



NIKKEI

Japanese Canadian National Museum Newsletter

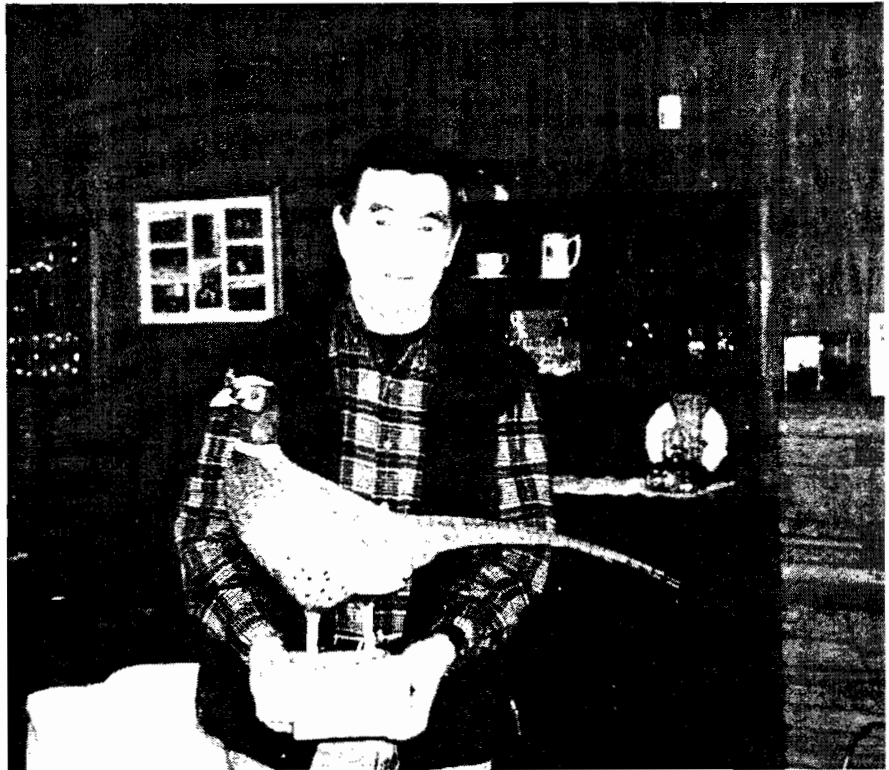
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"Fancy Stuff" Keeps BC Carver Busy For DUCKS UNLIMITED

Over 50 years ago, Tad Yesaki carved his first duck decoy from a cedar block cut from the top of a fence post. The design wasn't much, but it served its purpose. "You were lost in the marsh without decoys," says Yesaki, reflecting on his early decoys that he used for hunting and his reason for carving them. From those first rudimentary, functional carvings grew a much deeper and long-lasting interest. These days, Yesaki carefully carves red cedar or tupelo wood blocks into decoy masterpieces.

He learned to carve by watching his father, but his first exposure to "the fancy stuff" came in a **National Geographic** article. Something caught his eye and carving decoys became more of an art form. Working in his Richmond, B.C. basement, Yesaki crafts with the precision of a surgeon but he never rushes because, as a retired commercial fisherman, he has the time. "It's something to do and I enjoy it," "I don't really put my nose to it." Yesaki's carvings aren't for sale and unless you're a friend, they can't be commissioned. Fortunately, he considers DUCKS UNLIMITED a friend. Each year, since 1987, Yesaki has donated a wood carving to the local DU committee. Stu Shelley, chair of the Richmond DU committee, says Yesaki's carvings attract people to the annual dinner and over the years his duck decoys have raised over \$32,000. Yesaki is



Tad Yesaki with pheasant that was auctioned off during the 2001 annual DUCKS UNLIMITED fund-raising dinner. (Stu Shelley photo, 2001)

extremely proud of the money he's raised for DU and this year he has something different in store for the Richmond fund-raiser. For those anxiously awaiting Yesaki's next

carving, they'll find his next donation to be quite pheasant...er...pleasant. ●

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Announcements

Mochitsuki
NIKKEI PLACE
December 29, 2001
12:00 - 16:00 pm

Unearthed from the Silence
exhibition opens at JCNM
January, 2002

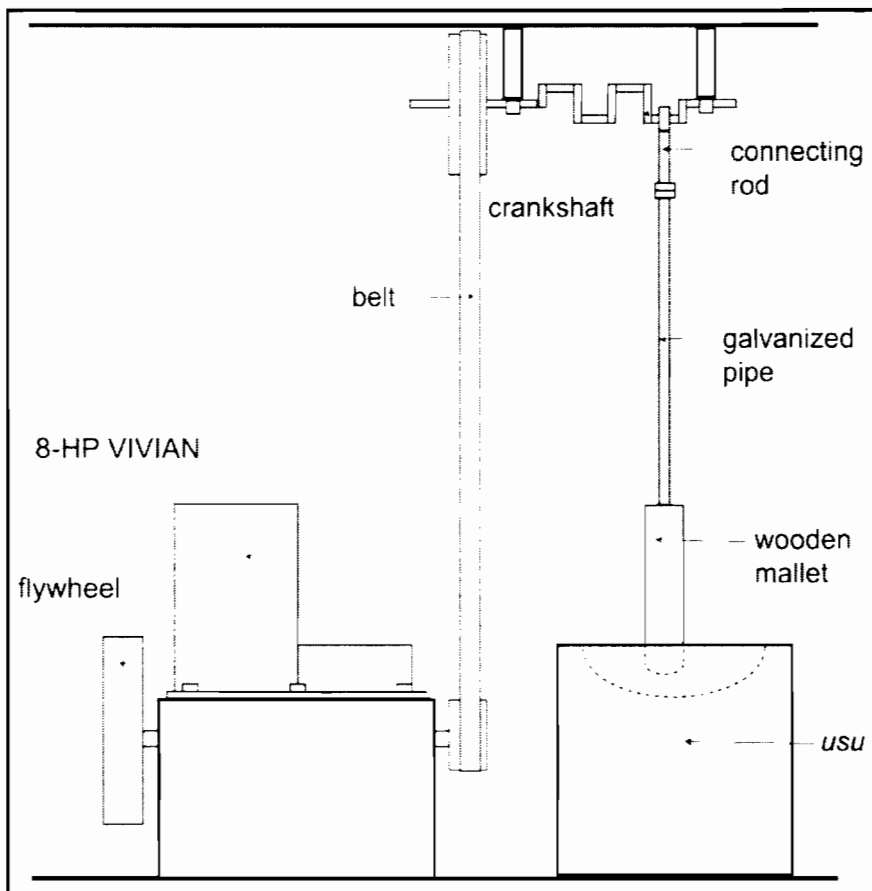
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Mrs. Okada's *Kamaboko* Factory on Clayoquot Island by Larry Maekawa



Schematic diagram of mechanized pounding machine for making surimi.

In the summer of 1938, the Ucluelet Japanese Fishermen's Co-operative posted the smaller of its two floating fish collecting scows in Tofino. I was appointed to take charge of this scow, which was a one-man operation. I received fish from fishermen, packed the fish in ice storage, kept the books, did my own cooking, etc.

One day I had a lady visitor who rowed a skiff across from Clayoquot Island. She was Mrs. Okada: her husband and my father were close friends, as they were both active in organizing the fishermen's co-operatives in Ucluelet and Tofino. She had brought me freshly cooked *kamaboko*. She sat down and told me about her *kamaboko* factory that she started in 1935 and invited me to see

her factory.

A few days later, I rowed across to Clayoquot to see Mrs. Okada's factory. She was busy in a small shed labelling the canned *kamaboko*. She put everything aside and started showing me around the shed. First, she showed me the engine that was the mainstay of her operation. Her husband went searching for an engine and found a used, eight-horsepower VIVIAN in the Tofino Machine Shop. The VIVIAN 8 was the fisherman's favourite engine in the 1920s. He also collected a crankshaft from a discarded engine, two pulleys, belt and bearings. He set the engine in the factory and attached the smaller pulley on the drive shaft. The crankshaft was fixed on bearings to



Okada family portrait. (Henry Okada photo, ca. 1926)

the rafters above the engine. A larger pulley was attached to one end and a long wooden mallet on the cylinder arm of the crankshaft. The belt was looped over the two pulleys and their different sizes reduced the rotation speed of the cylinder arm. A concrete *usu* or bowl was placed under the wooden mallet. With the engine running, the wooden mallet moved up and down. This pounding machine was rather crude, but I was totally impressed by her husband's ingenuity.

Mrs. Okada next showed me the large sink and counter where the lingcod was washed and filleted. There was also a stove on which she cooked the *kamaboko* and a manual crimper for sealing the cans.

Mr. Okada caught codfish while trolling during the salmon season and by hand-lining on the many reefs around Clayoquot Sound during the off-season. Consequently, Mrs. Okada was able to operate her factory throughout the year with raw material which was essentially free. She filleted the codfish, skinned the fillets and placed the fillets in the *usu*. She then started the engine, setting the wooden mallet in motion. She guided the wooden mallet with one hand and pounded the codfish

fillets into *surumi* or fish paste. After the fillets were pounded to the proper consistency, she added condiments to season the *surumi*. She cut the seasoned *surumi* into small pieces and shaped them into patties. Mrs. Okada then took these patties to the stove and deep-fried them in a large fry pan. The cooked patties were then packed in one-pound cans. She placed the full cans into a large pan filled with water to below the tops of the cans. Boiling the cans until the patties were thoroughly heated, Mrs. Okada took the pan off the stove and placed self-sealing tops onto the cans. As the cans cooled, vacuum in the cans sealed the lids firmly onto the cans. After the cans were thoroughly cooled, she passed the cans through a hand-operated machine to crimp the top tightly onto the body. She pasted labels onto the cans, then packed them into wood boxes, 48 cans to a box.

Mrs. Okada shipped the boxes of *kamaboko* on the CPR M/V MAQUINNA to Vancouver and eventually to a distributor in Kelowna. Unlike the *kamaboko* made in Vancouver, Mrs. Okada's was made entirely of fish so her *kamaboko* was extremely popular with the Japanese farmers in the Okanagan Valley. She could hardly keep up with demand. I cannot recollect the price for a can of her *kamaboko* and how the labels looked like. Mrs. Okada's income from her *kamaboko* business equalled that of her husband's from fishing.

At the end of the tour, Mrs. Okada demonstrated some of her many tasks. I was overwhelmed by her skill with the hammer in nailing down the covers (cardboard boxes did not exist in those days). Also, to my astonishment, she swung the big flywheel effortlessly with her dainty arms to start the engine running and the entire system in motion. Unfortunately, Mrs. Okada's flourishing; one-woman operation was devastated by the outbreak of the Pacific war. ❀



Mrs. Okada's cement usu presently in the possession of Mary Kimoto in Ucluelet. (Frances Nakagawa photo, 2001)

Remember When by Wm. (Bill) Hutcherson



Deyo and Eiji Maeda setting oolichan net off Ladner marsh. (Bill Hutcherson photo, ca. 1938)

The events which I am about to relate all took place during the mid to late 1930's and on the river waters north of the town of Ladner, B. C. Each and every year toward the ending of April and the first few weeks of May we became infested with strange looking flies who clung to the walls of the wooden buildings. These odd looking critters could be found everywhere, usually singly but just about as often in duplicate with one of them residing on top of the other. They represented the annual migration of the oolichan fly and their appearance heralded the arrival of a bountiful crop of small, silvery fish which were about to adorn the town's tables. The oolichans, and I realize that there are umpteen spellings of the name by which this species is identified, were a phenomenon which has never failed to amaze me. Each receding tide of the river would reveal literally hundreds of the little fish, slow thinkers who had been tardy in seeking deeper water and had thus become stranded amongst the reeds and cattails which grew in profusion along the river banks. For those who wished a free feed the unfortunate strandeers could be picked up by hand with no more problem than some muddy feet. For the more fastidious members of the community whose gastronomic desires demanded a

somewhat fresher product, an unlimited supply could be obtained from those who took time to actually go out and gather them in their nets. This is the story of three of us who partook of the harvest but who found the companionship and sense of freedom which the experience offered to be the real reward.

Eiji and Deyo Maeda introduced me to the fun of fishing for oolichans. All three of us owned duck punts and, though my friends were much more experienced than myself with the mysteries of the river and its marshes, it would be only a matter of time before I, too, would become familiar with the rewards which these regions could provide. My two friends provided me with a web constructed of tarred herring twine, almost as stiff as a board but after hanging it with a cork and a lead line it came close to resembling an ordinary net. It was all of forty feet in length and, perhaps, three fathoms deep. Their own net was of a much finer mesh, untarred, and about one hundred feet in length. We would pile the nets into our punts and row out to a favourite drift which lay between Gunn Island and the Ladner Marsh. It commenced near the entrance to the Oilery Slough and ended shortly before the western end of Gunn Island; a total drifting length of about a quarter mile. With Deyo rowing, Eiji would feed out their net which, because of its length, would extend almost half way across the river tributary. My own effort called for throwing some of the lead and cork line over the stern of my punt and then rowing like mad in order to pull the net out which action continued until the punt was snubbed up when it came to the end of its tether. If everything went smoothly and no foulups in the way of tangles or hangups having been encountered, these exertions would result in a bit

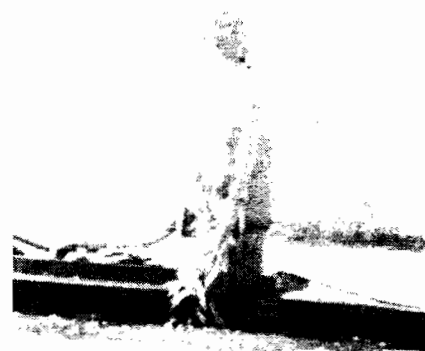
more of the river's width being blocked off. It was then time to ship oars, make oneself comfortable and enjoy the drifting along the river, the warm sunshine and its reflection off the water as we began acquiring early summer tans. During the very early part of the season the pickings could be pretty slim with the incoming nets containing but a scattering of fish which could be easily removed as they came into the punt. A couple of hours of fishing would be rewarded with several buckets of the tasty harvest. No danger of risk to our nets was encountered during this lull. Each day would provide a greater number of oolichans becoming available for friends and families but then, gradually, peaks of the runs appeared on the scene and it became necessary to keep a constant watch on our nets as within minutes of setting them out, portions of cork line would start to sink from the weight of fish becoming ensnared in the mesh. My shorter, coarse meshed net allowed me to remove most of the fish as I brought it in. The net used by Deyo and Eiji was a different matter. There was insufficient time to pick the mass of fish from it before they would be drifting into a snag area. Consequently they were forced to pull in their entire net with its load of gilled fish still tangled within it and then take the entire kit and caboodle to the bank of the marsh in order to remove the catch. This proved to be a time-consuming job as their finer meshed net was reluctant to release its prey and many an oolichan lost its head as strong arm methods often became necessary to yank them loose. Even the expediency of pulling in the entire net and its catch did not always avoid the lurking hazards. With a strong tide running combined with a delay in the start of the recovery process, too often the boys would end up in

the snag area and would have to work to get their net loose and back on board. During these days of such ample catches we would fill boxes with fish and would row back home with nets still loaded and unpicked. On one Saturday morning my two friends borrowed a neighbour's skiff and towed it out to the drift. We tied it up to the shore and then commenced to make drift after drift with the resulting catches being cleaned into the empty skiff. By late afternoon the skiff was nearly full and, with much effort, was towed back home.

What, you may ask did we do with each day's catch? The Maeda's had constructed a smokehouse and a large quantity of oolichans was salted down and smoked for future consumption. A local mink farmer, Mr. Spud Cooper, agreed to buy everything that was surplus to their needs and did so at one cent per pound. Most of my catches were thrown in with theirs as it became impossible to find enough relatives and friends willing to accept my entire haul. Between the fishermen down Port Guichon way, ourselves and a few others who brought in the delicious smelly morsels, the market was saturated

with no possibility of it being a money making venture but, it was an experience which will probably never be repeated. Old timers of Ladner and even our parents let us know that the bountiful crop was a drop in the hat to what they had experienced during their younger years. Whether they were feeding us a line we will never know for sure but from several sources we heard how the early settlers caught oolichans by using a rake and a pail. They would simply rake them from the water onto the shore. How could such a bountiful harvest have declined to today's almost invisible returns? I do not believe that the actions of my two friends and myself put much of a dent in the oolichan population as what we removed from the river was immeasurable compared to the millions which passed each hour as they made their way up river. No - I believe that pollution, the fine nylon nets of modern times and, most significantly, the increase in the numbers of seals and sea lions has had a far more devastating effect on the little critters. I am sorry that they are having such a fight for survival and feel that efforts are and must continue to be made in an attempt to save them but

I am afraid that restrictions on fishing them will have only a very small effect. Perhaps it is a case where fish and modern industrialization are just not compatible and that we were able to live and enjoy an era which was idyllic but which will never return. ●



Eiji Maeda pulling in gillnet full of oolichans. (Bill Hutcherson photo, ca. 1938)

*Bill Hutcherson is a retired merchant mariner and the author of two autobiographical books. In his first book, **Landing at Ladner**, he reminisces of growing up in Ladner in the 1930s. In **Sparks in the Parks**, he relates his experiences as a radio operator on board Canadian merchant ships during and after the Second World War.*

Books about Japanese Canadian history for Young Readers

(Ages 8 and above) by Masako Fukawa

Readers are already familiar with Shizue Takashima's *A Child in Prison Camp*, her memoirs in words and paintings of what it was like to be a child in internment camp. It was first published in 1971 and is now available in paperback through Tundra Books. Another book familiar to readers is Joy Kogawa's *Naomi's Road*, which is the children's version of the award-winning novel, *Obasan*. First published in 1986, it is available in paperback from Stoddart Kids.

Two additional books

parents and others may wish to give to young readers are: *The Eternal Spring of Mr. Ito* by Sheila Garrigue and *Caged Eagles* by Eric Walters. Both are historical fiction written for young readers age 8 and up. They are fun to read and introduce young people to the internment experiences of Japanese Canadians. All these books provide the opportunity to open discussions on a very painful but important episode in Canadian history and the significance of the achievement of redress to all

Canadians.

The Eternal Spring of Mr. Ito – Sheila Garrigue
Aladdin Paperbacks, 1994
ISBN 0-689-71809-8 (paperback)
Historical fiction

During World War II Sara is evacuated from war torn England to live in peaceful Vancouver with her Aunt and Uncle. She becomes special friends with Mr. Ito, who fought alongside her uncle in World War I,

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and is now the gardener.

With the attack on Pearl Harbor and the fall of Hong Kong, Sara and Mr. Ito's peaceful world is shattered. The prejudices and racist attitudes expressed by adults around her leave Sara bewildered. She struggles with the senseless removal of all Japanese Canadians and their relocation in internment camps. The message is one of respect for diverse traditions, of hope, and of reconciliation.

The author uses "Jap", "Chink" and "Chinamen" in context to realistically reflect the racist attitudes of the time. Her characters also deal with issues such as censorship, loyalty, propaganda, rumours, confiscation of property, and life in Slocan, one of the internment camps.

Parents and teachers will find the book a gentle introduction to racism, the Japanese Canadian relocation and internment and to aspects of "traditional" Japanese culture, especially bonsai. Recommended for children ages 8-

12 by the publisher Aladdin Paperbacks.

Caged Eagles – Eric Walters
Orca Book Publishers, 2000
ISBN 1-551-43-139-4 (paperback)
Historical fiction

The Fukushima family consists of 14-year-old Tadashi, his two sisters, 7-year-old Yuri and 12-year-old Midori, his parents and grandmother. They, along with other Japanese Canadians, are ordered by the Canadian Government to leave the fishing villages along the west coast of British Columbia and report to Hastings Park in Vancouver. On arrival they are forced to turn over their fishing boats and possessions for safe keeping, are loaded onto trucks and incarcerated in Hastings Park where they must await further orders to be relocated in internment camps.

While living in Hastings Park with the other bewildered and angry Japanese Canadians, Tadashi has to come to grips with the ways racism, fear and war have affected

his peaceful life. He is willing to see what the limits to his detention are. Tadashi fights for his sense of justice as he strains for freedom.

The author is sympathetic and sensitive to the plight of Japanese Canadians. Readers are introduced to racism, discrimination and injustices as the characters face difficult decisions: what do I take and what has to be left behind? They cope with the rumours and propaganda of wartime; with the confiscation of their property and their possessions; and with an uncertain future.

Caged Eagles can be read as an adventure story of young teenagers and as a historical account of the experiences of Japanese Canadians during the early part of the uprooting and relocation (1942). As historical fiction, some liberties were taken, however the major events are based on reality. The author's "afterword" explains some exceptions. Recommended for parents, teachers and young readers.



In Memory of Robert K. Iwata by Frank Kamiya



With the passing of Bob Iwata on June 26, 2001 at the age of 66, the Japanese Canadian community lost a very dedicated

supporter and a friend to many. Following in the footsteps of his father who was very involved with the Vancouver Japanese Language School, Bob was a director & secretary of the Vancouver Japanese Language School; treasurer of the Greater Vancouver JCCA; treasurer of the Chinatown Lions Club; director & president of the Japanese Canadian Society of Greater Vancouver for Senior Citizens' Housing; director of the National Nikkei Heritage Centre Society; director & treasurer of the Canada Japan Society; director of Tonari Gumi; treasurer of the Japanese Canadian Centennial Society; director of the AIDS Foundation; and director of the Vancouver Buddhist Church.

Bob was always generous with his time and resources. When the museum required door and raffle prizes he would call on his contacts or provide them himself. Last fall he assisted the museum with our Internment Bus tour, which was a huge success thanks to Bob's personal involvement. Not too long after the NNHC building opening in Year 2000 Bob became ill.

Bob was instrumental in establishing a sister city affiliation with the Iwatsuki-Nanaimo Friendship Society, assisted me both with the Oyama-Mission City sister city and the Seymour-Asumigaoka Friendship Society. There are probably many other sister city affiliations in which he was involved in a major or minor role.

As a friend I would discuss

many community issues to get his perspective and input. With his travel agency he knew many Japanese Canadians in Vancouver and beyond which was an invaluable source of

information for me. We must continue to work together for a better community, which was also Bob's vision. To Bob's wife Rumiko, son

Randy, daughter Robynn and to his family, we offer our deepest sympathy.

Sayonara Bob. ♦

Community Celebration Dinner by Frank Kamiya

On September 15, 2001 nearly 300 people attended an evening where the community paid Tribute to Our Pioneers. Naomi Yamamoto was excellent as our master of ceremonies. The Flying Fish Market & Grill prepared delicious baked wild salmon and seafood Newburg on wild rice. The JCNM volunteers also served "Heritage" dishes of *teriyaki* chicken, salmon *satsumaage*, *okara*, *teriyaki* weiners, *fuki no tsukudani*, *nori no tsukudani*, *nimame*, *kazunoko kombu* and cucumber *tsukemono*. Desserts, *karinto*, *ichinen-cha* and the ever-popular *manju* were prepared by the volunteers. *Makizushi* was donated by six local Japanese restaurants.

Dr. Paul Kariya, a sansei and a JCNM board member paid tribute to our pioneers and his presentation is printed in this issue. Many nisei will remember the song "*Tabi no*

Yokaze" which was beautifully sung by Tami Haraga. The Lilacs (Takako Hashimoto, Shigeo Kawabara & Keiko Yamagata) sang old time favorites "*Kojo no Tsuki*" and "*Hana*". To round off the entertainment Harry Aoki and Dr. Sherry Tanaka performed an original musical number based on Sherry's Ainu heritage.

Due to the unfortunate incident in New York and Washington on September 11, our keynote speaker Raymond Moriyama O.C. was unable to fly out of Toronto. However his inspiring speech was read by Grace Eiko Thomson and is printed in this issue.

Thanks to the generous donations for the live auction and raffle as much needed funds were generated. We received items such as a certified original woodblock print by Hiroshige donated by John

Koerner, Pants & Jacket by Hitoshi Tamura & Shisendo, Painting by Joyce Kamikura, Two JAL Economy Class Return Tickets, Cocooned Shawl silk by Yumi Eto, Rocky Mountaineer Rail Tours Gold Leaf Service plus many other auction and raffle prizes.

The success of the Community Celebration Dinner was made possible by the dedicated work of the organizing committee: Suni Arinobu, Tama Copithorne, Hiroko Cummings, Stan Fukawa, Minnie Hattori, Frank Kamiya, Naomi Kamiya, Mary Ohara & David Yamaura plus the over 65 volunteers who prepared the heritage foods and desserts and assisted at the event. The museum is very grateful for everyone's involvement in the Community Celebration Dinner as we shared the Past for the Future. ♦

Our Unique Past; Our Destiny? by Raymond Moriyama O.C.

The following speech was prepared by Raymond Moriyama, who was scheduled to give a keynote address at the Japanese Canadian National Museum's fundraising event, Community Celebration Dinner: A Tribute to Our Pioneers, held Saturday, September 15, 2001. Mr. and Mrs. Moriyama were unable to attend due to the September 11th disaster in New York, which backlogged flights at the Pearson International Airport. Grace Eiko Thomson, Executive Director of the Museum, delivered the speech on his behalf.

Friends! Konbanwa.

Sachi and I are delighted to

be here in Vancouver, to be invited to this fund raising event and to celebrate the first anniversary. We came inspired by the past we share, with desires to pay tribute to our peers, especially the Nisei, and to encourage you all to honour them and to raise our Nikkei stature as we march into a new Century.

The last time I spoke to a large JC group in Vancouver was at the 50th Anniversary Homecoming Dinner 9 years ago, exactly on my birthday, October 11th. I don't know about the audience, but I thoroughly enjoyed myself that evening, unzipping my head and literally letting everything fall out, speaking about my experience shared with you

as a boy in the internment camps. It was suggested that I do the same. Therefore, I will continue tonight with my personal journey from youth to adulthood. I'm sure my experience is not too different from yours. If my stories may arouse some memories, then dream on. It's fine with me if you stop listening - as long as you don't snore too loudly. In order to give you some continuity - at a sacrifice of boring some of you who attended the 50th Anniversary and remember my talk - let me summarize what I shared at that time.

I spoke about my struggles in Slokan Valley - Popof, Lemon Creek, the Rink and Bayfarm: - without my father who was held in

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POW camp out east, - with a few encounters with some uncouth Issei who preyed on youngish "POW widows" (I thought my mother was old, but she was less than thirty years old), - with the scars from my earlier burn and the hurtful verbal abuse I received about their ugliness from members of my JC community. Was my own community my biggest enemy? Later, after a long period of contemplation learned that one cannot hate one's own community and country without creating one's own rot inside. I talked about how my decision to become an architect at age four and a half while recovering from a severe burn gave me a sense of purpose and reason to learn from the various experiences in camp and from the natural environment. I talked about my secret tree-house that I built, my first architecture - the reason of its origin - and what I learned in this sanctuary - the JC language and humour, - how our shared culture and the tree house contributed to the design of our Canadian Embassy in Tokyo. I talked about the generosity and dedication of young JC teachers in camp who taught us a striving for excellence and hard work. We should have more teachers like them today. I was extremely delighted recently to have Frank Moritsugu present me with a copy of their recently launched book, **"Teaching in Canadian Exile"**. You should all have a copy. Finally, I talked about George Kada, my friend with a clubfoot. George taught me how to laugh, how to have dignity in the face of adversity and to think of others before oneself - all virtues many of you, Nisei, have.

It's amazing how time flies. I returned recently from Japan selling Canada to the Japanese and attending the **Tenth Anniversary Celebration of the Canadian Embassy in Tokyo**. Nobody informed me that the Tenth Anniversary Dinner was

almost a State Dinner with several past prime ministers of Japan, Prince and Princess Takamado and many other dignitaries in attendance. Every one looked so elegant in black - tuxedos and beautiful gowns and dresses. Sachi looked great sitting between two past prime ministers dressed in black. I think I was the only one in a brown suit, the only suit I took to Japan. Most Nisei here, and maybe some Sansei, will remember George Gobel, a popular comedian in the late Fifties and Sixties. As soon as I walked into that room in Tokyo, George Gobel's two liners appeared in my mind's eyes, *"Don't you sometime think that the whole world is a tuxedo and you're a pair of brown shoes"*? I had to go on stage and say a few words of *Aisatsu*. I nearly used the Gobel line, but what if the Japanese audience didn't get it and there was a moment of disastrous silence. - Maybe, this points out the difference between the Japanese and the JC - the source and the kind of humour. At the Homecoming I was suggesting that some one/some group undertake a book of JC humour. It reminded me of the discoveries I made about the uniqueness of Nisei and Nikkei during my study trip to Japan over 40 years ago. We are similar, but environmentally and humour- wise so different. So Canadian, eh.

After the Homecoming events in 92, Sachi and I drove Mrs. Miyauchi and her two daughters who, having gone to Alberta sugar beet farm, had never seen or experienced the various ghost towns. For Sachi and I the 50th Anniversary trip was our second; the first one was taken on the 25th Anniversary with our children. I was trying to be as honest as possible to share with our offspring the story of our community and our experience during the wartime. I did not hide anything. I believe they learned a lot. In high

school, our daughter, for example, wrote a play about our experience as seen through the eyes of three women - an Issei, a Nisei and a Sansei. It was very moving and not possible without first hand experience of seeing, touching and smelling the places. And imagining the experience. I was very proud of her, still am.

On the second trip, we visited Nakusp, New Denver, Kaslo, Sandon, Slocan, Bayfarm and Greenwood. I remember the story of many from Sandon, that they used to stick their faces and legs out the second floor window to get a bit of sun. It is an abominable gloom of a place, a steep valley with abandoned mines and mining equipment. In Bayfarm, what still remained were indentations on the ground where outhouses once stood. The hillside where my tree house stood was carved out as fill to build a river crossing at what used to be Bayfarm's 7th Avenue. The river water level was lower. Where I had my personal interaction with nature was destroyed, almost to say that nothing had happened here with the Japanese Canadians. It's funny that those indentation of outhouses were sure sign of a community of people and many funny, body-function JC stories. I should know, I dug many of them for five cents an hour. The allowance my mother gave me was five cents a month. So when I gave a brooch made out of a flattened copper coin, it was a big deal, a real commitment to the girl I gave it to. - I won't say whom. She was my friend's sister's uncle's young niece. - Issei and Nisei used to understand this clearly in ghost towns. Right?

What I learned in ghost-town from older Nisei were: hard work, dedication, loyalty, honesty (*baka shojiki*), a special Nisei accent and language and how to maintain dignity in adversity and, of course, their kind of humour. Nature, as a complement,

taught me to observe it carefully, listen to it, and learn from it, and it will be a true balanced friend.

Finally, my father was released from POW camp as a non-threat to Canadian security and society. He immediately sent us a telegram full of elation to see us again, soon. Concerned with what could happen to us in the east, many of mother's friends tried to discourage us from leaving Bayfarm. However, among rumours and stories of horror and murderous acts out east, my mother, my two younger sisters and I left Slocan on an old rickety train car, just for the four of us, totally isolated on one car, to Hamilton, to rejoin our father. The train trip is a topic of another story. It was wild and sometime frightening. We became the second JC family in Hamilton. We moved into a two-room attic space with double sloping ceilings. In life everything is relative. There is always 'a good side'. I'm sure that the attic was miserable and dingy, considered inhabitable, and unrentable. In summer, it was like an oven; but with father there, it sure was far better than the 13-foot x 13-foot space we occupied in Bayfarm. Father had two jobs; mother worked as a cleaning woman and sometime another on a part-time basis. Seeing them working hard, mother on her knees scrubbing floors, made me feel like a parasite. I wanted to go out working to help the family financially. But father and mother convinced me to go back to school, using my desire to be an architect as a strong carrot.

I did well in public school and high school. I worked after school painting teapots for two hours every school day for 22 cents an hour, over four times my original pay in camp. Using both right and left hands simultaneously I used to finish in one third of the allotted time and spend two third of the time studying. If

anyone has one of those teapots now, I think, it will be worth something. On weekends, like most of you, I had a job labouring in construction and became a prolific plasterer that helped to pay my way through university.

My father was a great man. I want to honour him tonight as well. At high school graduation when my classmates were receiving material and monetary gifts - bicycle, tuition for university, vacation, and one, a car - he gave me an envelop with a poem carefully folded inside, in his best writing, which was beautiful. He told me he could not afford anything else. He felt badly, but I know he thought about the poem and me a great deal and worked hard on it. The poem simply read: "*Into God's Temple of Eternity Drive a Nail of Gold*". He did not ask me pompously to build the whole temple, not even to design it. He was asking me to drive in just one nail into this Temple of Eternity, just one nail, a nail of gold. This poem was a perfect gift, better than anything at that particular point in my life. It was an inspiration. It became my light, my guide for life. I constantly tried to fulfill it and I'm still trying. It is very difficult.

At University of Toronto, I tried to live with the poem. Five years were dedicated to two focuses - one was Sachi and the family; second was a search for truth and for excellence in contemporary architecture. When I decided to strike out on my own and start a new architectural practice as "Raymond Moriyama, Architect and Planner" I heard on the street that I will surely fail within six months. Reasons: (I'm sure many of you faced similar comments. I was given three reasons: - because I was too young (I was 28), - because I had very little capital (between Sachi and I, we had a total of \$392.00), and - because I was a minority, an oriental, and on top, a Jap on his own (I was told that

I would be shredded apart by Canadians). They nearly did.

The great support came from Sachi. We already had two babies, age two and one. She said, and I still remember those wonderful comforting words, "the worst that could happen to you, Ray, is going back to work for another architect". WOW! Striving for excellence in architectural and planning practice was on. We survived the six months, although the income was meagre and Sachi washed all the diapers by hand (no machine) and by then we had a third child, a daughter who is now a medical doctor. Sachi used to phone me before she bought a \$1.99 blouse. "We better discuss it tonight!"

I goofed off from my architectural practice for a year in 1975 to spend time at home, to listen carefully and seriously to our children, to learn to clean the house, to spend more time with Sachi in reaffirmation of our life together - to experience retirement with this woman twenty years ahead of schedule - and to re-acquaint myself with my friend - the natural environment. During this time, at Sachi's suggestion, I followed in the footsteps of Buddha. In India and Nepal for three months. This I did, chronologically, from birth to parinirvana, on a budget of Canadian 0.18 cents a day, walking conservatively 600 miles, more like 800 miles, walking by myself above the tree line on Mt. Everest. You know what I discovered more valuable than anything else above the tree line? There are no leaves. Toilet paper! Paper money is too hard! Later, while Sachi was traveling with the boys in Japan, I was allowed a privilege of practicing Zazen in Kamakura, at Zuisenji and Enkakuji, for two weeks, 20 hours a day - a most disciplined two weeks in my life - physically the most painful. After the first twenty minutes the kneecaps

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felt like cannonballs ready to blow off. But I could not quit, like everyone at the temples were expecting. If I quit I would never know whether I could have done it or not, will I. After two weeks it turned out to be the most indescribable, uplifting experience. And I discovered why the Zen priests were inspired to do those raked sand garden. What a phenomenal discovery. I guess you could say, this is truly practicing the philosophy of phenomenology.

Even when my partnership with Ted Teshima was established because it was the best way to continue striving for excellence in architecture and planning with a person of compatible mind. Again, I was warned that two Japanese names, Moriyama & Teshima, was a disastrous move. Well, thirty years later here we are. We have not only survived, but have received invitations and commissions locally, nationally and internationally - in Europe, Middle East, Asia, South East Asia and USA. Only thing is, we don't make a great deal of profit. As our lawyer said to us, "*You guys are just too busy to make money*". How true.

I love learning about different cultures, religions, societies, and languages. There are so much exciting places and wonderful opportunities worldwide for us to make our contributions. With new technology, jet plane and instant electronic Communication, and transmission of ideas and drawings, distance and time are largely conquered. With residents from 198 different countries living here, Canada is a miniature of the world and even the language problem is dissolving.

I'm still working because, as you can see, I love what I'm doing, I love architecture and the world is full of new and wondrous human

adventure and challenges. I feel I'm like a young chick inside an egg, ready to hatch. There is a crack appearing in the outer shell and a shaft of bright light of enlightenment streaming in. Another decade or two and I should become a pretty good architect. Also Sachi won't let me come home for lunch. Much of this I owe to you and the Nisei culture of hard work, tenacity and dignity in adversity and our two roots - Japanese and Canadian. - the spiritual and the practical. I thank you and salute you. Now working with our two sons is a joy! . In their youth, I discouraged them from becoming architects, but, I think, they thought I was lying. They saw me struggling, sometimes desperately; but they also saw me enjoying the struggles and winning sometime in affirming life. Our son, Jason's creative insight for your Centre, here, resulted in a form beyond just physical function. The **Ellipse** with its two foci represents your Japanese Canadian roots and takes the lobby from the mundane usual to that of spirituality and symbolism, especially with the use of BC Fir for one support and *Hinoki* for the other. We were here for the dedication and the official opening last year. We were not given the opportunity to extend our congratulations then - therefore, on behalf of Jason and the office we would like to extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes tonight.

Now 13 years after redress, some 60 years since internment and a year into the 21st Century, what are we, the JCs and Nikkei, to do? What **must** we do? Collectively, we have only two choices, I believe. One is to continue what we are doing and eventually fade away into obscurity as if we never existed. We pray you will follow the second route, more imaginative and grander one, to carry out ideas and activities, to enhance

our JC culture and Nikkei status, nationally and internationally and shape our destiny. As a nation we used to stand 4th and 5th as an economic leader, we now rank 27th, and sliding quickly to 30th. There is a great Canadian complacency "*I'm all right, Jack!*" and see the world beginning and ending at the Atlantic and the Pacific. There is greater emphasis on being "smart" - as if God is a single-minded, moneyed gentleman. There is less emphasis on excellence and creativity. We no longer see many pictures of and a long list of academically accomplishing JC students that we used to see in the past. You hear more and more people talking about "that's good enough", "let's be smart." What is "let's be smart?" Usage today does not imply wisdom, intelligence, benefit for the community or other virtues. Its use seems self centred, selfish, and worse it is single-minded pursuit of money as an object, while contributing the least possible energy, effort and usefulness. We see this every day in the newspaper, in business. It's not your definition or mine. I say, don't buy this conventional crap or join our consumerism society. World is not sustainable with such short term, selfish, economic blood sucking, as September 11th has shown. Here are some thoughts to think about, things you can do to serve your own community and the larger local, national and international communities. There is nothing in my suggestion that is unusual to our JC culture except to think bigger and wider, nothing that is beyond our collective reach and collective will.

1. Encourage a striving for excellence in our youth. Offer scholarships in schools and in universities, scholarships large enough to make youngsters take notice. And work harder.
2. National organization should demonstrate its worth by celebrating

individuals for contribution to the cause of JCs and Canada, somewhat akin to Nobel Peace Prize in concept and vision. It could start small with national award to JC(s), then open to all Canadians and then to international persons with international publicity and celebration. The news media recently announced there are 56,000 BC millionaires worth on the average more than \$2.6 million, higher than in any other Canadian provinces. I'm sure there are several Nisei and Nikkei in that group. As they say, "*you cannot buy your way into heaven by carrying money there*". Money is a means; the best use is to spread it to do good.

3. Could an organization like JC National Museum with help from some individual publish an outstanding book on JC humours and sayings, before they are lost in another decade. Why not have a competition for the King and Queen of JC Comedy/Humour. Ask for submissions nationally and with an appropriate jury, select the best humour/joke/comedy about the Nikkei, past and present. The winners

will be the King and Queen, honoured in the book and, perhaps, here in Vancouver at a celebration like this one. You will have an instant book of JC Humour.

4. We should fight for justice, equality and individual rights. The fight against injustice in Canada is not over. The community, not just the individuals, should stand up and be counted. Or else, our redress is a monumental victory, but, in my mind, a self-centred one.

5. What about the community recognizing, supporting and promoting provincial or national or international politicians What about the Sansei, Yonsei or Gosei? This has been talked about for years. Let's now take action. These are all achievable possibilities. The world is getting smaller and smaller. I personally wish to see the JC community grow bigger and bigger in influence and contribution. I'm convinced that as you enter the national and international arenas you will find greater possibilities for yourself and the community. Our community must not only think globally and act locally, and think

locally and act globally; but also think of the past as we act for the future and think of the future as we live and act for the present.

In conclusion! We collectively have had a unique history. Let's learn from it and contribute to our larger community, to Canada and to the whole world. By our uniqueness. The world needs more of us. Don't be "smart"! Have a dream and a vision for the 21st Century, and then act to realize them. Ellipse with two foci is the best way for us JCs to contribute in this early part of the 21st Century. Don't disappear with complacency into the average of the averages You now have built the physical facilities, now use them spiritually, and as tools for the future as well as for today. Happy First Anniversary! Congratulation on the facilities for the seniors. Invite me in 9 years. Maybe I could give you concluding chapters to my journeys. *Dewa minasan, arigato* for listening. Thank you for your past contributions. Let's now control our future and shape our own destiny. *Mata, saki o mite, issho ni ganbari masho!* ●

Tribute to Nikkei Pioneers – Issei and Nisei by Dr. Paul Kariya

"They show no resentment. The lines on the faces of Issei people are softened by a kind of acceptance, their slowing movements touched with quiet dignity. With them will go much of the colour and epic quality which makes an era memorable ... The Issei carved a foothold in a New World."

That 1952 quote re-printed from the New Canadian in the Centennial project's 1977 publication, **A Dream of Riches**, for me, comes as close as words can, to capturing the image of the Issei and what we owe our pioneers. Since those sentiments were written, a couple of generations have passed and now the Nisei, with their own

identity fit a similar description. It is an honour and a privilege to stand before you this evening and to have been asked by my colleagues on the board of the Japanese Canadian National Museum to pay tribute to the Issei and Nisei, our elders.

I want to express my remarks through 3 phrases, which I heard often at home and in my parents peer group. I know many of you heard them too. To me they mark a generation, a worldview, a way of life, a way of being and seeing. I am indelibly marked by them – I suspect you are too.

Maken ki tsuyoi - "Strong mind, determination, a will not to lose or give up". In our elders we've

all seen this mark, some times almost insanely so – at times negatively and xenophobically so. Many of my generation criticized our elders as complacent and complicit during dispossession and relocation. That was unfair and wrong. There was strength and achievement we are only recognizing now.

Muzukashii - "It is difficult or complex, usually in a social sense" When I heard this I knew there would be much discussion and forethought. – a thoughtfulness dealing with a difficult situation – probably with consultation (*sodan-shite*).

Kodomono-tame – "for the sake of the children". Always this

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unselfish consideration for the children, for youth, for continuity, for survival. It was a positive consideration – building, looking forward in the face of some negative about to hit (maybe a personal financial loss, maybe some community sacrifice). Also it was legacy, to leave something behind, to see it through the eyes of future generations. The Issei sure picked this up and so did the Nisei. How about the Sansei? And Yonsei?

To be sure, there were inconsistencies and paradoxes in the everyday conduct of life lived through these phrases. The gossip would bear witness to marital breakdowns, alcohol abuse, gambling, and financial ruin. But generally the larger forces of life and living were positively captured and shaped through those phrases – **maken ki tsuyoi**; **muzukashii**, and **kodomo-tame**. There are other phrases and sayings too – too many for this evening.

I say to you, that the forces represented in these sayings, continue to shape us today. Let me bring these phrases together in a vignette and leave you with a story out of everyday fishing community life in Ucluelet in 1962.

One of my uncles was having a dreadful fishing season. As usual, one day I accompanied my father to the dock where we kept our boat. I noticed that as we passed my uncle's boat my dad left a case of pop, groceries and some fishing gear on the hatch cover. There were other bags of foodstuff and gear on the boat deck and hatch. As we got to our boat, I was told to stay on the boat and make myself useful (for my safety I was not allowed off the boat to run around). But I could see as a number of JC men gathered on my uncle's boat. My uncle was not present as these men were going from stern through his boat. The **haku-jin** fishermen must have been perplexed

since it is a cardinal rule, one stays off another fishermen's boat unless invited aboard.

When my young uncle arrived he seemed embarrassed and irritated. He was trying to get everyone to leave his boat.

When my father returned to our boat I peppered him with questions: *Why did everyone bring groceries and fishing gear and leave them on uncle's boat? How come all you fishermen were going through uncle's boat when he wasn't even there?*

Answer (paraphrased): *He is having a horrible fishing season – muzukashii. Many of the older fishermen had worried and thought about it and discussed it amongst themselves. Your uncle is very maken ki tsuyoi. He would never ask for help. But his luck and ability to catch fish is not getting better. What you saw today was kodomo-tame. We acted out of concern for his wife and children. The food and fishing gear was not just a donation but a sign that we stand together – “we will help (whether you ask for it or not). We will not let your family and children go without.” We bear each other's burdens.*

As all explanations from my father ended – he shooed me off, said I talked too much and that I was good for nothing and not much help – “get on with your chores!”

We owe much to our pioneers; it seems so simple and inadequate to say thank you. But you know that's all they would expect. That and the knowledge that we will conduct ourselves and lead lives that make our parents proud – that make a difference. Through the **muzukashii** times and events, that we would be strong, **maken ki tsuyoi** (in a positive sense), for the sake of others, particularly the youth and future of our community, **kodomo-tame**.

I began with a quote about the Issei. Let me from the same historic volume, which I know a number of you worked on, **A Dream of Riches**, give you another quote, about the Nisei, “*The Nisei handed down to us a sense of responsibility towards others, of moral obligation, and provided us with a ready-made reputation for reliability, honesty and intelligence. I respect those values and hold to them, but what I'm missing is a connection between what I look like and what I am. I want to be able to look in the mirror and recognize myself. What I miss and want to recreate is the richness of community that was lost in the struggle for acceptance.*”

The person who spoke those words in 1976 or 1977 may be here tonight. I appreciate the first part and have no quarrel with the second part, but I would add that the richness of community, sought after, is for us to make. It does not happen on its own, and it is difficult, but as I have pointed out in my story, post war and relocation, the Issei and Nisei made it happen and we too must.

In saying thank you to the Issei and Nisei, I leave you with a tribute I will never forget. The following is from James Gosnell, now deceased but a formidable thinker, politician, fisherman and Nisga leader. One day at a meeting, we were swapping fishing stories and he told me about the hardships suffered, the discrimination, and yet the joy of life that the elderly JC people he knew from the north coast of BC exhibited. He said, Paul, when I think of those JC people, I think of: seaweed, strawberries and whiskey.

I am over my time, so I won't explain – but please think about how apt a tribute that is, seaweed (strength, continuity, provision), strawberries (colour, children, joy) and whiskey (a little excitement).

Thank you. ☘

JCNM President's Report – 2000-2001 by Stan Fukawa

The past year has been an intensely busy one for our staff and volunteers. It started shortly after the opening of the Centre and the inaugural Exhibition in Sept. 2000. We are indeed fortunate to have a professional staff who are very dedicated and hard working. The Board decided a year-and-a-half ago that we had to live within our means and this has meant that our staff has had to work short-handed, with no one employed full-time. Despite these severe constraints, our Executive Director has maintained an office that is open six days a week and an exhibition that is open five days a week. She has been able to assist the Fishermen's Reunion Project based in Steveston with regard to their Photo History and has involved our staff in this project. She has been able to obtain the services of interns from the University of Victoria Museums program and they have been a most welcome complement to staff.

Some functions of staff have been taken on by Board members and volunteers and you will have noticed them crowding our office space. The Board Treasurer has been a key member of the management team. In fairness to staff, we must increase their complement and raise staff salaries as soon as we can afford to do so.

A number of directors are bidding us farewell. Suni Arinobu, Midge Ayukawa, Tom Kobayashi, Art Miki, Les Ohno, Marilyn Sakiyama and Todd Tomita are not seeking another term. I thank them all for their commitment and hard work during their time in office. We hope that they will continue to support us in other ways. Dr. Midge Ayukawa has been recording secretary for the past four years and has commuted from Victoria to

attend our Board meetings.

The nature of Board meetings has changed over the past year with full Board meetings being held every other month and Executive Committee meetings being held monthly. This structure seems more suited to a management system which involves the Board Executive in aspects of the day-to-day operation of the Museum.

The Committee structure of the Board has also developed toward being able to give support and direction to the activities of staff and the Executive Committee. After a year of the new committee system, it is clear that there will have to be some adjustment so that committees and the Executive Committee are able to work more closely together.

We have been indeed fortunate to have a committed and generous volunteer corps which has made possible many of the Museum's activities. The staff have created an excellent inaugural exhibition but its educational impact has been enhanced by educator volunteers who have created an educational package for teachers and classes that visit the exhibition. They tested the package on a classroom of teachers who were attending the provincial Social Studies teachers' conference last year and received excellent reviews. This package includes other volunteers who give personal accounts of their internment experiences and give students the opportunity to see and hear about that injustice from survivors. This personal touch is very powerful.

Our quarterly newsletter, *Nikkei Images*, is put out by volunteers and includes items relating to Japanese Canadian history from writers across Canada. We hope to put this on the internet in the coming year. Our web-site was put

up and is maintained by a volunteer. Staff are working to eventually make our collection available on the internet.

In our fundraising activities, almost all the work is done by volunteers. Whether it is the *mochitsuki* (sweet rice-cake making) or the food booth at the Powell St. Festival; whether it is the community celebration dinner (which was a wonderful success) or the wine tasting event to come, it is the volunteers who make it possible for us to make the effort and reap the rewards.

I must mention the Gift Shop which has been cut back in its scope. It was a good gift shop and might have done very well in another environment. It was begun by Suzi Petersen who devoted a great deal of effort to starting it up and to making it successful. Unfortunately, our location and the lack of traffic past the door made it difficult to justify maintaining the space and keeping it open as a gift shop only, even with volunteer staff. Because it was not busy, volunteers did not enjoy working there and so our staff often had to look after the shop and were taken away from their main duties. It was with a great deal of reluctance that we had to cut back on the shop size and to use it for a community involvement program for which Grace Thomson, our Executive Director, was able to obtain funding. The good news is that we will continue to sell books there and some of the more popular souvenirs, and have more room for community members to research our collection.

I cannot neglect to thank the many donors who have contributed to the Museum over the years. The Japanese Canadian Redress Foundation has given us seed money

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and money for the inaugural exhibition through the NAJC. Government agencies have provided grants for the inaugural exhibition and the Lottery Fund has given funds for operating expenses. We have received monies from the Vancouver Foundation, the Koerner Foundation, the NNHCS, the Consulate General of Japan, Arts Council, and many generous individuals. Without these, we might not have survived.

Looking to the future, I am filled both with hopeful anticipation of the good things that we might be able to accomplish and the dread of the difficult fundraising challenges that must be overcome if we are to do more than merely survive.

When I was in LA a month ago, I visited the Japanese American National Museum and was very kindly received. The scale of their museum is unbelievable. They have 80,000 square feet of space and an annual budget of US\$8 million. They have 100 staff members, many hired consultants and hundreds of

volunteers. Notable for the kind of direction they are taking were their concern to collect the information on the Nisei generation before it passes on, and their work with other minorities in undertaking community research projects which emphasize the multicultural contributions to American society. These are exciting challenges that we should be facing in our work.

In order to even begin to undertake such work, we must be much more successful in fundraising than we have ever been because of the need to ensure the core operation of the museum which can provide the resources for researchers. Although we were given "seed money" by our national Japanese Canadian organization, this has not been followed up with the kind of resources that will ensure the survival of a national museum. Nor does there seem to be a strong national Japanese Canadian community which is able to support us. In fact, at the

community level, other competing organizations are making desperate appeals for their own survival and we are all drawing from the same well.

In view of this difficult situation, we must, as a Board and a museum society, imaginatively survey the possibilities, and choose from among them, the most promising and appealing alternatives. One of our top priorities for the coming year will be to develop one or more strategic plans which cannot avoid consideration of the two top scenarios that have presented themselves...

1. Continue our present modest expenditure path and begin the work of building a sizable endowment fund which can assure us of a solid annual income.

2. Join up with NNHCS after assuring ourselves that such a merger does not weaken the museum's mandate as a national Japanese Canadian institution, and fund-raise as a merged organization. ●

Nikkei Fishermen's Reunion by Dr. Paul Kariya

They started to arrive early. We should have expected it from this generation. Bowed backs, a few walkers, lots of canes; they seemed even smaller and shorter than I had expected. They came from Toronto, Prince Rupert, Ucluelet, Port Alberni, Delta, Vancouver and Steveston. Some were clutching photos, others a few cherished memorabilia but all carrying full memories. The quiet dignity of the gathering was broken up by the squeals of recognition of long lost friends getting back together – "*senso maye kara ne*".

On November 3, 2001 three hundred Japanese Canadian (Nikkei) fishermen, their spouses and widows and widowers met at the Steveston Buddhist temple to celebrate their contribution in making Canadian

history. Organized by a group of retired fishermen, the Nikkei Fishermen's Committee had been planning the reunion dinner for almost a year.

Most arrived anonymously, dropped off by their children. It took time for people to recognize each other. Many have not seen each other for 10 – 12 years. Others have not seen each other since prior to relocation in 1942. With an average age of 76, most are now prisoners of space. They can no longer go out or visit except when some one gives them a ride. A good number live in old folks homes. More sadly, long since retired, there are no longer opportunities or reasons to get together. But they came to the reunion.

With recognition, the old

people took on faces, personalities and their memories poured out. It was like going back 60 years ago for the oldest attendees (pre-war and relocation) and 40 years for the younger group (after returning to the coast to fish). In many respects the gymnasium of the Buddhist temple was like a school hall where in the off season the young Nikkei men and women use to meet at dances and socials. My mother sat across from an elderly gentleman with a cane. She said, "he used to be my dance partner when I was young and single in Steveston."

The food was a fisherman's feast. There was *kazunoko*, *kombu*, prawns, white spring salmon; various *sashimi*, *sushi* and home made *manju*. All of the preparation was like it used to be, work bees of men

decorating the hall and cooking the fish outside, the women preparing the food and setting the tables. Fishermen donated all the fish. There were raffle prizes and gifts for each attendee.

The gossip was at times outrageous! Woven in between the news of deaths and life's changes were stories about affairs, who had been with whom and what had happened to them later? Some stories were poignant. Mr. T. attended but he has never gotten over the death of his wife and it showed. It is hard after 60-plus years of marriage. Another gentleman would have been in attendance but he ended up in hospital from a fall the day before. Many people sent regrets that they had sent RSVP's but were not feeling up to attending on the day of the party.

For those that attended, for a window of three to four hours, the veil was lifted and time was pushed back. There was a bit of drinking, maybe even some flirting. We heard lot's of bragging about fishing and catching big ones. There was singing and dancing.

The wonderful photographs and exhibits that the staff of the Japanese Canadian National Museum had on display was a magnet for attention. Many identified themselves, their boats and their friends. They saw canneries,

communities, boats and fish. They saw how they use to live – the struggle to make a living, to raise kids, to have to start all over again after they were relocated and then permitted to return to the coast.

Then the party was over. Coats and kerchiefs on, they all started to leave – old men and old ladies again – canes and bent backs. Adult children waiting in cars to pick up their parents. If we did it again next year, how many will be gone? Like so much in life, with happiness also comes sadness (I heard those sentiments a lot). But that too was the fishing life – one took what nature and fate gave. There were good fishing years and poor fishing years. In the good years families celebrated. In poor years, everyone suffered. There were births, marriages and deaths.

I wish my father and uncles could have been there. Many others thought that too.

As the last people left the hall, I had to laugh as I thought to myself – how many “enemy aliens” had been in attendance tonight? I wondered how many state secrets had these people betrayed? Yeah, the evening was kind of subversive. What a blast.

The Reunion dinner is part one of a three-part project, which the Nikkei Fishermen's Committee is spearheading. Part two is the

erection of a monument in recognition of the contribution of Japanese Canadian fishermen to the fishing industry. Part three will be the publication of a photo history. If you would like to make a donation to these projects please make cheques payable to: “Nikkei Fishermen's Project”, c/o Henry Tanaka, 428 Glenbrook Dr., New Westminster BC V3L 5J5. Phone: 604-524-9897.

As “enemy aliens”, all Japanese Canadians were relocated from a 100-mile coastal exclusion zone in 1942. Their fishing boats, houses, land, and personal property was confiscated by the government and they were relocated to interior towns. Some men ended up in a concentration camp at Angler Ontario. Even though most were Canadian citizens, the government cited national security reasons for their actions. None were allowed to return to the coast again until 1949. No acts of disloyalty or espionage were ever attributed to Japanese Canadians. The seven-year hiatus destroyed communities and the social and economic well being of many families. In 1988 the Canadian government apologized and awarded symbolic compensation payments to those affected.

CBC-TV Country Canada will air a show on the Nikkei Fishermen's Project on Thursday November 29, 2001 at 7:00PM. ♦

JCNM Annual General Meeting, October 27, 2001

The meeting was attended by close to 40 people chaired by Craig Ngai-Natsuhara. The general business of the Society was carried out with the following new directors nominated and accepted for a two-year term: Robert Bessler, Grace

Hama, Roy Hamaguchi, Emily Hirai, Don Mayede, Elmer Morishita, Craig Ngai-Natsuhara, Brian Negoro, Dr. Henry Shimizu and Mike Perry-Whittingham. The incumbents are: Tama Copithorne, Stan Fukawa, Roger Kamikura, Paul Kariya, Frank

Kamiya, Dennis Shikaze, Todd Ono. Stan Fukawa was elected as president for year 2001 and 2002. Following the meeting there was a lively presentation and discussion on a possible merger with the National Nikkei Heritage Centre Society. ♦

Call For Your Internment Stories

As 2002 is the 60th Anniversary of Internment, Nikkei Images

would like to hear from the Nikkei community about your interesting

stories so that it can be published in our upcoming issues in 2002. ♦

Volunteer Appreciation Dinner



Volunteers enjoying the buffet dinner. (Carl Yokota photo, 2001)

The Japanese Canadian National Museum hosted a "Volunteer Appreciation Dinner" at the Cafe Rosenberger on the evening of October 20, 2001. The dinner was well attended with about 70 volunteers. Everyone enjoyed an evening of camaraderie, delicious buffet dinner catered by the Cafe Rosenberger and fun games of bingo with numerous donated items as prizes. The United Nations proclaimed 2001 as the International Year of Volunteers. The JCNM gave all volunteers "International Year of Volunteers" certificates in appreciation of their contributions throughout the year. ☀

Powell Street Festival

The Japanese Canadian National Museum participated in celebrating Powell Street Festival's 25th

Anniversary. Many thanks to our volunteers who helped out in our walking tours, info booth, book sales

and food booth. Unfortunately rainy weather put a damper on festival attendance. ☀

Special Thanks to our supporters. Your generosity is much appreciated. We have gratefully acknowledge the following donations received during July 20, 2001 to October 25, 2001.

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