

# The New Canadian

396 Powell  
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A paper published bi-weekly for second generation Japanese in Canada, and devoted to their welfare as citizens of Canada.

## For National Unity

THE report submitted by the committee which investigated the Japanese situation in British Columbia a short time ago will, with exceptions for minor details, find favour with the majority of reasonable, fair-minded people both in the Occidental and Japanese communities.

On the one hand it will bring assurance to our fellow Canadians that so much of the fear and suspicion already aroused is as baseless and groundless as we have always contended it to be. On the other hand, it will go far toward soothing the ruffled feelings of Japanese Canadians, roused in recent months to a high pitch of resentment over unjustified attacks. Altogether, the committee's report may well be considered a valuable contribution to the cause of Canadian unity, and in that way a necessary and vital contribution to the most efficient prosecution of the war.

The Federal Government, moreover, has acted with commendable promptness to implement the recommendations. Early last month, the Prime Minister, in announcing the Special Registration of all Japanese Canadians, made public his Government's belief in the loyalty of our group. Arrangements for registration, too, are already under way; and wisely have been left in the hands of an organized body, best qualified to carry out the job at minimum expense.

It is perhaps particularly fortunate for Japanese Canadians that these developments have come at a time when mounting tension continues to disturb the calm of the Pacific Area. Despite Japan's declaration that she intends no overt or hostile move in the south-western Pacific, there is a very widespread conviction in Canada and the Empire that some such move will be made to coincide with an expected German thrust at Great Britain in early spring.

But despite such mounting tension, Japanese Canadians may well be said to have won a great victory in their own country. No matter what further complications may develop in the Pacific, the means by which we have achieved that victory must continue to be the guide posts of all our activity. That, essentially consists for the moment at least, of carrying on as law-abiding, socially and productively useful citizens, who will lend the strength of their bodies and minds to the myriad tasks of service which Canada's war machine demands.

Mr. Ilsley, in his budget speech, made it plain that the diversion of one-third the national income toward war purposes will impose continuing greater sacrifices upon the entire body of the people. For all that, existing and future burdens will find no more willing shoulders to bear them in Canada than in the Japanese community, whose members now can feel that they can look to Canada, to its responsible government and responsible citizenry, for understanding, sympathy and protection — for all those elements which inspire the love and loyalty of a native son for his native country.

## Savings and Sacrifice

HOWEVER disinterested the Nisei may be in the ordinary events of the national scene in Canada, there will not be one of us who can afford to pass by without sober thought the estimates which Finance Minister Ilsley placed before the House of Commons on Tuesday.

No matter how pre-occupied we may be with our "right little, tight little" community, a situation as staggering as that which Mr. Ilsley presented cannot but come home to us, especially when it is presented in as simple language as this—that out of every one dollar that we earn, over 50 cents must find its way back to government channels. And 32 cents of that will go toward the war effort.

Admittedly it may be true that the portion of the national income received by some 6000 gainfully-employed Japanese Canadians is an insignificant part of the national total. And it is equally true that the standard of living in our community has never been noted for the range or variety of luxuries it provided.

But the provision of the \$1,200,000,000 deficit between government income and expenditure will not be met simply by the elimination of certain luxuries by the more well-to-do section of the population. Rather the cost of the war must be borne by the great bulk of the people—by every man, woman and child in Canada, if inflation is to be avoided. That means essentially a reduction in personal living standards to rock bottom, a whole series of entirely unprecedented sacrifices on the part of all of us.

Certainly there is no justification for a delay on the part of Japanese Canadians, as well as on the part of every other Canadian, to consider seriously how savings, both individually and corporately, are to be effected. And the first thing that we can do is to eliminate certain obviously wasteful and useless expenditure in our own community.

And then there's the story of the middle-aged Japanese who one Sunday afternoon visited the grave of a friend who had passed away not long before. He mumbled a short inaudible prayer and then placed some rice cakes on the grave.

Two colored gentlemen, who were placing some flowers on a friend's grave nearby, watched the Japanese with mild curiosity. The two crossed over to where the Japanese was standing with head bowed, and one of them asked:

"When do you think your friend will come up and eat the rice?"

The Japanese man looked up and, without a trace of a smile, quickly replied:

"All same time your friend come up and smell the flowers."

## WINTRY GRATITUDE

*I give thanks: to orchards, wide  
with fruit from summer's countryside.*

*I give thanks: to meadows, sweet  
with pressed blooms, never pressed by feet.*

*I give thanks: to autumn weather,  
and this, the lovely farewell feather.*

*I give thanks: my grate is lit;  
I've wintry days when I may sit  
the whole year round, be part of it.*

—J. J. K.

## Letters To The Editor

### Thanks Miss Baker!

Editor, The New Canadian—Dear Sir: I would just like to say I appreciate the constant note of encouragement, hope and challenge that runs through your editorials. I am sure editorials and contributed articles are a real help to your fellow Nisei as they face the problems of these days. I myself find them very stimulating.

—Barbara Baker.

Vancouver, B. C.

### To Hal with Hal

Editor, The New Canadian—Dear Sir: Cheer up, Nisei!

According to Alderman Wilson you are increasing in population five times as fast as the so-called "white" people.

It may be the Creator is disgusted with the white people and is giving us more peaceful penetrators and less persecuting politicians.

And so, to Hal with Holy Hal,  
He's not had my vote  
And never shall.

If he goes to Heaven with the  
"better" folks,

I'll be halswhere with the other  
blokes.

—"Englishwoman."

City.

### Letter To City Hall

Editor, The New Canadian—Dear Sir: Copies of the following letter were sent to the Sun and Province but so far as I know have not been published:

To His Worship and City Council,  
Vancouver, B. C.

Are you going to establish Hitlerism at the City Hall with all its brutality and cruel persecutions?

Are you going to denounce the slogan of "British Fair Play and Freedom"?

Are you going to build up minority groups—Balkan groups—the nucleus of a fifth column?

Are you going to wreck Canada from within by creating racial bitterness?

Are you going to nourish here those things which the cream of Canadian manhood is trying to destroy over the seas?

Have we no heart—no gratitude—no chivalry—no manhood worthy of the name, within the precincts of the City Hall?

If you have, then take your heads out of the sand and do something about it!

Here we have Orientals of foreign birth, Orientals of Canadian birth, Italians from spaghetti-land and their Canadian offspring all pledging their loyalty to the cause of freedom, giving of their wealth and doing all any human being is capable of doing to assure us of their sincerity and loyalty.

Yet in the face of all this, you sit there, aiding and abetting the forces of disunity, which threaten to break us asunder — forces which Hitler would be glad to bestow upon — the Iron Cross — the double cross.

All this is going on in our lovely City Hall, while the forces of progress and decency, on the outside are bending every effort to build up the sinews of war—Save and Lend—give till it hurts! — Help destroy Hitler and usher in the millenium—Peace and Goodwill among men.

It's an anomaly, Your Worship.—  
It's a slur upon everything that's

## I Am Proud

### I Am An American

(An editorial on "Americanism Week" from the Los Angeles "Japanese-American Mirror.")

I am an American.

I am both proud and glad of that privilege.

I am proud because being an American means that I am living in the best country on earth. I am glad because being an American means that I can count my blessings, instead of my misfortunes.

Here my ballot is louder than the sabre rattling of dictators. I can have meat on my table at dinner time and all the butter I want on my toast.

Here I can listen to whatever I like on my radio and openly discuss the affairs of my government over the backyard fence with my next door neighbour frankly and unafraid.

A knock at the door doesn't send shivers running up and down my spine, nor does the shrill whistle of a siren send me scurrying for the nearest bomb shelter. I have never been kicked into the gutter or thrown into jail, just because someone didn't happen to like the color of my skin, or the slant of my eyes, or the shape of my cheek bones.

Neither have I heard of anybody starving in concentration camps over here.

Our streets still ring with the merry laughter of children at play. They do not have to shoulder guns from infancy, or be put to work in factories doing the work of grown-up men due to the shortage of adult labour.

They can laugh and play and sing. So can I.

I can attend motion picture shows any time I wish. I can hold or go to any meeting at will. I can state my views and beliefs honestly and sincerely without having to fear a tap on my shoulder from a member of the secret police.

My flower beds or backyard garden have not been dug up to make bomb-proof shelters, or black cloth draped over my windows, or sandbags piled high on my front porch.

I do not have to work or sleep with one eye on the sky and one ear cocked for air raid warnings. I do not have to live in constant dread of a bomb ripping my house and killing or maiming my loved ones.

No, there hasn't even been a black-out here in America.

I envy no other people or other form of government, for I know I am living in the best place on earth. My democratic government is the envy of the world.

My government is not perfect. It has its defects. It has its graft, its corruption, its failings. But with all its defects and its shortcomings, it still remains the best form of government ever devised by man.

That is my country. But with all that, my God is still mightier than my country or my government. That is a comforting thought.

Yes, I am an American, and I am proud that I am an American.

And as an American, I will hold fast to faith in my country, protect and defend it, and never forget that I am an American.

good. You can do better than that.  
GOD SAVE THE KING!

—Col. H. E. Lyon.

Cambie Station.