

Hope or Hopeless?**Inouye Wants Panel to Probe WWII Internment of Japanese Latin Americans**

By P.C. Staff and Associated Press

HONOLULU—Sen. Daniel K. Inouye has introduced legislation to create a commission to study America's World War II and post-war internment of Japanese Latin Americans and to recommend appropriate remedies.

The panel would also determine

Latin America, stripped of their passports, brought to the United States and interned in camps our government had set up.

"When I first learned of the wartime experiences of Japanese Latin Americans, it seemed unfathomable. But it happened," he added.

From 1941 and 1945, U.S. and Latin American officials arbitrarily

The article on the left side of this page was in the Pacific Citizen, March 16th issue...and was sent to me from Susie Sasagawa (Masuda) in Palo Alto...it may be something that our fellow C.C. Peruvian Japanese friends could hope for or it's another heartbreaking "maybe, maybe not" type of situation. That Sen. Inouye says, "When I first learned at the wartime experiences of Japanese Latin Americans, it seemed unfathomable. But it happened."...seems unreal as with the law suit that Carmen Mochizuki went through as well as Art and Betty Shibayama's many lectures that they gave all over...that Sen. Inouye did not know about the latin American Japanese seems so unlikely but, if he says he didn't know I guess he didn't know. Hopefully he can get a panel together and do something for our friends from Peru.

Also read that his wife passed away...am very sorry to hear that...after about 57 years of being married to her...still fortunate to have been with her those many years..believe me..it's no fun to lose a spouse early in life and not age together. But that's life..."shikataganai neh". Hopefully though, I really do hope that Sen. Daniel Inouye will go through with this.

Rev. Thomas R. Okano

Born on Aug. 2, 1937 at Pearl City, Hawaii as the first son to Rev. and Mrs. Ryoshin Okano of Pearl City Hongwanji Mission.

During WW II, spent some time in an internment camp at Crystal City, Texas.

In Sept. 1943, the family left from a port in New Jersey on a Swedish exchange ship, SS Grips-holm and proceeded towards Goa, India where Japanese internees were "exchanged" with American prisoners from Japan, and went to Singapore (by then a Japanese occupied territory and renamed "Shonan") where Sr. Rev. Okano served as a chaplain for the Japanese Navy.

In 1945 they barely made it to Japan...and he attended elementary school in Tottori-ken, in post-war Japan.

He returned to Hawaii in 1951, and graduated from Waipahu High School in 1956, then graduated from University of Hawaii at Manoa.

He studied Buddhism at Ryukoku U. in Kyoto,

and received MA in Shin Buddhism (1964)...He has served at Lihue Hongwanji, Wahiawa Hongwanji and Hilo HONGWANJI Betsuin as its Rimban...presently the Director of Buddhist Study Center in Honolulu

This biography was sent to the Chatter from George Kodama as Rev. Okano was a keynote speaker at the Coast District Buddhist Women's League Conference hosted by Monterey Peninsula Buddhist Women's Association.

(Cont'd on page 2)



'When I first learned of the wartime experiences of Japanese Latin Americans, it seemed unfathomable. But it happened.'

— Sen. Daniel Inouye

how the actions of the United States affected Latin Americans of Japanese descent.

Inouye said in a statement that he introduced legislation to mark Feb. 19, 1942, the day President Franklin D. Roosevelt authorized the internment of about 120,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry.

"Each year, on the anniversary of this date, the internment is remembered both for the pain it caused, and the lessons that can be learned. I am certain that these lessons can propel this great nation forward toward more equal justice for all," Inouye said in a Feb. 16 statement.

"Far less known... is the story of Latin Americans of Japanese descent taken from their homes in

arrested about 2,300 persons of Japanese descent used for prisoner exchange with Japan. By the end of the war, those not used for prisoner exchange were subject to deportation proceedings. Some had to remain in the United States because their country of origin refused them re-entry.

"It is a part of our national history, and it is a part of the living histories of the many families whose lives are forever tied to internment camps in our country," said Inouye. "By establishing a new commission, I believe our great nation will be able to give finality to, and complete the account of federal actions to detain and intern civilians of Japanese ancestry." ■

Whale Rescue...A Story of Blessing

If you read the front page story of the San Francisco Chronicle on thursday, December 15, 2005, you would have read about a female humpback whale who had become entangled in a spider web of crab traps and lines. She weighed down by hundreds of pounds of traps that caused her to struggle to stay afloat. She also had hundreds of yards of line (rope) wrapped around her body -- her tail, her torso, a line tugging in her mouth.

A fisherman spotted her just east of the Farralon Islands (outside the Golden Gate) and radioed an environmental group for help. Within a few hours, the rescue team arrived and determined that she was so bad off, the only way to save her was to dive in and untangle her, a very dangerous proposition. One slap of the tail could kill a rescuer. They worked for hours with curved knives and eventually freed her.

When she was free, the divers say she swam in what seemed like joyous circles. She then came back to each diver, one at a time, and nudged them, pushed them gently around -- she thanked them. Some said it was the most incredibly beautiful experience of their lives. The guy who cut the rope out of her mouth says her eye was following him the whole time, and he will never be the same..

("Rev. Thomas R. Okano" Cont'd from front page)

What made this story so interesting is that I received a letter from his younger brother Francis Okano back in February... "Dear Ms. Shimatsu: Rev. Ronald Saito was kind to write to you on my behalf. Like possibly many, I am trying to record the experiences of my parents, including the war years, primarily so that my children, nephews, and nieces may understand their legacy. And having retired last year, I have some time to do so.

While I am enjoying my mother's recollections, which are waning but often startling, unfortunately, my father's are irretrievable from the grave. I was therefore happy to hear of your work in keeping alive collective memories of Crystal City, Texas. It is my understanding that my mother and my two older siblings (then 4 and 3 years old) lived in Crystal City from May to August 1943, having joined my father who got there in early 1943 or late 1942. The family left in August 1943 to return to Japan aboard the *Gripsholm*, disembarked in Singapore for a year and a half (where I was born), and finally reached Japan toward war's end.

Although my parents' stay in Crystal City was relatively short, I would like to be able to re-tell my children anecdotes that may give glimpses of what it was like to have lived there. Rev. Saito talks highly of your wonderful memory as reflected in your newsletter. I would appreciate it very much if you might be able to send me selected back issues or relevant pages of narrative snapshots. Enclosed is to help defray expenses.

Thank you very much. Sincerely yours,

Francis Okano

I sent Mr. Okano our 1993 CC Album put together by Joy Gee for our Monterey Reunion...so he could read and see pictures of our camp. This is the recent letter received from Mr. Okano

March 3, 2006...Dear Ms. Shimatsu: Having just received your wonderful Crystal City Album, I am busy enjoying its contents. This suits my purposes perfectly -- to get a sense of the conditions back then and of the hundreds of people involved. My mother even recognized some of the people from Hawaii in pictures and narrative. I have also received the newsletter you mentioned

Thank you for your great help...Sincerely,

Francis Okuno

I wrote to Mr. Okuno that my family along with several of my friends' families were at the harbor in New Jersey and were not able to get on the ship SS. Gripsholm because there were too many people...97 were left behind and that we went to Ellis Island and then 6 families chose to go to Crystal City Family Internment Camp from there than to have my father separated and sent back to New Mexico and us to Heart Mountain, Wyoming...thus we were able to enjoy being united with our fathers and went to Crystal City, Texas...that it was a warm, wonderful camp and that we were very fortunate and were grateful not to have gone on the SS. Gripsholm.

I then wrote to him that I received a letter from a fellow CC. friend, Mr. George Kodama with biography of a Rev. Thomas Okano...and he wrote back last week:

Dear Ms. Shimatsu: Rev. Thomas R. Okano is my brother, who arrived at Crystal City in May 1943 when he was 5 years old, turning 6 in August just before they left for New Jersey. My sister, Grace, is a year younger than Thomas. I was born in 1944 in Singapore, where my parents got off instead of going straight back to Japan. They made it back to Japan in April 1945, near the war's end averting by chance the *Awa Maru* tragedy -- they were supposed to be on that transport that was torpedoed off China, but were denied passage at the last minute.

My brother was at Salinas and Monterey only last weekend, March 4-5, as guest speaker at temples there. He enjoyed meeting so many people at the fellowships following service. He thinks George Kodama might have brought up Crystal City with him. He says the chillier temperatures, compared to balmy Hawaii, brought on a cold on Sunday, but he thoroughly enjoyed the wonderfully warm receptions. You must have a very active network indeed to have gotten wind so fast!

Sincerely,

Francis Okano

It's a Small world isn't it? Amazing...

The General and the 442

"We graduated from Farrington High School in 1971, during the era of the war in Viet Nam. For some of the boys in our graduating class the future held the prospect of being drafted into the military. When my friend, Milton Kaneshiro, was faced with the dilemma of a low lottery number and waiting for the inevitable draft notice, or enlisting and choosing where he would be stationed, Milton chose to enlist and was guaranteed eighteen months at the Army base in Stuttgart, Germany.

As the center for the European high command, Stuttgart Army Base had more than twenty generals. Now, this 20 year old Kalihi boy was by no means a model soldier. By Milton's own admission, he was a "rebel" in uniform and for that reason he wasn't well-liked by his superiors. One of the sticking points was Milton's refusal to take down a sign he posted at the entrance to the barracks he shared with three other soldiers.

The sign read: "Please Remove Footwear Before Entering". The roommate sharing half of the barracks with Milton complied with the sign, but Milton's other two roommates and his superiors simply ignored it and labeled him a "troublemaker".

Although Milton's superiors kept chiding him to take his sign down, he held his ground, saying that they were going to do whatever they wanted to do, regardless of the sign; he was only asking that they respect his Japanese culture, and, if they wanted it taken down, they would have to take it down themselves.

For some reason no one bothered to take the sign down, and so it remained posted. The barracks at Stuttgart were routinely inspected by generals with an entourage of note-taking subordinates in tow, so it wasn't a surprise when a Four-Star General came to inspect Milton's barracks.

Milton and his roommates stood stiffly at attention as the General stood in the doorway, reading: "Please Remove Footwear Before Entering".

As the General bent over, about to remove his shoes, he saw Milton and spoke directly to him, "Where are you from, soldier?" Because Milton was unable to respond while standing at attention, the General ordered Milton to stand at ease. "Hawaii, Sir," Milton replied.

"I know Hawaii, but where in Hawaii?" the General asked. "Kalihi, Sir." "So, what generation are you Soldier? What's the Japanese term?" the General asked. "I'm Sansei, third generation, Sir" Milton answered. While the General conversed casually with Milton, his three roommates remained standing stiffly at attention and Milton's Captain and the General's entourage listened intently to their conversation.

"Ever hear of the 442nd?" the General continued. "We saw a film about the 442 in school; they were the Japanese-American soldiers who fought in World War II." Milton responded.

"They were the bravest fighting unit I have ever seen" the General said as he extended his right hand to Milton. Politely shaking the General's hand, Milton said, "I don't deserve this kind of recognition, Sir; I didn't do anything in the war."

"Son, you don't understand," the General said. "The 442nd is The Best fighting unit the United States Army has ever seen. I know because I was a young lieutenant in World War II and then I fought in Korea and Viet Nam. You're Sansei; you come from 'good stock'."

After the General left with his entourage, Milton's roommates were anxious to know what the General was talking about; why did he shake his hand; and what was this about the Hawaii connection? As he told the story of the 442, Milton saw that people were eager to learn more; and, with sad realization, he chastised himself for being a Sansei that had not been truly grateful for the sacrifices made by the 442 for his own generation.

In 1974, while he was still stationed in Germany, Milton was drawn to attend the 442's 30th Reunion held in Bruyeres, France. As a young Nisei soldier, Milton witnessed the dedication of a monument to the 442 where a flower lei was draped while a solo trumpet played "Taps". The pain and sadness was thick in the air. It was the first time that he had seen Nisei men cry. Tears flowed freely from every man that he saw; he cried too. They cried for the men who never made it Home.

On January 22, 2006, Milton stood before an audience of aging 442 M Chapter veterans, one of them, Barney Hajiro, a Congressional Medal of Honor recipient, their wives and guests. He told them his heartwarming story about meeting the General and they laughed at his candor and honesty and nodded in humble acceptance of the General's praise.

When Milton spoke of the pain and sadness he witnessed in Bruyeres, (cont'd on page 4)

("The General and the 442" Cont'd from page 3

the room went completely silent and it took a moment before he could compose himself and find the right words to express his personal gratitude to the 442 veterans for their bravery and sacrifice for our generation and future generations to come.

Over thirty years ago, a General shook the hand of a sansei soldier, and conveyed his utmost respect and appreciation for the Nisei of the 442. The General must have known that some day, somehow, his message would reach the very men he praised - maybe the General knew this because he entrusted his powerful message to someone who came from "good stock".

I am very very grateful for the great sacrifice the 442nd RCT made...it opened many many doors for the Niseis. Sanseis. Yonseis...and dai dai (generations to come)...I heard so much about all their difficult battles from my husband who was in the 442nd and knew that their battles were the "impossibles". Yet, often they were not allowed to enjoy the victories of marching into many of the towns and cities that they helped liberate...guess who were there to take the glories...A great big "Thank You" from many of us.

Irish Luck

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog. There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

"I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life." "No, I can't accept payment for what I did," the Scottish farmer replied waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel. "Is that your son?" the nobleman asked. "Yes," the farmer replied proudly.

"I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my own son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of." And that he did.

Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and in time, graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterward, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia. What saved his life this time? Penicillin. The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name"...Sir Winston Churchill.

Someone once said: What goes around comes around.

Work like you don't need the money.

Love like you've never been hurt.

Dance like nobody's watching.

Sing like nobody's listening.

Live like it's Heaven on Earth.

Pass this on, and brighten someone's day:

May there always be work for your hands to do

May your purse always hold a coin or two;

May the sun always shine on your windowpane;

May a rainbow be certain to follow each rain;

May the hand of a friend always be near you;

May God fill your heart with gladness to cheer you.

Take time to be friendly - It is the road to happiness

Take time to dream - It is hitching your wagon to a star.

Take time to love and to be loved - It is the privilege of the Gods.

Take time to look around - It is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to laugh - It is the Music of the soul.

Where there is great love there are always Miracles.

Temple Food

Wat Thai Temple serves the best of Thailand during daylight hours.

"I woke up early Sunday morning with a hankering for Thai food. In fact, I'd been craving it for weeks but was not about to compromise with the cross-ethnic Thai-Chinese fare that fills nearly every strip mall on the Westside.

No, I was holding out for the sublime tinge of sour and spice that, up until now, I only expected at Sanumulang Cafe and other late night eateries along Thai Town's Hollywood Blvd. But who'd be caught there at 9 in the morning? Would it even be open?

After a quick search on the Internet, I found information on what rumored to serve some of the best affordable Thai food in the city during daylight hours. I printed out a map and made my way to the **Wat Thai Temple** in North Hollywood Blvd. But who'd be caught there at 9 in the morning? Would it even be open?

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It caught me off guard that this temple was in fact a community gathering place for Thai Americans. Ahead of me, a group of orange-robed monks began filing out of the temple to the main courtyard to greet a respectful crowd armed with cans and dry goods. It seems the monks were holding a food drive for the needy.

Just as I started to get a warm, fuzzy feeling inside, my nose caught the waft of steaming Pad Thai from around the corner. I mindlessly walked toward the source.

Nearly ten stalls lined the outer wall of the temple's parking lot, a modest, albeit mouthwatering display of what I consider community "Soul food" (Some refer to it as "Hawker food." minus the implication of aggressive salespeople.)

To pay for the meal, you first purchase tokens at a separate booth. Daily profit from all the booths is evenly divided among the venders, according to web research.

Food plates were modestly portioned but incredibly affordable, ranging from \$1 to \$3. I paced from one end to the other, careful about what my ultimate choice would be. After all, this year's resolution was not only to spend less, but eat less, too.

One stall boasted the best spicy papaya salad. Another advertised their prize winning Pad Thai. I eventually opted for *yen-ta-fo*, a hot and spicy vermicelli soup with fish ball cakes, snippets of seafood and a crunchy piece of wonton. The styrofoam white container reminded me of udon bowls you'd find at summer obon festivals. It was just what I needed at 10 in the morning.

I did a couple more rounds of window shopping, noticing my other favorites -- marinated chicken skewers, *pad prik king* (chopped pork and green beans in fried chili). Thai iced tea and fried bananas. I decided on a heaping \$3 bowl of papaya salad to go. It's usually served dangerously spicy, but a woman mixes the ingredients in front of you so special requests are granted.

Sitting in her own corner, I found an old woman cooking a "traditional Thai treat," as the sign read. I stood in front of her and as we exchanged curious glances at each other, she began pouring what looked to be a coconut milk mixture into the round molds of a humungous takoyaki-style black iron pan. Then she covered it and waited.

A line of anxious patrons formed around her stall and stood patiently for several minutes. Obviously they knew more about this traditional treat than I did.

I struggled for a bit, trying to decide whether or not to wait with them. Eventually, I decided to call it a day concerned that my chilled salad would perish under the intense Valley heat before I ever made it to the front of the line."

No worries, I thought. There's always next Sunday.

Wat Thai Temple of Los Angeles

8225 Cold Water Canyon Ave.

North Hollywood, CA 91605

Opened weekends from 9:30 until around 3: p.m.

This article was in the Rafu Shimpo, Saturday, March 4, 2006...Some of my children and their families visited this place...the food was so good and very very reasonable. The atmosphere is warm and friendly. It was so nice to visit and enjoy great Thai food...Try it some Saturday or Sunday...the atmosphere reminded me of the "King and I" set.

"Eat Two Sweet Potatoes and Call Me When You're 100!"

On Okinawa island, men and women routinely live a hundred years or more. And they remain active, vibrantly healthy, and mentally alert *decades* longer than the average American. But what's their secret? Scientists have studied these remarkable people for years...and they have finally identified the factors that account for their remarkable longevity and vitality. One secret is a diet filled with healthy vegetables...like sweet potatoes.

Have you seen these blueish-purplish colored sweet potatoes? They make delicious Okinawa manju with these bluish "anko" and w/o much sugar is delicious dessert.

Weren't We Lucky or What?

When I read, hear, know about the people who were displaced from their home when Hurricanes Katrina and Rita destroyed their home and business...and that they're still w/o any real place to live yet...aren't we fortunate (?) that FEMA didn't put us in the many assembly centers, relocation camps or many of the detention and internment camps during WW II? Although the mess halls had messy food, we still were fed 3 times a day and had latrine and shower rooms with laundry rooms with hot and cold water running all the time. With all the money in donations that generous Americans have given to Red Cross and other places that have been raking in the millions of dollars...scams still ran amuck and did not do anything for the suffering millions. Now we find out that the President and the Fema really knew before the hurricanes came that the levies would not hold and flooding was going to happen...they knew it...yet denied it all this time...

The WRA knew what was going to happen even before WW II and had the sites for all the barracks, mess halls, laundry and shower rooms with basic plans that were drawn up before Pearl Harbor. So they were really better in planning ahead neh. Ah well, it's a shame that this country with all of its money, material, and manpower allows its citizens to suffer for so long...many trailers still empty...some trailers were set up in large parking lots...but no keys...I mean, this is America...United States of America...treating their tax paying citizens like they were illegal immigrants although the illegals make it here much better than those who were displaced by the hurricanes.

"Haji"...as Japanese would say..."Aka haji"...real shame. It was good to know small group of families got some homes furnished by Sears to 15 lucky displaced families from Oprah's Angel Network...and they're working on the next 14...well...there's how many families? And how many still not with their families or childrens? Crystal City united the families that had fathers and some mothers arrested and separated for years...but that's what our camp did...unite the family...can you imagine how "anshin" (relieved) their spouse were...I know I was really relieved to know my mom and father were together again. It really was a big relief and eased my mind that "papa" was with us, after years of separation.

So, I will thank "God" FEMA never took care of us or that the president then was Roosevelt, not Bush.

However, if we waited for FEMA to build our camps, the war may have been over and we would not have had to evacuate...who knows...anyway, it's a real shame that our country cannot help its citizens.

I understand the "Tsunami" victims have been cleaning up and got ready for tourists ASAP...it's not all cleaned up...but they're continuing to work at it.

FAMIMA OPENS IN SANTA MONICA

Continuing a chain of high-end specialty markets, Japanese retailer Famima held the grand opening of its flagship store Friday at Santa Monica's Third Street Promenade.

Serving an assortment of deli foods, hot snacks, as well as, household goods, Famima has become popular among both local merchants and Japanese tourists as a one-stop convenience shop. Over 1,500 customers have come through its doors since opening three weeks ago, said President and CEO Shiro Inoue.

In contrast to the popular Family Mart franchise in Japan, the U.S. subsidiary hopes to cater to an American-raised demographic, offering both Japanese snacks - such as fried curry bread and pork buns - and local high-end items such as chips, sandwiches and specialty teas.

Famima Santa Monica is located at 1348 Third St. Later this month, their next store will open in Torrance on Hawthorne and Sepulveda boulevards. Their fourth store in Pasadena is due in April. Their first store is in West Hollywood.

A Short Note from CC reader-friend

Received a note from Yoji Matsushima in Portland, Oregon...(someone who was also supposed to go on SS Gripsholm Sept. 1943 from New Jersey Harbor...but was among our 97 people who could not get on the ship and was sent to Ellis Island, then to Crystal City Internment Camp.

"I see the CC group at Senior Lunch program. Grace (Tambara) Nishino, Harry Tambara, Etsu (Ichikawa) Osaki, new from Chicago, Paul Ase. There are a few of us still around up here in Oregon." Yoji on p.s. note: Harry Tambara's daughter Susan met my daughter up north in Castro Valley...she handles horses and mentioned that her father was in Crystal City Internment Camp...as I said on page 2. "It's a small world, isn't it?" Glad you get together periodically...Thanks for the note Yoji.

The Power of 10 Super Foods

These 10 top nutritional performers can transform your diet -- and possibly your life

1. **Apples.** According to "SuperFoods Lifestyle" author Dr. Steven Pratt, different varieties of apples have different phytonutrients, but they all have tons of antioxidants, flavonoids and other polyphenols, and fiber.
2. **Avocados.** Avocados have the something going for them that olive oil does; healthy mono-unsaturated fatty acids. These are the "good fats," and they appear to lower LDL (bad) cholesterol levels, and raise HDL (good) cholesterol levels. Fiber, potassium, magnesium, folate and antioxidants up the ante. And Pratt cites research showing that avocado helps the body absorb more nutrients from other foods--the tomato in the same salad, for instance.
3. **Beans.** They haven't gotten the same media buzz as blueberries, but some beans even more health-promoting antioxidants. They also have as much cholesterol-lowering fiber as oats, and lots of lean protein. All of that is good for your heart. They also are rich in B vitamins and potassium. This category includes both dried and green beans.
4. **Blueberries.** Frozen do the trick as well as fresh, and they're easier to find in winter. For such tiny fruits, they deliver a huge wallop of antioxidants of many kinds, including anthocyanins and other polyphenols, and carotenoids. They also have fiber, folic acid and vitamins C and E. And they taste good with very few calories.
5. **Dark chocolate.** The magic word here is flavonoids, the same kinds of antioxidants that make tea so potent a health brew. Research shows flavonoids have role in helping lower blood pressure and in keeping your arteries from clogging--both good news for your heart. Only dark chocolate does the trick, not milk or white. And the more cocoa solids the better -- look for the percentage on the label.
6. **Kiwis.** Vitamin C, vitamin C, vitamin C--kiwis are loaded in this antioxidant, which also makes oranges a superfood. Kiwis rival bananas in potassium, pound for pound. And flavonoid antioxidants abound in the skin, which is edible but best if you rub the fuzzy stuff off first.
7. **Oats.** Kings o'fiber, oats also deliver protein, potassium, magnesium and other minerals, and phytonutrients, including antioxidants. Their cholesterol-lowering powers are well known, and all that fiber is also believed to help stabilize blood sugar. Oats' combination of nutrients appears to have more healthy effects than if each nutrient were consumed separately which seems to be true of all whole grains. And, they're inexpensive.
8. **Spinach.** What doesn't spinach have? It's loaded with lutein (great for eyes) and many other carotenoids, which are healthful antioxidants, plus other antioxidants-like coenzyme Q in serious doses; plus several B vitamins plus C and E. plus iron and other minerals; plus betaine, a vitamin-like nutrient research suggests is good for your heart. And with almost no calories, you can eat as much as you want. Also good for similar reasons; kale, chard and other dark leafy greens.
9. **Walnuts.** All nuts have been rehabbed as good-for-you foods, for their healthy fats and micro-nutrients. A few go a long way, though as they are calorie bombs. Walnuts' main claim to stardom are their omega-3 fatty acids, which fight heart disease. Other goodies; plant sterols, which lower cholesterol, and lots of antioxidants.
10. **Yogurt.** Nutritionist Jo Ann Hattner says if she could pick only two superfoods, they would be yogurt and tea, because their health-giving attributes have been known for centuries. Yogurt's claim to fame is live cultures, also called probiotics or beneficial bacteria. They are what turns milk into yogurt (but some commercial yogurts are heated to kill the cultures after they do their work, so be sure to read the label) in your gut, they fight bad bacteria, aid digestion, help metabolize food and generally tune your system up. Yogurt also is good source of calcium and protein.

Fresh New Flesh: 3 years ago most of us couldn't spell "pomegranate"...now, thanks to its anti-oxidant properties, the juice of this fruit is a big seller. (Cont'd on page 8)

(Fresh New Flesh: cont'd from page 7)

Fruit	Vital Data	Available in...	Supposed to...
Noni	Found mainly in the So. Pacific. Spud-sized, with knotty, yellow-green rind and white, smelly flesh	Puna Noni Juice; (\$15/32 oz)	Cure everything from high blood pressure to poor digestion.
Acai	Native to Brazil, this purple berry has a slight chocolate taste	Zola Acai Power Juice (\$2.50/11 oz.)	Be a "superfood" rich in antioxidants & omega fatty acids
Guarana	So. American berry contains guaranine, chemically akin to caffeine	New Tree Vigor Chocolate Bar (\$4.80/bar)	Act as a natural stimulant and raise energy levels
Mangosteen	From an evergreen tree native to Southeast Asia, this fruit has a red-brown rind and juicy, sweet pulp.	XangGo Juice (\$40/750 ml.)	Boost immunities (with its antioxidants)
Wild Blueberries	Not exactly exotic but demand, is surging.	Eat 'em by the handfull or in home-baked pie;	Protect the heart with antioxidants & pterostilbene

Tea Time

More than two cups of green tea a day could lower the risk of mental decline, according to a study published last month in *The American Journal of Clinical Nutrition*.

The observational study conducted by researchers at Tohoku University analyzed green tea consumption by 1,003 Japanese adults with an average age of 74.

The findings show that certain components in green tea may protect the brain from such debilitating diseases as Parkinson's and Alzheimer's.

Researchers found that adults who drank two or more cups a day were half as likely to show mental decline compared to those who drank three cups or less a week.

The study may explain the lower rate of dementia among the green-tea-consuming society compared to those living in Europe and North America.

Japanese tea and nori manufacturer **Takaokaya** has introduced their latest product, *Green Breeze*, a natural tea powder. Packed with antioxidants and containing no artificial flavor or color, *Green Breeze* is nutritious way to spice up dull beverages, desserts and entrees. Here are some simple ways to use green tea powder.

Simple Sponge Cake

Ingredients:

3/4 cup pancake mix
1/4 cup milk
1 egg
1 Tbsp butter
2 Tbsp sugar
1/2 tsp green tea powder
small paper cups

Directions:

1. In a bowl, beat egg and sugar. Stir in soymilk, then vegetable oil.
2. Sift together flour and baking powder. Mix into bowl.
3. Divide batter into two portions. Add green tea powder to one portion and blend well.
4. Pour 1/6 of basic batter into paper cup. Add green tea batter until 70% full. Make marble pattern by stirring with a skewer. Cook in steamer for 15-20 minutes

Green Tea Cupcakes in a Cup

Ingredients:

1 egg
70 ml soymilk
1 Tbs vegetable oil
3/4 cup sugar
4 1/4 (120 g) all-purpose flour
2 tsp green tea powder
2 tsp baking powder
small paper cups

Directions:

1. In a bowl, beat egg and sugar. Stir in soymilk, then vegetable oil
2. Sift together flour and baking powder. Mix into bowl.
3. Divide batter into two portions Add green tea powder to one portion and blend well.
4. Pour 1/6 of the basic batter into a paper cup. Add green tea batter until 70% full. Make marble pattern by stirring w/a skewer. Repeat w/remaining cups
5. Cook in steamer for 15-20 minutes.

Then there's "Cha-Gai"...something I heard and learned about when I went to the CCA Shinnen Enkat Cuncheon in January freezing leftover rice till enough to cook in tea...I only knew of "Ochazuke"

New Delicious, Heart-healthy oil
that's giving olive oil a run for its money!

For years, olive oil has been the "gold standard" when it comes to healthy cooking oils...but now there is a new oil that's making research news. It's macadamia nut oil, and given its immense health benefits, we're going to be hearing a lot more about it.

Macadamia nut oil has a smooth, slightly nutty, buttery taste that complements just about any dish. And due to its high smoke point, it's an easy oil to cook with.

Type of Oil	% Healthy Monounsaturated Fats
MacNut	80%
Olive Oil	73%
Canola Oil	60%
Peanut Oil	48%
Corn Oil	24%

Plus, you get an ideal balance of essential fats for your brain, heart, and immune system...it also contains a healthy balance of essential fatty acids (EFAs).

You can see (and taste) the difference between the Hawaiian and Australian oils. If you find macadamia nuts at the grocery store, chances are they were grown in Hawaii. They actually originated in Australia...the Aborigines used to travel to the Great Divide and eat the seeds of "Kindal Kindal" which we now refer to as macadamia nuts.

Hawaiian macadamia nut oil is usually highly refined, and virtually devoid of color and flavor...but the Australian variety has a rich yellow color and a nutty, buttery flavor. Macadamia nut oils in Kenya and South Africa are just as rich in flavor, and health-giving benefits, as the Australian variety.

What Were Aprons For?

I don't think our kids know what an apron is .

The principal use of Grandma's apron was to protect the dress underneath, but along with that, it served as a potholder for removing hot pans from the oven.

It was wonderful for drying children's tears, and on occasion was even used for cleaning out dirty ears. From the chicken coop, the apron was used for carrying eggs fussy chicks, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven.

When company came, those aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids.

And when the weather was cold, grandma wrapped it around her arms.

Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove.

Chips and kindling wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron.

From the garden, it carried all sorts of vegetables. After the peas had been shelled, it carried out the hulls.

In the fall, the apron was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees.

When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds.

When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out onto the porch, waved her apron, and the men knew it was time to come in from the fields to dinner.

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that "old-time apron" that served so many purposes.

Remember... Grandma used to set her hot baked apple pies on the window sill to cool. Today her granddaughters set theirs on the window sill to thaw.

And always remember: Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

The first sparrow of Spring!

The year beginning with younger hope than ever!

She gives most who gives with joy.

My Forgetter Be Forgotten

My forgetter's getting better,
But my rememberer is broke
to you that may seem funny
But, to me, that is no joke.

For when I'm "here" I'm wondering
If I really should be "there"
And, when I try to think it through,
I haven't got a prayer!

Of times I walk into a room,
Say "what am I here for?"
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!
A zero, is my score.

At times I put something away
where it is save, but, Gee!
The person it is safest from
Is, generally, me!

When shopping I may see someone,
say "Hi" and have a chat,
Then, when the person walks away
I ask myself, "who was that?"

Yes, my forgetter's getting better
While my rememberer is broke,
And it's driving me plumb crazy
And that isn't any joke.

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