Get Jean
Kawamura
to send
me D.
Nykiri Vorel
her presentation

Frank Moritsugu.
Tom's editorials
undercut FM's
personal sense
of impotence.
- no vote moore
could hasten

2018.16.2.1.1.1a

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-1-1a
www.nikkeimuseum.org

weeken the rigidity
& framework of
the time he said
things for us
couched in
more professional
country ⇒ weight
in what he
said —
left compressor
TC's had a guy
who was just
as heavy as
all the guys

2018.16.2.1.1.1b

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-1-1b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

against us and
could say it
for us.

Steve Kimura
Kunio's Bro.
46 Risdon Cres
Etobicoke
M9C 4E7
621-7466.
F. Moritsuga's bro in law
→ T. or NAJC meeting
→ 520

2018.16.2.1.1.2a

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-1-2a
www.nikkeimuseum.org

Tom Hamy T.
S. F. Mike S.
put the health
nurse (Yatsuko
T.) & taught
Grade 9 students
without homes
that the school
board would
not have anything
to do with!
JC's → no
High school
faculties —

2018.16.2.1.1.2b

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-1-2b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

2nd reunion
Hoshitsuru
teachers
Sat / 8th
reunion TKS
& Irene there
& principal

Frank's Betty

2018.16.2.1.1.3a

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-1-3a
www.nikkeimuseum.org

- BSC → paid primary teacher $20 these days (much grade & time) → ~~no~~ less.

→ ~~no~~ taught 1 hour.

- Bob Sato's wife Lucy Sugiura
- TK Staught?

2018.16.2.1.1.3b

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-1-3b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

Frank N/Mitsuye
Kets area raised
Grad highschool 1940
ed school newspaper
at Kits High
→ worked as landscape gardener
1940 – early 1941
→ Alex spk to a group.
– "formidable" person

19 years old
Dec 1941 just after P.H.
called Tom → time on
hands cuz. gardening slow
→ 15/12/41 → started work

→ for a few months
→ know downtown
people esp Nisei
Revelstoke Road [illegible] 42 – Aug 43
→ spokesperson on
strikes → warned
would be sent east
family in Trashme 6 kids

2018.16.2.1.2.1a
Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-1a
www.nikkeimuseum.org

Roy to leave Sept '43
By letter to F.M. to replace him
→ 6 mos in Kobe as Asst E.

TKS PM +2 +Luno

Doug Li Morise

44 → Ont

45 → Army → Overseas
→ Wpeg N.C. & Kasey Oyama
→ lost in from Regina
for poker etc.

→ second group → overseas
early 1 wk basic
at Chatham overseas right away.
not tested
until Poona
18 → Long School in Simla
5 OK 3 to transdocs
2 to speakers.
Set Stages → University

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-1b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

U → poli sci U of T
Ivy Mans for. uni entrance
ed in chief at Varsity.
copy edit → Mac Leans
to y mags
then daily newspaper

→ Tom - editor's mentor
↳ → got

NC Rec → Mid-Feb '42
↳

encounter → N/Rdm office
↳ hearsay ↳ threatened
to beat Tom
- humoured them
- called by first name
- reminded them of
playing ball.
-

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-2a
www.nikkeimuseum.org
2018.16.2.1.2.2a

→ descent character
→ how to manage
→ but good poker player
→ poker face
→ could get very angry
→ very patient
↳ Japanese
- patience
- poker face
-

Kamploops = 1st G. Tanaka
parental decision
not to do the
JJ thing

- need to belong. → one of the
then it's → children
become part of the
rest

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-2b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

(5)

— 1981 — party at his sister's place → 60's baby
↳ F the youngest Nisei at party
↳ a lot the older Nisei
↳ downtown group
— UBC group

— politics →

→ fait accompli

— "liberal ideologie intellectual strength & power ... + tight control shatter fuse other obvious...

— Charm —
Gathers Nisei 1957.
↳
— into sports — looked frail

2018.16.2.1.2.3a
Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-3a
www.nikkeimuseum.org

- in Kaslo
  - ↳ Tom, the ~~Junichi~~ Jenji of
  - → attitude evident in society's adultery
  - → suffered certain fools little
    - ↳ pipsqueak with snowball incident in Kaslo.

never discouraged his staff from talking back to Jica officials

- → rail against ~~the~~ certain level of the general injustice
  - ↳ areas JC's could move around
    - Tom would point out area in JC could move

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-3b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

(7)

- "liberal"
  - ⇒ witticism
    - perhaps short when writing
    - pointing out omissions etc.

⇒ responsible journals
- things we must improve
- ⇒ splendid instructive journals

- understood role of paper ⇒ Voice of Nisei
  - ⇒ 1941 ⇒ lifeline for the community
  - ⇒

⇒ a lot of selection of the material to put in the passage

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-4a
www.nikkeimuseum.org
2018.16.2.1.2.4a

→ Tom understood that
N Cdn had to hold
community together,
keep
→ Jc morale up
↳ whether intellect
ualize or not
— knew Powell St
— stores, restaurant

Mark Tonyama's poems
↳

New Rere Cafe

Judo
— need to clutch to ~~read~~ ~~Rso~~

His catharsis — 1939 - 45
* Readers digest article!

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-4b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

Nogi → get address (9)

How much was T. hurt ?
↳ dismiss a sarcastic remark..

– does Rona know.

– ea has Tom, No's Tom

→ Tom – intellectually demanding
↳ tolerance of his youngness.

– Tom could critique work without caricaturizing the individ

David (?)
Corporal Farr → St Roche crew
↳ Seamen RCMP
humane – good relationship
– smartness
knew to celebrate

—

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-5a
www.nikkeimuseum.org

2018.16.2.1.2.5a

Boultbee → New Denver
Tall-red faced but little
browbeat little Issei
↳ RCMP constable
in Hastings Park.

Irene Uchida - Bookkeeper
Eiko Kenmi —
Yoji Murase — Hamilton
Junji Kono - linotypist
↳ east of Lemon Creek
Kaslo
Type in Kootenaian Press
↳



Koot
nertder
Junji
Nadada.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-5b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

(11)

Toronto Press in Winnipeg

~~Ed~~.

To Mr. → J.B. editor → Library
↳ Mr. Shiki → Paper.
↳ ed.
T. Kamioka publisher

Suzuki.

brusk Tactless man
left opinions
↳ hired by Tom

shared basis news items
features, columns
haiku
↳ Issei oriented

Eng side → Nisei oriented
JB → Issei oriented.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-6a
www.nikkeimuseum.org

2018.16.2.1.2.6a

(12)

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-2-6b
www.nikkeimuseum.org

REMARKS FOR
THE 2ND GHOST-TOWN TEACHERS REUNION DINNER
SEPT. 16, 1989

Centennial United Church, Toronto

The news that Anne Gomer Sunahara, who wrote that most important book, The Politics of Racism, is working on a biography of Tom Shoyama is welcome news. I would think that many of us here would have interesting stories and details to give her about Tom, especially during his prewar and wartime B.C. days.

Because I was lucky enough to work for Tom Shoyama a couple times on the wartime New Canadian, I , too, have a few anecdotes to offer. One of them, which I'm sharing with you tonight, is something quite slight. But I feel it tells you something about Tommy, too, that many of you will recognize.

It happened in Kaslo during the winter of 1943-44. On Friday afternoon. It must have been November or early December because the town got its first snowfall of the season. Tom, Junji Ikeno and I had carried the several bags of parcelled and addressed newspapers to the post office to be sent across the country. And as always happened on those Fridays when the week's paper was done and in the mail, we felt sort of giddy with relief.

So we started to throw snowballs at each other. Tom and I were on one side of the street, near The New Canadian office. Junji was on the other side, so it was the two of us throwing at one of him.

Just then, the recently arrived Security Commission supervisor came along the street. He was a self-important bully of a man. And he didn't seem to be happy about us New Canadian people being in Kaslo because we had a particular immunity -- the newspaper being so essential to the commission's work. So he couldn't intimidate us so easily.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-1
www.nikkeimuseum.org

more

Frank Moritsuga

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more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-2
www.nikkeimuseum.org

At any rate, -- and I've forgotten his name -- he started yelling at us to stop throwing snowballs. They would do damage and hurt people, etc., etc. He came over to give roaring hell to us young ones --Junji across the street, and me over here. We tried to keep straight faces as he ranted on, and didn't feel particularly guilty. Finally he tramped off.

Then Junji Ikeno turned to me and said, "You know, you and I got the dickens from him, but that last snowball that made him so mad because it nearly hit him wasn't thrown by us. It was thrown by Tommy."

And so it had been. Not only that, Tommy calmly watched the entire altercation between the Security Commission clown and us, with his famous pokerface, and his hands behind his back. Behind his back because, of course, he was holding another snowball.

That, of course, is an anecdote. A retelling of a true-life happening with a twist ending.

In my college journalism teaching, from which I retired this month, I tried to get my students to learn how to collect anecdotes in their research and interviewing. And in the Toronto (teachers) group's attempts to write personal remembrances of ghost-town teaching experiences, I have also tried to urge our writers to recollect any anecdotes that happened during those years.

Anecdotes are effective and believable in proving or supporting a general point you want to get across.

Tonight's talk is devoted to anecdotes I've collected over the years. Most of them are about teaching and teachers, although not necessarily restricted to ghost towns. And I've also included other things that have happened to me during those years when you were teaching evacuee children in B.C.

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-3
www.nikkeimuseum.org

It all began, this collecting of anecdotes as a regular thing to do, when a colleague of mine from my long-ago magazine years called me one day back in 1988. He's David Macdonald, who I knew when he was with Maclean's magazine, and who later became a senior editor with Reader's Digest.

Dave said, Remember Art Laidlaw? I said, yes, with the Globe and Mail, you mean Art Suzuki? The one and the same, Dave said.

I'm sure that Art Suzuki a.k.a. Art Laidlaw was the first Toronto newspaperman of Japanese descent. His father's name was Suzuki and his mother's was Laidlaw.

The Suzuki family was one of the handful which were in Toronto before the war. And Art was the son who ended up in the newspaper business. I knew of him working at the Globe and Mail, and met him in 1948 when he was editing the North Toronto Herald.

And at those jobs back in the 1940s and after the war, Art called himself Art Laidlaw. This was the era when an American Nisei comedian changed his name from Jack Suzuki to Jack Soo. Not only were there wartime animosities to consider, but back in those days you never saw Oriental staff names on any Canadian newspaper.

In fact, in 1946 when I applied for a job at the Toronto Star, I was turned down. And I felt then that it wasn't merely because of my limited professional experience either.

When I finally joined The Star, it was 16 years later in1962. After a magazine editing career, I was offered a job on the paper, rather than having to apply for one., Even then, I think I was the first JC to work on Canada's largest daily newspaper.

Well, my friend Dave Macdonald said, I'm about to do a weekly column for the Toronto Star which will be regular collections of anecdotes, the stories I've been dining out on for years.

And there's an anecdote that Art told me years ago at the Press Club that I wanted to use in a column of multicultural anecdotes.

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-4
www.nikkeimuseum.org

(The reason why Dave was calling me was because Art Suzuki has been dead for several years now, and so has his brother Richard, the subject of this anecdote. So Macdonald wanted to check out some details with me, hoping I knew what Richard Suzuki's correct army rank was, and etc. I was able to help him by looking up an appendix in Roy Ito's book, We Went to War. And some months later, the Suzuki anecdote was finally published. It was in a Saturday issue of the Star last August about a month before the redress settlement was announced..)

Here is how David Macdonald told this anecdote:

Now, as Ottawa keeps wondering what to do for all those Japanese Canadians who were uprooted and stripped of property during World War II, consider one man who fought back. His name was Richard (Shin) Suzuki. Raised in Tokyo, the son of a Japanese engineer and a Scotswoman, he came to Toronto in his teens, later acquiring a college degree here, a wife, several kids, a thriving business, and citizenship papers.

Though Suzuki was 36 when the war broke out in '39, he promptly joined the army. Recalls a sister, "Dick felt he owed a debt to Canada."

In '41, however, after being injured in England, Maj. Suzuki arrived home just as all Japanese residents -- even those born here --were ordered to register as "enemy aliens." Seething, he went straight to the appointed place and joined a long line. In no time, an RCMP sergeant saluted and asked if he could be of assistance. "I'm to register as an enemy,": Suzuki informed him.

The Mountie stared at his Asian features, then at the crowns on his khaki uniform. "Sir," he said, "there's been some mistake."

"Right," said Suzuki, who is now dead, "but it isn't mine."

So he stayed in that line for hours, finally forcing the authorities to stamp him as something he plainly was not: a threat to Canada.

As he left, one Mountie saluted again and said, "I'm sorry." Now, 47 years later, it's Ottawa's turn.

****

You can see this was published a month or so before the redress settlement was announced. Perfect timing.

Here's one more anecdote from that same David Macdonald column that had the Suzuki story:

One night in a tavern in wartime Vancouver, the bartender refused to draw a beer for a husky black man in air force blue, gruffly saying,. "We don't serve Negroes in here."

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-5
www.nikkeimuseum.org

At that, the young airman seized the handles of both beertaps and gazed into the barkeep's eyes. "Try serving anyone else, "he said softly. "Go on, *try*." He got his beer.

Years later, ex-Wireless Operator Lincoln Alexander also got to be Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

*****

Getting back to teachers and teaching: Back when I was in public school -- it was Henry Hudson School in Kitsilano --one thing I remember was that the teachers were usually colorblind about race.

But for some reason, some of the public-school teachers were not good at spelling Japanese names like mine. No matter how good the grades were, bringing home a report card which said my name was Moritsugo, Moritsuga or Moritsugi didn't seem right.

Curiously, at junior high and high school, the teachers seemed to spell Japanese names better, or at least, they did mine. Maybe it was because they had more training as teachers.

Then came Pearl Harbor and the evacuation. One memory of leaving Vancouver:

Getting on the CPR train on April 4, 1942 in the first coachload bound for an interior BC road camp which was to become known as Yard Creek. And feeling hurt and miserable and fearful of the immediate future. My next brother, who was due to come to road camp a few months later when he turned 18, had come to the CPR station in downtown Vancouver to see me off. My father had been sent to an Issei road camp in the Jasper area about a month before. And as I shook hands with brother Ken, I noticed that some of the Nisei men going on the same train were saying goodbye to crying women and young children.

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-6
www.nikkeimuseum.org

Until that moment, in the tunnel vision that became a part of us when the dreadful government orders came down to tell us where to go and when, I'd thought that what was happening to me was the worst.

But as all the men got on the coach, the doors were locked shut and the RCMP officer sat down in the vestibule guarding us, and after we waved goodbye through the dirty coach windows until we could see no one anymore, and the train clickclacked its way through the railway yards near the waterfront in Vancouver, suddenly we heard some sobs.

A few of the Nisei men -- they were older than the most of us -- were crying. They were the ones who had been forced to leave their wives and children behind that night. They were the ones who were hurt the most of that coachload headed inland into the foothills of the Rockies.

****

By the way, I have a story to share about something that happened in Vancouver after the most of us had been moved inland. It also tells what the mood was like on the Coast at that time.

This was in September 1942 -- and I am quoting from one Second World War veteran's account in Barry Broadfoot's book, The Veterans' Years:

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU KNOW

If you want, I can take you in twenty minutes to the damndest, the very damndest thing that haoppened to me or anybody on this coast during the war and that was the top thing, the very top thing in my military career.

You see, those eggheads in Ottawa thought the whole Japanese Navy was going to come steaming up through English Bay and take Vancouver, and boom, there would go the war. This was in 38 or so, when everybody was doing their heavy thinking about Hitler and his gang, but out here a lot of people thought about the Japs.

So they put field guns and anti-aircraft guns, searchlight batteries, and, well, you know how it would have been. If the Japs had shown up saying, oh, we don't want the Pacific, we want the rockbound coast of North America, those littlel guns would have opened up and the Japs would have swung their guns around and boom, boom, and our shore batteries woulds have been blown skyhigh., Lucky they didn't show up. We managed to goof up enough anyway.

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-7
www.nikkeimuseum.org

I was a gunner at the Point Grey Battery this day, September 13, 1942, and it was a Sunday and this fish packet comes around Point Atkinson and keeps going. They were supposed to slow down, be identified, but it kept going. A dumb skipper, I guess, and drunk at the wheel. Our battery got the word to throw an N-E, non-explosive shell, across its bow. It would splash and he'd get the message to stop. It was kind of practice for us. Well, we, the boys of the 15th Vancouver Coastal Brigade, we fired the warning shot and it splashed, bounced, skipped, asnd I'll be goddamned if it didn't plow into a freighter on the other side. It went through the freighter, a 9,000-tonner, and came out the other side. You know where? Yep, below the waterline. She was on trials that day and the captain gets a report she's sinking and he manages to beach her by Lions Gate Bridge.

Everybody in Vancouver was asking, what the hell is a deep-sea freighter doing beached over there? We couldn't say. Nobody could. Wartime secrecy, eh? The Japs might find out our gunners could sink even our own ships in our own harbor. Well, soon they got her patched up and towed to drydock and later, she was called the Fort Rae, she went off the meet the German subs, I guess. I don't know what happened after that.

Oh, sure, an investigation. Very hush-hush. We were absolved. All they told us to do was keep our traps shut, but everybody in town knew. The day after, I suppose. The boys would wind up in the Marble Arch or the Ivanhoe and tell the story from table to table, drinking beer all the way.

Then I got transferred to the Navy. Pull. My old man pulled strings. Nothing to it. I spent months in Newfie doing nothing, building model ships and selling them. Using Navy supplies, glue, wood, tin, the stuff they made toothbrushes from. I'd melt it down. Months and months of doing nothing, just sitting and wishing it would all end.

****

Getting back to me, I spent 16 months at the Yard Creek road camp. Learned how to dance to Artie Shaw records one of the other fellows had brought along, with his portable gramaphone. Used a how-to-dance book by Arthur Murray to practise in the bunkhouse while recuperating from an appendicitis operation.

And I played harmonica from time to time, trying new Hit Parade songs like One Dozen Roses and My Devotion. Then in August 1943, Tommy Shoyama invited me to come to Kaslo to work on The New Canadian.

Back in the scary tension-packed months after Pearl Harbor, I had first worked for Tom and The New Canadian. It was only from mid-December 1941 until late February 1942, but during that time Tom Shoyama instilled in me all the fundamental principles of responsible journalism I needed to carry me through my later career.

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-8
www.nikkeimuseum.org

There are a couple of anecdotes about my going to Kaslo from Yard Creek which might interest you.

The first had to do with the resident engineer, the civilian boss of the string of road camps between Revelstoke and Sicamous. I forget his name now, but he was one of those reddish-haired, pink-complexioned men, with a face like a skinned bulldog.

He used to come through to the camps about once a month, from his office in Revelstoke. And because I worked in the camp kitchen, I was often around when he drove in. And we'd get to talking.

He always rebuffed my arguments that we were unfairly treated. Or that being sent to a camp like Yard Creek was an injustice to loyal citizens. He'd argue back with such stories as supposedly hearing that the majority of Japanese American men had refused to enlist when the opportunity arose down there to join the army. It was boloney, but not having access to the big newspapers, and considering wartime secrecy about military matters, I was never quite sure.

At any rate, you can see that he and I were not friends, and he loved teasing and baiting me. And after the road-camp lads in B.C. were allowed to visit the ghost towns in spring 1943, he used to tease about that. You guys will never get to go to the ghost towns on a permanent basis -- you'll never get that close to all those girls, he'd smirk.

So imagine my feelings when that August Tom Shoyama arranged for me not only to leave the road camp, but for the reason of going to a ghost town. And when I walked into the resident engineer's office in Revelstoke, imagine his feelings and the look on his pink bulldog face when he had to hand me the travel permit he had signed.

I was jumping up and down inside me. But during those camp years after Pearl Harbor, I had learned to play dumb. So I worked hard not to grin when he grimly handed me the permit. But it was so difficult.

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-9
www.nikkeimuseum.org

En route to Kaslo, I passed through New Denver. And because it was early August 1943, the summer training school of ghost-town teachers was still on. I remember, as I waited for a ride to Kaslo, greeting some teachers I knew, especially the Tashme ones.

What I didn't know until last year was the actual sight I presented. Because some teachers including Hide (Shimizu) remember seeing me not only carrying a suitcse and big bag, but on this August day wearing a suit, and, of all things, a tie.

I don't know why I wore a suit that day, But it may have been because it was like being released from prison for me. You know, the proper thing to do when go out those prison gates heading for freedom, you wear a suit.

So I worked on The New Canadian for six months -- from August until March 1944. As those who were then in Kaslo may remember., I replaced Roy Ito who had been the assistant editor. Roy was going to Hamilton to enroll at McMaster University. I was his replacement. As Noji Murase of Lemon Creek was to be my replacement the following spring when I left for Ontario to join my family.

So along with boss Shoyama, I was fortunate enough to work with the famous T.U. -- Takaichi Umezuki, who knew me as a kid tagging along with my father to the Minshu offices on Powell Street, the printer Tsukane Mayeda, and the linotypist Junji Ikeno.

And it was part way through my stay that the first snowfall happened, and Junji and I caught hell for a snowball that our boss and friend, Tom Shoyama, had thrown.

Like all ghost towns, Kaslo had many girls, which was a huge adjustment from the men-only existence in the road camp. Somehow I managed to adjust. One of the things we did was have regular dances or parties on weekends. There were enough unmarried men around, usually there because their fathers had previously passed away. And so we'd gather at Harry Tsuchiya's Kootnicraft woodwork shop by the lake for our parties.

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-10
www.nikkeimuseum.org

My 21st birthday was celebrated there. And one of the things I liked doing was choosing the records and their order for the dancing. I was quite a jivey jitterbug then with a craze for jazz and swing.

So when the girls insisted the last record be something dreary like Wayne King's The Waltz You Saved For Me, we guys would mutter a lot. And we made sure our favorite closer record was towards the end, just before that old dreary tune. But more of that later.

After six months working for The New Canadian in Kaslo, it was my turn to move east to join my family which had moved from Tashme to St. Thomas in southwestern Ontario. So off I went, a city guy like the rest of the family, to learn how to milk cows and groom Clydesdale horses and all the other thrills that come from toiling on a dairy farm.

Abqut a year later, in early 1945, the chance finally came to join up -- to be allowed to enlist in the Canadian Army. This secret recruiting was strictly for work as interpreters in Southeast Asia: to deal with Japanese prisoners-of-war and with stubborn holdouts in the enemy territories of Burma and Malaya.

Like most Issei parents, my parents were not in favor of my joining up, nor any of my brothers doing the same thing. So we had hours and hours of arguments into the night about this when I announced I was going to go. I still remember one point my father raised, after all the usual questions like How can you go after the way we have been treated?, and What will our friends say? He asked, But what if you find yourself fighting your cousins? They're probably in the Japanese army.

I didn't know my first cousins then, but they were born in Port Alice on Vancouver Island, too. They went to Japan in 1925 or so when their father, my uncle, was killed. So they grew up Japanese and yes, the brothers probably were serving in the Japanese military.

I remember answering in exasperation, But, Dad, they wouldn't recognize me and I wouldn't recognize them!

more

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-11
www.nikkeimuseum.org

After the war, two of those cousins returned to Canada. One of them, Michio, had served in the Japanese army in China. At the welcome party for him, his wife and his children from Tokyo, I found myself looking at a photo album. There was a snapshot of a young Michio, in Japanese army uniform, somewhere in China, arms in the air doing Banzai.

I said to him, in nihongo, is that you? He said, Yes. Then he said, I understand you were in the army, too. And I said, Yes.

Before our group of Nisei went overseas, though, some of us had an interesting encounter at the Horse Palace down at the Toronto Exhibition grounds. We were mustered there, just before being sent to India via Britain. One day when three of us private soldiers were walking along the second level of the Horse Palace, we saw an officer approaching us. So we thought we'd better look smart here and give him a good salute as he passes by.

He was an army captain, a smallish guy, quite good-looking and with a real tan, looking real smart in in a Royal Canadian Corps of Engineers uniform, with overseas ribbons on -- and as we saluted him, we were thinking, Who is this guy, is he a Sikh, or something?

He saluted back, and then said, "Are you Japanese-Canadian?" We straightened up even more and said, "Yes, sir." Then he said, "So am I, Suzuki's the name," and as we watched he marched smartly and briskly away.

And that is how some of us discovered there was a Japanese-Canadian officer in the Canadian Army and that his full name was Richard Suzuki , the same one that David Macdonald told about in his Toronto Star anecdote.

A few more war stories:

As we sailed across the Atlantic on a troopship headed for Britain in spring 1945, there was a provincial election in Ontario. So all soldiers on the ship who hailed from Ontario were ordered to turn up for the vote.

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Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-12
www.nikkeimuseum.org

There were several of us from Ontario in our Nisei group. Some said, What the hell, let's vote anyway. While others like me, turned cautious after our experiences, thought we'd better check this out.

After all, not only had we not been allowed to vote in BC where we grew up, but Ottawa had laid down all kinds of restrictions on us during wartime, so did we really have the right to vote?

I went up to a lieutenant who was in charge at the voting area and said, We were Japanese Canadians and hadn't been allowed to vote before, should we vote today? The officer looked at me sternly, and said, "Private, you are in the Canadian army now, *everybody votes in the army.*" So we voted legitimately that day.

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Now, here's my harmonica anecdote. On the same troopship across the Atlantic, they held concerts a few times to try to help us forget the boredom of the trip and the rocky Atlantic seas.

Talent was pretty thin on the ship, because there wasn't a full shipload heading towards Europe. Just the Nisei group, some reinforcements for occupation troops in Europe -- the war in Europe having ended by then.

Among the replacements were some Provost Corps types, or military police. The day after I played a couple of slow tunes on my harmonica in the first ship's concert, one very beefy Provost Corps private came up to me on deck and said, Say, can you play fast tunes? I said sure, and played one. Whereupon this guy, perhaps 220 pounds and six-foot-tall, started to jive. And like many heavy men, he was very light on his feet. So we hatched an act for the next night's ship's concert.

On we went, this big, burly guy and me. And as I played, he jived. It wasn't good, but it was loud, it was fast. And the contrast between us was hilarious.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-13
www.nikkeimuseum.org

The tune I played was ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE (play). My wife says that, after all these years, I still can't get it right. But no matter, we were a hit back then .

And what do you think the emcee of the concert called us? He announced, "And for our next item, we introduce the famous Irish vaudeville team of O'Reilly and O'Moritsugu." That was the only time I have been a professional Irishman.

Then for my encore, I played a slow tune, accompanied by a Lieutenant on the piano., Which, I should say, scared me somewhat, having just met this officer at this concert. I'd probably make too many errors and get an officer mad at me. What I should have played, considering that I was a professional Irishman at the time, was Danny Boy, of course. But no, I couldn't think that fast, so I played my favorite slow tune . . . about which more later.

Despite the happy experience of exercising full citizenship rights in the army, it is understandable that things were not always perfect during my time as a Canadian soldier. This was especially so when I was stationed in India, a country built upon discrimination of many kinds, including the caste system as well as the color bar under British rule.

So, what happened one day in Bombay in the fall of 1946 wasn't that much of a shock to me. I was in that city, the only Canadian with a small unit of British special-force types, waiting to be flown into Japan as part of the occupation. So on that warm day, having finished the morning Japanese-language lesson I used to give to the rest of the group, my British friends Johnny, Ted and Alf decided to go swimming at a private pool in the city. It was like Vancouver's Crystal Pool. Now, I don't swim so I wasn't keen anyway, but the lads insisted and said we'd go to eat out and see a flick at a cinema after, so I tagged along.

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Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-14
www.nikkeimuseum.org

The private pool was reserved for military personnel during the duration of the war, and the huge sign outside said EUROPEAN PERSONNEL ONLY. In India at that time, this was a code phrase -- meaning "no Indian-Army personnel." Just as in any military barracks there were two sets of outhouses for non-officers, marked for BORs (British Other Ranks) Only and IORs (Indian Other Ranks) Only.

Anyway, because I was "European personnel" -- meaning not Indian Army personnel -- I went along. The other three got their tickets, and I went up to the wicket. The Indian ticket seller was polite but firm. "No," he said, "no ticket -- European Personnel only." I protested I was a sergeant in the Canadian Army, pointed to the Canada flashes on my shoulders, and said I was so "European personnel." But he wouldn't budge.

My friends came back, wondering about the hold up. When they heard what was going on, they carried on like you'd never believe. They insisted on calling the manager, who was also Indian, and he backed up the ticketseller, because after all it was policy.

Johnny, Ted and Alf were ready to tear the place apart. But because I had calmed down and could see the ridiculousness of it all, I was finally able to divert them. We flounced out of there and the lads were so mad, they vowed to complain to our lieutenant colonel, and write to the service newspaper, and on the bus on the way home, they refused to pay the Indian conductor anything for the ride.

Now for not so unpleasant stories about what Nisei look like to others. Besides, not "European," that is.

We're still in India. This happened months later when there were nine of us Nisei collected in central India waiting to come home. The army food was pretty awful, and we used to seek out Chinese restaurants for decent food -- there are Chinese restaurants everywhere in India just as in Canada. And we Nisei needed not only decent rice but other civilized dishes, to make up for greasy fried Spam and boring C-rations.

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Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-15
www.nikkeimuseum.org

So off we went this day to a nearby bazaar to buy souvenirs and while there to try a Chinese restaurant.

As we nine Nisei approached the restaurant, a Chinese man out front saw us, His eyes lighted up and he started to greet us in Chinese. Harold Hirose, whom some of you know, said testily, No, no, we're not Chinese.

The man looked puzzled, studied us carefully and as we started to go up the stairs to the second floor, he began greeting us in Japanese.

So we had a rare old conversation. He'd learned his Japanese working in Yokohama before the war. And, of course, we were, of all things, Canadians but Japanese. So after he sat us all down at a big round table, he went away and brought the rest of the staff -- the cooks, the dishwashers and all the waiters -- around to inspect us.

He was the only one who spoke some Japanese, while nobody seemed to speak English, so there were pauses in the dialogue. Suddenly, our bilingual friend said in his partial English, going around pointing to each of us:

You Chinee, he said, You Chinee, You Chinee, around the table to Fred Kagawa, Jin Ide, Ernie Oikawa, Edgar Iwamoto, Elmer Oike, Sid Sakanashi, Harold Hirose and me. Then he stopped at Albert Takimoto. (Many of you know Albert, who with his glasses and mustache we used to call Hirohito ourselves.) And pointing to Albert, our Chinese friend said, You . . . *you Japanee*.

Yes, can you tell if someone is Japanese or Chinese? I used to think I could most of the time. But as I get older, I am not so sure anymore.

I should also tell you that just about the opposite assessment was made of what the same group of eight Nisei looked like a few weeks earlier.

When we arrived from Calcutta to this Special Force cantonment in a place called Meerut outside New Delhi, we marched in with our backpacks into this compound. And we saw some Oriental-looking guys in Canadian uniform watching us as we came by.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-16
www.nikkeimuseum.org

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Later when we got to know them, they turned out to be Chinese-Canadians who'd served in Burma and Malaya with the same Special Force we were with. They were mostly from Vancouver, and some of them knew Japanese or Chinese Nisei the Powell Street types in our group knew. .

At any rate, one day I was talking with one of them, Bill Lee, and he says, you know the day you guys came into camp. I said, Yeah. Well, he said, we hadn't heard but we knew you were Japanese as soon as we saw you. Is that right, I said. Yes, said Bill Lee, you all looked Japanese to us, that is, *all except the good-looking one.*

(Yes, *they* do that, too.)

Back to civilian life. Because I've written about it more than once, you may already know the story about how 2-3 days after I became a civilian again, a Mountie came to the door in St. Thomas to give me back my national registration card and my Japanese registration card . . . which all of us whether we had served in the military or not had to carry around for a few years yet. That incident as much as anything was the spur in my own involvement -- modest though it was -- in the campaign to get the government in Ottawa to give us satisfactory redress for our mistreatment.

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During all those bad years, and even during the recent battling for redress, there's one thing that I'm sure most of us have never forgotten. That there also were good hakujin, those men and women whose decency and belief in fairness kept us believing that our country, Canada, was not such a rotten place, after all.

And the redress settlement would not have happened, as we know, without the support given us by other Canadians, hakujin or otherwise, who recognize an injustice when they learn of it.

Back in the prewar days, most of us had such hakujin friends. And often, they were teachers.

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Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-17
www.nikkeimuseum.org

Bill Hosokawa, in his book, Nisei, The Quiet Americans, starts off his prologue by mentioning a Miss Bohan. Hosokawa says, and I am quoting him here, "Miss Bohan has a place in this story because she was this Nisei's first significant contact with the great,wide wonder-filled world of America outside his family and the family's immediate circle of friends."

And she left behind "a faint memory of patience, kindness and warm understanding , the first person among many outside his family to help shape the course of his life."

My own Issei father had such a hakujin woman teacher. I forget her name, and don't remember whether she actually was a trained teacher or not. But she lived in the town of Port Alice on Vancouver Island to which my father came.

And after working in the pulp mill all day with the rest of the Japanese gang, my father would go to her home after supper two evenings a week, to study English. And he was always proud of the fact that under her guidance, he had completed Canadian Reader 1, Canadian Reader 2 and Canadian Reader 3. That, I think, was the equivalent of his having completed Grade 3 English.

My own No. 1 hakujin friend and mentor was a high-school teacher named Miss Jean Story. She taught English to many Nisei at Kitsilano High School before the war. And in my case, she also taught me journalism in Grade 12, and it was one of her classes that elected me editor of the high-school paper.

Well, in 1961, I made my first trip back to the Coast after evacuation -- 19 years later. I was there as a magazine editor from Toronto and stayed for 16 days getting stories and checking out a man who we thought of hiring as our West Coast editor. And so along with touring the old neighborhoods, I looked up my former teachers.

Miss Story lived in a house in Kerrisdale, and she invited two other teachers -- Miss Lewis and Miss Hay -- to meet with me after all these years. It was a lovely reunion and we did a lot of catching up. Then the other two teachers left and I had a final cup of tea with Miss Story.

I found myself thanking her for the letters she sent me when I was in road camp, and in southwestern Ontario and in the army. And she told me a story about that.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-18
www.nikkeimuseum.org

Jean Story wrote letters to several of her former Nisei students after we were moved away from the coast. (Min Yatabe, whom some of you know, was one.) And she did this for years, during the war and after.

But, she said, she lived with her parents at the time -- and her father never approved. He had a brother who was captured by the Japanese at Hongkong. So he forbade her to write to the Nisei. She defied him, and he didn't speak to her for two years.

But she kept writing to us, kept being interested in what was happening to us, and giving us advice and support when we needed it. I know that after my army service, when I decided to go to university on the veterans benefits coming to me, I wrote her asking what she thought was best for me to do.

I took her advice, and I know she was happy I ended up with a job on Maclean's some years later. Because she wrote me a little note about seeing my name on the staff list in the latest issue.

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My final story has to do with Japanese Canadians becoming seniors. We are a race which usually doesn't show signs of physically aging as quickly as some others. And most Nisei have gone through life being taken for being younger than they are. This is a pleasant state of affairs, especially as more of us glide into the senior citizen category.

And last year as I approached the magic number -- 65 -- I would naturally expect people to say, C'mon, you can't be that old, why you look like you're only . . . well, you know.

And I never thought that people who say this were being more nice than truthful. That is until a month or so before I turned 65. One day I went up the main North York library to return some overdue books. As I waited for them to calculate the fine, the woman took a quick look at me and said, It's okay, seniors don't have to pay fines.

Well, what do you do? Say thank you very much and walk away, happy to have saved a couple dollars in the exchange?

Or do you do like I foolishly did in my vanity -- bristle, force a smile on my face and say as calmly as I could, "Actually, I am not a senior yet," and insist on paying my fine?

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-19
www.nikkeimuseum.org

And now almost two years later, as I approach my 67th birthday, I have to admit nobody asks me for verification when I ask for a senior's ticket at a movie, or use a senior's ticket on the TTC.

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Now to wind up, I want to go back to Kaslo again where I did about one month of teaching Grade 7 kids, which the committee members have been kind enough to say qualifies me for membership in this group. You'll remember the favorite tune we guys wanted to close our dances with, but the girls insisted on The Waltz You Saved For Me?

So for my final offering, here is that favorite song -- a slow tune. Recorded by many bands and singers over the years. But anyone of our vintage knows that Artie Shaw's was the best.

(Play STARDUST.)

There you have it. And thank you.

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Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-3-20
www.nikkeimuseum.org

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20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
NEW SUBSCRIBERS FREE
NUMBER AVAILABLE.



for the Christmas Issue of 1956 in the present offices of the NC were Marge Umezuki (editor Jan. 1, 1957—May 31, 1958), Henry Moritsugu (editor 1954-56, now working on Northern Daily News), Japanese section editor Ken Mori, and publisher T. Umezuki.

My Love Affairs with The New Canadian

By FRANK MORITSUGU

FRANK MORITSUGU, 35, father of three, has been Managing Editor of Canadian Homes and Gardens for the past three years. Born in Port Alice, B.C., and raised in Vancouver. Frank worked with Maclean's and CBC after graduating from the University of Toronto.



ALTHOUGH The New Canadian is only 20 years old this year, to me she is a glamorous world-weary courtesan who has commanded a whole platoon, nay, company, of lovers. Her devoted suitors have included many remarkable Nisei—some of whom spent long impassioned years in her service as editors, and others who paid court at a distance with contributions that helped to make her what she was and is.

I confess that this love bit is dragged in by my own personal feeling about The New Canadian. She was one of my first loves—and later I worked on the staff at three different periods and in three different places. My affairs with The New Canadian were casual ones in comparison to her liaisons with other suitors, but she was a generous and tolerant mistress—and although she's quite different now from the fresh, impudent but oh-so-intense girl of 1938-39, I guess I'm still not out of love with her.

To start off with, I was fortunate enough to know all of her first three editors—Shinobu Higashi, Tom Shoyama and Kasey Oyama. Higashi, who with Shoyama, founded the paper, was never my editor. But before The New Canadian was born, he was—of all things—my Sunday School teacher. He wasn't very orthodox in his job, but he was entertaining which is an accomplishment in itself.

So when The New Canadian came into being, I felt a relationship even though I lived in Vancouver's Kitsilano district, very remote from the college-student cabal that created the paper in the downtown district. Bill Tazeda, now the Toronto insurance man, then a UBC student, introduced me to one of the 1938 issues of the paper. It was a larger sheet than the tabloid it was to become, and carried transcripts of the winning speeches at the JCCL Oratorical contest held in the Japanese Hall. One of the speeches was by a Kamloops kid I was to get to know—Tom Shoyama. Another connection during the time I became a charter subscriber with the first regular issue in February 1939 was schoolmate Minoru Yatabe, now a chemical engineer, then the delivery boy for the paper in our district.

The New Canadian was an intoxicating acquaintance from the start. It brought young kids like me to our first contact with the bright young Nisei minds. It filled us in with political background and news concerning the Japanese Canadians and other B.C. Orientals. It exposed us to Nisei writers like Muriel Kitagawa (T.M.K.), Miyo Ishiwata, Mark Toyama, Sumi Iwamoto, and editor Shoyama. And it baffled outlanders like us in its gossip columns like So-ne Hen-ne's Thin Ice and Diana's Candlelight and Wine. Its sport pages brought a flush of regional pride on the infrequent times when it mentioned Kitsilano's judo team or baseball teams—the Busscis and the Kyuhins.

MY FIRST AFFAIR: 1941-42

Just about a week after Pearl Harbor—I think it was Dec. 15 or 16, I went to work for The New Canadian for the first time. The paper had gone into thrice-weekly publication because the Japanese language papers (Tairiku, Minshu and Canada News) were closed up tight on Dec. 8. The New Canadian was the only paper published for the Japanese community in this frantic, panicky period. From an angry young editorial weekly, it became the paper all Japanese read—with a Japanese section for the Issei.

I was eager, naive, and 19 years old with only the experience of being editor of the Kitsilano High School Life behind me. The staff consisted of editor Shoyama (Shinobu Higashi had gone to a newspaper job in Manchuria before the Pacific hostilities became apparent), Yoshi Higashi (Shinobu's brother), Seiji Onizuka who handled sports, and Eiko Henmi (who came in from a secretarial job to do a once-weekly column called Femme-Fare by Cinderella). They were a glamorous group who kindly tolerated me, the green kid from Kitsilano. I was general handy cub—got coffee from Sumiyoshi's a couple doors away from the Hotel World offices of the paper on Powell Street, or picked up the latest editions of the Vancouver dailies across the street at the drug store on the corner of Powell and Dunlevy, went by streetcar to deliver copy and pick up type in heavy linotype galleys wrapped in newsprint and bound with elastic bands from the Pender Street printers that set all our English material, and went to Taiyo Printing on press days to help in the final folding of the paper. I was deliriously happy and probably quite useless. And it was undoubtedly the first time The New Canadian staff had a full-time jitterbug in their office.

It was, as you will remember, a frightening, dramatic, event-filled time, that winter of 1941-42. I watched with mouth agape as famous reporters from the Sun and the Province and the scared of the indignant Nisei fishermen as of the Japanese invasion threats we all feared.

We worked Sundays and late at night in spite of the curfew. And when Christmas Issue time came, I stayed downtown and bunked with the others at Yoshi Higashi's place a couple blocks away from the office on the other side of Powell Grounds.

That special issue led to one of those experiences which made the staffers shake their heads indulgently at me. My first column was to appear in that issue—**Bull Session by F.A.M.,** an outpouring of excited jive talk with very little substance. But its appearance shot me to the top of the world. And on the final day when we had put the big issue together at the plant, a bottle of whiskey was passed around to toast the occasion. I'd only had time for a fast hamburger that day, and like the others was tired out after days of heavy work. The whiskey nearly knocked me out on the floor of Taiyo Printing, and I dimly remember being helped along the block or so to the Fuji Chop Suey by Yoshi and Seiji. There it took the expansive meal we celebrated with to revive me.

Normally, we ate at the Empress Cafe which was closer to my pocketbook. It featured a full course meal for 35c, including soup, dessert and coffee.

In mid-February, I reluctantly left the paper to go back to my normal work—gardening. It was only about a month before my gardener father was evacuated to a road camp in the Yellowhead Pass area. Raking lawns in Marpole and Kerrisdale was terribly dull but my mind was filled with happy memories of hobnobbing with the Nisei great. Tom Shoyama, who was aloof, indulgent, so full of important problems and deep thought. He taught me to type by insisting that my first story for The New Canadian had to be typed, not writ by hand. Yoshi Higashi, who big-brothered me and waxed enthusiastic about popular music and swing and things even more intellectual. He more than anyone really made me feel at home. Seiji Onizuka, who was a natty dresser, always wore a pork-pie hat on the back of his head, and seemed to know everything worldly that was worth knowing. Eiko Henmi, a sensitive pretty girl who wafted in to write her sensitive copy and wafted out again like a sophisticated princess whose poise was never ruffled by the shirt-sleeved furor of the newspaper office. And then there had been Kunio Shimizu, intense, articulate, and often angrily troubled—a man with courage and integrity, fighting an unpopular fight to make people understand that in the crisis, the only way to be accepted as Canadians was

The NC and I

By T. UMEZUKI

February, 1942, I was recuperating from a serious attack of typhoid fever when the Government issued orders to evacuate all Japanese from the B.C. coastal area. Had I been in good health at the time, I would have been shipped out to one of the road-camps. . . . For 17 years prior to my illness, I had worked on the Japanese Workers Union paper, "The Daily People (Minshu)", which had been arbitrarily shut down on Dec. 7, 1941, along with the two other Vancouver Japanese language dailies.

During the hectic days of the evacuation, I often dropped into the headquarters of the Kikajin-Kai (Naturalized Japanese Canadians Association) in the Tairiku Building on Cordova Street, temporary offices of The New Canadian, so I moved into the upstairs of the Tairiku Building where Tom Shoyama and Buck Suzuki stayed. I shared a bed with Buck.

It was my first experience in working with the Nisei generation and a wider range of people; my years with The Daily People had limited me to trade unionists. In the days before the war, many Issei were of the opinion that the Nisei were unreliable, but it seemed to me that they were never given a chance to prove themselves.

Being editor of the new Japanese section of the NC enabled me to stay in Vancouver until the end of October that year; the staff was the last of the JCs to leave. I enjoyed working with the younger generation. They verified my feeling that they could [illegible] sponsibility, and also, be much

Source: Nikkei National Museum 2018-16-2-1-4
www.nikkeimuseum.org

ed by the Yugoslav Association for the Promotion of Science and Technics.

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Less Chance of Cancer

"Japanese and native Hawaiian women have far less breast cancer than English or U.S. women of the same age range, who have smaller families, and who do much less nursing," stated Dr. Madge Macklin of Columbus, Ohio, in a paper given at the Ontario Medical Association last week. Women who have children and who nurse them run less risk of developing breast cancer than do childless women.

the war as part of the federal government's repatriation scheme.

Mr. Drysdale pointed out that repatriation to Japan meant the loss of British nationality and Canadian citizenship, and that "a fairly large number of these people are desirous of returning to Canada."

He also urged Ellen Fairclough, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, to consider the possibility of either reducing or eliminating the age limit entirely in the case of parents in Japan who wish to join their children in Canada. Under the present limits it is necessary that the mother be over 60 years of age and the father over 65 years of age.

Ship Act stipulated that persons living here for more than 20 years could have Canadian citizenship, a directive should be sent to the county court judges in the Vancouver area drawing to their attention this provision.

The Scholars

U of McGILL

Recipient of a Yale University fellowship, valued at $1,900, is **Taketo Murata** of Croydon, P.Q. He is a recent graduate of McGill University where he also received the Major Hiram Mills gold medal in psychology.

My Love Affairs with The New Canadian

Second in a Series

By FRANK MORITSUGU

My second affair with this newspaper was also a brief one —lasting from September 1943 to late February 1944. As mentioned in last week's 20th Anniversary Issue, my first brief fling with The New Canadian as a staff member was during that tense, agonizingly exciting time right after Pearl Harbor. Every day brought new restrictions, pronouncements, rumors and panic to the Powell street office in Vancouver Japanese town, as frowning men in a distant place ponderously decided what to do with us all.

But by the fall of 1943, the cataclysmic evacuation was completed, and relocating was just beginning eastward from the ghost towns and the road camps. The New Canadian was firmly established in its interior B.C. home at the ghost town of Kaslo, B.C. The offices occupied the front part of a green-windowed shop on the main street, next door to the Kaslo Kootenaian, the weekly newspaper whose plant and equipment the evacuated paper used.

To the NC office in Kaslo streamed mail from Japanese in road camps, other ghost towns, sugar-beeting and other farm areas, and from the frightening east where the more venturesome were making a new life. Although the heavy blade of Security Commission restrictions hovered over us, and the mailbag often rocked with wails of injustice and protest, life in Kaslo was a softly gentle thing.

It is a lovely town, this mining ghost town on handsome Kootenay Lake. And it was like paradise to me when I arrived after 21 months of road camp life at Yard Creek on the Revelstoke-Sicamous stretch of the would-be Trans-Canada Highway. These road camps, built by and for evacuated bachelor Japanese Canadians, were remote monasteries without dignity. The only contacts with the outside world were letters, the radios bought through Eaton's mail-order catalogue, and the grudgingly granted once-a-month weekend pass to Revelstoke, a railroad town with as much personality as a dusty railroad flat-car. The camp had two tarpapered bunkhouses housing 54 men each when all built-in bunks were occupied, plus a cookhouse at which all the men could eat at one sitting, with a separate dining room for the white staff, a small bunkhouse for that staff, and a long outhouse which was about a 24-holer if my memory is correct. Yard Creek camp also had a magnificent bathhouse, built by the resident carpenters. The Japanese bath was large enough for smaller men to take three-or four strokes in, heated by an oil-barrel unit, with plumbing and a shower that drew icy mountain water from the creek nearby.

Camp life was a nagging loneliness that grew from isolation, no privacy, and no women or family. And whether we worked on the road, cleared virgin bush, flunkied in the kitchen, played softball or hockey, or cards or mah jong indoors—we rarely forgot our festering bitterness against the reasons that forced us to remain prisoners there.

(Continued on Page Eight)

Nisei Says Tattooed Man Likely to be Delinquent

SAN FRANCISCO.—Who is the tattooed man?

Dr. Joseph Yamamoto, assistant professor of psychiatry in the University of Oklahoma school of medicine reported some scientific answers at the American Psychiatric Association meeting held recently.

It turned out that the man with the tattoos is more likely than his unadorned brothers to be a sort of "permanent juvenile delinquent."

He is arrested almost twice as often; he is constantly running into disciplinary trouble in and out of the armed services; he drinks more, and has been much more often truant as a school boy.

All in all, he's a much less desirable character than the non-tattooed man—and even his virility is in question.

Advertisements to the contrary he finds it much more difficult to "adjust to heterosexual" relations than his clear-skinned contemporaries.

His divorce rate is three times higher than the non-tattooed man, and he is three times as likely to have come from divorced or separated parents.

This much may be said in defense of the tattooed man: he is not, despite the opinion of the late Dr. William Osler, any more prone to venereal diseases than his contemporaries.

He's likely to be a little crazier (psychotic, if you like) and less well educated.

And mostly, no matter what he says, he doesn't get tattooed when he's drunk. Almost every one of Dr. Yamamoto's subjects was strictly sober when he bared his epidermis to the artist's needle.

Nisei Woman May Get Buddhist Priesthood

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—Special and impressive ceremonies were performed at the Higashi Hongwanji Daishido, in Kyoto, Japan, when Chief Abbot Kosho Otani presided at the ordainment for kaikyo-gakari of Flora Shiohama.

Miss Shiohama, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. Shiohama of Los Angeles, is the first Nisei woman to receive this title that would eventually lead to full priesthood after her internship. She is a leading member of Higashi Hongwanji study group in Los Angeles.

To receive this title, Miss Shiohama presented a thesis on Buddhism in English and Japanese, as well as passing written and oral examinations.

Vase Symbol of Work Of Montreal Missionary

MONTREAL. — A sea-green cloisonne vase on their mantel symbolizes the life's work of Rt. Rev. S. S. Powles and his wife, who worked 40 years as Anglican church missionaries in Japan.

It was a gift to the couple when they left that country 18 months ago. They first went there on their honeymoon in 1916 and apart from the war years of WW II, made their home in Japan.

Mrs. Powles said that after the war, "our people welcomed us back, but kept asking us one question we had no answer for, either then or now. They wanted to know why the bomb had been dropped by Christians on a city that wasn't a military or an industrial target."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Powles, natives of Montreal, learned Japanese fluently early in their stay.

They raised a family of six children in Japan and left one son in Japan to carry on their work. Another is in England, and their four others are in Canada.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-5
www.nikkeimuseum.org

The Scholars

958 appears to be a bumper year for Nisei students upper reaches of educational training: the names re graduates, even more Ph.D's, crowd our lists olars. Without doubt, this is a source for applause pproval. The pattern of Nisei expansion into the sional and academic fields, which was disrupted evacuation, has resumed its course, and the liba- f heady scholarly wine is being lapped more and among the quadrangles of the universities.

here is, however, one disturbing trend among the scholars: the lack of interest in the humanities. It faculties of medicine, law, science, dentistry, iacy, and so on, that draw a disproportionately bulk of Nisei students into their folds. The de- or greater economic largesse, the anti-intellectual f our times, no doubt are two of the main reasons. o these a timidity when faced, at the outset, with ylla of a professional course and the Charybdis arts course.

he Nisei student, it appears, charts his course to actical career over the aesthetic, the lucrative what perhaps interests him more and which he de- to sacrifice for the sake of immediate returns.

he common undergraduate game, then, is that of ng the diploma and earning more money, with an t total neglect of the harmonious expansion of all culties, as Matthew Arnold might put it. The result s might easily be anarchy with a society based on ores of a philistine code of ethic.

et, this is not to say that there is no need for en- rs among the Nisei. But if our country and our ation are to be saved and bettered, it is not the cal scientists who will ultimately be responsible. ver necessary and exciting it may be to think of g an expedition to outer space, it is not the know- of the gadgetry of weapons that will save us.

et us by all means have scientists; we need them. t the same time, let us try to even the unbalance exists, the trend that is making of us submissive s to the acquisition of wealth and security and ideas of mechanical progress.

e foundation of real human values depends on a te that permits the use of all the faculties of man mind, his senses, his heart—without regard to diate practical consequence, a climate that is not ied by strange ideas and unusual behavior. We e saved ultimately by fully developed, mature n beings.

We live in a frustrating, paradoxical world that hes freedom of thought and practices conformity, es peace and prepares for war, aspires to learning worships athletes, millionaires and the female n. The meaningful kind of education, the kind that ures and tempers the mind of the student for the experience of living is that which prods him to for himself, to resist the encroaching monster of anization of thought, and to see things in their r perspective.

We hope that the challenge of a liberal education ather more devotees to its cause because we deep- l that society should have more balance, and cer- the Nisei can contribute more in this respect by ning from their own ranks.

—K.A.

LOVE AFFAIR

(*Continued from Page One*)

In contrast, Kaslo in September had resplendent cherry trees, a beach ideal for weiner roasts, a lake on which soft mists sometimes veiled the graceful glide of the stern-wheeler SS Moyie, a ball park that resounded with the happy young shouts of the ballplayers. And, Kaslo had girls—giggling, shrieking, smiling, flirting, eager, shy, happy girls.

But back to my mistress—The New Canadian. It was now an 8-page weekly newspaper—4 pages English, 4 pages Japanese. The editor was Tom Shoyama, who had been my Powell Street boss. Slight, spectacled, and intense, he wrote tough editorials in scholarly style. And to me he was a hero, to his undoubted embarrassment. Not the Errol Flynn or Burt Lancaster type, but a man who one night talked a mob of angry gambari Niseis out of their intent to beat up Shoyama and the other Nisei leader Kunio Shimizu in the New Canadian office at the Tairiku building on Cordova Street. I was there, but the story was told me glowingly by another Shoyama admirer who remembered how the fiery hate of the invaders was turned into comradely good humor by the quiet persuasive words of this deceptively mild-looking egghead.

In Kaslo, Shoyama's lieutenant was Japanese editor Takaichi Umezuki, another doughty fighter who was former editor of the labor paper, The Minshu. He was and is known to all as "T.U." Another nickname the staff favored for him was "Timonshenko," because his fierce look and strong mustache made him resemble that courageous Soviet general who was an Allied hero at Stalingrad.

The English section was further manned by Roy Ito, a quiet, serious youth who wrote sensitive prose in his popular High and Low column, and Junji Ikeno, a Lemon Creek refugee who handled the temperamental Kootenaian linotype machine with tender delicacy and shrieked curses. T.U's confederate in the Japanese section was Tsukane Maeda, formerly a teacher at the Fairview Japanese language school and now Japanese compositor and pressman.

(To be continued)

NC 20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE AVAILABLE

The New Canadian 20th Anniversary Issue is available at 25 cents per copy. New subscribers can receive it free of charge.

THE NEW CANA

Published on Wednesday and Saturday of e at a medium of expression and news o among those of Japanese origin in Ca

T. UMEZUKI, Publisher
KEN MORI.....Japanese Section Editor &
JERRY KUTSUKAKE.....English S

EM. 6-5005 479 Queen St. W., Toro

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dep

the jazz sc

Invading Toronto this Monday via The Colonial will be **Kai Winding and his Septet.** A small group with a big band sound, the Septet will be a welcome change for local jazz adherents, who have lately been subjected to an overdose of traditional music. Following Kai, the South Yonge St. establishment reverts to traditionalism with the **Bob Scobey Septet.** Dixieland also makes its exit tonight at the same pad with the **Jack Teagarden Seven,** thus closing out a two week stint by the former Louis Armstrong "sidekick".

Also, next week, the Town Tavern, in contrast to the modern offerings of Kai around the corner, goes with one of the "old guard", **Bobby Hackett** and his quartet. Trumpe is featured and for his solo effo for Mood" seri ducted by Jacki **Peter Appleyar**

Appleyard, th with his thoug many bookings come up wit rhythm section. has just left group, provides not unlike the nie Tristano. Ronnie, bassist gained much with altoist L formerly with Presy on drum rhythm section.

It seems unfo a marvellous rh waste, as little them to "blov pleasing to t type of jazz fa his showmansh ality, and appa fall into dull "tinkle tinkle"

This is well the number, Eleven," when "poor man's talented vibis rhythm section are there. With direction, this exciting.

Also schedul are **Lurlean H Gibbs.** . . For lous big band s Tommy Dorse by Warren C at Burlington's Wed., June 11 bourg's Hous kicks off as u **Butch Watanab** a permanent three nights.

Call for hel have items of i scene in their appreciate hea

REBUTTAL

Dear Disappointed Ticket Holder:

It is appreciated that you and 50 other friends and associates purchased tickets to help finance the Japanese Canadian Centre, re: Air Trip to Japan for 2.

I, too, recently purchased a raffle ticket (other than the Centre appeal) which did not reveal the date of the drawing nor the amount of tickets printed for distribution. I do not, or did not indulge in voicing offensive accusations regarding this method. I only purchased the ticket to assist this organization reach its goal, as did the majority.

Your nasty remark, "this cloak and dagger is a typical Japanese method not revealing the number of tickets printed, etc. etc.," only accentuates your unthoughtful and childish whims. Grow up, Disappointed Ticket Holder, this is an appeal to raise funds, not an appeal to send everyone to Japan on a trip. If you honestly believe that the said number of tickets (10,000) will be sold, you're naive. I still say this if you did not inquire, before you purchased the ticket as to when and where it is to be drawn. A little common sense and maturity should caution anyone before they purchase anything. It seems to me you didn't in this case.

The person from whom you purchased the ticket more than likely was of Japanese extraction, so why on earth didn't you inquire? What was wrong? Was your mouth too full with everyone using it to put in their left-over lunches?

—Jerry Kutsukake

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Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-6
www.nikkeimuseum.org

MR. FRANK MORITSUGU
635 OSSINGTON AVE
TORONTO 4

THE NEW CANADIAN

An Independent Organ for Canadians of Japanese Origin

Vol. 21—No. 47 SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1958 TORONTO, ONT.

Third in a Series

My Love Affairs With The New Canadian

By FRANK MORITSUGU

Last week I began this account of my brief stay in Kaslo, B.C., during September, 1943 to February, 1944, as a staff member of this newspaper. Though brief, this second love affair with The New Canadian was an emotional and psychological oasis in the bitter desert of the lonely uprooted months after evacuation. And Kaslo, that gently lovely ghost town by the lake, had almost everything that the mountain-bound road camp I had come from did not have.

The New Canadian staff in late summer 1943 was made up of editor Tom Shoyama, Japanese editor Takaichi Umezuki, assistant editor Roy Ito, Japanese compositor and pressman Tsukane Maeda and linotypist Junji Ikeno. Also acting as part-time secretary was Naomi Tanaka, formerly of New Westminster as were many of the evacuees in Kaslo.

I was released from road-camp bondage to replace Roy Ito who was off east to studies at McMaster University. (It is no coincidence, and a comment on Shoyama's training of us that Ito eventually became editor of the Silhouette, the McMaster campus newspaper—and several years later, I took over the same job on the University of Toronto campus newspaper.) In Kaslo, Editor Shoyama was less aloof than in Vancouver when I'd been very low man on the staff totem pole. As I look back, it is astonishing how tolerant he was of his new assistant editor who found sudden freedom from road-camp imprisonment almost unbearably intoxicating. When I paid attention to work, Shoyama taught me newspapering—not only techniques and standards but a great pride in the profession. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday morning we wrote and edited all copy in the office and sent it onto linotypist Ikeno next door. On Wednesday afternoon, Thursday, and Friday, we composed the type in the forms, picked heads by hand in the plant. On Saturday, we addressed, wrapped and mailed the week's issue. And during this time, the editor imprinted in me the solid foundation of journalistic judgment which has served me well subsequently.

One other chore I did each week—as did my predecessor Roy Ito and my successor Noji Murase—was to make English-language synopses of all the Japanese copy. These were sent to the censor of [illegible] publications out of Vancouver along with carbons of



Prince and Princess Mikasa (right) are shown receiving a bouquet of roses from Joan Abiko of San Francisco upon their arrival via Japan Air Lines recently. Japanese Consul General at San Francisco Akiro Nishiyama and his wife are also pictured greeting the royal couple. The Prince and Princess were enroute to Rio Janeiro where they were official guests of the Brazilian government during the 50th anniversary celebration of the Japanese immigration to Brazil. The Japanese colony today totals 400,000.

COST OF OLD AGE HOME REDUCED TO $80,000

A report made by the Board of Directors as to the progress of the plans of the Nipponia Home for the Japanese aged at Beamsville, Ont., revealed that the opening of tenders showed the lowest bid was $87,000, not including the heating system which will cost $5,000.

In an effort to reduce the cost, George Yamazaki, associate architect for the project, redrew the plans so that approximately $80,000 will cover the cost of construction of the Home, furnishings and other items.

The revised plan has been approved by both the Welfare Dept. and the Fire Marshall of Ontario. The construction will commence as soon as the legal contract is signed and it is estimated that it will take about four months to complete.

Present at the meeting held on June 7 were board members Rev. T. Komiyama, Y. Yamaga, S. Utsunomiya, Mrs. F. H. Hayashi, T. Umezuki, Y. Iwasaki, and Mrs. K. H. Shimizu.

JCCA Hopes to Ease Family Hardships

National JCCA Immigration chairman, Mrs. Muriel Kitagawa, accompanied by Mrs. Rei Nakashima of Montreal and a yet unnamed third party of Ottawa, is again presenting a brief on behalf of the Japanese Canadians, these subsections discriminate against persons of Asian origin. Section 20 (d), though revised on Dec. 20, 1957, to include persons legally admitted into Canada though not necessarily persons of citizenship, limits admissible re- [illegible] husband wife unmar- from their families and relatives in Canada, some persons who are at this moment in actual hardship because of the separation, be liberated from the discriminatory powers against racial origin."

The contents of the brief will

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-17
www.nikkeimuseum.org

the Japanese copy. The synopses were to enable the censor to decide which copy to check thoroughly and which to pass over quickly. The week's issue could not be put to bed on the press until the wire arrived from the censor (usually late Thursday) giving approval, or suggesting certain deletions.

In that wartime emergency period when all letters written by Japanese Canadians were censored (and sometimes parts were deleted neatly or clumsily with razor blade or scissors), our readers probably took it in their stride when an issue of The New Canadian arrived with sentences or even paragraphs brushed out in black ink. This painstaking on-the-spot obliteration was done by the staff when rushed deadlines or a delayed censor's report forced the editor to take a chance and print something before the wire from Vancouver arrived. As I recall it, one particular example was a fiction piece by Roy Ito in one Christmas issue which had lavish sections blacked out—rendering the story almost impossible to understand.

This somewhat annoying chore of "translation" did have its good effect on me. In my few months at Kaslo, I learned about as much Japanese as I had during 12 years of Japanese language school in Kitsilano. Japanese editor Umezuki and well-thumbed dictionaries like the Kenkyusha should get credit for the fact that about two years later I was accepted as an interpreter-translater and given Army trade pay for this status.

My memories are filled with fun and good times at The New Canadian in Kaslo—at a period when many of my contemporaries were going through the sheer hells of relocating. But another kind of memory concerns the Mounties. As you will remember, there were good Mounties and bad Mounties—with perhaps the emphasis on the latter type if only because they had the dirty job of policing us unwanted Japanese Canadians during these years. One "good" Mountie was the congenial officer in Kaslo who we came to know and like for his humane fairness. One bleary Sunday morning, we were wakened by his visit to the ramshackle cottage on the lake which I coyly christened Lakeside Villa in a series of jazzed-up columns I wrote at that time. The Corporal was out for his morning constitutional on the beach and had just dropped in.

What are you fine lads planning to do this lovely Sunday? he asked, making conversation. Oh, said one of us, we thought we might go out with some girls and take pictures. (This was a time when cameras were still forbidden, like short-wave radios.) Dammit, the Corporal said, I can look the other way when any of you in this town carry cameras about, but you don't have to tell me about it!

But not all Mounties were like this man. He was succeeded by a couple of spit-and-polish constables, with whom I had a run-in near the end of my Kaslo stay. I was leaving the fair town and The New Canadian for Ontario to join my family at Bannockburn Farms in St. Thomas. It was late February 1944. I had made all arrangements, had my permit and one-way coach fare from the Security Commission, and had been bid farewell by the staff and my friends. My successor, Noji Murase, had come up from Lemon Creek and was ready to take over. But my departure didn't come off on schedule, embarrassing my friends somewhat and me most of all.

I missed the once-a-week train to New Denver by dawdling over a farewell. First thing I knew the train was gone, and two Mounties swooped on me on Kaslo's main street, whisked me into their car and roared around the corner, squealing the tires.

Rumors spread like wildfire. It was said I'd be arrested and taken to jail in Nelson. And other things even worse. But I'd only been taken around the corner to the other end of the block and de-

(Continued on Page 8)

for the revision of the existing Immigration Act and regulations. The presentation of the brief will be made jointly with, chairman Ruth Lor, and delegates of the Canadian Chinese Association, to Honorable Ellen Louks Fairclough, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, in Ottawa on June 20.

"The specific portion of the Immigration Act to which the delegates are restricting themselves to is Section 20, subsections c and d, which refer to the immigration into Canada of certain categories of relatives of Canadian citizens and persons residing in Canada. An examination of the two subsections clearly illustrates that there is inequality of the rights possessed by Canadians of Asian origin and Canadian citizens of other racial origin. By this very inequality

ried children under 21 years, father over 65, and mother over 60.

"The NJCCA submits that the existence of such inequalities still written in the Immigration Act is inconsistent with the rights of Canadian citizens, and also denies the principle contained in article 16 of the UN universal declaration of human rights to which Canada is a subscribing party. (Article 16 reads: "The family is a natural and fundamental group unit of society. It is entitled to protection by society and state".)

"The National JCCA will recommend that section 20 (d) be erased completely and that subsection (c) be enlarged to persons regardless of their racial origin. Only then can some persons now in Japan, separated

be released for publication about the same time the delegates arrive in Ottawa for the presentation.

* * *

The monthly NJCCA executive meeting will be held on Wednesday, June 18, at 8 p.m., 415 Spadina Ave.

ISSEI-DOM . . . by t.u.

Supporting the Nipponia Home

All the efforts and means of Mr Y. Yamaga of Hamilton—his remaining life, savings and property—are being placed in the erection of a model haven, the "Nipponia Home", for our aged pioneers. Citizens should appreciate this worthy project and support it.

It is important at this point to make clear the status of the Home. The Nipponia Home has been incorporated with the Ontario government, and has been purchased and registered under the name of Nipponia Home, Inc. Constitutions and by-laws have been drawn up and the project is being handled by a board of directors. Thus the Home has been registered as a public institution and not as Mr. Yamaga's private enterprise, though of course, he is the driving force behind it. Yet it seems that in the Japanese community, this point is still not clear.

The public has apparently been led to believe that the Home,

(Continued on Page Eight)

Nakamura Paintings

OTTAWA.—Kazuo Nakamura of Toronto is one of 54 "Canadian Artists of Fame and Promise" whose works were officially put on the block by Governer-General Massey on June 10. He has submitted two paintings, one oil and one water-color.

The prices start as low as $35 and climb to $200. Proceeds of the sale will go towards the mental health and retarded children work of the Ottawa section of the National Council of Jewish Women.

Visitors dropped their names in a box below the painting of their choice. The winner paid the price already marked on the picture.

Just Jottings...

Prexy of CCF Section

VANCOUVER. — Mrs. Grace MacInnis, daughter of the founder of the CCF, and wife of a former MP who has done much to promote the welfare and rights of the Japanese Canadians, was elected president of the B.C.-Yukon section of the CCF last week.

Mrs. MacInnis is the daughter of the late J. S. Woodsworth, "father" of the CCF, and the wife of Angus MacInnis, former CCF member of parliament for Vancouver-Kingsway.

• • •

6th Victim this Year

NAGASAKI.—54-year-old resident, Tokichi Shiroyama, died last week from illness which doctors say was caused by after effects of the U.S. atomic bombing during the closing period of WW II. Shiroyama, who was a fireman at the time the atom bomb was dropped on that city 13 years ago, was the sixth victim of the bombing this year.

• • •

Miss Japan Will Try

At the Miss Universe Contest to be held on July 17 at Long Beach, Calif., will be Tomoko Moritake, Miss Japan. The 20-year-old office girl is 5 ft., 4", weighs 120 lbs., and measures 34-22-36.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-8
www.nikkeimuseum.org

ıese Culture - Why?

ormous swing of time's pendulum has e-birth of interest in the culture of Japan. the study of flower arrangement, doll-mak- ›ri, and so on, have been organized. The adays, silly as some of them are, have af- alizing views of Japanese culture—lovely ›ck gardens and the kabuki—to an ever ıdience. And, we are told, that since we are ancestry, it is our duty to acquire Japanese ıat we can "add something to the Canadian

ıe that within some of us there is a stirring ıind, from below the surface, of an under- interests, persistent in the life of a race. need here to delve into the findings of psy- anthropology to prove that within a racial is always an interest in the ancestral cul- atter how slumbering. And no matter how re orientated to Western cultures, we find t times, unconsciously responding to differ- tations of the culture of Japan.

ople are always ready to consider them- ns of culture on the strength of one profi- his case, the knowledge of the culture of ure, as it seems to us, is a thing that enables ife steadily and see it whole. It is a com- ny attainments: good manners, learning, o the arts, feeling for humanity, intellec- and so on. When we speak of culture, we e in mind all of these things at the same ırdly anyone will deny that they play a part

sei, then, must guard against the delusion bring about culture **for the sake** of the im- of the Canadian amalgam. Culture is one we cannot deliberately aim at in order to ıd. It is an end in itself; the improvement of ›ws as a by-product, however important that ulture is a product of a variety of more or nious activities, each pursued for **its own** ıse it stirs one's imagination, excites the fulfills an aesthetic passion.

:t, then, Japanese culture is a thing to be 'or its own sake, and not, as it is so often se it "contributes to the scheme and life of ot because we are persons of Japanese an- are expected to know something of Japan ›ne asks us, and not because it is "the thing s not our duty, obligation, or whatever you parents and our "heritage" to give a pro- ting of ourselves in this way. These are h phrases, we feel, are intellectual er- ıotional prejudices that stand in the way of ›proach to culture.

› may even be described as simply that ›s life worth living. It must be distinguished ledge about culture, from the kind of lip- is paid by dilettantes, who throng, for ex- ›e a Japanese pianist when they have no in- 'est in what she is trying to express and :e. .

initiation into any kind of culture is an in- nto a way of life, an opportunity to enrich ience, received from the past and to be per- the future. So that if we must absorb Japa- , let us do it with all our faculties, enjoying, ınd even revelling in it.

study it, if we must, because we are indivi- not because we are members of a racial let us, if we must, strike deeper into the ıeart of Japanese culture: into its art, music, try, prose, philosophy, etc., and not be satis- s more gentil and esoteric refinements.

—K.A.

LOVE AFFAIR

(*Continued from Page One*)

livered by my RCMP escort to the Security Commission officer.

He was so angry he nearly spit. He was positive that my missing the train was a deliberate plot by The New Canadian to humiliate him. He was not aware that missing trains was a frequent if inexcusable habit of mine during my younger days.

To explain the Security Commission officer's mistake, it should be mentioned that he and The New Canadian were not exactly palsywalsy. The paper and its staff and families were the only evacuees in Kaslo who did not have to kowtow to his every pompous order. We were a national publication whose influence and connections went far beyond his local jurisdiction and we did not relish this recently-arrived officer's tendency to favor only those who treated him as Lord High Pooh-bah. So he was angry, accusatory and had mutually angry words with editor Shoyama.

Later Shoyama gave me hell, which I richly deserved. Then he reassured my fears about my next job of cow-milking by telling me I'd be surprised how adaptable human beings were. And a few months after in St. Thomas, as I woke each morning at 4:45 to trudge to a barn and strip Holsteins and shovel manure, I reflected how right he was as a wet, filthy cow's tail slashed me brutally across my ear.

Anyway, a week after the train-missing, I finally caught a train and left Kaslo and B.C. It was the end of a delightful if slaphappy period in my life. Not only did The New Canadian train me well but through it, I got to know such people as the Reverend K. Shimizu, the intellectual United Church minister, Dr. Ed Banno who removed some of my teeth, earthy Harry Tsuchiya whose Kootnicraft shop was the scene of many swingy parties including the celebration of my 21st birthday, and met such fascinating visitors as Mark Toyama, the Nisei writer I most admired, Kasey Oyama who later became my New Canadian boss in Winnipeg, and many others who in one way or another formed the personality of The New Canadian.

And finally, Kaslo was the last place I enjoyed a nihonburo. The Japanese bath for single men was a modest setup compared to the magnificent appointments of our road-camp bathhouse, or for that matter, the community installations at Tashme—but it was still the most civilized way to take a bath. Its steaming memory still makes for me a mockery of the antiseptic, chrome-glittering and enamel-cold troughs that most of us dignify by the name of "bath" in this enlightened western world.

(To Be Continued)

THE NEW CANADI

Published on Wednesday and Saturday of each we at a medium of expression and news outlet among those of Japanese origin in Canada

T. UMEZUKI, Publisher
KEN MORI.....Japanese Section Editor & Adver
JERRY KUTSUKAKE.....English Section

EM. 6-5005 479 Queen St. W., Toronto 2-

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department,

the jazz scene

By Hop

Kai Winding's Septet closes out this week at the Colonial. The group, made up of four trombones and rhythm, is a disappointment, for it doesn't approach the calibre of the original seven. There is a lack of exciting soloists such as existed when trombonists **Carl Fontana** and **Wayne Andre** were leading the way. Then, again, perhaps the trombone sound tends to get monotonous, especially in view of the fact that the septet's book has not had any new arrangements to speak of. Yet, the group is worth a look, if not for anything else, because of the absence of better groups around town of late. Incidentally, for the early birds, the Colonial kicks off at 6 p.m. every day.

This Wed., June 18, Hamilton jazz fans will be treated to vibist **Terry Gibbs** and his Quartet. Terry, who now resides in California, will have a completely revamped line-up of West Coast musicians. The locale is the Westdale Hotel's Fireside Room; they will be playing around 9. The same group will visit Toronto later this month. . . . Also from the West Coast, in an entirely different vogue, **Bob Scobey** and his Septet will check into the Colonial this Monday. Publicity releases have Clancy Hayes on banjo featured. A female vocalist will also be with the Dixieland septet.

At the Town Tavern, where they seem to have instituted a policy of having the artists return much too often too soon, singer **Lurlean Hunter** follows **Bobby Hackett.** Here again, emphasis is being placed on traditionalism in the form of Dixieland. **Terry Gibb's** Quartet and trumpeter **Rudy Braff** are also scheduled to come into the East Queen Street pad. . . The "Little Pixie", i.e., **Moe Koffman,** and his Quartet wind up their stay tonight at the South-South Yonge St. spot (The Stage Door). . . A big band finally hits Toronto next month. **Woody Herman** and his Herd will play July 10 at the Palace Pier. . . **Duke Ellington** and his Orch., the **Modern Jazz Quartet,** and **Chico Hamilton's** Quintet will be presented in a package concert at Kleinham's Music Centre, Buffalo, on July 27. . . On Labor Day, Sept. 1, Crystal Beach, Ontario, will be invaded by **Stan Kenton** and his Orch. . . It is fervently hoped that Kenton will make it to Toronto, or at least to the Brant Inn in nearby Burlington. . .

A report on the all new "Chatelaine" magazine for Canadian women by sister maga lean's" says, "Chatelai to please this new wo wider range of materi factual, not so much fi 'thicker, cleaner-looking The Sept. package w football, jazz, etc." teresting.

In the musical com Pat Suzuki appears he starring role in "T Drum Song," a Ro Hammerstein musical the best selling novel Lee.

Pat is scheduled to "Wizard of Oz," a De mer stock production, perience. She is als dance steps in prepa her appearance in with Ray Bolger this

ISSEI - D

(Continued from Pag

though it is incorporate provincial government, ally owned by Mr. Actually it is the per prising the membershi the owners. There i slightest doubt about M ga's position, and the meeting held on June 7 resolution in regard points, and opened th support the home.

There might be per wish to give financial the Home, but are no to the methods. The n of the resolution makes structure of the me namely, (1) anyone w butes $2.00 or more a become a member of ponia Home, Inc. Aid year; (2) persons who $100 or more shall bec member; (3) every or or group which makes bution shall be entitled one representative reg the size of its membe every member of the be entitled to vote whe tion of the directors t on the January of eac

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Thank You

Many thanks from Canadian staff for letters and comments o anniversary issue.

Extra issues are from this office. New s can receive them free

stinctive
Arrangements

TORIC OPTICAL
OPTOMETRISTS



TORONTO JAPANESE CANADIAN COMMUNITY
AIR TRIP to JAPA

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-10-2-1-9
www.nikkeimuseum.org

MR. FRANK MORITSUGU
635 OSSINGTON AVE
TORONTO 4

THE NEW CANADIAN

An Independent Organ for Canadians of Japanese Origin

Vol. 21—No. 49 SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1958 TORONTO, ONT.

Fourth in a Series

My Love Affairs With The New Canadian

By FRANK MORITSUGU

My third and last affair with this newspaper lasted about 21 months, mostly in Winnipeg from mid-October 1946 until summer 1948. From the lakeside ghost town of Kaslo, B.C., where I had known it last, the paper had relocated to Manitoba in 1945. Soon Tom Shoyama left to enlist in the Canadian Army, and left behind him capable Kasey Oyama as editor of a staff of old Kaslo hands—Japanese editor Takaichi (T.U.) Umezuki, assistant editor Noji Murase and Japanese compositor Tsukane Maeda. The other Kaslo staffer, Junji Ikeno, moved on to Ontario—his agile linotypist's skill no longer needed, now that The New Canadian's type was set at a big-city press with a whole battery of linotypists.

In fall 1946, I was out of the service about four months and had spent the summer working on the St. Thomas, Ont., farm where my family lived. But haying and threshing and harvesting onions and potatoes were done—I was now ready to go to college on veterans' credits and looking for a job to tide me over until a college made room. So I traveled west from Ontario to join The New Canadian.

The paper was well consolidated in Winnipeg but Noji Murase, who succeeded me in Kaslo two-and-a-half years before, had left to move to Hamilton. And with a big Christmas issue coming up, help was needed. One crisp fall day in October, I stepped off the transcontinental train to be greeted by Japanese editor Umezuki. T.U. had not changed much since Kaslo except that now he wore a Manitoba tan from golfing rather than a B.C. tan. I like to think that I had changed, being much younger than him—and having in the interim done quite a bit of traveling, including a visit to India via U.K. while in uniform.

While I was overseas, the atrocious repatriation device had been enforced in B.C.'s ghost towns by the authorities as part of the official campaign to get the Japanese evacuees to disperse across country. Then in May 1946, a few weeks after my return to Canada, a historic conference was held in Toronto. At the Labour Lyceum on Spadina Avenue, also the favorite spot for Nisei dances at that

Delegation Tells Fairclough in Ottawa Inequalities Impose 2nd Class Status

OTTAWA. — The National JCCA together with the Chinese Canadian Ass'n, presented a Brief to the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, Mrs. Ellen L. Fairclough, yesterday, June 20, in Ottawa. This Brief touched on the revisions to the Immigration Act of Canada, specifically Section 20, sub-sections "c" and "d", which discriminate against Asian Canadians.

The members of the delegation were Mrs. Muriel Kitagawa of Toronto, chairman of the National JCCA Immigration Committee; Mrs. Rei Nakashima and Mr. Kim Nakashima of Montreal; and Eddy Nishizaki of Ottawa. Representing the Chinese Canadian Ass'n. was chairman Ruth Lor of Toronto. C. E. Rea, Progressive Conservative MP for Spadina riding, Toronto, accompanied the group.

The delegates were introduced to Mrs. Fairclough by the Honorable Roland Michener, Speaker of the House. And Douglas Jung, MP for Vancouver Centre, arranged a meeting with the press later in the same afternoon.

Some 360 copies of the Brief were printed; these were distributed to all Members of Parliament and to the members of the press gallery.

Section 20, "d" restricts the immigration of the relatives of Canadian citizens and those persons legally admitted to Canada to only five categories, and even these have limitations not contained in the admissible 16 categories of relatives of Canadians mentioned in Section 20 "c".

The joint delegation recommended that clause "d" be eliminated entirely, and that clause "c" be enlarged to include all peoples of racial origins outside those in clauses "a" and "b". Only then can the heartbreak and hardship of family separation be eased for those now suffering, the delegation pointed out.

By Section 20, landing in Canada of any person is prohibited except where: (a) a person is a British subject by birth or naturalization, a citizen of France, a citizen of the U.S., etc.; (b) a person is a citizen by birth or by naturalization of Austria, Belgium, Finland, Greece, etc.

Clause "c" refers to those persons who are citizens by birth or by naturalization of Egypt, Israel, Lebanon, Turkey, or of any country of Europe or of a country of North America, Central or South America. Clause "d", which is applicable to Asians, refers to those citizens of a country other than a country referred to in clauses "a", "b", and "c".

"It has been assumed too often in the past," the delegation pointed out, "that if the now existing bars against the Asians were lowered they would 'flood' the country. This statement is made more to rouse fear and prejudice than to promote justice and friendly peace among peoples.

"The number of Chinese and Japanese Canadians are on a declining scale, and consequently the number of living relatives they may have in Asia (and often have none) could not constitute any kind of population threat as envisaged by the fearful. It must be remembered, too, that not all Asians want to emigrate out of their native lands."

In short, the Brief points out that Canadian citizens of Asiatic origin do not have equal rights with other Canadian citizens in

Reprimands Resident Fearful of Chinese

CLEVELAND. — The Strongville Township Council emphatically rejected a proposal to investigate the possibility of a Chinese suburb.

The resident who asked for the investigation was vehemently reprimanded by Sam Sonenfield

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-10
www.nikkeimuseum.org

men have beaten and clubbed a small colony of East Indians, the good citizens of Vancouver pile up barrels of powder and encourage the striking of sparks where they will do the most damage.

8000 Shouting Men

Early in the morning some 2000 workingmen pour out of Cambie Street grounds with banners flying.

By the time the procession reaches Hastings Street, it has

Naturally, the logical consequences follow.

By 9 p.m. the crowd outside grows impatient and begins to move uneasily, listening now to this shouting agitator and now to that—and, of course, the "non-violence" counsels of the yammering orators inside the hall do not get outside as fast as their denunciations of the yellow men.

The cooler heads break away from the crowd now, but those who remain—some 15,000—are swayed this way and that from minute from minute showing a greater desire for "action."

Rolls Down Pender Street

Shortly they form an immense, headless body that begins winding blindly to seep away toward Pender Street. It only requires

By 10 a.m., when the belated police reserves arrive on the scene in sufficient force of use, they find the Japanese, armed and belligerent, establishing their own patrols of their district.

All through the night they march in military sentry-go through the streets, and the protective cordon the police throw around Powell Street is not to save the Japanese from further violence, but to prevent any unwary white man stumbling on this unexpected hornets' nest.

Nevertheless, from hour to hour a few do, and come fleeing out for their lives.

Firemen Called Out

But under the calm determination of Chief Chamberlain, the police do good work farther west where the bold boys have run away from the battle of Powell Street—decide they would like to fight again in Chinatown, where the opposition was not so stiff.

With the assistance of the fire brigade, the police barricade the streets and prevent several dangerous thrusts towards Pender Street, turning the last back about midnight along the CPR tracks at Carrall Street.

In the meantime the horrified orators at the city hall—in the probability they are sufficiently stupid to be genuinely surprised at the turmoil they have helped to start—come and plead with the crowd to disperse.

The Canadian Immigration Dept. has recognized the need for family unity and has provided for relatives of certain Canadians to be admitted into Canada. But the disparity between clauses "c" and "d" of Section 20 —and the consequent inequality —are what the delegation pointed out.

Thus for citizens by birth or by naturalization of Egypt, Israel, Lebanon, etc., who are relatives of Canadian citizens, there are 16 categories of per-

LOVE AFFAIR

(Continued from Page One)

said a cherry "hello" to me on vast Portage Avenue. The day was one of those when womenfolk discard their bulky winter overstockings and saunter along joyously again on free, graceful legs.

And although Winnipeg has no hills—the only slope I remember is an underpass under railway tracks on Main Street just north of the CPR hotel—and the downtown buildings are dismal, you never feel shut-out and friendless there as you can in the dusty canyons of eastern cities. I never did.

But most of all, Winnipeg's people made my stay there a happy one. At that time, there were enough Niseis to organize a four-team basketball league and even challenge Alberta to an interprovincial championship—and there were many more Nisei girls than men. It was no accident that the regular mix-and-mate socials for the Nisei crowd were sponsored by the Niseiette group affiliated with the YWCA. Or that Nisei basketball was played at the YW gym, not the YM.

And through The New Canadian, I also met other interesting Winnipeggers—such as the Saul Cherniaks, and the Simkins of the Israelite Press who introduced me each in their own way to enjoyable Jewish customs. But about them, more next week.

(This series concludes next week)

changes in regulations made by the Immigration Dept., Canadians of Asian ancestry shall be granted equality privileges with other Canadians.

"Foremost in our submission is the elimination of Section 20 "d" and the enlargement of Section 20 "c" to include those persons now excluded. This Amendment would be a great step toward the goal of First Class Citizenship as imposed by the Immigration Act."

In this way, the delegation pointed out, "the democratic rights and privileges of all Canadian Citizens shall be preserved", and that the suggested revision "in granting equality of rights and privileges to all Canadians irrespective of race, creed, or color, will benefit Canada as a nation."

An appendix of sample cases illustrating categories of close relatives still inadmissible was attached to the Brief. Some of the cases, for example, are: Miss Setsuko Edamura, Toronto, who wishes to call her **mother, age 45 years**; Mr. Katsuyori Murakami, Ganges, B.C., who wishes to call his older **brother** and **nephew**; Mr. Goro Hamaura, Vancouver, B.C., who wishes to call his wife's **father, who will not be 65 until 1966**; Mr. Hikotaro Egami, Vancouver, B.C. who wishes to call his **married daughter and her family.**

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Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-11
www.nikkeimuseum.org

time, delegates of Japanese Canadian groups in Southern Ontario gathered to work out the roots of a national organization. It was a fascinating meeting and conspicuous among the back-of-the-hall hecklers was a sprinkling of khaki-clad Nisei veterans, who were both enthusiastic and critical at the same time.

So that although that conference's offspring, the National JCCA, did not come into official being until more than a year later, the mood of post-war settling down caught up the Nisei as it did other Canadians. True, we still caught echoes of the repatriation mess in B.C., and we still fumed against the lingering annoyances of travel permits from the RCMP, and the Japanese registration card complete with portrait and thumbprint. But the war was truly over and so was the quick-freeze of interior B.C. exile. The next step was to a more permanent settling down.

The New Canadian met the demands of this hectic period by soon expanding its weekly eight pages to twelve—six each in the two languages. Kasey Oyama, a serious man who watched the world and history carefully behind horn-rimmed glasses, was an ideal man as editor. Under him, I had the job of filling the feature sections of the paper, as well as the sports and personal notes columns. Among the regular contributors were Muriel Kitagawa from Toronto (under bylines: T.M.K. and Sue Sada), Margaret Inouye from Hamilton (Peg), Kaz Oiye from Hamilton (Kayo), Hugo Yamamoto from Brantford (Hymer Yonker), Jack Nakamoto from Ottawa, Jerry Sugiyama from Winnipeg, Aki Sato from Winnipeg—and less frequently, Vic Ogura from Montreal, Mas Ikeno from Toronto (whose cartoons adorned two Christmas issues and who later became art director of **Liberty magazine**), servicemen Jack Oki from Japan and Roy Ito from Singapore and Hongkong. Close to our editors' hearts, too, were such correspondents as James T. Hori who kept us on tab with the Moose Jaw hostel, Tami Fujiwara and Matt Matsui who reported on Toronto sports—basketball and tennis. As I recall it, bowling was not too big with Niseis at that time, at least not big enough to make the sports pages of The New Canadian.

The offices of The New Canadian were in a five-room bungalow on McCalman Avenue in Winnipeg's Elmwood district. The sun room was T.U.'s office, the living room housed editor Oyama's and my desks, and in the basement was the Japanese type Mr. Maeda preciously handled, as well as the mailing setup, including the battered addressing machine relocated from B.C. The Oyamas—Kasey, wife Sachi and infant son Dennis—also used this bungalow as their home, and I moved in as a boarder in the second bedroom.

To Sachi Oyama, housekeeping must have been an impossible task. Each weekday, her tiny home was invaded by the staff, and unlike most housewives she had her husband and the boarder (me) home for lunch daily. After all, we worked in the next room. Little Dennis was a baby supine in his carriage when I first arrived, but he learned to crawl and then walk among the desks and typewriters and important papers he must not touch during my stay with the Oyamas. He was the first New Canadian baby.

Although like most Niseis from B.C., I am a confirmed west-coast booster to any unwary eastener I meet, I am also a rabid Winnipeg booster as a result of my New Canadian stay. My view of that prairie city is probably a very romantic one. But it is to me the friendliest Canadian place I've lived in. And I go on to say, to whoever will listen, it never gets sticky and humid there—although it gets very hot and very, very cold, it's dry heat and cold, see. And it's the only big city I know where on a soft spring day a stranger

(Continued on Page Eight)

family moving into the Cleveland

Just Jottings...

Nisei Cameraman

TORONTO.—Assistant cameraman in the Canadian-made film, "Now that April's Here", is George Morito of Toronto. The movie, which is based on Morley Callaghan's short stories, received its world premiere on June 19.

• • •

On Red Skelton Show

TORONTO. — Tuesday, June 24th production of the Red Skelton Show will headline Sessue Hayakawa as guest star. Shuji Nozawa and Cliff Kawada will also share a spot on the show. Toronto time and listing is 9:30 p.m., on Channel 4, Buffalo. Other locales please check local listing.

• • •

Plot to Assassinate

SAO PAULO, Brazil.—Police ordered extra guards for Prince Takahito Mikasa this week for a celebration by Japanese in Brazil. Police said they had received annoymous reports that an attempt would be made to assasinate him. Law enforcers could find no foundation for the reports but are taking no chances.

• • •

Highest Rating

NORTH KAMLOOPS, B.C.—Diane Kika, grade 12 student at North Kamloops Junior-Senior High School, won three awards at an Awards Day ceremony recently.

Miss Kika was presented with a plaque and cup for having the highest scholastic rating among grade 12 students at the school. She was also awarded a University Women's Club bursary of $50, and a $100 scholarship donated by the PTA council.

council law director. He said it was un-American to deny anyone the right to live were he pleased. He pointed out that such an act was in violation of individual civil rights.

The resident, who lives in the development, said the Chinese family was planning to buy a home across the street from him.

After Sonenfield's remarks, the resident retreated. He said he didn't "mean it that way"—that is, as being un-American.

The council decided to drop the matter.

Joe Kadowaki, Cleveland JACL president, in a letter to Sonenfield noted: "Your recent action set a stirring and memorable example for us. Your stand has given us new courage and reaffirmed our faith in the living ideals of our nation."

"We understand that the Canadian Immigration Act is undergoing revision, and that views and criticisms concerning various sections can still be made with

(Continued on Page Eight)

Forced to Postpone Tanabata Festival

The Society for Oriental Studies regrets to announce that because of certain difficulties, the Tanabata Celebration that was to be held at the Royal Ontario Museum on July 12 has been postponed indefinitely.

The Society wishes sincerely to thank those individuals and agencies who so kindly agreed to cooperate and participate in the program. —T.O.

Japanese Hexes More Fearful Than Western

TOKYO.—The westerners who thinks he faces trouble on Friday the thirteenth should take a look at the lot of hapless Japanese.

His life is so full of jinxes that a simple hex like a black cat, the number 13 or a standing ladder will make him laugh with relief.

Some of the pitfalls Japanese are told to avoid include such instances as:

Never travel in an unlucky direction. Since the unlucky direction changes every day, a horoscope under the pillow to be consulted every morning is a must.

Never buy a house with the door or window in the northwest corner. That is the "devil's gate" through which the evil spirits enter the home. The wise Japanese always builds his toilet there, to keep out the devils.

The men who built Emperor Hirohito's palace in Tokyo 300 years ago took care that its "devil's gate" was protected. They also constructed Kaneiji Temple on a hill in Ueno Park to the northwest of the palace.

Never sleep with your head lying to the north. That's the way all Japanese dead are stretched out and the spirits who take away the dead are liable to make the mistake and take you along.

Never hang a "to let" sign straight. Always hang it at a slant, because that's the way the Japanese character for "enter" is written.

Never throw nail parings into a fire. Your house will burn down.

Never leave your wells open during an No. 1 eclipse. It will be poisoned.

Never forget to include a handsome piece of seawood in your bethrothal gift to your beloved. Otherwise, unhappiness will dog her entire life.

Never hold a funeral on a "tomobiki" day which comes every sixth day. If you do, all who attend will join the dead person in death, because "tomobiki" means to pull friends.

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-12
www.nikkeimuseum.org

TORONTO 1956—Preparing for

the jazz scene

By Hop

JAZZ CALENDAR:

May 31—Toronto: Max Kaminsky, trumpet (Dixieland), with The Norm Amadio Trio. Town Tavern, 8 p.m.; 3 p.m. matinee.

May 31 — London: Hagood Hardy, vibes; Ed Bickert, guitar; Jack Lander, bass, and Ron Rully, drums. Campbell's.

May 31-June 7—Toronto: Jack Teagarden and his Sextet. Jack Teagarden, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Dick Oakley, trumpet; Don Ewell, piano; Stan Puls, bass, and Ronnie Greb, drums. Colonial Tavern. Week days, 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

May 31—Toronto: Ron Collier Trio (experimental), upstairs. Butch Watanabe, trombone; Pat Riccio, alto sax, Bill Britto, bass; and Archie Alleyne, drums, downstairs. House of Hambourg, 1 a.m.

June 1—Toronto: Quintet comprised of Butch Watanabe, Bernie Pilch, Pat Riccio, Jack Landder and Ron Rully. House of Hambourg, 9 p.m.

June 2-7 — Toronto: Peter Appleyard Quartet, Town Tavern. Weekdays 9 p.m.; Saturday 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

PASSING NOTES: Clem Hambourg of the House of Hambourg advises that prices are now lowered and also that a new ventilation system will be installed. . . . Oscar Peterson will make Toronto his home. When not on tour, Oscar had Montreal as his home base in the past. . . . Toshiko Akiyoshi will occupy the stand at the Hickory House in New York City. Her trio will play the summer months, possibly from June to September.

the Christmas Issue of 1956 in the present offices of the NC were Marge Umezuki (editor Jan. 1, 1957—May 31, 1958), Henry Moritsugu (editor 1954-56, now working on Northern Daily News), Japanese section editor Ken Mori, and publisher T. Umezuki.

issues of the paper. It was a larger sheet than the tabloid it was to become, and carried transcripts of the winning speeches at the JCCL Oratorical contest held in the Japanese Hall. One of the speeches was by a Kamloops kid I was to get to know—Tom Shoyama. Another connection during the time I became a charter subscriber with the first regular issue in February 1939 was

The NC and I

By T. UMEZUKI

February, 1942. I was recuperating from a serious attack of typhoid fever when the Government issued orders to evacuate all Japanese from the B.C. coastal area. Had I been in good health at the time, I would have been shipped out to one of the road-camps. . . . For 17 years prior to my illness, I had worked on the Japanese Workers Union paper, "The Daily People (Minshu)", which had been arbitrarily shut down on Dec. 7, 1941, along with the two other Vancouver Japanese language dailies.

During the hectic days of the evacuation, I often dropped into the headquarters of the Kikajin-Kai (Naturalized Japanese Canadians Association) in the Tairiku Building on Cordova Street, which was also the location of the temporary offices of The New Canadian. Sometimes I would give the NC staff a hand with the mailing.

Gradually, as Government notices and orders requiring translation into Japanese became more frequent, before I knew it, The New Canadian had another member on its staff and a Japanese section as well. The evacuation took my family away to Slocan City, so I moved into the upstairs of the Tairiku Building where Tom Shoyama and Buck Suzuki stayed. I shared a bed with Buck.

It was my first experience in working with the Nisei generation and a wider range of people; my years with The Daily People had limited me to trade unionists. In the days before the war, many Issei were of the opinion that the Nisei were unreliable, but it seemed to me that they were never given a chance to prove themselves.

Being editor of the new Japanese section of the NC enabled me to stay in Vancouver until the end of October that year; the staff was the last of the JCs to leave. I enjoyed working with the younger generation. They verified my feeling that they could indeed handle a great deal of responsibility, and also, be much easier to get along with.

Looking back on my 34 years of newspaper life, I find that my 16 years' association with The New Canadian and the Nisei generation was rich and enjoyable. My feeling lies in the inscription I wrote in the late Mark Toyama's autograph book: "It is my greatest pleasure to be working with the Nisei, and I, who can do so, am a most fortunate fellow."

the paper all Japanese read—with a Japanese section for the Issei.

I was eager, naive, and 19 years old with only the experience of being editor of the Kitsilano High School Life behind me. The staff consisted of editor Shoyama (Shinobu Higashi had gone to a newspaper job in Manchuria before the Pacific hostilities became apparent), Yoshi Higashi (Shinobu's brother), Seiji Onizuka who handled sports, and Eiko Henmi (who came in from a secretarial job to do a once-weekly column called Femme-Fare by Cinderella). They were a glamorous group who kindly tolerated me, the green kid from Kitsilano. I was general handy cub—got coffee from Sumiyoshi's a couple doors away from the Hotel World offices of the paper on Powell Street, or picked up the latest editions of the Vancouver dailies across the street at the drug store on the corner of Powell and Dunlevy, went by streetcar to deliver copy and pick up type in heavy linotype galleys wrapped in newsprint and bound with elastic bands from the Pender Street printers that set all our English material, and went to Taiyo Printing on press days to help in the final folding of the paper. I was deliriously happy and probably quite useless. And it was undoubtedly the first time The New Canadian staff had a full-time jitterbug in their office.

It was, as you will remember, a frightening, dramatic, event-filled time, that winter of 1941-42. I watched with mouth agape as famous reporters from the Sun and the Province and the News-Herald came along to find out what was going on in Powell Street. This was the first time I saw my idol Jack Scott in person. And one day Min Sakamoto of Prince Rupert (now of Montreal) came in boiling with outrage to tell us about the callous convoying of Japanese fishing boats down the coast escorted by young Navy men wielding pistols —and in retrospect, probably as

Normally, we ate at the Empress Cafe which was closer to my pocketbook. It featured a full course meal for 35c, including soup, dessert and coffee.

In mid-February, I reluctantly left the paper to go back to my normal work—gardening. It was only about a month before my gardener father was evacuated to a road camp in the Yellowhead Pass area. Raking lawns in Marpole and Kerrisdale was terribly dull but my mind was filled with happy memories of hobnobbing with the Nisei great. Tom Shoyama, who was aloof, indulgent, so full of important problems and deep thought. He taught me to type by insisting that my first story for The New Canadian had to be typed, not writ by hand. Yoshi Higashi, who big-brothered me and waxed enthusiastic about popular music and swing and things even more intellectual. He more than anyone really made me feel at home. Seiji Onizuka, who was a natty dresser, always wore a pork-pie hat on the back of his head, and seemed to know everything worldly that was worth knowing. Eiko Henmi, a sensitive pretty girl who wafted in to write her sensitive copy and wafted out again like a sophisticated princess whose poise was never ruffled by the shirt-sleeved furor of the newspaper office. And then there had been Kunio Shimizu, intense, articulate, and often angrily troubled—a man with courage and integrity, fighting an unpopular fight to make people understand that in the crisis, the only way to be accepted as Canadians was to act like Canadians. And in that office, I'd met Roy Ito, a deceptively quiet fellow about my age, who wrote prose with guts and one night slipped off to Vancouver church forum and spoke out for the Nisei against the rabble-rousing speakers that insisted all those Japs should be sent far away from the West Coast.

(The First of a Series)

Source: Nikkei National Museum, 2018-16-2-1-13
www.nikkeimuseum.org