this important festival at different temples all over the southland.

It feels so good to be able to express our culture and remember our loved ones who were Buddhists...I'm sure that they dance with us. My mother and father were Buddhists...mom enjoyed Obon dances and ondōs...so it was my way of expressing my love and remembrance of both my folks and many other friends who were Buddhists...perhaps, even those who weren't Buddhists enjoy it too!

When I was little...(ancient history), I do remember my dance teacher (O-sho-san) was with the Koyasan Temple, so Obon time was very special. We had "Kyōgi-nagashi" which is at the end of Obon week, when the souls of the departed were sent back to the 'Spirit Land.' Well, in Los Angeles, "Kyōgi Nagashi" could not be held at river as in Japan because in summer, L.A. river was dry...so we went to White Point beach and had a bonfire to burn the plaques of our departed folks/family/friends.

1946 in Sendai, I witnessed a real, honest-to-goodness "Kyōgi-Nagashi" at the river that ran through the city...it was only couple of blocks away from where I lived at that time, so we went to the river, and because it was right after WW II, and candles were scarce, there were very few of the 'boats' with plaques, candle bobbing up and down, drifting away down the river...back to the 'Spirit-Land.' It was very memorable and though there weren't too many of the 'boats', colorful custom. I understand that often there's so many boats that it is just full of the boats going down the river. I wonder if they do this in Japan today.

I am very grateful that I was able to share some of these special occasion...my aunt showed me how they prepared special food for the "Butsudan"...have the 'Obon' lantern out on the porch for the ancestors to see and make their way home.

Although the times were very bad right after the war, I'm very grateful for the experience of witnessing Japan after WW II, and also for experiencing some of the most difficult times being in Japan as Niseis...unless you were there it is impossible to describe how it was...many of you who went back to Uraga know what survival meant...and I'm sure, you appreciate life today.

It has been a real education...and I wouldn't trade that experience at all. It was rough but I'm very glad that I have been able to live in that difficult moment of life...of course, I can say that since today, things are so much more pleasant and great! And I'm grateful that we were able to return to our country once again.

At the Oxnard Obon, we were entertained by the Senshin Drum group...I love those drums and enjoy listening to the many beat...it seems to give many of the people an adrenaline rush...I know that I feel more energetic and charged up...Wow...and it is so wonderful to see the Sanseis are keeping up the culture and tradition. How I wish we also had that opportunity...but the cycle had to go around...and continue to bring those precious culture and traditions around to the many Sanseis and the Yonseis...Aren't we fortunate.

One of the Oxnard Buddhist Priest's wife was out there in her 'Happi' dancing with us...and during the intermission, she came over and was talking to several of us there about her life in this country...she was so humorous in telling us about many of her experiences, I thought that she would be a great Japanese stand-up comic. She had us just laughing for over 20 minutes and I must say, my stomach was very tired after listening to her and laughing continually.

It's not too often that an 'Oku-san' of any church cuts up, let alone relax and allow themselves to express honestly, life of a minister's wife, life making ends meet...on restricted finance...life of 'how to be genteel and polite'...she danced with joy and laughed along with many of the people who enjoyed her company. It is very refreshing to find a jewel like her.

I'm sorry that the Obon time is at a close. Usually, it's fun to go to other temples and join in on their festivities, however, this year, (as last couple of years), there were other activities that kept me away from the fun...hopefully, next year, I will be able to join in more places, and enjoy the sushis and teriyakis...mmm they are delicious!

Until then, at least I had a great time last night remembering my folks, friends and dancing with so many people...at the end, we did the "Tanko-Bushi"...and we got some young 'Hakujuin' girls and young men to join in next to us...and taught them how to 'dig for the coals'...they were delighted to be asked, and did very well.

I realized then that many of the spectators would like to join in, but do not know that they could jump in between and dance the Obon...so next year, I will make it a point to encourage those watching to 'come on in and have some fun'. I was very glad that those who joined shared the joy with us...

There's another 'Hakujin' lady who was dressed in a nice kimono dancing...she was very graceful and then I recalled that she has been dancing with the Oxnard Temple for several years...I remember when she first started about 5 years ago...well, she's an experienced Obon dancer, dressed real nice in kimono instead of 'happi' like myself... and has a very serene expression and loveliness.

Conversing with her, I learned that she taught Dharma classes at the Sunday School at the Oxnard Temple. She certainly lived what she taught...No wonder she looked so serene and peaceful...she lived Buddhism each day.

Sometimes, we who were born in Japanese culture and tradition, yes and even religion are taught by others, what we were taught from our folks, church, teachers...

In today's world, with so many stresses and tensions, I heard that people were now returning to churches, getting their children enrolled in Sunday Schools, and instilling faith in their lives...back to inner faith, and belief in something beyond mankind. That's really wonderful.

During the Korean War, there was a study made, why so many of the young soldiers fell to the enemy's 'brainwashing method.' They found that there were many with 'slight' or 'minor' wounds who died, and some of those who were not expected to live because of very severe injuries, wounds, lived...what was the difference in why they lived in spite of the severity of their wounds, and those who died from lesser wounds.

The key to this was FAITH...those who had survived the severe to critical injuries had prayed, and hung on to their faith in whatever religion that they believed in...those who died of lesser wounds, and those who had been easily brain-washed said they did not believe or had no faith.

Since then, I've listened to many who were prisoners or hostages, and they recited some scriptures, prayed, mentally centered on a 'higher being' etc.

Today, in Visualization Therapy, they do emphasize faith and belief...it creates the HOPE that is THE light at the end of a tunnel...a light that kindles miracle no matter what difficulty/ies one faces. HOPE = LIFE.

## Flexibility Exercises



1  
20 seconds each leg



2  
3 times, 5 seconds each



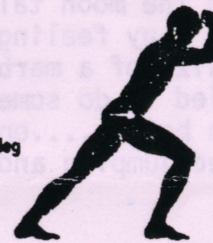
3  
2 times, 5 seconds each



4  
10 times each direction



5  
20 seconds each leg



6  
30 seconds each leg



7  
30 seconds



8  
20 seconds

PLEASE THE BODY...

EASE THE MIND...

Today, we are all conscious of good health. We read articles, hear programs on T.V., the many exercise that is encouraged...walking, aerobic, cycling, swimming, water exercise, etc.

We are reminded to eliminate fat, reduce cholesterol, salt, eat less, decrease tension and increase mental and physical energy.

So we must all be aware of working at wellness...to not only stay healthy but to feel GOOD...or GREAT!

The 7 Quick Frazzle Fixers have listed the following:

1. BREATHE DEEPLY. Close your eyes and breathe in slowly as possible while slowly counting 5...breathe out for equal number of seconds.

2. DON'T SKIP YOUR BREAKS & LUNCH PERIOD. Use your breaks to exercise...walk around.

3. PRACTICE THE "4-S." Smile, Slack, Sag, Smooth. Smile... Take a deep breath...as you let out let your jaw hang Slack...Sag your shoulders, and Smooth out your forehead...Repeat.

4. TAKE A MENTAL BREAK...Visualize an ideal relaxing place, relax and enjoy your 'visit' for at least 15 seconds.

5. LAUGH...It releases tension.

6. ROLL YOUR SHOULDERS...raise your shoulders, roll them forward and backward.

"Shoulder Shrugging".  
6. STAND AND REACH. Stretch with arms above your head and stretch.

Yae (Aoki)Suyenobu sent me a note that Bishop Kenko Yamashita will address the United Nations in New York on "Zen and World Peace" in October of this year. Yae's husband Benny took Aikido from Daniel Furuya (and got his black belt), who became a Zen Buddhist priest, now Rev. Kensho Furuya, will accompany Yamashita Sensei (he's always Yamashita Sensei to me) and will translate the address.

BISHOP KENKO YAMASHITA



I've always appreciated Yamashita Sensei for my Japanese language lessons...he was very patient when Shiz and I had the giggles and could not stop...how many times were we sent out of class... he understood us Niseis, his many stories were colorful and very interesting, and he is so down to earth. The fact that he is a Bishop of Zen Buddhism has not diminished his sense of humor or changed him from the Sensei that we enjoyed in Crystal City Camp.

**BANZAI YAMASHITA SENSEI!!!**  
I know all of your former students from Japanese school days are cheering you on! I hope that there will be a tape or a translation of the address. We will want to print the content of your address.

Crystal City Association was greatly assisted by his guidance and his continued support for our group has always inspired us.

We await his address in October...and will try to obtain the content for our newsletter.

Just received a nice long letter from Jim Kato (Shiz Ochiai's husband and secretary). He wrote about the memorable morning with the total eclipse that occurred there...but he watched it on the TV because of clouds and drizzles all morning...so I guess he saw it like us in Mainland...through the television stations. I understand that it was somewhat cloudy on the Kona side as well. (They live on Hilo, and it rains there often.

...and one of the astronaut said he wanted to try something different so he jumped up high, and in doing so, his backpack was so heavy, that he flipped backward, and for a short moment was very scared that he did something foolish, for if he landed hard, and his spacesuit ripped, he was dead instantly...the moon, atmosphere, etc. being so different, it was instant death...but he managed to come through the situation okay.

I wonder how Honolulu faired...Ella, may I hear from you? I guess if you were up high on mountains, it was great!

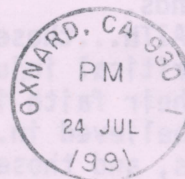
They all spoke that the intense daily work-out, the stress of preparing for the many work and knowledge in this field halted so abruptly right after they landed, that it was unbearable, that it was a real shock to the nervous system.

Yesterday, I watched five of the former astronauts who walked on the moon talk about their experience...their many feelings when they were on the moon, size of a marble...in awe...how each group tried to do something different from the group before...one hit a golf ball...another tried jumping and running

Nothing prepared them for doing 'nothing' after hours, days, weeks, months of preparation. Couple of the fellow became very religious...and felt the love, the appreciation for this earth... they now take nothing for granted...that our life is very precious and unique...Amen...Sumi-S.U.

**CRYSTAL CITY ASSOCIATION**

**CAMARILLO, CA 93010**



**MR. & MRS. TAD ISHIDA**

**SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94116**