

 Nikkei
national museum
& cultural centre

NIKKEI IMAGES



YOUNG PATIENTS AT HASTINGS PARK, 1942

NNM 1996.155.1.21 Irene Anderson Smith Collection



Cover photo - Young Patients at Hastings Park	1
Japanese Canadians at Hastings Park, 1942	2
Crossing Borders, by Beth Carter	3
Reminiscences of My Stay in the Livestock Building, by Frances Kuniko Nakagawa	4
The Nishimura Family Internment Experience, by James Nishimura	6
The Making of a "Re-pat" [<i>Kika Nisei</i>] by Kaye Kishibe	11
Nisei 5-pin Bowling Leagues in BC, by Masako Fukawa	12
Shirley Yamake Kakutani Omatsu, by Linda Kawamoto Reid	17
Remembering Yasunobu (Anshin) Sugwara, by Stan Fukawa	18
The Last Japanese Family to Leave Tashme, by Tak Negoro	20
Treasures from the Collection	24

CONTENTS



JAPANESE CANADIANS AT HASTINGS PARK, 1942

NNM 1996.155.1.21
IRENE ANDERSON SMITH
COLLECTION

These adorable children on the cover at first appear to be having a lovely day at the park. However, Hanah, Mitsue, and Peter were actually patients in the hospital ward at Hastings Park.

From March until October 1942, over 8000 Japanese Canadians were detained within the confines of Hastings Park before being sent to internment camps in the BC interior or to work locations across Canada.

"What a shock we received when we were taken to Hastings Park. Some Canadian Pacific Exhibition buildings that usually stocked exhibit animals had been converted to living quarters for us. There were rows on rows of wooden frame double bunks." - Rose Baba

A hospital wing was set up in the livestock building, in the former poultry barn. Using discarded equipment and furniture from Shaughnessy Hospital, a 180-bed general hospital was created and a smaller 60-bed hospital was set up for TB patients. Young children and babies were cared for in a separate section. These photographs were donated to the museum by Irene Anderson, who worked as a nursing supervisor alongside Japanese Canadian RNs and nurse aides.

On September 1, 1942, at the peak of the population, there were 3,866 Japanese Canadians in the park. After that date, large numbers were sent by train daily to interior camps or to "work projects" across Canada. At the end of September 1942, only 105 patients and staff remained in the park, waiting for the Sanatorium in New Denver to be built and completed.

The Nikkei National Museum is working with a coalition of Japanese Canadian community groups and individuals to develop a series of interpretive panels acknowledging the experiences of Japanese Canadians at Hastings Park in 1942. The panels will be installed at Hastings Park in the fall of 2013..

CROSSING BORDERS

By Beth Carter

On a sunny morning in July, I travelled with two of our summer students to Seattle, Washington to attend the wonderful conference sponsored by the Japanese American National Museum.

SPEAKING UP! DEMOCRACY, JUSTICE, DIGNITY was the fourth national JANM conference. 2013 marks the 25th anniversary of the Civil Liberties Act of 1988, which granted redress and reparations to Japanese Americans incarcerated during World War II. As we in Canada are also preparing for our Redress anniversary celebrations in September, it was a great experience to hear their powerful stories of struggle, resistance, legal battles and political lobbying. While there are many parallels, the approach taken to achieve redress in the US took quite a different path than the Canadian struggle. Joy Kogawa and the Honourable Justice Maryka Omatsu participated in a fascinating session comparing some of these experiences. Tamio Wakayama, Jay Hirabayashi, and Greg Robinson all spoke on panels, and several other Canadian representatives were also in attendance.

As the only Canadian organization with a booth at the conference, it was great to provide information about Japanese Canadians – our history since 1877, the internment experiences during the war, and some of the struggles since 1949. We were amazed at how little the US audience knew about Canada!

We were so impressed by the excellent efforts of the Japanese American National Museum to present such an educational opportunity for a national audience. I made some wonderful connections and took away some great lessons on their programs, exhibits and outreach activities. I hope the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre will continue to expand this relationship with our friends across the border.

 **Nikkei**
national museum
& cultural centre

Nikkei Images is published by the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre

Editorial Committee:

Beth Carter; Stanley Fukawa, Frank Kamiya, Kaye Kishibe, Linda Kawamoto Reid, Edzard Teubert, Mitsuo Yesaki

Editorial Design:

Kaori Tanaka

Subscription to **Nikkei Images** is free with your yearly membership to NNMCC:

Family \$45 | Individual \$35

Senior Individual \$25

Non-profit Association \$TBA

\$2 per copy for non-members

NNMCC

6688 Southoaks Crescent,

Burnaby, B.C., V5E 4M7 Canada

TEL: (604) 777-7000 FAX: (604) 777-7001

WEB: www.nikkeiplace.org

Disclaimer:

Every effort is made to ensure the accuracy of the information contained within Nikkei Images. However, due to the possibility of human or mechanical error, Nikkei Images is not responsible for any errors or omissions. Opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the editors or of the NNMCC.

NNMCC MEMBERSHIP FORM

Name: _____

Address: _____

CITY

PROVINCE

POSTAL CODE

Tel: _____

E-mail: _____

Yes, I will become a member of the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre at the following level:

\$25 Senior Individual
(age 65 or over)

\$50 Non-profit (legally registered)
(please provide incorporation number)

\$35 Individual

Membership \$ _____

\$45 Family
(member, spouse or common-law partner and children)

Donation* \$ _____

Total \$ _____

If you wish to receive our program guide by email instead of by mail, please check here.

* For family memberships, please attach the names and email addresses of the other persons joining under the same membership.

REMINISCENCES OF MY STAY IN THE LIVESTOCK BUILDING

by Frances Kuniko Nakagawa

In the early spring of 1942, the Canadian government, following the United States government's reaction to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, started evacuating Japanese from the coast. On March 19th, the Japanese living in Tofino and Stubb's Island (Clayoquot) were herded onto the *SS MAQUINNA* and transported to Vancouver via Port Alberni. We were taken by bus to the Pacific National Exhibition buildings at Hastings Park, a hastily designated detention centre for the evacuees. The women were separated from the men and housed in the Livestock Building, which was divided into stalls with iron pipes and filled with bunkbeds, each with a straw mattress and a couple of grey blankets. As we were about the first to arrive and had a choice, we picked a stall closest to the washroom. I shared this stall with my mother (Ine), sister-in-law (Mary) and two young nephews (Ken and Bud). Everyone hung blankets on the stall pipes to provide a modicum of privacy.

We walked to the mess-hall in another building and lined up for our daily meals with tin plates in our hands.

After ten days in Hastings Park, many men, mostly from Vancouver

Island including my brothers, husband and friends from Tofino, were sent to a road camp in Schreiber, Ontario. A plaque was placed to commemorate this event a few years ago in Schreiber. My one pleasure during this period was to receive letters from the men, but they were heavily censored and took ages to arrive.

A permit from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was required if one wanted to go out to the city. Friends and relatives from Steveston and Vancouver came to see us with *obento*, but they could not enter the exhibition grounds and we could only meet with the fence between us.

During my stay at Hastings Park, more and more people kept arriving with every passing day, creating much confusion as the administration was not adequate

to organize this amount of people. However, with the passage of time, people with either connections to families in the city or who could afford to go to self-supporting communities would leave, so that the population gradually declined.

We were finally taken from Hastings Park in August 1942 and transported by rail to the Popoff Farm in the Kootenays. Hidekichi Ezaki, Ine's younger brother and one of the carpenters who built the cabins at the farm, was waiting for us with a cabin, which we shared.

My stay in Hastings Park was rather carefree as I was young. However, I can imagine the many hardships a mother with children had to cope with everyday, without the aid of relatives and friends. These women deserve a hearty round of applause!



The Forum Building
at Hastings Park
NNM 1994.69.3.3



Distributing Blankets at Hastings Park
NNM 1994.69.3.17



Hastings Park, Kindergarten
NNM 1994.69.3.25



Hastings Park, Men's Dorm in the Forum
NNM 1994.69.3.18



Baggage Storage Room
NNM 1994.69.3.26



Women's Dorm in the Livestock Building
NNM 1994.69.3.20



Laundry Room at Hastings Park
NNM 1994.69.3.28



THE NISHIMURA FAMILY INTERNMENT EXPERIENCE

by James Nishimura

My father, Gengo (Jack) Nishimura (1910-1982), and my mother, Yuki (née Saiki) (1915-1949), were Vancouver-born *nisei*. My dad's family was from Shiga-ken and my mother's was from Fukuoka-ken.

Before the war, we lived in the Fairview area of Vancouver where my dad had a dry-cleaning establishment. I attended the Japanese kindergarten run by the United Church of Canada in Fairview. I still have this certificate of promotion to public school which was signed by Helen R. Hurd the principal, and the teacher Isabel Montgomery, dated June 1942. This must have been about the time we left Vancouver by train to Hope. From Hope we had to ride on the back of a truck to a place called Tashme. We only had a few suitcases and a big steel trunk, which I still have to this day. I think we still have pictures in the trunk of some of the people that played in the Japanese concert during our stay in Tashme. I don't remember how they selected which Avenue you lived on or which house you lived in, but we were assigned to live in the last house at the end of 9th Avenue. The community bathhouse was across the street from us and I remember it was very noisy because people were going to the bath house on the wooden sidewalk with their wooden *geta* (Japanese slippers). We had a young lady teaching Japanese class in our house after English class. We were lucky not to have a house fire on the Avenue as the whole block would have gone up in flames with all the houses joined together by a wood shed. I remember there were two outhouses behind our house with four doors and another outhouse to the side of us. I believe two families shared one unit. We all had a small garden plot to grow vegetables. We weren't allowed to fish in the area.

We went to watch baseball games in the summer, but I don't remember what we did during the winter. There was a large Boy Scout troop and occasionally they would march down the street carrying lanterns. It seems Tashme was a place for people moving into, or out to other places in the interior. We moved out of Tashme around 1945 to a place called Brookmere where my dad was asked by Mr. Gillis, a sawmill owner, to gather other families who wanted to work in the mill. Some of those who went were Kazuta, Miyazaki, Yasunaga, Mori, Otsu, Ishikawa, Hayakawa, Iwanaka, Murata, Kaniyama, Uchida, Fujisawa, and Yoshikawa. I did not experience any racial discrimination at Brookmere, probably because there were mostly Japanese students in the one-room school that had grades from one to eight. We never heard anything about the war between Japan and Canada as nobody spoke about it, at least to us kids. We were treated really well by everyone who lived there. We went fishing, swimming, and horseback riding in the summer. There were about 1500-2000 sheep that came by our house in the spring and back in the fall that came from the Douglas Ranch by Aspen Grove. The sawmill owner treated all of us really well. The house we had built was a lot warmer than the one in Tashme and had more rooms along with our own private outhouse. Harold Sato's dad worked for the CPR and the family was in Brookmere before us and lived on the other side of the tracks. Some families would make extra money by peeling the bark off the pine trees for mine poles that were about 6-foot long and 6-inches in diameter, which was really hard work.

After the sawmill closed in Brookmere, my dad went to Tulameen and met with the mill owner, Grant Squelch,

who asked dad to bring his family and any friends who may want to work at his sawmill. About six families came with us, while some went to Merritt and others from Tashme moved out East or to Japan. We were treated very well by Mr. Squelch and were given a nice log home with four rooms. It was like a mansion compared to the shacks we had previously lived in. It had a sawdust burning stove with a hopper on the side that we filled at night and kept us warm until morning. The sawdust was delivered free from the mill - no more chopping wood. The rural school was from grade one to eight and had about twenty-five students.

In summer we spent most of our time at Otter Lake which was only about a mile away. Fishing was good at the lake and also at the outlet of the Similkameen River. Our biggest trip was going into Princeton once a month to watch a movie. The trip was about eighteen miles but it took us over one and a half hours by the only taxi in town, a model T Ford. The sawmill workers would take the taxi to the beer pub in Coalmont on the weekends which was only five miles away. On July 1st, all the Japanese families got together for a picnic at the Similkameen River. Our summers were busy fishing, hiking, horseback riding, and hunting. I had a 22 semi-automatic rifle and hunted mostly grouse and pheasant. Every Thanksgiving we entered the turkey shoot that was held at Mr. Rabbit's farm. The Japanese Canadian guys I knew were Elmer and David Mori, Jim Nishihara, and Mickey Yasunaga. I played mostly with the white boys and was treated equally with no racial slurs. During the winter we had ski hills and the lake was one big skating rink. The Canadian Pacific Railway trains would come to the lake and workers would cut blocks



PHOTO ON PAGE6

Genko Nishimura with the Asahi Clovers, 1928
NNM 2013.29.1.3

PHOTO ON PAGE7

Kindergarten Class, Fairview, 1942
NNM 2013.29.1.4

..... Continued on next page



of ice and load them into the box cars. Sometimes we would take the train into Princeton.

The saddest moment of my life was coming home for lunch and being told that my mother had passed away at the Princeton Hospital on April 5, 1949. She was only thirty-four years old; I was thirteen, my sister, Jane was eleven, and my two younger brothers Kenny and Yoshiyaki (Chaki) were seven and five so they did not remember very much. My mother was giving birth and had some complications. The regular doctor was away on a call so the intern was the only medical person on duty. I often thought that had we lived in Vancouver my mother might have survived, however our baby sister, Esther, survived. Consequently, all five of us children lived with the Hughes family where Mrs. Hughes looked after us as well as her own three children. After the Tulameen sawmill closed, dad went to Penticton to look for a sawmill job and the owner asked him if there were any other Japanese families willing to work at his mill. We stayed with the Hughes family for about two or three months then we moved to Penticton. Only the Mori family went to Penticton and we stayed with them and lived in the sawmill owner's big home. At this point with 4 young children already, dad had no choice but to give up our baby sister, Esther, for adoption to a Japanese couple in Lethbridge. We went to see her

when she was about 18-years old in Lethbridge and had a great reunion. Esther has since married into a family with two sons and lives in Richmond, B.C.

The Japanese Canadians were allowed to return to the West Coast in 1949 and my father came back to Vancouver to look for work in April 1950. Two months later we joined him and stayed with the Iwata family at the Hotel Roosevelt. After living with the Iwata family for two to three months we moved to an apartment at 430 E. Cordova which was in front of the Powell Street grounds. My sister Jane, brother Ken, and myself attended Strathcona School, whereas my youngest brother Chaki, went to the Catholic kindergarten run by the Franciscan Sisters. However after a week of crying everyday at kindergarten, my dad felt sorry for him and asked the principal of Strathcona School if Chaki could go to school with his brothers and sister, which he consented to. There were not too many Japanese Canadian students at school at that time so I had a few fights at school when called a "Jap".

Later on I was befriended by a couple of white guys with whom I played soccer, baseball, and boxing. The Japanese Judo Club started at the Japanese Language School in the early 1950s and I got to meet many Japanese Canadians boys as we had tournaments in

Concert at Tashme, 1943
NNM 2013.29.1.5





Brookmere School Children,
1946
NNM 2013.29.1.10

Steveston and in Seattle. We also started the Japanese Nisei Teenage Club that held lessons and dances at the Vancouver Japanese Language School and also organized ballroom dances at the Hastings, Peter Pan, Arlington, and Pender Auditoriums that brought many Japanese Canadians of all ages together. I think I still have my membership card to the Club. In the early 1960s many Japanese Canadians joined the Nisei Bowling league which was held on Saturday evenings at the Commodore Bowling alley on Granville St. After bowling many went to the movie theatres nearby and possibly met their future partners. There were about 100 Japanese Canadians including *issei*, *nisei* and *kikka nisei* which took up the whole alley. Some of my Caucasian friends asked if they could join but were discriminated against as the league was only for those of Japanese descent. A lot of credit must go to Nobby Fujisawa, Gordon Mayede, Kaz Nakamoto, and Mits Nozaki who organized the league. These events brought many Japanese Canadians together.

Many of us attended the Japanese Language School which taught us the basic *hiragana* and *katakana* and some *kanji* as well as learning to speak better Japanese. I joined the Vancouver 2nd Scout Troop and had our meetings at the First United Church at Hastings and Gore Ave. with Scoutmaster Lambert. I still remember

going swimming at Crystal Pool in English Bay with the scout troop and was denied entry because I was of Japanese descent. What made my day was, when the others came out and asked the ticket person why I was not allowed in and when they were told why, the troop asked for a refund and they all walked out. Our scoutmaster was a very fair person who treated us all equally.

In the early 1950s more Japanese families moved into the Powell Street area, such as the Kazuta, Uchida, Kamiya, Kagetsu, Nishi, Kunimoto, and Sato families to name a few. Powell Street also had many Japanese businesses to serve our community. After I left Strathcona School in grade 8, we moved into an apartment at Cordova and Heatley St. About a year later my dad was able to have his mother come over from Japan with special assistance from a local MLA to help look after our young family. I started high school at Vancouver Technical School on Broadway St. I caught the street car on Hastings St. which took me to Commercial and Broadway and then transferred onto the Broadway bus to school. Our classes were all boys in technical classes taking woodworking, electrical, sheet metal work, printing, and drafting courses. We could start with four different technical courses and after 4 years you ended up taking one course that you liked until you graduated.

..... Continued on next page



My first summer job was strawberry picking in Richmond at age 14. We would catch our bus on Powell St. and pick up other Japanese workers along the route. The following year George Iwata and I picked strawberries and put up bean poles at Mr. Katsumoto's farm in Aldergrove. We would often go about half a mile to the Ishikawa family's house to have a Japanese bath. Next door to the Katsumoto's was the Okabe farm where a group of teenage girl berry pickers were hired, including my future partner. Another summer job was working as a labourer for Hirano Construction in West Vancouver building houses. I would catch the West Van blue bus with Mr. Mike Oikawa who was a carpenter. I also remember working with Kaz Tasaka and Mr. Shimizu in construction. Mr. Hirano also put on Japanese movies at the Olympia Theatre on Hastings St. One of the best summer jobs I had was working for the Canadian Fishing Company at the foot of Gore which helped pay for my education. I met a lot of Japanese Canadians there and Mr. Kamikura was our foreman who looked after most of the Japanese Canadian workers. He would let us know when to start the next morning and roughly how many hours for the day and was very fair to all of us. We were paid \$1.35 per hour and after 8 hours we would be paid time and a half and some days we had to work 14 hour shifts. We were paid cash on pay day which was great. I remember going to the Sun Peking Restaurant on Powell Street when we worked overtime for some of the best soba noodles in town as well as many other delicious entrees at reasonable prices.

After graduating from Vancouver Tech with fellow Japanese Canadian students, Ruby Okano and Louie Hori, we moved to 2682 Franklin Street which was our first detached home. Our neighbors on one side were the Nagano's and on the other side were the Yano's and Inamasu's. My father was working in partnership with Mrs. Iwata and her sons, Art and Sid, at Perfect Cleaners located at Hastings Street and Clark Drive. They did dry cleaning for twenty to thirty Press shops, many of which were Japanese-owned. I remember a few shop owners, such as Mori, Tahara, Tasaka, Otani, and Ukai. I started my first job in 1956 after graduating from Vancouver Tech in 1954, working for Tessler Bros., a dry cleaning supply firm.

I married Yoko Hayashi in 1961 and had three sons, Derek, Todd and Neil. I worked at Tesslers until 1972 and then for Harrison & Crosfield in the same line of business until 1991. I also worked at George Wertman, B.C. Specialties and lastly at Prairie Distributors until I retired in 2001. I now have a part time job marshalling at Langara Golf Course which allows me to make trips to Las Vegas.

Kindergarten Certificate, 1942
NNM 2013.29.2.1



THE MAKING OF A “RE-PAT” [KIKI NISEI]

by Kaye Kishibe

INTRODUCTION

As the Second World War neared the end in 1945, there were 23,854 Japanese Canadians living in Canada. Of these, 6,892 adults and 3,740 minors (a total of 10,632) declared for “Repatriation”. Repatriation, the government’s term is always in quotation marks since the number included Canadian citizens by birth, naturalized Canadian citizens, as well as Japanese Nationals. Over two thirds had not seen Japan in their lives and given the circumstances, how many of the remaining third did so as free choice can be debated.

After protests from organizations such as Japanese Canadian Committee for Democracy and The Cooperative Committee on Japanese Canadians, it became possible to revoke the declaration for repatriation. Many did so; 6,313 according to sources. The remaining 3,964 however, did not change their minds. For many wives and children, the decision was made for them.

There were three ships and five voyages. On May 31, 1946, *MARINE ANGEL* sailed first followed by *GENERAL M.C. MEIGS* on June 16 and August 2. The last two trips were by *MARINE FALCON* on October 2 and December 24.

On the voyage of August 2, *GENERAL M.C. MEIGS* carried 1,377 Japanese Canadians to their second exile in Japan. Among them were an eight year old boy and his family. These are his memories.

Section I from ‘Uraga: 1946’

In March 2011, as I watched on television the images of the cities (Kamaishi, Rikuzen, Takata, Sendai) from the Tohoku region, which suffered the great earthquake and *tsunami*, my mind went back to August, 1946, when I saw Japan for the first time. Tokyo Railway Station was surrounded by destroyed buildings. “Nothing was standing.” This oft-used expression was not an exaggeration in this case. It conveyed exactly what we all saw. Only the skeletons of concrete buildings were left standing, spreading before us was a wide field of nothing.

In Tohoku, the images of physical damage were similar to what I remember from 1946. However, it was not these images that took my mind back sixty-five years. It was the evacuation centres. In school gymnasias, community centres, and make-shift areas in athletic arenas, I saw families huddled together in groups with their bundles of possessions. The four or five people who formed these clusters sat on blankets using sheets as dividers for precious privacy.

For a moment Hastings Park 1942 flashed through my mind, overlaying the scene on the television screen like a photograph in double exposure. But quickly that gave way and returned to the memories of Uraga in 1946.

I was left with the problem of how to begin this story. It seems that each event needs the one that preceded it for full explanation. But is one’s entire life story necessary to explain a small part of it? I found myself musing - shall I start with the time my family was leaving the converted American troop ship, *GENERAL M.C. MEIGS*? Or shall I begin by talking about the two-week voyage across the Pacific Ocean? Or of my surprise at seeing a modern city, when the bus carrying us entered Vancouver? Or before we set out to Vancouver, we were in Tashme. That may do as a starting point. I shall begin with the last day in Tashme.

It was a sunny day I recall, when my family got into the bus. It was parked somewhere not far from the barn where I was able to see the group of cedar trees. Behind the trees, the second shack on Second Avenue was our home for the last year. We had spent most of the war years in New Denver and moved to Tashme when we decided to go to Japan after the war ended.

... to be continued

Kaye Kishibe’s complete story is available online at www.nikkeiplace.org

Note: Historical data is from Tatsuo Kage, *Uprooted Again*. Translated by Kathleen Chisato Merken. Ti-Jean Press, Victoria, B.C., 2012.

NISEI 5-PIN BOWLING LEAGUES IN BC

By Masako Fukawa

In a survey conducted by the CBC in 2007, 5-pin bowling ranked #4 on a list of Canada's 50 greatest inventions. The game was invented in 1908 by Thomas F. Ryan of the Toronto Bowling Club in response to customers who complained that the 10-pin game was too strenuous. It was introduced to western Canada in the 1920s and from Winnipeg spread westward. In the 1950s the first Canadian championships were held and its popularity grew. There were youth organizations, high school championships and international events. In 1975, there were an estimated 680,000 bowlers in 20,000 leagues across Canada. Over the next twenty years the numbers declined and in 1995, female bowlers (63%) outnumbered the males (37%). Nikkei involvement in 5-pin bowling mirrors this trend.

In the 1940s in Grand Forks

Rev. Eddie Yoshida's first encounter with the game began as a pin-boy during the latter part of the internment years in Grand Forks. He writes from Toronto:

The first 5-pin bowling game was introduced to our famous Doukhobor town of Grand Forks, B.C. in 1947. Its owner was a second generation Doukhobor by the name of Sam. The novelty of the sport drew in the local police, government employees, small business owners and other singles with extra money to enjoy the sport.

The Alley had 12 lanes with one pin-boy to cover 2 lanes each. Since our war-time home was in that area of town called Ruckle Addition, I grabbed at the first opportunity to become a pin-boy at age 14. Dad had no problem with this evening job because I was getting income of my own. Pin-boys sat between the two lanes on a narrow platform and dodged the pins that might fly up against the opposite wall, while jumping down to straighten up the pins that may fall on the lane when the ball hurtles between them. More than a few pin-boys have been injured while on duty. Most of these pinsetters were my Doukhobor pals. Ladies were gentler than some men. Some of the latter would arrive with their companions and hurl the ball as if to kill the pin-boy. They were usually drunk or wanted to show off their muscles before their lady.

I was happy to put up with the abuse because the pay was good for a part-time job, much better than weeding grass in the fields at 12 cents an hour or chopping wood at 15 cents. And it gave me side benefits. For a discount cost pin-boys were allowed to make their own ham and lettuce sandwich, and they could slice the ham as thick as they wanted. Then when the lanes were not occupied, they could practice their skills free of charge. It was also an opportunity to meet many of the citizens and townspeople in their raw department.

Later, this acquired skill came in handy in Toronto when I sponsored our church's Youth Bowling Night in the 1960's. I am the only member of our extended family that owns his own bowling shoes today. My grandchildren asked me, "How come Grandpa has his own bowling shoes when we have to rent ours?" on our infrequent bowling jaunts during winter.



Frank Hamanishi, President, Fuji League, tallying scores, 2011.
Photo by Kaz Nakamoto

***Nisei* return to Vancouver in the '50s and '60s**

As Japanese Canadians returned to the coast from internment camps and from exile in Japan in the 1950s and 1960s, they sought out other Nikkei. Church workers filled in this need by hosting dances, sponsoring clubs and sports teams. Jim Nishimura remembers that Nobby Fujisawa, insurance agent for Sun Life, was a great organizer. "It was good for his business too. He organized the Maria Stella Club at the Franciscan Sisters of Atonement on East Cordova. That's where we got married. It had a softball team and we played against all the other Catholic churches. It was the first to really start organizing." The other gathering places were the United Church (where the Buddhist Temple is presently located) and the Japanese Language School.

Kaz Nakamoto remembers the dances. "The guys would line up on one side of the hall and the gals on the other side and then we would head for the gals. The dances were a lot of fun. That's where I met my wife; at the Chinese community centre." Bowling, however, was the most popular activity for the *nisei* in the late 1950s and into the 1970s and many met their future spouses there.

The first Japanese Canadian league, the *Nisei* Bowling League, was formed in 1957 at the Deluxe Lanes on Hastings and Homer Streets but moved to the Commodore Lanes a couple of years later. The Deluxe then became the home of the Young Adult Buddhist Association Bowling League (YABA). In 1965 a few ex-members of the YABA organized into the Fuji League at the Grandview Lanes where it is today.

Fishermen bowlers missed too many games because they had to go fishing in the middle of the bowling season and so their season did not correspond to those of the other leagues. They formed a league of their own in Vancouver and in Richmond, to accommodate the seasonal nature of fishing. The Fishermen's Leagues bowled at the Commodore and at Shellmont in Richmond.

Richmond was also home to the Steveston YABA League which began at Seafair Lanes and later moved to Shellmont Lanes. This social league, organized in the early 1970's by Miffy Ogawa, was made up of 60 *nisei*, *hakujin* (white person) spouses and friends and lasted for 22 years.

A safe haven

For Eddie Yoshida bowling provided him with all the benefits: pocket money, a great ham sandwich, an opportunity to meet people and to hone his skills. For the young Nikkei returning to the coast, bowling on a *nisei* league gave them a safe haven from the racial prejudices some were experiencing in the larger society.

Hakujin had a choice of sports and teams to join but similar opportunities were not available to Japanese Canadians. Mickey (Mitsuo) Hayashi, (1915-2012) returned to Vancouver from Winnipeg in 1962 and in 1964 broke the colour barrier at the Vancouver Golf Club when he was accepted as a member. Jim Nishimura joined the boy scouts in Vancouver but "when we went to the Crystal Pool, I was told to get out. They wouldn't let me in." He adds: "We stuck together because of our friends. We were comfortable. We avoided discrimination by staying together. There was protection there. I also learned how to box." When looking for an apartment in Vancouver, Mas Kitagawa was told on the phone that "it's available" but when he arrived on the doorstep, the owner would say "it's taken." This was not an uncommon occurrence.

Nisei in Seattle took legal action against the American Bowling Congress's policy of prohibiting membership by people of colour and in 1950 the ban was lifted. Whether a similar official ban existed in BC is unknown but Toyo Takata in his book *Nikkei Legacy* writes that in Duncan on Vancouver Island, the only bowling alley had a sign "No Orientals."

In a society less accepting than the present day, being together with other Nikkei brought with it companionship and unconditional acceptance. Japanese words thrown into their conversations did not offend. Their common experience of the relocation need not be voiced but was understood. They could share a sense of identity and pride in their Japanese heritage without fear. It was also an opportunity to meet the opposite sex and in fact many of them eventually met their spouses. Some just felt a little shy about joining an all *hakujin* league and the *nisei* leagues provided a safe refuge for both the *nisei* and *kika-nisei* (returning from Japan) to socialize and have some friendly competition as they struggled to begin their new life.

Bowling on a league united not only the *nisei* in the Lower Mainland but also connected them to the *nisei* in the

..... Continued on next page

BC interior. Both Kaz Nakamoto and Jiro Kamiya recall the formation of the Nisei Bowling League Association made up of leagues from Kamloops, Kelowna, Vernon and Vancouver. Every Thanksgiving weekend one of the centres would host a provincial tournament consisting of singles, doubles and team events. Vancouver was the host city every other year. The annual tournament for the Vancouver leagues was held during the Easter weekend and the centres in the interior would also send a team or two.

“Mr. Bowling” and the elite Nikkei bowlers

Mitz Nozaki’s life-long love for bowling began in 1927 as a 13-year-old hand-setting the pins at the Abbot Bowling Lanes in Vancouver. His summer job became a full time one when his passion for the game made him quit school and go to work full time with Frank Panvini, the owner. When Frank opened the Commodore Lanes and Billiards on Granville Street in 1930, Mitz moved there with him as a cashier. Celebrities bowled at the Commodore including Roy Rogers who arrived on his horse after his show at the Pantages Theatre, Clark Gable, Jack Benny, and Buster Crabb. In 1942 Mitz was relocated to Blind Bay on the south shore of the main arm of Shuswap Lake, 22 km north of Salmon Arm and when restrictions were lifted in 1949, returned to the Commodore. In 1962 when Frank passed away, Mitz became its owner.

From the 1950s onward until his passing in June, 2004, Mitz was the biggest influence on 5-pin bowling in Vancouver and was affectionately called “Mr. Bowling”. For twenty five years from 1958 to 1983, the Commodore hosted the All Star League, a 3-player, 4-game total scratch pinfall league, which became known as the league to play in during its time. Vancouver’s strongest and most competitive 5-pin bowlers, who posted some of the highest scores, bowled at the Commodore. Among them are three Nikkei: Koichi Kitagawa with a city record high average of 284.4 (1968/69), Frank Nozaki with a high four of 1,415 (1970/71), Paul Kitamura with a high single of 418 (1977/78) and a high four of 1,362 (1982/83) (www.willowbrooklanes.ca/history). In 1969 Koichi Kitagawa was named the “Master Bowler of the Year” (Province, March 1969).

The Commodore also hosted the Senior City Men’s League, Vancouver’s premier men’s league. In March 1973, the *nisei* team established a league record “when they rolled a 4,393 series to come within 68 pins of



The Fuji League 2011-2012.
Photo by Kaz Nakamoto



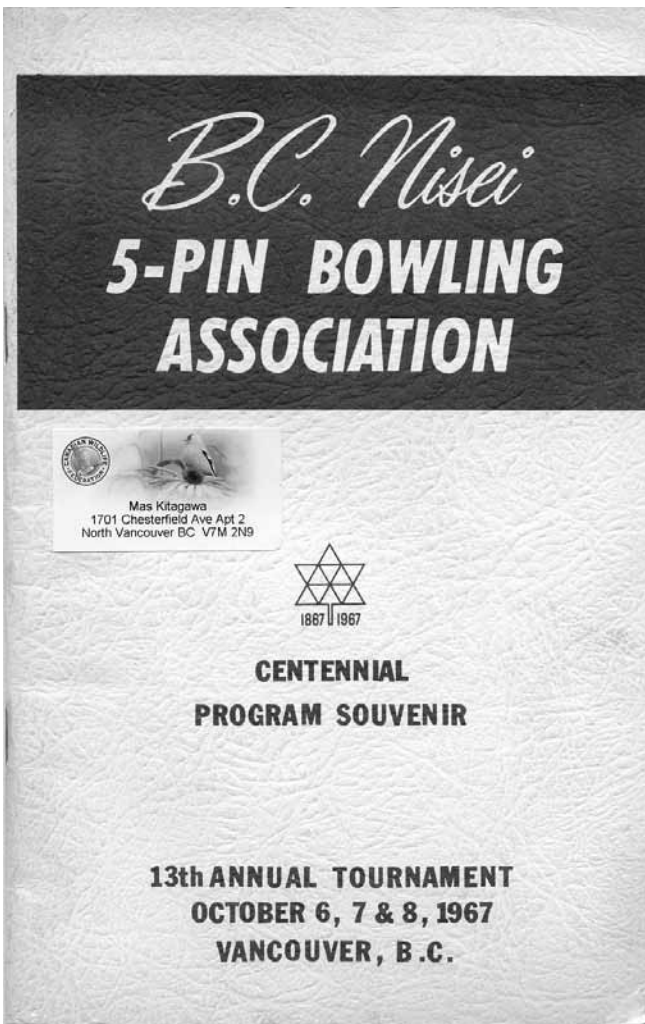
Jean Wakahara, Treasurer.
Photo by Kaz Nakamoto



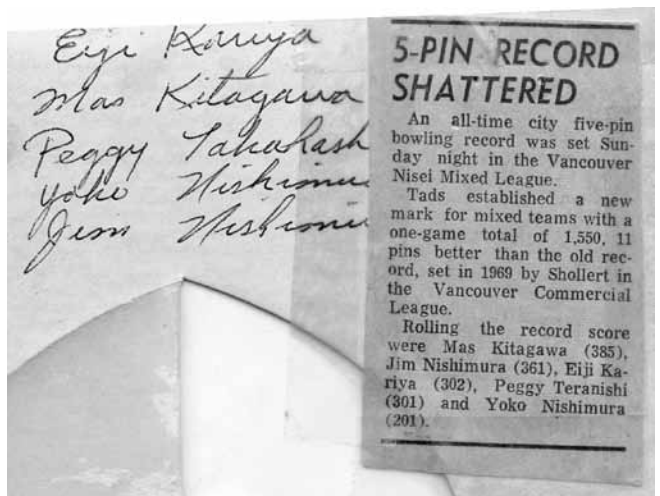
Frances Hamakawa and her twin daughters Darlene and Marlene, 2011. Photo by Kaz Nakamoto



The Winning Team! 1971-72



Programme for the 1967 League Tournament



Bowling Record Shattered 1971-72

..... Continued on next page

breaking their own all time BC 5-pin record of 4,460 set in 1968." The bowlers were: Paul Kitamura with a three game total of 1,014, Mas Kitagawa with 900, Fred Tsuji with 640, Jim Akune with 803, and Koichi Kitagawa with a "whopping" 1,036. (*The Province, Mar. 16, 1973*)

The Fuji League to commemorate a half century

The Fuji League will celebrate 50 years of bowling in 2015. Its "home" has always been the Grandview Lanes on Commercial Street. In 1965 it started with 8 lanes and grew to more than 16. Today it occupies 12 lanes every Friday night. In the 2010/11 season, there were 47 bowlers in two divisions: Class A consisted of 13 men and 14 women and Class B, 9 men and 11 women.

Bowling with the Fuji League is a family affair. Jean Wakahara returned to Vancouver in 1958 from exile in Japan and she and her husband joined YABA for some fun. When it folded in the early 1980s they joined Fuji. When her husband passed away, their daughter, Linda and son, Jeff joined the Fuji League also. Eventually Jean took over the finances and has served as treasurer for the past ten years. Many of the present bowlers in the Fuji league are similarly related by blood, through marriage, or friendship.

Food is an important part of the social scene. Bowlers have their dinner before the games but many bring baked goods, *manju* and other goodies which they display on the counters for everyone to share during the night. After the game some continue the feasting and socializing at a Chinese restaurant or some fast food outlet.

The bowlers' deliveries and strategies vary but the atmosphere is supportive and encouraging. Some start their throw right at the foul line while others as far back as possible. Some throws have hooks as they near the pins while others are happy if the ball just stays out of the gutter. Some bring their own personalized balls while others search for the least pock-marked of the balls provided by the Lane. Bowlers cheer and high five each other for the strikes, spares, and the occasional turkeys and give commiserating groans for the bedposts, missed pins, and opportunities. For those who ask, Ed Nakamoto, "the coach" is there to observe and offer advice. Ed bowls in another league and has a perfect 450 game to his credit!

Then there are the side pots...for the better bowlers. Each strike and spare adds a card to a poker hand. The best hand at the end of each of the three games wins a pot. There's another three pots - for the highest score above average at the end of each game. Not to leave out the lesser bowlers, there are raffles and 50/50 draws. The 50/50 is divided into one-half for the league and the other half shared among several bowlers in lots of \$10 prizes. Yes, "gambling" goes hand-in-hand with bowling.

Everyone's a winner in the Fuji League. At the end of each evening, the president tallies the scores and adjusts the standings accordingly. In April, when a banquet is held at a Chinese restaurant, the owner George and Mrs. Manzino are invited guests. Pins for bowlers who reached 300 are presented. No trophies are awarded but prizes in cash are distributed: the highest single, double, and the teams. The difference between the team that finished #1 at the top and #12 at the bottom is but a few dollars.

Recreational bowling is one sport where age, gender, size, skill, or eyesight does not matter. Anyone who wants some physical exercise, camaraderie, and a few laughs should give it a try. The Fuji League meets on Friday evenings at Grandview Lanes. The two seniors' leagues meet there also: Kaede on Monday afternoons and the Asahi on Sunday mornings. In 2015 the Fuji League will celebrate its 50th anniversary.

Thank you to Gordon Mayede, Jean Wakahara, Sam Shinde, Koichi Kitagawa, Jiro Kamiya, Kaz Nakamoto, Rev. Eddie Yoshida, and others for sharing their memories.

Shirley Yamake Kakutani Omatsu (1929-2013)

by Linda Kawamoto Reid

Shirley Ikuko Yamake was born in Vancouver General Hospital in 1929; two years after her father Junzo Yamake opened his confectionary store *Kasuga Kashiten* at 359 Powell Street. Shirley's mother, a picture bride in 1928, was the assistant in the bakery/confectionary. *Kasuga Kashiten* was famous for delicious *manju*, pastries, *senbei*, and Japanese delicacies.

Shirley remembers her childhood being a very exciting and happy time being located in the centre of the Powell Street area. Life was full: she attended the Buddhist Church Kindergarten, Sunday School, Japanese Language School, and regular school at Strathcona. And on Saturdays, Shirley would go to the Carnegie Library to read fairy tales. She also took piano lessons from Mary Naka who also taught embroidery, parlour games, and etiquette. Her dream was to buy a new pair of shoes

at Woodward's, and in 1940 she was finally allowed to do so.

On December 7, 1941 Shirley came home from Sunday school to find her father in front of the radio, listening intently to the news, and was very curious about what could affect him so seriously. Later, at Japanese Language School, she heard Mrs. Sato's announcement that the school would close because of the war. Because Shirley had pneumonia and ended up in St. Vincent's Hospital, the family left in May 1942 to go to Notch Hill in Magna Bay sponsored by Mr. Nabata who had a shoe store across from the Yamake's on Powell Street.

The family moved to New Denver and stayed there until 1949. After that, her father joined relatives in Kamloops to work at the shingle mill, then started up a bakery business and Shirley remained there to help with book keeping until 1955.

Shirley attended the Vancouver Vocational School in 1955 and took the hairdressing course. Eventually she worked for Maison Lawrence with Lawrence Iwasaki,

working her way to manager and Instructor. In 1957, she married her first husband Jimmie Kakutani, the first Japanese Canadian real estate agent and an amateur photographer.

When Shirley left hairdressing, she volunteered for the JCCA, Sakura so, and the Wives and Mothers' group in the kitchen. Then she got more involved with the JCCA Executive Board, becoming Vice President and Co-Chair of the Board. She served on the Board of Directors of Holy Family Hospital because many elderly Japanese went there, and she led a campaign to raise \$30,000 for beds and an orthopaedic table in 1977.

Shirley also contributed many artefacts to the Nikkei National Museum. We especially treasure the tools of the trade from *Kasuga Kashiten*, and the wonderful photographs from pre-war Powell Street. Shirley assisted with many projects at the museum over the years. She married Shin Omatsu in 2001 and together they were big supporters of Nikkei Place. Sadly, Shirley passed away on June 25, 2013.



Kasuga Kashiten on Powell Street, 1935. NNM 1994.98.2.7 | Shirley Yamake, New Denver, 1940s. NNM 1995.143.1.17

REMEMBERING YASUNOBU (ANSHIN) SUGWARA (1933-2013)

by Stan Fukawa

Anshin-san, a friend and supporter of the Nikkei National Museum, was a retired Japanese TV newscaster. While still at work, he had become involved in the salmonid enhancement movement in Hokkaido. When the salmon smolts were released, he had mentioned to his wife how wonderful it would be were the salmon to return. His wife remembers telling him it was an impossible dream. The Toyohira River was polluted--it would never happen.

As fate would have it, he was sent by the TV station to cover the riverfront on the estimated date for the return of the chum salmon and they actually arrived from the North Pacific right after the crew set up the camera. That epoch-making day--October 5, 1981--changed his life.



Anshin in his role as Suian Maru Commentator, 2006

Japan was swept up by the excitement that began that day. He and the Hokkaido "Come Back Salmon" citizens' group gained national prominence. That a group of citizens, not backed by a government ministry or corporate money could achieve this success was unusual. Also, Japan's problems with over population and pollution are much more severe than in North America. When the salmon came back to a river thought to be too polluted and they were able to propagate naturally, this proved that ordinary Japanese could fight the pollution that they had come to look upon as unstoppable. If a citizen's group could save the salmon in a polluted river in Hokkaido, salmonid enhancement began to look like the way to help motivate the nation to regain environmental health.

In British Columbia, many of us are quite smitten by the romance of the salmon. People in Japan are even more susceptible because the salmon's story contains elements so close to the Japanese soul. These include the magical homing sense that salmon have that returns them to their birthplace through unbelievably long, arduous, and dangerous journeys and then they all face a romantic death after fulfilling their duty to the salmon species. All of this was captured by world-class photographers.

Anshin's role in the salmonid enhancement group became more central due to the death of the chair of the Sapporo group, a professor at Hokkaido University, shortly before the salmon returned. He was introduced to the nation in the Asahi Shimbun, Japan's largest newspaper, in a feature column which was followed up with frequent stories highlighting and chronicling the sudden growth of the salmon enhancement movement in Japan following this dramatic story.

The movement looked to the youth as a key to changing the society to be more ecologically responsible. As part of the "Come Back Salmon" program, Anshin-san, who spoke little English came to British Columbia with a group of students to see how our youth were being encouraged. My wife, Masako, was working at the Ministry of Education in Victoria as head of the International Student Exchanges and Asian Languages programs and met him. When we met him again, he had retired and moved to Vancouver -- so impressed

was he with our quality of life. Because he had a public presence in northern Japan, he was well known to the people in Miyagi prefecture. He met the Oikawa great-granddaughters and knew about their famous ancestor and his exploits in Canada. When our Museum committee began planning for celebration in 2006 of the centennial of the SUIAN MARU voyage, Anshin joined the Nikkei Museum committee and helped to negotiate the Oikawa family's gifting of their family heirlooms to the museum. They had struggled annually to dry out the collection to keep it from deteriorating. Oikawa's native village had wanted it as well, but they did not have the facilities or staff to ensure preservation and the Museum was the ideal recipient.

Being a TV newscaster, he had a keen eye and ear for story-telling. He dressed strikingly and introduced elements into our SUIAN MARU ceremony and Fraser River boat tour to the Oikawa and Sato Islands to make them more dramatic and memorable.

The return of the salmon also made him more spiritual, his widow has revealed. He who had not been eager to go to church with her before the return of the salmon, asked to be received into her Russian Orthodox Church. His Russian baptismal name is Jakov, hers is Anastasia.



Tashme Kindergarten,
c.1943.
NNM 1995.101.1.1
Negoro Collection



Japanese Language
School at Tashme, c.1943.
NNM 1995.101.1.8
Negoro Collection

THE LAST JAPANESE FAMILY TO LEAVE TASHME

by Tak Negoro

When the war broke out in 1942, the Negoro family was living at 1254 Powell Street in Vancouver. Our father was dispatched with other adult males to Gosnell, a road camp on the North Thompson River. Due to a cave-in where a man was killed beside him, he was designated to accompany the body back to Vancouver, thus reuniting our family. In early October 1942, we were all sent to Tashme. When we arrived in Tashme, we were housed in 'bell tents', in an open field west of First Avenue. We went to a hall adjacent to the commissary for dinner which was stew on rice. I recall that the meat was not simmered very long, so it was chewy and tough. Globbs of fat did not help the appetite either.

People of Tashme will recall the rows of tar-paper shacks with a common water tap located every second duplex on the boulevard, or every fourth house on the avenue. The boulevard duplexes were located across the main road from the avenues of shacks, and situated perpendicular to the shacks on the avenue. Water was carried in pails to their kitchen sinks. Rice was usually washed at the tap. No running water at your kitchen sink meant hauling buckets of water several times a day for all your needs. This was one of the hardships inflicted upon the residents of this camp. *Shikataganai*.

A photo of a typical residence in Tashme shows that between each residential unit there was a connecting structure, roof and cladding of cedar shakes, used primarily for storage of firewood. It is most fortunate that there was never a fire in Tashme, because with the combination of tar paper shacks and cedar clad frame which was like a fuse stretching the length of each roadway, this was a disaster waiting to happen.

Each unit, whether on the avenue or the boulevard, had the same floor plan - five rooms consisting of an approximate 10' X 16' main living/dining/kitchen, with oil drum stove and a wooden sink, and four bedrooms. The entrance way to the bedrooms were on either side of the partition separating the bedrooms but had no real doors. The BC Security Commission issue blankets served the purpose of providing further privacy. The bedrooms were about eight feet square and two bedrooms were situated on each side of the main room. There were windows in each bedroom and one above the sink in the main room. There was only one entrance, the front door. I would guess that the floor space for each unit was about 416 square feet.

Lighting was by kerosene lamps. The glass had to be cleaned of soot every three or four days, first with the kerosene and then washed with soap and water. Later, we had a Coleman lantern; I remember a fragile mantle and having to pump the pressurized fuel tank to give a much brighter and white light.

The toilets were outhouses, as to be expected. They were about six feet square, partitioned into four seating areas, one for each of the four families. Everyone expected exclusivity of their designated 'seat'. The Negoro's biffy was located behind the Hinatsu's unit, our neighbor to the west, about twenty feet away from the duplex. Now that I think of it, if the water supply was near you, you had to go further away to the 'john'.

The winter of 1942-43 was brutal, particularly for those who were unprepared, which was practically all of us. The snow started to fly by late October/early November. We were on 5th Avenue at the time, sharing a unit with another family before we got our own on the boulevard. I recall the freshly cut green firewood being distributed by horse and sled. This firewood was useless, as it sputtered and hissed in the stove, generating no heat. A snowfall of about 10 inches deep got into our gumboots so our socks and feet were wet and cold. The clothing we brought was inadequate. The bath houses were north of the avenues, so we had to trek about a quarter of a mile in the snow with a flashlight to guide our way. The Japanese custom for a bath was to wash yourself first, rinse, then soak in the hot water to relax. Well, by the time we got back to our house, we were cold and shivering so the benefits of the hot tub were for nought. I felt for the elderly. *Kuroshita*.

In a community of about 2500 people, how does one keep the populace informed of the directives from the BCSC or other important news? There was no radio as they were banned and confiscated due to security concerns. There was no printed media. So the elders of Tashme relied on the '*kairan ban*', literally translated as a circulating bulletin board. A wooden board, usually with a one page notice printed in Japanese, was relayed from door to door, with a sense of urgency. Since someone was usually at home, it was an efficient means of relaying information.

People who worked in Tashme were paid something like 34 cents an hour. The Commission store and meat

..... Continued on next page

market charged for the goods they sold, but generated no profits. It was self sufficient on a bare bones basis. It was on this point, I believe, that my father convinced the 'powers that be' to set up a *miso/shoyu* factory that would generate revenue by exporting staples to other camps. They agreed and allowed him to set up shop in a building across from First Avenue. They gave him virtual 'carte blanche' to requisition manpower, supplies, tools, etc. He had a staff of about five or six men, his right hand man being Mr. Shibuya. A key person on his staff was a finishing carpenter. They proceeded to fit out the building with their needs: an oven to roast the grain, a steam room to cultivate spores, large fermentation vats, and a deck about four feet off the floor to facilitate mixing with a long hoe like mixing paddle. The products of the factory were sold at the commissary and shipped to other camps such as Kaslo, Slocan, New Denver, and others. Even though he had management/supervisory responsibilities, his stipend was the same as his men.

Early in the spring of 1943, I noticed some residents digging under their units to create a basement, presumably to increase storage space. I took a shovel and started digging behind our house. My father joined in and we earnestly excavated until we had a full basement under our house. His process was to sift the diggings so that the soil was deposited in the back for a garden (which every family in Tashme seemed to have) and the tailings were wheeled to the banks of the Sumallo Creek, just beyond our garden. The entrance to the basement was some ten feet wide to ease access. With the use of 'house jacks' to support the floor, and the lumber from the factory, he shored the walls to prevent cave-ins. The floor of the basement remained as dirt which served as a root cellar for 'hard vegetables' like potatoes, turnips, carrots which were grown in the

garden. The digging reached the pipes for the water supply in the corner adjacent to our house, so father tapped in above the shut off valve and extended the piping to the kitchen sink. We then had running water in our kitchen.

Simultaneously he renovated our living quarters. The partition between the back bedroom and the living room was dismantled and opened up to become a separate kitchen. He added a kitchen counter, and moved the sink to below the previous bedroom window. This is where the piped water came in. He also altered the front bedroom by building a loft against the partition wall for a bed for my brother and me. Hence we had play space below the loft to keep out of the way while our parents were busy, and a space for our studies. This space was also fitted with built in benches and storage space underneath them which were enclosed by sliding panel doors. Cedar was a handy and workable material.

Then my father proceeded to add a Japanese *furo* with large stones from the creek bank and concrete. He built a fire box, and with the help of his friend the carpenter, assembled the wooden tub above it. Piping was



Above: Snowy row houses looking east and north, 1943. NNM 2012.45.1.12

Left: A View of Tashme showing the Shoyu Factory in the upper left, c.1943. NNM 1994.81.17

Right: Internment houses in the summer of 1943. NNM 2010.23.2.4.743

Below: Tashme camp in winter, 1943. NNM 2013.30.9 Nakamoto Collection



extended for the water supply. A doorway was cut in the back of the house for access to the *furo*. The house was eventually extended to enclose this bath area, with another back door for easier access to the 'john'. We had a small bath stool made by our carpenter friend to sit on while we washed ourselves. One cannot really appreciate the convenience of having a *furo* to warm up with before going to bed, unless they experienced the alternative.

So why were the Negoros the last family to leave Tashme? My father got together with a group of entrepreneurial Japanese Canadians, including Mr. Steve Sasaki, a Judo fifth black belt *sensei*, Mr. Arthur Nishiguchi, Mr. Magojiro Nishiguchi, and Mr. Suzumoto. They planned to set up a *shoyu/miso* factory in Ashcroft where these men resided. The group had purchased the raw inventory left over from the Tashme factory which was decommissioned about the time the 'repats' were sent to the port of Vancouver for transfer to Japan in 1946. We were in the process of filling large barrels with soya beans

when the RCMP and administrators vacated in the fall of 1946. My father did not sign up to go to Japan, so we were the last ones left to fend for ourselves. Mr. Arthur Nishiguchi had a one-ton boxed trunk which he drove in with Mr. Sasaki, son Kiichi Nishiguchi and nephew, Kaichi Nishiguchi. We loaded up the truck along with our meagre household effects and with mom, Mr. Sasaki, my sisters Emi and Shigemi in the front seat, the rest of us with dad holding Kazumi, rode the tailgate, making our way slowly down to Hope. This would have been around the 4th or 5th of November 1946, a few days before my twelfth birthday. From Hope, we caught the train to Ashcroft.

This is an excerpt from a longer story entitled 'The Last Japanese Family to leave Tashme'.

Takashi (Tak) Negoro, P. Eng. is the retired Vice President of BCTV and recipient of the Gold Ribbon Award for Engineering Achievement conferred by the Canadian Association of Broadcasters. One of our nisei who overcame the tribulations of the evacuation and post-war readjustment to achieve industry recognition.

TREASURES FROM THE COLLECTION

Postcards From Tashme NNM 2001.5.2 Marie Katsuno collection

These postcards were collected and received by Marie Katsuno (nee Kawamoto) while she was interned at Tashme, BC from 1942 to 1946. During her time at Tashme, Marie, who was born in 1923, became a teacher and taught the children in the camp. In 1946, she, along with her parents, was 'repatriated' to Japan, even though Marie was Canadian born. In 1948, she married Peter Katsuno, a former American businessman, with whom she had two children. Later, she was employed for several years as a secretary and verbatim writer, using shorthand transcription and language skills, for international conferences and committees active during the post-war economic revival in Japan. In 1994, she returned to Canada with her husband to live in West Vancouver, BC.

The postcards show picturesque scenes of Sandon, New Denver, Revelstoke, Nelson, Lillooet, Slokan and Bridge River, to name a few. Most postcards are stamped with "Passed Censor" and have small notes to Marie from friends telling her of their internment travels, usually in a brief cheery tone. Vic Kuwabara writes, "Nelson is a very nice

town, a little larger than New Westminster, it has a population of 10 000 and there is only 1 Japanese living in Nelson. Hoping to hear from you shortly & my best regards to your mother. "

Mary's many contributions are being honoured with the Quiet Endeavour Award at the upcoming 3rd Annual Nikkei Place Community Awards Dinner.

To hear more about Marie, you can find an interview of her discussing her experiences in the museum's *Ohanashi* series.

