ON THE COVER (front, detail) A hunter and outdoorsman, German-born Carl Rungius (1869–1959) spent most of his career painting in the American and Canadian West and is widely regarded as the preeminent artist specializing in portrayals of wildlife. Trained at the Berlin Art Academy, Rungius emigrated to the West in 1896 in order to paint wildlife and landscapes, and his works illustrated conservation and hunting magazines. In the Foothills (n.d., oil on canvas, 30.25" x 40.25") is one of many paintings Rungius created in the field, as he believed direct observation was necessary to portray big game animals accurately. Courtesy Whitney Western Art Museum, Cody, Wyoming. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Sheerin. 2.72

(back) Japanese woodblock artist and printmaker Ippitsusai Buncho (1755–1791) created numerous actor portraits during the eighteenth century. The ukiyo-e' genre combined portraiture with decorative arts to portray actors, courtesans, and various ceremonies, often taking the form of woodblock prints or silkscreens. Buncho’s The Actor Segawa Kikunojo II as Snow Woman, (ca. 1760–1770, woodblock print) depicts a popular Japanese folklore character, Yuki-Onna—a beautiful spirit being who inhabits the snowy mountains and has the power to cause humans to freeze to death. Snow Woman invariably appears with snow-white skin and wearing a white kimono. Courtesy Montana Museum of Art & Culture, Missoula, Permanent Collection. Gift of Mrs. Clara Jaedicke Jackson.
Contents

SPRING 2020 | VOLUME 70, NUMBER 1

61 The Missing Cemetery of Taft, Montana, the “Wickedest City in America” by Kathleen Woodford

75 IN MEMORIAM

75 MEMBERSHIP

79 REVIEWS Donahue, Where the Rivers Ran Red, reviewed by Steve Adelson | Andersson, A Whirlwind Passed Through Our Country, reviewed by Richmond Clow | Duggan, General Custer, Libbie Custer and Their Dogs, reviewed by Michael Donahue | Jagodinsky and Mitchell, Beyond the Borders of the Law, reviewed by Tim Alan Garrison

90 NOTES

We would like to thank the Friends of the Montana Historical Society for their generous donation of $500 toward the purchase of photographs for Montana The Magazine of Western History. Your contribution is greatly appreciated!

CORRECTION The caption for the Missoula Mercantile photograph on page 52 of the Winter 2019 issue should have read, “The Missoula Mercantile Company, operating out of a deceptively humble storefront, served as a regional hub of economic, social, and political power.”

Some of Taft, Montana’s, many casualties were buried in a graveyard behind the hospital, while others, such as this man, were left where they fell, particularly if they died in winter.

Montana The Magazine of Western History (ISSN 0026-9891) is published quarterly by the Montana Historical Society. Subscriptions are $35 per year or $65 for two years. Foreign orders add $14 per year for postage in U.S. funds. Direct subscription and advertising questions to Business Manager and editorial correspondence to Editor, Publications, Montana Historical Society, 225 N. Roberts St., P.O. Box 201201, Helena, MT 59620-1201. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned without return postage. Authors are responsible for the interpretation in their articles. Articles are abstracted and indexed in Historical Abstracts and America: History and Life, Santa Barbara, CA; Arts & Humanities Citation Index, Institute for Scientific Information, Philadelphia. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. Periodicals postage paid at Helena, MT, and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Montana Historical Society, P.O. Box 201201, Helena, MT 59620.
In November 1915, a well-dressed woman got off the train from Seattle at Whitefish, Montana, accompanied by her husband. Her new home was nicknamed “Stumptown,” although the townspeople had, by then, cleared Central Avenue of tree stumps and laid cement sidewalks. Since its establishment in 1905, Whitefish had quickly become a thriving timber and railway community, and the woman, Aya Hayashi Hori, had just married one of its most prosperous businessmen, Mokutaro Hori.

Aya Hayashi Hori’s arrival in Whitefish was an important crossroad in a long life that began in Japan in 1882 and ended in Montana ninety years later. Over the course of her lifetime she navigated the treacherous terrain of xenophobia, economic instability, and heartache. She embraced the United States as her home yet cherished her Japanese culture, finding a delicate balance that allowed her to both thrive in the United States and, eventually, offer support to other young women from Japan. Aya’s story reveals how historic forces and personal choices shaped an Asian immigrant woman’s experiences in the West.
Aya Hayashi was part of a wave of Japanese women emigrating to the United States at a time when male laborers from Japan were barred from entry. The United States permitted the wives of Japanese men already living in the country to immigrate, and thousands of such women came as “picture brides.” These marriages were an innovative adaptation of traditional arranged marriages when distances precluded a formal meeting before betrothal. The arrival of picture brides transformed the makeup of the Japanese population in the West, as their arrival signaled a long-term commitment to a life in the United States and an end to the highly mobile, bachelor labor force. For the first time, large numbers of Japanese couples put down roots in American communities. The women gave birth to children who were U.S. citizens, and in places like Montana, their day-to-day interactions, however mundane, helped erode deep prejudices against Asians. While their lives should not be measured against the yardstick of wealth and status often associated with the American Dream, they can be characterized by the resilience they showed in the face of legal and social roadblocks.

Aya’s path to the United States began during Japan’s Meiji Restoration, a period of extraordinarily rapid modernization based on Western models. This social, economic, and political transformation between 1868 and 1912 gave Japan a new constitution, an elected parliament, compulsory primary education, new railway and shipping lines, and a modern army and navy. But not every Japanese life improved. National policies favored the Pacific coast region, home to Tokyo, Osaka, and other major centers. Prefectures on the more remote Sea of Japan side of the archipelago nation were compelled to pay higher taxes than they did previously and to fulfill military conscription demands.

Aya Hayashi was born on that less advantaged coast, in Toyama Prefecture, on July 4, 1882. Not much is known about her early life. Her mother died when Aya was young, and she was raised in Tokyo by a strict older sister. Her father may have been a police chief. Aya grew up in a period when the government required girls to be educated and encouraged young people to learn about foreign countries.

This era also was the start of an emigration explosion triggered by the Japanese government’s 1884 decision to allow laborers to work on Hawaiian plantations. Throughout rural Japan, families were losing their farms to debt, unable to absorb new and onerous land taxes levied to help finance industrialization.
and militarization. Sons of destitute farmers saw an opportunity to pay off family debts and dreamed of returning to Japan as rich men. Once in Hawaii, their bosses encouraged them to send for wives, a plan designed to increase the number of field hands while making the labor force more stable. The marriages between picture brides and Japanese plantation workers in Hawaii established a practice of marrying sight unseen. Such marriages would become the primary way Japanese women entered the United States at the start of the twentieth century, when the number of married Japanese women in the United States grew from around four hundred in 1900 to nearly six thousand in 1910. By 1920, there were more than twenty-two thousand married women in the Japanese population in the United States.\(^3\)

In Japan, where arranged marriages had long been the norm, heads of households, with the help of go-betweens, chose the mates for their sons and daughters based on education, wealth, and family lineage; sometimes the bride’s and groom’s families had an understanding of many years that their progeny would one day marry each other. Prospective mates sometimes rejected the choice after a formal meeting, and the parents might make several tries before finding an acceptable match. The outflow of single men to jobs abroad complicated this process. Due to the cost of a trans-Pacific voyage, families exchanged photographs rather than meeting face-to-face, secured promises, and then performed proxy marriages before sending the bride. At times the dockside meetings led to unhappy surprises: hats concealed bald heads, fine suits were borrowed or rented, or an undated older photo showed a more vigorous, unwrinkled self. There was also relief, such as when a bride discovered that “he looks like a nice, quiet man.”\(^4\)

The Japanese government imposed strict regulations on picture bride marriages, wanting to make sure departing brides journeyed to new husbands who were capable of supporting them and, at the same time, controlling emigration numbers so that the United States would not impose restrictions against immigration, an affront that an ascendant Japan sought to avoid. In the early 1900s, if a Japanese man working in the United States could show a bank account or liquid assets of $800 or more, his wife or other relatives might be issued a passport to join him. That sum was more than a laborer’s annual salary, but groups of men pooled their assets and circulated the same eight hundred dollars so that several of them could prove they qualified. For her part, the bride had to be listed on her husband’s official family registry for six months before she could obtain a passport. In 1915, Japan even added the restriction that the bride could not be more than thirteen years younger than her prospective spouse.\(^5\)

Women became picture brides for many reasons. Most had always expected their parents would choose their husbands, and marriage to a man making good money overseas was an attractive option for poor families. Despite the Meiji-era slogan calling on women to be “good wives, wise mothers,” Japanese women worked increasingly outside the home, and, by 1900, comprised 60 percent of Japan’s industrial workforce. Additionally, going abroad freed them from living with or near an overbearing mother-in-law; a notoriously difficult relationship in Japan’s hierarchical family structure. Still, marrying a man who lived across the Pacific was a big step, and a woman willing to go that far increased her marriage prospects. One said that when word got out in her town that she would like to go to a foreign land, marriage offers “came pouring in just like rain!” Many of these brides went to rural areas in the western United States and worked long hours on farms; in urban areas, others labored alongside their husbands in small businesses, such as restaurants, laundries, and markets. Most did not marry prosperous businessmen.\(^6\)

Aya Hayashi had at least two reasons to leave Japan: her mother had died and, according to family members, her sister was overbearing. On the other hand, she also had one year of college, suggesting she had ambitions for her future. When she stepped off the *Canada Maru* at Tacoma, Washington, in 1911 as a picture bride, Aya listed Tanekichi Kimura, a man seventeen years her senior, as her husband on her immigration document. He was a dock merchant who worked with Japanese ships entering Tacoma’s Commencement Bay. To obtain U.S. marriage certificates, it was customary to hold group marriage ceremonies right at the dock, but Kimura whisked her off to the Church of the Holy Communion in Tacoma where Rev. R. H. McGinnis married them that same day.\(^7\)

Just two years later, an autumn squall on Commencement Bay caught Aya’s husband out in a rowboat, on his way to or from a Japanese ship. The
rowboat overturned and he drowned. A newspaper account said he left a wife and a son, but relatives believe it was Kimura’s son by a previous marriage and that Aya never bore children.8

In 1915, the widowed Aya saw an ad asking for a Japanese wife in a West Coast Japanese language newspaper and sent Mokutaro Hori her photograph. He was an esteemed figure in Whitefish, Montana, and was affectionately if inexplicably nicknamed “Swede.” By this time, he had become a successful rancher, produce grower, and restaurateur. When they married, Aya barely knew him. He was forty-two and well established in the local community; she was thirty-three and an outsider with no ties to Montana, making her altogether an unlikely prospect for joining Whitefish’s upper crust.

In some ways, Mokutaro’s story was an earlier echo of Aya’s. Men, like women, left Japan to expand their opportunities. They came to the U.S. mainland because wages were higher than in Hawaii, and because California farms and the railways of the Northwest needed workers. The Northern Pacific Railroad, for example, used emigration agents in Japan to recruit men, giving each a boat ticket, Western clothing, and thirty dollars in cash to prove to immigration officials he was not destitute. A railway liaison would meet the Japanese in Tacoma, Washington, the Northern Pacific’s western terminus, and take them to a hotel prior to their hire. Still, there were hitches. In at least one instance, a contracting manager returned the next morning to find that the Great Northern Railroad had poached his gang. The two railways, both traversing Montana, filled so many section crews with Japanese workers that, by 1900, Montana had the fourth-largest population of Japanese immigrants of any state, at 2,441. These railroad workers made up 10 percent of the state’s total population, and most of them were single men.9

Among these immigrants was the recently widowed Mokutaro Hori from Oita Prefecture on Japan’s southern island of Kyushu, who had emigrated from Japan between 1897 and 1900. He lacked the brawn for railroad work but was able to land a job as a houseboy at the mansion of Kalispell founder Charles Conrad, who had made a fortune in trading, cattle, and banking. Hori was listed as a cook in a 1901 ledger of the Conrad mansion. The large mansion needed a staff of servants, and Conrad’s wife, Alicia (or Lettie as she was known) struggled to keep dependable household help. Mokutaro solved her problem with a Tom Sawyer–like scheme to bring in Japanese students who could provide domestic help. Like railroad laborers, students were a significant part of Japanese emigration in the late 1800s as Japan looked to the West for education. In exchange for the employment, the students paid Hori for the “opportunity” to learn English for a year.10

Conrad rewarded Mokutaro’s industriousness and skill in managing the mansion with a gift of about ten acres of land east of Whitefish. With extra earnings from recruiting and supervising the students, the
young man steadily added to his holdings. In time, he was spending more hours on his farm than at the mansion, and he and Lettie Conrad agreed it was best for him to move on. He kept adding acreage to his farm and, in 1908, he also purchased The Model Cafe on Central Avenue in Whitefish from its Chinese owner.

While Whitefish had a history of hostility toward its Chinese residents—the first edition of the Whitefish Pilot in January 1904 reported a move to transport all Chinese found within the city limits to either Columbia Falls or Kalispell—it had a different relationship with immigrants from Japan. Early in the twentieth century, the Japanese began to overtake the Chinese as the largest Asian immigrant group in the United States. In California, and elsewhere on the West Coast, near-hysterical anti-Japanese fervor in the early decades of the twentieth century led to laws banning Japanese from owning land and efforts to prevent Japanese children from attending public schools. The population of Japanese people in Montana had dwindled as fewer workers were needed for the completed transcontinental railroad, and they did not appear a large or threatening group. In Whitefish, the small community of Japanese railway workers and their families drew scant attention, making their homes near the locomotive roundhouse. They fished in the lake and took part in the town’s celebrations. Their children attended the local schools.

For the Japanese government, this was a pivotal time. It was anxious to avoid the discrimination experienced by the Chinese, who, fleeing poverty and civil strife at home, had set out decades earlier to make their fortunes in the goldfields, initially in California and later in the Northern Rockies. In 1870, when the first official census for Montana Territory was completed, 1,949 Chinese immigrants made up about 10 percent of the population. When gold yields from placer mines started to dwindle, new jobs became plentiful on the railroad. In the early 1880s, the Northern Pacific Railroad, the first transcontinental railroad to pass through Montana, hired 15,000 Chinese laborers to help build the line through Montana, Idaho, and Washington; it was dangerous, backbreaking work.

At that time, these Chinese laborers were the largest group of nonwhite workers immigrating to the United States, although still represented only 4.3 percent of all immigrants—admitted from 1870 to 1880. They provided essential labor, but were widely denigrated as crafty and immoral, a threat to American society and Christian culture, and were paid less than their white counterparts. Discriminatory laws and violent agitators targeted Chinese businesses and communities throughout the 1880s up and down the West Coast and farther inland. A mob destroyed Denver’s Chinatown in the winter of 1880; miraculously, only one man was reported to have died. But in Rock Springs, Wyoming, five years later, white miners armed with shotguns forced Chinese laborers out of the mines, fired at them as they fled, and then set their living quarters ablaze. Between fifty and one hundred people died in the attack.

In Montana, harassment of Chinese was scattered but persistent. A series of state laws targeted Chinese immigrants, including a special tax on Chinese laundries. In 1882, the year Aya was born, the Chinese Exclusion Act prohibited Chinese from becoming naturalized citizens and barred the entry of Chinese laborers. This was the first law in the United States to ban immigration based on race. Soon other legislation added further restrictions, such as requiring certificates of residence and making it difficult for laborers who returned to China to reenter the United States.

Meanwhile, the Japanese immigrant population boomed. Both Japanese immigrant leaders and the government back in Tokyo sought to avoid racial friction and consequent humiliation. Japanese immigrants tried to differentiate themselves from their Chinese predecessors by presenting themselves as more Western in custom and attitude. Immigrant leaders pushed fellow Japanese to adopt American dress, to observe the Christian sabbath as a day of rest, to celebrate American holidays like Independence Day and Thanksgiving, and to use English lettering instead of Japanese characters in large signs. Furthermore, many Japanese immigrants were becoming permanent settlers rather than remaining sojourning fortune seekers.

Northwestern Montana’s white citizenry was largely tolerant of the region’s Japanese residents. In 1908, Whitefish decided to put on a three-day Fourth of July extravaganza, with picnics, boat rides, dancing, and competitions marking the first two days. In a gesture of racial harmony, the third day was given over to the town’s Japanese residents. They showed
imagination and patriotic zeal, bringing Japanese athletes from across the state to put on wrestling matches and jiu jitsu demonstrations. They launched a parade with 250 Japanese lanterns and provided gifts for everybody, putting on a show that people remembered for many years. The Whitefish Pilot declared,

To say that their part in the celebration was a success is putting it altogether too mildly. From east and west, all along the line of the Great Northern, the sturdy little brown men came in for this day, and there were many of them on hand to take part in the events of the day, or as interested spectators. Their arrangements were perfect, their plans were well laid, and everything went off in a manner which reflected the highest credit upon those who had the work in charge. . . . The big carnival was brought to an end by a grand pyrotechnic parade in the evening, which undoubtedly was the best thing in this line ever witnessed in the county. The arrangements for this had also been made by the Japanese, and like everything else with which they were connected, it was pulled off in the most creditable manner.17

That same year, after increasing anti-Japanese agitation in California and San Francisco’s effort to segregate Japanese students by sending them to Chinese schools, the Japanese government took the drastic step of voluntarily restricting emigration to the United States. Japan hoped that this effort to regulate the flow of emigrants might diffuse anti-Japanese sentiment in the United States. According to a series of notes exchanged between the two nations in 1907 and 1908 (known as the Gentlemen’s Agreement), Japan banned laborers from emigrating and issued passports to only certain categories of people, such as merchants, students, diplomats, and tourists. In an important exception, wives were still permitted to emigrate if their husbands were established U.S. residents. Consequently, picture-bride marriages shaped immigration in a period of exclusion. These wives were considered critical to Japanese success and settlement in the United States.18

During this decade, Mokutaro Hori was well on his way to becoming a legend in Whitefish with his truck farm and popular café. He steadily bought more land and “by 1914 had twenty Japanese clearing sixty acres two miles east of Whitefish.” His harvests of potatoes, celery, and other vegetables won prizes at fairs throughout the Northwest. He was a rising businessman with a prosperous future, but he was alone. (His first wife had died in Japan before his departure for the United States, and he had left his daughter to be raised by relatives while he sought his fortune in America.)19 He placed an ad in a West Coast Japanese-language newspaper for a Japanese wife.

Legally, Mokutaro had no option but to find an Asian bride. In 1909, Montana had joined some two dozen states banning interracial marriage.
Some states outlawed marriage between whites and all non-whites, some between whites and blacks, and others specifically prohibited marriage to Asians. Montana’s anti-miscegenation law banned marriages between whites and blacks, Chinese, or Japanese. It pointedly did not include Native Americans, as many white men were already married to Indian women.\(^{20}\)

For the widowed Aya, there was no shortage of single Japanese men whom she might remarry, as women made up just 13 percent of the Japanese residents in the 1910 census. The advertisement from a successful businessman in faraway Montana caught her eye, and she sent him her photograph. The young widow had a beautiful, pensive face, although Mokutaro might have weighed that against her age. She was older than an ideal mate who could give birth to heirs, but they were both versed in setbacks and perhaps ideally suited as partners.

Aya and Mokutaro were married on November 10, 1915, at the Japanese Methodist Episcopal Church in Seattle. He immediately sent a telegram to friends in Whitefish announcing his marriage. The *Whitefish Pilot* reported on the front-page social column, “A telegram was received in the city yesterday by friends of Mr. Hori’s, stating that he and Miss Hayashi, of Seattle, and formerly of Japan, were married and would arrive in Whitefish within a few days. Congratulations will be in order upon their arrival, and hosts of friends here will extend their best wishes for their future happiness.”\(^{21}\)

A week after her arrival, Aya was fêted at a banquet at the Hori Café, an event attended by some forty Japanese guests, many of them employees of her husband. The paper noted, “[A] sumptuous banquet was served to the newlyweds. All of the sakā (*sic*) and

---

Mokutaro Hori owned a profitable produce farm and dairy near Whitefish, in addition to a café and a hotel in town. Here, Aya Hori is shown with prize-winning celery at the Hori farm sometime in the 1920s. Courtesy of Esther Premo and Judy Aya Williamson

---

*Aya and Mokutaro Hori, shortly after their wedding, 1915. They married in Seattle and soon returned to Whitefish, where the Whitefish Pilot announced their arrival and the community’s Japanese population welcomed Aya to Montana.*

Jackson Studio, Seattle, photographer. Courtesy of Neal Kusumoto
other wines, as well the viands, were imported from the Flowery Kingdom, sometimes known as the land of ‘Cherry Blossoms.’ The bride and bridegroom looked very happy and treated their guests in the most loyal manner.”

Aya soon assumed duties as Mokutaro’s business partner. Their first big acquisition as a couple was the purchase of the Hotel Northern on Central Avenue, remodeling it for a grand opening in 1919. Whereas anti-Japanese sentiment continued to rise in much of the United States—especially on the West Coast, where “yellow peril” hysteria was now aimed at Japanese residents—Whitefish locals celebrated their Japanese entrepreneur. In a headline that stretched across all six columns at the top of the front page, the Whitefish Pilot announced, “Hori Hotel Open to Public in a Blaze of Splendor,” and added,

“Magnificent in its appointments and conveniently and superbly equipped for the most modern methods of conducting a first-class hostelry, the Hori Hotel opened its doors. . . . Both windows facing the street are works of art seldom encountered in places the size of this city, and challenge the admiration of everyone. A miniature sylvan dell, consisting of a pond with water flowing into it, ferns and moss and little jagged rocks, will soon provide a home for a quantity of fish that will be placed therein. . . . Throughout the finely finished walls of both the café and the lobby there rest a series of animal heads characteristic of the Rocky mountain region.”

The article described at length the fixtures, fire prevention features, and the various rooms. It concluded that Hori’s enterprise “shows that he has unlimited faith in the future of this city, and it will not be long ere his hostelry will become justly famous for its completeness in detail and the magnificence of its equipment.”

Their café became the most popular in town and made the Horis a publicly prominent couple. Aya could be found sitting in the restaurant late at night doing the books. Mokutaro “Swede” Hori and other Whitefish businessmen, bankers, and local officials met regularly at the café to discuss the future of their town in one of three private rooms at the back of the restaurant, earning them the moniker “The Blue Room Bunch.” Local historian and author Dorothy Johnson noted the Horis’ celebrity status in her memoir, When You and I Were Young, Whitefish:

There were many Japanese in town; we never knew them well because none of them lived near us. Everybody knew M. M. Hori though; he was a big shot businessman who smoked cigars, owned a prosperous truck farm, a hotel and restaurant, and lunched regularly with the bank president and other dignitaries, who nicknamed him “Swede.” His pretty wife was known as ‘the last of the Japanese picture brides,’ and legend said he had imported her after marrying her picture.

Details about the couple’s lives were also described in a series of interviews conducted in the 1990s for the Stumptown Historical Society by another local historian, Mary Tombrink Harris, who spent her early girlhood on the Hori ranch, where her father was manager. From her accounts, the Horis moved comfortably in Whitefish society, atypically straddling the divide between Japanese immigrants and white
Whitefish’s upper crust dined at the formal dining room at the Hori Café, where the elaborately gilded till and safe display the proprietor’s name, M. M. Hori. Aya helped her husband at the café, and the couple were known for their generosity to customers and those in need. Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana, Missoula 81.0442

The Horis employed both Japanese and whites in their business enterprises, including at their café and hotel. Here, two waitresses—both white—work at the café counter, ca. 1920s. Stumptown Historical Society, Whitefish
Americans. They employed both whites and Japanese in the Hori Café. Japanese and non-Japanese laborers worked on the ranch, and local high school students found part-time jobs picking and packing vegetables. But Mokutaro Hori also acknowledged the racial divide by putting whites in most of the front jobs—as cashiers, waitresses, or ranch manager.

The couple also entertained friends in their elegant apartment above the café. Harris described their home: “Stepping into the apartment, the visitor first noted simple cleanliness and sparkling crystal radiating sunlight from well-appointed windows. . . . Although located on busy Central Avenue, draperies and tapestries muffled outside noise so that peace reigned in the apartment. Deep pile rugs added further to the atmosphere of uncomplicated opulence.” Harris was struck by the fact that “both Aya and Mokutaro Hori worked long hours downstairs and in the community, successfully assimilating a Western culture,” yet “the apartment refuge provided a sanctuary where they enjoyed [the] food, furnishings and music of their Japanese homeland.”

In the evening, Aya Hori sat at her desk by the counter and worked on her ledger, waitress Emma Powers Hennessey recounted in an interview. The waitress recalled that late at night, men out on the town made their way to Hori’s for a Japanese-style meal: “Although not listed on the dinner menu, pork, baked in soy sauce, or chicken on noodles were a house specialty. After the bars closed at midnight, their patrons often came to Hori’s for this popular light meal. The noodles were cooked carefully, then stored in water in a large tub until serving time. A small amount was heated briefly in boiling water, meat added, and topped with chopped green onions and sliced hard-cooked eggs. Henry, the Japanese night cook, prepared this delicious dish.”

The Horis earned a reputation for generosity. Aya fed anyone who came to the back door hungry. “Not only was Mrs. Hori a most gracious hostess, she dealt with bums at the back door with the same respect as loyal customers, asking them to come around to the front door and be served at the counter with paying workmen,” Harris wrote. Students often stopped by for a snack after a dance or ball game, and sometimes they didn’t have enough money to pay the bill, but they were never turned away.

While the Horis adapted to Western culture and society, they preserved certain customs from Japan, such as passing down the family name to an adopted heir. It was common in Japan for a couple without sons to adopt the second or third son from another family to inherit the property, a practice that was codified in Japan’s 1898 civil code. In the United States, meanwhile, a number of states were passing alien land laws (California in 1913 and Montana in 1923) that prohibited non-citizens from owning land, so families put property titles in the name of a U.S.-born child. While Mokutaro Hori did not change the ownership of his property, his adoption of a son who was an American citizen may have been a kind of insurance policy.

Their first adoptive son was named Issic (or Isaac), but was known as Ike. Harris noted that he was adopted in the mid-1920s when he was a teenager, but she had no other details about his life prior to the adoption. Ike was a popular athlete at Whitefish High School, although sometimes he faced racial taunts at football games. Photos of him show a young man with

In the late 1920s, Aya and Mokutaro Hori adopted six-year-old Toshio Sakahara, the son of Yasujiro and Isoko Sakahara, who worked at the Hori truck farm, and raised him as their own. Courtesy of Esther Premo and Judy Aya Williamson
a brash and bemused mien, facing the world with carelessness and confidence. Still, his parents objected strongly when a friendship bloomed between Ike and a blonde-haired, blue-eyed high school beauty. Both families vigorously discouraged the relationship, not wanting to challenge the social prohibitions against interracial romance. After graduating in 1926, Ike helped out at the café and hotel but, for reasons that have not been recorded, soon broke with his adoptive parents and left Montana.

The Horis were without an heir. The couple went to Yasujiro and Isoko Sakahara, who worked the Hori truck farm, and asked to adopt one of their four sons. Six-year-old Toshio Sakahara became Toshio Hori and moved in with Aya and Mokutaro.

The 1920s were prosperous years for the Hori business, even as anti-Asian sentiment resulted in the 1924 National Origins Act, which shut down all immigration from Asia. During this period of increased xenophobia, Montana followed other states in passing an Alien Land Law in 1923, stating that “an alien shall not own land or take or hold title thereto.” It stated, however, that an “alien” did not include “one who has in good faith declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States.”

Mokutaro Hori navigated a complicated legal landscape. He had signed a “declaration of intention” to become a citizen in 1902, and renounced allegiance to “Mutsuhito, Mikado of Japan.” That act allowed him to own his Montana property legally, but he never became a citizen. The Naturalization Act of 1790 granted naturalization rights to white immigrants only, and in 1882 the Chinese were specifically denied those rights. Japanese were not named in these laws, but few had citizenship by the turn of the century. In 1906, the U.S. Attorney General ordered federal courts to deny naturalized citizenship to Japanese aliens. Then, in 1922, the Supreme Court ruled in *Takeo Ozawa v. United States* that Japanese were not white and, therefore, not eligible for naturalization. Had Mokutaro Hori applied in the years immediately after arriving in Montana, he might have succeeded. But, by the time Aya arrived in the United States, there was no avenue to citizenship.

At the end of the decade, he fell ill, dying of stomach cancer in 1931 at the age of fifty-eight. The *Whitefish Pilot* ran a two-column article at the top of the front page: “M. M. Hori, Pioneer Japanese Resident, Dies Early Saturday.” It praised him for contributing to the growth and welfare of Whitefish: “He was ready and willing to do his full part, and more, toward any project that looked to the common good.” In his will, Mr. Hori donated five lots to the city of Whitefish, which were sold to fund a new City Hall. A plaque at City Hall pays tribute to the couple “for their community interest, support, and generous gift of real estate to the city of Whitefish.” He also bequeathed one month’s salary to every employee who had worked for him for the six months preceding his death, and he made donations to the Presbyterian
and Methodist churches, the local chamber of commerce, and a list of relatives and other individuals. On November 24, 1931, the day of his funeral, Whitefish businesses closed as a sign of respect.34

Aya was once again a widow, and still a non-citizen immigrant, but initially her place in Whitefish's society sustained her. The ranch and farm were in the capable hands of manager John Tombrink and the Sakahara family, allowing Aya to focus on overseeing the café and hotel. “During the 11 years after her husband and business partner’s death, when Mrs. Hori managed the business, she maintained quality control as demonstrated by purchases: prawns from coastal companies, Morrell hams, local lamb, quality window treatment, exquisite gifts,” a local historian recalled. Aya Hori was an integral member of the community, even hosting the wedding reception for Whitefish High School principal Ralph Tate and his bride, Helen Jones, who recalled, “With Japanese students serving the delicate refreshments, and Mrs. Hori giving us a beautiful hand-painted china plate, the occasion was indeed memorable.”35 She continued to entertain community members in her apartment above the café.

At the same time, Aya maintained Japanese customs. After Mokutaro’s death, she erected a Buddhist shrine in her apartment, placing flowers and rice dishes daily to honor him, a practice that confused her non-Japanese guests because she was a member of the Presbyterian church.36 She also made a visit to Japan with teenaged Toshio, and while there she visited her husband’s grown daughter from his first marriage.

In 1940, Toshio graduated from high school and entered the University of Washington in Seattle. Just over a year later, the Japanese military bombed Pearl Harbor. As the smoke poured from mangled battleships on December 7, 1941, Japanese Americans across the United States became targets of retribution. In Montana, suspicion and harassment were immediate. Japanese workers on a Northern Pacific section crew were threatened with lynching by fellow crew members. Billings police arrested a Japanese man for attempting to board a train to return home to Livingston, while workers at the Milwaukee Road railway shop and yard in Miles City refused to work until six Japanese employees were forced to return to their homes. In the following months, whites boycotted Japanese-owned businesses, and some threw rocks through windows of Japanese shops.37

Some Japanese Montanans found neighbors and friends rallying in support; others would never recover. In Wolf Point, Tom Kurokawa’s café was shut down briefly while the FBI looked into his background. While the investigation was going on, the regulars—railroad men, farmers, other businessmen—checked to make sure that Tom and his son, Jim, were all right. Jim remembered, “It worked out fine. My dad was well respected. Nobody even so much as broke a window.” In contrast, Joe Kusumoto, a gang foreman for the Great Northern Railway, was told he could either leave the railroad or stay and work as a menial laborer. His son, Heloshi Kusumoto, recounted:

He had a family to raise, and he went to work as a section laborer in Essex, Montana, which is up by Glacier Park. Well, eventually, I think
it was what really killed him. Shortly thereafter he had a stroke and he was never the same man again. You know, it just took everything out of him, because he’d had that job for so many years, and to go back and work as a laborer, that’s pretty hard to take.38

The shock of the Pearl Harbor attack and sensationalist rumors that Japanese Americans were communicating with enemy vessels near the U.S. mainland led to calls for their removal. In 1942, President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, authorizing the Secretary of War to prescribe military zones and clearing the way for the forced relocation and incarceration of all Japanese Americans on the West Coast. Some 120,000 people of Japanese descent were sent to camps surrounded by barbed wire and overseen by armed guards; two-thirds of them were U.S. citizens. Montana was not designated a military zone, so the Japanese in the state were not included in the roundup. Fort Missoula, however, became one of the first detention centers and eventually held about one thousand Japanese men from the West Coast along with an equal number of Italians who had been on merchant ships at U.S. ports when their vessels were impounded.39

Aya’s deep ties to Whitefish and the respect she’d earned among locals initially shielded her from harm, but the prominent Japanese business in the center of town was eventually too much for hot-headed men looking for revenge. Art LaBrie, part owner of Art & Ernie’s Fountain Lunch in Whitefish, described what happened in the spring of 1942:

The day that that bunch came, pretty near raided the place, [and] broke everything up. They just ruined the place. The next morning, I was in the back of my place . . . and she says, “I have to close up.” I said, “What’s the matter, Mrs. Hori? Can I help you?” . . . Those boys came back and they were hot. “They told me, close em up.” So, she says, “You come and I give you everything I’ve got, bacon, salt, sugar—I’ve got everything. You

Under Executive Order 9066, Japanese Americans were evacuated from the West Coast and held at internment camps. About one thousand Japanese men were sent to Fort Missoula. Montana’s Japanese population was not detained, but anti-Japanese backlash forced many Japanese-owned businesses—including the Hori Café—to close. Above, Japanese detainees in Los Angeles prepare to depart for Owens Valley, April 1942.

can have it all.” I says, “Mrs. Hori I want to pay you.” She says, “No pay. No pay.” That’s when she closed.40

Aya was frightened into a hasty sale and received only a fraction of what the business was worth, according to Harris. Two months later, on May 29, the Whitefish Pilot ran a front-page story: “Helena Man to Take Over Hori Business June 1.” The last sentence in the brief story read, “Mr. Smith also stated that all help in both hotel and café will be American.” The advertisement for the renamed Lake Café in June noted that it was formerly Hori’s, but added, “All Union, White, Service” making the abrupt shift in local attitudes explicit. With wartime restrictions and shortages, however, the business did not thrive, and the building was sold a couple years later.41

Fear and intimidation also forced other Japanese-owned businesses across Montana to close. In Hamilton, Frank Mihara’s cafe was briefly shut down by the federal government and allowed to reopen after an investigation. But the following June, the Ravalli Republican reported that the café had been leased by two women who renamed it Victory Café and “wish[ed] it to be known that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mihara, operators of the restaurant for many years, will no longer be connected with its management and that it will be strictly a white restaurant with only white help employed.” In the spring of 1942, Toshio and some four hundred other Japanese American college students were forced out of the University of Washington, most to join their families in internment camps. Toshio returned to Whitefish to work on the Hori ranch.42

In 1944, draft notices started going out to Japanese Americans, even to those held in internment camps. After receiving his draft notice, Toshio Hori served in army intelligence in the Pacific theater, where he translated Japanese documents. After Japan’s surrender, he served as an interpreter in the department of the judge advocate of the Occupation Army. He wrote to his mother, describing the bombed cities and lack of food, clothing, and shelter, and added, “I don’t think that one can realize how fortunate America is until he has a chance to visit Japan.”43

During the war, Aya had moved into a small house a couple of blocks away from her old apartment above the café. Although she was no longer a wealthy woman, she continued to help other Japanese who needed food or lodging. According to Harris, Aya “strived to maintain an equilibrium around her when many friends turned [against the Japanese] and her countrymen took refuge in the mountains to avoid Caucasian hatred during the war. Acquaintances saw only a straightened back and more tightly pursed lips as this gentle lady continued to emanate grace under unimaginable pressure.”44

The end of the war brought a positive turn to Aya Hori’s life. Recently widowed Jiro “Jim” Masuoka of Kalispell, an oiler and brasser for the Great Northern Railway, courted her, and the couple married on February 22, 1949. Aya and Jiro welcomed friends and family to their Kalispell home, where Aya always had sandwich makings handy for anyone hungry who appeared at the door.45 The Masukas had several cabins on their property and rented them out, often to Japanese bachelors.

Another turn in Aya’s life related to the changes in immigration law following the war. The total exclusion of Asians began to crumble, first with the admission of small numbers of Chinese immigrants starting in 1943 because China was an ally of the
United States in the war. But the bigger force behind the change in immigration was love. U.S. servicemen stationed overseas were dating local women and wanting to bring them home as wives. This was easier for servicemen in Europe and Australia. The War Brides Act of 1945 expedited visas for the more than 100,000 British brides and 16,000 Australian and New Zealand women married to U.S. servicemen during and immediately after the war. Japanese were not included, because the 1924 National Origins Act blocked Asian immigration. Some servicemen stationed in Japan for the Occupation lobbied their congressmen for help, making the argument that, like their counterparts in Europe, they should be allowed to marry whom they chose. Congress passed hundreds of private bills that allowed individual Japanese women married or affianced to Americans to enter the country.

Permission continued in this patchwork fashion until 1947, when President Truman signed a bill that gave U.S. servicemen a thirty-day window to complete paperwork that allowed them to marry and bring Japanese wives to the United States. The Japanese American Citizens League had lobbied for the bill on behalf of the many Nisei (second-generation Japanese Americans) serving in the Occupation who wanted to bring home Japanese wives. According to a newspaper account, 831 couples navigated this administrative strait. The Associated Press reported that nearly 600 of the U.S. servicemen were Nisei, 15 were black, and the rest were white. Among them was Aya Hori’s son, Toshiyo, who married Yoko Yamaoka in that brief opening. In 1948, he brought her home to Whitefish, where they lived for about a year before settling in Washington state.

Finally, in 1952, the outright exclusion of Asians came to an end, although a complete lifting of racial restrictions would not be accomplished until 1965. The Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, also known as the McCarran-Walter Act, permitted limited immigration from Asia under a quota system and eliminated race as a basis for naturalization. Aya Hori Masuoka wasted no time in applying for citizenship and became a U.S. citizen on June 11, 1953, at the age of seventy. That same year, Montana’s legislature overturned its 1909 anti-miscegenation law that had made it illegal for whites to marry Japanese, Chinese, or blacks. John “Jack” Schiltz (R-Yellowstone) and co-sponsor Scott Pfohl (R-Park) cited the 1942 Takahashi case, in which a white widow could not inherit because her husband was Japanese. Schiltz said that many servicemen were bringing home “Oriental wives and children” who could not inherit from their husbands and fathers. That pragmatic reason for dismantling the law, he said, resulted in a unanimous vote in the House, and near unanimity in the Senate.

Often overlooked in the history of Asian immigration to the United States, Japanese war brides comprised the largest group of Asian immigrants in the 1950s and early 1960s. More than thirty thousand settled in small towns across the country by 1959;
another fifteen thousand Japanese women arrived by 1964. For Aya, it must have been startling at first to see the young Japanese brides and their white husbands in the Flathead Valley, as so many of her choices had been limited by racial segregation. While the arrival of picture brides in the early 1900s had been an exception at a time when the country’s aim was to exclude Asians and reinforce segregation, the admission of war brides in the 1950s was a shift toward inclusion.

War brides expected to become full-fledged American citizens, to raise children who only spoke English, and to be part of America’s social fabric, but the transition to life in Montana was not always easy. Many of the Japanese women who married Montana men were unprepared for its vast, empty spaces and long, harsh winters. Some were from Japan’s tropical island prefecture of Okinawa or from densely populated Japanese cities. In and around Kalispell, the war brides quickly found one another and often made their way to Aya Hori Masuoka.

In her seventies, Aya became a mother figure for many newly arrived Japanese women, someone they could turn to for advice as they adjusted to their new lives in the United States. Aya welcomed the young women into her home, where she had stocked her kitchen with Japanese culinary basics—bonito shavings for broth, seaweed, soy sauce, rice, and dried matsutake mushrooms. Familiar foods and the Japanese aesthetics reflected in the Masuokas’ furnishings put the women at ease and soothed a little of their homesickness. In this way, Aya also showed them that they did not have to relinquish all of their Japanese identity as they became Americans.

Dale Burk, a well-known Montana journalist and author, had married Wakako Kondo in 1957 during his Navy tour in Japan, and he brought her home to the Flathead Valley two years later. He hoped that introducing Wakako (nicknamed Katie) to other Japanese Americans in Montana would be helpful, so he reached out to the Masuokas. Burk believed that an association with them would help Katie make the transition to living in Montana. Aya, Katie, and other
Japanese war brides met monthly, and one of Burk’s photos appeared in the *Daily Inter Lake* newspaper with a caption that said, “Mrs. Masuoka knows the loneliness and the strangeness of becoming accustomed to America ways. . .” Burk remembered, “[The Masuokas] saw the social and cultural needs and they stepped in, offering . . . advice, or lending emotional and sometimes financial support to many of these war brides. Some had a feeling of alienation. That’s why the nurturing was so important to them.”

More importantly, Aya was a model of survival and success in a rural community that was not always accepting of outsiders. In that way, she bridged the two cultures and helped the younger generation of women build lives for themselves in the Flathead Valley as Japanese Americans.50

After Jiro died in 1964, Aya moved in with her longtime friends Kenji and Miyeko Sakahara in Whitefish. The Sakahara family had run the Hori truck farm for decades, and Kenji was the blood brother of Aya’s adopted son, Toshio, who visited every summer. The Sakaharas consolidated their three girls in one bedroom of their four-bedroom house and gave Aya her own room. Teenager Gail drove her mother and Aya on their errands, although she could not follow their conversations, which were in Japanese. When Aya could no longer be cared for at home, she moved to Kalispell’s Immanuel Lutheran Home, where her regular visitors included Wakako (Katie) Burk and her daughter, Kathleen. “Today is the day to see Mrs. Masuoka,” Kathleen recalled her mother saying. “It was something to look forward to. She was like a Japanese grandmother figure to us. The anchor that Aya provided, for my mom, was a very important part of her own daily life.”51

Aya Hori Masuoka died in 1972, at the age of ninety. A simple granite marker in Kalispell’s Conrad Memorial Cemetery records her passage. Aya’s story is not the familiar one of immigrant success despite the odds; that belongs to her husband, Mokutaro “Swede” Hori. Her story speaks more to the profound resilience exhibited by many immigrants in the face of America’s ambivalent, ever-shifting views of foreign newcomers, especially Asians, in the first half of the twentieth century. In a life stretching from the era of picture brides through that of war brides, her experiences also point to the significant role immigrant women played in shaping American attitudes, a role often obscured by men’s more visible achievements. Throughout that time, Aya remained a gracious Japanese lady, but also pledged allegiance as an American citizen and made her home in Montana. She demonstrated that becoming American did not require her to forsake her heritage. In her relentless capacity to make the best of her immigrant circumstances, she forged a full life.

With its reversals of fortune and multiple new beginnings, Aya’s life is a true American story.

Kathryn Tolbert is a journalist with the *Washington Post*. She co-directed the documentary film *Fall Seven Times, Get Up Eight: The Japanese War Brides* and created an oral history archive of the stories of Japanese war brides and their families at *www.warbrideproject.com*.

49. Two guidebook writers, W. W. Wylie and Herman Haupt, stated this to have been the case, and in part two of our complete book we have also mentioned “grand-daddy’s” (a stagecoach driver’s) 1885 anecdote of seeing very few animals on the park’s main roads that year. W. W. Wylie, Yellowstone National Park, Or the Great American Wonderland (Kansas City: Ramsey, Millett, and Hudson, 1882), 85; and Herman H. Haupt Jr., The Yellowstone National Park (St. Paul: J. M. Stoddert, 1885), 171.


53. Grinnell’s little-known account is [George B. Grinnell], “Through Two-Ocean Pass,” Forest and Stream 24 (Jan. 29, 1885): 3–4. See also editions of Feb. 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, 19, 26, and April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30. This author is at work on an extended biography of George Rea.


56. A prominent one was Milton P. Skinner in “The Predator and Fur-Bearing Animals of the Yellowstone National Park,” Roosevelt Wild Life Bulletin 4:2 (June 1927): 2–10. The much longer story about the continued (and misplaced) public devotion to the idea that during the great slaughter of western wildlife the animals were “pushed back up into the mountains” from the plains is also debunked if not completely destroyed in The History of Mammals, vol. 2.

57. Schullery and Whittlesey, “The Documentary Record of Wolves,” 1–21. Some scientists might raise an eyebrow at our uncommon methods, but those at the Yellowstone Center for Resources at YNP have reviewed and approved our work.

A Japanese Picture Bride in Montana (TOLBERT)


7. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census, Sixteenth Census of the United States: 1940, Population Schedule, Whitefish City, Ward 2, sheet 9A, 178 (AncestryLibrary.com); Aya might also have been widowed once in Japan, as a “w” was marked on her 1911 U.S. marriage certificate, although relatives wonder if that was an error in her ability to understand English on her first day in the United States. Parish registers for the Church of the Holy Communion, vol. 2, Diocese of Olympia Archives, Tacoma, WA, 135; ibid.


A Japanese bride in Montana. Courtesy Esther Premo and Judy Aya Williamson

Betty Schafer and Mable Engelter, Stump Town to Ski Town: The Story of Whitefish, Montana (Whitefish: Stumptown Historical Society, 2003), 35.


Schafer and Engelter, Stump Town to Ski Town, 183.


Harris Interviews.

Ibid.

Eighteenth Legislative Assembly, State of Montana, Session Laws, Chapter 58, 123–24.


Harris Interviews.

Ibid.

Ibid.


Harris Interviews.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Telling of Sad Conditions There,” (Helena) Independent Record, Aug. 4, 1946.

Harris Interviews.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Ibid.

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

Ibid.

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

Ibid.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Ibid.

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

“Ibid.”

$9.99