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JAPANESE CANADIAN DISPLAY PROJECT.
INSIDE STORIES. NEW CANADIAN
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Dec. 92.	Mrs KAMEGAYA	✓ The Life of MILDRED OSTERHOUT FARHNI. (Sister in Law of Mr FARNHI, Editor of the Kootenaian.).
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Nov. 92.	HARRY KANAME TSUCHIYA	→ KOOTNICRAFT.
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MS 20 1995.2 Langham Japanese Canadian fonds JCMAP Stories from Internees #43, 8by92, pg. (with index) Inside Stories from 'New Canadian' newspaper 1953 (Index) SFH 513

Aug 25 1992

Japanese-Canadian Archival Display Project
Langham Cultural Society
Box 1000
Kaslo, B.C. V0G 1M0

JAPANESE CANADIAN ARCHIVAL DISPLAY PROJECT

Interview of Mrs. Chie Kamegaya

as told to Ian Fraser

Date: August 25,1992

Draft copies for approval by Mrs. Kamegaya
Revised by Mrs. K. in Sept. O.K.

get the children together. After many interviews I was finally assigned a corner in the Manufacturers' Bldg. under the condition that no money was to be involved. I obtained materials from various well known companies — donations.

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1995.2
Langham Japanese Canadian fonds JCMAP Stories From Internees 1943, 88, 92, 98, (with index) Inside Stories from 'New Canadian' newspaper 1953 (Unindexed) SFH 513

Mrs.Kamegaya was interned in Kaslo from New Westminster with other over 450 people of New Westminster area Japanese communities. In Kaslo then,there were people from Steveston,Woodfiber,Vancouver and some other places to made Japanese population was over 1,000 while Kaslo's local population about 500. One of their main concerns was to get their husbands back from the road camps to which they had been sent. As a committee of the association,Mrs Kamegaya attended to meeting with Mr.Boutobee,who was one of big shot in B.C.Security Commision. He told of them that they need many carpenters to build shacks for evacuees yet to come in Kaslo. New Westminster association secretly handed him their list of carpenters who were all their husbands names. But Mrs Kamegaya told Mr.Boutbee that her husband is not a carpenter,yet she liked him inthe crew. Mr.Boutbee made him as time keeper.They kept it secret from their families. New Westminster Association was sure that they would join with their families soon in Kaslo and they would be all happy.

What then transpired is indicative of war time bureaucracy. All the men were sent to New Denver with the exception of Mrs.Kamegaya's husband who was sent to Kaslo.

Unfortunately when her husband returned alone the attitude of many in Japanese Canadian Comminity was that she had been acting in her own interests instead of the whole community. Mrs Kamegaya was uncomfortable dealing with the bad feelings that the incident created for quite some time. Even her husband,being of thetraditional attitude that a women's place is inthe home,was critical of her being involved with the Evacuation Committee. This is an unfortunate example of actions with good intentions producing unpleasant result.

get the children together. After many interviews I was finally assigned a corner in the Manufacturers' Bldg. under the condition that no money was to be involved. I obtained materials from various well known companies — donations.

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Japanese-Canadian Archival Display Project
Langham Cultural Society
Box 1000,
Kaslo, B.C. V0G 1M0

August 25,1992

Mrs. Kamegaya was interned in Kaslo from New Westminister. She was involved in the Kaslo Association to improve conditions in Kaslo. One of the main concerns was to get their husbands back from the road and logging camps to which they had been sent. As head of the association Mrs Kamegaya met with the B.C. Security Commision in Kaslo. There was word that many carpenters were needed for Kaslo. Mrs Kamegaya met with the B.C. Security Commision to see if her husband (who was not a carpenter) could be put on this crew. Mrs. Kamegaya was assured that he would be on the crew as time keeper. What then transpired is indicative of war time bureaucracy. All the men were sent to New Denver with the exception of Mrs. Kamegaya's husband who was sent to Kaslo.

Unfortunately when her husband returned alone the attitude of many in the Japanese Canadian Community was that she had been acting in her own interests instead of the whole community. Mrs. Kamegaya was uncomfortable dealing with the bad feelings that the incident created for quite some time. Even her husband, being of the traditional attitude that a woman's place is in the home, was critical of her being involved with the B.C. Security Commision. This is an unfortunate example of actions with good intentions producing unpleasant results.

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From an interview with Mrs. Kitagawa in New Denver on August 25, 1992.

She stated that she was on a committee from new Westminster that approached Austin Taylor in Vancouver (Taylor was the head of the B.C. Security Commission.) to ensure that the community and families would stay together. Mrs. K. spoke very little English as did other Issei of that time. She went to taylor's office to see him. He refused, saying that he was too busy and then he went to lunch. Mrs. K. then told the committee that they would have to be persistent and they would see him after lunch. They finally saw him and he agreed to talk to them. They asked him which ghost towns would be the best. He mentionned five and finished by saying that Kaslo was the best because it had tap water, cement sidewalks and electricity. So the group from Westminster decided to go to Kaslo. Also in Kaslo were people from Steveston, Woodfiber, Van, and about one thousand people from other communities. The time frame for this talk with Taylor was around the beginning of Hastings Park.

get the children together. After many interviews I was finally assigned a corner in the Manufacturers' Bldg. under the condition that no money was to be involved. I obtained materials from various well known companies — donations.

Mrs. Kitagawa was interned in Kaslo from New Westminster with over 450 people of New Westminster area Japanese communities. In Kaslo then, there were people from Steveston, Woodfiber, Vancouver and some other places. The Japanese population was over 1,000 while kaslo's local population was about 500. One of their main concerns was to get their husbands back from the road camps to which they had been sent. As a member of the association, Mrs. Kitagawa attended the meeting with Mr. Boulbee, who was one important member of the B.C. Security Commission. He told them that they needed many carpenters to build shacks for the evacuees yet to come in Kaslo. The New Westminster Association secretly handed him their list of carpenters who were all their husbands names. But Mrs. Kitagawa told him that her husband was not a carpenter, yet she liked to see him in the crew. Mr. Boulbee made him as time keeper. They kept it secret from their families. The New Westminster Association was sure that they would join with their families soon in Kaslo and they would be all happy.

What then transpired is indicative of war time bureaucracy. All the men were sent to New Denver with the exception of Mrs. Kitagawa's husband who was sent to Kaslo.

Unfortunately when her husband returned alone, the attitude of many Japanese-Canadian in the community was that she had been acting in her own interests instead of the whole community's. Mrs. Kitagawa was uncomfortable dealing with the bad feelings that the incident created for quite some time. Even her husband, being of the traditional attitude that a woman's place is in the home, was critical of her being involved with the evacuation Committee. This is an unfortunate example of actions with good intentions producing unpleasant results.

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File # 28.
Oct 23 1992

TAKENAKA — corrected sp FM

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. TAKENAKA ~~TAKEHARA~~ ~~TAKAHARA~~ FM

October 23, 1992

Mrs. Takenaka came to Vancouver from Japan with her husband in 1930, he came to Canada when he was 14 years old to join his father. In 1928 he became naturalized so that he could go to Japan to bring back a wife. Mr. Takenaka worked at Woodfiber on Vancouver Island for Mr. Brennon, along with 150 - 200 other men. Among these was Tom Shoyama, a Japanese Canadian University student who later worked as an editor on The New Canadian, a Japanese Canadian newspaper in Kaslo. When war broke out the government told them they would have to move to the internment camps away from the coast. Mr. Brennon tried to protect the people he knew but it proved futile. Mr. Takenaka had a brother living in Kamloops and he hoped to have them join him and his family there. The government at that time had decided that if any Japanese Canadian had enough money and was self-supporting they could move to a place of their choice. Mr. Brennon asked them how much money they had, when they told him he said it was not enough because no one knew how long the war would last and he was afraid it would cause them too much hardship, so they had to go where the government sent them. A man who worked with Mr. Takanaka at Wood fiber told them they should go to Kaslo, he had been a policeman there at one time and knew a very important man there a Mr. Archer, who he would write to and ask if he would look out for them when they arrived. Kaslo turned out to be a good choice because most ot the people were kind and Mr. Archer did take them around in his car (very few people had a car at that time) and show them the sites.

get the children together. After many interviews I was finally assigned a corner in the Manufacturers' Bldg under the condition that no money was to be involved. I obtained materials from various well known companies — donations.

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Mr. Takenaka had lost his arm when he was 29 and consequently the government considered him to be handicaped and because of this, he could not go to the work camps and his family would not be separated. The trip from Vancouver to Nelson was made by train and from Nelson to Kaslo on the Moyie, it was a very sad trip for all, they were leaving their homes and nearly all their belongings behind. Each family had been allowed to pack two apple boxes with dishes, clothing and blankets before they left the coast. These would be sent to them later when the Security Commission decided they needed them. They were allowed to carry 175 lbs. of clothing and blankets with them. Mrs. Takenaka could not help because she was carrying her 5½ week old son, so her husband and 11 year old son had to carry it all. Later the government did send them the two apple boxes of their own things and a check for $32.00 for the things they had left on the coast.

It was a cold, snowy day on May 12, 1942 when Mr. and Mrs. Takenaka arrived at Kaslo. There was about two inches of snow on the ground. The government had changed the rules and when they disembarked the Moyie at Kaslo they were told they were to be separated. Mrs. Takenaka and her 40 day old son had to go to the old Kaslo hotel while her husband and 11 year old son must go across Main street and down an ally to another house. The only thing that seemed to brighten that day was the welcome tea the ladies of Kaslo made for them.

We had to do what the government told us to do, so I went to my room at the old hotel and stayed there. It was a small room with two bunk beds made out of lumber and hay to sleep on. We got the mattress covers later to put the hay in. We had a big stove downstairs to cook on and one bathroom. We had no men at the hotel so the Security Commission asked my husband if he would be night-watchman at the hotel for 20¢ or 25¢ an hour.

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Then the government changed the rules again and they brought some of the men back from the camps to be with their families and the handicaped had to move to another place. This time they were together as a family and they moved to the John Keene house which was a little better. At the Keene house there were upstairs, Mr.and Mrs. Saruwatari and one little girl; Mr. and Mrs. Saro, who were old people; the Takenaka family of four, downstairs there were Mr. and Mrs. Okano and three children; Mr. and Mrs. Toti and three children; Mr. Morimoto who was an old man and Mrs. Tokai's sister; Mrs. Tokai and her three children. We had a little trail to the Bowkers' house, he was the postmaster in Kaslo at the time. The Security Commission built us a big tub in one room to bath in. We would wash all over then dip, then soap, then wash it off. We had a room in the house with a big tub to heat our wash water we cut our own wood to heat the water so we could wash anytime, we would dip out the water and wash our clothes outside by hand, there was no clothes line so we hung a rope out side for that too.

We got our health care at the Masonic Lodge Clinic, my family was very healthy so we didn't seem to need much. My third child was born in Kaslo Hospital in 1944 a Doctor Shimotakahara delivered my baby, he was the Doctor at the Clinic as well as the Hospital. My other two children were born in Vancouver.

On April 24, 1945 the Security Commission wanted to close the camp at Kaslo so my family had to move again this time to New Denver, we were sorry to leave Kaslo, we were accostomed to it there and the people had been nice to us. Once again the Security Commission decided my husband, because he was handicaped, would go with us because he couldn't be sent to the work camp. The Security Commission Manager was a Mr. Lougheed, he had known us at Kaslo because he had been at Kaslo with us. Because I had a small baby, he gave us a house with electric lights. We moved into house No. 17 it was very much like where we had lived in Kaslo. Later we moved to another house in New Denver.

Bldg. under the condition that no money was to be involved. I obtained materials from various well known companies — donations.

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Soon I was working at Silverton as a hairdresser and barber three times a week and my husband had a job at the Pavilion so we could get by, but then I had a chance to buy a shop in New Denver in 1950 I knew it was a good business because it was the same as the one at Silverton. My husband and I talked it over and because we had three sons to educate, we borrowed the money, and I moved downtown to run my shop. The next year the mines were all working so I got a helper. We were very busy. We were opened seven days a week. Our sons got a good education and did well for themselves so it was worth it.
In later years Mrs. Takenaka was to win a 40 year anniversary contest for the best Haiku. It was printed in The New Canadian newspaper on Wednesday, May 9, 1962. Mrs. Takenaka still resides in New Denver, she is a very cheerful and young looking lady in spite of all the hardships she suffered.

by Nancy Mooring

for the Langham Cultural Centre

Bldg. under the condition that no money was to be involved. I obtained materials from various well known companies — donations.

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Langham Japanese Canadian fonds JCMAP Stories From Inside
Interviews 1943, 88, 92, 98, (with index)
Stories from 'New Canadian' newspaper 1953 (Indexed) SFH
513

File # 28

Nov 92

KOOTNICRAFT.

Let me introduce myself:-

Harry Kaname Tsuchiya

Born and educated in Vancouver, B.C.

Graduate of Vancouver Technical School.

Family was in the Fishing Industry.

After Pearl Harbour, confiscation of our fishing vessels, curfew & wartime restrictions imposed

Turmoil of evacuation.

I joined the Japanese Canadian Citizen Association and did voluntary interpreting for registration, welfare custodian and whatever other services were required.

My family was notified to relocate but I stayed behind and moved into Hasting Park

I became involved with the younger children of school age as I noticed they were left to fend for themselves as the parents had other matters to worry about. I went to the authorities and asked for an area in one of the building where I could get the children together. After many interviews I was finally assigned a corner in the Manufacturers' Bldg. under the condition that no money was to be involved. I obtained materials from various well known companies — donations.

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Langham Japanese Canadian fonds JCMAP Stories From Internees (1943, 88y 92y 98, (with index)
Inside Stories from 'New Canadian' newspaper 1953 (Indexed) SFH
S13

As time went by I realized that this Program had to be carried to the relocation centre in the Interior. I suggested this very strongly to the Commission. Finally on July 26, 1943 I was on the train heading for Kaslo. At Nelson I boarded the "paddle boat" the Moyie and docked at Kaslo July 27. This was the boat's last voyage.

I was assigned a basement in one of the buildings on the lake side of Main St. However the space was too small for our number. I surveyed other buildings that were available and discovered a log structure abandoned by The Rod and Gun Club. Due to financial difficulties, I had the support of Mr. Loughted, the supervisor, and the maintenance crew and others to complete the building as it stands to-day. Now I had enough room for classes, store room, machine room, storage space and office. We conducted manuel training classes, hobby & craft club during afternoon & evening.

Whittling, initial & name brooches, Pine cone owl brooches, animal brooches, wall plaques, bowls, door knockers trays, wooden buttons, buckles, and wooden carvings were some of the articles made. Bowls, trays, plaques and birds were hand painted. Incidently Mrs. Bowker has one of the original door knockers on her back door.

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Inside Stories from 'New Canadian' newspaper 1953 (indexed) SFH 513

Tourists and visitors came and bought the articles made. They were sold for souvenirs, hence the name of "Kootnicraft". We expanded our operation and had the products sold in Nakusp, New Denver, Slocan City, Bay Farm & Lemon Creek. As time went by the craft work was getting to be known throughout the Interior.

In August of 1943 I was asked to meet with the Kaslo School Board. They asked if I would be interested in teaching manuel training classes grades 6, 7, and 8, at the local school. This would entail 4 periods a week, 2 on Monday and 2 on Friday at $3.50 per period.

I accepted and taught the classes until the 2nd week of November when I was called in to meet with the school inspector from Nelson who informed me that I did not have the official qualification; thus ended my teaching experience. I continued on however as a volunteer teacher until Christmas.

In October, 1944 I relocated to Winnipeg and for awhile continued making Kootnicraft products.

I should like to mention that in the 3 years in Kaslo I thank the following — Mr. Nikki (Nicky NEKODA) Nikoda, Jimmy Hasegawa, Shiro Takeda and all the Hobby Craft Club members for their participation and help in operating Kootnicraft Shop.

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Nursing Services during Evacuation.

When World War 2 began to affect the Japanese population in B.C. no one envisioned the various problems that would come about. There were no previous experiences one could refer to for solving each problem as it appeared. This definitely applied to the health and welfare of the evacuees.

The night before the first group came to the Hastings Park Manning Pool, I received a call asking me to be present to give any help as needed. As a Public Health Nurse my supervisor of the Metropolitan Health Unit of Vancouver felt I could be of use but sadly I was given nothing to work with as the needs could not be anticipated. From this beginning I became very involved until one day I was asked by Dr. Hodgins to go to Kaslo. Apparently no doctor was available and a Japanese nurse was badly needed so with four hours' notice I boarded the train for Kaslo.

Kaslo I found to be a beautiful spot but I did not have too much time to enjoy the scenery. Immediately I had to find a spot to set up a clinic. Fortunately the downstairs of the Masonic hall was available so with some planning I soon had a clinic

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Langham Japanese Canadian fonds JCMAP Stories From Internees #43, 88, 92, 98. (with index) 553 (indexed) SFH
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set up both for a dentist and a doctor.

We finally obtained the services of a retired doctor, Dr. Gibson. It was difficult for him to work with the Japanese people as this was his first experience and had a language barrier, However he was a very kind, considerate doctor and did his best to give his much needed service.

My first duty was to set up an immunization program as people were living in crowded, unhealthy situation. However immediate acute problems were always present so it was a great relief when one of our Japanese doctor came to Kaslo in the fall.

In the meantime I was kept busy testing the community bath water for the bacterial count. At one point impetigo became very prevelant so everyone was upset. If an infectious case resulted the local hospital could not admit same so when the Commission obtained a house behind the Masonic Hall this was quickly converted into temporary quarters for the caring of the patients. This meant training girls who would be willing to help as it was impossible to do all the work myself. However I feel we gave very good service to our Kaslo people. I was fortunate I had special training outside of

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Public Health and R.N. nursing to be able to offer the people the best service.

The work was always a challenge. Being the only Public Health Nurse I was also sent to Greenwood, New Denver, Slocan, Bay Farm, Popoff and Lemon Creek to assist in the clinic work.

As time went on the need to educate the young ones was becoming a great concern to everyone. Schools were set up at all the centres and it was my privilege to be able to help in Kaslo. Between running the clinic and assisting the two doctors I did my share of teaching the grade nine students. It was a case of doing my home work the night before then teaching the class the next day. It certainly was a challange and also frustrating at times, but we volunteers must have done some good as we did have pupils who were a success later on in life.

Church also was an important factor in our busy life. Help was always needed in the workings of the church. We participated in Sunday School, activities involving teen agers and joining the choir. As a United Church member I also was able to help our missionaries — Miss S. Tate and Miss N. Sadler, with their involvement amongst the people.

Looking back to those trying times I feel along

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with the bad times, good times are also remembered. Each and everyone of us benefited and learned by our experiences, thus becoming better, matured adults. We cannot dwell on the negative aspects as this only creates bitterness. I myself am thankful for the experiences as I feel it made me a better nurse and I had much to offer as a compassionate person.

Yasuko Tsuchiya.

My personal background:-

Born & educated in Vancouver, B.C.
Graduate of Magee High School.
First Vancouver Japanese girl to graduate from Vancouver General Hospital and obtained my Public Health from U.B.C.
Worked on V.G.H. staff, Metropolitan Health Unit in Van. until evacuation time, worked at Winnipeg Sick Children's Hospital in clinic and Employed by City of Hamilton for 17 yrs before retiring, as P.H.N.
Also did volunteer clinic work in Fraser Valley for 1 year before war as well as Japanese clinic in Vancouver.

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Langham Japanese Canadian fonds JCMAP Stories from internees 1943, 88, 92, 98, (with index) SFH 513
Inside Stories from 'New Canadian' newspaper 1953 (indexed)

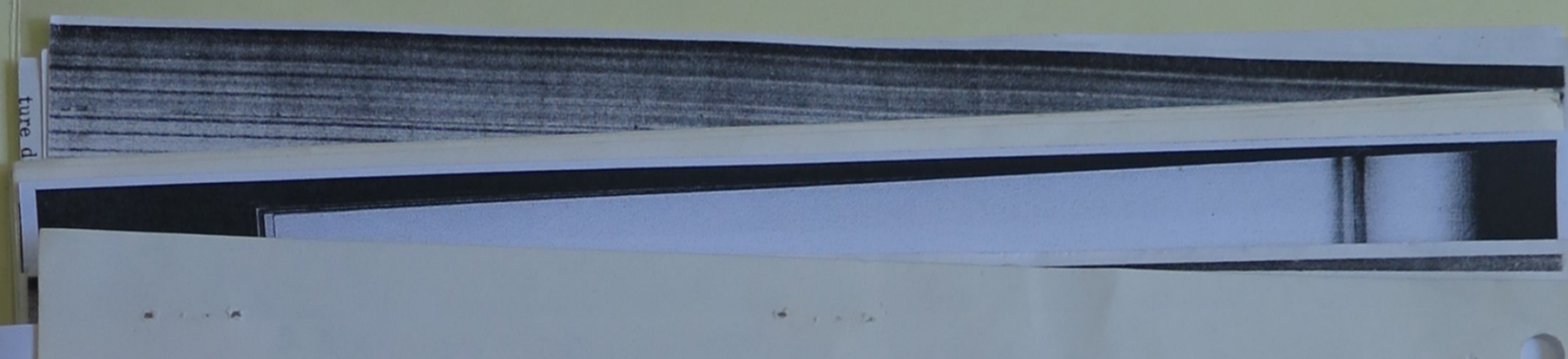


November 29, 1992

Langham Cultural Centre
Box 1000
Kaslo, B.C.
V0G 1M0

Dear Mr. Fraser

Just a note to thank you and the town of Kaslo for setting up the Langham Japanese Canadian Archival Display. It was one of the highlights of our Homecoming '92 Internment Centre Tour last month. My sister and I were delighted to find ourselves in "Smiling Faces..." — especially since we couldn't find our family listed in the "address list" on the opposite wall. We later walked around town and found an addition of sets of our former "home" & I was to write & ask that our name & location be added to your list. Now of course I can't locate the slip of paper. In any case I can describe the location: just down the hill from the S.S. Moyie the intersecting street has a large blue (?) house on the next block. (3rd St.?) We lived in the little red imitation siding house down the lane (now turned out.). You'll likely recognize the place from the enclosed picture. Our family name was ONO and we lived with grampa & gramma, Mr. & Mrs. SHUSAI SASAKI. Mom's name was H. ONO and we were Patricia & ~~Jo~~ Sachi Ono. (now Patricia Mackling & Judith Whitmer)



Unfortunately my memories of these days are skimpy - sliding down the main road (there must have been very little traffic) & attending school in the old hardware store are two. Mom kept house for the former mayor Mr. Archer who had a grown up son as I recall, & we helped pick cherries for Mr. Krueger, on whose property we were living - he lived in a large house where the large blue one is now located. It seems to me there was a house (2 doors down toward the S.S. Mogie ?) where a group of nuns lived and we were able to visit them.

I remember receiving Pauline Johnson's Flint & Feather as second prize in an oratorical contest (Oct. 23, 1945 - Gr 5 Kootenay Lake School) Roy Ohora won first & Teddy Shimizu 3rd prize. These details are from a scrapbook - the Teachers' Historical Society (contact: Mrs Sachi One, 196 Mapleme Avenue Willowdale, Ont.) apparently has a picture of the event. I am amazed & no - dismayed - at the dearth of memories for a 10 or 11 year old. I suppose we just never reminisced within the family & memories were not reinforced.

Thank you for the Archival Display & for the interest & effort invested in preserving our history. It is important & it is appreciated.

Sincerely

Patricia Mackling
RR 1 Dugald Man. R0E 0K0

P.S. I have grade 3 & grade 5 class pictures taken in front of Gojevich(?) Hardware store in 1942 & 1944. Would you like copies?

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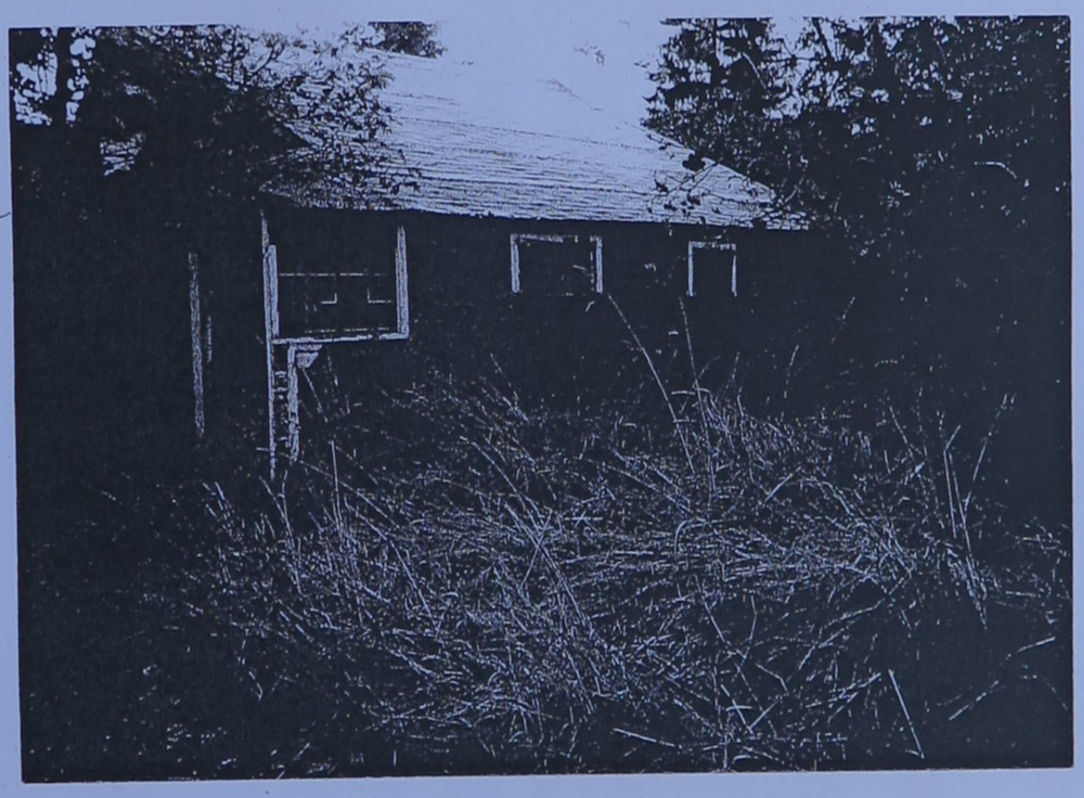

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see pg 14 for Nisei connection

Dec 1992

The Life of Mildred Osterhout Fahrni

(she was sister in law to Mr Farnhi who was editor of Kootenaion)

A biography proposal submitted to the Michener Awards Foundation

By Nancy Knickerbocker

Mildred Osterhout Fahrni was born almost precisely with the Twentieth Century. She came into the world on January 2, 1900 in tiny Rapid City, Manitoba, the daughter of a preacher and a schoolteacher. Since then, Mildred's life journey has taken her a long way: from Methodism and the social gospel to socialism and *satyagraha*; from her home in Vancouver to the slums of London and Delhi, the *barrios* of Mexico. It has been a journey both geographic and spiritual.

Mildred participated in many key moments and historic struggles of our age. She was there in 1933, when the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation was born and the Regina Manifesto declared. She was there in San Francisco, at the 1945 founding of the United Nations. There she was in a blacks-only boarding home in Montgomery, Alabama during the famous bus boycott of 1956. She was in Saigon and Hanoi in 1960, and for years later helped sustain a peace vigil every Saturday in downtown Vancouver. In her seventies, she was present at Ground Zero, near the nuclear submarine site in Bangor, Washington.

She walked and prayed with Mahatma Gandhi, with J.S. Woodsworth, with Martin Luther King Jr. Like them, Mildred has joyously and consistently affirmed her faith in people's ability to transform themselves, and the world, through non-violence. Like them, she stood with the poor, the disenfranchised and the oppressed. She too, turned the other cheek and loved her enemy.

The biography will follow Mildred on her path of peace through this century, weaving together the political and the personal. It is an exciting story, an adventure. It's the story of an independent woman with a twinkle in her eye who dared to live an unconventional life in conventional times. It's the story of a courageous person who climbed mountains, swam icy waters and fearlessly celebrated all God's creation.

Mildred now is 92 years old, and in the University of British Columbia hospital recuperating from surgery to remove a blood clot in her right leg. Room 124 on Ward 1-A is brightened with purple cyclamen and pink primroses, fragrant with the spring scent of hyacinths. Many friends and well-wishers have visited Mildred regularly, but once they've departed she doesn't remember them. Since the day

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after her operation, she has been suggesting that perhaps it's time for her to go home.

Home is at 4536 West 8th Avenue in Vancouver's Point Grey neighborhood. With the help of a homemaker who comes in for a couple of hours each day, and the presence of two students in the house, Mildred has been able to continue living in the family home she shared with her father, and where her brother and his wife raised their three children.

It's a modest stucco house dating from the mid-1920s. The roof is mossy and there are dark grey water stains where flower boxes once were. The spirits of lobelia and geraniums flutter in the breeze. The Christmas lights are still up in February. Stuck all over the front door and windows are poems and hymns and messages and doves of peace. The tape is brittle and the paper yellowing, but the message is clear.

* * *

In her eighties, Mildred wrote: "I was fortunate in being born into a home where both parents were committed to Christian principles and tried to maintain them in their own lives, as well as see their application in the community and beyond ... "

Her father, Rev. Abram Berson Osterhout, served the Inland Mission Service of the Manitoba Methodist Conference for 23 years. A stern, bearded teetotaler who believed in duty and self-denial, he often fought through blizzards in horse-drawn sleigh to bring the Word to remote communities dotting the vast prairie. One of Mildred's earliest memories is of following in his footsteps through deep snow up to the church door, the light from his lantern swaying over the sparkling drifts.

Her mother, Harriet Emma Smyth, was one of 11 children of Irish immigrants. Her family emigrated to California, but she stayed behind in Manitoba as a school teacher. Hattie Osterhout was a gracious and loving mother, a confident and articulate wife who ably replaced her husband in the pulpit when he was ill. Mildred and her younger brother, Victor, shared a close relationship, roaming the prairie together in summer, skating and sledding in winter.

Life on the frontier was simple, and those solid immigrant values of industry and thrift were essential to survival. Like their neighbors, the Osterhouts grew their own food, cut their own fuel, hauled water from a pump and made their own clothing. "There was a sense of community," Mildred wrote, "... we cooperated in many of these activities and we were concerned with each other's needs and tried to share in meeting them. These as well as the

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scriptural injunctions were probably the basis of my socialist beliefs."

Young Mildred was also inspired by the example of James and Lucy Woodsworth, colleagues in the Methodist Mission and close family friends. She remembers jolly gatherings with the Woodsworth clan, and cherished a life-long friendship with the eldest daughter, the late Grace MacInnis, former MLA and the first B.C. woman elected to Parliament. The two girls came of age during the First World War, and were bitterly disappointed to see that the Methodist Church could find no place in its ranks for ministers like Woodsworth, who preached peace as "the war to end all wars" raged on.

In 1914 the Osterhout family moved to the West Coast, first to Victoria and later Vancouver. By age 18 Mildred was teaching in a one-room school on Denman Island, becoming principle in her second semester after the only other teacher quit. On Denman, Mildred fell breathlessly in love with a young preacher named Jack but she seems to have intuited that the conventional joys of marriage and family life were incompatible with the kind of questing life she wanted to lead.

In August, 1921, Hattie Osterhout died of cancer. For Mildred, it was "the longest, hardest day of my life, but it brought relief to terrible suffering & I won't complain." Nor did she. But there's no doubt that with her mother's death Mildred alone inherited her domestic role. For the next two decades, she dutifully kept house for her father and brother, juggling household chores with her studies and social activism.

She was educated at the University of British Columbia where she participated in the progressive Student Christian Movement. Mildred, her brother Victor, and their SCM friends believed that an honest reading of the Gospel called them to put their faith into action and, like Christ, to take the side of the poor and meek. For them, the clear message of the Sermon on the Mount was that socialism and Christianity were logically inextricable.

"Some of the church leaders were with us, but most congregations perceived us as a bunch of young radicals," says SCM colleague Mary Kelly. Her recollections of those days mostly focus on what good fun they all had on Thanksgiving camps at Copper Cove, and what interesting discussions they had aboard Vic's boat, "a little putt-putt."

Mildred was also influenced by her studies of Capitalism, Socialism and Communism with the Yale economist Theodore Boggs, who encouraged his mostly middle-class students to attend union meetings in Vancouver's working

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class East End. Mildred was appalled to learn of the exploitive conditions endured by many workers and was inspired by their leaders, especially the Wobblies: the International Workers of the World, who were organizing migrant workers in the mines and lumber camps, factories and farms of the West Coast.

Mildred graduated from UBC with a Master's degree in English and philosophy in 1924. For the next two years, Miss Osterhout, M.A., was in charge of the "girls work program" at the Y.W.C.A. and later at Canadian Memorial Community Hall. She was moved by the plight of these young women, who labored under arduous conditions for paltry wages with no job security. She later wrote of herself: "This experience gave her the opportunity to compare the conditions under which working girls and the leisure group live."

Over the subsequent four years, she taught elementary school in Vancouver. Again, she was frustrated by her inability to respond to the urgent needs of the youngsters in her classes. Mildred could see that for "problem children" the trouble often started at home, but the school system of the day was authoritarian and impersonal. She dreamed of changing the system, even the world, but was sensible enough to know she needed more training.

In 1930, Mildred applied for and recived an international fellowship to study social economy at Bryn Mawr, the prestigious women's college in Philadelphia. It was only the first year of the Great Depression, but the city was already suffering: 25 per cent of heads of families were unemployed. The Case Work Society sent Mildred out from the stately campus to help poor families on the squalid outskirts of town.

In June 1931 she wrote in her journal: "Dust, filth, garbage in the streets. Dirty, unshaven, dejected unemployed slouching on the stoop. Fat, lurid proprietors filling up dark doorways. Thin, careworn women with drooping shoulders arguing by the open front markets. Ragged children with armfuls of pretzels crying their wares. Lean black cats slinking out to search the garbage."

Mildred soon realized she was as powerless as were her clients to alleviate these injustices, and she began to question the value of her work. Searching for deeper solutions, she began attending the Society of Friends meeting at Pendle Hill, the fledgling Quaker college just outside Philadelphia.

At Pendle Hill, Mildred met Muriel Lester, the crusading British social worker and pacifist. Like Mildred, Muriel was the daughter of a comfortable, devout family. At age 19, for a lark, she went to a party in the East End of

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London -- "the disreputable haunt of thieves, drunks and hooligans." But the working class girls she met there captured her heart. "Compared with them, I was a pampered, sheltered, ignorant idler," she wrote. Muriel determined to put her money to work for them, so she went on to found Kingsley Hall, a settlement house and community centre in the East End neighborhood known as Bow.

During their meetings at Pendle Hill, Muriel must have sensed Mildred's keen interest. "Before she left, she looked at me straight and said, 'Why don't you come to Kingsley Hall and help us?'" Mildred has often said that taking up Muriel's challenge was the most important decision of her life.

* * *

She arrived in London in the fall of 1931. The British government was hosting a major conference on the future of India. The father of the Indian independence movement, Mohandas K. Gandhi, refused to stay in the lavish quarters offered to him by the British. Instead, he determined to be with his people, and so he chose to stay among the poor at Kingsley Hall. As the community cook, Mildred prepared his vegetarian meals and eagerly joined the Mahatma and other disciples for his pre-dawn walks through the slums of London. Along the way, her life was transformed.

In December, 1931 she wrote to Victor about her walks with Gandhi: "Our heroine has had some little difficulty adjusting herself to 5 o'clock rising, but she is so anxious to be with the hero as much as she can -- and he goes without her to see the king and to the Round Table Conference -- that she manages to crawl out early about three times a week. The streets are dark and quiet as two white clad figures and about a dozen others followed by three burly detectives walk for an hour along the cobblestones of Bow....

"Sometimes the talk on the road is general, sometimes it is in Hindu, but sometimes it is an intimate revelation of the mind of the hero and then the heroine creeps close and listens....

"He said: 'We are one with the universal spirit. I have found that in order to realize this state we must serve all that lives. This service is possible only if we reduce ourselves to zero. Self effacement is the law of life and lest we feel it is I who produced a particular result we must learn to know that no man can ever alone produce a result. We must work without attaching ourselves to results. Ours is to work, the result is in the hands of God.'...

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"And so the heroine is left wondering -- wondering about India, about voluntary poverty, about the economic situation here, there, and everywhere, wondering about democracy, about God, wondering if her Western education has developed in her such an attitude of wondering that she is too inhibited to take action."

Mildred finished her volunteer stint at Kingsley Hall, and spent the next two terms studying psychotherapy and social work at the London School of Economics, attending lectures by LSE founders Beatrice and Sidney Webb. She later toured the Continent, visiting leading schools and clinics for disturbed children and meeting with pioneer psychologists including Dr. Alfred Adler.

Before returning to Canada, Mildred joined a group of LSE students on trip to Kiev, Leningrad and Moscow. She was excited and inspired by many of the changes she witnessed in what was then the Soviet Union, but she did not share the uncritically positive impressions of her travelling companions, many of whom were committed Communists.

* * *

Back home, she threw herself into teaching, community work and politics. Some jottings from her 1933 journal recall the gritty realities of the Dirty Thirties:

"Friday (Undated) Last month 110 pupils stayed away from city schools part time because of insufficient clothing. In South Van some pupils walk 3 or 4 miles to High School because they have no carfare....

Sun. Note in paper -- Boys sentenced to Oakalla for 6 mo -- but given 48 hr to get out of town for the crime of being without employment!...

Sing Lim talented Chinese graduate of the Technical School unable to find an opening in 'art' work for which he has ability & training writes bitterly to his former teacher that he has had to revert to the primitive life of his ancestors and peddle vegetables....

Hospital Case -- Woman, 24, Has 4 children - Septic abortion followed by abdominal abcesses. Wife of longshoreman. Many women unaware of birth control methods, driven to desperation by pregnancy, try to bring on abortion & often become infected."

Poverty, unemployment, racism, sexism: all these ills cried out for remedies, but Mildred was still searching for a way to work for social change. Then she heard that J.S. Woodsworth was bringing together labor, socialist and farm groups in a united movement against capitalist injustice; she was determined to be involved from the start.

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In the summer of 1933, Mildred and two friends set out from the West Coast in a rattletrap jalopy bound for Saskatchewan. Despite four blow-outs through the Rockies, they pooled their resources for new tires and made it to the now-famous convention to launch the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. The Regina Manifesto envisioned a world of peace and justice through a planned economy, universal social services and equal opportunity. It was the beginning of a new era in Canadian political life.

In the CCF and in J.S. Woodsworth, Mildred found the Canadian expression of the Gandhian ideals in which she believed so fervently. She returned from Regina an evangelist for the CCF. "We were so committed and stirred up. I think Father's evangelical approach came bursting through, for I couldn't wait to get up on any platform that would have us," she said.

As the Depression ground on and the bread lines grew ever longer, Mildred took to the airwaves of CJOR radio. Broadcasting from the old Grosvenor Hotel in downtown Vancouver, and "coming to you through the courtesy of the progressive manager of Ye Olde English Fish and Chips, 44 Hastings St.," she spoke from the heart of the CCF vision of social justice: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." She spoke against "Raising Your Boy to Be a Soldier," urging mothers to raise their children to be cooperators, rather than competitors. She spoke on "The Responsibility of Women in Establishing Peace," on "The Status of Women in the Present Day Western World," and on "Women Under a Socialist System."

(Mildred's opinions weren't always shared by the owners of the station. In May, 1935, G.C. Chandler, Mgr., Radio Station CJOR, wrote to her: "Owing to considerable difficulty which has arisen over the material broadcast on this station in various talks, we have been forced for our own protection to stiffen up the examination of these talks.... IN ORDER TO TAKE CARE OF THIS PROCEDURE IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY THAT ALL PROPOSED MATERIAL BE SUBMITTED TO THE STATION IN TYPEWRITTEN FORM NOT LESS THAN ONE FULL BUSINESS DAY PRIOR TO THE PROPOSED BROADCASTING TIME.")

Mildred also served on the provincial executive of the British Columbia CCF, and organized programs for Camp Woodsworth, the party summer school on Saltspring Island. "We had some good C.C.F. speeches, and discussions, and met a lot of jolly people from various places in the province. At last I heard the much talked of lecturer Frank Roberts...His grammar ain't what it might be but there is not much wrong with his dialectics. We had good stuff from Grace and Angus MacInnis back hot footing from Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, etc. And then there was nothing lacking in

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our local leadership. Who doesn't like to listen to Arnold Webster needs a pill.

"And then there was all the fun of the in-between times, flirting with the cook and getting a cup of tea in the evening or afternoon, hiking with the leader of the movement in a most comradely way, and exercising your lungs around the bonfire at night. And then those informal little epilogues, after the good nights had been said and you crept off with someone to have a cup of tea in a nearby cottage, and you found half the camp there ahead of you, and sat around and told your best stories...."

Mildred also threw her hat into the political ring, running on the CCF slate in municipal and provincial elections, but resisting pressure to run federally. She was elected to Vancouver School Board in 1935 and served a two-year term. She ran unsuccessfully for the legislature in 1933, 1938 and finally 1944. The contest in May 1938 was for the riding of Dewdney, in the Fraser Valley, and she might have won but for the "help" of the Communist Party. Four days after her defeat by Liberal David Strachan she wrote:

"Dear Comrades, ... Our dear friends, the Communist enemy, with good or ill intent...I'd like to know which, came swarming over the countryside two days before the election, and showered the country with dodgers, calling on the people to vote for the defender of freedom, democracy, bread, butter, cake and pie, the People's candidate, Mildred Osterhout. And signed themselves on behalf of the struggle...The Communist Party of Canada.

"Between the Red Menace, and the Yellow Bogey, what chance had the poor morons of the rhubarb acres to choose a candidate that was both willing and eager to serve their interests? Well in spite of it all some 1643 voted for the C.C.F. while the Conservatives deluded 1900, and the Liberals 2000 odd."

While betraying a rather superior city-slicker's attitude towards her would-be constituents, the same letter also clearly evokes the difficulties then faced by all women in politics and particularly by single women candidates:

"But of course you are not interested in all the lurid tales of the by-election in Dewdney. So I'll just let you in on the scandal. That Osterhout girl...you know...she has broken her father's home and heart. She has a shady past...Of course she is a Communist...and you know she ran all around the country with her campaign manager...and well, shh...its too too to mention in public. Women have no business in politics anyway. She should be married and raising a family of half a dozen young voters if she wants to make a contribution to the country....

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"Up gets [then-premier Duff] Patullo, and spreads his massive front across the platform, and talks of his noble heritage, his long family tradition, his triumphant achievements to be perpetuated in a never ending line of putting Patullos. And asks he with great scorn...what has Miss Osterhout to offer in the line of descendents to this country? Ah me, I forsee that before the next election I must grab a husband and give birth to a couple of sets of quintuplets."

* * *

Through all of the years devoted to the CCF, Mildred longed to go to India. Since her first meetings with Gandhi, she had looked forward to the day when she would see his ideas at work. "I was very, very anxious to go. I made India my goal," she said. In the meantime, she passed on his philosphy and her politics to her pupils.

A former student writes: "I had Miss Osterhout for a teacher in Carleton school in the Collingwood district. I believe it was about Grade 6 & we found her to be an unusual and unique person. She would tell us stories about her visits with Mahatma Gandhi & one time when we had open house in the school she made a curry & everyone walking through the halls had watering eyes. & those who tried her curry had burnt mouths.... Her political leanings were evident even to small children or maybe we just heard our parents talking about her being a strong CCF'r. When we left school that year she gave us all a coin, I still have mine. Napoleon the III penny (Badly worn) I wish I remembered more...."

It took eight years to save up her passage to India, but finally in December, 1938 Mildred met Gandhi again at his ashram in Sevagram. One of the poorest villages in the most destitute state of India, Sevagram was Gandhi's home from 1935 to his death. There, he had set about trying to reverse the cycle of misery and rebuild the spirit of the village community. He brought better methods of farming and animal husbandry, simple sanitation measures, greater self-reliance among the villagers and new respect for their traditional crafts and skills, especially spinning. "He always said, 'When this becomes a model village, my work will be complete,'" Mildred recalls.

On arrival, Mildred was shown into his thatched hut, where the master sat cross-legged on the floor. The room was bare except for a box upon which sat a typewriter, The Bhagavad Gita and The Bible. "But you didn't feel it was barren because Gandhi was there." She would have addressed him as "Bapu," or Father. He welcomed her with the traditional Eastern greeting -- "Namaste," said with a bow over the hands held in prayer -- and then with a broad smile, a firm Western handshake and a simple, "Hello,

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Mildred." He said: "Now you must make yourself at home. Get to know all of us. Stay with us as long as you can and share our life with us."

She said: "I felt that it was all very real. Although many people came with a sense of reverence [towards Gandhi] he had no sense of superiority.... The thing that impressed me so much was his concern for people who were poor and isolated and helpless. He reminded me so much of Jesus."

Mildred's faith in Gandhi's way of non-violence was strengthened through sharing life in the ashram. New Year's Day, 1939, she wrote to her father and brother: "New Year's Eve was a very different one to any I have had... I got up in the a.m. for prayers at 4:00. We sat on mats out under the stars & listened to the chanting and rhythmical singing of the Sanskrit and Hindu prayers. Most of us had slept out all night -- Gandhi included -- so we were right at the place of worship when the bell rang. I could catch something of the fine spirit of devotion even if I couldn't understand the words. For about 45 minutes the prayers continued while the stars seemed to move beyond the horizon."

* * *

Returning to Vancouver after her round-the-world voyage, Mildred chafed against the tedium of housekeeping and hosting teas for her father, who became rigid and demanding in old age. In a 1939 resume she described Rev. Osterhout as being dependent, possessive, patriarchal, nervous, over-cautious, pessimistic and devoted. She described her own situation this way: "Just returned from 'taking a walk' around the world, which was supposed to build up health and mental poise, but was an escape that was not an escape. Reestablished in previous position, looking after father, and home, which I dislike."

J.S. Woodsworth's eldest son, Charles, boarded with the Osterhouts, father and daughter, for several months in the late 1930s. Almost 50 years later he wrote: "Again, I may be too harsh, but I was irritated by the way he simply sat hour after hour in his chair, and demanded that poor Mildred do this or that for him. In other words, I thought he was a selfish old man, taking advantage of a marvellously patient and saint-like daughter."

Mildred paid an emotional and physical price for her saintly self-effacement and dutiful service to her father. Her sense of frustration grew and her cheerful, energetic nature faded. Her health suffered: she lost weight, stopped menstruating and experienced frequent indigestion and chronic constipation. Mildred concluded her 1939 resume with these questions for herself: "Should I try to effect

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adjustment within present environment or get out of it? How?"

Her questions were answered only a few months later. Rev. Abram Berson Osterhout died in July, 1940.

The funeral address was given by his long-time friend, Rev. W.A. Cooke, B.A., D.D. He remembered Mr. Osterhout as a man of unshakable faith. He spoke of his kindliness and thoughtfulness, and of the parishoners' loyalty and love for him. "I think of him as a Barnabas, a Son of Consolation." He was the soul of honor in his relations with brother ministers, and found great happiness in his home and family, Rev. Cooke said. "He knew he was nearing his Heavenly Home. And a week or two ago he asked me, as his friend, to stand in this place in this service and speak a word for him, that was how he put it, 'speak a word for me.'"

Mildred stood with her brother Victor as Rev. Osterhout was laid to rest in Ocean View Cemetary in Burnaby. The benediction was spoken: "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Love of God and the Communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen." And at that moment, her life naturally entered an entirely new phase.

With characteristic generosity of spirit, she seems readily to have relinquished her anger towards her father and retained only the good memories. In her Christmas letter the year he died, she offered friends her message of peace for a world at war and concluded: "'Still propagandizing,' you will say. It must be the revivalist heritage my father left me. For this, and his many fine qualities, I am grateful. After 80 years of loving service he walks no more amongst us, but he has left us vibrant memories that encourage us along the way."

Mildred still keeps her father's portrait on the mantel in the living room of the home they shared more than half a century ago. The first major change she made after his death was her decision to marry. She had had several suitors in the past, "but I felt my responsibility was looking after my elderly father and brother. I resisted any attempts to add a third man to the group."

In Canadian society of the 1940s marriage was not merely expected, it was virtually mandatory for respectable women. Still, she didn't make the decision lightly; she thought it over carefully and went to Lucy Woodsworth for advice. The two agreed that women like Mildred, who wanted to work in the public sphere and to be effective agents of social change, needed the borrowed status that could be conferred only by a husband.

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Among Mildred's most long-standing admirers was Walter Fahrni, a friend from her girlhood in Gladstone, Manitoba, where his family ran a 900-acre farm. Eleven years her senior, Walter remembered a girl in pigtails who helped bring lunch to the crews at harvest time.

He moved with his parents to Victoria when they retired, and enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders as the First World War broke out. Walter was one of the lucky few among his company who didn't die or sustain long-term respiratory damage from toxic gas at Ypres. Given a medical discharge in 1915, he returned to his parent's home on the West Coast.

A marine engineer, Walter was often away at sea for long periods of time. Paul Hucal was "an orphan lad" of 18 when he met Walter in the 1930s. He recalls: "We sailed together for about two years. Walter was the chief engineer and he took me under his wing.... We'd go on shore leave together, and he knew all the best Chinese restaurants up and down the West Coast from Alaska to San Diego. He spoke Chinese and he'd order the real stuff, not just chop suey." Hucal has high praise for the man who treated him like a son: "He was a good individual, fair and square.... He was just as honest as they come, and his word was his bond. They don't make them like that anymore -- a real gentleman who never spoke ill of anyone."

Walter would always visit Mildred between journeys, and they often corresponded. Over the years, they built a friendship that both obviously cherished. Mildred says, "He had an affinity for the way I thought, but he was better at analyzing things in ways I wouldn't have taken time to do. He was better informed ... and had a more scientific mind."

Walter had asked her to marry him many times and, now that she was free of responsibility for her father, he was asking for the last time. Mildred seems to have recognized that he could be happy in an unconventional relationship, one that would give her the kind of freedom she so badly needed after the duty-bound years.

They were married August 1, 1941 in a simple ceremony in the garden at home. One guest recalls two or three of Mildred's erstwhile suitors watching the service rather wistfully from the other side of the back fence. In a gesture that was highly unusual, the newlyweds asked guests to make a charitable donation rather than give gifts. That Christmas she wrote: "To those of you who accepted our invitation to share in our "Good Fellowship Wedding Fund", our thanks. We have been able to build it up to $400, which gives us a contribution of $100 to each of the causes. The Secretary of one hopes I'll be a polygamist!"

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Miss Osterhout confessed to some difficulty adjusting to her new name, but Mrs. Fahrni was a happy woman. The couple settled into the West End, into a co-op house that Mildred ran for unemployed women and girls, and Walter was soon off again to sea. "We both had long periods of independence and there was no attempt at domination on either side. I never felt I must do things. I went my way, he went his. We respected each other's right to freedom of thinking and action."

* * *

On Dec. 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. In Vancouver, fear gripped the city as residents drew their black-out curtains each night. Japanese-Canadians were branded enemy aliens in their own homeland and placed under immediate curfew. Mildred attended meetings to protest their uprooting and incarceration in the livestock barns at Hastings Park, volunteered in the soup kitchen there, wrote letters and collected signatures on petitions.

Meanwhile her beloved mentor, J.S. Woodsworth, lay dying in another West End home. He had been devastated in the fall of '39 when, despite his most passionate opposition, his fellow CCF'ers had voted for Canadian participation in the war. Mildred shared his sense of disillusionment, grieving that the CCF had foresaken its pacifist principles.

In a 1989 interview on CBC Radio, Peter Gzowski asked Mildred whether Woodsworth's pacifist stand could be justified in response to Hitler. "He [Woodsworth] never wavered," Mildred said. "He was absolutely convinced, as Gandhi was, that the way of love and trust was the only way, and that we are never going to solve these problems through violence.... I have the greatest respect for him, and for his way of life. He's the closest person I know to following the principles of Gandhi, just as Gandhi was the closest to following the principles of Jesus."

Woodsworth called Mildred to him and asked her to give the eulogy at his funeral. On March 21, she invited Lucy Woodsworth to take a short break from the bedside to see the spring blossoms. The two women returned from their walk to discover that J.S. Woodsworth had quietly passed away.

His biographer, daughter Grace MacInnis, later wrote: "There was little formality to the service. According to his wish, Mildred Fahrni, an ardent pacifist and long-time friend, spoke of the yearning that was nearest his heart, a world where there would be peace and brotherhood among mankind, and of his conviction that such a world could be created only by those who had rejected the instrument of

force. She spoke quietly, from deep emotion, concluding with the verses of farewell from the Indian poet, Kahlil Gibran."

The mourners boarded Charles Woodsworth's little cabin cruiser and headed out into the Gulf of Georgia. The Vancouver Daily Province reported: "While brilliant sunlight bathed the boat, tossing in a choppy sea, Mrs. Mildred Osterhout Fahrni, a disciple of the Co-operative Commonwealth leader, said the following prayer: 'We commit these ashes to the boundless ocean. Following James S. Woodsworth's request that his body be freed from any national boundaries, we cast these elemental remains to wind and wave thereby making one last gesture of his commitment to the spirit of internationalism.'"

An adolescent during the First World War, Mildred was a mature pacifist during the Second, firmly carrying the legacy of J.S. Woodsworth and the inspiration of Gandhi. Just as Gandhi allied himself with the *harijans*, the Untouchables within India's repressive caste system, Mildred allied herself with the *harijans* of her own community, the Japanese-Canadians. While most British Columbians lived in a racist state of hatred against "the Japs," she chose the path of love. She protested the unjust uprooting and incarceration of Japanese-Canadians, and later accompanied them to the internment camp at New Denver in the West Kootenays, where she taught social studies in a makeshift school at the local United Church.

John Rowe, a young conscientious objector who taught sciences at the same school, recalls a happy experiment with cooperative living among the teachers. He enjoyed Walter, too, who would hitch down on weekends from his job engineering at the Lucky Jim mine in nearby Silverton. Together they'd often picnic on the beach, barbequing steaks when they could afford them. (The vegetarian Mildred could sometimes be teased into having a bite.)

Rowe vividly recalls the night of June 15, 1944 when Tommy Douglas was elected premier of Saskatchewan, forming the first CCF government in Canada. The teachers were all huddled around the radio listening for the results. When Douglas' victory was broadcast, Mildred whooped, grabbed a red blanket off the bed and tossed it about her shoulders like a cape. Off she went, dancing and cheering down the main street of New Denver at the head of a ragtag parade of jubilant teachers, COs and missionaries.

After one year with the Nisei in New Denver, Mildred felt that she needed to spread the message of peace more widely. As the smoke rose from the ovens of Auschwitz, she criss-crossed the country on behalf of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The FOR is an international pacifist organization founded before the First World War by an

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English Quaker and a German Lutheran who pledged to work together for peace even though their countries were at war. Today it has members in 30 countries; the Vancouver chapter of the FOR still meets in Mildred's living room, the first Monday of each month.

When the guns finally fell silent, Mildred was in San Francisco to cover the founding of the United Nations. As a correspondent for the CCF News, she covered the colorful confusion as delegates arrived from around the world to help build a new peace. She wrote: " ... there was a great air of expectancy and excitement. One felt as Cordell Hull had prophesied, 'This meeting of the United Nations was to be one of the great turning points of history. The decisions made here will guide the destinies of the human race for the generations to come.'"

The first plenary session of the United Nations Conference on International Organization took place in the opera house in San Francisco, April 25, 1945. Mildred reported: "Dedicated to the cause of world peace, the conference opened with ... a moment of silent and solemn meditation. A hush fell on the audience as men and women of all ranks, color and creeds in this great democratic gathering, faced the solemn tasks ahead. For a moment at least, differences were forgotten and representatives of the United Nations were bound in a common brotherhood."

Mildred is also a great practitioner of sisterhood. In 1947, she was president of the Womens International League for Peace and Freedom, Vancouver Branch. The WIL, as it is often called, was founded in 1915 by 1,500 suffragists from many countries who met in The Hague, determined to try to stop the First World War. The women later went to all their respective heads of state proposing a program of "continuous mediation," ongoing peace talks even as the fighting continued. Today WIL is active in 36 countries; B.C.'s is the only branch still active in Canada.

In 1947, Mildred took the bus from Vancouver to Guatemala City to attend a Pan-American WIL conference of women seeking peace in the post-Hiroshima age. Enroute she tried to connect with some of the women in Mexico City, but wasn't impressed with their level of commitment. "... I finally met a few of the W.I.L. women after having been 'stood up' for two appointments. Their lack of concern is disheartening. They are so busy with appointments at the hairdressers where they go to have the most elaborate 'dos' that they haven't time for international affairs."

Despite this poor first impression, the trip proved to be a turning point for Mildred: it was the beginning of her deep love and concern for the people of Latin America. The women of the Congress overcame language and cultural

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barriers to achieve concensus on issues including poverty, illiteracy, health concerns including alcoholism and sex education, minority rights, penal reform and needed improvements to labor codes. They also passed a resolution urging the U.N. to maintain control of global nuclear armaments and to pursue peaceful uses of nuclear power.

Mildred's return journey included a 48-hour train ride in a second-class coach which she shared with friendly Mexicans, profusions of produce and quite a number of live chickens. "By about 7 p.m. we were all very weary ... but no one complains when we were informed that a train was derailed ahead and we would be delayed most of the night.... It was hot, flies and mosquitos ... filled up the only available space.... The seats got very hard ... so we talked Spanish and sign language and sympathized with each other and nodded and jerked until finally the train started and we got a breath of air." The next night, "found them making merry in second class. A mariachi player was singing long plaintive songs and around my seat pulkey [*pulque*, a potent homebrew made from maguey] was being passed around, so I joined in and could hardly keep them from refilling my mug. Then somebody pulled out a bottle of wine, so we came in quite hilarious."

* * *

During Mildred's period in Guatemala, her *guru's* dream of independence for India was finally realized; the sun had begun to set on the British Empire. At the stroke of midnight, August 15, 1947, Gandhi and his 560 million compatriots witnessed the birth of two new nations. With the sub-continent hastily divided into Hindu India and Muslim Pakistan, a horrifying religious bloodbath was inevitable. Gandhi called upon the people to put down their arms and build their future in a spirit of reconciliation. He fasted -- almost to the death -- for an end to the violence. But in the end, the great prophet of non-violence was destined to die by an assassin's bullet.

On January 30, 1948 as he walked to his evening prayers, Mahatma Gandhi was shot three times at close range by Nathuram Godse, a 39-year-old Hindu fanatic. The man millions called Bapu died crying, "He Ram!" Oh God!

The American journalist Edgar Snow wrote in the Saturday Evening Post: "What I remember about being at Birla House the night Gandhi was killed was how much more terrible a moment it was than anyone can describe in words.... Every Indian lost his father when Gandhi died. That is a plain fact, and it could never have been more so of any national hero. Yet here was something that meant more than that.... There was a mirror in the Mahatma in which everyone could see the best in himself, and when the mirror broke, it

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seemed that the thing in oneself might be fled forever. And that was what Nehru meant when his first words that night were 'The light has gone out of our lives.'"

For Mildred, though, the light burned on. As she grieved his murder, she wrote: "1900 years ago a small group of men and women mourned as their leader hung on a cross crucified.... The world was plunged into darkness. Through the following centuries men here and there have sought to shatter that darkness; nowhere has the light shone more brightly than in India, where a humble seeker after truth has taught and lived the way of love.

"To-day, Gandhi the man is dead, but Gandhi, the Mahatma, the Great Soul, the spirit of love lives on, and men everywhere bow in recognition of the truth that shone in him. It is this acknowledgment that brings a sense of brotherhood, and of the eternal. Each one of us knows in his heart that Gandhi is right, that love and truth must supercede hatred and violence. And this awareness links us with Gandhi, with Jesus, and with all who have sought and are seeking to bring peace upon the earth."

Before his death, Gandhi had had the idea of holding an international gathering of peacemakers from East and West. His disciples determined to follow through on his plans. "The people decided to meet anyway and try to do what he [Gandhi] would have wanted us to do," Mildred said. She was one of 100 people from 30 countries who "came to share in discussion of world problems and how they could be met by the non-violent method."

The opening sessions of the World Pacifist Conference took place in December, 1949 on the plains of Bengal near Calcutta. The site was Santiniketan, "the abode of peace" founded by the great poet Rabindranath Tagore, who gave Gandhi the name "Mahatma." Mildred recalls that "we were missing Gandhi, yet we felt that he was with us." A seat was set for him in the circle, the delegates mourned and then carried on with his work. Among the group was India's Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Pandit Nehru, who not only addressed the conference, but also took his turn washing the dishes.

Mildred, who stayed on for two weeks after the end of the conference, wrote in March 1950 that "it was good to have that extra time in India, to stay at Sevagram and watch it come back to its normal routine and share in the happy activity of the students and teachers there. I felt very much at home as I sat with the spinners and tried to learn to twirl a *takli*, as I squatted before an open fire and rolled out *chapattis* or went out to help bring in the harvest.... I'll long remember the quiet times in Bapu's hut, the evening worship under the stars and everywhere the friendly folk of the ashram."

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Almost 20 years later, Mildred returned to India for the third and last time to attend the War Resisters Triennial conference. She said: "It's very sad to think that the harmony that existed there has been tarnished by so much conflict in India. It's no longer regarded as the great peace centre it was then."

* * *

On December 1, 1955 a black seamstress named Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat to a white man on a bus in Montgomery, Alabama. Her arrest on charges of violating the state segregation laws sparked the year-long bus boycott that brought to prominence a young Baptist minister named Martin Luther King Jr.

One of his key advisors was a leading black pacifist from the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Bayard Rustin. Six months into the boycott, Rustin attended the national conference of the FOR in Chicago. Mildred was there too, and asked whether a white Northerner could offer any support to the movement. He encouraged her to come down South and see for herself. She seized the opportunity, for even in India she had not had a chance to see a movement successfully embracing the Mahatma's strategy of non-violent action.

In defiance of the segregation laws, Mildred stayed in a blacks-only boarding home next door to the King's house. She met Rev. King first in his office and later was invited home for tea, where she struck up a friendship with Corretta Scott King.

In Montgomery, Mildred felt the spirit of Gandhi in the joyous determination of the thousands of black people building their strength and dignity as they walked, and continued walking day by day. In later years, Martin Luther King often told the story about a very old lady who faithfully supported the boycott. He once told her to go ahead and take the bus if she was too tired. "She said, 'Oh, no.' Said, 'I'm gonna walk just as long as everybody else walks. I'm gonna walk till it's over.' So he said, 'But aren't your feet tired?' She said, 'Yes, my feets is tired, but my soul is rested.'"

The boycotters, Mildred wrote, were "organized, disciplined, non-violent, democratic and determined." Their meetings were packed. The singing and clapping were enthusiastic, loud, passionate and quite unlike anything she had ever seen in a church before. It was a whole new experience from the gentle silence of a Quaker meeting, the restrained hymnary of Methodism. "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we're free at last!"

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At the same time, Mildred was intensely aware of the simmering hatred among the white people, who were openly racist and suspicious of her motives. "Whites who try to be friendly are criticized as 'Nigger-lovers,' 'Communists,' 'Agitators,' etc.... The white church is silent ... the minister a prisoner in his own pulpit, afraid to identify himself with the freedom movement...too conscious that he is in the wrong to speak openly against it."

Mildred returned from the South and took her experiences on the lecture circuit. On behalf of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, she made her quiet way from town to town bringing the message of the Montgomery movement: Black and white together, we shall overcome some day. She continued to correspond with Coretta King for several years, and they met again in 1983 in Vancouver at the World Council of Churches Assembly, 15 years after Martin Luther King's assassination.

* * *

A mild day in April, 1958 found Mildred giving a speech on socialism to a group of Quakers at the Friends' meeting hall in Victoria. Towards the end of the meeting, she noticed some people getting "all stirred up" at the back of the hall. A friend came in with the message that her husband Walter was dead. "It was quite a shock." His eldest brother, Dr. Gordon Fahrni, met her at the airport and took her home. He told her it appeared that Walter had come in from working in the garden and lay down on the couch to read the paper. He suffered a massive coronary thrombosis and died in his sleep.

A file of loving letters from across Canada and the U.S., from India and Thailand, attest to the great sympathy and support of many of Mildred's friends in the wake of her sudden loss. Lucy Woodsworth's heart went out to her as she recalled : "I remember Mildred your loving sympathy with me and mine -- I can never forget that spring day upon which your thought was of me." Other friends wrote of Walter's gentle kindness, his brilliant mind, his fine ethical sense, his quiet goodness.

In an interview almost 30 years after his death, Mildred said: "We were married only 17 years, and I've been on my own for so long, it's a more natural state for me, I suppose.... I look back to those married days as a happy interlude ... but I don't go around bemoaning my husband."

* * *

In her sixties, Mexico became the focus of Mildred's work. For 17 years she travelled annually to Mexico City to serve at the *Casa de los Amigos*, the Friends' hostel and

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centre of operations for their development work in the surrounding villages. The Quaker volunteers lived among the people at their invitation, and worked only on projects the people had defined for themselves.

Mildred explains: "They wouldn't go in and say: 'Well, you ought to have a better bridge there.' They'd wait for the people to say: 'We want to build a washhouse for the women to wash the clothes, so they won't have to bang their clothes up and down on the stones in the river.' So then they [the Friends] would help them do this work together. And they had expertise that the people didn't have in the villages. And so there developed a real sense of unity amongst those who were helping and those who were helped. "

The work was coordinated by Herberto Sein, one of Mildred's kindred spirits in Mexico. "Herberto Sein really had the same outlook that I had found in the Gandhian followers and Martin Luther King.... He was just another one, another person who in his own private life and his dealing with others expressed the attitude that Jesus had -- of love and goodwill and non-violence and outreach to help the needy..."

Believing deeply in the value of international hospitality to world peace and understanding, Mildred has always been both seeker and innkeeper. Friends and family worry that some guests take advantage of her steadfast generosity; some have stayed months, or even longer. There was Xenia, the Russian refugee woman who just arrived on Mildred's doorstep and ended up living with her for years. Scores of foreign students have boarded there, and many refugees have found shelter with her. The Peralta family, from El Salvador, will never forget her. Over the decades she has opened her home to hundreds of travellers. When she was 86 years old, Vancouver invited the world to Expo 86, an international exposition on the theme of transportation. Of the millions from around the world that accepted, more than 150 stayed at Mildred's home that summer. From a few of many letters she received that fall:

From Washington, D.C. "Dear Mildred, ... Being with you, hearing about your life and sharing the warmth of your home was inspiring and meaningful. I hope that we can do our part here to coalesce our community towards acting for peace, the health of the environment and love and support of each other. Thank you for sharing with us. My life is richer for having touched yours.... Love Jackie."

From California: "Dear Mildred, We send much positive love to the north, to your home. And we bask in the blessing of getting to know you. Thank you for opening your heart and home to us. Peace, Mimi & Michel."

... category of a people who "posed a threat

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From an old friend, Mildred Buck: "Dear Mildred, It was very nice to hear from you today. I am glad that you had a few days of peace and quiet. I talked to Roxanna and the pants are not hers. They must belong to a previous guest...."

From Esther Addison, a new friend: "Dear Mrs. Fahrni, Peter and I wish to thank you so much for being our hostess at Expo.... You have given us new ideas for serving in this world."

Throughout her long life Mildred has worked for peace with an energetic spirit and a hopeful heart. The extraordinary generosity and love she brings to her daily life and relationships is returned manyfold: she is beloved in her community and abroad. Some call her a saint; some say she is an angel. Certainly her questing spirit has inspired many people to take the path of peace, some to dedicate their lives to it.

Mildred's many contributions have been recognized in her community. In 1968, she received Vancouver's Brotherhood Citizen of the Year Award; in 1986, the Distinguished Pioneer Award; in 1990, the MOSAIC Human Rights Award; and in 1991, the Vancouver Citizens Peace Award.

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BY ORDER IN COUNCIL - THE JAPANESE EVACUATION

by Aya Higashi

"Till we meet again." our tear-filled voices rose, tremulously, into the rafters of the church. our hands clasped firmly to give and to receive comfort and support. "God be with us till we meet again." we finished.

Our small group (large gatherings being forbidden) had assembled in the church with our minister to hold final prayer meeting and to receive words of comfort and blessing before being sent into relocation centres in the interior "somewhere" - Where? How long? With whom? How would we survive? Would the local inhabitants accept us? All unspoken questions which had no answers.

Our communities, families, relatives and friends were torn apart and interned in interior ghost towns. Able-bodied men - fathers, husbands, sons and single men - were shipped to road camps "in the Rockies" to build roads, mainly by man-power. Old parents, mothers and their children, and the sick were sent to the interior relocation centres. Some men were sent too, to do carpentry and to provide firewood. The men at the camps were desperately anxious about their families while the same concern was uppermost in the women's minds.

No Nikkei (people of Japanese origin) escaped this fate. The entire population of Japanese origin, whether Canadian-born, naturalized, nationals, married to Caucasions, the children of these mixed marriages, and even the veterans of World War 1 who fought for Canada, were all placed in the same category of a people who "posed a threat

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to Canadian security." and so it was deemed mandatory to remove them all from the coast and keep them under surveillance and restriction. At that time. 1942. in the whole of Canada, there were only approximately 21,000 Nikkeis.

Our homes. properties. businesses. cars. boats. radios. and cameras - everything we owned - were confiscated (except for the absolute necessities that we could carry by hand - a clothes bag and two suitcases per family.) Before we could be moved out of the coast. the heads of the families were made to sign over all their possessions to the B.C. Security Commission for "safekeeping." However, soon, without the owners' permission. everything was sold indiscriminately for a pittance. In essence. this was almost certain assurance that the dispossessed Japanese Canadians would then be unable to return to the Coast.

December 7. 1941. That date is indelibly seared into my memory. It was the day that all my hopes and dreams for the future died. It was the day that I woke up to the harsh reality that life was not all rosy. That was the day we were stripped of our citizenship and. without cause. we were dubbed "Enemy Aliens." rejected by our own beloved country and threatened with dire things to come. It was five years after the war. in 1949. when we were given back our citizenship.

Previously we had all been issued Enemy Alien identification cards. Following protests. the cards were re-issued. in three colours. distinguishing between Canadian-born. Naturalized and Nationals. That distinction was small comfort because. though Canadian born. we were nevertheless considered potential risks and so required to carry those

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cards on our person at all times. The information on each card consisted of a registration number (like a criminal), name, vital statistics, height, weight, hair & eye colour and distinguishing marks. also picture and finger print of the holder. When the R.C.M.P. officer pressed my thumb onto the black ink pad and then on to the card in the square in the corner, I wept. I was a good Canadian, not a dangerous subversive.

I was fortunate to have a father with deep understanding who reminded me that I was a Canadian and Canada was my country. It was not Canada, my country, that had disowned me. It was only the men in the government and those who were given the authority to deal with the present situation who were dictating the course of history in which we were entrapped. Have faith, he urged. Eventually right would prevail. In the meanwhile, be the best Canadian possible. Separate the men in authority from the country of your birth. Because of my father's wise counselling, I was able to keep faith throughout the years of travesty, and continue to believe in Canada and love her with all my being.

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1992 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the mass evacuation and eventual dispersal of the Nikkei people. This drastic, temporary measure had become permanent for the majority.

There is to be a "Homecoming reunion" in Vancouver this October. It will be the first time for many to return to the place of their origin. Undoubtedly it will be an emotional reunion, the coming together of old pre-war friends after fifty years. But for many, especially for those aged 20 and over at the time, it is too late - they are no more. Even those who were teenaged and younger are now senior citizens.

This homecoming reunion is not simply a social event. It is a conference with speakers, lectures, classes, seminars and tours with time out for dinners, and a number of reunions of former members of different communities, schools, churches, sports and social groups, for example. In May it was reported that already about 500 had pre-registered. The people had been scattered from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Now they will be making this sentimental journey back. They are coming from the breadth and width of Canada, from East and West, from the Yukon and the Territories to the Southern border, and some from the United States beyond, as well as a few from Hawaii and Japan.

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Dec 1992
by Aya Higashi

THE EVACUATION DAYS

In 1942. the face of Kaslo was forever changed. Here. there was little evidence yet that the Great Depression was over. The "city" was still labelled a "ghost town". Most buildings in downtown and some homes were not only vacant but had also fallen into hopeless disrepair - sad reminders of the great mining boom days. Now the long years of depression had taken their toll from which they had not recovered.

Then in the spring of that year. the first contingent of evacuees was brought into Kaslo on the sternwheeler "S.S. Moyie". By the end of the year. by boat and by bus. the number had swelled to 1.100. nearly quadruple the local residents. These Japanese Canadians had been uprooted from their homes at the coast and shipped into Kaslo. Others were sent to Hope-Tashme. Midway. Greenwood. Grand Forks. Christina Lake: Slocan City. New Denver. Rosebery. Sandon: and Kaslo. (mostly abandoned mining towns): and in "mushroom" settlements of Lemon Creek. Popoff and Bay Farm in the Slocan Valley. where housing comprised at first of discarded army tents that leaked and iced over in the winter. later replaced by 18' x 24' cabins built quickly of green lumber. accommodating two families in each.

It was a harsh life of deprivation. uncertainty and anxieties. Many people became sick. The people in the relocation centres were administered by B.C. Security Commission and were under constant surveillance by the R.C.M.P.. their activities and travel severely

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restricted. They had to live in extremely difficult situations. cheek-to-jowl in close quarters with strangers - whole families in a single hotel room such as in the Langham with the plaster fallen off in great chunks. and cold winds whistling in through cracked windows. (In the Slocan Valley the people were not so lucky. The tents leaked. moulded. and iced over: the green lumber of the mushroom houses dripped water and pitch. than shrank: water lay on the low farm lands on which the tents and houses were erected so that people had to put their feet into gumboots before getting off their beds. Gradually the situation and conditions improved - but none of the ghost towns compared to the "luxury" of Kaslo. it was said.)

Some able-bodied men were sent into Kaslo (and other centres) to quickly make the buildings somewhat habitable. The inhabitants improved them with newspaper and paste. The men built public bath houses and provided wood for the cook stoves. (Most of the fathers. husbands. and sons had been sent to road camps to build roads "in the Rockies".)

Life was very hard for all.

The first winter was extremely difficult. unused as they were to the severe interior winters. Ironically it was said to be the severest in 40 years with snow piled up to the windows. the shovelled paths were single-lane with the walls nearly five feet high. Slides blocked the road to Nelson and railroad to New Denver. The wind was so fierce that the Movie could not buck it North to Kaslo. The city was indeed

I remember not being able to brush my teeth one morning because the outdoor tap had frozen.

completely cut off from the outside world. Supplies on the store shelves were nearly depleted within two weeks. Then the wind died down though the bitter cold remained. It was like manna from heaven when the Moyie finally plied her way to Kaslo and disgorged the supplies.

Surprisingly, and admirably, the Japanese on the whole are not the kind of people to sit back and rail at the government, (or at fate) complaining loudly and bitterly about the situation into which they had been forced without cause. It avails nothing. On the contrary, they made every effort to keep their equilibrium, to make life easier for each other, sparing themselves unnecessary troubles.

After settling in and meeting other occupants of their particular buildings, they began to organize, to use their time profitably: churches (United Church and Buddhist), clubs, the Red Cross, seminars (music, sewing, cooking, using the materials available), sports (baseball, basketball, badminton, gymnastics, softball and kendo, which is not unlike fencing but using bamboo staves). If local youths wished, they were welcomed to join in. The ladies continued to knit and sew for the Red Cross. Notwithstanding that the government labelled them "enemy aliens", they nonetheless considered themselves Canadians and worked for the war effort.

The Commission set up a clinic to tend to the health of the Japanese. The offices were located in the Masonic Lodge headed by two doctors (one Japanese the other Caucasion) and staffed with two nurses.

I remember not being able to brush my teeth one morning because the outdoor tap had frozen.

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To the adults, the children were their first concern. The war may be over in a matter of months, yet on the other hand it might continue for years. Their English education must continue. They must be prepared to proceed with their lives when it was all over.

There was no provision for their education. They could not be enrolled at the local school, so for the little ones, kindergarten was started by a missionary for the Japanese with two young Japanese Canadian church workers. They met in the United Church.

Classes for elementary aged children were started with untrained high school graduates and a few university students (whose education had been interrupted by the war) as teachers.

The first summer, the children were gathered in small groups and classes were held in the park and beaches, sitting on the grass of the ball field around their teacher or on boards, boxes, logs or rocks at the beach. There were no books, no blackboards, no chalk at first.

When fall came, it became necessary to move indoors. The classes met wherever they could - in basements, in the kitchen of building when not is use, and other rooms, when available, scattered throughout the town.

In the winter of 1942-43, the school came together under one roof - over 200 children in different grades in one large room - the Legion

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Hall.(The first open-air classroom?) Of course there were no partitions. but these people were most happy and grateful to the Canadian Legion for this privilege. In the fall. the vacant Giegerich building (now Erly Bird Carpet) was leased by the commission. temporary walls put up and the school moved once more. This was to be the school for the duration. Discarded and outdated text books and old desks from up the lake were donated and school was in full swing.

Aya Higashi taught at this school. Besides her regular classroom assignments. she sponsored two boys' basketball clubs. taught sewing to teen-aged girls. camp cooking to boys as well as gymnastics. At night she taught grade 11 & 12 English. Weekends she sang in the choir. and taught Sunday School. During the week she made time to teach C.G.I.T. and help with the Junior Choir. She also was a member of the United Church Young People. Every spare time she had. usually very early in the morning. she played tennis. On occasion. she accompanied old people to the Commission to interpret.

For the parents. there was the P.T.A. The parents were most helpful to the school. For a time "The New Canadian". the only Japanese Canadian newspaper permitted to continue publishing. ran their paper from the Kootenaian print shop. using their machines on the Kootenain's off days.

The bilingual services at the United Church. conducted by the Japanese minister in the afternoon was most interesting. Prayers and Hymns were repeated or sung simultaneously in the two languages. The

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minister gave his sermon in both English and Japanese in such a way that he could be understood by everyone.

Throughout the war years, families were moved (relocated) out of the province as their "numbers" came up and were sent to work on beet farms in Alberta, or in homes as domestics out East, as foundary workers in Ontario, loggers in Northern Ontario. Good-byes were said once again - often never to meet again. By 1946 most had gone. In 1949 the Japanese were finally all released, free to go where they wished - even back to the coast (if they could afford it).

I remember not being able to brush my teeth one morning because the outdoor tap had frozen.

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MR. & MRS. ATAGI

Mr. Kiyomatsu Atagi ventured to the New World in the 1890's as a teenager to study English and economics in Boston. arranged through a missionary. He was a man with a vision and daring, far before his time.

His boat touched port in Victoria, then proceeded to Seattle as scheduled. There, all his plans and travel arrangements were scuttled when he was kidnapped and herded together with the labourers who had come to work on the Northern Transcontinental Railway in the U.S.A. They were virtual slaves, worked long hours, with no amenities of any kind, locked in rail boxcars and compounds after working hours. They suffered from hard work in the terrible heat of summer and fierce cold of winter. There was no contact with the outside world. In all probability the families of the men had given them up for lost after years of no news of them. Especially for Mr. Atagi's family, it must have been great mental torture - he was not only their brilliant, but also their youngest son who had a dream for the future. And they had let him go.

The account of the life experienced by Mr. Atagi during the five to six years before they arrived within sight of Chicago could fill a book. There he escaped from the gang when, being the youngest in the crew, with some knowledge of English, he was released to to to a nearby town to purchase some food staples. The story of his return to the Pacific coast, working on ranches and wherever he could find

I remember not being able to brush my teeth one morning because the outdoor tap had frozen.

employment. reads like O. Henry. As well. he spent a couple of winters in Nevada and Colorado hunting mountain lions for bounty and pelt. He told of the badlands. the "painted desert". the rocky buttes which turned an incredible pink. rose and purple hue in the sunset. the petrified forest. the rattlesnakes and tumbleweed - all unheard of in those days in his part of the country on the coast. He recounted stories of cattle drives. the drovers roaring into Pocotello in a cloud of dust, carousing and shooting up the saloons on pay day. only to return quietly and broke when the money ran out. He went into California's redwood forests and was pained to see the stately and aromatic giants devastated by man and fire as the land was being opened up to accomodate the influx of homesteaders.

At last, after a decade from the time he first set foot on the continent. he succeeded in making his way back to the coast. In Vancouver (at that time only a shanty town among the trees extending from the waterfront to present day Hasting street: beyond that the Indians lived in the area which is now downtown Vancouver and all around False Creek). He was surprize and delighted to discover that his older brothers had established themselves at the mouth of the Fraser River and were operating a thriving boatbuilding business and a store.

While attending school in Vancouver. he helped his brothers in the office and in the trade of boatbuilding. In 1903 he became a naturalized Canadian citizen and British subject. His desire for knowledge and understanding was insatiable. To his last day he read

I remember not being able to brush my teeth one morning because the outdoor tap had frozen.

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books on philosophy, new discoveries in science and medicine, space programs and current events.

In the second decade he returned several times to Japan to visit his aging widowed mother. The first time he met a young lady, Kané Higashi, treasured daughter of a country gentleman, who lived near his aunt's home. On his second visit he discovered that she had now blossomed into a beautiful 18 year old young lady. Traditionally, meetings, marriage contract, and other arrangements had to be made though two sets of go-betweens, the heads of the families and parents. The proper protocol was observed. On the third visit, they were married. Despite tears and pleadings from her parents, Kané bid farewell to her family and friends and left her comfortable, protected life for an unknown country with her handsome new husband. Immigration laws required a Canadian marriage, and so they remarried in Victoria before Mr. Atagi took his bride to Vancouver where he had a home for her.

The pioneer life for Kané must have been very difficult. She was gentle and quiet, accomplished on the koto (a classical musical instrument like a horizontal harp) and in flower arrangement. Graduate of a finishing school, she was unaccustomed to the rigours of pioneer life here. However, according to her husband, relatives and friends, she never voiced a word of complaint but learned to cook, sew and keep a home - and enjoyed it!

After a few years, and the birth of their first child, Kimi, Mr. Atagi

I remember not being able to brush my teeth one morning because the outdoor tap had frozen.

struck out up the coast to set up his own boatbuilding business. He located at Quathiaski Cove on Quadra Island across from Campbell River. When his boatworks became well-established and he was appointed foreman of marine carpentry at Anderson Canning Company, he moved his family to the Cove. His family had increased, blessed with the addition of daughter Ayako and son Yutaka. They had made many friends. They could not ask for more from life.

Then, in 1941, this idyllic life ended. (This is another story).

They were sent to Kaslo - Mrs. Atagi, Aya and Yute. Kimi marooned in Japan, caught at the wrong time in history, unable to return as ships were not allowed to come to port in both Canada and the U.S.. Mr. Atagi att Crowsnest, isolated from his family, working on the railroad. No communication. Censorship imposed.

After the war they chose to stay in Kaslo, leading a peaceful life, contented among their family and circle of friends. They enjoyed their beautiful flower garden and pets (persian cat and a cocker spaniel). As they aged gracefully together, devoted husband and wife, and loving parents, they faced each day happily, thankful for every day spared to them, each day a gift.

They lived by their motto, Mr. Atagi's haiku.
Roughly translates:

Welcome each day with joy:

Living Glad

I remember not being able to brush my teeth one morning because the outdoor tap had frozen.

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File #28.
Dec 1992

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I CHOSE MY HOME - THE PLACE I LOVE Ayako Higashi

For nearly fifty years, I have lived in Kaslo and loved the people in it - my students, their parents, and other friends. Over those years, thirty of them happy as teacher at the local school, deep inside I nevertheless could not forget that I had not come to Kaslo by choice. I had clung to the dream that one day I would break away from the war-time "prison" and return to my beloved coast - to the sea level -to be lulled by the sighing of the waves, to taste the salt air, to listen to the mewling of the seagulls and the booming of the lighthouse fog horn, to be dazzled by the brilliant sunset over Vancouver Island as the golden sun sank below the horizon, beyond to the West. so free, so familiar, reminescent of my happy youth.

Since 1967 - Canadian Centennial year - my husband and I have returned yearly to holiday at the coast. Each time my eyes have teared up with nostalgia, remembering the happy life that we knew before it was taken from us. My gentle parents loved the ocean and the life at the coast, but they both died without ever seeing their home again.

Five years ago I felt that the time had at last arrived to earnestly search for a place to retire at the coast. However, that year, on our return from our annual trip to the coast, I literally "woke up" and everything came into focus.

I looked up and noted anew the magestic Purcell mountains pointing their peaks into the clear September sky, constantly standing guard

over Kaslo, and at that time sporting a puff of white fleece over Loki's head. Below lay the lake which shimmers and changes colour and character daily.. On that day it was smooth as glass reflecting the mountains. At home, the summer birds were feasting at our bird feeder. The hummingbirds had long since gone South but the empty feeders were a reminder that they had been busy, loading up for their journey. The squirrels were somewhere chattering to each other in the trees around our house. Soon winter birds would arrive and stake out their claims to the feeder. Kaslo Creek was murmuring and rumbling as it tumbled over its rocky bed to, at last,spread out into the lake. Could I leave all this beauty? Moreover, here live the people that my husband and I both love. We have formed deep ties here, and have treasured memories of the past forty years. This is Home. This is where we belong, our minds were made up: her we will permanently set our roots. This time, we will stay in Kaslo <u>by choice</u>. The ghost of the past at last had been laid to rest.

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Dec 1992

Japanese-Canadian Archival display.

MARJE UMEZUKI- From recorded interview- December 1992.

I was seven when we were forced to leave Vancouver. I think it was early April 1942. we were sent to Slocan by train, my mother, two older brothers and I. It was the first time I'd ever been in one and I was quite excited. I remember an Italian conductor selling snacks. He stopped to chat with my mother. It said it was a damned shame what the government was doing to us. They weren't doing it to the Italians or the Germans. We stayed in Slocan about five months I think. My father was apparently still in Vancouver because he had been ill. When Tom Shoyama called him to set up a Japanese section of the New Canadian, we moved to Kaslo to join him. The first day we got there we went to have breakfast at the old King George <hotel. I still remember being impressed by the white table cloths and silverware in the sunlight. I wasn't used to such luxury. We moved into a house up the hill on Sutherland's farm along with the staff of the new Canadian. My mother used to cook for the whole gang. There was Tom Shoyama, Roy Ito, harry Kondo, and a gentle older man, Mr.Tsuji who spoke Japanese. He used to be a photographer and he had a collection of beautiful photographs. I remember Junji Ikeno, Noji Murase, and maybe a few others. We used to play poker in the evening. I remember is as a very pleasant time. It was like having a bunch of fun-loving uncles who used to kid us all the time. <there was an old gramophone in the house. I think it was the wind-up variety. My father used to play old Paul Rouson records and i think I learned all the songs on these old 78's. There was also a party line phone, one of those stand-up models with the earphone hanging down. It was the first time we ever had a phone in our own house. And then there were the cherry trees. We were there for at least one cherry picking season and a few farm-animals. I remember there was a calf born on the premises. I think old Mr.Sutherland used to come up from his hardware store and care for the animals. There were cats that had kittens and we had our little dog Tini from Vancouver. It was all very fascinating for a city kid. Later Mr. Sutherland wanted his house back. I think he was living behind his hardware store in town. So, because of the housing shortage, our family moved out to Allsbrook camp, a summer camp out Shutty Bench way about four miles by road i think, two miles by rowboat but I think the rest of the New Canadian staff moved to a house near Vimy Park. Anyway, our father used to row us into school everyday through all kinds of weather. Sometimes, it was very rough. We all learned how to bail out water. Later I don't remember being afraid. In retrospect my father must have had a few fearful moments with three little kids in a rowboat. I don't remember there being anything like life-jackets aboard. After school we go to the New Canadian office to wait for dad to row us back home again. Mr. Allsbrook was a deaf mute watercolor artist. I used to sit for him and he encouraged my interest in art which i have to this day. It was a wonderful place for kids but there was no hot water or indoor plumbing. We stayed there until it was quite cold. I remember not being able to brush my teeth one morning because the outdoor tap had frozen.

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KAMLOOPS PUBLIC LIBRARY

MARJE UMEZUKI-2

we moved into town again to the "Papworth?" house near the bridge over kaslo Creek. Tom Shoyama taught my dad how to golf and he became a fanatic. The golf Course was just across the creek and up the mountainside, past the dairy. My father used to golf even in the wintertime. He used to paint the golf balls red with nailpolish. He'd ask my mother to make little crochet covers for the balls so he wouldn't loose them in the snow. We kids used to help out at the New Canadian occasionally. My father was intent in makingus very organized and efficient even for stuffing enveloppes. Everything had to be placed just so and folded just so. And i being left-handed had to have the process reversed. When the book"Cheaper by the dozen" by Youworth? ,the motion expert came out, Dad never tired of trying to institute his methods in our house. It was a great education, hanging around the offices of the New Canadian and the Kootenaian.
The ink must have gotten into my veins because I have since worked on about seven or eight newspapers or newsletters of some sort including a year and a half as editor of the New Canadian in the late 50's.
I have pleasant memories of Mr.Farnhi of the Kootenaian and my father puttering back and forth. They seemed to have a good, friendly relationship. I remember watching Harry or Junji on the linotype machine, a fascinating piece of machinary.
We kids were too young to feel anxious about the uncertainty of our situation. Kaslo was a beautiful area to grow up in with the lake and the mountains and the forests, the creek. It is only in retrospect that I get angry about the betrail of the government and think about the anguish that my mother and father and the older generations had to go through. Still, it can't be denied that the Kaslo years were an exciting and memorable time for everyone.

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PAT HIRONAKA
Feb 1993

In May of 1942, my mother and her seven children (ages 13 years to 8 month old baby) were loaded onto a train and then the S.S. Moyie to Kaslo. There we were housed at the Langham Hotel in one room with a divider that we had to share with another family, the Tabata's, a family of 8. The room was filled with double bunk beds with only enough room to walk around the beds. After a month or so, the Tabata's were moved to another building.

Where your front desk is, was where Rev. Shimizu of the Japanese United Church had his office. Behind it was a room that some single men shared. Where the Art Gallery is, was a playroom for the children. The theatre area was where the kitchen was. Behind the kitchen was where the big "ofuro" was. Eventually, another kitchen was installed upstairs as well as another stove added to the big kitchen. The wash room (clothes) was also upstairs.

The kitchen had one wood stove that all the tenants had to share. One story that my mother tells is about all the times she would go down to put on a big pot of rice to feed all of us. When she came back down to check on it, someone had pushed her pot off to the side to put their own pot on the hot burner. Needless to say, we ate a lot of "gunji gohan" until the "culprit" was caught and had her wrist slapped. Everyone was allotted one open shelf to store dishes and supplies in the kitchen.

Other families who lived in the Langham were: -449-2202

2 Hasebe families - 2 brothers. Mrs. Hasebe lives in Midway, B.C.
Daughter Miyo Lives in Greenwood, B.C.
Sasaki- Daughter Rev. & Mrs. Matsugu - Montreal
Mrs. Nobuoka and family in Toronto
Arai family in Toronto
Minamide family- Ruth Nagai, Mary and Stephen all of Calgary
Mr and Mrs Koichi Okihiro now in Toronto
Mrs. Okihiro and Kay of Toronto
Mrs Suzuki and daughter Sachi Ishida of Surrey, B.C.

Nakano of Richmond, B.C.
Miyazaki - Joe in Toronto
Tamayo in Thunder Bay, Ont.
Maruyama family - Katie Kano Barnwell, Alta.
Gen, Norma and Ken, Taber, Alta.
Paul, Jack, Sat and Jane in Edmonton
Wayne in Calgary
Daisy Oshiro in Vernon, B.C.
Taira Toyo and Shin in Toronto
Molly Morita in Ottawa
Mr. And Mrs. H. Taira in Toronto
Furukawa Minoru in Toronto

Doctor Shimotakahara who is buried in the Kaslo Cemetary was our family physician. Dr. Bando was our dentist.

We lived in the Langham for 2½ years.

as I told you on the

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INSIDE STORIES.

Book research Issei
by Gordon G Nakayama

Rec'd May 1/93

Rintaro Hayashi, Leader Among Japanese Canadian Fishermen

Dear Mr. Fraser:

My friend in Montreal who referred your letter to me to read has told me of your visit to Kaslo in 1992. She also told me of your interest in Mr. Hayashi, a pioneer Japanese fisherman who was in the fishing business in the Slocan Valley. I am pleased to do so.

Mr. Hayashi was born in Hiroshima, Japan, on the 7th day of the 5th month in the 13th year of the Meiji era. He came to Canada in 1907 and settled in Steveston, B.C. He was married to Kiku Hayashi in 1918 and they had two children, a son and a daughter. Mrs. Hayashi died in 1962.

Mr. Hayashi was a fisherman for 50 years since 1907 and was a member of the Japanese Fishermen's Association for 40 years. He was also a director of the Association for 20 years. He was a director of the Canadian Fishermen's Co-operative Association for 20 years. He was also a director of the Canadian Fishermen's Co-operative Association for 20 years. He was also a director of the Canadian Fishermen's Co-operative Association for 20 years

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INSIDE STORIES.

Book research Issei
by Gordon G Nakayama

Rintaro Hayashi, Leader Among Japanese Canadian Fishermen

off shore of the west coast of Vancouver Island, which had open fishing rights at that time. The Japanese Fishermen's Association fought the persecution, bringing the case to the Supreme Court of Canada and eventually to the Privy council of England. They won the case on October 15, 1929.

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the government to regulate and reduce the ... licences to Japanese Canadian fishermen from ten percent in 1920 to fifteen percent and finally forty percent in 1924. Japanese Canadian fishermen also lost the privilege of fishing in the off-limit international sea — that is, three miles

"Would you tell me about some of your friends?" I asked.

"Yes, I've had many friends but as I find it hard to speak due to my stroke, you may read about them in my

ISSEI - Gordon G. NAKAYAMA

New Canadian. Feb. 20. 1943. Page 2.

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INSIDE STORIES.

Book research Issei
by Gordon G Nakayama

Rintaro Hayashi, Leader Among Japanese Canadian Fishermen

One day in April 1982, Mr. Kiyozo Kazuta of Vancouver and I took the Richmond bus and visited Mr. and Mrs. Rintaro Hayashi in their home in Steveston, B.C.

Mr. Rintaro Hayashi, an outstanding Japanese Canadian leader, contributed much to the welfare of Japanese Canadian fishermen. He was born in 1901 at Mio-mura, Wakayama-ken, Japan, the youngest of five children. He came to Canada at age twelve in 1913, called here by his father who was a fisherman in Steveston. He told me that there were about 2,000 Japanese in Steveston then. As soon as he came to Canada, he entered the Steveston Japanese School and attended the local public school as well.

Later Rintaro Hayashi, one of the founders of kendo in Canada, served as secretary of the Steveston Japanese Fishermen's Association. Included in the work of the Fishermen's Association was its financing of the Steveston Japanese Hospital. While he was secretary of the Association, he encountered many difficult problems related to the anti-Japanese movement in B.C. It was in 1911 that the Attorney General of B.C. published and publicized his contention that in order to protect the B.C. coastal area from a Japanese invasion, fishermen from England should replace Japanese fishermen who might serve as enemy agents. However, during the First World War the Japanese navy protected the B.C. coast, Japan being allies of Britain. When the war ended and post war depression became severe the ugly anti-Japanese movement started again. This time the politicians joined forces with the white fishermen, moving the government to regulate and reduce the issuing of fishing licences to Japanese Canadian fishermen from ten percent in 1920 to fifteen percent and finally forty percent in 1924. Japanese Canadian fishermen also lost the privilege of fishing in the off-limit international sea — that is, three miles

off shore of the west coast of Vancouver Island, which had open fishing rights at that time. The Japanese Fishermen's Association fought the persecution, bringing the case to the Supreme Court of Canada and eventually to the Privy council of England. They won the case on October 15, 1929.

Mr. Hayashi worked faithfully as secretary until the outbreak of the Pacific War. The first Japanese Canadian victims of the persecution that followed in Canada were the fishermen. Their boats were confiscated by the Canadian Navy and they were ordered to head for the nearest port. The boats were then lashed together and dragged to the mouth of the Fraser River — a cruel act. The Canadian Navy treated Japanese Canadian fishermen as enemy seamen. It is hard to describe the hardships these men suffered. The men from the Skeena and the Nass River areas sailed their boats into Prince Rupert as they were ordered and when they arrived at Prince Rupert they were told that their destination was Vancouver. Without time to take fuel, food, or water, their boats were lashed together and dragged to Vancouver. For many days and nights they suffered from a lack of food and water. More than 1,200 Japanese fishing boats were assembled on the shores of Annacis Island and later these boats were sold without the consent of the owners at ridiculously low prices.

There were many things Mr. Hayashi could tell us about the pre-war days but not wanting to tire him as he had suffered a stroke about two years ago, I asked him, "What happened to your family at the time of the evacuation?"

"We were forced to leave our home," he said. "First we went to Kaslo, a ghost town in the interior of B.C., then we were sent to Lemon Creek, near Slocan City. Later we went to Raymond, Alberta where we worked on a sugar beet farm for two years. We moved to Kelowna, B.C. and finally back to Steveston in 1951 — two years after the restriction of returning to the B.C. coast was lifted."

"Would you tell me about some of your friends?" I asked.

"Yes, I've had many friends but as I find it hard to speak due to my stroke, you may read about them in my

ISSEI - Gordon G. NAKAYAMA

New Canadian. Feb. 20. 1943. Page 2.

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book, *The Shores of the Black Current (Kuroshiro no Hate)*. In it I have mentioned some of my friends," he answered.

In this book Mr. Hayashi mentions some important Japanese Canadian pioneers such as: Mr. Ryuichi Yoshida, who was the President of the Steveston Japanese Fishermen's Association and who contributed a great deal to the welfare of Japanese in those days; Mr. Takejiro Oode, who pioneered the salted herring industry and had a storage camp at Nanaimo and Galiano Islands; Mr. Shintaro Takashima, the first principal and teacher of the Steveston Japanese School who taught many Japanese children including Mr. Hayashi; Mr. James Tenning of Mie-ken Japan, whose real name was Jujiro Takenouchi, a former Japanese Naval officer, who came to Canada and was employed as secretary of the Japanese Fishermen's Association; Mrs. Motoe Yamazaki, who was the wife of Yasushi Yamazaki, the publisher and editor of the *Tairiku Nippo* newspaper. There were many others referred to in the book but we are unable to hear their stories as many of them have passed away.

My final question to him was, "Have you anything you would like to tell our young people?"

"Oh yes," he replied. "There are some good and important qualities of the old Japanese generation, the Issei of the Meiji era, but there are also many undesirable things too. We would like to leave behind us the good qualities, such as honesty, sincerity, industriousness and trustworthiness."

And I agreed that these good attributes should be kept.

Rintaro Hayashi married Yoshiko Nakano of Miomura, Wakayama-ken, Japan in 1935. They have four children and five grandchildren. Although he is not in good health, Rintaro and his wife Yoshiko are enjoying a happy retired life.

Shiro Koga
A Multi-talented Farmer and Engineer

From 1922 to 1923, I was a student of McLean High School in Maple Ridge and lived at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Jiro Inouye, in the village of Port Haney, B.C. There were many Japanese strawberry farms in this area and Jiro Inouye, Yasutaro Yamaga, Shiro Oka, Yazaemon Tamura, and Shiro Koga were some of the pioneer strawberry growers. Mr. Shiro Koga was one of the leaders in the farming community and he was also a very talented, gifted man. The following is taken from a story written by his nephew, Mr. Uemon Koga, the manager of Japanese Social Services and Information Inc., of Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

Shiro Koga was born February 7, 1885 in Saga-ken Japan. Although he had only a basic public school education he had many talents. He was a farmer, singer, actor, orator, engineer, and mechanical technician — all these accomplishments combined to make his life rich and colourful.

From early childhood he was devoted and faithful to his parents, particularly to his sick mother who suffered from arthritis. As a young boy he carried his mother on his back to the hot spring bath for treatment. It is said that such a faithful child would live a long life and so it was that he lived to be 89 years old.

He grew up during the time of the great Depression, just after the Russo-Japanese War. The whole nation suffered under severe economic depression. He had the heavy burden of helping to support his family and also to educate his brothers. Two of his brothers went on to medical school and became prominent physicians with their own private hospital, the other brother entered a theological college to become a Buddhist priest. After graduating from the theological college he went to study at the University of California in the United States of America.

The youth, Shiro Koga, never wasted his time. He devoted himself to hard and endless farm labour. Because of

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Inside Stories

Book research Years of Sorrow, Years of Shame by Barry Broadfoot

So I started off on the first job and the first batch arrived at Greenwood just at Eastertime of 1942 and we had men working there almost immediately—whites until we got the Japanese in there. We had Greenwood in shape in about two weeks to take 2,000 Japanese.

The first problem we had was with the Presbyterian minister. Can't think of his name. He said we would have to barb-wire these people up as he wasn't going to take any chance on having his two children's throats cut. I told him that that was a rather un-Christian way of looking at it, but anyway this minister left the place shortly afterward.

Then we went on to Kaslo and got that fixed up and then New Denver and so on until they were all settled. Our problem was to house these people. We had to get them in housing for the wintertime, and it didn't look as though we were going to get any help from the other provinces like we thought we would.

So they called me down to a conference in Vancouver in July and asked what the situation was. I told them they would have to build about 700 houses. I said the main difficulty would be in getting material. We sent word down to Ottawa and the minister in charge was very anti-Japanese and he sent word back that we could only build 100 houses. One hundred houses. For thousands of people. Mr. Taylor, a very dynamic man, he said, "You go ahead and build as many houses as you need, but for Christ sakes, keep them covered up." So we had accommodations for all of them by the first of November. Where the material came from I never knew, but we used about 15 million feet of lumber. But Mr. Taylor managed to come up with the material.

The Japanese had big stoves in their houses and the wood was green and didn't burn too well, but they got along that winter fairly well.

There was some trouble moving them but we got the job done and there was quite a bit of paper talk about how inhumane it was, how badly they were being treated. I asked Ottawa several times if I could give them 5,000 good mechanics because workers were getting scarce. I told them all they had to do was

Years of Sorrow, Years of Shame
Barry Broadfoot

put overalls on them and call them Canadians and they wouldn't have any trouble at all with the Japanese. It would have been a lot of much-needed help. But they wouldn't do it.

Another thing I did. We had about 100 veterans of the First World War—some had medals and were good men—and we made out very well with them. We used them as guards and other help around the camps. But we never had any problems with them. You can't take 27,000 people and move them and not have some hotheads among them, but we got great help from some of the elder Japanese.

It was a hard job to keep them employed. We only gave them 25 cents an hour and we did get some on the railway, about 100, and some got jobs in sawmills and they built a hospital at New Denver for more than 100 TB patients. Then the government called me in one day. They got the bright idea that they needed about 300,000 cords of wood for fuel because it looked like there might be a coal strike, a shortage that year. We set up a little mill at Roseberry and the Japanese cut about 200,000 cords that winter. Cut it, hauled it, and we were putting about thirty cords an hour through the mill.

And so the years went by. We got to know them, especially the younger ones, and it was a very real experience for all of us. We had charge of health and welfare and schooling and everything that virtually moved in a very large area, and there was no pattern to go by. If we made mistakes we did and if we did things right, we did that. But there was no precedent.

Some people say that it was cruel and inhumane treatment of a people. That is nonsense. We did everything we could for those people, the Japanese. Provided them with food and shelter and jobs and medical attention and entertainment and looked after the old people and the children too. It was a difficult time and the government had decreed that this was the way the Japanese problem was to be handled and that is the way it was. There was no other way.

It was a very personal experience for all of us and we all came through it together. When the camps broke up we, the administrators, got letters from the Japanese thanking us for the

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Contumacious. I know that word now.

All I was was a fourteen-year-old kid who didn't know what was happening to me, losing all my friends, going out to this joint in the mountains, just trees and rocks and old buildings around, and I had enough sense to know that if this was *shikata-ga-nai*, then there was something wrong with all of us. I knew it then, fourteen years old, and I know it now.

It could have been helped. We were not cattle. We were human beings, Canadians, and I still say shit on their *shikata-ga-nai*. I do, although you talk to a lot of Japanese and they still say it. You see, to them it is fate. They had no control over the forces that control them. Fate. It can't be helped. Well, I just didn't happen to believe that, young as I was.

V-J Day

Near the end of the war we had moved from Slocan to Kaslo in preparation to moving to Eastern Canada and on V-J Day I was sitting in a Japanese bathhouse, and it was in the afternoon. Bells outside started to ring and this guy—he must have been about fifty —shot out a phrase in Japanese which means, "We've lost," and to show you how clueless I was—I was nine at the time—I didn't even know we were fighting a war.

I jumped out of the bath and ran out in the street and there were people selling fireworks and I thought that was terrific. Fireworks! So I ran home and got some money and I went back to buy some fireworks and set them off like the other people in the town. And this kid who was selling fireworks kicked me in the ass and said, "We beat you, you Jap. Get the hell out of here."

You know, until later I had no idea what it was all about. I just thought it was a celebration and I was going to get in on the fireworks.

Years of Sorrow, Years of Shame
Barry Broadfoot

That's how much a young Japanese person in a camp—well, me—that's how much he knew of what the whole thing was about.

Time Just Went By

I don't know who it was worst for. I guess the Issei. Our fathers, maybe grandfathers. Uncles. Those guys. Most of them had been big shots before Pearl Harbor. There was one man who had twenty acres of fully cropped land near Mission and a new house worth maybe 5,000 dollars. Well, you don't forget they just come and took it away, pffft, like that. They had been big shots in the country a long time and when they spoke it was like the old joke, people listened. Now all these old guys didn't have no say at all. If the government wanted something, they just said in a loud voice, "This is the way it shall be done." The old guys could only sit around and yak, yak. In the bathhouse you'd hear them. What they did. What they were going to do. What was wrong. They'd talk about who was winning the war.

Then they'd leave the bathhouse and go down to the store and buy some tobacco. I wonder what would have happened if the government had said in a loud voice: "No tobacco in the camps." They said it about liquor, beer, you know. That meant nothing. Houses had stills to make whiskey and they made it. Believe me, they made it. Lots of it. If you went into a house and you didn't see that contraption you looked for it because you knew it was there. You smelled the stuff. Whiskey. Beer.

Yes, it was kind of like a prison. You couldn't go anywhere and a guy in prison, he can't go anywhere either, can he? The younger guys didn't care. They, we played baseball. Just as good as we had before. I think one of the troubles was that we just looked at the old guys and said, "Okay, you guys got us into this and you'd better get us out of it and when you do, let us know. Okay?" See what I mean? We didn't care.

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Time went by, each day at a time. Nothing new ever happened. Oh, maybe the school put on a concert. That was big news. There was the movie. They showed us movies sometimes. People used to yell at the screen in the hall. Shout. Ever heard of "banzai"? Well, I heard that. That was when the Jap bad guy shot down the American hero in his plane. Things like that.

Life went on. If you walked through New Denver or Slocan City, Kaslo, you'd say what a quiet little village it was. Clean, neat, Pretty scenery. People walking along the street. You wouldn't know it was a concentration camp. The people treated us fine. They were doing their job. I think they liked doing it. When we had a funeral they would even come. They'd stand back, of course. They came to our parties. At the concert. Those were mostly the church people. The Mountie was okay. There was more than one, of course, but nobody did anything wrong. The trucks that came in from Nelson, you could get to know the drivers and they'd sell you Hudson's Bay whiskey at 30 dollars a bottle. Then you had a little party. But it was dead in that nobody was alive.

I mean no ambition. Nobody saying, "I'm Barry Broadfoot and I'm going to make my fortune here." You couldn't go into business. You couldn't do anything but work for the government. Cutting wood. On the roads. Working for them. My sister worked in the office. Just paperwork. You could work as a carpenter. Somebody had to fix things all the time. The pay was just enough to live on. I think it was 30 cents an hour. If you were, well, maybe an electrician or could fix a pump you got 40 cents. At Revelstoke or Kamloops you could get maybe a dollar an hour. Just living took anything you made. Some people stopped using sugar and sold their ration tickets. Meat too. Lots of things. But whatever way you looked at it, the people barely, just barely, had enough to live on. They got by. If you complained, there was one guy in the office who would say, "What are you beefing about? They're eating rotted potatoes in Japan." As far as I know they don't eat much potatoes anyway in Japan. I don't know because I never was there.

Then they wanted us to move out. You see, we were costing

them money. A lot of money. What they wanted was to be able to get everybody out into the prairies or Toronto. Hamilton. London. Down that way. But the people wouldn't. You put us here, now we'll stay until the war is over. That's what you'd hear. People would come to my parents' home and sit around, tea and rice balls, maybe some whiskey, and this is the way they talked.

Then some guys who were in with the government would say, they'd pass on the word that there was a lot of good things in Alberta. Well, we knew different. Our mail might be censored but people were coming back for funerals and things. We knew what it was like in the beet fields. They just had to say that if you knew what it was like to work in the strawberries, then the sugar beets were ten times worse. All that sun, that dust. Ugh!

Why go? Why? They said they'd move us. Pay the way. I think they paid for sandwiches along the way too. Okay. But people would be hostile still. The only good place I heard about was Winnipeg. People seemed to do good there. But it wasn't my job to make a decision. Maybe I would have gone to Winnipeg. I had friends who went, are still there. But I was at home and I hadn't been taught to make decisions. You can't blame me.

So we sat in the ghost towns. We called it The Camp. Hellhole. Lots of words. It's like a village but you don't know anybody. Stick together, oh sure. Got to. Survive or perish. I mean, stand together or fall one by one. But people were different. Like a fisherman from Port Essington, he's always lived on the Skeena and fished. Then there's a farmer from Pitt Meadows. He knows crops. City guys. Country guys. Sawmill guys. All thrown in together. We couldn't chose our own society, so to speak. Not the way my parents wanted it. Kids too. Gangs. One bunch would walk down the road, Lemon Creek or Popoff Farm, and beat up other kids. There wasn't the friendship there should have been. People were sick of each other.

You saw the same old faces, heard the same talk. How many times could you hear that old man tell about how the three soldiers after Pearl Harbor had broken his window and stolen

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Inside Stories

Treated Like Just Ordinary People

Dad said that when he was going from Kaslo to the beet fields of Chatham I think it was. He had his family with him and they were on the train. They were travelling on the train just like anybody else, just going, but after being in camp for a bit and in Kaslo with guards and police and so on, he felt a bit touchy about it.

I remember him telling me later that he couldn't understand it. It was so strange after a couple of years in camps, called enemy aliens and not allowed to travel, not allowed to do this or that.

He said there were the ordinary passengers on the train but there were some soldiers too, going from one camp to another. Maybe on leave, he said. Funny thing was they bore no animosity. They didn't mind if he was Japanese. On that train, the people on that train bought candy and oranges for my little brothers and sisters and they'd talk with my mother and father and ask them how they were, where they were going, and all this kind of talk.

It was not as if they were in Canada at all, or what I mean is that it was not like it was in British Columbia. People seemed to know there had been trouble with the Japanese, but it didn't bother them—everybody treated my family as if they were ordinary people. Which they were, of course, but after all, when you've been living under the conditions they had lived under for a couple of years, you feel that you are prisoners.

Not on that train, they didn't.

Dad said that by the time they got to Toronto those words "exclusion" and "segregation" and "expulsion," why he had just about forgotten what they meant.

Barry Broadfoot
Years of Sorrow, Years of Shame.

How I Got Out of B.C.

After I got my B.A. from the University of B.C. and completed my work for my diploma in social work, then I went to Hastings Park where the families were. I can only say that I was very distressed. The women and children in cattle barns, blankets separating families. You could say that they were all in a state of shock at what had happened to them. Oh, it was a dreadful time.

Well, now that I had my diploma I made a commitment to carry on and to try and help these people as much as I could. My family were very distressed that I would agree to work for the government, the government which had betrayed us, and I made a complete break from my family. They never looked on it that I was working for the Japanese community. They just felt that I was just being a stoolpigeon for the government. Of course that was not the case. I really made a break with my family at that point, but later they did welcome me back.

I know that my mother and father never trusted the white people again. They had spent really a number of years prior to that trying to establish some kind of meaningful relationship with people they thought would support them, but when it came down to the crunch those people didn't support and they never trusted the whites again. That was one of the really difficult things for my parents to experience. They told me later, when I was working with the CCF, they said, "Political activity is useless. You can't trust any government that is established by those people." And they never established any kind of friendship with people who were not Japanese after that.

Now I'm back to when I got my diploma. So I was sent into the ghost towns and I went from ghost town to ghost town helping. There was a supervisor named Bunny Moscrop and she developed the welfare service and I worked with her.

The main problem was financial. And there was always this business of families who were separated, this business of

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these stupid rules. Why didn't they treat us like the Canadians we were?

I saw a submarine in Slocan Lake. I write that to my friend at Coaldale and I bet they take it out and then come around to me and tell me not to write things like that because loose lips sink ships. All so stupid.

A Doctor Reminisces

I was born here some—let's see now, October, 1900. My dad came here seven years before that. I was born on Hastings Street. Dad used to have a small store. I was born in that. All my life I wanted to be a doctor but they wouldn't accept me, so I went back to Japan, for the first time, and studied at one of the universities there. I interned there too. They wouldn't accept me in Canada because I was Oriental.

Then I came to Canada. That would be in 1928 and I began to practice. Just among the Japanese. Oh yes. I wouldn't accept any white people. No. Nothing to do with them. I was bitter. I certainly was. The way they treated me when I was small, you know. How they used to throw stones at me and call us Chink and things like that, you know.

So I was quite bitter when I was young.

I could have stayed in Japan and been a successful doctor when I was young but my mother wanted me to come back because we were Canadians.

In 1941? No, I didn't know there was going to be trouble. Not until we heard the radio. You know. Pearl Harbor. I couldn't believe it. I was living at 2725 Seventh Avenue East. That's where we bought our house. We had about five lots there, you see. But it didn't occur to me that they would really evacuate us. I just thought it was talk. We were allowed to stay until the last moment in our house because I was allowed to go to Hastings

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Barry Broadfoot

Park to look after the patients there, you see. There were five Japanese doctors in Vancouver.

My mother and sister, when it came time to move, they went on their own to the Cariboo near Taylor Lake, and myself, my wife, and our little kid went to New Denver. My mother and sister were called self-supporting.

New Denver? Oh, the scenery was nice but the people first lived in tents until they decided to build shacks for the people. I had 2,500 people to look after in New Denver and Roseberry. At times I went to Sandon too and Kaslo for the Japanese there, but not always. They also had the TB sanitarium in New Denver and I looked after that with another doctor, a white doctor.

I got 100 dollars a month to live on, to buy food and everything. A hundred was not enough to live on and I asked for more and they wrote back and said it was enough. What more did I want?

The town? At first they don't like us. They wonder what kind of animals we are. There are only a few of them because it is an old ghost town and most people are gone. But they they start to make money from us, from 2,500 new people, and then they like us. They like our money. I was told that one Christmas when the Japanese got paid the drugstore made more, more in one day than in one year before the Japanese came.

In the end the white people didn't want to send us out of there, to see us go. Making so much money. Besides, then, then they treat us just like themselves. They find we are not animals.

There were about three Mounties. If I went to Nelson one would go with me. I had my car because I was a doctor and this Mountie is sitting beside me and there is this nice stretch of road and I turn to him and say, any cops around? and then I start speeding about forty-five miles an hour. We laughed like hell. I'd forgotten he was a policeman. But we couldn't leave the camp. Not without a permit from the police. But no barbed wire.

There was a Roman Catholic school for the older children and a government school for the younger ones, but my daughter didn't get a sufficient education. Only after we left New Denver did she get a sufficient education.

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Muriel Kitigawa

interdependencies of the east, the freedom of the west with the consideration of the east.''[35]

Out of this new optimism—this new-found sense that Japanese Canadians had finally begun to work in a formal way toward achieving the democratic goal of full franchise for their community—came, in 1938, the genesis of the *New Canadian*, the Nisei publication calling itself the ''Voice of the Nisei'' (Fig. 8). A bona fide newspaper, published semi-monthly and distributed widely in the community—and in English—was a tremendously exciting venture for young writers like Muriel. What better way for Nisei to further the struggle for equality than to have a public vehicle to present their views and to nurture their own writers. The experiment began with a trial issue, printed as a supplement to the *Tairiku*, a Japanese-language newspaper in the community. The *New Canadian* was deemed a success and regular publication began in February 1939. The nucleus of the founding group consisted of Shinobu Higashi as Editor (who left to work for a newspaper in China soon after), Tom Shoyama, Ed Ouchi, Irene Uchida, Yoshimitsu Higashi, and Seiji Onizuka.

The *New Canadian* allowed Muriel to begin writing in earnest. Throughout 1939 and 1940, it was this community newspaper that provided her with an outlet for numerous essays on topics and issues of personal concern. Readers became familiar with the lively voice of ''T.M.K.'' who had strong, and usually unconventional, views on everything from arranged marriages to the liberation of Nisei women. ''T.M.K.'' represented the voice of a new community struggling to break away from older immigrant values transported from Japan and transplanted in Canada. But the growth of this new community was to be stunted: ''While their sons and daughters became westernized and talked a different language,'' Muriel wrote in Toronto, thinking back to *those days*,

> the Issei kept the reins over matters of marriage and birth and death, of filial piety, and submergence of the individual into the pattern of the family. Out of this grew the seeds of Nisei revolt, until war came to tear out the roots of our lives, and we were washed down helter skelter on the roaring flood.[36]

[35]All quotes from the Unpublished Autobiography.
[36]''Growing Up as Nisei,'' from the Unpublished Autobiography.

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individuals—were accepted, on the whole, as obviously necessary in war-time.

More drastic steps emerging from the Ottawa conference in January—the removal of alien nationals and the banning of short-wave radios and cameras—were likewise accepted. In spite of the fact that almost a quarter of its gainfully employed were affected by the removal order, the whole community was prepared to recognize that government authorities were forced to draw some line between citizens and non-citizens in guarding against the most probable source of danger.

But tremendous public pressure—arising in the first place from very sorry sources indeed—was brought to bear upon the government. In quick order, a whole series of repressive measures, unlike anything before in the history of the nation, have been authorized. In effect, the new orders uproot completely without regard some 23,000 men, women and children; brand every person of Japanese origin as disloyal and traitorous; and reduce to nothing the concept and value of Canadian citizenship.[9]

Kitigawa

"Yes, Muriel wrote in the *New Canadian*, "we are bitter, with a bitterness we can never forget, which will mark us for the rest of our lives . . . ."[10]

Muriel Kitigawa

Clearly, through the eyes of Japanese Canadians, the government had given in to racist pressure in branding them all "enemy aliens"—and the branding would mean that they would be subject to suspicion and threats, treated as potential saboteurs, wherever they went. It was astonishing but true that the government was legitimizing discrimination on the basis of race, and thereby sanctioning hostile attitudes toward a group of identifiable Canadian citizens: Japanese Canadians. Muriel's outrage and horror flooded into a letter written to her brother Wes on March 4, 1942:

> Okay we move. But where? Signs up on all highways . . . JAPS KEEP OUT. Curfew. "My father is dying. May I have permission to go to his bedside?" "NO!" Like moles wheeling sharply around . . . pounce on that individual.

[9] "Grounds for Questioning," *NC*, 3 March 1942.
[10] "A Record of Dignity," *NC*, 5 March 1942: p. 2. [Editor's note: the full text of this statement appears as an Epigraph to this book.]

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Camp Shelly.
S13

The New Canadian.

c/o Bank of Montreal,
Main and Hastings Sts.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
May 16, 1942.

Dear Wes:

I really should be concentrating on my packing but I must write this one.

I am sending by freight or express your books, and I am also sending the Rose Cushion Kath made and gave me to give to Mrs. Pannell. The next time I write will be from Kaslo. Yesterday I got my orders to report at the CPR at 5:45 pm to entrain for Kaslo. I wrote to Miss Clapham and to the Finlays.

You see Wes, because we were sort of depending on the Bank to transfer us, we lost valuable time that could have been spent in various negotiations. Now it is really too late for anything if I want to get going before Ed. We think it is better that I go first so that Ed can help to the end, and clean up the house after we go, something I could never do with the twins to look after. I also want to get to Kaslo while there is still time to wire back to Ed in Vancouver for anything I need.

For the time being we will stay in Kaslo while Ed goes to Schreiber. During this time, if it is still possible, we will carry on further negotiations with you people . . . negotiations that will not be rushed and changed practically every day. Once all of us are evacuated the furor will die down somewhat, and we can discuss my moving to Ontario with leisure and thorough investigation. It is the policy of the Commission to spend as little as possible on us, so they will welcome any who will get off their payroll. This rushing is awful business, and something may go wrong at the most unexpected time. I have a letter from Mr. Lock, while Ed has a swell testimonial from the Manager, and I am getting another from the Accountant, and from the Fergusons in Hatzic. I don't know any hakujin minister, and Rev. Shimizu has been shunted (people say shanghaied) off to Kaslo so I won't see him till I get there. When I get to know other hakujin in Kaslo it might be even nicer.[67] So Wes, we shall take it in easy

[67]Wes had advised the Kitagawas to get personal reference letters to help them get permission to move to Toronto.

This is my Own. - MURIEL KITAGAWA.

Wheeling smartly around
pounce on that individual.

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High and Low

By R. I.

MY INSIDE STORY

In the first issue of the New Year there appeared in this paper an editorial that for sonority and ponderity was hard to beat even by comparing it with the dramas of the ancient Greeks. And strangely enough it was labelled "The Inside Story."

After reading a heading of this sort, one can naturally expect facts that are astonishing and sensational, that smell of yellow journalism or at least a little unusual. But not this inside story; it merely presented infomation which everyone expects and knows to be true on a weekly of this size. And thus, I will give you MY inside story.

* * *

The people of Kaslo are by now quite used to the sight of five evacuees coming down the hill to the office of the Kootenaian everyday. Their walk ranges from a brisk gallop to an electrifying gallop depending, of course, on the day of the week. The editor is setting the pace followed closely by his two stout men and then, way behind comes a sleepy fellow "in a slow silent walk" of the Alberta sugar-beets. The other, Mr. T., has left an hour ahead to reach the office at the exact moment of the editorial staff — which is the wisdom learnt through the ages.

The office routine is not very unusual—the real story begins when they reach their little home up on the hill after a hard day's work.

* * *

Billy, Bobby and Marjorie are the Umezuki kids. They are in grades three, four and five and their energies are unlimited. The school system of Kaslo today, calls for only three hours at the hall of education and thus their superfluous and abundant energy of these tykes which comes from living in Kaslo only and drinking rich Kaslo milk is directed at the unfortunate men of the newspaper world.

When High Low drops wearily into the easy chair, Marjorie comes running, takes a hop and flys on him and commands,

number work. Billy and Bobby come swarming.

number work . . . number work.

now, now, says High Low, I'm tired, you ask Shrdlu.

Wheeling smartly around they pounce on that individual.

number work . . . number work . . . number work. Oh, why don't Misses Fujita, Sato and Toda give them more homework!

Well, says Shrdlu diplomatically, I'll give you one question . . . a one cent question. At what temperature does water freeze. Naturally being the N.C. kids they all get the right answer and Shrdlu is poorer by three cents. But he is more than pleased for they now turn on Etaoin.

(The next scene will show you how assimilation works when the sanseis begin to appear on the scene.)

Give us Japanese words, Marjorie orders.

O.K., says Etaoin, What does "otoko" mean?

Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . .

Chair, guesses Marjorie.

Nope.

Table, says Billy.

Nope.

Bobby is goggling around. Mother gives him a hint.

Something like you Bobby.

Oh, he says, . . . a monkey! Those cartoonist . . . those . . . those . . .

* * *

On Sunday the pace becomes much faster. Wood-chopping on a mass production basis takes place for a hour or two.

After the four o'clock supper a rough game of football is scheduled on the verandah. This is followed by basketball played somewhat like rugby by two nasty fellows. At this game the Japanese editor can be seen sprawling here and there as the game waxes hotter and hotter with each basket around him. Shrdlu is brutally pushing everyone around . . . High Low is dizzy. The only cool man is Etaoin . . . the three N.C. kids are frantic.

When this is all finished a sing-song takes place with Etaoin strumming tunelessly on a 6-inch ukelele. It is inspiring to listen to the three young voices assisted by the three croaking Adam's apple pouring out "My Grandfather Clock" in the sentimental manner of old. Drinks are called for. It gets hoarser and hoarser. By twelve o'clock, the day has finished and the three cute kids troop to bed. And the men, poor souls fall between the blankets after a quiet Sunday home up on the hill. Thus passes another week.

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High and Low

By R. I.

* * *

FROM THE HIGH BLUFF

Behind our house there is a little hill . . . no, not quite a hill but not quite a mountain. We went climbing. Instead of the easier, roundabout route, which is nothing more than a stroll, we went straight up the bluff, at a sixty degree angle, according to the fundamental principle that the closest distance between two points is a straight line. It was the closest distance alright, but it was also the hardest. It was a good climb.

Higher and higher as we went, the view became better and better. When we finally reached the summit to put it impressively, the whole of Kaslo and the surroundings were spread out before us in an exotic view. There was our house and the path that went straight as an arrow to the gate except where it deviated around the tree. The Kootenay Lake showed a deep blue color, a color that was really indescribable. Every little detail stood out clear and simple.

As we sat down and took in the sight, rich reward for our short climb, we could hear the cackling of hens, the putting of the motor boat, the shouts of children at play. They floated up to us, not quite unlike seeing a motion picture in technicolor.

Our town, my friend said.

Yes, our town.

I'll be sorry when we leave it.

But isn't it strange, I pointed out, calling this our town when we have been here not a year . . . and our coming was not of our own choice you must remember.

Why call this our town? See Front Street down there. If we were all crowded into that section and those houses over here were not for us . . . Kaslo would never be our town. It would mean that this place over here would be like another restricted area, where we were not wanted, where we would have to show a permit to prove that we were not breaking the law.

It's a lot of little things that count to make it our town, even though actually, we are only evacuated Japanese from the Pacific coast. It's because we can say she lives here, he lives there and Mr. So and So lives there, it's because the Kaslo people are so kind enough and generous enough to donate money to purchase pencils and books for the school children, we can call Kaslo our town.

Yes, I suppose so, I agreed.

Down there, she pointed to the town, down there are all the headaches, maintenance, relocation, property, liberties, petty quarrels . . . the artificial world. This, she pointed to the many mountains is the real world. I wish I could live up here forever.

No, no . . . I disagreed this time. That is the real world and this is the artificial world. A world without trouble of some sort would not be a world at all in every sense of the world. It would be Utopia. This stillness, this tree, this rock are artificial. And how could one live up here without food and shelter?

O, she exclaimed, you're too realistic!

Queer thoughts popped into my head as I looked down onto the city.

The invaders in "The Moon Is Down" must have come onto the town just like this. No . . . more likely it would have been by parachutes. But they might have come this way. They might have planted a few machine-guns and motars around the city so peaceful on a Sunday morning, the church bell ringing and the children at play. They might have gloated over the thought how surprised the people would be, when they would stride into town with the band playing and the swastika flying . . . and every soldier with a tommy-gun.

The Union Jack was floating from a building down there . . . reassuringly.

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High and Low

By R. I.

* * *

SPRING IS HERE

Spring must be here. Across Canada — from evacuees in Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta and all points of B. C., letters come in, bearing the breathless news that spring is here.

Actually, specifically and academically speaking, spring began on March 21st, four Sundays ago. But if you really want to get fussy, spring started three weeks before the 21st when the kids began to play marbles. Y'know, round-pot, square-pot, stink-holes, etc., etc. . . . remember?

* * *

First.
Second.
Third.
Fourth.
Heck no. We're going to pinky.
We'd never did that at Steveston!
We did at Vancouver!
Sure, in New Westminster, too. (Fourth man.)
O.K. — We'll pinky then.
I'm first. Second. Third. Fourth.
And I'm last again.
Game begins.
Nodings... Eburyting... peaks ... ebers...
Dirty pants... dirty hands...
Spring is here.

Down at the Vimy Park, the pleasant sound of hickory solidly meeting horsehide echoes across the ball park. Baseball is here. Get your program. Peanuts, popcorns ... (nasal). Cushions, cushions... (nasal). Batteries . . . Nishihara, pitching, Kutsukake, catching . . . PLAY BALL. Remember?

* * *

Batters up!
C'mon gang!
Right in here, Ole kid!

The pitcher gets the signal. Nods his head. Looks at his ball. Stoops down to rub the dirt into his mitt. Glances at the sun. Waves his hand to the left pasture. Winds up slowly — And here comes the pitch —
B-a-l-l — Inside.
Never mind, ole kid!
The old one-two . . .
Keep him fooling!
You got him scared!
Pitcher peers for his signal. Shakes his head. Peers again. Nods O.K. Pulls at his cap. Kicks his toe. Winds — And here comes the throw —
Crack!
Foul!
Crash!
Silence!
The club will pay for the window mister.
Play Ball. Spring is here.

Up on the hill, down by the Front Street, over by the clinic, evacuees, young and old, men and women dig the rich, comfortable soil, burn leaves, gather stones and plan gardens.

You gotto dig deeper than that.
Sure.
We'll plant carrots here, peas here . . .
Not going to plant yet, are you?
Nope, too cold at night. Dig a little deeper.
And let's see . . . we need fertilizer.
There's some on the street.
That's no good. Dig a little deeper.
Oh heck!
What's the matter?
My back aches.
And you were going to sugar-beets! (Scorn!)
Spring is here.

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High and Low

By R. I.

DIRTY CRACKS ! !

IN FILING SOME papers last week, I came across some interesting clipped batch of yellow sheets. They were the original copies of the Kaslo Girls' Club paper published last September and it is terrific and deserves to be reviewed.

The copies begin with a letter to the chief, and I hope the writer who is now somewhere in Ontario will not mind a few quotations from it, for it shows the terrible worry and labor that went into this mighty example of mighty journalism. The letter starts out neatly. September 6, 1942. Quote:

"By hook or by crook we think, we're going to get the paper done. Oh phooey, $*?@% etc. etc. Heck! How am I supposed to concentrate on this letter if they keep on blah! blah! blahing! I'm going to get a nervous breakdown soon if they don't shut up!

"Last night they kept it up till late when almost all, or at least all the Powell Church members, who are the noisiest, had a grand session in the dining room here while I tried to sleep a few feet away. No luck. The night before the two families that were called to leave for Japan happened to be the two families living on the floor above the Kaslo Bakery. They were given notice at 7:30 that evening to leave at 7 next morning. They kept it up all night packing and repacking . . .

"What was I talking about . . ." Unquote.

Poor girl. She must have been nearly dead. Her next lines begin to droop, wander erratically till near the end wildly, drunkenly . . . Quote!

"My eyes won't stay open so if you would excuse me I must . . . get . . . into . . . bed . . . ." (Potential drama)

An imposing editorial staff titled "Newspaper Staff" with an editor, an assistant editor, art editor, literary editor, five reporters and one advisor begins the materials. (Very good. That's four more than us.)

The editorial message has the following: "The girls have learnt handiwork, executive duties, etiquette, and — hold your breathe — journalism. (Ye Gods!)

A detailed analysis of the five groups in the club come next. The Bouncing Bunnies (no fooling) learnt to make paper necklaces from magazines. Example of personals: Has nice eyelashes and swims practically every day. (We'll have to look at Weismuller's) Do you know Obana from Havana? If not go above the Drug Store. (Shriek!) Who is the shy lass from the pulp town who thinks she's Minnie Haw-Chaw. Really she's Miss Minnie Hot Hot Hot Chaw. (Wow, it's killing me!)

Excerpts from the "Literary". We ran out of the water on the train and I feel so dirty. (Shades of Sahara expeditions) In February, 1894, the business section of Kaslo burnt down. It was believed that the fire was started by a gamblber who lost his money and later skipped town in rowboat. (Calling Cecil B. DeMille!) A CNR boat called "Kaslo" ran on the rocks to stop its business on account of its many misfortunes. (The first boat suicide by glory!)

To round out this already well-rounded paper, the inquiring reporter brings back some delicious tid-bits to the question: "What do you think of the Girls' Club?" Said Mr. Suzuki, "Not much." Said Professor Horisaki, "Corny." (Amen.) To the question: "What do you like best in Kaslo?" Miss Sugiura, age 7, found playing, "Beaches"; Miss Sawamoto, age 7, found playing, "Beaches"; Miss Hashimoto, age 6, playing, "Beaches". (Age freezing must be getting lower and lower!) Says the beach report of August 13: "Miss Yamazaki started the fire at 7:30 p.m." (When did she finish?)

Ah, girls, you're terrific! You wow me . . . You make me dizzy . . . (Hey stop that boat, I'm going up to Lardeau for the week-end ! !)

New Canadian - June 19. 1943. page 2.

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Round the Towns...

T.Y.O. Elects Committee For Second Half of Year

TASHME. — The Tashme Youth Organization at their semi-annual meeting elected Bob Kadoguchi as president for the remainder of the year.

Supervisors Walter Hartly and J. J. Sutherland are honorary president and vice-president of the thriving club. Mr. Naoyuki Oseki, former prominent Japanese in the Ocean Falls community is an honorary member.

The new executive is as follows:

Martha Hori, past president; Yoshikazu Ono, first vice-president; Frank Hatashita, second vice-president; Mitsuye Yoneyama, recording secretary; Myea Okamura, corresponding secretary; Marge Takahashi and Toshiye Mitobe, treasurers.

Walter Inouye, Jack Matsui, Kay Machida, service department; Fred Saiga, Toyo Kimura, Yuki Arai, education department; Ritsuko Shin, Shojiro Ikawara, George Kakino, entertainment department; Douglas Fujimoto, Ken Hori and Sumi Ota, sports department.

Advisors are Rev. Yoshio Ono, Mr. Minoru Sakamoto and Mr. S. E. Yoshida.

Sandon Spotlight

School Paper Gives Interesting Note On Interior Town

SANDON. — A bright three-page mimeographed sheet, "The Sandon Spotlight" was presented by the energetic members of the Journalism Club to the school a few weeks ago.

Said editor Sadakazu Sato in his message: "Although this isn't very big, we have put our heart and soul into it." Reporters were Junji Kinoshita and Shizuko Kanamitsu and the club is sponsored by Misses Anpi and

ture drops, but at present

Slocan Sun

SLOCAN SPORT CHAMPIONSHIP WON BY FRANK TOYOTA

By HUGO YAMAMOTO

SLOCAN. — The first great event since the opening of the Bay Farm, Slocan City, Popoff School took place on the afternoon of June 19 when the school Sports Day filled the air with tense excitement and thrills in everyone's heart.

From every corner of the school field came the lusty cheers of houses Alpha, Gamma, Delta, Sigma and Kappa. The songs and the cheers, practiced for weeks ahead rang loud for their respective athletes.

CHAMPIONS

Frank Toyota, a junior in the Kappa house won the boys' championship with a staggering figure of 25 points out of possible 30. Kiyoshi Kinoshita (of Beta house was runner-up with 19 points although he was unfortunately injured in one of the races. Tiny Miyoko Bando, a junior for Delta, and Yuriko Fujioka, a Sigma senior, were co-champions for the girls. They each had 21 points and the cup was shared between them.

The brawny Kappa house led throughout the whole event in house standing and ended with 176 points. Sigma house was second with 128 and Delta third with 83 points.

The teachers' relay held on the second day of the meet proved thrilling and entertaining and was just completed when rain speckled the grounds. Within a few minutes the downpour came and the remainder of the events were postponed till Sunday afternoon.

The climax of the events was started with the whole student body singing the school songs, "Fight, Slocan School" and "On Your Toes, Slocan."

Eight Nisei Graduate From Kaslo High School

KASLO. — Traditional graduation exercises for eight Nisei attending the local Kaslo High School took place last week on June 25, when Principal H. R. MacArthur presented the diplomas. A number of these students finished writing their university entrance examinations last week.

The graduates were Michi Kai, Hideko Omori, Amy Yamamoto, Kazuko Shinobu, Eiko Nobuoka, Helen Kumagai, Martha Yamazaki and Minoru Furukawa.

Many promotions for Nisei students in Grades 9, 10 and 11 were listed in the local paper, the Kaslo Kootenaian.

The high school graduation dance held in the evening was attended by leading citizens of Kaslo who danced to the strains of a special orchestra for the occasion.

* * *

DOMINION DAY PICNIC

KASLO.—A grand picnic sponsored by the Koyukai was held at Vimy Park on July 1st. Various games for youngsters and the older folk were run off smoothly.

Swimming, tennis, hiking, golfing, beach parties are now being enjoyed by Kaslo evacuees as the summer weather really came to Kaslo this week.

* * *

LEAVE FOR ONTARIO

KASLO. — A number of Japanese evacuees left for Ontario points last Monday morning on the bus. They were Mrs. R. Nobuoka, Sue, Eiko and Yasushi, Mr. and Mrs. E. Shinkoda and Kenny Oda. Also leaving next week is Eiko Kutsukake, who has worked in Kaslo for a year as nurses' aide, for Hamilton. Miss S. Tait, missionary left for a year's holiday at the coast.

Workers Go On Protest Again

KELOWNA.—"Peace in Sight," jubilantly h editorial of June 17, commenting on the repor women and children would be removed from t season.

But sadly, peace was not in sight for the l Last Thursday, Japanese field workers, protesting against the order of the British Columbia Security Com-

Kelowna Nisei Whip Summerland 16 - 6

Kelowna Nisei	2
Lumby Ex-Coast	25
Kelowna Nisei	16
Summerland Hinode	6

By An Okanagan Observer

SUMMERLAND. — The Kelowna Nisei Ball Club, smarting from the terrific beating suffered at the hands of the Lumby Ex-Coast Boys, turned around and soundly whipped the Summerland Hinode to the sweet tune of 16 - 6.

The players were:

Kelowna: Koga, T. Inouye, Shige Kawahara, I. Yamamoto, T. Yamaoka, Matsuba, Roy Kuroda, S. Yamashita, Tom Naito, Bob Yamamoto, F. Kuroda and Jim Kitaura.

Summerland: I. Tada, George Uzawa, Sam Imayoshi, N. Aoki, M. Kita, H. Furuya, F. Inaba, Ritz Kinoshita, Sho Ikesaka.

OUR "ODD" SPOT

NANAIMO. — The twenty - fifth annual convention of the Associated Boards of Trade of Vancouver Island, last week refused to take any action on a resolution from Tofino urging all Japanese Canadians be sent back to Japan after the war. The Tofino Board claimed that experience had shown it was impossible to assimilate Japanese to Cana-

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"In that way, we might be able to hold down their low standard of competitive work and not subject our own people to being reduced to the standards of the Oriental. These people came to Canada to be laborers and should be kept as such or returned to their own country."

* * *

"The suggestions of Mrs. Nancy Hodges that they (Nisei) might teach the Japanese the ideals of Canadian Democracy, following such a demonstration of it (deportation) would be funny if it were not so pathetic," W. W. Lefeaux (CCF Vancouver Centre) said in the House last week.

He gave a note of warning to "rabble rousing politicians" whose sense of obligations to society seems to be confined to efforts toward raising racial hatred, the Province reported.

"When members opposite have completed the job of driving some thousands of Japanese Canadians out of the country as refugees to Japan," he said, "thereby creating thousands of missionaries of national hatred to an audience of some seven or eight hundred million citizens of Asia, I trust they will not approach me for contributions to send missionaries to Japan to teach them to 'do unto others as they would be done by, and to love their neighbors' ".

s And Gentle Hearts

den with our immediate sorrows,
here are others with heavier loads,
ligh, they look onward to tomorrow,
weak ones on the road.
ds up to the sky
nd kindness to the lone ones nigh,
others we give,
of Christmas Eve.

s we believe,
elp others smile,
em we will relieve,
t even for a while.
eek the life that is bright
eems like a pitch dark night,
stretch for others to take,
ld which we hope to make.

, but the sun will shine,
still gleam on high,
and the streams and pine,
the spring comes nigh,
and flowers will bloom,
lling their honey comb,
he meadow of green
there where it always has been.

t us human beings
in,
of things
s to say Amen.
eed and hate
present state.
gentle hearts,
do our part.

Frank S. O.

team will train . . . Camp Shelby, incidentally, is one of the biggest Army training camps in the country.

* * *

SGT. KUROKI ON COVER

Sergeant Ben Kuroki, the Nisei gunner who has been raiding occupied France and Nazi Germany and who was recently cited and promoted for "meritorious" conduct was recently featured on the front page of Stars and Stripes, the American Army newspaper published in England. According to reports, the highest ranking Nisei officer in the U.S. Army is a lieutenant-colonel in the Engineer Corps. There are quite a few with captain's bars, mostly in the medical corps.

* * *

NO RACIAL BARRIERS

Sending a package of scouting materials to the Girl Scouts of Japanese ancestry in the Heart Mountain relocation centre was one of the first projects of the newly organized Chinese Girl Scout Troop of Los Angeles. "We felt that in this way we could best express our convictions that in Girl Scouting there are no racial barriers," explained Julia K. L. Chung, leader of the new troop.

* * *

WE ARE GLAD

Commenting on the recent move of the U.S. Government to induct Nisei into the Army, Mat Weinstock of the Los Angeles Daily News writes, "Though perhaps it is unpopular to say so, we are glad the United States is going to let the loyal Nisei join the armed forces." He adds, "They will thus get an opportunity to do what is deep within them — to prove their loyalty to this country."

* * *

Look Out Premier Tojo Here Comes Private Tojo

(From the Heart Mountain Sentinel)

HEART MOUNTAIN, Wyo.—As one Tojo to another, Rufus of Heart Mountain, U. S. A., has a score to settle with Hideki of Tokyo, Japan.

Being a man of direct ways, 21-year-old Rufus Tojo is taking the most direct route to even a score with the warlord who maligned the good name of Tojo when he threw Japan into the war with the United States.

Not only is Rufus volunteering for the all-Nisei U.S. Army combat unit, but he's taking five of his pals from the Heart Mountain fire department with him.

Oldest of the group is Isawo Tabata, a married man of 32, assistant chief of the fire fighters. Tabata was a member of the California State Guard and is the only one of the six with previous military experience. A licensed pilot since 1930, Tabata would like to get into the air corps, but he is willing to begin in any branch of the service.

The new regulations, moreover, apply not only to those persons who were evacuated from restricted areas, but to every person of Japanese race in Canada.

ADVISORY BOARD

Although the three-man Commission as such has been officially dissolved, its members — Austin C. Taylor, F. J. Mead, and John Shirras — are retained as an Advisory Board to advise the Minister of

specified activities, employment or business in Canada, from moving or travelling anywhere in Canada, or from associating or communicating with any person . . ."

The Minister of Labour himself succeeds the Security Commission as a legal entity, and assumes control of any property held by the Commission as well as assuming "all rights, duties and obligations of the Commission."

Across CANADA

BLESSED EVENT AT CAMP

A blessed event occurred in this all-male Lempriere camp.

But the news does not become startling when we announce the birth of two pups to the foreman's dog. Attendant for the happy event was the camp caterpillar operator, Mr. "W", who made a bed for the mother-to-be in his own bunk and looked after her every needs. This is the story he told:

"When the first little pup appeared, the mother licked them carefully from head to tail. When the second one jumped out the procedure was repeated. The pups were not able to open their eyes but took to their mother's breast without a hitch."

The birth of the pups is the talk of the camp. We are very gratified to Mr. "W" for his kindness. When we watch the mother and her offspring feeding, we cannot think of them as dumb animals but only as one of us.

S. Takasaki

Lempriere, B. C.

* * *

THANKS LOCAL KOYUKAI

Last spring we came to Winfield in the Okanagan Centre to work our inexperienced hands at the farming industry. And a year has passed by already.

Winfield is 16 miles from Kelowna and 18 miles from Vernon. In this district there are 30 Japanese families making a population of 180 persons.

A long established Koyukai has been working hard on problems of education and employment of the evacuated Japanese people. We evacuees would like to thank Messrs. Kobayashi, Koyama and Shishido for their kind and sincere efforts on our behalf.

K. Matsumoto

Winfield,
Okanagan Centre, B. C.

* * *

A FARM WITHOUT COWS

From Hastings Park I moved to Port Credit, Ontario last July. And I who have labored on the sea for my living for so long found myself milking cows.

Every morning at 5 a.m. I went to the pasture to bring in the 21 cows . . . get them in the barn . . . put on their halters . . . ready the milking machine and get to work. I was scared of the cows and the cows were scared of me. Sometimes I would be slapped by a fly-hunting tail and sometimes I would jump as the cow gave a sudden cough.

After the milking, the cows, the horses, the pigs and the chickens were fed. The cows were sent to pasture once more. Our breakfast came at 9 a.m. The same routine was repeated in the evening and between intervals I worked in the fields.

Since this work did not agree with me, I went to Toronto in October and met Mr. Trueman, the Ontario Placement Officer. I explained that I personally preferred the country if only for the sake of my children, but I wanted a "farm without cows". Mr. Trueman laughingly explained that there was no such farm in Ontario.

Thus I made plans to stay in the city. And once again I am starting out anew.

T. Mio

Toronto, Ont.



ture drops, but at present we have no | farms, the pigs and the cows were | OBITUARY

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The New Canadian – MARCH 27, 1943 – P. 4

was declared, that the Evacuee Property Office does not direct what disposition should be made of any property or how it should be managed. Officials, however, act as advisers when called upon to do so.

* * *

Veto Land Ban Law

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.—A Senate bill to prohibit aliens ineligible for citizenship from owning and cultivating land in Utah was vetoed by Governor Herbert B. Maw last week. The bill provided that Asiatics could not "acquire, possess, enjoy, use, cultivate, occupy and transfer real property."

The New Canadian gratefully acknowledges a generous donation from Dr. K. Shimotakahara of Kaslo on the recent marriage of his son.

a doctor at the time of the birth, "indicated that she was not trying to conceal it."

"I didn't use my common sense to do a wrong thing like that," said Takashima, when he was invited to speak for himself before being sentenced.

Pulp Mill Production Drops

TORONTO.—Shortages of materials and the necessary replacement of a large proportion of employees were two chief factors in a drop in production at Port Alice and Woodfibre plants of the B. C. Pulp and Paper Co., Lawrence Killam, president stated in his annual report. Despite increased plant capacity, production was lower and net profits declined from $601,000 in 1941 to $242,000 in 1942.

Man. Letters Tell Of Conditions

By REV. J. KABAYAMA

Around Morris this year, twenty families are needed for sugar beet farms. To people who are thinking of coming out here, I will say that there is absolutely no worry to be had regarding living conditions, now or in the post-war period, for Manitoba is the most cosmopolitan of all provinces in Canada and the people really friendly and understanding.

The following excerpts from letters which I received from friends in various parts of Manitoba give a picture of the general conditions that will be met here.

* * *

OAKVILLE. "S.M."—We had often heard and thought that the Manitoba winter was very severe. Thinking this, every day we kept on saying, the real cold has yet to come . . . the real cold has yet to come . . . but January and February passed into March and now spring is just around the corner.

In the middle of February we had a period of very warm weather that had us fooled for a while. According to the local people, in March, the wind begins to blow and the temperature drops, but at present we have no the snow, or sawing the ice on the river we hauled the water to our homes by horses. It was very hard work.

When we pass through such experiences, we can appreciate the hardships of the early pioneers who first came into this territory and opened up the land.

The severe winter has now passed and spring is nearly here. Although, I am getting old, I am looking forward to the work in the coming season.

* * *

ST. PIERRE. — The long awaited spring with its warm sunshine is melting the snow, and here and there the rich earth shows. A strange shrub lies bare, a desolated sight to the eye, and here, a pussy willow has budded into the size of a rice. I took one and tried to crush it. I could not. I took a bite. Inside was a faintly greenish tainted seed.

In the middle of February, there was a ten-day break of warm weather that made us wonder if spring had come. The temperature rose and remained at 40 and 50 degrees. On the farms, the pigs and the cows were

and, arrangements are under way to utilize a portion of the Japanese labor at Kaslo and other points, to take out a large quantity of fire killed fuel wood at the foot of True Blue Mountain. The local Forestry officials will of course, cruise this timber before the work starts, and we are told that the removal of this dead wood will increase, rather than decrease, the value of this limit for commercial logging.

Application has been made for taking out the timber permit, and the cutting and hauling of the wood to the car on the waterfront is being handled by a co-operative group of Japanese workmen.

An organization meeting was held Monday evening, and as we understand it, the Japanese workmen will get a cash payment per cord in the bush, and the balance when the wood is placed F.O.B. It is estimated every workman will make current wages, and, coming on the heels of the Commission's decision to discontinue a great portion of the payroll, it will be a god-send to the local Japanese, who will be able to get self-supporting occupation right at home.

The whole plan of course has to be sanctioned by the Selective Service Board and the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, but no difficulty is anticipated in this direction.

Y.W.B.A. FORMED AT PICTURE BUTTE, ALTA.

PICTURE BUTTE, Alta. — With the assistance of Mrs. Y. Kawamura, the first meeting of the Picture Butte Young Women's Buddhist Association was held here Feb. 7. Hisaye Shigemi was elected president, and will be assisted by an executive including Kimiko Tanaka, vice-president; Emiko Shikaze, secretary; Hideko Kunitomo, treasurer; Yaeko Shoji, Sachiko Katakami, corresponding secretaries; Shizue Abe, Kikue Kajiwara, auditors; Tsuyako Katakami, sports convener.

District representatives are Yaeko Shoji, Momoyo Moriyama, Namiko Ichino, Keiko Ikeda, Yoshiye Miki and Teruko Hirota.

OBITUARY

cal school principal, H. R. MacArtnur and Rev. K. Shimizu gave short talks urging the pupils to take fullest advantages from these classrooms. Chairman Roy Shinobu introduced the Nisei teachers to the audience which included many parents. They were Misses Hideko Hidaka, Sue Matsugu, Naka Suzuki, Ayako Sato, Molly Fujita, Nobuko Toda, Lily Uyeda, Betty Shinohara, and Mariko Uyeda.

Through the generosity of the local residents, books and pencils were distributed to the children following the ceremony.

* * *

Provisions still have to be made for high school students who are being coached by university graduates in their spare time from high school correspondence courses. A number of Nisei are attending the local high school paying a fee of four dollars per month.

Shinobu Heads Koyukai

At the meeting of the Kaslo Koyukai recently, Saburo Shinobu, former active citizen and business man in Vancouver was elected to head the organization. He will be assisted by a full slate of executives newly elected at the same meeting.

* * *

On Inspection Tour

KASLO. — Mrs. Maxwell Loveys of Toronto, who is inspecting Japanese settlements in B. C. for the Women's Missionary Board of Canada, left for Slocan Valley on Thursday of this week. Prior to coming to Kaslo, she visited Tashme and Lillooet. She reported that she was was very much pleased with Lillooet where the evacuees had built their own houses.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Hayashi would like their friends to know their new address is c/o Mr. John R. Elford, R. R. No. 1, Islington, Ontario.

MANUFACTURE SHOYU SOO

A shoe repair shop has opened four men occupied at the task. and shoyu manufacture will soo under way under Commission s vision in a specially constructed ing.

By the order of the authoritie practice of charging 10 per ce the amount for obtaining mone ders has been stopped after pr by the Japanese Committee had made.

* * *

WEDDING BELL

KIMURA — YAMAGA

The marriage took place in V ver at the home of Rev. W. I Williams on Thursday, March Miss Toyo Yamaga and Mr. Sa mura. The bride who is the da of Mr. and Mrs. Y. Yamaga, prominent family in Haney, B. attended by Miss Yaeko Nag the groom by Mr. Ted Matsuur

KATSUYAMA — SHOYAMA

Saturday, March 20, was th chosen for the Toronto wedd Fumi, elder daughter of Mr. an K. Shoyama of Kamloops, B. Mr. Tamo Katsuyama, formerly Queen Charlotte Islands, and n siding in Toronto. Miss Tomie yama attended the bride, and M Nakamoto was best man f groom.

Rev. Yoshioka Visits Ca

THUNDER RIVER. — Rev. shioka of Kelowna was a we guest at the Thunder River ca month where he told many inte stories concerning the Interior ing Centres to the lonely m cause of train connections, he able to visit the Lempriere an mid camps as he had originall ned.

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