Nikkei Images

National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre Newsletter ISSN#1203-9017 Summer 2006, Vol. 11, No. 2

"*Oikawa Nappa*" – a Nikkei Heritage Spring Vegetable

by Stan Fukawa

Oikawa nappa plant in the Rocky and Keiko Suzuki garden (Stan Fukawa photo, 2006)

Over 100 years since the arrival of immigrants from Miyagi prefecture in Northern Honshu, it was a pleasant surprise to be introduced to one of the "best kept secrets" of that group and something closely identified with Jinzaburo Oikawa, their well-known leader. It is a vegetable that he encouraged his colonists to grow and which was given his name by the descendents of those pioneers. It has been a secret, not because there was a conspiracy to hide it but because it has not spread outside their group.

The members of the Miyagi community in the Greater Vancouver area call the plant variously: Oikawa *Nappa*, OiJin *Nappa* (for Oikawa Jinzaburo), Sendai *Nappa* (after the capital of Miyagi) and *Fuyu Nappa* (*fuyu* = winter). *Nappa* means a green leafy vegetable. The best known North American plant which is a close relative to the Oikawa *Nappa* is the Canola plant. (Its previous name was Rapeseed.) In Japan, the Canola plant is called *Na no Hana*, which turns expanses of rural fields into seas of yellow in the early spring.

If you like the slightly bitter crunch of Chinese greens, you will love this *nappa*. Keiko Suzuki brought a sample to a meeting of the Suian Maru Centennial Dinner Committee. She had parboiled it and served it with a Japanese dressing of bonito shavings and soy sauce. It looked somewhat like gai-lan but had a milder flavour.

Keiko brought the *nappa* at the beginning of April, mid-way through the season. She said it was planted in August and was the first vegetable in the Spring. According to fisherman, Kiyoo Goto, he remembers it fondly from the days of his youth as coinciding with the arrival of the first salmon of the year – the Early Spring Salmon run on the Fraser. They were eaten together as the first harvest of field and stream, an auspicious pairing for those in the Upper Fraser Nikkei fishing community near New Westminster.

Michiko Sugawara came to Canada after WWII and was surprised to find that every Miyagi family she visited grew the *nappa*. She loves it and has been giving

Continued on page 2

Contents

Annoucements

The Nikkei Open
June 10, 2006
The 2nd Annual Fundraising Dinner
5:00-6:00 PM: Mini Golf Course
6:00 PM: Gala Dinner

NNMHC AGM
June 17, 2006: 2:30 PM

NNHMHC Open House
June 24, 2006: 1:00 - 4:00 PM
@ NNHMC

***Suian Maru* Centennial Celebration Dinner**
October 13, 2006
For more information call:
Stan Fukawa @ 604-421-0490
Email: sfukawa@gmail.com

Nikkei Images is published by the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre Society

Editorial Committee:
Stanley Fukawa, Sam Araki, Jim Hasegawa, Frank Kamiya, Christine Kondo, Mitsuo Yesaki, Carl Yokota

Subscription to Nikkei Images is free with your yearly membership to NNMHCS:
Family $25
Individual $20
Senior/Student $15
Senior Couple $20
Non-profit Association $50
Corporate $100
$1 per copy for non-members

NIKKEI PLACE
6688 Southoaks Crescent,
Burnaby, B.C., V5E 4M7
Canada
tel: (604) 777-7000
fax: (604) 777-7001
jcnm@nikkeiplace.org
www.jcnm.ca
www.nikkeiimages.com

Rocky and Keiko Suzuki in their Oikawa nappa garden. (Stan Fukawa photo, 2006)

away seeds to the members of her poetry clubs and women's clubs and even sends them across Canada through the mail. She says that the vegetable is resistant to cold weather and remembers brushing away snow to pick its leaves. She says that the leaves are best at about 10 cm. and when you pick them, more buds come out and produce the next batch. Both Michiko and Keiko get so much from their plants that they are always giving bunches away.

When the committee asked why the *nappa* could not be included in the menu of the October celebration dinner, it was explained that in the summer heat, the plant "bolts" and quickly goes to seed. It will not make good stalks for eating in summer. Nor will it freeze well. However, as a special treat for those attending the Suian Maru Centennial Dinner, Keiko is going to prepare a small packet of Oikawa *Nappa* seeds for each diner. It can be planted right away in October to provide a tasty treat in the spring of 2007.

What better way for Oikawa to be remembered than through a tasty spring vegetable named in his honour. Each year, many gardeners

with Miyagi roots plant and harvest it, remembering the man who brought the seeds out of concern for his fellow immigrants. As they enjoy this first spring green as early as February and into March and April they feel a tie to him and to their ancestral roots.

Ironically, the man who launched a successful business of salting chum salmon and salmon roe in Canada, turning resources that were considered worthless, into valuable trade commodities, was not able to sustain his momentum. The main living reminder of his having passed our way is an early spring vegetable that he brought, not for profit, but out of charity. ❁

For information on the Suian Maru Centennial Celebration in October 2006, contact the Miyagi Tomo no Kai President Greater Vancouver (Mits Sugawara 604-584-8202 mitsrona@telus.net), the Toronto Miyagi Kenjin Kai President (Shigeo Kimura 416-248-8445) or the Suian Maru 100 Committee Chair (Stan Fukawa 604-421-0490 sfukawa@gmail.com).

Japanese Canadian National Museum and Its Origin by Frank Hanano

Frank Hanano. (F. Hanano photo, ca. 2005)

I was asked by Frank Kamiya to write a short memo on how this organization had its start in the early 1980s.

In 1994, I articled at Davis & Company, a large law office in Vancouver, B.C. Robert Banno, a Founding President and Chair, Fundraising Committee, National Nikkei Heritage Centre Society, was a young associate there at that time. Also, one of the partners was George Fujisawa a former student of Tsutae and Hanako Sato. Although I have never met the Satos, I was told they were teachers at the Vancouver Japanese Language School on Alexander Street. They were devoted to teaching Japanese language to many Japanese and Japanese Canadian kids in Vancouver.

I left Davis & Company in 1978 and went to the School of Librarianship at UBC for two years. I did my practicum at Special Collections of the UBC Library. Special Collections kept Japanese Canadian records from the early 1900s, including several Japanese Canadian newspapers and old correspondences by old timers. One of the correspondences I was interested in were letters from Bob Banno's father to Dr. Miyazaki.

In 1942, Dr. Miyazaki was sent by the Canadian Government to look after 250 Japanese Canadians interned at South Shalath, southwest of Lillooet. Drs. Banno and Miyazaki had corresponded during the war years. I did not do any "practicum", but instead advised the Special Collections Practicum advisor of my intention to keep reading all these interesting historical documents.

Upon graduating in 1980, I began law practice on my own.

It was in 1980 or 1981 (I am not sure of the exact year), I received a telephone call from George Fijisawa. He said, "Mr. and Mrs. Sato passed away. Someone has to do some estate work and I think you should do it." Well, talk from George like this is not a "request", but an "order" from *senpai* (senior) to *kouhai* (junior). George and I had this *senpai/kouhai* relationship even after many years of my becoming a lawyer.

I carried on the Satos' estate work, transferring the assets to their only daughter, who lived in the suburbs. When the estate work was coming to a close, the daughter said to me, "My parents kept many Japanese books, which are piled up in their basement. I must do something with them. Do you have any idea?" My immediate response to the daughter was: "Tsuneharu Gonnami! I am sure he knows what to do!" He was an UBC Asian Studies Library librarian. Everyone in Vancouver who needs to search any Japanese books was sure to contact him first before looking anywhere else.

Mr. Gonnami and I went to the Sato's house. What we found was a mound of Japanese books spread all over the basement room, and a very large room at that. He looked after the disposition of these books. After he finished disposing of these books, we had a long talk. Our concern was many senior Japanese Canadians were passing away without leaving any records, whether letters or official documents, for future generations to study. We decided to form a small group to look into this matter. It has been almost 25 years since our first discussion so my memory is fading as to who were members of this small group. I recall, beside Mr. Gonnami and myself, there were Tatsuo Kage, Yuko Shibata and Junji Uchimura (who was the publisher of Canada West Japanese tourist semi-monthly newspaper). Suni Arinobu and Frank Kamiya attended some of the meetings.

I was a board member of JCCA at that time. I proposed at a board meeting that we should have a committee named "Japanese Canadian History Preservation Committee" to look into how we could save documents that were being thrown away by children of

Continued on page 4

Issei and Nisei when their parents passed away.

About ten of us that formed this Committee, met once a month at my small law office on West 10th Avenue, near UBC. I had to push away desks in my office to accommodate 10 chairs. We talked about what needed to be done and what we can do with a such small group. We agreed to tape record the experiences of Japanese Canadian seniors before they passed away without leaving their history. We settled on tapes because we had no place to store their letters and documents. There were no libraries or museums willing to keep them for us. We knew that one day we would have our own museum but until that time we needed temperature and humidity controlled rooms to store them. However, the Special Collections Section of the UBC Library was willing to keep our recorded tapes.

So, began our effort to tape record our seniors' stories and their experiences. We had no money and JCCA was not able to fund this project. Fortunately, we found some government funds for the next few years. Consequently, we were able to hire summer students to send out with tape recorders and tapes. One of these students was Eric Sokugawa, who later became the president of JCCA. We did not really have any formal training for these summer students. We simply told them, "Stick a mike in front of the seniors and ask about their histories and experiences in Canada. They can talk about anything they want. Just get their story."

I recollect we obtained 50 or so tapes, which were handed over to Special Collections. By this time, I was beginning to spend less time with this Committee because of increasing demand of my legal work. Consequently, Dan Tokawa took over the leadership of the Japanese Canadian History Preservation Committee. ❁

Japanese Canadian History Preservation Committee (JCHPC), 1984 -1988 by Dan Tokawa

I was asked by Frank Kamiya to write about the JCHPC during my chairmanship between 1984 to 1988.

Before this time, I had concentrated on my engineering career and wasn't involved in the Japanese Canadian (JC) community. However, I grew up around Powell Street so the old Bulletin, the picnic, Mr. Kazuta's dedicated effort to gather donations for JCCA projects, and the ghost of the community were imprinted on me. Because of the growing interest in Redress at this time, new JC volunteers were getting involved, and I was one of them. At the April 29, 1984 Annual General Meeting of the JCCA, I was elected as a director and subsequently volunteered to chair the JCHPC.

Although my motivation was to support Redress in order to honour my father who had recently passed away, the newly formed Redress Committee had many competent volunteers so I thought my contribution could be best served by maintaining existing JCCA services. This would help to more firmly establish the new JCCA as the community's voice for Redress.

My first order of business was to continue the oral history project. About fifty interview tapes remained in the JCCA office from Mr. Hanano's period as JCHPC chairman. I continued this initiative and re-established the working relationship with Tsuneharu Gonnami at the UBC Asian Studies Library. Eric Sokugawa and Sunni Arinobu continued workshops on interview techniques with a new grant obtained from the BC-Canada Summer Employment Program. Five students were hired to conduct more interviews. Kimberley Tsuyuki, Grace Yang, Wendy Nishi, Irene Tashiro and Tamilynn Adams created a 100-page catalogue, transcribed 20 interviews and taped 24 new interviews. The combined oral history collection, including a cover letter from Mr. Hanano, was presented to Special Collections of the UBC Library. I've forgotten the exact date, but remember it was on a brilliant, sunny day and the anticipation of rushing from work to attend the ceremony. Another related memory was of feeling enormous relief when realizing the oral history collection could have been lost forever after a burglary of the JCCA office the following weekend!

Dan Tokawa. (D. Tokawa photo, 2005)

The next order of business was to investigate JC history leads and report them in the new Bulletin. I was hoping that there would be ripple effects to uncover more historical material and donations. Some became interesting stories:

- Kishi Boatworks
- Cumberland museum photographic plates
- Tanii House and Garden
- Den Boer letters
- Langley JC schoolhouse
- The PNE Plaque

The PNE plaque project was a

milestone. Beginning in 1985, the JCHPC supported an application to the Vancouver Centennial Committee to erect a small, simply worded plaque commemorating the internment at the PNE livestock buildings. When the PNE directors rejected the idea, the item morphed into a Redress Committee issue. Eventually the City of Vancouver in 1987 approved erecting a Historical Sites and Monuments Board of Canada plaque at the Hastings and Renfrew main entrance. (This plaque was relocated later to the Japanese Garden within the PNE grounds.) It was very satisfying knowing that the JCHPC contributed to the wording on the monument.

A near confrontation about a different monument happened when the Vancouver Parks Board expressed the intention to commemorate the work of Mr. Halford Wilson, a Vancouver alderman who was well known for using racial politics against the Vancouver JC community. The JCHPC drafted a protest letter, signed by then JCCA president Irene Nemeth, which stopped this plan.

After March 1987, I became the JCCA president so my volunteer time was spread very thin (the JCHPC, JCCA ceremonial functions, creating display booths, and duties as a director of the Association of Professional Engineers of BC) and consequently I became less involved with gathering historical material. In June 1988, the chair of the JCHPC was taken over by the capable hands of JCCA V.P. Frank Kamiya.

My fondest memories of this period were the discussions after the conclusion of many JCCA meetings, at Aki's restaurant on Powell Street, and the dedicated support and friendship of fellow volunteers such as Tad Wakabayashi, Jean and Walter Kamimura, Sam Shishido, Irene Nemeth, and Ken Shikaze. ❁

A Heartwarming Story About Searching Family Roots

by Stan Fukawa

Nakanishi family with grandfather Kenkichi on left, baseball pitching Uncle Ken, father Tadashi, and Aunt Yukie. (T. Nakanishi photo, date unknown).

It is quite astonishing that the internet can trigger some wonderful results for those researching their family roots, although it takes an institution like the JCNM and a kind and knowledgeable Museum staffer like Reiko Tagami to deliver the goods. A Japanese gentleman came across the website www.japanesecanadianhistory.net (the teacher support resource for social studies teachers using the Resource Materials on the Internment and Redress) and sent in a query asking advice on how he might find out about his grandfather who came to Canada as an early pioneer from Hiroshima. He was coming to Vancouver for a short visit and wanted to find out about his grandfather's life in the new world. My wife, Masako, (manager and chief writer of the Resource Books) referred him to me and I e-mailed him to say that when he came to Vancouver, he should contact Reiko Tagami at the Japanese Canadian National Museum who would be able to guide him to some databases.

This was about a year ago, and

Continued on page 6

Kenkichi Nakanishi as an elderly person. (T. Nakanishi photo, date unknown)

we received this message from him last November…

Mr. and Mrs. Fukawa,

I returned from Vancouver with all the information I wanted to find. Thanks to your suggestion, I learned from the database that my grandfather received a ticket from Japan to Canada in 1891. The database also told me that his name was referred to in many directories.

Ms. Tagami of the Museum was very kind and gave me valuable information. She showed me Dr. Ayukawa's dissertation on immigration from Hiroshima. Looking through the pages, I found my grandfather's name as one of the first group of people from Hiroshima.

She also told me that a reception was scheduled on the 28th and that some elder people should be there, so I decided to attend the reception. Fortunately, I was able to meet a person who knew my grandfather and father personally. His name is Kaye Kaminishi. Furthermore, while talking with some people there, a Mr. Oikawa told me that in the program of "Asahi: Levelling the Playing Field", a Nakanishi was listed as one of the Asahi players. When I looked, I found my uncle Ken Nakanishi's name as a pitcher on the 1933 team.

Teruo Nakanishi (right) with Kaye Kaminishi (middle) with Asahi baseball exhibition in background. (T. Nakanishi photo, 2005)

It was like a miracle. I found so much in only one day. Without your suggestion, I could not have found all this information.

After my first visit to Vancouver, I feel much closer to Canada and Vancouver. Now, I am planning my next trip to Cumberland and the Cariboo to know more about my grandfather.

Thank you again and best wishes for a happy holiday.

Teruo Nakanishi.

I contacted Mr. Nakanishi and asked if we could run his letter and some photos in NIKKEI IMAGES. He sent three photos shown in this article. ❁

Beaconsfield Book of the Month Meeting:

A Talk with Dr. James Hasegawa

The Beaconsfield Library Book of the Month Club had chosen the novel "Obasan" by Joy Kogawa for their March monthly presentation. As a resident of Beaconsfield for 45 years and having served on City Council for 16 years, the community was aware of my personal experiences during WW II. I was approached by the President of the Club and asked to add a personal touch to the meeting. I readily accepted and prepared my presentation on 24" x 36" and 18" x 20" boards with enlarged photos of the relocation. I carefully chose the titles, "5 Years of Deprivation," and "Relocation 1941-1946" rather than "Incarceration," or "Internment."

At the start of the meeting, a Club member gave a detailed biography of the author, Joy Kogawa. Then came a big and welcome surprise. A member gave a very detailed account of the relocation, which was to make my talk much easier. She had taken the time to read cover to cover, "The Enemy That Never Was" by Ken Adachi. Her presentation was factual, complete, emotional and telling. The animator then played two videotapes, "The Dentist" (7 minutes duration) and "Enemy Alien" (29 minutes) both by the National Film Board of Canada. Since "The Dentist' was a personal account of myself, the questions came fast and furious…

Q. How old were you? Did you suffer much?

A. No, as a young teenager we had a ball. Swimming in pristine Slocan Lake, fishing, baseball, skiing, skating, hockey, in winter, excellent schools. We were in heaven. BUT our parents and the older teens were negatively affected. Deprivation in all areas: living quarters, utilities, and worries what tomorrow would bring. But they never openly showed their true feelings. It was very hard on them.

Q. How did you end up in Montreal?

Dr. Hasegawa with presentation boards shown at a Beaconsfield Book of the Month meeting. (J. Hasegawa photo, 2005)

A. At government expense we chose Montreal believing that the French Canadian milieu would be lot more tolerant towards minorities.

Q. Was it the right decision?

A. Absolutely, apart from a few months stay at the army barracks in Franham, Quebec. We had no problems in Montreal other than financial. The influx of *Nikkei* into Quebec was the first ever so we were mistaken for Chinese. In Quebec, every small town had at least a Chinese laundry or a restaurant.

In one funny episode, while taking a cab dressed in my professional whites donating my services to the Red Cross, the taxi driver turned to me saying, "Hey! You work in a laundry or restaurant?" Looking at the displayed driver ID in the cab, which showed he was a Greek, I replied "Hey, how come you don't own a greasy spoon restaurant?"

Q. How did you cope in Montreal?

A. Finances were so bad my dad had to borrow "key money" in order to rent a basement apartment. My sister who was then 18 years old, with her background in typing and shorthand (thanks to New Denver High School) got a job in an office. My dad got a job as a carpenter, and my mom worked full time in a shirt factory.

Q. How many years did you work?

A. Eight years from 16 years of age, until 24 when I entered McGill University Dental School.

Q. Why dentistry?

A. It was a stroke of pure luck. My dad in his wisdom had been after me to learn a trade and become my own boss. "Be a plumber, mechanic, etc. If you are good at what you do, there will be no discrimination. Clients will be banging at your door for services." I had wanted to finish college in 4 years, so I always registered for both the summer and winter sessions, earning five credits per year. In the summer of 1952, I enrolled in a ½ credit course, Vocational Guidance. The course was to familiarize oneself to various techniques, and tests were conducted by a counselor to identify suitable vocations. A "no-brainer" easy course! In a class of 15 students, I was a mouse with very little to say. One evening, the professor came with her array of tests for hand-eye co-ordination and manual dexterity. This entailed making woodcuts with similar, but different inserts, and other wood cuts with similar lines. Of course the "gung ho" students went at it immediately, most failing dismally. An average time limit of 40 seconds was set. Many of my classmates went beyond 2 minutes. I watched with my heart in my mouth. I asked myself, "Should I speak out? Finally to everyone's utter surprise, I blurted out, "I'll try." With a stopwatch in her hand, I was timed. The first test was completed in 17 seconds. Double-checking her stopwatch to make sure it was working properly, a re-test was administered and clocked in at 12 seconds. Taking part in two other tests, I scored well below the accepted norms. After class, she called me over and asked about my job. "Just factory manual labor," I told her. She, then, insisted that I should look into jewelry making or dentistry. The results of my tests dictated that I would do well as a dentist.

Q. So, did you follow her advice?

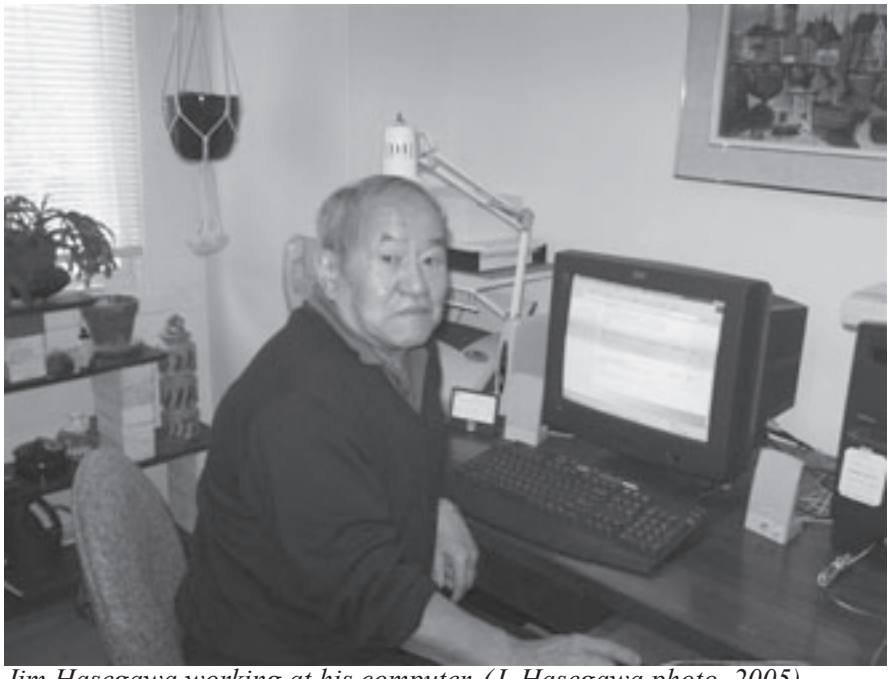
A. When I got home and described the test results, my dad was overcome with joy. He had spoken to Mr. Ichiyen, the top car mechanic in Montreal to take me on as an apprentice in training. Applying to McGill University's Faculty of Dentistry, I was invited to take two days of aptitude tests, which covered every facet of hand-eye coordination, and manual dexterity. I left with lots of confidence. Judging from the work by fellow candidates I knew I was among the top. A few weeks

Continued on page 8

later, I received a letter stating that my application was not accepted. It wasn't until a year later, as I was about to train as a mechanic, that I received news of my acceptance at McGill. The next four years were a breeze. As a mature, 24-year old, hungry student I put all my energies into my studies. I graduated at age 28, with the Governor General's Gold Medal, having led the class all four years. After graduation day, the dean pulled me aside to congratulate me for scoring the highest marks in the aptitude tests in the history of the McGill Dental Faculty. Furthermore, my scores were the highest of all the dental faculties in North America. Stunned, I demanded "Then, why did I have to wait an extra year before acceptance?" The dean replied, "The Faculty had a four-year Oriental quota." Only three Oriental students were accepted into the four-year program. I was accepted one year latter, only after a Chinese student from Jamaica had graduated.

Q. Have you run into racial discrimination?

A. Absolutely, big time! A week after graduation, Helen and I married. Helen worked full-time at the Montreal General Hospital in the pathology lab as a cytologist. I signed up for a rotating, one-year internship at Montreal General, Royal Victoria, and Children's Hospitals. Searching for an apartment near the hospital, we accessed the "Apts for Rent" sections of Montreal's two newspapers. Helen made inquiries by phone and came up with many prospects. On visiting the apartments she was abruptly told they were already rented. When this went on week after week, we decided to check and found that the apartments were still available for rent. Furious, I phoned the renters and the answers they gave were "I have nothing against the "chinks" but many of my tenants will complain." Whenever we made dinner reservations with our children on Mother's Day, we usually ended up at a table near the washroom or kitchen. One year after making reservations on Mother's Day, we encountered a very long lineup. Undaunted and knowing we had a reservation, I introduced myself to the maitre d'. He looked at me and blurted out "No reservation in your name." In response, I said "Hey, You haven't even checked your booking!" He disappeared with his other customers. I grabbed the reservations list and saw Hasegawa - table of five, with one highchair. It was crossed off. Upon his return I confronted the maitre d' who insisted we had cancelled. I had had enough. I told him as soon as I got home I would contact two or three of my clients who were all CEOs, Presidents and Chairmen of major banks and industries and inform them of our treatment. In fact, one of them had recommended this establishment. The maitre d's face turned white and two minutes later we had a table. To protect our children from further embarrassment even to this day, all our reservations are made under Dr. James.



Jim Hasegawa working at his computer. (J. Hasegawa photo, 2005)

Q. You have four wonderful children who have done well. Have they ever encountered racial slurs?

A. Not one that I can recall. Academically and socially, they stood out and made many friends.

Q. Do you and your children speak Japanese?

A. I speak it fluently, but not our children. Once, I was asked by the Japanese Olympic delegation at the 1976 Montreal Olympics if I could volunteer my time as a troubleshooter for their gymnastics and swimming teams. I spent three weeks at the Olympic Village.

Q. Why no Japanese for the children?

A. The kids all took French immersion, so they are all fluently bilingual. Their future lies in a society where English is the norm. Here in Quebec, one cannot do without French. If they wish, they can learn Japanese on their own.

Q. Someone said your house is Japanese inside?

A. True, to some degree. We

have an oriental living room and dining room. Some furniture were home-made and others custom-designed to our specifications. When I was in active practice, we would invite Japanese business families to our home for traditional Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. They all took back memories of Canadian traditions on their return to Japan. They always commented that our home decor was more Japanese than in most homes in Japan. We still keep in touch with the families, most recently via email.

Q. Have you ever visited Japan?

A. Yes, twice. I first visited in 1970 when I went alone and was gone 31 days. Since I could not take our young family with me then, I took over 3000 photo slides to take back home for the family. The second time came in 1987 with Helen and the children. Boy, what an eye opener! In 1970, I paid $6.11 (3200 yen) for a two-room suite at the Okura Hotel, one of the most prestigious hotels in Japan. In 1987, it cost $860 for two medium rooms at the Imperial Hotel.

Q. What impressed you most in Japan?

A. I could have stayed for another six months. Tracing my ancestral roots, I was most impressed with their work ethic. I really enjoyed the hundreds of years of history, cleanliness, cheerful, and their innate sense of helping one another. I met a 97-year old artisan who intricately inlaid gold into a bracelet, without using glasses. In all my years in practice, I always wore magnifying loupes. When I returned home and stepped off the plane, my life had changed. I wanted to shout " I come from an ancestry my family can always be proud of." My feelings of a second class citizen which I had endured since WW II were gone. I could walk with my head held high, not any better, nor any worse than my fellow Canadians.

In closing, I would like to thank you all for the invitation, and as a reminder of our bittersweet experience. There was a silver lining. With one stroke of a pen, the Government did away with the ghettos, displacing Japanese Canadians from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. The Japanese Canadians took up the challenge. In the 1970s, we had the highest percentage pursuing a higher level of education. Today, we are an integral part of the Canadian multicultural society. ❁

City of Beaconsfield (Quebec) council members. (J. Hasegawa, 2005)

James Hasegawa retired from his dental practice in 1986 and resides in Beaurepaire, Quebec and has to his credit over forty years of community commitment. He was first elected to municipal council in 1982, becoming the first person of Asian ancestry in Quebec history to have done so. Serving four more terms (16 years) through 2001, he was most recently re-elected in November 2005 as City Councillor, District I, City of Beaconsfield, Quebec.

The preceding talk was given on March 21,2006.

Family History Series No. 5

Yoshio Johnny Madokoro (Part 2) by Dennis Madokoro

Life was pretty good for me. My father was a good fisherman so there was always food on the table, even during the Depression. In hindsight, I think we did better than the people in the cities. I am not saying that we were well off or any such thing, but relatively speaking we did OK. We ate off the land, or sea, and we ate well. We dug clams at Armitage Bay, *nori*, or dried seaweed was plentiful. There were crabs everywhere, and *awabi*, or abalone. One time some English people saw us with abalone and they asked if they could buy some. Sure, we said, and they were so happy. Later we heard that *awabi* was considered a great delicacy in England. As I said, we ate well, and we didn't think too much of it. Only later, when we were evacuated from Tofino, did we realize how lucky we were.

Schooling in Cumberland

When I was eleven, my father decided to send me to Cumberland on the east coast of Vancouver Island. He wanted me to learn Japanese.

Continued on page 10

While I was in Tofino, I spoke mainly English and I suppose he thought that I was losing my Japanese. I thought that I was pretty good in Japanese as I could read the magazines and even write pretty well. Harold Kimoto and I both were sent to Cumberland that year.

I remember the trip to Cumberland. We had to go by ***MAQUINNA*** up the Alberni Canal to Port Alberni. I have mentioned the ***MAQUINNA*** several times. That boat was our connection to the outside world. As well as bringing in supplies, it was our means of getting to the rest of the island. My father and I left in late September after the fishing season. I was sad to leave my friends in Tofino, but I was excited to go to this strange new place called Cumberland. The trip up the Alberni Canal took six hours. I was so excited by the new scenery that the time flew by. We ate some *nigiri* or rice balls with *tsukemono*, yellow pickels, and drank *ocha*, or green tea. The *hakujin* looked at what we were eating with some curiousity. I didn't notice them too much but my father made a few comments about their manners. At Port Alberni, we took the train across Vancouver Island to Parksville, and then it took about two hours more to Cumberland. It was my first train ride, and the sound of that steam whistle still rings in my mind. I really didn't want to get off!

There were many Japanese who worked the coal mines and lumber camps near Cumberland. A large Japanese community had grown there and they even had a separate Japanese school. Students attended the regular English school until 3 PM, and then they would attend the Japanese School for two hours, five days a week and then again on Saturday morning for three hours. I was eleven so I was in the Junior Class in grade six. Senior Class started at grade seven. Harold Kimoto and I slept at the Hirose's house and we took our meals at the Hayashi's. I remember the day I arrived with my father and we met the principal Mr. Aoki. My father and he spent a long time talking about trout fishing. Mr Aoki was hired from Japan, along with his wife. His reputation as a good teacher had reached over to Tofino, and that was why Harold and I found ourselves in Cumberland.

Japanese homes and trolling boats in Storm Bay. (Madokoro Family photo, ca.1940)

Speaking of Harold, we were bunkmates so to speak. He told me that in Tofino, when they first arrived that their first house was peculiar. In fact, his father had taken to sleeping down on the boat. I had heard stories too. Something about the house being haunted by the ghost of an Indian spirit. Well, it must have been true as I don't think Harold was lying to me. One other funny thing, I shared a double desk at the Japanese school with a young boy named Takashi Ogaki. He was three years younger than I. My third son Dennis would eventually marry his daughter Iris. Talk about a small world, eh?

In the summer, I would return to Tofino. My Japanese and my English had improved from my classes in Cumberland. Aoki-san, was a demanding principal and teacher. Your best was what he demanded and we became proficient in Japanese and also the culture of Japan.

I liked my rides on the steam engine train. It only went from Cumberland to Parksville. We had to switch trains for the ride to Port Alberni. I had my nose stuck to the windowpane all the way, past Cameron Lake and then over the hump into the Alberni Valley. At times, I would pretend to be the Engineer at the front of the train. My elbow would rest casually on the window and I would wave to all the little boys on the sides of the track. It was a blast!

Returning back to Tofino was always an adjustment. It was a small fishing village compared to the activity of Cumberland. The Japanese families in Cumberland numbered in the hundreds. Coal mining and the lumber industry supported a vibrant community that had a separate Japanese school and theatre. The theatre had visits from

touring artists from Japan. Yes, it was a bustling hub of activity in those days. That was before the depression when the prices for all commodities, coal and lumber hit rock bottom. That was when it was good to be in Tofino and a fisherman.

Life in Tofino

My Father would take me out occasionally on his boat. I usually just lay on the hatch. Remember I was only twelve. Those were the days when the boats were not equipped with stabilizers causing them to really roll in the heavy Pacific Ocean swells. The men had to pull all the eight twine lines by hand. So, for me, as a twelve-year old, there was not too much that I could do to help. I would steer, I could cook a bit, and mostly I lay on my back on the hatch wondering when we would be going back in to the harbour. It was a long day to be a fisherman. We were up at 3 AM, and out on the trolling grounds at 4:30 AM. That meant of course that we ran out to the grounds in the dark. Again, there were the dangers of deadheads and kelp patches that could foul your propeller and ruin your chances of fishing for a few days. You had to be always alert! Of course when you are twelve, that was a challenge.

We usually fished off Maruyama, or "Round Island". Nowadays, everyone calls it Portland Point. The way we fished is the way that two old Japanese men showed us. They used the same rigging that they used in Japan. A lot of *hakujin*, white fellows, thought that the rigging was a recent invention. I told them nope, this was how the old timers showed us years ago. They used eight lines with separate leads at four-fathom intervals. Each line had four or five lures. The lines were twine and everything had to hauled up by hand. When you had hauled five hundred pounds of "smileys", spring salmon, by hand, you were very, very tired by the end of the day. We used brass spoons, with a number six, seven or eight size black hook. They were the same hooks as they use today and I believe they were made in England. We would have to change those hooks every three days. The leaders to the spoons were made of piano wire. Now, they use gut, or nylon. The way they fish today is the same as they did then with the addition of power girdies, stabilizers, cable lines and gut leaders.

As I mentioned, I only went out occasionally with my Father. I could not help him too much and it probably worried him that I might just pop over the side and drown. Little did I know that in less than two years my Father would pass away and I would have to take over his boat and fish to support the family.

On New Year's Day, the men would visit one another's home. The ladies would prepare *gochiso*, or special food treats, and the father would offer them drink. This was usually the sake that they made themselves. It was pretty good stuff as I recall. The local *hakujin* part-time lawman even dropped in to have a few. He knew a good thing when he saw it and didn't bother the sake makers. A few times when someone came in from "outside", he would drop a warning and all signs of the illegal sake making would magically disappear. I wasn't allowed to participate in these New Year's Day visits until I was seventeen or eighteen.

Madokoro family. Clockwise from top left; Yoshio, Hiroshi, Ine and Kuniko. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1940)

After New Year's celebration, the men would look for a "lucky" day to start the new fishing season. They would put up a small pine tree, or *kado-matsu* on the mast of their boats and offer *mochi* to the *kami*, or Fishing God, in the hopes of a good year of fishing. Whatever else, the fishermen were superstitious, and if they thought that there was a "lucky" omen or event, then they would interpret that as a reason to start the season. The first year in Tofino, my Mother became pregnant. Unfortunately for my parents, the baby boy died. That was not a good omen for my Father. As I recall, the fishing that year was just so so. Perhaps there was something to all that.

We only had an old fellow named Dr. Dixon, who acted as our Doctor. He was not really that experienced.

Continued on page 12

It is a wonder that more bad things didn't happen to us. We had to be healthy, that was essential for the men to fish and the women to look after their families. To this day, my motto is that it is better to be healthy than to be rich, although it would be nice to be both. For me, health is the most important ingredient for a good life. For the most part, I can say that I have been blessed that way.

My Father was a healthy man. You had to be if you wanted to fish. In Tofino, it was mostly the Japanese who trolled for salmon. The *hakujin* were more interested in seine fishing. Now a seine boat was much larger than a troller, and they caught fish with a huge net shaped like a purse. These purse seiners would have a crew of five or six men, and they could make a lot of money taking a share of the seine boat's catch. There were days when Tofino Inlet and all the adjacent inlets would be full of seine boats. They were after pilchard, a nice looking fish that was bigger than herring. Anyway, the pilchard would school in the inlets, and the water would literally "boil" with pilchard. There were pilchard oil reduction plants in every other inlet. Nowadays, the pilchard is gone. They fished them all out just before World War II. I guess we really didn't know how to manage our fish resources. The Native Indians were saying that a long time ago. Too bad we didn't pay any attention to them.

When my Father fished, he was always unhappy if he hooked into a large halibut. Remember all the lines were hauled up by hand. A halibut is flat and so when you went to haul it up, it felt like you had hooked into the bottom. You hadn't of course, but you had this heavy, heavy thing on the line. It took forever to bring it in, and even when you landed it, the halibut would thrash and thrash in your fish checker. You could club it and then fifteen minutes later, it would start thrashing again.

Clockwise from top left; Kuniko, Hiroshi, Yasuhiro Bill Ezaki and Yoshio. (Yesaki Family photo, 1938)

The trollers were all one-man boats. There were no radios so you had to be alert. One fellow ran his boat into a reef and it sunk. He was alright. If you fell overboard, and your fishing buddies didn't see you, you were a goner. The code of the sea was to help one another. If you needed help, you would lower one pole. I recall that one fellow abused this code. He just wanted a free tow in so that he could save on his fuel. That backfired on him as the time came when he really needed help and no one would come to assist. He finally was helped and I think he learnt his lesson.

In the summer I lived in Storm Bay and I helped my parents. I would chop wood for the *gangara* (sheet metal) stove, dig for clams, look for crabs and feed the chicken that we kept behind the house.

In the fall and winter, I would go to Cumberland with Harold Kimoto, and there we would study at the regular English school and after that, each day, we went to Japanese school. We were kept very busy, so I didn't have time to get into any mischief.

This all changed for me one January day in 1928. My Father died. I remember that an uncle from Royston, Ezaki, I think, came to Cumberland. He told me to pack up my things and go with him to Steveston. He didn't explain, just told me to pack up and go with him immediately. It was only when I got to Steveston that I found out that my father Kamezo had passed away. He had taken an *ofuro* that was a little hot so they said. After that, he complained to my mother Ine that he wasn't feeling very well. To her final day, my mother blamed his death on the fact that the *ofuro* was too hot. Anyway, there I was in Steveston, fourteen years old and my father was in a stainless steel coffin. They had to build it special for the trip on the ***MAQUINNA***. My Mother wanted a Buddhist funeral done in the proper way so they made all the arrangements for that to happen in Steveston. I felt completely numb, I recall. My Father who I had regarded as a strong man, a strong man who I thought would live forever, was now gone. I was devastated, demoralized and I thought that life was very unfair.

In the days and months that followed, we kept a steady vigil of memorial services at our home in Storm Bay. The *Jodo Shinshiu* Buddhists believe that a person's spirit still is around for a period after they pass away, or *naku naru,* in Japanese. The most important is the forty-ninth day memorial for that is when their spirit finally goes to the Pure Land, or *Ojodo*. We continued to honour my Father every year with a memorial service that include lots of chanting and incense burning by my Mother.

Head of the Family

At our home, there was no Father. My Mother asked me to look

after our family. What could I say? I was fourteen years old. I said I would do my best. My Father's older brother Rinshiro, took me under his wing and showed me the ropes. I would follow him out each morning in my Father's boat, the ***KM***, and he would guide me around the fishing grounds. If I thought it was hard before, this was harder, and for me, terrifying. What if I ran the boat aground? What if I fell overboard? What if I didn't catch any fish and my family ended up starving? Man, I was one worried fourteen-year old, but I sure did sleep well at night because the fishing day was so tiring.

Well, I didn't run the ***KM*** aground, and I didn't fall overboard, and I did manage to catch some fish. Due to my Uncle's steadying hand and his encouragement, I managed to make it work. Was I ever proud of myself! I thought also that perhaps my Father was there in some way, he would have been very happy to see me catching those big salmon. I lost a few in those early days but I am pleased to say that our family was OK, and that was good enough for me. After two years of following Uncle Rinshiro around like a puppy dog, he in the ***RM***, me in the ***KM***, I finally had enough confidence to fish on my own. I was a fisherman! Yes!

Uncle Rinshiro fished until he was around fifty years old. That was in 1935 or 1936, I think. Anyway, he retired and he took off like a bullet to Japan. I hear that he lived to be 93 or 94, and he died peacefully in his sleep. I certainly owed him a huge debt for taking me under his wing. Thank you Uncle Rinshiro, "Madokoro Rinshiro-san, *domo arigato gozaimashita*".

In a few months, I went from being a schoolboy in Cumberland to being the head of our family. Was I scared at first, you bet! Did I want to be the head of our family? Well, I really didn't have a choice, did I? It was a rough few months but I was a strong boy for my age and I learnt things fast. Uncle would take me out in his boat, the ***RM***, and let me do all the things that I would soon be doing

Continued on page 14

Members of the Tofino Japanese community. Front row. From left; Shigeharu Nakagawa, Mr. Hamanaka, Mr. Watanabe, Akira, Mr. Izumi, Haruo Kimoto, Takeo Sakauye and Bobby Kimoto. Second row; Mr. Nakatsu, Mrs. Yoshida, Yumi Sakauye, Kimiye Sakauye (Kuramoto), Mrs. Sakauye, Mitsu Madokoro, Rinshiro Madokoro, Mary Madokoro, Polly Nishimura, and Kuniko Madokoro. Third row; Kazuo Sakauye, Takeo Tosa, Mr. Nakai, Mr. Morishita, Mitsuzo Nakagawa, Mrs. Nakagawa and Mrs. Watanabe. Back row; Yoshio Kawaguchi, Hiroshi Madokoro, Saichi Kishi (visiting from Steveston), Mr. Nishimura, Mr. Yoshida, Mrs. Nishimura, Mrs. Izumi, Toki Kondo and Yoshio Madokoro. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1940)

Clockwise from top; Anglican minister, Yoshio, Mary, unidentified bridesmaid and Bill Ezaki. (Madokoro Family photo, 1939)

on my own in the ***KM***. He taught me how far away I had to keep the boat when rounding Grice Point on the way to and from the fishing grounds. He showed me how to sight my position from Maruyama when on the fishing grounds to keep on the best trolling tacks.

We fished for salmon. The best was the spring salmon, they could go to forty or fifty pounds. Usually they were smaller, perhaps twenty-five or thirty pounds. Coho salmon were our bread and butter fish. They ran about six to ten pounds. Uncle showed me the fastest way to gut a salmon. I think my record was about 25 seconds to completely de-gill and gut a salmon. It all came to me quickly and it was important that it did, as Uncle had to fish for his own family and I for mine. We didn't have the luxury of a long time for training. The first morning that I took the ***KM*** out on my own, my heart was pounding in my chest. It was almost too much for me to bear, but I made it that day. And I made it the next, and soon I was getting so full of myself that Uncle had to make jokes about my head being too big for my body. I think he was proud of how I handled myself. I know that I was.

In my new role as head of the family, there was a big change in how my brothers, Michi and Thomas, and my sisters, Yaeko and Kuni, treated me. I felt funny at first, but then it became a normal thing. Before I could roughhouse with both of my brothers, now, they seemed a little intimidated by me. It was good and it was bad. Good because I had first serving at all the meals, bad because I couldn't do the schoolboy things with them that I used to do. My sisters did everything for me. Sometimes I felt embarrassed by all the attention, but mostly I was too tired to notice. I was in bed well before sunset, a fisherman's life is hard work.

My mother Ine worked very hard to provide for our family. She made *tofu*, *age*, and *konnyaku*. These she sold to our neighbours. I think my mother worked hard all her life. That is the reason she lived to such a good age.

On the ***KM***, out at sea, it was sometimes quiet. When the fish stopped biting, and there was a lull, it was a pleasant place to be. At times like that, you could do a lot of reflecting on life and I guess I did my fair share. I think that fishermen, especially trollers, are all philosophers. We have an answer for all the ills of the world. Of course I started smoking. Too much time on my hands. I think I smoked until I was sixty-five, about twenty a day. We rolled our own in those days as store bought cigarettes were still a luxury. Yes, at times, at sea in those quiet moments, with a cup of tea and a cigarette, life was pretty good, even for a young boy like me.

Life in Tofino

During the winter I took correspondence courses that could have lead me to become a pilot. I passed the written exams with flying colours. Later when I took the physical examination in Vancouver, I failed. Many folks in Tofino felt that I was a victim of *hai seki*, or discrimination. I don't know if that was true or not but *shigata ga nai*, it couldn't be helped, could it?

One season rolled into another, and soon I was a veteran, or so I thought. The first New Year's Day after my Father had passed away, I was still not allowed to go from house to house with the older men. It was strange, I was too young to do the "men" things and I was too old to fool around with the boys my age. I guess it made me grow up in a hurry, but I think that I missed out on a lot of teenage things.

In the winters, I went to the dances at the community hall. It was there that I first noticed a young lady named Mary. She was a Kimoto from Clayoquot Island, about ten minutes by boat from the main village of Tofino.

There were seven Japanese families who lived there. The Kimotos were the largest with nine children, Mary was the third oldest and I thought that she was pretty cute. So, each dance I made sure that we had at least one or two dances together and we got along. She was always chatty and to me, she always seemed very happy. The dances were a chance for the whole community, *nihonjin* or Japanese, and *hakujin* or white folks to get together. There was a piano and I think Mrs. Nicholson played the cello. We had to make our own entertainment in those days. I also liked the sandwiches and cakes that the *hakujin* ladies made. We only ate those at those parties as our mother didn't make those things.

By the time of my sixteenth birthday in 1929, I was feeling comfortable as the head of our family. I was fishing and doing alright. The Depression was about to happen and that would have a drastic effect on the prices for our salmon. We used to get up to ten cents a pound for spring salmon and eight cents a pound for white spring salmon. By the mid-thirties, the price for red spring salmon dropped to only five cents and four for white. Needless to say we took quite a beating on how much money we made. We owed quite a bit to the storeowners, Towler and Mitchell. We paid them as much as we could and just cut back on everything else. We managed. We always had food on the table which is more than I think people had in the cities.

By the time I was seventeen, the Depression was in full bloom. We read about the hobos riding the trains across America. There wasn't a lot of good news for a long time. Fortunately for us in Tofino, the fish were still plentiful, and we had clams, crabs, *awabi*, *nori*, and much more. As I said before, we did pretty good in Tofino during the Depression.

My first New Year's Day that I was allowed to visit the neighbour's houses was a real treat to me. I was eighteen years old! I had thought about this day for three years since I first started fishing on my own. Now, I thought, I really have become a man. I ate lots of food, drank lots of homemade sake and I had a really good time. There are times in a man's life when you feel like you are stepping from one stage in your life to another stage. "Rites of Passage" stuff, I guess. That was one of those moments for me.

My Mother was a Buddhist and she chanted each night in front of the *Obutsudan* for my Father. We had an *Obutsudan* in the living area, and she made a daily offering of *gohan* in memory of him. She did this as long as I can remember, and she was with me and my family until she passed away. My Mother was an Ezaki, a distant cousin to my Father. Their marriage was an arranged one, which was the custom of their village in Japan. That is why I remain close to my cousins all my life. They are and were a very important part of my family's life.

Mother was a strong woman.

Yoshio with Ken. (Madokoro Family photo, 1941)

She had five children and lost one at childbirth. Every fishing day she was up at 3 AM to make breakfast for me. She had to cook for all five of us, do the laundry by hand in a galvanized tub and a scrub board. I didn't hear her complain about her life, though she seemed to be grateful for each day. That is what I remember most about her.

Marriage

When I was twenty-five or twenty-six, my mother made arrangements through a Mr. Mori, who was to be my *baishaku-nin*, or go-between for my marriage to Mary Miki Kimoto, the second oldest daughter in that family. We had known each other through the early days at school in Tofino. We saw each other at dances in the off-season. I liked her because she was so cheerful and full of energy. Now, she was to become my wife. We got married in 1939 in the little wooden Anglican Church.

Later that year, our first son, Kenneth Fusao Madokoro, was born. He was a good baby, not too much trouble because he had a quiet nature and slept a lot. That was important because Mary and I had to share our family home with my mother of course, and all my brothers and sisters. It was crowded but it was a happy home. Little did we know, that was as happy as we would be for the next six years. World War II was about to happen.

Things were going so well that I had a troller built. It was on a design that I created. The boat was called the ***CROWN***, after the engine that powered her. The ***CROWN*** was the first vee-bottom fishing troller on the west coast. She was a delightful sea boat and with her I caught lots of salmon.

Salmon prices started to go up around that time too. The war in Europe was creating a demand

Continued on page 16

for all food items, fish and salmon in particular. BC Packers had been the only fish buyer in Tofino, but as the demand increased for our salmon, they refused to share the additional money with us. We did what any group of men would do, we formed our own Co-operative, each of us had to advance the Co-op several hundred dollars, that was big money in those days. Mr. Nakamoto in Steveston helped us buy a famous packer called the ***WESTERN CHIEF***. He got it from Nelson Brothers and I believe we paid around thirty thousand dollars, it was a great boat and to my knowledge, it is still running to this day.

We would catch our fish, fill up the ***WESTERN CHIEF*** with iced salmon and run our catch to Vancouver for the better prices there. It was a wonderful investment for our community. All thirty-one Japanese families in Tofino were members and owners of that boat.

At that time, sister Yaeko went to Vancouver to work as a domestic. There were no opportunities for her in Tofino. There she met Mr. Seko, and shortly thereafter a *baishaku-nin* made the arrangements and she was married. I am not sure who the *baishaku-nin* was, maybe you can ask her. Speaking of jobs, there weren't many for a *nihonjin*, even a Canadian-born University graduate like Mr. Yonemura. He was known as the best debater on his University of BC team, but that meant nothing after graduation. He couldn't buy a job. We hired him to work as the manager of our Co-op. I was the treasurer. So for those few years before the war in the Pacific, things were looking pretty good. We were making good money. Our families were growing and the future looked bright for us fishermen in Tofino.

The winters were slow leisurely times. We would work on our boats, our gear, and do what all fishermen do best, chat about everything and anything. There was a lot of socializing with homemade sake as the usual offering when visiting one another's homes. It was a relaxing period after the non-stop activity of the fishing season. We fished from April to the end of September when the weather made it too hazardous to go offshore. There were always a few fishermen who didn't want to stop but the ***WESTERN CHIEF*** stopped packing so that was the end of the season. The off-season allowed all of us to enjoy our families. The children were all growing up too fast.

In February of 1941, our second son was born. If Kenneth Fusao was quiet, then C. Takashi was not. They were different right from the start. We now had four in our own family along with my Mother Ine. My own brother Thomas had taken over Uncle Rinshiro's boat, the ***RM***, after he retired and went to Japan.

Fishing that year was good. The war in Europe meant that prices were high. We were making good money with the average Co-op member making $4,000, which was big money in those days. Mary and I had the two young boys and life seemed very good. My Mother Ine was healthy and she helped to look after the children and the garden. My brother Thomas turned out to a natural born fisherman and he was consistently high boat in the Co-op. It was a wonderful year where everything seemed possible. ❁

(To be continued in the autumn 2006 issue of NIKKEI IMAGES.)

Japanese Canadian National Museum Report - Summer 2006

by Tim Savage

This summer the Museum welcomes visitors to the JCNM gallery to see the current exhibition, *Levelling the Playing Field: Legacy of Vancouver's Asahi Baseball Team.* The exhibition has received many compliments from visitors. It's an impressive presentation of the Asahi story in the context of their era. The gallery is open to the public Tuesday through Saturday, 11am to 5pm. The exhibition is on display until the beginning of September.

Come take part in a fun slow-pitch ballgame, a tribute to the Asahi at Oppenheimer Park, the team's home "Powell Street Grounds" on August 7 at 11AM. Fans and friends are welcome – interested players please contact the museum at 604 777 7000 ext 109 for more information.

Join us in the park for the Powell Street Festival on the weekend of August 5th and 6th. The JCNM will be there again with walking tours, a booth and display at this year's 30th annual festival. Adding to the occasion this year are celebrations marking the centennial of the nearby historic Vancouver Japanese Language School and Japanese Hall.

Preparations are underway for a JCNM exhibit related to the centennial this year of the 1906 arrival of Jinzaburo Oikawa and the ***SUIAN MARU*** voyagers who settled on two islands in the Fraser River near New Westminster. A panel discussion, ceremony and dinner are planned for October to celebrate this event.

On a related theme of Nikkei history on the Fraser, Canada's first Noh play, *The Gull: the Steveston Noh Project* that was read at NNMHC in 2005, was performed this May in Richmond as a fully staged Noh theatre production. The Museum contributed to the work's creation and provided a history display at the

performance venue.

Also in May, the JCNM Speakers Series presented an evening of "Memories of New Denver," with Roy Yasui, Miho Steinberg, Henry Shimizu, and other former New Denver residents. This event accompanied an exhibit of Dr. Shimizu's paintings recording the experience of New Denver, titled *Images of Internment: 1942-1946*, and displayed in the Centre on the 60th anniversary of the camp closing at New Denver. At the reception, former students of the Notre Dame High School presented the Museum with a collection of archival material and artifacts.

In May we welcomed student employees to assist with Museum events and with our archives and collections activities. The students will be at JCNM through the summer until the beginning of September.

Upcoming summer events at the Museum and Centre include the 2nd Annual Fundraising Dinner on June 10 starting at 5 PM, the Annual General Meeting for NNMHC members on June 17th at 2:30 PM, and the Open House on June 24th at 1 PM. Please come participate in these events to support your Museum and Centre.

For more details about any of theses events and programs, contact the JCNM at 604 777 7000, or check our website at www.jcnm.ca or www.nikkieplace.org.

The Naming of Minoru Park in Richmond, B.C. by Jack Lowe

Racehorse 'Minoru' with King Edward VII. (M. Yesaki photo of a painting in the City of Richmond Archives, 2006)

The story of Minoru Park is an integral part of Richmond's history in the early 1900s and is truly an international one.

The story began on the Tully Stud, a breeding farm for thoroughbreds owned by Colonel William Hall Walker and located in Kildare, Ireland. In 1906 at the Tully Stud a beautiful colt was born.

At this time a Japanese businessman/gardener, Tassa Eida and his English wife Margaret, were living at the Tully Stud where they were creating a beautiful Japanese garden. The theme of the garden was to be "Man's Journey Through Life". The Iidas had two sons, Minoru and Kaiji. When Colonel Walker's colt was to be registered he sought permission from the Eidas to name the colt, Minoru, after Tassa's son. Minoru, loosely translated by Colonel Walker meant "Enlightened One" or "Favorite One". (See the footnote on this.)

When Minoru was a three-year old he became eligible to enter the Epsom Derby in England. At this time King Edward VII, son of Queen Victoria, was having little luck with his horseracing stable. Colonel Walker was approached about leasing some thoroughbreds. He agreed and leased half a dozen to the King. Minoru was in that group.

Shortly after this agreement The Epsom was run in 1909. Minoru ran under the Royal colors and won this prestigious event.

Meanwhile in the Lower Mainland of British Columbia a group of businessmen were meeting to discuss the idea of building a racecourse in the Lower Mainland. This group consisted of H. and S. Springer, C.M. Marpole, A.E. Suckling and C. Lewis. They needed a piece of property that was flat and easy to access by road and rail. A piece of Samuel Brighouse's property in the centre of Lulu Island would meet all of these requirements. They bought the property, roughly described, as bounded by No. 3 Road between New Westminster Highway and Granville Avenue, west to Gilbert, North to New Westminster Highway and New Westminster Highway east to No. 3 Road. They purchased this property and quickly constructed a track, a grandstand, a clubhouse and barns.

By August 1909 they were ready to open their new racecourse but needed a name. What better name than Minoru Park in honor of that grand Epsom Derby winner, Minoru.

The racecourse opened as Minoru Park and remained open until 1914 when it closed due to World War I. When it reopened in 1921 it did so under the name of

Continued on page 18

Brighouse Park and was in existence until 1956 when it was designated for redevelopment. The Municipality of Richmond bought the total Brighouse Estate for $1,450,000 for development in 1962.

The Richmond Council and the Planning Department very wisely designated a prominent part of the Brighouse Estate for community services, recreational and cultural purposes. This park was once again named Minoru Park. Today all aspects including the walkways, the gardens, and the children's playground are well utilized and greatly appreciated by the citizens of Richmond.

Minoru is commemorated in other local names such as Minoru Pavilion and Minoru Boulevard.

Few citizens in Richmond are aware of the origin of the name and fewer realize it was named after the grand thoroughbred, Minoru.

Footnote: A special thank you to Stanley Fukawa who provided a more accurate translation of Minoru as follows:

The character for *Jitsu* and *Minoru* is an old form of a character used for what was formerly a fairly common boy's name. Meanings related to *Jitsu* are truth, reality, sincerity, fidelity, kindness, faith, substance and essence.

The Chinese meanings are solid, substantial, hard, real, true, truly, really, authentic, sincere and general. ❁

Jack Lowe is a member of Friends of the Richmond Archives

The following note was excerpted by Mrs. Sakuya Nishimura from an unidentified Japanese publication.

There is a Japanese Garden in Kildare, about 50 km west of Dublin, the capital of Ireland. Kildare is famous for breeding distinguished racehorses and every year about a hundred thousand tourists come to see the Japanese garden. This garden was owned by William Hall Walker, a family member of the famous whisky brewer in Scotland, and completed in 1910 by Mr. Iida and his son, Minoru.

Mr. Walker had a lot of racehorses and he named one of his horses Minoru. Minoru was leased to Edward VII and won the 1909 (Epsom) Derby. By the way, the Eida family left Ireland after completing the garden and nobody knows where they went. However, several years ago, an Iida family descendent visited the garden and claimed he was a descendent of the gardener Eida. Brian Eida, 50 years old, now lives in the suburb of London. He had no Japanese features in his looks, nor does he speak Japanese. His only inheritance is the family name Eida, which is quite different from the ordinary English name. According to Brian, his ancestor Eida was not a gardener, but a Japanese antique dealer in London who passed away in 1911. His son Minoru remained in England and worked as an engineer. He married an English lady, and had 4 sons and 3 daughters. When World War II began, he tried to hide his Japanese ancestry by not speaking of his past life and claiming his name as John. Minoru's father name was Saburo and he left Japan for Europe at 31 years of age in 1893.

'Images of Internment' Exhibition Opening by Frank Kamiya

Henry Shimizu. (John Greenway photo, , 2006)

On May 19, 2006, Dr. Henry Shimizu's 'Images of Internment' Exhibition opened at the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre Ellipse Lobby. At the opening reception Chibi Taiko introduced the ceremony with their thunderous performance, which was enjoyed by over 200 former New Denverites, Roseberyites and their many friends and guests. The evening program was M.C.'d by Dr. Roy Yasui of Murrieta, California, who introduced the distinguished guests and the many out of towners who came from Japan, New Zealand, Ontario and California. The program included some songs and dances that reminded some of the first concert at the Sanitorium in New Denver. As Roy Yasui stated, it was a magical evening in 1942 as was this evening, which was too short for many who shared their memories. We even had a very entertaining message from the Queen (Esther Hosokawa Hobbs). Dr. Henry Shimizu explained the background of each painting as friends and guests toured the exhibition. The Notre Dame High School Alumnae organized the reception with the help from the NNMHC Auxiliary, which was much appreciated. The committee would like to also thank the NNMHC for co-sponsoring the reception and the Exhibition. Thanks for the Memories. ❁

Corrections to the spring 2006 issue of NIKKEI IMAGES

Several articles in the Spring 2006 issue of NIKKEI IMAGES contained many errors; the most serious being the Japanese article by Ikuye Uchida on page 26 where many of the Chinese characters are represented by squares. This article will be reprinted in an upcoming issue of NIKKEI IMAGES.

The article 'Yoshio Johnny Madokoro' is completely disjointed with columns not following in sequence and instead appearing on disparate pages. The sequence of columns should be as follows:

- end of first column on page 19 to top of first column on page 21.
- end of first column on page 21 to top of first column on page 20.
- end of third column on page 20 to top of second column on page 19.
- end of second column on page 19 to top of second column on page 21.

Our apologies to Ikuye Uchida and Dennis Madokoro for these errors.

Senji Yamamoto by Sakuya Nishimura

On March 5, 1929, Senji Yamamoto, a member of the Japanese Parliament, was assassinated by a rowdy of the right-wing party. Though Senji was acknowledged as a member of parliament, a biologist and a sex educator, not many people knew that he lived in Vancouver for four years in his early life.

Professor Toshiji Sasaki, who was the president of the Cultural Science Research Institute of Doshisha University in Japan, wrote a book, *Yamamoto Senji,* published by Chobunsha in 1974. In this book he wrote about Senji's life in Vancouver.

Senji was born in 1889 in Kyoto as the first son of Kamematsu and his wife. The parents were devout Christians. Every Sunday, they closed the door of their general store and went to church. They succeeded in business and had five branches in Tokyo, Osaka and Kobe. Senji grew up in Kyoto but because of his poor health, he abandoned his school education in Grade 7. At that time, his father had a large garden with a tearoom in Uji, near Kyoto, where visitors could rest and take refreshments after strolling around the garden. Senji wished to look after the garden and live a quiet life with nature.

Senji's dream was to go to the U.S. and study gardening. He read Charles Darwin's *The Origins of Species* and became interested in biology. He studied English while working as an apprentice gardener in Tokyo. While in Tokyo, he witnessed demonstrations to protest rising transit fees, sparking his interest in the socialism movement.

Dr. Ishiwara, an eye doctor in Vancouver, came to Uji to marry one of Senji's cousins. Sixteen-year old Senji asked Dr. Ishiwara to accompany the newlyweds on their return to Vancouver in the spring of 1907. Senji's parents gave him $250 for his trip, but after paying the boat fee, only $48 was left in his pocket so he had to begin earning a living as soon as possible. Three days after arriving in Vancouver, and with Dr. Ishiwara's letter of introduction in hand, Senji went to Mr. Smith to seek employment. Senji said that he could do anything except cook. His job was table setting and dishwashing for the family of six. His salary was only $5 a month until he could learn how to cook.

In 1907, about 6,000 Japanese lived in BC and about 1,700 lived in Vancouver. Many of the latter worked at Hastings Mill where they worked very hard and sent nearly half of their earnings back to families in Japan. Also that year, nearly 2,500 Japanese from Hawaii came to Vancouver to look for jobs, sparking the "Jap Boycott Movement" and the riot in Vancouver's Chinatown and Japantown.

Senji quit working for Mr. Smith and began working as a gardener for Vancouver millionaire, Mr. Evans. The head gardener at the residence was Mr. Sumi, a famous Japanese gardener who later received the Japanese Order. Senji's salary was $35 a month, working from 7 am to 6 pm. On Sunday, his day off, he went to church. He enjoyed his work for a while, but his salary was reduced to $30 a month in winter, so he eventually quit his job.

On New Year 1908, Senji moved into the dormitory at the new church. At that time, a new priest, Mr. Ono, took over duties from priest Kaburagi and Dr. Ishiwara left the Japanese Methodist Church. The church was a three-storey building with chapel and the classrooms for the elementary school, night school and kindergarten on the main floor. The 14-room dormitory, library, dining room and parlor were on the second floor. The priests and missionaries lived on the third floor. The monthly rent for a dormitory room was $3.25 and $7 for board.

In May 1908, Senji worked as a designer and office worker for the Japanese Garden that priest Kaburagi planned for a three-acre, forest plot at 21st Street and St. George Avenue in North Vancouver. He stayed in the cottage on site with 10 Japanese workers. He designed the greenhouses while the workers cut and burned trees to clear the

Continued on page 20

land. They ate potatoes, beans, dried *daikon* and sometimes beef, and slept on the wooden floor covered with blankets. After sunset, they enjoyed the spectacular view of Vancouver's city lights. After supper, Senji taught English and the Bible to the camp workers.

Once the trees were cleared, they constructed ponds, greenhouses and artificial hills. The garden opened in September, but they had overspent their budget and Senji's salary was cut in half to $20 a month during the summer and nothing during the winter months. So he quit his job at the end of September.

At this time, Mr. Asada, a close friend of Senji's, wanted to attend university in Ontario. Mr. Asada wanted to buy some farmland and asked Senji to plant some fruit trees on his land. He said that if Senji could make a profit from working the land, he would receive a share. Senji looked for a suitable place in the suburbs of Vancouver and decided to buy fives acres in Orchardville. Mr. Asada contributed $100 and $70 for six months, while Senji paid $330. The land would be entirely Senji's after he re-paid Mr. Asada's contribution.

Senji planned to cultivate the land and drafted a budget to pursue his objective. He estimated $20 for housing materials, $12 for tools, $10 for a kitchen stove and $6 for monthly expenses (such as $2.50 for rice, $2.50 for *shoyu* and other food). Senji moved onto the land in early October and began to build a hut with only a saw, an axe and a hammer. It was a very quiet life as the nearest neighbour was three blocks away. He was over budget a month later. The hut had not been completed and a severe winter had begun.

Senji decided to go to Steveston to teach English in the church school. The church was used as a hospital in the summer and a school in the winter. Senji, priest Kato and Mr. Asada taught English to about 50 youths. Priest Kato graduated from Chicago University by supporting himself. Senji learned about religious life from Mr. Kato, who talked to people about his experiences as a student, the rising power of socialism and new theology.

Senji went back to Orchardville in February 1909, and started cultivating the land. He continued studying French and vegetable culture after supper. The cultivation should have been completed before Easter, but his axe broke at the end of March and he could not continue his work. He left the land in Orchardville to look for a job.

Senji worked as a bellboy in a hotel in Victoria for a month. Then, after two years of living in Canada, he felt that he could not earn enough money to make ends meet and there was no future in studying gardening in Vancouver. In order to earn enough money to continue cultivating his land, Senji thought of going to Steveston and working in the salmon fishery during the summer.

In June 1909, Senji moved to Steveston where there were over 2,500 Japanese, 2,000 Caucasian and 700 Chinese and East Indian people at the time. The salmon run that summer was larger than expected so the price of salmon was set lower. The fishermen's union went on strike making the price of salmon a little higher, but there were no significant quantities of salmon caught in July.

Senji worked as a boat puller for owner Tarokichi Morishita. The salmon fishing season was closed on August 25th and their total catch was 2,820. Senji earned $726 for five weeks' work. But Mr. Asada caught typhoid fever at the end of August and Senji spent the money on his medical fees. Around the same time, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ishiwara (Senji's cousin), passed away from meningitis. Senji's parents strongly urged him to return home to Japan, but he wanted to stay for five more years and study agriculture or biology.

His health was much better and so he decided to go to school while he was working. He delivered CANADA SHINPO and lived in a room of the newspaper company so room and board was free. In 1909, Senji began his formal education again by enrolling in the sixth grade at Strathcona Elementary School. There were 24 girls and three Japanese boys in his class. He studied English reading and writing, mathematics, world geography, English and Canadian history, music, art and crafts. In the beginning he found it difficult to understand the teacher's English, but after two weeks he was familiar with her pronunciation. There was no tuition fee and he borrowed most of the textbooks. Senji was 20 years old, but in order to attend elementary school, he claimed to be 17 years old.

In 1910, Senji tried to write an English diary. In January, all of his classmates were promoted to the class to prepare for high school. Senji went to Steveston every Sunday and taught music to the children in the church and, twice a month, he led the choral singing of the Japanese church in New Westminster.

Senji was successful in his graduation exam, scoring the fifth highest mark in his class of 48 graduates. He wrote his high school entrance exam at the end of June. While waiting for his results, Senji went back to Steveston and worked as a fisherman for the summer. At the end of July, the exam results were posted and Senji ranked 65th out a total of 236 students. He began

to have some self-confidence in his academic pursuits. In September 1910, Senji enrolled as a student at Britannia High School. There was no tuition fee but he was required to buy his own books. This was the first time that he asked for a loan of 20 yen from his father.

Senji was placed in the class for students who scored 600 points or more in their entrance exam. He took lessons in English literature, Latin, art, algebra and geometry. To support himself, Senji delivered newspapers after school and, after supper, taught English to several blue-collar workers. He would work on his studies after 9 pm. He worked hard and was the top student in his class of 28 despite his busy schedule.

By this time, Senji had left the Methodist Church and began attending the Unitarian Church. In the summer of 1910, the North American Japanese Newspaper Reporters Conference was held in Vancouver. There were three papers in Vancouver that catered to the Japanese community, including the CANADA SHINPO, TAIRIKU NIPPO and CANADA MAINICHI SHINPO.

In Japan, in the spring of 1910, Shusui Kotoku and others made an attempt on the Emperor's life, but the plan was discovered in advance. The Japanese government set out to arrest all communists as a result of this incident. In January 1911, 12 of the 26 people accused were executed. Senji worried about the oppressive policy against socialism in Japan.

He remained a top student in high school and wanted to continue his studies in university. However, his father was seriously ill so Senji returned home to care for him. Once his father recovered, he did not want Senji to return to Canada.

Senji continued his studies in Japan and attended the junior high school of Doshisha University. In 1914, he entered San Ko (preparatory school in Kyoto) and, three years later, he was accepted into Tokyo University. After graduation, he became a lecturer at Doshisha University, and then a lecturer at the medical department at Kyoto University.

Senji promoted the rights of labourers and birth control. He worked hard to improve the working conditions of labourers, talking of his experiences in Vancouver. In 1921, he gave a speech on birth control in Tottori city when the police suddenly appeared and ordered a stop to his speech and forcibly removed him from the stage. After this incident, Senji retired from Kyoto University but still conducted lecture tours sponsored by socialism research groups.

Senji became the official candidate for the Laborers and Peasantry Party. But on March 5th, 1929, a member of a right-wing party assassinated Senji. The sad news was reported by Japanese newspapers and even by THE VANCOUVER SUN. A memorial gathering was held in Vancouver. On March 10th, the assassin was sentenced to 12 years in jail but was freed after only serving six years. ❁

山宣のバンクーバー時代　－　西村 咲弥

１９２９年３月５日、山本宣治代議士（京都、労農党）は右翼団体の黒田保久二に暗殺された。山本宣治（以下山宣と略す）は生物学者，性教育運動家、労農党代議士として知られているが、彼が１６歳でカナダに渡り、ここで４年近くをすごしたことはあまり知られていない。同志社大学人文科学研究所長　佐々木敏二氏著書“山本宣治”（上下２巻，１９７４年　汐文社発行）に当時の模様が記されているので、彼のバンクーバー時代を覗いてみた。

京都で小間物商をしていた山本亀松の長男として１８８９年５月に生まれた宣治は、４才のころ郊外の宇治に移り、そこで小学校時代を過ごした。山宣の父母は熱心なクリスチャンで、日曜日は休息日として店を閉じ、また掛け値なしの正札売りという当時では珍しい商法で人気を集め、１０年間で東京、大阪、神戸に５支店を持つようになった。

このような家の長男として大事に育てられた山宣は、体が弱く中学一年までしか教育を受けられなかった。宇治の敷地が広かったので父親は東京の向島の百花園をまねて、沢山の花や木を植えて“花屋敷”となずけ、茶店でお茶や甘酒を売った。山宣はこのような環境にあって、自分も草花を相手に一生を送りたいと考えるようになった。

日本では種苗商で見習いとして短期間働いたが、満足できず、いつか渡米して本格的な園芸の勉強をしようと思っていた。その後、早稲田の大隅邸で園芸見習いをしながら英語学校に通った。このころ、東京では市電値上げ反対デモがあったりしたので、山宣は社会主義に興味をもつようになり、またダーウインの“種の起源”を読んで生物学にも興味を持ち始めた。

再び体をこわして、大隅邸の仕事をやめ宇治に帰っていると、カナダのバンクーバーで眼科医をしながら“加奈陀新報”の経営に参加していた石原明乃助が、山宣の従姉と結婚するために宇治に来たので、かれは自分の希望を石原にはなし、その結果、石原夫妻がカナダに帰る１９０７年の春、一緒にカナダへ行く事になった。

石原夫妻とともに神戸を発った彼はこの時１８歳、カナダ行きのために両親が準備してくれた２５０ドルの残金は４８ドル余り、彼は早速仕事

Continued in page 22

を探さねばならなかった。

ビクトリアには石原氏の義兄、バンクーバーメソジスト日本人教会の牧師をしている鏑木夫妻が迎えに来ていて、その日はドミニオンホテルに泊まった。初めてエレベーターに乗ってびっくりしたり、海山や公園の美しさに感心して、翌日の船でバンクーバーに着いた。鏑木牧師の家は東カドバ街４２８番地。山宣はこの辺りは屋敷街だと思った。昼食は新聞社で味噌汁と豆腐と米の飯、夜は電話で蕎麦を取り寄せた、と日記に書かれている。当時この辺に住めば日本にいるのと変わらない生活ができたらしい。

カナダへ来て３日目、石原氏の紹介でハロ街のスミス氏宅を訪れ、“料理はできないが，そのほかはなんでもする”というと採用された。６人家族の家の食後の片付け、テーブルセッチングなどがその仕事。給料は月５ドル、料理と洗濯をおぼえたら、給料をあげるといわれた。

当時BC州の日本人は約６０００人、そのうちバンクーバーに住んでいるのが約１７００人で、ヘースチングソーミル等の製材関係の労働をしている者が多かった。大部分の人が独身で、彼らは収入の半分近くを故国に送金していた。

山宣がカナダにきた１９０７年は１年間に２５００人余の日本人がハワイから働きに来たため日本人排斥運動が起きた年でもあった。またこの年の伏見宮来訪に関して、鏑木牧師を中心とする教会派と、共立国民学校派との間の対立が目立った。

伏見宮来訪直後、鏑木牧師は辞職し、ノースバンクーバーに日本庭園を造る計画を立てた。山宣はスミス家を２ヶ月でやめ、ガーデナーとして働こうと思ったが仕事がないので、別のカナダ人の家で働き、口喧しいミセスに悩まされて、ここも１ヶ月でやめた。９月８日の日本人街襲撃事件の時は新聞社を手伝っていたので暴動を身近に体験した。

９月半ば、山宣は鏑木牧師の紹介でエバンス邸でガーデナーとして働くようになった。エバンス氏はバンクーバーで有名な大富豪で、園丁長は、カナダに日本庭園を導入した功績で、後に日本から勲章をもらった角氏で、同家で働いているボーイ達はみな日本人だった。山宣のここでの月給は３５ドル。教会での３食が１ヶ月７．５ドル、石原家の二階の一部屋を借り、電車通勤して、労働時間は朝７時から午後６時まで。それでも彼は待望のガーデナーの仕事ができ、また日曜日は休みなので教会に行けるので大喜びだった。

ある一日、この日は角氏の助手として、温室のガラスをはめた。昼前ちょっと手があいたので、落ち葉を集めた。午後も温室の仕事をしたが他の人たちは堆肥の積み替えをしていた、と、日記に記されている。かれはこの仕事を８ヶ月続けたが、冬は仕事が少ないので給料は３０ドルになった。新年（１９０８年）には鏑木牧師の家を出て教会の寄宿舎に移った。そしてこの時から鏑木牧師に代わって小野善太郎牧師が着任、鏑木夫妻と石原夫妻らは退会届を出して、バンクーバー日本人メソジスト教会を去った。鏑木牧師時代の信者では山宣とその親友　浅田だけが残った。

教会は１９０７年に新築した３階だての木造建築で,一階は礼拝堂、教会付属小学校、夜学校、幼稚園の教室、二階は１４室の寄宿舎と図書室、食堂、応接室、三階が牧師や伝道師の住まいとなっていた。寄宿舎の部屋代が３．２５ドル、食費が７ドルだった。

春になったら、鏑木が企画していたノースバンクーバーの日本庭園の仕事をするか、エバンス邸で園丁長をしていた角氏の新しい仕事に参加するか、山宣は今年こそ月収５０ドル以上の仕事を得たいと考えていた。角氏は独立してガーデナーの仕事の請負会社を作ることを考えていた。

結局、山宣は５月からノースバンクーバーの日本庭園の設計と事務の仕事をすることになった。その場所は２１通りとセントジョージアベニューに面した３エーカーの雑木林で、まず木を伐採、焼き捨てる事からはじまった。資金は株主を募集し、ノースバンクーバー市や電鉄会社もその株を買った。

開墾地の南側にあった小屋に、山宣は１０人前後の日本人労働者とともに泊り込み、食事は切干大根、豆、牛肉、ポテトなど。夜は板の間で毛布にくるまって寝る生活だったが、暗くなると対岸の電灯の美しさを見て、気楽な生活をエンジョイした。彼はここの温室を設計し、市役所との交渉などを行い、夜はキャンプの労働者に英語や聖書の教えを説いた。

７月には開墾が終わり、池を掘ったり、築山や温室作りをして９月開園の予定だったが、予算超過で、彼の月給（４０ドル）が半分になったこと、また、冬には自分のする仕事がないと考えて９月末に辞職した。

その後、親友の浅田東一が、仕事をやめて、東部の大学に入るので、これまでに貯めた金２００ドルで土地を買うから、山宣にそこに果物の木を植えて、収益が上がったら、若干の小使い銭でも送って欲しい、と言い出した。山宣はバンクーバー郊外の土地を見てまわり、オーチャードビル（ニューウエストミンスターからフレーザー川を７マイルさかのぼったところ）に５エーカーの土地を買うことに決め、浅田が頭金１００ドルと翌年４月までの月賦７０ドルを払い、のこり３３０ドルは山宣が払う事にした。そして浅田の拠出金を山宣が返済し終わったら、土地は山宣のももに

なるという取り決めをした。

山宣のたてた予算は材木その他に２０ドル、大工道具、つるはしが１２ドル、台所のストーブなどに１０ドル、米1斗５升で，２．５ドル、醤油１樽、２．５ドルを含め１ヶ月の生活費が６ドルというものであった。１０月始め、山宣はここに移り，鋸と金槌と斧だけで小屋を作った。一番近い隣家とは３町も離れていて、昼は軽便鉄道を馬車が往復するが、夜は遠くで牛の首につけた鈴の音が聞こえるだけの静かな生活だった。

しかし、一ヶ月で予算を超過し、家は未完成で冬越しはむつかしそうなので、浅田の勧めでスチーブストン教会の学校で英語を教えた。この教会は落成して間もなく、チフスが流行して病院代わりに使われ、それ以来、夏は病院と教会、冬は教会と学校になった。その後１９００年に病院ができてからは、教会独自の活動をするようになり、１９０８年には小学校を兼ね、また青年に英語を教える塾を開いた。山宣は教会の加藤牧師とあさだとの３人で４～５０人の青年に英語を教えた。

加藤牧師はシカゴ大学を苦学しながら卒業した人で、山宣は信仰のこと、学問のこと、生活のことなど、すべてを加藤牧師に相談した。牧師は苦学生時代の体験や、アメリカの暗黒面から社会主義がおこりつつあること、また、新しい神学などについて青年たちに話をした。

翌年２月にオーチャードビルに帰った山宣は再び開墾の仕事に戻り、夜は加藤牧師の教えを忘れず、フランス語と野菜栽培法の勉強をした。４月のイースターまでには全部開墾が終わる予定だったが３月末に斧の柄を折って仕事ができなくなり、金も食料も底をついたのでバンクーバーへ戻った。ビクトリアのホテルで１ヶ月ほどボーイの仕事をしたが、２年間の経験で、バンクーバーでは園芸の勉強もできないし、かといって貯金ができるほど稼げる仕事もない事に気がついた。農場開墾のための資金を得るには、夏のあいだ、日本人としては最も収入の多いサケ漁をすべきと考え、６月中旬にスチーブストンに戻った。

１９０９年は４年に一度の豊漁の年という予想で、この夏スチーブストンには日本人２５００人、白人２０００人、中国およびインド人７００人ほどの漁師が集まっていた。

スチーブストンでは加藤牧師の教会で夜の勉強会をひらいて気炎をあげた。この年７月漁獲がすくなかったが、予想どうり豊漁で、このため魚の値がひくく抑えられた。しかし猟師団体のストライキで値上げが実現した。山宣は森下太郎吉（船主）の船のプルマンで、帆の上げ下ろし、網を下ろす時にはネットマンが網を投げるに従ってボートを漕ぎ、暇をみて炊事をする役目だった。

山宣らの船は７月１９－２４日に６９尾、２６－３１日に１０１尾、８月２－７日に１０４７尾、９－１３日に８６８尾、１５－１９日に４３６尾、２０－２５日に２９９尾、で計２８２０尾を得たが、２５日で漁期は終わり、山宣の手取りは７２６ドルだった。

５週間余り昼夜兼行で、荒波と戦って得た金は、８月末にチブスにかかった親友浅田の入院費と看護のために全部消えてしまった。さらに、石原明之助の娘（山宣にとって従姉の子）が脳膜炎で死去、父母からは帰国を迫られたが、彼はあと５年は学校で学び、園芸学者、か生物学者になろうと考えていた。

山宣は２年余り漂浪生活を省みて、身体は丈夫になったので、今後は働きながら学校に通うことにし、加奈陀新報の配達による収入を学資に当てることにした。新聞社に住み込むので食費と室代は無料だった。

１９０９年に山宣はバンクーバー　のストラスコナ小学校の上級生として通学を始めた。３９名の同級生のうち女性徒が２８名、日本人は山宣と同じくらいの年齢の男子３人。学課は英語の読み書き、算術、世界地理、英国とカナダの歴史、音楽、手工で、最初は先生の英語にまごついたが、２週間も経つと慣れてきた。月謝は無料、教科書の大部分は貸してくれ、ノートや鉛筆もくれた。この年、かれは２０歳だったが、入学資格を得るために１７歳ということにした。

かれは１９１０年から英語で日記を書き始めた。１月５日にかれのクラスの全員がハイスクール入学準備クラス”に進級した。そしてかれは毎日曜日ごとにスチーブストンに行き教会で子供たちに歌を教えた。他に月２回土曜日にニューウエストミンスターの日本人教会で合唱指導をした。３月末の学校の成績は４８人中５番、６月末にはハイスクールの入学試験を受けた。

受験したのはバンクーバーで４００人、ストラスコナからは２４人が受験した。発表は１ヶ月後なので，夏休みは大陸横断列車のボーイをして働くことにしたが、夜汽車では寝られず、収入もよくなかったので、モントリオールまで一往復しただけで止め、スチィーブストンでの漁師の仕事に戻った。試験の結果は、合格者２３６人中の６５番で自信がついた。ハイスクールも月謝はいらなっかたが、参考書が必要で、この時初めて父に２０円の借金を頼んだ。

９月からはブリタニアハイスクールに通うことになり、１年生は試験の成績が６００点以上とそれ以下の２クラスに分かれ、山宣は上級のクラスだった。ハイスクールの授業は英文学、ラテン語、美術、代数、幾何があり、山宣は入学後まもなくから、ラテン語その他で好成績をとってい

Continued on page 24

た。

山宣の一日は3時に授業が終わると新聞配達、夕食後はシアトルの旭日新聞を配達し、8時から英語を習いにくる4－5人の労働者に英語を教えるので、夜9時過ぎからが自分の勉強時間だった。このような厳しい状況で12月の前半期の成績は28人中の首席だった。このころ、山宣はメソジスト教会から離れて、ユニテリアン教会に行くようになった。

1910年の夏、バンクーバーで“北米邦字新聞記者大会が開かれた。当時バンクーバーに加奈陀新報、大陸日報、と加奈陀毎日新聞があった。大会がひらかれる2ヶ月前に日本で幸徳秋水らが天皇暗殺計画をたてたのが発覚、日本政府はこの機会に共産主義者をすべて検挙する方針をたて、この事件に関連した26人中12名が翌年1月に死刑になった。これに対し、英、、カナダでは抗議運動が起こり，山宣は日本での社会主義弾圧に心に心を痛めていた。

7月の進級試験で首席をとり、2年に進んだ山宣は、次は大学に進学したいと思っていたが、11月に父の病気が重くなり、急遽帰国した。父の病気はよくなったが、両親がバンクーバーに戻ることを許さなかったので、やむなく1912年春、同志社普通学校（中学）4年のクラスに入った。この年明治天皇がなくなられ、年号が大正になった。1914年には彼は三高に入り、17年に東大理学部入学、卒業後は同志社大学の予科講師、21年には京都大学の医学部講師となった。

彼はこのころから労働者教育と産児制限運動に取り組み、カナダの労働者生活の経験を生かして、労働者階級の生活向上に力を尽くした。1921年、彼は鳥取市で産児制限についての講演中、特高警察から中止の声がかかり、壇上から引きずり下ろされた。この結果、彼は京都大学を退職せざるを得なかった。その後社会主義研究団体主催の講演会で各地を講演してまわった。

1929年、彼は労働農民党という政治団体から、衆議院議員補欠選挙に京都から立候補し、このときは落選したが、よくねんの第一回普通選挙に労働農民党の公認候補として立候補、見事当選した。労農党は左翼系の政党であったので、右翼から目の敵にされており、29年3月5日夜、右翼の男に短刀で刺されて死亡した。その訃報は翌6日にはバンクーバーにも伝わり、邦字新聞はもとより，VANCOUVER SUN 紙等も彼の死を報じた。3月10日には彼の死を悼んでバンクーバーでも追悼会が開かれた。犯人は懲役12年の刑が言い渡されたが、6年で出獄している。❁

The list of new and renewing members of National Nikkei Museum & Heritage Centre from February 1 to April 30, 2006.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Abe
Mr. & Mrs. Tats Aoki
Mr. & Mrs. Tsuguo Arai
Mr. & Mrs. Mitsuyoshi Araki
Mr. & Mrs. Yoshiharu Aura
Dr. Michiko Ayukawa
Mr. Frank A. Baba
Mr. Robert Banno, Ms. Cathy Makihara
Mrs. Sumika Child
Mr. & Mrs. Michael Coles
Mr. Christian Cowley, Elaine Yamamoto
Ms. Anne Dore
Mr. Shigeyoshi Ebata
Mr. Dennis Y. Enomoto
Dr. & Mrs. Bruce Ettinger
Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm Fitz-Earle
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Friesen
Mr. & Mrs. Kiyoshi Fujieda
Mr. David Fujiwara
Mrs. Fumiko Fujiwara
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Fukui
Mr. Makoto Fukui
Ms. Tomoko Goto
Mrs. Susan H. Gratton
Ms. Kiyoko Hamada
Mr. & Mrs. Roy Hamade
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur S. Hara, O.C.
Mr. Thomas H. Hara
Mr. & Mrs. Kazuji Haraguchi
Mrs. M. Grace Harling
Mr. & Mrs. William Hashizume
Mr. & Mrs. Masao Hatanaka
Mr. Rodney Y. Hatanaka
Mr. & Mrs. Mitsuo Hayashi
Mr. & Mrs. Showney Higashi
Mrs. Fukiko Hinatsu
Mr. & Mrs. Miki Hirai
Mr. & Mrs. Shigeru Hirai
Mr. & Mrs. Isamu Hori
Mr. & Mrs. Naotaka Ide
Prof. Masako Iino
Ms. Sanaye Ikari
Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Imai
Rev. Katsumi Imayoshi
Mr. & Mrs. Masayasu Inoue
Ms. Beverley Inouye
Mrs. Chiyoko Inouye
Mrs. Kimiyo Inouye
Mr. & Mrs. Roy Inouye
Mrs. May H. Ishikawa
Hibari Kai
Mr. & Mrs. Noboru Ishikawa
Mrs. Hanae Iwaasa-Robbs
Ms. Sumi Iwamoto
Mr. & Mrs. Kunihiko Iwashita
Nihon Tomono-kai
Mr. Tak Iwata
K. Iwata Travel Service
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Kadonaga
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Kadota
Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Kadota
Mr. Tatsuo Kage
Lily Y. Kamachi
Mrs. Sumiko Kamachi
Mr. & Mrs. Shizuo Kamezawa
Mr. & Mrs. George Kawaguchi
Miss Amy E. Kawamoto
Dr. Tsuyoshi Kawasaki, Marja Kates
Mr. & Mrs. Kazuo Kawashima
Mr. & Mrs. Kenji Kikegawa
Ms. Suzue Kimoto
Mr. & Mrs. Nobuo Kitsuda
Mr. Gordon Kobayashi
Mr. Kunihiko Araki,
Ms. Hatsue Kobuke
Dr. May Komiyama
Mrs. Kikuye Komori
Mr. & Mrs. Teruo Koyanagi
Mrs. Yoshiko Koyanagi
Mrs. Kazue Kozaka
Mr. & Mrs. Seiya Kuwabara
Mr. & Mrs. Bernie Lofstrand
Mrs. Margaret Lyons
Mr. & Mrs. Mamoru Madokoro
Mr. & Mrs. Minoru Maniwa
Ms. Josie Matsuba
Mr. & Mrs. Yoshiaki Matsumoto
Ms. Janice Matsumura
Mrs. Shizuko Matsumura
Mr. & Mrs. Hisao Matsuoka
Mr. & Mrs. Don Mayede
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Miki
Mr. & Mrs. Tsuneo Miki
Mr. & Mrs. David Minamata
Mr. & Mrs. Kaoru Minato
Mrs. Ritz Misumi
Mrs. Frances Miyashita
Mr. & Mrs. Tak Miyazaki
Mr. & Mrs. Don Mohoruk
Mr. & Mrs. Elmer Morishita
Mr. & Mrs. Steve Morishita
Ms. Diane Murakami
Mrs. Fusa Murata
Mrs. Shigeko Nagasaka
Mr. & Mrs. Toshio Nagumo
Mrs. Frances Nakagawa
Mrs. Shoko Nakagawa
Mr. Edward Nakamura
Mrs. Peggy Nakano
Mr. & Mrs. Ted Nakashima
Mr. & Mrs. Brian Nasu
Mr. & Mrs. Peter Nimi
Mrs. Shigeko Nishimura
Dr. & Mrs. Nori Nishio
Ms. Janet Nitta
Ms. Alisa Noda
Mrs. Ginko Ochiai
Mrs. Sadako Oikawa
Mrs. Setsuko Okabe
Mr. & Mrs. Larry Okada
Ms. Ruby Okano
Mr. Hiroshi Okazaki
Mr. & Mrs. Masao Onishi
Mr. Ray Ota
Mrs. Tomiko Pedersen
Mrs. Toshiko Quan
Mrs. Aileen Randall
Ms. Patricia Roy
Mr. & Mrs. Tats Sakauye
Mrs. Akemi Sakiyama
Miss Joyce Sakon
Mr. Fred Sasaki
Mrs. Eva T. Shiho
Mrs. Michiyo Shimamichi
Mr. & Mrs. George Shimizu
Ms. Janet Shimizu
Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Shimizu
Mr. & Mrs. Ted Shimizu
Mr. & Mrs. Yoshio Shimizu
Dr. & Mrs. Kazumi Shintani
Mr. & Mrs. Kiyoshi Shono
Mr. Mike Sokugawa, Ms. Fumi Horii
Mr. & Mrs. Eric Sokugawa
Mrs. Masako St. James
Mr. & Mrs. Kanji Suga
Mr. & Mrs. James Sugiyama
Suki's Beauty Bazaar Ltd.
Mr. Taki Suzuki
Mr. & Mrs. David Takahashi
Mr. & Mrs. Ken Takahashi
Mr. Koji Takahashi
Mrs. Atsuko Takashima
Mr. & Mrs. Akira Tanaka
Mrs. Etsuko Tanaka
Dr. & Mrs. Jim Tanaka
Mr. Kazuo B. Tanaka
Mr. & Mrs. Minoru Tanaka
Mr. & Mrs. Mitsuru Tanaka
Mr. & Mrs. Ryoji Tanizawa
Mr. & Mrs. Shigeharu Teranishi
Mr. & Mrs. Willy Tobler
Mr. & Mrs. George Tsuchiya
Mr. Tomoaki Tsuchiya
Mr. & Mrs. Takuo Uegaki
Ms. Marjorie Umezuki
Ms. Leslie G. Uyeda
Mr. & Mrs. Mutsumi Uyede
Ms. Kuniko Uyeno
Mrs. Akiko Wakabayashi
Mr. & Mrs. Henry Wakabayashi
Mrs. Michiko Watanabe
Dr. Michael Wilson, Ms. Ineke Dijks
Ms. Shirley Witherow
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Woloshyn
Mr. & Mrs. Fred Yada
Mrs. Kiyoe Yada
Mrs. Miyoko Yamada
Mr. Shiro Yamaguchi
Mr. Harold Yamamoto
Ms. June Yamamoto
Ms. Norine K. Yamamoto
Mr. & Mrs. Sam Yamamoto
Mr. Tats Yamamoto
Mr. Robert K. Yamaoka
Mr. Shoji Peter Yamauchi
Mr. Tom Y. Yamaura
Mr. Carl Yokota
Mrs. Marcia Masako Yoshida