



# Seabrook Educational & Cultural Center Bulletin

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Hours: Monday - Thursday 9:00 am - 12:00 noon  
Additional visiting hours by appointment



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## In Memoriam



### John Fuyuume 1925 -2016

#### Obituary

John N. Fuyuume, 91, of Shannondell in Audubon, PA and formerly of Upper Deerfield Twp., NJ died Friday evening, September 30, 2016 suddenly and unexpectedly.

John was born in Los Angeles, CA on April 24, 1925 and was the son of the late Junji and Chise (nee Takaoki)

Fuyuume. At the age of 16, John and his family were incarcerated in the Gila River War Relocation Authority in Gila, AZ until his family was given the opportunity to relocate to Seabrook, New Jersey to work for Charles F. Seabrook and Seabrook Farms.

John went on to earn a Bachelor's Degree in Music from the Eastman School of Music and a Master's Degree in Music from the University of Rochester, NY. He graduated with highest honors. He also studied industrial engineering, accounting and computers.

On April 24, 1965, he married Setsuko "Sets" Hada at Deerfield Presbyterian Church in Deerfield Street, NJ.

For several years John worked for International Utilities at various locations as their controller. His job duties took him to Hamilton, Bermuda where he was Vice President of Gotaas-Larsen Shipping Corporation.

In 1990 they retired and returned to the Bridgeton, NJ area where John worked tirelessly to establish the Seabrook Educational and Cultural Center (SECC). The Fuyuumes created the Setsuko and John Fuyuume Piano Endowment Fund for the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, NY where he served on their Board of Managers. He also served on the Board of Governors of the Japanese American National Museum in Los Angeles, CA, the Cumberland County Tourism Advisory Council, and the Upper Deerfield Township Historical Commission. He also served as president of the Bay Atlantic Symphony in Bridgeton and was a past-president and former treasurer of the Seabrook Chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League.

His final years were spent with his wife of nearly 50 years at Shannondell in Audubon, PA.

This past spring, John received two special honors: He was recognized in March by the Bridgeton Main Street Association as a "Legend" in the greater Bridgeton community, and in April was chosen to throw out the ceremonial first pitch at a Phillies game honoring Asian Pacific Celebration Night at Citizens Bank Park.

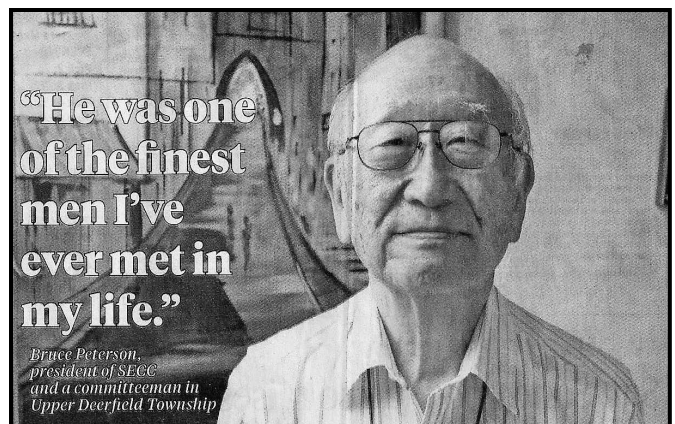
John is survived by two sisters-in-law, Eiko Ikeda (Bunji) and Chiz Sakata and, all of Shannondell, one brother-in-law, Kazuaki Hada (Jackie) of AZ and several nieces and nephews. In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by his wife, Setsuko, in 2015, a brother, Robert S. Fuyuume, in 1978 and a sister-in-law, Miyoko Wong in 2015.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service at the Deerfield Presbyterian Church, Old Deerfield Pike in Upper Deerfield Township on Friday afternoon, October 14th at 1 o'clock where friends will be received at the church from 11:30 to 1.

The burial will follow in the church cemetery.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions are requested to Seabrook Educational and Cultural Center, 1325 Highway 77, Seabrook, NJ 08302, to the Deerfield Presbyterian Church, PO Box 69, Deerfield Street, NJ 08313 or to the Seabrook Chapter JACL, c/o Sharon Yoshida, 4 Mallard Dr., Bridgeton, NJ 08302.

Funeral arrangements are under the direction of Freitag Funeral Home, Bridgeton, NJ.



Source: South Jersey Times published October 9, 2016., Don Woods, page 1.

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## 2016 Acquisitions

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Bonnie Bertram, Bridgeton, NJ, Publications: Sophie Littlefield, *Garden Stones*, Harlequin, 2013 and Jan Jarboe Russell, *Train to Crystal City*, Scribner, 2015.

Beverly Bradway, Hancocks Bridge, NJ, Display Case, wooden, for two dolls, 26 H, 21 W, 11 D

Slate Crate, Salem, NJ, Display Case, 16 x 19, black, to be used for small occasional displays as a teaching tool in SECC outreach programming.

Marilem Soodla Ferentinos, Melrose, MA, Digital images of correspondence: Letters written by Thelma Seabrook Barber, daughter of Charles F. Seabrook, to her husband, Harry Barber, while he was serving in the U.S. Navy as a dentist during World War II in France. The letters, written between January 1944 and June 1945, are a primary source of how the war changed her family life and impacted operations of Seabrook Farms.

Ingrid Hawk, Bridgeton, NJ, Two Seabrook Farms Company uniforms belonging to donor's mother and two travel dolls presented to donor's family in Seabrook.

Misono Miller, Millville, NJ, Photograph, 7 x 8, B & W, of dancers, with identification of the six females; Babe Taniguchi Kato, Motoko Noguchi, Trish Oye, Vicky Yamasaki, Jeanne Tazumi and Emiko Kaneshiki.

Karrie Morlan, Layllwild, CA, Items belonging to donor's mother, Keiko Ogata Shiba, deceased. Photograph, B & W, 8 x 10, of Seabrook Farms women's softball team. Photograph, 5 x 5, B & W, Keiko Ogata Shiba wearing Seabrook Farms women's baseball team uniform top, posed sitting on floor with glove. Textile: blue with gold trim, Seabrook Farms women's softball uniform top.

Kathy Gralley Smalley, Pennsville, NJ, Publications: South Jersey Magazine, various issues.

Helgi Viire, Bridgeton, NJ, German paper currency, four encapsulated types from 1923, 1935, 1942 and post-WWII. The penny money was brought by donor from Geislingen in 1949 to Seabrook Farms. The older denominations belonged to donor's brother, Aleksander Erik Malleus until his passing in 2003. Textile: Estonian child's costume blouse worn by Loreida Malleus Burlew and Helgi Malleus Viire up to year 1948 in Estonia.

Harry Virunurm, Vineland, NJ, Publication: *Seabrook Farms, Plant Rules and Regulations*, undated, labeled to have been the property of Selma Virunurm, mother of the donor.

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### Our 2017 Wish List

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- ◆ Items for children's outreach prize baskets such as art supplies and books about cultural diversity. Call us for suggestions.
- ◆ Packing and mailing supplies for items in our new on-line store.
- ◆ Hospitality items for visitation/receptions such as paper products, bottled water, discounts for local dining or dining gift certificates.
- ◆ Sponsor the purchase of storage products to protect our textile collection.
- ◆ Seabrook Farms publications from the 1930's

#### Thinking big?

Call us and ask about sponsoring the purchase of a scanner with an oversized bed for digitization of the larger items in our collection. We are also in need of a museum quality trimmer for crafting custom milar sleeves to encapsulate small and oversized documents, broadsides and photographs.



**SECC seeks interns and volunteers** with basic typing and computer skills. We are also able to train those seeking job skills. Interns who are interested in learning the Seabrook story perform as museum docents during visitations and as collection catalogers between visits. Volunteers are needed for daily operations and special or short-term projects in our facility and for outreach events.

*Left:* Kayla Massing (earning honor society hours scanned the first Seabrook directory which was created by her grandfather Ray Bano), Frank Ono (group speaker) and Anita Bano (bulk mailings). *Center:* Chris Hawk (cataloging). *Right:* Harvey Friedman (displays).

We can match your skills with our needs!  
Call us today (856) 451-8393

# The Temple Next Door

By Marilem Soodla Ferentinos

When I tell people that as a youngster I lived next door to a Japanese Buddhist Temple, they usually have an image of a wooden pagoda set in a beautifully manicured garden. Far from it, after all it was the early 1950's in a small rural village, Seabrook Farms, in the center of South Jersey. The temple was a small wooden gray shack set on a concrete slab, facing a dusty sidewalk and the parking lot of the General Store. It was from the same species as the awful barracks that had been our home for the first three weeks in America. The temple's side window was lined up with the window of the room that I shared with my grandmother. If my arms had been longer, I was sure that I could reach the window. No matter when or how I looked, I could never see inside into the temple. The building and its contents were a mystery to me and my playmates. I was eight years old at that time.

Our home was a tiny corner apartment in a long one-story concrete block building that was divided into six small living units. Four of these apartments were occupied by Estonians and had children close to my age. Americans, called "Hillbillies" lived in the other two. The building was on the edge of what was unofficially called the "Japanese village," a complex of similar one story concrete structures, housing several hundred Japanese families. I do not recall seeing any trees, but the tiny front yards, next to the coal bins, were a patchwork of lush leafy green vegetables and herbs. On "Sons or Boys Day" fish pennants were hung jubilantly from rooftops. In spite of the long and grueling work hours, civility reigned. Older Japanese ladies bowed to one another whenever they met on the street.

Across the street from us was the "General Store," but for all of us it was the "Japanese Store." By today's standards, the store was small — probably less than one tenth the size of Stop & Shop. The store was constructed from cinder blocks and concrete, trying to imitate, however unsuccessfully, a frontier store front. Dimly lit inside, the aisles of shelving were piled high, precariously maximizing the limited space. One row of shelves was filled with Japanese items. Trays, plates, tea pots, ash trays, vases, and bowls decorated with dragons rose in dizzying towers. Next to them were beautiful baskets, boxes of chopsticks, delicate white porcelain rice bowls, colorful paper parasols and folded kimonos. Tucked nearby were packages of rice, noodles, dried mushrooms and mysterious jars covered with Japanese characters.

Our backyard opened up into a grassy field where my Estonian playmates and I would play ball, ride bikes and just run around tagging each other. But in July it became a wonder world when the annual Buddhist Obon Festival was held on a weekend night. We did not know then that it was a celebration to honor the dead. Early in the day men from the temple constructed a high wooden scaffold in the middle of the field, a platform on four tall poles, the *yagura*, I later learned. Women from the temple ran a garden hose from our outside water faucet to their building. They had no running water and needed water to prepare food for the festival. All day people, many in kimonos, busily went in and out of the building as we watched in fascination.

By dusk the *yagura*, decorated with colorful lanterns, was surrounded by old and young people, most of them in traditional Japanese dress. Rhythmic music piped out from a makeshift sound system. Japanese lyrics from a female singer could be heard, in spite the static of the recordings and the chatter. Twenty women, looking like Geisha girls in their flowing robes and upturned hairdos, started to dance slowly in a circle around the *yagura*. The long flowing sleeves of their kimonos accented their graceful movements as they raised their arms to the left and then to the right. Shortly, others, men, women, boys and girls, joined and the circle grew larger. My friends and I, looking like street urchins with our blonde braids and mismatched summer wear, jumped in and followed the slow rhythm of the dancers, unaware that we were honoring the spirits of our ancestors. We were the only non-Japanese present.

The next morning a small delegation from the temple knocked on our door and offered a gift as a token of their gratitude for using our water and then quickly left. It was food that had been prepared for the festival — food that my family had never seen or tasted before — and accompanied with chopsticks. We could not stop marveling how beautiful everything looked, especially the salad in strips of color and vegetables cut to look like flowers. There was a small roll, artistically constructed in concentric colorful circles of mysterious ingredients. Mother and Father wanted to share these strange new foods with their Estonian friends who gladly joined the tasting party. They poked at the food as if dissecting it and then nibbled the morsels, enjoying the new tastes as they tried to identify the ingredients. The circular dish, which looked like the jelly roll Mother baked, was declared definitely to contain cooked rice and perhaps the dark outer coating was eel skin. Today I realize it was sushi, but was the outer coating really eel skin or was it seaweed? The chopsticks were never used, but saved for many years.

For the next three summers the Obon festival continued behind our home. We danced with the Japanese around the *yagura* and marveled at the welcoming treats from our neighbors. *To be continued...*

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## Visitors

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Left: Karrie Morlan group visited SECC with Louise Ogata

Left below: Brookdale Community College group with volunteer speaker Frank Ono

Below: Reinvold family shared Estonian memories of Seabrook



*From the December 1956 SEABOOKER*



**Fifteen  
SEABROOKERS  
Become  
CITIZENS**



LAST month the following Seabrook residents proudly took the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States of America at impressive naturalization ceremonies in Cumberland County Court, Bridgeton:

Alonie and Robert Sildnik of 1419 State Road; Liis and Mihkel Soovik of 1209 State Road; Epp Ojamaa of 1206 First St.; Asta and Eugen Roolend of 1210 First St.; Kisaji Kawamoto, of Apt. 882; Nadia D. Rome, of Dormitory 10; Karl E. Kubarseppo, of Dormitory 2; Johannes Kusma, of Dormitory 1; Margarita Vaga of 4043 Hoover Village; Agnes Kusma of 1308 Second St.; and Mathilda and Franz Nowak of 906 Parsonage Road.

Congratulations and welcome to our Citizens!

**SEABROOK SUCCESS PACK**



THIS sure is Seabrook's biggest pack, So big it can't go down the stack; So luscious, green and good to eat, It is our customers' favorite treat.

That's why by millions they demand Above all others the Seabrook brand; 'Cause it's the dish that most appeals At Christmas time and other meals.

That's why St. Nick makes all the rounds, To all our customers in all towns; So that when Christmas comes this year They'll all be merry and full of cheer.

## NEW WEBSITE LAUNCHED

*Thank you* to our new annual website sponsors:

- ♦ Seabrook Brothers and Sons
- ♦ Woodruff Energy
- ♦ Woodruff Family

Visit [seabrookeducation.org](http://seabrookeducation.org) often to donate, make purchases, reminisce, learn more about Seabrook history and take part in what we are doing!

Also follow us on Facebook!



## SAVE THE DATE!

### SEABROOK REUNION JULY 14 - 16, 2017

#### INCLUDES OBON FESTIVAL ON JULY 15

SECC AND JACL ARE CO-SPONSORING THE INAUGURAL JOHN FUYUUME CITIZENSHIP AWARD LUNCHEON IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE SEABROOK REUNION

FOR DETAILS & TO VOLUNTEER CONTACT:

BEVERLY BRADWAY, SECC EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR  
856-451-8393 ([seabrookhistory@gmail.com](mailto:seabrookhistory@gmail.com))

or

MICHAEL ASADA, SEABROOK JACL PRESIDENT  
248 979 4828 ([michael.k.asada@gmail.com](mailto:michael.k.asada@gmail.com))



Glory Tabernacle of Bridgeton visited SECC. Children learned how Seabrookers from twenty-five different countries came to the global village and worked side by side with other newcomers in an innovative agricultural enterprise called the "Largest vegetable factory on Earth" by Life Magazine in 1955.

*Call our office (856) 451-8393 to book your group today!*

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