

TANGO



Cover Design: Sakurako Senno

UNCOVERING THE PAST

Canadian Internment of Japanese During World War II

by Ethan Jones

In my History Internal Investigation, I investigated the Canadian internment of ethnic Japanese people throughout the duration of WW2. In this investigation, I focused on the impact of this internment on the economic livelihoods of the Japanese people. Additionally, I used the information I had gained to present to the Grade 5 class regarding the unjust internment of these Japanese people, emphasizing the recency of these events as they had just occurred. As the internment had occurred in 1942, the essential slavery of the Japanese people had occurred just 80 years ago. As we often have a conception that these tragic historical events occurred many years before us, I wanted to investigate something more recent as it emphasizes the remaining unacceptable inequalities that exist in society today. Additionally, as the American internment of the Japanese people is far more well-known compared to the Canadian-Japanese internment, I pursued this investigation to shed light on some events in history that are less well-known. I wish to write this piece in order to explain my research, provide historical context, and share my conclusions.

The Experience

As a Japanese-Canadian myself, this was an extremely personal and thus interesting research experience as both sides of my heritage were explored and I was able to investigate the historical narratives given from both Canadian and Japanese sources. For instance, I was able to travel to what was once a Japanese-Canadian internment camp and now a museum named Sunshine Valley, in Hope, British Columbia over the summer of 2023 summer vacation. During this experience, I was not only able to see the conditions of the internment camps myself with my own eyes, but I was also able to record and

evidence to write my investigation regarding the internment of the Japanese. I was able to get Japanese sources as well as there was a documentary series called Nikkei Stories, which illustrated a modern Japanese perspective on the destructiveness of the internment. Having both Japanese and Canadian perspectives often conveying different opinions on the internment led me to feel slightly conflicted as an individual culturally residing in both countries. Throughout the investigation, I felt this conflict as I did not want to 'pick a side' as I felt that I was picking one side of my heritage over the other. However, I came to realize later in my investigation that in order to reach an authentic and accurate conclusion, I would have

.....no amount of money
could repay the tragedies
of the internment, let
alone 21,000 CAD.....

to leave the personal connection I had to the investigation behind me. Later I was able to reach the conclusion that the Canadian authorities were completely unjustified in their

document an interesting modern Canadian historical perspective on the internment. I was able to analyze the information they chose to present and not to present in informational signs. For instance, when I read that "The BCSC... provided housing, goods, services, schools, a hospital, employment, and recreation for the internees" (Informational Sign), I gained insight into the fact that the current Canadian curators of the museum were creating a narrative to decrease the severity of the internment in some instances. Sources like these as well as Japanese sources allowed me to corroborate sufficient information and

internment of the ethnic Japanese people despite the 'threats' that the Japanese people had posed to the state. I would encourage all history students to pursue a History IA that investigates the past of their own heritage to gain a deeper insight into the history of their own country or countries. As I was never put in the Canadian education system, this investigation was extremely eye-opening as I had never really been taught anything regarding Canadian history in general.

Historical Context and Events

During WW2, the Axis who had been composed of Germany, Italy, and Japan,

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PRESIDENT

MONICA KOLEDA-YAMAMOTO

EDITOR

MR ALGIE

PRODUCTION EDITOR

MR MYERS

CONTRIBUTORS

Sakurako Senno

Haruto Kanno

Ethan Jones

Mark Miyoshi

Kyushiro Kumada

Minori Ukai

Yoshiku Sumiyoshi

Pramudya (Irfan)

Miu Imoto

Wahid

Soyo Yatsutani

Tomoe Yasuno

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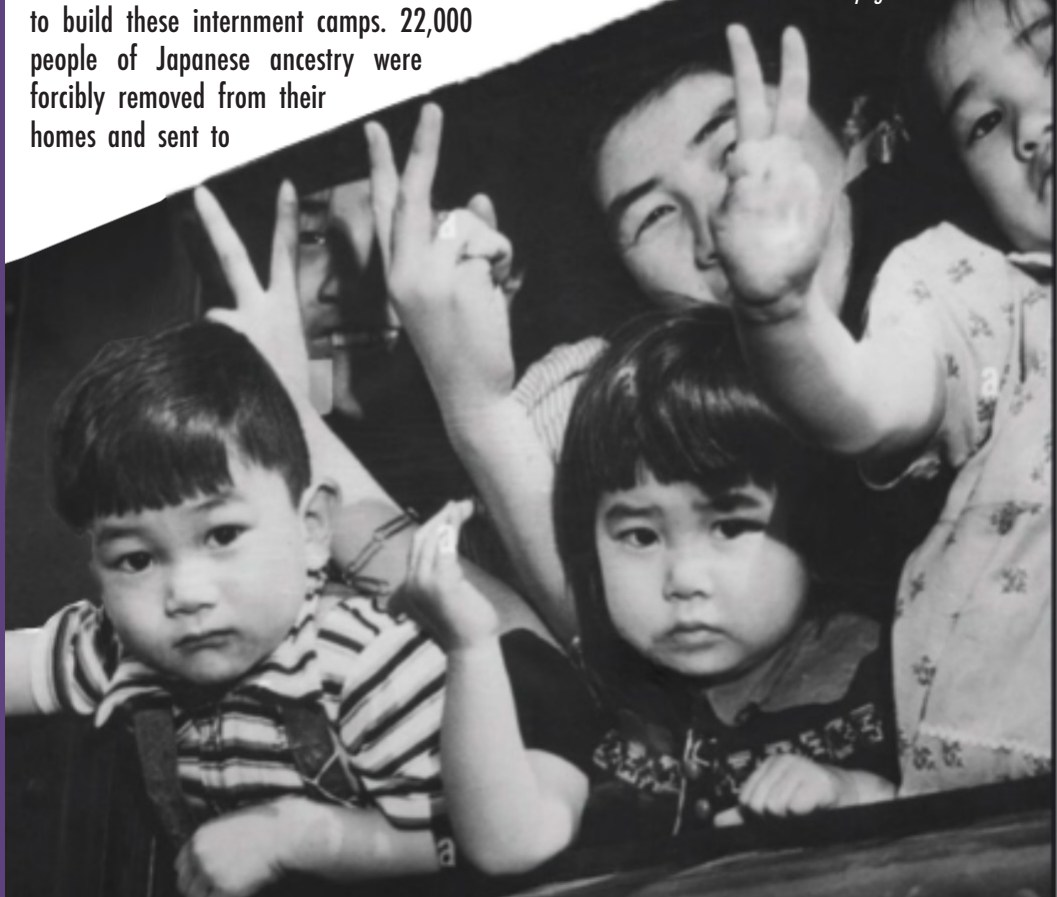
"ANSWER"
The burglar was actually Harvey's colleague.
This is because Harvey's colleague is left handed, and the note was smudged. He was probably writing quickly no to be caught and accidentally ran over his writing with his hand and smudged it. The colleague was also a good friend of Harvey's, so he probably knew where he lived.
The colleague also had plenty of time to sneak into the house, while Harvey was at the mall.

TANGO

(United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, Washington, DC) had been opposing the Allies who were generally composed of the Western nations, including Canada and the United States. After the bombing of Pearl Harbour by the Japanese military, all Allies would collectively work together to prevent the Axis nations from further invading and terrorizing the Western nations. To execute this, in some nations such as the United States and Canada, the national authorities isolated the Japanese people within these nations to prevent them from causing internal harm. In Canada by February of 1942, the state had labeled all ethnic Japanese people within Canada as "Enemies of the State". (McLennan, "Internment, Politics of Racism") This essentially indicated that the Canadian authorities had the right to move the Japanese people who resided in Canada to isolated areas on the outskirts of Canada. During my experience in visiting the Sunshine Valley museum, during the drive there I was able to completely immerse myself in the sheer isolation of the internment camps as it was in valleys far away from society. Not only were these internment camps located far from society, but they were often unhygienic as they used abandoned buildings or farmland to build these internment camps. 22,000 people of Japanese ancestry were forcibly removed from their homes and sent to

internment camps all throughout Canada. (McLennan, "Internment, Politics of Racism") Additionally, through the Custodian of Enemy Property Act, these interned individuals also had to surrender all of their belongings to the Canadian government, just because of their race and the color of their skin. (Informational Sign) This included their jobs, land, businesses, assets, and other factors that contributed to their overall wealth. Generations worth of wealth would have been taken from these Japanese people in just days on top of essentially being imprisoned in these internment camps. Not only would these assets be taken from these people and sold, but the profits gained from selling these assets would be used to fund the internment camps themselves. Essentially, the Office of the Custodian of Enemy Property had further caused more economic damage to these people as the Japanese were unknowingly funding their own internment camps without their consent. The money would pay for the salaries of internment camp workers from the Canadian authorities as well as some land rent for the internment camps. The Canadian authorities would sell the boats of

...Continued on page 14



H + says

POETRY
is...

ART A group of words that have multiple meanings when put together

depending on the reader,

A simple but powerful way to express your feelings,

A way to illustrate indirect messages.

Interesting and fun to read.

A piece of writing that is rule-free and does not accept strict grammar rules.

Writing that can make you emotional just by

words and simple sentences.

EVOCATIVE!

Simple writing that requires no complicated language.

Sometimes very funny and silly.

Where we put all of our thoughts and feelings into words.

Where we don't have to care too much about grammar.

Ubiquitous—it's everywhere around the world in different forms

Haiku! Limerick! Acrostic! Ode! Free verse!

Free—it can rhyme if you want it to and it can be real or you can just make stuff up.

Writing that describes emotions clearly.

Writing that describes you or the topic

Writing that has no rules

Writing that has emotions

An experience.

Like watching a movie.

Something that makes you laugh, cry, or even rage.

Connecting people all over the world.

I Know I Know These Things

by Kyushiro Kumada

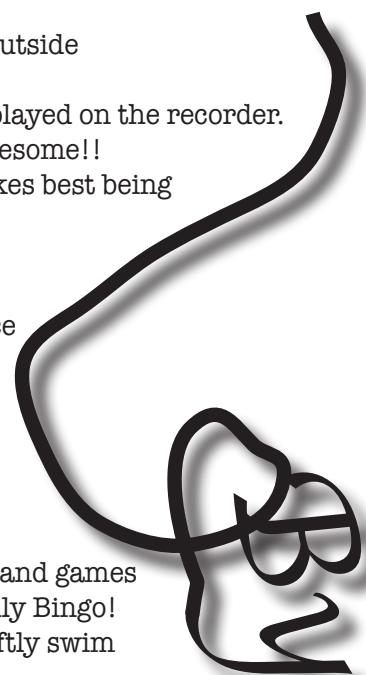
I know the surprise birthday party
that left me flabbergasted
I know every song
made by Mac Miller
I know the sweetness of sugar
I know the sound of a hummingbird
singing to the sunrise
I know the sound of an owl
hooting at the darkness of the night
I know the penetrating sound
of a trombone
I know the melancholy sound
of a cello
I know the sensation
of hitting a home run
I know the Lord of the
Rings trilogy
I know the moment
Banksy's "Girl with Balloon"
was shredded
I know the feeling of seeing
a new family member
I know people that are really noisy
I know the sound
of a 2-year-old screaming
even though it's nighttime
I know an aunt
who is an otaku
I know an older brother
who is also an otaku
I know that I will probably be
married one day
but I can't be sure.

I Know My Crazy Life

by Soyo Yatsutani

I know the enthusiasm I have for playing outside
Wildly
I know "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" which I played on the recorder.
I finished with a huge "HOORAY" It was awesome!!
I know the homemade cookies my mom bakes best being
a special treat for celebrations!
I know the sound I make when I whistle
My sis thinks it's annoying(Who Cares!)
I know I got a principal's choice award twice
And 13 more awards;everyone's jealous!
I know the dazzling smile on my BFF's face
I love it even more when she laughs!

I know a book that is too addictive
It takes me out of this world LOL!
I know a birthday party with the best gifts and games
Speed cups,Newspaper island, and especially Bingo!
I know the feel of smooth water when I swiftly swim
but not when its cold
I know that I would burst into tears and hug my old friend tight
After not meeting her for so long.
I know that a person can be hurt with a single word "Die"
I know the kind of people who never give up to help others
I know that I am going to be a glorious,astonishing, and outstanding
author one day.



I Know My Life to This Day

By Yoshiku Sumiyoshi

I know the excitement of doing meaningless things with friends
I know Don McLean from my first concert - Just 30 of us in a pub
I know cheap and sour strawberries which I love
I know harmonicas that introduce a song
I know being twelve minutes alive in deep water
I know the bright night lights in Las Vegas
I know movies still untoppable today
I know flying cars and scorching tires
I know cool. It's not too cold.
I know metal colliding with fingernails
I know a random encounter at a nearby middle school
I know efficiency is not always the best
I know people who like the way they live
I know feelings





things that only I know

by Haruto Kannoto

I know the nervousness before a match that hundreds of people are watching.
 I know Heroes Tonight from a football tournament I scored loads on.
 Quality.
 I know my mom's sauce-injected gyoza, and a well-layered tonkatsu.
 I know the satisfaction very well of myself hitting the crossbar with a football.
 Only in training. Not in a real match.
 I know myself scoring against one of the best teams in Thailand.
 Stunning.
 I know an image of myself crying after a loss in the finals.
 Embarrassing.
 I know my anime movies I watched during quarantine.
 I know an event where famous footballers gave out free football boots.
 I wish I was there.
 I know the feeling of the wind when I run at full - speed.
 I know my mom's nearly broken hair dryer with broken noises.
 Change it please.
 I know myself automatically smiling after being able to meet up with my friend we left a few years ago.
 I can still dream of myself doing that.
 I know how you should always charge your phone.
 Laziness will always punish you.
 I know myself as an optimistic person whatever the situation is.
 I want to know how much I will improve in football. And
 I wonder if I can one day win a major trophy.

MARK MIYOSHI'S HAIKU ABOUT WINTER

-The silent wait-

White snow falls softly,
Trees stands bare, a silent wait,
Spring's dream sleeps below.

Explanation: The haiku describes a cold and silent beauty of the harsh winters, when the snow falls and the forest is still and bare, as the world is suggesting a Springs dream sleeps below.



MARK MIYOSHI SMALL HAIKU ABOUT AUTUMN



- Echoes of the the falling leave-
Leaves fall, gold and red
Courtyard hushed, a gentle breeze,
Winter sleeps nearby.

Explanation: This Haiku describes the silent beauty of the autumn end, when the golden leaves are falling and the world is still, and the world is suggesting the quiet sleep of winter that is soon to be.

*I know nervousness- Ballet recital is tomorrow-
forgot something but can't figure out what it is*

I know I my first song on the guitar-Flowers by Miley Cyrus

*I know minced beef croquette, fried gyoza, and
ESPECIALLY Texan pulled pork Barbeque*

I know the radio MIX96.5 playing in my moms car

I know my BIGGEST achievement is the Tap Dance trophy I got on stage, unexpectedly

*I know a dachshund puppy I saw at 3 years old at a pet shop window,
pleading me to take it home*

I know a movie screen at Houston's cinema

I know Dance recitals and HUGE birthday parties at the arcade

I know the dogs I fostered

I know the fork scraping on the metal plate

I know my Dad's work party where I met my bestie Rinko

I know "practice makes perfect" is FAKE and wasted

I know my Dance Teachers

I know I wonder if I get a one or two story house in the future

I
KNOW
WHAT
I
KNOW

by Miori Ukai



NOTE

Irfan wrote this as he was approaching the end of the IBDP course in 2024.

Before I discuss my experience taking the International

Baccalaureate

Diploma Programme course, I want to introduce the concept of the IBDP for those in Grades 10 and below. To start with, what is the IB Diploma? According to the official site, it is an assessed programme for students aged 16 to 19 who, if they meet requirements, are then awarded the IB diploma at the end of the programme. The diploma itself is what many students aim for, as it is seen as a way to measure students' abilities, and as a pathway for them to further education at university. Since the IB is recognized by universities, some people might think that taking the IBDP will guarantee them the opportunity to enroll in a prestigious university. These kinds of understanding can be a bit simplistic. Maybe my article can give some useful perspective. It will be mainly based on my experiences in the IB and therefore will not reflect every IB student's experiences and opinions.

I'd always heard people talk about the IBDP being tough mentally and physically for students, and I was pleasantly surprised for the first few months. I found the workload to be a substantial but manageable amount. Subject-wise, I felt as if the things we learned in class were just an extension of units that had previously been taught in Grade 10 and below depending on

the class we took. For example, I took DP Biology Higher Level (HL) and we learned about molecular biology, a topic that had been taught in the Grade 10 Biology class. Taking higher level courses requires going into more depth in regard to content. So HL Biology, for example, involves students going beyond the surface level of molecular biology. If you are passionate about

becoming a doctor, taking HL Biology is a blessing, as a topic that you

My IBDP Experience 2022-2024

By Pramudya (Irfan) Wahid

learned at higher level can serve as a preparation towards university and can thus be seen as an investment towards your future. This is one of the strengths of the IB course. Whatever career you want to pursue can be reflected by classes you can take in school. As a result, I enjoyed my time as I was able to take classes that fit with what I want in my future.

As time passed, I was introduced to the concept of Extended Essay (EE) and Internal Assessment (IA).



This was where everything started to become really challenging for me. You see, IB has a special class in which students are required to write a 4000 word

essay about a topic that students are interested in (although it needs to fit with subjects taught in the programme at school). The EE can be seen as a fully-

structured research paper similar in style to what

university students might do. I had a love-hate relationship with the EE. In addition, for every subject,

there were internal assessments in which students usually conduct research except on a smaller scale. On one hand, I benefited a lot academically from EE and IAs from the valuable skills I learned like researching skills such as

evaluating sources and synthesizing information. These types of skills are certainly handy, not only for highschool but beyond into adulthood.

However if the combination of EE and other IA assessments are not carefully handled. the work-life balance of a student might start to deteriorate as multiple ongoing projects need to be completed. My advice to newer students taking the IB is to always start early when an assignment is set. I've had countless late nights working on my IAs just because of the fact that I procrastinated and as a result, had to pay the consequences. The biggest challenge in IB itself is not whether the course is hard, but it is more towards managing your time wisely.

In my second year of IB, I would argue it was more challenging in terms of the workload that I had to finish. The

second year is when the pressure of the exam and the abundance of due dates starts to creep up on students and it is normal to feel stressed out. As a result, when I say it's better to start early, I mean it in the sense that it will save the stress of enduring all nighter everyday just for the sake of finishing your IAs.

Everyday, I always needed to create a "to do list" as a reminder to finish my work in an orderly

One thing for certain is that everyone that is doing the IB is also experiencing the same situation and to me, it can be seen as a relief to realize that I'm not the only one.

manner. To avoid burning out, I always motivated myself to take a break every now and then, and even had a dedicated day now and then of not doing anything academic related, rather, just focus on doing things that I liked. Maintaining good physical and mental health is important when doing the IB and is an overlooked aspect which parents sometimes failed to notice.

My experience as of now has been a mixed bag in deciding whether t h e countless

nights spent is worth the learning skills that I've learned during t h e course of IB. Of course I've had times where I enjoyed the subject that was being taught, however, at the time of writing, as the final exam is getting closer and closer, my situation is growing tense and I've had to make a few sacrifices in my sleep schedule to compensate for studying. One thing for certain is that everyone that is doing the IB is also experiencing the same situation and to me, it can be seen as a relief to realize that I'm not the only one.

GRAD

“WHO STOLE HARVEY’S MONEY”

A MYSTERY

by Tomoe Yasuno
Grade 6

“POLICE!! HELP! SOMEBODY BROKE INTO MY HOUSE!”

“911, What’s your emergency?”

“SOMEBODY BROKE INTO MY HOUSE! My money is gone! I had 200,000\$ in there!

“What is the address of your emergency, sir?”

“XXX,XXX street,XXX,XXX,XXXX”

“Thank you, may I take your name please?”

“Harvey. Harvey Whitlock”

“Alright Harvey, calm down, what exactly happened?”

“As soon as I came home, I saw the front door slightly ajar, and I found my safe with all of my money was CRASHED OPEN!”

“Was somebody at home when this happened?”

“No,I am single”

“OK, I will be sending off officers for further investigation. Please expect policemen at your door soon.”

-15 minutes later -

RIIING!

“This is Officer Gordon Smith, and that is Officer James Beckett. May we take a look inside?”

“Yes please”

Harvey led them in and showed them inside. “This is the safe, here” he sighed, as the officers kneeled down to inspect.

The safe was, indeed, wrenched open. The lock had seemingly been hammered open and blown away. The rest had just clattered onto the floor from the table it had been sitting on. The safe was full of scratches and dents on all sides, and, unfortunately, completely empty.

“Could you describe your day before this happened?”

"Well, nothing weird really happened. I had my coffee in the morning, then I headed out to work. I caught the 7:30 bus and arrived at work at 8:05, as usual -"

"Sorry to interrupt sir, what is your profession?" asked Officer Smith

"I just work at an electricity company, you know transcribing data into computers, that stuff"

The officer nodded and scribbled something down on his notepad

"Well, anyway, after that, I reached my office, and I just did my usual job until break, then I just headed outside of the building to have a sandwich. I actually didn't have enough time to finish the sandwich because I had to go and buy a new bottle of water. When lunch was over, I did a little bit more work and then layed back to relax and finish my sandwich. Just when I was about to leave, I realized my colleague was having a hard time finishing work. Poor guy, he was MULTITASKING! Writing down everything with his usual left hand while typing on his computer with his RIGHT hand. Well, after we were done, we decided to have dinner together. We stopped by a small pub and we chatted with the bartender. The food was actually really good. After that, we said goodbye. I quickly stopped by a mall and came back home with the bus...you know the rest.

"Thank you, do you happen to have any suspects?" questioned officer Beckett

"Well, not really, but if I had to chose, It would probably either be my ex wife or the bartender"

"Alright, why did you choose these individuals?"

"I think every person I know knew about me saving up for a lamborghini, but when I specifically told the bartender, I had a feeling that he was interested. As for my ex wife, she's always calling me for money. I understand, because she had to move out with two kids. It must be hard."

The officers nodded understandingly.

"Did your ex-wife call you recently?" "Last time she did was in August"

"I see, three months ago" muttered Officer Smith while taking notes.

"Thank you very much. May we investigate once more? Something might have slipped past us"

"Oh, of course, go on!"

-10 minutes later -

"WE FOUND EVIDENCE!" Officer Beckett shouted as they rushed back.

Officer Smith was carrying a little slip of paper.

"Here, look at what we found!" he said excitedly

"It's a note from the burglar! We found it near the safe"

"What does it say? It's kind of smudged, so I can't read!" Harvey said

"Thanks for the money, and I'm sorry about your lambo.

Better luck next time!"

"You said everybody knows about the plans you had with your money right?" asked Officer Smith

"Yeah"

Officer Smith bit his lip.

"I wonder why its smudged" asked Harvey

"It's probably because of the rain"

"The message is mysterious though, isn't it?" Harvey said

"Hmm, We'll investigate further, so let us know if you think of something" Officer Smith smiled.

With that, the officers walked out of the door. "Thank you!"

So, who do you think broke into Harvey's house and stole the money?

The answer is hidden in the story...

CHECK YOUR ANSWER ON PAGE 2



It happened quietly – which, I suppose, was the whole point.

One morning, the words simply just didn't appear. People opened their mouths to greet the day, but nothing came out. No yawn, no grunt, no indication of presence – just thin and empty breaths of air, the silence stinging in my throat like the fish bones that I couldn't swallow at dinner. The eyes of the news reporters bored into their cameras, their lips annunciating words in perfect silence. Teachers stood at the front of classrooms staring blankly at textbooks, as if waiting for a big chunk of knowledge to snap them out of their haze. Radios hissed static.

No one screamed, although some tried. The noise just ... wasn't there.

By noon the same day, the city had been turned into a pantomime show, except this time, no one was there to witness it. It was as if the world had turned into a stage, one where the audience was forced to become the actors, actors who just couldn't speak. Cashiers glanced nervously at customers, pointing at receipts and frantically pressing buttons, hoping one of them would fix them. Parents gestured widely at their children, urging them to step away from the roads. Even the dogs had stopped barking, their mouths gulping at air in a ghostly rhythm. It was as if the world had suddenly decided that we had said too much and took our voices away before we could manage another word.

At first, people panicked. Hospitals were packed with patients who thought their throats had been clamped shut, when really, it was the doctors and nurses themselves who were shoving scissors into their throats trying to cut up whatever they thought was covering their voices. Some tried sign language, others scrawled messages onto greasy napkins and whiteboards. The internet became a hive of typed panic, each word feeling heavier than the last.

But then, something ... odd happened.

The world got quieter, calmer. The streets no longer buzzed with impatient drivers honking at each other. Arguments dissolved into thin air before they even began. For a while, it almost

felt as if the world was at peace.

Still, I couldn't bear it.

I kept dreaming about the sound of my voice, the voice of my mother, my friends, my pet dog – how it used to rise and fall like waves and soothe my world as color decorations. I missed the power that words held over us, the way words connected us all or tore us apart.

I started to carry a notebook with me wherever I went. I'd write questions to strangers on the street; "Do you remember what you sounded like?". Some would nod. Others would shrug, shake their heads. Some would take my pen and write "No, but I remember what silence used to mean".

That's when it hit me that the silence we faced wasn't simply empty. It was heavy, full of things we had never said, things that we might never be able to say. The apologies and confessions swallowed down our system, the unspoken "I love you's" and "thank you's" piled up at the bottom of our hearts. The world hadn't just forgotten

how to speak. Maybe it had just grown tired of listening to us all, to the lies and excuses we spat out at anything that came our way.

It's been almost a year now. The birds are still moving their beaks, silently chirping at one

another, but the sky releases no sound. People communicate with their eyes now, with the small tilts of their heads or a twitching eye.

It's almost beautiful, watching the whole world revolve around the lost art of words.

But still, every night once the sun had fallen down to rest, I whisper into the dark. I know nothing will come out, but deep down I have a small hope, a small glimmer of light that keeps me praying every night.

If the world ever remembers how to speak again...

I want to be ready.

*No one
screamed,
although some
tried. The
noise just ...
wasn't there.*

THE DAY THE WORLD FORGOT HOW TO SPEAK

By Miu Imoto



**AN EYE
OPENING
EXPERIENCE
2023**

**PHILIPPINES
SERVICE TRIP**

by Ethan Jones

INTRODUCTION

As the current G11 students are going to leave for their service trip soon, I wanted to write a reflection on my experience with going to the Philippines, the problems they faced, and what I learned as a result of the trip. The Philippines experiences a large amount of poverty, especially in areas that we visited such as Cebu that have a large number of slums within their communities. We spent around one week within these areas traveling around various communities that experienced economic hardship to provide assistance and also gain insight into their culture as well. As I have had very few previous encounters with true poverty in my life, it was a truly eye-opening experience for me to see these conditions with my own eyes. I also gained a new perspective on my life and realized how genuinely fortunate I am to know that there will be food on the table and a roof over my head every night. Some people simply were not born with privileged backgrounds and I feel that especially at SOIS being a private international school, we often forget how fortunate we are. My class was the first class to go to the annual Cebu service trip since the COVID-19 pandemic so I am really grateful and lucky that I got to experience this considering some classes before me didn't get to. Although not everyone gets to go on this trip as it is exclusive to OIS students, I believe that all students should at least go on some kind of trip like this to open their eyes to the real world and acknowledge the privilege they have in their lives.

FUNDRAISING AND MY ROLE

As each student who attends the class trip is allocated a role in the preparation or procedure of the trip, I was put into the group of fundraising. This involved raising a set amount of money in collaboration with other fundraising members in order to reach this goal. The funds collected would be given to those in need in the Philippines. The act of fundraising largely consisted of selling baked goods such as cookies and other items during flex time at the cafeteria with other fundraising students. During the school festival, I was also involved with working at various booths such as selling shaved ice as well as selling handmade goods such as bracelets that would contribute to reaching the total end goal. At the school festival, I was also involved in the organizational side of setting up the class booth by being a part of the booth committee and attending meetings. This also largely involved communicating with the entirety of the class to meet the needs and concerns of the class and communicating that effectively to the school authorities and council. Another instance that contributed to the monetary donation goal that we were trying to reach was babysitting. I was a part of the care club that accommodated parents who could not look after their children after school with supervision 2 or 3 days a week.

Over the course of G11 and partly into G12, the accumulated money from this service activity largely contributed to the end total that we were able to donate to the Philippines in the end. Overall my role was not extremely significant as there were many other people in fundraising as well, however, I feel that my role was crucial in collecting the funds necessary in the end.

THE EXPERIENCE

One of the primary events of our trip was our time spent at the School at the Umapad dumpsite. Here we visited a small elementary and kindergarten school in which we were able to further build upon what the previous G11 service trip people had made. The previous G11 class had created the floor for the small elementary school which was really interesting to see. My class had created a basketball court from scratch creating a concrete mixture and then molding it into the court. This was a relatively physical process as we had to transport heavy bags of powder and then mix them with a shovel in the heat. It was also a cool way to explore the community as we had to walk through the same paths to retrieve the ingredients and this opened my eyes to the severe

living conditions these people were facing. It was common for people in these slums to have very unhygienic living spaces that were small. It was also saddening to see that many people were living with or near farm life with chickens and other animals of that nature with them in their households due to a lack of space. Despite these struggles, however, it did feel like there was a great sense of community within the slums to support themselves and fight through poverty together. The creation of the basketball court was another interesting way that the class was able to bond with the community as the locals were also heavily involved in the construction process of building the court. This was a very fulfilling process as these children didn't have much access to any sports facilities at all so assisting in creating this output would give them this opportunity. As an athlete myself I felt badly for the children as they really had no facilities or opportunities to pursue an athletic career due to their conditions. Helping in creating this opportunity was a very rewarding experience and I hope that the future classes can also continue to build and grow the opportunities within the communities to help give some choices for kids to grow into athletes. As an athlete, I took the opportunity to reflect on the rare opportunity that I have with swimming with the great facilities, coaches, and support system that I have access to. After the trip, I became a lot more passionate about swimming

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as I knew that there was some child in the Philippines who would do anything to be in the same position as me. I don't think it is a surprise that I started to make a lot more progress as a result of this experience just from being more grateful and using the most of the opportunities that I have. At this community, we also went into the small school and helped teach the little children how to speak some basic English as well as read them children's books. As I had previous experience with the child care club with babysitting, I felt as though this was an opportunity to further expand upon the child supervision skills I had made earlier.

It was a really fun experience being able to spend some time with the children there as they were all extremely friendly and happy that we were

there. We also donated some food to the community before we left. Another large piece of the service trip was our time in Kaohagan Island. Kaohagan Island is a relatively small island with an elementary school and some other small communities within it that we spent a couple of days on. We spent two days in Kaohagan Island helping their small community in various ways. One activity that

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from scratch like starting the fire in a pit and other things of that nature. It was fulfilling to provide some nutrition for a community that struggled with obtaining

consistent meals throughout the week especially as many of them were school kids. I had the opportunity in this community to also help paint some of the walls of the school which was also a great experience to help improve their living conditions. In this community, we also spent a large amount of time with the kids there, as we played sports with them such as football and basketball. It was fun playing with so many of them as I thoroughly enjoy sports myself, and having the opportunity to teach some of our class' favorite games was great.

Another large portion of our service trip was visiting cultural sites and gaining some insight into culture. Locations that we visited were: The Saint Nino Cathedral, Fort San Pedro, Museo Sugbo, The Cebu Heritage Monument, and San Diego-Yap Ancestral House. I had little to no knowledge about the Philippines previously so it was an interesting experience listening to the history and culture of the Philippines. The Cathedral was a really beautiful experience

to see the value that the Filipino people place on their religion and the origins of Christianity within the Philippines from the Spanish people. Although it was a bit challenging to conceptualize a lot of the history in a short period of time, the exposure to various historical sites as well as museums helped me get a good general understanding of a culture I had no prior knowledge about. Chiharu would act like a tour guide to give his insight and explain the significance of certain locations to the rest of the class, helping everyone gain understanding of some of these locations.

Lastly, we spent some time at Cebu International School meeting the students and teachers there and also sharing some experiences that we both had in common. It was interesting to visit another international school that also does the IB and relate to the struggles that we face at SOIS with the students at CIS. It was interesting to see the different classes that they offer and also the CAS activities and sports programs that they offer as well.



CONCLUSION

The service trip was a very fulfilling and eye-opening experience for me and the rest of my classmates. As we were the first class since the COVID-19 pandemic to go on this trip, we were very privileged and lucky to be able to go on this trip. Not only was the trip extremely enlightening for me, but I also had a very good time traveling and experiencing the culture of an entirely new country. As the trip was the first trip I was able to go on since the COVID restrictions on international travel, it also reminded me how much I enjoyed exploring new cultures and countries. The trip for me was definitely a reminder to always be grateful for the position I have been put in and the privileges I have had and that not everyone has them. It is a bit of a cliché to say to be grateful for what you have but I truly believe that to understand what that truly means you have to see true poverty and economic instability with your own eyes. Especially given in a private school and a life of privilege, students like myself never are forced to see these conditions. I believe that people like myself should volunteer in services like our service trip to get a better understanding of other people's lives as well as the economic state of the lower class. I hope the future OIS G11 students will take away the same lessons that I learned from the trip as I feel it was a crucial experience that helped me grow and mature.

.....*Uncovering the Past,*
Continued from page 2

Japanese fishermen for a fraction of their actual price and thus, leave nothing left for the Japanese people after their internment. Additionally, to build the internment camps, it was typical for men aged 18-45 to be constantly working without compensation for their work, further amplifying the unjust and racial discrimination within these internment camps. This 7-year period of unpaid labor would also decrease the economic situation of these interned Japanese individuals and families as when they were released, they would be set back decades of years worth of work, preventing them from living in good conditions.

Effects of the Internment

Aside from the internment of the ethnic Japanese during WW2 being a complete mark on Canadian history, the effects of the internment continued throughout the following decades. One large effect of the Japanese internment was on the lives of Japanese people post-internment in Canada. One large misconception of the internment was the notion that the Japanese people were all immigrants to Canada, and thus posed the threat of being potential spies under the Japanese government. However, many of these ethnic Japanese people actually identified as Canadian people as they were born and raised in Canada their entire lives. With this in consideration, the Canadian authorities had interned its own civilians and people who had no intentions of causing harm to Canada to some extent. Additionally, when these people were let free from these internment camps, they

were forced to essentially stay in the internment camp areas due to racism preventing them from letting them move back to their own homes on the West Coast. This forced most of these Japanese people to either stay in the poor conditions of the internment camps to build communities from scratch or either be deported to Japan. As mentioned previously, most of these ethnic Japanese people had no experience living abroad in Japan as they were Canadian and born in Canada. This essentially created an ultimatum for the Japanese people to move to a country that was foreign to them and to be deported from their own home

country. If these people were to move to Japan, they would experience harsh conditions trying to make a living in a new country in which they had no money or assets as the Office of the Custodian of Enemy Property had sold these during the internment period. For those who did wish to attempt to move back to their own homes on the West Coast, they would experience extreme racism. As the war had just ended, there was still an intense racial stigma remaining against the Axis nations throughout the public. The Japanese people would experience extreme hardship to live a simple life without experiencing daily racial discrimination against them. For instance, simple propaganda was utilized to discourage the presence of the Japanese people on the West Coast. One common quote that was used in regard to preventing the presence of the Japanese people in the populated

areas of Canada was, "Go East or Go Home". (Informational Sign) This racial stigma would continue for decades throughout Canada, preventing the existence of Japanese people in any industrialized area within Canada. To compensate for their actions, the Canadians would offer monetary compensation for their

repay their wrongdoings is the fact the internment was completely unjustified, and the Canadian government never had any real basis to intern the Japanese people in the first place.

Conclusion

In conclusion, investigating the Canadian-Japanese internment during WW2 was a very interesting area of history that I had no idea had happened. I found it interesting that other Canadians that I had asked like my father, for instance, had no idea either that the internment had occurred. I think it is important for us to all look into the

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wrongdoings to the Japanese people and their families if they were affected directly by the internment. This event would be called the Government's Redress towards the Japanese people in September of 1988. The Japanese people would be compensated with a measly 21,000 CAD per family affected by the internment. (McRae) Considering the 7 years of unjust internment, selling of all assets, and racism created as a result of the internment, it could be argued that no amount of money could repay the tragedies of the internment, let alone 21,000 CAD. In my opinion, the Canadian government's efforts to try to repay the Japanese through money is almost disrespectful in a sense, as years worth of life were wasted as Japanese people's lives were taken away from them unjustly. The one aspect of the internment that almost makes it impossible for the Canadian government to

history of our own countries as national education will often cover up their past to create a narrative that a nation may be more ethically sound than it really is or was. It is our own responsibility to not be naive and resist conformity to the historical education systems that alter past historical events or completely fail to acknowledge events. This investigation showed me the power of gathering various perspectives to corroborate a conclusion on such a significant event, and I recommend that others should do the same before making up their own mind on other events in history as well. Not everyone who takes the IB gets the opportunity to receive assistance in investigating a historical event like I did with History as some take Econ. I would like to emphasize the importance to those people in particular as they do not have a given opportunity like me and the other history students did.



GET APPY: Check out these altruistic apps. Phospho, a 99-cent flashlight app, gives its entire sticker price to Sight Savers International, the Himalayan Cataract Project, and Vilamit Anjals to fight global blindness. Snooze, an alarm app, charges you 20 cents a day because it's the cause of so much trouble.

IS LOOKING FOR CONTRIBUTORS

We would love to hear from you if you are interested in writing, drawing or taking photos for this SOIS student magazine. If you would like to take part in any of these ways, please talk to Mr. Algje about how you could help.

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