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NJCCA - history contest

Folder no.
7-3a

Japanese-Canadian Manuscript Collection
UBC Library Mss. Coll.

XXVI. A. 4

Summaries of reminiscences by Japanese Canadians in the National Japanese Canadians Citizens Collection.

The translations are in folders 7-(1-3) with the reminiscences in the Japanese language.

Sainosuke Kubota:

These reminiscences concern Kubota's attempts to join the Army during World War I, his experiences training and recruiting in B.C. and Alberta, fighting at Vimy Ridge, and working to gain the franchise after the war.

Takeo Nakano:

Nakano recalls life in B.C.'s "road camps" and at Angler Internment Camp in Ontario.

Burshichi Shiozaki:

In this reminiscence, the first of several he entered in the J.C.C.A. History Contest of 1958, Shiozaki tells the story of an out break of cholera on a ship just leaving Japan for Canada, which resulted in a protracted quarantine in Japan. It concludes with his arrival in Canada.

Tutaro Tokunaga:

Tokunaga tells the story of his father-in-law, Yushin Tkeda, who came to North America in 1890 and had a variety of adventures in a number of enterprises in California, B.C., and Alaska before he died in 1939.

Mrs. Seik Gondo:

A "poetic" story of a couple who chose the method of "self-relocation" during the relocation of "enemy aliens" in the early '40s. They lived in a cabin in B.C.'s Interior and later moved to Kelowna.

Mr. Sada Sato:

Mr. Sato recalls attempts to organise Japanese language education in the '30s, '40s, and '50s in B.C. and Ontario.

Mrs. Fumiko Nagata:

Mrs. Nagata tells how she and her two children were able to rejoin her husband by accepting work on a beet farm in Alberta after having been separated by the evacuation measures of 1942. Conditions on the farm are not good and the story ends with their departure one year later.

Box 7/Folder 1

Reminiscences of SAINOSUKE KUBOTA

In 1914 the Great War broke out in Europe and whites were taken into the Army and sent off to the front. At that time, naturalised Japanese-Canadians did not have the right to vote and so were not taken into the Army. In 1915 the Japanese Association of Canada, in Vancouver, asked whether in these extreme times naturalised Japanese-Canadians should not carry out their highest duty as Canadian citizens. It presented to the government in Ottawa its desire for the formation of a volunteer force using such naturalised citizens. In December it was announced by the newspapers that the government would allow this. Recruiting for the volunteer force was arranged in January of the following year. When, in April, about 150 volunteer soldiers had been collected they received their military training from Sergeant-Major Hall, a military instructor under the command of Captain Cauphin. They marched all around Steveston and Vancouver. Actually it was enjoyable until June.

Suddenly the government changed its recruitment policy and said that after the volunteer Japanese force formed and activated a regiment, they would be able to send these volunteer soldiers to the war zone. The Japanese Association found it impossible to form one regiment and, while it was regrettable, the volunteer force was disbanded. A number of recruits went to Skeena [B.C.] as fishermen, while I, hearing that in Alberta those of Japanese descent were being taken into the Army, decided to go to Alberta. When I arrived in the middle of June in Calgary, there was a recruitment office and soldiers on the street. A white soldier asked "Hey, are you Japanese?"

"Yes"

"Where are you from?"

"Vancouver."

He said to come over, and I went into the recruiting centre. The sergeant-major smiled and asked if I was a naturalised citizen. I said yes. He said, in a commanding tone, that they were engaging citizens as soldiers. I was in fact delighted. I signed the registration papers. He asked if I was hungry. I said I was and was taken to a nearby restaurant by a soldier. I ate stew and got quite full.

I went with the soldier to Sun Camp outside Calgary. The tents were like waves as far as the eye could see. Between them were wide avenues and

they were in rows about two blocks long. There was a big tent that looked like the unit's headquarters. I had an interview with an officer, who asked if I was one of the volunteer soldiers from Vancouver. I said I was. An army doctor checked my body and said I was alright. I was finally in the army. I went to the place where uniforms were issued and received all my things. I was really jubilant and my heart was pounding. I went to my tent and was put in a round tent with 6 white soldiers.

The next morning reveille came at 6:00 and we went outside. A corporal came and said, "Hey you, come here. You're going to go to that big tent to be a waiter for the officers." I went. The cook came and said, "You've come to a good unit. This is the Army Service Corps. We don't do drill and we don't go to the front. We are always where the food is. We eat well. Your duty is to clean the dining hall." It was all a great mistake that I didn't feel like discussing. Yesterday's jubilation had disappeared overnight. The white soldiers who had been in the tent said, "Well, that's luck for you." I wanted to say "bastards," but kept my mouth shut. "Hey, are you sick?" they asked. "Yeah." Four days later Mr. Shigeru Kondō arrived suddenly. I was surprised and asked what was going on. He said that he had heard from Mr. Hayakawa. "Well friend, this unit is the Army Service Corps." Kondō too was surprised. "What's to be done?" he said.

After that three days passed and it was Sunday. Kondo went out. We had decided to go out in rotation. He was supposed to return to his unit by 12:00 PM, but he didn't. One o'clock and two o'clock came and there was concern about what had happened. The next morning an officer came and we said that Kondo had not returned and that we were worried about what might have happened I didn't know, and even the persistent cook was worried. The officers were discussing something in the dining hall. Three days passed and a letter came from Kondō. It read "I'm sorry to have worried you. I am in Medicine Hat with the 13th Corps. The 13th Corps has gone through all the procedures with the Army Service Corps for me, so don't worry." I knew that there were 7 Japanese enlisted in the 13th Corps, but they were just guys who had taken advantage of their opportunities. Therefore I didn't worry and thought in a way that allowed me some self-confidence.

At 3:00 in the afternoon of the next day, when I was watching the neighbouring infantry unit at drill, two soldiers came and talked to me. They asked what unit I was in and I pointed out the Army Service Corps. They asked whether I found front-line fighting frightening. I said that I wanted to join

the infantry. They replied that their unit was recruiting, and why didn't I go with them. Since I still had some time, I went with the soldiers to the neighbouring unit and was able to have an interview with an officer, the aide-de-camp of the unit's captain. He asked if I was one of the Japanese soldiers from Vancouver. I said I was. He asked if I wanted to go to war. I said I did. The aide-de-camp smiled and said "Our unit is being sent to the front shortly." "I would like to go," I replied. The doctor checked me and said I was alright. The aide-de-camp wrote something down for me and told me to take it to the Army Service Corps. The officer there made an unpleasant face. I was discharged from the Army Service Corps and went to the infantry unit. Even the head of the unit came. He was Lt.-Col. Nelson-Spenser. He asked me whether the Japanese volunteer soldiers were in Vancouver. I replied that they were.

From the next morning on I received training. I encountered no particular difficulties. Eight days later the aide-de-camp said that a phone call had come in to the unit from Mr. Tchi^{ro} Hayakawa, who said that two Japanese-Canadian soldiers had arrived at his place and would I come and accompany them. I went to Calgary. The two were Yoshizo ^{TAKESUCHI} Takeshi and Suketaro Miyabara. When I asked if they were enlisted, they said that that was their intention. This time I was the soldier with two weeks seniority and I asked whether they were hungry. The said they had been ^{FED} called by Mr. Hayakawa. The three of us went to the camp and they enlisted. In the tent the 6 white soldiers all got along very well. One week later I was made the person in charge of recruiting Japanese-Canadians living in Alberta and recruited 5 people. Next I was sent with First-Lieutenant Jones to recruit in Vancouver. In Vancouver and Steveston we gathered 21 people, all of whom wanted to be wearing a uniform when they left Vancouver. We decided to send a telegramme to the unit and order uniforms. First-Lieutenant Jones and I went to the Skeena area [B.C.] and gathered 23 people. This group went with the First-Lieutenant from Rupert [B.C.] through Edmonton [Alberta] to the camp. It was arranged that I would go to Vancouver and travel with the 21 recruits there. The uniforms arrived and it was a lot of work to match them up with everyone's size.

At length we departed from Vancouver. The white people looked at us with surprise. There were many people to see us off. ^{ICHITARO} Tchitaro Suzuki came as far as the camp. The 52 Japanese-Canadians were put into the 14th Platoon of Company 4. First-Lieutenant Jones and Sergeant Player, in charge of the platoon, were our military instructors. The daily drill was strenuous and the Japanese physique is small, but our discipline was quite correct and the head of

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the unit and other officers praised us as splendid soldiers. In early September the 175th Corps received the order to go to the front. Shinomiya and I received 2 stripes, while Soboe received one.

In mid-September we left the harbour at Halifax. Because enemy submarines had come out into the Atlantic Ocean, we were escorted by the English Navy. We arrived safely in England. In England we trained vigorously and the year 1917 came. In February we crossed over to the war front. The 175th Corps was ^{DISBANDED} activated. The Japanese platoon ^{ADDED TO} was supplemented by the 50th Battalion, which was on the front line. The 50th Battalion had its headquarters in a village called "Satoderae". The Japanese were incorporated into the 14th Platoon. Suddenly we were on the front line at Vimy Ridge. Vimy is a slightly elevated hill. The enemy was on the peak of the hill and looked down at our army. I heard that our headquarters was expecting heavy fighting.

It was set up so that we did two week shifts at the Front. ^{Fixed} In the war there was one pleasure. When we went to the rear after two weeks- that was the pleasure. We ^{CAN LIVE} had lived two weeks longer. In the rear we ate hot food, drank coffee, bought beer, and had letters come. It was really pleasant. ^{SHIFT CHANGE} The shifts changed and ^{THE} the Japanese-Canadian casualties began, I felt somehow responsible but reconciled myself to the idea that God knew our destiny.

When we fought we ^{ADVANCE} would advance. Two months later we were right up in front of the enemy at about 50 meters. Finally we started a general offensive. On the right was the 77th Battalion and on the left was the 46th. At 2:00 AM the artillery began its bombardment. At 3:00 the infantry began advancing. The artillery was pounding the enemy's rear.

The enemy retreated and we advanced. They established a front line every 5 or 6 miles and their artillery was fierce. From the beginning of the Vimy general offensive, we had not had any sleep for 3 days and 3 nights. We wanted sleep and water. It was very trying. The Corps had been reduced by half. There were many Japanese-Canadian casualties. I went to the rear and two weeks later re-entered the front line. The fighting continued. The towns, villages, and fields were all the same. We arrived in an area which we heard was one which the enemy had attacked suddenly and from which the French army had retreated, leaving its civilians behind. There was hair from a woman's head. A husband and wife of about 70 years of age came out from a cave. They said the enemy had given them food. They were crying with happiness because the Allies had come.

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When we fought, new recruits came as replacements. At that time, the number of Japanese-Canadian soldiers had gone down to about 20. Eighteen Japanese-Canadians from the 192nd Corps in Alberta came to supplement us. In fact, we had our old and gear "sekihan" [a dish of rice and red beans eaten in Japan on celebratory occasions].

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF "SEKIHAN" IS "RASTAFARIZED W/AY OF SAYING "SHAKE HANDS". THEY "SHOOK HANDS" WITH THEIR FRIENDS.

We were then made into a platoon or 40 Japanese-Canadian soldiers. Finally it was August, the height of summer. Far away, in front of us, a city could be seen. In this city, called Rheims, street fighting had broken out. It was said that the English troops were involved in heavy fighting.

I divided the Japanese-Canadian troops in two when it came time for

the troops to rotate. I set up Ryōoka's squad and a second under myself. We set off at 3:00 in the morning. We joined the front line at 4:00. We got

hit by enemy artillery and, in fact, contact with Ryōoka was cut off completely. Ryōoka's squad advanced too far and when we retreated

there were 5 dead and 6 wounded in his squad. On my side one person was seriously wounded, Mr. Isomura.

The enemy bombardment stopped. Trenches were dug and the dead bodies piled up in one area. The Japanese-Canadians were collected together.

That night the enemy bombardment was fierce. I was wounded. I find it sad that I was unable to have any parting words with my comrades. [There was a retreat.] I was sent to an English hospital. I left the hospital after two months and went to a camp called "Buransatto".

The year 1918 came. In March my name was transferred to the list of those to return to Canada. I was both happy and sad when I recalled events at the Front.

In July I departed from England. They said that because of the enemy submarines we changed course a lot on the Atlantic. When we arrived in Montreal it was August. Although I had not forgotten the war when I arrived in Canada, the steam train arrived in Calgary and both my joy at being enlisted in the Army 3 years earlier and my blunder were like a dream.

In September I received a medical examination. I had completely recovered after my injury. Canada was sending troops to Siberia. In Calgary there were units destined for Siberia. They were cavalry units. During the examination the doctor asked if I was going to Siberia to fight together with the Japanese Army. I told him that those going to Siberia were cavalry units.

"Ah", he said. I asked him if he would examine my backside and slapped myself there. The doctor had a look at my ass and, saying "Oh, no good," slapped me on the cheeks. It was a bad case of hemorrhoids. I had been

returned to Canada because of hemorrhoids. I escaped going to Siberia and
lazed around every day. My war buddies Shirai and Tizuka returned. Both
got back safely and I was quite happy. Everyday we went into town.

On November 11th the truce was arranged. We took the hands of our

returning comrades-in-arms and wept for joy. We remembered our comrades of
the battlefield. The men and women who went into town celebrated with

x "sekihan." The senior citizens cried and had "sekihan."
SHAKING HANDS

December came. The healthy soldiers were being demobilised in
large numbers. I received an operation for hemorrhoids. I was demobilised

February 21st of the following year. My memories of the past, three years
earlier, were like a dream.

One year later I visited my old home town in Japan. After I came
back across the ocean I stayed in Calgary. I encountered little racial
prejudice. I had the fight to vote in Alberta. Seven years later I left for
Vancouver. The Japanese veterans, together with the white veterans, formed a
Japanese branch (no. 9) of the Association of World War I Veterans of Canada.
[Actual title in English may be different.] However, in B.C. there was racial
prejudice. Japanese-Canadian veterans were able to get the right to vote 4
years after the war. In the spring of 1931, when Mitsui was head of the Assoc-
iation and I was its secretary, the result of great lobbying was that in the
Parliament we won the right to vote [for all Japanese-Canadians] in B.C. by,
in the end, a margin of one vote. Only veterans had had rights equal to those
of white people. I believe [it was achieved because] the veterans had performed
their highest duty as naturalised citizens and [because of] Japanese-Canadian
friendship.

The memorial to the volunteer soldiers which was erected in a
public park in Vancouver was set up through the funds of Japanese [in general]
residing in Canada. [Our gratitude is very great.] I am certain that it will
benefit long-term Japanese-Canadian friendship. When I say, or rather heard,
that some well-known people of the first order, on the occasion of their crossing
to Canada from Japan, had visited the memorial and offered wreaths to it, I
was really pleased. It is my hope that from now on Canadians of Japanese descent
will always keep this memorial clean and once a year, on Memorial Day, Nov. 11th,
will offer wreaths.

to: National Japanese
Canadian Citizen Association

Sept. 30th, 1958

from:

Sainosuke Kubota
Age 73
War Veteran

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Telling the story of My Father-in-Law

by Jutaro Tokunaga

In December of 1890 a Japanese youth - at that time 26 years of age - got on board the ship "City of Peking," which departed from Yokohama. He was crossing to America with great hopes. When the ship set out on the stormy seas of the Pacific, a Chinese "boy" came running to him to inform him that down in the ship's hold, with the baggage, there was a young man who looked to be Japanese, and who was hiding and in pain. When he went to look, he saw that the youth of 15 or 16 was seasick and, sadly, was prostrate in agony, and vomiting blood. When he inquired as to the circumstances, the youth replied that he too cherished great hopes in the same way, that although he had resolved to go to the America he longed for, he had not had the money for travelling. With the help of a shipping agent, he had got on board and hidden in the baggage.

He felt deep sympathy for the youth's circumstances, and took care of him to the limited extent to which he was able. When he told the captain, he asked him to be magnanimous in his actions. The captain acquiesced unwillingly, and when they arrived in San Francisco, the captain even arranged his landing procedures.

This youth went, after that to the eastern part of the United States, enduring many hardships, going to a military academy, and finally graduating from Boston university. His name was Shirō Kuchida.

However, the person I will try to talk about here is the young man called Yūshin Ikeda, who took care of the youth Kuchida. After he went from California to Canada and Alaska, which at that time were still undeveloped. Wandering around the countryside of that coastal region, he began many new enterprises. Of course, I cannot write exhaustively in this limited space about the footprints left by this man, so rich in fluctuations, however, using the records, I will try to grasp the main points.

Yūshin Ikeda is my father-in-law. He was born in 1864, just 4 years before the Meiji Reformation, in Nigata Prefecture [Japan]. He entered the first primary school to be established after the Meiji era began. From when he was a child, it could be seen that he was quite talented. When he was 16, on the occasion of a chance visit by the Meiji Emperor to the Hokuriku region,

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he received a certificate of merit which read, "His Majesty the Emperor gives to his subject a wrapped gift of money, as is customary, for excellence in scholastic ability." He was very moved by the great honour of receiving it, as a subject, directly from His Majesty. When he was 16, he went to Tokyo and studied Chinese studies and the English language. Afterwards he went to a school in Nagano [prefecture in Japan] and completed the first steps of medical studies. Perhaps he intended to become a doctor.

However, loving adventure by nature, he was burning with enthusiasm for enterprises. He quit school and undertook in Karuizawa the cultivation of a wide expanse of wasteland which was owned by relatives. He called together a number of farmers from his home village, and planted hundreds of chestnut and apple saplings, which had not been in that area before. Unfortunately, everything was completely eaten up by wild rabbits. He obtained seeds for such things as lettuce, tomatoes and cabbage from America and cultivated them. He raised carp in a large pond there. They were blessed by the soil and the weather, and the crops grew well after that. However, it was an age when the use of Western vegetables was still generally unknown and there was no demand in that area. Being a time when there was no train to supply the foreigners in Tokyo and Yokohama, it took enormous sums to pay for transportation, and their expenditures were not at all compensated. Because the time was not yet ripe for this enterprise of cultivating new land, it ended finally in failure. Decades later, he had occasion to visit Karuizawa, but it had become a widely known place for escaping - the heat of summer, and when he saw that the pond in which they had formerly cultivated carp had become a famous scenic spot called "Kumobagaike," he was struck by a feeling of the passage of time.

From when he was a youth, he wanted to be like Nagasei Yamada [a Japanese man who in the 16th Century developed Japanese colonies in Thailand] and felt the importance of the expansion of the Japanese overseas. When he was 26, he made up his mind, and crossing over to America, at first worked on a farm in Barkerville, California. Being at that time a very devoted believer in Christianity, he received from the church head quarters the qualification of "exalter". Gathering together his brethren in that area, he would preach the Holy Word of God. (By the way, an "exalter" was, in the 19th Century, a person who was licensed to act as a pastor.)

There were no recreational facilities for the brethren and it was a situation in which many people indulged in gambling. Thereupon, in 1893, he invited those of like mind and organised a labour union. Gauging the progress

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of the brethren, he furthermore collected funds and erected a hall for the union members. I understand it was the very first labour union among Japanese on the Pacific coast. Around the time he visited Japan in 1894, he temporarily disbanded the union and donated all the buildings as a church. This was the beginning of the Barkerville Japanese Church.

About that time he received permission from the Mexican government and bought from it, in Mexico, waste lands of which it was disposing. He planned on sending Japanese emigrants on a large-scale. With the help of both Mr. Takeaki Enomoto, who was at that time Minister of Agriculture - Commerce, and Mr. Sutemi Chinda, who was the Japanese consul in San Francisco, negotiations advanced greatly, but in the end, the fact that they were terminated due to some obstacle was regrettable.

Returning the next year from Japan, he rented some land in a place called Danville, in California, and farmed it. Gold ore was discovered by chance in the Klondike. There was a "gold rush" and thousands of prospectors from the United States and elsewhere set off. The man who loved adventure by his very nature could not sit still and in the end went together with a friend called Obori to Alaska. Using all their savings, they obtained cold-protection outfits, provisions, and gold-mining equipment. Planning for an extended sojourn, they set off carrying over two tons of supplies, including such things as farm implements and seeds for vegetables and grain. While exploring Alaska, he many times approached the brink of death, struggling against starvation and intense cold in uninhabited regions. I don't have the newspaper where the story was written but the chronicle of his experiences, entitled "A Journey to the Distant Mountains of Alaska," was published in Tokyo in 1903. Anyway, it ended finally without any discovery of a great find.

Two years later he journeyed to Sitka, the capital of Alaska and, while working, investigated the fishing industry. In so doing he ascertained the fact that along that coastline salmon were exceedingly abundant. In 1902 he went to Japan and, together with a number of dealers in marine products, purchased a tall ship called the Higashi Maru. They began processing salted salmon and exporting it to Japan. The first year there were earnings by virtue of the good catch, but the following year there was a fire on the ship and they suffered a great loss. For this reason all his valuable plans came to an end in two years.

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In 1904, seeing schools of herring teeming along the coastline near Nanaimo and seeing hundreds of tons of them washing up on the shore and rotting, he got the hint and built a factory to process fertilizer and oil from the fish. Unfortunately, he once again encountered a fire; his factory was completely burned up. This indomitable man rebuilt the factory right away but for the politicians who were using for their own ends the anti-Asian furor which had already developed within B.C. his enterprise had become a problem. He was ordered to shut it down by the provincial government. At that point he brought a lawsuit against the government and won it at trial. However, this time, because they passed a law that forbid in this fishing region, the processing into fertilizer of herring suitable for food, in the end he was forced to close his factory.

At that point he began to make salted herring experimentally and to open markets for it in the Chinese areas. While in the middle of this, he handed it over to some other people of Japanese descent. It became one of the important industries in the Japanese community.

Expecting to find new fishing grounds, he headed north with 12 fishermen and divers in a sailing ship called the "Dawson" and a gasoline-powered ship called the "Thousand Miles." The "Dawson" was made over according to his design. It was 150 feet long and 33 feet wide. It was a factory ship, inside which was equipment for processing fertilizer.

At the southern tip of Moresby Island (one of the Queen Charlotte Islands) there was a small bay. When he stopped over, he discovered copper ore of a good quality. This was in April of 1906. However, because the area was not marked on a map, he could not write an application for the possession of the mining area. At that point he went in person to Victoria and enclosed in his application a photograph of the bay. In no time at all, notification arrived from the federal government that this place had been named "Ikeda Bay," [actually "Ikeda Cove"] and would remain so. The use of the names of Japanese-Canadians for Canadian place names perhaps began here.

In 1906 the Ikeda Mine brought in Japanese capital and commenced mining operations. He bought equipment and constructed a railway and a wharf. He made all the arrangements and, with the permission of the Canadian government he assembled more than 70 labourers from Japan. At one time there were 150 employees. At that point Mr. Shiro Kuchida moved there from the East. He became his right-hand man and worked for him. It remains a beautiful episode

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in which, for the sake of the benefactor who had helped him on board ship 16 years earlier, he abandoned a good job and came to him.

After that, counting the capital of the Europeans in the Vancouver region, he built it into a company with capital of \$850,000 in stocks. However, he had to close it in 1920, because of the fall in the price of copper. Because at the same time he discovered the mine the newspapers and magazines of the Pacific Coast spread the news widely, at one time numbers of prospectors crowded onto the Queen Charlotte Islands. In places like Jedway near Ikeda Bay hotels and bars suddenly sprang up. Even in Japan he was widely publicised; books such as The World's Treasure House and Yushin Ikeda: A Happy Man, which made him a hero, were published. Because they exaggerated reality so much, he seemed to be quite taken aback. His hope for the future was to develop Canada's abundant natural resources with Japanese capital. In 1919 he went to Japan and, receiving the backing of 47 financial magnates, he formed the Canada Industries Co., Ltd., with 50,000,000 yen (about \$25,000,000) in capital. The aim of the company was to purchase mines in Canada and to establish mills as the occasion arose, to acquire forests in Canada and to construct saw mills, pulp mills, and paper mills, and so on. It was arranged that the company would first send engineers and investigate. A number of mining and forestry engineers came from Japan, investigated various places in B.C. and returned. The results being that business prospects looked good, they decided to begin the enterprise right away. However, a number of days later, the world-wide economic scare visited Japan. People in the financial world tightened their purse strings right up and there was no longer any question of capital investments overseas. Because of this, his plans died.

In its ten year plan which commenced in 1924, the Japanese Bureau of Marine Products decided to propagate the excellent fishes of the American industry. Yushin Ikeda, receiving the commission, transplanted large numbers of rainbow trout, lake trout, and unusual shellfish from America and Canada every year. At the annual meeting of the All-Japan Society for Research in Cultivation in Lakes, Marshes, and Rivers in 1931, he was honoured for his great contributions in the field of propagation.

In 1926 he devised a method of suspended oyster culture, and received the Canadian patent. It was a method of raising oysters by handing them from a raft, and it had the characteristic of speeding up growth and making harvesting more convenient. Using this method, he began cultivation on Gambier Island.

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Doing it with propriety, the prospects were good, but he ended it while it was in a small scale, experimental stage.

His colourful life came to an end in 1939 in Vancouver, when he was 75 years of age.

As we have seen, his enterprises were on too grand a scale and were before their time and thus most resulted in failure. However, he was not a man who saved money. If he did at all well, he would use that money and plan another new business. Accordingly, he was not successful financially, and, as we see with explorers and inventors, he was a man filled with a "developing" spirit which made him struggle hard at that of which he was convinced, not considering personal gain and forgetting at times even his family.

He always liked Chinese poetry and, styling himself "Tenyū," he composed many poems. Among them is the following, expressing his feelings on his 61st birthday. I believe his character is revealed in it.

[There follows a short poem in Chinese].

Of course, vigour alone is not his whole portrait. Another side of him was gentle and kind. In his twilight years he and his wife would travel together harmoniously and he would play with his grandchildren in the garden. It was easy to see he was grandfatherly. At his final hour he took his son's hand and after saying, "Whether you are poor or whether you get rich, it doesn't matter. This is not the purpose of human life. However, do remain an upright, honest human being," he closed his eyes.

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Box 7/Folder 1

Reminiscences of FUMIKO NAGATA

A Year of Life on a Sugar Beet Farm

Because of the war, our family moved from Ocean Falls [B.C.] to Vancouver [B.C.] on February 24th, 1942. In Ocean Falls, Indians were looking around to buy the possessions of the Japanese who were leaving one after another. At night during the blackout there were watchmen with bayonets standing guard in the streets - leaving one with an uncomfortable feeling. Mrs. S. was critical that in the houses of the Japanese there was an air of nervousness, but with the talk of men under 45 going to camps, all the families were alike in worrying about the days and months in which they would henceforth have to live while divided as families.

"Separated by great distances -
when we want to meet,
let the moon be a mirror."

"When you return and we get together -
it may be in only a humble cottage,
but I'll heat up the tepid bathwater."

The authors of these songs are unknown; their melancholy melodies were sung affectionately by people at the time.

When we got to Vancouver, the autumn evenings were the same everywhere. There were the same blackouts at night and people exchanged only gloomy bits of conversation.

My husband was then in the age group that went to the camps (he was 38). However he tried to negotiate with the [B.C. Security] Commission through Mrs. Tssaku Uchida to get permission to take our family to Mr. Tarō Shinzen's in Whonnock [B.C.], whom we had asked to put us up. However, we received only the reply that men under the age of 45 could not take a single step outside Vancouver. Accordingly, when my husband left Vancouver for the road camp in Princeton [B.C.], we left for Whonnock.

Until then we went around sight-seeing on foot in Vancouver. One day, wondering whether it would be the last time our family went on an outing together, we were on our way to Hastings Park when my son was told in hearty fashion by the driver of a car, "My dear boy, you ought to live where they are flying the Japanese flag." His words themselves probably expressed the

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feelings at that time of most Tssei [first-generation Japanese-Canadians], who had great confidence in the power of their native country, Japan.

My husband lived in Princeton Camp and the rest of us were living peacefully at Whonnock, under the warmth and kindness of Mr. Shinzen's family.

When I heard that it was decided that the farming families in this area would for the most part go to work the Alberta beet fields, my feelings would not settle down. Since hearsay had it that one of the conditions of going to Alberta was having a certain number of workers in your family, it looked like our family would not be able to go. Worrying that we would be the only ones left in that mountain village, without even an electric light, that we would not know what to do, that even if we cried and called his name my husband would not come to us, one night at last a grief-stricken cry came up from the bottom of my heart. My two children were awakened by my grief and jumped up from the bed, not knowing what was going on, and, in tearful voices, said, "Mama, what is it? Does your head hurt? Does your stomach hurt? Please tell us where it feels bad. Grown-ups don't cry over nothing." With faces prepared for the inevitable, they looked me up and down. While living on through all this worry, I got the good news that the whole family would be able to get together if we went to Alberta, and I jumped up right away to send off our application for it. Upon being informed that we should be leaving immediately, I stayed up all night and packed with the help of Mr. Seishi Shin. On the morning of April 16th, 1942, I started for Alberta with two children, aged 9 and 10, and my tottering body which had just recovered from an illness.

"Now we are about to cross over you,

Peaks of the lofty and famous Rocky Mountains."

On the evening of the 18th, we arrived at the station in Picture Butte [Alberta] and, together with Mr. Miyanaga's family, were taken to the home of Mr. Anderson, our employer. "Eight miles north of Picture Butte."

Well, the house which we were given was a small shed which looked like it had stored wheat until then. Even the cheerful Mr. Miyanaga had to sit himself down for a moment in front that overly-shabby house, practically a garage. A bird called a "guinea" was going around and around the area nearby crying "geh, geh," while a windmill which I noticed for the first time was turning round and round.

Three days after arriving, Mr. Miyanaga went to go shopping in Lethbridge [Alberta] with Mr. Anderson, the boss, and did not come back. Mrs. Miyanaga was very worried about the fortunes of her husband who had gone out

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in his working clothes and not returned. Anxious and talking about the thousand to once chance that something -- we didn't know what -- had happened, it being wartime, we two women worried together. They returned the evening of the next day, explaining that Mr. Anderson had gone drinking, so all our waiting and wondering about where they had gone and whether they were coming back, all our big worries, turned into a humorous anecdote. One week later my husband came back and I literally breathed a sigh of relief.

Life in Alberta is so inconvenient that one wonders whether there is anything like it in the civilised world. The light of the lamps is dim, the strongly alkaline and impure water has to be carried in, and anything like an "O-Furo" [Japanese-sytle bath] is seen only in dreams. However, I lived in gratitude for the fortune of our family's having been allowed to live together.

In the meantime the seasonal pattern of the plains brought in the heat of summer in a single bound and we planted the seeds of the vegetables before beginning the "thinning." Thinking to please pap, who liked flowers, the children braced themselves and brought in from the fields some of the seeds of the lovely stinkweed plant.

It was arranged that three families, including that of Mr. Oikawa, would do the work of "thinning" after June 1st. The 36-acre field was a wide one.

"For 30 years -- ever since I arrived in this life --
I've learned the work of cultivation."

Since I did not even know how to hold a hoe, the severity of thinning out the half-mile rows was literally pain itself. While the great sun beat down and beat down on us and the sudden rain caught our feet in the mud, I had to return home time and time again from the fields in order to take a rest. At first the hoe I was trying to hold would not move easily and I could not work well, my husband went along at his own speed. Following him, I crawled along thinning out the rows and the next morning, although my kneecap had swollen up terribly, I began alone an unsteady job of "thinning".

"My husband chuckles --

You're the spitting image of a labourer,
With your head wrapped up and your hoe across your shoulder."

"Thinning out beets all day and everyday,

Covered in mud and getting no news."

Getting smeared with mud everyday, while I thinned out beets I learned to use the hoe and was thankful that today also had passed safely. In the morning I would pray earnestly in my heart for one more day of peace,

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and then continued working.

This grievous work - unlike anything I had done before - was such that after working even one hour my shoulders began to ache, the pain in my back would get so bad it made cracking sounds, and my legs would not move freely. We used to laugh, saying that even people who had experienced peasant life would find this back pain to be terrible, like a fire spreading from the small of one's back.

The vegetables that my husband worked so hard on were growing well. The children would give a cheer for the fresh vegetables growing one after the other. The vegetables grew so well that we shared them with our next-door neighbours, the Taniishis. "Although we called it next-door, everyone lived 2 or 3 miles away from each other."

Because there was a red bar at their place, we used to call them the "Taniishis of the Red Barn."

"Although the house was not yet a home,
When in the small garden the flowers began to bloom
Delight spread through us."

That year there was a lot of rain and the flowers bloomed well. Seeing the flowers blooming more and more each morning, our hearts settled in at that "Beet House."

As for the beet farming, after the "thinning", we weeded twice and in October began the "tapping" [?], which is the last part of the harvest. Both when the Indian summer sun of October beat down on us relentlessly and, on the other hand, when our mud-smeared bodies were completely frozen on the cloudy, windy days, everyday we would mindlessly be cutting beets with a big knife, like a butcher knife.

At night I was apt to wake up from the pain that was throbbing in my arms, but then the great labour was over. The night the "tapping" finished, my tense spirit relaxed and I literally slept in complete unconsciousness. Such deep sleep I had never experienced before and perhaps never will again. I experienced for myself the strength of the human spirit.

The "tapping" was over. In the middle of the night a wind came up and the characteristic Albertan cold weather came to call. Then Christmas came, the biggest delight of the children every year.

"Without a soul coming to us,
Without visiting anybody else,
Without being visited by Santa Claus,
This year passed."

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It was truly a lonesome Christmas.

Labouring on the beets, which I had not gotten used to, had taken quite a toll of my body. I had worked so hard that I saw double-images when I went back and forth to work. Not only that, the money we had made was not even enough to cover our living costs and our savings were being eaten away.

"The cold clamped down cruelly night after night. My husband and I spent them building the fire in turns."

It got increasingly cold and turned out to be the coldest winter in the last forty years, dropping to 40 or 50 degrees below zero. The cold was terrible in the little shed with single-layer walls that we called the "Beet House."

The children went to school after eating their breakfast using the stove's oven for a table.

When the "chinooks," which are a special feature of the area, started blowing, the ice which had frozen on the walls melted and ran down onto the floor.

The boss, Anderson, cheated on the beets by an acre. Furthermore, since conditions on his farm were so bad, we three families started negotiating with the Commission to move somewhere else. My husband went all the way to Lethbridge again and again to negotiate with the Commission but when, contrary to expectation, we did not receive permission I too sent letters saying how strongly I felt like moving.

The result of piling appeal on top of appeal was that we were finally allowed to move at the end of April.

"Parents and children, living through this difficult time -- All their belongs on one truck."

Our neighbour, Mr. Akira Tmano [or Konno?] gave us a hand and we loaded our possessions onto a "compact" truck. Our truck took us from Valance to Noble Ford, down a gravel road, to the home of our second employer.

In retrospect, it was year in which I worked desparately.

Mrs. Funiko Nagato,
Lethbridge.

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Box 7/Folder 2

Reminiscences of SEKI GONDO

A letter which I sent to my home village after the war.

Mrs. Seki Gondo,
779 Cadder Avenue
Kelowna, B.C.
Canada

"The Breath of the Rose"

Almost three quarters of the 24,000 Japanese-Canadians were congregated together, their nucleus being the city of Vancouver, on Canada's West Coast, the closest point to their dear country of origin.

They had fishing, farming, commercial, and gardening businesses, hotels, tailor shops, laundries and restaurants, as well as various other enterprises.

On the highway to the U.S., at 660 Kingsway, there was a childless couple who made their livelihood managing a "confectionary" (a store which sells things like tobacco and sweets etc.).

At the end of 1941, at the outburst of the greatest storm [WW II] of this century, the Japanese-Canadians who had gathered here became subject to a government policy of dispersal, and were scattered by various means to interior areas more than 100 miles from the B.C. Coast.

The husband and wife had reached old age. Not wanting to be separated by being relocated, and trying to do their best, they chose the method of "self-relocation," which allowed them to live together.

It was May 20th, 1942, the same day and month as when they had arrived in Canada about 20 years earlier. Although she wished she were firmly planted in one place, the wife resigned herself and boarded the steamtrain. At a spot about 10 hours from the Vancouver that they had grown used to living in, they got off the train and were driven by car down mountain roads, arriving in the scenic village of Solista.

After two weeks of living together in the house of friends who had arrived earlier, they made a one-room cabin on a lake with 800 miles of shoreline stretching out like the legs of an octopus into the surrounding mountains their home. Pulling up the grass by the roots, and removing the rocks, large and small, they made a field.

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"Waiting not even three days after planting the seed -
Such gratitude for the two leaves of the sprouting turnip."

Gazing at the moon which illuminated the mountain range and cast shadows on the lake, she cried. She began to speak: "Oh moon, you've known me ever since my earliest days." The way a child would, she said, "You shine down on every corner of this world and see everything."

"How beautiful the moon, floating above the mountains which surround the lake waters in the evening calm

"Oh moon, I come here, a place of relocation which spoke of your inspiration."

Lighting the lamp in their hand-made cabin, how forlorn it was, listening to the sound of the waves splashing like the ocean.

"Although this present world has been fully explored now by every science of the arth, sea, and sky,

Our gloomy single room is lit by a lonesome dark lamp."

They heard over the radio of a large gathering held then at Nakanoshima Park in the centre of Osaka, for wishing well their 600,000 overseas brethren.

Celista
"If only I, watching the moon in Solista, could know,

Even in a dream, the friends of my hometown."

That winter there were heavy snows.

"Grandfather went to the mountains to cut firewood, while Grandmother did the laundry in the lake." [Many Japanese children's stories begin this way.]

They greeted New Year's Day of 1943 surrounded by snowdrifts and piles of cut firewood.

"A New Year's Day with the red and white flour dumplings."

Saying "Since coming to Canada, we haven't had even one New Year's holiday without rice cakes, she kneaded raw American flour, making it in the shape of an offering, and offered it in hopes of peace.

"The pealing of the bell of peace - when will it toll? -

Is what our brethren long to hear."

"Already it is cherry blossom season in the newly arrived year -

I reverence the early morning sunrise in the refreshing sky."

Things got worse, until they were unable to live idly and had to resign themselves to abandoning even the small cabin which they had built with great effort. They moved to Revelstoke, a place known for its great snow, which

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took about four hours to get to by train from Solista. It happened to be May 5th, 1943, the day of the Annual Boys' Festival [in Japan] of which they were so fond.

Then, making her best effort, the wife practised Western dress-making and the husband worked for their livelihood.

The instruments of civilisation made known to them the alarming events in the world, as if these were right in their hands before their eyes.

At that time the possibility of applying to return to Japan came into being for those of Japanese descent. The Government checked those who wanted to return to Japan and those who were staying in Canada.

The husband sensibly admonished the wife when she said she desperately wanted to return to Japan.

There was an event which made those of us who watched the moon in a place of exile very happy.

Miso, soya sauce, and tea were sent to us and distributed by the Red Cross of Japan.

"The waves roar and the sky trembles -

Although there are no pathways,
we receive precious articles of solace."

The couple, having confidence in living by the wife's dressmaking skills first had to decide on a residence.

The spot they were able to find, after some trouble, was Kelowna, a well-known centre for fruit and vegetables in the Okanagan Valley, said to have the finest weather in Canada.

The couple moved into a vacant house which had been up for sale about 2 months. While looking around the garden which was dried up by the direct rays of a hot June sun, they notices a rosebush wasting away.

"Oh, what a pity - a rosebush can't survive any more once it has withered away can it?"

said the wife, testing a branch by snapping it.

It was already like an empty cocoon with no life anywhere. The soil around its roots was dried out like the ruins of a fire, or scorched earth. The husband said, "There is no longer any hope, you know."

The wife just stood rooted to the ground there by the withered bush which reminded her of her scorched homeland.

Several days later, the wife yelled happily, "Some shoots have just come out!" Although the branches had withered, the roots remained. "Isn't that wonderful!" She was greatly relieved, as if it were a sign of both the

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resuscitation of her beloved homeland and the rebirth of their family.
In almost the twinkling of an eye it grew, until some lovely flower buds appeared at the tip of a branch with 3 or 4 leaves.
Almost immediately the buds appeared into flowers of a rosy hue - the true color of roses.

Seeing this, the tears poured down her cheeks.

Last year, 1947, the reborn rose flowered three times before the frosts came. The third time 9 flowers bloomed.

This year too it has bloomed many times since spring; the third time more than 15 blossomed.

Every time she looks at the luxuriant rosebush, she calls to it, "Hello Japan."

The end.

September 30th, 1958

Box 7/Folder 2

Reminiscences of BUNSHICHI SHIOZAKI

Forgetting the Risk to Myself, and Fighting Off Cholera

I landed in Victoria on the 28th of June, 1906 at 25 years of age, having come on the "Kaga Maru". On the 30th of the same month I arrived in Vancouver. From July 2nd I worked at the City Saw Mill, ten hours a day, for a dollar a day. About 2 months later I switched to the Shingle Mill, earning a dollar and seventy-five cents. After some time it went to two dollars and then, having worked five years, I became a train porter on the C.P.R.. I worked about five more years when World War I broke out and a depression came on. The company discontinued its porters and over 40 Japanese lost their jobs. There was no other work.

In April, 1915, I visited my mother in our home village and met my wife. On July 6th of the following year, I headed back to Vancouver alone, on the "Hawaii Maru", which departed from Kōbe. Hana Nishitani, from Wakayama Prefecture and on her way to America, caught cholera and, when the ship was docked in Shimiyu Harbour, she died.

Arriving at Yokohama the ship boarded 28 passengers but was not allowed to unload the body. In the offing seven miles from Nagahama the ship was ordered to stop. While so doing, there were frequent occurrences of people on the ship vomiting and purging themselves in the areas around the dining hall and washrooms, and collapsing with severe attacks of fever. People grew frightened and wouldn't take their meals. There were scenes of people spending the night on the deck, in the rain, wearing steamer rugs and overcoats.

The crew moved the severely ill to an isolated section at the back part of the deck but did not provide a great deal of accommodation. Witnessing this spectacle of misery, we selected Tada, Hashimoto, and Shiozaki [this last is the author himself] from the passengers as our representatives, and sought an interview with the captain. We dealt with his deputy, the purser. Our request was for healthy people to be put ashore immediately.

We told him that we did not want to throw away our lives on board a ship, with all our cherished prospects of getting to America and Canada being reduced to nothing by the attack of a disease, that we had paid the necessary expenses ourselves, and that, if they should procrastinate, we would, wilfully and out of self-defense, lower a boat and attempt to gain shore. The purser

replied that as they were then in the middle of continuous negotiations by wireless with their main office, as well as various authorities on shore, could we make the best of things and please wait for awhile.

While we were waiting, the news reached us that one more person had died, and the deck was in an uproar. We urged for a direct meeting with the ship's captain, saying that now there could be no postponement. The captain came out and we pressed our speeches on him, saying that it was a life-or-death situation and he should carry out our demands immediately. He replied that it was really a shame for all of us, that the ship was negotiating unceasingly with those on shore, and that the authorities for their part were taking the cautious attitude of "What if we unload the ships passengers and the disease spreads on land? Wouldn't the disaster be worse than losing all those who had boarded the 'Hawaii Maru'?", but that he still had not received their decision and since it was all a muddle now, would we please wait awhile. We representatives were at an impasse, with no proper methods of any kind.

Everyone waited for a reply, unable to take even a short nap. Just then a messenger from the captain came and asked that the delegates please come immediately. Going to the meeting we received the following:

"Beginning 9:00 tomorrow morning, all the passengers and crew will be landed at Nagahama. Accordingly, daily necessities and a steamer rug will be distributed to each passenger. In addition, the ship is in custody."

It was already daybreak. We went back to everyone immediately and the people, afraid, went below to set to work on their preparations to disembark.

The ship blew its steam whistle incessantly and at the sound the people were anxious and in low spirits. Our wait to disembark produced four deaths. To speed up the disembarkation of the bodies and the sick people, they called a steam launch. The corpses were placed in rectangular caskets made of thick boards, which were then covered with new Japanese flags. In addition, incense sticks, candles and bouquets were offered. Using the winch at the stern, they were quietly lowered onto the steam launch and sent to the shore, where, with Buddhist priests chanting sutras, they were cremated.

Meanwhile the sick were sent to a quarantined area. Ah, although we know this is the fate of humans, one cannot help feeling sympathetic toward those who, having left their homeland have died enroute to their final destination.

Just as had been planned, from 9:00 in the morning on we gradually got down into the sampans and then landed at the beach at Nagahama, where we

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formed a queue and, led by those in charge, proceeded to the quarantine station. Everyone had a bath together. The things we had brought along were classified, then sterilised thoroughly with a hot, chemical solution. We received our immunization shots and then, finished at the quarantine station, we all formed another queue and, taking our steamer rugs and parcels, were led to the camp, more than a mile away.

The houses had wooden floors, without tatami mats. Because our numbers were about double the capacity of the place, steamer rugs had been spread right out to the corridors and it was packed. Furthermore, because the place was in a small valley, there were many mosquitoes, more than could be imagined. However we tried to get rid of them, we could not hang a mosquito net over the whole crowd. We did hand them over the grass doors, but the mosquitoes got in through small cracks. The attacks of the mosquitoes and the crowded, cramped condition made peaceful sleep impossible. Getting up in the morning we would put away our steamer rugs and mosquito netting and go to the washrooms to clean up. For protection we would spread carbolic acid on ourselves 3 times a day. The ship's passengers arranged a programme for these activities and did them in shifts. Even the meals were split into shifts. Our consumption of carbolic acid was more than 39 gallons a day.

Because even after getting into the camp people were constantly getting ill, when they were discovered, they would be sent to the hospital nearby, and the rest of us would be sent to the quarantine stations, where we would bathe, have our steamer rugs and personal possessions sterilised, and receive immunization shots.

Every day Dr. Niki came from the Contagious Diseases Research Centre, together with the two doctors, one from the Ministry of Home Affairs and the other from the Kanagawa Prefectural Office. There were 3 physical examinations a day. Each time we would all be called together and, if it was not raining, we would line up outside, roll-call taking place under the surveillance of the Director of the Quarantine Stations. If they found something wrong with anyone during the examination, they were sent immediately to the hospital. Immunization was carried out frequently.

At first we took the food that the camp provided, but because people continued to get ill, people grew frightened and wouldn't eat. We negotiated with the authorities and everyday drinking water, pasteurised milk, and sandwiches were brought in from Yokohama in a flat-bottomed steam launch. When people had their meals, they were afraid to stay indoors and went to sit on a small hill.

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At night they would reluctantly come back inside to sleep.

When I think about it, it was an unfree and moreover, somewhat lonely life.

At the beginning Tadokoro, Hashimoto and I took turns day and night looking after people's affairs but, using the excuse that their own affairs were important, Tadokoro and Hashimoto very quickly stopped entirely. I, unable to stop, continued resolutely by myself, to the point where I was able to say "I've endeavoured my best for people; the rest is in God's hands!"

Among the ship's passengers there were many bound for America. There were employed people, people who had experience in companies, but these so-called gentleman would not come near anything dangerous. The fact that they worked so hard to protect their own skins was a little regrettable.

The following is rather indelicate. As it was a country area there were no flush toilets. Because many people used the facilities, the farmers came on alternate days to take the waste away. But the village people discussed their fears about cholera and agreed that there would be no more going to the camp to remove the waste. They warned that if anyone should go against this they would be expelled from the village. For this reason no one came to collect it and we were in a quandary about the excrement piling up. Through the good offices of the authorities concerned, things gradually got back to normal after a number of days.

Even in the hotels of Yokohana, not a soul would stick his face outside. The fact that our unlined cotton kimonos were brought from the ship as an expression of sympathy was our only consolation.

One day I found a boy in my room whose behaviour was suspicious. I called the doctor immediately and the boy was put in hospital, but he died 2 hours later. This was an unusually severe case, but there were many cases of people dying 6 or 7 hours after the onset of the disease. From this we can know the fearfulness of cholera.

There were two types of cholera, European and Asiatic. It was said that the Asiatic type was the more violent.

Noticing in the first week of August that the force of the disease seemed to have abated somewhat, I went to the Director and told him we did not want to stay there forever. Because of this, he replied that if there had been no one sick in a room for a week following, that group would be judged to be healthy, and could ask for and receive its release. The first time, exactly 70 people were released on the afternoon of August 14th. Furthermore, when I left

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on August 17th, it looked as though, apart from those in the hospital, those left behind would be released soon. I joined the first group to leave, who were trying to get on board a ship, and we left for Yokohama. When I consider it, there is nothing to compare to our joy at being alive after having been at the border of life and death for over a month.

From the wharf to our designated hotels we went, forming a queue in our summer kimonos and getas [wooden clogs], with our steamer rugs and packages on our backs, and proceeding to the city. The people who were out enjoying the cool evening air started shouting "Cholera's coming" when they saw us, and ran inside their houses and locked their doors. Even now I can't help but burst out laughing when I think how very funny it was. To people in America and Canada, who don't know about such terrible contagious diseases as cholera, dysentery, bubonic plague, and typhoid, such rumours would not have any impact.

Nevertheless I, who once worked day and night, ignoring the dangers, believe that there is some value to relating what I just have, and for this reason I recorded the main body of the text preceding.

A case like this where everyone helped out was when I was in the Russo-Japanese War. Bullets were coming down like rain and we had no food or sleep. The deaths due to the violence of the typhoid that hit before we returned to camp for the victory celebrations were greater than those in battle. But more than in the experiences I related earlier, everyone's attitude was one of "If you focus your spirit, anything is possible" and at that they forgot their fears. If one resolutely acts, in this way, to follow this, the only road of progress, God will bestow his protection.

Before leaving Yokohama, I was very grateful that I was given a travel bag, which I accepted and kept as a commemoration, although it was given by all the passengers. However, the Osaka shipping firm wanted to send me as a first-class passenger to Vancouver and asked me to wait for the next ship, since there were no first-class cabins on the Chicago Maru, but since I had shared everyone's suffering, I would not have been happy to receive this honour alone.

I departed aboard the Chicago Maru August 17th with two people with whom I had shared my daily life since the Hawaii Maru, Mr. Heisuke Mukai and the 17 year-old Motoichi Gotō, who was sponsored by his parents and for whom this was his first voyage. We arrived in Vancouver September 3rd and went to the

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Ki no Kuni Inn, on Cordova Street, where various people were, including Matsuba and Matsuyama. Since they wanted to hear the story of the Hawaii Maru, I related it to them in detail, just the way I did here.

Motoichi's father, Mr. Goto, of Britannia Beach, got the news of his son's safe arrival and left immediately for Vancouver to pick up his son. It ended very happily.

Incidentally, there had been over 200 passengers on the Hawaii Maru (Mr. Kasho and Mr. Tanaka were both in First Class). It is not clear what the numbers were when we landed at Nagahana and were sent to the quarantine station. When we arrived at the camp there were 169 people, including 117 men and 52 women. Up until August 13th, 64 people died. Because I felt the need to preserve a list of names. I present it [there is no list] for proof I am enclosing a copy of the telegamme.

The above events occurred 43 years ago and the people of that time live who knows where now. In newspapers I see only the names of Mr. Shingo Kumimoto of Alberta and Mr. Hikosaburo Nagatokitani of Hamilton.

October 1st, 1958

Bunshichi Shiozaki (76)

119 MacPherson Avenue, Toronto

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Box 7/Folder 3

Reminiscences of TAKEO NAKANO

Following the Thread of Memories

War? It goes without saying that it is countries hurting and destroying each other, regardless of their wills.

If we think about it, the Second World War was an event which for those of us of Japanese descent was like a bad dream. When I look at the sad efforts of my brethren who overcame their wretched backgrounds, who before the war were establishing bases to succeed in various areas, and who were achieving advances in all fields, I am convinced that my speaking out and condensing from notes the thorny road I've followed is in no sense meaningless.

March 16th, 1942. I finally received the order to depart for the road camp. It was just about one hundred days since the outbreak of the Second World War. For me it was a day when I stood at the crossroads of destiny, a day I will never be able to forget.

Because those of us who were leaving were being sent away that day, the wharf was, as might be expected, buried beneath friends and relatives. Mass confusion was evident.

When they thought of the future and described the pain of parting as the way of the world, both those departing and those saying farewell found it still more sorrowful and tears of themselves wet their cheeks.

As the engine started, the heads of the people watching each other grew more distant. When I came back to my surroundings, the boat was leaving Bowen Island, almost before I was aware of it, and, as we went along, I saw the lighthouse on the left. Off to starboard, far away in the middle of the evening fog, three improvised guard boats were cruising, establishing the feeling of it being a time of war. I watched the distant flickering lights of Vancouver through the porthole. While I was sunk in bottomless sorrows, the boat pulled up alongside Union Pier. As we got off the boat, we were divided up and transported in two cars, and were domiciled in the transit camp in Hastings Park [Vancouver, B.C.). Five days passed in idleness.

March 21st

At 7:15 PM we left Vancouver together on the C.N.R. train, and headed for Yellowhead Road Camp [B.C.] five hundred miles away.

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Inside the car, one did not know when night drew to a close, and everyone's nerves were on edge from the unjust relocation. There were people giving vent to their personal feelings, people who were befuddled by drink and were singing songs, people who were hitting other people, and so on -- it was pandemonium, just as if someone had gone and stirred up a bee's hive.

We spent two days and nights in this restless and uneasy turmoil and then arrived at our destination.

It was at the foot of a high mountain, with no sign of human habitation anywhere.

A poem:

I came and I looked -
I saw by the eaves
The brave peaks of the Rockies,
Surpassing their reputation.

Shouldering our heavy luggage and following each other, we greeted a row of freight trains as our home.

The winds which blew down from the Rockies were more terrible than rumour had it. I gazed at the moon hanging on the mountain's ridge and thought about my wife and children. The cold in my body was so strong that even my dreams were frozen.

A poem:

At the base of the Rockies
We surround a bonfire
In our reclamation work,
And talk amongst brethren gets lively.

I remember how, when picking up my axe and taking a deep breath of the clear air, with a view of the famous and majestic "Seven Sisters" mountains, the spirits of the trees would echo across the plateau, which was silence itself, and a feeling of solemnity would, on its own, come over me.

From then on, in order to relieve the ennui. I began afresh a tanka [Japanese poem of 31 syllables] whenever I spied a break in the work.

April 15th

We were transferred to our third camp, "Dekoin" [This spelling is a transliteration back into English from Japanese and may well be incorrect.], and carried on with constructing the road camp. It was 3 miles from Yellowhead. Here, too, freight trains were our temporary quarters. Before our eyes there were Rocky Mountain streams filled with the waters of antiquity. I found it pleasant to walk along beside the current in an idle way in the morning and at night.

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A poem:

The destination of these flowing waters,
Reflecting the peaks of the Rockies,
Is the Vancouver of our fond memories.

When the hour came in which the sun sinks behind the western mountains and dusk is near, five or six beavers would swim up from downstream, delighting the old folks. Bears would come into the camp even in the middle of the day, eating in a relaxed way the meat they held in their paws, and going back into the forest.

Apart from these, animals native to the plateau, such as deer, moose, elk, and coyote, were living there in great numbers, and there was no end to the unusual events that took place. When I asked, I was told that because this region belonged to part of the famous Jasper National Park and was designated no-hunting area, the animals were used to people.

A poem:

In the fields and hills
Where all shapes and sizes
Of birds and animals play -
This is a famous national park.

Under the shallows on the riverbank, I listened for the first time that year to the frogs' croaking voices, and for a little while I was reminded of spring in my old home village.

May 15th.

We moved to the completed tent houses.

July 27th

"Dekoin" Road Camp was closed, and we headed for Hope [B.C.].

A poem:

Wondering if we'll ever see the station again,
We're told we are leaving the plateau,
And we wait for the steam engine.

July 29th

We were moved again and were sent to Slokan, [B.C.] where we built tent houses. Because of certain events which took place in this same place, 15 of us were escorted together to the Vancouver Immigration Office.

August 12th

We were kept in the Immigration Office and soldiers guarded us 24 hours a day.

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They harassed us, apparently as a way of teaching us a lesson; the food was unpalatable and the portions were small. There were no beds, so we slept on the floor in our clothes. On three sides we were surrounded by thick walls; on the fourth the light of the sun came in a little bit. Because this window, too, was blocked by steel bars, it could not have been gloomier. As I watched the faces of my companions gradually turning pale, my depression was endless.

Among the 50 or so people in the Immigration Office, the great majority (who excluded all 15 of us), being people who had come there of their own free will, naturally were satisfied with that life. Furthermore, it seemed they hoped to go to Angler Internment Camp [Ontario]. One day some eager beaver said, "Internment camps are run in military fashion and their inmates all have shaved heads. Therefore let's all of us today without exception shave our own heads" and it was carried out compulsorily right down to the teenaged youths. (This way of handling things was decisive and coercive action, said to be the inspiration of the Japanese spirit, but later on, when I arrived at Angler and saw for myself, I did not see one person with a shaved head, and I was astonished.)

During the twenty days we spent in that place, our only comforts were the parcels which our brethren kept sending. Together with the war, it is one of the things I will never forget in my whole life.

On the evening of August 20th, we received the order to relocate at Angler.

At seven o'clock in the evening, as dusk approached, the C.P. train pulled quietly out of Vancouver, leaving behind the din of "Banzais" of our friends, wives, and children, who, regretting the separation, had come running. Everyone had one concern, without exception - what kind of place was this Angler, to which we were going next? I had recently heard of a shooting incident at "Peetoawa" [Once again, a transliteration from Japanese for which the original English is uncertain] and guessed almost the atmosphere within the camp.

Poem:

The cosmos flowers along the train tracks,
Where the banzais of farewell ring loudly,
Are swaying weakly.

The many of us leaving
And our brethren too,
Hearing this steam whistle,
Feel that we are leaving.

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Hour by hour, scenes of the Fraser farmlands, developed by Japanese farmers, and the blue Rockies passed by, until before we knew it, we had come out onto the prairies, with their endless farms. From then on it was like the boundless ocean. The pure white cumulonimbus clouds floating over on the horizon were beautiful - in truth it was a tranquillity that made one ask where anything like a war could be.

After a long journey of three and a half days and nights, we arrived at our destination, Angler. It was broad daylight, and the intense heat was scorching the earth.

We were welcomed by the bayonets of soldiers several times our size. We grew tired of carrying the luggage in our hands. The walk, during which we dragged our feet, was more than two blocks. We arrived at a wooden gate. The wire mesh, which must have been more than 20 feet high, was opened; one step inside and we were birds in a cage, our lives in others' hands.

When we discovered, as we were being led to the hall by the guards, that the 800 comrades who had arrived earlier were all in strange clothes that had the circular mark of the sun uniformly on the back, we were amazed. At the hall we were stripped and our personal effects were inspected. Our clothes, too, were completely replaced by regulation issue ones. Finally, beds and bedding were distributed.

Poems:

Rich and poor alike -
Without any distinction -
Get uniform clothing,
With a sun's disk on the back.
Setting up the rationed canvas beds
And assigning the first watch of the night
in this camp,
We fell asleep.

Feeling the autumn wind stealing upon them, the geese flew by over the tops of the forests which were daily turning crimson.

Poems:

We look up fondly -
Are these geese which have crossed over
The mountains and rivers from our Dear B.C.?

Autumn in Angler
And a surfeit of sadness away from home -
When might we meet again?

With the echoing reveille which tore the stillness of day break we would rise and make our beds (every morning at 10:00 there was an inspection by the commander). At the call to breakfast we would crowd into the dining hall and, forming a queue, would await our turn. Every day was a continuation of the

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usual boredom.

One plate of food, two slices of bread, and tea. Because of the limited provisions, we were always hungry.

Poem:

For the life which depended on a single plate of food
We boiled dandelions from within the camp
And ate them.

I read Mizuho Ota's Expressions of Opinion in Verse. When I tired of that I walked back and forth on the sand inside the barbed wire, like a bear in a cage. We had become people whose country of origin was an enemy state, and therefore had been chased far from the land we had grown used to living in. The economic foothold of our brethren, who had been establishing business, fishing, farming, and forestry enterprises, was destroyed completely.

In addition, there were many times when I would spend the night unable to sleep, lonely and troubled, when I thought of my present situation, in which I would not have been able even to fly should something unexpected have happened to my wife and children living far away across mountains and rivers.

Who could have expected that a day such as this would come?

Poem:

There is sorrow -
The hills and fields I'm looking at are clearly seen,
An autumn rain is falling, chilling the iron railing.

The graves of the Germans were in a line in the summer grasses which were growing up the seven tombstones on the small rise outside the barbed wire. These German soldiers tried to escape from the camp taking advantage of the night's darkness, and were shot dead by a sentinel in a high lookout. When I compared them to myself in the same circumstances I could not avoid feeling even more pity.

On the day that I arrived at this camp, my dear friend Mr. Shirakawa was there, and welcomed me with a firm handshake and the words, "Welcome, Mr. T. . Japan will certainly win, as far as the war goes" (However, when it was arranged for me to be released a year and three months later, he tried to stop me with all his strength). Mr. Minemoto, who had by chance become my travelling companion at the Immigration Office, was there too. (When these people learned that I had given up on the camp and begun procedures to be released, they heaped all kinds of abuse on me in public.)

There were some very emotional events: I heard that Mr. Shirakawa contracted an illness at the camp, passed away like the dew at Angler, and had gone to his rest with his pillow arranged next to the German soldiers

mentioned earlier; Mr. Minemoto died at the special camp in Moose Jaw.

People's ideas differ of themselves in the same way that their features are all different. I felt terrible regrets, however, when I saw most of the Nisei [second-generation Japanese-Canadians], who wanted to leave the camp, hesitate to take the necessary steps because there were quite a number of gung-ho types like this Mr. Minemoto.

A number of monotonous days passed and nature had already presented her winter face. The tracks of the transcontinental railway bathed in the blood-red remains of the setting sun. The tracks out through the fields of shoreless Ontario and continued far away to Vancouver. Before I knew it my heart flew off to where the setting sun went down by the shore where the rails ended.

Poem:

The two rails liminesce in the afterglow
And become one -

This tranquillity infringes upon me.

The setting sun, the fields, the winter trees, and the rails: it was somehow, a lonely scene, in which there was no sound.

A freight train passed noisily, rending the stillness. Its poison-like smoke wrapped around me and in a moment I was restored to reality from the realm of illusion.

Ah, such a distance between "Illusion and Reality."

Soon, as it became the time when the first star would flicker in the sky, the 10,000 candle-power light was lit in the observation post, with a brilliancy matched only at midday. The night air got cold quickly as we turned our steps to the long gloomy room which had 80 beds, 4 tables, a number of couches and 3 fireplaces.

Ah, I wondered, until what day would this life go on?

The end.

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Reminiscences of MR. SADA SATO

Note: Unless otherwise indicated all place names are in British Columbia.

My Course Down the Road of Japanese Language Education

"Teacher, it sure is not easy building a bridge across this river is it?"

The river bed was about 300 metres across and the river itself, in the middle, was about 12 metres wide. Using two horses, we were trying to get across the river some logs about 15 metres long which had been washed up by the river during a flood. The water came up to their bellies. Because the current was quite strong and because of the weight of the logs, when they had almost gained the other shore, we shouted in unison to encourage the two horses to make it and they finally jumped up on the shore without falling down.

The logs were about 30 centimetres above the water. Together we planed off the upper surface of the logs, put on handrails, and a fine bridge came into being. The children could now go to school happily and securely. Because of the bridge, three miles of walking were cut in half.

The next day my wife accompanied the children to public school and showed them how to use the bridge. The children were very pleased and crossed over, coming home again when their classwork was finished.

The following day, when they and the dog were sent off to school, they came back right away saying "There's no bridge". When both my wife and I went to see, we were surprised to find no trace of the bridge. I think the night before there was a sudden shower upstream and when the water rose, the water volume increased. For that reason we were concerned about the danger of a bridge and decided after that to send the children to school the way we had before.

Where we were then living was about 6 miles away from Cumberland, which is situated in the middle of Vancouver Island, in an area of fertile farmland and beautiful scenery. There were many farming families around the small town called Courteney. Since the early days, Japanese operated farms on rented land. At that time there were ten or so such families, chiefly dairy farmers.

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Through the good offices of the farming association in that area, an old house was renovated and opened as a Japanese language school. The first teacher was Mr. Jiro Yasutomo, who lent a hand building the bridge, as mentioned before. There were about 10 students. It was operated smoothly. After Mr. Yasutomo returned to Japan. Mr. Noboru Tahara's sister, Miss Shizue Tahara who resided in that city, rendered us her services as a teacher for one year. When she got married, she resigned, and we asked Reverend Oyama, who had diligently evangelised Christianity for a number of years of No. 1 Cumberland. About one year later he got sick and died. Mrs. Akiko Kohayakawa who resided in the same city, then taught for us.

Because of the Great Depression around 1932, which we can never forget, farmers had to sell out at a bargain. One person after another changed his occupation or went back to Japan. Some went bankrupt. The Japanese Language school continued for about four years and finally had to be closed.

Because my ten-year lease on the land ended, I too changed jobs and, through the good offices of Mr. Kenroku Uchiyama, moved to Royston Lumber Co.

The Rev. Kōgyo Ōsuga had served for the Buddhist Association in the town. He and Mrs. Ōsuga also played the role of teacher at the language school and many young girls were able to study peacefully. When his time had expired, the Rev. Ōsuga returned to Japan with his wife.

As the successor, the Rev. Asaka arrived at his post with his wife and followed exactly the Rev. and Mrs. Ōsuga in both religious work and the instruction at the Japanese language school. At that time up to grade five of the intermediate level of Japanese was taught.

When my eldest daughter graduated from the middle school, it was 1941 and the war which will be remembered by future generations broke out. The various organisations with the Japanese were operating in this place were all banned and it was arranged that we Tssei [first-generation Japanese-Canadians] should go to road camps around the middle of March of the following year.

From such places as Cumberland and Fana [spelling uncertain] Bay logging camp (where Mr. Kagetsu was in charge) about fifty people went to Vancouver by steam train. After going through various procedures, a group of 100 people was accommodated at Thunder River [?] on the C.N.R. line. We worked there for a full 5 months, until the middle of August, when I finally reached Sandon, to which my family had already moved. At that time there were about 800 people accommodated there and in secret from the government authorities concerned, Japanese was being taught in the camp. We asked Misses Yasutomo [?] and Ōtsuka

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to be teachers. Mr. Nakagawa taught in another district.

Two years passed peacefully, and then, using the expiry of the lease as an excuse, the school was closed. We were all scattered to such places as Rosebery, New Denver, Bay Farm, Popoff, and Raymond [or Lemon?] Creek.

Our family moved to Slocan City and the "Hakkō" Association in that area helped out. The facilities for Japanese language education were well prepared already. Mr. Kozai, Mr. Togawa, Miss Kubota, and Mr. Mochizuki were already teaching there. Mr. Nakagawa was teaching at Bay Farm.

Then for two full years people were very busy - together with the end of the war, there were people returning to Japan and people moving East. Our family moved to Neys in northern Ontario [Thunder Bay area]. We lived together with about 500 people. A month and a half later we moved to a farm near Hamilton [Ontario]. A full year later we moved into the city. At that time there were about 5,000 people, I think. There was concern for the Japanese language education of the Nisei and Sansei [second- and third-generation Japanese-Canadians]. Fortunately, arrangements were made through the assistance of the Buddhist Association in Toronto [Ontario]. People could enter the school easily, regardless of their denomination or race. The teachers were Mr. Kozai, Miss Yasutomo [?], Mrs. Kohayakawa, and Mr. Nakagawa, who worked as volunteers.

A number of years later the name was changed from "Language Studies Institute" to "Language School" and we rented a Legion Hall, which provided a number of classrooms and met our needs. Since its opening it has been operating for exactly ten years. The teachers, Mr. Kozai, Miss Yasutoma [?], Mrs. Kamiyama, and Mr. Nakagawa, have worked diligently. Mrs. Azuma and Mrs. Ōhashi taught before.

Japanese language education has continued to expand gradually. About 80 students are now being taught.

On the occasion of the inspection this spring by the Honorable Consul-General Endo and Mrs. Endo, they aided us both financially and spiritually, and we received various reassuring and encouraging speeches. He also gave some assistance to both Japanese language newspapers in this city and he assured them he would give his backing whenever necessary. Furthermore, the eminent and prominent figures in this city's Japanese community have been made Honorary Members of the Japanese Language School's Support Committee, and help out directly and indirectly. The Support Committee is deeply grateful.

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It will be very convenient for us when the Japanese Association Hall is built in the future since, as the Japanese Language School requested, some space for the school, designed by the architect Mr. Moriyama, will be provided in the Hall.

When I came to Hamilton, I was told there were 4,000 blocks in Toronto, in an area of 40 square miles. I understand that greater Toronto, at present has increased to double its boundaries and population. There is no avoiding the advantages and disadvantages of commuting from near and far, but the public transportation system has been well developed and commuting is, I think relatively convenient. I believe there are certain difficulties and problems for young girls commuting to school, but when I think of the log bridge mentioned before, I feel there is no call for that much anxiety.

Everyone in the city who wants their daughter to receive Japanese language education is urged to contact the office of the Japanese school. We would be most grateful and they will all be allowed to enter school anytime. In order to promote Japanese language education, we would sincerely like to solicit your consideration at present as well as in the future.

September 15th, 1958

Toronto

Mr. Sada Sato

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