

I remember one day when an officer and Reverend Murphy came to take a man away. I remember the man because we boys in camp thought he was the greatest...he made beanies (small caps in various colors) for all of us. Later we learned he had been in prison at one time and probably learned to sew there. I learned much later that he had raped one of the wives and that was the reason for his quick departure.

I remember one man in particular that was always coughing up blood...and every time I see the same scene in modern Japanese films, I always think of him as I saw him. He was home much of the time. I am sure he had TB.

Living inside camp was just like living in a Japanese village transplanted. I was the second child born in camp, Kaz Mori was the first. However, his father died when he was about five and his mother took him back to Japan. So it was that I was the oldest from then on. I am grateful to dad that he had the foresight to send me to a nun's home from about five years old to learn to speak English. She made me eat breakfast with her each morning, and I can still hear her saying... "chew, slowly, chew" as I swallowed my eggs and toast. By the time I had contact with her for about two years, I was ready for school and it was not difficult as I talked fluently by then. The kids that followed me all had difficulty...mostly frightened...and I was for years the official translator for the principal and teachers. I think most of them spent an extra year or so in the early grades as they had a difficult time adjusting. One boy came from Japan...he was sixteen years old, and they made him go into the first grade. He felt so foolish playing London bridge and ring around the rosy with the first graders that he quit in disgust. I can hardly blame him. I wish I had a picture of him in short pants...skipping around the playground. But the teachers of that time thought that it was the thing to do.....

As I got into the third grade or so...dad arranged to send me to Clara Kanen for more English lessons. She had taught dad and some others when they first arrived at Mukilteo. I enjoyed every day I spent there...especially her home made bread...and spaghetti with whole wieners in them. I learned about American home life, watched her can food, pick wild blackberries...in other words, the American way of life that our parents knew nothing about. If you remember Clara was the only one that still called me Tsuneyoshi until the day she died a few years ago.

About this time, I had the job of going every Saturday morning to shop for the camp wives...especially at the butcher shop...at the company store. All purchases were charged to the husbands account...and the charges were deducted from their monthly wages. My memory during my early years must have been quite remarkable because I never wrote the orders on paper. The butcher many times commented on amazement at my memory of each family's orders I repeated them one by one. Each family had a assigned number...so all charges were made to the family number. The only number I remember today is my uncle's...which was #7.

The Japanese camp had two boarding houses for the single men.

1. My dog's name was "B". Probably so named because it was easy for my parents to pronounce. I had him from infancy until I was in the first grade. He was an intelligent cocker spaniel....and every evening about 5:30 when my father came thru a certain gate, B would meet him there and carry our newspaper home. One day he didn't return....and someone came to inform us that he had been hit by the Great Northern Train which always went by about the same time that he met dad. The only reason he got hit was that on that particular day, a freight train came from the opposite direction and he probably got confused. We had a grave for him near the Japanese Camp with a big capital B painted on it.
2. Probably dad had more influence on me than mother. As you have heard from mom and I, in your grandad's time....the supreme head of the house was always the father. Right or wrong, his words were always respected and followed. We never questioned his orders or decisions. Mother worshipped him and like all mothers of that period...spent most of their time doing housework, or gardening. I suppose life in rural Japan at that time was very similar. Their routine life, cooking meals, washing clothes, having the daily bath ready for dad, was the extent of their daily activities. Mom's whole life centered on dad. So it was with the children, our daily life revolved around our parents.
3. The Japanese Camp (as the village or community was called) had a population of about one hundred laborers, fifteen or so wives, and about fifty to sixty children. Ours was the least in size as a family. So when you have this many people housed in a small area... there is bound to be certain amount of various incidents. One thing that stood out about the Mukilteo Camp is the fact that when it was first started....the early settlers had foresight enough to write a constitution to govern the lives of the ~~few~~ that would work in the sawmill. Gambling, prostitution and such vice were to be prohibited....and I remember at the entrance to the camp there was a large plaque with writing in Japanese, the Constitution as such. I was too young to realize many incidents that occurred, but a few things still haunt my memories:
 - a. I remember three raids by federal officers into camp. Twice was by the immigration authorities...since Mukilteo sawmill often had Japanese ships load lumber there, many times a shipworker would jump ship and hide out for a while. Eventually he was hired by the mill. Then there were others who jumped ship elsewhere but ended up in Mukilteo. I remember many who had false passports and affidavits made up by crooked lawyers falsifying their length of time in the states. The other group of federal officers were the alcohol revenue officers. As prohibition existed then...it was unlawful to make any kind of liquor at home. The Japanese naturally had to have their sake....so many of the men made home brew. I remember many ~~were~~ taken to Everett to face trial. I never knew the outcome.
 - b. As years went by, the camp had two big events a year. On the 4th of July, they had fireworks, events for the kids and adults, such as races etc. In time they even had a baseball team who played against other Japanese sawmill teams. The other event was a gala New Year's party at the Community hall. They had Kabuki plays, music, skits etc..by the camp people. They hired professional instructors from Seattle ~~city~~ ^{in the} came in fall every weekend to coach them.

The owner of the first boarding house was a Mr. Taniji. I was practically raised by him from the time I walked until the early grade school days. I can still vaguely remember being put in a box near his cooking stove. . . . hundred of cockroaches as they scampered around me. . . . Mr. Taniji also went daily to the Mukilteo Post office to get the camp mail. . . and in the winter he would take me on a sled to get the mail. It was about a two mile distance. Later he went to San Diego to start the T. Taniji Mercantile company and wrote many times to dad wanting to adopt me.

The events during grade school that left permanent impressions on memories of childhood:

Probably the most damaging or deep impressions were:

1. Arriving at a murder scene a minute after it happened. . . a sawmill manager was murdered and the murderer committed suicide. . . he had been fired a few days before. .

2. Two boys. . . one a classmate. . . the other in high school who were killed in motorcycle accidents. This was in the twenties. This made me leary of ever riding in a cycle.

3. A classmate in the seventh grade who was accidentally killed by his own gun during a hunting trip. He walked to his home and died in his mother's kitchen. He sat directly behind me at school. . . and his death made me deathly afraid of guns thereafter. I used to hunt for birds up until that time. . . . but have never fired a gun since.

4. Many of the young men who worked had attended a few years of college in Japan. A few of them used to row across Puget Sound to Whidbey Island in a rowboat. . . Only once I remember when a group didn't return. . . and the camp was in uproar. . . but later we found that a storm came up and they had beached at the island to wait for the wind to subside.

5. During early grade school years we walked many times on the railroad to get to school. It was very common to see horses and cows killed by the train. However in later years when a law came in effect that animals had to be fenced in. . . it almost solved the problem.

I have seen the transition of the horse and buggy to the auto. . . . kerosene lamps to electricity. . . . transportation by train and auto to the jet age. . . . have worked as a stamp boy during high school days in the sawmill. . . . berry picking on the farm. . . . canning salmon in Alaska. . . . stock boy at Bartell's, delivery boy for Sagamiya during the New Year's rush. . . and salesman in a dime store. I relish all these experiences. . . . they sure added to my experience.

Some day I should elaborate on the prejudices I faced. . . Some very unpleasant. It still exists and always will but you should be more prepared than I to face the situations. You don't have to take anything from the nobodys.

Dad.