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THE OUTLOOK

No. 1

February, 1947

Toronto, Ontario

BULLETIN

We wish to announce the formation of a Correspondence Club whose project is to publish a magazine. We believe it to be a novel idea because it is to be a co-operative project.

The necessity, uses, and purpose of the project are numerous. After your arrival out here in Eastern Canada, you may have found it rather difficult to familiarize and to intermingle with the rest of modern society. Now, taking the fact (which is for granted) that the Niseis when on the Coast were on the same level as their contemporary youths, the war years--three or four years in the mountainous valley of Tashme--have left their mark on a group of tardy people. Therefore, for two main reasons (before the evacuation when we were not altogether on the same basis amongst ourselves as the level of other Canadian youths because of different districts in which we lived in, and in Tashme where our efforts were not as progressive as the outside communities because of our immediate local efforts), we are behind-the-times with society in our new environment. Our backwardness may be overcome by our efforts together, not by unheeding minds and stumbling feet, and adapt ourselves to our fate; but by moulding within our group by interchange of ideas, to close the space between and to bring our level up to the present standard of society. We would then be dependent not on other groups but on ourselves and would put more striving in our efforts to become what we should be. It is our common ideals which should aid us in the communities that we live in. If we cannot teach ourselves, then what kind of people are we?

This magazine will be a service to us all. The self-educational aspect is that our general faults can be analyzed and probably solved in some measure. Serious thinkers will have more than they might expect in this project. Problems facing each one of us in our daily life are often simple but perplexing ones. It is heard that school boys and girls in "adopted" homes find experiences which are common and if expressed, could warn others and prevent them from going into the "ruts". Academically, the course of study out here in the East is very different and we cannot rely on our older brothers and sisters who were taught on the B. C. standard. Similarly, the labourer is confronted with different working regulations than in the West. Aside from these serious matters we all like to reminisce of old times in B. C. and to know what our friends are doing now.

The financial set-up is always a difficult one in any organization. This is no profit-making exploitation! It is not a commercial enterprise! The rate to the members will be the cost of mimeographing, postages, plus other expenses required to operate. If you care to have your name registered with our mailing department, please let us know. We are charging twenty-five cents to cover the expense of this first publication and to have a reasonable sum on hand for the next issue. If profits accumulate, these will be distributed in the form of FREE ISSUES.

This first issue has been simply planned as an illustration. We will gladly acknowledge any suggestions for improvements by anyone of you. Criticisms will be received. Understanding that this is a co-operative project, we must all feel the same sense of responsibility for the literary work. The articles do not have to be of the stiff, formal structure but they can be the nature of a friendly letter. The tone of the articles may be serious, light-minded, or newsy. By the consent of Miss W. McBride, who has kept all of the T.H.S. Annual material, we are printing a few of the articles which would have been printed in the 1946 Annual, if the year-book was published.

In organizing, we have taken the initiative and have found many who are willing to help publish the magazine. We have been fortunate also to be able to use the mimeographing machine at the Church of All Nations, Toronto. Our natural step concerning the members was to have those who

were ~~previously~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~background~~. As we go
along, we wish to include other ~~groups~~ ~~of~~ ~~individuals~~ ~~who~~ ~~are~~ ~~interested~~
in ~~the~~ ~~project~~. Please note the following:

1) Mail all correspondence to this temporary address:
"The Outlook"

c/o Mr. Reggie Mori

196 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ontario

2) Mark all articles by some form of identification
(signature or initials) and city or town. The
articles must have this identification or we can-
not take the responsibility of printing them.

3) Send in your contributions whenever possible.

4) Contributions will be printed in the form as received
unless requested to be edited.

5) Opinions are the views of the contributor.

Now you realize the wonderful possibilities of this project. Not only
you but also to others. By sharing each other's abilities you
yourself can be enriched and you can help another person, with the
exchange of ideas. The undertaking requires your support. ARE
YOU WILLING?

The committee responsible for this publication:

Ando, Tsuruko

Furumoto, Junzo

Ito, Joe

Matsui, Hideko

Okawara, Barbara

Shin, Joe

Uno, Christine

Arai, Arnold

Irizawa, Kenneth

Kadoguchi, Sumie

Mori, Reggie

Seo, Suniko

Shino, Jim

Watanabe, Mitsuko

STOP THE PRESS FLASH! The next is
have your contributions ready

be compiled sometime in May
early of time, for us.

The Outlook
196 McCaul St.
Toronto

Mrs. Anne MacBride
25 Balfour St.
Toronto



Volume 1

Number 2

THE
OUTLOOK

June, 1947

TORONTO

ONTARIO

THE OUTLOOK

Vol. 1, No. 2

June 18, 1947

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CAN.

ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE

With the publication of the second issue, we, the Editorial Board are happy to announce the success of this literary undertaking. Contributions have been forthcoming from some of the most unexpected sources such as Jim William's Houston letter as well as a message from Japan. As was to be expected, the bulk of the materials was written by Canadian Niseis. In accordance with a balanced magazine program idea, we printed in this issue the article "I Love Life", which is of the more formal nature and reveals the journalistic talent of this well-known writer. On the lighter side, we have the "I Love Me" column. We hope to make this column into a regular stand-by, and therefore, shall be very pleased to receive any amount of contributions for this section. We have also utilized a theme idea into this copy as you can see by the titles. This is one of our experiments, and we shall be glad to hear comments regarding this matter.

On the demerit side however, we have the failure of financial response occupying the "box seats". We know that all readers mean to pay for the magazine, yet we know that the majority have not done so. We realize the amount of trouble that is involved in forwarding twenty-five cents, but it is this small payment from each one of you that will enable us to publish future issues. As you all know, we cannot print and send these copies, issue after issue, without running into financial difficulties. As stated in the first bulletin, this is not a money-making proposition, but at the same time, a certain amount of money is required for stamps, stencils, sheets, and other miscellaneous items. To carry out this project, a capital loan was floated, and as yet, we have been unable to repay the lenders owing to lack of funds. Therefore, we think that it is only fair that each one should pay seventy-five cents (\$.75) in advance (to those who have paid for the first issue--one dollar to those who haven't) which will make him a recognized member of the Club entitling him to receive a year's subscription to the "Outlook" and to all Bulletins published during this period.

And secondly, the lack of outside members tend to keep our ideas, news, and views in the narrow and "rutty" ways of former Tashmeites. This barrier must be overcome, and we think that each one of you is in a position to help break down this obstacle. Living from Coast to Coast, and not in the concentrated settlements of the interior towns, you are coming into contact with other Niseis and Occidentals at school, work, or play. Therefore, each one of you is in a position to spread the idea of our "Correspondence Club" by encouraging interested people to join the Club, so that we can all benefit through the exchange of ideas, wants, or desires.

We intend to incorporate "Fashion", "Swap", "Hobby", and "Pen-pal" columns in the forthcoming editions. To make the "Fashion" column possible, all girls (and even boys) are requested to send in articles on local "fads" or "fashions". In this way, all readers will be able to keep up to date on the latest designs of the "fashion parade". For the "Swap", "Hobby", and "Pen-pal" columns, complete details must be sent in together with your name and address. The information must be written in a concise yet clear form so that others may understand your desires or wants.

We started out as the "Social Correspondence Club", but now feel that the time has arrived when a more specific name be applied to our organization. Therefore, we are announcing a contest with prizes being awarded for the two best-suited names. Complete details are printed on the back page.

In closing, may we again stress the point, that this is your magazine to have and to hold. Keep the articles coming and let us commune through correspondence!

The Editors

"I DON'T WANT TO SET THE
WORLD ON FIRE....."
HOUSTON, Texas.

Much has happened since my last letter to you. Yesterday, for the first time since December 19th, I got some mail--all 75 pieces of it, at once in bundles from home. They weren't all letters of course, or I'd just sit down and bawl in frustration while crunching up my pen between my molars.

There were lots of Xmas cards which are impossible to acknowledge individually. I hope the friends who sent them will understand. Gee, it was swell to get all that mail though. It was my real Xmas. I was just like a four year old on Christmas morning, as I tore open the envelopes with shaking fingers and recalled precious memories of the friends who sent them. Please thank them all for me.

I do wish that you all could look through my eyes as I travel about and see and hear the millions of things around me. Letters are so inadequate.

Thanks for the news about Miss Greenbank. It's the latest I've had concerning her. Also thanks for the kind wishes from Kaz, Junso and Charlie. Please say 'hello' and 'goodluck' for me to any of the gang you see.

Things got a little tough for a while in November and December. We couldn't get a ship, and it was illegal to work (we found out) and our permit for staying in the U.S., was only good 'till January 1st, and our finances were practically nil. Our belts began to get rather slack around our bay-window forms. You may have noticed in the letter that with reference to the present time, I refer only to myself, not "we". Well in case you're wondering about Wall, one day when I became very hungry, I began admiring the nice tender flesh on Wall's arms, and ...yum, yum!

Now since I know you don't believe me, I might as well tell you the true story. By December 19th, we still hadn't got a job in New Orleans so in desperation, we went to Mobile, Alabama. With only three days left before the January 1st deadline, we finally managed to get jobs as wipers on two ships. Thus, we split up temporarily, planning to meet again in about two months.

My ship took a load of grain to Italy from Galveston and returned last Thursday. That's what I said. I've been to Italy and back. Wall is joining me in about two

months.

If you'd seen me when we docked in Galveston, you'd have been scared silly. I'd been growing a beard since Jan. 1st when we sailed. It was my ambition to save it to show Wall if he were around. I had no idea where he was or where he went after my ship sailed, only that he was on a ship. After one or two days ashore, however, I couldn't stand the stares of the Texans any more and started to shave it off, leaving however, long sideburns, and a goatie, i.e. chin whiskers. They lasted till Monday when I hitchhiked here for my mail, and found Wall was far 'way. Then off they came, making me feel almost naked. Every time I saw a cop, I ran the other way, so he wouldn't arrest me for indecent exposure. What a blow to my ego though. Now, no one looks at me, any more. Terribly disconcerting!

Going over to Italy, we were heavily loaded, and were in numerous storms, so that sometimes, the water was even coming down the ventilators, through the water-tight doors and through the closed water-tight (so called) portholes. I was sick, but managed to keep working and got over it okay. After that, I was never sick again, even though we pitched and rolled so much it was necessary to hang on with one hand in the shower while washing with the other.

A wiper is a man who does all the dirty work in the engine and fire room. It would not be amiss to say it was WARM work--at times the temperature where I had to polish, paint, etc. exceeded 120 degrees. After a few hours there, the engineer would bring a shovel, scrape up the blob of greasy remains that used to be me, and put it down in the messhall telling the messboy to fix him ready for work in the mornings, a man who loves

Despite this description, I enjoyed the work and am proud to say that the two months of painting we did made the poor old tub look like an adolescent again. We returned empty and consequently rode a very high, and would roll whenever a sea gull lit in the water beside us. For most of the return trip the weather was really beautiful so that most of the crew got good tans during their off-time. Imagine getting a sunburn in February.

Bari, on the Adriatic coast of Italy, was small but interesting for a new visitor. Bari Vecchio (Old Bari) is really ancient. The streets are narrow and crooked little cobblestone lanes, stone buildings,

(cont. on page 10)

I LOVE LIFE

What is Life? Life is as breathing, the beating heart, the taking in of everything, et cetera, but we all living involves us in a manner than this. All natural functions must be done. A man cannot live "by himself". We see Life through the lens of our eyes.

Whether Life will be rich, a source of misfortune, of power depend upon a man's life and the ideals he has. Often a man will make a life some singular occasion, having attained it, he finds it without the promised happiness sought after. Why is his goal was too low, Stevenson and his El Dorado, an attainable and not a goal. His guest was having attained it, there was more to hope, work, or perhaps, it was because of happiness like a man in a clean shirt when rushing to an appointment. In his life he became blind to all thoughts, his appearance and reputation, thus destroying the happiness he had with his mind and happiness we must focus outside of our person lives only for ourselves in constant danger of death with their own views and intentions.

Too often a man seeks personal pleasure his chief aim in life. He does not realize these aims the pig is in him, for man is constantly restless that will not be content with one thing. A man who loves to eat bacon and eggs or a man who likes to play day without tiring of it can eat hash and wallow in the day of the year and content. A man is bound to something that will bring him displeasure and he must know how.

Too often again a man seeks security from want in life. To him money is the world go around; all--position, power becomes a slave work at dusk with no love for interpreting it into cents, a fur coat, or shoes. To him the most happiest man is he with a bank account. And he is to all else except the

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 (cont. on page 10)

I LOVE LIFE!

What is Life? Life may be defined as breathing, the beating of the heart, the taking in of food materials, et cetera, but we all know that living involves us in a more complex manner than this. Although certain natural functions must be performed, man cannot live "by bread alone". We see Life through hopes, fears, disappointments as well as through the lens of our eyes.

Whether Life will be barren or rich, a source of misery or a source of power depend upon a person's way of life and the ideals he reaches. Often a man will make the goal in his life some singular occasion, but having attained it, he finds it flat and without the promised happiness he sought after. Why is that? Perhaps his goal was too low, that he unlike Stevenson and his El Dorado made his attainable and not an unattainable goal. His guest was soon over and having attained it, there was nothing more to hope, work, or live for. Or perhaps, it was because he sought his happiness like a man searching for a clean shirt when rushing to keep an appointment. In his frantic search he became blind to all except his thoughts, his appearance, and his reputation, thus destroying whatever ties he had with his fellow men. To find happiness we must seek for it in a focus outside of ourselves. If a person lives only for himself, he lives in constant danger of becoming bored to death with the repetition of his own views and interests.

Too often a man will make personal pleasure his chief aims in life. He does not realize that in these aims the pig is superior to him, for man is constituted with a restlessness that will not allow him to be content with one thing. That is, a man who loves bacon and eggs or a man who likes to play golf cannot eat bacon and eggs or play golf every day without tiring of it while a pig can eat hash and wallow in mud every day of the year and be perfectly content. A man is bound to clash with something that will give rise to his displeasure and he must face it somehow.

Too often again, man will make security from want his prime object of life. To him money is what makes the world go around; money can buy all--position, power, happiness! He becomes a slave working from dawn to dusk with no love for his task but interpreting it into dollars and cents, a fur coat, or a sack of potatoes. To him the most successful and happiest man is he with the biggest bank account. And he lives on, blind to all else except the material wants
 (cont. on pg. 4)

OL' MACDONALD HAD A FARM

"Hurley! Hurley! Hurley...ay!---- Come one! come all!" blurted the smart looking auctioneer. "You're the valuator! you determine the valuation!" demanded the familiar voice.

Yes, "come one, come all" was certainly the right words chosen to describe my first debut at an auction sale, and did I find astonishment!

The other week, my boss asked me if I would accompany him to a "sale" and I answered in the affirmative since I was curious about this sale the farmers talk of so often, and I had never attended one in my life. That afternoon, we drove three miles through half-melted snow-drifts to the farm which was scheduled to be auctioned. As soon as I saw a mile-long stretch of autos, there was no mistake about the place we were looking for. We managed to park our car behind the parade and trekked up to the farm. At a distance, I could hear the clamouring of the crowd shouting with excitement, and why shouldn't they be? Wasn't this the "sale" they were talking about? They would get their money's worth. It's a bargain!

There must have been nearly a thousand people in all--men, women, children, and even the little kiddies were present. It was just like a fair or an exhibition to them..... people to greet, money to spend, and things to buy. This was a "farm" auction wasn't it? The farmers get together and talk about the little calf they recently added to their herd, or about the new cow they purchased at a bargain. Yes, they had plenty to speak about--the family life, the work they were doing, and what they planned to do.

I noticed one outstanding fault about farm life through their conversation, and that is their interest seems to lie only on their land and work, no further. A young farmer whose brother was overseas told me that during the war, some of the farmers who had no sons or daughters serving for the Country didn't even realize there was a war going on. Out in the city, there are plenty of signs showing that a war is being fought and people are suffering, but in the country you wouldn't realize it until the enemy is on your own front door or the barn is being bombed. This is why I believe that people who are so used to city life would not take to the country for fear that they may turn narrow-minded.

The sale starts at a little past noon and the auctioneer must sell the
 (cont. on pg. 7)

MAKE MINE MUSIC

Since the advent of radio, talking pictures, television, mechanical sound producing, and reproducing devices in general, music has grown to play a preponderate role in the entertainment and culture of the masses. How dull this world would be without melodies! We can just imagine the lifelessness in our daily lives--how boring a radio programme or how uninteresting a movie-show would be--in fact, there would be no concerts or operas, singing or merriment. Man would be deprived of the great enjoyment he receives through his ears.

Music then, we find, is of prime importance in the entertainment world of to-day. When and where did it originate? The history of music, unlike other arts, begins in legend, for there are no tangible records left of its first appearance. Archaeologists have unearthed evidences of prehistoric paintings, figures chiselled on the walls of caves and monuments, writings on papyrus or baked clay, but they have yet to discover one tuneful note similarly preserved in the ruins of ancient civilization. Yet, music is referred to in those sculptured remains: we find in the Testaments, evidences of song among the ancients. By biblical times, however, ballads of poets, minstrels, shepherds, priests, warriors and boatmen had spread from the Orient to Assyria, Egypt and Greece. It was not long before music was adopted for religious services of the Roman Catholic Church in 313 A. D. Here was laid the first foundation of written music. Since then, the scale, harmony and counterpoint have been arranged to perfection.

From this time, when the first church hymn was composed, down through the ages to the present, we can rightly say that every cultured civilization has contributed to the advancement of music. Greece, Italy, Germany, France, Russia, England, America--all have given rise to great musicians whose compositions will remain forever in the annals of music:--Palestrina, Monteverde, Haydn, Gluck, Scarlatti, Bach, Wagner, Puccini, Handel, and Verdi; followed by Rameau, Berlioz, and Purcell; then the renowned Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Brahms, and Sibelius; Tchaikovsky, Stravinsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov of Russia; Debussy and Ravel of France; Sullivan of England, and Foster and Gershwin of modern America, as well as countless thousands of other great, but not so well known composers. Is it any wonder, then, that we of to-day, find so much pleasure and entertainment in music, after such a glorious past?

(cont. on pg. 8)

AH STILL SUITS ME!

"I Love Me!" Why? Well--having no wife, I love life (no pun meant, son). And so, to illustrate.....

"Hello, Mabel? this is Abel. No! no! not Gable--Abel. Yes Abel... what? I'm on the wrong cable, and besides you're labelled? Ok! ok!... what a fable."

Call up a girl, and I'm behind an eightball. Can I help it if I don't play pool, and so, don't know how to cue? Besides who wants to queue up for a date? That's too much like work when I'm not going steady, and who does she think she is anyway....Gable? I'm not Gable, just Abel, but then, so what? Maybe I'm thin, and so is Sinatra (yet look how the "bobby-soxers" swoon over him). Then again, I'm not tall, but how about Bert Pearl, and has he got personality! In this category you can also toss in Mickey Rooney. What if I'm poor? I can still buy her a cone. Movies may be more to her liking, but I have weak eyesight. What if I'm no Arthur Murray? I can still step over her toes just as well as the next guy. Maybe I haven't got a good collegiate education, let alone a fair primary standing, but then take Lincoln, he didn't attend any school, and yet, see how famous he became. I'm poor at sports, but I can play "fowl" like anybody else. And brother! I can pet your "Mar(e)". I can't run, but I can sun; I can't hunt, but I can Grunt; and I can't fish, but I can wish.

Being fair and broad-minded about peoples' demerits, simply discount the bad points, add the good, and why, I'm better than Gable, Pearl, Rooney, Lincoln, Murray, et al rolled into one. And so, why shouldn't I pat myself on the back?....I'm better than them all! "I Love Me", don't you agree? (???)

Brasso

o o o o o o

I LOVE LIFE (cont.)
of Life not knowing that he will achieve his goal only in death for only the Dead know complete security.

How true it is that the unseen things in Life are the greatest, that it is the self one builds inwardly rather than the fortune one has outwardly that makes for happiness or gloom. Perhaps man's greatest ability is to be able to remake himself. When any man comes to a point where he can no longer live with the self he has built up, he can rebuild again. No man can afford to be satisfied with himself but must be continually on the alert for unwholesome

(cont. on pg. 6)

SEEMS LIKE OLD TI

For quite a while, hearing of gossip, that be another Tashme Reunion, and those of us who could the first one were most attend, after hearing such reports of said reunion.

Then one fine day, actually on sale, and list being compiled of those who to travel via chartered bus, lot of excitement there was to friends in Toronto ask put up for several days, ing to go just for the night, then changing one's mind minute, in favor of staying week-end.

It was most exciting to decide what to wear, and beauty salon to be made up etc., etc. And so exciting that we'd be meeting all friends to whom we had been three years ago.

Finally, the DAY of those of us who were working hardly wait until 5 o'clock, dashed home, had a quick change while trying to appear at least, with one seemed to fly, and in no time 4:45 came around, and of catch the bus. At least personally had it all planned in Toronto looking please don't laugh), in had gotten the night manicure, my favorite dress, dash of Apple Blossom Cologne, each ear, as beauty decorator-rings I got for Christmas are so cute. And did I look chic? Definitely no

First of all, upon found my dress hadn't come to the cleaners; had no time for manicure let alone try on my hair, and completely forgot ear-rings. To make matters got so late that we had to wait two blocks to catch a bus, finally dashed into the two minutes to spare. All things, having to wait half an hour because the bus wasn't in such a tearing hurry, some of the people hadn't yet. You know, most of J.T. meaning Japanese T

The ride into Toronto Shore Road wasn't bad at all, and replete with moon, could concentrate on the fact we were so near the reunion driver, being new to the area, not know where Lansdowne was, so had to stop and ask

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STILL SUITS ME!

"Me!" Why? Well--having
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Mabel? this is Abel.
able--Abel. Yes Abel...
the wrong cable, and
re labelled? Ok! ok!...

a girl, and I'm behind
Can I help it if I
al, and so, don't know
Besides who wants to
a date? That's too much
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she think she is anyway
I'm not Gable, just Abel,
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s" swoon over him).

I'm not tall, but how
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Fair and broad-minded
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Brasso

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(cont.)
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(cont. on pg. 6)

SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES

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Then one fine day, tickets were
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then changing one's mind in the last
minute, in favor of staying for the
week-end.

It was most exciting trying to
decide what to wear, and going to the
beauty salon to be made beautiful,
etc., etc. And so exciting to think
that we'd be meeting all our old
friends to whom we had bid adieu some
three years ago.

Finally, the DAY of days came.
Those of us who were working could
hardly wait until 5 o'clock. Then
we dashed home, had a quick bath and
a change while trying to down some
supper at least, with one hand. Time
seemed to fly, and in no time at all,
6:45 came around, and off we flew to
catch the bus. At least I did. I
personally had it all planned to ar-
rive in Toronto looking very chic
(please don't laugh), in the hair-do
I had gotten the night before, a new
manicure, my favorite dress, and a
dash of Apple Blossom Cologne behind
each ear, as beauty decrees, and the
ear-rings I got for Christmas that
were so cute. And did I get off look-
ing chic? Definitely not!

First of all, upon arriving home,
found my dress hadn't come back from
the cleaners; had no time to have a
manicure let alone try rearranging
my hair, and completely forgot the
ear-rings. To make matters worse, it
got so late that we had to dash for
two blocks to catch a taxi, and
finally dashed into the depot with
two minutes to spare. And then, of
all things, having to wait for almost
half an hour because the bus driver
wasn't in such a tearing hurry, and
some of the people hadn't got there
yet. You know, most of us travel by
J.T. meaning Japanese Time, of course.

The ride into Toronto via Lake
Shore Road wasn't bad at all, complete
and replete with moon, et al, but who
could concentrate on the moon when we
were so near the reunion???? Our
driver, being new to the city, did
not know where Lansdowne Avenue was,
so had to stop and ask a cop-on-the-

(cont. on pg. 8)

LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER

I feel that the people of Ontario
should become alive to the fact that
now is the time when we should band
together in the common bond of asso-
ciation to further our own interests.
Every dollar that we spend outside
of our organization goes to build up
and strengthen the power of monopo-
listic interests.

The first Credit Union on the
North American continent was organ-
ized in 1900 and it was called the
"Common Chest". This "common chest"
was to be a medium for the saving of
the people's money and using it for
their benefit in provident and pro-
ductive loans. This same credit
union is still going strong in Que-
bec with assets of two million dol-
lars in their pool. Nobody ever
lost a cent of his savings in that
credit union.

To-day, there are approximately
twelve thousand credit unions on this
Continent. In Canada alone, at the
end of 1946, there were more than
three thousand credit unions with
over a half a million members and
almost one hundred fifty million
dollars in assets belonging to the
members. In Canada as a whole, over
one quarter of a billion dollars in
loans have been made to credit union
members. Facts show that loan losses
are negligible. In Ontario, losses
on bad loans were about one-fiftieth
of one per cent. In Saskatchewan,
the losses on bad loans were about
one tenth of one per cent. This
proves that credit unions are not
only helpful in aiding financially,
but it is also a safe way to save.

The successes in the operation
of the credit union are due to three
factors:-

- (a) Organization is preceded
by a carefully planned
educational program.
- (b) Membership is carefully
selected.
- (c) Each member on the board of
directors of the credit
union, the credit commit-
tee, and supervisory com-
mittee have definite func-
tions to perform as defined
in the credit union act of
Ontario. The treasurer
and any sub-treasurers who
handle money are bonded.

Credit Union Benefits

Credit Union earnings are dis-
tributed in three distinctive ways:-

- (a) A rebate on loan interest.
- (b) Interest on shares.
- (c) Interest on deposits.

Regular deposits are encouraged
in the Credit Union to promote thrift

(cont. on pg. 9)

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'
(Kai-Ran-Ban)

Yes, this is "Fonseau" back again! And I'm in a sizzling mood!!

I rarely boast (?), but can I help it if I have made some startling bits of weather forecasting (the fact which explains my slight elation)? And thanks to my carefully drawn data, you can now be assured of Spring.....sometimes in July!

A private thought: I wonder if George Masuda is through with my "long-johns". I must remind him to have it washed before returning it to me.

In Hamilton, Hippo K. took over the Hy-No's treasury. Of course, I always knew politics to be a crooked game, but only heaven knows what pile of dirt was thrown in at his election. Anyways this goes to show you what a guy would do to be with the girl (who wouldn't?). The more wary Sadamu S. stayed clear of Hippo's sort (wise lad). This extraordinary person feeds on "beans" a good three times a day and happily passed over the dark days, skyscraping the upper stratum (how's the air up there, chum?). He is 5 inches taller than I.

If any of you can make loan of a "moustache cup", please be kind enough to contact Sharky Nagao. He's having some difficulty sipping tea--that is, without sucking in his "cookie-duster" too! And what gave you the idea that Harley Hatanaka has changed? I wish someone would supply him with a new script of "corns". (But, by jove, she's cute, Harley).

Have you heard the new version of the "Peter and the Wolf", the allegorical story of Kenny Ebis and the lamb?--No, it wasn't love at "purse" sight.

Here's wishing George Inata, Takako Seto, Jean Adachi every "quiver's" worth of satisfaction in Torontonians' low humors. However, when Miss Greenbank and Miss McLachlan "hit" town, believe me, there'll be a good deal of confessions made. (I must make it a point to be eavesdropping then). Good to be saved, I guess.

From Japan, we hear Dutchy saying, "I'm happy, but not yet wealthy." To think, I had so much faith in McArthur killing their "zaibatsu" spirit.

Montreal Special: Saddle Nagai signed up with the Jolly Five Bowling (cont. on pg. 9)

IN THE SHADE OF AN OLD APPLE TREE

My own life in Vernon seems to have settled into a rut, pleasant, but nevertheless a rut. Having left school, I do housework in winter, and scramble up and down a shaky ladder for apples in summer. Little we knew what was in store for all of us, two short years ago. In the Fall I go into the Packing House and make rather unsteady attempts at packing a decent-looking box of apples. Back in Vancouver, or even Tashme, I never noticed that apples were packed in such a regular manner, and it came as a shock to learn that there are very definite patterns and so-called "packs" to be followed, depending on the size and number of apples in each box. And please don't laugh when I say that I'm rather proud of my scant knowledge of apples, their varieties, and habits of growth, etc. After all, it's something I never knew or dreamed of knowing just a couple of years back, in Tashme.

My brother George attends Vernon High School, and participates in various sports and activities. There is quite a number of young Niseis attending V.H.S., among them, Toshiro Yakura, Sumiko and Sachiko Takashima, Kazue Adachi, Setsuko and Tets Sato, Mitsuo Tahara, and Sue Omoto, all formerly of Tashme. So you can see, Tashme is fairly well represented here. Sumiko Takashima is the very able secretary of a new nisei organization, the Canadian Nisei Association of Vernon and nearby districts. Toshiro Yakura holds the position of social convenor of our nisei Teen-Agers' Club.....

Fumi Sasaki

& & & & &

I LOVE LIFE (cont. from pg. 4) thoughts, resentments, prejudices, conceit that might mean the breaking down of his self. It is of course not enough to be negative in the construction of a higher, better character but one must be positive in laying down stones of self-mastery, fortitude, tolerance, and the facing of naked truth. "Ye must be born anew" is as true in modern psychology as it is in traditional theology. A man who wishes to conquer Life must never stop learning. It is not possible to coast through Life on the momentum of a high school or even college education.

Life has never been more thrilling or worth living. Every day the newspapers shout challenges at us to make contributions to the welfare of mankind. Here in abundance are goals in life that will take one away from (cont. on pg. 9)

BEYOND THE BLUE

Dateline--Tokyo.
(Excerpts from a former girl to her friend in)

.....I was glad to learn you were doing fine, on top of fun. Yes, I guess even changed, but I guess still the same, neh? and I bet that's what you think of....what to wear, I take out? etc., etc. just imagine!!

On the contrary, my way is totally different through one long, monotonous, oppressive day--just wish we'll be permitted to go (where we belong). Yes, it was a very great mistake to have brought us to a place like this. We can do anything or do anything for enjoyment. Country life and poor dad...I pity him because he isn't so stupid that, he just can't read, butter, or almost food.....as for me, I've got nothing to do and I'm more than thankful for my fortunate position in a place like Japan, my life is luxurious, for I get accommodations and meals at a Hotel, and I'm saving three American dollars for free transportation so have the opportunity to go to night-school at the school for Occupation al.

Gosh, back home in Japan as the last thing one would want to do, but out here, it's a little better because that's the way or even the highest class. I told you that the beggar eat better than the Japanese millionaire, exaggerating.....to find out, six will take a good salary per month (at the lowest wage of seven hundred yen). Gee, life sure is hard. Gee, life sure is fortunate and tough for there are many others who are crude and miserable like me, we just can't complain.

.....I've opened my eyes to the irony of war, the defeat of it, and the effect on the defeated people. How eye-fel to look at the worn-torn ragged clothes (there's many of them) through this cruel war, the cripples. No one can help them, no homes to go to, the government is too poor.

AN OLD APPLE TREE

in Vernon seems to
a rut, pleasant,
a rut. Having left
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and down a shaky
in summer. Little
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ars ago. In the Fall
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couple of years back,

George attends Ver-
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a number of young
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Sumiko and Sachiko
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Toshiro Yakura holds
social convenor of
Agers' Club.....

Fumi Sasaki

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cont. on pg. 9)

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

pateline--Tokyo.
(Excerpts from a former High School
girl to her friend in Toronto)

.....I was glad to learn that you're
doing fine, on top of having lots of
fun. Yes, I guess everyone has
changed, but I guess that's natural,
neh? and I bet that's all everyone
thinks of....what to wear? who shall
I take out? etc., etc. Well, I can
just imagine!!

On the contrary, life out this
way is totally different. Yes, I go
through one long, monotonously op-
pressive day--just wishing there'd
be some kind of good news so that
we'll be permitted to go to Canada
(where we belong). Yes, it really
was a very great mistake on dad's
part to have brought us all to a
place like this. We could hardly eat
anything or do anything in the way of
enjoyment. Country life is "heck"
and poor dad...I pity him the most,
because he isn't so strong and on top
of that, he just can't eat meat,
bread, butter, or almost any decent
food.....as for myself, I've
simply got nothing to complain about
and I'm more than thankful to God for
the fortunate position I'm in. For
a place like Japan, my conveniences
are luxurious, for I get sleeping ac-
comodations and meals at the Foreign
National Hotel, and I'm privileged of
having three American meals daily. I
get free transportation to work and
also have the opportunity of attend-
ing night-school at the Kyoto Central
School for Occupation Force person-
nel.

Gosh, back home in Canada, food
was the last thing one would worry
about, but out here, it's the oppo-
site because that's the main worry
for even the highest class people.
If I told you that the Canadian hobo
and beggar eat better food than a
Japanese millionaire, I wouldn't be
exaggerating.....to feed a family of
six will take a good two thousand yen
per month (at the least) and with my
low wage of seven hundred yen, it's
hard. Gee, life sure could be unfor-
tunate and tough for some, neh? But
there are many others living a more
crude and miserable life than us, so
we just can't complain.

.....I've opened my eyes to the
irony of war, the disastrous results
of it, and the effect it has on the
defeated people. Honestly, it's an
eye-ful to look at the staggering,
worn-torn ragged clothes, the orphans
(there's many of them left to fare
through this cruel world alone!), and
the cripples. No one to take care of
them, no homes to go to, and the Go-
vernment is too poor to provide any

institution for them. If anyone
looked at them, he'll feel like help-
ing them out. Many times, even I,
egocentric as all I am, wish that I
could do something great so that all
these kids could be taken care of and
taught the right ways of Life.

In Japan, one just can't get
sick, for once one lands into a hos-
pital, it's just too bad. The hos-
pitals are unsanitary and remind me
of Florence Nightingale's days.
They are really filthy and if you
land in one, you have to take your
own bedding and food. Another mem-
ber of the family would have to stick
by and do the cooking for you. Gosh!
it has gone beyond the limit, neh?
.....no, you can't get clothes here
either and a pair of shoes cost from
nine to eleven hundred yen or so,
can you imagine?

.....Yes, some of our parents
have ruined our future. In a way,
it's our own fault for listening to
them, but gosh, what could a girl of
16 or 17 do when parents are so do-
minating?.....

M.N.

O O O O O O

OL' MACDONALD HAD A FARM (cont. pg.3)
whole farm from the time he starts
until six o'clock that afternoon.
Within a matter of a few hours, the
whole farm is sold from the junk pile
to the house, stock, and farm proper-
ty itself. Whatever the profit of
the sale may be, the auctioneer re-
ceives his commission on every art-
icle sold.

It's truly amazing as well as
interesting to watch the auctioneer
coax the bidding higher and higher
by his "coloured" sales-talk. For
instance, he would pick up an old
battered picture frame with the por-
trait of the late Queen Victoria and
ask the people what they would pay
for it. No one answers, so he says,
"Now what's wrong with this picture?
Don't you love your good ol' Queen?
Come, come, what would you pay for
this dear queen of ours?"

Then out of the crowd someone
yells, "Two-bits!"

"Ho! I hear someone say a mere
two-bits for the Queen! I tell you
I've never insulted our gracious
queen by a mere value of twenty-five
cents!", the auctioneer waves his
cane frantically, speaks firmly, and
makes a small grin afterwards. Then
finally, some patriotic soul says,
"Ten dollars!"

"Do I hear ten?", cries the fast-
talking "side-show" man.

"Twenty!", yells another and by
the time the value is settled, an old
battered picture frame only worth a
(cont. pg. 10)

MAKE MINE MUSIC (cont. from pg. 4)

We are, needless to say, fortunate to be able to listen to these immortal classical pieces of great yester-year composers. But, do we merely sit and listen to past compositions? Decidedly not! Music is being composed to-day and new melodies are arising faster than we can ever hope to learn them. Some may think that modern music has been degraded to a low level because so much lyrics are being written and soon forgotten. But this is not the case: the fast merely illustrates the rapid advancement of music, the trend to-day, not of yesterday! Music will never cease to be written: as long as man lives, so will music. It has been composed, it is being composed, and it will continue to be composed as long as man can hear.

Among the music of old and that of to-day, there are melodious strains to suit every conflicting emotion of man's soul. Sorrowful music moans in our hearts when we grieve; merry and joyful strains touch our heart strings lightly when we trip gaily through life; sweet, lingering melody fills our love-lorn hearts in Spring; solemn music fills us with a feeling of piety at Church; proud martial tunes beat in our hearts as we salute our Country's colours. Music everywhere and at all times! Listen.....

Why is it that we hear or feel the more beautiful unheard music in our hearts with every emotion?..... music in the regular sounds of nature--waves dashing onto the beaches, rain pattering on roof-tops, winds rustling through the pine trees, the crickets calling to one another:-- music even in the dull monotony of daily activities? From the new born babe to the shrivelled grandparents, music is in the human soul. It cannot be snatched away from man like wealth--we find, even in the filthiest slums of a city, or in the dirtiest of barns, the weary atmosphere enlivened with some sort of music. It is God's gift to Man. It is the medium through which the soul expresses emotions to the spiritual ear. We delight in musical entertainment because music strikes a responsive chord in our soul. Whatever your rank in life may be,--just whistle, or hum, or sing a tune--does not your melody reflect your mood? Do you not feel your spirit harmonizing with the music? Then--listen to that strain from above--that music which tingles your spine as you listen to the symphony of Heaven and Earth.

Roy Nishikawa

SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES (from pg. 5)

beat, then stop every block or so to look at the number, and finally, we did arrive there.

There were crowds of old-time friends, in fact, most of the Tashmeites and their friends who were not ex-Tashme, but just as welcome. The younger ones were the ones that fooled me. They had grown so much that it was hard to recognize them.

During intermission, we trooped downstairs where another surprise awaited us. There were dainty tables filled to brimming with drinks (fruit juice), sandwiches, h'ores d'ouvres, potato chips, and many, many dainty and delicious things to eat, garnished with lighted candles, flowers, and festoons of cheery crepe paper streamers. I believe we have Susie, Sumi, Christine, and Yuki to thank for the lovely refreshments, as well as numerous others whom it is impossible to acknowledge singly here.

After the refreshments, there was dancing again, with novelty numbers, prizes, and everything. What made it most nostalgic were the records we had danced to in the old "D" Building Barn, over its somewhat bumpy floor with a Mountie standing guard, making sure that our dances folded up at 11:30 sharp. They were the good old days, or were they???

All too soon, the evening came to a close, as do all good things, and everyone went home. We Hamiltonians stood around the steps and talked with some of the Torontonians who were cleaning up until our bus came along the deserted streets and wearily we piled back on. Kaz and Tom had thoughtfully brought with them a box containing delicious chicken sandwiches, radishes, celery, and chocolate cake, so while riding along, we all had a very pleasant time, crunching celery and reminiscing. All so pleasant.

Many days have passed since the reunion, but whenever we meet a fellow ex-Tashmeite who had "been there", he often speaks of the wonderful time we had in Toronto.

On behalf of the ex-Tashmeites in Hamilton, please accept our grateful thanks for inviting us to the reunion, Toronto. It must have been hard work to get things organized, but the results were highly gratifying, weren't they?

C.O.

Most powerful is he who has himself in his own power.
Seneca

LET US BREAK BREAD

by paying a rate of deposits. A rebate of is paid to encourage loans rather than d capital investment loans are covered that in the event of member, his estate v twice the value of h Loans, if any, would cancelled.

Each member of service has equal sa taining to the opera ganization regardless how little he has in Co-Operative service otherwise. The membe regardless of race, c

Co-Operative Benefits

(a) Interest at ments.

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Detailed inform the Co-Operative mov tained by contacting at 163 Queen Street Phone WA 4950. Many books on the history movement are obtaina public library. The will be very pleased to any interested gr sound pictures and a a speaker. This ser on free of charge wi mind of furthering t

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Seneca

LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER (fm. pg 5) end of the Co-Operative movement.

by paying a rate of interest on de-
posits. A rebate on loan interest
is paid to encourage members to take
loans rather than decrease their
capital investment. Both shares and
loans are covered by insurance so
that in the event of death to any
member, his estate would receive
twice the value of his share capital.
Loans, if any, would be automatically
cancelled.

Each member of the Co-Operative
service has equal say on matters per-
taining to the operation of the or-
ganization regardless of how much or
how little he has invested in the
Co-Operative service financially or
otherwise. The member can be anyone
regardless of race, creed, or color.

Co-Operative Benefits:-

- (a) Interest at 3% of invest-
ments.
- (b) Dividends determined by
the earning of the organ-
ization distributed back
to the members according
to their purchasing power
at the end of every six
months. The greater your
spending at the Co-Op store,
the larger your dividends.
- (c) Co-operation is more than
buying and selling.
Throughout the world, there
are over nine hundred mil-
lion co-operators. This
Co-Operative movement
through their internation-
al organization are affi-
liated to overcome the mo-
nopoly system by institut-
ing a democratic movement
of the people, by the
people, and for the people
which will eventually, as
can be seen in Sweden,
overcome world monopoly
and bring control back to
the people as was original-
ly intended by Nature. By
gaining this control, we
can break monopoly and re-
move the profit motive from
business thus setting up an
economic system free from
war and strife.

Detailed information regarding
the Co-Operative movement can be ob-
tained by contacting Mr. Bob Laurie
at 163 Queen Street East, Toronto.
Phone WA 4950. Many interesting
books on the history of the Co-Op
movement are obtainable from the
public library. The Co-Op service
will be very pleased to be of service
to any interested groups by showing
sound pictures and also by supplying
a speaker. This service is carried
on free of charge with the object in
mind of furthering the educational

Joyie.

¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢ ¢

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' (cont. from pg 6)

team. Last heard, scored 263--265
is a slight exaggeration. Irene
Kudo is at present assuming the role
of "lady of leisure", but wow! her
scrumptious baking is worth note-
taking. Massey Wakabayashi, our
Tahiti-gal, on the other hand, seems
quite determined to remain single
(um, um?), else why the sudden in-
terest in the advanced course in
Commerce? Chiyomi is taking hair-
dressing, but this, please judge for
yourself.

Folks! let's not be too severe
with George Nakano (employed by the
Dominion Lock Co.) even if he does
think that he rates the title of a
second Houdini (open the door! Geor-
gie!). Baron Byne High has an under-
current activity brewing headed by
Ruth Yano and Sets Yasunaka. Please
note, the third party, better known
as the "Groaner's League" is not af-
filiated with H. Wallace's Liberals.
....as for Yurie Ishihara, my ima-
gination knows no end.

Egads! friends, our Social Cor-
respondence Club is definitely a
success. Just take a load of the
pile of letters we're receiving, and
my, all the sweetest thoughts (funny,
very funny). Now Tosh N., don't go
away (sweetly), we're waiting for
you to come across with that two-
bits you owe us, you know (with
sugar in our mouths).

Presenting a newcomer to our
Club,--the man, Slim Kondo; 5 feet
4 inches of chocolate coating,
charming personality, a gentleman
of gentlemen. A perfect example of
sublimity in the presence of girls,
but how perfectly harmless!

NOTE!! This wonderful column is for
sale. Any takers? Now, fellows,
don't be bashful. Look at all the
fun you can get out of it writing
about your "frans" and especially
your "enemies" (oh, you Black-mailer!)
Convey your willingness to the Edi-
tor, then start scribbling.

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I LOVE LIFE (cont. from pg. 6)

the pettiness of himself and place
him in communion with the great
souls of the past, with Eternity,
and with God!

J. Y. New Lisheard

I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE (Cont. from pg. 2)

shops piazzas (public squares with a water pump and playing children), and little horse-drawn taxis, carriages with huge wheels and canvas tops all seemed to belong to another past age. A forbidding old broken down castle, complete with moat, stone wall, and underground dungeon guarded part of the harbour.

More modern were the results of present day war. Sunken hulls sticking up their twisted masts and rigging, from the harbour bottom; hungry and sick looking waifs playing in tattered clothes on the cobblestones; black-marketeers swarming about the ship, and even openly on the streets; dealing in cigarettes, sheets, towels, soap, clothing, watches, pistols, almost everything imaginable. Young boys of twelve who had never been to school because all but the expensive private schools had been closed for six years. What a heart-rending condition for all! How lucky we Canadians and Americans are, but what a tremendous responsibility we have to the world if we could only see it! And yet, we persist in our narrow nationalism, petty personal desires, prejudices and blindness to all the world except for what is before our very noses each day.

Does it sound like a social studies class, Asako? How I wish you and the rest of that class could be with me. It makes history and social problems really live when you see these places and people. I had some fascinating talks with Italians in a combination of English, French, German, and Italian, all liberally illustrated by contortions, gestures, and grimaces. If you have a rubber face, three arms and seventeen fingers, and an over-excited imagination, you can forget about language altogether.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

.....Letters from Japn tell me that Michio Yamamoto is now working in the Criminal Investigation Department and finds it very interesting. His address is: 22nd C.I.D., A.P.O. 713, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California. Kazuko Soga is a typist for the Military Police at Otsu and is lonely and misses American food since she is not classed as a foreign national. Her address is: Miss Mary K. Soga, M.P.C.P., 35th Infantry, A.P.O. 25, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California. Sachi Ikeda is a general clerk and receptionist in the Civilian Personnel Section at Yokohama. Address: Hq's. 8th Army Mil. Gov't. Section, A.P.O. 343, c/p Postmaster, San Francisco, Cali-

fornia. Marie Kawamoto is in Yokohama working as an Examiner-Translator. She finds it much more enjoyable than at her folk's place in the country where she spent three months. Her address is: Headquarters Co., 3rd M.R.S., A.P.O. 503, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California. Kiyoshi Shibatani is in the same building as Michio Yamamoto. He particularly asks for some of the fellows and gals to write, especially Mike Honda, Joe Shin, Ben Sakamoto, Hats Uchida, etc. "I'm news-starved", he says. Address: Civilian Employee, I Corps, Hdq's. Finance, A.P.O. 301, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California. Pamela (Tayeko) Suzuki and Tetsuko Kato are both working in the same office and seem to be pretty well adjusted to Japan now. Ty wrote a very interesting letter in December. Sachi and Marie are in the same building. Miss Pamela Suzuki, T.K.M.G.D., Econ.-Sect., A.P.O. 503, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California. Tak Kobayashi is an interpreter at Ujima, about 3 miles from Hiroshima. He asks if anyone could send him some newspapers or magazines with news from Canada. His address is: 45 Inori Machi, Hiroshima City, Japan.

That's all the news from over there. Perhaps you have heard from Japan since I have. Not one of our friends to my knowledge was hurt in the earthquake last December.

I have a special request to make. Would you please be so kind as to pass along by phone and contact with the gang in Hamilton, the addresses and messages from the kids in Japan, and also pass on the news of myself and special thanks for Christmas cards received from all my friends.

Please thank Kay Nakano for her letter and tell her I'll probably answer all the letters in turn. This is all for now. Goodbye for now. Please ask all of them to write me, and how about snap shots of all, huh?????

Jim Williams

OL' MACDONALD HAD A FARM (con. pg 7) few dollars is sold for an amazingly high value just by the picture in the frame.

Although in most cases, the purchaser gets a bargain, there are instances when the bidding gets so high, you wonder whether the fellow is out of his mind. For some articles of value, the auctioneer is not (cont. pg. 11)

EDITORIAL

Business Address
Toronto
Circulation--92
Toronto

Editor
Assistant Editor
Sect.-Treas.
Circulation Manager
Past Editor

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NAME CONTEST!! The Editorial Board of the "Outlook" are pleased to announce a Title contest for the Club. Since the Club has expanded, we feel that the name "Social Correspondence Club" is not specific enough. We want a concise and appropriate title for the Organization which will designate the purposes and aims of our undertakings. Entries should be on a blank sheet of paper together with the name and address of the sender. You may submit as many suggestions as you wish, but each name must be on a separate piece of paper. Final eligible date is Sept. 15, 1947. Mail all entries to the Contest Editor, c/o the "Outlook," 506 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario. First prize will be a Rogets Thesaurus, and to the runner-up, a year's subscription to the "Outlook". Happy contesting!

Phone Past-time

THE OUTLOOK
506 JARVIS ST.
TORONTO



MISS WINNIE McBRIDE
~~of UNITED CHURCH TRAINING SCHOOL~~
~~344 ST. GEORGE ST.~~
TORONTO

Student in Agriculture Camp.
Dixie, Ont.
R.R. 1. Irlington



THE OUTLOOK

Vol. 1 No. 1

February, 1947.

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

WE WOULD BE BUILDING

"We would be building; temples still undone
O'er crumbling walls their crosses scarcely lift;
Waiting till love can raise the broken stone,
And hearts creative bridge the human rift;
We would be building, Master, let Thy plan
Reveal the life that God would give to man.

Teach us to build; upon the solid rock
We set the dream that hardens into deed,
Ribbed with the steel that time and change doth mock,
The unfailing purpose of our noblest creed;
Teach us to build; O Master, lend us sight
To see the towers gleaming in the light.

O keep us building, Master; may our hands
Ne'er falter when the dream is in our hearts,
When to our ears there come divine commands
And all the pride of sinful will departs;
We build with Thee, O grant enduring worth
Until the heavenly Kingdom comes on earth."

—Purd F. Deitz

These words, which have reached through our school halls, until they have become part of the treasure store of our hearts, express the prayer we would carry out into life as we go forth from Tashme High. In the seclusion of our valley we have been silently building, stone by stone, the foundation of that dream tower which we must now strive to complete. Little by little, through the experiences of every day it was laid. The heavy stones of patient endurance, the lighter stones of peaceful ease, the very precious stones of sacrifice and pain, the gaily colored stones of joy and pleasure, all these fitted together have made the foundation sure.

Now with creative hearts and hands we go half-fearfully to build thereon the costly materials of life. We carry in our hearts the principles of building. We must let the Master Architect direct our hands as we fashion with Him the great design. All the builders must raise the structure together for if one stone, even the least one, falls, the building will come crashing down. One stone cannot say to another "I am needed more than you" for each has his own particular place in making a symmetrical whole.

You, by your heritage of two cultures, bear with you the costly wedge-shaped stones of the arches which extend the building from nation to nation over the whole wide world for the third principle is that we cannot rest from our labour until towers are gleaming in the light and "the heavenly Kingdom comes on earth".

God bless us every one as we separate each to his own task and give us the courage to believe that love can bridge all human rifts and make the people one.

—Katherine Greenbank.

The world to be, the world to come, what will it hold in store for us? Misery? Wars? Bloodshed? Happiness? One cannot definitely prognosticate the construction of the future world, but predictions of what might be like can be wrung out from such facts and problems as are evident in the world of today.

Peace has come at last after years of bitter, disastrous, and calamitous struggle. Peace, a one syllable word, profound as the ocean in meaning, fickle as a woman's mind? Precious? Yes, far more precious than any priceless diamond, as costly as the lives of many men, women and children peace has brought happiness and fortune to the lives of many. Others, it has left like a ship, rudderless, waterlogged and unfortified. For the former, the future is bright, for there is peace on earth; for the latter, the future is dark, for there is peace on earth. The antonyms for the future--bright and dark--are produced by the fact that one nation has lost the war and the other has won. But which has won the war of the future, the future to which every body and soul is turned? This may be a matter of opinion, but in my opinion, the nation which has ended in smoke, which has to struggle, and fight to rebuild her future, and not the nation which has her future all tailor made, is the one which shall be prosperous in the future world. Do not interpret this last sentence to mean that there shall be another war and that the conquered nation shall be the conqueror, but, rather that she shall grow up again from childhood to independence and maturity. Yet, beware, how easily this word peace can remodel itself into its antonyms--chaos, ruin and destruction; collectively--WAR.

Must our world before us suffer the terrible ordeal of bloodshed, ruin and misery? Or is its life going to be one of harmonious living and co-operation? Yes, in some ways and No, in many ways. The democratic form of government has overcome the autocratic, dictatorial type of government. Then how can this form of government fail in maintaining peace and order in our future world? The government of the people by the people for the people shall not fail. If this form of government should fail in maintaining peace, could there be something wrong with this type of government? Or is it the people?

Externally many countries are at peace. Internally they are the scenes of non-co-operation and destruction. Strikes, paralyzing the nation, racial prejudice, a hatred

against some foreign people who are created equal are but a few of the many manifestations that indicate the type of our future world. Small trivial trouble grow until they are beyond control. From internal to external shall these troubles spread.

The perpetual threat of the Atomic Bomb, the unknown threat of that terrible weapon has many a nation helpless, lying on the shelf. The Atomic Bomb is the joker with which all mighty nations can play. Lying helpless on the shelf, the other nations must play their hands in order that they may be there Peacefully? No, under a terrible tension of fear, suspicion and jealousy.

Can this be right? Everyone, Everybody must struggle to attain their heights. Even though that height cannot be attained one must keep up that endless struggle. That is what life is moulded upon. If everything can be attained with no struggle, then for what are we living?

Instead of a constant threat to all of mankind, cannot this mighty Atomic energy be a beneficial and helpful aid to the progress of man? The world can then live more harmoniously, without fear, suspicion and dread. Nations are made to be a mutual assistance to each other not of mutual destruction so that one nation gradually diminished the power of the other nations as in a game of cards. War can be and war may be enthusiastic over this matter. Fear, suspicion and jealousy do not mix with peace. It is like attempting to mix oil with water. I am sure that that is the kind of world to which we are looking with great anticipation.

Now let us look at our world from the domestic and economic viewpoints. The foregoing paragraphs expressed rather pessimistic views; therefore in order to prevent anybody from committing suicide, the more optimistic viewpoints as viewed through the medium of domestic and economics are presented.

Science has done much in revealing to us what our future world will be like. A flip of a dial and the feast will be done, delicious and

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X X X X X X
NEWS FLASH!! TASHME REUNION
April 3, 1947 at LANSLOWNE ASSOCIATION HALL (North of Queen St.)
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X X X X X X

"WORK"

1946 T.H.S. ANNUAL

"PORTRAIT OF A NISEI"

My dear ----

Howee! Talk about surprise shocks--(and I mean shocks)- I received a double-barreled one this afternoon when I read your letter. Firstly, to think that you actually picked up your pencil and actually scribbled what seemed to be a letter, to me; and secondly--your request, or rather command, for an essay from me on a topic of all topics--"Work"!--Now, my good friend--(and I hope you remain that)--this is too much! You've often listened to my gloomy and non-too-gentle words about work, and, whatsmore, you know how I detest any type of composition, especially now that I've stopped pestering teachers for awhile, at least. Why must you be so merciless with me?(quoted from J. L. Lewis). I don't know how optimistic you hope me to be but you've asked for my opinions and brother, you've got them--straight from my shoulders--(huh?--where did they drop to?).

Who was it said,

"Thank God for a world where none may shirk--

Thank God for the splendour of work!"

And who said that work is the best cure for all ills? No doubt, the poets and philosophers who stated these and like words at press conferences were very wise, and, in a universal sense, they spoke the truths. But to a young ignoramus just out of high school with a knowledge of everything under the sun, who had thought that the world was a bowl-full of cherries and who dreamed (when he should have been studying) that a millionaire's life followed school days--these sages seem like "high-hats" murmuring in their dreams. Now mind you, I'm not in any way trying to criticize, nor do I say that others are wrong when they say work is a great thing--I simply state--(perhaps I shouldn't)--"Just try worshipping your daily routine tasks,--just try!!"

During our school days--(I sound like an octogenarian don't I?)--we stumble through the grades, squabbling about home-works, regarding the poor teachers as our common enemies because they try to pound something through our thick skulls. And I know right well how I would have treated anyone telling me that I should appreciate the teachers' efforts. My manners wouldn't have been in accord with the rules of good manners, you can bet. Oh no,--wasn't I doing those teachers a great favor by learning my A's and B's? Yet, even now, after a mere few months of earning my own bread-and-butter, the lazy days spent at school with our good friends, the teachers--

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"I will not go!" The young, determined voice rang out with hard finality and rebounded from the four walls of the tiny room. One could imagine the stubborn chin that matched the belligerent tone. The heavy silence deepened.

"Mother," continued the same ominously quiet voice, "up to now, have I ever done something against your will or without your knowledge? If you advised me to do something, have I ever refused to do it? Even when we disagreed, haven't I always looked at both sides and then reached a compromise? When the repatriation forms had to be signed, did I raise one objection? I felt then that you had a perfect right to advise me in all I did. I knew that even if I had refused to sign I could do nothing to help you. Then, it was either to sign and retain the job here, or not to sign and face unknown perils in the East. But now," the voice paused for dramatic effect while the air itself seemed to hold its breath, "I have reached my decision. I am not going to Japan!"

You must realize that to make my decision, I must have weighed both sides carefully. I'm quite able to take care of myself now. Besides, this problem of cancellation is the crux of the whole affair. Don't you realize that my whole future pivots on this one decision? Mother, you can't ask me to leave a country I know, to seek a new life in Japan, a land whose customs, etiquette, language and even the people themselves I do not understand." The voice took on a note of entreaty.

"I know you wouldn't want to see me unhappy among people I have never seen--no familiar faces anywhere. Do you want to deprive me of a chance to fight, to realize my ambition? If you do want to give me a fighting chance, should you not let me go East?"

The beseeching voice died away. The engulfing silence was broken only by the rhythmic ticking of the clock. A log fell in the stove with a muffled thud. The girl who had hitherto been pacing the floor in the finest portrayal of soap-box oratory, paused in the middle of the floor, pensively chewing her lower lip. "If only," she mused, "I can say it to mother in just that way, I'm sure she'd see my view point." She started guiltily as she heard her mother's step at the back door. Funny that she hadn't heard her come up the wooden walk. How could she guess that her mother had been standing outside listening to her?

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"YOUTH'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS
RELIGION"

Either due to the paradoxical nature of the subject or due to the intense love for independence of man, religion is been greatly neglected. Man has come to believe that science alone can unravel the hazardous path of life. However in spite the new regentship, the symptom of the unwholesome living hasn't a least been mitigated. --Can it be, then that the paradox exists, not in God but in his own miscomprehension of the entities of God?

The primitive people found their little world too intricate to surmount alone. They satisfied their instinctive cravings through idolatry and fetishism. As thousands of years passed by the idea of monotheism was inaugurated and still, in generations to come, new ideas were born and old rejected until the basic teachings we find in the bible today, were firmly established. Hereupon the central theme of the religion developed. Yet, despite the fact that this primitive loneliness remained in the human race, it was not to be freed from worldly schemes. Man has permitted selfishness to enter his life, instinctively, he longs for eternal emancipation. Consequently he but turns to the immediate areas of psychology, biology, political philosophy, and even jingoism for temporal relief.

The business of living is not easy. Every time we stop to think, our daily struggle seems more futile. Our ill-arranged minds concert for us an exaggerated stereotype until our creative faculties are impoverished from continual non-existent intimidation. We under-mine our own capacity, only to retreat to the world of endless turmoils. This is exactly the reason why so many men in this fast-moving era become victims of neurosis.

At this point it may be a kind of a sacrilege to study the world of perpetual sunshine and turn to the man who has discovered the secret of sound living, not in the future or in the past but in the moment in which he breathes. Surely this person too, must find this world as hazardous as we do; yet, his gait in all his activities seems so convincingly cool and thorough that we cannot help but wonder at the source of his continually effusing incentive for creative living. His quick but sure decisions point unerringly at what is noble and never a streak of cowardice is shown. Unlike our minds which are ever preoccupied with motives, anxieties and fears, his is a mind of serenity and patience. He is too prudent to be concerned with egocentric schemes. For him the world is cheerful and full of godly images to fulfill his purpose

Con't page

in life. Thus does the appearance of of healthy mind of a religious person take shape. Hitherto every unfolding, whether psychological or biological, confirms this view. It is not our brains which are faulty, for, in design it is perfect. It is with our usage of them that we must remonstrate. Our physical well-being is secondary and comes spontaneously with the healthy mentality.

Religion distinguishes itself in that it is not a creation of man's wishes. Therefore, like the scientist who explores the universe in search of truth, her devotee seeks the eternal reality. His supreme authority rests only in Him and not in his own creation. So it is written, "No man can serve two masters! for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other.

Likewise we cannot associate religion of politics with the strictly speaking religion. The latter is constant and almighty; the other, ever oscillating, adapted only to serve man's worldly end. Furthermore it should be noted that all mediums at the highest, become identical with religion and any religious! highest attainment remains basically, singular and impregnable. Thus we say in pure religion we find no cultural, racial nor vernacular discrimination.

Man, the closest image of God gave ample evidences that God is just and in this essence do men long for each others fellowship. It is in this atmosphere of love that man, must soourn.

J.F. TORONTO.

"THE SCHOOL I AM ATTENDING"

(The following article was one which was taken from the Forest Hill Village School Paper, "Blue and Gold" of which Arnold Arai is the editor.

It certainly seemed a strange place, when I, as a new student, enrolled in Forest Hill High. It is usually difficult for me to become accustomed to new environments wherever I go, but that problem seemed a little easier here. The teachers and pupils are very friendly and helpful. One thing which impresses me is that the teachers seem to have succeeded in building a cooperative relationship between the staff and students. This is shown in the way in which the staff talks and jokes with the pupils; in the manner in which the Xmas party was conducted; and in the successful organization of school sports.

The attitude of the students towards bewildered newcomers is very friendly and encouraging. For example a conversation with a friendly classmate makes a lost greenhorn feel at home.

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What is life? Life may be defined as breaking the beating of the heart, the taking in of food materials, et cetera but we all know that living involves us in a more complex manner than this. Although certain natural functions must be performed man cannot live "by bread alone". We see life through hopes, fears, disappointments as well as thru the liv lens of our eyes.

Whether life will be barren or rich, a source of misery or a source of power depends upon a person's way of life and the ideals he searches after. Often a man will make the goal in his life some singular occasion, but having attained it he finds it flat and without the promised happiness he sought after. Why is that? Perhaps his goal was too low, that he unlike Stevenson and his El Dorado made his an attainable and not an unattainable goal. His quest was soon over and having attained it there was nothing more to hope, work or live for. Or perhaps it was because he sought his happiness like a man searching for a clean shirt when rushing to keep an appointment. In his frantic search he became blind to all except his thoughts, his appearance and his reputation, thus destroying whatever this he had into his fellow men.

To find happiness we must seek for it in a focus outside of ourselves. If a person lives only for himself he lives in constant danger of becoming bored to death with the repetition of his own views and interests.

Too often a man will make personal pleasure his chief aim in life. It does not resemble that in this aim the pig is superior to him, for man is constituted into a rest that will not allow him to be content with one thing. That is, a man who loves to play golf cannot eat bacon and eggs nor play golf every day without tiring of it while a pig can eat hash and wallow in the mud everyday of the year and be perfectly content. A man is bound to clash something that will give rise to his displeasure and he must somehow face it.

Too often again a man will make security from wanting his prime object of life. To him money is what makes the world go around, money can buy all position, power, happiness. He becomes a slave working from dawn to dark with no love for his task but interpreting it into dollars and cents, a fur coat or a sack of potatoes. To him the most successful and happiest man is he with the biggest bank accounts. And he lives on, blind to all else except the material wants of life not knowing that he will achieve his goal only in death for only the dead know complete security.

How true it is that the unseen things in life are the greatest, that it is the self found impression on Canadian life. One builds invariably rather than the fortune one has outwardly that makes for happiness or gloom. Perhaps man's greatest ability is to be able to remake himself. When any man comes to a point where he can no longer live with the self he has built up he can rebuild again. No man can afford to be satisfied into himself but must be

continually on the alert for unwholesome thoughts, resentments, prejudices, conceit that might mean the breaking down of his self. It is of course not enough to be negative in the construction of a higher, better character but one must be positive in laying down stones. Of self-mastery, fortitude, tolerance, and the facing of naked truth. "You must be born anew" is as true in modern psychology as it is in tradition theology. A man who wishes to conquer life must never stop learning. It is not possible to coast thru life on the momentum of a high school or even college education.

Life has never been more thrilling or worth living. Everyday the newspapers shout challenges at us to contribute to the welfare of mankind. Here are in abundance goals in life that will take one away from the pettiness of himself and place him in communion with the great souls of the past, unto eternity and with God.

J.Y.

NEW LISKARD.

"THE WAY AHEAD"

Young Canadians of Japanese Ancestry have a responsibility and a realization ahead of them. I speak of the group of students that were attending Tamao High School. Somehow it appears to me that the group can be thought as an "en bloc". Possibly the facts to be considered are that there was a commonness amongst us and that we were of oneness in that each year there was an influx of students and graduation was infinite. This group is one of many which are "growing up", and with maturity feel that sense of emancipation.

To the younger Niseis, the new varying, radical, one different life now can be attributed, not conclusively, to the relocation to the East.

The Isseis, as immigrants, had rather strict and strange ways of living in this new continent. The older Niseis had to see partially in the light of the Isseis, therefore transition into Canadian life was slow. Now, it is apparent that there is a breaking away from the old mode of thinking. Even the saying: "What was good enough for grandma is good enough for you!" is defensively thinking.

In any generation of any people it must be realized that customs and methods of doing things change. Further, it is the young people's lives which are concerned chiefly in the future. It is a sense of direction. What they do, relatively speaking, affects the generation immediately after them. It is not so of a generation influencing a generation yet to come. Following along in the line of immigrants groups, the Sanseis should show a profound impression on Canadian life.

Here is a case where an adjustment of an outlook was needed. An issei, who is quite old, and works at our factory, had a nasty slash on his index finger. The cut required four stitches. The foreman told me to explain to the Isseis about the Compensation Act of Ontario, so that he would not have hardships. During working hours on the sixth day after

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"MY SCHOOL LIFE"

"So long Dad, I'll be home by four thirty!" I rush out of the house, my books jumping at my side, my car ticket in my mouth, into the icy street. Gosh, I missed the Harbord car again--I'll be late for sure. Thank goodness Marie's coming. Oh, a car at last! We hop in and after a long ride get off at Greenwood Ave. The huge beige building comes in sight and we start running only to find Mr. Hawkins glaring down at us at the doorway. "You're late!" Innocently we say "We left so early but er--you know--the street cars--we held up--" He takes down our names and we feel like criminals the way Mr. Hawkins looks over us. We rush to our lockers, take out our text books and slip into the class room. Eight different voices yell out "Hi Sue!" or "Hi Lonnie!" and Mrs. Markle politely says, "good morning Sue."

The clock says nine. There is an announcement from the principal, the national anthem is played. In two's we march to History class where a young teacher greets us. His topic is strictly History, alas! The next period finds us in a very good humour in Mr. Johnson's bacteriology class where we learn everything but bacteriology. (We don't know what bacteria is yet but we know that Mr. Johnson has a daughter our age etc. etc.) Gosh, chemistry comes next. The class which is composed of girls alone hates this subject but Mr. Carslick seems to hate teaching us even more. Don't blame him we still don't know a base from a salt!

At last it is lunch time. The cafeteria is crowded and there is a huge lineup for ice-cream and butter-tarts. After finishing our lunch we all gather in the auditorium where a motion picture is shown or a singing is held. Oh, there goes the bell just when we are having so much fun. Well, at least we finish tearing Van Johnson apart. I wonder who's next on the list?

Our fifth period is hair dressing in our form room. We spend sixteen periods a week in here. I must tell you about our beauty salon. It's a beautiful room, cool green in colour, with thirteen shining mirrors in two neat rows, four modern dryers, three manicure tables, a smart dispensary where all the necessary hair equipments such as shampoos, dyes, rinses, pins are kept. It's Anne's turn to do my hair. She brushes my hair and it feels so wonderful! "Is that the fire bell I hear?" I refuse to go out with my hair like this! The teacher insists so Donna and I hide behind our partners until we are safely indoors again. The eighth period finds my

hair all washed, set and styled. Mrs. Marble comes up to us and says, "Anne you've done a marvellous job on Sue's hair. Black hair is so hard to control!" I'm the only black-haired one and my poor hair stands plenty of insults. You see, black and red hair are so springy and hard. There goes the bell. Don't tell me it's three-twenty already! "Well, thanks for doing my hair Anne. Bye kids, see you tomorrow. So long Mrs. Marble."

I run to get Marie and just as we are about to step out of the building foot steps are heard and Mr. Hawkins commands us to halt. "Girls," he says none too sarcastically, "I'm sick of seeing you every morning. Try not to leave so early next time. Please" "Yes sir, we resolve never to be late again," we answer seriously. "Goodbye Mr. Hawkins, I hope we won't have to see you tomorrow."

Outside the building, Marie and I look at each other and burst out giggling.

S.K.

TORONTO.

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1946 THE ANNUAL

MARY AND HER FIRST FORMAL

"I'm going to get a white crepe formal made for this party," Alicia was saying as she looked at Mary in a disapproving way. "And I suppose you're going to wear that old green dress of your sister's." That was too much even for quiet Mary. Mary gave a hurt cry as she dashed into her room which she shared with her sister. She just couldn't hold back the tears any longer, she burst into a heavy sobbing. She thought unhappily, "Alicia is getting a white formal made, Margie is getting a blue one and so is Annie. Everybody is getting a new formal except me, that's not fair". Mary's father had died when she was only five. Since then, her mother had worked for her two daughters. They couldn't afford luxuries like those other girls. Mary was still crying when her mother came home from work. She was very proud of her mother but for once she wished she had been born in a rich family. "Then," she thought, "I wouldn't have to worry everytime some special thing comes up."

"Mary, Mary, I need your help," called mother from the kitchen. Because Mary just couldn't let her mother see her crying, she carefully washed her face and went down the stairs, trying to look cheerful as possible. But her mother knew right away that something was wrong and she persuaded Mary to tell her about the big party. "Maybe, I shouldn't

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VARIOUS ASPECTS OF WORLD

PEACE

Bon Marche! N'est ce pas? Could be an he-lin-go sale, huh? Ladies! please, no pushing! Try to act respectable--just above. This way, please, if you wish to see Mount Arnold (his) discharge the Toronto's foremost collection of "star-dust". Interested parties are requested to have their buckens on hand. Anything can happen where Arn's around.--Is it the adipose fat around the waist-line that's ailing you? Have you given the "Irizawa" Secret Formula, VX20-10, a trial? When you see the miracle it had done for him you'll be convinced that even Kilroy can't give you a better bargain.----Permanent waves can be obtained at exorbitant rates; the place, S. Kadoguchi Beauty Salon. Send in your used wigs. Special attention given to (male) orders.

Side-kicks: The other day, Tony Katsumo fell off a twenty-foot ladder. That is, from the second step. (Pub licity stunt, I guess) Hiroko Matsui spends five days of a week, four weeks of a month just toying with baby toys. (Pathetic, is right).--Issac Sakamoto left his famous hermitage for a week to see his mama in Toronto. (a-ya-shii-na).

Say, Viola what's the idea showing those boys up in the bowling games? (Don't think it's a wise policy making fun of your es-corts like that. It's unethical) --Tah!! tah! Asako, haven't you got that fur coat out from the storage yet? I certainly admit we haven't hit the critical temperature (#65 F) but,--don't you think a fur coat would look rather becoming on you. Just the same I'm glad to hear it kept you warm through the cold-spell, pal.---Ah, Shrimpy my fine friend, I bet that mean crack in the "Hy-no" newspaper had you spinning on a dime eh? Please, Shrimp, relax will you. This is a respectable paper, you know.--Folks, if you want to know what keeps Roy N. in seclusion the year round, just drop in at his home. Brother, that "frame-up" is certainly pretty----Ripley or not, the notorious Mike Honda was seen entering the church door. Highly preposterous but if the inference is correct--pray God--may the Lord forgive his contaminated soul, amen.

George Watanabe, a wicked person in sheep's clothing looking for new haunts.--Fumio Nishimura, an eligible husband (meaning school-boy) is quite available. Rickey; Ryoichi business name, wider in use in the underworld societies.

Wow! did you feel the earth
Con't page 9

The world had high hopes for the League of Nations after the cessation of hostilities in 1918, but the League was destined to fail because of differences among the nations. Among these were the lack of unity and agreement among the big powers, the selfish greed of some nations, and the unwillingness of nations to make sacrifices in the interests of peace. Thus the League of Nations, the brain child of President Woodrow Wilson of the United States, failed but the spirit of brotherhood that prevailed could not be and was not suppressed.

Once again the world is at peace after being through the throes of the most devastating conflict of all times. Once again the fervent wish of the nations is to have a peace that will remain steadfast and unyielding in order to prevent the recurrence of another and even greater war. After years of strife and turmoil peace has come to this war-ravaged world at a grossly high cost. In view of this fact alone, the present peace must be everlasting.

Many proposals have been made for peace in the post-war-world, but it still remains a question as to which are practical and acceptable and which are not. The Atlantic Charter, and the agreements of the Britton Woods, the Dunbarton Oaks, the Chicago Air Conference, and finally the United Nations Charter were the steps made in the right direction. Another good start is the formation of the United Nations Organization, a solid organization embracing all the chief countries of the world. The formation of the U. N. O. makes it easier for the enforcement and the adaption of these ideals enunciated in the various charters, but as yet these ideals have not been adapted. The idealistic principles of the Atlantic Charter were perfect in theory but not in practice. For a time it was received with great acclaim throughout the world, but as time went by, the pressing problems that arose during the cause of the war could not be solved by the idealistic principles of the Charter. Exceptions had to be made to satisfy the nations and it has been expedient to solve some by compromise. The Dunbarton Oaks Conference was a partial failure since no agreement could be reached on several fundamental points. The Britton Woods Conference had some success inasmuch as a World Statul-ization Fund was established, but this conference too failed for similar reasons as the Dunbarton Oaks Conference. The failure that exist
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"WORK" (Con't from page 3)

--and yes, in spite of the home-works--seem like days in Eden. KNow, camp school for over three years, it you know that I'm slightly unbalanced is altogether a new and interesting eh?--well, perhaps--)

But hold on awhile before you ridicule me--You recall the classes we attended--the knowledge we gathered (or rather had driven into us) about chemical reactions, electrical devices, machines, engines, industrial processes, etc, etc ad infinitum--the various algebraic equations, the geometric problems, and the business mathematics we solved--the shorthand we learned, and the typewriter we mastered.--In fact, the little we learned of almost everything? To what use can we put this knowledge? I know everything seemed to be explained clearly in the class room --but what can we do when we enter an industrial plant and hear the chemist tell us to make an analysis of a product, or when an engineer requires a blue-print, or when a mechanic wants us to repair a locomotive, or when the electrician orders us to instal an electric motor? Of course, we know that a chemist uses chemicals, that blue-prints look like drawings, that a locomotive is usually run by a steam engine, and that electricity somehow moves huge machines. But the little we know is not enough for positions with a bright future. And it's the feeling of being able to advance in some line of work that gives work the zest needed for one to be contented with it. So you see what I'm driving at, in many unnecessary words--Work, as I see it, without any specific training along practical lines, is dull routine. I've realized this and I've decided to pester teachers again as soon as possible--don't discourage me by wailing about Easter exams please.--(Ugh--I'm late for work again--just wait till that foreman sees me!)

Your friend,

R. N. Hamilton,

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THE SCHOOL I AM ATTENDING:
(Con't from page 4)

The school spirit is quite impressive at most league and exhibition games. This was illustrated by the attendance and cheering at Oakwood Stadium, Maple Leaf Gardens and Club 580. It is remarkable that the morale around the school is so high in spite of the staggered system.

F.R.V.L. can boast of a very efficient guidance system to aid the un-decided in choosing a career. Little do we realize it now that this is a very important part of our training, for, a man without a career is like a man without a home.

After attending a relocation school life to see all the modern methods of teaching once again. Having studied from correspondence courses, having had only four teachers who taught only the very essentials of the course, and being left to study the remainder of the course on my own time, I find collegiate students to be an interesting climax to my upper school. For me, visual education, intricate chemistry apparatus and a reference library add interest to the lectures and brighten the difficult sections of the courses.

Forest Hill seems to be well-known for its high standard of education. This is a reputation which a school can be proud of and should try to keep.

The organization of the Students' Council is very democratic. I notice that there is a great emphasis placed on the struggle to wipe out racial prejudice. The school must be congratulated, for it is only through co-operative, unprejudiced living and studying together that we can produce a democratic foundation for a better Canada.

In conclusion, it is my sincere hope that the school will carry on in the same excellent manner and that we will all work together to make this school a better and happier place in which to study and to play.

Arnold Arai.

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ENTIRE WORLD (Con't from page 2)

brown. Now push a button, turn the dial, and the radio-places shall come right into home by television. Helicopters and rocket planes shall be in the possession of many who wish to travel by the future highway, the air, or for those who are wishing to spend their vacation at the moon, or any other planet. Modern homes, spacious, with large windows, decorated with many automatic devices, lighted with science's most modern devices, with furniture simple in design shall be the home of the future people. The industries shall be run by new machines capable of doing man's work with the exception of

thinking. Consequently, men, instead of being like cogs in a wheel, instead of doing the back breaking and monotonous jobs, can put on their thinking caps and ponder over the more important subject, the maintenance of world peace. With such machines, many articles can be produced cheaply, many articles can be produced abundantly; but will the distribution of the articles be just; will it be the great problem in the future world, or will it be like the world of to-day in that regard? Our future world, a place where our destiny lies, a place where we shall

Con't next page.

quiver when the Latoba maidens visited Hamilton? Boys, let's be more careful with the primitive instincts next time, eh?

Important announcement! The committee responsible for this publication appeals for your immediate response. That you may consider to be a misery sum of 25 cents (quoting KI) can prevent the little catastrophe we're up against at the homefront. So don't let these money mongers down.

I say, Blockhead, the Germans haven't a fighting chance against the British. By the way, there's a rumour a-brewing that Chamberlain is going to be "outed" soon. --Hey Ben, I hear you took a girl out last week. --It's a comfort to know that that sweet Miss of ours, Josie Y., is hale and hearty and not the least daunted by ol' man Winter. She tells us, "It makes me thankful to think that it was only 40 below the other day, here in New Liskeard, while in the Yukon it's 87 below." (Can we blame her?) --No kidding, I never thought a day would come when halo-shaped hats would be popular until I bumped into Miss McBride the other day. These bible students!!

--I say, Kaz K., I see that you manage quite well, even with that unshaven face of yours. How in the world do you do it? That's the trick I've yet to learn, I suppose.

Boy! the atmosphere is getting uncomfortable. Certainly, I'm not easily intimidated, but I guess I can stand a little air now and then.

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Although she knows it's useless,
When sitting she will seize
Her dress and make an effort,
To hide her pretty knees.
I, Puzzled, watch and wonder
If she honestly and true,
Doesn't want my eyes to see them,
Or is making sure they do?

Judge: "And why had you been drinking?"

Tosh: "Please, your Honor, the doctor told me my blood was getting watery, and I put in a little alcohol to keep it from freezing."

Have you heard about the conceited nurse who always deducts ten degrees from the patient's temperature to allow for her personality?

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FUTURE WORLD (con't from P 9)

contribute to the world, may it be one of happiness, prosperity and success.

T. K.
Grade XI

"TINY" TAGUCHI

The pathways of life are many and we all find ourselves scattered

throughout different parts of the country. As we start life anew attempt to adapt ourselves to changing conditions, our minds always carry us back to a common past. We all cherish ideals and memories which remain fixed in the backs of our minds forever. At the top of the list of memories we shall always find our school-mate and friend, Takemi "Tiny" Taguchi. It was with sad hearts indeed that we heard of his passing as the result of an accident near Neys, Ont. on July 25, 1946. We use the word "passing" because we can only picture him as going from a world of sadness, happiness, despair, doubt and hope to a world filled with eternal happiness.

Tiny left Vancouver on Oct. 16, 1942 and made his new home in Tashme until June 1946. During this time he was an active member of the Tashme High School and won the friendship of all within her walls. Whenever there was work to be done Tiny was always ready with a willing hand.

We would always see his cheerful face whenever we would be cleaning out "D" building for socials, chopping wood at school or at the log house, and preparing our concert. As boys' sports convenor he did an excellent job of organizing leagues and inter-house competitions. It was indeed an honour to have been able to work with him. He was an all round sportsman and excelled in all the leagues. In baseball we would find him playing any position on the field and a member of the senior league. In basketball he was always a top scorer and a man who promoted team work. We could list numerous types of sports and they would all compare equally. Tiny belonged to the Bhuddist Church and the Bussei Club. We are sure that he had as much to do for the success of that organization as he did for the success of the T.H.S. At socials and parties he was very popular and was one of those who could be credited for making the evenings successful. Those of us who remained at the camp near the end of the last school term will remember seeing Tiny come out with some fancy jive steps and help liven up the parties.

There were only a few of us left to go up to the bus when the big relocation to Neys was on, but those of us who were there will well remember his last words of farewell. He said that he would see us all again and we are still sure of that because there will always be the life beyond.

Con't page 12

VARIOUS ASPECTS OF WORLD PEACE
(Cont'd from page 7)

among these nations. Other organizations and individuals have offered plans and ideas but their effectiveness remains to be seen.

The United Nations Organization seems to correspond closely to the League of Nations, but as the League went down, is the U.N.O. to go too? Already there is evidence of disagreement as was seen in the atomic bomb problem. Unless these differences are settled and nations adopt a feeling of oneness by self-sacrifice, everlasting peace cannot be attained. At the present time it would appear that there is still no definite plan for international co-operation. The dangers of any policy other than international co-operation are fairly obvious. If the nations cannot agree on certain fundamental and practical principles while they are fighting as allies, how can we expect them to agree when the dangers that held them together are removed? This question is one of the most important of the many questions that face the world at the present time. The United Nations may be United For War, but it seems they are certainly far from being United for Peace.

It is my firm belief that the United Nations can do an untold amount of good work towards fostering peace and world order in this war-torn world. They have the necessary funds, materials and stable organization to tackle such an enormous task. Is the world on account of its selfishness and lack of self-sacrifice going to be plunged into another destructive World War? If we are to have peace we must adopt all the codes and principles of the various charters, then enforce them strictly and not allow any exceptions. Records must be wiped out by self-sacrifice. Thus in this way, we will be able to have everlasting peace which will pave the way for prosperity and happiness for all. The world has much to learn before there is such an ideal state as foretold by Tennyson in these famous lines from Lockesley Hall--

"Far along the world-wide whisper
of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples
plunging through the thunder
storm,
Till the war drums throbbed no
longer, and the battle flags
were furled,
In the parliament of man, the
federation of the world;
There the common sense of most
shall hold a fretful realm in
awe,

POURTRAIT OF A NISEI
(Cont'd from page 3)

"Hello, Beth," greeted her mother casually, "I hope you had time to finish knitting that sweater. By the way," she added, "Did you hear about Phyllis? You remember that her family moved East intending to put Phyl through University so she could become a teacher. It seems that she's been forced to give up and work to help support her family, even though her brother is working in one of the carpenter shops there. I'm afraid if our family moved there, you would have to be the bread-winner. Your father's far too old to find any sort of job suitable for him. That's why," her mother went on, carefully avoiding her daughter's eyes, "I'd like you to understand why we're taking you to Japan. I know you'd like to become a stenographer. Did you think I was completely oblivious to your ambitions? I know that if we did go East, you'd never find time to attend school. As a sole supporter of our family, there would be too many demands upon your time. I couldn't wish such a future upon you. After we go to Japan, I'm sure father will be able to find some kind of work to keep our family together while you are going to business school. Besides for those of you who are willing to be pioneers for the Japanese in Canada, this is the best chance to be pioneers for the people in Japan. Japan has to build herself from the bottom, Beth, she is going to need broad-minded young people to build that solid foundation. I believe that the Niseis going back have the right ideals to which to look up. I'm sorry!" laughed Beth's mother ruefully, "I hadn't meant to make this a lecture."

She turned into the adjourning room, leaving Beth with her head cupped in her palms.

"Hm-m," reflected Beth thoughtfully, "this takes a bit of thought, but I think I'm beginning to see a glimmer of light. It doesn't really matter where one is as long as one's attitude to life is one of serving others. Whether I go East or to Japan, I have to live with the common people, and human beings have essentially the same emotions and feelings underneath. Wherever I go, I'll have to understand others, and help others to understand us. As long as I know what I can give to help universal

Cont'd page 11

And the kindly earth shall slumber,
lapt in universal law."

K.I.
Grade XII

harmony, I need not be afraid no matter where I go. What is the use of talking of braving the prejudice in Canada, if I cannot ever face the reality of going to Japan? Besides, this might be just a test of Providence to find out if I have the right courage in me. After all this is over, I may even be grateful for the choice life is giving me, now.

There was no sound from the other room. Beth wondered idly how her mother had managed to bring up the subject of ambition just when she was thinking about it. Suddenly she smiled a secret smile as there flashed across her imagination, a vision of a large business office with Beth herself seated at a desk marked "Private Stenographer".

M. S.

Grade XI

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THE WAY AHEAD Con't from page 5

he was injured, he got the stitches taken out. But on that sixth day, he came back to work. Asked why he did not stay until his wound was really healed, even for another day, he gave some reasons in an uncertain manner. One of his reasons was his son said that he would get compensation if he was away for five days. This is not true for Ontario. He added that his wife wanted him to go back to work because he may lose his job. Supposing he was dismissed, the action would have been in the wrong. He would be on the payroll, because, the legislation does not permit the individual to suffer unduly (which is putting it mildly).

The difference of the outlook by the Isseis and Niseis can be illustrated by a violent argument, which I was in. The Isseis were throwing tales of faulty methods, results of the Niseis. Adversity, the Niseis attached the Isseis on their failure to provide a stable position (better than today) for the Niseis. Numerous past incidents of our history were rapped and thrown open. Sharp criticism and plausible excuses were shouted. "You don't know the facts," or "you don't know the incident" were repeated. The body temperatures were noticeably becoming hotter. When things began to cool down and the opportune time came, an abrupt conclusion was spoken to this effect. "The Niseis were inexperienced, while the Isseis although experienced lacked sufficient knowledge of this country's customs. What one lacked, the other had." It can be seen that one group when coping with big problems did not have a certain

essential to solve matters in a successful and agreeable manner. This was the Past, though; the Future is something ahead.

Another thought to ponder is-- WHY is this often repeated statement reasonable? "The generation in Canada is one generation behind that of our American cousins." For example, our Sanseis will be similar or on the same level in Canadian life as the American Niseis are now in the States. On lines of psychological emotion, I liken it this way; The American ideals forming the inner core of their society and radiating outward, influence the behaviour of the Americans of Japanese descent. Why can it not be similarly true that Canadian ideals forming the inner core of our society and radiating outward, influence the behaviour of Niseis to become good Canadian citizens.

It is heartening to add that the war on discrimination is becoming focussed. For instance, recently the Toronto Police Commission, which issues business licenses and co-operates with the City Council, has passed a resolution of not giving licenses to places of business which discriminate on account of race, colour, or creed. In the 1944 legislature, there was the law passed that owners could not discriminate to buyers purchasing properties. All this with a brighter outlook of life in our new communities we should progress into better Canadians.

R. M.

Toronto.

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MARY AND HER FIRST FORMAL

Con't from page 6

have said it after all," thought Mary. "It's just making Mom unhappy. Her mother understood her so well that she sympathized with her. She determined to get Mary a nice formal, just like the other girls no matter how hard she had to work for it.

"When is this party?" she asked. "It's next Saturday but, oh mom, it's all right 'cause I'm not going. I didn't want to go from the very first," said Mary. "Let's forget about it."

"Nonsense, child. You know very well that this occasion doesn't come everyday and besides you were looking forward to it."

The matter was dropped for a while and Mary was very thankful for it. Even her sister Jean couldn't guess that something was wrong.

The days flew by and at last the awaited day had come, but for

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Mary and Her First Formal
Cont from P. 11

Mary it was to be the longest day she had lived through. She came home brooding so deeply that she couldn't even hear her mother talking to her. But something in what she was saying caught her attention.

She was saying, "Mary, I've got a nice surprise for you. Open this parcel, Mary."

Mary opened it slowly and cried in delight, "Oh, mom, is this mine? Where did you get it?" She was so excited she couldn't hold back the eagerness in her voice. Then all of a sudden her face fell as she said, "Mom, this gown, it's--it's your wedding dress! I remember it now. Once when I was very young, you told me that that was the only thing you had left to remind you of daddy. Why did you do it?"

"I don't need it and it has been lying around for so long that moths will get at it if it's there any longer. You can wear it and make me happy like I was when I wore it."

Mary put her arms around her mother and said, "You're the swellest there is on earth and I'm going to keep this gown as long as I live." She meant it too.

C. M.
Grade IX

DEBATE COLUMN

Here are a few topics from which you can choose for a debate article. You may take either the PRO or CON. State the resolution and give your arguments.

- I Resolved that wealth is necessary for the Niseis to have to lead a happy life.
- II Resolved that university learning is necessary for conducting a successful business enterprise.
- III Resolved that Nisei girls know how to conduct themselves in public better than Nisei boys.
- IV Resolved that Japanese in Canada should adopt Christian first-names; i. e. Hideo, Kaz; Toshiko, Yaeko should have names like Tom, Richard; Jane, Mary
- V Resolved that Co-operatives and its system have a place in Canadian life.

OUR THANKS are to the Church of All Nations, Toronto, for the use of their mimeographing Machine. Words of appreciation go especially to Reverend Mr. Smith for his kindness.

IMPORTANT QUESTION: Have you put in a claim for your tuition fee paid for the high school correspondence courses, to the JCCD's survey of property and wage losses during the war?

"IN MEMORIAM" (Cont from P 9)

in which we can meet our loved ones who have gone on before. Wherever old friends gather, Tiny will be there because his name will live on in our hearts forever.

--Arnold T. Arai

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Mas: "Hey! waiter, what is this?"

Waiter: "It's Bean soup, sir."

Mas: "I don't care what it's been, what is it now?"

"Why, who told you dis soup is spoiled?"

Mas: "A little swallow!"

Gal: Will you join me in a cup of tea?

Sal: (hesitating) Well, you get in first and I'll see if there's any room left over!

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A snail spotted a cherry tree and began his slow upward climb. It was January, and as he inched his way upward, a wise guy of a beetle stuck his head out of the tree trunk and cried: "Hey, bub, you're wasting your strength. There ain't any cherries up there."

The snail didn't bother to stop but said, "There will be when I get there."

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