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Michi of the Roxy

SCENE

the International East-West magazine

JANUARY 1954

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Letters to the Editors

"I WANT TO GO BACK"

Dear Sirs: I'm writing in hopes you'll publish this letter and help me find a way back to Japan. I'm a Caucasian, 39 years old and an engineer. Last summer I spent several months in Japan on some Air Force work. While there I learned something of the language and customs and met many of the people. In fact, most of the time I lived in a Japanese home to learn as much as fast as possible. One thing I learned was to love the country and the relative simplicity and friendliness of the life there. If possible, I want to return and make my home there for several years, at least.

I've made applications thru all the usual channels, sent off advertisements . . . To date, no positive results. Now I'm wondering if you or any of your readers have any suggestions which might help me. With a background of civil, mechanical and industrial engineering plus business administration, I should be useful to some firm here or there. I'll consider most anything at any fair salary. In fact, I've some definite ideas on how to start a very profitable business there — provided I could raise just a few thousand dollars capital.

Anyway, I'm hoping you'll run this letter . . . and that some of your readers may be able to make some good suggestions which will help me return to Japan this spring or sooner. — PHILLIPS P. SMITH, San Antonio, Tex.

ROSE IS RUTH

Dear Sirs: Frankly, one of the main reasons why I read your magazine is that you print articles about Hawaii. An exile from the Islands like me is always eager to hear about the people "back home." I was happy to see your article about "The sisters who run the Ritz" in your November issue. I would have been happier though, if you had gotten your identifications straight. I went through the University of Hawaii with the older of the Kamuri sisters, and her name was Rose, but you have her captioned as Ruth. They say memory plays tricks with people, but I don't think mine is that tricky. I'm ready to bet the fare back to Hawaii that you or your Hawaii correspondent got all messed up on Rose and Ruth. I insist that Rose is the older and Ruth the younger. According to you, it's vice versa, but I'm sure you'll admit you're wrong once you check this matter with the principals.— HARRY YAMAGUCHI, Chicago.

Rose was Ruth

• *Yes, we admit it — with apologies to reader Yamaguchi and to the sisters Kamuri. Rose is Ruth and not vice versa as indicated in the picture captions in our story.—ED.*

LOVE, LOVE, LOVE

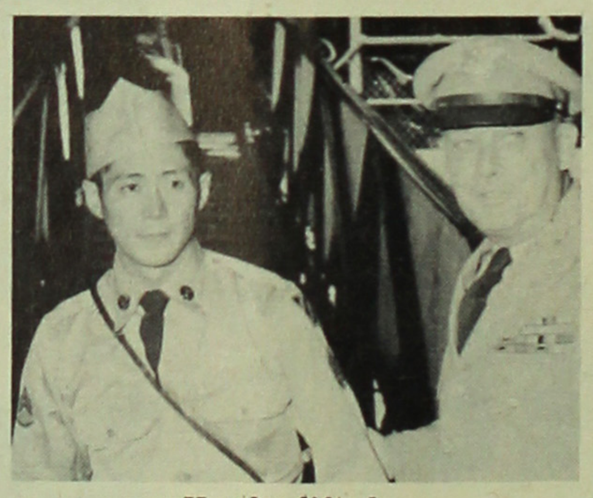
Dear Sirs: . . . I am not a Japanese, but I have a great love of Japan and her cul-

ture. I have quite a collection of books on architecture, customs, art, history, etc. I do enjoy articles such as the one on architecture in your August issue, and think that presenting Japan and her background to Americans, and incidentally Nisei, who seem to neglect their heritage, is . . . very fine "public relations." . . . — ROBERT GRAHAM WAHN, New York.

Dear Sirs: . . . Last week "The Teahouse of the August Moon" closed its presentation here, capacity house each performance. I look forward to your comments on it. The delightful humor, extraordinary wit, the penetrating awareness of actual situations reveal author and producers as friends in and of both countries.—CORA TRAWICK COURT, Weston, Mass.

• *Reader Court, who saw the play before its Broadway opening, has learned by now that her high estimation has been confirmed by the New York critics. We also hope she has read, with equal satisfaction, Tooru Kanazawa's story about the play in our December issue.—ED.*

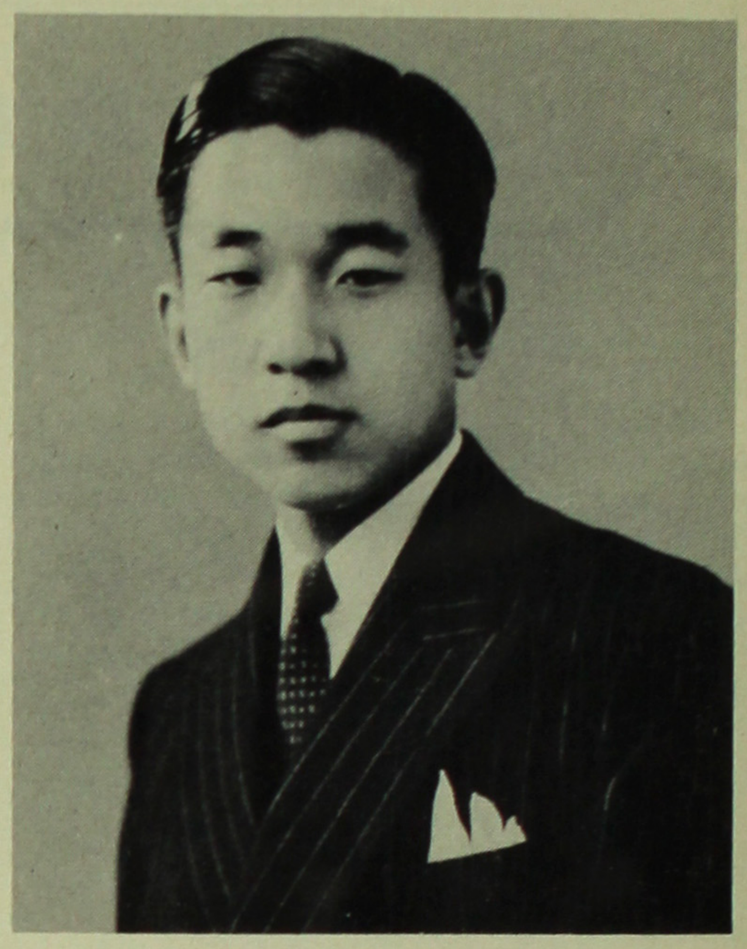
Dear Sirs: . . . I have been reading SCENE magazine for some years now and have enjoyed it very much. My aunt subscribed . . . and I used to borrow it after she had finished reading it. Now that . . . she is not living here any more, I thought I'd subscribe to it now. I've made it a point not to miss any of the issues because I've found it to be very interesting. Here's wishing you a lot of success . . .and a very hearty "aloha" to you and your staff.—MILDRED TOGIKAWA, Kapaa, Kauai, T.H.



Hershy lifted

HERSHY GAVE A LIFT

Dear Sirs: I am not good enough a Christian to feel humble all the time. Reading the headlines in the daily papers, I am more often than not inclined to say "to hell with the human race!" I must say, though, that I felt something entirely different after I read Bill Hosokawa's article on Sgt. Hiroshi Miyamura, who won the Medal of Honor ("A hero comes home to Gallup," SCENE, Nov., '53) . . . As long as there are individuals like "Hershy," who have the instinct to serve a faith, an ideal, a country more than himself, there is hope for mankind. I know of several Nisei who are still grumbling about their "minority" status. The record of the 442nd Regiment and the 100th Infantry Battalion in World War II apparently wasn't enough to still their fears. I am hoping that Sgt. "Hershy" Miyamura's example will steer them straight . . .—ETSU NAKANO, Los Angeles.



Prince dressed wrong?

QUESTIONED DEMOCRAT

Dear Sirs: From your interesting write-up on Crown Prince Akihito of Japan ("Officially unofficial," SCENE, Nov. '53), one gets the impression you were trying hard to sell him to Americans who like nothing better than to see royalty from other lands (since they refuse to have royalty of their own). I do not question your implied thesis that the Prince is a heck of a nice fellow, but he did not do himself or his royal institution a favor when he went fishing in Wyoming in his street clothes. In the democratic U.S. of A., as you must know, that just simply is not done. Somebody ought to set the Prince's advisers straight . . .—JACK IWANAGI, Los Angeles.

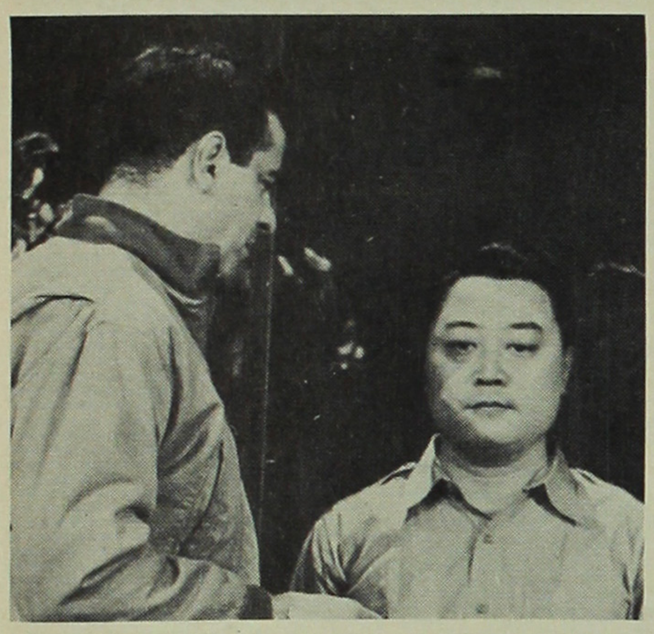
LOZANO FAN

Dear Sirs: Month after month I've been getting chuckles out of your "Japonica"—especially from the drawings for the droll items you dredge up from I don't know where. Whoever does those illustrations achieves just the right touch and insouciance, and I thought it's time one reader registered his appreciation . . . The one complaint I have, which I submit most timorously, is that there seems to be a preponderance of items that must hurt a lot of sensitive Japanese. I can't help feeling that there are a lot of things going on in Japan that are funny and yet not derogatory although, since human nature is what it is, or what most of us think it is, I suppose more people habitually laugh at people rather than with them.—GARDNER MOYAR, Long Island City, N.Y.

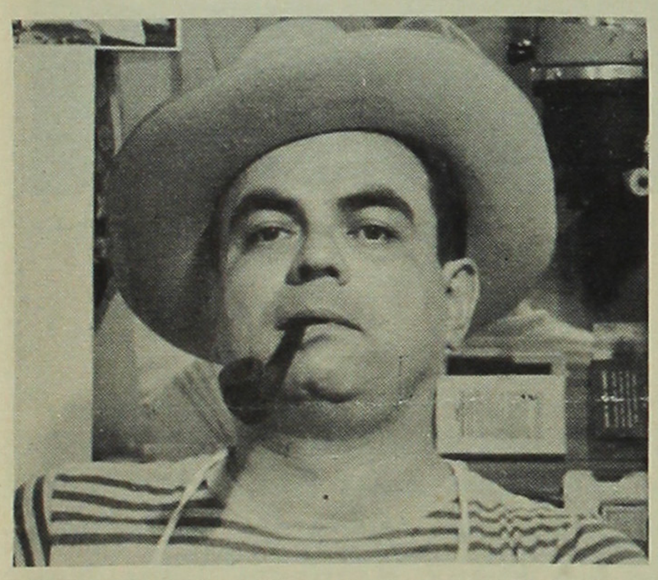
• *From the very beginning, the illustrations for "Japonica" have been done by Adrian Lozano, our contributing artist, who has also been responsible for the layouts for the several special feature articles that appear in* SCENE *from time to time. It was Lozano's layout for the feature on "Ukiyoe" (Japanese wood-block prints) in our November, 1952, issue, which won for* SCENE *a Certificate of Excellence at the fourth annual magazine show sponsored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.—ED.*

Behind the SCENE

Ogai at Kamakura



Sho Onodera



Elmer Ogawa

Attention Hawaiian Islanders: The next knock on your door may mean a member of the **442nd Club** has come around to solicit a subscription to this magazine. If he produces proper credentials, it's legit. He'll be following through on an arrangement that became official in mid-November. The idea was born last summer when **James H. Kamo,** assistant public prosecutor in Honolulu, came to Chicago to attend a conference of legal minds at Northwestern University. Visiting SCENE circulation manager **Teri Yamaguchi** and her husband **Harry** (he's from Honolulu), Kamo happened to mention that the 442nd Club was interested in ways of feeding its operation fund. Someone (it must have been Teri) asked, "Why not get SCENE subscriptions in Hawaii and put the club's commission into its treasury?" It was a deal.

* * * * *

Between the time she sent in her story on **Rose** and **Ruth Kamuri** and the time it appeared in our November '53 issue as "The sisters who run the Ritz," Honolulu contributor **Seiko Ogai** was off on a trip to and through Japan. Gist of a report she wrote for her paper, the Hawaii Hochi, on her return: Japan is beautiful, but Hawaii is still Paradise.

* * * * *

New Yorker **Sho Onodera,** who has been in SCENE as a TV actor ("Fans think he's quite an actor," September, '52), now turns up as technical adviser to the producers of "The Teahouse of the August Moon," the Broadway hit we took note of last month. Part of Onodera's job has been to coach star **David Wayne** in the enunciation of a Japanese dialect as it's spoken in Okinawa. Onodera was a top interpreter for the U.S. Army when Tojo and other high-ranking Japanese generals and officials were on trial as war criminals in Tokyo.

* * * * *

Our photo correspondent in Seattle, **Elmer Ogawa,** is not one to break his neck to send off a letter. He's just gotten around to telling us that Seattleites liked his clam-digging story fine. The story, "Good digging, good eating," ran in our March '53 issue. Elmer closes his report with this postcript: "The other night a character starts bending my ear about how he's an old newspaper man. I told him I was an old newspaper man myself, but found there isn't much money in old newspapers." We hope Elmer got his ears unbent with that one.

* * * * *

Three times in the story on Nisei Week in the November issue, an apostrophe slipped in between the wrong letters. Li'l Tokio turned up as L'il Tokio in the text, in a picture caption and on the cover. Goes to show how a mark no bigger than a speck of soot can make a proofreader fall on his face.

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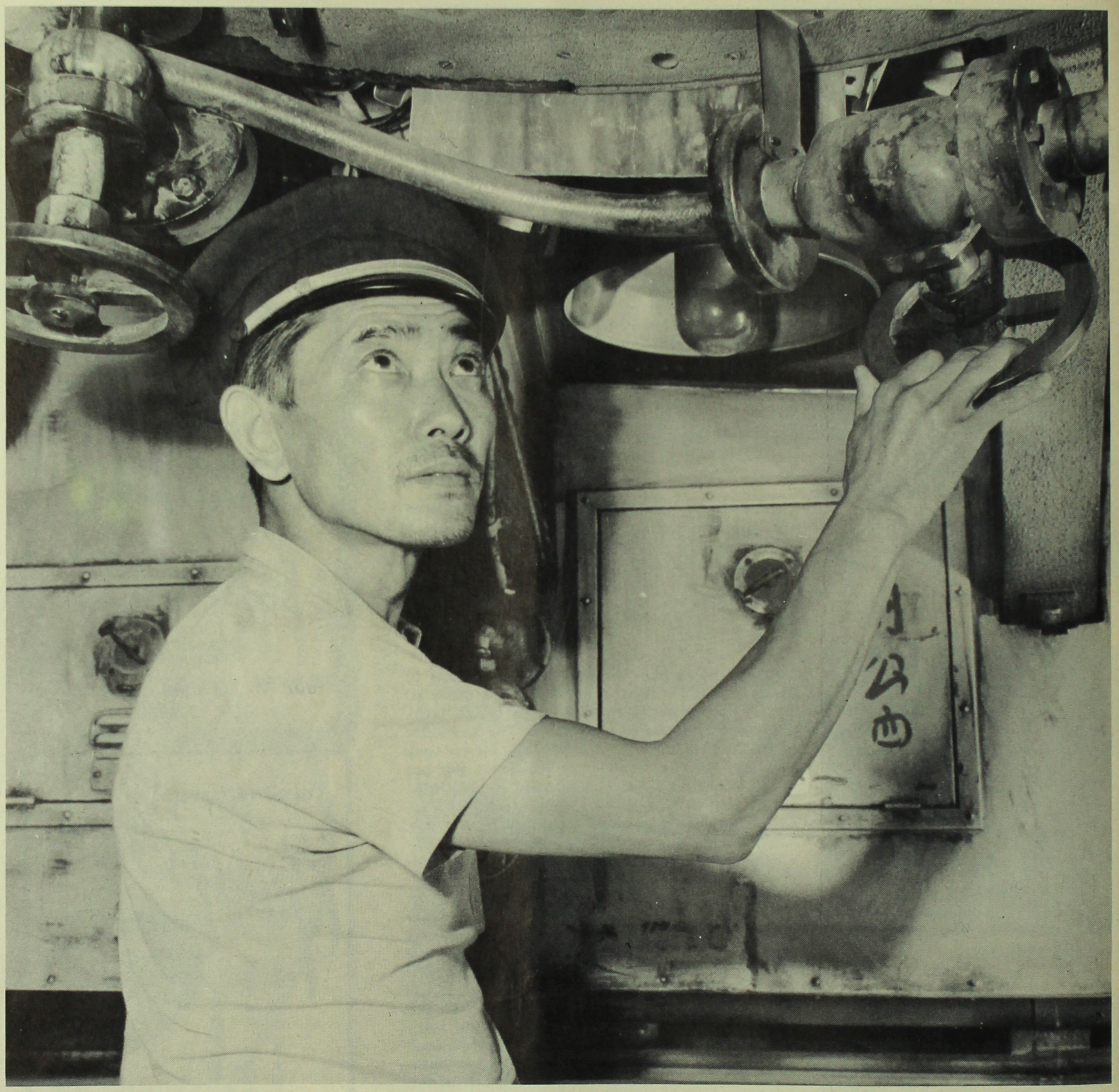

20th Century-Fox studio photo

Movie man

ROLLIN Moriyama, 45, an Issei, has been on the stage since 1927 and used to play standard Japanese butler roles. As a sign of the times, he finds a much wider range of types to play in Hollywood bits today.

Here, he's seen as a member of a submarine crew in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Hell and High Water." He has been in five pictures since 1945 at various studios, Columbia, Warners, MGM and 20th-Fox.

Rollin is one of a Los Angeles group whose faces are most frequently seen in Hollywood's Oriental sequences. Others are Frank Kumagai, Lane Nakano, Bob Kinoshita and Emiko Iwanabe (Ding Dong), to name a representative few. All work full-time outside the studios, but they keep their hours flexible enough to allow for picture assignments when they come up. Rollin, for example, is a sewing machine repairman.

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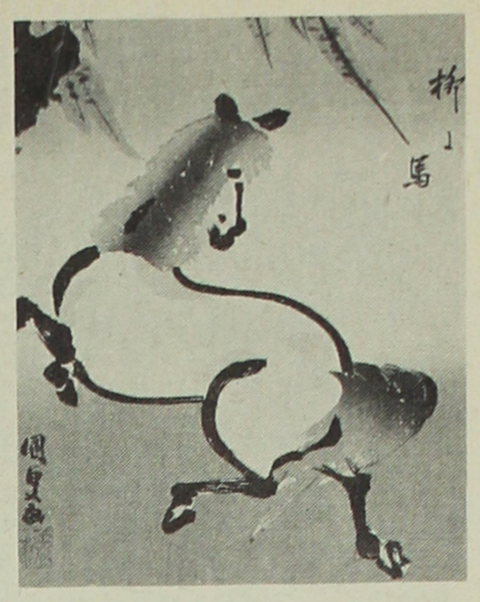
COVER



IN THE Oriental zodiac, 1954 is the Year of the Horse. So a Japanese painting of a Japanese horse makes an appropriate cover for our first 1954 issue. "Willow and Horse" was painted by Utagawa Kunisada (1786-1864). The cover photograph of a woodblock print rendered from the painting was made available by the Art Institute of Chicago. We pondered the significance of a Year of the Horse and ended up with what we hope is a non-ponderous bit of editorial comment. See page 14.

COVER CORNER: There are more kinds of show people than the actors and performers who entertain the paying public from a stage. There are, for instance, people like the girl who designs the costumes worn by the stage performers at the Roxy theater in New York. This particular girl is known simply as Michi, and you'll like reading about her in this issue.

Contents

In coming issues

- CAR CUSTOMIZER. Thousands of Americans buy cars only to take them apart and remodel them beyond recognition. One of them, Robert Hirohata of Los Angeles, did everything to his 1951 Mercury except put in square wheels.

- DRIFTWOOD MAN. How Tatsuo Ishimoto's interest in driftwood and plant arrangement has given him a thriving business, a national reputation and deep artistic satisfaction.

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Photos by Bob Laing

AT end of Japan Air Lines' Tokyo-to-San Francisco trial flight, three JAL stewardesses have last chat with Alice Attwood, who was loaned by United Air Lines to train hostesses for JAL. The Japanese firm begins regular transpacific service in February.

New wings over the Pacific

LIKE other JAL passenger cruisers, flagship "City of Tokyo" will be flown by veteran American pilots.

Japan Airlines photo

JAPAN'S first venture in transoceanic passenger flight service is being masterminded in Tokyo by S. Yanagita, JAL president.

WHEN 15,000 girls apply for a job knowing that only 48 will be considered, the job is very good — or the economic situation very bad.

In the case of the 15,000 Japanese girls who wanted to become stewardesses for Japan Air Lines on its projected transpacific passenger flights, the economic situation was a secondary factor.

Japan is not the most prosperous nation in the world. So economics — or more specifically, unemployment — cannot be discounted altogether. But the magnet that drew the 15,000 girls to JAL's personnel offices was something else.

It was "glamor."

That airline hostesses enjoy a certain glamor is not, of course, a scorching bit of intelligence — not in the U.S., at least. But the glamor that will accrue to Japanese girls serving airborne travelers between Tokyo and San Francisco is most definitely new.

Three of the luckiest among the girls who got JAL stewardess jobs flew the Pacific two days before last Thanksgiving. That was when JAL's "City of Tokyo," flagship of its fleet of DC-6B's, made a trial run that marked the first time a Japanese commercial airliner traversed the air route between Japan and the U.S.

JAL's transpacific flights will begin in earnest next month on a twice-a-week schedule. The flight line will stretch from Tokyo's Haneda airport to San Francisco, with Wake Island and Honolulu as stopover points.

JAL, set up in 1951, limited its operations until now to a domestic flight service covering Japan from Sapporo, up north in Hokkaido, to Fukuoka down in Kyushu.

The Tokyo-San Francisco flight will be the main concentration for a while — but only for a while. Time-tabled for the near future are projected flights over the north Pacific to Seattle via Shemya in the Aleutian island chain and an expanded southern arc that will touch Mexico City, Lima, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

More than that, JAL air cruisers will in time be soaring over the North Pole to London. Between that and its Asian run, the JAL flight belt will circle the entire globe. And progress in aviation being what it is, JAL executives are talking over tentative plans for ordering a big fleet of jet-powered air cruisers that will supplement, if not replace, the conventionally-powered liners now being tested for their first money flights.

Air travel experts already concede it will be hard to beat JAL's primary sales pitch — if it lives up to advance enticement. Aimed at Americans bound for Japan on business or pleasure, the pitch is a compound:

1. All pilots are Americans, most of whom have logged over two million miles of transoceanic flying.

2. Since you're going to Japan, you might as well go on a JAL luxury liner that offers a "pre-taste of modern Japan itself" through (a) its Japanese interior decor, (b) its optional but authentic Japanese food and liquor and (c) stewardesses who speak both Japanese and English.

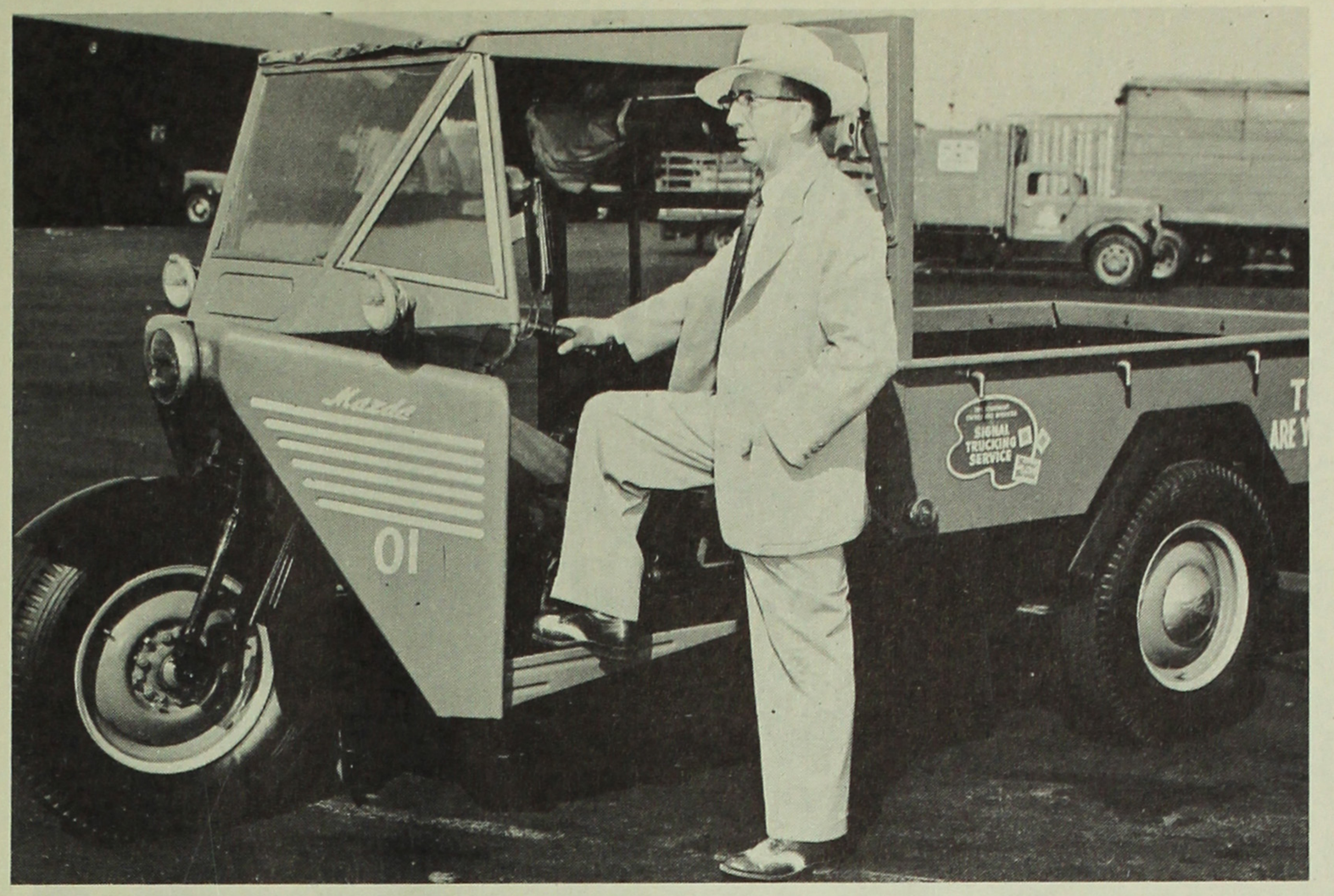
ADMIRING an evening gown in a San Francisco department store window are the same stewardesses who appeared on Page 8. Two of them switched from uniform to kimono.

Photos by Bob Laing

THESE three executives have been working hard on the U.S. side to prepare JAL's inaugural transpacific flights: (l. to r.) Nobuo Matsumura, Yoshito Kojima, T. Oba.

Made in Japan

A truck with 3 wheels



A THREE-WHEEL Hiroshima-built truck was recently displayed in Travel Town, famous vehicular exhibit in Los Angeles' Griffith Park.

The truck is powered by a four-cycle, two-cylinder, air-cooled engine which was once part of a "Zero" fighter plane. It has a top speed of 44 miles an hour and a load capacity of two tons.

The presentation was made by John Carroll, above, president of the Signal Trucking Company, who acquired the three-wheeler in Japan.

They call it Younghaven

By Jobo Nakamura

IN WHAT was once a corner grocery store in a residential district of San Francisco, two young women operate a unique studio where children learn to express their personalities through music, dancing and drama.

As trained nursery teachers, Kaya Sugiyama and Audrey Young knew the average child is highly imaginative, especially in his unstudied moments of play. So why not devise a program through which small-fry imaginations can be channeled properly?

Kaya and Audrey named the studio Younghaven. And the little wooden building that houses their studio has indeed become a haven for the children who come dashing to it at the end of their regular school day.

At Younghaven, the children — ages

KAYA SUGIYAMA, shown here in a ukulele strumming session with a group of her pupils, runs the Younghaven studio in San Francisco with another teacher, Audrey Young. The studio is a combination nursery and music school for kids of six to 15.

six to 15 — are encouraged and helped to find creative outlets. They create their own dance movements and musical scores to depict whatever is on their minds.

One group of kids, the two teachers report, once acted out a circus. Another group on another occasion put on a ballet for potatoes!

In dance classes, the child starts by learning proper posture and ends up doing pantomime and creative, dramatic dancing.

"We're not out to teach music or dancing expressly," says Mrs. Sugiyama, who is the wife of a dentist and has no children of her own. "We want to give each child the confidence that he can do something on his own.

"Sometimes, an accomplishment like playing the flute can bring about a dramatic change. We've had several parents report to us that children who were sullen or retiring have flowered into pleasant, happy personalities."

Mrs. Sugiyama, herself a product of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, began piano studies when she was eight. At the time of the evacuation, she was a music major at San Francisco State College from where she transfered to the University of Colorado in Boulder.

She took her teaching credentials for the junior high grades at Colorado, and her interest in children brought her to the Child Care Center in San Francisco. There she met Audrey Young, the Center's head teacher, through whom a wide, new field opened up for the Nisei teacher.

The newcomer to the music classes begins with elementary drum beats and is introduced to rhythm and tones. He gradually progresses to an understanding of chords by plucking or strumming on the autoharp, zither or ukulele. Finally, he tackles the melody instruments, such as the flute, recorder, xylophone and vibraharp. Whatever his age, every child may then participate in a full orchestra.

Mrs. Sugiyama says that the response, participation and enjoyment of the children make the effort and long hours worthwhile. Some of the children have been with the two teachers for five years.

YOUNGHAVEN is not set up to train future concert artists, but to provide a creative outlet for neighborhood children after their regular school day. Above, a frisky bit of musical play-acting. If a sour note was sounded by the full "orchestra," below, only one who seems to have noticed it is the boy with accordion at end of top row.

EDITORIAL

A Happy New Horse Year to all!

THE new year ought to take off at a gallop. But it could just as well start at a leisurely canter. For 1954 is one of the seventh years in the 12-cycle Oriental zodiac that are symbolized by the horse. And as far as we know, the ancient sages who rigged up that zodiacal system did not specify the type of horse they had in mind.

Were they thinking of a warrior's spirited charger or a plodding, plow-pulling workhorse? A stallion or a mare? A sure thing like Native Dancer or a long shot that never came in?

If we knew, we might stand some chance of guessing what sort of year this will turn out to be. Since we don't know, we approach 1954, A.D., with the hope and wonder of the newcomer to the tracks putting money on a pony for the first time.

One thought we can fortify ourselves with is that, by and large, the horse has served mankind well. Also that it generally is a placid and pleasant animal.

For centuries, the equine quadruped helped man till his soil, get around and push forward into new frontiers. Lady Godiva might have been a nobody without her steed. And where would the Lone Ranger be without Silver?

It used to be — and may still be — that it was on the "day of the horse" (usually the second day of the second month) that people in Japan's rural areas converged upon certain shrines to pray for good crops and agricultural prosperity. Since such prayers are not said unless there is expectation of, or hope for, a favorable answer, it would seem that the horse is associated with good times. So this year may do all right by us.

But lest our optimism become too unbridled, we might consider the possible portent or warning in this little fact: The Japanese word *baka* (it may be translated freely as numbskull, fool, dope or fat head) includes the ideograph for "horse."

And according to an old superstition, if this be the year of a special kind of a horse, the *hinoe-uma* (fire horse), it's not a good year for a girl to be born in. Eligible males, it used to be whispered, stay clear of a girl once they learn she was born in a fire horse year — because it was feared such girls, if they got married, would burn their husbands.

There can't be very many people today who take such bits of old wives' tales seriously, but here's a few more samples:

People born in most years of the horse are apt to be restless, suffer from itchy feet and end up living far from home.

Pimples on the face will be cured if a horse's tooth is rubbed on them. Similarly, a certain type of growth on children's heads will disappear if their parents write on it the ideograph for "horse."

And if three of the same ideographs are written on a piece of red paper, it's a sure way to beat off an attack of small pox.

Anyway, a very happy horse year to all SCENE readers!

Photos by Toge Fujihira

COSTUME designer Michi of New York City's big Broadway theater, the Roxy, discusses production of new line for ice show with Stella Palchevsky, workroom head.

Michi of the Roxy

She dresses up the stage shows at one of Manhattan's biggest theaters

By Josephine Sakurai

THE crisp swish of steel-bladed skates over ice—on a stage—heralded bright days for the girl who has no other name but Michi in the vast, varied and vivid theatrical world of New York City.

It happened two Thanksgiving Days ago when Michi came up with a plum after three years of pounding Manhattan pavement. Arthur Knorr, executive producer and stage designer for the Roxy theater, had seen her drawings a year before when she was looking for a job. Now he needed costume sketches for a brand new stage dazzler, the Roxy "Ice Colorama" — and he wanted them "immediately."

"Think you can do it?" he asked over the phone. The answer was that

she certainly would try.

So Michi passed up turkey dinner, although Walter Weglyn, her perfumer husband, brought her a drumstick which she ate without trimmings as she worked. She drew a full portfolio of sketches ranging from gossamer ballet costumes to things more dramatic and comic. She sketched away on her drawing pad through the day, into the night and until dawn of another day.

When Michi turned in her work, Knorr was ecstatic. "You're on your way!" was how he expressed his approval.

There is a quite an abyss between a college science class and the shapely chorus line at the Roxy. But if Michi's biology professor at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts had not admired her laboratory drawings, Michi might never have caught her bus.

She had won a Mount Holyoke scholarship while attending high school during the war at the Gila relocation center in Arizona. And her college biology teacher's admiration for Michi's sketches of laboratory specimens led to her doing the costumes for a school production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

From then on, there was a new purpose to her studies. Leaving Mount Holyoke, she descended on New York to complete her training at Columbia University and a fashion school. She also acquired a husband, but there never has been a marriage-versus-career problem because her husband doesn't go along with the women-should-stay-in-the-kitchen philosophy.

Michi's is not leisurely work. The Roxy is primarily a movie house, and some short-run films allow no more than 10 to 14 days for designing, fitting, finishing and altering the hundred-odd costumes needed for the stage show. And special time must be made for consulting with featured performers as to their whims and preferences.

Michi is responsible for the work of about 25 seamstresses and several people who handle the finished wardrobes. She is also on call for production conferences with performers and management and is the latter's agent in dealings with various firms that supply the fabrics and notions for her costumes.

The Roxy theater is an immense domain that takes up about seven floors and one-half of a square city block. Michi's duties require frequent junkets from her little studio near the stage door to executive offices, to the costume work room and the rehearsal studio, to the dressing rooms and stage wings and even out front from where she may see her work from the paying public's viewpoint.

MICHI, here checking a costume in the quick-change room, got her start when her college biology professor admired her laboratory sketches. Like all people in show business, she has to fight the jitters before the opening performance of a new show.

Different routes may be taken in getting from one part of the theater to another. An outsider wandering without a guide into the subterranean passages (dubbed "the catacombs" by theater employees) might never find his way back out.

Michi has now developed the nocturnal vision of an owl and the mountain-goat agility needed to find her way around these passages. She admits to the wear and tear, but she also confesses she's in love with all of it — and judging by all the visible evidence, she is thriving.

Energy burns the brightest when the costumes for a new show are being prepared at the same time that those for the current show are being maintained. Michi is not above emerging from her cubicle and working along with the seamstresses when things are behind schedule. She says she welcomes the chance to handle the scissors and work with a needle. She also admits it's a way of releasing tension and anxiety.

At the unearthly hour, for theatrical people, of 7:30 to 8:00 on dress rehearsal mornings, the stage performers, orchestra, producer Knorr, choreographer Chester Hale and Michi trek woozily into the theater. Everyone has caved in the night before after winding up preparations for the new show, and everything seems to go wrong.

Countless last-minute changes are prescribed, and Michi is always struck with wonder when nobody finds anything amiss with her costumes. She understands well the opening-performance jitters suffered by the blandest of veterans.

Michi is sensitive, as an artist is expected to be. She is also a capable administrator and has proven herself equipped to be a planner and organizer. Yet, it is still a little startling to hear this 26-year-old young woman say, with the appealing forthrightness of a coed:

"The thing that's done the most for me on this job is the budget I'm told to work with. It's good discipline and I'm most grateful for this tremendous experience in economics."

And the men who run New York's second largest movie palace are grateful for Michi.

MICHI is responsible for work of about 25 seamstresses and others who handle the finished wardrobes.

STAR performers like Peggy Wallace, roller skate champion who recently made ice debut at the Roxy, always require special costuming.

Five 'firsts' for Japan

(but she ain't braggin')

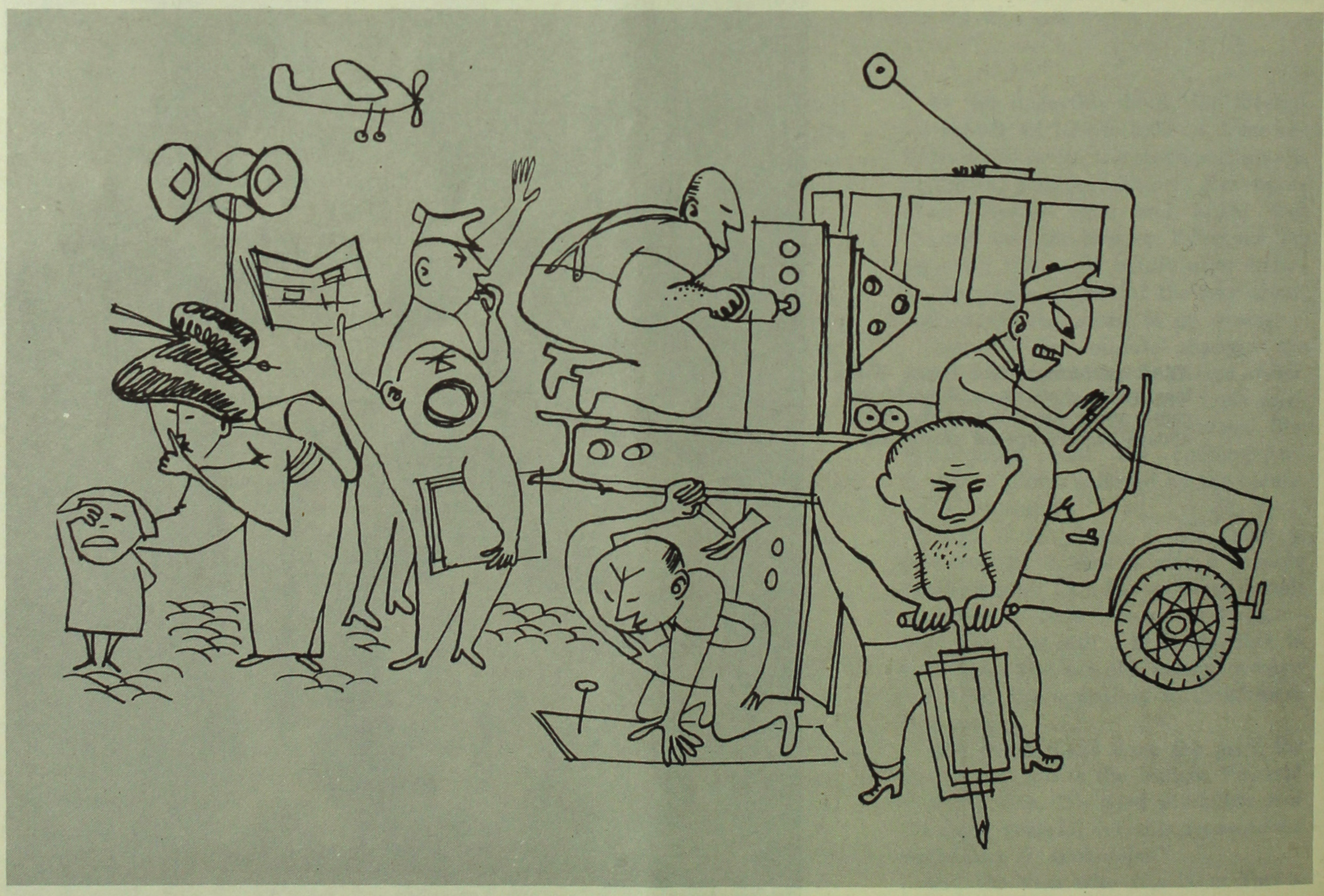
THE usual population figures put Tokyo in third place, behind New York and London. But it has long been contended that the Japanese capital heads the list in the noise department. The accusation has been made by visitors, as well as by long-suffering residents—and both by people who measure sound in scientific decibels and those who gauge by ear (or the number of sleep-hours lost).

It just about became official back in October when Tokyo's police chief, Eiichi Tanaka, visited New York City. He raised the not easily raised eyebrows of Manhattan reporters and astounded eight million noise-numbed New Yorkers by saying he found Times Square and its environs surprisingly quiet. They were assured by Mr. Tanaka that Tokyo is much harder on the ears.

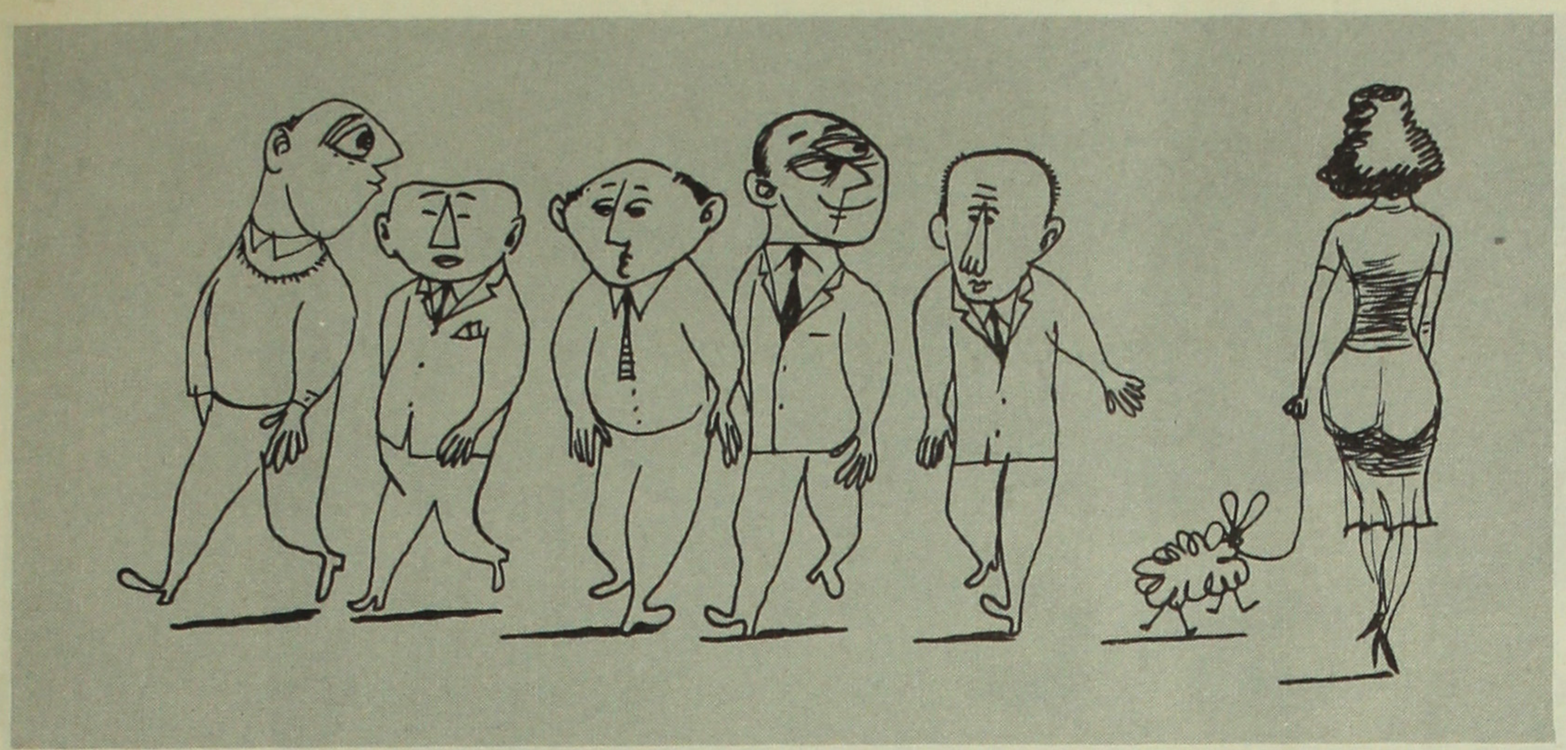
About the same time, a Tokyo newspaper announced that "Japan is foremost in the world in five things, although as a nation she cannot boast about them."

The five things — including Tokyo's noisiness — would not contribute to the happiness of chambers of commerce. But they were made-to-order for SCENE's contributing artist, Adrian Lozano, and the humorous acerbity of his pen — as you can see for yourself on these pages.

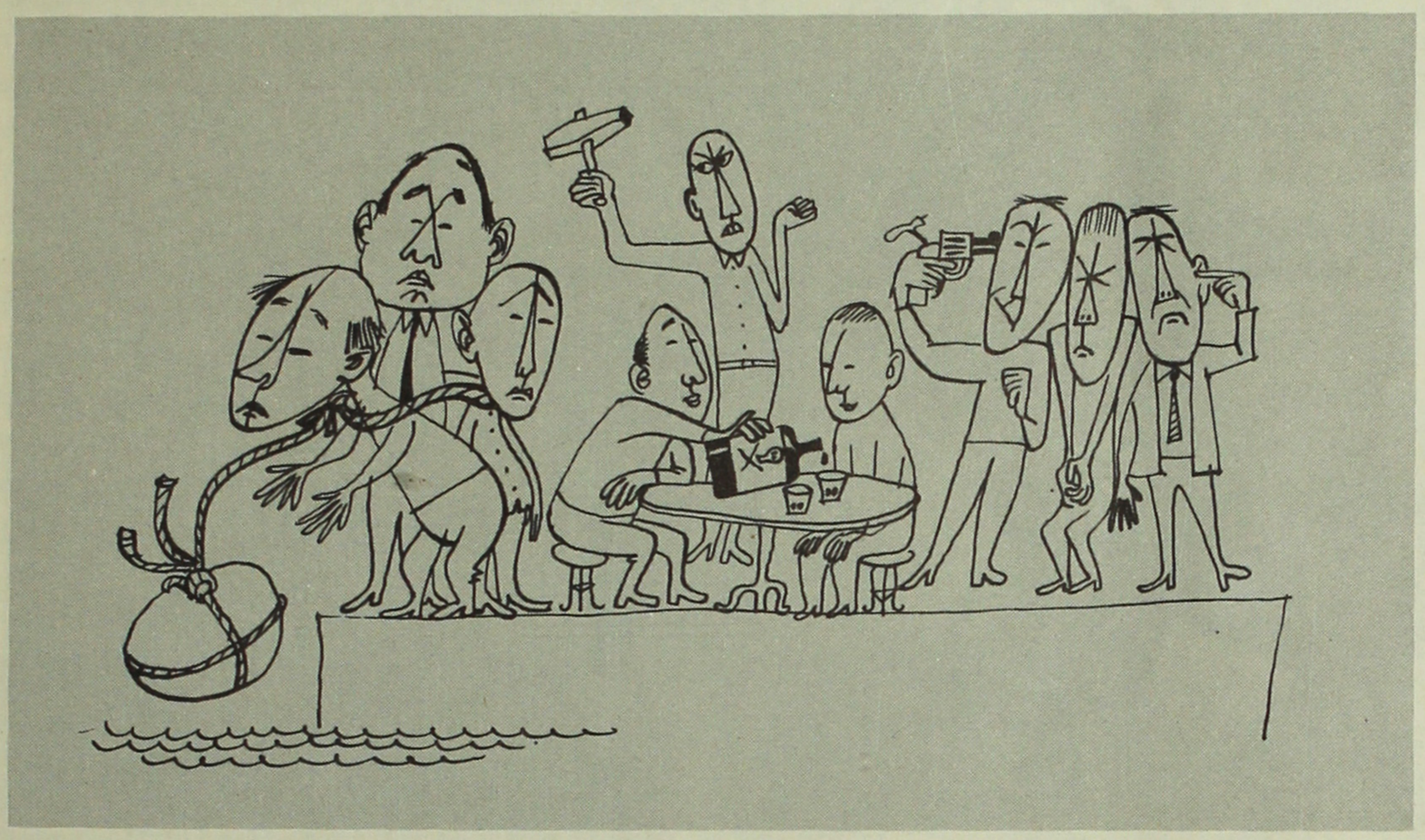
Drawings by Adrian Lozano



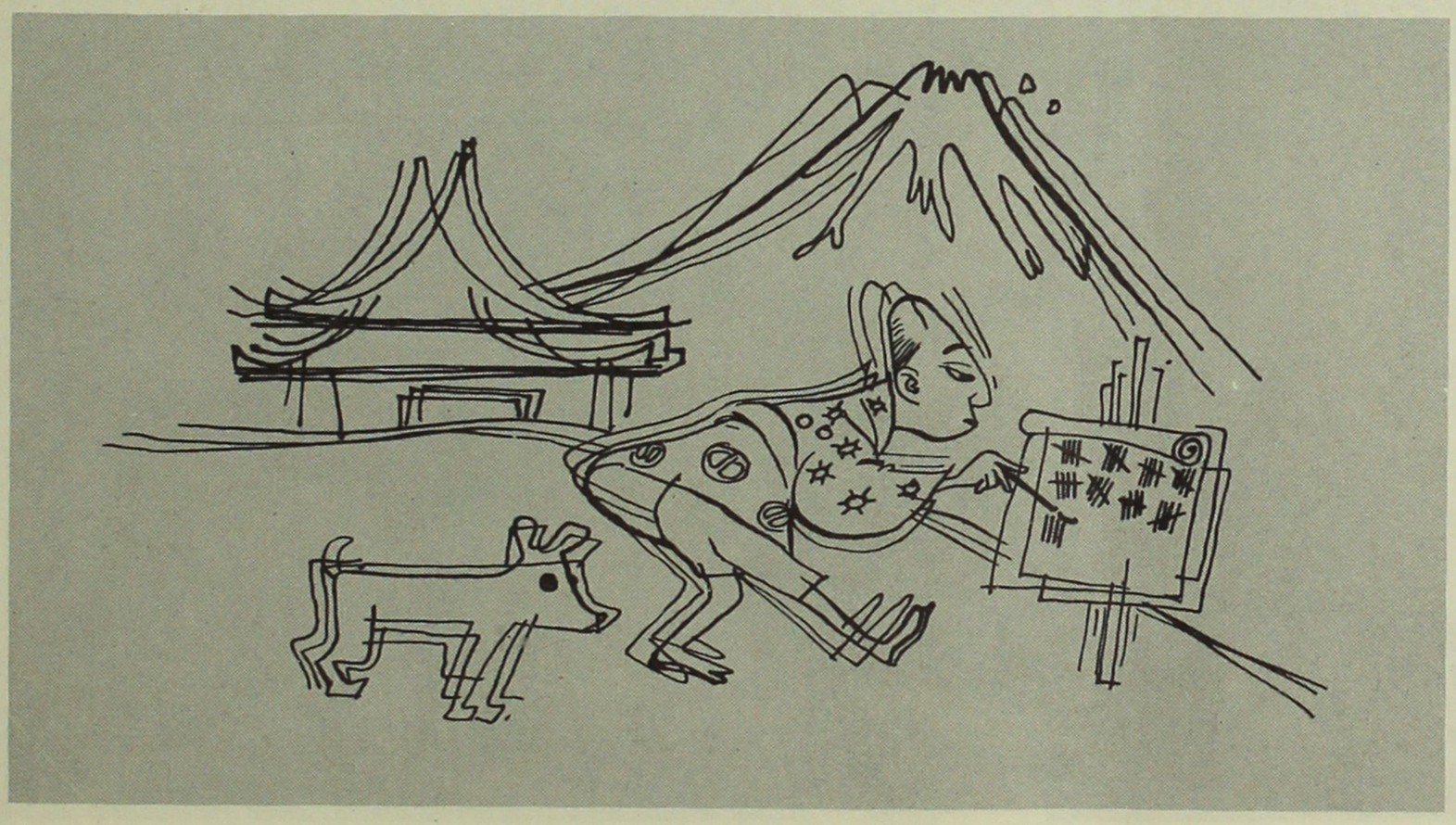
1. Japan's first city, Tokyo, is first in the world in noise.



2. Three out of five Japanese (world's highest ratio) needs glasses.



3. No country can match Japan's suicide rate — 22 per 100,000.



4. Averaging 5,000 shakes a year, Japan is earthquakingest.

5. More Japanese die of TB than anybody else. But who wants to draw death?

Grant Park - Chicago

NAO SEKIGUCHI of Chicago, now a food chemist in Hawaii, examines relief map showing trail she followed to reach top of rugged 3,000-foot-high cliffs surrounding Wailau valley. Only few other women have entered jungle valley by land approach.

Cliff-climbing in Hawaii

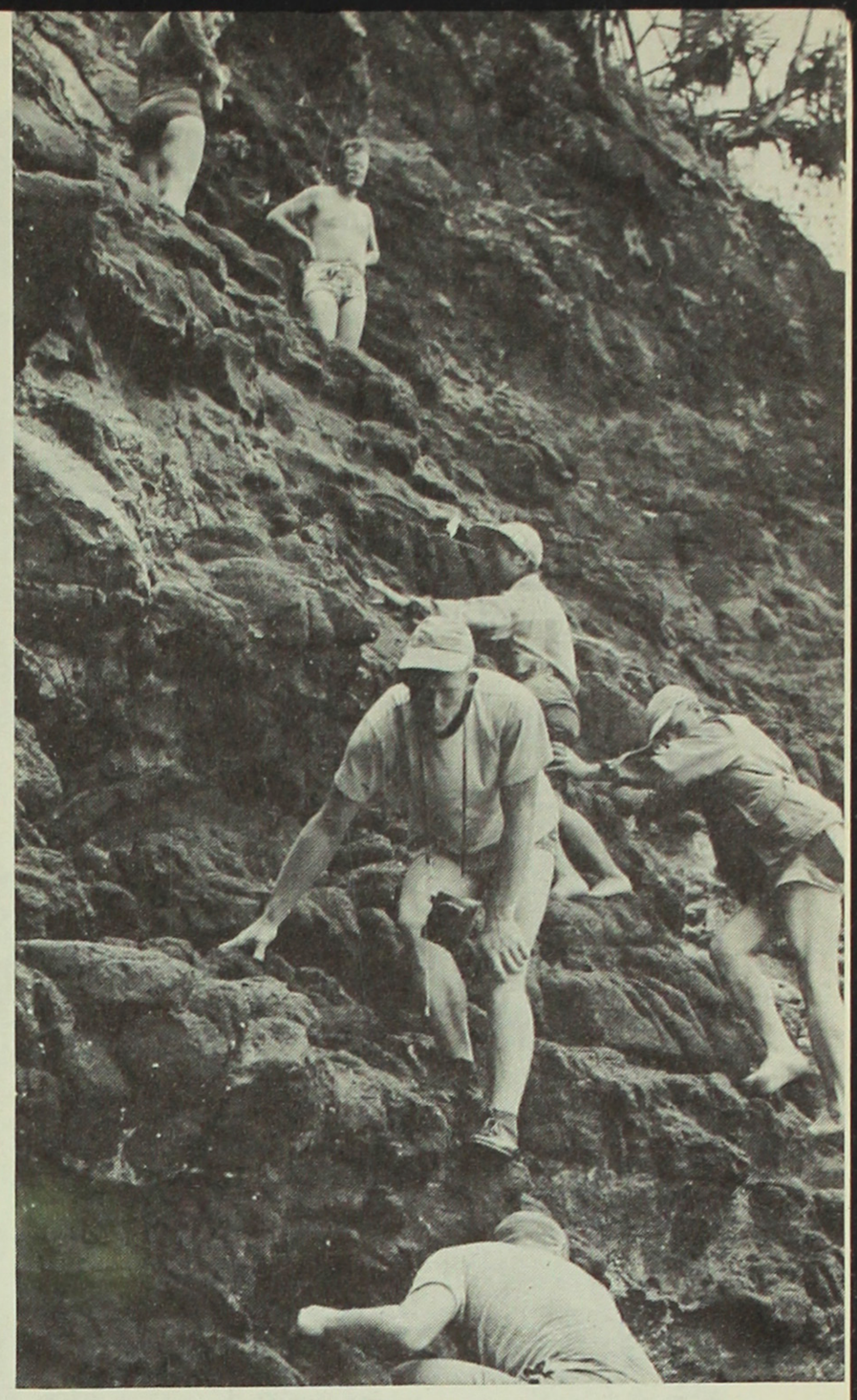
Photos and story by R. Wenkam

ON the first camping trip in her life, Chicago girl Nao Sekiguchi scaled the 3,000-foot cliffs of virtually inaccessible Wailau valley in Hawaii. Ringed by fern-covered mountains and rough ocean surf, Wailau valley is entered by land over a seven-mile trail crossing Molokai Island — a trail hiked by Nao with full packs, equipment and food for a ten-day camp.

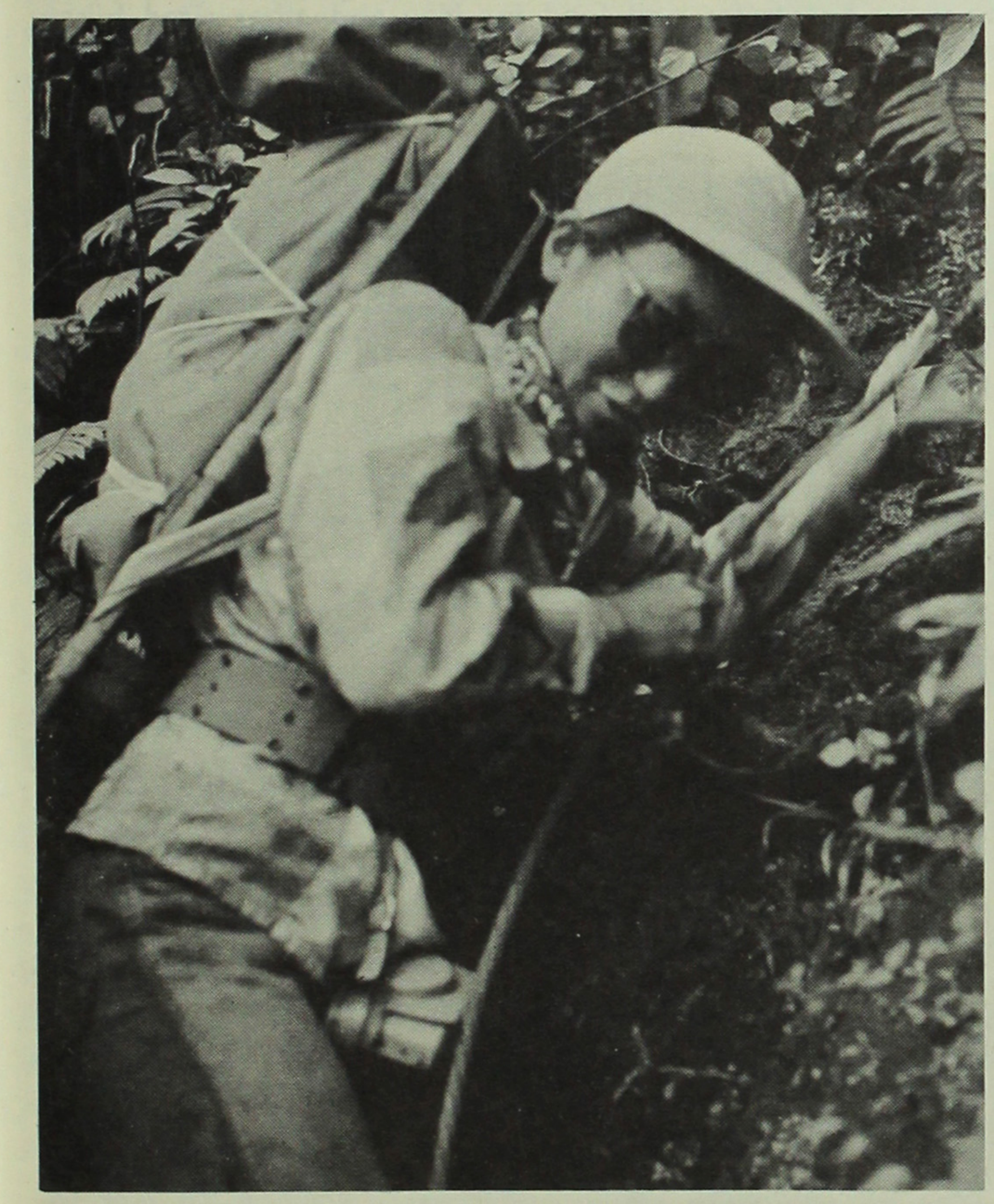
Nao is one of the very few women who have ever entered Wailau by the land route, climbing the high cliffs enclosing the isolated tropical jungle, hand over hand, with accompanying members of the Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club.

Goal of the trip, Malihini Cave, was reached after four days of clearing trail with machete and ax through dense growths of banana trees, ti plants and entangling ieie vines. Rain fell every day, sometimes several inches in a few hours, making it necessary to ford the Wailau stream waist deep in swift-moving water.

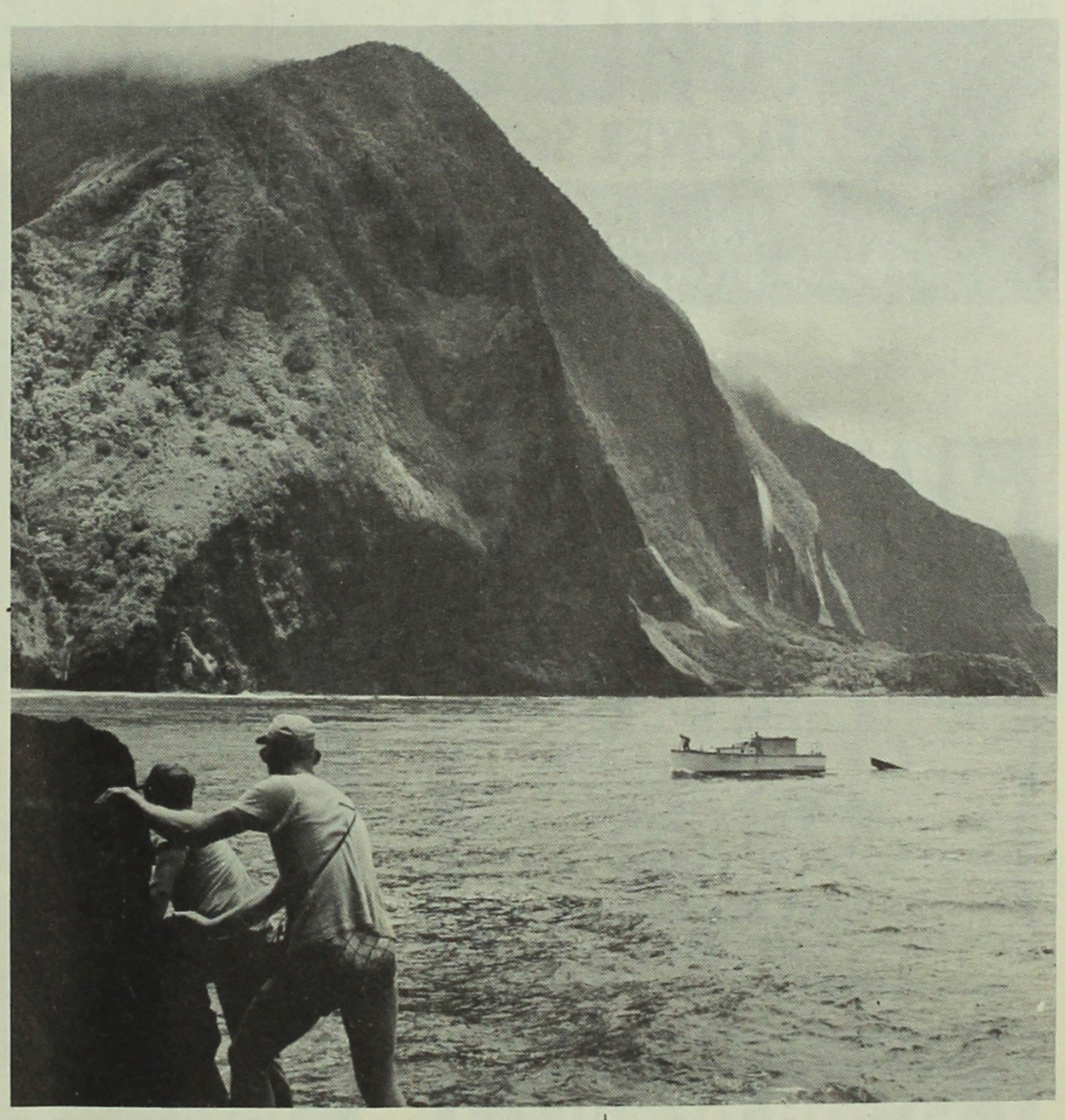
The Trail and Mountain Club party was the first to visit the cave in several decades, and they searched carefully for old Hawaiian stone poi pounders and other artifacts of Hawaiian civilization hundreds of years old. The last visitors had left an old metal lantern in the cave. When picked up by one member of the group it disintegrated into dust.



NAO, center, negotiated tricky descent to the ocean in Hawaiian barefoot style.

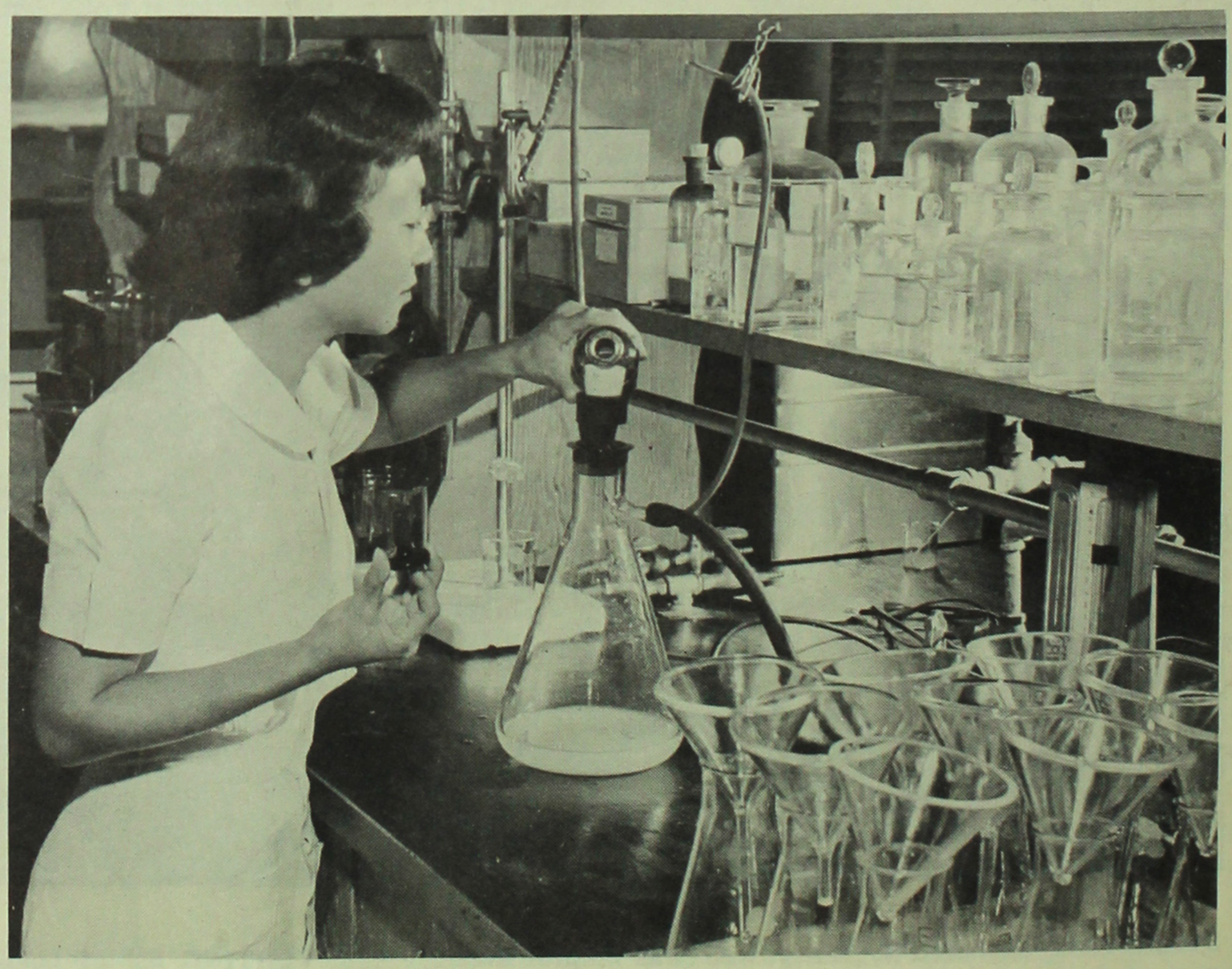


STEEL cable anchored to valley wall was helpful during part of descent when she carried full pack on her back.



VISITING fishing boat from Honolulu scouts the bay as hikers inch along the rocky base of awesome cliffs. High tide covered up beach.

HAWAIIAN fisherman's wife fixed hot coffee and food for Nao and other tired hikers during welcome break on beach. This was the first camping trip ever taken by Nao.



NAO, who has a master's degree from the University of Chicago, followed up her Wailau trip by scaling 13,600-foot-high Mauna Loa, famed and active volcanic peak.

The FUTURE catches up with Tetsuo

By Masamori Kojima

Photo by Jack Iwata

SCIENCE fiction convert Tetsuo Yano of Kobe, Japan, aprowl in the library of his Los Angeles host, fantasy writer Forrest Ackerman. Yano, a photographer, wants to introduce atomic-powered spaceships and one-eyed blobs of jelly to Japanese readers.

SWIRLS OF monstrous forms, river imps, (*kappa*) and horned, red-faced devils (*oni*) can be found in Japanese imaginative fiction writing, but none of these creatures ever come from outer space in atomic-powered rocketships. For Japan has no science fiction.

A 29-year-old news photographer in Kobe, browsing through a bookstore and U.S. magazines left by GI's, picked up and read an issue of "Imagination," full of weird fantasies so familiar to U.S. readers. It was a revelation of universal proportions to Tetsuo Yano. With stars in his eyes, he wrote to the magazine in New York, asking for correspondence and "prozines" (that's how those in the know refer to "fantasy magazines").

Forrest J. Ackerman, science fiction author, literary agent and subscriber to every "prozine" published in the U.S., saw Yano's letter and sent him "prozines" and notes of "fandom" (that's how those in the know refer to readers of "prozines").

Within weeks, letters became telegrams. For Yano was determined to learn about this fiction by coming to the U.S.

Yano's burning addiction to science fantasy is immediately understandable to fandom. Fandom clubs all over this country meet regularly every week. Forrest Ackerman, years ago, learned Esperanto just so that he would have a means of communication with international fandom. Unquestionably, the spirit is close in this fraternity.

Science fantasy is a broad and tolerant area where all things are possible. Naturally, it attracts people who would not think it strange to meet one-eyed blobs of jelly from Mars. Their pride is to meet strangeness without fear.

Yano, a graduate of Chuo University and a news and architecture photographer, decided — after he tasted the heady, futuristic nectar of science fiction — to invest every yen of his own for the trip. Ackerman, though he knew Yano only through letters, willingly sponsored him, in the best tradition of fandom. Yano was greeted in Los Angeles by Ackerman and his wife, and was invited to stay with them.

Meanwhile, Yano's wife, Teruko, and baby Kumiko attended to the family photography shop in Kobe.

The Ackerman home is crammed with science fiction books. Ackerman, in fact, had to buy his house when his collection, which began 27 years ago, became too much for a seven-room apartment and three garages.

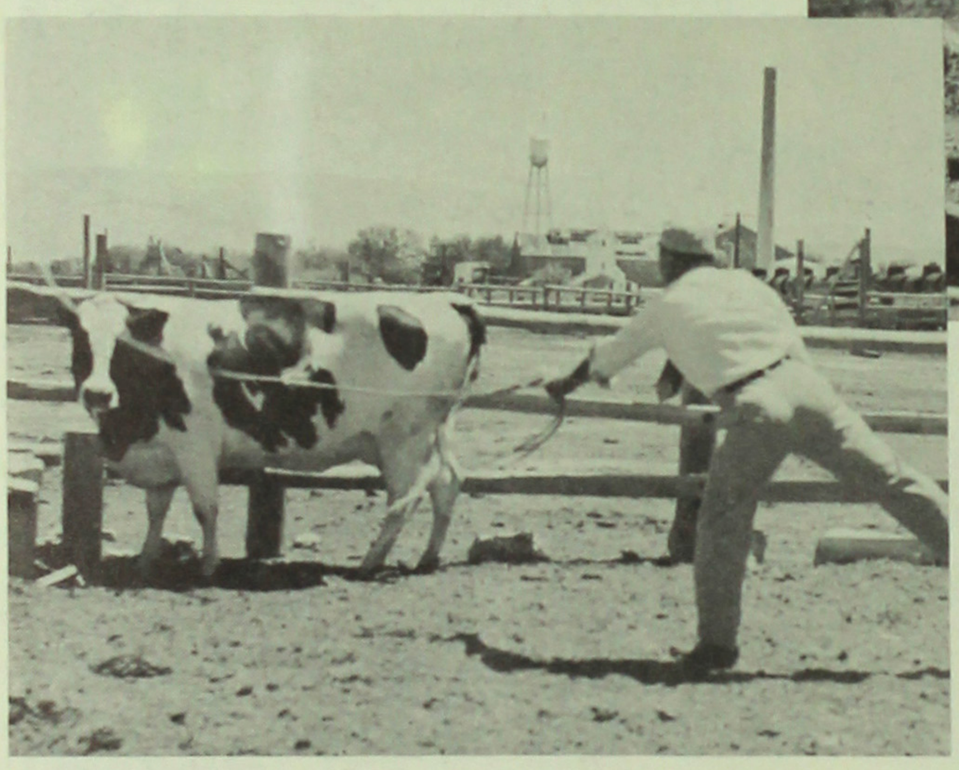
Each day, Yano would read all that he could off the Ackerman library shelves, always full of questions readily answered by Ackerman who does his work at home. At night they combed the movie pages for science fantasy movies, new, old, bad and good, and went anywhere in and around Los Angeles to catch one.

After a little more than a month's stay in the U.S., Yano translated into Japanese a fantasy novel, "We're Off to Mars," by Joe Gibson. Some words difficult to translate were "space ship" and "robot." Japanese readers will soon let him know if they understand what Yano was trying to tell them.

When his tour of the Ackerman library was completed, Yano returned to Japan to promote science fiction through translations. Wife Teruko will have to continue tending their photo shop because the Future has Caught Up with Tetsuo Yano.

Different kind of vet

By Bill Hosokawa



Photos by Norman Shibata

BEDSIDE manners for Dr. Minol Ota of Lovell, Wyo., means he has to rope his patient (left) before he can make his diagnosis.

THE WAR was responsible for a couple of nice things happening to Dr. Minol Ota. It brought him a wife, and it gave him a flying start on his career as a doctor of veterinary medicine.

Today, Dr. Ota has a thriving practice in Lovell, a small farming and livestock town in north-central Wyoming. Despite his youth — he's 36 — Ota is a community leader and respected consultant of farm families within a 50-mile radius of Lovell.

But back in June, 1942, Minol Ota was just another young man fresh out of college. He had a diploma from Texas A. & M. to show for a five-year veterinarian's course and was wondering what to do with it when he happened to visit his brother-in-law and sister. Their names were Yutaka and Hisa Numoto and they lived in Powell, Wyo.

A few miles from their home, on the flats at the foot of Heart Mountain, construction gangs were working in a frenzy putting up what looked like a huge army camp. In Powell there were rumors that the camp would be used to confine "a bunch of Japs from the west coast." Minol decided to stick around and see what would happen.

Soon the "Japs" began to arrive by the trainload. They were weary and grimy from days of travel in antiquated coaches. They were fearful and apprehensive, bewildered and disheartened. But, Ota found, they were Nisei like himself and Issei like his parents. They were having a rough time adjusting themselves to the heat and dust of the Wyoming desert. Ota dropped by the camp to get acquainted and see what he could do.

Almost before he knew it, Ota found he had a job. The War Relocation Authority, a government agency operating the camp, hired Ota to look after the health and welfare of the hogs and chickens the evacuees were going to raise for their own tables.

The livestock program got under way quickly, although not swiftly enough for the evacuees who found "edible offal," officialese for beef hearts and pork livers, making up a large part of their meat rations. Soon there were as many as a thousand head of hogs and many thousands of chickens growing fat with Doc Ota looking after them from the time they were born until they were slaughtered.

At the 1952 Japanese American Citizens' League convention in San Francisco, Ota had occasion to remember those days. There he met many of the Nisei who had worked with him in the pens and they laughed about the time Ota had caught some of them butchering a pig without authority.

"They just got awfully hungry for spareribs," says Ota.

Another time, WRA ordered a census of the chicken population and found the flocks short by some 2,000 head.

"Those birds died of barracks sickness," Ota recalls. "It was always fatal once they got caught and were taken

FORMERLY an all-State semi-pro center-fielder, Doc Ota now manages town's ball team. At right, he chats with Lovell mayor and good friend, Tom Wilder.

to the barracks."

Ota's duties took him occasionally to the office of Vaughn Mechau, in charge of information and reports. There he cast an approving eye over Mechau's secretary, a slim young girl named Masako Matsuda who had been evacuated from Los Angeles. Eventually Ota's visits became more frequent, although there was no increase in the volume of official business being transacted. He and Masako were married in 1944.

After the Heart Mountain camp was closed down, the Otas moved to Lovell where Doc opened private practice. Today, he ministers to the medical needs of cats, dogs, pet birds, fowl, rabbits and other small creatures in a basement consultation room. Most of the time, however, he's out on the road rolling up the 30,000 miles per year required to make ranchhouse calls.

Like medics who look after human ills, Doc Ota is on 24-hour call. His clients range from farmers who possess a single milk cow to a sheep feeder who has a turnover of from 35,000 to 50,000 head each year. Another client runs some 2,000 head of beef cattle and depends on Ota to keep his investment healthy. Most of the sick calls, says Doc, are for nutritional troubles, with

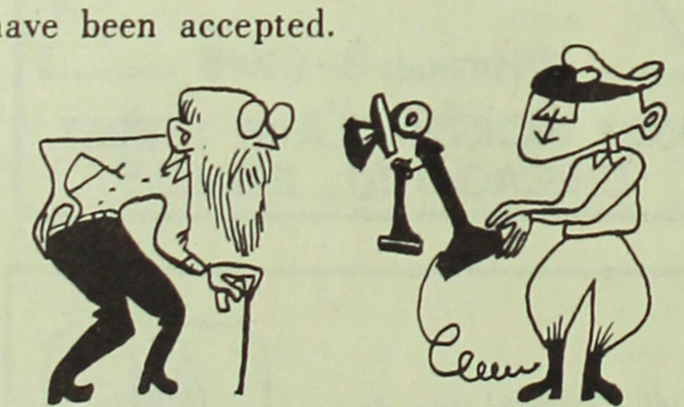
JAPONICA

HOW OLD MAIDS ARE MADE

Consider the plight of a 21-year-old Tokyo maid. Her father, Hyozo Hatakeyama, told her he'll never let her marry a rice-eater. Old Hyozo thinks Japanese males will be better men if they eat wheat, as he does, instead of rice. That might be. But most folks believe the old man has doomed his daughter to almost certain spinsterhood.

PATIENCE REWARDED

Times were relatively prosperous at the end of the Russo-Japanese war and well-to-do Tokyoites were eager to acquire the wonders of Western invention. For example, they stood in long lines to put in their applications for telephones. They then went home or to their offices to await installation of the convenient contraption. The applicants — at least the ones still alive — were notified the other week, almost 50 years later, that their applications have been accepted.



RAIN OR SHINE, FOR A FEE

The Japanese government weather bureau calls its share of wrong shots. It also draws its full share of squawks and jeers from the citizenry who don't think government weather forecasters are entitled to the luxury of occasional fallibility. So some Tokyo businessmen have opened a commercial forecasting service which, for a fee, will try to do better than the government in predicting the vicissitudes of the elements. There was no mention of guarantees or refunds, but the brave innovators hope to cash in on the popular assumption that free enterprise can never do worse than the bureaucratic bunglers in the government.

a good sprinkling of surgical and maternity cases for variety.

In between professional calls, Doc keeps himself occupied with a heavy slate of extracurricular activities. Chief among them is fishing, often accompanied by his wife and their three youngsters (Joyce, 8; Diane, 7; Kenneth, 2).

Doc also played semi-pro baseball for a decade. He covered center field well enough to make the all-Wyoming semi-pro team on a couple of occasions. Like another centerfielder named DiMaggio, Doc Ota bowed to approaching infirmity two seasons ago and retired from competition. Since then, he's contented himself with managing the semi-pro Lovell town team.

Ota's interests extend into more genteel fields. Currently he's a director and secretary-treasurer of the Lovell Lions club. He has been an officer of the Lovell Junior Chamber of Commerce, and was vice president and treasurer of the Wyoming state junior chamber.

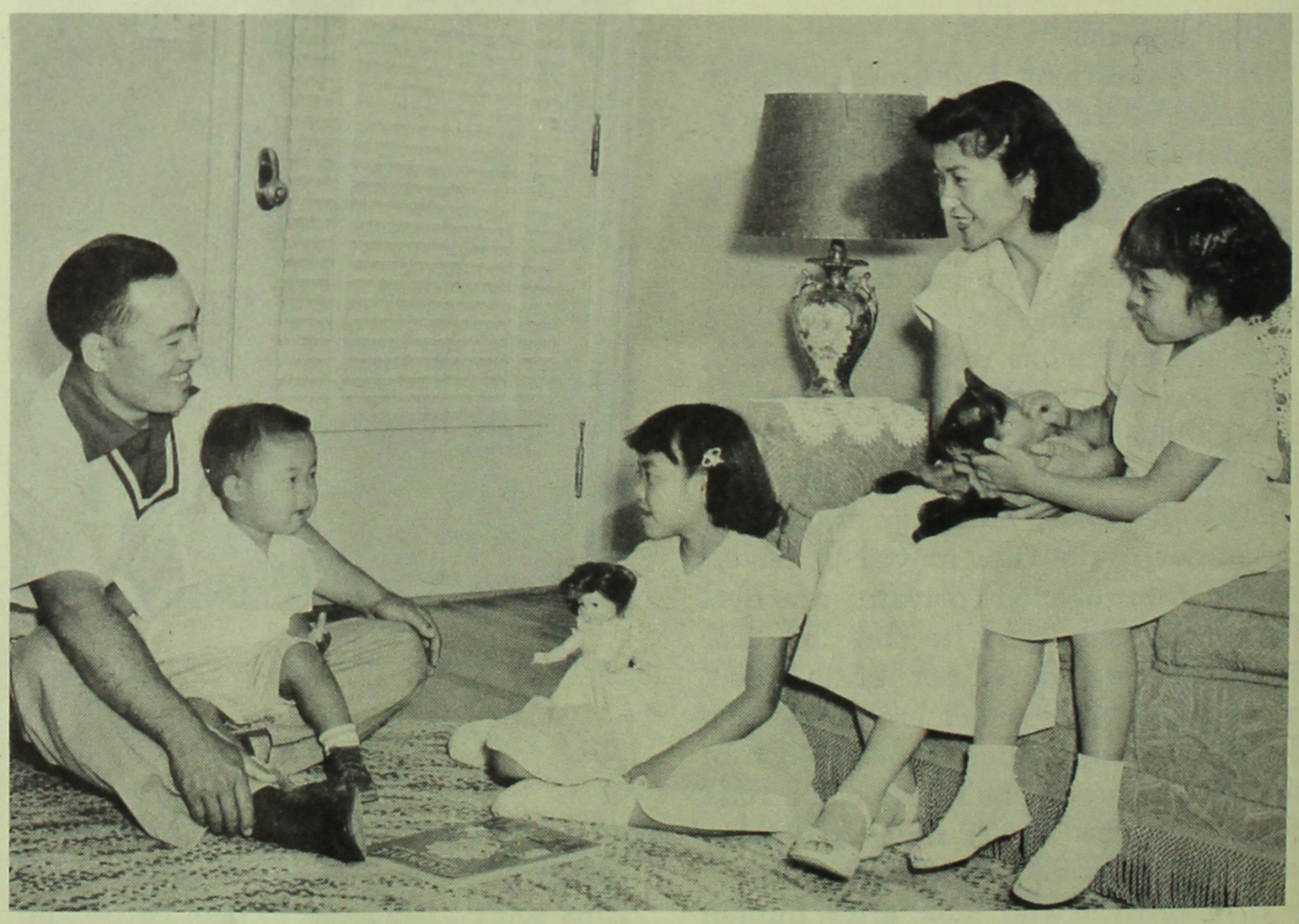
When the Northern Wyoming JACL chapter was formed shortly after World War II, Ota was installed as chapter president. Chapter headquarters are at Worland, and its members include some of the travelingest JACLers anywhere. Some of them drive to meetings from as far as Billings, Mont., and Riverton, Wyo., a 200-mile round trip in either case.

People frequently ask Doc how he became a veterinarian. "Mostly because I didn't want to dig ditches for a living," he says. Considering Doc's background, it's a pertinent answer.

Doc's father, Chikahisa Ota, was a Union Pacific railroad section foreman at a place called Wamsutter, Wyo., when Minol was born. At the age of 2, Minol went to live with grandparents in Japan and never saw Wamsutter again. He rejoined his family in Cheyenne at the age of 10. Minol went through grade school and high school in Cheyenne.

As soon as he was old enough, Minol and a brother sold the Denver Post and put away their pennies with the vague idea of financing a college education. For five summers Minol worked with a railroad section crew. Those summers developed muscles, but they also convinced Minol he ought to look for an easier way to make a living.

All things considered, Doc Ota figures he made the right decision when he studied veterinary medicine. "Animal patients can't tell you their symptoms," he says, "but they don't complain either."



DR. OTA'S family consists of, l. to r., Kenneth, 2, Diana, 6, wife Masako and Joyce, 7. Doc drives 30,000 miles per year to call on his scattered non-talking patients.

She's all go

By Tooru Kanazawa

Photo by Toge Fujihira

JAPAN'S top woman player of Go, Tatuko Masubuchi, takes on three opponents at once during New York visit. Go is Japanese board game requiring high strategy.

THIS past autumn, Miss Tatuko Masubuchi, Japan's top professional woman Go player with a go-dan or fifth-grade ranking, completed a three-months' tour of Hawaii and the mainland. Behind her she left a revival of interest in the game and a host of players who called her "sensei," or teacher. They remembered her as a charming ambassador of Go.

Miss Masubuchi holds her own against men in a game that demands a mathematical and logical mind. It holds an appeal for Dr. Hideki Yukawa, the Nobel Prize winner who is a devotee of the game, and it is reported that a Go set was presented recently to Dr. Albert Einstein. Because the game demands skill in strategy it is also a favorite pastime of military minds.

Such facts should not frighten the beginner. Miss Masubuchi was particularly interested in getting the women of America to play the game. All she wanted was three days in which to show them that Go was not half as hard as it was made out to be. Her success gives the lie to the popularly held concept that women depend upon emotion and intuition rather than logic in reaching decisions.

Mastering the game, however, is another story. It may take as long as 10 years. Therein lies the story of Miss Masubuchi.

At the age of 48 she has come a long way since 1917 when as a girl of 12 she determined that she would master the game. Her interest was aroused as she watched her father, an enthusiastic amateur, at play with his friends.

Besides the fact that Go has no counterpart in Western civilization, it is probably the oldest board game in existence. Legend has it that it originated more than 4,000 years ago in China. Introduced to Japan about 551 A.D., it has since achieved such popularity that it is considered Japan's national indoor game. There it has reached its highest development and produced the only two ninth-rank professional players known. One is Go-Sei Gen, Chinese by birth, and the other is Kuranosuke Fujisawa.

Games between amateurs, played for pleasure, may take from 30 minutes to an hour. Games between masters have been known to last as long as 40 hours.

The equipment consists of a board about 17 by 17 inches in size, and two bowls, one holding about 180 black stones, the other a similar number of white stones. The board has 19 horizontal and 19 vertical lines about 7/8 inches apart. The stones, played alternately, are placed on the intersections of the lines and not on the squares that they form.

The object of the game is to control or capture the largest areas of the board possible while using the smallest number of stones possible.

In Japan Go classes are conducted by the professional players. Encouraged by her father, little Tatuko enrolled in a class. After learning the technique and strategy of the game, the pupils would play against each other. After each game post mortems would be conducted, and the "sensei" would point out the faults and mistakes.

A pupil reached a higher ranking upon the recommendation of the "sensei" and upon receiving the approval of the Nippon Kiin or Japan Go Institute, which is the national ruling organization for the game.

After mastering the game, it took many more years for Tatuko to reach the rank of go-dan. Only one woman has attained a higher rank, that of sixth grade. She was the late Mrs. Fumiko Kita. Miss Masubuchi is one of about 15 women professionals. They, as well as about 200 men professionals, are members of and make up the Nippon Kiin. The Nippon Kiin sponsors tournaments twice a year, in the spring and fall.

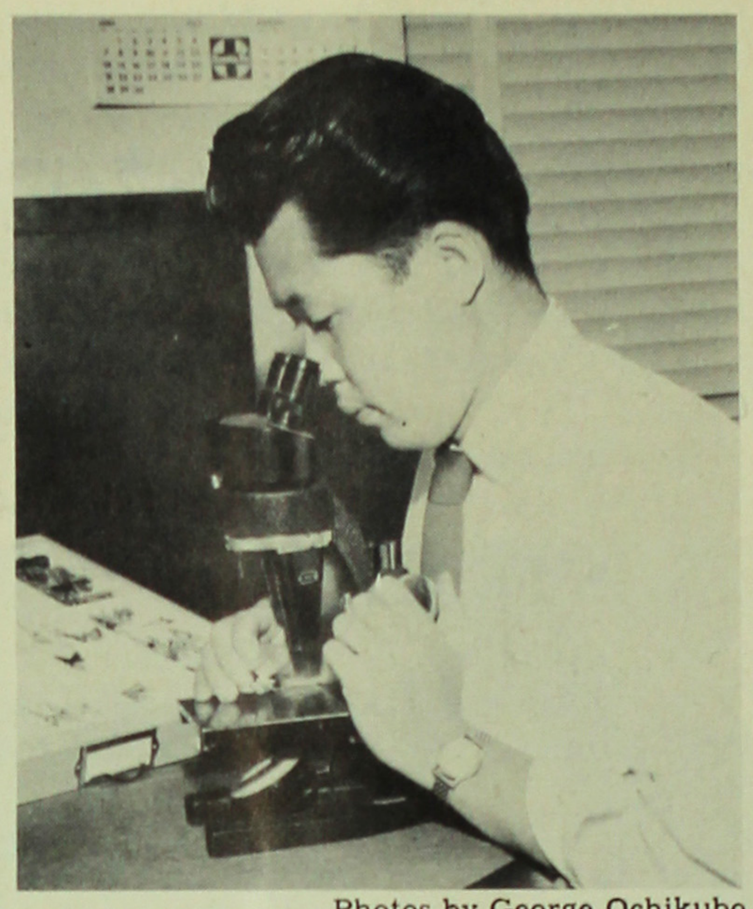
Miss Masubuchi came to this country at the invitation of the American Go Association, an informal group whose main tie is the American Go Association Journal, put out quarterly by Mr. and Mrs. Lester Morris of Madison, N.J.

One evening in Manhattan, she took on three opponents at once. When one of them made a good play or she anticipated his line of strategy, she would smile and nod her head approvingly.

By the time she left for Chicago on her return home she had the players not only learning Go but also Japanese. It was with regret that they bid her:

"Sayonara, sensei."

George Okumura, gag writer.



Photos by George Ochikubo

George Okumura, entomologist.

His gift of gag

By Dyke Miyagawa

FOR George T. Okumura of Sacramento, Calif., the secret of success is a mixture of bugs and gags. An odd combination. But for George it works fine.

Maybe a cartoon in one of the big magazines has just given you a laugh. Chances are good that George is the guy behind your guffaw, although you didn't know it. Here's how come:

George has a large gift of gag. He thinks up and writes reams of ideas for some 75 of the country's best-known cartoonists. His gags are bought by the dozens each week and end up as cartoons in Colliers, the New Yorker, Saturday Evening Post, True Detective, Argosy, American, Ladies Home Journal and a big slew of other slicks.

Cartoons in these major magazines carry the signatures of the artists, but almost never the names of the gag writers who planted the ideas. In the bottom corners of the cartoons you'll see names like Dick Cavilli, Mischa Richter ("Strictly Richter"), Stan Hunt, David Pascal and an army of others — but never George T. Okumura.

Some gagmen sweat out the lines that tickle for the Bob Hopes of radio, TV and the movies. Others, like Okumura, dream up the angles for the chucklers on the printed page. In any case, the gag originator for many magazine cartoons is like the ghost writer. He gets some of the dough, but not the byline or the fame that comes with it.

So George Okumura is just another name to the public. But he's no unknown to cartoonists and other gag writers. For example, a dope sheet called "Cartoon Gagwriter" (it circulates nationally in the laugh-manufacturing field) has his name at the top of its "best-seller" list. In other words, George is the envy of a lot of gagmen who don't get as many checks as he does from the country's leading cartoonists.

And that, for the time being, takes care of the gags in his life. Now, as for the bugs . . .

Weekends excepted, George is an entomologist by day. In case you're not sitting next to a dictionary — or an entomologist — that's the professional label for a laboratory seer who explores that branch of zoology which has to do with insects.

Entomologist Okumura does his insect exploring for the California State Department of Agriculture. A couple of years ago, Sacramento State College asked him to write a booklet for its Natural History Series. George obliged, and the title of his opus was "Key to the Lepidopterous Larvae Found in Stored Foods." Quite a mouthful of bug eggs — and an indication of George's standing in the scientific world.

Farmers, pest control experts, colleges and government quarantine stations are among those who benefit from the time and knowledge George devotes to bugs on his full-time job. What George and his fellow entomologists find out about bugs under the microscope determine, among other things, the type of spray to be used to save a food crop.

"It's interesting work if you like working in a bug house," George says, in moments (not infrequent) when George the gag writer gets the better of George the entomologist.

Being a productive sort of fellow in whatever he does, George is the father of four kids — two boys and two girls. As you may have guessed, the junior Okumuras and their appetites had a lot to do with Papa George turning to the gag market for supplementary income.

"I first began writing gags when I was attending high school about 15 years ago," George remembers. "But I never wrote for the big magazines until January of 1952."

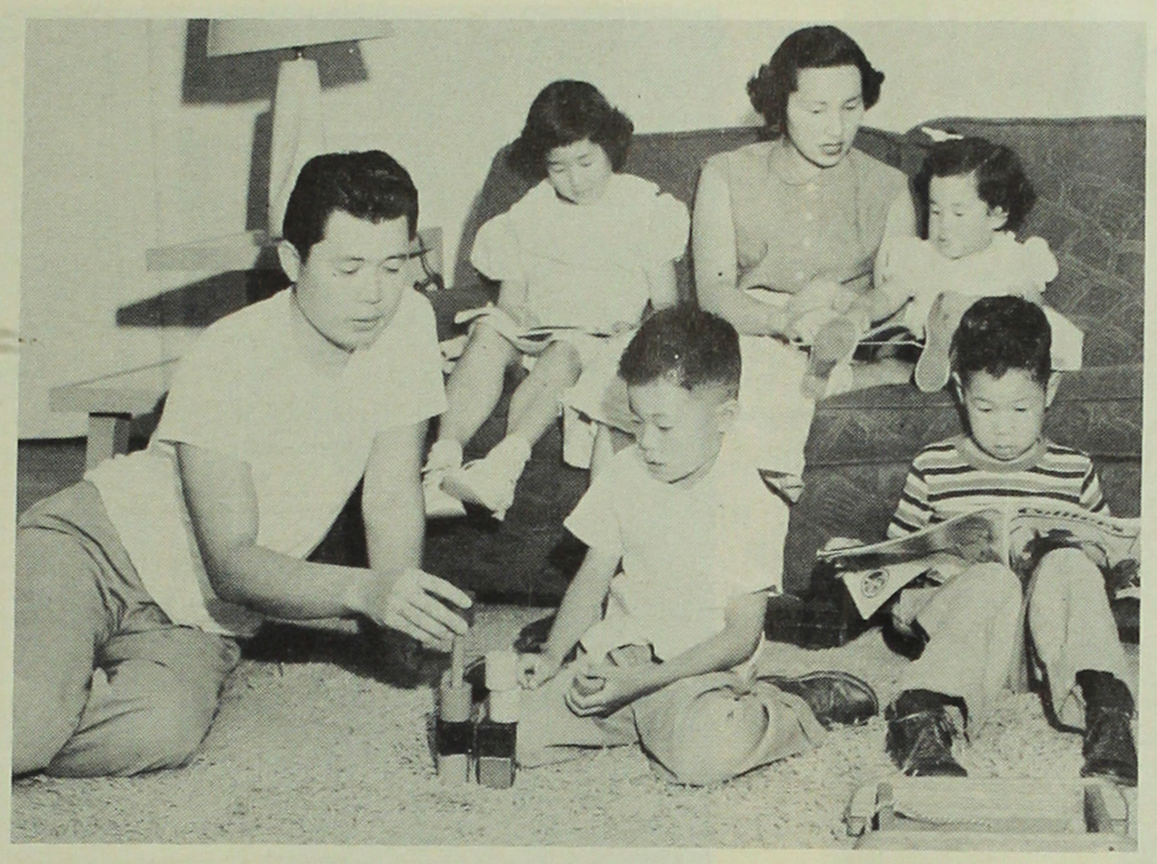
He saw somewhere that top cartoonists were crying because of a gag famine. He learned from the same source the names and addresses of the idea-hungry cartoonists and what sort of pitch is most likely to break down the resistance of soured, laugh-proof editors.

"Being a joker full of crazy ideas," George explains, "I took a chance for the heck of it. It was disappointing the first six months, but after I got the hang of the racket, checks started to roll in regularly."

The major markets pay from 50 to 100 dollars per cartoon. The gag writer's share of a sale is 25 per cent. George usually sends about 20 to 25 gags each week to the 75 cartoonists who rely on him for ideas. The cartoonists keep whatever they think give off the smell of cash and send the rest back.

George does not throw away the re-

GEORGE, with wife Helen at his left, tries out a pageful of gags on friends. Looking appreciative, sitting, are Hiroshi and Hatsuko Matsuda and, standing l. to r., May Nakao, May and Jun Kuyama and Frank Nakao. George's gags are steady best-sellers.



GAG man's family. On floor with Daddy, Douglas, left, 6½, and Randolph, 5. On couch, Christine, left, 8½, Helen and Georgine, 2.

jects, but circulates them again and again until they've been seen by at least 30 other cartoonists. No gag goes into the dead file until every single "live" market has been approached. And it sometimes happens that moth-eaten gags fished out of the bottom of the dead file are sold just like that — and for a fat price — simply because some editor happens to climb out of bed in a mood for a certain type of corn on a given morning.

The Okumura brand of gag usually is hatched at night — "when the four brats are asleep and not snoring." If deadlines are crowding him with special urgency, even his wife's snoreless nocturnal breathing is a distraction.

"Sex gags come the easiest," the man says, and then asks, "I wonder why?"

Generally, George's best laugh lines — not necessarily sexy — are inspired by phenomena observed in humdrum scenes of daily life.

"For instance, I see a panhandler working his line downtown. From that situation, I get the idea of placing a panhandler with his hat upside down in an outstretched hand at the foot of an escalator in a department store.

"Or take the common, natural instance of a woman on the phone. All men make fun of how women monopolize the phone. But how many think of putting a pitcher of water beside the phone for them — as I have in another idea I just sold?"

Not your brand of corn? Maybe not. But the stack of checks George Okumura gets in the morning mail says the stuff sells and sells and sells.

Meet 'Mr. World'

By Jim Murray

FRONT and back views of weight-lifting marvel, Yas Kuzuhara.

'The world's best built man of his size'

AS Yas Kuzuhara moved under the bright spotlight at the Met in Philadelphia, tensing amazingly well-developed and proportionate muscles, he could have been a giant. So symmetrically perfect is his body that, without a taller man for comparison, no one could guess that this vest-pocket Hercules is only 5 feet 3 inches in height.

The occasion was the "Mr. World" contest for 1953, open to any amateur athlete on the globe, and Yas emerged a decisive winner in his class. He was rated a full 18 points ahead of his competition by the international panel of judges.

This victory climaxed 16 years of weight-lifting and body-building exercise and added to a collection of more than 35 trophies and medals.

Yas, as a boy, was always interested in sports of all kinds. At the age of 11, he and his twin brothers, Dan and Ken, held miniature track and field meets in an empty lot in Los Angeles, near where they were born. While still in his teens, Yas was timed at 10.4 for the 100 yards and could broad jump consistently farther than 20 feet.

The Kuzuhara family moved to Chicago in 1942 where Yas' father established the Lakeside Church at 952 West Wellington, where he still serves as pastor. Yas had been training with weights for six years when he entered his first Chicago city championship, winning the featherweight class. His heaviest single lift at that time was a clean and jerk of 225 pounds. The same year he improved to win the National Jr. AAU championship with lifts of 190 in the press, 180 in the snatch and 235 in the clean and jerk.

A back injury kept Yas out of competition for six years, but he continued exercising to regain his strength. He returned to competition with a bang in 1952, winning the Chicago and Illinois championships and then, representing the Joseph Duncan YMCA of Chicago, he won the national YMCA featherweight championship, establishing three new records. He cleaned and jerked 240 in this meet.

In the National Open AAU championships and Olympic tryouts, Yas finished a close second to Richard Tomita, of Hawaii, who totaled 660 to Kuzuhara's 650.

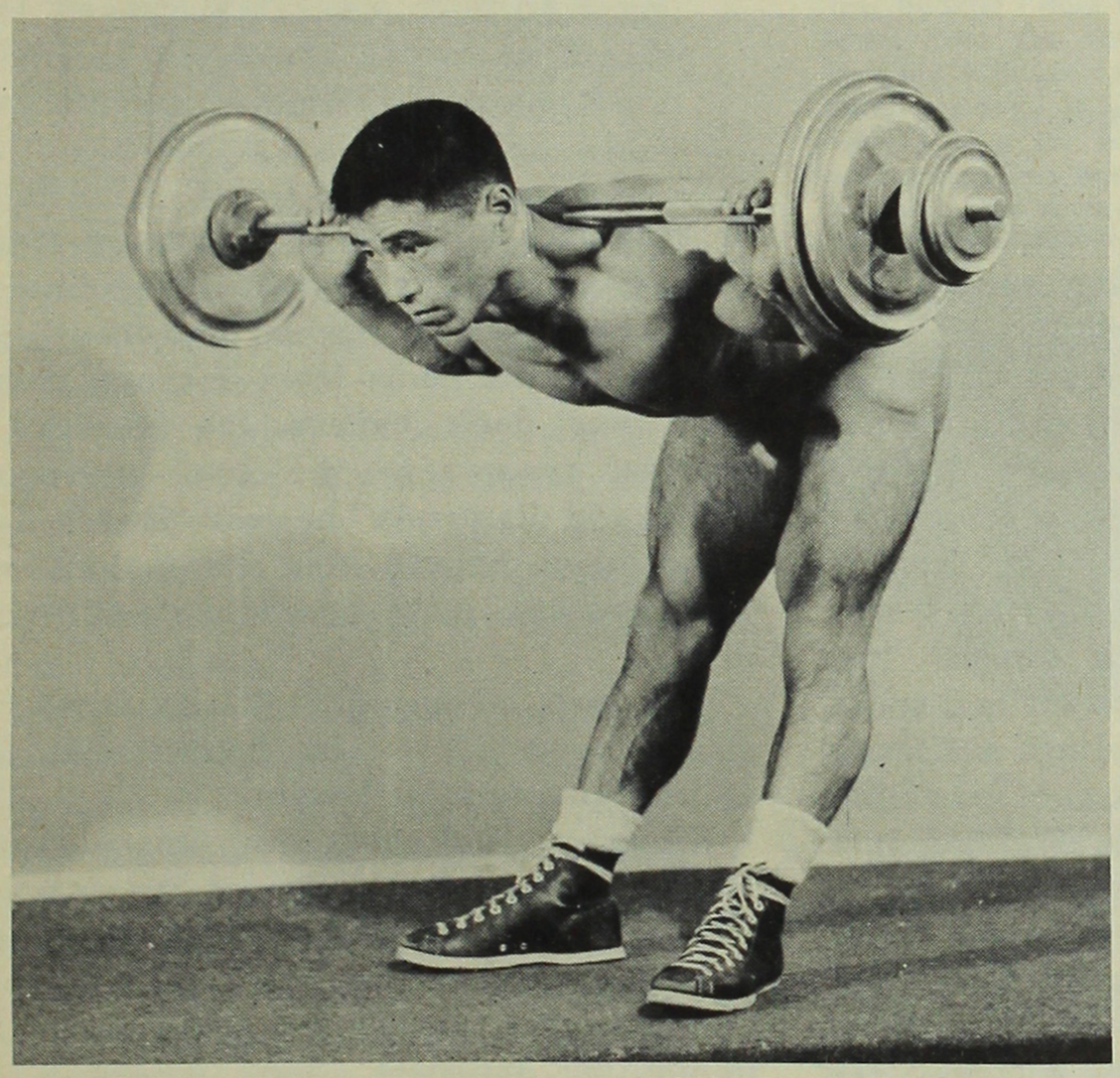
After winning international honors in the "Mr. World" contest, Yas returned to lifting competition as a member of the York (Pa.) Barbell Club. He broke his own records in the national YMCA championship, pressing 211½ and lifting 255 in the clean and jerk.

At the Eastern States championships, Yas made his best lifts of 215 press, 205 snatch and 260 clean and jerk for a 680 total. Only one other American featherweight, Mits Oshima, of Oakland, Calif., has equalled this total in 1953. Incidentally, Yas' 260-pound lift places him in a select circle among weight-lifters, for it was exactly double his own weight at the time it was made.

At 31 years of age, Yas is truly a physical superman who is yet to reach his full strength. He is employed as a shipping clerk at the York Barbell Company and is training regularly to better his already outstanding records. At his height, Yas' 132 pounds are compactly distributed. His powerful arms measure a solid 16 inches when flexed, and his normal chest girth is 43 inches. His waist tapers to a trim 27½ inches and his thighs are a full 23 inches around.

In addition to his strength in lifting heavy barbells overhead, Yas has also gained fame for his ability to squat (and get back up again!) with heavy weights on his shoulders. His best in this stunt is 360 pounds. A capable hand-balancer and gymnast, he succeeded in chinning himself three times using only his right arm.

The best way to appreciate that feat is to try it yourself.



Strength & Health Publishing Co. photo

KUZUHARA specialty is to squat — and get up — with as much as 360 pounds on his shoulders. His own weight is a mere 132.

PEN and ink drawing of Kuzuhara by Chicago artist friend George Uriyu.

M/SGT. Charles Quinn with Uenohara youngsters who were outfitted by Kiwanis Club of Quinn's home town.

Goodwill cowboy-*sans*

By Elias T. Manos

THIS is the story of a seed, a seed of international friendship that grew and blossomed into a cultural exchange between the inhabitants of a remote Japanese farming village and the residents of a city in New England.

It was sown on a hot summer day in Uenohara, Japan, a picturesque mountain community, 60 miles southwest of Tokyo, before thousands of enthusiastic townspeople and school children gathered to witness the biggest event in the town's history.

In the playground of the 80-year-old Uenohara primary school, bedecked with United Nations flags, children strutted with pride and joy to the tune of western songs and paraded the costumes of American cowboys and cowgirls.

The suits, won in a scholarship-citizenship contest, had been sent from the United States by a men's club dedicated to the cause of helping underprivileged children.

As the festivities progressed, one of the "cowboys" stepped before a microphone and spoke in a voice that he hoped would traverse the ocean.

"Hand in hand with the children of America and of other countries," said Yoshihito Sato, a sixth grader, "we want to become good citizens and serve our community. Our feelings are those of happiness and delight over receiving such beautiful costumes. We feel just like real cowboys and cowgirls."

And cowpunchers they were — with custom-made leather pants, skirts and vests, checkered shirts, ten gallon hats, bandanas, leather boots and holsters housing pearl-handled pistols.

M/Sgt. Charles A. Quinn of Woburn, Mass., serving with the U.S. Army in Tokyo and representing the members of Woburn's Kiwanis Club, donors of the gifts, struck the keynote of the day when he spoke to the excited crowd.

"These suits come from a group of men who don't believe the world's greatest treasures are gold, silver, pearls and diamonds," he said. "But instead, they believe that its greatest treasures are in the hearts of its children."

Two girls advanced to the speaker's stand, bowed low and handed Sgt. Quinn bouquets of flowers.

Kimigayo and the Star Spangled Banner, national anthems of the two nations, were played and Sgt. Quinn passed through a long rank of school children who cheered him and waved miniature Japanese and American flags.

I was assigned to cover the Uenohara story as a news writer for the Far East Army Headquarters. Two radio men

How Woburn won young hearts of Uenohara

from our Yokohama office, a photographer and I drove to the town's outskirts in an Army sedan and were met by a jeepful of local police who escorted us to the school.

As we watched the program, I thought of the story behind the story.

In the spring of 1952, Kozo Sekido, a graduate of the University of Tokyo and a native of Uenohara, won a scholarship to Boston University. Since one of his professors at Boston U. lived in Woburn, Sekido visited the town often and one day strolled into the public library, seeking books on the way American children live. There he met Thomas McGowan, chief librarian.

One of the books shown to Sekido was entitled, "American Cowboys," and he talked about the admiration which children of Japan have for our cowpunchers as a result of western movies. According to Sekido, "nearly every Japanese child would like to be an American cowboy."

A few days later, McGowan was invited to a weekly Kiwanis dinner and took Sekido along to "sit down, break bread and listen to average Americans laugh, sing and wisecrack at the end of a day's business."

"Not being a Kiwanis member," McGowan said later, "I felt like the Scotsman who was invited to a party. While the others brought food and drink, the Scotsman brought his cousin. I brought Kozo Sekido."

When Sekido left for his homeland, the Woburn public library presented him with a collection of children's books for his son and two daughters. A couple of months passed and the library began receiving Japanese children's books, beautifully illustrated and bearing an affectionate message for the children of Woburn. They were from Sekido.

Meanwhile, several Kiwanis members began asking McGowan if he had heard from Sekido and, after learning that he was sending Japanese literature regularly, wanted to respond with a good will present to the children of Uenohara. Thus, the idea of cowboy suits was born.

The plans were laid and it was decided that the faculty of the Uenohara primary school would conduct a contest to select the winners.

Among the winners, one was chosen for his "devotion to children younger than himself," another for outstanding work in weather observation, a third for excellent calligraphy and a fourth for "unfailing assistance in the home made necessary by the illness of his parent."

Each of the 12 children also received a certificate of merit.

"The future of all nations," the certificate read, "is in the keeping of boys and girls who will be the men and women of tomorrow. The destiny of nations and the peace of the world will finally rest with them.

"May the boys and girls under every flag accept this truth, dedicate themselves to the greater glory of their country in liberty, truth, justice and friendly cooperation with oppressed and freedom-loving people everywhere in the world."

Only a couple weeks ago, Sekido informed me that Uenohara still has not returned to normalcy following the presentation of cowboy suits. The twelve students who won the costumes have been lending them to other children so that they in turn may be photographed in them.

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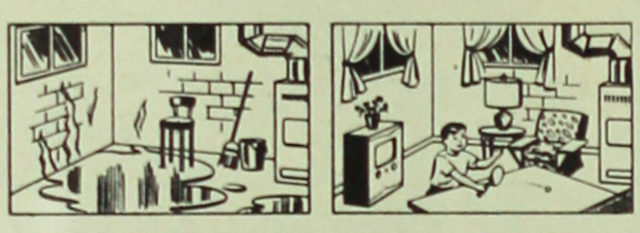

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YES! WITH BASEMENT SEAL YOU PROTECT YOUR FAMILY'S HEALTH, YOU INCREASE YOUR PROPERTY VALUE BY THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, YOU MAKE A PLAYROOM OUT OF PEST HOLES. YOU HELP INSULATE YOUR HOME.

By Bert Woodruf

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Discovered, modern science supplies the answer, makes Basement Seal available to the public, a new product to help solve the wet basement problem. Works like magic. You see seepage stop right before your eyes.

With this new Basement Seal you change damp, dank basements into livable useful rooms. You increase the value of your home, you protect your possessions from leak and moisture damage, stop termites, eliminate disease-breeding dampness, end mildew, rust, mold, rot, fungus.

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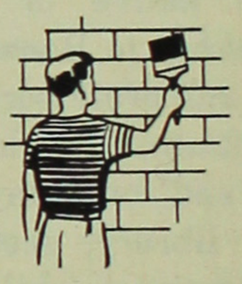

It will amaze you how simple and easy it goes on — just like painting! If you can paint with a paint brush you can do an excellent job with Basement Seal. It dries in an hour. A gallon mixed with cement (any color) waterproofs up to 200 square feet. It can be used on both interior and exterior, below or above ground level. It amazingly forms a lasting, hard waterproof seal. Anyone can do a professional job, and save hundreds of dollars. It seals all holes and pores. Helps keep your home warm in winter and cool in summer by acting as an effective insulation. Cuts fuel bills way down! Rush coupon for immediate delivery.

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