

Interviewee: Raymond Moriyama

Interviewer: Peter Wakayama

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[Start part 1]

Peter Wakayama: Could you give me your full name, when you were born and where you were born?

Raymond Moriyama: My full name is Raymond Junichi Moriyama. I was born in Vancouver, the date was October 11th, 1929, Friday before “the big crash”. We lived, at the beginning, in apparently a small, but wonderful, house, on Cordova Street. But, with the coming of the Depression, we moved into the back of a hardware store downtown, that my father was looking after. My father came from Kagoshima, he was a schoolteacher, and his ambition was to become an engineer. But, he sacrificed all of this, in my mind, when his older brother, who was twenty five years older, asked him to come to Vancouver, to help him run the store for a little while. Well, he did come, in 1923, and he helped run the store with the brother, until the brother decided he had to go back to Japan, and look after the parents. Well, my father was a sensitive person, and, you know, he went to school, to learn English, so he spoke English quite well- except, he wanted to take up engineering, part-time, and he wanted to take up accounting and legal business, which he couldn’t do, as a Japanese. I guess he faced a lot of disappointing situations, and he, at one point, wanted to become a priest. So, he became a Roman Catholic, one of the first Japanese Canadians to become a Roman Catholic- as a result, you know, we’re all Roman Catholics- maybe I should just talk about Mother.

Mother was born in Hokkaido, a daughter of a mining executive, who was, at that time, in Hokkaido, but, she was largely raised as a *Edokko*¹ in Tokyo. Her interest was very much like my grandfather, she was interested in the cultural aspect; she was interested in floral arrangement and odori, and so on. And, I guess [chuckles], I often wonder how the two of them, the [unintelligible] was able to bring somebody from Kagoshima [chuckles], and somebody from the middle of the country, Tokyo, to come together and marry. I’m sure that when the two of them married, they knew very little about each other, and I guess that was quite typical in those days. I know that they married late, in 1928, and in January 1929, they took Heiyo Maru from Yokohama to Vancouver. According to my mother, after the first day winter crossing

¹ Edokko refers to someone who was born and raised in Tokyo.

the Pacific, it was just horrendous, and the boat rocked, and she said she was sick all through the whole trip, until she landed in Vancouver. And, she used to tell me, "Junichi, you were conceived in this storm," so she said, "you'll never have any motion sickness." And, she was right; I never have motion sickness, in fact, she used to say, "Maybe you have a built-in gyroscope," and she used to pronounce "gyroscope" like a Japanese, she said, "Well, you know, that'll be interesting." And that idea of a gyroscope used to interest me a lot as a child, and I said, "Can you make your mind a gyroscope, to be well- balanced?" So, that always struck me, right through university, and so on. Well, when they came up to Vancouver, I think I said earlier, they lived in a neat little house, but that wasn't too long; within a short time, they moved into the back of a hardware store, in a makeshift, sort of, living quarter, and I think Dad built a second level above the kitchen, a very low ceiling bedroom, as I remember. And I think this is quite typical of, you know, many of the Japanese who lived behind or above a store.

PW: I'm just curious, why did your father turn to Catholicism, the Catholic Church, did he ever explain that to you?

RM: I think the reason why- he's a prolific reader, and, as I remember, he used to become very interested in the Roman Catholic religion, I think he liked the ritual of Roman Catholic [practices]-and, his friend was a Roman Catholic priest, and I think he had a large influence on his life, so, he considered it. But I think it was his friend himself, who dissuaded Father from becoming a priest, but to go back to Japan to marry my mother. So, I don't think I could explain much more than that, about why Dad wanted to become a Roman Catholic, except to say that, I think, in those days, it may have been the fact that he was having a hard time. He is the son of a samurai, you know, very much versed in the whole notion of *bushido*, and honour, and he wasn't very good in business, he was terrible at it [chuckles], and so, you know, the whole middle-class idea of being a merchant was disagreeable- well maybe not disagreeable, but not his cup of tea. So, I think there were several reasons, some of them very subtle that forced him in that direction. But that's about all I could say about why he became a Roman Catholic, and why he became interested in becoming a priest. When they arrived, into the back of the hardware store, I think he was now determined to make some sort of success out of this, and he really worked hard, and because he had an inventive mind and very capable hands, he started to develop all kinds of little things, and the most successful thing he developed during the late '30s was this sawdust burner that one could attach to the side of a wood-burning stove, and use sawdust from a sawmill- a waste product that the sawmill owners wanted to get rid of-so, he was able to get them sort of packaged and really, almost give them away to whoever would take them away. And he got this sawdust burner that was, you know, really- I guess, in many ways, he was ahead of his time, he was trying to save people not only money, but, to use waste material, and make use of it. And

this burner was quite a thing; he used to be able to control the temperature and everything - so, before the war started, he was just about at the point of becoming quite successful, starting with the Japanese community buying it, and then the outside community. Well, maybe I've said enough about my parents, except- see, Mother encouraged me to develop a kind of "gyroscope of the mind", and I don't know whether she knew what she was talking about, but, she always said, "Look, Junichi, in Canada, you've got to be more than twice as good as the average to be accepted. No, you've got to be three to five times better than these people to be able to get your ahead above the -." Well, Dad, on the other hand, was much more philosophical, to give you an example, at my graduation, high school graduation, he handed me an envelope. And for a moment, I thought, "Wow, maybe it's a cheque!" But this is shortly after the wartime incarceration, so, when I opened the thing, there was no cheque- this is 1949, when they were really struggling to start a new life, in Hamilton- but, it had a beautifully scripted poem, he was really good in calligraphy, English or Japanese, and this one was in English, and it said, "Into God's temple of eternity, drive a nail of gold." I thought about that for years and years, I still think about it, and our grandchildren think about it, and he wasn't telling me, "Look, Raymond, you're going to be an architect, you're going to design this temple," not that, he didn't ask me to build it, he just asked me to put one nail into this temple, and to be sure it's forged out of gold. And that poem sustained and propelled me, right through my whole career, and I used to think about it a lot.

PW: You said your grandfather was from a samurai family? In Kagoshima?

RM: Well, yes.

PW: So, you come from a lineage of samurai family, then?

RM: Oh, yeah. But, I should tell you more about Sachi and her family. Sachi was my wife, was born in Vancouver, virtually two years after I was born. Her parents, both of them, came from Kagoshima, so they were very good friends of my father, and the two mothers were almost identical in age- very young, you know, seventeen, eighteen, so they were very good friends. Well, Sachi lived on the same block, 100 Block West, and on the same side of the street. Now, the other side of the street, it was like no-man's land, no, no, no, you never go across the street [chuckles], and we used to think that was a complete no-no, [chuckles], it's like going to hell. So, we stayed on our side, so, we were in the middle of the block, Sachi's place was down the corner, so, we grew up together, played together, and, the first time we met was when Sachi was two and a half months old, and I was two- the parents were friends, they were getting together for a pre-New Year get together, on December 28th, and that's when we first met, in 1931. And, since then, we played together, we grew up together, and- until the wartime, and, when I was eight, I said to my father, after seeing play the *koto*, she used to be good at playing the *koto*, and she tap dance- she became my only Shirley Temple [chuckles]. "You know, when I become an architect,

I'm going to marry Sachi." And Dad thought it was a bit funny, I guess, and he said, "Oh, Junichi, you're only eight, you may change your mind," [chuckles] and I apparently got really, not hot-tempered, but, told him, "No, Dad, remember, I told you, I'm going to be an architect when I was four and a half, and after I become an architect, you now, and I'm sure going to be an architect, I'm going to marry Sachi." And he chuckled, and said, "Raymond, you're either going to be really consistent or really boring." [laughs] I still remember that! Anyway, the whole course of our lives would be totally different if I had changed my mind [chuckles]!

PW: Why did you decide at such a young age to be an architect?

RM: Well, I was just going to get to that- life with Mother and Father, up to four years old, was wonderful, you know, they looked after us, and I had a wonderful sister, two years younger, Jiyong [sic], and we were best of friends. Well, at four, I used to be pretty good at making models, apparently, and I used to make these balsam wood models, and put elastic bands inside, for the propellers, and cover it up with tissue paper, and I used to be able to fly this plane from the living room, and make it fly through the archway, and make it land on the kitchen table. Well, I was very successful at doing this several times, and, one day, I did the same thing, fixed the tail wind and adjusted the wings so that it would do the same thing. Well, this particular day, Mother went out to the back lane, and left the back door open, which changed the whole sort of air movement within the kitchen, and the plane, rather than swerving to the left, swerved to the right, and landed on top of the old-fashioned warmer that they had. Well, I should have waited for mother to return, but, I was worried about the plane getting burned up [chuckles], so, I got the tallest stool possible- which was a three-legged stool, which was really stupid but it was the tallest. I pushed it to the stove, and there was a boiling stew on top, and I climbed it, and as soon as I started to reach for the top of the warmer, the three-legged stool collapsed, and I guess as I went down, part of my body and clothes tripped the stew, and everything came down. Fortunately, the oven door opened, and my face was under the oven door, but the rest of my body was exposed, so, the back of my neck, my back, all the way down, my arms were really badly scalded. And apparently, Mother, I guess she heard the screams, and she came in and just about fainted when she saw my skin peeling off and all that.

Well, it was unfortunate, they had this white doctor- young, must have been very ambitious, and he talked them letting me try this special cream that was supposed to improve my condition very quickly, so, they agreed that my two arms would be the testing area. Well, I never got better, I got worse, and it festered and so, I was laid up, and I was almost like a puppet, a stiff one. And this white doctor just walked away, saying "Look, it would have worked on a white kid, not a yellow kid." And I guess, you know, maybe things like that still happen, but, in those days, my parents just bit

the bullet, and let him go. After that, they couldn't trust anybody, and so they tried to look after me. And it was really, in many ways, a warm time, because, every night, my Dad used to sort of scratch my back, which was slowly healing, but very itchy, and he read a book. So, I used to look forward to this, and even now, when Sachi scratches my back, it's like heaven, you know? [Laughs]. It's wonderful! I tell Sachi, "You know, sometimes, I think it's better than sex!" [chuckles].

And Dad, in order to keep me sort of aware of what was going on, he'd place the bed in one corner of the store, where people couldn't really see me too much, and I used to watch what was going on in the street. And there was a small- well, at the time, I used to think it was a castle going up across the street but it was a minor construction but it was wonderful, watching these men come with the equipment, digging for foundation, pour footing, start laying blocks, and it intrigued me. But, you know, a couple of times, there was this young-ish guy, with a pipe, and a row of drawings. He'd come on the site, and there used to be a big rock, on the side of the construction, and he would roll out these drawings, and then all the men would come around and surround this fellow, and the guy would sort of lean back and smoke his pipe, and then I see [chuckles] this wonderful curl of smoke, going into the sky, and every time he said something, all these men would nod, you know? And, I said to Dad, "Those guys all love this guy, can you find out who he is?" And Dad immediately went across the street, talked to the guy, and talked to the other guys, men you know, and came back, and I was really anxious to find out who it was, and Dad said, "Well, he's called an architect. That's what he said he is." [Raymond said] "Oh, he's an architect, well, I'm going to be an architect, too, because they all like him." [laughs] And so, four and a half, my life was laid out, simple: I was going to be an architect. And, at eight, my life mate was settled [chuckles]. So, life has gone very smoothly [smiles].

But, before that, four and a half, going onto five, I wasn't getting any better. So, this is in the middle of the Depression, you have to understand, my parents were having a really hard time, as, you know, everybody else was. But they decided Mother, my sister, and I, would go to Japan, and spend some time with Grandfather's good friend, who was a medical doctor, and get medical care for my burn. So, we went to Japan. My grandfather on my mother's side, Sejima-san, Sejima Grandpa, as I said, was a mining executive, but I think his desire was to be a poet. He used to write wonderful haiku, and I remember him as a really handsome samurai fellow, who believed in *bushido*, and wrote these fantastic haiku. He had a little platform in the backyard, and a little pond, and he used to go out there, and you know, sit Japanese-fashion, with the rice paper rolled out, and write - and I used to admire this, he taught me several things: one, to love nature. For example, he used to teach me about the moon.

One day, he called me out, and said, “Junichi, come over here,” “*Oji-san nandeska?*” “Look at the moon. What do you see?” “It’s round.” “Yes, it’s round. It’s a full moon tonight. What do you see?” And I start describing all the rabbits and things I imagined [chuckles], he was very patient. And later, my mother said, “Oh, Grandpa really got interested in your imagination.” [chuckles] And two nights later, he said “Junichi, come on out, look at the moon again,” [Raymond said,] “Wow, it’s not round anymore!” [Grandpa said,] “No, it’s not round. Now, Junichi, which is more beautiful? This moon, or the moon two nights ago?” [Raymond answered,] “The other one was round.” And before I could answer, he said, “Junichi, don’t you think this moon is more beautiful?” He said, “See, in doing something, you have to pursue whatever you’re doing, and aim for that perfect moon. But, for a mortal person, the result may be more comfortable if there is this magic imperfection.” And you know, [I] think about that for the longest time.

On another occasion, he gave me a handful of water from the small *ikez*, and I hold this water and I’m trying not to let it slip out between the fingers, and he said, “Junichi, remember, the moon shines in your handful of water, just as much as that ike there, and the lake over there, and the ocean. Just remember that. Anything worthwhile doing is worthwhile doing well, it doesn’t matter whether it’s big or small. It is important to do it well.” The lesson went like that, and it was really a wonderful learning experience. And then, he used to teach me, and my grandmother too, about the Japanese saying, for example, *saru mo ki kara ochiru*, meaning, even a monkey falls from a tree. Well, what it means is, don’t be arrogant [chuckles]. Nobody’s perfect, you know. And that’s a good lesson. Just because you’re a professional, don’t think you’re not going to fall from a tree [chuckles]. Or, [muri sunna?], don’t force it, or you’ll fail, you know. It went on and on. These are wonderful sayings, you know, sometimes only a Japanese can say it so well, it doesn’t translate so well, and, of course, he, being a samurai, taught me *bushido*, and *Chūshingura* was his favourite. We went to see the *Chūshingura* play, we went to see movies, and it is a wonderful thing, to learn loyalty and honesty and to sacrifice your life for what you believe in.

And, here was a grandfather who was able to give me a lesson that I wouldn’t [have] had otherwise, and he and I used to communicate until the wartime. He used to write to me in English, and I would write to him in Japanese. [Chuckles] Quite a remarkable thing, and during the wartime, we lost all that letters, which is a big regret. And I went to school during that time in Yotsuya, which is only two stops

² Pond.

away from the Canadian Embassy on the other side of Togu goshō³. It's kind of interesting, to realise that, somehow, destiny brings you back to a similar area, and, in fact, the Sejima's burial ground is in Aoyama, just around the corner from the Embassy ground. And I used to go there, at nighttime, specially during the Sakura season. Magic, and so peaceful. What can I tell you? Well, we came back to Canada, because I was getting better, and I guess mother wanted to be back with Father.

PW: How long were you there?

RM: About a year, not quite a year. And I was getting better, I was gaining mobility, and at the same time I had the chance to learn Japanese, which was important. Grade one, that stuck with me, so, when we were working on the Canadian Embassy, it was easy to add to it, and communicate with Shimizu [Corporation] And I used to tell the Shimizu people, "You know, I'm Canadian, so, my Japanese is going to be pretty crude." [chuckles] You'll have to *goman [shiku?] nasai*. And they said, "That's okay," and, I think in a funny way, they used to enjoy my Japanese [laughs]. I think they enjoyed the abruptness too. So there was a lot of things that, kind of, influence that Grandpa brought to bear, especially about how I feel even now, even more now, about nature, and what's important in life. So, when we got back to Vancouver, I think Dad was happy to see us, but he was still struggling, and for a few years, I tried to help Father, but [I was] still young. At nine, he used to take me to various places, especially to help him with the sawdust burner, and, one day, we were going to New Westminster on a tram, and the tram used to take off on Hastings Street, and go east on Hastings and Main Street, and then turn towards to the right, to the south, and I used to say to Dad, it's kind of interesting like Hastings Street is largely business stores, and my favourite library is on the corner, Carnegie Library, and, I used to think, in those days, "Boy, if I can design a library that big and wonderful, oh, my life will be fulfilled!" Well, it wasn't the greatest building [chuckles], but, in my mind, it was terrific. And then, the tram would go down towards Chinatown, and then we'd get to C.P. railway station, and then there was some open space, and I look back, and I see the twin sisters [mountains], you know, across the inlet. So, I said to Dad, "Dad, I'm going to be an architect, but who thinks about cities?" And Dad said, "Well, they're called planners." [Raymond said,] "Well, okay, after I become an architect, and marry Sachi, I'm going to be a planner!" [laughs] So, it was this additional thought. And I was really amazed at how some people do think about a city, as architects think about buildings. What can I tell you more about those days?

PW: Did you go to Japanese school in Vancouver?

RM: Oh, yeah, I used to go to Japanese school after Strathcona [school].

PW: So, you went to Strathcona Public School?

³ Known today as the Akasaka Palace.

RM: Yeah, I went to Strathcona Public School, my sister and I walked six blocks, four times a day. The whole city was a resource; every once in a while, we'd have a penny, and we would sneak off to the side street, to a Chinese store, where they had the ginger for a penny a bag [chuckles], and that was our big treat. We used to enjoy the whole city. Every day, at exactly- I think it was four o'clock; we would be seated in Japanese school, on Alexander Street. We had Mrs. Sato -. At the same time, my next-door neighbour, across the alleyway, Noburo [last name redacted], I think, there was a young boy, Noburo, and he was a brilliant student, and we were the best of friends. And our two mothers had this game going, they made us compete against each other to see who would get the highest marks. It started in Japanese school and extended into Strathcona, and all that- but, Noboru and I were smart enough to know what the game was, but, you know, we agreed that we were going to do our best, but we were going to stay very good friends [chuckles]. Sometimes Noboru would get better marks, and sometimes I'd get better marks, and we always kind of laughed at keeping our mothers happy, but we knew that the most important thing for us, even at that age, was for each one of us to compete with our own selves; if anything, we'd push ourselves. Noboru, after the war, because of his age, he went with his parents, back to Japan, because, Noboru was a frail person, it didn't take too long before he became sick; not used to the kind of food that they had, and, he passed away. And he always wanted to be either an engineer or some sort of a physicist, or a teacher. And I've always thought it was a great loss, to his family, and to the community in Canada, because we lost a great mind. So, you know, you have to question what the hell governments do. And then, during the war, as I'll tell you about the tree house, I built- I used to call it a "magic tree house"- and, shortly after that, the war started- PW: How much do you remember about when the war started?

RM: Oh, yeah, I remember quite well, really well, what happened to us. I know that things were starting to look up for my Dad, and he could see that light at the end of the tunnel, but, December 7th, that day was really a disastrous day for all Japanese Canadians, and, I guess, there were many people- many issei maybe more than nissei-who really were for Japan to win, but, for most of us, like my mother used to say, "We live in a democratic country, things happening overseas to the Jews and others will never happen, this is democratic Canada". She used to almost pound it in us, so that we believed it.

But the war came, and things became quite different, and life became real. Shortly after the war started, my Dad was given about two or three days' notice to take a train to a road camp; the whole idea of "separate and conquer" became a kind of a theme. And, based on no knowledge, the Canadian government knew nothing, except for a preconceived notion, and even the military stated that they don't see any threat coming from the Japanese Canadians. I think most of us remember that,

but, only a few handful in B.C. pushed, and it was based on greed, self-interest, political motivation and the eastern politicians just willy-nilly accepted that, accepting the fact that the Japanese Canadian's situation was a "minor incident" in the life of Canada, and they didn't really care, and this lead to a few people pushing for the idea. It was really unfortunate, but it's a reality that happened. I won't name names, but it really is unfortunate. And of course, King [William Lyon Mackenzie King] was such a wishy-washy Prime Minister, who just sat there on the fence and see which way it was going to lead, and then he's take the winning side.

When the notice came to Dad, I was twelve. And, he said, "Junichi-," and this happened in the back of the store, in the workshop, in the semi-darkness- he said, "Junichi"- he usually called me Raymond, but, in important situations, he always called me by the Japanese name-"Junichi, I have to tell you something. You and I are going to have our first man-to-man conversation." And I was so proud that we were now equal, you know? And, Dad said, "I got a notice today to go on a train, and I'll tell you that I'm going to resist." And he said, "I'll give the reasons: one, your mother is pregnant. And, I cannot close the hardware store in two days." And, in many ways, this whole action was predicated on a contradiction; Canada's gone to war, based on democracy and individual rights, and here at home, it's a total about-face situation, and he said, "I have to fight the contradiction."

Well, at that point, I was more proud to be made equal, and Dad's telling me all this, it wasn't a pleasant talk, but, it was a man-to-man. And I thought, "Here's a father who never spanked his son, taking a very firm stance that he's going to fight the government." And I was really proud of that. Well, a few days later, as you can imagine, three Mounties came, out of uniform, and two of them took Dad- I just happened to be home that day and Dad walked out to Cordova Street, very proud, didn't look back, between to tall Mounties and we didn't know where he was going. And he did say, "I am not going to know what's going to happen to me, or the family, but I have to do this, I've got to fight the contradiction." So, I watched him, and I was really proud of him that day.

And then this third fellow [R.C.M.P. officer] stayed behind, I guess he thought we were all bloody spies, and he started telling us, "You cannot communicate, you cannot write to Japan, we'll be watching." And he took everything that we could communicate with, including my crystal set that was attached to the kitchen radiator [chuckle], and he left us one telephone. And this is still the store, and he took all this, but the last comment he made, and his gesture, was really frightening, and it still sticks in my head: he pointed down [chuckles], because, I'm twelve, and, with a long finger, he said, "If we see you outside after sunset, you will be shot". And

my mother was really shocked, and after he left, she said, "Oh, this is Canada." And my father was right; the bloody discrimination, a contradiction, and "You're not worth anything."

So, I tried to run the store, with Mother, who knew nothing about the store. I was trying to sell a pen [chuckles], you know, a pocket knife, that's maybe worth a quarter, for a dollar and a quarter, and I sold a kitchen stove to this kind man, who showed all this sympathy and "I'm going to help you" kind of thing, for four dollars. Well, the creditors were after us, and mother said, "Junichi, I can't stand all of this horrendous commercial raping that's going around you, so, I want you to stop. It won't be worth anything after all this experience." So, she said, "I think I'll have an auction." Well, there was a lot of fly by night auctioneers and the legitimate ones. I don't know we had, but the auction was quickly set up, and after the auction, the money was confiscated and who took it, there's no receipt, and that Mountie who took things didn't give us any receipt, he may have taken everything and pocketed it himself. It was a pretty dismal scene, you know. If Canada tries to defend itself, legally, you know, there was nothing much he could have defend. Well anyway, we didn't get any receipt, we were just told it was against regulation.

So, that night, it was really sad, the four of us; my mother, who was then turning thirty- I used to think she was so old, but thirty is a young person [chuckles]! So, the four of us got together, brought out every bit of money that we had, we opened our piggy banks, and counted everything. I counted mine twice Mother counted everything maybe three times. Her thirteen years in Canada amounted to \$34.92. That's not much, you could say. And we had lost everything. So, we said, "Okay, we'll get up and go".

Next day, my mother disappeared with Margie [Raymond's younger sister]. Margie was 4 years old. So, Joan [Raymond's older sister] and I, we said, "Oh, they went shopping," we didn't think much more, until sunset. They didn't come home, so, we started to worry, but we didn't dare go out, either, because you could be shot. In those days, the Chinese used to wear a plaque, saying, "I'm Chinese, not a Jap" and you can't blame them. So, that night, we started to worry, you know, maybe they stayed with family friends, so they wouldn't be shot. Well, we phoned around, including Sachi's, and nobody saw them. So, the next day, we went looking around, thinking there must be somewhere, but we couldn't find them. That second night, we really worried, maybe they've been shot, all this imagination running wild. Next day, we were in tears, we ran around the community asking people, and nobody knew. Then, I looked in the kitchen cupboard, and there was a jar with \$30, exactly

\$30 in it. And I thought, "My god, maybe she committed suicide." Because, why would she leave \$30 and take the rest? So we really started to worry.

But then, just before sunset, my mother came home, gaunt, she'd lost her stomach, and Margie was on her back, strapped. So, we were elated, so we made tea, and we never asked her where she went. When she asked, "Did you worry?" we said "Oh, a little bit," [chuckles] trying not to make a mountain out of it. The fascinating thing is, she never said anything, except to say, "Junichi, I'm sorry, I lost your little brother." I don't know if she had a miscarriage or if she had an abortion- I didn't know anything too much about self-induced abortions. I never did ask her. I did think she was planning to commit suicide.

[End of part 1]

[Start of part 2]

RM: Well, 60 years later, my sister, Margie, was in town, and she was telling me about this nightmare she's been having off and on, all her life. She's falling into this whirlpool, a dark sort of a hole, and she never reaches the bottom, she always wakes up in a real start and a sweat. So, all of a sudden, it all came back, so I said to Margie, "I think what happened to give you that sort of a nightmare is the time mother and you disappeared in Vancouver, because mother knew all about the whirlpool in the middle of Lions Gate Bridge." Because, before the war, we went to look at it, and when you look at it, it's like "Come on down", you know? It's not hard, it's almost like hypnosis, it wants you to jump. Well, I said to Margie, "You know, mother had known about this whirlpool, I bet what happened was that after she had an abortion, she must have somehow struggled, with you on her back, strapped, got to the middle of the bridge, and she was going to jump. And she must have gotten over a higher railing, to look over, and I bet when she leaned over to look at the whirlpool, you nearly slipped out. And that's my take on the scenario of what happened, and why you have this nightmare." And my sister said, "Oh, my gosh," she never had the dream again. It just disappeared. Well, she told me that, I don't know, but she said she never had it again. So, when they came home, I didn't even tell mother that I saw the thirty dollars, because talking about possible suicide wouldn't make it any better. Then, a few days later, my mother said, "We have to go to Hastings Park, we don't have any money", so, we made arrangements to go to Hastings Park.

PW: So you did go to Hastings Park?

RM: Oh, yeah.

PW: Even though you lived in Vancouver?

RM: Oh, yeah. And we were told "Four suitcases only, one per person". I think we took all the wrong things, you know, stupid short pants and [chuckles], letters and

photographs- now, you know, with experience I know that photographs and letters are more important than any underwear, but, that's what we took.

Hastings Park was an astonishing experience; see, because I was twelve, mother had the choice of having me with her in the woman's building, or send me to the boy's building. Well, I wanted to go to the boy's building! But, mother had the final say, so, I stayed with Mother. And we were given a horse stall, for the four of us; two narrow bunks on each side, you know, well you've seen pictures of it. So, you know, we were directed to this particular horse stall, I don't know the number, and we put down the suitcase on the upper bunk and the four of us, two on each side, sat down, feeling really pretty low, to now have a home in a horse stall, we were feeling low. But then, all of a sudden, our eight eyes went to the corner, to the head of the bed, and we saw hundreds of bunks, maybe thousands of them, creeping up and down the corner, and that, I felt, was the lowest point in my life. And I think we cried for about an hour. You know, Dad's gone, my mother lost my brother, and to be in this place, with bugs crawling all over your head but then, after an hour, my mother got up and said, "*shiyō ga nai*", it's a wonderful phrase, basically saying "that's it, now let's get off our ass and move forward," you know? *Shiyō ga nai*, it's a wonderful phrase. And, she went to the commissary and got the strongest insect repellent and came back, and sprayed all over, sprayed the mattresses, and I still remember those bugs, I don't know whether they were the biting kind, but, it didn't matter, it was just a low point in life.

PW: When you were growing up, before the evacuation, what kinds of friends and activities did you do?

RM: Oh, yeah, well, our activities were really, well, good and bad. Once we came back from Japan, I was much more able, more flexible, so I used to play with the kids, and did all kinds of things. Everything was handmade, you know, kick the can, any can, it didn't matter, big ones, small ones, and that was a wonderful game. And we used to have can races; we would get a can, stomp it onto our shoes, and run like hell and have a race, and all the parents used to hate the noise [chuckles], you know, on the sidewalk or in the alleys, and we had an empty lot next to our alley, and the city dumped concrete blocks and road asphalt- it was really dangerous, but, we used to think of it as a castle and we'll play. And one time I fell, and hit the asphalt, and you can still see a bruise, a cut, I was bleeding like hell, so I'm cupping my eye, and the blood's streaming down, and I went home, and my mother nearly fainted, she thought I'd lost my eyeball [chuckles]. So, we had all these things going on, and we used to make our own roller skates, these box-car, and nail on half a roller skate in the front and back. With a pair of roller skates, we had a wonderful wagon. The worst game that we used to play was canko [sic], they used to have a truck lane with all the base, and the whole thing was concrete, and it was a wonderful sort of a

hockey area, on roller skates. Ah, we used to think that was wonderful! But, Mother [chuckles], and our parents, would curse at us, because we would come home with ripped pants and scraped knees, and [chuckling] all kinds of things, but, you know, those were the kinds of games we used to play. And behind the Japanese school, there was pretty high grass, a weedy area, we'd play hide-and-seek there, and I think the Japanese people, you know, the school people didn't like us doing that that much. And, of course, we used to visit each other a lot, you know the kids, and I used to play with Sachi, we'd play jacks or skip rope, and she used to hate cats in those days, and I used to pick up an alley cat and put it in a paper bag, and give it to her, and the cat would jump out [chuckling], and she'd call me "bozo, *yancha*," and I said to myself, "I think at least she likes me, otherwise she wouldn't call me names." [chuckles]

PW: Did you have *hakujin*⁴ friends as well as nisei friends?

RM: Well, very little, because Strathcona School was mostly Japanese and Chinese. And we only had one kid- one boy, anyway, maybe a couple girls, but, we didn't play with girls- I think his name was Bill, and he was a very light-coloured, skinny kid. And he was the only one I knew, because, after school, we had Japanese school, and after Japanese school, I used to do kendo. Not to be good at kendo, but to be flexible. And I'd watch the Asahi team, and I was very good at playing marbles, we used to play keepers and I used to be proud of myself, all these marbles into my pockets [chuckles]. So, these were the kinds of games- and, there was a Catholic church across the ground, to the west of Powell ground, and we were sent there as young children before public school. And I used to hate it! And I think my sister hated it, too, because the Sisters will always made you feel small, they always talked about what kind of martyrs they were, serving these Jap kids [chuckles]. Oh, it was a terrible sort of a feeling that you had, that these were God's people and that's when I started to lose interest, in the Catholic kindergarten, and it may have been erroneous, but, as a kid, you don't see any kind nuns, so, these were some of the impressions- and, when we weren't playing, we were trying to raise money to go to movies.

So, Saturday morning, we'd go fishing for perch, get enough, and go to the fish market and sell them for whatever it was, I can't remember, five cents a pound? And we realized that if you catch too many, the price goes down [chuckles], so, "What's the right amount?" Those were always interesting; you'd look into the fish market to see how many perch were on the counter [chuckles], and sometimes we'd wait until it diminished [laughs]. And, it didn't take much to go to a movie, our theatre used to be one cent, at one time, and it went to two cents, and I nearly cried [chuckling], and

⁴ Referring to non-Japanese person.

then, it was two [tickets] for three cents, and I never took Sachi, because I knew that her father would never allow his daughter to go out with such a yancha, go to these terrible movies, like *Green Hornet*, *Flash Gordon*, [laughs] we'd watch these weekly serials. My favourite was *Tarzan*, at the time.

PW: What do you remember about food, in those days?

RM: Well, my mother was interesting, I think it was the way she was raised; there were only two fish [chuckles] that she used to buy: tuna and salmon. The rest were garbage [laughs], and I had very little other fish, until I married Sachi. It's fascinating, that my mother thought that that was it, and I think we ate more meat than most people, but, meat was hard to get, and expensive, so, I used to go and get these perch, but she would never cook it! [Chuckles]. One time, Dad and I dug up one sack full of oysters, and we thought, "Wow, that's great," but, after two days of oysters, it was just sand in one's mouth [laughs]. Oh, and we had fried oysters, and pickled oysters, and all kinds of oysters, and I said to my mother, "I'm never getting oysters again unless we buy in the store." [chuckles]

PW: Okay, then you were in Hastings Park, and what happened after that?

RM: Well, it's interesting, because every week we used to be able to go out, and, because we had very little money, we used to walk, usually to Powell Street, meet our friends, and it wasn't always pleasant, because you'd encounter all these nasty comments from the white [people]. Maybe Canada hasn't changed that much, but, it was a nastier time. And, one day, we put our best clothes on, and we had a photographer take our picture. He did it for nothing, because he knew our situation, so we could send a well-dressed picture to Father, to show him we were okay. And, on one occasion, we walked down the street, to Sachi's store, and the Miyochi's had a confectionary store, and it was dark, and they were gone. And my sister, Joan was worried, "Oh, where did she go, are we ever going to ever see them again?" And my mother said, "Well, yes, we will see them," but you know, we weren't sure so that was the last-. So, what happened to Sachi was that her family went to Alberta, to Welland, to a sugar beet farm. My wife's feelings about those days are much more positive than mine; she felt the Mormons understood them, because of their previous discrimination they received, so, she really had nothing but good things to say- Sachi always has nothing but good things to say about people [laughs]. She's so gracious, gentle [smiling], in many ways, too genuine, she thinks highly of everybody [chuckles].

PW: How did you feel about discrimination when you were in B.C.? How did that affect you?

RM: Well, the interesting thing is, I guess until the wartime, we really never did expect too much, because we were basically isolated, the Japanese Canadian community was almost talking architecturally isolated, like a column, and people chopped at it, the column came down, and it didn't affect anything else, because it

wasn't connected. So, in many ways, the connection to the outside world was limited, as a child, until you started to grow up and you realized what's going on. And you start reading all the political comments that people made, so, at the time, as a youth, I didn't think much about it. But, I knew that it was there.

PW: How long were you in Hastings Park?

RM: Oh, I can't remember exactly, but it wasn't all that long, maybe a couple months?

PW: You said you were allowed to go out to the streets, even though you were in Hastings Park, was everybody allowed to go out in the streets?

RM: Well, I think they were, but some people never did go out, they felt insecure going out. We went out, because it's like getting fresh air.

PW: And did you go as a group or individually?

RM: Just as a family, we never went out with a group. I don't know whether mother felt it was safer just as a family, rather than a group going out, like a sort of gang.

PW: Right. So then, tell us about what happened after Hastings Park.

RM: Well, my mother spent an enormous amount of time thinking about where to go. See, we were Roman Catholic, so, we were basically supposed to go to Greenwood, but Mother didn't want to go to Greenwood.

PW: Why?

RM: Because she felt that too many of the Catholics were catty. Not that other places weren't just as bad. So, she decided to go to Slocan, and I don't think it was much better. In fact, when we went to see Greenwood, after 25 years, 50 years, and found it much more pleasant than where we were. Well, we took the same four suitcases, and boarded a train close to Hastings Park that day, and we took off to Slocan. We used to call it the "Slocan Go" [chuckles], because the train was so slow, and nobody wanted to think about tomorrow, and we never knew where we were going. When we got to Slocan, that particular day was really beautiful, and I thought Slocan city itself, which is a sort of silvery city, because people didn't paint the buildings, so the wood was a silver colour, and I thought it was quite beautiful, this city beside Slocan Lake, Slocan River, and I thought, "Oh, it's quite nice, it's better than the treatment we were going through in Vancouver." But that wasn't the destination, they loaded us up on a truck, and we went to Popoff, and we were given - we were given a room, on the second floor of this bunkhouse, it was a freshly-built bunkhouse, no acoustic treatment, but visually, it was private, but, acoustically, you could hear everything that went on [chuckles].

We were on the second floor, and I started to work immediately, for five cents an hour, digging ditches and digging holes for outhouses, and soon, they made me I guess a "straw boss", you know, looking after two or three guys, and I didn't mind at all. But, all the kids were smoking hand-rolled cigarettes, and so, [chuckles], one

evening, I said to my mother, "I'm now working, and I'm looking after the family, and all of the people working are smoking, shouldn't I be able to smoke?" I had never smoked before, and I don't know why I asked my mother, because I was expecting her to give me an argument not to smoke, but my mother was very smart, she said, "Yeah, you're the head of the family, you're looking after us," - five cents an hour, you know, the government took two of those cents, the first pay check was less than four dollars [chuckles]. So, mother said, "In fact, Raymond, you should smoke right now, I'll get you a cigarette." So, she went next door, got a cigarette and a match, and came back, and put the cigarette in my mouth, and lit the match, and [chuckles] [said], "You got to suck in, suck harder, suck harder." And I start to feel - this was a bought cigarette, kind of crummy cigarette and I'm smoking away, a quarter way, halfway, and I said, "Mom, I think I'm going to be sick," and I dropped the cigarette, and I ran down the stairs, and out to the outhouse, and barfed all over! [Laughs]. I didn't smoke until I was 27.

That was a very good lesson, so we always did this with our kids. As soon as they could understand, okay, we smoke, and Mom smokes, and we sometimes take a drink, so anytime you want to have a drink, or a cigarette, we will not stop you, but we want you to have the first one with us. None of them smoke, none of them take hard liquor- they might drink wine or beer, but that's it. So, I thought, well, anybody who's got kids coming up, it's a wonderful way, you know, it doesn't allow them to hide behind a barn door or behind a garage, having a secret cigarette. So, at the moment, our grandkids don't smoke, none. Ten of them don't smoke yet. Well, the youngest one is eight, so, I don't know- these are really good lessons but, I became an expert on outhouses, and my friend, my two good friends were George [full name redacted] and Glenn [full name redacted], Glenn is now retired and lives outside of Ottawa, and George has passed away. The last time I saw George, I went to visit him in Vancouver- do you know George?

PW: No.

RM: He had a club foot, and he was the best mentor I ever had, and I still admire him, for taking abusive comments and being able to laugh it off, and some of the comments kids would make to make him chase them, because he would be so awkward, and I thought, "Wow, that's really wonderful." So, I became very conscious of physically challenged people very early, and I said, "When I become an architect, I'll have to make sure -." Did you know we were some of the first ones to make that a standard? I bet you didn't know that. We set up a standard, for the Ontario Science Centre, and then I went around, talking to developers, to organizations, about looking after the physically challenged, and some of the rules were pretty crude, you know turning radius and all that, I'm sure most people don't know that. And it doesn't matter who started it but ah- And George had this wonderful sense of humor,

and I used to admire him for it, you know; if you're handicapped and people make fun of you, to be able to overcome all this by having a sense of humour. In fact, one time, George and I [chuckles] had this funny thing- were you in Slocan?

PW: We were in Tashme.

RM: Oh, well, in Slocan, this hakujin farmer, I don't know if he was Doukhbor or not, he shot a Nikkei boy for stealing an apple. Well, he was really abrasive, "Damn Jap kids", and the boys said he didn't steal the apples, he just picked up the ones on the ground. Well, the guy is giving the implication that he was taking it off the tree, so, we sort of sided up with the boy, and said, "We'd better teach this guy a lesson". So, this was about two months before Halloween, and so, we watched him, [chuckling] every day, every chance we had- when he came into town, when he came home, you know, he had no conscience about talking badly about "the Jap kids", "Japs in the town" and all this, he comes around, selling apples and stuff, taking our money, so, we said, "We should teach him a lesson." So, we decided we'll do it on Halloween so we watched him. The conclusion we came to, was that the only thing that was constant was every night, at nine o'clock sharp, no miss, he would come out to the outhouse. And he never carried a flashlight, never carried a lantern, he obviously aimed for the outline of the outhouse. So, George and I said, "Okay, we know exactly what to do."

So I gathered all these two-by-fours and we were going to nudge the toilet over [chuckling], so the opening was in front. You can't miss. So, we pictured him coming out at 9:00, 9:01, he's close to the hole, and ten seconds later, he slips into this hole, and gets covered in slop and well, you know, and the smell! All over, because of this sloppy condition, and he'll be yelling and screaming, and the wife comes out, and she's sort of happy, "Oh, George got what he deserves!" [Laughs] And so, she doesn't pull him out herself, she goes back into the house, and gets a long rope, and a clothespin, and puts it on her nose, and gives him this rope, and then she ties it to a tree. And she'll be snickering and laughing, happiness all over [chuckles]. And it was funny, because, we were ready, and could've done it, and nobody would have known. But then, the day that we were going to do it, that morning, George says to me, "Ray, if we did this, does the farmer go to heaven, and we go to hell?" "Hey, that's a good thought, lets think about it", "Well, we could go to hell for being so bad" [nods], you know, this is 12 13 year olds talking." George, maybe it's better if he goes to hell, and we have revenge from heaven." [laughs] So, call this the "revenge from heaven incident," and so we never carried it out. And I hope the guy's in hell, right now [laughs]! But George and I laughed about it before he passed away, and I can still hear his "hee hee hee", how he used to laugh, and I thought, well, I'm sure George is in heaven, looking down and looking at the farmer way down below [chuckles].

I had good friends, you know, Min [full name redacted], Peter [full name redacted], and Jim [full name redacted], who passed away, they all did well, Peter became a principal, Min became an architect, but, it's kind of a strange situation, I kept more in touch with the teachers, and I hand it to the teacher for really doing a superb job. Because some of the teachers were only a few years ahead of the students, they were young, but they were so passionate about teaching, and to teach well, and our teacher, the one that I always think about, is Hida [full name redacted], who passed away. And she used to invite us at night, to go to her place and we'd have a good time studying, and she really taught me the difference between teaching and learning- she was teaching us to love to learn. And teaching is like pressing from the top down, whereas learning comes from the inside. And so, I became really interested in education- most of architectural jobs are in the area of learning, whether it's formal or informal, it's in the area. So, that's why, I guess, when I went to university, I became interested, in terms of physical things, I wanted to do three things: one was to design a city hall, all about democracy at the municipal level, and museums, informal education so that you could change the world for the better, and the [cathedral?] really, all about new way of approaching things, new way of thinking. It was all about equality. It was all about justice. It was about inclusion. Every person, sort of healthy and with respect and we're all equal. And also, to change the approach to architecture, and that's why we were very interested in [Miessen?] and also the whole idea of bioremediation, which has been such a success that they slowly ask us to do things that we shouldn't normally be doing like tiny [undecipherable]. But what more can I say? So, we were then moved from Popoff to Lemon Creek, to live with this family-

PW: How long were you in Pop-Off?

RM: Oh, a very short time, I can't remember how long, but, it seemed very short. I started to work, and my sister and I used to play together, baseball, and all that.

Lemon Creek was a disaster.

PW: Why?

RM: We were- I guess I don't want to remember the family's name; we were put in with this family, and the houses were basically 28x14, outside dimension, and the inside would be 13 x13, and we had one bedroom, another bedroom, and a communal kitchen. Well, we were sharing this, with this family, but the guy was a lecher, like, there were a lot of people trying to be a tiger, [chuckles]. Well, my mother, I thought, was wonderful, she said, "I'm not going to tolerate this", so, she went to the Commission and told them that- she didn't name the guy, but she said, "I want to move." So, we spent that time in the rink, in a tent, for a little bit. And we loved the tent, because it was more spacious [chuckles] than the house, and it was ours, you know? The whole four walls were ours, we loved it. Then, we were moved

into Bay Farm, on the Fourth Avenue, the very last house. And everybody used to say, "Oh, you're lucky, you got the biggest land for vegetables," and all that, and I said, "Are you crazy? Where's our tap?" [chuckling] The last tap was way down, and we were then put in a place with the Oyama's- I don't know if you remember Oyama [full name redacted], she used to be a cripple, and she was short, but she was a wonderful singer, and a teacher. So there's another teacher there, you know? And the sister was Oyama [full name redacted], and so, the three women and the four of us shared this house, fifty-fifty. And we made that 13 x 13 really do amazing stuff [smiles]. But it was so bloody badly built that air used to come through, and I used to go to the lumber yard, and steal lumber, and I got to understand insulation, like crumpling newspaper was absolutely amazing insulation, then I got some tarp paper, and it was smelly, but, it was better than the wind coming through. I put some wood up to about here [gestures], just enough to keep Mother and the three sisters, who slept in a double bed, warm. And I had a double bunk, and we made that 13 x 13 really do a lot.

But, as you know, they only had two sets of *ofuros*, and the ofuro that I was supposed to go to from the Fourth Avenue was on Second Avenue, and I guess we could've gone to the other one, there was a women's section and a men's section. Well, the first couple times I went, the young kids would look at the scars on my arm, because it never really got fixed, and they would say, "Oh, he's diseased, don't touch him!" And then the older people, you know, even adults, would start to make comments, so, I said to Mother that I thought Canada was my enemy; they took my Dad and I lost my brother, we were in this place, and I'm really depressed and I think I would walk into a gas oven without hesitation, if there was one. My own community was almost worse enemy than the country, so, I was in a pretty depressed mood. But, you know, communication with Dad wasn't very positive, because by the time you send a letter, it gets all censored, he gets it, he sends a letter back, it's all censored, and I kept some of the letters, it's almost amusing, you can't understand what the hell he's saying except I used to tell my mother, "Oh, I got a letter from Dad, he's still alive!" [laughs] That was the good news.

So, I said, "I have to take action myself," and I never told mother, I decided to go to the river and take a bath. By this time it was pretty cool, but it was better than hot tears. And I built this platform where I could look around, and see if people were coming, on the other side of this little mountain, and when people weren't coming, I would strip and jump into the river. I took my mother's soap, and I always put it back where it was, so she never knew I was bathing in the river. If she had known,

⁵ Japanese bath

she would've been terrified [chuckles]. But, Peter, I start to look around, and nature was so beautiful, and I started to sort of look at a lot of little details, and I started to realize that man's perception of nature is really wrong- this is me at 12 years old. People talk about a frightening storm, beautiful sunsets, but nature looks at it and it's an even balance; there's nothing really frightening about the storm, and the sunset is beautiful because there's dust in the air, and so on. But, because it was so beautiful, I thought, "Gee, this part of Canada is really beautiful," so, that's when I decided to build a tree house. And, what I learned about the tree house, because I only had an axe for a hammer, and a saw, half a dozen spikes, and I had a rope, so, I had to build this with all of that, so, I built this, and it was really a struggle, and I built a tree house, basically about 6 feet, by about 5 feet, and the southern end was open, so I could get the sun, and largely, most of the top part was evergreen, and most people never knew that there was a tree house, it was like camouflage. I went to the sawmill and got a few boards for the bottom, because those evergreens are sticky [chuckles]. So, you know, I learned a lot about economy of means- I mean, I had no money, so I built this out of nothing, and it was a great influence on the way I practice architecture. When I was in university- did I ever told you that I never used more than one roll of yellow tracing paper. I used to erase them, and reuse again. I was able to think everything through in my head, and then put the final result on the piece of paper. Nowadays, I see [chuckles] people, if they use paper, they make a few scratches and they go, "Argh!" it doesn't give you a cringe, but before, you know, I cringed at the waste. That tree house, for me, was magic; it was my university, my place of solitude, my place of solace, and I never told anybody about it, so nobody ever shared that thing, because, I was afraid of committing sabotages [chuckles], if I told mother, and my mother kept it a secret, if she got caught, I didn't want her to be put into a prison or a work camp, just like Dad, and we would have nobody, so, I never told my mother. Even today, I told before that I did do this but she never knows that I went for a bath in the river [chuckles].

PW: But, in the wintertime, did you still do that?

RM: No, I didn't, because what happened was, this ofuro man somehow found out about my situation, I don't know how and one day I'm walking on this dusty road, and he comes up to me, and said, "You can come and take a bath before or after, whenever you want, I'll wait for you." Because, by this time, I had this other job, which was a carpenter's helper, sometimes I'm early, sometimes I'm late. But then, mid-winter, it was really terrible, I used to have this job of supplying water to the mess hall. So, I had to take these big tanks on a sled to them, and go to the lake and go out, and it would be frozen solid, of course, and chop and then I'd slosh around and take it to the mess hall. As a result, my shoes would be like a chunk of ice, and usually, because of the mess hall situation, I would be late and he would wait for me. So, we became kind of good friends, and I used to call him "Oji-san" and I think he

really liked that I used to go and help him whenever I could. And sometimes I would have to thaw my feet, with the ice on the boots, and put it into the warmer [chuckles], the burner, and I think he was kind of sympathetic about what was happening to me, so, winter time was good. I loved the wintertime, because, if there's no wind, I used to look at the moon, and it would be really silvery, and I could hear the sound of night, somebody on the wagon or something and it was really wonderful. And the whisper of the river, you know? So, all these things I enjoyed, but one of the most important- well, several important things- was that I learned to fly, mentally. Being able to look up and see. So, as a result, I drew a map of Bay Farm, I drew 2. 1 I can't find along with the one with the names of every family living in Bay Farm, but I have the other one, with the location of the tree house, which is a little dot, because I thought, "If I ever get caught, I'll just say it's a slip of the pencil." [chuckles] But the most important thing was, because I was able to look down at the ground. [Undecipherable] not only animals and all that but also how water flows and you know, after it rain.

I said to myself, "Every square foot of land underneath the tree was different, absolutely different." So, I said, "When I become an architect, I have to take that into account, I will never impose my will," because, I was learning by then, if the government had listened to us, and learned from listening carefully, they would have taken another course of action. So, I developed this idea of the 'three L's: listen, learn, and maybe when I become an architect, earn your leadership. But the more I thought about it, every place is different, every people that we encounter are different, and process is different, every program is different, and the philosophy will be different. So, I said, "I will never be a dogmatic, egocentric person: this is my dogma" [chuckles]. Here's my design. Because, you know, a lot of the heroes in architecture are dogmatic assholes, they don't solve the problem really intimately, they don't listen, they do their thing. The ROM [Royal Ontario Museum] is a good example. It's bullshit architecture. So, a lot of things that enter into my architecture, I think, started when I was 12 years old.

In fact, the War Museum, the first sketch I made was a sketch of a sound, did you know that? It was a sketch of a sound that I remember from the tree house; one night, the breeze was going through the tree house, and the internment camp, wartime, and I was imagining a battlefield, with two sides, at night, and the two sides are tired, the soldiers are all afraid, they're uncomfortable, and they're mucky, and this breeze that's going over the top of them, sort of giving the impression that these two sides want the whole thing to disappear, that there's peace. So, it's the sound that I remember, and Regeneration Hall is about sound. So, twelve-year-old, sixty years later- well, more than sixty years later [chuckles], it comes back. I always

feel that you can't make anything that young people say, you can learn a lot from what they're saying. So, listen, learn, you know.

PW: So, did you go to school in Bay Farm?

RM: Yeah, but, you see, I went into grade 7 but there were no classes for the longest time. The school got built, and then we went back, and we were one of the first families to move out of [the camp]. My dad sent a telegram saying, "I'm free" send a letter and-

PW: So your Dad never joined you in Bay Farm?

RM: No. The basic story is that the people who were looking after the camps in Petawawa, they went to Angler first, and then they went to Petawawa.

PW: Was your Dad in Petawawa, too? Why did he end up in Angler and Petawawa?

RM: Yeah. I have no idea, really.

PW: Because, do you think it was because he was resistant to what was happening to him? Because those people are the ones that they targeted to put into these P.O.W. camps, as I understand.

RM: Well, he was in a P.O.W. camp.

PW: Yeah, but, there's a reason why he was, and do you know why he was, though?

RM: Well, because he basically said, "I will fight the contradiction."

PW: Okay, that's why, okay. That's why he was there.

RM: You know, he wasn't just being belligerent but he had a cause. But, the people there, in Petawawa, realized that this man is a peaceful person, if they let him out, he's not going to go and bomb the railway yards [chuckling], or some plant, he'll be better off if we sent him off to do constructive work, rather than, you know, staying in a camp. So, they just let him out.

PW: Did he ever talk to you about his experience in Angler or Petawawa?

RM: No, the only thing I would know is, other people have said, because the one incident that he did talk about was that there was a shooting, and he had a bullet that went into the mattress below him, and he kept that bullet until he passed away. Then, somehow, it disappeared. But, I don't know whether he ever felt he won or lost, because, when we joined him in Hamilton-

PW: So that's where you went, to Hamilton, after his release from Petawawa?

RM: Well, he was sent there. So, when we joined him, in February, March- I can't remember the date, in Hamilton, I know it was a bloody cold day, and we walked to the [chuckles] rooming house, and we had a two-room attic space, on Jackson Street, which was replaced by the City Hall, the Hamilton City Hall. But, at the time, it seemed like the brick building was quite something, compared to the wooden shacks we were living in. And we used to think that, when we first came east, we were one of the first to leave the camp. And, oh, everybody warned my mother that we'd be killed in the east [chuckles], stories like that, but my mother wasn't going to be dissuaded not to go. But we were really shunted back and forth, because, you

know, we had no schedule, it took a long time for us to go from Slocan to Hamilton, it wasn't a straight line. And we were on a very old rickety [train]- I think it was used by the loggers, half of the chairs were out, and there was a big warmer, one of those pot-belly stoves, at one end, with a bunch of logs piled up on the other side. And we were the only ones, no blinds, nothing. The only place we had privacy was in the toilet [chuckles]. But even at that, it was really dark and almost dismal. As we were coming across, [chuckles], I guess the worst was when they had the Jap family movie, wherever we stopped, there'd be faces of lots of people, obviously we went down from Slocan to Nelson, B.C., and then across towards the east. As we got to Alberta, people who were there were looking more friendly, and some of them passed us food; by the time we got to Hamilton, my mother was thinking, "Gee, we better ration some food, or we may not have enough to eat". It was an interesting experience- obviously, the war had a tremendous impact on my father: first of all, his dream of ever becoming an engineer was now, at 39, trashed. And maybe starting a new life from nothing was really difficult, and living in an attic space. And out kitchen was a little thing, like this [gestures], on a stair landing, my mother said, "If it smells good, don't step back, because it's a long way down!" [laughs]

PW: When you were in Bay Farm, were you working at the same time?

RM: Oh, yeah.

PW: And then, but, were you going to school?

RM: Oh, yeah, as soon as school started.

PW: And that's when you stopped working, and went to school.

RM: Yeah.

PW: And how many grades would you have gone to?

RM: Well, see, it was grade 7, and I wrote my exams, because B.C. had this test to see where you should be, and we left for Hamilton. So, when we reached Hamilton, I was in that funny sort of period, you know, 14, not really feeling secure, not feeling to bad but Hamilton was a strange place. Being the second Japanese Canadian family, we were looked upon as freaks. And I was the first Japanese Canadian high school student in Westdale- and, during the wartime, that's not an easy thing [chuckles].

PW: Speaking of Westdale-

RM: Well, there was a Mr. Herbie [full name redacted], there were two teachers; first of all, there was a Mr. Cavanaugh, a principal of Ryerson Senior Public School, and I told Dad, "I'm not going to go to school, it's not really worth it," because my Dad worked two jobs, he was helping in plastering the construction jobs, he was a labourer, and he was also working at night, in a restaurant to get additional fund, and my mother did housework, and one day, because there was some sort of an emergency, I can't remember what it was, and I had to go and see her. So, I took a bus, and then I saw her on the floor, scrubbing the basement floor, and I told Mom that she's got to quit this, it's not for her, and that's when I felt that it's not worth,

you know, serving this community, it's a bloody farce, trying to do good, so, I was starting to lose interest in schooling. Not architecture, but schooling. Then I received this notice, saying that I should be in grade 8. Well, Dad took that as a good excuse to get me to school, but he didn't think I would make grade 8, he took me to the senior public school, to meet the principal, Mr. Cavanaugh. Mr. Cavanaugh was a good guy, he said, "Oh, you only have two months of grade 8, you'll never make it, so, you might as well go into grade 7." So I said, "I beg to differ," and Dad was shocked [chuckle], that I said, "Okay, Mr. Cavanaugh, if I don't make it, I'll go back next year and go into grade 8. This way, I'll work like hell, and see if I can make it; you haven't lost anything, and I have everything to gain by working hard." He took notice, and my Dad thought I was being arrogant, but I wasn't, I don't think. So, Mr. Cavanaugh said, "Okay, we've got a deal, but there's one additional condition: you have to play baseball for the school team." And this was two months away from the regional finals [chuckles].

Well, we won the championship, I caught a ball that made the difference, you see, I was on the outfield. So, he was wise, he introduced me not as a Jap, with slanted eyes and buckteeth, talk funny and all that but as a guy who could play baseball, you know? And I made grade 8 in two months, so, he congratulated me and I went to Westdale. So, that was wonderful, he could've been belligerent, or whatever, he could have refused to let me go. Grade 9, I think both the classmates and I were not sure of each other, and our class teacher was called Mr. Herbie, he was a physics teacher, and the first day, he said to the class, "Raymond Moriyama is new in this school, and he's Japanese and born in Canada. If you have anything against him, you have to come through me first." Tiny little teacher, and chubby, and I thought, "Wow, that's really fantastic, he didn't have to say that." So, again, a good teacher made a lot of difference in my life, and there were other wonderful teachers, like Mr. Valentine, who was a tiny, thin. What was he teaching? Biology or something. And the lab table, he would just about disappear [chuckling] behind this lab table, and one day, he was on his tiptoes, and said to the class, "I guess I didn't eat enough spinach," [laughs] and we all burst out laughing, and I can still hear his comment [chuckles], "I guess I didn't eat enough spinach." So, there were a lot of good teachers along the way, and of course, my Dad's poem, at the graduation, was something that sustained me. And Westdale made me one of the thirty, what do you call it, inductees into the Westdale Hall of Fame.

PW: Honour Roll?

RM: Yeah. It was good.

PW: Sorry, just to go back a bit, in Bay Farm, did you feel you were more of a loner? Because of what you were exposed to, with the other kids-

RM: Oh, yeah, I tended to be a loner, because I didn't want to share the tree house with anybody; I didn't talk about it including my mother or my sister, nobody knew about it.

PW: But you found your solace, your home, in the tree house.

RM: Yeah. For me, it was just a place where I learned a lot-about myself as well as nature. The amazing thing, Peter, is I never read one book in that tree house, not one. And that's when I started to understand the whole philosophy of phenomenology; you discover things, and then you discover the next thing, and you build on all this. I still do that, you know, the philosophy of phenomenology is about the best thing I've learned, in that tree house in nature. But I was definitely a loner.

PW: So then after Westdale, and high school- you had a fairly good time in high school? What was your experience in high school?

RM: Well, I don't know if I really had a good time- first of all, I was bright, first year out of 628 students, I came first. Second year, I came second, got the silver medal [chuckles]. And third year, I got bronze, I started to get interested in other things, like girls [laughs].

[End of Part 2]

[Start Part 3]

PW: So then after Westdale, you went on to U of T⁶?

RM: U of T. And, it was a new experience; I had to do everything [chuckles] with a limited budget of ten dollars a week, no more, not a cent more. So, that included food, board, and all the paper, the books, pencils, whatever else. So, I really learned to economize [laughs]. Like I said before, I used one roll of the cheapest tissue paper, and I made it last five years. Wow, I bet that's a record [laughs]!

PW: Well, I guess at ten dollars a week [chuckling], you have not much choice!

RM: Well, I used to walk over to Sachi's place- in those days, there were only two things: Sachi and architecture. And they were really good days.

PW: So, when did you end up meeting Sachi [again]?

RM: Well, that's a good question, because what happened- it sounds like a boast, but, one day, I was in first year, I was at the Hart House, and there were six niseis there, mostly medical students-people like Rick, I can't remember the others, maybe a couple of engineers- and they were talking about this girl that they were trying to take out to roam around, and they were all confused [laughs]. So, I'm saying, "Well, who's this?" "Oh, Sachi Miyochi" "Oh is that right? You guys all got turned down?" [laughs] Well, I said, "Let me give it a try," [chuckling], so, I was smart, I phoned up Mr. Miyochi, and went over, and got reacquainted as a family friend, and I always

⁶ University of Toronto

knew that Mr. Miyochi basically liked me. So, I went to see him, and of course Sachi was there, and I thought she really looked beautiful. That was the end of that first night. A few days later, I phoned up Mr. Miyochi, and I said, "There's this dance around the university that I'd really like to take your daughter," knowing that he apparently he slammed the phone on some of the guys [laughs], I was waiting for the phone to [making sound and motion of a phone slammed], but that didn't happen, and he said, "Okay, as long as you get her home before midnight." So I said, "yes, I'll do that." So, I took her out, and she really looked gorgeous in the moonlight, just like my grandfather said, "Women look best in moonlight and one candle." So, my heart was set, and then I took her out, the next time, to Palais Royale, for a dance, and I had to get a job plastering to make some extra money, then I borrowed Dad's car, and I took her out, second date, and I proposed to her.

PW: Wow.

RM: And she said yes! [Smiles] Except, she said, "But I don't believe it." [laughs] So, that's how we got together. So after that was basically, we walk over to Sachi's place, and I would think about design in between too while I am walking.

PW: So, where did you actually live, when you were in Toronto?

RM: Oh, first of all, Jim [full name redacted] he and I shared a place on Classic Avenue, which is just west of the university, which is now gone, and Mr. and Mrs. Atori, they were really good, and he and I shared a room, up in the attic space, very small, but adequate, and we paid four dollars a week, including breakfast [chuckles]. So, Jim was interesting, because Jim always had this interesting thing about a hand coming out of the water, so, he didn't want to be beside the window. So, I didn't have that kind of problem. And, the second year, he moved to residence, because he had more money than I did I guess, and Atori-san moved, I guess the university gave them a good offer, so I lived with the Hamasaki's. And Mrs. Hamasaki was a flower arrangement teacher, and Mr. [Hamosaki] was, by then, retired. And they were on Nassau Street, right close to Western General [Hospital], off Bathurst. So everyday, they were really kind, and they treated me like their son, they gave me a whole room on the second floor, for four dollars a week [chuckles], and I tried to help them with things around the house, and by this time, Peter, I was really almost neurotic, I had a bed, I had a chair, three boards, and that was it [laughs]. So, I could draw, and set whatever spare stuff on the bed, and Mrs. Hamasaki was really good, she used to, after flower arranging class, she would give me the flowers, so I had flowers to brighten up the room. So, this bare room was brightened up by the flowers.

This went on, and I used to walk from their place through Kensington Market area, and I told my friend Frank, "You know, you and I never saw the same thing!" You saw the wired fence and you know, the [carp?] and I [undecipherable] chicken. So, it was kind of amusing that he and I are the same age, and he grew up seeing different

things. And Frank is interesting; he said to me that if he'd stayed in Toronto, he wouldn't have been an architect, because he wouldn't have made it, academically, he wouldn't be able to get in. Luckily, he went to California, and I still have this fond set of feelings for the Kensington area, and the Chinatown- Sachi and I go to Chinatown quite often, to Lee Garden, the best Chinese food.

PW: So, you graduated from U of T in architecture-

RM: Can I tell you something? It's about Eric [full name redacted]. Well, Eric was a teacher, and the first year we were there, the first class we had was with Eric, and he said, "Okay guys, I want you to write an essay on "Why I want to be an architect". It's due next week. Oh, shit, you know, I don't know anything about architecture, I don't know who the heroes are, what architects really do, I really didn't know. But, I knew that I wanted to be an architect [laughs]. So, I wrote, and I guess I wrote it passionately, why I wanted to be an architect, and explained some of the reasons, and I thought, "Oh, god, I think I failed." Well, two weeks later, after we handed it in, there was a class with Eric, and I thought, "Oh god, I got an F," well, he came before the class started, and said, "Raymond, it was the best goddamn architecture story I've ever read!" I was shocked! I said, "Oh, I really don't know too much about architecture," and he said, "You've given a very good reason for why you want to be an architect, the best I've read. You get an A+." [Smiles]. A+! Oh my. And after that, I guess you could say he was on my side.

The second year, for first year, I guess I won some award, and I had to pick it up at the O.A. Convention, and I had no idea what the bloody O.A. Convention was all about, all I knew is there'd be some architects there, so, it was held at Royal York, and I went down there, and the best thing I had then was a tweedy brown suit, and brown pants, which were slightly short, because it was all from high school days, and black shoes, it didn't quite match. So, when I landed on that floor, at the convention, and the elevator door opened, and all these people in tuxedos and tails [laughing], and I'm shocked, and I was just like that joke the comedian tells, sometimes you think the whole world is in tuxedos, and you're a pair of brown shoes [chuckles]. So, I was about to turn around, but my feet were nailed to the floor, because, the \$200 [laughs] that I was supposed to receive that night was important for me to carry on, and I was kind of hesitant about not knowing what to do. Eric comes over, and he said, "Raymond! Congratulations! Come and join me at my table." [Raymond responds,] "Yes, sir." So, we walk across the floor, and I'm feeling really embarrassed, like I was the only fur seal amongst penguins [chuckles]. So, we sit down, and I guess the table is for ten, and everybody's in black, except for me, and I'm really feeling uneasy, and Eric introduced me to everybody, I don't remember any of them, and then the soup arrived, and it was not tomato soup, it was much more elegant, and Eric is sitting beside me, and he gets a handful of crackers, and

dumps them into the soup [laughs]. And I said, "My god, Eric is really trying to help me," so, I grab a handful of crackers too, but not as dramatically as him, you know, and I felt much better. And at intermission, or whatever it was, I went up and received my award, and I still remember that.

Eric was interesting because after I graduated, I got out of second year- maybe you know this story- I was working in construction in Hamilton, and I received a phone call from him, and he just happened to catch me, and he said, "Raymond, how would you like to work for me this summer?"⁷ This is after second year, and I said, "No, sir," and there's dead silence on the other end, and then he said, "Why not?" "Because you won't pay me enough, and I need the money to go back to school." [laughs] Another silence. "If I made it worthwhile, would you come?" "No, sir." [laughs] "Why not?" "Because the summer time is the only time I have with my parents, and I like to be here." "Well, what if I paid your way?" "You mean every day?" "Yeah, I mean every day." "But that's really tough on the body, I still don't think I should work for you." Then there was another silence, and Eric said, "Raymond, I want you to talk to your father," so I said, "Yes, I will," and "Call me back!" [laughter] And I said, "Thank you, sir!"

Dad came home, and I told him what happened, and for the first time in my life, he gave me shit. Before that, he never ever said "Raymond, you're stupid" or "Junichi that's not right" or anything. So, I phoned Eric back, and said, "Sir, I talked to my father, and he gave me real shit." [chuckles] "Good! When can you start?" "Well, I think I can start the day after tomorrow." I have to give my notice tomorrow. So, that day, I took an early bus, and I was in the office by nine. Eric was there, and they had an office on Bedford, right on the corner, and he showed me around the office, which was in the basement, and then he took me up to the second floor, and he said, "This is your working space," this beautiful, big second floor, with a big window where he set this drafting board, with an adjoining bathroom with a big tub, and I asked, "Is anybody else here?" [Eric responds,] "No, you're the only one." After that, every day, at eleven, he would come in, and we would have a discussion about our architecture, everything from columns to door hinges, all kinds of things, and most of the time it was a good discussion, but sometimes we used to get into heated arguments- I think every meeting, he enjoyed it, as much as I was learning. One day, [chuckles], I waited, and it was eleven fifteen, eleven thirty, twelve, twelve thirty, and he doesn't show up. So, I thought, "Well, I'll have my lunch and take a bath." [laughs] So, I fill this big tub, and I was just about getting settled in this warm, hot bath, when I hear, "Raymond, where are you?" [laughs] Eric was there, so, I said, "Sir, I'm in the bathroom," so, he

⁷ Back and forth conversation between Raymond and Eric.

comes in, doesn't even say "Oh, you're naked," or anything, he just sits on the edge of the tub and starts talking about columns [smiles]. And I said to myself, "Of all the days to be talking about columns, erect columns, tilted columns, diagonally-cut column." [laughs] It was really funny, keeping a straight face, and the office at that time had a diagonally-cut column, which I think was really a bloody waste of [space], my sense of economy and such, so, we were arguing about that. Next day, somehow the column disappeared [laughs]. So, the whole summer went like that, and, you see, I had never realized, until later, that Eric really thought highly of me, and I was told that there was quite a discussion at the school, whether I should get a 100% in design or not. And, I think, in the end, everybody agreed that nobody's perfect, so they gave me 98% [chuckles]. Anyway, I reacted so badly after that, I'm a belligerent little kid, you know? And he paid me so well! I was getting as much as a grad student!

PW: Wow.

RM: So, you know, he made it possible for me to go back to school, but maybe the most- I could tell you all kinds of other stories, but, I'll tell you the most meaningful story about Eric: when I decided to go out on my own, I talked to Sachi, and Sachi was absolutely marvelous, and I told Sachi, "I have, between you and I, we have \$392, and we have two kids. And there might be another one coming. And I really have this urge to go out and make my mistakes, what do you think?" And do you know what she said? She astonished me, she said, "Do it. The worst thing that could happen to you is that you go back and work for another architect." What more can a wife say to encourage her husband? So I said, "Okay." \$392, even in those days, was really nothing, you know, maybe we could last a month? Lost fifty dollars for the deposit on the telephone which made me cry, and then I had to pay fifty dollars of my share for the drape [chuckles], that was another fifty dollars, and then I had to buy a door, and I made a drafting table, and that cost me so much more. And I said, "Sachi, we have little more than half, do you think we could last the month?" [chuckles] It's crazy.

So I told Eric I'd decided to hang up a shingle, and I gave my two weeks' notice, and I was going to start business on the first of May, the worker's day. And I didn't say anything else, and, I guess two or three days later, I heard on the street that Eric gave me a maximum of half a year's survival. So I was very curious, so, I went to Eric and asked him, expecting that he would deny it, but, this is Eric, he said "Yes, I did say those things." So, I said, "Can you give me three reasons why?" [chuckles], and he said, "Ray, I'll give you four". So I said, "What's the first reason?", and he said, "You're too young,"- I was about 28. And I said some stupid thing, like "Age is no sign of maturity," something like that, and I asked what the second reason? "There's a recession," and I said "I don't know a recession from a hole in the ground." [chuckles]

So I said, "What's the third reason?" and he said, "You don't have enough capital." But he expected me to have more than \$392. So, I said, "Well, you could be right, what's the fourth reason?" And he said, "Because you're a Jap." So I said, "Well, I think more of Canadians than you do." And Eric said, "You go out there, and they'll strip you alive." And he could be right, you know? It was another Canada [at that time], and I wasn't in a partnership with *hakujins* or anybody, I was starting out fresh. The first invitation I had to come and speak to them came from the Board of Education, in Toronto. And I went down to see them, and I don't know why the guy would invite me, because the first thing he says to me is, "We don't give jobs to enemies." Obviously, he's thinking about the Hong Kong situation, so, I said, "All I can say to you is that both the Canadians in Hong Kong and the Japanese Canadians in Canada were the victims. I want you to think about that," and I left, I didn't think it was worth arguing about. But it wasn't an easy time.

PW: Were there any other Japanese Canadian firms practicing at that time?

RM: Well, Matsui was with the group, and-

PW: Was there any other Japanese Canadian firm?

RM: [Shaking head] Not on their own.

PW: Yeah, because he was in a partnership, wasn't he?

RM: Yeah.

PW: What year was that, when you started?

RM: Was it 1956- no, '58, sorry. Because I went to McGill for my Master's. [chuckles] To follow up with the promise I made to myself, to become a planner. Yeah, it wasn't easy.

PW: I'm sure it wasn't.

RM: Yeah. And one time, I was giving a talk at University of Waterloo I think, and this student gets up and said, "Oh, you're famous, you can do anything," [laughs] and I said, "Well, it's nice of you to think so, but, the reality is, it's not true."

PW: So, now you're going to be into your eighties now, what do you plan to do from now on?

RM: Well, my first task is to look after Sachi. And I've started to write a book for the kids, the grandkids. It's not a book of lessons, what to do or anything, it's going to be a straight story, and also, I get caught up in all kinds of things [chuckles], they want some advice on the west wing of the apartment building, so, I go to these meetings, most of them are non-paying, and some of the friends are dying- [undecipherable] just passed away, same age as me, so I went to his celebration of life, and then I got caught up in that, I was just expecting to pay tribute by going and meeting the family, but, I got called up as "the oldest friend" [chuckles], and it is true, this is going back to my high school days, in Hamilton. So, I thought, "Woah," a lot of people had their

⁸ Referring to non-Japanese person

speeches ready, but I got called up. So, things like that are happening, and trips are side-issued, like a trip to Japan was instigated by our grandson, and-

PW: Just to go back, just to get your opinion, what did you think when the redress movement started?

RM: Well, at the time, there was kind of a split between two groups; people who felt that the money not clean, and all that. But, Canadians are North Americans, and this money exchange wasn't settled, you know, words are easy, which is true. I guess I felt that the redress itself was necessary, but I wasn't quite sure whether I wanted to get paid or not. But, I thought, legally, it would be best if there was some payment. But, you know, \$22,000 is peanuts compared to how much people lost, so, I didn't feel too badly about the amount. I felt sorry for George [full name redacted], do you know George?

PW: I don't know him, but I've certainly heard about the stories.

RM: Once I ran into him at the clinic, and I guess he's getting some sort of a treatment, and I feel badly, because he looks almost, you know, really crushed, I don't think he has to feel that way. He was pushing what he believed was the true course and a lot of people were pretty aggressive, like Roger Obata. At the time, I debated whether to join the cause or not- I was working on something, and I couldn't do it. And of course, this may sound crazy to you, but the reason why I decided that I would ask Ted to become a partner was another way of testing Canada, it was really a test: if they don't accept two Japanese names, that means we haven't advanced very much. And of course, I was told by several people, "You're on a disastrous course, you're just moving into an area of failure," and I said, "Well, let's see what happens."

PW: Because you had a Japanese partner? Really?

RM: Oh, yeah.

PW: That's interesting, I never would have thought in those terms, as a test to see how the Canadians would take two Japanese, as a practice.

RM: Yeah, for a little while, people used to say, "Oh, it's a Japanese company."

PW: But by that time, you were fairly successful as a practice, weren't you? I mean you'd done several jobs on your own.

RM: Yeah, but that was a point for some people, "You're successful, why shoot yourself in the foot?" Interesting, eh?

PW: Yeah, very interesting. I would have never known that was the reason why you did that. I mean, Ted's a really good guy, on top of that.

RM: But Ted and I never really talked about it, you know, because it was a decision I had to make, to ask Ted, and it's been a great partnership, sometimes I feel that we've tried pushing Ted's name, but we've never succeeded in getting him an Order of Ontario, Order of Canada, we've never been able to successfully do that.

PW: I think it's getting pretty late now, so I won't keep you any longer, so, it's been great, Ray, and I certainly appreciate the time you've taken to have a talk.

[End of interview]