

I remember when the RCMP officer came and literally manhandled my dad and shoved him onto the back of a pickup truck. And in my child's mind, I was sure that he was going to be taken away to be shot.

We were taken to Hastings Park. And after they registered us, my mother couldn't believe what was happening to us. And what we saw was just unbelievable. Packed rows of those bunk beds and the floors were still filthy with straw and feces. Our bathroom, so to say, was those troughs with running water that the animal waste were washed away. Mother was saying that we were all hungry, but they didn't feed us that night. She had a pound of butter in her suitcase. The only thing she could do to keep my brother from crying from hunger, was to let him lick this butter.

But we stayed there for about a month and we were told that we were going to be transported to a place called Greenwood in the Interior. They sent us to... I think these were abandoned living quarters of the miners who used to live in Greenwood. And it was just filthy. And we were given a little cubicle, for six people where we slept on floors, lined up like sardines. My mother got a really badly censored letter from my father. That's the first time we found out where he was, that he was still alive.