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NIKKEI IMAGES



GOTO FAMILY. PHOTO COURTESY JOYCE OIKAWA.



A publication of the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre

ISSN #1203-9017 Spring 2016, Volume 21, No. 1

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Two young Japanese women serve us bowls of *chagayu*, a Japanese dish of rice cooked in tea until it becomes as thick as porridge.. This was my favourite food as a child, although I have never heard it called *chagayu* before. It feels strange to be eating my number one comfort food in public, out of a styrofoam bowl. Cindy has provided a number of toppings, too, all of which are unfamiliar to my *chagayu* experience up until now: ginger, green onions, tiny dried *sakuraebi*, *umeboshi*, sesame seeds. Only the *nori* is part of my usual experience, along with the pieces of salted fish which we are served on top of our porridge.

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Welcome to Nikkei Images



Nikkei Images is a tri-annual publication produced by the Nikkei National Museum that focuses on *nikkei* history and culture with articles in keeping with our mission to honour, preserve, and share Japanese Canadian history and culture for a better Canada. We invite you to tell us your *nikkei* story. We accept submissions of memoirs, short stories, or short academic papers relating to Japanese Canadian history, culture, and arts. Our values include inter-generational leadership, community, and professionalism; to respect and honour Japanese heritage: to nurture, build, and honour our commitment to community involvement; to embrace humility and compassion; and to encourage innovation and inclusiveness.

Nikkei Images is edited by a volunteer committee who has been dedicated to the preservation and sharing of *nikkei* stories since 1996. Submissions are juried by the editorial committee. Articles must be between 500 - 3,500 words maximum and we highly recommend submitting relevant high resolution photographs with proper photo credits along with your finished work. For our publishing guidelines, please send a brief description or summary of the theme and topic of your proposed article to lreid@nikkeiplace.org. Our publishing agreement can be found online at centre.nikkeiplace.org/nikkei-images

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Nikkei Images is published by the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre

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Subscription to Nikkei Images is free (with pre-paid postage) with your yearly membership to NNMCC:
Family \$47.25 | Individual \$36.75
Senior Individual \$26.25 | Non-profit \$52.25
\$2 per copy (plus postage) for non-members

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Cindy Mochizuki's PAPER: a meal within a story; a story within a meal

by Carolyn Nakagawa

It's a misty Sunday afternoon, and I am walking down to the ferry dock at the Yaletown Marina. I barely make the recommended 3:15 pm arrival time, and a small group of about twelve people is already waiting. Among the group I'm happy to see Momoko and Maki, who both used to work with me until recently at the museum, local writer Lydia Kwa, and of course Cindy Mochizuki, the artist who has brought us all out here.

Cindy's assistant hands out oversized headphones and gives us instructions on how to handle them. "Don't touch the buttons," he warns, as the headphones are all tuned to a certain radio frequency on which we will hear the story.

The last few people trickle in, including my friends Tina and Angus. Tina tells me she has been engrossed in *Mothertalk* on the way over, the book I'm to start leading discussions on at the museum soon as part of our new *nikkei* Book Club. Lydia approaches Tina, and asks if her tote bag is from Singapore. Tina and Lydia are both originally from Singapore, and they begin a conversation. Everyone gets headphones. I accidentally press a button on mine and have to switch for a new pair. At 3:30, we all file into the small ferry boat. There are about twenty of us – the performance is running four times this weekend, and each time slot reached its maximum capacity on the first day to sign up.

We have all put on our headphones by now. The radio frequency is playing some Japanese music. The



Photo courtesy Cindy Mochizuki

only words I can make out in one particular song are *otoko nara...otoko nara...* (based on the context, this might mean "if a man...", or, "if I'm a man", or "if there is a man"...). I have no idea what the (female) singer thinks will happen if there is a man, but I can imagine any number of amusing things that it could be, so I am laughing a little to myself.

The boat leaves the dock, and the music stops. Instead, we are listening to a story of a young woman named K, who helps run her family's restaurant on a small island in Japan. The inside of the boat is silent except for the

sound of the motor, which we can barely hear inside our headphones. Outside, I see the shores slowly pass by, changing from the West End's muted winter greenery to the colourful signage of Granville Island, and then the flat green-brown-and-grey expanse of Vanier Park. The water is grey-blue and calm. Silverish light is quietly reflecting off the small waves.

The story is about K's encounter with a mysterious man who looks Japanese, but speaks English – maybe a Japanese American, she thinks – who comes to the restaurant and leaves behind a Japanese letter about a land abundant with lush forests and fish. The story has a magical element to it as well, with K discovering a mysterious portal through a hole in one of the restaurant's menus that allows her to peer through to a land full of trees – perhaps British Columbia.

The story ends just as we pull into the dock. We disembark and walk across Vanier Park. It is cold, but the morning's rain has stopped. During the ten-minute walk, Angus and I fall into and out of step with Tina, Lydia, Maki, Momoko, and Cindy at different times. Cindy says that although we're fortunate to not have to walk in the rain, the morning group got to enjoy their story in a different atmosphere, since the rain made the windows in the boat fog over. We reach a small building at the other end of the park, and go inside.

We are invited to sit down at two small tables which take up most of the room. Two young Japanese women serve us bowls of *chagayu*, a Japanese dish of rice cooked in tea until it becomes as thick as porridge.. This was my favourite food as a child, although I have never heard it called *chagayu* before. It feels strange to be eating my number one comfort food in public, out of a styrofoam bowl. Cindy has provided a number of toppings, too, all of which are unfamiliar to my *chagayu* experience up until now: ginger, green onions, tiny dried *sakuraebi*, *umeboshi*, sesame seeds. Only the *nori* is part of my usual experience, along with the pieces of salted fish which we are served on top of our porridge. Cindy tells us later that the extra toppings were her idea, to make it a bit more interesting. It's quite different from the *tempura* and noodle special with seaweed soup that K describes preparing in the story, but it's much more special to me.

Tina is still talking to Lydia. Momoko is chatting with our servers. I am tipping some more *sakuraebi* onto my porridge. Maki sits on my left, and Angus on my right. We chat with Momoko's boyfriend, Haig, who is a cook,

and a fan of the Japanese porridge – he compares it to *risotto*, a favourite of his. I don't know everyone here, but in a way I feel like I do.

I don't know how long we sit in the little room for – definitely longer than the thirty or so minutes it took for us to get there. At some point, it feels right to leave, and we begin to get up and gather our things. Momoko makes a point to thank our servers, and I take care to imitate her good manners.

We say thank you and goodbye to Cindy on our way out as well – and I ask her about the name 'chagayu'. My family always called it 'okaisan', but when I lived in Japan, I was told it was called 'okaiyu.'

"*Okaiyu* is just the rice cooked in water," Cindy explains. "*Chagayu* is when it's cooked in tea."

My family has always cooked our porridge in green tea, so clearly we've been using the wrong name entirely all this time. But what about that last syllable?

Neither Momoko nor Cindy has ever heard of *okaisan* before. But Cindy has a pretty good guess of where it came from: "It's baby talk," she says. "Like – talking to a little kid: here, have some *okai-san*..."

"Oh – like when you talk to kids about *kuma-san* or *neko-san* [Mr. Bear, Mrs. Cat]," I reply.

"Yeah, personifying it. When you're sick, it's comforting. But the fishermen from Wakayama all used to eat this out on the boats. It keeps you warm."

I'm a little embarrassed about this discovery, but I guess funny and babyish Japanese is just part of the *nikkei* experience. Since my grandmother never spoke Japanese to her children or grandchildren, she probably didn't think it was important for us to know proper Japanese words – we only used this one because there was no English name for it.

My grandmother was born in Steveston, part of the community there of fishermen immigrants from Wakayama prefecture in Japan. Even my dad, who was born after the war and the community's dispersal from Steveston, and grew up in South Vancouver, remembers having many fishermen uncles who would work sixteen or twenty hours a day out on the boats during the fishing season, and live on unemployment insurance the rest of

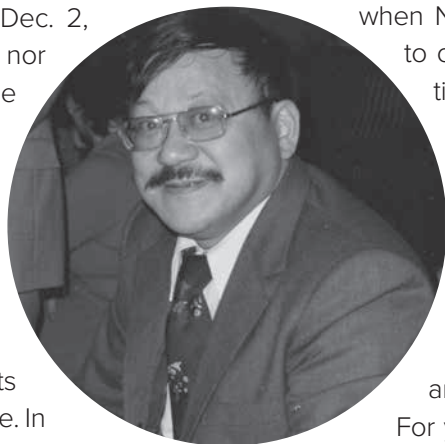
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Remembering Mits Goto

by Kiyo Goto, Sherri Kajiware, Cathy Makihara

Mitsuo Goto, affectionately known simply as Mits to family, friends, and staff at the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre (NNMCC), passed away after an all-too-brief battle with lung cancer on Dec. 2, 2015. He leaves neither descendents nor claims to fame, but in his own unique way, leaves a legacy of service and dedication to the NNMCC.

In 1934, Mits was born the third son of Yasuji and Tokiyo Goto in a line of seven children. The Gotos were berry farmers and chicken ranchers in Kennedy, BC. “I remember when Mits was born. Most of us were born at home. In our younger days he and I had lots in common but as we grew older they became few and far between. We argued a lot mostly for the sake of arguing,” says his brother, Kiyo. In 1942, after a brief detainment at Hastings Park, the Goto family was relocated to Lemon Creek in the Slocan Valley. After Lemon Creek was closed, the family moved to a logging camp near Pritchard, BC, and then later to North Kamloops. Mits dreamed of becoming a fisherman, and his first job after returning to the west coast was as a deck hand on a fish packer owned by one of his brothers. With help from family, Mits was able to first rent and then eventually own his own boat to fulfill that dream. Within his group of fishermen friends, he became known as “Mr. Fix-it” with a talent for ground repairs. His specialties were mechanical, electrical, hydraulic, and he was particularly skilled at repairing damaged nets. Kiyo describes his younger brother as someone who never suffered fools lightly, who could have exercised more humility and etiquette, and says, “Mits was never a compromiser – that’s why he never got married.” Kiyo firmly believes that “he’s in a better place now, surrounded by his old fishing buddies who have gone before him and they are bragging to each other about who caught the most fish over a bottle of beer.”



Cathy Makihara, president of NNMCC and Executive Director of Nikkei Seniors, recalls that Mits’ arrival at Nikkei Centre was through New Sakura-so. “He came in when New Sakura-so was moving in a senior to one of the 34 apartments. But from that time on he stood out for a number of reasons. He had a knack for fixing odds and ends; helping the administrator fix things around the building and his neighbours throughout the building fixing whatever he could. He had a huge array of tools, perhaps too much, but it was in an effort to help out others and fix the fishing boat he had at the time. For years, he was the person who regularly took out the garbage and recycling – that’s a lot of weeks over 17 years – he also picked up and delivered items. Around the Centre he was a great source of help. When we were still building and couldn’t afford a security person, he visited that building every day, looked out to make sure nothing was being taken, and stayed in the building when he was worried. After it was built, he reached almost legendary status, fixing, painting, coming up with solutions for repairs, and being the first responder for security. He was a special person, and I will miss him.”

At the NNMCC, Mits was a self-appointed handy-man, water-supplier, and security guard right up to the end of his days. Sometimes he broke more things than he fixed; sometimes he grumbled and growled; but he could always be counted on to transport museum and centre supplies to the Powell Street Festival every year, to be the first to point out something that needed repair and to act upon it, and he never took his role lightly as a caretaker of the building. Mits Goto was Nikkei Centre family. 🍷

Photos courtesy Joyce Oikawa.

Sometimes he broke more things than he fixed; sometimes he grumbled and growled; but he could always be counted on to transport museum and centre supplies to the Powell Street Festival every year, to be the first to point out something that needed repair and to act upon it, and he never took his role lightly as a caretaker of the building. Mits Goto was Nikkei Centre family.



Goto, Mitsuo “Mits”

Born Jan 9, 1934. Before the war lived in North Delta.

War Years: lived in Lemon Creek, Kamloops, 1948.

Returned to New Westminster in 1959 season.

Years Fished: 25 years.

First Job in Fishery: deckhand on collector boat for Tulloch Western.

Postwar: vessels – Sea Rock, 1959 – collector; Ocean Courier – packer; Golden Girl, 1974 – gillnet; Darlene Jean, 1976 – gillnet; Privail – gillnet/troll; Esteem, 1989 – gillnet/troll/herring. Fished in Barkley Sound, Rivers Inlet, Milbanke Sound, Prince Rupert for Tulloch Western Co., BC Packers, Canfisco.

Other Work: chick sexing (a few years). Retired in 1997, licence “buy-back” program; works part-time at National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre.

Community Orgs: UFAWU.

Bio from *Nikkei Fishermen on the BC Coast: Their Biographies and Photographs*, Nikkei Fishermen’s Project. Masako Fukawa, Editor and Project Manager. Published by Harbour Publishing.





Fukawa family photo, Stan and his parents Shoji & Toki Fukawa ca. 1945

My Father, “Repatriation” and Medicare

by Stan Fukawa

In March 1956, my parents Shoji and Toki Fukawa became Canadian citizens. It was not a lightning-bolt decision but a series of events that made them decide to apply for citizenship. Memory of the events following the forced removal in 1942, the internment, and the emotional turmoil associated with the dispersal of Japanese to other parts of Canada or to Japan were fading. Since the expiry of the War Measures Act and the granting of the franchise to *nikkei* in 1949, they were now eligible to vote and free to move anywhere. The following year a cheque arrived in the mail from the Bird Commission. It approved their claim for their farm and possessions and a settlement of \$580 after a deduction of \$26 for legal fees was issued to them. With this cheque and their meagre savings from seven years as labourers in apple orchards in Vernon they returned to the Fraser Valley and made a down payment on a farm in Mt. Lehman. My parents began to feel that Canada was now beginning to accept them as Canadians.

The majority of Canadians in B.C. had long complained that Japanese “worked too hard,” and were too competitive as farmers and fishermen. To many whites, it was unbearable that members of a race that they judged as inferior should be more successful than themselves. The racist solution was to simply remove the entire race, ignoring such niceties as citizenship rights. They seemed unable to tolerate a society in which white people didn’t always win.

The letter suggested that ethnic Japanese should cooperate in the government’s policy by either moving east of the Rockies or “repatriating” to Japan, an incorrect word because their policy included the deportation of Canadian citizens to a defeated Japan which was forced to accept them under the terms of surrender. The majority of Canadians in B.C. had long complained that Japanese “worked too hard,” and were too competitive as farmers and fishermen. To many whites, it was unbearable that members of a race that they judged as inferior should be more successful than themselves. The racist solution was to simply remove the entire race, ignoring such niceties as citizenship rights. They seemed unable to tolerate a society in which white people didn’t always win.

This was such a contrast to how my father had felt in 1945 when the Canadian government sent a letter to all Japanese Canadian households in B.C. advocating its “policy of dispersal”, which was a diplomatic rephrasing of Ian Alistair Mackenzie’s provincial Liberal Party election slogan of “No Japs from the Rockies to the Seas!” This letter, signed by T.B. Pickersgill, the newly

It must have been an emotional time for my parents when we had to leave the Pacific Coast for the B.C. interior in 1942, but I was too young to realize what was going on. However, in 1945, at seven and a half, I could see their distress at not knowing what to do. Shoji’s sister and brother-in-law lived in Alberta and they did

The Canadian newspapers were not comforting. Communities all over the country were threatening harm to any Japanese who dared to set foot in their towns.

not have to worry about moving, but they advised us not to make any hasty decisions. Japan and other countries were recovering from war—we should hang tight and not do anything we might later regret.

My father's employer was satisfied with his work ethic and reliability. There was a small community of Japanese in the area, including others who had been uprooted from the coast so that we were not in isolation and could discuss the possibilities with them. The people my parents trusted most—my uncle and aunt and friends from Mission where father had lived for sixteen years—were mainly in Alberta.

The Canadian newspapers were not comforting. Communities all over the country were threatening harm to any Japanese who dared to set foot in their towns. They feared that incoming Japanese might upset the livelihoods of “real Canadians” by driving down rates of pay and prices of crops. Reading about this animosity, many Japanese decided to “repatriate,” thinking they would at least be with family. My father was one of them. He signed up but then heard about the much harder life faced by those who had gone back, beyond the worst of what we might expect anywhere in Canada, in a Japan devastated by war.

Fortunately for us, the Canadian government relented and allowed people to stay who had made earlier decisions to leave for Japan. With the advice of his sister and brother-in-law, my father also changed his mind. He knew there was little room for us in his ancestral home. He wondered if there might be opportunities in the former Japanese Empire, but realized that was unlikely. So, happily, after much worry and anxiety, he changed his mind and we stayed in Canada.

DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR
CANADA

NOTICE

TO ALL PERSONS
OF JAPANESE RACIAL ORIGIN
HAVING REFERENCE TO MAKING
APPLICATION FOR
VOLUNTARY REPATRIATION TO JAPAN

The Minister of Labour has been authorized by the Government of Canada to make known the following decisions made with respect to persons of Japanese ancestry, now resident in Canada, who make voluntary application to go to Japan after the war, or sooner where this can be arranged:

1. The net proceeds realized from the disposition of their property, real and personal, in Canada, and standing to their credit at time of repatriation, will be secured to them and may be transferred by them to Japan upon repatriation following the close of the war.
2. In the case of persons sent to Japan under any agreement for exchange of Nationals between Canada and Japan before the close of war, under which agreement the amount of personal property and funds carried by the repatriates is limited, the Custodian of Enemy Alien Property will be authorized, on the advice of the Department of External Affairs, to provide such Japanese repatriates with receipts showing the property left behind in Canada, or net proceeds of same if sold, with a view to their being permitted to secure possession of their property or the net proceeds thereof after the end of hostilities.
3. Free passage will be guaranteed by the Canadian Government to all repatriates being sent to Japan, and all their dependents who accompany them, and including free transportation of such of their personal property as they may take with them.

The above assurances will apply to such persons as have already made written application in satisfactory form to the Government of Canada to go to Japan, or who make written application hereafter for that purpose to the Government of Canada within the period of time fixed by the Commissioner of Japanese Placement for the completion and filing of applications.

These assurances do not apply to persons of the Japanese race repatriated on other than a voluntary basis.

Dated at Ottawa this 13th day of February, 1945.
HUMPHREY MITCHELL
Minister of Labour.



Fukawa family photo, Fukawa farm in Mount Lehman ca. 1942

Previously, in 1944, Prime Minister McKenzie King admitted in the House of Commons that during the war, there had not been a single Japanese person in the country who had been charged with committing a disloyal act. However, in spite of this record of exemplary citizenship, the government extended the term of the War Measures Act for an additional five years.

After the uprooting and the seven and a half year interruption as a farm family, my parents were able to settle into their last home, close to their home before the uprooting. Unfortunately, my mother's illness, possibly brought on by the wartime stress, struck in the 1950s and turned out to be a mystery disease that baffled the doctors.

One doctor thought it was related to her gums and had the dentist remove all her teeth. This did not work and she was hospitalized off and on for nausea and further tests and if it had not been for the hospital insurance that was instituted at that time, my parents would have lost the farm. It turned out that the specialists in Vancouver, where she was a patient, discovered that her kidney stones were due to the elevated calcium level in her blood. This was caused by a tumour in her

parathyroid gland which could not be found in her throat where it should have been. Her condition resulted in the secretion of calcium from her bones into her blood. Doctors have told me she survived her poisonously high serum calcium levels beyond normal expectations and that they had not seen anyone with such a high level of calcium in their blood. She died in 1973, after decades of suffering due to weakening bones.

As the only child, during my mother's lengthy stays in hospitals and in bed at home, I had to learn to cook and clean and do the laundry. Cooking was not a hardship for me as I love to eat and have always enjoyed food preparation.

In the experience of my parents' generation, such recurring medical care could lead to bankruptcy. So it was a surprise to hear my father say in sincere appreciation of socialized medicine adopted at that time that Canada was “a good country.” Both died before the redress settlement in 1988 and did not witness the acknowledgement or the apology. It was hospital insurance established in 1961 that made him appreciate a nation that had earlier taken away his

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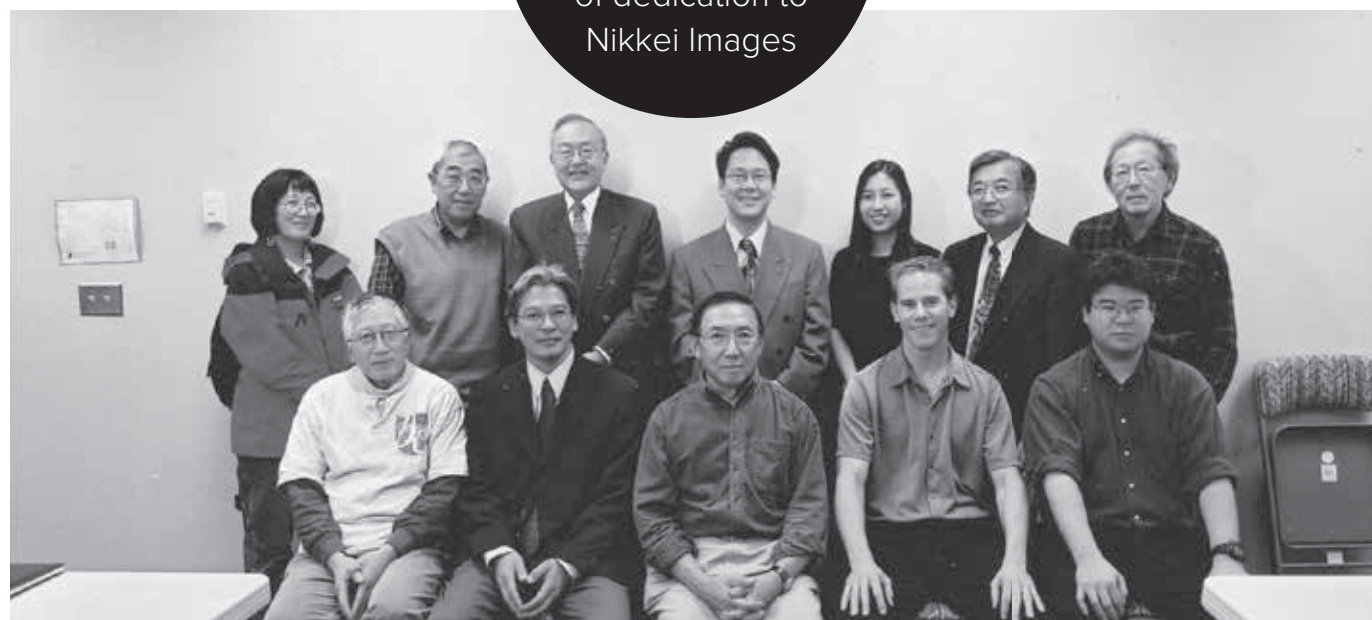


NNM TD 664 Stan Fukawa & Frank Kamiya receiving an \$8,000 cheque.



NNM TD 664 Stan Fukawa giving speech at NNMCC opening in 2000.

Stan
Fukawa
Thank you for 20 years
of dedication to
Nikkei Images



NNM TD 664 Board of Directors of Japanese Canadian National Museum and Archives Society in 1999 (before it became NNMCC).



NNM TD 664 Inaugural opening of the Museum with the Exhibit 'Reshaping memory, Owning History' in 2000.



NNM TD 664 Dennis Shikaze, Frank Kamiya & Stan Fukawa with Elvis impersonator at the NNMCC 2000.



Fukawa family photo – Stan Fukawa in his office ca. 2015. Photo by Howard Shimokura.



Fukawa family photo – Mas & Stan accepting the Canada Japan Literary Award 2010.



NNM TD 664 – Staff and board members of the NNM at the opening 2000.

In the experience of my parents’ generation, such recurring medical care could lead to bankruptcy. So it was a surprise to hear my father say in sincere appreciation of socialized medicine adopted at that time that Canada was “a good country.” Both died before the redress settlement in 1988 and did not witness the acknowledgement or the apology. It was hospital insurance established in 1961 that made him appreciate a nation that had earlier taken away his first farm, his belongings, and his freedom because of his race but which now treated him as an equal and provided his family with the hospital care we needed. He felt equally valued and this convinced him and my mother to become naturalized Canadian citizens. In 1963, my parents returned to their birthplace for the first time since they left Japan as newlyweds in 1935. They traveled as Canadians using Canadian passports.

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My parents’ experience led me to understand why, much later in 2004, the CBC’s *Greatest Canadians* poll chose Tommy Douglas as the greatest Canadian. He had brought security and the comfort of a socialized medical care system to the nation – a benefit that you don’t forget, once your family needs and receives it.

In appreciation of the CCF, as the only Canadian political party to support the cause of Japanese Canadians during our most difficult years and also the one that brought us socialized medicine, my father became a staunch supporter of that party. It had been the Liberals and the Conservatives who had used Jap-baiting as their main platform in B.C., so I chose to follow his example and have been an active volunteer for the CCF-NDP since 1971 when my mother, my wife, and I returned to B.C. after graduate school. I am proud of having been a canvasser for Tommy Douglas when he ran in Nanaimo. I have also been active with the NDP in Burnaby where Tommy had run before going to Nanaimo. In my retirement, I have volunteered for the NDP at elections at all three levels of government and served on city committees for the civic NDP. 🍁



Fukawa family photo – Toki Fukawa serving tea and cakes in their home ca. 1950.



Stan Fukawa:
A Lifelong Advocate for the Marginalized

by Howard Shimokura and Masako Fukawa

On February 3, 2012, Keio University in Tokyo awarded an honorary alumnus degree to Stan Fukawa for his exemplary service in promoting understanding between the peoples of Japan and Canada. For much of his adult life, Stan has worked tirelessly with his alumni friends to support student exchanges between Keio University and the University of British Columbia (UBC). His commitment stemmed from his time at Keio as an exchange student in 1958-59 while enrolled

at UBC. While there, he became close friends with a remarkable group of students who funded and organized an exchange program from student fees, at a time when Japan was still struggling in its recovery from the war.

More recently, Stan Fukawa retired from the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre (NNMCC) magazine *Nikkei Images* editorial committee after a long career

Fukawa family photo – Stan Fukawa ca. 2012.

of editorial leadership, editing other writers' works, and writing insightful stories for *Nikkei Images*.

More than his writings, it is his contributions over the years to many other projects and causes, with a long list of community service achievements, that mark his place in the *nikkei* community.

Stanley Toshinori Fukawa was born to farming parents in Mission, British Columbia in 1937.

In 1942 the Fukawa family left their Mission berry farm. Stan was only four years old when Japanese Canadians were forced to leave the West Coast. His mother and father packed their bags and left their farm behind, thinking the evacuation would be short lived. Of course, the evacuation was not short lived and their farm was impounded and sold.

The Fukawa family spent the internment years in the Coldstream area of Vernon, British Columbia. Stan's father found farm work in Vernon, and the family saved enough to buy a new farm once they were allowed to return to the Fraser Valley. The family returned to the BC Lower Mainland in 1949, to the town of Mount Lehman near Abbotsford, where once again Stan's father returned to owning and operating a berry farm.

In 1956 Stan began his studies at UBC majoring in Asian Studies and Sociology and earning a Bachelor of Arts. It was there that Stan met and fell in love with Masako Shinde who was enrolled in the Education faculty.

They married in 1961 and moved to London, England, where they spent three years. Stan was a grad student while teaching Japanese on the side and Mas did clerical work for one of the Queen's charities.

In 1964 after earning a Master of Arts in Sociology from the London School of Economics, Stan and Mas relocated to Japan where they were hired by Gwen Suttie to teach English at Toyo Eiwa Women's College. Mas explains, "Gwen Suttie was the woman who had organized the high school in New Denver. We didn't know about her connection to Japanese Canadians

until after her death. She was a remarkable woman."

In 1965 their first child, Ellen Kaede, was born in Tokyo. Her Japanese name, which means maple, commemorates the new Canadian flag that was unveiled that same year. Later in 1965 the family returned to North America, first to Ann Arbor, Michigan where their son Kevin was born, and then to Toronto. Stan continued his studies and taught Survey Methodology, while Mas took on various jobs, the most challenging and all-consuming being that of mother to their two young children.

In 1971 the family of four and Stan's widowed mother moved once more, settling in Nanaimo, where Stan taught Sociology and Japanese, a course he initiated at Malaspina University College, now Vancouver Island University.

In 1989 Stan and Mas returned to Japan for a year and taught English and Canadian History in Tokyo at a junior college. On their return to Vancouver Island, Stan resumed his teaching, researching, and writing until his retirement in 1994.

They moved to their present home in Burnaby, BC just before Christmas 1998, shortly after Mas retired from Malaspina University College.

Stan was a leader from a young age. Growing up in Mount Lehman near Abbotsford, he was a student leader and thought it his duty to fill that kind of role, and not just in the *nikkei* community. His interest in volunteerism began in junior high school. In high school he was the top student representative and, in the Japanese community, president of the local Nisei Club. At UBC he was on the executive of the Nisei Varsity Club, the East Asian Studies Club, and the World University Service Committee.

In Nanaimo Stan was president of the Japanese Canadian Society, on the Board of the Nanaimo Credit Union, School Board Anti-Racism Committee, City of Nanaimo Social Planning Committee, Provincial Race Relations Council, Tillicum Haus Board, and sister city organizations. He was very interested in promoting Japan-Canada relations. He organized and participated in intercultural events, was liaison with

cultural ambassadors from Japan, and initiated student and teacher exchanges. He held a strong belief in multiculturalism and anti-racism and was recognized for his involvement in these causes.

As the founding president of the Mid Island Japanese Canadian Society, a small but active group of Japanese Canadians, he promoted and fostered Japanese culture in and around Nanaimo. This group became known as the "7 Potatoes Society", from *nana* which means seven in Japanese, and *imo* which means potato. "It's an inside joke", Stan says. When the redress efforts sprang up across Canada, many groups including the 7 Potatoes Society chose to remain a socio-cultural society so Stan and Mas formed another group of like-minded Japanese Canadians to work on redress on Vancouver Island. Stan wrote the constitution and represented Vancouver Island on the National Association of Japanese Canadians (NAJC) Council.

After moving from Nanaimo to Greater Vancouver, Stan turned his focus to the history of *nikkei* in Canada. He researched, wrote about, and participated in commemorating many significant historical events and individual achievements of *nikkei* in Canada. He joined the board of the Japanese Canadian National Museum Society (now the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre) and served as its president from 2000 to 2003 in its transition from an independent society to becoming a strong partner in the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre. He continued to serve on the Board of the larger organization. He has chaired many committees to celebrate significant events in Japanese Canadian history. On the 125th Anniversary of Manzo Nagano's arrival in Canada, he visited Kuchinotsu, Nagasaki in Japan, Nagano's birth and resting place, to meet with his descendants who are still living in Japan. On the Centennial of the Suian Maru's journey from Miyagi-ken to Don and Lyon Island in the Fraser River, he worked with the Richmond City Council to place a commemorative plaque on the shore of the Fraser River. He also visited Miyagi city and the gravesite of the leader Jinzaburo Oikawa along with a gathering of Oikawa relatives and descendants from Japan and Canada. In remembering the 1907 anti-Asian riot and the 1908 Komagata Maru incident, he was a *nikkei* representative. In 2012 Stan and Mas were involved with a UBC committee and symposium related to the Honorary Degrees for the *nisei* who were forced to quit their studies there in 1942.

Stan has also served on City of Burnaby Committees in Community Policing and in Sister City Relations with Kushiro in Hokkaido Japan.

Throughout his life, Stan has felt it was his duty to contribute to the betterment of society, and of minority groups in particular, as a leader and supporter of social causes. He learned this value while observing his father as he prepared his family for evacuation following Pearl Harbor, in Vernon during the war years, and in rebuilding the *nikkei* community upon the family's return to Mount Lehman after restrictions were lifted in 1949. Stan volunteered his time to a wide range of community services and never backed away when the going got tough. He had a way of resolving disagreements, defusing conflicts, and reaching negotiated settlements. He was often sought out to help move projects and issues forward.

An active member of the National Democratic Party (NDP) since 1972, Stan felt an affinity to its policies and gratitude for its role in the history of Japanese Canadians, particularly in the community's struggle for the franchise and for its support during and after the internment years. He considered as one of his heroes



John Endo Greenaway photo – Mas & Stan posing for *The Bulletin*.

Tommy Douglas, who stood for what he believed no matter how unpopular, and used his oratory skills and devastating wit to put across his message. He followed Douglas' example in caring for people and his concern for the Canadian individual, especially in matters connected to human rights and citizenship.

Stan and Mas were both heavily involved in the Nikkei Fishermen's Project that produced two books: *Nikkei Fishermen on the BC Coast: Their Biographies and Photographs* and *Spirit of the Nikkei Fleet: BC's Japanese Canadian Fishermen*, the latter of which won the Canada Council 2010 Canada-Japan Literary Awards. Masako relied on her research and writing experience as well as her fishing family roots, while Stan was invaluable in researching the earliest writings that were

Fukawa family photo – Mas & Stan on holiday in Peru.



NNM TD 664 – Board of Directors for the JCNM & Archives Society in 1999 (before it became NNMCC).

written in Japanese. It was frustrating and maddening to learn about the racist attitudes that targeted *nikkei* fishermen and were institutionalized into racist laws and policies. At the same time the spirit with which they fought these injustices was heartwarming and a legacy they want passed down to future generations.

In honour of his achievements in community service, Stan received the Canada 125 Medal in 1992 while in Nanaimo, and the Queen Elizabeth Diamond Jubilee Medal in 2012.

Among the many highlights of his life, Stan says that his time as an exchange student at Keio University during his undergraduate years is near the top of his list. It was at Keio that he formed rewarding lifelong friendships that he maintains to this day, and where he honed his skill in the Japanese language that would open many doors for him later in life.

A certified Japanese to English translator, Stan sees a role for bilingual historians to bring to light the struggles of first- and second-generation immigrants whose contributions can be easily overlooked in the absence of materials not readily available in English.



John Endo Greenaway photo – Mas & Stan posing for *The Bulletin*.

Stan and Mas love to travel. Their bucket list includes the 1001 World Heritage sites and they are well on their way. They have an enriching purpose in their travels: researching, visiting, and writing about the places around the world where *nikkei* have or had a presence. The Japanese Canadian Citizens Association (JCCA) *Bulletin* and NNMCC *Nikkei Images* have published many of their articles. Many of these articles carry the theme of the struggles of immigrants in a new land and all of the challenges and rewards that form the history of immigrant groups as they climb the social and economic ladders in the countries they now call home. 🌻

The European Gentleman

by Kim (Oikawa) Koblre

Recently, my husband and I were seated on a bench at a shopping centre, waiting for a ride home when an attractive Asian girl sat beside us with her son in a stroller. Larry did his usual thing. He wiggled his fingers saying, “Hi” to the little fellow. He was rewarded with a smile and baby sounds – a most adorable boy! It was obvious his dad is Caucasian. She said, “You guys are cute (Really? Two 88 and 91 year oldies cute?) How long have you been together and how did you meet?”

We’ve had these questions asked of us many, many times. Finally I’ve decided to put pen to paper for our grandchildren and great-grandchildren who may ask. In the telling we divulge a lot about ourselves and makes us revisit our hopes and dreams of long ago. It was not a seamless process of meeting, hearts going-a-flutter, dating, and proposing on bended knee sort of thing.

We were the most unlikely people to become a pair. I had left Montreal with a definite long-term plan in mind and Larry had escaped a country under a very repressive regime. His priority was to find gainful employment and resume his studies in the medical field.

In New Denver when I turned 15, my oldest brother Tom took on the role of enforcer of house rules. Dad had speech problems after a stroke, so Tom was now the ‘boss’. He ruled favourite gathering places out of bounds for me and said not to be a ‘flirtie gertie’ or to cheapen myself as worthwhile guys will pursue me, not the reverse. I told him with his rules, I would end up an old maid.

Photos courtesy of the Koblre family

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Kim and Larry’s wedding.

The next years were the most impressionable and formative for me. I had the good fortune of having nuns as high school teachers in New Denver, as instructors and supervisors through nursing school, then as providers of room and board at St. Raphael’s House in Montreal. These nuns were refined ladies; the essence of grace and kindness. They were my role models and I converted to Catholicism.

St. Raphael's House was a stately old mansion with a smaller connecting house at the back (servant's quarters used by the nuns). The main part of the house was for the new Japanese arrivals in Montreal. We were told that we welcome to stay as long as needed. The large basement had accommodations for families. Robert Ito (of tap dancing fame pre-war and as actor best known for his role in *Quincy* in the post-war era) and his family occupied one of the three suites. The main floor consisted of a huge dining room, living room, and chapel. The upstairs rooms were for ten of us single girls and the sun-room for five orphan girls who were under the nuns' care. We were like one big family. The Sisters encouraged us to invite friends for parties and special occasions and provided refreshments at no extra cost to us.

Tom was right when he said worthwhile guys will pursue you. However, I found none whom I could consider a life partner and soul mate. Through my days in nursing school I had a great roommate, Audrey Gagne. Her family accepted me wholly and I had the pleasure of experiencing firsthand the French Canadian way of life – such *joie de vivre*. The two of us, in our naiveté coupled with idealism of youth, thought we could do great things in the world, especially with our new R.N. designation. We attended a former classmate's service as she took her first vows as a postulant in a convent. We were impressed and thought "sisterhood" was our calling too.

Coincidentally, a Belgian Jesuit priest visited our Japanese Catholic Centre. He was on sabbatical from his duties as economics professor at Sofia University in Tokyo. His great interest and spare time was spent with a group of orphans cared for by French Canadian missionaries in Japan. These were children fathered by American servicemen. Knowing that the Japanese mostly looked unfavourably on children of mixed race, he thought their chances of adoption were poor. Their

stay with the Sisters would be long and they would need more assistance later as they grew older. This sounded like a worthy project for me. But first, I had to ensure my widowed mother would be well looked after. With this in mind, I returned to the West Coast.

Larry grew up in Eastern Europe. He and his classmates at Charles University in Prague participated in a peaceful protest against the Communists encroaching on the Czech government in 1948. They were unexpectedly manhandled and imprisoned. They knew they had to escape if there was to be any future for them. Following a harrowing escape to Germany, Larry moved to Denmark. After a short stay there, he crossed the ocean to eastern Canada, and finally to the West Coast, "the best place on earth". He and his fellow escapees did their best to keep a low profile as they were convinced that there were paid informers here who were sending updates about them to their government and there would be repercussions on their families back home (they were proven correct, we found out later). Larry ran out of funds while at UBC. He looked for and found a position at the Royal Columbian Hospital (RCH) Lab. He was also fortunate to find room and board with a French couple close by.

I found Mom in need of warmer and more comfortable living quarters. There was no way I could leave her on her own in spite of her fierce independence and objections. I also was employed at RCH and was able to rent living quarters just blocks away. There was another nurse, nicknamed 'Pete' for Ruth Peterson, who occupied the other rental space in this large house.

Pete invited many male friends to the house for a variety of reasons. This is how I met Larry. She said he needed help with English, which surprised me as I recognized him as the one we called the 'European gentleman' who was used when we needed an interpreter for the new immigrants from the Slavic countries.



Later that year there was a Christmas party, a combined party for doctors, nurses, lab staff, and therapists. Pete asked Larry and I invited a former classmate from pre-war days to be my escort. We made it a foursome for our first hospital party. As soon as the dancing started, it was obvious that our partners were not familiar with the different dances and rhythms. However, Larry and I knew them all and each time we danced, we had an audience, which Larry found unnerving. At St. Raphael's House, Robert Ito taught me all the dances he learned at Arthur Murray Dance Studios. The other girls loved watching us but felt they couldn't learn so I was his only partner. Larry and his fellow Czechs all danced well because learning social skills and dancing was part of their schooling. Soon dancing dates became a succession of other dates.

I fit in well with Larry's group. They took quickly to Canadian ways and became citizens at the first opportunity; however, loneliness and homesickness prevailed. They felt helpless when snippets of news were heard about hardships and shortages back home under rigid Communist rule. These feelings were palpable when near the end of our gatherings, they would form a circle, link arms, and sing old folk songs and their national anthem. At times there were tears.

They moved on and some married local girls. They looked at us, and often asked of us, when? Tom was getting anxious: "Are you thinking of marrying a guy you know so little about – his background and family. Are you prepared for the hostility you may face and of having kids, etc." It mattered not when I told him that he opened a wider world for me and that we were both in the health field and of the same faith. Mom said an English man was okay as long as he was a good man (all white folks were English to her).

A colleague, an English physiotherapist, thought I should be warned that European men like the British tended to be chauvinistic and thought they were a "cut above" and were not as free and easy as North Americans. I began to have bouts of self-doubt. I had veered so far from my original plans. Then I heard from Audrey, with whom I had made plans to become a missionary nun.

She had found the 'right man' for her. I felt then, that I could freely change my mind. But I resolved to help the orphanage in Japan in whatever way I could (those children today are in their 60s).

We started house hunting. George Oikawa showed us 'starter homes' at \$19,000 which we thought were not fancy, but the price shocked Tom. He opined, "People in beer class with champagne taste. With a 25-year mortgage, you'd only pay the interest and not touch the principal." He was a lot happier when we took his advice and bought a lot and started building a bit at a time as money allowed. After a year of trial and error and help from family and friends, we had a house ready for occupancy and ready for marriage.

Two weeks before our wedding, Larry moved in with Mom. His landlady was expecting a family from France to visit. After three wonderful years with this couple, he thought moving out a little earlier would give them more time to prepare. Mom's J'English (mixture of Japanese and English) held her in good stead. Sometimes their conversations were amusing, but amazingly they developed a rapport between them.

To say we had a wedding 'on the cheap' is an understatement. Most of Larry's colleagues at work, thinking he had no family here, attended, including the



Grand-niece's wedding. Photo by Peter Kajiware.

Did we help blur the lines of racial and cultural divides? After our marriage, the world seemed to awaken to all things Japanese—the simple clear lines of art and design, the tasteful placement of a few flowers and green in ikebana, the tranquility of a Japanese garden, origami, etc. Previous feelings of aversion evolved into admiration and everything Japanese seemed fashionable, even up to marrying one. Today it's great to see these mixed unions with their beautiful children.



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medical director, his associate, their wives, and children. We were overwhelmed. We didn't have enough food for all at the reception. Following a weekend honeymoon in Seattle, we had a surprise waiting for us. As we neared our home, there was a beautiful rainbow in the distance with one end squarely on our property – we took it to be a good omen.

We were blessed with a son, John, and two years later with a daughter, Katharine, with the best of genes from the mix of both worlds. Not biased, mind you, but both were smart and good looking too.

Soon Larry's European-ness began to emerge. Children should eat European rye bread instead of the Canadian 'paper bread', garlic can be a cure for many ills, there wasn't enough emphasis on manners and discipline in schools, etc. I had to remind myself often of this quote by Benjamin Franklin: "Keep thine eyes wide open before marriage – half shut afterwards".

About this time, back in Prague, the government with a new president loosened a few rules. There was a small window of opportunity when visitors and citizens were allowed in and out of the country. Larry's mom came for a visit but not his ailing dad. By the time Larry obtained a visa and plane ticket, the government once again tightened its grip as before. Larry never did get to see his dad.

How unprepared we were for what was to come. Our lives seemed to spiral completely out of control. Our dear, dear son was killed by a drunk driver. What indescribable pain and ache in our hearts which at times continues to this day. In our grief, we failed to notice that our older dog was also suffering. Candy never left our yard but went missing and was found dead on the road. We're sure she went looking for John.

Less than a month after John's burial, I awoke with no strength in my legs. A CT scan, a new diagnostic tool at that time and for which I had an agonizing wait for my turn, revealed a tumour on my spinal cord. It was at the heart and lung level, a very precarious spot. The doctors warned me that the usual outcome in these situations was life in a wheelchair. After consultations with several specialists, they decided on a two-part surgery but warned me it would require heavy duty rehabilitation. They thought I would be a good

candidate for this type of revolutionary surgery (rehab nursing was my specialty at that time). They were so right. It was an arduous slog, day after day. With very dedicated therapists and Larry's help every inch of the way, I slowly regained the use of my legs.

There was another blow to come. We had to part ways with our home, built with thirty years of love and labour and fixed to suit our needs and wants. On the doctor's advice, Larry had to find a house with no stairs and low maintenance before I left the hospital. To leave our home with its large yard, garden, and fruit trees and move to our present home was heart-breaking. Our marriage at this point had weathered many a storm. As Oscar Wilde stated, "To most of us, real life is the life we do not lead".

A change in fortune came in the news from Prague that after so many years, there was a protest that was sustained until the ruling government was banished for good. Around the world it was called "The Velvet Revolution". After more than fifty years, Larry finally got to go home. All the years seemed to melt away as he had a reunion with remaining members of his family, relatives and neighbours. As he sat in his boyhood home, he must have felt he had come full circle.

The foregoing is an anatomy of our bi-racial marriage, warts and all. Did we help blur the lines of racial and cultural divides? After our marriage, the world seemed to awaken to all things Japanese—the simple clear lines of art and design, the tasteful placement of a few flowers and green in ikebana, the tranquility of a Japanese garden, origami, etc. Previous feelings of aversion evolved into admiration and everything Japanese seemed fashionable, even up to marrying one. Today it's great to see these mixed unions with their beautiful children.

Now, in our "sunset" or "twilight years," our main focus is keeping body and soul together. We do have the luxury of time, time to while away in nostalgia...some sad, some glad. We met over sixty years ago...the journey continues.

"Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to toast, and old authors to read". – *Francis Bacon* 🍷

Mochizuki continued

the year. I never met these uncles, or if I did I was too young to remember.

It's not often I get to share this kind of thing with my non-*nikkei* friends. I often make *okaisan* – I mean, *chagayu* – for myself at home, but my roommate has no idea what I'm eating. When I mention *ochasuke* to others in the Japanese Canadian Young Leaders group, or at the museum, I get responses of fond recognition, but it's something I rarely even try to explain to others. It's easy for me to talk to anyone about the papers I wrote in school on the forced dispersal and redress, but I learned about these things mostly from researching those assignments, just as I learned about Japanese Takarazuka theatre, English Romantic poets, and the tension between politics and art in Cold War-era United States. I don't usually put *okaisan* into English words. "Umm...it's rice...cooked in green tea, like porridge..."

"Like congee?"

"I guess so. I've never had congee but it sounds similar."

Not that that properly describes the countless bowls of it I've consumed throughout my life. Leaving the little shed for a January twilight still thick with a cool mist, though, with Tina and Angus on either side of me, I feel like a lot has been more or less explained. 🍵



New Tashme Website

For a window into life at the Tashme internment camp between 1942 - 1946 check out **www.tashme.ca**



Treasures from the Collection



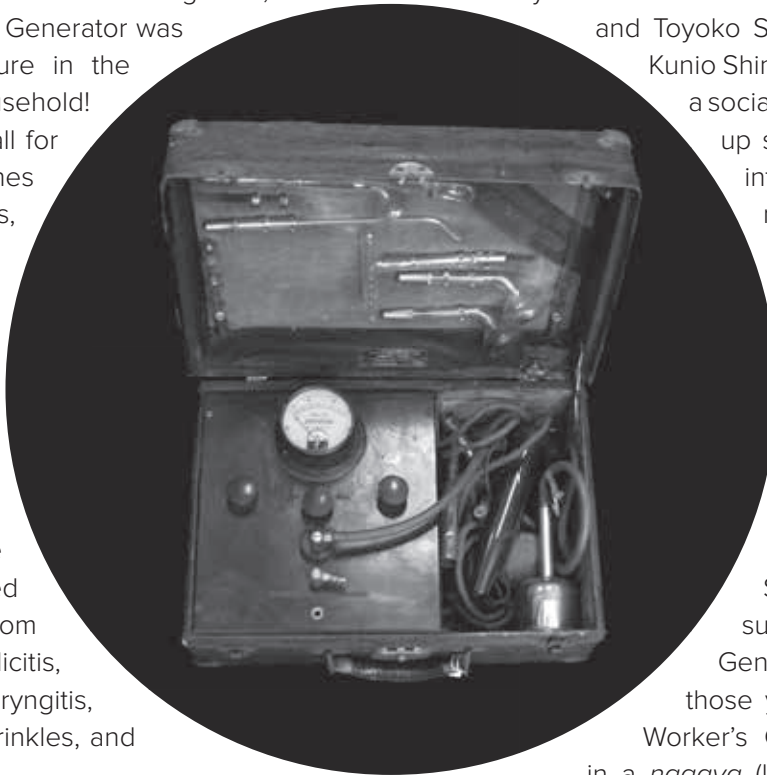
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Branston Violet Ray Generator, Vancouver ca. 1921

by Audrey MacDonald

Despite what you might think from first glance, this Branston Violet Ray Generator was actually a popular fixture in the early 20th century household! Believed to be a cure all for everything from aches and pains to hair loss, these electro-therapy machines were all the rage from the 1840s to the 1920s in North America and Europe. Branston's claims were similar to those of other Violet Ray makers: treatments were given for over a hundred ailments, ranging from abscess through appendicitis, diabetes, glaucoma, laryngitis, mumps, tuberculosis, wrinkles, and even writer's cramp.

This Branston Violet Ray Generator was donated by Kiyoshi Shimizu in 1992 and is one of the first artifacts donated to the Japanese Canadian Museum & Archives.



Kiyoshi Shimizu was born in 1920 to Yoshisaburo and Toyoko Shimizu and later married Kunio Shimizu in 1944. She became a social worker and helped to set up social work offices in the internment camps before moving to Toronto. Her father was a fisherman and logger, but suffered an injury in 1924, when his leg was crushed in a logging accident. Over the next ten years, Yoshisaburo would undergo multiple treatments by Dr. G.F. Strong, the orthopedic surgeon, at Vancouver General Hospital. During those years the family lived on Worker's Compensation and lived in a *nagaya* (longhouse) in the Heaps District, named for the sawmill that employed Japanese Canadians, near Victoria and Powell Street. 🌻

Audrey MacDonald was a Young Canada Works summer student in 2015 who worked on digitizing images related to the Tashme Historical Project. She has volunteered and taken on small contracts for the Nikkei National Museum.