第一章
戦時下  
収容所時代

オーストラリアの日本人
一世界をこえる日本人の足跡
1867-1998
オーストラリアの
日本戦時強制収容について
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Wartime Internment of Japanese in Australia
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Japanese including those of Japanese origin were interned in Australia after Japan entered the World War II. The total number was about 4,300 including overseas internees who were arrested outside of Australia and its territories. They were sent to three camps depending on their living areas, status and gender. In the camps uniforms and plenty of food were supplied. They enjoyed sports and gardening and they operated their own ethnic public school under their own management. When almost all internees were repatriated after the war everyone did not have similar circumstances. It meant for those who were especially sent from the islands in the Pacific Ocean that they never returned to their family. Nevertheless internees lost their assets when they were arrested and the movement for compensation did not appear at all in Australia. This was in sharp contrast to deals with USA and Canada.

(This article is taken from "Unwanted Aliens: Japanese Internment in Australia" written by Yuriko Nagata.)

日本の太平洋戦争突入により北米・東南アジア・オセアニア・太平洋諸島など世界各地で日本人・日系米国人が敵性外国人として抑留された。アメリカ・カナダの日系人収容については比較的よく知られているが、その他の地域の事情はあまり知られていない。アメリカ・カナダは日系人のみで収容所(以下キャンプと呼ぶ)に収容したが、オーストラリア政府は枢軸国側全国議会(日独)を抑留の対象とした点で異なる。しかしながら、オーストラリア政府は日本人・日系人収容には強硬な手段をとり、ドイツ・イタリア系の検挙率31〜32%に比べ日系は97%と高い。また、ドイツ系、イタリア系の女性は危険分子とみなされていた以上は検挙の対象外であったが、日本人女性の場合は全員強制収容された。この理由は第一にやはり白人主義を唱えるオーストラリアの「黄祸思想」の幻想が日本の真珠灣奇襲攻撃により現実化したことで、反日政策が強化されたことである。第二にそれまでの戦争が通彼方、ヨーロッパで戦われていたのが、日本参戦により戦場が自分の国土に接近し、パニック状態になったこと、第三には当時の日本人・日系人社会が小さく集中していたこと、そして第四にはオーストラリアは第一次世界大戦のときも民間ドイツ人を抑留した経験があり、用意周到であったことなどが理由としてあげられる。

オーストラリアは自国の敵性外国人だけでなく周辺の英領・仏領・仏領地域で検挙された抑留者を各連合軍政府の要請で受け入れたため、全国17ヶ所にキャンプが建設され、総数約1万7600人の敵性民間人が抑留生活を送った。うち国内で検挙されたのが約半数である。

オーストラリアで収容された日本人・日系人は国内で連行された者が約1140人(以下国内抑留組と呼ぶ)、それに英領インド諸島、ニュージーランド、ニューカレドニア、太平洋諸島などで検挙された後オーストラリアへ移送された者が約3200人(以下国外抑留組と呼ぶ)の合計4300余人。彼等は明治期以降から大正・昭和のいわゆる南洋ブーム時代に日本を離れた移民労働者若しくは駐在商社員、銀行員で单身者の男が多い。長期滞在者のなかにはそれぞれの土地で家庭を持つ者もおり、オーストラリアや英領インド諸島・ニューカレドニア生まれの二世・三世も共に抑留された。また当時日本の統治下であった台湾・朝鮮からも南洋へ移民が出ており、台湾人400余人が英領インド諸島で日本人として逮捕され国外抑留組の数に含まれている。朝鮮人に関しては、日本名を使っているため数は不明である。

オーストラリアへは1880年代頃から真珠貝採取業、次いで砂糖及び農園の契約労働者として多くの日本人出稼ぎ労働者が渡った。戦前、真珠貝産業で栄えたオーストラリア北部の木曜島・ダウィン・ブルームの町にはこうした労働者を中心
に日本人コミュニティーができていた。抑留された日本人女性の中には単身女性も何人かいたが、彼女らは明治中期から後期に東南アジアからこれらの日本人町に流れていった元からゆきさんたちである。砂糖及び栽培業にも日本人が多く従事し、クイーンズランド州の北東部の町ケアンズ・タウンズビル・マカイ周辺の農園に雇われた。しかし、1901年、オーストラリア連邦政府が移民制限法（白民主義政策）を設けた為日本人の入国が制限されたが、日本人バイアーワンではなくてやっていけない真珠貝産業に限っては、一定数をもって日本人労働力を引き続き受け入れた。1920年代には豪の経済関係が発展し、兼松・三井・三菱など商社や銀行がシドニーーやメルボルンに支店を設け、駐在員が渡った。このような短期滞在者に加え、長期在留者や定住移民を含め、在豪日本人は1941年7月現在、1,175人（16歳以上の男女）で、その外に領事館や公使館関係者が21人いた。翌月の8月には商社駐在員は各社に1～2人を残留させほとんどが日本に引き揚げ、太平洋戦争勃発時には在住の日本人・日系人は三つのキャンプに収容された。

ニューサウスウェールズ州のヘイキャンプには真珠貝採取のダイバーらが集められ、その他の単身男性は南オーストラリア州のラブデーキャンプ、家族組と独身女性はビクトリア州のタツラキャンプにいれられた。しかし半年後、駐在商社員・銀行員・領事関係者867人が日豪の捕虜交換船で日本へ帰った。引き続きキャンプに抑留されたのは出稼ぎタイプの労働者若しくは定住移民だった。

抑留に対する不安や怒りは比較的平穏無事な収容所の環境の中で次第に薄れていった。オーストラリア政府はジェンヌ条約捕虜取扱規約に基づき抑留者取扱に十分気をつけた為、キャンプ行政に対する不満はすくなかった。抑留者はオーストラリアの軍服を葡萄色に染めたユニフォームを支給されたが棚内では私服が許された。食事は豊富で主食はもとよりバター・ミルクもたっぷり支給された。肉の配給を減らしてもらい代わり米を増やしてもらうなど、食事その他のことでキャンプ管理本部は抑留者運営委員会の要求を極力受け入れてくれたようである。

キャンプの運営は抑留者にまかされており、棚内ではかなり自由が許され、単調なキャンプ生活を紛らすために、相撲・野球・テニスなどのスポーツや庭園などが盛んにおこなわれた。日本の年中行事に加え、毎年12月8日には真珠湾攻撃を記念し特別な式典も催された。抑留者の子供の教育は抑留者に任されていたので、ルサラのキャンプでは児童のために学校を設立し、ルサラ国民学校と名付けた。英語・インドネシア語・フランス語を母国語とする2世たちに日本語教育と皇民化教育が行われた。青年団も結成され軍隊の訓練がいじいじの教練が行われ日本精神の高揚に努めた。鉄条網の閉まれたキャンプ生活の中で、抑留者の大
半は愛国心を精神的な摂り所とした。しかし、監視役のオーストラリア軍将兵はあまり抑留者の生活には干渉せず、これを静観していた。元将兵の証言による青年団の軍国主義的な内容には気づかなかったようである。

ドイツ系・イタリア系抑留者はよく脱走を企てたり抑留者同士のいがみ合いや思想的な対立による殺人事件などキャンプ本部の手をわずらわすこと多かった。それに比べて日本人キャンプはいずれも「捕虜の手本」と評判が良かった。元抑留者も当時のキャンプ勤めのオーストラリア兵は朗らかで親しみやすかったと言っており、平穏無事なキャンプ生活がうかがえる。

1945年8月15日、日本敗戦のニュースを知らされた抑留者の胸中は様々であった。玉音放送がキャンプで流されたが、日本の敗戦はデマだと信じない戦勝派が存在した。戦勝派とニュースを信じ終戦を喜んだ者との感情的対立がしばらく続きキャンプ内が緊張したが、これといった事件は起こらなかった。本国送還に対しても抑留者の気持ちは複雑で不平が募った。祖国日本への帰還を喜ぶ者もいたが、抑留者の多くは戦前の居住地への帰還を希望した。しかし、国外抑留組は一、二の例外を除いては全員曰く強制送還となった。その中には戦前30〜50年日本を離れている老人がいた。特に悲惨なのは、太平洋諸島から運送された者は現地に妻子を置いていたままオーストラリアで抑留された為、戦後強制送還は家族の分裂を引き起こし、彼等は戦後の大混乱で妻子と再会できないまま日本で孤独な死を迎えた。

国内抑留組のうち、オーストラリア生まれの二世・三世及びオーストラリア生まれの子供をもつ親たちは強制送還を免れ居住が許された。その外の長期滞在者は居住年月の長さにかかわらず全員送還された。西オーストラリア州の金鉱の町カルガリーで検挙された老人は、キャンプ本部へ出した願書で次のように訴えている。「50年前にオーストラリアに来た。洗濯屋やホテルのコックなどいろいろやって、金鉱の町を転々とした。日本には妹と弟がいるはずだが、今どうなっているかわからない。自分の財産は家具が2、3点と衣類ぐらいだ。カルガリーの洗濯屋のマスターが身元引受人になってくれる。カルガリーに戻れれば一番いい」。70歳を過ぎたこの老人にとってキャンプを出ることとは、一人暮らしに戻ることを意味した。キャンプではこのような同じ境遇にある老人がたくさんいた。日本への送還は終戦の翌年1946年2月、光栄丸と大和丸で行われ、3月には台湾人と朝鮮人がそれぞれ台湾と朝鮮へ引き揚げ、送還は完了した。

オーストラリアで社会復帰を認められた人々は直ぐには解放されず、2年間キャンプ生活が続いた。日本軍下で虐待されたオーストラリア捕虜の帰還で反日感情が満ちており、元居住地に必ずしも戻れた訳ではなかった。オーストラリア生まれの二世の中には、戦後しばらく日系であることを隠し中国人の振るいをした人もいる。ほとんどが強制収容により家屋・家財を没収され、経済的・精神的に苦痛を味わった。アメリカとカナダでは戦時収容された日系人に対する戦後補償がなされたが、オーストラリアではドイツ・イタリア人を含む戦後補償の動きは現れていない。

「Unwanted Aliens: Japanese Internment in Australia」(UQPress, 1996)より。
太平洋戦争

日本の新婚さんが、Vサインでポーズを取る、グレートバリアリーフ。そのカメラのレンズの視界に広がる海は、珊瑚礁である。

珊瑚礁海戦。
1941年12月8日、日本海軍機動部隊の真珠湾攻撃で、太平洋海戦の火蓋は切って落とされた。タイ、ビルマ、マレー半島、シンガポール、フィリピン、インドネシアと、瞬く間に日本軍の支配するところとなる。撃えた連合軍の捕虜は25万人、撃沈した敵艦は105隻、日本側は戦死7000人、失った艦船27。

勝利に酔いしれた日本では、「太平洋を制圧したら米国と終戦交渉に入ると」という開戦当初にあった計画を口にする者は、一人も居なくなってしまった。

ラパウルに強力な基地を建設した海軍は、飛行距離内にあるニューギニアのポート・モレスビーが目障りでしようがない。フィリピンからオーストラリアに逃げ込んだマッカサー将軍は、何れ準備を整えて反撃に出てくるに違いない。

1942年5月8日、ラパウルを出発したポート・モレスビー攻略輸送船団は、珊瑚礁で待ち受けていた米機動部隊と戦闘に入る。海戦史上初めての空母対空母の航空戦で、米の空母レキシントン、輸送船、駆逐艦各一隻が撃沈、日本も空母「祥鳳」が沉没、多くの飛行機を失い、ポート・モレスビー攻略を顔て撤退する。破竹の勢いの日本軍が、初めてストップを掛けられた。

海路からの攻撃を諦めた日本軍は、東海岸から山越えの攻撃に転じ、ココダ・トレイルで豪軍と対戦、ここでもストップを掛けられる。

日本軍は後から後からと16万の軍隊をニューギニアに送り込むが、補給が続かず、玉砕寸前、終戦によって僅か1万人が死を免れる。15万人の日本人が、ジャングルの霧と消えた史上最悪、地獄の戦場であった。あまりの悲惨さに、事実は極秘として歴史から抹殺されて、知る人は少ない。
1941（昭和16年）12月13日、午後2時頃、サンパン沖の操業を終え木曜島に入港すると、旋回機械を据え付けた武装ランチが接舷してきた。程なく税関桟橋に上陸させられ、豪州兵の護衛で約1キロの道を歩き、臨時特設キャンプに収容された。

12月23日、「ジーランディア号」に乗船、年が明けて元旦の早朝、ハーバーブリッジの下を通り抜けてシドニー埠頭に接岸。ここから輸送列車に乗り換え、翌朝10時頃、シドニー西方、内陸に650キロのヘイに到着。

我々に入ったヘイ第6収容所は、周囲約2キロ、高さ5メートル、三重の有刺鉄線を張り巡らし、外側3ヵ所に高さ10メートルの建物を高臺に建て、24時間中哨兵が監視していた。キャンプ内には36棟の小屋、2棟の食堂、2棟の炊事場、事務所、簡易病院施設、売店所があり、約1000名が収容されていた。1年1棟で管理が置かれ、28名が収容された。

この先住者は驻在の各商社、二世の独身者、ニューカレドニアからの人達であった。団長は日本紅花の三宅さん、副団長は三菱商事の三輪さん、事務長は兼松商店の加野さん、事務員には巻野、石童、立松さんがいた。

私は中村保男、松村喜美男、塚本清之助達と共に第25宿舎に入れた。上下二段の金網ベッドがつつずつ二列に並び、ベッドポットが敷いてある。これに軍支給のグレイの毛布を覆い、他に支給された一枚の毛布で包まって寝るわけである。

見渡す限り広漠たる原野のところどころに森があり、家があった。マレー川の支流、マランビジー川が近く流れているが、この流域には逆戻りが密生し、これが帯状となって地平線に続いていた。

食糧は毎日、翌日分が確実に届けられた。牛肉、マトン、魚、牛乳、パン、小麦粉、果物、バター、チーズ等など。新聞は毎週の上、一部切り抜きをして入れられ、図書も日本大使館に所蔵していた数百冊が差し入れられた。

ほどなく日豪抑留者交換により、日本大使他、商社関係者数名が帰国した。

当番の日と点呼以外は全くの暇で、マージンをする者、読書をする者、テニス、野球等スポーツを楽しむ者、色々の細工をする者など様々で、ニューカレドニアから来ている人達によって広められた丁半バカチも盛んであった。

平穏太平洋の1年有余が過ぎ、突然起きたのがPOWJM（Prisoner Of War, Japanese Marine）位置づけのための署名と処遇問題であった。ダイエーポートで就労していた者を捜査関係とみなし、国際法上の捕虜待遇とするというものであった。無論我々はこの署名を拒否したが、最後の手段として一人一人門外に連れ出され、兵隊に左手親指を折たれて、強制的に指紋を取られたわけである。

3日に一度の会合で入る新聞「デイリーテレグラ
フ」は、日独伊枢軸の劣勢を伝え、やがて日本軍の太平洋における敗色を伝えた。しかし、キャンプ内では、真珠湾のイメージやマレー電撃作戦の夢に酔い、日本の勝利を疑わなかった。

1944年（昭和19）8月にカウラ収容所の暴動が第8キャンプのイタリア兵捕虜から伝えられ、数日後、カウラ残存の日本兵捕虜がヘイに移動されてきた。イタリア兵捕虜は日本兵捕虜からメモを託されて、衛兵の目を盗んで我々に手渡した。

「浮き草や 向の岸に 咲いた花
花園も 砂漠も同じ シャレコウベ」

我々はこれらのメモを検討し、淡いながらも日本敗戦の疑いを持ちはじめた。

1945年（昭和20）8月15日、正午を期して町のサイレンが鳴り渡り、連合軍の勝利を告げた。

年が明けて1946年3月1日午後3時、列車でヘイを出発、2日午前9時、シドニー港埠頭に到着。日本国旗も掲げず、灰色に塗装されたみすぼらしい日本輸送船、迎えてくれる日本船員には笑顔はなく無言であった。

写真はいずれも、当時のヘイ収容所。
10代で体験した 鉄条網の中の暮らし
エブリン鈴木（旧姓山下）
1928年、木曜島生まれ、シドニー在住。父親は元木曜島日本人会会長。

A TEENAGER’S LIFE BEHIND BARBED WIRE
Evelyn Suzuki
Born on Thursday Island in 1928. Now lives in Sydney. Her father was the President of the Thursday Island Japanese Society.

I was thirteen years old and living in Thursday Island when the Pacific war broke out. It was a normal morning for us on 8th December 1941, or so we thought, but when we walked out of the door to go to school, there was already a fence of barbed wire being erected around the section of the island known by the locals as "Japtown". There were about 20 houses in the block. The guards at the gate explained to us that Australia was at war with Japan, hence the enclosure; however, we children were free to go in and out of the compound as we pleased.

The military authorities were very well prepared. There were more than 300 Japanese living in the Torres Strait; most of them were indentured labourers working in the pearl-shell industry. Those who lived in the other parts of the island were arrested that morning and brought into the compound.

A few days before Christmas, we were taken aboard the SS "Zealandia" which already had evacuees and civilian Japanese internees from Darwin on board when it reached Thursday Island.

It was very cramped in the lowest deck of the ship where we were confined. There were ten in our family; Mum, Dad and the youngest slept on the floor. Otherwise we were well treated. Young soldiers who were going home on leave were stationed at the top of the stairs to guard us, but they were very friendly and we would often sit on the steps and talk and joke with them.

Early on New Year’s Day, the ship entered Sydney Harbour. We were allowed out on deck as it sailed to its berth. It was a glorious day and we marvelled at the magnificent scenery. In the distance we could see the "Queen Elizabeth" painted all over in wartime grey. When the ship berthed, the internees were separated into two groups, families and single men. A couple of teenage youths were forcibly removed from their families because they were over 16 years of age. We had no idea where we were being taken and nobody would tell us.

The next stage in our journey was by train to East Murchison in Victoria, and then by army truck to our temporary "home". We arrived at No. 4 Internment Camp, Rushworth (Tatura), at about midday on 2nd January 1942 in the scorching heat. We were all tired and hungry; our first meal in the camp was baked custard swimming in a lot of water but
it tasted delicious!

Our family, along with others, was detained in No. 4 camp for five years. After No. 4 was closed late in 1946, we were transferred to No. 3 not very far away. I was released at the beginning of February 1947, but the rest of the family remained in camp for another six months.

The residential huts were each divided into twelve rooms, one room being assigned to two persons. It was freezing cold in winter and extremely hot in summer. Worst of all were the severe dust storms in summer when everything in their paths was coloured reddish brown.

Children had nothing much to worry about for, after all, we were adequately fed and clothed. For the adults it was a different matter. How they must have despised and worried about the future, I can only imagine. However, they were sensible enough to accept the situation and caused little friction among themselves. Even after the announcement of the cessation of hostilities, although the majority would not and could not believe Japan lost the war and there was much heat generated between the "kachigumi" and "makegumi", it was hard to believe the two sides did not come to blows.

We had sufficient food rations but there was something missing - shoyu, an essential part of the Japanese diet apart from rice. The rice we received was a mixture of white and unhulled grains. Of course, this was better than none at all, and it was the women's task to sort the rice, "momiyori" we called it.

The compound office was in charge of rosters. In "B", there were two crews of men for kitchen duties. They worked alternately one week on and one week off. Other able-bodied men worked in teams to clean drains, toilets and ablution blocks every morning; everything had to be shipshape for the daily inspection by the camp commandant. Young women worked weekly shifts in the camp dressing station, while others took turns to serve meals in the dining rooms.

All the young people participated in some sport. In "B", the men dug and levelled out the ground between the canteen and ablution block and built a tennis court. Thanks to them, we spent many happy hours playing on it. The men and boys passed their time playing baseball/softball and on several occasions matches against other compounds were held outside the camp perimeter. Other recreational activities included picnics to the Waranga Basin on which the women warden's and a guard usually accompanied us; older men whiled away their time playing GO in the recreation room behind the canteen.

On several occasions, Mr. Walker of Kraft, Walker & Co. brought his projector into the camp and showed us old movie films. Most of them were
from the silent era, like Charlie Chaplin comedies, and some were old Japanese films. One in particular that I enjoyed was "Danryu", starring Takamine Mieko. Thank you Mr. Walker.

In the evenings, there was very little to do. Sometimes, the young people in our compound held dances but this was frowned upon by the older ones. On one occasion we invited some young people from "C". We were having fun, when along came an irate boyfriend of one of the girls from "C" accompanied by a few supporters. They accused us of being traitors and a disgrace to Japan for engaging in the depraved practices of the West; furthermore it was shameful of us to be enjoying ourselves while men were fighting and dying for the Emperor.

In my mind I can still hear the bugle call as it sounded each night; an eerie silence fell over the camp; then all the hut lights went out.

There were hardly any educational opportunities open to us. I did my lessons by correspondence but was only allowed to have the basic textbooks required for the course subjects. The YMCA did supply some books but they were not relevant to my studies.

No heating was allowed in the rooms. On sunny days in winter we would take our books outside the school hut and study. When the weather did not permit us to sit outdoors, we would sit huddled together with our overcoats and woolen gloves on, chatting most of the time. Sergeant Flower of the Intelligence section would come in to collect our assignments once a week to send to Melbourne.

In March 1946 most of the Japanese internees were repatriated. Those of us who remained were moved to "D" compound and there we awaited the outcome of the tribunal hearings conducted by Roland S. Browne. Some had opted to return to Japan and they and a few others were deported in the "Kanimbla".

As internees were gradually released, our family and a few others were left behind because we wanted to return to Thursday Island. At the time, the island was still a military zone and out of bounds to civilians. At the same time as the camp population decreased so did the army personnel. Sergeant Flower offered me the job of typist in his office when his assistant left to return to civilian life. I worked with him until I was released early in February 1947.

Late in 1946, we were transferred to No. 3 camp. Not long after the move my father became very ill and was treated by a German internee doctor.

It was time for me to consider my future. Fortunately, my friend from schooldays in Thursday Is...
land had kept in contact with me throughout my internment. Her parents arranged for me to stay with them in Sydney while I attended business college.

Of course, I had read the daily newspapers and was aware of the intense feeling of hatred of all things Japanese. However, the reality of it was brought home to us at Christmas 1946. The manufacturer of a well-known national brand of ice cream refused to supply ice cream to Japanese. Happily to say, there are kindhearted people in this world; it was the little known Quaker Society of Friends who came to the rescue and the children got their treat of ice cream and lollies after all!

So it was with a feeling of apprehension that I ventured forth into the wide, unknown world. I soon realised that most Australians those days regarded anybody of East Asian appearance as being Chinese.

Six months later, I finished my course just in time to rejoin the family to return to Thursday Island. After almost six years away, we arrived back in September 1947.
オーストラリアに生きた82年

三瀬（Keith）幸次郎

1915年、ブルーム生まれ。カウラ在住。
戦前はダーヴィンで家族の呉服雑貨商を手伝い、収容所生活を経て、戦後はウール・バイヤーとして活躍。日豪合弁のラクラン・インダストリー社勤務。

My 82 Years in Australia
Koijro (Keith) Mise

In Broome a Japanese town based on the many Japanese pearl divers as much as Thursday Island was established when Mr. Koijro (Keith) Mise was born there in 1915. He started his job at his parents' drapery and grocery shop moved from Broome to Darwin to seduce pearliers and divers with abundant pearl shells. He and his mother were sent to Tatura internment camp because World War II started in December 1941. However they had an enjoyable time with plenty of food and free activities. After the war he had a job at a dry cleaning factory and went to a wool school as well in Melbourne. He commenced a wool buyer's job in Sydney and worked for Lachlan Industry which was a subsidiary company of Japanese and Australian companies in Cowra in 1975. At 82 years of age he still went on visiting the company and keeping the relationship with Japan.

西豪州の港町、ブルームで生まれました。1915年（大正5）6月11日です。両親は愛媛県の出身で、ブルームの他にもジャワ島のスラバヤに支店を持つなど、手広く呉服雑貨商を営んでおりました。当時のブルームには、木曜島と並んで、真珠貝取リの日本人が大勢おりました。その日本人を相手に病院も学校もあり、醤油屋や、うどん屋もあって、結構な日本人町になっておりました。10歳になると勉強のため、父は私が出身地の愛媛に帰したので、お陰で旧制の宇和島中学を卒業することが出来ました。

1935年（昭和10）、店をダーヴィンに移したので、私も店を手伝う為、ダーヴィンに戻りました。20歳の時でです。ブルームの貝が少なくなって、ダイバー達が貝の豊富なダーヴィンに移ったのです。母は、ダイバーが潜水服の下に着るフランネルの下着作りで評判が高く、ダーヴィンに移ったダイバー達、母に是非来るようにと誘ったようです。

1941年12月、太平洋戦争の勃発で、私たちはダーヴィンの収容所に入れられました。私は三重県出身です。「お前は日本人か、オーストラリア人か」と聞かれたので、「日本人だ」と答えました。オーストラリア人と答えたら、或いは収容を免れたかも知れませんが、その後、日本軍の爆撃がありましたので、外に出たと危険だったかも知れません。16歳過ぎの男性は、規則では家族と離れて南オーストラリア州のラプデーか、ニューサウスウェールズ州のヘイに収容されたのですが、私は母と一緒にタチュラに入ることが出来ました。特別な配慮があったのでしょうか。収容所の生活は、楽しい思い出です。

行動は殆ど自由で、食糧も米、野菜、肉など豊富でした。肉はビーフやラム等、週に2回、半身のまま配給されましたが、マトンは誰も喜ばないのです。シチューにして食べました。冷蔵庫が無いので、部屋の陰を冷えてそこに肉を保存し、上から氷を濁らして冷やしました。朝日新聞社のマールボルク駐在だった黒住徳一さんは、子供を集めて日本語学校を開き、クイーンズランド大学のセイト教授は、歴史教室を開きました。年が明けて、1942年7月に収容者交換船で日本に帰る話しがありました。8月中頃、外交官や商社の駐在員、その外、交換リストに載っていた人達が収容所を出て行きまし。リストに漏れた人達は残念がっておりました。

収容所のリーダーが帰って行って頂きましたので、後に、上野サーガスの座長だったアルバート上野さんがリーダーになり、副リーダーは木曜島の日本人会長だった山下ハルヨシさんが引き継ぎました。山下さんは、男気のある人格者で、上野さんも立派な方でした。私も何かお手伝いしたいと思い、会計を引き受けました。収容所の中には、キャンティーンがあって、喫茶などは自由に
「やあ、生きていたかあ」と再会を喜び、雨宮さんに誇られるまま、三菱商事に移りました。当時、三菱商事はカルテックス・ハウスに事務所がありましたが、1960年に、オーストラリア・スクエアに移転しました。その頃にはウールの輸出が盛んとなり、日本の商社の進出に伴って日本人のウール・バイヤーも50人くらいおりました。私も一緒に頑張って働いたものです。

ウール・バイヤーの仕事は、朝7時半には倉庫に行って、オークションに掛かされるウールの下見をして、午後のオークションに備えます。当時、品選び、価格は、全くバイヤーの経験と腕に掛かっていきました。午後1時にはオークションが始まり、4時半5時頃に終わると、日本毛織、東洋紡、不動産、30社もある日本の納入先宛ての報告書を作り、夜の8時頃迄掛かって、テレックスを打たれることです。シドニーだけでなく、ブリスベンなど各地のオークション場を駆け回りました。やがて羊毛輸出が先細りの気配を見せたころ、1975年に、カネボウ、三菱商事と現地のエルダー社の合弁によるウール紡ぎ会社、「ラクラン・インドストリー」が設立されることになり、工場建設中のカウラに移転しました。

あれから22年経ちました。82歳になる現在の午前中は会社に出ております。カウラには、かつての収容所仲間や、戦時中に各地の収容所で亡くなった日本人の遺骨が集められました。日本人墓地があります。墓を訪れる日本人の案内や、日本庭園の設計者、中島健氏の通訳など、仕事のたたわら、今も、日本との絆が続いております。
Fifty years ago in February, I ventured forth from the internment camp into the hostile world but I was determined that I would cope with whatever lay ahead. Surprisingly enough my stay in Sydney was rather uneventful. During the week, I studied and on the weekends I visited friends whom I had met in the camp.

One amusing incident, though, has left me in no doubt, that the seeds of racial bias are sown in early childhood. In those days there were hardly any Asians to be seen in the suburbs so I guess I must have been an oddity walking every morning into Manly. On the opposite footpath outside their gate, two small children stood yelling, "Ching Chong Chinaman. Ching Chong Chinaman", for all they were worth. A woman, presumably their mother, came out and hurriedly took them inside. Had they known I was Japanese, I wonder what they would have done? Pelted me with stones, perhaps!

Late in August 1947, I rejoined my family and travelled by train to Cairns, stopping a few days in Brisbane. At Cairns, we caught the monthly cargo boat and arrived on Thursday Island in September.

The army had left the island in a mess. Rusting wreckage was strewn along the waterfront and the town's swimming pool was used as a rubbish dump and was filled with rusting vehicle parts, tyres and 44-gallon drums. There were no houses left in "Japtown" and in the main street, there were many vacant lots where once shop buildings stood. It would have been understandable if people had mistakenly thought that the Japanese had bombed the island instead of the neighbouring Horn Island. When I left "Mokuyootoo" about five years later, the place was much in the same state.

I settled in Melbourne and married Kiyoshi, a Nisei. He was born in Thursday Island, but had been brought up in Japan from when he was a few months old. At the age of fifteen he returned to Australia.

At the time he was arrested in Sydney in December 1941 and taken to Liverpool camp he was working in a dry-cleaning shop owned by two other Japanese, one a Nisei and the other an Issei who had sent his wife and children back to Japan. The police told them they only needed to take toilet gear and a change of clothes. Unfortunately a few days later they received news that the shop and dwelling they had occupied had been destroyed by fire.
and everything was lost. Friends rallied around when they arrived in Hay internment camp and gave them clothing.

My two children were born in Melbourne. I worked part-time at a local shop while they were in primary school. However, we had to reconsider our future by the time they reached high school age. Although the base rate of Kiyoshi’s wage was well above average his actual take-home pay spread over the year amounted to less than average, as the industry was troubled by frequent stoppages. During one prolonged strike which lasted about six weeks, he managed to get a casual job in the freight section of the railways. We decided to relocate to Sydney. Ironically, Kiyoshi had moved from Sydney after having been made redundant because a prolonged coal strike had indirectly caused hardships to other industries.

So, after ten years in Melbourne, we pulled up stakes and came to Sydney. I obtained a temporary job and on completion I accepted a full time position in the Head Office of the same Campany. There I worked for more than 23 years until I retired.

At the end of 1991, Kiyoshi retired from his job and we planned to live in Cairns. However on the eve of our proposed departure, he fell ill and was admitted to hospital where he died a few weeks later. I found the climate in Cairns not to my liking and moved back to Sydney.

Over the years since 1983, I have visited Japan several times calling on relatives and friends. On my first visit, when I stayed with friends in Shionomisaki I could not help noticing a large number of elderly people and young children in the village but very few young adults. Such must have been the case during pre-WWII days when most of the able-bodied young men in the Misaki left to work in the pearl-shelling industry in Thursday Island.

One of the most memorable scenes I have ever witnessed occurred on New Year’s morning 1994; the air was crisp and clear, as we travelled south from Tokyo in the Shinkansen, when Fuji-san came into view. It was a magnificent sight like a gigantic picture of the snow-capped mountain hanging in the sky. On previous occasions when I had passed it, the mountain had never been clearly visible because of smog.

That year my sister and I visited our father’s birthplace, a remote village in the south of Ehime-ken. I could see why the men left to seek their fortunes overseas. In a very small area, the houses are built so close together along and up the sides of the hill, there is hardly any room between each house to swing a cat!

Most of the former camp inmates have kept in contact with each other. In January 1993 a reunion of ex-internees was held in Rushworth (Tatura). More than fifty people from America, Australia, Japan and Taiwan assembled on the shores of Waranga Basin. The owner of the former camp site allowed us on the property and the lessee kindly removed his cattle which normally grazed there. The only building still standing there is the old lockup; very few of us had ever seen the inside of this little brick hut. It was a joyous occasion as everyone wandered
around reminiscing and trying to recall the layout of the compounds from the positions of the concrete foundations of the kitchens and ablution blocks which still remained.

Among those present were Jim Sullivan, former guards’ officer who organised the reunion, Miss Sproat affectionately known as the Baby Sister because she was concerned with the welfare of infants, and Mrs Ridgway the daughter of Mr Walker who kindly came to show films to camp inmates.

There are now very few of the original Nisei and Sanseis remaining and we are widely dispersed in Australia. Unlike the American and Canadian-Japanese, we lack the clout to lobby for an apology for our imprisonment and for having been deprived of educational opportunities.

Since my retirement, I have had lots of time to reflect on the various events of my life. During my childhood in Thursday Island, our family was a part of the Japanese community and brought up in the old-fashioned Japanese way. Pre-World War II, the majority of Niseis and Sanseis were sent to Japan for education and most did not return to live in Australia. I guess it had something to do with the White Australia Policy which made Asians seem to be second-class citizens. In those days, a coloured person could not sit in the upstairs section of the picture theatre, which was reserved for whites only; a coloured person had to travel steerage class in a passenger ship going south from Thursday Island. Despite colour differences, at school we got on very well with our fellow pupils who were white.

One ugly incident, that I remember clearly, happened when I was about nine or ten years old. My sisters and I were out playing one afternoon near the road outside our backyard. An elderly man, resplendent in his white "colonial" uniform complete with cane, was returning home. As he walked past us, he put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a couple of coins and tossed them on to the dirt road behind him, expecting us to pick them up. This contemptuous gesture made me so angry I dragged the others inside.

Our mother, a Nisei, was brought up in Japan from the age of two and returned to Australia when she was nineteen years old. We therefore enjoyed the benefit of the influences of two cultures. However, I feel that I belong to neither the Japanese community of post-war immigrants nor to the wider Australian one. It makes me feel like a creature from another planet, when people ask me "What is your nationality?" to which, of course, I reply "Australian". No doubt, the answer they expect is "Chinese" because they counter with "No, where do you come from? You speak very good English."

When we were living in Melbourne we made several trips to Tatura cemetery to visit the graves of relatives and others who died in No. 4 Internment Camp. Then while I was on holiday in Sydney I read a report in a daily newspaper about the removal of the remains of all Japanese internees and prisoners-of-war for reburial in Cowra cemetery. Imagine my displeasure at the attitude of the person I spoke to in the Japanese Consulate-General’s office when I made a telephone enquiry about the matter. In short, I was told it was none of my business. Surely, I had the right to know if Kiyoshi’s father’s remains were to be moved to another location!
As children of a Japanese father and Australian mother we experienced a loving and protected childhood. Privileged, in that we had many holidays and weekends of fun with our parents.

Our father was an educated and intelligent man who came to Australia in 1922. His mother wanted him to finish his studies and to become a doctor, but he and two friends from the same school decided to leave Japan and learn to speak English in Australia. The three intended to return to Japan and finish their studies but instead married Australian women and settled here. Although he worked in a laundry and later in his own businesses he had excellent taste in all things and read very extensively. A sister and myself inherited his good taste in poetry and classical music. Father worked very hard to give his family the best of everything and we always had a beautiful garden which kept us and neighbours in fresh fruit and vegetables.

Having father taken by the police early one morning was great blow to our family. War had been declared the previous day and no time was lost in rounding up all “enemy aliens”. Then some time later, our mother and the rest of us were taken away very early one morning. We could take with us, just one piece of luggage or one large suitcase between the six of us.

Our mother was permitted to return to our house a few days later, only to find everything gone and the remains of burnt goods in the backyard. She was of course most distressed over the loss of her lovely crystal collection and of our father’s valuable leather bound books and other valuables. Racial hatred at its worst.

Our five year stay in the internment camp at Rushworth (Tatura) in Victoria was, for us children, comfortable and at times fun; as I believe, children adapt very well, providing they have the security of their parents love and care. I was at first unhappy as I initially blamed our imprisonment on the Japanese because of the war. Then on our Australians as they were our captors. Our parents, along with most Japanese also adapted, although many were traumatised by their imprisonment.

The greatest trial for our parents was finding accommodation when we were released. Our father had to deny his nationality and pretend to be Chinese to get a very menial job. We lived in a hut for displaced persons in a previous army camp. I mar-
ried a former guard from the internment camp and
he was a great help to our family. Dear father had
retained his family property and when the peace
treaty was signed, he had intended to return to Ja-
pan to attend to his interests. Mother died a year
after our release and after his great struggle to re-
habilitate his family our dear father died one year
later. Two of our brothers suffered early deaths
attributable in many ways I believe, to a very un-
settled youth. One brother who was born at the
camp, is a very successful engineer, spending much
time overseas where he heads a business corpora-
tion.

I hope that we have inherited a little of the loyalty,
integrity and compassion of our loving Japanese
father, who never complained, never accepted de-
feat, but quietly carried on his fight for his family’s
place back in society.

父親の島丸ジョウイチ
（鹿児島県出身、1922年、シドニーにて）
In about May of 1987 I was pleasantly surprised and excited to hear from Yuriko Nagata, a lady who was compiling data about former Japanese internees who had been imprisoned during the second world war. She sought permission to visit and to interview us about our internment.

A few months later, in August '87 she came to visit our home and took notes and tape recordings for a thesis for her university studies. Her extensive research and travel around the world would later be of great value in organising a reunion of the remaining (former) internees.

Major Jim Sullivan, a former staff member of the internment camp, then commenced formal plans for the reunion and visited some people whom he had befriended whilst on the staff at the camp. Finding these people, most of whom had been scattered, homeless, after the war, was no easy task. However after much hard work, and much overseas travel, a date was finally set. Finding accommodation and transport to and from the venue was never easy, but ultimately things went very well, all thanks to Jim.

It was with a mixture of excitement, and joy, and of course sadness, when we finally came together to reminisce about what had happened over fifty years precious. I was very much overcome with emotion to see several old people who had taken the trouble to travel from Japan, and Taiwan, Indonesia and other countries to reflect on the past.

Nothing remained in the huge bare paddocks other than the concrete slabs of the bath houses and community dining rooms. Pieces of rusted barbed wire brought back poignant memories, and were souvenired by some of us. Huge expenses of tangled barbed wire once protected the outside world from the "enemy alien" families within.

I would like to give mention here to Mrs. Audrey Wridgeway, the daughter of a very kind gentleman, Mr. Charles Roy Walker. Roy, as he wanted to be known, brought much joy to our uneventful lives in the camp, by bringing us films on a regular basis. He was unable to go to war because of his age, so at his own expense and loss of time from his important position he visited German, Japanese and Italian camps regularly. His humanity should not be forgotten. His daughter Audrey Wridgeway kindly attended the reunion.

The old brick jailhouse still stands like a sentinel in the middle of a paddock. It is a tribute to the excellent behavior of the Japanese internees that it was never occupied during our imprisonment. Major Sullivan arranged for a plaque of commemoration to be placed on its walls.
The dawn of each day brings new horizons to us mortals. To some sadness, to others happiness and to others a variety of challenges, whether we fulfill those ambitions within the schedules of those challenges depends on many factors. Time is a predator which stalks every moment of our mortals.

Those whom I write of were born to Japanese parents or are part Japanese, they were given the same desire of life as other humans, to some, great changes came along that pathway of life. In 1883, 37 Japanese by the grace of the then Japanese government were permitted to come to Australia and work in the pearling and the sugar industry. In these industries they showed great skills as they do to this day later many more came to live and enjoy this new world Australia, seeking happiness, work, a place to rear their families, educated them as a normal family world and were concerned for their future activities.

Suddenly, those dreams changed overnight in December 1941, the drums of war sounded, Japan was at war with America and Australia, these people then became subject to the laws of the land they had chose to live Australian “internment”. They were rounded up and imprisoned in what was known as internment camps.

My association with these people commenced when I returned to Australia from the early fighting in the New Guinea campaign of 1941-1943. After my discharge from the Heidelberg Military Hospital, I was classified “B” class not to return to jungle warfare. My military career was over in that regard of active service. This being the case I was posted to the general details depot at the Caulfield race course which was taken over by the army, wondering what my future would be in the army. Two days later I was interviewed with many others who had been wounded and very sick by a lieutenant colonel Forbes whom I learnt was from a garrison battalion in the Tatura area. The next day I was notified I was to proceed to No.1 internment camp, Tatura, naturally I expressed my objections, but was quickly told “as a soldier you do as you are told”, this camp held Germans. Most of the time at this camp I was in the hospital, which precluded me from any duties. I learnt the laws governing prisoner of war and internees under the Geneva convention. Eventually I was notified I was to go to No.4 camp, it was considered much easier because of my health than the German camp. Here I saw a different life, families, with children of all ages leading a different life to what they had experienced in Australia and other lands they had
come from. I was the first officer from the war to have been posted to this camp. They were accustomed to seeing old diggers from the first war. It was something new to see a young officer in a camp of this kind.

I got to know many of them over those lonely years, seeing families imprisoned, affected my feelings and attitudes, despite the fact they were part of the responsibility for me being there. I realized they too were human beings, they felt pain, they felt loss of home and friends, they felt loss of freedom and love. That alone did not affect their lives or mine, there were other factors too.

Living under such circumstances, one grew closer to them despite certain military restrictions, I showed the children how to play some Australian games, showed them films with a projector I think belonged to the Japanese club at Broome and how it found its way to the camp is still a mystery. They were a happy bunch just like any other group of children, although the ones in the Japanese "C" compound seemed to be under a more disciplined life than did the other. Occasionally I would sneak a lolly or two to the little ones who met me on the last count at night and to hold my hand before the gates were closed, lollies in those days were not a plentiful commodity.

The war ended—there was a mood of disbelief, of apprehension throughout the compounds some were happy, others saddened that Japan had failed to win the war, but all hoped they would return to their land free of war, find peace, the happiness they had enjoyed in pre war days.

I received letters from them on their return to Japan, Formosa (Taiwan), Indonesia, Australia, thanking me for my kindness during their days of internment—those letters to this day are in my archives, as so many photos and documents are. I refer to Sai Kwie Kie whose letter I received when she returned to Taiwan, thanking me for my kindness to them, she to this day holds the letter I wrote to her in answer. And like others now living in Jakarta whom I have visited on two occasions, my recent visit was May ’98.

At 0800 hrs 5th January 1985 my phone rang. It was William Kondo who after 40 years came to Australia from Jakarta to find me. How he found me is an extra ordinary story. This event brought me closer to them again. I visited Japan where through the efforts of Yuriko Nagata author of "Unwanted Aliens" (UQPress, 1996). I experienced a wonderful reunion at Yokohama and to receive such expressions of speech and presents, one can only say was overwhelming.

I also visited Amsterdam on 3rd October 1989 and stayed with Josie and John Hiraki to enjoy their hospitality and generosity. I met many other internees at a small reunion John and Josie gave for the occasion of my departure the next day. I said goodbye to them the next morning, little did I dream it would be the last time I was to see John, he died on the 19th June 1997.

Another reunion party was held. We all joined hands again. To "symbolise there is no progress in hate" and in the spirit of love and understanding. They were wonderful moments, many of their children have visited me from America, Japan, Amsterdam, Indonesia, Taiwan and Australia. I hope they will continue that path way for many years to come.

On the 5th January 1993 after I had written many letters to all I could locate around the world to come back for a reunion to the old camp site at Rushworth
(Tatura), Victoria, Australia—what is left of it and to join hands again. 46 ex-internees came back, from Japan, America, Indonesia and Australia. The other 50 were sons, daughters, relations, grand children it was a remarkable day and a night, not long enough, however it was a unique experience the first of its kind in the world.

After the reunion I had a plaque made of all those who attended the reunion and who were internees. The plaque is fixed to the wall of the old jail which by the way was never used. It stands there today as a symbol of peace of a unique event and how people who were enemies lived together in harmony and to come back to visit the land of their war time home. A remarkable happening.

And so closed another chapter in the history of people who came to Australia not as migrants, but of enemy origin—now though the passage of time "friends".

"God keep their memory green".
特殊潜航艇のシドニー湾攻撃

第一次世界大戦後の軍縮条約で、英、米、日の海軍保有量を5対5対3の比率に決められてきまった。対米開戦に備えて、日本はこの不足分を補うべく、昭和7年から保有トン数として数えられない小型潜航艇の開発に着手していた。

1941年（昭和16）12月8日、特殊潜航艇のハワイ真珠湾奇襲攻撃に続く、シドニー港が次のターゲットに上げられた。1942年5月18日未明、珊瑚海海戦の後トラック島基地に集結した潜水艦は、潜航艇を後部甲板に登載してシドニーに向け出港。5月29日、伊21潜水艦艦載機によるシドニー偵察。艦1、巡洋艦2の確認。5月31日、伊22、伊24、伊27の潜航艇を後部甲板に積んだ潜水艦は、クオーター湾口8マイルの海面に、円形に布陣。17時21分、伊22より松尾大尉、都竹喜二曹艇、発進。同28分、伊27より中馬大尉、大森一曹艇、発進。同40分、伊24より伴中尉、芦辺一曹艇、発進。この攻撃で、海軍碇泊船クタバール号が沈没し、海軍乗組員19名死亡、10名負傷。

潜航艇を発進させた潜水艦は、攻撃後の収容地点、ポートマリーン、沿岸から僅か5マイルの沖合いで潜航艇の帰還を待ったが、6月3日、生存の見込みなしとし、捜索を打ち切った。6月8日、伊24は沖合15キロから、弾い合戦の意味で14千本砲をパルプリッジメガけて発射。10発の弾丸はBelleveue Hillのロイヤル・ゴールフクラブの辺りに落下したが、建物を少し破壊したものの、人命の損傷はなかった。6月9日、シドニー西部郊外ロックウッド基地で、海底から引き上げられた松尾、鈴竹、中馬、大森潜水艇乗組員の豪海軍葬が営まれた。地区海軍司令官ミューアヘッド・グループ少将は、「…勇気とは一国のものではない…」として、世論の非難を押し切って行われたものである。

伴艇は攻撃後、湾外に脱出したものと見られているが、現在まで行方不明のままでのある。松尾艇の前部と中馬艇の後部を繋げあわせて復元した潜航艇は、キャンベラの戦争記念館に展示されている。海軍葬の模様は録音されて日本に贈られ、東京九段の靖国神社右の遊就館で聞くことができる。

現在、キャンベラのオーストラリア戦争記念館別館内に展示されている特殊潜航艇。1998年11月には、改装工事を完了にともない、本館内に移されること

日豪友好記念誌●オーストラリアの日本人 83
父のルーツは松任市

デヴィッド鍋島
1944年、収容所で生まれる。ブリスベン在住。
日系三世。祖父のルーツ探しをする父とともに訪日し、生地を訪れた。

My Father's Roots in Matto
David Nabeshima
Born in Australia in 1944. A third generation Japanese (Sansei). This is the account of his trip to Japan accompanying his father who was seeking out David's grandfather's birthplace.

石川県松任市出身の山田三吉さんは、12歳の
明治30年頃に渡米し、オーストラリアを経てイン
ドネシアで事業を営んでいたが、第二次世界大戦
下、強制収容されてオーストラリアのタチュラ収
容所に入っていた。山田さんは子供たち6人を残
して収容所内で病死したが、戦後、父親の故国、
日本を余り詳しく聞いていない子供たちに
よる、父親のルーツ探しが始まった。子供たちの
うち、三男の正三さんはオーストラリアに残って
結婚した。父親の出身地が分かった1984年、正三
さんは、妻のヨシコさん、長男のデヴィッド夫妻
と共に日本に行き、父の生地を訪れた。この時の
模様を、長男のデヴィッド鍋島さんが書いた。

I went to Japan with my mother, father and wife in
March 1984 for the first time to meet our relatives
in Kobe, Matto, Nagasaki and Ibaragi. I had al-
ways had high hopes of visiting Japan one day. My
mother had always taught me about Japanese man-
ners and customs.

When we went to Matto-shi and met my father's
relations it was the most incredible experience I had
ever had. My cousins, the Takeda family, were very
kind to us and before sightseeing we visited my
grandfather's family grave and his old house in
Matto. This was a very moving experience, be-
cause my cousins from Kobe (my father's brother's
children) also made the trip for the first time. This
was because my grandfather, who had lived in
Sulawesi, Indonesia, since 1900, never told his fam-
ily where he was born and it was only by accident
in 1983 that we discovered where he had come from,
40 years after he died. He had never told his own
family in Matto either.

It was a friend from the Internment Camp, who now
lives in Kanazawa, who recognised a photo of four
children that his friends, the Takeda family, had
shown him. He told the Takeda family that he
knew the children and where the eldest boy lived.
The eldest boy was my Uncle, who lived in Kobe.
The other children in the photo were my three
aunties.

The high point of my visit to Matto was when we
met the mayor of Matto, Mr Kumeo Hosokawa, in
the Town Hall. This was a very impressive recep-
tion. We also went to visit Eiheiji Monastery and
the Noto Peninsula and to the mountain people of
Toyama.

We also visited Nagasaki where my other grandfa-

84 日系友好記念誌●オーストラリアの日本人
ther (my mother's father) came from. He went to live in Broome, Western Australia, in 1905. World War II had brought our families together in the Internment Camp at Tatura, Victoria, where I was born in December 1944.

My feelings towards Japan and the Japanese people are now much higher than I ever had before my visit. For although I have been brought up in Australia I will always have an affinity with the people and culture of Japan. I feel now that the Japanese people judge you on your spirit and the person that you are rather than where you originate from.
第二次大戦中に、オーストラリアに留置された捕虜の人数は、イタリア人1万8164人、日本人5103人、ドイツ人1492人となっている。そして、カウラのBキャンプにいた日本人捕虜は、終戦1年前の1944年（昭和19）8月5日には、1104名であった。
8月5日の午前2時、満月のよく晴れた冬の夜に、「生きて戦国の歴めを受けず」と、死に物狂いで大脱走を敢行。軍隊史上、例のない大集団脱走事件となった。恐怖の動機の日の朝日が昇ると、そこにのは日本兵231人とオーストラリア兵4人の死体が横たわっていた。
こうして死亡した日本人兵士とオーストラリア人兵士の霊を慰めるため、私としては3度目の慰霊旅行であるが、奈良の僧侶が中心となり、オーストラリア戦没者慰霊・友好親善団を結成。辻村泰範・大乗倉寺住職を団長に、宮崎快雄・白毫寺住職、奈良日豪協会会长を副団長に、僧侶10人とカウラ収容所の元捕虜でを作るカウラ会員とその遺族らに、オーストラリア出身のトニー・グリン登美ヶ丘カトリック教会神父も加わって計30人が、オーストラリア建国200年の1988年10月22日、カウラに到着。翌日の慰霊法要をひかえて、カウラ市ロータリー・クラブ、ライオンズ・クラブと日豪親善夕食会を開いた。団長や各代表のスピーチのしんがりに私も英語で次のようなスピーチをした。
「1942年2月15日、今から46年前のことですが、私はこの日を忘れられません。なぜなら、この日こそ、私の第二の人生の最初の日だからです。その日、私は他の7人の戦友と飛行機に乗ってしまいました。午前10時、輸送船を発見。巡洋艦2隻、潜水艦1隻、輸送船4隻。基地アンボンから飛び立って4時間前でしたが、初めての実験でした。空は砲撃と砲火に包まれ、砲弾は我々の近くで炸裂しました。3時間の縄獲後に爆撃して、爆破から外れて基地に帰ろうとした時、戦闘機のP-40キティ・ホークが襲いかかってきました。我々は一斉に銃座につき、発砲しました。戦闘機は私の20ミリ・キャノンで火を吹いて落ちていきましたが、我々の喜びは直ぐに消えなくなってしまいました。我々の機のオイルがタンクから火を吹いていました。我々の飛行機が火の玉となって落ちていきます。前方からG三声、自爆の合図が来ましたが、私は何も感じません。赤い大蛇の舌で私は食べれてしまうと思いました。遂にガタガタとショックを受ける足は意識不明となり、意識づいたときは、海中でもがいていました。泳ぎに泳ぎました。2、3人の戦友が、そこに泳ぎます。ひとりが私を呼んでいる。そこにゴム・ボートがあったのです。そこに集まって、6人がゴム・ボートに乗りますが、ひとりは腹に重傷を受けており、死んでしまいます。5人は風と波にまかせ、島に着くが、水と食物を求めるのに苦しみ、また土人も。
見つからない。上陸後10日目、自爆後15日目、土人助けるが、痩せこけ、無意識になってる時、捕虜になってしまう。そしてダービーに送られ、アリス・スプリングス、メルボルンを経て、在留邦人のいるハイ・キャンプへと送られる。そこで半日暮して後に、カウラへ、最初の日本捕虜としてやってくる。不幸にも、1944年（昭和19）8月5日、カウラ収容所大脱走事件が起こる。その時も、将校キャンプ付近で30人中、生存者はただ2人の中の私でした。

オーストラリアで4年過ごして日本に帰りましょう。一番面白いい話があります。日本に帰りました。私が住んでいた家を見ておりました。私が住んでいた家を見つけるのに2日かかりました。私が家に着き、足を踏み入れ、私は、「ただいま、かえりました」。しかし、私の父も兄ももが、私が誰であるか分かりませんでした。私は、私の名前を言うのですから、誰も信じてくれません。それでもその家、私の葬式は4年前に終わっております。「お父さん、私ですよ」「おお！幽霊だ」「いや、幽霊ではない！ここに、たしかに足がありますよ！」。父が私の奇跡の生還の話を信じるのは、約半年時間を要しました。

さて、私は、ここに生ける幽霊として、立派に歩いて、またよく働き、健康で、なお生き、今年1988年、オーストラリア建国200年、ここ、オーストラリアのカウラへ、3度目の墓参にやってまいりました。そして、日豪親善に役立ちたいと思います。「神はお助けをすることを助ける人がありがとうございます」と結ぶと、大きな拍手が返ってきた。こんな嬉しい瞬間は今までになかった。

10月23日、午前10時より、カウラ・カトリック教会に於いてミサ。午後2時より、オーストラリア墓地と日本人墓地の両方で、慰霊法要。今行われている桜の並木道造りに寄贈、約1000人の法要参加者があった。

10月24日、キャンペラ戦争記念館にて、特殊潜航艇前で回向。そして市内観光の後、夜はシドニーに移動して、セント・ジョセフ・カレッジで、合同で祈りの集いを開催。前回に比し、生徒数も増えて1000人を超え、音楽部の演奏と声楽部による聖歌が天使の歌声のごとく聖堂に響きわたったり、さらに1000余人の平和共同祈願の大合唱はこの世のものとは思われぬほどの美しさ、荘厳さである。まして冒門の君が代が、全生徒に日本語で上手に歌われるのを聞き、涙がこぼれる。また今年も生徒の折り紙の千羽鶴と敬意が交換され、やがて広島へ訪れるのを約束する。

10月25日、シドニーのガーデン・アイランド海軍基地内で日本海軍特殊潜航艇に撃沈されたオーストラリア海軍のカタパルトの犠牲者19人と、特殊潜航艇の乗組員6人の慰霊をする。海軍水兵の鎮魂のラッパの声、また昨日のセント・ジョセフの生徒のヴァイオリンによる日本の「海行かば」の演奏。私の胸腔をつくるものがあり、涙がポロポロと流れ出る。こうして公式の慰霊は終わって、25日、シドニー発の飛行機でプリスベン着、夕方にはゴールド・コーストのホテルに着く。

26日、ゴールド・コースト。27日、プリスベンのウェルド・エキスピ88見学となり、帰国となる。

今回のこの慰霊団は2回目だが、前回は、カウラ会の遺族にも女性2人、また僧侶婦人とか尼僧にも参加していただき、30人中10人も女性に参加していただいた。又々、これこそ世界には例を見ない、キリスト教、仏教、この仏教にも宗派に関係なく参加していただいたことは有難い極みである。

そして、オーストラリア建国200年を記念してカウラの日本庭園に建設中の桜並木に植える桜の贈呈。こうして日本人墓地、日本庭園、日本文化センター、各々が着々として完成に近づき、日豪親善がよいよい若い人々へとバトンタッチでき、永遠の平和へと飛びはるがかるジャカルタの花と桜の花が、鏡似の川が、近からんことを祈る。

オーストラリア建国200年に訪日した時の事を思い出し、過ぎし日の若き日を思い出して拙作となる。