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FIVE CENTS
Liberty

APRIL 11, 1942

BUY
WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES



Beginning— **ISLAND OF THE SEVEN DEVILS** By Corey Ford
A Novel of Today's War

APRIL 11, 1942

Liberty

Canada's Largest Weekly Magazine

VOL. 19, NO. 15

WE HAVE OUR OWN COLONEL BLIMPS

★ IN the two and a half years of war now past we have received many desperate blows and we have given few back. There have been good reasons for that—reasons that are obvious and that we realised from the outset. But it is also obvious that mere endurance, however full of courage, will not win wars. All that brave steadfastness that is behind us, and all that for a little while may still be before us, is steadfastness only to one end—that we may gain strength to return blow for blow.

So it is with a sense of relief that we hear a new note in the voices of the leaders of all the United Nations and see a growing hardening in the feelings of all the people. We have been pushed around enough. We need to get tough as our enemies are tough; we need to forget the amenities of war as it was waged generations ago, with every combatant obeying a neat set of rules—the rules of civilised warfare.

Warfare is no longer neat, no longer civilised. Our enemies have made our civilised ways a laughingstock. They have obeyed only the rule of their own advantage. So we too must forget, for the time at least, the niceties of both civil and military life, and get down to this grim business. You can't fight brass knuckles with padded gloves.

There is a heartening sound to a United Nationhood, sore from innumerable bitter and useless defeats, in the tough and realistic words of a tough and realistic gentleman, Sir Stafford Cripps, Lord Privy Seal of Britain, and Churchill's spokesman in Parliament. There is something reassuring in the gruff challenge to the "Colonel Blimp mentality" which, as Sir Stafford bluntly said, "is contributing to Britain's loss of colonial empire."

"The circumstances are grave," he added, "and the government is convinced that it is the wish of the people to treat this grave situation with all the seriousness and austerity it undoubtedly demands."

His words continue to strike at the complacency, the half-will and self-interest that has strangled the war effort of all the United Nations and, not least, the war effort of Canada. He is talking to the people of Britain alone, and in terms more understandable to them than to us. But because he is addressing a people who have paid more, have sacrificed more, and have suffered more

than Canada has ever paid or sacrificed or suffered, we may apply his words still more strongly to ourselves.

"There still remains a minority of people," Sir Stafford says, "who appear to regard their personal interests in a manner which is not consonant with the totality of effort which is required if we are to come through the present difficulties with success. We are not engaged in a war in which we can have as our motto: 'Business as usual,' or 'Pleasure as usual.'"

That is the sort of talk that may implement our demand for a tougher and more realistic war. We have our own selfish business and pleasure folk. We have our own Colonel Blimps. We will not survive if the Colonel Blimp mentality survives to muddle our best effort, to dissipate our convictions, and to soften our temper of mind. We will not survive if we continue to believe that business or pleasure can be as usual. We cannot deal in large charity with inefficiency or selfishness in high places or in low. We cannot ask for a tough and effective war unless we at home are prepared to toughen our own fibre to meet the demand.

The politician has still half his mind focussed on the matter of how some decision might be used to advantage by some political rival. No shade of labour opinion has yet committed itself fully to all-out production at any cost, because it has kept a wary eye on what other forces of labour were doing. Industry and business have been slow to pool all resources lest some competitor gain an advantage, and the people as a whole have made their small sacrifices with a cautious care to see that they sacrifice no more than their neighbour. That is not the road to victory.

We have tried to live in one world—an easy and complacent world—and to fight in another, where all the soft gentilities have been taken from us. But there is only one world remaining to us, the world of war. It is the only world we will ever again know unless there is the quality in us to sacrifice everything to save our own souls.

Joseph Lister Rutledge

J. L. RUTLEDGE, PUBLISHER

G. J. HARRIS, EDITOR

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APRIL 11, 1942

I CAN TELL Y



JOAN FONTAINE

Winner of the Academy
Award as the outstand-
ing actress of 1941—
for her performance
in R. K. O.'s *Suspicion*

METHUEN-GOLDWYN-MAYER PHOTO

LIBERTY

YOU ABOUT THE JAPS

as told to William F. French BY JOAN FONTAINE

As winner of this year's Academy Award, Joan Fontaine is Hollywood's No. 1 actress. Somewhat less generally known is the fact that she and her sister, Olivia De Havilland, were born in Japan. As press-time neared for this issue of *Liberty*, what she says in these pages was being emphasized and dismayingly confirmed by news of Japanese outrages and cruelties against white soldiers and civilians in the Far East.

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ LAST night the wail of air-raid sirens woke me. Half asleep, I felt myself back on the set of *This Above All* where air raids and blackouts were my daily diet. Then I realized that that picture was finished, that I was home in my bed, and that there were no such sound effects in *The Constant Nymph*.

Then the crash of guns brought me to my feet. I looked out the window. The skies were pierced by searching fingers of light from anti-aircraft batteries, and brilliant with bursting shells.

From our hill we could see the flash of distant cannon. We heard air-raid wardens ordering "lights out," and people outside calling that enemy planes were overhead. But I wondered. Could that be—on our side of the Pacific?

This morning, as I drove to the studio, it just didn't seem it could. The green Hollywood hills, with their peaceful homes glistening in the sunlight, made the newspapers' blazing headlines about the air raid seem unreal. I almost expected to hear a camera grinding behind me, and to discover the paper-waving newsboys were part of a picture.

I stopped for a traffic light. Almost within arm's reach a man was working among the flowers that bordered the lawn of a beautiful California home. He looked up and grinned.

A wide-mouthed Japanese grin—a grin that had meant kindness and friendship to me as far back as I could remember.

I started to smile back. Then—

If I were the fainting kind, perhaps that Japanese face would have dissolved into a montage of something distorted and evil. But I'm too practical for that. The Jap's grin didn't change as my car moved on. But it had whipped into my mind vivid flashes of an all too familiar nightmare.

For some time I've been bothered with nightmares. Nightmares of marching Japanese, of flying Japanese, of Japanese in tanks and on ships. In those nightmares I see their sinister

grinning faces draw closer and closer. I hear them threatening terrible things.

Their words are not strange to me. Japanese was the first language I ever understood. I was born in Japan, and as an infant I was cared for by a Japanese amah—or assistant mother. She was more than my nurse. I clung to her. A Japanese amah takes the child from its mother and nurses it. And she would unhesitatingly give her life to protect her charge.

When we first came to America I was a little over three. We lived in the little town of Saratoga, California, overlooking the Santa Clara Valley. American ways and American children were more or less strange to my sister and me. So I turned to the friendly Japanese.

I used to follow the Japanese gardeners around all the time. They understood us and gave us presents. If only string beans, they would bring them in little flower-covered baskets and give them to us. They always had a smile and a kind word for Olivia and me.

So my nightmares don't have their roots in my childhood. The Japanese of my childhood were the most obedient and most kind people.

The Japan I was born in was a land whose people were devoted to service. They were dominated by a desire to please those they served, to revere their ancestors, and serve their masters.

I sowed the seeds of my black dreams when I visited Japan in 1934-5. The year I then spent there was disastrous to my peace of mind. For I found not a land of flowers and kindness—but a nest of intrigue, a hotbed of hate. Sneers had replaced friendly smiles and eyes that had twinkled now blazed or smoldered with resentment. At first I couldn't read what those eyes were saying—"Wait, you white people, we'll show you."

Then I heard things said in Japanese that I wasn't supposed to understand—and I understood. Even tiny youngsters glared venom at me and at every other white person.

Cruel militarists had embittered babies' souls and soured the very amahs' milk. Japanese children were no longer brightly kimonoed little butterflies flitting among the flowers and cherry blossoms. They were bitter, uniformed little automatons, born to hate and reared to kill.

From their first day in school every boy and every girl wore a uniform. The boys wore black uniforms and black caps and the girls wore mid-

dies and navy blue skirts. Every uniform was identical except for the buttons, which designated the school its wearer attended.

Fast disappearing, too, was the picturesque native dress of the Japanese women. Already the now compulsory *mompei* were appearing. The *mompei*—little divided skirts that look like unbelievably baggy breeches and accentuate the stubbornness of Japanese legs—are a nightmare to any woman. But, strange as it may seem, it isn't a vision of them that awakens me one night in a cold sweat and another night in a fever.

It's the memory of those hate-branded children—and of the cruel boy soldiers who are little more than children—that haunts my nights. I can't forget how like crouching animals they were—and how deadly. There was always that "we'll show you" look in their eye, and when you caught them unawares you could see the hatred in their faces.

As we passed them on the street even the children would remark about what they would some day do to the white people—thinking I couldn't understand them.

And those who did know I spoke Japanese would pretend they couldn't understand me—just as a means of giving vent to their hatred. For they have been born and taught to hate the white race. Only the Germans, they were told, were not trying to prevent their young and vigorous people from gaining their proper place in the world. The selfish imperialistic nations of Britain, America, and France were determined to hold them slaves on their islands.

While I was in the new Japan I was subject to abuse not only by the young Japanese but also by some of the older ones. Apparently the new doctrines and ideals of patriotism as interpreted by the militarists and their German advisers had converted some of the milder souls of Nippon to the philosophy of hate. Japanese officials found it difficult to use their usual glib alibi—that it was the work of the *gorotsuki* (gangsters)—to explain these indignities. I remember being chased down the street by an old Jap with a cane who was calling me the vilest names he could say in Japanese.

The Germans were everywhere—and German policies and practices were rapidly becoming Jap policies and practices. When I was in Japan in 1934 the nearest people to the Japanese were the Germans.

But, contrary to general belief, the Germans did not introduce their youth movement and their young Hitler or-

ganizations. The Japanese were already in possession of a 100-per-cent efficient method of turning children to the state and to the sword. The Nazi child fanatic could teach them nothing. Beginning with their first year in school, the army controlled their physical education and year after year took over more and more of their education and control. Then they were conscripted into the army or navy.

It was in 1934 that I saw my first group of Kibei boys (American-born Japanese sent to Japan for their education and proper training in the spirit of emperor worship), and I'm afraid the same light burned in their eyes as did in the eyes of any Japanese-born sword lover.

★ HERE in the U. S. we are beginning to recognize the Kibei as the most deadly menace to our national safety. He is the brains of espionage and sabotage. He is the organizer of the Issei (Japan-born Japanese in America), who are still loyal to the emperor for activity against the United States, and he is also the teacher in many of the Japanese schools on the West Coast.

Even those misguided lovers of democracy who are today circulating petitions asking that no discrimination be made against Japanese merely because they are Japanese, warn that the Kibei, imbued with the spirit of modern Japan, must be hunted out and interned: that there is no safety as long as he is free.

American-born, with American citizenship and often with almost American manners, this passionate militarist is a more deadly peril than any Nazi spy or killer ever spawned.

Unswerving in his loyalty to his god-emperor, he is, generally, returned to North America by the Japanese government for a sinister and difficult-to-frustrate purpose.

I, who was born in Japan, cannot tell him from the college-student Jap who loves America and American ideas and who hates militaristic Japan with a fear-inspired intensity. And, which is more important, neither can the American-born and loyal American Japanese. Even he cannot put his finger on the blood-dominated Kibei. So American Japanese dread him as double poison to them. But hundreds of Kibei circulate among them unknown and undetected.

I'm sure I know several Nisei (American-born Japanese with American citizenship) who are truly Americans, with an intense love for their country. But they and their parents, the Issei, are harboring and sheltering thousands of enemies of the United States; thousands of potential spies, saboteurs, and even soldiers to fight in unison with any Japanese troops that might land on this continent.

Yet in spite of all that, we remain apathetic out here, in the very heart of the danger. And, naturally, the rest fight with any Japanese troops that might land on this continent.

Possibly it is because the average

Westerner has seen so much of Japs that he can't reconcile them with the blood-lusting youth I saw in Japan. Possibly because he says, "How could anybody with any brains want to get back under the Japanese heel after they have had such liberty and comfort here?"

Maybe they haven't my nightmares to wake them up in a cold sweat and put the fear of military fanatics in their soul.

Today's paper tells of the supplies of water and rice found in Japanese homes—supplies against the time the Los Angeles aqueducts are blown up and the city is without water, even to drink.

The Dies Committee has just issued another report on Jap spying on the West Coast and on Japanese plans for the invasion of California—with fifth-column support.

A headline this morning says, "Allegiance to Hirohito Stressed in Japanese Language Schools Here," with a following article explaining how Japanese language and loyalty to Hirohito are stressed over all else; how two sets of textbooks were used by the schools, one to show curious Occidentals and the other containing rabidly pro-Japanese teachings.

And still my star friends and acquaintances regard our local Orientals as harmless—at least, the individual ones they know. We know that they are organized, that they have radio stations, and that their fishing boats have been equipped to turn into naval units. But of course that doesn't apply to Bill's gardener or Ellen's maid or house girl—so *Bill and Ellen think*.

★ SO we in Hollywood still get a kick out of the naïve things the Japs do. One of my friends enjoys telling this story: When he went out into his grounds a few mornings after the Pearl Harbor episode, he saw what appeared to be a new Mexican gardener at work.

As the man didn't look up at his approach, he called, "Good morning." The enormous sombrero turned, and Kaya, his Jap flower man, said to him, "*Buenos dias, señor.*"

In telling this story, my friend always gleefully explains that "that smart little egg wasn't going to run chances of being taken for a Japanese."

And then, of course, there is that oft-told Hollywood classic of the kind-hearted star who, when she realized that Japanese help would have to be evacuated from the zone where her home was, said to her gardener, "Togo, I'm afraid you'll have to leave us. I hope that when the war is over you can come back and work for me again." To which Togo replied, "Oh, no, missy—that day come, you work for me."

Of course the Japanese settlement on Terminal Island, within a stone's throw of most important docks and tremendous reserves of oil, has finally been cleaned out. And Japanese families are being ordered away from important military zones. But there

is still a complete lack of knowledge of the deadliness of the modern Jap—and the extent of his fifth-column activities.

We on the West Coast are so used to seeing them pushing our lawn mowers, raising our vegetables, and peddling our fruits that we can't picture what lies behind them—a different code of honor, a deadly fanatical loyalty to a god-emperor, and a race born to hate.

And because we are apathetic, the rest of the continent is the same. We look at the apparently happy Japanese around us, a people with infinitely more than they could possibly have under their own rulers, and it is hard to think they could fail to appreciate how well off they are.

★ WHICH brings to mind the experience a friend of mine had not long ago. As his car stopped at a signal, newsboys rushed about displaying papers with the headline, "Singapore Falls." While he was mulling over this bit of bad news, his wife suddenly clutched his arm.

"Look at this!" she demanded. "Those two Japs in that car. Listen!"

In the next lane a classy convertible coupé of late vintage with its top down held two young Japanese. They were smartly dressed and, in American manner, the girl was snuggled close to her companion. A college sticker was on their windshield.

They were laughing happily when my friend saw them.

"Seem mighty happy," he said to his wife. "But they're young and full of spirits. Maybe they didn't see those headlines."

"Didn't see them!" his wife returned. "The boy said loudly enough for me to hear distinctly, 'Singapore Falls. Ha! They haven't seen anything fall yet! Just wait.'"

There was no doubt about my friend's wife having heard—for she was furious. And more furious because she had failed to get the car's license number before it turned and was lost in the traffic.

How, you ask, could any one in a position to own and enjoy a car like that want to see the privileges and liberties of democracy crushed?

You'll probably have to ask a fifth-columnist to find out. Because I don't know, even after seeing them on their home grounds in Japan. But I do know that there are thousands of Japanese in the U. S., just as there are thousands of Germans and Italians, who want to see the Axis Powers win the war. And I think the Japanese are infinitely more fanatical and dangerous.

Yet I am far from being a Japanese-hater. I have been loved by and have loved Japanese. One of the first Christmas gifts I acknowledged receipt of this past Christmas was from an old Japanese nurse of mine—sent after December 7. But the Japanese I have loved are not the Japanese of modern Japan. North America must defend itself against those or perish.

THE END

MACKENZIE ASKS FOR 25,000,000 POPULATION IN 25 YEARS

OUTLINES PROGRAM

Veterans Affairs Minister Is
Heard Before Presbytery

URGES SELECTIVE POLICY

Racial Backgrounds, Living
Standards, Absorption,
Shipping Discussed

Canadian population of 25,000,000 within 25 years, supported by a definite selective immigration policy capable of raising present standards of living, was recommended last night by Rt. Hon. Ian Mackenzie, Minister of Veterans Affairs, in an address before the annual meeting of the Montreal-Ottawa Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

Mr. Mackenzie addressed the large number of delegates at Melville Presbyterian Church, Westmount, on Reconstruction and Immigration and discussed the tasks of reconversion, employment, finance and international relations.

But of apparent special interest to his audience were his observations on Canada's future immigration policy, because of the missionary and social work to be prepared by the church in the accommodation of future immigrants.

Mr. Mackenzie, in the following four-point program, outlined the basic factors which in his opinion should condition Canadian immigration policy:

"We have a duty to preserve the homogeneous character of the Canadian people. The numbers of various races and nationalities to be admitted should not be such as to overwhelm our native culture," he said.

"To this end the only restrictions are those of health and character with respect to British subjects coming from the United Kingdom, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa and with respect to citizens of the United States.

"The numbers and the kinds of people to be admitted should be such that newcomers can quickly find employment.

"In this connection we have an actual shortage of manpower in our basic industries, and we shall welcome persons who have skills and experience which will find their outlet in agriculture, in mining, in fishing and in lumbering.

"The number who can be admitted are today, and will be for some time, strictly limited by the shortage of shipping accommodation. It is not immigration laws or Government policy today that is restricting our immigration; it is shipping space.

"Immigration must be so regulated that it tends to raise and not to lower the standards of living we have established in Canada."

Mr. Mackenzie stated that "it is the definite policy of the present Government to encourage the growth of the Canadian population by immigration."

"At the same time," he added, "we reserve the right to select those who shall come and to regu-

late the flow in proportion to our absorptive capacity as it may change from time to time."

He cited results of recent surveys by population experts, on the basis of which he said: "According to our present birth and death rates, the population of Canada will reach its maximum in another 30 years at a figure of less than 17,000,000. Some estimates are as low as 15,000,000, he said.

The minister then outlined various projects already being investigated by the Federal Government with the object of increasing Canada's population. He said in part:

"If we are to increase our population by immigration as all Canadians realize we must, we are under the compelling necessity of finding new and better means of utilizing our natural resources.

"We have, even during the war, had surveys on the possibilities of reclaiming dried out valleys and we believe the methods have been discovered by which such areas

can be restored and can support a greater population in prosperity.

"A great water conservation and irrigation programme in Southern Alberta is calculated to increase the productivity of the population of the southern portion of the Province," he went on.

Commission Appointed

We have just appointed a commission to study what methods may be adopted to conserve and control the great waterways that flow eastward across the plains from the Rocky Mountains. We wish to know what power can be generated, what irrigation can do, what perhaps can be developed in water transportation.

"If we are to believe the population experts, it is by such means and only by such means, that we shall be able to increase our population and at the same time maintain our dearly-prized standards of living.

"These are the problems ahead. Let us have a definite Canadian objective, say 25,000,000 people in 25 years," he concluded.

Rev. C. Ritchie Bell, newly-elected moderator of the Montreal-Ottawa Presbytery, prior to Mr. Mackenzie's address presided over memorial services in honor of Rev. Hugh Cameron, of Ottawa, and Rev. George Connors, of Paris, Ont., who died during the year.