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Hi David.

The following is a first draft of the translation of the few paragraphs in K. Kato's book about Taro's and SS's trip to Manchuria. I am not sure about the place names, etc., and Kato's prose is more elaborate than I am used to, so I will have to proofread it again before I can say it is properly translated. But in the meantime, the following will give you an idea of what he said:

At the base of Takakusa Mountain in the city of Yaizu is a temple called Rinsoin. I understand that it is brother temple to Se'iji in Shimada. Its priest is Shunryu Suzuki, and 3 years ago he went to a temple in San Francisco. Most of his congregation are Americans, and he is helping them sit silent Zazen. At the temple that he left they are still continuing a Zazen group that started only 10 years ago. There are many members from the Women's Auxiliary, and it is quite active, including the wife of Toranosuke Oishi, the Assistant Mayor, and the matriarch of Akasaka Manufacturing.

My son Taro was also under the care of the temple for a while during his childhood days, and thanks to that experience he knows quite a few Sutras. And a funny thing happened in the month of May just before the end of the war. Taro and the reverend priest suddenly came to Manchuria, crawling out from under the fire bombs. I met them at the Choharu Station, and they had both come down with a bad case of lice and had had it.

The reverend priest's errand was, as he put it: "I want to establish a branch temple of Rinsoin in Manchuria, could you find some land for that?" At the time, I had quite a lot of influence in that area, regarding the development of land for the Agricultural and Development authorities. As a result of a lot of research and informal talks, I decided for the time being on a plot of about 1,000 chobu of land, bordering on a station on the Kanju-Dakei Line about 150 kilometers northwest of Harubin. This land had a river, flatlands, and hills. And of course there was luxuriant forest growth as well. It had the ideal environment. I had known about the location and had passed it previously 3 or 4 times. The following day, without waiting, I took the reverend priest there together with an engineer from the Manchirian Development Agency to show them around. The reverend priest took one look at the area and fell in love with it and agreed with the choice. However, there was one problem. That was that tigers were known to frequent the area. But the reverend priest's reaction was: "Tigers will make it all the more interesting. If I'm not good enough to preach to the tigers, then I've no place here. It is truly a good place. The tigers make it even better." And so land for the branch temple of the Rinsoin Temple of Takakusa Mountain of Shizuoka Prefecture was decided upon, and I hurried back to Shinkyo to make arrangements without delay.

However, even to quiet Manchuria, where we never even thought to practice air raids, in one month's time the sudden change would come. Saipan, Iwo Jima, Ryukyu [Okinawa] had been occupied one by one, and Manchukuo had passed its peak in the history of its rise and fall. Access from all routes by sea was cut off completely -- The Pusan-Shimonoseki/Fukuoka Line, the Tonga-Shinzu Line, the Niigata-Razu Line, all of them were cut. The

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American submarines had sunk them and it was all over.

I got out by the skin of my teeth in a rattling airplane used by Black Marketeers, barely landing at Haneda. A bit afterwards the reverend priest and Taro miraculously made it back to the homeland in mid July. They said themselves that they didn't know exactly how they had made it back.

And now, 17 years later, the karma of the reverend priest of the tigers of the branch temple of Rinsoin has brought him to a temple in San Francisco, where it is not tigers, but the victors of the war that he is preaching to. The shipping lanes of life are filled with troubles, but they are wonderful and fun.
