

**Part 2**  
**A-bomb led me as an independent technician**  
**(2)**  
***Start as a "saw-filer" at sawmill***  
***managed by brother-in-law***

After my father's death, my brother-in-law, Yukio, my eldest sister's husband, fostered our father while mother, two elder sisters and younger brother, lived together in his home.

One night I was taking a bath together with Yukio. You know the Japanese bath is such that one could dip into warm and hot bathtub while another wash his body on the bath floor.

He said to me, "Say, Yuuki, how about working as a saw-filer?". For a moment, I was unable to answer or at a loss what to say. The professional name of "saw-filer" gave me an image of a man sitting and filing a hand saw with a file in his hands in a small shop.

Like other ordinary boys, I used to have a desire to have higher education at college or university. This prevented me saying anything to that of Yukio's offer. He began to say, "I think what is most needed for you, handicapped person like you, is to obtain the ability or confidence to make a living first of all rather than trying to get higher education..." He continued to say that he is in trouble with the absence of well-skilled band-saw filer in his sawmill operation. He knew quite well the value and the importance of band-saw filer as vocation. He also seemed to be aiming at trying to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak.

By "band-saw" means, I was told, not a hand saw I had in my imagination but a machine endless band saw that cuts lumber into boards and pillars in a modern mechanical way.

By the way, when I entered night-time high school in the turmoil of right after the war, I selected engineering course and that was of the electric curriculum simply because I thought it is not easy to study. I did not like to choose easy going way. My physical adversity itself is the very thing that made me not to walk an easy way of life always challenging something not easy.

Yukio explained how the saw-filer's work is important in the sawmill operation by telling that the more efficient and well cutting band-saw the better production in time and ratio. I came to be more realized about this factor later years when I happened to meet an American book titled "LUMBER", which led me wonderful accomplishments to be noted. The deepness of the band-saw filing technology is something that ordinary people do not understand.

At any rate, I was too young to say anything against my

brother-in-law. For one thing, our family five were financially dependant on him in our livelihood. As the eldest son of the family, in a Japanese way of thinking, I was in a position to think about how to take care of the family after father's death. That was the ordinary way of thinking. That comes from what we called Japanese family system, you know.

To say the truth, Yukio's words of "band-saw filer is a man of high technique" invited my satisfaction and willingness to try to take the opportunity. All positive thinking toward that came, after all, from my heart of responsibility to take care of the family as the eldest son.

The day came for me to come into his sawmill where the old band-saw filer whom Yukio called "not-skilled", welcomed me with tender smile. He seemed to be a good man. The trouble was that he himself believed he is well skilled to be proud of himself.

In the mean time, Yukio sent me to a well-known band-saw filer, named Mr. Kurokawa, as his "disciple". He was a man of character with high skill. His reputation was so wide that he always had a few disciples from various parts of the country.

Yukio paid him some 8,000 yen in cash, equivalent to some four-month salary in those days. Because of emergency for need of good saw-filer in his mill, he asked my teacher to teach me the secrets of the technique in a possible short period of time. Together with my dexterous and clever nature, I made it in some two or three weeks. With his good understanding of my situation and my personal character, Mr. Kurokawa taught all the secrets of his long inspired techniques he accumulated for years. In those days the Japanese technicians regardless of what sort of the vocations, the teacher taught their students in a way of "Learn by yourself by watching the way I do". He used to teach me, however, directly and by-hand-to-hand way of teaching to make me good-skilled filer in a possible short term. He also taught me everything comes from using "common sense not inspiration".

I later years I came to have my own originated life philosophy of "commonsense is the root of success". This also led me later years to invent and develop three inventions together with the spirit of "necessity is the mother of invention".

He was one of the men who taught me how to live in a basic way as good as Yukio did to me. I used his words and kept in mind ever since by overlapping the words of Edison's "invention comes from 99 per cent of perspiration and 1 per cent of inspiration". I really think of him as a good teacher of

life even at this age. I owe him and Yukio my success in life up until this day.

I recall myself of being a boy of theoretical thinking. I am inclined to think theoretically and act theoretically. May be this character of mine make me able to write in this way.

I truly believe that my brother-in-law, Yukio, was right and clever when he said and advised me to take a path of being “self-dependent in living” rather than pursuing higher education as a handicapped person.

Thus started my first stage of life as a technician of “band-saw filer”. Many and exciting stories come after from this.