



Honouring Our Community Leaders, Past and Present



John Endo Greenaway accepting his NAAAP award. (S. Fukawa photo 2007)

John Endo Greenaway was honoured by the National Association of Asian American Professionals (NAAAP) at the Spotlight on Leadership Celebration held in Vancouver on October 25, 2007. The NAAAP is a non-profit organization that promotes the career advancement and leadership development of Asian American professionals in all fields through networking, respecting Asian multiculturalism, and supporting diversity and community service.

Greenaway, a designer, composer, musician, photographer, and writer, was recognized for his contributions to the Japanese Canadian community. Among his many achievements, Greenaway has most notably been working as

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Remembering George Oikawa, 1930-2007. (S. Fukawa photo)

In 1990, a fledgling group met regularly to create a legacy for Nikkei heritage to thrive. George Oikawa, a founding member, was uniquely qualified with his immense knowledge of real estate, and he brought with him team spirit and a generosity of spirit that never wavered. He was a coach, a teacher, and someone that I am honoured to have

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Mits Hayashi honoured by Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs (S. Fukawa photo 2007)

At a ceremony at the Vancouver Japanese Consul General's residence on September 5, 2007, Mitsuo "Mits" Hayashi was honoured with a Commendation from the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs for his contributions to the development of the Nikkei community in Canada as well as to the promotion of Canada-Japan exchanges.

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Announcements JCNM Activities

Shashin: JC Studio Photography to 1942

Nov. 17, 2007 to Jan. 26, 2008

Dec. 8, 2007: Gallery tour by curator Grace Thomson

Upcoming Events at Nikkei Place

Breakfast with Santa

Dec. 8, 9:00 A.M. One seating only.
Adults \$5, Children 2-12 years \$4,
Children under 2 years free

Mochitsuki

Dec. 29, 12:00 P.M. - 3:30 P.M.
Sponsored by the NNM&HC Auxiliary

New Year's Party

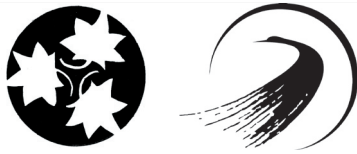
Jan. 19, from 5:00 P.M.

Jun Ken Pon Game Day

(children ages 4-12 years)
Feb. 23 11:00 A.M. - 2:00 P.M.

Nikkei Place closed Dec. 23 - Jan. 2,
opening only for *Mochitsuki* on Dec. 29

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the managing editor for *The Bulletin* since 1993. Below is a shortened excerpt of his acceptance speech:

"It is somewhat fitting, I suppose, or perhaps ironic—I'm not sure which—to receive the Unsung Asian Hero Award tonight. As editor of *The Bulletin*, the monthly publication of the Japanese Canadian Citizens' Association I have spent the past 14 years covering many unsung heroes within the Nikkei community.

We have our public heroes of course, the ones we share with the rest of the world – the David Suzukis, Raymond Moriyamas, Joy Kogawas and Thomas Shoyamas – but for every man and woman in the spotlight, there are dozens more toiling away unheralded and most likely underappreciated. They are educators, artists, business owners, fishermen, community activists, cooks, students. Some are imbedded deeply within the Nikkei community, others work within the larger community. Some identify strongly as Nikkei, others would consider themselves simply Canadian.

As the latest in a long line of editors dating back to 1958 (the year before I was born), I have made it my mission to profile the many quiet heroes in our midst. It is sometimes like pulling teeth—if you want to talk in stereotypes, then we Nikkei tend to be a rather shy lot—but with a little coaxing, most people will open up, often in surprising ways. A CBC producer asked me the other day how our community magazine, with its relatively small circulation and limited readership can hope to bring these people greater national recognition and I replied that I don't think that is necessarily my aim. It is, rather, to instill a sense of pride within our community, to build up, issue by issue, a sense of who we are—where we have come from, and where we are going.

As a community I think we are sometimes guilty of dwelling on the past. Indeed, it is difficult to discuss the Japanese Canadian experience without the subject of the wartime Internment coming up..."

"It is easy sometimes to play the victim card. But if there is one thing I have learned in my time working in the Nikkei community, it is that we are not a community of victims, but rather survivors. And yes, thrivers. I believe it is important to keep our eyes firmly forward—not forgetting the past, but using it as a springboard to a bright future.

As I get older I see more and more value in the Japanese phrase *shikatanagai*, "it can't be helped". I used to interpret it as defeatism, but have come to see that it simply means that railing against what can't be changed is a waste of time and energy. Acceptance doesn't mean that you give up, far from it—rather, you move on and change what you can."

"Nikkei are sometimes referred to, and perhaps not kindly, as a model minority, as masters of assimilation, and maybe there is some truth to that... Not many people identify me as a Japanese Canadian... I come about my ambiguous features honestly. My father Tod comes from Manitoba and is of English/Irish descent. My mother Fumiko is a *nisei*, born in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. In those days, mixed race couples were relatively rare. Needless to say, neither set of in-laws was impressed, although I'd like to think they got over it.

At the age of 10, living in Toronto, I wanted desperately to have blond hair and blue eyes, if for no other reason than the coolest boy in the school had those characteristics. By the age of 20, now living in Vancouver and newly immersed in the Japanese Canadian community,

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I wanted desperately to be full Japanese. Twenty is an impressionable age, and here I was, surrounded by these cool people who knew exactly who they were. They had cool names like Kadota and Shiomi and Shikaze. And what was I? A Greenaway. A name that smacked of colonialism and uncoolness.

When I began playing with Katari Taiko I started inserting my middle name, Endo (my mother's maiden name) between my first and last names, so that people would stop asking me why I, a white guy, was playing Japanese drums.

It wasn't until I was approaching my mid-thirties that I began to feel entirely comfortable in my own skin—that I came to realize that I didn't have to be all of anything—I could just be all me. It was a truly liberating realization. I encourage everyone to try it!

By this point of course, the rest of the world was catching up with my parents and intermarriage was not only beginning to lose its stigma, the floodgates essentially opened. You started to see *hapa* kids

everywhere. I suppose I came to see myself as part of a larger movement, one where barriers were falling, where defining people by race was on its way to becoming meaningless.

Now that I am older and wiser (I hope!) and have *hapa* kids of my own—two girls, eleven and thirteen, and an eighteen-year-old son—I truly hope and believe that they can grow up in world where labels mean less and less, and they are judged on WHO they are, rather than WHAT they are...”

“Before I conclude, a few thanks are in order here. First of all, I have to tip my hat to my favourite unsung hero, my mother, Fumiko.

Although I have had to live in her shadow for many years, I don't hold it against her. She has been as responsible as anyone for my being here tonight to accept this award.

A thanks to Ron Nishimura and the JCCA for their support over the past 14 years and for letting me follow my vision for *The Bulletin*. And to everyone in the Nikkei community who have supported and encouraged me through the

years—Mits, Pearl, Cathy, Mas and Stan—just to mention a few. As we all know, feeling valued is, as the Mastercard ads say, priceless.

I have to admit that I was rather reluctant to accept today's award. I'm not sure why. Perhaps, having stepped out of the spotlight by retiring from a career as a professional taiko player it felt odd to step back into the spotlight, even if it's just one night! It was my two daughters who insisted that I accept the award. Which brings me to my family. Thanks to Amy and the girls for putting up with me when I was absent those years when I was touring around the world with Uzume Taiko – you brought me back down to earth. And I think we are all happier for that!

I'll leave you tonight with a *hapa* condundrum that I used to share with students during our school show: In Japan they have a saying: The nail that sticks up gets nailed down. Here in the west we say: The squeaky wheel gets the grease. The question is: which are we going to be? Thank you.” ❁

Mits Hiyashi Honoured by Japanese Ministry by Stan Fukawa

Continued from page 1...

Although Mits has been in Vancouver only since 1993, he has been a major force within the Nikkei community ever since his arrival and continues to be a vital linchpin, tying together parts of a community that is not strongly united and also connecting the Nikkei community with Japan.

In ethnic groups with several generations of immigrants, it is easy for the communities to develop a split along cultural-linguistic lines – between the English-speaking, Canadian-born and Canadian-educated, and the newer immigrants who prefer their mother tongue and more traditional ethnic ways. Mits Hayashi

has been especially sensitive to this phenomenon due to his background as a Japanese high-school graduate who came to North America in his youth, graduated from an American university and then became Japanese corporate executive.

His work experience makes him particularly attuned to the importance of the printed word and getting the message out to Nikkei about their community. Because he is a Japanese first-language speaker, he has made it his duty to inform the Japanese-speaking people about events that occur and issues that arise within the English-speaking part of the community. For example, with regard to the 125th anniversary

celebrations marking the first immigrant from Japan in 2002, and for the 2006 centennial of the arrival of the Suian Maru, he often worked late into the night and sometimes into the early morning hours translating articles into Japanese to meet the deadlines for publication.

Every year, he serves as the MC for the *Mochitsuki* event at the Nikkei Centre, and explains the importance of that traditional New Year's ritual occasion to the younger English-only speakers for whom it might otherwise appear to be only a quaint custom of a bygone era. He makes arrangements for visiting Japanese cultural exhibits and performers and is involved in many

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citywide events (like the Cherry Blossom Festival) which ties the Japanese community to the wider Metro community. When he learned of the needs of Japanese-speakers for medical care in their language, he became involved in the Nikka Health Care Society which provides a list of Japanese-speaking doctors and sends circulars on medical matters. Without Mits' involvement and leadership, such events, connections and services would suffer greatly.

Mits and his wife, Emmie, are quite grateful for the support they received from members of the Japanese-American and Japanese-Canadian communities after they arrived in North America. They feel strongly that the reputations for honesty, hard work and good citizenship that were established by earlier generations of Nikkei on this continent are responsible for the good treatment that is accorded more recent immigrants from Japan. They feel that many post-war Japanese immigrants are not aware of this legacy that makes it easier for them to be accepted here.

Mits says that his feelings of obligation to the Nikkei communities in North America are what motivated him to undertake his many contributions, including the key one of fundraising for the Nikkei Centre



Mits Hiyashi (centre) with his wife Emmie and Gordon Kodata at the 2007 Remembrance Day Ceremonies in Vancouver. (S. Fukawa photo 2007)

from Japanese corporations which ensured the success of enterprise. He acknowledges that without the support of Emmie, he could not have been involved in his many community volunteer activities

A list of the organizations in which Mits has been active since his arrival:

1. Canada – Japan Society of Vancouver
2. Chuo University Vancouver *Hakumon Kai*
3. Japanese Canadian Citizens Association of Greater Vancouver
4. National Nikkei Heritage Centre Society
5. National Nikkei Museum and

- Heritage Centre
 6. Nikka Health Care Society
 7. Nikkei Community New Year Celebration Committee
 8. Nikkei Seniors Health Care Housing Society
 9. Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival Society
 10. Vancouver Japanese Canadian Society for Seniors Housing
 11. Vancouver Japanese United Church, Japanese-speaking congregation
 12. Vancouver *Sado Urasenke Tankokai*
- (No. 4 merged to become 5; No. 10 merged to form 8). ❁

Remembering George Oikawa by Cathy Makihara

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called a friend.

During those early days, George and his other non-profit director partner, Bob Iwata, would give up their time, so that we could find funds to improve an old building on Powell Street. It was the integrity and reputation of people like George, that allowed us to scrape money together to renovate the old rooms and kitchenettes where the seniors lived, and the premises from which I worked from. Never giving up and never

walking away from a commitment, he had great integrity.

By 1993, I had many occasions to work with George as an employee of that fledgling group which now called itself the National Nikkei Heritage Centre Society. He understood above all, that without land, no matter how much money was raised, or how long we discussed our vision or programming, this complex was not going to be built.

Finally, three acres of property became available. Along with

Gordon Kadota, and myself he showed us a crumbling old school, boarded up, with an overturned oil tank on the ground, and an abandoned parking lot. Across one street, there was a tired looking night club, and in the other direction a factory spewing out steam. He talked about how beautiful this site was going to be, painting a picture with words of a neighbourhood of family homes, a tree lined street, a beautiful park, and high rise buildings. He was teaching us about the potential of this land, to

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think about change by looking back and in the same breath to visualize that change to a future landscape of Burnaby. Though he never said it, he had worked all over BC, and was one of our province's leading real estate appraisers. His arguments were convincing and he changed the minds of more than one skeptic on our committee.

As the work continued, and ran into obstacles of the types community projects run into – he often used metaphors of sports backing up his fellow directors as any athlete would of his teammates. When the chips were down, he'd lift their spirit through his words of encouragement. Out of the public's eyes, at times he argued his point of view contrary to another, and when he did not prevail, he would accept the decision of the majority. I never saw him waver from this ever. He spoke highly of the people who were part of his team. Many times he'd mention the names

of the young staff he recruited, he thought highly of them, and talked to me of their accomplishments. They were a treasure and he held them in the highest esteem.

I worked through the development of three buildings with George. He was there each step of the way. During the many meetings, he spoke fondly about Gene, and their 3 children. Gene's Sunday dinners, the roasts and Yorkshire pudding received rave reviews. Kirby, who was playing in a band with high school pals was innovative and enjoying the youthful dream. Christy, working at software companies, brilliant and capable, and full of energy that he wished he had. Joey was in Japan at the time working for Weldwood, and so proud that he was able to manage on his own in a country so foreign.

Even after George first spoke of his cancer, his contribution continued. His outlook was positive, it seemed it was yet another challenge

in life to overcome. All things could be beaten, including negativity and pessimism.

These three buildings sitting on this site have scores of stories of George. He was a big part of Nikkei Place, the people within have had the benefit of what George has left behind. I don't actually know how many hours George put in as a volunteer, but conservatively speaking, I would estimate over 6,000 hours. Add to that the time prior to my involvement, which was about another 30 years. That's a lot of volunteer hours.

I am saddened that he is gone. I don't know how much difference it would make for a man who was as developed as he. But if this little tribute, knowing how much he meant to many people, the difference he had made to the lives of the young and the old, made his life better, then I would like to repeat this message a thousand times over.



George Oikawa: Words of Remembrance by Elmer Morishita

This is a transcript of Elmer Morishita's eulogy given at George Oikawa's memorial on October 29, 2007.

I'd like to express my deepest sympathies to Gene and the rest of the Oikawa family on the loss of their dear husband, father and grandfather. I was very surprised when I learned that George had passed away last Monday. I talked with him just the week before. His voice was a bit raspy and he sounded a bit more subdued than normal but he was still very optimistic about the treatments for his cancer. As usual we chatted about baseball, Nikkei Place, gardening and our families.

I've known George a relatively short time; only since the days we were on the Board of the National

Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre. I got to know him much better when we were the co-managers of the Asahi Baseball Exhibition project. This project involved creating a museum exhibition chronicling the history and achievements of the Vancouver Asahi baseball team which played and excelled in the senior baseball leagues from the 1914 to 1941 and it was right in George's ballpark (and mine too): baseball, Japanese Canadian and Vancouver history and Nikkei Place.

I didn't know too much about George's professional life in real estate and in appraisals at first. I soon found out that that he was very knowledgeable about properties and about the history of Vancouver.

I would often get a ride from

George to attend meetings. Many a time en route, I would get a short history lesson on some of the buildings in and around the city. Not just the current building but the one before that and even one before that. He would say this is where the Japanese Canadian community in Kitsilano lived, this is the location of Athletic Park, this is where Mr. Yada's thin house was located, and he would usually have a story or stories about them. I just had to make sure he didn't get too carried away with his stories since he was driving as well as talking.

One of George's real passions was baseball and he loved to recall being a bat boy for the Asahi baseball team, his days as a catcher in Kaslo and in Quebec, and for the

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Vancouver Mounties and his days as a baseball scout for the Milwaukee Brewers. Every once in a while he would show me his left hand with the fingers a bit out of line, the souvenirs from his catching days. Looking at the catcher's gloves from that period, it's a wonder he could still use that hand.

The Asahi exhibit project had its ups and downs with finances and with support as it dragged on much longer than we had anticipated. George believed very strongly in this project because it acknowledged the contribution of the Asahi baseball team to the community and because it would be a showpiece for the JCNM.

Whenever support sagged for this project George would give an impassioned appeal to get more people thinking positively about it rather than looking at all the minor and possible pitfalls. When George spoke on an issue, it was straight from his heart and his belief without any extraneous words to cloud the issues. He saved this project more than once and it opened successful at this museum in October 2005. For that we are all very grateful.

With baseball, George was not only knowledgeable but meticulous. In the model of the players on the baseball diamond at the front of exhibit, the third baseman was positioned with one foot slightly outside of the foul line; George caught this and insisted that the figure be repositioned. And it was.

He would read through all of the text in the exhibit catching misspelled names and misuses of baseball jargon. He wanted the exhibition to be accurate from both a historical and baseball perspective.

George and I, we had fun on the project most of the time since Grace Thomson looked after the hard part of researching and curating the

exhibit. As for us, we enjoyed break-fast meetings at White Spot to discuss progress on the project. We got T-shirts and caps made with George going back and forth to the T-shirt company making sure the A in Asahi was just right. We also talked about baseball. Actually, George would talk much more than I would.

He could talk baseball with the best of them, even baseball fanatics like Bud Kerr and Mel Lehan who hang out at Nat Bailey Stadium. George would have been glued to the TV watching the baseball playoffs and the World Series but disappointed that Jeff Francis, the Colorado Rockies pitcher from Delta, didn't get a chance to pitch again. He knew the records and background of most of the Canadian and Japanese ballplayers in the Majors and took pride in their achievements.

His interest and efforts on the Asahi went far beyond the exhibit. He and Grace were the driving forces in having the Asahi baseball team inducted into the BC Sports Hall of Fame. He was also instrumental in initiating the annual Asahi baseball game at the Powell Street Festival.

George would probably want me to put in a commercial right now and say that if you haven't seen the exhibit you can still see it at the Vancouver Museum where it will be for another week before it goes to Halifax.

At the beginning of its six month run George gave a public talk about baseball and the Asahi for the Vancouver Museum and also gave a workshop for their tour guides to help them understand the emotion and the significance of the Asahi which they could in turn convey to the museum visitors.

On the home front George tended his garden, particularly his tomatoes. George loved to grow them and I'm sure to eat them but only

certain varieties met his exacting criteria. His friends benefited from his gardening skills as he would drop off small bags of his harvest every so often. I must admit they were much more flavourful than the store bought ones.

A few weeks ago he phoned to tell me to expect one last bunch of tomatoes even though the weather was getting colder. He was planning to put small blankets around the plants to protect them during the night.

George cared most about his family. His own illness slowed him down only slightly and he was still more active and busier than most people. He was always concerned about Gene and couldn't commit his time without her needs being met first, be it to drive her to appointments or to just be around for support.

He talked proudly about his children and most recently their first grandchild. We all know that George was an upbeat and enthusiastic person but he raised his level even more when talking about their granddaughter. He felt lucky that his children and grandchild were all close by in Vancouver and having one son at home.

George and Gene were always generous, open and hospitable whenever I visited. A short five minute visit to drop off a document could stretch out much longer with good company, tea and dessert.

For all things, big and small George acted with care, passion and kindness. I'll certainly miss that shot of optimism and positive thinking I got whenever we talked. We'll miss this gentle and caring man, a real gentleman.

Gene, my sympathies to you and your family and thank you for letting me share these memories of George. ❀

A Pastor From Steveston, Eddie Sensei by Eddie Yoshida



Eddie and Yoko's first child, Gwen, was born in Japan in 1959. (Yoshida Family photo)

When Yoneichi and Tsuruye Yoshida had their first son, Shigeyuki (later called Eddie & Edward), born in the Steveston Fishermen's Association Hospital (locally called the *DANTAI BYOIN*) on August 4, 1933, little did they realize that this scrawny seven pounder male would one day become a Christian minister of the Gospel. The village located at the mouth of the Fraser River and strategically settled on the southwestern point of the Municipality of Richmond was the strongest and biggest concentration of *Issei* and *Nisei* in all of Canada—in terms of density.

But before I could walk, I was taken with my older sister Kaoru (Kay) to my father's native village, Miomura in Wakayama-ken, (nicknamed "Amerika-mura" after the war because so many of her native sons and daughters had emigrated to Canada). The reason being that my paternal grandmother was suffering from diabetes and needed the nursing care of her young daughter-in-law. Thus our young

family of four returned to Japan in 1933, oblivious to the typhoid epidemic ravaging the village. Tsuruye succumbed to the contagion and the two children were left motherless. This resulted in Shigeyuki and Kaoru being nurtured by my paternal aunt and my father's cousin respectively.

When Yoneichi remarried a second Tsuruye (Ishida) in 1940, he returned from Steveston to collect his two youngsters before the beginning of the sockeye season that year. In his second marriage he had three more children, Etsuko, Yasuo (Chris) and Hiroko (Mary).

The village of Steveston became my pre-war home. For the next two years I had to learn English as a second language, attend the local Lord Byng Elementary School and further learn Japanese like all the other Japanese children of Steveston. It was during this period that I was given my English name, Eddie (after a popular baseball star), because my teacher could not pronounce my

Japanese name and my friends thought that it was too long.

The culture and history of the community were defiantly patriotic (pro Japan) and deeply Buddhist. (Steveston had the highest number of young males who were treated as POWs and sent to the several internment camps across the nation during the war.)

When Pearl Harbor was bombed, chaos and confusion reigned over the settlement. Fear of what might await the Japanese families along the coast, the barring of Japanese children from local schools, the confiscation of fishing boats and gear, and the life-changing choices offered by the Evacuation Order gripped the community. Hitherto distant relatives bonded ever closer, especially for those whose language ability was next to nothing.

My father was determined to keep the family together, as reliance on government assistance for relocation outside the 100-mile perimeter of the coast meant "Road Camp" separation for him.



Ministering in Northern Japan, 1958. (Yoshida Family photo)

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He was still 42 in 1942, and all able Japanese males were to be shipped to these camps. He initially chose Bridge River, BC, as his destination. He even ordered a complete half of a CPR freight car to haul his rice (half ton), Japanese *ofuro* (bath tub), *shoyu*, *miso*, candies, chocolates and chewing gum for his children. Later, when he learned that most of the Yoshida clan was destined for Grand Forks, BC, he changed his mind and opted for the Doukhobor (a Russian religious sect which is known for pacifism and vegetarianism) town in the west Kootenay Valley. Our family lived there for the next eight years.

The atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima in early August 1945, and the subsequent unconditional surrender of Japan were the pivotal points in the religious and spiritual values of Yonekichi. He was very disappointed that the “divine winds” of Japan failed his Fatherland. Under the influence of his intoxicating beverage he would frequently repeat to his son, “Shigebo (a pet name), you should forget about religion and just concentrate on becoming a success. Study hard, get a good education and work diligently.” This became his mantra. Not only did he change his worldview, but he also tried to influence his son’s.

Three years after these paternal exhortations, an itinerant Pentecostal evangelist arrived in town to preach to the Doukhobor population. He was an easterner from New Brunswick and called himself Marshal Ruthven. He came with his wife, Bessie, and their only son, John. They had a used army truck,

and carried a portable folding church made of plywood. They would move about the valley holding what they called the Daily Vacation Bible School. This would last for a week or two. Each day would end with an evening evangelistic Service where Rev. Ruthven preached. I initially attended with my Doukhobor friends to see the young girls attending these meetings. But it didn’t take too many days before my heart was gripped by the preacher’s sermons. The tipping point of these messages was John

now can have a living relationship with Him by inviting Him into our hearts by faith—though we do not see Him physically.”

At the end of several days I was moved to believe this message and invited this Jesus into my heart and life. (One could say that I was converted and became a Christian at that point.) This spiritual experience happened in August 1948, while I worked as a summer student at the old Grand Forks Sawmill in Ruckle Addition.



In 1957, Eddie taught English and Church History at the Northeast Biblical Institute near Koriyama, Japan. (Yoshida Family photo)

The call of God to become a missionary-minister came one year later. Surrounded by mountains and intersected by the Kettle and Granby rivers, the town offered me many opportunities to hunt, fish and search for valuable rocks. Therefore, my interests made me dream of a career in forestry or geology—at least

until that experience. However, when a retired English missionary from Japan, Ms. Gillespie, settled in town during the war, she challenged her young audience to the great spiritual vacuum left in Japan after the war. It was in one of her meetings that I felt the divine call to serve as His apostle to the Japanese, whether in Canada or Japan.

Upon graduation from Richmond High School, I enrolled at Seattle Pacific College (now Seattle Pacific University), majoring in Biblical Literature and Philosophy (1952—1956). Graduation from college brought an invitation from the Canadian Japanese Mission to pioneer a church-planting ministry in Vancouver. Under the leadership

3:16 “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son...”

In summary this is what he said:

“1. There is only one God, who created the universe and the human race.

2. This Creator God is a God of love, and He loves all ethnics, nations and tribes of people—including Japanese.

3. Human beings were separated from God by sin, and sin is the cause of wars, hatred and suffering among people, nations and neighbours.

4. The Creator God of love sent His Son, Jesus Christ, into this world to be our Saviour from sin and judgment by dying on the cross and rising from the dead.

5. Because Jesus is a living God, we

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of the CJM founder, Ms. Margaret Ridgeway, young *Nisei* Christians were meeting regularly as the *Nisei* Christian Fellowship in the residence of the Vancouver Bible Institute.

The first meeting of the newly organized *Nisei* Gospel Church of Vancouver began in a rented former funeral home located on 742 E. Hastings Street. This humble ministry had both the Sunday school for children and Sunday Worship Service for adults. The children's work even extended to an afternoon gathering in Steveston. The now famous Ms. Joy Kogawa was one of those who volunteered for Steveston. Before I left for Japan in August 1957, we were gathering some 60—80 children each Sunday. Among the former students who gathered for the 60th Anniversary of the CJM in June 2006, were Glen Hara (lawyer), Glen Nagano (teacher), and brothers, Charley and Terence Nishi. It was a proud moment for me to be re-connected to these former students once again.

The early summer of 1957 brought the Rev. Kiichi Ando of Japan to western Canada. He was then the principal of the Northeast Biblical Institute located near Koriyama, Japan. When I offered to be his driver-interpreter, we travelled extensively throughout BC. This led to Rev. Ando inviting me to teach English and Church History, and learn Japanese in exchange at his institute. Therefore, the assignment to study Japanese for three years was made by the Board of the CJM, and I was sent to Japan aboard the **HIKAWA MARU** in August 1957.

While in Japan, I traveled to meet and study the ministry of several missionaries and Japanese

pastors. One of these contacts was Ms. Eulalia Spoor of Vancouver, who had visited the *Nisei* Gospel Church in Vancouver during her furlough. Her first determined task was to introduce her loyal helper-interpreter, Ms. Yoko Kishida, to me. It was not love at first sight by any means. And dating before engagement was discouraged by the church leaders of Japan in those days. However, intense communication by mail took the place of dating, and we decided to be married in September



From left: Yoko, Wesley, Eddie, Esther, and (inset) Gwen. (Yoshida Family photo)

1958. Our first child, Gwen Alike, arrived in December 1959, while still in Japan. This was seven months before our return to Vancouver and our commission to begin church planting in Toronto. Thereafter, two more children were born, Esther and Wesley. They are all adults now and working professionally as teachers in Vancouver, Scarborough and Newmarket, Ontario. They also serve as church pianist/organist and lay worker in their respective congregations.

Forty-seven years have elapsed since the Yoshida family arrived in Toronto. During those years I was enabled by the Lord to pioneer, plant and pastor two Nikkei churches, the Japanese Gospel Church of Toronto (formerly the *Nisei* Gospel Church of Toronto) and the Wesley Chapel Japanese Church. Many *nisei* and *issei* have had Bible-

based spiritual experience from these two congregations. Some have returned to Japan and have become leaders in their churches and communities. One of the first to be baptized in Toronto and returned to Yamaguchi was Dr. Hiroshi Hiraoka. He has since become the president and CEO of his own hospital in Hikari city, and he also serves as an active layman in his local Lutheran

Church. Another prominent Christian businessman who "met" Jesus in Toronto is Hiroshi Sano, president of JVC in Canada and the U.S. He is now living in Tokyo and active in his local church.

The third name that comes to mind is Dr. Toshitaka Yamao. He was a professor of civil

engineering specializing in bridge construction at the University of Kumamoto. When he and his family of five stayed in Toronto for seven months for his post-doctoral studies, they attended Wesley Chapel Japanese Church. His wife, Machiko, was baptized on the final Sunday before their departure for London, UK, and he was baptized later in the Kusabacho Kyokai in Kumamoto city. They have since become leaders in their congregation.

The fourth and final example of ministry fruit is Yu Takahashi. His initial contact with us came when he addressed the large Joy of Christmas community celebration about five years ago. He was then the deputy Consul-General of Japan. A friendship developed between

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me and Mr. Takahashi over many lunches and a fishing trip. He also had his spiritual experience when he accepted Jesus into his life at our church picnic and then later was baptized at the Northeast Nikkei Christian Conference. Shortly after that he was assigned to Cape Town, South Africa and later to Manaus, Brazil, where he was promoted to the office of Consul-General. He has since returned to Japan and retired as a diplomat but is active in his Ginza Kyodan Church.

These are just some of the rewarding and satisfying changes that have occurred because I responded to the call of God when I was a teenager. My late father once opposed me in my decision to answer God's call. He thought that every Christian minister would be desperately poor, begging for food from house to house. Well, he was wrong.

Someone said: "God never orders a task without picking up the tab." Surely that has been true for me. "My God shall supply all your needs

according to His riches in glory" This is His promise to those who follow Him, and this has been proven over and over again. If anyone would ask me today, "If you were to live your life all over again, would you still be a missionary or a minister?" My answer would be a resounding yes! There is no better place on earth than to be in the centre of God's will. ☀

Rev. Edward S. Yoshida is the Pastor of the Wesley Chapel Japanese Church in Toronto.

The History of the Vancouver Buddhist Temple by Robert S. Akune

At the turn of the nineteenth century, many in the Japanese community living in Vancouver were of the Buddhist faith. They had brought their religious tradition with them from Japan. The predominant sect was that of the *Jodo Shinshu Nishi Hongwanji-ha* (True Pure Land School). Since it was felt that there was need for a Buddhist temple, 14 dedicated local leaders met on October 10, 1904, at the home of Tadaichi Nagano. At this ground-breaking meeting it was decided that an organization be established to fulfill the spiritual needs of the Buddhist community. They further decided that they would send a request to the mother temple in Kyoto that they provide an ordained minister (*kaikyoshi*) to serve the Buddhist community in Vancouver.

On October 12, 1905, Rev. Senju Sasaki arrived in Vancouver accompanied by his wife. Once settled in Vancouver, Rev. Sasaki set about to deliver the message of the *Dharma* to the local community. The *sangha* responded to Rev. Sasaki's guidance and the organization soon flourished. With his initiative a fund-raising drive was established for the purpose of building a temple. Generous financial contributions

came from as far away as Steveston, New Westminster and Vancouver Island. Three adjoining city lots at 32 Alexander Street were purchased with these funds. The existing house on the property was renovated into what was to become the first Buddhist temple in Canada. The temple came to serve the community for religious purposes as well as for social and cultural events.

In April of 1909 the BC government passed legislation to recognize Buddhism as an official religion. Shortly after, *Gomonshu* (Head Priest) Komyo Ohtani, the spiritual leader of the *Nishi Hongwanji* sect paid a visit to Vancouver. These two events provided momentum for the local Buddhist community to consider building a 'new' temple. The old temple on Alexander Street was sold on January, 1910. A property at 1603 Franklin Street was purchased and construction of the building was completed on February 23, 1911. A dedication service led by Rev. Sasaki was held on April 6. This was followed by a commemoration service in September of that year.

After six years of providing spiritual comfort to the Buddhist *sangha* as well as providing exemplary leadership to the community

Rev. Sasaki, his wife and children sadly departed for Japan on March 19, 1912. In 1913, Rev. Junichi Shigeno and Rev. Kato were sent to Vancouver to replace Rev. Sasaki. In time, due to differing views held by Rev. Kato and Rev. Shigeno, two factions resulted. Ultimately the Buddhist organization formally separated into two groups. The splintered group calling itself the Canada *Bukkyokai*, and moved to a property at 326 Jackson Avenue. The mother temple in Kyoto recognized this group and sent Rev. Takunen Nishimoto to serve the temple.

The rapid growth and the permanent settlement of the Japanese immigrants became quite apparent. For this reason in 1920 Rev. Nishimoto started a Sunday (*Dharma*) school for children and youth. This first Sunday school was to become the foundation for other Sunday schools that followed in later years across Canada. He then organized a youth group called the Buddhist Young Men's Association later known as the YBA (Young Buddhist Association). Eventually, the youth group in the greater Vancouver area exceeded 800 members. Soon after, through Rev. Nishimoto's encouragement, 20 young Buddhists were trained

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to become Sunday School teachers and administrators of temple affairs. Masako Yada (nee Tanaka) recalls that she and her siblings would walk from their home on the 400 block of Powell Street to the Buddhist temple on Franklin Street every Sunday to attend the *Dharma* School service.

The two splintered groups continued to provide for this divided community. Finally in 1924, recognizing this untenable situation, the leaders of the two groups met with the officials from Nishi Hongwanji. The two groups resolved their differences and agreed to become one organization. The amalgamated group became known as the Canada *Bukkyo Kaikan*.

The rapidly increasing population of second-generation children prompted the temple to start a kindergarten. Later in 1934 to accommodate the large number of youth, a Buddhist middle school was established. It was called the Canada *Hompa Chu-Gogakko*. At its opening, 30 students enrolled. These students were required to attend classes six days a week for two hours each day. By 1929 the *Dharma* school enrollment had grown to 250 students taught by 27 teachers. In the mid-1930s, the temple board decided to build a new temple located closer to "Little Tokyo" near Powell Street and Main Street. A property consisting of two adjoining lots at 604 Cordova Street was purchased. The construction of this new temple building was completed in November of 1934.

With the outbreak of the Pacific War and eventual attack on Pearl Harbor by Japanese forces, the Government of Canada passed legislation (War Measures Act) to remove all people of Japanese ancestry at least one hundred miles from the BC coast. The deadline for evacuation was April 30, 1942. The last regular service at the Vancouver Buddhist

temple was held on December 7, 1941. Places for relocation became a major concern for all families. Buddhist leaders got together and decided that they would encourage families to move to Sandon, an old abandoned mining town in the rugged Purcell Mountains of BC, to establish a camp for Buddhist families. A large number of families did locate to that community to seek spiritual refuge as much as to find work and shelter for family members.

At the conclusion of the war and after the removal of the War Measures Act in 1949, families of Japanese ancestry were given the option to return to the west coast of BC. Many families chose to remain in the community to which they were evacuated while many others chose to return to their beloved west coast. For those families that returned to the coast no temple organization existed to which they could seek spiritual solace. Recognizing this need, a group of Buddhists met and organized a Buddhist association. The first gathering took place at the Vancouver Japanese Language Hall to celebrate the annual *Obon* service and festival. This significant occasion was led by Rev. Shinjo Ikuta, the resident minister of Kelowna temple and the only minister for all of BC.

During this early period of re-establishment to the west coast, regular services were held at the Hastings Auditorium and the Japanese Language School Hall. Rev. Kyojo Ikuta, son of Rev. Shinjo Ikuta, after completing his studies in Japan, returned to Canada. He was assigned full-time resident minister of the Vancouver Buddhist Temple in 1958. Shortly after, Mr. Yoshio Okano, lay minister (*hokyoshi*) returned to Vancouver from southern Alberta and began assisting the resident minister on religious affairs.

In 1977, the temple board

made a decision to replace the old temple on 220 Jackson Ave. with a new building on the same site. The completion of the new three-storey building was celebrated with a Dedication Service in conjunction with the 75th Anniversary, two years after commencement of construction. The new temple's centre piece in the *hondo* (assembly hall) was the beautiful *naijin* (alter shrine) which had been previously purchased in 1955. Upon occupancy of the new building, the temple was abuzz with events and activities. The membership increased as more and more families returned to the coast from relocation centres. The formation of Sunday school, YBA, YABA (Young Adult Buddhist Association) and the *Fujinkai* (Womens' Association) played a vital role in the growth and vitality of the *sangha*. Rev. Yasuo Izumi was the resident minister at the time of the move to the new temple. He remained as resident minister until 1994. In September of the same year, Rev. Orai Fujikawa became the resident minister. He had previously held the position of resident minister of the Toronto Buddhist Temple. He became the 23rd resident minister of the Vancouver temple since first minister Rev. Senju Sasaki established the first temple back in 1905.

Prior to 1986, the Buddhist Churches of Canada was served by the Bishop (*Socho*) on a part-time basis. He divided his time between the BCC and a member temple where he was the senior resident minister. At the 1986 BCC annual general meeting, a decision was made to make the position of Bishop full-time. It was further decided that the Office of the BCC should move to the west coast from Toronto. The Office of the Bishop was therefore located in the Vancouver temple from 1986 to 1992. After the completion of the new BCC Headquarters building in

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Richmond, the Office of the Bishop was transferred from the Vancouver temple to the new headquarters building.

Rev. Fujikawa served as the Vancouver Buddhist Temple resident minister for nine years. In 2003, he was elected Bishop (*Socho*) of the BCC. During 2002 and 2003, Roy Akune served as assistant minister (*kyoshi*) under Rev. Fujikawa. Following the departure of Rev. Fujikawa in September of 2003, Rev. Tatsuya Aoki was assigned as resident minister and continues to serve as its minister. ❀

The Hamilton Japanese United Church: Journeying Together with Love and Compassion

by Eiko Hosaka

The Hamilton Japanese United Church is a uniquely inter-generational church, consisting of the *Issei*, *Nisei*, *Sansei*, *Yonsei* (the first, second, third and fourth generational Japanese Canadians) members, non-Japanese spouses of the *Sansei*, new immigrants and Japanese students from Japan. Among all the Japanese congregations within The United Church of Canada, there is no other Japanese church like us. Most of the church members are connected with one another in blood relations. Thus, the church is certainly the “family” of the faith and its people are “sisters and brothers” in Christ. A number of the *Issei* and *Nisei* have been the members from the very beginning of the church and for decades, sharing struggle, challenge, sorrow, joy and happiness together.

For the last six years, since I was called by the church in 2001, I have lived and worked with loving, caring and supportive people of Hamilton Japanese United Church. As the minister, I am very blessed that I have been part of the family and proud of the uniqueness and oneness of the church. The oneness and unity is distinctly revealed in occasions of annual church bazaars and funerals where all the people - the old and young, men and women, Japanese and non-Japanese, members and friends - gather, work, and help in harmony. The elderly are respected and our children are nurtured in the life of the community. We maintain our tradition to celebrate birthdays of all the *Issei* members and *Yonsei*

children at the “Celebration of Life” in Sunday worship services.

There is only one *Issei* person, Mrs. Sonoko Suyama (105 years-old) who lives at the neighbouring nursing home, Macassa Lodge. All other *Issei* members have passed away. This summer we lost Mrs. Fusako Nanba, the last *Issei* member who had enthusiastically and regularly attended Sunday services. After her passing, the Church Official Board addressed the question if we should continue to worship in both Japanese and English. Even though we have members and friends whose mother tongue is Japanese, it is not really necessary for them to worship bilingually. The Church Official Board decided to continue the bilingual service because it is a part of the uniqueness of the Hamilton Japanese United Church.

After the evacuation from British Columbia to Ontario, many Japanese families settled in Hamilton and surrounding areas. They arrived here from the West Coast after the Second World War, where many of them spent the war years in relocation camps. The *Nisei* girls formed the B.C. Girls Club with meetings every Thursday at the YWCA. The YWCA also welcomed the evacuees and the Sophy-Ed Club was formed, open to both men and women. Assistance and welcome were extended by United Church congregations, especially, the Redeemer United Church, First United Church and Zion United Church.

The *Nisei* were encouraged

to join the local churches. However, the *Isseis* needed a Japanese language worship service. In 1945, Rev. Kosaburo Shimizu was reassigned to Toronto. Christian fellowship in private homes, *katei-shu-kai*, were held with Rev. Shimizu visiting once a month. And in January 1946, Rev. Shimizu came to All People’s Church and started to conduct a worship service in Japanese once a month. The Japanese congregation was formed in All People’s Church in November 10, 1946.

The language barrier necessitated a need for a bilingual minister to herd the *Issei* and *Nisei* together. Rev. Takashi Komiyama came from Montreal and became a resident minister. In 1959, the church was officially recognized as Pastoral Charge by the Hamilton Presbytery. The congregation was growing by leaps and bounds, thus, the need for a larger Japanese Church in Hamilton Mountain was realized in 1962. The Upper Gage church building was purchased in 1965.

Following Rev. Komiyama’s call to serve the Japanese in Vancouver, the Hamilton Japanese United Church has blessed with bilingual ministers: Rev. Campbell Furuya 1969-1974; Pastor William Harms 1974-1979; Rev. Hiraku Iwai 1979-1984; Rev. Dr. Shinji Kawano 1984-1990; and myself, Eiko Hosaka 1991 to present.

A year ago, in December 2006, I had a great opportunity to study about our people and their history in relationship with Canadian

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missionaries. I was invited as one of speakers to a joint conference of University of Toronto and York University, "Canadian Missionaries in Asia: Memory and Meaning in Asian Canadian Churches". Through my research and interviews, I acknowledged that many *Nisei* members of the Hamilton Japanese United Church had become Christians under strong influences of the missionaries during and after the Second World War.

The Canadian Government did not take any responsibility for the education of the young Japanese. In November 1942, a group of the younger people asked the church to open up the way to high school education. The Home Mission Board and Women's Mission Society of The United Church of Canada were very sympathetic with them. Rev. McWilliams negotiated with the B.C. Department of Education for the continuation of Canadian-born Japanese elementary and high school classes. As a result, the *Nisei* continued high school education in evacuation camps and went on to university and took good positions in society when they were settled out East after the war.

"The Canadian ministers, missionaries and teachers gave us so much and demonstrated compassionate loving care, dedication and commitment to serving God and the Japanese people during periods of hardships of discrimination and prejudice. With the unforgettable help and guidance from these Christians, I felt the call and need to follow their footsteps and committed to serve and joined on the Hamilton Japanese United Church," said one of the members. Indeed, a number of the Japanese people still thank those ministers and missionaries for helping them in that difficult time and their memories of those dedicated

Christians, school life and pleasant days are still carried through their Ghost Town reunions and annual class reunions today.

One of the Canadian missionaries in the Tashme evacuation camp, Miss Katherine Greenbank also dedicated herself to education at a Canadian Mission School, *Yamanashi Eiwa Jo Gakuin*, in Yamanashi, Japan. I graduated from that school in which I learned Christianity, inherited the Canadian missionaries' spirit and encountered with God, and now, I am ministering at Hamilton Japanese United Church. Personally, I do not know her. However, I can share my deep gratitude to the Canadian missionaries in Japan along with my church members who were taught by the same camp missionaries.

The 60th Church Anniversary was held on Sunday, June 18, 2006, at 715 Upper Gage Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario. The theme of the Anniversary was "Journeying Together," reflecting the journey taken by the first Japanese Congregation in 1946 held at three different churches to the 60th Anniversary held at the congregation's own Hamilton Japanese United Church. The guest speaker at the special Anniversary was Dr. May Komiyama, wife of the late Rev. Takashi Komiyama.

The service was followed by a delicious Japanese lunch of *sushi*, generously made by the head chef of Nami Restaurant, Toronto. After the lunch, the celebration continued in the Takashi Komiyama Memorial Christian Education Centre. The Centre was beautifully decorated with Japanese arts and crafts, such as paper cranes, *Ikebana* floral arrangements, and the word "Happiness" written in calligraphy by Teruko Uchida, a member of the congregation, who won Japanese American Culture Community Centre's President Award in calligraphy contest.

That joyous day of the Anniversary celebrated the members' heritage, culture and tradition with 12 special guests.

With many United Church congregations, including other Japanese churches, the Hamilton Japanese United Church has been struggling with problems, such as a decline in membership, a lack of children and youth, a tight budget, and so on. In fact, our focus is the survival of the church. The Church Official Board has spent considerable time discussing how to revitalize the church. Questions that have been discussed include: How can we invite the *Sansei* generation?; What can we do for bringing back members who left the church?; What are visions of the church's future?

In the struggles and challenges, however, we are praying that our worries about building and budget are overtaken by excitement for the mission of the church. We are praying that more of us show concern for God's call to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, and visit those who are sick, lonely, and troubled, because the health and vitality of our church depends on our response to the suffering of the world around us.

Our struggles and pains can be transformed into a community of hope and joy. We truly become sisters and brothers in Christ to share, to care, to support, and to embrace one another's lives with love and compassion.

With gratitude and hope, with renewed commitment to one another, the loving and caring congregation of the Hamilton Japanese United Church will continually seek living up to God's call on our journey together. ☸

Eiko Hosaka is the minister for the Hamilton Japanese United Church.

The September 1907 Riot, The Gentlemen's Agreements and their Consequences by Michiko Midge Ayukawa

In the years that preceded the 1907 September riot, anti-Asian racism increased, fanned by the resentment of the white labourers, the exploitive capitalists, and the racist laws that were being enacted by the B.C legislature. When the Japanese government protested to the British authorities about racist legislation claiming they contravened the Anglo-Japanese Treaties, some of the racist statutes were negated. Nevertheless, many anti-Asian laws were enacted in BC.

In 1885, BC disenfranchised Asians. Asians were not allowed to vote in provincial and municipal elections and thereby also in federal elections. Disenfranchisement had other repercussions. It closed the door on many professions and prevented Asians from working on Crown Lands. Thus, institutionalized racism became established in BC. The second-class citizenship of Asians was rationalized by the ideology of racial superiority of whites over non-whites, a colonial attitude.

In spite of these actions by the BC government, Japanese continued to immigrate. Although many were individual immigrants financing their own passage, in the early 1900s the numbers increased as contracting companies sought to maximize their profits by urging migration.

One company, the Nippon Supply Company (*Nippon yōtatsu kabushikigaisha*) headed by Frank Saburo Yoshiye (also known as "Yoshy") who also worked for the Japanese Consulate, imported many workers for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was also involved in the negotiations for 82 people from the Miyagi prefecture who arrived in Canada in a "secret entry" ship in 1906 but were allowed to stay. The

emigration companies in Japan also actively strove to maximize their profits by urging emigrants destined for Hawaii to pay an additional fee and sail to Canada. (I am certain that my own grandfather was among these men.)

The increasing influx of Japanese began to alarm the government and the white citizens of Canada and the United States. Legislation was passed in the USA to stop the movement across the border. Most of the Japanese who landed on Canadian soil were headed for the USA. Through personal memoirs and oral histories it is clear that to the Japanese immigrants, the border never seemed to exist. In fact, during the Canadian government's registration of all Japanese immigrants and their descendants in early 1941, the officials had to decide how to classify those born in the United States. They handed them white cards, like the Canadian-born.

There will always be racists, be they rich capitalists, labourers, or the populace at large. However, economic strife is often caused by the actions of the capitalists. In their zeal to maximize their profits, they lowered wages and hired those who would work for less. The white labourers, seeking a scapegoat, blamed the Asians. The Asiatic Exclusion League was first formed on the Pacific coast of the United States and the movement quickly crossed the border to British Columbia. The culmination was the September riot of 1907.

In the aftermath of the riot, the federal government, by consolidating its anti-Asian policies, tried to appease the white supremacists. However, it created a diplomatic problem due to the Anglo-Japanese

Treaties. After much discussion and negotiation in Tokyo between Rodolphe Lemieux, the Minister of Labour in the Laurier government and Tadasu Hayashi, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Japan volunteered to restrict emigration. The 1908 Agreement is said to have been a cooperative agreement between Japan and Canada—a Japan that was more conscious of its image abroad than its emigrants' welfare, as Angela Geiger wrote recently. The Japanese government and the consulate explained the behaviour of the Japanese immigrants by stating that they were of the lowest class in Japan. They claimed that Japan itself was ruled by the upper classes, ex-*samurai* and ex-aristocrats and since the Meiji Restoration, Japan was now an equal of Britain and America.

In negotiating the terms of the Agreement, Canada was determined to keep Canada "white" while Japan wanted to "save face." The Agreement itself was never written down and may well have been sealed with just a hand-shake.

The 1908 Agreement had far-reaching consequences. Although a limitation of 400 was placed on the importation of contract labourers, farm, domestic and business employees, there were no restrictions on returning immigrants and their families (wives and children). It was this last part of the Agreement that changed the face of the Japanese immigrant community.

The early Japanese immigrants who had arrived in their late teens and early 20s, many to avoid conscription, were now of marrying age. Families in Japan were eager to provide stability to their lives by having them marry. In that era, peasant marriage customs had been

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replaced by the upper strata view of marriages as being the joining of two families not just individuals. Parents selected their children's mates. In Japan, the principals would have met at least for a brief glance before a final decision was made. However, when separated by an ocean, decisions were made on the basis of exchanged photos. Thus, the term "picture brides." Few men returned to Japan to marry. According to conscription regulations, if they stayed longer than a month, they could be inducted into the armed forces. Neither could many men afford the cost of the trip, the ceremony, or the parties, so they used the picture bride system.

Japanese emigration laws stipulated that unless women were legally married for at least six months they could not emigrate. Thus, a ceremony was held with an absentee groom and then legalized by entering the name of the bride into the groom's family register. Only then could an application for a passport be made. The couple usually first met on the bride's arrival in Victoria. Many adventurous, well-educated women married just to go to *Amerika* and these women in later years often said they had followed their dream of going to a foreign land and had not even considered the "man."

It may be presumed and argued that many bachelors would likely have returned to Japan with their earnings if they had been paid a decent wage. Undoubtedly though, many would have failed, succumbing to the temptations of gambling, and drinking. However, with the arrival of women, what had been a primarily bachelor society of Japanese *dekasegi* men (migrant labourers) became a more settled society. With families being formed, and their settlement into company sawmill, pulp and paper mill towns, fishing villages, and farms in the Fraser

Valley, the Japanese became another perceived "threat" and were accused of "reproducing like rabbits."

Fear of white Canada being overrun by the Japanese escalated and the 1924 and 1926 Gentlemen's Agreement amendments attempted to stem the trend. Immigration regulations were amended so passports to Canada had to be obtained from the Canadian Legation in Tokyo. By the late 1930s immigration of Japanese became a mere trickle, but the animosity of the mainstream continued—especially as Japan flexed its muscle in Asia by subjugating Manchuria, and later invading China.

The victims were the Japanese immigrants in BC. The most vulnerable and most affected were the Canadian-born, the *nisei*. The *nisei* were not a monolith. Some had been educated in Japan. They were the *kika nisei*, i.e., "returned to Canada *nisei*." Most *nisei* had grown up in the "Japan Town" area of Vancouver and in company town ghettos, while some had lived apart from other Japanese and had mixed freely and comfortably with non-Japanese. But all had to live in an institutionally racialized province where they were prevented by legislation from entering professions such as law, pharmacy, accountancy. All were disallowed from entering certain amusement areas.

When the Japanese military dropped their bombs on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the reverberations shook the foundations of BC Japanese society. The Japanese communities across the coastal areas were all destroyed. Break-up of families, expulsion from the west coast, deportation to Japan, internment, and new beginnings in eastern Canada followed. However, the prevention of the Japanese from returning to BC until April 1949 exceeded what the most rabid rioter in September 1907

could have perceived.

The Japanese Canadians are no longer centred in BC. Few returned after the door was reopened. In eastern Canada, after the war, the Japanese discovered a more friendly, accepting society. The Japanese in turn made great efforts to keep a low profile, to not congregate, and not live too closely together lest they stir up Anglo-Saxon hatred again with a visible presence. The consequence has been that the children, the *sansei*, have little knowledge of their ancestral land and the previous Japanese Canadian communities. They have grown up comfortably with their mainstream peers. Now greater than 95% of the *sansei* have married out.

The 1967 changes in the Canadian Immigration Act did attract some Japanese to Canada, but they were usually urban, educated, skilled, and professional. They were confident people, proud of their origin—unlike their contemporaries in Canada who knew little about their heritage or were, as in many cases, ashamed of their roots. The two groups had little in common. Attempts to bridge the gap between the pre-war and post-war immigrants led, at first, to deeper misunderstandings rather than friendship.

However, with the passing of years, the two groups have gradually realized that they do have common interests and together they have created some major sites such as the Nikkei Centre where there is a close intermingling. The descendants of the pioneers go there to learn Japanese folk arts, cooking, and language from the later immigrants. Yet, I wonder whether the fourth and fifth generations will continue to be interested in their Japanese roots. With mixed marriages and the gradual dilution of Japanese blood, we may soon disappear as an ethnic community. ❀

Family History Series No. 7

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

We packed up our belongings and the six of us, Mother Ine, Johnny, myself and the three boys were on our way. It was a long trip made longer by the constant squabbling between Ken and Bud. The conductor kept reminding me that it was my two boys who were acting up. I think Dennis kept to himself and pretended to be steering the train by turning the water faucets in the wash-room.

We arrived in Port Alberni in mid-summer 1951. My brother Harold and his family put us up until we found a place of our own. We bought a house on 209

Tenth Avenue, *Madokoro family in their Port Alberni home. Front row, from left: Ken, Dennis and Bud. Back row: Johnny with Marlene, Mary and Ine. (Madokoro photo, ca. 1953)*

a two and a-half storey house on three lots. It had two Bing cherry trees, a plum tree, a pear tree and wild blackberry bushes in the backyard. We were altogether in our own home as a family.

Johnny had his boat, the **CHALLENGER II** built on Gabriola Island. It cost \$11,000 just for the boat and engine. It was the first boat he had owned since the war. Our family had come full circle back to the West Coast. We were home again.

Ken went into grade seven at Alberni District High School. He was only four feet, eleven inches tall. Because he was born November 26th, Ken was almost always the youngest and the smallest in his class. Bud, on the other hand, was born on February 6th. He was usually older and bigger

and Alex Brayden went with Dennis right through high school and university.

By the summer of 1953, I was pregnant again. Ken and Bud were thoroughly embarrassed when I showed up at their baseball game at Recreation Park with my big belly. I didn't care and was there to cheer on my boys. On November 28, 1953 - Oh my God - my daughter Marlene was born. After three boys I had almost given up hope. She was a healthy and happy baby. Johnny and the boys tiptoed around her like she was a little princess. Marlene had apple cheeks and she was the centre of all the attention. It was marvelous, a daughter, what

then his classmates. Good thing, too, as he got into a few fights at Eighth Avenue Public School. One fellow he beat up was Ray Bouchard, a tough hoodlum who later went into prison. Remember, my boys had grown up on the mean streets of downtown Toronto. They were tough little buggers, if I do say so myself.

Dennis started grade one at Eighth Avenue Public School. It was easier for him to make the transition to Port Alberni. Some of those same grade one classmates, Doug Eamer

a relief!

Around 1955, we had an offer on the south lot which was full of nice-sized Douglas fir trees about 40 feet high. Our house was in the middle of the three lots. The fruit trees and blackberry bush and raspberry bush were on the north lot. We sold the lot and our new neighbours became the Spalls, Jean and Cliff, and their teenage daughter Sandy. They built a nice two-bedroom bungalow with basement. It had grey, stucco

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walls and black roof. Mr. Spall was a CN engineer and drove the big trains. Jean and I became good tea-drinking friends. She would pop over at any time of the day much to the consternation of some of my boys. I never paid any attention to their moaning and groaning as I really enjoyed having a good friend to talk to, so I ignored their complaints.

I had quite a few tea-drinking friends. Elsie Reynolds often came from across Tenth Avenue. Eva Ramsey, a nice French Canadian lady came when she could get away from her bossy Scottish husband, Bill. Gerry Service visited occasionally from across the rear lane way from her house on Ninth Avenue. Other members of my tea parties were Rose West, Gwen Good, and Lenore Wright. In later years, it was Iris Warcimaga from the old Bellamy house two doors to the north and down the hill. It was a chaotic and friendly neighbourhood as most of us were busy raising young children and doing the household chores.

Those chores included washing and drying clothes for a better part of the week. We did not have clothes dryers like today. Each wash day there were yards of washing on the clothesline. Often, I had the utility room full of damp clothes too. There were sheets, towels, and the like hanging each Monday. With a husband, three boys and a little darling daughter, the dirty clothes piled up rapidly.

I have to tell you about the socks which I scrubbed on an old washboard. It became a race for Ken, Bud and Dennis to get to the clean socks first. The boy who was last usually got the mismatched, slightly more worn leftover socks. With three active boys, it was a constant challenge to keep socks in good repair. There

just wasn't enough time.

I loved my boys and their friends. At least once a year, I let Ken or Bud invite their friends over for Japanese dinner. We would all cram into our little corner dining room and I would serve something like chicken chow mein and rice with *tsukemono* (pickled yellow radish) and some green tea. It was fun to show the *hakujin* boys like Ken McRae and John Vickstrom how to use *ohashi* (chopsticks). They were very appreciative, thankful and said,



Mary in her kitchen with fresh-caught salmon.
(Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1955)

“Mrs. Madokoro, it was a wonderful meal.”

The two older boys, Ken and Bud, slept upstairs in the little attic room at the west end of the house. It was cozy but too small for two growing boys. Dennis used the room later for his ‘ham’ radio hobby. Sometimes I would get a call from the neighbours asking Dennis to get off the radio as they could hear him on their TV. I often had to chase him to bed at 1:00 AM on a school night. A larger room was needed for Ken and Bud. We asked Harold Morishita, a skilled carpenter in the winter and a fisherman in the summer, to design

and build a large basement bedroom complete with fancy bookshelves and a large built-in closet. It turned out to be a wonderful room. To accommodate the new bedroom, the basement stairs had to be moved from the utility room to the main hallway. The stairs now cut through Mother Ine and Dennis’ bedroom down to the basement. Our whole house was in an uproar for months but somehow we managed. It was an exciting addition to our house, and Ken and Bud were delighted.

One tradition that I enjoyed was New Year’s Day. I spent days cleaning the house and preparing *oshogotsu* (special Japanese food) like *makisushi* and *inarisushi* (brown *tofu* bags stuffed with *sushi* rice). We invited our relatives, friends and neighbours; the Kimotos, Morishitas, Reynolds, Spalls and the Services. Elsie and Carl also had a New Year’s Eve party that I always looked forward to and Johnny always made a fuss about not wanting to go. In the end, he went and had a good time.

My fourth son, Brian Ford, was born in 1956. His middle name was chosen by Bud because he liked Ford cars. Brian was a beautiful baby and he grew up to be a handsome young man but he would cause Johnny and I some real heartache in his later years. But that as they say, is another story.

Anyway, when I was carrying Brian, I still went to Recreation Park to cheer on my boys. Ken and Bud were totally embarrassed by my bulging belly. They were now playing senior baseball with men sometimes ten years older. Ken was a smooth first baseman and pitcher. Bud was a somewhat garrulous shortstop and pitcher with a great curveball. Of course, this is a proud mom speak-

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ing. Those two would spend hours pitching and throwing to each other in our garden just below my kitchen window. They pitched so much that they wore two big bare patches in the lawn just in front of the pear tree and plum tree.

So, I had five children ranging in age from a newborn, to Marlene at five, Dennis at 11, Bud at 15 and Ken at 17. It was a busy, busy time.

What's more, Mother Ine was living with us. Because Johnny was the oldest son in his family, it was his duty to look after his mother. How did we manage? On reflection, I think it was lots of cups of tea in the kitchen with good friends that got me through it all.

It was around this time that I began smoking. My sister-in-law Kuni Nak-

agawa started smoking too. On her many trips through to Vancouver where her daughters attended high school, she would stop by and I would offer her a cigarette. For me, it was a nice relaxing moment in my day. I needed those moments after taking care of a house full of eight energetic souls.

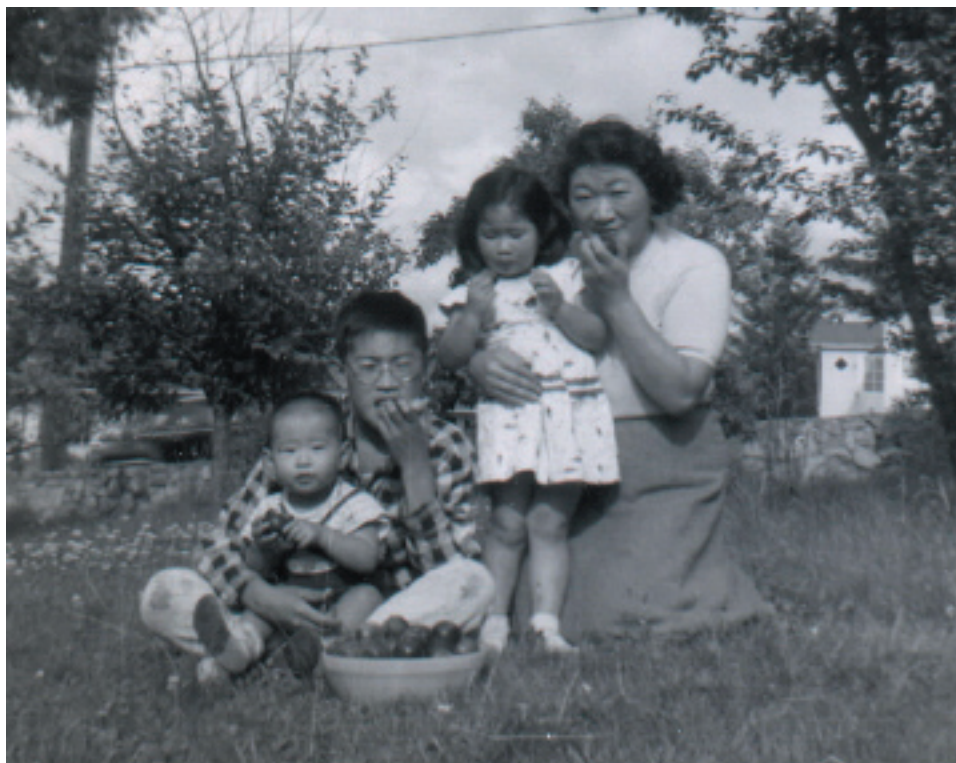
Elvis was the number one pop star at that time. On the radio one after another, it was a song by the King, Elvis. I liked his music even though the Ed Sullivan Show didn't show his swiveling hips; too much for the young girls, I guess. On Sat-

urday night at 5:00 PM, our whole family would eat supper on TV trays just to make sure that we did not miss one precious moment of our beloved Maple Leafs on *Hockey Night in Canada*. Johnny was a real disturber during those games. He'd say, "Who is Toronto playing?" We'd answer something like Detroit. Then Johnny would say, "Come on Detroit," just to get my goat. Everyone would laugh

He would walk his little sister to school. Bud was in grade thirteen at high school. Mother Ine was still doing yardwork in our vegetable garden with the mattock and hoe. She was an extremely strong woman and our vegetables were excellent. She made the yellow *tsukemono* from *daikon* (Japanese radishes) by pickling them in a small wooden barrel that she kept by the back basement door.

Boy, did it ever smell, but the *tsukemono* sure tasted great.

I took up the game of curling down at the new combination hockey and curling rink that was built at the east end of Recreation Park. I was never that good but the competition and socializing after each game suited me well. I went curling during the day while the kids were in school and Mother Ine



Mary and children on their Port Alberni lawn enjoying fruit from their plum tree. From left: Brian, Ken, Marlene and Mary. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1957)

and it soon became part of our Saturday night hockey routine.

Ken graduated from Alberni District High School in 1957. He was 17 years old as he was born late in the year on November 26th. He went off to UBC to become a teacher. So for the next four school years, there was one less son around the house. I still had my hands full with Brian who was still in diapers, at one year of age, going on two. No disposable diapers available then either. Marlene was six and attending kindergarten at Eighth Public School, and Dennis was in grade six at the same school.

watched Brian; it made the winters go by so fast.

We had our share of visitors from back east coming to Port Alberni. David Omori, my oldest sister's son, and his new bride Alice came to visit. She made herself handy in the kitchen; I really liked her. We would spoil them with fresh crab, prawns or salmon, whatever Johnny would bring in from the west coast. I think they were amazed at the abundance of seafood. Back east, they did not get to eat fresh-cooked seafood. I guess we were lucky as we thought that everyone ate like us.

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Each of the boys and Marlene would deckhand for Johnny on the **CHALLENGER II**. When asked who was the best deckhand, Johnny would diplomatically say they were all good. Although, I heard him say that Marlene was better on the boat. One story he told me was about Bud who was craving French fries while they were on the fishing grounds and enjoying good fishing. So the story goes, Johnny pulled up his poles and steamed into Bamfield and headed straight to the local eatery where Bud had his French fries.

Bud graduated from high school in 1959. He went off to UBC to become a Physical Education teacher. Dennis was in grade eight at Alberni District High School and Marlene was in grade two at Eighth Avenue Public School. Brian at three years old was the baby in the house under the care of Mother Ine and myself. It was a busy house but full of prospects for the future. Both of my older boys were at university after working hard in the summer to earn tuition money. Dennis had started his morning paper route, which he took over from his cousin, Gene Kimoto.

Johnny was working at Buffie's Auto Body Shop on Third Avenue in the winters to supplement our income. "Scruffy Buffie" was how Johnny used to describe him. Mr. Buffie was a thrifty man and he would drive a hard bargain in his business. I suppose that is how he made his business succeed. His son Jackie, one year younger than Dennis, played baseball in the same league at Tenth Avenue Park. I think they got free pop from the gas station when they won. At Buffie's, Johnny got a reputation as the problem solver. Norman Kwok, one of the apprentice body men there told me another story about Johnny. Whenever they ran into a bodywork problem, Johnny would stop and take a coffee or smoke break. After the

break, he would be able to tackle the job with a fresh mind. Norm says he uses that technique to great success to this day.

It was the end of the sixties. There was a change going on across North America, and a lot of that had to do with the war in Vietnam. Protests were held at many American universities. At Kent State, National Guardsmen shot and killed seven students.

Dennis was now in first year at UBC taking a general science program. His high school counselor tagged him as good for either engineering or writing, but what did they know? The Beatles were the rage with, "She loves you, yah, yah, yah". I didn't think they would be popular in America, but then what did I know about modern music?

I still clung to the memories of my children. I remembered how when Dennis was 10 or 11 years old, he'd wake up his sister Marlene at 5:00 AM on Christmas morning! My God, how excited he must have been. We still have the picture he took of Marlene at that godawful hour. And now, 'little' Dennis was away at Acadia Camp, an old army barracks masquerading as a student residence. The walls were so thin according to Dennis that one alarm clock was enough for one end of the residence to the other.

Marlene was in grade four. She had long, black beautiful hair, which I took great pleasure in brushing each day after she came home from school. This continued on for some time until Marlene, in her own way, made it clear that she did not want long hair and the daily brushing. So, reluctantly, as I loved her long hair, I gave her her first permanent. That was to be her style all the way through school.

It was around this time that I went through my change of life.

It was a difficult time for me. My Doctor prescribed Valium. Imagine, today that would be laughable! Also, I was paying for those too small shoes that I wore as a teenager. I had to have minor surgery. And to top it off, I had to have my teeth pulled and wear dentures. It was all such a pain. After it was all over, the menopause, the feet surgery, the dental work, I began to feel more like myself again. So much so that I took adult swimming classes at the Recreation Park Pool. My nephew Raymond was the head lifeguard and he would always say, "How's it going Aunty?"

Dennis graduated from high school in 1963. He won the MacMillan Bloedel University scholarship. I embarrassed him by stopping him on his way up to collect his scholarship to take his picture. But, that's what mothers do, right? He went to UBC to study Mathematics. Marlene was 12 and still wearing that permanent. Brian was in grade two at Eighth Avenue Public School. Life was pretty good. Ken was teaching at Redford Public School. Bud was in Toronto living the big city life. All my kids were growing up and moving on.

In 1966, I took Marlene and Brian out to Toronto to visit my family. We stayed at my kid sister Margaret's apartment in Don Mills. It was close quarters as there was her husband Kiso, Mother Tam, two sons (Glen and Greg), one daughter Rebecca or "Becky" and the three of us. But we managed and we had a lot of laughs together. It was a chance for Marlene and Brian to get to know their cousins. Later, Marlene went over to my sister, Patricia Kobayashi, and her husband Takashi's place. They had four daughters, Elizabeth, Gloria, Christine and Debbie, so it was a natural fit for Marlene. Brian stayed over at my brother, Jack Kimoto, and his wife Rosa's place. They had three sons (Alan, Ron and Kelly), and two

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daughters (Elaine and Jacqueline). Like I said, it was a great opportunity for Marlene and Brain to get to know their cousins.

Out east in Toronto, we got immersed in the large Japanese Canadian community. We visited my oldest sister Frances Omori. Her son David married Alice Takata. They visited the west coast on their honeymoon. Her daughter Grace married Tosh Omoto. They had three sons, Stephen, David and Michael, and one daughter, Susan. Grace was the flower girl at my wedding way back in 1936 in Tofino.

We attended the Wakayama Ken Picnic in Oshawa. There were thousands of Japanese Canadians! My kids were flabbergasted at the sight of all these "blackheads." In our small town of Port Alberni, there were only three Japanese families, including my oldest brother Harold

Kimoto's family. Here in Toronto, there were so many family members and friends, some of whom I had not seen since the evacuation. Speaking of the evacuation, you know, we Japanese Canadians must be made of hardy material. We came through the war, evacuation and relocation, a little bent, but not broken. We survived, and in most cases, we prospered. Here I was, reconnecting to my family and friends. Life is good, isn't it!

In 1971, Marlene graduated

from high school. It was unusual because while there was a commencement, there was no ceremony for the graduates. I did not get to see my daughter walk across the stage like my sons. The reception was at a nearby Catholic school, Smith Memorial. There I was, as usual, taking lots of pictures of Marlene and her friends. I knew most of them as they often came to our house after school. It was a grand day and the girls looked so wonderful.

By January 1972, Marlene had left for nursing school in Vic-

was doing at the time. That's what mothers do, don't we?

During the year, my next door neighbour and good friend, Jean Spall, passed away from cancer. She suffered a lot during that last year. I was so sad. My health was tested when I noticed black old blood in my stools. Marlene, being the student nurse, realized this was serious and had me contact Dr. Trumper immediately. They removed part of my bowels and joined the healthy parts together. It was in the spring and my recovery was very trying. I felt weak and old while rehabilitating.

On November 25, 1972, my third son Dennis married Iris Ogaki. It was the first wedding in our family and I was determined to be there to witness it, as did Brian, my fourth son. Johnny said nothing until the day of our departure at Vancouver International Airport when he pulled out his suitcase.

I was stunned but pleasantly surprised. It was a lovely wedding at Dovercourt United Church with Reverend Ken Matsugu officiating. Dennis and Iris looked so young and so happy. My thoughts went back to September of 1938 at our own wedding when Johnny and I looked so young and happy. Life has a way of coming back at you, in a full circle. It was a happy time, then and now.

In the summer of 1973, my second son Bud married Judy Sugiman,



Madokoros relaxing with their in-laws. From left: Johnny, Bessy Morishita, Joe Nakagawa, Mary and Frances Nakagawa. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1970)

toria. She and her friend, Randi Wahlberg, were studying to be registered nurses. We saw Marlene most weekends as she came back to Port Alberni. However, at her age, she spent more time with her friends. That was OK, as we wanted all our kids to be independent. With Johnny, that was the way he was, so the kids all had that trait of being able to do things on their own. I liked to be able to talk to them, write many letters to them, and wonder what each of them

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a lovely *sansei* girl. The wedding was at Toronto Buddhist Church, as Judy's Mom was a Shin Buddhist. The reception was at Nikko Gardens as the owners, Gus and Jimmy Kada-onga, were good friends of Bud. Our budget would not allow us to attend this wedding but Dennis and Iris, Ken and his girlfriend, Ann Rothfels, represented our family.

Later in 1973, Bud and Judy left for Japan. It was a difficult decision for Judy as she was close to getting her tenure as a schoolteacher. However, Bud had seen Japan in 1971 with Team *Nisei* when they had played several Japanese hockey teams and he was determined to find some way to work in Japan. They had hoped to teach English with the JET (Japanese English Training) program but unfortunately it didn't work out.

In the spring of 1974, they returned to Canada and Port Alberni. Bud found some work for a few months at the MacMillan and Bloedel Pulp mill. For those of you who have never been inside a pulp mill, the work is pretty mindless and repetitive. However, it did allow Bud and Judy a chance to bump up their bank account and to spend some time with Dad and I.

It was also around this time that Marlene decided that the life of a registered nurse was not for her. It was a combination of the demands of nursing school and the stress of an RN in a hospital environment that led Marlene to leave. That was April 1974. Our small house was rather full that year. It was fun though, to have some of my kids back, if only for a little while.

Port Alberni is a small town, around 10,000 population at that time. So, when the Lyon family on Argyle Street had a young Japanese girl named Ritsuko homestay with them, I became her Canadian 'Auntie.' I even took her to see Dr. and

Mrs. Robertson on the mainland. To refresh your memory, he was that tall English minister who brought the Japanese kids in Tofino into the Anglican Church. Through all these years, even the bad years of the evacuation, he stayed in touch. What a wonderful minister he was! Dr. Robertson was just delighted with the Japanese manners and personality of young Ritsuko.

In 1974, my young brother Jack passed away. He left behind his lovely wife Rosa, and their six children, Alan, Elaine, Ronnie, Jerry, Kelly, and Jacqueline. They were beautiful young kids and young adults. It seemed that the Kimoto



Unidentified person and Mary at a party. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1970)

brothers were all passing away at an early age. Marlene made all the arrangements and accompanied me back for the funeral. It's a shame that we only seem to gather together for family funerals. But, as we said during the evacuation, "*Shigata ga nai*," it can't be helped, and we shall all pass away one day. Nevertheless, it was very sad to see Rosa and her young children grieving. Life is difficult at times.

Marlene and her friend Ina Tyler, whose family lived right behind us on Ninth Avenue, left for England in March of 1975. She was the second of my kids to go to Europe, as Dennis had gone in 1967. From the postcards and letters that I received from Marlene, I gather that she, Ina and Ina's friend, did not always see

eye to eye. Marlene soon set out to travel on her own. What is that expression, two's company and three's a crowd? One thing about all my kids, they are all independent and strong willed. Some people might say, stubborn, but I can't imagine where they got that from!

Johnny took Marlene out as a deckhand the summer of 1975. It was not a good fishing year as the coho were small and the spring salmon were scarce. As I said before Johnny was diplomatic about which sibling was the best deckhand, although I think he was partial to Marlene.

On March 26, 1976, Laura, our very first grandchild was born. Ken took many, many black and white photos of Laura. He was a very good amateur photographer with his Konica 35 mm SLR camera. Laura was a gorgeous, black-haired baby with huge dark eyes. As with most *hapa* babies (half Japanese, half Caucasian) she seemed to take the best features from both parents. Of course, I am the proud grandmother. Yes, finally, I became a proud grandmother! Ken and Ann had a midwife deliver Laura right in their farmhouse. What a wonderful, wonderful occasion for our family. Johnny was tickled as well, but you know men, he didn't say too much. That was OK, as I had a lot to say about Laura.

Soon, I became a grandmother again when Jan was born on September 15, 1976, to Marlene and Frank Mortensen. Jan looked like my Johnny as he didn't have too much hair. Life was wonderful and full of great possibilities. Our family was producing the next generation and it was very exciting for me. I can remember like it was yesterday when Ken, my first baby was born on November 26, 1939, in Tofino. Now, my kids were having kids. Life was very, very good.

In the fall of 1976, I went on a

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family trip to visit my three sons Ken, Bud, and Dennis and their families. It was special seeing Laura, my first grandchild. Ken and Ann had a wonderful farmhouse on a hill near Sawyerville. It was fun to fuss over Laura and spend some quiet time with Ken and Ann.

On that same trip, I stayed a few days with Bud and Judy in their Avenue Road apartment. We had dinner there with Dennis and Iris. Later, I spent a few days with Dennis and Iris in their small brick bungalow in Scarborough. It was nice to visit and get to know the wives better. My three sons were all settled and married out east, while Marlene and Frank Mortensen were settled in Port Alberni. Things were looking good.

Back home before Christmas, I made the usual preparations for a nice Christmas dinner. It was around

that time that I felt tired, perhaps from the season or from the trip. I consulted with my good friend Doctor Trumper, who told me I had high blood pressure and that my kidneys were acting up. It was a blessing for me that Marlene could step in and cook for me. I also had more time to spend with Jan, who was then three months, going on four. Soon, it was time to prepare for New Year's Day. This was something that I had done for almost 25 years at our Tenth Avenue house. It was a tradition where friends and neighbours would drop by to talk, to eat and perhaps to have a drink. This year, 1977, two lovely neighbour's daughters, Dani and Patty Warcimaga, helped me with all the preparations. It was a good day, but the tired feeling persisted.

One thing I love to do is write letters in the early morning when no

one else is around. The house is so quiet and peaceful and it gave me a chance to keep in touch with my large and growing family. A cup of tea, some writing paper and a pen, it was a wonderful moment in my busy day.

On the morning of January 18, 1977, I went through my routine of writing letters. Then, I had this deep, tight feeling in my chest. I walked to the living room and sat in the easy chair. The last memory I had was when I was 13 years of age. I was working for Dr. Robertson, and I was hanging out the wash. I was absentmindedly singing, "The bells of hell go ting-a-ling," and Mrs. Robertson was shaking her head back and forth. ❀

Mary Miki Madokoro (nee Kimoto) passed away January 18, 1977. She was 58 years old.

Nikkei Place Update by Cathy Makihara

Mitsuo Hayashi receives Foreign Minister's Commemoration

On September 5, 2007, Mitsuo Hayashi, who has served as president, vice president and director of the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre (formally the National Nikkei Heritage Centre Society) was formally recognized by the Japan Ministry of Foreign Affairs for his contribution to the promotion of friendly relations between Japan and Canada. Consul General Seiichi Otsuka presented Mits, currently a Director and Vice President of the Society, a certificate of commendation and a silver memorial cup.

Over the years, Mits has been generous with his time and resources, always supportive of fellow Directors, volunteers and staff. The National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre, Nikkei Place Foundation, and Nikkei Seniors Health Care and Housing Society owe a great deal to both Mits and his ever-supportive wife, Emmie. Congratulations!

Congratulations to Nikkei Home

Happy 5th Anniversary to everyone at Nikkei Home! You are an integral part of the Nikkei Place family and we are always delighted to have you here. We remember the opening, when Mr. Kamiya, the first resident at the Nikkei Home, cut the ribbon along with dignitaries from Burnaby, British Columbia and Japan. We have seen how much the home means to the residents. We have marveled at the tremendous work of the employees and volunteers. Nikkei Home is a bright light at Nikkei Place, and we hope that everyone enjoyed the 5th anniversary reception of September 19, 2007.

Your next donation supports these activities and much more!

On November 1, 2007, the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre kicked off the fourth year of the Tree of Prosperity annual campaign. Our goal is to raise \$250,000, and we come to you asking for

support.

\$250,000 goes a long way when operating the Centre and Museum. This year it will provide students from across the Lower Mainland the opportunity to expand their knowledge on Japanese Canadian history and culture. It will fund several exhibits which you can view in the Japanese Canadian National Museum gallery, each one unique and revealing something about our community's history, heritage and its people. The Research Centre is open so that researchers along with the general public can have access to the valuable archives and resources. This year, we're starting something new called the Learning Centre, a dedicated space for presentations, lectures and workshops on Japanese Canadian history and heritage. And, finally, it allows us to continue supporting the seniors' wellness programs that run year round. Please support the campaign by donating

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and purchasing a leaf on the Tree of Prosperity, which is on permanent display in the foyer of the Centre.

For more information about the Tree of Prosperity, please contact our office at 604.777.7000 (Ronnie Bouvier ext 104 – English; Cathy Makihara ext 105 – Japanese).

Thank you for your In Memory Gifts to a Loved One

Since the unveiling of the Tree of Prosperity in Spring 2007, we have received donations purchasing leaves in the memory of a loved one. The Tree of Prosperity can provide a lasting legacy in honour of a family member or friend. The National Nikkei Museum and Heritage

Centre sincerely thanks every person for their thoughtful gifts.

In receiving a gift in memory donation, the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre will notify the designated family member of the gift being received. We would like to remind donors to provide the office with proper contact information. ☀

The Way of Tea by Karen Duffield

According to the Tea Industry of Canada, next to water, tea is the world's most consumed drink. Canadians drink more than seven billion cups of tea each year. These are just a few statistics of a beverage that's been enjoyed in history for over 5,000 years. One of the most popular names in many countries for tea is *cha*.

Cha, in other countries is referred to as *Chai* (example: Arabic, Hindi, Urdu/Persian, Russian and Turkish). The Chinese word, *Cha*, is the word for tea, and is generally referred as such in Asia, North and East Africa and Eastern Europe. *Cha* is found in other languages including the Bengali *chā*, the Marathi *chahā* and Tamil *thaeneer*.

There is a significant difference between your coffee enthusiasts and your tea consumers. Coffee, which has become a popular beverage around the world, has also become a fast-served beverage for on-the-go busy professionals. When you have a moment in your busy schedules, sit back and watch the action in a coffee shop. If possible, visit a teahouse and see the difference in pace and the difference in consumers.

At Ooh Cha Teahouse we have

been fortunate to view the difference in coffee lovers and avid tea drinkers. One customer came in and asked

fell in love with a country and a culture that was new to me, but ancient and beautiful in so many ways.



Karen Duffield spent many years living in Japan before settling in Vancouver and opening up a tearoom. (K. Duffield photo 2007)

for a “double double” to go. This is very popular terminology that is used widely by Tim Hortons and now other coffee houses as well. A great phrase for busy people on-the-go, it saves asking for two sugars and two shots of milk. Our customer did receive a “double double” tea to go.

My love for opening up Ooh Cha Teahouse, located on 63 Kingsway in Vancouver, was the result of my great experiences while residing in Japan. Ooh Cha Teahouse is a small tearoom that carries loose leaf tea and is served Asian style.

A little about me. In 1974, when Tokyo was still a city with many green hills and, believe it or not, open space between stations, I arrived and

fell in love with a country and a culture that was new to me, but ancient and beautiful in so many ways. Ebisu, where I resided for five of my 25 years in Japan, was a lovely little section of Meguro-ku, Tokyo, that had many independently owned small shops. The one that first caught my attention was the fruit shop. Each piece of fruit was carefully wrapped in paper and beautifully displayed. Not far from this was a *geta* shop. The owner sat out back and made these *geta* which are a form of Japanese footwear that resemble both clogs and flip flops. The difference is that this sandal has an elevated wooden base and is held onto the foot with a fabric thong.

It was fascinating to go to the small stores and watch the owners hard at work on the crafts they loved. One particular shop that I loved to go to was the *wagashi* shop not far from our house. *Wagashi* is a general term for traditional Japanese confectionery. Popular types are made of *mochi*, *azuki* bean paste and fruit. Many *wagashi* are also served with Japanese tea ceremony.

This particular *wagashi* shop was roughly 370 square-feet in size, had four little tables and wooden

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chairs. They served *onigiri* (triangle rice balls), *miso* soup, pickles and Japanese green tea. The *wagashi* was called *daifuku*, which is a *mochi*-based sweet filled with azuki bean paste and when the fruit is in season, strawberries.

These businesses that I visited while residing there were family-owned businesses. It was amazing to see the love and energy these business owners had for their stores.

The little store I visited remembered what I enjoyed and would add a new item that I had not savoured before as a treat. At the time I visited these different businesses, I was not able to communicate in Japanese with the proprietors, but still had a fantastic experience of great tea and sweets.

I admired the beauty and delicacy they took to serve the tea and sweets. The green tea was *sencha*, a popular green tea in Japan and is now gaining great popularity in Canada and the US.

This is where my dream first began of one day owning my own small store.

My fascination for the sweets and the green tea brought me to the art of tea ceremony. I studied *Urasenke* for a short period of five years. For those of you who are not familiar with tea ceremony, it is a study that you do not really stop or take a three-year course to graduate from. The learning process is continuous and many tea masters are

also students of tea. This explanation is better received from a true master of tea ceremony and if you ever have the opportunity, please ask.

During this time I was introduced to the best tea yet, *matcha*. *Matcha* is made from *tencha* tea leaves. It is delicately grown in the shade and is harvested once a year (There is much more detail to the cultivation of *matcha* than is mentioned here). The *tencha* leaves are ground into a fine powder. This fine powder has been used in tea ceremonies since roughly 1500 A.D. in Japan.

This specialty tea has now travelled quite far out of Japan and has become a popular drink. It has come to the west in the popular form of a *matcha* latte, now served in many coffee shops across Canada and the U.S. It did not stop at the *matcha* latte; the versions are continuous for this amazing tea.

My journeys and life in Japan eventually brought me back to Vancouver, my mother's home. My mother is of the Gitswangak band and was very proud of her people. Although she was never fortunate to learn the language, she cherished her history until her passing in 2003.

Before my dream teahouse opened, I worked for the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre. While working at the NNM&HC, I was reminded of the Japanese culture that I had come home from. The nostalgia of re-visiting those moments I first

experienced in Japan in my native Canada were the best. Once again I was drinking tea and enjoying different delicacies made by the community members for the many events that are held annually at the NNM&HC.

The key in opening up the teahouse that made it urgent for me to pursue was the memory of not being able to find a good cup of tea when I returned. Excellent tea was sold in BC and was served in some hotels as well as selected restaurants, but it was not on the scale we have today, where you can walk into a teahouse and order the kind of tea you desire. Vancouver is fortunate to have some very fine new teahouses that are bringing education on tea and a better sense of enjoyment to the public.

Ooh Cha Teahouse proudly serves a selection of teas from Japan. Some that you may be familiar with, *gyokuro*, *sencha*, *shincha*, *houjicha*, *genmaicha*, *kukicha* and a relatively new one, *genmaicha matcha iri*. Our other teas include many black teas, mixed green teas, oolong teas, and a wide selection of herbal teas. Our teas are served hot, cold, or in latte form and can be enjoyed at the teahouse or to go.

Our goal as a teahouse is to bring peacefulness through a cup of tea. You may visit us on line at www.oohcha.com or email us with any questions at info@oohcha.com. Our motto is: Live, love, laugh anytime at Ooh Cha. ☀

***Shashin* - Japanese Canadian Studio Photography to 1942**

The Japanese Canadian National Museum presents: ***Shashin: Japanese Canadian Studio Photography to 1942***. On display from **November 17, 2007, to January 26, 2008**, at the National Nikkei Heritage Centre, 6688 Southoaks Cres. Burnaby, BC.

This exhibition aims to look

back through a period of almost 50 years of history, through the eyes of Japanese Canadian studio photographers.

The 80 photos selected reveal subjects from a diversity of communities: European, Chinese, Japanese and African-American immigrants are all depicted; both the

province's elite and workers. They form a compelling visual record of individuals and groups within the multi-cultural place that was British Columbia during its formative moments. They inspire in us questions and an impulse to tell the stories that answer them. Curated by Grace Eiko Thomson. ☀

Osake: One Man's Mission by Carl Yokota

Recently, I visited Masa Shiroki, proprietor of **Artisan Sake-Maker** at his Granville Island studio and tasting bar to find out how his first year of operation had progressed. On that day, Masa was preparing additional steamed rice to be eventually rendered into the 8th batch of his **Osake** wine already fermenting in one of two large stainless steel holding tanks. The winery has the capacity of producing upwards of 12 batches of the premium drink yearly. As Canada's first premium *sake* winery, it's been an exciting time.

Over the course of the past ten months, Masa Shiroki and **Osake** have received considerable media interest and coverage from across Canada, most recently having appeared on Quebec's CBC French channel. Masa emphatically indicated that the overall reaction to his *sake* products has been "phenomenal and quite overwhelming, beyond expectations!" Unlike premium Japanese *sake* imports produced only during winter months, the three **Osake** brand *sakes* are made in small quantities numerous times over the course of the year in tune with the changing seasons, thus providing an opportunity to pair the wines with seasonal food favorites. The three **Osake** offerings are: **Junmai Nama Nigori** (blue label)- rustic and cloudy, with a light piquant natural sweetness, complimentary with spicy fare (14% alc./vol.), **Junmai Nama** (red label)- light and lively with hints of pear, melon and citrus, suited well for seafood and poultry dishes (15% alc./vol.), and **Junmai Nama Genshu** (black label)- "fresh off the press", rich and velvety with fragrant tropical fruit aromas, matching favorably with a wide variety of food choices (18% alc./vol.).

On a wall of his **Artisan**

SakeMaker studio, Masa proudly displays all six licenses required to run his modest operation. After some original trepidation and having to deal with the various regulatory agencies and other startup delays, Masa finally received the blessings he needed and through a lot of hard work and conviction, as well as through the generous help of friends and family he was finally able to have his grand opening on January 15, 2007. In doing so, Masa has created something very special nestled in his Granville Island Railspur Alley location. Privileged to have been chosen to do business on Granville Island, a community of over 300 tenants and administered by the Canada Housing and Mortgage Corporation (CMHC), **Artisan SakeMaker** is suitably established to attract locals as well as the many tourists that are drawn to Granville Island each year.

In a recent lifestyles magazine, Masa indicated that "he had a dream that one day he would be invited over for dinner for western food and the host would retrieve from the refrigerator a bottle of premium *sake*." Although Masa intimates this scenario has not occurred yet, he truly wants to correct the Western mentality of serving *sake* only with

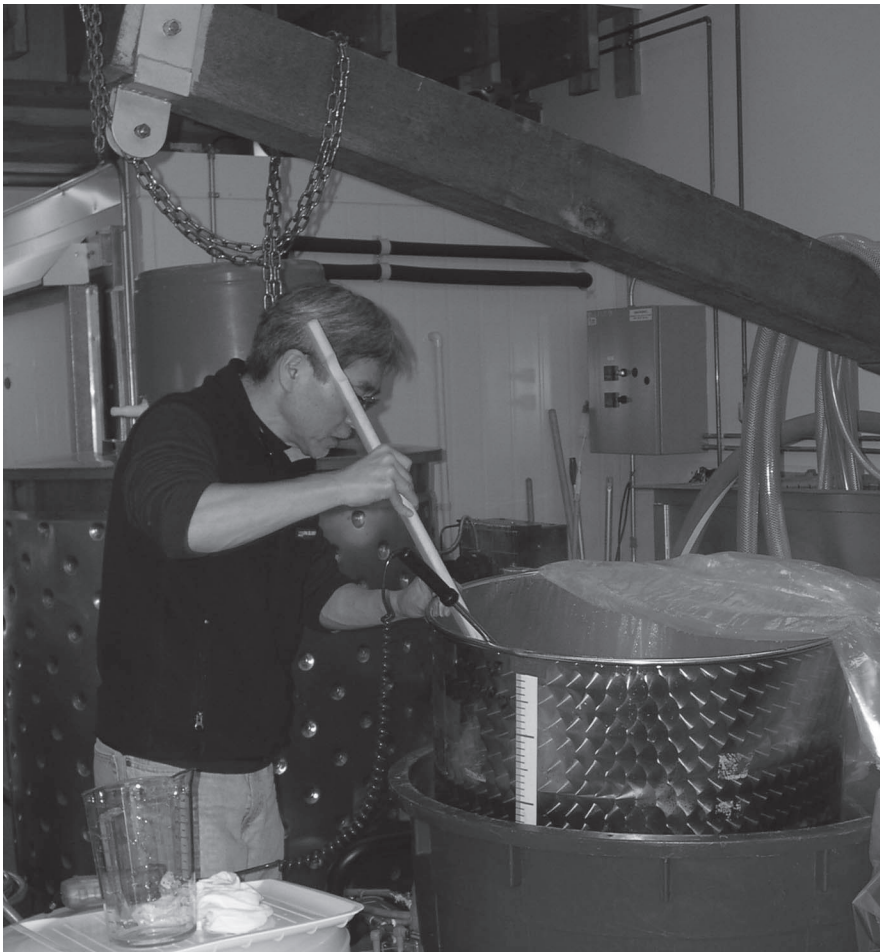


Masa Shiroki at his sake tasting bar on Granville Island in Vancouver. (C. Yokota photo 2007)

Japanese foods. He forcefully proclaims "let's go beyond serving *sake* with *sushi* and *sashimi*!" Premium *sake* is not to be warmed as a large number people have been conditioned to think, and without a doubt, *sake* can be delightfully paired with a wide array of food dishes. His continued mission is to spread the word about *sake*, Japanese culture, and to progress as a *sake* maker.

Masa's self-confessed mission however is not going to be an easy task. To date, he sees one of his primary goals is to educate people about the often misunderstood alcoholic beverage. "It's about time!" is how Masa describes how his **Osake** brand offerings can hopefully rejuvenate what is often viewed as an old man's drink. This will surely place

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Masa Shiroki preparing rice for sake-making. (C. Yokota photo 2007)

more responsibility on those individuals and establishments in the “business” to do their fair part to promote and become more educated about the nuances of *sake*. To that end, Masa has granted numerous interviews, made personal appearances at food and wine gatherings, held public lectures and taught classes. *Sake* has been enjoyed for thousands of years, but it seems it has taken someone

like Masa Shiroki to finally awaken the masses to fully understand and appreciate the delicate drink.

Reviewing his past year’s efforts, I thought it would be neat to ask for his thoughts and overall score on how he has done. Masa explained he had to break it down into two aspects: a) for public acceptance; A, b) for product quality; A. Rather good grades, but as a *sake* educator, Masa

is quick to add that although he’s done a good job, more is required to “convert” people to *sake*. Now that he has added a second stainless steel fermentation tank to increase his production, a more consistent and ready supply is achievable to keep all his fans satisfied. Not wasting anything in the *sake* making process, the *sake* lees or *kasu* left after the pressing has the potential of becoming a primary product alongside the **Osake** wines. Presently, Granville Island’s Oyama Sausage Company uses the *sake kasu* in preparation of its cured sausages and has even been incorporated by several noted Vancouver chefs in their dishes.

As I quickly learned, *sake* making is a very physically demanding enterprise. From moving heavy bags of rice, to stirring the mixtures, to scooping the mash into press bags, it can easily take its toll on the body. Also, this kind of work takes serious attention to detail having to monitor the *sake* daily. But most of all, it takes a great deal of passion and commitment of which there is an obvious abundance in Masa Shiroki. He is truly a man on a heartfelt mission to change the way individuals view and enjoy *sake*. Here’s hoping that his one *yume* or dream is not too far away. *Kanpai!* 🍷

Artisan SakeMaker 1339 Railspur Alley Granville Island Vancouver tel: 604 685 7253

We’d Like to Hear From You!

Nikkei Images is a quarterly journal published by the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre Society. Subscription to *Nikkei Images* is free with your yearly membership to NNMHCS.

As part of our ongoing effort to ensure that we are publishing stories that interest you, *Nikkei*

Images would like to hear from you, our readers!

We’d like to hear your suggestions, story ideas, family histories, letters to the editor, favourite recipes, and notices of events that might be of interest to the Japanese Canadian community.

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カルタの歴史ー西村咲弥著

The History of Karuta
by Sakuya Nishimura.

日本ではいつごろからカルタ遊びをするようになったのでしょうか。カルタという言葉がカタカナで書かれている事からわかるように、語源は外国語で“カード”ですから、そう古い話ではありません。

今から450年ほど前に、ポルトガルの船が長崎に入港しましたが、その時、船員たちが遊んでいたカードの事を、ポルトガル語でカルタと呼んでいました。しかし、そのカルタは今のトランプカードとは、マークも枚数も違っていました。

そもそも、最初のカードは15世紀のころ、エジプトの王族が遊ぶために作られたもので、マムルーク・カードと呼ばれ、コイン、コップ、剣、棒の模様がそれぞれ14枚ずつ、計56枚が一组の華やかな手描きのものでした。

その後間もなくイタリアで作られたカードは、ビスコンチ・タロットと呼ばれ、上記の4組の絵に1から10までの数字を入れ、残りの16枚は従者、騎士、女王、王の絵を画いた各4枚ずつを入れて、現在のトランプ・カードに近いものになり、これは15世紀のなかごろに作られました。

ペルシャ(現在のイラン)のカードは正方形で“アスナス・カード”と呼ばれ、ニスやペンキが塗ってあります。ア

スナスとはドラゴンの事で、王、女王、踊り子、兵士、ドラゴンの5枚が5組、計25枚で遊びます。

ポルトガル人たちの遊んでいたカードを真似て、初めて日本で作ったカードは、絵を彫った版木にそれぞれ違った色を塗った48枚が一组のものでした。

実は、日本には1000年以上前から、ハマグリの貝殻の片割れを使って、ピッタリ合う、もう一方の片割れの貝殻をさがす“貝おおい”という遊びがありました。この遊びに使う貝殻はきれいに彩色され、100枚が1セットでした。江戸時代の初めごろから、この貝おおいの貝に、歌を書くようになり、上の句と下の句をあわせる遊びが始まりました。

百人一首については、藤原定家という人が書いた“明月記”という本の中で「1235年の6月に、知人から家のふすま(唐紙障子)を飾るために、百人の歌人から一人一人一首の歌を選んでほしい、と頼まれ、という記載がみるので、これが起源と思われる。

昔の百人一首カルタは、歌の上の句と下の句が別々の札に書かれ、上の句の札は美しい絵で飾られていましたが、歌が変体仮名で書かれていたので大変読みにくいものでした。現在使われている百人一首カルタは、これまで上の句だけ書かれていた札に、その

歌の作者の名と和歌全体が書かれ、下の句の札の方はひらがなで下の句だけが書かれています。

遊ぶ時は、読み手が上の句と下の句をあわせて全体の歌を読みますが、上手な人はその歌を覚えていて、読み手が上の句を読み始めないうちに、下の句の札を探してとってしまいます。日本では今でもお正月の遊びの一つとして、百人一首のカルタ会が和歌を好む人々の間で行われています。

明治18年(1885年)には日本でトランプカードの輸入が許され、初めて「トランプ」という名で英国から輸入されましたが、国内で作れるようになったのは、それから20年近く経った1903年にニューヨークのトランプ会社と提携した任天堂が最初です。そして1935年ごろには、任天堂は輸出用トランプを作って海外に売り出しました。

初めて作った日本のトランプカードは、ポルトガル人が遊んでいたカルタを真似たもので、現在のこっているものは神戸にある滴翠美術館に保存されています。これは16世紀末に福岡県の三池で作られ、天正カルタと呼ばれ、ポルトガルのカルタに似ていますが、裏にこのカルタを作った「三池住貞次」という名が書かれています。三池は日本最古のカルタが作られた場所なので「三池カルタ記念館」があります。

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現在子供達が遊ぶのに使っているカルタは「江戸いろはカルタ」と呼ばれ、ことわざなどをいろは順にならべたものですが、最近ではアニメのキャラクターや、テレビのヒーローはもとより、スポーツカルタ、

物語カルタ等、いろいろなカルタが作られています。日本の子供達は、学校に入る前から兄や姉たちがカルタで遊んでいるのを見て、一緒に遊びながら文字を覚えてゆくのです。

参考文献：大牟田市三池カルタ記念館案内

三池カルタ記念館、いろはカルタの玉子箱
(2005年) *

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