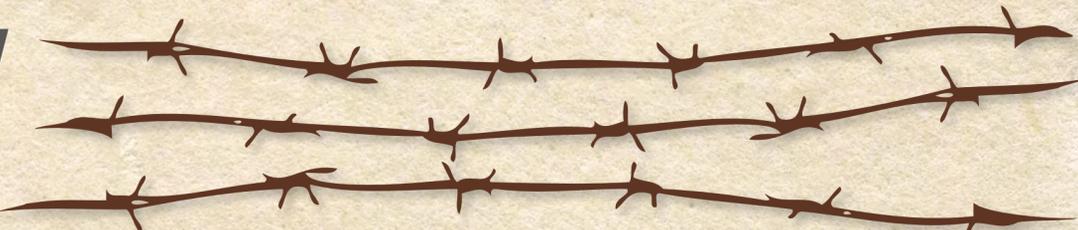


The Empty Chair



The Forced Removal & Resettlement of Juneau's Japanese Community, 1941-1951

The forced removal of Japanese and Japanese-Americans from the West Coast during World War II is an often overlooked piece of American history. This relocation not only impacted the families removed but also the communities from which they were taken. The Juneau community stood in quiet defiance as their friends and neighbors were taken from their homes. They welcomed the Japanese-American families back into Juneau society after the war, a welcome that was not seen by all returning to their West Coast communities. In an attempt to rebuild, repair and move on, the

forced removal was never discussed as a community. This exhibit tells the stories of eight Japanese-American families that were taken from their homes in 1942 and relocated to the Minidoka Internment Camp located in Idaho. All of the families lived in Juneau between 1941 and 1951 either before and/or after the war.

This exhibit, curated by Jodi DeBruyne, is based on first-person narratives and would not have been possible without the willingness of the Akagi, Fukuyama, Kanazawa, Kito, Komatsubara, Kumasaka, Taguchi, and Tanaka families to share their stories, photographs and objects; nor would the exhibit have been possible without the partnership with the Empty Chair Committee.

*Thank you
to all that participated*

Albert Shaw	Jim Triplette
Alice (Tanaka) Hikido	Margie Alstead Shackelford
Andy Pekovich	Marie Hanna Darlin
Betty Echigo Marriott	Mark Kanazawa
Brent Fischer, Director CBJ Parks & Recreation	Marsha Erwin Bennett
Connie Lundy	Mary (Tanaka) Abo
David Gray	Nancy (Fukuyama) Albright
Dixie Johnson Belcher	Randy Wanamaker
Fumi Matsumoto	Reiko Sumada
Greg Chaney	Karleen Alstead Grummett
Haruo "Ham" Kumasaka	Roger Grummett
Janet Borgen Pekovich	Ron Inouye
Janie Hollenbach Homan	Rose (Komatsubara) Wayne
Jackie Honeywell Triplette	Sam Kito, Jr.

City Cafe and Juneau Laundry

The City Cafe was opened by Shonosuke Tanaka in 1912. It was located in a building leased by Ole Orsen on what is now South Franklin Street (then Front Street).

The Mount Roberts Tram building now stands where the City Cafe was originally located. Open 24 hours a day and seven days a week, it was known for hearty food at a reasonable price.

Despite defense testimony from Juneau residences such as John Hermle, Cash Cole and J.F. Mullen, Shonosuke

was among the Japanese-born men arrested in reaction to the bombing of Pearl Harbor and sent to Camp Santa Fe in New Mexico. Shonosuke's wife Nobu and son John, assisted by Mike Monagle, were left to close the City Cafe, before they and the rest of the family were sent to the Minidoka Internment Camp. Upon returning to Juneau, the Tanaka family received assistance to regain their home and restart their business from the Tanner family and John Hermle, owner of the Home Grocery, among others. By 1946, the City Cafe was once again in full operation. In 1950, Sam Taguchi and Katsutaro Komatsubara became partners with Shonosuke Tanaka. The City Cafe moved to a new building across the street from its original location in the 1960s and closed its doors in 1982. Juneau local Marie Darlin remembers the City Cafe as the place to go if you wanted to hear the news and gossip of the day. She gave a laugh as she recalled that during his term in



City Cafe Interior with Tanaka Family, 1938. Left to right, 1st row: Alice, Teddy, Bill, Nobu; 2nd row: Shonosuke and John. Image provided by the Tanaka family.

office Governor Egan was among those who would go to the Cafe for just that reason.

The Juneau Laundry was an operating business in Juneau for 40 years between 1902 and 1942. Originally owned by three other Japanese nationals, Walter Hikohachi Fukuyama joined the business in the 1920s. Walter eventually became sole proprietor of the business and through the assistance of the First National Bank, he was able to purchase land and build a new building for the Laundry.



Interior of Juneau Laundry, 1929. Image provided by the Fukuyama family.

Construction of the Juneau Laundry building, still standing at 112 N. Franklin Street across from the Baranof Hotel, began at the end of 1929 and was completed in the spring of 1930. When announced, the construction project had an estimated cost of \$10,000. Over the years, the Juneau Laundry provided pick-up and delivery service using dog drawn sleds, horse drawn carts, a panel truck and man power. Man power was used for delivery service between the Juneau Laundry and the San Francisco Bakery owned by Gustav Henry Messerschmidt and Gertrude Hermle Messerschmidt, grandparents to current Juneau resident Albert Shaw. The bakery used the Laundry to keep clean white aprons available daily for the bakery employees, as well as for the all of the family's laundry. Located where the Silverbow is today, the bakery was only a couple blocks from the Juneau Laundry and Albert's mother, Katherine Messerschmidt Shaw, remembered seeing the Japanese laundry workers carrying the bundles of laundry on their heads when they walked between the two stores. The Fukuyama family was among those removed from Juneau and housed at Minidoka Internment Camp during World War II. The family never returned to live in Juneau, but retained ownership of the building after the war. A 1980 Gastineau Bygones article includes an

announcement regarding the closure of the Juneau Laundry in March 1942.



Cement Forms for Juneau Laundry, 1929. Image courtesy of the Fukuyama family.

Juneau during WWII

by Marie Darlin, lifelong Juneau resident

By 1940 Juneau had a population of approximately 5,700, and all of us living here knew the U.S. was preparing for war. For Juneau this meant many of our residents had already relocated to Sitka to work on a military project and our National Guard had been re-activated. After the Pearl Harbor attack on December 7th we were told to cover our windows for the nightly blackouts ordered by the government for the entire Pacific Coast and the community began to change. Our Japanese families were sent to internment camps in Washington and elsewhere. Families of federal employees left Juneau and traveled back to the lower 48, a trip that was very different then than it is today. Alaska was still a territory and not a state, therefore we were designated a foreign country by the military and travel permits were required to enter or leave Alaska.

Military forces for the war effort began arriving in Juneau in 1942. First to arrive were the 42nd Engineers from New Jersey who set up camp at Duck Creek. Later, the 137th Infantry came from Arkansas and Oklahoma and set up camp at Montana Creek Road, where the community garden is now. Both camps were located in areas close to the airport and Mendenhall Glacier that, at the time, were considered very remote to the small population of Juneau who mainly lived close to the downtown or in Douglas. The military set up a sentry post on the only road leading from the Mendenhall Valley to town, near the Smith Dairy, which today is Valley Lumber on Old Dairy Road. The sentry post was a mandatory stop for anyone traveling to and from downtown and out the road. One would often find soldiers at the post who were heading to town and in need

of a ride. Any place beyond that sentry point was considered a part of the military reservation. The military was also found in downtown Juneau. Femmer's Dock, located off of Willoughby Avenue, where Coast Guard dock is today, became the subport – an embarkation port for military supplies headed to the westward ports of Seward and the Aleutians.

Juneau did their best to make the soldiers feel like a part of the community. We had a USO club and an Officers Club, and

families always invited soldiers to dinner and other family activities. Dances were provided by the local service clubs and other organizations. Many of the Juneau men who enlisted were sent to the Seward and Aleutian areas because of their knowledge of boats and seamanship. Some served their basic training time at Montana Creek and were then sent north.

Businesses were faced with a much reduced schedule of steamship service bringing supplies and merchandise from the lower 48. If the weekly ship was delayed, grocery stores could run low on some items and would often trade items between themselves to keep the shelves stocked, but only tires were rationed in Alaska. The biggest change for the town was the 1944 closing of the Alaska Juneau (AJ) Mine, located in downtown Juneau near where the tram is today. When the war began, it was considered a non-essential industry. Many of the miners joined the military or began working in the fishing industry. Except for a few Quonset huts and memories from those of us who were here at that time, there is not much left to remind us of the 4,000 to 5,000 troops who were stationed in Juneau during WWII.



Army parade in Juneau, 1941.

Image courtesy of the Kumasaka Family.

World War II and Order 9066

In 1939, nations once again found themselves at the cusp of a world war. The war would last six years with battles ending in 1945 and peace being made official in 1947 with the signing of the Treaty of Paris. World War II would have the highest death toll of any other war in history with between 40 and 50 million people killed. The war was waged between two sides: the Axis Powers consisting mainly of Germany, Italy and Japan and the Allied Powers of namely France, Great Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union and China.

World War II is often thought of as being a European and Asian based war when it comes to active conflict. However, it is important to remember what happened here in the United States. Pearl Harbor, a military base and harbor located in Hawaii, was bombed by Japanese forces on December 7, 1941. This attack was the pivotal event that propelled the United States into the war. Unfortunately, the domestic repercussions of the attack on Pearl Harbor are not widely discussed.

After Pearl Harbor, suspicion and fear of Japanese-Americans ignited and grew with fervor. Due to the concentration of Japanese-Americans along the West Coast and within close proximity to war assets for the Pacific front, the U.S. Secretary of War, Henry Stimson, was petitioned to intervene. The result was Executive Order 9066 issued by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on February 19, 1942. While the Order did not mention any specific group of peoples, it did authorize the forced removal and resettlement of over 110,000 Japanese-Americans from California, Arizona, Alaska, Oregon and Washington. They were taken to one of ten internment camps and held there until the end of the war. Those interned received no due process and were held without

any evidence against them. Many of the younger Japanese-American men enlisted in the military and served with the 442nd Infantry Regiment which was comprised mainly of soldiers of Japanese descent. Those men fought for the United States in Europe while their families back home remained imprisoned in internment camps. At the time, these actions were justified as precautions against potential domestic sabotage.

On February 19, 1976, thirty-four years after the fact, President Gerald Ford

announced Proclamation 4417, which recognized Executive Order 9066 as a “national mistake” and acknowledged its “termination upon the issuance of Proclamation 2714, which formally proclaimed the cessation of hostilities of World War II on December 31, 1946.” This proclamation was made as an “American Promise” and was a big step forward in lobbying for reparations. Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1988 which gave each living survivor (approximately 60,000 people) reparation of \$20,000 plus a letter of apology.



Declaration of War reported in "The Daily Alaska Empire", December 8, 1941. Donated by Verna Carrigan, JDCM 91.17.052.



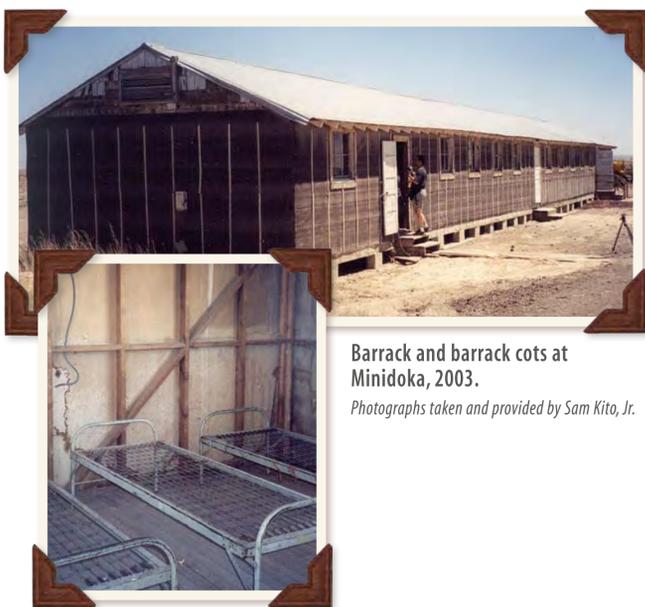
Tooru Kanazawa in 442nd Uniform, 1944. Image courtesy of the Kanazawa Family.

Minidoka Internment Camp

All of the first generation Japanese men in Juneau were arrested immediately after the bombing of Pearl Harbor (December 1941) and taken to prison camps in New Mexico. In total approximately 2,500 Japanese men were taken from their homes along the western coast of the United States and sent to New Mexico and housed at either Camp Santa Fe or Camp Lordsburg. Many of Juneau's Japanese men were later granted parole from Camp Santa Fe and reunited with their families at Minidoka.

The women and children of Juneau's Japanese families were removed in April 1942. Their first stop was the Puyallup Fairgrounds Assembly Center in Puyallup, Washington, also known as Camp Harmony, where each person was "processed" and given registration cards. At Puyallup, the families were housed in the Fairground's existing buildings, makeshift barracks and even horse stalls. The families were held at Puyallup for up to four months before being sent to the Minidoka Internment Camp, the final destination for the Japanese-Americans removed from communities in Alaska, Washington and Oregon.

The Minidoka Internment Camp is located in Hunt, Idaho, not far from Twin Falls.



Barrack and barrack cots at Minidoka, 2003.

Photographs taken and provided by Sam Kito, Jr.



Group of Japanese Men at Camp Santa Fe, including those from Juneau, 1942. Image provided by the Empty Chair Committee.

Construction on the camp began in 1942, soon after Executive Order 9066 went into effect. Japanese-Americans began arriving on August 10th that same year. The camp spanned more than 50 square miles and consisted of 36 housing blocks each with 12 barracks and other multi-use facilities which served as living quarters, laundry facilities, bathrooms, mess halls, places of worship and educational centers. William Tanaka remembered: "When we first got to camp we were assigned barracks and issued cots for each person and a straw mattress. Other than that, we had nothing. Some people scavenged for orange crates and made furniture out of them."

Over the three years it was open, the camp's interned population reached 9,397. The main work activity at the camp was farming to provide food both for themselves as well as the surrounding Idaho communities. Internees



Shonosuke Tanaka's and Nobu Tanaka's Alien Registration Cards for Evacuation, 1942.

Images provided by Mary (Tanaka) Abo and Alice (Tanaka) Hikido.

also produced their own clothing and everyday objects such as canes, cigarette holders and vases. The camp officially closed on October 23, 1945. Today, the camp is the Minidoka Internment National Monument which preserves the history and few remaining buildings of the camp.

Known Japanese internees who lived in Juneau before and after WWII (1941-1955)

Kiichi "Henry"
Akagi
William Akagi
Hikohachi
Fukuyama
Mume Fukuyama
Ethel Fukuyama
Walter Fukuyama
Thomas
Fukuyama
Usuke Hamada
Hakuio Inouye
Thomas Itabashi
Shikanosuke Ito
Torao "Bob"
Kanazawa
T. Kato
Utaka Kazama
Saburo "Sam"
Kito, Sr.
Amelia Kito
Barbara Kito
Harry Kito

John Kito
Sam Kito
Katsutarō
Komatsubara
Tsuyo
Komatsubara
Rose
Komatsurbara
Nancy
Komatsubara
Patricia
Komatsubara
Gary Komatsubara
Takashi Kono
Haruo "Ham"
Kumasaka
Torihei Kuwamoto
Kojiro
Matsubayashi
Henry Mayeda
Takao "Mack"
Mori
Toyojiro Moriuchi
Thomas Mukai

Mark Nakamura
Masaki Nakamura
Paul Schimizu
Yakei Shiota
Takeshi "Gim"
Taguchi
Isamu "Sam"
Taguchi
George Tamaki
Shonosuke Tanaka
Nobu Tanaka
John Tanaka
William Tanaka
Alice Tanaka
Mary Tanaka
Saburo Tanaka
Toraichi
Toyokawa
George Wada
Hiyo Yamamoto
Ikuichi Yoshida
Makato Yoshida

Kiichi (Henry) Akagi

by Randy Wanamaker and Connie Lundy

Kiichi “Henry” Akagi was born in Hiroshima, Japan, and came to Alaska at the turn of the 20th century. He landed in Killisnoo near Angoon where he worked for the whaling station and herring saltery as a maintenance man. Henry also worked as a maintenance man for the salmon canneries around Hawk Inlet. Henry married a Tlingit woman named Nellie Nelson. Although Henry never learned to speak Tlingit, he could understand it very well. Henry and Nellie had four children: Joseph, William, Connie, and Frances. Nellie died soon after Frances was born, around 1923, probably of the flu epidemic. Frances was adopted by another family since Henry could not take care of her by himself. Henry then married Frannie Walters. Their child, Mary, was raised by her grandmother, Mary James, after Frannie died. Connie died sometime in the 1930’s. Henry taught Joseph how to read and write Japanese when he was growing up.

When the evacuation order came in 1942, Henry and his son, William, were sent to different internment camps. Henry went to Santa Fe with other Alaskan men from Japan and William was sent to Minidoka with the mothers and American-born children. Joseph had already volunteered for the army in 1937 and was serving under General Patton in North Africa. When the U.S. entered the war



Kiichi “Henry” Akagi at Santa Fe, circa 1941.
Image provided by the Akagi family.

with Japan, security officers came to Joseph and wanted him to sign the Loyalty Oath as was required of all Japanese and Japanese-Americans. Joseph questioned why he had to because he told them he was Tlingit. His commanding officer supported him, so Joseph did not have to sign anything. When officers later came to transfer Joseph to the newly-formed 442nd all Japanese-American Regiment, he declined saying he wanted to stay with his 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division. His commanding officer supported him again so he was allowed to serve with his unit until he was discharged in 1946.

After the war, Joseph married my mother, Eunice Wanamaker, so then Joseph became my step-father and Henry, my step grandfather. Joseph went to diesel school under the GI Bill. Our family traveled with my father all over Alaska, United States and Canada where he worked for fish canneries as a diesel mechanic

and port engineer. Later in the early 1950’s when Henry suffered a couple strokes, he came to stay with us when my family lived in Seattle and Juneau, but spent most of the rest of his life in Killisnoo where he died in the 1960’s.



The Akagi Family in Nobu Tanaka’s Garden, 1957. Left to right: Sam, Henry, Nobu, Eunice, Pamela, and Joseph. Image provided by the Akagi family.

Although I know my grandfather, Henry, had a family in Hiroshima and that he used to write letters to them, he never heard from them again after the war started. I remember that he had many Japanese books, magazines and calendars with pictures of mountains, probably Fujiyama, and pagodas in his house. He kept a large garden and put up his own food to live on during the winter. When he saw me running around the town, he’d ask me where I was going and gave me quarters to go to the movies and buy candy and pop to share with the other kids. He liked to talk to the Japanese fish buyers who came to the canneries for salmon eggs. They got a kick of hearing my grandfather call his dog, “Koo-kuh-ten,” a Tlingit sounding name, because they thought it sounded like a Japanese name. That dog went everywhere he went and was his faithful companion.

I remember my grandfather as a kind and quiet man. He liked to dress properly when he went to town or received visitors by wearing a business suit, tie and hat. He also wore a mustache as long as I can remember. I don’t remember him or William ever talking about the internment camps. I don’t even remember my father talking much about being in the army either. I only learned about some of his experiences from listening to his army friends.



Barrack Windows at Minidoka, 2003.
Photograph taken and provided by Sam Kito, Jr.

JAPANESE ALASKAN EVACUEES				
Name	Sex	Age	Residence	Present W.R.A.
Abe, George Jiro	M	29	Sitka	Minidoka 8/30/42
Akagi, William	M	26	Angoon	Minidoka 8/30/42
Dorkee, Hezo	M	62	Tanakee Springs	Minidoka 8/30/42

(Above) William Akagi listed on the Non-Alien Japanese Alaskan Evacuees List, detail of document issued by the Western Defense Command, January 30, 1942.

(Right) Kirichi Akagi listed on the Alien Japanese Alaskan Internees List, detail of document issued by the Western Defense Command, January 30, 1943.

JAPANESE ALASKAN INTERNEES		
(1) Males:		
Name	Serial Number	Apprehended at:
Akagi, Kirichi	ISN AJ 1309 CI	KillisnooX
Akimoto, Nacyoshi	ISN AJ 1 CI	Seward
Aoto, Asakeito	ISN AJ 1310 CI	Killisnoo
Emori, Jinji	ISN AJ 1000 CI	SS Wilhemina

Hikohachi Fukuyama

by Nancy (Fukuyama) Albright

My grandfather, Walter Hikohachi Fukuyama, came from Hiratsuka, Kanagawa Prefecture, Japan to Canada and then to Juneau in 1903. He worked at the Treadwell Mine and then in Judge Gunnison's house as a houseboy where he practiced his English and learned to cook American food. Eventually, he joined three other Japanese men who ran a laundry. In 1920, he wed Mume Iida from Chigasaki, Kanagawa Prefecture in an arranged marriage. Around 1929, with the help from the First National Bank, my grandfather became the sole owner of the Juneau Laundry and built one of Juneau's first cement structures, that still exists on Franklin Street (located at 112 N. Franklin Street across from the Baranof Hotel).

My grandparents had four children: Mary (1921), Ethel (1922), my father, Walter (1924) and Thomas (1927). The Fukuyama kids said they had an idyllic upbringing in Juneau. Their parents might have told another story with early mornings and late nights tending to family and laundry business. My father and Uncle Tom skied, hunted, fished, and played along Gold Creek and in the mountains. My Aunts Mary and Ethel were busy with school clubs and activities, fishing and picking blueberries. My aunts graduated from Juneau High School, and my father played and lettered in basketball there. Aunt Mary, the eldest,



Mary Fukuyama wearing a kimono in Japan, 1939.



Family Portrait, 1938.
Left to right: Ethel, Hikohachi, Tom, Mume, Walt, Mary.

was sent to Japan to learn about the Japanese culture as was the custom for some immigrant families. She also attended Waseda University and lived with family in Hiratsuka; a city located approximately 36 miles southwest of Tokyo. She had a hard time there as she was not used to the strict Japanese customs that the family expected of her.

On December 7, 1941, the Fukuyama world turned upside down when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Aunt Mary was "trapped" in Japan, not being able to return home. My grandfather was taken under guard to jail where he was interrogated and then shipped away with other Japanese men in Juneau to Seattle. From there he was sent by train to a Department of Justice camp in Santa Fe, New Mexico. My grandmother and her children were sent to Minidoka Internment Camp in Hunt, Idaho, where the land and climate were very different.

My grandfather was not able to join his family for two years. The family had no privacy, as they lived with other families in tarpaper barracks with only thin plywood walls separating the one-room living quarters. Barbed wire fences surrounded the grounds with soldiers guarding from watch towers. My father said he had never seen so many Japanese people in one place. While in camp, my grandmother attended Christian services and was given a bible written in Japanese. She gave her life to Jesus in Minidoka. That was very significant, as both our grandparents' families were Buddhist. Although it was a gradual process, all of their children have since become Christians, as well as our own.



Skiing in Douglas, 1938.
Left to right: Tom Fukuyama, Bill Tanaka, John Tanaka.

After the family was released from camp, they scattered to various locations. Aunt Ethel and Uncle Tom went to Washington, D.C. where Ethel found work with the U.S. Government and Tom finished high school. My father graduated from high school in Minidoka and then was drafted and assigned to the Military Intelligence Service (MIS). He was stationed in Tokyo during the occupation of Japan after the war. He met and married my mother, Emiko, while stationed there.

Torao and Tooru Kanazawa

by Mark Kanazawa

When Tooru Kanazawa wrote his autobiographic novel, *Sushi and Sourdough*, about growing up in Douglas and Juneau, Alaska, he left a lasting memory of his older brother Torao, who was identified in his book as “Ken”.

Their father, Matajiro Kanazawa left Japan as a young man in

the late 1880s to seek his fortune in the Klondike. There he earned enough to return to his village in Yonezawa (located approximately 205 miles north of Tokyo) and bring his wife, Yaso, and two sons, 16 year-old Torao and 14-year old Miyoshi, to America. He brought his young family to Spokane, Washington, where Tooru was born in 1906 becoming the first of the Kanazawa children to be born in the United States.

After listening to his father tell of his adventures in Alaska, Torao, by now in his twenties, made his way to Alaska, first to Cordova and then to Douglas, where he worked at the famous Treadwell Mine, which employed 2000 workers. Since the mine was doing so well, Torao persuaded his parents to come north in 1912 to open a bath house and barbershop for the miners in Douglas. Torao helped his father support their family, which had now grown to six children with the addition of brother Tetsuo in 1908 and younger sisters Misao and Kiyoko, born in 1910 and 1912.

When the Treadmill Mine collapsed in 1917, Torao lost his job along with most of the miners, but he found another as a waiter at the City Cafe owned by Shonosuke Tanaka in Juneau. Everyone in town knew Torao as “Bobby”. When their parents returned to Japan because of their father’s ill health, Torao took on the responsibility of taking care of Tooru and making sure he got a good education.

In 1922, Torao stayed behind when Tooru moved to Seattle to attend Franklin High School and then the University of Washington where he received a B.A. in journalism in 1931. After graduating, Tooru moved to Los Angeles to work for the Japanese-American newspaper Rafu Shimpō, putting his journalism degree to good use. While



Tooru Kanazawa in 442nd Uniform, 1944.



Torao Kanazawa.

there, he covered the 1932 Summer Olympic Games for the newspaper. However, that job didn’t last because of the Depression.

Tooru then moved back to Juneau to rejoin Torao and drove a delivery truck for the Fukuyama’s Juneau Laundry

while still continuing to pursue his writing dreams, writing and selling stories to such outlets as the Christian Science Monitor and Thrilling Sports. By 1939, he was able to move to New York doing freelance writing for three years before taking a job working for Mike Masaoka at the office of the Japanese American Citizens League.

After Japan bombed Pearl Harbor in 1941, the Japanese in Juneau were given orders to be shipped out to internment camps. By this time, Torao, in his 50’s, was the only one of his family left in Alaska and in ill health. On the army’s list of “internees”, he’s noted with both his Japanese and American names, “Torao Bob Kanazawa.” He was sent to Lordsburg, New Mexico, as were most isseis (first generation Japanese) who were then later sent to Santa Fe. Torao died in Lordsburg. Tooru later told his family that his brother’s spirit was crushed in camp.

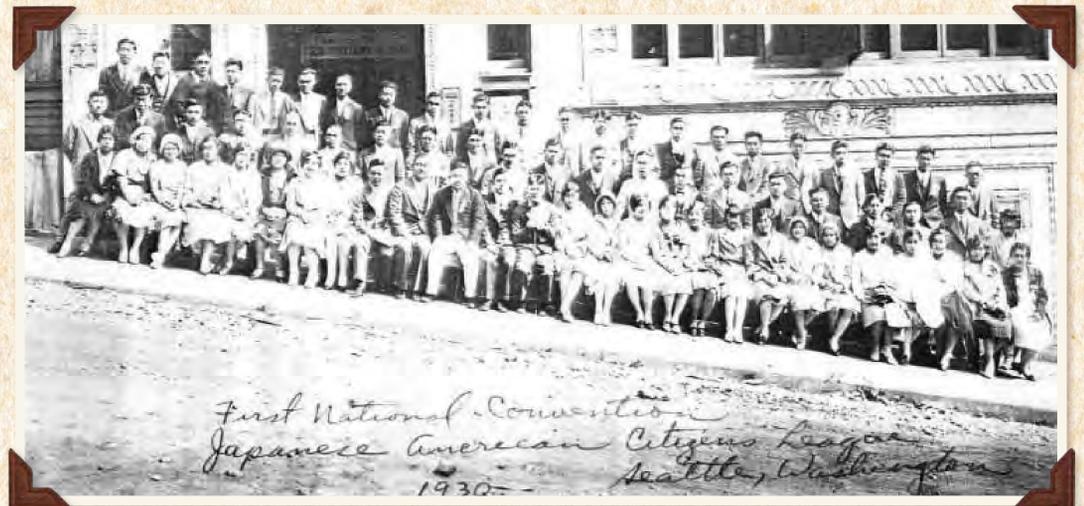
Living in New York, outside the militarized zone, Tooru was not interned. However, In 1943, he volunteered to serve with the all-Japanese American 442nd Regimental Combat Team, at thirty-six years of age, one of the oldest enlisted soldiers in the unit. He served with distinction in Italy and France, earning a Bronze Star for meritorious service as a radioman.



Tooru and Masaka Kanazawa wedding portrait, 1948.

After the war, Tooru returned to New York, where he married Masako Fuji in 1948. Their daughter, Teru, was born in 1950, and then son, Mark, and another daughter, Joy, were born in 1955 and 1958. During the early years of their marriage, Tooru served as the English language editor for the Hokubei Shimpō, later the Nichibei. However, the financial demands of supporting a growing family led him to take a better-paying job as a travel agent for the New York Travel Service, where he became vice president until his retirement in 1987 at the ripe old age of 80.

Tooru never gave up on his dreams of being a published author and beginning around 1970, he began to write again. His family recalls him rising at 5:30 a.m. and writing for two hours before going off to work in the morning, day after day, week after week. The result was *Sushi and Sourdough*, published in 1989. He continued to write until the very end of his life.



Japanese American Citizen League in Seattle, 1930.

All photographs provided by the Kanazawa family.

Saburo (Sam) Kito, Sr.

by Sam Kito, Jr.

My father, Saburo Kito, (Sam, Sr.) came from Osaka in the early 1900s to Petersburg. There he met my mother, Amelia (Okegawa), whose mother was Tlingit and father was Japanese. Both my mother and father worked for Kaylor Dahl and the Knute Thompson canneries. There was a large community of Japanese families besides ours in Petersburg: Kawashima, Ozawa, Kaino, Komatsubara, Ohashi and Oyama.

On my father's side, there was our family and his brother, Tom Kito, and his wife, Lucy, and their children. On my mother's side, there was her father, Harry Okegawa, and her brother George, and his wife, Irene, and their children.

After Pearl Harbor, I was only five years old when we were evacuated from Petersburg along with Barbara (3) and John (1), my family, my mother's family, and my Uncle Tom. His wife, Lucy, had the option of staying with their children because she was Tlingit. Although my mother, who was pregnant, also had the option of staying, she decided to go thinking my father would be with us. I can barely remember going away on a ship to Seattle. In Seattle, we went to Camp Harmony at the Puyallup Fairgrounds and it was there that my brother, Harry, was born.

All the men in my family were separated from us and sent to camp in Santa Fe along with the other Alaskan men who came from Japan. The families were all sent to Minidoka. We didn't see our father for about three years. I can't



H. Okegawa's family, 1930. Amelia (Okegawa) Kito standing with glasses.

remember too much about camp, but I do remember I had a friend, Kenny Arai, who died there of a brain tumor. I learned from reading the book *Minidoka Interlude* that our family lived in a barrack in Block 24. Six families lived in separate rooms in each barrack. My mother, myself, Barbara, John and Harry are in the block picture showing everyone in our block.

After the war, my father worked at Anderson Dam near Jerome, Idaho. From there, my family moved to Juneau around 1946 for about two years. I went to the public schools, but was able to play with the St. Anne Cardinals basketball team even though we weren't Catholics. Some of my classmates were Don Abel, Johnny Ebona, and David Hollingsworth. My mother worked at the City Cafe and my father worked at the Juneau Cold Storage for Elton Engstrom.

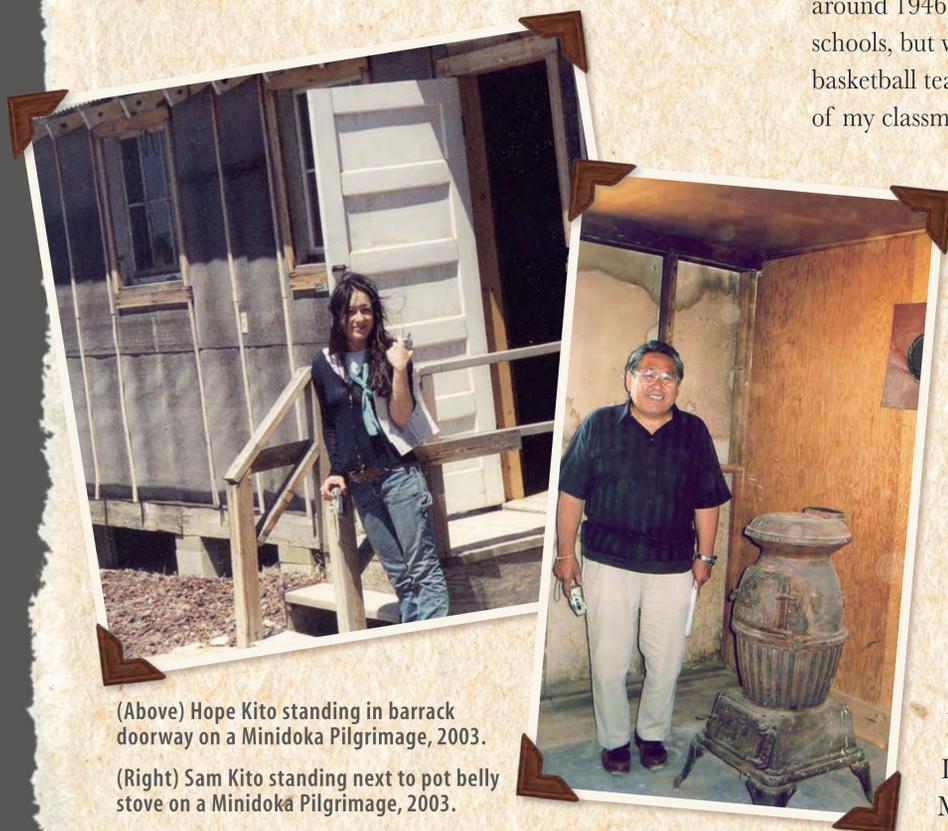
When we moved back to Petersburg, we were met by our good friends, John and Ann Kolstrand, who had taken care of our property for us. Our family grew with the addition of Carol and Amelia Jane. I stayed in Petersburg until I graduated from high school, joined the service and went to school to become a communications specialist. I ended up working at a NASA satellite tracking station in Fairbanks where I became active in the Fairbanks Native Association and the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act (ANCSA).

I don't remember my parents talking about Minidoka except to say, "It was a tough time."



Kito Extended Family in Juneau After Returning from Minidoka, 1946. From left to right, 2nd row: John Kito, Barbara Kito. Harry Kito sitting on far right of front row.

My youngest daughter, Hope, read about the Minidoka Pilgrimages and said she wanted to go, so we went in 2003. It was very hot there. We saw the barracks, the few standing landmarks and the barren land which is now a National Historic Monument. She's glad we went there together and now we both know what it was like.



(Above) Hope Kito standing in barrack doorway on a Minidoka Pilgrimage, 2003.

(Right) Sam Kito standing next to pot belly stove on a Minidoka Pilgrimage, 2003.

All photographs provided by the Kito family.

Katsutaro Komatsubara

by Rose (Komatsubara) Wayne

I was four at the time of our evacuation from Petersburg, Alaska. Nancy had just turned three and Patricia was seven months old. Our father, Katsutaro Komatsubara, and all first-generation Japanese men were evacuated in January 1942, and the families in April, with the understanding we would be reunited in Seattle. That did not happen as the men eventually ended up at Lordsburg and then Santa Fe, New Mexico, while we went to Camp Harmony (Puyallup Fairgrounds) and then to a camp at Minidoka, Idaho. This was a difficult time for our mother, Tsuyo, as she had to take on all the family responsibilities.

Papa was allowed to rejoin the family after a year or so. Our parents were very busy during this time in camp. Our father had a job with the sanitation department and our family welcomed a new baby brother, Gary, born in July 1944. I was so happy when our extended families were finally reunited; however, we were worried for my Uncle Kenny (Mom's brother) and "Uncle" Mits (Aunt June's fiancé) who were both serving with the 442nd Regiment in Italy.

Some of my fondest memories in Minidoka were the times I spent with Grandpa (Harushi) Oyama, Mom's dad. I realize now that he was such an interesting companion because he was so creative and had so many interests—sports, movies, arts and crafts, photography, and music. When he and I went for walks, we somehow always ended up at the camp baseball field. Grandpa loved baseball. After a time, I would become restless and wanted to go home, but he would plead with me to wait until the next batter or the next inning. We pretty much watched the whole game.



Japan Cultural Event at the Methodist Church, 1953. Left to right: Mary Tanaka, Tsuyo Komatsubara, Midori Buzzell, Nobu Tanaka.

All photographs provided by the Komatsubara family.



Katsutaro and Tsuyo Komatsubara with Nobu Tanaka outside the City Cafe, 1955.

While in camp, Grandpa took me to my first movie, *Lassie Come Home*, in Jerome which was the nearest town where we were allowed to shop and go to movies. From the time the lights went down in the theater, I sobbed softly through the whole film. I was afraid of the dark because we always had a light bulb in our room in the barrack; otherwise it would have been pitch black.

After we were released from camp, our father was recruited to cook for seasonal laborers from Mexico (braceros) and we moved to Mesa, near Council, Idaho, where our sister, Karen, was born in 1946. In 1948, we returned to join Grandpa in Petersburg because he was seriously ill. He and I would listen to the AFRS (Armed Forces Radio Service) shortwave replay of major league baseball broadcasts on the console radio. To this day, I am a big sports fan.

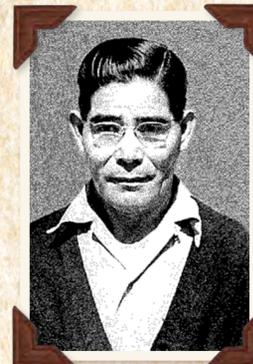
In 1950 our family moved to Juneau when our father became partners with Shonosuke Tanaka and Sam Taguchi at the City Cafe. This was a very advantageous move for my siblings and me as we thrived in the larger community and made many friends. We all have very fond memories of growing up in Juneau and eventually graduating from



The (New) City Cafe, jointly run by Komatsubara Family, 1960.

Juneau High School (now Juneau-Douglas High School). We still maintain these friendships and consider Juneau our hometown.

In 1973 our father died after surgery in Seattle. Mom and Patricia went back to Juneau to pack up and close down our house. One great regret is that we lost the three little chests Grandpa made for us girls when he was in New Mexico and the beautiful red "alligator" leather purses with our initials embossed in gold foil. However, a few mementos we still have include a piece of greasewood our father lovingly sanded and polished for use as a desk pen and ink holder. Also we have a beautiful bird pin Grandpa carved and painted and a cigarette case he made for Uncle Mits. We still marvel at the weaving and design skills he exhibited on that piece.



Harushi Oyama, Rose Komatsubara's grandfather and baseball enthusiast in Minidoka, 1943.



Rose Komatsubara and Alice Hikido at Empty Chair interview, 2014.

Haruo (Ham) Kumasaka

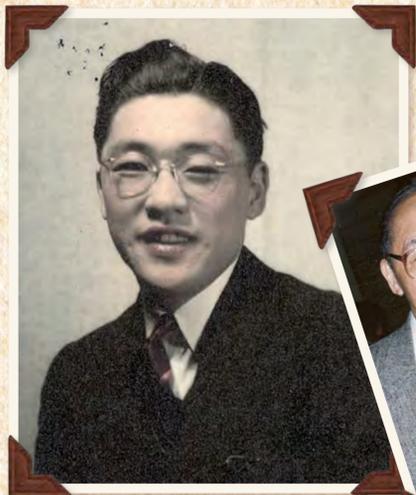
by Haruo (Ham) Kumasaka

I came to Juneau when I was 22 years old. In 1939, Tooru Kanazawa wanted to leave his job at the Juneau Laundry so he wrote to me in Seattle and asked if I would like to take his place. Mr. Fukuyama needed more workers so I wrote to Sam Taguchi to come up and we shared a room above the Juneau Laundry. I knew Sam because we played baseball together in Seattle. I drove the laundry's brand new delivery wagon to pick up and deliver laundry and Sam operated the washing machines.

Sam always sent half of his paycheck to his mother who was a widow raising her four children alone.

Most of the Japanese laundry workers ran a \$1 tab for all three meals at the City Cafe. You could order anything off the menu like boiled salmon belly with drawn butter and you could ask for rice. Lunchtime was pretty busy and Tanaka never wrote down the orders that Kono, the waiter, would call out, "Beef stew pair, roast pork same time." He didn't like to talk, but this laundry worker wanted to talk to him about something, maybe complain about the food. Tanaka told him, "Don't talk!" After that, the worker got mad and ate somewhere else.

Sam and I played baseball for the Elks Team, but we couldn't go inside the Elks Lodge because of the color code at the time. Other teammates were Max Lewis and Molly McSpadden. Sam, Max, Ross Vories, the Niensens (Emma, Louise, Jim and Ed) and



Ham Kumasaka in Juneau, 1939.



Ham and Minnie Kumasaka, 1990.



Skiing at Douglas. From left to right: Walt, Mary, Ham Kumasaka, Mack Mori, Max Lewis, Brown.

I liked going to the Resurrection Lutheran Church. We joined the young people's group and went fishing and ice skating.

I joined the National Guard in 1940 with Max reporting once a week to do drills. We became good friends because we both liked to ski. Max had come to Juneau when his sister married into the Gross family who owned the Capital Theater. On a furlough in 1941, Max and I went to Olympia to visit his father who was sculptor laureate for the state of Washington. He showed us his "Winged Victory" monument there.

On December 7, 1941, I took Tom Fukuyama to the Douglas Ski trail. As we were walking across the Douglas Bridge back to Juneau, all hell broke out in town because we heard Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. Since there was no air service, people started sending boats of women and children to the states while the fathers stayed in Juneau, the Civil

Defense enforced blackout at night. Soldiers were sent to Juneau to build an air strip. Because so many soldiers were stationed there, the laundries became very busy.

Since Mr. Fukuyama was jailed along with the other Japanese isseis (Japanese

born), he put Sam and me in charge of shutting down the laundry. We knew we were going to be evacuated, too, because of President Roosevelt's Executive Order. In April 1942, Sam and I went to the special graduation at the high school for John Tanaka. I couldn't hold back my tears. I knew how John and his friend, Skip McKinnon, got their fathers to chip in some money to help put out the 1942 school annual because there was no money otherwise.

Just before we shipped out, Reverend Hillerman taught catechism to Sam and me. On Good Friday 1942, Sam and I were baptized. The whole congregation came up to us afterwards to congratulate us. After we arrived in Minidoka, I was able to rejoin my family.

Sometime in 1944, I was allowed to leave Minidoka for Chicago with others to study or work. Before going there, I took a bus to visit my father in Lordsburg, New Mexico. When I got there, I was told by the guards that I could only visit for two hours, once in the morning and once in the afternoon and I had to speak English. I was sent to the post office to wait there for my father. My father was called out to go to the post office because he thought he had some mail. When he saw me, he couldn't believe his eyes. I had to say, "Haruo desu" (I'm Haruo). The guard told him, "You're supposed to speak English!" The next day, I asked to see Tanaka and Fukuyama and my father, too. But since I could only talk to two people at a time, Tanaka stood apart but kept edging closer and closer. Pretty soon, the guard let all three of us visit.

I stayed in Chicago and got married to Minnie Ota. I worked for Noma, a Christmas tree light company, all my life and eventually became Vice-President. We moved back to Seattle around 2000 to be with family. Even though I'm now 94 years old, I still remember Juneau as a real adventure for me.

* Haruo "Ham" Kumasaka passed away on February 21, 2014 at age 95.



Juneau Elks Team, 1940. From left to right: Stack, George, Eddie, Bill, Jack, Ham Kumasaka, Sam Taguchi, Oscar, Mahoney, Max Lewis, Molly McSpadden, Shavey.

All photographs provided by the Kumasaka family

Sam and Gim Taguchi

Compiled from Reiko (Taguchi) Sumada, *The Juneau Empire* and a 1990 interview by Ron Inouye, *Alaska's Japanese Research Project*

After her husband, Seike, died, Matsuye Taguchi was left at age forty to support her family of five (Kimi, Sam, Susumu, Gim and Reiko) by selling vegetables at Pike Place Public Market. All the children pitched in and learned the meaning of hard work from her. Yet, Reiko said her mother was a "huge baseball fan and never missed her boys' games." When Sam was in his twenties, he came to Juneau to work at the Juneau Laundry with his friend, Ham Kumasaka. Ham said that Sam always sent part of his pay check to his mother.

Sam said he heard the news about Japan's bombing of Pearl Harbor in a movie theater. "When I heard about it, I said, 'I don't believe any of those things.'" When the town learned that all the Japanese in Juneau would be evacuated in April, the high school arranged a special commencement service for John Tanaka. "Everybody was happy to see that."

The night before evacuation, he and Ham visited friends who were sorry to see them go. "They were just about as much put out as we were." They were shipped out at 10:00 at night, stopping at Petersburg, Wrangell and Ketchikan to pick up other Japanese on the way to Seattle.

After landing in Seattle, they were taken to Puyallup Fairgrounds barracks where Sam said he saw grass growing through the floor. Since he didn't like the Vienna sausages they served in the mess hall, he ate so much bread that his friends started calling him, "Bread." A few months later they were taken to Minidoka, a place Sam described as "a lot of sagebrush, flat and hot and pretty miserable." There he was able to join the rest of his family from Seattle, except for his sister, Kimi, a nurse working at a Catholic Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota. At first, Sam worked in the camp laundry; then with his brothers, Susumu and Gim, picked potatoes or topped sugar beets for farmers nearby.



Sam Taguchi, Alice (Tanaka) Hikido and Gim Taguchi Outside City Cafe, 1994.



Taguchi Family Portrait, 1928. Left to right, 3rd row: Kimi, Seike; 2nd row: Sam, Susumu; 1st row: Matsuye, Reiko, Gim.

When some internees were allowed to leave the camps, Sam joined his sister, Kimi, in Rochester. Later he moved to Chicago and worked at a pinball factory. Although his brother Susumu and Gim were drafted in 1944, Sam was not called up. Gim joined the Military Intelligence Service and served in post-war Japan as an interpreter. After V-J (Victory over Japan) Day, Gim toured Japan on a goodwill baseball team that included some New York Yankees. Gim settled in Chicago with Sam.

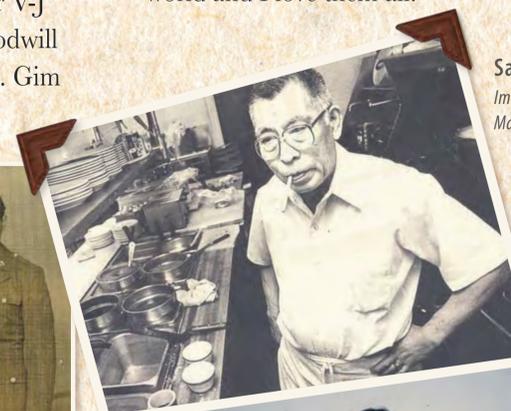


Taguchi Family Portrait, 1944. Left to right: Reiko, Gim, Matsuye Taguchi, Sam, Kimi, Susumu.

Sam came back to Juneau in 1949 when John Tanaka asked if he would join Katsutaro Komatsubara in partnership with his father, Shonosuke Tanaka, to run the City Cafe; then he would be able to leave for college. Sam took care of the books and worked as the day waiter. He got Gim to come up from Chicago in 1951 to work as a night cook and waiter. Gim fit right in with the sports crowd by playing for the Juneau Imperials and the City Cafe teams and was inducted into the 1955 Gold Medal Basketball Hall of Fame.

The brothers combined their interest in sports and politics with work. They ran the City Cafe like a 24-hour talk show where games and politics were analyzed and argued over cups of coffee. Sam sometimes purposely overfilled cups as his test to see if people could take a joke. Rudy Ripley wrote, "Some customers actually felt slighted if they didn't receive an insult during their visit. It had become a badge of acceptance." After the City Cafe closed in the 1970's, customers convinced Sam and Gim to come out of retirement to open Taguchi's Fine Chow.

Sam was appointed Grand Marshal for the 1989 Fourth of July Parade and as honorary Commissioner of Athletics for the State of Alaska by Governor Bill Egan. In his 1990 interview with Inouye, Sam said that when he came back to Juneau in 1949, "I thought I'd just stay a couple years, but I'm still here." In 1992 when Sam was undergoing cancer treatments, he wrote an open letter of appreciation to all who had written cards and letters to him. He wrote, "They must be the nicest people in the world and I love them all."



Sam at the (new) City Cafe, 1960. Image from Juneau Empire article written by Mark Kelly on March 9, 2005.



Gim with Customers at Taguchi's Fine Chow, 1980.

All photographs provided by the Taguchi family.

Shonosuke Tanaka

by Alice (Tanaka) Hikido

My father, Shonosuke Tanaka, emigrated to the U.S. from Japan in 1900. Around 1912 he settled in Juneau and opened the City Cafe on South Franklin (where the Mt. Roberts Tram terminal is now). He returned to Japan in 1922 and married my mother, Nobu Fujita, in a marriage arranged by their families. They had five children, John, William, Teddy, Alice and Mary. We were all born in Juneau. Teddy passed away in 1939.

I was in the fourth grade when World War II started on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941. The next day I reluctantly went to school, apprehensive of the reaction of my classmates. I returned home to find FBI agents searching our home. When they were finished, they took my father with them. We learned that he was put in jail with other men who were born in Japan. Later they were then sent to a camp in New Mexico. This was a fearful time for us, especially for my mother who had always depended upon my father and couldn't understand English very well.

The rest of our family soon learned that we would share a similar fate. Bill and John, still in high school, closed the family restaurant and prepared for our departure. The school presented John's diploma to him in a special assembly. In April, we were given less than 24 hours to board a military transport ship. Our destination was the Puyallup fairgrounds near Seattle, Washington, which had been transformed into a temporary assembly camp. Bill's good friend, Tony Del Santo, who had just moved from Juneau to Seattle, wrote and said that he and his mother would visit him on a certain day. We eagerly went to the main gate to see them. They had to remain on the other side of the gate, but Tony's mother somehow passed over this wonderful homemade chocolate cake. Also while we were at Puyallup, we learned that John's senior class honored him at their graduation ceremony by leaving an empty chair for him, their class valedictorian. These acts of support boosted our spirits.

In the summer, we were sent to the Minidoka Camp in Idaho, our final destination. The camp was surrounded by a barbwire fence with guard towers, a stark reminder that we were prisoners. Finally in 1944, our father was transferred to Minidoka and reunited with us. When the war ended in 1945, John was serving in the army, and Bill had taken advantage of the loosening restrictions and had gone to Chicago.



Outing with Mrs. Tanner and daughters, 1930.
1st row: Walter Fukuyama. 2nd row: Ethel Fukuyama, John Tanaka, and Mary Fukuyama. 3rd row: Nobu Tanaka with baby Teddy, Louise Tanner, Mrs. Tanner, and Mume Fukuyama. 4th row: Hikohachi Fukuyama with baby Tom, Torao Kanazawa, and Shonosuke Tanaka.

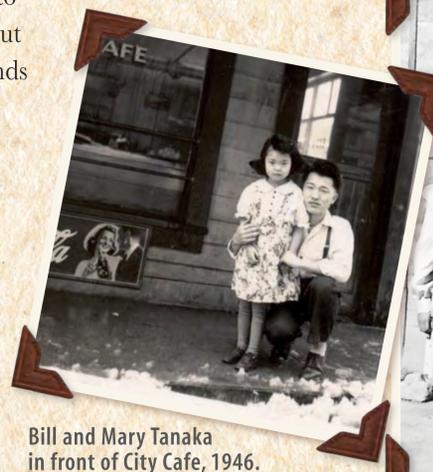


Tanakas visiting Hermles, 1948.
1st row: Mary Tanaka, and Jack Hermle.
2nd row: Alice Tanaka, Nobu Tanaka, Helen Hermle, Jean Hermle, and Josephine Hermle.
3rd row: Marcel Hermle, Andrew Hermle, Shonosuke Tanaka, and John Hermle.

My father and mother decided to return to Juneau. I was now twelve and eager to go home again, but Mary at five had no memory of Juneau. The Tanner family, our friends for many years, met our ship as we docked and invited us to stay at their Scandinavian Rooms across from the City Cafe until we could move back into our home. My father took out a loan from the B.M. Behrends Bank and made preparation to restart the City Cafe. Bill returned from Chicago to help my father and together they reopened the cafe in 1946. Later that year, John was discharged from the army, and added his effort. Other friends, John Hermle of the Home Grocery and George Messerschmitt

of the San Francisco Bakery, extended credit until the City Cafe was able to pay their bills again. Very importantly, old faithful customers returned. This was a testimony of the supportive community of Juneau.

It was good to have the war years behind us. By 1950, my father had paid off the loan and entered into partnership with Katsutaro Komatsubara and Sam Taguchi. The three of them operated the City Cafe together until my father passed away in 1957.



Bill and Mary Tanaka in front of City Cafe, 1946.



Alice (Tanaka) Hikido's 4th Grade Class at Minidoka, 1942.

All photographs provided by the Tanaka family.

Fumi Matsumoto

I have always been influenced by Japanese culture and history, perhaps because I was born in Japan in 1948 and came to America in 1952 at the age of four. My mother was born and raised in Japan and my father is Nisei (2nd Generation Japanese American born in Los Angeles, California). Much of my artwork reflects the Japanese aesthetic and often the Japanese American experience. I use some Japanese techniques in making my pieces, such as raku ceramics, sumi ink painting, origami (paper folding), kirigami (paper cutting), handmade paper and block printing. My mixed media work uses recycled and found objects.

My father, Roy Matsumoto, was living in Los Angeles, California when Order 9066 was issued. He was first sent to the Santa Anita Assembly Center and then incarcerated at Jerome, Arkansas internment camp. He then volunteered for the U.S. Army and served in Burma with Merrill's Marauders. There is a short documentary about my father called "Honor and Sacrifice: the Roy Matsumoto Story". He is a decorated Nisei veteran who was responsible for saving his fellow Marauders in Burma. He received the Congressional Gold Medal in 2011 for his service. My mother, Kimiko, lived in Japan during the war so was never in a camp. My parents met and wed after WWII when my father was in Tokyo with the occupation forces.



Matsumoto Family: Roy, Fumi, Karen and Kimiko, 2014.

I grew up in Berkeley, California and spent most of my youth in the San Francisco Bay Area but moved to Virginia and lived on an army base for four years. I returned to Berkeley and attended high school there and then graduated from the University of California with a degree in art and education. I spent one year abroad as a UCB exchange student in Tokyo, where I studied Japanese art, language and culture. In 1979, I visited Denali Park in Alaska and was so inspired by the awesome grandeur of the wilderness and the magnificent wildlife that I moved to Alaska that next year and have been living in Alaska ever since. I have lived

and taught art in both Fairbanks and Juneau for the past 33 years and consider myself to be an Alaskan artist as well as Japanese American.

To me, the creative process is the most enjoyable aspect of art. I love to begin with an idea or concept and then design and create the piece, often working out technical problems and challenges that arise before the work is completed. I have strong emotional ties to the work I am submitting because so much of it uses images of my family members and is about my

personal history. I continue to be inspired by the struggles of past generations of Japanese Americans and their ability to endure hardships as well as appreciate their successes. I hope that through my artwork, I can somehow share some of their stories with others.



Roy and Kimiko Matsumoto.

Cranes for Peace

According to ancient Japanese lore, if one folds 1000 paper cranes, that person would be granted a wish. Today, the origami crane is an international symbol of hope and peace. This symbolism started with a girl named Sadako Sasaki. Born in 1943, Sadako was just a child when the United States dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. Nine years later, she was diagnosed with leukemia caused by exposure to the bomb's radiation. Sadako began folding cranes believing that her wish to get better would be granted. Some stories say that Sadako fell short of the 1000 crane goal and that her friends and classmates finished for her, while others say she reached and surpassed the 1000 crane mark. Sadako died in 1955, at age 12. A memorial statue of Sadako was installed in the



Hiroshima Peace Memorial Park in 1958 and people still leave folded cranes at the Park in remembrance and as a gesture of peace.

When the Japanese were removed from their homes and relocated to the internment camps, they could only take what they could carry. They had to pack up the bare essentials of their lives and leave the rest of their belongings behind. The suitcase on view is an example of what was used by many of the Japanese forced to leave their homes. However, suitcases weren't the only containers used. Betty Marriott, a long time Juneau resident, and her family used the large basket on view to carry belongings from their home in Seattle to Minidoka.

Origami paper has been provided for you to fold a crane to leave in the suitcase or basket. Pencils are available if you would like to write a message of hope or a wish on your crane before you fold it.

How to Fold an Origami Crane

