

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM: 1

WOMEN AND COMMUNITY: LOGGING WOMEN

DRAFT of SHOOTING SCRIPT

(Historical footage is noted at points but not highlighted as it is relevant at post-production stage.)

Fade up from black to black and white photo of Lake Cowichan as it was in the 1940s, supers up to colour moving image of the lake on misty early morning, slow pan around to the townsite in the mist.

Medley of logger songs from B.C. mixed to traditional punjabi music on radio in background with sfx of cooking and conversation.

Dissolve to kitchen scene in Daljit Gill's modern house of East Indian women preparing food in microwaves and chatting in English and Punjabi. Discussion briefly centres on how to eat with chapati; toast vs chapatis; the value of microwaves for heating food. They are feeding the crew.

Dissolve to kitchen sequence in Lil Godfrey's large 1940s style kitchen as Lil sets out tea cakes. Eva Wilson bustles about and makes tea. June Olsen cuts sandwiches. Ralph Godfrey looks dreamily out over the back garden. Marge Dalskog and crew are seated at the table.

Fade to white and come up on:

ARRIVAL: OVER LAKE: DISSOLVE TO:

Godfrey speaks, seated in chair w/kitchen background. M/C/U.

I was born in Extension in 1915. My father was a coal miner and my mother looked after the children. They married in 1911 and had three of us by 1915. The big coal strike was in 1912 to 1914, and my father was put in jail along with the other miners from Extension.

The trials were in New Westminster and she couldn't go back and forth with the children, so she just toughed it out at home. After, he got work in South Wellington. He died in 1924 and mother was left with three children. There was no compensation.

She had to go out and wash clothes and sew. Another brother was born about a month after dad died. He died when he was six weeks old. The following July our house burnt down with everything in it. She got a widow's pension which was fifty-five dollars for all of us. Then she got fifteen hundred dollars in fire

insurance, so the government took her widow's pension away. Before they would give it back they wanted an itemized list of how she'd spent the money. That's how conditions were. We all got a high school education because my mother worked.

DISSOLVE TO MOTHER SCENE:

Scrubbing the floor. Camera circles her from above as she speaks.

Mother: If anything ever happens to you after you're married make sure you can support yourself. Don't be like me, having to wash other peoples dirty linen and filthy floors to survive.

GODFREY: M/C/U My brothers helped me and I won a scholarship. In the early 1930s I went to Victoria College and Normal school and became a teacher. But regardless of education, you couldn't get a school. So, like my mother, I ended up doing housework for ten dollars a month.

Super of mother looking at Lil with rag in her hand as young Lil scrubs floor. M/C/U of both Lil's profile and hands scrubbing and M/S of mother watching.

So I married a logger. And because it was the depression then I couldn't teach because I was married. We came to Lake Cowichan and have been here ever since.

VISUALS OF LOGGING COMMUNITIES OVER...

GODFREY: There was no indoor plumbing, no electrical lights, no running water. We had a well which we had to go and pump water out of. Then Pete Olson installed a small water system, with spring taps. You couldn't waste any water and you had no hot water, just cold water on the back porch, outside where we'd do our washing.

At first we had gas lamps or coal oil lamps, that was in 1937. There was no power. The first electricity was a big diesel engine down at the corner there. You couldn't use appliances on it, just lights one by one. Lights went out at 1 a.m. and you had to have all your work done by then. If you got up on early shift, which the loggers did all the time, then you had no light. In the summer when the water was low, the electricity was just a little yellow flicker.

CUT TO COAL LAMP BURNING IN WINDOW.

UP ON JUNE OLSEN. M/S ZOOMS IN AS SHE SPEAKS.

I was born in Forestburg, Alberta in 1927. Dad worked in the coal mines there, but my mum's parents had come here in 1923 and things were really tough back then in Forestburg. They decided to

come to B.C. Mum was lonely, she'd come from a big family and wanted to visit them. A taxi brought them from Duncan to the Lake and they had to go by boat out to the float house at the Lake. We arrived at night and they started handing the kids over. Grandma said, "Oh my Gosh, it's Marge and Jake!" (Laughter.) They never left here.

My great-uncle Neil was a logging superintendent; they owned MacDonald Murphy up here. He marched with the loggers to get better conditions--he was really respected. They used to have a blacklist if you tried to organize and Uncle Neil would always hire the guys on the blacklist. He always said they were the best loggers that there were. They really worked! I got married to a local boy, Nels Olsen. We started school together and got married in that same schoolhouse; it got changed into a church.

CUT TO SCHOOL/CHURCH DISSOLVE INTO EVA WILSON M/C/U

I was born in Nanaimo about eighty years ago--my dad was a miner. He was violently against unions, because he had a good job. I married Fred and we arrived here after he got fired for organizing the miners. The scow that went from Number One to Protection was called "we too", so Fred edited this paper and it came out for a long time and it was called "We too...want a square deal." When the company found out that he was the editor, well out he went. We were married in 1933 and he must have been organizing, but I didn't know about it until 1934.

We came to Youbou on the 24th of May for a weekend and I've been at the Lake ever since. Fred got a job in Youbou and then lost it. We came to the Lake in '36 when the loggers walked over the back of the mountain and came down to pull the mill out.

PHOTOS OF LOGGERS' MARCH OF 1936.

Fred was working on the loading dock. He was the only one that came out in sympathy with the loggers. Red Kendell, he couldn't make up his mind whether or not to come out in sympathy. He walked back and forth on that dock and finally he stayed in.

VISUALS OF OLD LOADING DOCK AT HONEYMOON BAY

Not Fred, he "worked" for a week and a half and never let me know that he was on strike. He let on that he was still working.

VISUAL CUTS TO WOMAN MAKING SANDWICHES AND SLICING THEM, DISSOLVE BACK. HANDS THEM IN BAG TO MALE HAND.

I was never so mad in my life because he had promised me that he wouldn't organize again. That was a real laugh! He was on the picket line. You would be mad too, making his lunch for a week and a half...But what could I do, married and with one baby?

GODFREY: You couldn't leave your husband then, not if you had a family. You had no car, no money, no place to go. You were not independent.

WILSON: If I could have left, I would have been the first to go. I was anti-union, against everything, mostly myself. I never did settle down to this life, even with the active part I took in it. I used to blame everyone, I was really bitter.

I thought I'd come to the last place on earth when I came here. It was all bush for a start, we didnt have a darn thing. We lived in one of two shacks in the Red Light District. Fred was out working in the Lake Logging camp all week and all night long there were people knocking at my door.

VISUAL OF HAND KNOCKING TENTATIVELY AT DOOR.

Woman's voice, sleepy: Go away!

Dissolves up to Daljit Gill, Rattan Atwal, Parkash Mann and Kashmir Kaur Johel. Camera moves in on Daljit as she speaks:

GILL: In those days we just took what we got, or rather, what our parents gave. If they decided that this was the man that you would marry, then you just had to marry that man. There were no ifs ands or buts. Now its a little different. They can refuse an arranged marriage.

JOHEL: My husband was here in Canada first. He was engaged when he went to Canada in 1949, but she died. He decided that he would bring another girl over to marry. But his parents said that he had to go to India to get married.

He told my oldest sister-in-law to look for a girl for him. She said, "the girl I am thinking of is still to young." I was just 16 at the time. My father was like an uncle to her and she knew that he would not deny her request. My father agreed to my marriage.

VISUAL OVER of WEDDING SCENE:

Woman tentatively packing trunk to leave--folds and examines everyday saris and suits, discards some pieces after touching them commemoratively and finally carefully places wedding clothing on top of trunk. Feelings of melancholy and hope mingle.

VOICE OF JOHEL CONTINUES:

I did not see my husband before that and I couldn't say anything. I was younger than anyone else. My older sister had not married yet. I wanted her to marry first. My father said to me that I had to go through with this marriage. When I heard that my hus-

band was from Canada I was afraid of what he might be like. When we got married we lived together with my in-laws for six months. We stayed in my village and he was very nice. I was very surprised that my life with him was so good even though I had never seen him before. After seven months he sent me a permit and I came here. We made a home for ourselves. We raised our children and shared our responsibilities. Although we didn't have money, we were always happy as though we were rich. We worked really hard, got all our furniture and our house--we did this all on low wages and we tried really hard for the kids.

DISSOLVES INTO PRITAM DLEY IN HER HOME M/C/U

We got here in the 1930s--we came because our husbands were here before us. Our men came to work here in 1917-19. There were few of our men and they found work in the mills. They were very hard workers. No other people worked as hard in mill work.

Then the bureaucrats immigrated more men from India. My husband's cousin brought Mr. Dley back from India when we was only fourteen. He helped him to get jobs in the mills and camps or farmwork when there was potatoes or haying or turnips. These were the kinds of jobs that they did. Our men worked in the mills on the chains. The white men could not work as hard as our men. Then, later, they stopped our men from coming. But at first they came on their own, paying their fare. By water it took two months to arrive. They came without women or families--the authorities didn't allow our women in in those days.

My husband lived here for twenty years, then he went to India and got married and brought me back in 1931. In our country mothers and fathers looked for boys for us. My parents saw him--my mom's brother told her that there is a man from Canada that you should marry your daughter to.

We knew that when you came of age you had to get married. In those days, the kids were happy, they knew that their parents would find someone for them. The mother and father of the groom sent me the wedding clothes that they picked and lots of gold jewellery. I came to Canada two years after I was married, to live with my sister-in-law.

RETURN TO WOMAN LAYING SARI AND JEWELLS INTO TRUNK

THIS SECTION ALSO RELIES ON IMMIGRATION FOOTAGE AND INDIA MATERIAL (NFB)

I came on a Japanese boat. We had a hard time on it. There was rain and thunder and lightening. They had a primitive tent on board that leaked and we reached land in three weeks. It was a Dollar Company Boat from Hong Kong.

There were eight people on the boat all the way from India. The father of my children was with me. Immigration asked me if I wanted to be married to this man. I said, "Yes." They asked, "Now that you are in Canada, are you happy to stay with your husband?" I said, "yes" and they let us go free.

We lived with his family here for six years. Our home life was filled with harmony, it was a very good life.

MANN: When I finished my training, my older sister said, "There is a fellow that I must tell you about. He was born in Canada, his parents are not alive and he has no one to help him. If you wish you could arrange an engagement with him." I asked, "How educated is he?" Not that I was overly educated, I had domestic, teaching and social work training--but I wanted someone who was educated, for the future. Education would be of use.

They said that he wasn't educated but he knew English, and he had about a Grade 5 or 6 education in India. They showed him to me, not once but three times, and asked if I liked him. I really wanted someone more educated, but then I made up my mind that if everyone says this is to be, then maybe my luck will be good. That he would be alright.

I was teaching school and within fifteen days we were married. I went off to work in government service and he came here. We were apart for three years. The letters came and went. Sometimes there were mistakes and the letters didn't make it and your heart started to doubt and wonder. I prayed that it would be okay. Then, in 1951, he sponsored me and I came here. We started our married life in Paldi, we were always happy.

GILL: I was born in Victoria. I've seen some hard times. When my father passed away in 1942, my mother had a hard time raising the rest of us, but we managed. I had to quit school at a young age because I had a sick mother and father at home and I had to stay home and help with the rest of the kids. I was the oldest. In 1945, I married. My husband is originally from India, he was only 16 when he came here. It was an arranged marriage, my dad was gone. We didn't know each other at all. We were engaged and married in a month and a half. The same day of our wedding, I left for Lake Cowichan where his aunt and uncle lived. After that, we learned to care for each other and fall in love. That was forty-three years ago.

I was excited in a way because I kind of wanted to marry him. I did know him in a way. Our people go to temple and we get to know boys there, but you don't go out with them. That's how we saw each other. There were two guys with beards and turbans and when we got home we would ask our aunt, "Whenever we look at At-tama Singh and Mohan Singh they are looking at us. We get very angry, why are they staring?" She listened once, she listened

twice and the third time she said, "First tell me girls, how do you know the boys are looking if you're not looking at them?"

In the back of my mind I always did like him and thought that one day I would like to marry him! (Giggles.) Because of that I was a bit excited to see what would happen with my life.

BACK TO BASICS

MARGE DALSKOG: We lived in tents year round, Mine was ten by twelve and that was an everything house--kitchen, living room and bedroom, of course no bathroom. There was no running water and you were lucky to have a decent lamp. You had a hook in the middle of the tent and you hooked the lantern to that. The cupboards were made of butter boxes. Butter came in 50 pound pieces and the inside of the boxes were waxed. You just put them flat and laid them on the ground and that was your floor and then you made cupboards out of them.

I cooked in that little room on a tiny cook stove. It was 18 inches square and it had legs and a little tiny oven that you could put one pie in. We had lots of work to do. For exercise, the women used to go out and saw a great big chunk off a log--that was our firewood. We could use a cross saw. We'd laugh at each other to see which one was going to be able to do it and who wasn't. They were big logs!

WOMAN CUTTING LOG WITH HEFTY AX.

When our children got a little bigger, we used to have a lot of fun. The company would bring big cars of coal for the donkey engines. We weren't supposed to touch that coal, but how should we notice if our kids got up there and threw a few pieces down?

On a typical day, you'd wake up early in the morning, really early, and make a good big breakfast and prepare your husband's lunch. I looked after my child. You'd do a washing, when you wash by hand you have to do it often. There was a little post office in conjunction with the cookhouse and you could order some meat to come up in the next few days. Everything cost the same, soup bone and a steak were both fifteen cents.

You might drop in on one of the other women and have a cup of tea. You might go for a walk in the woods. Sometimes we had afternoon tea parties. There'd be six or seven of us and someone would make a scrumptuous cake and we'd gather together. It was a happy bunch although I understand that there was a bit of gossiping and criticizing each other. I never partook in any of that. Down at the other end of the camp they'll talk about people at this end and say, "I think she'd stuck up." Then somebody will say, "She's not stuck up, she's shy." It doesn't matter where you are, people are always the same!

DLEY: Our cabin had electricity with no running water. Our water was outside, we had to fetch it. There were pipes installed in the yard. We heated our water on the stove. The cabin was right beside the mill, all the cabins were close to one another. This was at the North Shore Mill.

Electricity was rare. We did not have it for seven years at Mesachie Lake, we had a lantern. The company gave us kerosine oil, that was left over. Finally they installed electricity on their own, we didn't ask them to.

Living in the cabins just meant a lot of housework for the women--you chopped your wood and put the logs outside, then you washed your clothes on the washboard. You had to iron them, so you would heat the iron on the stove and then do it. You didn't buy the children's clothing, you sewed them at home or knit it.

Whoever had the space would definitely have a garden. We grew our own vegetables, onions, potatoes, beans. Everyone planted through necessity. If there was single white male who could not manage a garden by himself, the company at Mesachie Lake had a hired Chinese man who would help them out. They supplied us with fertilizer. The company there was very good and because they were, the workers supported them as well.

VISUAL OF MRS. DLEY POINTING OUT ASPECTS OF HER CURRENT LUXURIOUS GARDEN.

DISSOLVE TO MANN:

When we got here our house was fifteen dollars a month to rent. Just think to yourself how hard I had to work in it! I had to clean it up, plant flowers--but I was very happy. I took a poor house and made it a home. I learned in my training that no matter how difficult the task is, you must always be happy.

We bought and kept a cow for seven years, we milked it and made homemade butter and our own milk. We cut our own firewood and used it. We planted our own garden. After that we got a car and we moved to Duncan. I worked in my house as well and then I worked at Queen Margaret School at Kitchen help while my husband didn't have a job. So I helped him. I got 65-85 cents an hour.

FOOTAGE OF MOUNTAINS SNOWED UNDER

MANN: Snow! There was a lot of it. (Laughter.) I had to put on gum boots to go to the toilet. That was fun when I was pregnant. I would go outside and when I came in I stood by the stove and would heat my body up. They were hard times. There was no hot water inside. Then it was installed with the sawdust burnig stove. The company installed them.

Inside there was just one big room. In the middle we put a wall and made two bedrooms, the kids were in one room. We would put the eldest son close by to sleep. If we had guests, we brought them in with us and one of us would sleep on the couch. The living room had a stove. Upstairs we had a room where we could hang our laundry to dry on a rope on a string. It was just an open space.

CUTAWAY TO WOODBUGS.

There was a kitchen and a place for bathing, made by putting in some cement with holes in it. Out of them came a lot of wood bugs. I would put the children in the tub. Keepy would not get in whenever she saw a woodbug, she would start screaming. And outside, we made space for a garden, cleaning and beautifying. So we lived through those times.

GILL: I first came to Cowichan Lake after I married. I was quite surprised compared to Victoria. We just had cold running water in the house and a wood stove. It was different that how I lived in Victoria. (Laughs.)

INTERIOR DOMESTIC SCENE CABIN: CONTRIBUTES TO VISUAL SEQUENCES DURING TESTIMONY:

WOMAN CHOPPING WOOD

WASHING ON BOARD

HEATING IRON ON STOVE

KNITTING AND SEWING

PREGNANT WOMAN WARMS HER SHIVERING BODY NEAR STOVE

HEATING BOTTLE ON WOOD STOVE FOR BABY

~~IMPROVISE FAMILY TABLE SCENE WITH VANCOUVER SATH THEATRE GROUP~~

The tip of the day was when you woke up in the morning and the baby was crying and you gave them a bottle. Heating the bottle was a hard job, first you had to get the fire going. Then you would heat the water on the stove and put the bottle in it.

I would make my husband's lunch, then milk the cow, after milking the cow I would make the kids' lunch and send them off to school, then make the beds, wash the clothes, I even did the floors. When they came back I would cook the vegetables and wash the dishes. I had a wood stove for four or five years. You chopped your own wood and piled it, in the summer to make sure that you had enough wood for the winter.

I had a small mini farm. We had cows and chickens and ducks and pigs and dogs which was good for the kids. We were three miles out of town and they had nothing else to do when they got home from school or when they were younger they worked out on the farm. It was a busy day, we worked all day right up to the very minute that we went to bed. I was healthy as a horse. Those

were the days that I would pray that I would get a fever so that I could go to bed.

We raised our chicken for meat, we still got eggs. We had our milk and I made our own butter. There was a small calf which we raised for meat. We raised the pigs for pork. We put in a vegetable garden. Milking the cows and all of that was my job. We milked by hand and I churned in one of those glass jars.

JOHEL: When I came here my husband and I made a home for ourselves. Sometimes we didnt have money, but I was very happy. If we ever helped anyone we would discuss it together and then help them. We would never blame each other.

ATWAL: I was a little homesick at first in Canada. When I looked around and saw these old, old houses I was very homesick. Our houses in India were nicer than, the houses that we had to live in here. They were solid, while the houses in Paldi were old. Then we all began to live together and it stopped making a difference to us. Then the new houses were built and we began to live in the new houses, and it was better. The toilets were inside with hot running water and there were three bedrooms and a living room.

When we first got here we worked very hard. There were sawdust burning stoves, woodburning stoves and the work we did outside was hard. We had to heat the water on the stove in big pots. Then we got hot water, we planted gardens, we kept a cow.

I'd wash the dishes, at ten o'clock I'd fall asleep and then at 5 a.m. I'd get up again, Most of the time you made dhal for supper. It would just simmer on its own.

JOHEL: You would start the dahl in the morning when we had woodstoves, after your husband went to work. I would finish my other work and then put the dahl in a pot and fill it with water and start to boil it. It would simmer slowly and by the time he would come home from work it would be ready.

One day I started a dahl and boiled it all day long. When my husband came home I had the dahl sitting there with the lid half open. I was putting a bucket of saw dust in the box. It shook and the whole pot of dahl was filled with sawdust!

MANN: Good! He works in sawdust and now he eats it!

JOHEL: I was filled with so much anger because I thought we needed the other kind of stove. All day I had cooked kidney beans.

DLEY: In the late 1940s and 1950s our people began to buy along with everyone else in North America. Whoever could manage to.

Some people like myself even in this new home, did not buy a fridge for a long time. Nor did we have electric heat.

MONTAGE OF 50s COMMODITIES AND ADS. END WITH FLOOR WAX AD. CUT TO M/C/U OF JOHEL.

JOHEL: One day, when I waxed my floor and everything shone, my cow came into my living room. Some guys have big feet, so I thought it was my husband, not a cow. She went as far as the t.v. just fine, nothing happened. Then I heard a crash and I went into the living room and the cow was in the middle and she had just eaten a big plant. Then, she ate my knitting, which was on the table. So, I pulled it away and leaned over to hit her and she fell down. The floor was so shiny that she couldn't get up. Every time she'd almost get up, she'd fall again. She finally did get up and I pushed her out the door. I was so mad.

MANN: Your door must have been open.

GILL: There were no steps to that house.

DLEY: When my children's daddy was sick--he was only ever sick for those eight days, before that he was never sick. He found out that he wasn't going to make it and his heart was heavy. Looking at me and the children he felt really bad. I asked him why he felt so bad, after all, it was our duty to nurse him back to health. But he didn't feel bad because he was dying.

DEATH SCENE: (IN PUNJABI WITH SUBTITLES)

Mr. Dley in bed, with wife attentive sitting at chair.

MR. DLEY: I've lived in the country so long; I've worked here for so long. Our daughter, is educated, but not married. I am worried for her; did we make the right choice, my wife?

MRS. DLEY: Soothingly. You know you did, she is happy, and respectful of us--that is what is important.

MR. DLEY: Above all, my boys are young. Who will raise them? I am afraid that the government will have to give them money. I would do anything in my power to prevent that. But I have no power left.

MRS. DLEY: No--I will do everything in my power to prevent that. You must trust me to do as you would, I will not accept welfare, and I will not lose our sons. I will work and raise them myself.

DISSOLVE TO MRS.DLEY:

There was no compensation, there was no widow's pension. We received no money after his death. But, we had a piece of land

that he had purchased. We came to it and built our house and bought five cows. When we worked that farm with our hands sometimes my only encouragement was knowing that I was keeping my husband's dying wish alive.

We cleared all nine of these acres together, the three of us, a mother and her two sons. Burning the stumps and using bulldozers to pull them out. Percy who lived across the street would chop the trees down and take away the wood to make firewood.

We used to sell our milk and deliver it on foot. Everyone was friendly towards us. Even the dairy people knew that we were selling milk. Nobody ever complained about it. Permission is not always granted to sell milk and we were never discriminated against--we sold milk for twenty years.

Starting in the morning, I would get up and make tea and breakfast and by five a.m. I was in the barn milking the cows. Then out of the five cows there were also calves and heifers and I had to shovel out the manure myself, by hand. Then I would cool down the milk by putting it into water. Then I would put it into quarts.

INTERSPERSE FOOTAGE OF DLEY FARM NOW WITH FARM FOOTAGE FROM 1940s and 1950s. OVER M/C/U and C/Us of DLEY

Then there were the chickens, I would give them pellets and milk. I would wake up the children, make their lunch and then they would go to school and I would go with them, talking the milk with me. We had the wagons that the children played on. We would put the milk in the wagons--on the way to Neva Road there were little cabins and we would deliver the milk on the way to school. From where Romeo's garage is, we would carry the milk and deliver it. They would put the milk in their knapsacks and deliver it on the way to school. I would cross the bridge and carrying eight bottles with both hands in bags, I would deliver it. When I returned I would put all the quarts in the wagon and the quarts that the boys brought home from school they brought in their knapsacks.

All the empty milk quarts had to be washed. By then it was twelve o'clock, my lunch time. I would get lunch and then if it was the right season, there was a lot of junk to be burned. If it wasn't burning, there was the garden, so I would do some gardening that was needed.

I'd just work all day long. There was work to do inside as well. our laundry and housecleaning. If there was extra milk I would churn it and make cream--we would do it manually. Then there were all these fences to prevent the cows from wandering all over--in our spare time we built fences and dug holes for poles. We had five cows that we kept for fifteen years. If there were

extras, I would take them to the auction to be sold.

We got by comfortably and we lived quite well. We were always happy and my kids did not squander their money. When Lucky and Debby came home from school, they would eat roti as soon as they got home and after they ate they would help me with the chores. And they were so content (Claps hands together softly.) There were other kids down the road that would come and help. There were lots their age that lived nearby.

FOORAGE FROM INDIA COLLECTION OF MOTHER ATTENDING TO SONS

In the evening the three of us, mother and sons, would sit together and I would tell them the story of children who didn't have a father, some story from back in the Punjab. These children worked so hard and they were good children, and now they are in a higher place. Then I'd ask each one of them to tell me a story. They would tell me the story of Cinderella, that she has a step-mother. I would tell them that I didn't want them to have a step-father. Lucky would tell me a story and then Debby, stories such as these. Then they would do their homework and go to bed. This was an everyday thing.

WHAT A WILD LIFE

DALKOG: Story about being in the woods with her gun.

VISUAL CUTAWAYS TO WILDLIFE MOVIES FROM 50s--ADVENTURE SEQUENCES.

DLEY: One Saturday morning I went to milk the cow. I opened the door and further inside was another door where our feed was kept. From inside the feed bins I heard a noise like someone was walking around. I had a lantern with me. I opened the door. We didn't have electricity in the barn yet. I took the lantern in my hand and took a hoe. When I opened the door, the bear saw me--there was a plywood sheet against the wall and he crawled under it. I poked the hoe underneath this sheet. Close by was an open window and he came out and jumped out the window and ran away.

I've seen many a bear, great big ones, but this was small bear, the size of a dog. One day I saw a cougar and he was walking outside our barn. I phoned the police. They came 3/4 of an hour later. The policeman was drunk. Before they arrived I told my neighbour that the police hadn't gotten there yet and there was a cougar wandering around back there. He came. His gun had three pellets.

There was a big pile of junk where this house is now. When he went to shoot the cougar, it came running and climbed up on the pile and Don shot him in the leg--it ran away. Finally, the police arrived. I said, I called you an hour ago. Whatever took you so long?" He said that he was asleep. I told him that I

knew that he was drunk. He didn't answer. He looked around and said, "There's a trail of blood to where that cougar is going. He must have been shot in the leg." We didn't see it again.

Five or six years later another bear came in. Mohinder's husband called me to say that a bear had passed through their property. I grabbed a broom and ran after the bear--my cows were running back to the barn. That bear ran away. I sure wasn't going to call the police again!

COMMUNITY AND FAMILY

OLSEN: You were a "grass widow". The only men that were in town seemed to be the butcher, Mr. Gordon who owned the store, the baker and the blacksmith. The rest of us were women and children.

Sometimes they'd bring the speeder down for two hours on Wednesday night and they'd come down to their families for those two hours and then they'd have to go back to camp. Then they'd come out on Saturday night and have to leave Sunday night. There was really no family life.

I remember going to meet the speeder. Everybody in town used to meet the speeder. Gordon's store always kept his door open and we would get a nickel bag of peanuts, that was our treat. We could hardly wait for dad to come home and open his suitcase because we got oranges. We never got fresh fruit like that. Our dads would get it in their lunch and they would bring it to us kids.

WILSON: We'd all go to meet the speeder to get the money off the men. Otherwise these floozies would meet them first. I can tell you who the floozies are, some of them are highly respected today. That's why the women walked in a body to meet the men.

CUTAWAY TO RAIL TRACK WHERE SPEEDER USED TO COME IN

GODFREY: We used to walk to the speeder with the men on Sunday night and then the women would get together after they left.

WOMEN SIT AND CROCHET TOGETHER AND GOSSIP.

Improvised dialogue about the weekend, working conditions in the camps. CUTAWAYS to crocheting, reaction shots and finally CLOCK indicating three a.m. Women take their leave, lingering.

DLEY: At Mesachie Lake we had very small cabins, with three rooms, a kitchen, bedrooms and living room. The two of us women lived very close to one another. Gurdial Kaur's husband passed away, a nerve snapped and he died instantly; he had three small

sons.

The Gurdial Kaur was ill at times--we used to help each other out. We used to help with her housework and take care of her cow. Then the white company owners gave her a job as a housekeeper. So that was how she survived, with her jobs and from the milk of her two cows which she would sell to the cooks at the mill. Both of her sons were educated and this was her income.

If we ever needed a babysitter we would help each other out. Gurdial Kaur, when she went to town to work, left her children with me and if I had to go to town, I left my children with her. If a woman was sick, we would do her housework and even cook meals for her. No one then ever hired a babysitter.

JOHEL: When I look back, I was happy in those times. I miss the time when my kids were small and running around the house and the yard. They played all the time and they'd come inside with dust on the hair and all over them--I loved that time in my life. We never watched television then! (Smiles slowly)

GILL: Everyone used to get relations out from India. My husband never did it. So I told him to get his brother to come out. After he came our responsibility was to look after him until he got a job and got on his feet. We kept him for about six months. Then he got his family from India. Then my sister-in-law came out and married a boy that came from here. We kept them until they found a place.

JOHEL: When I came here a year later my brother, he was thirteen years old, I brought him here. He went to school and stayed with me until he was sixteen or seventeen and then he found work. Then his wife when he was engaged came to my house and we married them. The wedding was at my house and we married them. The wedding was at my house and they stayed a year at my house. Then my other brother lived with me for six months. He got his own work and helped me out as well with milking the cow. Then my sister-in-law and her daughter came. They lived with us for three years and I helped them. We got her married and I supported them for three years. I didn't blame my husband as to why they came nor would he ever say anything to me. We managed and saw everything through. We took the responsibility for them, happily.

RACE AND RELATIONS:

ATWAL: In the days when my grandfather came our people were not treated very well. There were concerns that our people wanted addressed in India, and he was described as being against the government and was "conspiring". He was arrested, deported to India and hung. His children were put in jail here.

MANN: The English government didn't want our people to come here from the Punjab or India. So our people that were here they wanted that our people should be able to come and protested them being stopped. In India it was a British raj. People wanted their independence, they wanted freedom from the white people and the white people knew that and pushed us around.

DLEY: In the 1930s there were about eight hundred of our people in Vancouver. Everyone went to temple. There was no conflict then. In whatever community we lived there was a lot of respect and love for each other. Compared to now, we were happier. We had concern for our fellow man. The East Indian community was very close, they all loved and helped each other. If someone needed a job, a friend would find him one. No one cared whether you were Sikh or Hindu--some men wore turbans, some cut their hair. It's just recently, this conflict between Sikhs and Hindus, they used to live like brothers. NOBODY said ANYTHING to anyone--that just started happening 15 years ago and it gets worse daily.

DLEY: At the mill, whites and East Indians were the same. All the cabins were free, electricity was free, firewood was free and you would pick it up yourself from the company. Everybody got along well. There were Japanese people who were our friends--the women. There was a lot of love. The salary depended on the job not the race. Some people's work was a little more dangerous, therefore they received more pay. The regular workers in the yard or on the greenchain got ten cents an hour.

At Mesachie Lake there were more white people there and only eight East Indian women. They treated us with a lot of respect. Now we have lived in Lake Cowichan for twenty-five years and all the white women who live here think very highly of us, both my boys and myself.

GILL: I went to school in Victoria. There were quite a few East Indian children and the first couple of years we did have problems in school. The kids would call us names and whatnot. After a few years of that it simmered down. The white kids got used to us and we fought back, to get our own way at times. We had a few among the bunch who would not change. And we had neighbour kids around and they were more or less mixed up with our family.

When my children were born, at first we didn't experience any discrimination. But when they started school then the other kids would do things to them when they rode the bus. They would attack my kids. At first, when they came home, we told them not to say anything. When the other children wouldn't stop, we told our children that they could fight back. Then they began to fight back. There were just two or three kids and afterwards they became friends. My neighbours, the white women, were very nice. But, when my children fought back, that was the day they

complained. I said, "They are only kids." Just as you gave me that answer once that yours are only kids and can do what they want, I am giving you the same answer, mine can do as they want too." After that, nobody ever said anything like that to my kids. Everyone was fine after that.

MANN: When my kids were young, everyone was their friend. Wherever we lived, people lived with us happily. Chinese, Japanese, white people altogether. In a small town you know everybody. You know the city mayor and he knows the people who live there, how good they may be and their way of living--it's friendly. If someone does do something bad they get punishment for it, if you report it. That someone is discriminating against you or that the water is not running right in your home and they won't help you. If you explain it in the right way to the city, then they won't think of you differently. In the big cities the population is larger; there are different types of people and it's harder for them to control them.

JOHEL: Even the policemen in a small town, you just phone them and they come immediately. In a big town, they care less. In a small town, we are all friends. If someone's kid comes and bothers us, we know who that child is and because of that they won't take a chance again.

MANN: Once I took my daughter to apply for a job. We arrived there first and the white girl came in afterwards. They gave her the job instead of my daughter and my daughter felt really bad, because there isn't any work and then if there is work, they don't hire them. They discriminate against our people.

DANGER ZONES

IMAGES OF BABIES, BIRTHING HOSPITAL PROCEDURES

GODFREY: I had to go to Chemainus for my son to be born in 1939. You go to the doctor at the Lake and then you're whisked down in the middle of the night to have a doctor who you've never seen before and be in the hospital there for two weeks.

DALSKOG: You took an awful chance having children in those camps, because you couldn't get out of there in a plane if your child got hurt. You had to rely on home remedies. I had two little girls, one was a year and a half and the other was three and a half. She dropped a piece of coal off of the coal car right on top of her little sister's head. She had a little white tam o'shanter on, made out of some felt materials, and it bashed her, made it all bloody. She was fainting and I wouldn't let her go to sleep, I kept her awake and put cold compresses on her head after I cleaned it. They were just home remedies and I prayed! If I'd picked her up and taken her to town she would have been dead before we got there. It was dangerous to live in a place like

that. But we were young and when you're young you don't worry about things.

OLSON: Dad was working--they didnt have compensation in those days. He slipped and fell and broke his arm. There was no money coming in. My brothers were all overseas. Mom had to go to work to keep us kids alive.

DLEY: Gurder was born in the hospital. Back then all the ladies stayed for two weeks. The houses did not have any systems like now with sinks, bathrooms were not inside. That's why people stayed in the hospital longer. You could rest there.

GILL: Most of the children were born in the hospital. If there was a birth at home your neighbour would give you a hand in the meantime and call the doctor.

JOHEL: I never knew the first time I was going to have Kelly. I went and sat with Gurbachan and asked her what happens, how it happens. I was so scared, really.

LABOUR SCENE: YOUNG JOHEL WITH BIBI AND TWO CHILDREN. JOHEL WIPES FORHEAD BUT APPEARS IN CONTROL

BIBI: The pain will come a few minutes apart and then you keep watch. When the pain came a few minutes apart

JOHEL TO HERSELF: There are children sitting here, I can't say anything.

BACK TO JOHEL INTERVIEW: Finally, when the children did not get up, I said to her, "Bibi, would you come outside for a moment? Do you mean like this because I have pains and they are five minutes apart." She just ran! She brought Karmal and they immediately took me to the hospital.

MANN: One thing that was hard was that we didnt have telephones in our homes. There was just a telephone at the company house. We had to go there to call the doctor. This was most difficult. The rest was trying to keep the kids from the cold as best we could. We always dressed them warmly and kept boots on their feet.

CUTAWAYS OF THE JOHEL 5 IN SNOWSUITS.

The children were happy and would play in the snow.

JOHEL: At first when I came from India, my husband worked in the camps. In the morning, he would leave at five or five-thirty. In the evening he would come home at six or seven-thirty. At first I didn't know where he worked. I didnt know what a camp was. Then one day, he came home and told me that a log had started to roll

and this is how we saved ourselves. He told me how the logs would fall and that a man rarely escapes. After, that whenever he was a little bit late, I got worried.

Then he began working in the mills. He said the work was better there because although it was heavy. They pulled big, heavy timbers, twenty foot, forty foot, like the lumber was eight by eight, ten by ten timber. They would slide them from the chain. They didn't have power rollers then, you had to pull them over.

My husband had one accident. He was working on a Saturday. There was a running belt. It got stuck. He thought that if he kicked the belt it would start and it didnt start. The next time he kicked it with his foot it started but his foot got caught in it. He turned around and fell down and with all his might his boot ripped off his foot from the front. He was thinking that he would not survive now, but he was very quick. When he pulled at his foot, the belt slipped again and his foot came out. If the belt had kept turning he might not have survived. He wouldn't have had much of a life if he did.

When he came home and told me, he was still shaking. He kept on shaking and I asked him, what happened. He said that he had an accident and that he barely escaped. After that he changed jobs and I was never worried.

MANN: Once they turned on a belt and both my husband's legs got caught in the chain. He quickly turned off the switch, it was right next to him. He said he was lucky to be alive. When he was driving a truck it would slip from the soft shoulder. Then he was lucky he escaped. Whatever God has written, whatever is destiny, that will happen, no matter how much I worry.

JOHEL:

My husband worked on the greenchain and mill work is always dangerous. It was worse then. There were carriers running and alot of people would get in the way of the carrier and get broken legs. There was a boy that got in front of the carrier and broke both his legs. There was a man working in front of a saw who had his arm sawn off. We women worried of course.

END OF PART A WOMEN AND COMMUNITY

MONTAGE TRANSITION INTO B