

Joan

Jan. 3, 1945,

Dear Joan -

To-day is the 3rd of January. Oh yes! May I wish you a Happy New Year? Did you have a White Xmas? I had a pretty nice Xmas - & New Years too.

To-day is Wednesday and a half holiday in the afternoon at the store. I've been working in the store for over a month now & I like it very much. Gosh but I've been going to parties & shows & games so much that I have never slept earlier than 2:30 A.M. each night. Last night was the last one, I hope. ~~but~~ We had a grand time at the parties though.

Gosh! Joan, I'm sorry I did not send the parcel sooner. I have to go ~~to~~ to work by 8 A.M. & after work at 6, I come home do a bit of this & that; have supper & off we go.

How are you getting along in school now. How does it feel to be a senior. - the Undergrads. Gee! everytime I think of the school I sure sit & dream of what I might have done in the last year.

I was going to write some more of the ~~story~~ story? wasn't D. Well, here I start again. on the 2nd half of the 1st Chapt.

"The 7th of Dec. was on a Sunday. On Monday I went to school wondering how I was going to go through the whole day as if nothing had happened and wondering.

how the teachers and other students would react toward me. Most of my worries were over that 1st period. The bell rang for the 1st period and quietly we all went to the assigned rooms for Algebra. Our principal taught us that subject. When he came in I could see that he was under some sort of a strain, probably, I thought, as I was. When he got to the desk he looked toward me and said, jokingly, "How did the basketball game turn out?" knowing that ~~our~~ our high school team lost to another high school about 20 miles away; that last Friday evening. He asked me a few more questions and I answered with a laugh as best I could. I knew then that he was trying to ease the tension caused by this suddenly erupted chaos. Words cannot express what those few words did to me and others ~~who~~ ^{position} that were in the same boat as I was. The lesson went over in the usual pattern. For at least a month I went through lessons in a semi-strained way. After that life at school was swell for awhile. The reason why I say "for a while," is because in March all the boys like myself "the Japanese-Canadians" were called into a counselling room and were told that we were banned from further participation in the high school army cadet corps. In all my school career that was my first and worst heart-breaking experience. There were thirty of us in that room, wondering why we were called here. We laughed and joked till the principal came in. And conveyed to us the ill-news. You should have seen the ^{expression} ~~look~~ on their faces; ~~of~~ dumfounded; ~~and~~ ~~as~~ and looked as if they were all asking the same question "Why do they have to do this to us?" Then ^{only} with bowed heads we silently listened. I couldn't imagine such an order coming from a ministry of Education. The Cadet Corps was one subject in the curriculum I loved very much. I liked that branch so much that I studied all the notes that were given me. (~~As we got started~~) ~~(all)~~ We drilled and practised quite a lot. The Battalion was divided into units consisting of the First Aid Corps, Signal Corps, and Officers training Corp. All those wishing to become officers and ^{non-coms}.

were given ~~a~~ tests based on what we had learned so far. Out of the cadets who wrote the exams five corporals were picked, of which I was one. Later we became candidates for officers training. We studied map reading and other subjects which were essential. The whole course was very interesting. I can say very easily that the rest of the boys like myself liked that very much. The action of barring us from participation in the cadet corps put a brand on us in a way. When the rest of the students would be having coops practice we would be doing other things less interesting. Even if it was supposed to be interesting one ~~could~~ ^{could} not expect us to like it. Around about this time studying became less and less important to me and to a lot of others like myself. Long before the Easter holiday I hardly ever took my books home and did not prepare ~~on my~~ lessons. The time came one April afternoon when we were told that we were going to Alberta. This was the sixteenth day of April 1942.

Well Joan, I'll leave it at that for now. I still have a lot of mistakes and everything wrong with the grammar & punctuation & etc, so ~~for it~~ you'll have to sort of put it together like a puzzle. If you have time, Joan, I'd like very much if you would re-read the 1st & this last part & sort of fix it up; and tell me where I should fill in more & etc. Will you please? I do not intend this to be a story or an essay — I'd like to sort of have it like a long letter to a friend.

This last Friday I met Sonny & Mae in Raymond for the 1st time in 3 years. Gee! ~~but~~ I was sure glad to see them. I met ally too. He came to see me yesterday again & we both went to a show & talked after till after midnight →

By the way Joan, where do Betty & Margie teach?
Do you know their address. I sent a Card to May Webb,
but as yet I have no answer.

I heard that Dot Kan is still stationed in Calgary
so I may see her. I sure ~~wish~~ wish I could see you
& Betty and Margie soon. We may not recognize each other just
but after all 3 years or more is a long time.

Remember when Betty went past Calgary? Well, I
never got the letter in time to know she was going past
Calgary & I did not know what time & date she'd pass so
I couldn't go to Calgary. Gosh! but I sure wished I knew
what date & time.

I'll write again soon Joan so untill then so long

As ever
Josh

P.S. Send me some snaps of yourself Joan.
will you please?