



# Nikkei Images

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## Kaslo Museum Exhibit Honours Wartime Nikkei Journalists

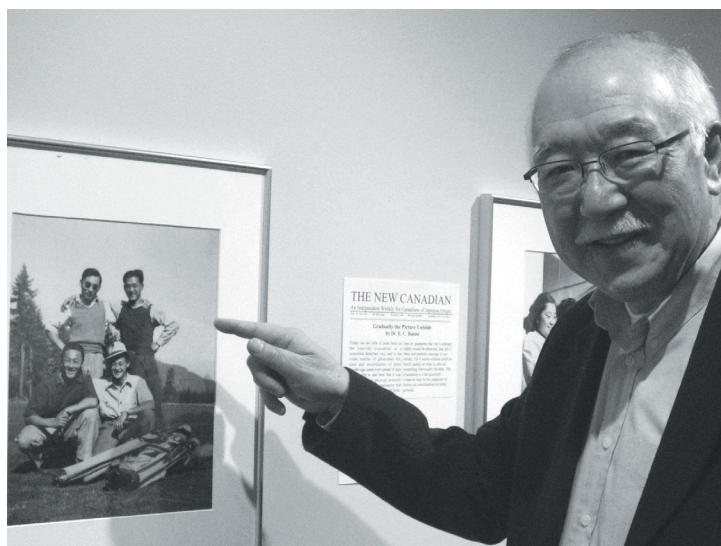
By Stan Fukawa

On April 18, Dr. Henry Shimizu, Board member of the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre, and former New Denver internee, introduced Ian Fraser, who spoke at a reception at the Japanese Canadian National Museum. This was for the travelling NEW CANADIAN newspaper exhibit (March 28 to April 19, 2008) curated by Mr. Fraser of the Langham Cultural Centre's Japanese Canadian Museum. The Centre is the former Langham Hotel. It is a heritage building which was rescued from

many in advanced state of disrepair, at the arrival of Japanese Canadians in spring of 1942. The influx of "internees" brought a boost to the local

towns.

Kaslo was important as the staff of the NEW CANADIAN were relocated there when all Japanese were forcibly removed from the Pacific Coast. The Kaslo era of the NEW CANADIAN lasted from 1942 to 1945. The exhibit, though consisting of only forty-odd photos, clippings, poems and posters, contains several memorable mementos of that period. There was a lot of irony in the situation and what was amazing was the complete lack of awareness of the vast majority of Canadians of the racist abuses they were insisting had to be meted out to Canadians



*Norm Shuto lived in Kaslo from 1942 to 1958. Norm points to Tommy Shoyama and dentist Edward Banno in photo. (S. Fukawa photo, 2008)*

the derelict structure into a centre for art and theatre plus the aforementioned JC museum. During the war the Langham had housed almost 80 Nikkei. ([www.thelangham.ca](http://www.thelangham.ca))

People familiar with Japanese Canadian internment will know that Kaslo was one of the centres in the Kootenays chosen because it was a "ghost town." These communities had once been thriving mining centres until the ore was depleted and were languishing. They had a supply of abandoned buildings which were minimally "fixed up" to house the displaced Nikkei. Almost half of the buildings in Kaslo were empty, and

economies and were a boon to small businesses. Kaslo alone received 1,100 Japanese during the war and was the administrative centre for health and social services in the ghost

of Japanese descent.

The most humorous was the newspaper item about Mayor

*Continued on page 2*

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Cornett of Vancouver who was a strong advocate for “the postwar expulsion from Canada on racial grounds alone, of every person, Canadian citizen or otherwise, of Japanese origin in Canada.” The NEW CANADIAN had picked up on the musical connection in the Mayor’s name and editorialized that no matter what the music “the Mayor blows a Nazi tune.” This infuriated the Mayor who demanded that the Minister of Justice take appropriate action for this outrageous accusation. His lawyer called for the Japanese publisher “to be interned or otherwise dealt with to prevent subversive attacks upon public officials.”

The exhibit also contains a Victory Bond poster probably distributed throughout Canada which has in bold letters at the top “WHO KNOCKS AT YOUR DOOR?” It goes on, “A KNOCK AT THE DOOR sends no terror in our hearts. We live in a free country, where no one can enter a house, or drag us out, against our will. For four years in Europe millions have lived in daily horror of the pillage of their homes, the rape of their women, the slavery of their sons. But here in Canada, a knock on the door is no cause for fear.”

It goes on to say that the knock may be a neighbour or a bond salesman and if the latter, that we should buy bonds in order to help bring freedom to millions of others. It is noteworthy that in spite of their loss of rights, Japanese Canadians were active in buying war bonds.

Photos of the NEW CANADIAN staff all have a very friendly and warm atmosphere about them. Mr. Fraser’s talk included many stories about them: Tommy Shoyama, “T.U.” Umezuki, Frank Moritsugu, Roy Ito, Casey Oyama. It was a national newspaper with Tommy or occasionally “T.U.” making reporting trips to the East. Although it was

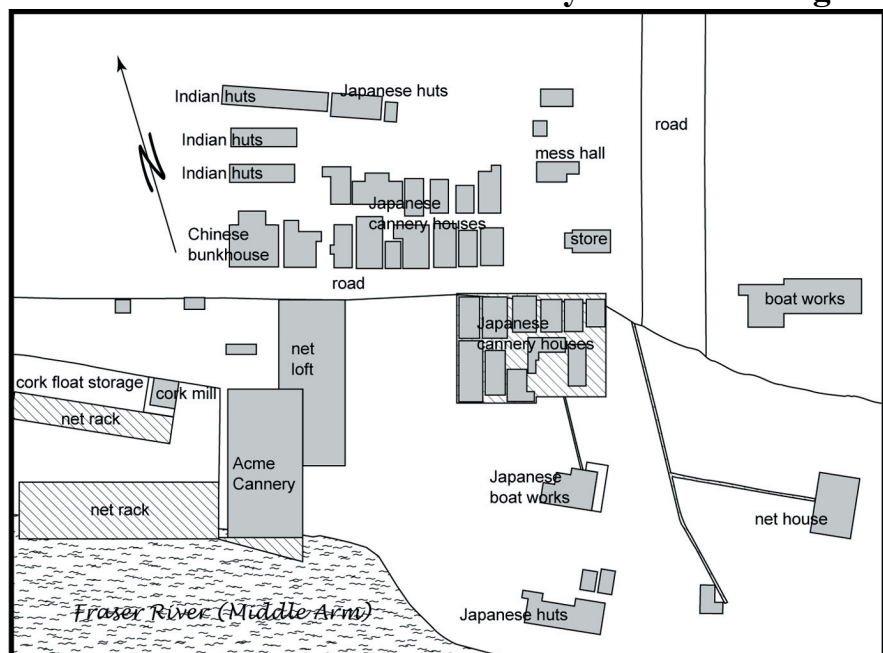
censored during the war, Tommy knew that the government could not shut him down. He and the staff took to heart the need to keep the Japanese community both informed and encouraged. They also published letters, poetry and stories and were the “vehicle” for early Nisei Literature.

When asked about Howard Green, a former Conservative MP and Cabinet Minister, who had expounded ideas similar to that of Mayor Cornett about the need to rid Canada of Japanese, Mr. Fraser said that Roy Green, a cousin of the Honourable Howard, had been for a time Mayor of Kaslo. He had wanted to “kick out” the Japanese but was opposed by the substantial majority of “Kaslovians” who said that the Japanese had won the acceptance of the community by their attributes. They also realized that it would be a calamity if the Japanese left.

Norman Shuto came to see the exhibit and found many familiar sights and faces in the photos as he had arrived in Kaslo at the age of two and stayed until he was 18. Coming from the coast, his family was completely unprepared for the heavy snows of winter. His father, Mike, had no winter hat and went out to shovel the first heavy snowfall with a makeshift head covering made out of a mop (without handle) held on his head by a paper bag.

The Langham Centre’s Japanese Canadian Museum is open year-round, daily 9 to 4. The self-guided tour has a brochure; the guided tour (for groups) has an 18-minute video and must be booked in advance. The focal point of the Museum is a room once occupied by the Konno family on the third floor. The e-mail address of the Japanese Canadian Museum is langham@netidea.com. Mr. Fraser says that the Langham is currently installing a sprinkler system and new lighting while updating the display

## The Cork Mill by Doreen Montgomery Braverman



Map of Acme Cannery premises showing location of cork mill. (Redrawn from insurance company maps.)

If I had known that I would ever be asked to write the story of the cork mill, I would have contacted several people to fill me in on the details that took place before my time: Gordy Bicknell, who worked there longer than anybody; my mother, who worked there whenever they were short-handed; Alice Gillespie, another long-term employee; and the Japanese fishermen who were our neighbours. Gordy, my Mom, and Alice are all dead. If anyone reading this little bit of Sea Island history has a better memory than I, please contact me to set the record straight.

The cork mill was there when I was born, so I don't know when it was started. I was born in 1932 and my grandfather, Thomas Goulding, Esq., was the proprietor of the cork mill. He and my grandmother, Ellen, lived in a cannery house, about 1,000 feet down the dike from the mill. The cannery was Acme Cannery, owned by BC Packers. Acme Cannery wasn't in operation when I was born, but the net racks and moorage facilities were still maintained for

the fishermen who lived along both sides of the dike. The fishermen, mostly Japanese, supplied cork bolts to Grandpa in the off seasons.

The cork floats weren't cork; they were red cedar. The 4-inch by 4-foot bolts of cedar were cut from cedar logs. In those days, there were many loose logs in the Gulf of Georgia and coastal waters. Probably some that weren't floating free, ended up being towed to shore. Grandpa also used to take an annual trek up the coast as far as Prince Rupert to organize supplies of logs from the coastal fishermen. I went with him a few times, on the **CARDENA**, a Union Steamship. It offered first class service, which Grandpa always opted for. We usually sat at the Captain's table for dinner. The **CARDENA** stopped at all the small villages in all the inlets up the coast as far as Prince Rupert.

The cork mill was always part of my young life. When I was just a few months old, my mother and I moved in with Grandpa and Grandma so Mom could look after her mom,

who was dying of breast cancer. It was the height of the Great Depression. There were lots of memorable stories of people surviving against stiff odds. My Mom told a story about walking down the dike with Grandpa just before Christmas in 1933, the year my Grandmother died. They had no money so there would be no extras for the Christmas dinner or for any store-bought gifts under the tree. Walking back from the cork mill, Grandpa spotted a ten-dollar bill floating down the river. With his penknife, which he always carried in his pocket, he hacked off a long thin branch from a bush growing along the dike. He quickly carved it to a sharp point. With one deft stab, he brought in the ten-dollar bill. That would be worth at least \$100 today. It certainly paid for Christmas dinner.

The cork mill only operated in the winter and spring when there was a supply of cedar bolts. In the summer and fall, Grandpa collected fish for Canadian Fishing Company. His scow also serviced the fisherman with a grocery store and gas and oil for the Shell Oil Co. In the summer, he was anchored in the North Arm of the Fraser, off Wreck Beach; in the fall, the scow was towed to Howe Sound, close to Squamish. Grandpa was supposed to only buy fish from independent fishermen or those who were financed by Canadian Fishing Co. but often the fishermen that owed their proverbial soul to another company would tie up to sell their fish for cash. The fish, kept on ice, had to be transported by a packer boat to the Canadian Fishing Co.'s plant, which was located in Burrard Inlet at the north foot of Gore Avenue.

The workers at the cork mill also had similar yearly routines: fishing or working in the canneries for two seasons, then working in the cork mill for the rest of the year. It worked



out well for everyone -- until 1942, when the Japanese families were herded into freight cars and moved inland at least 100 miles. About the only locals left to supply cork bolts were Gordy Bicknell, who lived next door to the mill, old Sam Miller, who lived on the net racks, and Mr. Slack and his son, Harold, who lived in shacks on Iona Island.

The regular workers in the cork mill were Gordy Bicknell, Alice Gillespie, my Mom, and Francie Edwards, who came down from Squamish every fall and winter. She lived with us when she was working in the mill. I used to help too, on my way home from school. I would get off the bus at Vancouver Cannery and walk down the dike to the mill. The walkway along the dike was made of cedar planks.

Gordy was the cork mill's second-in-command. His small house, where he lived with his wife, Mary, was next door to the mill. The house was supported by piles on the outside of the dike. Alice Gillespie was the real character of the crew. When she got mad at someone, which was quite often, she cussed just like the saltiest fisherman. Alice and her husband, Jimmy, also lived in a house along the dike, closer to Vancouver Cannery. Jimmy was the brother to Charles Gillespie, the manager of Imperial Cannery. Ann Fitchett, the wife of Norton Fitchett, my grade 4 teacher and later the principal at Bridgeport Elementary School, also was a regular worker. The Fitchetts lived at Vancouver Cannery. Gordy's wife, Mary, also helped out until she became pregnant. Pregnant woman didn't work outside the home.

The process of making the floats was simple and primitive. The

bolts were cut into lengths of either 6 or 8 inches. They first had a hole reamed through their core, then they were put through a lathe to shape them into ovals. The rim of the hole was smoothed so it wouldn't damage the rope of the fishing net. The next step was to thread them onto twine in lots of 10. That was the job they

the saws, the lathes, the reamer, the stringer, and the tar pit were built by Grandpa, by hand. The mill, itself, was surely built by him with the help of the Japanese neighbours, as was our new house, built in 1935, two half-acre lots north of the cannery house. I remember Grandpa saying he built the new house for \$3,500.

There were some hazards to working in the cork mill. Slivers from the cedar could cause serious infections. Even though the workers wore gloves, I remember lots of bandages covering festering sores slathered with Zambuk, which was the cure-all for cuts and sores.

The end users of the floats were fishermen who used a crochet stitch to attach them to their nets. That was another job that young people could work at. We got paid \$15 for each net. It took us days! Distribution of the floats was done through the several different fishing companies who made up the industry: B.C. Packers, Nelson Bros. Fisheries, Canadian Fishing Company, J.H. Todds, and some other smaller ones.

Grandpa was the only supplier of cedar floats on the West Coast until the mid-1950s. Lighter plastic floats were encroaching on his business, but it was the airport that brought his enterprise to an end. The airport

needed to extend its runway beyond Ross Road. Crown Assets bought the mill as well as all the homes at the southwest end of Sea Island. Some of the homes were resold and moved to the Cora Brown side of the island, only to be bought out by Crown Assets a second or third time.

The cork mill was razed. All we have left are a few lamps made from corks, some photographs, and 71 years of memories. ❀



*From the right: cedar bolt from which the corks were milled, cedar corks, original cork corks and foam corks introduced in the 1950s. (Corks property of Terry Slack. M. Yesaki photo, 2007)*

let me do. A reef knot tied the twine together so the floats could be dipped into a vat of hot tar, to preserve them. They dried on net racks next to the vat. They must have been shipped to the various fishing companies by boat, because there was no road to the cork mill. Goulding Road, named after Grandpa, extended from Shannon Road to a distance opposite the cork mill, but there was no connecting road to the dike. All the equipment,

## The 'Box' by Theodore T. Hirota

Opposite the town of Steveston on the other side of Shady Island, Albion Dyke No. 2 extends west from the left bank of the Fraser River for a kilometre or so. The Albion dyke is made up of telephone-sized poles that are pile driven into the mud of the Fraser River and are spaced side by side to form a vertical wall. Large wooden planks are bolted at right-angles to the poles to maintain the integrity of the wall of poles against the forces of the river and the tide. A similar jetty extends west from Garry Point for several kilometers to the Sands Head light ship that marks the entrance to the Fraser River. These and similar jetties are designed to concentrate the flow of the Fraser River down the shipping channel and to reduce the silt buildup in the channel. The Sands Head jetty remains above the high water mark but the Albion Dyke No. 2 is submerged during high tides and small craft are able to cross over the jetty without contact.

The left bank of the Fraser River opposite Steveston is actually made up of numerous islands with the Albion Dyke No. 2 terminating on Albion Island and another jetty extends parallel to the Albion Dyke about 200 yards south from Reifel Island. The area between the dyke and the jetty just downriver from the Albion and Reifel Islands forms a 'box' and acts effectively like a fish trap when the tide and river are running out. The salmon become concentrated in the box in vast numbers. When the tide reverses, the flow of the Fraser River submerges the pil-

ings, the salmon swim over the top of the pilings and head upriver.

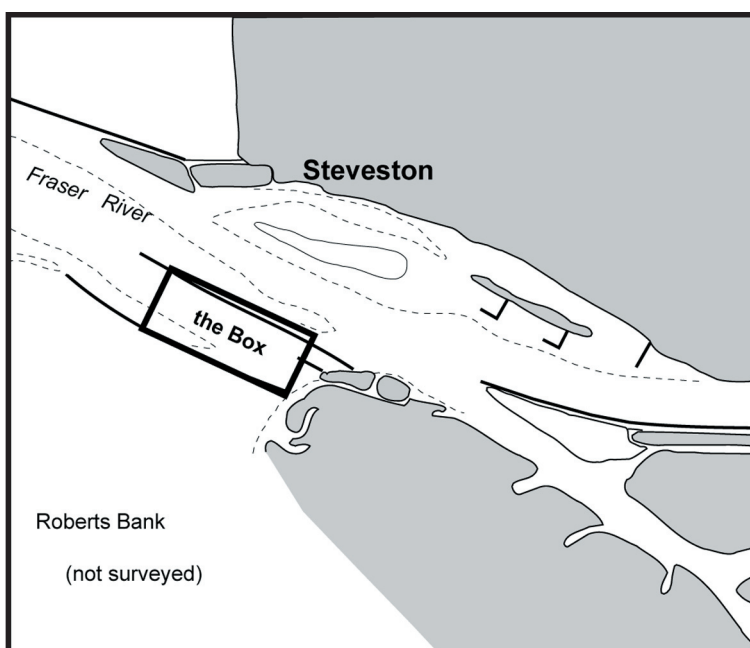
During low tide with the river running fast and the dyke exposed, small craft are able to enter the 'box' through a small channel between Albion and Reifel Islands. In the summer during the 1960s when the tide was ebbing on Monday morning openings, salmon by the thousands were trapped in the 'box'. The box would be filled with the 'mosquito fleet,' the dozens of small outboard-

burst of speed before 8:00 AM to trigger a premature start or a laugh from other gillnetters who were not drawn into a false start by this ruse. At or close to 8:00 AM with a smoke-filled roar, the skiffs turned and shot out from the jetty across the box with their gillnets flying over their back-end rollers. Since the gillnets were piled loosely on the stern of their crafts, the rate at which the nets could be discharged was much higher than that of gillnets that must be released

from a drum. In a matter of several minutes the skiffs reached the south end of the box and had to cut their engines to avoid running into the jetty. The entire box was transformed into a surface with cork lines parallel to each other. Fish that were caught lower in the nets pulled the lines underwater in their attempt to escape and caused the corks to bob up and down. Hundreds of salmon caught near the surface splashed and turned the area enclosing the box white as they struggled to get free.

As the nets flowed downriver they began to drift towards the southwest pilings and the gillnetters had to begin to pick up to avoid snagging their nets on the pilings. Sometimes two nets drifted so close together that the same salmon were caught in two different gillnets and had to be quickly separated before both nets got snagged on the jetty.

Members of the mosquito fleet sometimes anchored in the box on Sunday night to avoid crossing over during the traffic jam on the Fraser River on Monday morning. There were times when individual gillnett-



*Schematic map of the mouth of the Fraser River showing location of the 'Box'.*

motor powered gillnetter skiffs. Unlike their larger counterparts with powered drums, the mosquito fleet retrieved their gillnets by hand as in the early days at the turn of the century.

The skiffs lined up on the north side of the box since the river tends to drift southward while flowing west. Facing upriver, the skiffs spaced themselves about 20-30 feet apart and jockeyed for position while watching the time. Sometimes jokers would deliberately throw their flagpoles into the water and accelerated their skiffs at full throttle in a short



ers would surreptitiously slip a few fathoms of netting in the flowing water on a Sunday night just to test the waters and assess if salmon were milling around in the box. If a salmon or two was caught quickly then the next morning was sure to bring bedlam. If nothing was trapped by a few fathoms of gillnet within half an hour or so, then the signs pointed to fewer fish the next morning.

Normally, when the nets were pulled in, the salmon could be removed as they came in over the roller

and be placed in the fish holding area beyond the stern where the net was piled up. However, on Monday mornings with the tide running fast especially close to the pilings and with a large catch, the net would simply have to be pulled in without removing the salmon from the net. Unlike the larger gillnetters, the mosquito fleet had a limited capacity for holding a large salmon catch. With a full load of a hundred or so salmon and the water lapping at the rear cutout for outboard motors, the mosquito

fleet operators would have to return to their home base to unload or make a quick trip to a cash buyer usually anchored in the main channel.

I have no idea if the tradition of the mosquito fleet lives on. Probably not. The salmon runs are depleted and commercial fishing in the Fraser River is banned to all but some native fishermen. With most of the salmon now caught on the west coast of Vancouver Island, up north in Johnstone Strait, or in Rivers Inlet, very few salmon will arrive in the Fraser

## Jujiro Wada – Dog-Musher under the Northern Lights

by Lillian Nakamura Maguire

Jujiro Wada was well known in Alaska and Yukon in the early 1900s for his long-distance sled dog trips, physical stamina and prospecting adventures.

I am reminded of his story, as I follow the adventures of present day dog-mushers racing the 1,000-mile Yukon Quest between Fairbanks, Alaska and Whitehorse, Yukon. This is a route that he often followed. It is estimated that Wada travelled by

dog team 26,000 miles (44,000 km) throughout the Yukon, Alaska and the Northwest Territories.

Wada was born on January 6, 1875, in Ehime Prefecture on Shikoku Island in southern Japan. His father died when Jujiro was four years old and he and his mother returned to her home village near Matsuyama City. At the age of 16, he stowed away on a freighter to San Francisco and ended up as a cabin

boy on a whaling ship in the Western Arctic. During his time on the ship he learned English and navigational skills and he spent the winter on Herschel Island learning hunting, trapping, snow-shoeing, dog-sledging and the local language from the Inuvialuit people of that area. After the expedition, he returned to Japan for about three months, with money for his mother, but likely decided, with his limited education, that it



*Return of Jujiro Wada and his dogs after a 1,600-mile trip over ice. (Charles Tennant fonds 95/33 #7, date unknown)*

would be difficult for him to make a decent living in Japan. No doubt the north had also captured his sense of adventure.

Wada rejoined another whaling expedition to Alaska in 1897. The ships got trapped in massive drifting ice floes and he was sent out by dog-team in -80F to get help from the Inuvialuit people as the ships were running low on provisions. With their assistance, they were able to hunt caribou to take it back to the stranded ships. The crew used to call him the 'fake Eskimo shorty,' but after that they never called him names again.

Around 1900, Wada's daughter Himeko (Helen) was born. Early stories suggested that she was the daughter of an 'Eskimo' woman from Alaska, but it is more likely she was born in San Francisco. As part of the research on Wada, our correspondence with the Wada family in Japan indicated they have been in touch with descendents of Wada in the US, who

until a couple of years ago were unaware of their Japanese ancestry and the connection to this famous dog-musher! The Wada family in Japan had a picture of Helen as a young child. Helen grew up in a period of strong anti-Asiatic attitudes. In 1905, in the US marriage was forbidden between whites and 'Mongolians.' In 1907 and 1908, the number of Japanese immigrants was limited by a 'Gentlemen's Agreement' between Japan and Canada and the U.S. In 1908, the Asiatic Exclusion League was established in San Francisco, and later in Vancouver in 1921. I am sure that this shaped much of Helen's upbringing during this period, and possibly Jujiro Wada's relationship

with Helen's mother.

In 1902, there was great excitement about a gold strike on the Tanana River, which is near present day Fairbanks. E. T. Barnette hired Wada to take mining claims to Circle, Alaska for registration. He went on to Dawson City, Yukon and arrived there on January 17, 1903, at -69F after driving his dog sled for three weeks. The news of the gold strike got inflated from excited news writers of the day and set off the famous Tanana Stampede. E.T. Barnette made a great fortune, Fairbanks grew,



Memorial and bust of Jujiro Wada in Hinode-machi, Japan. (Mikio Ueoka photo, 2007)

and Barnette became the first mayor of Fairbanks. Wada did not fare as well because he was not an American citizen. He had applied for citizenship, but was rejected so he was not able to stake any claims. After having been accused of illegally selling furs, he left the area and travelled from Nome to Herschel Island. He prospected and hunted for about three years around the Mackenzie and Firth Rivers in Yukon and NWT and made a couple of trips back and forth between Herschel and Nome during that period. He lived with the Inuvialuit during this period and one newspaper referred to him as 'King of the Eskimo.'

In March 1907 in Nome, Wada

entered and won \$500 first prize in a 50-mile marathon foot race in 7 hours, 39 minutes, 10 seconds. Obviously, his incredible long distance dog-sled 'training' was the reason for his athleticism and stamina. He entered a couple more races, and in the final 35-mile race, he collected \$2,800 prize money. He was physically fit at 70 kg and only about 5 feet 1 inches in height.

Wada went from Nome to Dawson City, Yukon, and in November 1907 left Dawson City for Herschel Island to deliver news to the whalers and to prospect for gold. He returned to Dawson near the end of April 1908, having staked claims near the Firth River and barely surviving a harrowing 1,600-mile trip. One account of his return trip reported him stumbling into Rampart House, a trading post on the route back to Dawson. The *Dawson Daily News*, June 15, 1908, "Close to a Finish," reported an account of Wada's trip from an observer.

Apparently he became snow blind and because of the faithfulness and intelligence of his dogs, they managed to find the trail. The observer described his return as follows: "*That fellow is a grit to the marrow, but he may thank his lucky stars he did not cross the big hill to the last camp in that mush. He was a sorry individual when we got him in there. Not only was he snow blind, but his food had given out some days before and he had sacrificed to his dogs. He took off his trousers and oiled them with whale oil, and gave them to the dogs as their final repast and it may be said to have been the old pants that pulled Wada through, for the suste-*



*nance in those old jeans furnished the last ounce of blood that helped the canines pull into camp."*

On another adventure from December 1909 to February 1910, he led a group to survey a route from Seward, Alaska, to the site of the gold mine of Iditarod. On their return trip, they encountered extremely cold -60 F weather and he had to put down his long-time lead dog along with several other dogs. There followed a stampede of gold miners to the area, and based on his surveying skills, builders located a suitable route for the Alaska Northern Railroad which was built soon after.

For a few years he travelled throughout the US promoting his mining explorations and trying to get investors. From 1914 to about 1917, he maintained a relatively low profile. During that period, World War I had started and there was a strong anti-Japanese movement in full swing.

Around 1915 he was accused of being a spy by an American writer, which had a negative impact on his reputation. He went to NWT and explored the upper Mackenzie River, using Fort Norman as his base. During this period a letter from his daughter, Himeko (Helen) asking about his whereabouts was printed in a Fairbanks newspaper.

In 1920 he was in the first party to reach Fort Norman to stake oil claims. In 1923 he travelled from

Herschel Island to Winnipeg via Fort Norman, a distance of 2,500 miles in 130 days with five dogs in order to promote investments in the new discovery. Fort Norman later became Norman Wells. He returned north by dog sled.

In 1928 the number of Asian immigrants was restricted to 150 per year in Canada. It may have affected his ability to remain in Canada. He travelled throughout the U.S. promoting his mining prospects and also worked in Alaska for a couple



February 2007 Wada photo-exhibit launched in Yukon. From left; Taeko Torigai, Peggy D'Orsay, Lillian Nakamura Maguire and Miyo Miyahara. (L. Maguire photo, 2007)

of years. He had provided financial support to his mother throughout his life, but during his last working period in Alaska his mother died in 1933 at the age of 82, and he did not learn of it until about a year later.

He continued to travel throughout the US to find investors for his explorations. He regularly sent money to Japan to cover the cost of building a decent grave for his mother and to provide assistance to his ailing aunt.

He died as a result of a heart attack in San Diego in 1937 at the age of 62 years. No relatives were known, so he was buried in an unmarked grave.

Today, many in Matsuyama City celebrate the life and accomplishments of Jujiro Wada. Most recently in September 2007 at Hinode-machi, the home of Wada, a bust of Jujiro Wada was unveiled, along with two memorials and an exhibition of his life was on display. The exhibition included information about the Yukon Quest dog sled race and of the photo-exhibit panel of Jujiro Wada that was produced by Yukon Archives, Yukon Human Rights Commission, with a financial contribution from the Endowment Fund of the National Association of Japanese Canadians.

As the mushers reach the finish line in Whitehorse for the Yukon Quest, I will again be reminded of the incredible adventures of Jujiro Wada – the samurai dog-musher

under the northern lights! ❄

*(Thanks to Fumi and Taeko Torigai who provided assistance with translation and correspondence to our Japanese contacts and also wrote a summary in English of Yuji Tani's book titled 'The Samurai Dog-Musher Under the Northern Light' (1995); Peggy D'Orsay of Yukon Archives for her research and support; and Fumiko Miyahara who first introduced me to the life of Jujiro Wada.)*

## Three Films by Hirokazu Kore-eda by Rhys Davies, QC

Most mainstream Hollywood films are 'larger than life,' in the sense that there is what one writer has called an 'emotional excess' about them; they are rarely open to 'uncertainty' or 'alternative meanings.'

*(The Story of Film, Mark Cousins, 2004, p. 67).* The great Japanese director Yasujiro Ozu rejected this style; he thought it 'smothered the basic truth of character and life' (quoted by Cousins, p. 126). Watch-

ing Ozu's masterpiece, *Tokyo Story*, you identify with the characters and what happens to them in the movie – aging parents visiting their grown-up children from whom they are distant, and not altogether welcome,



and how they cope when the mother dies. You get drawn into their story and deeply moved by it. Of course, Ozu's mastery as a director has a lot to do with it. But that doesn't happen when you watch *The Philadelphia Story*; the characters inhabit a different world from us, and behave differently. It is an excellent movie nonetheless, directed by one of the really great Hollywood directors, George Cukor. But you enjoy it, and move on. Classic Hollywood movies rarely stay with you.

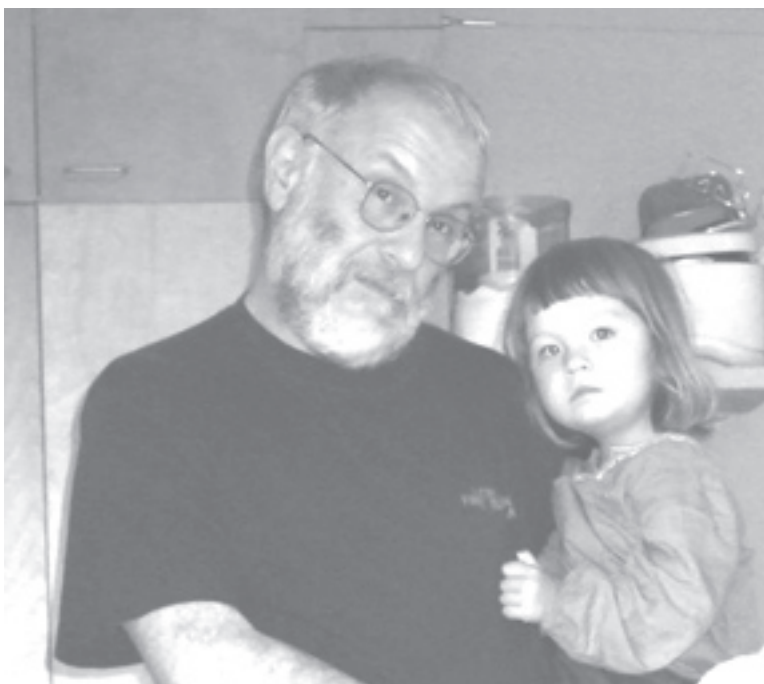
I enjoy Hirokazu Kore-eda's movies immensely; and they stay with me. I can (and do) watch them again and again. Kore-eda was born in 1962 in Tokyo. His films tell powerful stories which we can all identify with because they happen in the world we all inhabit. He weaves into these stories reflections and examinations of things that can touch all our lives, in a very thoughtful and sensitive way. The three films I talk about here deal with happiness, loss, grief, abandonment, hope, memory, healing. They

are infused with warm humanity and compassion for human suffering.

### ***Maborosi***

Kore-eda started out making TV documentaries, and won several awards for films such as "*However ...*", which dealt with the suicide of a senior government official who was responsible for the welfare of victims of *Minimata* disease (mercury poisoning). While he was working on this project he was struck by the grief of the man's widow, and that was one of the experiences that led him to make his first feature film,

*Maborosi*, (Japanese title is "*Maboroshi no Hikari*" (幻の光, literally "phantasmic light"). It stars Makiko Esumi, Tadanobu Asano and Takashi Naitō and is based on a novel by Teru Miyamoto. *Maborosi* is a film about grief, and about healing from that grief. The story is told in a simple, understated manner that has been compared to Ozu and the Taiwanese director Hou Hsiao-Hsien (Kore-eda has also made a documentary about him and Edward Yang). It is set in Osaka and the Noto peninsula. The



*Rhys Davies with grand-daughter Emiko. (R. Davies photo, 2008)*

main character in the movie is Yumiko, played by Makiko Esumi, and we follow her through happiness and heartbreak and back to happiness, and to peace. We also see how her family and friends and neighbours, through simple kindness and friendship, help her in this journey. There are some delightful characters and moments in the movie, for instance, Tomeno, the old woman who makes a living from fishing, who is 'immortal', and the two children in the movie.

There is no dramatic action, no special effects, Kore-eda seems to use natural light mostly, he stays

away from close ups and fast cutting from shot to shot (quite common in modern movies). The movie is slow, and you can savour it. It ends in real tranquility. It has been described as 'contemplative' or 'serene.' It is one of the most beautiful movies I know.

### ***After Life***

Kore-eda's second feature, "*After Life*," (*Wandāfuru raifu*) is set in a facility where people go for the first seven days after they die - and during that time they are asked to choose one memory from their lives "one memory that was most meaningful or precious to you" - and the staff will make a short movie of it. On the seventh day they watch the movie, and then move on, and the memory they chose to be filmed is the one memory they will retain for all of eternity. On this framework, using both professional and non-professional actors, and old and young, Kore-eda presents us with a multi-layered meditation on

memory, happiness, achievement, and life generally. We see how several of the 'clients' struggle with the choice; one who claims to have only bad memories; one whose memory is gone altogether. The stories that the participants choose to have retold are varied and quite moving, and pose all sorts of big questions without ever becoming dull or abstract; and there are also the stories of the staff at the facility, in particular Mochizuki-san, which bring even more poignancy to the movie. The humanity of the work is so powerful. People look back on their lives

– what made them happy, what do they want to remember, what do we do with memories, how true or real are memories, memories for comfort, what about when memory fails.

In notes on the DVD, Kore-eda explains how when they were developing the film, they asked over 500 people to choose the one memory they would want to retain for eternity, and he was intrigued by how many chose upsetting experiences. He also explains what really interested him: “human emotions are the sparks that fly when ‘truth’ and ‘fiction’ collide. In this film, I wanted to explore the consequences of such collision by investigating the uncertain area between ‘objective record’ and ‘recollection’. ... the act of remembering ... challenges us to evolve and mature ... recreation of memories allows the dead to come to terms with the past, affirming and accepting their lives in the process.”

Kore-eda does not lose sight of the fact that he is making a movie for people to watch – this is not some dry, boring tract on those deep questions – the movie explores these ideas through a delightful parade of people, real people, looking back on their lives. Since I first saw the movie several years ago I have wondered which memory I would choose to retain for all eternity, and it does force me to reflect on the gifts life has brought to me.

### ***Nobody Knows***

The third of Kore-eda’s features that is available in Canada on DVD is “*Nobody Knows*” (*Dare No Shiranai*). It is actually his fourth feature, but “*Distance*,” made in 2001, is not yet available. As a note at the start of “*Nobody Knows*” explains, although it was inspired by actual events that took place in Tokyo, the details and characters portrayed in it are entirely fictional. The incident it is based on happened

in 1988, and became known as “the affair of the four abandoned children of *Nishi-Sugamo*.” A mother abandoned her four children--each of whom had a different father and three of whom did not legally exist since their births had never been registered. With almost no money, they fended for themselves for six months, with tragic consequences. It created a huge scandal in Japan when the children were discovered. It took 15 years for Kore-eda to raise the funds to make the film. He follows the family for 12 months, both before and after the mother leaves. The children are Akira (12 years old), Kyoko (I think she is about 10), and the much younger Yuki and Shigeru. When the mother leaves, Akira is left to look after his younger siblings. Their presence in their rented apartment has to be kept a secret from the landlord so the younger three have to stay in. None of them goes to school.

Kore-eda pays most attention to the children, but carefully avoids demonizing their mother, played by You, a well-known media personality in Japan. She is very good in the film, but the performances of the four children, are outstanding, especially Yuya Yagira as Akira, for which he won the best actor award at Cannes in 2004. There is also a strong performance by Hanae Kan as Saki, a lonely young adolescent who becomes friends with the children. None of these kids were professional actors, and Kore-eda did not give them detailed dialogue. Yagira’s performance is in the same league as Jean-Pierre Leaud as Antoine Doinel in Truffaut’s “*The 400 Blows*.”

Kore-eda explained in an interview with Mark Leiren-Young in 2005 published in the GEORGIA STRAIGHT that, while the Japanese media focused on the mother, what fascinated him was the resilience of the children. “At the time of

the incident, it was all over the talk shows and it was about the tragedy of the children and how terrible the mother is. But there was just a tiny little story in the paper once the older girl--she was 10--had entered some kind of state foster care. And there was one quote that said, ‘My brother was always so sweet to us.’ And with that one single comment, my heart was deeply affected. Clearly there had been a life among these siblings that was much more complex than just kind of ‘the poor abandoned children’.” Kore-eda explained that once he was caught up in the story, he couldn’t bring himself to abandon it, no matter how frustrating the quest for funding became. “Even though it is a fictionalized account, in my research what I really learned about the oldest boy I really, really came to care for him, and I just couldn’t somehow abandon him. I wanted to send him out into the world and at the same time kind of shelter and protect him.”

“*Nobody Knows*” gives us Akira’s story in these awful circumstances, as he looks after his brother and sisters, and deals with his own loneliness and the onset of adolescence. Kore-eda uses everyday events to show us their joys and sorrows. Kore-eda explains his approach in the GEORGIA STRAIGHT interview. “I would say that once the mom leaves, I really wanted to use something other than dialogue or language to convey their emotions to the audience. I’m really trying to create a space where the audience can relate to the children’s emotional state without the use of dialogue. I think my main approach in the second half was...to really focus on their hands and the way that their hands express various emotions of happiness or sadness.”

He succeeds. One of the most delightful scenes in the film is when Akira decides that he is no longer

going to keep the children cooped up in the apartment, and all four of them go out to the grocery store and the local park. You just watch these kids enjoy their liberty and live for the moment. The ‘plot’ of the film is driven by the gradual deterioration in their living conditions as the little money that the mother sent runs out – the power is cut off, they have nothing to eat, the squalor builds up and, eventually, a tragedy happens (although it is less brutal than what actually happened). But the plot and the narrative are much less significant than the portrait of these four kids getting through, of the sorrows and

the pleasures they find in their lives (the seeds they plant; Yuki and her Apollo chocs), the bond they have with each other, and with Saki, who is obviously materially well cared for, but emotionally as neglected as they are.

“*Nobody Knows*” is a heart-breaking film, the ending is ‘open’ (nothing is resolved, they are not ‘rescued’, evil is not punished), but I would not call it a ‘dark’ film which leaves you bereft of faith in humanity; it is a compelling testament to humanity. Even though Kore-eda’s heart was clearly deeply affected by

this story, it never becomes sentimental or simplistic, and the film is made with great skill and sensitivity.

“*Maborosi*” (1995, 109 m.), “*After Life*” (1999, 119 m.) and “*Nobody Knows*” (2004, 141 m.) are all available on DVD for North American viewers. (All Japanese, with English subtitles.) ❀

*Rhys Davies is a litigation lawyer with Davies LLP. He loves movies, Especially Japanese movies. But he loves Emiko, his granddaughter even more.*

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## Artisan Sakemaker Celebrates First Year Anniversary

### by Carl Yokota

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On Tuesday, January 15, 2008, Artisan Sakemaker celebrated its one- year anniversary milestone with an exclusive media event at its Granville Island studio.

Guests were delightfully welcomed at the front door with a refreshing glass offering of a *sake*-infused strawberry freeze concoction. After a brief introduction and over the course of two hours, the man-in-charge, Masa Shiroki, and his crew carefully drained the fermented rice mash or *momori* from one of the three large, stainless steel fermentation tanks into compact linen bags, the sacks were firmly secured with lengths of cord and then hand-loaded into a large custom-built stainless steel pressing tank. A fortunate few, at the encouragement and under the watchful eye of the *Sakemaker*, actually got a chance to fill the soon-to-be pressed linen bags.

Select local media, wine and beverage industry friends, and visitors from as far away as Montreal and New York witnessed the production of the first *Osake Junmai Genshu* premium *sake* of 2008 and the ninth batch since the Artisan Sakemaker



*Masa Shiroki pouring the first Junmai Genshu premium sake of 2008 for aficionados gathered for the first year anniversary celebrations. (C. Yokota photo, 2008)*

opened exactly one year to the date in 2007. All the while, trays laden with unique and delicious appetizers made with *sake* or *sake kasu* were passed around and favourably enjoyed by all who attended. ❀

*Masa Shiroki is the proprietor of Artisan Sakemaker on Granville Island, 1339 Railspur Alley, Vancouver B.C. Tel: 604 685 7253 [www.artisansakemaker.com](http://www.artisansakemaker.com)*



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## Memories of BC's Soft Fruits by Margaret Lyons

The article on B.C. Tree Fruits Ltd by Mary Leah de Zwart and Linda Peterat in the summer edition of *Culinary Chronicles* brought back memories buried for over 60 years. Before the last World War, there was a flourishing soft fruit industry in the lower Fraser Valley, where I grew up. Most of the soft fruit farmers were Japanese Canadians, a culture wiped out by government edict in 1942. This was the infamous ethnic cleansing of the Japanese Canadians living along the coastal region of B.C. After Japan attacked Pearl Harbor in December 1941 they were felt to be a security risk and, together with the Japanese Canadian fishers and city dwellers, were stripped of their property and transported to road camps and sugar beet farms on the prairies and in Southern Ontario.

What happened to the fruit production in the middle of the war? I was a teenager and too involved in my family's misery during this mass evacuation to ponder this question then. You cannot impound thousands of fishing vessels and stop the tending of fruit fields of thousands of farms without immediate effect. It does not appear to have concerned

the politicians who were caught up in the hysteria and, of course, the Japanese Canadians themselves had other worries. Until now, I have never considered the question.

Fifty years later, we were driving along the Lougheed Highway on the north side of the Fraser through the string of farms which once had been the Niagara of British Columbia. Fruit farms used to border the highway. They were gone. My hometown of Mission City was at the eastern end of this string and not yet a dormitory suburb of Vancouver.

Disappeared from view. Gone too, the view of the broad river where tugboats would tow huge booms of logs downstream, where every spring and early summer screaming gulls would follow the schools of greasy candlefish called oolichan, and later the many varieties of salmon. Today this once-despised oolichan provides a gourmet oil served in First Nations restaurants in Vancouver.

My family was among the earlier pioneers to launch the soft fruit industry in Mission City. By the late 1930s, some one hundred Japanese Canadians were the

majority of the soft fruit farmers. They grew British Sovereign strawberries, Cuthbert raspberries, loganberries, blackberries, and gooseberries. Some farms had apple, cherry and chestnut trees. One even grew hops.

They formed an agricultural producers' cooperative and joined with other Fraser Valley communities for orderly marketing across the prairies. These '*nokai*' also served the community with other social services, such as building and maintaining community centres. They hired teachers to teach basic Japanese to the children and simple ESL for diligent adults. The most important educational function was the kindergarten to teach preschool children basic English so they would be on equal terms with their English-speaking neighbours when they entered public schools. One teacher was a former Baptist missionary who gave her pupils a head start with their reading and writing when they entered Grade 1. They were able to join the school choir because she taught the children English through lusty singing of "Jesus Loves Me," and at Christmas "Silent Night." The parents, who



Workers picking strawberries on the Kawase farm in Richmond. (UBC, Spec. Col., Jap. Can. Col. photo, ca. 1935)

were mainly Buddhists, came to the concerts to applaud their children's achievement.

The co-op ran a jam and canning factory, and also shipped barrels of fruit preserved in hydrogen sulphide to Britain. The factory supplied members with two- and four-pound tins of preserves at cost, which helped the farm wives at the busiest time of the year, but also discouraged individual preserving. I remember no family recipes for canning or pickling, although one family recipe we all recall with great longing is my grandmother's sundried cherries. She took the plumpest Bing cherries, which I picked from her tall trees, boiled them quickly in thick sugar syrup to preserve the colour, pitted them, and sun-dried them beside the summer

kitchen. She spread the sticky fruit on white tea towels and covered them in mosquito net to keep off the flies. They were watched carefully, to be put away at just the right stage of chewiness with a dusting of fruit sugar. She carefully doled them out to us when we visited during the fall. They seldom lasted until Christmas, but by then we were caught up in the food preparation for New Year.

The communities, the soft fruit farms, the jam factory, all gone. Today the soft fruit farms are on the south side of the River.

Some questions were never asked, so I suspect were never answered. What was the size of the loss to the B.C. economy? How did the towns and villages replace the huge part of their tax base lost when the Japanese Canadians were

evicted? Did the jam factories of the UK miss our barrels of strawberries, raspberries and blackberries? Some interesting footnotes to Canadian history. ❀

*Born Keiko Margaret Inouye in British Columbia, Margaret attended McMaster University in Hamilton, ON, from where she earned an Honorary Doctorate of Letters many years later. She joined CBC as a radio journalist, later becoming Vice President of English Radio. After retirement she has volunteered in different heritage preservation activities. She has been a member of the Culinary Historians of Ontario for many years. This article originally appeared in the Autumn 2007 edition, number 54, of CULINARY CHRONICLES.*

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## The Vancouver Junior Go Association by Paul Fulford

I started the Vancouver Junior Go Association in 2005. The association/club is intended as a venue for younger and newer players to learn and play *go* and to socialize in a friendly, safe environment.

Experienced players are also welcome, of course. We have players from age 6 to 20, and a few older adults attend from time to time.

The club meets every second and fourth Saturday of each month from 10:00 AM to 1:00 PM at the NNM&HC in Burnaby, BC.

What is 'go' anyway? You mean you don't know? *Go* is just the best game in the world! It's a strategy game that makes you think real hard ... but it's fun!

It's played on a board with 19 times 19 lines (sometimes with fewer lines). One player uses white 'stones' and the other player uses black 'stones.' The goal is to use your stones to surround the opponent's stones, referred to as a 'territory.' Whoever has the most surrounded

'territories' at the end of the games, wins.

*Go* is also called "*igo*" in Japanese, "*weiqi*" in Chinese, and "*baduk*" in Korean.

*Go* is huge in Asia! It's played in schools, shown on television, printed in the newspapers, it's everywhere! It's bigger than monopoly, backgammon, even bigger than chess! It's fun and helps to develop critical thinking, analysis and pattern-matching skills.

A lesson is given from 10:00 to 10:30 AM for beginners. This includes a short discussion and few examples of opening moves to help players learn strategy and tactics.

Anyone can come and play between 10:00 AM and 1:00 PM.

Players can either choose



*Paul Fulford with students playing Go. (M. Yesaki photo, 2008).*

their own opponents or wait to be matched up. We stress good sportsmanship in a friendly, competitive environment.

Regarding younger children, we cannot directly supervise each child and attend to their medical and/or toiletry needs, so we ask that parents remain in the room. Our club is a non-profit venture. You can contact us at [komodo@telus.net](mailto:komodo@telus.net). Website: [www.juniorgoclub.ca](http://www.juniorgoclub.ca). ❀



# *Family History Series No. 9*

## Nikkei Fisherman Tohachiro “Toki” Kondo

### by Christine Kondo

You could say that my grandfather, “Toki” Kondo, was born with a fishing rod in his hand, or at least he was born with fishing in his blood. Fishing was a passion that bookended his life—from his birth in a Japanese Canadian fishing village on the west coast, right up to his death with his hopes of participating in a fishing derby in northern Ontario.

But the family tradition of fishing goes back even further than Toki’s life. Toki’s father, Shinjiro “Chan Chan” Kondo was born in 1880 in Mio village, Hidaka county in the Wakayama prefecture of Japan. Chan Chan was born into a family of fishers. His father worked as a fish broker and sold fish to restaurants in Osaka. Eventually his business deteriorated and it no longer became possible to sell fish. Not seeing that there was a good future for him in Japan, young Chan Chan took the courageous leap of faith that many *issei* took at that time and moved to Canada where the fishing opportunities were plentiful on the west coast.

#### Steveston and Victoria

At the age of 20, Chan Chan came to Canada in May 1900 aboard the *S.S. TARTAR*. Chan Chan’s wife Kinu “Ban Chan” (born in 1889) was *yobiyose* from Japan or sponsored to come to Canada eight years later in

May 1908. Their first child, Tohachiro “Toki” Kondo was born on April 18, 1909, in Steveston, BC. Growing up among all of the fishing activities taking place in Steveston, a thriving Japanese Canadian community at that

ing Chinese community, in Victoria. Later when he was old enough, son Eichi helped his father deliver the fish to the outskirts of Victoria on his motorcycle which was equipped with a sidecar. Eichi also worked as a bellhop at the Empress Hotel in Victoria.

The Kondo family was comfortably settled in Victoria for many years and government documents from that time have an address on Fisgard Street listed as their primary residence. Even though he was busy working and raising a young family, Chan Chan was active in the local Japanese Canadian community. He became a Buddhist lay minister and helped perform some Buddhist services in Victoria. Chan Chan also volunteered his time at the Victoria Japanese Language School; he received a certificate of appreciation for his work in 1936.

Ban Chan used the skills she acquired while attending dressmaking school in

Japan as a young girl to sew all of her children’s clothes. She was proud to say that her daughters were the best-dressed girls in Victoria.

Toki started commercial fishing at the young age of 14. At the time, Chan Chan could not get a commercial license because he was not a naturalized Canadian citizen. But since Toki was born in Canada he was able to obtain one. It was because of this Toki’s formal education ended



*Toki Kondo pictured here aboard his boat before the war. (Kondo family photo)*

time, young Toki wanted to be working on the boats just like his dad.

During their time in Steveston, Ban Chan gave birth to three daughters, Matsuye (1910), Fusako (1912) and Aiko (1918) and one son, Eichi (1914). After moving to Victoria, their youngest child, Fumiko, was born in 1921. While in Victoria, Chan Chan took up his father’s old occupation and sold fresh fish to various restaurants, mostly to the grow-



at that time. His sisters Aiko and Fumiko always said that Toki had to sacrifice his formal education for the sake of the family. By the time he was married at the age of 27, Toki was a seasoned fisherman.

In 1931, Toki lost his sister Fusako to heart problems. She was only 18 when she passed away. Sadly, this wouldn't be the only tragic loss Toki would have to endure during his life, many more challenges were yet to come.

### Marriage

On January 30, 1937, 27-year old Toki Kondo married 21-year old Alice Ayako Karatsu at the United Church in Victoria, with Reverend Yutaka Ogura officiating. The Kondo and Karatsu families knew each other in the 'early days' in Steveston and kept in touch after the Kondos moved to Victoria in 1918.

Alice Ayako Karatsu was also born into a fishing family in Steveston in 1915. Like Toki, she spent most of her childhood living in the thriving Japanese Canadian fishing communities along the west coast. After living in Steveston for a number of years, the Karatsu family moved to Clayoquot Island (also known as Stubbs Island), just across the water from the village of Tofino, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, in 1922.

Alice's father, Naoichi, was a fisherman and, together with his wife Sen, they spent nearly 20 years raising their nine children on Clayoquot Island. Naoichi became a naturalized Canadian citizen very early so he was able to fish from Tofino on a motorized fishing vessel named *NK*.

Both Naoichi and Sen were *issei* and were born in Marugame city, Kagawa prefecture, on Shikoku Island in Japan. Naoichi (born in 1887) enlisted in the war when Japan



*The Kondo family prior to 1921. Children front row from left: Eichi, Matsuye, Aiko, Fusako and Toki. Back row from the left: Unknown (possibly Ban Chan's brother), Kinu "Ban Chan" and Shinjiro "Chan Chan." (Kondo Family photo)*

attacked Russia. Since he was too young to fight, he became an orderly for the medical corps. This was when Naoichi learned the medical skills and knowledge that became useful later on during the Karatsus pioneering days on isolated Clayoquot Island. He even offered his medical knowledge to the First Nations people in the area; he inoculated the children and administered first aid. One time a local tribe repaid him with a canoe full of *kazunoko*!

When she was a teenager, Alice left Clayoquot Island and moved to Victoria and boarded with the Kondos to attend dressmaking school. "I remember mom saying that she was so homesick that she begged her father to return to Clayoquot after some four months," recalled Beverly, Alice and Toki's eldest daughter. When Alice moved back to Clayoquot, she worked at the Maquinna Hotel and helped to look after her younger siblings.

After Toki and Alice were married, their first daughter Beverly

Kinuye was born in December 1937. A son, (my father) Edward Shinichi was born in 1939. The young family spent the fishing season in Tofino and then moved back to Victoria for the winters every year until 1941. Alice recalled how scary it was to travel by fishing vessel from Victoria through the Juan de Fuca Strait and into the open ocean along the west coast of Vancouver Island, "I felt like I was going to keel over," she once said to me as she recalled that journey.

"It was funny that for people living by the ocean, both mom and dad didn't know how to swim and mom was afraid of the water," said their son Edward. "One time dad was rowing a small skiff when they tipped over and the story goes mom was screaming and flailing in the water in a panic, and dad calmly said 'Stand up' and the water was only knee deep!"

### Tofino

Toki and Alice and their two children lived in a modest "fisher-  
*Continued on page 16*



*The Kondo family at #18 house in Sandon, BC. From back row left: Alice, Ban Chan holding Donna, Chan Chan. Front from left: Toki, Beverly and Edward. (Kondo family photo c. 1942)*

man's house" in Nishikage or Grant's Point about a mile and a half west of Tofino during the fishing season. During that time Toki was a member of the Tofino Fisherman's Union. This short period of time before the war was a happy one for Toki, for he spoke fondly in later years of his time fishing out of Tofino.

In 1940, Toki was joined in Tofino by his younger brother Eichi when Eichi decided to purchase a fully equipped 30-foot fishing vessel. The vessel was purchased for \$1,400 from Mr. Yoshijiro Sakaguchi. Sadly, for both Toki and Eichi, their days of fishing together were very limited. They only enjoyed one precious season fishing together.

Only two short years after he purchased the vessel, Eichi received a letter from the Japanese Fishing Vessels Disposal Committee while he was interned at the Glencoe Sugar Beet Camp in Ontario. The letter informed him of the forced sale of his boat for \$452.90. It was a sad event that was also later experienced by Toki as well as by hundreds of other families as the Committee disposed

of the over 1,200 fishing vessels it had seized in December 1941. Eichi never returned to fish the waters of the west coast but Toki couldn't be kept away from his beloved fishing grounds.

By the summer of 1941, with escalating tensions due to the war against Japan, Toki and Alice decided to leave Tofino a little earlier than usual and spent that winter with the extended family in Victoria. Alice was pregnant with her third child at the time and instead of travelling by boat she elected to take the overland route to Victoria with toddlers Beverly and Edward. Upon arriving in Victoria, they rented a house on Store Street for a couple of months. Thus began many years of constant moving from place to place for the young family.

### **Sandon**

During the winter of 1941-42, the entire family moved in with Toki's sister, Matsuye Mori, in her house on Discovery Street. Their third child, Donna Chiyoko, was born in December 1941 at Royal Jubilee

Hospital. Less than four months later in April 1942, they were all interned at Hastings Park in Vancouver.

Alice remembered the appalling conditions they had to live under until June of that year. She recalled that there was no privacy, only a thin sheet hanging in between the beds for privacy. Alice also remembered when her three-year old son Edward had a tantrum in the cafeteria and threw a full bowl of stew across the table and onto the floor; young Edward obviously hated the unfamiliar food he was forced to eat at Hastings Park.

Finally on June 24, 1942, after a long trip by train, bus and the last few kilometres on foot, the Kondo family arrived at their new home, house #18 in Sandon, an abandoned silver mining town in the Kootenay region of BC. Their first winter in Sandon was a cold one; they had only ever lived on the coast with its mild winters and they were unprepared for the cold and snowy the winters of the BC interior.

On November 13, 1943, a fourth child, a son named Teruo was born. When I asked my dad why his parents gave this child a Japanese name and not an English name like his older siblings (Beverly, Edward and Donna), my dad said that by that time Toki was justifiably angry at the Canadian government and no longer wanted anything to do with Canada or the English culture. Toki's sister Aiko said that because Teruo was born premature and not expected to live, his birth had to be registered quickly with the BC Security Commission immediately before he died so there was no time to give him an English name.

Tragically, baby Teruo died in May 1944. It's unknown the specific cause of death except that it was because he was born premature and, as a result, was in frail health



throughout his short life. News of the infant's death reverberated in the extended family who were scattered in different communities throughout the BC interior. Telegrams and letters of sympathy came in from family and friends in Tashme, Greenwood, Shalath, Minto Mine and New Denver.

Teruo had a full service funeral in Sandon, complete with several wreathes of flowers. The little baby was cremated there in Sandon and Toki and Alice kept his ashes with them for decades until he was put to rest in the family plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery in Toronto. Teruo's death was not talked about for many years in our family, not until both Toki and Alice had passed away. It was probably never mentioned due to the terrible painful memories it would have caused Toki and Alice.

Still having to take care of three young children, Toki and Alice had no choice but to go on with living and surviving in Sandon. Being a "jack of all trades," Toki worked at the local hydro-electric generating plant. In the summer of 1945, they were moved to New Denver, a village on the shores of Slocan Lake.

### New Denver

It's not surprising knowing Toki and his love for fishing that he managed to find a way to fish even while interned. Toki purchased a small rowboat with a two-horsepower engine and would go trolling for trout. Edward remembers his dad taking him out on fishing excursions on Slocan Lake. They would also go across the lake to pick *matsutake* mushrooms.

Even in the tiny village of New Denver, the Kondo family was constantly moving about. It must have been exhausting for Toki and Alice to pack and unpack every year, especially with three young children. From 1945-46, they lived

for about year in a commission house situated on Mr. Sandy Harris' property. In 1947, they rented the second floor rooms above a store located next door to Bosun Hall.

In the winter of 1947-48, they rented a home located across from the Presbyterian Church from Mr. Alex Trickett. Toki got a job working as a plumber and electrician in Mr. Trickett's hardware store. "The Tricketts were very good to us," said Beverly. "Mr. Trickett's sons visited us [later on] when we were living on Sackville Street in Toronto."

Even though the evacuation to the interior of BC was a time of great upheaval in their lives, the young Kondo children remained unflappable and spent their time as most children do: playing with friends, swimming in Slocan Lake and occasionally getting into mischief. In family photos from that time, Beverly, the eldest, is always seen with a protective arm around her little brother Edward. Edward was an energetic and precocious youngster. Beverly attended the Orchard School and remembers the *obon odoris* at the Sanitorium. They also remember picking berries on the outskirts of town during the summer and they were so comfortable in their surroundings that they were never scared even when they saw a bear.

Finally in March 1948, Toki purchased lots 27 and 28 in Block 61 and moved a purchased commission house onto the property for a more permanent home. The family lived there for a little over a year when they decided to follow the other relatives and move to Toronto.



*Christmas on Harris Ranch in New Denver, circa 1945. From left: Toki's children Donna, Beverly, Edward and their cousin Michael Murakami. (Kondo Family photo)*

### Toronto

After the war ended, everyone in the Japanese Canadian community were given the option of "Go East or Repatriate" to Japan. Toki felt so betrayed by Canada at this point that he wanted to move to Japan, a country he had never even visited! "I remember how traumatic it was for mom because she did not want to go to Japan. I remember the Karatsu grandparents counseling dad not to sign for Japan," recalled Beverly. Thankfully, Alice dug in her heels and said "nothing doing" and insisted they follow the rest of the extended family to Toronto.

In May 1949, after a long train journey across the Prairies where their hungry son Edward asked, "Are we so poor that we can't afford rice anymore?" the Kondo family settled in the Cabbagetown neighbourhood in Toronto. Once in

*Continued on page 18*



Toronto, Toki worked at various jobs to support his family, including working at a herring pickling plant and at a radio and appliance store called Electro Sun. But his heart remained on the west coast.

In 1950, when BC Packers came looking for experienced fishermen, Toki excitedly signed up. After nine long years, he would finally return to fish the coast again! The only challenge was that since all of the extended family now lived in Toronto, Alice did not want to pick up everything and move her children to BC again. The extended family also weren't interested in returning to an uncertain future in BC. They had experienced so many years of discrimination on the west coast, they were dubious that BC would welcome them back with open arms. Besides, they were all busy working and going to school in Toronto; they were finally putting down some roots.

### Fishing after the War

So Toki and Alice made the difficult decision to live several months a year apart; Alice and the children stayed in Toronto while Toki spent the fishing season on the coast. Alice got a job working at a wallet factory in Toronto to help supplement the family income. Toki acquired a new boat which he christened the

**BEVERLY K** and along with his fellow fishing buddies—Johnny Madokoro, Tommy Kimoto, Noel and Harold Morishita, just to name a few—returned to the west coast.

This time Toki's base was Ucluelet. Ellen Kimoto was a child growing up in Ucluelet at the time



*In retirement, Toki became a well-known fisherman in Northern Ontario. He's pictured here in the 1970s with a catch of rainbow trout. (Kondo Family photo)*

and remembers when all of the fishermen would come in from a day of fishing and would gather around in the evenings for a friendly game of softball.

Every year when fishing season was over, Toki would overwinter his boat in Port Alberni. Toki would stay overnight at his friend Johnny Madokoro's house and Johnny's son Dennis remembers taking out his accordion and playing it for Toki whenever he would come around.

Toki continued to divide

his time fishing in BC and then returning to his family in Toronto for over a dozen years. It wasn't until March 1964 when a tsunami swept through the inlet in Port Alberni and destroyed his boat that Toki decided it was time to retire. He was still young at 55 and could have fished for

a few more years, but after losing his boat for a second time, he probably felt too tired to pick up the pieces and start from scratch again.

By the mid-1960s, the Kondo children were all grown up and attending post-secondary school. Making sure their children received the best educational opportunities was a top priority for both Toki and Alice. They were very proud of their children's achievements. Beverly became an elementary school teacher; Edward a forestry scientist; and Donna worked at London Life Insurance and later at Mitsui Corp.

### Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

In 1973, Toki and Alice moved to Sault Ste. Marie, in northern Ontario, to live with their son Edward and his wife Jeanne. Ed and Jeanne had two children, Christine (me) and Michelle. I have great memories of spending a lot of time with my grandfather Toki. He loved to drive around town, stopping at the Soo Locks to see if there was any fish. Occasionally he would drop a fishing line near the Locks, wedge the rod between two rocks, go back

into the car and smoke a cigarette, all the while keeping an eye on the tip of the rod to see if there was any movement which meant a fish at the end of the line.

I often accompanied him on his drives. He'd take me to see the fish hatchery just outside of town and then take me for fish 'n chips in the middle of the afternoon, "Don't tell your mother!" he'd say mischievously to me because he was worried the fish 'n chips would spoil my appetite. "You have to eat your whole supper tonight."

Since Sault Ste. Marie is located where Lake Superior, Lake Michigan and Lake Huron meet, Toki spent a lot of time fishing around these lakes, in both the summer and the winter. A favourite family event was the yearly smelt run in Batchewana Bay. It was always an exciting time for me because it meant I could stay up late. The smelt run always happened at midnight and the whole family would wade out into the water

with nets catching hundreds of little smelts. I'd always fall asleep on the car ride home.

Being a sociable fellow, Toki made a lot of new fishing buddies in Sault Ste. Marie that remember him well even to this day. Recently my sister Michelle was asked by an elderly gentleman at the local mall if she was Toki's granddaughter. She said yes and the man smiled and said, "I used to go fishing with him! He was such a fun guy!"

Toki entered a number of fishing derbies while enjoying his retirement. He received a trophy for fourth place in 1979-80 for catching a 12-lb 1 oz rainbow trout. At one point he held the record for the largest rainbow trout (over 14 lbs) caught in Ontario.

Whenever he would travel to Toronto to visit family, Toki would always bring some fish he had caught. Granddaughter Jennifer remembers that her "Poppo" would arrive on their doorstep holding up a

big fish wrapped in plastic. She said that as a child she always thought that fish just "came from Poppo."

In the late 1970s, Toki's health began to deteriorate. He was diagnosed with kidney disease in 1979 and lost a lot of weight. Even though he was quite frail, he still purchased an entry ticket and hoped to participate in the 1980 fishing derby. Toki Kondo died at home of a sudden heart attack on February 6, 1980, at the age of 70. He was out ice-fishing with his friends the day before he died. Alice followed her beloved Toki on November 20, 1999. ❀

*Christine Kondo would like to think that Toki would be happy to hear that his granddaughter moved from Ontario to the west coast after graduating from university. Christine would like to thank all family members, especially Beverly Uyeno and Edward Kondo, in helping to research the Kondo family history.*

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## JCNM and UBC Press Launch Two New Books

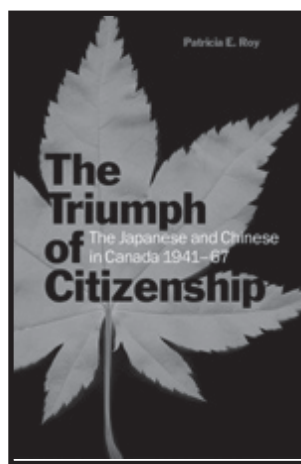
The Japanese Canadian Museum and UBC Press launched two new publications in May.

***Hiroshima Immigrants in Canada, 1891-1941*** by Michiko Midge Ayukawa is a fascinating investigation of Japanese migration to Canada prior to World War II. The book draws on interviews, diaries, community histories, biographies and the author's own family history to describe the political, economic and social circumstances that precipitated emigration between 1891 and 1941.

Ayukawa also examines the lives and experiences of those migrants who settled in western Canada. Interviews with three generations of community members, as well as with



those who never emigrated, supplement research on immigrant labour, the central role of women and the challenges Canadian-born children faced as they navigated life between two cultures.



***The Triumph of Citizenship, The Japanese and Chinese in Canada, 1941-67*** by Patricia E. Roy. In this companion volume to *A White Man's Province* and *The Oriental Question*, Patricia E. Roy examines the climax of antipathy to Asians in Canada: the removal of all Japanese Canadians from the BC coast in 1942. Their free return was not allowed until 1949.

Yet the war also brought increased respect for Chinese Canadians; they were enfranchised in 1947 and the federal government softened its ban on Chinese immigration. ***The Triumph of Citizenship*** explains why Canada ignored the rights of Japanese Canadians and placed

*Continued on page 20*

strict limits on Chinese immigration. In response, Japanese Canadians and their supporters in the human rights movement managed to halt “repatriation” to Japan, and Chinese Canadians successfully lobbied for the same rights as other Canadians

to sponsor immigrants. The final triumph of citizenship came in 1967, when immigration regulations were overhauled and the last remnants of discrimination removed. This book reminds all Canadians of the values and limits of their citizenship.

Patricia E. Roy is a professor emeritus of history at the University of Victoria and a member of the Royal Society of Canada. *The Triumph of Citizenship* was nominated for the 2008 BC Book Prizes Hubert Evans Non-Fiction Award. ❁

## The Canadian National Wildfowl Carving Championship by Mitsuo Yesaki

The Grand Valley Woodcarvers in conjunction with the Kitchener-Waterloo Wood Show convened the 19<sup>th</sup> annual Canadian National Wildfowl Championship in Kitchener, Ontario, from March 14 to 16, 2008.

This competition was open to all carvers with an entry fee of \$15, and \$10 for each additional carving for the Open Class competition. Entry fees for the Intermediate, Novice and Beginner Classes were \$9, and \$7 for each additional carving. Approximately 280 carvings were submitted.

Cash prizes awarded in the Open Class ranged from \$75 to \$300 and the Best of Show Award for 1<sup>st</sup> prize was \$300. Best of Class gift certificates were also awarded for the Intermediate, Novice and Beginner Classes. Four additional cash prizes were offered this year for designated items. These included the following:

- Don Haycock Prize for a decorative, life-size, flat bottom Canvasback drake or hen. The purchase award was \$4,000 plus a ribbon;
- M&T Printing Group Prize for a male Sharp-Shinned Hawk. Specifications were for a decorative and life-size item with no prey. The purchase award was \$2,500 plus a ribbon;
- Ontario Die Company Prize male Black-Throated Blue Warbler. Specifications were for a decorative, life-size, textured and painted item. The purchase award was \$1,900 plus

a ribbon;

- Rubberline Products Ltd. Prize for a male, decorative, life-size Virginia Rail. The purchase award was \$1,900 plus a ribbon.

Tad and Mae Yesaki visited their daughter and family in Cambridge, Ontario, in late February. During their three-week visit, they babysat the grandchildren while the parents took a well-earned holiday.

Tad took the opportunity while in Ontario to enter the Kitchener-Waterloo Wood Show. He had competed in this competition on two previous occasions by proxy. He sent the carvings to his daughter, who registered them under his name. His half-sized redbellied hawk and green-winged teal entries won Honourable Mentions.

For the 2008 Show, Tad entered a sharpshin hawk and a male gadwall. The carvings were awarded 1<sup>st</sup> prizes and the hawk won the M&T Printing Group Prize of \$2,500 and the gadwall won the Best of Class



*Tad Yesaki with one of his winning carvings at the 2008 Canadian National Wildfowl Championship in Kitchener, Ontario. (Luisa Donden photo, 2008)*

for the Realistic Marsh Duck Prize of \$300. Who says babysitting doesn't pay!

Tad will be exhibiting two of his carvings at the Steveston Community Centre during the Richmond Carver's Wood Carving Show to be held on May 24-25, 2008. One of the carvings will be the prize-winning gadwall and the other will be a short-eared owl. ❁



## Traditional Remedies, Part 2 by Mary Ohara

Following the publication of the first instalment of Traditional Remedies in the Autumn 2007 issue of the NIKKEI IMAGES, I received several telephone calls regarding old-time Japanese Canadian remedies. Here are a few more amusing ones for you to enjoy!

A friend, who wishes to remain anonymous, recalled her brother's near disastrous attempt at fire building. He soaked some firewood with gasoline then proceeded to light the wood. The wood exploded into flame and his back caught on fire. As he screamed in agony, his father reacted quickly, grabbing an old barrel of urine that stood nearby and pouring it over his son's flaming back. Immediately his pain eased and, miraculously, no scarring, or even any sign of a burn, occurred. This happened in the era of outhouses

and her family kept an empty *shoyu* barrel close by for the male occupants of her house's convenience.

Another friend recalled a remedy for asthma. When she was a child, her family lived in Ladner and they had a very friendly Chinese neighbour. When he found out that her two-year old brother suffered from asthma, he brought over a pot of soup consisting of chicken, pork, skunk and some vegetables. He told her mother to feed the soup to the asthma sufferer. Her brother (and the rest of the family) ate the soup several different times. To their surprise, his asthma completely disappeared! That was nearly 80 years ago and her brother has turned out to be the healthiest child in the family.

With a former (thanks to the skunk soup!) asthma sufferer in the family, bronchitis was a

concern. Their home remedy of choice was to rub goose oil onto the sufferer's throat and/or chest.

The same friend recalls her mother's appendicitis prevention program. Every spring she would gather chickweed and make *oshitashi* (just as you would prepare spinach). None of the family ever suffered from an appendicitis.

In my younger days, there were no dentists available on Galiano Island so we would visit the "door knob dentist." If there was a tooth to be pulled, our parents would tie one end of a string to the tooth and the other end to a door knob. "Slam" would go the door and the tooth would go flying! Our teeth were kept clean by our daily toothbrushing with salt – toothpaste not being a commodity we were familiar with! ❀

## An Umeboshi a Day... by Christine Kondo

The lively salty and sour tartness of a pickled *ume* plum is a taste you either love or hate. I personally enjoy *umeboshi*, but I can only eat a single one with a bowl of rice. Any more than one and I find the sourness overwhelms the rest of the meal.

*Umeboshi* are made by harvesting *ume* fruit when they ripen around June. The *ume* are packed in salt for about two weeks and then shiso leaves are added and marinated for a few more weeks.

Wakayama prefecture is known for the number and quality of its *ume* and *umeboshi*. The town of Minabe grows more *ume* and produces more *umeboshi* than any other town in all of Japan.

*Umeboshi* has been used in Japan throughout the ages as a folk remedy. The first mention of *umeboshi* occurred in the Heian period (794-1192), when it was written that Emperor Murakami used it to recover from an illness. In the Edo



(C.Kondo photo, 2008)

Period (1600-1868) *umeboshi* was used to help combat fatigue; samurai often kept a supply of the sour plums so they could be alert and ready for action.

Traditionally, *umeboshi* has been recommended as a remedy for food poisoning, diarrhea and other digestive problems, motion sickness, infections, headaches and heatstroke. It is also cited as an important food in macrobiotic diets. Whether or not "an *umeboshi* a day will keep the doctor away," this distinctive-tasting pickle enhances the taste and appearance of any *bento*. ❀

## Medicinal Umeboshi by Shizuko Mikurube

Translated by Stan Fukawa

1. For relief of stomach pain and diarrhea:

At onset of severe symptoms, take two *umeboshi* at once. If symptoms are light, one *umeboshi* should suffice. Three courses of *umeboshi* in one day should relieve the symptoms.

2. *Ume* essence or extract:

Process or grate green *ume* (Japanese plum) and cook for several hours in a clay pot. This will result in a black liquid. This is the essence or extract of *ume* which can be bottled and kept on hand for years. One teaspoon will effectively treat stomach ache and diarrhea. ❀

# 32<sup>nd</sup> Annual Powell Street Festival

## Saturday, August 2<sup>nd</sup> & Sunday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2008



c. Jeanie Ow photo 2006



c. Jeanie Ow photo 2006

The 32<sup>nd</sup> Annual Powell Street Festival invites you to fully immerse yourself in Canada's largest annual celebration of Japanese Canadian arts, culture, and heritage. With its unique mix of scrumptious delicacies, spine-tingling martial arts and sumo demonstrations, taiko and dance performances, and an expansive array of arts and craft vendors and displays, the Powell Street Festival draws thousands of people to Oppenheimer Park each year.

The history of the location is essential to the celebration, says outgoing Powell Street Festival General Manager Miko Hoffman. "Japantown doesn't exist anymore, but we bring it back to life every year for one weekend of fun, family-friendly events," says Hoffman, referring to the bustling Japanese Canadian community that inhabited the Powell Street neighbourhood prior to the Second World War. Oppenheimer Park was at the heart of the *Nihonmachi* (Japantown) and a venue for the legendary Vancouver Asahi baseball team. "For the older generation, the festival is a reminder of what they lived through, and for the younger generation, it gives them a sense of place and history,"



c. Aki Mimoto photo 2007

she says.

The festival audience is extremely diverse, representing a cross-section of people from the Japanese Canadian community, residents of the Downtown Eastside neighbourhood, tourists, and people of all cultures from all over the Lower Mainland. "The atmosphere is one of respect and celebration," says Hoffman. "The festival celebrates the Japanese Canadian community in an inclusive, accessible way. There truly is something for everyone."

As one of Vancouver's few free large outdoor events, the Powell Street Festival invites festival goers to experience the food, crafts, martial arts, folk dance, singing and drumming of traditional Japanese culture. Canada's largest *matsuri* (summer festival) is also known as a venue for emerging contemporary artists and art forms, from contemporary

dance to hip hop to experimental theatre. "We celebrate our past and keep an eye on the future," says Hoffman.

With the City of Vancouver under major construction, Oppenheimer Park was scheduled for a massive renewal project during the 32<sup>nd</sup> installment of the Powell Street Festival. Plans were under way to temporarily relocate, but with construction postponed, the 2008 Powell Street Festival will remain in the heart of historic Japantown in Oppenheimer Park. While the Festival stays put, Hoffman, who has been involved with the festival for over nine years, is off to new adventures. In her stead, Kristen Lambertson will be taking over as General Manager and Programming Director. Given her Japanese heritage and background in art history and dance, Lambertson is excited to participate and build on the Festival's legacy of success.

The 32<sup>nd</sup> Annual Powell Street Festival will take place on Saturday, August 2 and Sunday, August 3 between 11:30 AM and 7 PM in Oppenheimer Park. To learn more about the Powell Street Festival, visit [www.powellstreetfestival.com](http://www.powellstreetfestival.com) or call the festival office at 604.739.9388. ❁

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## Redress 20th Anniversary Celebrations

September 22, 2008, marks the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the signing of the Redress Agreement. To mark this significant event, the National Association of Japanese Canadians (NAJC), joined by its membership organization, Greater Vancouver Japanese Canadian Citizens Association, will host a national celebration in Vancouver the weekend of September 19-21, 2008, with a program consisting of cultural performances, conference sessions, receptions and gala dinner.

The theme of the conference is "Reflecting the past in the present" and "Imagining the future." The event will bring together diverse cultures to remember and celebrate past accomplishments as well as to reflect upon current issues.

Highlights of the conference:

### Friday September 19, 2008

- Opening keynote address by Arthur K. Miki
- Plenary session: Redress, Never Too Late. This session will include speakers from communities who have achieved formal redress settlements from the Canadian government.
- Building Partnerships and Right Relations with Aboriginal Peoples. This workshop offers a dialogue of sharing between the Japanese Canadian and Aboriginal communities.
- Screening of SAIKI: Regeneration. The Legacy of the Japanese Redress

Foundation by Mieko Ouchi, filmmaker.

- Re(a)ddressed: I am (Japanese) Canadian, Exploring the Present & Future of Japanese Canadian-ness. This interactive youth workshop seeks to explore the changing face of Japanese Canadian identity.

- Performances and looped video screenings throughout the day.
- Celebration reception.

### Saturday September 20, 2008

- Plenary session: Beyond Anti-Racism. This session will explore how anti-racism activism has positioned itself in an adversarial framework and what new models of peacemaking and reconciliation can be drawn for the future.
- Past, Present and Future: This *Ijusha* (Immigrant) workshop will look at the experiences of postwar immigrants and the challenges they encounter.
- Telling Stories, Questioning Japanese Canadian Identities: Research Writing, Visual Art as Cultural Practices. A panel of researchers, writers and artists will discuss why they have committed themselves to telling the many stories of our community.
- Seniors health care workshop.
- Youth workshops: Thinking for the Present, Re-visiting Redress and

Faces and Roles of Young Japanese Canadians.

- Performances and looped video screenings throughout the day.
- Redress Celebration reception and gala dinner.

### Sunday September 21, 2008

- Chibi taiko performance
- Chi Kyuu No Stage – Frontline for Peace. A multi-media performance that combines images with narration and original music.

For more detailed description of conference events, please visit: <http://redressanniversary.najc.ca/redress/conference.html>

### Tickets and Registration

Early bird tickets are being sold until June 30. Early bird fees: \$50 for Saturday banquet dinner; \$40 for conference registration.

After June 30, tickets are \$55 for the Saturday banquet dinner and \$45 for conference registration.

Payment must be made by cheque to: NAJC, 404 B Webb Place, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 3J4.

Conference registration includes full access to all programs, lunches, refreshments and Friday reception. All dinner ticket sales end September 1 (maximum 400 people).

Registration forms can be found at: <http://redressanniversary.najc.ca/redress/register.html> ☀

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## The Life of Paper, JCNM exhibit June 14 - August 5, 2008

The Japanese Canadian National Museum in Burnaby will host an interactive exhibition of the amazing possibilities of paper, featuring

the work of *origami* artist Joseph Wu. The public is invited to contribute to the massive *origami* display which will grow throughout the

exhibition with the help from members of PALM (Paperfolders Around the Lower Mainland). All ages are welcome. ☀



Continued from page 2

the summer this important new work should be complete.

Aya Higashi, who was born on the west coast of BC as a member of the well-known boatbuilding and fishing Atagi family, has developed a Virtual Museum of Canada "Community Memories"

display for the Internet. It is called "Aya's Story" and consists of 158 images and three story lines. She has spent most of her adult life in Kaslo. Go to [www.virtualmuseum.ca/English/Community/Memories/explore.html](http://www.virtualmuseum.ca/English/Community/Memories/explore.html) and find Aya's story in the alphabetical list. Or you can get there

via [www.thelangham.ca/japanese-canadianmuseum.htm](http://www.thelangham.ca/japanese-canadianmuseum.htm) and click on Aya's picture. ❀

*Many thanks to Ian Fraser for checking and making valuable additions to the article.*

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## Otakara Hakkutsu - a Big Success by Carl Yokota

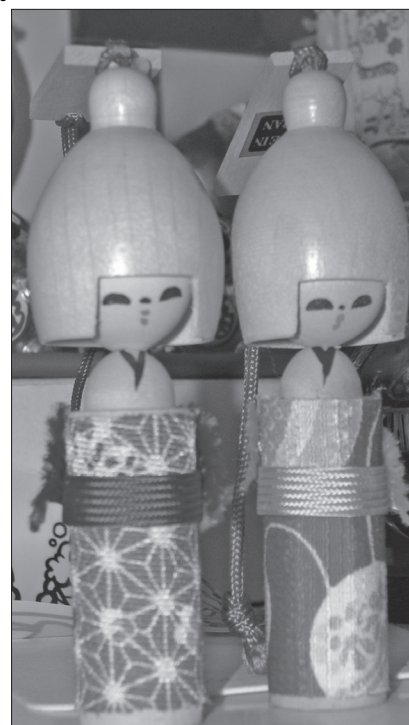
On Sunday, March 15 Nikkei Place held its 2<sup>nd</sup> annual *Otakara Hakkutsu* (Treasure Hunt Market). From all accounts this family event was a big success.

Even before the doors were opened at 10:00 AM, some 50 people were already lined up to gain access to certain bargains and fabulous finds. It's estimated that over 300 people attended.

There were a total of 48 tables neatly scattered around the Events Hall, including 4 tables manned by the NNM&HC and 38 other enterprising vendors. A wide variety of new and used articles, ranging from toys, handmade crafts, books, and even golf clubs were available for purchase. Old

VHS tapes of Japanese TV programs from the 1980s and 1990s were a surprise hit with the flea market visitors.

Of particular interest to myself was the miraculous find of a little wooden *kokeshi* doll figure offered for sale by Mr. and Mrs. Minemoto. This little "treasure" is identical to one which I had purchased in Nara on one of my tours of Japan at least ten years ago. Now my own little *kokeshi* has a little twin sister to keep her company. Such an unbelievable coincidence: same maker's mark, same facial features, same *kimono* dress-type. Purchase price, \$1. Truly, one man's junk is another's treasure. ❀



C. Yokota photo, 2008

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## Announcements

*All Events at NNM&HC unless otherwise noted.*

The *Sakura Tree*  
JCNM exhibit  
May 1, 2008 – May 30, 2008.

MERGE/Frozen-Melt  
Works by three Japanese Canadian artists.  
Numen Gallery, Vancouver  
May 3, 2008 – June 1, 2008.

The Life of Paper *Origami* Theatre  
Roundhouse Performance Centre,  
Vancouver  
May 23, 2008 – June 1, 2008.

The *Sakura Tree* gallery tour  
with Karen Brownlee  
Saturday, May 24, 2008. 2:00 pm

Translation & Interpreting Workshop  
Saturday, May 24, 2008.  
1:00 - 4:30 pm

Yoshida Brothers  
*Tsugaru Shamisen* Concert  
Vancouver Playhouse  
Saturday, May 24, 2008

Japanese Canadian Cemetery Heritage  
Dedication Ceremony  
Cumberland, B.C.  
Friday, May 30, 2008. 11:00 am

NNMHC Auxiliary Committee  
Spring Food and Plant Bazaar  
Saturday, May 31, 2008.  
11:00 am-3:00 pm

Nikkei Classic Golf Tournament  
Green Acres Golf & Country Club  
Sunday, June 1, 2008.

The Life of Paper  
JCNM exhibit  
June 14, 2008 – August 5, 2008.

GVJCCA Golf Tournament  
Meadow Gardens  
Sunday, June 22, 2008.

32<sup>nd</sup> Annual Powell Street Festival  
Oppenheimer Park, Vancouver  
August 2-3, 2008.

Redress 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebrations  
September 19, 20 & 21, 2008.