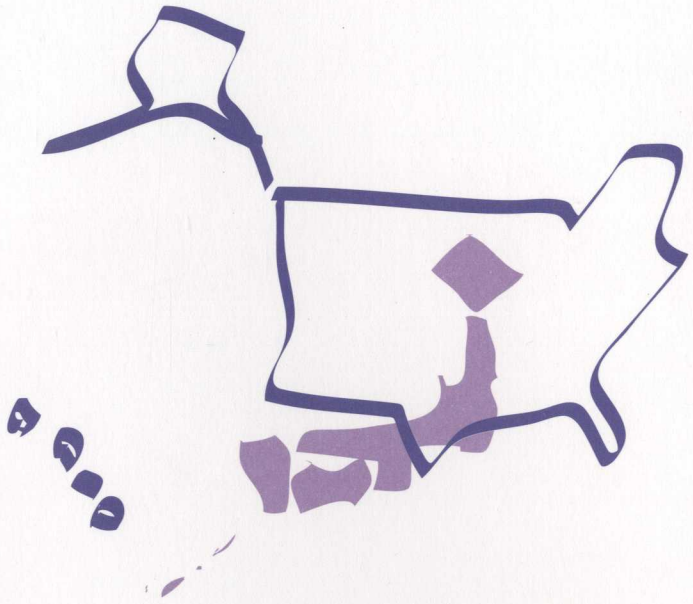
The Voices of Keisen's Former Japanese-American Students



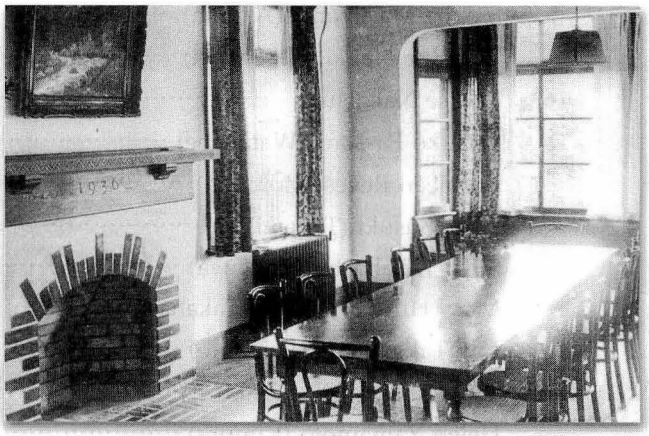
── 恵泉で学んだ日系アメリカ人学生たちの声 ──

恵泉女学園史料室

The Voices of Keisen's Former Japanese-American Students

恵泉で学んだ日系アメリカ人学生たちの声

The Old Main Gate of Keisen Jogakuen
恵泉女学園の古い正門



The Dining Room of "Daiichiryo"
第一寮の食堂

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Upon Publishing the Interviews of Former "Ryugakuseis"

Kunio Oguchi, Chancellor

Readers of *My Lantern* cannot help but become aware of Michi Kawai's deep concern for the education of the daughters of Japanese immigrants to America, and of her decision to invite them to Keisen as "ryugakusei." As these women become more advanced in age, it became one of the more urgent projects of our Historical Committee to interview them and record their experiences at Keisen from sixty or more years past.

Toshiko Yoshikawa, a member of the Historical Committee, accepted the task of traveling to the United States, interviewing the former "ryugakuseis," and then transcribing the results of their individual stories.

I trust that readers of these talks will gain a significant and deeper appreciation of Miss Kawai's personality and educational aspirations for Keisen.

I would also like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude and respect to Toshiko Yoshikawa for her work on this project.

Preface

Like her mentor, Inazo Nitobe, Miss Michi Kawai always aspired to be "a bridge across the Pacific." In 1934, representing Christian Japan, she was in the United States speaking to many groups of people with a special mission for creating a better relationship between the two countries. During the trip, she learned from one of her friends, a minister, of the lack of communication between issei parents and their America-born children. Whenever she became aware of a need, it was Miss Kawai's way to give herself to fill the need. She had rare insight into the needs of each country and each individual.

Upon her return to Japan, Miss Kawai designed a special course for young nisei women, who would come to Japan to study the language and culture of their parents' country. It was to be called "ryugakusei-ka." Miss Kawai even built a new dormitory so that the nisei students and Japan-born girls could live together, come to understand each other's ways, and become friends.

The Historical Committee has always considered the "ryugakusei course" as a significant component of Keisen's educational history. For this reason, I went to the United States to interview the nisei friends of Keisen who studied in the course. I left early in October, 2001, and with the kind cooperation of Mrs. Joann Hummell (the former Reynolds sensei) and Katherine Morooka Reyes, I was able to meet with and talk to far more "ryugakuseis" than I had first anticipated. Earlier, I had sent them the following twenty questions:


Mrs. Hummell

1. Where were you living in the United States when you decided to come to Keisen to study?
2. In what year did you come to Keisen?

3. Why did you decide to study in Japan?
4. How did you learn about the "ryugakusei course" at Keisen? How did you know about Kawai sensei?
5. Did you have a special reason for coming to Keisen before graduating from high school ? (if applicable)
6. Was the decision to come to Keisen your decision, or your parents'?
7. Did you come on your own, or did your parents accompany you on your voyage to Japan?
8. Did you know anything of Miss Kawai before you came? Did you know that Keisen was a Christian school? Did you come from a Christian home? Were you a Christian when you came to Keisen?
9. Before coming to Japan, what language did you use at home to communicate with your parents?
10. Did you identify yourself as an American citizen, or as a mixture of Japanese and American? (How do you think others thought of you, in terms of nationality in America and in Japan?)
11. When you came to Japan, did you experience any culture shock? If so, could you describe it?
12. Tell us about your experiences in the dormitory. What did you enjoy the most? What was difficult for you?
13. What were the most useful subjects for you in the "ryugakusei course"? Can you tell us about your experiences with the study of the Japanese language?
14. Did you make friends with Japanese students in the regular course? Over the years, have you remained friends, or in touch with these students?
15. When and why did you leave Japan?
16. Did the war with America break out while you were a student at Keisen? What was the reaction of the "ryugakusei" students when they heard the tragic news?
17. Would you be willing to share with us some of your experiences during the war? Did you have to go to a relocation camp? How did you spend your time there?

18. Could you tell us about your life since the end of the war?
19. Looking back on your life now, what do you think was the greatest impact of your studies and experiences at Keisen under Michi Kawai's guidance?
20. What is your personal memory of Kawai sensei? How did she impress you as the founder and principal of Keisen?

Most women started their life stories by speaking of their parents' earlier journey to the "Land of Promise," America. Further, I am grateful that they were willing to share with me their stories of hardships, humiliation and suffering during their time in the internment camps during the war. Today we find this almost beyond our comprehension. Some of these women stayed on in Japan and had their share of hunger and fear of being bombed to death or losing their home to fire.

Their place in American society seems rather unique. Although they were, and thought of themselves as, American citizens, or perhaps a mixture of both American and Japanese, their Caucasian peers were likely to refer to them as "Japanese" because of their appearance. However, when they came to Japan, Japanese thought that they were very strange, different and American. They found themselves in the interstices between the two countries and two cultures. As a result of this, Miss Kawai strongly encouraged them to act as little bridges between Japan and America.

This booklet consists of the transcripts of the actual interviews, written answers to the prepared questions, as well as other articles especially written and presented voluntarily by some of the "ryugakuseis."

Their experiences at Keisen or in Japan were both interesting and enlightening. Even after they left Japan, Miss Kawai's teachings remained with them, sustaining them through the dark times and difficult days of their lives. Almost in unison they assured me that all

these years Miss Kawai has been their spiritual guide, perhaps echoing the thoughts of the Japan-born alumnae of Keisen. Their testimonies recall the words of Henry Adams: "A teacher affects eternity; no one can tell where his or her influences stops."

It was an honor and privilege to listen to my "senpai," seniors, as they told me about their lives.

Toshiko Yoshikawa

Class of Summer 1937
1937年夏　卒業の留学生クラス

Part I Interviews

第1部　インタビュー

Eiko Aoki (Rubie Tajima)

My father was born in Gunma Prefecture and grew up in Nishinasuno, Tochigi Prefecture. He came to the US in 1904, leaving his wife and a young child. At first he was involved in something to do with a hotel, but not for a long time. Soon after, he entered a tuna company in San Pedro, California, a port town. Then he called his family over, when the child was nine years old. His wife and baby died at child-birth. Some years after, he married again. My mother came from Chiba Prefecture, having been trained in midwifery at Chiba Medical University. After the big earthquake of 1906, she married Mr. Miyamura, a journalist who died in a flu epidemic. Then my mother worked with Dr.Ito, practicing midwifery. In 1919, mutual friends brought my parents together. My father was in the hotel business by then.

I was living in Los Angeles when I decided to come to Keisen to study. I had finished high school and junior college, where I took flower arrangement taught by a Westerner. I wanted to study authentic flower arrangement in Japan.

I went to Japan in 1937. I went with a group of Japanese American Christian young people accompanied by two ministerial couples, Rev. and Mrs. Yamazaki of St. Mary's Episcopalian church and Rev. and Mrs. Machida of a Methodist church. There were both boys and girls in the group. We had a tour of the schools in Japan, including Keisen. At the end of the tour, six of us decided to remain in Japan and study at Keisen.

My mother had a group picture of Japanese ladies taken when Miss Kawai came to our area to speak of Keisen. My father was converted to Christianity by a Methodist missionary when he was still living in Tochigi. My mother became a Christian after she came to America. I received infant baptism in a Japanese Methodist church. I was baptized again as a teenager in a Christian church in L.A. by a Japanese minister.

At home we used a mixture of English and Japanese. I did not know enough English. Father could use English, so he did business in English. I grew up in California. There was a lot of discrimination, to which I was very sensitive. I had an American style upbringing compared with other Japanese families. The Buddhist families were engaged more in Japanese customs. Our family did not emphasize Japanese customs so much.

When we arrived in Japan on July 7, 1937, we heard the newsboys announcing an incident between Japan and China. We were shocked, but the Japanese people seemed to take it in their stride. It was a Japanese custom not to show their emotions, which for me was a part of the fascination of Japan.

I lived in "Daiichi-ryo" for two years. Suzuki sensei was our matron. There were also Alice Tsukamoto and Miki Kumamoto. Living with the Japan-born girls had brand new experiences for me. The cleaning "toban," chores expected of students became difficult because I was not in good health. Kawai sensei sent me to the Seventh-Day Adventist Hospital, where I was diagnosed to have "kakke," or beriberi.

I enjoyed learning some parts of the history of Japan and also the art-related subjects such as flower-arrangement and "shuji," calligraphy. I was intrigued by Miss Kawai's consideration of horticulture and environment. We did edible gardening. We received spiritual training, which was the important part of Keisen education. The "ryugakusei"

girls in "Futsubu" learned the Japanese language much better than us. I did not make friends with Japanese students in the regular course. For some time, I and another Keisen girl, Sue Watanabe from Canada, stayed with a Japanese family living in a villa of an imperial princess in Denenchoufu. Through Sue, we made ourselves at home there.

We left Japan in 1940 because we felt like going home. We went on the ship "Taiyo-maru." During the war, we were sent to a relocation camp which used to be an Indian reservation. We made some friends there, but after the war we never saw each other, until we met again at a women's conference in August, 2001.

I was among the first to get out of the camp and found a job in Chicago, teaching Japanese to an oculist. During the war, I met my husband and was married. We went to Hawaii and had three children. I was mother and housewife. We came back to the mainland in 1977.

When we think of the person that she was, there is no denying that Miss Kawai was a great woman. What she taught me made me feel that I need to make something of my life in relation to my Creator, God.

Grace Hayashi

My parents came to Hawaii early in 1900: my father from Yamaguchi, and my mother from Tokyo. They did not come together. They settled in Hawaii. My father worked for New York Insurance Company there.

I was living in Honolulu, Hawaii. I went to Japan with my parents and my family. I went to Keisen in April, 1938. My aunt knew Miss Kawai and asked her if she would take me and my sisters. I was accepted in the "Futsubu" class. But at first I went to a primary school in Japan, because I had not finished primary school in Honolulu.

I was already a Christian when I entered Keisen. My family went to a Japanese Methodist Church in Honolulu. I was baptized very young, when I was six or seven.

At Keisen, some of the "Futsubu" students did not like us because we spoke in English. I did not have much culture shock. What was shocking to me was the higher level of mathematics in Japan. I needed a tutor at first.

I lived with Miss Barns in "Ichiryo." I enjoyed everything there, especially the daily worship service. I also enjoyed being a rascal. I ate crackers in my room, which I was not supposed to do. The crumbs attracted little mice upstairs. The coldness in winter was difficult.

At Keisen, I liked mathematics, and disliked history, taught by Chigira sensei. In every class, she scolded us for forty five minutes about neatness, and taught the subject only for five minutes.

I made friends with Mrs.Takahara, Masumi Inoue's mother, and Sumiko Kuri. I have kept in touch with them.

I learned of the outbreak of the war through the "gogai," a special issue of newspaper.

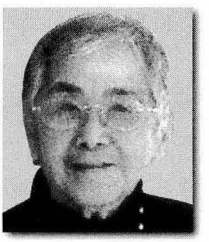
I left Japan because I heard the rumors of war. However, my brother and my sister stayed on. I was shocked and sad when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. Life in Honolulu was hard for me because I had just come

back from Japan. Schools were closed and I spent four years in a Christian school. I was homesick for Keisen and cried.

They came to inspect us Japanese-Americans and picked up ministers and leaders to take away to a special place. Compared with the people in the main land, our life in Hawaii was not too bad. After the war, I came to the mainland and went to Loma Linda University and studied dietetics. After graduation, I worked in different hospitals as a dietician and enjoyed it in a way. I had to work. I retired eleven years ago.

Miss Kawai was motherly and yet strict. One time she forbade us eating chocolate filled with liquor. She helped me spiritually. She was missionary-minded. She encouraged us to memorize Scripture verses.

Ai Inoue (Teranishi)



I come from a strict Christian family. In 1900, my father came to the United States. His father bought him a one way ticket telling him to earn his way back. He was converted by Mrs. Togasaki of a well-known Christian family and became a Christian. He did not drink nor smoke. In 1915, he went back to Japan to marry my mother. My mother was

happy to come to America. She learned how to cook from other Japanese women. She spoke perfect English. She spoke to my father in Japanese. In our home we used both English and Japanese. I have always identified myself as an American.

I was living in Stockton, Northern California, before I came to Japan in 1935. It was my parents' idea to send me to Keisen to study. Those days children did not question their parents. I had graduated from high school. My parents had some distinguished Christian friends in Japan. There were Rev. Hayashi who studied in San Francisco, Miss Shimamura of Kyofukai, Japan Christian Women's Organization for Temperance, Miss Chiba of YWCA and Mrs.Hayashi, a graduate of Mills College who knew Mrs. Isshiki.

I came to Japan with my family and was left at Keisen at the age of 18. I experienced culture shock concerning food. The greatest shock came when the military took over the government in the February 26 Incident.

I did not stay in the dormitory but lived with Miss Kawai for six months before moving into Mrs. Hayashi's home. Then I commuted to Keisen on the train. While I was living with Miss Kawai, every morning I did radio exercise. Orin san, the maid, prepared "umezu," plum vinegar, with sugar. She never smiled. Every Sunday I had to go to Matsuzawa Church and came to know Sumimoto and Umeko, Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa's children.

I am happy to have gone to Japan and to Keisen. I came to appreciate Japanese culture in general especially tea ceremony. I enjoyed every subject offered in "ryugakusei course." Yugeta sensei took us to Kyoto and other places. I met good friends such as Tokito san, my roommate, and Yasuko Watanabe, a pianist who passed away.

I came back to the States in 1936, because I was afraid that the war was

approaching. Things were going badly in Manchuria. I was married in April, 1942. We were sent to an internment camp in Rohwer, Arkansas, a place for the Indians. The Quaker group did a great deal for the Japanese.

In my married life I took care of five people; my mother-in-law for 33 years, my own mother for 4 years and my son for 50 years. I am now taking care of my husband.

Michi Kawai had the greatest influence on my life. Being a devout Christian, she was a fearless person. Essentially, she must have been lonely. I heard her talking to herself, "I don't have any of my own." Her students were her "daughters."

Setsu Ishiyama (Takahashi)

I used to live in Terminal Island, California, a fishing village. I came to Keisen in 1937, to learn the language and custom of Japan and to meet the relatives. It was my parents' wish. They came from Gunma Prefecture. They were already married when they came to the States.

We heard of Keisen through a friend, Nakako Yoshizumi of Idaho, who

was already at Keisen. The decision to come was mutual, both mine and my parents'. My mother accompanied me on the N.Y.K. ship, "Tatsuta-maru." She told me about Keisen and Miss Kawai. I wasn't from a Christian home. In the second year at Keisen, I was baptized by Asano sensei of Mitake Church. My relatives lived in Meguro.

At home, I spoke Japanese to my parents and English to my siblings. I consider myself a mixture of Japanese and American, culturally.

When I started to live in the dorm, everything was different and interesting. One day I asked a policeman for directions. He looked at me and said how stupid I was. I became afraid of policemen and developed an extreme dislike of them.

In the dorm at school there was camaraderie with other students which I enjoyed. I don't remember any extreme difficulties, although bathrooms were not to my liking.

We enjoyed the history class by Chigira sensei and outings Kawai sensei arranged for us. We loved all the teachers. Yugeta sensei was responsible for the "ryugakusei" class. She was easy to approach. In the dorm I made friends with Japanese girls. We still exchange cards at Christmas time.

In 1941, my school was over and Father came to fetch me. We went home on the same boat with Miss Kawai, who was leaving for the States.

During the war I was sent to Manzanar, California. My father was a fisherman and he was interned in Montana with his crew. Mother was taken to a Catholic church because she had taught at a Japanese school. She was chosen to teach because her children were old enough.

When we were moved to Heart Mountain, Wyoming, I met my husband and became engaged. The life there was quite harsh. Gradually the family got together.

My husband and I have three children. We have lived thirty years at the present address.

Looking back at my life at Keisen, I remember that there was discipline and Christian belief at work. Although we did not have the chance to know Miss Kawai personally, she had a strong influence on each one of us. She knew of all our names and our backgrounds. It was always a thrill for us to hear her message.

Alice Ito (Kuromi)

My grandfather and my grandmother left Shimane Prefecture and came to the States in 1906. My mother was only five years old and left with her uncle. My father came later and grew flowers in San Francisco at first.

I was living in Laguna Beach, Los Angeles, when I came to Keisen in August, 1939. I had finished junior college. At that time my grandfather was very ill in Japan. My parents thought that we should all go back to Japan to visit him. In Japan, we met Amy Murayama who tried to show us there was such a school as Keisen. She knew Miss Kawai. She was Dorothy Iwana's sister.

I was baptized by the bishop of an Episcopalian church.

At home we spoke colloquial Japanese. We had so many relatives both in Japan and America. They did not speak any English, although we children learned English at school. We did not get any help with English at home.

My culture shock in Japan was those "honey buckets."

I lived in "Daiichi-ryo" where there was camaraderie among the students. We talked about our homes. There was always "reihai," worship service in the morning. I had made up my mind to "take what comes up if I am to stay here." It was difficult to learn culture.

I loved the way they taught "Les Miserables" in Japanese and was impressed. Yugeta sensei taught the language class and "soroban," abacus, was taught by Takazawa sensei.

I did shopping in town in broken Japanese. When I had to cook, I did not know how to explain in Japanese.

Late in 1940, a letter from the embassy told us to leave Japan as soon as possible. I wanted to stay and study. However, my relatives in Japan helped me to return to the States in July, 1941, on "Kamakura-maru," the last ship before the war broke out.

When I returned to the States, I helped my folks with their work. They had 70 acres of land with all kinds of flowers growing.

When the war started, we were sent to the relocation camp. We had to leave immediately. It was a puzzling experience because we were American citizens. I was already married. They allowed us married couples to give in an application to leave the camp. My husband, Arthur, went into the army in October. We stayed in Gila Camp in Arizona for six months. We went to Minnesota to live among the wonderful mountain folks. They did not know how Japanese Americans looked like even.

During the war my husband was sent overseas to Guam and other islands of South Pacific. He used Japanese to contact Japanese soldiers. Often he had to go into caves.

After the war, Arthur started a nursery business from scratch. We saved every penny and bought a small florist shop. We could make it because we had strong health.

Yamaguchi sensei visited us and Usa san stayed with us for many months. We have felt close to Keisen, because Keisen graduates came to us to be trained. The students from the Horticulture Department came for a homestay program during summer. The Roppongi floral shop had lectures and demonstrations in our place.

Looking back on my experiences at Keisen, I realize that I received a lot of spiritual guidance from Miss Kawai. My husband and I have been married for fifty eight years. We both feel very obligated to "Nosen" and the College of Horticulture of Keisen.

Vickie Iwata (Hata)

When my father finished high school, his father said that he had better go to America to study. With six friends of his he left Chiba, his homeland and went to Northern California, to Sacramento, in the early part of 1900. My father was already a Christian. Each one of them became a house boy. The life was quite hard and they decided to go back to Japan. When the boat stopped at Hawaii, the place looked very good to them and they decided to get off and to stay there. Father was employed by the Japanese newspaper and worked there all his life. My father went back to Japan looking for a wife. My mother always wanted to marry a Christian. There was a minister in Nagano who introduced her to my father. The marriage took place in Japan, and then they sailed for Honolulu.

My parents had six children, but one sister died. I was baptized as a teenager. My parents had become Seventh Day Adventists.

I finished high school in 1939. I had three brothers and one sister, who was living in Japan, married to a Japanese-American. My sister said to me, "Why don't you come to Japan?" Mother thought it was a good idea, and I came to Japan on my own, on the N.Y.K. ship, "Taiyo-maru."

I was sent to Tamagawa Gakuen. Mr. Obara, the president, was a dignified man, and I was impressed by him. Although I went there about a year, I did not like it there. There was nothing fine there. When I asked for advice, a friend took me to see Mrs. Sawada, who said I should be rolled in a school somewhere and told me of Keisen.

I enjoyed Keisen a lot. I was in "Harada-ryo" with Matsumoto sensei, who was very kind to me. While I was there I got very fat. Matsumoto sensei exclaimed one day, "Hata san, your face is swollen!" I remember "toban," taking turns in cleaning the dorm, panting as I scrubbed the steps. At Keisen, in the dorm, Suzuki sensei, the matron, got T.B., and Aiko Takenaka came home with the disease from her and entered a sanatorium.

I consider myself as a mixture of Japanese and American because of culture. When young, we adjust very well to a new life. The life in Japan was never monotonous. In the dorm, four of us were in a big room and slept on the floor. The life in the dorm was quite regimented. It started with grace, which had to be in Japanese.

The main reason for our coming to Japan was to learn the language, both reading and writing. We first thought in English and then translated into Japanese.

In 1941, the American embassy advised us to leave Japan and I came home alone in September. On my return, I started at Whittier College and then was evacuated.

After returning to Hawaii, my parents noticed that I had been changed by my experiences at Keisen. For example, I became not extravagant in the kitchen. My parents commented, "You sure got thrifty."

I met my husband through my brother, both of whom went to a medical

school, the College of Evangelists. My husband-to-be was working as an intern in White Memorial Hospital. His name was Dick (Richard) Hiroshi Iwata. He was living with his parents, who were nice people, Seventh-Day Adventist Christians. When he asked me to marry him, he said, "I count on you to take care of Mother." I replied, "I will do my best." My mother-in-law and I enjoyed each other. She said, "You don't have a mother, and, I don't have a daughter. Why don't you become my daughter?"

As I look back, the life in the dorm at Keisen was quite regimented, as I said before, but we got along with each other very well. Neatness you had to learn, because there was not much space. We worshipped together and made good friends. It was the highlight of my life. None of us "ryugakuseis" were poor. My parents' philosophy was, "If you send children to school, you must provide for them well."

Miss Kawai was a great leader and I admired her for holding herself very well. She interacted with men as well as with women.

Kiyo Kaneko

I came to Japan from a western area of Los Angeles. We were not living in a Japanese community. I had heard Miss Kawai speak in Los Angeles. I was working at my father's store to earn money. I had graduated from U.C.L.A., majoring in home-economics. I applied for a teaching position, but was not hired because of being a Japanese. So I joined the "kengakudan" and came to Japan. It was a group of church youth, 20 members, both men and women, accompanied by a minister.

Florence Tamiko Matsumoto (later Ishida), a friend of mine, was teaching "yosai," western sewing, at the time. When the "kengakudan" was to return to America, I came back to Tokyo with the group. When Florence decided to leave Keisen, she told Miss Kawai about me. I went to an interview with Miss Kawai who hired me on the spot. It was in the year 1936.

At Keisen I taught for two years, the upper grades of "Futsubu" and "Kotobu." I taught "yosai," and English conversation. My Japanese was "Osakaben" of Meiji Period. The students laughed at my "Nihongo."

Before coming to Japan, I used to go to an Episcopal church for "hakujin." Mother wanted us to go to church. At home we spoke mostly Japanese. Mother studied English. I don't remember having trouble in speaking English. To be honest, I didn't think much about my identity as a Japanese-American. Our family lived among "hakujin." Some people on our street did not like us. Maybe they thought that we were strange. For the New Year season, we had typical Japanese "shogatsu" dishes.

Father owned a store which sold dry goods and groceries.

Yes, there were some culture shocks when I came to Keisen. I felt like I was held in. For instance, so many things about clothing were taboo—the colors were too bright and the skirts were too short. It was war hysteria.

At Keisen, I stayed with Miss Burns, an English teacher, in the shingle house. Miss Burns taught Japanese history in English. I audited the Japanese language class taught by Matsumoto sensei. I enjoyed "oshuji," calligraphy, with Inui sensei, and flower arrangement from Taira sensei.

In 1937, Shizu Yamaguchi and I went to Manchuria to visit a friend from U.C.L.A. We were questioned by the Japanese army. On our return to Japan, the Japanese M.P. followed us. I left Japan in June, 1938. My sister was living in Hawaii. On the way home I stopped there, and a church friend introduced me to my husband.

I was living in Pearl Harbor when the war broke out. We went to church wearing "yukata." When the Japanese bombers flew over Pearl Harbor, we could see the pilot of the Japanese plane. We were not put into the relocation camps, as was the case in the mainland. Because there were too many Japanese in Hawaii, they could not go on without us.

My husband was a dentist. We lived in Hawaii until 1962. I have four children. The youngest was six, when my husband died of a heart attack in '55. I took more courses for two years at the University of Hawaii, and became a primary school teacher. I taught navy dependents of high rank. There was strict discipline at the school.

My brother-in-law helped us to move to California. My son did very well. My children are doing very well. I retired from teaching in 1969.

My experiences in Japan with the people helped me a great deal to be useful after I came back to the States. Miss Kawai was very, very kind. That was the way she was. If she saw something not acceptable, she helped the person with the problem to solve it. She also helped the picture brides going from Japan to America. Miss Kawai was always willing to help when she saw the need.

Matsuyo Katagiri (Yamashita)

My father came alone from Wakayama to the States in 1906. My mother came later in 1915. They grew flowers in Montebello, California.

I came to Japan, to Keisen, in July, 1938. I wanted to go to college in the States. My father believed that girls should not be educated. He said, "You are going to Japan." It was my father's decision to send me to Keisen. My father had a Christian friend who knew of Miss Kawai. He had a strong influence on my father. I came to Japan on my own. I was eighteen and the journey was scary. I cried all the way to Japan. When I had an interview with Miss Kawai, she was reluctant to accept me,

because I was from a Buddhist family. After all she said, "All right, you can stay."

I identify myself as an American. However, I went to an all-Caucasian school and they thought I was Japanese. In Japan, at Keisen, I did not feel at home because I was American.

I had a culture shock when I found out that there was no bedding in my room at the dormitory at Keisen. In America, everything will be provided. I went to Mitsukoshi Department Store to buy "futon" accompanied by a young Japanese lady. I lived in all the three dormitories: "Daiichi-ryo," "Harada-ryo" and "Kawai-ryo." I enjoyed being with Japan-born girls. Miss Kawai never had only nisei girls in one room, so that we would learn Japanese. Sometimes I did not like the too-much attachment of the "Futsubu" girls to us nisei students. The daily routine in the dormitory was getting up early, cleaning the rooms and eating rice for breakfast, to which I got used gradually.

Miss Kawai's Bible class was very interesting and useful. Miss Kawai taught the Bible in Japanese. I knew Mr. Kojiro Unoura who encouraged Miss Kawai to start "ryugakusei course." The Japanese language class taught by Miss Yugeta was very helpful, although the ambivalent Japanese expressions were difficult for me.

I made friends with "Kotobu" students, but the friendship was not lasting. My "ryugakusei" friends are Aiko Nagashi Iino, who was married in Japan, and Ruth Kacho.

After I left Keisen, I stayed with a Japanese family for three months. Yugeta sensei helped me to find the family, where I learned a lot. Then my father told me to come back to the States.

Our issei parents wanted their daughters to get married. When the war

started, I was married to my husband who had been picked up for me. When I became pregnant, I was scared and worried about the future of the baby. Right after the baby was born, we were sent to Amache Camp in Wyoming. There were ten thousand people in the camp and many sick people. We stayed there for three years. My baby too was constantly sick. We were very poor. My husband was a pharmacist and was very busy.

After the war, life was quite hectic for me. My father-in-law was stricken with stroke. We had very little to survive on. Another baby was on the way. Then I took care of my mother-in-law, my parents and my brother. For many years I lived caring for sick members of my family. My two girls were very good kids and helped me. Even after the war, there was still prejudice against Japanese-Americans. It was hard for my husband to find a job as a pharmacist. So he did little jobs. My husband had a heart attack and died.

At Keisen, I enjoyed everything, especially Japanese art. The greatest impact of the study at Keisen, in Japan, was that we became able to communicate better with the issei group at home. Miss Kawai's faith and enthusiasm was the best influence in my life. She worked so hard for us to understand the Bible. She had a "dendo," evangelical spirit. While I was at Keisen, I was interested in Christianity. Years after I graduated from Keisen, I was baptized in West Adams Church. I was baptized at the age of 50. I am the only Christian in my family. My in-laws opposed it, but my own family supported me.

Even when food got scarce, Miss Kawai always ate with us students. She was very kind, but strong, because of her faith in Christ. She was an internationalist and was ahead of her time. She was a marvelous person. She wanted us nisei to become a bridge between the United States and Japan. I give Miss Kawai a great credit.

Miki Kumamoto (Amai)

Some years after he came to America, my father went back to Niigata, Japan to find "oyome-san," his bride. My mother was a school-teacher in Niigata. My father took his bride to Hawaii to work on a sugar plantation. Later they moved to the mainland. My father learned mechanical skill and became a gardener in Pasadena.

My parents became Christians before I was born. They must have been exposed to church by some relatives. I was baptized as an infant.

I was in Pasadena, California, when I decided to come to Keisen in 1936. My parents made the decision for me to study in Japan. A church member, Kiyoko Shoji (now Mrs. Hanamura) was enrolled in the "ryugakusei department" at Keisen. Our pastor, Rev. Kengo Tajima, told our members of Michi Kawai's school, and my mother wanted me to try it. My parents were very interested and agreed in my enrollment to Keisen. I was not too aware of what this would mean, but since my mother had a very strong desire to see her family after being in the US for eighteen years, it was a timely part on her making this trip to Japan. My mother brought me, with both my brother and younger sister.

I knew of Miss Kawai before I came. I knew Keisen was a Christian school. I came from a Christian school. I was a Christian when I came to Keisen.

At home we used both English and Japanese. My mother was a Japanese school teacher in Pasadena and used Japanese at home. As well, my parents used their English to keep up with our schooling.

We were considered as Americans, or as niseis here. Our community was very integrated having very little social problems, excepting for ethnic groups within our churches or some social groups. In Japan, I assumed that we were of immigrant parents and probably a little aware of some difference between the Japanese-born citizens.

At the time I attended Keisen, I did not feel a strong cultural shock. It was more like they were all Japanese, and there were not many other foreigners around, as it was in our own Pasadena, which had a very good mixture of peoples.

I was not living at Keisen's dormitory. I lived in Kyodo-machi, with my relatives. So I was a town student, living at home and walking to Keisen. I was in the "Futsubu department," as a regular student, as I was too young (16) for the "ryugakusei department," which required the completion of, or equivalent to, High School.

In 1940, the American Consulate gave orders for US citizens living in Japan to return to the US. In 1941, April, I graduated from Keisen, 5 th year, so I immediately made arrangements to leave Japan and arrived in the US in May.

I was not in Japan when the war broke out, and was here at home, back in school, junior college. I did, however, have the experience of the Pearl Harbor bombing heard on the radio when I reached home after

attending church and the following days, weeks, and months leading up to our evacuation to Relocation Centers.

Our family was sent to Tulare Assembly Center in March, 1942, and then moved further inland late in May to Gila River Relocation Center, Arizona. Here I stayed for a year, during which I spent most of my time working at the Relocation Center, with many activities to get involved in. Some were in sports and entertainment programs (movies, talent shows, etc), coordinating church and extra-curricular events, and we maintained such areas as toy rental or a library. We had church services, Sunday schools, etc. also. We even had a choir. Rev. Susumago was our pastor and a wonderful tenor. I tried to help in as many church events and activities as I could.

In May, 1943, I left camp for Chicago, taking a domestic position, from an advertisement sent through the authorities, with a family from the 4th Presbyterian Church membership. I also wanted to find a school where I could continue my education and eventually a better job position. Fortunately, my employer was very considerate and located a teachers college that I could enter on a part-time basis.

My parents, who were still in camp, decided to help also. They came to Chicago, found employment, and housing nearby, so that I could live with them. In 1947, I received my BE degree. My family and I then returned to Pasadena. I found my teaching position, first in a private nursery school, three years later in a public school, where I stayed for three and a half years. In the meantime, I got married, had six children, and now have ten grandchildren.

I also gave up my teaching, took courses to be a children's librarian, and in the same school district, I put in twenty-nine years. I retired this year, due to major surgery, and am home recuperating and hoping I can be of some use again soon. The doctor is advising me it will take a year or so.

I still keep in touch with my classmates, who are all niseis, who were in the "Futsubu department" or "ryugakusei," that I met during my stay at Keisen. I have also been active, since returning to the US, with many Keisen graduates and friends who are now residing here, through the Alumnae groups. I have only one classmate who was a regular student that I see once a year. She has a daughter living here in Southern California.

Michi Kawai, as I remember her, taught us so many things but one thing was to be a good Christian everyday, anywhere, and with whomever we would be associated with at all times. Sometimes, and often, we do forget these teachings, but it does remind us on many occasions and I am grateful for that, as I try to follow them in my life with family, friends and working associates.

Miss Kawai was a very intelligent, but humble person, which I admired, and gave us so much encouragement during our school days. She was a great leader with strong Christian faith and certainly someone who was such a tremendous influence on many people. It was truly an honor to have that opportunity to be one of her students.

Emi Matsuoka (Maruyama)

My father came to the States in 1903. He came alone from Nagano-ken, or prefecture. My mother came from Ueda in 1921. Later my father had gift shops in San Francisco. My father was a celebrated leader of the "kenjinkai."

I was living in Santa Monica, Ocean Park, when I went to Keisen in 1941. I went to Japan because those days people sent their children to Japan to observe Japanese culture. I learned of the "ryugakusei course" at Keisen through friends. I had finished high school in February of 1940. I came to Japan with my parents in May, 1940. They came to visit their relatives.

I did not know Michi Kawai until I came. It was a new experience for me to have Christian service every day.

At home I spoke both English and Japanese. I spoke English to my father, and Japanese to my mother. She was an elementary school teacher, coming from a family of teachers.

I felt more American than Japanese, although we kept some of the Japanese customs. I did not experience any culture shock, not really.

I lived in "Daiichi-ryo" with Kaneko sensei as matron. I made friends with Japanese girls and also girls from Korea, Mongolia, Taiwan and Shanghai. It was difficult for me to have to use cold water instead of hot water. I remember our excursions to Kamakura with Yugeta sensei. The class of Japanese language helped me to improve my Japanese. I made friends with Ito san. We have kept in touch.

In 1943, I went to Otaru, where my mother's older sister lived. Her husband worked for a coal company. After two years, I came to take care of the injured cousin. We were bombed and went back to Nagano, my father's home place. In 1947, I was doing domestic work, and the following year I was married through "omiai." My husband was a student of gardening and landscape construction. After returning to the States, we had a retail plant nursery. We have three children. We have lived fifty years in the same house in San Jose.

Miss Kawai was a good disciplinarian. She was a forward person teaching agriculture. I was never converted to Christianity by her, but always admired her principles.

I have been back to Japan a few times since I left.

Shizue Maruyama (Azuma)

My father came from Wakayama Prefecture to the States when he was eighteen. At first he worked at a coalmine and laid railroad. He opened a restaurant in Utah. Eventually, he came to Terminal Island, California, across the Bay from San Diego. There were many Japanese fishermen there. My mother came as a picture bride. I was born in 1919. I went to grammar school in San Pedro and later in Chula Vista.

I graduated from high school in 1938 and came to Keisen to study for two years. I had a cousin, Shizue Yamagiwa (Kushino), who went to a Japanese school. I heard about Keisen through a Japanese teacher. My cousins' parents were Christians and so they knew about Keisen. But mine were not Christians. It was my decision as well as my parents' to come to Keisen. I knew nothing of Miss Kawai because I was not a Christian, although I went to a church at Terminal Island.

I spoke Japanese at home. I consider myself a mixture of Japanese and American culturally. Others thought of me as Japanese, not American. When I went to Japan, I do not think I had any culture shocks. Not really.

Because the dormitory was filled, I lived for a short time with the Kuniyoshis, with Aiko Watanabe and Soyo Okazawa. Their home was in walking distance from Keisen. Then we moved to "Daiichi-ryo" and were able to meet other girls and other families. I enjoyed studying Japanese and calligraphy.

I left Keisen in 1940, when I finished the "ryugakusei course." I was shocked when Japan attacked the Pearl Harbor. After that day, my family went to Santa Anita in California for five months. Then we were sent to the Poston Camp in Arizona until the war ended. It was like a camp; the life there was not so hard. We all ate in the mess hall. There were Rev. Mineta and Rev. Paul Nagano for the niseis.

When the war ended, we came back to Chula Vista, where my father had five acres of farm. It was rented to a Caucasian family during the war. I married my husband in 1954. For a while, we lived on my parents' farm. I worked at Ito flower shop, while my husband worked at the Ito's uncle's shop. Then he started his own farming.

Miss Kawai inspired us. Different studies had an impact on us. In the second year at Keisen, I was baptized by Dr. Kagawa, and entered into Christianity.

Lorraine Nagai (Hasegawa)

My father came from Kumamoto to Vancouver, Washington in 1899. He came alone, although he was already married. My mother came six years later. My father did fruit farming mostly. They moved to California.

I was living in Santa Rosa, California, when I decided to come to Keisen to study in 1935. I always wanted to come to Japan to study the language and culture. After finishing high school, I went to business school and worked for a while. It was my decision to come to Japan. I must have been headstrong. I read in the Japanese paper that I could stay in YMCA in Tokyo. When I applied, YMCA gave me permission. A friend of ours, Sannomiya san (they lived in America and went back to Japan), secretary to Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai, said that I had better go to Keisen rather than YMCA.

On the way to Japan, I met all the nice people. There was a couple with their son who had a friend called Hayashi, who knew Kawai sensei. I stayed in Japan for five years altogether. After studying at Keisen for two and half years, I learned that a missionary of the Church of Christ (McCaleb, John Moody) was looking for a secretary. I worked for them for two and half years and lived in their big house in Zoshigaya.

At Keisen, because there was no dormitory for us, we stayed in Miss Kawai's front room in her residence. When Shizu Yamaguchi came to Keisen, we stayed at the Isshiki home.

Before coming to Japan, I spoke Japanese at home. I was a Japanese to the Americans, because I looked Japanese and my parents were Japanese. When I came to Japan, I did not experience much of culture shock. Sitting on the floor was difficult. I lived in "Daiichi-ryo" and I was older than most of the girls. I enjoyed the people and the students from different places.

When I saw "natto" for the first time, I did not want to eat it. But Kawai sensei sat next to me and told me to try to eat it. Gradually I learned to like it, even today.

At school I enjoyed the Japanese Language class, tea ceremony and flower arrangement by Taira sensei. I took private lessons from Taira sensei at her home, hoping to teach flower arrangement in America. Miss Kawai took me to the garden club where she spoke about Japanese gardens. Matsumoto sensei taught us Japanese. Yugeta sensei was wonderful and invited us to her home for sukiyaki.

We made friends with Japanese students in the regular course, especially Hasuike san. Then the war intervened. In 1940, I came back to America to take care of my parents. I became a governess of a little girl for eighteen months. It was a nice family that I worked for.

During the war, all our family (seven children) got together and were sent to Gila Rivers in Arizona. It was not as bad as other people think. Mother was happy because we were together.

A friend of ours, president of a college, suggested that we should go to a college. My older sister said that she was too old to go. So three of us younger daughters went to Abilene Christian College in Texas. I majored in English, taking home economics and Bible as minors. I met my husband in Abilene and was married to him after the war in 1946. We lived in Los Angeles.

He was a student pastor until Hebrew Union College asked him to teach one class of Hebrew and Greek. Later he became a minister of a Japanese congregation, Church of Christ, on Vermont Avenue.

Miss Kawai gave us the greatest impact when she wrote *My Lantern*. Hazel Verry and I went to Hakone together. Miss Kawai would ask Miss Verry to correct her English. I did the typing. In Hakone, we took turns making breakfast. Miss Kawai's kitchen was spotless. She made pancakes for us.

Miss Kawai was a wonderful person.

Louise Nakatsuka

My parents came from Kagawa Prefecture in Shikoku. My father came first. My mother was a picture bride. My home was in Kent, Washington, a small town thirty miles south of Seattle, Washington. I was born, raised, and graduated from high school in this town. Mostly they did farming. He had a 40-acre farm and raised vegetables and berries. There was also a field of daffodils.

We, my brothers and sisters, spoke Japanese to our parents. Father spoke broken English, but Mother never learned the language.

I am a nisei and an American citizen. Our small school consisted of "white" pupils and Japanese students. I consider myself fully American, although I enjoyed Japanese food and was interested in Japanese culture.

In the fall of 1935, at the decision of family and friends, I was sent to Keisen. My parents wanted their daughter to learn the language and culture of their country. I knew nothing of either Keisen or Michi Kawai then. I was accompanied by a Japanese Episcopalian minister who was returning to Japan. I am a baptized and confirmed Episcopalian since 1934. My family is Buddhist.

My knowledge of the Japanese conversation was often mixed with terms my parents used from their motherland. That brought laughter from the Japanese students in the dormitory. But life in the dormitory was great fun. Being that this was the first time I left home, it was wonderful to meet new girls. I enjoyed very much getting along with both the nisei

girls and the Japan-born girls.

When I first came to Keisen, I lived with Miss Burns in "Harada-ryo." Then we moved to "Kawai-ryo" with Matsumoto sensei as matron. There, I came to know the Japanese girls other than nisei girls, who were very nice. Sitting in proper Japanese way was hard. I got fat from the food I ate at the dormitory.

One day when I was in Japan, I was walking down the Ginza Street wearing a maroon color dress. A couple of women sitting on a doorstep of a building exclaimed, "Look at the girl. She is wearing red!"

Yes, I made many friends. Over the years I have kept in touch with a number of them, Michi Hayashi and Kazuko Imai. The class was taught by Yugeta sensei. I enjoyed the flower arrangement by Taira sensei.

After graduating from Keisen in June, 1937, I stayed almost a year longer in Japan. I stayed with the Rev.& Mrs. J. Doane Scott; American Methodist missionaries in Uwajima, in Shikoku. They had two children, both born in Japan and the son is now a minister. Today they are both residing in North Carolina.

I left Japan in 1940, a year before Pearl Harbor. Corinne Uyesugi Toda and I came back by boat to Seattle. In May, 1942, the Japanese living on the West Coast of California, Oregon and Washington were uprooted from their homes, leaving everything behind, and sent to the assembly centers. My family was sent from Kent, Washington, to the assembly center near Fresno, California. After three months of living in that hot country, we were transferred to the Tule Lake Reservation Center in Northern California. While there, I spent time assisting a Caucasian teacher in the kindergarten class.

About a year and a half later, our family was sent to a second center.

This time we were sent to the Heart Mountain Center in Wyoming, which was located near the famous Yellowstone National Park. There, the winter months were bitter cold. Again, I was assigned to the school. This time I had a class of 35 fifth grade students. With no credentials and no help, I somehow managed teaching several subjects. We were paid $16.00 a month from the government, plus $3.00 for monthly allowance.

When word came that we were allowed to leave camp and live in the outside world, I left my teaching job and applied for a job outside camp. It took a long time for me to get my okay to leave camp, since I had been in Japan within five years before the war broke out.

Leaving my family in camp, I left Heart Mountain with a nisei friend and went to Cleveland, Ohio. Both of us were hired in the same household. It was housekeeping job. The family was nice, but my heart was set on going to New York, where friends were waiting for me to join them. After three months, I received my final clearance to go on to the East Coast and to New York.

I lived for a while with the two sisters, but later when their parents joined them and they needed a larger place to live, I decided to stay behind and live by myself. I ended up working for a photo-finishing company for 35 years, after which I took an early retirement.

My family, after leaving the camp, went to Denver, Colorado, and made their home there. Denver was great for them since there were many Japanese there. My brothers and sisters had since married, two in Denver, and two in the East.

I have been in Denver since 1980. These retirement years have been a leisurely time. At first, with not knowing anyone, I found the time a bit boring, but soon took up classes in sewing and quilting at the Emily

Griffith Opportunity School. Slowly, I made new friends. I rejoined the J. A.C.L., joined a Nisei Senior Club, and became a member of the Episcopal Church.

Speaking Japanese was a slow process for me. After I came back to the States, I did not use Japanese and forgot it. Learning to speak and understand Japanese were my most difficult tasks. Learning to write the language, and also to speak it, is still difficult for me. Being a poor student, it is still difficult grasping all of this.

Miss Michi Kawai was indeed a most inspiring person. My thoughts and what I did were influenced by what Miss Kawai did. I remember what she used to say and let it be my guide. Busy as she always was, she had time to care and comfort those who needed advice. She was stern, but full of loving kindness. She made sure that "This is right." She did not say, "You must do it." We just learned by watching her. All of us will always remember her.

While in New York, I was asked and later attended meetings with the Michi Kawai Christian Fellowship. What dedicated women they were! The group was composed of Miss Kawai's college classmates and friends who deeply cared for Keisen. Florence Watanabe Ishida and Shizu Yamaguchi were also members.

Setsuko Parsons (Watanabe)

I was born in India because of my father's work as a diplomat. When I was two or three years old, my family came back to Japan to stay for a little while. I went to kindergarten there. Then my father was sent to Havana, Cuba. I went to the only school there, a German school, for four and half years.

My father wanted world peace, but the time was not good. That is why he became a diplomat. However, he soon resigned from his work and we returned to Japan. He put me into the primary department of Wako Gakuen. The math class was entirely different from the ones I used to know abroad.

Then I came to Keisen. I did not know enough Japanese and was very shy to talk. People mistook me as stubborn. Miss Kawai spoke to me both in Japanese and English. We lived near Keisen. After Keisen, I entered Futaba College. During the English classes, I studied other subjects.

I was not a Christian and my parents were not, either. When I was young, I used to think that the most important book was the dictionary. I encountered Christianity at Keisen. Miss Kawai gave me a little Bible. She taught straight from the Bible. It was no false teaching, and yet I still looked for the truth. Somebody said, "You won't find any truth in this world." I went to a church in Kyodo but I could not get any answer to my questions. So I went to a different church. Miss Kawai taught the true gospel. I am grateful that she showed me the way to the truth.

One day I ran to my father and asked, "May I be baptized?" He thought some of the clergy were wicked. I recognized the truth because Miss Kawai taught me true Christianity. The minute I was baptized, however, I walked home feeling bad. Then I went to a Catholic church to learn French. An Irish nun told me to read the "real Bible" which was in Latin. I could hear the voices piercing into my heart to the core of the system. I went to Jochi (Sophia) University and married a Christian Scientist. To me, God is a personal God who changed my whole life.

In 1951, my husband and I moved to the United States. I came to the United States to live and encountered the Mormons. After a long time of searching, finally I found truth and peace in the teachings of the Mormons. Sadly some of my friends would not listen to or sympathize with me when I tell them of my salvation. When I went to Utah, the Mecca of the Mormons, I felt like I had come home.

Always I try to come to the gatherings of Keisen friends here..

Kathleen Reyes (Morooka)

Father came to the States as a single person. He went back to Japan to marry my mother and brought her back. Father's home was near Matsumoto, while my mother lived in Nagano City. My father became a Christian before he was married. My mother was baptized with her three children in a Japanese-American Congregational Church in San Diego. I joined the present church by profession of faith.

I was living in Chula Vista, in California, before I came to Japan in 1936. I came to Japan with my family. My father decided to return to Japan. He had closed up his business of raising celery and other vegetables in between. I came with my parents and two sisters. We came on "Chichibu-maru."

I was thirteen and enrolled in a special class in Toyo Eiwa for students coming from abroad, from India, England, France or other countries. There were two classes, and 40 to 50 students. The subjects we learned were mainly in language and culture which I did not enjoy very much. The teacher in charge was demanding. She wanted us to go to the regular department in a short time. In order to catch up, I had two tutors at home in the evening.

Then we heard of Keisen through friends. My parents knew that Keisen was a Christian school. Several of us studying in Toyo Eiwa transferred to Keisen. I detested wearing uniforms. Keisen not having uniform was a great attraction for me. Keisen was more democratic, Western-like, and the curriculum was broader. My sisters proceeded to come to Keisen. I

was bedridden for ten months with pleurisy.

My culture shock was that people all looked like me. In the States, we sensed the fact that we were a racial minority. We had to be good citizens. Japanese-American families were upright, moral, doing no wrong, considerate and hard working. We were surprised to learn that there were criminals in Japan.

At home, I spoke Japanese to my parents and English to my sisters. I identified myself as an American, but Japanese culturally. In Japan, I felt more American in terms of values. I did not feel at home with Japanese friends. I felt more comfortable with nisei friends. In Japan, I was shocked by the way the schools was conducted, the approach to teaching. In classes, lecturing and taking notes were the main thing, and there was very little of discussion to which I was used in the States. The students were expected to read out aloud together. I was surprised that we, the students, had to do the cleaning of the classrooms. In the States, it was the custodian's work. The uniform, the morning worship, and "radio taiso" were new to me.

At Keisen I enjoyed learning about the Japanese culture. In the USA, I did not see Japanese or things Japanese holding high position. In Japan, it was different.

At Keisen, I thought "kokugo" was most useful. I had a hard time trying to catch up with the regular students. I belonged to "Futsubu" 8, I made friends with Shibutami san, Hiraide san, but felt closer to my Japanese-American friends.

Other students knew that the war was coming. My mother wanted to stay on in Japan. My father said that we should stay together. He passed away six months after our arrival in Japan because of the infection of his teeth by the dentist. He was a healthy man. Our life in Japan during the

war was difficult. As American citizens, we were cautious as to how we conducted ourselves. We told each other, "Don't speak English. Be aware of the 'kenpeitai,' the military police." As registered dual citizens, we received rations, the "haikyu." We went on "kaidashi," too. There were air-raids. People believed that the divine winds would spare them. We could see the faces of the pilots on the American planes. I was vulnerable to any kind of attack. Our house burnt down twice, so we evacuated to Nagano where food was scarce. My sister had tuberculosis. It was a hard time for us.

During the war, somebody introduced me to the radio station. I worked there for two years as a typist. I had learned to type in junior high school. My sister and I went to the business course of YWCA and learned shorthand. We earned standard salary, and lived with friends in Tokyo.

I was glad that the allied forces won, loyalty-wise, as a Japanese-American. I knew the atrocious Japanese military ways. However, I was sad to see the Japanese people suffering because of the war.

After the war, I started to work in the general hospital of the occupation army. Life changed. K-ration tasted like manna from heaven. The American soldiers were nice to the Japanese people. I kept in touch with friends of Keisen. There was a closeness, more than the time I was a student at Keisen. We all felt kinship to Keisen.

I left Japan in 1948, because I wanted to go to college in the States. I went to San Francisco State University and majored in elementary education, which was their strong course. At the college, I was older than other students. Keisen education was not good enough, because I got used to lecturing. The American college was not hard for me except English. On the campus, I worked as a secretary.

I have a memory of Miss Kawai as our principal. I did not get to know her personally. She was a strict disciplinarian and taught us "shushin" and the Bible. She did not treat us specially because we came from America.

Alice Susuki (Takemi)

My father came to the United States from Fukuoka, in 1907. He and his brother came to America together. Eventually, they bought property, a ranch in Indio, Palm Springs. Mother came later, in 1912. She was also from Fukuoka. The two families knew each other. My parents had five children. I am in the middle. They were converted to Christianity by Toyohiko Kagawa, a very good Christian.

As a young teenager, I was baptized by Toyohiko Kagawa, who recommended Kenji Nakane, a good Sunday school teacher, to become a pastor of the Japanese Methodist Church in Indio.

I consider myself as a mixture of Japanese and American. For us, "oshogatsu" was a big day, and we had a good time. We got together at

church to celebrate. "Omochitsuki" stands out as a highlight of my childhood.

The year before I came to Keisen, there was a group of girls such as Lily Taka and Ruth Kasai who were there to study. They were our neighbors at home in America, and told me about Keisen. I was at Keisen from 1938 to 1939. It was my parents' choice to send me to Japan, to Keisen. There were few Japanese where we lived. Therefore, they wanted me to go to Japan to learn the language and customs, and to visit the relatives.

At home, we spoke Japanese and broken English. As one goes to school, one gets to use more English.

I went to Japan with some friends. Mitsu Sonoda and Setsu Ishiyama were on the same boat.

About culture shocks, I was surprised that the Japanese houses did not have refrigerators or other conveniences. The housewives shopped day to day.

I stayed in the dormitory, "Ichi-ryo" and one semester in "Kawai-ryo." We were with Japanese girls, eating, studying and doing things together. They gave us responsibilities. The language was most difficult. I enjoyed "ohana," flower arrangement, and tea ceremony by Taira sensei, and the trips they took us on. The girls in the dorm were a friendly bunch. Yayoi Usui and Yoshiko Yoshimura became my special friends. Usui san, nicknamed "Temple-chan," came to visit me here. Mitsu Sonoda and Helen Kimura, the two "ryugakuseis," became my life long friends because of the same church upbringing.

I left Japan in 1940, because I finished at Keisen. I met my husband in Los Angeles, and we were married in 1941. My husband worked in a produce market. During World War II, we were sent to Poston, Arizona.

We had to live in barracks and my whole life changed. As we look back, I think we survived because we wanted to become better citizens. The life there must have been terribly hard for my parents. To me and my husband, one child was born in the camp. My brother was in the service.

At the end of the war, we came back to Indio, the land and the house having been released back to us. We helped my mother on the farm. My elder brother had a car repair shop in the backyard. I helped in it, too. Our business became successful because of our honest customers. We live in a nice community. In the States, both my husband and I were very much involved in our community and we were known and respected. At first, my husband was a Catholic and later became a Methodist. My husband retired in 1991. I worked in Kennedy Hospital. I wanted to serve as an ambassador of good will. I visited patients from Kenya. They were such loving people that I wanted to help.

Looking back at my experiences at Keisen, I realize that the school helped me as a person. Because I used to live in a non-Japanese community, I was losing my Japanese language. The language study at Keisen was useful.

Michi Kawai is an outstanding organizer.

Soyo Takahashi (Okazawa)

In 1903, my father came to the States to study. But his money ran out, and after 1906, he began to work at the gold- and coal-mines and also as a houseboy. My parents were both high school graduates. My mother used to write.

Eventually Father bought a large house for his family and rented rooms to Japanese tenants, who often got drunk.

I was in Japan from one to five years of age raised by my grandparents and aunt. Mother was hospitalized with an injury and they amputated her leg. She could not take care of me. My mother was from Kaibara, near Oda Nobunaga's "yashiki." She was in Tamba, Sasayama, Kobe Prefecture then.

My parents were Christians. At home in the States, I went to church and was baptized in a Methodist church by Rev. H. Smith when I was twelve. Our house was the first Japanese-American church in Palo Alto, around 1916-1917. There, Terasaki sensei, a Buddhist, told Japanese stories other children did not understand.

I was living in Palo Alto, California, when I decided to go to Japan in 1938. Being a Japanese descendant, I wanted to know more about my heritage, and who I am. My parents knew friends of Umeko Tsuda's younger sister, who was a dear friend of Kawai sensei. It was the decision of both me and my parents to come to study at Keisen. I had gone to San Jose State College for two years and was about to get

married. But I wasn't really ready. I think I went to Japan because I wanted to become a doctor. In the States in those days, even a Stanford Ph.D. had no job opportunity if you were "yellow."

I came to Japan on my own on the N.Y.K. Line. Before coming to Japan, I was conversant in Japanese. So there was no anxiety.

In American society we were law-abiding citizens and there was not a big issue for our living there. When I came to Japan, it was a surprise to see criminals. There was not much culture shock for me in Japan.

I enjoyed my experiences in the dormitory at Keisen very much. It was very interesting. Suzuki sensei took care of us first, then Kaneko sensei. Matsumoto sensei was more strict, but we were not afraid of her. I liked Chigira sensei. She told us that after the big earthquake, she always slept in kimono with obi. In one room, there were two "ryugakuseis" and two Japanese students. Nothing was difficult. There we made lasting friends.

Among the subjects I learned, I liked the geography class by Chigira sensei. We were also taken to different parts of Japan for cultural studies, which was very stimulating. The study of the Japanese language was not hard for me.

A special delivery message came from the American Ambassador Grew to Miss Kawai to send us back to the U.S. on the last boat of N.Y.K. "Nippon Yusen Kaisha." The war between the two countries broke out after we left Japan.

During the war, we in Santa Clara were sent to Santa Anita Camp in the high mountains. Some people were given only 24 hour notice. They said we could take only two suitcases and two sleeping bags.

Then I met my husband, who was a medical student. We were put in Manzanar Camp in California, where the heat of the summer and the cold in winter were extremely severe. There was plenty of food, however. The American Quakers helped us. My husband applied for a position of a researcher and we could go to St. Louis, Missouri. I was a full-time wife and worked as a secretary for my church. At the end of the war, most of the Japanese-Americans had no place to go home, having lost their land.

Miss Kawai always said that she had a dream. She told us to have a dream. Every morning at "reihai" she stood up straight and showed dignity. She was a woman of great wisdom, vision, courage and integrity. I admired everything for which she stood. One time, she slept in my room and showed her human aspect.

Mary Hiroko Takeda (Takahashi)

My father came to the States from Tokyo in 1910. My mother came together with him to Santa Monica. They ran an employment agency and found jobs for Japanese, mostly in gardening. They found sewing

and kitchen work for women. My parents were already Christians when they came over. I received infant baptism. My brother and I went to an American church near-by.

When I decided to come to Keisen, I was living in Santa Monica. I came in 1935, before the war. I came to Japan on the steamship "Chichibu-maru." I enjoyed the voyage and made a lot of boyfriends. My parents wanted me to go to a Christian school. My mother must have found out about Kagawa sensei and Miss Kawai. My mother was in Japan. My father stayed on in America with my brother. I commuted to Keisen from my home in Tokyo.

Because I was a "ryugakusei," Yamaguchi sensei and Hasegawa sensei took care of me. I made friends with other "ryugakuseis," Fujimoto and Hasegawa. I did not finish high school at Keisen, so when I went back to the States, I went back to high school and then on to U.C.L.A. I majored in Sociology and worked for the YMCA and YWCA.

I met my husband in college. He worked as an internal revenuer. During the war, we were sent to the Manzanar camp and stayed for eight months. Then we were released and went to Chicago. Mrs. Temple, a Christian, was willing to help and found work for a few of us. I worked for a publishing company in Chicago. When the war was over, we came back to the West, to Los Angeles. In 1952, we were able to buy a house. After retirement, we sold the house. My husband passed away in July, 1997.

We spoke Japanese at home. My mother spoke both English and Japanese. She was a progressive woman and took adult classes.

I consider myself a mixture of Japanese and American. We ate Japanese food and celebrated Japanese holidays.

When I came to Japan, I did not experience any culture shocks. I enjoyed things Japanese, "kabuki" and other things. I tried to learn Japanese and all kinds of cultural subjects such as flower arrangement and "shuuji," calligraphy.

I enjoyed my experiences at Keisen, meetings and activities they had. Miss Kawai spoke English very well. My faith was deepened by the time I spent there.

Lily Takayanagi (Fujimoto)

My father first came from Wakayama to the United States in 1906. He was doing labor work at a farm in San Francisco. Then he was able to save enough money to go to Orange County, and joined a group of bachelors working and picking strawberries. One man said, "You should get married," and suggested his sister to my father. He asked for her picture. She looked pretty good. So she came from Miyazaki Prefecture. They were married in Washington. They saved enough money to buy a farm in Riverside and built a house there. They raised strawberries, blackberries and all kinds of vegetables. Children helped, too. Father took the produce on his truck to the local market to sell.

In Orange County, a minister, Hana Kawai's father, converted Father to Christianity, followed by my mother.

Right after I graduated from high school, I heard of the "ryugakusei course" at Keisen. I came to Keisen in 1935. My parents decided for me to come. I wanted to go to college in America, but my father heard Toyohiko Kagawa speak about education and decided to send me to Japan to study.

I came with my sister and two friends, Kiyo Hanamura and Irene Futa. I was a Christian, but I did not know anything about Miss Kawai.

We spoke in Japanese at home. On Saturday mornings, I went to a Japanese class taught by the Japanese minister's wife. I must be a mixture of Japanese and American. Actually I consider myself a Japanese, only born in America. I did not really experience culture shock when I came to Japan. When I first went to a hotel, I was surprised that I had to take off my shoes. It was a hot day but I was served hot tea. The maids were so polite.

At Keisen, at first I lived in a home in the neighborhood of the school. Miss Kawai found a home for me, but the landlady was not very nice.As soon as the "Ichi-ryo" was ready, I moved there. I liked being able to have meals with other girls. Miss Kawai would come and visit us often. I did not like sharing the bath, but had no trouble getting along with people. I made friends with Japanese students such as Chikako Sato and Tane Takahashi.

After finishing the course at Keisen, I went back to the United States and attended Los Angeles City College. I studied cultural art and chemistry. However, because there was so much discrimination against Japanese-Americans, I could not get a job. So I went into domestic service.

I went to a church in Los Angeles and met my husband. He was working as a watch repair man. We were married in June, 1941, and moved to Riverside, California. After the war started, we were sent to an

internment camp in Poston, Arizona. The life there in the barracks was hard: hot in summer, the cold winds coming from the floor boards in winter. There were five apartments in a barrack, with no partitions in between. We hung clothes to obtain a little bit of privacy. There was no bath. We lived there for eleven months. We applied for leave from the camp, but to live on the West coast was not permitted. We went to Des Moines, Iowa, where my husband opened a shop. He did very well there for 22 years. After he became ill, we returned to Riverside. He passed away in 1988. I found a job in a hospital as a medical transcriber. I worked for 13 years. We have three children.

Looking back now, I think the classes at Keisen were all interesting. I remember the trips to St. Luke's Hospital, the leprosy asylum, and the blind children's school. I enjoyed "reihai," the daily worship service, especially when Miss Kawai spoke to us. From her, I learned that you have to be not half way in anything, "Kuroi mono wa kuro, shiroi mono wa shiro," "Black is black, and white is white." That was a good lesson to live by.

Sada Tamura (Nagasaki)

My father came to the States in 1902. My mother was one of the picture brides. They were both from Okayama. They lived in Upland, California, a small town then in a citrus grove area. My mother died when I was an infant and still in diapers. My father worked for an American company, called Liberty Groves, which had the information and equipment to take care of citrus groves. There were many people who owned orange groves but did not know how to care for them. They would hire Liberty Groves to do the many chores involved to maintaining an orange grove. My father was the only Japanese who worked for them. He worked for them until he was seventy-five years old.

It was very hard for Father to care for me, as he had to take me to work each day. I had to sit under a tree and wait until it was time to go home. It was so hard for me that finally Father asked for help to the members of the American church we attended. A German family said that they would take me into their home. They already had two boys and two girls. I lived with them for four and half years.

Before I was taken into the German Meyers family, my father put me in an orphanage because it was rough for my father, as we lived in an American white community. While I was in the orphanage, Father brought a bag of candy for all of us children on the trolley, and had to walk home as he did not have enough money to ride the trolley home. I did not stay there too long before I went to stay with the Meyers. I remember my father would bring a big box of oranges for the family, which was a treat. He was happy to find for me a family like the

Meyers.

The Meyers were good to me, but very strict. They went to German Church every Sunday, and I could not understand a word, as they only spoke German. I learned to eat German food and I remember they cooked all the Sunday dinner on Saturday, and only warmed it the next day on the wooden stove. One time I was not good and did not put my doll away as I was told. Then Mrs. Meyer, while burning trash, burned my doll. I cried and cried, and still remember that sad day. Nevertheless, even after I left, I kept in touch with them. I visited them and stayed overnight. One day Mrs. Meyer took me to a local movie theatre where they would not let me enter because I was "yellow." She fought for me.

In the meantime my father saved enough money to send for one of his former girlfriends, whom he married in San Francisco. She was the last of the picture brides to come to America from Japan. She cried every day, and I cried with her.

I myself never decided to go to Japan to study. My folks did. They wanted me to study Japanese language and custom, such as how to make Japanese food. They also said, "You will never get a job here." In those days, if you had extra money, the thing to do was to go to Japan to study.

I came to Japan with "Kengakudan" on the N.Y.K. ship, the "Taiyo-maru." It was a twelve-day voyage. My parents came, too, but they went their way. They came to see me in Tokyo. Later, I saw them off at Yokohama. My dad cried when we said good-bye. He loved his work. My father wanted to die in America. He was a master of pruning. He used to work for a company, but later came to own his grove in my name.

My parents knew of Miss Kawai before I went to Keisen. My folks knew of Keisen through the newspaper. They were Christians. Soon after the Father's second marriage, I started going to the American Congregational church. I was baptized when I was twelve. It was a wonderful memory. The pastor of the church taught my stepmother the language and how to cook American food.

At home we spoke both English and Japanese, half and half. My stepmother learned the language fast. She did not favor me. She made a new dress only for her own daughter, but not for me. My father would have sent her home if I had told him.

I consider myself a mixture of Japanese and American. When I went to Japan, all was new to me and was very interesting.

I lived in "Harada-ryo." Matsumoto sensei, the matron, was a good teacher. On the day when all the parents were supposed to come for a program, I cleaned the floor using the camellia oil we meant to sell at the bazaar, by mistake. I put on a drama to make it up. Halloween was fun. We scared the other girls. When Christmas came, we went to the police station and sang carols for the policemen. For Christmas Day, we were allowed to pick any menu. I remember we bought carrots. Orin san, the dorm maid, was really a dear.

I had a few Japanese friends in the dorm. They were falling in love with me. They even opened my letters.

One of my chores was to clean the toilet, a hole in the floor. I enjoyed the flower arrangement class, although I sometimes forgot to put water in the vase. I could not think in Japanese, and always thought in English first and then translated into Japanese. I wrote an English composition for a Japanese girl. But Miss Burns, the English teacher, could tell she did not write it.

I left Japan in 1938. I wanted to become an elementary teacher or an artist. To earn money, I worked in an American lawyer's home. In 1940, I was married to George Tamura, who had one of the bazaars in the Japanese town. During the war, George had to work in Pennsylvania. My minister said that I should follow my husband. So I went to Pennsylvania and lived an ordinary life. Our house in California was kept by an honest "hakujin" family for free. We had a little bit of "haiseki," rejection, in Pennsylvania and were involved in all kinds of things. There I had a baby, Larry, who is now married to a "hakujin" Caucasian. We were the only Japanese family in the area. I worked in the fabric and pattern department in a department store. Four years ago I came to Denver. My husband passed away in 1977.

Looking back on my life at Keisen, I realize it was hard to learn the language. On the bus I shouted, "Koroshite kudasai," kill me, instead of "Oroshite kudasai," let me get off.

I was Miss Kawai's special pet. Miss Kawai picked me and helped me. She called me "Merry Sunshine." I stood and bowed to her, but still kept looking at her. "What did you do?" she asked and helped me to answer in Japanese.

I remember the retreat led by Miss Kawai, the meditation and her precious lessons. We talked about our own lives, how we could be better persons.

Helen Yamamoto (Kimura)

My grandparents left Kumamoto and came to Hawaii in 1900. My mother was five years old. Then they went to California and picked berries.

When I decided to come to Keisen, I was living in Honolulu. I came in September, 1937. I grew up in a Caucasian community, so my parents wanted me to go to Japan and learn about Japan. I joined the "Kengakudan," study tour to Japan. The group, mostly college age students, was led by a minister. I came to know about Keisen through Rev. Yamazaki, an Episcopalian minister in Machida.

My parents were Buddhists. However, because I lived in a "hakujin" community, my neighbors took me to different churches. I met Kagawa sensei there. I was baptized after graduating from Keisen.

At home I used to speak Japanese, English and Spanish.

In my community, I did not feel any prejudice at all. When the war started, our problems started, too.

The communal bath, cold steam(?) and small towels gave me culture shocks. The relationship between boys and girls was very different from that in America.

I lived in "Daiichi-ryo." One day Miss Kawai called me, to introduce a tiny girl having a problem. She wanted me to live with her in the attic. She was from Ryukyu Island, coming from the original royal family. We called her "Daasan." I enjoyed all the girls in the dormitory. I felt I got too much attention from the Japanese girls. Soon things began to disappear. A young man came in those attics to steal and cut up our underwear.

I was not used to the food in the dormitory. For breakfast we had raw egg instead of bacon and egg I used to have at home.

For me the study of Japanese language was most difficult. It took me a long time to get used to Japanese culture. As I said before, because I lived in a Caucasian community, I had lots to learn. I did not have much contact with the Japan-born students.

I came back to the States in 1941. Miss Kawai returned from the United States with the war impending. She said that the decision to go back to America was up to us and our parents.

When the war broke out, I really went through many difficulties. We were caught in horrible time and looked upon suspiciously. I worked for the JACL, doing catering service.

My family of seven was sent to a camp with no water, in Ventura County. There were 500 people and I worked at the welfare office. Then we went to Gila Camp, in Arizona. It was a reservation camp for the Indians. They shoved away 15,000 Indians. I met my husband there. The place was hot in summer and cold in winter. People fought over stuffing mattresses with straw. They refused my mother a mattress. Because of the poor living conditions, half the people suffered from the disease "valley fever," like T.B.

My husband and I were married in the Gila Camp. I shared the wedding dress with the other brides. My mother was an excellent cook and made goodies for the wedding party. We had go-betweens, too. That day we laughed and cried. My husband and I had three boys. When the Vietnam War problem started, our sons were not drafted because their lottery numbers were high.

Miss Kawai has been the best influence in my life. On the last evening before we left Keisen, she called three of us "ryugakuseis" and gave us three packages. She had a silver-threaded "obi" she used to wear, and cut it into three pieces to make our farewell gifts. Whenever I encountered difficulty, I was helped by Miss Kawai's spiritual inspiration.

—A Bit of Japanese Culture—Flower Arrangement Lesson by Taira sensei
日本文化にほんの少しふれて—平先生の生け花の授業

Part Ⅱ Phone Interviews

第２部　電話でのインタビュー

Sayoko Fujii (Akune)

I was living in Palo Alto when I decided to go to Keisen in August, 1938. Being a Japanese, my parents wanted me to understand my heritage and culture. My family heard of the "ryugakusei course" of Keisen through a family friend. Both my parents and I decided I should go to Keisen. I came on my own.

I did not know anything of Miss Kawai then. I knew that Keisen was a Christian school. I was a Christian myself, coming from a Christian home.

We spoke Japanese in our home. I identified myself as a mixture of Japanese and American, although others thought of me as Japanese. When I came to Japan, I did not have any culture shock because I was raised by my aunt and parents from one to five.

I enjoyed Chigira sensei's class and the "Ikenobo" flower arrangement. I made friends with Japanese students. We correspond regularly, and exchange letters, photos and gifts. I left Japan in 1941.

Kawai Sensei was a teacher of compassion.

Dorothy Fumiko Iwana (Murayama)

My father came to America early in 1900 to join his brother who was already here. Father was only thirteen and went to school to learn English. Later he became a grocer and then a real estate broker. My mother came to America at the age of 16 to be adopted by her uncle in Sacramento. She was only 17 when she married my father.

In September, 1940, twenty five students with two chaperons left Los Angeles and sailed for Japan. On board of the ship, there was a part of "Nihongakuen" group, both men and women that visited Japan. In Japan, we stayed in typical Japanese style inns and visited various places. Two friends of mine and my sister went to Keisen and were glad that they did. I remembered what my sister told me about Keisen and so I decided to stay on to attend Keisen.

While I was there Father Topping, a missionary passed away. Many policemen were around his house on that occasion.

My parents were members of the Japanese Episcopalian church, St. Mary's, in Los Angeles. I was baptized there when I was about twelve. I spoke English with my father and a mixture of English and Japanese with my mother. I consider myself as an American of Japanese descent. In our home, we celebrated certain days according to Japanese customs and ate Japanese food.

When I came to Japan, I had culture shocks, especially in the country. There were no plumbing and no flush toilets. The people used "hibachi"

and "kotatsu" for heating. While living in Tokyo I commuted to Keisen from Countess Takatsuji's home. I was to be a companion to their three children (aged 8, 6, and 3) to use English with them. The upper-class family style was quite a different life for me. I can't remember how I came to know the family. They did not pay me.

About the classes at Keisen I remember the "sakubun," composition, by Yugeta sensei, "oshuji," "ikebana" and manners. The Japanese language learning helped me a lot. I had finished high school and was studying secretarial course at a junior college when I went to Japan. At Keisen I made many friends. They were Yayoi Okuda, Emi Maruyama, the Kaneko sisters, Ruth Kasai and Ruth Hayakawa.

In August 1946, I left the family of the Countess Takatsuji and lived with the Toppings. I worshipped at Tokyo Union Church.

When the war with America broke out, I was shocked and horrified. I told Yugeta sensei that for such a small country like Japan to challenge a war against such a big country like the States was like committing suicide. During the war, my family was sent to the relocation camp in Jerome, Arkansas. In Japan, I received several letters through the Red Cross but there was no mention of my sister. I learned about her death through the nisei soldiers after the war. She died of pneumonia because of the lack of medicine.

When I came back to the States, I worked for the county. In 1951, I was married to my husband whom I met in Los Angeles. He was a Christian. He was operating a hotel, and later a grocery store. We have two sons who became real estate brokers. When my children reached a certain age, I worked for the city school as secretary.

Looking back on my life, I realize that I learned spiritual values from my studies at Keisen. Miss Kawai was a strong and kind person. I

admire her very much.

Irene Kaoru Sakai

When I decided to come to Keisen, I was living in Indio, California, southern part not too far from the interior valley. My mother was from Nagasaki, and my father from Fukuoka. They were introduced by their friends in 1915. My father came to the States alone in 1905 and helped with the farm. Later he ran the hotel in Riverside. We had farm vegetables. My father became a Christian before he came to the States. He was a lay minister.

I had finished high school before I came to Keisen. Then I went to business school, Woodbery College, studying sewing and costume design. I had a sewing school for Japanese-Americans in a Japanese town. I enjoyed my work and the art of sewing.

I was in Keisen from 1934 to 35. My coming to Japan to study was my mother's wish. I was interested, too. My mother always kept in touch with Japan through some Japanese magazines.

It was both my mother's and my own decision to come to Keisen. I came to Japan with three other girls, Lily Taka, Louis, her sister, and Kiyo Hanamura. We were especially interested in Keisen because it was a Christian school. Miss Kawai was at Riverside speaking in a church. Mother went to hear her. She went to a mission school in Nagasaki. I

was eight or nine when I was baptized by Dr. Kagawa during his visit.

I spoke Japanese to my family, English to everybody else. Definitely I identify myself as an American, with a little bit of Japanese culture-wise. At Keisen I did not live in the dormitory. I lived with my uncle and aunt who were newly wed in Ogikubo. They understood me.

I remember lots of tours to many places. I enjoyed the flower arrangement, manners taught by Taira sensei. The Japanese language class helped me. Yugeta sensei took care of us. I made good friends with Hana Kawai because of the American education both of us had. Hanamura san and I have remained friends.

My parents wanted me to come home, so I returned in 1937. I was married in 1941 to a Japanese school teacher. At the age six or seven he was sent back to Japan, to Kumamoto. We were living in Los Angeles when the war started. We had to stay in the relocation camp, Poston, Arizona for two and half years. Then we went to New York and worked at a garage. We were not allowed to go to any place. In New York I was a full-time housewife and mother, doing sewing always. After I came back to California, I was mostly a gardener and a teacher.

Looking back on my life now, I realize that I learned a great deal about Japanese people in Japan and at Keisen. Miss Kawai was very stern and loved gardening. She talked at assemblies. I don't remember taking lessons from her. I missed those trips Miss kawai went with us.

Lily Takahashi

My father was a farmer from Yamaguchi. He raised grapes, carrots, strawberries and turkey. My mother did everything to help him. Before I came to Keisen I was living in California. I was rather unsettled, writing thesis for master's degree in social work.

My parents were married in Japan, looking for a Christian partner. They came back to the States together. My brother and I were raised in an American Baptist church. I was twelve years old when I was baptized. At home, we spoke in Japanese with my parents. I identified myself as an American. Culture-wise, we were a mixture, eating Japanese food. My mother participated in P.T.A. meetings, for an example, playing "okoto" for American mothers.

I came to Japan in the fall of 1940. I had always special feelings for Japan, which I had visited eight years before. I liked it so much that I wanted to return. I heard of the history of Keisen through friends and a relation who was an instructor. My brother's friend, Keiko, who lived with Sato family, encouraged me to go to Keisen. It was my decision to come. I came alone on "Yahata-maru." I heard of Miss Kawai through the Satos and Ai Inoue.

When I came to Japan, the content of my culture shock was all the Japanese formalities. People looked alike. There was also a contrast between the Japanese then and the Japanese I visited as a little girl in Yamaguchi. In Tokyo, I lived in a YWCA home in Mejiro. It was a city life with no beautiful nature around. I enjoyed living with other working

nisei girls. In winter, I commuted to school, walking in the snow. Later I lived with the Satos.

At Keisen, I learned simple Japanese and how to write by using it. I also took lessons in "ohana" and "ocha." We painted bamboo branches. We went on spring tours to Kagoshima and Nagasaki for two weeks. Yugeta sensei went with us. There were twenty girls in the group. We stopped in Kyoto on the way. I did not make friends with Japanese students, because there was no occasion to meet them.

We left Japan in June, 1941, owing to the pressure from our families and the American embassy. Miss Kawai also said that we should leave. The threat of a war was in the air. We left on a ship, the next to the last between Japan and the States.

During the war, we first went to a camp near our place where we stayed for six months. Then we were sent to a camp in Colorado-Amache. It was a terrible train ride. We were herded like sheep. The whole evacuation was a shock to us.

I met my husband and was married in the camp in July, 1943. My husband volunteered to go into the army in the 42nd Combat Regiment. I moved to a camp in Shelby, and worked as a social worker. In July, 1944, I went back to Camp Amache. Then I got a job in Washington, D. C. as a social worker in December, 1944. My husband was discharged from the army in February, 1946. We stayed on in Washington, D.C. until 1977.

Looking back on my days at Keisen, I cherish the kinship we shared among the "ryugakuseis," coming far from home. The influence of Miss Kawai's vision and dedicated instructions assisted the assimilation of friendship and knowledge of Christian values. I do not have personal memory of Miss Kawai. She spoke to me once in a while. She impressed

me as being so dignified, a person of statue, who commanded deep respect. Every time she spoke was special.

Mayme Canham (Morooka)

Before deciding to come to Keisen to study, we lived in Chula Vista, California, 10 miles south of San Diego.

Yes, we came from a Christian family. Yes, I was baptized a Christian. I did not know of Miss Kawai. I also wasn't aware at the time that Keisen was a Christian school although we were quite aware that we could not compete for public high school.

I believe it was 1938 when I enrolled in Keisen "Futsubu" 3rd year. I personally did not decide to study in Japan. My parents decided to go to Japan in 1936 and after my father's untimely death, my mother made the decision to raise us in Japan.

When I first arrived in Japan in 1936, at the age of 15, I was in terrible culture shock. Japan, at that time, compared to the US, was very primitive and underdeveloped in every aspect. I did not experience dormitory life.

After I spent two years (?) at Toyo Eiwa in their special class for so-called "ryugakusei" (Bekka) preparing us to be admitted into their regular secondary school, I started in the 3rd year at Keisen. It was my mother's decision to transfer me to Keisen after Toyo Eiwa.

I believe our communication with our parents at home was in simple Japanese. I identified myself first as an American then as Japanese-American.

I had graduated from Keisen in the spring of 1941, so I was not a student when the war broke out. As an American studying in Japan and just starting to work after acquiring secretarial skills, my first reaction of the tragic news was "How could this happen!"

My war experiences were in Tokyo until we were finally bombed by the incendiary bombs in May, 1945, and lost everything we owned. All during the war years we gradually began to experience lack and shortage of food, barely existing the best we could with whatever was available. Fortunately, our family (except for my father who died in 1937) was able to be together and we tried to help our friends who were students and living alone in Tokyo. Also, during the war years, we felt we were under surveillance all the time and we tried to stay as inconspicuous as possible and stopped using English in public places. In spite of the wartime conditions, our friends stayed in touch and we often got together at our different homes.

The history of my life after 55 years is a long time to cover. So much has happened in my life since my return to the US. My gratitude goes to my benevolent friends who made my return possible, and to the Christian family who took me in for one year while I recuperated from my illness. I am completely indebted to them for my getting well and resettling in the US.

I left Japan in 1947, after my discharge from the Army Hospital. I was diagnosed as having tuberculosis and was hospitalized for five years. In 1947, I returned to the US and lived in Kansas until my sister came back to the US in 1948. From 1948 to 1949, I resettled in Chicago with my sister and another friend. While they went to work and I took care of the apartment and housework. From 1949 to 1950, I lived in Chicago until my sister was called to San Francisco for the Tokyo Rose trial and our friend decided to move back to S.F., too, to join her family.

I then had to make a decision for my future since I wasn't ready to go to work and didn't know where to go. I was fortunate to have a good friend, living in Milwaukee, who helped me to return to the US and offered me a place to stay with her. I then found work and it was possible to save enough money to repay my other friends who loaned me money for transportation, when I found out that my TB became active again. This meant I had to go to the sanatorium which was the Wisconsin law at the time. I spent one and a half years as a patient undergoing long surgery to remove a section of my lung that was diseased and which became the turning point of my life.

From 1951 to 52, I spent in the sanatorium followed by rehabilitation before entering the University of Wisconsin. This opportunity was offered me with all expenses paid for my reeducation which the State of Wisconsin made possible for me.

From 1953 to 57, I was a student of Pharmacy until graduation in 1957 and marriage to my husband of 44 years. We adopted two girls after moving to Montana where my husband joined the faculty of University of Wisconsin, School of Pharmacy and retired in 1993. Our two daughters are married and we are blessed with three grandchildren age 6 and a half, 3, and 1 and a half.

In the regular division at Keisen, I made friends with Japanese

classmates but after 60 years and having returned to the US soon after World War II, I have lost contact with my classmates. However, during the 50th Anniversary of Keisen's founding, which I was fortunate to attend, (my first trip back to Japan) we were able to be present for our class reunion after all these years. It was a nostalgic get-together for all of us.

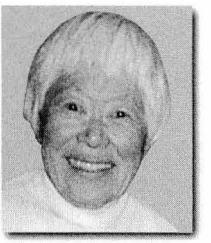
Reflecting on my life now, the greatest impact of my experience at Keisen under Michi Kawai's guidance was a solid foundation for Christianity and Christian living with humanity toward everyone. My personal memory of Kawai sensei was that she was a woman ahead of her time in education as the founder of Keisen and a Christian leader in Japan.

—The Study Tour to Miyajima—With Deer
宮島への見学旅行—鹿たちと一緒に

Part III Answers to the questionnaire

第３部　アンケートへの答え

Anne Chew (Katsuizumi)



I first went to Japan at age 4. Until then I never spoke Japanese, despite my parents' effort to teach me Japanese, but I understood some Japanese. Gradually I started to speak Japanese. When I went to China at age six, I was bilingual and spoke both English and Japanese. My parents sent me to the Japanese school, the only Japanese school in Beijing at that time. I learned to read and write in Japanese since age six.

Even at age four, Japan was a big shock. China gave me the second culture shock. A girl child was expected to behave as a female—a big difference from what a boy child was expected. China had a different set of expectation than Japan had. That's why I had two culture shocks. It was quite a chore to try to keep these expectations straight—a challenge.

I came to Keisen in April, 1932. I was living in Japan at that time. It was my third visit and stay in Japan. I came to Keisen before "ryugakusei" class started. My mother knew a friend of Ichikawa Fusae. She told her about a new school started by Michi Kawai. It was a small girls' school. Miss Ichikawa recommended Keisen, praising it, as she thought my background (very international) was a perfect fit. While I was a student at Keisen, I lived at home with my family. Some of my classmates lived in the dormitory, and to this day we talk about it.

At Keisen I was not classified as "ryugakusei." As a matter of fact, I don't think there was any special course for "ryugakusei" then. I entered Keisen as an ordinary freshman. I was too young, being only twelve years of age. I was delighted when I was accepted at Keisen, as I heard

a lot about Kawai sensei. I was too international in my attitude, so I was not happy in an ordinary Japanese primary school. The decision to come to Keisen was my parents'.

I knew Keisen was a Christian school, also where Kawai sensei was educated, and why she started Keisen, etc. My parents were Christians and so was I.

In those early days of Keisen (1932-1937) we all had close contacts with Kawai sensei, even those of us who did not live in the dormitory. So all of us were like a big family, We shared all chores, which were done in small groups, organized vertically to include upper class girls as well as the new freshmen. She knew all the students, who numbered less than 100, so we really benefited from our experiences. She took us to Kagawa Toyohiko's settlement house, located on the other side of Tokyo where people were needy. She spoke of co-op movement, too. These experiences gave me good foundation to my later professional life of social work, clinical psychiatric work, etc., which I pursued after earning Master's degree from University of California at Berkley. Keisen was a wonderful school and great experience.

I had lived in the United States and China. Japan seemed so small. Life at Keisen, in Japan was nice and interesting. Yes, I made friends with Japan-born girls. I stayed at Keisen for five years. I graduated in 1937.

I graduated from Keisen in 1937, and went on to Tokyo Joshidai in Ogikubo. Then it became very obvious that Japan was getting ready for war. So I applied for and was accepted for study at the University of Michigan, and left Japan in 1941. I was in California when the war broke out, so I left the West Coast at once for Ann Arbor, Michigan. In Michigan there were very few persons of Japanese descent. Therefore, my experiences during World War II were essentially good. I was never sent to relocation camp, as I was already in Michigan in December,1941.

After the war ended, I attended the University of California at Berkley, Graduate School of Social Welfare, and earned MSW degree (Master of Social Work). I worked for Contra Costa County as a child Welfare Worker, San Diego County as an Adoption Worker, Episcopal Community Services as a Youth Counselor, and state of California as a Psychiatric Social Worker and Supervisor. After retirement I worked as a clinical consultant for UPAC (Union of Pacific Asian Communities) serving all Pacific Asians, especially refugees suffering from mental breakdown problems.

Kawai sensei was strict and energetic, the most remarkable and wonderful founder of Keisen. She was more than just a great principal of Keisen.

Masako Miura Dr. (Kusayanagi)

When I decided to come to Keisen, I had just finished high school in Hollywood, Los Angeles, California. It was in 1931. My family, including Father, Mother, four sisters and one brother went to visit my ailing grandfather in Odawara. My sister had graduated from an American college. My dad decided that I should study in Japan. In Japan, my sister and I stayed at Nihon Joshi Dai in Mejiro, where we met Kora Tomiko sensei who introduced me to Keisen since it was a

new school.

I did not have any special reason for coming to Keisen except to learn and brush up on my Japanese. My younger sister and I were left to study in Japan. Before I came to Keisen, I knew about Keisen but not about Miss Kawai. Before coming to Japan, at home, we spoke Japanese mixed with English.

I did not have any culture shocks when I came to Japan. When I came to Keisen, there was no dormitory, no sewing room, or cooking room. The building was not complete. I stayed out in the Japan Women's University apartments and commuted to Keisen on the Odakyu Line.

People in Japan noticed we walked like "gaijin," a foreigner, from the back. But when they saw our faces, we were "nipponjin," Japanese. We associated with America-born nisei; people were interested in us.

My friend, Lily, and I were the niseis and we studied "nihongo," Japanese. When the teacher who taught English was busy and could not conduct the class, Lily and I took over and taught English. Instead of our English classes, we took Japanese classes. At Keisen, I made friends with Japanese students. In my first few years in college, I kept in touch. However, gradually, I became busy and lost track of them, except my friend Lily, who passed away in 1982.

I left Japan to return to the United States to go to the university to study medicine. I was working as a resident at the Los Angeles County Hospital when we heard of the Pearl Harbor attack. Eventually we were discharged for the duration of the war. Then they placed all the Japanese on a 5 mile curfew in Los Angeles. After our dismissal from the hospital in February, Dr. Goto and I were married in our home in Los Angeles. We were assigned to Manzanar Assembly Center. This was the first camp to be established. Miss Mary Akita, a nurse, and I were

assigned to take the first batch of bachelors to Manzanar on the train. We had dinner there of stew, canned peaches and tea. The dishes were dunked in a large garbage can filled with water to wash or rinse dishes. Then we returned that evening back to Los Angeles.

There were five doctors assigned to Manzanar for 10,000 evacuees. I was one of the five doctors, which consisted of a surgeon (my husband); Dr. Takahashi, an ENT doctor; Dr.Yuasa, general practitioner, and Dr. Yoshiye Togasaki, a Public Health doctor. We had only a hot plate, a dish pan, gloves and a few instruments for emergencies. During an emergency — a gun shot of a young man shot by an MP for picking up a few pieces of wood to make his mother a chair and a table, for the wounded man, we were given a cot and some straw mattresses and army blankets.

Suma Nakada (Taira)

When I decided to come to Keisen in 1939, I was living in Brawley, California. My first intension was to visit my brother in Tokyo. I learned about Keisen and Kawai sensei en route. I had no special reason to go to Keisen. However, the decision to enter Keisen was my own. In Japan I was traveling on my own for a visit. Although I am a Christian, Keisen was new to me then.

Communication in my home was both Japanese and English. I am an American citizen. I was exposed to Japanese culture always. During my

one year stay in Keisen, I enjoyed making many friends and inter-relating with both cultures. I did not pursue the language in depth, having gone only a year. I moved from Brawley to Los Angeles and lost touch of friends I made at Keisen. Also, some have died.

I left Japan on the last ship to the United States, which was in 1941. I returned to the United States before the outbreak of the war. During the war, I was relocated, and spent approximately two years or so in Gila, Arizona relocation camp. The life in the camp was very difficult and many adjustments had to be made. I left camp for the East coast and married in Harvard, Cambridge, Massachusetts and am still married to Yoshi Nakada, living at the same address.

I attended Keisen for a year and did enjoy many opportunities of Christian life. Kawai sensei, as I remember, was a great Christian, also a great leader always.

Grace Scuito (Kaneko) prepared by her daughter, Palma

The Pacific War had started a year before Grace began at Keisen. She and her family stayed on in Japan during the war. Grace took a train from Ogikubo to Keisen. She recalled jumping over remnants of the fire bombs while walking to and from school.

Grace was at Keisen from 1942-1944. Her family moved from Michigan

to Japan and knew of Japan. I believe it was her parents' decision to send Grace to Keisen. The Kanekos were Episcopalians.

The family used both English and Japanese in their home. Grace identified herself as an American citizen. Japanese thought of her as an American; Americans thought of her as a Japanese. Grace experienced many culture shocks in Japan, and at Keisen. She was born and brought up in Michigan and was very American in many ways. I heard that the Japanese students enjoyed seeing Grace and all her varied American clothes.

Just after the War ended, Grace worked as the secretary to the Director of the GHQ Enlisted Club in Tokyo. Grace also served as translator for the Club's Japanese personnel. There she met Peter, formerly Gen. MacArther's honor guard. Grace and Peter married in Japan in 1947, and had four children. She left Japan after marrying her American husband and giving birth to her first child. The family has lived in Japan, Florida, Massachusetts, Alaska and California. Her family did not return to Japan until 1954.

Peter died in 1995, and Grace passed away in September, 2000.

Mitsu Sonoda (Shimotsuka)

My parents were already Christians before they came to the United

States. I was twelve when I was baptized in a Japanese Presbyterian Church. In 1902, my father came over here from Yamaguchi Prefecture. Later he went back to Japan to marry my mother, who was from Fukushima Prefecture. They met at a mission school. Both my parents could speak English. My mother took English lessons at her Japanese high school. She also studied English with a tutor. At home we used a mixture of Japanese and English. We spoke in English among the siblings. On New Year's Day, my parents had "karuta-kai," Japanese card game party, and we ate New Year's dishes.

My father started a grocery store. My parents had four children of their own. He also started a children's home, and raised 10 to 15 of them. My father was an officer of the "Nihonjin-kai," Japanese Association. My folks were hospitable and Kagawa sensei stayed in our home when he came to this part of the States.

I was living in Salinas, California, when I decided to come to Keisen. I had graduated from a junior college, where I majored in the business course. I came to Keisen in 1937, and stayed until 1939. Rev. and Mrs. Hata's friend talked to my mother about Keisen. Mary Hata, the minister's daughter, was coming to Keisen. My mother thought it would be a good chance for me to come. I was independent and accepted her motherly advice that "Japanese education would be good for you."

When I came to Japan, I lived in Nakano-ku with Mary Hata's sister and her husband, the minister, for one year. I came with another friend, Fumi Sugawara, who dropped out of Keisen in half a year. On "Asama-maru," the ship that took me to Japan, there were Ruth Nagata Kasai and Alice Sakemi Susuki, my fellow "ryugakuseis."

When I came to Japan, I was really shocked to see Tokyo, so huge and busy and so many people. I lived in a school dormitory, "Harada-ryo." Matsumoto sensei was the matron and Michi Hayashi was the head

resident. I made friends with the Japanese girls such as Yayoi Usui Takeuchi of "Kotobu" and Kyoko Tamura and Chikako Sato of "Futsubu." It was a lot of fun taking bath together, singing with a bunch of other girls, in spite of different things and the severe cold in winter. We sang in the choir, led by Tsugawa sensei at Christmas time. I enjoyed the field trips. I missed home on Christmas and Easter.

The study of Japanese language was most useful. I enjoyed Yugeta sensei's and Chigira sensei's classes. My cousin in Chiba Prefecture was a teacher of "ocha" and "ohana," tea ceremony and flower-arrangement. I took lessons from her, too. I hardly know any Japanese now because I stopped using it.

I came home to the States in August, 1939. With threats of war between Japan and the United States, my folks wanted me to come home. After the war actually broke out, we left home in February, 1942, and were sent to Poston, Arizona. It was our temporary home in a horse show place with no privacy. It was a humiliating experience. In 1943, we left the camp and went to St Paul, Minnesota. I got a job at the YWCA and later, at a law office, as a secretary.

I met my husband in 1946, after the war, at my dentist friend's home. We lived four years in a room for working class people in St. Paul. After the war, my husband had to serve in the army from 1946 to 1948.

Looking back on my life at Keisen, I think it was the start of my spiritual journey. I was raised in a Christian family and sometimes took it for granted. I got used to being a Christian.

I liked Miss Kawai because she was real, gutsy and very down to earth. She was humane, caring, compassionate and straight forward. She was a wonderful speaker. My experiences at Keisen kind of let me soar over my difficult times.

(Sadly, Ms. Sonoda passed away on July 22, 2003)

Susie Suzuko Takagi (Nagumo)

I was living in Los Angeles when I decided to come to Keisen. I came in 1939. I traveled alone. My parents sent me to Tokyo. My sponsor decided to send me to Keisen. I did not know about Michi Kawai before attending Keisen. My family was Christian before I came to Keisen but I knew nothing about Keisen.

We spoke Japanese at home. Americans thought of me as American, and so did my relatives.

At Keisen, I did not stay in the dormitory. All the classes were interesting. Japanese language was difficult to study.

I left Japan because my parents called me home. They were concerned about the unease between Japan and the United States. So I left before Pearl Harbor. During the war, I went to the relocation camp, Heart

Mountain, and left for Denver the following year. At the end of the war, I returned to California and joined my parents.

Michi Kawai was an amazing woman. She was so ahead of the women in Japan at the time we knew her. Her energy and intellectual accomplishments are legend. She impressed me as a wonderful storyteller.

Jane Takamine

My father, Seikin Takamine, was born in Shuri, Okinawa. He was an acupuncturist and masseur. My mother, Yasuko Takamine's birthplace was Naha, Okinawa. She was a full-time housewife. My parents had a family of nine children. We had a good and comfortable life as a family.

I was living in Honolulu, Hawaii, when I decided to come to Keisen to study in the spring semester of 1938. My parents decided that I study in Japan after graduating from high school. My aunt was a classmate of Yugeta sensei at Tsuda. She contacted Yugeta sensei, and helped me to enroll at Keisen. I did not have any special reason for coming to Keisen. It was the decision of my father and aunt.

I traveled to Japan with my mother. I did not know of anything about Keisen, or it was a Christian school. I was not a Christian when I came to Keisen.

At home, we used mostly Japanese, and a sprinkling of English and Hawaiian language. I identified myself as Japanese-American. Hawaii is a comfortable place for all those groups to co-exist. My culture shock was that Japan did not have modern plumbing systems for flushing toilets in most places. Farmers were using "night soil" and collecting them in "honey buckets."

The dormitory life was most enjoyable. I stayed at "Harada-ryo" and "Daiichi-ryo." Matsumoto sensei and Suzuki sensei were wonderful matrons. Suzuki sensei and I continued contact even after the war. She stayed at my family home when she visited Hawaii. I made many friends from mainland USA and Japanese friends. Unfortunately, I have lost all contacts with my Japanese friends. I met with Yamada Eiko and Yaeko in Mito, in 1982.

Japanese reading, writing and speech were the most useful subjects. "bunpo," Japanese grammar, was the most useless subject for me. I still enjoy learning more about the Japanese language. I have continued to study Japanese calligraphy.

I left Japan in March, 1941. Americans were warned to leave Japan by the American Embassy.

The air raid on Pearl Harbor and other military facilities in Oahu were most devastating. It was a very sad happening. Fortunately for Japanese-Americans living in Hawaii, we were spared relocations to camps. I attended the University of Hawaii from 1944-1947. I had a minor in Japanese history at the university. I was still attending the University at the end of the war. I did group school work with Parks and Recreation for several years here in Honolulu, and Los Angeles County. I entered into education in 1952, and retired in 1981. I taught in Hawaii, Illinois and California schools.

The greatest impact of my life at Keisen under Michi Kawai's guidance was to do one's utmost and contribute to the betterment of our society. For this reason, I have gone into teaching. Miss Kawai was a dynamic Christian woman, who tirelessly worked for world peace, and especially the education of Japanese girls.

Haru Takamori (Miyashita)

My parents left Canada during the depression of the thirties, and being a minor I was forced to accompany them. I was not living in the States when I decided to come to Keisen in 1934. I came because my parents wished to educate their girls in Japan. We knew about Miss Kawai through friends. At Keisen I attended regular high school, entering the second year. I did not live in the dormitory, since I lived with my parents at home. I came to Japan accompanied by my parents. I knew Keisen was a Christian school. My parents were traditional Buddhists, but always insisted their children go to Christian Sunday Schools. I myself felt I was only Canadian by birth, but probably people in Canada saw me as Japanese.

I spoke only a dozen or so words in Japanese. It was very difficult. I had to study 10 hours a day, eventually finishing primary and high school subjects, 11 years total, in six years.

For me the most difficult subject was history. I could not accept Japan's history as is now known as mythology. I did not make long term

friends, except those born abroad like myself.

The war broke out the year of my graduation from Keisen. During the war, I spent the entire time in Tokyo, experiencing the days of food shortages, air raids, etc. and keeping a low profile regarding government, military, western news etc. When the end of the war came, I felt free and liberated.

Miss Kawai always walked tall and erect—as if carrying a vision or goal, and yet I saw her as a tender and compassionate person, always knitting while she sat on a bench watching us at sports activities.

Aiko Takenaka (Watanabe)

I was living in Los Angeles when I decided to come to Keisen in April, 1939. My mother gave me the option of attending college in L.A. first or going to Japan first. I chose Japan. My mother knew of Miss Kawai through Rev. Unoura. It was my decision to come to Keisen. I traveled to Japan on my own. I did not know of anything of Miss Kawai or Keisen but my mother knew of Miss Kawai's work. I came from a Christian home.

At home, we spoke English mostly, mixed with Japanese. I identified myself as American of Japanese descent. Others thought that I was Japanese. When I came to Japan, I expected in Japan I would be fully Japanese but I was not. So I experienced culture shocks. I first lived with the Kuniyoshis as their lodger because there was no room open in the dormitory. I enjoyed it very much. Once I moved into the dormitory, the study of Japanese became difficult because the Japanese girls wanted us to speak in English so that they could improve their English.

"Kokugo" was most useful in learning Japanese because most of us spoke English to each other, which was a hindrance in learning the Japanese language. I made friends with a "Kotobu" student but we lost touch after I returned to America.

I left Japan because of the impending war. I returned to America early in September, 1941. One of my friends had to return to Japan because midway they were requested to turn back. I did not experience relocation camp life because I returned from Japan with tuberculosis. I spent 15 years in confinement in a sanatorium. Friends recovered after a bi-lateral surgery.

Since I recovered, I have remained well. I was married and had a daughter at thirty nine years of age. Now I have two grandchildren. I am living with my daughter.

Looking back on my experiences at Keisen, the greatest impact was certainly Michi Kawai's teaching us of the love of Jesus Christ. Her kindness and love of the Lord made the biggest impact in my life. My husband, daughter and her two children are devoted Christians. We continue our prayers for my son-in-law who is still seeking.

Michiko "Micky" Washlow (Murayama)

I was living in Seattle, Washington, when I decided to come to Japan. When I was seven years old, we stayed in Japan for about three months. It was a culture shock then and the bad memories stayed with me, so it was no culture shock for me when my parents pulled me out of high school. I did not want to go to Japan as a teenager. I had no choice but to go with them to Japan, so my only wish was to return to my birthplace, to the USA.

I arrived in Japan in 1934, and enrolled at Toyo Eiwa, in the Special Class, and later transferred to Keisen. It was my parents' decision to send me to Japan to study. I left Toyo Eiwa after several months and enrolled at Keisen. I traveled to Japan with my parents. They did not know anything about Miss Kawai, but did know that it was a Christian school. My parents were not Christians at that time, but they are now. Yes, I am a Christian. My parents heard about Toyo Eiwa while still in Seattle. The teacher at Toyo Eiwa showed preference to certain pupils (especially those from wealthy families), which made a few of us leave for Keisen. I don't recall how we learned about Keisen.

At home we spoke a mixture of Japanese and English. I consider myself as a mixture of Japanese and American. Others thought of me as both.

From Toyo Eiwa Special Class (Bekka), I was mainstreamed into regular class at Keisen and found the classes difficult. Yes, I made friends with the Japanese students in the regular course. I still have contact with them. I graduated from Keisen before the war started. I resided in

Tokyo during the war. After the war, I worked for the Occupation Forces.

During the war, I attended Union Church located at Jingu-Dori in Tokyo until we were banned to have any services there. When all the Caucasians left for the States, there was a handful of niseis left. We conducted services for a while, but decided that we niseis had better not get together being that we were US citizens.

Once a month the local police (precinct) checked with my parents' house to interrogate us, as we all had lived in the USA. They were mainly interested to see if we had a shortwave radio set. My parents did have a console model magnetic radio which did not have shortwave. My father was at work, so Mother was the one that was questioned. They were not convinced that we did not have a short wave radio set, so Mother asked them to come in and check for themselves. They asked what the children were doing, and Mother replied that two daughters were married and I was still at home with no job.

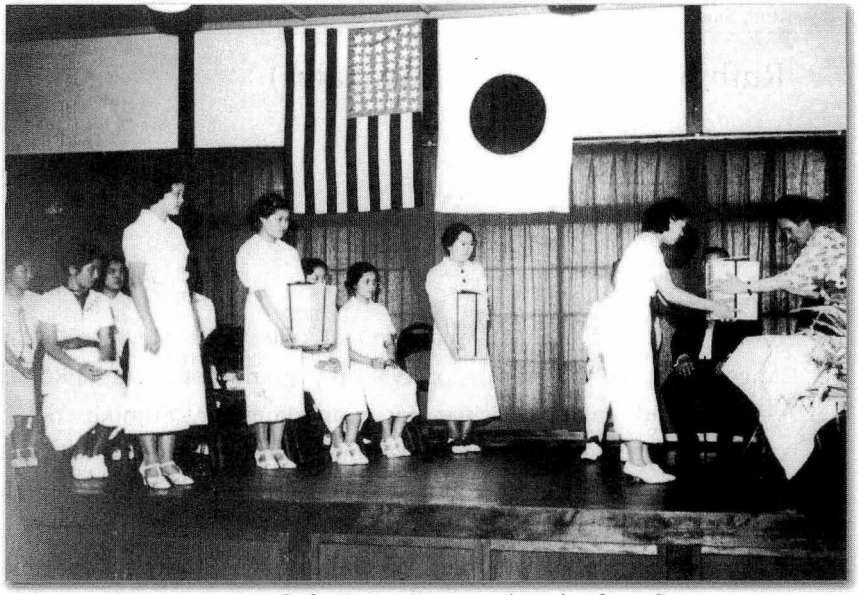
I left Japan in 1949 to return to my homeland, to Seattle. I was married in Chicago, raised a family and worked at Montebello School in the office for ten years and retired. I am now widowed and currently working as a volunteer at the Community Center in La Verne three days a week.

I am currently a member of Nikkei (Japanese-American) Widow and Widowers Club. We meet once a month in Little Tokyo. We have wonderful guest speakers from all walks of life. I also belong to the San Gabriel Nikkei Singles in West Covina Club, which meets once a month, and the L.A. Nikkei Singles Club which meets in Gardina. (mainly ballroom dance, and I participate once in a while)

My studies and experiences at Keisen molded me into a solid person

with good morals and hard work, surviving through the cold winters with no heat in the school—trying to keep warm by drinking hot tea. Doing janitorial work such as mopping the floor by hand and cleaning the stinky toilets—hard work did not hurt anybody—has toughened me and the good Lord guided me in tough times.

Michi Kawai was an amazing woman who had the foresight to guide and lead young people in His footsteps. In those days, she had the foresight to open school to foreign-born students.



Gifts Being Received at the first Commencement
第一回卒業の留学生たちが河井先生に贈物を

Part IV Interviews and Memoirs

第４部　インタビューと回顧録

Ruth Sumiko Kacho (Hayakawa)

I was born in Fukuoka, Japan and at two years old, arrived in Los Angeles. In the late spring of 1938, my grandmother in Fukuoka was very ill and anxious to see her granddaughter, Sumiko. So it was planned that I visit her during summer vacation. Unfortunately, I was unable to reach her in time, but decided to remain in Tokyo.

In September, 1938, I enrolled in the Foreign Student Department of Keisen Girls' School. It was an unexpected pleasure to meet so many nisei students in the three dormitories and at school. The friendships established then, continue warmly today.

In the summer of 1939, leaving their florist business to their son, my parents and American-born 15-year-old sister arrived in Japan, so I left Keisen to live in Fukuoka City. However, my sister couldn't adjust to living in Fukuoka, and insisted on returning to L.A. Since I had a year to finish at L.A. City College, I agreed to accompany her back to L.A. with the condition that I would promptly return to Japan upon graduation. We left Yokohama in June, 1940. Two weeks after graduating, in June 1941, I sailed for Japan. On the ship, I met two young Japanese men from the Foreign Office, who had been sent to New York and Washington, D.C. Consulates to retrieve the Emperor's pictures and documents. I recalled my college English professor, who, already in the academic year of 1940/1941, had warned the Japanese-Americans to become more aware of the world and the political situation because it was going to get pretty rough. The day after we docked in Yokohama, it was announced that the US had frozen all

Japanese bank assets in the US.

In September, 1941, I re-enrolled in Keisen, and was again at "Daiichi-ryo." By November, all niseis in Japan were advised by the US Embassy to leave Japan, although no reason was provided. Responding to this warning, many booked passage on the last ship going to the US. The "Tatsuta-maru" had left Yokohama in late November, but after several weeks at sea, she returned to Japan. On Dec.8, 1941, early morning, we heard over the radio that Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor. I swallowed my breakfast and dashed to the post office, sending a telegram to my sister in L.A., "Until we meet again, God bless you."

Through 1942, the Foreign Students Department at Keisen continued; however, by early 1943, it was closed. Students were being recruited into military endeavors, such as working in ammunition factories. At the urging of Kawai sensei, I applied for a position at the Overseas Broadcasting Station Radio Tokyo, as an English announcer and was hired in March of 1943. At that time, there were two other women announcers. One was June Yoshie Suyama, who was born in Japan and raised in Canada. She had been announcing since before the war, and was the only woman announcer at Radio Tokyo until she was joined by Margaret Yaeko Kato who was born in Japan, educated in London, and working part-time. I was the third hired and worked full-time.

I was trained as a radio announcer by Major Charles Cousens, an Australian prisoner of war. He was originally from England, and was Chief Announcer at a Sydney radio station. He worked with me, modulating my voice, showing me how to read the scripts for the purpose of reading them intelligently on the air. Besides Major Cousens, there were two other POWs. Captain Wallace Ince had been in charge of "The Voice of Freedom," an American propaganda program transmitted from Corregidor, Phillipines; and Lieutenant Norman Reyes, who was on his staff. At that time, the three were living at the Sanno Hotel. They

had been ordered to produce propaganda programs directed towards American soldiers in Asia. The "Zero Hour" was born in 1943. Norman Reyes was the emcee, with popular American jazz records. The scripts were, I think, written by Cousens and Ince. They came up with another program, "Orphan Ann" and selected Iva Toguri, an American-born, UCLA graduate, because she was most likely to be accepted by the G.I.s as a typically American "Yankee voice." It was a very popular program.

The American section of Radio Tokyo was an English translation of Japanese news and commentaries. The content of the materials broadcasted, as well as the programs, were all routed to the Chief of the American Section, who was responsible for whatever was presented on the short wave. The exceptions were the POW programs that were under military jurisdiction.

Besides news and commentary, there were people who were understanding of the Japanese people. They were very cooperative about going on the air describing the Japanese idiosyncrasies. It was my personal pleasure to present Mother Topping, a renown missionary in her 80 s at the time, and friend of Kawai sensei, on these programs several times; as well as Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, a famous Japanese Christian leader, considered among the three leaders in the world; Mahatma Gandhi, India and Dr. E. Stanley Jones, USA.

I was emcee of the "Women's Hour" under my own name, in the hope that my sister in L.A. might learn I was well. Besides the regular American Section programs, I also participated in the POW programs.

In the fall of 1943, about 14 POWs were brought to Surugadai Bunka camps "Sanbohonbu Bunshitu," for the purpose of broadcasting directed to the US Pacific coast. About this time, Major Cousens and Captain Ince were also transferred from Sanno Hotel. The "Hinomaru Hour" began in December, 1943. When the Philippines was declared independent,

Lieutenant Norman Reyes was released, and employed by Radio Tokyo to continue his "Zero Hour." Later, Kaoru Katherine Morooka and Norman were married in a lovely ceremony at the Philippine Embassy.

Toward the end of January, 1945, I received a telegram that my father was very ill, so I rushed back, only to have my father meet me at the station. They were so worried about possible air raids over Tokyo that they had sent the telegram, knowing that otherwise, I could not leave Radio Tokyo.

In early spring, I returned to Tokyo to gather my personal effects. Upon arrival, I was immediately apprehended by gendarme "Kenpei," and taken to their headquarters. They wanted me to disclose the people at the radio station who were talking about Japan losing the war. Since I had only returned from Fukuoka, and had not gone to the radio station, I had no knowledge of such talk, and tearfully asserted my ignorance, but to no avail. They questioned and threatened me with dire circumstances if I did not cooperate, and I was thrown into a small dark cell for the night. In the morning, I had to place my thumb print on a two page statement, written in Japanese, which I did not understand; otherwise, I would not be released. It was the most harrowing, terrifying experience in my life.

The following Monday, I went to Radio Tokyo and was instantly urged to return to Fukuoka because a "Kenpei" had been there Friday looking for me. Needless to say, I hurried back to the country.

The war ended in August, 1945, and the Emperor capitulated on the 15-th. Immediately, there was a rush of news media into Radio Tokyo, looking for "Tokyo Rose." However, no one there knew anything about a Tokyo Rose, but surmised that it might be "Lil Orphan Ann." Iva Toguri was persuaded by some member of the Zero Hour Program to be the Tokyo Rose, and signed a statement to that effect. She was

apprehended by the military police, and jailed.

I remained in Fukuoka. My sister's husband had arrived in Tokyo, as a member of the US Military, Counter-Intelligence Corp, and wrote me to avoid Tokyo because of the news media's fever over Tokyo Rose. I returned to Tokyo in 1946, and entered the American Department of the Ministry of Trade and Industry.

On October 25, 1946, Iva Toguri was released for lack of sufficient treasonable evidence. According to FBI agent Tillman, when he took her out of prison, he had advised her to get out of the city and avoid the news media. But in December, 1946, she went to Yokohama Embassy for an application form, and in May 1947, applied for a return visa; strongly asserting her US citizenship. It caused an indignant uproar from the American news media, so again she was imprisoned in August, 1948. On Sept. 25 th, the ship docked in San Francisco, and Iva faced a Grand Jury indictment. Many people from Radio Tokyo were ordered by the FBI to attend the hearing as prosecution witnesses. I, of course, was questioned by the FBI, but steadfastly refused to testify against her. In October, 1948, Iva Toguri was charged with treason, and her long trial began. A year later, on Oct. 6, 1949, she was found guilty on one charge; the other charges were dismissed. The judge sentenced her to ten years in prison and $10,000 fine. She was taken to West Virginia Women's Penitentiary.

In January, 1956, she was released for good behavior. Her father and sister were there to take her home to Chicago with them. However, in March, she was ordered to leave the US. Her attorney intervened, and in July, 1958, the deportation order was cancelled. Nonetheless, she remained a "stateless person." The only way her citizenship (for which she had made such a horrendous sacrifice) could be restored was by a presidential pardon. After many years of effort by her attorney, Wayne Collins Jr., Dr. Clifford Ueda, JACL and through several presidencies,

President Ford finally signed and announced her pardon on the last day of his office, in January, 1977. (abridged)

On October 1, 1949, accompanied by an FBI agent, 14 of us who were either involved with Surugadai Camp or Radio Tokyo, took off from Haneda Airport for Washington, D.C. via Wake Island, Honolulu, San Francisco and Tulsa.

On October 24, we boarded the train for New York, to attend Proovo's Grand Jury Hearing. Our phase of the hearing was scheduled from Nov. 4 through Nov.10. As soon as we were dismissed, most of us left promptly for Japan. Toward the end of November, 1949, the Grand Jury indicted Proovo. Three years later, the treason trial finally began and we were asked to attend on Oct. 26, 1952.

In September, 1951, the Peace Conference was held in S.F. and Japan regained her independence. So in 1952, we were traveling with Japanese passports.

Around October, 1954, I received a phone call from an FBI agent that Proovo's treason trial would reopen in Maryland in early 1955 and he asked me to attend. I replied that I would if my husband were able to travel with me, since I was pregnant. They agreed, and we were pleased. Now my family in L.A. would be able to meet my husband, and our child could be born in America.

I was notified in early 1955 that there would not be a trial. "Statute of Limitation." In March, Proovo was freed! It was a great disappointment to have our planned trip cancelled. We decided to travel on our own and obtained a visitor visa, sponsored by my parents. Originally our plan was to return to Japan after the birth of our child. But my husband liked America, so we decided to remain here.

I feel that Kawai sensei was instrumental in the direction of my life, by urging me to enter Radio Tokyo, which led to the POW programs and the trip to America. It was during these trips that I found my friends; Marquis Ikeda introduced me to his cousin, and Mr. Fujimura, who walked me down the aisle at Union Church to marry my husband, in December 1953.

Saji Kanazawa (Nishibue)

I arrived at keisen in April, 1939. I sailed on the steamship "Hie-maru" from Smith Cove in Seattle, Washington, in January 1939. It was to be the beginning of a sojourn of two years in Japan. The boat docked at Yokohama in early February. At this point it is necessary to mention two ladies who were good friends of my mother in Spokane, Washington but who had both returned to Japan in the 1930's. They were Mrs. Sachiko Nagahama and Mrs. Takako Higashidani, and they were to play significant roles in my future, something unbeknownst to me at that time.

Mrs. Nagahama was to meet me at Yokohama and she apparently was the one who suggested to my mother that I attend Waseda Kokusai

Gakuin for schooling. Due to a family emergency she was not able to meet me; instead Mrs. Higashidani met me. I do not know what connection or knowledge she had about Keisen, but she took me to Keisen to make preliminary preparations for entrance in April. All this took place not withstanding the fact that I had in my possession a formal "gansho," application form, and a transcript of my high school scholastic record to submit to Waseda.

This was my very first trip to Japan. After entering Keisen in April, I was assigned to "Kawai-ryo" for one year; then I moved to "Daiichi-ryo" for the next year. Dormitory life at "Kawai-ryo" seemed more quiet and restrained. Perhaps this was due to the fact that Kawai sensei lived with us and that we shared morning and vesper services with her, ate with her and her presence was always felt. This was so even though there was the affable Ibuka sensei who was dormitory matron at that time. I always felt a great respect and a sense of awe and deference toward Kawai sensei. I can remember her gently chiding me and correcting my "Tosa-ben," the dialect I had learned from my Tosa-born parents and which I believed to be standard spoken Japanese. Also, leaving a lasting impression on me was Kawai sensei's insistence on using cloth napkins in individual napkin rings at the table. Each week's "toban," the person on duty, saw each of us laundering these napkins.

Life at "Daiichi-ryo" seemed less constrained, partly because there were more nisei girls there, and because of Suzuki Kayo sensei's being there as dorm matron. She was soft-spoken, very gentle and very kindly in nature, and this fostered a wonderful climate of friendliness and warmth at "Daiichi-ryo."

Keisen offered several areas of study, not only in the scholastic sense, but certainly studies that were veritable windows into the culture of Japan such as Japanese cooking, sewing, "osaho," etiquette, "ohana," flower arrangement, and "chanoyu," tea-ceremony. I can still, after fifty

some years, recall the wonderful teachers, the rooms, the very serious study efforts and also some lighter and humorous moments. One in particular was wondering what kind of "okashi," goodies, Taira sensei would bring for the tea ceremony. The various field trips to places of historic and cultural interest are still fresh in my mind. There are places like the island of Oshima, Ise, Nikko and Chiba for clam digging to name a few.

To balance, perhaps, the scholastic side of my stay in Japan, there were the interpersonal relationships with different people. Each summer and winter vacation were spent in Kochi-Prefecture where my parents came from before they emigrated to America. It was a contrast and change from the hustle and bustle life experienced in Tokyo. The quiet rural life at the villages Wajiki mura, Akano mura and Aki city left me with indelible memories. It was good to meet and be with various cousins, aunts and uncles, but most of all I treasure the times spent with "ojiisan" and "obaasan." I was now with next of kin, Tosa-ben included! The hot "gohan," rice, and the fresh eggplant pickles that my grandma always served me are never to be forgotten. I can still remember how she would make my favorite "ohagi," Japanese sweet, for me specially and while waving off the flies with a fan, she would say, "tabe, tabe, oissii desho" "Eat, eat, isn't that good?"

Since Kochi-ken faces southward to the ocean, I can never forget the vast expanse of blue along the shoreline dotted by beautifully shaped pine trees. This scene would change dramatically toward the end of summer vacation in late August with the "nihyaku-toka" the two hundred and tenth day phenomenon that made the blue and white waves turn a menacing reddish-brown color and the energy of the waves became quite frightening. I can still hear the sound of the waves pounding the shoreline; what an awesome feeling and truly unforgettable.

The people who lived in these rural areas were so kind, although I was

often the object of curiosity because of my obvious American ways be it my gait, dress or hairdo. This combination of the more sophisticated city life and the slower-paced country life enabled me to see all of Japan at its very best. I think back now and know that had I seen only one side and not the other, it would have been but half an education. I cannot recall a single unpleasant incident; how fortunate I was.

Getting back to Keisen and my impressions of those two precious years, I have thought many times about the three services that I was exposed to daily at Keisen. The first was the morning service at the dormitory, reading from the "Daily Book of the Light," singing a hymn and prayer which began the day. I can still see the steaming bowls of miso-soup on the dining room table. Then to school where there would be an en masse gathering of students in the auditorium for a short service. Teachers took turns leading the service. I was particularly impressed by the selection of one hymn a week that we all sang while filing into the auditorium. I believe that there were about 450 students in all. Then the third and final service took place at the dormitory after supper. There is a saying, "feast or famine," and it was verily a feast of daily devotions at Keisen!

Other impressions never to be forgotten were monthly labor service activities, Keisen Day in November, the long walk to Kyodo Station, Sundays spent at the Matsuzawa church of Toyohiko Kagawa, how we bowed to the school custodian in the halls, the lunch box duties hauling a huge metal tray laden with lunch boxes from "Daiichi-ryo" and monthly "Shinwakai," student body meetings. Of course I cannot miss mentioning the endless line of dedicated and beloved teachers like Yugeta sensei, Matsumoto sensei, Inui sensei, Nakagawa sensei, Chigirra sensei, Kawai Hanako sensei, Taira sensei and our beloved Kawai Michiko sensei.

I was fortunate to be able to spend the full two years at Keisen.

However, after graduation I lost no time in making a quick departure in May, 1941 on one of the last boats to travel over the Pacific to Seattle. I was safely back in Spokane with my family when the war broke out.

Memorable events that took place after that were marriage, two daughters, enrolling at the University of Washington at the age of 42, getting my degree in Education, teaching for 21 years and lastly, and the most profound, losing my beloved husband of 48 years to death in 1990.

The solid background in grammar at Keisen proved to be a great asset as I was able to spend the last three years of my teaching career as a Japanese Language instructor with the Seattle Public Schools. How well I recalled those tedious classes in Japanese grammar with Yugeta sensei. Also, what seemed long ago as a relentless exposure to daily devotions at Keisen, I believed they were instrumental in strengthening my youthful faith. The effect of those two years did not leave me; instead they stood by me shepherding me through life's calamities, both large and small.

Now, in 1994 at the age of nearly 75, I am a retired teacher, but not retired from life. I am keeping busy with activities that are open to senior citizens; sometimes there are so many things to do that I have to choose. Our Seattle "Tomonokai," Friends Meeting also has interesting and worthwhile activities for the widowed persons. I have my church, access to the University of Washington for further study, all sorts of handwork and the piano and organ. These are the things that occupy my time and mind. But memories persist. I take great pride in my association with Keisen. She has given me a gift that I cherished through the years.

Margaret Aiko Satow (Miura)

I was born and raised in the town of Monterey, California, located on the Monterey Bay—an inlet of the Pacific Ocean about 75 miles south of San Francisco, California.

My father owned a Japanese dry goods store (or a gift shop as we know them now) but lost it during the Depression, which we went through along with the rest of the country. With a family of youngsters (2 boys and 2 girls), he knew that he could not stay unemployed for very long, so he ventured into the gardening business. Since my mother had taken sewing classes while in school, she started her business as a seamstress.

Knowing that an educational background was necessary in order to be successful in life, Papa made it a point to always look for houses close to a school so that we children could walk to and from school. By the time I graduated from high school, I fully realized that the cost of higher education would put a great burden on my folks. The scholarship program as we know it now was not a reality for me. My thought was to work for a couple of years and put aside as much of my wages into a savings account so that I could see myself through school.

Both of my parents had been introduced to Christianity early in their lives and were very active in getting a Japanese Mission started in Monterey. Through meetings and activities such as conferences, and with friends who lived in other parts of California. They heard about Miss Kawai and the girls' school, Keisen Jogakuen, which she had established in Tokyo, Japan.

As luck would have it, shortly before the summer when I graduated from high school, they learned that Miss Kawai was adding a new department in her school—"Ryugakusei-bu"—for Japanese-American girls who had graduated from high school, but were not learned in the Japanese language in reading, writing and conversation.

My parents got as much information as they were able to gather; also, my father had a younger brother who lived just outside of Tokyo, Japan, who looked into the possibilities of sending me to Keisen Jogakuen. With all the information they were able to gather and checking in on the financial situation, they decided that they would be able to send me to Keisen for the 2 year course.

The US school system as it was generally set up in the early 1900's.

Kindergarten
Elementary School—1st through 6th grade
Junior High School—7th and 8th grade
Senior High School—9th through 12th grade

At that time (1935), as hard as it may be to believe now, the rate was one American dollar to two Japanese yen. At first I was very cool about participating in this "adventure," but the more I thought about it, the more interested I became. What a wonderful way to extend my learning experience—and what an ideal way to learn about my racial background. As it turned out, I enjoyed my time there so much that I ended up practically begging to stay for another year instead of the 2 years that the course was programmed for.

Leaving the only life I was used to was not as difficult as I thought it would be. The anticipation of new adventures proved to make me believe that it was actually a privilege for me to broaden my life experience and to make me a more interesting and understanding

person.

So after a happy summer, after graduation in September of 1935, I found myself waving goodbye to the only family and home I knew for what turned out to be an exciting "3 year life and schooling Japan adventure" —something that I have been most grateful to my parents forever since.

My folks naturally spoke Japanese when conversing with each other, but with us children, the language spoken was English. My dad's reasoning was "You children were born in the US, the language spoken here is English—therefore, English is the language you will learn to speak."

The Monterey Peninsula had three well known towns: Monterey was known for its fishing industry; Pacific Grove was known for the large number of churches of various religions and denominations; Carmel was known for Carmel Mission founded by Father Junipero Serra, and as an artists' colony. Monterey itself was a friendly mixture of several races—Italians, Anglos, Spanish, Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese and Negroes. However, the positions in government were held by Anglos and a few Italians—truly, in my recollection it was an all American city.

Race was not a big issue when I was growing up—we were all Americans though, because of laws passed in the early part of the century, Asians who were born in Japan or China were not eligible to become American citizens or to own property. Because of this atmosphere which prevailed in my growing up years, I thought of myself as an American citizen of Japanese ancestry.

It was the first evening at my uncle's home in Makuhari, Chiba-ken when I first experienced "culture shock." One thing that my uncle had not taken care of was having the bathroom completed at his home before my arrival. Speaking so little Japanese, I was not able to explain to my uncle or aunt that I was totally "in the dark" concerning public

bath houses. The minute I stepped into the "bath building", I noticed that every pair of eyes within seeing distance was pointed at me. Word spread fast in small villages (era 1930's) and finally they were getting to see the "America no Ai-chan" who was coming to Japan to attend a school in Tokyo. This was my introduction to every-day Japanese living. Somehow, this first bath was taken, and we all walked home clean. I was so grateful that the "public bathroom" experience was taken care of that first night. Though, in recent years, I have found that there are some things or occurrences that I have forgotten about completely, this first night experience is one thing that I have never forgotten.

I commuted to Keisen from my uncle's home for approximately four months before the dormitory on Keisen grounds was ready for occupancy. This was to accommodate not only the "ryugakusei," but girls whose parents were living in other countries because of work, etc.

Being able to move into the dormitory was a big day for me. By then I found that I was much better in communicating and felt more at ease about every day living in Japan. I was impressed to learn that half of the bedrooms were truly Japanese style and the other half Western style. We changed partners and bedrooms every six months.

I cannot remember how many students lived in the dormitory but every morning we had chores "otoban" to do. Each one of us was assigned a certain chore to do before we were called into the dining room for breakfast. The chores were assigned to us by the week and I quickly realized that keeping the dormitory clean was not difficult when we all pitched in and did our share.

What a wonderful way to get to know the ones we lived with. Each student had a personality of her own—some were quiet, some saw so much humor in life, some were very studious, some very serious about life. As a group, we were no different from any group I was with in the

United States. We all had distinct likes and dislikes in food, in clothes—I truly did enjoy dormitory life. (In some respects, I truly believed that, because of the living in the dormitory, I did not have much troubles becoming acclimated to the living in a retirement community which has been my "way of life" for the past three and half years.)

I truly enjoyed all the subjects we studied, plus flower arrangement, tea ceremony and the trips we took to different parts of the country, during the years I was at Keisen. My only regret is that I have forgotten so much of the Japanese language and writing simply because, since coming back to the United States, I have not lived where there has been a large Japanese community to make use of all that I learned.

However, I did learn to understand my parents so much better—their dreams, their hopes for a better understanding of people, no matter where they were born or lived.

I did keep in touch with a few friends at Keisen—but with the coming of World War II, keeping in touch became harder and harder. However, there is one friend whom I still exchange Christmas card with.

Shortly after I came back to the Bay region (San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland) I stayed with an American couple (friends of the family), while I attended and graduated from a business school.

My younger sister, Josephine, was working for a gift shop in Carmel and since they needed some help, I did what I could to help them out. I also did spend time with Mother as she was not feeling well.

Then on the 7th of December, 1941, Pearl Harbor was attacked and many things happened and happened rapidly. Mother had passed away by then and travel restrictions were imposed on those of us of Japanese ancestry—whether we were citizens or non-citizens.

Because they were deprived of becoming US citizens, Dad with two bachelor friends were forced to move from the coast line—at least fifty miles inland, so they moved to the San Joaquin Valley to stay with family friends who had cabins for workers who could come to help with the grape harvesting every year. This left us children—my sister, my two brothers and myself to feed ourselves for the time being.

Eventually we, too, were forced to leave the coast area and we joined Dad in Livingston, California. How grateful we were that we had wonderful, understanding neighbors of Portuguese ancestry. The Gonzales told us just to shore up the windows, lock the doors and leave the keys with them. And it turned out, they not only looked after our house, but they rented it, refused to take any commission for their time and care, and sent us the monthly rent religiously. They continued to do this for us until the time that we were able to go back after the war to make arrangements for selling the house. What a blessing it was to have such wonderful neighbors!

We were sent to "assembly centers" (in our case it was the county fairgrounds) until the internment camp in southern Colorado was as ready as it ever would be for us. Amache Internment Camp, in Granada, Colorado, with close to 7,500 people, turned out to be the smallest of the ten internment camps. Norman was the chief steward—in other words, he was responsible for the mess halls in Amache.

Norman and I were the first couple to be married in the assembly center and our daughter Arlene was one of the 400 babies born in Amache Internment Camp. The doctors were Japanese-American citizens who were interned along with the rest of us, and we were very well taken care of. It is truly amazing how we human beings adjust ourselves to living conditions when it becomes a necessity.

As far as our apartment was concerned, there were no doors other than

the door to go in and out of the apartment—there was one electric cord hanging from the rafter with a 60 watt bulb attached and a single board roughly 8 feet high which separated one family's apartment from another. Going through this experience with very little privacy, I find myself being very conscious of giving a person complete privacy—something that is very important to me.

We were separated into blocks. Each block had two barracks—five apartments in each barrack, with a community mess hall, community laundry and shower building, and a community activity building between the two apartment barracks.

The WRA (War Relocation Authority) was the organization in charge of the relocation of those interned during the war. During World War II, the majority of the eligible young and seasoned workers and laborers were being taken into the army, navy, air force services so that employers were having a difficult time keeping experienced and dependable help. The WRA sent men to different parts of the country and their main job was to locate employers who would be willing to hire Japanese personnel who were capable to fill their positions. Not only were they able to find help, but they were also able to disperse the Japanese population so that they were not congregated into one certain section of the United States. I truly feel that this has proved to be not only a blessing, but also an advantage for those of us of Japanese ancestry.

I will not go into detail here, but Norman was fortunate enough to get a job at the Broadmoor Hotel, in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he worked until his retirement. Our times in Colorado Springs, Colorado, were happy years. Our son, Clayton, was born when Arlene was three years old. We looked forward to Norman's day off, for that meant that we would go for a ride in the mountains, or go to visit family or friends who lived close enough that the commute time was short.

The school system that the children attended had a very good reputation, and I remember being so impressed, because in that era, over 90% of the high school graduates went on for further education. For several years, our two children were the only students of Japanese ancestry, and they both were well accepted, and took part in various activities and sports. As I look back on this phase of my life, I am very conscious of the fact that God certainly was watching and guiding us in our daily lives.

The Broadmoor Hotel was host to the World Figure Skating Competitions twice during the 1960's, and also was host to the World Ice Hockey Tournament in 1962. Because there were competitors from Japan taking part in each of these competitions, my husband and I had the honor of being translators and hosts for entertainment during their stay in Colorado Springs. These were highly exciting years for us.

While the children were going to school, I tried to do my share of parent participation "duties," such as home-room mother, Brownies, Girl Scouts, Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts group positions. In time, I did spend several years holding down full-time positions—mainly having to do with general office work and bookkeeping.

Norman did well in his position—by the time he retired, he had been in charge of the hotel's public dining rooms for several years, and represented the Broadmoor for several hors d'oervre demonstrations.

Both our children graduated from high school with honors, and went on to college and received their degrees. Arlene is a school counselor in the Tucson School District, and Clayton is a patent lawyer in Framingham, MA.

Norman and I built a home in the mountains of Colorado and enjoyed several years of retirement. Along with retirement, we enjoyed watching

our children starting on their careers and their families, and we were blessed with three grandchildren.

Norman passed away in 1988, and I continued to live in the house we had built. However, each succeeding winter, it became more and more difficult to cope with the snow, and driving on ice, so, in August, 1998, I made what I trust will be my last move—that is, the move to Tucson, AZ, where Arlene and her husband, Jeff, live.

On looking back at my life, I am so grateful for the wonderful, happy years of family and friends I have been blessed with, along with the very few physical problems I have had to cope with. I am presently enjoying life here in the retirement home—Campana Del Rio in Tucson, Arizona.

(Sadly, Mrs. Satow passed away on Nov.25, 2004.)

Lilian Uba (Ruriko Noda)
〈Interview〉

My dad, his brother, and my grandfather did fruit picking when they first came over to the States. Father went back to Japan to marry my mother who was an "ojosan" (a young lady). After he came back from Japan, my father started a garage and became a Ford salesman. My mother had to help to wash the grease. Consequently, my father's business went very well.

Both of my parents were baptized in the Japanese Methodist church in Sacramento. They were influenced by some friends. One of our relatives was a minister, Mr. Osuga, who is still living. I had infant baptism and considered myself a Christian.

I identify myself more as American than Japanese, although we had Japanese food other than breakfast and celebrated "oshougatsu," New Year's festival and "ohinasama," Dolls' Festival.

I grew up in Sacramento, California. Until I was thirteen I went to a Japanese Methodist church in Sacramento. Kawai sensei spoke at churches in the States, telling about Keisen. That is how Mother found Keisen and Miss Kawai. My mother wanted to go back to Japan so badly. So she took me to Japan. I would say that it was my mother's decision to send me to Keisen. My mother and I came on the steamship "Asama-maru," and made a lot of friends on board. In 1936, my mother took me to Japan and I started at Keisen as a "Futsubu" (regular high school course) 9. I went to a "nihongo gakko," Japanese language school, every afternoon.

As to my culture shocks—when I got off the boat, the smell of the "owai", the toilet smell poured into the fields, hit me. Mother lived with her parents in Yamanashi Prefecture and taught at Yamanashi-eiwa for two years. She was a graduate of Joshi Bijutsu, Women's Arts School. I lived with my mother and my grandparents. After my mother left, I moved to Higashinakano to live with my aunt and two cousins. They were not Christians.

I enjoyed the art classes taught by Hongo sensei and Aketagawa sensei. At school, I made friends with Uno san and Noyuri Otsuka.

When the war became bad, Miss Kawai called me to stay in "Kawai-ryo" overnight. People were friendly there. To me, Keisen life was the

best part. The other part in Japan was sad.

During the war, our neighborhood was bombed three times. People were running all over, jumping into the river because of the fire. When the war started, no relatives wanted to take care of me. Money stopped being sent from the States. They got me out of their house from one place to another. The last uncle hired me as matron of his factory, where I stayed on until the end of the war.

In the States, during the war my family was sent to Topaz Camp in Utah. Then they went to Denver, because all their Sacramento friends moved to Denver.

My father started an insurance company. After the war, as an American citizen, I went back to the States on an army ship, the General Gordon. At first I worked at a laundry place, then at the air-force financial center for four years. Then I went to University of Colorado, and majored in art and interior decorating. I met my husband in the Japanese Methodist church. I became a full-time housewife and mother, and raised four boys.

Looking back on my life now, I realize that I prayed a lot all the time when these things were happening. I feel that God was with me wherever I went. I was happy to believe in God. Education at Keisen helped me. Miss Kawai was one of the most kind-hearted persons I met in my life.

〈A Memoir〉

In Sept.1936, at San Francisco, my mother, my brother, Albert, and myself boarded the boat called "Tatsuta-maru," steamship with all the passengers going to Japan from America, mostly for the first time. It took two weeks to reach Yokohama Harbor. We stayed at Grandparents'

home in Tokyo while my mother and Albert were present. We had wonderful times with relatives while the summer vacation was around. Then came the school years to start and our vacation and fun time was over. We both had to enter a school.

Albert had to go to the neighborhood grammar school where he wore his regular long pants which for Japanese it was comical to see. They used to tease him everyday. During those days they never saw American people. They were still backward. I remembered the glasses I wore were rare for them, too.

Talking about getting ready to go to school. I entered a Christian High School called "Keisen Jogakuen." The founder was a Christian woman leader in Japan. This school had Junior and Senior High and two year colleges departments. Mother's plan was to leave me with relatives to study at this school. At this time, I had no idea of her wish. Mother had met the leader, Michi Kawai, the principal who came to the States to speak at the church where we belonged. Two years went in a hurry and the time came for Mother and Albert to go back and I had to stay. I did not like it at all. I was only 15 at the time. It was sad for me to be left alone. I was asked to stay with my aunt at my cousin's home. I stayed with them all through the school years that followed.

Four months before my graduation from Keisen, W.W Ⅱ broke out and all the students in the country had to go to the assigned establishments to work. Our class had to help as part-time clerks for Tokyo District. My graduation day finally came. The graduation ceremony was beautiful that day. Every student was excited, with their relatives present.

Now the war was beginning to get intense and the Japanese people were in hysteria. The shortage of food, clothing, papers, toiletries, was felt everywhere. Money didn't have its value anymore. Farmers, merchants were the only rich by having materials while they lasted. They were

exchanging items. Every chance you had or heard from friends, you would line up for distribution of rations. Sometimes the distribution was not enough for all. There is a funny story with this. One day a person who thought it was a line for rice followed the one before him and found out after reaching the front, it was a funeral service. Quite often, for my aunt I had to go to the countryside to buy sweet potatoes and fill my rucksack as much as I could.

After I got out of school, I was on my own. Of course the relatives could not support me anymore because they had their own family to take care of. I was confused for a while but I thanked the Lord he was watching over me. One of my uncles found a job opening at his company as a dorm mother. During the day, I worked at the office and at night took care of the 6th grade children who were recruited from the different parts of Japan. They had to serve their country, too. All these big companies had big factories. And they were converted to wartime factories. Our factory was producing wireless radio for the war planes. More than 5,000 employees were workers and mostly commuters. Factory cafeteria was a huge place to gather, but it was showing shortage of food, too. Mixed dehydrated sliced sweet potatoes cooked in rice to fill your hungry stomach was well known. Very seldom did I see meat anywhere for "okazu." We were lucky to see cooked sweet potato vine for "okazu" with little rice or none. I remember eating unflavored tea leaves for "okazu" flavoured with shoyu, when they were first starting to get short on food.

Air raids were constantly wailing night and day. Japanese people were always listening to the radios to find out when the hundreds of B 29 s would return from the pathway along the shoreline of the Tokyo Bay then enter the skies of Tokyo. Dropping bombs or firebombs, or both, often went on. During the air raids at night, homes and community had to turn off lights or cover the lights with black cloths to show no lights. If there was some light shown from the window, the neighbor leader

goes around to let them know. Groups were formed in the first part of the war. Women had to have a sharp-pointed bamboo weapon to use to stab American soldiers if they landed. Water bucket relay drills to put out fires were seen all over the nation. Meanwhile, in the factories, in the broad daylight when the B 29 s were flying so high above us, we could see the antiaircraft from the ground. The Japanese soldiers were shooting at them, but apparently not reaching them most of the time. I have seen several bursts in the fireball falling to the earth. In the night it looked different when you see them burst into fireballs.

One lunch hour, when I had to go out to get some fresh air, I heard a machineguns. At the same time, the small plane came so close and swooped down over me like a bird trying to tease a cat. Actually, I did see the pilot's face. It was scary. Other kinds of enemy planes were flying high taking pictures of the areas during the daylight. There was a 500 lbs. bomb that dropped in our factory garden area surrounded by tall walls and made a big "suribachi," punch bowl, shape hole in the ground. Walking with some of our young students to take them to the clinic, we heard a sound like a train coming toward us and suddenly glasses shattared into pieces. We ducked so fast that strangely we didn't have any cuts, but were covered with the glass.

One dark night we had to run into the dark factory dugouts that were all over the outside of the compound. All of us had to follow into a dark hole, actually had to crawl in, and I was in the end but escaped death that night. Incendiary bomb fell above and some smothered with smoke in our deeper hole and were burned.

Then the last year, on March 10th, 1945, the Tokyo factory area was wiped out completely by the biggest fire in Tokyo. This night there was a well-planned air raid for the factory area to get ready to shorten their war. Can you imagine the fire you can see with your naked eyes and you were surrounded by fire all around? Our factory was engulfed with

fire, so we were led out of the area and followed the people of our company that were staying there at night. It was creating wind that was blowing burnt papers, flying. pieces of burning wood. Japanese families that had homes in the factory areas were running away from the fire. People thought running away from the fire, jumping into the river, hiding under the staircase by the tramway area, or inside the theater buildings, was safe. However, the theater became a trap for fires. Our groups tried to get away, but the fire kept following us, because we made empty pockets in the air that would create space for the fire. Running all night for a safer place, we stopped at a grammar school for the night. Each of us was given newspaper to use for blanket and got on the desk to sleep on it. The next morning, we had to go back to our company to report. Walking was normally to walk on a plain level street, but our situation was different. We had to walk over all the charred bodies that lay all over the streets.

I found myself praying harder each time things were getting rough. The company had to move out to Nagano, and then moved again to Niigata.

Finally the war ended There was an important announcement for the people of Japan, the radio said. No one knew what it was about. Then came the moment. We heard the voice of the Emperor Hirohito for the first time. His voice sounded quivery and sad, I remember very well.

After the war, niseis were useful everywhere. My first job at Niigata after the war was that of an interpreter for the police department. And if it wasn't for my girlfriend from central Japan, who wrote about it to me in the northern part, I would not have known about the opening. So my next job was in Yokohama. I worked at different places; for the mail censor of the 8th Army, for the PX floor manager at the Payroll Department, and at the Town Hall. I was also an interpreter for Yokota Air Base when they were laying air strips. There weren't enough interpreters at the time, so that's why I had an opportunity to train

people at these jobs. It was an interesting experience.

Two years after the war ended, I had got my papers and passport in order to go home. With no other transportation, we had got on the Army transport ship called "General Gordon." We on board were all nisei strandees during the war in Japan. We were all so happy to go back to our homeland. We arrived safely to San Francisco. (HURRAH!!!!!!)

I was able to correspond with my parents with the help of the military personel from Sacaramento, through the APO(Army Post Office), who indirectly knew my parents' location. A family of an American soldier was renting a home from a relative of Mr. Inai, our family friend. He was able to contact Mr.Inai in Denver, who was able to contact my folks. Several of my childhood friends from Sacramento, who were part of occupation force, were able to see me in Tokyo and Yokohama, and renew my family contact.

Acknowledgments

At long last the record of my interviews of 2001 is completed with the Japanese translation after each article. In the meantime, some of the "ryugakusei" friends I met in the States have passed away or become rather fragile because of their age. How I wish they had been able to read this booklet. For the completion of the booklet I owe a great deal to quite a few people; Ms. Pamela Novick and Ms. Patricia Okabe, my former colleagues of the English Department of Junior College, checked my English. Ms.Ando, Ms. Miyakawa, Ms.Takasawa of the Archives put my hand written Japanese translation into the computer. Oguchi sensei, our chancellor, all the members of the Historical Committee and Ms. Oishi, the head of the Archives encouraged me at my task all along. I repeat that Ms. Hummel and Ms.Reyes have given me precious help since October, 2001. Ms. Keiko Saita, a graduate, kindly designed the cover of the booklet.

Mr. Nakano of Akatsuki Publishing Company has done his best in publishing this booklet.

I am forever grateful for each person I mentioned above.

Toshiko Yoshikawa
June, 2005

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—恵泉で学んだ日系アメリカ人学生たちの声—

2005年7月11日　発行
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