

Nikkei Images

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Alisa Noda (1956 - 2007)

Alisa, sadly and unexpectedly passed away on July 3, 2007. Born in Vancouver, B.C. on September 14, 1956, and raised there, Alisa grew up exploring the coastal waters of B.C. on her father's fishing boat. She graduated from Gladstone Secondary School at the age of 16, after spending her school years in a program for gifted learners.

After graduating from SFU, Alisa worked in Thompson, Manitoba, as a public school teacher but returned as an advocate for the First Nations community. She immediately pursued a law degree at UBC and was called to the bar in 1985. Eventually through her practice, Noda & Associates, Alisa became one of the foremost authorities in negotiating aboriginal treaties and providing legal council for the First Nations communities of British Columbia and the Yukon.

Equally committed to changing the world through her volunteer life, Alisa worked tirelessly with West-coast LEAF, a non-profit organization that works to make Canada an equal place for all women. The National Nikkei Museum & Heritage Centre Society (NNMHC) was fortunate in recruiting Alisa in 2004 as a board member and had recently accepted the role as President. Some of us witnessed her leadership qualities as the Chair of the Programs Commit-



Alisa Noda. (Noda Family photo, 2007)

tee. The few months she served as President, Alisa began meeting with board members personally for breakfast and lunch because she wanted to hear all of their vision for NNMHC. You sensed that she had her vision for the Centre and that she was laying the foundation for her plan.

Alisa was a world traveller which fuelled her love for music, ballet, food and art. Her joyful appreciation for beauty infused every aspect of her life from Monet paintings to crayon drawings on the fridge. Gardening, entertaining, singing and listening to the opera were among her many passions. She treasured quiet weekends at their cottage on Mayne Island with her husband Mark and beloved dog Juba, where she enjoyed her last day doing all the things she loved to do; hiking, sharing great

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Announcements

JCNM Activities

A Dream of Riches

Continues to Sept. 8, 2007

Shojo Manga!

Sept. 19 to Nov. 9, 2007

Shashin: JC Studio Photography to 1942

Nov. 17, 2007 to Jan. 26, 2008

Book Launch:

Race, Racialization and Antiracism in
Canada and Beyond

Sept. 22, 6:30 P.M. - 8:00 P.M.

Upcoming Events at Nikkei Place

Fall Bazaar

Sept. 29, 11:00 A.M. - 2:30 P.M.

Japan Expo

Oct. 11 - Oct 12, 10:00 A.M. - 2:30 P.M.

Fujiya 30-Year Anniversary Event

Oct. 13, 3:00 P.M. Tickets \$10.

West Coast Symphony Concert

Oct. 14, 2:00 P.M. Admission by donation.

Children's Halloween Party

Oct. 27, 10:30 A.M. - 1:00 P.M.

7th Annual Christmas Craft & Bake Sale

Nov. 17, 10:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.

Breakfast With Santa

Dec. 8, 9:30 A.M.

Adults \$5, Children \$4 - Register early.

Mochitsuki

Dec. 29, 12:00 - 3:30 P.M.

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food with friends and walking the beaches. Mark said that she spent the entire day with a smile on her face. That night she woke up knowing something was wrong and in typical Alisa fashion called 911 herself! By the time she was airlifted to Victoria she had slipped into a coma. She is survived by her husband Mark, mother Akiko, sister Rika (Duncan), brother Dwight (Stephanie) and brother Mark, indulging Auntie to Jessika, Tasia, Evan, Jenna, Gareth, Naomi, Miko and Kobe.

A celebration of Life for Alisa

was held on July 15 at the NNMHC with several hundreds in attendance. We have attached a tribute by Gordon Kadota, a NNM&HC board member. Also, an article about Alisa published in the 2005 Fall issue of "The Scrivener" titled BC Women Making a Difference can be seen on the following web-site: http://www.notaries.bc.ca/images/stories/PDF/ScrivenerMagazine/2005_fall/scriv_oct_2005%2014.pdf. Alisa Noda was a special person who touched the hearts of many who knew her; may her memory live forever! ❀

A Celebration of Life: Alisa Noda,

July 15, 2007,

National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre

by Gordon Kadota, Director, NNMHC

longer with us.

The news was so devastating we could neither find any words nor bring ourselves to accepting that it actually happened.

Even when I was informed about today's Celebration of Alisa Noda's Life, I just could not think about reciting, "*Do not stand at my grave for I am a thousand winds that blow*", or "*Grieve not for me, nor mourn the while, for happier I would be to see you smile*". These words almost have a hollow ring because surely Alisa is not gone...

Alisa was not a long time board member of NNM&HC. In fact she came on the scene and was elected to the Board just three years ago. However, what she brought to the somewhat then quiet Board, through her interest and dedication, was a vision to take the activities of the Centre to a new level.

In the Spring of last year, Alisa specifically made a point to attend an event where I spoke about who is a Nikkei. In several conversations I had with her after that, I received the distinct impression that she was confirming her roll in our community. After serving as chair of the very



Alisa Noda. (Noda Family photo, 2007)

On behalf of the National Nikkei Museum & Heritage Centre, its membership, and if I may, on behalf of the Nikkei Community, we express our sincere and heartfelt condolences to Mark, Mrs. Noda and Alisa's family.

On July 3rd...we were informed that Alisa was hospitalized in Victoria

On July 4th...we received the shocking news that Alisa was no

active Programs committee and being a prominent part of the strategic planning, Alisa was elected President and Chair of our Board at our meeting this past May. Again, Alisa spared no time in contacting many of our board members to establish in her mind the future direction of the NNM&HC.

On July 3rd or 4th, the JCCA Bulletin was delivered to most of the Nikkei households. It is beyond irony that this issue had Alisa's first message to the Nikkei Community. But perhaps, listening to her words and doing the things she suggests, might be indeed, part of the Celebration of her life.

Alisa said, *"It is now fully summer and there is more time to do things that one might not indulge in otherwise. Afternoons at the beach, travel, barbequing on the deck, and mounds of fresh, summer fruit*

all come to mind. While basking in summer's glow, remember to take a moment to review the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre activities listed here and come join in the fun".

"As the new President and Chair of the NNM&HC Board, I am excited to be part of an organization that celebrates and affirms Nikkei history and culture. The Nikkei community has worked hard to share our unique heritage with others. We do this, I think, because we fundamentally believe that Canada is that much stronger when it is rooted in the shared experiences of all Canadians".

"The NNM&HC Board is hard at work on a strategic plan to take the Centre and Museum to another level. We hope to be able to share more on that in the fall. Suffice to say

that the time seems "ripe", just like the summer fruit, for new ideas and directions".

"In the meantime, I hope you have a safe, restful and mouthwatering summer".

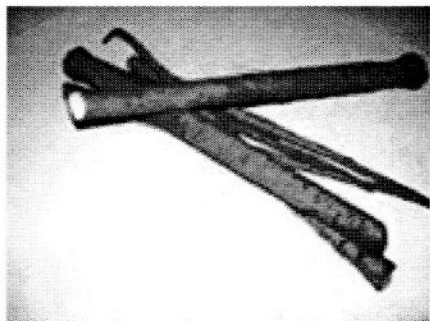
At the NNM&HC we will be living in the new era that Alisa envisioned and by doing so, we will be celebrating the life of the person who has made a difference in the past and who was about to make a difference in our future.

We will be celebrating the life of the teacher and leader that she was...and the teacher and leader she continues to be.

Perhaps she *is* saying, *"do not mourn the while, miss me and remember me.."* Perhaps she *is*, *"The Thousand Winds that Blow..."* ❀

Gobo – A Japanese Canadian Heirloom Vegetable

by Christine Kondo



Freshly dug gobo roots. (C. Kondo photo, 2007)

When I was a kid I used to watch my grandmother in the kitchen preparing *gobo*. Standing on my toes to see above the kitchen counter, I marveled at how each scrape with a knife would slough off the dark woody bark and reveal pearly white flesh. I used to wonder how she could transform something that looked like an old stick into a sweet-tasting traditional Japanese Canadian dish.

Gobo, or burdock root, is a hardy biannual plant belonging to the chrysanthemum family. It can grow to around three or four feet tall with

large pale green leaves. The edible roots are normally harvested when 12 to 18 inches long. *Gobo* easily grows from seed. The spring-sown seeds are ready for harvest from late summer through to autumn, and the autumn-sown varieties are over-wintered and dug up the following spring or early summer. Although *gobo* produces flowers, it's best to harvest it before the flowers appear, otherwise the root gets too tough.

I remember watching my dad digging up *gobo* from our backyard; it was always quite a workout because the taproots can extend for several feet. My father would choose sandy, loamy soil and cultivate it very deeply, making sure there were no rocks. Cultivating the sandy soil at least a foot and a half deep before planting the seeds helps make the effort of digging it out a little easier. These days *gobo* can easily be found in Asian grocery stores.

It's believed that *gobo* was origi-

nally used in Japan for its medicinal qualities. It is a good source of dietary fibre, contains calcium and potassium and it's low in calories. Since it can grow nearly anywhere and rarely bothered by pests, many cultures have used it over the centuries. Burdock root has been used in early Chinese medicine and it's also been documented in Indian Ayurvedic medicines, as well as used by German and Russian herbalists. For the Iroquois in North America, burdock root was an important winter food; they dug it in the autumn, dried it, and ate it throughout the winter. Although burdock root grows wild around the world and many cultures have used it throughout the ages, it had only, until very recently, been actively cultivated by Japan as a vegetable. In that regard, it's very likely the seeds Japanese Canadians used were brought here by the *Issei* from Japan. (My father says he uses seeds given to him from a late *Issei*

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relative in our extended family.)

A popular way to cook *gobo*—and the way my grandmother used to prepare it—is *kimpira*, a sauté and simmer cooking technique often used to prepare root vegetables. When *gobo* is cooked this way the bitter flesh becomes nutty and sweet.

Gobo Kimpira

- 1 cup *gobo*
- ¼ cup carrot or one large carrot
- 2 tbsp vegetable oil
- 1 tbsp sesame oil
- 2 tbsp *shoyu*
- 1 tbsp sugar
- 1 tbsp *mirin*

½ tsp dried chilli flakes or *shichimi togarashi*

To prepare the *gobo* you can scrape off the bark with a knife but I use a vegetable peeler to take the bark off, it's quicker and safer. If the *gobo* skin is thin you can also clean it by using a coarse vegetable brush. Cut the *gobo* into thick matchsticks. Immediately soak the cut and cleaned *gobo* in cold water to prevent it from turning grey. Cut the carrot into matchsticks.

Heat a wok or skillet over medium heat. Add the vegetable oil and add the drained *gobo*. After a few minutes add the carrots, *shoyu*, sugar, *mirin*



A peppery, tasty dish of kimpira. (C. Kondo photo, 2007)

and continue to cook over medium heat until most of the liquid has evaporated. Sprinkle on the sesame oil, chili flakes, or *shichimi togarashi* and serve. ❁

What's New and Different for Fall 2007

by Cathy Makihara, CEO

This past summer, the Executive's Strategic Planning Committee and myself are revisiting a strategic plan of 2004 to update and reflect the new mood for enhanced programming. We began meeting monthly to articulate a future direction for the organization. The beauty - and the difficulty - of planning is that it requires hard choices that help focus our efforts and resources. For this organization it will mean adopting a strategic plan this fall providing a targeted 'how to' through to 2010.

As we submit this article today, it's still early to say exactly what will be in store, but some key focus areas are: revenue generation to enhance programs and focusing on anchor programs and facilities to generate interest from people and institutions across Canada.

At the same time, the organization has been publicly fundraising for the Tree of Prosperity, designed to provide the necessary resources to support our ongoing operations. We have been heartened by the response

and look forward to talking with each of you about your possible participation. In October, our board, staff and volunteers will be heading out again and asking for your generous support of the Tree of Prosperity. You can purchase a leaf or buy a leaf at a higher level, please watch for our mail out.

All of us would like to thank the members of the Strategic Planning Committee whose hard work and vision will lead to the adoption of the new Strategic Plan. The Board of Directors thank you for your support of our fundraising efforts.

Join the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre today and enjoy your complimentary issue of NIKKEI IMAGES.

NIKKEI IMAGES is a quarterly journal published by the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre and available to all members of this organization. Filled with interesting information and articles about Nikkei matters from contributors across Canada and beyond. In the Sep-

tember-December 2007 issue of the "Nikkei Network" program guide, we share the latest issue of NIKKEI IMAGES. It's our hope that those of you who aren't members yet will now become members and receive this newsletter every 4 months.

By becoming a member you are contributing to a thriving National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre.

Advantages of Belonging to NNMHC
Nikkei Special Events Hall - special events and community celebrations

Japanese Canadian National Museum - showcasing exhibitions and invitations to openings

Museum Shop - 10% discount to all members

Priority ticket access to Salute Fundraising Dinner and other selected events

Priority program registration for selected programs

Nikkei Images quarterly journal



Matsutake Dreaming by Carl Yokota

With fall fast approaching, that can only mean a few things to me. Firstly, that means another birthday

to avoid celebrating as my bones seem to creak more each year. Secondly, my much deserved annual

vacation time for either travelling or work around the home is pretty much a given. And thirdly, but one that I

have only begun to take a real fancy to in the last 16 years or so, are the smells and tastes of *matsutake* (pine mushrooms). It is the latter subject that I would like to explore.

Once on a trip to Japan in October of 1991, while strolling in a pedestrian mall in Kyoto I came upon specialty stores selling nothing but *matsutake* items. Attractively displayed with pricey tags, the *matsutake* were offered for sale to passing customers. I regret now that I did not take the time to inquire more about this prime Japanese autumn delicacy with the shopkeepers. I do not recall seeing or eating *matsutake* while growing up as a youngster in our household. In later years, my folks would on occasion receive the cherished treat from relatives who had suc-

successfully gone out to hunt for them. My mother makes some pretty tasty *matsutake gohan* but I never cared much for this rice dish until well into my 30s.

In Japan, the *matsutake* mushroom is more than a seasonal food item. Its history can be traced in written documents dating back over a thousand years. A symbol of fertility with a unique earthy aroma and taste, it was eaten by the Japanese nobility. *Matsutake* are even mentioned in a 17th century haiku poem written by the famous Japanese poet Matsuo Basho (1644-1694):

*Matsutake ya
Shiranu ko no ha no
Nebaritsuku*

In recent years, the harvest of *matsutake* has shrunk considerably in Japan. So insatiable is their craving and consumption, the Japanese now have to import large quantities of *matsutake* varieties from China, Korea, Taiwan, Canada, the U.S. Northwest and surprisingly, Mexico. Although

Started in 1997 by David Lee Kwen with only a small amount of seed money, Misty Mountain Specialties has grown considerably over the past ten years. Operated with business associate, Moushtak Estepho, and a small host of employees, they cater exclusively to the wholesale market. Although Misty Mountain Specialties carry a wide range of mushrooms, they consider the *matsutake* mushroom as a unique variety. Over the next couple of hours, I learned a lot about the so-called "King of Mushrooms".

Unlike the prized *Tricholoma matsutake* grown in Japan, it's North American cousin variety, *Tricholoma magnivelare* Redhead has a smaller cap and longer stem, as well as a corresponding lower price. For true connoisseurs of *matsutake* the



Matsutake shop on Teramachi shopping arcade, Kyoto. (C. Yokota photo, 1991)

the Japanese love their home-grown wild *matsutake*, the North American variety are always in high demand and closely resemble the ones found in Japan. Exports from these other countries are having a problematic effect for Canadian commercial harvesters and distributors due to their competition's lower prices and earlier harvest season. In an attempt to gain a better appreciation of the *matsutake* market, I visited Misty Mountain Specialties, a Richmond, BC domestic and wild mushroom wholesaler who graciously allowed me to meet with them.

Canadian variety holds its own in terms of availability, quality and taste. Said to have a spicy taste akin to cinnamon, with an earthy aroma, *matsutake* are found in Canada primarily in BC and Quebec. In BC, *matsutake* can be found in places such as Pemberton, Powell River, Terrace and Whistler. U.S. harvesting is found in Northern California, Oregon and Washington State. TV's Food Network Canada, even featured a segment with chef Michael Smith and his *matsutake* hunting forays in the Oregon woods.

Unlike the 1990's where the

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prime price of true domestic Japanese *matsutake* reached outrageous prices reaching US \$2000 per kilo or more, prices for imports from Canada in 2006 went in the \$70 per kilo range. Apparently there are high-end restaurants in Japan who will do whatever it takes to satisfy their clientele's discerning tastes. The past few years have been bad for *matsutake* harvesters but according to David Lee Kwen conditions are looking good for the 2007 season to be much improved. However, the right weather conditions will play an important factor in *matsutake* production. This year's wet spring, especially in BC, accompanied with good drainage and hopefully a cold first freeze followed with some temperature warming will make conditions ideal for *matsutake* cultivation. One indicator of a good *matsutake* season will be abundant finds of morel and chanterelle mushrooms earlier in the season. It should be noted that in recent years the Japanese, particularly the younger generation, are more inclined to try the more popular and stylish types of wild mushrooms like the chanterelle rather than the "older generation" favored *matsutake*.

Having never been *matsutake* picking myself, I can only rely on stories I have heard or read about. Harvesting for *matsutake* either for commercial or recreational purposes can be a very frustrating but rewarding affair. Before one goes hunting for the tasty fungi, pickers have to ensure they are dressed and equipped for the various weather and terrain conditions including waterproof clothing, boots or hiking boots, knives, small picks, flashlights, backpacks, satellite phones (normal cell phones won't work properly in the thick mountain bush), and global positioning (GPS) units. My late father once went *matsutake* hunting and was a bit shaken up when his group came across fresh bear droppings on the ground.

Perhaps one might want to consider taking a can of bear spray as well. Once you arrive at your chosen spot to hunt for the elusive *matsutake* make sure that you either have a permit or permission by the land owner to scour their lands. The last thing one needs is a confrontation. In the past, there have been incidents in the Terrace area where violence and guns have been involved when commercial *matsutake* harvesters have had their hauls hijacked or shots fired from rival harvesters. For recreational *matsutake* enthusiasts it is almost like going on a big Easter egg hunt where the anticipation and experience of looking for the mushroom is almost as exciting as actually finding them.

After reaching your favored *matsutake* grounds, it is like looking for a needle in a haystack. *Matsutake* are generally found in old growth, forested areas where one might find pine, fir, hemlock trees. At first glance, the budding *matsutake* are not readily recognizable. The *matsutake* mushroom gets its nutrition from the nearby roots of the fore mentioned

types of trees, through a network of fine root-like fibers known as mycelium. This mycelium network in the ground can vary in size or location which makes pinpointing the prime *matsutake* spots very difficult. Canvassing the forest floor, look for some telltale signs of possible *matsutake* hiding spots. Look for ground that has a covering of leaf or organic material. Signs of animal foraging or digging are another indication of possible *matsutake* hotspots. Deer in particular are very good in locating these mushrooms. As the *matsutake* grows, it will ever so subtly make a small mound or bump on the forest floor. It takes a keen eye to notice, but once one such mound is located chances are good that more are nearby. Getting down on hands and knees, start to pat and feel the ground for the little mounds. Once found, gently brush the top covering of leaves or organic matter aside and hopefully a small, white *matsutake* mushroom head will emerge. With a knife or thin garden weeding tool, insert around the base of the mushroom and carefully pry it up. Gently



Another Teramachi *matsutake* shop showing the various varieties of *matsutake*. (C. Yokota photo, 1991)

clean the mushroom, brushing any leaves or dirt from the cap and stalk, loosen and remove. Place the precious commodity into a container, protecting it from the sun or warmth. Do not forget to cover up your dug up hole to protect the mycelium culture and encourage future growth. For commercial pickers, time is now a critical factor in getting the delicate fungi back to the buyer's weigh station where the *matsutake* are graded, pickers paid (in cash), packed and sent immediately by airplane to wholesalers such as Misty Mountain Specialties who in turn ready their orders to expectant buyers.

To the Japanese, *matsutake* are only as good as the quality of the product. Any imperfection reduces the quality and hence the ultimate price. In the commercial market, there are six recognized grading categories, No.1 thru No. 6. The most sought after grade is the No. 1 *matsutake* which is found when it is at the youngest growth stage of its life, with an enclosed small cap, measuring

around two inches or so. The more mature *matsutake* with their lower grades, have various stages of the cap being opened and its eventual flattening and curling. Be sure to check for any worm infestations by squeezing the stem. If it feels soft and spongy, it most likely is infested with worms. There is very little if no commercial benefit in keeping these *matsutake*.

The best part of *matsutake* harvesting is eating them. There are numerous ways of enjoying this fine forest morsel. The most popular ways of consuming *matsutake* are to grill them in an oven or barbeque with a little butter and sprinkled with salt and pepper, in *matsutake* soup, *matsutake gohan* (rice), *dobin mushi* (cooked in an earthen pot with other ingredients in a flavoured stock), *chawan mushi* (steamed egg custard in flavored stock). David Kwen said he preferred placing sliced *matsutake* pieces on a sheet of aluminum foil, baking it in an oven, and then drizzling a touch of soy sauce over top. My favourite

is eating *matsutake* udon (noodles). Heat in a small sauce pan a mixture of some chicken stock, soy sauce, and sugar, along with thinly sliced *matsutake* slices. When fully heated, place the *udon* noodles in a big bowl, pour otop a small ladle-full of the light, sweetened sauce along with the saturated *matsutake* slices, add some chopped green onions and some thinly cut *nori* (seaweed). It makes me hungry just thinking about this delicious dish. Whatever the method of preparation, the delicate nature of the *matsutake* mushroom calls for simplicity to best enhance its unique texture, aroma and flavour.

With Autumn on its doorstep, thoughts and dreams of *matsutake* start to permeate my brain. If fortunate enough to come across the tasty forest treat and it finds its way into my table and ultimately my belly that would be a satisfying time. Perhaps as David Kwen forecasts, 2007 will be a good year for *matsutake*. Let's hope our dreams come true. ☀

Nikkei War Veterans: Ryoichi and Yutaka Kobayashi

by Mitsuo Yesaki

Ryoichi Kobayashi was born in Inari-machi, Hiroshima-ken, Japan in 1891. His father, Toyokichi had immigrated to Canada while he was still a youth and he sponsored Ryoichi and his elder brother, Minekichi to Canada on June 30, 1907. They worked in the forest industry with their father on Vancouver Island.

With the start of World War I, the Canadian Japanese Association (CJA) formed the Canadian Japanese Volunteer Corps in 1916 to demonstrate their support for the war and as a lever for eventually winning the franchise. The strongest proponent for this corps was Yasushi Yamazaki, the president of the CJA. The volunteers started training in January, without the

acknowledgement of the federal government, and continued through March. The volunteers were given meal tickets and paid eight dollars per month. The entire cost of this exercise was paid for by the CJA. In April, the federal government declined the services of the volunteers and the Canadian Japanese Volunteer Corps was disbanded. Meanwhile, the armed forces were having difficulty in enlisting recruits in 1916, especially in sparsely populated Alberta. The armed forces in this province eager to fulfill their quotas let it be known that they would accept Japanese volunteers. Many of the volunteers enlisted in Alberta, a few of them making their way at their own expense.¹

Ryoichi, eager to demonstrate

his alliance to his new found country, travelled to Calgary, Alberta and enlisted in the 192nd battalion Scarce Camp (service number was 898558). He enlisted on Sept. 1, 1916 at the age of 25 and embarked for England via the **SS EMPRESS OF BRITAIN** on October 31, 1916. He disembarked in England on November 11, 1916 and was taken on strength with the 9th Battalion on November 12, 1916. He was then transferred to the Reserve Battalion on June 25, 1917 and proceeded to France for service with the 10th Battalion on March 5, 1917. He was wounded in action at Vimy Ridge on April 28, 1917 (machine gun bullet through the left forearm). It was a bad week for the Japanese

Continued on page 8

Canadian volunteers, as by the time they were relieved by the 3rd Battalion on April 29, only 11 remained fit for duty, whereas 8 were killed and 9 were wounded.¹ Ryoichi was evacuated to England on May 1, 1917 and admitted to Nottingham hospital for 6 weeks and then was transferred to the Uxbridge Hospital for 3 weeks 2 days - then transferred again to Epsom Hospital for 3 weeks 3 days and finally transferred to the Ramsgate Hospital for another 5 weeks 3 days before he embarked for Canada on August 29, 1917 for a posting to Alberta in the regimental depot arriving on December 16, 1917 and arriving in military district Victoria on December 26, 1917. He was honorably discharged on May 17, 1918 and was awarded the British War Medal and the Victory Medal.

Ryoichi lived at 307 Powell Street, Vancouver after being discharged from the war. While at this domicile, he apparently drove a taxi while working at a garage operated by Caucasians.² His next domiciles are listed in the *Directory of the Japanese Canadians* published in 1926

as Granby Sawmills, Anyox, in the Nass River region of B.C. and a forwarding address at 322 Jackson Avenue, Vancouver B.C.³ It seems Ryoichi returned to working in the forest industry in northern B.C. In about 1926 when he was 33 or 35 years old, he returned to Japan for a short trip. Ryoichi came back to Vancouver and shortly after, Ma-

sako Morimoto arrived as his bride. There is no record in the B.C. Marriage Registry, so the marriage was registered in Japan.

While in Vancouver, the Kobayashis had 5 children; Takashi, Hiroshi, Yutaka, Isamu and Reiko.



Ryoichi Kobayashi. (T. Tabo photo, 1916)

After his return to British Columbia, Ryoichi starting working in the fishing industry, where he had no known previous experience. In 1919, the federal government limited the number of fishing licenses issued to Japanese fishermen and restricted licenses only to those fishermen with long tenures in fisheries. However, Ryoichi would have been eligible for a fishing li-

cense because of his war veteran's status. It is not known what fisheries he participated in, but Yutaka remembers being taken out on his father's boat for a cruise around Burrard Inlet.

Sometime in about 1939, the family moved to 2072 Dundas Street. With the bombing of Pearl Harbor, anti-Japanese sentiments escalated, prompting calls for the federal government to evacuate all Japanese from the coast. Ryoichi stubbornly resisted these evacuation orders, citing his rights as a veteran. Eventually he relented, as the discrimination against the children by their peers was taking its toll. The Kobayashis were about the last of the Japanese families to leave Vancouver and were evacuated to the Tashme Internment Camp in the fall of 1942.

While in Tashme, Ryoichi and Masako had two more children: Taeko and Yasuko. The family remained in this internment camp until May 1946, when Ryoichi

opted to be repatriated to Japan. The Japanese were given the choice of living east of the Rockies or to return to Japan. Ryoichi took the option to move his family back to Hiroshima City as he was unsure of the prospects for work away from the coast and also for concerns of relatives living in Hiroshima City at the time of the atomic bomb. They returned to a completely devastated

city.

Yutaka, the third son, was 10 years old when the family was evacuated to Tashme. He finished grade 4 at Macdonald Elementary School and completed grades 5 to 7 through the school system operated by the B.C. Security Commission in Tashme. When Yutaka arrived in Hiroshima, he was 15 years old and completed 4 years of high school at the Sanyo School.

After the end of World War II, the British Commonwealth Armed Forces established a base in Kure, a city near Hiroshima. Yutaka, with his knowledge of English, obtained a position as an interpreter for the Australian army where he was employed for 3 years. With the start of the Korean War, the Canadian forces established a

base in Hiro City in 1951, so Yutaka sought work as an interpreter at this base. The Canadian armed forces were actively enlisting recruits to fight in Korea and as he was a Canadian citizen, Yutaka enlisted in April 1952. He undertook 8 weeks of basic training in Hara-mura. After this training, Yutaka was assigned to 23rd Transport Company of the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps and was sent over to Korea in November 1952.

As the Canadian armed forces were recruiting all eligible volunteers, Between 30-40 repatriates enlisted in Japan, including his two older brothers (Takashi, Hiroshi) and a younger brother (Isamu). Even Ryoichi applied to enlist, but

was declined due to his age.

In March 1953, Yutaka was assigned as an interpreter back to Japan. While in Japan, he met and married Miyoko Hirauchi. The Korean War ended in October 1953, but he remained in Japan until December 1955 until he was assigned to Headquarters, Western Command, in Edmonton, Alberta. Their only daughter Teresa was

88 years of age.

Yutaka spent a year during 1963-1964 with a Canadian unit assigned to United Nations forces at Camp Rafah on the Gaza Strip. During this tour he played baseball on the Canadian forces team. Lewis MacKenzie, who later became a Major General, was also on tour during this time and was the first baseman, playing teams from other Canadian

units. Yutaka was also a member of the all-star team that was selected to play against an American team located in Cairo. Yutaka ranked this tour of duty in the Middle East as one of the best of his tours away from his family as he was able to travel to such cities as Cairo, Luxor, Beirut and to see the Giza pyramids.

On his return to Canada in 1964, he was transferred back to Headquarters,

B.C. Area, Jericho. During Canada's Centennial Year in 1967, he was appointed the Chief Clerk of the Canadian Forces Tattoo, which consisted of two, 350-member teams. He was responsible for all administrative and documentation requirements of his team. The teams toured the country for over a month starting from Ontario to British Columbia on railcars, one team on the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks and the other on the Canadian National Railway tracks. The teams stopped at many cities during the long trek across the country and performed every 2-3 days at arenas. Upon arrival on the west coast, both teams combined to perform as one large contingent



Yutaka Kobayashi at the 2005 Japanese Canadian War Memorial ceremonies. (T. Tabo photo, 2005)

born in Edmonton in 1958 and in December of 1960, Yutaka was transferred to the Headquarters, B.C. Area, Jericho in Vancouver.

Meanwhile, Ryoichi and Masako returned to Vancouver in 1957 with the rest of the family including another son, Hideo, born in Japan. Soon after returning to Canada, Ryoichi applied for his Canadian citizenship, but the presiding judge turned him down because of his poor English. Yutaka, who had accompanied his father turned the judge's attention to the insignia pinned on his father's lapel explaining that this was for service in World War I. Upon hearing this, he immediately accepted his application. Ryoichi Kobayashi passed away in 1979 at

Continued on page 10

in outdoor stadiums in Vancouver and Victoria. The teams then flew and performed in Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton.

During the years of 1968 to 1971, Yutaka and his family were assigned for 3 years at the Canadian Forces Base in Soest, Germany. He and his family have numerous fond memories of travelling on their weekend jaunts to the neighboring countries such as the Netherlands and Belgium as well as the extended trips to England, France, Italy and

Spain to name a few.

He was transferred back to Canadian Forces Base Chilliwack in 1971 and retired in 1972. He was awarded 8 medals during his services in the armed forces.

After leaving the armed forces, Yutaka was employed as the Manager of Accounts at the Law Court in Vancouver. He retired in 1990 after 18 years of service. Yutaka and Miyoko now reside in Burnaby enjoying their retirement travelling

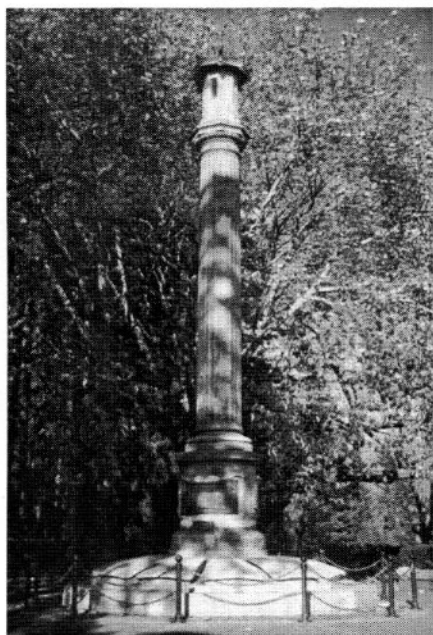
and doting on their grand-daughter Yume. ☀

¹ Ito, Roy. *We Went to War*. S-20 and Nisei Veterans Association, Etobicoke, ON. 1992

² Nakayama, Jinshiro. *History of the Development of the Japanese in Canada*. THE JAPAN TIMES, Ltd., Tokyo, Japan. 1921

³ Yoshida, Ryuichi. *Directory of the Japanese Canadians*. TAIRIKU NIPPO Sha, Vancouver, BC. 1926

The Memorial on Vimy Ridge by Roy Kawamoto



Japanese Canadian War memorial in Stanley Park. (C. Yokota photo, 2003)

In 1922, use of the land for the battlefield park which contains the Vimy Memorial was granted for all time by the French nation to the people of Canada. This is the place where the epic Battle of Vimy Ridge commenced on April 9, 1917. The Canadians paid dearly for this victory with 3,598 dead out of 10,602 casualties.

The Memorial was unveiled on July 26, 1936 by King Edward VIII in the presence of 50,000 or more Canadian and French veterans and their families. The Japanese Canadian

community was represented by Mr. & Mrs. Eikichi Kagetsu and family (Kimiyo, Takako and Hajime), Mr. Saburo Shinobu and Private Bunshiro Furukawa, MM50th Battalion. In his address, the King noted, "It is a memorial to no man, but a memorial for a nation."

At the base of the Memorial are these words:

To the valour of their countrymen in the Great War

And in memory of their sixty thousand dead

This monument is raised by the people of Canada.

In 1919, the community raised \$15,000 to erect a War Memorial in

Stanley Park to honour the Japanese Canadian soldiers who answered the call of King and Country during World War I. The monument was completed and dedicated on April 9, 1920 on the third anniversary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge.

The Japanese Canadian community lost 54 during the First World War of which 33 were killed during this battle. Among the dead are many who have no known grave. Inscribed on the ramparts of the Memorial are the names of 11,285 Canadian soldiers who were posted "missing, presumed" dead in France. Of this number there are 25 Japanese names carved on this monument. They are:



Names on the Japanese Canadian War Memorial in Stanley Park of the 54 soldiers killed during World War II. (C. Yokota photo, 2003)

Kichisaburo Akiyama
Noboru Asada
Shinkichi Hara
Chikio Hashima
Motokichi Hayashi
Ryukichi Ishii
Katsukuma Katayama
Seibei Kuryu
Toyojiro Matsui
Toraki Matsumura

Masakichi Otani
Tokuji Sato
Teikichi Shichi
Heikichi Sugitani
Yaokichi Takeuchi
Yosajiro Tanaka
Fumio Tatsuoka
Kijiro Tokunaga
Setsujiro Tsuchiya
Tosaku Uchinashi

Eigoro Nikaido
Senjiro Omasa
Otokichi Onishi

Masaji Yamada
Tsunematsu Yamasaki
✻

(This article was originally given out as a handout at the Japanese Canadian War Memorial ceremonies held in 1997. Our thanks to Roy Kawamoto and the Japanese Canadian War Memorial Committee for permission to reprint this article.)

My Time In Tokyo by Alyssa Valente

November 2006 my mom and I went on a ten-day trip to Tokyo, Japan.

When I was at the airport and on the airplane I kept on trying to figure out what Japan was going to look like. I thought I had a pretty good image in my head. I thought that there was going to be houses everywhere and Japan was just going to look like Vancouver. I was completely wrong. I don't think that I saw any houses. All I saw was apartment buildings. The thing that I thought was the coolest is that all the buildings were about four to six stories high.

The main reason that we went to Japan is because my aunt and uncle and two cousins live there. They have been living in Tokyo for three years and I only see them twice a year. When we were in Tokyo we spent most of

One of my favourites was going to the Meiji Jingu Shrine. My mom and I went with my two cousins, aunt and uncle. Now the day we went to the Meiji shrine was during the

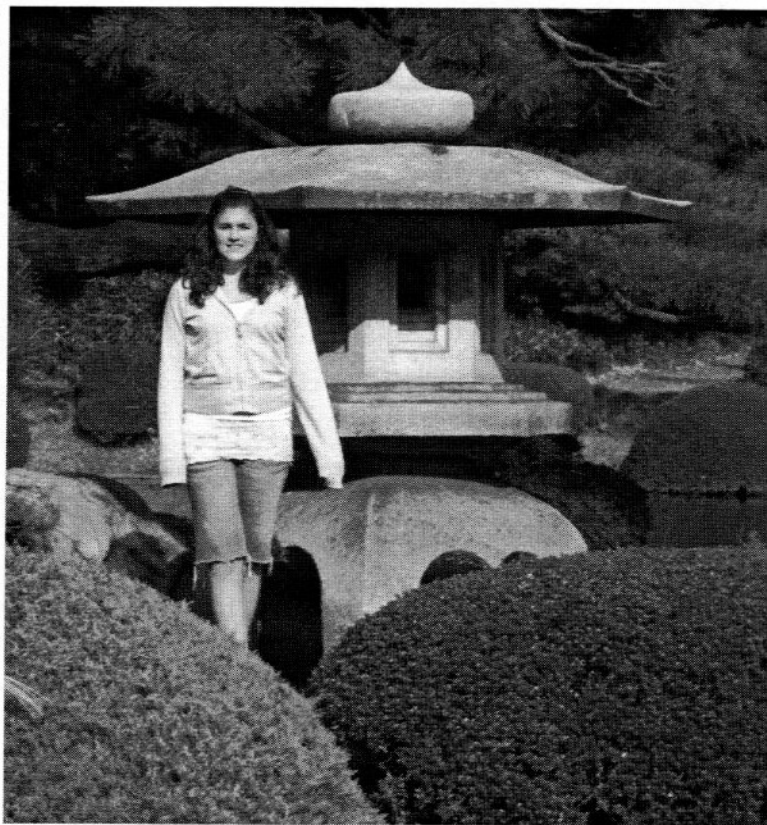
ing with her mother. The bride and groom were underneath a huge bright red umbrella. It was so beautiful.

My last but not least topic is some information you would want

to know before you go to Japan. The population of Japan is 127,417,244 and equals about three times that of California and half that of the United States. Japanese people are usually short. If you are tall like me and go to Japan and try on clothes they will not fit, they will be too short. The style in Japan is completely different from here. Their clothes are funkier. One can of coca-cola costs more than one dollar from a vending machine. In vending machines they have all different types of green tea and it is warm when it comes out. Japan has 1,500 earthquakes and 200 volcanic eruptions a year.

That's my article so I hope the next time you want to go on a vacation that you choose Japan. ✻

Alyssa Valente is the great grand-daughter of Tatsuo and Michi Saito. Alyssa is 13 years old and is going into Grade 8. She is 5 feet and 7 inches tall and is still growing. Her family is planning another visit to Japan next year.



Alyssa Valente in Shinjuku Gyoen, Tokyo. (A. Valente photo, 2006)

our time with my aunt. My uncle was working and my two cousins were at school. We saw many sights including Ueno Zoo, Tokyo Disneyland, Tokyo Tower and the Emperor's Castle.

Now I could tell you every single detail of our trip. But then this article would be too long and you just might doze off. So I decided to tell you about some of my favourites.

three-, five-, seven-day festival. On this festival day, boys that are five and girls that are three and seven, get dressed up and go to the shrine to be blessed. It was a huge coincidence that both of my cousins were three and seven. While we were at the Meiji Shrine we saw a traditional Japanese wedding. The bride was wearing a beautiful kimono and walk-

Anniversaries 07 –

Remembering the Asian History of West Coast Canada

by Stan Fukawa

On Sept. 7 and 8, 2007, a Consortium consisting of the “descendants” of those involved in or related to the Vancouver Riot of 1907 is sponsoring a number of events to encourage the people of Vancouver and the West Coast to think back on the Asian History of the region. The groups inheriting the identity of the principal actors in the historical drama include the Vancouver and District Labour Council (VDLC), and representatives of the Chinese, Japanese, South Asian and First Nations communities. The co-chairs of the consortium are Bill Saunders, President, VDLC; Rika Uto, President, Japanese Language School; and Henry Yu, History Professor, UBC.

The program includes the showing of a film on the Riot during the Night Market in Chinatown on August 3, 17, 24 and 31, the guided Riot Walk and Reconciliation Dinner on Sept. 7, and a community program at the Vancouver Public Library on Sept. 8. Film-maker Karin Lee’s film has dialogue in Chinese and Japanese with English subtitles.

The Vancouver and District Labour Council readily acknowledges the role of white labour in the racialized situation of 1907. Labour, like the rest of Canadian society, has since shed that now out-dated aspect of its character. It is racially integrated and

seeks to examine what happened at that time, including within its own organizational records dating back to that era.

The Chinese and Japanese communities were directly attacked in 1907 and so the riot is part of their histories. South Asians were victims of another riot against them in Birmingham, on Sept. 4, just three days before the Vancouver Riot and 500 of them were driven from that city

franchise to Japanese in 1949.) This was a huge step toward equality as their vote was something for which politicians had to vie. Also, this enabled them to vote in municipal and school board elections, serve on juries, obtain licences to sell liquor, work on Crown land, join the professions of the Law and pharmacy, etc.

In 1967, the immigration law was changed so that race was no longer a criterion of choice. A points

system was instituted to measure suitability by such criteria as education, skills and family ties. This enabled many Asians to enter Canada after the exclusion of past years, resulting in the influx of hundreds of thousands of Chinese and South Asians. Not many Japanese emigrated.

1997 was the year of the

hand-over of Hong Kong to the People’s Republic of China. It was accompanied by the movement of so many people and so much capital to Canada from Hong Kong that Vancouver was nick-named “Hongcouver.” The result of all these changes has created a multicultural society and economy that has altered the nature of race relations quite drastically. Vancouver, especially, is very Asian-friendly and has become a poster-city for the benefits of multiculturalism. *



Store front with windows shattered during the 1907 riots through Powell Street. (National Archives, Canada photo, 1907)

by white labourers. In 1914, South Asian immigration was dramatically turned back in the **KOMAGATA MARU** incident when a shipload of Sikhs was forced to return to India.

It is the centennial of the Vancouver Riot, but equally significant events also took place in years ending in the number 7. 1947 was the year in which Chinese received the provincial franchise.

(To be precise, the federal franchise was extended to Chinese and Japanese in 1948, the provincial

Family History Series No. 7

Mary Miki Madokoro (nee Kimoto)(Part II) by Dennis Madokoro



Madokoro wedding, clockwise from top left: Reverend Springborn, Yoshio, Mary, Grace Omori and Bill Ezaki (best man). Madokoro Family photo, 1938)

The wedding was set for September 1938. It was a big event for our Japanese Canadian community. The church was of course the Anglican Church with Reverend Robertson as our minister. Grace Omori was our flower girl. We looked quite a pair in our wedding picture at the steps of the little wooden church. Yoshio was so handsome in his dark wedding suit, and I had this lovely white wedding dress.

I also remember Arnet, who was a little boy about six, dancing around trailing toilet paper from his head saying, "I'm Mary Kimoto, I'm Mary Kimoto."

Over one year later, we were blessed when our first son, Kenneth Fusao Madokoro, was born on November 26, 1939. He was a good baby, not too much trouble because he slept a lot. There was a picture of Yoshio holding Ken while sitting on a tree stump. Ken looked a little an-

noyed in that picture. I think he had just woken up from a nap.

At this time, Yoshio and I had to share his family home with his mother Ine, and his two brothers and two sisters. In age order, they were Yaeko, Thomas, Michi, and his kid sister Kuni. It was crowded but a happy home. Yaeko and Thomas were older than I but they accepted me as Yoshio's wife and treated me with respect. I really appreciated that and I treated them the same way. We got along well. Little did we know that World War II and specifically Pearl Harbour was about to turn our happy world upside-down.

About fifteen months later, our second son Bud was born on February 6, 1941. He was a lot different baby than Ken. Bud required a lot of attention. He suffered from eczema, a scratching, itching skin disease. I lost a lot of weight caring for Bud. We had to take Bud to Vancouver for treatment by Doctor Shimotakahara, a skin specialist. He saved Bud's life. We were so grateful as Yoshio and I thought that we were going

to lose Bud. If Bud had died from his eczema, I don't know if I would have been able to cope. Thank God he didn't. I prayed every night. If we thought the worst was over for our family, we were about to be proved wrong.

December 7, 1941 changed all that. Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and all our limitless possibilities crashed in a whirlwind of news flashes, rumours and innuendo. Our tranquil little world was turned upside down because Japan had declared war on the United States. I firmly believe that we Japanese Canadians were swept up by this struggle between these two nations and we were helpless as the world we knew disappeared forever.

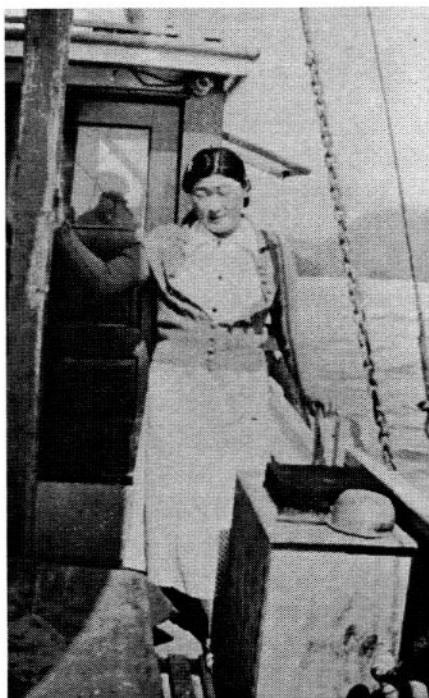
The first news came like a bomb. "Have you heard? Japan is at war with the US." "It can't be true." "It is." I don't remember how I felt. I think it was a feeling of disbelief. This was something that in my wildest dreams I couldn't imagine. But it had and Yoshio, as one of the executives of the Tofino Co-op, was expected to find out what was happening and to help decide how we should react. The local RCMP Commissioner told us, "You guys will be OK because you are all naturalized Canadians". That would be one of the many pieces of misinformation that we would receive over the next few months.

There was a distinct chill between the non-Japanese and the Japanese community. Talk was kept to a minimum. *Hakujin* friends didn't spend as much time with us anymore. Japanese in Tofino were left to talk amongst ourselves. When you are fearful of the future, that kind of talk can turn increasingly anxious. That happened in spades to our community. It was



Mary with Ken near their Tofino home. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1940)

Continued on page 14



Mary aboard the troller **CROWN**.
(Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1940)

as if Japanese families were being punished for what Japan had done in Pearl Harbor. Some local Japanese were secretly proud of the attack as they thought it signified the emergence of Japan as a major power. Others were obsessed with how they could prove that they were good Canadian citizens. For myself, I thought how my two boys were going to come through all this.

On December 15, 1941, our family fishing boats were ordered to New Westminster. Soldiers were sent to accompany each boat. I suppose it was to ensure the Japanese didn't help the enemy infiltrate the West Coast. If they had done their homework, they would have realized that was not a possibility. Hysteria stirred up by the media and local politicians singled out the Japanese Canadians as the 'yellow peril'. We were not equipped to deal with this violent backlash. We were sitting ducks!

Anyway, the soldier assigned to Yoshio's boat, the **CROWN**,

was a decent enough fellow. He was a prairie boy, born and raised in Melville, Saskatchewan. He had never been at sea and during the voyage to New Westminster was dreadfully seasick. I heard similar stories from the other fishermen. Funny how individual *hakujin* Canadians were so decent, yet according to the newspapers and radio, all Japanese Canadians were traitors.

In 1942, around February or March, a small float plane circled around Tofino Harbour. One of the other members of the Co-op, a vice-president, and Yoshio thought that it might be some news about us and went to meet the plane. There, they heard the orders, you have twelve hours to pack your belongings and be evacuated. They told them no way we could do that. They finally relented and allowed us twenty-four hours. That was all the time we had to gather up our essentials. We thought that we

were coming back. Another lie!

From Hastings Park, the Tofino men were sent out east to Schreiber, Ontario to work in the woods. The women and children were sent to Slocan Valley, near Popoff. "*Shigata ga nai*", was how Mother Ine took all these events. I was too busy looking after my two, *yancha bozus*, Ken and Bud. We survived.

My oldest brother Harold and his wife Taeko-*nesan*, and his three children Raymond, Gene, and Joanne were in Lemon Creek. For a while they shared a hut with Mother Tama and my two younger sisters, Patricia and Margaret. Then, because of Taeko-*nesan's* insistence, Mother Tama and the two daughters moved into another one room hut.

Our accomodation was also one-room, but a larger hut. It had a bunk-bed and a wood-burning stove. Boy, did it ever get cold at night! It was a constant struggle keeping wood in the stove. We were always bundled up.

There were dances in the main hall at Lemon Creek. My younger sisters Patricia, who was eighteen, and Margaret, sixteen, were attracting a lot of attention from the young boys in camp. Both girls were very good looking so when the 78 RPM records like "Sentimental Journey" came on, the boys were very quick to ask them to dance. Of course, Mother Tama showed up promptly at eleven o'clock to bring the girls home. The boys always laughed, "Oh, oh, it's your mother, time to go home". I think Patricia was working at Parker's Brothers' store to help the food bill for Mother Tama and Margaret.

I remember the summer of 1942. Slocan Valley had a lot of apple trees. A man named Carr Suzuki, the father of David Suzuki, had access to sugar,



Madokoro family in Slocan. Mary with Ken and Ine with Bud. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1942)



Mary holding Bud and Ken standing. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1943)

which was a rare commodity. He and I got together, he provided the apples and sugar and I baked the apple pies which we sold and split the profits. We also asked permission to photograph the camp here in Popoff. The RCMP said no. I think they were ashamed of the conditions and didn't want any pictures as evidence. In the fall of 1943, Yoshio sent for us as he had bought a house on Phoebe Street in downtown Toronto. "Goodbye Popoff, hello Phoebe Street, the future looked more promising than this depressing Slocan Valley internment camp."

That house on Phoebe Street was a new start for us. We had to have boarders to meet expenses. There were up to ten boarders at any one time. I remember names like Jinx Muki, Romi Miki, Scotty Hanemori, Harry Yonekura, and Jim Kitamura. We only had one bathroom. How did we ever manage? Because I was friendly to the single *Nikkei* (Japanese Canadians) boarders, it became sort of an unofficial meeting place. It was so hot during the Toronto summer nights. We had to sleep on the roof to keep cool. Our neighbours were good and bad. The bad ones

called us names like 'Japs' and told us to go back to Japan. We told them to, "You go to hell, we are home and we are Canadians". The neighbours to the west were good. They just accepted us. We got along well. Life in Toronto was a new beginning for us and we were keen to gather as much happiness here as we could.

Our good friends, Jack and Mary Hemmy, lived down the street. Jack was beginning his photography business. Mary was outgoing and very friendly. She and I got along well. We had each other's kids over for birthday parties, stuff like that. My younger brother Tommy and his wife Mary, another Mary, lived around the block on Sullivan Street. Wouldn't you know, I got pregnant soon after we arrived at Phoebe Street; more on this later.

Phoebe Street was near Queen and Spadina. We had a public school, Ogden Public, right across the street from us. It went from kindergarden to grade eight. Ken went from grade one to grade six, Bud went from kindergarden to grade five. There was an RCMP station on our side of the street. In the middle of the block was the Matsuyama grocery store. Across the street lived the Hashimotos. It was a good place to raise a family.

Our third son, Dennis, was born, on all days, April 1, 1945. There were many jokes that day and after. One photo that stuck with me was Mary Hemmy feeding me sphaghetti and a long noodle hanging out my mouth, while I was recovering in the hospital. That Jack Hemmy, always looking for an unusual photo. Dennis was a good baby, sleeping all the time. He drank his milk and just went back to sleep. I think he slept at least twelve hours a day. Good thing too, as I had ten boarders, three boys, my husband and Mother Ine. How did I do it?

We had an icebox to keep our food. No refrigerator for us, they were too expensive at that time. I had to do a lot of shopping, bulk non-perishables items, and one or two days of perishables like meat or eggs. I cooked a lot of *nihonshoku* (Japanese food). The boarders liked that. They had breakfast and dinner at the house. Lunch, they got on their own wherever they were working. It gave me a break in the middle of the day. I only had Mother Ine and Dennis to feed. Mother Ine was still a strong and able woman in her sixties. She and I got along reasonably well. She never gave me a hard time and I tried to be respectful to her.

Continued on page 16



Ine with Ken and Mary with Bud along with tenants in front of their Phoebe Street home. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1945)

We had a cat named 'Groucho', after Groucho Marx of the Marx brothers, a very outlandish comedy group. Groucho Marx even had a TV show with a silly stuffed bird that dropped into camera view with a silly sign. Our cat 'Groucho' was black and white and he looked like he had a black moustache. So, he was 'Groucho'.

Things were going quite well. We bought a used 1941 Dodge, four-door sedan. Johnny (Yoshio's Canadian name) had a talent for fixing cars. Later in Port Alberni, he worked as an auto mechanic and an auto body man to supplement his fishing income, but that is another story. When we went to Cherry Beach on Lake Ontario, one of our favourite family outings, everyone would pile in for the ride. No seatbelts were required in those days. We have many pictures of all of our family and relatives, smiling like movie stars. It was a wonderful time together. When I watched Johnny drive our 1941 Dodge, I learnt how to drive. It was not as easy as it looked because it was a stick shift, three on the column, and I think I scared a few neighbours

when I accidentally 'popped' the clutch and squealed the tires. One day I took it out by myself. It was fun, but Johnny sure was mad when he found out.

Ken and Bud went to school at Ogden Public. Dennis only attended kindergarden and part of grade one before we moved to Port Alberni, BC. In the winter, they would put

up an outdoor rink on the school grounds. Ken and Bud would spend many hours playing shinny hockey there. We have a lovely photo of Ken, Bud and Dennis, along with Frank (Buggsy) and David Nishioka, all facing off over the puck and pretending to be Toronto Maple Leafs.

Oh, those Leafs, how we loved them! To see them play at Maple Leaf

lining up, Howie Meeker saw me and thinking I was a kid. He said, "Go home little girl".

Back at Ogden Public School ice rink, Ken skated easily and smoothly. He looked like he had a knack for it. Bud was all elbows and knees, hunched over and skating like a whirlwind. Dennis only stood on those double-bladed contraptions

and wanted to skate like his big brothers, it was cute.

We had many Ukrainian friends, the Sokos, the Spaniels and our dearest friends the Thomases. Tony Thomas was a work friend of Johnny's. He had changed his name to Thomas from Thomashuk because of discrimination against Ukrainians. So, both families were very aware of how cold and cruel Canada could be to outsiders, or people perceived as outsiders. Both Tony's family and our family were born here in Canada. However, we were too busy raising our families to dwell on that.

Our lives were busy with friends and family. My older brother Bobby and his wife Isabel lived in Hamilton. They had two kids, the oldest was

Ellen and Teddy born in 1944, one year before Dennis. Johnny's sister, Yaeko, had married Seko-san. He worked on a mushroom farm in Scarborough. They had four kids; Frank, May, Richard and Jeannie who was born in 1946, one year after Dennis. I guess we were all making up for the lost years in BC internment camps by having babies.



Mary with family Dodge. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1945)

Gardens was the best. This meant I had to line up literally for hours to get grey seats way up, but we were there. I would take Ken one time and Bud the next time. We saw at least five games each year. Bill Ezinki, 'Teeder' Kennedy, and Syl Apps were our heroes. The boys picked up my love for the Leafs. They were our team. One morning when I was

My boys were growing up so fast here in downtown Toronto. After school days, they often went to the University Settlement Athletic Centre for sports. For fifty cents they could play basketball, swim and play volleyball. In the summer, Ken and Bud went to Huntsville for a subsidized camp called Boulderwood. The boys learnt how to swim there although they did mention leeches, yikes.

Ogden Public School was a pretty progressive place. They had a class for the hearing impaired. The Principal, Mr. Kilton, had some problems with the tough city kids. One boy, Mitchell Durac, had a reputation for terrorizing the other students. Looking at the problems today, I guess some things have not really changed. I think it was a good thing that we moved to Port Alberni. No telling how my boys Ken, Bud and Dennis would have turned out living in the middle of downtown Toronto.

Later in the 1950s, my sister Pa-

tricia married Takashi Kobayashi. In our community this was a big occasion. For our Kimoto family it meant an opportunity to get together. My oldest brother Harold and his wife, Taeko-*nesan*, came to Toronto for the wedding. Their oldest boy Raymond was one year older than Ken, but so much bigger physically. Ken was only four-foot eleven-inches going into grade 7. Their next boy Gene was two years older than Bud. These comparisons were going to be made again and again over the course of the next twenty years. I suppose all families have kids who are compared to each other as they grow. Little did I know how heated this 'rivalry' would become in our Port Alberni years. More of that will come later in my story.

Around 1950, Pete Gregory of BC Packers Ltd. came back east to Toronto looking for experienced fishermen. This was a source of considerable debate in our kitchen as I am sure it was in other ex-west

coasters families' kitchens. Here we were, relocated by the war, and now they needed fishermen for the boats. Isn't that funny, the Canadian government took them off their boats and now, B.C. Packers wanted them back to run the boats. How ironic was that? My brother Tommy Kimoto went out west to check things out. He sent word that BC Packers really needed experienced fisherman. It would mean a minimum of five years fishing for the company. In the end, up to ten fishermen decided to take up the offer.

Johnny said to me, "What should we do?" We talked about selling the Phoebe Street house and moving the family up to the suburbs, like Downsview. Well, you know I didn't want to look after three *yancha-bozus* (rascal boys) by myself all summer. I told Johnny no, we have been apart too much already during the internment years. "Let's go out west altogether, as a family." It was soon, goodbye Toronto, hello Port Alberni, BC. ❀

A Friend Indeed – Memories of Jack Duggan

by **Reiko Tagami, Assistant Archivist, Japanese Canadian National Museum**

On March 25, 2007, the Japanese Canadian community lost a long-time friend, RCMP Staff Sergeant (retired) Jack Duggan. "Constable" Duggan, as many in the community knew him, joined the RCMP as a young man, and only a few years later was posted to serve in internment camps in the interior of British Columbia. Here are some of his own memories of his work with the RCMP and the Japanese Canadian community.

Where he was posted

"I was in Slocan in 1943 for one month and then was transferred to Lemon Creek. I was sent back to Slocan and then to Vancouver. I went to Cranbrook in 1945, on V-J Day. In October 1945, I was the umpire for kid's baseball. Then I

was transferred to New Denver to take charge of the Japanese camps. I stayed there until the fall of 1946. Then I was at Tashme until the camp was closed down. I was the last man there. Everyone was out by the time I left." (Jack Duggan interview, March 5, 1992. Jack Duggan Collection. Japanese Canadian National Museum 94/60.028.)

"... [In 1947] I came back to the Immigration Building. That was where those who wanted to return to Japan departed from. I worked the night shift. There were fifty Japanese in the building. They could not eat together. We broke them up into groups of two. It was hot in the buildings. Some of them had to wait two weeks to return to Japan. It was cramped quarters. There were army beds in the quarters. The people were

crammed in like sardines in a can. They could not go outside into the city. ... Fifty went on the first boat. They went in three boats." (Jack Duggan interview)

Japanese culture

"When they had a funeral, it was a busy time. There was no undertaker. They would have a cremation and then the funeral. There would be a service at the halls. The stage would be filled with flowers. This was at New Denver. It is hard to comprehend the labour, which went into this. The handwriting was just so fabulous. It was beautiful handwriting. It was so traditional." (Jack Duggan interview)

"New Year's festivities, as you know, was a special event for the Japanese community, even under

those unusual circumstances. An incident I recall was a social visit I made ... near New Denver on New Year's Day. The [family] saw me approaching their house, so [the father] immediately removed the *sake* bottle from the buffet table before I got to the door. His daughter ... apparently said to her dad, "It's okay to leave the *sake* out because we know Jack very well, and he won't mind." [Her father] replied, "No, I will put the bottle away so that Constable Duggan will not be embarrassed by being placed in an awkward position." I'll always remember and appreciate [his] attitude. Perhaps it typifies the Japanese culture – that of respect for the feelings of others?" (Mas Yamamoto, "1943: Recollections of Lemon Creek – A Chat with Jack Duggan, Retired RCMP Staff Sergeant," *THE BULLETIN*, December 1990.)

Working in the camps

"We can joke that the police officers these days are better educated, but education does not do any good if they do not use it properly. You have to have common sense. Laws are written in grey, not black and white. I had some good teachers. In regards to the Japanese in the camps, they were humans. You get cooperation not by demanding it, but by earning it. I saw times when that happened in the camps. If a policeman orders them, it is like talking to the wall. You did not have to shout at them; it

did not do any good. We brought the movie *Going My Way* to New Denver. Everyone tried to get in and see. We managed to maintain order not by shouting at them but by asking them politely to move over to the side, for example." (Jack Duggan interview)



Jack Duggan in RCMP uniform, ca. 1942. [Jack Duggan Collection. Japanese Canadian National Museum 94/60.001.]

"I always had cooperation. I was young and a good athlete. It all started with my predecessor at Lemon Creek who used to play baseball there. I joined in with the boys to play baseball with the Japanese Canadian boys. They practiced and played every weekend. These people were great in some ways when

playing baseball. They would laugh whenever they could strike me out. They would be amazed at how hard I could hit the ball since I could hit it twice as far as any of them could. The common ground was around baseball because it was the thing to do. Each

camp I worked at had at least one baseball team. There were games on Saturday afternoons." (Jack Duggan interview)

"A young lad disappeared and the only object we found was his knapsack by the creek. I got special authorization to bring in volunteers from Slo-can, New Denver, and other camps to help search for him. Some 1,500 men arrived, and in my experience with the RCMP, this was the biggest search party that I had ever organized and conducted. We scoured every foot of the creek bank on both sides and around the camp, but couldn't find any trace of him. I might add here that despite the fact that the Japanese Canadian searchers came from various camps, not a single person out of the 1,500 "escaped" from the search party." (Yamamoto, "1943: Recollections of Lemon Creek")

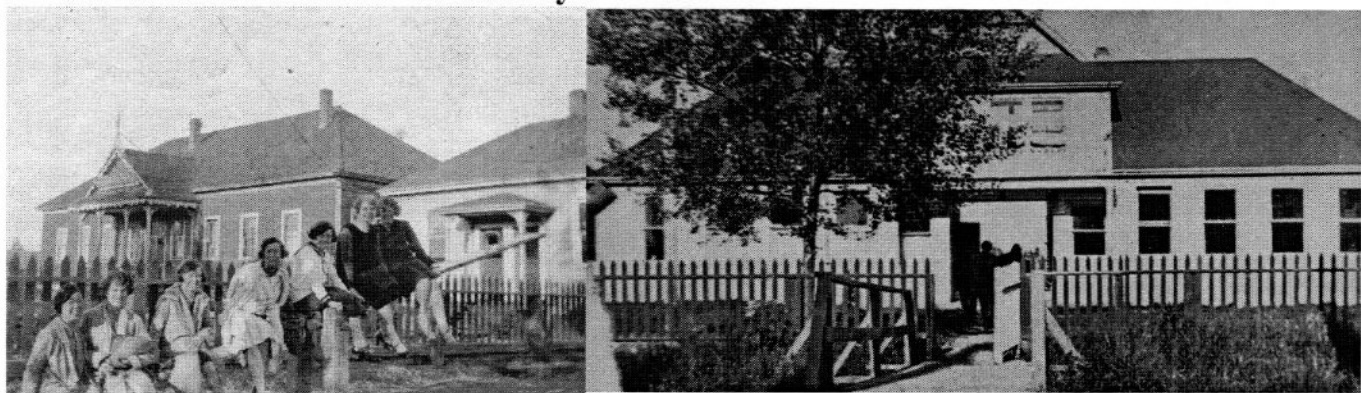
"Suffice to say, that I consider my time spent in these camps probably some of the most enjoyable service in my career. Even with the passage of some 40 years, I am still in communication with the odd [person], even though it is only at Christmas time. I can appreciate

the fact that it might not have been enjoyable for many of the Japanese, many of whom were Canadian-born, or naturalized, but that was not for the RCMP to decide. Our Force indicated their feelings, but was overruled. Our job was to supervise, and to avoid the possibility of any sabotage to the war effort. To the credit of the Japanese people, I know of no incident that took place in BC. I am sure that even among the bad memories of those days, they too will find some fond ones, as I have." (Jack Duggan, *Sayonnara [Sayonara]*, a pamphlet distributed to those who attended his funeral.) ❀



Peter Katsuno, Deidre and Jack Duggan and Marie Katsuno at the showing of "Sleeping Tigers" at the Nikkei Centre. (S. Fukawa photo, 2006)

Japanese Fishermen's Hospital Office and Nurses' Residence by Harold Steves



These two photographs shows the Steveston Fishermen's Hospital to the left. The Hospital Office and Nurses' Residence with two separate front door entrances is in the centre. The Steveston Japanese School is to the right. The School teachers are on the teeter-totter. (H. Steves photos, ca. 1930)

The Nikkei Fishermen's Project Committee proposes to move the original hospital office and nurses residence of the Steveston Fishermen's Hospital to an appropriate location and restore it.

Only three buildings constructed by pioneer Japanese Canadians remain in Steveston: the Kishi and Murakami Boatworks at the Britannia Shipyard and the Hospital Office and Nurses' Residence of the Steveston Fishermen's Hospital at No. 1 Road and Chatham Street. Two other buildings that were used

by Japanese Canadians were the Murakami House, which was a converted cannery warehouse, and the Murchison House, which was used as a Japanese daycare centre, are also located at the Britannia Shipyard. Because of its rich history the Steveston Fishermen's Hospital Office is one of the most historically significant buildings in Richmond. While there are historical references to the building as the Hospital Office and the Nurses' Residence, it is likely that this was also the office of the Japanese Fishermen's Benevolent Society

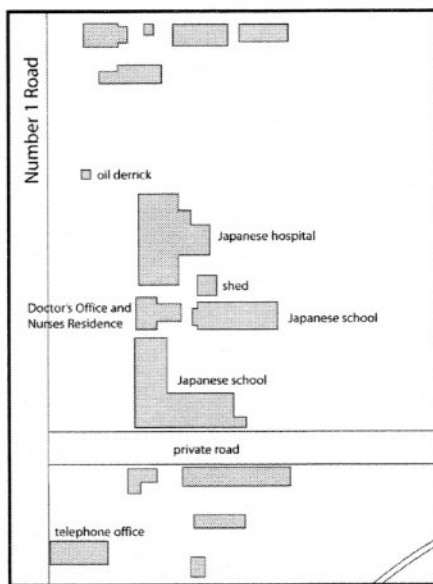
who built and operated the Steveston Fishermen's Hospital complex.

The Fishermen's Hospital Complex was located at the northeast corner of No. 1 Road and Chatham St.

The Steveston Japanese Methodist Mission, also part of the complex was at the southwest corner and the Steveston Japanese Kindergarten was at the northwest corner of No. 1 Rd and Chatham St.

The Steveston Japanese Fishermen's Benevolent Society had the first Medicare system in Canada,

Continued on page 20



Map of the Japanese Hospital and School complex on the northeast corner of Number 1 Road and Chatham Street.

Richmond's first hospital and Richmond's first kindergarten.

The Steveston Telephone Office and Interurban Tram were to the southeast.

After the hospital closed due to the evacuation of Japanese Canadians in WW II the office and residence was moved south to the east end of Chatham Street to be used as a private home. The hospital and school were eventually torn down.

The 1944 Richmond Public Works map shows the Hospital Office and Nurses Residence as a T-shaped building between the hospital and school. A second house was moved to the east end of Chatham Street, which could be the "shed".

There are three potential locations for relocating the Fishermen's Hospital Office:

1) Britannia Shipyard: The first Japanese Fishermen's Hospital was a two-storey building, built in 1894 at the Phoenix Cannery as a Methodist Mission, with the hospital downstairs and the Methodist Ministers' residence upstairs. According to Dr F. E. Runnells, it was "pulled down" in 1904 after a new mission was built

at No.1 Rd. and Chatham St. There is a building of unknown origin at Britannia that is the right age and size as the original hospital. Staffing would be easiest if the Fishermen's Hospital Office were located at the Britannia Shipyard.

2) Steveston Museum:

The Steveston Museum lacks critical mass as a small museum. An addition was intended when the museum was originally acquired. Expanding the Steveston Museum to include the Fishermen's Hospital Office would add display space and be an asset to future staffing.

3) Steveston Park:

The Fishermen's Hospital Office and the Interrurban Tram could both be located on a new site west of the tracks at Steveston Park. While it would be located near its original

site, adding new museum buildings at Steveston Park would create a costly staffing problem.

Proposal:

It is proposed to move the Fishermen's Hospital Office and Nurse's Residence to the Steveston Museum site facing First Avenue. An alternative location could be the Britannia Shipyard site.

Steveston Museum

Richmond Council approved the purchase of the Royal Bank building, originally the Northern Crown Bank, on October 24, 1977 for \$44,000.

The proposed uses for the site were outlined in an accompanying report from the Steveston Historical Society, endorsed by the Steveston Community Society, and were origi-



Dr. R.R. Robinson (centre), Miss Simmons (nurse, seated and Mis Abrams (nurse, standing) shown with patients. (H. Steves photo, ca. 1900)

nally initiated by the Federally and Provincially sponsored Neighbourhood Improvement Programme. (Steveston Historical Project - Oct. 24, 1977)

An additional structure or building to the rear of the Steveston Museum was anticipated from the very beginning to increase the display space area of the museum.

"Museum: It is proposed that this building be preserved on its present site as an historic structure of Steveston and re-used as a Richmond Museum. In the short term there is ample room. In the long term, as museum collections increase an addition could be constructed to the rear of the bank. This museum could then become a place for special collections of Richmond's history (i.e. Steveston's past or fishing industry)

and become one of several important historic sites in Richmond."

"Post Office: The museum would be a good location for the post office and a post office/museum similar to Barkerville could be developed. If the Post Office Department was approached there is a good chance that they would permit the use of the Steveston Postmark on outgoing mail. The original post office was established in 1877-78, and the return of the postmark would be a fitting gesture. The availability of the post office concession would assure a permanent person and partial financing of the operation."

"Town Square: A further recommendation to this proposal is the purchase of the building site adjacent to the old bank on the west side. The front portion of this lot would be

incorporated as a town square and as a focus along with the historic bank building. The rear half would be used for the future expansion of the museum. This town square development, along with the museum-post office, would begin to improve and maintain the quality of Steveston, especially Moncton Street."

As envisioned in 1977, a second building on the Steveston Museum site would add to the viability of the present museum, especially if the revenue from the Post Office is reduced or curtailed due to the establishment of a second post office in Steveston. The Steveston Museum site is an appropriate location for the Japanese Fishermen's Benevolent Society building. ❀

"The Burmese Harp" and "Fires on the Plain" by Dale Banno

"The Burmese Harp", aka "The Harp of Burma" (1956), and "Fires on the Plain" (1959), both directed by Ichikawa Kon, were the first Japanese feature films about World War II that came to the wide attention of Western audiences. Movie goers now may be more familiar with Ichikawa Kon through later works such as "The Tokyo Olympiad" (1965), and "The Makioka Sisters" (1983). Anyone who has seen "The Tokyo Olympiad" will remember the super slow motion footage of the sprinters readying themselves for the start of the 100 metres. However, it was these two black-and-white war films which established Ichikawa's reputation as a Japanese master director up there with Ozu, Kurosawa and Kobayashi.

"Burmese Harp" is based on the Japanese novel written by Takeyama Michio, first published in 1946 as a serial. "Fires on the Plain" is based on the Japanese novel written by Ōka Shōhei, published in 1951. Both were adapted for Ichikawa by his wife,

Natto Wada, who gained her own respect as a screen writer for these and other works.

Both war movies were recently released in DVD format as part of The Criterion Collection and are available at some exclusive video rental outlets. Both transfers to DVD are of the highest quality. The "Fires on the Plain" DVD, especially, with a widescreen 2.35:1 aspect ratio, is a strong reminder that movies are best seen on the big screen (and a reminder of how I first experienced both these films in a theatre in the early 1970s). The high contrast and superbly composed images on the television screen, on the theatre screen are overwhelming.

"The Burmese Harp" begins in July, 1945, with a small unit of Japanese soldiers on the run in the Burmese mountains. They are led by the enlightened Captain Inouye (Mikuni Rentaro), a music school graduate. He has taught his men choral singing and he leads them in song to keep their spirits up. PFC Mizushima

(Yasui Shōji) has learned to play by ear, an instrument fashioned on a Burmese harp. He plays it beautifully. The adult fairy-tale nature of Takeyama's novel is confirmed in the film by the church choir harmonies of the soldiers and the unreal, richly textured notes from the harp, and so while the soldiers may be on the run in Burma, the dramatic realm is in a higher place altogether.

One evening, the unit cautiously enters a village and is fed and entertained by the locals. When the villagers abruptly leave the hut, the Japanese realize they have been tricked and encircled by British forces. As a cover, the Japanese sing patriotic songs and laugh and clap. In how many movies have we seen similar ruses? Mizushima plays his harp to "Hanyu no Yado" sung in multi-part harmony. Just as Inouye, sword in hand, is about to lead a charge out of the hut into the forest, the British (which include turbaned Indian soldiers) answer back, not with bullets, but with a choral report of "Home Sweet Home" (the original

of "Hanyu no Yado"). Mizushima sincerely plays his harp along to "Home Sweet Home," and for a moment, the British singing stops to recognize his accompaniment. The singing of home by the enemy forces acknowledges their common condition. Unbeknownst to the Japanese, the war has been over for three days.

The imprisoned Japanese are to be evacuated to Mudon but first, Mizushima is chosen to visit a Japanese unit holding out in a cave to persuade them to surrender. He is given a time limit by the British which turns out to be not long enough. The debate between Mizushima and the commander and his men in the cave is essentially the same debate that takes place among the Japanese soldiers holed up in the caves in Clint Eastwood's recent movie, "Letters from Iwo Jima." Facing the inevitability of defeat, some believe surrender is cowardly and that honour and meaning are realized through death, and others believe their deaths would be meaningless and that their duty is to endure and rebuild their nation.

The holdouts are wiped out but Mizushima survives and is cared for by a Buddhist monk. Separated from his unit now imprisoned 200 miles away in Mudon, Mizushima begins on the long journey alone to join them. He disguises himself in monk's robes and shaves his head and along the way, encounters many dead bodies of Japanese soldiers. He cremates and buries some of them and salutes their graves but there are too many. Appalled by the carnage he has come across on his trek to Mudon, and his witnessing of British hospital nurses

singing a hymn at the burial of a Japanese soldier on his arrival, he no longer will re-join his comrades and return to Japan. Mizushima will stay behind in Burma to bury every dead Japanese soldier and pray for their spirits. Only then might he return to Japan.

While "The Burmese Harp" is poetic, "Fires on the Plain" is gruesome. On Leyte Island in the Philippines near the end of the war, Japanese forces have been decimated. Small groups forage for yams and bananas because there is no food. PFC Tamura (Funakoshi Eiji) is tubercular. As he is too weak to work, he is again ordered to the hospital which has already rejected him, and to blow himself up with his grenade if the hospital won't keep him. Soldiers slog through the mud in rotting boots, chewing on their last yam, too weak to avoid stumbling over dead bodies in their path. Tamura kills a local woman in a deserted village to steal some hidden salt.

Two recent American movies about men in battle, "Black Hawk Down" and "We Were Soldiers", make the point that fellow soldiers in the crunch fight for each other and not their country. But conditions on the ground for the starving soldiers in "Fires on the Plain" don't permit such brotherly commitment. They have taken to cannibalism. Nagamatsu (played by Mickey Curtis, a teenage rock and roll Japanese idol of the 1950s) hunts and eats "monkey meat", but Tamura notes he has not seen any monkeys around. Lucky for Tamura, he is safe from Nagamatsu because he has TB.

Atop a barren hill, Tamura

comes across a dying, delusional soldier sitting up, leaning against a spindly tree waiting for an "autogyro" from Taiwan which will take him away. Like a veritable fool on the hill, he utters, "The earth is revolving, you know...that's why the sun sinks, sonny boy." He is a "Buddha." He shoves his fly infested excrement into his mouth and says to Tamura, "When I'm dead, you can eat me." There are many compelling, haunting scenes in this film.

Tamura shoots Nagamatsu in the act of cannibalizing a fellow Japanese. In the end, Tamura only longs to see some villagers living normal lives but he is downed by a bullet as he walks toward a column of smoke in the distance.

"The Burmese Harp" and "Fires on the Plain" are both truly classic anti-war films of the highest artistic order. Yet each conveys this lesson in a completely unique way. "Fires on the Plain" describes the pure evil of war, and "The Burmese Harp" expresses hope for humanity through the enlightenment of one man.

It is gross to criticize (as has been done) "The Burmese Harp" as a whitewash for avoiding any depiction of Japanese atrocities. The anti-war lesson of this film is made in ways that are far more productive.

In the feature interview on the "Fires on the Plain" DVD, Ichikawa reveals he saw the indescribable destruction of Hiroshima and feels the evils of war can never be told too often. That is why he made "Fires on the Plain." Perhaps one more article on the terrible beauty of these two films can be excused for a vaguely similar reason. ☀

Traditional Remedies by Mary Ohara

Cucumber Remedy

During my childhood, heating and cooking were done by burning wood and burns were frequent. Our home had a pot or "ohmu" stove.

Ohmu is pidgin English for "warm". Whenever we were hungry we would put a potato on the stove to bake. We would balance on the wooden railing surrounding the stove. Sometimes we

would fall forward onto the stove, burning our hands or even our faces. Mother always had a bottle of fermented cucumber juice and a cotton ball near the stove. She would soak

the ball in the juice then place it on the burnt area. The relief was immediate. The ball would be left on for the remainder of the day. When this remedy wasn't used, the burn surface would first be red, then turn brown before healing. When the juice was applied immediately, the red would disappear and the healing would start right away, resulting in no scarring. To this day, I have a bottle of cucumber juice in the kitchen and use it as soon as I burn myself. My children also use it.

To make: Peel ripe cucumber. Mother would then grate it but I just put it in the juicer. Cover the liquid and let it stand on the counter for a few days. Put it through a sieve then place in an empty bottle. You can store it for years and it will still work.

Yucky Remedy

The following remedy sounds unreal but it did happen! When I was nine or ten years old, I remember a fisherman who had a

very distinctive scar encircling his mouth. One day, I asked him what happened and this is his story. One day out at sea, his engine caught fire and the flames engulfed his face. He was able to get the fire under control but his face and part of his head were burned severely. He moored his boat in a nearby bay and went ashore looking for help. The little island seemed deserted except for a few cows grazing nearby. The pain was driving him crazy. The only thing around him was cow manure and, on an impulse, he scooped some up and covered his face with it. Amazingly, he felt immediate relief so he covered his face and head with even more. Later, as the manure dried, the pain lessened. As he lay on his boat, he became hungry so he removed the dried manure from around his mouth so he could eat. He left the rest of his face covered and slept through the night. In the morning, he peeled off the dried coating and, to his surprise, his face had healed

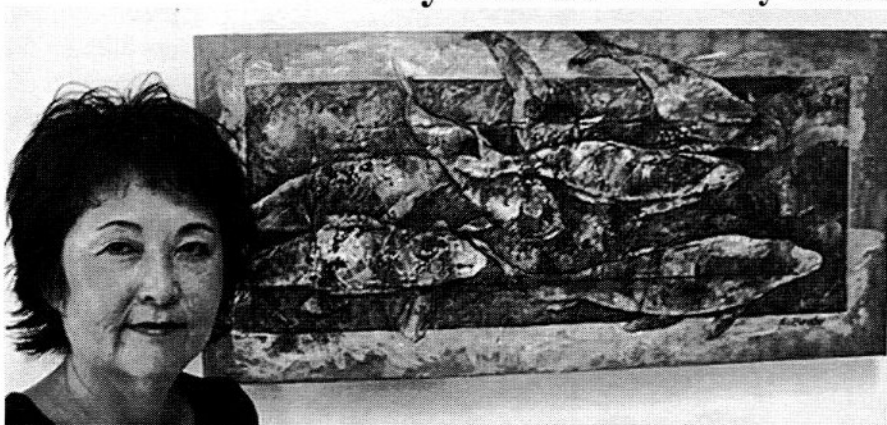
except for the part around his mouth. I went home to my parents in shock after hearing his tale. Imagine my consternation when my parents confirmed that this truly had happened.

Cold Remedy

Whenever my father became ill and had a fever, my mother would get one of us to go out and dig up some garden worms. We'd take an empty can and dig worms at the nearby strawberry farm. We'd rinse the worms off and then bring them home. Mother would cover about six worms with water and then bring it to a boil. Father would drink it and the next day his fever would be gone. Mother tried to get us to drink it but we refused so she'd hide it in our drinks if we were ill. Cold remedy, the old fashioned way! Years later, I told this story (laughing) and was surprised to hear in reply "You too! We did that as well!" Just remember this next time you think Buckley's doesn't taste good! ❀

Artist/Craftsman Series No. 11

"My Life So Far" by Eileen Hirota



Eileen with "Serenity in Motion," (2007). (E. Hirota photo, 2007)

Writing about self is a reflective process. Focusing on aspects of "my life, my work, and my passions as a Japanese Canadian," as requested, has resulted in exploring the essence of who I am. For years, I have wondered what my passion or passions have been, and whether I am fulfilling my purpose in this life. Looking

back, I haven't been passionate about just a singular interest; instead, I have been passionate about a few areas: understanding behavior, learning more about health and well-being, and expressing myself creatively.

Since I was only two or three years old when my family returned to Steveston, B.C. from Chapleau,

Ontario in the early 1950s, my recollections are from the days we lived in a Gulf of Georgia cannery house. As a child, I had an insatiable need and desire to read, usually fiction, but we also had subscriptions to "Life" and "National Geographic" magazines and a daily paper.

When I followed Dad to the wharf, he mended nets while I used them like hammocks or tied string together to make an imaginary fishing line. I helped put string onto the needles used for mending nets, played with the corks and was fascinated with the woven ropes and lead lines. I wonder if there isn't a connection to my single minded focus on braiding and baking breads in my high school years, knitting, and eventually, knotting my way through macramé wall hangings and plant

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hangers in my 20s.

In school, the last art course I took was in Grade 8. I recall the whole class having to paint a whale which the PNE built as a walk through exhibit. Being told what to draw and paint was too confining and I lost interest in art during my high school years. Instead, I focused on socializing: rowing over to Shady Island, picnicking on the sand dunes at Scotch Beach, and catching smelts by the bucketful. These activities enriched my connection to nature and the outdoors, providing fodder for future fish paintings, I'm sure.

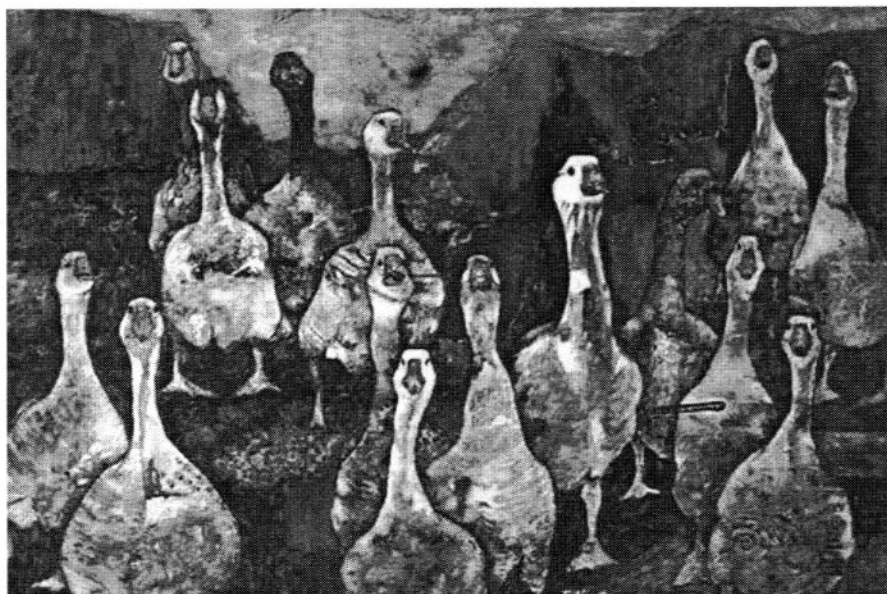
Living in a Japanese community which was self-contained back then, I absorbed or viewed various aspects of the culture such as dancing at the *obon* festivals, *judo* tournaments, Japanese language classes (Mr. Okuyama's), bazaars, the arts and crafts from

Japan which decorated most of our homes, Sunday night gory Japanese movies in East Vancouver, and years later, numerous videos of weekly soap operas or musical shows. This exposure seeped into my being and cemented the Japanese part of me, despite living in Canada, and going to schools here.

My father didn't think it was worthwhile for girls to attend university, since he presumed they would marry, have children and waste their education. He thought I should be a secretary, live at home, and pay room and board, whereas my mother encouraged me to continue with schooling. I chose to pursue

university like my brothers, Jackson and Ted, who were older than me by 13 and 11 years.

When I was wondering what to major in at UBC, Jackson suggested I apply to the Fine Arts Department. UBC was having an Open House the spring of my Grade 12 year (1967), so I wandered around all the creative displays, and was overwhelmed with the talent of the students. Not feeling like I could measure up, I chose a general arts program, then, transferred into secondary teacher training in my third year, majoring in English



"On the Move," (2006). (E. Hirota, 2007)

and Guidance.

Jackson majored in Fine Arts (MFA) and also trained as a teacher, and eventually focused on creating wood-fired pottery while working at Malaspina College in Nanaimo. Ted studied psychology and English at UBC, then, did his Masters and PhD in psychology (statistics) at the University of Toronto, and then taught at the University of Windsor. My pursuit of teaching and painting was probably influenced by their example. We three had said, at the outset of our education, we didn't want to ever be teachers, yet, we all chose to teach for many years.

My first teaching assignment

was in Dawson Creek, B.C. (1972-74): high school English and Special Education for students with reading difficulties. I married and moved to Comox (1974-78), and continued teaching Special Ed and taught some elementary language arts. Teaching provided an opportunity to be creative with lesson planning, always tying in art activities, in hopes to motivate students.

A University of Victoria pottery night school course was offered in Courtenay, so I signed up for the term. There were so many students

we didn't have a chance to work on the wheel, but learned a number of hand-building techniques. I loved working with clay and experimenting with textures, and arrived home weekly with one project after another. One summer, I borrowed an electric wheel, and without any previous training, put clay on the wheel, turned it on, wet it down (too

much) and had clay flying around every which way. Eventually, I was able to center and build small bowls. Also, with owning a home for the first time, gardening became another creative endeavor to explore – flowers as well as vegetables grew profusely.

After four years in Courtenay/Comox, my husband and I planned to do a Master's program in counselling in Tucson, Arizona, in July 1978. After being accepted into the program, I found out I was pregnant. I planned to only take some summer courses but the professors encouraged me to continue. I flew back to Vancouver in September, since we

were worried about exorbitant medical costs, gave birth to Karin, and returned to the University of Arizona when she was six days old. Four days later, she went to all the classes in a buggy. As a counselor, I wanted to help children, parents and teachers communicate more effectively while being supportive of each other.

After completing our program in counselling, we moved to Kimberley, BC. My energies were focused on the children, Karin and Michael, as well as part-time school counselling, and landscaping a newly built home. With interested parents from a parent study group I facilitated, we created a monthly parent newsletter, which included overviews of parenting books, articles on discipline, family meetings and supportive suggestions. Karin and Michael provided delightful insights as children tend to do – they would

wave to me from trees in our front yard at the height of our second floor without any fear which challenged my anxieties for them. Raising children helped me to realize I was raised on fear and restrictions. I am not sure whether that was just our family or whether there was a connection to growing up as a Japanese Canadian, and as a female in post-war Steveston. I wanted my children to feel strong and courageous and know they could handle the challenges of life. By learning to downhill ski at the same time Karin and Michael did, I kept challenging my fears. The courage which has developed also spills over to increased strength and confidence in other areas of my life.

Travelling and soaking up different cultures became another adventure during those years – backpacking with the children in Japan with side trips to Hong Kong and China (a total of 6 weeks), shorter trips to Rio, Europe and Mazatlan. All the visual stimulation from these trips contributed to my increasing desire to be creative in some way.

In the late 1980s, I connected with a potter who was creating porcelain jewelry aside from pottery pieces. She shared her techniques and glazes, and when she moved out

paint, I do see more or differently than I did.

Meanwhile, I divorced, changed school districts and worked as a district elementary counselor in three schools in Cranbrook (1992-96). In individual or group counseling sessions, I encouraged children to express themselves verbally, and/or through a variety of hands on activities (play and art therapy): puppetry, drawing, painting, and creating with plasticine.

When I remarried in 1996 and moved to Calgary, my husband, Brian, suggested I attend art school rather than looking for a counseling job. It was the most wonderful gift he could have offered me. With trepidation and excitement, I took watercolour and drawing courses over the next few years at the Alberta College of Art & Design, and classes with many talented artists from Calgary,

Vancouver and the States. Finally, I took the plunge into an active art world and was open to learning techniques, composition and forms of expression. I connected with a variety of art groups, one of which was the Federation of Canadian Artists. My confidence and commitment to drawing and painting flourished as my paintings sold and I received awards from the FCA juried shows. I was also invited into various galleries and group art shows.

A group of Calgary artists, myself included, flew to San Miguel Allende, Mexico in February 2003, for nine days to draw and paint, and immerse ourselves in what is considered an artists' haven filled



"Parrot tulips," (2006). (E. Hirota photo, 2007)

of country, I started experimenting with earrings and necklace pieces. I started selling around the Kootenays at craft fairs. Shortly after, I signed up for painting classes, a weekend here and there, then, week long watercolour and pottery courses in Kaslo (1990 and 1992). Driving home from there, I was visually awakened: the trees were more defined and energized, the clouds were phenomenal and I saw landscapes with more of a painterly eye. My son, Michael, noted as a youngster, that most children draw trees with the branches hanging down, and yet, he said, if you look, those branches grow upward. I was amazed at his visual perceptions, but as I draw and

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with many creative possibilities at this unique heritage site. A number of calla lily and local people paintings emerged from that colourful, exciting, and heart enriching experience.

In November 2004, we moved to Creston, B.C. where we built a home surrounded by scenic vistas on 25 acres along with an adjoining studio/gallery. During the first spring of 2005, the Hirota Gallery was opened with my paintings and my brother's (Jackson's) pottery. The Creston community has been very supportive and encouraging. I participate in the Art Walk/Drive and a fall art show with a local group, and still continue to show in Calgary. My paintings are mostly mixed media which could include watercolour, rice papers, inks, acrylic, stamping, etc. on a variety of surfaces. Currently, many of the paintings are on canvas and also YUPO paper which provide interesting developments on its own. I like the fluidity of watercolour and acrylic inks on non-absorbing, textured surface, resulting in more vivid paintings.

Since I had always spoken a mixture of Japanese and English to my parents, when faced with someone fluent in Japanese, I had difficulty with understanding and speaking confidently. Two years ago, I was motivated to become more fluent with Japanese, therefore, I organized a group of interested Crestonites to meet with a teacher from Japan every couple of weeks who was on a year program to help students in the public schools to learn some Japanese and some of the culture. This year I met weekly with a new Japanese teacher who was here on the same program and I forced myself to speak only Japanese when we met at different venues. I was amazed at how words from long ago started to return – even a children's song. This October, I will be accompanying the city delegation which will be travelling to Creston's sister city, Kaminoho, Japan, near Seki City, and practising my Japanese and looking forward to any art sharing opportunities.

The language, the culture and my experiences in a Japanese Canadian community (Steveston) have contributed to the way I paint – not only with subject matter but also with presentation. When I use rice papers, I love the ones with threads flowing through it and within the collages I may include origami papers, photos from the past, or Japanese lettering. *Obon* dancers, *koi*, and

family history imagery have become subject matter in paintings.

Although I have always taken photographs on trips, I see a change in my photos, in what visually appeals to me, since I have been drawing and painting. Some paintings develop from photos I've taken, and others arise from trusting a process of discovery, an inner vision or voice. Last year, a digital camera opened up a variety of possibilities for subject matter, and added to the memories of a trip to Asia (Singapore, Vietnam, Malaysia and Bali) in the spring of 2006 and Europe this spring. Aside from capturing special moments on camera, I focused on creating compositions with future paintings in mind.

Throughout life, I have chosen to challenge myself, and initially may experience anxiety and discomfort, along with delight and wonder on this river of adventures, and ultimately return to a balance, a sense of peace, and a stillness.



"Lone Pine," (2004). E. Hirota photo, 2007)

My other "passion" is gardening and with the available space, great growing conditions, and a keen husband willing to haul rocks, soil and weed a zillion thistles, we've created a retreat for ourselves, part of which endeavours to be a Japanese garden with ponds and fish. A couple of years ago, I said if we build a big enough pond, I won't yearn to live near water. Living by the Fraser River as I grew up has contributed to my love of flowing water and all the creatures connected to it. Seeing the development of my parents' Japanese garden in 1966 and viewing various Japanese gardens in Steveston over the years, opened the door to creating our own tranquil environment in

Creston -- hummingbirds hovering around the wisteria, fish swimming at the edge of the pond, water trickling over the rocks and spilling into the lower pond, and leaves of Japanese maples fluttering in the gentle wind.

Whether it's painting or gardening, I enter a different zone and totally immerse myself in that activity, and leave behind the day-to-day concerns of life. I feel very fortunate to have these "passions" which provide such joy in my life and the opportunity to share this feeling with others. My gift to myself and others is to be grateful and excited with life each day.

Please check out www.eileenhirota.com for more examples of my paintings. ❀

ノース・バンクーバーの日系伐採キャンプについて

ボブ・マックル

20世紀の初め頃、カナダ西海岸の林業に日系のビジネスマンや労働者が働いていたことは別に秘密ではない。森の中で木を伐り、その木を製材所に運び、日本を含む各方面に積み出していた。しかしながら、森林の伐採とその後の植樹、住宅や産業のための工場、山火事や証拠の埋め隠し、また愛好家たちが古器物を集めたりしたので、このような森の中での活動についての物的証拠は殆どなくなっている。

考古学の専門家や、BC州の森林で働いたり、ハイキングをする人たちは、時々20世紀の初め頃と思われる日本の皿やビンを見つけたこともあったが、最近まで、カナダ西海岸の伐採キャンプにおける日本人についての組織的考古学研究は行われていなかった。しかし、2000年にセイモア・バレー考古学計画の最初の野外シーズンに、変化が起きた。これは、キャピラノ・カレッジ主催の、その年の考古学野外スクールと一緒にノース・バンクーバーのセイモア・バレーにおける20世紀初期の伐採活動に焦点を当てた計画で、日系人が存在したと言う確かな証拠が残っている2箇所のキャンプの調査が行われた。2箇所とも明らかにセイモア・バレーを一掃した1920年代半ばの山火事で全焼し、残ったものも数十年の間に森林が再成長したためにこれまで見つからなかった事が判った。そして今、考古学的方法によって、伐採キャンプで働いていた人たちの生活を垣間見る事が出来るようになった。

ス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプは、この名の付いた小川が近くにあるので考古学者たちがこのように名付けたのだが、ここは最初2000年に数日間の調査が行われた。このときは

壊れたガラクタの中から、いくつかの日本の皿が見つかった。ガラクタの中には馬の蹄鉄、壊れた瓶、壊れた料理用コンロの破片、のこぎりの刃、ブリキ缶などがあった。2001年、02年、03年の夏と引き続き行われた発掘で数百の古器物がでてきたが、それらの多くは明らかに日本のもので、皿、ビールや酒の瓶などがあった。また発掘によって台所、食事をする場所、ゴミ捨て場、鍛冶屋、宿舎が明らかになり、それにキャンプの周りとキャンプへの板敷きの道が3つ以上見つかった。これらの道は森から橋で木を運ぶ馬が通れるように作ったものである。1920年代半ばの山火事を考えに入れ、発掘された古器物に記されている年代やキャンプの上に育った木の樹齢からみて、ス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプが最初に使われたのは1921年から1924年までの間と思われる。

数年前、ス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプから数キロ離れたところに、セイモア・バレーに行く散歩道が作られ、毎年この辺りを歩いたり、自動車を通る人が数千人も来るようになった。マッケンジー・クリークの辺りにはこの散歩道を作るとき、このコースを変えない限り、この散歩道のために、これまで知られていなかったキャンプの大部分が破壊されてしまうであろう事がわかった。古いキャンプに近い散歩道は一般の人たちに非常に意義のある教育を提供することになるであろうと考え、またこの散歩道に近いということは瓶や皿などの価値あるものを奪われる可能性があることを考えて、セイモア・バレー考古学計画は2004年の野外シーズンには、ス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプから、

新しく発見されたマッケンジー・クリーク・キャンプの方に主力を注いだ。ス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプの時のように、マッケンジー・キャンプの周囲や、そこに行くための木で作った道は簡単に見つかった。しかし、それ以外にはこの二つのキャンプの共通点はなかった。

マッケンジー・キャンプでは地表面や半分土に埋まって散乱していた物の中に、沢山の釘、ブリキ缶、料理用のコンロの一部、壊れた瓶などがあったが、日本製のものや日本風のものはなかった。ゴミ捨て場、台所、

食堂、鍛冶屋、宿舎などの証拠もなかったが、何ヶ所かに、壊れた瓶やブリキ缶が捨ててあった。また地上の広い部分に壊れた窓ガラス、釘及び目覚まし時計のような個人の所持品もあった。ひとたび発掘が始まると、マッケンジー・クリーク・キャンプに日系人が居たことが明らかになった。地中からは日本の盃、湯のみ、急須のかけらが見つかった。日本ビールや酒の瓶、薬瓶など沢山の瓶類も見つかった。一番明らかな発見は“お風呂”だった。氷山の頂上のように、最初は石で作られたものの一番高いところが見えた。この建造物には風呂の水を沸かすための焚き火の部分と風呂桶の支え部分が含まれていた。発掘の結果、風呂桶の内側からのものと思われる杉の木片に釘付けされた、風呂桶の金具の部分の一部、風呂桶の水を入れたり出したりするのに使われたと思われる導管、並びに燃やした木からの煙を出す煙突の一部が見つかった。近くの土の中から見つかった約1000本の釘は風呂場を建てた時のものだろう。多分これは北アメリカで発掘された最初のお風呂と思われる。

マッケンジー・クリーク・キャンプ跡のいくつかのばらばらなガラクタは、木こり達が共同宿舎の住んでいたのではなくて、自分たちに小屋に、多分妻や子供たちと住んでいたように思われる。発見された古器物は、マッケンジー・クリーク・キャンプはス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプより少し早く、多分、1920年か21年ごろに使われていたと思われる。この事は茶碗の底に日本語が書いてあるのは一部だけで、その他のものは英語で“日本製”と書いてあったからで、その頃は、それが一般的であった。この他の発掘品に書かれていることもこの年代に当たる。

この2箇所のキャンプの間になにか関連性があったのかどうかは不明である。両方のキャンプから発掘された物、例えば日本の皿、ビールや酒の瓶は同じようなものなので、この二つのキャンプは明らかに何らかの繋がりがあったと思われる。しかし一方では、これらのキャンプでの全体的な設計は非常に違って

いる。マッケンジー・クリーク・キャンプは、すつとか、少なくとも最初は日系人がいた事が明らかであるが、ス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプの状況ははっきりしない。多分、同じ会社か、少なくともマッケンジー・キャンプで働いていた人たちが、そこで伐採する木が少なくなった時に、ス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプを建てて移ったのだろう。しかし、もしそうであれば、この移動は彼らの日常生活、たとえば大きな台所、食堂、共同宿舎などの点で大きな違いを示している。もう一つの考え方としては、日系人はス्यूアサイド・クリーク・キャンプでの労働人口の一部分に過ぎなかったということで、このキャンプはその時代の太平洋北西部の典型的なキャンプを考慮に入れて作られている。

非常に面白い可能性としては、20世紀初めの頃BC州南部の森林業で有名だった花月栄吉が、これらのキャンプの一つ、または両方を持っていたという考えである。花月は1920年代の

半ばに彼が始めたバンクーバー島ディープ・ベイ伐採事業で非常によく知られている。花月栄吉の息子タケシ（ジャック）によれば、彼の父は1920年代に初めの頃、ノース・バンクーバーのセイモア・バレーで伐採事業をしていたが、少なくともその辺りの、父が伐採をしていたと報じていた場所のうちのひとつはこれらのキャンプ場に近いところにあるという。

いずれにしても、2つのキャンプのごく小部分が発掘されただけなので、2005年及び2006年夏には、20世紀はじめにカナダの西海岸にあった伐採キャンプで働いていた日系人の生活が更に明らかになるであろう。

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The list of new and renewing members of National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre from May 1, 2007 to July 31, 2007.

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Ms. Debora Burke & Mr. Yoshi Arima
Ms. Mary Burke & Mr. Rod Hayward
Mr. & Mrs. Katsuji & Kuniko Chiba
LA Dinsmore
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Reverend & Mrs. Ohrai Fujikawa
Mr. Brian Fujimoto
Mrs. Kyomi Fujisawa
Mrs. Kay Fujishima
Mrs. Fumiko Fujiwara
Arthur Gorai
Mrs. Fumi Hamagami
Mr. & Mrs. Kazuji & Chieko Haraguchi
Ms. Jennifer Hashimoto
Mrs. Minnie Hattori
Mr. & Mrs. Mickey Hayashi
Mrs. Susan Hidaka
Mr. & Mrs. T. Hirai
Mr. & Mrs. Ted Hirota
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Mr. & Mrs. Mitsuru & Jean Hori
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Ms. Sanaye Ikari
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Mrs. Kanaye K. Kagetsu
Mr. & Mrs. Shizuo Kamezawa
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