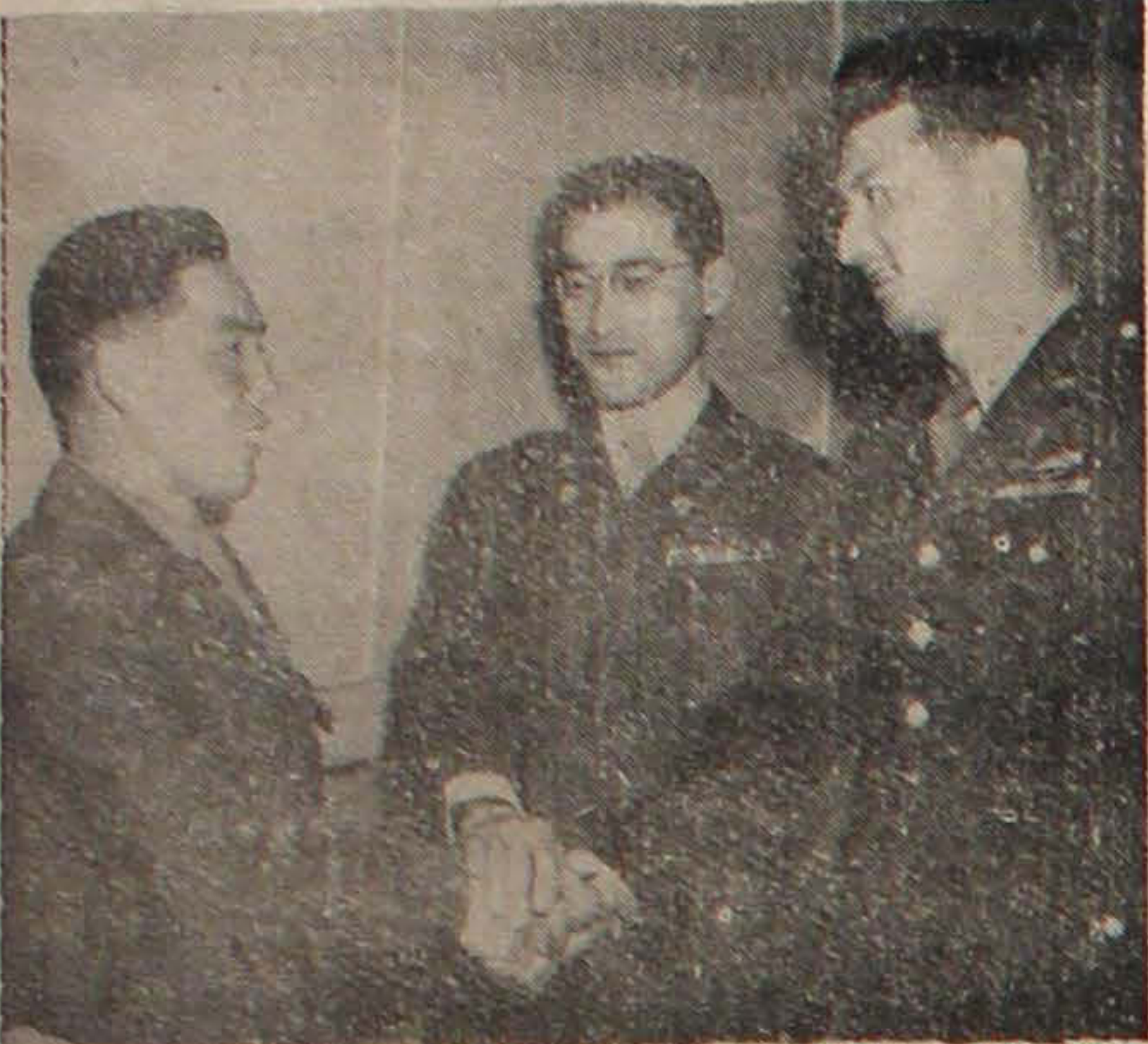


Trained for Posts in Japan



YOKOHAMA-BOUND is 1st Lieut. Gary Kadani, left, here awaiting passage after graduation from the military intelligence service language school, Presidio of Monterey, Cal. With him is T/Sgt. Spady Koyana, center, of Spokane, and 1st Lieut. Paul J. Sakai, right, son of Mrs. S. Sakai, 805 15th avenue, Lieut. Kadani is from Fresno. Lieut. Sakai, a native of Seattle, and Sgt. Koyana are here for a two-week's recruiting drive for the school. Eligible are men with a basic knowledge of both English and Japanese.

—Photo courtesy of Seattle Star.

DEPLORES LACK OF ATTENTION TO ASIA ISSUE

CORVALLIS, Oreg., April 11—A strong China and an expurgated Japan are more important to the world than many things now occurring across the Atlantic, said Dr. William M. Compton, president of Washington State College, this week when he spoke before the Men's Faculty club of Oregon State college.

Dr. Compton, who visited Japan last year on an American educational mission, said he believed the Pacific area is receiving too little attention in favor of a "bankrupt Europe." Russia was referred to as a nation that "waits, watches, wants and takes."

About 80 per cent of the Japanese regard the Americans as liberators rather than as conquerors, Dr. Compton said. Many, including those in charge of the Japanese press, he said, find it hard, however, to adjust to a condition of not being told just what to do. They will not have a real democratic society until they learn how to argue, he added.

Praising General Douglas MacArthur highly, Dr. Compton said that the general is greatly admired by the Japanese people. General MacArthur, according to him, believes, and evidence indicates, that at least 80 per cent of the people of Japan are sincerely repentant, and that the Japanese of the future can be peaceful and progressive nation, especially if America and the United Nations do not shirk their responsibilities.

MP's Return from Easter Holidays, Ponder Canada's Omnibus Bill

OTTAWA, April 11 (New Canadian Dispatch)—The controversial Omnibus Bill—designed to continue 57 wartime regulations—moved into its second reading last week, thus clearing the path for an all-out debate on the Japanese question as the MP's returned from their Eastern holidays.

Several important questions remain unanswered. How long is the restriction on Japanese Canadian movement to be continued? What is to be done about the indemnification of evacuation losses? What about Japanese property still held by the custodian?

A few facts emerged when the resolution to introduce the Omnibus Bill was being pushed through on March 27:

The government intended definitely to continue restrictions over fishing and movement until March 31, next year; there

Opposes Ousting Of Japanese

SALMON ARM, B. C., April 11—Salmon Arm branch of the Canadian Legion is opposed to the expulsion of Japanese from Canada according to a recent edition of the Vancouver Province.

A general meeting of the membership passed a resolution that the mass expulsion of Japanese would be intolerant and contrary to the principles of democracy.

Presidio School Graduates 28, Smallest in History of MISLS

PRESIDIO OF MONTEREY, Cal., April 11—Twenty-eight students, constituting the smallest graduating class in the history of the MISLS, completed another phase in their training as linguists when they received their diplomas at the fourth commencement exercises held last Friday in the Presidio of Monterey, California. It was the 25th class to be graduated from the

MISLS since its beginning in October, 1941, in the Presidio of San Francisco.

In the first outdoor graduation ceremonies to be held in the Presidio, the graduates were presented to Colonel Elliott R. Thorpe, School Commandant, who delivered a short talk, congratulating the men on their graduation and urging them to continue their fine work.

Winner of the award as the Outstanding student of the graduating class was T/3 Torazo Hikida of Seattle for his superior work in the academic courses, while T/4 Arthur Y. Imamura was selected as the Best Soldier while a student at the school.

Preceding the presentation of the graduating class to the Commandant, a battalion parade was held, in which all school companies, including the graduates, passed in review before the commandant and his staff.

The latest graduating class brought the total number of students graduating from the MISLS to 6,817.

JACL GROUP DINES, MAPS MEMBER DRIVE

Seattle Progressive Citizens League's membership drive committee members met Monday night in the new Golden Goose restaurant below Smith Tower to map out their campaign which will start this month and end May 31.

Team captains and committee members who were present at the dinner-meeting are: Sumio Nagamatsu, Joe Hirabayashi, Roy Sakamoto, George Minato, Frank Hattori, Miss Mitsuyo Uyeta, T. R. Goto, Howard Minato, Mrs. Chick Uno, Mac Kaneko, Harry Yanagimachi and Stanley Karikomi.

The winning team will be awarded a suitable prize. Any person wishing to join the local JACL chapter may contact any of the above-mentioned team captains and committee members or call at the temporary headquarters at 304-Sixth Ave. S.

Sincerity is the indispensable ground of all conscientiousness, and by consequence of all heartfelt religion.—Kant.

Metal from Japan Reaches Portland

PORTLAND, Oreg., April 11—Three American Mail Line Liberty ships this week brought 3,000 tons of zinc and lead from Japan. The cargo, first for Portland in the postwar years, awaits transshipment to New York.

Another 1,000 tons of zinc ingots will be aboard the Hiram Maxim which is scheduled to arrive Tuesday, April 15. This load will be transferred to an intercoastal vessel. The Maxim first will discharge seed oysters at Grays Harbor.

JAPANESE HIT ONE-THIRD OF PRODUCTION

TOKYO, April 11—Despite drastic shortages of raw materials, Japan has reached about one-third of her normal pre-war industrial production, it was disclosed this week by Joseph Z. Reday, chief of the economic and scientific section of Allied headquarters.

Reday, who probably knows more about Japan's present economy than any other person, related that "the index in January, 1947, stood at 30.4 compared to 100 for the year 1930 to 1934, the assumed base period for normal peacetime Japan."

"Japanese industry, like that of Britain's and continental Europe," Reday said, "depends on bituminous coal and has more or less staggered through the past winter for lack of it."

The lack of coal, he said, has limited all industrial production.

A shortage of caustic soda and other chemicals, along with the limited supply of pulpwood, means "practically a dead stop" for Japan's huge rayon industry which once turned out nearly 30,000,000 pounds a month. Rayon production in January totaled only 725 thousand pounds, he said.

MISLS to Show Films in Tacoma

TACOMA, April 11—Two movies, "Okasan" and "Report on Japan," will be shown under the auspices of the U. S. Army Recruiting Team from the Military Intelligence Service Language School, Presidio of Monterey, Calif., at 8 p. m. next Wednesday, April 16, in the Weyerhaeuser hall of the YWCA.

Plans Air Route To Tokyo

A regular service to Tokyo along the Great Circle route pioneered by Northwest Airlines will be instituted by the Army Air Transport Command, it was learned today. Last leg of a survey flight to Tokyo by way of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands was flown this week.



PHOTOGENIC, TOO—She's Betty Conway who was picked by Pittsburg cameramen as "Miss Press Photographer of 1947." —Courtesy of New World.

Drops Case Against Defendant Who Slapped Tojo's Bald Noggin

TOKYO, April 11—The war crimes indictment against Dr. Shumei Okawa was dismissed this week, the Associated Press reported. Dr. Okazawa, who is confined to

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was a possibility that some men in the government wanted to have it continued longer.

More Japanese got discouraged with Canada or homesick for Japan, the government was prepared for some time yet to help them out by providing them with a one-way ticket and a \$200 bonus.

The custodian intended to wind up the disposition of Japanese property during the year. Assets still held by the custodian would be distributed or returned to the Japanese before the year has expired.

These things were looked after under five of the 57 wartime orders-in-council included in the big bill.

Cricket of the five orders was the one which places a restriction on Japanese movement.

There was no longer any real need for it—except for reasons of political expediency. The relocation program had been completed; no large movements back to the coast was expected if the restrictions were lifted. Even if some evacuees did plan to go back there was no justifiable reason for stopping them.

Asked to clarify the matter, labor minister Humphrey Mitchell replied that no Japanese would be in effect (one year).

He added a rather feeble defence: "I think the policy... is in their own best interest."

Howard Green wanted to know if this policy would end at the termination of the year or whether it was part of a long-range policy. Veterans' Affairs Minister Ian Mackenzie stepped into the breach with a ready reply. "That," he said, "would be a matter for further consideration."

SHORTER ROUTE TO ORIENT AIM OF SHIP SURVEY

The former Navy P-T Pioneer and the Pathfinder and Explorer this summer will survey a shorter route from Seattle and other Pacific Northwest ports to the Orient, it was learned today. The Pioneer will leave from San Francisco, and the Pathfinder and Explorer from Seattle.

The three ships will chart the route to the Orient north of the Aleutian Islands, which is several hundred miles shorter and less stormy than the course now followed by transpacific ships south of the islands.

When the new route is established, ships from Seattle will go into the Bering Sea either by Unimak Pass, Akutan Pass, Umanak Pass or Amchitka Pass.

The survey vessels will chart Bering Sea rocks, shoals and depths for the great circle route from Seattle and other Pacific Northwest ports to Yokohama north of the Aleutians.

Whatever that be which thinks, understands, wills, and acts, it is something celestial and divine. —Cicero.

ASSAILS DELAY IN SETTING UP LOSSES BOARD

VANCOUVER, B. C., April 11—(New Canadian Dispatch)—Delay on the part of the federal government in announcing the machinery and procedure by which evacuation losses would be remedied was criticized by the Vancouver Consultative Council in a letter to Prime Minister Mackenzie King, dated Feb. 7, 1947.

The letter, with the council's report on its activities on behalf of various minority groups in Canada, was made public this week.

"Very few of these people (evacuees from B. C.) have any desire or intention to their former places of residence; but they are sorely in need of funds satisfactorily to establish themselves in those parts of Canada where they are now seeking to secure permanent homes and means of livelihood. Accordingly, with deep respect but great earnestness, we urge upon you an early and official clarification of a situation which we feel reflects upon the honor of Canada," the letter said.

CANADA ORDER OF '34 HURTS JAPANESE

An order-in-council passed in 1934 and still standing is obstructing Japanese nationals in Canada from acquiring Canadian naturalization. The New Canadian of Winnipeg, Manitoba, learned recently.

Order-in-council PC 1760, 1934, provides that a Japanese applying for naturalization must produce a certificate from the "Japanese minister at Ottawa" that the applicant is not barred by Japanese law from acquiring foreign nationality.

The required certificate from the Japanese government representative must state that the applicant for Canadian naturalization (1) has already served his term in the Japanese army or navy or is under no obligation to serve (through age or medical reasons), and (2) he does not hold any official position under the Japanese government.

If the applicant meets these two conditions, he is under no restriction from acquiring Canadian nationality, and his Japanese nationality will be lost automatically when he receives his naturalization papers.

The 1934 order-in-council, according to The New Canadian, is actually a liberalization of a previous order under which it was more difficult for Japanese to become naturalized. But with the intervention of the war and the disappearance of the Japanese embassy in Ottawa, acquiring naturalization has again become difficult for Japanese aliens in Canada.

On the other hand, the defeat of Japan and the abolition of her armed forces has made. The New Canadian added, the regulation requiring Japanese to get these "permissions" practically meaningless, except to serve as a barrier to acquiring naturalization.

'Mac' Supports Com'l Accounts

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 11 Gen. Douglas MacArthur's command in Japan has decided to establish commercial accounts with American and foreign banks to facilitate Japanese trading with countries other than the United States, the Associated Press reported this week.

Funds needed to carry on trade with American purchasers are handled within the framework of the Army accounting system.

Melancholy spreads itself betwixt heaven and earth, like envy between man and man, and is an everlasting mist.—Byron.

Forty-three Farm Units Opened To Vets on Minidoka Project

BOISE, Idaho, April 11—Opening of forty-three farm units on the Minidoka reclamation project in Southeastern Idaho brings to 20,193 acres and 240 farm units the total farm settlement opportunities so far provided to veterans in the post-war program of the Bureau of Reclamation.

This was the report made last week by a staff correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor.

Qualified veterans, according to the Monitor scribe, will be getting choices farm land, made fertile and productive by irrigation, when they occupy these 3,226 acres of public land. It is the fourth major land opening, the others on the Klamath projects in Oregon and California, the Shoshone projects in Wyoming, and the Yakima projects in Washington.

The Monitor correspondent reported:

"The farms range in size from around 52 to 100 irrigable acres. Some of the land to be opened was farmed during the war by Japanese residents of the relocation center operated by the War Relocation Authority for evacuees from the Pacific Coast.

"Sixteen of the units were fully or partially developed during the war, the others are in sagebrush."

Veterans who qualify will receive two buildings without charge from the War Relocation Authority evacuation camp in the area. The only cost to the homesteader is the removal to his own property and any necessary remodeling.

Surplus equipment ranging from small tools and sewing machines to rubber boots and blankets also will go to these farm pioneers.

To qualify, veterans must meet certain requirements set up by a board of examiners composed of local people familiar with settlement problems on the new land.

Qualifications include a minimum of three years of farming experience, one year of which may be obtained through schooling or technical field work in agriculture, and a minimum of \$3,000 in resources, of which \$2,000 must be in unencumbered cash or its equivalent in such items as livestock and machinery, and \$1,000 may be in guaranteed credit.

The qualifications were established to insure reasonable opportunity of success. Most of the land is raw, sagebrush-covered ground which will receive water for the first time this year. Capital and farming experience are considered essential if the farmer is to be successful.

Additional land openings are contemplated by the Bureau of Reclamation as rapidly as funds become available and necessary construction work is completed.



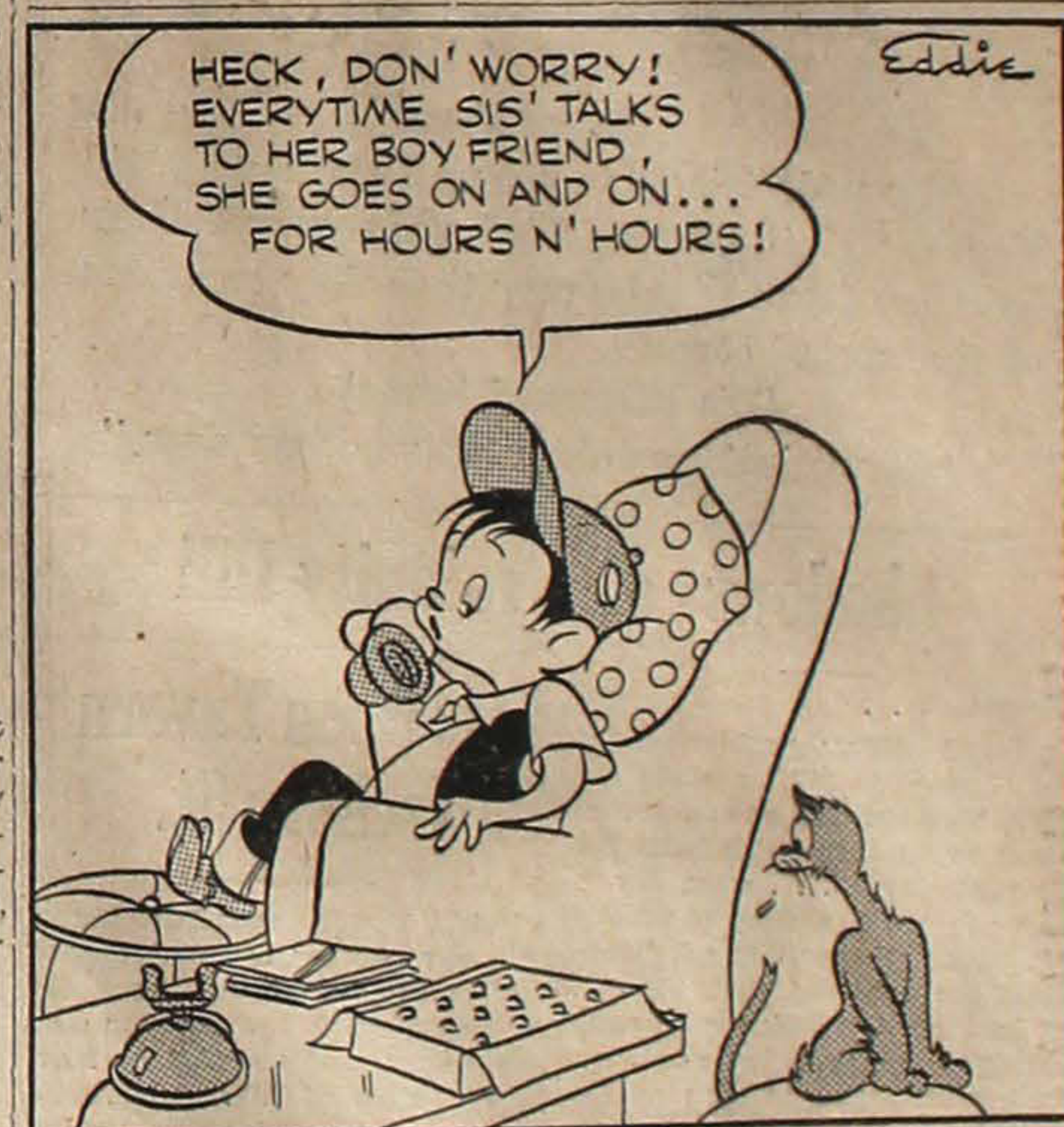
Myrna Loy (left) and Teresa Wright, are two of the female stars in "The Best Years of Our Lives," considered the year's best movie.

Movies Slated In Auburn

A film depicting the 442nd Infantry Regiment and "Okasan," a Japanese movie, will be shown under the auspices of the Military Intelligence Service Language School's Recruiting Team consisting of Lt. Paul Sakai and T/Sgt. Spady Koyama at 7:30 p. m. next Tuesday, April 15, in the Auburn Buddhist church.

Everyone in Kent, Thomas, Auburn and Summer is invited. There will be no admission charge.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.—Franklin.



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Budd Fukel: Editor and Publisher
Stanley Karikomi: Business Manager

Editorials:

Two Nisei soldiers—both of them overseas veterans of World War II—are in town as representatives of the Military Intelligence Service Language School in Presidio of Monterey, Calif. They are First Lt. Paul Sakai and T/Sgt. Spady Koyama.

They were sent here by MISLS to recruit trainees for Japanese-language courses in Monterey. Men with a basic knowledge of both English and Japanese are eligible. Ex-servicemen especially are welcomed.

The need for linguists by the U. S. Army is not difficult to understand. Language has always been one of the chief barriers obstructing world understanding.

General Douglas MacArthur, who today is guiding the destiny of a beaten Japan so that it will rise once more to join a happier family of nations, knows, as do all thinking Americans, that the Nisei is one of the vital keys to a successful recovery for the Japanese people.

Because they hold such a unique position and because they are fully equipped in the all-important matter of language and American thought, the Nisei should think seriously of training for jobs in occupied Japan.

The Nisei's small bit may help prevent a World War III.

(Scene One)

The bell rings lustily. Two long ribbons of automobiles, one from the East and the other from the West, slow down to a halt. Traffic lights turn on a rosy hue, Stop! A woman strolls across the street to her plant. The bell tolls and all's well.

This is at Ninth and Jackson.

(Scene Two)

An automobile screeches as it curves a curb. A pedestrian narrowly escapes being hit by a speeding car. Then another auto whizzes by. Several persons feel the hot wind of automobiles fiercely burning gas and oil.

There are no lights nor bells to control traffic here—busy Sixth and Jackson.

(Scene Three)

The woman in Scene One is employed by a plant which WAS engaged in war production during World War II. She is treated in queenly fashion.

(Scene Four)

The pedestrians in Scene Two are plain Vets and plain Civvies. Their only worry? Their lives are jeopardized every time they cross one of the rugged corners.

(Dis-Illusioned Scene)

Oh, we just thought "the war was over."

Shadows of Profanity Hill

PERSONAL... personal piffles: profiles painted and "dressed to kill," a white girl and a Nisei girl strolled arm in arm into a not-so-respectable hotel the other afternoon... some day a Nisei will write a story about Albert Bonus, the writing-est defender of the Nisei and their kin... big business tip: look for an early resumption of open trade between U. S. and Japan as soon as the peace treaty is signed by the two nations... cutest fountain girl—Pauline Foy, a Chinese lassie employed in a Yesler Way drug store...

Vets Open Tavern On Jackson St.

Yotchi Furuta and Bob Terao, both war veterans, this week opened business at Evergreen Tavern, 514 Jackson St. The tavern is the only one owned and operated by Nisei in the state of Washington. Evergreen Tavern's phone number is ELiot 9248.

Japanese Still Denied Vote

VICTORIA, B. C., April 11—British Columbia's new elections bill was finally introduced recently in the Legislature by Provincial Secretary George S. Pearson. Majority of the changes recommended have to do with votes for minority groups. These points are: 1. Chinese and East Indian residents of B. C. who are Canadian citizens get the vote for the first time; 2. But Japanese are barred, except for those who have served in the armed forces; 3. Native Indians who have served in the armed forces, are enfranchised by the Dominion or who do not live on reserves, will be given the vote.

A Short Story THE SILVER LUNCHBOX

By John Okada

MISS Zenobia Quigley, teacher of reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, science, drama, handicraft and physical education from the first through the eighth grades inclusive and the unquestioned authority on pedagogical methods in Dream County, adjusted her spectacles with a flourish of her skinny arm and confronted the school board of the Dream County Institution of General Education.

The dignified members of the school board of the Dream County Institution of General Education waited patiently. Jim Jones, president of the bank and also of the school board, chewed on his enormous cigar and thought about the new office which he was going to build as soon as the government would release the necessary materials. Elias Brown, the leading farmer of the county, rolled the wad of tobacco expertly within his supple cheeks and eyed the brass spittoon in the corner of the one-room schoolhouse with the calculating eyes of an expert marksman.

The three continued to wait, the only sound audible in the still room being the "puff puff" of the cigar, the "squish squish" of the tobacco and the "zip zip" of steel whipping across leather. "Puff-squish-zip-puff, puff-squish-zip-puff, puff-squish-zip-CLANG." Elias Brown had struck the target. He looked at the others for approval, but no one moved. "Gentlemen," said Miss Quigley at long last, "I have called this meeting today to make an announcement of the utmost importance."

"Gentlemen, I trust that all of you are listening to what I have to say, because it is of the greatest concern to you." "Puff-squish-zip-puff." "Gentlemen," began Miss Quigley for the third time, "the silver lunchbox is about to be presented to one of our students."

Jones hit his cigar in half. Brown swallowed his tobacco, and White sliced a hunk of leather from his shoe. In unison they exclaimed unbelievably, "The silver lunchbox?" "Yes, in two more weeks, Kippy Smith will have maintained a perfect attendance for eight years." "But he might have an accident," said Jones. "He might play hooky," said Brown. "He might get sick," said White. "True enough," replied Miss Quigley, "and that is exactly why I asked you gentlemen to meet today. Ever since Paul Green established a near perfect record of seven lunch boxes out of a possible eight some thirty years ago, no student has come close to it until now, and I feel that with success so startlingly near, it would not be unfair if the school board were to see that special precautions were taken to assure the attendance of Kippy Smith during the remaining two weeks."

"By all means," said Jones. "I agree," said Brown. "Ditto," said White. "Now, here's what I propose," began Miss Quigley. Jones, Brown and White pulled their chairs close around the table. Miss Quigley continued, "Beginning tomorrow morning, each of us will take turns escorting Kippy Smith to school." Everyone nodded approvingly. "Kippy leaves for school each morning at seven-thirty at which time one of us will be present at his home to see that he gets to school. I will take the first morning, Mr. Brown, the second, Mr. White, the third, Mr. Jones, the fourth and so on till the two weeks are completed. Is that satisfactory, gentlemen?" "Splendid," said Jones. "Excellent," said Brown. "Ditto," said White. The school board of the Dream

County Institution of General Education adjourned and gathered by the glass case in the back of the schoolroom to admire the sterling silver lunchbox with the gold nameplate which had defied possession by any of the two thousand and twenty-one students who attended the school since its establishment seventy-nine years before. Kippy sat up in bed, his eyes were open. He was streaming through the window, casting crazy shadows on the yellow bedspread through the frilly curtains. The roosters perched on the white-washed fences in the yard below were crowing. Pap, the collie, was trying to carry bass as usual, succeeding only in emitting weird howls which combined with the diaphanous choral efforts of the barnyard group to produce a clamor which was anything but musical except, perhaps, to those occasional city-folks who spent a week or two each year vacationing on the farms and managed to find even the smell of dung an inspirational item.

Kippy, being a farmer's son and having lived on the farm his entire thirteen years, was not so easily inspired nor was he partial to the symphony conducted by Pap each morning. He simply did not hear it. To him, it was just another morning but since it was just another morning he didn't think about it being that and if he wanted to think about he wouldn't have been able to do so for, although he had risen to a sitting position, he was not yet fully awake. Kippy stared straight ahead through empty eyes, waiting for the curtain of sleep to lift the heavy drowsiness that clouded his mind. The fog lifted, and Kippy was suddenly awake only he found himself confronting the alcoholic gaze of Grandpa Schlitz whose enormous portrait (it had been done by a traveling artist for fifty cents and a loaf of bread in one afternoon) monopolized the opposite wall.

Kippy shuddered, burped sentimentally as he would not have done in front of his parents for fear of the results and laughed until he noticed the clock. It was still forty-five minutes before seven which meant that the alarm had not yet rung. He proceeded to slide under the covers, but suddenly stopped thinking how strange it was that he should have woken up before the sounding of the alarm. It had never happened before. Certainly, such an occurrence was not out of the ordinary and, above all, no worrying matter; but still he felt the necessity of giving the incident further consideration. He could not help but feel that this day would be different. He more he thought of it the more certain he became of the possibility. A torrent of exciting thought pushed through his mind and he could not bear to lie in bed when so many things were waiting to happen to him.

He started to get out of bed and realized that he was following the habitual pattern. If this day was to be different, he would most certainly have to cooperate. He pulled his feet back in, climbed over to the other side of the bed and slid to the floor pleased with his own alertness. He dressed himself quickly, making certain that he reversed the usual process by starting with his shirt, following with the trousers and slipping the shoes on last. He rushed through the bathroom, gulped down his breakfast in the kitchen, managing somehow, at the same time to quell his mother's curiosity over his unexpected presence at such an early hour by interjecting unintelligible grunts and nods at proper intervals and stopped to catch his breath only when he was safely outside looking for all the world as he did any other morning when he was starting out to school.

His books, tablets, pencils, crayons, sandwiches, an orange and three raisin cookies were all packed away neatly in the battered green lunchbox which the school board had presented him for a year's perfect attendance. That was seven years ago and, since that time, Kippy had received six more identical lunchboxes, one for each additional year of perfect attendance. This year, if he completed the remaining two weeks of school without an absence and nothing short of an unforeseen bolt of lightning could possibly interfere, he would gain possession of the sterling silver lunchbox with the shining gold nameplate.

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Church Notices

BAPTIST 9:30 a. m. Sunday School. 11 a. m.—Nisei worship service. 7:30 p. m.—BYF. MARYKNOLL 9 a. m. and 10:30 a. m.—Low Mass. Benediction will be held following 10:30 Mass. NICHIREN 11 a. m.—Young People. 2 p. m.—Japanese Service. BUDDHIST 10:00 a. m.—Kindergarten Classes. 11:00 a. m.—Young People's Service. ST. PETER'S Note: Sunday School will be at 11 a.m. hereafter. Morning worship will be at 11 a.m. as usual. METHODIST 9:45 a. m.—Church service. 10:00 a. m.—Issei service. 11:00 a. m.—Nisei. PRESBYTERIAN 9 a. m.—Pre-prayer. 9:30—Sunday School. 11—Morning Worship Service

India Seeks End Of Silver Coins

NEW DELHI, India, April 11—India today moved toward eliminating silver entirely from the country's coinage, with introduction of a bill in the Central Assembly to permit issuance of rupee coins in nickel. Smaller coins already have been removed from silver coinage.

Mind unemployed is mind unemployed.—Bovee.

ver lunchbox with the shining gold nameplate.

The prospect of being the first student in the history of Dream County to rise to such an unprecedented height of scholastic recognition aroused no enthusiasm in Kippy. He was, on the contrary, rather disturbed over the thought. Kippy was a scholar, a disciple of knowledge and not a collector of lunchboxes, even those made out of steling silver. He had long disapproved of the system of teaching which had been ingrained into Miss Quigley. Kippy wanted to learn, not out of archaic textbooks in an academic institution where knowledge flowed through vast halls of learning, a school where white-headed professors spouted words of wisdom the day long and where diligent students rendered their minds and souls completely to the task of gaining worldly knowledge out of massive volumes instead of concerning themselves over attendance and lunchboxes. He felt that the eight years spent in the Dream County Institution of General Education had been totally wasted except, perhaps, in the respect that it had given him a thirst for knowledge which he felt sure that Miss Quigley could never begin to satisfy.

Kippy sighed, realizing the futility of hoping for something which neither Dream County nor his parents could provide. He whistled through his teeth and bounded down the porch stairs and out to the road. He was no longer even hopeful that the day would be different. Life was in deed dull, especially for a kid who had to endure Miss Quigley five days a week. Pap came running out of the yard and the two of them started down the road at a leisurely pace. The air was clean and still, the grass, the trees and the bushes were dampened to a deep, pleasant green by the morning dew, and the dirt road offered only faint puffs of dust which settled quickly behind their kicking heels. Kippy loved this time of the day the best and he always made the most of it by adjusting his pace so that he got to school not a minute too early. Frequently, he would toss a twig into the fields and Pap would retrieve it in his unflinching manner. They proceeded along the road in their lazy fashion until Pap suddenly dashed forward barking loudly and angrily. Kippy looked ahead and sighted the reason for Pap's strange behavior sitting on the boulder at the curve in the road. It was a man.

Continued on Page 4

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The Social Whirl

HONOLULU, T. H., April 11—In a recent afternoon ceremony in the Harris Memorial church, Miss May Terue Funai, daughter of Mr. Kametaro Funai of Bothell, Wash., became the bride of Mr. A. Otani, son of Mr. and Mrs. Matsujiro Otani of Honolulu. The Rev. Harry S. Komura performed the double-ring ceremony.

The bride was given in marriage by Mr. Floyd Schmoce, formerly of Seattle.

She wore a lace gown with a keyhole neckline and sweeping train, complimented by a chapel-length veil of illusion held by a coronet. Accenting her gown was a strand of pearls, a gift from the bridegroom. The bride also carried a large spray of white butterfly orchids centered with rare white orchids.

Miss Evelyn Otani, sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor. She was gowned in yellow taffeta with kimono sleeves, high neckline and bouffant skirt. She carried a bouquet of cattleya orchids.

Mrs. Matsujiro Otani was attired in blue crepe and wore a corsage of green orchids. Mr. Edward Maehara was best man. Ushers were Messrs. Paul Goya, Kenji Otani and Richard Kousaki.

The newlyweds received the congratulations of their many guests in the Manoa Valley home of the bridegroom's parents immediately after the church service. A fifteen-piece orchestra played during the reception hours.

Leaving the reception, the bridal couple left for a short stay in the Royal Hawaiian hotel after which they departed by plane for the "big island" of Hawaii. For the wedding trip, the bride chose a powder blue suit with pink accessories. The bride attended Bothell High

school and the Ogden Business College, Ogden, Utah. She was formerly associated with the U. S. Army Finance office in Seattle. The bridegroom, a McKinley high and University of Hawaii graduate, is associated with the M. Otani Co. Ltd.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 11—Of great interest here was the recent wedding of Miss Toshie Wakamatsu to Min Suyama, both formerly of Washington state. It also was the scene of re-union for many former Seattleites who were among the two-hundred present both for the wedding and reception.

The bride was graduated in December by the Patricia Modeling School of Chicago. She was previously attending the Northwestern University where she was studying psychology. The bridegroom was formerly attending the University of Washington and is now completing his studies for his degree in engineering at the Illinois Institute of Technology.

The wedding took place on Saturday evening, March 1, in the Woodlawn church where the bride is an active member and also sings in the choir. Miss Josephine Myre and Mrs. Mary Lee Colpitts were the candlelighters wearing orchid colored formals with wrist corsages to match.

The bride wore a lovely gown of traditional satin bodice and a long flowing train of tulle with a fingertip veil which was bordered with lace. Her crown was exquisitely headed with pearls. She carried two purple surrounded by gardenias and hycinthas in a cascade floral arrangement. The maid of honor, Miss Sachiko Tamura, wore blue lace and the bridesmaid, Miss Grace Jacobsen, wore pink. The attendants carried deep pink carnations, also in the same floral arrangement as that of the bride.

Mrs. H. D. Jones, prominent member of the church and Inter-Racial Fellowship, was in charge of the reception. Assisting her were the following hostesses in long formals: Miss Grace Watanabe, Mrs. Dorothy Haramoto and Miss Sylvia Jones.

Due to the fact the bride had recently made an extensive tour of the East including Niagara Falls, New York, Atlantic City and Washington, D. C. last summer and the bridegroom had flown recently to Seattle to visit his parents of Beacon Hill, they took a brief honeymoon to Benton Harbor, Michigan. The couple will reside in Chicago till Mr. Suyama completes his studies for his degree.

Classified Ads

DUPLEX IN JAPANESE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. Near business section and bus line. Large 80x100 Lot and two car garage. Furnitures included: Living room furnitures; Bedroom suites also, upstairs bedroom furnitures. Breakfast set, gas range, refrigerator. Carpets and radio. Price \$5350. \$2350 down. \$35 per month. Frank H. Hatori Realty, 318 Sixth Avenue South, Room 124 Jackson Bldg.

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Nisei Calendar

APRIL 11-12-13—The Northwest Times Invitational Basketball Tournament in Buddhist auditorium. 13—Northwest Times Invitational Basketball Tournament dance in Buddhist auditorium following championship games.

MAY 16—U. of W. Nisei Students to hold semi-formal dance couples only in Chamber of Commerce building.

As the fire-fly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest, it darkens.—L. E. Landon.



Ross McConnell

Seattle's veteran newscaster gives you the latest in local, regional and national news... sports and market roundups... selected music... a variety of other features...

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AVAILABLE HERE

THE SPORTING THING

by bf

The advance dope has it that the six out-of-town teams invited to The Northwest Times' three-day Invitational Basketball Tournament today are en route to Seattle to knock some of the cockiness out of local teams which are primed to pilfer all the trophies put up by this newspaper.

A rude surprise—it's a hunch—will be in for Seattle teams after the tourney starts rolling at 6 o'clock tonight in the Buddhist church gym, 1427 Main St.

For one, the Portland girls definitely cannot be considered "pushovers." They'll scramble for the ol' ball and give Queen City's fairest belles quite a going-over before they holler, "Mabel."

For another, Spokane's Beacon Cleaners and Portland's Stars won't bow out of either the championship or consolation picture without a hard fight. As underdogs on paper, they might rise to the occasion and send the local fellows reeling back on their heels.

Tacoma's Ciracs, it says here, are rugged. So are our boys when it becomes necessary.

Bernard Tailors, unless they have changed their offensive tactics widely, shouldn't head East with any conspicuous honors.

And the Tacoma Bussei girls. They're likely to upset some teams. Girls play "so differently" and they are "so unpredictable." Go get 'em, you out-of-towners!

Sideline Topics

... watch this gal, Alice Sono of Portland, in the girls' division of the Northwest Times' Invitational Basketball Tournament—and the Tamiyasu sisters, also from across Columbia River... Tech Sarge Spady Koyama speaks of his home town's Beacon Cleaners: "Oh, Seattle teams shouldn't have much trouble with them"—we think differently, Spady... Foist Looie Paul Sakai, officer in charge of the MISLS recruiting team which is making the rounds in the Pacific Northwest, will be on hand at our meet; Paul was a clever bomber for Broadway high school during his prep years... Paul's kid brother Sam of the South End Merchants, incidentally is one of the most improved players in the local circuit... Main Bowl, Class B champs, gave the Lotus Troys (of Class A) a blistering practice session the other night...

Tell Us Some More Department

Doc Toda, the Nisei optometrist on Jackson St., says everybody reads "The Sporting Thing." Aw, quit your kidding, doc!

Phone ELIOT 6863 Dr. Terrance M. Toda OPTOMETRIST - 676 Jackson Street

DEARBORN CASH GROCERY MITS ABE KIYOTO ABE 725 Dearborn St. EL. 9169

Pine Flower Shop PROMPT SERVICE CHIYOKO NOMAGUCHI 922 Pine St. Phone SEATTLE 1, Wash. ELIOT 9410

Shanty Inn Cafe "WHERE FRIENDS MEET" 110 12th Ave. CA. 9677

William Y. Minbu ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR Room 122 Jackson Bldg. 318 6th Ave. S. Phone MAIN 2319 Res. PProspect 2306

Gyokko-Ken Cafe CHOP-SUEY - NOODLES We Serve All Kinds of Chinese Dishes Open from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m. J. FUJII, Prop. Telephone MA. 3662 508-510 Main St. Seattle 4, Wash.

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GARDEN SUPPLIES RICH GARDEN SOIL MANURE WASHINGTON WOOD & COAL HUMAS and BLACK SOIL FERTILIZER EL. 5157

Korean Runners Arrive in Boston

BOSTON, April 11—Three Korean runners arrived here by a T. W. A. plane from San Francisco for the 51st annual Boston A. A. marathon April 19.

The three are Son Ki Chung, Suh Yun Bok and Nam Sun Ryonk.

Main Shokudo (Taisimuki) Suki Yaki, Tempura, Donburi and all kinds of Japanese Dishes. 505 Main St. MA. 1855

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City Produce Co. S. SUYAMA & SON WHOLESALE FRUIT PRODUCE - EGGS 1003-05 Weller St. PR. 3939 Res. PR. 9798 Seattle, Wash.

4-0 Tilts Mark Bowling Here

Tad's Cafe, leading team in the Nisei Commercial Bowling League, last night (Thursday) swept Richard's Jewelry off its feet by winning 4-0, in Main Bowl.

In other games, Main Drug blanked Oriental Cab, 4-0; Crown Furniture whitewashed City Produce, 4-0; 12th Ave. Service shut out Commercial Service, also by 4-0, and Star Foods and West Coast Printing fought to a 2-2 tie.

Welcome N.W. Times' Hoop Tourney Players N.P. HOTEL 306-6th Ave. S. Y. Fujii Phone: Main 3952

Greetings! N.W. Time's Hoop Tourney Players HASHIDATE BATHS Ted Sano 302-6th Ave. S.

7th Avenue Service CHARLES C. TOSHI TED K. IMANAKA EL. 9853 701 Jackson St. Seattle 4, Wash.

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"Complete Wedding Candid Shots Coverage" Ralph S. Ochi Studio, PHOTOGRAPHERS 1325 E. Spruce St. Seattle 22, Wash. EA. 0903 Res. CA. 6849 "On-the-Spot Action Fotos"

Nisei Loses Bout To Ohio Finalist

BOSTON, April 11—T. Hanagami, lone Hawaii-Japanese survivor in the National A.A.U. boxing championships here, Wednesday night lost to Robert Holliday of Cincinnati in the 112-pounds championship fight.

Two other Nisei from the islands dropped out earlier in the ring meet. They are Richard Kikuyani and James Mitsu Masuda, both in the 126-pound class.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE FARMERS' SUPPLIES Frank Natsuhara 622 W. Main St. Auburn, Wash.

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Chihara Jewelry Co. EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING RADIOS REFRIGERATORS TYPEWRITERS CAMERAS 612 Jackson St. MA. 2275

Nisei Girl Socks Pins for 289

SAN JOSE, Calif., April 11—A spare on the first frame followed by ten straight strikes and a heart-breaking nine on the last throw gave Saku Taketa a sizzling 289 for a new Valley Bowl record recently.

REALTY \$8250 (Now \$7950, includes electric range) good Beacon Hill Dist. with view, near schools, 4 bedroom home in excellent condition. Nice yard, very good garden soil. Fireplace, full bath, economical, auto heat. A real buy—fully appraised for \$7950. \$7995 (will build) \$900 down for civilians or no down payment for G. I.'s. Brand new 4 1/2 room homes with full concrete foundation, auto oil heat, and auto elec. hot water. Ldry trays, shower, hwd. floors, lots of closets, and kitchen cabinets. Desirable sites in Beacon Hill or First Hill. GROCERY and living quarters. Also established grocery business. Beer and wine license. Good lease. Adequate fixtures. Small living quarters. Grocery, \$3,500 to \$4,000 monthly, net 25 per cent. \$4,600 plus inventory. Terms. INTERNATIONAL REALTY CO. James Matsuoka, Mgr. 659 A Jackson MA. 1522

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This Is It! N.W. Basketball Tourney Starts Tonight in Bukkyokai Gym

Bobby Morris To Give Cups

County auditor Bobby Morris will present the trophies to the various winners during the mixer Sunday night in the Buddhist gym. A 1914 Broadway high school graduate, Morris is a World War I veteran and is well-known in local sports circle as a football and basketball referee. He retired as referee after 25 years of service during which time he refereed in four Rose Bowl football games in Pasadena, Calif. Royal Brougham, sports editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, chose Morris when he conducted the first of his "Man of the Year" contest in 1935.

More Data BOYS' TEAMS Main Drug, Tokuda, South End Merchants, Lotus Troys, Tacoma Ciracs, Portland Stars, Main Bowl, Spokane Beacon Cleaners and Spokane Bernard Tailors. GIRLS' TEAMS High School, Anna Kay's, U. W. Coeds, Lotus, Tacoma and Portland. TOURNAMENT OFFICIALS Cirman Daibo Fujii, Score-keeper Fudge Sakamashi, Harry Kawahara, aruo Kato, T.H. Goto, Hiro and Tosh Nishimura, George Kozu and Chuck Kinoshita. REFEREES Boys--Tosh Funai, Tom Kogane. (Al Mar and Phil Mar Hing, tentative) Girls--Sachi Yoshida, Mary Iwasaki.

This is the Friday night—the Friday night the Northwest Times' Invitational Basketball Tournament starts rolling in the Buddhist church gym, 1427 Main St.

The first game will start at 6 o'clock. In a last-minute switch, High School and Lotus were selected to inaugurate the tourney. Preceding their tilt, a color guard, consisting of three GI's from Fort Lawton, will participate in a brief opening ceremony.

The girls will be followed by four boys' division games which will find the following: 7 p.m.—South End Merchants vs. Tacoma Ciracs. 8 p.m.—Tokuda Drug (Class A champs) vs. Main Drug. 9 p.m.—Lotus Troys vs. Bernard Tailors (Spokane). 10 p.m.—Portland Stars vs. Main Bowl (Class B champs).

The second day, Saturday, will find all games in the afternoon, starting at 1 o'clock. There will be no games played that night.

The semi-finals will be fought Sunday afternoon, and the finals Sunday night.

Following the championship games, a mixer will be held after the floor is cleared of players and fans. An interesting period will be arranged so that a notable sports figure may present five trophies—the boys' three-year perpetual, championship, runner-up, consolation, and the girls' championship to the winning teams.

Intelligence is a luxury, sometimes useless, sometimes fatal. It is a torch or firebrand according to the use one makes of it. —Caballero.

Here's Tournament Schedule

- FRIDAY, APRIL 11 GAME NO. 1 6 p. m.--Lotus vs. High School (Girls) GAME NO. 2 7 p. m.--S. E. Merchants vs. Tacoma GAME NO. 3 8 p. m.--Tokuda Drug vs. Main Drug GAME NO. 4 9 p. m.--Troys vs. Spokane Bernard GAME NO. 5 10 p. m.--Portland vs. Main Bowl Beacon Cleaners of Spokane, Bye SATURDAY, APRIL 12 GAME NO. 6 1 p. m.--Beacon Cleaners vs. Winner of Game No. 2 GAME NO. 7 2 p. m.--Loser of Game No. 3 vs. Loser of Game No. 4 GAME NO. 8 3 p. m.--Tacoma vs. U. of W. Coeds (Girls) GAME NO. 9 4 p. m.--Loser of Game No. 2 vs. Loser of Game No. 5 GAME NO. 10 5 p. m.--Portland vs. Anna Kay's (Girls) SUNDAY, APRIL 13 GAME NO. 11 1 p. m.--Winner of Girls' Game No. 1, 8, or 10. One team will draw a bye. GAME NO. 12 2 p. m.--Winner of Game No. 3 vs. Winner of Game No. 4 GAME NO. 13 3 p. m.--Winner of Game No. 5 vs. Winner of Game No. 6 GAME NO. 14 4 p. m.--Winner of Game No. 7 vs. Winner of Game No. 9 for boys' consolation finals. GAME NO. 15 7 p. m.--Winner of Game No. 11 vs. Team drawing bye in Game No. 11 for girls' championship. GAME NO. 16 8 p. m.--Winner of Game No. 12 vs. Winner of Game No. 13 for boys' championship.

12 Beautiful Sanctioned Alleys FREE BOWLING INSTRUCTIONS In the Afternoon 1 P. M. to 3 P. M. MONDAY THRU FRIDAY MAIN BOWLING ALLEY 306 Main St. MAIn 9399 The MAIN Place To Bowl!

THE SILVER LUNCHBOX

Continued from Page 2

Kippy ran after Pap hollering, "Here boy, here boy." Pap was already by the man and growling not menacingly, but the stranger did not seem to mind the disturbance. He simply continued to study the huge volume which was resting on his knees. Kippy caught Pap by the collar and reprimanded him into silence. "I'm sorry my dog barked at you," he said, "but he won't bite. He just likes to act mean sometimes."

The stranger, clad in cap and gown, peered through his thick glasses and said in a soft, resonant voice, "He doesn't bother me, son. Let him bark all he wants to." And without another word turned back to his book.

Kippy inspected the old man natural curiosity. "You're new around here, aren't you?"

The stranger closed his book carefully and chuckled with amusement. "New? I should say not. I've been coming here every morning for years and years."

"I've never seen you."

"You haven't? That's funny. I've watched you and Pap going to school every day for, let's see now, almost eight years isn't it?"

Yes, but how did you know Pap's name?"

"The same way I know you're Kippy and your teacher, Miss Quigley."

"Gee, but you're smart. You must be a professor."

"I am, professor emeritus of sundry knowledges at the College of Forever."

"Is that around here?"

"Right over the hill behind those bushes."

"Is it a real college, I mean, a big one with lots of students and professors?"

"The biggest in the world, son, with so many students and professors that we have never bothered to count them."

"Boy, I bet a fellow could learn a lot there."

"Everything, that is, everything

that's ever been written in books." "Gosh, that's just the kind of a place I've always wanted to go to. Take me there, won't you, please?"

"No, son, besides if you don't hurry along to school you're apt to miss out on that grand silver lunchbox."

"It's too early for school yet, and, anyway, I don't care about that. It's silly all the fuss they make about that lunchbox."

"Silly? Now, you don't mean that. Why, if I had your chance, I'd be the happiest man in the world. It's things like that lunchbox that make life wonderful."

"I thought you were different, but you look just like old Miss Quigley when you talk about the lunchbox."

"And what's so wrong about that?"

"It's, well, it's just silly."

"You said that before, son."

"I don't care. You've just got to take me to the College of Forever."

"All right," said the old professor, "follow me."

The professor stood up and started through the bushes with practiced ease. Pap, however, made no effort to move and Kippy could not make him budge despite his frantic coaxing. Finally, he gave up and took after the professor who was already starting to ascend the first hill. After what seemed only a few minutes, they came to a vast, green valley crowded with magnificent buildings the size which Kippy had never imagined possible. Even the words colossal and stupendous seemed grossly inadequate. Kippy would have liked to pause for a moment to view the splendor of the scene which lay before him but he had to hasten to keep up with the professor who hurried ahead.

Presently, they reached the gate of the huge institution, and professor took his leave saying that Kippy could fare very well for himself if he was certain that he knew what he desired. Kippy thanked him and ventured within the gate.

The campus was swarming with men and women, scholarly looking people who bore heavy briefcases or trugged doggedly along pulling carts loaded with thick volumes. Most of them were old with serious faces and were it not for the caps and gowns, one would have been unable to distinguish between the students and the professors.

There was no visiting among the students. No one was talking or laughing or even resting. Those who were stretched out on the green lawns were pondering soberly over their books, and the others were hurrying to or from classes. Kippy wandered aimlessly among the buildings, not knowing where to begin.

At length he approached a bespectacled scholar who was sitting on the steps of one of the buildings, deeply absorbed in the pages which he was regarding. Kippy stood nervously for a few moments before he mustered up the courage to speak. "Please, sir, can you tell me where to register?"

"Register?" The man's unfriendly, irritated voice was filled with disbelief.

"Yes, I wish to enroll."

"Stupid," the man hollered, "who ever heard of such a thing."

"But, I'm new here."

"So am I. I've only been here sixty years, and already you're asking questions."

Kippy gulped. "I'm here to study."

"What else would you be here for?"

"But where do I start?"

"Where? Does it matter? Start where you wish."

"But, how?"

"Who cares? That's up to you."

"Please, sir, don't be angry with me."

"Then stop asking me foolish questions. I've only three more years left before I have to take my examination on the ninety-seven basic languages of the universe and I've already wasted too much time with you. Now, be off."

The man turned back to his book and Kippy realized hopelessly that it would be of little use to attempt to extract further information from this curt individual. He continued his wandering until he came upon a kindly, maternally-looking lady who lay on the grass with her eyes closed, appearing quite dead except for the incessant movement of her lips. Kippy thought she looked a little like his mother.

"Please, mam," he said politely, "will you help me?"

The lady said nothing. Only her lips kept moving silently.

"Mam," said Kippy more loudly, "I want to talk to you."

"Go away," spit out the lady so quickly that Kippy almost did not hear it.

He entreated the lady several times more, but she seemed not to hear him although her face was beginning to show signs of displeasure. In desperation, Kippy finally grabbed the woman by the shoulder and shook her quite violently. She struggled against him for a moment before she leaped up, her eyes wide and sparkling with so much fury that Kippy felt his spine tingle. She mumbled incoherently, leaning forward menacingly, and suddenly broke down with hysterical sobs. He was so overcome with fright and astonishment that he could not find the power to speak or move.

"How could you," she lied, then, with a note of piteous anguish, "I'll have to start all over and I had only two books left."

"Two books?"

"Yes, for my memory course."

"What's that?"

"The recitation by memory without hesitation the three hundred and fifty-two leading novels of the universe."

"What for?"

"What foolish questions you ask. In order to receive my degree in eternal knowledge, of course."

"But why?"

"Does it make any difference why?" Her voice roared. "Now,

go on with you and leave me to my occupation else I lose my temper."

Kippy hurried away and when he looked back from a safe distance, the lady had already assumed her original position and was no doubt well into the first book. He walked around taking special care to avoid bumping into anyone and searched without much hope for some kindly soul who might answer a few of his questions in a civil manner. After what seemed hours, he observed a gentleman apparently doing no more than just resting on the lawn and chewing on a blade of grass. Kippy approached him with caution and spoke timidly. "May I ask you a few questions, sir?"

"Certainly, lad," replied the man with surprising friendliness. "I've nothing better to do at the moment and if I can do a good turn for someone before I kill myself, why, splendid."

"Did you say kill yourself?"

Yes, I haven't decided on the method yet, but I'm sure it won't be too difficult."

"Are you in poor health, sir?"

"I should say not. On the contrary, I'm in the best of health."

"Then why are you going to kill yourself?"

"Simply because I've finally come to the realization that I shall never be able to qualify for a degree in eternal knowledge."

"Why?"

"Ha, ha, ha. You are inquisitive, aren't you, but so was I once. That's why I came to the College of Forever, to satisfy my thirst for universal knowledge, and I've had the most brilliant success in all my studies except one, the most simplest of all the courses."

"May I ask what that is?"

"You certainly may. It's the course in Einstein's Theory of Relativity. I've waded blindfolded through the most difficult courses in eternal logic, the universal sciences, and the heavenly philosophies, and, yet, time after time have I failed to conceive the explanation of Einstein's hilariously simple theory."

"Is that so bad?"

"I should say it is. I can get a degree in random knowledge without Einstein's theory, but I've always had my heart set on getting a degree in eternal knowledge and for that Einstein is an absolute requirement. In other words, I shall never be able to get the degree I want and thus I find it impossible to face myself any longer."

"Oh."

"You said you had some questions, didn't you?"

"No, thank you, I've forgotten."

"Well, if you've got time to spare you might as well help me think up a good way of putting an end to my useless life."

"Some other time," blurted Kippy without thinking and dashed into the nearest doorway in great terror. Some time elapsed before his quaking nerves quieted down and permitted him sufficient composure to survey the building into which he had blindly stumbled.

His first impression was that he was in a lobby of a great theatre. The walls, floor, and ceiling were completely covered with colorful murals depicting the progress of knowledge since the time of primitive savages. Giant chandeliers of the finest workmanship stretched in an impressive line across the room, and the doors were ornamented with intricate celestial carvings the like of which Kippy had never even seen in movies. He simply stood in the center of all that wonderful beauty and might have well remained transfixed in just such a position for hours had not his attention been attracted by a blinking object far in the corner. He moved towards it and discovered that it was an ordinary neon sign reading "CLASSROOM" with a huge red arrow underneath it and pointing in the direction of a small door. Kippy pushed the door open gently and peered inside. His mouth dropped open ever more.

He saw people, tens of thousands of them packed into a gargantuan amphitheatre. Not a sound could be heard except for a steady whispering like that of a well-controlled human voice. Kippy tiptoed into the room and searched for a seat. He was unable to find a vacant chair in the first hundred rows, nor did the second hundred provide an end to his search. He kept climbing farther and farther up till he came to the last row. Every seat was occupied. Kippy heaved a disgusted sigh and sat down exhausted on the step. The height to which he had ascended was frightening. He could barely make out the platform at the bottom far below and the lecturing professor was but a tiny, stationary black dot. There were no loudspeakers but Kippy could hear the steady whispering as clearly as he heard it at the entrance, though he could still not distinguish any of the words. And, yet, he seemed to be the only one who derived no meaning from the incessant droning, for all the students were industriously working their pencils over large notebooks.

Kippy leaned forward once more as far as his neck would stretch. The whispering became no more intelligible than before, but, suddenly a loud crashing disturbance filled the air. Kippy looked around in horror and was even more horrified when he saw that the awful disturbance was being created by his lunchbox bouncing with increasing momentum down the stepped aisle which he had ascended. "Catch it! Catch it!" he screamed and went bounding down the steps in frantic pursuit. He pursued it all the way to the bottom where the box had finally come to a halt. Kippy retrieved it hastily and proceeded to dust it off when he heard approaching the sound of running feet.

A quick glance was sufficient to assure him of his worst fears. The white-haired professor with the gentle voice was not only shouting but swearing; and with threatening gesticulations was covering amazing ground in spite of his cumbersome dress and apparent old age. A number of the student body with equally unfriendly intentions displayed in their angry faces were also heading swiftly in his direction.

Kippy fled. He ran outside and hastened down one of the innumerable paths which led off from the building, not knowing where it led nor caring about it. He felt urgently only the necessity to keep well ahead of his pursuers who seemed to be increasing in number with each succeeding second. When, finally, he feared that he must soon fall from exhaustion, he emerged onto the open campus and sighted the gateway from which he had entered. With a surge of hope, Kippy dashed for the gate, and, when he had passed it, he looked back for the first time. It was just a fleeting glance thrown backwards on the run, but the sight of the raving professor leading what must have been the entire student body of the College of Forever doubled the fear in Kippy's heart and also gave him greater strength. He pushed straight for the hills and collapsed only when he had ascended to the top of the highest. He lay panting on the ground with his head buried deep in the grass, knowing that the horrible end was shockingly near; but not a sound could be heard besides his own laboring breath. Slowly, he raised himself and looked down the valley. The professor, the students, and the beautiful buildings had vanished completely. The expansive floor of the valley displayed only its huge, green carpet of grass.

"He must be around here," said Jones.

"He just can't disappear like this," said Brown.

"No, he can't," said White.

Miss Zenobia Quigley was sitting on the stairs of the Dream County Institution of General Learning and crying for the first time in forty-five years. "He wasn't home," she'd mutter between gulping sobs, "he'd already school when I got there" she would then add, "But, he isn't here," in a tone full of suffering despair and break down completely again.

"Well, we might as well go," said Jones.

"Guess we won't be giving away the silver lunchbox after all," said Brown.

"No, I guess n . . . wait, look!" exclaimed White and pointed his stubby finger down the road.

It was Kippy and Pap and the two of them were racing towards the schoolhouse. Miss Quigley and the three members of the school board hurried out into the yard to meet their prize pupil. They patted him on the back, hugged him and praised him; and they asked a lot of questions. Kippy just shrugged his shoulders and said that he was sorry.

"Kippy, my dear boy," said Miss Quigley through tears of joy, "we thought you were certainly going to be absent."

"Oh, but I couldn't," cried Kippy with alarm, "I've just got to get the silver lunchbox."

"Excellent," said Jones.

"Fine," said Brown.

"Ditto," said White and beamed at the happy group.

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