



the International East-West magazine

'Tojin' Okichi

FEBRUARY 1954

Did Townsend Harris have a mistress?

Broadway's first Japanese actor

Subject: Cheesecake Setting: Waikiki

His car has everything but wings

Canned treasure

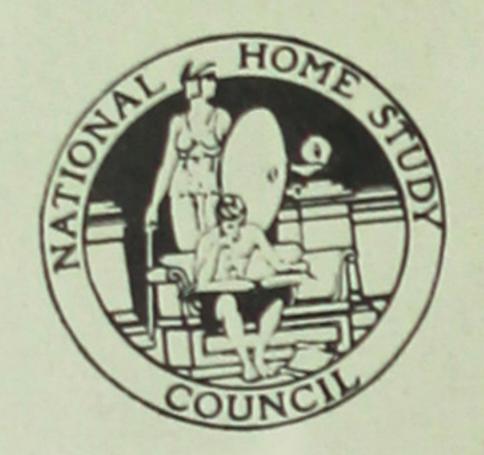
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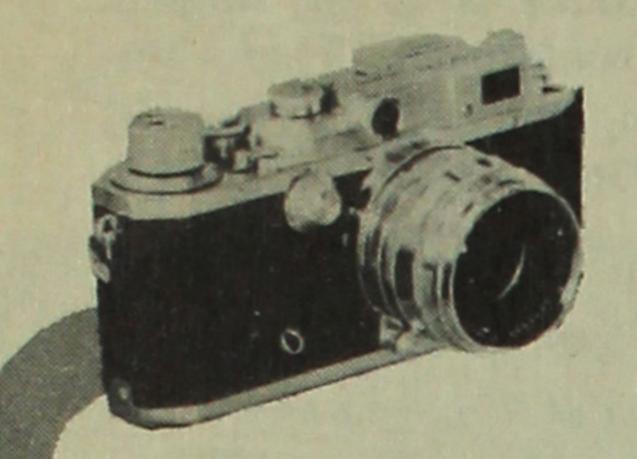
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Letters to the Editors

LESSON IN JAPANESE

Dear Sirs: I read with special interest the article in the December issue about Capt. Walsh ("A 'sukoshi' sightseer'") and his trip. I worked with him in Tokyo in 1952 and noted his eagerness to get to know the Japanese.

But I smiled again as I recalled how the Captain, because he had really studied Japanese out of a book instead of in the market place, would strive to convince the Japanese of his prowess in the language. For example, while riding in a taxi, if the driver would reply "Shira-nai" to something, he'd smile indulgently and say, "Ah, you really mean 'shirima-sen,' don't you? . . ." The driver would turn to examine this visiting American . . . then smile and confess his error seriously.

The Japanese may have been amused at this sort of thing, but they must have appreciated his interest.-STEWART BRON-FELD, New York.

DENVER TV ARTIST

Dear Sirs: Well known in Denver Nisei circles, Miss Nancy Sogi, coloratura soprano, appeared on KBTV as the special guest of

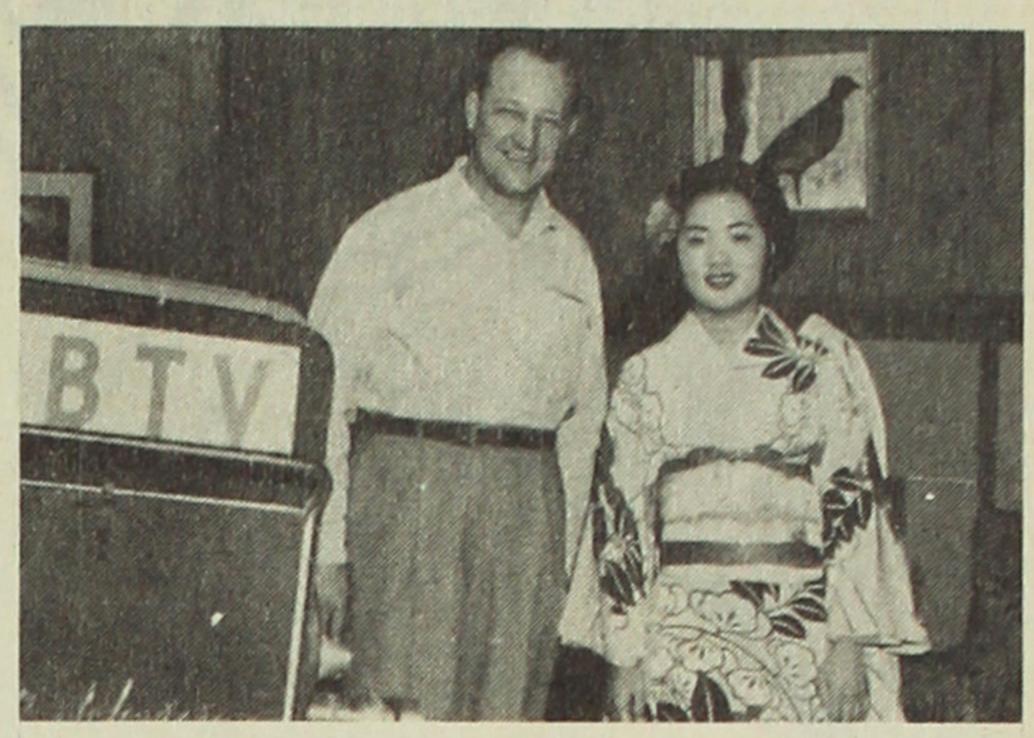


Photo by Howard Oda Soprano Sogi

Frank White's "Time on my hand" program on Dec. 19 . . . Costumed in beautiful kimono, Miss Sogi sang . . . in both English and Japanese, accompanied by White. She rendered an excellent performance. Although she is an amateur, this is the first time in Denver that a Nisei has appeared on TV . . .-HOWARD ODA, Denver, Colo.

OK's EVACUATION

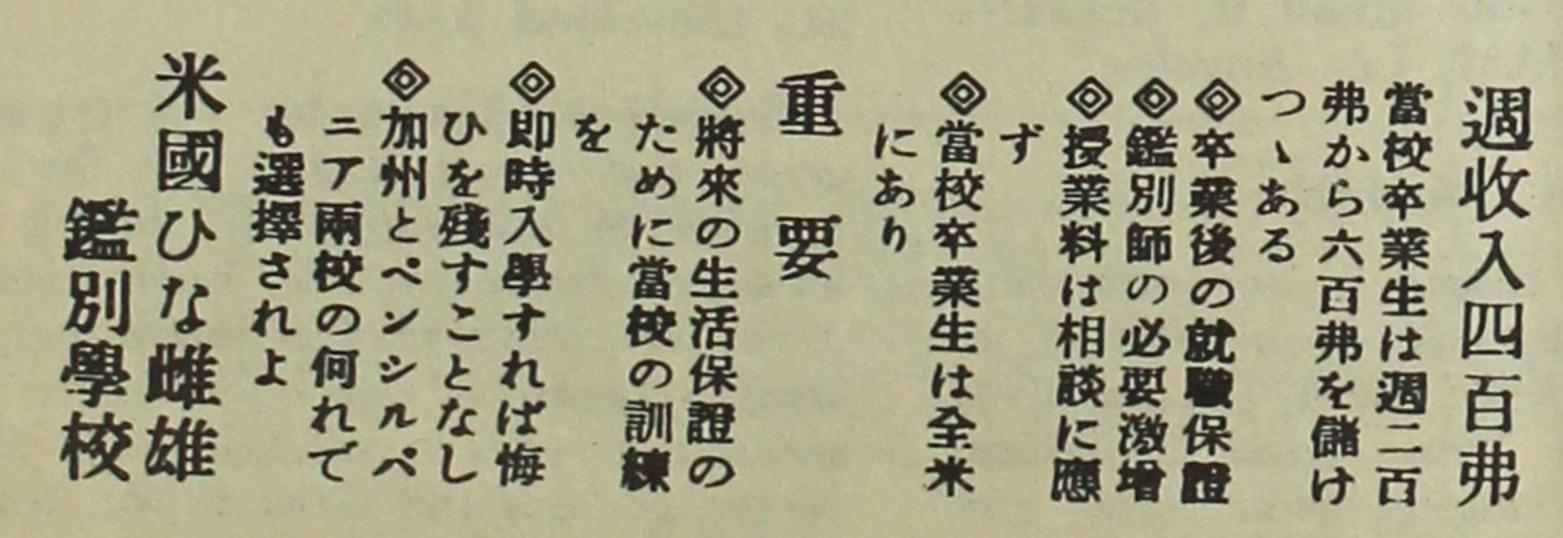
Dear Sirs: Why is it that people still recall with bitterness the "stretch" we had to serve in the relocation camps? I sure would

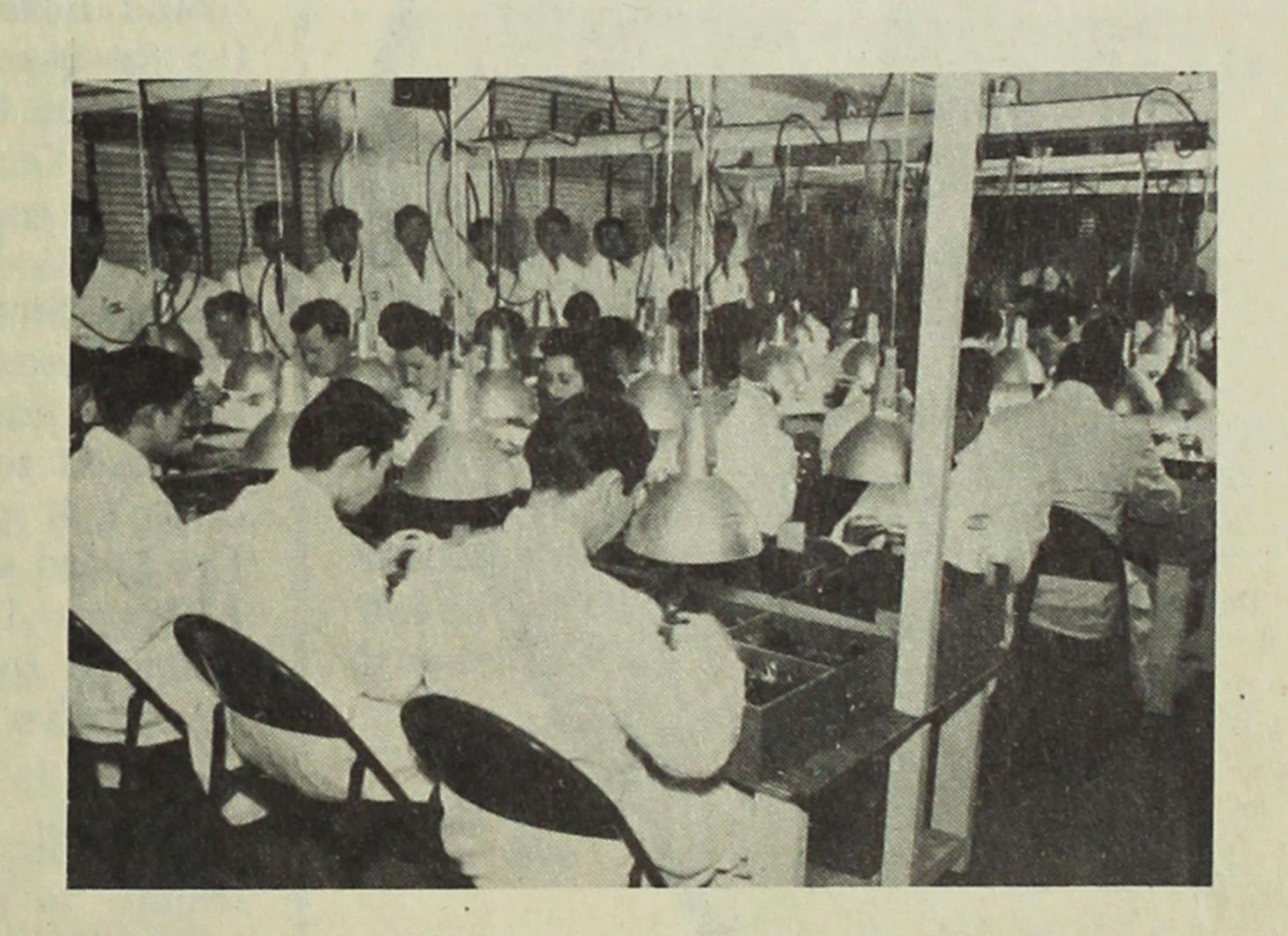
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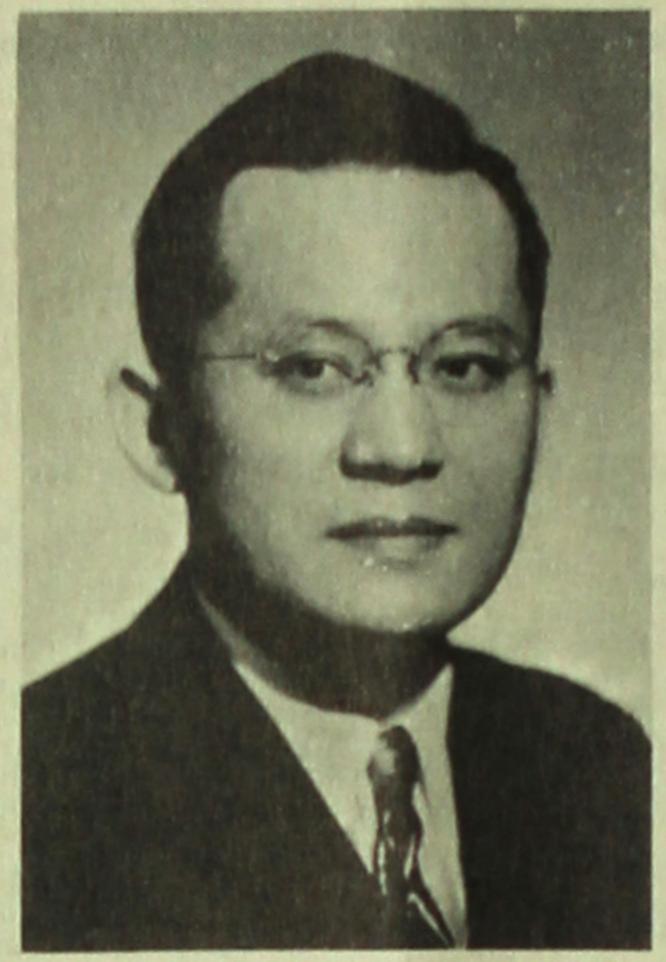
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'Newsmaker of tomorrow'



Kennell-Ellis photo Takashi Matsui

ONE way to make news today is to be singled out as a "newsmaker of tomorrow." That's the way it worked for Takashi Matsui, 36-year-old Seattle businessman. When Time magazine and the Chambers of Commerce of all major U.S. cities co-sponsored the selection of "Newsmakers of Tomorrow" before the end of 1953, the Committee for Seattle's Future flushed out the top talent in all fields of urban activity. Of 100 Seattleites selected as tomorrow's headliners, Matsui was the lone Nisei. A native of Hood River, Ore., he is assistant import manager of Barclay and Company. He is a graduate of the University of Washington, father of two and active in Seattle's civil defense program. From 1947 to 1950, he was a war crimes investigator in Japan for the U.S. Army. Matsui's wife is the former Mitsue Kono of San Francisco.

have hated to step outside my door during those first years of the war and have to face the hatred. I feel that those camps were the best things for us, as the feeling against us was so strong that many of us would never have bore it all those threeand-a-half-years of the war.

The younger children might have developed feelings of inferiority and feel martyred from the open display of hatred for reasons they would never have known. Others may consider the evacuation a foolish move, but I'm glad that I was taken away, because life would have been pretty miserable for me for three-and-a-half years.—RUBY UYEDA, Lancaster, Calif.

SWIFT CAMPAIGN

Dear Sirs: Wonder if you've read Basil Swift's story, "The Foolish Fish," in the holiday edition of Crossroads? Scene is supposed to be quick on the uptake. Why doesn't it print something by this author? I've heard several others say the same thing. Although I've never heard of the author before, I found this fairy tale as fascinating as any I've read.—MICHI SHIOYAMA, Los Angeles.

Dear Sirs: I would like to join my Nisei friends in praising Scene. . . I like your interesting news and photographs from Japan. Can't we have a good story or two? Not the typical magazine stuff, but something unusual. How about the author, Basil Swift, who wrote that feature story in the Christmas Crossroads? Anyone who can make a fairy tale interesting to both young and old is worth reading. How about it, Scene?—PAULA FAVERSHAM, Los Angeles.

'PAKE' PRAISE

Dear Sirs: . . . Scene is an interesting magazine for any Islander from Hawaii, as most of us have lived most of our lives with the Japanese, living their traditions, eating their food, singing their songs and playing their games. Japanese are good

neighbors and . . . are very appreciative, always trying to outdo you in returning any favor. Having lived in the States for three years, I certainly miss the Nagamoris, Nagasawas, Sugiharas, Takahashis, Takeokas and many others. For a "Pake" (Chinese), I do not think there is another one that gets a bigger kick out of Scene than I do.

There is no use wishing you continued success, as it can't help but be a tremendous success.—WALLY JAY, Alameda, Calif.

CORRECTION PLUS PRAISE

Dear Sirs: Many thanks for publishing my letter ("Calling all war brides") in your December issue. But may I point out an error. You printed "East 46th St." — which should have read "East 64th St." Therefore I doubt that I will receive any of the anticipated replies.

My wife's petition for a visa to enter this country has finally been approved by our government, so with the good grace of Kami-sama she will join me very shortly.

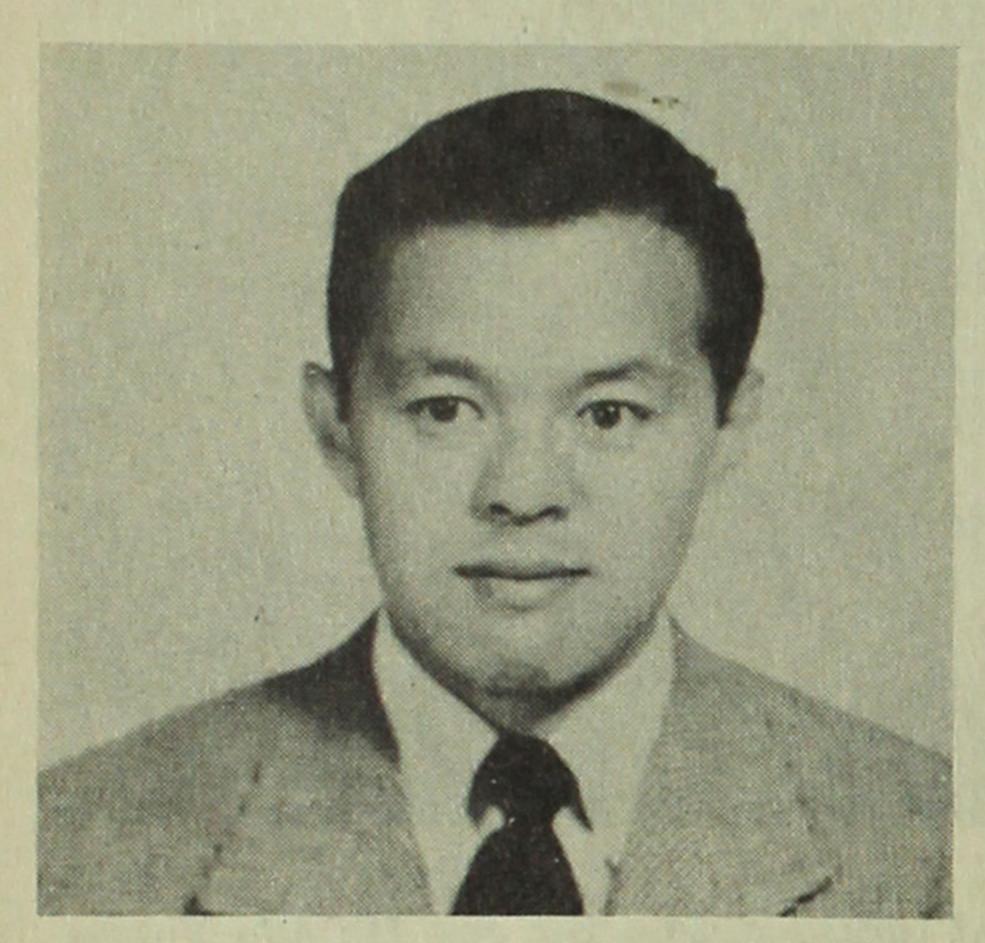
Let me take this opportunity to congratulate you on having the most wonderful magazine I've ever subscribed to. It is such a pity more "hakujin" do not read this publication. I myself am one of the few individuals who has "gone Oriental" after spending three years in the Orient. The three years were split by 15 months in Korea. Of course, it was Japan that captured my heart and my only desire now is to some day be able to go back to Japan and live there the rest of my life, preferably in my wife's home town of Kyoto which is to me the most beautiful spot in Japan . . .-STANLEY E. KOPCZINSKY, 4081 E. 64th St., Cleveland 5, O.

• Sincere apologies for our typographical error, and many thanks for the generous opinion of our magazine. In his previous letter, reader Kopczinsky invited correspondence from other readers interested in organizing a Japanese war brides club. We hope interested readers will take note of his corrected address and write to Mr. Kopczinsky.—ED.

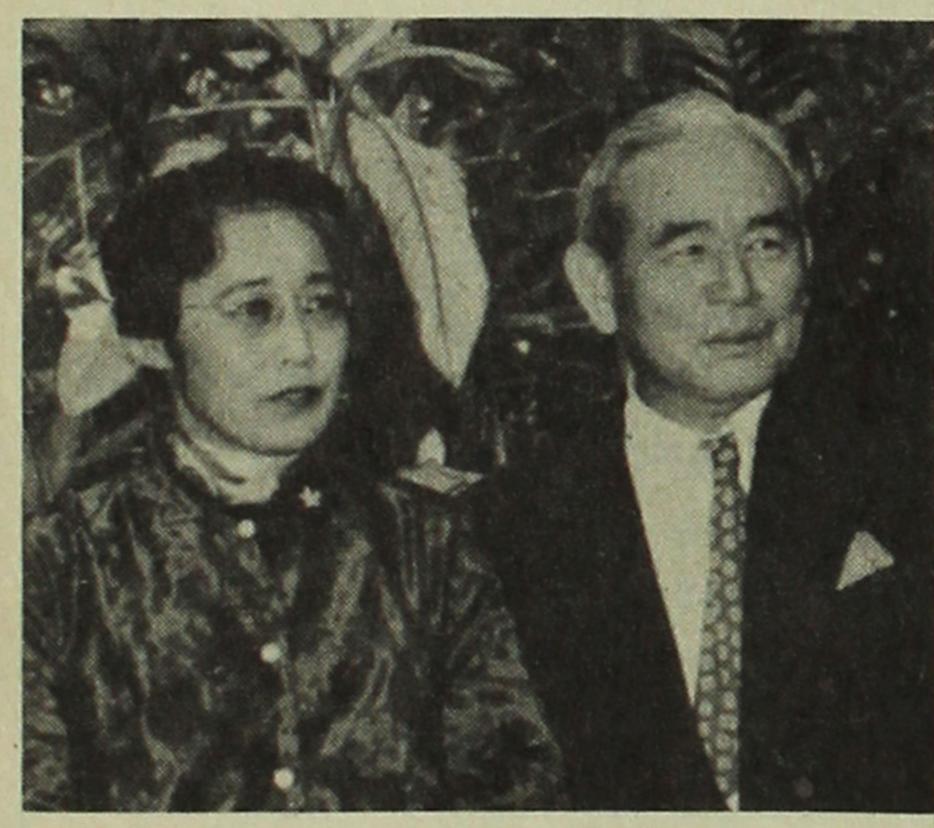
Behind the SCENE



Costume designer Michi



Jobo Nakamura



The Sutos

New York correspondent Josephine Sakurai comes through on the grapevine with new and interesting information on the theatrical costume designer she wrote about in last month's issue ("Michi of the Roxy"). Michi is of the Roxy no no more. Her talents have been snatched by the Copacabana — one of the gaudiest, most expensive of the many sun-proof playgrounds where members and hangers-on of Manhattan cafe society do their nocturnal gamboling. Besides signing on to dress up the leggy floor show at the Copacabana, Michi is also finding time to do the costuming for a major TV show.

Our above-mentioned Josephine, incidentally, is the daughter of Broadway's first Japanese actor, Yoshin Sakurai. He's no longer with us, but you can read about him in this issue. Tooru Kanazawa's story of the senior Sakurai is another Scene excursion into the Issei past. Which leads us to add that nothing makes us prouder about this magazine than the fact that these excursions have turned up many facets of the Issei past which might have stayed buried and unknown to us and posterity if our writers hadn't dug them up and offered their findings in our pages.

We're basking in reflected glory. Two prized members of our stable of writers have parlayed their ways with the typewriter into coveted bylines in two big-time periodicals. Bill Hosokawa and Jobo Nakamura, both of whom are represented in this issue, recently were read by audiences much larger than that presently reached by us. Bill did it with his article, "Homesteaders, 1954," in the Jan. 2 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, and Jobo with a piece — in the February issue of Holiday — about his trip to Japan last year.

Back in our April '53 issue, we joined the citizens and officials of Miami Beach, Fla., in bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Kotaro Suto ("Goodby to pioneer Suto"). We now join the same citizens and officials of that balmy resort town in welcoming the Sutos back. Suto, you may recall, is the Issei landscape gardener who spent 36 of his 69 years helping to convert Miami Beach from a swamp into a vacationer's delight. He regretfully walked out of those 36 years last year to finish out his days with his wife in his native Japan. But inflationary economic conditions in Japan proved too much for their budget. Another angle on the Issei story that's yet to be completed.

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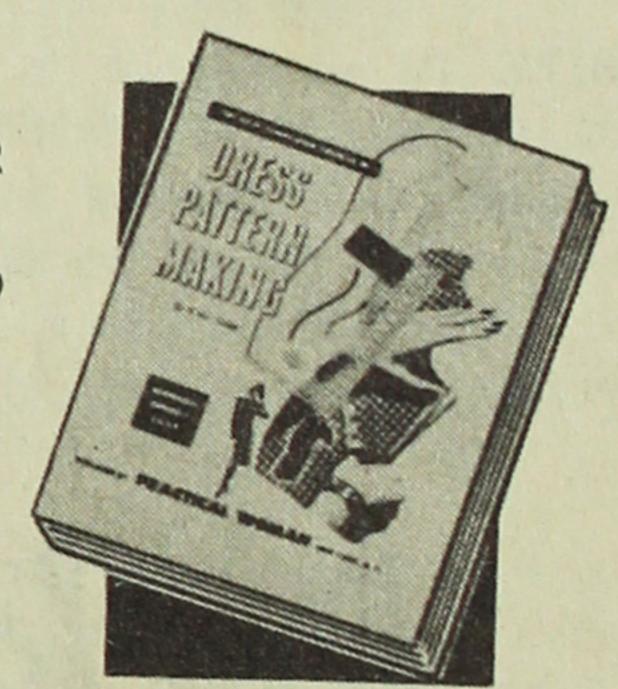


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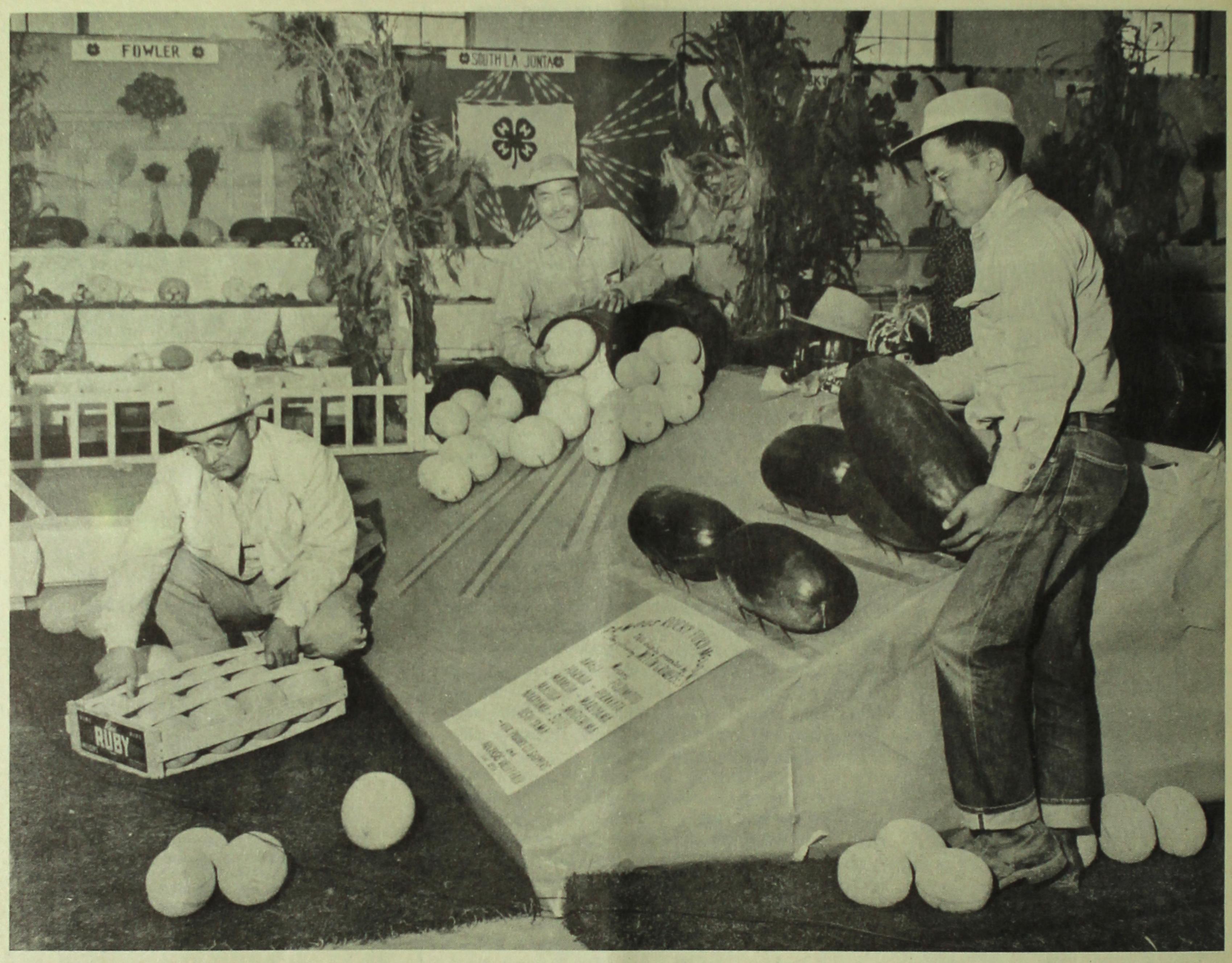
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PRIZE melons are put up for display at Arkansas Valley Fair by, left to right, Mitsu Harada, George Ushiyama and Yaso Masuda.

Harada is the oldest of several brothers who run the Harada Farms, largest of its kind in melon-growing Rocky Ford, Colo., area.

Rocky Ford means melons

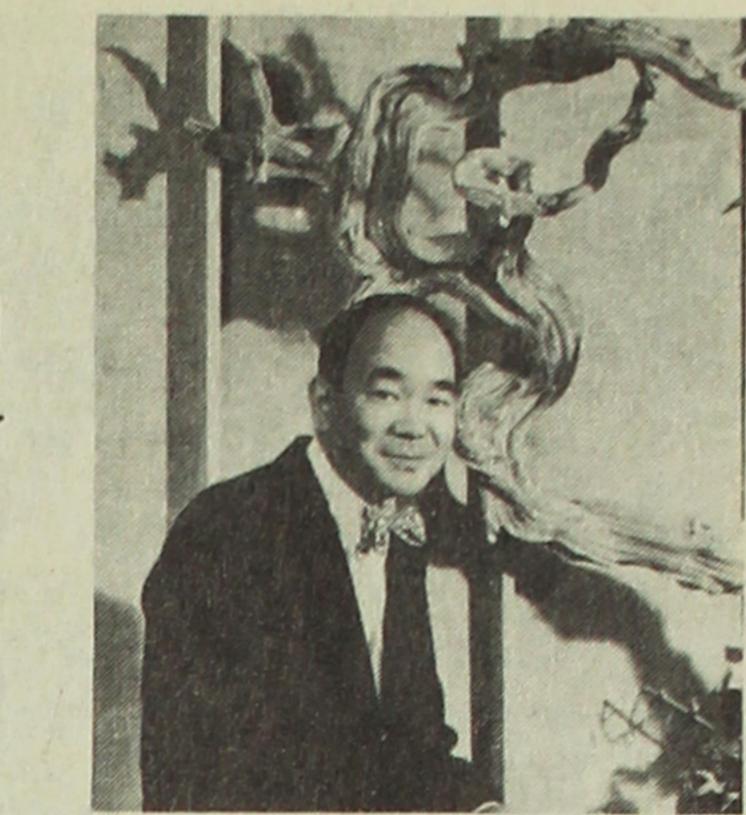
A MONG cantaloupe connoisseurs, Rocky Ford is synonymous with highest melon quality. Something about the combination of sun, water and soil around Rocky Ford, a small town in the Arkansas river valley of southeastern Colorado, produces sweeter, more luscious melons.

For years Rocky Ford melons commanded premium prices in many eastern markets. The name is so well known that in Denver the stores advertise and housewives ask for Rocky Fords instead of cantaloupes.

The largest growers of these famous cantaloupes are Japanese-Americans. At the Arkansas Valley Fair recently, some of them banded together to display a mouth-watering collection of cantaloupes, watermelons and honeydews.

For good measure, Nisei women sponsored a booth to demonstrate to their neighbors how suki-yaki is made. Both displays did much to clinch further the solid and respected place Nisei have won in the valley.—B.H.

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THE prematurely balding, yet elfin-like male posed under a gnarled and rhythmic piece of driftwood is Tatsuo Ishimoto, a San Francisco citizen, who combines art with profit. He is doing much to make people see that driftwood and dried plants too often ignored as nature's cast-off residue - can contribute to the esthetic needs of life in today's urban settings. As writer Jobo Nakamura says on page 22, you can walk into Ishimoto's Driftwood Shop in downtown San Francisco without being struck by the spirit of commerce because the shop is just as much a hobby as it is a business.

COVER CORNER: Okichi was her name. And she must have been quite a gal because she's had people talking for a hundred years. Some say she was a maidservant to Townsend Harris, America's first consular official in Japan. Others say she meant more to him than that. The ammunition for both points of view in the controversy can be found on page 18.

In coming issues

- · SUPERMARKETEER in Dayton. All about a Nisei grocer who started with a couple of apple boxes and ended up as half-owner of one of the biggest, busiest markets in this Ohio city.
- HOW a young U.S. Army sergeant turned international detective and made diplomatic history by tracking down the national treasures of Okinawa and returning them to its proud people.

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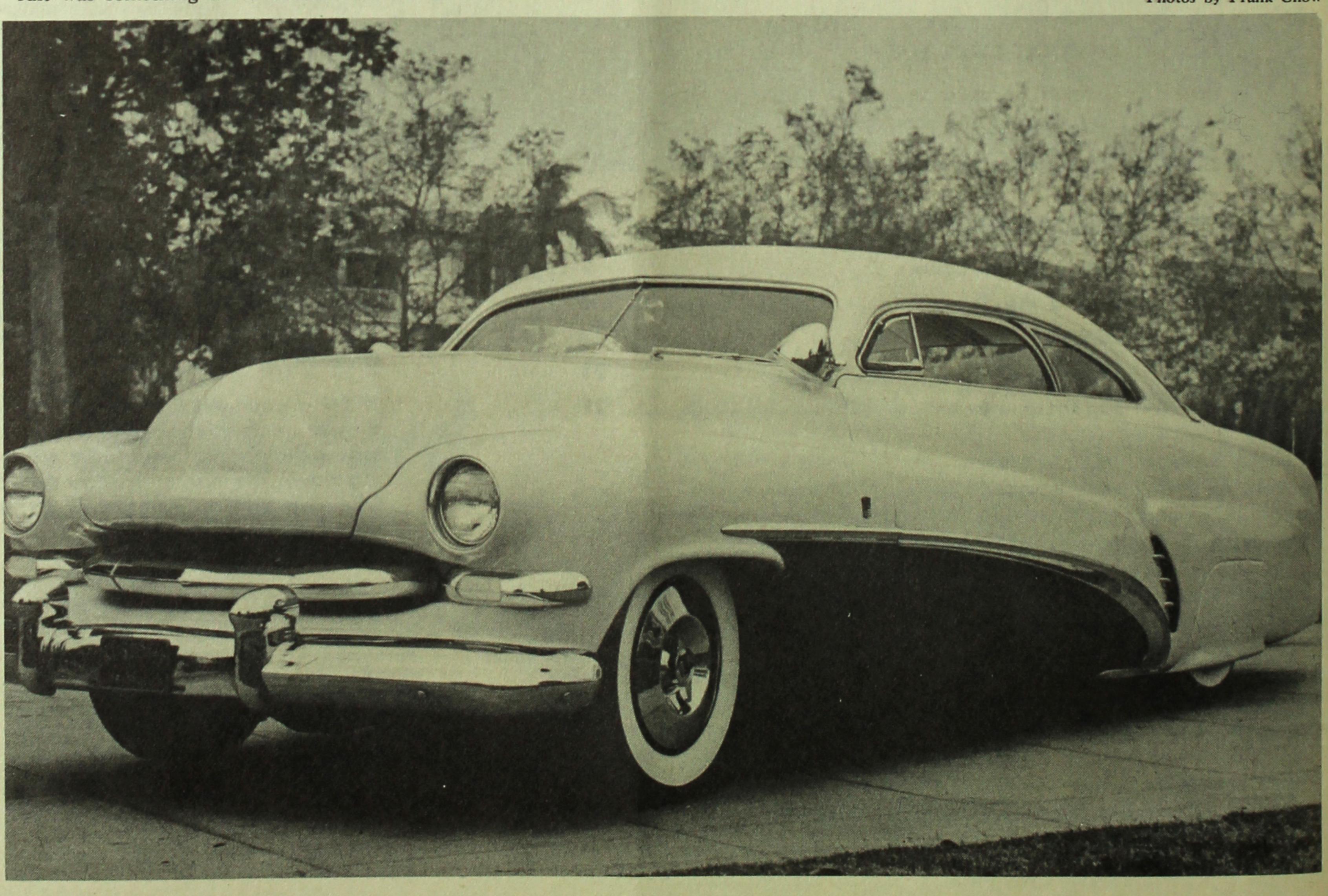


ROBERT HIROHATA of Los Angeles couldn't leave his car alone. He "customized" his '51 Mercury (below). Result was something never before seen on the road.

All this car needs are wings

By Gerald Jann and Dyke Miyagawa

Photos by Frank Chow



WHICH of the standard-make cars on the road today are the easiest to recognize? If you're like most car-conscious Americans, your answer is likely to be, "All of them" — because most car-conscious Americans can identify an automobile faster, and more accurately, than they can a good many of their relatives.

One car that will stop you, though, is the sleek, pistachio-green coupe owned by Robert Hirohata of Los

Angeles.

You can study its outer lines for hours from all angles. You can go over its interior with a Geiger counter. And you can pull up the hood and X-ray the engine. But you would never guess its identity.

Robert's unorthodox chariot is a 1951 Mercury — or was, until he gave it the "customizing" treatment.

Robert is one of that increasing breed of Americans who can't leave a car as is. He and his kind wouldn't have a car if it couldn't be transformed beyond all recognition — if, in short, it couldn't be customized.

Customized cars fall into two major categories: those altered in physical appearance and the "hop-ups" (cars with engines that have had something or other done to them to step up the basic horsepower for improved performance).

Both types of customizing can be as simple or elaborate, as cheap or expensive as the owner wants it to be. Hirohata went whole hog with his Mercury. He not only did a thorough face-lifting job, but also a drastic bit of engine conversion — all at a cost exceeding \$8,000. Rough-

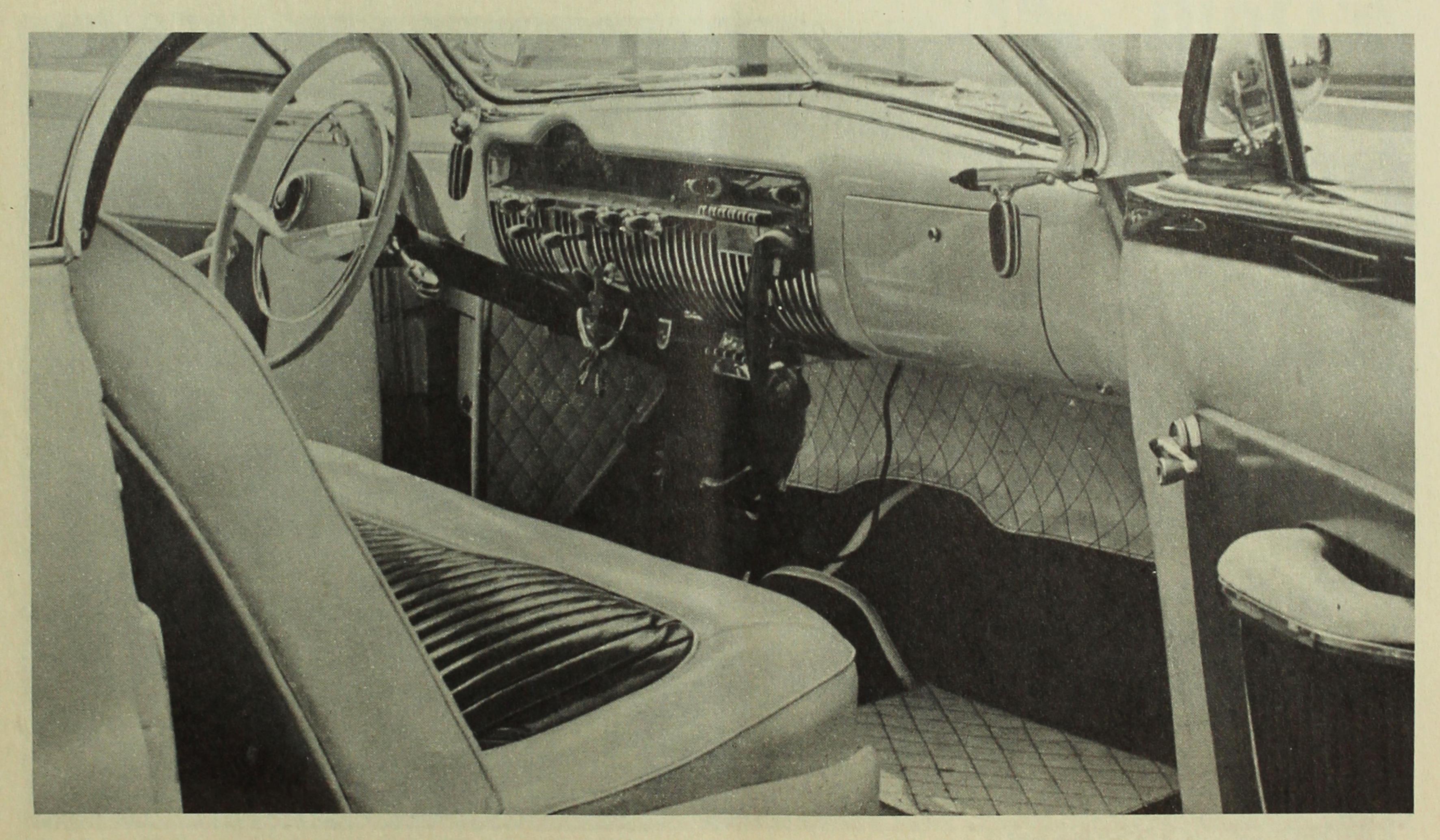
ly speaking, if the original price on the '51 Mercury is included, he could have bought two brand new Cadillacs for the amount of money he has put into his car.

The first thing Robert did was remove the hood ornament and chrome trimmings. Then, to give the car a lower silhouet and a longer, luxurious look, he took 3½ inches off the top (welding the roof back on after this was done) and performed a major operation on the body so that it settled deeper into the car frame. He also ripped out all the door handles to give the car an unbroken surface.

How, then, does the fellow get into his car? The answer is that the doors are operated by electric solenoids and are opened by pushing a button hidden in the trimming on the side of the car. It's simpler — and certainly more impressive — than tugging at a conventionally awkward handle.

The final transforming touch, as far as outer appearance is concerned, was "frenching" of the head and tail lights and the making of a special airscoop for the rear wheels. "Frenching" of outside lights means blending or building them into the car body. As for the airscoop, it is a functional necessity, because a customized car is so low that air is restricted to the rear brakes — a restriction which can cause brake heating and fading and which must, therefore, be eliminated for safety's sake.

Customizers who find internal gouging more interesting than the slicking up of a car's exterior are more than likely to hoist his hood and examine the engine before noting the absence of door handles, hood ornaments, etc.



FANCY interior of Robert's customized dreamboat includes twoway telephone that provides communication within a 160-mile ra-

dius of Los Angeles for \$30 a month. Other features are pleated seat covers in fabrilite which alone cost Robert more than \$600.

They would cluck their approval, for Hirohata tore out the heart of his car to increase its power.

To such fanatics, Hirohata will explain — if explanation be necessary — that he supplanted the original 120-h.p. Mercury motor with a 210-h.p. Cadillac engine.

Although this Nisei achieved his "hopping-up" by changing his engine altogether, it is perfectly acceptable customizing practice to achieve similar, or nearly similar, ends by installing a special head to raise the compression ratio, by mounting an intake manifold equipped with two or more carburetors to feed more fuel to each cylinder, or by fashioning a dual exhaust system to eliminate back pressure at high speeds.

Other means of hiking up the power can include a hotter ignition system, regrinding of the crank shaft for better valve action or smoothing and polishing all intake

and exhaust passages within the engine.

But most eye-catching to people who ask no more of a car than that it be comfortable, look presentable and move at a decent speed is that part of Robert's car which is immediately visible to the passenger. Once settled in the front seat, the passenger will probably spot and get excited first over the telephone attached to the dashboard. The phone provides communication service from or to Robert's car within a 160-mile radius of Los Angeles. It costs him \$30 a month.

When all questions and answers about the phone have been exhausted, the passenger's attention will light upon the upholstery, which is done in pleated green and white fabrilite and which alone cost Robert more than \$600.

The Hirohata custom job has been entered in shows from Los Angeles to Indianapolis. Eleven trophies, three sweepstake cups and seven first prizes are glittering evidence that Robert's hobby, expensive as it is, has given him ample satisfaction.

Traffic stops wherever he takes his dreamboat, and that usually means people crowd around and engage him in question-and-answer conversations like this:

Q: It's so low, how do you get over bumps and driveways?

A: I mounted coaster wheels in the rear. They make contact with the ground whenever there's a bump or a dip in the road. They lift the body and prevent scraping.

Q: How fast can you go?

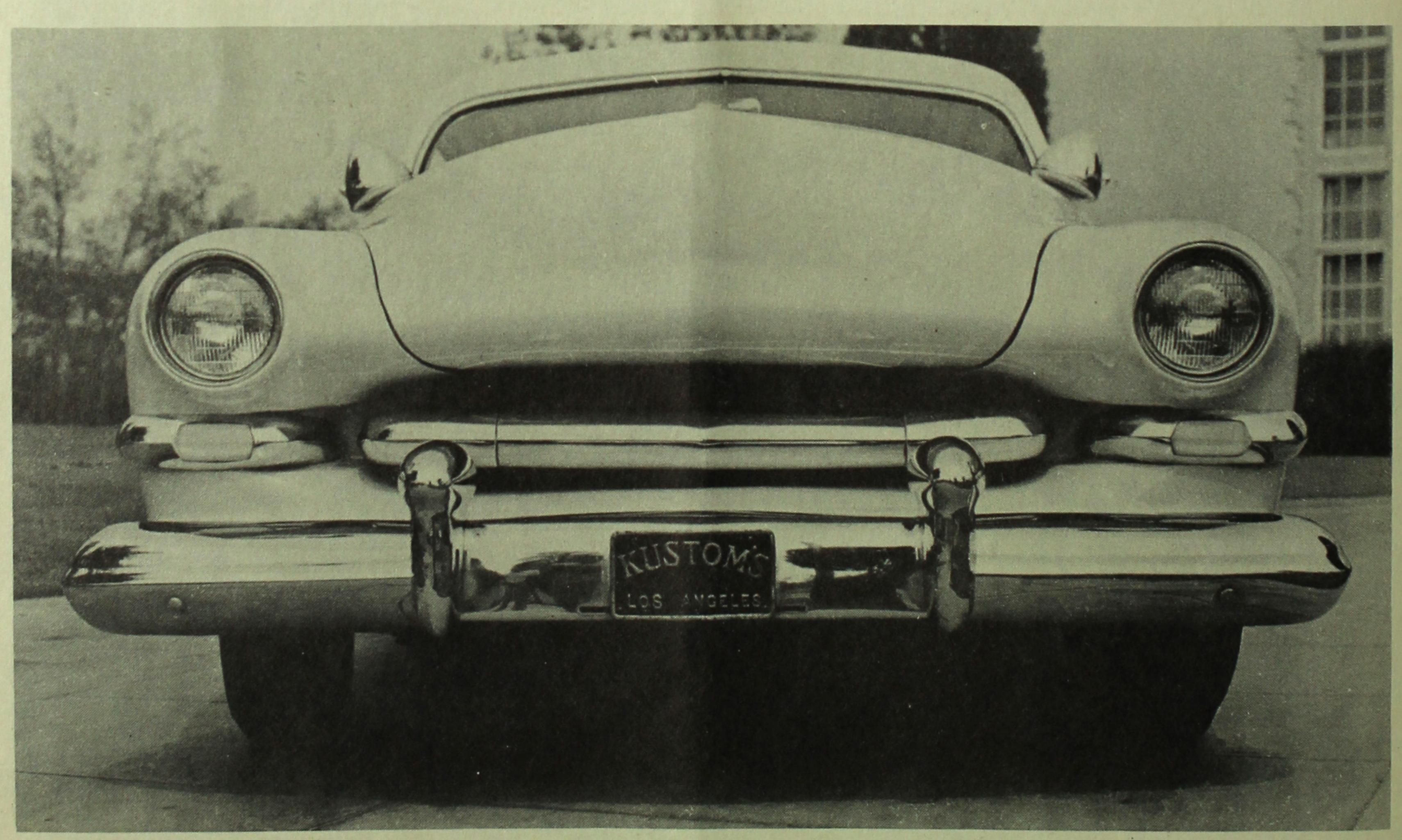
A: That's a 210-horsepower Cadillac engine under the hood. I've been clocked at 125 miles per hour.

Q: It's so shiny. What kind of a paint job did you give it?

A: Thirty-one coats of hand-rubbed lacquer.

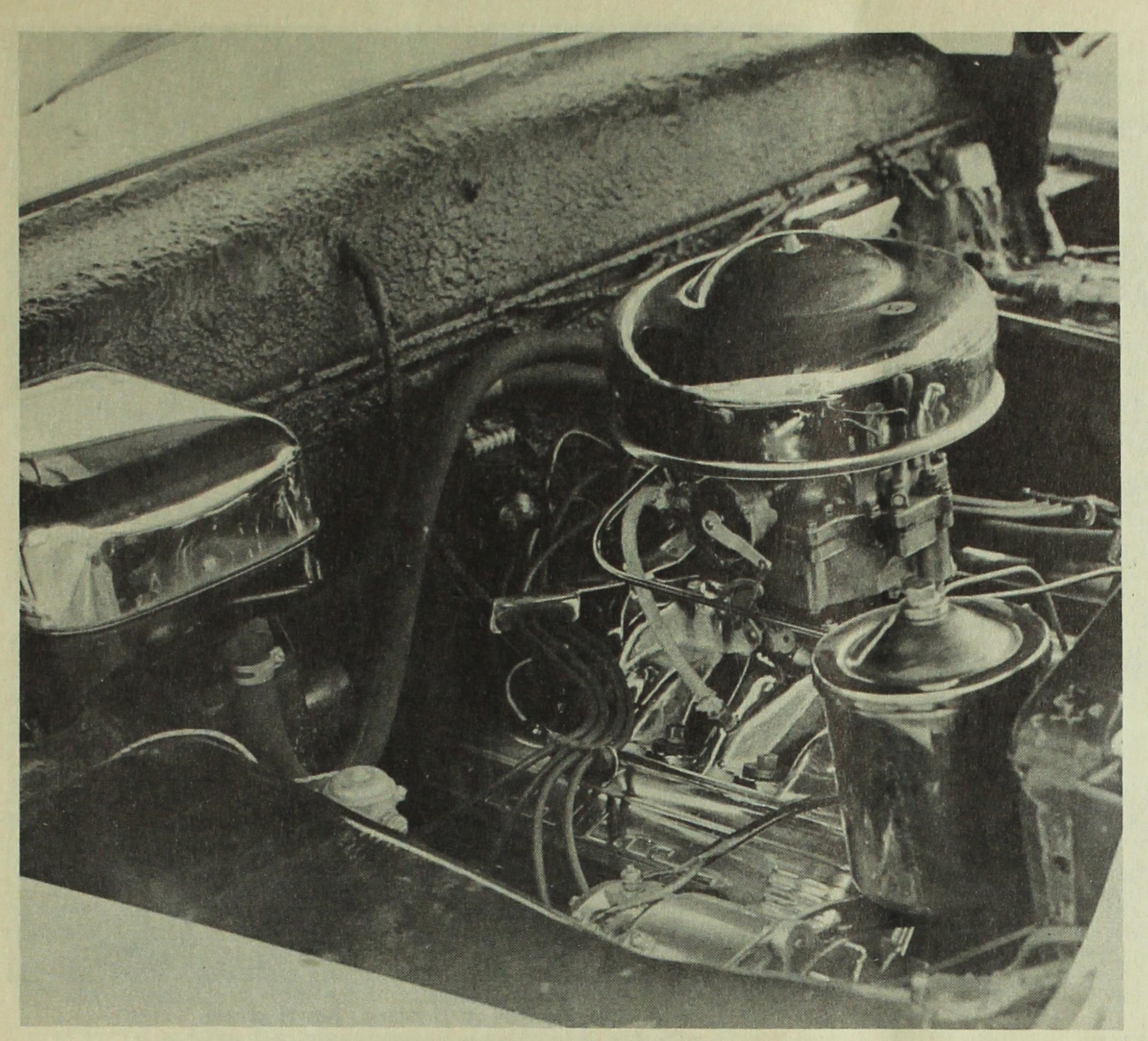
The only time Robert was lost for an answer was after a custom show in Indianapolis last year. A five-year-old girl asked him, "What do you do when you get stuck in the snow?" His face went blank while he tried to recover from the question and phrase a decent answer.

He was half-way back to Los Angeles before he came up with the answer: It doesn't snow in Los Angeles!

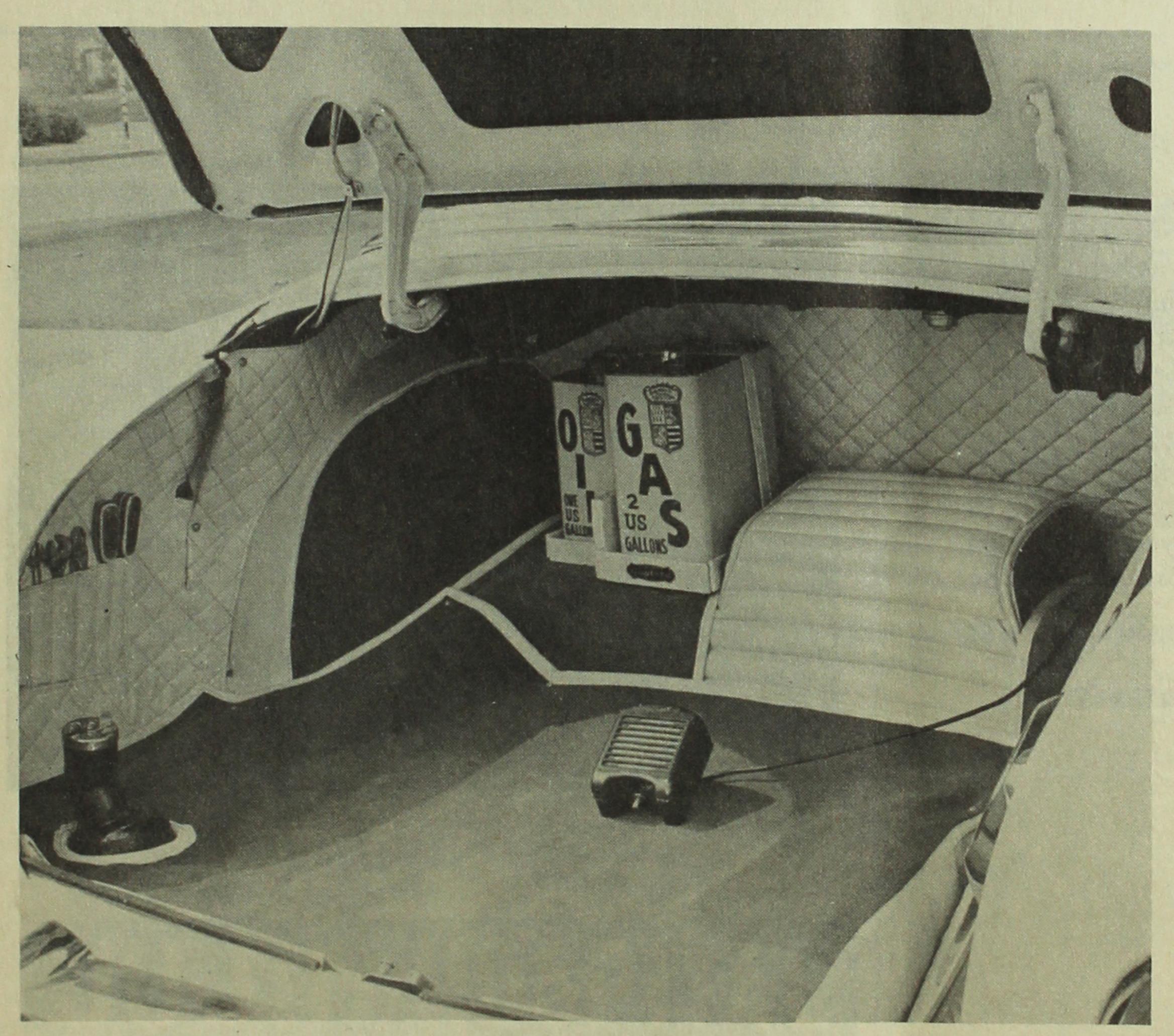


QUESTION that comes to mind as you look at a "customized" car from front: How low can a car be and yet look like a car? This

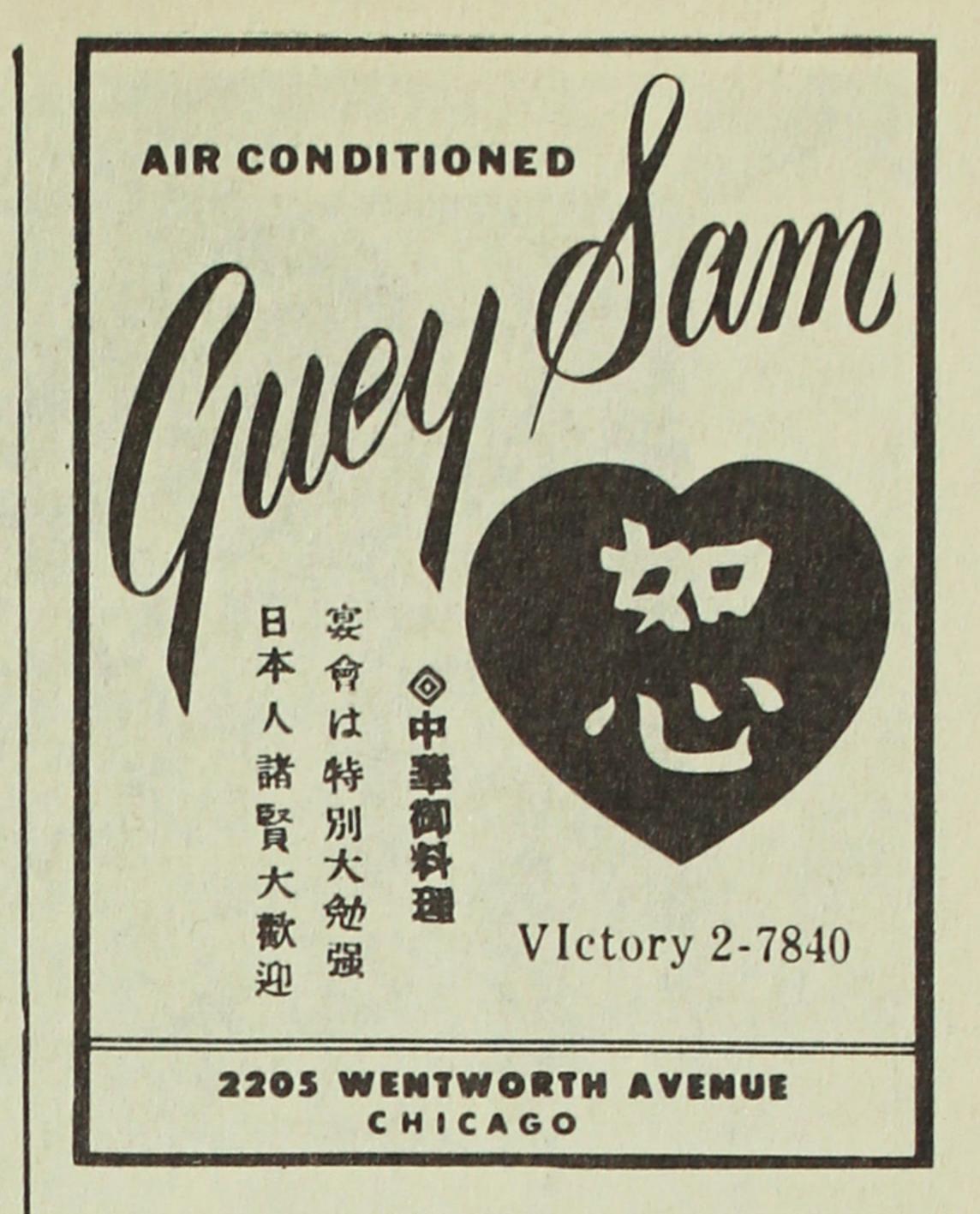
one-time Mercury is at least 3½ inches lower than it originally was. And it has no hood ornament, no door handles.



ROBERT tore out the original Mercury motor and supplanted it with this 210-horsepower Cadillac engine. Motor and other alterations added up to total cost of \$8,000.



NEAT trunk of the car always looks as though it has just been cleaned and includes a speaker with a long extension cord attached to the radio — for beach parties, etc.







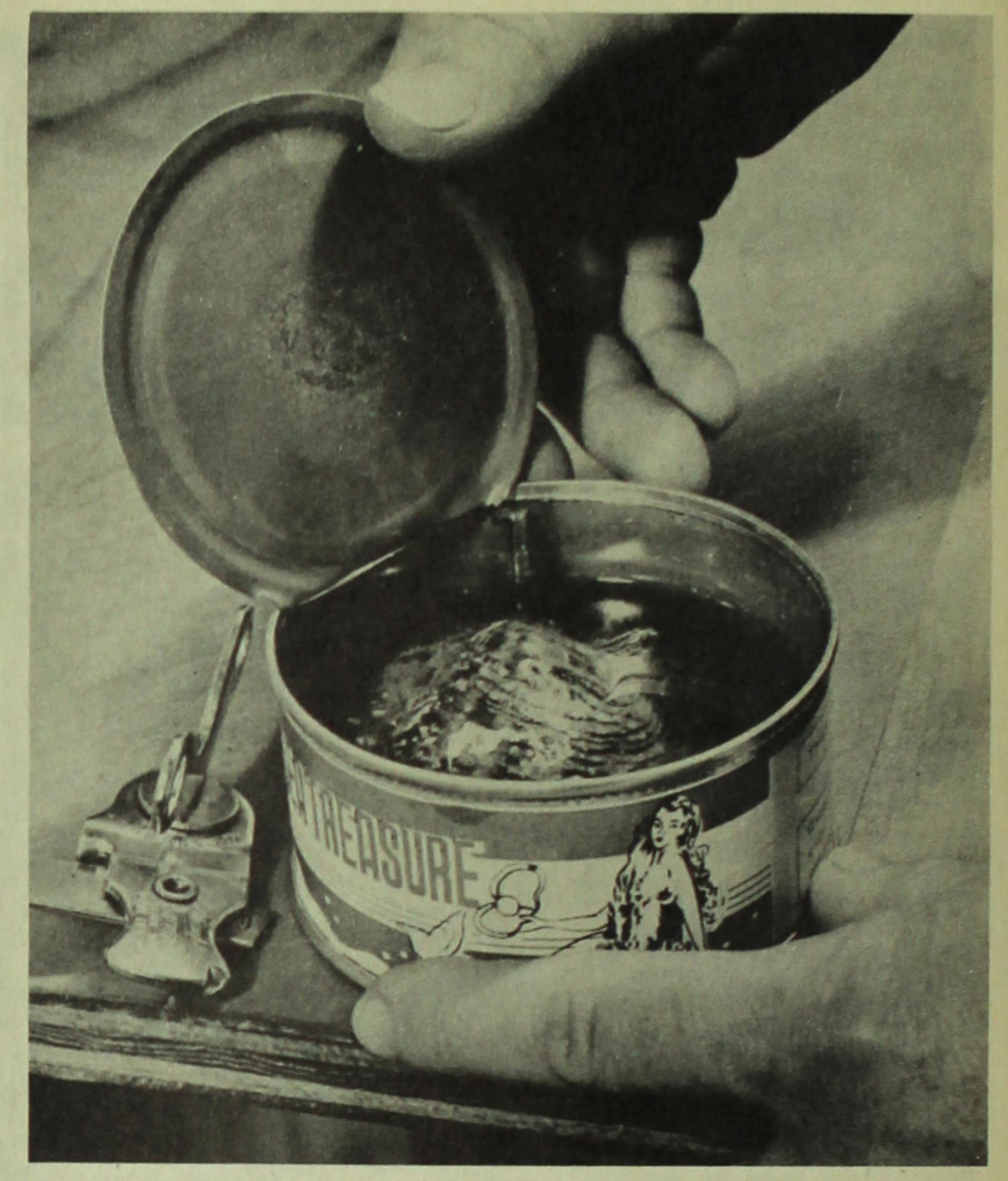
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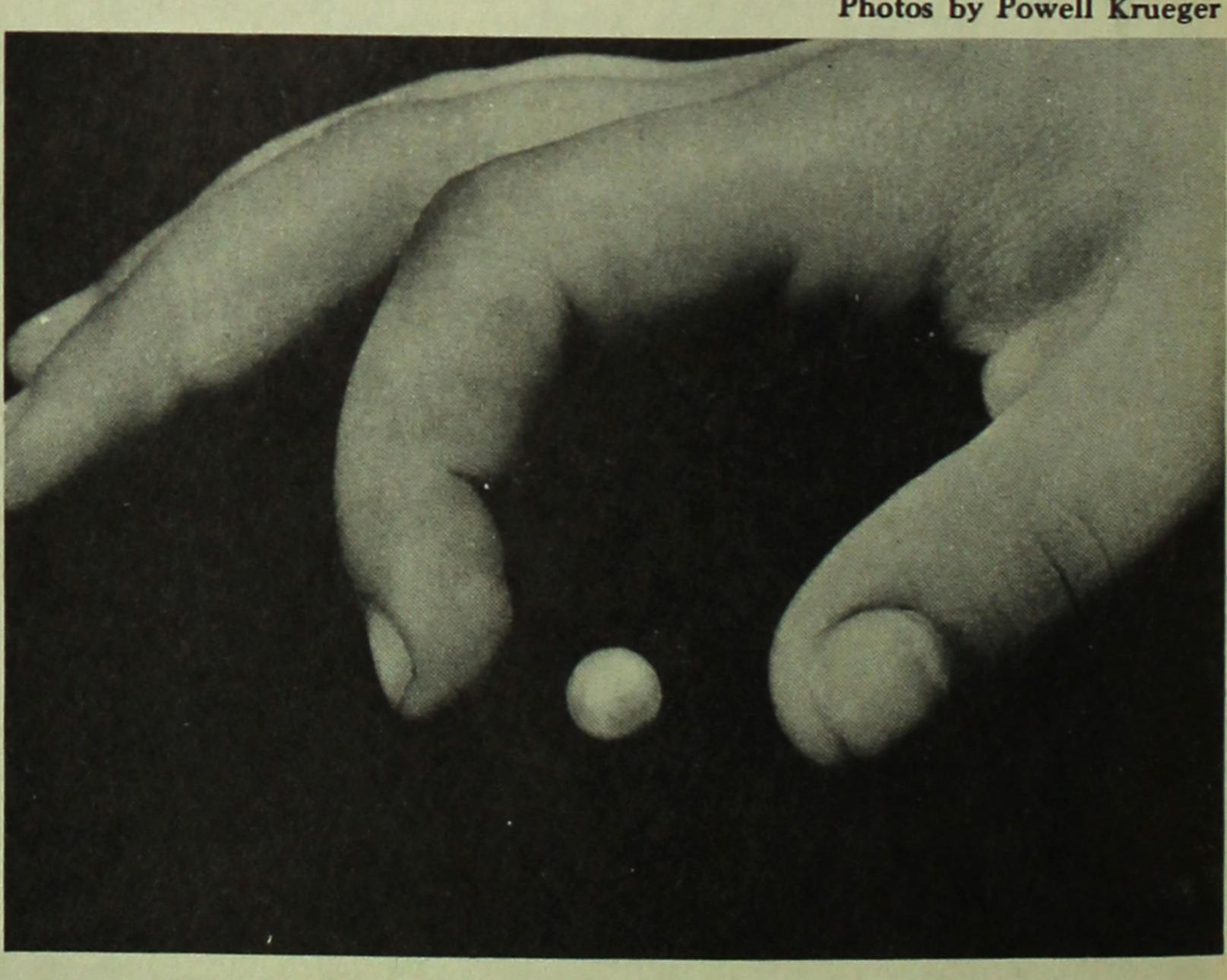
What's the "treasure" in the can?

Canned treasure

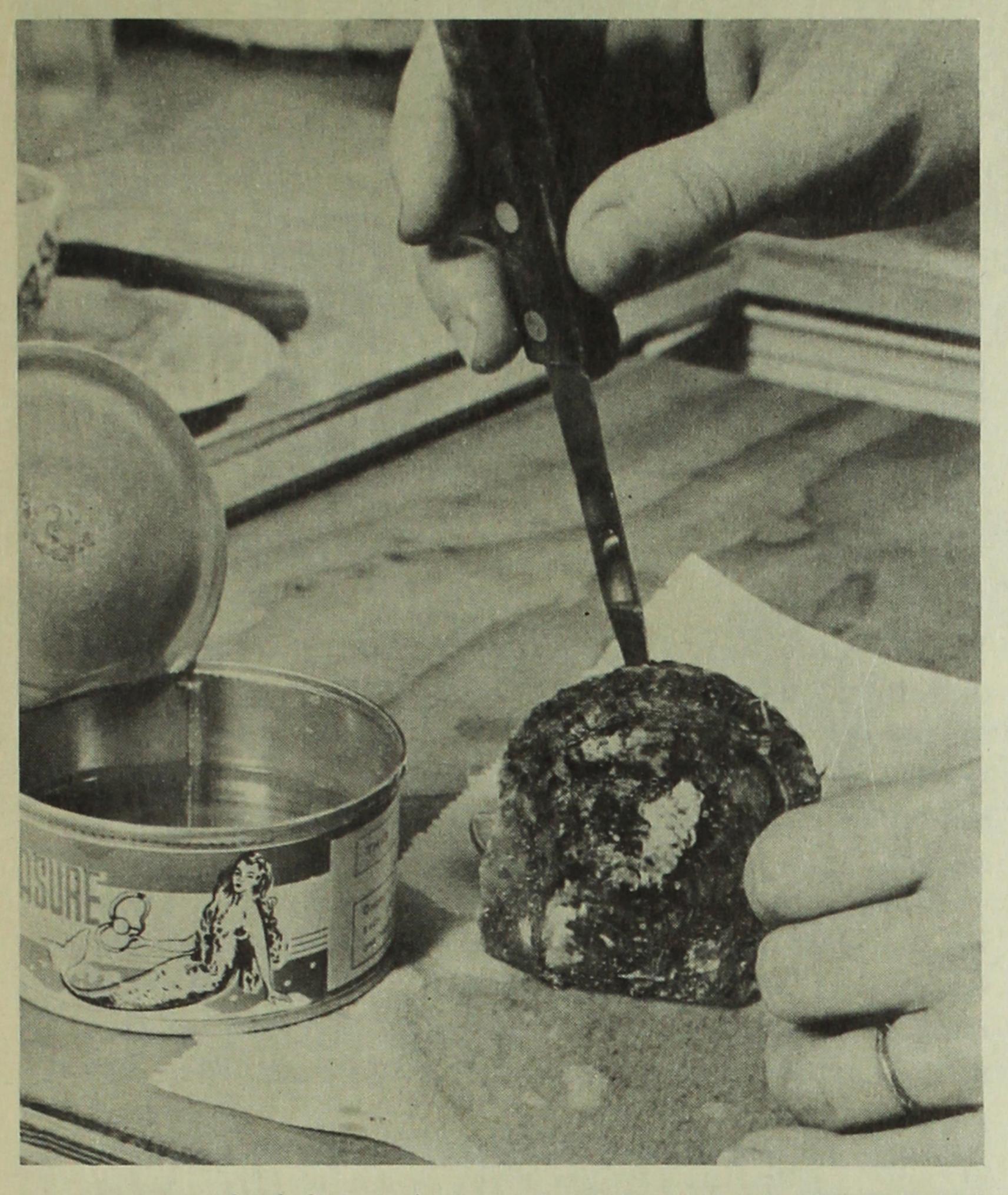
DEOPLE never completely outgrow the urge to pry open boxes, cans and whatnot to see what's inside. The urge is there even when there is advance knowledge of the contents. So it is that many recent American visitors to Japan are reaching for their can openers as soon as they get back home and unpack. Stimulus for this action is a popular open-and-see-for-yourself souvenir of their trip — a can, labeled "Deep Sea Treasure," in which is sealed an oyster in a shell in which, in turn, is a single shiny pearl. The oyster has to be opened with a knife and is not for eating. The pearl is the real stuff.



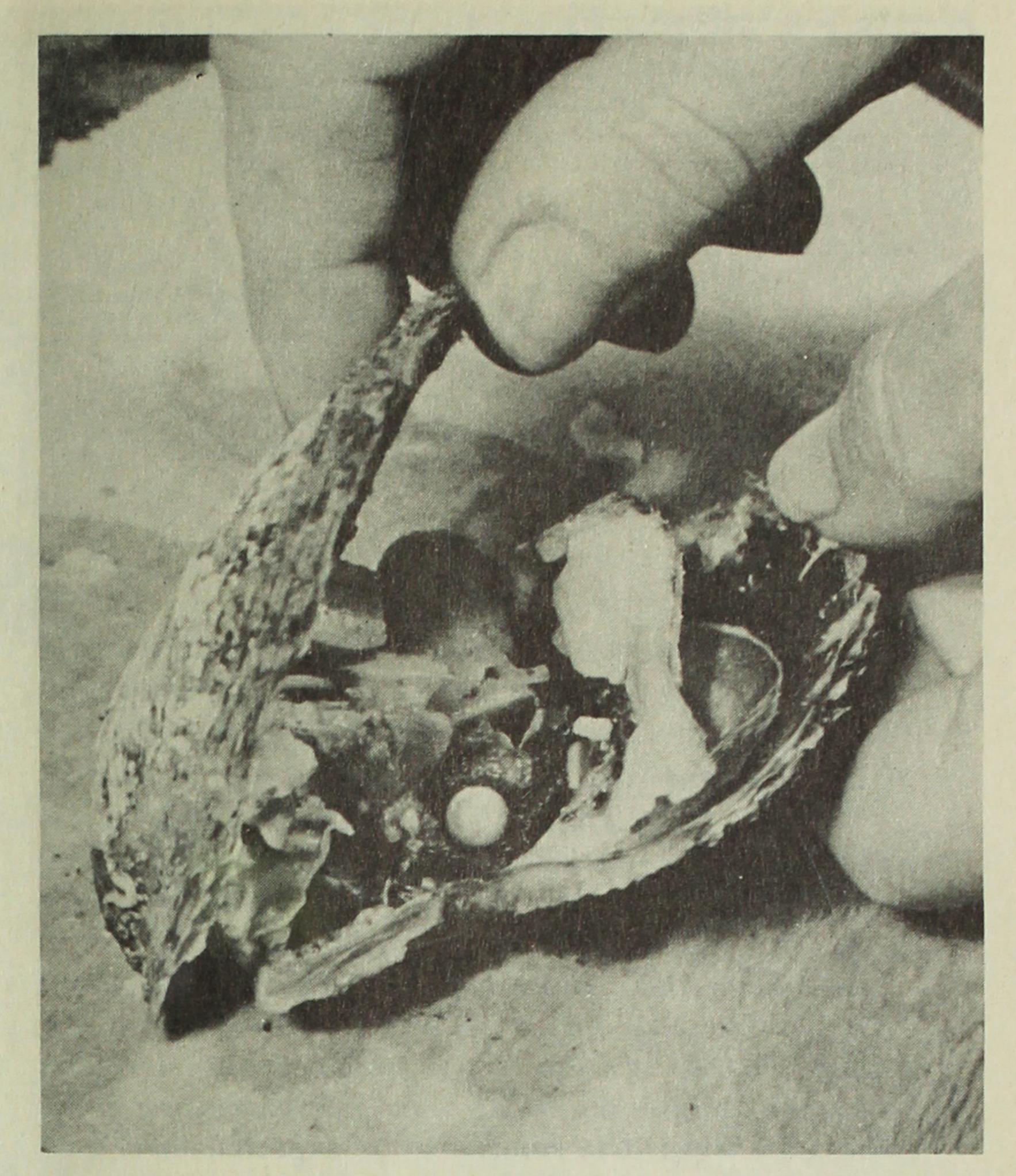
A real oyster in a hard, hard shell



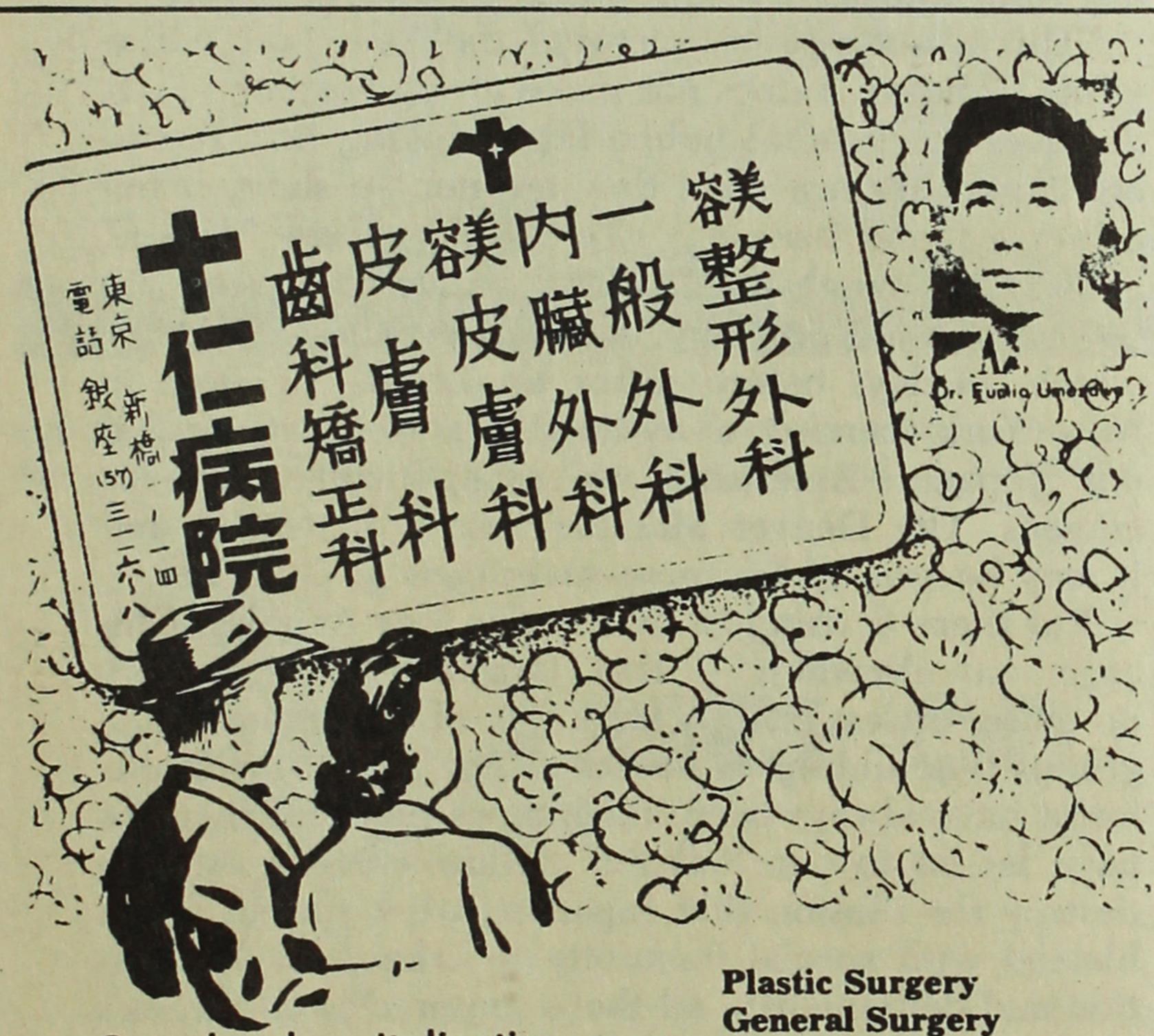
Photos by Powell Krueger



... which has to be pried open with a knife



... to get at the shiny, genuine pearl.



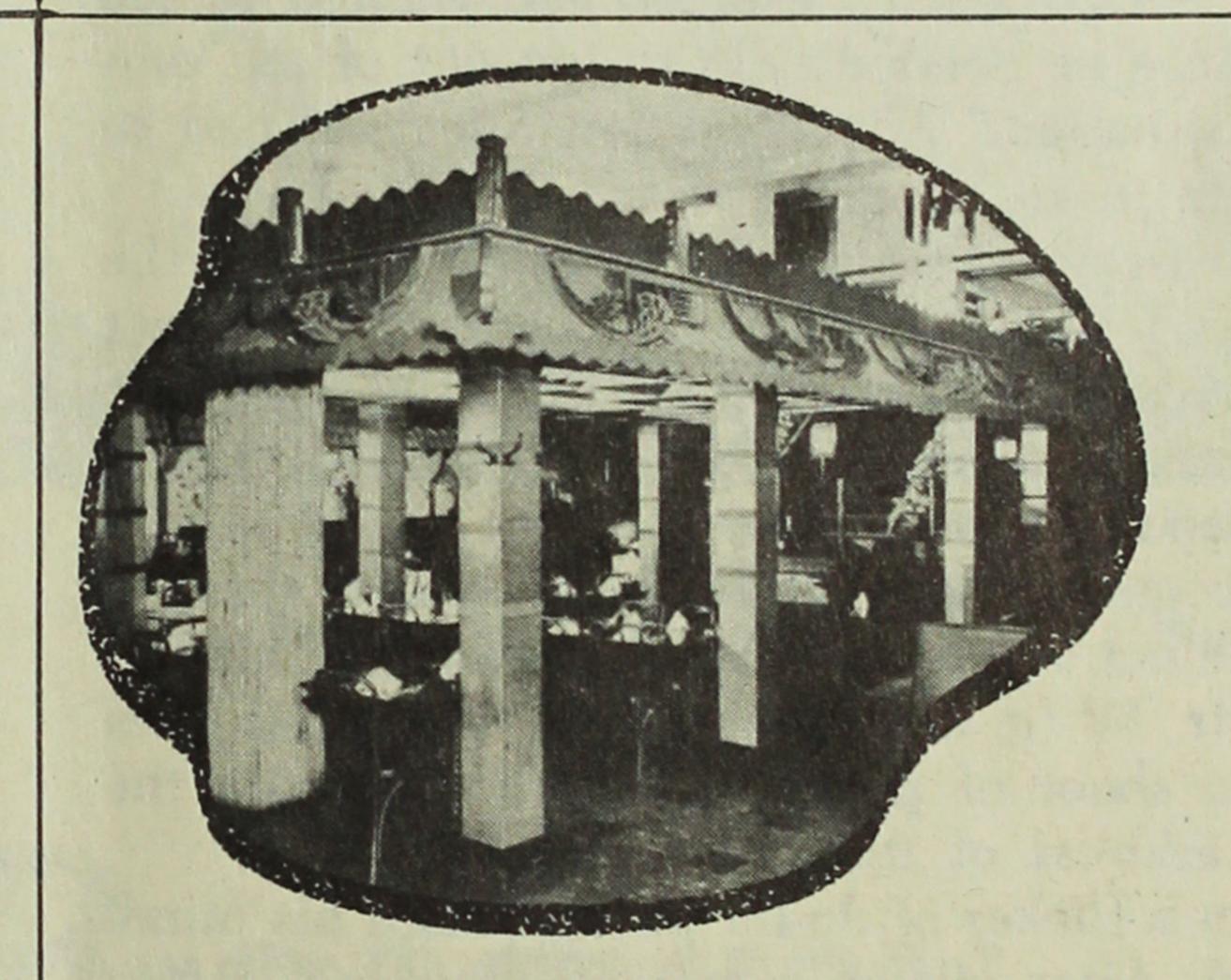
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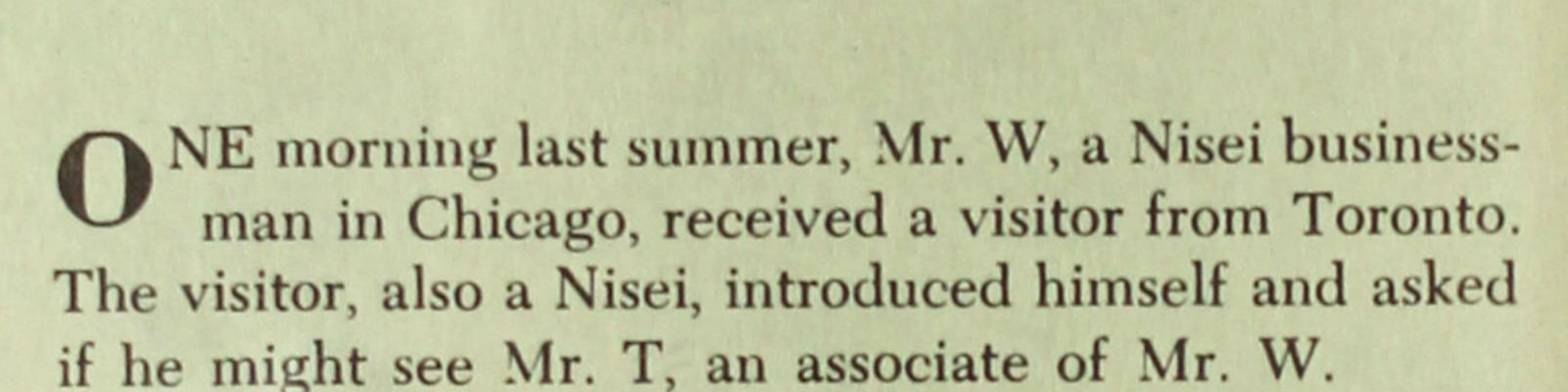
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Yes, we have some sinners



The man from Toronto — call him Mr. Slick — was told Mr. T was out of the office and wasn't expected back until after lunch. Mr. W and Mr. Slick politely exchanged regrets over this fact.

Mr. Slick then proceeded to work his "line" in earnest. Casually, and with evident fondness for the absent Mr. T, he inquired as to T's health, business activities, family, etc. With the same disarming casualness, he slipped in references to experiences shared with Mr. T in the past.

When Mr. W suggested that the visitor come back in the afternoon ("T will be happy to see you, I'm sure"), Mr. Slick revealed that he had wanted to see Mr. T because he needed help to get out of an "embarrassing situation." Also, said Mr. Slick, he had to catch a train in an hour.

The "embarrassing situation," he explained, was the result of his losing his wallet. He had tried without success to cash a personal check, and he knew no one in Chicago except Mr. T.

He was asking a lot, he went on, but would Mr. W please "get me out of this fix"? He added that he would make out a personal check to cover the amount asked of Mr. W (it turned out to be \$20), and then asked for a sheet of paper on which he wrote the name and address of the firm he worked for.

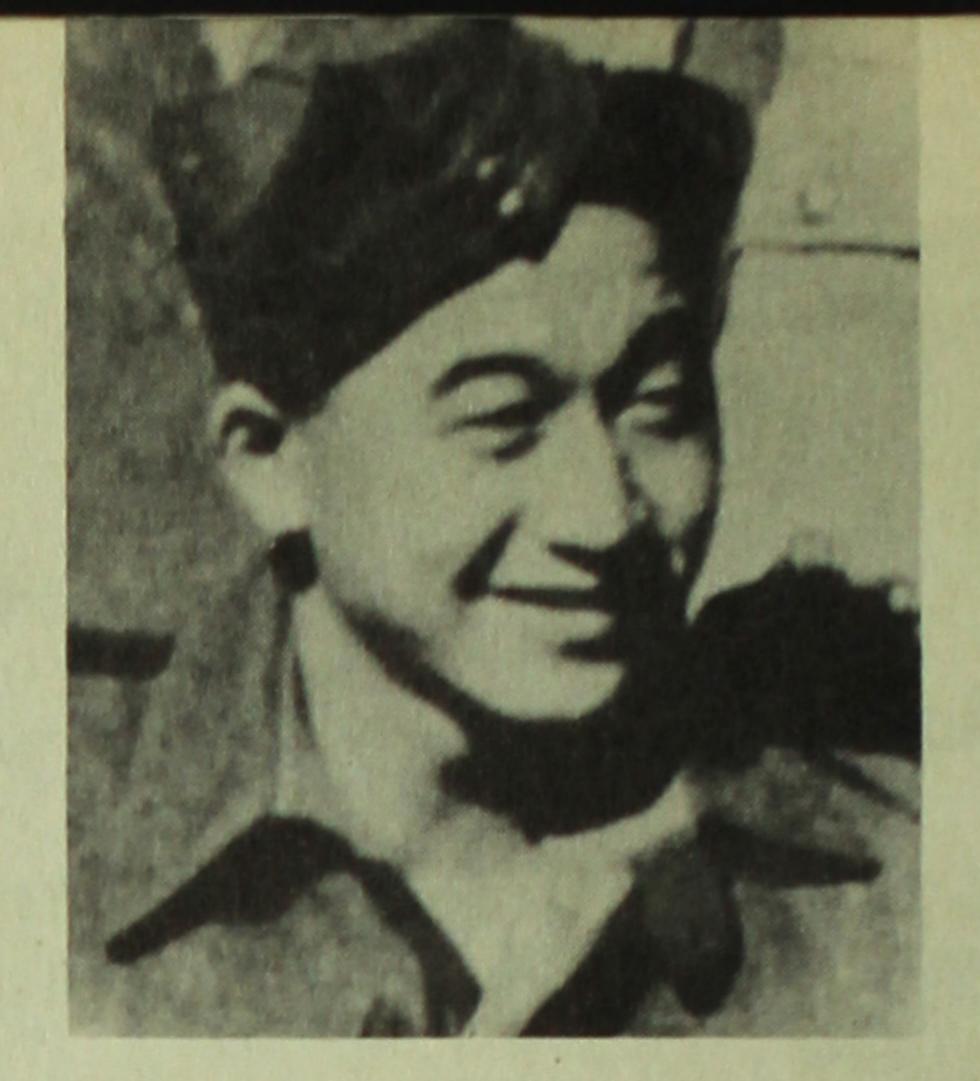
Mr. W let a flicker of doubt pass through his mind, and obliged. After all, he reasoned, it wasn't impossible for travelers to lose money, and it was hard to say no to a friend of Mr. T.

Mr. T, of course, had never heard of Mr. Slick. And in due time, Mr. Slick's check bounced.

Mr. Slick had worked the crudest, most elementary sort of "gomakashi." He was, to lift a term from the lexicon of crime, a small-time confidence man, and he had succeeded because it is hard for a Nisei to consider another Nisei a professional moocher.

Just before last Christmas, the same Mr. Slick staked out New York's Japanese-American community as his sucker preserve — and walked into trouble. He probably is not the first and only Nisei con man, but he is the first to be exposed by means of a photograph in a Japanese-American publication.

Using the same approach that got him \$20 from



"Mr. Slick"

Mr. W in Chicago last summer, Mr. Slick put his deft touch on a number of Nisei New Yorkers. The maximum touch was for \$70. Five of his victims alerted the English page of the Hokubei Shimpo, edited by Scene correspondent Tooru Kanazawa, and one of them produced a snapshot of Mr. Slick.

Printing the picture (reproduced here) of Mr. Slick in the uniform of the Canadian army, Kanazawa wrote that his paper was "breaking with the prewar custom of Japanese communities of covering up the misdemeanors and occasional felonies committed by its members."

What helped Kanazawa make his decision was a news story in Crossroads, the Los Angeles Nisei weekly, which reported that, in the 1949-1950 period, at least 48 Nisei had been arrested on charges ranging from murder to rape, burglary and gambling.

"This is not a pretty picture," the New York editor wrote. "Hiding it does not make it any prettier... It deceives the general public into thinking that Japanese Americans are what they are not. In short, it becomes a moral issue . . ." To which, we say "Amen."

Just how much the "general public" has been deceived was indicated by the Denver (Colo.) Monitor which, 14 days before editor Kanazawa cut loose in New York, carried a by-lined feature that singled out Japanese-Americans as exceptionally virtuous citizens. The Denver Monitor yarn is flattering, and it may be true of Japanese-Americans in Colorado.

But there is rising evidence — in Los Angeles, Chicago and elsewhere — that Japanese-Americans are no more, or less, saintly than any of the other ethnic groups that add up to America. The Mr. Slicks in our midst have always been much more plentiful than we have let on to our "hakujin" fellow citizens. And to destroy the illusion that Japanese are a special breed blessed with special immunity to crime, sin, temptation and delinquency, all that's required is one week's reading of the newspapers in Tokyo.

We do not go all the way with one sardonic Nisei who says that Nisei crime is just another sign of assimilation to American culture. We would like Nisei to have the lowest crime and delinquency rate in the country. Maybe, despite the exceptions that come to our attention, we do have a better-than-average record.

But for God's sake, let's stop pretending sin and error were invented for everyone but us.



Photo reproductions by Toge Fujihira

ON Sunday, January 28, 1912, the San Francisco Call's main feature story was about "a Rising Star from the land of the Rising

Sun" - Yoshin Sakurai. Sakurai, first Japanese Broadway actor, toured in Geo. M. Cohan's "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."

ssei on Broadway

By TOORU KANAZAWA

He was a better valet than cook - and a better actor than valet

WITH the importation of Japanese stage and screen stars and talk of bringing the Kabuki to New York brightening Schubert's Alley, the words of Broadway's first Japanese actor sound strangely prophetic today.

Forty-two years ago Yoshin Sakurai, making a personal hit in a minor role in George M. Cohan's long-run satire,

"Get Rich Quick Wallingford," said:

"If Japan likes your Shakespeare plays, and has them translated into Japanese and played by Japanese actors, why would not America go to see a Japanese play?"

Sakurai did not live to see this day — he died in 1951 — but with the interest that Americans are showing in the culture of Japan, it would not be surprising if he turned out to be a prophet.

When he came to America, acting was farthest from his mind. He had another dream, a dream he never fully realized. This ambition was to become a trainer of horses.

The drive burned like a flame in the boy Yoshi. When, as a grown man in New York, an unruly horse threw him and he arrived home in an ambulance, the flame never flickered.

"If some boys in Central Park had not thrown some stones," he said, "everything would have been all right."

The gentleness and patience that are innate in a lover of animals marked his character. He always had a pet around his home.

According to a friend, he was a conscientious, self-educated man, with an intellectual as well as moral honesty. The members of his family — he married an Irish girl, Bridget McCormick, and they had one daughter, Josephine — remember him as considerate and sensitive in his relations, whether it was with animals or human beings.

He was a soft touch for charity appeals, even at a sacrifice to himself and his family. His daughter recalls times when he would splurge. Dressed in their finest, the

whole family would go to the best restaurant and take a box seat at the theater. He was a lavish tipper, a habit he acquired from Cohan.

This was the man who appeared in Cohan's play on Broadway as Yosi, valet to Wallingford, the slick confidence man. He toured the country with a road show of the play for several years, starting with the winter of 1911-12.

He was more than a valet turned actor. He was a novelty who possessed acting ability, and he was given unusual coverage in the newspapers of the day. The favorable impression he created was noted by the critics, who reviewed his acting seriously and received his views on such subjects as the theater and American-Japanese relations with equal sympathy.

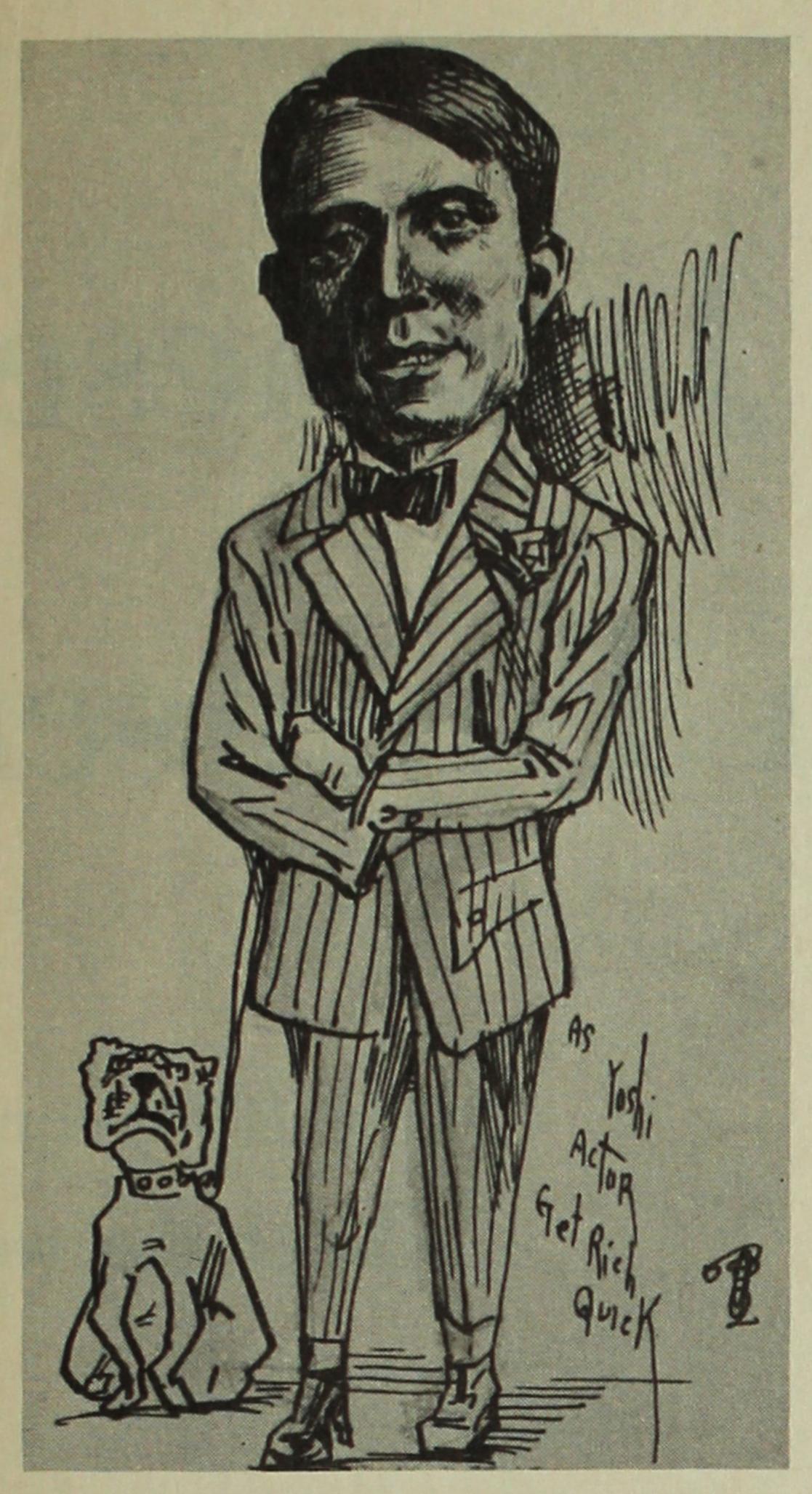
The illustrators, however, hammed it up. For one layout, Sakurai's head was drawn against a half-page spread of the rays of the Japanese flag. A smaller drawing portrayed him in full samurai dress, complete with swords, with a Japanese screen in the background. This was in keeping with the romantic conception Americans then had that any Japanese who won a measure of fame here was descended of samurai.

Sakurai actually was, but he wasn't one to belabor the fact. He had seen the deterioration that took place in the fortunes of samurai families, and his own was no excep-

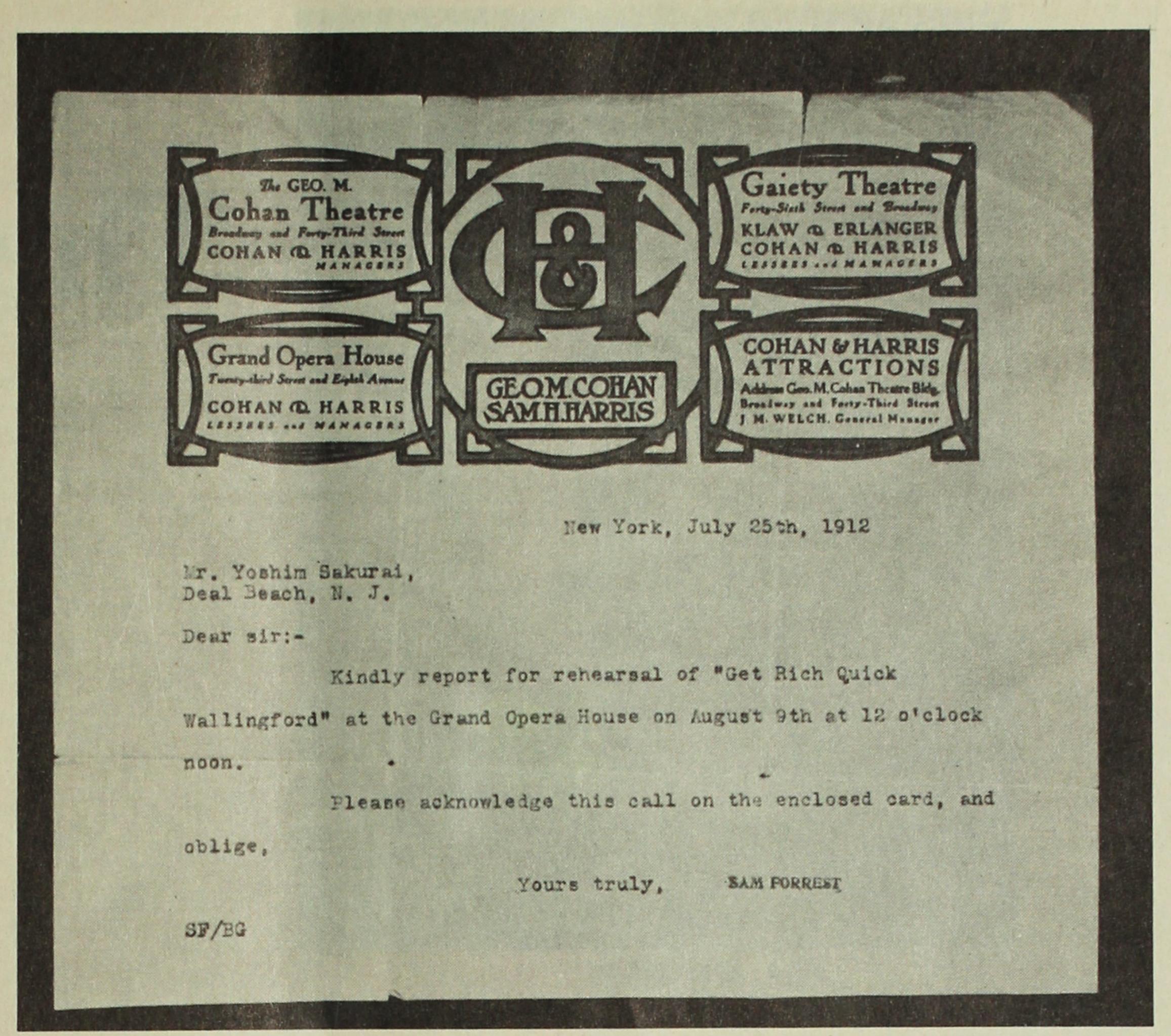


SAKURAI'S first ambition after arrival in U.S. was to become a trainer of horses. His plans were sidetracked when he became

Cohan's valet. But whenever he had a chance, he would drive a team or go horseback riding along bridle paths of Central Park.



CONTEMPORARY artist's caricature of Sakurai as a dapper Broadway figure.



MESSAGE from Cohan's casting director asked Sakurai to "Kindly report for rehearsal of 'Get Rich Quick Wallingford' at the Grand Opera House on August 9th at 12 o'clock noon."

tion. When he got a chance to be a secretary and interpreter for a delegation of Japanese merchants going to the United States, he seized it. There in the land of opportunities, he thought, he could become a trainer of horses.

When the Japanese businessmen left New York for London, Sakurai remained. Like many pioneer Issei, he took work as a domestic, eventually finding himself in the employ of Cohan. After a few meals, Cohan decided that Sakurai would make a better valet than a cook. And not long after that, Cohan's intuition told him that Sakurai would make a better actor than a valet.

One day in September, 1910, Cohan asked him, "Would you like to be an actor?"

Sakurai thought it over. On Japan's bamboo rialto, in Sakurai's belief, actors weren't as highly regarded as they were in America. What would his family and friends back home think? He decided against becoming an actor. Whereupon Cohan's mother, Mrs. Jerry Cohan, went to work on him. It is said that few could resist her persuasion. Sakurai wasn't one of them. He thus earned the distinction of becoming the first Japanese actor to appear on Broadway.

One critic said at the time: "What there is of it (acting) Yoshin does deftly and to the extent of his opportunities proves Cohan's judgment in turning him from a real valet to an actor of valets, to have been, as most Cohan judgments are, quite correct."

Sakurai signed a contract with Cohen and Harris for 25 dollars a week. Those were the days when a dollar was as large as a cartwheel.

He rated an entire front-page spread in a section of the San Francisco Call's Sunday edition of January 28, 1912. One critic wrote: "There is one modest actor who has scored an emphatic personal hit, in spite of the fact that he is playing his first engagement on any stage."

Sakurai was quoted as saying that he had studied Ibsen and Shakespeare, and pictured himself as appearing in a play about Japanese, to bring an understanding of the latter to these shores. And the man who could write such a play, Sakurai had no doubt, was Cohan. By a direct appeal to the emotions of the American people, Sakurai thought, a great deal could be done to allay racial prejudice.

On the subject of being an American, Sakurai had similarly strong convictions. "I am already much American," he said. "Papers - they are nothing. It is what you feel that is something. I feel that I am now American, and I do not care to go back to my own Japan, not for long time, anyway."

When one considers that these were exactly the sentiments expressed by President Roosevelt 30 years later, then Yoshin Sakurai must be regarded as a prophet who is with honor in the country of his adoption.



OKICHI Was she . . .

The Japanese in Townsen

After 100 years, about the wom

THE hottest of all variations on the eternally touching "Madam Butterfly" theme is the original one—the story of a tragic beauty named Okichi.

As a teen-age geisha, the prettiest and most talented in her town, she had a brief appointment with history. She then became a half-insane, half-paralyzed alcoholic. Finally, at age 49, she died with her lungs full of muddy river water and became a perpetually controversial legend.

Okichi's appointment with history—and the controversy—began in 1856. Townsend Harris, first United States consular official in Japan, had arrived in the drowsy port town of Shimoda in September. And one of the first things to be done to get U.S.-Japanese relations rolling was the employment of domestic help for the American consul-general and his staff.

Although not much more than 15, Okichi was pressed into service as a "lady attendant." The archives of Shimoda do not reveal what sort of services Harris got from his "lady attendant." Whatever they were, many of her townfolk thought the worst.

She was taunted as "Tojin Okichi" — "foreigner's Okichi" — and children were encouraged to stone her in Shimoda's streets. It was bad enough that she was staying in the home of a foreigner. It was worse (so her detractors said) that the foreigner was an "animal eater" — a meat eater.

Sympathetic people insisted Okichi was driven to drink and suicide by undeserved humiliation and persecution. The heirs of this kindly attitude erected a tomb, standing in Shimoda today, which extols the "sacrifices" made by Okichi in behalf of Japanese-U.S. friendship.

Shimoda, in fact, is studded with Okichi memorabilia. On display at temples where some of the first U.S.-Japanese diplomatic discussions took place are various items labeled as Okichi's personal belongings — hand mirrors, combs, a samisen, plectra, etc. A "sushi" shop called the "Ancho-

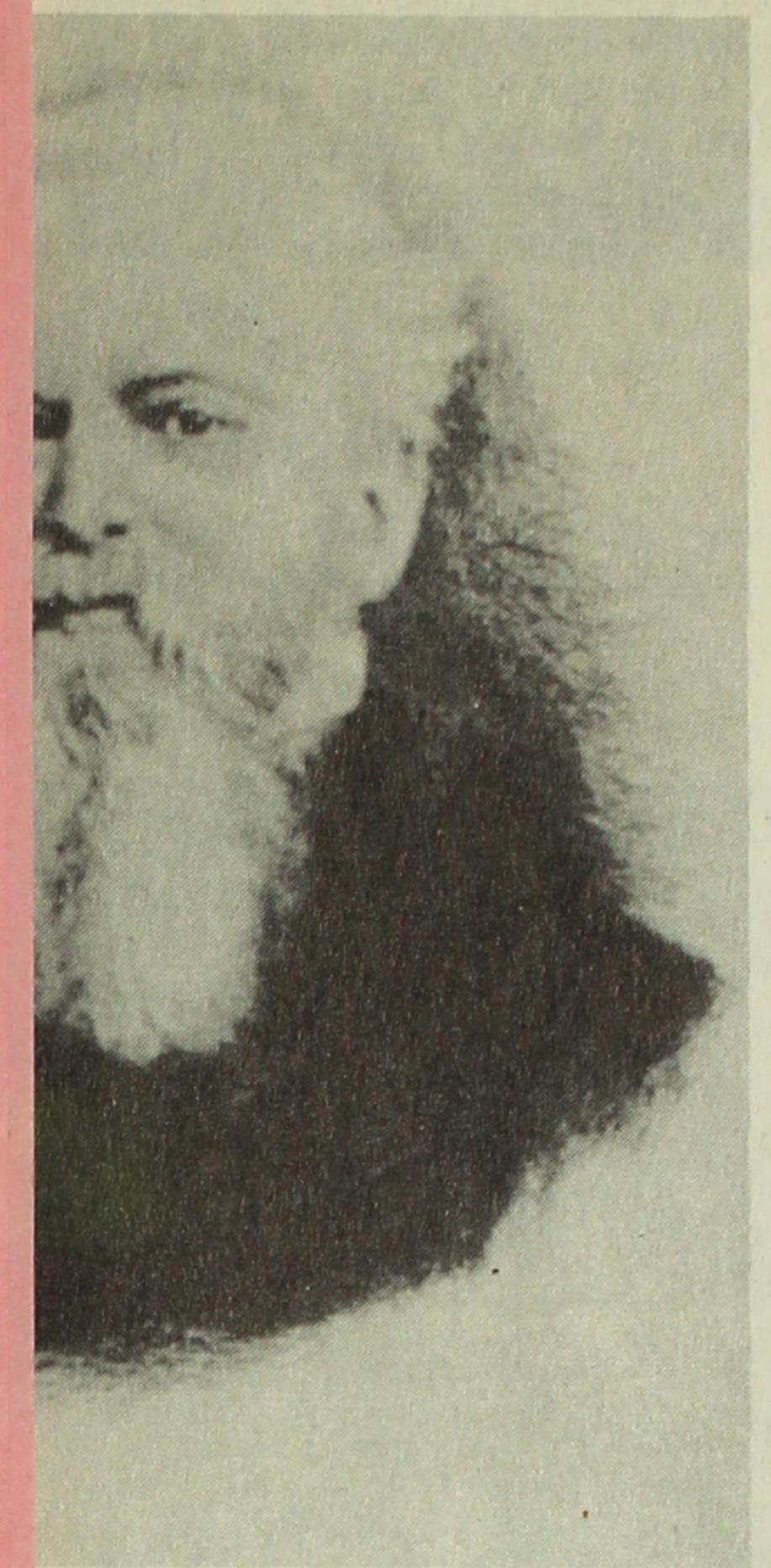
kuro" is advertised as the site of a geisha house operated by Okichi after she left the American consulate.

Most responsible for the image of Okichi as heroine was a writer named Shunsui Muramatsu. Up to his death in 1952, he devoted himself to digging up "facts" about Okichi.

His conclusion, briefly told, was that the girl at first resisted the offer of employment in Harris' household and that her resistance was finally broken down by two factors.

One was the reported fact that a high official humbled himself by dropping to the floor before her and pleading on hands and knees that she serve the American consul-general "for the sake of the country." The second thing that made Okichi change her mind, Muramatsu held, was that the girl's lover — fellow named Fukumatsu — was persuaded to give her up by an official offer to raise him, a lowly carpenter, to samurai status.

Another point developed by Muramatsu was that certain negotiations



WNSEND HARRIS
... his mistress?

Hajime Mori, an authority on Shimoda history, has said he was surprised to learn that some people consider the Okichi legend bad for U.S.-Japan friendship. A historian definitely in favor of looking at these matters from a hearts-and-flowers viewpoint, he said:

"We consider it another international romance. Why should it be harmful?"

Mori's view must be weighed against the fact that he is head of the Shimoda Tourist Association. Even so, it's hard not to agree with him that the Okichi story has done nothing to damage relations between America and Japan. If anything, it has added a spicy, if minor, footnote to history—and will spike many a conversation on both sides of the Pacific for at least another hundred years.

Meanwhile, at Okichi's tomb in the grounds of the Hofukuji shrine, incense lighted to her memory by compassionate visitors never ceases to burn.

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Okichi, they sneer, was not even a geisha, but a lowest-grade prostitute who was hired by Harris' interpreter without Harris' knowledge of her background. They add that her eventual insanity was caused, not by sticks and stones wielded by persecutors, but by the ravages of a venereal disease.

Among the living who have spoken for the anti-Okichi forces is a 53-year-

help in settling the controversy that's been boiling for a century. His diary makes no mention of Okichi — or of any other woman. Anti-Okichi partisans have always cited this to defend Harris, but it never has impressed the other side.

As one spokesman for the "other side" put it, "What person in public office would write about affairs of the heart in his official diary?"

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Shimoda, in fact, is studded with temples where some of the first U.S.-Japanese diplomatic discussions took mirrors, combs, a samisen, plectra;

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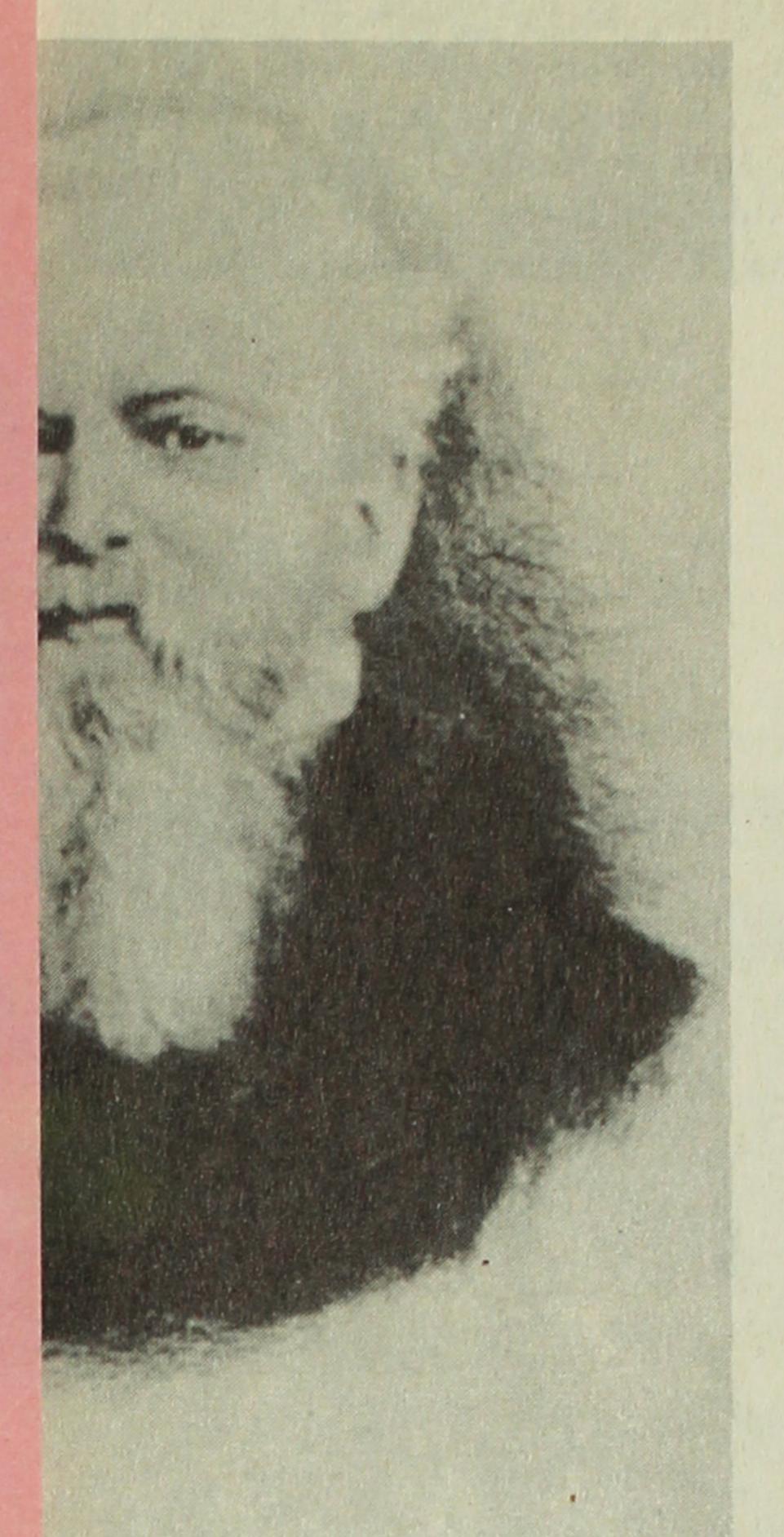
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Mori's view must be weighed against the fact that he is head of the Shimoda Tourist Association. Even so, it's hard not to agree with him that the Okichi story has done nothing to damage relations between America and Japan. If anything, it has added a spicy, if minor, footnote to history - and will spike many a conversation on both sides of the Pacific for at least another hundred years.

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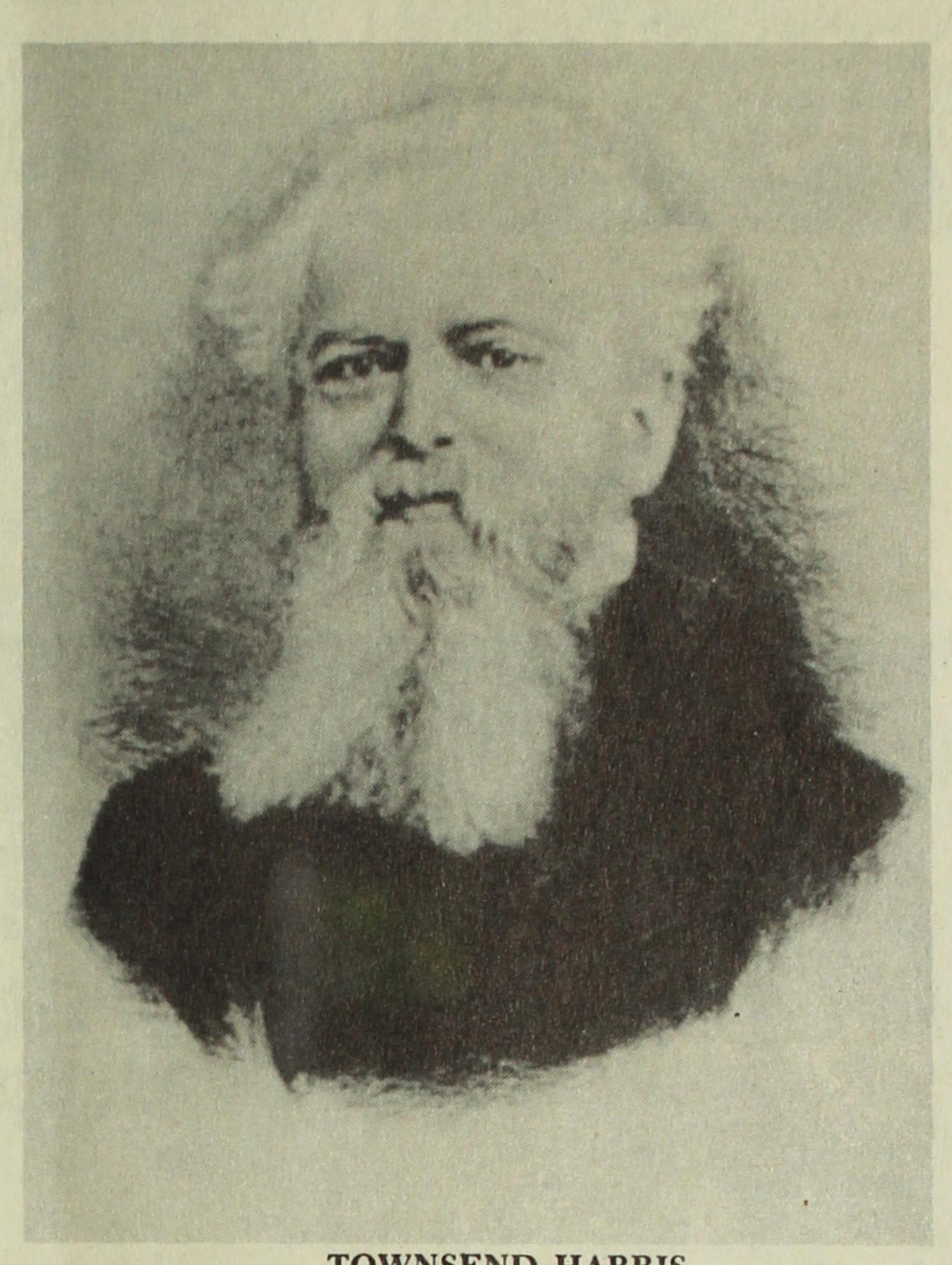
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lady attendant's life

ey're still arguing named Okichi



TOWNSEND HARRIS
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between Harris and the Shogunate were not getting anywhere. One time, the writer said, Harris lost his temper and threw an ash tray at a Japanese official on the other side of the conference table. Harris, according to the Muramatsu version, became more manageable only when the lovely Okichi was brought around.

The pro-Okichi point of view championed by Muramatsu has been, and still is, violently contested by a group which maintains that the entire Okichi legend is pure fiction. This group is merciless in attacking Okichi and defending Harris.

Okichi, they sneer, was not even a geisha, but a lowest-grade prostitute who was hired by Harris' interpreter without Harris' knowledge of her background. They add that her eventual insanity was caused, not by sticks and stones wielded by persecutors, but by the ravages of a venereal disease.

Among the living who have spoken for the anti-Okichi forces is a 53-year-

old Tokyo restaurant operator named Ishikawa claiming to be the sole surviving great grandson of Sinjiro Isa, the Shimoda commissioner who drew the job of persuading Okichi to serve the Americans.

Interviewed by the press last summer, when the Perry Centennial celebrations revived the Okichi legend, Ishikawa scoffed at the 100-year-old controversy as a "cock-and-bull tale" made up by romantic writers and kept alive as a "tourist attraction" for the town of Shimoda.

Townsend Harris himself is of no help in settling the controversy that's been boiling for a century. His diary makes no mention of Okichi — or of any other woman. Anti-Okichi partisans have always cited this to defend Harris, but it never has impressed the other side.

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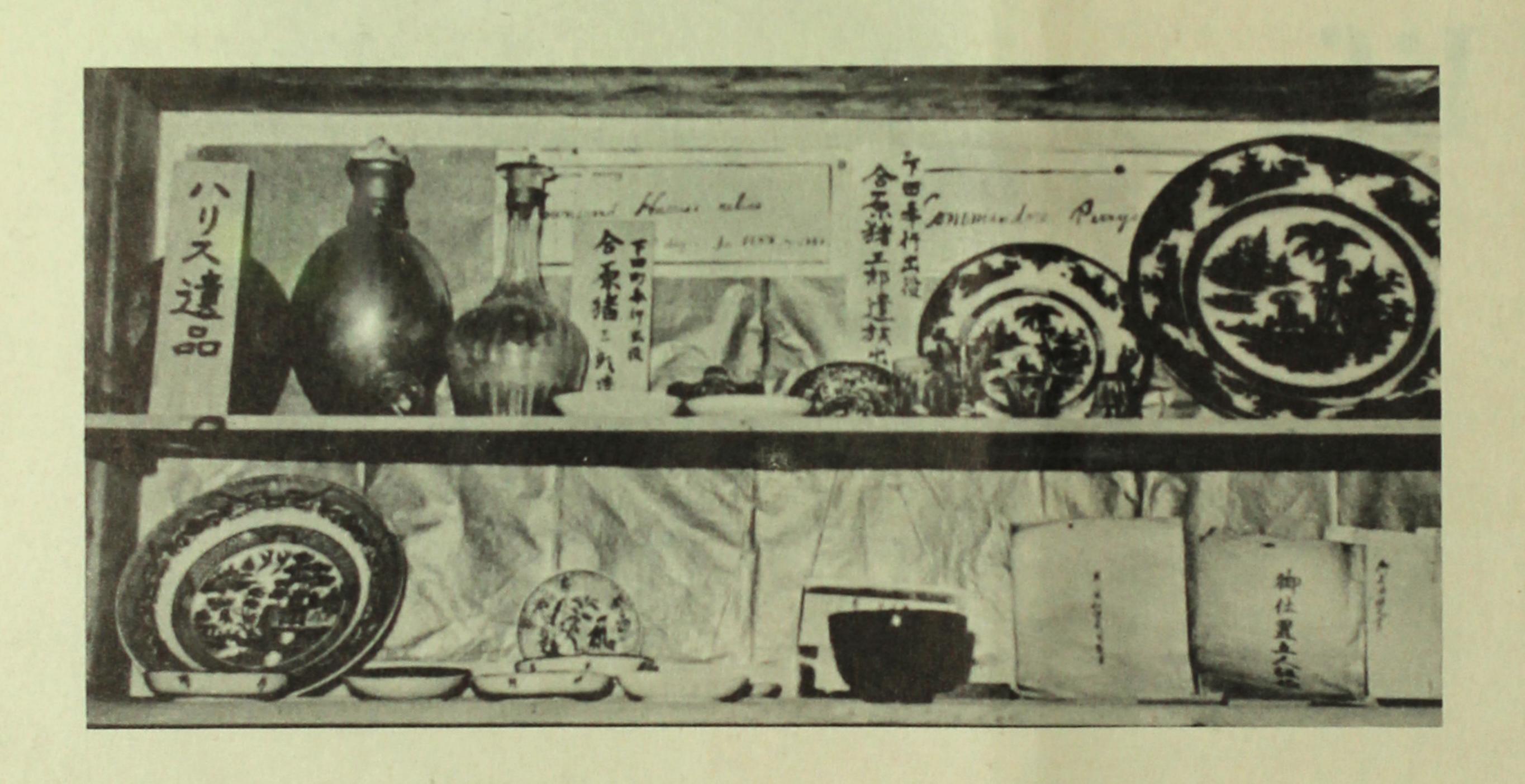
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TOWN of Shimoda, home of the Harris-Okichi legend, keeps it alive by displaying supposedly personal belongings of the principals. Immediately below are dishes and decanters presumably used by Harris and Commodore Perry. Bottom: Some Okichi effects.

ペリー來航による日本開國百年の歷史を顧みるとき、當時の幕府の政策の犠牲となり、初代ハリス米領事の侍女として、愛人鶴松との仲を割かれ、十七才の少女時代から敷育な運命にもて遊ばれ、四十九才で入水自殺するまでのお言の生涯を無視することは出來ない。安政四年、(1857年)頃の日本は、まだ外人を牛や豚を食べる毛唐人と稱して、蛇蝎の如く嫌惡した時代であるから、その妾となつたお言が、どのような惡 罵 嘲 笑 の中に明け暮れしたか分らなかつ

た。普通の女だつたら恐らく堪えられなかつた 生活であろうが、稀にみる氣性の勝つた女であ つたればこそ、この生活に堪えられたのである が、それでも淋しさをまぎらす自薬酒は、つい に彼女を十九才にして酒のために發狂せしめた ほどである。爾來度々この發作は起つたよう だ。今日で云うアル中であろう。日本の運命の 一端を、十七才の少女の肩に負つた可憐なお吉 の姿を想ふとき、しみじみした哀愁をおぼえず にはおられない。

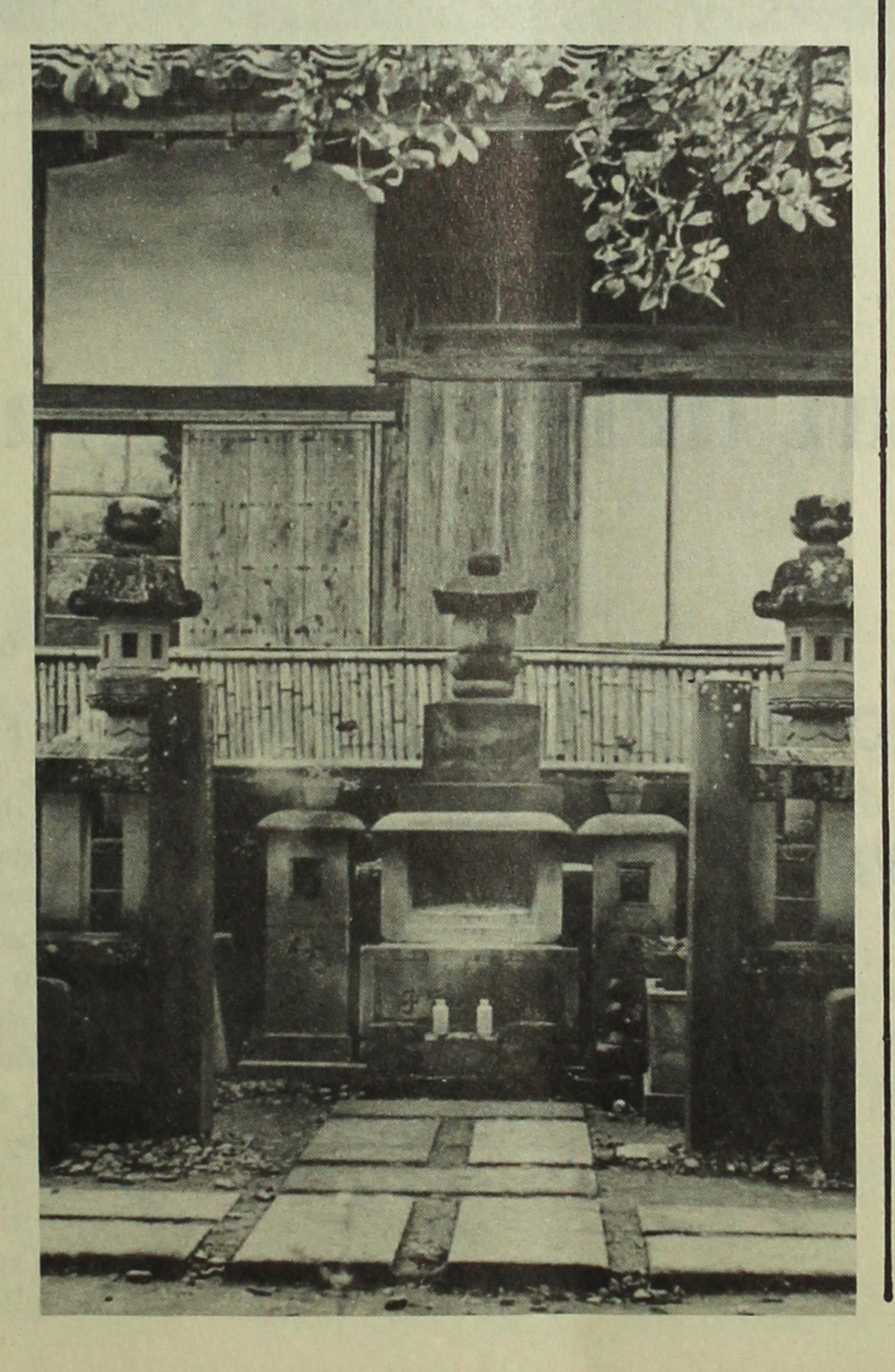






下田港を背景としたハリス領事の愛人唐人お吉の姿、彼女十八才の似額で、生前着用の長襦袢の實物を着ている。その横の乘物は下田宝福寺出品のお吉生前使用のものである。江戸末期の風俗である。

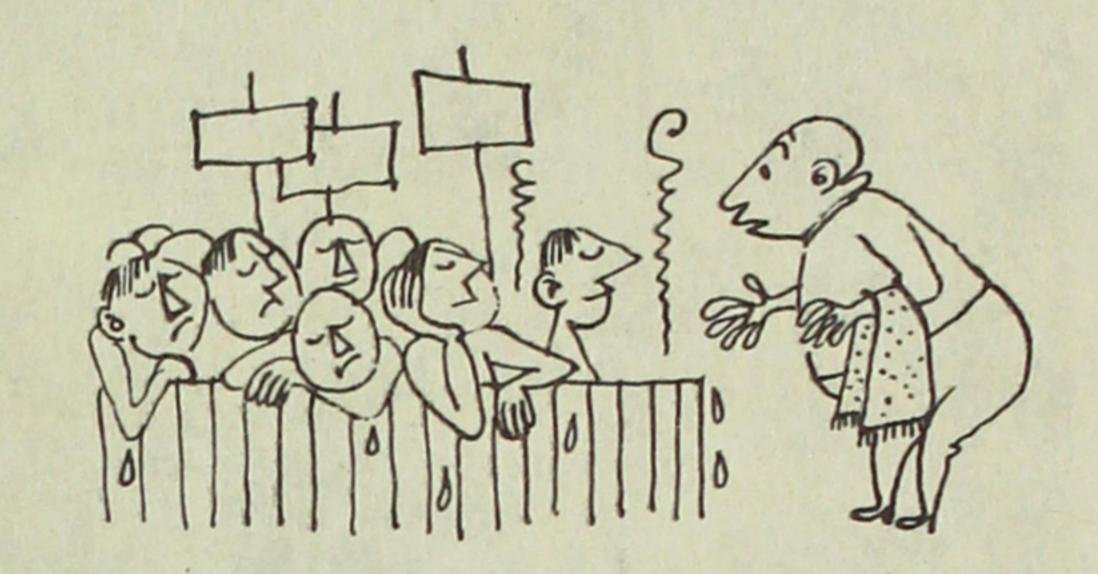
FIGURE in above photo is a representation of Okichi as she looked at 18. Rather battered object at left is a palanquin said to have been used by her. At right, Okichi's final resting place.



JAPONI(A

'SOAK-IN' STRIKERS

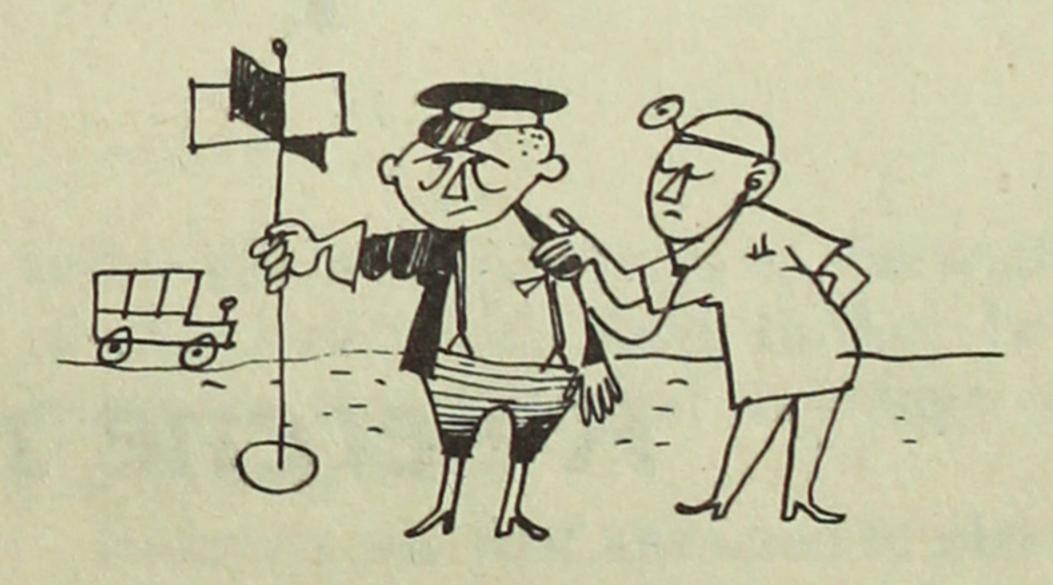
Usually, there's not much splashing in a public bathhouse until evening. So the operator of the Osaka establishment was pleasantly surprised when a steady stream of customers — about 150 men — began sliding into his big, hot community tub as soon as he opened for the day. Around lunch time, he began noticing that none of his early morning bathers were leaving. It was



odd. Was it some holiday he didn't know about? He asked some of his customers — and found out all of them were union men determined to stick out a "soak-in" strike to back a wage demand he had rejected.

FLAT FEET PLUS

Revealed by Tokyo's health department in December: Of the city's 26,000 policemen a thousand are on sick leave and another 3,000 are under medical care while on duty. Ten per cent of the total force are suffering from TB, 20 per cent have high blood pressure, 15 per cent are undernourished and 12 per cent are plagued with fallen arches and poor blood circulation.



Authorities explained: "The nervous strain of handling prisoners and criminals accounts for the prevalence of high blood pressure and the suspected heavy incidence of neuroses among members of the force."

RESOLVED TO BE RESOLVED

In Niigata, an office girls' union adopted a resolution against working after hours as substitute geisha girls at parties tossed by their bosses. Then they passed another resolution to set up a program for teaching themselves how to work up the courage to back up the first resolution.



HIS intriguing Driftwood Shop in downtown San Francisco is half-hobby, half-business to Tatsuo Ishimoto.

The shop that driftwood made

A serene nook in downtown San Francisco

By Jobo Nakamura

IN the Far West in recent years, the most 'chic' and 'advanced' among interior decorators and home beauty writers have dedicated themselves to the proposition that all people of good taste ought to travel a straight path to Tatsuo Ishimoto's little Sutter street shop in downtown San Francisco.

Ishimoto's intriguing Driftwood Shop is a half-hobby, half-business enterprise that assures all visitors that here is where one man is making a living without hitting you in the face with the spirit of commerce. His wares are delightful and abundant evidence



THE shop's commodities are gathered along beaches, at edges of forests and in the deserts of the Southwest.

that art and beauty may be found and resurrected even in nature's cast-offs.

Ishimoto's chief commodities are sundry pieces of driftwood that were shaped in such a manner that they remind you right off of modern abstract sculpture. Supplementary attractions are various flowers and sundried plants which, singly or in arranged combination with driftwood, become table or shelf decorations of truly arresting beauty.

Ishimoto gathers his driftwood specimens, abandoned by nature, on California's plentiful beaches, at the edges of forests and in the deserts of the Southwest. For his dried plants, he organizes expeditions to remote

stream beds in the Sierras and arid low country where certain hardy types of flora rise to the sun with a minimum of liquid nourishment.

Author of a book, "The Art of Driftwood and Dried Arrangements" (Crown Publishers), and of an earlier volume on flower arrangement, Ishimoto and his interest in the esthetics of driftwood and dried plants are "symbolic of the increasing close alliance between exterior setting and interior in contemporary decor."

In addition to his Driftwood Shop, Ishimoto runs a commercial photography studio and does art photography for a number of Bay Area advertising agencies. And several oil and water-color paintings on the walls of the Driftwood Shop further bespeak his versatility and the range of his interest in art.

Ishimoto was first attracted to plant arrangement when he was introduced, as a lad of 15 in Seattle, to the Japanese art of cultivating dwarf trees and plants ("bonsai"). He got a formal art education in San Francisco and then, after army service along the Alcan highway, took off for New York to study photography.

His interest in plant arrangement wasn't revived until 1948, when he moved back to the West Coast, and it has stayed with him since — to his emotional, artistic and financial profit.

Chicago ADVERTISERS









DRIED plants and flowers, can be made into attractive arrangements for the living room. Ishimoto tells how in his book, "The Art of Driftwood and Dried Arrangements."



IN addition to Driftwood Shop, Ishimoto runs a commercial photography studio. He also paints in oil and water-color and has thought well enough of some of his canvasses to hang them in his shop.



HE may not look comfortable, but Tokyo photographer Fujio Matsugi had lots of fun in Honolulu. Turn the page and see why . . .

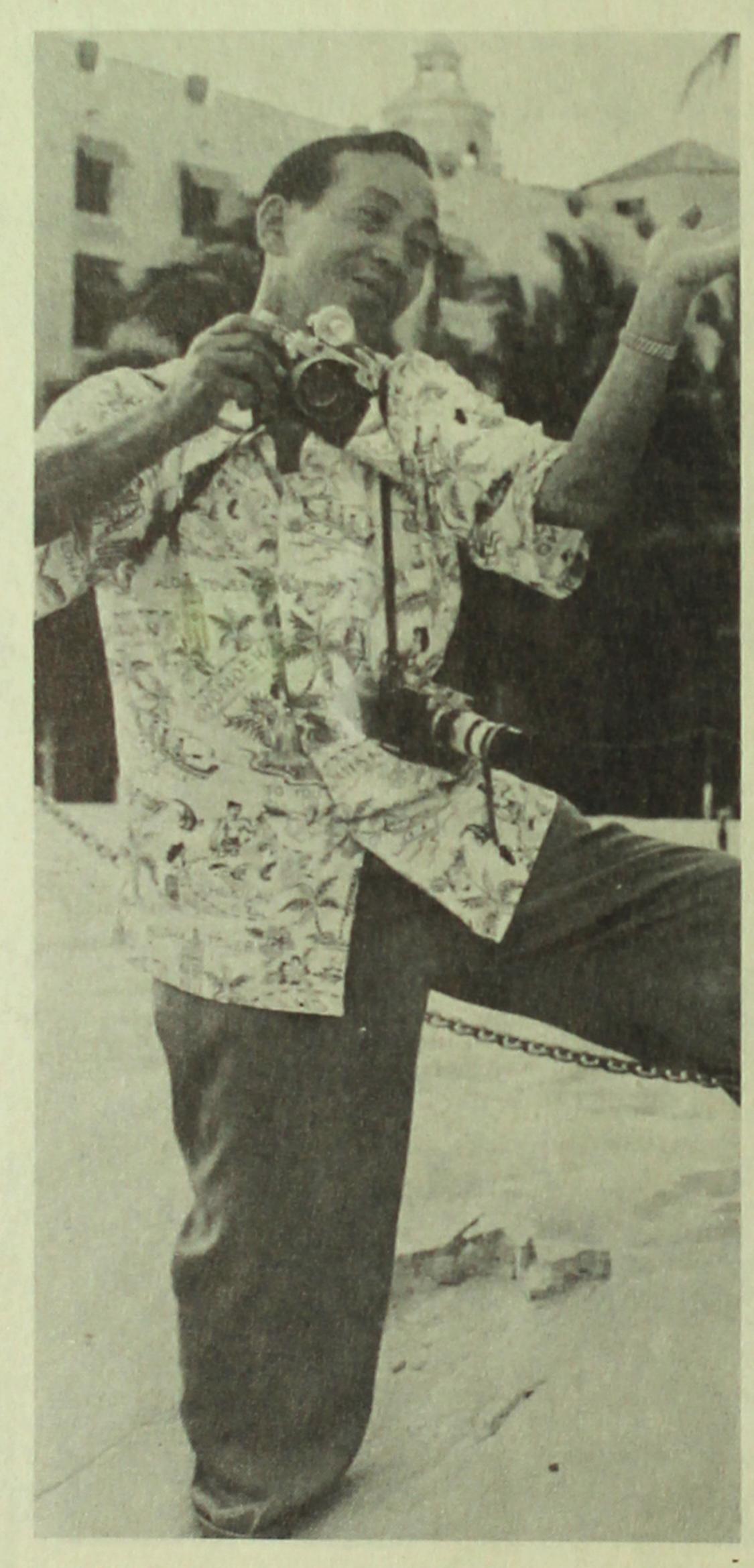
Subject: Cheesecake Setting: Waikiki

Photos by R. Wenkam

TOURISTS on famed Waikiki beach — and more permanent beachcombers, as well — are used to seeing camera bugs run wild on its inviting expanse of white sand. But they never before saw one like Fujio Matsugi.

As a Tokyo free-lancer whose devotion to picture taking can be described as nothing less than fanatic, Matsugi won a contest co-sponsored by Japan's Mainichi newspapers and the makers of one of Japan's classiest cameras, the Canon. His reward was a trip to Hawaii.

His photographic vacation, originally scheduled for two weeks, was



MATSUGI, who doesn't speak English, was all gestures and gyrations as he persuaded bathing-suited lovelies to be his camera subjects at Waikiki.



POSE held by Lily Arakiki was set up by Matsugi - and exploited by Scene's R. Wenkam.

stretched out over five weeks. In that time he snapped a conservatively-estimated 5,000 black-and-white photographs and some 500 in color.

Matsugi spoke no more English when he left than on his arrival — mostly because he has scant use for the spoken word, regardless of what language it may belong to. For his work, which in his case is almost synonymous with life, all he needs

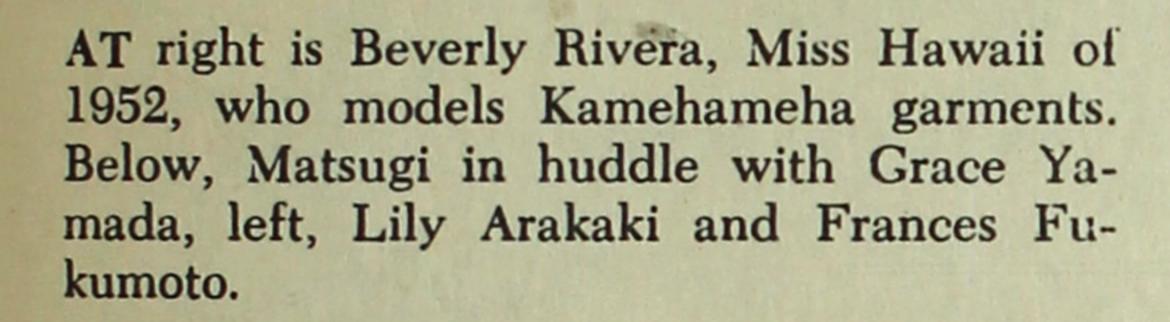
and all he employs are eyes that can instantaneously frame a pictorial segment of nature, a smile that is amazingly expressive (despite, or maybe because of, bad teeth) and freewheeling gestures that never fail to convey what he wants to his human subjects.

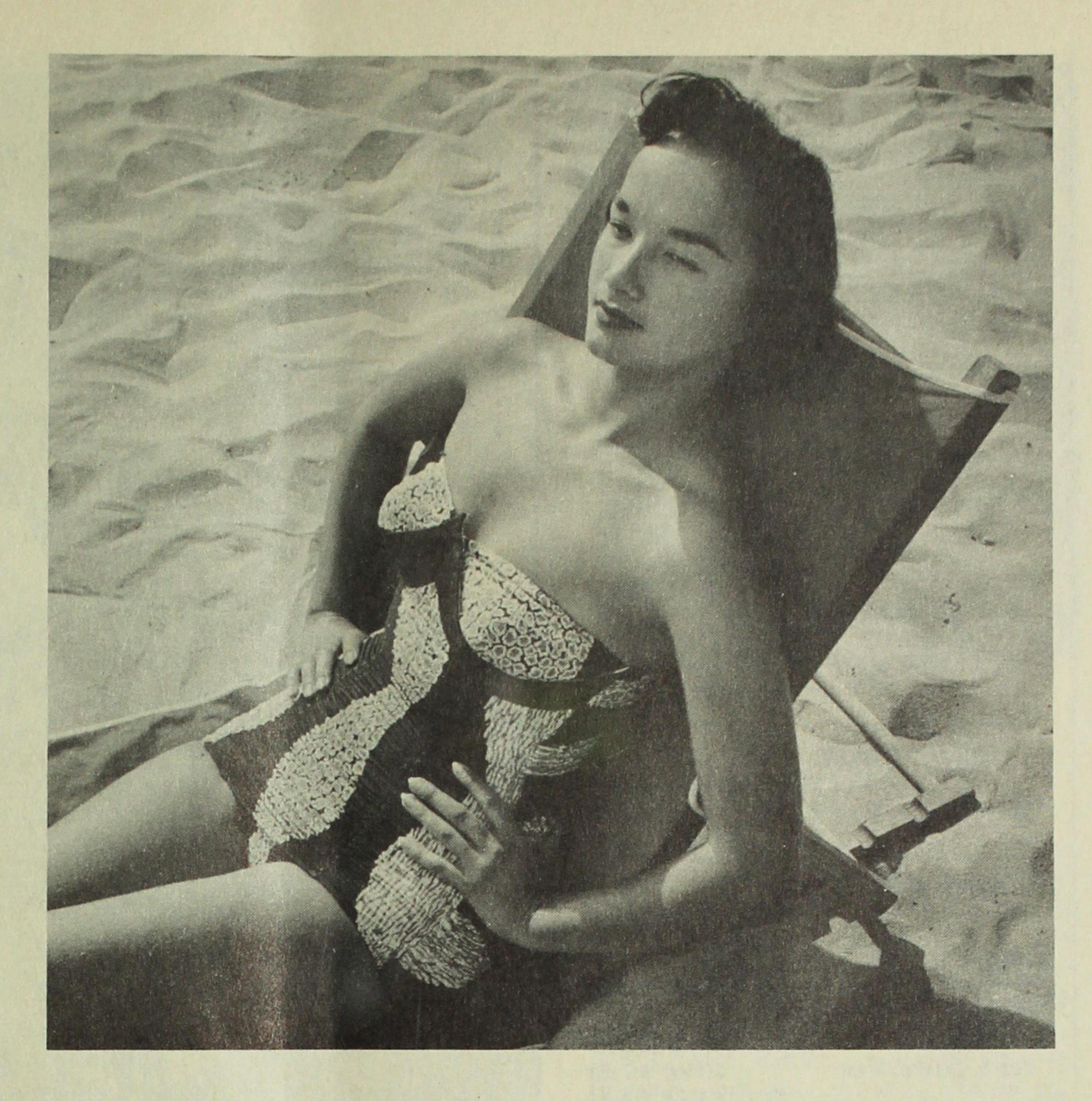
Through his interpreter-companion, Laurence Hata of Honolulu, Matsugi let it be known that he started his career as a Leica devotee, switched to a Rolleicord and settled down to business with the Canon.

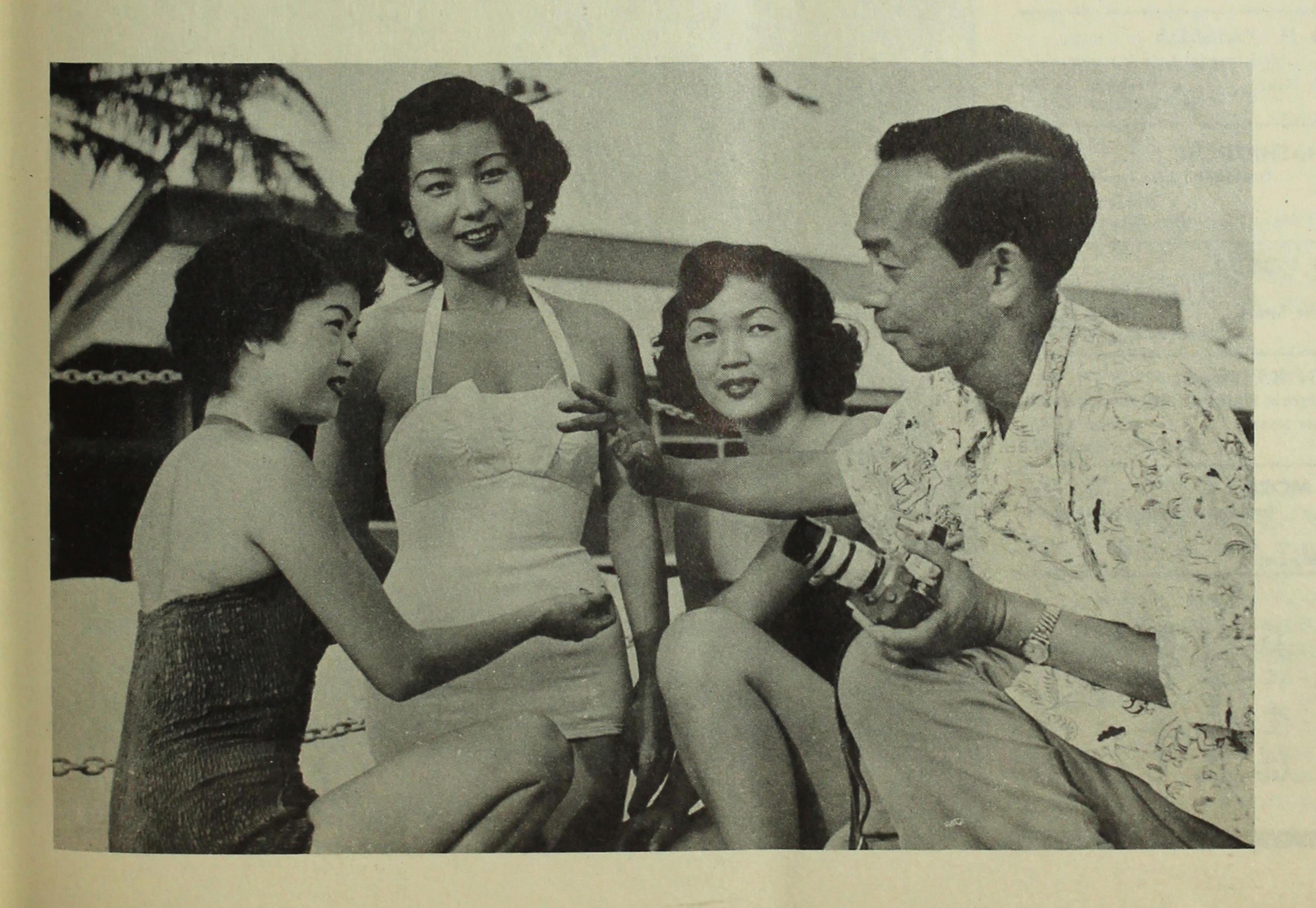
He handles his 35-millimeter camera with what appears to be wild abandon. Actually, of course, the complicated gyrations his body goes through to fix the right angle for a shot are expressive evidence of the rigorous demands that only a master craftsman would place upon himself.

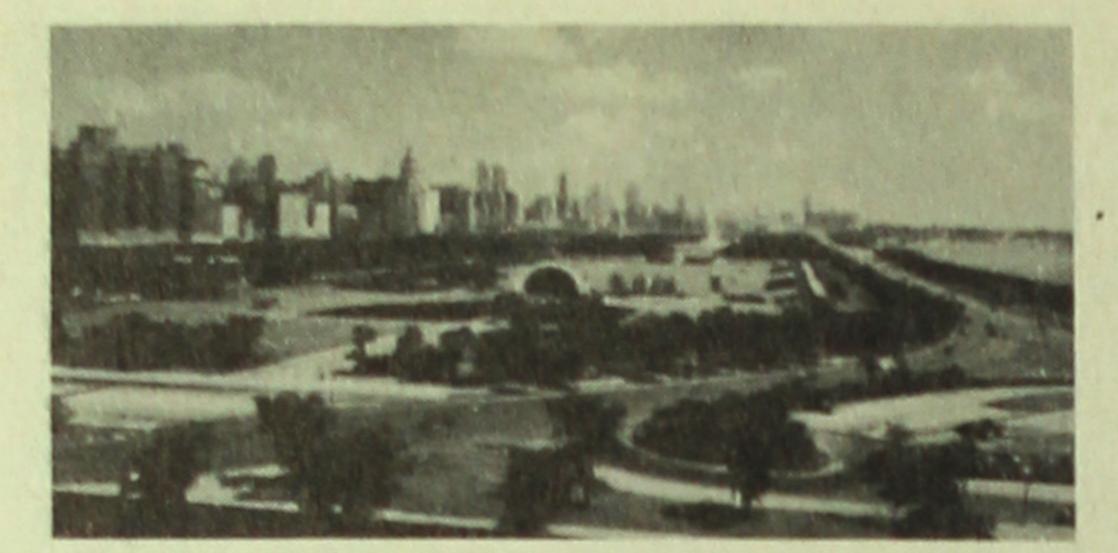
Interpreter Hata, a photographer himself, ran proofs on some of Matsugi's Hawaiian shots and found it impossible — or unnecessary — to crop the Tokyo expert's pictures because the composition was so perfect or nearly perfect.

People whose interest in photography is less technical will cheer Matsugi's admission that feminine beauty is his favorite subject. Scene's own photographer, R. Wenkam, caught Matsugi in action at Waikiki. And since he, too, holds no prejudices against pulchritude in a bathing suit, Wenkam also shot some samples of what Matsugi liked most about his Honolulu visit.









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ANOTHER pose by Matsugi, this time of Frances Fukumoto.



SHE might not win raves in a bathing suit, but - with her expansiveness and with her toe peeking out from under her Mother Hubbard - she was irresistible to Matsugi.

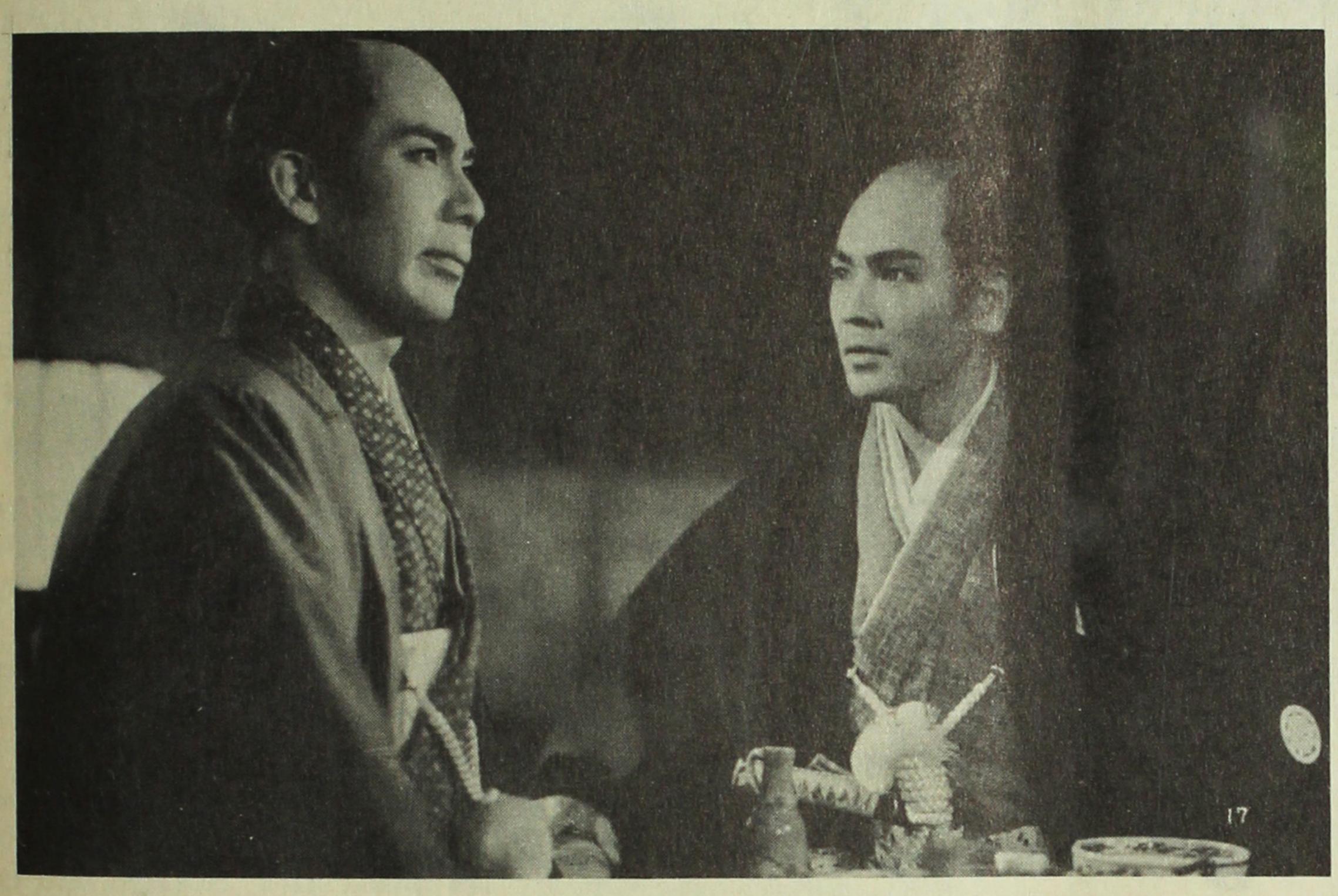
Japanese Movies Despies

HANA-NO-SHOGAI

"Life of a Flower" primarily is a historical review of the trials which accompanied the opening of Japan to the western world a century ago. Birth pains of the era are depicted within the lifespan of a girl (played by Chikei Awajima) who provides the

movie's love interest with Kokichi Takata, right. This 19th century panorama cost Shochiku Studios 120 million yen to produce.

(Below) Lord Ina, left, staunch advocate of the open-door policy, and fellow administrator.



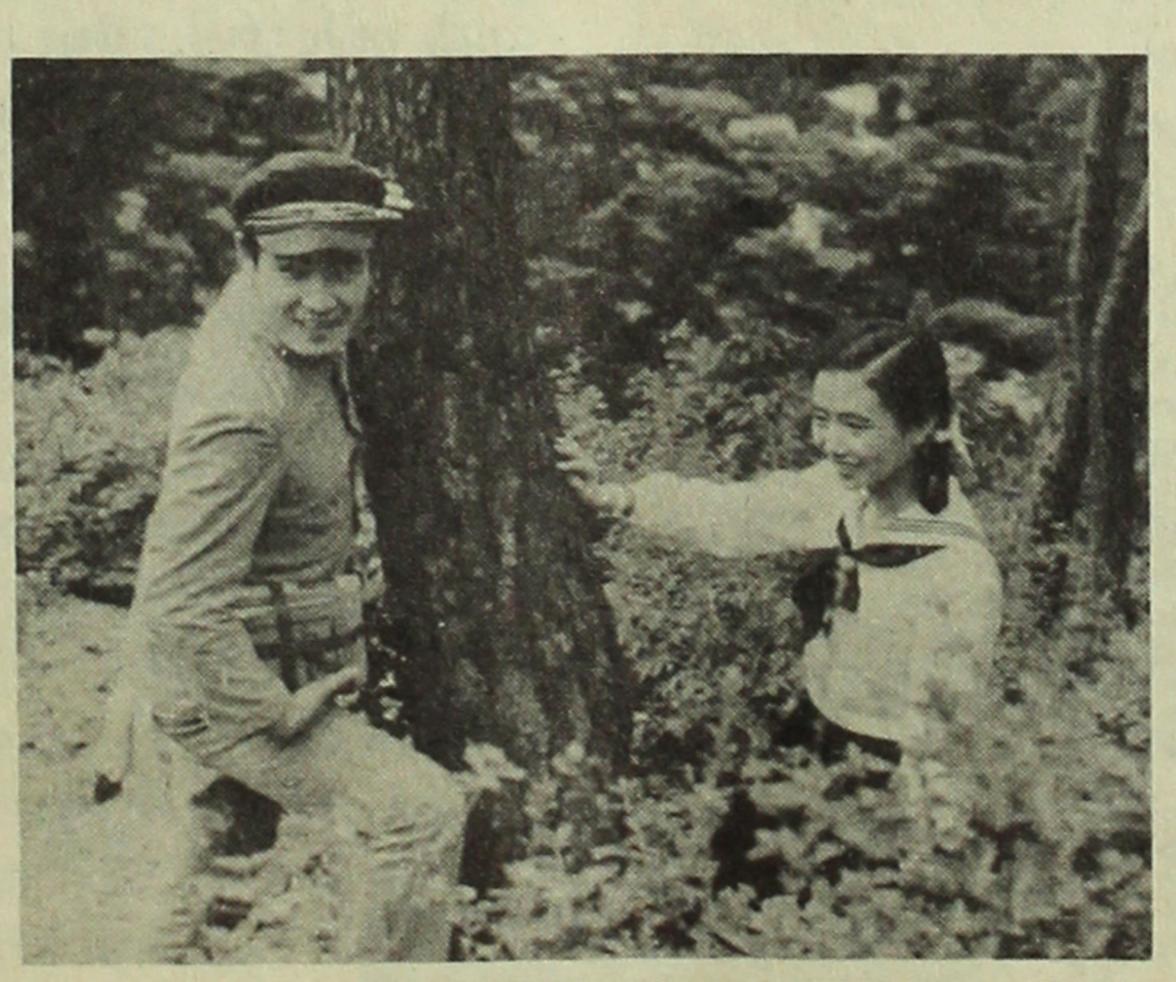
『花の生涯』井伊直弼(松本幸四郎)(左)と松平若狹守(山內明)



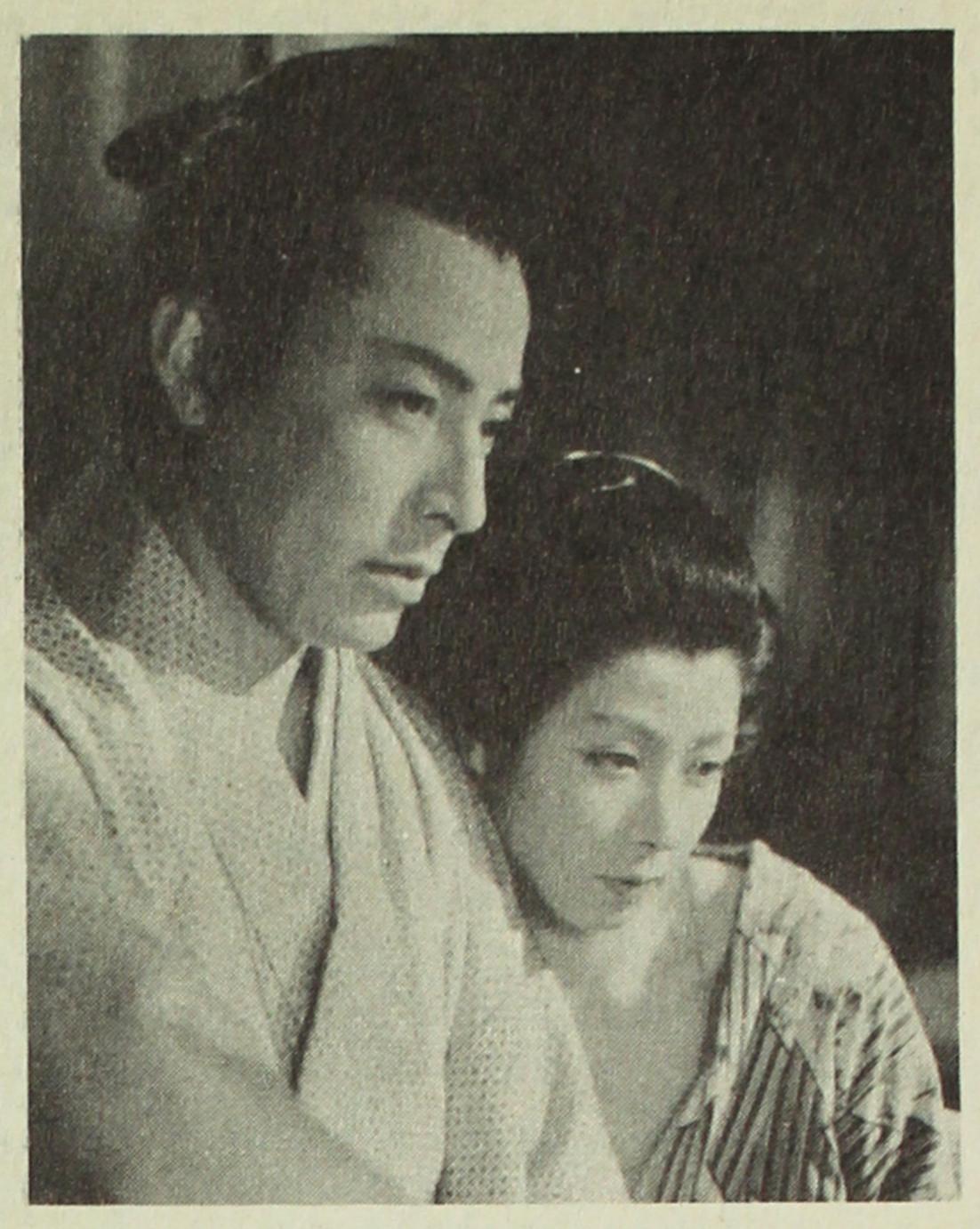
『夜明け前』お粂(右)とお里(日高澄子)

YOAKEMAE

"Yoakemae" is a Shin-Toho production which also deals with late 19th century Japan, the transition from the Tokugawa to the Meiji eras. It concerns itself with the effects of the new era on the oppressed farmers. As its title ("Before Dawn") suggests, the movie portrays the revolutionary



『夜明け前』宗太(山内明)とお条(乙羽信子)



『花の生涯』村山たか女 (淡島千景) と 長野主馬 (高田浩吉)

花の生涯

舟橋聖一原作、毎日新聞連作 "花の生涯"の 映画化である。これは松竹が最も力を入れた作品で大谷竹次郎氏が自から總指揮に當り、製作 費も一億二千万円という宣傳だが、今年度秋の 特作として期待していい映画であろう。出演者 は歌舞伎の松本幸四郎、有島一郎、高田浩吉、 大友富右衛門、薄田研二、徳大寺伸、淡島千景、 月丘夢路、幾野道子、北見禮子、喜多川千鶴、 宮城千賀子、草笛光子、その他大勢で、百年前 日本開國の時代の惱みが語られている。井伊大 老の活躍から櫻田事變、安政の大地震の慘狀、 ハリス來朝による幕府の動きと、尊皇讓夷派の 暗躍、そう云つたものが、村川たか女をめぐつ で興味深く描かれている。

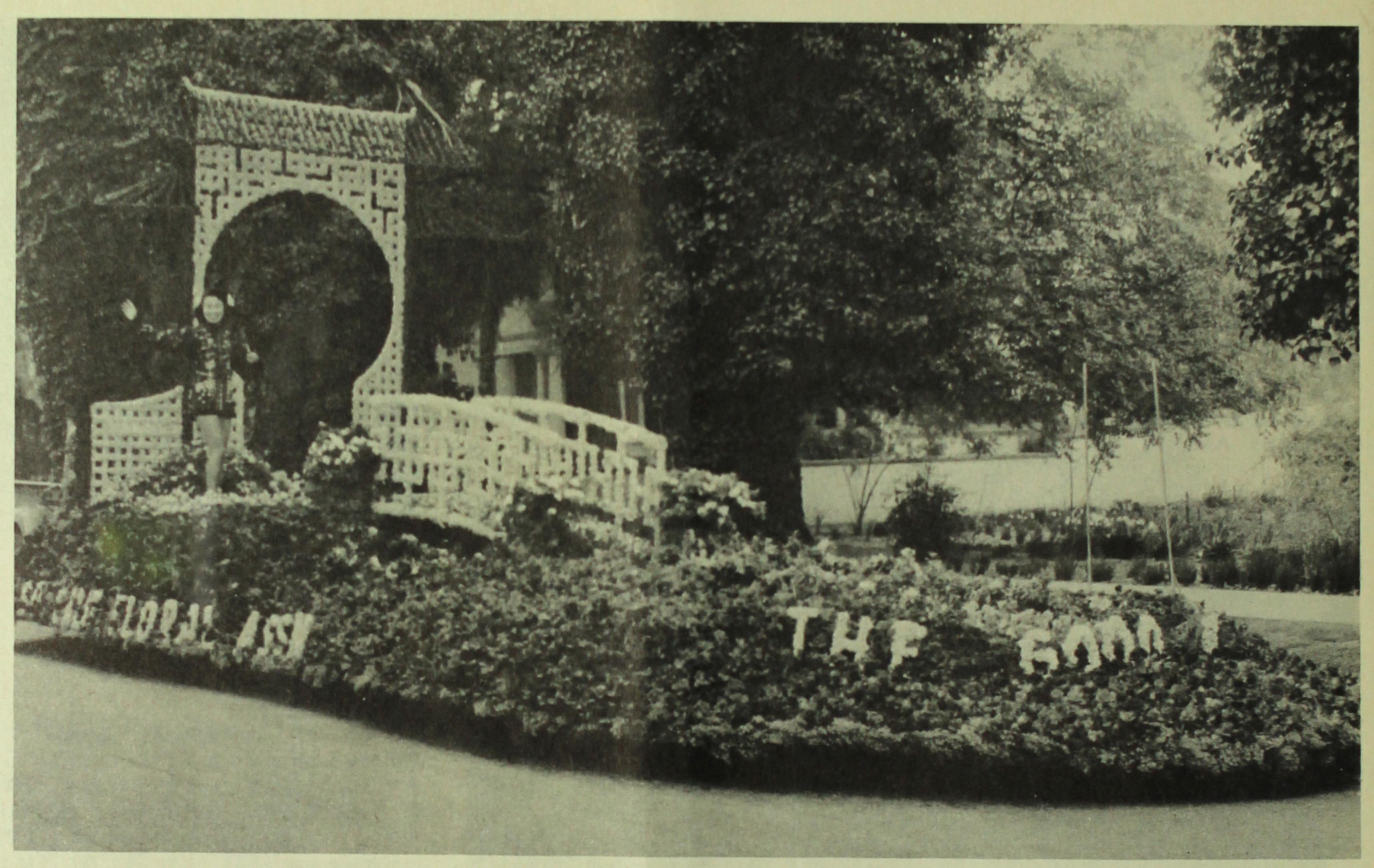
struggles of the farming class before its rights were fully recognized.

(Left) Nobuko Otowa who plays role of a young school teacher and champion of equal rights.

(Below) Nobuko Otowa and Akira Yamauchi represent the progressive youth of the early Meiji era.

夜明け前

島崎藤村原作として有名な "夜明け前"の映画化で、新東宝秋の特作、藝術祭参加作品として期待されている。監督は吉村公三郎、キャストは、伊達信、細川ちか子、瀧澤修、小夜福子、乙羽信子、山内明、清水粉夫、日高澄子、字野重吉、その他で、文豪藤村の最大傑作と稱せられる "夜明け前"が、どこまで原作に忠實に映画化されるかということが問題とされているが、これは吉村監督に寄せられる期待は大きい。それは原作が余りにも尨大で複雑であるからだ。そして、これこそ幕末から明治へかけての夜明け前の日本の縮圖である。



Coy Watson photo

WINNING float in Pasadena Parade of Roses was designed 24 hours before deadline by advertising artist Elbert Lew.

Floating Good Earth?

By MERVYN LEW

A LL the floats in the New Year's Day Parade of Roses, which preceded Pasadena's No. One football bowl game between Michigan State and UCLA, were dazzling and colorful. But the float that won the coveted President's Trophy - awarded for the most effective use of roses - very nearly missed getting into the parade.

Only the genius of a 37-year-old advertising artist, Elbert Lew, who was asked to design the float less than 24 hours before the entry deadline, saved the day for the float's two co-sponsors.

In brilliant keeping with the parade theme, "Famous Books in Flowers," the talented Lew worked an entire night designing and painting a floral representation of

"The Good Earth," Pearl Buck's colorful story of the Orient.

The result of his work drew the admiration of not only the parade judges, but of the 1,500,000 persons who lined Pasadena streets to see the vivid pageant.

To Lew, whose artistic endeavors had previously been limited to magazine and poster advertisements, the request to design a float required an entirely new approach. The job came to him on the afternoon of December 22 when a publicity agent called, with a tremor of hysteria in his voice, saying he had two clients who wanted a float in the parade.

What moved the agent to a near break-down, however, was the fact that the deadline for entries was the following morning. And each entry had to be accompanied by a design and color drawing of the proposed float.

In effect, that meant all Lew had to do was dream up a title for the entry, decide how it would be presented, design it according to rigid specifications and prepare a color drawing — all in 18 hours.

First, the harried artist held a conference with the cosponsors, the Southern California Floral Association (headed by Nisei Joe Shinoda of Los Angeles) and the Monsanto Chemical Company. And it was no more than natural, considering Lew's Chinese background and Monsanto's soil conditioner product Krilium, that they came up with the title "The Good Earth."

Next, Lew visited a float builder to determine what could be done in seven days. After getting an idea of how floats were constructed and how he might cut a few corners, Lew went back to his drawing board.

Because his was the last entry in the parade, it had to be no more than 16 by 35 feet so that it could squeeze into the only remaining parking place.

Determined to do an outstanding job even though it was his first attempt, Lew spent the entire night juggling drawing pencils, innumerable cups of coffee, paint brushes and cigarets. First came the rough measurements, then sketches of the design and, finally, a painting of the entire float.

The next morning, Lew displayed his finished product before the amazed builders and held another conference to decide which blossoms would be used to match the colors he had chosen. He also collaborated with the builders in perfecting a process whereby the more than 20,000 roses used on the float were kept alive until after the parade.

The builders spent the next seven days wiring the delicate blossoms to the rugged framework and, on the morning of December 30, completed their multi-colored task.

Everyone connected with the float's conception and construction was well aware of its goal — the President's Trophy. And as a result, special emphasis was placed in the selection and use of roses.

Up front on the float and surrounded by a carpet of yellow Sun Valley roses was a platform for beautiful Mary Lew, 19-year-old Floral Association Winter Flower Queen. Miss Lew, no relation to the designer, typified the grace and beauty of the Orient. She wore a yellow rose in her hair, a brocade jacket and — to harmonize with the Western influence — a pair of shorts just visible below the jacket.



Art Streib Studio photo

MARY LEW, 19- year-old Canton-born beauty, helped draw favorable attention to the winning float. She was chosen Winter Flower Queen by Southern California Floral Association and Monsanto Chemical Company, who co-sponsored the big float.

The shapely young secretary, who charmed spectators along the entire parade route, described the ride as one of the greatest experiences of her life. Born in Canton, China, the five-foot two-inch beauty came to this country at the age of five. Her father, Foot J. Lew, is president of the Chinese Consolidated Benovolent Assn., in Los Angeles, and co-owner of the Chinese language newspaper there, the Kwong Tai. Mary, who attends college while holding down a secretarial job, plans to major in art.

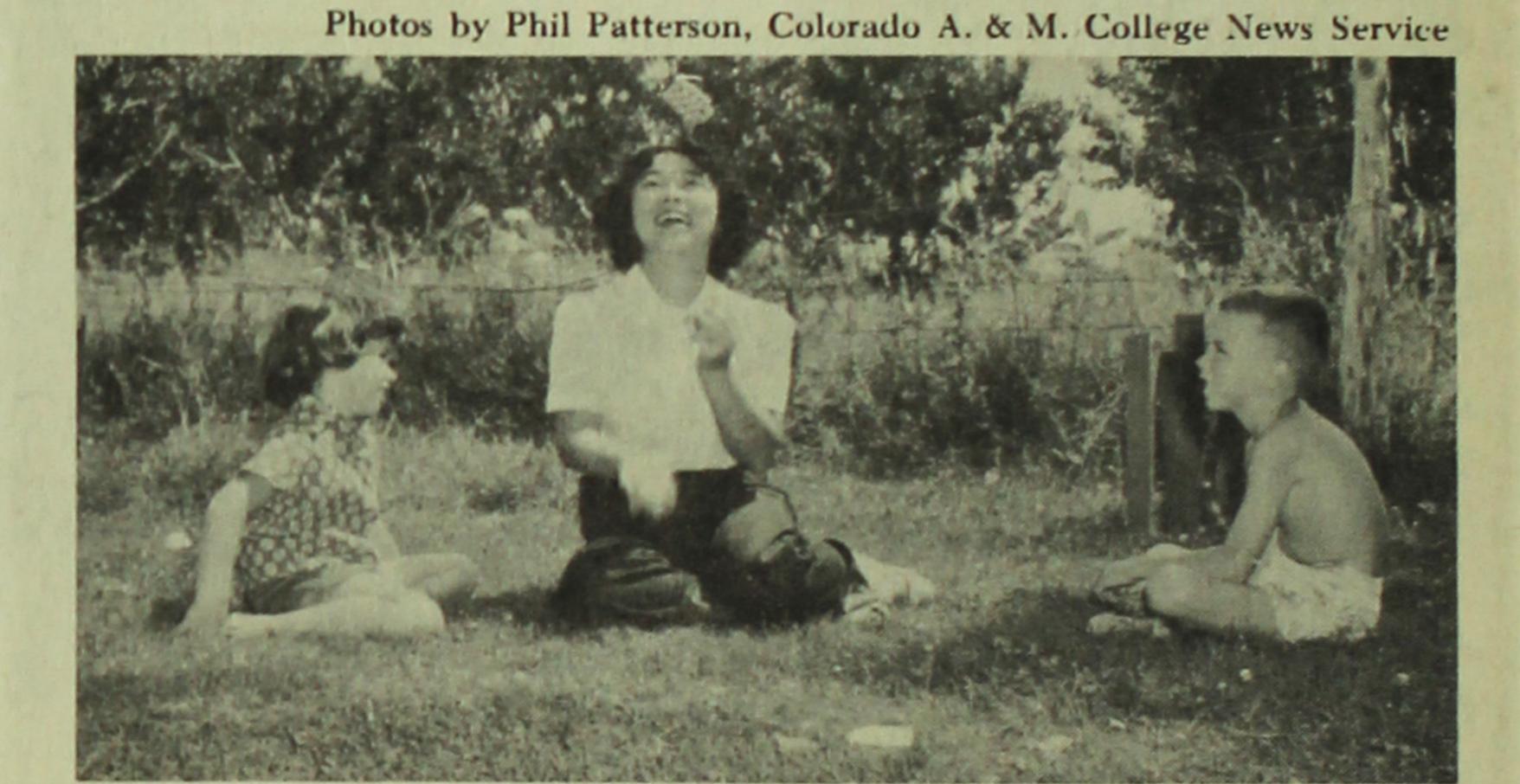
Mary claims she was the most thrilled person at the annual pageant, and she may be right. But at the moment the judges announced Elbert Lew's brain-child had won the President's Trophy, the gleam of pride and happiness in the young artist's eyes indicated she may have been only the second most thrilled.



PEAR picker is Chiyoko Eto, 19, brought from Japan to live and work on U.S. farms under International Farm Youth Exchange plan.



CHIYOKO'S father's farm in Japan is smaller than the average U.S. farm, so she was not placed on large, mechanized farms.



BETWEEN chores on the Hover Dixon farm in Colorado, she entertains two of the Dixon children by juggling bean bags.

Farm lass from Japan likes rural U.S.

By BILL HOSOKAWA

B ACK a few years when hopes for lasting world peace were a little brighter, rural farm organizations all over the United States began to study the problem of what they could do to avoid future wars. They agreed that overseas gifts of food and clothing were fine, but the greatest need was for a better understanding among rural people around the world.

Out of that conclusion came the idea for the International Farm Youth Exchange project. As the name indicates, American farm youths go abroad to live and work with rural families, and farm youths from foreign countries come to the United States.

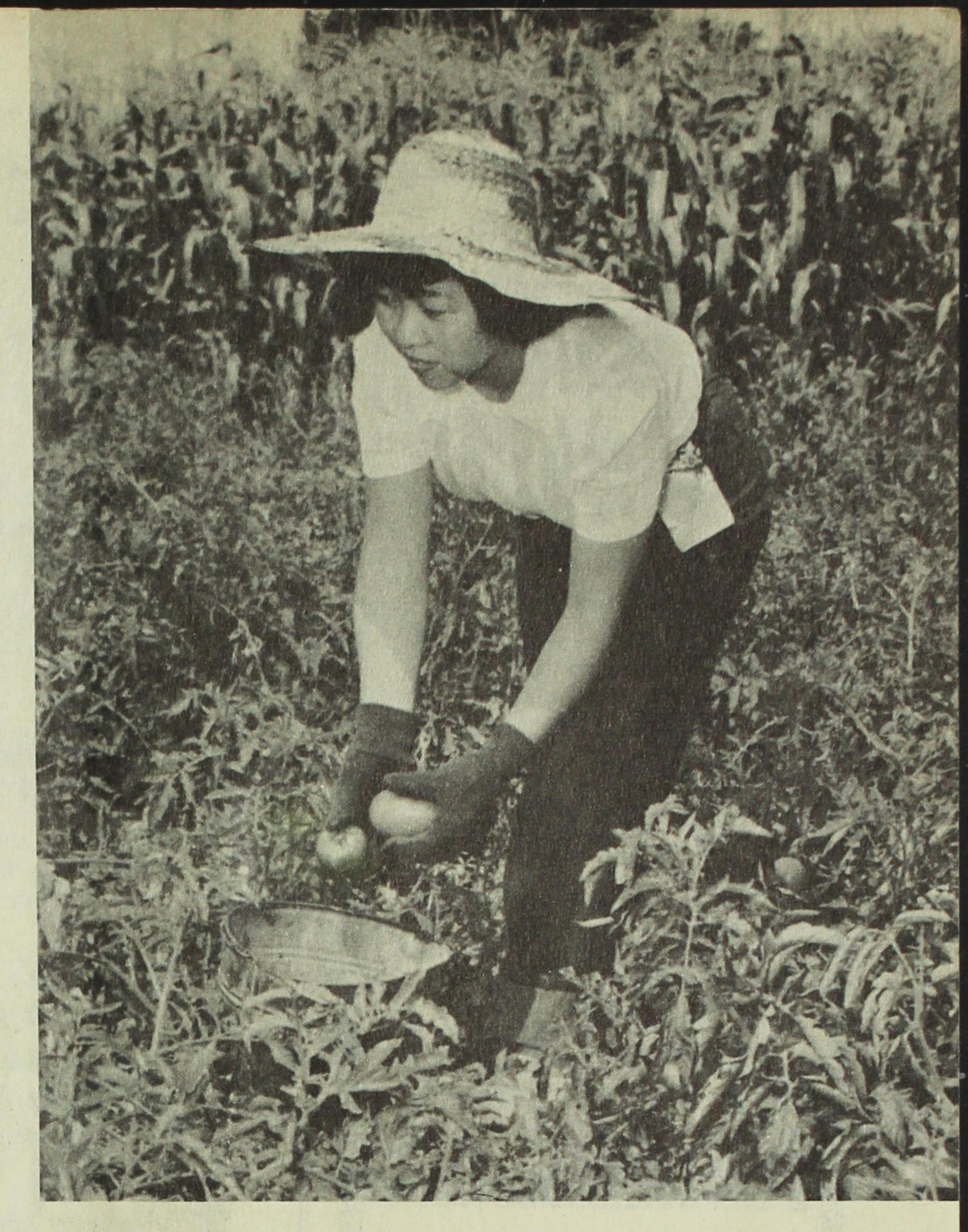
The program is conducted by the Cooperative Extension service and the National 4-H club. It has the blessing of the State Department and other government agencies. No government money, however, is used. It costs an average of \$1,400 to arrange each two-way exchange, and the money is raised by contributions from individuals and farm and service groups.

The exchange began in 1947 when six British youths spent three months with families of 4-H club and Future Farmers of America members. By 1952, exchanges had taken place between the United States and 32 other countries.

The first exchange with Japan was undertaken last



SHE may not use such power machines at home, but Chiyoko got a big thrill when Hover Dixon let her handle his combine.



STOOPING low over the soil and gathering ripe tomatoes for harvest was more like the work she does for father in Japan.

year. Two Americans went to live with Japanese farm families, and two Japanese came to the United States. One of them was pert little Chiyoko Eto, a 19-year-old high school graduate from the village of Miyaki in Oita province.

Her father's farm consisted of two acres of forest land, 1.5 acres of rice paddy and one acre of meadowland. This was in such striking contrast to the average American farm that U.S. officials in Japan recommended that "it would not be desirable to have Miss Eto placed on a very large mechanized farm."

"She would benefit most," they added, "by being placed where she could easily adapt her learning in the United States to her small Japanese farm and community."

Chiyoko landed in San Francisco last May and was promptly whisked to Washington, D.C. She lived on a farm in Virginia, took time off to attend the national 4-H club encampment in Washington, and then returned to the Virginia farm.

Then, for contrast, she visited the Elmer Maudlin family in Lay, western Colorado. After several weeks there, Chiyoko went to Cory, not far from Delta in west-central Colorado, to live with Mr. and Mrs. Hover Dixon and their five children.

Chiyoko found the Dixons have a typical western Col-

orado farm. She helped harvest tomatoes, hoed the corn, picked peaches and pears, examined the ripening apples, fed the hogs and helped put up the alfalfa.

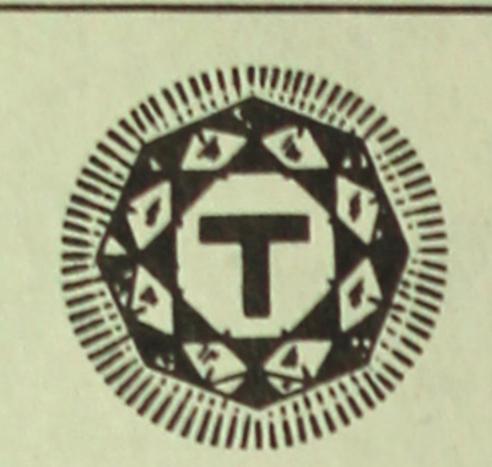
Chiyoko's English was somewhat halting, but she managed to get along famously with the Dixon children — Shirley, 18; Sharon, 15, Ken, 13, Larry, 6, and Janice, 5. With Mrs. Dixon, who treated Chiyoko like a daughter, she exchanged cooking and sewing tips and even made herself a dress.

Shortly before she left for home, Chiyoko told Phil Patterson of the Colorado A. & M. College news service: "I like American people. I wish I had more time to study American ways of life."

Back home in Miyaki, where she hopes to become a home demonstration agent, Chiyoko will report to her 4-H club and to other youth groups on what she saw, did and learned in rural America.

At the same time, the two Americans who visited Japan will report on their experiences. Reports from former IFYE students show that the average exchange delegates gives 90 talks before a total of 10,000 persons, appears on 13 radio and TV programs, and writes in or is written about in 47 newspaper and magazine articles. Thus is another link forged in the cause of world friendship through international understanding among farm people.

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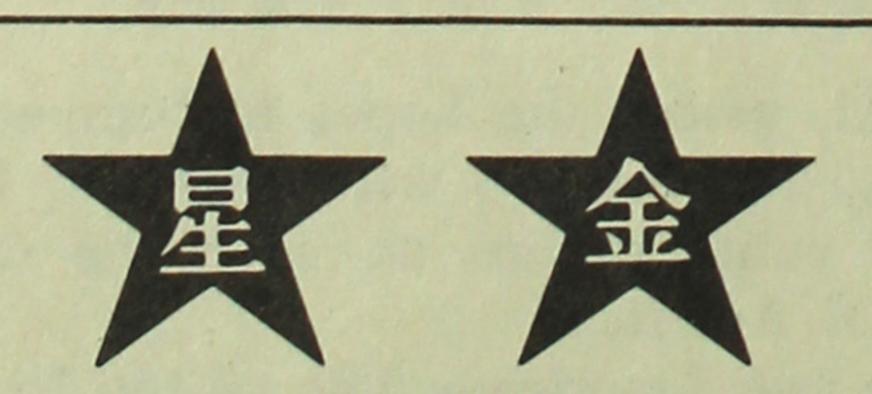
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WEARING dress she made during stay with Dixons, Chiyoko shows a letter from home to Mrs. Hover Dixon, left, and Sharon Dixon, 15. Newspaper in Mrs. Dixon's lap bears picture of Medal of Honor winner Sgt. Hiroshi Miyamura of Gallup, N.M.

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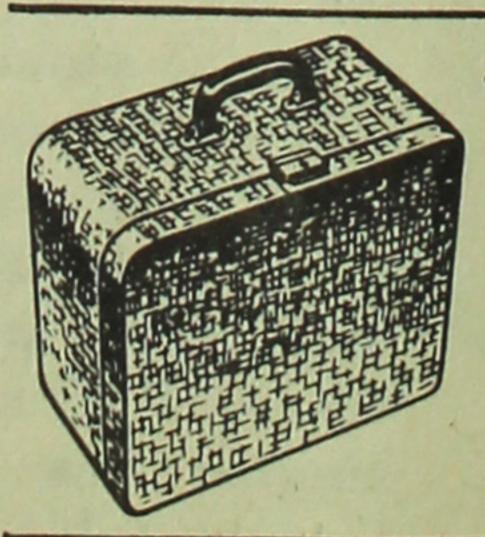
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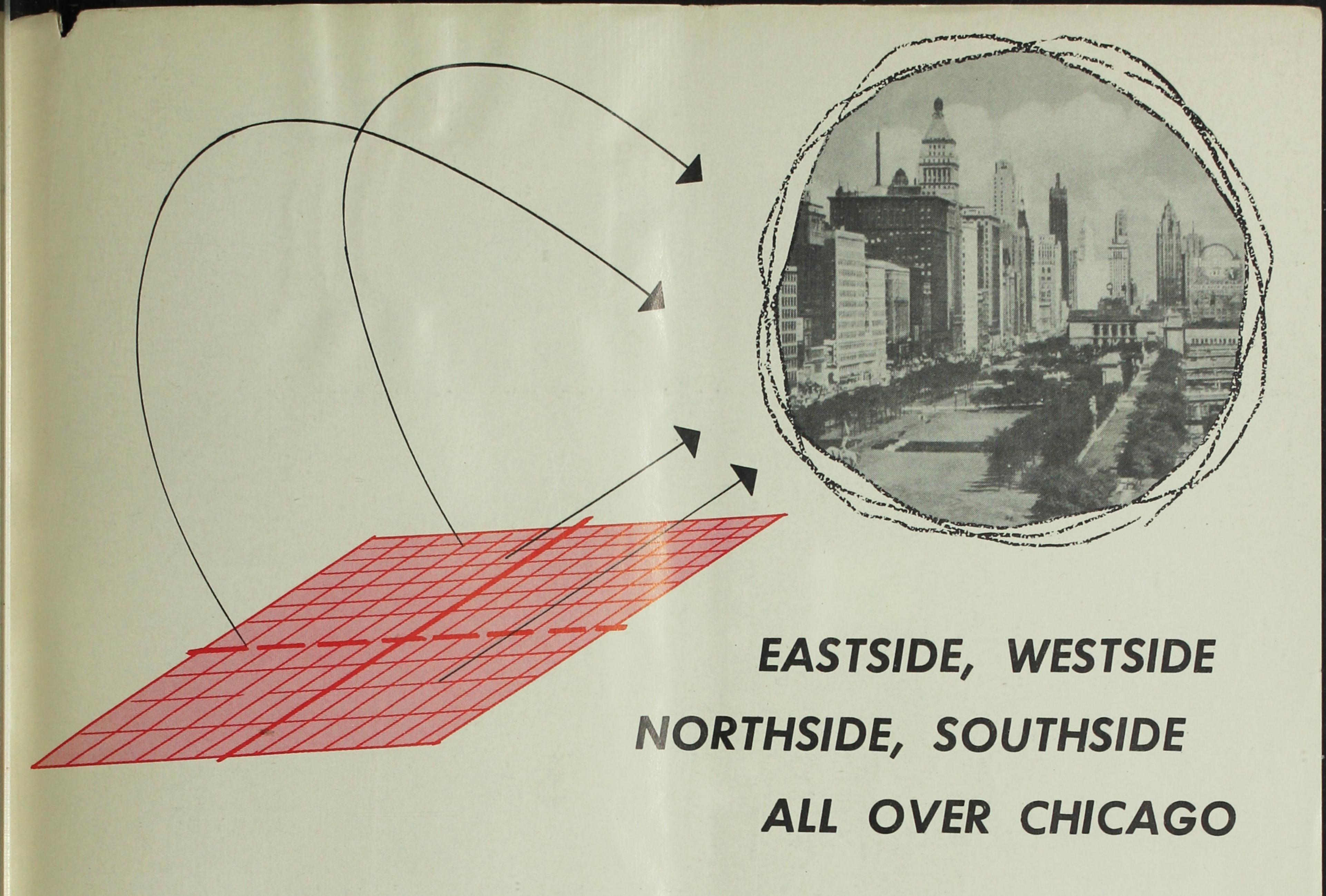
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