Interviewee: Frank Moritsugu
Interviewer: Lisa Uyeda
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*Note that this interview contains outdated terminology regarding Asian and Black people, references to anti-Asian slurs, and sexualization.

[Start Part 1]

Frank Moritsugu: Because this is going to–
Lisa Uyeda: Are you sure?
FM: Yeah, but you know what, you may have to project a bit, your questions.
LU: Okay, I'll try.
FM: Because I can hear a bit but that damn thing, playback, is going to get in the way. [clears throat]
LU: Alrighty.
FM: You know, my parents are the oldest ones, you know in my family background, that I know. Yeah. Because by the time I got to Japan, the only ones left were, you know, their sibs and so forth.
LU: Yeah okay. This will run for just under an hour and then-
FM: Say that again.
LU: This will run for just under an hour and then we will have to stop.
FM: Sure. [nods]
LU: So, if I go like this [laughs], it will give a minute or two warning and then we'll stop.
FM: Okay. You want this door open?
LU: There's no air system in here.
FM: Oh.
LU: It's out there so if you find it's bothering you, you can close it.
FM: Tell you what, why don't you leave it partly. I was thinking more of the sound and everything.
LU: Oh, yes, okay.
FM: The control, you know, just like that.
LU: Okay, sounds good. Perfect, so-
FM: This is the mic?
LU: Yep, that's it there. Should be okay.
FM: Do I, I don't have to speak in the mic, eh? Forget it?
LU: Yep, yep, it's loud enough.
FM: Okay.

LU: Looks good. Okay, perfect. This is an interview with Frank. It is June 18, 2010, at the Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre. And we'll start off with just some beginning history on when and where were you born?
FM: Stop a minute. I can't hear you.
LU: Oh.
FM: Maybe we'll try this. The only trouble is the shrieking thing it does, and if it gets in the way, we may have to redo some parts.
LU: Okay.
FM: Hopefully.
LU: Is that okay?
FM: Oh, yeah, I can hear now. The only trouble is I don't want them to join in.
LU: Oh. [laughs] So when and where were you born?
FM: See what I mean?
LU: Yeah. When and where were you born?
FM: Okay. I was born in 1922, December the 4th, 1922, in a small, small place. A pulp mill company town called Port Alice on Vancouver Island, in the northwest part of Vancouver Island. It is so small that I'm convinced quite a few British Columbians are not sure about where it is.
LU: What generation Canadian are you?
FM: I'm sorry?
LU: What generation Canadian are you?
FM: Oh, I'm a nisei. I'm the first Canadian born of my issei immigrant parents, yeah.
LU: And where were your parents born?
FM: They were both from Tottori-ken. It's on the western Japan, Sea of Japan side. And, uh, so it's- Yes, Tottori is further west than Osaka, I guess, but in that general area, but the further part.
LU: When did your parents move to Canada?
FM: Well, my dad came in 1912, and my mother came in '22. And the reason for that is that after coming in 1912, he worked for, you know, nearly 10 years on- farming first, and then in the mill, and so forth to make enough money to go to Japan and get a wife, right. Not a lot of assistance. You know, there were picture brides and so on, both in the States and here, but in his case, he went back to Japan to find a wife. Back to the same prefecture, Tottori and so forth. And this was in 1921. And through the arrangement- In fact, the arranger was the vice-principal of the public school in the city of Yonago in Tottori, and that's where Mother taught, you see. Mother was, also from Tottori but her father got widowed and also got a job in Tokyo. She and her two sisters were raised in Tokyo. And then, after she finished high school, which back then was apparently a pretty high education for a woman, she went back to Yonago, to where she came from and taught at the elementary school there.

[00:05]

FM: So, the vice principal got her dad and mum to meet and so forth and arranged the marriage. We have a wedding photograph of them both in Japanese kimonos and

stuff. Mom told me many years later that was taken in the studio in Tokyo because for some reason, they were not only married in the city of Tokyo but also on Christmas Day, 1921. Subsequently, soon later, they headed for Canada. In February 22, 1922, they arrived. They landed at Victoria and then on the coast. They took another ship again because there were no complete highways on Vancouver Island then to go to Port Alice. In December of 1922, I was born. Yeah, the first of eight siblings.
LU: Oh wow, and tell us a little bit about your siblings.
FM: Well, okay, uh, the first three of us were boys. I'm the oldest. Then, Ken and Harvey. We were- The three of us were born in Port Alice. My dad and family were there. Then, after the family moved to Vancouver, the next three were sisters: Eileen, June, and Joyce, and then, the final two were brothers, Henry and Ted. So, we were born in two places, so to speak, in BC.
LU: What was my question? What do you remember about your early life growing up?
FM: I don't remember too much about BC. I think what I know about BC is more what my parents have told me and looking at some of the photographs, the black and white photographs that were taken and so forth. Coming to Vancouver as we did, Mom was not very well, and Dad quit his job in Port Alice to move to Vancouver. We ended- Initially, we lived for maybe a couple years in the East End of Vancouver. Since I turned four, I started kindergarten at the Powell Street United Church Kindergarten and the Jackson, just by the Powell Street grounds. After a few days, I got on the streetcar all by myself for about 10, 12 blocks or whatever it was- I have to check it with a street map of Vancouver- to go and come back, you know, to the kindergarten. Then, the family- My dad, I think, got a job with landscape gardening, you know, with another issei who had a landscape gardening job. From having been a farmer and a sawmill worker, he had now then become a gardener. He also moved from the East End, the family, to Kitsilano. So, my second year of kindergarten, I went to the kindergarten in Kitsilano at the Japanese Anglican Church, called the Church of Ascension. It was split that way. As a result, I and my brothers and sisters all went to public school and so forth in Kitsilano. We became part of the Kitsilano community, which was the second largest in Vancouver. Powell Street, you know, Japantown was naturally large, but Kitsilano with a thousand or so Nikkei was the second largest. Now places like Steveston, just outside in the suburb of Vancouver then, had more people, but within the city itself, it was before places like Fairview, and Marpole, and so on.
LU: So, what was your everyday experience like when you were going to school and watching your father farm? Do you remember any specific events that would occur?
FM: Well, okay going to school, summer holidays for the first time. One of the things was- because Dad was a gardener and when he, after he moved to Kitsilano, he set up his own business. He had at least a couple of issei men also working for him. And so, he, unlike most of the other immigrant families, he also got himself an old used vehicle 'cause he had to, you know, take not only his men to different work and different places in the city but also to carry the tools around.

[00:10]

FM: The small tools and then the lawnmowers and stuff like that. So, with a father who had a car, it wasn't only, for instance, going across the Burrard Inlet to North Vancouver and West Vancouver for the picnics in the spring and summer. Whether they were the church picnics, or Japanese school picnics, or all kinds of other- Oh yeah, the prefecture, Tottori-ken picnics and so forth, we used to go across. When the whole family went, we used to go in our car. And sometimes, we would take trips into nearby- New Westminster things like this, where Dad and Mom had friends and so forth. And so, we used to get around, I think, a little bit more than others in our situation. Outside of that, Vancouver growing up was a lovely place. Getting up in the morning, our house faced north. When there wasn't a fog, you could see the North Shore Mountains, you know Grouse Mountain, and Holly [unclear]. Most of the year, the snow was covered up there. And then of course in Kitsilano, we were only, what, five or six blocks from Kitsilano Beach. The irony is, unlike the other Kitsilano guys and girls, I never learned how to swim. But that didn't stop me from going to the beach and getting what we used to call potato chips, French fries. Used to get a nickel for a little cardboard tray of them and munch them. Some of our friends said, yeah, we would go down the beach and buy them. I'd be eating them all the way home, you know, six or seven blocks away, and stuff like this. It was a normal public school after the kindergarten. And then, Japanese school, which we started, I guess, when we were going into grade one. After we came home around 3:30 from ordinary school or regular school, we'd go and start the Japanese school for an hour and a half, from 4-5:30 and then come home for supper. And that was you know- we did that right through grades one to six in Japanese school too. Not everybody, not every family, sent their kids to Japanese school, but the majority did and the Japanese school like the Buddhist Temple or the church, the Christian church in Kitsilano, they were all built by the issei parents, as were so many of the other buildings where people lived. Although some of them lived in houses like us, a lot of other people and even families lived in sort of boarding house kind of thing which for some reason, the issei called cabin. So, this was the part of, along with the stores that sold the Japanese essentials like rice, and shoyu, and miso, and stuff like this and imported canned goods from Japan. That would be sort of the core centre of the Japanese community and we lived in the blocks around there. Eventually, as the nisei got established, all the service stations wouldn't be by white guys, but there would be a couple be run by Japanese Canadians as well. That kind of changed, dry cleaners, grocery stores, shoe repair. We would have all these special Japanese places to go to. Oh yeah, and barbers. There were two barbers, the Obasi's and the Omoto's, in the Kitsilano too, and depending on who you were, which barbers were your regulars and stuff like this. We got to do normal things, and the one thing was,

the Japanese-ness was partly because of things like the Japanese language school and the fact that most of our nisei friends spoke some Japanese. Although, way back then in the '20s and into the '30s, it was still- even in Japan, it was like Britain apparently is today, where the local dialects are very common, and back then there were dialects- there were real wild dialects in Japan and there are some prefectures where you can't understand a word they're saying and so forth. But there was also the standard Japanese of Tokyo, Tokyo language, right?

[00:15]

FM: For instance, we would be playing with our Nisei friends on weekends or whatever, or even going to the school with them, the Japanese school with them. And we'd come home when we would be speaking with some of the Japanese phrases I learned. My mother says, "What kind of Japanese is that? That's not proper Japanese," and keep us off the track and not use the other prefecture's stuff. In Kitsilano, Shiga-ken, the people from Shiga-ken, were the most common. Tottori, I think, was second, and then Kamamoto, was third and so forth. There were sprinklings of other people. Tottori, there were so many of us that- Although there were Tottori people in other places like the salted cannery and so forth, the main Tottori kenjinkai prefectural thing, organization- and even the baseball team, when we had an inter-city Japanese Canadian baseball team, Kitsilano [Kyu-gi?] was the Tottori baseball team that I and my brother Ken were allowed to play on. We were all based in Kitsilano, and when the annual meetings of the Prefectural Association Tottori was held, usually, not always, but usually in Kitsilano. When they did a concert and so forth at the Japanese language school, the Tottori people- that was in Kitsilano too and so forth. We got a lot of, you know, we were exposed to a lot of that and so forth. Even on the telephone, you hear my dad on the telephone. When listening to the kind of Japanese he was using, you could tell whether he was speaking to a real close Tottori friend or somebody else. It was very useful for us. In particular, because mom had been a teacher and was very strict about our language. I was the oldest anyway. This is true of all immigrant families that come from, you know, with other languages, the oldest gets the most exposure to the parents talking, right, and so forth and learning. This is why the older ones in our family have a fair amount of good Japanese, speaking it and understanding it, even if not reading it. The young ones- in our case, with eight kids, number seven and number eight, they understand most of what they hear but they can't talk it back. That's very common, I think. Because the language in the family as we were growing up, slowly became more English or what we call, nisei *Nihongo* which is English sprinkled with Japanese here and there. Mom and Dad got the point where they understood what we were talking about anyways, so we talked to them in this mixed language of ours,

which, when we ran into a white friend or went to school, we couldn't use, you see, at the elementary school or high school. At Japanese school, we did that all that time.
LU: Why did some families not send their children to Japanese school?
FM: Well, I think, one of the reasons was purely physical, geography, they lived sort of beyond the immediate Kitsilano area. For grade one kids to have to walk a mile or more, even back in those days when walking a mile wasn't anything, you know, to school, without being attended to and if both parents were working. The mother was doing housework too and so forth, out trying to make the money. Depression years, you had to make all the money you could. That was part of it. So, some of the people who lived far away, even though the parents got involved in some of the community activities, the kids didn't come to the school as regularly as we did. We, for instance, the Moritsugu's, only lived a block away from the Japanese school, but two, three blocks from the Christian church. The Japanese school and the *otera,* Buddhist temple were right next door to each other. Just a block away, south of that was the main core, the block with all the stores and everything. And, oh yeah, that's the other thing, at least a couple of public baths, too, for bachelors and so forth. They come and pay so much and take Japanese style baths in some of the buildings. It was sort of a carryover at the onset of the Japanese ways of doing things and thinking. And then, in our case, of course, by the time the war began against Japan in 1941, the nisei, the Canadian born, were only just reaching maturity. It was still nominated by the immigrants, the issei, in particular the fathers. So, suddenly the switch around by the war, wartime, which was accelerated too by the fact that suddenly you're being sent away from the Japanese communities which were broken up forever because the government just confiscated everything and sold everything.

[00:20]

FM: There was nothing even to go back to, unlike the States where you could go back to Little Tokyo or San Francisco's Japantown. We couldn't do it here at all. Anyway, so, as a result, the nisei, older nisei, really became important, probably became leaders in the community before their time because we went into the rest of Canada where English was the- And understanding Canadian ways of doing things, was significant, and most of the immigrant leaders couldn't handle that, you know. So, suddenly they had to back up and let the young people take over. That would have been maybe a normal transition if the thing hadn't come along and sort of accelerated it.
LU: So, did you manage to finish high school and all your education before the war?
FM: [nods] Yep, yep. I was lucky, I skipped a grade in public school, so I finished, I was 17 when I graduated from grade 12. I finished in 1940. But, before I finished in 1940, I edited the high school paper and things like this, and so- But work opportunities were so limited. In fact, the nisei who went to UBC [University of British Columbia], to university, some families sent them to it and other families said, "What are you doing that for? He's going to come and work in the mill or go gardening anyway." Which was true, because the doors weren't open. In my case,

having finished grade 12 and being the oldest, the family could sure use one of their sons to do some work too, to bring money in. My brother Ken, who was not academic, was the athlete in the family. He quit the same year, in grade ten. We both went to work for Dad in gardening, so cutting lawns, weeding, trimming hedges and stuff like that, you know. All exciting stuff. But anyway, so that was so common all around us.
LU: I remember you had a really funny story about your dad when he didn't have his car anymore. How did he move around to all the different locations to do his gardening? Didn't you mention before that he used to get rides from police officers to take him and his stuff?
FM: No, that's not my dad.
LU: No?
FM: No.
LU: When he was moving his tools around?
FM: No, he always had a car. First, it was a car called a Star. They don't make them anymore. It was actually an open roadster with a canvas top and so forth. It was a sedan right. I guess they used to have those celluloid windows and so forth. But they had to get rid of them because the handles of the lawnmowers and stuff need somewhere to stick up and so on. Then later, he got himself a Model A Ford pickup. What would happen, is when there was a family outing, for instance, on a Sunday, suddenly Dad would say, "Why don't we go to *Nihomachi*, Japantown, and go and have some soba?" Because there were two Chinese upgraded restaurants right on main Powell Street. Later, they made the Fuji Chop Suey, it was a Japanese-built Chinese restaurant. We go to our family favourite, [Songlong King?] and there was a [Songlong King and Song Peking?]. Later, Fuji. We go to [Songlong King?]. Because Dad had the pickup, he could throw all the kids in the back. In the box you know, it was an open box. Off we go across the town, maybe four to five minutes, and he parked the car. Everybody would go in. We would all have what our parents called Nanking soba. Nanking was the old word that's- It's like negro, you don't use it anymore. It means Chinese. So, Chinese soba, and soba is that wheat and then smaller noodles. It was many years later after coming out East, we learned that the legit name, Cantonese, was [yaka mein?]. But we didn't know that you see? Especially, going to a Chinese restaurant in Japantown, you ask for soba, and they know exactly what we were talking about, right? So anyhow, so we used to go and- the kids- Dad and Mom maybe had other, you know, rice and some other interesting dishes.

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FM: The kids were happy eating the soba as all young kids are, just like these days they grow up on ramen. So, that was one of the special goodies. Then we'd go- we could go and do things like go to the Nagami's. They had a Japanese pastry shop. So,

we would get some manju, and you know, sweets, and buy some there. And then if Dad and Mom were up to it and had a few bucks extra, we'd go down to a place like Taishodo, which was sort of a drugstore where they had all kinds of other stuff including records that came in from Japan on, you know the NHK liners with the latest Japanese pop songs and so forth. And we'd take them home and we had a big gramophone in the parlour with a wind-up thing, you had to change the needles all the time. We play those and learn the words from the lyric sheets that used to come with the records. That was one of the treats. As well as going to other parts of the whole Vancouver area. Physically, it was really great. Seeing friends, picnics, and things like that. So, all in all, you see, it's typical. It was a racist place, and we were limited, but within that, we were into all kinds of activities. Japanese, I guess, are organization people. They're group thinkers, anyway- especially the, you know, in Japan. That way- which also carried over to the wartime into the camps. They immediately set up shop and so to speak. Suddenly there are activities all around the place for the old and the young. It's a real recipe for survival. And a healthy survival.

LU: What did your family do for holidays and festivals?

FM: We didn't go anywhere really, because we couldn't afford to go anywhere for summer and things like this. All the wealthy people did, including clients of Dad's, you know, expensive gardens. Sometimes, we had to go in the summertime when they were away, but they leave the key behind, to go into the garage and stuff like that. Basically, no, it was, I guess it was mainly the picnics and, you know, concerts, and stuff like this. There were all kinds of activities downtown at Powell Street in Japantown and the Japanese Hall. And they'd have concerts, local ones. They'd have judo tournaments, you know. My brother and I, my brothers and I, were all in judo. You know, I fought and competed in several tournaments in Japanese Hall too, as well as in different places, in Fraser Valley and even up coast where the Japanese communities where they had a dojo. They'd have annual spring tournaments where competitors come from all the other dojos. Things like that. Occasionally, we would import- or they would import a talent, an entertainment talent from Japan. Some of the great singers like [Japanese names?], these were operatic singers, who would give a concert in the Japanese Hall. My mother would insist on going and take some of the older kids with her. We caught glimpses of that too. There were all kinds of activities going on in the community. The annual ones that- you know- like, graduations were a very special thing. We'd see a lot of each other, or we'd see other people from other parts that we don't see regularly, and we would all get together for some event just like we do here now. Now, we need these groups to bring them home cause we're dispersed all over the place. Chunks from here, chunks from there, as well as the main community that we were in. So, we're Kitsilano people who as I say, occasionally, tasted the goodies from Powell Street, you know, Japantown. As far as the other places, whether its Steveston- the reason I got to

know Steveston because of playing baseball and judo. During those seasons. Then there was the odd friend there, and family friend there but they were near the Fraser River, near Steveston, so they were on that whole island area. There were two canneries called Celtic and Canadian Cannery, and these were cannery villages right on the river.

[00:30]

FM: The men were commercial fisherman, get the salmon and other ocean fishes. Sometimes in the river itself and some would go up coast. The women then would work in the canneries themselves, so that the fish would then be canned. These were the immigrant men, issei men and women, and older nisei. Whether it's fishing and they're working on the canneries and stuff like this. We would have friends or even relatives in places like that. On a Sunday, that would mean a special visit too, especially Dad with his car. So, we'd do that. Celtic cannery, in particular, we used to see a lot of people regularly. I think part of it was because there were a fair amount of Tottori people there too for some reason, there was a cluster of them.
LU: So, how long were you working for until the war started?
FM: Well, okay, school finished in June 1940. Until then, once you turned into a teenager, say 13 or 14 or so, holidays like Good Friday for instance, we used to have to work. I used to hate it because all of my *hakujin* friends were having a good time and there I am, getting up early in the morning, putting work clothes on, and boots on, and having to go do some dirty work in a garden some place. We were doing that anyhow. The other thing was in the summertime- in gardening too, even in the places like Vancouver, the grass wouldn't grow quite so much, so work would be lighter. As a result, you got old enough and, in my case, I think I was 13 or 14 when it started. We'd be sent away for a month or a month and a half, to work on a berry farm, berry picking. Yeah.
LU: Mm-hm.
FM: In my case, I went berry picking five summers in a row, okay. The summer before I went into grade nine, and then from grade 10, okay [counts on his fingers] grade 11, grade 12, and then after I graduated, again there was so little to do. So, I went to work at the farm I had been at for three years, a Japanese farm. When the other guys all sort of returned, because you know they had to get ready for school, since I was graduated anyway and there was nothing much to do in dad's business, I stayed a little bit longer. I made a total- I brought home a cheque for $60 wow, in a month and a half of working there and was able to buy a bicycle with the V-handles, you know, the big-handled bikes because big handles on the bikes, all the guys wanted. Dad and Mom were in favour of that because that meant I could go out to a gardening job on my own, provided the mower was there and I carried some of the tools on the carrier, on the bike as well. So anyhow, so yeah, we did bits like that before, then working full-time for him just for that one period. By then, I got to know

quite a bit about work of that type, which later on, after we came to Ontario, I had to use too, what I had learned.
LU: Mm-hm. So, what happened when the war broke out? What happened to your family?
FM: Well, the war broke out. They decided that- they decided that we'd have to- the first, I'm sure you know. The first order from the government was after the curfew, and all the limitations, and the confiscation of vehicles, and radios, and stuff like that was just the immigrant men, 18 to 65, or whatever age it was- I think it was younger than that anyway, had to be sent away. That included Dad because he didn't have citizenship then. It was very difficult for the issei immigrants to get the citizenship. There were some. They were called naturalized. Most of them had been able to get the naturalization papers because commercial fisherman, ocean fisherman, could not get official fishing licenses unless they had citizenship. So, I think, the canning companies that needed them to get the fish, they, I guess, had the influence to get the government to let them to be naturalized.

[00:35]

FM: One of the reasons- I'm jumping ahead a bit. When they decided everyone was going to be sent away, and then the young men- the men, Canadian born and naturalized, were sent to another string of camps. So, the others were Japanese nationals, they called them, they were aliens. I guess to make sure the camps that people like my dad were sent to and so forth didn't contaminate or vice versa us. So, we were sent to a whole string of other camps in other parts of BC. And also, in the case of Canadian-born naturalized, also Northern Ontario. And you had a choice, and that was one of the few choices. In my case, and my brother who turned 18 just a few months later and so joined me, Mom said, "Please stay in BC because if something happens in the family, you're in Ontario, you won't be able to do a thing about it. And Dad was in camp up there in the northern part of BC and you're gonna"- So, we stayed in BC in the camps. Now, what happened was, so that was- Dad went in March to his camp. In April, I went to my camp, and I was one of the first to go out there. We were given orders to go to a place called Cambie Siding. Never heard of it. It was a place, tiny little place called Cambie, which was probably not more than a postal address and the siding was a railway siding. The coaches, we went on an overnight trip from Vancouver. We were put into these coaches where we slept, and we were fed there. And the majority of the men who came with our group, the very first group, and the other groups that kept on coming in every week. They were- everyday, they lived in these coaches on the siding. Every day, they were transported up to maybe a couple miles up. Where they were- they actually built the camp, the Yard Creek camp which is one of five camps near Revelstoke. Two bunkhouses for the men, and a big mess hall, and so forth. With a mess hall for us, and a kitchen between, and then the white staff, maybe there are a dozen of them,

with a separate eating place. Then, the staff houses and of all things, Japanese bathhouse. Okay, there was no hydro, there was no plumbing. Oh yeah, that was the other thing. There was a huge, long outhouse- this was true in the family camps too, they were all built, you see. But then they had, you see, a lot of outhouses on the farms back in those days, too. And we were- Yard Creek was right on the mountain creek and they piped the water up into the thing, and then they had ice cold showers you'd take before you went in to wash yourself in the *ofuro*. They throw the water in, and they got a big oil drum with a mount in it, and it poked into the water. There was wooden frame inside it to protect it, so you don't touch the damn thing when you went in the water. Outside, they fed the wood, was one man's job to burn the fire early in the morning so that by midafternoon, the *ofuro* was ready. This is true for all the camps. I think nine or 10 men could go into the bathtub at the same time. You couldn't swim in there, quite, but it was that big an *ofuru* you see, not like those little *ofuros* they had in farmhouses, or they have in Japan. So, that was one of the real pleasures, we actually had a Japanese style *ofuro*. But you froze to death in the wintertime when you were taking showers to clean yourself. But anyway, so the men built all that. And this is true. Just like in the family camps, in the real mining ghost towns where there were still buildings remaining from the old days, they had renovated them, and adjusted them, and so forth. In the other places, in the half or more of the camps were actually big ranches for farmland. They built all those, that's why you see those strings of shacks like Tashme in the pictures, and those were all built by the family men. Like Dad, or in the camps where Ken and I were sent, the married guys were moved out after two three months and to go build the family camps. In other words, you see, in the States, the army, the US army, not only moved the families, and they didn't split the families, they only sent them out but they actually- the army built the camps and moved the Japanese Americans in. Okay?

[00:40]

LU: Oh.
FM: Most of the families stayed together. Although the so-called FBI had a whole list of men who were, you know, suspicious, and they were sent to a special camp, right? But in here, the men were sent away. And in case of bachelors like us, that was it, we were split from our families. Getting back to it, Dad was sent away in March, and I was sent away in April. Maybe in June, brother Ken came to join us. Three adult, so-called adult males who were over 18, were sent away. There's Mum with the six other kids. The oldest I think he was 16 in grade 10, my brother Harvey, and the youngest is Ted who was, I think, three years old. She, like a lot of other mothers with children, were left behind with all the men folks sent away. She knew that they were going to be sent away. Didn't know when or where. You can imagine how poor Mum must have felt, right. Now, that is why some men were held back too. There were people involved with judo and so forth to help the government people move

things and have enough men around to help the women with their heavy stuff when the time to move came. That's why some guys didn't have to come to the camp, work camp, as most of us did. Anyhow, so that's how we went. My family- Okay, the thing- So, started in March in issei camps, then the nisei, the naturalized camps and the family camps. Slowly, they started to dribble in as they started getting ready. Although some places, say by the fall, there were enough shacks- not enough so they would set up some tents. Some people were unlucky enough to have to live in the tents as the winter came, you know, and for a few months they nearly- They were bad enough in the shacks, you know the wood was kind of green and there were cracks. Most of the people who lived in those shacks will tell you about the time when they woke up and the nails heads inside had ice all over them and stuff like that. It was really- it was incredibly, you know, severe winter. Luckily, for guys like us, in the men-only work camps, were not badly off. I think our bunkhouses were more substantial and the thing was, they were big, big houses, you know, buildings with double bunks all along the walls with a couple of long tables in between. That's where the guys used to sit and play cards and stuff like that with nothing else to do. The real irony too is that all the radios, including, not just the FM ones but the AM ones, the ordinary ones, were all confiscated by the Mounties back on the coast. And yet, when we were sent to the camp, you know, what are you gonna do, you have to do your bloody work. Outside, you are killing time, and you are isolated, really in the mountains, actually. Away from everything. What are you going to do? We found out that we get the Eaton's catalogue from Winnipeg, where they were, and the mail order catalogue. We ordered a battery powered radio because there was no hydro and sure, we could get them. So, we used to listen to hit parade and happy gang and stuff like this, keeping us occupied. Each bunkhouse had 3 or 4 guys who had radios. Some of them had radios that were reasonably powerful enough and other guys had little radios, smallish ones, where they had to spend too much money, and they put it right beside their beds. Things like that and again, whether in the family camps or men's camps, we worked I think only five days a week, really. We had weekends. We could go down to the nearby hamlet, so to speak, where there was a grocery store. So, we'd get our chocolate bars and stuff like this but in our string of camps, along the CPR mainline, Revelstoke was the biggest place to go to.

[00:45]

FM: Once a month, or maybe once every six weeks, we could get a permit for a six-hour visit to Revelstoke. We'd get on a train actually; we paid our way. There you can get a restaurant meal to make up for the kind of food you have to eat in the camp, go to a movie, buy magazines, and books, and stuff like this, and just for a change and a break, right? We used to take advantage of that. Outside of that, first of all, so the winter came, suddenly, along with- you know, after we got our radios and stuff, suddenly all around us, all the water- and there were all kinds of lakes, and

little, what they called slough all around us, were iced right over, and you know, ice strong enough to walk on. And suddenly, most of us, unlike other Canadians, never skated, never played hockey, because moderate climate Vancouver. Even if the lakes or lagoons froze over, it was dangerous to walk on them and nobody could afford in those days, to go and pay to skate in an artificial rink. Of course, there was only two or three in Vancouver anyway. So, being sent to men's only work camp meant a lot of us learned how to skate. Not well, some guys still can't skate today without leaning on their hockey stick, but we all ordered our skates from mail order. They came and on they go on the ice. A few guys knew how to skate and tried to teach the rest of us all how to skate. They succeeded in some cases and others not. Eventually, we even have skating, hockey games between two camps and so forth on the weekends. But the main thing was when summer came around, we played ball of course, we obviously played ball, that was our sport. The funny thing was, in our case, in our Cambie Siding there was a- opposite of the siding, there was a big field that was really sort of used as a ballpark by the surrounding farmers. There were a few Finnish farmers, and there were young men who were spared the military service by getting agricultural deferments, you see. Farmers lost their labour right across the country because the military, not just in BC, but in all the provinces there were people with agricultural deferments. So, the early months, once we get sort of organized-
LU: Just going to switch the tape. [noise can be heard of LU changing tape] Okay.
FM: I'll start that story over again. Okay? So, as I say, there was a- across from the siding where we were, there was a field with actually a baseball backstop. So, when there was enough of us gathered in our camp and so forth, and we sort of vaguely- and this was before the Japanese bath house was built in the camp. We used to go to the farm once we got to know these guys sort of a little bit, the neighbours, and actually pay fifteen cents to use their saunas. They're Fins, eh, so they had saunas. You would go in there and sit on the higher steps to get the full steam. That was the way we used to get baths. We used to play ball with them and so on. Then, there were enough guys in the team, or in the camp, to make two teams. We were playing hard ball. Unfortunately, one of the guys that came, Joe [Yanagi?], had been not quite but nearly been a Vancouver Asahi player, so you see he was a good player, and he was a pitcher, and he used to throw a very hard fast ball and nobody wanted to catch them because it hurt too much. And I wanted to play so badly, and I'm not a natural choice, so I volunteered to be catcher. Put all the stuff on, got a catcher's mitt, got a sponge in there, and caught Joe's fast balls. That's how I managed to be allowed to play. And of course, my hands got swollen up about this much every Sunday.

[00:50]

FM: But then one day, we were playing. and one of my friends from Kitsilano, Ike [Matso?], was up to bat, and Joe threw a ball, and beaned him, [points to forehead]

and he collapsed, and we thought, "Oh, Christ." Luckily, he got a very painful bruise but otherwise he was okay, but it was so scary. And that- suddenly, we decided no more hardball. We all switched to softball, which back in those days, the only gloves used was the catcher and the first baseman. Everybody else was bare hands, you know. Anyway, the rest of the time we were there, we would play softball, among ourselves in house league. Then we had our camp all stars and we played the other team's all-stars, Three Valley, Taft, and so forth. We'd travel back and forth. All that was allowed to us to do that, using the camp trucks to go from one camp to another to play ball and things like this. I think that was partly because, essentially, they began to trust us. They knew nobody was going to try to run away or cause problems. Maybe to keep our morale up, they need to let us do that, that freedom. Because you see, every camp- the family camps had a Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment. Not too many officers, probably a corporal in charge and these constables and not in the scarlet uniforms, the normal, everyday Mountie uniforms, right and they were there. Again, there were no fences around the camps, unlike the States where they had barbwire fences, and sentry towers, and army guys up there with bayonet rifles. None of that. What we had in the men's only camps were veteran's guards, they were called. They were World War 1 veterans, so they were much older guys. And so, they came. In our case, we originally had about six of them, and they wore ordinary clothes, but they would carry the army rifle or the Lee Enfield rifle. In our case, not at the entrance to our camp, but just alongside, there was a bridge over the Yardcreek that we were named after, we were right beside. They built a sentry tower there. So, they were on guard to make sure there was no saboteuring or sabotaging the build or anything. That was the only bridge for that road, you see, which was before they built TransCanada, was the only main highway. So, for about a month or a month and a half, they regularly had shifts being sentries there. Then they got to know us, and we got to know them, and so forth. And suddenly, they said, "Oh, heck with that," and we never saw the rifles again, you know. Later on, as the camp filled up, and they needed more guys showing up, suddenly there was a distance between those veteran's guards and us again. I've never quite sure why. Unlike the family camps where the RCMP officers and the people in the camps really got to be close. The one thing that was interesting was I learned only say 10, 20 years ago, David Sunahara who is a sansei from Alberta. His wife, Anne Sunahara wrote the book called *Politics of Racism.* She's a white person and she's a government lawyer. She wrote this *Politics of Racism*, which is sort of the book that sort of carries on where Canada actually stopped. David Sunahara was a civilian psychologist with the Mounties in Ottawa. As I got to know him, and they helped me a lot in my archival work- David once told me, he understood, he got curious what happened in BC. He found out that when they set up the family camps and they had to set up the RCMP detachments there, they recruited officers from all provinces outside BC. Nobody from BC. This is because at Hastings Park, where they

brought the people together before sending them inland, there was one particular officer was famous, big burly son of a gun. And apparently among other things, he knocked down a lady in her sixties, an issei woman in her 60s, for not moving or something but she didn't understand what he was saying or something like this. That got to be a famous story that got to be bigger and bigger after being sent around. Apparently, the Mounties made sure there wouldn't be anybody in those detachments that had that anti-Oriental attitude from BC.

[00:55]

FM: That was one reason why some of those Mounties became really close friends of ours. Because they got to know us and vice versa. That's true of my experience when I was sent to Kaslo after my work camp experience of 16 months. Went to Kaslo for about half a year to work for the New Canadian. There, the corporal [Feraru?] was the head of the detachment at the Kaslo camp. Got to know us, and he was very much an Englishman. He used to come up with his morning walks, constitutionals, you see. One Sunday, he comes to our cottage where the three New Canadian bachelors live. The others have their families in other places. We were right on the lake in Kaslo. So, the editor, the boss himself Tom Shoyama, and [Junji Kenoda?], the linotypist, and me, the assistant editor, we lived there. So, knock on the door on Sunday and it was 8:30 or something and we were sort of blinking and probably had been at the party the night before, and they were trying to work our way up and there's this knock on the door. And there's the old corp out on his morning walk, and he comes in. And we say- "Come on in, have some coffee, we were just making some." And he comes in and he says, "Well, what are you guys going to do today? It's a lovely day with some nice sun, bright and sunny." "Oh," we said, "we think we're going to get the gang together, we're gonna go out on the lake and take some photographs." And he said, "What did you say?" "Oh, we're gonna take some pictures of the gang." He says, "I didn't hear you. I didn't hear you, okay? Don't say that." Because you see, cameras were forbidden. Radios were allowed but cameras were still forbidden. They'd been confiscated back in the coast, they were forbidden in the camps, and the only reason why you see so many camp pictures: a) even though they were forbidden, we used them; b) one nisei usually, in each camp, was hired by the agency, the BC Security Commission, who was in charge of the whole thing, to be the official photographer. He took all the pictures. The other pictures that you see, especially the interior shots of the camps, were taken by the people from Ottawa, the National Film Board, official government photographers because they had the flash and so forth. In those days, you couldn't get a flash camera unless you were a professional and so forth. So, practically all the pictures you see in the camps, whether it was the men's camps or our camps, all exterior shots. Except for the few that, you know, the government guys did. Anyhow, so, we weren't supposed

to have a radio and of course, we talk about taking pictures. This was typical in the corps. “I didn’t hear that. I didn’t hear that.” There’s one other story too, which is told often I don’t know how true it is. One young nisei in one of the family camps. It was typical of- a lot of nisei men were sport fisherman, not just commercial fisherman. With all this banning and these things, the restrictions on us, they weren’t supposed to sport fish even in Slocan Lake or Kootenay Lake. Apparently, this guy, in one of the Slocan Lake camps, was in the woods on the riverbank and he was fishing. Along came a Mountie officer from the same camp. He sees him and he said, “Oh, hi Yosh,” or whatever his name is, they knew each other. He says, “What are you doing?” “I'm fishing,” you know, and he says, “Nah, nah, nah, no, you are not.” “Yeah, but I am. They are really biting today.” He said, “Nah, nah, nah, put that away until I go away, come on. Don’t show it to me. Put that thing away, okay? Wait until I’m out of sight.” It was that kind of thing. When I was in the archives in Ottawa and checking things out, on you know, what was going on in the camps and so forth for the teacher’s book, I looked through a whole list of RCMP reports from the detachments in the camps to their senior people in Vancouver. It was interesting. First of all, they were checking things out, and they’d do things like, oh, they’re down in such and such a camp. In our camp they're starting Japanese classes after normal school for the kids, should we stop that or what? The answer would come back: “No, just keep an eye on them and let it go.” There was that tolerance in the Mounties. Later on, you get to third or fourth year of camp life. Looking at RCMP reports, heck, there’s nothing to report except how well the camp all-star team did against the other camp at the tournament. Or, we managed to get enough of the staff, you know, the white staff of the camp, with us and we played the lads last Sunday.

[01:00]

FM: Things like that. [waves hands across each other] The whole mood changes like this, right. So, that’s why, I think among us Japanese Canadians, many of us, despite the awful things that had been going on with them recently and the bad reputation they have been getting, we still have a real fondness for the RCMP even with and including the Musical ride.
LU: After that camp experience, what happened to your family? What camp did they go to?
FM: Yeah- okay. So, getting back to Mom. In October of the final year, wrapping up with the evacuation, Mom and the six kids were sent to Tashme, which was one camp separate from the- It was not in the Kootenays where all the other camps were but one near Hope, just outside the protected area. Tashme was a so called 14-mile ranch. And it was- The ranch was owned by a head of the BC Security Commission, Austin C. Taylor, who was like the E. B. Taylor out here in Toronto. He was a successful businessman who was into racing, racetrack horses and stuff like that. Anyway, so, when they created a brand-new town from scratch, and it was the

largest of all the camps in terms of population, they came up with a name. The other camps all had names, and the places already were there, right. They had to create a name. So, they took the three head guys of the Security Commission were Taylor, Shirras, the RCMP, and Mead, another guy. The two first letters of each name, Tashme. That's where the name came from. It was a camp that included quite a few of the men who had stayed behind to help the women and their families move for so many months, moving around. When you see pictures of the Tashme people, there is one picture I know of the volunteering firemen. They are practically all young nisei or adult nisei and a lot of them are judo black belts. Even though I was a judo guy then, a lot of the other Judo guys, including the Sensei's families and so forth, stayed behind to help out and ended up first at those camps. But yeah. Dad was, having spent three or four months in this camp up there near Yellowhead, near the Alberta border, he was among the married men that were brought down to start help build, in this case, Tashme. Met Mom and Dad- met Mom and so on. The picture you see in there where Ken and I are with them, was- that was- They all got together in October and the two of us were still out in Yard Creek. That March, I guess, in '43, we went for a two week visit and caught up with them. Caught up with a lot of other people we knew from the coast and a few new people. In our case, Lisa, for the guys like us, it was the first time, in all this time, to suddenly see some Japanese girls for God sakes, [laughs] which made a big difference. I shouldn't tell you this story but what the heck, I don't mind now, it's a long time ago. Being this journalist, or would-be journalist, at that time I never dreamt I would become- growing up in BC, despite being editor of the school newspaper and so forth, and helping out on the New Canadian out for a while during both right after Pearl Harbour and Powell Street, and also in Kaslo, but I never thought I could become a mainstream journalist. Because that's not what happens to a BC Japanese guy like anything else. So, what was I going to say? Oh yeah, so, up in camp with all the time on our hands, I guess I was probably the most voluminous letter writer and the mailman, Jim the mailman, the *hakujin* staffer who would look after the mail and deliver it to us: "Yeah, you get at least two letters a day, more than anybody else. I said, "Shit, Jim I send out about five or six." He says, "I know you do." [laughs] And one time, I wrote to two girls. One in Toronto- early came out to Toronto, and one in one of the Slocan camps.

[01:05]

FM: And both of them from Kitsilano. Both professing them all my love and everything else. And the letters, then communicated with each other and told each other what I had done. So, that got two off of my list right there [laughs]. So that showed you, I wasn't so much as falling in love with them but falling in love with the whole idea of writing love letters [laughs]. So, there you go. That taught me a lesson, but it took me a long time to catch on. So, there you are. Anyhow, that's what we did.

I had my- oh yeah, before I went to Kaslo. I went to camp in April. In September, I started developing stomach problems. By the way, at the camp, most of the guys were working in the bush and so forth clearing the bush and so forth and working on what was to become the final highway, but I ended up right in the [cedar siding coach days?] to work in the kitchen staff. And having been the oldest of eight kids at home and the three of us, the oldest ones were brothers, of course, I had to do a lot of what some mothers used to say, "That's women's work, men don't do that." But I had to learn not only to wash the rice and scrub the floors and stuff like this. But I did all the kitchen work and stuff like this. So, I told my brothers that, washing pots and pans and stuff like this, I knew right where to go. So, I became the flunky, the chief's flunky in the kitchen, you see. They brought in professional cooks, whether nisei, they were there and, in a case, we had a couple. And we brought a *hakujin* chief cook from elsewhere. And in fact, during my time, we had two persons. One guy and then, the other guy came later. Anyway, so I'm chief flunky. Suddenly, I get this stomach problem, and they send me to Revelstoke to take a look. And the guy says- The doctor says, "You got mild appendicitis." And he says, "You don't have to have an operation but what the heck, the government's gonna pay for it anyways. So, why don't you have it taken out and then you don't have to worry about it?" I said, "Okay, why not?" The switch from the boring camp life. And so, I went in the hospital. And I was only there about a week or so. So, they took out my appendix and so forth. I came back to the camp, and all the kitchen staff guys were mad as hell, saying, "Why don't they keep you in the hospital for longer? Come on. They are kicking you out, that's what they do to us guys." Anyway, so I had a recuperation period of two or three weeks before I did any work again. When everyone's out, even the kitchen gang's out there working, here I am in the bunkhouse all by myself, maybe in my pajamas, maybe not, and wandering around. What I did was, one thing was, we all took little bits of stuff with us. We were limited to how much we can carry. One of the guys, [Thomas Wisagi?] was a real godsend in our camp. He brought a portable gramophone and a whole bunch of records along with his stuff. Artie Shaw records and stuff, you know, the old swing era records. So, even if I wasn't recuperating by then: "Can I borrow your- I wanna listen to some records" , so I got to know some of the singers and everything. And it was really quite wonderful. But there I am recouping. So, I think, "What am I going to do with myself?" I'm getting bored but they won't let me work yet. Finally, I got a guy going on permit to Revelstoke to get me two things, one was- no, one thing. Arthur Murray was the famous dance guy that had television programs later on. It had already started, you see, the Murray way of dancing. And so, you could buy a book on how to dance, like Arthur Murray. So, I got him to buy one for me, see I gave him the money. I came back and there I am playing [Tom Wisagi's?] records, you see, on this bunkhouse floor, which is real rough boards and stuff, going around trying to do the foxtrot and stuff like this [mimics dance steps]. 'Cause I never knew how to dance in

the high school dances, in the mixers, they called it. I'd go to the dance and hadn't the faintest idea what to do. I'd be standing there and some of the teachers would force me to dance with that redheaded girl there because no one else would dance with her. And she'd dance with me, frowning. So, at least, I learned how to sort of dance. So, when we finally went to that ghost town visit, for families and so forth, they had a dance floor and so, at least, I didn't step on too many toes with the girls I danced with. But in the building, and this was one of the barns that they had, and this is where they had the schools in, and they had the dances because the road camp guys were here.

[01:10]

FM: And the girl I was dancing with, who I guess I knew, I forget who she was. And I was dancing and looking up. And they had just the windows way up there just along the ceiling. Except, instead of light coming in the windows and it was nighttime anyways, I noticed they were all covered with newspapers. So, I said to the girl I was dancing with, "Tell me, what's all that up there? Why the newspapers?" "Oh," she said, "Some of the guys put them up." "Why?" "Well, there used to be this issei man, used to climb up there on the outside and take a look and make sure that we didn't do anything we shouldn't be doing." 'Cause you see, Tashme was probably one of the most puritanical of all the family camps. You know, the issei were a puritanical people, they came from a Japan where you know but it wasn't quite as bad as the Victorian days were, where they cover the legs of tables because you're not supposed to look at legs. It wasn't quite that extreme, but you know, the whole thing about dancing, well. Getting back to judo, went berry picking one year, in the first year, when I was about to go to grade nine. And some of the girls- The people from all over, there were girls, there were men, and then there were families because the issei parents had no jobs, the Depression years, and we got to know some of these girls and a couple of the girls and some of the Kitsilano guys like me, got to know some of these girls from Japantown. Shortly after we got back, maybe a month or so, because I was in school in September, I came back from school and home and Mom says, "There's some mail for you, a letter for you." So, I look in and find it and it's one of the girls I met at the road camp. And she wanted to know what it was all about. I told her, "Oh, that's what's-her-name and she had written me." And it was a very normal "Hi, how are you doing" kind of letter, nothing else in there. Well, I think my mom got on the telephone network immediately and talked to a lot of the other issei parents said, "What's going on, is this happening to your son?" You know, kind of thing.

[Conversation redacted from 01:12:23 – 01:16:07]

The second thing not only is it the marvelous story, it is so typical of the Japanese cultural behaviour. You know. They go one to the other completely. Just like- jumping ahead again, recently, I was asked to play my harmonica for a bunch of children's songs. Some of the people involved in this particular event were post-war people, younger, you know, postwar immigrants. One of the songs I played was "*Momotaro*," which we all learned, which is the peach boy, you know, in the song. And he goes on to fight the ogres with the monkey, the dog, and the peasant. I played that and later on, one of the other immigrant people said, "They don't sing that in Japan anymore. I said, "Oh, why not?" "It's too warlike." So, a part of- after the war ended, that's forbidden. I said, "Yeah, but"- I said, " The older Japanese Canadians, that's one of the songs they know best." So, I was thinking, that's the Japanese thing. And they all know this song, the ones that are telling me all this. But they said, "No, we don't do that anymore." Another reason why no damn bloody way I'm going to live in that country. But anyway. I'm going all over the place. Back to camp?
LU: Back to camp.
FM: Yeah. So, really, from the road camp, sixteen months. And okay. Before Tommy Shoyama wrote to me, asking me to come and join him if I would, to help him on the New Canadian in Kaslo. Shortly before that, there was an incident in the camp that was strange. I read in some of the archives; I read some of the records and there were other camps in our Canadian born chain that had more problems than ours. But, suddenly, one day- Again, we were kitchen staffing. We finished cleaning up after lunch and we're hanging around and suddenly, in marched- all other guys are out there working. They marched in at about 2 or 2:30 in the afternoon. So, we said, "What's going on?" and he says, "Well." apparently, what happened was they were working with some boulders. There was one [guy Andy?] of the white staffers, the powder man. So, they would blow some of them up when they couldn't break them easily. So, one of the issei guys with a pick, they're going around making holes into some boulders. And suddenly, they noticed there was a detonator camp[?] still sitting there that had planted before and hadn't exploded. If he had hit it, not he, several others would have been killed or badly hurt. So, they all say to hell with it, and they walked off, and they went on strike for that day. The following day in the entire camp, meeting in the mess hall. Here's the irony, you see, the head of the camp committee, typical Japanese, one of the naturalized men, you see, the fishermen and so forth, the issei, at events like this with the resident engineer in charge of all the camps, comes infrom Revelstoke to deal with things and the staff. The white staff are all there. He asked me, the young kid in the English-speaking nisei bunkhouses, to be the speaker, to explain the situation. So, we told the why and so forth. And Andy, t by the way, the powder man, the other thing was that he was a serious drinker.

[01:20]

FM: So, okay, the result was, the engineer was mad as all hell about everything, not just at Andy, and us too for daring to strike. What's he going to tell his superiors? And so, they did get rid of Andy as there were so many more, which is a good thing, but as we were leaving the place, the meeting is over. The powder man says, "Come here you," to me, the spokesperson. He says, the next time you stand up and talk in a meeting like this, you are on a train to Ontario. Because by then you see, the [selective service?] had moved in, the government, and actually, the foremen of the camps were empowered to do that, to kick you out and get you out of BC.
LU: Wow.
FM: The last thing I needed, right? So, my brother and I, Ken was still with me, we had decided, this was into the summer, and you know- and so, the summer- we had decided that this year, we'd go- as some of the guys had done the year before, to the Okanagan for a couple weeks from the camp to help in the peach picking and stuff like this, because it was that season- harvest season, you see. We had done that, and then I get this letter from Tommy asking me to- that I join him because Roy Ito, who had been his assistant editor, had been accepted by McMaster, the very first BC Japanese Canadian accepted by an Ontario university. Roy was a buddy of mine from Vancouver too and also, even briefly in our camp before his family decided to do sugar beets. After the sugar beet harvest, he came to visit BC and then, Tom got him to stay on. Now, he needed me to come in since I had that Powell Street experience with the paper to come and help. Well, you know, okay, not only- I'm gonna get out of the camp when I needed to get out, but the families, real food, girls, and working on the paper, which I loved anyway, so that was perfect. So, I was able to go. And my brother left and went to the Okanagan shortly after me. So, I went. And then- That was August 1943. And in November '43, a family in Tashme decided they were going to leave and in our correspondence, I think I had heard somewhere there was a particular big St. Thomas farm that needed a Japanese family, you know, a family like ours where the men- grown up men for labour was the kind they wanted most. So, I guess I had something to do with their choosing. So, they went to St. Thomas, to of all things a huge 100-acre farm that was operated, owned and operated by the ex-premier of Ontario, Mitchell Hepburn. Who had been one of the original Premiers to be against the idea of the Japanese Canadians from BC coming and then had turned around and changed his mind. And so, on his farm too, he was not premier anymore but, on his farm, he had three Japanese families, two of them farm families and the third one was our family, the city family but with the gardening experience. And then, he had another- a couple of cottages on which one was filled with several nisei bachelors, another couple. And then three or four white families, to guide the agricultural department, right. It's a big place. Dairy cows, okay, beef cattle, show horses, chicken, pigs, every damn thing. I became an expert in manure, by the way, by the time I came; I joined them later. They went on in November, I stayed on until March '44 in Kaslo. And then, I joined them, and finally, two years roughly after Dad left us in March '42, we were reunited in Ontario. So, we were out of BC, away from

the camps, but- and had a lot more freedom, but still under restrictions as you know. Among other things we were not allowed to travel more than 50 miles even for a social visit to see a friend or something without going to report to the RCMP and getting a special permit. Things like that. And of course, technically, we couldn't vote. So, I worked on the farm for a year, from March '44 to April '45.

[01:25]

FM: It was early in 1945- well, actually, late '44, the first nisei secretly joined up because the secret recruiting campaign- because as I mentioned they needed interpreters in Southeast Asia for the British and Australian forces. The Americans in the Pacific had the nisei interpreters and so forth, so they were doing okay but they had separate areas to cover in the war. So, anyhow, I joined up and off I went. The family not only stayed behind, they really- except for a couple of members that moved into Toronto, they didn't move into Toronto until 1953. And so- which is a year after I graduated from U of T. So, what happened with me was after my army service and coming back- what happened with me was I ended up being asked by New Canadian to come again, third time, to come to Winnipeg where they were, and I spent two and a half years in Winnipeg. And to get university entrance, oh, that's the other freakish thing- I'm jumping ahead. But because when I came back as a veteran, and we had veterans' benefits or [tending a farm?] for nothing, that's what veterans got. So, I decided post-secondary was the other thing- benefit I would take advantage. Because I had been a high school cartoonist, I thought my best chance was to go to college of art and become a commercial artist, right, okay. Become a picture guy, so to speak, because I never dreamt, I could become a word guy, which was my number one thing. Anyhow, so, College of Art- but what happened was in '46, a year after the war ended, the campuses of all colleges and universities were packed with student veterans. I had to wait an entire year to get in. So, I had to kill time. And I went into- I worked in the harvest briefly after getting out of the army, on the farm. I went in September to Toronto, just to look around since I had nothing to do. And Irene Uchida, who I knew from the New Canadian days and so forth, she suggested, "Well, Frank, you're not doing anything and you're looking for something to do. Why don't you go and talk to Dr. B. K. Sandwell, who is the editor of Saturday Night Magazine?" And he was a real supporter of the Japanese Canadians when they got the deportation, forceful deportation and cancelled, he was- So, you know: "Why don't you go see him?" "Oh sure, why not, I've got nothing else to do." So, I phoned him, and he said, "Oh, do come in Moritsugu," he says. So, I go in, downtown Toronto. Here is this old gentleman. And Saturday Night was a weekly magazine then and it was really, you know, quite a reputable, high-level magazine. And here's this guy, looks straight out of Dickens with a three-piece suit and so forth. He's got a rolltop desk with this thing right downtown near the old city hall. And I go in and I

found out for the first time, and I've repeated so many times since, that when you go in to interview a journalist, the journalist is going to interview you back. So, I went in to see him and yes, to find out. And really, I- I guess I was talking about looking for- what I should do now that I'm a veteran. And he says, "Tell me about what happened to you during the war." So, I did the thing. And he said, "You know,"- and this is 1946- He says, "You know, the- I know that most of the camps in BC have been closed down now and yet, there are still so many thousands of Japanese Canadians still behind that won't come east. Why won't they?" So, as I tell the story, I'm 23 years old, so I know everything. So, I say, "Yes, Dr. Sandwell, there's point one, point two, point three, about five or six points." He says, "How'd you like to write that for us?" I said, "Alright. I'm not doing anything, why not?" So, I walked out of the office feeling kind of nice, you know. I've been asked to write something, eh. And I'm walking- and I was staying with a friend's, the Sumi's, near Bloor and Yonge and this is down Richmond and Bay. I'm walking through the old Simpson's store, floating actually, I guess. Thinking, "Oh my God, I'm going to do this." Something hit me as I was walking up Yonge Street, I didn't take TTC, I just walked. And I thought, "I'm getting asked to write a magazine article."

[01:30]

FM: "How in the heck do I write a magazine article?" All I've done is worked with for high school newspapers and ethnic newspapers, right. Now it's for a national magazine. But what I knew- because see, I'm a library and bookstore guy. Always been a book guy. And near Bloor and Yonge, near just south of the old Loew's Uptown Theatre, there was a bookstore called the Rendezvous, and I knew that there was shelf of how to write books that I noticed before. So, I went in and checked again, looking at the books. There was one that's spine says, "How to write nonfiction articles," right. And it was something like 6.95, which is like ten times of what it would be now, considering the- But this seemed to be the thing I should get. So, I bought it, I went back to the Sumi's place where I was staying in the attic with a couple of the other guys and the family, and I read and did everything in the book, including things like: "lookup the last six issues of your publication. Study how- the things they publish. Do they believe in short sentences or long complex sentences, etc., etc., etc.? For your first article, write their way, not your way. Once you are published, you can write any way you want."
LU: [laughs]
FM: 'Cause you can show the published article. So, yeah. I went back and got- you know, went to the library and then saw all these former issues of Saturday Night and studied them and so forth, taking notes. Then, I talked to Irene and so on. Then, I did some more archive- research and I wrote the piece. And I stayed for a month, I guess, in Toronto. And so, Irene really looked at it, and Kunio Hidaka, who worked with the government then. He looked at it for me, and they were older nisei, you

know from BC, and they made some comments. And I did some of the things I said- they suggested, went back to Ontario, St. Thomas, and suddenly, there was a phone call from Winnipeg. Mr. [Mizuki], TU, [Takeichi Mizuki?], the Japanese return publisher was calling, he actually knew me from Vancouver because his dad and I were good friends. Or, his dad and he were good friends that and he was in Kaslo too. Noji Murase who came from Lemon Creek was my successor when I left. Okay- came to us when we moved from Kaslo to Winnipeg. But his family is moving to Hamilton from Winnipeg, and we need a replacement. Could you come and since you are not doing anything, come and help us out?" So, I went and became the assistant editor again. This time in Winnipeg. [Kaisu Soyama?] was the second editor, the editor. I lived in there, in Winnipeg, for two- yeah, from '46 to '48, maybe one and a half years. Two baseball seasons I know, two basketball seasons, I remember. And so, I was with the Winnipeg gang, you know, and so forth. And also, in my second year there, I went to first year university of Manitoba to get the equivalent of a grade thirteen in Ontario to get the- so, I could enter U of T. But the other part of this, the reason why I decided to enter U of T instead of College of Art- because I went in October and a few weeks after I got there and got established in Winnipeg, I get this letter from Dr. Sandwell at Saturday Night, we're going to publish your article in November such and such issue. So, when the week comes along, I go to the downtown place in Winnipeg where out of town things are sold and I find it, and I'm on page 53 or something like that, but what the heck. I buy seven copies and off I go. And I'm floating around you know, and in total euphoria. I look through the thing, look at my carbon copy and find out they only took out two little paragraphs. And the more I think of it, they weren't important paragraphs anyway. So, they did it for space reasons because of the ads on the page. There, I am, published by a national magazine, and then it hit me suddenly, wham-o. Why am I going to the College of Art when I'm already published by a national magazine, you know? Print journalism is what this is all about. Wrote to my old high school journalism editor back in Vancouver, [Ms. Jean Story?], who was the one under whom I became editor of the 'Kitsilano High School Life.'

[01:35]

FM: Which I found out later won a Pacific Northwest high school award. You know, in those days, [there were- maybe over half were newsletters?] but ours was really printed and it was a monthly paper. So anyhow, she said, "Well you had an article published by Dr. Sandwell, he used to be a professor at Queen's University. Why don't you ask him?" So, I wrote to him. And he sent- and his letter, he always said, 'Dear Moritsugu,' is the way he would do it. 'Dear Moritsugu,' he says, "there are two journalism programs at university. One is at Carleton University; the other is at University of Western Ontario. The one at Western Ontario is run by a former

student of mine at Queens. They are both very good, but it's not necessary for you to take a journalism program. Go to university and get a proper liberal arts program for your background. You can learn all the journalism you want on the job." Which is why I went to Manitoba one year, you know, to [unclear]. And then, the New Canadian also decided to move to Toronto for its final home. I came with it, stayed with it for the summer, but- because that was in maybe May or June in '48. And I stayed with it in the summer and then decided, well, since school was going to start, I'm gonna go to U of T, and was already registered at U of T in the fall. I'm gonna- instead of being part-time as I was at Manitoba, I'm gonna go full-time university. So, that's how- and I took a four-year honours course in Poli-Sci and Ec [Economics]. And political science- economics bored me, but political science was perfect for me. Because even for the very first year, the 'Government of Canada' course, great professor, he was so good that certain special lectures were so famous and instead of his usual 50 students, 150 students would pile into the lecture hall to hear him from all kinds of other programs. His name was MacGregor Dawson, and he wrote a great text on the government of Canada. Anyway, the point was- MacGregor Dawson, one of the things he taught you about political sciences is how phony it can be. And one of his famous lectures was he'd do a whole thing, he had a whole- blown-up pictures, and these are leading senior political candidates running for office, and these are the family pictures they'd do. And he said, "Look at them," and you'd look at them. And he says, "You notice one thing. There is the candidate, there's his wife, they are sitting together, there's his children standing or kneeling, and look at that over there, the dog." [grins] "What kind of dog, take a good look now, not only the fuzzy ones." Okay, etc. And for me, having been through what I'd been through during the war, etcetera, becoming a skeptic was so easy. I already was, right, which made it so great for taking polisci and later, writing or dealing with- writing about politics myself, or editing people writing about politics was just perfect for me. Then, as I told you, then the freakiest thing is- the Maclean's magazine editor being the judge for the best editorial competition, Canadian university press thing, and my winning the best editorial award, and he finally offered me an assistant copy editor job on Maclean's magazine, the biggest national magazine. Learning how to not only copyedit newspaper stuff I had done a bit of in places like the New Canadian. Now, I'm fixing magazine articles. And Pierre Berton was already a name then in 1952. And one day, in my in-basket, in came his manuscript. It's Pierre Berton. I thought, "Oh my God, Pierre Berton, I'm supposed to fix him?" And then, I say, "Well, I'll took a look and see it." And I was reading through. Yeah, yeah, he could use a little help here and there. [laughs] That's how arrogant one can become. But that stood me in good stand. As I said later, many years later when I was teaching print journalism, you can get good writers, a heck of a lot of them, and they're easy to train.

[01:40]

FM: A good copyeditor, to go over somebody else's stuff and make it publishable, you have to get a certain kind of person with a certain kind of mind, right. And I remember, even back in my university days when I worked at the Varsity, we had page proofs, and we'd take a look at them. And I would say, "Oh, we got to fix that, we got to fix that, we gotta fix that." They would say, "You don't even read it but you see it." "Oh, yeah, they would jump out at me." But- It has a lot to do with genetics too, you see. My mother, one of the things she did. She, as I say, she sent us to the Christian church. But she and Dad never got baptized like some of the other church members, issei, until they came out to Ontario. In Toronto, they were baptized. She became a very strong Japanese Anglican Church member in Toronto. My immediate brother, Ken, was director of the board and stuff like this, on the nisei side. But when the two ministers, Reverend Imai, who became Reverend Canon Imai and Reverend Reg Savary in London, who had been a missionary to Japan both before and after World War 2. They decided to do a Japanese translation of the Anglican common prayer book. Mom was their copyeditor. She fixed it all up and it was published while she was still alive. Few years later when she passed on, she left all kind of instructions because she was sick with cancer for a couple of years. She left all kinds of instructions for how things should be done including: she didn't want all the goopy stuff in the death notice in Japanese and so forth. She wanted- she picked the person to read the eulogy- or give the eulogy at her service, and she also had a backup just in case he wasn't able to do it because he was having leg problems. One of her instructions was: when she was buried, in the casket, she wanted her copy of that Japanese common translation Anglican prayer book. Because I had a mother like this- Now, I've had- my sisters are picky, picky, picky about all kinds of stuff like that. Back then, at least one of my daughters, you know, is an editor, and one of my brothers, of course, is a very good editor, so it seems to fall into place. And yeah. Some of the best writers in our program at Centennial used to absolutely hate the copyediting course and they'd come in and they'd do as little as possible. One of our best students at our convocation, she was the editor of the Centennial school paper too. And she was very, very good. At her graduation, she was the only one who wasn't smiling when I was congratulating everybody. She said, "You know, you gave me the only C I ever got. Everything else was an A." I said, "Yeah, Denise. Copyediting, right?" "Yeah," she said. And I said, "Well, you didn't deserve anything lower" [laughs]. So, there you go.
LU: Just got to switch the tape. Okay. [noise of LU switching tapes in the background] Do you want to talk a little bit about your experience going overseas and how you got involved with the army?
FM: Yeah, I haven't- I just mentioned I was in it. I didn't give any details, did I?
LU: No, no, no.

FM: I'll do that and maybe we can wind up for today. And then we'll do the post war things, I have already mentioned some, but we can get into that again.
LU: We'll do that another day.
FM: And I can give you more details. Anyhow, okay, the army. What happened with the army was, first of all, the news came- my friend, Roy Ito, who was at McMaster University. He was just about to become editor of the New Canadian, a veteran like me. And at McMac, he was editor, had been the elected editor of the Silhouette, the student newspaper at Mac [McMaster]. And then the news came about our being finally allowed to volunteer. So, he wrote me a letter, I think it's in that album [points behind the camera], giving me the news, that's how I first heard about it. Then, the recruiters even came to our farm because, you know, the farm in St. Thomas, where we were, the Hepburn farm, there were all these Japanese families and so forth. And so- Two of them as a matter of fact had been, the Yatabe brothers had been at the farm before us before the Moritsugu's came in and they were Kitsilano people too.

[01:45]

FM: And they both joined up along with a couple of white officers that had come to recruit them. And of all the eligible nisei, I was the only one that volunteered. My brothers wanted to, but I said, "No, no, I'm gonna go so you guys stay and look after." Anyway, they said, "Well, you're the *nii-san* [older brother] so we should go," and I said, "Oh, no, no." Anyway, so first of all, when the news came and I decided, okay, I got to take advantage of this. And you can imagine why, all the chances- all the denials that I was Canadian enough and so forth and suddenly we get this chance, we get to do something. But- So, we had this long, couple of nights discussions. Dad and Mom, and my immediate brothers, in the old farmhouse down there. The first question my dad said, when I said I was thinking about volunteering, he said very naturally, and a lot of this was in Japanese, but he said in Japanese, "How can you go fight for a country that treats us like this?" Which is a very logical point. My mother then asked, following up with a real Japanese type question, "What will our friends say?" You know, Japanese are such groupthink people, eh. And so, doing individual things were not really a part of their culture- and especially, she also meant, most of our friends- some of them had moved out there, but some of them were still back in BC. And what would they think of it? And there was from the examples of other nisei that I got to know and what their experiences were. There was a lot of unhappiness among the families of supporting the ideas of their sons joining up. But anyway, I finally said yes, but you know, we are starting all over again in Ontario. And in Ontario, they are not quite as bad towards people like us as they were back in BC, [unclear] they're not so anti, but still, they're not sure. Because they think, if you didn't do anything wrong, how come you got kicked out of BC? It's always sort of a taint over us, you see. And I said, "Now that the opportunity has come, if I join up, and I'm able to go around wearing the uniform with Canada up here [points to his

shoulders], you know, and so forth, I think I can help not just myself, but my brothers and sisters, Dad, you and Mum, and help us all in our new beginnings we are trying to do out here in a new life." So, I said, "It isn't a union jack, and it isn't God save the King." It sort of was partly too but that wasn't the main thing. The real pragmatic reason, practical reason why: it would be a help, I went. So, I joined up. And the thing was, it's interesting. I went up one day on the electric train to London. Unlike the time when we were sent away from Vancouver with an RCMP in the vestibule of the coach, when we were sent to the camp, no escort this time. I went up Lake- to London where there was the closest military district. The majority of the guys joined up in the Toronto area. That's where we were. On the same day, Jack Nishizaki, another Kitsilano guy who was in Chatham, Ontario. He came on, and Jack and I, we went in together. The white corporal who registered us into volunteering were quite excited because they had never seen any such thing before. "Are you really allowed to?" "Yes, we got the word they were recruiting," and so forth, so we went in and enlisted there in London. We went on so-called enlistment leave, things like this, given our uniforms. That picture there in the front of that album is maybe the second or third day after I got in the army. That thing is still itchy [touches his shirt collar], it's brand new and so forth. I went home for a visit, from London. Mom said, "go downtown tomorrow and get your picture taken at the studio in St. Thomas. We want to keep this as a record." So, that's how I got that picture taken, I'm brand new, you see. I didn't know anything or nothing, but I still had the uniform on.

[01:50]

FM: After enlistment leave, we were sent to basic training. Basic training lasts for, I don't know, about three months. Then, you all learn the basics and then you go into specialized training, whatever, you see. So, for the majority of the Japanese Canadians who had volunteered then, you had basic training somewhere, and the main one was at Brantford in the army camp there. All of my friends and so forth went there. Then, after you finish basic, then the- because of the special jobs for which we're recruited- becoming a Japanese language translator, interpreters was the only job you were allowed to volunteer for. You couldn't go in the army or the navy, [shakes head no] the air force or the navy, you had to go to that particular job in the army. Anyway, so, in our case, Jack and I were- instead of the other guys being sent to Brantford, we were sent to basic training in Chatham, near where he had been. We were there for one week in our platoon, the two of us. There was no real problem with anybody. We were different but outside of that, no one was causing us troubles. The only people who were having trouble even in the platoon was a couple of the guys who'd been forced to join up because there used to be a thing called zombies. They were called zombies, by their- The people who, - men who refused to

serve overseas. They were conscripted, drafted like they say in the States, conscripted but they didn't want to go overseas. They didn't want to fight for the country in the war, kind of thing. The zombies. And so, there were real pressure on them by other guys in the platoon to get them to change and so on. Sometimes it was pretty malicious, physical fights and everything. But after one week, and in our case unlike other platoons in training, the night before we were to be issued our rifles for the first time, Jack and I were called to go see the sergeant over there in the other building. We went and reported to the sergeant. Sergeant says, "I got marching orders for you guys." "What?" He says, "Yes, you're to report to Toronto right away." So, okay, we had learned how to march, we learned how to salute, but besides that- and we'd done how to put a gas mask on, and they actually throw us into a cabin filled with gas to make sure you even smell what the gas was like, so you know. So, we got through that kind of stuff, and we'd seen saw all kinds of films about venereal disease and all that kind of crap. But before we were issued our rifles, Jack and I were off with our stuff to Toronto. And at the CNE grounds, which like Hastings Park, where the exhibitions were, the military had taken it over during the war. Down in the horse palace, as they call it, the stalls over there where the families had to live in those smelly places. In the horse palace were these double bunks where we all stayed. First, we were given embarkation leave. So, suddenly here is barely trained guys, and we found out the other guys were in from other parts of Ontario, but also Manitoba, Alberta, and Quebec. And none of them had any training at all. Jack and I were among the few that had even one week. We were really civilians, you see, awkward civilians at that. So, we were getting embarkation leave because we were going to be sent overseas. So, couple of weeks of that and naturally I go back to the farm and so forth. And my last night of my embarkation leave, Mother and I stay up late. Everybody else had- you know, the men had to get up before five to go to out the barn in those days. We were talking. She says, in Japanese, she says, "Frank-o, if you get captured over there by the Japanese, remember they'll be just like the people in Canada. They won't think that you're Canadian, they will think you are a traitor to Japan by your name and your face. So, if you get captured, they will treat you much worse than the others, so please kill yourself."

[01:55]

FM: So, you know, it's a- My mom had a bit of samurai in her background too, so it was much easier for her to say to kill yourself. So, I said, "Ok, Mum." [laughs] Oh my god. And so, off we went. So, from Toronto, we hung around for a while until things got organized. One day, a very interesting thing happened. The three of us we had just gotten a, I guess a four-hour pass to go up to Yonge Street or something or go to a restaurant or something like this. We were just going to go out, and along the second floor of the horse palace. Along came an officer, you can tell by his cap and

everything, and he wasn't very tall. And as he came closer to us, we were supposed to salute these guys, as an officer we're supposed to do that. So, we were all ready to salute him. He was well-tanned; I wonder if he was a Sikh or something. Wasn't sure. He came up to us and we saluted him, the captain's salute, he was a captain, you could tell [points to his shoulders]. He saluted back and then he said, "Are you fellas Japanese?" We said, "Yes sir." He said, "So am I," and off he went. Later on, asking around, we found out he was captain Richard Suzuki, one of the five Japanese families in Toronto before the war. Richard Suzuki, apparently, his father, Mr. Suzuki, issei from Japan, went to study university in Scotland, I think it was Edinburgh but I'm not one hundred percent sure, and married this Scottish woman, Margaret Laidlaw. And took her to Japan, in Tokyo. And Richard and his next brother, Arthur, were born there. They have a sister, but she was born in Toronto, after they came to Toronto, so they were a Toronto family. Well, so, Richard, because he was out her and so forth, he was in the European war, and he didn't come back invalidated and so forth. Anyways, he was the captain. Another story told about him is, earlier, before we were there, when they were doing the surveys right across Canada of all the Japanese, about whether you're going to- when the war's over, are you going to Japan or going to stay? If you're gonna stay, in the case of people in BC, you got to get out of BC. The Mountie thing did that. The Mountie thing did that in Toronto, down in the horse palace, we were told. It's his brother Arthur who used to tell us this story because he was a journalist too. Apparently, there was a lineup of a few nisei standing there for the questionnaire. And in comes Captain Suzuki in uniform and the RCMP corporal, he sees this guy, officer in uniform, and salutes and says, "Sorry, this must be a mistake." The captain apparently says, "Yes, and it's not mine." He insists on staying and insists on signing the thing. That's Richard Suzuki and the thing with Arthur Suzuki- was a journalist, he had polio when he was young so he couldn't serve in the military. Later on, met Arthur, and Arthur told us that story about his brother. But the other thing was, my brother Henry, the one who ended up in journalism down in the States, you know Newsday and so forth. He was briefly editor of the New Canadian. And then got a job in the Kirkland Lake Northern Daily news way up North here in Ontario. He would write for the paper and then send in stuff like a lot of the out-of-town people did [to Toronto?] papers. In his case, the Global and Mail. One day, he phoned me up and said, he was hired to be the night editor for the Globe and Mail and after we finished our business he suddenly said, "Moritsugu is that a Japanese name?" and Henry said and I said "Yes". "I'm Japanese too," he said. He was talking to Arthur Laidlaw, the night editor of the Globe and Mail. So, he was the very first Japanese Canadian to get a job on the Toronto daily newspaper but using his mother's name Laidlaw, instead of Arthur Suzuki, and he was a night editor. And then, after that, [intelligible Suzuki and unclear] was one of the only graduates of Ryerson journalism and they got hired as cub reports at the Tely [The Toronto Evening Telegram].

[02:00]

FM: And along came me at the Star. So, I was the first at the Star. But both the Globe and the Tely already had Japanese Canadians. So, this is always a tiny world in a curious way, isn't it. So, anyway, then, okay- from Toronto, we went on a train to Halifax. On Halifax, we got on the ship. I forget, it was a [Cunard liner, but I think it was a Britannic, but all the books say the Britannic was already sunk before. Anyway, so, off we went in early summer of 1945 across the Atlantic and- oh by the way, even before that, when I was on embarkation leave, it was May 1945 and VE-Day happened. Okay, and because I was on leave, I decided that I would go up to Brantford where the majority of the nisei were in basic training there. They had a great big nisei platoon there. So, I went there and when I got there just to say hello and get permission to go into camp and say hello to my friends including Roy Ito and so on. Well, because it was VE day suddenly, there was a big parade from the camp into one of the main Brantford city parks for a celebration. And so, I stood there in my uniform, and watched the nisei platoon march past, and they had been there earlier than us and Jack. They were already trained. I watched them march past [and they were really smart?]. And later they had a huge reputation for being one of the best basic training platoons they ever had. When they finished there, they were sent to Vancouver, to the Japanese language school there, you know, West Van. So, I- the first group had already been sent and then suddenly we were rushed over, 'cause they desperately needed the interpreters. I mentioned without testing us, well that's a story for later on. So, first, we went to Britain. We ended up, spending, of all things, being billeted in a house on Wimpole Street. We heard about the story, the novel *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and this was the famous Wimpole Street. So, we got to see all kinds of things in London, you know. For instance, my dad, way back in his Port Alice days I guess, had learned- or even before that, because he came to Canada just before World War I, and he had learned from his *hakujin* friends, his fellow workers I guess, some of the songs, including "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." One day when I was a kid in Vancouver, and I had learned it at scouts or something, or cubs or something, and I was singing it, and he was correcting me, I had the words wrong. My dad knows all the words for Tipperary but one of the things was, 'farewell, Piccadilly, farewell, Leicester Square.' So, one of the places that I had to see was Leicester Square. So along with Trafalgar Square, and Berkeley Square, which was also where the Nightingale sang, in Berkeley Square in the pub songs- and Leicester Square seeing all those places, went to see Buckingham Palace of course. Even went to see- you know, the stage show canteen was already big in Los Angeles for the American troops, but there was one stage show canteen also in England mainly for the American troops or for anybody else. So, we even experienced things like that. And then on a ship again and this time, as a matter of fact, I was curious, from-

maybe it was because- even though the European war was over, they still had to be careful. We were down in London, and they put us on a train all the way up to Scotland, near Glasgow and a place called Greenock, this is a shipbuilding place. We got on a ship that went all the way down past the British Isles, past France, Bay of Biscay. Because the war was over, into the Mediterranean, we pause in front of Gibraltar, went through the Mediterranean, and then the Red Sea. Oh, Suez Canal first, and seeing the camels and the palm trees on the Egyptian side. Suez Canal and so forth and then into Bombay, India. And as I say, so- the thing was that first of all, one thing that happened was on our first trip across the Atlantic.

[02:05]

FM: Unlike the trip coming home because the war was over, it was not packed. It was only roughly a few people there including a group of military policemen who were going to they call it- [Provo Court?], they call it. These military policemen were to serve in the occupation forces in Germany. And then there was our group of 22 and a few odds and ends. So, the- Two things happened. One was when the cooks on board found out there was this Japanese gang on, you see- we went down for our supper in the mess deck, out came a big, big pot. The guy smiles and says, "We thought you guys would like some rice." Well, first of all, the rice was, had a lot of water to begin with. And then, but- It was all funny-colored, grey because they hadn't washed it, eh. So, we took some out and put it in all of our meat and potatoes and whatever the hell. We took a taste- [retching sounds]. So- but we couldn't sort of show them up. So, already, we had to do our chores, eh, and so forth. Some of the stuff you did, you got the garbage and what you did was you carried it in your pots and whatever and you'd go up to the upper deck and then you throw it overboard. So, we waited until it was all quiet and nobody was around, we picked up the pot of rice, a couple of us, took it up, and poured it over, so they wouldn't know. So, oh yeah, they cleaned it all up, isn't that something? Then the other story about that ship was there was a guy from the YMCA who was a social director. He was supposed to be keep entertainment stuff going and keep the guys occupied in the five days across the Atlantic. And there was so little people on there, there was hardly any talent. One of the guys told him that I had my harmonica with me. So, suddenly, I am the harmonica guy and the next night's concert. And so what I do is I play two tunes, first of all I played "Stardust," my favourite tune, and then there was a hit tune of the time, you know, still on the hit parade. It was a rhythmic tune called "Accentuate the Positive," real great lyrics, and I played that. And anyhow, well, what the hell, it was reasonably well received. Well, what do you expect, there's hardly any talent anyway. And the next day up on deck, bunch of us are hanging around, and one of the military police guys, he was a big, beefy guy, you know, 210 pounds, 6'3, whatever, comes up and says, "Enjoyed what you did there last night." I

said, "Well, thanks a lot," I said. But by the way- You know what, I'm sorry, I didn't play "Accentuate," I just played "Stardust." He said, "Can you play any fast stuff?" So, that's when I played "Accentuate the Positive." Upon which this big, huge beefy guy started to dance, jitterbug on deck. So, as you can well imagine, the word filtered down to the social director. And the next night's concert, the two of us are on the program, right? And we are introduced as the Irish Duet, O'Reilly and O'Moritsugu.
LU: [laughs]
FM: Lisa, the only time I've ever been Irish, okay? And I played "Accentuate the Positive," and he danced, and he was so funny. I don't think it was particularly musical or anything, but it got one hell of applause. So, there you are, those are the things I remember about that particular trip. And the fact that I discovered that on long sea voyages, I don't get seasick unlike a lot of unfortunate guys. I found out much later on a trip on a ferry from India to Ceylon that on the other hand, short trips- it's a whole different thing. I very rarely got seasick on the long trips. So, anyhow, that was the thing. Then off we went to Bombay. And, as I ment- They finally got around to testing our ability to speak and read Japanese. And we could have told them, yeah, that one of the guys couldn't say yes or no in Japanese, *hai* or *ie*, and the other guy had never heard of the Japanese alphabet [speaking in Japanese], and so forth. We could have told them that some of the guys couldn't do it. 22 of us, we were tested by a big, tall civilian, blond Englishman. His name was Trevor Legget.

[02:10]

FM: And there's a very considerable lot to know about Trevor Leggett but I didn't know at the time, I learned later. But, so- He had been in Japan and he had Nihongo down cold and so forth. He'd even written a couple of books about Japanese things. So, he tested us, and three of us passed.

[Conversation redacted from 2:10:22 to 2:11:26]

So, they were in Pune, just outside Bombay on the Western side of India. And we get on a train; we were first heading for Calcutta before we were sent on our different ways. Just outside Calcutta, this counterintelligence force, special force 136 that we were members of, had camps here and there, secret camps, so to speak. And we were in a camp in Calcutta. And in the officer side, which was different from our particular tent, were two Canadian officers, white guys, who had been graduates of the Canadian army Japanese language school. And one day, this was in August, they came running into our tent and said "Fellas, fellas, we just heard- we were just listening to the Japanese language all India broadcast, and the news said that the Americans dropped a new kind of bomb on Hiroshima." And we never heard of it before, and- but they said [*Gen-shi-bakana*?], and they said, "Do you know what that is?" So, you know. Nobody knew- nobody even heard of atomic bomb before, you

see, that's a secret name until they released it over Hiroshima. And so, we all dug into our dictionaries which were issued already. And it says: '[*Gen-shi-o*?] is something about atoms,' well never mind. Small particles it was, maybe there was small particles in there or something. We didn't know and it was only the next day when we got copies of the daily newspaper, the Times of India, that we saw the words 'atomic bomb', and then we later learned that had something to do with the nuclear substance. We didn't know anything. And then- then Nagasaki happened. And suddenly, before we got our orders, the war ended. Suddenly, the workforce had to be changed, but we were just hanging around in that camp, you know. And when we get to the next camps, Fred, and Jack, and somebody else, I guess Harold, yeah okay, were sent to jungle training because they might have to be sent into- still to deal with the Japanese troops that were not surrendering. And [Edgar Yamamoto], the guy who had been educated in Japan, he got sent- assigned as the interpreter translator for the group that's doing the take over from the Japanese in Saigon, which Indochina, Vietnam now. And I was wondering what I was going to be. Well, I got the job of going up to Northern India for a camp that was specially set up to teach the other guys that I went overseas with, who hadn't passed the test. And when we got up there in the camp, it was in tea plantation country near Darjeeling. So, it was very close to Nepal and so forth, way up there. The officer-in-charge, Lieutenant Harvey, who became Captain Lloyd Harvey later, he was, like Mr. Leggett an old Asia hand, so he knew that part, and was an S-20 graduate. But he taught the basic- beginners. I got the advanced students. So, there I am in a monsoon in our tent camp there, making up my lessons every day and trying to teach the guys and so forth. At least one of the guys, who I quote 'taught', ended up working in Hong Kong as an interpreter.

[02:15]

FM: And I think, Elmer, he was the top student in the advanced class, and he was so mad as hell, not having made it the first time, then he worked like the son of a gun. So, I was at the camp there for a about month and a half. So, then I got orders to- Oh, the other good thing was [announcement interrupts]- so what happened was that the- where was I, oh yeah. So, I was pulled out of the camp and sent back to Calcutta, went into Mr. Leggett's office. And he said, "Okay, first of all," he said, "We are assigning you- you're going to Bombay to join a British Intelligence Unit who are going to go to Japan to find out what the Japanese have found out about the British efforts- intelligence efforts in Southeast Asia. And you'll be the interpreter translator with the British group in Bombay. So, you join them and then you wait for your orders before they send you in." The American forces had already occupied Japan and the British forces, occupation forces, smaller one, came in later. We would have been the first British unit to go in if we had gone. So, okay- And then he said to me, "You've been promoted. So, you are Sergeant now." See, the good thing was I was a

private soldier up north in the camp. It was just as well because if I had been promoted and become an officer, then they would've- I probably would have had a more difficult time with them because they would have resented like anything compared to a private soldier teaching them. But now, I get Sergeant's stripes, and I get extra trades pay for the language. I'm in this ordinary house in this office with Mr. Leggett and I say, "Where do I get my stripes here?" "Oh," she says, "just go to the bazaar, and you can buy some, and they will sew them on for you." Because I'm not in an ordinary military establishment, the quartermaster core, where they're giving you all the stuff and so forth. This intelligence stuff, we are all supposed to be secret. So, I go down to the Main Drive in Calcutta. And I knew there was a big bazaar there, which was- everything, eh, it's almost like a free market. And I get the stuff, and I get it sewn on. Suddenly, I'm a Sergeant. A couple of days later, I'm at Calcutta airport, and for the first time in my life, I'm on an airplane. It's a Dakota plane and it's almost, hardly anything, no seats in it or anything, little benches put in. And there's a couple of officers, and me, and a couple of other guys in there. It's one of the officers who gets airsick during our trip to Bombay. Flying and nearly dying, suffering, I felt so sorry for him. I didn't feel superior at all. Then I was met in Bombay by these two British sergeants. Royal signal, core guys, they were radio wireless operators. And they had both parachuted into Malaya with different missions. They went into units with Chinese language guys, some of them from Canada. And because some of the resistance forces in Burma and Malaya were Chinese people, you see. And just like they were doing in France, going in and parachuting at night. They did it with the resistance people, they'd been with the Chinese Resistance. One of the guys was a Chinese speaker and they get information from them about the whereabouts of the Japanese troops. Reason why, they were easy to go into the jungle, apparently. Japanese avoided the jungle as much as possible because they couldn't protect themselves too easily. So, they'd be in more open spaces. So, they'd land them in there and the guys would radio back the news to India, and they would send it to these [red courses?], and then a plane would come in another evening, hopefully, and they would fly back again. So, both Johnny and Ted had done that and so forth you see. So, they are in, I'm the third sergeant in the group and we got to be good buddies because we spent from September to December in Bombay waiting for our orders to go to Japan. Overall, officers, two of them were two lieutenant colonels and us three sergeants. One corporal, who was the driver and so forth, and one clerk, you know, one private soldier, and that was our unit.

[02:20]

FM: There I was, doing things. The only Canadian forces in India at the time outside of people like us were the air force. So, they had bases in the main places like Calcutta or Bombay. Once I got established in Bombay, I would go down to the air force place, the very first time, and they see the Canada up here [points to shoulders] and say, "Oh, what the heck are you doing here?" And they would give

me, for nothing, packages of Sweet Carporal cigarettes with a card on it, with courtesy of George Prude, the premier of Ontario, and softballs and softball bats and stuff like that. I'd take it back; we were living in a mansion up on a hill in a residential area. Matter of fact, this mansion with a big yard was really leased to the allies by the leader of the Muslims, Muhammad Ali-Jinnah back then. In the yard, my British friends would then use the softball bats and softballs to play cricket. [laughter] Things like that. There other thing was, one thing happened there, because very little happened that was real racist. Especially, I guess, with the intelligence unit, people from all over being accepted was more normal. But so- what happened was, both John- [John Sharpe?] and Ted [Cornig?] loved swimming and there was a private pool in Bombay called the Breach Candy. I don't know what that means. There was a big sign outside in English: European personnel only. That was a thing in India, you know, it was a British colony, eh? See, there was the British army and the Indian army, and just like in the deep south with the colored and white toilets and stuff like this, in all the camps that I went to, there was British personnel and Indian personnel, or British officers and Indian officers, they had to go to different toilets and stuff like this. So, they had that kind of segregation. In we went, into this private pool, eh? We go to the ticket office, and John and Al and Ted had gone to- got their tickets and went in. And I went it, it's only about 10 cents or something- went in, and the Indian ticket seller says, "No, can't give you one." I said, "Why not?" He says, "European only." Ted and John and Al, they all came back and asked, "What's holding you up?" I said, "he won't sell me a ticket." And then, they said, "Why the hell not? Let's get the manager." And there's another Indian guy, you know: "Policy is Europeans only." "But look at him, he's a Canadian." [gestures to place on shoulder where patch would be] They still wouldn't do it. I thought the guys were going to tear the place apart. We got on a bus, they said to hell with it, we're not going to swim here at this bloody place again. We got on a bus to go back, and Ted and John refused to pay the conductor any fare. "We're going right to the army newspaper to tell them about this." I don't know if that was ever done or not. The thing was- that shows you our relationship too. I'm one of them, so they're going to be upset. And I think well, it's just like Vancouver, Crystal Pool, they won't let the Japanese or Chinese in, it's no different. And in India with the caste system and all the bloody differences between classes, even more rigidly so. It's one of those things, what the hell.

LU: Were you ever in danger when you were-?

FM: The only danger, curiously enough, was from our fellow allies. So, that got- by the way, that mission got called off finally because the American intelligence didn't want the British intelligence poking about in Japan. Typical Ally cooperation. So, I was flown out. So, we were sent to Ceylon, and then so on, and back to Calcutta. In my case, I said, "Oh, that's it for me." Because when I went got to Calcutta, I ran into some of the guys [George Suzuki and Fred Nagami?], and they were going to be sent to Singapore. They said, "Why don't you come along with us?" I said, "Nah, I've had it, I want to quit and go home." It was a good thing because Fred and George, George

was from Kitsilano too, they were in Singapore and they got on a flying boat to go to Hong Kong, and the boat crashed into the sea.

[02:25]

FM: George was about, you know, my size and my weight. And Fred was a big, burly guy and Fred couldn't swim. George, a little guy and a swimmer, actually saved Fred until they got rescued. But as a result, George always had a disability, you see. But then, in his favour, his Singapore stay, he married a Chinese girl. They had a good marriage, in here in Toronto. It's a good thing because even though I lived in Kitsilano and a few blocks away from the beach, I never learned how to swim because I had a couple of incidents, and I was actually scared of water and so forth. Just as well, because I might have been on that flying boat, too. But anyhow- So, off we went, and it was interesting. In Calcutta, we gathered to go to New Delhi first, it's a long roundabout route home. Captain Harvey, the officer that had been up at the camp, had gone to Hong Kong with Elmer, they both were on their way. So, we met in Calcutta station and the officer said, "You want to meet some Japanese POWs? There's a bunch of them here, they're going up to, you know, New Delhi too." We walk in and there are about a dozen of them. These guys were among the ones who were willing to, as several others had done- willing to cooperate with the allies. But now that the war is over, they're in a real dilemma, they wonder what the reception will be like when they go home. Poor guys. There was a captain, and a lieutenant, and then some sergeants. Most of them are very friendly. The captain, the irony was- Elmer and I walk in, and we're only sergeants and they're bowing to us. And even though they're enemy, you know, what the hell, military protocol, right. We're the NCOs and he's an officer. It's only the lieutenant, who glared at us, was the only guy who resented us I thought, that was interesting. But then one of the guys says- So, we start talking and like the other POW's I dealt with, we have so little in common. So, and then I said in Japanese, "Do you- when did you last year from home?" "Oh, three years before." All the lines of communication had been broken down. Well, you know, on our side, if the guys had to wait for two months for their bloody mail, there would be a bloody, you know, uprising in the camp- and so it was very interesting. Finally, they're also looking around trying to find out what to talk about. Finally, one of them said, "Did I know-"or "Did we know Kagawa-san?" I said, "Ooh, that must have been Fred they were talking about because he was in Burma." I said, [in Japanese]. "He must have been very good at playing the harmonica." So, Fred must have learned the harmonica, played some Japanese tunes for them when he was with them. So, with that, a kind of relationship. And off we went to New Delhi, and Elmer and I, as we got on the train at Calcutta, we were given by some civilians who were volunteering- we were given a couple of magazines. American and British picture- like Life, picture post magazines. We saw them, and by the time we had been on a train for a day or so, we had finished looking at them. We'd stop occasionally at different stations, and we would get off and stretch our legs. I said, "Let's go give them to the Japanese guys," they were several coaches ahead. So, I

went. And an officer came down from the other way because the officers were separate too. He said, "What are you doing?" "Oh, we are giving these to the, you know, Japanese, cause we are finished with them." He said, "What are you doing that for?" And here's this *hakujin* white Canadian officer and he's saying, "Those guys are traitors, what are you being nice to them for?" Traitors to Japan, [laughs] who were cooperating with the allies. That was a [crosses arms over his head]. So, we ended up in a couple more camps in a place near New Delhi. When we were in that area, first- two things we got to do, one was it was near- you go to Agra, you go see the Taj Mahal, and we got permits, and got on a train, and that's probably the single most beautiful thing I've ever seen in the entire world.

[02:30]

FM: The Taj Mahal lived up to all the photographs. But the other thing was suddenly we were told we are going to New Delhi today and you'll be able to see some of the guys coming out of Vancouver from overseas. And my friend Roy Ito and four or five of the nisei's who had graduated first, and they had the most Japanese from the Japanese language school, the military one, had been posted here and there. So, we met them briefly for a while. On our way in and [crosses arms in front of him] on our way out. Off we went. It was interesting. We couldn't go- from our camps, we couldn't go to Bombay, which would have been the ideal thing to buy souvenirs to take home or something, since we were just killing time. Because all the Quit India independence protestations were starting, and the militaries were- certain areas were forbidden. The other thing was on the train, when we finally got on a train to go to Bombay to get on the ship to go to UK and then home, one of the Canadian officers on one of the coaches drew a hand drawn sign: "We are quitting India and we're glad," and put it on. We stopped on another train and some of the British officers came along mad as hell and were like, [pointing] "Take that down, who did that?" Since it was one of the officers, nobody said anything. [laughs]
LU: [laughs]
FM: [unclear] Bombay. On the ship. Finally, on the way home. The only other story, musical story I have- I don't remember playing the harmonica here and there, I had it with me in my kit bag. What happened was, as we sailed from Bombay, and up through the Red Sea, the Suez Canal again, and out past Egypt, along the Mediterranean, and this was, I think, in March. So, it was a nice warm, balmy evening, Sunday evening, and the ship was absolutely loaded heading for England with the British lads, most of whom had been in Asia for one to four or five years. Finally going home. We are about a day and a half out of South Hampton. Everyone is playing Bingo, which they call, Tombola on deck, maybe three, four hundred guys. Just a few of us Canadians there among them. We were hanging around watching them. And suddenly, after they finished playing bingo, three, four hundred guys, men, on deck started to sing. There were known songs, and some of them were all brand new. Suddenly, they started to sing a song which was so appropriate, so close

to their going home and seeing their families, and their wives, and girls. The song they sang was "If You Were the Only Girl in the World." Do you know it?
LU: No.
FM: The words go like this: 'if you were the only girl in the world and I was the only boy, nothing else could matter, [pauses and stares above in thought] we would go on living the same old way. A garden of Eden just made for two.' Something- I can't remember the words now. Anyways, it's a lovely old traditional English song, which we North Americans were knew too. I remember I knew it sort of but the first time, when I heard all these guys singing it under those conditions, it naturally became one of my favourites. So, every time I talk to older people, not the high school kids, but the older people, the senior groups, the service clubs, I usually play that at the end of my talk. Tell that anecdote about being on the balmy Mediterranean. And we went back and then, we did- so, we went in, land in South Hampton, went to a Canadian camp in a place called Aldershot. Then, we got leave. One of the lads [Jen Ide?], from Hamilton, had married a Scottish girl. He was going to go visit his relatives in Aberdeen. So, [Fred Kagawa] and I and Jim, and the other guys went separate ways. We decided, okay, so we got on the train and went up. We hit Glasgow, and then Edinburgh, and then Jim went off to Aberdeen. So, we went our own way. Couple things happened. One of them was we got off in Glasgow and three of us nisei Canadian soldiers are walking down the street, heading towards- we heard there's a YMCA, sort of has a canteen for military guys.

[02:35]

FM: Heading that way and suddenly, we hear someone whistling at us. And we were going past a factory and about a third or fourth floor, open windows, there are several Scottish women with scarves around their heads, working there, and whistling at the soldiers down there. I will tell you something, it wasn't just that that was an incredibly unusual event, we thought, my God, Glasgow is not such a bad place after all. We stayed at the Y before going on. It started to rain like anything, and I got hungry during the night, suddenly I said, "Well I gotta go out and get something to eat," and they have the vendors and carts on the street. In the rain. I walked about a block and a half, got kinda of wet, what the hell. And fish and chips, and wrapped in newspaper, that's the British way. Which I'd never seen before- read about in magazines for years but never seen before. There I am with my newspaper held fish and chips, or chips really, coming down in the rain. I thought they tasted very, very good even though I don't know if they did or not. The whole idea, right?! Off we went, the three of us got on a boat cruise off the Lochs, the lakes. There was [intelligible, Lochloma] but not Lochness where the monster is supposed to be, so we did that and that was interesting. Jim went on his way to Aberdeen, and we went to [fourth?] bridge and crossed it, and we got off. Fred and I looked at each other, and said you know, we are kind of hungry, eh? Let's not go to a pub. We are

always going to a pub in the UK. So, what else was there? We'll look around, get to the other side of the bridge and see what happens. Of course, I found a Chinese restaurant. And we'd already known in India, because we often- especially nisei when we're all together, we need rice fixes so bad with all the army food we had to eat. And especially British food cooked by Indian cooks. But we found out there are Chinese restaurants wherever you go. So, you can always get a decent rice fix, so we had Chinese food in Scotland. All in all, it's all these funny little events. By the way, going back, the only time I was in physical danger- in the camp near New Delhi in central India, waiting to come home. In that group of nine guys- well, seven of the guys were in one bunkhouse. And then there was another bunkhouse which was pretty much empty except for Elmer and me. And we'd bridge, or something like that, and then came nighttime. We come back. In our- the day before, three British lads had suddenly shown up, and they were in our part of the bunk house. And there were three of them and us two, and Elmer was over there, and I was over there, and we were all in these bunks with mosquito nets. But we were two rows apart, Elmer and I. But that didn't matter. It was- February or March, but it was India, so it was still quite warm. All we had was our summer underwear on and we're under one single blanket with mosquito nets drawn. Well, these guys that showed up and they look kind of rough. But intelligence corps had the academics, and strange guys like us, and all kinds of other fellows- and they also had guys that looked like the judge said, 'you either join up in the armed forces or you go to jail for a year,' that type of guy. These guys looked like that type of English guy. Later on, we heard that they had been released from the venereal disease military hospital and had come to our camp to be sent home. So, these are these rough, tough guys. We said hello to them when they showed up. They went out and got totally drunk. Because I guess they'd been released from the hospital, right? They stumbled in and woke us up around maybe two o'clock or two thirty in the morning. And since Elmer and I are quite separate, we can't communicate with each other. And the guys are making a racket, I'm wishing they would just shut up and let us sleep. Suddenly, one guy says to another guy, "Whatcha doing?"

[02:40]

FM: And by the way, North Americans, both Canadians and Americans, tend to say in the army, particularly, they say 'goddamn' a lot. But the British say 'fockin'' with an o in it, fockin', fockin'. Okay so the guys says, the other guys says, apparently, we can't see. He was rummaging around in his kit bag beside his bunk. He says, "I'm looking for me gun." The other guy says, "What the fockin' for?" says the other guy. Which the guy says, "There some fuckin' Japs in here." Now the thing about the gun is, in most military camps, unless you're in a part of training or something, you stored them and- you're going out on operations, you need the gun. But the intelligence operation, like the other guys in Bombay and so on, they had carbine rifles. So,

everybody had- not everybody, but most people had their weapons, but we didn't have any. But I was actually given a 45 colt in Calcutta by one of the other nisei and he gave it to me for nothing. I said, "Okay, that's fine. That's my first weapon. I'll take it with me." I put it in my pocket, and I nearly fell down. So heavy. [laughs] I got rid of it. [laughing] Anyway, so he's looking for his pistol, because "there's fockin' Japs in here." Well, I'm telling you, there is no way Elmer and I can communicate. I'll tell you there is nothing makes one feel more vulnerable than being there in your underwear. If we had our uniforms, we'd feel a little bit more protected. And I'm thinking, 'that guy is over there and if I can pull up the mosquito net and get out and then get on the ground and under the thing, I might be a little bit protected, but what else can I do.' I can't talk to Elmer and do anything, and vice versa. And then finally- he's rummaging about, and finally [sound cuts out briefly] talking and he stops, I guess he must have zonked right out with the booze. That was the end of it. But for a few minutes there, I thought, oh my god, we had come this far, and we had been okay, and suddenly we're about to get friendly fire. [laughs]
LU: Oh my god.
FM: And that's the only time I was in real danger, and I must confess that we believed it for a moment or two. It was only the next morning that Elmer and I could compare notes. We both felt the same way. Trying to shrink in. Don't know where the hell to go, nowhere to go. Their bunks are just by the door, can't get away. But, yeah, so there you are.
LU: Well, I think we'll finish it with that today. Well, thank you very much. We'll stop now?
FM: Yep.
LU: Great. And then this one.
FM: We can do the other stuff.

[End of Part 1]

Interviewee: Frank Moritsugu
Interviewer: Lisa Uyeda
Date: July 9 2010
Location: Toronto, Canada
Accession Number: 2010-029

[Start Part 2]

Lisa Uyeda: Alrighty, so it is July 9th, 2010, and we are with Frank Moritsugu again for part two. Frank, would you like to start off by telling us about being discharged from the army?
Frank Moritsugu: Right. Well, we got back to Canada in a spring of 1946, you know, I was overseas for about 10 months, and then in June 1946 I was discharged from the army. And the family was still down in St. Thomas, and it was two or three days after I had become a civilian again and so I wasn't working or anything, and everybody in

the family was either working or at school except for mom and I. And there was a knock on the door and when I opened the door there was a Mountie, you know, Mounted Police constable, standing there and he asked me whether I was who I was and I said, "yup." He says, "I have something for you," and he had this envelope and- you know, letter size envelope- and I open it up and there was my Japanese registration card. That I was first given- or made to get in April of 1941. And when I enlisted in the army the year before and volunteered, I gave that up and so forth because our- You know, military ID was you know soldier's card, you see, that we had. And then so I thought I'd never see that Japanese registration card again cuz it was so unique-
LU: [laughs]
FM: And only people like us, you know, 16 and over Japanese Canadians, born here or not, immigrants or whatever, we had to carry it wherever we went, just in case not just the Mounties, even the local police wanted to who we were and what we were doing such and such, it was like that. We were the only people treated that way. Everybody had a national registration card, but Japanese registration cards were different because they had our mug shot on it and our thumbprint on it and so forth. Now, so, he said okay, you're a civilian again so you gotta carry this again. And I was so angry by then and- that the whole idea- I said so I used every swear word I knew, and I knew quite a few by then.
LU: [laughs]
FM: And I picked up the envelope and threw it back at him. He just let it hit him and then fall to the ground. And he said, "Oh by the way," he says, "that picture of you on there is kind of weather beaten, you know after all those years it's natural, so go into town get your portrait taken, okay, and put a new print on the card, and get a couple prints and send them to our file. Send to us, to our files." So, you can hear, you can imagine the language I used. Okay. And then as he went out the door, having ignored me throwing it back at him, he said "Now don't forget the pictures." As you can imagine of course I never did go to town to pay and get a new picture especially, you know, I pay for them? You know? Anyhow, so carrying that Japanese registration card was something that was 1946, and it really- We could only, you know, stop doing it in April 1949. Four years after, almost four years after war ended Japanese Canadians were still held in by all those restrictions, like having to report to the Mounties if you wanted to go visit somebody, or go somewhere 50 miles from where you lived, and stuff like get a special permit and things like this. Even for overseas Canadian army veterans we got treated the same way, you know. In other words, when we were in the army that was the best- most of us- whether we stayed here in Canada or we served overseas, we were treated like one of them. Once we get back again and we're not civilians anymore, we're not wearing our uniforms anymore now we're still those bloody Japs.
LU: Mm-hm.
FM: So, you can imagine how I felt. Now, on a more positive side, as a veteran and especially, you know, a war time veteran among the benefits were you could- a veteran could either accept a 10-acre farm free because they really needed the farm

lands to be used and so forth and, you know, doing a farm. Or post-secondary education. Now the last thing I wanted to do was farm anymore after farming in St. Thomas, you know, and so forth. I was too much of a city guy for that.

[0:05]

FM: And post-secondary education, I just had high school graduation, I didn't even have a university entrance because I'm the oldest of eight kids through the Depression years, there was no hope of my ever going to, you know, University of British Columbia, for instance, in Vancouver when I graduated from high school. But anyhow, I decided okay,post-secondary education and because I thought that just the way I used to think back then in BC there was no way that I could get a job in the thing I liked doing most, which was journalism, you know for newspaper or magazine, writing, you know, reporting and writing and editing and so forth, which I had done on the New Canadian, but I could not- I didn't expect because no Japanese Canadian was at a job like that. And even in the smallest local newspapers you see, and so forth, so there was no point. And my second thing was, my back up was since I was a high school cartoonist I said okay, I'll become a commercial artist then, alright, and I applied to the Ontario and Art College, yeah, and so- But at that time in 1946 there were so many student veterans, you know, because they come back in '45 and '44, '45 into '46 the war ended and so forth, I had to wait a whole university or college year to get in. So I had all this time to kill. I worked in the harvest, you know, which at the farm. And then in September I, you know, harvest work finished, I visited Toronto and I- Irene Uchida, the biologist who became a famous McMaster professor. Irene I had known since the original Vancouver New Canadian days, and she suggested, "You're wondering what to do, Frank, why, since you got all this whole year to kill, why don't you go and see the editor of Saturday Night magazine," a Dr. B.K. Sandwell was his name. And *Saturday Night* was a weekly magazine then, a highly respected one. And he had been one of the strong supporters of the Japanese Canadians in their campaign against forced evacuations, you know, to Japan. Or deportation to Japan. And he had been active that way and so forth, why don't I go see him? So I phone up and he says, "Oh, do come in, Moritsugu," he said, and so downtown Vancouver I went in for an appointment and there was this gentleman who looked like he was straight out of Charles Dickens and, you know, with the three-piece suit and so forth, and he had a roll the top desk and everything, all the furniture and so forth right out of a Dickens novel. And I found out something that I experienced many times. Go to interview a journalist and he's guaranteed to interview you.
LU: [laughs]
FM: So, I went to ask him, you know, and ask him some things about the possibilities for me and, you know, during this time I had to kill, and he started asking me what I had done throughout the war, what had happened to me during the war and so forth. And finally, he said, "Moritsugu, why are those Japanese people who are in the camps in British Columbia, are still in BC refusing to come out

east? Like a some of you have already done. And as I tell this story, I was 23 years old, so I knew everything. So, I saw well Dr. Sandwell point one, point two, point three, point four, point five, and so on. And he said, "How would you like to write that up for us?" I said "Okay, I'm not doing anything, that's something to do, that's nice." So, I walked out of his office, and I had to walk about 10 blocks to get to near Yonge and Bloor where we were staying with the Sumi[?] family who were good friends of ours and that's where we were staying. Part way up walking up Yonge Street floating around thinking, gee, I'm going to write an article finally I thought magazine article, how do you write a magazine article? I've only worked for the New Canadian doing newspaper articles and so forth. But I knew there was a bookstore up near Yonge and Bloor and a library and a bookstore and that, so I always check them wherever I see one. And I knew they had a little shelf on how to write books. So, I went up there to see, and one of the books was *How to Write Non-Fiction Articles* and I thought non-fiction articles that's what I'm supposed to write, so I got it. It cost six dollars and ninety-five cents and what little money I had gotten as a veteran, which is like 60 bucks today. And I bought it. Did everything it told me to do and so forth. I did my research I stayed with the Sumi[?] family, they allowed me to stay for several weeks. Did my research.

[00:10]

FM: And I wrote the article, the best I could, and had Irene Uchida and, what's his name- oh, isn't that funny, I forget his name- an older *nisei*, they both checked it over for me and I changed it here and there according to some of their suggestions and sent it on to Dr. Sandwell and back I went to St. Thomas. I had a phone call suddenly from Winnipeg. And T U, that's Takaichi Umezuki, T U was the publisher and Japanese editor of the New Canadian, which had moved from BC from Kaslo to Winnipeg was- called me up and said "Noji Murase", who had been the assistant English side editor, okay, who succeeded me a couple years before in Kaslo. He said "Noji's joining his family in Hamilton, and we need an assistant editor again and I know you're- I understand you're not doing anything, you know, right away after you got out of the army. Would you like to come in and join us?" So, I said "okay". So, in October 1946 off I went to Winnipeg, and I worked on the New Canadian again, you know, Tom Shoyama who had been the original editor was-had gone on and left when he joined the army and was working with the Saskatchewan government. And Kasey Oyama, another UBC *nisei* was the editor then and I worked with Kasey and Mr. Umezuki and [Mr. Maeda?] the Japanese printer and so forth and so I- Two, two years I spent in Winnipeg, got to know the Winnipeg community very, very, well playing basketball and hardball with them and so on. And my second year- I went to the University of Manitoba, first year in their downtown campus and the point was this: to go to university in Ontario, which was my origin- final plan, okay, and I'll tell you why I was going to go to university instead of the college in a minute. Was that you had to have the equivalent of grade 13 which in Manitoba back then in '46 was first year university of Manitoba. So, in the second year, you know, I went to

university and I also worked on the New Canadian. And so the reason why I was going to university was the other thing. I mentioned Saturday Night. I went to Winnipeg in October and the next month I got a note from Dr. Sandwell[?]saying, "Mortisugu, we're publishing your article in such and such an issue in November." So that week when it came up I walked down Portage Avenue and I knew about a place that had out of town publications, right, and oh, there it was and I- my article was in the magazine and it was in way back in page 53 or something like that, but still. I bought seven copies, after all I had to send it to family and everybody to show them, and there was you know floating in the air again I actually had a magazine article published in a national magazine, okay. And so it was only a couple days after I settled down from all that, I'm still happy as anything, I thought, why am I going to the College of Art to become a third-rate commercial artist when I, with all my mere high school education, have had a magazine, a national magazine, publish an article of mine? Unlike BC, where we thought there was no hope to ever get into mainstream journalism, suddenly I already got a foot in the door. So, I changed, and that's why okay I'm going to go to university. Now, however I wrote my high school journalism teacher English teacher , Jean Story, back in BC, back in Vancouver, who was kind enough to write to me and several of her other Japanese Canadian former students after we were kicked out and so forth, and you know was one of the real people who stood by us. And I said what did she suggest I do, you know, because I want to become a journalist. She says, "Well you just had an article published by Dr. Sandwell[?] he used to be a Queen's University professor, why don't you ask him? So, I wrote him and I asked him and he came back and he said there were two very good journalism programs back then in 1946. One at Carleton University, one at Western Ontario. And Western Ontario University, the head person used to be one of his students at Queen's. They're very good but, "Moritsugu," he said, "most of all what you want to get is a good liberal arts education. Okay. You can learn your journalism on the job." I thought okay, liberal arts, that's good, I'll have to find out what he really means by liberal arts.

[00:15]

FM: But anyhow. So, okay, that's why I went to University of Manitoba first year, and then after I finished in 1948, a couple months later the New Canadian decided it was going to leave Winnipeg. Winnipeg was sort of a part way point as more and more people coming out east settling down. Now that they've settled down, and at that point there were many, many more Japanese Canadians in Eastern Canada, and especially Ontario, then way back West, you see. And so, they were going to go to Toronto, well, permanently move to Toronto, which had become its permanent base. So, I moved with them, but that summer after things got settled down in the original temporary quarters in Toronto, I left saying, "I'm going to go to university full time in September, you know, instead of part time and really do it." And I enrolled in an Honours Political Science and Economics program, four years.

Well, so, I went to university and- University of Toronto had a student undergraduate daily newspaper, daily then, you see, Monday through Friday. And *The Varsity*. And so, in the first year the one extracurricular thing that I did, although I spent, I really devoted my time to my studies and my labs and stuff like this, this thing I did was I went in and said I had worked on a newspaper a bit and so forth. So one night, I was the night editor in charge of getting that issue out. Monday or Tuesday, I forget which. I did that for a year. My second year, I was made the make-up editor, you know, elected make-up editor and so forth. And the third year, the staff elected me as Editor in Chief, okay, and that Editor in Chief here- There was an annual Canadian University Press competition, okay, and different categories including best reports and best columns, best editorials. So, we entered two editorials from *The Varsity*, one I wrote and one Jack Crane, my managing editor, wrote. And in December 1950 in Ottawa, where we had the Canadian University Press conference, we found out that *The Varsity* had won best editorial, the Bracken trophy, former Premier Bracken, and it was my editorial. It was very curious my editorial [cause October campus?] all the other editorials we ran usually trying to get something done, it's a mood piece. Nice warm thing. We're down in the basement of University College, you could hear kids coming out of Hart House and walking towards the campus singing and stuff like this, and I talk about that feeling. And I guess it was such a contrast to all the other entries that it just 'bang,' you know, got it. Well, the incredible thing was not that, that was wonderful enough, but one of the judges of that competition was Ralph Allen, the editor of Macleans magazine, and Ralph was editor of Macleans when it was the best magazine in Canada by far. And it was not a news magazine like it is now. It was a feature magazine, so Pierre Berton and people like that, you know, were all working for, in fact June Caldwell worked for him, but she was a secretary then you see and her husband, her would be husband, Trent Frayne was another writer for the magazine who came in from Winnipeg.

Anyway so, the next year, my final year in my last semester, maybe- it was probably late January or early February, I was on the campus I met the warden of Hart House, his name was Nicholas Ignatieff, he's uncle of Michael Ignatieff, leader of Liberal Party by the way, and Nick Ignatieff was a wonderful guy, and so we'd gotten to know each other of course over the years and he said, "Frank, Ralph Allen called up and was asking about you." I said, "Oh, what about?" And he says, "ell he's- I think he'll be calling in a couple days," okay. And he called me wanted to come in and see him. Editor of *Macleans* magazine wants to see me, so off I went to my appointment, and here I am, he says, "I'd like to offer you a job." Okay. "I know you're not finished yet, but do you have an afternoon free in your timetable?" I says, "Yeah, Thursdays, Thursdays are open, I don't have any lectures or labs." "Well how would you like to come in every Thursday until you finish your exams and then you come on full time?"

[00:20]

So, at *Macleans*, the top magazine in the country, there I am walking off the campus and becoming the assistant copy editor. My job was- as in copyediting is you make everybody else's stuff publishable, okay, you polish it up, fix it, and so on. Whether it's staff people or outside contributors, right, they come into your desk. Including people like Pierre Berton. First time there was a manuscript from Pierre Berton came into my in-basket, it said "Pierre Berton," I said, "Oh my God, Pierre Berton," even then he was a big name, you see. My God, I'm supposed to fix Pierre Berton? Holy cow, and then I said, "Well," I picked up, I looked at it flipped through, "yeah, he could use a tidying up here, a tidying up there." [laughs]
LU: [laughs]
FM: That turned me into a totally arrogant copyeditor you know. [laughs] But the great thing about copyediting or being an editor is- of any kind- you get paid a hell of a lot better than the best writers, because the editors are hard to find, you know. Anyhow. [looks down at a piece of paper in his hand] So, I got that job full time, graduated in 1952, went on full time, and after a few months of that- and I had a real good time. Oh, before that, let me tell you. When I first started to go into work at *Macleans,* everybody was very welcoming and so forth, you know, and I was very nervous about the whole idea. But one guy on the staff was out of town for a couple weeks and so he didn't welcome me like the others guys did, and when he came back, he came down the hall when I was there and said, you know, welcome me to *Macleans,* and then he said, "Frank, come on up to my office I've got something to tell you." So, I followed him up and it was Sid Katz, who was the science and medical writer, again, a real big name as a writer. Not as big as Pierre, but still big name. And he went in this tiny office, and he shut the door [motions turning a lock with his right hand] he put out his hand and said, "As the only Jew in the building, let me welcome the first Japanese." And this is 1952. Well, the point was a few years later, Pierre, who actually wrote about it, you know, even though it was about the company that our magazine was published by, wrote about the ban on hiring Jews at the Maclean Hunter Publishing Company with *Macleans* and *Chatelaine* and *Mayfair* and, you know, *Canadian Homes* and so forth,
LU: Wow.
FM: Financial Post, and all those trade magazines about 30 or 40 of them. No Jews until 1950.
FM: So, Sid was the first Jew. And, as he said, I'm the first Japanese. And then Pierre-Peter Newman, joined- who I knew at university, he became, you know, came on shortly after I, on *Financial Pos*t, so that's the kind of world it was then. So, it wasn't just me and being lucky enough to be in right place right time and getting a job like that but my God, those biases that were still there were slowly being knocked down. So then suddenly I had to leave *Macleans* because the art editor was suffering from angina and had a heart attack. He was carried out on a stretcher, and he didn't have an assistant, or Jean was off, and he needed someone else to design the magazine, you know, for several issues. So, they had another guy downtown working for another magazine they wanted to hire, but to hire him they had to get rid of me

because, you know. So, Ralph said, "We're sorry, we love the way- the work you're doing, we'll help you get another job, but-" You see. So, through them I got a job on a CBC radio, just while they were building the TV tower for the first time and-writing radio news. And I did that for about 10 months, and the funny thing was, that was great because it taught me to write fast, you know, to meet all these newscast deadlines for the different people to get, anyway. And then I got a call back from Maclean Hunter from Jean McKinley, and she was the editor of *Canadian Homes and Gardens* magazine, and she called me and asked me to come in for an interview. I had an appointment, and she wanted to offer me a job. Again, assistant copyeditor, and I thought that was alright, you know, because I like the whole idea of magazines even more than newspapers, or whatever, or weeklies. And I said, "How did you get to know about me," you know, because I didn't apply for the job, I didn't even know the job was there. She said, "Oh Pierre Berton[?] suggested I call you." So, the *Macleans*- that short time at *Macleans* with Pierre and so forth was, you know, so helped me tremendously, eh. So anyhow, I went there, assistant copy editor became associate editor in a couple years, and then managing editor.

[00:25]

I was, altogether I was there for seven years. And the managing editor for the last three or four. And the managing editor under the editor and publisher are one person, managing editor had to put out the entire magazine. Run the entire staff, you see, which I did. So that was a great job. And then in 1962, ten years after I graduated from university, I said to the editor Jerry Anglin, great guy, I said, "Jerry, I am sorry, but I gotta do something else different, you know, houses and gardens and do it yourself and stuff like this, yeah, I know them inside out now. But I got to do something different, so I'm really thinking in the next few months I'm going to move on." He said, "Oh, I don't blame you, that's okay. We'll just try to build somebody up so they can replace you." Then come July of that year- that was in the spring I told him. In July of that year, I get a call from the then-editor of *Macleans,* Blair Frasier. Blair says, "Frank, if I remember you've never been to Japan, have you?" I says, "No, I haven't." "But you can speak Japanese." I said, "Yeah, you know I was an interpreter during the war and all that." He said, "Yeah, how would you like to go to Japan and write about the postwar Japan for us?" I said, "Sure, that sounds pretty good," and he says, "Okay." And apparently- what was that he- it was 1962, two years before the Tokyo Olympics, so the timing was- what's postwar Japan like, how much has it recovery is- what's it like after going through the war and everything, losing the war, and so that was the idea. So off I went. August 1962. Spent a week- or a month there. Talk about humidity, my God, it never stopped, eh. Every time there was a storm. You know, over here we have humidity and then a storm comes and cools it down. Over here, over there the storm finishes and hot air comes in and knocks you all over again. But anyway, so there I am, still a young guy, so I could handle that. And I wrote the piece and got to know Japan here and there, even met my cousins. You know, way out in western Japan, who I really hardly knew, because they went

to, they were born in Canada, but they went to, Japan when I was about three or four years old, you know, and things like that. And that was quite an interesting experience, my first time in Japan.

So. Meanwhile, that business of my wanting to leave. Just before I went to Japan in August, I had a call from the *Toronto Star* from Nathan Cohen, who is the entertainment editor, and Nathan was famous right across the country, not just in Toronto for- as a theatre critic. He was the toughest theatre critic; he would criticize Canadian productions in Toronto and elsewhere just like they were on Broadway, you know. Which everybody else thought wasn't fair, you know. [laughs] That's Nathan. And Nathan wanted, wanted to hire me as an assistant entertainment editor, and he says, "And I'll give you a column to do, too." Well, you see, I like going in at the bottom, which I did at *Macleans,* you know, and so forth, or *Canadian Home*s for that matter, because of my almost 10 years of experience at the *Star* I was being offered a middle management kind of job, right. I said to Nathan, "Why me?" He says "Well, you write that family entertainment column in *Canadian Homes,* every month there's this column- and I wrote about movies, forthcoming movies, I used to go to advanced screenings and so forth, and new tv programs, books, magazines, and stuff like this, and then theatre and so forth in Canada, right, for the Canadian readers. So, I said, "You look at you read *Canadian Home and Garden*? "Oh, I read everything I can get my hands on," he says. So, says, "You have a real sound I idea of what goes on in the entertainment world, so this is why I thought this was a good job." And a good job was- The *Star* came out six days a month, no Sunday paper back in those days, so Monday through Friday I put out the entertainment page-it was one, basically one page. Saturday was a double page and Nathan himself put it out. I might write for him. So that was my job. Plus, the book. My first column was on books and magazines, okay, and it was three times a week. So, I'm the boss, sort of, and so on. My first column comes out two, three days after I join the *Star*. And there it is, and it says 'Frank Moritsugu,' and there's my mugshot, and then it says books and magazines, and whatever the title for that particular thing was.

[00:30]

FU: And it was [unclear] sitting in the Star office, you know, that's the first morning editions, and there's about two other afternoon editions, and final editions later. Anyway, so I get it, and I look at it, and arrange it carefully, and I put it over there and pretend I'm not looking and take a peek at it every now and then while no one else in the department's watching me.
LU: [laughs]
FM: Well, along came George Gillespie[?], a big fellow on the copy desk of the *Star*. He came by and says, "Hey, you got your column in the paper." I says, "Yeah." "Congratulations," he says, and I say, "Thanks, George." I just met him a few days before, and he said, "Frank, have you ever thought of changing your name?" he says. I said, "Changing my name?" "Yeah," he says, "you know, it's hard to spell and hard

to pronounce." "Oh." Now, because I knew already something about politics [unclear] organizations, I learned in my magazine and radio days and so forth, I knew that about three guys on the entertainment staff wanted the job that I had got, and Nathan brought me in from the outside. So, I had to tip toe around a bit. Instead of saying, "For Christ's sake, George, do you realize this is the first column in a daily newspaper written by a Japanese Canadian and published in our country?" Which is what it was. I said- I thought, I better tip toe, so I said, "George, well, what do you think I should change it to?" And he said, "Well," he says, "uh, what about Frank Morris?" Okay. [nods] And so I said, "No, no, there already is a Frank Morris in entertainment at the *Winnipeg Free Press,* he reviews movies." "Oh," he says. "And besides, he's not very good. So, no, I don't think we will." The thing was this, that's also the kind of world it was, because now you see the papers and so forth it's wonder, especially when you read the bylines, you get all kinds of- including names that you can't pronounce. But that's all part of the thing, and the lovely positive changes that have been made.

Anyway, at that time I also was the first Japanese Canadian to be on the *Star's* editorial side, although I think there may have been a few people on the business side working, especially women. Anyway, but I was not the first Japanese Canadian to work on a Toronto daily. At the *Toronto Telegram*- the evening competition to the *Star*- there were already a couple reporters at the very bottom level two of the early Ryerson graduates, there was Mel Suji[?] and [Julian Hayashi?]. So, they were cub reporters at the Telly. And then at the *Globe and Mail*, this is the interesting thing, there was a guy that had been there quite a while. One day, my brother Henry, who was a *New Canadian* editor and then moved up to Kirkland Lake, where he was working for the *Northern Daily News,* and like a lot of out-of-town reporters he was sending in the odd story into the *Globe and Mai*l as a stringer. So, he called me one day and said, "I just been talking to the night editor of the *Globe,"* he says, "Yeah, you know," he says, after our business was finished, he says, "Moritsugu, is that a Japanese name?" And Henry said, "Yeah," and the guy said, "I'm Japanese, too," and his name was Arthur Laidlaw. Okay? Now, Arthur Laidlaw came from one of the four or five Japanese families that were in Toronto before the war time thing moved a lot of us in, you see, they were the Suzuki's. And there were- Okay, so the father Mr. Suzuki from Japan went to University of Edinburgh, I think or Glasgow, one of them in Scotland, and married Margaret Laidlaw, and they went back to Tokyo and had two sons, Richard, the oldest one, and Arthur were born in Tokyo. But as they were small kids, they moved to Toronto where their sister was born. So, Richard Suzuki was in the military and unlike us, who were not allowed in he served in Europe, and so forth, and rose to a major. Captain Major Richard Suzuki. Arthur Suzuki Laidlaw had polio when he was a kid, so he couldn't go in the military, but he was in the newspaper business for a long time including in places like a *North York Mirror* kind of thing. Ended up at the *Globe and Mail* night [unclear]. In other words, he used his mother's name.
LU: Mm-hm.

[00:35]

FM: That's why he was there, you see. But he was full Japanese, you know, [laughs] they both had to get Japanese citizenship when they got older- [shakes head no], or Canadian citizenship when they got old enough. So that was the newspaper situation in '62.
LU: Wow.
FM: And I, after about several months of that, maybe six, more than half a year, suddenly, our TV radio columnist Roy Shields was getting kind of tired of what he was doing, I guess, and his columns didn't have too much guts to them, you know. So, Nathan said, "We gotta do something about that, we'll give Roy something to do, and how would you like to take over the TV column?" So instead of being the assistant entertainment editor with the books column, suddenly I'm writing five columns a week. Only on Friday, Friday was a no TV column, but Saturday I had to write a double and special one, and that is how come- A couple- a year or so after I'd done that, suddenly, the newspaper started publicizing its columnists and other special writers. And on the streetcars, and on the *Toronto Star* trucks they had this poster, [holds up a poster] it looked like this. And these posters would be up for maybe three weeks, you know. On these vehicles around town and, uh, [phone rings]. And, uh, [phone rings]
LU: I'm just gonna answer.
FM: [nods]
LU: [speaking to person on phone] Hi, Joe, can I call you back? Thanks, bye. [to Frank] Sorry.
FM: And so, one day my mother, who lived in the west end of Toronto, used to go downtown on the streetcar to go shopping at one of the department stores, and stuff like this. And she phoned me and said that "I saw you on a streetcar." I said, "Mom, I wasn't riding a streetcar." "No, no, no, your face is on the streetcar," and a streetcar passed her streetcar, and there was poster of me and my big name and everything, and so forth, you can imagine how she felt, she was pretty good about it. And the other thing was, suddenly, after my particular poster went up and- for its three months' turn- there was a printer strike at the *Toronto Star* and the *Globe* and the Telly. And the whole idea was the printer's union was trying to prevent computers from coming in and taking work away from linotype operators and stuff like this, one of those, and they couldn't win it but at least [unclear]. So, for about maybe a month during the printer strike, so they didn't take this down after three weeks, they kept it up, and me, all this time I got this exposure, you see, so there was my thing. As the TV and radio guy, I covered things like the Martin Luther King's March on Washington, and so forth. I'd watch the whole thing, and you know, report on it. And then in November 1963, on a Friday, my off day when I, you know, was supposed to be writing a column for the next day, okay, but there wasn't one in the paper. I get a call from Nathan Cohen, my boss, entertainment editor boss. He says, "Frank, how many television sets do you have?" I says, "I have two." "Well, go rent

another one, okay?" I said, "why?" "John Kennedy just got shot in Dallas, and I want you to cover how the different networks cover this situation." I says, "Okay," and I got out of the house and went up the street a couple blocks over and rented another set, so I had three sets. Reason for three sets was there was only one Canadian- CBC [Canadian Broadcasting Corporation] was the only Canadian channel back then, and the three American NBC [National Broadcasting Company], CBS [Columbia Broadcasting System] and ABC [American Broadcasting Company]. So, he really wanted me to watch, have all three going on and see how they respond to different happenings and so forth, and report on that column by column, and take in the occasionally peek to see what CBC was doing at the same time, you see. Much of the time, especially in the early days copying from the American networks, but eventually sending your own guys out, and so forth. So, from Friday, until he died in Dallas in the hospital, and then on Saturday morning I woke up after, oh, the great thing was that all the channels went off the air at midnight, otherwise I would have had to be up all night.

[00:40]

FM: In the morning, I'd taken this rented portable TV set up in my bedroom on the night desk. So, when I got up on Saturday morning and said, I'm just gonna go to the bathroom, but I clicked the thing on, and suddenly something's happening in Dallas, so I stopped and looked and they were moving Lee Harvey Oswald, the suspect in the assassination, okay, at the Dallas jail. So, they're moving him, and as they did there's the media around, I see the T*elegram,* Peter Worthington the reporter there, I wonder where the T*oronto Star* guy is, I don't see him anywhere, and so forth. Suddenly, a shot rings out. Somebody had shot Lee Harvey Oswald, he collapsed right in front of you, and it was this guy Jack Ruby that, until then, nobody had ever heard of, right. Inside the police- you know thing, department you know [unclear]. So luckily, naturally, they kept repeating that all day, but I saw the real live thing, right, and that's what I had to write about. And then the next one was the funeral on Monday and what that was like and how the announcers ignored all the Canadian politicians and so forth, that were there, they didn't know who they were anyway, I guess, stuff like this, I wrote those things up. That was quite an incredible business. Well, the other thing was interesting. A week later, I was at a party and- on a Friday night- and in the some people came in from Montreal to the party, said the plane ahead of us flying out of Montreal, I think they crashed, we weren't sure, and they didn't know in the cab, either. So, the next morning, I looked at the- I picked up the paper and looked at it and, yeah, it had crashed, you know, it had taken off and crashed almost at the airport and killed everybody onboard. And I looked at the names only one name I ever heard of, he was Don Hudson who was a CBC TV producer, and he used to do the early Wayne and Shuster shows. And suddenly I'm, you know, reading his name, and I started to feel very sad, and I started to cry. And I thought, what the heck, I hardly know the guy, I went to CBC once, interviewed once

for my column, and that's all. And then I realize it's what- you see, whether it was journalist, or police, or whatever, medical ambulance people, and so forth, you have to sort of hold your own immediate emotions back to deal with the thing. So, if I'm going to write up about the assassination and the aftermath and so forth, I gotta forget about how I feel. And just talk about what's happening over there, et cetera, right. It was just that that, you know, that whole business of Kennedy being killed when he was probably one of the most popular presidents that, you know, in many, many terms so, you know, it was that emotional thing was down there that Don Hudson's name triggered in me, I had sort of left it there. That told me again, you know, something I found out later when I was writing about the evacuation that, you know, we all hide these things under scabs. You know, but sometimes something happens that peels the scab off, and it comes right back again, you know. Anyway, so I did the TV thing for a while, and finally then they moved me over [out of the?] entertainment department to do the opposite of what they call the op-ed page. [The opposite editor of?] the comment page for different columns and so forth like Peter Newman's and stuff like this and put that whole page together, you see. And stuff like this. And then for personal reasons I moved to Montreal, and because of my magazine and newspaper experience in Toronto I managed to get a job on the *Montreal Star*. And interesting, I was not the first Japanese Canadian at the Montreal Star because my younger brother Henry, who had been up at Kirkland Lake and the *New Canadian*, he had been there and worked on their copy desk. But three or four years before I went to Montreal in 1969, January '69, he had already moved on to the States, he'd been offered a job at the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* and he was down there, see. Henry, by the way, eventually after several years at the *Inquirer* moved to *Newsday* in Long Island, New York, and has been there for over forty years, he's in his seventies but he's still news editor at *Newsday* because you don't have to retire at 65 in the States. It's not mandatory, you know. Anyway, so I went there and it was '69.
LU: Mm-hm.
FM: 19 [shakes head], sorry, not '69, that's '66.

[00:45]

FM: And '67, centennial year Montreal expo. And there we are. The *Montreal Star* at the Montreal expo the biggest world exposition ever held until then and so because of my experience they made me the expo editor and again, six days in a week, every day except one, we had one page all about what was happening at expo, and what was going to happen at expo, and so forth. We even write about different pavilions, and so forth. And not just straight report, just you know, criticize some of them, you know, or praise them as the case may be, things like this. And partly to recommend for the readers and partly, you know, where they measured up to the quality, and so, on Saturday I had the double page and I had a staff of one experienced reporter,

John, and then three students, interns. One of whom, Tony Burman[?] eventually became the head of the TV news at CBC. And then later, he's now with the Middle Eastern TV thing, [Al Jazeera?], you know, the English network, he's the head of them. And so Tony was the son of the city editor, George Burman[?] at the *Montreal Star*.

And we had our own staff down in the president administration building in the and on-site, and so we spent all our time on the site, and so forth, and riding back and forth. And one of the most interesting thing, besides the work we did on that was the Japanese journalists were really keen and would cover, not just because it was a Japan pavilion, but because three years later Osaka was gonna have their expo, the very first expo in Japan. So, whether it was the opening of the Montreal expo, or Japan day, or whatever else, there was Japanese press journalists coming in, you know, both broadcast and print guys all the time. And when they come into the press building to borrow typewriters and so forth, you see, word got around very quickly that that Moritsugu for the *Montreal Star,* he's a *nisei*, he speaks *nihongo* so if you need any help, go ask him. So, what would happen was, so three or four of the Japanese guys, you know, in their dark suits and so forth, all not very tall, would walk into the room, and one of my guys would say, "Frank, here comes some more, they're bowing already," [laughs] and so forth. So, I did manage to help out some of the Japanese press, too, just like I did with the other guys. And also, the Japanese pavilion was very disappointing, you know. The great ones were, along with the Canadian ones and so forth, Ontario pavilion was great. The American pavilion, the Russian pavilion, even the British or Czech pavilion, the great films, and so forth, and new techniques, and so on. Japan pavilion was really a trade fair pavilion, had very little about its culture, which was a real emphasis on most of the national pavilions, right, and then whoever put it together hadn't the faintest idea on what the hell the world exposition in Montreal was about, so I said so. And how disappointing it was, when it could have had so much. Well, two things as a result of that, sometime later. First of all, I would get a *nisei* friend, a fellow veteran [Shig Oye?] worked with Jetro, the Japanese external trade organization with the headquarters in Canada, here in Toronto and Jetro sent him and a couple other Japanese guys to come ask me what the Japanese pavilion should do- Japan's pavilion should do to improve itself, and so forth. And I gave them some hints, and they followed up a little bit. But anyway, but then subsequently toward the end of expo, you know approaching October 1967, first of all, I had two job offers. One was to go and work in the States for an international agency at the World Bank as a communications guy. One of those places where they have to get somebody from Canada, somebody from Britain, from France, that kind thing, on their staff, and I turned that down after they, you know, looked it over and gave me a trip to Washington and all that kind of stuff, but I say I wasn't interested in that kind of business journalism, bored the hell out of me. Then,

the guys responsible for the Ontario pavilion, was a big success in Montreal, wanted to have an appointment with me.

[00:50]

FM: Offered me a job with the Ontario government, and they knew I was from Toronto, want to come back to Toronto and join the Ontario government because we need help for the Ontario pavilion in Japan. And you've been to Japan, and you know about Japanese things, and you speak the language, would you like to join us, and so forth. Well, and almost at the same time the Canada pavilion, Ottawa people, contacted me and wanted to see if I'd join them as their communications guy. But theirs was a strictly contract job. Ontario offered me a full-time job, and I'd go on to other things later, still with the civil service. So that's why I picked the more steadier one. So, I came back to- and I decided I was going to leave Montreal and come back here. I came back, but I had applied to the *Star* and the *Globe and Mail* and so forth, and, yeah, maybe then this one was better and more interesting and better pay. So, I went then. Ended up there working for you know I think 19- uh, let's see. Sixty-eight to 1981, 13, 13 years at the, I got that right yeah, 13 years at Queen's Park. And the main job was, as I mentioned, was going with the Ontario pavilion and doing things, so suddenly there I am, I had only been to Japan once for *Macleans* magazine in '62, suddenly I am going as a part of the Ontario group international expo planning conferences in Kyoto and Tokyo and stuff like this, and so on, and then on separate individual trips just for Ontario. But seeing how progress our pavilion is doing and things like that. And so, I get to see Japan quite a bit again.

And finally I ended up going to Japan, oh no, before that, year before 1969, I got the job of organizing a training program for those kids, the 20 some odd host and hostess, 16 police officers, and a few of the other trade people, staffers, teach them some basic *nihongo* and cultural training, what Japan is like [unclear] they're gonna spend six months plus there. And so, we did that in an office in Toronto, okay, we recruited- the police had been recruited, and then we got the students, who were mostly university types. And some of them had, you know, were really skipping a year to do that, you see, and so forth. And so, for about September through December we did this training. The teachers where we hired were mostly from Japan and were academics at U of T [University of Toronto] and York and so forth, and other people who were into that kind of thing. One *hakujin* teacher's interesting. He was a professor, a sociology professor at U of T, and his name was Lloyd Graham. He was a *hakujin* Canadian who was a graduate of the Canadian Army Japanese language school during the World War II, and served, you know, as a graduate. And then he got into Japan and stayed- even owned an apartment in Kobe and so forth. So, he was a real Japanophile. And he was perfect because with the cops, young cops, but they were all grown guys who had experience going around arresting people all over the province, stuff like this. You know we thought it would be easier for them if Lloyd Graham, the older World War II veteran, academic, taught them Japanese and

taught them about Japan, and it seemed to work very well, they liked him, and so we had we had young police officers in the uniform at our pavilion, giving, you know, guidance and *nihongo* to the Japanese visitors, and so forth, and stuff like this, eh. With also, you can imagine, that made their life in those six months in Japan easier, and when they had time off, they were wandering all over Japan checking things out and they had quite a time. Anyway, so off we went, and we spent, you know, six months plus, I spent about seven months plus because I went there early beforehand and so forth and it was interesting.

[00:55]

FM: Towards the end- Oh, I should say, it seemed to me, even though we were a provincial pavilion, the media would really come to us because our staff could understand simple interview questions, and the hostesses, they surely they loved the hostesses, because all the foreign hostesses they had bigger boobs and better legs than the typical Japanese girls at that time, they've improved a lot since then, and then most 1970 miniskirts. Right? In the uniform. So anyhow, towards the end of the fair, and lot of the young people going back to Canada didn't want to go across the Pacific like we did coming, they wanted to come back the hard way through Europe, and so forth, and the Atlantic, right. They hadn't saved enough money during all the buffet they got to do that. So, they were looking for other ways [to do the thing?]. [Doug Thomas?], who was in charge of them, came to me one day and said, "Frank, we're in trouble." I say, "What's the matter?" and he says, "There's a guy who works for a car dealer, a new car dealer in downtown Osaka, and he's trying to hire some of our girls and- just to stand in the showroom window wearing their Ontario miniskirt uniform, right, just to attract people" and so forth. And the girls are really tempted, but, first of all, because they can sure use the money to go the long way around, and so I said, "What are we doing to do, because that doesn't work out, they can't do it in official Ontario uniform." I said, "Ok, this guy to come in now." This was a typical young Japanese guy who had been to American college, so he was bilingual, right, and understood some degree northern ways, North American ways. I got him to sit down, and- in our VIP room- and I sat opposite him, and then in total Japanese, I did what I knew was very un-Japanese thing to do, and deliberately. I said things like, we have been really enjoying the hospitality that your country has given us, et cetera, for this particular event, et cetera, et cetera, however your proposal to hire some of our hostesses, and to wear their uniforms and stand in your window, you realize what kind of insult that is to the province of Ontario? Do you realize that that is an official uniform, and you know it cannot be used for selling things, et cetera, and do you realize how much you are countermanding the kind of welcome hospitality we've been enjoying, et cetera? Well, this guy stood up at the end of this, and in English he blurted out, "Mr. Moritsugu, you speak very frankly." You know that's not a pun on my name because, as you may know, Japanese never speak frankly. They dodge about but they never tell you straight on, and for me to tell him straight on in Japanese, right, [leans towards the camera while gesturing

emphatically] I knew it would get him. He got up, and he vanished and that was the last of that. I thought, well, half a year in Japan, I guess I've learned some Japanese culture tricks, too. [laughs]

So anyhow, I was offered a job on my way out, again. See, first expo in Montreal offered jobs, offered a job. In Tokyo, as we were coming home, I was asked to go to visit an international agency called PICA: Private Investment Corporation in Asia, and people like Bank of Montreal and Chase Manhattan and bank, they were all members it. And it was to; this agency was encouraging development in the less developed countries in Asia. And they needed a communications guy, and they needed a Canadian. So Canadian recruiters, and so forth, knew about Frank Moritsugu, et cetera. So, they offered me the job and then when I got home the last thing I needed. They asked me to come down and talk to the head guy who was in the Netherlands, who had a base in New York, he tried to talk me into it, but I said I've had more than half a year dealing with Japanese people, and even though our staff on the top is foreign the main staff is Japanese, and I am very tired of having to cope with a totally different cultural thing, so I want to go home, so sorry, thank you very much and that's how I did not accept.

[01:00]

FM: But it was interesting how these experiences brought home to me—
LU: I'm just going to switch it.
FM: Go ahead.
[noise behind the camera.]
FM: I'll pick up that last sentence again.
LU: Okay.
[noise behind the camera.]
LU: Okay.
FM: It was interesting how those experiences, you know, that, like, that taught me just how Western I really am, and even the fact that I could manage to get by in Japanese, you know, and I'm better at it as I went along, of course. Mind you, once I left Japan and came back, I start to forget the Japanese again because you don't use it, [laughs] but I was the one of the favourites of the Japanese media, and especially in broadcast interviews. You know, again, even though ours was a provincial, not a national pavilion, but I was one of the few foreigners who they could have a decent interview with, so they come to me a lot. So, Ontario really got a fair amount of positive publicity, which was good. And it was a wonderful experience that way, and so, you know, and also, as I say, living in Japan and doing things the Japanese way as much as possible and still remaining what you are, it was an interesting conflict. And I know that a few of the Canadian born *nisei* who, for whatever reason, lived in Japan or stayed in Japan said yeah, it's a conflict for them all the time, and I didn't need that anymore. So that's why I wanted to get back home, which is what I did. So, all in

all, as you can see, I've been very lucky getting interesting experiences like that, you know, while being paid for, so, [flipping through pages] I'm just going to check now, see what else I got.
LU: While you were in Japan did you ever- did you have a hard time with them recognizing you as a Japanese Canadian? Or were you able to blend right in [both speaking-unclear]
FM: In what situation.
LU: Just with the general public.
FM: In Japan?
LU: Yeah. Did you feel any discrimination?
FM: Oh, well, no, here's how it went, that's a good question, here's how it went. Much of the time because I manage- My mother was born in Tottori-ken, like my dad, but she grew up in Tokyo, so she spoke the standard Tokyo, you know, Japanese in accent, and that's what she really taught us, despite the influence of other country prefectural dialectics that we grew up [with] in our community in, back in BC. So, my Japanese, therefore is, provided I have all the right words, you know, I get away with it. Then sometimes I have been mistaken as one of them. And sometimes, of course, if you're dealing with things in Japan, that kind of thing doesn't matter unless you really need to bring the point up. One good question went like this. My then wife, who is *hakujin*, so that that helped. Well, and I- Once we got settled for the Osaka expo and got our house in Kobe, went down to a nearby supermarket, which the Japanese call *supa*, and supermarket, and looked around their stuff, and all the fish section was fantastic with all the lovely fishes, even the fresh-cut sashimi and stuff like this. Went over to the other meat side and there was chicken. And it was in a glass case and there were all these parts of chicken, and so many yen per 100 grams. But you looked at them and you couldn't tell the difference between a wing and a leg and, you know, the breast or anything and there were so many, they were all cut up in a different way, and by then I had learned how to do this. If I had walked straight up to them and said, "Could you tell me what part of the chicken that is?" I would just as likely be given a real nasty, you know, hell, what the hell kind of stupid question is that, kinda thing, you see. But so, here's how it went, and of course having a tall *hakujin* woman standing next to me helped. I said, "I am a foreigner from Canada, I am one of the [video sound cuts] guests, you know, at your Osaka exposition."

[01:05]

FM: "And therefore, we are gonna stay in Japan for a while and we're checking things out, and therefore we notice in your store that in Japan you cut chicken differently from the way they do back in Canada, so could you explain to me which part of the chicken each one comes from." Ah and they didn't mind at all, you see?
LU: Ah. [laughs]

FM: But very elaborate, you know, thing. So worse comes to worse, use that. Even at the outset, but by then I had known- And the thing was, for instance, Japan is peculiar because the service, the service thing, you know, the bowing and the politeness is a big part of it, and yet they are not always nice to other Japanese. But if you're- if they know you're a foreigner they're going to be nice to you. Sometimes I used to think, and especially getting on an electric train, you know the shoving business, even if there are professional shovers, you know, if it's an obvious foreigner they'll, especially in times when there is an expo or an Olympics there the government lay down, please be good to our guests, and so forth, so they get out of the way. So, my *hakujin* wife gets on a train, and they give her room. I follow her and they close right in. Try to get on a streetcar or bus in Japan and I'm getting hit in the kidneys with the shopping bag of an old lady behind me.
LU: Oh. [laughs]
FM: You know. And so, this is- Japanese are so polite to you in their own home and so forth. Their own houses, their land and so forth, kept just so. Outside streets, total litter. See, there was the difference, and I think they've coped with the litter thing quite a bit now, there was the whole thing. So, when you go into a big city and you're one of the people, nobody is going to get out your way, you know, even if you should have the right of way, it's that kind of thing, so they're like this too [moves fists back and forth quickly]. But after that, you know, going through the traffic in Hong Kong is nothing [laughs]. But these are the differences, some of the differences. Anyway, as I say, I'm comfortable visiting. Ever since I know most of the things what to do. By the way, the one example is going to Paris. I was in Paris for the third world Judo championship. And I was there as Vice President of the Canadian Judo Organization with Frank Hatashita who was President, okay, and-
LU: What year is this?
FM: What?
LU: What year was this?
FM: Oh, December 1961, okay. And so, what happened was, we were there for several days with the tournament and so forth, and there was a- among the French daily newspapers there was one strictly sports newspaper. And I used to go up and buy it on the street, and there would be a woman, say in her fifties or so, at one newsstand near our hotel and so the first time I went to buy a copy of that paper and maybe another paper and I said, and she wasn't paying attention, so I said, "*Excusez-moi, madame,*" and she turned, absolutely furious, for me calling her madame. Said she was at least in her fifties, right, so that's why I called her madame. But apparently service people, you automatically call them mademoiselle. Right? And so, this is like, as I mentioned, going around asking these dumb foreigner questions looking like a Japanese speaking, you know, seemingly fluent Japanese, you know, they'll turn on you. Like, so, I think Paris, the French and the Japanese, there are some similarities. But anyway, oh, the other thing about the Japanese, the main thing that's really difficult, if I stay with those organizations with a lot of Japanese members and the Board or something, the executive, the main problem with the Japanese was the group think culture, is if there is a problem comes up the question

is not, has anybody got any ideas how to solve it, the question is how did we fix it last time? Okay. And then the oldest guy on the Board says oh, we did this, this, this, this, oh, and then let's try that. But in here, as you know, in the Western part of the world ad-libbing, coming up with a new approach is what you get really, you know, thanked for.

[01:10]

FM: And so, the Western reflexes in a situation like that, even surrounded by Japanese men and so forth, and even doing all *nihongo* my reflex is, never mind what the hell we did in the past, let's do it this way. We haven't done it that way, so we don't want to do it. Yeah, that type of thing, even a young seemingly modern Japanese used to be like that, you know. I don't know what they're like today, but it's this kind of reason where I had to be thinking twice all the time, and it's one thing if you're living in a foreign country of your choice, but if I were in a real foreign country with a foreign language, and so forth, I had never been, I knew a little bit, and so forth, I am a stranger, right, but to be thought that I should behave like one of them can be quite a burden, depending on the culture of course. But that is why I feel that way, I have, you know, I've enjoyed being invited to come and do things in Japan, and so forth, and they really look after you with a vengeance, eh. And Betty and I have been there once on our own, it was our very first trip ever and we got to check things out all over the place and we enjoyed ourselves tremendously. But not living there that's a whole different life and I couldn't handle it.
LU: Mm-hm.
FM: You know. So, and the thing is, so could I live in the States? Probably, I could. I've turned down two jobs that were in the States, but I could've lived in the States, not temporarily but for a while. And in fact, when I went to that judo tournament, the Third World Judo Championships, I went as a part of the Canadian Judo Organization, and because we were also going to have the International Judo Federation Annual Conference afterwards. But I was also asked by *Sports Illustrated* magazine to do a report on the world championships, 'cause the third World Championships, '61, was the first one ever outside of Tokyo. Also, the two first and second were in Tokyo, and the Japanese champion won. In those days, this was before the Olympics and so forth, and there was no weight categories, so it was an open thing, right. So, in Paris the first third, and they put the last open championships, okay, it wasn't only that it was going to be held outside of Japan, but the *Sports Illustrated* guys who heard about me through a friend of mine in New York said, "Okay, what's different about this time?" I said, "Well, there's a very good chance the Japanese won't win it." "Oh, that's good. Well, then who?" I said, "There's this guy from Holland, from the Netherlands and so forth, and he's had a lot of training in Japan and so forth, and he looks like the likeliest one, and so on." "Well, how would you like to write that up for us?" and so, when I went to Paris and got settled down for the Judo thing, similarly, *Sports Illustrated* sent over a photographer, a sports photographer from England, and he came up to me in the

hotel and he wanted a shot list of what to take and so forth from me, which I gave him, and so on. And we had the tournament and yes, the Netherlands guy Anton Geesink beat the Japanese and Koreans, a very exciting tournament, and it was a real breakthrough, you know, and so on.

Well, so on my way back instead, of Frank Hatashita and I going back to Toronto together, I went back by Pan American to the States, to the Times Life building where *Sports Illustrated* was published, and they gave me a desk and an office and so forth. They showed me the pictures that were sent by this guy, you know, from- the British photographer, and I picked a picture we could use and so forth, since I was a magazine editor and so on. So, they gave me the layout, so told me how many words we can handle and so on and gave me the time to write it all up and so forth. And it was not only my first American magazine publication, very first magazine report on judo ever in *Sports Illustrated,* you know, so I was lucky enough to even be able to do that. And by then, because I was involved with the Canadian organization and the Ontario black belt organization, quite a few of the Japanese-American judoka were aware of me because we used to go visit their championships, too, in Detroit, and New York, and Chicago, and so forth, and so you know that was a part of my extracurriculars, one of my extracurricular worlds and so on. Then, as I say, that was really a very satisfying thing, and for me, but I'm-

[01:15]

FM: Because I was- did- my being first journalist Japanese Canadian here and there, I was really a matter- obviously I was experienced enough in writing at the time, but it was- it just happened at a time when, you know, it was only slowly being- people who weren't white were being accepted in the white world. Professionally as well. So that the, you know, because back in the detention camp days, okay, now, this is not totally BC discriminatory attitude about the Japanese, but it was national, too, okay, in the white world. This was that the public schools in the camps, okay, elementary schools, grades one to eight, the government would pay for, they wouldn't bring in the teachers from the outside, professionals, like the Americans did, so all the teachers were fellow exiles in the camps, who were older, and the odd university graduate, but because they got the men out if they're not married, out of the camps as quickly as possible, out east and they called their families to get them out of BC and so forth. So, there's the women who were left behind who became the majority of the teachers, right, and so on. But grades one to eight, the thinking was Japanese Canadian children don't need any more education beyond that because they're only going to be domestics and farmers, you know, and do labour anyway. Right? Okay? So high school and kindergarten were done by church workers who came in. Some of them, a few of them were *nisei*, most of them were white who actually came, sent by their own churches and so forth. A few of them were former missionaries in Japan, and so they could speak to the older people and so on. And there's a chapter in there [points behind camera] about a *hakujin* who helped us.

And the real thinking, as I say, is somebody like me going to work for *Macleans* or *Toronto Star* and so forth was totally inconceivable, not just to us, because the outside world, including the people running the magazines and so forth, and in BC where most of us were, and the likely prospects among the *nisei* were, had that attitude that, you know- So much changed because it was after the war and it was this part of the country, you know. And so, I'm one of the lucky guys. But the other thing is, really, being a journalist, especially, and not being an editor necessarily, but if you write things, you get your name out all the time, not necessarily always your picture, but your name. And you get the publicity that a lot of other professions do not. So there are other *nisei* of my vintage who went through their own wartime experience and recovered and started their new lives who really achieved in much, much, more, you know, major things, not just for themselves, but in terms of the community and so forth, in terms of making us, you know, acceptable at different levels. But what- they did is much more quiet, and it's not publicized, right. So, I just belong, luckily, to a group of people who after the wartime experience, you know, were able to make a new start to be in the right place at the right time. And to discover, as we already had back in the coast, there always will be *hakujin* with- some of them in power- who will be- who are willing to help us. And during that wartime thing they were in such a tiny minority they really couldn't do very much to prevent it. But even when, you know, we were in camps and so forth, you know, to get my high school teacher Jean Story writing us notes asking us how we were, and how things were doing, and so forth and so on. When I mention how she did that at a talk I gave to a bunch of people back in the old Centre many years ago, two or three other Kitsilano high school, you know, graduates and classmates of mine came up to me and said e, "Yeah, Ms. Story wrote to me, too." You know, and then once I came out here there were already people willing to accept us for what we were, rather than what we looked like and so forth.
LU: Mhm hmm.

[01:20]

FM: And to overcome 'have you ever thought of changing the spelling of your name?' You know, and so forth, you know. Mortisugu. It's interesting all of my children, of the five kids, four are girls, and they don't use their married name professionally. They are all Moritsugus, no matter how difficult it is to spell or pronounce, you know. And there's a novelist, Kim Moritsugu, Louise Moritsugu is a desktop publisher, Kim Moritsugu is a novelist, has four published, okay, David, my son, of course he is a Moritsugu, he was a corporate lawyer, but he decided- he gave that up, teaching high school now in a private school.

Kiki, next girl, is a performer. She is a stage and screen, you know, TV and film, and so forth, performer. She was a dancer who also learned how to sing and then act, and not only in Canada. Remember the show called *Cats* that ran for eons in Toronto, especially in Massey Hall? She was in the Massey Hall company for a

couple- for a year and a half or so. Then, she decided she'd try her luck in the states and down she went, and oh, she was in musicals in particular in- all over the states, Texas, Arizona, and Florida, as well as in New York and New England, and one Broadway show. And irony it was the musical based on that novel *Shōgun* that Clavell wrote and so on. And it was a great idea, beautifully produced, but a very weak score. And Kiki, main part, she was the maid to the heroine, the Japanese heroine. And also, she was one of the Yakuza, not the Yakuza, but the, the what the hell, the other thing, because they had to get into the fighting scenes and so forth. They even brought it in Japanese, two Japanese experts to teach this American staff how to do things. They brought in a woman who taught the women how to wear the Kimono, or even the men, too, for that matter. You know, and how to walk in them, and so forth. And then they brought a sword guy to teach them how to do the Japanese techniques, you know, okay. So yeah, and the other thing was when the *Shōgun* played out of town, they played in the Kennedy Centre in Washington, and then it came into Broadway. It only lasted a couple months, that's the awful part, because, I'm sorry, the songs were weak, the cast was strong and, you know, and they had scenes like a whole bunch of samurai in their armour on horses coming at you, and it looked real. They did real production effects like that. Or the very beginning, with the ship sinking and so forth, right on the stage. Oh, beautifully worked out.

Anyway, so, Kiki spent about fifteen, fifteen years in the States and came back, you know, here, and back here now. She still auditions occasionally and does the odd thing, but she- among other things, her day job, if you're going to be a performer you gotta have a day job, right. 'Cuz you just get the gigs here and there. And she was a hostess, she had been a hostess in two or three restaurants, and at one point one of the American dance magazines- she was one of the editors- So all of my kids, Nina the youngest one, the lawyer, all of my kids have been published in some way somewhere. None of them became a journalist like I did, and then my brother Henry, who I mentioned is 12 years younger than me, is the other one who's a real, a major journalist. His son Ken, born in Montreal, raised in the States, graduate of Princeton, worked on American newspapers and also, for a period in Japan, *Japan Times*, and then currently now is one of the editors of the Asia bureau of *Associate Press* in Bangkok. We got very worried about him and his wife, Carmen, who is a Hong Kong Chinese girl originally, on, you know, about all that stuff going on in Bangkok last month, waiting for an email from him telling us what the heck is going on, and he finally, eventually, let us know, and half the time he wasn't going down, he was working from home because, as a lot of the other guys were, because there was so much crap going on. But fortunately, he evaded it. And then another nephew, my brother Harvey, his nephew John, Ryerson journalism grad, is the Canadian Bureau Chief for *Wall Street Journal* Dow Jones.

[01:25]

FM: And so forth. And a couple other- So my mother, my mother, *issei* mother, elementary school teacher before she got married and came to Canada, she was the family editor, which is why three or four of us are good copyeditors, right. And- but one of her things was, she was baptised as a Christian, finally, in the 1950s in Toronto and- although way back in Vancouver, she insisted on sending her kids to the Christian Church for Sunday school and kindergarten, and so on. And towards the- in her sixties, they decided they would do a Japanese translation of the Anglican common prayer book, which is in English, of course. And Canon Ken Imai and Reverend Reg Savary, who was a Maritimer who went to Japan as a missionary both before and after the war, they did the translation and mom was their copy editor. Fixed it. Mom's instructions when she knew she was going to be dying from cancer was that her particular copy of the Japanese translation prayer book was to be buried with her. So, you know.

Like many, many Japanese families, the *sansei* and the *yonsei,* now, coming along we, you know, hopefully they're going to be doing some interesting things, too. And- But with our generation we were lucky enough, most of us, do things we never dreamed of could be done by people like us. You know, back then when we were growing up. And whether it's during the war or in times like the Redress campaign and so forth, you know, a lot of us. A lot of people are like me, during the fifties, sixties, seventies, even though I belong to places like the Cultural Centre and so forth, and other organizations to do with the community, much of my life, the mainstream and the neighbourhoods and so on, especially, you know, were with non-Japanese. But because of the Judo, and the churches, and things like this I- naturally, we kept in touch. Or the prefectural associations, the *kenjinkais*. But because, part of- because in the eighties, as I was in my last stint of working full time, the redress campaign started. I got back into the campaign, the community again, involvement much more so than I had. And it's interesting, I did a, took part in a survey early when they were setting up the Momiji seniors centre, and we were to interview people in them, in the living in the metro Toronto of, say, 55 or over, possible candidates I guess, for staying in Momiji, eventually, and to get a sense of where they were at and where their needs might be. And I got a whole bunch of people of the Scarborough area, see, everyone got different parts to do, and I went around since I had just retired, I went around interviewing them. One of the most interesting things I've found, which has nothing to do directly with Momiji, was how so many of the people of my vintage living in Toronto told me how, now that they've retired, for the first time they're picking up on their Japanese Canadian relationships and both- including, they've seen more of their relatives and their friends, some of whom they've known since their BC days, right, which they have not done because they were in their work, mainstream work world, and living in neighbourhoods where there's no other Japanese around really, you know, but suddenly retirement brings it all back. So, this is why, and partly because of the redress campaign, the *Nikkei Voice* grew out of it,

and the year before the final resettlement of the campaign, they started the paper, because the existing papers were doing such a foul job of reporting what was going on, and were just doing this [points fingers towards each other and moves them back and forth], you see. And as somebody who started a journalist's life on the *New Canadian*, the *nisei* paper, the one and only *nisei* paper, right through the war years, my going back to help out with *Nikkei Voice* made imminent sense, especially after retiring as a teacher, you know. By the way, at the community colleges, as you probably know they call them professors now. But when I was there, we were called teaching masters.

[01:30]

FM: You know. Because unlike the university professors, you know, not everybody- a lot of people were qualified in professor-ships but a lot of us, including me, I just had a B.A., all the rest of mine was, my education and training was, came from experience, right. But that's the kind of thing you needed in a community college, which is why they hired me. But in fact, the year after I retired the union got them to call them professors [laughs]. So, I'm one of the last teaching masters. But that kind of thing naturally brought me not to get involved in *Nikkei Voice* and plus, also, then when I eventually started writing a column and stuff like this, you know, as much for me as anything just get my hand in. And get back into the community. By that you can see from my various experiences I got a real sense of not just this part of Canada, or this and the BC part of Canada, and so forth but even meeting some of the *nisei* in Japan, or the Americans, or the different connections and so forth. So- but because I used to have the front seat in Japanese Canadian activities, especially in the *New Canadian* days, you know, much of it was crucial times for us and so forth, that's what made it possible for me to know where I really belong. So, I say, you know, I'm a Japanese kind of Canadian, right. But number one I'm a Canadian, and the rest of that is, you know, the other parts. And the Canadian to me is a Western person. And I'm very happy with, that I'm very comfortable with that, you know. But I'm also proud that I was able to learn about and maybe hopefully carry some of the good things that Japanese culture, the Japanese arts and Japanese culture have and Japanese behaviour. There are certain kinds of Japanese behaviour, no matter how casually Western I am, I think yes, great, and in certain appropriate times I'm more than willing to fall into that mode. Yeah.
LU: How do you feel about the younger generations starting to learn about the Japanese Canadian history? How important is it to you that they learn about what everybody experienced?
FM: Well, I think overall if the young people, young people should know about, yeah, the pre-war and wartime et cetera, and post-war, immediate post-war experience, they should really know the background because it is a unique Canadian experience. And in fact, it is not parallel with the Japanese American experience either, right, so it's a part of their heritage. That's point one. But there's also, you know, Japanese, Japanese things that are passed down that that we, that we carry, still carry with us.

And the other thing is that since we are Japanese, it is a great help, not just to go around pretending you're not, but to pick up on the good things, modern Japanese, too, and take advantage of it. I don't mean just cheering for Ichiro you know or Nick Matsui, Hideki Matsui and Japanese ball players, but then I cheer for them if they come to play to Blue Jays, provided Blue Jays win. [smiles] See, I mean, I got my priorities.
LU: [laughs]
FM: The Jays have to win but I hope Ichiro or Hideki and then the other Japanese players have a good game, I think that's good. Or the Mariners, there is a Japanese American manager now. And I know they're having a pretty rotten time even with [unclear] not doing well, Wakamatsu. I hope they do okay, provided they don't get in the Jay's way, [laughs] you know. And that's having it both ways, isn't it? And why not? But going back to young people, my children of the five, two have, one has quite a bit of *nihongo*, because my son David, the lawyer, was living in Japan for two years and so on. And they all went to Japanese, you know [unclear] professional point of view, and so forth so he's got quite a bit of *nihongo*. And the youngest one, Nina, also for various reasons picked up the Japanese as well as university Japanese.

[01:35]

FM: Kiki had it, I think, even, she even went to kindergarten for one year in Japan during the Osaka expo, so when she was in *Shogun* one of the things is, she was one of the only Japanese-Canadians, there were three or four Japanese-Americans, and then other oriental or Asian performers in the cast. She was one of the ones who had no problem pronouncing any of the Japanese words or names, you know, she had the right accent, you know, so the ear is tuned that way, obviously. Even though she doesn't really, she understands some very fundamental Japanese, but she wouldn't really have a conversation, you know, but then I have younger brothers who can't either, because they were [unclear]. Older ones course had to speak Japanese with mom and dad and, you know, their friends and so forth. Younger ones spoke English at home with all the older brothers and sisters, so they didn't need *nihongo*. They understood it, so mom or dad could tell them instructions or give them hell in Japanese, and they would know what and they would answer back in English and the parents would understand them. And that's the, you know, the cumulative effect of living in a foreign country. That happens to practically all immigration, immigrants' things. The other thing that's interesting to me is recently here, when they have conflicts about, you know, people of different origins and so forth, they're so concerned about the behaviour and the reaction of current immigrants, but the immigrants, and the children of immigrants, and the children's children of immigrants are totally different things. Something that we're very aware and forced to look at, we've been here for a while, but you see the thing is, outsiders don't know, and so they, they'll blame the new immigrants for not being like the Canadian-born, or accuse the Canadian-born of being just like them when they're not. And then of course you get the thing, if you're a Canadian-born Italian kid, of

course you cheer for Italy in the World Cup, even if Canada was in it, I think, and why not, you know. It doesn't matter, depends on- among our *nisei*, too. More of them would say to hell with Frank and the Blue Jays [over Ichiro?] I mean [Ichiro unclear-Japanese any day?] why not, you know. These are [sound mutes briefly] it's a free world, and we can do what we like, okay. But it would be, to be totally out of it and totally unaware, of what their Japanese Canadian heritage, which is not the same as Japanese heritage. Canadian heritage is about, leaves the person incomplete, I feel. And, you see, now, in my case, I don't know about my grandchildren, to some degree they- but my case because that article I wrote for *Reader's Digest* books about the evacuation and so forth, based on our personal experience and so forth, I force-fed those things to my children as they got old enough to read and understand, you see. And so, there- it's unlike other people, there are not too many people in that position that can do it in that way, instead just sit down let's talk about it, you know, you can read this about your dad, you know, kind of thing. Most of- and about the point that I think a lot of people of my vintage don't like to talk about what, it was like during the war time for various reasons, there's the other thing of not being, having the way of passing it on. So, it's not totally the young person's fault for not getting into it, unless something pushes him or her to, you know, look up and read up things and so forth. But you can, you can, you know, if, for instance, at the Centre here, it would be lovely if they were really able you know organize things for *sansei* and *yonsei* people in being able to promote it and making it an attractive get together thing. They used to have sansei groups back in the old days at the Centre and so forth, but everything seems so diminished, although a few people who hung on are now, you know, people on the Board and stuff like this, right. But you know it's- it's very hard to reach them, and, you know, you can grow- they can grow up in a world where they're only part Japanese person to begin with, a lot of them are only half Japanese to begin with, you know, and as I say, my grandchildren are one quarter. You know, and the question is how many of them really want to get into it. Now, this may be a clue. One of the things is, on my family, my wife's side, Betty's side, is a *hakujin* world, okay.

[01:40]

FM: Her- her son is my stepson okay, and so, his kids, our grandkids, on his side and so forth, are total you know Euro, English and European, you know, descent. But they, and a couple of other grandchildren, sort of honorary grandchildren who also of totally white, are more interested in Japanese-ness than even one quarter kids are, you know, to some degree. And love the idea of being able to say, "I have a Japanese grandfather," or- or, you know, read about it, give talks, and write essays on it, come to you know, Poppa for help and so forth. So that's to be expected and that won't even things out, but it will balance things to some degree. But it really would be great if now, among the third generation, sansei, the leaders really got into this, how can we really pass on but the thing is, there is confusion. Some people are confused whether it's Japanese heritage, or that, you know. I was always fascinated

by uh the book that what's her name, our judge, wrote, *Bittersweet Passage*, why can't I think of her name right now? Anyway, she- and she got active in the community during Redress, and then she went to Japan to check it out, because she was born in Hamilton, right, so she, you know, way, way after the wartime and BC and things, and looking for her, you know, heritage in Japan and, and finding it, as I say, as you can tell from my experiences in Japan, that finding the heritage sometimes is not a direct thing, not a daily something I can use every day, you know, it's there and so forth, and it's interesting and so forth, it's way back there somewhere, you know, up on top of the family tree, and there's not direct connection.

And heritage is really for people like me and, therefore, at least our immediate kids, has to do with the Japanese Canadian heritage. What was it like here, what was it like here in this country for us to have experienced, and that's what should really be passed on, and that's why this Sedai collection should help if we can get the young people really interested enough to look at it. That's the thing. And you know, the other thing that I'm very sad about is the postwar people who are, you know, significant in terms of keeping, say Japanese Canadian culture going, they show so little interest in our- in the prewar people's history. They say, [gestures hands as if pushing something away] "Oh, that's got nothing to do with you." Part of this may come from the thing that, in Japan, after World War I ended and the defeat, imagine Japan losing a war for Gosh's sake, you know. That- that's all finished and we forget all about it, [gestures hands as if pushing something away] we don't talk about it, we don't even think about it, let's go on. And it's- which is an excellent technique for surviving, so you don't go around being victims, you know, and some people are still victims today, you know, things that happens sixty, seventy years ago. But on the other hand, they are among the people who really don't want to know about what happened to the other Japanese Canadians, that's not us, we're separate from you, we're different from you, you know. Which they are. But their children will not be. And this is it you see, [gestures hands like steps] you know, going on those step ladders, and so one wonders, you know. And then, the other thing is, you see, you get somebody like me, I'm too old and I got to slow down, and I can't really do half of the things I think should be done, you know, but when I was younger and I had the energy, I did try. I tried because I had the experience of people like Tommy Shoyama and Irene Uchida and other leaders, George Tanaka, leaders of our community who really, you know, really kept us up and going in the worst of times. And worked liked anything to do it and believed in what they were doing, you know. And so, without them, [opens right fist quickly] you know, we really would be a lost group and a bunch of victims.

[01:45]

FM: That's why I like survivors more than victims. This is why some people who went through the Holocaust, the Jewish thing, some people went- unfortunately

became victims, you know, I mean professional victims, so to speak, and so on. Now, to remind people about the Holocaust because that sort of thing could happen if you don't watch, it's valid, very valid, it needs to be done but, you know, there are majority of people who had to go through that are survivors, too, you know and it's the question of, you know, are you going around suffering about it, and telling people how much you're suffering, or are you gonna say, "Okay, that's crap, and it was done to us, and Goddamnit, it's not going to be done again. Not to us or to anybody else, if we have anything to do with it." That really is what, you know, doing all this thinking and so forth has done.

And as I say, the luckiest thing in my own personal life is not just that I- I happen to be the right place at the right time, you know, and so forth, and had worked hard enough to deserve it I guess, is that the people who were our leaders, our mentors, other Japanese Canadians in particular, a few who were not, but who also showed us what Canadians we could be like, despite other examples, you know, they're what made us what we are, really. And for the Japanese group diminishing as it might be, that's the role that the younger people, as they mature and can afford the time and so forth, even if they're still working full time, you know, hopefully can carry on, because it's a, you know- we're a small group of Canadians but we're we have a lot to be proud about.
LU: Mhm hmm.
FM: You know, and that's- you would never have imagined that back then. You know, before all this happened to us, you know, at that time we were just among the other immigrants and their children and trying to do the best we could despite all the barriers against us. And now we've knocked down the barriers and now we're make sure no one builds any barriers for anybody else.
LU: That's right.
FM: Mm-hm. [smiles]
LU: Now, talking about people's experiences and making sure that people learn about it, do you want to talk a little bit about the book you put together?
FM: Well. Okay. Give me that for a second [reaches behind camera and produces a book] and because in here, I always have to remind myself of the right dates, [laughs] but I was teaching, I was still teaching at, yeah, Centennial College, teaching journalism in the summer of 1987, and Hide Shimizu this person here [turns book towards camera and points to a photograph on the cover] who was a Hide Hyodo initially, and who was the only Japanese Canadian teacher, school teacher in the BC public school system, public or high school system, and she taught, I think, for 16 years in the Stevenson-Richmond area. And so she- when we were sent to camps and so forth, and the family detention camps, she was made the supervisor of the educational system, of the public schools that were grades one to eight that were set up by the government and, you know, that had to be run, overall run by a Hide, and she had to pick the principals and get the teachers for each school in each camp, and so forth. Among the older Japanese Canadians, the *nisei*, who were in the camps, mostly female. And so, in 1978, it was a reunion of the teachers and so Hide asked

me to be a guest speaker because she said she had gone to Ottawa and looked at the public archives there, and among all the material they had in their files, about the family camps and the schools were all official documents and there wasn't anything about personal experiences, and so forth, among the people who were in the camps.

[01:50]

FM: And so, she wondered whether I, being a writer, and knew something about memoir writing and so forth, and writing teacher at the college, I would come and speak to this reunion about, you know, getting memoirs written by former teachers about their experiences in the schools. And to be sent, when they're put together, to be sent to the archives, at least for posterity. Well, I gave the talk and although I was teaching full time, I promised that I'd be happy to run a workshop for former teachers who were interested in the Toronto area and a monthly workshop, and we could start doing the memoir writing, and so on. And so out of that came a monthly workshop held in the old Cultural Centre, and which the Centre was kind enough to let us use for nothing. And we had about 13 or 14 former teachers who got together.

So, about 1987 we started, and they- we got together once a month, and I had different people write different parts of their experience each time and gave them assignments, and every month we'd have things that we shared with everybody else, we'd do this, and then in 1989, okay, in June, so I was about to retire from my teaching, and I- this workshop we'd been doing every month, we ended up with really quite a lot of publishable, useable memoirs, remembrances, really, from these teachers, and not from just them by themselves, but other people they contacted, and so forth, the former teacher and from some pupils, former pupils. And so, we had about 60 all together, and I said to the group, "You know, I think we can do more than just send this stuff to the archives, I think we could do a book. If you're willing to work on it. And we've got the 60 and then we'll fill in the gaps, you know, the parts that aren't covered yet, we'll try to get other people to write about it."

So, we worked on the book, and this is what happened. That- this book eventually, that was 1989, and we finally finished in 2001. From the beginning, you know, it was almost 11-year, no- 11-year, no, it could be, 11, 12, anyway, so since we started to write the book it was 11 years, yeah, made it a book. And 11 years we had published it. [holds up a book to show the camera] It would've come out much later if we'd gone to a commercial publisher. But because the teachers themselves were the ones working on the book or other teachers were surviving, were getting on, and because going to a commercial publisher means the turnaround time is maybe at least a couple of year, even if they accept the manuscript. We decided we better self-publish. We raised enough dough ourselves and we put the whole thing together. We got one sansei, you know, my daughter, you know desktop publisher to proofread it and organize the inside photographs. Another *sansei* designer, [Sandy Usemi?] to do the covers and so forth, and all these pictures inside [flips through

pages of book in view of camera] were really contributed from the members of the group and so forth, and collected, and we put the whole thing together and it came out in 2001.

And so, the main thing about the book is we got it done and the- one of the reviewers, John Endo Greenaway, the editor of the Vancouver *Bulletin,* who was himself interested in doing something about ghost town life, which I- he wasn't involved in, but he wanted to write about, but he never got around to it, he said this book not only tells about the schools, and the teachers, and the pupils, but also what life in ghost towns was like, that you can't get anywhere else. Which was deliberately a part of it to provide context for these experiences. So, they say, we put this all together and it was my major, my major retirement, you know, project and one I'm very happy with, and so because we didn't do it commercially it wasn't really promoted widely or sold in stores, it was only sold in the bookstore in the Cultural Centre here, in the Japanese Canadian National Museum in Vancouver and Jennifer Hashimoto's Nikkei Books, the one commercial thing that has it, Nikkei Books, the only place you could reach it.

[01:55]

FM: We sent it around to different places, so places like the Japanese American National Museum has copies, and more recently, since we decided not to reprint anymore and so forth, with the backlog we have we're distributing them to different libraries. So, the U of T library, York library, Ryerson library, places like that, you know, have accepted copies. And even Toronto Public Library system, and this was a very interesting story, this only happened in the last couple of years. I approached the Toronto library system, you know, the libraries closest to us in North York. And I find out since this was self-published, and vanity publishing is very common, the automatic attitude of the public library people is no, we don't take self-published things, cause, you know, the quality is, you know, not judgeable and some of it is really bad, poor stuff. But I managed to talk, give a couple copies to look at them, tell them about, you know, the background of the book and the fact that I was a professional and I had edited other books and so forth, which I had done in my freelancing time and so forth, and in design, and so forth that I got them to accept it, so the public library system about has about six or seven copies in different branches now, and we still have to publish some more, [redistribute some more?]. We're still selling them, the few that we got. But you know, if I may so myself, it's the most readable book. My next brother, who's passed on, was one of the few members of my family who's not a real reader, you know, most of us, you know, are all book readers and magazine readers, but he only reads golf magazines and so forth, and, you know, and stuff like this. But one day, he came to the book launch we had here in the Centre and he got he got himself a copy, called me up a couple of days later and said, "My TV wasn't working, and so I was wondering what to do with myself," he was living alone by then you see, "and wondering what to do with myself, and I

said I had some golf magazines and I have your book, and I said 'Ah, heck with the golf, I'll look at the book.' And, you know, that was 7 o'clock at night and I didn't stop reading until 2:30 in the morning."
LU: [laughs].
FM: And he read the whole book.
LU: Wow.
FM: And the thing is, so, the group I worked with, the teachers wanted it to be readable, and we did our best to make it readable, presentable, and, you know, that's why it's cut up in little bits throughout 150 remembrances and so forth. So- and that came, that was final proof. So along with interviews from me and a couple of the Japanese Canadian newsletters we got that praise, so I think we accomplished what we set out to do. But it is a very useful, it really gives a sense, what my other fellow bowlers, you know, when this came out, *nisei*, younger guy, he was in one of the family camps, he came up to me one day and he says, "You know, I got your book and I was reading it and you know, I always thought that all the camps were the same, but they're all different, weren't they?" I said, "Yup they're all, different." You know, and that's one of the things that you learn. So anyway. That's the story of that book, and something I'm kind of proud of.
LU: That's a very good book. Is there anything else you'd like to add before?
FM: Yeah, I'm- [noise of moving papers] I think I've done enough boasting here.
LU: [laughs].
FM: Uh, yes.
LU: What is the very last point you have there about the baseball? The Asahi baseball team.
FM: Baseball. What did, oh yeah, oh yeah. Okay. So yeah. Yeah, that's one of the things.
LU: I'm going to switch first before we-
FM: Yeah.
LU: Yeah.
FM: Okay.
LU: Okay.
[noises off screen]
LU: Okay.
FM: Okay. Well, it's interesting. I- because of my magazine work, actually, as a managing editor of *Canadian Homes and Gardens* magazine, I wrote an article about modern chair designs called "Why Chairs Don't Look Like Chairs Anymore" And I went to the States, visited the head of Knoll Furniture,

[2:00]

FM: Mr. and Mrs. Knoll, and visited one of their designers Harry Bertoia, who was originally Italian. And even visited George Nakashima, the Japanese American and French, I think, and so I came back and wrote about these modern chairs, you know, don't look like traditional chairs, and at CBC one of the TV people saw this and

wanted me to come on, and bring some of the samples of these chairs that don't look like chairs and talk about them, you see, on the afternoon show called *Open House*. The mostly women at home and ironing and so forth, watched it instead of soap operas, I guess. And so, on I went to *Open House* to do this, and as a result they asked me to come on every week. And for two seasons I came and went on every Thursday, but different aspects, houses and furniture, and how-to, and all that stuff that was covered by the magazine, so it was good publicity for the magazine too. And Frank Davis, who was later the MC for front page challenge, a famous broadcaster. He was, he and actress Anne- Anna Cameron were the two hosts of *Open House*, Fred taught me how to behave on television. You know including, don't look at the camera, [laughs] you know, [just let the camera?], let them do the work, you know, and so on.

And so, I, after two years of appearing weekly kind of thing, I became a real TV- you know, quite regularly on television and so forth, so I been on many television shows, especially more recently talking about the Japanese Canadian experience, and so forth. And then one day, it's interesting story because, a guy who lives in Whitby, his name is Louis Chow, is a Chinese Canadian from Vancouver, and he was overseas in Southeast Asia, too, with our Special Force, he went over before us because Chinese Canadians in BC were finally let in a year before us in 1944, and went over to work with the same intelligence, counter intelligence force that Japanese Canadians were sent over in '45 and he even took parachute training in India and so forth. 'Cuz the whole idea was for a Chinese speaking person working with the British Intelligence Forces, and they'd fly over at night, over the jungle in Malay or Burma and parachute onto a clearing, just like they were doing in the French resistance from England, you know, yeah, German-occupied France to deal with the Chinese, a lot of the Chinese, Malayans and Burmans were Chinese speaking people and so forth, to deal with them to get the information, you see, on where the Japanese troops were and so forth. And so Louis was one of the guys who went out, but he never had to, luckily go into the war any more than I was, but he was out there, and one day there was a letter to the editor, I wrote to the *Toronto Star* that, you know, correcting something that some guy had written in the *Star* about what we did, and they ran a picture of me as a, you know, as I was now and in uniform. You know. And Louis saw this and phoned me up, found me in a phonebook, from Whitby. [unclear] you're Special- 136 too? And I said, "Yeah," and stuff, so we got to know each other, and he coming to see his friends in town, you know, occasionally, and we'd get together. So, after a couple of years of this, one day Louis phones up and said that the daughter of an army buddy of his in Vancouver, she lives in Toronto, she's a filmmaker, she wants to make a movie about- film about Japanese Canadian baseball team in Vancouver before the war. And so, I told her that you'd know all about that, and so can you come for lunch next Saturday at the downtown in Chinatown and meet her? And so that's what we did. Jari Osborne, Jari Louise Osborne, she married a Bob Osborne, so she's Jari Osborne. She was, okay, Chinese Canadian sansei, I guess. Sansei, yeah, at least a sansei. Father was a *nisei*, a Chinese *nisei*, who was also overseas, as I

mentioned, same outfit. But, you know, different group and Louis- so she had been television news anchor in Vancouver, stuff like this, good looking young lady, and then she became a filmmaker for the film board. And this and the first film she made was called *Unknown Soldiers*, [*Unwanted Soldiers*] based on her father and so forth.

[02:05]

FM: The Chines- Canadian soldiers who let in in the last minute and what they had to do in China, in Asia and so forth. And then this business about doing something about the Asahi. So, when I met her, of course I wanted to know how come are you- you want to do a film about the Asahi? She said, "Well, when I was working on *Unknown Soldiers* [*Unwanted Soldiers*] about the Chinese Canadian soldiers and went out to Vancouver," because she was based here in Toronto but went out to Vancouver and so forth, "I kept on running into references, not only in the archives, but also from a Japanese-Canadian friend of mine that I used to look out, they mentioned the Asahi all the time, how important they were to the community, and so forth." And I said, "Yeah." "And so I thought I'd like to do a story about them," you know, and I said, "So that's why Louis thought," and I said, "Well, yeah, Louis thought, I don't know whether I ever told him, but I used to go watch the Asahi. I knew a lot of the players and so forth and I can tell you quite a bit about that." So as a result, this national film board documentary, *Sleeping Tigers* she called it, you know, it had to do with the Asahis, using film from back then that still existed, and stills, interviewing some of the surviving players and so on, and also people like me and Pat Adachi who did the history on the Asahis, *Asahi: A Legend in Baseball* and so forth.

And she- so I helped Jari plan and do the whole thing, the film, you know, and who to approach and so forth, since I knew all the people, so since I worked on it. Then at one point we're talking, and suddenly she said to me, "You know, I talked to her place down at her place near Riverdale, she said, "You know, the Asahi should be in the Canadian Baseball Hall of Fame." You know, I said, "I never thought of that, but you're right, you know, they're very important historically" and so forth. So, I said, "Well, they should be nominated," I says, "I tell you what," says "I'll get some application forms in, why don't you nominate them?" So next time I went down she had the application forms, I filled in the nomination and so forth. Did things like send clippings of a couple of the pieces and Pat Adachi's history, including my article about the Asahi reunion back in Toronto, and things like that. And sent that all to the Hall of Fame. And the first year they went through it, it didn't get chosen, okay. But the reaction from the Hall of Fame people was never mind, we'll put it through several times, and so the second year we're supposed to go up, Jari's film was almost done, you know. And so she decided, there were, I think, 13 members on the Hall of Fame panel who chose- the judges, who chose who might be inducted, and she decided to send copies of her film, which didn't have the title or anything on it yet, send them the actual film, story to them. The film, which you've never seen, eh?

[points to LU] Heritage Committee should have one, they still got some in the bookstore, you should look at it, because it also gives a sense of what happened during the war. But using the baseball team as, you know, the raison d'etre, but she did things like go out to Toronto Islands, get young kids in the Sunday Japanese baseball league, most of them are postwar people, to wear Asahi uniforms and do the field of dreams things, you see, and so forth. And then introduce into that black and white stills, and black and white movies that still existed, as well as interviews with former players and people like me, and so on, and so they made *Sleeping Tigers*. Well, that film when it was finished, the following year at an Asian film festival, an Asian type American film festival in California, won an award and things like this, but most importantly, having the panel of judges having seen it they chose Asahi in 2003 to be inducted in the Hall of Fame along with Blue Jays, Joe Carter, and a couple of other people like that, [sound cuts out briefly] and that's where we all went down, so I was lucky enough to be the guy who nominated them, you see.

[02:10]

FM: And then when the five Asahi players went there and they were brought on stage and so forth, Pat Adachi went on stage, too, [unclear Pat?] you do that job[?]. So Jari and I were in the audience just mentioned, you see, which is fair enough, and so on, so of the five who were there, I think only two remain, in 2003 at least they were around to see it and be inducted and have the film, too, you see and so forth. So that was my involvement in that particular documentary, by then I had done so much work on TV, on camera too and so forth, you know, that it became normal to me, I've got several things, *Living Histories*, have you heard of *Living Histories*? Okay, I must have, I gotta make a point, I'll bring you these, you can look at them, they're on videos, *Living Histories*. *Living Histories* was a series that was done for high school news and so forth and accepted with the curriculum booklet [unclear] educational film outfit, I forget what it's called. And the one they did on the Japanese Canadians, and what we went through, used four people. Two females, two males, you see, and so it was me, and Harry Uniama[?], Yonekura[?], Steveston fisherman is what he was, same age as me, same year, and so forth. Bought us a fishing boat for three thousand bucks, old enough to go fishing, and they confiscated it and gave him something like 50 bucks for it, you know, you can just image his bitterness, eh. That's Harry.

Anyway, I got to know him every well because he worked on Redress together, but he was one of the resisters at the internment camp. And the girls were Heidi Yamashta[?] and Tats[?], Siyuma [?], the two girls are gone, the two guys are- anyway, I'll lend it to you, there's a head on, they did individual interviews with the four of us and then they pieced them all together, you see, into this thing. And then the whole idea was to use them in high schools, how well they're used, I have no idea, but I'll bring one in for you because I got the print, and a teenage kid, high

school kid across the street came by and said, "I saw you, Frank, at school we saw the film," and so some schools were using *Living Histories*, right. [laughs]

So, there you go. And I'll see what else I got that you should really look at, anyway. I'll lend it to you, and you get it back to me whenever. But that's my great advantage, my familiarity with being on TV, as well as being a print journalism guy, you know, and it's got nothing to do with anything, but during the time I was in Montreal after I left the *Star* and freelanced for a few months before coming back to Toronto I was on a- working on the Expo '67 official book, you, know on the English side. And then I used to do weekly stints on CBC radio doing- reviewing television [and coming there?], things like that, so I was lucky enough to have all kinds of things. See, when I worked for the *Star* and became the assistant entertainment editor, and then later the TV and radio columnist, I had already been- because *Canadian Homes* and stuff, I had already been on TV and CBC, I refused to do any CBC work. Cause it's a conflict of interest when I'm reviewing them and criticizing them and so forth, the last thing I'd do is be one of the guys paid by them to show up. So yeah, and [the luxury?] to be able to do that. So anyway. Do you think that's enough?
LU: I think so, yeah. Nothing else come to mind?
FM: The other thing I mentioned the- I don't know that- the cowboy costume picture.
LU: Oh yeah, yeah, quickly talk about that.
FM: You want me to just explain and then if you get the picture? Well, okay, so we had this picture of me in a cowboy suit hanging in our dining room in the Vancouver home for a long time and- because we had a big sized one. But anyway, it happened when I was three years old in Port Alice, the country, the city where I was born, or the town where I was born in Vancouver Island, and, of course, I was too young to remember any of it, so I found this all out from my mother later. But apparently there was a masquerade contest, a children's masquerade contest, and so I gather that some of the Japanese children from the workers at the pulp mill in Fort Alice, and some of the white families and so forth and their children all competed and apparently, I won.

[02:15]

FM: In fact, I won a soccer ball, the best prize, and it's a soccer ball and I know that we brought it to Vancouver when we moved about a year later, but then I lost it somehow. But anyway, one of the first things I won. Reason- and the costume was there I am being a cowboy at three years old, I got a hat on, a cowboy hat, and apparently small enough to fit me, okay, that one of the *issei* friends of my parents lent us. My white shirt, sleeveless shirt, has checker pattern on it, and I know that pattern was again painted on by a- one of the *issei* with- using the Japanese brush *fude*, and the ink, you know, and doing it that way on the thing just for the purpose. Then you see my gun belt, and it is a true gun belt, you know, with the little holes for the bullets and the holster for the pistol, and there was a pistol in it and apparently

small enough that it could still hang on me, and again that belonged to one of the other *issei* who lent it to us. And then I'm wearing chaps, but they're all white and fluffy, and I asked my mother about that, and she said that's absorbent cotton that I got at, and I glued on to your old pants and so forth, and then my boots, I'm wearing gum boots, as we used to call them, wellies, and they looked like cowboy boots. But to make them really look like cowboy boots, with stirrups and so forth, one of the *issei* fathers got pipe tobacco tin and cut it all up and put it- bands on it that click on to the thing. So, there I am, oh, and of course I have a cowboy handkerchief, [motions with his right hand over this throat] which is bright red with white polka dots and so forth. And there I am in this cowboy outfit, and I win this prize and so forth, so that's the one and only time I was a real cowboy.

And many, many years later in Ontario, when I'm working on the farm I rode a horse for the first time, I had ridden, you know, the odd time pony at the exhibition and so forth, we all did, I rode a real horse without a saddle, and a whole bunch of us did because they were moving a bunch of cattle one field, right across the highway and into another field, et cetera, and so it was very tricky business, and we had to chase the cattle down the highway for quite a bit to go to the next field. So, everybody on- on all the men working on the thing had to get on horses and, say, I had to get on one without a saddle and then found out really how boney horse's, you know, back can be and how much that can really, you know leave, you sore for days, anyway, and I hardly- I could hardly ever really stay on them or make them go the way I wanted it, so it was very curious thing, and this was as far as I got as a cowboy. [laughs] But anyhow, that's my story of my cowboy costume, soccer ball win.
LU: [laughs] Perfect. Well, I think that's it. I think we covered everything, perfect.
FM: Well, the only thing is that, you know, that as I say I would still like to look at it, so just in case there is other things—
LU: Oh yeah, yeah. Of course.
FM: Yeah. But I'm gonna try to- I'm gonna try to get mine- my CD, DVD player working, something working, so I'll let you know when I'm ready.

[End of Part 2]