報 會 友 學
號 祭 念 紀
號 四 十 二 百 第 行 發 日 五 二 月 十 年 七 正 大
第十五回念歌

—我等の世の親明のために—

石橋作歌
創立十五周年記念祭

田 崎

「上記の式典は、平成二年十一月二十日、水島校長が主催し、学生、教職員、本校の友人、および関係者約三百七十名が参加して行われました。」

十五周年記念祭の感想

この十五周年祭の感想を述べることにしました。十五周年記念祭は、平成元年二月に開催され、全校の学生、教職員、および関係者の約三百七十名が参加しました。この記念祭は、校史の記録を守るために行われたもので、学生、教職員、戦時中の学校生活の一部を振り返り、将来に向けた希望を胸にしたものです。

この十五周年記念祭は、水島校長をはじめとする全校の教職員が、学生の人生を支えるために努めた結果であり、学生たちがこの記念祭に参加し、校史を守ることで、将来に向けた希望を持ち、学校の発展に寄与することを願っています。
元服する我

渋谷

やよい

の本校生徒大観

中川静

第報会友学

四十二百

附言

表は本校公開以降の統計であり、

毎年平四十八名の新入生を収容している。

前記のように元服をした生徒は、

現在、卒業生数は約、2,000名に減少している。

これを受けて、教務課は、

新入生の受け入れを拡大することに

取り組んでいる。
高等商業教育の目的について

高等商業教育の目的についての論争に就いて

高等商業教育の目的についての論争に就いて

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文化価値は、社会的価値と経済的価値という二つの側面から考えると、文化的価値は、文化の特性を反映するものであり、経済的価値は、文化的価値を経済的な形に変換することを可能にするものである。したがって、文化の価値は、文化的価値と経済的価値の両方を考慮した総合的な価値であると考えられる。
文化史の象徴

自然科学のあり方について考えることは、それを背景にし
て、その象徴的なシステムを、さらに、それを表現する文
字と、それを読む者、それを理解する者、それを受ける者、を
含む全体を、全体として理解することだ。文化史の象徴は、
自然科学の技術を、象徴的に表現し、それを理解し、それを
受け入れ、それを創造するものである。文化史の象徴は、
自然科学の技術を、象徴的に表現し、それを理解し、それを
受け入れ、それを創造するものである。
経済史が考査する根拠は、次のように考えられる。経済史の主な観点は、経済成長の要因を究明し、経済変動の原因を追求することにある。従って、経済史の分析は、経済変動の実態を理解し、経済成長の要因を究明することができる。したがって、経済史の分析は、経済変動の実態を理解し、経済成長の要因を究明することができる。
編纂手記

試験を毎日、各々の学問に努めた日々の
著者が授業を務めざるを得いとしたため、

校日誌

学校記事

△表紙のハフと冬山由美をめぐりした事に

△表紙のコットン又は山田正美をめぐりした事に

△表紙のコットン又は山田正美をめぐりした事に

△表紙のコットン又は山田正美をめぐりした事に

△表紙のコットン又は山田正美をめぐりした事に
七十二報友の会場

会場は、御守りの神社

この心悦

の力は、おおよい外よりよく知る

愛妻を、かかって友

書きし、右人の詩の光、

よう。

でっての眾ひし

山

おれたちのかなら

秋

西川の影の察宮

のある時とみの光りとき

そしてとふるう

力

活動、金銭、権力を得る事や

會  友  会

秋の風は、かっこしない

何の名も、内身が前へ

葉子の、懐を抱いて

今秋、福神保吉船

秋に嘴唇べこというが

何で鳥影が、思われてやるか

手に、月を掴む

（九月）

若僧三郎（三郎）


La Revista de la Universidad de Antioquia, 79, 409-422.


在外卒業生諸兄

在外地に君たちの姿をめばめば、君たちの声を聞かぬ訳にもいかず

次号

発行

昭和二年

東京本部委員会

発行所

去る秋月の月日は、君たちの姿を偲ぶ時間であった。君たちが

遠くの土地に君たちの影を見ることができる今日、君たちは

ただただ君たちの声を聞き、君たちの笑い声を聞かねばならぬ

どうして君たちの姿を見ることができる今日、君たちは

ただただ君たちの声を聞き、君たちの笑い声を聞かねばならぬ

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Under the Spreading Pine Tree.

Atsuyuki Sannomiya.

(Person A and B both Students of Our School Places: On the Beach at Tsuono-Ura Time: August 9th, about 6 p.m.)

A. Very warm, isn’t it?
B. Well, never mind, that’s no wonder—it’s warm in summer.

A. Of course, chidea.
B. Here let us take a rest a while under this big pine tree.
A. Well, (They lay themselves down in the shade of the tree.)
B. (lighting a cigarette) It reminds me of the Cyprian love-song to stretch myself under the shady trees.
A. (flapping his fan) That’s your business. Oh, but I am hot.
B. (In a loud voice, and with a peculiar, eccentric intonation) “The birds of the forest …. …….
A. You are absent-minded.
B. (continuing to gaze at the sea.) First rate! Well done!
A. Quite needless to say that.
B. (turning his face) But you shouldn’t be so conceited.
A. Well, at any rate, we, mankind, must have each firm confidence in life though sometimes it is overcast by the cloud of Uncertainty almost regardless of whether people agree, with our view or not to us.
B. That’s the essential. (Silence, gentle sails, quiet fishing-boat.)

A. (with a renewed vigor.) Whenever I pass by a beautiful mansion of one of the proctors, I can’t help being reminded of what Ruskin says: “It is probably much happier to live in a small house, and have Warwick Castle, to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle, and have nothing to be astonished at.”
B. Even Ruskin, however, will not criticize one for living in Warwick Castle comfortably, with a mind as pure as the autumn sky and as broad and calm as the spring sea, commanding a large field of vision.
A. Yes, that’s what I want to say. I often hear that people say narikin, narikin something with an insulting tone—or at least with slight irony. On such occasion, I wish to shout against them, “You fool!” even though I, myself, do not wish to become a narikin in the least.
B. You just said it, brother.
A. Of course, there is evidently a weak point on the part of narikin, because in the case of many of them, they are really the slaves, and not the masters of money.
B. Really!? I think those who can’t find value in money, are very fortunate fellows, but at the same time, I believe those who have no respect for it, are very, very fortunate fellows indeed.
A. Yes, that’s the point.
B. The Duke of York (“tough”), says Confucius, was immensely rich, and no body loved him; Ph-c (Ephesio) died of hunger, and even now the people mourn him, and
A. Well, but, on launching into the sea of actual life, we, who are now at port, will be sure to suffer from the wind and waves of actuality which is, sometimes, apparently diametrically opposed to idealism, and our firm confidence may be the object of their pity, ha! ha! ha! So, I think, it is a true concession indeed that they say, “Not to be lost in actuality, nor carried away by idealism.”
B. A sailor who is at home in theory is not necessarily skillful in practice, say, sometimes unskillful, as if he forgot the entire theory.
A. We learn in theory, they say, “that two and two make twenty-two. As an arithmetical expression it is perfectly true that if we add two and two, we get four, but is the conduct of life it is not always right.” But I am sorry I have no right to criticize it. I have, however, always a deep interest in this saying: “Reverie, like the rain of night, restores color and force to thoughts which have been blanched and wearied, by the heat of the day.” And mine should be idealism, like the rain of night, and so forth.
B. Well, I am curious to sail into the sea of actual life.
A. And Raimo! It’s the very time when we see whether our rudder of confidence will serve well, or he broken.
B. Yes. And there must be many rocks which are not marked on the chart.

A. Very dangerous to us, the navigators. But it is also the very time for us to have the warning sound of the Inchenape Bell when we near the Bell Rock in our lives.
B. Yes indeed! People say idealism, idealism. It’s, however, more important to fix our bell of idealism upon the tree or timbers of confidence. It is also important to keep its secure, otherwise it may be cut off. Them, most valuable ideal will surely sink.
A. Yes, and next follows the strike of our ship with a shivering shock. That’s the time when man can hear one dreadful sound:—“A sound as if, with the Inchenape Bell, The fields beside were ringing hi-knell.”
B. Yes, “Cruelty and fear of danger” must be the feeling of those sailors who take the first step, I believe.
A. Yes, Idealism!
B. Yes, Confidence!
A. B. (with muttering lips) Idealism! Confidence! (At this moment a gust of wind passed over us.)
A. Now, we enjoyed the breeze quite enough. Shall we! (So saying he rises hastily.)
B. Ah, well! Let’s be off.

* * * * *

(They go down, and after while a song comes up along the water’s edge,—“Mukashi mukashi, Urashima wa ..........”

Drifting on the ups and downs of the waves, the voice becomes faint, as if it were being inhaled by the darkness which is spreading its black wings, moment by moment over the sea.)
Back from the Antarctic.

The Aurora in New Zealand.

When at last within five hundred miles of New Zealand, the wireless of the s.s. Aurora succeeded in making connections. Immediately the authorities dispatched a large launch down toward the South Pole to the assistance of the little vessel in distress. The Aurora had been securely tied to the frozen land by a very strong cable; but when the ice pack around her began to give way with the coming of spring, the cable snapped and the steamer began to drift. Fortunately, the Captain and most of the crew were on board at the time, but seventeen men were left behind in a most dangerous position. To add to this, when not very far from the main-land on the unavoidable journey north for help, the rudder was broken and a "jerry" rudder had to be improvised and worked from the stern deck.

It was a cold day, as cold as the one before was hot. Heavy clouds chased about in be-nesday, occasionally loosing some of their burden in heavy drops. Finally hail fell for a few minutes. The long and narrow water of Otato Harbor guarded by bare hills was still. The heavy mist and low hanging clouds gathered about them, giving an ominous touch to the panorama. Obviously the chill came to awaken cold sensations, for wasn't it an object from the frozen south I was about to see? The north temperate zone of "our world" above the equator has its own tale to tell. But down in the Antipodes, almost at the foot of New Zealand, the Aurora had just come back from where the cold has not cleared for an eternity. Half an hour's ride from Dunedin to Port Chalmers, -- and a lovely scenic ride it is, indeed. The train winds its way along the snake-like shoreline. Through two tunnels, darkness for a few moments, then distant twilight, returning daylight. And then the Aurora.

What a little ship she seemed. Her side alone was enough to chill one's ambition for antarctic romance. She is made of heavy timber, but was then in sore need of a coat of paint. The deck space is almost a negligible quantity; her accomodations, more than limited. Yet when you think of what she has withstood you see what the "reporter press" by his remark: "The sturdy little ship kept well her trust." I trust! After all do we not trust in man's handwork? Are not the strength and tenacity of materials comparable to human honesty and persistance? The luxury of a modern ocean liner and its size and steel construction would make it untrust-worthy for polar exploration. There is not enough give in them. But this little wooden craft withstood fifteen months of a hardship, hard to visualize.

A sudden sprinkle of rain made me seek shelter on board. Permission to go down into the saloon was granted me by the mate. A number of others were being shown about. I engaged this officer in conversation and soon had a "guile" all to myself. As I knew the time was short, I began asking him questions about the South Pole, and learned more in the few minutes with him than I had acquired in years of study. From an "earth bound" this little world of ours became a globe. My vague school-geography conceptions of the poles vanished. From nothingness, they became extremes of vital interest.

Distant, I could see them stretching, arching a land as real as ours, but upon which nature has unkindly set the seal of coldness. She has enjoined the sun not to love that loney land. How human that sound! And yet, why "un- kindly"? -- perhaps she has unkindly placed the burden of heat upon us. One heat makes us swarm like flies; down there, the cold makes men huddle for comfort.

I can now see the movement of the world on its axis in a different way. I can see it swaying from side to side as it wheels about through space. And each time it sways towards the north, the south is warmed a little; and when it sways toward the south, the north is warmed. Thus do we have our seasons. Yet, strange that all the geography I had ever learned before had failed to give me this simple lesson so vividly.

It is a great continent of snow, not just a patch of fast-bound ice. I wonder what civilizations will some day spring into being there where loney men are now treading almost aimlessly. Imagine having a whole continent all to your- self. I thought I had done much by walking seven hundred miles alone in New Zealand. Shackleton and the others made one thousand five hundred miles over snow and ice, on the hub of the world. Impertinent little flies, we human beings, aren't we? But without doubt these men are opening the road to a new contin- ent, to new worlds. Certainly this is so as far as human knowledge goes. Perhaps someday man will discover a way of overcoming polar coldness and will thus make the world's extremi- ties for human purpose.

The Chief Mate mechanic took me into the laboratory and for some time we were altogether away from this world. He showed me all his photographs; specimens of penguins, and seals were about. In a bottle was an embryo seal. The Mate later joined us and we had a most interesting talk on South Pole exploration. The great white continent was opened wide before me. The human element at the poles was no less interesting. The quarrels, the dislikes and satiation made life even there a daily conflict.

Yet who can forget the wonderful story of loyalty told of Capt. Scott who would not desert his comrades in distress in those heartless regions of perpetual cold.

Sydney Greenhill.