RIKKA

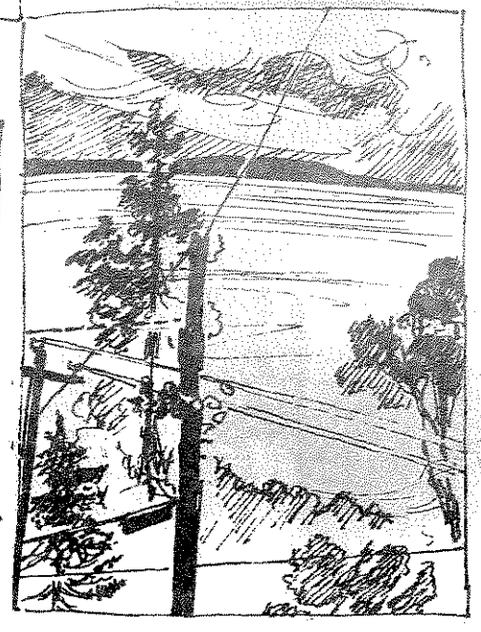
THE summer has waned into autumn. It was a season, long overdue, for Plowshare Press to move into new quarters (*left*). Moving is always a traumatic experience, but it was accomplished with minimal disarray, thanks to the timely aid of neighbors and the long-promised, often-delayed visit of the Buttricks from Toronto — Ann and John — whose too brief company gave us much pleasure . . . talking, drinking, eating and all that, apropos enduring friendships. Their departure came all too soon. And it was the season to relish frequent feasts of locally-grown corn-on-the-cob fresh from the McKenzie farm near Sheguiandah, and to savor zucchini and tomatoes and cucumbers from Katie's raised beds.

Midst encroaching boreal forests, home to us (*below, left*), nestled in buccolic surroundings along the final ranges of the Niagara Escarpment, offers awesome vistas of sunsets over the North Channel of Lake Huron (*below, right*). Every hour is delightful, every season is special.

The stars on a cloudless winter night,
  snow glittering over earth, ice covering lakes
The sun of springtime magically renews
  greenness in every nook
And glorious summer, breezes wafting
  scents of wild flowers bursting into bloom
Hazy skies of autumn and bountiful
  apples and corn on Manitoulin this
harvest time.

Midst such endless marvels how can one cease to exclaim! to give thanks.

Thanksgiving for Bounty at Harvest Time
AN APPRECIATION OF MANITOULIN
with drawings by **Ann Buttrick**



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The cover: MASUMI MITSUI
"WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, SARGE?"

Sketched by **Ann Buttrick** from a photograph of distinguished First World War veteran Sgt. **MASUMI MITSUI**, 10th Battalion, 2nd Infantry Brigade, First Canadian Division.

Due to illness, the 98-year-old soldier was unavailable for an interview with *Rikka* staff. In lieu, we reprint portions of a remarkable article from *Maclean's* weekly, by **Don Cumming**, giving us salient details about the old soldier featured on our cover this quarter. Cumming reports that

> the aged soldier proudly recalled a battle for a hilltop seven decades ago. "The French army tried but they couldn't do it" he said. "Next, the English. They could not get over. Then the Canadians went in. We took Vimy Ridge." At Vimy Ridge, Mitsui fully expected to share in [the] newfound sense of Canadian community [but] was destined to become **a living symbol of reproach to those who could not look at a Japanese face and see a Canadian.** [boldface added — Ed.]
>
> Mitsui is the last survivor of a nearly forgotten group of Japanese immigrants to Canada who distinguished themselves in the mud and blood of France and Flanders. They paid a terrible price for the privilege of defending Canada's honor. Of the 196 who volunteered, all but 12 were wounded, and 54 died in action. In another action, four months after Vimy and 10 km north of the place known as Hill 70, Mitsui led 35 men into battle. All but five were killed. For his "conspicuous bravery and distinguished conduct" on that occasion, he was awarded the Military Medal. . . .
>
> By the mid-1930s Mitsui, his wife, Sugiko, and their four Canadian-born children were successfully running a 17-acre poultry farm in Port Coquitlam, east of Vancouver. Then, in 1941 the Japanese attacked the Americans' Pacific stronghold of Pearl Harbor. Suddenly, Japanese British Columbians became the target of a government and media campaign depicting all of them — including naturalized citizens and the Canadian-born — as enemy aliens and potential spies and saboteurs. Mitsui served briefly as an interpreter for the B.C. Security Commission when it brought Canadians of Japanese background from islands off the B.C. coast to a Vancouver assembly centre before putting them in internment camps.
>
> But within months Mitsui himself, his wife and their two sons and two daughters were summoned before a security commissioner. It was at that point that Mitsui's respect for Canadian authority finally snapped. His daughter Lucy Ishii, now 60, an Ancaster, Ont., housewife, recently recalled the terror she felt in the commissioner's office as she watched her father's mounting anger. Said Ishii: "My father reached into his pocket, and I thought he was going to pull out a gun." Instead, he took a handful of his First World War medals and flung them onto the floor. "What good are these?" he demanded in fury. The commissioner, scrambling to pick them up, asked apologetically, "What can we do for you, Sarge?"
>
> That question has been handed down as a wry joke in the Mitsui family. Despite his personal embarrassment, the Commissioner then acted in the name of the Canadian government to strip them of their possessions and their freedom. And their farm was confiscated, their goods stored in the basement of the farmhouse, never to be seen again. The RCMP moved the Mitsui family first to livestock pens in Hastings Park in Vancouver. Then the family was broken up and, along with 21,000 other Japanese and Japanese Canadians, sent to scattered internment camps. The parents and their youngest son, Harry, remained in the B.C. interior; their two daughters went to school in Alberta, and George, the elder son, went to work in Ontario. His children say that it was years before their father's fury diminished. Late in the war, after the Canadian government decided to accept Nisei for intelligence work in the Pacific war, George wrote to his father from Ontario telling him that he was thinking of signing up. "If you join the Canadian Army after what has happened to me," Mitsui replied, "you will be disowned." George remained a civilian.
>
> For years after the war, all the family's attempts to return to the farm, or to receive fair compensation for it, were unsuccessful. The farm has since been swallowed up by British Columbia's lower mainland urban sprawl, and it has become valuable residential land. "If we had been able to keep it, we would be millionaires now," said Lucy Ishii.

Acknowledgements to the author and Maclean's

Editorial Notes

AN ISSUE FOR ALL CANADIANS

A SCANT FORTY YEARS AGO, at the zenith of World War II hysteria, the mass internment of over 20,000 resident Canadians of Japanese origin was contrived by then Prime Minister Mackenzie King with the fait accompli of an Order-in-Council implemented by a despotic War Measures Act, and the acquiescence of silent Canadians. Few, very few, voices were raised in protest, with the notable exception of the then Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), presently the New Democratic Party.

Most victims of that traumatic racist assault on a nation's cherished civil liberties survive — some thrive — in the mainstream of Canadian society today. But while the ranks of the Issei parent generation are being quickly depleted, a third generation Sansei — whose liklihood of intermarriage is close to 70 percent of their national total — are raising families.

But the subject of redress for Japanese Canadians arouses intense emotions from most angry or perplexed white Canadians. "Why should Japanese Canadians deserve compensation for past perceived wrongs?" "You people started it all at Pearl Harbor." "The Japs cruelly imprisoned our nationals, many of whom died or were killed in captivity." "In a war everyone suffers."

Democracy Betrayed

Why do Japanese Canadians demand redress from the Canadian government for their mass internment, for the violation of

their civil liberties, for the unconscionable theft of their life savings and properties acquired by back-breaking labor?"

Apart from the logical fallacy of identifying "them" with loyal Canadians — the majority of whom were denied citizenship by racist exclusion laws — the deeply rooted, paranoid stereotypical images of "Japs" as deceitful, inherently untrustworthy 5th column aliens who threaten Canadian security remains deeply entrenched in the Northamerican psyche, a fixation seemingly immovable as a mountain.

Surrender to Expediency

Despite demonstrated loyalty to this land — 65 percent of Japanese Canadians were born here — despite their remonstrance, often pathetic, to be allowed to function in the mainstream of society as full, equal citizens, this prerogative was denied them by a persistent stay-put-in-your-place syndrome maintained by the white Canadian Establishment.

Due to social isolation, the Nisei had, until the forties, developed scant political awareness. The political processes, moreover, were not in a healthy state in that period in British Columbia where the vast majority of pre-war Japanese Canadians resided. The Nisei had hardly reached the median age of 19 — barely time to evolve his glaring political innocence into effective participation in the democratic processes. In this chaotic social milieu, intensified by wartime hysteria, these recent immigrants became vulnerable targets of demagogic politicians and special interests. The voiceless acquiescence to hysteria, and the tyrannical War Measures Act, was a surrender to expediency by **all** Canadians.

The Syndrome of Reticence

Nisei reticence, as a collective characteristic, has puzzled many observers. Their reluctance to speak out against impending persecution, it has been suggested, was a cultural legacy instilled by their Meiji-era Issei parents whose ethos embraced a stoic acceptance of the status quo. Social change in the Land of the Rising Sun followed a formal pattern of rigid conformity: rocking the boat was not acceptable conduct. Be that as it may, such explanations are unsatisfying.

Viable Force

Now is the time for Japanese Canadians to cast off their naivete, to recover their political identity as a viable force, to realize their potential as co-equals in the struggle for fuller democracy, in alliance with all principled civil libertarians.

It has been heart-warming to witness the unmasking and defeat of demagogues in our own midst who contrive deals with backroom politicians, themselves addicted to the game of power broking and pork barrelling. It is commendable that the new Japanese Canadian has conjoined forces in a national coalition, the National Association of Japanese Canadians, to give direction to a unified strategy of redress, and to minimize divisive forces from within and without through the creation of a functional information/public relations task force.

The Prime Minister has delivered the current government's ultimate threats of total sanctions against apartheid South Africa. Can the Prime Minister and his cabinet logically, sincerely, viably espouse fair play and social justice abroad while refusing to redress the gross betrayal of democracy in our own land? Does not the Prime Minister and his caucus have the political courage, and the will, to champion, on behalf of Japanese Canadians, a well-deserved apology and monetary redress; now, before we conveniently forget — and institutionalize — this betrayal of democracy?

Contributors from Japanese Americans dominate this issue because they have exercised their legal prerogatives — which do not prevail in Canada — and exposed their rawest feelings about a painful chapter in their lives with less restraint than their Canadian counterparts. In widely reported public hearings conducted in major centers of population across the United States, authorized by the congressionally created Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, Japanese Americans took the opportunity to bare the emotional scars suffered from the internment/diaspora experience.

The forthcoming sequel to this issue on Redress, guest edited by film producer **Jesse Nishihata**, will place greater emphasis on the Canadian experience.

— George Yamada

RENUNCIANTS: The Loyal Americans

IN 1944, while interned at Tule Lake, one of ten American concentration camps created solely for persons of Japanese ancestry, a Nisei woman, in an atmostphere of hysteria and psychological stress, renounced her United States citizenship and expatriated to Japan.

"I didn't want to go back [to] Japan, but . . . my children was back there just before the war, and Hiroshima was bombed . . .

". . . my husband says . . . you have to go back because you are the mother and you have your children there . . . you have to know whether they are alive . . ."[1]

After living in Japan, all the while feeling so American . . .

"Already it was ten years between, and I was . . . saying all the time [everything is] all right, all right, all right. And sometimes it was not all right, but I have to say all right, all right . . .

". . . my mind was going crazy. I thought, you know, I was going [to] lose my mind . . . I thought, "Oh, oh . . . I have to go back to my country . . . I can't stand until that time come[s]' . . . I thought I couldn't stay any more . . . Because I was born here, the United States . . . I didn't feel like . . . I belonged there (Japan) . . ."[2]

For those ten years, she occupied her life almost completely with hopes, dreams and attempts to return to her homeland. But the United States did not easily allow renunciants to return.

Finally, in 1952, her return was approved. A few suspicious events followed, but motivated by her own determination, she let nothing stop her.

". . . the night before [I left], he . . . sent me a telegram and tell me, 'You cannot go on that boat because its all filled up.' . . . I think somebody bribed that man, the hotel man . . . but I says, 'No, you cannot stop me . . . no matter what, I'm coming . . ."

"When I left Japan — when I rode on the steamboat, I was so happy, but the lump was still there . . . The boat was tied there . . . I was afraid . . . they might say come back again . . .

". . . when the steamer left the land . . . I think I was the happiest one . . . Now nobody can catch me . . . Nobody going to hold me back anymore . . ."

". . . when I first reached San Francisco, you know what I really wanted to do? I just wanted to shout out,

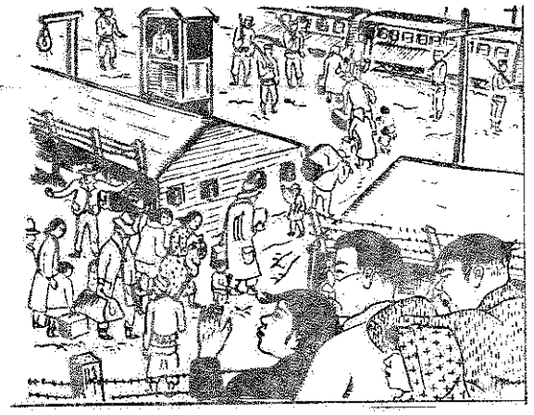
"I'm back! I'm back — " you know, and I feel like kissing the ground — that was the feeling I had . . ."[3] (reparagraphed)

And thus was the Nisei's joyous return ten regretted years after she was pressured into renouncing her United States citizenship.

". . . the renunciations of their citizenship by appellants, American born of Japanese descent, were not by their intelligent choice but were caused by the unnecessarily cruel and inhuman treatment of these citizens (a) in the manner of their deportation for imprisonment and (b) in their incarceration for over two and a half years under conditions in major respects as degrading as those of a penitentiary and in important respects worse than in any federal penitentiary, and (c) in applying to them the Nazi-like doctrine of inherited racial enmity, . . . and by other facts found by the district court creating mental fear, intimidation and coercion . . ."[4]

On July 1, 1944, in the midst of tremendous anti-Japanese agitation, the 78th Congress of the United States made a substitution to Chapter IV concerning the loss of United States nationality of the Nationality Act of 1940. Called the "denaturalization bill," it created clause (i) to Section 401 of the Act so that it would read

drawing courtesy of Mine Okubo



"Sec. 401. A person who is a national of the United States, whether by birth or naturalization, shall lose his nationality by: . . . (i) making in the United States a formal written renunciation of nationality in such form as may be prescribed by, and, before such officer as may be designated by the Attorney General, whenever the United States shall be in a state of war and the Attorney General shall approve such renunciations as not contrary to the interests of national defense."[5]

Written by Attorney General Biddle, "a noted civil libertarian,"[6] supposedly ". . . for the purpose of devising a system of controlling the disloyal and righteous element at Tule Lake . . . ,"[7] the bill in fact reverberated further hysteria in the concentration camp.

Angered and embittered at their wholly unjustified incarceration by the United States on the basis of their racial ancestry, several repatriates and mostly Kibei expatriates had formed radical vocal factions in Tule Lake. Their cause was resegregation: a complete physical segregation of "disloyals" from "loyals." And, because they found difficulty in identifying with a nation rejecting them, inherent in their resegregationist theme was to deny Americanism to be "true Japanese,"[8] especially in preparation for repatriation or expatriation to Japan. To proceed, resegregationists ran lectures and classes dealing with Japan's politics, history, culture and language; held a morning calisthenics program complete with bugle corps, and bows toward the Rising Sun in the east; and spread news propagandizing that Japan was gaining great victories in the war to generate further patriotism.

Later, once the denaturalization bill had been passed, their point of interest moved to renunciation of Nisei's seemingly useless American citizenship. Resegregationists stressed its importance as a means of displaying and solidifying disloyals, claiming as a renunciant one ". . . could achieve the status of 'true Japanese' . . ."[9] Most Nisei remained yet reluctant to renounce their citizenship.

The turning point came in December, 1944, when the exclusion of persons of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast was lifted and the liquidation of all ten concentration camps was announced. The announcements created immediate hysteria among internees in Tule Lake. No internee wanted to be set "free" in a country rampant with anti-Japanese sentiments. Furthermore the United States Army issued to most Tuleans "individual exclusion orders" regardless of loyalty, instructing them to relocate away from their West Coast homes; insinuating as an alternate solution to relocation in an unaccustomed inland neighborhood, one could renounce his citizenship.

Equally trying was the fear that families would be physically separated because parents and children were of differing nationalities and loyalties, or because Nisei sons would be forced to register with the Selective Service System.

For Tuleans, the only solution appeared to be renunciation. They hoped if they renounced in mass numbers the War Relocation Authority (WRA) would be forced to continue operation of Tule Lake to house all the disloyals, thus preserving the internee sense of community and what they believed was a refuge from their hostile fellow Americans. Additionally, if

an entire family claimed themselves disloyal and renounced, it was generally believed the family would not be separated. At worst, even if Tule Lake was closed, assumptions were that the family would be moved en masse to a Department of Justice internment camp.

Beyond reasons of practicality, a Nisei's American citizenship appeared more and more worthless as great degrees of mixed negative and confused emotions towards America had been accumulated. Renunciation not only insured unity with Issei spouses and parents, but was an announcement of disloyalty, the Nisei's only available coup on America — pathetic and detrimental though it became. It was the Nisei way to disown the nation that had disowned him.

The resegregationist movement picked up on the prevailing feelings and acted on them to further renunciation. They called on Nisei to prove themselves not "fence-sitters;" to prove that they were, through renunciation, "true Japanese." They even went so far as to coach renunciants on how to answer questions disloyally at the renunciation hearings. However, those that steadfastly remained on the other side of the fence were mysteriously terrorized and beaten without any witnesses. Several Nisei renounced out of fear of such violence, hoping later they could cancel their applications.

This violence and intense emotional pressure placed on Nisei in Tule Lake created a bizarre and damaging psychological atmosphere.

"The common witticism among officials of the center . . . was that the population of the center was largely "mad" and that the center should be taken from the War Relocation Authority and transferred to the United States Public Health Service to be run as a specie of a mental institution."[10]

In fact, at least a few Nisei did end up in mental institutions, as in the case of a woman who fell apart from pressures exerted on her husband to join the Hokoku-Hoshidan, a resegregationist movement.

"Of late she had heard 'voices' telling her she is 'not a true Japanese,' that she should leave Tule Lake. . . . The real crack-up, however, came after 'friends' of her husband put pressure on him to join the Hoshidan with the same pleas and threat she now hears in frequent hallucinations."[11]

Other mental cases were observed by Ernest Besig, director of the Northern California branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, in a trip to Tule Lake.

"I learned . . . that a Mrs. (F.) . . . because of her worries and fears arising from her detention, was committed by the Center authorities to a mental institution for hammering one of her children to death and injuring another. A Mr. (S), an internee, worried over his separation from his sons, tried to commit suicide by drinking gasoline. A Mrs. (K), an internee, took pills in an attempt at suicide because of her fear of being deported from the United States. Many mental cases were known to have been hospitalized at the Center because of their fear of the pressure groups, continued detention, deportation, separation from their families and the splitting of their families."[12]

renew today

By the time the WRA finally informed Tuleans as to the intentions and effects of renunciation, the situation had already gotten out of hand as people had been so indoctrinated into imagining effects otherwise. It was approval and sanction on behalf of the WRA by not attempting to stop such hysteria created by rumor. Finally in January, February and March of 1945, the WRA and the Department of Justice began to take action. They removed the "disloyal and righteous element at Tule Lake," the leaders of the resegregationist movement, to Department of Justice internment camps at Santa Fe, New Mexico; Crystal City, Utah; Bismark, North Dakota; and Lordsburg, New Mexico.

However, by then thousands of applications for renunciation, sometimes taking months to be approved, had been turned in. By April 1946, 5,461 Nisei in Tule Lake and 128 internees from the other nine concentration camps had renounced their U.S. citizenship.[13]

> "U.S. citizens whose applications for renunciation had been approved were determined to be in an interned status by the Department of Justice; they were not eligible to relocate from centers until released by the Attorney General."[14]

According to WRA records dating from 1946, 2,785 renunciants were released from interned status and relocated; 1,657 were interned in Department of Justice camps as "potentially dangerous enemy aliens" or "militantly disloyal" citizens;[15] 1,133 expatriated to Japan; 4 died; 4 departed before approval; and 5 went to mental institutions.[16] All 128 renunciants from the other nine concentration camps ended up in Department of Justice Internment Camps.[17]

Yet, their release from Tule Lake was not nearly the end of the extraneous suffering renunciants experienced. Those released were citizens of no country, categorized as "native American aliens."[18] Those interned in Department of Justice camps remained so interned until June of 1947, when at the request of Attorney Wayne Collins for a writ of habeus corpus, United States District Court Judge Louis B. Goodman "held that resident native-born Americans could not be converted into enemy aliens by the mere renunciation of citizenship; consequently, it was illegal to keep them imprisoned. Nor could they be forcibly removed to Japan."[19]

For these thousands of renunciants in the United States classified "native American aliens," the process of regaining citizenship once renounced in a time of hysteria was a long waged battle.

THE UPROOTED: Internment of all British Columbians of Japanese origin. Courtesy of Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre, Toronto. Painting by Fred S. KONDO.

> ". . . even expediency cannot remove the taint of unfairness with which the renunciations subsequently executed were clothed. It is shocking to the conscience that an American citizen be confined without authority and then while so under duress and restraint for his Government to accept from him a surrender of his constitutional heritage."[20]

As the only lawyer willing to take their cases, Wayne Collins filed some 10,000 affidavits on behalf of renunciants to regain some 3,700 United States citizenships by 1968.[21]

For the many mostly Kibei expatriates to Japan the situation was no better. Their expatriation sent them to a nation desecrated by war. One internee recalls well-meant warnings from a native of Hiroshima which subsequently proved to be accurate: "*. . . when you go back, don't think you are welcome from your family . . . food are scarce and they don't want anybody that have a mouth to feed . . .*"[22]

In addition to the poverty and hard labor many faced, it was not until they had arrived that many realized Japan was not what they had hoped it would be. They realized that Japan was not their homeland, that they could not accept her or be accepted by her, that their ties really were to America, unjust though she may be. Speaking of other renunciants she met in Japan, near Hiroshima, one homesick Nisei woman explained,

> ". . . you can notice [people] from Hawaii, from America, you know, they're different . . . when we see each other . . . even if we don't know [each other], I used to go and ask her or him, 'Are you one who came back from Hawaii or from [the] United States?' They says, 'Yeah, I came back from America.' And you know, we don't know each other, but we used to hug and cry, you know, meeting the back home people. And when I ask question [s], they say they want to go back to America . . . most of them came back.'[23]

However, it was not easy for a renunciant to return to the United States. They were given a lot of red tape, told they were difficult cases because they were "disloyals" who had thrown away their citizenship. For several, the quickest and easiest path home came through bribery and connections with influential people.

One determined Nisei sent three of her children back to the United States, hoping that, she being the mother, ". . . if I be left behind . . . they might let me come (back), but they didn't do that."[24] Her husband sent their son, who had remained in the United States and was at the time fighting as an American in the Korean War, to beg the American Consul General in Japan to allow his mother to return home, but it too was in vain.

She continued to look for the return home, and found that in downtown Hiroshima

> "They had JACL (Japanese American Citizens League) . . . so I used to go to JACL and ask for information [on] how I can do this and that . . . They told me . . . that if you do that its easier . . . either give them sugar or things like that . . . or bribe in money . . . so I did . . ."[25]

Yet, still that was not enough. She finally returned through her husband's efforts in America. Through several connections he got in contact with then United States Senator William Knowland, (California), owner of the *Oakland Tribune*. In his own words, ". . . [the] Senator done everything for us."[26] Knowland was informed of her plight, that ". . . she can't come [back] . . . [He sent a] telegram to Kobe [to the] American Consul General, and [in it he mentioned he was] very interested [as] to her [return] . . . he[was] rushing [the process] for us."[27] She was immediately allowed passage to America.

As was true with other renunciants, even those remaining in America, these fortunate returnees also encountered dif-

Tule Lake Concentration Camp, Newell, California

ficulty in regaining their rightful United States citizenship.

For all 120,000 internees of the concentration camps, the effects of incarceration on their lives were immense, perhaps only more so for the renunciants among them. For some, it was an incredible 25 year span between the date they were unjustly incarcerated solely on the basis of their ancestry, meanwhile were inhumanely pressured into renouncing their United States citizenship, and then finally succeeded in regaining their rightful citizenship. And still unmentioned are the more difficult to document psychological effects they experienced for years to come, affecting descending Japanese Americans for generations to come.

It seems almost ridiculous to assume so many innocent people were damaged so permanently by mere racism, but upon examination it proves true. Taking into account only the several thousand renunciants hurt by such a sentiment, it's easy to see that the denaturalization bill in itself was written and passed only because of racist bigotry. It was ruled even ten years later that

> "The statute permitting a citizen on his own initiative to renounce his citizenship is not invalid as unwarranted war-time class legislation because the statute allegedly applied only to persons of Japanese ancestry, where the evidence did not show that the right to renounce was systematically or arbitrarily denied citizens of other than Japanese ancestry."[28]

However, in the same case it was clearly noted, ". . . it was expected that the voluntary right to renunciation would be claimed only by Japanese-descended American-born citizens."[29] Furthermore, the fact that the bill was voided by a Joint Resolution in 1947[30] points out that Congress thought the bill had already served its purpose in its brief 3 years of effectiveness — legislators no longer wanted citizens to renounce, especially those of other races.

In fact, its effectiveness had already been achieved. Rather than just calm rowdy Tuleans, politicians passed the bill desiring even broader legislation. Congressman J. Leroy Johnson, California, wanted to automatically revoke citizenship of all who answered no to the loyalty question asked internees.[31] Representative Clair Engle, California, declared, "We don't want those Japs back in California and the more we can get rid of the better."[32] General John L. DeWitt, the commander in charge of evacuation, believed, ". . . we must worry about the Japanese all the time until he is wiped off the map."[33] And, though they may not have been as large in numbers as he had hoped, in addition to the thousand or so citizens who renounced and expatriated, some 7,000 more repatriated or expatriated, bringing the total to 8,000[34] Americans and Japanese immigrants wiped out of America in that period.

On another level, it seems preposterous that loyalty even came into question, but it was an important factor in the minds of all renunciants. No one was a spy or enemy agent, yet they were classified disloyals, a term with implications far greater than just no longer wanted to be identified with America. It was not that they wanted to go against the United States as much as it was that that was their way to show their displeasure with a nation rejecting them; and it could be done most effectively by identifying with an enemy nation. No other group of persons in American history realized so fully their ties with the United States and the value of her citizenship than those who were so mistreated by that nation, renounced that country's citizenship, expatriated, and then tried so hard to return to that country which had mistreated them. They have proved their loyalty and love for this country many times over.

And on a more personal level, as a Japanese American, it hurts and upsets me that any nation, especially that which I was raised to believe was mine — for which America stands with her high civil ideals — could have so harmed my family through such chapters of its history. My ancestors were wholly innocent and confused victims of a racist governmental element. Solely on the basis of ethnic origin my family has experienced tremendous hardship; the Nisei woman mentioned in the introduction who, as mentioned later, determinedly resorted to bribery and several connections to return to America being only one example. The feelings she and each of the other family members experienced through this and other historic events are still reflected, and even passed on today to her many grandchildren. It is unfortunate those creators of our history were not more sensitive to the far-reaching impact of their actions.

> ". . . these things I can't forget . . . Past is past. If something very terrible happen[s], no matter [what] anybody tell[s] you — in mouth you can say, 'Yeah, I will forget. Past is past. Yes, I must forget. I must forget.' and I will try to, but you don't forget."[35]

— Renee Okamura
Berkeley, California

RENEE OKAMURA is a secretary with a strong interest in the graphic arts and printing. Born in Berkeley, CA., her parents are prominently active in the U.S. redress movement.

Renee Okamura

NOTES

[1] Anonymous, female, Interview by Renee Okamura, (February 19, 1981; Monterey, California).

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

[4] *176 Federal Reporter, 2d Series 953*, Acheson vs. Murakami, August 26, 1949.

[5] *Congressional Record*, 78th Congress, July 1, 1944, p. 677.

[6] Fukei, Bud, *The Japanese American Story*, Dilton Press, (Minneapolis, 1976), p. 48.

[7] Acheson vs. Murakami, p. 962.

[8] Thomas, Dorothy Swaine and Nishimoto, Richard S., *The Spoilage*, University of California Press, (California, 1946), ;. 308.

[9] *Ibid*., p. 310.

[10] Acheson vs. Murakami, p. 963.

[11] Weglyn, Michi, *Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps*, William Morrow and Company, Inc., (New York, 1976), p. 241.

[12] Weglyn, Michi, *Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps*, p. 258.

[13] United States Department of the Interior, War Relocation Authority, *The Evacuated People: A Quantitative Description*, United States Government Printing Office, (Washington, DC., 1946) p. 178.

[14] *Ibid*., p. 179.

[15] Thomas, Dorothy Swaine and Nishimoto, Richard S., *The Spoilage*, p. 359.

[16] United States Department of the Interior, War Relocation Authority, *The Evacuated People: A Quantitative Description*, p. 179.

[17] *Ibid*., p. 179.

[18] Weglyn, Michi, *Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps*, p. 258.

[19] *Ibid*., p. 260.

[20] *Ibid*., p. 261.

[21] *Ibid*., pp. 263, 264.

[22] Anonymous, female, Interview by Renee Okamura, (February 19, 1981; Monterey, California).

[23] Ibid.

[24] Ibid.

[25] Ibid.

[26] Anonymous, male, Interview by Renee Okamura, (February 19, 1981; Monterey, California).

[27] Ibid.

[28] *8 Federal Pr Digest 159*, CA Cal 1954.

[29] *Ibid*., 159.

[30] tenBroek, Jacobus; Barnhart, Edward N.; and Matson, Floyd W., *Prejudice, War and the Constitution*, University of California Press, (California, 1954), 369 (Footnote 342).

[31] Weglyn, Michi, *Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps*, p. 229.

[32] *Ibid*., p. 229.

[33] Acheson vs. Murakami, p. 957.

[34] Weglyn, Michi, *Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps*, p. 260.

[35] Anonymous, female, Interview by Renee Okamura, (February 19, 1981; Monterey, California).

SILENCE NO MORE

MR. CHAIRMAN, members of the subcommittee, I am Kiku Hori Funabiki, a native of San Francisco, CA. I do not represent an organization. This is a personal testimony as an ex-detainee.

A few weeks before the Commission hearings were to be held in San Francisco in August 1981, I had no intention of testifying. I am a private person. It is not my style to speak before a group, especially to divulge publicly deep personal feelings I have not shared with my closest associates. It is also intimidating for me to appear before a group who wields so much power over my life.

Since the Commission hearing first held in Washington, DC, in June of that year, however, I began to reconsider. Public officials were excusing away the incarceration with phrases such as "honest mass hysteria" and "war brings on unconscionable acts." I could not allow these remarks to go unrefuted. I decided that I had to testify.

In reviewing the history of racism against the Japanese in America, my testimony has become a tribute to my deceased father, Sojiro Hori. The memory of his courage ultimately gave me the strength to face the challenge and come forward.

This is the story of one man, a fighter. It is also a story of the Japanese in America and their struggle against racism since their arrival at the turn of the century. Unconstitutional acts committed against them and me, denial of basic freedoms, abrogation of our rights, did not erupt suddenly as a result of honest hysteria following Pearl Harbor. Succeeding generations also were not spared the ravages of racism, but that is another story.

My father, Sojiro Hori, was a gentle man, a man of incredible fortitude and a man of peace. He arrived in the United States in 1901 and lived here until his death 50 years later. His first jobs were menial ones, domestic services, the only type of work available in a city. In 1906, he started an employment agency which he still operated 45 years later when he was stricken with a fatal stroke. Unlike most Japantown businesses, his agency depended on white clients. He faced harassment daily.

He saved enough to send for a picture bride in 1908. Their first child, a son, died at infancy after a hospital refused him admittance. My parents were told that no Japanese were served there. Devastated by this crushing experience, my mother, pregnant with her third child, took her second son to Japan for my grandmother to raise, for a few years only, it was understood. She gave birth to a third boy while there and returned alone to America. Circumstances beyond my parents' control prevented the two boys from ever joining us, their family, which consisted of our parents, two brothers and me.

My father early on sensed the consequences of being identified as the Yellow Peril. He constantly so informed the Japanese community. He felt harmonious relations through understanding between his native Japan and his adopted country were necessary if there was to be peace in the Pacific. He even spoke of his concern in his limited English before the Commonwealth Club of Northern California in the 1920's.

With Pearl Harbor, my father's world came crashing down. Soon after, the FBI in one of their ruthless pre-dawn sweeps, routed our family out of bed, searched our house recklessly, then handcuffed my father and led him away. He was an alien, yes, but only because the country in which he lived for forty years, raised a family and whose community he served well, forbade him by law from becoming a citizen. His only crime was being Japanese.

At the moment I helplessly watched my father being led away in shackles by three Federal agents, I received so deep a wound, it has never healed. Were we so undesirable? Were we so expendable? Was I Japanese? Was I American or wasn't I? My confused teenage mind reeled.

Left behind besides myself were my invalid mother, two brothers and a ruined business. Since our assets were frozen after Pearl Harbor, we barely managed to survive the next few months until our evacuation. I recall the pathetic moment when we assembled to go to our first camp. My bedridden mother was carried onto the camp-bound bus from her bed, which had to be left in the house. This was her first outing in two years. Her condition worsened with the constant anxiety, especially for the uncertain future of her husband. She spent most of her internment in the camp hospital. I have a copy of a letter written by a camp doctor in 1943, addressed to Mr. Edward Ennis, then of the Enemy Alien Control Unit, appealing for my father's release because of the gravity of my mother's physical condition.

We were not to learn for almost a year, that my father had been moved from prison camp to prison camp along with German and Italian prisoners of war. After his fifth move in two years, he was finally released to join us in yet another barbed wire-enclosed compound in a desolate, wind-swept corner of a Wyoming desert, Heart Mountain.

In December of 1944, three years after our evacuation, we learned our exclusion from the West Coast was rescinded, and camps were to close within a year. My brothers were released after about 2 years in the camps and I after 3 years. We all went to the East Coast, the eldest to seek a position as a mechanical engineer, we younger ones to attend college. After their three and a half year imprisonment, my father, now 66 years old, and my mother, still in delicate health, returned to the West Coast with trepidation.

You are probably aware by now of the deplorable conditions in these detention camps which were practically built overnight — barbed wire-enclosed compounds with watch towers and armed guards; sloppily constructed barracks which allowed dust to blow readily through cracks in the scorching summers and icy winds in the 40-below winters (I can remember how I, a Californian, bundled myself in a G.I. pea coat, and fought those winds, racing from laundry room to laundry room for shelter, in order to visit my mother daily at the camp hospital a mile away); fuel shortages; families crowded into horse stalls, heavy with the stench of manure; food poisoning; I can also remember queuing up at the latrines, some of us doubled over with stomach cramps, others retching; epidemics of communicable diseases; and even some deaths of internees gunned down by overzealous guards.

However, I would like you to know that the hardships and suffering extended beyond the period of incarcarceration. When the war ended, it seemed our problems had just begun.

War hysteria had not abated. There was a climate of greater and open hostility, especially on the west coast. We were completely on our own now, and we were vulnerable. Our return was the signal

Sojiro Hori 1941

to unleash the racial hatred that had intensified in our absence. After 3 years of investigations, reinvestigations, clearance after clearance, my father faced the harshest test of all, that imposed by the American public. He and, in fact, all of us, including uniformed, highly-decorated Japanese-American war heroes, were blatantly called Japs to our faces at some time. Physical attacks upon us were not uncommon.

I might interject here also, in response to Mr. Bendetsen, about our property. Obviously, we were not on the farm. We had a house that my father built about 12 years before Pearl Harbor, and it was entrusted to the bank when we left for the camp so that it would be rented to reliable tenants. When we came back, we found that the bank had gone back on its word and it was occupied by about 100 people who were workers of the Mare Island Shipyard. The term used at that time was "hotbed," people sleeping in shifts.

We found the house in shambles — windows broken, of course, garbage strewn, and infested with mice and rodents. It took us almost a year to evict these tenants and also to repair the damage done, all at my father's expense.

My parents went to the only shelter available to them, in buildings belonging to the Japanese churches. They lived in a room a fraction of the size of our camp quarters. They did not complain, because the less fortunate ones slept on the bare floors of church and social halls. With single-minded perserverance and fortitude, my father challenged a hostile society and encroaching old age and once again began to build his life, his home, and the employment agency business.

I returned to San Francisco shortly after and matriculated at the University of California in Berkeley. My father and I first worked in domestic service. We had no choice. My father was back where he had begun when he first disembarked in 1901, 43 years before. The three of us slept on two army cots at the church hostel. We lived this way for almost a year until my father's house was vacated.

Just as his business was beginning to show profit, after 3 years of working at a herculean pace, my father suffered a massive stroke. Within a year, he was up again, dragging his half-paralyzed body to work every day. He continued for 2 more years until a second stroke claimed his life. He was 72 years old. For a man who had everything wrenched from him — his home, his business, his health, his basic human rights, his dignity, even the life of his first child — my father never became cynical. Even his frequent letters from the bleak life in prison camps always conveyed positive thoughts. I still ache deeply for him when I read a passage from one of them, dated May 1943, after a year of separation from us. It is on the original prison stationery of specially treated paper. "Try to laugh every day and think

The author's father and mother, photographed 1918, after the birth of their 4th son.

Funeral for first son, Takeshi, 1911, who died because medical attention was denied — "No Japs Wanted" signs barred entry to hospitals. Note only 3 women among mourners. Most men had not yet called their brides.

the bright side. Do you best to your mom as you are. I am your love, Papa." I was not blessed with his gifts.

My father's story is not unique, nor is it extraordinary. Each of the tens of thousands of Japanese immigrants suffered. Collectively, their story is a heroic one of an invincible human spirit that survived cruel indignities, injustice and the final humiliation of mass exile behind barbed wire for the crime of being Japanese. Still they persevered to find a niche in a country they tried to adopt.

As I was writing this testimony, enormous pride welled up in me that I am Japanese-American. There is a Japanese word, "gambaru," for which there is no English equivalent. It means to fight, not to give up hope, to persevere. Gambaru is what enabled my parents' generation to survive the hardships in a land that did not want them. Gambaru is our heritage which is rooted in America, not Japan. Gambaru is a legacy which my father and his peers, courageous men and women, left to me and you, to all of us. This spirit is their contribution to America.

To validate my father's story, I have brought with me the prison uniform worn by him bearing his serial number. He brought this home as a souvenir for his children. For history's sake he said. It is obviously several sizes too large for a slight man. He told me that the trousers were of the same denim and that on the seat were stenciled in white paint two large letters, "PW," Prisoner of War.

And now, just a short piece I wrote in 1981 after attending Commission hearings at three sites. I would like to add here that I attended six sessions at three sites; 3 days in San Francisco, 2 in Seattle, and 1 day in Anchorage. There was total decorum observed by the large audiences. The only incident was an outburst by a member of the Americans for Historical Accuracy, who stood up and shouted at the Commissioners. She was quickly ejected.

I would like to quickly share with you experiences of people other than my family whose heart-wrenching stories moved me to write my first poem. This is my first public reading.

I must first explain some Japanese terms here. Issei refers to first generation Japanese in the United States; Nisei refer to the first and second generation Japanese-American; Kibei are Nisei who returned to the United States after being reared and educated in Japan, the reason being that many Issei parents feared for their children's welfare because of rampant racism. These were the incarcerants. Enryo, giri, and gaman refer to some of our cultural values. Enryo means reticence; giri in this context refers to a blind loyalty; gaman means to endure, usually in silence. Nikkei, n-i-k-k-e-i, are all residents of the United States of Japanese ancestry. Hakujin refers to a Caucasian American. Each tragedy here happened to a real person. It is called "Silence . . . . no more:"

SILENCE . . . . . no more

Silence
Forty years of silence
Forty years of anger, grief, pain
Shackled in the hearts of
Issei, Nisei, Kibei.

Many died in silence
Some by their own hands
Some by others.

Today
The survivors
Stood tall, strong, proud
Issei, Nisei, Kibei all vowed
No more enryo, giri, gaman
shattering the silence.

Today
The survivors
Cried redress, restitution, reparations

for
a father detained in five
prisoner of war camps
for the crime of being Japanese
and joined his loved ones
in yet another barbed wire compound
then returned home to die at seventy-two
rebuilding his life in San Francisco

for
a mother whose demons drove her
to hammer her infant to death
now skipping merrily after
butterflies in the snow

for
a brother, honor student,
star athlete, Purple Heart veteran
now alone, in a sleazy Seattle hotel room
sitting on the edge of a cot
rocking, rocking

for
a fourteen year old girl
mother to the Nikkei children of Petersburg
orphaned by the FBI seizure of
all Japanese adults
now agonizing in guilt
of having detoured the jailhouse
too ashamed at the sight of her father
waving desperately to her

for
a baby whose whimpers
were silenced forever in a
camp hospital
the hakujin doctor who never came
was a father of a son killed
in the Pacific
Silence
Silence, no more

. . . . . no more

To these people and the other 120,000 internees who were as loyal, if I might say, as the distinguished members of this subcommittee, how can a mere apology suffice? How can a mere $20,000 or $120,000 suffice? The $20,000 recommended by the Commission is only a symbolic amount. But there must be individual monetary restitution. The American system of justice compensated each of the 1,318 Vietnam war protestors with the sum of $10,000 for their unlawful detention over a weekend here in Washington, DC.

To refuse us monetary redress for the flagrant breach of our constitutional rights, that would set a dangerous precedent by eliminating safeguards to future generations of Americans. Selective justice is no justice.

Mr. Chairman, you and I are fellow Americans, and we are both fellow travelers striving to keep our America the country of liberty and justice for all.

Thank you very much.

— Kiku Hori Funabiki

KIKU HORI FUNABIKI gave the foregoing testimony in Washington, D.C. before the Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives, on September 11, 1984.

She resides in San Francisco with husband, Walter, and daughter, Chiyomi. Formerly a flight attendant, then a sales agent for an airline, she took an early retirement and has since started, with a colleague, a class called "Miles to Go," — a preventive medicine program through exercises, chiatsu, positive attitudes, and proper nutrition — for Nisei. She also attends San Francisco State University as a re-entry student.

Kiku Hori Funabiki

Odyssey of a

NO-NO, RENUNCIANT, REPATRIATE, EXPATRIATE, STRANDEE, RETURNEE

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY IS A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF MY CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES AS A MEMBER OF A NO–NO, RENUNCIANT, EXPATRIATE, REPATRIATE, STRANDEE, AND RETURNEE FAMILY. Our family was forcibly separated as a result of the policies of the United States government, and our suffering lasted long after the war ended. My ordeal lasted over thirteen years: from the time I was imprisoned as a child in an American concentration camp, to my expatriation to war-torn Japan and the devastation of Hiroshima, to my half-way return to Hawaii, and finally to my reunification with my family in 1955.

When the order for our imprisonment came in May, 1942, my father was farming two hundred seventy acres of leased land in Hollister, California. The government offered a total of ten thousand dollars for the crops, lease, tractors, irrigation equipment, and trucks, plus forty dollars for all the household furnishings which included six beds, five dressers, two stoves, a refrigerator, and living room and dining room furniture. These amounts were only a tiny fraction of the total value but due to the lack of time, he had to accept the offer.

My parents, a younger sister, and I were first sent to the Salinas Rodeo Grounds. I was five years old at the time. On arrival, we were assigned to a room which was dirty and smelly and not fit for habitation. There were sacks hanging from the ceiling to partition off the rooms. The sewage system was leaking, creating a mess in the bathrooms and the inadequate supply of hot water was a problem for bathing and laundering.

During my short stay in Salinas, a growth was discovered in my right eye and the doctors recommended surgery. I had to go to a hospital outside of the camp for the surgery so my mother pleaded with the camp authorities to let her accompany me. The request was denied and I was sent to the hospital alone. Going to a hospital for surgery is a traumatic experience in itself. But for a young child who neither spoke nor understood any English and had very little social contact with anyone outside of her family, this was a doubly frightening experience.

On July 4, 1942 we were ordered to move to a more permanent concentration camp which turned out to be in the Arizona desert. Poston, Arizona was a place of intense heat and whirlwinds that kicked up the sand and dust that got into our rooms and made our lives miserable.

In early 1943, all citizens imprisoned in the concentration camps who were seventeen years of age or older were required to fill out a questionnaire regarding their allegiance and willingness to serve in the armed forces. My mother is a native-born American. She loved the United States and cherished her American citizenship. She was absolutely loyal and never would have done anything against the United States. However, she had four children who were stranded in Japan while they were visiting

their grandparents; and her husband was a Japanese citizen who was prohibited by United States law from becoming an American citizen. She wrote "neutral" after the questions which she felt she could not answer either way because of these circumstances. But neutrality was not acceptable to the authorities, and she was called in for a personal interrogation. She desperately tried to explain her reasons for not answering the questions, but she was forced to make a choice. Under such duress, she had no choice but to answer in the negative. There was no way she could swear to harm her children in Japan or estrange herself from her husband.

Due to my mother's negative answers, in October, 1943, we were once again put on a train to yet another camp. Block 59, Tule Lake Segregation Camp, Newell, California was our destination.

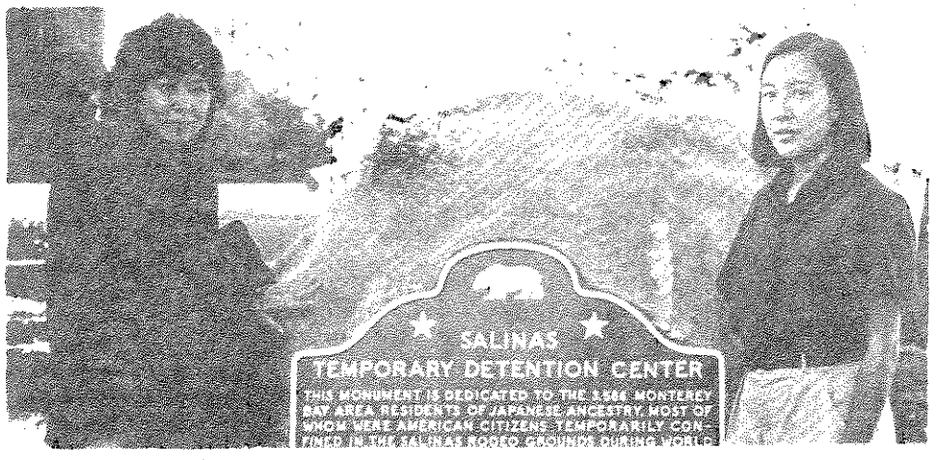
Tule Lake was a very different place from either Salinas or Poston. Block 59 was occupied by people who had answered "no-no" to the questionnaire. People in Tule Lake were generally more outspoken about the conditions in the camp, our treatment as a people, the questionnaire, and the draft.

My sister and I were enrolled in a Japanese school in preparation for our eventual expatriation to Japan. Our teachers were generally pro-Japan and taught us not only how to read and write in Japanese but also to be proud as Japanese. Their goals were to teach us to be good Japanese so that we would not be embarrassed when we got to Japan.

We were often asked to wear red or white headbands and do marching exercises. We were awakened early every morning to the sound of a bugle. We had to hurriedly get dressed and gather at one end of the block where a leader led us in traditional Japanese calisthenics. As the sun rose, we bowed our heads to the east. This was to show our respect to the Emperor. We were also led in the clean-up of our block area before breakfast.

Our block was located on the southwest corner of the camp grounds. The double barbed wire fence was just beyond the next barrack from our compartment. A guard tower with uniformed men and weapons were in view at all times. Search lights were beamed onto the camp grounds at night. Uniformed men with weapons driving around in jeeps was a common sight. As a result of this experience, I used to be afraid of any white adult male for a very long time.

Demonstrations in protest of one thing or other was frequent. We very often locked ourselves in our room to avoid participating in these demonstrations. Physical violence and verbal abuses were common at these demonstrations where feelings ran high. And whenever a large demonstration took place, we could always expect the camp authorities to



Taeko Okamura (left) and Renee Okamura (right) visit the California State Historical Landmark Plaque designating the former site of the Salinas Temporary Detention Center at the California Rodeo Grounds, Salinas, California where the former, at age 5, was interned for a period with her parents. Photographed on Day of Remembrance, February 19, 1984.

send out soldiers to search our rooms for contraband. These searches were very thorough and everything was ransacked.

Life in Tule Lake Segregation Camp for children was not very pleasant. There was very little to do for entertainment. Toys were scarce. We often played hopscotch, using the coal pieces from the pile in front of the bathroom area. Coal was fed into the furnace by a man to make hot water. Our mothers gave us outdated Wards or Sears catalogues so we could cut out the models to use as paper dolls. We also spent a great deal of time looking for tiny white shells which our mothers bleached and made into necklaces and pins.

The atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima in August, 1945. That was horrifying news for my parents and many of their friends in camp who had relatives in Hiroshima. Many people came to our barrack and listened to the radio and cried. My parents were frantic when they heard the broadcast. They had four children in Hiroshima. They had not had any communication with them since the Pacific war started. We had no way of knowing if they had survived the bombing and if so where they could be or who was taking care of them.

With the news of Japan's surrender, Tule Lake became a very busy place. People were getting ready to move out of camp, either to go to Japan or move elsewhere.

My parents decided at this time that my mother and the three children (another sister was born in Tule Lake) should go to Japan and my father would stay in California. My father's assets were still frozen, so he wanted to stay and try to recover his funds. My mother had to go to Japan to see if her children and in-laws were still alive. Since independent civilian travel to Japan was impossible, the only way my mother could quickly get to Japan was to renounce her American citizenship and get on the expatriation ship. It was an agonizing decision but my mother renounced her citizenship.

After Christmas 1945, we were finally allowed to leave Tule Lake. My father left first. Then my mother, sisters, and I were put on a train for Astoria, Oregon to catch our ship to Japan. It was during the night and raining outside when our train slowed down at the Klamath Falls station. The window shades were closed, but someone told us to peek out. I looked out and there I saw my father standing in the rain, all alone, waving to us. I was not to see him again for nearly ten years.

We were only allowed to take things that we could carry by ourselves. My sister and I had huge knapsacks on our backs filled to the brim. My mother also had a knapsack plus a suitcase and a free hand to hold on to my little sister.

The ship we took to Japan was the *General Gordon*. We were in steerage where we were packed like sardines. There were rows upon rows of bunks, and just about everyone got seasick. There was no privacy. The ocean was very rough and I was drenched every time I went on deck. It took us approximately ten days to get to Uraga, Japan.

We were once again herded into barracks in Uraga and kept there for approximately two weeks. The food in the American concentration camps was bad but the food in Uraga was worse. One of the things we were given was a hard biscuit called "katapan." The dog biscuits advertised on television remind me of them. Uraga in January was very cold but there was no heat in the building.

After what seemed like a long time, we were put on trains to be taken to our destination. The train was so crowded that one could not get up to even use the bathroom. And every time the train made a stop at a station, there were Japanese soldiers pounding on the windows with their shoe to let them in. These soldiers had no way of getting home since the

Japanese railway system was not in operation at that time. Our train was run by the occupation forces and we were told to keep the windows closed. My sister used to have horrible nightmares about this experience.

My mother sent a telegram to my grandparents as soon as she found out when we would get to Hiroshima. But when we got to Hiroshima, no one was there to meet us. My mother knew where my grandparents lived so she decided we should walk there since there were no buses or taxis.

There is a large river that runs through Hiroshima. There was some damaged and partly burned houses standing on the side of the river where we walked. But on the other side of the river, all I could see for miles and miles was charred, black, flat land with hardly a structure standing.

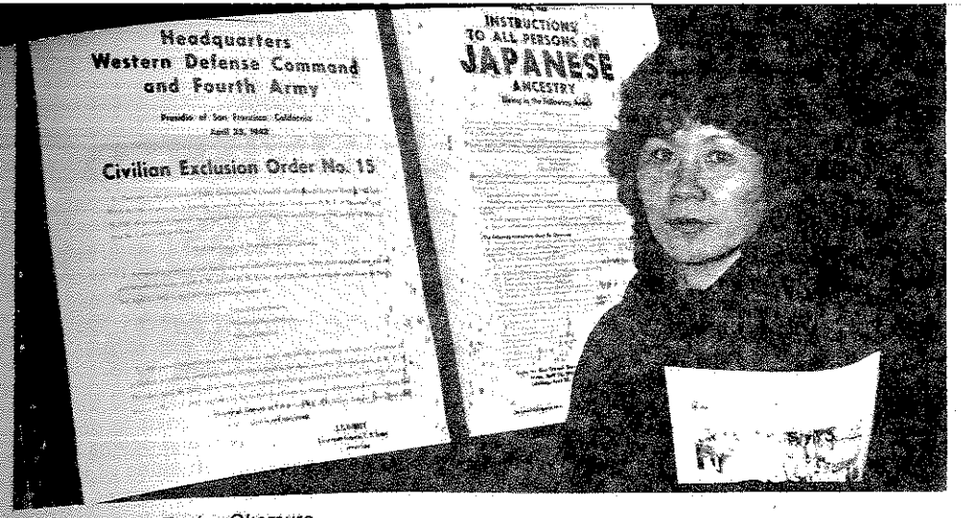
When we got to my grandparents' house, we were glad to find my grandparents and brother and three sisters safe. Their home was far enough away from the bombed area to escape any major damage. But we were not welcome in Japan. We were scornfully asked, "Why did you come here?" Food was scarce and life was very difficult. I broke out with boils all over the palms of both my hands. The doctor said it was malnutrition and I needed penicillin, which was very scarce. My mother was able to get it only through the black market.

I attended a school that was damaged but still standing. There was no glass in the windows. The winters were cold with no heating and my hands were frost bitten every winter. They turned purple and swelled till the skin could not stretch any more and burst.

My mother did not like Japan when she first went there in 1926 as a teenager. She liked it even less this time. She wanted to return to the United States as soon as she knew her family was safe. My grandparents were quite old so the burden of doing most of the hard labor on the farm fell on my mother's shoulders. There were no animals or machinery to help her lessen the burden.

Occupation forces were just arriving in Japan when we got there. My mother used to stop anybody in a United States army uniform with an Asian face to beg them to help her to get back to the United States. Someone told her that there is a Japanese American Citizens League (JACL) office in Hiroshima. She went there on numerous occasions to ask for help in returning to the United States. A man purporting to represent the JACL told her to bribe certain Japanese government officials with specific amounts of money or sugar or other American goods that my father sent her. She paid the bribes to no avail (no doubt the professed "JACL representative" was a fraud). My mother was an

(Left to right) Edwin Okamura, Renee Okamura, Lynne Okamura, Amy Uno Ishii, Taeko Okamura, the late Edison Uno on Pilgrimage, April 19, 1975 to remains of Tule Lake Concentration Camp, Newell, California, pose in front of collapsed guard towers and "Abalone Mountain."



Taeko Okamura

easy target for any con artist who gave her any hope of getting back to the United States. She knew she was being victimized but she persisted in her efforts to leave Japan at almost any cost.

By 1949, my father had re-established himself in Monterey, California and asked my brother and oldest sister to return to the United States. My mother wrote to her brother in Hawaii to ask if he would take two of her children. She felt that anything would be better for the children than staying in Japan. So in April, 1949, my brother, two sisters and I left Japan. My brother and oldest sister went on to California while my second sister and I stopped in Hawaii to live with my uncle and aunt. Now our family was split in three ways, Japan, Hawaii, and California. I cried when I left Japan. I thought I would never see either of my parents again. I suffered a terrible stomach upset on the day of my departure and I was to suffer with this ailment often while in Hawaii. The doctors were never able to diagnose the cause of this pain. The mysterious stomach aches disappeared when I came back to California and rejoined my family.

I walked with a limp when I got to Hawaii. The Shriner's Hospital doctors found that one of my legs was an inch shorter than the other and diagnosed it as caused by malnutrition. After several years of care and proper diet the doctors were amazed to see my legs even out. I lived in Hawaii for six and a half years. Life in Hawaii was much easier than in Japan but I missed my parents very much.

I was twelve years old when I got to Hawaii. I did not speak a word of English. I sat in a first grade classroom for three months. I did not graduate from high school until I was twenty years old.

In 1952, the racial restrictions for naturalization was eliminated and my father was able to become an American citizen, but my mother was still struggling to get back to the United States. Her numerous applications to the American consulate went unanswered. She says there were many times when she wanted to end her life in frustration. By 1954, my brother was in the United States Army stationed in Japan, and he was trying without much success to get my mother repatriated to the United States. My father then by chance told someone in Carmel, California about the plight of his wife and the difficulty she was having in getting back to this country. This person evidently knew Senator William Knowland and related the story to him. Senator Knowland kindly sent a letter on behalf of my mother to the American Embassy in Japan saying he had a special interest in her case. Magically, the doors opened and my mother and two remaining sisters were authorized to take the next ship headed for the United States. Even at the last minute, some unscrupulous person sent a false telegram telling her not to come to the port because there was no space on the ship (possibly for an imposter to take her place), but my mother was so determined to leave that nothing could stop her from boarding the ship.

My mother says she cried with joy when the ship left Japan. Her long exile was over and she was finally on her way home. She says she cannot express in words the elation she felt when she first saw the coast of California once again. Eventually, my mother's American citizenship was restored due to the efforts of attorney Wayne Collins. My parents were reunited after almost nine years of separation. My own ordeal was to continue for another year. I was finally reunited with my family in August, 1955. I had not seen my mother for six and a half years and my father for nine and a half years. I left the United States for Japan when I was eight years old and went to Hawaii when I was twelve. I was eighteen years old by the time I was reunited with my family.

My parents are celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary this years. I think it is a miracle that both my parents have survived the ordeal of all those years of separation and struggle.

My mother still suffers both physically and emotionally from those years of ordeal. She has had several operations on her right leg in the last ten years which I am sure are due to the physical hardships she went through in Japan. She seems to have a compulsion to talk about her experiences whenever I visit her. This is very emotionally upsetting to her, but it seems a very necessary thing for her to do. I don't think my mother will ever fully recover from her ordeals.

No monetary sum could ever compensate us fully for all the years of suffering. However, I think some token amount should be paid us in restitution. Fifty thousand dollars per person is the minimum amount that would be acceptable considering the length and severity of our suffering. I would like the restitution to be paid very soon so my parents can gain some benefit from it.

— B. Taeko Sakai Okamura

TAEKO SAKAI OKAMURA was born on a farm near Hollister, California in 1937 and presently is an instructional aide with the Berkeley (Ca.) Unified School District.

The foregoing testimony was submitted to the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians for its hearings held in San Francisco on August 13, 1981.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS:

The Japanese American Wartime Cases

REDRESS with its ups and downs is a top priority concern on both sides of the border. In the United States, however, there is a three-pronged movement to correct the injustices of World War II. There is, firstly, the legislative redress campaign; secondly, there is the class action law suit seeking damages and a declaratory judgment for the deprivation of civil rights; and thirdly, there is the court battle to reverse the Japanese American wartime constitutional cases.

The legislative redress campaign is now in the sub-committees of Congress. It is expected that a bill, somewhat like H.R. 442, will reach the floor of Congress probably sometime in 1986 for full debate and vote. H.R. 442 presently includes a statement of acknowledgement of injustice to Japanese Americans, compensation of $20,000 to each surviving victim, and a community fund of $300 million. As many of the 50 states do not have many Japanese American constituents, active lobbying becomes an important activity. The Japanese American Citizens League (JACL) is spearheading this campaign.

The class action suit was dismissed a year ago last May by a judge in the federal court at Washington, D.C. on grounds of undue delay on its claims. The National Council of Japanese American Redress (NCJAR) has appealed this decision: no date has been announced for the appeal hearing. The suit contains 21 counts, each with precedents of $10,000 awards, totalling potentially a claim of $210,000 per person.

The third movement, that of the wartime cases, is the special focus of this article. In his research of the conduct of lawyers on both sides of the Japanese American wartime cases, legal historian Peter Irons uncovered from the Department of Justice and other government files evidence of suppression of information and knowingly proclaiming untruths to the Supreme Court. Armed with this information Irons contacted Dale Minami, a San Francisco lawyer, and through him other Asian American lawyers to consider the possibility of appealing the wartime cases. Concluding in the affirmative this group then contacted Fred Korematsu, Minoru Yasui and Gordon Hirabayashi to discuss the option of filing a petition on a writ of error *coram nobis.* Even though the seven year statute of limitation is long past, circumstances of government misconduct permit victims to petition for a hearing in spite of the statute of limitation. Without hesitation the three who were denied constitutional protection during World War II agreed to petition.

In January of 1983 a major press conference at San Francisco announced the three separate *coram nobis* cases, Korematsu in San Francisco, Yasui in Portland, Hirabayashi in Seattle, their respective wartime court venues. A separate team of volunteer lawyers formed to prepare the legal arguments for each case and, associated with the law groups respectively, a citizens group to do public relations and fund raising.

The Korematsu petition came to a favorable conclusion in November of 1983. His charges were vacated, the wartime indictments were dismissed, and there was strong criticism by the court of government misconducts. The federal government did not appeal so that case is now closed. In 1984 the Yasui petition received an identical vacation of charges and the dismissal of indictments, but failed to include comments regarding government misconduct. Lawyers for Yasui have appealed this limited conclusion.

The Hirabayashi petition was heard in Seattle on May 18, 1984. Instead of ruling on the petition after reviewing documentary submissions, as in the Korematsu and Yasui hearings, Judge Donald Voorhees indicated that he had not yet made up his mind, that he was impressed with the presentation of the petitioners case, that he would like to hear more. Accordingly, he denied the government's motion to dismiss and scheduled an evidentiary hearing for June 17, 1985 and following. An evidentiary hearing is like a trial, with arguments presented, challenged, witnesses called. It is possible under these circumstances for judicial conclusions of greater magnitude to emerge.

As this article is being written (a month before the hearing), the Hirabayashi law group of 11 attorneys are hard at work putting more time on this volunteer case than on their bread and butter assignments. "This is an opportunity of a lifetime; it is a privilege to be a part of this case," captures the spirit and attitude of the law group. The public relations and fund-raising team has also been spending long hours to initiate plans for educational brochures, press releases, arranging press conferences, and developing a variety of programs and events to raise $50,000 required by the law group to complete their strategy of archival research, deputations of key witnesses, and other necessary tasks to be ready for the week of June 17.

In lay language perhaps the best way to describe the substance of the case is to conclude this article with an abridged version of the statement to the court on May 18, 1984, by the petitioner himself. The petitioner's statement is the product of several hours of consultation with three of his law group.

* * *

Your Honor, my name is Gordon Hirabayashi. I am the Petitioner in this case. I wish to thank the court for this opportunity to make a statement.

During World War II, as an American of Japanese ancestry, I had the Constitution to protect me. Nevertheless, I was sent to

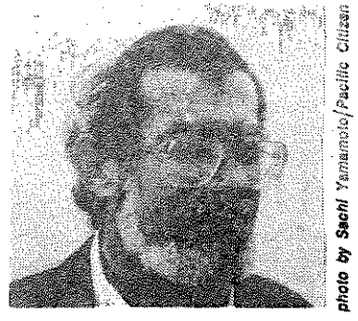


photo by Sachi Yamamoto/Pacific Citizen

Peter Irons

prison for trying to live like other Americans. The others of Japanese ancestry were summarily uprooted and incarcerated en masse into internment camps, purely on grounds of their ancestry. While constitutional guarantees existed in 1942-43, public institutions did not have the will nor the inclination to uphold them.

It was devastating to me to witness my government commiting act after act, stripping me of my constitutional rights. Because of the stand I took in 1942, I have continuously had to defend my actions and prove my loyalty.

We have filed a petition for a writ of error *coram nobis* because I had felt that the Supreme Court decision was a black mark on Constitutional law. As a citizen I considered it my responsibility to contribute toward the establishment of respect and honor for our Constitution. Moreover, I wish to have the United States continue to be regarded as a model for democracy, particularly among the newly-emerging countries in the Third World where I researched and taught during the first decade of my professional career. It is ironic that while I, among others, brought to these areas the attractions of American democracy, they wanted to know why America would imprison its own citizen for being of a particular ancestry. With great effort I was able to make a positive response, declaring my continuous faith in the American system of justice, and my belief that there would come a day when the injustices suffered would be acknowledged, and the convictions overturned.

When confronted with the option of obeying the government orders or to violate them, I had no choice but to disobey. My whole philosophy of life and motive to maintain good citizenship demanded that I uphold the constitutional guarantees. The alternative to prison was to "give up" on American principles.

Preparatory to my District Court trial in October, 1942, the government subpoened my parents from Tule Lake Concentration Camp to testify as its witnesses. The government's intent was to demonstrate that my parents were born in Japan, that they had emigrated from Japan, that therefore I was of Japanese ancestry and thus subject to Western Defense Command Proclamations. My legal committee had offered to house my parents even though they were government witnesses. When the government hesitated, a suggestion was made to deputize the hosts so that technically my parents would be under protective custody. These offers were refused, and my parents were confined to jail for ten days.

I relate this incident for two reasons. First, the government was totally unconcerned about my constitutional rights. The government wanted to win at all cost to justify its treatment of Americans of Japanese ancestry. Secondly, the gross callousness in which they treated my parents after bringing them to Seattle depressed and shocked me to the core. The confining of my parents in jail is a scar that I carry to this day.

At my District Court trial in October, 1942, Judge Black gave this instruction to the jury (and here I'm paraphrasing): You can forget all that discussion about the Constitution by the defense. You are to determine solely whether the defendant is of Japanese ancestry; if he is, you are to determine whether he has registered and left for camp as instructed. If he had failed to comply with any of these orders, you are to return a verdict of guilty. That was my trial. Loyalty had nothing to do with my conviction.

From the time I originally made the decision to violate the exclusion order, I had maintained the faith that when my case finally got to the Supreme Court, I would have my day in court. I fully expected that as a citizen, the Constitution would protect me. Even though I lost, I did not abandon my belief in the Constitution.

Accordingly, when the discovery of government misconduct gave me an opportunity to petition for a writ of error *coram nobis*, I did not hesitate for a moment.

* * *

After filing the Petition, I received an anonymous letter, signed "A Japanese Friend & I hope it will always be thus," dated October 28, 1982. (I believe the writer meant to say: "A friend of the Japanese, . . .") The letter opens as follows: Dear Mr. Hirabayashi: Have you ever attempted to estimate the enormous hatred of the Japanese after the heinous attack on Pearl Harbor . . ."

The letter goes on: "Maybe our government did irrational things so did your people when they attacked the Islands, that certainly was uncalled for . . . This was war & during such a confrontation one can expect bizzare (*sic*) solutions to problems . . . Have you forgotten how the U.S. Government helped Japan to reestablish itself as a world power, and what the American people gave wasn't peanuts either . . . . Can't you find anything to be grateful for or is your ambition cloistered in a desire to get even no matter what the consequences . . . . IF you can't bury your hatchet then perhaps our government was too lenient, perhaps there should have been 5 or 10 nuclear bombs dropped on your people and then forgotten."

Your Honor, I believe it is relevant to note that this is a letter written not 40 years ago during a war, but in the 1980's. I also wish to note that this writer throughout his letter regards me, not as an American citizen, but as an Imperial Japanese subject, just as during the war government institutions were satisfied to label me as "non alien," rather than "citizen."

If the unimaginable did happen to citizens during World War II, can it happen again to another minority group? Just recently Vincent Chin, in Detroit, was beaten to death with a baseball bat by two unemployed auto workers. They had *thought* he was Japanese. Like the Government during World War II, they singled him out because of his ancestry.

During the hostage crisis a few years ago, many Americans, including some high ranking government representatives, talked about interning persons of Iranian ancestry. My case stands for the precedent that it can happen again.

This is not only my case; this is not only a Japanese American case; this is an *American* case.

Since the answer to the question, "Can it happen again?" is "Yes," it is vitally important during relative periods of calm to ensure that "bizarre solutions" have less opportunity to occur again.

In conclusion, I would ask the Government why it continues to this day to defend violations of our Constitution and not acknowledge my Petition in the interests of justice.

Thank you, your Honor.

— Gordon Hirabayashi

GORDON HIRABAYASHI attended the University of Washington (PhD., Sociology) and has taught for a period in the Near East. For the past decade he has been teaching at the University of Alberta where he has been head of the Department of Sociology.

FOR an incisive legal analysis of the Coram Nobis cases see *Justice at War: The Story of the Japanese American Internment Cases* by **Peter Irons** (Oxford University Press, New York 1983, reviewed by **Richard Drinnon** in *RIKKA*, V1, n2).

Peter Irons (Harvard Law School, J.D.; Boston University, PhD) is Associate Professor, Political Science, University of California, San Diego and is counsel for the Coram Nobis court hearings seeking to reverse the wartime convictions upheld by the Supreme Court. His writing has appeared in *Harvard Law Review*, among other legal journals.

Justice at War received a Certificate of Merit from the American Bar Association, which cited the work "as a commendable example of public service."

CORAM NOBIS UPDATE

We thank our stalwart friend, Nicolas V. Chen, Esq., for his consistent *pro-bono* work in disseminating information to our supporters. We appreciate his strong conviction that Japanese Americans deserve relief for their grievances through the judicial system of America.

Nick sends you the attached brief prepared masterfully by attorneys for the plaintiff in the *writ of error coram nobis* case, *Gordon K. Hirabayashi vs. U.S.A.* This brief and the hearing held June 17-28, 1985 in Seattle make us feel optimistic that Gordon may be totally vindicated, and with him all Japanese Americans who were unjustly expelled from the west coast and detained during WW II.

We, of the National Council for Japanese American Redress, look forward to a favorable decision by the three-judge panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia in the class action lawsuit following the oral arguments heard by the court on September 24th. The panel will rule on the legal issue of whether or not to uphold the lower court's conclusion that the statute of limitation bars an evidentiary hearing for the lawsuit that NCJAR filed in 1983 on behalf of the entire 125,000 persons of Japanese ancestry who were excluded from the Pacific coastal states in 1942.

—Aiko and Jack Herzig
National Council for Japanese American Redress
National Office: 925 West Diversey Parkway,
Chicago, IL 60614

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Short Story

RITES OF INNOCENCE

Illustrations by Helen Nishio

IT IS ONE OF THE BETTER ONES. Clean, well-lighted, warm and comfortable, it seems like a motel, almost anticeptically so. But the sofas and lounge chairs and lamps cannot hide the smell of medication that pervades the air. The windows are kept closed, and the air is stifled and lifeless.

The residents don't seem to notice, however. They continue in their existence seemingly calm and placid. From day to day they drift in and out of the rooms with hardly a care in the world, except perhaps for the fact that they are inside and the world is outside.

In one corner sits a young woman of Japanese ancestry, apparently in her early twenties. At one time she could have been thought of as pretty, but now the beauty which had emanated from her personality has disappeared into the depths of nonexistence. There are no thoughts behind the ebony eyes that peer out from the pale skin.

Usually she would spend the whole day alone in the corner undisturbed except for mealtimes and the daily walk she takes for her medicine, but today she has visitors.

Every weekend her parents drive the one hundred and eighty miles from their home in New York City to see her. She's been there for three months now, and they never fail to see her. Every weekend they bring some of her favorite foods and certain cherished possessions of hers. And every weekend she stares at their gifts without any sign of recognition.

She doesn't notice their bloodshot eyes and swollen faces. She never noticed how they would, often in the middle of talking to her, suddenly rush out of the room to take a walk, their bodies trembling from the stifled sobs. She only keeps smiling that same blank smile that tells them there is nothing left of her mind. But that smile, (because it is a smile), tells them that somewhere in the depths of her subconscious she vaguely knows them, and it haunts them in their dreams. And so every weekend they come out to visit her, though they'd told themselves at the end of the last visit that they would not come to see her again, because she didn't know who they were, was incapable of ever remembering them. And she always smiles. Because they've come to see her again.

* * *

The tirade was over. Haruko's husband lay sprawled on the sofa before her in an unconscious stupor. His scarlet, swollen face betrayed a sleep deathlike, but without the peacefulness of eternity. For he would awaken in a few hours still trapped within the same hell of addiction from which he'd been unable to escape and which was gradually killing him.

Ann looked at the exhausted, drawn face of her once-pretty mother who sat watching her husband with a haunted, yet blank expression which revealed no longer sorrow, but resignation. Ann's gaze slowly drifted from the tired face of her mother to the figure collapsed on the sofa and said,

"He's no longer my father," and then strode out of the room.

At least in the privacy of her room she would no longer have to see the picture of a man who had given up on life. His weakness angered her; his addiction to the bottle disgusted her. He was a coward and a quitter who complained of wrongs of the past, used them as excuses for his impotent rage.

Trying to shake the picture out of her mind, she reached for the papers and books she had gathered from months of research on the concentration camp experience that her parents had undergone. The Redress Hearings would be in New York in a few weeks and she still had so much to add, not to forget the pile of unfinished homework staring across the room from her. She better get some work done by the end of the weekend.

But the walls of her room always seemed to become paper-thin whenever she tried to concentrate. Poised pen in hand, open notebook before her, she could not move. Sounds of her mother softly crying passed through the closed door and burned in Ann's ears.

She ran out of her room.

"How far will you let him go before you do anything? How can I go to school tomorrow? How can I face Mary now, after he chased her out that way, stumbling over his own feet? He's no better than those drunken bums on the street!

"Ann, please," Mrs. Endo pleaded.

Bob Endo started snoring. His open mouth drooled saliva.

"He disgusts me," Ann said.

"Ann, what can we do? You tell me, please, because I've tried everything. I've babied him, I've pushed him, I've threatened him, and now I'm sitting by and watching him. TELL ME WHAT TO DO," she screamed, "leave him to his death?"

"He's such a hypocrite! All my life he's been after me to work hard and be the best. Never has he been satisfied with anything I've done! And now look at him! I should listen to someone like that?"

"Ann, you know we only want the best for you."

Bob Endo shifted in his sleep.

"Listen to your mother," he grumbled. The snoring became louder.

"I mean, whatever happened to 'set a good example,' or doesn't that apply to anyone over forty? And why am I killing myself researching the Hearings when all I'm writing are his stories? He's the one

who should testify. Or is he afraid his slurred speech will give him away to the entire Japanese American community?"

"Ann, look at him! Do you think he can testify like that? Even if he wanted to I wouldn't allow him. I could never show my face in Church again if he did."

"Mom, will you listen to yourself? Isn't Church supposed to be where 'Good Christians' go? They shouldn't care . . . ."

"Nevertheless, there is no need for us to broadcast . . . ."

"All right, Mom. Never mind. All I thought was that maybe if he started working on a piece for the Hearing, it might give him some motivation to stop drinking, some reason to come back to . . . ."

Bob Endo began to stir.

"Haruko," he called. "Haruko, where are you, Haruko?" The effects of the liquor were wearing off so Ann left her mother alone with him to try and bring him back to coherence and went back to her room. She still had that stupid report to finish.

Looking over her papers she knew it was good, but there was something incomplete about it; the facts were there, but no real substance.

The phone rang. She knew Mary was calling.

"Hello? Mary?"

"Hi, kid! Geez, are you okay? Your father really did a number on you *this* time!"

"Me? How about you?"

"Forget it. It was nothing. Besides, imagine if he'd found out the real reason you skipped a week of gym classes, you lush you!"

"Look who's talking. At least I can hold my liquor."

"Like father like daughter. I'm sorry, that slipped out. What a jerk I am! Please, please, please forgive me, okay?"

"The truth is the truth."

"Look how he has you thinking! I'm sorry to say it, but at least *I* don't have to live with him. Come stay with me, will you? You'll feel a lot better, really!"

"But then I'd have to live with *you*."

"Har-de-har-har. Ann, I'm serious! You know. I can tell by your mood every morning in math class exactly what happened the night before. Now *that's* sick. It's like they control your mind."

"That *is* sick! I didn't realize I was being spied upon."

"Okay Ann, you've made your point. I'm sorry. I won't say it again. But you have an open invitation anytime you want, okay?"

"Fine."

"Ann, I'm sorry. I've gone through it too, remember?"

"Yes, I know. But you can't just walk away."

"You can. I did." Mary recalled the dozens of similar conversations they'd had before that didn't end up quite so calmly. She dropped the subject.

"I'm just sorry he had to insult you, Mary. He's never done that before."

"It's okay. I know he doesn't really mean it."

"I wish I knew that."

"Really, kid. He doesn't. It sounds hard to believe, but that's not really him talking when he gets like that."

"I could've sworn I saw his lips move."

"No, really! Like remember Billy before we started having trouble at home? He was such a good kid. Had such a good heart. Then he started doing drugs and alcohol and . . . ." Mary's voice started to break the way it always did when she tried to keep from crying.

"Here I go again. I'm sorry. A year later and I still cry."

"I wish I could do something for you too, take your pain away . . . ."

"Ann, I know you do. That's why I had to check up on you. You've got to stop trying to take on the world's problems, including mine or even your father's."

"It was horrible after you left. Do you know I disowned him to my mother?"

"Bravo! You're starting to get angry! Finally!"

"How'd you like a punch?"

"Wonderful. I'd love it. Come over anytime and give it to me."

"You're too much." Ann was starting to laugh in spite of herself.

Someone knocked on her door. She knew it was her father.

"Mary, I've got to hang up. I'll call you later, okay?" Hurriedly she hung up the phone.

He knocked again.

"What?" she said.

"Can I come in?" Mr. Endo asked.

"I'm busy . . . . working on some testimony," she replied.

She knew he came to apologize, though he never really said he was sorry, she always knew he was. He was like a little bratty child who wanted to make up and be friends, but never knew how; had never been taught how. He opened the door.

"Your mother tells me you've been having trouble with your paper on the camps," he said.

"Yes."

"I was in one."

"Yes. I know. You've said so often enough."

"Tule Lake."

"Yes."

He lit up a cigarette. Through the corner of her eyes she saw his hands trembling. Usually that meant he needed another drink. 'Did he already need another one?' Ann thought to herself. Or maybe he was going to apologize. The blow-up had been especially bad this time and he probably knew it, through his drunkenness.

Impatiently she wished he would get it over with. Tell one of his stories about the camps; one of the hundreds she'd already heard. And leave her alone.

He took a puff from his cigarette. 'Why is he just sitting there,' she thought to herself. 'Does he want me to make polite conversation or something?' He took another drag.

She didn't know what to do. She had always tried to be understanding, to have some sympathy for him, had always tried to help . . . . but always he had pushed her help aside, making her feel as though she had done something wrong; that the guilt he felt was hers to endure also. But she had never done wrong, had always tried to be a good person, had created a moral code and held to it . . . .

Quickly he stood up. 'Good. Leave,' she said to herself.

"Ann, did you know you had an Uncle?"

"What?"

"An Uncle."

"What." She looked up at him.

"Uncle Koji. He was two years younger than me."

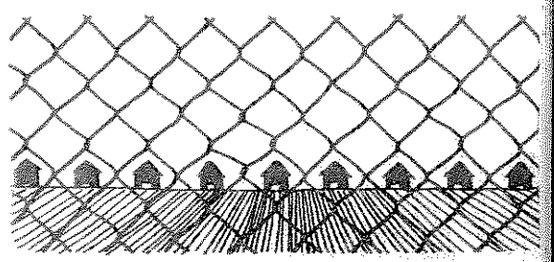
"What!"

"He died a long time ago."

"Oh. When did he die? How old was he? What did he do? What did he look like? Why the hell didn't you ever tell me?"

"I didn't think it was important."

"Didn't think your own brother was . . . ."



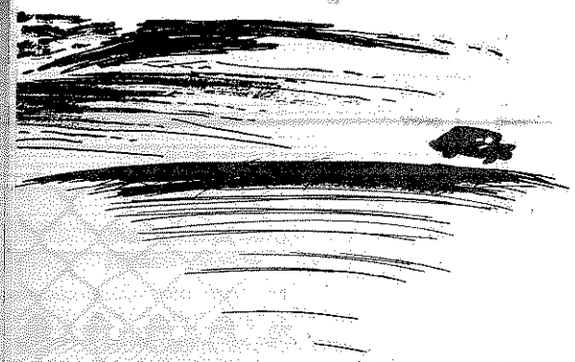
"There was nothing to say. He was retarded. He didn't do anything. He was big and fat and had a really small head . . . ." Mr. Endo sat down again. He stubbed out the burning cigarette he'd been holding and lit up another.

"He was big and fat because your Grandmother fed him so well. I guess she felt bad that he'd turned out retarded; perhaps she blamed herself. Or else there's that love that only a parent who has such a child can give; the total selfless love one gives to a child whom the parent knows has everything going against it, a child who could not possibly survive without total, unconditional love because it has nothing else. Once she even let us go hungry on his birthday so he could have his favorite Japanese dessert, shiruko, he loved it so. Sometimes she would serve us all and then sit down and feed him, mouthful-by-mouthful until he was full. Then, if there was any food left, she would eat. She was wasting away, and he kept getting fatter and fatter."

An Uncle. After all these years, to find out she actually had an Uncle. She couldn't believe it. Perhaps he'd felt ashamed because Uncle Koji had been retarded. At least this time he didn't say, 'I thought you know' after dropping a bombshell he knew she had no way of knowing.

Mr. Endo went on, "Koji had a favorite tree that he liked to play with. Every Sunday your Grandma made me take him to it. It was about a mile from the house, and I hated to do it. We would pass all these people and they wouldn't say anything, but they would stare. I could feel their gossip miles away."

"Well, they were stupid."



"Back then you didn't think like that. But then the war came, and we had to go into the camps. We learned that they wouldn't allow Koji to go into camp. A few days before we left, they took him away to an asylum. I was happy. I would no longer have to bear this embarrassment in the community. But a year later we learned he'd died only one month after being taken from us."

Bob Endo lit up another cigarette.

"You see, all his life he'd been fed only Japanese food. All his life your grandmother had sung him Japanese folk songs. All his life he'd been surrounded by her love. And then one day they took it all away from him. I never even tried to stop them; in fact, I helped them."

Images of the past came vividly back to life. He remembered how they'd tricked Koji. Bob had gotten into the car that had come to take Koji away and then quickly slipped out again, playing with him through the car window pane to keep him distracted. Bob's mind burned with the picture of Koji's smiling face turning suddenly to a look of horror as the car pulled away. His ears flamed with the memory of the loud cry that erupted out of the moving car; an impotent wail that anguished at the punishment undeserved and incomprehensible; the cry of an abandoned child who had done no wrong.

He stopped, full of confession but not absolution. No tears fell, they'd stopped falling years ago. Sober now, the feeling came back; that of a reformed criminal who now leads an upright life but knows, deep down, that someday his past will catch up with him.

"Dad, you were a boy! You couldn't have stopped them. Even if you were a man at the time . . . ."

"A man! Yes, I suppose I once thought I would one day become a man. But it was that side of innocence, before I knew better. You have often asked me why we didn't fight back, why we didn't even resist the internment. Even now I ask myself that question and have no answers, but only excuses." He felt sobriety creeping through the fog of his addiction and got up to leave, his throat parched by all his talk. Facing the open doorway, his back to Ann, he continued talking while staring at the amber-liquid filled bottles that offered him a silent reprieve from his memories.

"I just want you to try and grasp why we've always pushed you so hard. I always looked at your grades, but I always knew that an "A" average doesn't mean anything unless you've truly learned because in the end that's all you have. They can take away your friends, even your family. But your knowledge — your integrity — is yours alone; yours to acknowledge, to claim, to endure."

The phone rang again. Quietly he left her. 'How old he looks,' she thought. 'How beaten.' She picked up the phone.

"Ann, I want you to leave that house immediately." Mary sounded desperate.

"What's wrong, Mary?"

"I don't know kid, I just got a bad feeling. Please. Come stay with me."

"They need me, Mary."

"No they don't. Just come over. Just stay the night, okay?"

"I really don't see what the big deal is . . . ."

"Please?"

"All right, all right." She hung up the phone and packed a bag. Entering the living room, she saw her mother sitting on the sofa, staring into space. Seeing Ann, she silently acknowledged the vomiting coming from the bathroom and smiled weakly.

"He's getting rid of the poisons now, Ann. He'll be okay."

Ann stopped and dropped her bag, hoping her mother hadn't seen it. 'This is what they've been reduced to, settling for the very least that life can offer,' she thought to herself. Each reprieve from their torment, however slight, was welcome to them and accepted with gratitude.

"Going to your friend Mary's house?" her mother asked, pointing to the valise at Ann's feet.

"No Mom," she avoided her mother's eyes. "Just putting it away in the closet."

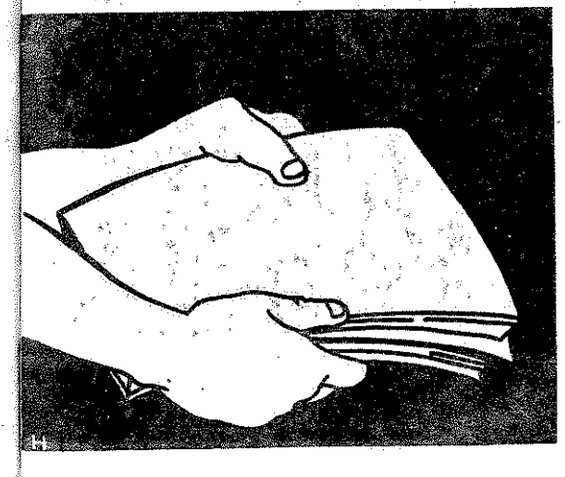
"Ann, go ahead. Really." She smiled again to let Ann know it was all right.

"Mom, I told you, NO!" Ann was furious with herself for having thought of leaving her parents alone like this and ashamed that her mother knew. It was a smile of understanding that she had given her daughter, but only made her feel worse.

Alone in her room Ann thought of Aunt Hana, her mother's eldest sister who'd been born and brought up in Japan. Two years ago, dying of cancer she had come to America to spend her last days with her American family. Though the Endos knew no Japanese and she knew no English, it was a happy time. Always she smiled, in pain or not, happily, smiles of love for this little niece of hers who could've been her own daughter, had she been allowed to come to America. The care of Aunt Hana was left up to Ann, as Mrs. Endo had to take care of her husband who had already become addicted to the bottle. After an especially hard night of pain, Ann tried unsuccessfully to feed Aunt Hana. As she was leaving with the breakfast tray, Aunt Hana smiled weakly and said,

"You go me leave?"

"No Aunt Hana, not me leave you. Be right back." But Aunt Hana's eyes closed, finally freeing her of the merciless pain that had wracked her body for the last few months of her life. Ann found her at peace, a weak smile of happiness her final repose.



Ann always believed that her Aunt was asking her to stay until she died and had never forgiven herself for walking out the door that final time when Aunt Hana needed her. And there she had been, about to walk out the door again, this time on her parents.

Ann could not see the strength in her parents' endurance for she had always felt she would somehow, *must* find some way to take away their misery the way she never could with Aunt Hana. Nothing she had ever done was good enough or important enough or sufficiently redeeming to justify her own future, her own happiness, her own existence; not when her parents remained incarcerated in such hopelessness.

* * *

Thus she accepted the judgment, decreed years ago. She carried out the sentence in a kaleidoscope of pills and alcohol that killed the spirit and mind, but not the body, condemning herself to a purgatory of sanitized acrylic and tile.

The man in white exited the Emergency Room and slowly walked towards the grey-haired couple.

"Mr. and Mrs. Endo?"

"Yes," the couple replied.

"Your daughter is resting comfortably now. We've pumped her stomach and her vital signs now seem to be stable." He hated this part, having to offer hope when he knew there was none.

"Thank you Doctor, thank you." Their unfounded gratitude only made it worse.

"However," he said, "we don't know how much has been absorbed into her system. The mixture of pills with alcohol seems to . . . ." the hopeful reverence in their eyes impeded his words. He wouldn't tell them yet, not until he was certain. "We'll have to wait and hope."

"Hope for what, Doctor? She'll live, won't she?"

"Yes," he replied, avoiding their eyes. "She'll live."

* * *

Haruko sits by her husband's side, proudly, but feeling slightly uncomfortable. Openly angry, she has several times come close to the point of shouting. 'Ann would have been proud to

see this,' she thinks to herself happily until she remembers . . . . Quickly she takes tissue after tissue out of her purse as inconspicuously as possible and dabs the eyes that suddenly won't stay dry.

"And that is why we DEMAND redress. Forty years ago we were judged guilty of a crime whose sentence has lasted to the present year, a loss not only to our parents who have passed away, but a loss that lives beyond us in our children.

"Imagine for yourself a man wrongfully accused of betrayal. Deny him freedom in a country that prides itself on its offer of limitless opportunities to people of the world who come to ask for it; you have passed sentence. All I know is that I was 18 years old at the time and I was inundated by the feeling the condemned man has who in reality is innocent; the feeling deep down that maybe he *did* do something wrong in actuality, the feeling after all that he must be guilty of some long lost and forgotten crime to have incurred such wrath.

"Dreams are born of innocence, and when you killed our innocence years ago, so went our dreams and future hopes. I do not blame the Government for my personal problems, I have to answer for them myself. But our future . . . ." a sheet of paper falls out of the notes he is holding, notes that had been compiled by Ann, his Ann. ". . . . our children lost a future — a future that . . . ." unable to continue, the tears fall mercilessly.

Hidden in the pile of paper is a poem, dated a couple of months previous, her last note, her final words:

SILLY ONE

the baby cries.
i ask, "what's wrong?"
the child cries harder.
"silly one," i say.
"what tragedy could there be —
in your infantile world?
the child dries its tears
and then it dies.
too late i see
the child is me.

— Joy Kimi Kanazawa

JOY KANAZAWA is a writer who lives in New York City, where she has studied voice, dance and drama. She is presently engaged in writing radio and theatre plays.

QUIET CANADIANS?

REDRESS IN THE Japanese community is always a difficult issue. The immensity of the difficulty comes to light when various people approach Ottawa and ask the government to take a stand on Redress. The government's response has been to throw the question back to the Japanese Canadian community. When a consensus emerges in the Japanese community, then the government will begin to take steps to act.

The Japanese Canadian community has actually tried to respond to the government here. As obedient citizens, who were never charged with any acts of sabotage or subterfuge in World War II, who went obediently to the so-called relocation camps and ghost towns away from the West Coast, these same citizens have been trying to work out a clear consensus in response to the government's call.

But the Japanese have found what perhaps the Native Canadians have found before them — that to hammer out a clear consensus is indeed a very difficult task, with parties disagreeing as to what should make up such a consensus, such parties willing to fight against great odds for their respective ideas. It is almost as if the government knew that to call for a clear consensus would lead to confusion, would gain time, and give the government a chance to see the issues and the parties as they developed in the community. For it is certainly true that the government is trying to keep its finger on the pulse of the community, privately negotiating with one group or another.

Joy Kimi Kanazawa

Although it is a political fact that the Japanese Canadians and Americans were not involved in any acts of sabotage and espionage in the Second World War, the Japanese Canadian community was not a community with one voice, one conscience, or one will. It is a matter of bitter historical reflection that the records, the documents on the Japanese community in both Canada and the United States show strong and often bitter divisions.

Of course, the divisions which polarized the community then are not the questions which divide the community now. But the very fact that the community was divided forces us to look again at that very strange beast called ethnic community. Simply because we look alike is no guarantee that we will think or act in like manner. Perhaps if one thing is safe to say, it is simply that after forty years it is no easier to understand the divisions then, than it is to understand the divisions now.

There were those who thought Japan was going to win the war even though their new home was a colony in the British Empire. And so there were fierce loyalty struggles, not simply over who was to ultimately win the war, but where our national loyalties were ultimately to be placed. Because the Canadian government disallowed the young Japanese Canadian boys from entering the forces at the beginning of the war and never actively recruited among the Japanese Canadians, their loyalty was not tested here in full measure, except among a handful who eventually did join the Canadian or British forces.

The question of loyalty to the new country was tested in a fierce way in the States when the American forces actively recruited in the camps and in Hawaii. The young men joined up and found in the European and Pacific theatres a way of proving their loyalty to the country of their birth.

But not all signed up to fight. Some in Hawaii who were cruelly treated by the military did not. And in the American camps when the loyalty questionnaire was forced on all the adults, there were some who signed No, No, to the two crucial loyalty questions and a few evidently were imprisoned.

Because the community could not at that time effectively fight against a Canadian or an American government who used the War Measures Act or Executive Order 9066 against them, the community took what perhaps was their only other recourse. The interned Japanese community in Canada and the United States often turned upon each other. They turned upon those they thought were collaborating with the enemy. Day to day issues, such as food, work, and living quarters became issues upon which to quarrel and fight.

It is difficult indeed to have any kind of enlightened critical perspective, apart from anger against the government, but there is one interesting document which has emerged from the pen of a then young anthropologist who was doing her first term of fieldwork. In her volume, *Doing Fieldwork*, Rosalee Hankey Wax, tells of going into several American internment camps as an observer, trying to understand the human dimensions in the anger, the quarreling and the dilemmas daily placed before the internees.

A long and close study of the Japanese Canadians and American community during the war years shows what a divided community existed among the Japanese on both sides of the border. For those who were parents, perhaps the greatest single problem, apart from the ideological and political ones, was simply the survival of the family unit intact. But even those powerful instincts were not always to succeed as the elderly and weak succumbed to the harsh conditions through death or perhaps one form or another of insanity.

Having the least recognition of the kinds of problems and issues which divided the Japanese community and individual families — and no family existed without its divisions — helps us to gain some perspective and critique on the other historical reality which continues to haunt us — that is, the redress issues facing us now. Back forty odd years ago, the government solved the question of its Japanese citizens by fiat, by imposing the War Measures Act or Executive Order 9066. Interestingly, Executive Order 9066 was rescinded by President Ford, through constant lobbying in the American Congress. It involved no compensation, simply the signing of a paper. But in Canada, the War Measures Act which may affect all Canadians lies waiting quietly.

Thus the Japanese community on both sides of the border was divided during the war and the communities never did work out any effective consensus. Rather, the war ended, and the camps and ghost towns were disbanded and the families returned to civilian life as best they could. The unresolved questions were buried in the necessity to survive in the new cities with new work, attempting new skills. These unresolved questions awaited the scholars and journalists who would in time seek out the buried documents, interview the key people, and write the books and articles which have served to reawaken memories and which have issued in renewed forms, the old questions.

Of course, these old dilemmas now emerge as the questions of redress, of apology and compensation, etc. In the States this redress question is not simply a Japanese question, but a larger one which includes the Aleutian Natives who were also interned. But to recall the intestinal conflicts in the Japanese communities during the war can do more than simply bring back harsh and hurtful memories of forty years ago. That memory can place in sharp perspective what is happening now in our present communities. If we were not in consensus then, we certainly know that we are not in consensus now. If we were disturbed by that lack of consensus then, we certainly are now, but that does not lead us to despair, or to simply seek our own personal survival. Rather, there are some alternatives.

First, it is certainly a complex human fact that because of wartime racism and injustice, the Japanese Canadians have been forced by circumstance to bury their wounds and to rebuild their lives with dignity. Yet the redress movement has forced the community to examine anew the wartime experiences in the light of a desire for redress and reparation for those experiences. Having been forced by circumstances to bury their wounds, many now prefer to let them lie quietly, to continue business as usual, if that were ever possible in a community disturbed by the resolutions and rethinking of redress.

It is a real awakening for me, as a pastor in the community, to watch a number of these quiet Canadians come alive, who have never taken leadership before, who have always remained in the shadows, who have preferred to allow the more talkative, the natural leadership, to take the initiative. These quiet ones are learning the importance of having to care not only for issues, but for lives in the community. They are learning what it means to stay in touch, to ponder political implications to certain moves. They are becoming public figures. Thus the redress movement is not simply reopening old wounds. It is at the same time recognizing the emergence of a new type of grassroots leadership that has hitherto lain dormant.

Second, it is perhaps significant that non-political groups are drawn together to work towards what only may be called a political solution, and even if their attempt is marked by failure, the attempt in itself is significant for it forces redress issues into a different kind of light. A group consisting of the major priests and pastors — Buddhist, Christian, others — in the Japanese community in Toronto gathered to reflect together on their public role in the community's intestinal conflicts and they attempted in their almost naive way to negotiate between the conflicting parties.

That they failed to reach a negotiated agreement, consensus, or settlement is not simply a reflection upon this group of religious entering the political arena, but rather a greater reflection on the types of issues involved, and upon the nature of the opposing groups.

If a group does not desire an arbitrated settlement, but rather desires to hold on to its power and to play its cards by itself, then the ideal of consensus by any form of arbitration is ruled out. And so, the failure of this religious negotiation group helps to cast the present redress issues in a stronger light. We can see more clearly by their failure. Despite the rhetoric, we understand better the nature of the opposing groups within the community, and the way each group is groping for power.

Thirdly, the dynamic of the issues involved in redress cannot be solved by an apology, compensation and the rescinding of the War Measures Act. For it was not the War Measures Act or Executive Order 9066 that interned us (though it was the tool). It was ultimately the racism and war hysteria, bred from a long history of anti-yellow sentiment on the west coast of both Canada and the United States. It may be that one day we may effectively remove the War Measures Act, as Executive Order 9066 was rescinded, but against such racism and injustice we must be continually vigilant.

In the end, we cannot continue to think that it is only the white man who is capable of such racism, hysteria and injustice. In Canada, the criticism of many whites is to remember the terrible cruelty of the Japanese military against Canadian soldiers in Hong Kong during the war. Those critics cannot remember that the ghost towns and internment camps settled Canadian citizens. But the point cannot be passed over.

For the intestinal conflicts in the present day Japanese community over the

issues of redress force us to recognize that what others have done to us, we can well do to each other. There are those who having tasted of these intestinal conflicts, have decided to opt out of the redress movement altogether. There are many certainly who are confused, and in a community as small as ours, the ties of ancient loyalties often make it impossible to see issues clearly.

We have obviously, many of us, grown intensely cynical at the whole redress process. And we have learned that there are great failures of communication, often deliberately so. And we have seen majorities rule and sway committees in a way definitely repugnant to our understanding of the issues and ideals. But if we have forgotten anything, it is perhaps the strength of the minority, seeking to do and act rightly on its own perceptions. It may be even as my old professor wrote in another context, a minority of one, but if that minority speaks clearly and with strong voice, the issue itself will not be lost. But in the long run, the issues are more than parliamentary approval or denial of redress. It is an issue of integrity itself.

— Roland Kawano

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Community hall built by interned Japanese Canadians while held at Slocan internment camp

For a Revised

HISTORY OF EXILE

On December 7th, 1941, Japanese planes bombed Pearl Harbor. This wartime act affected 123,149 people living in Canada who shared a common ancestry with the Japanese enemy.

Canada's Japanese were 1/5th of 1% of the total Canadian population at the time, and 2.7% of the population of British Columbia. In fact, 22,096 lived in B.C. Of these, 13,309 were Canadian born, 2,930 were naturalized Canadian citizens and 5,564 were Japanese nationals who had lived in Canada 25-40 years (of these 2,006 were women.[1]

On February 26, 1942 by Order-in-Council, all Japanese within 100 miles of the Pacific Ocean were to be relocated to remote interior ghost towns, shipped east to the Prairies or Ontario, or deported to Japan.

Since 1942 when Japanese Canadians were being removed from the west coast "for means of national security," Ian Mackenzie, a Liberal Member of Parliament, and his supporters in British Columbia mounted a campaign to deport all Japanese.[2]

On June 1, 1944 at the annual convention of the B.C. Canadian Legion, Vancouver Mayor J.W. Cornett demanded that "Japanese and their children be shipped to Japan after the war and never be allowed to return here."[3]

In February, 1944 a Gallup poll indicated that 80% of Canadians favored deportation of Japanese aliens and 33% favored deportation of Canadian-born and the naturalized.[4]

On August 4, 1944, Prime Minister Mackenzie King acknowledged that no acts of sabotage had been committed by any Japanese Canadians. However, King said that Japanese Canadians could only remain in Canada if they were judged to be loyal by a loyalty commission and dispersed themselves across the country. Those judged to be disloyal would be deported to Japan and Canadian nationals would be stripped of their citizenship. King added that Japanese Canadians would be "encouraged" to return to Japan and postwar Japanese immigration would be prohibited.[5]

In the spring of 1945, the Government began a repatriation survey to determine which Japanese Canadians wished to return to Japan. By August 1945, 6884 Japanese Canadians over 16 years of age together with their 3,505 dependents making up almost 43% of the Japanese population in Canada indicated a desire to be repatriated.[6]

By April,1946, 4527 of the 6,844 adult repatriates had applied to remain in Canada.[7]

In September 1945, a special Cabinet committee agreed that everyone who had requested repatriation, except Canadian-born and the naturalized who had revoked their requests before the Japanese surrender, should be deported.

Debates ensued in the House of Commons with members of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, predecessor of the New Democratic Party, criticizing the Government's policy.

At a Cabinet meeting on December 15, 1945, an Order-in-Council was approved to deport: 1) all Japanese aliens who had signed for repatriation or were interned at Angler (all protesters to their internment were imprisoned at Angler, Ontario); 2) all naturalized Japanese Canadians who had not revoked repatriation requests by September 2, 1945; 3) all Nisei (Canadian born) who did not revoke repatriation requests; and 4) wives and minor children of the above three classes.

A second Order-in-Council stripped deported naturalized Japanese Canadians of Canadian citizenship.[8]

These Orders-in-Council were passed by Governor-in-Council without Parliamentary approval.

Japanese Canadians, Church leaders, the Y.M.C.A. and C.C.F.'ers began to resist the deportation plans of the federal Government. Deportation was a two-step procedure: 1) legal custody, and 2) deportation. Robert J. MacMaster, counsel for Vancouver's Consultative Council of Japanese Canadians, challenged the deportations in the courts by applying for writs of habeas corpus and thus challenging the legal custody.

The War Measures Act had permitted detention without legal remedies but the war was now over and although the deportations could not be challenged without government consent, the detentions could be.

In face of the threat of hundreds of habeas corpus hearings, the government agreed to negotiate with the Toronto-based Cooperative Committee on Japanese Canadians, represented by lawyer Andrew Brewin.

King decided in face of mounting opposition to refer the Order-in-Council to the Supreme Court of Canada for a quick decision.

On February 20, 1946, the Supreme Court of Canada decided that: 1) Japanese aliens and naturalized Canadians could be deported by a unanimous decision; 2) Nisei (Canadian-born) could be deported, by a split 5 to 2 decision; 3) the unwilling dependents could not be deported, by a split 4 to 3 decision.[9]

The government was left in the position of being able to deport 6,844 adults who had signed repatriation requests but not their 3,400 dependents.

Embarrassed by the Japanese problem, the government began to disperse Japanese Canadians across the country in an accelerated resettlement program. By December 1946, the camps were virtually empty. Over 13,000 Japanese Canadians had resettled east of British Columbia.

However, on May 1946, 3964 sailed for Japan on the *S.S. Marine Angel* and on December 31, 1946 a further 290 left on the *Marine Falcon* for Uraga barracks on Tokyo Bay.[10]

LEGAL BACKGROUND

The mass deportations of almost 4,000 Japanese after World War II in 1946 established a precedent in Canadian legal history for several reasons: 1) The Anglo-Canadian judicial system is based on adjudications of wrong doings or disputes on an individual basis. Deportations even on the scale that were carried out in the 1930's when 28,000 were repatriated had been decided on an individual basis;[11] 2) Of the 4,000 deportees, over 2,000 were Canadian-born citizens. Not since Louis Riel had a Canadian-born citizen been exiled from the land of his her birth;[12] 3) Previously, deportations had been executed pursuant to legal powers set out in the "Naturalization Act" and the "Immigration Act." The mass deportations of the Japanese were carried out by Orders-in-Council established under the War Measures Act; 4) Deportation and exiling are viewed in international law terms as severe punishment on par with capital punishment.

The deportations and exiling of the 4,000 were justified by the Canadian government because many of the deportees had signed a consent form in 1945 to be sent back to Japan; the belief that a

The late Andrew Brewin, MP ca 1944

consent to be repatriated indicated disloyalty to Canada; and the fact that 1/3 of the Canadian-born were dependent children who were following their parents.

It is noteworthy that the Supreme Court of Canada decision in the *Ref. re Deportation of Japanese* (referred to previously) supported much of the Cabinet decision but did not support the deportation and exiling of unwilling dependents (wives and children of deportees). 5) Those deported during the 1930's were repatriated primarily because of their political beliefs, union activities, poverty or physical handicaps.[13]

The Japanese were repatriated and exiled because of their race and national origin.

SCOPE AND OBJECTIVES

Although there have been several written histories of Japanese Canadians, no history of the Japanese Canadians would be complete without a consideration of the almost 20% of the Japanese wartime population who were deported and exiled to Japan in 1946 and 1947.

To date there is no record of who these 4,000 Japanese Canadians and nationals were and what has become of them. To that end, this project is historical and sociological.

As well, the procedures used by the federal government were authorized under powers of the "War Measures Act." The deportations of 2,000 and the exiling of 2,000 were unparalleled in Canadian judicial history. The ambiguous and wide ranging powers of the "War Measures Act" are still law today and perhaps are not subject to the limitations set out in the "Charter of Rights and Freedoms." The legal and governmental justifications used in 1946 need to be re-examined in 1985 in light of changing public attitudes regarding certain kinds of governmental actions and perhaps in light of protections guaranteed under the "Charter of Rights."

Japanese citizenship and immigration laws are dissimilar to Canadian citizenship and immigration laws. For example, Japanese Canadians are not citizens of Japan. Accordingly, an examination of Japanese law regarding the legal status of the deportees and exiles would be of interest.

The purpose of this study thus is to examine the deportations and exiling of the Japanese Canadians to determine what their fate was and is, and what remedies, if any, exist for them.

With the passage of now almost forty years since World War II, the treatment of the deportees can perhaps be analyzed in terms of the legal and political justifications and as well, the wisdom of having such ambiguous and wide ranging powers as exist under the War Measures Act.

In particular, I plan to examine these events in terms of the following kinds of questions:

1) What protections, if any, would the "Charter of Rights and Freedoms" have afforded Japanese Canadians?

2) What were the differences in deportation and exiling under War Measures Act powers as compared to the Naturalization Act and Immigration Act powers?

3) What effect did international covenants and law have on the exiling of the Japanese Canadians?

4) What were the legal defences as argued by the Supreme Court of Canada and the Privy Council in supporting government actions of the period?

5) What recourse remedies exist to those who were deported and exiled without due process of law and what damages did they suffer?

SCHOLARLY SIGNIFICANCE

1) No history of the exiled Japanese Canadians has been written to date. No one knows what became of those 4,000 people once they sailed away from the British Columbia shore in 1946 and 1947.

2) No comparison of deportations under the War Measures Act powers and the Naturalization Act and Immigration Act has been written.

3) Since Louis Riel no other Canadian-born persons have been exiled. The legal and political justifications need to be examined of such a mass exiling.

4) Japanese and international law regarding rights of citizens and naturalized citizens should be examined in light of the Japanese Canadian experience.

SOCIAL RELEVANCE

The Japanese Canadian community is beginning to discuss and organize around their treatment during World War II, when the 23,000 Japanese were imprisoned, their property confiscated and disposed of without compensation (in most cases) and then they were dispersed across the country.

The above history has been written and is being further researched. However, there is no history regarding the deportees exiles, what their recourse is, now that redress is on the Canadian government's agenda and what the legal implications of that type of government action might be, now that we have a "Charter of Rights."

As well, an examination of the legal and political background and justifications would be of interest in light of American congressional investigation disclosures that have been documented in their report, *Personal Justice Denied*.[14]

— Maryka Omatsu

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NOTES

[1] Adachi, K., *The Enemy That Never Was: A History of the Japanese Canadians*, Toronto: McLelland & Stewart Ltd., 1976, p. 234

[2] Mackenzie to Douglas, 19 Oct. 1942, Ian Mackenzie papers, MG27IIIB5, Vol. 25, 70-25(3) PAC

[3] *Vancouver Sun*, 1 June, 1944

[4] Forrest, E. LaViolette, *The Canadian Japanese & World War II*, p. 154

[5] Canada House of Commons, *Debates*, 4 Aug. 1944, p. 6062

[6] Memorandum-Repatriation Survey Results as of August 31, 1945, Dept. of Labour Papers, RG 27, Vol. 658 File 25-27-1 (pt. 2 ; and Canada, Dept of Labour, Report on the Re-establishment of Japanese in Canada, 1944-46 (mimeo, 1947)

[7] Statistics from Memorandum, Dept of Labour Papers, RG 27, Vol. 658, 25-3-17-1 (pt. 4), PAC

[8] Order-in-Council, P.C. 7355, 15 Dec. 1945

[9] *Ref. re Deportation of Japanese* [1946] 3 D.L.R. 321 (S.C.C.)

[10] Adachi, K., *Op.Cit., pp. 317-318*

[11] *Imai, S., "Canadian Immigration Law & Policy 1867-1935," LL.M. Thesis, submitted and accepted by Osgoode Hall Law School, 1983*

[12] *Globe & Mail*, Oct. 12, 1983, pp. 1 and 10

[13] Imai, S., *Op. Cit.*

[14] Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, *Personal Justice Denied*, Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1983

Below: Sketch by Ann Buitrick of Lake Huron shoreline along the North Shore of Manitoulin Island.