

**Interviewee: Kinzie Tanaka
(with Terry Tanaka, wife)
Interviewer(s): Dan Toguri and Tak
Yano
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SEDAI 
PROJECT

THE JAPANESE CANADIAN LEGACY PROJECT

[Start part 1]

Kinzie Tanaka: Pickup truck was directly behind it, and he had rammed the, the truck. Wow. [sighs]

We came through that, we could see all this, you know, and I knew we were going to hit it, because we weren't going fast. We were not that bad. By the time we got to the pickup truck, we were only going maybe 20, 25 miles an hour. But we hit it, and I could see the front of the hood come up like this on the car. Brand new car, just bought it. And I went, "Oh my god." And I was thinking about the car, and my brother [George Tanaka] wears glasses, so it went – the, the [punches palm] – the [punches palm] stoppage caused his glasses to fall off, you see. So, he was bending down and picking up his glasses, and then he said, "Get out of the car." And I thought, "Oh my god, yeah, so there's a lot of trucks and cars coming." So, I – he – he was putting on his glasses. I undid my seatbelt, and swung open the door, and opened the door for – to – Terry was – and she – what she [Terry Tanaka, wife of Kinzie] had done, just prior to that, she had taken her seatbelt off, because she wanted to get some writing material, books, at her feet. And 25 miles an hour seems like nothing. But, my god, when you hit something [claps hands] like that, no seatbelt on – you're smashing yourself against something that's stationary, at 25 miles an hour, is a lot of speed to be hit in your face.

Consequently, it smashed her face, broke three ribs, collarbone, three pelvis, pelvic cracks. I've forgotten everything. Just – but I didn't know that at the time. I just got out, and swung the door open, and she was all slumped in between the seat and the back, and the – or I was – so I lifted her out, and pulled her out, and laid her out onto the, the gravel at the edge of the road.

And I looked up, from the way we came, and through the haze of the snow, I could see something coming. It was a truck, a tractor-trailer truck. And I only got Terry out of the truck, and then all of a sudden – bang! Just swept everything in front of my eyes. They – our car went along and it smashed against the pickup truck, careened over the snow plow. I don't know how, however that ever happened, enough force that it created, and it went over and it pushed the snow plow, of course, several yards ahead. Well, I was frozen at the moment, you know, in my emotions and I knew, intellectually, that my brother and his wife [Cana Tanaka] are going to be dead. But you don't want to believe that, you see, nobody wants to believe those kinds of things in a situation like that.

So, there was another truck that came, and it was a flatbed truck, but it – it slowed right down and it slowed right in front of us. And that's only a distance between maybe six feet from where the truck was and where I was and where Terry was left, and I wanted a still place for Terry to be. So, I pulled her up, and got her up about another ten feet up the side of the hill there, and I thought, "Well, I think maybe that's alright." And so I said to Terry, "I'm going to look for George and Cana." And – and then I could see through the haze of snow there was a – The truck was not on the road, it was, it was in, in the burn, but the burn was like a ditch, and then it went up into a hill. So, it was kind of an odd shape. It was not a flat burn, it was like down, and up. And this truck was – the cab was in like that, and the – most of the truck was on the road, but the cab and so on was smashed in there like that.

Terry Tanaka: He can't listen to you.

KT: And I –

TT: He can't – The tiger can't listen to you.

KT: I went, I went to the side there, and –

Tak Yano: Okay.

TT: [laughter]

TY: So, I need to move him.

KT: And, and looked into the wreckage, and I could see a bare limb.

TT: There's a bear behind you.

KT: And it turned out to be my brother's wife. And I knew they were – of course I knew they were both gone, and – So that was a real traumatic experience for – and Terry was all smashed up. She didn't know anything. And – but the people down in Pennsylvania – The ambulance driver came, bout, took about a half an hour, [picked an ?] elderly fellow, and I went with him and went to the hospital. Hospital happened to be a brand new hospital that they just built. It just opened up not many months ahead of that, you see. And they were wonderful. They looked after Terry, and – on examination, apparently, they didn't want to do anything with Terry. In other words, there was nothing that they could do down there that would help her, without going through a whole lot of operations.

TY: Right.

KT: And they didn't want to do that. They'd rather get Terry sent back to Toronto.

And so she was down in the hospital for ten days. And then they took – They brought a –

TT: Airplane.

KT: A small plane. I think it was – I think it was a, I think it was a monoplane, but it was one of, one of the small planes, and it's only enough room for a nurse, the pilot, myself, and Terry on a stretcher. That's all the room there was in that thing. And it landed at Toronto International and there was a –

TT: They landed it there.

KT: A ambulance waiting for us, and took us down to St. Michael's Hospital. And she was transferred, the next two or three days, to Riverdale Hospital. And they looked after her, and she got all these broken bones more or less set as best they could – but she was a real, real wreck, I'll tell you. But, sure, my brother and Cana, his wife, were, were killed – bang! – instantly. So – It's been a pretty sad thing, as far as our family

was concerned. We were small to begin with. My brother and I were the only children of our, our family and our mother – And my father died in Vancouver when he was only 51 years of age. I was nine at that time, my brother was twelve. So, Mother more or less brought us up. So, it was a – it was a rough time.

TY: So, are you comfortable there?

KT: Yeah.

TY: Do you want to put a shirt on? A dress shirt?

KT: Sure. [gets up and leaves]

TY: Okay. Have a seat in that seat. And –

TT: What was your name again?

Dan Toguri: My name is Dan.

TT: What?

TY/DT: Dan.

TT: What?

TY: Dan. Dan.

TT: Oh, Jan.

TY: Dan!

TT: I know, we had that teacher named –

DT: Like Daniel.

TT: Named Death.

TY: You had a teacher named Death?

TT: Yeah, last name.

TY: Mister Death! Mister Death! I have a question, Mister Death!

TT: [laughter]

TY: When was that?

TT: You can tell I've worked with children. Kept a few – Look, it'd be nice if we had you two – Death. That – that must be the last name?

DT: No. Actually, it's not Death. Actually, it's Daniel.

TY: [laughter]

TT: Oh, really? Yeah.

DT: And that's my first name, though. Daniel.

TT: Danny?

DT: Yeah.

TT: Oftentimes I find how the parents find these names –

TY: Okay. Alright, I'm going to move this mike a little closer for him.

TT: Where did Kinzie go?

TY: Put a shirt on!

TT: Huh?

TY: To put a shirt on.

TT: He went to put a shirt on. [laughter]

[adjusting film equipment]

TY: And we'll zoom in so that the mike's not sticking in his face. This is how much fun I have doing this. That's good enough because I'll zoom in and squeeze out the mike. Do you want to just say a few words? Today's date, where we are, the sort of basic information that we're trying to tape.

DT: It might actually cut off the top of his head a bit. But um –

TY: Well, we can adjust – just hang on a sec here. [sound cuts out. DT is talking but there is no sound]

DT: – Mississauga. The date is the 9th of June, 2006, and Tak and myself are going to document, in a video interview with Kinzie, some of his experiences during the war years as part of the Sedai Project for the JCC [Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre].

KT: Do you do all this for a living?

TY: No. I did this at college. I learned enough of it at college to do it. Actually, you looked pretty comfortable in your chair. Yeah.

KT: Okay. [Kinzie sits back down]

TY: We'll get – Maybe in your chair. But I do this and various things for the [Japanese Canadian] Cultural Centre. You'll be talking to Dan, so if maybe you could face over here.

KT: Okay.

DT: I think the main things – A long time ago, actually, we had a sort of a pre-interview on the phone, and the – The, the main things that maybe we could highlight in a not a very structured way are, sort of firstly, your family – your family coming to, to Canada. I know you said your father came in 1896, and your mother in 1905.

KT: That's right. 1896.

DT: And then your brother was born in 1912.

KT: Right.

DT: And then sort of go into a bit about the early years, what it was like, and I think your family was on Gerrard Street? Your dad had a business there?

KT: Yes, he was on Burrard. He had a tailoring establishment on Burrard Street.

DT: Okay.

TY: You're talking about Vancouver?

DT: Yeah.

TY: Okay.

DT: And then after that, maybe we'll go into some of the war years. And – Actually, you and George went to Yokohama? During the, during the – when you were very young? Is that right?

KT: No, uh – my mother – oh yeah, right. I wasn't born at that time. My mother was carrying me.

DT: Okay.

KT: See, she – she was pregnant at that time. My father thought it best for her to go back to Japan because of the fact that there were some talk of submarines, German submarines, on the Pacific at that time.

DT: Okay.

KT: And so he thought it would be wise for Mother to go back to Japan with, with my brother George and – They have relatives in Yokohama.

DT: Right.

KT: So, they stayed there, and during that year [1915], that's when I was born, in April. So, Mother stayed for about another year, until that – she thought that I would be able to travel, you know, as a baby there, and so Father told her by letter that it looked like the coast was alright, there's no danger there. So, she returned to Vancouver.

DT: Right, so –

KT: And of course the upshot of this whole thing, even though I was conceived in Canada, I was born in Japan. So, I became really a national. While my brother was a Canadian, I was 26 at that time, 1941, I was the one the RCMP [Royal Canadian Mounted Police] said, “Well, you – Catch the train, the CN [Canadian National] train, at seven o’clock in the evening on March the 12th, 1942.”

And – so I – they were – well, you know. You’ve heard this before, that you were only allowed a small amount of baggage to take with you. So, most of my things, course, didn’t matter too much about my things, but – were left there at the house. And I boarded the train, at that time there were about another dozen or so other Japanese nationals in that particular coach. And I asked them, I says, “Do you know where we’re going?” And they said that as far as they know, there’s a place called Lempriere. Course that didn’t mean anything to any of us, because we weren’t familiar with that area, but that’s a place north of Kamloops, in British Columbia.

The following morning, we arrived at Lempriere and of course the thing that strikes you when you are in the Rocky Mountains is that the mountains go seemingly straight up on either side of the North Thompson River. And there was about, what, maybe three feet of snow around. So, when you’re young like that – I was only 26 – and all kinds of thoughts go through your mind, you know, because you don’t know what the future’s going to be. And – But, you put those things aside. I guess young people can do that. They can sort of forget their immediate problems and see what they can do to enjoy whatever situation they’re in. I was no different.

And the twelve of us got off the train at that time, and then we saw that the – on the siding there, the railway siding, there were several light boxcars, but they were construction crew cars. And it must’ve been about half a dozen of them at least, along the siding there. And this happened to be a Sunday, so they weren’t doing any work at all. They were standing at the doorways of the boxcars, to see who was coming in, who new was coming in to Lempriere, and they watched the twelve of us walk past, and the first car, of course, belonged to the foremen of this particular camp, and all – they were occidentals, Caucasians. There was a foreman, he was a fellow by the name of John Abear, he’s from Kamloops, and there was a sub for him, and there was a cook, and a timekeeper. They had their own little place to stay, in a – in a private car, also.

And as we walked by, some of these cars – These fellows that were Japanese who preceded us—there was approximately 100 of them, had preceded us—and they were looking to see who was coming in off this particular train. And all of a sudden, I hear somebody yell out from the, from the bunk cars, he said “Hey! Kinzie! Are you a Jap, too?” And I looked up, and here was a fellow that I had done – I had worked with in a landscaping work. I was just a youngster at that time and doing some – cutting the grass, that sort of thing, and he was one of the men that worked for the particular – the boss of the Japanese gardeners and, curiously enough, the boss was Moritsugu, the father of Frank [Moritsugu], who is now in Toronto as the editor of

the Japanese Canadian newspaper. But he was the man that had hired these Japanese to work in the gardens in Kerrisdale and so on in Vancouver. So when he yelled out at me, I said, "Well, I guess so!" And –

Anyway, we went to our place where we thought we could have a bunk, and so on, and about a half an hour later, the timekeeper, who was a young Caucasian Canadian, he came down and he says, "The boss wants to see you." And I said okay, and I went up to his particular coach, and he said to me – he says, "You speak English quite well." I says, "Well, sure, it's all I know." And he says, "Well, how would you like to work up here, and help the resident engineer?" And that's the survey engineer. I said, "Oh, gee, that's great. I'd like that." So, he shifted me from where I was going to be into another boxcar, and – which was a lot better than what I was in, and I thought, "Gee, this is going to be okay, see!" [chuckles]

And, being young, you always look at the bright side if things are favorable, and so I was given a job helping the resident engineer, and I had graduated from the Vancouver Technical School, so I had my trigonometry, I had my algebra, I had all these high school courses. And trigonometry, of course – just tune right in to surveying. So I had no difficulty in picking up what – the road survey maps and so on, I just had to study them a bit, and so the engineer told me, he said, "What I want you to do is locate some of the stakes that have put out by a previous group." I don't know how many years ago, but they had – at one time, they had – at one time British Columbia was going to build a road from Jasper right down through the North Thompson to Kamloops and make it a road, so there was a preliminary survey done. And this engineer says, "I want you to go out and locate certain spots." You remember, there's three or four feet of snow. So, you know, when you look at the ground, you're trudging through three and four feet of snow.

So anyway, I got the map of the area he wanted, and he gave me an assistant, who happened to be a nisei. He was only about – I would say he was about 15 or 16 years of age, and the reason he was there was – he's Canadian-born, but the reason he was there is his father, who was a national, was in the camp. So, he went along with the father and that's why he was there. So they gave that youngster to help me, using the various things that are required to do surveying, and he carried the staff they marked off in inches and feet, and so on, and I guess one of the interesting things about that particular part of it was that – I said, "On the map, it says there's a particular stake, at a certain point." And I said, "We have to find that." And he – course, he thought that was impossible, there's three feet of snow, how are you going to find a little stake sticking out of the ground like this? I said, "Well, look, look at the map, and see it, by triangulation, we'll see if we can figure it out." So, we, we did that, we measured off of the tape measure and by triangulation we got a spot, and then we took another tray and did the same thing, and where they crossed, I says, "That's where the stake should be." "Oh, go on," he says, "I don't believe you." So, I said, "Well, let's try." So, we dug a six-foot circle and got out shovels and started to shovel all this snow. And lo and behold, there was a stake right there, and he just couldn't believe it, you know. So, he was really tickled pink about it.

Well, that's the introduction that I had with the road. And since then, following that part of the – I think it was in May, that year – that the B.C. government sent a fellow by the name of Bill Wishart, he's going to check on all the camps, and see how they were running and so on, and find out if there's things that he could look after and help with – help the camp, camps out. And, of course he latched onto me when he came to Lempriere, and he asked me all kinds of questions and so on and so on. He was leaving the next day, so he said to me – he says – he says, "Kinzie, how would you like to go up to the head office in Red Pass?" And I thought, "Oh gee, that sounds good." Because the chief engineer for the whole project was there, you see. So I'd be working with him, and I thought, "Gee, that sounds great."

So I agreed and I caught the next way-train, that's a local train, and went up to Red Pass, and I met the engineer's fellow, by the name of Ray Corning, he's from Kamloops, and – I think he had retired, and the B.C. government had got him to go back onto this particular project, because the shortage of knowledgeable people in as far as the road construction was concerned. And I worked under him, and worked with him, and I thought it was great.

One problem that, though, as time went on, the – Since I wasn't sleeping in the bunkhouses with all the other Japanese – there were approximately 100 Japanese in each camp – they were – and since I didn't speak Japanese, they were getting a little nervous about me, and they were thinking that maybe I was spying on them for the, for the Commission, you see – which I wasn't, of course. But I helped them get things that they needed and wanted, like things to make the Japanese bath, the ofuro, you know. I was able to – Through my particular connection there, I was able to get them to order the stuff in so they could build that up. So gradually, over time, I guess that since they didn't – there was no repercussions as far as me being there. I didn't do anything that hindered the Japanese Canadians that were in the camps, and more than that, I was able to help them get things, and so on. So that fear that they had at one time – that I was a spy for the Commission – it dissipated. And I don't know if you've read any of the history of the road camps in that area, Yellowhead Road Camp. There is a book written by – what's his name?

TT: Stum? Stum.

KT: No.

TT: Yon.

KT: Yeah, Yon. Boy gosh, being 91, you know, your memory goes out the window!

TT: Yon Shimizu.¹

KT: Shimizu. Right. Terrible.

DT: Actually, can we pause for a moment?

TY: Yeah, maybe we'll shoot from this angle. So, you can have a seat over here.

DT: Okay. Sure. Yeah, actually – Kinzie, this story's really good. You kind of jumped the gun on me a little bit, I was – I wanted to sort of provide a layout of where –

KT: Sure.

¹ *The Exiles: An Archival History of the World War II Japanese Road Camps in British Columbia and Ontario* by Yoshio "Yon" Shimizu.

DT: Things you could bring up before we start the interview? Can – After you finish talking about this story, and when you're talking about this story, can you bring up, maybe, how you found out that various Japanese Canadians in this camp thought you might be spying on them, and if there were any sort of interactions in that capacity that you can recall, that might be interesting? And, and then I'll – after that, we'll pause again, and I'll ask you if we can go back to the beginning a bit, and if you can talk a bit about your family coming to Canada, your early sort of childhood years, and then going to – your mother going to Yokohama, and then we can, when we're editing it, we can include that story that you just told.

KT: Sure, sure.

DT: Thanks.

TT: You heard every word he said? Did you hear him?

TY: Did you hear everything he said?

KT: Yeah, I heard everything he said.

[adjusting camera and microphone, discussion with KT about filming]

DT: Kinzie, maybe, towards the end, we could sort of leave off on another generation.

And you could talk about your granddaughter of mixed descent, and –

KT: Okay. But you want me to start from way back when, do you?

DT: Yeah, at first. Let's start at the beginning and your family coming to Canada and your mother going to Yokohama.

KT: Okay.

DT: And maybe what kind of things, when you were a little kid, what you did. And then we can take a break. And then we can talk about, about the war years, and then let's talk a bit about your involvement and your brother's involvement in the – and sort of the NAJC [National Association of Japanese Canadians] and the various developments that that took, and as well as the – some of the issues with Japanese Canadians being able to enrol in the Armed Services and then, and then maybe we can talk about sort of the changing face of Japanese Canadians and how they're integrating into Canadian society and one of the examples of that, or – I don't want to put these words into your mouth, but just from listening to you talk a bit before, maybe you can bring in your granddaughter in some way, and this, this will just sort of be accessible and you can like – when you're talking about – that you could hold this photo, and have it sort of here.

KT: Okay.

DT: We could get that on the camera.

KT: Sure.

DT: Okay, thanks. I think that would be interesting.

KT: Okay.

[discussion of beverages, changing the tape]

DT: Hi, Kinzie. Could you tell us, please, a bit about your family coming to Canada?

KT: Yes. My father arrived in Vancouver in 1896, and he was a young man, of course, at that time, and found whatever work he could find at that time, which was not very easily done, because most Japanese that came to Canada at that time didn't really speak English at all, and they had to pick it up. However, he managed, and in 1905, my mother arrived in Canada. She wasn't married at that time, and eventually, the,

the Japanese community not being very large, people would tend to flock together, and so, my mother had met my father, and in succeeding years they were married. My earliest recollection was – Well, I was about four or five years old, and – I guess the thing that stuck in my mind at that time is – My father had a, the – There was a fellow with a donkey, and he, he was taking pictures of children, and he went from house to house, and so on, and anybody that had a child, he would try and sell on the idea of having a picture taken. Well, he, he ended up at my father's tailoring establishment – he had established a tailoring shop at that time. I was about four or five years old and [chuckles] my recollection was that he put me on this – this fellow put me on this donkey, and just told me to sit still, and while he took his picture. Of course, I was crying by that time, and not enjoying myself at all. But anyway, he took the picture, and [chuckles] I have that picture today, to remind me of my early, early childhood days.

Other things that, of course that – as I grew older, I found that my father was a sportsman – in other words, he loved hunting, he loved fishing, and he even went horseback riding down in Stanley Park. And he did photography too, using plate – the glass, not rolls of film, but glass, and he did his own processing, and he made his own pictures that way. He had a postcard-sized camera, Kodak, and I have some of the negatives in my possession, from that camera, black and white. My brother's three years older than I was, and of course he always tried to escape from me. I was trying to follow him around, and of course, a person that is three years older than the youngster don't, don't like the young kids traipsing around behind them. But anyway, Vancouver at that time was quite calm, and very picturesque, compared to today, and I remember going walking down to Stanley Park, from Burrard and – we lived on Burrard and Hastings, the corner, and we could walk down to Stanley Park and Stanley Park at that time was very, very picturesque in a natural way. Because much of the stone wall that's there today hadn't been built yet, and just around the – from the entrance of Stanley Park, there's a little red shed that housed an old-fashioned cannon, and in those days in Vancouver, at nine o'clock at night, they'd set off the cannon, and you could hear the boom all over the city, which was rather unique. And we would sort of look forward to when nine o'clock came close to it, we'd all sort of sit still and see if we could hear that "boom!" And sure enough [chuckles] that tickled us. Those are some of the simple pleasures that we enjoyed in those days.

Another very precious and memorable feelings that I have was that, sometimes on Sunday, my father would pack my brother and I and my mother in the car, and take cooking utensils and some bacon and eggs and bread and so on, and we'd head off to Stanley Park, oh, about nine o'clock in the morning, and we drove to a spot just – just past where the gun was, and the, and the beach was more pronounced in those days than it is today. Today the wall, of course, limits a lot of that type of beach, where for us, it was sloping and so on. And my father would make a little bonfire down on the beach, and my mother would cook bacon and eggs, and I guess one of the most memorable things that I have at that time was the smell of bacon cooking in the open air, with tall trees as a backdrop, and the quietness of the harbour at, at that

particular time of the morning. And I'll always remember that, because it was a little family gathering and enjoying nature, enjoying the bacon and eggs, and it's a memory that is – will always naturally stay with me.

Father developed some sort of liver problems and then in 1924, he passed away. He was only 51 years of age at that time, and he had already established a very successful tailoring establishment. And he had done his duck hunting, he'd done his horseback riding, he had done his fishing – as a matter of fact, I went fishing one time with him, and I was only about seven or eight years of age at that time. And my father was quite a good fly fisherman, and in the evening of this particular day – I'm just trying to think of the name of the river, something like Kokohawa – Kokohalla? Maybe I'm wrong there, but anyway. He would use his fly-fishing expertise, and I took my little steel rod, green steel rod, and hooked my worms on it, and tossed it into the river.

My brother, three years older than me, wasn't interested at all, and that he went digging on the bank, digging holes in the bank and see what he could find, and so on. And a fish had jumped in front of us, just, just a few yards down from where we were standing, so I made sure that my hook was readily baited and so on. I threw it in, and nothing happened. And oh, I stayed there for about ten, fifteen minutes or so, and still nothing happened, so I lost interest in that, and turned around to see what my brother was doing. By that time he had dug several holes in the bank, and I got interested in it, too. But he didn't particularly enjoy me butting in on what he was doing, so he told me to go back to fishing.

So I went to my rod, and I, and I started to reel in the rod, and all of a sudden, the line took off! "Gee!" I said to my brother, "I got a fish!" And I was so excited, I couldn't reel it in, I just took the line and hauled it in hand over hand, and here was a trout on the end of the line, and it was about, oh, I guess fifteen, sixteen inches long. Big trout! And I hauled it in. My brother got excited, he got a small log and hit it over the head to make sure it wouldn't get away. But you see, what had happened, the fish had taken the worm and he had swallowed the whole thing, and the hook was way down his throat. I couldn't get it out. So, I thought – My brother said, "Oh, we better go and see Dad and see what he can do." And here I trooped up the side of the bank, and towards where my father was, and there was other people fishing along the way, and they saw me coming along with this great big fish on the end of the line, and me only being six or seven – seven, I guess or eight years of age, they were quite surprised.

So that's another memory that I have as a child. Since my father died when I was only nine, I didn't have too long with him. But I do have these memories, which I think are very important for any person to have when they're young, to have precious memories that they can live with for all their life.

I don't know whether I mentioned about – when I was – before I was born, my mother was carrying me at that time, and the Great War, the First Great War had started, and there were reports in the newspaper that it was possible that the German submarines were patrolling the Pacific Coast, and my father, being a little

anxious about the situation, because Vancouver – if you know Vancouver at all, it's very vulnerable, as far as attack is concerned. It's a secluded harbour, but there's – there were no armaments or anything around there, and if a submarine could easily come in from the Gulf of Georgia into Burrard Inlet, and let loose whatever munitions they had. So, I don't blame my father being a little worried about that. So he suggested to my mother that she go back to Japan, and stay there until things were safe, so she packed my brother George – who was going on three at that time – and they – and my mother, as I said, was carrying me, and we arrived in Tokyo, and then on to Yokohama, where she has relatives. And subsequently, I was born in Japan, and so Mother, of course, couldn't travel to come back to Vancouver, because of that for one thing; this war, of course, was the other thing. But after being there for about a year, my father said things seemed to be okay as far as Vancouver was concerned, and we're pretty free from any attack, so he suggested that she come back to Canada, and so my mother, carrying me – I was one year old at that time – and my brother to go back to Vancouver.

And all this – the fact that I was born in Japan didn't amount to anything at that time, but when Pearl Harbour struck, 1941, well it – the whole turmoil of the Japanese community erupted in a lot of difficulties for the, all the families of Japanese in British Columbia. And as history has shown, they used the war as an excuse. When I say "they", I mean the government people and others who were assisting the government at that time – figured a good way to get rid of the Japanese from the coast was to send them out of the – British Columbia. So they would find it a convenient excuse to do this.

Now, the Japanese at that time in Vancouver were very successful in almost everything that they had tried to put their hands to. They were excellent loggers, they were very good carpenters. They were good farmers, up at the Fraser Valley and Mission, Haney where they had fruit farms and vegetable farms, and raised chickens and so on. There was loggers all over the coast of British Columbia were just – a lot of them were the Japanese who worked there, and then the fishermen – excellent fishermen, the Japanese were.

All this, of course, created a resentment among the Caucasian population. Because we were successful, they found ways and means of using their prejudice to foment public opinion, and they used the representatives of the B.C. government. Starting, of course, with Vancouver City Council. It was one or two people there that were rabid anti-Japanese. There were two or three members of Parliament in Ottawa who came from British Columbia, they were certainly against the Japanese. So, they influenced Mackenzie King, who was the Premier – the Prime Minister at that time, to authorize the relocation of the Japanese Canadian population from the B.C. coast to – A hundred miles from the B.C. coast, that's their line of demarcation, as far as 22,000 Japanese Canadians, all the way from infants to people well on in age, were uprooted. And there's a lot of books and articles that have been written about that particular time, but it was turmoil.

And our family being very small – at that time it was just my brother George, I, and my mother. Since I was born in Japan, I was considered a Japanese national. My brother was born in Vancouver; he was a Japanese Canadian. My mother, of course, who was also born in Japan, was considered a national. But they weren't too concerned about the older ladies. They were concerned about youngsters, young men. So they were the first ones to be shipped out of British Columbia – shipped out of the coast, I should say, and I had three days' warning – notice, I should say, to report to Union Station, CN Union Station, to be shipped off to the Rocky Mountains somewhere.

And we were only allowed, what, 40 pounds or so of luggage, so you couldn't take very much with you, and you left most of the things that you owned in your house. And, of course, Mother had to sell the piano, she had to sell everything that she couldn't take with her, and at distress prices, of course, and – We stored everything in a small room, that we wanted but couldn't take with us, and we thought, "Well, when this war'll be over, we can come back to – and recover those things." Little did we know, at that time, that the Canadian government succumbed to the forces of – the people responsible, really, for getting the Japanese out of British Columbia, used their influence for the – to have the government seize all the property that the Japanese Canadians had, which meant houses, which meant cars, which meant fishing boats, which meant farms. All the hard work that the Japanese Canadians had expended in, from early years up 'til the time of the outbreak of war.

We had never dreamed that the federal government was going to sell off all of this property, and we would have nothing to come back to, but that's what they did. Not only did they sell it, but they sold it at distressed prices. Our house was sold for \$600. \$600 was given to my mother. Of course, we got nothing for the contents that we left there, so everything that we possessed and treasured, that we couldn't take with us, was gone. To make it worse, the \$600 was used – my mother and my wife, Terry, who went with my mother that time – they were shipped to Kaslo in British Columbia, and the \$600 was used to pay for whatever food my mother would need. So she ended up, of course, with nothing as far as money is concerned.

By the time that I had left – I was in the road camp for one year, and my brother, in the meantime, he was sent to northern Ontario to a road camp. And he didn't like it there, and a group of them – I forget how many, but possibly a dozen, fifteen or so nisei – they volunteered to go to southern Ontario because there was word that the farmers needed help to bring the harvest, do the harvesting in southern Ontario. So these young niseis felt, well that's a lot better to go down there than to fight the blackflies in Northern Ontario. So, they took off and relocated down in Voletta, and other places in southern Ontario. Eventually, quite a few families also moved from British Columbia into various towns in southern Ontario, so they're quite familiar. The – when my brother arrived in Vancouver, in Toronto, from the farm – Like, they did the harvest in '42, and in '43, I think it was January '43, he was able to come to Toronto. You couldn't come to Toronto without permission from the security commission at that time, and he was able to get permission to come to Toronto

through the help of another nisei, a fellow by the name of Dave Watanabe, who was very energetic in that way, of getting things coming his way. He arrived in Toronto first, and my brother came a short time later. At that time, Toronto had almost no Japanese Canadians of any sort in the city. When my brother came to Toronto, they – they – he went to the same rooming house that Dave Watanabe, was living in, and that was on Gerard Street, 84 Gerrard Street, and I wrote my brother a letter. I said, “See if you can find me a job in Toronto, and then I’ll be able to come out and be with you.”

It so happened that my training at the Vancouver Technical School, which included a course in electricity, and during the years prior to the evacuation of the Japanese Canadians, I had taken up radio. And I was able to do radio repairs and that sort of thing, and television really hadn’t gotten anywhere yet, at that time. It was practically all just radio. So, I had some experience in repairing radios, so I said to my brother, I said, “Maybe you could find me a job in Toronto doing some radio repair work.”

Well, it so happened that my brother went to a store on Yonge Street, 575 Yonge I think it was, place called Radio Trade Supply, and he went and talked to the owner there, a fellow by the name of Weir, Mr. Weir. And he said that his brother, was, his – my brother, he said to Mr. Weir, “My brother, he’s familiar with radio repairs. You think you could have a job for him?” Well, at that time, all the servicemen that had any knowledge of radio had all joined the army, so there was a dearth of experienced people in the line of electronics, and so on. So naturally, a retailer like Mr. Weir would jump at the chance of having somebody come and work for them, doing the work of repairing radios and so on. So, he told my brother, “Sure, tell him to come.” And that’s how I got permission to come to Toronto. You had to have permission to come to Toronto, and you had to have a job to come to Toronto.

So this is fine, and Mr. Truman, who was the man in charge of the Japanese Canadians in Toronto and the surrounding area – just in my opinion, happened to be a very fine gentleman. He was a real nice guy, as far as I’m concerned. And I got word that I could come and got permission, and, and got on the train from Lempriere. At that time, I was moved down to Lempriere, and I boarded the train. I got on the train, and I went through the first coach, and it was full of soldiers! And these were Canadian young fellows from the Vancouver and area, being shipped out to the East Coast, and then onto Europe, because we were at war at that time. And you could see the little bit of strangeness here. Here was a Japanese fellow – he looked Japanese, anyway – walking through the aisle, and there were all Canadian soldiers in uniform there, and Pearl Harbour had – it had just happened not very long before that, so I was a little on the squeamish side, I must say. And as I walked down the aisle, I saw a fellow in one of the seats there, an aisle seat, that I knew! He had belonged – he had been – belonged to our radio club in Vancouver that we had established a radio club, amateur radio club, and he was one of the members in that club! And so he made room and I sat down beside him, and we had a wonderful chat.

Well, the army police came by, and didn't exactly like the idea of me being – sitting down beside Canadian soldiers, and me being of Japanese descent – course he wouldn't know what I was, really. He says, "I think you better move on." And I said, "Yeah, I am, I'm going, it's just I - " I told him, it just so happened, I met a friend of mine. He says, "Well, okay, keep going." So, I went further up, to a coach that was relatively empty. But that was an experience that I'll always remember, too. And I arrived in Toronto at seven o'clock in the morning, and at that time, you must remember, in 1943 Toronto was "Toronto the Good." Everything closed down. Nothing was moving. We looked up Bay Street, and I didn't see anybody, didn't see any cars or anything. And walked up to Gerrard Street, and then down across Yonge Street, to Church Street, and then to 84 Gerrard. So that was my arrival in Toronto. DT: Can you tell us a bit about some of the, the work you did in the Japanese Canadian community?

KT: Okay. 84 Gerrard Street attracted several other niseis from surrounding areas, and they were all progressives. When I say "progressives", I mean they're Canadian at heart, and were vehemently opposed to what the federal government had been doing to the Japanese Canadians. And we became a nucleus of protest, and we eventually got the help of some Caucasian people, starting with Reverend James Finlay of the Carlton United Church, who was very supportive of us and could see the difficulties that we were in, and helped us in every way he could. He even allowed us to have – to establish a nisei gathering, that we could have our dances and so on, as the population of Japanese Canadians grew in Toronto.

You must remember, at the beginning of the first Japanese Canadians coming to Toronto, as I said, they were very, very few here. And some of the fellows found it difficult to find places to rent, because not only did we look different, we were descendants or we were from a race of people that were at war with Canada. So, at that time it was a little on the dicey side, to try and find places to rent. Gradually, the population of the Japanese Canadians increased in Toronto, and it attracted a lot of young men and women who were very progressive in their thinking, and acknowledging the injustices that the Canadian government had put upon the Japanese Canadian population. And 84 Gerrard Street became a nucleus of that type of thinking, and eventually some of the prominent Japanese Canadians at work in the early years for the – fighting the federal government and the way that they had been treated, and with the help of Reverend Finley, and a lawyer by the name of Bruin, Andy Bruin, who worked very hard for us, we were able to send delegations to Ottawa, and even fight a law case in England.

Now, that was from 1943 on, and in – by the time – by the time 1947, I think it was, came, during those intervening years, the Japanese Canadian population all throughout Canada were organizing in protest, and the spearhead was – started in Toronto, by those that lived at 84 Gerrard Street, and some others in the surrounding areas of Toronto. Fellows like Roger Obata, who has passed away now, and Kunio Hidaka. Several of them were all bright people when it comes to protest as far as the – the way that the Japanese Canadians were treated. And through the co-operation of the Caucasian people, they had formed an organization called the

Cooperative Committee for Japanese Canadians, and we were able to launch lawsuits against the – particularly – particular aspects of the federal government, with respect to the Japanese Canadians.

And it was a night and day struggle. The first organization was formed – it was called the Japanese Canadian Committee for Democracy [JCCD], and I remember the actual formation of that, when the constitution was written. My brother, George, myself, Roger Obata, we went to – oh, shucks, my memory's gone now. A lawyer, anyway, George – nah, terrible. Can't – can't think of his name. Anyway, there were four of us at that meeting, and the Japanese Canadian lawyer, he did most of the writing, actually, and formed the constitution for the Japanese Canadian Committee for Democracy. And that was about 1944. So, from 1944 to 1947, that organization worked with the Japanese Canadian Committee for Democracy, which was – which there were several Caucasians helping. And we were able to send – participate in lawsuits in the federal government and, as I said, in England.

And in 1947, groups across Canada had been formed in every sizable community, like Winnipeg, and Regina, and in Alberta, and Montreal. So, we decided we should form a national organization, so representatives from all these areas came on a specific date, and the Japanese Canadian Citizens' Association [JCCA] was born. They're the organization that represents Japanese Canadians all throughout Canada. And they needed an executive secretary, naturally, to carry on this very important work. Tommy Shoyama's name came up – he was the editor of the New Canadian in Vancouver, and then subsequently in Winnipeg, where he had relocated. But Tommy felt that what he was doing in the newspaper was what he should continue to do, and they approached my brother George, if he would take it on. And I guess one reason why they wanted him to take it on is because he was one of the originators of the JCCD, which was established at 84 Gerrard Street.

Well, my brother had been discharged from the army – course, that's another story, the niseis in the army. Anyway, he was discharged, and in 1945, I think it was, '45 or '46 – and he wanted to – his first love was landscape architecture. And he was – when you're in the army and you're discharged, you had the opportunity to go to university to take further education, and be paid by the federal government. But the Japanese Canadians in that group, this new-formed group, persuaded my brother to take on the job of national executive secretary, because there's so much work that had to be done. So, my brother being a very conscientious person – he's that way – gave up the idea of going to university and he took on the job of executive secretary. And I know how hard he worked, because his job was day and night, for – from 1946 I think it was, 1946 to – no, 1947 to 1950, he worked for the Japanese Canadian Citizen's Association. And I know how hard he worked because I saw the amount of time he spent doing the research, doing the connections, doing – writing, writing reports, meeting politicians, travelling right across Canada, meeting with all the Japanese Canadian organizations, going right over to Victoria, where the CCF [Co-operative Commonwealth Federation] at that time, the forerunner of the New Democrats of today, they were helping the Japanese Canadians in their effort to get

proper treatment from the Canadian government. And he was at the session of the B.C. legislature – he was naturally in the visitors’ gallery, but he was able to hear from that time, that the government of British Columbia recognized some of the injustices that had been done to the Japanese Canadians. And he was very, very pleased and proud of that.

So in 1950, I think it was, that he decided that he had done his job and he wanted to get to do his work as far as landscape architecture was concerned, so he retired from that, and devoted his full time working as – studying first – and then establishing a business. And he ended up buying – having some of the finest gardens that have been built and designed and constructed in Toronto, and Toronto’s area – and also Stratford, in the ‘69 Canadian show, I guess, the 1969 was the centennial, I think it was, for Canada. And Stratford, Ontario wanted a garden designed and built there to commemorate that particular occasion, so my brother designed a garden with a beautiful waterfall, using rocks that were imported from northern Ontario, Caledon, and areas of that area where the – that type of rock was found. And to this day, when you go to Stratford and look at that particular waterfall garden, it still looks so great. And I have visited several times all throughout the years, and it always looks so beautiful. Unfortunately, my brother and his wife were killed in an auto accident on their way south to visit some of the beautiful gardens of southern United States. He was involved in a – a truck ramming into his car and killing both of – his wife and him instantly.

DT: Kinzie, could you tell us a bit about –

TY: Let’s take five.

DT: Pardon?

TY: Let’s take five.

DT: Should we take five? Okay. Thanks.

TY: Kinzie, let’s take a break. I know we’re running out of sunlight, but –

KT: You’re going to have to do a lot of editing, I can tell you that.

[discussion of snacks and tea]

[End of part 1]

[Start part 2]

KT: – the larger population of Japanese Canadians, you’re going to have that dissention. Well, that occurred here. Particularly when it came to the question of the money from the government, that all Japanese Canadians would receive a certain amount of money. Well, there was a faction that occurred, or – a split occurred because the isseis and several niseis thought the isseis’ idea was the better idea, and that idea was for the government to give a large grant to the Japanese Canadian population to split up the way that each area thought best to spend, like building a cultural centre, that sort of thing. The isseis thought that would be the better idea, and –

TT: I thought – I thought so, too.

KT: And I concurred with them. I knew some of the isseis, and I thought, “Yeah, that’s –

TT: They thought how am I crazy [indistinct] to hang his hat on my hook.

KT: That's real – a real nice thought, you know. One reason is that at that time, half the population of Japanese Canadians had died. A lot of the isseis had died, and some niseis had died. So out of the 22,000 Japanese Canadians, there's only about 10,000 left, and – so if you're going to give money to the individual, what – what – what about all those that have died? They got nothing.

DT: Mm-hm.

KT: Like my mother got nothing.

DT: Right.

KT: My brother and his wife got nothing, got the – 'cause they got killed in an accident. Does that not count for something?

DT: I see.

KT: And so I – my feeling was, I think if the government were to give the Japanese Canadians a good sizable chunk of money to be used at their discretion across Canada, and build cultural centres or build whatever they thought was commemorative to the Japanese Canadians in that particular area. So, there's a conflict happened. All the others wanted individual compensation. They wanted the \$10,000 – what is it? 10,000? I forgot now – for themselves. And so I was – it got to be pretty hurtful in some ways, you know, from the point of view of associations. So, you have some people not talking to others anymore. That type of thing.

TT: Yeah.

KT: Very small, but that type of thing. [coughs] And they would – those that wanted this idea, this idea [coughs] – excuse me – of this large grant to the general population, they were really picked on. [drinks some tea] And I favored – I was – I favoured the idea of one grant to all the, and – although I didn't, I didn't push it too hard.

[moving microphone]

DT: Maybe we can just finish this here, I'll just ask a question. Kinzie, what would you have liked to have seen done had that sum grants been given to the Japanese Canadians?

KT: Well, my thoughts were – first of all, what about all the people that had died? That they would – and most of them were isseis, or older niseis, whereas some of the people who actually got the money later on were just young kids! They were – they were only youngsters, or they were just born! And they didn't know anything about anything with respect to the evacuation, or how they were treated or anything. Yet they were entitled to \$10,000 or whatever the amount was. And I didn't think that was – I think that was not right, because how are we going to remember those that really suffered during the evacuation? They got nothing, 'cause they were dead, and it didn't count for anything. So, I didn't like that. So, I got kind of blacklisted around Toronto, but I was happy that I was thinking in terms of the isseis that had died. And a lot of them were people that I knew, too, so –

However, at some of the meetings that I had attended – I remember the last one that I attended – and I think Stum was at that meeting and Roger Obata, and several others – and I could see that they wanted this individual donations – not donations, grants – to the individual. And I said, "Well, you people are having a meeting in

Winnipeg to, to further discuss all this, before it goes to Ottawa.” And I said, “Surely there’s enough brains amongst you that you can work something out that would help those that have gone.” Well, as it turned out, they got their individual grant, but they also got a grant – a relatively small grant, in relation to the other – as a, a block of money that could be used for centres, culture centres and so on, across Canada. But that was only a small amount in relation to the hundreds of thousands that went to, you know, people all across. And I know Stum, I like Stum, and he says – he says, “Well, I think we should have our individual grant.” And I said “Well, that’s the way you think.” But he didn’t spend the money for himself, he – he used it as a –

TT: Children, I think.

KT: For the University of Toronto? For some sort of – to help students, see.

DT: College.

KT: So that’s fine, I mean I don’t argue against that at all. But I think so much of the money is actually – because the – it was difficult for – well, look at in Toronto, how hard they had to work to build that first cultural centre. My brother was amongst a group of seventy-odd niseis and isseis who formulated the nucleus of the cultural centre. And they all signed the mortgage. They all signed the mortgage for the amount of money that they’d have to borrow to build that cultural centre that Raymond Moriyama designed. It means to say, that their – their lives were on the hook for that amount of money if something went wrong. So, my kudos certainly go out to all those seventy-odd people who signed that first mortgage.

And I think Raymond Moriyama did a – just a marvelous job for that, and I was very sorry to see in later years it became too small for what their needs were. But when you stand back and you look at the – Moriyama’s cultural centre, and you look at 6 Garamond – Boy, you have to shake your head. See from the outside, it looks just like a factory, you know? And the inside – they’ve done a lot of good work, I would certainly – but it still feels like a – it doesn’t have any intimacy at all. It’s cold, hard. It’s hard walls, naturally. It doesn’t have any warmth of feeling. When you go to the – Raymond Moriyama’s place, you go in there, you can feel the atmosphere, the – how it was constructed and the type of things that he used – wood, predominantly, and so on, and you could feel it. And you go to 6 Garamond, it looks like a slick, straight, clean walls, because they were pretty rough concrete before, or concrete block or whatever. But they had to do the best they could, because they needed the space and somebody was able to influence the people at the cultural centre responsible that time to buy that place.

Well, financially, that’s a good idea, it’s – the price of the area – property’s gone a-way up. Imagine if they were to sell it now, they’d be – they’d get all kinds of money for it that they could build something later on somewhere else. But it doesn’t have the feeling that Raymond Moriyama’s structure would give you, when you walk in and look around and feel it, it doesn’t – you can – the only time you feel it is when you look in through the glass where they’re having their kendo or other martial arts, then you see, well they’re doing something Japanese, like that, I guess you can feel that, but – it’s tough. It’s tough that they couldn’t have found a better solution. It’s just too bad they couldn’t have found a better solution, as far as aesthetics are

concerned, the feeling. I feel – you know, I feel sad from that point of view, but the people who are running the centre, they're doing a good job. I mean they do the best they can, and they're attracting a lot of attention, which is good.

DT: Kinzie, let's actually shift back to these chairs and then maybe we can talk a bit about your work with Japanese Canadians participating in the armed forces, and then conclude with talking a bit about your family.

[adjusting camera and microphone, discussion of camera set-up]

DT: Kinzie, could you tell us a bit about when your brother helped allow Japanese Canadians to participate in the armed forces?

KT: In the early days of the Japanese Canadians coming to Toronto, in 1943, those that came here were quite bright in their thinking, as far as Canadian – thought of being a Canadian, what does it mean to be a Canadian? Not a Japanese, or a Japanese Canadian, but as a Canadian, what does – what do the nisei – at least the nisei – how do they feel about what's happening in the world at this particular time? And the people, the few people that were living at 84 Gerrard Street, which included Dave Watanabe, Louis Suzuki, George Tanaka, subsequently me, and two or three others that congregated. One thing is that rent was cheap. The place was run by a Scotsman by the name of MacDonald, and he tolerated the way we, as young people, acted, without too much fuss from him. So, we enjoyed his kindness.

Well, when you get a group of niseis, forward-thinking niseis, together – the thought of “What does it mean to be a Canadian?” comes up in one way, shape, or form. And Canadians were – young Canadians were being drafted or volunteered for the armed forces, and Japanese Canadians weren't allowed. And that wasn't right. That wasn't being a Canadian. The right of a Canadian is to stand up for your country, join the armed forces if necessary. Fight for Canada, if necessary. These are all what we as young Japanese Canadians would think about. So it turned out that they decided they should do something about it, and they contacted the captain in the armed forces, Canadian Armed Forces, and had him come over and they had some conversations with him, and see what he could do to influence the Canadian government, and the Canadian army – if they could do something about allowing the Canadian-born Japanese to enlist in the armed forces.

And it so happened – at that time, Great Britain was having difficulty down in Burma, in southeast Asia, because the Japanese Army had penetrated all down through that area, and they needed interpreters. And it was a real scarcity of Japanese-speaking and Japanese – understanding the Japanese language in Canada. So the British Armed Forces talked to the Canadian Forces and see if they could get some of the Japanese Canadians to enlist in the Canadian Army, and of course that's what they wanted to do anyways. They had been trying to get the armed forces to listen to – to what the Japanese Canadians wanted to do.

And so eventually, the door was opened up, and several hundred Japanese Canadians enlisted in the army. Some had gone prior to all this, and gone to overseas, and down in Southeast Asia, and – but a lot of Japanese Canadians weren't that proficient in the Japanese language. In other words, they may understand some

words and could say a few words, but as far as doing the interpreting of documents that – or messages, whatever, that the army would require some interpretation for, that was pretty scarce among the niseis. So those that weren't that proficient in the Japanese language were sent to Vancouver to a detachment called the S20, and they were being taught to read and write the Japanese language. Now, this was in 1945, I believe. Well, you know what happened in 1945. The atomic bomb landed in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And Japan had to capitulate, and cease their fighting. The boys at S20 had several months of training there before this happened, but it wasn't much sense of them staying on, because the war in the East was over. However some had already left Canada. A few, just a handful, had gone to southeast Asia, and I know one fellow, that I knew in Toronto before he went to southeast Asia, and he tells a story of getting a hold of some gold bars. Now, I don't know how this came about, I didn't get enough information about it, but he had these gold bars, and in a – in his army knapsack, and they boarded this plane, and I'm not sure where the plane was going or what, but the – several soldiers were on this plane. But what happened? The plane crashed in the, in the water, somewhere in the – that area. And all he could do was swim ashore, never mind the bag of gold. To this day, I don't know if that bag of gold is still there or somebody has found it and become very happy. But he didn't. He was lucky to come out alive, and be returned to Toronto. That's the only real war story that I am familiar with, with respect to friends of mine at that time. Others have – that had gone overseas and had returned – fellows like Buck Suzuki from British Columbia, and several others that had been overseas. So at least the niseis that were able to train to become Canadian soldiers, they succeeded in that effort that they were after, and they certainly are very proud to be able to serve for Canada, and serve with other Canadians. I think that's a good part of nisei history – as far as modern nisei history, as far as Japanese Canadians are concerned, after the evacuation. I guess that's enough of that.

DT: Okay. Kinzie –

KT: What else would you like me to expound about?

DT: Kinzie, can you tell us about the younger generations of your family, please?

KT: Oh, yeah. Our son, Michael [Tanaka], he – in his younger days – when I say, “younger days”, I'm talking about school days. Brought up in – he was born in Toronto. His mother is of German and Polish descent –

TY: You're German and Polish? You mean his daughter?

KT: What did I say?

DT: You said Michael's mother was of German and Polish descent?

TT: Oh!

KT: Yeah, the – yeah – sorry, if I – maybe I said it wrong.

DT: Wait, should we – should we do this part over?

KT: Yeah.

DT: Yeah, we can easily do it over. I'll just –

TY: Ask the question again.

KT: Let me go back.

DT: Are you ready?

TT: He's going to sleep.

KT: Alright, our – Michael is my son.

DT: I'll just ask the question, okay? And then it might –

KT: Okay. And he married a girl who – in Toronto from – whose parents are – the father is – her father was Polish and her mother was German. And they had a child, a girl, and my son named her Ryn, R-Y-N. And he got that from the English-Japanese dictionary, where the spelling of the word R-I-N means – several, it has several meanings, but one is a sort of a corolla or a sphere, a ring, like flowers, so on. So, it had several, meanings that attracted my son to call his daughter that name. But he changed the spelling from R-I-N to R-Y-N, and when you have a short name like that, you can't fool around with it, because it's so short to begin with. Nobody can make a nickname out of it. So he wanted something that was permanent, and that's the way it was.

Well, she was a lovely child. A great – a real treasure as far as I'm concerned. And I guess the unfortunate thing that happened, is that after several years, my son and his wife parted ways. So Ryn ended up by living with her mother for several years. But of course we kept in close contact as Grandma and Grandpa with her, and made sure her welfare was good, and she was being taken good care of. Her – I've just forgotten now how all this worked out – she was – her mother went to London, Ontario and – to live there after living in Toronto for a number of years, and consequently, her daughter Ryn went with her. Her father, our son Michael, he ended up in London, Ontario also, because at that time he was friends with another woman who came from London, Ontario. So, my son was able to see his daughter, Ryn, quite often, which was good.

And she attended the schools in London, then she – in high school, she seemed to have some ability in artwork, and even at the age of twelve, one of her drawings attracted a store owner in London that ran a beauty parlour, and she wanted a design that would sort of attract people to that. And so Ryn designed this, and she got \$80 for it! You know, she was only twelve years old at that time. And her ability in art seemed to be something that was growing in her, and she was able to come up with several designs and paintings and so on that I have several in my solarium. But she finished high school and she finished in the 80s, so she was not bad, as far as schoolwork was concerned. She took up ballroom dancing in the last two or three years of high school, also, and she was able to perform quite well at that, but she knew that wasn't going to take her anywhere, so she had to give that up.

But like many students from high school, when they finish high school, they're at a loss of what they want to do in their life. Now higher education, like university or college, is the way to go today, because so much is required of young people when it comes to, oh, getting a job or getting recognized for whatever they're good at. But Ryn wasn't that happy about going to further education. She wanted to do some travelling and she wanted to get a feel of the world a little more. And so she took off for Ecuador this last year, of all places. She was going to volunteer down – down there, doing some work in the, in the – I guess it's nature work, down there, but when she arrived and found out it wasn't cracked up to what it was supposed to be, she didn't stay. And there were two German girls that were there also, and advised

her not to stay, and so the three of them took off. And so Ryn didn't spend any time at this place at all. She ended up by going from village and town to town, and seeing the sights, and mixing with the people and learning the Spanish language, and so on. She enjoyed it so much that she ended up by staying down in Ecuador, I think about, what, four months or so? And while she's there, she met a little – a store or shop owner who was a silversmith, and Ryn went in and talked with the man, to see what he was doing, and some of the things that had on display, and she showed an interest in what silver smithing was like, and so this old fellow said, "I'll teach you, if you like." And he said, "I'll only charge you (I think) \$100, for two weeks." Well, she ended up by staying with them for a whole month, and she learned a lot about silver smithing. And she brought home quite a few designs that were quite, quite good. And we're very pleased that, as far as I'm concerned, that –that this travel down to Ecuador has proved something to her, that will help her in her quest for what she wants to do in life.

And, just to show you a picture of what she looks like today [brings up large framed photograph] that's – she's, she's twenty-one years of age in that picture. So, you can get an idea. And she's quite tall, she's about five, 5'8, I think. The present time she's in Ottawa, and she's working for a jewellery store owner who owns four stores in the market area of Ottawa, and she's in charge of one of the stores. So, she's learning a little bit about the commerce of jewellery, and art and so on, and how to run a store, and so on. I really don't think that she wants to get into that as a lifetime thing, but certainly the experience is always – always to the good. So – but she can go to university any time, because she has a university fund that she can draw on, if she wants to go to university. So, I'm hoping that someday that she will think that that's the way that she'll need to go if she wants to really develop her – her abilities.

DT: Thank you, Kinzie.

[discussion of camera setup]

DT: Okay. Okay, thanks Kinzie.

KT: Was that enough?

DT: Yeah, that was great.

TY: Well. If it's not, we'll call you and tell you we're coming over again. Okay?

KT: The trouble is, you know, this kind of stuff you can ramble on and on and on.

TT: If you give Kinzie that chance, he can do it.

TY: Yeah? I'll remember to bring more tapes next time.

DT: Okay.

[End of interview]