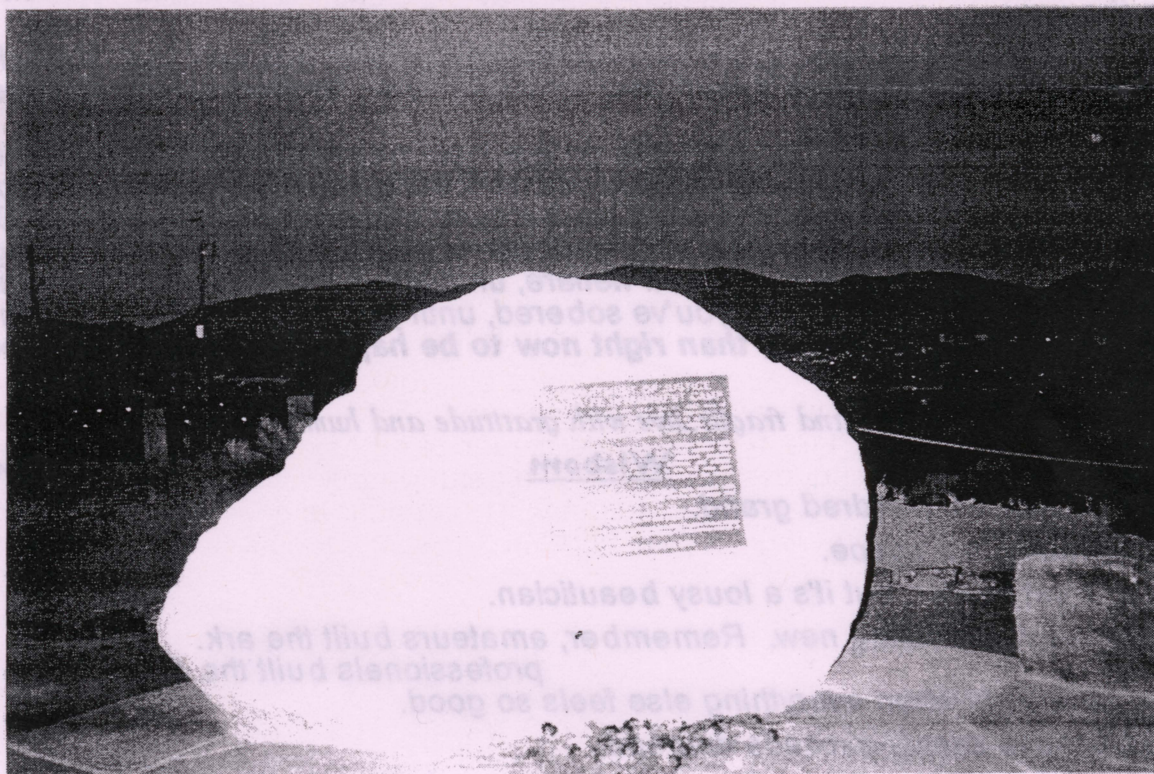


A Very Successful Marker Dedication at Santa Fe, NM

I have received an album that Bill Nishimura put together and gave it to Tomo Mizukami and Akemi Yasuda to be passed around to C.C. friends. Bill also sent me many snapshots along with articles from two newspapers from Santa Fe. I have enclosed these articles in the album and will be passing it around. It will also be at our November 15-17 "All Camp Reunion" to be held by the Japanese American National Museum, so those who attend will be able to look through the many articles and snapshots of the memorable event.

Wednesday, June 19th, Sachi Maehara, Mae Hamada, Ruby Sakurai and I met at Lil Tokyo's "Reikai's Kitchen" located in Tokyo Towers to have lunch and have them show me the snapshots they took on the trip to Santa Fe, New Mexico...I took the album that Bill Nishimura made and they enjoyed looking through the many snapshots...meanwhile, Ruby had a beautiful snapshot of the Marker so I borrowed it and made a copy at the Kinko's so you can see it too. Nice neh...



**Department of Justice
Santa Fe Internment Camp**

At his site, due east and below the hill, 4555 men of Japanese ancestry were incarcerated in a Department of Justice Internment Camp from March 1942 to April 1946. Most were excluded by law from becoming United States citizens and were removed primarily from the West Coast and Hawaii.

During World War II, their loyalty to the United States was questioned. Many of the men held here without due process were long time resident religious leaders, businessmen, teachers, fishermen, farmers, and others. No person of Japanese ancestry in the U.S. was ever convicted ever charged of espionage throughout the course or the war.

Many of the internees had relatives who served with distinction in the American Armed Forces in Europe and in the Pacific.

This marker is placed here as a reminder that history is a valuable teacher only if we do not forget our past.

Information about this camp may be found at the Fray Angelico Chavez History Library and Photographic Archives of the Palace of the Governors Museum or the New Mexico State Library. Dedicated on April 20, 2002

Happiness

thanks for an e-mail from nicki

We convince ourselves that life will be better after we get married, have a baby, then another. Then we are frustrated that the kids aren't old enough and we'll be more content when they are. After that we're frustrated that we have teenagers to deal with. We will certainly be happy when they are out of that stage. We tell ourselves that our life will be complete when our spouse gets his or her act together, when we get a nicer car, are able to go on a nice vacation, when we retire...

The truth is, there's no better time to be happy than right now. If not now, when? Your life will always be filled with challenges. It's best to admit this to yourself and decide to be happy anyway. One of my favorite quotes come from Alfred D. Souza. He said, "For a long time it had seemed to me that life was about to begin - real life. But there was always some obstacle in the way, something to be gotten through first, some unfinished business, time still to be served, a debt to be paid...then life would begin. At last it dawned on me that these obstacles were my life. This perspective has helped me to see that there is no way to happiness.

Happiness is the way.

So, treasure every moment that you have. And treasure it more because you shared it with someone special, special enough to spend your time with...and remember that time waits for no one.

So stop waiting until you finish school, until you go back to school, until you lose ten pounds, until you gained ten pounds, until you have kids, until your kids leave the house, until you start work, until you retire, until you get married, until you get divorced, until Friday night, until Sunday morning, until you get a new car or home, until your car or home is paid off, until spring, until summer, until fall, until winter, until you are off welfare, until the first or fifteenth, until your song comes on, until you've had a drink, until you've sobered, until you die, until you are born again to decide that **there is no better time than right now to be happy...Happiness is a journey, not a destination.**

and I add...Life is a gift...precious and fragile...live with gratitude and humility...create joy.

Wisdom

thanks again nicki

Love is grand; divorce is a hundred grand.

I am in shape. Round is a shape.

Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.

Never be afraid to try something new. Remember, amateurs built the ark.
professionals built the Titanic.

Conscience is what hurts when everything else feels so good.

Talk is cheap because supply exceeds demand.

Even if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.

An optimist thinks that this is the best possible world...A pessimist fears that this is true.

There will always be death and taxes; however, death doesn't get worse every year.

In just two days, tomorrow will be yesterday.

I plan on living forever. So far, so good.

A day without sunshine is like night.

If marriage were outlawed, only outlaws would have in-laws.

It's frustrating when you know all the answers, but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.

The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing at the right time, but also to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

Brain cells come and brain cells go, but fat cells live forever.

Age doesn't always bring wisdom. Sometimes age comes alone.

Life not only begins at forty, it also begins to show and even more at sixty.

You don't stop laughing because you grow old, you grow old because you stopped laughing.

I'm grateful for all the many funny, wise, enjoyable E-mails...thank you. thank you. thank you very much.

"A Story from WW II" "Military Chicken Soup"

Italy, 1945. As the first and second platoon of E Company of the Japanese-American 442nd regimental Combat Team closed on the perimeter of the German defenses, we could hear the crackle of rifle fire and an occasional machine gun off to the right.

Then it began. Machine-gun fire and grenades going back and forth in fierce volleys. I took a slug in my gut, but kept on moving, leading my men and continuing to throw grenades.

As I drew my arm back, all in a flash of light and dark I saw him, that faceless German, like strip of motion picture film running through a projector that's gone berserk. One instant he was standing waist high in the bunker, and the next he was aiming a rifle grenade at my face from a range of ten yards. And even as I cocked my arm to throw, he fired and his rifle grenade smashed into my right elbow and exploded. I looked at my dangling arm and saw my grenade still clenched in a fist that suddenly didn't belong to me anymore.

Time passed and finally the medic came and gave me a shot of morphine. Then they carried me down off that hill.

It was April 21. The German resistance in our sector ended on April 23. Nine days later, the war in Italy was over, and a week after that, the enemy surrendered unconditionally.

I had another war to fight. When they became reasonably convinced that I wasn't going to die I was transferred to the general hospital at Leghorn. And it was there, on May 1, Lei Day in Hawaii, that they amputated my right arm. It wasn't an emotionally big deal for me. I knew it was coming off and in fact, had stopped thinking of the rehabilitation as entirely different things. I had adjusted to the shock before the operation. My rehabilitation began almost immediately afterward.

I was staring at the ceiling in the afternoon of my first day as an amputee when a nurse came by and asked if I needed anything. "A cigarette would go pretty good." I said.

"Yes, surely." She smiled and walked off, returning in a few minutes with a fresh pack of Camels. "Here you are, Lieutenant," she said, still smiling, and neatly placed the whole pack on my sheet and went on her merry way.

For a while I just stared at it. Then I fingered it with my left hand, trying to decide how I'd go about it if I did decide to have a fling at opening it with one hand. I sneaked a look around the ward to see if there was anyone in shape to help me, but everyone seemed to be at least as badly off as I was; this was obviously not the ward reserved for officers afflicted with athlete's foot and charley horses. Then I began pawing at that cursed pack, holding it under my chin and trying to rip it open with my fingernails. It kept slipping away from me and I kept trying again, sweating in my fury and frustration as freely as if I'd been on a forced march. In 15 minutes I'd torn the pack and half the cigarettes in it to shreds, but I'd finally gotten one between my lips. Which is when I realized that the nurse hadn't brought me any matches.

I rang the bell and she came sashaying in, still smiling, still trailing that aura of good cheer that made me want to clout her one. "I need a light." I said.

"Oh" she said prettily. "Of course you do." She pulled a pack of matches out of her pocket - she had had them all the time - and carefully put them in my hand. And she strolled off again!

If I had obeyed my first instinct, I'd have bellowed after her with rage.

If I'd obeyed my second instinct, I'd have burst out crying. But let's face it, I was a big boy now, an officer, and I just couldn't let some nurse get the best of me. I just couldn't.

So I started fooling around with the matches. I clutched them and pulled them and twisted them and dropped them, and I never came remotely close to tearing one free, let alone getting it lit. But by this time I had decided that I'd sooner boil in oil before asking her for anything again. So I just lay there, fuming silently, and having extremely un-Christian thoughts about that angel of mercy.

I was on the verge of dozing off when she came around again, still smiling.

"What's the matter, lieutenant?" she purred, "Have you decided to quit smoking? It's just as well... cigarettes make you cough and..."

"I couldn't get the damned thing lit."

She tsk-tsked at her thoughtlessness and sat gracefully on the edge of my bed. (Cont'd on pg 4)

("A Story from WW II" cont'd from page 3)

"I should have realized," she said taking the mangled matches from me. "Some amputees like to figure it out for themselves. It gives them a feeling of well, accomplishment. But it doesn't matter. There'll be lots of things you'll be learning for yourself. We only give you the start."

I just gaped at her. I didn't even know what she was talking about. **A START ON WHAT? WHO NEEDED HER?** "Look," I growled, "just light the cigarette, will you, I've been three hours trying to get this thing smoked."

"Yes, I know." Nothing ruffled her. Absolutely nothing. "but you see, I won't be around to light your cigarette all the time. You can't depend on other people. Now you have only one hand with which to do all the things that you used to do with two hands. And you have to learn how. We'll start with the matches, all right?"

She opened the cover, bent a match forward, closed the cover, flicked the match down and lit it all with one hand, all in a split second.

"See?" She said. "Yes." I whispered. "Now let's see you do it."

I did it. I lit the cigarette. And all at once her smile wasn't objectionable at all. It was lovely...I wish I could remember her name - I'll never forget her face - but all I remember is that she came from Eagle Pass, Texas, and as far as I was concerned, she was the best damn nurse in the United States Army. In a single moment, she had me see the job that lay ahead of me, and in all the weeks that followed she found a thousand subtle ways to help me master it. And in the year and a half it took me to become a fully functioning citizen again, no one ever did anything more important for me than that nurse did on that afternoon when she showed me how to light a cigarette, the afternoon my rehabilitation began.

The soldier was our now **Senator from Hawaii, Daniel Inouye.**

* * * * *

Courage...to overcome pain, difficulties, the many operations and treatments...rehabilitation...etc. etc. The other day I was watching Oprah Winfrey's show and this young mother who was burned over 82% of her body when New York's World Trade Centers were attacked. Lauren had a little baby and a very very supportive husband who worked besides her every step of the painful days and nights...82%...how she managed to live through the agony...yet not only did she survive, have gone through quite a few surgeries, and have another seven at least to face...the many many skin grafts...the thought of all she's been through...yet, she smiles and looks forward each day, joyful that she is alive, able to hold her son and somehow managing to live one day at a time...counting her blessings...this is the spirit of not giving up..."Gaman and Gambaru Ki".

* * * * *

Oxnard High School Honors Class of 1942

Better Late Than Never

Soji Kashiwagi, Rafu Shimpō

" Under blue skies and sunshine, Yoshie Fujita Hagiya, 77, stood on the football field at Oxnard High School and began a speech she should have given 60 years ago.

' To the Class of 2002, thank you for giving us this time so we can enjoy and savor this moment. We are nearing the end of our road. There have been many twists and turns, but now we can see sunlight. Hold fast to your dreams, for indeed your dreams will come true.'

For Yoshiye Hagiya, Yoriko Kanamori, Yoshiko Mato, Masai Matsumiya and Seiichi Mayeda this five minutes ceremony was worth a lifetime...60 years is a lifetime.

Thanks to a phone call to the school district by Nao Takasugi, former Oxnard mayor and California state assemblyman, this came to fruition. Yoshie Hagiya just recently found out she was the valedictorian of Oxnard High, Class of 1942...but because of the war and being sent to Gila Relocation camp before she graduated, she never received her due recognition, never even knew that her 3.8 GPA was indeed the top of her class until now."

I know there has been other high schools who have recognized and had their former students attend graduation ceremony and receiving their diploma...it is long overdue.. I know my friend Carry Kobayashi, formerly of Koby's Drug Store on Jefferson Blvd, received his Letterman's sweater at his high school few years back for football...and was very surprised.

It may be late, but oh how wonderful to have been given respect, recognition and honor! Congratulations!

Another Story from Peru to U.S.A.

Art Shibayama

I was born in Lima, Peru. My parents owned a business importing textiles and making dress shirts to sell to retail stores. My maternal grandparents owned a department store and were among the first to be arrested and used in the hostage exchange.

After that first time that a U.S. Army transport took away Japanese Peruvians, whenever U.S. Army transports would come into Callao harbor, some men would go into hiding, including my father.

The police came to our house looking for my father several times. The final time, again not finding him, they arrested my mother and put her in jail for two days. My sister, who was 11, went with her because she did not want our mother to go alone. When my father learned of this, he immediately came out of hiding and my mother and sister were released.

Our family was brought to the U.S. on the U.S. Army transport Cuba, guarded by American military personnel, who were armed with rifles, machine guns and whips. As we boarded the ship, we were searched. On orders of the U.S. government, all passports and visas were confiscated.

Families were separated on the ship. The women and children were put into small cabins and men were held below deck.

I was only 13, but was put below deck with the men. We were only allowed to go on deck twice a day for ten minutes and were never allowed to see our families. We had to endure these overcrowded conditions for 21 days. From Callao to New Orleans, the ship was guarded by U.S. destroyers and submarines.

In New Orleans, the women and children were led off the ship first. They were marched straight to a warehouse where they were forced to strip and stand in line naked. Then they were sprayed with insecticide. My sister who was 11, said she could never forget how humiliated she felt, having been forced to strip in front of boys and felt sorry for the Issei mothers, who as you know, were very modest. The men, then went through the same process. After we all showered, we boarded a train.

During the train ride to Crystal City, Texas, we were ordered to keep the shades down the entire two days. My sister thought we were all going to be killed at the end of the train ride.

We were kept in an internment camp in Crystal City for two and a half years. My father had us attend Japanese school in the internment camp. He thought it would be more useful when we returned to Peru because English was rarely spoken there.

In the summer of 1946, there were reports that the internment camp was going to be closed and that we would be deported because we were considered illegal aliens. Our family wanted to return to Peru, but the Peruvian government would not allow us to return. So we were paroled to Seabrook Farms in New Jersey.

My formal education ended when I was 16 because my mother was pregnant and my father could not support our family of 8 working alone. We were paid about 70 cents an hour, straight time, and were deducted 30% income tax because we were considered illegal aliens.

I worked in the bulb garden and green house for a year. When I turned 17, I received special permission to work at the packing plant where minors were not allowed to work. During the peak season, we worked 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, rotating from day to night shift every 2 weeks. Communication with the other employees was difficult because we did not speak English.

In March 1949 after 2 1/2 years in Seabrook, having given up all hope of returning to Peru, my father decided to move us to Chicago. We began fighting deportation and applied for permanent residency.

In 1952, during the Korean War, while living in Chicago classified as an illegal alien and fighting deportation, I received a draft notice from the U.S. Army. While serving in the European Command, the officer in charge of my section tried to get me my citizenship, but I was denied. The papers said that I did not have a legal entry to the U.S. and should report to the INS in Chicago on my discharge from the service.

In the 1950s, the U.S. Immigration laws changed allowing our families to change their status from illegal alien to permanent resident. The INS in Chicago advised me that I could only become a permanent resident by legally re-entering the U.S. through Canada (Cont'd on page 6)

(Art Shibayama, cont'd from page 5)

I was sent to Canada by the INS in 1956 to get my legal entry. My permanent residency was granted on June 11, 1956 instead of March 21, 1944. I finally became a naturalized citizen in 1970.

When the Civil Liberties Act of 1988 was passed, I thought I was eligible for redress so I filed my application. I was declared ineligible for redress because I was classified as an "illegal alien" rather than a permanent resident when I had been interned. How could I be an "illegal alien"? I was brought here by force by the U.S. Government and interned in a Department of Justice camp which was administered by the INS.

My family and I and other Japanese Latin Americans have been trying for almost 20 years to have the U.S. government acknowledge its wrongdoing and at least give us the same respect and redress that Japanese American have gotten. We've gone through all the channels. I took my denial of redress through the appeals process several times; I went to Washington D.C. four times to talk to the government officials in the last 7 years; I've written letters to the President and my congressional representatives.

We had no choice but to sue the U.S. government with the Mochizuki Class Action Lawsuit. But I could not accept the settlement offer because it felt like a slap in the face. The letter of apology stinks because it doesn't say anything about Japanese Latin Americans or specify wrongs which were committed, like forced deportation. And we weren't being offered equal justice with Japanese Americans. We were being thrown a "bone" so that we would just go away.

But we won't go away. And we won't let the U.S. government get away with causing the suffering we had to go through during and after the war and the discrimination we are still having to endure.

I have been involved in this issue since the early 80s and it has changed me. Being forced to speak out has changed me. I am more outgoing now. I speak up more. I used to stay in the background and hated to speak out. But now I'm willing to tell my own story. Sometimes, it feels like a burdensome task, but someone needs to do it. I feel forced to do it, because it is important that the government know it cannot do as it pleases.

This is important not only for me and the other internees, but it's important for our kids. We have to let the young people know what happened. We have to let the public know what happened and that everything is not kosher here. The government has to admit that what it did was wrong so it won't happen again. I hope that what people learn from our struggle is the value of fighting for what is right.

We couldn't have gotten this far in our efforts without the concern and help of many supporters and on behalf of all our families. I'd like to express our appreciation.

Art Shibayama

Thank you very much Art Shibayama...The CCA has been supporting our fellow Crystal City Internees friends from Peru...It has been a very frustrating situation when you were all brought here by this government then to be labeled "Illegal Immigrants". I commend you and my dear friend Carmen Mochizuki and many others for fighting for your rights. We are grateful for sharing your story.. So many do not know these stories...I hope it will inform and educate the many readers who do not know of your continued fight.

That Never-Fail Geranium

Oh how I thought geraniums were just smelly ole plant that grew like weeds...when I heard that people back East loved their geraniums and had them in their hot house during the winter cold weather, I thought, "How ridiculous...a geranium in hot house?" My goodness, hot houses were for orchids and exotic flowers and plants, but a geranium? I could not perceive such an idea. Oh well, I thought, if that's their thing, who am I to pooh pooh growing common plant as geranium in hot houses...that people really took such good care of them amazed me...

In my senior years, I find that geraniums are really wonderful...they really don't take much care, yes, they grow easy like weeds, but they keep blooming, and blooming, and blooming without any care...just water and sunshine...not even fertilizer...

"Yappari toshi o toru to, dan dan rikō ni naru no desho"...As you get older, I guess we become wiser...no longer do I want to plant annuals like those lovely Iceland poppies, and the fragrant freesias, ranunculus, iris, etc. etc...it's never-fail, easy to grow, geraniums...red ones, white ones, pinks, lavenders, magentas...wow...they're really a wonderful, hardy, colorful, no fuss - no bother plants...just what a "Toshi yori ba-chan" could enjoy...(old gran'ma) my how I changed my tune.

"Mission Accomplished"

Kaz Ichikawa

On a windswept hilltop overlooking the city of Santa Fe, New Mexico, the Santa Fe Internment Camp Historical Marker was dedicated in an impressive ceremony on April 20, 2002. Some two hundred fifty people trudged up the hill at Frank Ortiz Park and against a backdrop of the American and New Mexico State flags whipping in the stiff breeze, witnessed the unveiling of a marker that recognizes the camp in which nearly five thousand men of Japanese ancestry were incarcerated during World War II.

The marker consists of a bronze plaque embedded in a massive, white, granite, boulder placed in a beautiful foundation built with red New Mexican flagstone. When facing the plaque, one can look down onto the site where once our fathers, grandfathers, husbands, brothers, and uncles spent months and years behind barbed wire. For the convenience of the handicapped, a vehicle accessible road climbs in a roundabout fashion to the marker.

What began as a hobby for Joe and Millie Ando of Albuquerque to collect long unknown information about the camp, grew into a passionate labor of love that culminated in the creation of the historic marker. A nucleus of local citizens convinced the Santa Fe City Council that the Santa Fe Internment Camp was an important part of the city's history. Joe was appointed as Co-chairman of the Historical Marker Committee and Millie served as a member of the committee of twenty. Construction of the historical marker was done by the Santa Fe Department of Parks and Recreation with funds from private contributions.

Many Santa Fe and New Mexico citizens were present at the dedication, including Santa Fe Mayor Larry Delgado whose backing was critical for the project to succeed. There was a good representation of Japanese Americans. Some were residents of Santa Fe and New Mexico; others traveled from afar. Distinguished guests were Medal of Honor recipient Hiroshi Hershey Miyamura of Gallup, New Mexico, **Bill Nishimura** of Gardena who was a Nisei inmate of the camp, and a Santa Fe Bataan death march survivor who gave vigorous support to the project.

Among the throng were some former Crystal City-ites whose father were in Santa Fe. Recognizable, in addition to **Joe and Millie Ando**, were **Mas and Karlene Koketsu** of San Jose; **Ty and Fumi Nakamura** and daughter **Joanne** of Gardena; **Alice (Nishii)** and **Ken Matsumoto** of San Diego; **May (Kaneko) Hamada** of Los Angeles; **Sachi (Sasaki) Maehara** of La Mirada, CA; **Ruby (Fukunaga) Sakurai** of Gardena; **Richard Agemura** and daughter **Cindy** of Chicago; **Kaz and Fusako Ichikawa** of Placentia, CA; and **Marion (Gosho)** and **Mike Fukuma** of Seattle.

The dedication of the historical marker provided closure for many whose fathers were held at Santa Fe. Just as importantly, however, Joe hopes that it will encourage historians and young researchers to study further a lesser known chapter in the saga of the Japanese American evacuation and internment.

Thank you very much Kaz for your very descriptive input. I'm so glad that many of our CC friends from so many far places attended this special historical occasion. I was very disappointed not being able to be there as I had originally planned attending the event with Sachi, May, and Ruby...Had the AAA Travel people help me with maps, Trip-Tic, and their tour books so we could enjoy sightseeing while driving to and from there...unfortunately, I was not able to, yet the three gals went and had a great time!!!

"Today I Didn't Do It"

One afternoon a man came home from work to find total mayhem in his house. His three children were outside still in their pajamas, playing in the mud, with empty food boxes and wrappers strewn all around the front yard. The door of his wife's car was open, as was the front door to the house.

Proceeding into the entry, he found an even bigger mess. A lamp had been knocked over, and the throw rug was wadded against one wall. In the front room the TV was loudly blaring a cartoon channel, and the family room was strewn with toys and various items of clothing. In the kitchen, dishes filled the sink, breakfast food was spilled on the counter, dog food was spilled on the floor, a broken glass lay under the table, and a small pile of sand was spread by the back door.

He quickly headed up the stairs, stepping over toys and more piles of clothes, looking for his wife. He was worried she may be ill, or that something serious had happened.

He found her lounging in the bedroom, still curled in the bed in her pajamas, reading a novel. She looked up at him, smiled, and asked how his day went. He looked at her bewildered and said "What happened here today?"

She again smiled and answered, "You know every day when you come home from work and ask me what in the world did I do today?" "

"Yes" was his incredulous reply. She answered, "Well, today I didn't do it."

Letters to the Editor

Hope you're doing fine in many ways - enjoy the "Chatter". You are to be commended for the work. Enclosed is small token of appreciation...see you in November. Stay in good health.

Masako Lucroft

Thank you for your kind words and for you donatton...it's so great that a non-CC member, and volunteer for JANM as docent..."kanshin kanshin"...your time here and there, supporting and helping is so commendable. So many owes so much to people like you who are always around. Thank you. See you in November.

Thank you for another great issue of the "Chatter". Since my father had spent time at Santa Fe around 1944, I am especially grateful to Col. Ando and his group for making possible the Camp Historical Marker in Santa Fe. Sorry to hear about your involvement in a car accident. Hope that you have recovered fully by now.

Enclosed is a small donation to help defray your costs in putting out the "Chatter".

Sincerely, Frank Nagashima

I appreciate your thoughts and donatton Frank. Yes, Joe and Millie Ando worked hard and long and were able to see the great success with so many attending the dedication ceremony. I'm getting better thank you. Very slow...but sure. "Toshi o toruto" (As you age). "Himaga kakari masu" (it takes time...lots of time).

Hope this letter finds you "A-okay" - sorry to hear about the auto accident you were in. It really is getting pretty nerve racking driving today. Everyone in a hurry to get somewhere or nowhere. Just got through reading the "Chatter". Got it several days ago but really didn't have time to sit down and take in all the news.

As of the first of the year, Ray was diagnosed with lymphoma. He lost weight, no appetite, etc. came down with pneumonia...kidney almost shut down, etc. etc. having good news and bad news. After surgery of tumor in his lymphnode, he went through chemo treatments, shots, infusion...he has more treatments to go through.

My brother (James "Peewee") passed on late February. He was a fighter to the end. He will be missed. My mom is 93 and in "Harmony", was upset because she felt she should have gone first.

Am enclosing a check in memory of "PeeWee" Kawashima...also in memory of my sister-in-law, who knew about Crystal City through me. She was my Vegas partner. She passed couple of weeks after my brother unexpectedly.

Sorry for such a morbid letter. Anyway Sumi, I hope things are more brighter for you and your family.

Take care, June Maeda

How terrible to have such stress one after another...it's rough enough to have your husband so ill and having to go through so much exams, tests, treatments, etc.. then to have your brother, and your sister-in-law pass away. I know how your mother feels...we parents should go before our children...but life doesn't always abide by our desire. Thank you for Chatter denotion in memory of both your brother and sister-in-law. Take care.

Thank you for listing my sister: Kyoko Kitty Uyeshima in your obituary section of your C.C. Chatter I received a number of responses from old C.C. friends as a result. Enclosed is a memo I sent to some of Kitty's friends. Also enclosed is my contribution to your stamp fund and for your Starbucks to stimulate new ideas for future articles.

We always enjoy reading your C.C. Chatter about old friends from our Crystal City days. Hard to believe that was almost 60 years ago.

Sincerely, Taikyo Uyeshima

"I regret to inform you that Kitty passed away in her sleep on February 11, 2002, at her home.

Her remains will be joining her sister Reiko at the family mausoleum at Skylawn Memorial Park in San Mateo, a San Francisco suburb. No service will be held in the Los Angeles area.

Kitty enjoyed her job as Mayoral Aide to Mayor Tom Bradley for 20 years he served as mayor. Kitty retired from the city of Los Angeles after more than 30 years and has been enjoying retirement for the past 10 years.

Kitty enjoyed a long, healthy and happy life for 75 years.

Kitty and her family sincerely appreciate the friendship and kindness her friends gave her over many years.

Please send any contributions in her memory to your favorite charity, if you wish."

Sincerely, Kitty's brother: Tai Uyeshima

I enjoyed Kitty's laughter and smile in camp and in Haneda...thank you very much for generous donation.

Home Remedies Helps Common Cold

Your kitchen cabinet already holds many of the items that will help you get back on your feet quickly and at little expense. Home remedies for the common cold are nothing to sneeze at. "Grandma knew best when she made chicken soup for a cold." declared Dr. Mary . Hardy, director of the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center's Integrative Medicine Medical Group in Los Angeles.

"Many folk remedies handed down for generations really work." she said. "They are very often safe, gentle, effective, inexpensive and easy to find." When a cold's got you down, try these simple steps:

Drink water. Water hydrates your entire body and helps other remedies work better.

Take the immune-stimulating herbs: echinacea, astragalus and andrographis paniculata (sold under the brand name Remdex)

Try herbal germ-killers such as garlic, goldenseal, and ginger. Garlic is best eaten raw

Take zinc. It helps boost your immune system and can help reduce the duration of colds.

Use hot spices like cayenne, curry and chilies, which help loosen mucus plugging the head

Sip chicken soup. The hot liquid helps clear the sinuses, and the onion and garlic boost the immune system.

Thin mucus with the spice fenugreek. You can buy it as a whole spice in tea or in capsules.

Enjoy tea with honey and lemon. The tea helps heal raw areas in the throat, and the honey and lemon helps relieve dry coughs.

Inhale eucalyptus oil to loosen congestion in the chest and help open blocked sinuses. Put a few drops in a pan of hot water and inhale the fumes for 3 to 5 minutes

Dr. Hardy cautioned: If your cold isn't better within five days or you have high fever, shortness of breath, or are coughing up blood, call your doctor.

Aspirin Does It Again

The latest drug in the war against cancer is already sitting in your medicine cabinet...Aspirin - the little white tablets that fight everything from headaches to heart disease, arthritis to stroke - may also ward off colon cancer.

A recent study followed 1121 people who had one or more adenomas (precancerous polyps) removed from the large bowel. Three years later, at colonoscopies, researchers discovered that patients who took a daily 80 mg dose of baby aspirin cut their risk of developing more adenomas by 19%. For people with more advanced adenomas, risk reduction rose to 40%

But before you stock up on baby aspirin, talk to your doctor; aspirin can lead to stomach upset and and bleeding. (Always consult with your doctor before "self prescribing" any medication...sum!)

Sore Muscles

Before exercising, take some vitamin E. Physiologist Jennifer Satchek asked 32 men to take either 1000 IU of vitamin E or a placebo every day for three months. She assessed the men's baseline muscle soreness by grading how they felt after running downhill for 45 minutes, an activity known to cause soreness, and by taking blood and tissue samples to measure the muscle damage.

Three months later, the men did another downhill run. While the placebo group still got sore, Satchek found that the vitamin-E takers reported little pain. Blood and tissue analysis confirmed that the vitamin had minimized damage to the men's muscles. Satchek suspects that 200-400 IU taken for less time might be effective too. "Taking E for a week before a long hike or ski trip could also work," she says. (*It's probably good for you Wednesday golfers too*)

Folic Acid...Endorsed as a Key Supplement

Research has conclusively demonstrated that folic acid deficiency increases the risk of serious birth defects of the brain and spine, spina bifida (failure of the spine to close properly) and anencephaly (incomplete development of the brain)

Dietary intake of folic acid will lower the risk of heart attack and stroke by driving down homocysteine levels. Folic acid may also reduce the risk of some cancers, including colon and breast cancer.

Evidence in support of folic acid supplements is strong...that the U.S. Public Health Service recommends 400 micrograms daily...most Americans still do not consume adequate amounts of this important nutrient through dietary sources alone...it's in broccoli, spinach, beans, citrus fruits, etc.

Lessons From Noah's Ark

Everything I need to know about life, I learned from Noah's Ark.

- One: Don't miss the boat
- Two: Remember that we are all in the same boat.
- Three: Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.
- Four: Stay fit. When you're 600 years old, someone may ask you to do something really big.
- Five: Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.
- Six: Build your future on high ground.
- Seven: For safety's sake, travel in pairs.
- Eight: Speed isn't always an advantage: the snails were on board with cheetahs.
- Nine: When you're stressed, float a while.
- Ten: Remember, the Ark was built by amateurs, the Titanic by professionals.
- Eleven: No matter the storm, when you are with God, there's always a rainbow waiting

The Sound of a Single Hand

Zen Stories For All Ages

The great Zen master, Hakuin, who lived in 18th century Japan, used to hold up his hand before his students and say, "Listen to the sound of a single hand." Or he would ask, "What is the sound of a single hand?" In the depths of the innermost self, more remote than the farthest mountain, and closer than close.

Lies the secret house of the sound of one hand. Enter!

Obituary: Our deepest and heartfelt condolences to: *June Maeda and her family for the loss of her brother, James "PeeWee" Kawashima, and for her sister-in-law, and their families.*

Mrs. Kunio Higashida and her family for the loss of her husband Kunio Higashida

Mrs. Alice Dyo and her family for the loss of her husband Dr. Kaoru Kay Dyo

"Learn from the mistakes of others - you can't live long enough to make them all yourself."

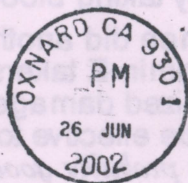
"We cannot direct the wind... But we can adjust our sails."

"Happtness is not a destination. It is a way of traveling."

sumi shimatsu

Crystal City Chatter

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