

Ukraine's actions in the area of national and regional security are also encouraging. The government is to be congratulated for its efforts to rid Ukrainian soil of nuclear weapons. Ukraine has faithfully followed guidelines for the elimination of nuclear weapons from its borders under the START I treaty and other similar agreements. It is also heartening to know that Ukraine has ratified the Non-Proliferation Treaty. And, in joining the Partnership for Peace program for NATO membership, Ukraine has positioned itself to become a member of the strongest military alliance the world has ever known.

Ukraine's transition to a democratically governed free-market economy has not been without its problems. But these strains are natural in such a progression. In the face of such turmoil, Ukraine has shown strong leadership by pledging itself to adhere to the principles of the Helsinki Final Act. This will insure that whatever problems Ukraine may encounter in the future, they will continue to be an example of respect for civil and human rights in the region.

The people of Ukraine deserve our admiration and support for the fine work they have done in such a short period of time. I know that the Ukrainian-American community here in Michigan is in the front ranks of such support. We will all be watching Ukraine closely this next year as it works to finalize a new constitution.

This is truly an historic time for Ukraine, one in which it is possible to witness the citizens decide for themselves what kind of government and what kind of future they want for their country. ●

#### "LOST YEAR, LOST PEACE"

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, one of the gravest injustices perpetrated by the American government in our more than two centuries of history was in February 1942, when we told 120,000 people who lived in the States of California, Oregon, and Washington that they had 1 to 3 days to sell all their property and put everything they own into one suitcase and they would be taken to camps.

Almost all of these 120,000 people were Japanese-Americans. A few were actually citizens of Japan.

Gary Matsumoto, a national correspondent for NBC, had an op-ed piece in the New York Times about his family's experiences.

Our colleague in the House, Congressman NORMAN MINETA, was moved from California to a detention camp.

Not one person, among all those 120,000, had been charged with any crime.

My reason for paying special attention to this is that I grew up in the State of Oregon. My father was a Lutheran minister there. When this occurred my father made a statement on a local radio station, KORE, that it

was wrong to treat American citizens in this way. My mother also recalls that he wrote a letter or two to the editor of the local newspaper, though I have no recollection of that.

What I do know is that we received some phone calls and experienced some minor unpopularity. I was 13 years old at the time, and I would love to relate to my colleagues in the Senate that I stood up and defended what my father did, but I did not. I remember him explaining it to my brother and me, why it was wrong. But I was embarrassed by what my father did and wished he had not done it, perhaps a typical reaction for a 13-year-old. But now, as I look back on my father's life, it is one of the things I am proudest of him for. He was active in what we then called race relations and was always responsive to the needs of people. Up until the last few weeks before he died, he was a volunteer every Thursday morning at a facility for the mentally retarded. But perhaps nothing my father did makes me prouder of him than standing up for Japanese-Americans when it was not popular to do so.

I ask that the Gary Matsumoto op-ed piece be printed in the RECORD, and I urge my colleagues to read it.

The material follows:

#### LOST YEARS, LOST PEACE

(By Gary Matsumoto)

For millions of Americans, this week's anniversary of V-J Day conjured up memories, celebrations and passionate embraces. My parents were reminded of barbed wire and dust.

They shared the fate of 110,000 Japanese-Americans living in California, Oregon and Washington after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Amid anti-Japanese hysteria and irrational fears of treason, all were expelled from their homes and exiled to concentration camps. They were told it was for their own safety. The Constitution was forgotten.

My father, Kimitsu Matsumoto, was 15 years old and lived in Santa Maria, Calif. In the fall of 1942, he, his older sister, Imiko, and my grandmother were put aboard a dimly lit railroad car and whisked out of Los Angeles. For nearly 400 miles, they sat despondently, wondering if they would ever see home again.

The Government sent them to the Gila River Relocation Center, a desolate tract on the Pima Indian reservation in Arizona.

My father, being young, could adjust to the situation. He and friends made the best of it. They marked out baseball diamonds in the desert. Cactuses became football goal posts.

They sang around campfires, danced on weekends and participated in talent shows.

My Aunt Imiko, who was 22 in 1942, has darker memories. She answered the door when F.B.I. agents arrived before dawn to arrest my grandfather. Later, she delivered a shaving kit to him, standing her ground when a young G.I. lowered his rifle and threatened to run her through with his bayonet if she come any closer to the prison gate.

My grandfather spent the spring and summer of 1942 in a detention camp in Bismark, N.D., before being reunited with his wife and children in the Arizona desert. They lived in crude barracks with cinder block floors. Guard towers were equipped with machine guns and searchlights.

In the summer, the temperature reached 125 degrees, and the place would stink of roof tar. When the wind blew, clouds of suffo-

cating dust would blanket the camp. For these fastidious people, the dust was a ceaseless affliction that symbolized their ruin.

My grandparents missed the small cafe the family had run. My father missed the tortillas stuffed with beans he had bought from Mexican friends at school. My aunt missed her boyfriend, who had been drafted into the Army before the war broke out. (She eventually married him.)

My grandmother and grandfather had come to America in the late 19th century seeking opportunities that they could never know in Japan's stultifying, feudal society. They reared their children, born in California, to love Fords, meat loaf and the New York Yankees. After Pearl Harbor, they not only lost their homes, they lost the sense that they belonged.

My mother's family, who lived in Loomis, Calif., lost much more. They were sent to a camp, called Amache, in southeastern Colorado near the Kansas border. Before my grandmother left California, doctors warned that she could die in Colorado's altitudes: Amache was very high. Her blood pressure was high, and the air was thin. After several strokes, she was bedridden. For three years, my grandfather nursed her, first in the barracks, later in the camp hospital, where he would sleep on the floor beneath her bed. She died in the camp five days after the war ended, leaving seven children.

On V-J Day, Aug. 14, 1945, most interned Japanese-Americans thought their ordeal would soon be over. But for them the war did not end so tidily. The last relocation camp did not close until March 20, 1946.

Some people, especially the elderly, were afraid to leave. With their livelihoods destroyed and their children scattered, they reluctantly gave up the security of life behind barbed wire. When a family from the Amache camp returned to California, their shed was dynamited and shots were fired into their home.

What people forgot was that a Japanese-American regiment that fought in Europe was among the most decorated military units in the war. Japanese-Americans also served in the Pacific.

After the war, both sides of my family found shelter in Chicago from the virulent racism festering at that time on the West Coast. But they have never lost the fear that another cataclysm would provoke the Government to come for them again.

A generation removed from the war, I have never fully shared that concern. Then I look at my baby daughter—part Swiss, part German and Irish, but with a decidedly Asian cast to her eyes—and I wonder.

This year, a memorial was erected at the Gila River camp. Except for the concrete slabs where the barracks once stood, all that remains is the dust. But for my family and successive generations of Japanese-Americans, Gila River is a place in the heart, a wound that never quite heals.

#### REMOVAL OF INJUNCTION OF SECRECY—TREATY DOCUMENTS 104-16, 104-17, AND 104-18

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, as in executive session, I ask unanimous consent that the injunction of secrecy be removed from the following three treaties transmitted to the Senate on September 5, 1995, by the President of the United States:

Extradition treaty with the Philippines, Treaty Document 104-16; Convention for the Protection of Plants, Treaty Document 104-17; and Treaty