

*An Ode to America**A Romanian Editorial*

Why are Americans so united? They would not resemble one another even if you painted them one color! They speak all the languages of the world and form an astonishing mixture of civilizations and religious beliefs.

Still, the American tragedy turned three hundred million people into a hand put on the heart.

Nobody rushed to accuse the White House, the army, or the secret service that they are only a bunch of losers.

Nobody rushed to empty their bank accounts...

Nobody rushed out onto the streets nearby to gape about, Instead the Americans volunteered to donate blood and to give a helping hand.

After the first moments of panic, they raised their flag over the smoking ruins, putting on T-shirts, caps and ties in the colors of the national flag...they placed flags on buildings and cars as if in every place and on every car a government official or the president was passing.

On every occasion, they started singing: "God Bless America!" I watched the live broadcast and rerun after rerun for hours listening to the story of the guy who went down one hundred floors with a woman in a wheelchair without knowing who she was, or of the Californian hockey player, who gave his life fighting with the terrorists and prevented the plane from hitting a target that could have killed other hundreds or thousands of people.

How on earth were they able to respond united as one human being? Imperceptibly, with every word and musical note, the memory of some turned into a modern myth of tragic heroes.

And with every phone call, millions and millions of dollars were put into a collection aimed at rewarding not a man or a family, but a spirit, which no money can buy.

What on earth can unite the Americans in such a way? Their land? Their history? Their economic Power? Money? I tried for hours to find an answer, humming songs and murmuring phrases with the risk of sounding commonplace, I thought things over, I reached but only one conclusion.... **Only freedom can work such miracles.**

Cornel Nistorescu

Crystal City...My "Furusato"

(*Furusato...Kokyo...hometown, nest*)...and that's how I feel about Crystal City...I know being in a camp, I should not, could not have such feelings but I do...and probably because at my teen-age growing up time was spent there, meeting many wonderful friends and above all, getting our "family" together. In Heart Mountain, many of my friends there were all together with their family and didn't have the worries of how one's arrested father (mother, or both) were...that they were being kept apart from us, under-going hearings and/or subjected to other disciplinary measures...and having had the stress of knowing the FBI's came and arrested your father/mother, leaves a very anxious feeling...always wondering how he/she may be and what they are being subjected to...so being in Heart Mountain was a time of uneasiness or being able to relax as many of my friends seemed...

So, perhaps others didn't have the same feelings I had of being in a camp that gave me "security" to be together as a family, although I had two sisters in Japan, at least my mother and father were with me...and it's funny how it gives one a sense of security and "anshin" (give your mind an ease, free from worry). I sometimes wonder how many of the mothers felt with their children and not having their husbands to help care for them...it must have been very trying...packing up for each child and if there were infants, the baby food, formula (if not breast-fed)...not having hot plate to warm the bottle some not even having can opener or something like spoon (which was confiscated by the guards), it must have been very difficult if not trying for the mothers...but they did it!...they had to neh...

Being young, I didn't realize many difficulties that our parents, and others went through...it must have been so hard to lose everything they worked for...farm, business, home, personal properties...yet they never "monkued" (complained)...today, people who suffered from Hurricane Katrina felt the same type of loss...even losing loved ones...and still one year later, nothing is really done in many of the affected areas. We did have barracks and communal living...even though we had to be guarded by barbed wire and watch tower with guards...we didn't starve...it's totally different situation however in this country, it's hard to believe isn't it...anyway, Crystal City is my "furusato"... "Kokyo".

I wonder if this is why we who were in Crystal City feel so close to each other...united in "Ki" (Spirit) and "Kimochi" (Feelings).

Letters to the Editor

Per your latest Crystal City Chatter of September '06 regarding the "Crystal City Internment Camp on Washington D.C. Memorial...but where?" I wish to make the following comment.

Judge Bill Marutani of Philadelphia and I both served on the National Japanese American Memorial Foundation Board. Bill was very much interested in Crystal City and we worked closely to make sure it was recognized. The ten relocation camps were under the jurisdiction of the War relocation Authority and Crystal City was under the jurisdiction of the Justice Department. Two distinct and separate departments.

The following inscription is engraved on Panel 11 at the Memorial:

"Allowed only what they could carry, families were forced to abandon homes, friends, farms and businesses to live in ten remote relocation centers guarded by armed troops and surrounded by barbed wire fences for three years or more. In addition, 4,500 were arrested by justice department and held in internment camps such as Santa Fe, New Mexico and the family camp in Crystal City, Texas where 2,500 were held"

A copy of "Patriotism, Perseverance, Posterity" -- The Story of the National Japanese American Memorial, is being sent to you under separate cover. The above inscription appears on page 128.

The monument was dedicated on June 29, 2001 and is an important and impressive addition to Washington D.C. It is a popular tourist trolley stop. The annual Japanese American Memorial Day ceremony, as well as Veterans Day, Cherry Blossom Freedom Walk ceremonies are held there.

Sincerely,

Kiyo Jean (Ito) Kariya

Thank you very much Kiyo for your explanation...I appreciate it very very much...and I also received snapshots from Stogie Kanogawa of their trip there with his wife Massie...and the many panels there...he was in front of Minidoka and Massie in front of Gila River...they were located side by side...so I also got a good visual pictures of the walls...The snapshots won't come out clear on this newsletter so I won't even try...I tried to copy them and it came out so dark you can't read the words...so I will write the words of some of the walls on page 3...I thank Stogie for the snapshots and explanation he post noted.

Dear Sumi - Our dear friend Toshi is gone (Toshi Kamatani Nakagawa) and I am very sad that I can't be at her service tomorrow. (Sunday, Sept. 17th) Today, I'll be attending a memorial service for an old friend in Berkeley - if Toshi's service was at a later time, I could have possibly get a flight out to L.A. I spoke to Karen and assured her that I will be in thought and pray at the time of her 11 a.m. service. I will be in church and will ask the minister to remembr Toshi in our congregation prayer time. I found an obit in the S.F. Chronicle on Hana Abe Kawakami so I'm sending it on to you...Take care.

love,

Maru Okazaki Hiratzka

Dear Maru...out of the "Six Inseparates" only three left...Chonda, you and Yae Aihara so please do take care of yourselves...Chonda came down from Turlock as there's an airport now in Modesto so Chonda said she could drive there and fly down so I picked her up...it was quite a puzzlement to find her in CAX as I never go there or rarely...because I usually go to Burbank Airport, or Bob Hope Airport...anyway, I somehow by luck and Grace of God, found her and had a nice breakfast with her, then picked up Haj Nonoguchi from WCA and got to Fukui Mortuary Chapel in plenty of time...the chapel filled up and the picture of Toshi's face was just fantastic...smiling as she always did...it was a very dignified, nice service. There was luncheon at Paul's Kitchen following the service but I couldn't stay long enough to enjoy as Chonda's flight back was 4:00 and had to get her back to CAX by 2:00, so again by the Grace of God, I was able to get her there in time...traffic was amazingly smooth, no bumper to bumper and so she was able to get to her airline in plenty of time for security search...you know C.A. traffic. Anyway, it sure was great see to Chonda again...it was long long time ago...I think it was Monterey Reunion last time we met each other...that seems like such a long time ago neh. Anyway, take care, and stay well.

It has come to my attention from other Crystal City friends that the obituary didn't mention Toshi's maiden name, "Kamatani" so they didn't attend the funeral, and felt so bad...but many of us knew her in Crystal City Internment Camp as "Kamatani" and although some of us knew her even after she got married to James Nakagawa, others didn't...but they said they would pray for her soul...

The only "Kamatani" left is the youngest sister, Nobuko Nancy Tada who is in OceanSide...as Helen, the second sister who lived in Honolulu as Helen Sheriff passed away last year...

Dear Sumi, I hope you and your family are doing well. Summer is gone and the Fall season brings with it the rain and cold weather here in Seattle. We just returned from one week (Cont'd on pg. 4)

Chapter Eight

The Japanese American Memorial Panel in Washington D.C.

Thanks to *Kiyo Jean (Ito) Kariya* who sent me a book "Patriotism, Perseverance, Posterity" the story of the National Japanese American Memorial...page 128 shows panels 10, 11, 12...Crystal City is on panel 11 along with Santa Fe, New Mexico...Unfortunately, whereas the ten relocation camps were given a whole panel, we're barely mentioned...but nevertheless...the name is there.

PANELS 10, 11, 12

ON FEBRUARY 19, 1942, 73 DAYS AFTER THE UNITED STATES ENTERED WORLD WAR II, PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT ISSUED EXECUTIVE ORDER 9066 WHICH RESULTED IN THE MASS REMOVAL OF 120,000 JAPANESE AMERICAN MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM THEIR HOMES IN THE WESTERN STATES AND HAWAII.

ALLOWED ONLY WHAT THEY COULD CARRY, FAMILIES WERE FORCED TO ABANDON HOMES, FRIENDS, FARMS AND BUSINESSES TO LIVE IN TEN REMOTE RELOCATION CENTERS GUARDED BY ARMED TROOPS AND SURROUNDED BY BARBED WIRE FENCES FOR THREE YEARS OR MORE. IN ADDITION, 4,500 WERE ARRESTED BY THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT AND HELD IN INTERNMENT CAMPS, SUCH AS SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO AND THE FAMILY CAMP IN CRYSTAL CITY, TEXAS, WHERE 2,500 WERE HELD.



ANSWERING THE CALL TO DUTY, YOUNG JAPANESE AMERICANS ENTERED INTO MILITARY SERVICE, JOINING MANY PRE-WAR DRAFTEES. THE 100TH INFANTRY BATTALION AND THE 442ND REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM, FIGHTING IN EUROPE, TOGETHER WERE THE MOST HIGHLY DECORATED ARMY UNIT FOR ITS SIZE AND LENGTH OF SERVICE IN THE HISTORY OF THE U.S. ARMY. THE JAPANESE AMERICANS IN THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, WITH BILINGUAL SKILLS SHORTENED THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC AND THUS SAVED COUNTLESS AMERICAN LIVES. THE 1399TH ENGINEER CONSTRUCTION BATTALION HELPED FORTIFY THE INFRASTRUCTURE ESSENTIAL FOR VICTORY.

Thank you very very much, *Kiyo* for sending me this big lovely book...we now know for sure that our camp is indeed on one of the panels there on the National Japanese American Memorial...that will satisfy my and many others out there's mind...

(Letters to the Editor, Cont'd from page 2)

in Honolulu. It was fantastic.

My friend Terufumi Clifford Miyamoto, who you know, took me around to see the sights in Oahu. He and I were classmates at Federal High School.

We just timed it right so that we could attend the CCC luncheon the next day. CCC stands for Crystal City Cohorts. There are a number of former Crystal City-ites on the Islands and we met about a dozen of them at the luncheon. Some were there earlier than us and many left for Japan before we arrived at CC. The group shown in the photo were cc-ites and their spouses. Cliff told me that they hold the luncheon twice a year.

I met Carol Miyamoto Murashige (Cliff's sister) and Cherry Matano, who were among those I remembered from camp. The others were much younger than me. I passed out the CC map that I had drawn earlier. Some could remember parts of the camp. Others were too young to remember much. We joined hands and sang a Hawaii song. Cherry and another lady danced the hula to end the luncheon.

A lady, Carolyn Fujisawa, said she knew you. She must have gone back to Japan with you on the same boat.

Kay Uno Kaneko belongs to this group but lives on the Big Island and was not present. I remember her well, since she is Edison's Younger sister. And I use to chum around with Edison in camp.

Sumi, keep sending us the CC Chatter so we can keep up on the news. We plan to go to Las Vegas next year to meet the CC group that goes on the annual bus ride to Vegas. We're flying there, of course. Hope you can make it, Sumi. I've told Cliff and Peggy about it, and they may decide to join us, too. Sincerely,
Sat Ichikawa

Aloha Sat. Glad you had a wonderful vacation in Honolulu with the CC Cohorts and Terufumi...I know his English name is Clifford but I knew him by Terufumi and so he still is w/me. anyway, having lunch with all of them sounds like it was a good timing neh...and coming to Vegas will also be great...will look forward to seeing you there...this year. Ella Ohta Tomita came with her husband James, from Honolulu. Lucy Okazaki Matsumoto came with her husband Ray from San Jose; and Bubbles Tsuida Shimasaki came with her daughters and son-in-law from San Diego, and of course, June Maeda comes from Chicago with her two daughters from Chicago. Alice and Ken Matsumoto from San Diego and Mas and Shirli Okabe from San Jose...who joins us from C.A. on the Nisei Charter Bus...so we have fun...games and snacks all the way to Vegas on Highway 15. In fact, I know of someone who will be flying in from Maryland to CAX and join the C.A. group to join the Nisei Charter Fun Bus group...so see you in May and hoping some Aloha friends will join us then too...Carolyn Fujisawa and I went to Japan and traveled to Miyagi-ken together, and worked at the IXth Corps Military Government in Sendai. There were wonderful picnics with friends at Matsushima...warm, wonderful memories.

Dear Ms. Shimatsu, The question was asked in the September issue of C.C. Chatter whether anyone knew where "Crystal City" was engraved on the National Japanese American Memorial. Since my daughter lives in D.C., I asked her to take some photos (CD attached).

The Sept. issue also included a letter from Francis Okano recognizing the help from Mrs. Tomita. I, too, want to thank Ella Tomita for sharing her time and experiences with me.

Yours truly,

Hiromi (Ishida) Jones

Thank you so very very much Hiromi-san...really appreciate having your daughter take beautiful 8 X 10 picture of the panel...You certainly can read and not miss "The family camp in Crystal City, Texas" on Panel 11 at Washington D.C., National Japanese American Memorial Park; the CD about the Park, on top it all, the donation to the Chatter...Thank you, thank you, thank you very very much. I really appreciate everything. I'm glad that you met Ella and she was able to fill in about your family...the arrest, evacuation to the mainland, etc. etc. that she knows about the Hawaii internees first hand. It was so great when she joined us in Vegas with her husband James...and of course, laden with gifts from the Islands...when I returned to the States from Japan back in 1947, she, along with several Crystal City friends met us at the Aloha Tower...the three first CC returnees were, Mas Okabe, Tosh Yonekura and myself...it was so wonderful to see our friends in Honolulu...and finally away from Japan...before getting our feet back on Mainland. Needless to say, this was many many moons ago.

Dear Sumi: My wife Karlene, and I spent this past weekend at Manzanar with a group of friends from West Los Angeles at a reunion of former internees. We were very delighted to (Cont'd on page 6)

Pelosi Praises San Francisco Japantown on its Centennial Rafu Shimpō

Washington--House Democratic Leader Nancy Pelosi inserted the following statement into the Congressional Record to commemorate the 100th anniversary of San Francisco's Japantown.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to our San Francisco Japantown and celebrate with them on their 100th anniversary as a community. Affectionately called J-town, San Francisco Japantown is the oldest and joins San Jose and Los Angeles as the only remaining Japantowns in the continental United States. A century ago, there were more than 50 in California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Utah. Japantown represents more than 100 years of a unique immigrant experience, which started with the arrival of the first generation -- the Issei.

"The arrival of picture brides through Angel Island Immigration Station in San Francisco Bay after 1906, many of them meeting their future husbands for the first time, was the genesis of the second generation -- the Nisei. The 100 years included the emergence of the activist third generation -- the Sansei -- who are now 'baby boomers' and the parents and grandparents of the fourth and fifth generations -- the Yonsei and Gosei.

"As the younger generation makes their mark on our global society, I hope they will recognize the critical role of family and community in their successes. I was recently made aware of an example of what is possible. NASA Astronaut Daniel Tani represents the next generation of Japanese Americans in space, following the tradition of Astronaut Ellison Onizuka, who tragically lost his life on the same mission as teacher Christa McAuliffe in 1986.

"The road was not always easy; in fact, Japanese Americans often persevered under great hardship to overcome prejudice. During World War II, eligible Nisei men volunteered for military duty while their families remained behind barbed wire without due process. It took three generations until redress was made in the form of monetary reparations and our government's apology. The lessons that we learned during the internment should serve as a reminder of how we must continue to fight for our freedoms today.

"As San Francisco's Representative in Congress, and House Democratic Leader, I am grateful that I can count on the steadfast strength of our San Francisco Japantown community and its extraordinary leaders.

"Congratulations Japantown for more than 100 years in San Francisco."

Oldest Bainbridge Survivor Urges Passage of Memorial Rafu Shimpō

Washington -- Fumiko Hayashida is 95 now, but she remembers the day 64 years ago when she and her infant daughter, Natalie, were taken from their home at gunpoint and imprisoned under presidential order. The pair were among 227 Japanese Americans forced from their homes on Bainbridge Island, Wash., on March 30, 1942, under order of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The men, women and children -- two thirds of them U.S. citizens -- were marched to the Eagle-dale Ferry Dock, on their way to internment camps in Idaho and California. They were the first of what eventually became more than 120,000 Japanese Americans imprisoned on the West Coast.

Last Thursday, Hayashida -- described as the oldest living Bainbridge Island survivor -- appeared before a House committee to urge Congress to include the Bainbridge site in the national park system. "I hope to live long enough to see the Bainbridge Island Japanese American Memorial earn the honor and recognition from our federal government and become a unit of the National Park Service." Hayashida told the House Resources Committee.

"Please act quickly so that Americans can learn from and remember the meaning of the memorial's name: *"Nidoto Nai Yo Ni -- Let it not happen again."*

Wearing a bright yellow lei, the slight, softspoken Hayashida said the day she was taken into custody was the saddest of her life. Hayashida's husband, a Japanese native, had been taken into custody earlier, following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941.

"I don't want it to happen again for anyone," she said in an interview. "I'm just glad I got to come here since I'm still living. No one else is old enough to know what happened."

Under Roosevelt's order, Bainbridge Island residents of Japanese ancestry were removed from their homes by the U.S. Army and marched to the Eagle-dock dock, where they boarded a ferry to Seattle.

From there, they were taken by train to Manzanar. About a year later, most were transferred to the Minidoka Relocation Center in rural Idaho. In all, nearly 13,000 Washington state residents were incarcerated without trial. Asked for her memories of the internment camps, Hayashida said simply, "Nothing pleasant." She and her family were held for nearly three years. Her son, Leonard, was born at Manzanar. He later served in the U.S. Army in Vietnam and died.

("Letters to Editor" cont'd from page 4)

see the improvements being made by the National Park Service and to hear of ongoing plans for additional projects to try to restore some of the camp's points of interest, such as the Pleasure Park which was built by the internees. Many of the National Park Service also are involved with obtaining oral histories from the former internees of not only Manzanar but of other camps as well.

Park Ranger, Richard Potashin, known as "Ranger Rick" has been actively traveling to Los Angeles and other areas to conduct oral history interviews and when he learned that I had been in Crystal City, he told me that he would like to do an interview with me as well. I informed him that there was an active organization of former Crystal City internees led by you and your newsletter who could provide him with much more information than I. He said he was aware of the booklet edited by Joy Gee for the Monterey, CA reunion and indicated that he would like to contact others who had been in Crystal City. I gave him your name and mentioned that I would contact you to see if you may be interested in helping him and his group obtain information about the Crystal City Camp.

I am enclosing his card and hope that you could contact him and provide names and addresses of others so that they could expand their information base. I also think that information about the Peruvian group would be in interest to them. Thanks very much for your continuing efforts in editing and publishing the Crystal City Chatter. I am always glad to hear of news about the former Crystal City group. Thanks so much again. Sincerely,

Mas Koketsu

Thank you Mas for your letter...haven't been contacted by "Ranger Rick" yet, and will help to inform and educate him as our camp is one of a kind...no other camp was like ours. Therefore, I'm always telling many of how our camp had so many diverse group of Japanese, Japanese Americans, Japanese Peruvians including the Hawaii group in the Japanese Americans...and there were several from Alaska as well as the POW's from Marshall Island...Germans and Italians...to top it off, we had our own kitchen and home cooking...totally unheard of in any other camps. American school system, Japanese, and German schools...and being guarded by Texas Rangers...Ahhhh Hahhhh!

Dear Sumi, Thank you and for the koden and words of condolence. Mom was courageous in her battle against the cancer that took her life. She passed away in her home with family and loved ones surrounding her. We are grateful for her long life and the time we had to spend with her. She was 90 years old just three months short of her 90th. I recently found her relocation camp history and learned things she never discussed. It is sad to see the Nisei generation that went through so much passing away. What lessons they have taught us in dignity, grace, patience, hardship, perseverance. What a legacy they have given us. With much gratitude and love, Dorene Tsukida & Kenmotsu Family

Dear Dorene...we were taught "Gaman and Gambaru" spirit...to persevere and stand firm...the Issets had to in life full of prejudice and hate when they came to this country...in spite of losing everything, property...everything, they came back and worked hard to "come back" and live well once again...not an easy thing...but that's our heritage, and spirit that's ingrained in us.

Dear Dr. Sumi, Hope this finds you well and everything running smoothly. Thank you very much for the "Chatter" you send out to us. I was telling my husband that I used to watch you girls play basketball and I had a folding chair that Mr. Taniguchi made for me. I do recall the "Q" team were very strong. Kimiyo and Rosie and Mori had stiff competition, for the "D" team. What memories. with regards,

George and Gladys Kohatsu

Playing basketball in those days was not fun...we had to play half court so I always played guard and had to guard the forwards like Kim...women basketball plays full court so it's a different game today.

A Prayer

May today there be peace within.

May you trust God that you are exactly where you are meant to be.

May you not forget the infinite possibilities that are born of faith.

May you use those gifts that you have received and pass on the love that has been given to you.

May you be content knowing you are a child of God.

Let this presence settle into your bones and allow your soul the freedom to sing, dance, praise and love.

It is there for each and every one of us.

— Saint Theresa —

Coach John Wooden - A Paragon Rising Above the Madness March '06

On Tuesday the best man I know will do what he always does on the 21st of the month. He'll sit down and pen a love letter to his best girl. He'll say how much he misses her and loves her and can't wait to see her again. Then he'll fold it once, slide it in a little envelope and walk into his bedroom. He'll go to the stack of love letters sitting there on her pillow, untie the yellow ribbon, place the new one on top and tie the ribbon again.

The stack will be 180 letters high then, because Tuesday is 15 years to the day since Nellie, his beloved wife of 53 years died. In her memory, he sleeps only on his half of the bed, only on his pillow, only on top of the sheets, never between, with just the old bedspread they shared to keep him warm.

There's never been a finer man in American sports than John Wooden, or a finer coach. He won 10 NCAA basketball championships at UCLA (seven in a row), the last in 1975. Nobody has ever come within six of him. He won 88 straight games between Jan. 30, 1971 and Jan. 17, 1974. Nobody has come within 42 since.

So, sometimes, when the Madness of March gets to be too much; too many players trying to make SportsCenter, too few players trying to make assists, too many coaches trying to be homies, too few coaches willing to be mentors, too many freshmen with out-of-wedlock kids, too few freshmen who will stay in school long enough to become men, I like to go see Coach Wooden. I visit him in his little condo in Encino, 20 minutes northwest of LA. and hear him say things like "Gracious sakes alive!" and tell stories about teaching "Lewis" the hook shot. Lewis Alcindor, that is. Kareem Abdul Jabbar.

There has never been another coach like Wooden, quiet as an April snow and square as a game of checkers; loyal to one woman, one school, one way; walking around campus in his sensible shoes and Jimmy Stewart morals. He'd spend a half hour the first day of practice teaching his men how to put on a sock. "Wrinkles can lead to blisters," he'd warn. These huge players would sneak looks at one another and roll their eyes. Eventually, they'd do it right. Good," he'd say. "And now for the other foot."

Of the 180 players who played for him, Wooden knows the whereabouts of 172. Of course, it's not hard when most of them call, checking on his health, secretly hoping to hear some of his simple life lessons so that they can write them on the lunch bags of their kids, who will roll their eyes. "Discipline yourself, and others won't need to," Coach would say. "Never lie, never cheat, never steal," Coach would say. "Earn the right to be proud and confident."

You played for him, you played by his rules: Never score without acknowledging a teammate. One word of profanity and you're done for the day. Treat your opponent with respect.

He believed in hopelessly out-of-date stuff that never did anything but win championships. No dribbling behind the back or through the legs. "There's no need," he'd say. No UCLA basketball number was retired under his watch. "What about the fellows who wore that number before? Didn't they contribute to the team?" he'd say, No long hair, no facial hair. "They take too long to dry, and you could catch cold leaving the gym." he'd say.

That one drove his players bonkers. One day, All-American center Bill Walton showed up with a full beard. "It's my right," he insisted. Wooden asked if he believed that strongly. Walton said he did. "That's good, Bill," Coach said. "I admire people who have strong beliefs and stick by them, I really do. We're going to miss you." Walton shaved it right then and there. Now Walton calls once a week to tell Coach he loves him.

It's always too soon when you have to leave the condo and go back out into the real world where the rules are so much grayer and the teams so much worse. As Wooden shows you the door, you take one last look around. The framed report cards of the great-grandkids. The boxes of jelly beans peeking out from under the favorite wooden chair. The dozens of pictures of Nellie.

He's almost 90 now, you think. A little more hunched over than last time. Steps a little smaller. You hope it's not the last time you see him. He smiles. "I'm not afraid to die," he says. "Death is my only chance to be with her again."

Problem is, we still need him here.

Rick Reilly, *Sports Illustrated*.

I met Coach Wooden back in 1972...few weeks after my husband passed away: my youngest son Cuke just turned 14 and I signed him up for Basketball Camp at University of San Diego with his cousin Scott...he talked with me for half an hour and was so very warm...I really respect him greatly.

Obituary of Hana Abe Kawakami

S.F. Chronical

Born in San Francisco just a few years - maybe a lot of years - earlier than you could have ever guessed, she died peacefully surrounded by her family at home in Burlingame on Sept. 10, after a long and inspiring battle with cancer.

She was a dancer, a teacher, a sister, a student, a wife, a mother, a grandmother and an advocate, all at once and to each role she gave every last measure of grace, humor and devotion.

She was raised in San Francisco, youngest child of six and was interned with most of her family at Topaz, Utah, and Crystal City, Texas during WW II.

After returning home, Hana graduated from Cal, then traveled to Los Angeles and New York as a dancer-in-training. Though dancing would not be her destined occupation, it was who and what she was for the rest of her life.

At Pine United Methodist Church, she met Thomas Kawakami, the start of a blissful passionate marriage that held them together for more than four decades and for eternity.

Raising four sons with Tom, first in San Francisco and later in Burlingame, might have slowed Hana down a little, but not much. She began teaching in San Mateo in the mid-1970s, first at Horrall Elementary, then later at Turnbull and Abbott Middle Schools.

After retiring from teaching, Hana traveled to Asia and Europe, went on a cruise liner that caught fire, delighted in her six grandchildren, pulled for the Giants and the Warriors and let very popular rhythmic dancing sessions for seniors.

For two and a half years, she couldn't dance, But she was dancing again now.

Her family would like to thank the care and kindness she received from the Oncology Department nurses and doctors at Kaiser South San Francisco and the health-care workers at Pathway Hospice.

She is survived by her husband Thomas; her sons (youngest to oldest) Philip, Timothy, Peter and Paul and his wife Gail; Hana's sister Martha and Hana and Tom's grandchildren, Christopher, Geoffrey, Jennifer, Kevin, Justin and Matthew.

A Memorial Service and Celebration of her life will be held at 3 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 23, at Pine United Methodist Church, 426 33rd Ave., San Francisco. In lieu of flowers, donations are encouraged to Pine Church or Kimochi, Inc.

I remember Hana quite well...when I returned from Japan. I stayed in San Francisco several weeks and we had lunch together...it was the first time I was introduced to cottage cheese...anyway. I'm glad she lived a full life!!! Sounds like Hana!!!

Obituary of Alfred Minoru Yamashiro, Sr.

Alfred Minoru Yamashiro, Sr. passed away from cancer on Monday, September 18, 2006 at his home in Alameda, CA. He is survived by his wife Keiko; three children, Dianne (Michael) Omi, Alfred, Jr. "Jay" (Rita), John (Joan); eight grandchildren and five brothers.

Al was born in Trujillo, Peru and was among 1,800 Japanese Peruvians who were interned in Crystal City, TX, by the U.S. government during World War II. After the war, Al met and married Keiko Kato in San Francisco. Al volunteered as scoutmaster and softball coach for Morning Star School in Japantown for many years. A trailblazer, Al served as chief financial officer at NorCal Insurance Co. of San Francisco and retired as chief executive officer of Washington State Physicians Insurance Co.

Throughout his life, Al was a leader and mentor to many and was kind and generous to all who came in contact with him. He will be remembered for his determined spirit and his devotion to his family.

I thank Maru Okazaki Hiratzka for these two obituaries from the Bay Area in California...I did not know Alfred however, some of you from Peru may have known him.

We Asians Are So Smart...

The Chinese and Japanese drink hot tea with their meals...not cold water...maybe it's time we adopt their drinking habit while eating!!! Nothing to lose, everything to gain...Drinking cold water will solidify the oily stuff that you have just consumed...it will slow down the digestion. Once this "sludge" reacts with the acid, it will break down and be absorbed by the intestine faster than the solid food. It will line the intestine. Soon, this will turn into fats and lead to cancer.

It is best to drink hot soup or warm water after a meal, like drinking "misoshiru" (Miso-soup), hot tea, like our folks had us drink...and at Chinese or Japanese restaurants, they serve hot tea with meals. I never realized how the Americans would ever eat sushi, sashimi, edamame, miso-soup, tofu, teriyakis, stir-fry vegetables, uni (sea urchins), nori and konbu (sea weed), etc. etc...amazing neh.

Dying With Dignity

Last September 28th, I had a very strange message on my telephone answering machine...the voice was so soft, I couldn't understand who it was or what the message was...I then turned the volume up as high as I could and carefully listened and the voice was saying "Thank you very much for our friendship...and that she enjoyed the many years we knew each other..." I barely heard her say it was "Miyo"...and so I called Toni the next morning to find out if it was her sister...and she said "yes, my sister is dying and has been calling many of her dear friends to say 'goodbye'. Toni told me that she was staying with her daughter and son-in-law Pauline and Ron Carrillo in Walnut, and gave me the direction to their home, so I called Pauline and asked if it was okay if I visited Miyo Saturday, September 30th...she said it was okay...so on Saturday I visited Miyo.

Miyo was able to have chipped ice, and could no longer eat however, she looked so good it was hard to believe that she was dying...we talked and had a very nice visit...Pauline and Ron were caring for her so well...amazingly, I had no 'feeling sorry for her'. She really looked so well, I couldn't believe that she was 'dying'...that she wanted to say "goodbye" to her friends, and being in such calm, peaceful mind...it was amazing. It is truly dying with dignity.

The following is a letter she wrote me last year, November 19, 2005.

"Dear Sumi. "No more chemo" was the happy news I received from Dr. Tewari on Wednesday afternoon. I could hardly wait to share this good news with family and special friends. I received my 5th chemo treatment on Wednesday November 9th and although it was 1/2 dosage of the previous infusion. I was so physically drained and weak. I almost fainted a couple a times. My stomach was so upset I could hardly eat. I had to have transfusion on 11/9. I'm feeling a lot better today and know I'll be okay for Thanksgiving.

We are having our usual crowd of about 50 family and friends at Toni's for Thanksgiving. It's a sit-down dinner with silver ware, crystal and dinnerware and chairs and tables borrowed from her church. We always have a fun and lovely time with games and video-viewing of travel tapes. In past years the poker table was mostly senior members, but now the grandchildren are joining in and they are pretty sharp.

This Thanksgiving is very special to me. I'm so thankful for the love and support I received from my family and special friends, during my difficult times and I feel truly blessed and thankful to be alive!

Hope all is well with you and your family...and enjoy a joyous Thanksgiving! Love Miyo"

Miyo was always so loving, warm and gracious...one of her happiest moment was graduating last year in her cap and gown, getting all "gassed up" (blood transfusion) and ready to go...with "Pomp and Circumstance" (?) playing, she and her brother Ben (Tak) Takeuchi received their diplomas...Yokkatta neh (It was nice, wasn't it?).

And Then It's Winter

(from Marte Willey)

"It seems just yesterday that I was young, just married and embarking on my new life with my mate. And yet in a way, it seems like eons ago, and I wonder where all the years went. I know that I lived them all...And I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams. But, here it is...the winter of my life and it catches me by surprise...How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my babies go? And where did my youth go?

I remember well...seeing older people through the years and thinking that those older people were years away from me and that winter was so far off that I could not fathom it or imagine fully what it would be like...But, here it is...

My age is beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we used to see and never thought we'd be. Each day now, I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day! And taking a nap is not a treat anymore...it's mandatory! Cause if I don't on my own free will...I just fall asleep where I sit! And so, now I enter into this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go and do things. But, at least I know, that thought the winter has come, and I'm not sure how long it will last...This I know, that when it's over...its over...!Yes, I have regrets, There are things I wish I hadn't done...things I should have done...but indeed, there are many things I'm happy to have done. Its all in a lifetime...

So, if you're not in your winter yet...let me remind you, that it will be here faster than you think. So, whatever you would like to accomplish in your life please do it quickly!

"Life is God's gift to you. The way you live your life is your gift to God, and those who came after...

Make it a fantastic one." LIVE IT WELL!!!

Crystal City Get-Together for 2007

Please mark your calendar... "Shinnen Kai" luncheon at the Sea Empress Seafood Restaurant, at 1636 W. Redondo Beach Blvd., in Gardena, at 12:00 p.m., Saturday, January 20th, 2007..please notify Tomo, Toni or Sumi .please. thank you.

Our Crystal City "Fun Bus to Las Vegas"... May 17 - 19, with dinner at the Main Street Buffet at 5:00pm Wednesday the 18th...pick-up locations at Gardena, 1641 W. Redondo Beach Blvd., in front of the New Gardena Hotel, and at the San Gabriel Japanese Cultural and Community Center in Temple City. Registration is with Toni Tomita...Further information will be in the next issue of the Chatter.

The New Gardena Hotel is very convenient as the bus picks us up in front of this hotel...so those of you who would like to join us in the "fun bus", you can stay at this hotel...a double room with 2 full beds is \$90.00 per day. So come one, come all...join in on our annual fulfilled joyfull ride to Vegas with old friends and new ones...

"When you were born, you were crying and everyone around you was smiling...

Give your life so that when you die, you are smiling and everyone around you is crying>"

"Shared joy is double joy and shared sorrow is half-sorrow".

"If opportunity doesn't knock, build a door."

Obituary: Our deepest and heartfelt condolences to: Dr. Karen Nakagawa and Grant Nakagawa And Nancy Tada, for the loss of their mother and sister, **Toshi Kamatani Nakagawa.**

Hana Abe Kuwakami (pg 8)

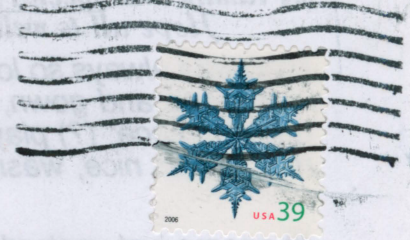
Pauline Carillo, Dr. Steven Eshita, Tak Takeuchi, Keiko Eto, Toni Tomita, Itsu McDonald, and Kenji Takeuchi for the loss of their mother, and sister, **Miyo Takeuchi Eshita.**

Ron Carillo, and the Carillo Family for the loss of their mother, **Molly Carillo.**

sumi shimatsu
Crystal City Chatter
Camarill

11.8.06

2006



TAD & SATOMI ISHIDA
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94116