

Interviewee: Jean Nagata
Interviewer: Lisa Uyeda
Date: June 24 2010
Location: Toronto, Ontario
Accession Number: 2010-031



SEDai 
PROJECT

THE JAPANESE CANADIAN LEGACY PROJECT

Jean Nagata: My name is Noboku Jean Fujita Nagata. Days in Japan. My dad and mom were married on November 25, 1928 in Fort McCloud, Alberta. They had a son Masao lived 14 months, a set of twins Masao and Hideo and a daughter Aiko who all died in early childhood in Cranbrook. In 1933 they moved to Vancouver to be closer to medical care as they were expecting me. On January 24, 1934 mom went to St. Paul's hospital as a precaution to deliver their fifth child, me Jean Noboku. In spring of 1935 my mom, dad, and I, fourteen months travelled to Hasaka, Japan so that Dad could build his mom a house. We stayed in Japan for few months but returned to Vancouver well before October when my sister Florence Fumikowas born. Dad found a job at a shipping building yard north of Bidwell. We lived at south end of the block at 1701 West Georgia Street, Vancouver. While living there, Mom used to tell me that Flo and I would put Marie Yuriko who was born in April 1938 in the baby carriage. We would walk down the block towards the ship yard where Dad worked. [Mr. Kawamoto?] a neighbour would call my mom and tell her that, "Your children are near the water again." I was four and Flo was two, very young babysitters. My grandmother, Obasan, often took Flo and me on picnics and walked around Stanley Park and the neighbourhood so that we would get used to being with her in preparation for our trip to Japan. She would work all day cleaning wealthy people's home around Shaughnessy Heights and Kitsilano in Vancouver and then take us out.

While we were sailing to Japan, I told Obasan that I'm not crying but tears were falling from my eyes. I don't remember saying this but Obasan told me about it often. Some winter we had a lot of snow. I got frostbite on my hands and feet. My hands were infected. Some day nee-chan would ride me to school on her bike before she went to work at a bank in Hikone. [flipping through papers] [clear throat] Seems like I had a good singing voice I had a leading role in play in grade one about a sparrows that lost its tongue. I had a very caring woman teacher who lived at Imamura. When we lived in Hasaka, I remember a town called [Kaidama?] I thought that it was Imamura. But public school was about three-quarter kilometer from house around the shore of Lake Biwa past two cemeteries. Some time while we were at the school, we could smell something burning. I now understand that smell was coming from the crematorium. Some time after school, other kids would chase Flo. I would try to protect her and we would come home running, puffy, and calling for Obasan. Obasan help us! Flo and I helped Obasan all the time we were very close. Just the three of us. She took us everywhere. We would visit her friends and relatives. We walked everywhere - it was only way to travel. Maybe once a year we walked to [Otagasan?] we walked along the [speaking Japanese] and then to Otaga. It was very long walk

but still it was very enjoyable outing. We had many cats in Japan. When the kitten were born Flo and I used to fuss over them. Mother cat didn't like us too close to them so the mother cat would

[5 minutes]

JN: carry the kitten one at a time in her cheek up the ladder to safety in attic. The best sitting room where nee-chan slept was our bedroom too. The three of us slept there. Above the bedroom was an attic with a ladder from the kitchen where we kept the [unclear]? for fuel. Our cat used to sleep in the stove where it was warm. When we would light the fire under the big pot our cat would come out from the stove with her whiskers on fire. Her whiskers would be synched. I think the stove was located under where the kitchen table is now. Flo and I had our share of childhood diseases such as mumps and measles. I think that our measles [pause][flipping paper] that we made paper sailboats and rice offering on it. We took them to the beach and let them float away to take our sickness. Obasan took us to many church gatherings. We always had to walk and walk. Some of the church ladies told Obasan that children should not be there. But Obasan never listened to them. We just sat beside her and always well behaved. We helped Obasan whenever we need she needed our help in the vegetable garden. There was always weeding, watering, harvesting or washing daikon, carrots, and more[?] to do. Watering the rice paddy was little intimidating. The rice paddy was quite far from the home but close to the big hill. The next paddy belonged to some farmer not from Hasaka[?] and not very friendly. We didn't say anything we just waited until he finished watering and then we would do the same. Let the water flow into our paddy. I think we had some time scheduled to water the rice paddy. We stopped a little ditch with water with some wooden stoppers to let the water into the paddy. And after we finished we removed the wooden stoppers to let the water float down the ditch to the next farmer. During the winter there was no central heating system in the large village home. We used to stay close to the stove for heat. Obasan used to warm our beds before we went to sleep but I can't remember how she did it. For fuel for our stove we collected wood at the beach. Usually after the storm. The three of us used to go out and collect anything that would burn. We burned rice husks and stem of rice too. Obasan made lots of clothes. Najung[?] re made clothes for us from her own clothes. Sometime in public school Flo and I would get head lice. We used to clean each other's hair. Obasan used to cut and clip our hair. If we complained that the clippers pull our hair we used to get hit on the head to keep us quiet. She used to says just a little more.

Lisa Uyeda: [laughs].

JN: [looks up] [smiles] [laughs][turns page]. Obasan took us to some festivals in Hikone[?]. We were standing by the big building I asked Obasan to read a big sign. R-E-S-T-A-U-R-A-N-T. She was able to read it and told us that she was lucky that she was able to do it. She said don't embarrass [unclear]? next time by asking her to read something that she might not know. During the summer holiday we loved to go swimming. Carrying a front door as a float we dove deep down and pick up little

clams between our toes. When we pick enough for miso soup for supper we return home and Obasan used used them to make nice soup for us. For a special holiday celebration [unclear]? we went on rowboat I think, it took us long time to get there. We walked around the island, we had a lunch, and then had to row back to Hasaka[?]. Flo and I would go to nearby river mouse [unclear]? with a net to try to catch some little fish for supper. They were really tiny fish. Obasan would cook them with eggplant and sometimes the soya beans. It was so good. During the summer there was a huge festival at [speaking Japanese]. We did dancing [speaking Japanese] wearing [speaking Japanese]. All the village people would attend the festival. Sometime as a treat we would eat shaved iced with some kind of sweet syrup on it. The temple would be decorated with lots of paper lanterns. There was a plum tree in the backyard of the house in Hasaka[?]. We usually got lots of plum. Obasan would make [speaking Japanese]

[10 minutes]

JN: and one year there weren't many plum on the tree. One day Flo got a stick and was knocking them down Obasan got really angry with her. Flo has some kinda rash on a hot summer day and she ate corn. The rash would start to ooze. She pleaded to Obasan with that if she didn't cry could she have some corn on the cob. We had fig tree in the backyard in Hasaka[?]. In early Fall the fig would be ready to eat. When they are ripe they are nice purple colour. Flo and I couldn't wait until they were ripe. We eat them but then our mouth would feel terrible. During the hot humid days there were so many mosquitos it was quite difficult to sleep. We had to sleep with huge tent like mesh hanging over us. Lots of people used to sleep during the afternoon because it was so hot and humid. We had two well. One outside in the front garden and one inside the house for cooking and drinking. The inside well had a wooden bucket on the rope. We would lower the bucket and when the bucket was full we would pull the rope up rope up. Outside I think that well had a pump. That was were we washed the rice and vegetables. We grew watermelons and cantaloupes like melons. Our melons were very small but tasted very good. To cool[?] this fruit we lowered them down the well and left them there for a while. We would eat them on very hot days. They were so delicious. We grew strawberries, figs, plums, persimmon, and pomegranates. We helped Obasan in the rice paddy with weeding. We would occasionally find bloodsuckers stuck on our legs. We would we'd put salt on the bloodsucker and they'd just melt away and disappear. Talking a bloodsucker off was a little tricky business because you peel one side off and they would suck from the other end. In early spring we would go to bamboo forest to pick some young bamboo shoot. We would peel the thin skin boil them and then re cook them in shoyu. It was so delicious. One time Obasan stepped on the bamboo cutting and her calf was cut open. It took a really long time for the cut to heal, it kept oozing. Obasan suffered from a very sore sore shoulder when she worked hard. We used to burn small pile of [unclear]? on her back. Her back would burn but the shoulder ache would subside. At one point [turning page] she must have five or six burn spot on her neck and back. Flo and I pound her neck and back to ease her stiff shoulders. We didn't have an iron so in order to press our clothes, especially our pleated school

uniform, we would place them carefully under the [stone]? bed. By morning it would be nice pressed and ready to wear. Each morning we would fold up our bedding and put them in large cupboard. At night just before we went to bed we would take out our bedding from the cupboard. Occasionally on a sunny day we would take the [unclear] outside and hang them in sunshine to make them nice and fluffy. We didn't take bath everyday but every third day we would go to a relative's home. Sometime it would be dad's cousin, Kobachi[?] house and a couple days later it would be Hujan[?] our cousin's house. Then couple day later we would bath at home. It cost a lot of money to heat hot water for the bath. Sometime we went to [unclear]? to a public bath house it was huge hot pool bath. As in all Japanese baths we had to wash ourselves outside of the bath or pool. We would sit on the small stool and the small bucket of water to wash ourselves. There was just women and kids at this bathhouse. Obasan took us to church [speaking Japanese]. Obasan belonged to this church. In Hasaka[?] we had three large churches Otera[?]. Whenever it was someone's memorial service they served lunch afterward. I think that the village women group prepared the lunch. We would all sit and they would bring small individual table with the delicious food. No meat or chicken. Most of the food was vegetarian. Every night after supper Obasan, Flo and I sat it front of the butsudana little Buddhist shrine to light a candle, burn incense, and repeat Okio[?] monotone Japanese prayer.

[15 minutes]

JN: Each morning Obasan would present the food offering to the butsudana? I learned from Najun[?] September 1977 that dad bought [page turning] beautiful [unclear] in June 1935. Mom was carrying Flo at the time. She was about five months pregnant. At the beginning of the war we saw lots of large airplanes flying with long exhaust fumes trailing behind. Obasan used to say look at the Japanese planes going to destroy the enemy. She would say prayer for them to come back safely. Near the end of the war, we saw lots of B29 planes flying overhead. Just over the mountain range is a big industrial city of Nagoya. [Planes] were dropping lot of bombs and the sky would brighten up with lot of sparks and fireworks. Sometime as we were working in the rice paddy, Obasan Flo and me, when we heard the air raid siren we would run to the hill and hide among the trees. One farmer kept working in the rice paddy and she was hurt when a bomb dropped nearby. Another time bomb would drop [unclear]? smoke stack but not much not much was damaged. Our village was quite safe because we didn't have any war time industries. We decide to bury some um dishes, food, etcetera. We attended some civil defense lectures on firefighting safety. I think we wore padded hats to protect our heads. We were very short on food. Obasan was very inventive. We ate sweet potato and rice, sweet potato leaves and stems, grass wrappers for protein. When we got sick Obasan would go to buy one egg for us. When we harvest a sweet potato we just ate that to save on rice so Obasan could sell rice on the black market. Sometimes she took [unclear]? and other bins[?] too. She hid them in the bucket when she went to Hikone[?] to collect the waste. The waste she used in our garden. Obasan mixed this with lots of water and

she put out and spread it around the garden. Sometime there were bits of paper stuck to the leaves of garden vegetable. We ate all the garden vegetable and a few times we had a long white worms in the stomach. We had a few tests done at school someone said eat grated raw potato to get rid of the worm. When Obasan sell the rice and other stuff on the black market she would buy something that we needed with the money. We got some powdered milk at school. I thought that we received it from the Canadian Red Cross but it actually was sent from the Canadian Japanese community Ontario. Flo and I were practicing Odori festival at the church [unclear]. We put on fancy outfits and performed on the stage. Flo dance well but I got mixed up and turned the wrong way. After grade six at the public school near Sigoshi[?] I try for the entrance examination for the [speaking Japanese]. I didn't do too well but Najung[?] came with me to find my name posted on the wall. My name was there as I was accepted. Obasan bought me second-hand bike so that I could come home quicker from high school in Hikone[?] to help her in the rice paddy and the garden. Flo was still in public school only about three-quarter kilometer away so she was able to come home come home and help Obasan sooner than me. While the US was closing in on Japan with bomb attack the large plane would drop lots of propaganda leaflets. Some of them said something like American Red Cross is draining taking blood from Japanese from overseas US and Canada to use it for USS servicemen when needed blood. The emperor announced that the war is over and Japan lost the war. I didn't know about it until Fujan[?]'s mom [unclear]? got really angry with us saying why aren't you crying that Japan lost the war? Town folks were really sad disappointed and worried about the unknown future. After the war we saw American servicemen driving a jeep with a Japanese lady in it. I think the Japanese lady came back to Hasaka[?] to visit her relatives. I think the lady was [Japanese]?. Whenever we would see the jeep only few streets from the house all of our neighbourhood children and us would run over to look at the jeep

[20 minutes]

JN: and sometime we got candy or a stick of gum. After the war mom send us lot of parcel with lots of canned good, candy and gum and Lipton noodle dry soup. My cousin [Gio and Kimi]? who were working in Kyoto. They work with a US servicemen [unclear]? at the Kyoto train station. I thought the mom send the parcel through the Canadian Red Cross but a few years ago Gio told me that Canadian worker named [unclear]? suggested to mom that she should send the parcel care of US army in Kyoto. We receive letter from Gio[?] telling us parcel had arrived and telling us to pick it up. Obasan would tell us about it and Flo and I would kept asking her when we are going to Kyoto? She got wise and wouldn't tell us in advance. She would wake us early one day and we would leave for Kyoto. It would be so early that it was still dark outside with only moon light out. We would walk to [unclear] on the road beside lakeview[?]. We would pass through mulberry bushes on both side of the road and go past couple cemeteries. On one particular morning it was really dark with no moonlight out and just past the cemetery the three of us could see the small light a couple of feet about the ground and it was coming closer and closer to

us. We were so scared. It turned out to be a man smoking a cigarette walking towards us. When we arrived in Kyoto [Gio and Kimi]? would take us to the cafeteria. On one visit we had a half roasted chicken with roasted potatoes and a large chunk of celery. We had our first Cokes too. We couldn't finish all this delicious food so we brought it home. I admit that we must have had the leftover for a couple days but I don't remember what happened. At the Kyoto hotel we climb up the stairs and Flo and I saw the first black men we had ever seen. When we arrived home we would close all the doors and windows shade and then open up parcel from mom. We didn't want to share our goody with anyone. Flo and I used to say the parcel had nice Canadian smell. We gave our friend just one stick of Wiggly's gum. Obasan used the Lipton noodle soup very sparingly. She'd divide one package into small portion and she would just use one part for a meal. She would add lots of vegetables, napa, turnips and carrots to the soup. Obasan used to ask us if we wanted to return to Canada when things weren't going well for us in Japan. Obasan worked so hard to try to make some money. After the war or two after the war lot of Jap Canadian Japanese people returned to Hasaka[?] and the neighbourhood village. We got to listen to some beautiful band music and Western music. During the war we were forbidden to talk, read, listen to anything that had to do with the Americans. Flo and I were really scared of thunder and lightning. We would used to hid behind Obasan. In Japan there were lots of earthquakes. We had one light fixture hanging from the ceiling in the kitchen. Whenever there was an earthquake light would start to swing. I remember one very strong earthquake that shook and shook for long time. [unclear] in 1947. There's lot of noise too. The staircase to upstairs shifted away from the foundation that house. It was so scary. Flo and I went to [Gio and Kimi's] parent's home near Kyoto by ourselves. We had been there before. We didn't have their address but somehow Flo and I arrived there safely. We caught the streetcar at the Kyoto station I think that we travelled to another and then we walked and walked along the path. They took us to Arashiyama for nice picnic. We had a very nice time. Mom send us some comic books. We think that one of them was Donald duck. We couldn't read them but we enjoyed looking at them. Mom send us nice watches and Flo and I used to use them every day. We sold them to someone, I can't remember who, when we left Hasaka for Canada in 1948. We thought American Canada people had lots of money or made lot of money. We asked mom to send us tricycle [turning pages] and bicycle. Stuff that mom couldn't send but we were so naive to ask for it anyway. We used to hear that some of the village people went to America to make

[25 minutes]

JN: money and then send some back to their relatives. We thought it was so easy to make money. In August Obasan and Flo travelled to Nagano where Nee-chan had Nee-chan lived with her husband to help Nee-chan with her newborn daughter Masako[?]. It must have taken a long time to get there by train. The train system wasn't too good because of the war. It was overcrowded, dirty and service was very

infrequent. They stayed there for a couple of weeks. Meanwhile I stayed in Hasaka by myself and took care of the garden, watering, and weeding. At festival time sometime Obasan would make mochi manju yomogi. We would pound the mochi in a special wooden container with huge wooden hammer-like gadget. We would wrap anko and make some delicious mochi manju. We would take these to our school lunch while the other student would only have rice. I was embarrassed and sad to eat the mochi manju at my school desk because lot of other children didn't have anything good. I would cover my lunch box just take a little bit and then put it back box cover it up so that no one would see what I was eating. We finally got the word from in the Fall of 1948 that three of us could leave Hasaka[?] for Yokohama and to Canada. We sold whatever we could and say goodbye to our cousin. Ling-chan[?] was only six years old and I remember he looked so sad looking at us and relatives and friends. Long train ride to Yokohama and when we got to embassy in Tokyo Obasan's document was not ready yet. So, we had to come back to Hasaka. I don't know when Obasan document was ready but as soon as we came back to Hasaka found out that it was ready. We started back to Yokohama again. We departed Yokohama on September 25, 1948 and boarded the General Gordon. Obasan was seasick most of the time. We were sleeping on a narrow cart and hundreds of Chinese people were beside us. Mom paid 215 dollar each for us to travel on this ship on this ship. I think that this ship was [unclear]? carrier during the war. [turning page]. I was a messenger to get something to eat. I went up and down the narrow metal stairs to cafeteria to get oranges and hardboiled eggs. We tried to drink coke but it was too strong for our tastes. But I think it was second time we tried it. In the cafeteria I saw the display of the journey on a map of the pacific. Every day a little marker would move towards America inch by inch. Closer to San Francisco. We had a stopover in Hawaii but we couldn't land because of a dock strike. Finally, we arrive near the mainland. We could see the flickering lights of the land. It was such a wonderful scene since we were on the boat for so long. We were quarantined outside San Francisco for a while. We arrived in San Francisco on October 5, 1948. Nearly 10 days on the boat. We stayed at the Ake[?] hotel on Polk Street for a couple days. I think there was seven or eight Japanese people travelling together. The sisters were going to Hamilton, the three of us, lady named Oei[?], Jerigita[?] and one more man. We tour San Francisco a little before we got on a train for Canada. I don't remember too much about the train ride except we saw a lot of open space and large dry weeds rolling about. Finally, we were at the border of Detroit and Windsor. It is now October 12, 1948. We showed our paper and passport to the inspector now that we were heading toward our destination of Toronto. I kept asking Obasan, are we near Toronto? We found out that this train destination is Toronto. I don't remember how we slept on the train or what we ate for those three or four days. Everything is kind of foggy. I always wanted to revisit San Francisco to see where we landed, where we stayed, and also the train station. In May 2005 Mary Anne took me to San Francisco to retrace my arrival to America nearly 57 years ago. After some research we visited ferry building marine [museum]? and finally Fort Mason. This is the place where we landed. Fort Mason was an army depot and a museum even found a record of our landing and he gave

me a copy of it. We went to look for Ake[?] hotel. Flo told me a long time ago that Ake[?] hotel is gone. Now it is a parking lot for the new Miyako[?] hotel.

[30 minutes]

JN: We tour harbour on [turning page] tour boat and we went under the famous golden gate bridge. I am almost sure that we that we were we went under the bridge. We all looked up to see the bridge like I did this time. I walked across the cross and back this huge long bridge on this beautiful morning. What a trip we had. We flew to Toronto and it only took five hours. But when d Obasan and we came it took us three to four days on rail travel. We arrived in Toronto at Union Station railroad station early afternoon October 12, 1948. We finally met mom, dad, Marie our youngest sister, Ojisan Uncle Kitch[?] mom's younger brother, Mr. and Mrs. [Japanese] Obasan's brother in law and wife. Dad had a black Ford and we all got in the car. We came to a home at 160 Augusta Avenue. We had a nice lunch of [unclear]? and other food stuff[?] prepared by Ojisan and mom. Mom had a headache so she went to lay down for a while. I couldn't call mom, mom for the longest time. Somehow Obasan [unclear]? came up first and we couldn't communicate very well with anyone except Obasan. Obasan talked to us and she was so good to us. Dad told us don't talk Japanese anymore just use English. Two day later mom enrolled us in Ryerson public school in a special class just to learn English. Flo and I had a nice caring teacher Ms.Thompson. In her class we had Chinese, German, Polish and some other European student. A little while later we had a few more Japanese young girl in the class. We stayed in this class for a few months and then both of us went into grade six. After summer, we were in grade seven with our youngest sister. The three of us stayed together for two year then we all went to different high schools as suggested by the caring, kind, teacher Mr.Esako[?] a veteran of World War II. He talked a lot about his war experiences. Maybe that it why Flo wanted to read all about war and American involvement in the Pacific. So often we forgot to flush the toilet. We have to be reminded each time we use the toilet. It was so difficult to remember so many changes such as just turn the tap and there is hot water, sleeping on a bed, no need to put our [turning pages] blankets away every day, eating at the table, sitting at the chair, using hot water and soap to wash dishes. In Japan we had cold water and sometimes we used [unclear]? from the stove if any dishes were greasy. Everyone used hot water to take a bath. Mom always ask us, did you flush the toilet? Sometimes Flo went to washroom together and we only flush once. I think mom was less into the water going down the pipe. I couldn't eat certain type of meat. Meat with a lot of fat. Even a little chicken skin or lamb, so Mom prepared different food for me. I ate a lot of wieners. I learned from dad how to start a furnace and make hot water using newspaper and a bit of wood with some coal on top. A big truck delivered coal dumped through the front basement window. I shoveled the coal away from the window closer to the furnace. I remember the ice the icebox delivered by the horse drawn wagon and when we needed some ice we would put a special sign on the window. Our first Christmas in Canada mom and dad got us a record player and two records. One was gentle people and the other Rudolph the red nosed reindeer. I believed that there

was a Santa Clause and that he brought us these Christmas gifts. On the first Easter we put on fancy dresses and our grandpa, mom's father with the wife here, gave us a huge chocolate Easter egg with colourful flower trim. I don't remember when this happened but we made my mom really angry. She told us that we really should help her too or she's going to send us back to Japan because it's too much work. Mom took Mom talked to Auntie [toshi]? to get her opinion I guess. Aunti Toshi[?] told me about this episode a couple years ago when I visited her in Lethbridge. From that time on I made my mind, and Flo too, that we would do our best to help her. We all had a chore to [turning page]

[35 minutes]

JN: do. She did her duty quickly and Saturday afternoon she would go downtown to see Western War movies. Dad took us to see movie at a small neighbour [unclear] theatre. Usually once a week. We could not understand the whole movie but when it was scary we used to cover our eyes and hid behind mom. Dad was not too pleased but still we all went. Both of us had a US servicemen pen pal. I don't know where we got their names or address maybe from some magazines. She loved those servicemen in uniform. Mom and dad stressed that we do good at school and get good report card. We would show him our report card and he would say, can you do more better than that? New Years celebration at Ojisan's home on Kensington Avenue where he lived with his son Kichi[?]. He made so many delicious Japanese food we all ate on New Year's day and the next couple more days we went to eat the leftovers. Meanwhile Uncle Kich[?] played with his radio. Changing dials and playing the songs so loud. He had long antenna wire hanging up all around the room. Ojisan even cut oranges and have with fancy [salt like]? just for decoration. Dad didn't like rice so having the New Year celebrations Ojisan was a nice treat. Most of the supper we had cooked we had boiled potatoes sometimes French fries. To cut the cost of meat Mrs. Carpenter mom did house clean for her told mom to try [cough]. Can I drink a water?

LU: Oh yes.

JN: [coughs].

LU: [laughs]. Stop whenever you want to.

JN: Only a couple more pages.

LU: [laughs].

JN: [drinks from water bottle].

LU: Maybe just got back a couple of lines.

JN: Most of the supper we had boiled potatoes sometimes French fries. To cut the cost of meat, Mrs. Carpenter, mom did housing cleaning for her, told mom to fry hamburger and onion to make it like a gravy with hamburger and onion. Mom made it often but it was so good. Marie was taking piano lessons so mom told us if you want to take some music lesson. I chose the guitar and Flo the violin. I went to Bloor and Yonge for my weekly lesson with Mrs. Mill, Mr. Mill. I can't remember where Flo went for her lesson. Mr. Campbell came to our house to give dad his piano lesson and Marie went to Royal Conservatory for her lesson. We took our instruments to

our class and we played sometime what we learned. I played simple tune like Home on the Range, etcetera.

LU: [laughs].

JN: [turning page] Obasan put some money into my new bike and Flo just got a second-hand bike. She didn't ride too much. Marie and I went over from 160 Augusta back up down the hill in High Park and sometimes to the University of Toronto ground. Flo's bike needed some repairs so we took it to the globe cycle on College and Augusta. I think Mr. Mastui[?] is still there but he didn't he said he couldn't repair it very well because it is so old. Flo was very disappointed and discouraged. Marie and I had a nice bike but she didn't. Mom took us to mom took both of us to brothers church to learn to join some clubs that we could meet new friends. But the church was very cold toward us. A couple weeks later she took both of us to Queen Street United Church on to join CGIT. I guess Flo didn't continue but I did. That is where I met Uri[?]. Sherry Nagata remembers joining them on Friday when the leader Ms. Roland introduced us, saying these girls just came back to Canada from Japan. That's it. [closes book]

LU: That's it ah wonderful [laughs]. Do you have anything else you want to add before we turn it off?

JN: [smiles] turn it off now.

LU: [laughs]. Oh wow

JN: But- [video ends]

[Interview ends]