

It's that time of the year when we just finished the turkey leftovers and ate enough so our tummy just stretched out to the maximum...the Great Pumpkin became the pumpkin pies...and now we face the "Ho Ho Ho" of that cherry cheeked whiskered man who filled his tummy with lots of "gobble gobble" and trimmings...how could one year fly by so fast...wasn't it just a short while ago that we were planning the CC picnic with our sanseis...didn't we just have a fantastic fun-loaded picnic? and now, end of the year? Wow...I feel like "urashima Taro" or the Rip Van Winkle (or is that Rip Van Wrinkle?)...

We have enjoyed another successful year all together...I know that we have raised over \$180,000. for the JAN Museum.

I don't know the exact figure and though I have asked several times, I haven't received any answer. The new Museum looks great...I haven't visited it yet, however, reports have it that it's really nice...and the personnel at the Museum are very busy trying to get everything ready for the grand opening on January 22nd, 1999.

The Crystal City Peruvians have received their apologies and some reparation...it was such a struggle for those who had to go to Washington D.C. several times to be heard...they fought a great fight!

Toni kept the CCA meetings going...getting the many sanseis to put the picnic together...the many hours, days that was spent taking care of the many details...I know that we CCA accomplished so much with her at the helm of our organization.

The many dedicated CCA members who always attend our meetings...who have always been there for many, many years, even before I got involved ten years ago...you kept the organization alive and your spirit keeps us going even now...the working nucleus...we are grateful.

So the year is ending...1998...almost over...we look forward to 1999...let's hope that it will be another good year with good thoughts...good memories... and whatever that is there for all of us...

I wish each and everyone of you wonderful, warm Christmas-time...each in your own way...in whatever your faith is, let there be peace...love...and joy!

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My "Kansha" (gratitude) to y'all

Ten years of this labor of love have been typed out to y'all...filling bits and pieces of news, of things happening with the CCA...and met many of you, through your letters, notes, telephone calls and at the different gatherings that we have had...having many "behind the scene" people whom you can count on at all times...without them, this newsletter could never be sent.

Your interest in the newsletter...donations...articles...etc. are what makes this Chatter continue.

Many of us niseis are a little older with our health to consider. We can't get away with eating anything or anytime and have to take pills here, vitamins, supplements to keep our health and vitality up...so I will be adding few pages of Health Section for well-being in future newsletters...as you read on, on page 3, you will see that I who felt that I was one of the healthiest person around, have had to take it easy, (wasn't in my vocabulary till now) and watch my own health...go in for periodic checkup and take care of myself.

As my family and friends know, being one to take care of everyone else, it's very strange to realize that this body must be taken care of like I've been telling everyone else to do...so..

This newsletter is written with deep appreciation for the opportunity to thank all of you...and to those of you who have sent me "Get Well" cards, letters, messages...I am very, very grateful for your prayers, thoughts and cheers. I am especially grateful to each and everyone of my family who were sending me "energy" and worked on me..My cup is full!

"WHAT SPECIAL SOMEDAY ARE WE SAVING FOR"

After the shocking hospitalization (see page 3) and how "life" can be so precarious...my daughter sent me this article after I came home to recuperate. We all felt "unready" for my unwellness. How could Sumi, who is THE caregiver...the one to go around cheering people up and uplifting them, be "down" and having to "take it easy"...so many things that I was not prepared for...and this article was printed back in 1985, and was recently reprinted in the Orange County L.A. Times:

"My brother-in-law opened the bottom drawer of my sister's bureau and lifted out a tissue-wrapped package. 'This,' he said, 'is not a slip. This is lingerie.' He discarded the tissue and handed me the slip. It was exquisite: silk, handmade and trimmed with a cobweb of lace. The price tag with an astronomical figure on it was still attached.

'Jan bought this the first time we went to New York, at least eight or nine years ago. She never wore it. She was saving it for a special occasion. Well, I guess this is the occasion.'

He took the slip from me and put it on the bed with the other clothes we were taking to the mortician. His hands lingered on the soft material for a moment. Then he slammed the drawer shut and turned to me. 'Don't ever save anything for a special occasion. Every day you're alive is a special occasion.'

I remembered those words through the funeral and the days that followed when I helped him and my niece attend to all the sad chores that follow an unexpected death. I thought about them on the plane returning to California from the Midwestern town where my sister's family lives. I thought about all the things that she hadn't seen or heard or done. I thought about the things that she had done without realizing that they were special.

I'm still thinking about his words, and they've changed my life. I'm reading more and dusting less. I'm sitting on the deck and admiring the view without fussing about the weeds in the garden. I'm spending more time with my family and friends and less time in committee meetings.

Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experiences to savor, not endure. I'm trying to recognize these moments now and cherish them.

I'm not 'saving' anything; we use our good china and crystal for every special event - such as losing a pound, getting the sink unstopped, the first camellia blossom. I wear my good blazer to the market if I feel like it. My theory is if I look prosperous, I can shell out \$28.49 for a small bag of groceries without wincing.

I'm not saving my good perfume for special parties; clerks in hardware stores and tellers in banks have noses that function as well as my party-going friends.

'Someday' and 'one of these days' are fighting a losing battle to stay in my vocabulary. If it's worth seeing or hearing or doing, I want to see and hear and do it now.

I'm not sure what my sister would have done had she known that she wouldn't be here for the tomorrow we all take for granted. I think she would have called family members and a few close friends. She might have called a few former friends to apologize and mend fences for past squabbles. I like to think she would have gone out for a Chinese dinner, her favorite food. I'm guessing -- I'll never know.

It's those little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew that my hours were limited. Angry because I put off seeing good friends whom I was going to get in touch with -- someday. Angry because I hadn't written certain letters that I intended to write -- one of these days. Angry and sorry that I didn't tell my husband and daughter often enough how much I truly love them.

I'm trying very hard not to put off, hold back or save anything that would add laughter and luster to our lives.

And every morning when I open my eye I tell myself that this is a special occasion."

Ann Wells, now 76...Laguna Niguel, CA

A WAKE-UP CALL

What rude awakening...4:00 a.m. on November 10th, I felt my nose running...thinking that I was coming down with a cold, I got Kleenex tissue to stop it, but it wouldn't stop, so I turned on the light, and found gushing nose bleed, so holding my nose, I went to the bathroom and found that because I held my nose tight, the blood came out from my left eye...if that's didn't shock me...never had blood pouring out from my eye...so I had my son Derick drive me to the emergency hospital. They packed my nose with gauze...and I felt like W.C. Field on the left side of my nose...but it seemed to stop...they then re-packed it with liquid cocaine to shrink the blood vessel and then cauterized it with silver nitrate...interesting? It was not. But it did the trick for awhile...after few hours, I was sent home and was told to keep this Vaseline gauze in my nose for 4 days, then go to an Eye, Ears, Nose, Throat doctor...

Why wait 4 days to see a specialist...I knew of only one EENT doctor that I've heard of, however, he was in Torrance, and I'm in Camarillo...but I called his office and was told to see him ASAP so my daughter Paula drove me to his office, and my other daughter from Fountain Valley met me there too. Just before I got to his office, the nose began to bleed again, so good ole Kleenex had to be used again...by the box full.

Doctor Dale Inaba (yes, one of the twins from Crystal City Internment Camp) pushed in this rubber-ball which was larger than the size of a marble, filled with water into my poor little left nostril...and I felt every crack in my nose, upper palate, cheekbone crackle-crackle...shades of Northridge earthquake...feels like you're crackling apart...but it worked. I was then hospitalized at Torrance Memorial Hospital and was to be very still and quiet and was in a private room.

For a very healthy person who has always been strong, energetic and THE caregiver, THIS was very foreign to me...and my family were also shocked that mom could be in this situation...but I was.

Unbeknownst to me, I had hypertension (high blood pressure) and weak blood vessel in my nose = gushing nosebleed...had it happened in my head, well, it becomes a stroke...which can cause paralysis or death...I was extremely fortunate...being a Chiropractor, I know signs and symptoms of high blood pressure...which is heavy head, headache, dizziness, lightheadedness, ringing of the ears, and what I did not remember was...loss of energy, easy fatigability...which I have experienced this year...but I thought that was due to all the activities with the picnic planning, the stress of concern for family, friends, driving around to care for my patient/friends, and other activities that I always get involved in...including the Chatter and all the work that goes into getting it put together...and sending them out...you know how busy you can be...it's nothing unusual to become busy.

So, feeling usually tired this year, just exhausted especially after the picnic, it was like...wow, am I getting old? Is this what it feels to turn 70? I never ran out of energy...like the pink bunny from the Energizer, I could keep going and going and going...and felt very fortunate to have great genes that kept me so healthy...BUT...I did not know that this "Silent Killer" was in the form of "fatigue"... "exhaustion"... "always tired"...

After a week in hospital, having my BP lowered with a little pill, having to learn to "take it easy", "rest", "not drive around much...just around Camarillo"...feeling like an "invalid"...wow, was this a big change in my life style...to take care of myself instead of others?...to learn how to rest, eat smart, not slowdown but stop for awhile...it's difficult to a energetic spirited person, but necessary.

Family and friends have been wonderful...they've been so supportive, the children and their families all came, and those who couldn't come, called so many times a day from Washington, Vancouver B.C., etc...their BIG care, prayers, thoughts, good cheers have been FANTASTIC and I really appreciate it all.

DO TAKE CARE...LIFE IS VERY FRAGILE...YOU NEVER KNOW HOW VULNERABLE YOU CAN BE UNTIL THE "WAKE-UP CALL" COMES...

I've told Toni Tomita that she **MUST TAKE CARE OF HERSELF**...she's been so busy...so tired...and people just keeps asking of her because she is so efficient and reliable...people must really back off and give workers space...and not pile up work and responsibility...but Toni, you **MUST LEARN TO SAY "NO"**.

This has been a real "eye opener" for myself...for my family...and friends. I know that I thought I was very healthy and very fortunate...I know I am very blessed... **PRAY** this body must be cared for...so take heed.

LETTERS TO CCA VIA SID OKAZAKI

August 3, 1998

Dear Sid:

"Nagai aida gobusata itashimashite sumimasen". (I'm sorry that it has been a long time). Anyway, how are you folks? I hope you are all healthy and enjoying your retirement. When I was in Philadelphia for the JAACL National convention, I ran into State Assemblyman Mike Honda and in our conversation, somehow we got on the subject of Crystal City, so I mentioned to him about our annual picnic reunion and right away he indicated interest in attending our picnic. I don't know whether I ever mentioned to you that Mike was the one who first brought the information back from the Crystal City Independent School District, who owns the property of the campsite, that they were interested in having a memorial marker built on the site. At the time Mike went to Crystal City on business regarding the spinach capital and happened to meet the Superintendent of the School District. Upon returning from the trip, Mike came before the JAACL National Board at the time, I was assigned the task of investigating the feasibility of the project and was to report back to the board with a recommendation. Therefore, I brought the matter up at a meeting of the Crystal City Association and at the meeting the CCA decided that they wanted to do the project on their own without JAACL, as there was some strong anti-JAACL feelings among the group. So I recommended to JAACL to turn the whole project over to the CCA and that was done. The above explanation is probably why he has an interest in attending the picnic besides the politicking and fund raising that politicians normally engage in. In conclusion, he may show up at the picnic as I have given him the particulars of the picnic as to date, time, where, etc. If he shows, it will be a chance for people to ask him questions.

I think I mentioned to you that I visited with Richard Kajihara and his wife when we were in Sacramento for a bridge tournament. Barbara plays tournament bridge, not me. My memory is not always clear, signs of aging, I hope it is not Alzheimer's. Did you know George Hayashi of Santa Maria? He and his wife came to a little service we had to inter my brother's ashes at the Japanese cemetery in Colma (San Francisco). George and my brother Alan were very good friends.

I guess we will be seeing you in couple of weeks in Long Beach. I am sorry that I can't be of much help for the picnic. We will arrive in Long Beach, Saturday the 15th in the evening, and will stay at son Ian's. If there is something I can do at the picnic, let me know. We will have to head back to Fresno right after the picnic as I have an appointment on Monday morning.

Love,

Izumi Taniguchi

August 4, 1998

Dear Mr. Okazaki:

I am writing to you today because of the article in Rafu that I read today. My name is Sandra Nakamura Suzuki. My grandfather, Frank Nakamura, was in Crystal City during the war. Our family had been trying to get some information on our grandfather for the past eight years. We sort of given up the quest that we started when my father died. Before eight years ago, it was my father's quest to find out some information of the life at Crystal City. He was not successful so my brother and I decided to continue it for him. When the Japanese American Museum opened, we tried to get some information but it was useless. Just recently I tried again and was told that the Government Camp's information is not open to public. I sort of gave up until I saw your name and Crystal City today.

I am informed a little regarding my grandfather. I only know that he was a news reporter from Seattle, Washington. His English name was Frank. Had a son name Victor who was in China at that time. His wife Mieko and the other family were in Japan. He was not permitted to write and so he used his time on alcohol. He died a year or so after his release due to alcohol related matter.

I know it isn't much to work on, but if there is any one that many know him or even some information what kind of a place Crystal City was like will really be appreciated. I would have like to joined the picnic to acquire some information, but on August 16th, we are on a family summer vacation. So the only way for me is to ask you.

Thank you for all your troubles and I do hope you may share some light to one of ancestry's past. Hope to hear from you.

Sincerely,

Sandra Suzuki

Huntington Beach CA 92647

(Letters to CCA Via Sid Okazaki, continued)

August 4, 1998

Mr. Sid Okazaki:

During 1944, I was transferred from Tule Lake to Santa Fe, New Mexico. After the war's end, I was sent to Crystal City and was interned there until June of 1947. While there, I was a typist to Mr. Iwao Shimizu, our camp manager. I also taught a night school typing class for Peruvian children.

Please send me the necessary information on this get together.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Bill Nishimura

These are the letters Sid Okazaki received prior to our picnic in August. The October issue 43 of the Chatter did not include these letters, and I am sorry that it has taken this long to not only put their letters in this issue, but that I did not respond promptly as I usually do when there's correspondence or inquiry. To say that I was busy sounds like an "easy" excuse...however, there's been so much going on that I did put it off until this issue.

I have looked up in December 1946 list of internees still in Crystal City Internment Camp...the only Nakamura listed are: Mitsuki George of San Francisco, CA and Sadamu Nakamura of Ibaragi-ken Japan. The only Nishimura listed is Toru Bill of Compton, California. This, I believe is you Bill. We do have more information about Crystal City Internment Camp, its history, and life in this unique camp in our 1993, 50th Anniversary album that Joy Nozaki Gee put together. It is available by ordering this complete book about Crystal City, Texas to: Crystal City Chatter

Camarillo CA 93010

I will send it to you promptly. \$35.00 will cover the cost of the album and the shipping and handling.

Unfortunately, the Japanese American National Museum does not have enough information about our camp. We have tried to give them information and education about this camp and it took many years and help from many of our CCA members and also from our friends who are very active with the Museum, the past Mr. Nobie Yamakoshi and his wife Aya Hosaka Yamakoshi, who was in Crystal City. Through their efforts, we have been allowed to "enter" the walls of the Museum...however, they do not "know" enough about Crystal City or any of the many camps that the Issei men and women were subjected to arrest, and imprisonment when Pearl Harbor was bombed exactly 57 years ago.

Many were arrested so sudden, the family did not even know where they were taken or what was going to happen to their mother/father/spouses...From Hawaii, to mainland, to Peru...and other Latin American countries...they were subjected to the many detention camps in desolate parts of United States. And as we have learned in Ellis Island this year, the East Coast Japanese were imprisoned in Ellis Island...about 300 people.

If you have further questions, please write to me at the above address. I will try to find answers to quell your questions.

Thank you very much for writing to our organization. We do have a great group.

Very sincerely yours,

sumi shimatsu

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Coppell, Texas, October 24, 1998

Dear Sumi,

Thank you so much for the letter and notice you put in the Crystal City Chatter about Teresa. It was very nice of you to write so much, but I'm glad you did so everyone will know what kind of sickness Teresa had. And thanks so much for your kind card and note you sent to us. I will tell my children and let them read it.

(Cont'd on page 6)

(Letters to the Editor, continued)

Sumi it was 2 years, 8 months Teresa was sick and very hard to see her that way. She could still eat all meals most of the time and go to the bathroom with help part of the time. We also had a bedside potty she used. Her maiden name was "Maeoka" and she was born in Trujillo, Peru. Thanks again for your kindness.

All my love,

John Amerson

Dear John,

It's always so hard to feel so helpless...I do believe that it is just as difficult for the caregiver as being the patient...I've often felt so inadequate in taking care of my husband...heart problems for almost 15 years...in those days, they really had little knowledge and medication, bi-passes, angio-plasts...so many progress since then...and today, there's many new things that medical and alternative medicine offers. It is wonderful to see how progress in cancer treatment...many different groups of medications for their cancer that survival of this dreaded disease isn't the doom and gloom it used to send. Even the many cocktails of medicine is able to give "life" to the HIV positives...it takes the right combination but it has helped many out there who had nothing to look forward to...

There's more today and more tomorrow...wellness is also a state of the strong desire to "live". That has to come from the patient themselves...the "will to live" is very potent!

Unfortunately, they haven't found the etiology or the treatment/cure for Lou Gehrig's Disease that Terasa had. There's much more for the science to find in many of our incurable" diseases.

I know that Teresa must've felt your deep love and care...and I continue to pray for her soul to rest in peace...take care John.

Very sincerely yours,

sumi shimatsu

I would also like to thank many of you who ordered the 1998 CC Picnic T-shirts. There are few more adult sizes medium and large, and children's medium and large.

Adults: M/L \$15.00
Childrens: M/L 7.50

Also, to many of you who have donated to this Chatter, thank you very much...it will keep the Chatter going to y'all...keep the news coming in...people out there are enjoying your input.

I also received an article from my dearest friend, Shiz Ochiai Kato from Hilo, Hawaii...in their Star-Bulletin newspaper:

LETTER OPENS THE DOOR TO REPARATIONS

"Japanese Americans lost railroad and mining jobs after Pearl Harbor"

It was just one page, a note typed in 1941, four days after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, But to Fumie Ishii Shimada, it was the elusive piece of paper she had sought for years.

The letter she discovered last summer details how the FBI ordered Japanese railroad and mine workers in the Western United States to be fired as security risks during World War II.

It has already cost the federal government \$5 million in reparations. Shimada, a middle-school math teacher in Sacramento, Calif., figures it could cost a lot more, depending on how many more applications are postmarked by August 10.

She is convinced that many more families perhaps several hundred more - could qualify for reparations from the Justice Department's Office of Redress Administration.

Since February, some 250 children of fired workers have received the maximum payout: \$20,000. Shimada and her two sisters each got checks in late May. (They plan to donate some of it to the JAACL for scholarships.) Another 70 applications are under review.

Shimada credits others for the windfall, but the credit is largely hers. Her odyssey began in her hometown of Sparks, Nevada, on February 18, 1942, when Southern Pacific fired her father after 22 years on the job.

Kametaro Ishii was among hundreds of Japanese aliens and Japanese-Americans fired from Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Western Pacific and other railway and mining companies in several Western states.

(Cont'd on page 8)

"LISTENING TO YOUR BODY = GOOD HEALTH"

Your body will let you know IF you're okay or not...it's matter of "listening" to it very carefully. If you feel tired...the body needs rest. If you feel hungry...it needs food/snack...etc. Sometimes the "messages" is so subtle that you can't "hear" it...like what had happened to me recently...since I'm always running around and busy doing things here, there and everywhere, I thought it "natural" that tiredness, fatigue, exhaustion, etc. was to be expected...yet, it was one of the signs and symptom of the "Silent Killer", hypertension and pre-stroke condition. My sister sent me a booklet on "Preventing a Brain Attack", or stroke. Questions listed as "Are You At Risk for a Brain Attack?" are:

- Do you smoke?
- Do you have high blood pressure?
- Do you have high cholesterol?
- Do you have heart disease?
- Are you older than 60?
- Have you had weakness on one side of your body?
- Have you had temporary dizziness or speech or vision problem?
- Are you overweight?
- Do you walk or exercise fewer than 3 times a week?
- Do you often eat greasy, fried, or salty foods?
- Do you feel overly tired, exhausted?

I would add to this list:

Many of us are considered to be in the "Over the Hill Gang"...eating smart and taking supplements can help. It has been found that Folic Acid (part of vitamin B complex) is very low in people who suffered strokes, and heart attacks. about 400 mg is recommended. This is especially found lacking or low amount in men more than women. B-6, Pyridoxine is very helpful in strengthening the heart muscle, cleansing blood, liver...and is recommended to many heart patients.

Since my recent bout with the fragile blood vessel which burst to cause the bloody nose...I've been taking vitamin C with bioflavonoid and rutin to strengthen my blood vessels. Don't want to have blood vessels bursting anywhere else, especially in my head.

Remember that for everyone EXERCISE IS VERY IMPORTANT. I love Tai Chi and Qi Gung and you only need to do simple ones...forms and style is not important...whether it's Yang style, long or short, Chang or Wushu...whether the Qi Gung is Soaring Crane or the Wild Goose, I find simple, slow, repetitive motion to be simple and good.

Walking in the mall is great...the weather is so cold that the temperature in malls are great...and it doesn't hurt to window shop...(don't take your wallet or purse...you may buy stuffs)...

Swimming is one of you great exercise...it develops long muscles and exercises good breathing...there are many ways for people to exercise in the pool today...and many pools are not too cold.

Stretches...when you get out of shower or bath, use your towel to stretch with...up, over and back ...you can also do resistant exercise with a towel...as you pull one side, pull down to the other side...the towel can be easy way of stretching with what you have on hand .especially after warming your body in shower/bath.

Eat in small quantity, 5-6 times a day...make your mid-day meal larger than your dinner. If you could eat your desserts, sweets in the afternoon, (tea time or coffee break), it would be better.

Of course, fruits cut in pieces to snack on...vege sticks are good...etc.

Live enjoyably...appreciating each day...do something...or nothing...whatever you feel like doing...LIVE...

YOUR WELLNESS DEPENDS ON YOUR ATTITUDE...NO ONE HANDS YOU GOOD OR BAD HEALTH. IT IS UP TO YOU TO WANT IT FOR YOUR SELF.

GETTING WELL, STAYING WELL IS UP TO YOU! IT'S WORTH THE FIGHT!

(Letter Opens the Door to Reparations, continued)

Her father was only one among many, but it's his shame that his daughter remembers. Though only a toddler then, Shimada recalls now, at 59, "so much of what was happening."

Southern Pacific warned Ishii that if he set foot on railroad property he would be arrested. To survive, the machinist worked as a gardener. And, every day, his family observed a curfew from 8 p.m. to 5 a.m. and never strayed more than five miles from home.

Then, in 1945, a day after the war with Japan ended, Ishii was rehired by his boss, Herb "Tex" Covington, who had tried to keep him on the SP payroll during the war. This time Ishii stayed and retired after a total of 40 years.

But Congress eventually acknowledged that it was wrong to round up 120,000 Japanese-Americans and aliens and confine them without charge at internment camps throughout the war. The Civil Liberties Act in 1988, specifically providing for \$20,000 in reparations to the internees or survivors, also had general wording applying to anyone deprived of their civil liberties for no reason other than being Japanese.

Shimada figured that her father would qualify, even though he had not been interned. But she couldn't confer with her parents whether to seek payment. Her father had died in 1976, her mother in 1979.

Still this was family business, and taking care of it fell to her much as it had when she was 12 and the only sibling at home. It was her duty, she recalls, because her parents' English "wasn't that good." But Shimada's request for reparations was denied. After all, she was told, the railroad companies - not the federal government - fired the railroad workers.

She refused to accept that. "We had a statement from SP that it had to be by government order because SP wouldn't discriminate" she says. "But everything had been done orally. It hadn't been documented."

Shimada figured the proof had to be somewhere in Nevada. In the three years from 194 to 1997, she and her husband, Sam, made 15 trips to Reno and Carson City, driving three hours each way, to rummage through old documents.

They looked at papers, heaps of papers, including the files of Gov. E.P. Carville, who had refused to intervene despite an appeal from her father's boss, who served as a Nevada assemblyman.

Chris Driggs, a staffer with the Nevada state archives, helped Shimada sift through those papers, but they found nothing. Later he wrote to tell her of a speech.

Andy Russell, a graduate student at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, had talked about his research on Japanese living in Nevada during WW II. First, Shimada found Russell's 145-page thesis at the Nevada Historical Society in Reno. Then she found him. Could he help?

Russell delivered: a copy of a letter written on Dec. 11, 1941 by H.M. Peterson, an official with the Nevada Northern Railway. In it, he spelled out the terms of an FBI order to fire all Japanese aliens working for the railroad.

"We've got the smoking gun." Shimada told her husband. The documents went straight to Washington. Despite many calls, Shimada heard nothing. Then, last February, she and others seeking payments headed to Washington too, to petition directly.

Within weeks, Shimada found herself in Los Angeles, a guest at a press conference where a spokesman for the reparations office announced an about face.

What a tenacious sleuth this Fumie Shimada is...I can only marvel at her hard work...it really takes a lot to go through pages and pages of material...reading and trying to find something in her favor...Wow, I am very impressed and take my "hat" off. Amazing feat isn't it?

Thanks Shiz for this amazing article...

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REFLECTION

How amazing that our timing was so perfect for our pilgrimage to Crystal City, Texas last year...the weather was supposed to be more rain, however, it did not rain while we were at the ole camp site:

This year, it rained so much, there were flooding in so many parts of Texas, including San Antonio.

The group that greeted us in from San Antonio Airport to Crystal City are no longer in the city hall and another group is there...our friend Miguel Delgado and the many we met are no longer there...timing.

DO IT NOW...DON'T PUT IT OFF!

Through the recent emergency hospitalization, I learned that everyone should, MUST make a Medical Power of Attorney...I didn't have one, although I wrote out a will with what I would like when I die...yet, in case of an emergency, no one goes to my house to look for my will, I'm still alive, but important decisions had to be made and my children were there to help me fill in the blanks...although I was "out of it" most of the time, sleeping away...being made to stay quiet...we had to have one of them make decisions for me.

It was very difficult for me...I love each of my 6 children and I know that they would do anything and everything in my interest and well being, however, I had to choose someone to make decisions...choices...talking to the doctors, the nurses, medical technicians. Even choices for trays brought in, although I did not want to eat, what kind of juices...beverages...soup...etc. etc. I wasn't interested in anything but sleep, (had I.V. with antibiotic), and they ask if I'm allergic to anything. I didn't know. I hadn't gone to a doctor and had any exam or medical check-up for over 20 years...

So now, I made appointment to see an attorney for a medical Power of Attorney...just in case...and must get my Living Will taken care of...there's no more tomorrow...putting off important things that matter.

Being hospitalized really shakes you up...one feels so helpless and I'm never one to have had such feelings. So much a no-nonsense doer that finding out that this body I wear is human and must be handled with care. What a surprise...a shock...

Thinking of all the "stuffs" in my house...I've been asking my children to take them...anything they want, my many little things purchased along the ways...but, most of them have housefull of "things", "stuffs", and have no room, and also, realize that they have much too much stuff and must start cleaning out unnecessary accumulation of that we all gathered...it's amazing how much we've acquired!

Remember when we just had carry-on suitcases to go into camps?

So, my friends, DO all the important things NOW...don't put it off till "one of these days", "I'll get around to it", "pretty soon", NOW IS THE BEST TIME...

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GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT LIFE THAT LITTLE CHILDREN HAVE LEARNED

- No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.
- When your mom is mad at your dad, don't let her brush your hair.
- Never ask your 3 years old brother to hold a tomato.
- You can't trust dogs to watch your food.
- Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.
- Puppies still have bad breath even after eating a tic tac.
- Never hold a dust buster and a cat at the same time.
- You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk.
- Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts.
- The best place to be when you are sad is in Gran'ma's lap.
- If your sister hits you, don't hit her back...they always catch the 2nd person.

GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT LIFE THAT ADULTS HAVE LEARNED

- Raising teenagers is like nailing Jello to a tree.
- Car sickness is the feeling you get when the monthly car payment is due.
- Families are like fudge...mostly sweet with a few nuts.
- Today's mighty oak is yesterday's nut.
- Middle age is when you choose your cereal for the fiber, not the toy.
- My mind not only wanders, sometimes it leaves completely.
- If you can remain calm, you just don't have all the facts.

(Cont'd on page 10)

(Great Truths About Life That Adults Have Learned, Cont'd)

Being thankful for: How nice it is that wrinkles don't hurt.

Knowing that not going to aerobics class keeps you from pulling hamstring.

Knowing you're getting old when you stoop to tie your shoes and wonder what else you can do while you're down there.

Laughing really helps...it's like jogging on the inside...and feeling like your inside is like jello.

I received this thru E-mail from my daughter Paula...Thanks...we can all relate to these words of wisdom...it doesn't seem too long ago that my memory stayed put...in my head...now it plays hide and seek...and many times, I can't seem to find the darn "computer chip" that used to be so reliable...but alas...it's gone with the wind...over the rainbow...

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"OMOIDE"...CHRISTMAS 1947

Returning to the United States after a year and a half in Japan, I, along with many other niseis, worked in homes as housekeeper, school girl, maid...whatever it took to have room and board plus small wage. My family were all still in Sendai, Japan...and I was out here attending Fairfax High School, and cleaning house.....

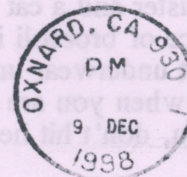
I looked forward to my FIRST Christmas in L.A...wondering when Mr. and Mrs. Stern were going to pick up a Christmas tree so we could decorate it...each day I waited to see if they brought one home. Finally, few days before Christmas, I asked Mrs. Stern when we were going to have our Christmas tree...she looked at her husband, then answered that they were going to pick it up that evening...they bought a huge tree...about 7 - 8 feet tall...beautiful silvertip (remember those...now called noble)...and boxes of ornaments...I asked why they bought new ornaments...old ones were okay...but she said they were too old so they bought all new ones.

I enjoyed decorating the large living room with 3 stockings for their 2 black cats and their dog Kippy. Oh, how wonderful it was...the fragrance of the tree...the lovely balls and Christmas lights...it was so beautiful...then I found out that Christmas eve was their wedding anniversary, so they had over 100 friends and family over...and as they entered the room, they gasped and said, "Silvia, Vat iss thiss?" and she replied, this is Sumi's Christmas tree...

Little did I know that Jewish people DID NOT celebrate Christmas...but they never told me...I found out much later...after even celebrating Easter with them...THAT was my Christmas gift from the Sterns.

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