

**The New Canadian**

396 Powell Street Vancouver, B. C. Pacific 8431

A paper published by and for second generation Japanese in Canada, and devoted to their welfare as citizens of Canada.

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**A Letter To The Sun**

Undoubtedly one of the most despicable features in the whole issue of evacuation has been the conduct of the Vancouver Sun, second largest daily paper in the province. For some unknown reason, the whole policy of that newspaper has been to slander, to malign, to distort the whole Japanese community. That policy, we understand from Sun reporters, has been inspired by the city desk. It has been carried out in editorials, in articles, in manufactured news stories, in biased reporting. All of these have had one objective in common—to paint as ugly a picture as possible of every person of Japanese origin. And that objective has been attained by resort to unprincipled distortion of the facts.

In a recent issue the Sun has stooped to reprint a nonsensical and foolish letter, which appeared in their paper in April of 1937, and which they know as well as we do, was an utter fabrication.

We remember the issue that was raised at the time the alleged letter appeared. A deputation of representative Canadian-born Japanese visited the Sun, armed with evidence to prove this fact. The Sun itself, was unable to produce the original, admitted that no check was ever made on the "bona fides" of letter-writers, and readily agreed that all the evidence showed the letter was an absolute fake.

In fact, reference to the directory published by the Sun itself revealed no such individuals as were supposed to have written and signed the letter.

Representative second generation, in an attempt to correct the damaging and wholly false impression that had thus been created, submitted the following letter. It seems necessary to reproduce it once again, now that the Sun has thus deliberately set about re-creating that distorted, untruthful picture.

Editor, The Vancouver Sun: We the undersigned representatives of various Second Generation Japanese groups in the city wish to draw your attention to the recent letter, appearing in your issue of the sixth and written supposedly by five Canadian-born Japanese.

This letter protested against a cartoon appearing on the front page of the Sun on April 3 and expressed strong disapproval of the conduct of our Canadian friends on the occasion of the visit of Prince and Princess Chichibu.

Our investigation has revealed that:

1. An inquiry at the only address attached to any of the signatures 396 Powell, Vancouver, showed that no person resides there or resided on the date the letter was written.
2. Inquiries made of the representative, older Japanese or youthful Canadian-born, revealed that no Japanese with the names given exist in the respective districts mentioned.
3. List of alumae of the University of British Columbia of Japanese origin does not contain the name of Ushijima. As far as our investigations go, there is no graduate of any University under that name.
4. Investigation among the leading Japanese in Vancouver and the vicinity disclose no acquaintance with the draft of the letter.
5. The above investigation showed at the same time no spirit of disapproval existed among the Japanese residents as the letter implied.

In our opinion the cartoon was not in the least degree offensive. On the contrary the cartoonist emphasized the natural courtesy of the Japanese people which their Imperial Highnesses exemplified at every turn of their sojourn in Vancouver.

If the cartoon were in any degree insulting it would have been proper for the Japanese Consulate here to protest. No Canadian-born Japanese would be asinine as to take it upon himself to speak for the representatives in Canada of the Japanese Government.

Thus, there are strong reasons to suspect that the letter was authored by a non-Japanese hand. We are led to believe that the originator of this document, a most un-Christian and un-British machination, seeks to profit by arousing synthetic antagonism of the Canadian peoples towards young Canadian citizens of Japanese origin.

We felt impelled to make clear the position of the Canadian-born, endangered in the eyes of friendly Canadians by this subtle and clever hoax, though we regret irretrievable damage seems to have been done.

Yours very truly,  
Japanese Canadian Citizens' League—Edward C. Banno, Sec.  
Young People's Society of United Church—Tatsuo Samiya, Pres.  
Anglean Young Peoples Ass'n (Jap. Branch)—H. M. Hirano, Pres.  
Japanese Student's Club of U.B.C.—George Tamaki, Pres.

These, then, are the simple facts, which in our opinion, justify our description of the conduct of the Vancouver Sun as "despicable."



**HAJIME SUZUKI**  
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**I.N. on-  
Column Comment**

**EVACUATION PROBLEM...**

One of the immediate jobs facing all of us awaiting removal from the defence area is the disposal of our household goods.

Some of our things we will retain until we are once again established. Others will be kept for sentimental reasons. But in the main, most of us will wish to convert as much as possible of our property into cash. Not the least aware of this fact are the many money-grabbing chislers out to benefit from the misfortune of others.

One suggestion offered is that some organization be set up to buy these goods—at a fair price. They could then be placed in the hands of a reputable Occidental firm, to be resold at a later date. Or if this is not possible, perhaps some enterprising Nisei, with a tap on some liquid capital, could work out to good advantage a scheme for the disposal of such goods in conjunction with an Occidental partner.

All of us would have more confidence in selling to a person in the same boat as ourselves. And with the production of articles for domestic use greatly curtailed by war priorities, no difficulty should be experienced in the future sale of such goods at a reasonable price.

**VICE VERSA...** If ever within the hearing of Occidentals one should mention that some of the restrictions imposed are difficult, someone is bound to enlarge on the atrocious treatment of British and American people in Japan.

This may be quite true, and I do not want to argue on that point. But somehow it appears that they forget that we, after all, are classified as Canadian citizens, and that as Canadian citizens the Japanese government's treatment of other nationals within their borders, or for that matter their own nationals, should not have any effect on us.

Even the Vancouver Sun puts the situation on absolute grounds in an editorial of March 10, 1942. "Our treatment of the Japanese in Canada should be exemplary of the rights and principles expected of a Christian country..."

**TRADE...** Some of us are just beginning to realize the advantages offered in education and training. What wouldn't many of us give for a good trade... The plan to allot a certain number of Japanese to each province according to population ought to assist in the process of assimilation. Vastly more so than work camps, which will have the opposite effect.

**GIRLS...** How the little devils crept into this column in which that topic was supposed to be strictly taboo is more than I can fathom... How do you know she likes you? "Tell her you're comin' over and seein' her—curfew or no curfew! If she acts scared and says, "Oh, no!", you're tops. If she says she doesn't mind—you're rat poison!

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**All's Well at Rainbow Says Yosie**

"Tell the folks back home that we are getting along fine, and that we hope everyone is keeping his chin up!" is the message that Yosie Yasui sends along from Rainbow, B. C. in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. His most recent dispatch, describing his new home follows.)

**RAINBOW, B. C.**—All this still seems like a dream. I still have the feeling that any moment I'll wake up in the morning, to enjoy the hustle-and-bustle of Vancouver, the conveniences of a modern city, my home, my "bunch" and everything that we did. But as the days go by, the quiet, simple life of this desolate, the new undreamed-of experiences become more and more real.

Rainbow is just a siding, 550 miles from Vancouver, and about an hour's ride from Mt. Robson, the highest peak in the Rockies. Typical of most of the places along the northern railway line, it is surrounded by snow-capped mountains. To the south, however, is a fairly large mountain lake named Moose Lake. The section gang's house seems to be, under ordinary conditions, about the only dwelling in this mountainous territory. Our "bunk cars," standing on a C. N. siding, complete the picture. Snow has been falling at intervals for some time past now, but it doesn't pack deeply. The temperature is going up day by day, and just now it is quite mild.

Beside the five bunk cars which we occupy, we have for our use a kitchen and a "dinning car." The engineers, the carpenters and the officials, too, have their own cars. And just yesterday, another five empty bunk cars were added, so that we are anticipating another group of men here very soon.

Each bunk car houses ten men. It has a small table, long wooden chairs, and a wash basin. Coal oil lamps provide light, and a coal stove keeps us warm. The beds consist of five upper and five lower berths, complete with springs and mattresses; and it is in these quarters that we spend most of the time if we are not working.

Mornings at 6:45 the wake-up gong rouses us from sleep. We dress leisurely, but as soon as the breakfast gong sounds, we rush to the dining car. This is an ordinary car, a little longer than our "bedroom." A long narrow table extends from one end to the other. And happy to relate, the food on the whole is excellent. We have even rice once a day!

Work begins at eight, and ends at five, with time-out for lunch. So far no one has had to break his back. We have been clearing land for the construction of our work camps, and also for the building of the road. We split up into small gangs, and go to our separate working places. Already we have cleared a considerable stretch, in spite of the general shortage of tools. A short time ago we started the foundation for our new homes. Everything seems to be off to a good start.

After work is through the fun begins. Card games, sing songs, writing letters, reading, noisy arguing, harmonica playing... and even that abominable "shakuhachi" music. This all goes on strong until ten, when all lights must be out. Yes, folks, even out here in the wilds, we have a curfew.

Sunday is our day off, when most of us try to catch up with everything. Washing clothes is the chief task, for we have no other time to do it...no, not even Monday.

But the boys are taking everything in their stride. They are trying to make the best of their stay here, and on the whole are quite content. The officials, too, have been very co-operative, doing everything possible for us. Yours, till next time—Yosie Yasui.

P.S.—Rainbow has no store or post-office, so we have to go to Red Pass, about six miles away, to shop and collect our mail. We've seen a number of trains carrying groups of our compatriots eastward.

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