

Joan Gillis,
R.R. No 1,
New Westminster,
B.C.



% George C. Card.
Maguath. Alta.,
Sunday May 10, 1942.
2:00 P.M.

Dear Joan;

I recieved your letter on the fifth day of May but I didn't get it until the next day for I was out working somewhere else for a couple of days. We have been here 18 days. On the 8 and 9th my brother and I started planting the garden. Boy! what a place to make a garden. Clumps of hard dried dirt all over and the ground hard as stone. We had to plant the garden for there isn't no body else to do it. Last night it rained and thundered and lightning flashed so bright that things could be seen plainly. This morning it was still raining. Boy! You should come down here and walk around. Mud about 2 inches. If you go out side and you get mud all over your shoe. All we can do is sit in our little wee shack which is only about 10' by 20'. There is no nothing in fact no room to move. Yesterday it was so darn windy that your hat, paper, cans, pails, and every thing was blown around the corner of the house. Gosh! I'm getting sick and tired of this country. Gee wiz the wind is starting to blow again. Anyways maybe it will dry the ground so a person could walk around with out getting a new sole on your shoe. Friday night about 11 o'clock the irrigation water came down the ditch which is along the side of the road right near our house. The water comes from a mountain in the United States. I haven't told you about the surrounding yet. Well to words the north the land is quite level without large trees like B.C. To words the east and south there is a high hill which is about 60 ft higher then where we are. On the

side of the hill strips of green and brown can be seen.
From near our home if we look westward we can
see part of the Rocky. From Yoshio's place which is S.W. of
our place and much higher we can see part of the
sugar factory at Raymond which is about 1.8 miles away.
From there we can see about 4 train stations. We
can tell if there is a station for we can see grain elevators.
About a mile east of our place there is a low steep banked
river or a creek running. This is a nice place,
clear water down below and small trees and green grass.
One thing I miss is the big trees. Out here you pay 50¢
for a spruce tree about 2 ft tall. There isn't nothing to
do at all around here but go see your friend or catch gophers
or try to. Riding a bike isn't much fun when the
wind is blowing against you. I don't mind the rain but don't
the mud and rain. But soon I guess I will be saying good-bye
to it with the wind will blow. The darn wind blows
dust around the place and into your eyes. When the sun
shines it gets too darn hot and dry. In another two weeks
time we will be working on our good old sugar but
for some are out all ready. Boy! Oh Boy! you can think
us bent over sweating and thinning the beets. Gosh! I feel
going to school but they told us not to consider
school till September. And about your hope. The letter
you wrote came to me with black letters reading
"Examined by Censor." Gosh! I will miss the cherry and
other fruits and even the flowers. Anyhow I remember
seeing a tulip before I came here. I am fine and I wish
you are too. Well good-bye till I write again.

Yours
Jack Takahashi

P.S. I hope you get the idea
that I write interesting letters