

R.R.I.,

Summerland, B.C.,

March 21, 1950.

Dear Tomoye,

Thanks very, very much for being so good to us during our stay in San Francisco.

I'm so proud that I have you for a cousin that I've been telling everyone around here how wonderful you've been to us.

We finally reached home at noon on Sunday, March 5, without any further mishap since leaving you in San Francisco. When we got off the ferry at Oakland I recognized a young Chinese fellow who had been on the President Wilson. We reached Vancouver about ten o'clock Friday evening in drizzling rain, ugh; it had been raining all that day from the time while we were still in Oregon. We checked in at the Roosevelt Hotel

people who had boarded the train at Blaine.

There weren't many express companies open late on Saturday afternoons but our nice customs inspector managed to locate a truck for us to transfer our baggage to the Canadian Pacific Railway's depot. We took the 8:20 P.M. train out of Vancouver - the one and only train leaving for the Okanagan. There had been a snow slide or something along the usual route, so the train had been re-routed via Spencer's Bridge which is a much longer way. We arrived at the West Summerland depot at noon almost five and a half hours late. What a shock it was to see so much snow!

Kazu, my young brother, was waiting to drive us home. He wouldn't admit it, but I think he was sort of glad to see us. One of the first things he said was to ask me what had happened to me and said

and slept in until almost ten o'clock the next morning. Directly after eating we went to claim our baggage at the Great Northern Depot but were told they wouldn't arrive until one in the afternoon, so mom and I spent the next few hours window-shopping and looking around in Woodward's one of the large department stores in Vancouver and the nearest one to our hotel. How dingy and small Vancouver looks to us after seeing San Francisco and Los Angeles! There are more old cars being driven along its streets and its people are dressed in more sombre and dowdier clothes than are those in California.

We went back to the depot at about three o'clock and had our checked baggage inspected by the same nice old guy who had looked through our luggage on our way out of Canada. Our hand baggage had been inspected by the Canadian Customs'

that I looked as fat as a pig. Isn't that just like a brother!

What a mess our house was! We've scrubbed and cleaned the inside thoroughly and are waiting for the weather to turn warmer so we can clean the outside. What a nice, huge pile of laundry they had waiting for us to do. Things are more or less under control now, thank heaven!

It snowed at least three times since our arrival home but from the last two days or so it has turned a lot warmer and most of the snow in Summerland has melted away except in our neighbourhood. We seem to be always the last to get rid of it. The roads are clear though, but a nice muddy mess. Even so they are a lot, lot better than the roads in Japan so I'm not complaining.

This winter has been the severest they've had in fifty years. So severe that all the soft fruits have been frozen; there are only pines and a little bit of pears and apples left. Probably there will be a lot of unemployed people here this summer. Packing houses will have no work for us until September and the box factory may not open 'til late and the canneries may not open at all this year as there will be no fruits to can. There won't be much work for us in the orchards either.

Looks like I'm going to have to go on relief or something unless I find something to do elsewhere. I've been thinking of going out to Vancouver and do ~~so~~ housework or something as I have no training for anything else; there I could go to night school for a business course

Our five months away from home seem almost like a dream, now. It has been such a wonderful experience for me! for little green horn me! When I make my pile I shall make another trip. Well, I can dream, can't I.

I feel sorry for my brother, Hiro, who is in Winnipeg. It is still below zero there -20° below.

Thank you again, for being so very, very good to us, Tamoyo. I do hope we will have another opportunity of meeting you again, soon.

Bye for now,
Love,

Asaka.

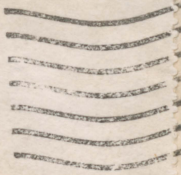
or for sewing lessons. One of my girls friends from Summerland has gone out to Vancouver and is working in a blouse factory. so mom has been urging me to go out, too. She doesn't realize that Sumiko, my friend, has had training in that line of work and she doesn't know that Sumiko is finding it very hard to make ends meet because she gets such low wages. She makes enough for room and board, but not enough for extras.

Chizuko came for the week-end and took the eight o'clock bus back to Kamloops yesterday morning. She brought Christmas presents for mom and I; - a lovely pink blouse for mom and a pair of lace trimmed, lacey pants and a silk scarf for me. I had been feeling regretful that I hadn't bought a silk scarf while we were in Japan.



A. Furuya,
R.R. 1,
Summerland, B.C.,
Canada.

WEST SUMMERLAND
MAR 23
1950
B.C.



**BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION**

Handwritten vertical text: *1950 3 23*

Mrs. Henry Takahashi,
1661 Post St.,
San Francisco 15, Calif.,
U.S.A.

Easter present N+P
Nylon blouse material
Shirt
Shoes

