

Nakashima

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 a 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 I was and am treated as such.

### Tents

I arrived in Slocan, October 30th, 1942 and my family were immediately compelled to live in a tent.

This was an old discarded army tent, as on the second day of occupation a heavy storm arose and the tent collapsed! There was absolutely no heating system and the only warmth came from the charcoal, which we burnt and carried inside. The tent did not adequately protect us from the cold weather and rain.

After placing two board beds, we found our room was very cramped. There were no windows and the tent was in perpetual darkness, except for the lights which crept through the many holes.

Two weeks later we moved into a 10 by 14 room in the bunkhouse. This was for my family of 5 and the room was too cramped and overcrowded for proper housing.