

# **Herbert V Nicholson and His Son**

by **Samuel O. Nicholson**

## **Prewar Years**

This is the story of my father's life as I experienced it with him, with the focus being during the war. During those years Mother entered the picture, because we were working as a family and here was one area where she needed to take charge, as he was busy elsewhere.

When my father, Herbert Victor Nicholson, arrived in Japan in the summer of 1914, it was to fill a badly needed position as the secretary of the mission in Japan. He was sent right to work as the secretary of the mission by keeping its books, taking care of correspondence and other needed office work. Taking care of the property was an important part of the job. Taking care of the mission's buildings included updating the fire insurance on them. When doing this he realized that the buildings of all the missions were much better built than the average Japanese home. By bundling them all together in one package, he was able to get a much better rate. This led to forming a Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and because of this he was widely known among American missionaries in Japan.

Here I am skipping our family life as I was growing up as a boy in Mito. I was a high school senior on our return.

The Sunday before arriving in Los Angeles, Father took me with him to the steerage area near the prow of the ship, where the Japanese were located, to attend the church services there. We found them in their dining area and Father took part in their service. Father made a positive impression on a pastor returning to America, and they did some visiting after the service. When the pastor of a church in the Los Angeles area was out on an extended sick leave, he thought of Father. That is why my family became involved with the West Los Angeles Japanese Methodist Church.

## **To America**

We came back to America in the summer of 1940 and settled in Pasadena, where Mother's family was located. Father wanted to continue to work with the Japanese community in this country. He was acting pastor until the regular pastor returned from sick leave, and then served as the associate pastor, taking the English services after the regular service which was in Japanese. Because of his position, he became an active member of the Japanese Ministerium as their only non-Japanese member.

That summer, he attended a week-long conference of the Japanese Ministerium, of which he was now a part. The one that summer happened to be held at the Japanese church on Terminal Island. There he became acquainted with many people in that community, including a Caucasian woman who was assisting that church with their young people's program. The island was made up of only three areas, a federal prison, a naval air station which took up most of the land area, and the small Japanese fishing village where this conference, a Sunday school gathering, was held.

## **Pearl Harbor**

When I arrived at school at my usual time Monday morning, December eighth, and went down to my locker in the front basement hallway, I joined a group of students standing around their Japanese classmates, commiserating with them because of the difficult position these classmates were in. They were not only loyal Americans, but also would be seen by many as the enemy. These students were generally well liked as well as being very good students. I believe most of the faculty also were very supportive of them.

My parents' reaction, as soon as they heard the news, was to go on a "wartime footing," by which I mean to do everything they could to help the Japanese.

## **FBI**

Father told me that the head of the FBI for that region had contacted him to be an informer on the Japanese community, because of his close ties to them. He pointed out that these people had not been allowed to apply for citizenship and all the ones he knew were loyal Americans. That FBI agent respected him for his honesty and told him later that he knew that none of them had been disloyal in any way. The only problem that had been found, was that the captain of one of the fishing boats on Terminal Island had a shortwave radio in his pilot house. This man said that his boat was the only one of the fishing fleet that went out into the deep water, and that this radio was required equipment.

Since the public demanded that something be done, the FBI picked up anyone in a leadership position and put them in detention centers, without telling their families where they were or letting these men have any outside contact. Father was given access to one of these detention centers and visited there briefly a couple of times. I went with him once. I believe he was the only one who was allowed to do this. When he went to Manzanar he was happy to tell their families they were doing well.

## **Terminal Island Evacuation**

Because of the location of the small Japanese village on Terminal Island, the government decided to evacuate them early the next year. The Caucasian woman who was in charge of the youth program at the church there, phoned Father early one morning, saying that the whole

community had just been told that they had three days to leave the island. He left right away to drive there. I don't know what he did when he got there. Father told me that the scavengers were also there, in force, buying. Father must have gone door to door to see what he could do to help.

The word got out, and soon all those in the Los Angeles area who were supportive took possession of good refrigerators and other pieces of furniture for almost nothing. Among all the assistance which arrived that morning, the most helpful were the delivery vans of the Moody Mattress Factory. A large number of young male volunteers drove them in shifts around the clock, taking the personal possessions of the residents to storage on the mainland.

A prominent member of the Whittier Friends Church had a large empty storage shed and offered it to the grocer who stored his car and small stake-side truck there. Both were loaded with the possessions of his family and very small staff. The truck had very low mileage as he only used it to get supplies from the wholesale markets for his store.

## **Rumors**

Toward the end of the winter, there was a rumor that the Japanese communities might be moved away from the coastal areas, so a few Japanese families moved to inland California areas. A few moved out of the state. Finally, the seclusion area was announced along with an order that none would be allowed to move on their own. The gates were closed, but that winter there was no indication as to how this evacuation order would be carried out.

That spring, I heard that a request went out for single young men to volunteer to go to start building a camp in the Owens Valley, north of Los Angeles. That was when the construction of the first Relocation Camp began. It was later called Manzanar.

## **The Santa Anita Reception Center**

Even though the government was thinking about moving the Japanese away from the west coast, it would take time to build the large camps to house them, so it became necessary to find a nearby collection center to hold them while the other problems were being solved. Therefore, the Santa Anita Reception Center was quickly set up using the stable area of the local racetrack.

The owners removed their horses, tack, and other personal equipment. Then the government mucked out the horse manure and hosed down the stalls as carefully as they could. No furniture, not even cots, were available on such short notice, so large bags of cheap cotton material were sewn the size of a double bed mattress. Enough of the left-over straw was provided so that the detainees would be able to use it to make a bed of sorts on the hard cement floor.

I'm not sure how the stalls were partitioned off from each other, or how the question of privacy was solved, but something must have been worked out. The problem of feeding a large, rapidly changing population must have been a real problem. I am sure that the solution at first must have been pretty bad.

This is what I believe must have been going on behind the scenes, which comes from what we found out later from the Japanese who had experienced it. Since they were told they could only bring what they could carry, they would have been wearing as many clothes as they could. When they arrived at the stall to which they had been assigned, they found an empty area with a cement floor smelling strongly of horse manure. All that was there were the cotton bags, some straw and instructions for making them into a mattress. It had been very bad. It must have improved later.

Each neighborhood was notified with posters which were tacked up on telephone poles, telling Japanese in the area where and when they were to report for relocation.

Father told me of his experiences when he was at the gate in the early days of this program, with a few other people who wanted to help the Japanese. He said he was impressed that almost all of them were going in with no complaints. There was one notable exception. Two families who had been told that they had to report were complaining loudly. Neither of them looked at all like Japanese.

They had been living in New York City but had come out to California a few years ago. The two wives were sisters. It seems that one of the women had decided to serve her country by working in a defense factory. A security clearance was required for that job. During a complete check it was discovered that, during the period when American whaling ships were sailing in the western Pacific Ocean, a small Japanese fishing boat had been blown far out to sea during a storm. A passing whaler had rescued him, and since at that time an attempt to leave the country was punishable by death, he stayed with the ship until it returned to the east coast. He later married in his new country.

The researcher found that he was the great grandfather of these two women. Although neither of them knew of this connection, the government had decided that, since they had Japanese blood, they and their children should be relocated for the safety of the country. They contacted their congressman who straightened the problem out.

There was one situation where Father was a real help. A young Japanese couple were in distress, as they had a marriage license but had not had time to get married and get packed too. They were told that this was not good enough. They had to be actually married to live together as a family. It was possible that they could be sent to different relocation camps. Since they had their license and he was a minister, Father offered to marry them.

He drove them home and used our living room. Mother picked some fresh flowers from our garden for the bride. She served as witness and afterwards brought out some cookies and juice for them to celebrate their marriage. Father told me that was the only time he ever performed a marriage. Although he was a minister, he avoided conducting a marriage, as that was not the way Quakers married. This one exception was a way to help a young couple in this emergency.

## **Friends of the American Way**

The Terminal Island Evacuation made the people in Pasadena who supported the Japanese community in Southern California, aware of the need to organize to be more effective in supporting them. The owner of the largest car agency in town took the lead. Supporters included the faculty of Pasadena Junior College and the First Methodist Church of Pasadena on Colorado Street in the center of town. The time when this organization was most necessary, was in organizing the Christmas present toy drive at the time of the Manzanar riots in December of 1942. This was part of how Pasadena got a reputation of being friendly to Japanese Americans.

### **Start of Father's Trucking Organization**

As Manzanar was being set up, many knew that the War Relocation Authority was focusing on how to house, feed and securely detain the Japanese who would be sent to the camps they constructed. Other needs would not be considered. So the Friends of the American Way started a drive to collect a piano, pulpit, hymn books, chairs and other equipment needed for a place of worship. Father volunteered to rent a truck and take these donations up there.

He thought that, besides a place for worship, it would be helpful for the camp to have a library. He contacted the main branch of the Los Angeles library to ask for donations of surplus and out-of-date books. The person he contacted was not at all helpful and said that their surplus books were used for a book sale. However, some books were in such poor condition that they were being thrown out back by the dumpster. He was welcome to them if he wished. We used a scoop shovel to dump them onto the empty bed of the truck.

I was not able to go with him when he took the truck around to pick up the piano and things to be used for the Manzanar church, but he told me his method of loading a piano on a truck when he went out alone. He would place the upright piano with its back towards the truck bed and just behind the cab. Then he would get some neighborhood kids to block the back end, to keep that part from moving while he lifted his end. He would then swing it around so that he could hook the wheels on the edge of the truck bed. Then he would go to the other end to lift it up and slide the piano onto the truck and secure it tightly to the back of the cab. (Please don't try this as you might injure your back.)

My parents left one morning on a clear, hot day after I had left for school, before he brought the loaded truck around. This truck was larger than the ton and a half stake side my father used during the war, but it was also in much poorer condition as it had a lot of heavy use. It had a twelve-foot bed and dual rear wheels, rather than our truck's nine-foot bed and single wheels in back. The truck we had gotten from the Terminal Island grocer had only been used for local errands. It was Father who gave it the heavy usage.

Because my parents had gotten a late start, they were in the middle of the Mojave Desert in the heat of the day when one of their tires blew out. They were on a lonely highway in the sagebrush, with nobody around for miles, and there was very little traffic. As the truck had no spare, they were really stuck. Father figured out how to use the jack and lifted up that corner of the truck. The tire was obviously beyond repair as a sidewall was blown out. After waiting

around for a while, he managed to hitch a ride and went back to the nearest town for help. He left Mother to look after the truck and its contents.

When he got there, he looked up the local Methodist Church. He may have met that pastor before, because of his membership in the Southern California Ministerium. Father and the pastor spent quite a lot of time driving around town, looking for a tire repair shop willing to drive that far into the desert to make the needed repairs. It was very late in the day before they got out to rescue Mother. She had been stuck in that cab with a sandwich and very little water, since my parents had not planned for that kind of emergency. That experience soured her from ever going in the truck again.

When they got to Manzanar, Father unloaded the truck and went around the camp to locate his friends. Among those he found was the grocer. This man gave him the keys and papers to his truck and asked him to bring the things stored there to Manzanar as soon as he had a chance. When Father got back with this load, the owner handed him a signed title to the truck and told him it was now his. Not too long afterward, the shed with the car and furniture burned in a case of suspicious arson. When Father no longer needed the truck for his work, he returned it, but by then it was well worn.

### **Loading the Truck**

In the period before the Japanese residents of Pasadena were to be relocated, the Japanese church in Pasadena started making preparations for the Evacuation. At the time, most of the Japanese in Pasadena were living in the low income area of town, which was a narrow strip west of the main business district and north of Colorado Street. This church was the one started by my uncle, Paul Waterhouse, when he returned from Japan for the education of his two children, Dorothy and her younger brother Kenneth, who had both been born in Japan.

To prepare their church building to be of help to their members and the local community, they constructed rows of storage bins made from a two-by-four framework with large shelves. Each bin had the name of the family involved. I assumed that they were mostly the possessions of church members, but they may have provided storage space for other members of the Japanese community. There was an open outside stairwell with a locked door at the bottom. Father had the key to this door. We used this basement as the home base for Father's unofficial trucking operation. I don't remember where he kept the truck, except that I am sure that he would sometimes leave it in the alley behind our house when it was loaded and we were about to leave on a trip early the next morning.

Father would come back from Manzanar with a long list of things needed by people living there. During the first fall the loads were big, as they needed their warm clothing for the winter, along with other necessities. Later they asked for things to make life more comfortable. He would organize the requests according to what area of Los Angeles County he planned to cover for his pickups. He always went alone as we were in school.

He never had a set schedule for these collecting trips. My parents' visits to Hillcrest was one activity that was on a schedule because of visiting hours. He told me that sometimes when he went out to pick up orders, he had to climb over rubbish in order to get to a small shed behind a vacant house or search for something jumbled in a pile of other things. What he had gathered was left in the aisle of the basement near the door until we were ready to load up for the next trip.

The Friday afternoon before each trip to Manzanar was when we loaded. He would pick up my brother Donald and me after school to help with the loading. The truck would be parked near the basement stairwell, and the largest and heaviest items were loaded with a little thought for balancing the weight. After all the side stakes were locked in place, the remaining packages were placed around the truck. Since I was particularly good at estimating what would fit into each space, I would get up on top of the load and point out which item I wanted, and then I would fit it into that spot. One time in the fall, there were so many requests for winter clothes that the load may have been almost as high off the ground as the truck bed.

We had almost finished, but there were still two things left. I said that we needed a flattish top for the tarp, so we should leave them for our next trip. But Father said that one of the two items was the toolbox for an auto mechanic in the camp, and he needed it to start his work. This toolbox was metal with two drawers underneath the top which had a double opening lid. Every corner of it was crammed with his metal tools. It was very heavy. It must have weighed at least a hundred and fifty pounds. With the toolbox added to the back, the front wheels of the truck seemed about to lift off the ground. I said "No, give me that lighter box." Then I lashed the heavy toolbox to the front bumper. The front wheels were still not carrying very much of the weight.

After loading the truck, the last job was to get the tarp over the load and lashed down. This kept everything dry and secure. We slung the ropes zigzag over the top and soon found that, to keep the ropes taut, we had to learn the "diamond" hitch, which is essential for this job. It is the hitch which was originally developed to secure a load on pack horses in the Old West. We also found that it was a good idea to check the load every time we stopped, to be sure it all was OK.

Some time in the following year, when Donald was not available to help, someone at Manzanar who was connected with the Pasadena church had asked Father to bring up the range from their basement. It had been used for their church suppers. It was long and very heavy with side-by-side ovens. It seemed too heavy to be loaded by only two people, especially taking it around the narrow opening to the stairwell. As we started up the stairs, I had to lean back to take its weight on my chest. Father took the front end and I had no choice but to take the back. We had to tilt it up to get it out.

Kids in the neighborhood had thrown bricks down and broken the center of the stair treads. After the first two steps I couldn't keep my footing. To keep from falling with the stove on top of me, I had to turn sideways to make use of the remaining corners of the treads. Somehow we got the stove out of there, but I was in severe pain as my back had been thrown out. There was a nearby chiropractor Father had heard about, and he took me there. He told him that this was an

emergency, and I needed help so that we could finish loading the truck the next day. The chiropractor said he would do his best, but in that case, it might require more treatments.

## **Retreads**

Sometimes Father asked me to take the truck on a Saturday to get one of the tires retreaded. Although there were a number of places that provided this service in the Pasadena area, he told me to take it to one particular shop. He later said that this man was helpful and gave him a special discount. Looking back on it, I wonder if the man was sympathetic towards the Japanese, and that another dealer might have made a point of botching up the job if he got wind of what Father was doing.

The retreading involved dismounting the tire, removing the old tread and roughing up what remained of the tire, and spreading a thick layer of adhesive on the surface of the tire and the new tread. Then the tire would be placed in a steel container and heated until the two sides were welded together. It had to be done just right. Eventually a retread could come loose and start slapping against the fender. As soon as that happened, you needed to stop and replace that wheel with the spare and get that tire repaired soon.

In thinking about it now, it seems like my father was the key figure for any minister who wanted access to either Manzanar or Hillcrest, in terms of both permission and transportation. Of course, from our perspective it was because he was happy to be able to share their insights with his friends who were “locked up.” A truly special collection of outstanding religious leaders had shared the cab of the truck with him.

## **Early Trips to Manzanar**

I had taken my first trip to Manzanar, with Father and the truck, during my Thanksgiving vacation that year. On that trip we were accompanied by John Raitt, the younger brother of Walter Raitt who was my guidance counselor at Pasadena Junior College. I did not know that he was a singer on Broadway.

That evening, Father was holding a meeting to tell the residents what he had learned about the detention centers. One of them recognized that John was a star on Broadway and persuaded him to sing a song. He sang *The Green-eyed Dragon with the Thirteen Tails*. That song so impressed me that I memorized it and still sing it today, based on the one time I heard it in 1942.

## **Trip to Manzanar During the Riots**

When the riots in Manzanar were in the news, the leadership of the Friends of the American Way felt they should do something to help the situation. The pastor and members of his congregation took the lead in this effort, and many others joined in. They started a drive for Christmas presents

for the children in Manzanar. They ended up collecting more than four thousand gifts, each with a card attached telling the sex and age of the child for which it was appropriate. They asked Father to take these gifts up to Manzanar.

(Note: Father assumed that I knew that the Friends in the area, through the Service Committee, would have contributed a lot of the toys. He was impressed that others, like the Friends of the American Way, had joined in.)

Father contacted Manzanar for permission to deliver the gifts and was told that, since the camp was under total lockdown, no visitors at all were allowed. A few weeks later, as Christmas neared, he pointed out that there would be no point in taking the presents after Christmas. Therefore, he was grudgingly given permission.

School was out so I was free to go with him. There was another young man with us. When we got to the gate the soldier there was surprised to see us, but finally told Father not to go into the camp proper, but just to the administrative office on the left to check for permission. On this side there was a small area of better built administrative structures, including staff residences and the main warehouse.

I went in with Father and I remember that, after some convincing, the new administrator in charge gave him permission. He said that on this trip Father was absolutely not to spend the night in the camp. Father delivered the presents and then visited a missionary couple who he had known when we were in Japan. I believe one of them was a teacher at the high school and the other a social worker who delivered the presents.

They had elected to live in the camp with the Japanese, along with a few other staff members (probably mainly teachers). This couple lived in two sections of a four-section barrack on the far side of the camp firebreak, near the Children's Village and the garden in front. They must have had their own limited cooking facilities, as we were invited to supper in their apartment. Over supper, and for some time afterwards, they shared a long description about what had been going on in the camp.

In my last trip to Manzanar before I was drafted, I remember seeing an older man who had a two-foot-wide lawn in front of his barrack, who was mowing the lawn with a long pair of scissors.

There were a number of causes of the riot. The detainees who were assigned to work as cooks in the kitchens were upset, because they felt that the administrator and his assistant had diverted most of the best food to the staff kitchen. Then there were some short-term visitors from Japan, such as university students, who had been caught on the west coast when the war started. They knew they would be returned to Japan soon after the war, and felt that when they did return, their government or people that they knew might ask them what they had done for Japan during the war.

In addition, the young Nisei leader of the local Japanese American Citizens League branch in the camp had been actively encouraging residents to be loyal to America. That angered a group of young hotheads who one night had rampaged through the camp, caught him, and beat him up

badly, nearly killing him. He had been rescued and taken to the camp hospital for treatment. The hospital was a separate two story east-west barrack, which was located on the western end of the wide firebreak running through the center of the camp. The communal toilets were located on the other end of this firebreak. The low structures had the women's open single room toilets on one side, with the men's on the other.

The next night the gang had reassembled and run through the camp, looking for this man to finish the job. They ransacked his home and then searched the hospital but did not find him. We were told that the nurses – both Japanese and Caucasian – had quickly put him on a stretcher when they heard the commotion. They slung it under his hospital bed, with a clean loose sheet over it to give the appearance of an empty bed.

## **Lockdown**

The lockdown was ordered in the afternoon, but since more soldiers were needed to enforce it, that did not happen until late that evening. When they arrived, they were ordered to “shoot to kill” any Japanese they found outside the wires. However, no one had thought to share an important piece of information.

What they forgot was that the whole water supply of Manzanar depended on a very small water treatment plant, in a small shed just outside the fence on the north side of Manzanar. It was maintained by teams of four young Japanese men around the clock. There was a very small stream coming down from the mountains.

When one of the jeeps circled the perimeter, they saw the small shed with a dim light in the window. It was about midnight. They broke down the door and saw the four men sitting there. The soldiers may have thought that gambling was illegal in the camp and the men had sneaked out to play poker. The men quickly told them that it was their job to be there, but the sergeant was still skeptical. He left the private there, with his gun pointed at the heart of their leader, and went back to check at the office. It was a rough night's work for that poor Japanese man.

At this point the camp was locked down, the two top camp directors were fired, and the injured man and his family were moved to a temporary camp in buildings at the Death Valley Ranger Station. The plan was to release the Japanese as soon as arrangements could be made for resettlement outside the west coast.

A man who could have been the leader of the gang was captured and jailed at the guardhouse next to the camp entrance. A few nights later, there was a rumor that the prisoner would be moved out of the camp to the county jail. A large angry crowd gathered outside the guardhouse intent on releasing the jailed man. The army had set a cordon of soldiers around the guardhouse to protect it, and in the resulting melee one of the Japanese men was killed and some others were wounded. This was the story we learned that night over supper. When we had finished hearing this story the couple offered to put up Father overnight. Since the only alternative we had would have been to drive outside the camp and sleep in the cab on the roadside, Father quickly accepted. They said that they didn't have space for more than one, but arranged for the two of us

to stay with one of the other teachers in the camp. I vividly remember walking through the dark deserted streets with army jeeps, with one of the soldiers with a machine gun at the ready, driving by. One of the missionaries went with us to be sure we got there safely.

## **To Death Valley**

The next morning, when Father again visited the new director to ask for permission to visit the Death Valley camp, he was told that Manzanar was planning to send their weekly supply truck down that day. Father offered to take the supplies since we were going anyway. So later that morning we pulled up to their warehouse and loaded a side of beef and a lot of other food supplies. I'm certain that that was the only time we carried a side of beef while Father owned the truck. I was proud that he had me drive the hundred or more miles down to the Death Valley Ranger Station.

When we got there, we were invited to stay for supper. There was only one dining and gathering room, and one or two dining tables. After supper everyone stayed to hear what Father had to say. I always remember this sharing of his experiences as one of his most unique talks, because he spoke to such a diverse group and included something of interest to everyone, with the exception of the camp dog under the table. There was the JACL leader and his wife and young children who were most comfortable with English, his elderly mother who knew very little English, and two young soldiers assigned there as the official guards. At times he used a Japanese word or two for the grandmother, then a few simple stories to the young children, and then some thoughts or ideas of appreciation for the soldiers.

It must have been this time when we were at Death Valley, that the JACL man told Father about his feelings while being hidden at the camp hospital. He said he was lying there with his nose pressed up against the springs of the cot, not daring to move, and repeating the Lord's Prayer over and over to himself as the gang was searching his hospital room.

Although it was late when we finished the gathering, we left to drive home taking the shortest route across the desert from Death Valley back to 395. There was very little traffic, but around midnight we were stopped for a time by a terrible accident. It seems there was a little used rail line that had no crossing gates, just a "railroad crossing" sign at the track. For some reason, a short string of freight cars had been left there, with a flatbed car with minimum reflectors on its side, which was standing across the road. A convertible with two couples in it had run into it killing all its occupants. The police had not come yet, as there was no way to get the word out. I learned later that the two women who had died were students at my junior college.

## **Other Trips**

I remember one night that winter, when the weather seemed to be not too bad. We took the shortcut over the mountains on the Angeles Crest highway. The heavy rain when we got to the south side had washed so much gravel over the road that it covered much of the dotted center

line. Since there were sudden turns and no guardrails it was pretty dicey, even though there was no other traffic.

One trip to Manzanar was special, as Father had brought a missionary friend of his who had just returned from Japan on the *Gripsholm*, a Swedish liner traveling well-lighted and with a large red cross painted on its side. This was the neutral ship used to return diplomats and some others caught by the war's start. At Manzanar he reported that he had been well treated by the Japanese while still in that country. He was one of a number of famous preachers who traveled in the cab of Father's truck to visit that camp.

## **Hillcrest**

During the evacuation, the government realized that there were a number of Japanese American youth with active tuberculosis, scattered in a number of sanatoriums in the southern California region. It would be dangerous for their health to be sent to a relocation camp, as they would be in primitive barracks in hot dusty desert locations.

To solve this problem the government chose Hillcrest, a small nursing home that was tucked away up a small canyon. It was not too visible and had only one entrance road. They took it over and moved in the young Japanese and posted a sheriff's deputy at the entrance. When driving up the last short, steep grade, none of this was visible, until you made the sharp left turn where the guard was posted. The public was not aware that this locked facility existed.

When my parents learned that Hillcrest had opened, they realized that there were Japanese youth who were very isolated, both from family and friends, and from other Japanese. On top of this, they were fighting a disease where the support of others is so important. My parents were really needed and since it was nearby, getting there was not a problem.

Father soon learned that there was a Catholic priest, Father Lavery, who had answered the call to minister to the Catholic patients there. Before long, the two of them were on good terms. There were also a couple of Sisters who took care of any special needs of the female patients.

## **Mother's Challenge**

Since Father was away so much of the time going to relocation camps with supplies in his truck, Mother suggested that she should learn to drive, so that one of them could get there regularly. I'm afraid our family took this as a joke, as driving with her mother in her old electric – which looked like a black phone box and was steered with a tiller – when she was a girl, was the only time she had ever driven. She preferred to let others drive.

Mother insisted that she should be trained by a professional driving instructor, rather than a family member, which I feel was a good idea although money was in short supply. Other than times she needed to drive to Hillcrest, she was happy to let others drive. She persuaded Mrs.

Jansen, a middle-aged married member of the meeting, to go with her. She liked to have two sets of eyes on the road.

### **Mother's Hillcrest**

Since she did most of the visits there, we felt that Hillcrest was her thing. She was always there during available visiting hours. She was a friendly presence, especially with the girls, although she also ran errands for the boys. All the residents looked forward to her visits. I believe the young women made more use of her visits by sharing their feelings and problems, but the eight men who were in a separate pavilion, and mostly in better health, depended on her for their shopping.

### **The Boys Project**

George Hirashiki was the leader of that men's group. One day Mother gave him our bird book, called *Birds of North America*, which is used to identify birds for bird watchers. They had been watching birds outside their windows. George had an idea for a way of occupying their time and giving them a sense of purpose. He chose four or five of the most common birds which they could see from their window, and had the man with the most artistic ability draw them. He had Mother go to a craft store and buy them the materials they needed.

I went to Hillcrest a few times when I was free from school, and spent most of my time there. George explained the process they had developed. The birds were made into decorative pins about three inches long. A couple of the more capable men traced the outline of the birds on a small piece of white pine from the craft store. Then they would use a small jigsaw to cut out the design. They would round out the bird's shape with small files and smooth them with sandpaper. Then the more capable men would paint the birds with great detail, and others would shellac the finished pins and attach the pin backs. He and his best friend started the project and they soon attracted others, who had felt incapable but got interested in what was going on. He had developed quite a production system.

After George had collected quite a few pins which they proudly displayed, Mother took some home and sold them to her friends. Other women interested in helping the Japanese whom the government had locked up soon pitched in. Therefore, the whole project resulted in a source of extra cash for George and his friends.

### **Mother's Girls**

Mother's greatest contribution to the patients at Hillcrest was her support for some of the sickest women. One time, in the middle of the night, Mother got a phone call to come right away as one of her closest friends had gotten much worse. She went there as quickly as possible, and when she got there, she found that this woman began spitting up large amounts of blood. Mother took

her hand and, after a few moments of silent prayer, said “Rachael, are you afraid?” The nurse who was standing on the other side of the bed said that, at that moment, the bleeding stopped, and the woman’s condition started to improve. After that the nursing staff felt that, government regulations or not, if one of her girls went into a crisis she should be called immediately.

### **Father’s Sunday Services**

When Father was home on Sundays, he would hold services out in the garden at Hillcrest, and the staff would prepare seating if they knew he was coming. I remember that the setting was beautiful, as it was next to a small pond with some bushes around it. I don’t remember what else he added to the services, but I remember clearly how he shared his experiences of God’s love and included the experiences of others. There was always a deep sense of worship which could not be interrupted by other sounds around us. This provided a very meaningful service for Hillcrest.

At times, if there happened to be a peace minded minister in the area, he would invite him to the Hillcrest service. I know that Gerald Heard was one of them.

### **Mother’s Trip to Manzanar**

One of Mother’s girls had gotten so much stronger that the government answered the request of her family, and she was reunited with them in Manzanar. Since Father’s work involved using the truck, he seldom used the car. In addition, as a pastor he got extra gas for the car. So Mother figured she had saved up just enough gas to make one round trip to Manzanar. She could visit that girl for a couple of days. Therefore, she was at Manzanar while Father was on his Washington trip.

While there, she received an emergency call from Hillcrest that one of her dearest friends was about to pass away. She was with the young woman’s parents at the time, and the camp’s director very much wanted to get them down to see her right away. They had a car and gasoline available for the trip, but no driver. Since they had to be escorted by a government employee, Mother was hired to solve the problem. The only vacancy they had at the time was as a truck driver, so she was hired. She was the only member of our family who was ever paid by the government. During that week one of us checked the back of her government license, and discovered that the bearer was qualified by training and experience to drive any military vehicle including a tank. This information became a family joke.

### **Gila River Relocation Camp in Arizona**

Just once when I was able to go with Father in his truck to visit the camps, I went with him to Arizona and the Gila River Relocation Camp. It must have been at the beginning of the summer the following year, just before I got my summer job, as I remember that the daylight hours were

really long. It was one of my last visits to a camp with Father in his truck, before my focus was on my draft status and getting drafted.

We crossed into Arizona after an overnight trip across the desert on Route 60. We arrived at the camp on the eastern edge of the Coachella Valley in the late afternoon. As we came to the camp entrance, we were behind a line of trucks waiting to get in. There had been a temporary lock down at the gate, and the trucks were bringing the farm workers back for their supper.

Before long we drove in, and I stayed in the back of the truck while Father went into the barrack where he had business. Several blocks away I saw a small crowd of people, and I asked a passing man what was going on. He told me that it was Eleanor who was visiting the camp.

Although I did not figure it out until recently, the temporary lockdown must have been because of the unexpected arrival of the President's wife. I had always assumed that the farmworkers had been busy in growing food for the camp. But I have since learned that the government was using this almost-free labor to build a large number of irrigation ditches, which enabled that valley to become part of the food basket of the country.

We were able to distribute our load fairly quickly and started home that evening. We arrived at the California border inspection station in the middle of the night. It didn't take long for the agricultural inspector to check our truck for forbidden fruit, since there was just a tarp on the back. When he had finished, another agent, who had been standing apart in the background, came up and asked each of us where we were born. Father started to answer for me, but the officer stopped him and said each of us should answer for himself. When I said Karuizawa, Japan, that was the wrong answer. He shone his flashlight on me and asked, "Born of missionary parents?" When I said yes, the problem was solved. It still gave me a funny feeling.

## **Friendship Home**

My parents asked George Hirashiki to move in with them temporarily. There was a narrow side porch on the east side of the house, which the former owners had enclosed with windows. Father used it for his office and writing his many letters. They turned that over to George on a temporary basis, as they continued to save my basement room for me. My parents had taken over the room which had been added in the back, which had previously been Virginia's. She had moved away to attend nursing training at a major hospital.

There were still seven or eight young people at Hillcrest who were in need of transitional housing until they could get relocated. A middle-aged Japanese woman they knew agreed to act as house mother. They found a small apartment building not too far from the Japanese church in Pasadena, and were able to rent part of it. I have no idea how they arranged the funding, but it probably came from some branch of the government. The woman who would live with them only agreed to do this with my parents' support, so I know both were there frequently and Mother at least once a day.

## **Postwar Years**

George stayed with us much longer than we expected and really became part of the family. He became a machinist in a small company specializing in making small parts for use in the production of other equipment. When he had saved enough to purchase a house, he bought one on the street directly to the south of us and married his girlfriend Irene from their Hillcrest days.

George later told me that Father often dropped in to discuss spiritual things, and that they had deepened each other's spiritual lives. He told me that, at the time, Father had told him about his experiences at the gates of Santa Anita Race Track, when the War Relocation Authority had quickly changed it into a Collection Center to hold the Japanese until the Relocation camps could be built. The camp used the stables area which they had surrounded with barbed wire, shoveled out the manure from each of the stalls and assigned one family per stall.

I took a semester off from my studies at UCLA, to help Father when he took the first load of goats to Okinawa, under the auspices of Heifers for Relief. I had some free time while he was gathering some of the breeding stock for the trip. During that time, George had told me of the experiences Father had while at the gate where the Japanese were being signed in. He wanted to be available in case there was anything he could do to be of help.

## **Father's Last Years**

My brother, Donald, thought our parents should go into a retirement home when Mother's health was failing. Father looked into one home where they would be in a room or two. Then he thought over the problem and made his own arrangements. Virginia was working in the neonatal unit of nearby St Luke's Hospital, I was living with my family in the Philadelphia area and Donald and his wife Mildred were in Orange County where he was a librarian.

Mother had inherited a few stocks from a Waterhouse relative in Hawaii, which Father divided between Donald and me. Then he sold our house and bought another house with the proceeds, and put it in Virginia's name. It was in an interracial neighborhood just a block above the tracks. It was a small two-bedroom, with an enclosed back porch which he converted into his study. That is where he wrote his book. The main house had a small one-bedroom cottage behind, so that Virginia could have her privacy but still be close by when her help was needed. She could later have some rental income when she had to care for Mother full time. At that point she would have moved into the house with them. This lot had no back alley, but a long driveway on the east of the narrow lot with a one car garage in the back.

Mother was getting quite forgetful and was using a walker, but Father was still able to take care of most of her needs. Virginia came in to do most of their simple cooking and ate most meals with them, as she was on the night shift at a nearby hospital. I added a small ramp to the kitchen door when Mother became tied down to a wheelchair. Since Father now had no financial assets, his medical needs were taken care of by the state.

When he could still drive a little, he loved taking visitors – including a few of his friends from Japan – around, to show off the Forest Lawn Cemetery, where there was a large stained glass copy of the Last Supper and a special chapel built to display a huge painting of the crucifixion, which were marvelous works of art. He also liked to take them to the Huntington Library to see its Japanese garden. Later, when Mother was lying unconscious in bed, he would tell them that he wanted to show them someone very special and took them in to their bedroom to show them Mother laying in their bed.

### **Father's Books**

At that time, he realized that the story of his life might be important to history, as he had done so many things in the early days of missionary work in Japan. In their new house there was a very small, enclosed porch at the back, which he made it into his office. There was just enough room for a desk for him type, and since it was all windows behind him, it was light and airy. His father Arthur L. Nicholson, a Philadelphia architect, was an excellent watercolor painter. Father had one of his largest and best of the numerous landscapes hanging there, so he could look at it as he worked.

### **Father's Last Trip East**

My parents had always made a big effort to be there when I graduated, including when I got my master's degree from the University of Michigan in 1956. That was really impressive, as he had to travel across the country.

When he heard that my older son, Peter, was graduating from Swarthmore College on a Saturday, and Christopher from Westtown School the following Saturday, Father really wanted to come east. Because my mother needed complete care, she was put in a nursing home so he could travel for a week. My son, Chris, had been chosen as one of three students to read essays during the ceremony. I was glad that Father and Virginia were there to see him receive that honor. It was a day we all enjoyed.

Hearing that he was coming east, Peg and I started to plan his time. We wanted time to visit and show him our special community and friends, and to give him some time to rest. We did not know Father.

The day after he arrived was Friday, Alumni Day at Haverford College, and Father wanted to go. We both took him over, as Peg was already planning to go to meet with her classmates from the Relief and Reconstruction master's degree that she had earned there during the War. There is always an afternoon lecture in the auditorium that is very well attended, but the main event on Alumni Day is the noon dinner, when all the alumni who come sit together with members of their class and are introduced.

Father's day at Haverford was focused around that dinner. The College had opened a new gymnasium recently, and the dinner was held in it. When we entered the gym, Father took off looking around the place, checking the class signs on the different tables. He looked across the room and said, "Who are those old geezers over there?", seeing three old men standing near a table with a sign saying the class of '15. His was the class of '13, so we joined them at that table near the speakers' platform. Father was announced as the oldest alumnus there. After the alumni dinner there were introductions of the various classes, followed by some short speeches. All were expected to attend the special lecture in the auditorium, which was the high point of the day. Peg went with her classmates from her master's degree program, but Father wasn't interested.

Instead he took me around the campus, starting with the mathematics building across from Founders Hall, to show me the math classroom where he had his favorite classes. Then he showed me the outside of what had been his dorm. We then went through the first floor of Founders Hall, where he pointed out the many structural changes he saw. He also took me around to the campus faculty houses and showed me the building which had been Rufus Jones' home, where he had attended a small seminar during the last year Rufus was on campus. This day was the only time he ever returned to Haverford.

The next afternoon Peter graduated from Swarthmore, and again we all went over. It was a warm sunny day, and it was held where we were seated in folding chairs on a grassy outdoors section of the campus. Pete's class pulled a trick on the college president while he was handing out their diplomas. Each graduate slipped a hard-boiled egg into the President's other hand, and the last one a salt and pepper shaker. There was a tradition that the engineering graduates would think up some prank during graduation. Nobody knew what it would be beforehand. I think it was a reaction to the fact that, though theirs was an excellent program, this was the smallest engineering department in the nation.

Father wanted to visit as many Friends schools as he could, particularly the youngest classes. He wanted to tell them what life growing up as a Quaker was like when he was a boy. His energy was amazing, but I did notice that, when nothing was going on, he would catch a number of catnaps. Now it is much easier for me to understand his feelings. He wanted to share his experience of the joy of knowing God's love with as many future Friends as he could.

We had to take turns taking him around to where he wanted to go. He had us make arrangements by phone with several Friends schools for a special meeting with the students. He especially wanted to meet with the ones in the first couple of grades.

One day during that week I took Father to visit Lansdowne and Media, where his family had lived when he was young. He told me how, as a young boy, his family would walk to Meeting every First Day morning in a procession: first his father, then mother, and then the sons in order of their ages, he being the third. They walked through neighborhoods not too friendly to Quakers, always looking straight ahead. Going to Meeting every week was serious business in their family.

In the morning we went around Lansdowne, and Father thought he had spotted the house where he had lived, but was not sure which of two or three it had been. That morning, by pre-

arrangement, he went to Media Friends School and talked to some of the students there. That afternoon he located the house opposite a small park, where he had lived the year before they moved to Media, and he walked up and knocked on the door. The woman living there graciously let us in and he looked around, telling us who had been in each room and noticing minor changes which had been made.

He then asked if he could borrow her phone. He wanted to talk to the first grade teacher of Lansdowne Friends School, to see if he could come over to talk to her class. Both the homeowner and I thought that that was pretty nervy, to break into the teacher's planned schedule right at the very end of the school year. But the teacher told us to come over. By the time we got there the students were over in the Meeting House waiting for us. Father briefly told them about himself, and that he had been in first grade there the very first year the school was open. When he asked for questions afterwards, I remember one little boy asked what games they played in those days. Father said that the boys thought up their own games. He described the game of mumbley pegs, where you mark out a square area on the earthen school yard with your small jack-knife, and then take turns flipping the knife into the ground to cut off part of the area, to see who could last longest by having left enough area to stand in without falling. I am sure Father's visit was something those children never forgot.

Father told me the story of an experience he remembered when he was a young boy attending Media Friends School. Joseph Elkinton, the founder of Philadelphia Quartz and a deeply devout Quaker businessman, would ride the eighteen miles to his office in Philadelphia on his bicycle along the West Chester Pike each morning. One sunny spring morning he was pedaling up the hill in Media, when one of the pedals broke off, throwing him into the ditch at the side of the road and tearing his suit pants. As he lay there looking up through the young green leaves of the tree by the roadside, he had such a deep experience of God's love that he got up and, with his broken pedal in one hand and his bicycle in the other, walked over to the Media Friends School, and got the teacher to call all the young students together to share with them his experience of the depth of God's love.

## **Back to Pasadena**

The last five years of his life, Father was fighting colon cancer. When it was discovered, it was removed, and he was given radiation treatments. Later he had more operations, so that he no longer needed a colostomy for a time. He had two or three years when his cancer was in remission.

When Mother's Alzheimer's was getting worse and Father started to need more care, Virginia quit her hospital job and moved in with them using the other bedroom. For several years at the end of her life, Mother was lying in bed, with her only ability a sucking reflex so that she could be fed with a basting tube containing liquids. Virginia would juice a variety of foods and feed her every two hours.

Fairly close to the end of his life, the colon cancer had come back and he was getting quite feeble. I had been able to have a short overnight visit with him, at the end of a trip to visit a cousin who lived in Orange County. That evening I had an hour or so with Father, when we both shared thoughts and feelings from our past life experiences in a deeper way than ever before.

## **Redress**

At the time of the redress hearings, a group of senators came to the Los Angeles area to take testimony from people who had been affected by the relocation, and to collect ideas about what the government should do to compensate and take responsibility for the mistakes of the past. Father had been given a time slot to share his ideas. His physical condition was deteriorating from his illness, and on the morning of his scheduled testimony he was doing poorly and almost canceled. At the last moment he said, "I guess I can go," and had Virginia get him ready to take him.

She later told me that, as they were waiting for his turn, the panel and audience seemed bored with the long detailed reports being given. When he got up to speak, he told a number of stories of individuals and families he remembered, and the troubles they had endured. His vivid descriptions captured the rapt attention of all present, and when he sat down all showed their appreciation of what he had said. His suggestion to the commission was that, since so many of the remaining persons who had been relocated were now elderly and in the three nursing homes that the Japanese community provided to care for them, that the funds should be used to support these homes.

During one of the earlier times I was visiting Pasadena, I went with Father on his weekly trips to see the patients in one of the three nursing homes run by the Japanese community. A man who had sailed with us on Father's first goat trip to Okinawa had been coming one day a week to take him for a short visit. As we started around to each room, Father soon left me behind. He would pop in, say hello to everyone and give a big smile. I wanted to chat for two or three minutes with some of the patients who were interested. But his very presence lit up the room. Father walked with the help of his cane and said hello to everybody, and a word or two, and then moved on leaving behind the warm glow of his love.

Virginia later told me that a week or two before he died, when he was hardly able to eat, she reminded him it was the afternoon when he usually visited the nursing home. He hesitated about going, and then decided he should go to see his friends. But this time, when he got there he was persuaded to be taken around in a wheelchair. That is why I feel I am right when I say that he never retired.

## **Father's Passing**

At that time, we were trying to be very careful with our expenses. We had married late, and I had jobs that only covered expenses until I was forty-three. Peg had a good income for seven years

while teaching in private schools, but after we returned to America, she only had sporadic jobs. Our investment was in the education of our sons, as they were both very intelligent and hard working. We wanted to give them a very good education in the Quaker schools, which had been a family tradition.

Peter had graduated from Swarthmore College two years before, as an electrical engineer, and gotten a good job with Hewlett Packard as a research engineer. He was located in Corvallis, Oregon, and was living as inexpensively as possible, initially commuting to work by bicycle until he saved up enough to buy a new small car with cash. At that time he wanted to do something for us to show his gratitude, so he offered to buy us a ticket to Portland for a week's visit with him, and then drive us down to Pasadena to see Father and Mother. We would fly home from there.

A few days later, Virginia phoned us with a real sense of urgency saying that Father was about to die, but that he would try to hold on until we got there. I phoned Peter, and he revised the schedule he had set up for us. He booked us a flight to L.A. and started driving down to Pasadena. Chris said he was sorry he could not go but understood the situation.

As we left the Los Angeles airport, I started to look for the fastest way to get to the interurban trolley, but my Waterhouse cousin, Paul, was there to pick us up and drive us home as fast as possible. When we got there, Virginia told us that Father had become unconscious, and had just been taken to the hospital a short time before. He was in St. Luke's ICU. We all went there and were around his bed for quite some time; but finally about ten that evening, as we were all very tired and the nurse had said that, as his heartbeat was still quite strong, it could be quite some time before he died, Virginia and I decided that someone should always be there, and that she and I should take turns. I offered to take the first shift and Virginia would come back at four A.M. for her turn.

A little later, the hospital's chaplain came around and asked if I wanted him to perform the Last Rites. I told him no thanks, as we were Quakers. However, that question reminded me that it was up to me to fulfill that function in the way that Father would have wanted.

Later, in the middle of the night, the nurse told me that his heartbeat had weakened and become erratic so that the end was near. I asked her to phone my family. Then I stood by the bed and held his hand and went deep within myself and tried to sense his being. Somehow, I had a deep sense that Father's strong commitment to do God's work, when God needed his help, had been passed on to me. There are not words to describe this experience, but it was life changing and one of the most important moments of my life. The rest of the family soon arrived, and we all stood around his bed in individual prayer.

## **Arrangements**

We had assumed that Christopher would not be able to make it to the memorial services. But when Peter arrived that day, he said that of course his brother should be there. He revised his plan for our visit west and booked a flight for Chris, who arrived the next day.

I'm not too clear about how the Japanese community and the public were notified of his death, though I talked with a reporter from the *Star News* the next morning. Virginia was exhausted from providing total care to two family members, and since I was the "atsugi," or oldest son, it was up to me to plan what kind of farewell Father would have wanted.

## **The Main Service**

Virginia reminded me that Father wanted the pastor of the Altadena Japanese United Methodist Church to conduct his memorial service. Father had been in very close fellowship with him, so that minister knew just what he wanted. However, this man had unexpectedly died about a year earlier. It was up to me, the new pastor, and an elder of the church to figure out what Father would have wanted. It was a very interesting afternoon. It was a time of sharing: Quaker services, Methodist services, and what the public expected all melded together. The service was held at the large Japanese church in Little Tokyo, the center of the Japanese community. I felt it worked out well.

I still have my copy of the printed program for the Methodist service, on the back of which I wrote the details of the program for the Quaker part of the service. We had selected ten men who had various experiences with Father. We had decided the order in which they would speak. They all sat at the back of the platform behind the pulpit. The minister introduced them in turn, they came forward and spoke briefly of their experiences, followed by a very brief period of silence.

I was with my family, sitting in the center of the first row facing the pulpit. When the others finished, I was to stand up and speak from the floor on behalf of the family, thanking them for coming and then adding a few words regarding my experiences with Father. My time was to be only four or five minutes. I worked out carefully what it was appropriate to say in the first part, which would be to thank those who had made the arrangements and those who had come, and had that clearly in mind. I was awake much of the night struggling with what else I should say about Father in such a short period. The next afternoon as I rose to close the service, I had a sudden inspiration as to what Father would want me to say, so I closed the service with these words:

"I want to share with you Father's last sermon. He wants all of you, 'as you go out into the world, to share a little bit of God's love, which you have received from me, with those around you. It will be like a pebble dropped into the center of a still pond, sending circles of ripples spreading out to every corner of the world.'" During the reception period after the service, I overheard a Japanese man, who didn't know me, say that he thought I must be a preacher.

## **Villa Street Meeting**

I realized that Father had been one of the leaders of his small Friends Meeting at Villa Street. At that time the meeting had almost died out. This meeting was a member of Iowa Conservative Yearly Meeting, although it was only a long block from another unprogrammed Friends meeting

at Villa and Orange Grove Ave. The clerk of the meeting had been my great uncle, Josiah Standing. He was a frail small man, but deeply spiritual and a beautiful soul. When Father was there, he always sat next to him as a recognized minister. A number of the younger families had moved to British Columbia, to be near a small Friends school they had recently started.

The last time I visited this meeting, there were only four or five elderly members meeting once a month, on the Sunday that was the business meeting. After business meeting, the women had always brought food for a potluck lunch afterwards. Since no one was cooking, they had settled on the solution of walking a couple of blocks down to Colorado Street, where there was an inexpensive cafeteria, and all had an individual-sized chicken pot pie.

I phoned the clerk of the meeting and said that I thought that the meeting should hold a memorial service for Father, because he had been so much an important part of the life of that meeting. The clerk said that he could no longer get others to attend, and that the two or three left were thinking of laying it down. I insisted that the service should be held there, and also that it be held at the customary time of ten on Sunday morning.

I believe the clerk made arrangements to have someone unlock the meetinghouse and get it dusted out, and that there had been some sort of information sent out to all Friends congregations and other interested people in the area. Usually when I had attended the meeting, we just used the left side as there had always been more room in those benches. As in most traditional meetinghouses, there were pull down dividers between the two sides, and the other side was used for potlucks and social times. At this service I was sitting at the head of meeting, with Virginia at my side. Since the big service for the Japanese community had been held Saturday afternoon at the main Japanese church in Little Tokyo, and it was very well attended, I had not expected any Japanese for this Sunday morning service. I had no idea how many would attend this service, as most who were invited had their own Sunday morning services they attended regularly. However, both sides of the building were packed, and it was a real testimonial as to how many lives he had deeply touched. Even the surgeon who had treated Father's cancer was there and spoke. I feel that the service was also a fitting farewell to this little frame meetinghouse, as it was later sold to the Lake Avenue Congregational Church to be used for their Spanish language services.

## **Leaving Pasadena**

I received a call from the West Los Angeles Methodist Church, wanting us to attend a service for him Sunday afternoon. That was the church where my parents had served. It was something I should attend and really wanted to go, but Peter reminded me that he had scheduled this visit as part of his visit with us, and that he needed to start back to Oregon that afternoon in order to combine our visit and his work commitments.

Because I had not been in close touch with my younger brother, Donald, for several years, I had not thought about seeing that he and his wife, Mildred, were there as a part of the family at the services in Little Tokyo. That hadn't been a problem, as almost none of the Japanese community

knew I had a brother, and Donald was not involved with the planning. They were attending a church of another denomination near Costa Mesa where they lived.

Fortunately, Donald showed some initiative and organized a small family service for the Waterhouse's side of the family in the little chapel at the cemetery. Among other things, he played his violin as a part of the music at the service. When he learned that I was unable to attend the West Los Angeles services, he filled in for me and very thoughtfully sent me audio tapes of both services. I really appreciated his helpfulness.

## **Burial**

When Father discussed his burial arrangements, at first he felt he didn't want a marked grave, as he was concerned that some people from Japan might come to his grave to worship him, rather than honor his memory. When he was persuaded that this was not a problem, Uncle Josiah offered a grave site for his use. Josiah's first son, Edgar, died as a baby, so he felt it would be fine for Father to use this site for his ashes. That explains the two names on the gravestone. For those unaware of Quaker practices, I will add that cremation is legally required in Japan, while here it is a religious practice for Quakers.

## **Japanese American National Museum**

The last time I got to Pasadena to visit Father, he took me to visit the Japanese American National Museum, and it was on the Saturday when the official dedication of the Wall of Remembrance took place. George had made a fund-raising drive to have Herbert Nicholson's name included. I also enjoyed seeing all the other exhibits of life in the camps, including an observation tower and part of a barracks behind barbed wire outside.

I took a few minutes and went up the block, where the 442nd Memorial organization and the JACL were sitting in the center of the Plaza, holding a fundraiser to build the memorial. I remember this contact because one of the four or five men there said how indebted he was to Rev. Nicholson. He was about to sign in at Santa Anita, when he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to cash out a bank account. When Father heard about his problem, he handed over his car keys and told him to take care of it.

## **Samuel O. Nicholson**