

Grand-Freisoniere
St. Eustache, Two Mountain, Quebec
June 22, 1946

Dear Miss McBride -

Thank you very much for the many kindness you have shown us while we were in Tashme. We arrived here on Tuesday 17th around 8:30 pm. After a 3 days stop over in Toronto at a friend's place! We all enjoyed visiting here and there although it was a bit confusing to get to a place where we stayed was another story. It's such a large city.

Well, to say the country life here is nice and quiet and quite warm although we had a little shower last night.

We live in a nice brick house, and occupy half the building and the other half is occupied by a French family, a Mr Chaumont, he only speaks French and I don't know a word. You can just imagine me trying to converse with him. There is a few people who can speak English fluently and some, broken English. It is very interesting to watch their hand action when you are conversating.

This French fellow, my neighbour, is trying to learn English and I'm trying to do the same only it's French. He's progressing fast but you know from the mark on my report that I'm very poor and slow in learning.

The farm is 120 acres but all of it is not cultivated. We did some weeding yesterday in the strawberry field, my poor back!! But don't worry the berries were quite something. So day we transplanted some 1,600 tomato plants it was a big order but we did it.

It's quite a experience for me on the farm such to miking the cow which I never done before. I learned quite fast but still I'm slower than the lady who did the milking before. I guess I'll improve in a week or two.

Oh!! Yes about our lives, Mr. Carriere, well at a glance he looks like an old meany but he's a nice man and he love children's guess why? He's got 10 childrens him self. I guess looks is skin deep.

The folks are real nice folks around here and they try to do what they can for us even though none of us can conversate to each other by their language or ours. Only a few old folks speak English or broken English the younger boys and girls although I haven't meet many girls but the boys they don't speak a word of

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English except for "hello, etc." And are all eager to learn the funny thing is even their father or mother might speak fluent English the kids don't. And I'm just as eager to learn French too and all I'm waiting for is my sisters French course to come so I might study French.

It's either you learn French or go through the trouble of trying to let them understand what you want in the store.

Just like the incident that happened in to-day where I asked my neighbour to lend me his hammer I had to make signs by hand to tell him what I wanted. It's sort of embarrassing when passersbys stop and watch you waving hand in the air they'll think I belong in an asylum.

This is a good hint for Mr. Williams to give to the class to polish up on their French is they are coming this way.

There is so much thing I wish to write yet but I must close. Please give my best and sincere regards to miss Greenbrant, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Williams and to the pupils of grade X. I'll write again.

Sincerely yours,
Mitoshi Nagami

Letters to Tashme teacher,
BCA, MS 2119, Box 1, File 11