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NISEI LYCÉE
ANNUAL



TASHME CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES

TASHME, B.C.

1944

The Principal's Message

It is just a year ago since we started out on this adventure of gaining an education under rather difficult circumstances. Together we have overcome many of those difficulties; together we have learned through that experience many more lessons than are contained between the covers of our text books. We have learned together that he who sets out to accomplish that which ought to be has, on his side, unseen forces.

Who did not question in his heart whether, after all, we were not foolish to start out on this adventure? Was it practicably possible for three students to use one set of materials? Could we cover in three hours at night that which other students in Canada had the best hours of the day to study? Could eighty or ninety boys and girls, after being out of school for a year, develop the necessary self-discipline to work in groups with comparatively little supervision? Even our best plans seemed hopelessly inadequate.

Yet how fortunate it was that the urgency of the situation drove us to attempt that which seemed almost impossible. Now we know that, for those who march forward though there seems no path ahead, the way opens. For such a one there are unexpected turns in the road, unexpected friends to help him on his way.

Fire partly destroyed our classrooms but the men in the mess hall gladly lent us their long dining room tables around which to study. One month before examinations we were in desperate need of help. To our surprise and delight, Dr. Black sent us an unknown friend, Miss Ellen Brown, to help us. Once again in the fall, although without another teacher a great part of the year's work could not be covered, we went ahead with our plans. Late one evening, just two days before the date set for the opening of our night school, Mr. Best arrived in Tashme.

Hence, we say, it is safe to trust. That which ought to be has the universe on its side. God does not let us down. There is goodness in the heart of man and in the heart of God on which you and I may rely. Browning spoke in these words of one who had learned that lesson:

*"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."*

Our universe is made this way; right finally triumphs, evil, finally, destroys itself. He who chooses the highest and the best succeeds not because of anything in himself but because God and the universe are on his side.

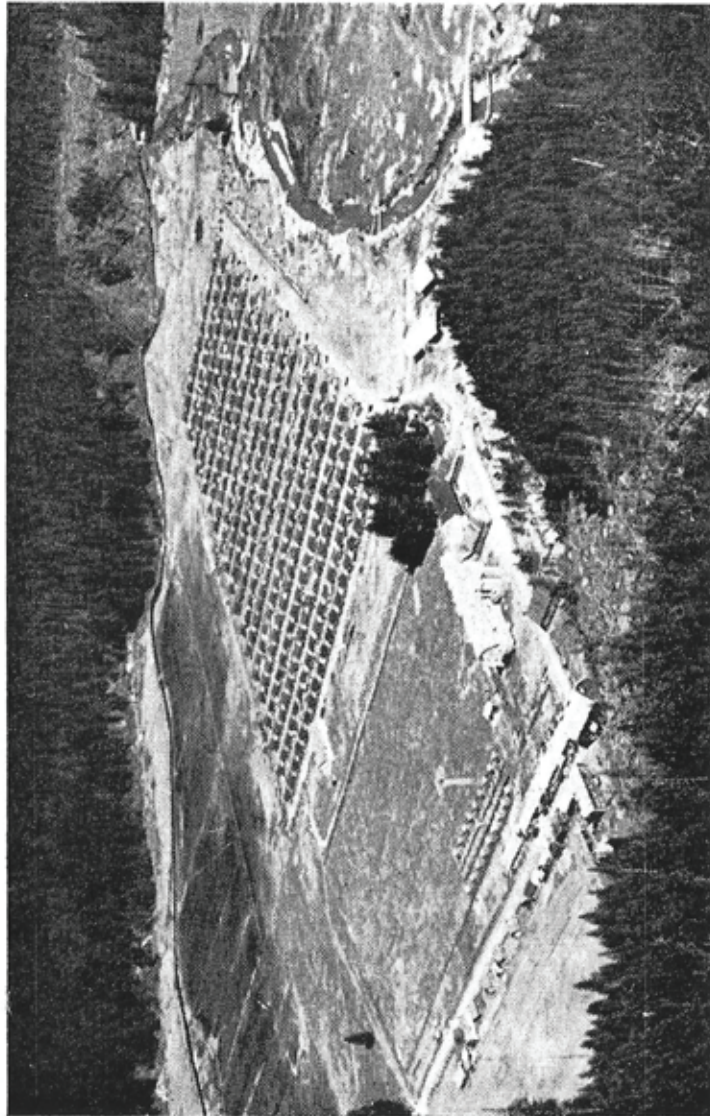
If through the experiences of this last year, you and I have come to understand, though dimly, these things how fortunate we are! How grateful we should be!

MAY McLACHLAN.



*This Annual is dedicated to Reverend
W. R. McWilliams and to all those
concerned who took the initiative in
organizing the Tashme Correspondence
Classes.*





By Courtesy of "The New Canadian"

Tasbyme, B.C.

President's Message

A year has gone by since the School first came into existence, but its growth and development during that brief period should bring a satisfying glow of pride to us; for it has been essentially through the co-operative spirit of the student body as a whole that the School has been able to progress so rapidly.

To many of us, the hope of ever returning to a regular school was reluctantly cast aside with the Evacuation. Some had been studying individually at home through correspondence courses but these provided a not too exciting alternative to us who had never before been taught in such a way.

The timetable of a modern school constitutes not only the three "R's" but also many extra-curricular activities. And so it was to be in our School. At the beginning of the present term, each of the six classes comprising the School elected a boy and a girl representative to form the Students' Council. This Council includes an Executive body having a President, Associate-President, and a Secretary-Treasurer, and various Departments; namely, the Administrative Department, the Music Appreciation Department, the Social Department, the Sports Department, and the board of the School Annual. These, together with the two teachers as advisers, have unselfishly devoted much of their time and effort towards the welfare of the School and therefore deserve high praise.

Needless to say, we have had to cope with several difficulties and discomforts, which, to some extent, have been improved. However, as the functioning of the School is still far from perfect, we must strive for further improvements, especially with regard to conduct and discipline, two important factors governing our success or failure. In a school of this sort—under such abnormal conditions—it is an easy matter for us to slacken down on our studies, having no hickory stick to stir us up. There the danger lies. More than ever before the individual student must realize his own responsibility; more than ever before must he realize that it is up to himself to accomplish anything worthwhile.

Now as another term nears the end, let us look forward to the succeeding one which promises greater things to come. But, with it, undoubtedly, there will arise newer problems—problems we will tackle with strong confidence in our school motto: "CONSTANTIA OMNIA VINCIT."

VIC KADONAGA, *President.*





Back Row: Miss M. McLachlan, G. Watanabe, T. Katsuno, T. Koyanagi, K. Oiye, Mr. E. Best.
 Front Row: R. Mori, T. Sasaguchi, M. Yasunaka, J. Yano, V. Kadonaga, G. Machida, C. Mitobe.



Back Row: H. Okawara, H. Hatanaka, K. Kadonaga, Mr. E. Best.
 Front Row: J. Shino, F. Sasaki, A. Oye, M. Oki, R. Mori, M. Matsumura, A. Shimizu.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

President - - - - - VIC KADONAGA
 Associate President - - - - - JOSIE YANO
 Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - MIYEKO YASUNAKA

Administrative

Vic Kadonaga	Tatsuo Koyanagi
Taeko Sasaguchi	Josie Yano
Grace Machida	Tony Katsuno

Extra-curricular

Social Convener - - - - -	Kazuo Oiye
Assistant Social Convener - - - - -	Grace Machida
Music Convener - - - - -	Taeko Sasaguchi
Boys' Sports Convener - - - - -	George Watanabe
Girls' Sports Convener - - - - -	Chiyoe Mitobe
Editor-in-Chief - - - - -	Reggie Mori

Advisors

MISS M. McLACHLAN MR. E. BEST
 JAMES SHINO—Newly-elected Representative for Class 6.

STAFF OF ANNUAL

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Reggie Mori
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Mary Oki
BUSINESS MANAGER	Martha Matsumura
SOCIAL EDITOR	Amy Shimizu
MUSIC EDITOR	Asako Oye
ART & PUBLICITY EDITOR	Hideo Okawara
LITERARY EDITORS	Fumi Sasaki, James Shino
HUMOR EDITORS	Kazuo Kadonaga, Harley Hatanaka
SPONSOR	Mr. E. Best





« « EDITORIAL » »

Before our evacuation from the coast, we, the Canadian-born Japanese were enjoying Canadian-life. In towns up-to-coast, in settlements on Vancouver Island, and in cities on the Lower Mainland, we were attending school and also taking part in many other activities.

On December 7, 1941, the horrors of war came right to our very hearts. Our education was hampered, we were frustrated, and we were uprooted from our home-life. Some were compelled because of the unfaith and prejudice of the community to leave their homes earlier than others. They were placed in the Hastings Park Manning Pool and had a trying time studying in the improvised school established there. Others, more fortunate, were able to finish their grades at their respective schools in Vancouver.

The real evacuation from the coast was in progress. Arriving at Tashme, we were confronted with the problem of education. There was no school, no teachers, and, therefore, no hope of furthering our education. Then the United Church of Canada, with Reverend W. R. MacWilliams as the champion of the cause, came to the fore. A night school was organized. Now, those who were seriously minded enough to continue their education, received this chance. Those who enrolled had the courage to seek a higher education in spite of the hardships already experienced by the war, of the darkness of the future with its many pitfalls and uncertainties, of the fact that their companions were gainfully employed while they had to study, and of the difficulties of studying by a new method of learning—from correspondence instruction payers.

We are now in our third semester at the Tashme Correspondence Classes. Although the school activities are more flexible, we are still studying under difficulties. There is a lack of educational facilities, but despite this obstacle, we are all fixed with one determination—to further our education.

This term is being marked more noticeably by another evacuation for many of our students. They are being relocated in Eastern Canada, where they can again get back to normal life and study in regular, established schools. Each month our number diminishes, but we will not falter. Those who remain will carry high the torch of education and let shine brightly the radiant light to assist the struggling ones behind.



SKATING PARTY

A skating party was held at the lake on January 28th. Some of the folks, looking forward to some smooth ice-skating, were very much disappointed upon their arrival, for the lake was blanketed with clean, white, crisp, snow which was untouched. But we did not give up at this point.

Instead, the ambitious boys co-operated to make a spacious area for their one and only game of hockey. While the boys were in the middle of their exciting game, the girls struggled industriously for a clearing. Finally, having cleared the snow, the girls skated around with much satisfaction. Some of them could be seen doing graceful-swan dives, forward nose dives (ah-hum, into the snow), or skating backwards. (They'll become Sonja Henies in 19??).

Gathering around the promising glow of fire, we satisfied our hunger, chatted, and also, roasted weiners which all added to the fun.

Before it grew too late, we once again skated around the lake. Then returning to the fire, we turned up our vocal chords for a few more songs.

Bound for home, we merrily tramped back to our town, Tashme, with its smoke rising and curling high into the evening mist. It was a strenuous, but a wonderful afternoon, and it happened to be our last touch of the ice for the season.



LEAP YEAR MIXER

The first mixer of the year was held on February 26th. It proved an even greater success than the hard-working committee had expected it to be.

Everyone was given a program card, on which was an appropriate cover design, marked for the special occasion. The evening opened with the Grand March, which became a smooth version of Fox-trotting and an occasional Jiving for some who were in the mood. (Did you notice Mits W. and Dutchy? How they can swing it!) Apparently the first-half of the dance was not as lively as it should have been for there were quite a number of "wallflowers." The dinner-dance was a ladies' choice, but was not successful. It being Leap Year the girls had a grand opportunity of making a big hit with that certain boy (?) but they refused to take full advantage of this fact. (Gosh—they must be too young or too old!! How about it girls?) However, the mighty males proved to have far more backbone.

After eighty people had polished off their appetites, we were soon well on our way with joy and laughter into such games as "Maggie and Jiggs," "Pandemonium," "Cinderella Race," etc., which highlighted the events of the evening. (How funny were Tats H. and Ritz O., the winners in the "Maggie and Jiggs" hunt!)

At their dancing practices held before this event, the Grade Niners were dead or more or less inactive. But, came the night of the School Mixer, it was

a different story altogether; especially after the refreshments. (I guess the old saying that an army travels on its stomach is true!) Once the music started, there was no chance of stopping the hilarious Grade Niners and others as well for, by now, even the shyest ones were tempted onto the floor by the lure of swing and sway. (Were some of them shy or was it just a matter of getting up courage?) As the hours slipped by, everyone got into the groove and could have danced far into the night. (Who was that certain gentleman from Class 5, trying so industriously to learn some new steps from the commercial teachers. Can you imagine—he spent practically his whole evening at that, too!)

Special novelty numbers; such as, ladies' choice, lemon passing, elimination dances, etc., added to the enjoyment of the well-balanced dance program. The Grade Nine girls took advantage of the mad free-for-all ladies' choices

Special thanks again go to our social committee who worked ever so hard to make the evening extremely successful.

* * * * *

It is the plan of the Social Committee to sponsor a big school party in June. This will take place after the students have written their final examinations and before they throw aside their books and rest for the summer holidays.

AMY SHIMIZU.



Wealthy Grandpa?

Wife: "What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?"

Hubby: "I just wanted to get him used to kissing his grandfather."

* * * * *

Two Tashme carpenters, Harley and Tats, were busy plastering tar-paper on the sides of a Tashme home when they came across a plank that had several holes in it.

Harley: "Hey, Tats, what are those holes for?"

Tatsuo: "Why, those are knot holes."

Harley: "If they are not holes, then what are they?"

* * * * *

Judge: "Do you challenge any of the jury?"

Defendant: "Well, I think I can lick that little guy on the end."

* * * * *

Hippo: "Somebody just told me that you looked like me!"

James: "Yeh, where is he? I'll sue him! I'll give him a good beating!!"

Hippo: "Don't bother; I've already done it!"

* * * * *

Yukie: "I thought you told me you had algebra down cold."

George: "Well, didn't I get a zero in it?"



Back Row: G. Kudo, J. Funamoto, G. Watanabe, Y. Nakamura, A. Arai, F. Yamamoto, V. Kadonaga, A. Kudo, H. Heike, T. Omotani, H. Sakuma.

Front Row: R. Mori, K. Nakamura, K. Kawashita, Y. Nikaido, K. Imai, I. Kudo, K. Yamamoto, S. Nagai, M. Matsumura, G. Machida, M. Yasunaka, T. Sasaguchi.

PERSONALS

CLASS ONE

VIC KADONAGA—Popular, versatile Council president; largely responsible for the success of our school activities; a vigorous Assistant Scout Master; a music addict; plays the harmonica a la mode; hails from Kitsilano.

KUNIKO KAWASHITA—Formerly from 'way up Ocean Falls; a veteran on the "88'er" (piano to us); her pleasant laughter helps her to keep in good spirit to handle those Gr. 1 hopefuls.

YOSHIKO NIKAIIDO—She with the friendly smile is formerly a Maple Ridge High student; likes reading short stories; favourite sport: basketball; flaming desire: to finish high school.

TSUNEO OMOTANI—(Kitsilano)
Shy and modest though he be
Smiling "Tsuny" you will see;
Studying hard in Health and Maths,
With high marks, this June, he'll pass.

MARY OYE—Definitely the career-girl type; at present just a "school marm"; pet peeve: Grade Eight kids; hobby: sleep; idolizes the "Duke"; from Philip Sheffield Memorial High.

KIMIYO YAMAMOTO—Prefers Bing to Sinatra; pet aversion: mice!; ambition: school teacher; secret ambition: to play the boogie like Hazel Scott; pet saying: "At Victoria High where I came from —"

MIYEKO YASUNAKA—Secretary-treasurer of the Students' Council; hails from Grandview High where she picked up her secretarial training; favourite sport: grass hockey; pastime: reading long novels by E. G. Eberhart.

PERSONALS

CLASS TWO

- HAROLD HEIKE**—A former Van-Tech student, Harold is that big, brawny, athletic type. Chief interests: ski-ing, ice-skating, basketball. Future: ditch-digger.
- KIYOKO IMAI**—A girl in green who radiates both fun and laughter. Has a natural reservoir of smiles. Ambition: I dunno? Future: Ahmm!
- ARTHUR KUDO**—Art knows that "The way to a woman's heart is through her stomach." (Well, it's Leap Year, isn't it?) Boy, can he cook! And girls, have you noticed his cute dimple when he smiles?
- GEORGE KUDO**—Grade XI's chief source of fun and laughter. His dancing leaves any girl breathless! Interested in Japanese popular music, basketball, school (?), and his horses. Ambition: Medicine.
- IRENE KUDO**—Irene's naturally wavy hair is the envy of all the girls. She is kept busy between sewing classes and night school. Favourite expression: "Oh, my French." Intends to become a nurse. Ex-K. H. S.
- MARTHA MATSUMARA**—Know the quiet lass in our class, who has the makings of a smart little business Miss? That's Martha Matsumara! But don't run away you hep-cats, 'cause she can sure cut a neat rug.
- YUTAKA MIZUGUCHI**—"Lanky"—Ambition is to become a Radio Technician. Pet peeve is to have to do homework. Formerly from Richmond High.
- REGGIE MORI**—"Ahem, may I have your attention please?" Reggie loves labour (?). Class 2's representative and editor-in-chief of Annual. A swell fella even in the worst sense of the word. Interested in judo and ice-skating.
- HARVEY MORITSUGA**—The polite boy in our class. Likes French, baseball, reading, and dancing. Popular with the girls. An Ex-Kitsie.
- SADDIE NAGAI**—Hep to all the latest Hit Parade wails. Sinatra addict too? Has the merriest laugh. "'Tis music! Uh-huh." Also has her own trademark. Comes a correspondence paper in your way spilled with lovely blue polka dots, you bet! That's it!
- KAZ NAKAMURA**—This very quiet and very earnest young man is progressing in his technical course which was begun at Van-Tech. Skilled in art, he is ambitiously planning to become an architect.
- MASA SAITO**—Seldom seen around the class rooms. Known for his soft half-whispering voice. Formerly from Mission City.
- HAROLD SAKUMA**—Harold is a great reader, which probably accounts for some of the startling answers he gives in Social Studies. Has a deep baritone voice which booms through the class, even when he's whispering (?) across to George.
- TAEKO SASAGUCHI**—Meet "Ty," our music convener. A budding young musician; we have high hopes for her, especially after listening to her "tickle the ivories" (piano). Hails from Ocean Falls.
- TAMOTSU SUGIYAMA**—Hailing from King Edward High, this quiet, reserved lad is very studious. Ambition: Radio Technician.
- FUJIO YAMAMOTO**—Good old "Fudge," hails from Grandview Commerce. An avid follower of Walter Winchell; we see him as our favourite Nisei news-reporter of 19??.

PERSONALS

CLASS THREE

- JUNSO FUNAMOTO**—Our "Einstein" from Van-Tech. A very tolerant character. Master of rhetoric and logic. Believer in world brotherhood. Hobby: listening to good music. Pet saying: "That's silly."
- MINORU HAGINO**—"Never dull moment Hagino," our future Sherlock Holmes is forever saying, "Most baffling." Hobby is drawing and sketching pictures.
- GRACE MACHIDA**—"Gee, you're mean!" she'll say, but she really doesn't mean it. Pet ambition is to become a private secretary—so you will always find her working hard in the commerce classes.
- YUKIO NAKAMURA**—Our very intelligent "Silent Yokum." Ambition: To become a psychologist. Spends his spare time trying to stump his fellow students. Formerly from John Oliver.
- GEORGE WATANABE**—Well-to-do among the weaker sex. Hobby: collecting sport pictures (Expects to cash them in the near future). Ambition: To become the manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs.



Military court was in session. At the bar of justice stood a lieutenant and a buck private, both charged with the same heinous offence. Witnesses testified the shave-tail had kicked a captain, and upon seeing this breach of military behaviour the private had let out a war whoop and nearly lifted his sergeant off the ground with a well placed kick!

In explanation of his dastardly deed the lieutenant said that while standing at the rear of his superior, he was seized with a peculiar and uncontrollable contraction of the muscles of his right leg, followed by an equally uncontrollable reflex that caused his boot to make violent contact with the seat of the captain's trousers.

Not entirely satisfied with his story, the court called on the enlisted man to explain his brutal boot on the sergeant's rear.

"Your honor," murmured the doughboy, "It was a case of jumping to conclusions. When I saw the lieutenant kick the captain, I thought the war was over!"

* * *

Vesuvius is a volcano and if you will climb to the top, you will see the creator smoking.

* * *

Cook: "Did they say anything about the cooking?"

New Maid: "No, but I noticed them praying before they started eating."

* * *

Simple girl: "He puts two x's at the end of his letter. What does it mean?"

Jealous rival: "That means he's double-crossing you!"

MISS RUTHERFORD'S VISIT

On January 21, 1944, the students of the T.C.C. were honoured by the visit of Miss Gertrude Rutherford, principal of the United Church Training School in Toronto.

In her address to an assembly of interested Tashme high school students and elementary school teachers, Miss Rutherford spoke encouragingly of the work of Nisei girls who had relocated to Ontario. We were drawn closer to the East as she mentioned many familiar names and commented with congratulations for their fine work and their splendid contributions. She gave also a brief account of her school and its set-up, and told us how well the Nisei girls had fitted into the life there.

Miss Rutherford encouraged the students to continue their studies, as far as possible, as this would help prepare them for useful services in future life.

Later, all joined in the singing of the lovely "White Cliffs of Dover." Before leaving us, Miss Rutherford promised to send us the book "George Washington Carver," and then in closing, she recited the following stirring poem:

*"The darkness of night is long drawn out;
Go! Creative Spirits, make little stars,
They may not shine brightly,
But they will gladden the hearts of weary travellers."*



The lecturer of the girls' college began: "As I gaze about me this morning I see before me a great many bright and smiling faces, and ——"

Immediately a large number of powder puffs made their appearance.

* * *

Mr. Best: "Say, Jim, have you any four-volt, two-watt bulbs?"

Shino: "For what?"

Mr. Best: "No, two."

Shino: "Two what?"

Mr. Best: "Yes."

* * *

Boy: "Last night I dreamt that I married the most beautiful girl in the world."

Girl: "Were we happy?"

* * *

Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote "Travels With A Donkey."

* * *

Ryoichi: "Beloved, I'm burning with love for you."

His girl: "Oh, don't make a fuel of yourself."

* * *

Shozo: "Huh, a horse and a jackass never agree."

Harley: "Don't call me a horse."



LITERARY



ESSAY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE (Senior)

MY WORLD TO-DAY

As I look at my life to-day, I find it is very different from what it was before that fateful disaster on December 7, 1941. My daily actions, my work, my very thoughts and ideas too, have little, if any, resemblance to that complacent self of those pre-war days. The flurry of events released by the shock of war has brought to me a succession of fundamental changes, such as I had never dreamed possible.

With the mocking realization that our citizenship was not to be acknowledged, came the summons to evacuate. To me, as to many others, it meant tearing myself away from the cheerful city, the only home I'd ever known. It meant parting with friends, dearer perhaps because of imminent separation; dropping my studies, my clubs, petty things when compared with the worldwide strife, but to a selfish teen-ager, tragical. It meant turning my back on an accustomed life, even though a suddenly rather hostile one because of my race, to go where? Some God-forsaken hole away up in the mountains. I was bitter.

The first few months, after our arrival in Tashme, were spent in adjusting ourselves to a ruder scale of living, chopping wood, hauling water, leaking roofs, dim lanterns. These, and other discomforts, I viewed with distasteful eye. Heck, what a dump! In an attempt to refute the dissatisfaction that dwelt in my mind, I, in company with a number of other young people, much like myself, set out in a headlong search for "fun". Every spare moment would find us flitting to and fro, intent only on finding a new form of amusement, something to divert our thoughts, anything that would give us momentary pleasure. Such a futile existence!

Fortunately, however, such a state of indolence, soon became seeped with boredom. As the novelty of the new life wore off; many people trekked eastward. Others applied for jobs within the settlement. For myself there was

the question of completing my high school education. Through the suggestion of kindly advisors, I wrote to the Department of Education in Victoria inquiring about correspondence courses. Their reply was immediate, and it was not long after that, through their correspondence instruction, I was able to pick up my studies where they had been so suddenly dropped. The idea of having something to work on, some goal to attain, gave a feeling of satisfaction. With this sense of being able to take a step forward, came, too, a feeling of thankfulness to push out some of the resentment in my heart. "We're lucky," I thought, "having a chance to continue our schooling under present circumstances." That feeling has grown, and to-day I realize there is much for which to be grateful. It has been through the determined efforts of the United Church Missionaries that a group of correspondence classes has been set up. Their unflinching energy has enabled them to build a school, despite many difficulties. Under their careful guidance a real school spirit has been instilled among the students, and we are as one.

Since coming to Tashme the feeling of bitterness and hurt, that I first felt, has gradually grown dim, and I hope by now is completely erased. Being able to walk about without the diffident fear of someone looking at me with disdain, "Another dirty Jap," has helped. Perhaps it is cowardly to be glad to flee from distrust, but I must admit that in a certain way, there is a sense of freedom even in this confined mountain hermitage, which is ours. Letters to and from our white friends, the people who love and trust us, no matter how dark a cloud hangs over us, has been a source of strength, and perhaps the greatest aid of all is the friendliness and great kindness of the Church leaders, with whom we come in daily contact. This knowing the good, and only the good, has enabled me to regain the state of true poise, that was lost in the whirlpool of injustice which followed the wake of war. It is with a sense of victory that I am able, now, to read with interest, but in a detached manner, the pros and cons on the question of the Japanese-Canadians. For I have come to know, that no matter how prejudiced the views of some may be, there will always be the good and the kind to help counteract them.

I like to believe that the experience we have been through has made us "grow up" a bit; has helped the hitherto thoughtless adolescent take a step forward in gaining a deeper insight into life. Frustration, and uncertainty has made me turn more to the Church and what it stands for. Perhaps I will be able to come a little closer to reaching the highest ultimatum, the greatest victory in life—being able to walk hand in hand with something steadfast, something strong, something that will remain with us forever, if we will, no matter how much the earth's very foundations may shake, no matter how much turmoil and fret may surround us. It is in selfishness we turn to God, in self-pity we seek His aid, but perhaps, in having our pains soothed, we will come to know unselfishness, love and thoughtfulness for others, things which, if we attain them, will surely aid us in our lives which as yet have just begun.

Drawn together by a common bond, namely the misfortune of war, I have come to know many new people from all parts of British Columbia. Or should I call it one of the "misfortunes"? For there is that old saying,

*"Make new friends, but keep the old,
One is silver, the other gold."*

I have kept and will always keep my precious gold, but greater still is my wealth in the overflowing abundance of pure silver that has come my way. In

becoming acquainted with others so intimately, in realizing that others, too, have their ups and downs, oftentimes more severe than ever I have known, I realize again my own selfishness and am made to feel humble.

My life to-day? I can honestly say that I enjoy it. We have pieced together the scattered shreds of our lives, and built a home, makeshift and rude though it may be. We have gained as much security as possible in the present day turmoil. I will not say that I am completely satisfied, that I have no misgivings for the future, that a feeling of insecurity never prevails in me. I will not say that I would be content to remain here always. At times a futile urge to stretch out and savagely tear away the veil that conceals the future, comes over me. But I must bide my time, and perhaps in some future years, when I look back on my life in Tashme, my life today, I will be grateful for the different experiences, yes, the hardships too, that helped strengthen me, helped to prepare me for the jostles and jolts of a postwar world.

MARY OKI.

2

FIRST PRIZE (*Junior*)

OUR WORLD TO-DAY

On December 7, 1941, Japan attacked Pearl Harbour and ever since, Japanese people in Canada have known continuous unhappiness. We have been discriminated against, which has made me ask, "What is Democracy?"; "Why is this happening to us?"

What is Democracy? The answer is without doubt, "It is a form of government, by the people, for the people, of the people." Undoubtedly this is quite true, but when we think more deeply we find that it does not apply only to politics. There is a meaning much greater. It stands for freedom for the individual. This mysterious abstract quality is what we long for and this must be the answer to the Niseis' loyalty toward Canada.

We were taught at school that Canada was democratic. It may be so to a certain extent, but, when studied carefully, we find that it still lacks the true meaning of democracy. Are all men recognized as equal? Not entirely. Canada is theoretically democratic, but not actually. This is quite evident in our case. If freedom means freedom to hate other races, it is not freedom in its true form, for it permits discrimination. We have felt this, and already quite a number of us find it hard to keep our confidence in this country. I wonder what the post war world will bring us? Will it recognize us?

The history of the Japanese in Canada is short, but interesting. These people came to Canada because of the poor economic condition back home. Yes, they came and resided on the coast of British Columbia to avoid further expense in transportation. In the beginning they were hired as house boys and such, for they could neither speak nor write the English language, and then gradually they took a prominent place in the fishing industry. This seemed quite profitable, but as time passed, the English fishermen, unable to compete against the low-waged Japanese fishermen, protested against them. Soon the number of Japanese fishermen was cut down to one-half, so many of them now took lumbering and farming for their occupation. Here, too, the whites protested against them, not realizing how much these men had done to help build Canada.

But, through these stages the Japanese in Canada became fairly accustomed to the ways of the whites. If they were white, what successful men they would be!

It is selfishness and ignorance lurking in the minds of men that bring forth wars. The selfish desire to accumulate wealth keeps down the honest working class. Unfair dealing among men, resulting in prejudice, discrimination and such, creates hatred. The overabundance of verbal expressions that start and spread rumors may be a tendency of human beings, but, if they were checked with care, how much happier, too, the world would be. We would have enough leisure to spend solving our problems.

Is World Freedom really possible? The answer to this lies in the attitude people take toward it. In our case, undoubtedly, we would say we are Japanese—a colored people who are cast out by the whites, and even more truly we are but individuals, small and weak, and possibly we mean nothing to this gigantic world. This is true, if we feel so. On the other hand, we are men and it is men who are running this world. Not to say that we can handle this world, alone; but since we do exist as living beings, we have in us the power to do something about our world. The way you think about this world is important. In other words, men cannot force peace upon the minds of other men. No, the men themselves must learn, be convinced, and help with all their might to have peace. If all men had this right attitude, the result would be the best world any man could ask, instead of the one we have now!

JUNSO FUNAMOTO.



SECOND PRIZE (Senior)

MY WORLD TO-DAY

"B-r-r-r, it's cold," you sleepily mumble as you slip your feet into your homemade "getta". "Oh, why are Tashme winters so cold!" you still mumble as you shiver into your clothes and get ready to light the stove. Why, last winter when I woke up everything was frozen—eggs, milk, vegetables, meat, water in the kettle, sink, shoes, and grandpa's false teeth soaking in a glass of water. A smile touches your lip. Yes, it is very interesting. But it is not always so, for even in Tashme the world does not stand still, the spring comes with all the magic and beauty found elsewhere—the wonderful sunrise; the tiny sparrows, two or three who fly close by looking for breakfast; the snow on the mountain tops, silvery and glistening in the early morning sun.

The silence of the morning is broken by the clop, clop, clop, of a "geta", and then the angry rush of water coming forth from the tap outside the house; somebody else has risen. Soon a thin wisp of smoke lazily rises from the chimney tops, the tangible evidence that people are awakening, one by one.

The eight o'clock whistle pierces the air, a warning for the lumbermen, nurses, nurses' aides, shoemakers, coal oil distributors and for the school children to hop out of bed.

Another day begins, the wood trucks and wagons drawn by horses rumble past the avenues; the messenger boy serenely peddles down the boulevard whistling cheerfully; the housewife hurriedly passes, to do her shopping at the Commission store. On Thursday afternoon there is a mad rush for the store, a scrambling herd, for it is then that the weekly supply of vegetables and

fruits are on sale, and the "line up" typical of Thursday afternoon is to be seen.

Three o'clock. School is over for the day; the children stream out of "D" building (the school house), not a little red school house, but a large cream colored building. They dash for the store and quickly gather in front of a window. With faces uplifted, eagerly and anxiously they ask, "Is there any mail for me?" Yes, it's the post-office.

The quiet avenues are once more filled with the laughter of the children; the patter, patter, of feet going back and forth, back and forth; hockey sticks clash; girls chatter like magpies as they do shopping for mother. Some clutch milk bottles and coupons—it's off to the dairy.

So the afternoon passes and the sun slowly begins to fall. Workmen hurry home to their warm supper, to take a dip in the "ofuro" and rest their weary limbs. Twilight approaches; the tall mountains stand gaunt in the gathering dusk; lanterns are lit in each home; a gramophone can be faintly heard. High-school students trudge off to night-school to tackle their correspondence papers.

Night falls, and Tashme settles back to rest; thus ends another day.

SADDIE NAGAI.



THIRD PRIZE (Junior)

EDUCATION

"Why is education so important?" is a commonly asked question. With the knowledge that I have acquired through my previous schooling, I'll try to answer this question to the best of my ability.

If a soul is willing to contribute anything useful to our present society, he must have at least high school education. A man who has not had sufficient education cannot advance prominently in this world of ours as a man of learning. A boy may be forced to quit school to help his family out, but often the boy quits because he either does not like school or because of his own selfish desires. Nevertheless, this type of boy or girl is being foolish and, in time, he or she will regret it very greatly. Henceforth, this person cannot apply for a better job unless he acquires a deeper knowledge in his specific field. The only means by which this fellow can build up additional knowledge is by education. The form of education most useful is experimentation and observation, with the aid of good text books.

Not only does one's happiness and success depend upon education, but also it relieves one from mental fear. A great number of mental fears are caused by ignorance. Ignorance is simply insufficient knowledge itself. Lightning, thunder, and earthquakes were feared by many people in the olden days and still are feared by many, but not to the same extent as formerly. To a scientist these phenomena are natural occurrences. If one were to learn the causes of these and other phenomena, his fears would soon be frustrated.

Finally, and most important of all, is one's capacity or ability to adapt himself to his society. Nevertheless, in order to attain this capacity or ability, a soul will discover that education is an absolute necessity.

MAKIO HEIKE.

HONOURABLE MENTION

A NISEI LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

Amid the debris of the world to-day, lives a word "hope". Since the day Pandora opened the forbidden box to admit into the world, sin, man has never been wholly free from evil. Preserved for man was hope, which always follows suffering. Hope! So often it accompanies a prayer for the better—better news of a sick friend, perhaps—a better tomorrow. Somehow to me, hope is symbolic of the future. It seems to stand for all to which we look forward.

In these days when every joy is tarnished by the shadows of war, there is no one who does not long for the day when we may again walk freely where we will, and talk normally of things dear to our hearts. However envious we may be of days gone by, we can never return to the past for they belong to us only as memories. The future also lies in our hands and it is in our power to use and to make it is happy as the cherished memories.

In years to come I will look back and think of the days spent in Tashme as the days in which I learned to accept life as it comes and to develop perseverance in all that I did. I am thankful for these experiences, for they have fitted me to be better and stronger for the future world.

I look forward to a world in which all races will mingle as one and work as brothers. God created all mankind and breathed a common soul into each. If thus we were made equal, why are there racial prejudices in the world today? This is because, in spite of everything, there are still a number of people who think that others were born only to be servants to them. May there soon come a day when no one will be refused his desire because of his creed or colour.

I dream of Canada for all people; a Canada for the English, Japanese, Chinese, Swedish, and all other nationalities; a Canada finer for the elements of the East and West brought together. Canada will be greater for this blending.

There are among all nationalities, potential statesmen, potential musicians, potential lawyers, potential doctors; in short, the great men of the future. Not always, however, does the greatness come to light. A boy destined to become a great scientist, if not given a chance, may just continue to drift along, an average nobody, when all he needed was a spark to set the flame blazing. Another may be refused admission to a school because his colour was dark. Perhaps the same boy might have been able to invent an engine that would sail ships across the Atlantic in a day. True, this may be crystal-gazing, but then, people laughed at Watt too!

Is there a great force working behind the happenings of the war? Perhaps it is showing us the equality among men. We can never be sure that there is a pattern to this war, but we do know that, "He moveth in strange ways His wonders to perform."

Often, as I kneel by my beside, there comes back to me a wish I made on a star, long ago, "Star light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight . . ." I still make that wish, though not on a star. As one of the citizens of tomorrow, I hope to become an assistant to "the man with the little blag bag", a nurse. Through my work, I hope to come in contact with people of every nationality, to contribute my part in the building of the Canada of tomorrow.

The road ahead is dark, but the light of Hope is showing us the way, and I myself look to the future with every trust and confidence.

MIDORI SATO.

HONOURABLE MENTION

A NISEI LOOK TO THE FUTURE

The Niseis in Canada are faced with a very serious problem. We must determine, now, whether we want to become good, upright citizens. The future is none too bright for the generation that is turning into man and womanhood.

Those who were evacuated from their homes on the B.C. Coast realize the hardships that we have gone through, and have still to face. The young men who have come to the various ghost towns are gradually leaving for the East to have a better chance of becoming good citizens, and a better chance of getting ahead. Because the chances of returning to the Coast are becoming slimmer and slimmer, the future-minded people are once again packing up and leaving for locations where they can start a new life.

The only people who are going to progress after this war are those who have a good education. Education is going to be important because the whole future is going to be revolutionized. The future is going to be an entire machine age. The people of tomorrow will be flying their own aeroplanes to work. Transports and gliders will be taking the place of slow steamers. The things that are being done by hand today, will be done by machine tomorrow.

One thing which we must be careful of is racial prejudice. At no time must we quarrel or fight with the people whom we must call our brothers and sisters. At all times we must promote good feeling, be kind and helpful to each other, through this bitter struggle. We must prepare for the future right now, in our home and school life. Teammanship is going to count a great deal. We must work together through thick and thin, so that in the end we will come through as good upright citizens.

ARNOLD T. ARAI.

2

The Leap Year bridegroom, who was in a horribly nervous condition, appealed to the clergyman in a loud whisper, at the close of the ceremony: "Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?"

The clergyman replied: "Not yet, but soon."

* * *

Dolly: "Does your husband like clinging gowns?"

Molly: "He sure does. He likes one to cling to me for about five years."

* * *

Teacher: "Don't spit on the floor."

Dumbell: "What's the matter? Does it leak?"

* * *

She—I have the strangest feeling in my head.

He—I know, it's that empty feeling.



Back Row: W. Fukumoto, H. Hatanaka, T. Nakamura, S. Imai, T. Kawasaki, K. Kadanaga, T. Hori, T. Koyanagi, T. Nakayama, S. Shimoji, K. Morishita, R. Nishikawa, C. Ogaki, M. Neike, H. Yoshida.

Middle Row: M. Watanabe, T. Yamamoto, C. Mitobe, F. Yanagawa, S. Uraisami, T. Suzuki, S. Kadoguchi, K. Kawai, S. Takashima, M. Sato, T. Kato, A. Oye, K. Kawamoto.

Front Row: Mr. E. Best, K. Saito, S. Seo, I. Matsushita, R. Oka, F. Sasaki, N. Tanouye, T. Ando, H. Sato, Miss M. McLachlan.



PERSONALS

CLASS FOUR

TSUYUKO ANDO—Her appearance is quite petite; ambition: to become a book-keeper; likes swing music; favourite subject: Bookkeeping.

ARNOLD ARAI—Thinks he should become a bachelor and get away with it; hobby: stamp collecting; favourite subject: Maths; nickname: "Dagwood."

SHIN FUJINO—Looks like his future will have something to do with violins and classical music; likes to play the violin and collect classical music records; favourite sports: ping pong and lacrosse.

WALLY FUKUMOTO—Tall and handsome; finds a great interest in the Junior Business room; ambition: Ambassador of some country; sports: basketball and ping pong.

HARLEY HATANAKA—Loves making girls laugh with his rare, jokeless quips. (Must be his face! Plays baseball, rugby and basketball. Interested in Maths, Science and girls (?).

MAKIO HEIKE—His ambition and future lies in chemistry; admires the great Einstein; hobby: tinkering with test tubes; favourite subjects: Science and Maths; favourite sports: rugby and soccer.

TATSUO HORI—Ambition: to become a big shot; he's big (mostly sideways) and business-like; pet saying: "Quelle Dommage!"; with his little uke, he strums out all sorts of Hawaiian music.

SHOZO IMAI—He looks quiet, pretty big in size, but doesn't look very energetic; cowboy music is the best for him; favourite sport: badminton; most interesting subject: Maths.

SUMIE KADOGUCHI—Future: expert hairdresser; everybody calls her "Soom"; collects pictures of her favourite movie stars; likes to hear Sinatra sing and to go skating.

KAZUO KADONAGA—Ambition: to travel and see North America; pastime: making models and carving figures (of animals); finds that playing baseball behind a muzzel and mitt is great fun; additional sports are rugby, swimming, and judo.

TETSUKO KATO—Friendly type; favourite expression: "Oh, my goodness."; looking forward to the day when she will become a great pianist; plays classical music; favourite subject: French.

KIYOSHI KAWAI—Ambition: to become a straw-boss; like swing music; favourite sport: baseball; plays the harmonica.

KINUYO KAWAMOTO—"Kinu" . . . Likes to go hiking; very quiet and shy; never see her in conversation with the other girls very often; ambition: to become a famous artist.

TADAO KAWASAKI—Favourite subject: Maths; he's got a build that is quite rare; with his big bulk, he plays rugby and judo; future: Nisei engineer.

TATSUO KOYANAGI—Class 4's representative; "Hippo" is tall and broad; Bookkeeping is his tops; all-round sports player; quiet, innocent looking, and not very easy to get him angry.

IKUE MATSUSHITA—This neat and slim young lady wants to become a nurse; not too quiet and not too noisy; hobby: needlework; pastime: knitting and crocheting.

CHIYOE MITOBE—Aim in life to become a stewardess; hobby: drawing; head of the girls' sports; rep. on the Students' Council; frequent answer: "I dunno."; appearance: tall, but definitely!

JAMES MORI—Has a great big grin; when he calls anybody "Fiend, fiend!", his voices rises to a high pitch; pastime: reading novels and adventure stories; formerly from Victoria.

KOJI MORISHITA—Sports: ping pong, swimming and skating; appearance: rather short and intelligent; ambition: office worker; carves interesting things during his spare moments.

TOSHI NAKAMURA—This lad has no special ambition that he can think of; likes any kind of sport that is interesting; has a casual, quiet voice and is sleepy looking.

TSUTOMU NAKAYAMA—"Dutch"—Studies hard to become a great genius in the scientific world; favourite sports: hockey and lacrosse; hobby: collecting songs; goes for popular swing music.

RYOICHI NISHIKAWA—Thinks that boys are everything but girls are nuts!; favourite subjects: Science and Maths likes to play hockey and listen to swing music.

KATSUMI OGAKI—"Charlie"—Likes skating and playing hockey; pastime: carving and making rings and brooches (for himself?)

RITSUKO OKA—Ambition: to play the mandolin and become a musician; prefers semi-classical music; collects pictures of all the movie stars; likes to play softball.

ASAKO OYE—Her ambition is to sail around the world; favourite sport: softball; when she says "Oh, funny!", it could only mean that your jokes are corny.

KIYOKO SAITO—Appearance: cheerful, and good natured; studies hard; especially French; ambition: stenographer; enjoys skating and reading; likes classical music (e.g. "Peter and the Wolf").

FUMI SASAKI—This girl's ambition is altogether different from other girls—she is going to be serious; favourite sport: swimming; common expression: "What's that? what's that?" favourite subject: Mathematics.

HIROKO SATO—Future: private secretary; likes swing music; plays softball; unwarily uses the expression: "I know, but . . ."; quite a giggler.

MIDORI SATO—One of the few brainy girls in the class; likes reading, skating and swimming; favourite subject: Health; ambition: to be another "Night-ingale."

SUMIKO SEO—Here's another ambitious would-be nurse; hobby: knitting and sewing; likes skating and listening to popular music; shows a great interest in Latin.

SADAMU SHIMOJI—One of the Grade XI's few "nothing" men; appearance is big and quite-too-kind, but he's not a man to argue with; studying agriculture to become a farmer.

TAYEKO SUZUKI—Ambition: a medical specialist for women and children; always saying, "You don't say."; likes to go skating and swimming; pastime: reading and knitting; favourite subject: Health.

SUMIKO TAKASHIMA—Hopes to become a private secretary; quite small in size but has plenty of brains; has a great interest in commercial courses.

NOBUKO TANOUYE—This ambitious girls is wanting to become a singer; spare moments spent in reading books and playing table tennis; fond of swing and popular types of music.

SHIGEO URAISAMI—Wants to hold an executive position in a large business; pet saying: "I don't like that!"; frequently seen having a tete a tete with les filles; tall, dark (?), and handsome.

MITSUKO WATANABE—A career girl who wants to be a stenographer; likes singing, swing music, cutting out dress designs, and (believe it or not) her favourite subject is Grammar; nickname: "Whimpy."

TERUMI YAMAMOTO—"Timi"—Wants to become a good dancer; destination: housewife; another Sinatra fan; playing baseball is her favourite sport.

FUMI YANAGAWA—Appearance: tall and slim; ambition: to be a secretary; sports: skating and cycling; since there are two Fumis, she is called "Fumi II"; pet saying: "Don't be silly!"

HIDEO YOSHIDA—Hopes to become an engineer; hobby: collecting books on radios and engineering; favourite sports: judo and skating; "I think so" is becoming quite a habit—fishing too.

Doctor: "Well, did you follow my advice and drink a lemonade after a hot bath?"

Patient: "I did my best, but I couldn't finish drinking the hot bath."



Back Row: K. Sakamoto, K. Irizawa, C. Yoshida, G. Inata, K. Oiye, T. Kawabe,
T. Katsuno, H. Shin, M. Hayakawa.

Front Row: K. Sumi, F. Abe, H. Okawara, J. Yano, A. Shimizu, M. Oki, J. Shino,
K. Ebisuzaki, H. Nishimura.

PERSONALS

CLASS FIVE

KANEY EBISUZAKI (Maple Ridge High)

Mischievous and talkative is this lad
'Tis a sight to see him when he is mad.
On all the hard papers he's never stuck
Oh, how some guys have all the luck.

NOBLE HORI (King Ed)

With a certain girl he has a way
Writing to her everyday.
The gift of gab he does possess
He is quite a guy, we must confess.

TSUTOMU KAWABE (Ladysmith High)

Little seen, little heard
Hates girls, (How absurd!)

HIDEO OKAWARA (Vancouver Tech)

Here's a guy with a good personality
He's capable, sensible and full of vitality.
Tachme's Dorsey; plays a trombone
Too bad girls he hasn't a phone.

MARY OKI

From "King George" comes this gay (little?) lass
To take her place among our class.
You may think her quiet and shy
But when you get to know her—"My oh my!"
In classes you'd think that she was scarcely alive
But at parties and dances she's full of jive.

KAZUO OIYE (Britannia)

He always has a solemn face
Our tall, young social convener
Oh girls he's just a hopeless case
For he's also quite a dreamer.

KATSUMI SAKAMOTO (Maple Ridge High)

He's meek, he's mild
He's not a problem child.
Don't think for a minute he's shy
There's more to him than meets the eye.

AMY SHIMIZU (Templeton)

Though she has a cheery word and a smile for all,
For a boy "gone East" she was wont to fall.
Gay is her manner, gay is her way.
It's her father that keeps the boys away.

HIROSHI SHIN (Maple Ridge High)

Tall and lanky is this guy,
Forever asking the reason why.
You'll often find him very quiet
But with the girls he's quite a riot.

KIKUO SUMI (Kitsilano High)

He's little, he's wise
He's a wonder for his size.
Kats and Kik they laugh too much
And often get themselves in "Dutch."

JOSIE YANO (Britannia)

A good sport and lots of fun
She has won friendship from everyone.
She is (but definitely!) a talkative lass
Versatile, willing, she's in our class.



PERSONALS

CLASS SIX

FRANK ABE (Porky)

Happy, rotund, good-natured and noisy,
A future engineer with music his hobby;
Subject studying is Industrial Math,
Favourite sport is fishing for Bass.
His former work was as a Richmond farmer.
Ask him a question, "Yeah?" he'll murmur.

MIKIO HAYAKAWA (Mickey)

From Kits High comes this brawny hunk of man. Pet saying: "Well, blow me down!" Spare moments spent melon tossing (basketball). Hated subject: Maths. Ambition: a rip-roaring truck driver. Chosen pastime: dancing.

GEORGE INATA (Paycheck)

To invent water diesels is this lad's ambition,
"Foey! I'm a Tech-rat," his pet quotation.
Linda Darnell adorns his wall.
Learning Math, he plays good ball.
Spends spare moments dancing and jiving,
Works in the mill to earn his living.

KAZUO IRIZAWA (Smitty)

No wolfing, no jiving, no record collecting,
In "Fats" we've found a super-natural being;
Though he's forever clicking shutters,
"Wow! Wow!" is all that he mutters.
Maple Ridge High was his previous domain,
He stops lacrosse balls with his powerful (?) brain!

RIICHIRO KATSUNO (Ziggy Elman)

Another chap from Maple Ridge High,
Pretty S. K. makes him swoon and sigh;
Tony claims, "Say, she's all right!"
And studying radio keeps him bright.
His favourite sport is melon-tossing,
And stays out of mischief—platter collecting.

HIDEO NISHIMURA (Shimpy)

Poring over a draughting board, this would-be engineer, outlines complicated ice-hockey formations instead of mechanical drawings.
Keeps poking cameras into peoples' faces and apologizes with
"Hi, Johns!" Hails from Minto.

TOM SEKI (Timothy Eaton)

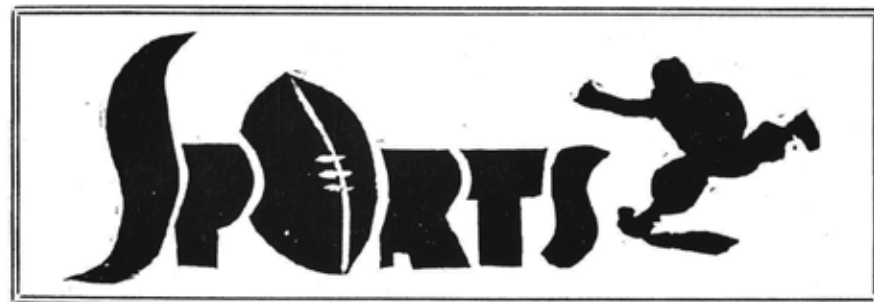
Often found in a hospital lobby
Dissecting people, his favourite hobby.
A clinging shadow to Dr. McNeill
He studies hard to earn his meal.
His favourite saying is "You know, you know?"
Plays table tennis and is a Scout, also.

JAMES SHINO (Brasso)

"Crumbs," and "By cracky!" says this lad
Whose fiddling ranks from worst to bad;
Pastime spent in endless hoofing,
Hobby wasted in lolling, loafing,
A Tech-rat studying on radio projects;
Talking, table tennis; his favourite subjects.

CHARLES YOSHIDA (Yehudi)

Studies general subjects by paying tuition,
To live after death is his ambition;
Lives by breathing and plays by walking.
An ex-Fairviewite who keeps repeating,
"Salvation Army, save my soul!" AMEN.



BOYS' SPORTS

The magic in sports is teamwork, just as it is in many other things. In sports, teamwork and perfection is really the aim of all games as well as enjoying yourself. A good game of hockey, or any other game, seems to arouse an uncontrollable desire to play or participate; maybe, it is these feelings and reasons why our night school wishes to have sports as a major activity.

Last fall the junior high lads started the sports menu by forming a football team. At first, the boys didn't know much about the game, but before the season was over our coach, Mr. Best, had certainly made another Notre Dame. This was proven in our victory over the Teamsters. None of the boys on the team will ever forget that game. It was murder among friends. The opposition looked terribly vicious.

For three scoreless periods, the two teams crashed into each other and fought like battling armies of Caesars. During the final minutes of the last quarter, the Teamsters started to weaken and our boys, taking advantage of it, gradually backed the opposition down to their end zone. This was done by continuous blocking and intercepting. When the game was over, the score was 10-0 for our night school lads.

Because we started late in the season last winter, we did not organize a hockey league. Although a few friendly games were played, no real competition was forthcoming. Quite noticeable were a number of razzle-dazzling forwards who could rag the puck around like nobody's business. Not only forwards either, but there were some husky looking defencemen.

Other activities for this coming summer are planned. We are intending to form a softball league for the boys. Track and field stars will get their chance when we have our Sports Day. So, all you marathoners, get ready! There are also planned smaller games, such as table tennis, deck tennis, volley ball and lacrosse.

GEORGE WATANABE.



CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

One of the interesting sidelines held outside of the school curriculum is the Current Events Club conducted by Reverend W. R. McWilliams.

The group was organized especially to assist those taking the Social Studies V. course this year.

The periods are spent in reviewing the current news events and going into a discussion of them. The meetings are held every two weeks on Friday evenings.

Page Twenty-nine

GIRLS' SPORTS

Under the direction of Miss M. McLachlan, the Girls' Sports Committee is going to make sports (which was missing last year) a worthwhile activity for this term.

Others on the committee are: Chiyoe Mitobe (convenor), Tsuyuko Ando, Hiroko Sato, Saddle Nagai and Irene Kudo.

At present we are playing ping-pong, and already many stars have developed.

The sports scheduled on our program are softball, volley ball, deck tennis and basketball. We are also planning to sponsor jointly with the boys a Sports Day. We will carry out our plans, providing that the equipment can be obtained and the ground conditions permit.

CHIYOE MITOBE.



TO THE NISEI LYCÉE

When first coming to this city of Toronto, I felt a queer sensation. A sensation of freeness. Something deprived from me for the past year and a half. Yes, now I know how a bird in captivity feels when suddenly let loose. Though missing Tashme very much, I know I will not regret having left it, for in this present environment, one can almost live again in normalcy.

"The world has no use for a 'quitter'—another name for the fellow who feels sorry for himself. It's a very ill wind that blows no good." How well I remember these words of our former principal. Yes, when one studies the meaning of those sentences, one can see the significance it conveys to each and every individual on this earth. Yet, how full this world is of people who "feel sorry for themselves." We, the Niseis now experiencing these "misfortunes of war," have actually come face to face with the full challenge of that statement. "Will we be 'quitters'?" "Are we going to shirk and feel sorry for ourselves?" Well, fellow Niseis, I leave it up to you. If we come through these trying times with a broad-minded sympathetic outlook on life, I think it is safe to say we have overcome one of the great obstacles in life.

You, the students of the Tashme Correspondence Classes, are studying under great handicaps, yet you have the fortitude to continue your studies. I say that this in itself is an indication that the "up and coming" generation will not falter, but will succeed in all its endeavours. And, none of you will be "quitters."

In closing, I would like to say this in reference to the saying, "It's an ill wind that blows no good," for each one of you to learn to exploit all the breezes that may appear ill to you.

NOBLE HORI.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB

Somewhere in "A" Building, after the Music Appreciation Club is over, a limited number of "interested" students get together to discuss matter in Social Science and other related topics. The meetings function under Mr. E. Best, who holds a M.A. in Philosophy.

The meeting begins with Mr. Best reading a few pages from Fred Kunkel's "What it Means to Grow Up." Then, we discuss the contents of the book by expressing our own opinions on the matter brought up.

While this first stage of reading from the book is fundamental, the real object is to discuss the "Nisei Situation in Canada."



COMMERCIAL TEACHERS' PERSONALS

MISS M. SUMI—*Secretarial Practice I.*

Between her work in the General Office and in the night school, she manages to squeeze time in to do some extensive reading.

MISS M. HORI—*Bookkeeping I.*

Hobby: collecting miniature dolls. Also loves art and music—plays several string instruments very well (especially the Hawaiian guitar).

MISS M. TAKAHASHI—*Shorthand I.*

A talented pianist—prefers classical music to swing.

MISS O YANO—*Bookkeeping II.*

Hobby: crocheting. Another fine pianist whose pastime is spent playing on ivories.

MRS. INOUE—*Shorthand I.*

Principal of the elementary school. Other moments spent as leader of the Tashme Stars. Is a favourite with everyone.

MISS K. MACHIDA—*Typing I.*

When not busy after her day's work in the warehouse, she will usually be found practising on the piano or dancing.



A husband drew his chair beside his wife's sewing machine.

"Don't you think you're running too fast?" he said. "Look out! You'll sew the wrong seam! Mind that corner, now! Slow down, watch your fingers! Steady!"

"What is the matter with you, John?" said his wife, alarmed. "I've been running this machine for years!"

"Well, dear," replied her husband, "I thought you might like me to help you since you help me drive the car."



MUSIC

On Saturdays, we, the Tashme High School-ites participate in melodious afternoons of classical and semi-classical music. Whenever one hears the absorbing strains of our victrola, one will know that our Music Appreciation Club is in session.

This club, made possible by the kind leadership of our sponsors, Miss McLachlan and Mr. Best, has been greatly aided by helpful donations received from Mrs. Inouye, Miss Martha Hori, the pupils, and several other persons interested in our venture.

The committee which makes up our programmes consists of Taeko Sasaguchi (convenor), Terumi Yamamoto, Sumi Kadoguchi, Tsutomu Nakayama, and Junso Funamoto. Each week this group selects certain pieces from our fine collection—presenting to us many interesting variations. All the students look forward to these afternoons devoted to the great works of Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaikowski, De Bussy, etc., for the music diverts our minds and acts as a pleasantly relaxing release from the monotony of our studies. In this hectic, jive-loving world, classical and semi-classical music affords a refreshing change, and it seems to possess a peculiar charm which may turn even the noisiest classroom offenders into engrossed listeners.

Here is a typical afternoon. In opening, we are given a short biography of Tschaikowski, the great composer, and a descriptive introduction to his "Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor". Since the piano is one of the most popular instruments, everyone listens intently to the fine artistry, as the familiar strains fill the room. Next, we are introduced to the Don Cossacks, who hail from the Russian Steppes—the home of many a haunting Russian lyric. With a choir of fine voices in accompaniment, the soloist sings "Evening Bells". Then something lighter is served. Paul Whiteman plays for us George Gershwin's intricate piece, "The Rhapsody in Blue". The fourth selection, the ever favourite "Donkey Serenade" sung by Allan Jones, is greeted with enthusiasm from the audience. A return is made to something more profound as we listen to a recording of De Bussy's "Ode to a Dead Princess". After this solemn piece, requests for favourites are made. Gladys Swarhout is called for, and we hear her sing, "It's a Lovely Day To-morrow". "Begin the Beguine" is suggested and unanimously agreed upon. After this lively song, we wind up the first half of the afternoon by listening to an everlasting favourite, "Trees", sung by John Charles Thomas.

The second half of the afternoon is spent in singing old song favourites. The singing has volume, if not sweetness, and everyone joins in lustily with their tenor, soprano, baritone, and what-have-they voices, in the songs conducted by our teachers. Although we are not all vocal geniuses, we enjoy the singing

very much; the boys' deep tones coming in contrast with the girls' sweet (?) trillings. The lively folk songs and beautiful Negro spirituals are favourites with everyone. The song of which we can give the best rendition is "Short'nin' Bread", with Miss McLachlan playing the accompaniment on the organ.

Other afternoons we practice dancing. These periods are directed by Mr. Best (our Arthur Murray), who gives instruction in how to trip the light fantastic. Most of us are beginners, so we find it quite a novelty. We have improved a great deal, for there are only a few left who still think their partner's feet are easier on their shoes than on the floor. Some dancers are very energetic (the mile-a-minute type), others take their time (the dreamy type), but in spite of the differences, we all have a delightful time swaying to the strains of the many current tunes.

The Music Appreciation Club is probably the most established of our extra-curricular activities. The periods give us something worthwhile, for in this way, we learn to appreciate the true beauty of music.

ASAKO OYE.

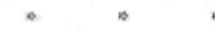


Three travellers, strangers to one another, met at a village inn. Before introducing themselves, they agreed whichever of the three owned the oldest name should have his expenses paid by the other two.

"I'm Marcus Eve," said the first, and prepared to claim his stake.

"No good," said the second, "I'm John Adam."

"Sorry gentlemen," said the third, producing his card which read: "Mr. B. Ginning." They paid!



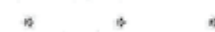
He: "What is cowhide used for?"

She: "To keep the cow together."



Englishman: "My ancestors have had the right to bear arms for more than two hundred years."

Scotchman: "Hoot mon, ma ancestors ha' had the right tae bare legs for more than two thousand years."



Mr. Best: "Shigeo, what is the best skin for making boots?"

Shigeo "I don't know, sir, but banana skin is best for making slippers."



Boys should be frank and tell their girls everything; and their girls should be generous and believe it.

POETRY

. . . with significance

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dead time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

JAMES H. L. HUNT.

REVEREND R. MacLAREN'S VISIT

On March 11, the students of the Tashme Correspondence Classes assembled for an interesting address by Reverend "Bob" MacLaren, who is Boys' Work Director and Secretary of Religious Education for the United Church of Canada in British Columbia.

During a seemingly brief half-hour, the guest speaker spoke to the student body about the purpose in the life of each individual and its bearing upon the future. His convictions were that although everyone was created with a purpose in life, it was only through his or her own efforts that this could become an actuality. He also stressed the fact that one must not allow this spark of purpose to lie down, but forge ahead and become whatever he or she was destined to be.

Throughout his talk, Reverend MacLaren used many amusing and illuminating illustrations on his topic in the form of short anecdotes. His address was approved by enthusiastic comments from his audience and was very much appreciated.

HERE AND THERE

Hitting the trail east, Yoshi Ito has taken up his residence in Toronto, Ont. . . . Pearl Kiroma, who left late last year, is in Kingston, Ont. . . . Ruth Ariga went with her parents to Japan. . . . Harry Tanaka moved to Salmon Arm, B.C. . . . Tatsumi Mizuguchi and Yutaka Mizuguchi, cousins, are farming at Spences Bridge, B.C. . . . Harvey Moritsugu and his sister, Eileen, are residing on Mr. Hepburn's Bannockburn Farm near St. Thomas, Ont. (Eileen is going to school.) . . . Min Hagino is dwelling in Toronto, Ont. . . . Also relocated in Toronto are Noble Hori and Tsuyoshi "Chipso" Ogaki. . . . Masa Saito has obtained a position in a factory in Grimsby, Ont. . . . Haruo Ikeda left early in February for Winnipeg, Man. . . . In Toronto, Hideo Okawara is continuing his studies. . . . Harold Sakuma has gone to his aunt's home in Beamsville, Ont. . . . Harry Okata went with the Kudo Bros., Art and George, to London, Ont. . . . The Heike Trio (Harold, Akio and Makio) left for Jordan Station, Ont. . . . To settle in Vernon, B.C., James Mori departed in April.

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1st Tashme Boy Scout Troop

T.C.C. HISTORY

Due to earnest appeals during the Fall and Winter of 1942 by evacuated High School students, Rev. Mr. McWilliams of the United Church of Canada, approached the head branch of the church concerning this important matter.

On the 14th of January, 1943, the initial step was undertaken when a survey to ascertain the number of High School pupils was made. At this early date, there were 167 prospective members in the following categories: Grade IX—74, X—40, XI—31 and XII—22.

A United Church Committee journeyed to Victoria and consulted with Dr. Lucas, Head of the Correspondence Instruction Department. She kindly offered to sell correspondence materials to students at cost, with Government examinations on these subjects to be held in June.

The Church-sponsored Classes officially commenced on the 18th of February with registration (at the Welfare Office) of interested pupils who numbered 116. Owing to crowded building facilities, Day Classes for Grade 9 only were started on April 9th in "A" Building. A school fire and hard work did not deter these Classes and, with the able assistance of Miss Ellen Brown who came to Tashme on June 4th, together with wonderful supervision by Miss McLachlan, 65 passed of 75 writing.

Grade 9 and 10 enjoyed their well-earned vacation during the summer months, but Grades 11 and 12 had regular study and in August, 17 wrote examinations, all coming through with flying colors.

A new Fall term commenced on September 5th and the School was further aided by the arrival of Mr. Ernie Best, graduate of the University of Toronto. The total enrollment dropped to 71, however, the hours were better regulated and the Classes were monitored by chosen representatives, thereby contributing greatly towards better discipline.

So now, as we look back over one year of academic work; one year of hard or as the case may be, of haphazard work, the year February 1943-February 1944 will be remembered as the most important school period in the lives of Tashme High School Students.



Overheard at a social function:

Boy: "Er . . . May I . . . ?"

Girl (standing up) "Why certainly."

Boy: "Er . . . I mean, may I reach past you for my overcoat?"

The situation was tense—"Have you no heart?" she asked. In a gruff and unpleasant tone he answered "No!" with emphasis. "Then," said she, with a sob in her throat, "then give me ten cents' worth of liver."

Teacher: "As you know, the Russian lord is called a Czar. What is his wife called?"

Class: "Czarina!"

Teacher: "Quite correct. Now, does anyone know what his children are called?" (Silence.)

Small voice at the back: "Czardines."

WE SAY THANKS . . .

To everyone who had assisted the Editorial Staff, in some way or other, to print the first edition of the T.C.C. ANNUAL. Orchids are due to the following donators: Princeton Trail Sawmill boys, Mr. Y. Yamaga, Dr. T. Kuzuhara, Dr. H. M. Shimokura, Mr. Shigeo Yoshida, Mr. Jo Seko, and an Anonymous. We give our gratitude to Mr. Ernest Best, our sponsor, who guided us along in this venture. Our expression of thanks go to Kazuo Oiye, who did the lino-cutting in the Annual, and also replaced the Art Editor, Hideo Okawara. In appreciation to our advertisers, we take off our hats and say to the T.C.C. students: "Support our advertisers."



I never felt a piece of felt the same as that felt felt when first I felt the piece of felt that my felt hat was made of.

* * *

Customer: "My goodness, eggs are high!"

Grocer: "Sure, production is held up by the war programme."

Customer: "How?"

Grocer: "All the hens are making shells."

* * *

Passenger—I've been waiting for a bus for 10 minutes. Then five of them came together. Why can't you arrange it better?

Operator—Well, you see, we're working in convoys now. We haven't lost a single bus so far.

* * *

Ebis: "I had a headache writing that essay."

Reg: "It must be contagious; I had a headache reading it."

* * *

High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who was kissed on the forehead.

* * *

A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer, as in "I am loved."

* * *

Hazel: "So you bought a new fur coat after all. I thought you said your husband couldn't afford it this year."

Jessie: "So I did but we had a stroke of luck. My husband broke his leg and the insurance company paid him three hundred dollars."

GREETINGS *and* CONGRATULATIONS
to the Students of the
Tashme Correspondence Classes

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