

✓ Nakashima Katsuji of Popoff.

I am a veteran of the First World War. Therefore, I sincerely believed that I should be entitled to all the rights and privileges as a Canadian citizen. When the war with Japan broke out, my belief in Canada was completely shattered.

I was fisherman, owning a fishing boat and equipments. Fishing was my only means of livelihood. My boat, however, was taken away from me soon after the outbreak of the war and was sold without my consent at 1/3 the current value. The fishing equipments had to be sold at a remarkably low price since without the boat, the equipments were of no value to me whatsoever.

Believing that I would be able to return to my home in the near future, I left all my household goods and belongings in my home. In Slocan, I received from the custodian a list of articles which, I do firmly believe, was far from being complete. Knowing that this list was not complete, I however signed this paper reluctantly and sent the same to the Custodian. As yet, I have not received from the custodian what has become of the above articles.

Nobody could deny in the least the profound disappointment and grief arising from such inhuman treatment and injustice. The most important point is that I am a veteran of the First World War who should enjoy all the freedom, liberty and equality arising therefrom; but, can anyone believe that that I was and am treated as such.

✓ A-4 -- Sakata.

Earning \$100 to \$150 a month before the war but since the evacuation, we were shipped out where you could hardly make your living with \$13 a month, which is my supplement on account I'm a cripple after the accident I had word for Commission.

✓ A-2 -- Inouye VETERAN (Naniamo)

Had to evacuate to Vancouver within 12 hours but since we had to pack, we were lucky to get two days. Even at that they had a soldier looking after every move you make.

Only thing we could pack in short notice was couple of suitcase and a clothes bag, leaving all the personal properties behind such as, "fishing net, boats, food supplies and even Net House." Leaving it in the hand of one of my friends, even sewing machine, since his wife wanted to make use of it. After reaching Slocan, we asked them to send the sewing machine but all we got for answer was to send \$10.00 for all the freight charge, so far its been four years, but there's no sign of my machine including the \$10.00 we sent over. (Coming back to evacuation).

We reached Vancouver on 21st 1942. As soon as we docked, we were fooled by couple of fellows saying that there's no room to board in city so we have to move into Hastings Park Manning Pool. We were told after week that we would be able to go out of Park to city, but even since up to Slocan City we were confined in there like bunch of cattles.

✓ A-1 -- Kamachi (VETERAN)

We're Veterans but without consideration treated same as other Issei; ofcourse I'm a Japanese but there's a limit to everything.

*My means of livelihood*  
Our hand, fishing boat, ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> taken by Custodian without our consent, sold it ~~at~~ mere price, not even sending the money for which they sold it.

Since we came here we get no supplement and not only that, we're ten in the family with only one house, cramped up like a sardine! Our eldest daughter was 15 years old weighing 117 lb. before evacuation but since we got shipped out way in the interior, not only she got happiness, she was confined to New Denver Sanitorium on account of lack of living which they gave us.

*proper means of*  
I'M a Veteran, wounded, which make me awkward to do any hard labour. How can I support my big family with just the allowance I get from Veterans Pay.

I had a friend back home who is <sup>a</sup> German National. Even though he's a German he don't have to evacuate like us. He told us before we left that "What is the difference between German National and Japanese National".

✓ A-10 -- Kinoshita

Right up to this minute I reside in Canada for little over thirty years, while making my living I kept my Canadian Citizenship but since the outbreak of this war they don't consider you as a Canadian but as Enemy Alien.

When Deportation came there was no choice but to sign as Repat, for even a Naturalized have to take the same step as National.

Another thing, even though we get shipped back to our home land, our relatives were killed by atom bombs, so actually there's no place to go to.



The Case of Jiro Togawa of Popoff

I had been employed at Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific Railway for a period of twenty years, but I was immediately laid off when the war in the Pacific broke out. Very shortly afterwards, I was forcibly sent to a Road Camp. Next came the announcement that all people of Japanese origin were to be evacuated. Unable to secure any help, my wife had to pack whatever she could manage, and left most of the household goods in the hands of the Custodians of Alien Property. Later we asked the Custodian for our belongings, but not even a reply reached us.

Our living quarters in Slocan City were found to be quite different from what we had anticipated. The apartment house in which my family was quartered was overcrowded; and the heating system in the rooms was exceedingly poor, as winter in this interior district of the province is comparatively severe from what we were accustomed to face at the coast. Illness resulted from such lack of proper living facilities.

I had faced many hardships before, but I firmly believe that the inconvenience and hardships which confronted us from Pearl Harbour have been of an entirely different nature, quite different in many respects from what we had previously experienced. In plain words, these hardships were *faced* upon us.

The Case of Sanji Kimoto of Popoff

When the war in the Pacific was declared, the thought never entered our mind that we had to evacuate our home in Cumberland on Vancouver Island. What we never dreamed of had come to stark reality. We were bluntly told that we were to be sent to Hastings Park Manning Pool in Vancouver. With only three days to prepare, we packed and departed early in the morning with limited baggage of one clothe bag and a hand luggage. The rest of our belongings had to be disposed of by selling them at a greatly reduced price. What we could not dispose of prior to departure time, such as our house and chattels, were, I learned later, sold by the custodian without our consent.

In Hastings Park where living facilities were inadequate, two of my sons were ordered to go to a Road Camp. They argued to go provided they were given a written statement of their destination. For somereason ot other, this simple request was flatly refused. Hence, my two sons refused to move. The result was that they were thrust into an internment camp.

In the spring of 1945, we were asked to choose between remaining in Canada, with the understanding that we would move to the east and seek work there at once, or go to Japan after the war, with the understanding that until deportation, we could remain in the shelter of Slocan Housing Settlement. Under those circumstances we signed for repatriation, since a decision to remain in Canada entailed separation of families and was complicated by real fears about finding work or living accomodations among hostile people.

Such is my case, and I appeal to the freedom-loving people of this country for sympathy and understanding, and at the same time to see that the wrongs can be corrected and justice once more prevails upon all people irrespective of race, creed or colour.



A month or so after Pearl Harbour, there were rumours that all people of Japanese origin were to be evacuated from the coast to an unknown destination. As I say, these were just rumours, and for a woman who was living in an isolated fishing place called Quathiaski Cove, it was very difficult to ascertain the real truth behind these hear says. But these rumours were really true. The police came to our place telling us we had to evacuate the Cove in a week, and that the baggage were to be limited to one clothes bag and a suit case. Not having sufficient time to pack the rest of our belongings, I had no alternative but to leave them as they were. Since the Federal Government had the wartime authority to execute this evacuation order, it seemed reasonable to assume that the government should shoulder the expense of transporting us to Hastings Park, Manning Pool in Vancouver. But this was not so. I had to pay our own travelling expense.

Upon arrival at Hastings Park, we were housed in a building formerly used for livestock. Not being adapted to living in a noisy and crowded environment, my twin babies were afraid of people and would not eat their meals at the mess house. Hence, I had to feed them from my own expense.

The medical facilities in the park were duefully lacking. One of my twin babies contacted mumps. Since she was an infant, I had to be isolated from her. In the meantime, the other twin and the older daughter contacted chickenpox, but they were brought into the same ward as the patients having different contagious diseases were quarantined. Nursing these sick childrens was a trying experience for me and as a result I became ill. I was admitted to the hospital in another part of the same building.

As I stated previously, a great portion of my property was left at Quathiaski Cove. Later, I was informed that my house, chattels and boat were sold by the Custodian. I was not consulted on this, and if I was ever consulted, I would not have consented for the price the Custodian auctioned. Moreover, my bank account and every source of revenue were held under the iron grip of the Custodian. Hence, for the past four years, I have been living on maintenance relief.

When the repatriation survey was made, we had the option, as the government still persists, of remaining in Canada and go east immediately, or signing for repatriation and remain in the Housing Settlement. In the true sense of the meaning, the choice could not be construed as optional since a considerable amount of coercion was exercised in obtaining signatures on the repatriation forms. Naturally, I signed for repatriation because I dreaded going east where my future was very uncertain, and more so for the fact that I had so many small children under my care.

I was born in B. C., and the treatment accorded me is in sharp contrast very ironical. We, the people of Japanese origin, have as a result of this war, suffered long enough though for no fault of our own, and I earnestly pray that the days will not be long when the Christian principles of brotherhood, justice and mercy will be applicable to all of us universally.



When the war in the Pacific broke out, we, the people of Japanese origin living in Hammond, British Columbia were officially told that we had to evacuate the coastal defence area. Believing that we would be able to return to our home in a few years, I left all my possessions behind. My property, the building of which took me over thirty years of hard labour, consisted of two pieces of land - a ten acre land and an eight and a half acre land - and a house including my household belongings.

From the coast, we were sent to the housing settlement in Slocan City in the interior of British Columbia. As my family urgently needed our household furniture and utensils, I sent a registered letter to the proper authority requesting that my belongings be sent to my new temporary address. Much to my disappointment, I received no reply. The shock was even greater when I was informed that the eight and a half acre land, valued at about \$7000, was sold without my consent by the Custodian of Alien Property for a sum of \$3000.

I question very much, very much so, for this is a democratic country, whether the Custodian, as an official representative of the Federal Government, has the power and authority to execute such injustice upon a people of the minority group.

The Case of Shigeru Matsunaga of Popoff

My occupation at the time of the outbreak of war was fishing. My home was in Quathiaski Cove. Shortly after Pearl Harbour, we, fishermen, were forced back from the fishing ground and rounded up in a small bay. En route to the surrendering point, we were caught in a storm. The trip on our fishing boats to New Westminster which otherwise would normally take only two days took a whole week. Consequently, our provisions were depleted and we had to eat only bread and butter. When we arrived at New Westminster at midnight, we had to leave our boat on compulsion. The cost of the returned trip was paid from our own expense.

When I left the coast, the thought never entered my mind that the properties vested in the Custodian would be ruthlessly liquidated. But thought and reality are two different things. My house, chattels, and boat were sold by the custodian as if these properties really belonged to him. He had completely disregarded the concept of property ownership.

I am Canadian-born, and on this fact, the Department of Labour based its opinion that I was not relocatable, and thus cut me off from the pay-roll. In other words, the Japanese nationals were given preference over the Canadian citizens of Japanese extraction as far as employment was concerned; conditions were made unfavourable to the Canadian-born to such a degree that they would eventually have to move east. This was coercion.

The whole program of the treatment of the people of Japanese extraction is based on racism. The treatment accorded us is rooted in the feeling that we are a race apart, who can not be assimilated, and whose habits and thoughts are inscrutable, to white Canadians. Now that the smoke of battle has settled, it is well to take a clear view of the situation. It is not very comforting to know that a Canadian citizen can be treated in the same manner as I have already been treated.



The Case of Kumaichi Harada of Popoff

Before the war, I operated a tie mill at Comox Lake, Cumberland. When I evacuated the area, I reported to the Custodian of Alien Property that the above property was worth \$1800.00. Later the Custodian informed me to sell this property for a mere paltry sum of \$40.00. I was so inflamed that I never bothered answering the letter. When I left the area, every part of the tie mill was intact. According to the letter received from the Custodian, this may not seem so for the mere fact that he is offering \$40.00 for what had cost \$1800. Presumably, the parts of the mill might have been displaced or stolen. If this is so, the responsibility rests with the Custodian. The solution of this problem cannot be attained on the assumption that the parts of the mill were stolen. Whether they were stolen or disposed of or otherwise, the full responsibility should be born by him and nobody else. My loss sustained should be fully compensated.

The Case of Rumetaro Tsumura of Popoff

On March 10th, 1942 at 6p.m., I learned through a friend that all Japanese Nationals must go to a Road Camp. I had a boat building establishment at Prince Rupert and at this particular time, I had under contract the construction of two fishing boats which were only partly finished. Regardless of this, no consideration whatsoever was granted and all Nationals had to leave on compulsion. Endeavouring to find some means of escape, I applied for the family's transfer to Smithers which was outside the protected area. This request was flatly refused. There was no escape. On March 12, 1942 I left with the other Nationals. As curfew regulations were imposed upon the Japanese, the members of my family were unable to see me off. Such is the general fate of the Japanese Nationals.

The Case of Masaji Hamanaka of Popoff

I am a Canadian-born Japanese extraction who lived at Cumberland. With the outbreak of war, my family was ordered to leave the protected area with the baggage allowance of one clothe bag and one suit case per person. My property consisted of a store and an automobile. I was told, by the police that my automobile had to be surrendered to the Custodian at Victoria, more than 150 miles away. I took my car at my own expense and came back on my own expense. Later, I was informed that my car, bought for \$600, was sold at \$300, and that my home and the store were sold for a shameful price, all without my consent.

When the repatriation survey was made in the spring of 1945, conditions for signing far outweighed conditions for not signing the repatriation forms. Hence a great many people signed, not knowing what the consequence would be. As I have a family with minor children, I signed rather than to face the uncertain future in the east. Later I revoked my former request. What the survey officials seemed to forgey or ignore was that it was quite impossible for a family to make clear cut and final decision on this matter. This was not the test for loyalty or disloyalty; rather it was the test for convenience, for whichever source proved convenient, he chose it, not realizing the full significance behind such declaration. This, I believe, is the general picture behind this ticklish problem.



Shortly after the declaration of war in the Pacific, the Japanese Nationals, I being one of them, were forcibly ordered to go to road camps. I was told by the responsible party that if the Nationals under 40 years of age would leave for road camps, the women and children would not have to move. I received order on Saturday afternoon and left Wednesday for road camp. Realizing that I could not make suitable arrangements on such a short notice, I left everything up to my wife.

We had a large farm, and owned three thousand chickens. Since my wife was unable to do the whole work by herself, she had to sell them at a very reduced price. Some thieves took advantage of my absence and stole a number of my chickens. In one instance, a thief broke into my house while my wife was sleeping. After this incident she left the farm with bare necessities and moved to the city. After staying in the road camp for six weeks, I was transferred to Hastings Park and thence to Slocan City.

Not wishing to lose my farm, I arranged through a lawyer to lease my land and home for five years to my occidental friends whom I have known for many years and whom I trusted. This I did while I was in Vancouver. Shortly after my wife left my farm with only bare necessities, I returned home for more clothings and utensils, but to my wrath, I was more or less forced out of my house by the people to whom I leased my farm.

Although my property was leased for five yearsthrough the proper channel, the Custodian disregarded the whole legal procedure and sold my property without even consulting me. So far, I have not received any remuneration.

As far as signing repatriation forms is concerned, I had no alternative but to sign since my wife was pregnant and besides, I had many small children. Going east was out of the question. Not wishing to go to Japan, I cancelled my declaration for repatriation. The urge to go back to my former home far outweighs any desire.

Such is my case which is true in every aspect. What made me especially irreful is the fact that these people whom I had called friends and whom I had trusted, for many years are not friends in the true sense of the word, but are actually figuratively called a sheep in disguise with no compassion or sympathy whatsoever, taking advantage of the innocent, helpless victims. It can be generally stated that no fixed policy was followed in the entire evacuation program. If it was, we would not be so deep in the mere of pessimism. Human compassion was completely disregarded; legal procedure means little to them. To sum the statment up, the whole program was executed by force and compulsion.

✓ The Case of Tokiji Kiyono of Popoff

I had lived in Cumberland for thirty-five years, but I had to leave my dear old home as a result of war. With only few belongings, my family was gathered in Hastings Park Manning Pool where we discovered that we had to live in what was once a horse stable. After a few months' stay in the unsanitary park, my family was sent to New Denver.

The general impression that a public would derive from the repatriation survey would be what the words "request for repatriation" would signify. But actually in a great number of cases, the survey was not in its true nature and meaning a survey to determine who wished to be repatriated and who wished to remain in Canada. It was more of a survey to check who wished to remain under the shelter of the Housing Settlement where employment and maintenance were assured rather than to succumb to the idea of relocating east to the

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area of uncertainty. Family obligations, old age and countless other individual circumstances made relocation to other provinces impractical and unwise for many persons. Such is my case. I have a son in New Denver Sanitorium. Parental love for our one and only son especially in case of illness forced me to sign for the purpose of being close to him. Later I revoked my declaration. Therefore, it cannot be generally stated that loyalty or disloyalty rests on their survey alone.

✓ The Case of Eiji Hirota of Popoff

My former home was in Port Alice. On March 10, 1942, my family was sent to Hastings Park where we were kept on close supervision. At this time, I was suffering from leg ailment. Regardless of my unsound physical condition, I was ordered to go to a road camp. But I was unable to work there because of my bad leg. I went to Jasper for treatment but the expense and fare had to be born by me. As yet, the leg ailment still persists, and as a result of this, I am unable to work during the cold months.

Besides, this, as there was a limit on baggage allowance, we disposed what we could not take at a very low price. Much of this untold misery could have been avoided by some method other than that pursued by the responsible party, but of course we were helpless to suggest any. They gave out orders and we received them.

✓ The Case of Tokumatsu Hirokawa of Popoff

We left Steveston when the evacuation order was received. As we left majority of our household goods at our home, we requested the Custodian to send the same to us. We received only one-half of our belongings with all the valuable things taken out. The whereabouts of the other half could be well imagined. Fishing nets, worth about \$800 and left at the cannery net house, could not be located since no reply came when inquired.

From the coast, we were sent to Kaslo. At first, three families were crowded into one small room. Later, we were moved to another building where eleven families lived. In the community kitchen, there was only one small stove on which eleven families did the cooking. Such was the life we led for years.

✓ The Case of Ishio Makino of Popoff

In Vancouver before the war, I made our living by peddling vegetables. With the outbreak of war, I was sent to a road camp, leaving behind my wife and six small children. Later, I managed to leave the camp and went to Slocan to join my folks.

When the R.C.M.P. made the survey on repatriation, I put in my signature, not with any desire to go to Japan, but with the fear and doubt of relocating east with such an enlarged family of twelve members. During three years in Slocan, our money brought from the coast was exhausted. Without adequate financial assistance, eastward relocation was impractical and risky. By remaining in Slocan, I thought I could manage somehow by replying on government's assistance. This is my real reason behind the placing of my signature on the repatriation forms.



When I think of the treatment accorded the members of my family ever since the outbreak of the Pacific war, I wish I knew for what reasons the treatment received is justifiable from the standpoint of moral principles and above all from the standpoint of the concept of democracy. My son who was preparing to go to Sandon as a carpenter was picked up by the R.C.M.P. and lodged in a city jail in Vancouver simply because of his racial origin. My wife and I were not notified. We searched him for four days and finally found him in the city jail. We implored the R.C.M.P. and Mr. Austin Taylor, the head of the B. C. Security Commission, for a chance to see our son, but they merely waded the question by telling us they did not know where my son was taken. After five days, the boy was taken to the Immigration Building and thence to the Internment Camp. Even since his arrest till his departure we were not permitted to see the boy. My wife had a baby just thirteen days before our son was sent to the Internment Camp. Upon knowing that our son was being sent away, she had to pack his clothes and other necessities in great haste.

Before leaving Vancouver, I entrusted my property to Pemberton Real Estate, feeling that it would be safe until our return. But later, I discovered that this was taken over by the Custodian who sold what was worth around \$1500 for \$900. Household goods, furniture, text-books etc. which were stored and locked in one room were all sold at an auction sale.

With the closing of Sandon, we had to move to Slocan. After sleeping three nights on the floor of an apartment building, my wife became ill and was immediately admitted to the hospital.

In the treatment of the people of Japanese origin, no distinction was made between Japanese Nationals, Naturalized Canadians and the Canadian-born. We were too numerous to be given individual inquiry by the civil officers, so we were handed over to the R.C.M.P. to be treated en masse. We, Canadians, were taken from our homes, arrested without warrant, placed in an internment camp without being charged, our business and properties sold indiscriminately, and our families are forced to live under restrictions far from the coast. All in all, it is not very comforting for Canadians of other origin to know.



I am a veteran of the first World War, and as such, I believed until the outbreak of war with Japan that I was entitled to all the privileges and rights as a Canadian citizen. But my belief was abruptly shattered and the things for which I fought were from our standpoint all in vain. As I did not suspect that the Custodian would touch my personal property, I left my fishing boat in charge of my brother at the foot of 19th Road, Lulu Island, New Westminster, B. C. Later, he informed me that he was instructed by the Officer in charge of Japanese Fishing that regardless of whether the boat belonged to a veteran or not, as long as the owner was of Japanese origin, he had the liberty of claiming my boat. This he did. When I was housed in the Hastings Park Manning Pool, I was informed by the Custodian that a law was drafted whereby all Japanese fishing vessels were to be sold by his department. The price which he set was \$86.00. Because of this ridiculously low price, I made a strong protest, and did not accept the price named. Besides this, I had a farm at Langley Prairie. The farm consisted of 15 acre land of strawberries, with house, barn and packing house. The whole farm was valued at \$3000, but was sold for a price of \$980.00. My fishing net and net twine valued at \$700.00 were sold at \$292.00. My twine alone was worth \$292.00. All of this money derived from these illegal sales is still in the bonds of the Custodian.

At present, I am living in Slocan Housing Settlement. I have a family of ten and anyone can imagine how crowded it would be for a family of ten to live in one of these small, government operated houses. I am receiving a Veteran's Pay, but so far I have not received any supplementation. Feeding a family of ten on this mere pay is very difficult and trying indeed. As a result of the wound received in the First World War, I am placed in a position whereby I can not engage in any hard work. Hence, my only source of income is from the Veteran's Pay.

At heart the treatment accorded us was not that we were of alien enemy race. Germans and Italians, as individuals much more potentially dangerous, were not subject to removal from the coast, nor face deportation now hostilities have ceased. War was just an excuse for the execution of what is already done. The feeling of racial prejudice and discrimination was building up and mounting and it eventually climaxed in this inherent form with all the injustices attached to it. Our past record of the service rendered to this country was not as important as the fact that I am a Japanese. In plain language, it is an odious manifestation of racism.