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*Letter to Frank Miyamoto
by Bernhard Jindrich Aid*

A NISEI AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I have always envied those for whom life seems to be full of adventures and exciting experiences of the kind one can relate to others, because my own life seems colorless by contrast. I feel this contrast most keenly in those social gatherings where people talk of things they have done and unusual people they have met; everyone else, as it seems, is full of dramatic, comic or risqué stories about themselves while I can only sit in silence and admire the fullness of others's lives and contemplate the narrowness of my own.

I have a Chinese friend named Cheng--Cheng K'un Cheng is his full name--with whom I became acquainted while teaching at the University of Washington. It's over two years now since I last saw him, but I know he hasn't ~~changed~~ changed physically and I doubt that his personality has altered in any degree in that time. Cheng was a constant source of amazement to me because of the ease with which he adapted himself to American groups although he'd lived most of his life in China and arrived in this country as late as 1938 and even returned to China for two years of study. He was small even for a Chinese, had an attractive face, a foxlike alertness about his mouth and eyes, and generally presented a dapper, wiry appearance. It was the things he said and did that was the source of amazement and pleasure not only to myself but to others as well. He learned our language with almost effortless ease, and such errors of English as he made could have been deliberate witicism for they

were generally funny and never stupid. Once while giving his impressions of American cities, he told of his wonderment at the American "skyscrapers". On another occasion while describing how he ran twenty miles to catch a "last" plane out of Chungking because he missed the bus to the airfield, he declared, "I keyed up my guts and ran." Stories like these have become legendary about Cheng. Moreover, he has a way with the ladies, and his ability to draw interesting women about him seems completely unhampered by race or nationality. While we were together in the department, Cheng always had the effect on me of making me feel that I had missed out on half the fun of living and that nothing I could relate about myself could compare with the color and verve of his stories.

Of course, I would say to myself that Cheng had enjoyed all the advantages of being born into a wealthy Chinese family and of enjoying the cosmopolitan life of Hongkong and Manila where his father had his business. An Oriental usually doesn't possess such self assurance as he had unless he'd been born into wealth and social status, and ^{had} wide contact on an equal or superior level with a variety of people. But it wasn't alone a matter of culture or of family background and status, it was also a matter of temperament. Cheng has a quickness and an adaptability that I don't possess.

I used to wonder why interesting events seldom happened in my own experience, but I also realized that personalities like Cheng make interesting events and experiences. There are those who act vigorously on their environment and create unique

experiences and Cheng is of this type; but I suspect I belong with the other variety who more frequently permits the environment to act on me. What I lack in color in my external behavior, I have compensated for with a colorful life of imagination. With increased maturity, and particularly since marriage, my envy of the active man has diminished but there was a time when I desired nothing more than to be able to emulate Cheng's type. Cheng is described here only as an example of a type for my envy of him was neither greater nor less than in the case of others of his kind; and, I should add, this envy was not a gnawing, devastating envy that disturbed my own mental growth for I always felt that in my own plodding manner I was achieving goals that my more brilliant fellows were not achieving. But this contrast serves to set off my own characteristics, what I am and what I am not, and gives a hint of the strong, unfulfilled wishes which I at one time had of becoming that which I was not.

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My father, Kakushiro, ^{was born} on April 17 of the fourth year of Meiji (1872) in the prefecture of Miyazaki which is on the southern island of Kyushu. I have heard my father's friends chide him for coming from such a backward place that is known only for the sumi (charcoal) it produces, but the people of the district maintain the proud tradition that theirs is the locale (Hyuga) from which Jimmu Tennō, the first emperor of Japan, emanated. My father's parents owned some kind of poor, small shop in the city of Miyazaki, the largest city in the

prefecture although it seems not to have been much more than an overgrown town. It seems that grandfather was a good man and a sociable person in a quiet way, but he was apparently no business man for he very early came to lean on his son for support. Grandmother, on the other hand, seems to have been the stronger character of the two, but she was bound to her bed with illness throughout my father's boyhood and died while he was still of school age. There was another younger son, but I know almost nothing of this uncle of mine for it seems that he ran away from home at a fairly early age leaving all the responsibilities of the home to my father, and is said to have become a ne'er-do-well.

Most of what I know about my father's early background comes to me from my mother, for father seldom talked about himself not that he was ashamed of his background but rather because he was rarely interested in such accounts. In fact, even when my mother told us children of father's early life, it was given to us in the form of moral lessons showing us the struggle of one man against the economic limitations that were imposed on him. While these stories make out my father to be a man of considerable character, I can well believe that he was actually such a man---even allowing for his limitations---for it seemed to us children that he left little to be desired as a father.

Because of grandmother's illness and grandfather's impracticality, my father very early took to nursing his mother and even of supporting the family. It seems that he cared for his mother

with the greatest tenderness and attention, in the ideal manner of oyakooko (filial piety), and I suspect there must have existed something of a tragic affection between mother and son such as is often related in traditional Japanese lore in the relationship of a son caring for a helpless mother. (See for example, Tsurumi Yuusuke's "The Mother") In Miyazaki there was little opportunity for a boy to earn a livelihood; the one thing my father was able to do was to gather firewood from the mountains in the surrounding area and sell them in town. His earnings were meager, but he would pack as large a bundle as he could carry on his back and peddle them in the streets of the town.

Father's school was some four miles from his home, a distance which he walked twice a day going and coming. He would arise very early to take care of a few household chores for his mother before leaving, and on returning he would take to the mountains to bring down his daily load of firewood. Often, there was scarcely enough food in the house to make a ~~decent~~ lunch-box for school, and on these occasions it seems that father took to avoiding other children with lunches at the noon hour so that they would not see his poverty. He had one well patched suit of clothes for school wear that was frequently the object of ridicule and teasing, a form of treatment to which he was subjected by tormentors especially as he walked through the town from the "wrong side" to the school ~~dietriet~~, or back again.

There is a story that at one time my father found himself at the bottom of the class ranking. Not only did he lack time

for study but he was not provided as were the other children with the necessary equipment for schoolwork. He was unable to purchase textbooks, in fact, he often did not have sufficient money to buy pencil and paper. Determined not to be overcome by these difficulties, he made a slate on which he worked with charcoal. In arithmetic and mathematics, if he had no textbook he would make up his own problems and even attempted to work out his own methods of solution. Whenever he was able to buy pencil and paper, he would copy out whole textbooks because the books themselves were too expensive. For want of time, he would work by candlelight, often in a cold, unheated room, far into the night. My father told with pride of how he thus improvised his own means of study and advanced himself to the head of the class. I heard this story only once from my father's mouth, when I was myself still in the grade school, but it is still as vivid in my mind as it was then for I felt that if my father had been able to advance himself under such circumstances, I with my advantages could do no less than to learn everything the school had to offer me.

Father's mother died after a long illness while he was still attending school. For lack of funds with which to continue school, he quit after the end of the second year of the middle school. At this time he took an examination for a teaching certificate, an examination which is generally said to require more than two years of middle school training, and passed it. I have no doubt that father would have made an excellent teacher for he possessed a very well organized mind,

liked nothing better than to study, and enjoyed teaching us children, but when he was also confronted with an offer from a Nagamatsu Company, a small importing-exporting firm in Miyazaki, he chose the latter rather than a teaching position. This proved to be a crucial decision for from that time he was destined to remain a business man, an occupation for which he was not temperamentally well fitted, and any previous ambition which he may have harbored of becoming an academic person was forever set aside although the wish must have lingered in his dreams.

His advancement in the Nagamatsu Company was slow but steady, and about the time of his twenty-fifth year he was representing his company in its speculations in Korea which was then rapidly becoming an area for Japanese ventures. It was during one of his return visits to Miyazaki from Korea that he met my mother and decided to marry her.

My mother, Saki¹, was likewise born in Miyazaki, in the eighth year of Meiji (1876) making her four years younger than my father. She was the eldest daughter of a then well-known and wealthy family of the city, and the ease of her early life is in contrast to the poverty of my father's boyhood. Her father is described^{as} a big, imposing person (for a Japanese) with large eyes and a fierce mustache, who at one period of his career made a fortune by speculation in trade. During the rebellion of Saigo Takamori (Saigo rebellion of 1878), my mother suspects that her father imported rifles to the rebel forces by bringing arms laden ships into the Miyazaki harbor at night under the cloak of darkness. She only remembers that her father instructed the family to flee to the safety of the surrounding (See back for footnote)

1/ The name, Saki, would not be commonly used in modern Japan. Today, Japanese families would add "ko" (meaning, child) to girl's names of this kind making the full name Sakiko. In the feudal period it was not the practice to add "ko" to girls' names but rather to add a prefix "O-" making the name O-Saki. This is the manner in which my father addressed mother, which again was somewhat unusual for husband's rarely used the wife's name as a means of address. This rather insignificant point is an indication of the tradition (of old Japan) under which both my father and mother grew up.

mountains while the war was on. In another of his speculative ventures, her father bought an antimony mine in the mountains near Miyazaki but it seems that nothing ever came of this enterprise. Whatever the success or failure of his ventures, however, it seems that her father was a man of "big ideas" who is credited with having done much toward the development of the prefecture. Before his days, Miyazaki-ken was a part of Kagoshima, and it was through grandfather and his accomplices' efforts that a separate Miyazaki-ken was created. My mother claims that a highway (probably not much more than a wagon road of those days) which he built still remains as a landmark of his work for the prefecture. In the Hashiguchi family, the main line on my mother's side, there seems to be an evil speculative tendency that is expressed in gross borrowing, large investments and frequent failures. (Mother claims that my uncle is a perfect example of this bad heritage.) In any case, by the time of his death, grandfather had accumulated a debt of over \$100,000 which mother inherited and was responsible for since there were no sons in the family.

Mother grew up under the care of a step-mother since her own mother died ~~while she was~~ shortly after mother's birth. Some of her step-sisters are still living in Miyazaki although mother has not communicated with them for some years. Under the influence of her father's expensive ideas, there was more of Western influence in her home than was characteristic of most Japanese homes of that time, and she was brought up to maintain more independence than was traditional for Japanese women. For instance, her father felt that his daughters should be educated, an idea that was rather new in Japan then for it was not thought

necessary to educate Japanese women in those days. However, mother apparently did not care too much for schooling, and the poor health that dogged her through her girlhood seems to have offered her an excuse from following her father's wishes. Family relations seem not to have been as warm as she wished it. Her father was good to her and even spoiled her, but he was not often at home being away on business or frequently staying with his concubines. Her stepmother was kind to her, but the tie between them could not be as strong as in blood kinship. Her most pleasant childhood memories seem to go back to her frequent visits with her grandparents who protected her because of her weak health and provided her with her childish desires.

Mother was probably not more than seventeen at the time of her first marriage, an arranged affair as were almost all the marriages in Japan at the time. Her husband was apparently a man of fair means and good family background, a commendable marriage from the family standpoint. According to Japanese custom, she went as a bride to live with her husband's family (he being the eldest son and ^{chief} heir to the family line), but the scattered accounts she has given of her life in her first husband's household indicates that her stay was not a happy one. She had two sons by her first marriage, but both of them died before their thirtieth birthday. The husband's mother was a stern manager of the home, and, as frequently happens to a bride who goes to live with her husband's family, mother was treated with less consideration than for a servant.

Despite her constitutional weakness, she was required to be the first to arise from her bed, often as early as three in the morning, had to do much of the chores of the home, and was generally the last to retire. Mother's sister-in-law made demands upon her which were almost unbearable. Had there been no other difficulties, mother would probably have remained in this household for she regarded the hardships as the lot of a Japanese bride, but her husband took to visiting the teahouses and playing with other women. Mother has sometimes said, "It is not pleasant to be married to a Japanese business man, a Japanese gentleman. It's a part of their business to visit the teahouses and have other women." After some five years of married life, mother returned to her own home leaving her two sons with her husband's family. (In Japanese custom it seems that the husband's family has claim upon the children in the case of divorce, especially if they are sons.) Mother's chief regret in her divorce seems to have been that she was forced to part ~~wik~~ from her sons.

I am not sure how long father and mother were acquainted with each other before their marriage. I somehow have the impression that they ~~knew~~ were acquainted, or at least knew of each other, from their youth. At the time of father's return from Korea, he was already twenty-seven years old, and I presume that his friends advised him that a person of his age and position should have a wife. For some reason father decided that he wanted mother for his bride, and he stubbornly maintained this decision in spite of his friends's dissuasion. They argued

with him that her upbringing was at the opposite pole from his own, that she would expect more than he could give her with his means, but all the arguments of the advisors were lost on father. They were married. I am not sure that father even had a home to offer his bride; mother brought an expensive wardrobe of gowns. It was necessary that father return to Korea to continue with the opening of the Nagamatsu interests there, and it was agreed that mother should join him there as soon as the business was definitely established and he was able to secure a home.

Unfortunately, the land speculations of the Nagamatsu Co. completely collapsed when an anticipated boom of a certain territory failed to materialize, but the failure in Korea led to the bankruptcy of the home office. It must have been a severe blow to father to have the company on which he had built his career suddenly collapse under him, particularly in the first year after his marriage, for within the limited economy of Japan, a man starting at the level from which father started could rise in the business world only by small increments and through long service in a single company. Nor did the relatively backward area of Miyazaki offer prospects to a young man of ambition. Father decided to seek his fortune in Osaka, a city that had of recent years grown to be one of the industrial and commercial centers of Japan, and mother went with him.

The struggle for success in Osaka was a difficult and fruitless one, yet mother says the three years she spent in that city were not unhappy ones. Father had difficulty finding a suitable

opening and barely managed to eke out a living. They had a small home, but it was often uncomfortably cold because fuel was too expensive to purchase in large quantities. On these occasions, they would go out and buy a few cents worth of hot, sweet potatoes from street peddlers, place them in their futokoro (inside the kimono, or under their bosom), and keep warm in this way as they wandered the streets of Osaka together in the evening. The sweet potatoes served a double purpose for when they returned home the potatoes could be eaten. A daughter was born and was named Tsuruko (Crane-child). Because of the excessively starchy diet on which they were forced to subsist, both mother and Tsuruko at one time were ill with beri-beri. It rapidly became evident that the struggle for a livelihood in Osaka was a losing battle; they even had to sell mother's fine wardrobe of kimono, one by one, with which she parted reluctantly as she admits to us now, in order to make ends meet during the most difficult period. Blocked in his desire to rise in the world, and even pressed to maintain family and home, father decided that his efforts in Osaka into which he had ventured with hope had proved a failure and there seemed nothing but to search elsewhere for a chance to earn a living.

The year was 1904 just after the turn of the century. In the brief space of a half a century before this, Japan had been suddenly awakened to the fact that she was a part of a vast world in which there were still virgin areas unexploited by man, areas where the economy was not dried out and shriveled as it was in Japan. Japanese minds that had not hitherto troubled to look

beyond the horizon of their own islands now began to search outwards to explore the possibilities in other lands--Korea, China, the Philippines, and America. America was the brightest hope of them all, and a trickle of Japanese immigrants that had started in the 1860's to Hawaii and later to the mainland grew to the proportions of a sizeable exodus by the turn of the century. Among those who joined this flow of immigrants about 1900 was a cousin of my mother's and his wife, who disembarked in Seattle and started a furniture shop. It was the letters from this cousin in America that first interested my father in America, and the former's encouragement to my father to join him in Seattle finally led to the decision that ~~my~~ father should ^{first} migrate alone ~~to America~~ and that mother should join him there later with Tsuruko as soon as father was able to send for them.

Somehow they scraped together enough money to purchase father's passage to America. At the time of landing it was necessary that every immigrant show twenty-five dollars in his possession as an indication that he would not become a dependent on the government, but the cousin in America lent this amount to father which he returned as soon as he landed in Seattle. Father was penniless when he landed in the strange new world.

In the early 1900's Seattle was just shedding itself of its most obvious frontier characteristics. The population was still less than half its present size, but it was one of the fastest growing city of its size in America. The city had only shortly before one a decisive battle over Tacoma, Bellingham and other communities of the region in bidding for the terminus of

two large continental railroads, and by this victory destined itself to become the commercial center of the Northwest and the dominant city of the Puget Sound area. However, the vast delta immediately south of the main business district was then still washed by tidewaters, and the project of reclaiming this land for industrial and railroad transportation purposes was just being begun. The old Seattle pioneer, Yesler, had built his sawmill at the point where the shoreline of Elliot Bay broke off in a sharp angle to form the tide flats, at what was to become the southernmost end of the main business district, but because of this location of the main industry of old Seattle, First Avenue and Yesler Way was the center of the city in its frontier period. By the time father arrived in 1904, the principal office buildings and shops had already pushed northward along Second Avenue leaving the old center behind in a state of gradual deterioration, an area of cheap hotels, warehouses, small factories, wholesale houses, taverns, pool halls, and bawdy theaters. Lumberjacks, railroad section hands, Klondike prospectors and sailors swarmed in the area which they familiarly called "Skid-road" because old Yesler had his log skids from the nearby forested hills forming an angle around the section. It was into this area, and lower Jackson and Main Streets to the east, that the immigrant Japanese landing in Seattle flowed.

Fujii Hotel which became a money-maker by catering to Japanese immigrants who landed at Smith's pier was located at the heart of Skid-road. Other Japanese hotels, equally profitable ventures, were located on Main St., Jackson St., and King

St., were farther to the east, but showed a better anticipation of where the main Japanese district was to be eventually. Japanese restaurants, groceries, tailor and other shops were beginning to appear in noticeable numbers along Main, Jackson and King.

Though Seattle was a boomtown, wages for the Japanese immigrant freshly arrived were outrageously low. Father first worked as a houseboy ("school-boy" as they were called then) but was scarcely able to save a few cents a day. He worked in a restaurant earning somewhat more than a dollar a day, and saved out of this with a view to calling mother and Tsuruko. He worked for a time on the railroad for a similar wage. At the end of a year he had somehow managed to save enough to send for mother and Tsuruko, on third-class passage of course. I believe mother once tried working as a domestic and didn't know what to do when she was told to wash the toilet bowl; but she was disgusted when father instructed her to use her hands.

Father's ultimate intent was to start a shop just as mother's cousin had, but he had no capital with which to begin any business. The chief means of saving for immigrants of that day were by working on the railroads, in sawmills or as farm hands; father chose to work in a sawmill. He took a job at the Kerestone sawmill located in a mountainous, isolated part of the country about fifty miles southeast of Seattle, where other Japanese workers and their families had formed a small camp. Work conditions were poor for long hours were required at relatively low pay, and the chief means of saving was by scrimping, ingenuity in developing side jobs, and working extra

hours. Not long after father and mother went to Kerestone, agitation developed among the Caucasian workers in the mill to run out the Japanese workers who were seemingly taking over all the job openings. One day a viscious, threatening letter was received in the Japanese camp warning these people that any Japanese who failed to remove himself within the next few days would be killed. The Japanese workers were thoroughly frightened and they all moved out to a small nearby town, but father refused to be intimidated by such threats. He sent mother and the baby with the rest of the people, but he remained at the mill and at night barricaded himself in the house and kept an axe at hand for use as a weapon. A week passed and nothing happened, and by the second week it was evident that the white workers had no intention of carrying out their threat. The Japanese workers gradually drifted back to their camp from town, and the Kerestone sawmill continued to be kept open for Japanese workers.

On ~~May~~ October 10, 1907 a second daughter was born and was named May (a name that could be used either in English or in Japanese, meaning bright or sunny in the latter). A year later a third daughter was born and was named Nobu. Hospital facilities were unavailable in this backward country and both daughters were born with the assistance of the women neighbors or a midwife. With the increased size of the family, expenses too increased accordingly, but my parents were determined to save so that they might return to Seattle to open a shop. Father worked daily in the sawmill loading green lumber on cars

that were then taken to the kilns for drying. Mother would take in washing at which father would help after he was through with his work in the mill, and then while the rest of the camp slept, father would deliver the finished washings. Mother says that it became something of a joke among his fellow workers that father could sleep while working at his loading job. Although he was less than five feet five inches tall, he weighed about 160 pounds at the time, was strong, and was capable of considerable physical exertion. Mother also learned to bake a Japanese pastery known as ampai (round balls of rice flour enclosing a sweet, bean filling.) and father would sell these in the camp. These were apparently busy years for father and mother, with little time left for play. On the whole, there was very little recreational opportunity in any case in this out-of-the-way camp, the chief outlet being gambling with cards. But father did not himself believe in gambling though he would sometimes stand behind the players and watch their game, and on occasion when one of his friends was unlucky and was losing heavily, father would feel sorry for the fellow and would secretly pass him a few dollars loan.

About 1909 ~~or 1910~~, the family moved to Winslow, Washington, where father took a job in a sawmill. (I believe Kerestone closed down about then.) Winslow is on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound only a few miles from Seattle, a beautiful place on the beach that was later developed for summer homes. Life in this new place was apparently a less strenuous and more pleasant one. Some of the young bachelor immigrants from Miyazaki-ken whose families were known to father and mother joined them at Winslow, and constituted themselves a kind of A

informal fringe of the family. There are still preserved in our family album some snapshots that were taken at the time, one of which shows the whole family on a large rowboat with father and a family friend, Heizo Hidaka, at the oars. The men could fish, on Sundays and holidays the family would picnic on the beach, and there were the frequent visits of the small steamboat that plied between Seattle and the island.

It was about 1910 ~~orxix~~^{xix} that Mr. and Mrs. Hashiguchi, mother's cousins, who operated a furniture shop in Seattle on lower Jackson Street, decided to return to Japan with their children. (They had been the same people who had encouraged father and mother to immigrate.) Father decided to buy out this business, and so it was that he finally realized the ambition with which he started work in America. The family moved to Seattle and established living quarters in back of the shop, a small space that was tightly packed with old and new furniture. Father would go about the city purchasing used furniture, sand them down with mother's help, ~~and~~ repaint them, and sell them for a good profit. Within a short time the business had expanded sufficiently such that father felt it necessary to open a larger store, so he leased a large store a block away from the old one on the corner of Maynard and Jackson Street. The location was near the center of the Japanese business district, and the bulk of father's trade was with the Japanese immigrants who were steadily increasing in Seattle through this period. Business prospered, father took the basement of the building for storage space, took another basement across the street for still more storage space, added space for a repair

shop, and branched out into the sale of hardware and sporting goods. Within two or three years, he had four or five men working for him, most of ~~them~~ whom were known to him through ken connections. There were Hidaka-san and Maeda-san who were both from Miyazaki-ken and had worked with ~~W~~ather in Winslow. (It should be added that the Miyazaki-ken people in Seattle were very few in numbers. Father was the most successful of the group, and the others looked upon him for advice and aid.) Miyazawa-san was not from the same ken, but father had become acquainted with him somewhere and added him to the staff. There were others who received their first opportunities in America from father and then drifted on to some other work; in most instances they were from the same ken. But I am told that the person who delighted me the most as a child just out of the crib was the driver of father's ^{team}/~~horse~~ and wagon, a powerful, big fellow that I can still remember, whom, it is said, I used to call "Cracker" perhaps because he cracked the whip.

Beginning with the back-of -the-shop home, our family's residence was gradually improved through several moves. The first move was to a flat in a rowhouse on 9th Avenue and Washington Street in an area that was being well settled with Japanese, a district that was actually already in the process of deterioration but which provided fairly decent residences for an immigrant group. Very soon, the family moved again, this time to a house on 11th and Washington directly across the street from the Hashiguchi's home. (Chosaku and Riku

Hashiguchi are my uncle and aunt who are now at the Minidoka Center and are not to be confused with the first Mr. and Mrs. Hashiguchi mentioned in this account from whom father bought the furniture store. All the Hashiguchis, including my mother, are related, but to complicate the relationships further, the marriages in the case of both Hashiguchis were between cousins. Thus my mother was related by blood to all of the uncles and aunts who have been mentioned.) The latter move was to a residence farther removed from the center of the Japanese district than were the former homes. It was at the house on 11th Avenue that I was born.

I was born on July 29, 1912. It was an auspicious day for my father, and for the Japanese community---for my father because the first son of the family had been born, and for the community because ~~one~~ Emperor Meiji died on this day, and the day therefore marked the beginning of the era of Taisho. My mother ~~terrib~~ jokingly relates that father was very much upset because the people of the community were more concerned about the incoming of the new emperor than about his newborn first son, but apart from the joke it seems clear that father was greatly pleased with having a son. His friends assured him that it was a significant sign that I should be born on the very day of the opening of a new era, and I was inevitably destined to bear the symbol of Taisho as part of my name. Name picking in my case seems to have required two weeks. It was agreed that part of my name should be made up of the character SHO which is the more significant part of the title Taisho. Miyazawa-san, a family friend,

strongly urged that I be called "Masaru" which is a fairly common boys name. This name fulfilled the requirements for the character SHO may also be read MASA, the sound depending on the combination of characters used. Others suggested the name "Masataro". Father seems not to have been satisfied with these suggestions, and, according to mother, he would sit on the bowl in the bathroom, where he did his best thinking, and "spend hours² thinking about the problem. Finally, after several of these periods of meditation, father decided on the name "Shotaro" written in three characters SHO*TA-RO, meaning, "honest-first-boy". My father also added a middle English name, a name that has ever since been a source of embarrassment to me. My birth-certificate reads, "Shotaro Young Miyamoto", but I have never used the name Young. It seems that father had the intention of labelling me "Junior", but as a result of a confusion over English name customs, came out with the idea of "the young Miyamoto." When I was about eight, my older sisters decided that the name "Young" would not do at all, and yet that I required an American name, so they arbitrarily selected the name "Frank" which was added to my birth record years later. Most of my Japanese friends very early took to calling me "Sho", for Shotaro was an unusual and awkward name to pronounce.

As far as I know, I was brought into the world by a midwife, Takeda Samba-san (Midwife Takeda), who was also present at the time of my younger sister's birth. I remember her well for in later years she occasionally visited mother, and on these occasions mother would point out to us that Takeda-san had been present at our birth and the latter would remark on how we had

grown. As a boy I now and then saw her around town, always walking by herself, a small, wizened woman of about my mother's age of whom I ~~always~~ felt that there was something dried up inside her. She was not married. Mother treated her with a sense of obligation and as a person who, in a very limited sense, was inside the family, but it seemed to me that Takeda-san generally bore herself as a "servant" rather than as one who had any claims on the family.

Mother tells me that I was always very dark-skinned, "One of the blackest babies," she had ever seen. Still, as the first and only son, I held a special place in the family. Father remarked at the time of my birth, "Well, I'm forty now, and by the time Shotaro is twenty, I'll be sixty," as if he wished that he could see me grow to manhood sooner. Mother was so fearful that something might happen to me that she was especially careful to see that I should be protected from any illness, and it seems that she once bundled me in the crib with an excessive number of blankets as a result of which I caught a cold and then developed into a case of pneumonia. This was to be the only serious illness I ever had in my life. Photographs of me as a baby show me to be a healthy looking, chubby baby. Another picture of me at the age of three taken at the City Park near our home shows me in a corduroy suit with a drum strapped over my shoulders wearing a "Dutch Bob" as if in affectation of a Little Lord Fauntelroy. Other snapshots taken about this time indicate that our main contacts were with our relatives, the Hashiguchis, who already had a large family of boys, others from

Miyazaki-ken, and the men who worked at father's store.

It was about 1914 that our family moved again, this time to 16th and Jackson Street, still farther from the center of the Japanese community. My earliest recollections are of this old, large house, a ^{wooden} structure with painted in gray with wide gables, a wide garden surrounding it, and a still larger field for a backyard where we children used to play. Its location was still within ten blocks of the Japanese business district, and not very much more distant from the center of the city, but the movement was toward the periphery of the Japanese community. There must have been nine or ten rooms in the building, and a number of strange, dark closets that provided me endless pleasure in exploring, all of which rented for about forty or forty-five dollars a month. When we first moved in, it seems to me that we only occupied two bedrooms downstairs, while the upstairs rooms were occupied by Hidaka-san, Miyazawa-san, and one or two others who worked for father. To the children, these ojisans (literally, "uncle", but a term applied in Japanese more generally to any adult male friend of the family) seemed like continuous sources of bounty, for they spent freely in bringing okashi (Japanese candies and cookies), toys, and other articles of pleasure to us. Both Hidaka-san and Miyazawa-san were great fishermen, the greatest in the world as it seemed to me then, for I remember one large salmon that Hidaka-san brought home which, when laid out on the kitchen table, seemed bigger than myself. In later years, I understood better the nature of the relationship between these men and

father that caused them to give so freely, although as a child I simply assumed that they were good-hearted men who had nothing better to do than to provide us with gifts. The underlying conception was that they were obligated to father, they were bachelors with money to spend, and they could best show their gratitude by showering us children with gifts. Christmas in those days was a day to look forward to, for the men would spend ten or fifteen dollars each on the children.

As these ojisans were married and had their own families, the size and attractiveness of the gifts showed marked deterioration, a matter of some disappointment to me at first because I had come to expect all manner of satisfying gifts from them.

On April 23, 1914, my younger sister, Fumiko, was born. With her birth, our family was completed. The family was now composed of father and mother, my eldest sister, May, who was five years older than I, the second sister, Nobu, a year younger than May, myself, and Fumiko who was almost two years younger than I. Tsuruko, the sister born in Japan who was older than May, had died a year before my birth as a result of a tonsil and adenoid operation. Mother sometimes told of this incident with remorse, for although the public school instructors had strongly urged my parents that Tsuruko should have her tonsils removed, mother had hesitated for a long time because of her fear of what an operation meant. However, she was finally persuaded that the operation was harmless and that it would be to Tsuruko's advantage, and my sister was taken to the Seattle Orthopedic Hospital for the operation. During or following the operation, a serious hemorrhage occurred that could not be check-

ed, and Tsuruko died at the hospital even before mother could reach her. Ever afterwards, mother regretted that she had given her permission for the operation, and whenever any question came up of removing the children's tonsils, mother would not permit it. Tsuruko's grave was at the Capitol Hill Cemetery where a number of other Japanese families had their graves, and for years afterward our family visited it three or four times a year to keep it up. Another daughter was born after Fumi, but this was a case of still-birth. Mother claimed that the still-birth resulted because she had allowed Nobu, who was sickly as a child, to sleep with her, but that Nobu would frequently kick her in the stomach in ~~her~~ sleep. I often wondered whether such remarks might not have aroused resentments in Nobu, for in later years she proved to be the most rebellious of the children.

My earliest memory is of visiting father on his bed on Sunday mornings. May, Nobu and I slept upstairs in a single room, May and Nobu in a double bed, and I in a high, baby bed with narrow iron bars on all sides. Very shortly, Fumi graduated to this baby bed and father had a brown, steel single bed sent home from the store that was a distinct prize for me when I first received it. On Sunday mornings, I would scamper downstairs to father while he was still resting, and would clam-ber on top of him. The game would then begin, for while he lay on his back he would plant his feet on my stomach and then boost me in the air with a quick movement of the legs. I would fly through the air while he held my hands and I rested on the

sole of his feet, and at the peak of the arc I would be staring down at my father's smiling face a great long distance below me. Then would come the dreadfully exciting descent back to the old position again; all of this to be repeated over and over again until father was too tired to play with me. I must have been irritatingly persistent about playing this game for in time father tired of throwing me around in this manner and mother suggested that I was getting too big and too old for such play. I understood that I wasn't to ask to be lifted in this manner and accepted the fact, and I think I even realized from looking at father's face that he was tired of playing with me in this way rather than that I had grown too big for him to lift me. It was a disappointment, but it was one of the first experiences that contributed to an understanding of what growing up meant.

The first real companions that I can remember were two little girls, Setsuko and Emiko Yamada, who lived half a block up the street from our home. Setsuko was possibly a year older than I and Emiko somewhat younger than I, but they were close enough to my younger sister and I in age to be our playmates. Surrounded by girls, I suppose we gave most of our attention to girls's games but I wasn't aware of it. Setsuko, it seemed to me then, was full of interesting ideas about drawing with crayon, cutting out and pasting together paper boxes, and most interesting of all, she knew how to fold a sheet of paper to make a crane (bird) with its inside blown out or a paper ball that one inflated by blowing into a small hole. Mother apparent-

ly didn't know these paper tricks, but Setsuko had learned these things from her mother and we were always anxious to learn from her. I later began to sense that the Yamada family was more Japanesey than our own, though how I sensed it I am not sure. Emiko always called her older sister, neesan (meaning, elder sister), but in our home we never used the practice of using neesan (elder sister) or niisan (elder brother), although this was the practice among families that taught their children proper Japanese. Mother did teach us Japanese proprieties, but she was not strict about these matters.

I was four years old when I first started to attend kindergarten, a mission kindergarten that was operated in the basement of the Japanese Methodist Church on Washington Street four blocks from our home. Both of my older sisters had attended this school, which was taught by a kind Caucasian woman, and at the time I first started, my cousin, Shugo, was already a leader of the boys there. The first day that father took me--it was ~~was~~ always father who took us children to school on the first day of our attendance--, I recall that I was given a corner seat on a long, semi-circular row of low tables, and was immediately handed a piece of paper and pencil. I felt extremely shy among all the strange children, but I proceeded to become absorbed in drawing a number of irregular circles on the paper until the whole sheet was a mass of lines. I was also hesitating about joining in with the other children in the games, but this period of shyness must have been short-lived for the next thing I recall is that I had attached myself to

Shugo and was trying to emulate him in everything he did. I remember only two persons in my kindergarten classes; one was Shugo and the other, "Tinkie" Yoshida. They were the two biggest boys in the class--they were big as children and they are both bigger than the average nisei today for both stand nearly six feet tall--, but I suppose I remember them best because their adventures seemed the most exciting. People who remember Shugo as a little boy describe him as being a somewhat bullying, mischievous youngster who was always getting into some scrape or another, but he and Tinkie somehow had the knack of drawing the younger boys around them and I loved nothing better than to be included in their group. A photograph of this class which is still preserved in the family album shows all the bigger fellows on the top stairs--both Shugo and Tinkie are shown there presenting a self-assured look--while I am shown with the smallest ones on the bottom stair, seated in the right hand corner, a small, innocent looking figure with an "angelic" look. All the pupils were nisei.

I cannot believe those who say that they suddenly became aware of their racial difference from the majority group ~~after~~ through some striking ~~experience~~ after reaching adolescence, for it seems to me that I was quite aware of the difference between a hakujin (Caucasian) and a nihonjin (Japanese) by the time I was in the kindergarten, although there had never been any special incident to bring the difference home to me. This consciousness must have grown on me gradually, through the difference in words that were applied to the groups, the difference in appearance, and even the difference in ^{their} ~~small~~ body

odor. To be sure, I had no fear of discrimination and prejudice from Caucasians as I later learned to have, but I felt somewhat shy in their presence. They were merely a class of people to whom I was unaccustomed. Once when I was about four or five, mother took us children downtown to one of the large department stores. She was interested in dresses and some cloth material, a boring business to me, but I became very much excited as we passed the toy department. I became so absorbed with the delightfulness of that department that I was quite unaware that the others had passed on to another section, and it was only when I turned my attention to finding my mother and sisters that I observed there were only hakujin people around me and ^{that} my mother's familiar appearance was nowhere in sight. I became panic stricken and burst into tears; I can recall the flurry of interest I created among the people about me and a kindly faced floorwalker bending down over me and staring inquiringly; and then there was mother hurrying up with a concerned look in her eyes and my sisters tagging at her skirt. When I entered kindergarten, I knew that my teacher was a hakujin, a person who wouldn't understand the Japanese language on which I was first brought up. On hot summer days, as she hurried around the classroom, I would catch a sweet, pungent body odor that I had never recognized among Japanese, and I assumed that that was a characteristic of the hakujin.

While I was in kindergarten, an incident occurred that made me sharply conscious of myself as a Japanese. During a recess

some of the children were playing outside, but when they tried to re-enter the schoolroom, a white girl, a tough, little Jewish or Italian child of the neighborhood, blocked the doorway and wouldn't let a small group of children in. I have always been easily irritated by people who take unfair advantage of others, especially in a bullying manner, and the sight of this girl who was a little bigger than those whom she was fending off aroused me to interfere. I said something to the effect that she ought to let the children in, but she made some quick, impudent retort that I didn't know how to counter. I could only say, "Well..... ..well!.....WELL!....." The little girl cat-called back at me, "Well, well, well. Can't you say anything more than that." I felt stupid, but I actually couldn't say more than that. As I later went over the incident to myself, my anger arose at the impudence of the girl and chagrin at my stupidity deepened, but the idea that most forcefully struck me was that I was at an disadvantage in an argument in English against a white child because I wasn't as accustomed as she to speaking English. In fact, my shortcoming in arguments of the sort was my inability to deal with a quick-witted opponent by striking back effectively--a situation that frequently appeared in my arguments and quarrels with Nobu whose tongue was always quicker and sharper than mine--
^Ibut at the moment/was inclined to ascribe my ignominious defeat to my racial background.

On the whole/^{some of}the main features of my personality were becoming evident while I was still but a child. As the above incident indicates, I already showed a lack of resourcefulness in dealing

with difficult situations that confronted me abruptly. I was quick to grasp the proper rules of a game, but people who played without regard for ~~the~~ rules always confounded me. What was also evident was a characteristic disinclination to react sharply and with outgoing emotion to external stimuli. Even as a child I tended to be reserved, and I was rather inclined to shyness for a boy. I loved to be active, but if I were forced to be alone, I could withdraw into a world of brilliant mental imagery. Mother recalls that the kindergarten teacher visited her one day and expressed concern about my behavior at school. She explained that I was extremely absent minded in class, that I would often pay no attention to what the teacher was saying, and sometimes not even show interest in what the other pupils were doing. Mother used to enjoin me to show more alertness and not permit my mind to wander so much, not to be so bon-yari (hazy minded, moonstruck, or foggy-brained). In later years this characteristic expressed itself in a tendency to become deeply absorbed and preoccupied in certain objects of interest and to become oblivious to the activity about me. The trait was an advantage as well as a disadvantage for I could concentrate on things that interested me, but I was also inclined to one-track mindedness and a lack of alertness and quickness in grasping new situations.

It is difficult to determine what set this pattern of behavior in me. I am inclined to believe that this was in part a matter of temperament, an inborn predisposition of my personality. There are those who possess unusually fast reflex reactions, but I imagine that tests would show that I am only

average or less than average in this respect. I imagine, too, that I might show up fairly well in tests of motor coordination but any superiority in such tests would arise not so much from quickness of coordination but rather from a well organized coordination. Organization has generally been easy for me, but my failing has been in an inability to respond quickly. Apart from physiological and innate conditions, however, the nature of my upbringing no doubt contributed toward my day-dreaming tendency. Neither of my parents were inclined towards quick decisions and quick action, although mother was frequently intuitive and sometimes jump to conclusions. Father was always slow and deliberate; before entering on any activity, he would prepare carefully and get all the necessary equipment at hand before starting. Mother was an indecisive person who lacked ^{important} confidence when making/decisions, and her excessive habit of worrying was actually of neurotic proportions. For instance, when any member of the family showed the slightest delay in returning home~~s~~, mother would very soon become quite agitated. I know that even as a child I responded to these signs of anxiety in mother, and I would feel tensions within me and vivid images of possible dangers would pass through my mind. I have often wondered whether women trained in Japan might not be more inclined to anxiety states than the women of modern America.

Moreover, mother was basically a timid person who was overly conscious of the hazards of life. As children, ^{we were} ~~she~~ constantly warned ~~us~~ against one activity or another because of the dangers involved, and this behavior was so evident in her that

father frequently had to admonish her against it. We heard later that father told mother, "If you bring up the children to fear everything, they'll turn out to be so timid and fearful that they won't be able to face any of the ^{dangers and} hardships of life." Fortunately, father was a direct contrast to mother in this respect, for he never displayed his emotions in critical situations, his actions were deliberate and self assured, and his bearing was a picture of stability. One phase in the development of my personality, I feel, has been a struggle within myself to overcome fear and timidity with the courage drawn from the image of my father.

There are perhaps other aspects of home training that entered into my habit of day-dreaming. Very early in my childhood my parents started to train me in emotional control. Because I was a boy, mother said, it was unseemly for me to be a chatter-box or be as talkative as my sisters. The idea was that I should be strong and silent (the samurai ideal, I presume). I learned to maintain a quiet reserve especially in company, and I would be rewarded when visitors would remark what a otonashii (quiet and proper) boy I was. Father, whom I idolized, was himself an extremely reserved and taciturn man, affectionate and kind to the children but with a certain barrier of sternness and seriousness that excluded me from a completely intimate relation with him. Silence became a tool for me as I grew older, for I learned that I could hide my ignorance behind its facade while giving a knowing look, and I would avoid all kinds of difficulties that others would become involved in by maintaining a studied silence. When in the grade school I learned the motto: "Eloquence is

silver, silence is golden," I felt that the motto stated a piece of wisdom that I had learned through experience. Yet, in the long run I have learned the fallacy of the saying, for I have found that ease of conversation and speech is a necessary equipment in social life, and, even more important, a studied silence can become a definite barrier to a widening of experience and of learning. But in my experience, I found that ^{through} silence and through hiding my emotions behind a mask, I achieved a certain advantage over others, for I could read their minds while they could not read mine. Coming back to the matter of emotional control, the training against verbal excess reflected itself in me as a child not so much as a stoical reserve as a quiet shyness.

But we children also received training in stoicism. It was unseemly, especially for a boy, to wince at pain or cry because of hunger or fatigue. Mother would say, "A Japanese soldier often has to go night and day without food or sleep. If you think of the hardships soldiers have to go through, how can you cry over a little thing like this." Crying was regarded as a sign of weakness, and once when I was about eight or nine, father became very angry at the sight of my crying. Mother said that the one thing father disliked was to hear his children crying, and thereafter I refrained as far as possible from such signs of weakness, at least in front of my father.

The bulk of this type of training, of course, came only after I had advanced sufficiently in age to understand my parents' reasoning, but I am sure that whatever methods of training were used earlier, the ideals of behavior which were emphasized were essentially the same. On the whole, my mother's child training

tactics seem to me to have been largely a matter of ordering and forbidding with a maximum emphasis on self discipline and adherence to parental rule. I have often felt that the characteristic reservedness of manner and speech which I habitually present to the world is a product of the kind of training which I received from early childhood combined with an innate temperamental disposition toward quietness and introspection. I assume that my inner impulses which were blocked from external expression found expression in day dreams and undisciplined cerebration.

Since I was too young to advance to the first grade with the other children in the kindergarten, having entered at the age of four, I was held over another year before beginning grammar school. We lived only two blocks from the Washington Grammar School, but instead of attending Washington, I started the first grade at the Main Street School where all the children attending were either Japanese or Chinese (probably 90% Japanese). The latter school was located near the heart of the Japanese business district about two blocks from my father's furniture store, and constituted something of an institution in the early Japanese community. There were two small school buildings that had been there for years, and one small portable building that was later constructed to meet the expanding size of the Japanese student body. The principal was an Irish Catholic woman named Miss Mahon, a not unattractive person in either appearance or personality but one who ruled over the school with an iron hand and a fearful short black belt. All the children

were very much afraid of her, and the stories that were told of her application of the black belt were legendary. Both of my older sisters, May and Nobu, had attended this school from their first year (the fact that they were attending Main St. School was the principal reason for sending me there also) and had told us younger children of Miss Mahon, so I came to the school with a definite fear of doing anything that might cause her to use the belt on my hide. Interestingly enough, this stern disciplinarian commanded the greatest respect among the Japanese parents, and in later years the community collected a large amount of money with which to send her on a trip to Japan as a sign of their gratitude. By 1923 or 1924, the size of the Japanese student body increased to such proportions that a beautiful new grammar school building was constructed to replace the Main Street School and the latter was torn down.

The first grade was taught by a quiet, gentle woman named Miss Smith. I recall very little of my experiences in that class, but two things stand out in my memory. One is a recollection of myself sitting at the desk working with little square cardboard pieces on which were printed the alphabets; sitting there spelling out words which our teacher would give us. My sisters had brought home boxes of these cardboard alphabets, and I had played with them so that I was anxious to try my skill in class. My pleasure was not only in spelling out words, but also in lining up ^{the} ~~each~~ cardboard pieces with the most scrupulous care so that the pieces would be neatly joined one after the other.

I can well imagine that my spelling suffered because of my concentrated attention on the pure mechanics of putting the small pieces of cardboard alphabets together. It must have been on occasions like these that my teachers gained the impression that I was inattentive, inclined to day-dreaming, and bound up with my own thoughts. The other event I remember well from my first grade experiences was the day I received my first report card. If I recall correctly, the card read as follows:

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Citizenship----- | A |
| Arithmetic----- | B |
| Spelling----- | B |

Whatever the courses were, I remember that there were only three grades listed of which only citizenship was an "A" and the other two were "B's". I recall that I was rather disappointed with this card for I had wanted to get all "A's" to show my father what a good student I was. Father seemed pleased enough at the card and gave me words of encouragement, but I felt that he too had wanted me to get all "A's". It was the previous experiences at home with the discussions about grades among my two older sisters that gave me a competitive impetus in grade-getting, for I particularly wanted to do better than they.

It was an advantage for Fumi, my younger sister, and I to have older sisters who experienced public school education before us. Mother told us that when May started school, she knew only one word of English and that was the word "butterfly." May was the one who suffered most from a language handicap, for she had to learn English by herself and didn't have the advantage of her elders who could help her out. In other ways,

May and Nobu eased the way for Fumi and myself for the teachers seemed to know us as we advanced from grade to grade, we absorbed some things of the lessons they were concerned with, and all the equipment for learning with which they were provided were handed down to us.

One of the heroes of the Main St. School was a boy in Nobu's class named Howard Kakudo. He later showed considerable talent in cartoon work and was subsequently employed by Walt Disney. Howard, Nobu told us, was a very tough fellow and not a very good student, but he had phenomenal strength and agility. She related that he one day climbed the wall of the school building, probably up a rain pipe, and reached the roof. I used to wonder at such dare-devil courage and often dreamt of accomplishing similar feats myself.

The second grade was in a portable building which had recently been added to accommodate the increasing Japanese student body, and the teacher was new to the school, a person named Miss Stithh who seemed a very pleasant and friendly teacher but for whom I was never able to develop the awe and respect I had for Miss Smith. We were placed in the same classroom with the 2-A students, on one side of the room, and I somewhat envied these advanced students particularly because several of the fellows were my classmates in the same grade at the Japanese language school which I had started in the meantime. I am sure that I was always competitive as a student in a quiet way and strove for praise from my teachers. I must have succeeded in some measure in gaining the good graces of the teacher while in the second grade, for on one occasion when one of the fellows in ~~the~~ 2-A persisted in smearing his painting during the paint-

ing period because he apparently didn't like his own work, Miss Stitch told me to take this young fellow to Miss Mahon. I was happy to think that I had been selected for a responsible job, especially of conducting a 2-A student to the principal, but I felt it a little harsh to send a boy to the principal just because he smeared his paintings. Miss Stitch, I thought, didn't seem to understand the boy, and I didn't relish the task of having to take a friend of mine to be punished. After I had taken him to the principal's office, the door was closed to me and I never found out what took place in that office. I had pictures of the black belt coming off its hook, and the mystery of that office became even more awe inspiring.

But there was one occasion when I was myself called into the principal's office with two other boys. It seems that we had been told not to go outside the wooden fence that marked the school ground, but three of us found a loose board and crawled out into the alley. I had no sense of doing something wrong, but the next thing I knew, I was being hauled into Miss Mahon's office. I feared that at any moment the black belt would be taken off the wall. I felt extremely guilty and sheepish and frightened--though I might just as well have been resentful at the injustice of being punished for something that I didn't know about. I somehow felt that I had ruined the excellent behavior record established by my older sisters and that I could hardly look my parents in the eye. Of course, it was actually the merest delinquency, but the stern, terrible scolding that was given us made me feel that I had committed a major crime.

As a youngster, I wasn't the calm, philosophical person that

I am today. My mother used to say of me that I was "maké-girai" (hate to lose; competitive) and I must have shown it in various ways at home and at school. One day Miss Stitch had us play a game, a contest, in which we were given a peanut and a length of string. We were to tie one end of the string to the peanut, and placing the other end in our mouth, we were to get the peanut to our mouth without the use of our hands by manipulating our lips. The first person in the class to accomplish the feat was, of course, the champion. While we were getting ready for the contest, however, some of us became interested in swinging the peanut around in circles, and mine somehow became engaged with that of another pupil in such a way that it wouldn't be unravelled. As hard as I worked to get the knots untied, they wouldn't come out, so the teacher disqualified us from the game and the others went ahead with their contest while the two of us stood on the sidelines. I was infuriated at the stupidity of the other fellow, at my own stupidity, and my inability to participate in the contest for which there was a prize and at which I thought I should make a good showing. I vividly recall bursting into tears, and though I somehow felt ashamed of crying about such a thing, I couldn't restrain the tears of frustration. I felt resentful of the teacher because she wouldn't give us time to tie another string to a peanut and participate in the game. I suppose her intention was to teach us not to fool around if we wanted to join in games with others, but I'm sure that wasn't the moral I received--I only felt that Miss Stitch had been unkind in not giving us a chance to join with the other children in the contest.

I imagine that more was made of patriotism, the flag ceremony, and other rituals of loyalty, at the Main Street School than at most other grammar school. If it was not simply because the school was composed almost entirely of children of immigrants, it was certainly because of Miss Mahon. She was, I imagine, a woman of deep convictions, a militant temperament, and I suspect her chief aim in life was to make the nisei good Americans. In this school, the singing of the national anthem, the flag salute, the loyalty oath, and the ceremonies of patriotic holidays, were events that occurred frequently and were carried out with a great amount of gusto and precision. When I think of some of the JACL leaders who developed in Seattle, fellows like James Sakamoto, Takeo Nogaki, and others, I can't help feeling that the affirmations of loyalty made in this school must have left its impression on these fellows.

At the same time that I started grammar school, I also began taking Japanese lessons at the Seattle Kokugo-gakko (National Language School). My sisters were attending, and I thought nothing of attending two schools in a day; I took it as a matter of course. The school was located two blocks from our home between King and Weller streets on 16th Avenue. At the time I entered, there must have been three or four hundred nisei attending, and the building, a wooden structure built on a wide, open field, had ten or twelve classrooms for all the grades up to the ninth. During the nine years that I attended, the student population gradually expanded, and the school building had to be expanded accordingly, until in time it was large enough to accommodate about one thousand students with some crowding. On the whole, I learned

very little Japanese despite the length of time I spent there, but I became acquainted with a large number of nisei whom I never would have gotten to know otherwise, and I still know many of those who were in the school at the time I attended.

The first grade was taught by Takabatake-sensei (Teacher Takabatake), which was the manner in which we addressed her as well as all the teachers we had. She was the wife of the kōchō-sensei (Principal), a quiet gentlewoman, and I always felt that she was a much more kindly and likeable person than her husband, Mr. Takabatake. Except for the subjects taught, I saw relatively little difference between Main St. School and the Japanese Language School, for they were both equipped in much the same way and there were the familiar Japanese faces all around me many of whom were also my classmates at the other school. After the public school was dismissed about three in the afternoon, I would drop in at my father's store on the way home, drop in at home for a bite of food (I was a gourmand), play around the Japanese school yard until four when our classes were called. This school too was extremely precious, and all the students would have to line up at the main entrance when the school bell rang (they didn't have an electric bell as at the public school) to march into our respective classes. The lighting in the corridor inside was poor, but it was always kept extremely clean and there was always a heavy smell of floor oil about the halls and classrooms.

The Language School was the same as the public school; and yet it was different. There was more seriousness and discipline in one sense, yet the students showed less interest in study and

more easily got out of hand than at the public school. One of the first lessons of discipline which we learned was that when we were not writing or reading, we were to sit with our hands folded behind our backs. I believe this was their idea of keeping attention and also of a rest period. Sloppy posture in either standing or sitting or carelessness in reciting or answering the teacher were immediate objects of reprimand. Conscientious child that I was, I always tried to follow these rules to the letter of the regulations. I think I must have been an exemplary pupil from the standpoint of behavior and docility to authority.

This type of discipline broke down easily, however, and there were always a few incorrigibly mischievous children in the classes. One boy named Satoshi Masuda whom we always called "Monks" was always bubbling over with comic behavior and funny remarks. He was the worst behavior problem in the class, but I think he was also the favorite of all the pupils, and even of some of the teachers. He was small and dark, and indeed looked and acted somewhat like a monkey. He would mimic anybody, accomplishing it with antics that seemed to us indescribably funny, and the class was always bursting into laughter about something he had done. If the teacher reprimanded him, he would give a look of pained surprise but he would be at it again the next minute. There were also the bigger fellows who would tease the girls, talk to each other during the class period, and pay no attention to the lessons the teacher was trying to get across. I suppose the main difficulty was that the pupils, at least the fellows, were not interested in studying Japanese, and couldn't restrain the overflow of energy after being in class most of the day, but there

was very little learning going on among the boys, and after the first or second grades, most of the fellows learned little or no Japanese at this school.

One dark day, Takabatake-sensei became very angry when the fellows got especially out of hand, and after stopping the recitation that had been going on, proceeded to thoroughly reprimand the pupils. I've forgotten now what the occasion was for her anger, but I recall that she spoke with almost a despair in her voice. It was a dark, gray day outside, the atmosphere was gloomy, the pupils held a guilty silence, and for some inexplicable reason I burst out in tears. Takabatke sensei was talking to the class in general, there was nothing in her outburst directed personally at me, and yet for some reason I felt that I carried the guilt of the whole class on my shoulders. I felt very much ashamed of this display afterwards; the other pupils must have wondered what kind of "sissy" I was to cry when the teacher was scolding the whole class; but I was somehow impressed by the tone of helpless anger in her voice. I don't believe I was given to crying more than most other youngsters of my age, though perhaps I was, but I am sure I must have been sensitive and easily frightened.

Looking back upon my language school training, I feel that the requirements were not strict enough and the instruction not systematic enough for the pupils to learn as much as they might have. I am sure that had I been pressed, I could have learned to read and write Japanese with some facility during the eight or more years that I attended, but as things were, I like the rest

of the pupils tended to forget the characters almost as rapidly as we learned them. Moreover, the course had very little relation to everyday life; the one hour or hour and a half that we daily spent at the school was merely an unpleasant interlude that we had to get by somehow every day. We started out with Book 1 of the Toku-hon (Reading Book) which was composed of pictures and the names of the items shown. There were also the forty-eight kana characters of the simple Japanese alphabet that we had to learn; we were to learn the hira-gana characters in the second grade. The writing period in the beginning class was largely taken up with drawing lines and circles--a somewhat insane business since it was totally unrelated to anything that I was interested in--, but we later progressed to writing the characters themselves. There were but a few things in the classroom that most of the students enjoyed, and one of them was the story telling period when the teacher would tell a Japanese folk story or about some Japanese hero. And among the distasteful requirements of the school was that groups of students in turn had to remain at school one ~~night~~ afternoon every week after the class was out to do the o-tooban (monitoring), that is, the janitor work of cleaning up our classroom with broom and dustcloth. The boys and the girls worked in separate groups, and the boys always tried to find ways of rushing through their work as quickly as possible. Some of the fellows were particularly careless about the clean-up and would spend half the time throwing erasers and chalk around, but I am sure I was one of the conscientious ones.

My sister, Nobu, was constitutionally a weak child and when she was in the second grade, she became seriously ill with some stomach ailment that kept her in bed for over half a year and invalidated her for a year. I presume that this long period of illness in her early years must have affected her personality for she later proved to be the most unstable of the children, the one with whom I quarrelled most violently, and could easily be indisposed when things did not go as she wanted to. But her illness was also the source of a family decision that was to give us children some of the happiest childhood experiences. Our family doctor was Dr. Yoshimura, a pleasant, professional looking, mustached issei whom we all liked very much, and who came to be one of our family friends. He called in Caucasian specialists for consultation on Nobu's case, and the advice was that she would benefit by more outdoor life. It was this which led to my parent's decision to spend the summer months at a beach, and father selected a place at Fauntelroy on the Puget Sound near the city limits. Our summer house was nothing more than a tent house equipped for family life, but to me it had all the glamor of a fine summer home. Mr. Takeuchi, the publisher of the Great Northern News (Takhoku Newspaper), had a bessō (resort) about two hundred yards from our place on Braves Point, a regular house with a fine veranda, but I never thought in those days about the difference between their place and ours. Between Mr. Takeuchi's place and ours, there was another house, a smaller one than the former, which was owned by a Caucasian who kept a number of beautiful setter dogs, but for a few summers Dr. Yoshimura rented this place. Our three

families became fast friends, and we later made it a practice to go together on camping trips.

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Footnote. There were probably only two or three families among the Seattle Japanese who had a besso. (summer resort). The best known was Mr. Furuya's besso on Bainbridge Island, a large place with a greenhouse and farming land on the beach at Crystal Spring. Furuya was a Seattle banker and the richest local Japanese. Mr. Takeuchi's resort was referred to as Seiran no bessō (the resort of Seiran), the name being a reference to his penname. For a long time, I always thought my father was calling him "sailor" and didn't realize that Mr. Takeuchi had a penname. It should be added that it is a practice, almost an affectation, among Japanese writers to use a penname. We never spoke of our place as a besso, for one thing because father didn't believe in elaborateness beyond functional necessity, but also because the tenthouse could hardly be called a resort.

Today, the beach near Fauntelroy where our beachhouses were has been completely transformed into a municipal beach and park, still retaining something of its old wilderness, but now peopled with hundreds of beach-seekers on hot summer days whose coming has also brought with it a certain amount of commercialization. Where Mr. Takeuchi's summer house was, there is now a bathing pool and his house has been removed. When we first went to the ^{sometime about 1917 or 1918,} Fauntelroy Beach, however, our place was a half a mile from the street car line right below a densely wooded hill. There were houses strung along the beach about a hundred yards apart, but it was otherwise a quiet lonely place. To get from the street car stop to our house, it was necessary to walk through the densely wooded forest to the top of the cliff overlooking our place, walking along a narrow footpath that ^{was} ~~were~~ blocked by dozens of fallen logs some of which I could hardly clamber over because they were too large. From the top of the hill, there was a steep path that one slid down watching to avoid the nettles

that
grew in patches on all sides among the other vegetation, and at the bottom of the steep hill, the path emerged almost immediately behind our tenthouse. Mother and we children had trouble hiking over these roads, so father, Mr. Takeuchi, and the inu-no-jiisan (old man with the dogs) worked during the first summer to clear the fallen logs, widen and grade the path down the hill and even make an auto road several hundred yards into the woods from the car stop and the streets. I think father did a good share of this work which was a matter of pride to me for I always thought of the roads as "father's road." Father was a tireless worker once he set upon a task. The same paths were improved by the park department when the whole area was converted into a municipal wildlife park years later. As a child of ^{five or six} ~~four or five~~, I was always a little timid about walking through the woods over this long path, and when I was alone, I would hurry along for fear that some wild beast would suddenly emerge from the thick, green silence around me.

Right behind our tenthouse, there was a huge fir tree, perhaps five feet in diameter, towering over the spot where our house was located. During the summer thunderstorms, mother was always worried that one of the lightning bolts would strike this tree and our house, and this thought used to frighten me. As the little man in the house when father wasn't home, I used to play brave, but I mentally harbored the picture of lightning streaking down the great tree and striking our fragile roof. During such thunderstorms mother would make a paper doll out of sheafs of paper and hang it from a bush in front of the house. She explained that they did this in Japan, and that it prevented lightning from striking at that spot.

I think I always considered this a dubious bit of magic, yet when the thunderstorms occurred and an ominous gloom hung over the sea and the woods about us, I used to half believe that her story must be true. Once when lightning did strike one of the trees some distance from our house, we rejoiced that the paper doll had given us protection. But I doubt that mother herself seriously believed this story, for she never brought up the matter in later years, but we all joined in on the game.

We had a Japanese style bathhouse that father built a short distance behind our house, and he had to carry buckets of sea water to refill it every night. Our drinking water came from a ~~well~~ spring about a couple of hundred feet down the beach from our house, and I often struggled over the rough path with a bucket almost too large for me to carry. A family of muskrat, or more likely mountain rats, had its nest near this creek and muddied the water, so father used to set a ~~terrifying~~ small trap with terrifying teeth. I used to feel squeamish about seeing an animal in a trap, but at the same time the idea of a hunt excited me and we children would shout that father had caught a "beaver" everytime one of the rats was caught.

On the whole, it was more like camping out than spending the summer at a summerhouse. There was wooden flooring and wooden walls reaching four feet above the floor, but over us there was only a huge canvas tent. Mother did all her cooking on a portable kerosene stove, though it was a large substantial one; and our beds were canvas army tents with mattresses over them. Lying in bed on quiet mornings, I would listen to the acorns falling from a large alder tree that leaned over our tenthouse, and when one fell,

I would count the minutes until the next one fell with a dull thud on the canvas. Sometimes a squirrel~~x~~ would scramble up the canvas, but it was always difficult to determine whether it was a squirrel~~x~~ or only an acorn rolling down the canvas, and we children would argue as to which it was. We seldom proved our point, however, for by the time we would dash out of bed to look up at the roof, there was generally neither acorn ~~for~~ squirrel insight. We had a porch with drift log railings that looked directly out on the sea; it was always pleasant having supper there after father returned from the shop, when the sun would be bending low over the Olympic Mountains across the sound from us, the warm evening and heavily wooded the/hill ~~and~~ behind us seemed to close our little house off from the rest of the world, and we would ravage the food while sitting in informal intimacy. One thing that bothered me, and I imagine the rest of the family as well, was to have Caucasian strangers suddenly come out on our porch, as they followed the path down the hill, just at a time we were eating. Supper was invariably a Japanese dinner, for father would have his yoo-shyoku at the restaurant at lunchtime and preferred Japanese dishes in the evening, but I always felt like hiding my chopsticks when strangers would burst in upon us and stare at our little party. I suppose they felt as embarrassed as we. I always felt possessive about our house, though I suppose it was actually on public property, and I would feel that these strangers had no right using our path, the "road that father built."

Getting the groceries was something of a problem in that out of the way place, but father bought a rowboat with which to go back and forth to Lincoln Beach, a half mile distance by way of

the beach but less than that by boat since the beach curved inwards. Lincoln Beach had a flock of beachhouses, a park, and several stores, so that it was like going to town to visit there. Our rowboat was large, for all six of us ^{could} ride it at one time, but even at five years of age I had learned^d to take it out by myself. That was something to talk about in our family and all our friends would hear of it with "surprised admiration"--the little man of the house was, of course, ^a ~~the~~ silent hero who never tired of displaying his skill when others were around. In the morning when the water was calm, I would set out, usually with Nobu, sometimes with mother and all the kids, and row over to Lincoln Beach. It wasn'tt easy work although it was a matter of pride to me to cover the distance, and I think mother must have thoughtfully kept these trips at a minimum. I never felt quite at home at Lincoln Beach; the people were strangers from whom I kept my distance. I must have appeared a quiet, reserved figure.

It was ~~when~~ I was at the beach that I made my first Caucasian friends. They were three brothers of a family that had a beachhouse about a hundred yards down the beach from us. The oldest one must have been five years older than I, and the others somewhat closer to my age but definitely bigger than myself. I imagine it must have been when they came to warm themselves at our beachfire that we got acquainted, or it might have been because they borrowed our rowboat or the canoe. They were very friendly and took me in with them when they made a raft or played games on the beach, but because they were older and bigger than I, I didn't get in on all their games. One thing I shall never forget, however, is a birthday present which they made for me, a "beautiful" battleship cut

out of driftwood which they brought to me freshly painted in battleship gray. I can remember the oldest boy coming down the beach with something on a sheet of newspaper, trailed by his brothers, my surprise when my sister told me that the boys had a birthday present for me, and my inner excitement and unspoken gratitude at receiving such a magnificent gift. Even as my friend modestly offered me the gift, I stared at the gleam of the paint in the sun, the funnel and guns made out of wooden pegs, and the line of the ship that had been carefully cut out. I could hardly wait for the paint to dry so that I might test out the model ship. A few days later, mother had something for me to give the boys. Because of the battleship, I felt eternally grateful to my friends down the beach and thought of them, especially the oldest one, as unusual craftsmen able to make anything out of wood. After the second summer, this family did not return to the beach, and the beach somehow did not seem the same that year. It was the first time I felt disappointed at losing a friend; I often wondered where they had gone.

I spent almost all my time playing the in the water or on the beach. From the moment I arose until I went to bed, I was in a bathing suit, and mother says that I was the blackest child she'd ever seen. In the late morning or mid-afternoon, mother used to call us children together around a beach-fire, and she would instruct us to bury sweet potatoes or corn in the sand underneath the fire, which we ate with avidity when they were well baked. I can't imagine how I found enough to do on the beach from morning until night, but there was scarcely a moment of inactivity. In the evenings after father came back, we would gather around an evening beach fire when we would tell each other stories as we watched

other fires being lighted all the way down to Alki Point. The Alki Point lighthouse itself was an object of fascination to us, for we learned to count with considerable precision the intervals at which the light would go on. It was most fun ~~when~~ on Sundays when father's store helpers would visit us for the whole day, and in the evenings these young men would build a frighteningly huge fire. There are endless experiences and impressions to recite from our life at the beach, and most of them are pleasant ones. We must have returned there every summer for four or five years, and the period stands out as a distinct phase of my childhood experience.

SKETCHES: MEMORIES OF BEACH LIFE

The week after the closing of school was always a busy one, for our household was upset with the preparations for the summer at the beach. Mother would be preoccupied with purchases, and with closing up the house for the summer. Father would go about gathering his equipment together. My big sister, May, would boss us younger ones around. Then on a Sunday morning, father would pack all the things on the car, we would pile in amid the mountain of household goods, give a last look at the old house, and be off to the beach. There was always a question of whether the car, piled high with equipment, would make the long grade up West Seattle Hill. At Fauntelroy, father's store help, who were almost like members of the family, would be there to unload the car and bring the baggage down the narrow woodland path to the tenthouse at the beach.

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Crows were always much in evidence in the early morning at the beach. They nested in the high trees above our little tenthouse, and as the warm morning sun broke out from behind the hill behind us and streaks of light touched the treetops, the crows could be heard flapping their wings as they flew aloft sounding their eerie cry. Mother had a special aversion to the cry of the crow. She said that in Japan it was said that if a person awoke with the "cawing" of a crow in his ears, it meant that some close relative or friend had died.

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Sounds in the stillness of the early morning as I lay in bed always impressed me more than at any other time of the day.

Often in a vague state of half sleep, I would become aware of the "putt-putt" of a motor dory making its way near the shore. The sound would grow loud as the boat neared our beach, and then would gradually grow more and more distant until the fraction of a moment came when I could not distinguish between the sound and the memory of the sound. Nothing makes me more nostalgic for that old beach home than the sound of a motor dory on a quiet sea.

Holidays were often the gayest and most exciting times at the beach. Japanese friends would visit our beach, and sometimes one of the clubs in the Japanese town would hold a picnic at Mr. Takeuchi's besso. Some of the older nisei boys would come to borrow our rowboat or canoe, and years later mother would frequently recognize some of these fellows by saying, "Ah, so that's Tsukuno-san's boy. How big he's grown. Why, he used to come often to borrow our boat."

Once on a Sunday morning, when I was about five, I took my three sisters for a ride in the rowboat. May and Nobu were on the rear seat, and my younger sister, Fumi, was at the prow. The sea was as smooth as glass. One of the regular Seattle-Tacoma cruising ships came around Alki Point and sped down the sound southward, a good mile away from us. Ten minutes later its waves were upon us like rolling mountains, and I churned the oars to turn the bow of the little craft into the wave. The girls sat with tense faces, gripping their seats, as we were swept up and down from the brink to the crest of each wave. The huge rolling waves passed us, and just as we relaxed, we were caught in the three short waves from the backwash of the ship. My sisters screamed in horror as the choppy waves shook the boat. I was tense but too busy to be frightened. I remember a white gowned figure appearing on the veranda of one of the beach houses, a woman who had run out to see what had happened. My father came running from our house in a bathing suit looking in our direction. It was all over with in a few seconds, and then I pulled the boat to our beach. May was scolding me for not beaching the boat before the waves came; I was protesting that I'd known what I was doing right along.

After about four or five years of visiting the beach every summer, there came a year when we didn't go back. I was too small to understand who or what settled these family decisions. I missed the beach, but there were other trips elsewhere to replace the beach life, and the loss of the latter was soon forgotten. At that age life changed rapidly anyway, and there were always new interests to replace old ones.

Our home at 16th and Jackson Street was the main base of operations for me and from there and from there I roamed the neighborhood to mix with gangs of boys of my own age or older. Since I had no brothers, I missed male companionship at home and sought it elsewhere. I had outgrown the period of playing indiscriminately with girls like the Yamada sisters; at five or six years ~~old~~ of age, I felt the pressure of boy society attitudes toward "sissies" who played with girls. Moreover, mother had it in her head that I was too much surrounded by female influences at home, and she felt that for the good of my manhood, it was not a bad thing for me to mingle with boys of my age. I spent much of my time at the Hashiguchis, my second cousins who came of a family of seven boys, and while mother was frequently apologetic about my making myself practically a part of my aunt's family, I think she was rather pleased that I had fellows to play with rather than girls.

The Hashiguchi's lived on Washington Street, an unpaved street lined on either side from 6th Avenue to the 12th with Japanese homes intermingled among a few working class whites, Negroes, and a number of houses of prostitution. Most of the old Japanese families in Seattle, it seems, had at one time or another had their home on Washington St. or on Main and Yesler Streets on either side of it. But Washington, because it had little traffic to disturb children on the streets, was the main axis of concentration, and this dusty avenue was the elementary training ground for many a nisei athlete who went on to gain fame in higher schools and clubs. There was a gang for every second street corner on Washington. The Ninth Ave. crowd had one of the oldest and most exciting groups, but I played with the Hashiguchi boys and the fellows around 11th Avenue.

The two oldest sons in the Hashiguchi family were born and raised in Japan, and they were "ojisans" (adult men) by the time they came to this country and I first met them. It was the third son, Hiroshi, ~~who was~~ the first of those born here, who was the leader of our gang. He died ^{of tuberculosis} at the age of twenty-one or two after several years of illness, but when I first knew him, he was a keen-minded and physically strong and agile fellow six years my senior. The Hashiguchi boys were a quick-tempered lot, except for Hiroshi, who were inclined to settle their issues in physical combat, but Hiroshi was the one person who could control the brothers with a few words of command. I think ~~of~~ all of us respected him and looked to him for leadership--to me he seemed a kind of shining hero. There ^{and soundness} was a certain solidity/to his character and judgement, he always seemed to know the most interesting games to play, and it seemed to me that he could do anything and do each of them well. I am sure that his illness and death was an irreparable loss to the family. He had a straight "A" record in high school until he had to drop out before his senior year. The fourth son, Shiro (meaning fourth boy), was a quiet, unaggressive person, whose personality seemed completely overshadowed by the brilliance of his older brother. He would do everything that Hiroshi did, but always with less finality and in a lesser degree. The one thing about him that impressed me as a child was his left-handedness; it was fascinating to watch him bat, throw, or kick a football from the left side. Then there was Shugo who was a year and three months older than I, who grew to be the biggest boy in the family. Neighbors knew him as a mischievous boy who sometimes bullied and harrassed girls, as well as the cohort

of
/smaller boys who trailed him and over whom he maintained leadership. Shugo (meaning fifth son) excelled in competitive games and sports principally because of his violently competitive spirit and a good hand-eyes coordination. He hated to lose and his quick temper could be aroused by the slightest irritation. My aunt, Mrs. Hashiguchi, used to tell mother that she couldn't understand why I would follow him around like a faithful dog when Shugo was always bullying and mistreating me. But it is true that I tried to follow Shugo in everything he did, and generally looked to him for ideas of things to do. Half a year younger than myself was Mutsuo (meaning sixth son) who was overshadowed by his more capable and brilliant older brother, Shugo. Despite the fact that Mutsuo was much closer to my age than Shugo, I must have practically ignored him as a child for almost everything I did tended to be with Shugo.

the Hashiguchis

I was almost as much at home at ~~home~~ as I was at my own home. It was an old single ~~frame~~ storey frame building with only two bedrooms for a family of eight. Shugo and Mutsuo slept on a wall-bed in the parlor, Hiroshi and Shiro had two single beds in a small room off the parlor, Mr. and Mrs. Hashiguchi slept in the largest bedroom as did the two youngest boys, Nasuo (seventh son) and Hachiro (meaning eighth son). Their kitchen had little sunlight and it was darkly painted so that I could never quite think of it as a kitchen, but ^{somewhere in that half lighted kitchen} my aunt was always baking a peculiarly tasty kind of cookies for the boys and I was always hopeful of getting a share. The furniture was old and well worn, the rooms were generally cluttered with sporting ~~xxxxx~~ equipment and the overflow of household goods that could not be crowded into the narrow closets, and the rooms lacked the air of comfort and neatness that one expects in