



Nikkei Images

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Portland Japanese Garden by Christine Kondo

Professor Takuma Tono, designer of the Portland Japanese Garden, once said, "A Japanese garden is not only a place for the cultivation of trees and flowering shrubs, but one that provides secluded leisure, rest, repose, meditation and sentimental pleasure...The Garden speaks to all the senses, not just the mind alone."

Indeed, I found a stroll through the Portland Japanese Garden is a journey that calms and soothes the visitor, a journey that is experienced by more than 130,000 visitors annually. The 5.5-acre garden was designed by Professor Tono, head of the Tokyo University of Agriculture's Landscape Architecture Department, beginning in 1963 and was open to the public in 1967. Located within Washington Park in the west hills of Portland, Oregon, the garden is a non-profit organization and is funded entirely by admissions, memberships and donations.

Professor Tono used three primary elements in his design: stone, the "bones" of the landscape for strength and support; water, the life-giving force; and plants, which provide a tapestry of ever-changing colour, growth and texture throughout the four seasons. Wandering throughout the garden, the visitor enjoys Tono's subtle "hide and reveal" theme as movement through the garden reveals continuously changing views.

In a study conducted by *Roth's Journal of Japanese Gardening*,



The Antique Gate at the entrance to the Portland Japanese Garden. (C. Kondo photo, 2006)

the Portland Japanese Garden was ranked first out of 300 public Japanese gardens outside of Japan and considered one of the most authentic.

Only a fifteen-minute drive from downtown Portland, this garden is a calm oasis with sweeping views of the city and beyond to the Cascade

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Announcements

All Events at NNMHC

Japanese Farmer's Market
Sep. 30, 2006: 11:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m.

Japan Expo
Oct. 7, 2006: 10:30 a.m.-3:00 p.m.

Suian Maru Panel Discussion
Oct. 12, 2006: 7:00 p.m.
Jinzaburo Oikawa Exhibition
Oct. 13, 2006: 6:00-9:00 p.m.
Suian Maru Centennial Celebration Dinner
Oct. 14, 2006: 530 p.m.

Children's Halloween Party
Oct. 28, 2006: 10:30 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

6th Annual Christmas Craft/Bake Sale
Nov. 18, 2006: 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.

Nikkei Winter Dance
Nov. 25, 2006: 7:30 -1130 p.m.

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Mountains. Visitors begin their peaceful journey by passing through the Antique Gate under a canopy of trees and walking along a forested pathway up to the admission gate.

There are five major subgardens:

The Tea Garden (*roji*) has two areas, each devoted to enhancing the tea ceremony. The outer garden (*soto-roji*) contains the waiting station for the tea ceremony. The inner garden (*uchi-roji*) surrounds the ceremonial tea house. The *Kashin-tei* or Flower Heart House was built in Japan using traditional construction pegs and almost no nails. The plants around the Tea Garden are sparse and not showy because nothing should detract from the ritual of the tea ceremony.

The Strolling Pond Garden (*chisen-kaiyu-shiki*) is the largest of the subgardens. A wisteria arbour was designed as a frame for the five-tiered pagoda lantern given to Portland from its sister city, Sapporo, Japan, in 1963. The stones at the base of the pagoda are in the shape of the island of Hokkaido, with Sapporo designated by a red stone. Several ornate bridges cross the creek between the upper pond and lower ponds. The upper pond features crane sculptures and the lower pond is home to tortoise and crane stones, symbols of longevity. A wooden zig-zag bridge leads through iris beds which bloom in late June. Here, the Heavenly Falls provide a majestic backdrop to the lower pond which holds dozens of colourful *koi*. Seven large rocks are arranged as the constellation 'The Big Dipper'.

The Natural Garden (*shukei-en*) features smaller ponds, waterfalls and shallow streams meandering under tiny bridges. Trees, shrubs,

ferns and mosses grow in their natural state in this shady area. Along the path, visitors come upon a small *jizo* statue--the only human form in the garden—which represents a kindly and protective deity. A tile-roofed gazebo (*azumaya*) provides a place for rest and reflection.

The Sand and Stone Garden (*karensansui/zen niwa*) is representative of an abstract garden style that is typically found in Zen monasteries. It features stark weathered stones rising out of a bed of sand raked with ripples, to suggest the sea. A bench invites the visitor to sit and reflect on the structure.

The Flat Garden (*hira-niwa*) is an expansive sea of raked sand representing water. Two islands of low-growing plants are in the shape of a gourd and a *sake* cup, representing happiness and enlightenment. The sea-landscape is surrounded by plantings of evergreens and azaleas. A large pavilion overlooks the Flat Garden to the west and visitors often meditate under the eaves of the roof. The pavilion is used for society events and special displays, such as *ikebana* festivals. The architectural style of the pavilion is from the Kamakura period in Japan and includes a *shoji* (translucent paper panels), *fusuma* (paper-covered movable wall panels), *tatami* (reed mats) and verandas. Just south of the pavilion is a poetry stone with the inscription: "Here, miles from Japan I stand as if warmed by the spring sunshine of home." ❀

The Portland Japanese Garden is open all year except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Special events and festivals are held throughout the year. Tel: 503-223-1321. E-mail: www.japanesegarden.com

The NNMHC does not necessarily agree with the opinions expressed by the authors of the articles included in this issue: nor does it accept responsibility for errors or omissions

The Japanese Garden at Dinner Bay Park, Mayne Island, B.C. by Alan Cheek

This beautiful garden was first conceived back in 1987 shortly after the Mayne Island Parks and Recreation Commission (under the administration of the Capital Regional District) was established. The first volunteers made a great start by creating the pond that can still be seen in its basic form today. They were fully supported by the resident Otsuki and Nagata families who donated the cherry trees and other plants we still enjoy seeing today. Major drainage problems were encountered and various high-cost solutions were considered. Other park priorities and commitments intervened and the garden was virtually abandoned, becoming a swamp dominated by alder trees.

These trees had multiplied and grown tall by the fall of 1999 when the project was reactivated. One of the Commissioners, Don Herbert, undertook to recreate and fully develop the garden with the help of volunteers. I was fortunate to be Commission chairman at the time. It wasn't very long before the project took on a life of its own with an energetic community spirit. This spirit was, and still is, very evident with the many volunteers, generous donations of plants, money, and services donated by local contractors. It should be noted that the Commissioners and volunteers are unpaid and work many hours to create this magnificent garden. Funding from the Capital Regional District has been relatively small.

Once the alders had been removed the pond was cleaned out and the island created, the general garden area was graded and shaped into its present form. The drainage problem was solved by digging streams and installing pipes. Once the general path layout had been



View of Mayne Island Japanese garden showing pond, bridge and vegetation. (F. Kamiya photo, 2006)

determined an irrigation system and underground electric conduits were trenched and put in place. At this time the whole concept still appeared very rudimentary, yet it was taking shape.

To assist our planning we retained Joseph Fry, a landscape architect from Vancouver, to produce conceptual drawings and a coloured plan of the site. His basic concept was followed and used as a general guide. To avoid the high development cost we continued to depend on the overwhelming generosity of the community and its visitors. Joseph had a personal interest in seeing the garden develop as his mother when a child was moved from the coast to Ontario in 1942; he has been actively involved with the National Nikkei Heritage and Museum Centre in Burnaby.

With ongoing community support a bridge to the island was built, then another one, together with a waterfall funded by the Mayne Island Lions Club. This necessitated

the drilling of a well and building a pump-house. Another small, zig-zag, meditation (*yatsuhashi*) bridge overlooking the pond was also added, plus many plants, trees, benches and various style lanterns.

The garden was sufficiently developed by May 2002 that the Commission took the opportunity to invite the Lieutenant-Governor of B.C., the Honourable Iona Campagnolla to unveil a plaque in the garden in recognition of the early Japanese settlers. It was wonderful to see some of these Japanese family members attend with their children and grandchildren from across Canada. Our thanks to the Nikkei Centre and Mitzi Saito for helping to locate so many of them. Takeo Yamashiro, a *sakuhachi* master, enhanced this special day by drifting his beautiful music over the water and wafting through the woodland trees. It was a time to cherish and remember!

Following that wonderful occasion, the volunteers developed

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the fuchsia and camellia areas, a quiet secluded rhododendron garden with its own small pond and stream. All of this complements the iris beds, flowering plants and masses of shrubs. A replica of a Japanese charcoal kiln was built near the garden entrance, there were many in the Gulf Islands supplying the fish canneries on the Fraser River. This was followed by a major oriental-style fence edging the adjacent sports field creating a sense of seclusion for the garden.

Then in 2003 a larger plaque was installed by the *torii* gate leading into the garden's woodland approach. As a *hakujin* I felt there was a need to explain the reason for a Japanese garden on this small island, so the plaque provided the background story to the settlers. The first to arrive in 1900 was Gontaro Kadonga, he farmed, fished and logged with his family - his descendants still visit the island occasionally. Most

of the settlers who followed him were relatives who arrived from the village of Agarimichi in the Tottori prefecture of western Honshu. The settlers comprised only a third of the island's population yet provided over 50% of its economy. When they had to leave in early 1942 the local school had to close for lack of students. The departure was strongly regretted by those remaining.

It takes many volunteers to conceive and bring to fruition a garden of this calibre and many must remain un-named. Don Herbert is no longer as active yet still participates and takes an interest in its continued development. The one indefatigable individual who had done far more than the rest of us is Tosh Saito, a thoroughly dedicated hard worker who never seems to stop working. He built the pump-house/tool shed, the oriental fence, four of our five bridges, installed the pipes and

conduits, and a lot more besides. And he does it all with an unassuming modesty as he prepares at age 77 to assist with another long fence.

So the garden grows. A second *torii* has been made by another volunteer, and the same guy has created a wonderful roofed structure with angled boards on which additional plaques will be placed, together with the names of volunteers and major donors who have contributed during the gardens early years of development. The garden is now attracting international attention in the United States and Europe. You can get a preview of its beauty by logging on to www.mayneisland.com. Even better, find time to visit the garden, it is especially beautiful during April and May. Discover the peace and serenity that pervades this magic place.

I am just an enthusiastic *hakujin*. ❀

Seattle Japanese Garden by Christine Kondo

The Seattle Japanese Garden is a peaceful sanctuary tucked in the University of Washington's Park Arboretum. The 3.5-acre garden is designed featuring the many characteristics of a stroll-through formal garden from the Momoyama Period (late 16th century) and early Edo Period (early 17th century). The stroll-through garden aims to create the illusion of many landscapes that reveal and disappear along the path.

As early as 1937 the Washington Park Arboretum Foundation supported the creation of a Japanese garden as part of the park. But the plans were set aside until many years after World War II when racial and political tensions eased. In 1959 the Foundation received a sizable gift from an anonymous donor which allowed them to hire the world-famous gardener Juki Iida—builder of more than 1,000 Japanese gardens—to oversee the design.



A view of the lake at the Seattle Japanese Garden. (C. Kondo photo, (2006)

Working with six other designers including Kiyoshi Inoshita, Mr. Iida came from Japan to supervise the construction of the garden and personally selected more than 500

granite boulders from the Cascade Mountains near Snoqualmie Pass. Construction began in March 1960 and was completed in four months. It is one of the earliest post-war public

constructions of a Japanese Garden on the Pacific Coast.

Strolling through the garden, the visitor is taken on a journey that follows the flow and movement of water. Streams and waterfalls that emerge from a hillside area feed down into a lake. The lake is lined with lakeshore pines, willow trees, birches and deciduous shrubs.

Kiyoshi Inoshita, one of the original designers, described the design intent, "The flow of water, which originated in the high mountain ranges, transforms itself as it continues its way through the landscape...At the end of the lake is a stone paved boat launch, which symbolically represents a fishing village. There, the water disappears from one's sight, leaving the expectation that it will be joining the greater ocean."

Two bridges span the lake: the earthen bridge (*dobashi*) and the plank bridge (*yatsubashi*). Turtle Island rises out from the centre of the lake. In addition to the dozens of *koi*, the lake also supports irises, juncus aquatic grass and lily pads. A viewing arbor and moon-viewing stand on the shoreline of the lake is used in late summer for ceremonies that celebrate the rising moon. *Shinto*-style Japanese lanterns are located throughout the garden, and often mark divergences in the path.

The garden's original teahouse, donated by the city of Tokyo, was hand-constructed in Japan by the Shimizu Company and reassembled on site. Fire destroyed the teahouse in 1973 and it was reconstructed in 1981 with the help from the Urasenke Foundation of Kyoto. The copper-shingled teahouse contains

a six-*tatami* mat tearoom, a one-mat preparation room, a two-mat anteroom and a stone floor entry. *Chado*—The Way of Tea—is demonstrated several times from April to October.

Another gift from Japan sits atop a pine-covered knoll: a 200-year-old, 3.5-ton hand-carved granite lantern was a gift to the people of Seattle from the citizens of Kobe.

In 2001-02, renovations took place under the direction of Koichi Kobayashi. The renovations included an installation of shoreline protection rockery and landscape rocks as well as a water re-circulation system for water conservation. ❀

The Seattle Japanese Garden is open from March to the end of November. Tel: 206-684-4725. <http://www.ci.seattle.wa.us/parks/parkspaces/japanesegarden.htm>

Artist/Craftsman Series No. 10

Maestro Derrick Inouye by Stan Fukawa



Derrick Inouye. (K. Inouye photo, ca. 2000)

Readers who are regular listeners to the CBC may recall the occasions when Derrick Inouye was a guest on CBC Radio. This happened often during his years with the symphony orchestras of Vancouver (1981-85) and Toronto

(1990) as Assistant Conductor, and with the Regina Symphony (1984-89) as Music Director. Since Inouye is a common Japanese name, it was only a few years ago that I learned that some Inouyes I know in the Greater Vancouver area were related to him. Their comments help to round out the picture of the man inside the artist.

Maestro Inouye debuted at Carnegie Hall in 1998, leading a roster of world-class performers in a program that featured Her Imperial Highness Princess Takamado's "Lulie the Iceberg." The performance was hosted by Her Highness who wrote the story, with music written by Jeffrey Stock. Yo-yo Ma on cello, Paul Winter on saxophone, and Pamela Frank on violin played the starring characters of the iceberg and animals. The maestro led the Orchestra of St. Mark's.

The following year, his mother, Kaye Inouye, remembers fondly

her visit with Prince and Princess Takamado at their palace in Tokyo. She and Derrick were invited to visit when the Takamado's were in Vancouver at a function where they sat next to her. She remembers the kindness of both the Prince and the Princess.

Derrick had by then come to know Japan well. He was born to Kaye and Bob in 1956, the youngest of four children. He attended school in West Vancouver. After his early musical education in flute, piano and violin, he majored in violin at the University of British Columbia (1973-75), where he showed a strong aptitude for conducting. He went on to the Toho Gakuen Music School in Japan and studied conducting under Hideo Saito, Seiji Ozawa, Kazuyoshi Akiyama and Tadaaki Otaka.

Both his mother and his aunt Bev Inouye, remember being shocked at how much Derrick had been changed

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by his few years in Japan. When he left home, he knew little Japanese and was very outgoing in his demeanor. When he returned, they remember noticing how much quieter he had become and how “Japanese” he looked. This was probably due to the strong influence of world-class teachers in a strict performing arts tradition, and to his Japanese haircut.

The Toho school prides itself in its ability to teach conductors how to communicate with the orchestra. To accomplish this, students of conducting begin by working with one pianist playing a simple piece. Later, they move up to working with two pianos. Podium work comes after that.

It was during the early 1980s that he studied at the Tanglewood Institute at Boston University under Seiji Ozawa and Erich Leinsdorf and then in Italy during three summers with the celebrated maestro, Franco Ferrara at the Academia Musicale Chigiana in Siena, Italy. This culminated in his being awarded First Prize in Conducting at the prestigious Vittorio Gui Competition in 1985.

His abilities were praised in the Leipziger Morgenpost newspaper arts section for Jan. 8, 1993 by critic Peter Meyer as follows...“Finally a great conductor who knows how to manage the distinguished tradition of the art of conducting stood once more on the podium of the MDR Symphony at the Gewandhaus. Derrick Inouye understands how to communicate the spirit of the music to the orchestra. His elastic, flexible conducting technique, combined with musical brio, gratifyingly

inspired the orchestra.” [*The MDR Symphony is the oldest radio symphony orchestra in Europe, dating back to 1924. It is 82 years old this year. The quotation comes from Kaye Inouye’s scrap book.*]

During the 2004-2005 opera season, Derrick Inouye debuted at the New York Metropolitan Opera, conducting that company’s premiere production of Berlioz’ *Benvenuto Cellini*. He also conducted at the very popular “Met in the Park” outdoor series throughout the Big Apple, gaining excellent reviews that can be viewed on the internet by Googling his name.

His list of guest conductor appearances is massive. He has carried his baton to over 40 cities in countries that have symphony orchestras – travelling to Europe, the U.S.A., Canada, Japan and New Zealand, and has conducted most of the major orchestras. He has undoubtedly amassed a lot of Frequent Flyer points in his work.

For opera lovers, the most exciting bit of news is that Derrick Inouye will be coming to Vancouver to conduct the Vancouver Opera’s production of “*The Magic Flute*” opening in January 2007, an adaptation with Mozart’s music in a First Nations setting.

This is another fine homecoming for a talented musician who first brought attention to his musical aptitude by winning a scholarship awarded to “Ricky Inouye” by the Saint Anthony’s Convent School of Music in West Vancouver for the highest standing in Grade VII exams. ❀

Corrections!

Several major formatting errors were made in two articles printed in the 2006 Spring issue of NIKKEI IMAGES. The columns in the Johnny Madokoro article are not in sequence. Many of the Chinese characters in the article by Ikuye Uchida in Japanese appear as squares and the sole accompanying photograph has nothing to do with this narrative. Consequently, to correct these errors, the Madokoro article is reprinted on page 6 and the Uchida article on page 32 of this issue. Apologies to the authors and to our readers for any inconvenience these errors may have caused.

Family History Series No. 5

Yoshio Johnny Madokoro (Part 1) by Dennis Madokoro

My name is Yoshio and I was born in 1913. I am the oldest child of Kamezo and Ine Madokoro. My earliest memory is of me at four years old on a wharf on Gambier Island, I was fishing for perch and they were biting like crazy. I used some string and a bent nail, bait was the green horned wharf worms that grew just under the water on the sides of the wharf. You had to knock them off the sides with an oar. Perch, or *pochi* as we called them, were plentiful. There also were shiners, or *shaina-pochie*, those were my favourites. My father and

I used to spend many hours fishing. That was a grand time!

Our family was on Gambier Island living at the summer home of Mr. Forrest. He was a man of means and my father was hired to look after his summer place. My father was unusual for a Japanese because he spoke English. Not well, but he could get by and that is why he became Mr. Forrest’s caretaker. It was a good life for a four-year-old!

We moved to Steveston later that year. My father



Madokoro family on Gambier Island. From left; Yaeko, Ine, Michiharu and Yoshio. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 16)

knew that he could make more money fishing. By that time, there were five of us, my parents, me, Yaeko, Michi, and Hiroshi. There were lots and lots of Japanese families in Steveston. Most were from the same prefecture in Japan, Wakayama. Quite a few were from Shimosato, my father's village. We spent a lot of time in Steveston visiting aunts and uncles. I had a lot of cousins! My father's family was particularly close to my Uncle Denjiro.¹ He became like a second father to me and his sons and daughters were like my brothers and sisters. My father and Uncle would fish together, father in his boat, the **KM**, and Uncle in his boat, the **DE**. In those days, boats had only the initials of the owners to identify them.

There is an interesting story about the **KM**. My father was struggling and could not afford to build a boat. He had a younger brother in Idaho who was known as the "potato king". This brother whose name was Tomezo Hashimoto, or Hashimoto Tomezo in the Japanese method of naming people, apparently made a small fortune raising potatoes. My father asked for and got enough money to build the **KM**. It was thirty-two

feet long, which made it pretty big for a fishing boat. The engine was a seven-horsepower **Vulcan**. It made a distinctive sound, sort of a "chut chut" when it was running.

Our family continued to grow. Kuniko, my kid sister, was born and then there were six of us for my father to feed. He would go up the West Coast of Vancouver Island with Uncle Denjiro and fish for salmon the whole summer. My mother stayed in Steveston and took care of her four children. It was a nice community, friends, relatives, and always something for a *yancha bozu* like me to get into some kind of mischief. Mother was always after me to act like the oldest son should, but I was having lots of fun. Perhaps, that was why when I was six, our whole family went to visit my father's family in Shimosato, in Wakayama-ken, Japan.

Jichan and *Bachan* were tiny little people. They wore these *kimono* and straw sandals. My father sure paid attention to his father. He was unusually quiet in Japan. In Canada, he was always very jolly and talkative. I guess he had a lot of respect for his father and mother. I don't know, perhaps that was the Japanese way. My grandparents looked at me a lot while our whole family was in Japan. I think my grandfather was a little upset at how *yancha* I was acting.

When it came time for our family to leave, was I ever surprised! They were leaving me behind. I cried and I cried but it was done. I really did not like my parents for doing that.

What I remember most were the holes in my straw sandals, I wore them like that the whole year that I stayed with *Jichan* and *Bachan*. We ate poorly compared to the food I was used to in Steveston. I think that money was a problem in Shimosato. I think that is why my father left Japan to go to Canada. There was no way for him to make a living in his home village of Shimosato. My Japanese improved. I learned to bow a lot to the adults. It was a lot different than my home.

I returned to Steveston one year later. My Japanese and my manners had improved. I was home! I was so happy to be with my family and friends. I was happy eating lots of good food; *ochazuke*, baked salmon, *tsukemono*, and no more going to bed hungry. I was never going to complain again.

That lasted about three months and there I was back to normal but I must admit, my manners were much better and I was even nice to my younger brothers, Michi and Hiroshi. In Steveston I went to Japanese school. I learnt to read and write and of course speak Japanese. I noticed there was a difference in the way we spoke in Canada than in Japan. It was more colorful here because the fishermen were often combining Japanese and English to

Continued on page 8

make new words. Boat became *boto* instead of *fune*, and names of fishing boat engines like **Palmer** became ***Pa-ma***. Stuff like that. I, of course, noticed that for a while after Japan, and then I didn't notice it at all. It was just the way we spoke here.

Move to Tofino

When I was nine, we moved to Tofino. My Father used to fish there all summer. Then he would come home to Steveston. The Government changed the rules that year. In order to fish at Tofino, a fisherman had to reside there. My Uncle Denjiro was the first to move that year. He bought some property near a place called Chesterman's Beach in Tofino. He came back for my Father's family. We left in 1922. I remember that year because that was the year of a huge earthquake that destroyed half of Tokyo. It was in September.

Our family packed all our belongings into one trunk, a couple of duffel bags and some blankets. The rest of the family was on the ***KM***. I went with Uncle Denjiro to give him a hand. I think I helped steer the boat a few times, that kind of stuff. It was exciting and sad for me. I had heard from my Father and my Uncle about this place, but I was sad to leave my good friends and my cousins in Steveston. The weather that day was sunny and clear. The sea was calm and we had a wind that helped us along our way. All things seemed to indicate a good start to our voyage.

Georgia Strait runs between Vancouver Island and the mainland. You can see Vancouver Island way in the distance from Steveston. Our little convoy of two fishing boats moved slowly away from the familiar sights of the Lower Mainland. At seven-horsepower, the ***KM*** and the ***DE*** pushed steadily through the open waters. The sadness of leaving soon gave way to the excitement of

the voyage. It was the first time our whole family was aboard the ***KM*** and the ***DE***.

At noon we were half way to the Island. It grew bigger and bigger until the entire horizon was this dark wooded shape that beckoned to us. "Hello" was echoed back to us. It was us calling to us. My Father and Uncle took turns at leading the way. That way, one or the other could rest their eyes and take a break. If you were the lead boat, you had to look for kelp patches that could foul your propeller. These patches had kelps that were sometimes thirty or forty feet long. They could wrap around your propeller and stop your boat dead. The other danger was "deadheads", watersoaked logs that lurked at or just below the surface of the water. A "deadhead" could put a hole right through a fishing boat's

hull and sink her. The other boat just had to follow in the wake of the lead boat at a safe distance. I had the job of steering Uncle's boat when we were following. Uncle took the wheel when we were the lead boat. We chugged through the dangerous Active Pass. On our right was the city of Victoria. We then entered Swifsure and the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

That night we anchored near Sooke. This was a bay just past the city of Victoria. The bay was surrounded by what were now becoming a common sight, lots and lots of evergreen trees. Father said that there were many wild animals in the forests. He mentioned a big cat called a cougar. It could eat little children, we kids were convinced that we did not want to go ashore. My mother made our supper by



Madokoro house on Storm Bay. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1930)

cooking over a *sembe* can that was filled with wood. She had a little grill made from some metal rods that sat over the mouth of the can. We ate rice, some *tsukemono*, some dried fish and tea. It tasted good after the long day.

On the morning of the third day, we had Vancouver Island to our right side or starboard. On our left side or port, there was the Pacific Ocean. As far as the eye could see, there was nothing but wide-open ocean. The swell from the ocean made all of us quite sick except for my Father and Uncle. They were used to the rolling motion. For me, it was agony as I took to hanging over the side to “feed” the fish. It was hell. That lasted most of the third day. Around Bamfield, we entered Barclay Sound and the quieter waters of the inside passage. That was the fourth day.

On the afternoon of the fifth day, we rounded Grice Point through Duffin’s Passage. The tide was running in at the time and we were swept along at a fast pace. My first impression of the village was, “how rinky-dinky!” I was not impressed. This was going to be where we were to live. Yikes! You have to remember that I was nine years old and I was coming to a little fishing village on the West Coast. My life in busy Steveston was heaven in comparison. What can I do, I said to myself, this is it, Tofino!

The first night in Tofino, we slept on board as we had the whole trip. Our shelter was a tent that Father and Uncle had rigged on deck. Father had the **KM** anchored just behind the point, out of the wind. We were out of the elements but that was all. It was hard to sleep that night. We kids were anxious to get on shore and look around.

The next morning, bright and early, all the kids were up. We made enough noise that our parents had to get up. Father was smiling at us,

as he knew we were anxious to get ashore. Breakfast was *miso-shiru*, hot soup from soya beans, and some *gohan*, rice.

We went up the inlet to some houses that were just behind a place that we came to know as Chesterman’s beach. Uncle Denjiro had built his home there along with six other families. There was a lot of hugging and kissing as we came ashore. I was happy to see my cousin Bill and I promptly slugged him on the shoulder. That day was a mass of people and eating, as we were welcomed into the community.

My Uncle Denjiro had bought his property from a *hakujin*, a white man named Mr. Stuckman. This gentleman was none too popular for selling the property to Uncle, as the local *hakujin* population did not want Japanese living in their community. This was to be an issue that would continue right up to 1941, when we were evacuated from Tofino.

My Uncle Denjiro was a man of many talents. He was an accomplished carpenter. The houses were all built under his supervision. The lumber came from up the inlet, a place called Calm Creek. It was about one hour’s boat ride up the inlet. An Englishman had built a sawmill, which cut the local timber to size. The lumber, two by fours, one by sixes, was all just planed to size with the bark left on them. The whole batch of cut lumber was then made into one big raft and when we built the houses in Storm Bay, we towed those rafts to the home sites in Tofino. Everyone in the community would then help carry the lumber up from the beach to the individual sites. Each house would involve the whole community. The imminent homeowner and his family were responsible for keeping the workers fed and their thirsts quenched.

Life in Tofino

Our home was built on a property that was purchased from a *hakujin* named Mr. Grice.

He was the uncle of Joe MacLeod, a man that would be my friend. Our house was built on large timber logs, the main floor had a storage space underneath. On the main floor, we had four rooms, a combination kitchen and eating area, and three bedrooms. There was an attic where I used to study. Everything was made from local wood. Even our sink was made of wood.

For drinking water, we had a well just behind the house. It was about eight feet deep, and in the winter the water would turn brown from the cedar trees on the property. I caught a trout and put it into the well to eat the insects and keep the water clean. The brown water was a source of concern to the adults. Some of the older adults blamed the brown water for the illnesses such as strokes that claimed some of our community. I often think back and wonder if that was what took my father Kamezo. We didn’t have any choice, of course, because we had to have water. Now these days they bring the water by pipeline from Meares.

I remember the crabs! They were so plentiful. At low tide, we would walk out with a bucket and just pick them. We would look for bumps under the seaweed. Once you lifted the seaweed, there would be all kinds of crabs. Nope, that one was too small, yes, that one was OK. It was so easy as there were so many crabs. My mother used to make crab cooked in soya sauce, mmmmmm, that was so good. There was enough crab there for a lifetime, or so we thought.

For me, now at age ten in the summer of 1923, it was an ideal place for exploring the seashore and

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the nearby bush. My Father was busy fishing, and I had to do my chores, but then, there was a world to discover. The pools of water at low tide on Storm Bay held so much marine life! There were “chinko” clams that had small breathing holes. We called them *chinko* because, well, that is what they looked like with their long funnel snouts. To catch them you had to be quick. If you were slow they would burrow deeper into the soft sand. If you were quick, you had a feast for your family. On a summer’s day, I could catch enough for a good feed for the whole family

Of course, there were lots and lots of fish to catch. We would go off the point and jig for rock cod. You had to lay your bait right on the bottom and once you felt a tug, you had to pull hard. They were ugly and dangerous if you grabbed the dorsal spines. Cleaning them was a chore but my father could do it in about a minute and a half. I think I learned to clean a cod like that when I was about thirteen. My mother would often put in a request for a type of fish, so often we just threw the ones back that weren’t on the menu that day.

Coming from Gambier Island and the *pochie* this was like living in fishing paradise. In the bush, we were careful not to go too far by ourselves. I often went with my cousin Bill Ezaki to explore. One time, we found this cave about three feet in height. There was no sign of any animals around, so we thought we might look inside. It was cool and damp but we couldn’t see very far. Bill was ahead of me and then he was by me in a flash, running as fast as he could. I didn’t wait to see what he had seen, I just ran as fast as I could too. Bill had thought he heard a growl from the back of the cave. Needless to say, we didn’t go back there again. After that, we called that cave the “growling cave” and stayed



Children on Tofino boardwalk. Yoshio on extreme left. (Yesaki Family photo, ca. 1925)

well clear.

School was in Tofino, which was about one mile away. My father had made a wooden walkway through the bush to the main trail. I started in grade one even though I was nine years old because my English was not good. I attended a Japanese only school in Steveston and as I had spent a year in Japan, Japanese was all I spoke. My arithmetic was good as that was emphasized in the Steveston school, but I was a real “Japan” boy until we moved to Tofino. Anyway, I started with the little *hakujin* kids in grade one to work on my English. By the time I was eleven or twelve, I jumped some grades and move up to grade six.

Speaking of school and the mile walk there, one time, there was a huge storm that reached its peak just as we were walking home from school. My sister Yaeko, my brother Michi, and I were coming back along the trail. All of a sudden, the winds gusted and trees started to fall around us. Yaeko was so frightened that she stood frozen to the spot. In Japanese, I think it was called *koshi wo nukashita*. I had to shove her to get her moving. We circled around to the beach even though the winds were blowing plumes of water like

a hose all over us. I figured it was safer for us to go that way to avoid the falling trees. What was a little water compared to getting struck by falling trees? Anyway, after that storm, which may have been a small tornado, my father called our property “Storm Bay”.

There were several families in our Storm Bay community. Our house was on the waterfront, and to the south of us also on the waterfront were the Moris. Mr. Mori was to be the *byshaku-nin*, or go-between when I married Mary Miki Kimoto later in my life.

To our north on the water was the Nakagawa house. The original family went back to Japan and his brother came with his wife to take over the house and the fishing boat. Above them on the hill, was the Morishitas. They would have one son named Hiroshi just like Thomas who was Hiroshi in our family. Later they would be called *ue no Hiroshi*, above Hiroshi, and *shita no Hiroshi*, below Hiroshi, to distinguish between them. Further north on the beach, the next house was the Isozakis. They went back to Japan. I often wondered why some families stayed in Canada and why some went back. I think it had to do with the fact that

some of the families never could get Japan out of their system. The ones that stayed here I think they made a commitment to make a life here in Canada.

I am not sure if there were two or three more houses north of the Nakagawas. I remember the Izumis and then the last house to be built was for Nakagawa Shigeharu. I recall that the whole community helped the Nakagawa family build their house. That was how it was in those days; we had to help each other to get things done.

It was a hard life for the women. They were up at 3 a.m. every fishing day to send their men out. After that, they had all the household chores of washing clothes, sewing, mending and of course cooking for the children. All the water had to be hauled by hand from the well. The water was boiled and they used "blue", a cube to whiten laundry. The clothes were washed in a galvanized washtub, and all the clothes were scrubbed on a furrowed glass scrubbing board. I had to chop wood for the stove, which my Mother used to boil the wash water. I also had to keep the oil lamps filled for the evening. There was always a lot of work for the whole family.

I remember getting up with my Father before he went fishing. He loved to talk about this and that. Even now, after all these years I can still hear his voice. He was jolly and good company and in my eyes, he was the smartest man alive. He made me promise that I would do my very best in school. I liked school anyway even though I remember Mr. Albrecht, a Finnish teacher, gave us a good licking. The two Erickson boys and I were asked to stay after school one day. Mr. Albrecht came out smiling and he went to the rear of the school and got a medium sized branch from the bush. I can't remember the reason,

honestly, but he sure gave it to the three of us. Walter Arnet wrote about this licking in his diary, and years later, his oldest son reminded me. Funny huh?

As mentioned, the men were up each morning at 3 a.m. to go fishing. I would get up with my father and help him by stoking the fire for the *gangara* stove. This was a big cast iron stove that we used for cooking and heating the house. He would cook bacon once in awhile, and each time he would leave a part of a bacon strip for me. That was a real treat! I would crawl back into bed after he left and woke with the rest of the kids.

The fishing boats in those days were quite different than the ones that you may have seen. They had a two-cylinder, 20-horsepower **Palmer** engine. Nowadays, the boats are one hundred and fifty, maybe more horsepower. It took my father an hour or more to get the **KM** out to where he could put down his poles and troll for salmon. They used a Japanese style of fishing lures in the early years. That all changed when Morishita Ometaro developed the shiny wobblers. According to the story, he saw a native Indian throwing something shiny from the shore one day. This fellow was catching salmon right from the shore. As Morishita-san watched with his binoculars, he saw that it was a shiny piece of tin with a hook attached. That day he went home and made his own version of a "wobbler". It took a few trial-and-error "wobblers", but he finally came up with one that moved like a fish. Did he ever catch a lot of fish! Well, you know something like that would get all the fishermen's attention especially when he was consistently "high boat". Morishita-san let only my father and a few others in on his new lure, and the rest is fishing history. He was also the first to have a fishing boat, the

SILVERADO, built with Swan power girdies that used stainless steel wire instead of rope. When the other fishermen saw this, they all said that the fish would never bite on such a contraption. Well, they did bite and soon all the boats were rigged in exactly the same way.

I think I mentioned school and my getting a licking with the Erickson boys. I used to hang around with them. They had a sister too. I used to go to their place to play and have a good time. I guess we kept on having a good time right into school too, and that was why we got the whacking from Mr. Albrecht. The Ericksons were Norwegian. In Tofino, there were a fair number of families from Norway, England, Scotland, Japan and the native Indians. We all got along fairly well, we kids at least.

About six months after we arrived, a tall English minister from the Anglican Church called at Storm Bay. He wanted all the Japanese kids to come to his Church. We did, and I remember we sang a lot of Jesus songs. I believe that Mr. Robertson, the minister, went on to become a "higher-up" in Victoria. We got baptized and later I was married in the Anglican Church. You might ask what my parents thought about this Anglican stuff. I think they wanted us to become part of the larger Tofino community. They were Buddhist, and I think that if we stayed in Steveston, we would be too. When my father Kamezo passed away, the funeral was in Steveston because my mother wanted a proper funeral.

My father fished all the days that he could. In those days that was from April until late fall, sometimes October. In the winter, he would charge things at Towler and Mitchell's store. That was the way of life for fishermen. I heard that many of the men had a hard time getting out of debt. It all depended on how

the fishing went that year. We had the **MAQUINNA**, a cargo ship that came in about every ten days. That was a big day! The newspapers would be up to ten days old of course, but it was a great and exciting time. I heard from the Karatsus who lived on Stubb's Island that their father would read the serialized chapters of *Musashi*, a true-life Japanese sword-master, from the Japanese newspaper ASAHI. He would even act out one chapter each day, so that the stories would last the ten days until the next visit by the **MAQUINNA**. That must have been something special.

The **MAQUINNA** was our source for everything. From the cast iron *gangara* stoves to the iron spring beds, it all came by that boat. We would order up to three bags of rice for each winter. Mr. Maruno and Mr. Furuya from Vancouver were the suppliers for all the Japanese foodstuffs. He was really happy coming out to Tofino and writing up all the orders from the Japanese families. Of course, in the winter there was no money coming, so we would have to owe until the start of the fishing season.

One of the things that I

remember was *ofuro* night. It was a custom among our Storm Bay community that we had *ofuro* every second or third night. It would be at a different house each time. The men would go in first. You know that in an *ofuro*, you have to wash yourself outside of the tub. Then, after you were washed clean, you could soak in the *ofuro*. They were made of wood and heated by a fire in an old recycled oil drum that was under the wooden tub. Man, that was *kimochi ii yo*, a real good feeling. The boy kids went in after the men. I remember sitting by the *ofuro* and listening to the men trade stories. Man, some of them sure could tell some wild ones. The ladies went last. Apparently it was taboo for them to go ahead of the men. At the end of the *ofuro*, the water would just stink to high heaven. You know, no one got sick. I think we all were healthier because of the *ofuro* nights.

In the winter, we kids went to school. The men cut wood. The women maintained the families clothing and of course the meals. We ate a lot of salted dog salmon. I can't remember how it was kept. That and

a lot of other dried stuff, like *shiitake*, or dried mushrooms were the bulk of our food. Of course, we ate lots and lots of *gohan*, or rice. I remember that baloney was a luxury. We might get a taste of it as a special treat but not too often. Once at New Year's, we had chicken and that was great. The chicken came from our chicken house. I had the chore of killing the chicken. After its head was cut off, it ran and ran until it just dropped. In the spring, the men would look at the calendar for a lucky day to start the new fishing season. They would put up a *kado-matsu*, or pine tree and make offerings of *mochi*, or special pounded rice cakes to the *kami*, or god of fishing for a good fishing season. It was a simple life and we were tied to the fortunes of the fishing grounds. I think our community stuck together. I guess we had to stick together to survive. For me, it was wonderful place to grow up and live. We were very lucky, I think. In the depression after the stock market crash of 1929, we had good food to eat and we hardly noticed any effects. ❀

¹Matsusuke Ezaki

Post-War Japanese Immigrants and Their Involvement in the Community by Tatsuo Kage

Post-war Japanese immigrants with skills required in Canada started to arrive in 1966. In 1969 the first association of new immigrants was set up with Yukihide Ogasawara as the chairman and operated for about a year. Around that time bilingual Nisei of the Greater Vancouver Japanese Canadians Citizens' Association (JCCA), such as Gordon Kadota and Victor Ujimoto, and people from churches became involved in services such as orientation for new immigrants.

The Greater Vancouver Immigrants' Association (GVIA) was established in March 1977,

aiming to assist and promote support and friendship among immigrants. The background of the founding of the Association is described in the first issue of its monthly newsletter called KAIHO (会報) on May 19th, 1977. This association has also published an anthology on its 25-year Anniversary in 2002 (グレートバンクーバー移住者の会 『創立25周年記念誌』、2002年10月). This and past issues of the KAIHO newsletters are the main sources for the present article. Having served as the president of the Association in 1977-1978, 1983-1986 and 1990-1991, my

recollections are also incorporated in this writing.

Establishment of the Immigrants' Association

Since the previous Association had been inactive for several years, Raishu Hirano, a leader of the earlier organization, made a proposal to Tonari Gumi to set up a new association. With the help of Takeo Yamashiro, Maya Koizumi, Michiko Sakata and others, the first step toward forming a new organization was made. In addition, Yuko Shibata, Shinji Peter Kubotani and myself joined as founding members.

Hirano, of the former association, transferred \$300 to this new Greater Vancouver Japanese Immigrants' Association (GVJIA).

At that time the naming of the association was discussed - whether to use the term "new immigrants" or not. We decided to drop "new" because there were some immigrants who had been in Canada for a decade including Hirano, one of the earliest post-war immigrants, who had been a chef with CP Airlines.

There was another incentive for establishing the new Association: The Japan International Cooperation Agency, (JICA) a semi-government agency for promotion of emigration with an office in Toronto, encouraged immigrant groups in Canada to produce a directory - an immigrant list with information pertinent for the settlement of newcomers: The Agency would assist by purchasing bulk orders of the publication called BENRICHŌ (便利帖).

The directory was published in March 1978. It became an essential tool for immigrants and for those who wanted to immigrate and to settle in BC. Through this publication the existence of the GVJIA became known in both Canada and Japan. Subsequently, revised and enlarged editions were published in 1980 and 1985. These publications can be regarded as the origin and prototype of Nikkei Directories available more recently. (The JICA office in Toronto was closed in the mid 1990s, and its assistance ended.)

Skills Brought into Canada by Japanese Immigrants

What kind of skills did independent immigrants bring with them? According to a 1970 survey on immigrants to Canada conducted by a group in Tokyo, the largest male occupational group was technicians, followed by car mechanics, farmers and machinists. Typists, hairdressers



Urashima Taro, played by Fujio Tamura, at the Powell Street Festival, (T. Kage photo, ca. 1982)

and designers were listed as the dominant female occupations. (JCCA BULLETIN, Oct.1971.)

Frequently recorded occupations in three issues of the BENRICHŌ Directory were car mechanics, electronic repair technicians, welders and sheet metal workers, dental technicians, *sushi* chefs, barbers, carpenters and cabinetmakers. Other occupations listed were gardeners, real estate agents and tour conductors. However, these jobs may have been unrelated to training or experiences prior to immigration. We know there were some who had been qualified in Japan as either nurses or pharmacists, but most were unable to get qualified jobs due to the restrictive licensing policy of occupational associations.

Advance in Printing Technology

The publication of the KAIHO newsletter has been a major, continuous activity of the Association. It started right after the founding of the Association with a manuscript written by Motohisa Niino. Later, the print style of the newsletter changed from a mixture of manuscript and typescript, which

was produced by Kuniko Yamamoto who borrowed a typewriter from the Sophia Bookstore. Sumio Koike, a professional graphic artist, produced the word-processing version. Since June 1989, the KAIHO has been published in the monthly BULLETIN of the JCCA.

Looking back on the history of the newsletter, advances in technology to print in Japanese over the past three decades has been quite amazing. During the early phase, we received a compliment from an official of the JICA, who said that our newsletter was the best among those published by immigrants. Further, another article in the newsletter has been translated and printed in a public relation magazine of Citizenship and Immigration Canada in both English and French. The editor's efforts were quite noteworthy as he had been monitoring immigrant publications such as ours written in Japanese.

Why were there Relatively Few Immigrants from Japan?

This was an issue, which we addressed soon after the founding of our Association in 1977. In October of that year, a national convention

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for Japanese Canadians was held in Winnipeg. According to the report made by Hirano, who attended the convention, a representative of new immigrants in Toronto made the following statement: "We received a report regarding the decrease in the number of Japanese immigrants, and because there appeared to be some discrimination behind this trend, we should protest to the government" (KAIHO, No. 5, November 1977).

It is true that there have been fewer immigrants from Japan compared to those from other Asian countries even to this day. In the 1970s, Hong Kong and India sent around ten times as many immigrants as Japan. Apparently, there were some people who suspected that there might have been discrimination against Japanese by the Canadian government, or the Japanese government might have had a policy of discouraging Japanese from emigrating. Some suspected that the Japanese government had offered "some sort of advice" to the Canadian government. However, it was difficult to find evidence for such an argument.

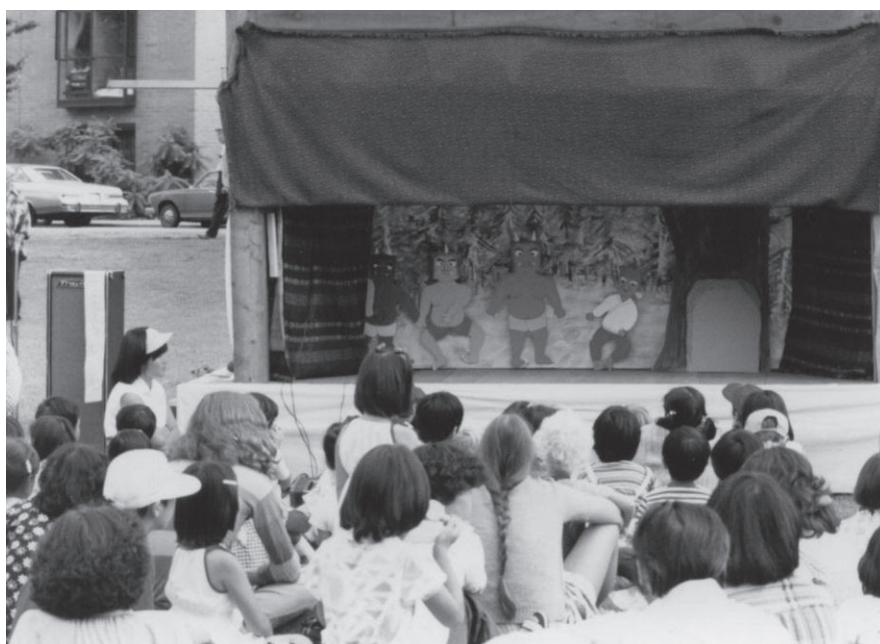
Therefore, before taking any position on this issue, the board of directors of the Association thought that they had to look into the problem more closely. I thought that Canadian immigration law did not allow officials to discriminate against any prospective immigrant on the basis of nationality or race, and that the Japanese government encouraged their people to emigrate with assistance provided by the JICA. There had to be other reasons why there were so few Japanese immigrating to Canada. I agreed to study immigration statistics to determine "Why are there fewer Japanese Immigrants?" and reported my results at a discussion session held in November 1977. (KAIHO, No.6/7, December 1977)

The crux of my report was as follows: The number of Japanese immigrants peaked in 1973 (1,105) and reached a nadir in 1976 (498). Japan was compared to 7 other countries (Hong Kong, India, Korea, Lebanon, Pakistan, Philippine and South Vietnam) all of which had sent large numbers of immigrants to Canada. Japanese immigrants were also compared with those from other countries who were looking for employment. The statistics showed that Japan had the highest ratio of immigrants who would join the labor force, the lowest ratio in the numbers of children and a relatively low ratio of seniors. In other words, most of Japanese immigrants were either singles or young couples who were planning to get a job in Canada. They tended to be nuclear families rather than extended families. Therefore, when an economic recession hit and Canada limited immigration by considering demand in the labor market, it had a larger direct impact on immigrants from Japan than on those from other nations, such as Korea that sponsored more family members. (Economic conditions do not affect the entry of sponsored

family members.) Among Japanese immigrants the male/female ratio was higher than most other countries. In contrast, many more females than males had emigrated from the Philippines to Canada. A federal government report of that time, pointed out that in general "men immigrate to achieve better financial standing whereas women do it for adventure". By then, Japan had become an economic superpower. It was, therefore, not easy for a person with skills and experiences in Japan to achieve a better financial status in Canada. So it seemed that there were few reasons for Japanese to emigrate. This explains why so few Japanese have immigrated to Canada.

Why do Japanese Come to Canada?

For ten years from 1978 to 1988, I had been a counselor for immigrants at "MOSAIC", an organization providing services to immigrants and refugees in different languages. Because of this job, I was often asked: "Why do Japanese emigrate from their affluent country?" As mentioned before, it was natural to



"Kobutori Jiisan", at Powell Street Festival. (T. Kage photo, 1978)

be asked this question, given that the general purpose of immigration is “to enhance financial status”.

I have long thought that Japan has social customs and practices that are so stifling and punishing of its citizens that some people may be encouraged to escape through emigration to less demanding societies. These restrictive customs include overemphasis on success in entrance examinations, the importance of obtaining employment with large companies, the expectation of these companies that their employees should sacrifice their family life for the sake of the company (for example, by constantly working overtime), the assumption that the government will look after everyone and the purposeless life of workers after mandatory retirement. These social conventions may have prevented capable and ambitious people from advancing themselves to realize their full talents and skills in Japan. Taking these circumstances into account, I think these restrictive conventions in Japanese society are the cause for some Japanese immigrating to Canada.

Japanese immigrants come to Canada to have their children educated without prep schools or excessive homework. Also, other immigrants include those with capability and talent that fail to establish themselves in Japanese society, that is, do not graduate from one of the top-ranked universities and find employment in a leading company. There are also others that do not care to carouse with their colleagues after office hours, and prefer to spend their spare time enjoying themselves either in the company of their families or the natural beauties of Canada.

Arrival of Retirees (Silver Immigration)

In the 1980s, attention had been

drawn to retirement immigration, or “silver immigration”, under which seniors wanted to spend their old age in Canada to gain more value from their pension income and savings than in Japan. In total more than a few hundred retirees may have arrived. *Ohfu-kai* (桜楓会), a social group for retired immigrants, was started in December 1984 in Vancouver with support from the GVJIA. There are over 70 names entered in their contact list of retirement immigrants for March 1985.

I have some responsibility for drawing attention in Japan to Canada’s “silver immigration” program. In the early 1980s, I was wondering how to promote more Japanese to emigrate and found a hardly noticed provision in Canada’s immigration law allowing retirees of 55 years or older to enter this country. I contributed an article on “Promoting Retirement Immigration” to the magazine KAIGAI IJU (Overseas Migration) published by the JICA (February 1983 issue). The article was quoted in a front-page column of the February 25 issue of the TOKYO SHINBUN, a daily newspaper with a circulation of 1.5 million. It triggered other publishers to put related articles in the NIHON KEIZAI SHINBUN (March 16), the SUNDAY MAINICHI (April 3), and the SHUKAN SHINCHO (April 3). Soon after, Shizuo Nakatani, of JICA headquarters, told me his office had received a few hundred calls on this subject.

Shortly after these articles appeared, I got a call at my office from a Japanese woman. She said, “I’m calling from the Vancouver Airport. I came here by myself to look at this place before applying for retirement immigration. Could you pick me up?” After a while, this outgoing wife, Hiroko Umebayashi, immigrated here with her husband, Tsuguo, who was such a quiet and

gentle person that it was hard to believe that he had been a director of a large, well-known company.

The keen interest in retirement immigration was the possibility of living more affluently here in Canada with their income due to the high cost of living in Japan. For retired people who like outdoor activities such as golfing, fishing and skiing, Canada is heaven. However, those who expect intimate social interactions or refined goods and services may often feel they are missing what they were accustomed to. Other people say that the dark winter sky makes them feel depressed.

Some people went back to Japan a few years after they came to Canada as retirement immigrants. Hiroko Umebayashi went back to Japan after her husband passed. This couple contributed greatly to the establishment of *Ohfu-kai*, and Tsuguo once served as director of the GVJIA. However, the Canadian government terminated the retirement immigration system in the early 1990s, probably due to criticism that senior immigrants were a burden on social services and the public health care system in Canada.

Japanese are Lucky to have a Country to Return to

Japanese immigrants are lucky because they have a country they can return to if they want. Refugees from other countries usually don’t have the luxury of returning to their former homes because their lives could be at stake if they do. Most Japanese immigrants, regardless of their age, have given up living in Japan and are prepared to stay here permanently. They may feel that “by leaving their home country, the bridge to return was already half-burned away”.

Although the number of immigrants to Canada has been

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thoroughly monitored and recorded, one should also be aware that there are a number of Canadians who emigrate out to foreign countries. There are no official statistics but it is estimated that Canada loses 50,000 to 60,000 people annually to other countries, particularly to the US and UK. The total number of postwar immigrants from Japan is estimated to be around 25,000, but 5,000 (20%) probably left Canada.

Japanese Immigrants Desire to Learn

The GVJIA initiated various workshops soon after its establishment. In 1978, the Association started a 10-session course to prepare immigrants for citizenship application as part of the program at Vancouver Community College. The workshop consisted of two components; a lecture given during the first half of the class and practised for an interview with a citizenship judge during the second half conducted by small student groups. We soon discovered 10 lessons were too long and there were no benefits to having classes as part of a college program. Later we held citizenship classes in a more condensed format under the GVJIA.

Japanese Language Classes

We asked Ms. Watanabe, a UBC student who had experience as a teaching assistant to be an instructor and we ran a Japanese language class for beginners at Strathcona Community Centre. Most students were either Japanese Canadians or Chinese Canadians. Since our overhead cost was insignificant compared to the continuing studies courses provided at colleges, we were able to set tuition at half of the market price. Perhaps for this reason, the classes became popular and successful, so we asked Mayumi Takasaki, a *sansei* fluent in Japanese,

to assist in conversation drills. We realized that the success of classes or workshops depended largely on whether we could secure a competent instructor like Ms. Watanabe. She later left our association to attend a graduate school on the east coast of the U.S. She was a outstanding member in the early development of the Association and I enjoyed working with her. I remember the time we were scolded by Kuniko Yamamoto, who was working with us on the production of BENRICHIO Directory. She told us, "You should quit joking since the two of you are not making much progress!"

Thanks to my involvement in planning for such educational activities, I had a chance to talk to a college curriculum manager, an expert in the field, to learn some tips. For example, I was relieved to find low tuition doesn't necessarily attract people for courses in continuing studies. In addition, even when professionals plan a course, it occasionally gets cancelled due to lack of registrants. After talking to him, I became more confident and stopped worrying about making mistakes and began planning projects that we thought were meaningful. Thanks to relying on intuitive planning, we never experienced having too few attendants.

Should Children Maintain their Home Language?

The GVJIA has been involved in on-going Japanese language education. The Burnaby Japanese School started under the direct management of the Association. Later it became an independent school with Emiko Hiruta, a Director of the Association, who had been teaching at the school. Once in 1988 we held an interesting panel discussion relating to Japanese language education. Yoko Murakami, Principal of Gladstone Japanese

Language School, said she told students "You will be able to achieve better marks in the public school if you study Japanese seriously". But, Dr. Masako Noda, a pediatrician, expressed a different opinion and warned, "when one learns two languages at the same time, one could fall between two stools", that is, one can become dysfunctional in either language." (KAIHO, No. 103, Nov. 1988.)

Twenty Years of Law Workshops

Law workshops in Japanese co-hosted by the People's Law School started at an early stage of GVJIA's history, and continued until several years ago when People's Law School terminated ethnic programs such as ours. The workshops had been conducted irregularly until 1981, but started being offered twice a month in 1982. It later became a monthly workshop with the exception during the summer and winter months. The classes covered a wide range of Canadian laws and services. Being a facilitator during that time, I recall interpreting and teaching a few topics. The negotiating partner was People's Law School's coordinator, Surjeet Sidhu. She was a quick witted woman who had came to Canada at an early age and graduated from the University of British Columbia. While I was mumbling in English that may not have made much sense, she understood my point and went on with planning very efficiently. At first, I disliked having to work with such a pushy salesperson, but I got to like working with her because she was a pleasant and fascinating person. We worried not having enough people for the biweekly workshop, but we had no problems with an exception for a snowy stormy night when we had less than 10 participants at a workshop held at the Hudson Manor on West 7th Avenue. Even today, it's a place that



Intermarriage workshop with Dr. Fumitaka Noda, psychiatrist and advisor (left), Dr. Michael Myers, specialist of marriage issues and Mariko Kage, moderator. (T.Kage photo, 1998)

should be avoided on a snowy day because of its steep hills.

The law workshops were later moved to Tonari Gumi, and Roy Uyeda was asked to do the interpreting. He accepted the work gladly and has been a great help with his qualification of a professional interpreter. In May 1984, the People's Law School awarded a number of persons for their contribution to the legal education of the community. As for Japanese Canadians, a lawyer, Frank Hanano, who had been a workshop instructor at an early stage, and myself, received awards from a provincial Chief Justice at the Provincial Supreme Court Hall next to Robson Square. By that time, the law workshops had become a regular event of the GVJIA and an established ethnic program of People's Law School. I mentioned the following when I was asked to give a comment on the award, "We can take this award as something that has been rewarded to all members who have actively participated in the Japanese program, rather than to Frank Hanano and myself personally. You can say that this award is proof and recognition

for Japanese immigrants' strong desire to learn." (KAIHO, No.74, June, 1984).

Mental Health

New programs related to mental health issues were launched in 1985, with more than thirty relevant lectures held. I was involved as an interviewer in creating a TV program in 1986. I interviewed Dr. Koichi Naka, psychologist from Ryukyu University, who gave a talk about mental health in general. The second session was with Dr. Fumitaka Noda who discussed depression, which was broadcast on the ICAS Japanese Television. It was an interesting experience: Dr. Naka was a person of prudence. The author was with him a whole afternoon to rehearse at his home. However, Dr. Noda talked smoothly during the shooting even without any rehearsal. The shooting was an exuberant affair with participants from our Association talking about their own experiences of depression.

The First Christmas party

Playing skits was one of the most memorable activities during the early

stages of the GVJIA. In 1977, the year of Association was organized, we held a Christmas party at Tonari Gumi, located on East Hastings Street at that time. Kokuho-Rose, a rock band consisting mostly of Sansei, was playing music and many members and their families were dancing go-go. It was quite a blast. We asked Akio Aoki, then the manager of Sakura-so, to perform a skit titled, "Tracing My Roots" at the party. It was about a young Sansei who visits Japan to find his roots. He eventually finds a Japanese white radish and declares, "I found my roots!" holding the radish up high, mimicking a *Kabuki* pose.

After the party one of the participants Hideki Rick Akitaya said, "It was the first time I really enjoyed and relaxed so much since I came to Canada." It was this remark that made the party unforgettable for me! Preparations were enormous as it was our very first time for such an event, but we were happy knowing that all the hard work had paid off.

Acting is fun

As mentioned earlier, the bridge linking us to Japan has been half burnt. It makes us feel somewhat similar to *Urashima Taro* who visited the Kingdom Beneath the Sea. Can Canada be a beautiful place like the Palace of the Dragon King? Where is Princess *Otohome*? The drama performance, based mostly on Japanese folk tales, became a regular program of the Powell Street Festival for several years. These included *Urashima Taro* starring Fujio Tamura, who currently produces a Japanese Radio Program and a puppet play *Kobu-tori jiisan* in 1978. Kuniko Yamamoto created all the puppets and the script was written overnight.

The best play of all was *Yuzuru*, a story of the crane wife, starring Akitaya and Mami Fujimura in 1980.

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It was staged at the auditorium of the Japanese Language School. During this sad play, we noticed an elderly woman in the audience wiping away her tears. The original script of this play was found in a Japanese school textbook written by Junji Kinoshita. However, we found that script was not suitable so we ended up creating our own.

The following year we staged a *Kwaidan*-ghost story *Bancho Sarayashiki*. Kyoko Koike played the mistress who was cruel to *Okiku*, a maid turned into a ghost, played by Etsuko Yamanouchi. It wowed the audience when Koike appeared on stage wearing a purple ombre-dyed formal *kimono* and her hair coiffed by a professional Japanese hairdresser. She looked mysterious and stunningly beautiful. How much fun we had as we became addicted to producing plays.

Koike was a newcomer and had lived in Canada for less than a year. She later complained saying, "I was made to do it. I thought it was an obligation for new immigrants to act in a play." But she didn't really seem to mind as she complained. The stage play has been a wonderful communication tool since ancient times. We can say that we try to speak of our own world and even of ourselves through recounting old stories.

Don't Shrug Your Shoulders Like a Turtle.

There is a Chinese expression called *kishuku* (龜縮), which means, "A turtle shrugs its shoulders", that is, "One who is only interested in his own financial well-being remains silent about other issues, as if a turtle shrugs its shoulders". These comments were made in an article in a Chinese newspaper, the MIN PAO (明報), on the lack of interest among local Chinese people toward such issues as the Senkaku Islands,

which caused tension between Japan and China.

Are Japanese immigrants in the same situation? Many do not seem to pay much attention to matters beyond their own immediate interest. However, it may not be fair to criticize this attitude as self-centered, considering their limited experiences in Canada. They may not receive enough information, and therefore not too interested in events occurring in BC or Canada.

If we make arrangements for immigrants to comfortably join into community activities, it would be the first step for them to get involved with larger issues. The GVJIA has made efforts to working with community organizations from the beginning. The Association has cooperated with other groups and assisted in the establishment and development of several voluntary groups.

Working with Other Groups

In 1977, the Association asked Tonari Gumi to support our activities and requested Takeo Yamashiro to act as interim first president of the Association. The GVJIA used the

Tonari Gumi Centre for our meetings and workshops.

In 1991, we implemented a comprehensive program to address mental health problems in cooperation with Tonari Gumi. This was a five-year project of mental health consultations and a series of public lectures, which was financed by \$20,000 of community funds from the Redress Foundation. This project can be regarded as a milestone in the history of our Association.

In 1999, as a follow-up activity, we held a well-attended event, "Nikkei Mental Health Service Symposium: Need for and Improvement of Mental Health Care in Vancouver". It was a joint event of the GVJIA, Tonari Gumi and JCCA with invited guest speakers from Japan and France. In the background there was on-going community activities supported by two psychiatrists, Drs. Fumitaka Noda and Michiaki Horie. Dr. Noda once mentioned that the level of interest in mental health issues among Nikkei immigrants in the Vancouver area could be the highest in the world.

The activities of Japanese



Picnic of Ohfu-Kai with the Immigrants' Association, Tsugio and Hiroko Umebayashi at the front. (T. Kage photo, 1985)

women groups began almost at the same time as the GVJIA. Naoko Ohkohchi initiated the development of the *Yayoi-Kai* in Surrey and the *Sumire-Kai* in Vancouver. In the late 1980s Ohkohchi served as a director of the Association. We have learned many things from her intuitive sense, ability and energy for group activities.

In the mid-1980s the Association looked after the launching of *Ohfu-Kai*, a retired immigrants group. However, close relations between the Association and this group was lost over time.

The same could be said about the establishment of the *Kiyu-Kai* (企友会) in 1987, a network of immigrants interested in Canadian business. It was launched under the leadership of Shinji Peter Kubotani, who served as president of the GVJIA in the 1980s. One of the first events sponsored by this group was a lecture by Charlie Kadota, a *Nisei* elder, who had established his import business as the sole agent for Japanese electric rice-cookers. In 1991-1992 Yoichi Andy Tsukumo, then the president of *Kiyu-Kai*, served as the Director of the Association. Later Katsumi Kubo served as the president of both organizations.

A new trend appeared from the early 1990s, when retired immigration was terminated and the arrival of more Japanese women in their 20s and 30s, who had married a Canadian or landed immigrant. As a result more women than men arrived as immigrants in recent years. Jointly with the JCCA Human Rights Committee, GVJIA conducted a series of inter-marriage workshops targeting these women. Workshops were held with Mariko Kage, facilitator/interpreter of the Committee, and Dr. Fumitaka Noda, an advisor and commentator. Each time the workshop was held we noticed new members and in

the course of time increasing the participation of husbands. Even though the Association initiated this group activity, the members of the group later decided to make it an independent organization. Again, this is another success story demonstrating the way in which the GVJIA worked to create a community group by encouraging individual members to take the initiative.

What is “Community Development”?

Looking back at the Association's past activities of building relationship with various groups and individuals, we note that it has actually been engaging in community development. “Community development” simply means activities to help fulfill and improve people's lives by building ties with the wider society. Our activities in education and group development have been successful as these initiatives met a need among members of the Japanese Canadian community, while fully respecting individual rights and spontaneity. The GVJIA has always sought to operate out of genuine concern for the wellbeing of community members, particularly immigrants.

Involvement in Japanese Canadian Events

Even though the immigrants as a whole were hardly involved with the Redress movement of the 1980s, they actively participated in the post-redress community events organized by the National Association of Japanese Canadians (NAJC), such as “Home-coming Japanese Canadian Conference” held at Hotel Vancouver in 1992. At this largest post-war gathering for Japanese Canadians, a panel was organized to share experiences as immigrants with Yasuo Yamauchi,

then the president of the GVJIA, as one of the panel speakers. It was a rare and worthwhile opportunity for immigrants all over Canada to get together.

In 1994 NAJC held a symposium in Montreal called “Changing Tradition of Japanese Canadians” which mainly dealt with immigrant issues. A few presentations at this conference received extremely good reviews, such as “Parenting Story” by Yuko Shibata, one of the first board members, and “Experiences in the Early Period of Immigration” by Kubotani, a former president. He humorously spoke about his own mistakes and misunderstandings made in the early days as a newcomer in Canada. Both speeches are recorded in the symposium's report.

Several years ago, the late Mikihiro Kato, who had served as the president of the Association between 1994 and 2000, proposed a joint Nikkei New Year's party and it has become a regular annual event of the community to this day.

Passage of Time

For almost three decades, the GVJIA has served the community, but we should accept the passage of time, including the form and style of community activities. The Board of the Association, therefore, decided to close its doors as of the end of 2005 and to continue its work as the Japanese speaking committee of the Greater Vancouver JCCA. After 28 years of existence the circle has been closed. As stated at the beginning of this article, the JCCA extended a welcoming hand and gave support to newcomers in the 1960s. Under this new arrangement with the JCCA, the former members of the Association will continue to provide services to immigrants and the community at large. ☀

Remembrances of New Denver 1942-1946 by Roy Yasui



Roy Yasui. (R. Yasui Photo, date unknown)

We arrived in New Denver in early summer of 1942. Like most detainees we boarded the train in Vancouver and arrived in South Slocan the next day. It was hot on the train but we could not open the windows because of the soot. My other train remembrance is that we were on the same train as the Hayashi family and Mr Hayashi had been a Canadian Army veteran of the First World War. A bus transported us the last fifty miles to New Denver.

The first thing I noticed on arrival was the white glistening glacier across Slocan Lake. It was directly across the camp where there were rows of tents and houses. The glacier not only looked magnificent, it looked indestructible. We were assigned a tent but surprisingly some families were given a house. The assignment of houses was a bitter source of discourse that dominated that first year. Whatever the assignment policy the end result was arbitrary and unfair.

New Denver was located on pristine Slocan Lake which was twenty-two miles long and three miles wide. It was located about 400 miles northeast of Vancouver.

The village of New Denver was named after Denver, Colorado since New Denver had experienced a booming silver mining period in the 1890s. Now it housed the forestry department, road maintenance crew, hospital for local villages, high school, and a few stores.

The main detention camp was located about one mile south of the village. Sub-camps, Nelson and Harris Ranch, were located two miles north and south respectively. The most visible part of the camp along the main road was on an apple orchard which belonged to a farmer who had a boy my age named Luigi. The tents that we lived in were American Civil War issues. The houses were 28' x 14' which was shared by two families. They were being built by men who had been separated from their families on the West Coast and sent to road camps in the interior of the province. Now they were being sent to different detention camps to build houses and maintain the camps.

We were also warned that we were not to go to Silverton which was three miles south of New Denver. It was the town that we had just passed. They did not allow any Japanese Canadians in their town and they were trying to build a gate across the road but the provincial government prohibited it.

Those of us assigned to tents ate at the ice rink which was about one mile from the camp. My sister Mary and I would always carry a pail of water back to our tent after each meal. Those assigned to houses had to shop in town where the prices were unconscionably inflated. The B.C. Security Commission (this sounds remarkably similar to the term used in the Third Reich for Nazi concentration camps) had made arrangements with the village of New Denver that camp residents would do all their shopping in town

which obviously became a windfall for the merchants.

As a nine-year old boy I spent most of my day swimming at the cove, where the Tuberculosis Sanitarium was being constructed by former boat carpenters. It was a beautiful location with a fine sandy beach and the water inclined gradually rather than suddenly dropping into deepwater.

One day I was on a one-person raft and paddling towards deeper water when Mucha Kitagawa from Harris Ranch jumped on the raft and it began to sink rapidly. I began to swim but Mucha couldn't so he jumped on my back and grabbed me by the neck. I couldn't break his grip and we sank quickly. I was on the verge of losing my consciousness when I felt ourselves being pulled upwards. Alice Aihoshi and Cheesa Nishikazi saw our plight and they rescued us. They were probably in their late teens or early twenties. Someone applied Boy Scout artificial respiration to Mucha and I was astounded at the amount of water that he coughed up. Mucha got up, shook his head to get the water out of his ears, and then we both took off. We didn't thank anyone. We didn't tell our parents because they would not let us return to the beach.

I tried to thank Alice Aihoshi at the Toronto Reunion in 1995 but someone was always talking to her or her husband. Regrettably I did not get back to her. Dr. Henry Shimizu informed me that Cheesa Nishikazi had become a Catholic Sister and retired in northern California. I contacted the retirement convent but I was informed that she was unable to talk to me.

Arigato!

At night we returned to the cove where a huge bonfire was lit. There was nothing else to do since

we were given only a few candles a week and it was used only for emergencies. The grownups would take turns telling scary stories but some of them were humorous, historical or about famous Japanese persons. Some people would roast potatoes in the fire but no matter how they peeled them they could not get rid of the black soot.

I remember that Ken Saito was an exceptionally gifted storyteller. After his scary stories we would go home in groups. It was so dark that invariably we would get lost. We would stumble around until we bumped into a tent and got directions. There is nothing darker than a New Denver night. Believe me.

One night someone asked a young guy in his early twenties how the cremation detail was going. When the first camp resident died, Mr. Draper the town handyman who owned a truck and made deliveries refused to bury or cremate camp residents. He soon changed his mind when he discovered that the Sanitarium provided a lucrative business.

However, in the early days the camp director picked a *Nisei* in his mid-twenties to look after the cremation. The leader picked four younger *Nisei* to help him. "So, how's it going?" someone asked again. The silent *Nisei* finally said, "When we asked our leader if he knew anything about burning bodies, he said that you build a huge bonfire and place the body on top of it. There is no problem. So that's what we did but the body wouldn't burn. So our leader started pouring gasoline on top of the body and it began to swell. That's when the four of us just walked away. I don't know what happened and I don't care." There was a stunned silence and then everyone began to leave even though it was early in the evening. Some people never returned to the

bonfire after that account.

This grisly account depicts the incompetence and insensitivity of the camp administrators. There were highly experienced *Issei* in all aspects of camp management but they were totally ignored because they did not speak English. They had the courage to come to a foreign country where they did not speak English yet carved out successful businesses and built a thriving community. Their businesses were confiscated without compensation. Now they were discounted by the camp administrator and they had to watch relatively inexperienced *Nisei* make mistakes which could have been avoided.

This atmosphere of distrust and hostility was compounded by the "pro-Japan" group who accused anyone cooperating with the camp authorities of being "*Inu*." *Inu* means a dog but it was an expression for being an informer since a dog barks. This pro-Japan group would inform these young *Nisei* that their cooperation would be reported to the victorious Japanese army at the end of hostilities.

Notwithstanding, it was these relatively inexperienced *Nisei* that bought a semblance of organization and stability with their leadership in the face of widespread discontent, insults, threats and physical violence. To this day their courageous contributions have not been collectively recognized by former camp residents who owe them so much.

And the Snows Came

In the midst of this turmoil the snows came in early October, 1942. It would be the severest winter recorded in New Denver history. Some of us were still living in tents with tiny tin stoves with stove pipes that went through the top of the tent. It would become red hot. Amazingly, these tents were

American Civil War army issues. We would pile snow around the tent to insulate it. We were coast people and we were not used to so much snow.

Finding wood was the most important task of the day for those of us who lived in tents. Wood was cut and delivered by the maintenance crew to houses but unexplainably not to tents. My older sister Mary and I would collect twigs and branches in potato sacks and make five or six trips. It would burn so quickly. One day out of sheer desperation I picked up a piece of firewood that the truck had dumped between two rows of houses. I was going to borrow an axe and chop it into smaller pieces. A woman came out of her house and started screaming, "Robber, robber (*dolobo*), he's stealing our wood." I yelled at her that it wasn't her wood because she hadn't paid for it and kept walking.

When the snows came it took much longer to collect wood and I would not go to school. Every day I would climb the steep slope of the mountain behind the RCMP guardhouse across the main road and clear the snow to look for branches and twigs. After six or seven trips I would see four or five aged people living in tents next to us climbing the mountain with their empty potato sacks. They would always thank me for clearing the snow for them. I kept my head down and I didn't reply. I was nine years old and I knew that I should be helping these elderly people living in tents but I never did. Subsequently, I always omitted this part about the elderly people when I described the difficulty of finding wood in the snow.

Everyone could see us as we climbed that steep mountain behind the RCMP guardhouse each day. Where were the camp director, the RCMP, and the Japanese adults?

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Most of the writings on that harsh winter of 1942 focus on the green lumber shrinking as it dried and the freezing wind blowing through the newly built shacks. Those houses looked pretty warm to those living in tents. Everything is relative I guess.

Our mother was a widow with five children who refused to return to Japan after our father died in 1940 even though our grandparents insisted that she return. She had never worked in Canada but she and our eldest sister, Kay, supported the family by working as domestics. She was stalwart and resolute.

Her youngest three-year old daughter had pneumonia so our mother would start the stove very early in the morning. One morning I heard her say very softly to herself, "If they want to kill us they have picked the right place because it doesn't cost them anything to freeze us to death." I will never forget the desperation and forlornness in her voice. I will never forget Dr. Uchida who pleaded with the camp director to assign us a home to no avail.

Living in that freezing tent is the most unforgettable memory that I have of New Denver. Nothing comes close. Nothing in my considerable lifetime has matched that feeling of hopelessness and wretchedness that we will be cold and hungry tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, always in that order - cold and hungry!

Shigata-ga-nai to Ganbari Concert

I remember one magical night in that tumultuous first year when the exterior of the Sanitarium was completed. A concert was held. It was the first entertainment for everyone in camp. For those of us in tents we would remain in the dark each night because we would save the few candles that they gave us for emergencies. Later, a few adults

would go into town for Saturday night movies.

The whole camp attended. Most people sat on the floor, some stood along the walls and some sat on the rafters. It was warm. There was light. The program consisted of songs, *odori*, and skits. There were many repetitions because performers did not know the specialties of each other yet. I know that "*Shina No Yoru* (China Night) was particularly popular. It didn't matter. The audience kept clapping and hollering for encores because they didn't want the night to end. It was the first time in many months that we felt normal. It was wonderful.

I vaguely remember that Jane Uchida, Dr. Uchida's seven year old daughter, sang and tapped danced to a song entitled, "Would You Mind?" Another young performer was Dorothy Matsushita, maybe 12 years old, who sang a poignant song that started with something like, "Believe me not if all land..." She was in the same grade as my older sister Mary. Dorothy Matsushita later contacted tuberculosis and died. Perhaps she was the youngest patient to die in the Sanitarium.

The Lamp of Learning

The building and start of school was a very significant event. It finally brought a sense of order and stability to the camp. The B.C. government refused to educate children who were in camps. The camp carpenters built ordinary shacks without partitions for classrooms. Miss Hide Hyodo was the only credentialed teacher in camp. When she graduated from Vancouver Normal School and got a teaching job in Steveston, the B.C. government passed a statute forbidding Japanese Canadians to become teachers.

Miss Hyodo hired any *Nisei* that had attended high school to

be teachers. She used the B.C. correspondence school curriculum as a model for her neophyte teachers that first year. In the summertime she recruited her former Normal School instructors to provide teacher training for all the *Nisei* teachers in different camps who came to New Denver for the summer. Miss Hide Hyodo was an extraordinary educator and we owe so much to her.

I had a remarkable teacher in Grade 5 who taught me how to read. Her name was Gloria Sato who came to New Denver via Slocan, Sandon and Cumberland. When she discovered that I couldn't read she kept me in school after hours and drilled me relentlessly until after many months I could read and write. We were in a combined Grade 4/5 class. I remember that Eva Shimizu and Margaret Tanaka were in Grade 4. Margaret Tanaka's mother was a Japanese school teacher, Tanaka *Sensei*. They were deported to Japan immediately at the end of the war. Margaret is probably one of the few *Nisei* who accompanied their parents back to war-ravaged Japan in 1945 to graduate from a Japanese university and become a professor. Lawrence Iwasaki was another student of Miss Gloria Sato who became internationally known as, "Mr. Lawrence," the renowned hairdresser.

The Protestant and Catholic Churches started their own high schools, Lakeview and Notre Dame, respectively since the provincial government refused to provide secondary education for camp students. Both groups competed intensely for students. They tried to achieve higher scores, produce better concerts and bazaars, and beat the other school in baseball and hockey. As a result the entire camp community benefited.

My sister, Mary, attended Notre Dame High School even though we attended the Anglican Church. I remember our mother telling Miss

Clench and Miss Hamilton, two Anglican missionaries, that she identified with the Catholic Sisters because she saw them carrying logs from the woods in front of the school and sawing them for firewood. The Protestant high school had wood delivered to them by the maintenance crew. I guess our mother was referring to the time in the tent when no one delivered wood to us.

The dedication and success of these *Nisei* and religious teachers can be ascertained by the academic success of their students when they left camp and competed with students who had attended regular school during the war years. The magnitude of our appreciation to our camp teachers is immeasurable except to say *arigato!*

Gaman (Self reliance)

If 1942 was the worst of times due to families struggling for the bare necessities of survival then the ensuing years would exhibit a remarkable (*Gaman*) and perseverance (*Ganbari*). The first sign of self reliance was the insulating of the house with tar paper. Later, camp residents would split cedar logs to make cedar shakes since cedar trees were so plentiful. The cultivation of vegetable gardens for food was the most vital activity in camp. Every available plot of land was cultivated to grow vegetables of every variety from potatoes to exotic Japanese melons. The roots of the Japanese farmer are inextinguishable as evidenced by the transportation of the seeds of exotic Japanese plants to a totally different environment. They would learn to dig deep root cellars under their houses to protect vegetables from freezing.

Camp residents began to share recipes. They learned to make everything from *shoyu* with homegrown soybeans to *tofu*, *fukushinzuki*, *umeboshi*, etc. They scoured the mountain side for *warabi* (baby ferns), mushrooms,

and for leaves that could be dried and used for green tea. Their ingenuity was limitless. They dyed *napa* leaves black, dried it, and moisten it with water to imitate *nori* to make *makisushi*. They baked Japanese pastry of every variety using homegrown Japanese beans to make *anko* (bean paste).

The social life of the camp began to germinate. Club formed for *odori* lessons, singing, woodcarving, *gaji* (cards), *haiku*, sewing, knitting, etc. There was an active intra-camp baseball league, which provided entertainment for the summer nights. The All-Star team would compete against other camps like Lemon Creek with Asahi great, Kaz Suga, Bay Farm, Slocan, and Kaslo on weekends. George (Chingi) Yoshinaka was a pitcher and first baseman for the Asahi who lived in camp. I was a great fan of the Vancouver Asahi and I knew every single player. However, I began to realize that there were other outstanding baseball players like Shig Kiyono, Tom Oikawa, and Shig Okumura who were every bit as good or better than the Asahi players on other teams. They probably lived outside of Vancouver or on Vancouver Island or in the Fraser Valley or up north in one of the mill towns. Playing hockey on the frozen ponds or lake was a new experience for us coast people.

Our sister Kay married Tom Oikawa on March 1943. It was the first marriage in camp and it spawned much controversy. Some believed that times were too uncertain to make serious commitments like marriage. The husbands might be separated from their wives again and be sent to road camps as at the beginning of the war. However, love conquered all.

Another memorable summer occurrence was when the trucks came from Vernon to transport high students to Coldstream or Howes Ranch to

pick apples. When they returned, they invariably raved about the thick milkshake at National Cafe where the straw would remain upright. In 1946, a group of us including my sister, Mary, went to Kaslo to pick cherries for three weeks. After that, Mary went to pick apples in Vernon.

We lived close to Slocan Lake. The Iwasakis (house 100) were the closest, then the Nakaharas (102), the Yasuis (104), and the Kunitomos (106). Swimming in Slocan Lake was the most popular summer activity. It was a pristine glacial lake with clear ice cold water. New Denver summers were hot and humid. Therefore, we would spend a lot of time in the lake. Mr. Iwasaki went swimming after work and he used to swim with his baby daughter on his shoulders. Soon she was dog paddling on her own. It was no surprise to us lake kids when Margaret (Peggy) Iwasaki became a member of the Olympic Swim Team.

Those of us who lived closest to the lake would go fishing at the mouth of Carpenter Creek. The creek water was dirty gray since the mines were operating due to the war. Fishing was prohibited by the RCMP. We would make fishing lines out of store string by knotting them together and waxing it so it wouldn't tangle. Spinner spoons would be made from jam cans which were perfect because it was silver on one side and brass coloured on the other side.

The fish that we caught at the mouth of the creek were bottom dwellers. They were called "squaw" or "chub" fish. Its firm white meat was tasty due to the glacial water but it was filled with tiny bones. Normally, it would not be eaten but these were not normal times. Our mothers would patiently spend hours picking out the tiny bones but not always successfully. Later they would learn to pound the flesh with a rock and crush the bones. They would mix it with vegetables and make tasty

“*kamaboko*” (fish cakes).

When the Mounties caught us fishing they would row out to deep water and throw our fishing lines overboard. When the adults were caught they would be sent to the jail in Nelson which was sixty miles away. Consequently, only the bachelors went fishing. They wanted to be caught because jail food was much tastier. “What is your favorite meal in jail?” we would ask one of the bachelors. “The Sunday supper is the best,” he would reply, “They serve roast beef, mashed potatoes, vegetables, and something that looks like a bun but its airy (Yorkshire pudding). They would pour a lot of gravy on it. Dessert would be cake or pie. No one eats anything as good in this camp.” “What else?” “On Friday they serve fish but it doesn’t taste the same with potatoes. You need rice and *shoyu* to go with the fish.” The Mounties stopped arresting bachelors after the first year.

We would go trolling in our homemade rafts. We would fish the spots that the town fishermen trolled. They would catch a salmon trout that was 20 inches and throw it back into the lake. They would only keep a trout that was over three pounds. The lake was full of trout in deeper water because no one fished the lake. When we got a bite on our store string fishing line it would inevitably snap. So we would start paddling backward every time that we got a bite to lessen the tension. Sometimes it worked and we would catch a large fat salmon trout. That’s what we called it, a salmon trout. (My buddy, Bobby Terakita, who lived in Slocan and who is an avid fisherman, claims that it is a Rainbow trout. He also wants to know why we didn’t order a fishing line from the Eaton’s catalog like he did. We didn’t have the money, Bobby!) We moved to Kamloops in 1950 and I caught my share of

large Kamloop Rainbow trout but its flesh was never as bright red as the trout in New Denver.

There was also a dark side to this lake. One year in early spring as the ice began to melt a patient from the Tuberculosis Sanitarium committed suicide by walking out onto the lake where the ice had broken. This was done in front of other patients who watched her step unhesitatingly into the icy water.

Also in the early spring of 1950 when the ice was breaking up, four boys from Silverton were playing hockey on the lake when the ice collapsed. One of the boys, I played sixteen years of age and under hockey with, rescued the other boys but he didn’t have the strength to pull himself up. As captain of the team, his mother asked me to be a pallbearer. It was the first time that a Japanese Canadian was invited to step foot in Silverton which had tried to build a gate across the main highway to bar Japanese. I still think of my young friend with an infectious laugh who could really play hockey.

A Camp Without Joy

It was apparent in 1944 that the end of the war was drawing near with an Allied victory. The federal government at the instigation of the B.C. politicians passed an Order-in-Council in March, 1945 to remove all residents of Japanese ancestry out of British Columbia. Camp residents over sixteen years of age were given the option of departing for Japan or moving to an eastward province. They were required to sign a document.

Our mother had received a telegram from our grandfather during the war through the Spanish Red Cross that our grandmother had died. He wanted the family to return as soon as possible since our father had been the oldest in the family. Therefore, she felt obligated

to fulfill a familial obligation. This was ironic since our father was a great admirer of Canada and he had told his parents that he did not want to inherit the property in Japan.

Therefore, a few days after the war ended in August, 1945 we were moved to Rosebery. It was a smaller detention camp located four miles north of New Denver but now it was used as an Assembly Centre for families departing to Japan. Once again we lived closest to the lake. We shared a house with Mr. and Mrs. Fujiwara who had been a railroad porter. I remember him because he used to go swimming in Slocan Lake very early in the morning even in the wintertime. He would walk out to the water passage made by the tugboat which had cleared the ice on the frozen lake.

Once again, it was a time of uncertainty, chaos, rumors, and total discontent. It was soon heightened when the first group departed for Japan. Almost the entire camp had turned out to bid these families farewell as they departed on the bus for Vancouver.

We attended English school followed by Japanese school like we did in New Denver. However, now the emphasis was on learning Japanese with earnest desperation. Families were having second thoughts. They were finally hearing from Japanese relatives for the first time in five years warning them to stay away from Japan. Japan was totally devastated by the war and there was a shortage of food, housing, medical care, etc.

Our eldest sister Kay and her husband, Tom Oikawa, tramped four miles through the winter snow each weekend and they would plead, cajole, and beg our mother and our Aunt Irene Kohara to change their minds for the sake of the children. Conditions would be too difficult and harsh for Canadian

children to adapt to war-torn Japan they argued.

Finally, when they changed their minds the authorities informed them that they could not rescind their original decision. Later we were informed that we could change our minds as long as we left the province immediately. Our mother refused to leave the province since her children were born in this province and many of the Mounties that visited us could not say that. This resulted in more visitations from the Mounties.

I remember Mr. Noboru Asano. He had just graduated from Notre Dame High School. He was reputed to be its brightest graduate. He was also an outstanding teacher. I never forgot his science experiments that he did with cans, strings, sticks, mirrors, etc. He taught us to observe, gather data, analyze, and draw conclusions. Many years later at university I would learn that this was called the scientific method and I thought, "Hey, Mr. Asano taught me this in Rosebery and he made it a lot more interesting."

The last lesson that Mr. Asano taught before he left for Japan, he told us never to forget that we were Canadians since we were born in Canada. It was something to be proud of because there will be many in Japan who will try to convince us otherwise. When someone asked

why he didn't remain in Canada since he was over sixteen, Mr. Asano replied that his parents needed him to accompany them to Japan.

I always wanted to thank Nobby Asano for influencing my science career so much but I never found a person who knew what happened to him. Lately, Dr. James (Shiro) Hasegawa from Montreal who was also in New Denver and Rosebery like us informed me that his older sister who had been Nobby's classmate told him that he had died of an appendicitis attack shortly after he arrived in Japan. A tragedy. Nobby Asano would probably be living today if our government had not practiced "ethnic cleansing" as instigated by racist B.C. politicians.

I also remember my sister Mary, James (Shiro) Hasegawa, George (hits) Tsuruda, and few others being picked up by Father Clement each morning to attend Notre Dame High School in New Denver. I used to wonder why they were going to high school when they were going to Japan.

There is very little that I can recall of that year in Rosebery. There were no concerts, no sports day, no baseball or hockey, and sadly, no one sang.

Monition (Warning)

I was nine years old in 1942 and seventeen in 1950 when I left

New Denver. While my friends and I swam, fished, and frolicked in Slocan Lake, the *Issei* and older *Nisei* were improving our houses growing vegetables and preserving them by canning and drying. While we skated on the frozen ponds and lakes these adults were insulating our houses with cedar shakes which they made from raw cedar trees, and to keep us warm they re-knitted mitts and socks by unraveling old woolen sweaters. While we sat in the schoolhouse it was dedicated *Nisei* like Miss Hide Hyodo and Miss Gloria Sato who insured that the lamp of learning would not be extinguished for camp children.

It is their indomitable spirit that must be recorded for history. They never gave into apathy and despair. They demonstrated this extraordinary spirit and determination when they were first placed in camps and then again when they were deported out of the British Columbia to start again back in eastern Canada or in Japan.

The musings and ruminations of swimming, playing sports, and going to school by children like me must not mislead future historians to conclude that detention camp wasn't so bad if the children were having so much fun. Remember there are documentary films depicting Jewish sibling playing and laughing beside their mothers as they were lead to the gas chamber. ☸

My Dual Affiliations with Japan and Canada by Miho T. Steinberg

My parents, Bunjiro and Yaeno Tanaka, came from Japan to Canada in the 1920s and 1930s and my three younger brothers and I were born in BC. During the war my father was in an Internment Camp in Angler, Ontario for four and a half years while my mother, my brothers and I lived in the "ghost towns" of New Denver and Tashme in the BC interior. We were finally reunited with my father

just two weeks before we were repatriated to Japan. It was August 1946 and I was 12 years old. There had been some talk of leaving me behind in Canada with relatives, but my father decided that we were not to be separated as a family again.

In Japan we lived in Shiga-ken with our grandparents who had survived the war. My mother had gone to normal school in Shiga-

ken and had taught at the Japanese Language School on Alexander Street in Vancouver before the war. When we returned to post-war Japan, she taught Japanese in a junior high school. As the only teacher of Japanese language in the school I had to take Japanese from her. Needless to say, I worked very hard so as not to embarrass her and had to endure the snickers from the

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Miho Margaret Steinberg. (M. Steinberg photo, date unknown)

class for the first few weeks. But I did learn Japanese well.

For the first three years of junior high school, I lived at home. But for senior high school, I had to bicycle 12 kilometers (approximately 7 miles) one way to school. I can remember taking an entire change of clothes with me on rainy days, because I got drenched to the skin. In winter, commuting by bicycle was impossible due to the snow, so I had rented a room in the city near the school. I was alarmed to see that I hadn't grown a bit since coming to Japan (I was just under 5 feet tall) and so I took up basketball, and stretched and jumped for 3 years in the hope of growing taller. Alas, I found I had stopped growing altogether, and am still to this day, just under 5 feet tall.

When I first came to Japan I missed Canada and all things English. My uncle in Canada used to send me the newspaper comics now and then, but what really saved me was my frequent correspondence with a classmate of mine from New Denver and Tashme, who was then working for the Americans in Hokkaido, Japan. Not only was his friendship important but he also helped me to keep up my English, and often corrected my Japanese-English to the more colloquial English.

I also kept up with my English through my correspondence with an elderly American philanthropist, Mr. Lex Cox, who was the host family to the first Japanese exchange student to America after the war. This Japanese exchange student, Miss Imamura, wrote a letter to a popular Japanese girl's magazine telling of her experiences in the US. She received thousands of letters from Japan, but among them was one solitary letter in English - mine. Mr. Cox decided to take over the correspondence with me and answered every letter I wrote, almost bi-weekly. I received pictures of their Christmas parties, and postcards from their trips across the US. In this way, I kept in touch with American culture as well as practicing my English. Two years ago, I finally was able to locate this Japanese student who is now a retired English teacher and administrator of a school in Yokohama. We had a wonderful telephone reunion, recalling those days.

When I first came to Japan, I was thoroughly disgusted with the Japanese and the Japanese system. Mother had told me that the Japanese were kind, polite and forgiving but post-war poverty had taken away a lot of the basic decency, niceties and politeness from their everyday life. I felt that the picture of Japan that my Mother had given me was not true. Mother, herself, must have been going through a strange, painful time during her first experience of a war-torn country. It was not until I went to university in Kyoto and started to take tea ceremony, flower arrangement and koto lessons, that I became aware of the elegance in language and movement, the thoughtfulness in the understated language and kindness in unspoken words. What I had expected 6 years earlier, when I first came to Japan, was finally coming back into everybody's life. As I became more acquainted with things Japanese, I

realized that this was the Japan that my parents must have been talking about. As my experience with Japanese culture grew, with the tea ceremony and flower arrangement, I became grateful to my parents for the chance they had given me by returning to Japan.

When I graduated from university in Kyoto, in the early 1950s, there were Nisei teachers from the States who were teaching English at our university. They said that when I spoke English, I sounded like a precocious child, for the thoughts of a 22-year old were being expressed in the English of a 12-year old, for I hadn't been in an English-speaking environment since I was 12 in Canada. I realized that if I was to teach English, I must live in an English-speaking environment to enhance my linguistic ability. Fortunately I was able to return to Canada and live with my mother's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Toyozo Miyanishi, in Toronto in 1957.

I was teaching Japanese conversation to a group of Toronto professors, high school teachers and lawyers and became involved in the first English as a Second Language (ESL) teacher training course. Through this course, I had the good fortune to meet Dr. Robert Lado, Director of the English Language Institute at the University of Michigan. Dr Lado helped me get into the University of Michigan to major in Linguistics and ESL. My experience at Michigan has served me very well for my later teaching career at the University of Hawaii and University of Illinois. In coming to Canada, I had only intended to better my English, but ended up teaching English not only to Japanese, but to new Canadians from all over the world. This was hard but extremely rewarding and I learned so much about different cultures and languages from my students.



Miho (top right) with fellow students of Kyoto Women's University. (M. Steinberg photo, 1957)

I began teaching ESL at the University of Hawaii in 1982 and remained there for 20 years. During that time, I visited Japan twice on sabbatical and taught at a number of

universities: Hiroshima University, Notre Dame University, and Kanazawa Technical College. It was after my last sabbatical in 1983-85 that I decided to stay on and teach in

Japan at Nagoya Gakuin University (NGU).

My primary interest in life has always been to teach English as a Second Language, and I have been fortunate enough to follow this career. In 1993 I came to BC and negotiated with NGU and Okanagan University College (now the University of British Columbia Okanagan) to set up a summer English program for NGU students in Vernon. That was 13 years ago, and the program continues to be very successful. The students study English, live with English-speaking host families and socialize with Canadian college students. After 5 weeks, they are able to converse in English. I accompany these students to Vernon every summer, and even though I have formally retired from NGU three years ago, I have been asked to continue to bring the NGU students to Vernon.

As I reflect on my life, I consider myself very fortunate having benefited from living in both Canada and Japan. Although I have decided to remain in Japan, my frequent visits to Canada to visit my relatives and friends keeps me in touch with my Canadian heritage. Yes, I have indeed been very lucky, teaching English and doing what I like best, and enjoying my life in Japan and Canada. ☀

Oikawa Collection and *SUIAN MARU* Descendants Return to the Fraser by Reiko Tagami, Assistant Archivist

This year marks the centennial of the voyage of the *SUIAN MARU*, the deepsea fishing vessel chartered by Jinzaburo Oikawa to bring 83 immigrants, largely from Miyagi prefecture, to work and eventually settle in Canada, on Don and Lion islands (formerly Oikawa-jima and Sato-jima) in the Fraser River. Theirs is a story of risk and adventure, but also a story about creativity,

perseverance, and the building of community.

In 2005, an extensive collection of artifacts, photographs and textual records was donated to the Japanese Canadian National Museum by the great-granddaughters of Jinzaburo Oikawa. Oikawa's descendants still live in Miyagi prefecture in Japan, so the trans-Pacific transport of these materials

was a potential logistical challenge. The Museum is extremely grateful to the descendants of Oikawa for preserving the collection intact; to the great-granddaughters for their willingness to enrich Canadian Nikkei heritage by sharing their own family history; and to the group of community members who researched the Oikawa collection and arranged for safe transport.

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Jinshiro Oikawa, Asakusa Park, Tokyo, Japan. Eisedo. Jinshiro Oikawa Collection. Japanese Canadian National Museum.

The collection is comprised of clothing, household objects, small tools, and photographs brought to Japan by Oikawa and his second wife, Yae, on their final return journey in 1917. Large-format charts created by Oikawa track the price of various staples, such as rice, on the Japanese market. The family photographs provide a beautiful and detailed visual record of the Oikawa family and their community, while a cornerstone of the collection is Oikawa's handwritten autobiography. The depth and breadth of the collection is astounding, the range of items painting a vivid picture of the Canadian life of Jinzaburo and his wife.

The Oikawa collection will be featured in an exhibition commemorating the **SUIAN MARU** centennial, slated to open in mid-October at the Museum. This will coincide with a reunion of **SUIAN MARU** descendants from across Canada and Japan. Museum staff are hard at work researching the experiences of some of the other

83 immigrants, interviewing descendants and collecting family stories and memories.

The forced removal of the Nikkei pioneers and their families from the islands in 1942 broke the physical ties of the **SUIAN MARU** community, never again to be reunited. However, like so many other Nikkei communities forced apart by the internment, the **SUIAN MARU** community persisted through a network of friendships and family ties that remain strong to this day. These community connections make it possible for the Museum to follow the story from its origins – challenging life in a Miyagi village – to the current chapter, which encompasses the rich and varied experiences of the **SUIAN MARU** descendants in Canada and Japan.



Women's belt by Yae Oikawa during her time on Lion Island. Jinzaburo Oikawa Collection. Japanese Canadian National Museum.



Yatate (portable ink well) used by Jinzaburo Oikawa. Jinzaburo Oikawa Collection. Japanese Canadian National Museum.

Masao (Mas) Kawanami 1923-2005 by Roy Kawamoto



Masao Kawanami. (Japanese Canadian War Memorial Committee Collection photo, 1992)

On August 18, 1923, the first son of Asakichi and Soto (Nishiyama) Kawanami was born in Vancouver, B.C. He received his formal education in Vancouver, and while he was attending high school the war with Japan started. His family was moved to Slocan, B.C. during the mass evacuation of 1942. After a short period in the Interior of B.C., he was sent to Hamilton, Ontario to work at Mount Hamilton Sanatorium.

During the summer of 1944, the Federal Government was interested in determining the number of Japanese Canadians who would enlist in the Canadian Army if recruiting was opened up. Kawanami, like a number of other *nisei*, was contacted by Government and Military personnel. About the same time, Captain Donald Mollison from South East Asia Command (SEAC) was sent over from India to recruit Japanese Canadians. Mollison's trip was not fruitful, but his report to Admiral Mountbatten, Commander SEAC, was to have a far-reaching affect.

Contents of the report were

passed from Mountbatten to Prime Minister Winston Churchill and during a private meeting at the Quebec Conference on October 20, 1944. Churchill emphasized the importance of recruiting Japanese Canadians for employment as linguists. Prime Minister Mackenzie King stated that on his return to Ottawa, the War Cabinet would consider the request. A meeting was convened in November to discuss the request, keeping in mind that he had issued an Executive Order on January 7, 1941: "That for the present Canadians of Japanese origin should not be called up for military service." This was based on a recommendation of the Special Committee On Orientals in British Columbia dated December 1940. Mackenzie King after vacillating over Britain's request finally issued an Executive Order in February of 1945 to start recruiting Japanese Canadians, but under no circumstances would the recruitment be made public. It is interesting to note that the announcement was finally made in the House of Commons on August 18, 1945, three days after Japan had surrendered. A total of 119 men were enrolled in the Canadian Intelligence Corps for service in SEAC.

On June 25, 1950 North Korea attacked South Korea and the United Nations immediately requested assistance from member nations. Canada agreed to send a brigade as soon as they were mustered and trained. The Canadian Army Special Force was activated and the media blitz did the rest. It did not take Kawanami long to enlist, and he joined the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry on August 12, 1950.

While serving with his unit in Korea, Kawanami walked into a minefield at his own peril to rescue women and children who had wandered into this restricted

zone. For his outstanding action, he was mentioned in dispatches and awarded an Oak Leaf to be worn with the Canadian Korean War Medal. Further to the award, he was sent to Japan for rest and recreation to recover from his ordeal. Shortly after his arrival at Camp Hiro, some officers heard him speaking Japanese and determined that he would be an asset if transferred to this unit.

One day his brother, Kiyoshi, showed up at the office and this was quite a surprise as they had not seen each other since 1943. Kiyoshi and 3,963 Japanese Canadians were deported to Japan under the authority of an Order in Council issued on December 15, 1945. The office staff heard of the two brothers' reunion and an impromptu celebration was held. During the celebration, a discussion was held as to whether Kiyoshi could be employed as a camp worker. A suggestion was made that maybe he could be enrolled in the Canadian Army. Further inquiries with the Canadian Liaison Mission in Tokyo lead to getting the required authorization from External Affairs. Kiyoshi was the first Canadian to be enrolled in Tokyo issued with a regimental # SX 500. This information spread quickly to other *nisei* living in Japan and within a very short time a total of 30 men were enrolled for deployment in Japan and Korea. One interesting highlight was when Kawanami looked out the window one morning and noticed an elderly man dressed in a Canadian Army uniform from the First World War. It was Mr. Ryoichi Kobayashi who had served with the 10th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force (1914-1918). After a quick introduction, Mr. Kobayashi stated that he was volunteering his four sons for service with the Canadian

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Army. They were duly sworn in, and after their tour of duty in the Far East returned to Canada, the place of their birth.

Mas, you served your country well in two wars and for this we will be eternally grateful. As a staunch supporter and a member of the Japanese Canadian War Memorial Committee, you will be missed.

This story is based on archival

documents found in Ottawa, and through discussions with Mas Kawanami and Donald Mollison. Mollison, who lived in Victoria, B.C. was mentioned in Roy Ito's book, *'We Went to War'* and was in the process of writing his memoirs, including a chapter on his attempt to recruit Japanese Canadians, when he unexpectedly passed away. The material used for this story was in

part from the research carried out for him. ❀

Roy Kawamoto is retired and resides in Kelowna, B.C. He served under Mollison's brother-in-law, Jack Clancy when he commanded the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Canadian Regiment. Roy is also a member of the Japanese Canadian War Memorial Committee.

Report on the Annual General Meeting of the National Nikkei

Museum and Heritage Centre by Cathy Makihara

On Saturday, June 19, 2006, the organization held its annual general meeting of its members. The meeting was informative including a report from the President, providing financial highlights, and the acclamation of 22 directors to the Board.

Fred Yada, president, reported on the many programs and events we had at the Centre and Museum. Events at the Centre included: dancing, music programs, *karate*, yoga, *ikebana*, *karaoke* cooking, badminton and many others. Special events included: International Children's Day, *Jankenpon*, Things Japanese Sales, Children's Halloween Party, Craft and Bake Sale, and the annual and popular 'Breakfast

with Santa" and *'Mochitsuki'*. The president also made remarks about the opening of the Asahi Exhibition on October 28, and how proud he was to see the successful completion of the exhibition. Milestones included the 10th anniversary of NIKKEI IMAGES publication and the opening of the Community Kitchen with the tremendous assistance of the Volunteer Auxiliary.

The treasurer, Albert Kokuryo provided an overview of the finances of the organization. Overall, the Society raised a total of almost \$820,000 during 2005 (2004: \$504,000) of which almost \$590,000 (2004: \$308,000) was in the form of donations and bequests. This success

was achievable through the success of the 'Tree of Prosperity' Campaign raising \$250,000 and the generous contribution of our membership and others in the community.

Many thanks to the membership, volunteers, employees, patrons and the generosity and support of other members in the Nikkei community and project funders for contributing to a successful year. The organization found itself in much better financial condition today than in previous years. There are still challenges to face in 2006 in meeting our fundraising targets, we ask for your continuing support in keeping the Centre and Museum open for all to enjoy. ❀

2006 National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre Board of Directors

Sam Araki
Yoko Banks
Robert Banno
Ruth Coles
Reverend Orai Fujikawa
Stan Fukawa
Mitsuo Hayashi
Masayasu (Mike) Inoue

Gordon Kadota
David Masuhara
Yuki Matsuno
Craig Natsuhara
Robert Nimi
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Eric Sokugawa
Avalon Tagami
Sian Tasaka
Henry Wakabayashi
Fred Yada
Sam Yamamoto

Japanese Families on Annacis, Don and Lion Islands and Queensborough by Stan Fukawa

The map which accompanies this article was adapted by Moe Yesaki from the original illustration in Kan'ichi Onodera's book (in Japanese) titled "*Kanada e watatta Tohoku no Mura*" (The Tohoku Region Village that Crossed the

Ocean to Canada). It shows many of the families that lived on Don Island (called *Oikawa Jima* by the Japanese), Lion Island (*Sato Jima*), Annacis Island and the Queensborough shoreline (*Naka no Shuku*).

According to Mrs. Miyeko Mickey Nakagawa, whose grandfather Unkichi Sugawara came on the *SUIAN MARU*, Unkichi moved to Annacis after having lived on one of the two smaller islands. He was next to and down-river from



Mrs. Ruth Usami (nee Sasaki) remembers her neighbours in the *Naka no Shuku* area – from east to west – as follows: 1) Shig Kamachi, 2) George Sasaki, 3) Tsuriji Suda (Trixie, Muts, Sussie), 4) Oikawa, 5) Kanegawa, 6) Heese Oikawa (Tom, Kay, Kim, Naoko), 7. Yokichi Sato (Miyo, Sets, Yoshiko, Tets), 8) Shinji Sato (Nobu, Akio, Ami), 9) Community Hall, 10) Kumagai (Yoshiro, Mary, Helen, Ray, Taeko, Kay, Rentaro, Shintaro, George, Seiko, Raeko), 11) Haru Sasaki (Hozumi, Ritsuko, Minoru, Hiroshi,

On Friday, October 13, 2006, at 1 p.m., there will be the unveiling of a plaque which the City of Richmond is creating to mark the centenary of the *SUIAN MARU* voyage. It will be placed in East Richmond in a park at the end Dyke Road which can be reached by taking Graybar Road from the Westminster Highway. It will be opposite Don and Lion Islands and the plaque will

At 5 p.m. on Saturday, October 14, 2006, there will be a Celebration Dinner which has

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attracted a large visiting group from Miyage Prefecture, including a great granddaughter of Jinzaburo Oikawa who will be bringing her daughter

to represent the family. Canadian Heritage Minister Bev Oda has been sent an invitation. This event has been extremely popular and

organizers are scrambling to find a way to accommodate the record numbers of ticket-buyers from Ontario, the U.S. and Japan. ❀

神が私を日本につかわされた - 内田郁英



内田郁英 (1970年)

私が宣教師になる要因は家族のバックグラウンドに何も関係ありませんでした。18歳の時、日本からバンクーバーに移って来た父は社会主義に引かれ、その本棚には赤いマルクス系やレーニン系の本がたくさん並び、髭すりの鏡にの上にはレーニンの絵まで飾ってありました。私は長女として生まれ、もし男の子であれば、当時有名な共産主義者であった大山郁雄にちなんで郁雄となづけられたのでしょうが、女の子だったので郁英と名づけられました。

初めてキリスト教に出会ったのは6歳のとき日本人の子供達の為の日曜学校に誘われた時でした。これはフランクリン・ストリート・ミッションと呼ばれ、中国人、日本人と白人の為の3つの日曜学校を営んでいたバプテスト派が行っていたミッションです。親は反対しなかったため毎週通いゴスペル・ソングと聖書を学びました。若い6歳の

時からこれは真理だと信じ、うたがわなかった。そして、10歳の時にイエスを救主として受け入れ、12歳の時に他6名の日系2世たちと一緒にRuth Morton Memorial Baptist教会で洗礼を受けました。

当時の日系移民の決まりは、子供は日本学校に行つて日本語を身につける事でした。私はイースト・バンクーバーにあった明和学園に1年生から6年生まで通いました。1940年に父は不況のため職を探しにOcean Fallsに行き、家族はその秋にそこに移りました。しかし、そこにいる間に日本軍の真珠湾攻撃が起こり私達日本人は海岸から強制移住させられ、内田家は臨時に明和学園に泊めて頂きました。

父は何日も経たないうちにプリンストンのロード・キャンプに入れられ、山仕事を強制

させられた。1ヶ月も経たぬうちに大木に左足がひかれ、複雑骨折にあいました。父の弟、内田一作が同じキャンプにおり、父の危ない状態を知らせに来たので、母は赤ん坊を背負って叔母と一緒にプリンストンに駆けつけました。私は長女(14歳)として8人の弟妹達の世話を余儀なくさせられました。父はもしそのままプリンストンの病院にいたら死んでいたでしょうが、叔父の熱心な交渉でバンクーバー・ジェネラル病院に移され、適切な治療を受けることが出来ました。

母がプリンストンに行っている間、私の元の日曜学校の先生、Miss Margaret Ridgewayが訪ねて来られ、父の事を話したら、「祈りましょう」と言われ、二人で父の為に祈り神に委ねました。私の心は不思議に平安を取り戻しました。

それから家族はHastings Parkに移され、牛舎で3ヶ月過ごしてから、西クウテネのローズベリというNew Denverから6マイル北の比較的小さなキャンプに移されました。そこでの生活はとても原始的でした。水は天秤にバケツを2つかけて、小川まで歩いて汲みに行き、毎日の洗濯は洗濯板でゴシゴシ擦り、湖に持って行ってすすぐ。長い木をノコギリで切って、ストーブの側で干して、薪にするのも毎日の仕事でした。電気もなかったのでもうそくを使ってました。

私はグレード9 (高校1年生)に入るはずでしたが、政府はグレード8までしか備えなかったため、洋裁を学びました。けれども次の年に各教会がハイスクールを備えてくださり、私はレイクビュー・ハイスクールという



内田武とそよと郁恵. (1928年)

名のニュー・デンバーの合同教会にローズベリから山道を5マイル歩いて通いました。

私のクリスチャンとのかかわりはMiss. Olive Woodworth（元日本伝道隊の宣教師）との交友によって維持されました。Miss Woodworthはニュー・デンバーから月に一回ローズベリに来て日曜学校をもうけ、私はそれを手伝いました。内田家族の10人の子供がこの日曜学校の3分の1をしめました。

ある日私はMiss Woodworthにクリスチャンの友達が欲しいともらしたら、彼女の答えは「クリスチャンの高校に行きませんか?」。私はそんな高校があると知りませんでした。が、「行きたい」という願いが燃え始めました。丁度その頃私はロス・アンジェルスからの聖書通信講座を学び始めていました。朝の仕事を終えて聖書を学ぶのです。ある日詩篇37:4が飛び出しました。「主をおのれの喜びとせよ。主はあなたの願いをかなえてくださる。」私の願いはMiss Woodworthが教えてくださったクリスチャンの高校に行くことでした。

一方その年の8月の夏（1945年）、原子爆弾投下によって日本との戦争が終わった。乗馬警官（R.C.M.P.）は一軒一軒訪れ、16歳以上の一人一人に日本に帰りたいか、カナダに留まるか質問しました。父はあらかじめ私たちに「日本に行ってもしょうがないから、カナダに留まると言いなさい」と忠告した。16歳以上は私一人でしたが、私は一度も行った事のない日本に行きたいと思ったことはなかった。

ローズベリが閉鎖されてからすぐに家族はニュー・デンバーに引越しましたが、私の目的地はもっと東のアルバータ州スリーヒルズにあるPrairie高校でした。ニュー・デンバーには3日間ぐらいしか私は居らず、家族にさよならを告げて、バスに乗りました。私は東に移動するのでBC



Prairieハイスクール卒業式のスピーカーズ 郁恵は一番右に。1952年の写し



ローズベリ女性ソフト・ボール・チーム。郁恵は後ろの左から2番目。（1952年）

Security Commissionから交通費、1ヶ月の生活費と道中の弁当代を頂きましたが、それ以外のお金の余裕はまったくなかったのも、もらった生活費を1ヶ月の学費にあてた後は何も残りませんでした。

私はどんな学院に行くのかまったくわかっておらず、ここに来ようとした事は全く浅はかな考えだとさえその時は思っていました。すべての聖書学院生と高校生は宿舎に住み、私たちの生活は朝6時から夜10時まで統制され、聖書が生活のルールでした。

11月に学院は特別講師を外部から呼び、3日間の特別な講座を設けました。その講師は完全な献身を強調された。丁度同じ頃、日本を占領していたマッカーサー元帥が日本に1000人の宣教師が来るように募集しました。講師が完全献身のメッセージをした後、校長のMr. Maxwell師が次のように学生達に訴えました。「空白の小切手に著名をして、神様にその空白にどんな命令を書いてもよろしい。すでに著名をしていますので。と言えるでしょうか？もし署名したならば、会場の前方に出なさい。」

神様が私に「宣教師として日本に喜んで行きますか?」と声を掛けておられたのですが、私は「カナダで仕えます」と返事し、日本行きはかたくなに拒んでおりました。ところが、イエス様が私の罪のために犠牲を惜しまずに十字架に架かり、苦しめられたイメージが急に浮かび上がり、涙を流しながら「神様、日本にでも行きます。」と自ら言い、会場の前方に出ました。この決心は私の人生の方向を変えた大きな出来事でした。

これ以後私の人生にはっきりとした目標があり、残る2年間の高校生活と4年間の聖書学院の学びは有意義であり、楽しいものでした。聖書学院の卒業式の2ヶ月前に日本伝道ミッションという新しい団体に登録を申し込みました。このミ

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1967年の大雪の時の長岡市写真—郁恵、(1967年)

ッションはいわゆるFaith Missionであって、特別な教派とか組織に属しておりませんでした。各ミッションナリーは自分で経済援助を探さなければなりませんでした。幸いに私は学生時代や夏のバイブル・キャンプで奉仕してるカナダ・アメリカの各地にいる友人達から10ドル、20ドル、さらに教会では1ヶ月に50ドルを献金してくださいました。

ここで申し遅れましたが、私より1歳半年下の妹である幸江はPrairie高校に来て、共にPrairie聖書学院で学び、一緒に卒業しました。彼女も宣教師として召され、1953年に私より1年遅れで日本に来ました。

私は1952年の2月にシアトルから貨物船のJAVA MAILに乗り、冬の荒い太平洋を横断して横浜に到着いたしました。同僚の宣教師たちが迎えてくださいました。横浜は目的地ではないので、上野駅から列車に乗って裏日本に向かい、長く暗い清水トンネルを通過し、雪国の新潟県柏崎市に到着しました。最初の数ヶ月はハリスという宣教師と共に柏崎市の普通の日本家屋で生活しました。暖房も断熱材もなかったもので、私は絶えず寒かったのを覚えています。床に布団を敷いて、そこに寝ました。そのうちあるご婦人から私は暖かい下着を買う必要があると教えていただき、彼女は私を洋品店に連れて行って暖かい下着を買いました。

最初は日本語の勉強が私の一番の必須の仕事でした。そこで、標準日本語を教えてくれる若い一人の女性を雇いました。私はバンクーバーとオーシャン・フォールズにて8年間日本学校に通い、300以上の漢字を習いました。ところが、Three Hills(高校と聖書学園)で過ごした6年間の間、日本語は全く使わず、日本人と接しませんでしたため、日本語をずいぶん忘れてしまっていました。にも拘らず、日本語の聖書を読みはじめると漢字が読めるのでびっくりしました。そして、漢字を書き始めた時、筆順を忘れていた自分を

発見しました。

日本語の勉強は教室に限られず、市内の店通りを歩いた際に店の窓ガラスに張ってあるチラシなどを読むようにしました。もうひとつは日本のラジオ放送を聞くことです。最初は政治的用語はわからないので、いちいち辞書で調べましたが、徐々にラジオ・ニュースがわかるようになっていきました。初めの頃はニュースを知る為に英字新聞Japan Timesを取り、そしてアメリカのGIラジオの英語ニュースを聞いていましたが、後程、私は日本語の地元新聞、新潟日報とラジオはNHKのニュースにすっかり頼りました。

5月にミッションは私に小千谷（おじや）という信濃川沿いの町に、開拓伝道をして新しい信者が住む町に私を遣わしました。私は日本に来てわずか3ヶ月で新しい教会を牧会するのですでした。他の宣教師は少なくとも1年間は日本語勉強についてやしますのに！

小千谷町にて私は古い日本家屋の2階に住み、その窓から信濃川が見下ろせると共に、冷たい風が窓の隙間から入ってきました。天井板はゆるく、大きなねずみが走り回っていました。料理は炭を燃やす焔炉を使い始めましたが、数ヶ月のうちに石油ストーブが売られるようになったので、石油ストーブに変えました。日本語の勉強はこの家の1階に住んでおられた古屋婦人から続けて学びました。けれどもここでの日本語の学びは日曜日に私が語らなければならない聖書に基づく説教のための日本語に集中しました。大体毎週20人くらいの人々が古屋宅に集まりました。私の説教準備は大変で何時間も掛けて英和辞書で用語を見つけ、それを和英辞書で正しい用語か確かめるという作業でした。小千谷教会には幸いにも戦前からのクリスチャンで新聞社に勤めておられた長老の逢坂さんがおられ、私が間違った日本語を使ったら必ず指摘してくれ大変感謝しました。

1952年というのはまだ戦後7年目だったので、日本はまだ貧困と病いと戦っておりまして。栄養と暖房が欠けていたため結核患者が多く、病院や療養所に多くの結核患者が収容されていました。小千谷の郊外には国立療養所があり、300人以上の患者が入院されていた。他の市内にある普通の病院も患者の3分の2は結核患者でした。実際には、入院費が払えないため入院できない患者が自宅で家族に看護を受けている状態の人々もかなりいました。

宣教師として私は日本の皆様にイエスの十字架での死によるすべての人々への愛を伝えるために来ていました。イエスは罪を赦して私たちに永遠の生命を与えて下さる喜びと希望を伝えるためだと。療養所に毎週訪れているうちに服部さんに会いました。服部さんは当時35歳くらいで、す



1995年に新築された巻教会。(1995年)

でに数年間結核をわずらっておられ、生きる望みを失っておられました。その上に、3歳の長男も結核性脳膜炎をわずらっていました。ところが、服部さんはイエス・キリストを救い主として受け入れられ、神から平和と希望が与えられたのです。彼の息子は別の病院に入院していて、母親がそこで息子の面倒を見ていたのですが、服部さんがクリスチャンになってから息子と妻と一緒に小さな病院の部屋に住むようになりました。彼の願いは妻もイエスを信じる事でした。1月に彼の病気は悪化し、奥さんもストレスから病気になりました。教会に来ておられた松坂としさんが助けに來られ、子供たちの世話を病気の親に代わってすることになりました。そのすぐ後に、奥さんもイエスを救主として受け入れ、彼女の病気が癒されました。けれども3月になって服部氏は急に亡くなられ、小千谷教会の初めてのお葬式を執り行いました。奥さんは神に支えられ絶え間ない笑顔が印象に残っております。長男は6歳で亡くなり、母親も数年後小さな次男を残して亡くなられました。

小千谷に1年弱住んでいた所、新しく建った柏崎聖書学院に移るよう命令されました。その学院の女子寮の一室に住んで聖書と歴史を教えました。この聖書学院は日本海沿いの丘の上に建てられ、日本海が展望でき、すぐ裏は森でした。とても素敵な景色に囲まれていた。柏崎聖書学院は小さな学院で学生数が平均6人から12人で、私は教えているうちに自分の神からの贈物は教える事であると発見したのです。もう一つ自覚したのは、十分に教えるためにはもっと勉強する必要があるという事でした。

その勉強のために4年間費やしました。アメリカのイリノイ州のWheaton Collegeで2年間(1965～67年)学んで歴史学科のBAの学位を取り、そして1970～72年にイギリスのロンドン・バイブル・カレッジで神学の学位を会得しました。更に新潟高校の国語の通信教育で現国1,2,3、古文と漢文の5つのコースを修了して、自分の日本語のレ

ベルを高校レベルにしました。聖書を教える事は多面的で言語的には旧約聖書のヘブライ語、新約聖書のギリシャ語を学び、歴史的背景を学ぶために、旧約聖書の為には古代史を身につけ、新約聖書の為にギリシャとローマの歴史を知る必要があります。聖書学園で教えた30年間のうちに旧約通論、モーゼの5書、預言書、教会史、共観福音書、ローマ書、黙示録などを教えました。

柏崎聖書学院は小さな学院ですが、その卒業生が新潟県、富山県や日本各地の牧師になり、海外の牧師(ブラジル)や宣教師になっているのを見るととても満足です。私も学院で教える他、創世記や黙示録のコースを各教会グループに日曜日の午後や金曜の夜に教えに出かけました。高田教会のある女性は創世記の学びをとっても喜んで、すぐに自分の友人を集めて学んだものを彼らに教えてもしました。

1966年から1970年まで私は聖書学院から柏崎市に引越し、突然柏崎教会の婦人牧師が結婚するために石川県に去っていったので、その代わりに牧会を頼まれました。彼女は土曜日の午後、高校生会を始めていたので、そのクラスを引き継ぎました。私はこの年齢層が大好きで1年のうちに5、6人が25～30人の出席まで増えた。先ず、英語を教え、その後に聖書を共に学ぶスケジュールでしたが、そのうちにある高校生は英語に興味はなく、英語の学びが終わるのを待って、聖書の学びだけを勉強しました。その後ついに、英語クラスをやめて、聖書だけの学びになりました。出席者は増え続け、これらの高校生はクリスチャンになって日本のいたる所に散らばっています。

もうひとつの特筆すべきことは、教会養設(Church Planting)の仕事に1976年から1985年に携わったことです。キリスト教会のない巻町(新潟市の約20マイル南で人口27,000人)に導かれ、柏崎聖

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内田家の宣教師

前列：左から内田晃と久子、池ノ上幸江と岩雄
後列：左から郁恵、真理子(田住)と愛子
(1961年の写真)

書学院の卒業生であり巻町の高校を卒業した古沢雪江師と共に巻町の伝道をゼロから始めました。古沢先生と二人で各家にトラクトを配りましたが、人々の態度は丁重でしたが、キリスト教を外国の宗教とみなし、集会になかなか人が来ませんでした。

古い家を掃除して集会を始め、高校生が4.5人、そして巻町に住んでいたクリスチャンで、それまで新潟市の教会に行っていた方々が私たちの集会に来ました。特別な伝道集会を持ち、一人の男子高校生が救われ、集会に忠実に来るようになりました。数年のうち15人位の会衆になり、私が巻町に来て9年後の1984年に巻教会は土地と建物を買入し、その家を集会場に改造しました。

1984年バイブル・キャンプで救われて、カナダの聖書学院で学んでいた佐藤浩昭氏が夏の訓練を巻でしたいと祈願したので来て頂き、その翌年彼は学院を卒業して巻教会の牧師に就任いたしました。私は喜んで彼に教会を譲りました。彼は柏崎聖書学院の卒業生であり、巻の近くの町出身の女性と結婚し、今は4人の男の子の父親です。10年後の1995年には彼らはもっと広い土地を購入して、大きな教会堂を建てました。

終わりに申し上げますが、新潟県で働いていたThe Evangelical Alliance Missionチームの外人宣教師は皆退職して、新潟県の教会は日本人の牧師に任されています。そして柏崎聖書学院も完全に日本人の教職によって運営され、その卒業生は日本全国に、そしてブラジル、カリフォルニアにて奉仕しています。日本人の教職者達と教会は学院ばかりでなく、バイブル・キャンプ、テレビ、ラジオ伝道等を意欲的に継続しております。

行きたくなかった日本に神が後押しして遣わされたことを感謝いたしております。

なお追伸として申し上げたいのは、私の3人の妹たち、池之上幸江、田住真理子とAnne McVetyと一人の弟、晃も皆、同じアルバータ州の聖書学院で学び、それぞれ宣教師になりました。4人は日本へ、妹Anneはブラジルの日系人伝道に。

尚、父はいつまでも共産主義にとどまらず、私が日本に行った頃、1952年に自分で聖書を読んでイエスを救主として受け入れました。母はその後15年もたってクリスチャンになりました。



The list of new and renewing members of the National Nikkei Museum & Heritage Centre from May 1, 2006 to July 31, 2006.

Mr. Yoshi Arima & Ms. Debora Burke	Mrs. Kanaye K. Kagetsu	Mrs. Kassie Nakamura	Dr. & Mrs. George & Kuni Sugiyama
Mrs. Yoko Banks	Mr. & Mrs. Roger & Joyce Kamikura	Ms. Seiko Nakazawa	Mr. Ed Suguro
Mrs. Martha Banno	Mr. & Mrs. Yosh & Gail Kariatsumari	Mr. & Mrs. Takashi & Keiko Negoro	Mrs. Kay Tagami
Mr. & Mrs. Katsuji & Kunikok Chiba	Miss. Dottie Karr	Ms. Sakuya Nishimura	Mr. & Mrs. Tom & Avalon Tagami
LA Dinsmore	Ms. Tomoko kato	Mr. George Obara	Mr. Seigo Takagawa
Mr. & Mrs. John & Karol Dubitz	Mr. Masaaki Kawabata	Ms. Michiko Obara	Mr. & Mrs. Mikio & Aiko Takeda
Kyoko Endo	Mr. Masanobu Kawahira	Mr. & Mrs. Yoshio & Kazuko Ogura	Mr. Tatsuya Takeda
Mr. Randy Enomoto & Ms. Lynn Westwood	Mr. & Mrs. Richard & Keiko Kazuta	Mrs. Mary Ohara	Mrs. Tamie Takeshita
Mr. & Mrs. Ken Ezaki	Mr. Kaye Kishibe	Ms. Naoko Ohkohchi	Ms. Harumi Tamoto
Rev errand & Mrs. Ohrai & Minako Fujikawa	Mr. & Mrs. John & Jean Kitagawa	Mr. & Mrs. Takafumi & Naomi Ohno	Mr. & Mrs. Kinzie & Terry Tanaka
Mrs. Kyomi Fujisawa	Mr. Koichi Kitagawa	Mr. & Mrs. George & Gene Oikawa	Mr. & Mrs. Shoji & Fusako Tanami
Mrs. Kay Fujishima	Mr. & Mrs. Jim & Michiko Kojima	Mrs. Joyce Oikawa	Ms. Sian Tasaka
Aurthur Gorai	Mr. & Mrs. Albert Kokuryo	Mrs. Marge Oike	Mr. & Mrs. Tom & Margaret Taylor
Mr. & Mrs. Bill & Lynn Green	Ms. Christine Kondo	Mr. Kenji Okuda	Mrs. Marie Teraguchi
Mr. & Mrs. Shoji & Fumi Hamagami	Mr. Tom Kuwahara	Mr. Herbert Ono & Ms. Tara O'Connor	Mr. & Mrs. Nobuya & Kazue Tsurusaki
Mr. Yoshiharu Hashimoto	Mr. Thomas Madokoro	Mr. & Mrs. Akira & Mikiko Oye	Mrs. Irene Tsuyuki
Mr. & Mrs. Mickey & Betty Hayashi	Ms. Wilhelmina Martin	Mrs. Linda Reid	Ms. Ikuye Uchida
Mrs. Susan Hidaka	Mr. David Masuhara & Ms. Beverly West	Ms. Marilyn Robb	Vancouver Japanese Gardeners Association
Mr. & Mrs. T. Hirai	Mr. & Mrs. Seishi & Kisako Matsuno	Mr. & Mrs. Yoshiyuki & Masako Sakaue	Mrs. Yoshiko Wakabayashi
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Hirose	Ms. Yuki Matsuno	Mr. & Mrs. Tats & Kim Sakauye	Mrs. Pearl Williams
Mr. & Mrs. Ted & Nancy Hirota	Mr. & Mrs. Mitsuyoshi & Lily Matsushita	Mrs. Virginia Sato	Tamiko Williams
Mr. & Mrs. Mikio & Midori Hori	Ms. Judy Maxwell	Mary Seko	Miss Sheena Wilson
Mr. & Mrs. Mitsuru & Jean Hori	Mr. & Mrs. Hiroshi & Kay Minemoto	Mr. & Mrs. Tommy & Mitsuye Shimizu	Mrs. Hisako Yamamoto
Mr. Yoshio Hyodo	Mr. Akira Mori	Mr. Sam Shinde	Ms. Norine K. Yamamoto
Mr. Seikichi Inaba	Mr. & Mrs. Masanao & Shoko Morimura	Mr. & Mrs. Wataru & Barbara Shishido	Mr. & Mrs. Steve & Dorothy Yamamoto
Mr. & Mrs. Yusuke & Atsushi Inagaki	Lillian Morishita	Miss Miriam Smith	Kimi Yano
Mr. & Mrs. Charles & Lillian Kadota	NAJC Kamloops Chapter	Mr. & Mrs. Roy & Tsuyako Sokugawa	Mr. & Mrs. Mas. & Kaori Yano
Ms. Naoko Kadota	Ms. Fumie Nakagawa	Mr. & Mrs. Harold & Kathy Steves	Mr. Mitsuo Yesaki
			Terry Yoshikawa & Kazu Nishi
			Mr. & Mrs. Kenji & Joan Yurugi