



# Nikkei Images

National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre Newsletter ISSN#1203-9017 Spring 2006, Vol. 11, No. 1

## A Journal Comes of Age: A Decade of Nikkei Images

by **Michael C. Wilson**, *Department of Geology and Department of Sociology/Anthropology, Douglas College*

It is a rare delight to hear that Nikkei Images has come of age, marking its first decade of publication. The idea of a museum journal for what was then the Japanese Canadian National Museum and Archives Society grew over a series of meetings held by the society's board and subcommittees. I had come to the JCNMAS as Project Director, then Executive Director, from 1995 to 1997, with a mandate to develop and implement museum policies and initiatives. Many of these ideas came from the board and committee members during formal proceedings or afterward, over tea. I, too, had ideas and had travelled to the Japanese American Museum in Los Angeles with my wife, Ineke, where we saw at first hand how much potential there was for a similar museum of Japanese Canadian history. Frank Kamiya, JCNMAS president, had earlier visited the JANM and recommended we make the stop. Ineke and I were on our way back from a holiday and it was barely after Christmas, but Irene Hirano came in to welcome us and to explain the workings of the JANM. And she gave us copies of the museum magazine, a glossy, professional publication that spoke immediately of community support, dedication, scholarly excellence, and effective outreach. I realized that to be accepted as a credible addition to the Canadian museum community, the JCNMA would need more than creativity and innovation.

Openness to the community might be taken simply to mean an

“open door,” welcoming visitors to a carefully crafted educational experience. But if the community belongs in the museum, then the museum also belongs in the community through educational outreach. An effective museum journal is one of its key strategies. Over time the journal becomes a tradition, an expected companion, an eagerly awaited visitor bearing news, stories, reminiscences, and dreams of the future. Nikkei Images is now a part of tradition, and I earnestly hope it will flourish in that role, ever surprising, ever pleasing.

Not everything that goes on in a museum can be put in display cases, certainly not at one time. Only part of our considerable collection can be displayed. Visitors see the public galleries, displays, and featured exhibitions, but much of the activity in a museum happens behind the scenes, in collection rooms and laboratories. One way for the public to find out about such activities is for the museum journal to provide



*Michael Wilson (L) and Shane Foster (R) in the former Japanese Canadian National Museum & Archives Society office at 511 East Broadway, Vancouver, March 20, 1996. Sue Raymond, photographer. Japanese Canadian National Museum.*

articles about life behind the scenes, describing new acquisitions or discussing how objects are prepared, catalogued, and conserved.

Every object or image must be properly identified; and that in turn can lead to its proper interpretation.

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## Announcements

Things Japanese and Plant Sale  
May 13, 2006 11:00 AM-3:00 PM  
NNMHC

Images of Internment, 1942-1946  
May 19 - 26, 2006  
Exhibition Opening and Reception  
May 19, 2006, 7:00 PM  
NNMHC

**JCNM Lecture Series,**  
May 18, 2006, 7:30 PM  
*Memories of New Denver*  
Dr. Roy Yasui, Miho Steinberg  
and Henry Shimizu  
**NNMHC**

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

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Subscription to Nikkei Images  
is free with your yearly  
membership to NNMHCS:

Family \$25  
Individual \$20  
Senior/Student \$15  
Senior Couple \$20  
Non-profit Association \$50  
Corporate \$100  
\$1 per copy for non-members

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Each has a context, a surrounding cloud of information that should travel with it; but such is too easily lost. Here museum magazines play a vital role in asking the public for information: "Can you identify this picture (or artifact)?" Researchers undertake the comparative and historical studies that give meaning to an artifact and add life to a display. Many will in fact be visitors or volunteers, and quite a few will have discovered the opportunities by reading the museum magazine and learning about ongoing research programs. Part of the reward that they receive for a job well done will likely be in the magazine as well, as their own work is featured and discussed. Feature articles also allow us to give public thanks to funding agencies for their support, and in turn this encourages others to donate money to the evolving enterprise.

The museum community I have in mind does not have to be a town, or city. It can be a widely scattered group of people interconnected by shared heritage and shared interests. Museums are in the forefront of a search for meaning, which is a nice way of saying, "cultural or historical baggage." An artifact that still carries its baggage is a treasure, but the baggage can contain both pleasant and unpleasant truths, happy and sad memories. But from whom do we learn these meanings? Some of them are already written in books, but much also resides in the memories of individuals: the community of readers of Nikkei Images, who now have an active role to play. The written word, combined with photographic or other images, has amazing power. The museum and its magazine become two faces of the same endeavour, drawing in people at the same time as spreading information outward to an even greater community.

A community's heritage tends to be viewed as something of the past; yet the word "heritage" is linked to "inherit." Heritage is that which we pass down from one generation

to the next, and a community's heritage is a collective memory of people and events that are agreed upon as important. After all, we cannot preserve or even remember everything. As I see my parents' generation come to the time of failing memory, I begin to wonder if their "forgetfulness" is really a pathology, or is it also a mark of their ability to select what is important? Their short-term memories fail, but for a time their long-term memories are still there, unencumbered by the daily noise. There, for a fleeting moment, are the memories of times long past, heritage to be passed forward to those who will listen. Our tireless volunteer colleagues are a community of concerned people who can in turn be motivated, mobilized, and rewarded by an effective museum magazine. As the magazine delivers information, it is one of the important ways in which we pass on this recorded heritage to another generation.

Challenges remain, as with any publication series. With the passing of another decade the story of post-war Japanese immigrants to Canada becomes ever more history and deserving of scholarly inquiry. This new wave of Japanese immigrants differs in cultural ways, attitudes, and even dialect from the first Japanese Canadians, yet there is much that they hold in common. The pages of Nikkei Images will come, I hope, to tell their stories as well. A second challenge is that of overcoming the fact that Nikkei Images still tends to be viewed as a regional publication. The mandate of the Japanese Canadian National Museum is clearly national, and Nikkei Images should be a national publication. Such recognition must arise, however, through accomplishment rather than through the making of claims; and I am confident that the Nikkei Images community will continue to grow on a national scale.

How did I, an English-born post-war immigrant, come to play a role in the JCNMA? For me it was the outcome of a long interest

in Japanese Canadian and Japanese culture, one that started when I was a child in Calgary. In the mid-1950s our minister was joined by a young junior minister, Timothy Nakayama. Our family was genuinely touched by his youthful enthusiasm and dedication and my sister and I were convinced he had been brought in especially for us! Little did we then know the story that lay behind his family's wartime displacement to southern Alberta, for the mid-1950s were the time of what his sister, Joy Kogawa, has called "the silence." Tim went away to another posting, and I was left with a curiosity that led me in time to study Japanese on my own. I found Radio Japan on short-wave, and listened to their "Japanese by Radio" lessons. I read about Japanese history and archaeology. And only then did I begin to hear about the wartime treatment of Japanese Canadians. A veil was lifted, the silence was filled with messages. How I wished that I could have heard the story directly from Tim! Well, in time I

did hear it -- or at least read it -- in Joy's evocative words, and I could picture him as well. Later, I moved to the University of Lethbridge and found myself teaching young people from southern Alberta Japanese Canadian families. I went with Ineke on exchange to Japan and taught at Hokkai Gakuen University, in Sapporo, and learned even more about Japanese history and culture. In establishing Nikkei Images, I hoped to be giving back something in return for this gift of knowledge. I wanted to help return something to the community: empowerment.

In describing the landscape, the French author Gaston Bachelard has said, "We cover the universe with drawings we have lived." Marshall McLuhan was right in saying that "the medium is the message." A medium such as a museum journal, by its very existence, creates a message in the form of a whole landscape of meanings -- a landscape of drawings we have lived. It is not merely another way of saying something that is said in a museum display. It

is a distinctive experience, a chance to communicate directly with an extremely widespread "village" of people linked by heritage and interests, sharing images of the past, preserved in the present, and interpreted for generations yet to come. Nikkei Images has lived up to its advance billing, and has become better and better over the years through the efforts of several editors -- now an editorial board -- and a great many writers, almost all of them volunteering their time. And it now tells me, by its volume number, that I am ten years older than I was when we were sitting around a table, musing about an appropriate name. How far it has come! And how far, too, it may go, if we continue to give it the support it deserves. It may not yet have a glossy cover, but it has indeed grown into the journal that was in my mind's eye in 1995. I like to imagine that each copy of Nikkei Images arriving in the mail whispers a faint but audible message: *Yoroshiku onegai shimasu*. I take care of my copies! ❁

## Reminiscing about the Steveston Japanese Language School and Moncton Street by Miyo Saito

When I first started teaching at the Steveston Japanese Language School in 1984, the school was located in the Steveston Community Centre on Moncton Street, where many Japanese Canadian families still live. When you walk along Moncton Street you will see many houses whose front yards look like rock gardens - you can tell a Japanese family lives there.

In those days the street was very quiet and local people enjoyed shopping in the small stores along the street. Once in a while the smell of fish from the BC Packers Cannery drifted towards the street. It is very difficult to imagine Moncton Street in those days if you have only seen today's version of it.

When I first started teaching there were three teachers including myself and about 90 students. In those days even the children whose parents were from Japan did not speak



*Young children wearing Oni-masks in front of Steveston Japanese Cultural Centre on the day of Setsubun mamemaki (Miyo Saito photo, 2003)*

Japanese very well. I guess flying to Japan was very expensive so parents did not take their children to Japan

as often. And, unlike today, children did not have many opportunities

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First grade students at New Year's party (Miyo Saito photo, 2003)

to enjoy Japanese comic books or video games. Nowadays many nissei children visit Japan every year and watch Japanese videos and play Japanese video games all the time.

The school was using the classrooms in Steveston Community Centre until June of 1992. In September 1992 the school moved to the newly built Steveston Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre located behind the Martial Arts Centre. Because I would always see these Japanese style buildings and speak Japanese all the time, I felt like I was living in Japan. It got to the point where after school I would drive out to Moncton Street thinking, "This is strange. Why do I see so many *hakujin* people here?" Then I would realize, "Oh yeah, I am in Canada".

The new cultural centre is L-shaped and half the building is used for seniors' activities such as craft classes, *karaoke*, etc. The other half consists of four classrooms (or one large rectangular room with retractable walls). It is surrounded by lots of old trees and a large field. We often see squirrels running around. When the students see a squirrel from the classroom window, they all run to the window to see it. The teacher sometime had to stop the class for a minute or so. For over 10 years there was a bald eagle's nest up high on one of the tall trees behind the centre. When spring came we looked forward to

seeing baby birds chirping in the nest, then a few weeks later the baby birds would practice flying while the mother bird watched over them.

The Steveston Japanese Language School is a non-profit organization and will take children from any ethnic background. The school offers small separate classes for both Japanese speaking and non-Japanese speaking students from pre-school to high school levels. The classes run from Mondays to Saturdays. The Saturday classes are different from weekday classes. These classes are for teenage students who want to learn Japanese for the first time. These classes are very popular because many students take Japanese language at high school and get interested in learning more. When I started teaching the first Saturday class in a small room at the Steveston Community Centre in 1990, there were sixteen students. This year, there are nine classes from level 1 to 4 with 85 students. Also the adult conversational classes have been very popular ever since it was started a year ago.

When I was a teacher/principal I always wanted the students to learn not only the language and the culture of Japan, but also how the Japanese people have lived in Steveston and how they have been passing on their traditions to younger generations. Showing the students videos such as "Obachan's Garden", "Sleeping Tigers" and

taking them on field trips to the Gulf of Georgia Cannery and other places are the part of the school curriculum

When I write about Steveston Japanese Language School, I must write about our famous bazaar that lasted until 2002. Years ago there were not many occasions for Japanese people to enjoy Japanese style entertainment. The local people came to the school bazaar to buy sushi and manju. And they enjoyed children singing on stage. That was how the local people supported the school and enjoyed themselves.

Nowadays both parents are busy working. Children play sports and take music lessons. New younger parents from Japan don't know how to make *sushi* or *manju*. Many parents opted to pay more tuition. Organizing this annual big event was getting more difficult each year. Finally the school had to decide to abandon the bazaar that lasted 42 years.

Have you seen Moncton Street recently? It is filled with stylish condominiums, fashionable shops, even the people who are walking the street look worldly. The cannery is gone. There is no more fish smells. Instead you smell coffee. There are quite a few coffee shops along the street Oh yes, no more eagles.

If you are only walking down the street hopping from shop to shop and looking for fashionable items it is very hard to imagine that the history of Japanese Canadians started here on Moncton street.

However, when you come to Steveston please visit more than just the shops. For example walk to Garry Point park, located at the south end of Seventh Avenue and Chatham street. You will see many, many cherry trees. In the spring time, when the flowers are in full bloom, it will be a perfect *hanami* spot. I also suggest that you walk along the water front where the Japanese Fisherman's Statue and The Murakami Ship Yard is located (remember the movie "Obachan's Garden"?). You will see these very important pieces of Japanese Canadian history. They are standing surrounded by new

condominiums and stylish houses. In Steveston, there are groups of people who have been working very hard to restore the footprints of Japanese Canadians. Planting cherry trees in the Garry Point Park is one of their accomplishments. Thanks to

the foresight and dedication of these people every time we visit Steveston we can still feel our history and be proud of being Japanese Canadians even though we are a minority in this diversified country. ❀

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## Steveston Japanese School by Harold Steves



*Jessie Steves' class of the Steveston Japanese School annex to the Lord Byng School. (H. Steves photo, 1928)*

- |                                   |                                 |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Jessie Steves                  | 21. Eiko Shinde (nee Ishida)    |
| 2. Hato Santaro                   | 22. Jitsuko Nishi (nee Wakita)  |
| 3. Yeizo Tanaka                   | 23. Toyoko Hayashi (nee Hirai)  |
| 4. Minoru Shiozaki                | 24. Tamiko Katai (nee Okamoto)  |
| 5. Senichi Ikari                  | 25. Shigeo Kobayashi            |
| 6. Masayoshi Oye                  | 26. Hanako Yonekura             |
| 7. Takashi Hasimoto               | 27. Yaeko Oike (nee Tamemoto)   |
| 8. Matsuo Matsumura               | 28. Yukie Yoshida               |
| 9. Kenji Nakata                   | 29. Sumiko Takai (nee Nakagawa) |
| 10. Juichi Nakatsu                | 30. Mary Yodagawa (nee Mukai)   |
| 11. Kazuo Sato                    | 31. Shizue Sakai                |
| 12. Saichi Tamoto                 | 32. Chizuko Shimano             |
| 13. Toshio Matsubara              | 33. Takeo Furuya                |
| 14. Miyoko Uraisami (nee Tanaka)  | 34. Satomi Matsuba              |
| 15. Kikue Hikida                  | 35. Yasuhiko Matsushita         |
| 16. Teruko Takata (nee Yamamoto)  | 36. Goro Sakai                  |
| 17. Kazuko Tamura (nee Kuramoto)  | 37. Shigemi Sogawa              |
| 18. Fusako Ikari                  | 38. Noboru Haya                 |
| 19. Kiyoko Hamade (nee Morimoto)  | 39. Tetsuro Konishi             |
| 20. Toshie Minamide (nee Yoshida) | 40. Shintaro Shimizu            |

*Jessie Steve's class to match the picture above. (coutesy H. Steves)*

In 1884 the English family, who operated the English (Phoenix) Cannery, provided Steveston's first school in an empty building that was once used for the first post office. Virginia English and her mother taught a handful of children from the early pioneer families. School classes were moved to a church at London's Landing in 1887. Then in 1888 the provincial government constructed a one-room school, known as the English School, in the farming area at Number Two Road and Number Nine Road (now known as Steveston

Highway).

In 1890 Steveston pioneers began to send their children to classes in the Opera House on Second Avenue to avoid having their children travel to the English School. Classes were also held in an Ice Cream Parlour and at the Methodist Indian Mission (Steveston United Church), both on Second Avenue. In 1897 Steveston's first one-room school was built further down Second Avenue at Georgia Street. Parents of students at the English School protested to the provincial government that the Ste-

veston residents had allowed Indian and other children to attend classes at Steveston, thus increasing the enrolment to their detriment. However, the English School was closed.

With Japanese, Native Indian and Chinese children increasing attendance to 35 children by 1906, the one-room Steveston School was replaced by a new two-room school. One class included 1st and 2nd primary, the second included 1st to 4th reader (grades 3 to 7) A third room was added in 1907. Early class photographs from 1906 to 1909 show Native Indian, Chinese and Japanese children Fanny Phoenix, Lee Foo, Kiko Tamura and others attending.

In 1906 control of the Steveston School was assumed by the newly formed Richmond School Board. With a tremendous growth in the school population, the board ruled that only children of "known residents of Steveston", whose families owned property, could attend public

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*Steveston Japanese School students and teachers: Steveston Japanese School students and teachers. (H. Steves photo, 1914-1916).*



*Steveston Japanese School: Steveston Japanese School (H. Steves photo, 1914).*

school. Most Japanese families lived in houses owned by the canneries. They approached the school board to have the Japanese children fully integrated into the Steveston School, but were turned down.

In 1909 the Steveston Japanese School was built north east of Number One Road and Chatham Street near the Japanese Hospital, with two classrooms joined by a roof and porch covering an open area between them. Two more rooms and a large hall were added later forming a U-shaped school. There was a planked play area between the buildings, sometimes used for *sumo* wrestling. Sometimes a Shinto Priest visited the playground and threw candies to the children. A teeter-totter in front of the school completed the playground. Japanese teachers were hired to teach the curriculum adopted from the Japanese school system. Mr. Nobutaro Takashima was the school principal and Mrs. Takashima was a teacher. Around 1914 Mrs. Chilton, the bank manager's wife, her sister, Miss Butcher, Edith Steeves and others were hired to teach classes in English.

Japanese language school was also held at the parish hall of St. Anne's Anglican Church on 4th Avenue. Mrs Austin Harris taught English there for seven years, at first mornings only, then a full five-hour day.

Richmond began to build a new four-room school with full basement in 1921, beside the Steveston Public

School, naming it the Lord Byng School after the governor –general of Canada. In 1923 the Richmond School Board finally agreed to allow Japanese children to attend, and with this commitment the Japanese community raised the money to finish the school in 1925. Japanese parents were concerned that their children did not know adequate English when they started school. In 1925 a kindergarten to teach Japanese children English was opened by the Women's Missionary Society of the United Church. There were 125 kindergarten pupils the first year and in 1928 a new two-storey kindergarten was built on Chatham Street.

By 1928 the new Lord Byng school was already too small. Eight classes of 40 to 45 students were being held in various annexes, including the Japanese School, the Japanese School Annex at Number One Road and Chatham Street, the Japanese Kindergarten and St. Anne's Parish Hall. Jessie Steves (Hall), Elsie Esplin (Hunter) and Elva Carson (Moorside) all taught at the Japanese school. Hide Hyodo (Shimizu), one of two Japanese to obtain a British Columbia teaching certificate before the Second World War, was a member of the Steveston Public School staff at Lord Byng School.

Japanese community leaders offered to contribute one-half the cost of a larger school if they could teach Japanese language classes there after regular classes. In 1930 a new

14-room school was constructed with \$20,000 from the provincial government, \$20,000 from the Japanese community, and \$8,000 for supplies from the Richmond School Board.

In 1935 the Franciscan Sisters of Atonement from the Roman Catholic Church opened a second kindergarten at the corner of Richmond Street and Second Avenue.

By 1937 Lord Byng School's two buildings held fifteen classes under principal D.J. Thomas. Eight classes contained Caucasian children with Japanese students well versed in English. Seven classes contained only Japanese students.

As a result of a reduction in fishing licences and a desire of fishermen to increase their income, some Japanese residents rented land and became farmers. Children of Japanese farmers with previous contact with Caucasian children usually knew enough English to enter the school. Children of Japanese fishermen were not so fortunate and would spend up to two years in the Catholic or United Church kindergartens. The United Church kindergarten was operating with 90 to 100 pupils in charge of Miss Dorothy M. Cotton and her assistant Miss Alma Barry. After learning their English there, pupils graduated to Lord Byng at six years old.

Japanese parents who did not own land volunteered to pay five dollars a head for Japanese pupils attending school. In 1936, \$2315 was paid.

Under a "gentleman's agreement" the Japanese Language School paid \$700 per year towards the cost of light, heat and janitor services in return for the use of eight classrooms. Eight teachers instructed pupils after school in Japanese language, history and traditions. Five of the teachers were young men. Fumio Kajiro was the principal and his wife was a teacher. In 1937, 330 out of 432 Japanese students at Lord Byng School attended Japanese school after regular classes from grades above grade two.

By May 1942, after war was

declared with Japan, the complete evacuation of 22,000 Japanese residents had reduced Steveston's population by two-thirds. Attendance at Lord Byng School dropped from 550 to 137.

The Kajiro family lived in a fine two-storey house at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Steveston Highway. As a key leader in the Japanese community, Fumio Kajiro was one of the first three to be interned, taken directly from the school.

The school population increased

again when children of Boeing Aircraft workers at Sea Island travelled by bus to Lord Byng, and Native families arrived from the north to take over fishing and canning.

After the Japanese were relocated to internment camps in the interior of British Columbia, Hide Hyoda helped organize and supervise school instruction for Japanese children in seven B.C. camps. Many of these children were taught by correspondence courses and older students, instead of qualified teachers.

By 1950 many Japanese families were returning to Steveston to fish and work for the canneries. School Principal Fred Aberdeen and his teachers ignored suggestions that the students be segregated.

In 1996, after three years of debate and attempts to save it, the original four room Lord Byng School was demolished by Richmond Council. A new school was constructed in its place, with a garden dedicated to Hide Hyoda. ❀

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## Vancouver Japanese Language School and Japanese Hall

by Francis Motohisa Niiro



Opening ceremonies of the Vancouver Japanese Language School. (VJLS photo, 1906)

Vancouver Japanese Language School and Japanese Hall opened on January 12, 1906. During 2006, the VJLS-JH's Centennial year, we will be celebrating through various community events, cultural programs and the publishing of a book that tells the fascinating story of this unique organization.

In Japan there is a popular television documentary series called "And Then History Changed." I am following the format of this program by posing two "ifs" regarding VJLS-JH's history. They are: 1) What if Japan did not fight with Russia in 1904, and 2) What if the school's pipes did not freeze during the exceptionally cold winter of 1950? Let us see.

If Japan did not fight with Russia in 1904, VJLS-JH would not have opened. In August 1905, Japanese Foreign Minister Jutaro Komura went to Portsmouth, N.H., to negotiate a peace treaty with Russia. In September, after signing the treaty, Foreign Minister Komura returned to Japan via CPR and stopped over in Vancouver. There he met with the Japanese Consul Kishihiro Morikawa regarding the situation of Japanese immigrants.

By this time, the number of Japanese immigrants had increased and some had decided to make Canada

their home. These men called their families or their brides-to-be from Japan. The first child born in Canada was Katsuji Oya, born in 1890, who was the son of a grocer on 400-block Powell Street.

In 1905, there were 30 children in Japan Town. By the beginning of the 20th Century there were two small schools opened by Ko Kishimoto and Gomei Asano; however, they were more like *terakoya* or small tutoring groups.

Foreign Minister Komura was concerned about the educational condition of the children and strongly advised that a formal school be built as soon as possible. He donated \$150 US toward the building of the School. (Education up to grade 4 had been compulsory in Japan since 1900).

Consul Morikawa took Minister Komura's suggestion seriously and a month after the minister's visit, an education committee was formed to plan the opening of a school. There were originally ten committee members. Among them were Reverend Sasaki of the newly opened Vancouver Buddhist Church, Reverend Kaburagi of the Japanese Methodist Church, and Mr. Kaneko, manager of Tamura & Company, a prominent trading business in Japan Town.

In January of the following year, the first school

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New Japanese Language School. (VJLS photo, 1909)



*Newly re-constructed Vancouver Japanese Language School. (VJLS photo, 1928)*

for Japanese children was established in a temporary building on Jackson Street under Principal Hitoshi Kozuka. The curriculum at that time for students up to 4th grade included Japanese language, mathematics, music, ethics, English, and physical education. Fourth to eighth graders also studied Japanese history, geography, science, art, and sewing. On June 15, 1906, a new permanent school building opened at 439 Alexander Street. The cost of the land and the building was \$8000.

As a result of more immigrants desiring to have their children educated in both English and Japanese, in 1919, the policy of the school was changed to drop the instruction of general subjects and to focus on Japanese language instruction only. Children would thus attend regular Canadian public schools in English and go to learn Japanese language afterwards. As more immigrants settled in Japan Town, the VJLS-JH also increasingly played a vital role as a community gathering place and organization.

By 1920 the number of students had increased dramatically and the old school became too small. Principal Sato, who presided over the School for more than 50 years, began his term in 1921. In 1924, decision was made to expand the school and the present heritage building was completed in 1928. During the 1930s the student population was consistently over 1000.

On December 7, 1941, war was declared and the school was forced to close on the following day. In April 1942, Japanese in Vancouver were given orders to prepare for relocation. On May 10, VJLS-JH hired real estate agent Pemberton & Co. to make arrangements to lease the school and in July, the school signed a contract with the Ministry of Defense. Principal Sato and his wife moved to Alberta and most of the board members moved to the East. Japanese Canadians were prohibited from residing within 100 miles of the Pacific Coast.

In 1946, the first VJLS-JH board meeting since the war was held in Toronto. At that time, Principal Sato shared a letter he received from the governmental custodian of Japanese Canadian properties who advised that the school building be sold. The board decided that it would approve the sale for \$35000. In a second meeting in 1948, the board discussed the custodian's offer of

\$20000. Opinion was divided as to whether they should sell or wait. Soon after, the Ministry of Defense released their lease and the building was taken over by the Army & Navy Department Store.

In the winter of 1950, the piping of the School's heating system froze due to severe cold weather. The damage proved too serious for Army & Navy and they evacuated the building without notice. In September 1951, Principal Sato came to Vancouver to sue the department store. During that visit, the newly formed Japanese Canadian Citizens' Association (JCCA) and former students gathered to honour Mr. Sato and they requested that he return to Vancouver to reopen the school. Domicile restriction had been lifted in 1949 and Japanese Canadian population was beginning to increase again in Vancouver.

At a Toronto meeting in 1952, the VJLS-JH board agreed to reuse the building as a school and in June 1952, Vancouver's JCCA formed a committee to plan for the reopening. Finally, in September of that year, the school reopened but at a temporary building (the present Vancouver Buddhist Church) because the lease contract situation was still unresolved. In March of 1953 the building again was in the hands of VJLS-JH and renovations by enthusiastic volunteers began. On May 2, 1953, a spectacular reopening ceremony was held in the auditorium of the old familiar school.

So, the second if is, if the pipes during that winter did not freeze, would the school be here today? Perhaps we should thank Army & Navy for the fact that we are celebrating our 100th birthday, not only in the building that they vacated, but also in the new 5 story multi-use complex that was built in 2000 adjoining the heritage site. Our School has expanded over the years beyond the original elementary school to include high schoolers, pre-schoolers and adults and beyond Japanese Canadians to students of all backgrounds.

The fascinating story of VJLS-JH will be published in a 100-page bilingual book that will be launched on August 5, 2006. There will be an accompanying exhibit with historic pictures, documents, and artifacts collected over the life of the school. We look forward to seeing you at the launch and at the various other community events that we are holding throughout the year.



*Modern Vancouver Japanese Language School. (VJLS photo, 2005)*



For further information about the school and our anniversary events, please call us at (604) 254 2551 or

check out our website at [www.vjls-jh.com](http://www.vjls-jh.com). Please also contact me if you have any stories and mementos

of the school that you would like to share for the book and exhibit. ❁

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## FROM “BRIDGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC” TO “GLOBAL CITIZEN: JAPANESE AS A HERITAGE LANGUAGE IN CANADA”

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*Dr. Hiroko Noro. (H. Noro photo, date unknown)*

### 1. Introduction

The year 2002 marked the centennial of the first Japanese language instruction given to Canadian-born children of Japanese immigrants. Japanese had early status as an immigrant language in Western Canada, has contemporary status as a heritage language in Canada, and has global status as an international language taught in both secondary and post-secondary school systems. What are the structures within the Japanese-Canadian community that enhance language maintenance? What are the value systems, spiritual and secular, that support attempts at language maintenance? What is the reality of language maintenance and shift? My long-term project intends to answer these questions. The continued existence of Japanese as a heritage language in Canada is subject to the delicate balance of opposing forces of language preservation and language attrition. The Japanese language schools, known as nihongo gakkō, have played a key role in language maintenance for 100 years. During these years, they have faced many challenges in the Canadian socio-political arena, and have been continuously adapting themselves to face these challenges. This paper

presents a snapshot of the history of Japanese as a heritage language in Canada over a period of 100 years, from its very beginning to the present. It highlights both change and continuity in heritage Japanese language education in Canada.

### 2. Background

“... I want to become a bridge across the Pacific Ocean.”

These words were spoken by Dr. Inazo Nitobe—Japanese educator, scholar and diplomat. In the early 1930s, when the possibility of war was on people’s minds, Dr. Nitobe visited the University of British Columbia and other North American institutions, where he lectured about the need for “peace and understanding between East and West”. “Bridge across the Pacific”—a frequently-used metaphor in Canada’s pre-war Japanese community—epitomizes the first-generation pre-war Japanese immigrants’ wish for their Canadian-born offspring until the year 1941.

Relations between East and West are certainly more peaceful now than they were in the years that followed Pearl Harbor. A new metaphor emerged in conjunction with the global economy, international networks, migration and relations between Asia and North America. This new metaphor, “global citizen”, epitomizes the post-war Japanese immigrants’ wish for their Canadian-born offspring.

It is my hope to illustrate how the two metaphors of “bridge across the Pacific” and “global citizen” are exemplified in the socio-historical accounts of Japanese as a heritage language in Canada.

### 3. *Kakehashi*: “Bridge across the Pacific”

*Kakehashi*. This favorite metaphor used by Japanese expatriates in the pre-World War II period means “bridge across.” The expression conjures up the image of a person who mediates between different worlds. “A Bridge across the Pacific Ocean” is a mission of Dr. Inazo Nitobe. In 1883, at the entrance examination for University of Tokyo, Inazo Nitobe explained why he wished to study agricultural economics and English literature at the University. His answer was: “I wished to be a bridge across the Pacific Ocean, a bridge across which western ideas could flow without obstacle or impediment to Japan, and over which oriental ideas could find entrance to America.”

Ever since the first official Japanese emigration to Hawaii in 1885, discourses regarding second-generation Japanese children have flourished in Japan. Often such discourses were made by intellectuals of that time, such as social critic, educators, and government officials, in the form of books, articles, and public lectures. Their tone was enlightening and popular, rather than theoretical and academic. There are three notable characteristics in this ideology: 1) emphasis on bicultural/bilingual development to become “peaceful ties” between Japan and host countries; 2) emphasis on Japanese language education for Nisei; 3) emphasis on *Yamato damashii* (Japanese spirit). Abiko Kyutaro, publisher of *Nichibei Shimbun* was one of the strong advocates of *kakehashi-ron*, who initiated an educational program to send Nisei students to Japan based on this ideology as early as the mid 1920s (Azuma, 2004). In

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1925 and 1926 Abiko's Nichibei Shimbun newspaper sponsored Nisei *Kengakudan*, or study-tour groups, which journeyed throughout Japan on three-month excursions. According to Yuji Ichioka, financiers like Shibusawa Eiichi supported the idea of *Kengakudan*. Thereafter, the bridge concept became so pervasive in the Japanese community that many second-generation leaders came to embrace this idea as well. As Azuma (2004) states, "a sense of internationalism, which glamorized a future "role" for the Nisei beyond the pale of the North America, accompanied this perceptual change." Following the devastating war in Europe in the late 1910s, Issei leaders came to feel that the center of the world had been moving from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where a higher level of civilization would take shape. With the genesis of this "Pacific civilization," history itself would soon enter into a new "Pacific Era," whence North America and Japan would emerge as the pivotal powers by replacing their European rivals on the wane. Not only would the two areas represent the West and the East, but in this immigrant vision they would also fuse the best of the divided worlds into one. Born as Canadian citizens with Japanese heritage, the Nisei became inadvertently saddled with the mission of facilitating this process as a bridge of understanding between the two nations and the two worlds. As I interviewed former students of prewar *nihongo gakko*, *Taiheiyo jidai* (Pacific era) was frequently mentioned in the prewar Japanese community.

According to Azuma (2004), there was another angle to the popularity of "kakehashi-ron." Although his argument is centered on the prewar Japanese community in the United States, his argument could be applied to the prewar Canadian case. Under the façade of the cosmopolitan bridge ideal, this ideology formed a field of contestation between the perspective and logic of Japanese immigrants, embedded in their minority experience, and the

political agenda of Imperial Japan in pursuit of colonial expansion. Azuma elaborated the reason for the popularity of *kakehashi-ron* as follows: "...these were not necessarily mutually exclusive, since Issei often interpreted Japan's militaristic ascendancy in Asia in such a way as to bolster their own ideology of racial empowerment in the American context—the conflation of Japan's present and the Nisei's future—which motivated many immigrants to send their children to the "racial" homeland in the first place. Transnational education, in this respect, was a complex entanglement of disparate interests, competing visions, and conflicting expectations that did not look so different *prima facie*. (Azuma, 2004, p.9)

The forty years after the founding in 1902 of the first school for children of Japanese immigrants in Vancouver saw a gradual increase in the number of such institutions established in British Columbia. By the time of Japan's entry into World War II, second-generation Japanese Canadians went to nearby *nihongo gakko* after their public school classes were over. In the early years of settlement, the Japanese were employed as cheap contract workers in the lumbering, fishing, mining and railway building industries. Once they had accumulated sufficient funds and skills, many managed to move into self-employed fishing, farming and small-scale commercial trading. This shift, along with the birth of Nisei demonstrated the determination of the Japanese immigrants to become permanent residents of Canada as they settled down and raised children. When they came to Canada, Japanese immigrants, especially the women, brought with them a strong commitment to schooling. As the number of Nisei increased, parental concern for the proper education of their children grew. Issei parents attempted to instill the values they themselves had learned in Japan through the creation of private Japanese language schools. These schools served not only as teaching institutions but also as community

centers for the local Japanese people. As all local Japanese, including the community leaders and even the consuls sent from Japan, were actively involved in these schools, they often became the focus of conflicting influential forces, including Canadian society at large, the Japanese community, the parents and the teachers. Anti-Japanese protagonists claimed that Japanese language schools were nurturers of Japanese nationalism. Leaders of the Japanese community were faced with a difficult situation, as opinions about the role of Japanese language schools became polarized among Japanese immigrant parents. One group supported the existing structure, i.e. Japanese language schools being the main educational institutions for the Nisei children. The other group believed that Japanese language schools should be secondary to the Canadian public school system. After several years of discord within the Japanese community, the Japanese language schools declared their status to be secondary to that of the Canadian public schools. Their curricula were changed in such a way as to make them language-centered, and every effort was made to correct their nationalistic image—Canadian teachers were even invited to visit them. Despite these efforts to gain the understanding of Canadian public schools teachers, Japan's entry into World War II ended the pre-war history of Japanese language schools.

In 1952, the oldest Japanese language school in Canada, Vancouver Japanese Language School, was re-opened. The eleven-year interruption of school operation alone was damaging enough, but the psychological trauma experienced by the members of the pre-war Japanese Canadian communities, especially by the second-generation Japanese Canadians before, during and after the war, was so devastating that many years of healing were required. This historical event robbed the pre-war Japanese Canadians of their sense of community, and for a time completely destroyed Japanese as a heritage

language in Canada. Japanese was not passed on as a heritage language from the second-generation Japanese-Canadian parents to the third-generation Japanese-Canadian children. Enrollment figures at the newly re-opened Japanese language schools remained low until the early 1980s.

The beginning of post-war immigration from Japan in the mid-1960s, coupled with Japan's economic growth, gave rise to the re-establishment of Japanese language schools. The main clients of these newly started Japanese language schools were the offspring of post-war Japanese immigrants. At the peak of creation of Japanese language schools in British Columbia, there were twenty privately run schools. Similar trends were taking place all over Canada, especially in major urban centers such as Toronto. At the oldest and largest school in the early 1990s, the Vancouver Japanese Language School, over 400 students were enrolled.

#### 4. "Global Citizen"

At the height of Japan's economic boom, the Japanese language attained its current global status. In the early 1990s, interest in Asian languages such as Japanese, Mandarin and to a lesser extent, Korean, was the result of a growing Canadian awareness of the impact of globalization and the significance of Asia in the new global economy. Japanese and Mandarin language programs were introduced to public schools in BC. The significance of these programs is that they were not introduced as "heritage" programs targeted at Canadian students of Japanese or Chinese origin — they were primarily directed at students with no heritage connection to either language or culture, but with an interest in Asia-Pacific studies. Despite the heightened status of Japanese, Japanese language schools faced financial problems due to competition from the regularized Japanese language programs, especially secondary level programs offered in the public school system.

Whereas the Japanese language program in the public school system was free of charge, the privately run Japanese language schools charged tuition fees. To cope with this financial crisis, some schools extended their programs to attract learners from non-Japanese backgrounds.

At present, the student population of Japanese language schools in BC, especially in the Greater Vancouver area, is increasing, despite the competition from the provincially run Japanese programs in public schools and the decline in numbers of Japanese Canadian children, i.e. of post-war Japanese immigrants' offspring. This presents a stark contrast to Toronto, where once fifteen Japanese language schools were in full operation, but now only four schools remain, having survived the major population decline among school-age children of postwar immigrants. Interestingly, Calgary, Canada's current boomtown, boasts an increasing number of children enrolled in two Japanese language schools. Most of these are the children of intermarried couples where one parent is native Japanese. New students at the Japanese language schools include not only children of intermarried couples, but also children of non-Japanese Asian couples who moved to the Greater Vancouver area with their parents when they were young. These children are from Taiwan, Hong Kong, China, Singapore and Korea, and are familiar with forms of Japanese pop culture such as animation, comics and pop music. In fact, they are so immersed in Japanese pop culture that they feel more comfortable with the Japanese language and culture than with the English language and Canadian culture.

Vancouver itself offers a unique atmosphere, being a Pacific Rim city that draws nourishment from its direct links to such centres as Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Seoul, Taipei, and Tokyo. These cities have specific pockets of expansion in Vancouver, as exemplified by mushrooming Asian shopping centres.

The official Canadian policy

of multiculturalism seems to have taken root among ordinary people. The attention given to the diversity within a specific culture/language group and efforts to make sense of the group's contemporary social and political condition demonstrate an attempt to achieve a meaningful and less stereotypical approach to exploring culture.

Although the Japanese language schools have been transforming themselves from educational institutions specifically intended for Canadian-born Nisei into educational institutions promoting Japanese language and culture among non-Japanese learners, there are a few elements that remain unchanged. Among these are the teachers' and parents' passion for Japanese language and culture education and the basic adaptability of the Japanese language schools. In addition, the students view the Japanese language schools as a place where they can see friends from a similar cultural background with respect to customs, food, and so on, and as a place where they can nourish long-term friendships.

I would like to point out that Canada's multiculturalism policy has helped to change Canadians' outlook on cultural diversity. The change has been a positive one. It has helped Japanese Canadians to regain the ethno-linguistic pride they had once lost. It is interesting to note that most publicly operated Japanese language programs, whether they taught Japanese as a heritage language or as an international language, did not survive the federal and provincial budget cuts that accompanied the economic decline that has plagued Japan since the early '90s. Only privately run nihongo gakko that adapted to societal change survived. Although Canada's policy of multiculturalism helped to change the views of Canadians, including those of Japanese origin, on linguistic/cultural heritage preservation, it alone cannot ensure the survival and growth of ethnic communities. The

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survival of ethnic language schools depends on factors of sociolinguistic vitality, such as language status, socioeconomic status, etc. The Japanese Canadian community as an ethnic group has not only had a long historical presence in Canada but also continues to be renewed by new immigration. Unlike most other heritage languages, the status of Japanese as a heritage language is complicated by the obvious fact of numerous short-term business visitors and post-secondary students, as well as its recent ascendancy as an international language worthy of study by people of non-Japanese descent.

In place of conclusion, I would like to introduce part of speech made by a female Nisei graduate of Vancouver Japanese Language School at the Japanese speech contest held in 1930.

“Our resolutions” by Sumiko Suga (Alumni Association of Vancouver Japanese Language School)

For our prosperity in the future, we must plan our future, provided that Canada is a place of our permanent residence. We must share our lot with Canadians, by improving ourselves, understanding Canada and thinking for Canada. This way of thinking will lead to ultimate expansion of the Yamato nation and represents our loyalty to our motherland, Japan.

Therefore, we should become

exemplary Canadian citizens of Japanese-origin to the best of our ability. By doing so, we should demand Canada to acknowledge our ability, which could result in enfranchising and occupational equity. In addition, we should endeavor to build the Pacific era civilization, by introducing Japanese culture into Canadian culture.

I believe that this is what the Issei generation was not able to accomplish, but what we, Niseis are expected to accomplish.

*Feyabyu bukkyo seinenkai* (Fairview Buddhist Youth Society) (1930). *Otakebi* (Speeches by young Issei and Nisei), Uchida Shoten, pp.48-55.

Lastly, I would like to acknowledge financial support from the Metropolis Project and the Centre for Asia-Pacific Initiatives, University of Victoria, which has enabled me to conduct the research on which this paper is based. ❀

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## Osaka Science Centre Hosts Kusaka Symposium

by Victor Kusaka

Late last year a special event occurred in Osaka, Japan to commemorate the late Dr. Shuichi Kusaka. Dr. Kusaka continues to be remembered in Osaka as the “Genius Scientist” where he was born in 1915. His career is often referred to in the same context as Japan’s first Nobel Prize winner in science, physicist Hideki Yukawa. The two had met in Osaka in 1940 during Dr. Kusaka’s last visit with his parents.

Due in large part to the efforts of two key individuals, Dr. Akemi Ota, a distant relative of Dr. Kusaka, who is also a research scientist, and Mr.

Takuji Doi another Kusaka family friend from the past: the Osaka Science Centre agreed to participate in recognizing the achievements of Dr. Kusaka. Their efforts also precipitated involvement of Mr. and Mrs. Stan Fukawa, who generously volunteered to be the liaisons between the Kusaka family and the Osaka Science Centre visiting the Centre in the spring of 2005. Mr. Fukawa has also written a previous article about Dr. Kusaka in this publication.

The Osaka Science Centre kindly hosted this “Kusaka Symposium”

as a part of their celebrations of “2005 Year of Physics” and invited in addition to family members from Japan and Canada, professors from several universities to participate in sharing Dr. Kusaka’s life history, achievements and scientific research particularly related to elementary particle physics and meson theory. The Science Centre’s current goal is to prepare a Shuichi Kusaka exhibit as part of the centennial celebration of the birth of Hideki Yukawa to take place in 2007.

Representing the Kusaka family at the symposium from Vancouver

were: Sidney Iwata, Gordon and Edna Iwata, Angelita Iwata, Victor and Elaine Kusaka, Clarence and Carol Hansen and Yoshin and Lily Tamaki of Iwata Travel. Also in attendance was Dr. Kenichi Matsui, who represented the University of B.C. History Department.

At the October 29th, 2005 symposium, professors from three Osaka universities and Board and staff members of the Osaka Science Centre spoke on the advances in physics in the past century and Dr. Kusaka's contribution to theoretical physics in contributing to further understanding of particle physics. Dr. Yoshihiko Saito of the Centre made reference to Dr. Kusaka's research that became the source for Dr. Shoichi Sakata's "Two Meson" theory which explained some of the deficiencies in Dr. Yukawa's "Meson Spin" theory.

Clarence Hansen, a long time friend of Dr. Kusaka's extended

family, also spoke at the symposium on behalf of the Kusaka and Iwata families. His powerpoint presentation supported with digitized photo memorabilia of Dr. Kusaka's life was translated to the delight of the largely Japanese audience. In addition his presentation included a thoughtful historical perspective of the Japanese Canadian Community prior to the outbreak of the Second World War.

Mr. Hansen has stated "I was born and raised in the Strathcona area of Vancouver's eastside and am well acquainted with the obstacles faced by Shuichi Kusaka as he progressed socially and academically through Strathcona Elementary, Britannia Secondary and U.B.C. I have always admired friends and acquaintances who under similar circumstances achieved well beyond the expectations of their parents, teachers and mentors. I know many such individuals but their

achievements pale in comparison to Shuichi Kusaka who rose to the highest ranks of the international scientific and academic community in his short life." "I am amazed", said Hansen "that a man who is revered in the United States and honoured in Japan does not have the same accolades bestowed upon him in Canada where his pursuit of knowledge began."

Mr. Hansen is writing about Dr. Kusaka and asks anyone who may have any information related to Dr. Kusaka's life to contact him through this publication. It is Mr. Hansen's intention to write a historical novel about Dr. Kusaka's life and the times in which he lived.

Mr. Hansen has kindly repeated his presentation that he gave to the "Kusaka Symposium" for a local audience as part of the Nikkei Heritage Centre's "Speaker Series". Family members were in attendance to help answer questions. ❁

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## *Artist/Craftsman Series No. 9*

### **Journey as an Artist** by Joyce Kamikura



*Joyce Kamikura. (Joyce Kamikura photo, ca. 2000)*

It is true that everybody is an artist of some sort and so am I.

I am an artist, a painter who uses many different mediums and a variety of support, including canvas, paper, and hard board.

Since I was an adolescent in high school, I always dreamed of becoming an artist: specifically, a painter. However, parents often do not support the idea of their children studying art and my parents were no different. "Just go to UBC and study

anything but art" was the dictate of the day. So I did as they asked.

I was born in the Japanese Hospital in Steveston, spent my first 4 years in an internment camp in Lemon Creek and the following 9 years in Japan.

From my early teenage years it was obvious that my interests lay in the liberal arts such as history, economics, literature, math etc. and was far removed from the sciences. In fact, because I chose to study only chemistry among all sciences offered at high school, my options were severely limited at university level. After my first year studying Arts and Sciences at UBC in 1960, I transferred to the school of Commerce and Business Administration not because I was interested in commerce but because the faculty did not require sciences. When I entered, I was one of only three females in the entire faculty. During my years at UBC, I was not able to continue drawing and painting but despite this, I was going

to be an artist.

At UBC I met my husband Roger, married him and together we raised our two children. When they were in their early teens, I decided to pursue my artistic ambition and enrolled in the Fine Arts program at Kwantlen College. I studied Drawing, Painting and Design, and later transferred to the Fine Arts Department of Langara College. So, I was a late bloomer, you might say.

At the time, the accredited painting mediums were graphite, conté, charcoal, oils, pastel, and acrylic. Watercolour was not, at this point, an accredited medium, although it was beginning to gain popularity on the west coast of North America. Therefore, I was one of the first artists to concentrate on watercolour as a "serious" medium, and not as a "study" for oil or acrylic paintings. By the time I finished my art studies, a small gallery, (Cavalier Gallery) in Richmond was willing to accept my works.

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*'Grapevine': watercolour on paper painting, 22 by 30-inches (Joyce Kamikura photo, 1992).*

Although I was thrilled to be represented by a gallery, display space at this gallery was extremely limited so I decided to have my first showing at Roger's downtown office in Vancouver. I worked very hard for this show and I thought I chose the date carefully. But I was wrong. Unbeknownst to me, I had chosen the day of the Grey Cup! It was only when the show opened and there were hardly any people there that I discovered my mistake. However, later in the afternoon when the game ended, a great many people came to see my paintings and the day, in the end, was a big success. I had a large crowd coming to see my works and by the end of the day, I had a near sell-out show.

The next summer, on my return trip from attending the Salt Spring Art Seminar, I met one of the owners of a gallery on Granville Island who was quite impressed with my works and wanted to represent me. So, a year after I finished art school, I had a gallery in Richmond and another in Vancouver.

Around this time, there was a group of well established artists who had set up weekly art exhibitions in shopping malls. I was thrilled to be invited by the group to join them, and did for about 2 years. Thanks to these mall shows, I was able to show my paintings to a large audience and attract additional galleries for my

works so much so that by the second year, I felt I had enough galleries representing me in the Lower Mainland. I had accomplished what I had set out to do in mall shows, so I started to rely on galleries to market my works so that I could concentrate more on painting.

Also, during this time, an art print publishing company, Art in Motion discovered me. Initially, the idea of printing a selected image didn't thrill me, but when they told me that they were interested in my works as a whole, and not as individual pieces, I was excited and signed an exclusive contract with them, allowing worldwide publication rights. My first four prints did extremely well, both locally and worldwide thanks to large trade shows in New York, L.A., and London. Through the power of distribution available at such trade shows, my name started to be associated with watercolour. In a few short years, they had published more than 50 images. The royalty payments were also very rewarding. But when the initial euphoria was over, I was not completely satisfied. Instead of publishing my best works, those with the most artistic merit, they were publishing paintings with universal appeal. The market for prints is totally different from that for originals.

The popularity of watercolour paintings was growing so rapidly

that I became a much sought after instructor who gave workshops throughout B.C., Edmonton, Calgary, Toronto, Austin (Texas) and Mexico. Watercolour was everywhere, and was starting to stifle me. I wanted a change and switched to acrylic while experimenting with abstraction. I added collage to my water-based mediums as well.

For me, mixed media became one of the most exciting and fascinating painting methods in the water-based media. These paintings combined watercolours, inks, and acrylics, united in a collage with a water based finish. I began by creating various meshes of texture and colour using tissue and rice paper as a base. I then applied these to a support with watercolours. A natural result was to explore the interweaving of pictorial elements until all the forms on the surface started to function together. The creativity involved in bringing such distinct elements together in a visual medium while negotiating meaning was a challenge and I thrived. I painted anything and everything. A subject or an idea would trigger me and they become seeds from which I would develop my paintings. Subjects became just excuses to paint.



*'Kimono': a 30 by 22-inch painting, mixed media on paper. (Joyce Kamikura photo, 1992)*

Although I received many compliments on my printed works, I did not feel that they represented what I was truly worth as an artist. In fact, I believed that some of my best works had never even been considered for publication. As a result, I looked for other sources of artistic recognition. I competed and applied for a senior status membership in both the National Watercolour Society and the Federation of Canadian Artists. The National Watercolour Society is a prestigious international society based in California. I submitted paintings for their highly renowned competitive international shows and was invited to apply for a senior status, an exclusive level of membership of only about 600 members worldwide. I was the second Canadian to be elected as senior member.

Though I was very pleased with the recognition from both Art Societies, I still felt I had problems. Whenever people talked about my paintings, in most cases, they were referring to my prints of universal appeal. Although I appreciated their admiration and compliments, I wanted my name to be associated with paintings I was proud of. To this end, after 12 years of exclusive contract with Art in Motion, I switched my publishing company to Canadian Art Prints in 1998. Initially, the new company, Canadian Art Prints was so thrilled to have me that they were willing to print items that were more artistic than universally appealing. They were willing to take risks. After publishing a dozen or so of my newer images, including collages, we realized that the public was not taking to the new images as we had hoped. In fact, public reaction was almost opposite to what my watercolours received for the past 12 years, but I continued with my new images and techniques rather than reverting to watercolours. I did, however, come to conclude and confirm that the market for prints is quite different than that for original works.

In spite of my disappointment



*'Checking her Obi': a 30 by 36-inch painting, oil on canvas. (Joyce Kamikura photo, ca. 2003)*

with the market reaction for newly printed works, the publications allowed for instant recognition from galleries and invitations from them to represent me. Thus my gallery representation expanded to cover the country as far as Toronto, Montreal, Calgary, Edmonton and Victoria.

In retrospect, I believe that I was one of those lucky artists who was immediately recognized by the right people and thanks to this, my art exposures were efficiently and profitably handled by the third party. Despite the financial rewards, I felt that important publishing decisions were being made based on potential profits rather than the artistic merit of a work and this left me feeling unsatisfied and unhappy as an artist. Even changing my publishing company did not change this aspect of the business and some of my best works were left unpublished. My best work was not out there for the public to see, and I was not as proud as I should have been because I felt the public was being exposed to work that was not my best, though they seemed to love it.

Again, I wanted a major artistic change. I stopped painting exclusively in watercolour many

years ago, and have been switching back and forth between acrylic, mixed media and the age old medium of oils. The principles of painting are constant, regardless of medium, therefore the transitions are easy, only techniques are different. The galleries welcomed the change since they prefer to work without glass. Now I paint what I like in a manner that satisfies me, and am quite unconcerned by their universal appeal.

For the past three or four years, I have sent my paintings to international competitions to see if they would be considered among the top 10% of over a thousand entries coming in internationally. My works have been accepted in every one of these exhibits including the National Watercolour Show (California, US), Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolour (London, England), Northwest Watercolour Show (Washington, US) and Australian Watercolour Institute Show (Sidney, Australia).

I believe that competitions are good, but they can get extremely expensive. On top of the shipping cost, you must get an art service

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*'Moonlight Night': a 36 by 36-inch painting, acrylic on canvas. (Joyce Kamikura photo, ca. 2005)*

agent who can uncrate the painting, frame it, label it and take it to the exhibition hall on the specified date. At the end of the exhibition, it must be picked up by the agent, unframe it, and ship it back to me. Fortunately the sale of three painting during the competitive exhibits allowed me to cover the costs of entering competitions. Satisfied that my work had solid artistic merit, I stopped competing. Now, that phase is over for me.

Soon after, largely due to my membership with the American National Watercolour Society, a series of profiles featuring myself and my painting appeared in a number of books and magazines including America's Abstract in Watercolour, Best of Watercolours, American Artists, Painting Composition, Painting Colour; Australia's "International Artists"; Canada's "Art Impressions" and Japan's "Asahi Graph" (also featured my profile.) I have been very fortunate to have been considered by the editors

of these print publications for both simple publication of my images and several pages of text about me.

In spite of successful competitions and publications, an

artist's struggle is never ending.

My painting progresses have been like stepladders that have long plateaus with each step. After a long period of doing the same thing, I begin to see what works and what doesn't. When that happens, I become a machine and paint what works. At this point I realize that I'm in a rut and that I need to step out of it to experiment something new. This phase is the most exciting part as an artist because I'm into an unknown, struggling to find something and some way to express what I want to say. When the long struggle ends, I've stepped up to another higher plateau. My life as an artist has been series of these steps and plateaus.

My paintings represent my personal response to my environment. My ideas are not whole but fragments of what fascinates me and are seeds from which my work begins to develop. As a result, although my work undoubtedly has roots in my daily living, they may be a good deal removed from reality; some of them may be taken beyond the periphery of realism.

Perhaps because of my Japan experience, I am interested in studying elements, which make the Japanese sense of aesthetics very



*'Laughing in the Rain': a 30 by 40-inch painting, acrylic on canvas. (Joyce Kamikura photo, 2005)*



unique while incorporating these with things North American.

I'm fascinated by spatial, light and textural concepts used in Japanese objects, structures, landscapes, and motifs and the Japanese sense of virtuosity that exude harmony and unity. Sometimes, I try to incorporate some degree of their critical artistic elements into my paintings.

When I look back to my earlier paintings, I have definitely improved. Over the years, I must have painted

over a thousand paintings. Yet there hasn't been one painting among all these that I'm totally and completely happy with, regardless of which plateau I was at. There is always something that I could have done to improve my painting. Thirty years ago when I just started and when I did a reasonably mediocre job, I used to pat myself on the back and think "Joyce, what a wonderful work you've done. You should

frame it". But now that I can do better, no painting of mine is perfect anymore. My views on other artists' paintings have also evolved over the years. I remember how I used to be so fascinated and awed by many art works in my earlier painting career. Today, I have to make many trips and walk miles to be impressed by paintings. Today, none of my paintings impress me either. I guess I cannot say that I have arrived. ❁

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## Japanese Canadian National Museum Report - Spring 2006

by Timothy Savage, JCNM Interim Manager Curator

After an exciting autumn at the museum celebrating the opening of the new touring exhibition "Leveling the Playing Field", honouring the Vancouver Asahi baseball club, the JCNM has powered on through an equally busy winter. The New Year got off to a rousing start with the annual *mochitsuki* here at the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre. Many visitors brought friends and family to this event also visited the museum gallery to take in the Asahi show.

There have been many appreciative visitors to the Asahi exhibition, especially among the groups of students. The museum's 'Taiken' school visits program has had a strong response this winter. This past week in March, there were school visits every day. Hats off to Mary Matsuba, museum staff member, for coordinating this program. We've had numerous student groups from across the Lower Mainland, and from as far away as Japan (thank you Gordon Kadota). They've been telling us how cool this show is. Plans are in the works to travel the exhibition later this year across Canada, and B.C.

Our touring exhibition program is flourishing under museum staff member, Nichola Ogiwara. JCNM shows currently traveling to venues across the country include **Shashin: Japanese Canadian Studio Photography to 1942**. This show was at the Gendai Gallery in Toronto's Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre

until the end of March. In September 2006, this show will be at the North Vancouver Museum and in December 2006 at the Cumberland Museum. Then in 2007, this show is scheduled for Campbell River Museum, Alberni Valley Museum, JCNM, and in 2008 at the Evergreen Cultural Centre in Coquitlam. Another JCNM show, **Unearthed From the Silence** is now at the Grey Roots Heritage and Visitor Centre in Owen Sound, Ontario until May 2006. If you would like to see your community venue host one of the JCNM touring exhibitions, please contact Nichola at 604.777.7000 or email [jcnm@nikkeiplace.org](mailto:jcnm@nikkeiplace.org).

This past winter the museum's Collaborative Research Centre has been very active under the leadership of our archivist Reiko Tagami. Reiko discussed the museum archival and artifact collections available to students in January at Prof. Andrea Geiger's history seminar, "The Nikkei Experience in North America". Afterwards, students participated in research consultations with the archivist and viewed the **Leveling the Playing Field** exhibition. Because of the seminar's focus, many of the students will use material from the JCNM collections as primary sources for their research papers. The students returned for a second visit in March to attend a talk by a survivor of internment and view a historical documentary.

Prof. Rob Ho's Asia-Canada presented a seminar entitled

"Asian Canadian Communities in Greater Vancouver: Past, Present, and Future". This seminar looked at the historic and contemporary experiences of different Asian Canadian communities who settled in the Greater Vancouver Regional District. Ho's students visited the JCNM in March to learn about the history of the Powell Street area and other Japanese Canadian communities in the GVRD. Some students returned to the Collaborative Research Centre to conduct research for their community research projects.

Thanks go out to our many donors who continue to support the museum with generous donations of archives and artifacts. Among these exciting artifacts and archives was a collection from the descendents of



'Hockey' an oil painting by Henry Shimizu from his exhibition "Images of Internment: 1942-1946. (H. Shimizu photo, ca. 2002)

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Jinzaburo Oikawa. Items from this donation will be displayed during special events later this year to mark the 1906 arrival of Japanese immigrants with Oikawa on the ship *SUIAN MARU* and their settlement on the Fraser River.

Special events at the museum this winter included the “Jan Ken Pon” (rock, paper, scissors) at family games day. This year we introduced four Asahi baseball activities: designing baseball uniforms, an old-fashioned tabletop ball game, and an exhibition scavenger hunt. Also, Cindy Mochizuki created a baseball field diorama in a shoebox and children were encouraged to build their own imaginative Asahi dioramas.

March 18 was another fun afternoon watching a whole program of baseball movies, and munching popcorn, hosted by JCNM at the Centre. Local baseball historian

Bud Kerr from Nat Bailey Stadium brought some enjoyable films from his collection. We wound up with the award winning “Sleeping Tigers: the Asahi Baseball Story” after our in-house baseball enthusiasts gave a guided tour of the Asahi exhibition.

Upcoming JCNM events this spring includes the May 19 opening reception for the display of Henry Shimizu’s paintings of New Denver, “Images of Internment”. On June 24th, the museum will be taking part in an Open House of the National Nikkei Museum and Heritage Centre. Join us for these events and for our speaker’s series evenings as they are announced this spring.

This year, 2006, we celebrate ten years of publishing our quarterly newsletter NIKKEI IMAGES. Congratulations to the editorial committee and to all the contributors. For readers who would like to have the entire first ten years of NIKKEI

IMAGES issues, our museum shop has the complete set available at a special price while they last. Please come in to the shop, or contact us at 604.777.7000, or by email [jcnm@nikkeiplace.org](mailto:jcnm@nikkeiplace.org) to place an order. ❁



Detail of JCNM touring exhibition ‘Unearthed from the Silence’. (JCNM photo, 1998)

## Family History Series No. 5

### Yoshio Johnny Madokoro (Part 1) by Dennis Madokoro

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

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

We moved to Steveston later

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

There is an interesting story about the *KM*. My father was struggling and could not afford to build a boat. He had a younger brother in Idaho who was known as the “potato king”. This brother whose name was Tomezo Hashimoto, or Hashimoto Tomezo

in the Japanese method of naming people, apparently made a small fortune raising potatoes. My father asked for and got enough money to build the *KM*. It was thirty-two feet long, which made it pretty big for a fishing boat. The engine was a seven-horsepower *Vulcan*. It made a distinctive sound, sort of a “chut chut” when it was running.

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



*Madokoro family on Gambier Island. From left; Yaeko, Ine, Michiharu and Yoshio. (Madokoro Family photo, ca. 1916) Wakayama-ken, Japan.*

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

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

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

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

That lasted about three months and there I was back to normal but I must admit, my manners were much better

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

### **Life in Tofino**

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

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

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

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

For me, now at age ten in the summer of 1923, it was an ideal place for exploring the seashore and the nearby bush. My Father was busy fishing, and I had to do my chores, but then, there was a world to discover. The pools of water at low tide on Storm Bay held so much marine life! There were *chinko* clams that had small breathing holes. We called them *chinko* because, well, that is what they looked like with their long funnel snouts. To catch them you had to be quick. If you were slow they would burrow deeper into the soft sand. If you were quick, you

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

**DE** pushed steadily through the open waters. The sadness of leaving soon gave way to the excitement of the voyage. It was the first time our whole family was aboard the **KM** and the **DE**.

At noon we were half way to the Island. It grew bigger and bigger until the entire horizon was this dark wooded shape that beckoned to us. “Hello” was echoed back to us. It was us calling to us. My Father and Uncle took turns at leading the way. That way, one or the other could rest their eyes and take a break. If you were the lead boat, you had to look for kelp patches that could foul your propeller. These patches had kelps that were sometimes thirty or forty feet long. They could wrap around your propeller and stop your boat dead. The other danger was “deadheads”, watersoaked logs that lurked at or just below the surface of the water. A “deadhead” could put a hole right through a fishing boat’s hull and sink her. The other boat just had to follow in the wake of the lead boat at a safe distance. I had the job of steering Uncle’s boat when we were following. Uncle took the wheel when we were the lead boat. We chugged through the dangerous Active Pass. On our right was the city of Victoria.

We then entered Swiftsure and the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

That night we anchored near Sooke. This was a bay just past the city of Victoria. The bay was surrounded by what were now becoming a common sight, lots and lots of evergreen trees. Father said that there were many wild animals in the forests. He mentioned a big cat called a cougar. It could eat little children, we kids were convinced that we did not want to go ashore. My mother made our supper by cooking over a *sembe* can that was filled with wood. She had a little grill made from some metal rods that sat over the mouth of the can. We ate rice, some *tsukemono*, some dried fish and tea. It tasted good after the long day.

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

waters of the inside passage. That was the fourth day.

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

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

The next morning, bright and early, all the kids were up. We made enough noise that our parents had to get up. Father was smiling at us, as he knew we were anxious to get ashore. Breakfast was *miso-shiru*, hot soup from soya beans, and some *gohan* (rice).

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

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

and I was even nice to my younger brothers, Michi and Hiroshi. In Steveston I went to Japanese school. I learnt to read and write and of course speak Japanese. I noticed there was a difference in the way we spoke in Canada than in Japan. It was more colorful here because the fishermen were often combining Japanese and English to make new words. Boat became *boto* instead of *fune*, and names of fishing boat engines like **Palmer** became *Pa-ma*. Stuff like that. I, of course, noticed that for a while after Japan, and then I didn't notice it at all. It was just the way we spoke here.

### Move to Tofino

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

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

Georgia Strait runs between Vancouver Island and the mainland. You can see Vancouver Island way in the distance from Steveston. Our little convoy of two fishing boats moved slowly away from the familiar sights of the Lower Mainland. At seven-horsepower, the **KM** and the

had a feast for your family. On a summer's day, I could catch enough for a good feed for the whole family

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

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

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

Speaking of school and the mile walk there, one time, there was a huge

storm that reached its peak just as we were walking home from school. My sister Yaeko, my brother Michi, and I were coming back along the trail. All of a sudden, the winds gusted and trees started to fall around us. Yaeko was so frightened that she stood frozen to the spot. In Japanese, I think it was called *koshi wo nukashita*. I had to shove her to get her moving. We circled around to the beach even though the winds were blowing plumes of water like a hose all over us. I figured it was safer for us to go that way to avoid the falling trees. What was a little water compared to getting struck by falling trees? Anyway, after that storm, which may have been a small tornado, my father called our property "Storm Bay".

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

To the north of us was the Nakagawa house. The original family went back to Japan and his brother came with his wife to take over the house and the fishing boat. Above them on the hill, was the Morishitas. They would have one son named Hiroshi just like Thomas who was Hiroshi in our family. Later they would be called *ue no Hiroshi*, above Hiroshi, and *shita no Hiroshi*, below Hiroshi, to distinguish between them. Further north on the beach, the next house was the Isozakis. They went back to Japan. I often wondered why some families stayed in Canada and why some went back. I think it had to do with the fact that some of the families never could get Japan out of their system. The ones that stayed here I think they made a commitment to make a life here in Canada.

I am not sure if there were two or three more houses north of the Nakagawas. I remember the Izumis and then the last house to be built was for Nakagawa Shigeharu. I recall that the whole community helped the Nakagawa family build their house.

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That was how it was in those days; we had to help each other to get things done.

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

I remember getting up with my Father before he went fishing. He loved to talk about this and that. Even now, after all these years I can still hear his voice. He was jolly and good company and in my eyes, he was the smartest man alive. He made me promise that I would do my very best in school. I liked school anyway even

though I remember Mr. Albrecht, a Finnish teacher, gave us a good licking. The two Erickson boys and I were asked to stay after school one day. Mr. Albrecht came out smiling and he went to the rear of the school and got a medium sized branch from the bush. I can't remember the reason, honestly, but he sure gave it to the three of us. Walter Arnet wrote about this licking in his diary, and years later, his oldest son reminded me. Funny huh?

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

The fishing boats in those days were quite different than the ones that you may have seen. They had a two-cylinder, 20-horsepower **Palmer** engine. Nowadays, the boats are

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



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

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

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

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

My father fished all the days that he could. In those days that was from April until late fall, sometimes October. In the winter, he would charge things at Towler and Mitchell's store. That was the way of life for fishermen. I heard that many of the

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

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

One of the things that I remember was *ofuro* night. It was a custom among our Storm Bay community that we had *ofuro* every second or third night. It would be at a different house each time. The men would go in first. You know that in an *ofuro*, you have to wash yourself outside of the tub. Then, after you were washed clean, you could soak in the *ofuro*. They were made of wood and heated by a fire in an old recycled oil drum that was under the wooden tub. Man, that was *kimochi ii yo*, a real good

feeling. The boy kids went in after the men. I remember sitting by the *ofuro* and listening to the men trade stories. Man, some of them sure could tell some wild ones. The ladies went last. Apparently it was taboo for them to go ahead of the men. At the end of the *ofuro*, the water would just stink to high heaven. You know, no one got sick. I think we all were healthier because of the *ofuro* nights.

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

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## Gordon Ryo Kadota Awarded Order of Rising Sun

by Stan Fukawa

Gordon Kadota, a long time leader in the Nikkei community, was awarded one of Japan's most prestigious awards, the Order of the Rising Sun, Gold Rays with Rosette,\* on December 2, 2005. Toshiyuki Taga, the Consul General of Japan in

Vancouver, explained that Kadota was being honoured for his many years of service to Japanese Canadians, to Japanese immigrants and nationals in Canada, and to the cause of closer relations between Canada and Japan. He could have received the award

directly from the Emperor in Tokyo, but declined the opportunity, choosing instead to receive it in his home town of Vancouver. The Consul General invited many people who had worked with Kadota over the years to be

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Gordon Kadota. (S. Fukawa photo, 2005)

present at the award ceremony.

Gordon Kadota was President of the National Nikkei Heritage Centre Society in the years before its merger with the Japanese Canadian National Museum in 2003 and served as the first president of the NAJC in 1980, as the Executive Director of the Japanese Canadian Centennial Project in 1977, as President of the Greater Vancouver JCCA in the 1960's and late 1970's, and in many other positions. He is currently still on the board of the NNMHC where his depth of experience and his reputation for fairness and caring makes him invaluable as Chair of the Human Resources Committee.

He was born in Vancouver as the youngest son of immigrants from Tottori prefecture and was visiting his grandparents in Japan when WWII broke out. He went to school in Japan

and did not return to Canada until 1952. His high school in Japan was Kwansei Gakuin and he went on to the University of British Columbia.

In the 1960's, he went into the travel business where his bilingual skills and bicultural knowledge enabled him to give excellent service to his customers and to do well. In his volunteer activities, he contributed to the welfare of both Japanese Canadians and post-war Japanese immigrants. As well, he played a valuable role as an intermediary in the establishment of sister-city relationships between Yokohama and Vancouver and between Moriguchi and New Westminster.

In his acceptance speech, Kadota was typically self-deprecating and claimed that the award was made possible by the support of many people who worked alongside him over many years. In looking back over the history of his involvement with the Nikkei community, he cited the 1977 Japanese Canadian Centennial celebrations as a watershed in the mind set of our community in that it resulted in the self-recognition of the contributions Nikkei have made to Canada and the self-confidence gained in feelings about belonging here.

He was proud of the NAJC and its success in attaining redress. He was also proud of the NAJC presentation to a parliamentary committee in support of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms being enshrined within the Constitution. That was the advantage that Japanese Americans had in their

fight for redress – their internment was illegal under the U.S. constitution whereas what happened to Japanese Canadians was legal under the Canadian War Measures Act.

Takeo Yamashiro, the retired Executive Director of Tonarigumi, the Vancouver social service organization which was dedicated to the care of seniors in the Nikkei community, congratulated Gordon and Mrs. Kadota and spoke warmly in Japanese of his past associations with Kadota. "Gordon," he said, "is a humane individual who cannot say No when asked for help." His fairness and his democratic approach, on top of his knowledge and understanding, made him an indispensable part of the very successful Centennial Project which spearheaded a rash of celebratory events throughout the Nikkei community. "The Centennial Project was possible because of Gordon," he said. "We are fortunate to have had him."

George Oikawa, a friend and colleague on many boards with Gordon Kadota, spoke in English. He had known him for over fifty years and recounted the many organizations and activities that had been led by his friend. He cited the respect that Kadota had earned both in his business career and in his community involvements and thanked him for his many years of dedicated service to the community. He congratulated Gordon and Mrs. Kadota on a well-deserved recognition of his contributions. ❀

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## Valuing Our Heritage: It's Your Choice

by Reiko Tagami, JCNM Assistant Archivist

I'd like to highlight the first item ever catalogued as part of the Japanese Canadian National Museum's archival collection, one that on the surface seems mundane, but becomes significant when examined more closely.

The item in question is an image of a group of issei at the annual Japanese Canadian Citizens' Association (JCCA) party, held in December, 1971 at the Hotel Vancouver. The event it depicts occurred within living memory, and the fact that it took place every year renders the historical context

quite ordinary.

This photograph is important because it represents a change in thinking that took place within Vancouver's Japanese Canadian community and allowed the Japanese Canadian National Museum (JCNM) to be able to function and grow. The foundation of heritage and history preservation is the realization that one's own experiences, or the collective experiences of one's community, are of value and are worthy of documentation, preservation, and communication. By donat-

ing the photograph to its own History Preservation Committee, the JCCA as an organization had come to value its collective experiences, and by extension the experiences of the community it represented, and to consider them worth sharing.

Simply put, people must decide to record, retain and share their experiences. When people do so, this means that they have reached two conclusions: 1. their experiences are worthy of documenting and preserving, and 2. other people, both inside and out-





*J.C.C.A. Annual Party, Hotel Vancouver, B.C. Centennial, December 4, 1971. Japanese Canadian National Museum Photographic Collection. JCNM 92/01.*

side of the community, are interested in learning about these experiences. In addition, people must trust that sharing their experiences with others will not result in any negative repercussions. This needs to happen on an individual basis before it can happen at the community level.

The dedicated volunteers who founded the JCCA History Preservation Committee, and later incorporated the JCNM, each decided that they valued their experiences, and began to share them with the wider community.

With the passage of time, many of those volunteers have reduced their involvement – 20 years is a long time. Some have passed on. But the decisions of individuals to value their experiences are no less vital today. If the heritage and history of the Japanese Canadian community is truly to be preserved, additional community members must realize how valuable their experiences are, and start sharing their stories with others, at the most basic level – person to person.

I know that this is difficult for

many people. If asked, they'd readily agree that history – an abstracted history of “other people” – is important. But when asked about their own experiences, or those of a parent, grandparent, aunt or cousin, the most common response is, “Why do you want to know that? It's not very interesting, is it? It was just a part of daily life, and no one is interested in that kind of thing.” The thing is, people are interested. I receive telephone calls and e-mails every day from people who want to know about the daily life of our community. People are curious, they are interested, and they value our community's stories.

So I'm issuing a challenge. The next time someone asks you about your experiences, or those of someone you know, avoid the usual modest preamble, “It's not very interesting.” Instead, start off in a new direction. “You know, that's a very interesting story, and it's important because ... ” It will be difficult at first, and it might be awkward – but try it, and you just might like it. I can assure you that the rest of us are eagerly waiting to hear that story. ❀

## **SUISAN MARU CENTENNIAL UPDATE**

by Stan Fukawa

Exciting news continues to come in on the 100th anniversary of the voyage of the ship which brought 83 Japanese settlers to Canada, many of them settling along the Fraser River.

The family of Jinzaburo Oikawa has donated a large number of valuable artefacts, photos and documents to the Japanese Canadian National Museum and represents perhaps the most significant collection in its holdings. Wishing to contribute to the Nikkei community in Canada where their ancestor made his most unique and memorable contribution, they are most pleased to learn that their gift will be in safe and respectful hands and play a role in the future development of the Nikkei community.

The Museum staff will report in detail later on the extent and value of the Oikawa family gift but it is worth noting that among the immediately

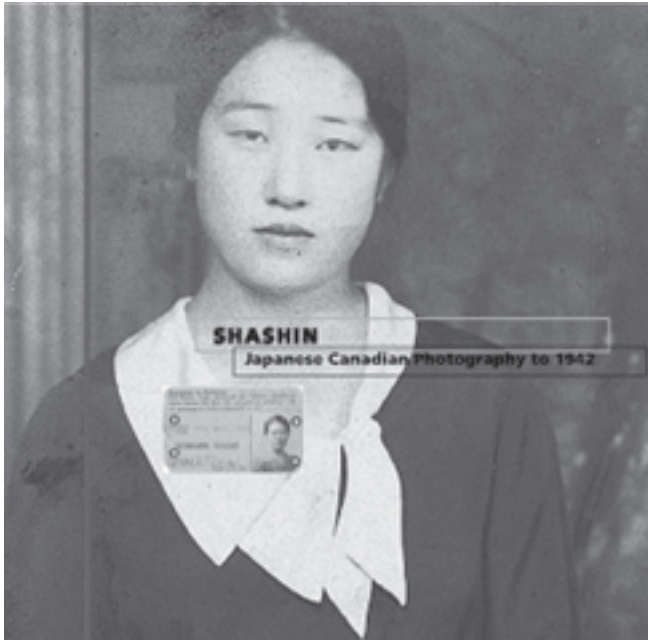
obvious treasures are the frock coat that Jinzaburo is seen wearing in historical photos, his brush-written autobiography, his carpet bag and his false teeth. Included also were many items of clothing and footwear which belonged to his second wife, the great-grandmother of the donors. Many of these precious gifts will be exhibited at the Museum in the month before the Centennial celebrations.

The Richmond City Parks, Recreation and Culture Committee Chair, Harold Steves, continues to pursue the goal of having the names of Don and Lion Islands changed to Oikawa and Sato, in line with the usage of the Oikawa colony which inhabited the islands until 1942. This may not be easy to accomplish as renaming is discouraged, especially for islands in waterways that appear in navigation charts.

A history panel is being assembled for October 12, the centennial ceremony is planned on the shore near the islands on October 13, and the celebration dinner is scheduled for October 14.

Informants are being sought and interviewed on their knowledge of life in the colony.

Three of the descendents of Bunji Goto have come forth with generous donations to enable the committee to invite the Oikawa descendents to attend the ceremony in October. The committee expects descendents and friends of the colonists from across Canada and the U.S., as well as from Jinzaburo's home town in Japan to come for the Centennial celebration. Originally slated for September, the date was changed in order to enable the people from Miyagi prefecture to come after the rice harvest. ❀



## Book Available at JCNM Giftshop

### *Shashin: Japanese Canadian Photography to 1942*

Based on the Japanese Canadian National Museum's touring exhibition of the same name, this book brings together rare photographs and insight into the work of Japanese Canadian studio photographers depicting the vibrant pre-war communities in Cumberland, New Westminster, and Vancouver, British Columbia.

Essays by Jan Gates, Imogene Lim, Patricia Roy, Phyllis Senese, Grace Eiko Thomson and Jim Wolf.

\$19.95 paperback, ISBN 0-9730913-1-2, 92 b&w images located throughout the book, 96 pages, Publication date June 2005

Available from the JCNM Museum Shop,  
6688 Southoaks Crescent, Burnaby BC V5E 4M7  
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## 神が私を日本につかわされた □田郁英

初めてキリスト□に出口したのは6□のとき日本人の子供達□の日曜□校に誘われた時でした。これはフランクリン□ストリ□ト□ミッションと呼ばれ、中□人、日本人と白人の□の3つの日曜□校を□んでいたバプテスト派が行っていたミッションです。親は反□しなかったので□週通いゴスペル□ソングと聖書を□びました。若い6□の時からこれは□理だと信じ、うたがわなかった。そして、10□の時にイエスを救主として受け入れ、12□の時に他6名の日系2世たちと□にRuth Morton Memorial Baptist□□で洗□を受けました。

□時の日系移民の決まりは、子供は日本□校に行つて日本語を身につける事でした。私はイ□スト□バンク□バ□□にあった明和□園に1年生から6年生まで通いました。1940年に父は不況のため職を探しにOcean Fallsに行き、家族はその秋にそこに移りました。しかし、そこに居る間に日本軍の□珠□攻□が起り私達日本人は海岸から□制移住させられ、□田家は臨時に明和□園に泊めて頂きました。

父は何日も□たないうちにプリンストンのロ□ド□キャン□□に入れられ、山仕事を□制させられた。1ヶ月も□たぬうちに大木に左足がひかれ、複□骨折にあいました。父の弟、□田一作が同じキャン□□におり、父の危ない□態を知らせに□たので、母は赤ん坊を背負って叔母と□にプリンストンに□けつきました。私は長女(14□)として8人の弟妹達の世話を余儀なくさせられました。父はもしそのままプリンストンの病院にいたら死んでいたでしょうが、叔父の熱心な交□でバンク□バ□□ジェネラル病院に移され、適切な治療を受けることが□ました。

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

それから家族はHastings Parkに移され、牛□で3ヶ月過□してから、西クウテネのロ□ズベリというNew Denverから6マイル北の比較的小さなキャン□□に移されました。そこでの生活はとても原始的でした。水は天秤にバケツを2つかけて、小川まで□

て汲みに行き、□日の洗濯は洗濯板でこしこし擦り、湖に持って行ってすすぐ。長い木をノコギリで切って、スト□ブの側で干して、薪にするのも□日の仕事でした。電□もなかったのだろうそくを使つてました。

私はグレ□ド9(高校1年生)に入るはずでしたが、政府はグレ□ド8までしか備えなかったので、洋裁を□びました。けれども次の年に各□□がハイス□ルを備えてくださり、私はレイクビュ□□ハイス□ルという名のニュ□□デンバ□□の合同□□にロ□ズベリから山道を5マイル□いて通いました。

私のクリスチャンとのかかわりはMiss. Olive Woodworth (元日本□道隊の宣□師)との交友によって維持されました。Miss Woodworthはニュ□□デンバ□□から月に一回ロ□ズベリに□て日曜□校をもうけ、私はそれを手□しました。□田家族の10人の子供がこの日曜□校の3分の1をしめました。

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

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

ロ□ズベリが閉鎖されてからすぐに家族はニュ□□デンバ□□に引越しましたが、私の目的地はもっと東のアルバ□タ州スリ□ヒルズにあるPrairie高校でした。ニュ□□デンバ□□には3日間□

らいしか私は居らず、家族にさよならを告げて、バスにのりました。私は東に移動するのでBC Security Commissionから交通費、1ヶ月の生活費と道中の弁代を頂きましたが、それ以外のお金の余裕はまったくなかったのです。もらった生活費を1ヶ月の口費にあてた後は何も口りませんでした。

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

11月に口院は特別講師を外部から呼び、3日間の特別な講座を設けました。その講師は完全な口身を口調された。丁度同じ頃、日本を占領していたマッカサ口元帥が日本に1000人の宣口師が口るように募集しました。講師が完全口身のメッセ口ジをした後、校長のMr. Maxwell師が次のように口生達に訴えました。「空白の小切手に著名をして、神口にその空白にどんな命令を書いてもよろしい。すでに著名をしていますので。と言えるでしょうか？もし著名したならば、口場の前方に出なさい。」

神口が私に口宣口師として日本に喜んで行きますか？口と口を掛けておられたのですが、私は口カナダで仕えます口と返事し、日本行きはかたくなに拒んでおりました。ところが、イエス口が私の罪のために口性を惜みず十字架に架かり、苦しめたイメ口ジが急に浮かび上がり、口を流しながら口神口、日本にでも行きます。口と自ら言い、口場の前方に出ました。この決心は私の人生の方向を口えた大きな出口事でした。

これ以後私の人生にはっきりとした目標があり、口る2年間の高校生活と4年間の聖書口院の口びは有意義であり、口しいものでした。聖書口院の卒業式の2ヶ月前に日本口道ミッションという新しい口体に登口を申し口みました。このミッションはいわゆるFaith Missionであって、特別な口派とか組織に口しておりませんでした。各ミッションナリ口は自分で口口援助を探さなければなりません。幸いに私は口生時代や夏のバイブル口キャンプで奉仕しているカナダアメリカの各地にいる友人達から10ドル、20ドル、さらに口口では1ヶ月に50ドルを口金してくださいました。

ここで申し口れましたが、私より1口半年下の妹である幸江はPrairie高校に口て、共にPrairie聖書口院で口び、一口に卒業しました。彼女も宣口師として召され、1953年に私より1年口れで日本に口ました。

私は1952年の2月にシアトルから貨物船のJAVA MAILに口り、冬の荒い太平洋を口口して口浜に到着いたしました。同僚の宣口師たちが迎えてくださいました。口浜は目的地ではないので、上野口から列車に口って裏日本に向かい、長く暗い口水トンネルを通過



J.C.C.A. Annual Party, Hotel Vancouver, B.C. Centennial, December 4, 1971. Japanese Canadian National Museum Photographic Collection. JCNM 92/01.

し、雪口の新潟県柏崎市に到着しました。最初の口ヶ月はハリスという宣口師と共に柏崎市の普通の日本家屋で生活しました。暖房も口熱材もなかったのです。私は絶えず寒かったのを口えています。床に布口を敷いて、そこに口ました。そのうちあるご婦人から私は暖かい下着を買う必要があると口えていただき、彼女は私を洋品店に連れて行って暖かい下着を買いました。

最初は日本語の勉口が私の一番の必須の仕事でした。そこで、標準日本語を口えてくれる若い一人の女性を雇いました。私はバンク口バ口とオ口シャン口フォ口ルズにて8年間日本口校に通い、300以上の漢字を習いました。ところが、Three Hills(高校と聖書口園)で過ごした6年間の間、日本語は全く使わず、日本人と接しませんでした。日本語をずいぶん忘れてしまっていました。にも拘らず、日本語の聖書を口みはじめると漢字が口めるのでびっくりしました。そして、漢字を書き始めた時、筆順を忘れていた自分を口見しました。

日本語の勉口は口室に限られず、市口の店通りを口くたびに店の窓ガラスに張ってあるチラシなどを口むようにしました。もうひとつは日本のラジオ放送を聞くことです。最初は政治的用語はわからないので、いちいち口書で調べましたが、徐口にラジオ口ニュースがわかるようになっていきました。初めの頃はニュースを知る口に英字新聞Japan Timesを取り、そしてアメリカのGIラジオの英語ニュースを聞いていましたが、後程、私は日本語の地元新聞、新潟日報とラジオはNHKのニュースにすっかり口りました。

5月にミッションは私に小千谷(おじや)という信濃川沿いの町に、開拓口道をして新しい信者が住む町に私を遣わしました。私は日本に口てわずか3ヶ月で新しい口口を牧口するのでした。他の宣口師は少なくとも1年間は日本語勉口についてやしますのに！

小千谷町にて私は古い日本家屋の2階に住み、その窓から信濃川が見下ろせると共に、冷たい風が窓の隙間から入ってきました。天井板はゆるく、大きなねずみが走り回っていました。料理は炭を燃やす焔口を使い始めましたが、口ヶ月のうちに石油スト口ブが口られるようになったので、石油スト口ブに口えました。日本語の勉口はこの家の1階に住んでおられた古屋婦人から口けて口びました。けれどもここでの日本語の口びは日曜日に私が語らなければならない聖書に基づく口口のための日本語に集中しました。大体口週20人くらいの人口が古屋宅に集まりました。私の口口準備は大口で何時間も掛けて英和口書で用語を見つけ、それを和英口書で正しい用語か確かめるという作業でした。小千谷口口には幸いにも口前からのクリスチャンで新聞社に勤めておられた長老の逢坂さんがおられ、私が間違った日本語を使ったら必ず指摘してくれ大口感謝しました。

1952年というのはまだ口後7年目だったので、日本はまだ貧困と病いと口っておりました。口養と暖房が欠けていたため結核患者が多く、病院や療養所に多くの結核患者が口容されていました。小千谷の郊外には口立療養所があり、300人以上の患者が入院されていた。他の市口にある普通の病院も患者の3分の2は結核患者でした。口際には、入院費が口えないため入院できない患者が自宅で家族に看護を受けている口態の人口もかなりいました。

宣口師として私は日本の皆口にイエスの十字架での死によるすべての人口への愛を口えるために口ていました。イエスは罪を赦して私たちに永遠の生命を口えて下さる喜びと希望を口えるためだと。療養所に口週訪れているうちに服部さんに口いました。服部さんは口時35口くらいで、すでに口年間結核をわずらっておられ、生きる望みを失っておられました。その上に、3口の長男も結核性口膜炎をわずらっていました。ところが、服部さんはイエス口キリストを救い主として受け入れられ、神から平和と希望が口えられたのです。彼の息子は別の病院に入院していて、母親が

そこで息子の面倒を見ていたのですが、服部さんがクリスチャンになってから息子と妻と一口に小さな病院の部屋に住むようになりました。彼の願いは妻もイエスを信じる事でした。1月に彼の病口は口化し、口さんもストレスから病口になりました。口口に口ておられた松坂としさんが助けに口られ、子供たちの世話を病口の親に代わってすることになりました。そのすぐ後に、口さんもイエスを救主として受け入れ、彼女の病口が癒されました。けれども3月になって服部氏は急に亡くなられ、小千谷口口の始めてのお葬式を執り行いました。口さんは神に支えられ絶え間ない笑顔が印象に口っております。長男は6口で亡くなり、母親も口年後小さな次男を口して亡くなられました。

小千谷に1年弱住んでいた所、新しく建った柏崎聖書口院に移るように命令されました。その口院の女子寮の一室に住んで聖書と口史を口えました。この聖書口院は日本海沿いの丘の上に建てられ、日本海が展望でき、すぐ裏は森でした。とても素敵な景色に口まれていた。柏崎聖書口院は小さな口院で口生口が平均6人から12人で、私は口えているうちに自分の神からの贈物は口える事であると口見したのです。もう一つ自口したのは、充分に口えるためにはもっと勉口する必要があるという事でした。

その勉口のために4年間費やしました。アメリカのイリノイ州のWheaton Collegeで2年間(1965~67年)口んで口史口科のBAの口位を取り、そして1970~72年にイギリスのロンドン口バイブル口カレッジで神口の口位を口得しました。更に新潟高校の口語の通信口育で現口1,2,3、古文と漢文の5つのコ口スを修了して、自分の日本語のレベルを高校レベルにしました。聖書を口える事は多面的で言語的には口約聖書のヘブライ語、新約聖書のギリシャ語を口び、口史的背景を口ぶために、口約聖書の口には古代史を身につけ、新約聖書の口にギリシャとロ口マの口史を知る必要があります。聖書口園で口えた30年間のうちに口約通論、モ口ゼの5書、預言書、口口史、共口福音書、口口マ書、口示口などを口えました。

柏崎聖書口院は小さな口院ですが、その卒業生が新潟県、富山県や日本各地の牧師になり、海外の牧師(ブラジル)や宣口師になっているのを見るととても口足です。私も口院で口える他、創世記や口示口の口口スを各口口グル口ブに日曜日の午後や金曜の夜に口えに出かけました。高田口口のある女性は創世記の口びをとても喜んで、すぐに自分の友人を集めて口んだものを彼らに口えていました。

1966年から1970年まで私は聖書口院から柏崎市に引越し、突然柏崎口口の婦人牧師が結婚するために石川県に去っていったので、その代わりに牧口を口まれました。彼女は土曜日の午後、高校生口を始めていたので、そのクラスを引き口ぎました。私はこの年口層が大好きで1年のうちに5、6人が25~30人の出席まで口

えた。まず、英語を口え、その後聖書を共に口ぶスケジュールでしたが、そのうちにある高校生は英語に興味はなく、英語の口びが終わるのを待って、聖書の口びだけを勉口しました。その後ついに、英語クラスをやめて、聖書だけの口びになりました。出席者は口え口け、これらの高校生はクリスチャンになって日本のいたる所に散らばっています。

もうひとつの特筆すべきことは、口口養設 (Church Planting)の仕事に1976年から1985年に携わったことです。キリスト口口のない口町(新潟市の約20マイル南で人口27,000人)に導かれ、柏崎聖書口院の卒業生であり口町の高校を卒業した古口雪江師と共に口町の口道をゼロから始めました。古口先生と二人で各家にトラクトを配りましたが、人口の態度は丁重でしたが、キリスト口を外口の宗口とみなし、集口になかなか人が口ませんでした。

古い家を掃除して集口を始め、高校生が4.5人、そして口町に住んでいたクリスチャンで、それまで新潟市の口口に行っていた方が私たちの集口に口ました。特別な口道集口を持ち、一人の男子高校生が救われ、集口に忠口に口るようになりました。口年のうち15人位の口衆になり、私が口町に口て9年後の1984年に口口口は土地と建物を買入し、その家を集口場に改造しました。

1984年バイブル口キャンプで救われて、カナダの聖書口院で口んでいた佐藤浩昭氏が夏の訓練を口でしたいと祈願したので口て頂き、その翌年彼は口院を卒業して口口口の牧師に就任いたしました。私は喜んで彼に口口を口りました。彼は柏崎聖書口院の卒業生であり、口の近くの町出身の女性と結婚し、今は4人の男の子の父親です。10年後の1995年には彼らはもっと口い土地を購入して、大きな口口堂を建てました。

終わりに申し上げますが、新潟県で口いていたThe Evangelical Alliance Missionチ口ムの外人宣口師は皆退職して、新潟県の口口は日本人の牧師に任されています。そして柏崎聖書口院も完全に日本人の口職によって運口され、その卒業生は日本全口に、そしてブラジル、カリフォルニアにて奉仕しています。日本人の口職者達と口口は口院ばかりでなく、バイブル口キャンプ、テレビ、ラジオ口道等を意欲的に口口しております。

行きたくなかった日本に神が後押しして遣わされたことを感謝いたしております。

なお追伸として申し上げたいのは、私の3人の妹たち、池之上幸江、田住口理子とAnne McVetyと一人の弟、晃も皆、同じアルバ口タ州の聖書口院で口び、それぞれ宣口師になりました。4人は日本へ、妹Anneはブラジルの日系人口道に。

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

## The list of new and renewing members of National Nikkei Museum & Heritage Centre from November 1, 2005 to January 31, 2006

Mr. & Mrs. Peter Katsuno  
Ms. Aiko Hamakawa  
Mrs. Kikue Akitaya  
Ms. Mariko Watanabe  
Mrs. Mieko Iwaki  
Mr. & Mrs. Harry Nishimura  
Mr. & Mrs. Michael Johnson  
Mr. Kiyo Goto  
Dr. Gerald Thomson  
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Kamiya  
Ms. Lorene Oikawa  
Mr. & Mrs. Ron MacQueen  
Mr. & Mrs. Roy Honda  
Ms. Eileen Hirota  
Ms. Ginny Tahara  
Ms. Taeko Hamakawa

Mr. Hitomi Suzuta  
Mr. Isamu Nishihata  
Mrs. Kimiko Inouye  
Mrs. Yoshi Katagiri  
Mr. & Mrs. Bunji Sakiyama  
Mr. & Mrs. Dan Nakagawa  
Mr. & Mrs. Don Iwanaka  
Mr. & Mrs. Howard Shimokura  
Mrs. Etsuko Takata  
Mr & Mrs. William Chang  
Ms. Makiko Asano  
Mr. & Mrs. David Yamaura  
Mr. & Mrs. Noboru Sakiyama  
Mrs. Tomiko Jowett  
Mrs. Kim Kobrle  
Mr. Jiro Kamiya

Mrs. Mary Takayasu  
Mr. & Mrs. Tosh Kitagawa  
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Minato  
Mr. & Mrs. Ken Hasebe & Erika Hasebe-Ludt  
Ms. Joan Miki  
Dr. & Mrs. Akira Horii  
Ms. Sara Buechner  
Mr. & Mrs. Masao Odaka  
Mrs. Dorothy Matsune  
Mr. Hajime Inouye  
Mrs. Emiko Amy Shikaze  
Mr. & Mrs. Shoji Nishihata  
Mr. & Mrs. Kenji Shibata  
Mr. Yutaka Ed Ogawa  
Dr. & Mrs. James Hasegawa

Mr. & Mrs. Yukio Nasu  
Mr. & Mrs. Fukashi Yasui  
Mr. Ken Sakamoto  
Ms. Katherine Shimizu  
Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Copithorne  
Mr. Hiro Nakashima  
Mr. & Mrs. Matoharu Hattori  
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Kariya  
Ms. Debbie Davis  
Ms. Heidi Nutley  
Mr. Hiroshi Mizoguchi  
Lorna Koyanagi  
Mr. & Mrs. Michael Davis  
Ms. Susan Tennant