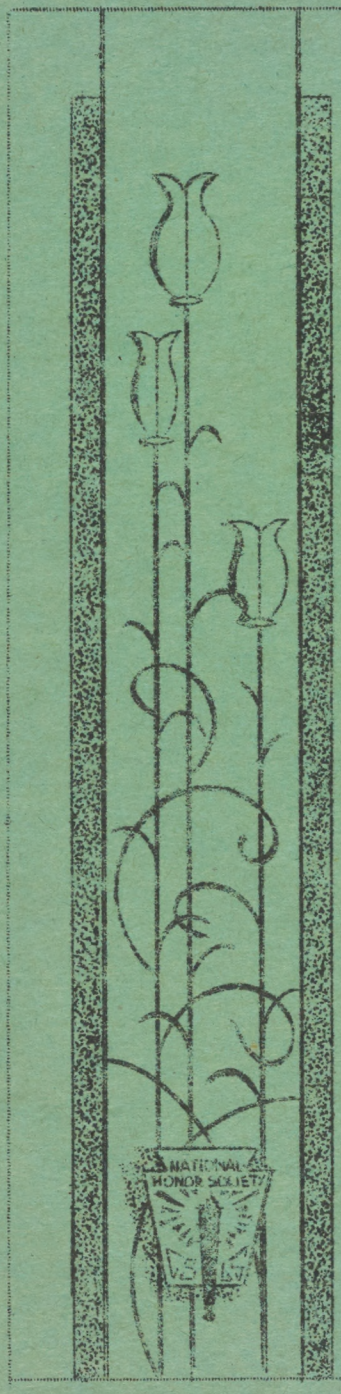
R 3.40

67/14
C

UC°



The TORCH

PUBLISHED BY THE

Tri State
Scholarship Society

Forward.....1
Message.....2
Cabinet Members.....3
Illustration the Birth Of Day.....4
The Birth Of Day--by Hisashi Kumasaka.....5
We Make It--by Jimmy Nakawatase.....6
Japanese Women--a metaphor.....6
Valor--By Yorimi Matsumoto.....6
Life--By Noriko Matsusawa.....7
Deep Slumber--by Tom Hotta.....7
Life To Me--by Florence Kozuma.....8
Parting--by Tom Hotta.....8
The Great Leveler--by Betty Moriuchi.....8
A New World--by Yuzuru Takeshita.....9, 10
Whose? Who?--by Sanji Morimoto.....10
No Come Back--by Jim Munekawa.....10
My Face--by Betty Moriuchi.....11
Just Another Day--by Tad Uchi.....11
My Visionary Faculty--by Juji Wada.....12,13
Read--by Kazue Kamibayashi.....13
Human?--by Mitsuo Takasugi.....14
The Rules Of Etiquette--by entire Creative Writing Class...14
Dull Sermonizers--by Minoru Yokota.....15
Query--by Terry Ogata.....15
Courage--by Akira Sasano.....15
Resistence--by His Nakahama.....15
A Whopper Of An Elephant Tale--by Junius Sakuma.....16
The Castle Rock Picnic--by Mits Gekko.....17
Pick On Some One Your Size--by Kaoru Ichinose.....17
Fraidy Cats--by Jim Munekawa.....18
Bucks Nightingale--by Mary Matsuo.....19,18
Fish Again?.....18
Perhaps Not, Perhaps--by Junius Sakuma.....18
Chibi--by Molly Goto.....20
Dear Fellow Tiger--by Tom Hotta, Chairman.....21

Names--by Any Uyeda.....21
Dear Mrs. Dog--by Lightning Speed.....22
The Rabbit--by Tom Hotta.....23,24
Advice From The Baby's Uncle--by Tad Uchi.....24
Slave Labor--by Kiyoko Sakamoto.....24
Essay Writing--by Noriko Matsusawa.....25
Word Picture--by Tad Nakawaki.....25
My Greatest Crime--by Kazuyo Furuzawa.....26
Tardy Bells--by Min Yokota.....26
Sunday Breakfast--by Ray Takeyama.....26
The Pine Tree--by Lury Kaminaka.....27
Solitude--by Yuri Yoshioka.....27
Come To Hawaii--by Jimmy Nakayama.....28
Murder On The Minor Scale--by Reiko Odate.....28
"Pride Goeth Before A Fall"--by Janet Matsuda.....29
Stop, Look And Read--by Tom Hotta.....29
A View From Castle Rock--by Noboru Murakami.....30
Looking Out Of The Window In Room 5F--by Mary Matsuo.....31
Betty's Dress--by Yoshiko Fujita.....32
Meditations On Doors--by Tom Imagawa.....33
Limericks--by Janet Matsuda.....33
My Funniest Incident--by Toshio Matsuura.....34
Which?--by Akimichi Kimura.....34
My Nephew--by Roy Nakawatase.....35
The Castle Rock Picnic--by Edna Sueyasu.....36
Illustration.....37
In Autumn.....38
Illustration.....39
Illustration--The Wrong Excuse.....40
The Creative Writing Last Picnic--by Nobuya Nimura.....41
The Jeepriders--by Hank Mizumoto.....41
A Football Game--by Tad Taguchi.....42
Champions Almost--by Nobuya Nimura and his crew.....43
The Wrong Excuse--by Sachie Kimura and her crew.....44,45,46
Travelling--by Janet Matsuda.....46
The Shadow--by Mits Gekko, Chairman.....47
The Good Earth--by Takeko Murano.....48
Innocence--by Betty Moriuchi.....48
To The Rescue--by Lury Kaminaka and her crew.....49
The Mountain--by Lury Kaminaka.....49

The Toilers In The Pineapple Fields--by Akimichi Kimura...50
Gone With The Wind.....50
God Was Powerless--by Bill Oto.....51
A Thought For Her Album--by James Tanigawa.....51
The Dust--by Kazuo Yoshida.....52
The Dust--by Tom Yokota.....52
A Scout To The Rescue--by Janet Matsuda.....53
Illustration--The Old Mansion.....54
The Old Mansion--by Richard Tanaka.....55
Out Of The Window In Room 5-F.....57
"Stardust" From A Love Sick Lad To His Girl.....58
"Stardust" A Reply From The Girl.....59
"Stardust"--con't.....61
Philosophy--by Sanji Morimoto.....61
Leaping Life's Hurdle--by Ben Hara.....62
Acknowledgment.....63

TO ALL OUR TEACHERS FOR THEIR UNTIRING EFFORTS IN GUIDING US THROUGH THE PATH OF KNOWLEDGE, WE DEDICATE "THE TORCH".

FORWARD

This collection of original essays,, poems,and stories has been compiled in an effort to present representative examples of the literary efforts of Tri-State students.

With the natural limitations on space the editors were compelled to omit many deserving selections. The writings included in this compilation are those which represent a varied range of topics and which were chosen for style of presentation.

The editors wish to extend their appreciation to the many teachers and to the contributors whose cooperation and earnest efforts have made this magazine possible.

The Editors

Reiko Odate

Peggy Sanders

Richard Sanders

MESSAGE

Living in the world of today with its opposites of joy and happiness and success or sorrow and misunderstanding and strife, one must be more than prepared to meet any challenge. To do so, he must have the proper educational background. He should be eager to seize every opportunity to better himself and to receive the training necessary to lead a successful life.

If school records are anything from which to judge, a scholarship student may be considered one of the most likely to succeed in the future. In addition to maintaining high scholastic standings, he should be able to serve his school in whatever way possible.

With this in mind, the members of the Tri-State Scholarship Society have undertaken this publication in an effort to foster higher learning, to encourage and to share creative writing among the students of Tri-State High School.

Fumiyo Kodani

Sponsor

CABINET

PRESIDENT

Sachie Ueda

V.PRESIDENT

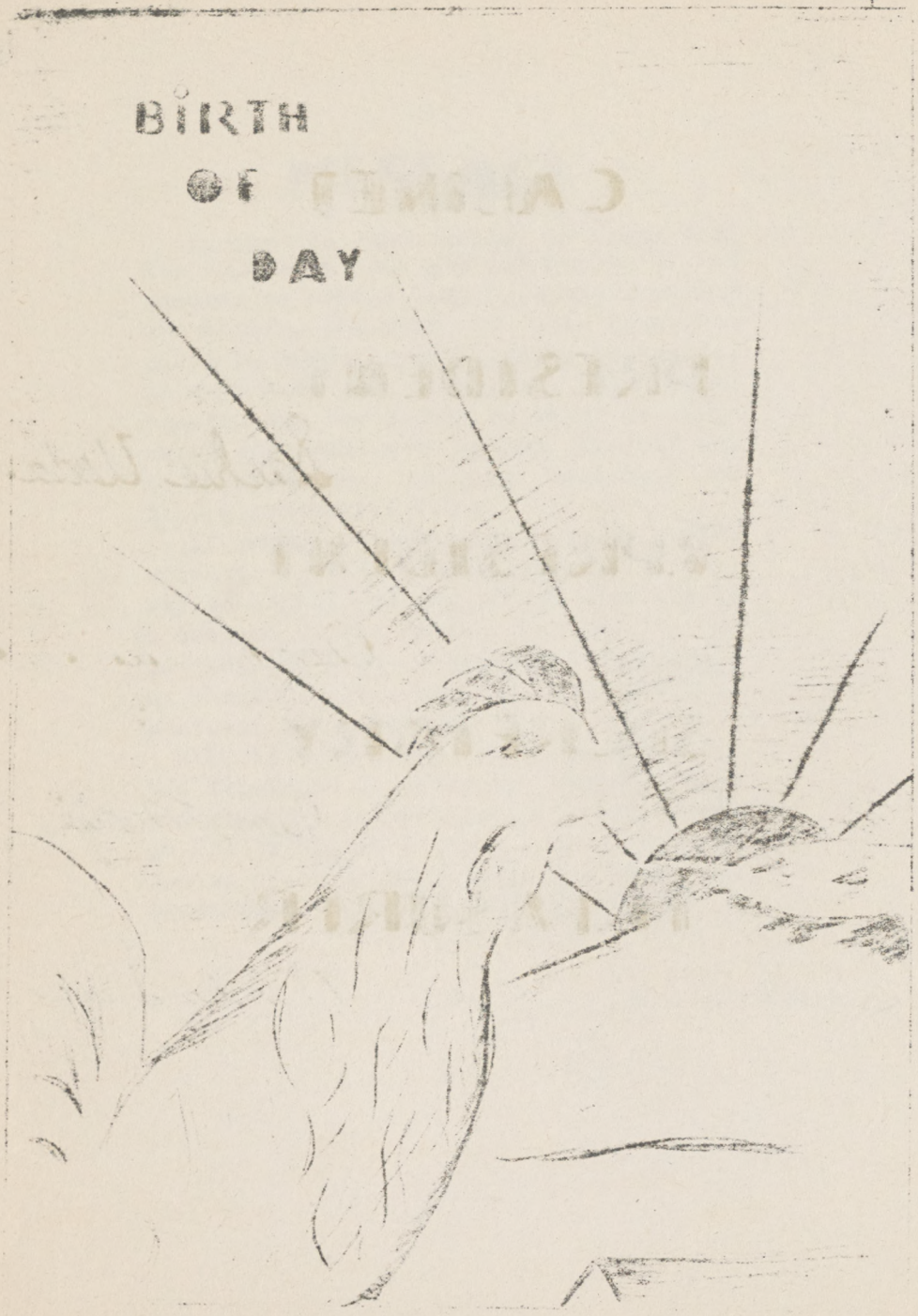
Ayako Nagasaki

SECRETARY

Jane Maeji

TREASURER

Michi Sera


BIRTH
OF
DAY

The Birth of Day

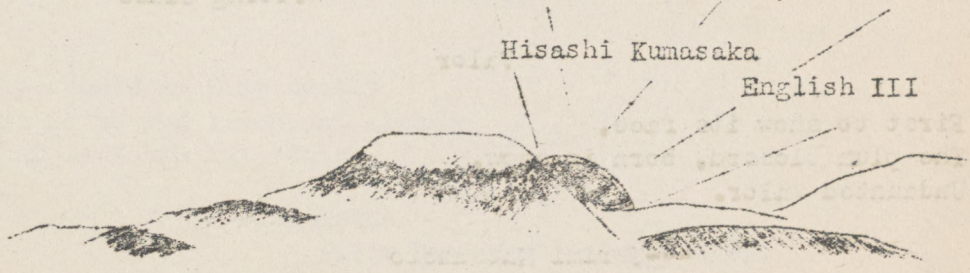
Nestled between the folds of two silent salients, Castle Rock and Abalone, this calm of tar-papered barracks lay lethargically and peacefully in the fleeting dusk of night. Bathed in the heterogeneous mixture of smoke and mist, it waits for the birth of another day. The sand of "Time" slips by. From behind the towering guardian of the east, Abalone, a halo of brilliant yellow chases from its heavenly path the gloomy, gray clouds. Slowly, the fiery ball of Apollo peeks into this sleeping settlement; and, as if satisfied by what it saw, it rises with deliberate steps from its bed. Suddenly in a blaze of glory it leaves the protecting tresses of the horizon; once more sending earthward its benevolent rays of life, energy, and light.

And soon--instead of lusty cry of the chanticleer and the irritating buzz of the alarm clock--the early and forlorn cry of the gulls and the omnious clang of the mess bells rouse the yet heavy eyed youngsters from their warm and comforting beds. Sounds of running feet and washing faces, occasionally interrupted by the, "Ohayo gossai masu," of the Isseis", may be heard. The clattering of dishes and the cups signifies to us that the morning meal is about over, and the stream of people from the mess-hall breaks up into little rivulets leading up to separate apartments.

Missing the magnificent and breath-taking spectacle that had just taken place, the inhabitants once more fall back into the dull and uneventful routine of the camp saying, "Nothing is worth while seeing," or, "Nothing exciting happens in camp." (What fools these mortals are.)

Hisashi Kumasaka

English III



We Make It

"Life is what we make it. Every day we hear people complaining that life here in Camp is what Sherman said war is--"hell," that it is "waste time," etc. The forces of nature, or of circumstances, man by himself, cannot alter, but man can change his life from good to bad, or vice versa, as he chooses. By his own choice, man can make his own life sad or happy. The man who leads a gloomy life, who mopes and broods all day, who censures fate or destiny, or blames God for his bad luck, has only himself to blame. More, he proves by his very words that he has not the slightest intention of even trying to better his life. By our wills we pattern our lives. We find fault with Camp life because we <u>try</u> to find fault. We <u>want</u> to find fault with it. We are quickly influenced by the feelings of others. That is a mistake. We should try to live our own lives, not the lives of others. We should try to live by our own instincts and by our own will to better our lives. We can make life here in camp happy if we but try. Life is what we make it.

---Jimmy Nakawatase
Second Creative Writing Class

Japanese Women
(A Metaphor)

Low before the storm,
Bamboos bending, breaking not,
Gently rise again.

---By the Entire First Creative
Writing Class

Valor

First to show its face,
The plum blossom, born in snow,
Undaunted valor.

---Yorimi Matsumoto
First Creative Writing Class

Life

"Life" according to Webster, is "animate existence; vitality." How inadequate that explanation is! According to it, if one just kept bouncing in one spot year after year, that would be life. I am not condemning Mr. Webster but to me life is more than just existence. It is everything that surrounds us, from the air to the ground, from food to machinery. Certainly, as every one knows, one can live if one has air, water, and food. But "to live" and "Life" I believe, are entirely different. As long as one has a flicker of a heart beat one is "living" but would you call that "life"? In a way, yes, but what if everyone in this world were like that, would you call it "life"?

Then what is "life"? It's just everything, even death.

---Noriko Matsusawa
English III

Short the time to sigh,
Such a little while to weep---
Still does mankind hope.

---James Tanigawa
First Creative Writing Class

Deep Slumber

Why should we fear death?
Who is he who loves not sleep?
What is death but sleep?

---Tom Hotta
First Creative Writing Class

Life to Me

People have called me "too optimistic" in my views on life and people. Because I can't believe that every one is against me since I am of Japanese descent, some of my friends say I am crazy. I can't think that way because I have known too many Caucasians who would do their best to help me in anything.

I believe that life is an obstacle race, there is a goal to be achieved, that people are here to help, and I am to help others. I have an objective in life that is worthy of any sacrifice; therefore I will not be downhearted about anything.

Florence Kozuma
English 3A

Parting

Soft on autumn morn,
Fading leaves with dewdrops moist,
Fall like farewell tears.

---Tom Hotta
First Creative Writing Class

The Great Leveler

Cold Death
Makes all flesh kin;
There is no caste in blood;
Unlikenesses are swallowed up
In Death.

---Betty Moriuchi
First Creative Writing Class

A New World

The weary, devastated world has at long last emerged from the bloodiest and the most relentless holocaust it has ever suffered since the birth of mankind. And now with renewed determination the same people, who two decades ago witnessed with their very eyes the horror and the futility of war, but who, to their deepest regret, failed to exert their utmost effort in the eradication of the cruelty of conflicts and to apply themselves most sincerely in the preservation of amicability among the nations of the world, are this time tightening their belts to come out triumphantly from the subsequent struggle for peace--to foster and maintain harmony among the two billion inhabitants of the common abode; namely, the earth. Truly, the task is Herculean. Should it, however, because of its magnitude be left to mere prayer and wishful thinking? Neither God nor the Fates, however merciful and omnipotent, would endow upon this world peace and harmony without the peoples' earnest application towards that cherished end. The world all men covet will come only as the reward from Heaven for the laborious and faithful effort on their part to effect that harmonious atmosphere.

Conferred upon the present century of stupendous advancement is the laurel of "civilization." But, judging from the honest reason of men, has the so-called "civilized" world lived up to its noble title spiritually as well as materially? An answer in the affirmative is unfortunately impossible to make. Men have boasted their conquest of the intricate laws of Nature and their almost incredible inventions--but what are these without the paralleled moral cultivation? Many have come to regard war as indispensable to progress. They have come to believe that it is altogether ineradicable from the society of men and consequently inescapable. Regretful is the fact that such unsound belief remains in the minds of those who call themselves as "civilized"--reclaimed from a savage state. Have they not always taken pride in the title: the lord of all creation? If they are to retain such an exalted title, they must at all cost live up to it. To fight has never been and will never be man's nature (at least for he who has a "soul"). Men

(Con't)

must awaken to the reason--they are the lords of all nature. Then and only then will they sense the disgrace when resorting to killing each other. War, therefore, is to be denounced, not because it is horrible and vain, but because it is an act of humiliation on the part of human beings. The realization of shame and the resultant determination to uproot bloody clashes and the goodwill to maintain the atmosphere of universal brotherhood and prosperity are the nuclei to eternal world tranquility.

The star that guides the men on earth is glittering with increased vigor in the northern sky. Let not its glimmer be in vain. Let no clouds of egoism obscure the sparkling light it emits for each and every man to cherish deep within his heart. Truly, this light of hope and ideal with the sober cognizance that only those who till, sow, and labor can reap will surmount all impediments on the upward path to a New World of Love and Progress.

---Yuzuru Takeshita
English III

Whose? Why?

What have we done that is wrong?
Why should we be placed in this camp,
Surrounded by fences, barbed and strong,
With nothing to do but to rave and to stamp?

Is cooping us up behind this tall fence
Somebody's bright notion of national defense?

No Come-Back

In times of trouble and adversity, some people are like chewing gum; they have stretch, but no resiliency.

---Jim Munekawa
First Creative Writing Class

My Face

It has taken away my rights
As an American;
It has put me behind barbed wire
Fences;
It is my misfortune.

---Betty Moriuchi
First Creative Writing Class

Just Another Day

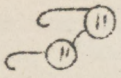
Great flower of dawn
Breaks through the early morning
Of this huge and misty city,
Of loud shuffle of busy feet,
Sleepy voices, the factory whistle---
Just another day.

Sweet, little faces that
Toward school should be turning,
Are off to the factory.
They cannot help themselves;
They do not understand why they should work
While other children play. To them, it is
Just another day.

They do not even know,
These little factory toilers,
That another side of life exists.
What is to help these poor little children
Live through
Just another day?
The dark and dusty sunset.

---Tad Uchi
First Creative Writing Class

My Visionary Faculty



With my cumbersome, thick-lensed, gold-rimmed spectacles--or rather spectacles composed of a telescope and a microscope in one--mounted in an austere manner upon my pugnastic nose, I can visualize--in my imagination--most anything on this universe. If this be the case, what is my environment like when I am minus my highly-prized spectacles which are guaranteed to be unbreakable.

Without my dependable spare, two-eyes, I see everything in a blurred manner so that it becomes extremely difficult to distinguish boy's trousers from girl's skirts; hence, sometimes I do not know whether I am talking to a boy or to a girl. In this way I make many egregious mistakes. Synchronous with this feeling of blindness I sense a slight headache and visualize a "terra incognita" where I cannot recognize men from women at a distance of approximately ton foot and also lose all judgment in calculating distances.

The unlimited number of shining blackheads appear so inconsistently before me that I mistake them for neon signs and start out to find the hairdresser's shop advertised by neon signs.

At intervals I wonder what my fellow-classmates think of me when I try to recognize their presence. When I stare at them in a puzzled manner--as if they were a rare, carnivorous cannibal, the missing link between man and animal, I may offer them amusement in the sense that they enjoy the antics of an "eccentric crank." Or, maybe my nauseating presence may be detrimental to their prestige and infuriate the philanthropist in them. From them I may receive encomiums with their salutary rewards of blackeyes--minus the beefsteak--for my vain efforts.

As I walk down the dimly-lit high school corridor, I sense the wave vibrations of my praenomen being called in a remote recess of my eardrums. Instinctively I clamor an unearthly cry in a return salutation. But upon turning my face towards the sound of salutation I see nobody, but the little man that wasn't there. This happens frequently when I am so intent on concentrating on my visionary faculties at the precise moment--to prevent myself from barging into something disagreeable--that my hearing mechanism is completely

or temporarily out of commission.

The algebraic numbers and what-nots with their self-explanatory figures on the blackboard form somnific designs. The more numbers and what-nots the teacher adds the stronger the somniferous potion becomes until finally I enter an almost permanent case of insomnia.

My visionary faculty has not as much plenary power as one would suppose. I hope their minds are not distracted by my somnolent looking eyes and/or that I will not ridicule them if I ejaculate: "How far can you see and how well?"

---Juji Wada
English III

Read!

Read! Read for fun and for information. Some people think reading is just plain school work, but reading can be fun, too. If, in history, you can't understand what the teacher is talking about, and the book is just so many words to you, go to the library. In the fiction section, look for books that concern that part of history which you are studying. Read these books. In this way, you can learn history easily and enjoyably. You will find this way much more interesting, too, than trying to get your history from a book you can't understand. Make reading your hobby. Then, too, you might help others with your reading by telling them of the books you have read that were especially interesting to you. Read, everybody, read!

---Kazuo Kamibayashi
Second Creative Writing Class

X X X

An educated, young mouse darted happily to and fro, until he saw a hunk of cheese, and, without fear, he slipped into the trap.

---Mitsuo Takasugi

Human?

Are teachers human? Sometimes we wonder. We go home from school all tired out from studying all day. What do we see? A stack of homework two feet high! And we ask the world, why is it that most of our tests fall on the very day after we have the most homework to do? With five days a week of school, why can't the teachers distribute those tests among those days, instead of giving four tests on one day, and none at all the rest of the week? Then, too, who among us doesn't know how it feels when we haven't even read the lesson for the day, much less studied it, and the teacher chooses that very day to call upon us? Suppose we study four days a week. Almost every time the teacher calls upon us the fifth day, the only day we haven't studied! It isn't human. It's--it's--fiendish!

---Mitsuo Takasugi
Second Creative Writing Class

The Rules of Etiquette

Some fellows haven't yet
Learned the simplest rules of etiquette.
Don't stare and ogle in the class
At any pretty, special lass,
Unless you fear that you're too late,
And some other guy will get your date.
Don't whistle when she's passing by,
For she might be a little shy.
Don't push and shove, and go by four's
When passing through the hallway doors.
Don't sprawl and loll within your seat.
Floors, not chairs, are made for feet.
Hide your yawns behind your hand.
Let the girls go first, and
Teachers, too, respect should get.
Learn the rules of etiquette.

---Second Creative Writing Class

Dull Sermonizers

Teachers
Are weird creatures
Who oftentimes think they are preachers.

---Minoru Yokota
First Creative Writing Class

Query

Watching the sun set,
Watching it rise;
Is that one of the ways
You learn to be wise?

---Terry Ogata

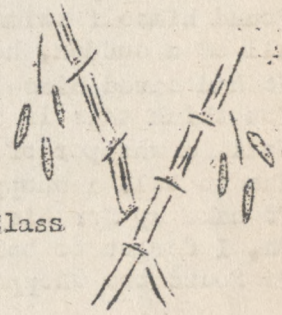
Courage

Fearless, the Salmon,
Struggling up the waterfalls,
Seeks a place to spawn.

---Akira Sasano
First Creative Writing Class

Resistance

Strong the bamboo stands,
Straight and bare and unadorned---
The last leaf has gone.



---His Nakahama
First Creative Writing Class

A Whopper of an Elephant Tale

Once there was a great, big elephant
Who was huge and mighty---
A regular whopper of an elephant.
He was like a cat---
He had many lives.
Oh, he had many narrow escapes.
He thought he was ever so brave,
But he wasn't as brave as he thought he was.
One day he made such a fool of himself.
He saw an 'tsy, bitsy, little wee mouse.
The mouse was really more frightened than the elephant,
But the elephant got excited. He ran and he ran.
He didn't realize he was edging over a cliff
Until he found he couldn't stop.
Over he went, down, down and down.
He was sure he was a goner.
He wasn't though, not quite.
He landed on a little ledge.
He was frightened and trembled all over.
He got dizzy, and fell off the ledge.
Down, down he went again.
But what do you know? The big stiff
Hit water below. That broke his fall,
But he didn't know how to swim.
There was a big 'gator looking for some dinner.
The 'gator thought, "A whopper of an elephant
Would make a whopper of a dinner."
I said the elephant didn't know how to swim,
But what do you know? Suddenly the elephant
Found himself swimming for dear life.
All of a sudden, he was on dry land.
He had saved himself.
You think this is a whopper of a tale?
Well, a whopper of an elephant
Has to tell a whopper of a tale
To make up for his little t-a-i-l.
Oh, I forgot to tell you!
He found the whopper in his trunk.

---Junius Sakuma
First Creative Writing Class

The Castle Rock Picnic

Dear Uncle "Rattlesnake Jake,"

I received your letter about your trip to Sun Tan Bay. Hope you got a nice sun tan. Last Monday, the Hi-Student went on a picnic to Castle Rock. Leaving the Camp about 9 o'clock, we started to stagger up the Hill. Reaching the top at 10:00 o'clock, we sat down and rested ourselves. Noon time, our tummies discovered, was not so far away, so we jug in on our lunch, after which, two of my friends and I took a hike around the hill. We hadn't gone very far when, suddenly we heard a rustle in the nearby bushes. We watched the clump to see what would come out. What do you think it was, Uncle Jake?----------A rattler, a big one, facing directly at us. We tried to move back, but the snake sprang at me like a tiger--well, maybe not like that, but you know what I mean-the way a snake springs, if it ever does spring.

Well, Uncle Jake, maybe you are wondering what happened to me. Don't worry too much, because this is all a nice fish story--I mean snake story. We finally came down the mountain, and as a group, we jampacked the school gym to see a free movie. This ended the picnic, and I've nothing more to tell you for now. "Goodbye" for the time being, and I am

Sincerely your nephew and namesake,

Fibber

By Mits Gekko, Second Creative Writing Class

PICK ON SOME ONE YOUR OWN SIZE

Deep down in Africa
Where the banana trees grow,
A little, red ant stepped
On a elephant's toe.
An elephant cried with tears in her eyes,
"Pick, why don't you, on some one your size?"

By--Kaoru Ichinose

Fraidy Cats!

Women,
Like elephants,
Scream and tremble
When they see 'itsy, bitsy Mr. Mouse.
Women!

---Jim Munekawa
First Creative Writing Class

Buck's Nightingale

Jackie, also known as Buck, was first introduced into our household in the year of 1936. He was but a mere pup when he was first brought to us.

Buck was rather temperamental at times and was always asking for trouble. I remember, as clearly as yesterday, six years ago Buck and I were on the front porch about to doze off for the sun was just right to invite "Somnus".

I must have slept for a while, because I was suddenly awakened by a tremendous barking mixed with shouting and screaming. At once, I sensed that Buck was in trouble again. Sure enough! When I shifted my gaze to the noisiest scene, I saw that Buck was about to be attacked by a monster-like dog, who had run loose from his master's leash. Buck, who was not at all the kind to give up, quickly struck with all his power. When I approached the scene, it was too late but I managed somehow to stop them. After the battle had ceased, I had to nurse Buck for he was bleeding rather severely. This may have brought "the dog to dog fight" to an end, but other battles were to continue.

During summers, Buck and I used to go bicycle riding almost everyday; I rode and Buck trotted. Once when we were enroute to our cousins by the way of the river bank, I discovered Buck not following. Quite a distance down the river I saw Buck, and he seemed to be attracted by something. Approaching nearer, to my surprise, the something was a rather calm snake. At first they seemed to have taken a

(con't)

fancy to each other, but the interview ended in a quarrel. I, therefore, had to summon aid from near-by. "How long am I going to play Nightingale to Buck?" was on my mind, not knowing the day of our departure was at hand.

I can still see Jackie standing there forlorn and giving his last farewell call as I watched his little figure disappear from my long gaze from the caravan moving toward Tule. Yes, I miss that lovable old character very much, and am looking forward to the day I may be his Nightingale once more.

---Mary Matsuo
English IIIA

FISH AGAIN!

Steak, or chicken chow mein?
Beef roast, or pie a' la mode?
Alas, 'twas only a dream
Today it's smelly, old fish again!

Perhaps, Perhaps Not

I saw a dog that ate a cat;
I saw a dog that didn't.
Perhaps it's true, perhaps it's that
I had a dream, but then perhaps I didn't.

---Junius Sakuma
First Creative Writing Class

Chibi

One bleak, cold night, someone dropped him off in front of our house--someone without a heart, without an ounce of of pity. It was love at first sight, so we kept him and named him Chibi. Chibi, the Japanese translation for tiny, suited him, for he was just that--tiny.

The sun, on a frosty morning, saw him curled up on the outside couch, shivering. At first we thought he was a neighbor's dog and didn't touch him, but we found out that he was a poor, unwanted little puppy. As I was the first and only one to feed him, he became my faithful, little pet.

Soon after the war started, we had to evacuate, for our home was in Military Area No. 1. We moved to a quiet house in the country. The nearest neighbors were about a mile away. The first few days we were lonely. We had always lived near the main highway and were used to seeing and hearing automobiles passing by.

Taking long walks beside a rippling stream that ran in front of our house was our daily exercise. Sometimes, during these walks, Chibi would chase rabbits but always came back to me with tail wagging and his little tongue hanging out. He would look up at me with a triumphant look on his intelligent face.

Too soon came the day for us to evacuate to an assembly center. We could not take animals with us, so I had to leave Chibi with our neighbor. I missed my walks with Chibi a nd I still do. I shall always remember him walking beside me along the river bank, with green grass as our path and giant trees towering overhead and patches of blue showing between the branches. In the trees flitting here and there were birds busily building nests. Yes, there were birds, for Lady Spring was on her way.

From the river banks could be seen miles and miles of green wheat waving gently in the soft spring breeze. Perhaps you'd see a streak or furrow in the undisturbed field of tossing grain. That would be Chibi chasing rabbits---never catching one but never tiring.

This, my reader, is the story of Chibi, my faithful and untiring companion.

---Molly Goto
English III

The Deccan Jungle
May 4, 1945

Dear Fellow Tiger,

How are you making out in that cozy zoo in New York? I'd like to know. Since those hunters captured you, and took you away, I no longer have much fun. Once in a great while I get a juicy morsel of human flesh, otherwise life here is pretty monotonous.

Remember those days, Fellow Tiger, when we were still young, how we used to play and chew Mom's ears, and worry the life out of her by getting lost at night? Remember especially that time we were almost captured by those two-legged creatures, but Mom rescued us just in the nick of time? Poor Mom, she got hers the last time the Maharajah gave a shooting party. That was a long time ago, so long ago that since then my fur has become all motheaten. You must be pretty motheaten, too, Fellow Tiger. I wonder why the zoo wants to keep you but then humans' tastes are queer.

I still roam the jungle and villages at night hunting for food. Motheaten or not, there is a one thousand dollar bounty on my head. I didn't think I was worth so much.

Well, so long till next time.

Your Pal,
Tiger

---Tom Hatta, Hiroshi Moriki, Tad Uchi and Hank Mizumoto
First Creative Writing Class

Names

They call Grable "The legs"
And call Bacall "The Look."
What they ought to call the teachers
I might suggest "The Book."

----Amy Uyeda
7th Grade

The Santa Anita Racing Stables
March 9, 1945

Dear Mrs. Dog,

I hope you are in fine health. I'd like to hear from you, how you are, how you are getting along, what the family is doing, and all that. I wonder if you'd like to hear about my big success in life. Not that I mean to brag, but you see, it's the biggest thing that has ever happened to me.

One day after I was six months old, some queer looking people came into my stable, and looked me over. They were saying, "She's a great, little, old thoroughbred!" "She'll make a rare, good race horse." Finally, one man said, "I'll take that filly." He paid two thousand dollars for me.

Now I was in the hands of a new owner. He was very nice, and fed me good meals. I surely was glad to be with him. He trained me every day, and taught me many tricks, till I was big enough and strong enough to "to take it." I had to undergo many hardships in order to learn, but my owner was kind and patient with me, and never got cross. He never scolded me, even when I didn't do the right thing for him, as sometimes happened.

He trained me for over a year, and I was ready to go on the race track, and run against horses, which were all older, and had had experience. In my first race, I was really frightened. There I was in line, ready to start, and girl, did I think I was going to have a heart attack?

I was impatient for the signal to "Go!" I ran. I gave all I had, but I lost the race. It was a sad moment for me. My owner, though, patted me on the head, and said, "Better luck next time!" I entered five races after that, and didn't win a one.

The sixth race I entered, I told myself I had to win, because my owner was so kind to me. I just couldn't let him down any more. This time I wasn't frightened, and I sure "went for broke!" I ran and ran. Soon I was neck and neck and then nose and nose with the horse that had been first from the start. I pushed across the line a nose ahead of him. Girl, was I glad I had won?

My boss was even more glad. He strung a round, funny

thing of flowers around my neck. He fed me lumps of sugar. Girl, you don't know how I felt then! I was sure proud of myself, and none of the other fifteen races that I won after that gave me the joy that the first win gave me.

Now I'm a great success, and known to people all over the world. I guess I'm lucky. I'm not letting it go to my head, though, because you know the saying, "Every dog has his day." Well, a horse's day is like a dog's, and a racing horse's day is even shorter. Just the same, I hope you can see me run some times.

Well, Chum, here's hoping to hear from you some time soon. Until then, I am,

Your old friend,
Lightning Speed

The Rabbit

The air was drowsy with the sweet fragrance of clover. From all about rose the low, sleepy hum of wandering bees. There I lay in the field of clover embodied in deep content, just basking in the warm radiance of the afternoon sun.

Suddenly the quiet of the atmosphere was shattered by the loud report of a hunter's gun. The deadly whine of a bullet sped over my head. I jumped and ran with all my might as bullets kicked up the dirt around me.

Then I stumbled and landed in a clump of thorny bushes. Frantically, I worked to free myself, but it seemed I was helplessly wedged between the bushes. I hoped and prayed that here I was safely hidden from the hunter's eyes.

Alas! I soon realized I was in a far more horrible predicament. I had aroused a nest of angry snakes, who, also, had been basking in the sun. Sensing my helplessness, they edged closer to me, intent upon an easy meal.

Suddenly, a shadow passed overhead. I was seized in the cruel talons of a hawk, and carried high up into the air. I struggled to free myself, but higher and higher I rose into the cold atmosphere. In transit, I passed over my dear home, and over the white mountain tops. I knew that unless something happened to save me, I would soon be a

juicy morsel for my capturer's hawklets, waiting hungrily in their nest.

Then, from on high, an eagle swooped down upon us, and soon he and the hawk were engaged in a terrific duel. They were fighting furiously over me. The eagle wanted a meal, too.

In the mix-up the hawk loosened his grasp on me. Down and down I plunged to the earth to land with a terrific impact on the snow, even though it was soft. Dazed for awhile I rested in the snow. The cold brought me to myself. Up I jumped, and scampered away to safety.

---Tom Hotta
First Creative Writing Class

Advice From the Baby's Uncle

"He's just too cute! He's just too sweet!"
So say his doting aunties.
But I say, "Think of safety first,
And don't forget the rubber panties."

---Tad Uchi

Slave Labor

Working all day at their lord's command,
Working all day in the dust and the sand,
Toiling all day in the hot, dry sun,
Having no time for joy nor for fun,
Earning no pay the livelong day,-------
Pyramids and monuments were built that way.

---Kiyoko Sakamoto
First Creative Writing Class

"ESSAY" WRITING

This may not be exactly what is termed an essay, but I have never before in my life, written a piece of literature so labeled; therefore I have very little knowledge about it. Letter-writing, which is essay, biography, and short story, combined, is bad enough , but when any composition is put into a certain category and the victim expected to produce something similar, that is the limit!

There are people who can write (and I do not mean just words) and others who can not, although they may attemptto do so for half a century. I put myself in the latter for no definite reason except dislike, (I am doing it now for my English credits.) I seldom answer letters until my own conscience begins to bother me and that is at least two months after their receipt. It is by the sheerest will that I answer those that must be answered promptly.

I am among the many who spend more time wondering what to write about than actually putting down the words and, possibly, some ideas. Once a start is made, it is quite a simple task to begin unwinding my thoughts, but after a brief moment another tragedy occurs. I have nothing more to say! Usually this occurs after a page or so, at the most. Often I think I shall have volumes to say, but it is always the same thing--I have nothing worthwhile to say.

However, maybe it is better to be the way I am, because it is said that the less you talk, the less trouble you get into. I believe I shall take the hood and retire for the day.

---Noriko Matsusawa
English 111

WORD PICTURE

As he watched the cream puff clouds lazily drifting across the sky and saw the small stream from the nearby mountain slowly meandering through the meadow, he thought there was no day so perfect as a summer day on the prairie.

---Tad Nakawaki

My Greatest Crime!.

I have committed a great crime! Since that fateful day on which it was committed, fear has followed me with the utmost tenacity. I had crept into the room that day, and had laid the discriminating object on the desk in a nonchalant manner, although my heart was pounding furiously. I had felt a sense of guilt when her searching eyes met mine. I had run out of the room and leaned, weak with fear, against the wall. Never again would I try to bring back an overdue book to the library without paying the fine.

Kazuyo Furuzawa
Eng. 111

Tardy Bells

Tardy bells seeming
With malice to be teeming,
Forever break in on our dreaming.

Minoru Yokota
First Creative Writing Class

Sunday Breakfast

As an early bird, I usually wake up around seven o'clock, but I am about the last one to appear in the mess hall to eat breakfast. Since I was at the tail end everytime, I made a resolution, one Saturday night, that I would wake up early from the next day on.

Thinking it was Monday, I woke up close to six-thirty. Wanting to be the first one in the mess, I waited for the bell to ring. A half hour passed, but no bell. I could wait no more, so I walked into the mess hall and the first one to see me walk in was a waitress who said, "What has got into you this morning? Don't you know today is Sunday?" Boy! was my face red. From that day on, I decided to go back to my usual schedule.----------Breakfast after seven.

---Ray Takeyama
English II

The Pine Tree

I am a pine tree towering toward the clouds. Winter is approaching. The lumber checkers have been around. They have been saying that I shall soon feel the sharp teeth of the huge circular saw, that no longer shall I be the magnificent wonder whom people admire with awe.

Ah! Fate is cruel. Here have I stood these two hundred years and more. My rings will prove it. But now what? I feel a tension in the air. The little woodland creatures are scampering for shelter. A storm is brewing. The ominous black clouds in the sky are creeping northward; the storm is coming toward me. Now I am in the midst of a furious battle between rain and wind. The company of lumbermen that I had seen approaching in the distance has moved off to another area. They do not want to fall behind their cutting schedule.

The storm is over. More men are approaching, but they are not lumbermen. They are government officials. What is this they are saying? Oh, Fate is kind, after all! I am not to be cut. This land upon which I stand, and this land round about me is to be made into a National Park. It is to be a sanctuary of wild life. I shall continue to be one of the wonders of Nature, respected and admired. By the grace of God, I am saved!

---Lury Kaminaka
First Creative Writing Class

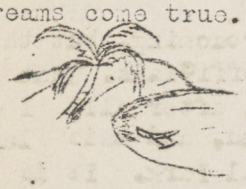
Solitude

Beyond the rolling plain,
Stands alone in snowy depths,
Evergreen, the pine.

---Yuriko Yoshioka
First Creative Writing Class

Come to Hawaii

Come to Hawaii, the land of Paradise, the land where dreams come true, the land of beauty, where love is fair and true. Oh, Hawaii is a land where palm trees grow sky high, palm trees which shade the land with umbrellas of green beauty. Fields and fields of pineapples, and groves and groves of coconuts growing wild in Hawaii's tropical beauty, give of their juices to the thirsty. In Hawaii, the perfume of a million bright flowers is hourly wafted over the land. When night falls, the little boats come out to rise and fall with the gentle waves. From the boats sounds the soft strumming of many guitars. The surf murmurs an accompaniment to the hula tunes. Overhead, a symphony of stars wink and flash in continuous code, a message of love and of romance. Come, you who thirst, not alone with the thirst for sweet, cooling juices, but for romance and beauty, make your dreams come true. Come to Hawaii.



---Jimmy Nakayama
Second Creative Writing Class

Murder On The Minor Scale

There I was, with the ominous weapon in my hand, facing my enemy. My enemy was there, glowering at me from beneath shaggy eyebrows. Did his knees quake? Or was it my imagination? He stared with eyes almost too large for his head, and I stared back at him.

Now I raised my right arm, curved in the position of attack. My enemy stood as if paralyzed and glued to the floor. I stepped forward cautiously. If my adversary heard or saw me move, he did not show it.

My mind was in a turmoil. My heart was burning with anger at the creature. I moved another step. The creature started. My fists were "wet with honest sweat." If he escapes, I thought--------and BANG, down went my arm and onto the floor I swept a big black fly!

----Reiko Odate

"Pride Goeth Before a Fall"

This old and time worn maxim can be well illustrated by one of my most painful experiences.

About a week ago, Miss Miyasaki came over to my home and asked me to play in the recital she was intending to give next month. I consented, of course, and to my surprise and consternation, she began to praise me and to tell my mother how well I played, what lovely expression I had, et-cetera, et-cetera. I sat there and felt my head get larger and larger as Miss Miyasaki rambled on and on. Filled with a warmth and happiness close to intoxication at so much praise, I could hardly contain myself, but somehow managed.

After Miss Miyasaki left, I let off steam with a couple of yells and an African voodoo dance I knew. But, the on-rushing tide of elation could not be stemmed. I decided that Nora must be told!

So, with my head in the skies and walking on air, I trotted out of the door and broke into a run as I jumped off the porch.

Crash! Bang! Roll! A couple of very bright stars and I found myself sprawled out on the ground. What a fall!

Softly cursing the wheelbarrow and the person who had forgotten to remember to put it away, I picked myself up and re-entered the house,---a painfully bruised but wiser future piano virtuoso."

Thus ends my tale, but the moral, of course, is "Pride Goeth Before a Fall!!"

Janet Matsuda
English III B

Stop, Look and Read!

Accidents are caused by fools
Who never stop to read the rules...

---Tom Hotta
First Creative Writing Class

A View From Castle Rock

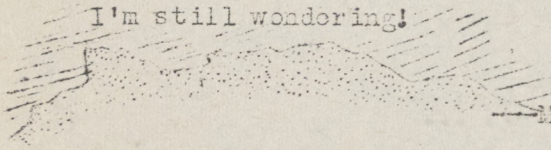
While the fluffy white balls of floating clouds decked the spacious sky of blue, and the cool, refreshing breeze tenderly soothed my groaning muscles and bones (mostly bones), which had once been the basic constituents of a proud homosapien, my glance danced from one exquisite scene to another. From my lofty height overlooking the surrounding landscape, I saw Tule Lake Relocation Center, bathing in the intense California sun. With its array of neatly arranged tar-papered barracks, the camp recalled to my memory a battalion of Greek phalanx of the days--gone by. Except for the towering smoke stack that protruded from the hospital laundry room, which incessantly bellowed a column of inky smoke into the clear, limpid sky, the camp seemed to be still enwrapped in a peaceful afternoon slumber.

My glance shifted to the left, where I was confronted by a beautiful landscape of Tule's agricultural bloom. The innumerable small patches of fields varying in color from brilliant green to almost yellow--seem to stretch far into the horizon. The picturesque red and white cottages of the farmers which embellished the fields at sporadic interval produced a tranquil scene that clearly testified the virtue of man and the triumph of science.

Silently my gaze wandered on, intoxicated by the beautiful panorama, until it was finally drawn as if by a magnet to the towering, majestic serenity of Mt. Shasta with its silvery cloak of glittering snow upon its royal shoulders.

When the stream of dipping sun-ray began to dance and flirt upon the surface of the languid Tule Lake, I reluctantly descended to the foot of the mountain, and followed the dusty trail that winds sinuously toward the camp. While my tired feet created a column of choking dust screen, my conscience was busy imaginingwhat the landscape would be like at midnight.

I'm still wondering!



Moboru Murakami

English III

Looking Out of the Window in 5F
the In English Class

Lazily, my eyes gaze out of the window. I shift my glance from rows of barracks to the running fence (the fence may not be running, but it must have a "participial adjective"), green grass, trees along the fence, the road, and people going to and fro. As I repeat my routine of barracks, fence, and people over and over, my eyes grow tired.

Oh, but wait! There is a beautiful scene. Against the background of green grass I see neatly placed barracks getting smaller and smaller; as my view goes further, around these, there's white wire fencing with open gates giving a welcoming effect. Those fresh, green trees along the fence have leaves fluttering and standing proudly in the cool breeze. In the road beside the fence, laughter of groups of girls rings out as they walk leisurely along while another group seems to be in a hurry. Boys on bicycles pass swiftly by while G.I. trucks and jeeps go rolling along. Seeing two figures with large, straw hats, I think them to be Mrs. Pendleton and Miss Roudabush; to eat they must be hurrying, for the approaching hour is noon. Baby carriages, watertrucks, tractors, cars, bicycles, and people swarm the road in front of our room as I look out. There are cars parked at the barrack corners; to whom they belong I do not know. Whoever left the bicycle at the corner must have been in a hurry for it is lying on the ground. Although this street is not a big, main street, it gives a feeling that everything is humming along perfectly. The glowing sun supplies warmth and sparkles off the roof to wherever there are inquiring eyes.

As the class is called to order, I take my last glance at the scene which lingers in my thoughts. Each object that had come into this scene kept on repeating itself: the grass (freshness), barracks (neatness), fence (strength), gates (welcome), trees (proudness), road (progress), people (happiness), sun (brightness). All add to say, "You're in camp behind the fences, but don't be discouraged; be proud, cheerful, neat, strong, and ready to welcome the bright and happy life."

---Mary Matsuo
English III

BETTY'S DRESS

There was a slight sound as the closet door opened and a little girl of eight and her mother peeped in.

"Mother, thank you for my beautiful dress. May I wear it tomorrow?"

"Yes, you may, Betty. Isn't it beautiful?" Away went the mother and child, both delighted with the dress.

As soon as the closet door was closed, we began to murmur among ourselves. I was addressed by Poppy-Print--"My! Rosoflower, aren't you glad to be here? Where were you originally from?"

I was very startled to be addressed by her since the other dresses had told me how proud she was, and that she talked very little.

"Oh! I'm from the cotton-fields of the South, where it is very warm. First of all, I was a tiny cotton plant. In the warm sunshine and rain, I grew steadily, day by day, until my pods began to burst. Then I was picked by dark negroes, singing as they picked. I was then put through the cotton gin, where all my seeds were pulled out. Then they put us in bales and sent us to the textile factory. There we were made into cloth, and had different kinds of prints put on. As we were bundled into the train, we all wondered what our destination would be. At last we reached this town where we were put on the counter of the department store. Soon, a woman with a very kind face came and bought me. And then she sent me to the dressmaker who had Betty's size. In a few days I was finished and sent here. I think it's wonderful to be Betty's dress. She looks very neat to me."

"Yes, neat she is, and I wish other girls would take her as an example and be as neat as she. Yes, she's a neat child." Thus saying, Poppy-Print lapsed into silence again.

By--Yoshika Fujita
English I-A

When cornered, even a coyote will fight.

--Roy Nakawatase

Meditation on Doors

There are many kinds of doors, as, revolving doors, sliding doors, trap doors, glass doors, double doors; sometimes they are designated by the building for which they provide entrance, as prison doors, church doors, and stage doors. In the manner of an ancient Greek Philosopher much pondering can be done about the origin and development from the cave opening to the most modern, ornate entrance. The thought that all entrances are exits can be reflected into volumes.

One meaning of a door is to hide things that lie inside. The glass door seems to have outgrown this meaning and has stolen some of the duties of a window. All meanings imply passage which is usually accomplished by pushing or pulling. Temperament of human beings is frequently displayed in the manner of opening and closing. Slamming signifies the weakness of anger while a gentle closing indicates poise of a divinely achieved life.

A door may be a symbol of privacy. In studying, the mind seems to work better when doors to the study are closed. Every door closed brings something, however minute, to an end. Door closing can involve sadness and gladness.

Remember
"A door that closes can open."

---Tom Imagawa
English IIIA

Limericks

There was a man named Beep,
Who was humbler than Uriah Heep,
He sailed away,
To far Norway,
And was drowned in the ocean deep.

---Janet Matsuda

My Funniest Incident

It was the day after a hectic Fourth of July celebration when this incident, which I shall now proceed to narrate, occurred. That was many years ago when I was still wearing knee pants. It all started when Tom, my younger brother Joe, and I, the three bravadoes, decided to collect all the leftover powder of the firecrackers strewn on the streets and sidewalks. Tom went one way and Joe went toward Chinatown, while I searched the nearby localities. Tom and I met at a corner of the town, on the sidewalks before a dry goods store. We were piling the precious powder which we had gathered after much labor. Presently Joe appeared out of the darkness of Chinatown. With him were some of the biggest, meanest looking firecrackers I ever laid my eyes on. He excitedly gave us the "ammunition" which we promptly dumped on our already large pile.

Now we were ready to execute our intentions. Tom and I got down on our knees and got prepared to do "it". Joe stood. Tom lit the powder and---phoff! I saw white, burning white; it was blinding me! I couldn't see for a while! The next thing I knew, I was being taken home by some older persons. To my astonishment my mother couldn't recognize me for a time. The reason? I was black, very black because of the burn. It didn't hurt, but my hair was burnt and I didn't have any eyebrows left. I guess this probably explains my present dark features, partially anyway. Now everytime I think of this incident I have to smile. How can I forget Tom's colorful face, my own terrible "agony", and mom's astonished look?

---Toshio Matsuura
English III

Which?

Lady, Lady,
Was it a defective wire,
Or did you forget and leave on the iron
To set the house afire?

---Akimichi Kimura

My Nephew

"Hey! what do you know, it was a boy!" "Yeah! Well, I hope he looks like me. You know my profile and-----." "Aw, cut it out."

So it was on that day of April first, in the year of nineteen hundred and forty-four, my nephew came into existence. As you know, it was on April Fool's Day; so we kidded our sister that he was going to grow up to be a fool. He was very plump, and is still very plump. His broad forehead occupies most of the space, but the face is nothing compared with his pug-nose which protrudes out just right. His big brown eyes have that innocent look of a mischievous boy. His small body with the big head placed on top of his shoulders is held up by a pair of bow-legs just like a genuine Texas Cowboy. At first it looked as though the bow-legs were just going to stay that way, but as he grew and started to walk, it straightened slowly but surely.

He has a quick temper, and is very stubborn; but most of all, his mind is always working; that is, he learns about things he shouldn't learn. The funny thing about him is that when he gets mad, he walks to the wall, and hits his head against it or sits on the floor and tries to bang his head. When he is happy, he says "hi," and acts as if he is jitterbugging--making funny faces and what not. When he is mad, you just can't get near him.

He seems to understand what we tell him, and often he tries to say something; but his speech has not developed; so he cannot express himself clearly. When boys a little older than he are around, he seems to take it for granted that he gets treated equally--for when mother gives them cookies, he has to have one too,--or he will raise a rumpus. He learns new things very fast. I don't know whether it is heredity; but I hope that it lasts throughout his school years so that he will not have to suffer as much as I have. He is happy when there are many people around him because he is always smiling or making funny faces.

I do not know exactly what kind of person he will grow up to be, but I have a faint idea. Yet, my idea of him may be completely wrong, for he is just one year old and many things can happen to change his life in the years to come.

Roy Nakawatase---English IIIB

The Castle Rock Picnic

Dear Gladys,

On July 29, the students of Tri-State High School went on a picnic to Castle Rock, but poor me! I had to stay home because I was not allowed to go. I mumbled, I grumbled, and I crumbled, but no one paid any attention to me. I was hot with anger.

Just as the tears were about to fall, my mother took pity on me. She patted my shoulder, and said if I wanted to make o-sushi, she would help me. I stopped mumbling, I stopped crumbling. With a "Whoopee!" I put on my apron, washed my hands, and was ready to make my favorite o-sushi.

After cooking the rice at the Mess Hall, I, the Chief Cook, gave orders to my little sister to bring the vinegar and mix it with water. Bustling here and there, I got the hashi (chopsticks), tasted the vinegar to see that it was not too sour, made the omelet to put inside the o-sushi, and by ten o'clock, my super-delicious o-sushi was ready to eat.

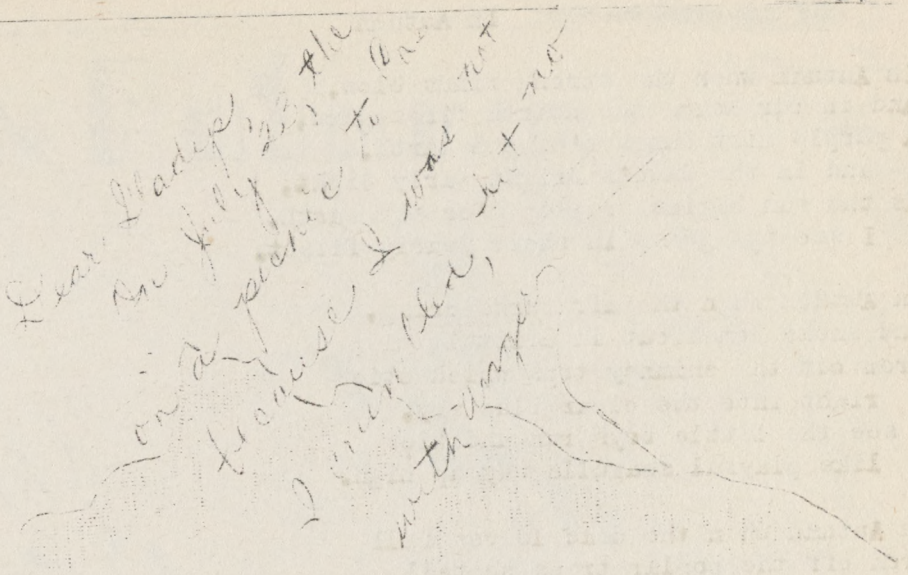
Sitting on the porch, I proceeded to crochet on a bag that I had started a month ago. As I crocheted, I ate one o-sushi after another. When I had eaten them all, I ran out into the open and looked up on the mountain to see whether or not any of the ambitious hikers had reached their goal. To my disappointment, I could not see a single one.

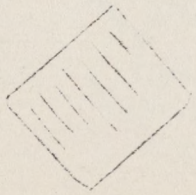
In the afternoon, the sun shone terrifically hot; there was not even a cool breeze to comfort the hikers. As I sat in the cool of the porch, my mind wandered to the hikers on the mountain. I knew that by now, they were hot, tired and thirsty, and would be wearily tramping home in the dust. When I thought of these disadvantages of the hike, I felt triumphantly good that I had not gone to the picnic. I told myself that I was lucky to be sitting at home in the shade.

Now, Gladys, don't think that just because I could not go to the picnic that I am jealous, and trying to exaggerate its discomforts--------or am I?

Lovingly,
Edna

Edna Sueyasu--Second Creative Writing Class





In Autumn

In Autumn when the strong winds blow,
And in our homes the hearth fires glow,
A purple mist hangs o'er the earth,
and in the dawn's bright early light,
As the sun begins to peep o'er the earth,
I see the geese in their yearly flight.

In Autumn when the air turns crisp,
And smoke comes out in a little wisp
From out the chimney tops which stick
right into the clear blue sky,
I see the little boys run and kick
like playful seagulls way up high.

In Autumn when the dead leaves fall
From off the poplar trees so tall
The whole world turns to gathering the harvest
through all the cheerful days
For Golden Autumn is the best
of all the seasons bright or gray.

Melancholy

Loneliest of trees,
Standing solitary in the breeze-----
Not a leaf is left.

---Chiyoko Sakamoto
First Creative Writing Class

Sacred Mountain

Fuji Sama, fair,
Gowned in robes of dignity,
Guard thy children well.

---Toyomi Hirami
First Creative Writing Class

IN AUTUMN

THE WRONG EXCUSE

The Creative Writing Class Picnic

Dear T---,

I must tell you about the Creative Writing Class Picnic. It took place on an especially cool and beautiful night at the Picnic Grounds. It was a gala affair, with some seventy to eighty persons attending. What fun! What delicious chicken chow mein. (Far be it from me to intimate that the chow mein was skimpy in the chicken.) What scrumptious wieners! What juicy cantaloupes! What a picnic! What a setting! What a gorgeous sunset! Beautiful! Words cannot express the thoughts that come into my head about this picnic. The games were especially hilarious, particularly that one in which the players run up to a bat, run around it twelve times, and then try to run back. That was a hit with every one. The players, especially, "fell" for it. Trying to run back to the starting place, after twirling around a bat a dozen times is no cinch. On the way back, some of the players fell flat on their faces, some ran backwards, and some ran the wrong way. The spectators laughed till they split their sides. Oh, yes, the Creative Writers' Picnic was a huge success, a colossal "Get-together," a milestone in the lives of many an unforgettable occasion. I have but one regret--a deep regret. I wasn't there! I got all this by hearsay. Well, so long! Write soon.

Sincerely,
Y----

By Nobuya Nimura
Second Creative Writing Class

The Jeepriders

They rode in a jeep,
But they had to creep
When the jeep
Gave a leap,
And landed in a heap.

---Hank Mizumoto, Hiroshi Moriki,
Tad Ueni, and Tom Hotta

A Football Game

One memerable event which I shall remember to my dying day happened to me back home in Pasadena. Being the captain and star half-back of our block football team, I was quite a hero among both the boys and the girls of our bunch. Our team, the Wild Cats, having nine straight wins due to the unparallelled broken field running of "Yours truly," was quite a respected teach within our district. One day the Bone Crushers, the terror of the East-end-District, challenged us to a little friendly game. Having the grounds to decline such "honor", we sadly accepted our fate of possibly being an invalid for life.

As our deem day approched nearer, the team built up its confidence around my "superb" field running on the gridiron. In assuring my team mates of the coming game, I over stopped my role as a "hero" and boasted quite loudly of my power since a certain lass with blonde curls was eyeing me with respect and awe. Yes sir! I was quite a hero even before the game. I would straight-arm, sidestop, dahs, spin and over the goal line I would go for a touchdown.

The much talked about game got under way one sunny day with a record crowd of teen-agers. Strapping my helmet on, I looked around for that special admirer of mine and spied her on the 50 yard-line smiling confidently.

Waving a cocky salute, I strode out to the gridiron like a Roman gladiator.

The shrill whistle signified the game was on, with the opposing team kicking-off. The pig-skin sailed high in the air but I was right under it. Catching the prodious cargo I tucked it in my arm and dashed forward only to come face to face with "Mashers", who forgot to stop growing. The impact was one sided-my being crushed under what felt like a brick wall.

Well, to make a long story short, this kept up through out the game. I fumbled, I tripped; I was crushed, I was smothered, such was the conclusion of the game with a score of fifty-five to zero.

My ego was deflated to sub zero and on top of that I found out that the little blondie was "Masher" Macoy's gal.

I must say, tho', that this little incident was benefical to me in teaching me an unforgettable lesson of "never to brag".

--Tad Taguchi
English II

Strike Three---And out!.
Or
Champions----------Almost.

Streaking toward the plate screamed a white blur, as our super-sensational star player, Bonehead Jones stood defiantly waving his hickory stick. For each team, having already won three games apiece, this was the final and deciding game of the 1947 World Series, and, at the end of the ninth inning, we were behind, one to nothing. As the ball increased in speed, the crowd, as one man, stood up in tense anticipation. Bonehead Jones swung furiously. A resounding "crack" was heard throughout the Park. Slowly the dust cleared from the plate. A startled gasp escaped the crowd, for there cold and stiff, sprawled out here. Excited and worried, the coach, followed by the players, rushed to the prone body of our unconscious batter. An ambulance screeched its brakes to a swift stop. A doctor scurried out. The corwd waited in hushed silence while he made his examination. At last, he looked up and gravely announced that the wound would require thirteen stitches. Thirteen? Bad luck. Tears fell unashamed from the eyes of us players, for Bonehead Jones had ruined our last ball, and now, how could we prove that we were champions?

Crew II--Chairman--Nobuya Nimura

Tad Nakawaki, Hiromi Kumano, Hiroshi Sano, Mitsuo Takasugi, Iwao Kiriyama, Shig Kishiyama.

Second Creative Writing Class

Suddenly, there was a resounding boom, a burst of light scorching the skies, and then, utter silence, as pillars of smoke spiralled high into the air over the once gay and colorful city.

---Hiroshi Sano

THE WRONG EXCUSE

(A Murder Mystery)

At the home of Dee Mackley, the four Mackleys, one sister and three brothers, sat around the fireplace. The clock on the mantle piece said ten-thirty. The fire was slowly dying down, and, save for the light from a dim lamp in the far corner of the room, there was almost darkness. The room was without sound, for each of the four occupants seemed lost in his own thoughts. It would not be far from the truth to say that each had in mind the condition of the famous Mackley will--the will that was a death knell for three Mackleys. This will was the mad caprice of Grandfather Mackley who had bequeathed his tremendous fortune, both in cash and in property, to that Mackley "who should survive the rest of the family."

The room, in semi-darkness as it was, gave forth a weird and gloomy picture. The light from the fire place, flickering and dancing, cast a shadow upon the face of first one and then another of the four. At last, Martha Mackley, an old spinster of some forty years, rose from her chair.

"Well," she said in a high, shrill voice, "I must say this is some reunion! We've been sitting here for hours hardly speaking to each other. Dee Mackley, if you have nothing for us to do, I'm going to bed."

"Me, too," joined in Henry Mackley, a successful-looking business man somewhat Martha's senior. "How about you, Pratt?" he asked of the youngest Mackley.

"Might as well," agreed Pratt. "We've done nothing these past two hours but just sit."

"Yes," said Dee. "It's way past my bed time. I think we should all retire."

The four Mackleys filed out of the room and up the stairs, each, after saying, "Good night", going to his respective bedroom.

At nine-thirty the next morning Mary, the upstairs maid, went quietly into Dee Mackley's room, as was her usual morning routine. Suddenly, the house resounded with shrieks and screams, and Mary came running down the stairs in great fright.

In the confusion that followed, Henry was the only one calm and clear-headed enough to call the police. Inspector Bone of the homicide squad declared that Dee's death was obviously a case of murder, for, definitely, Dee had been strangled.

After hours of reviewing the numerous servants of the household, Bone turned his attention to the three remaining Mackleys. His subtle questioning soon brought to light the fact of the peculiar condition of Grandfather Mackley's will. With this in mind, Inspector Bone questioned each Mackley in turn. Had any one left his room after retiring?

Martha admitted, not too reluctantly, that she had left her room some time before one-thirty, and that she had met Henry returning from the kitchen. Henry confirmed this statement. He had gone down to the kitchen, as was his midnight, and later, habit of long standing, to get himself a glass of milk. Pratt said he had not left his room at all.

When he had finished hearing these depositions, Inspector Bone dispatched a man to the servants' quarters. The man soon returned and gave Bone an affirmative nod.

"Now, let me see," said Inspector Bone to the assembled Mackleys. "Miss Martha, you left your room a little before one-thirty because you couldn't sleep. You, Pratt, say you did not leave your room at all. You, Henry, left your room to go downstairs for a glass of milk. Right, Henry?"

"That's right," affirmed Henry. "I always take a midnight snack of milk. I----"

Henry's voice trailed off. His face went white. Fear and panic showed in his eyes. Looking at the faces before him, he suddenly remembered, and he knew he was giving the wrong excuse. A glass of milk, but what glass of milk? Henry saw from the faces of those before him that they were remembering what he had remembered. While the four of them had been sitting around the fireplace the night before, the butler had come in, and had announced that because of delivery difficulties there had been no milk that day, and there would be none the next day.

Bone, with calculating gaze, watched Henry's frightened face for a moment. Then, in a stern voice, the Inspector said, "Henry Mackley, I accuse you of the murder of Dee

Mackley. By the grace of God, you have given yourself away, and in so doing, the lives of Martha and of Pratt have probably been saved. Having Grandfather Mackley's will in mind, you were trying to eliminate your sister and your two brothers from the running, and make yourself the 'Mackley who should survive the rest of the family.' Last night, shortly before one o'clock, you went into Doc's room. You strangled him to death. Before you were able to return to your room, you heard steps in Martha's room. Realizing she was in one of her restless moods, you instantly headed for the staircase, and appeared innocent enough when you met Martha at the stairs. All would have been well, Henry, had you not given that glass of milk as an excuse."

---Sachiko Kimura
Yuriko Yoshioka
Nancy Kawamoto
Betty Moriuchi
Lucy Kaminaka
First Creative Writing Class

Travelling

I love to ride upon the train
And travel across the rolling plain,
To watch the wind a' rustling
the golden stalks of grain,
And see the cowboys a' hustling
the herds of cattle again.

I love to ride upon the train
And whizz right through a city rain,
To watch the people running
to shelter here and there
And see the dogs so cunning
go dashing up a stair.

I love to ride upon the train
And travel across the U. S. A.
But when I've travelled all about
I seem to hear a call
That sends me rushing home
again to stay throughout the fall.

---Janet Matsuda

The Shadow

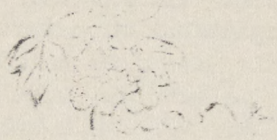
Riding along in the shadow of the rugged mountain, we came upon an old mansion, to the door of which, as we approached, the shadow, also, seemed to come. As we entered the dark room, suddenly a shriek split the awful silence. Some one turned on a light, and, slumped down in a chair was a very fat man. A shadow seemed to cross his face. Blood gushed from an ugly wound in his head, a wound, which, examination showed, had been made with a 45-calibre pistol. Who had done it? Where was the pistol? We searched throughout the gloomy house, and always, the shadow seemed to be with us. We found the pistol we were looking for in the maid's dresser drawer. Questioning the maid, the butler and a nephew of the fat man, we found that each had had a shadowy past, and each had a possible motive for the murder. Further investigation, led to the discovery of a finger print, then, suddenly the shadow again, and the solution, for the shadow, a real person, the gardener of the fat man, stepped out into the open, let out a maniacal laugh, and shrieked, "I did it! I did it! He stole my money! He stole my wife! The maid is my daughter. She hid the pistol, but I did it. I killed him, and he can never wrong me again!"

Crew I--Chairman--Mits Gokko
Takashi Kitajima, Jimmy Nakayama, Casey Soga,
William Kondo, Yushi Kimumoto.
Second Creative Writing Class

Our Good Earth

If I could write some poetry,
I'd love to express with sincerity,
A few entwined thoughts of mine,
To tell about our good earth.

Juicy, delicious, sweet and good,
Apples, oranges, peaches, and pears.
Inviting! Tempting! Fruits so dear
Just the products of our good earth.



Dancing, prancing with the wind
Pounded, grounded wheat to flour
Used for cakes, breads, custard pies,
Just the product of our good earth.

Rainbow colored, some perfume-spiced,
Fragrant, delicate flowers so nice.
Daisies, sweet peas, and gardenias so rare
Just the product of our good earth.

I can go on and on and on
But words alone would deprive you of
The wordless lists of grateful things that are
Just the product of our good earth.
So let's not be a pessimist
That seeks just evil from the good.
Seek beauty as would an optimist
Of even just our earth so good.

---Takeko Murano
English III

Innocence

In quiet beauty,
Like a bloom upon a bough,
The child is sleeping.

---Betty Moriuchi
First Creative Writing Class

To The Rescue

As James lifted his smoking torch high above his head to see into the far corner of the cave, a gust of wind blew out his torch. Undaunted by the black darkness, and groping his way along, James edged his way deeper and deeper into the mysterious cave. As he made a turn to the right, a sharp, piercing scream rent the air.

"Aha!" said James. "A damsel in distress!!"

Suddenly, a second gust of cold wind cut across his face, accompanied by a dampness and a faint, oddly penetrating odor.

Hesitating not even a second, James ventured on, the gallant knight to the rescue! Running down in the direction of the cry, James dashed on. Then, down went the hero, as half a dozen ruffians jumped on him. A few moments of bang, wham, oh, ah and groaning, after which our hero appeared unscathed and unscratched. Gazing down triumphantly on the unconscious foes at his feet, James quickly resumed his efforts of rescue.

Looking around him, suddenly-----"Crash!"

Then, an angry voice shouted, "Cut! Now you've spoiled another reel! We can't work on it any more today. Come back tomorrow at nine."

The darkness disappeared. Bright lights flooded the cave, now a mess of wreckage. No longer was he the handsome, dashing, and brave hero, but a dirty and messy James, his make-up streaking down his face, the famous Robert Dawn, idol of the movie fans.

Lury Kaninaka, Nancy Kawamoto, Sachio Kimura, Yuriko Yoshioka, and Betty Moriuchi.
---Group IV---First Creative Writing Class

The Mountain

There is power, might,
Timeless, ageless work of God,
Silent rock of strength.

---Lury Kaninaka

God Was Powerless

When Johnny came home in the evening from a walk in the park, several officers of the law arrested him for murder.

As he sat in the damp cell, he repeated the word "murder," softly to himself. But suddenly he stood up, grabbed the iron bars, and shouted, "I'm innocent! I didn't kill anybody!" as the fear of death came over him. Several minutes later his plea of innocence changed to a bitter cry of help.

A little while later two guards came to take him before the court for trial.

As he swore before the Bible to tell the truth, his faith in God grew strong. The trial proceeded. Everything was brought forth with evidence of truth, making it impossible for him to deny anything, although a wail of objection came from his lawyer.

Several times he fell into delirium because of its reality.

After the verdict of guilty was given by the jury, Johnny loosened his grip on his seat, lowered his head, and uttered dissipatedly, "God has failed to show them I'm innocent."

As the judge finished pronouncing his death sentence in the gas chamber, two evil persons in the back row of the court-room smiled at each other unnoticed.

---Bill Oto
English III

A Thought for her Album

Dearest,
True friends are like
Diamonds, precious, rare;
False friends, like leaves
Flutt'ring here, there, and everywhere.

---James Tanigawa
First Creative Writing Class

The Toilers in the Pineapple Fields

"To the fields! To the fields!"
The bosses roar, leap and shout,
"To the fields!"
Over the vast domain, far as the eye can see,
The green fields lie caressed by the country winds.
Far beyond is the peaceful Pacific
Where whitecapped waves
Of sounding surf
Splash against the rocks.
"Pick! Pick! We need more!
Pick more! More pineapples!
Pick! Pick more!" cry the bosses.
Faster we struggle through the thicket and thorns;
Our hands grow scratched and scarred, bleeding and torn;
Our backs grow weary; they ache with the bending;
Our bodies grow wet with sweat.
There is no stopping, no surcease.
We toil for a pittance
To make rich the owners
Of the green fields of Dole,
The green fields
That lie caressed by country winds.

---Akimichi Kimura
First Creative Writing Class

Gone With the Wind

Money,
Like rationed things,
Is hard to get,
But worse, for when you have it,
In a flash
It's gone.

---Roy Nakawatase
First Creative Writing Class

The Dust

The dust,
Filthy,
Grimy,
Choking dust,
Swirling and curling in and out through tarpapered barracks
O'er fields and fences, meets no obstruction on its way.
Sweeping down upon us like some dark, ominous cloud,
Pressing us heavily with a cloak of yellow,
Ethereally filtering through screenless windows,
Spoiling curtains, dirtying washes, blanketing our room,
It leaves its mark wherever it goes,
Oh, for a breath of fresh, country air!

---Kazuo Yoshida
English III

"The Dust"

When the dust flies through the air,
Nature is up to that nasty trick;
Although in places it is rare,
Here she makes it a habit.

When she blows that dusty dust
What should we do,
But watch it in disgust
And wait for it to clear?

Scientific reasoning may show the plot
To why Nature causes such a fuss,
But some guys, with the brains they got,
Can't figure out the reason why...

Tom Yokota
English IIIB

A Scout to the Rescue

Whistling to keep up his courage, Hartzell walked briskly down Hangman's alley on his way home from scout meeting.

The moon cast a pale glimmer over the alley and it seemed to Hartzell that the lamplights that night were especially wan and far apart.

The sighing and whispering of the wind seemed to him to be the voice of the devil himself. He walked faster and faster, but unable to contain himself any longer, he broke into a run and finally got out of Hangman's Alley in .00001 seconds flat!

At the corner of College and King streets, he sighed a sigh of relief and pursued his way down College Street. His gait gradually slowed down to a saunter and all was going well until a loud, ominous voice drew Hartzell to a startled halt.

"Aha, now I have got ye, Lucinda. Now, my hunger will be satisfied! Tomorrow, your head shall grace my table and thy flesh will fill my belly! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!!"

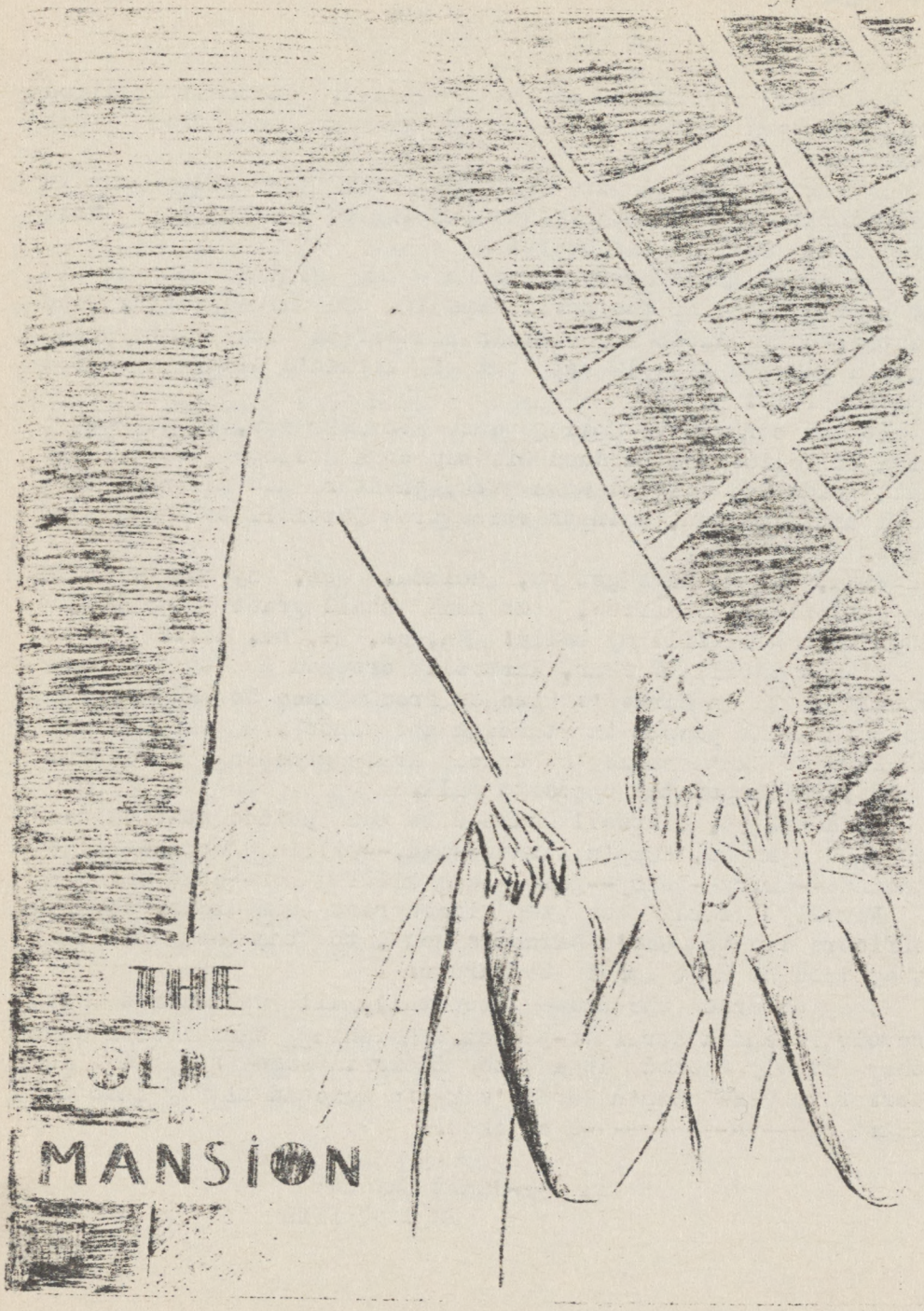
With a thrill of fear, Hartzell creeped up to the open window of Cap'n Barney's kitchen from whence he had heard the voice. As he peeped in through the window, he saw the huge shadow of Cap'n Barney's upheld arm, grasping a carving knife, cast upon the opposite wall.

In a fright, Hartzell dashed to the police station near by and gasped, "Cap'n Barney--mad,--killing woman--gasp--Lucinda--hurry--hurry--gasp--he's killing her--come on!

Finally making out the incoherent sentences, several officers ran to Cap'n Barney's home, to the scene of what they thought must surely be murder!

They entered the house stealthily, all well-armed with revolvers and a straight-jacket. Reaching the kitchen door they slowly opened it and to their intense surprise and horror they saw Cap'n Barney's knife descend slowly into the heart of----------a chicken!!

---Janet Matsuda
English IIIB


THE
OLD
MANSION

The Old Mansion

In the gathering dusk of a summer evening, I halted my car on an old, rock-strewn country road--out of gas! Stranded on a rarely traversed route, I could hope for no aid from a passing motorist. As I sat there pondering my next move, my attention was attracted by a gloomy, decrepit, old mansion which loomed up in the twilight, forboding and sinister.

I loosened my necktie, for it was hot--an uncomfortable, sultry sort of heat. The landscape seemed lifeless; not a breath of air stirred the parched grass or the tangled, unkempt bushes which surrounded the building. Even the few trees seemed old and barren, for they had already dropped their foliage.

The last trace of the sun had long since disappeared, and now, even the reflected glow in the sky had faded away. It was night.

I felt a drop of rain on my cheek. Peering upwards, the already darkened sky, shutting out the feeble twinkle of the stars. Thickening rain drops and a simultaneous gust of air heralded the coming of a sudden, brief but violent, summer storm.

I decided to take shelter in the old mansion I had seen and set out blindly, striving to pierce the darkness which obscured my vision.

The storm had begun in earnest--a torrent of rain pelted my face, borne by the rising wind. Reaching the mansion safely, I had a momentary glimpse of it in the brilliance of a sudden flash of lightning.

Abandoned, ruined, a hollow shell of a once palatial home, its broken windows gaped like the empty sockets of a skull, while shutters on rusted and broken hinges lent their cacophonies to the noise of the storm.

Hesitantly, I pushed the heavy, oaken door, and peered into the stygian interior. Only a long, mournful echo answered my voice. I could see nothing.

Then, without warning, the massive door banged shut, as if impelled by an unknown force. I pitted my strength against the heavy oak, but to no avail. I was trapped! As I stood there in the musty, age-scented hallway, I heard the

creaking of floor boards.

"Who's there?" I asked.

Only an echo answered. Now the regular shuffle of feet could be heard, coming towards me. My throat felt dry; the blood pounded in my ears.

Then I heard it--a maniacal laugh that rang through the deserted, ancient rooms of the mansion--a laugh of mockery, evil and sinister! Suddenly, to my mind sprang a thought. This--this old, abandoned building set in a scene of desolation was the old insane asylum; by legend, harboring the ghosts of demented murderers, who could not rest in their graves because of their sins.

In panic, I began to run, brushing aside the tangled cobwebs which hung from the lofty rafters. I felt my way, often sustaining bruises from rough encounters with the wall which seemed to have no doorways save small slits through which I barely squeezed. I soon became hopelessly lost in the maze of passageways, but always the footsteps followed; toying with me my terror, mocking my helplessness.

In my blind flight, I entered a small room with only one door. Too late, I realized my mistake. The storm had finished, and a faint, ghostly beam of moonlight trickled in through a small aperture high in the wall.

As I huddled in the far corner, I heard the footsteps come closer, and closer, ever closer.

A gnarled, powerful hand, bloodless and pale, with clawed fingers like the talons of an eagle, appeared in the beam of moonlight, reaching for my throat. On the arm, I saw the sleeve of a corpse's shroud. The hand gripped my shoulder in a grip of steel, and wild laughter rang in my ears.

In a voice hoarse with triumph, the monster said, "Tag, you're it!"

---Richard Tanaka
English III

Out of the Window in 5-F

I look steadily, I strain my eyes, I lean over to avoid someone's books, another's shoulders, but I cannot see what I am supposed to see. My eyes are good, the window is clean, the sun is shining, but my heart is not there. Looking and looking and seeing nothing, I sit in the corner with my face toward the windows. Yes, looking out of a window is a fascinating pastime, but for me it is an effort of the mind to concentrate on the objects outside, and to fit my words to fifteen intricate, grammatical constructions.

Wherever I look I see only him; I hear only his voice, that clear, yet quiet and warm voice that is so different from others. It's not gruff, harsh, or throaty, but thoughtful, strong, and reflective. It seems to be he; I have never mistaken another person to be him when only the voice could be heard. Even his coughing is recognizable and I always know it to be him. To whomever I talk about him, I must describe his voice.

He is dark and suntanned as only one who has spent his days outdoors can be. Dark brown eyes that can be very merry, or narrow in deep thinking, sparkling white teeth that show up so much in his dark face when he smiles that charming, engaging smile are some of the features framed by hair neither wavy nor curly, but clean cut and regular, parted on the right, and a lock of it is often falling on his forehead.

The happy-go-lucky attitude of his clothes is not carried into his work. He does everything with most careful effort, much consideration, and cheerful anticipation.

With all this careful observation, I must admit I have never spoken to him in my life, although he is a boy to whom no one should be shy to speak. I would like him to speak first, but he is only my ideal and another girl's beau, whoever she may be!

---Noriko Matsusawa
English III

STARLIGHT

FROM A LOVE SICK LAD TO HIS GIRL

Dear-------

Just as you are like a star on a dark evening, an event or activity that is different or is a change from the routine of our daily schedules here, is truly, a happy and joyous occasion for me, and, I would judge, for the rest of the colonists, also. Even more is it a joy, when an event, such as the school picnic we had last Monday, is held on a school day, and a day so hot that the mere mention of the word, "study" seems to make one perspire more than ever.

I would like to have shared that picnic with you in actuality. It would have been an experience to reminisce over together in the years to come. However, I can share it with you by letter. The preparation, the climb, the eating of our lunch, and then the down trip are not so much to tell about, perhaps, but it is just the idea of the whole thing that is so romantic.

The place of the picnic, Castle Rock, a much painted and written about object of picturesque beauty, was disappointing when we topped it. Perhaps the tedious climb prejudiced us somewhat. Even so, I was happy atop that mountain.

Do you recall the first verse of the song, "It's Always You"? Well, there on the peak, the "twilight" was daylight, and the "breaking stars" were clouds, and the clouds were you. Funny, but that's how it was.

From the mountain, I was told later by my friends in the block, we hikers looked like ants, only the nucleus of the group being visible from that distance. This information made me realize and ponder the fact that a man, no matter how great he may be, cannot do as much alone as a group working together for the common good. Funny, how I become

so philosophical at times but I'm sure you'll understand.

Later, hot and weary, we rested our aching legs and soothed our minds while we sat in the auditorium watching a free movie, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." That made me wish more than ever that you had been with me to share all this. All in all, it was a wonderful day. However, one more piece, a piece missing in the whole picture, would have made the day perfect,----that missing piece being you.

Always yours,
T-----

REPLY FROM THE GIRL

Chicago, Illinois
August 7, 1945

Dear T-----

From your letter, I know that you still care for me. How well I remember when our love first bloomed in the bygone days of Santa Anita, over four years ago. I was happy then. What women would'nt be, to know that she is still loved?

I can just picture you atop that mountain you so vividly described to me as Castle Rock. Even as you looked down from the mountain and recalled memories of the past, so I can recall them now. How I cherish those happy recollections of our after-supper visits to the huge grandstand! How they come flowing back to me! Looking down from the grandstand, we saw endless rows of tarpapered barracks with ant-like creatures going in and out at leisure. In the opposite direction we saw the rolling green mountains, very beautiful in the dusk of sunset. It must have been the exotic beauty of the scenery which made you say that night that you loved me. I thought, too, it was written in the stars that we should care for each other. And I really did care for you, T----. My waking thoughts were, of you, but I was not entirely happy, for I know that your mother didn't think much of me.

I think back to how, dreamingly waltzing to the tune of "Sleepy Lagoon," the romantic hit tune at that time, we never gave much thought to our future, though we knew our days together were limited. Even now, whenever I hear that song, my mind unconsciously drifts back to those enchanting days.

Quickly it seemed then, too quickly, the days we were both dreading arrived, and we were bidding each other farewell as if we were nothing more than friends. Yet, underneath, our hearts were in anguish. Had I not even wept in your arms the night before when we went for our last stroll?

At first, your letters from Heart Mountain to me in Jerome came every day, but as time passed, they came less frequently. Naturally, then, I too, wrote less often.

Then about this time our opinions and beliefs began to differ, and we drifted slowly apart. Your belief took you to a segregation center that you might eventually return to Japan. My conviction was, and still is, that I am an American, and America is my country. However, we both respect each other's beliefs. In your previous letter you stated that the unexpected turn of world events has changed your plans. You hinted of the possibility of our meeting again outside the fence.

Please do not misunderstand me nor think that I have an "I told you so" attitude when I say it is best that you do not see me again. It's just that I've-well-to put it bluntly, fallen out of love with you, and in love with someone else. I became engaged to him several weeks ago and that is my reason for feeling so guilty about not writing to you. Perhaps I should have told you earlier. You see, T----, the love we felt for each other was just "puppy love" and something dreamy and in the air. I know the love I feel for Jim is something real, down-to-earth, and unconquerable. When I first met Jim at the U.S.O., I never dreamed that our friendship could ever culminate into anything serious for I was still feeling "that way" about you. Only a woman can ever understand how a woman's heart works, I guess, but believe me, T----, I should always treasure our past love--my first experience, and I hope you'll do the same. It was beautiful,

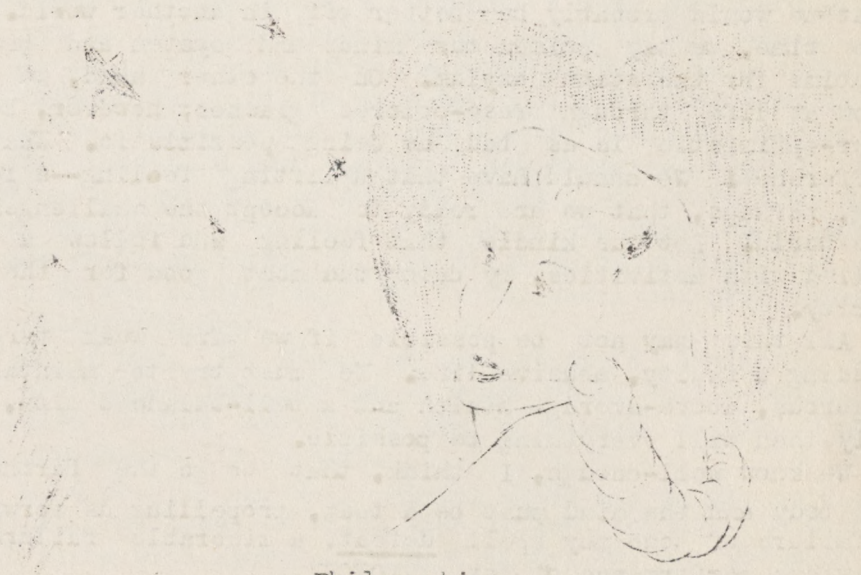
T----, to have stardust in your eyes and bubbles in your heart. I shall never forget that experience.

Please don't be angry with me, T----. Just think that I was not your type, and take courage and hope from the fact that there are other girls. You are bound to find "her" someday, and when you do, I'll be happy knowing that you are happy, too.

Sincerely,
S----------

---By Novia Timble*
Second Creative Writing Class

*The Author's pen name -



Philosophies

Love is one of those things. It is often like a mirage. You think you have it, but you haven't.

---Sanji Morimoto

Leaping Life's Hurdles

Life isn't a bowl of cherries. Very often it is a long battalion of dust-strewn days with a refreshing breeze to sweep the dust away. How successfully we leap over depressing obstacles, scattered throughout our ascending journey to recognition, can be foretold by our mode of living.

Just what does our presence on this earth mean to us? That is, what is our outlook on life? Is it a monotonous, dry, humdrum existence, full of grind and weariness in a never-ending series of days and years? Or, in a more favorable light, is it a period of enjoyable living, using the mental and physical faculties to the best advantage and seeking a chance for new endeavors each day? In this latter bracket, should be our attitude toward everyday living. Attitude, a mental poise, is an important factor because "as a man thinketh, so is he." Tinker with this idea, for instance, that we're all washed up, that we haven't a flea's chance, that we would probably be better off in another world. In due time, we may poison our minds and system and become victims for the state asylum. On the other hand, we may look at life through rose-colored glasses; however, being over-optimistic is as bad as being pessimistic. What a difference! We should have that uplifting feeling--a feeling, perhaps, that we are ready to accept the challenges of the world. Let us kindle that feeling and follow a life filled with activities, by doing the most good for the majority.

All this may not be possible if we are weak through leading a faulty, abusive life. We must try to maintain a vigorous, above-average health and a well-balanced mind, for only then will everything be possible.

We know well-enough, I think, that to go the farthest, the body and the mind must be a team, propelling us forward. A failure of one may spell defeat, a miserable failure; a flawless performance of both, VICTORY.

To build up our strength and health, to have determination and persistence, never swerving from the destined course, and willingness, to maintain a mind as solid and steady as Castle Rock--these are a few of the ways to leap life's hurdles

does, in answer to the question, "How in thunderation can we clear the stumbling blocks?"

"Being strong-willed is one of the most important roads to fame," says one author. Can we think of any successful man who did not possess his full quota of determination, intestinal fortitude? Too many people express the view that reaching the highest plane is a matter of luck, and that if we are not endowed with natural luck, we are sunk. Such a defeatist attitude will only make us slip back! True, few men do succeed by sheer luck; however, they may not be able to stay "up there" if luck, alone, placed them there. Remaining "there" is like rowing upstream; not advancing is dropping back. As the world is a BIG place full of people seeking higher positions in life, only those of us with strong and resolute characters are destined for success.

Life has been and is still a survival of the fittest. We who work hardest and are best trained are sure to come out on top. For instance, a Freshman, a real Greenhorn with a capital G, tries out for hurdles. If he is the conceited type who considers himself an authority, if he is a little thick between the ears, he will not get far. These hurdles advance the trackman higher and higher until he carves a name for himself, a name worthy of achievement. Whether in athletics or business, we must be willing to start from the bottom, to sweat, to practice, to learn, to experience more than our share of hardships. We might think of ourselves as leaping life's hurdles with the speed, ease, and gracefulness of a trained trackman.

If we wish to get ahead, we cannot drift aimlessly along. We should not, nor can we stand still long--backward or forward we must inevitably go. We should determine now to go wholeheartedly forward.

We must develop our weak points, which may be as trivial as keeping our heads or being kind to Aunt Maggie. Learning to get along with almost any type of person, in the manner of the salesman, can improve our life.

Dr. Frederick Tilney wrote, "To make a whole of life a success is to make everyday a success." How true! We must seize the opportunities, not someday, not tomorrow, but NOW! We must live in the present instead of dreaming of the fu-

ture

ture or regretting the past! We cannot live again the moment just passed, nor can we live in the moment that is yet to come. We must fling ourselves into the passing moment, paying more attention to day-by-day efforts and boldly leaping the obstacles that come our way whatever they may be and moving progressively toward a set goal.

----Ben Hara
Life Member of the
National Honor Society

(I must confess that I am not full of "wise saws," sporting a long, white, silky beard and nearing the end of a hard, tough journey. This was written as a reminder to myself.)

Acknowledgment

It has been a great pleasure for us to assume the task as editors of "The Torch", and we hope we have given you enjoyable reading matter.

We wish to thank the following persons for their sincere help and cooperation in making the publication of this magazine possible.

Takao Matsuda for drawing the beautiful cover, Sachie Ueda for typing and stenciling and assuming the responsibility as business manager, Masako Tsukamoto Ruby Okamoto, Michi Taira, Asako Miyasaki and Hideko Sakazaki for typing, and Janet Matsuda for illustrating the magazine.