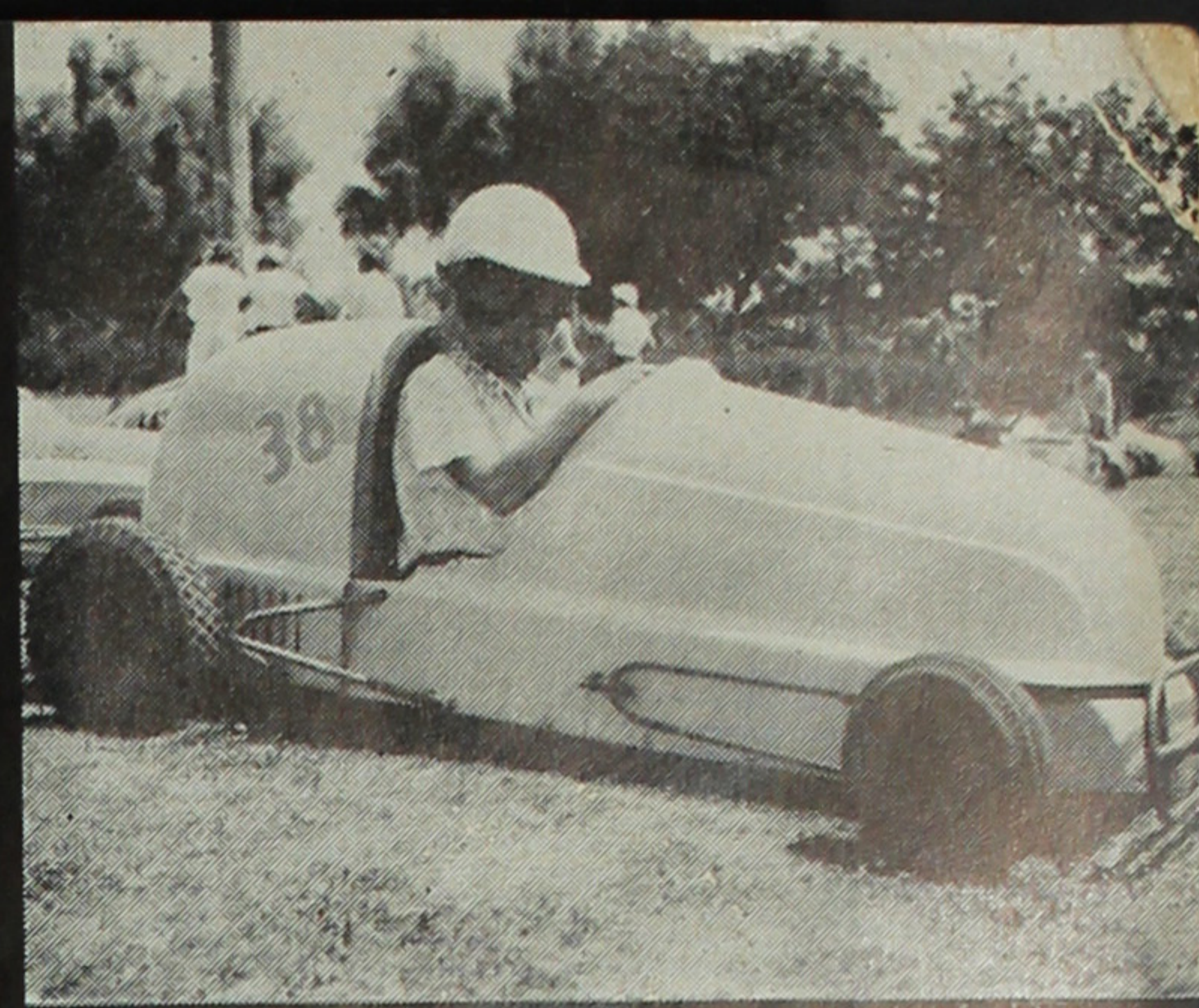


SCENE

the International East-West magazine



Quarter Midget Dick Shoji

**JULY
1955**

**The Captain
collects armor**

**He raises eggs
sight unseen**

**What happened
to the Pfeiffers**

**Auto racing
for 4-year-olds**

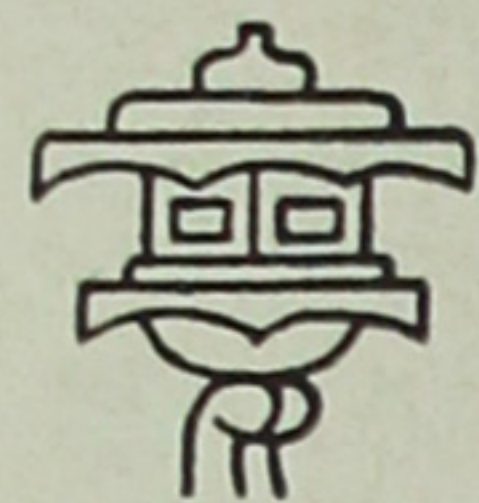
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Behind the SCENE



"an expert on soldier brides"

HELLEN MUKOYAMA who tells us "What Happened to the Pfeiffers" is a caseworker for the Chicago Travelers Aid Society. She is considered somewhat of an expert on soldier brides since she interviewed a number of them for a study at the University of Chicago.

Helen is Hawaii-born. She got her bachelor's degree at Simpson College in Iowa, and a Master's at the University of Chicago in Social Service Administration. She had been a resident of Chicago since 1937 and was on hand to greet the first evacuees in 1943. In fact, she was a consultant for the Illinois Public Aid Commission during the War Relocation program in 1945.

She's as busy at home as she is in outside social work with 3 sons: Marshall Hirofumi 17, Howard Tako 15, and Wesley Kazuo 12.

* * * *

SUEO SERISAWA SENT us the brush drawing of the *noren* on page 32 directly from Tokyo where he and Mary saw them hanging in every restaurant. The *noren* is a "psychological curtain" according to the note appended by Mary. She didn't explain that; the excitement in Tokyo left her vague about some things so we shall have to wait another issue to find out what she meant. She did say that these restaurant symbols were very artistic and usually made of rough cotton in various *shibui* colors as coco brown, dark blue, purple white, dark green. The patterns were block prints of flower, or *mon* (family crest), leaves, calligraphy or even insects.

Touched by a little age, a *noren* seems invested with the Japanese character of centuries. One of the U.S. friends traveling with the Serisawas liked a *noren* in a famous *sushi* (rice balls) restaurant and asked the proprietors if they would care to sell it in return for a new one. The restaurant people said "Yes!" Both sides are very happy.



"a psychological curtain"

SCENE is published monthly by Scene Magazine, Inc., 634 North San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif., Masamori Kojima, President. Subscription rates \$3.50 per year, 2 years \$6; 3 years \$8; single copies 35 cents. Change of address: Send both old and new addresses, and allow four weeks for change to become effective. Scene Magazine, Inc., cannot be responsible for unsolicited photographs and manuscripts which, furthermore, will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed return envelope and sufficient postage. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Calif. Copyright, 1955 by Scene Magazine, Inc. Listed with Standard Rate and Data Service.

Letters to the Editors

Who Cares

Dear Sirs:

I can't see why it's so all-fired important for me to know about Japan as you so strongly urged in your June editorial. I'm an average guy who's trying his best to make a living and get along with the people around me. You still haven't shown me that a knowledge of Japan is going to improve in these connections.

However, don't get me wrong. I like to read about Japan in SCENE, but I think that your editorial was a bit overdone.

STANLEY FUMIZU,
Charleston, S. C.

Sales Opportunity

Dear Sirs:

I was impressed—and who wouldn't be—by the earnings of the sales people connected with Joe Sotomura's organization (June, 1955 SCENE). He seems to have the gift of making money. In the hopes that this can rub off a little on others, will you please forward this letter to his organization.

JIM KURAKI,
Chicago, Ill.

Hawaii Hochi

Dear Sirs:

I read the article in your June SCENE about Mrs. Makino and the Hawaii Hochi and enjoyed it very much in a nostalgic way. Growing up in Honolulu I read the Hochi all the time, and each day I remember looking for the cartoon on page 1 of the English section.

The cartoons were probably the best in any paper and I have often wondered what became of this author. In speaking of the article to a friend, he mentioned that Moran, the cartoonist, now works on a San Francisco paper and is one of the best *hakujin* authorities on Japanese history and culture.

This letter was prompted by seeing a Moran painting in the Holmes book store in San Francisco. The painting was the Shichi Fukujin riding over the Golden Gate Bridge on a cloud—quite a work of art with the Japanese well handled.

The Hawaii Hochi was a great paper

years ago and carried a lot of weight among the politicians. Fred Makino was a power in Hawaii politics and the legislature knew it. Hochi cartoons were quite powerful during the election campaigns.

RICHARD ABE
San Francisco, Calif.

"Ant's Town"

Dear Sirs:

The poverty of Japan may not be as bad as India or the rest of Asia, but one must mark the inhabitants of "Ant's Town" very poor. How they searched their souls and came to find a dignity in their miserable condition is remarkable. I am sure that they are ordinary people like myself. But in their worst circumstances they found an extraordinary power. Is it because they have a belief in prayer?

WILLIAM CHIAKI
San Francisco, Calif.

Hollywood's Orient

Dear Sirs:

We may be seeing more of the new Orient in Hollywood but the stories are the same batch of balderdash. Clark Gable in "Soldier of Fortune" may have given up smuggling munitions to the Chinese Communists, yet at the picture's end his eyesight for a fast buck seems unimpaired. Susan Hayward seems to have straightened him out, but what will happen in the next chapter if Lana Turner should come smoking out of the corner bistro as a secret agent for an enemy?

RICHARD LANE,
Berkeley, Calif.

You're Right

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial belaboring us Nisei for forgetting Japan scores the point right on the nose. From my own experience I know that I didn't have an understanding of being an American until I began to grasp the Japanese part of me. I certainly wish that I can some day live in Japan for a little while at least.

MACHIKO AYUKAWA Denver, Colo.

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JULY
1955

SCENE

the International East-West magazine

Vol. 6
No. 7

634 North San Vicente Boulevard
Los Angeles 46, California
Telephone BRadshaw 2-2305

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MITSUKO KIMURA is not so certain about retiring from films now that the first public reactions are coming in on special previews. The story beginning on page 12 carries her earlier feeling that she wants to be done with motion picture making. Since those pages have gone to press Columbia Pictures felt strongly enough about building up Mitsuko that she was recalled from Salt Lake City for closeup retakes. Though the pictures was titled "Gentle Sergeant" as we go to press, the Columbia offices indicate that that title may be changed. Whatever the picture is called, Hollywood may very well have a new star.

The lads on either side of Mitsuko are actors Aldo Ray and Dick York. They're walking on the grounds of the great Heian Temple.

COVER CORNER. Young Richard Shoji, quarter-midget car racer, is a very imperturbable lad. "He hardly ever feels bothered by anything," said his mother Jeanette. The day a broken rod put his car out of commission for a big race, Richard soon lost himself under the stands where sodas were being sold. But once on the track he's highly competitive.

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE: What's it like to be a vice-squadder. Officer Stanley Uno, well known to many Los Angeles people, has been making reports in a local newspaper. But what about a report on Stan himself? Read the August issue and take a ride in a police car, prowling through the worst section in Los Angeles—Skid Row. After you get the background on Stan, you'll know why Los Angeles is one of the best-policed cities in the world.

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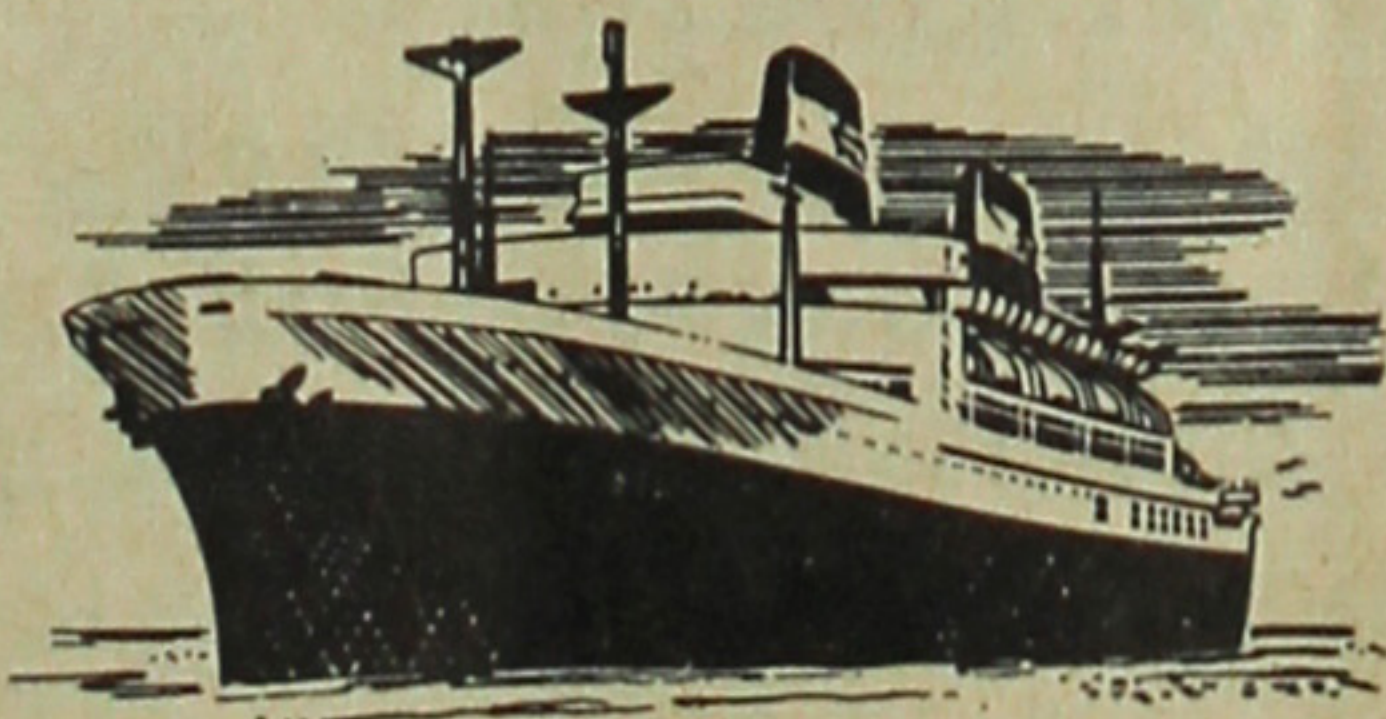
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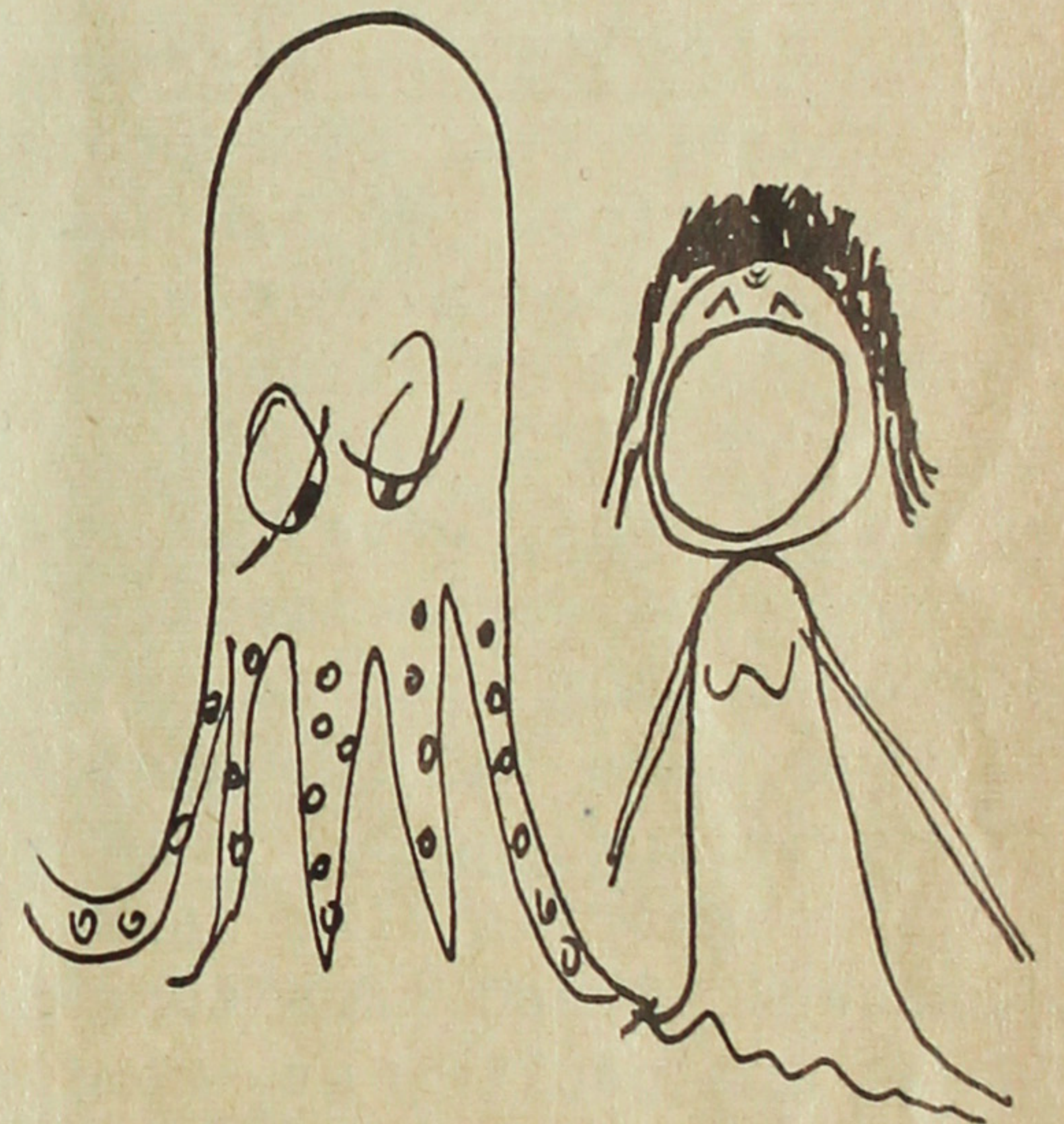
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JAPONICA

THE OCTOPUS AND THE LADY. In the last Japan elections the Metropolitan Electric Management Committee and the National Railways found themselves in a hassle over "keep-the-elections-clean" stickers.

The MEMC thought it did a commendable graphic job in depicting the evils of crooked elections. Its design was a huge octopus coiling its tentacles around the neck and arm of a young lady. Colors were red, black and white.



The National Railways said the whole matter looked offensive and turned down the MEMC request to have 10,200 copies of the stickers plastered on the windows of railway coaches.

* * * *

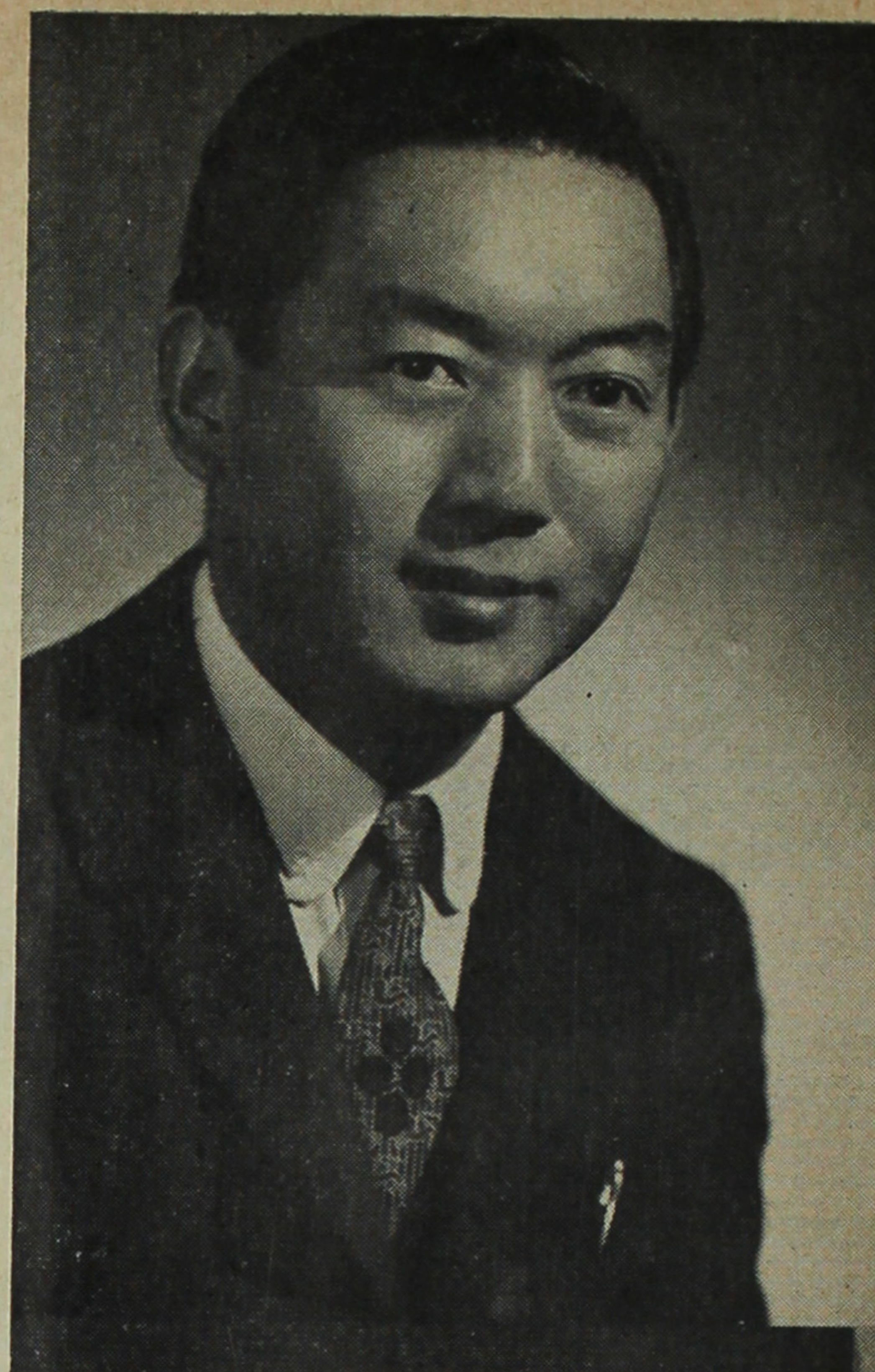
LOVE PEDDLERS. The *kesobumi-uri* were love-letter peddlers very popular in the latter 17th Century. Dressed in bright red clothing and deep straw hats that hid their faces, they used to walk down the streets shouting "Anyone want love letters?"

Men and women bought them as charms rather than for mailing. They received a love letter written in the most flourishing style together with 2 or 3 cleaned grains of rice. Possessing these, they expected success in love, happiness and good fortune.

PACIFIC BUSINESS REPORT

Where does Japan fit into U. S. business picture? What about Japan's sewing machines, tuna, silk, industrial goods?

JAMES JINGU has been a close observer for the past 8 years of foreign trade. Starting with this issue, Jingu, a graduate in economics from the University of Texas, will give SCENE readers a frank appraisal of the trading between the United States and Japan. Advance copies sent to business people indicate that this page will be followed with much interest.



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Magazine advertised 2 new lines of sewing machines complete with their seal of approval, together with those of Parent's Magazine and Underwood laboratories. No mention was made of their being products of Japan, but they are good machines. American housewives will become acquainted with the name of "Brother" and "Morse" -- both made in Japan.

* * * *

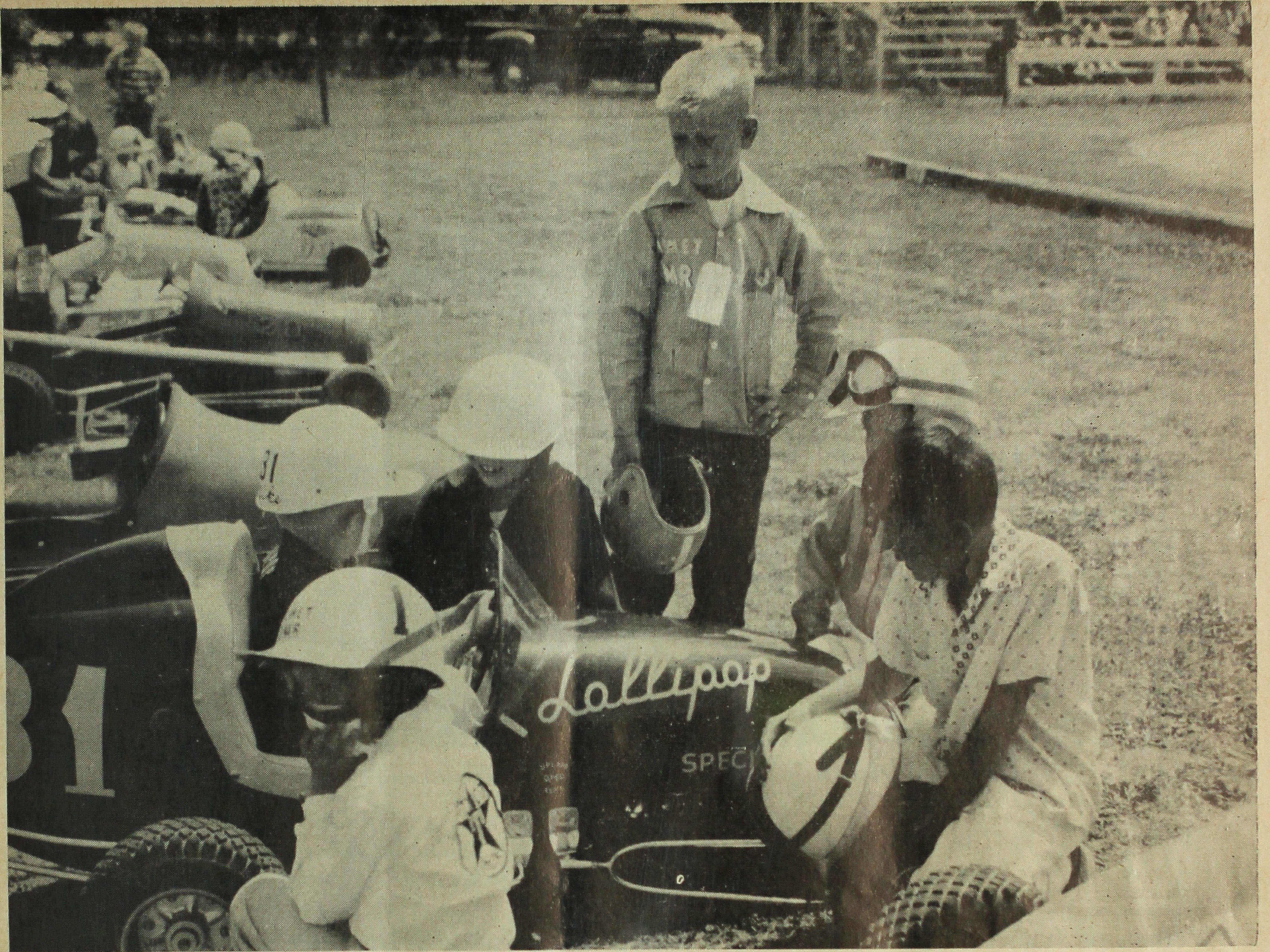
Pacific Coast wives of fishermen demonstrate against Japanese tuna. U.S. Department of Commerce reports shows that the great bulk of tuna from Japan is high grade albacore. U.S. canneries buy this frozen tuna in big quantities because San Pedro fishermen catch albacore only during short summer season. Japan has 2 fishing seasons. Reasons why U.S. canneries like Japan's albacore: high quality, uniform size, better prices. Brand name tuna now selling as low as 19 cents. Coffee, eggs, meat and poultry are coming down, why not tuna? If imports are cut off, consumer may pay as much as 50 cents per tuna can.

* * * *

Silk is making strong comeback in U.S. especially in men's suits. But Japan has missed out. Italy has taken play away from Japan with superior design and knowledge of American tastes. This fast-moving American market is very unpredictable. Japan's silk is fine, sheer, narrow -- not suitable for men's clothes. Factory change-over may be too late to cash in on present fashion trend.

On industrial side, Japan-made nails, reinforced bars and semi-finished steel still coming in. Aluminum dropped from previous high mainly because of lack of "tie-in" trade. Plywood and rugs doing well. Japan opticals remain most respectable export. Reputation in U.S. continues high. U.S. business is good. Although U.S. threatened with greatest number of bankruptcies in history, lots of money is in circulation. Key indicators are steel production, construction, autos. Government tax and credit policy are the real keys. Example: GI can buy house for no money down and pay for 30 years; non-vet little money down and 30 years on balance. On corporation level, big tax-write-offs allow for modernization programs, new plants and payment to owners. These are strong factors for rise of production and incomes.

Lesson for importers: U.S. economy unlike other countries has tremendous domestic market within its own boundaries. It is huge, complex -- and most of all, it moves with lightning speed.



QUARTER MIDGET drivers match notes with all the aplomb of veterans. Standing is Hemet champion John Mott.

Racing in the Shoji Family

By Masamori Kojima

EVERY Saturday night, you can hear the spit and roar of 3 to 6 engines in the garage just back of Carl Shoji's egg ranch in Upland. The men are working on quarter midget cars, getting them ready for their sons' Sunday racing. The noise doesn't seem to disturb the hens, and fortunately the wide lemon groves on the Shoji ranch protect his neighbors.

Carl's place is the natural gravitating point since he knows plenty about engines to give advice to such national racing experts as Troy Ruttman. (Incidentally, Ruttman has been around the Shoji ranch often enough to have acquired a taste for *sushi* and *sashimi*.)

A quarter midget car has an overall

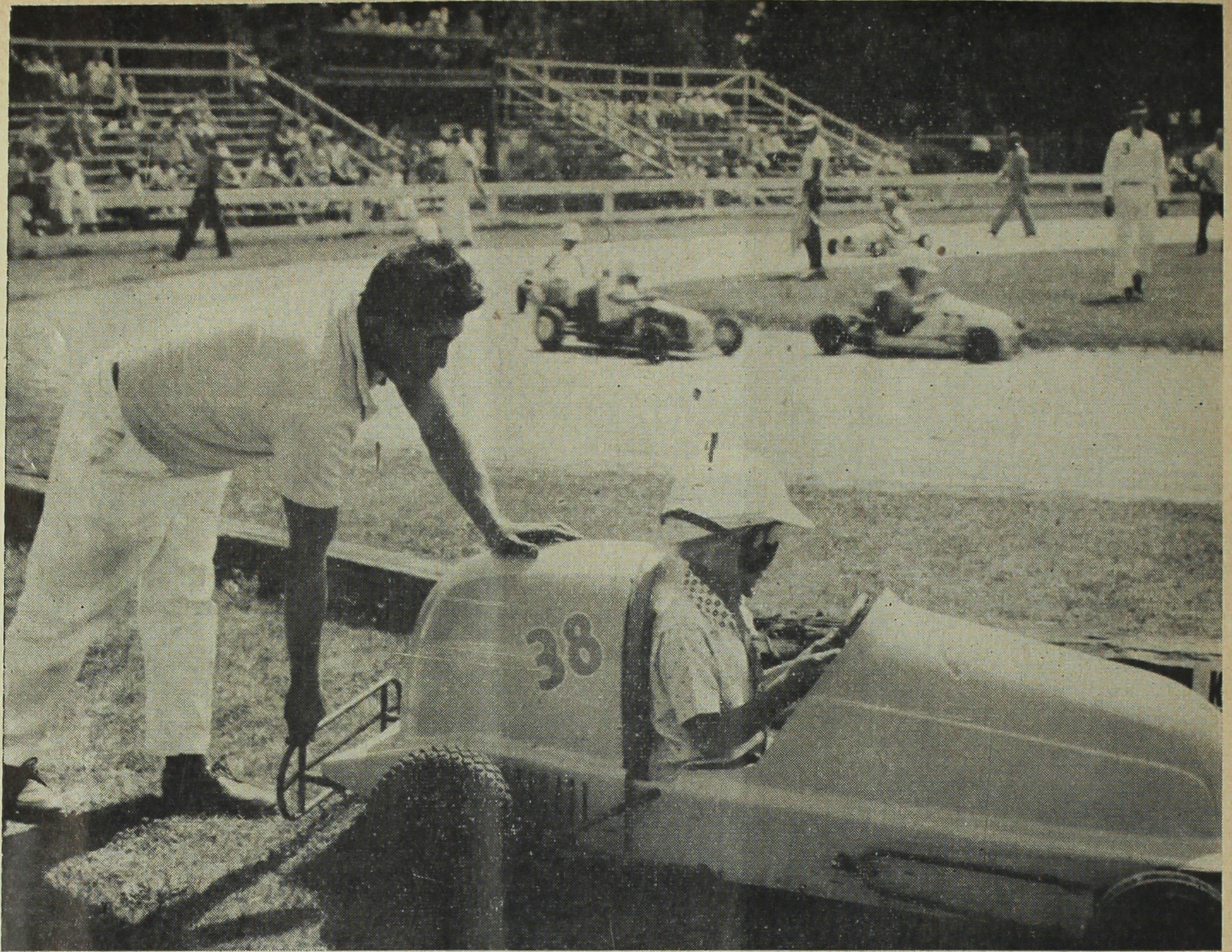
maximum length of 74 inches, with the power limited to 1 wheel. The cars often hit up to the speed of 20 miles an hour, and sometimes 30. Girls as well as boys ride. Drivers can be as young as 4, but no older than 12.

As California communities go, Upland where Carl Shoji lives on West 18th Street, has an above-average enthusiasm for racing cars. Most of the residents, young and old, generally fit into some category of car-lovers like hot rods, motorbikes, sport cars, motor boats, midget racers, or Indianapolis racers.

Carl's late father used to speed along the dirt roads in a motorbike. (If that is not a completely dignified memory, his father is also remembered as a great pioneer in Upland who cleared his own

ウキリン山麓アップランドで柑橘栽培と養鶏
業を経営している庄司カル氏は、不道有段
者で知られておるが、少年用小型のレースカーを
作り、自家農園にレーストラックを作つてレ
スを度々催してゐる。愛父自心リヤード君は今
十歳の少年だが、自分のレースカーのエンジンを操
縦する父に教つて解体すれば組み立て
やる。又、レースの規定は加州法に則り、時
速二〇哩、フグエンジンを使う。一台四五の馬を要す。

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



CARL SHOJI pushes car to turn motor over as son is ready to move out into track.

land, digging out the rocks by himself.) Carl started in hot-rods; he even had a hotrod shop for awhile. He raced motor-boats too.

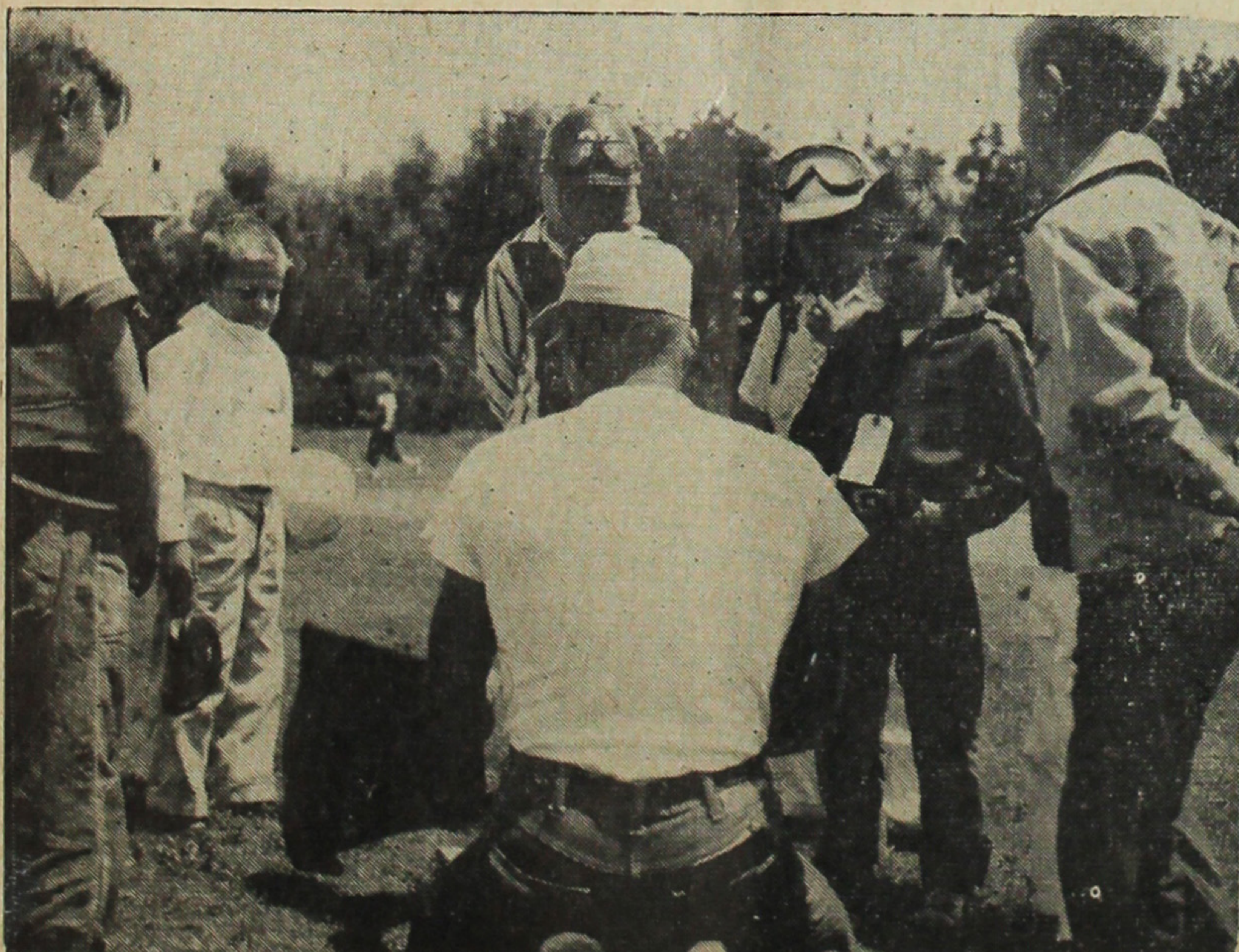
When the local ranchers (mostly citrus growers) thought about how the area can use a little more entertainment and recreation for the children, they decided on promoting a Quarter Midget Association. The City Council approved the laying out of a track (a standard 1/20th of a mile) in the Memorial Park. Races are held the year around on Sunday afternoons. In the summer, to avoid the heat, races are under lights at night. The Upland track draws the biggest crowds

in Southern California, with spectators coming from nearby Pomona, Ontario or Los Angeles 45 minutes away by auto.

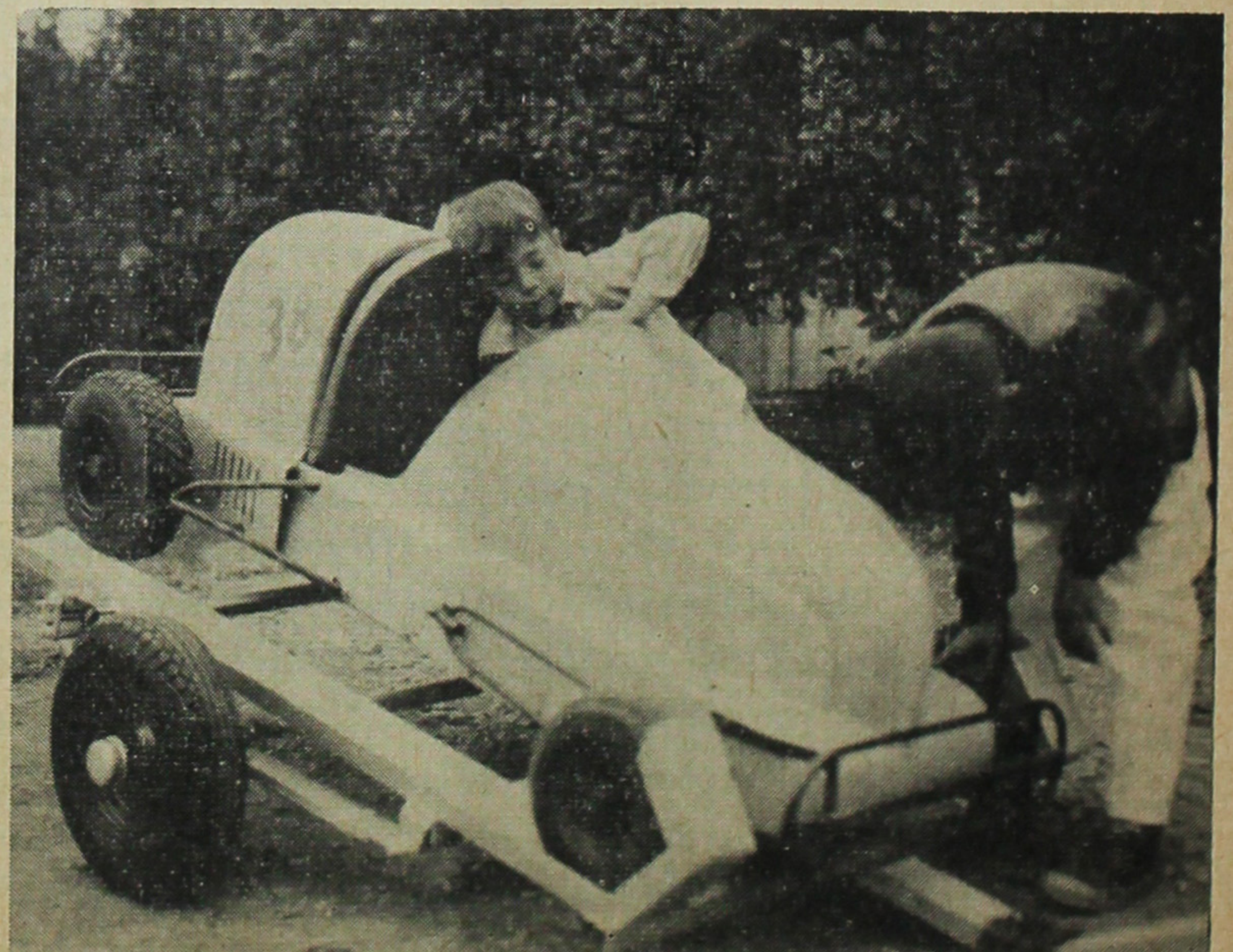
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The quarter midget car in the Shoji family is for 10-year-old Richard. The cream colored car carries the name of "Richard Shoji" in blue across the hood and the number "38" on the tail.

Sunday is a day of fun, but it can be wearing on father Carl who has in the past week been working 10 to 12 hours a day on his lemon grove and hen layers, teaching *judo* twice a week in the evenings at the San Gabriel *dojo*, and tinkering



SAFETY INSTRUCTIONS are briefed before race starts.



PAL GREG, a racer himself, inspects Richard's car.



EVERYONE offers help on motor trouble, lending tools and advice.

with the car.

One Sunday, as typical as any, he had been checking over the motor until 3 A.M. that morning. He got up at 5:30 to check the water system for the chicks.

Richard and his older brother Butch went to Sunday School. Neighbor Chuck dropped over later in the morning. Together they worked on the car until noon. Rancher Norman Hixon who has a quarter midget for his son came over to see what he can do, because he had heard that Carl's motor was giving a little trouble.

To check it Carl stepped into the car (he couldn't sit in it) and poised in a crouching position, with 1 hand on the wheel and the other on the exposed throttle behind him. A push from his friends to turn the motor over and Carl roared away in a test run down the road flanked on either side by the lemon trees.

John Dodge, a quarter-midget owner from the town of Ontario, came over with his family to see how the Shoji car was doing. He seemed impressed by Carl's progress. He reported that his son Greg (7 years) wasn't going to race today. "Something went wrong; the motor burned up. Everything went," said Dodge. The men, like those at Indianapolis, accepted this philosophically as the "breaks" of the game.

Once, Carl after going through all the effort already described had his disap-

pointment. He worked on the car all morning, drove it to the track through Sunday traffic for about 30 miles, and then found the throttle wasn't moving smoothly. Someone lent him a file to check the throttle groove. When that was fixed and he started to push the car towards the pit, a link fell off and the chain line dropped. So everyone got down on the grass and parted the leaves to look for the link. When that was found the car was ready for a trial run around the tracks. Son Richard had hardly raced around 3 times when the rod broke! The car was through for the day.

But this day was not going to be like that. Richard and Butch came back from Sunday School. Richard ducked quickly into the house to get his crash helmet, unbreakable goggles and put on his white racing pants. While Carl was getting the car ready for the trailer, Richard and Greg Dodge chased each other. His mother Jeanette had to warn him against dirtying the pants.

Carl and Norman Hixon easily lifted the car on to the trailer, built by Carl too.

At the Upland track before the races, about 40 young drivers with goggles and helmets in hand met in a circle around an official to be reminded on track rules and the meaning of flags and safety conditions. "Remember boys when the Red flag is out, everybody

must stop at once. Pay attention to the rules and nobody will get hurt."

With the safety equipment required on the cars and the governed speed, no one has ever been hurt.

The cars racing around the track have all the ear-splitting roar of the larger ones. There are never more than 8 cars on the track at a time. Sometimes the cars go skidding around the turn, and occasionally go into a spin. On this day, Richard in a time test spun around the 1/20 of a mile track in 9.4 seconds—the best of the day.

* * * *

Quarter midget racing is all in fun for parents and children. No one makes any money at it. No admission is charged for spectators. Each car pays an entry pit fee of \$1. The wives sell soda and candy at stands to defray expenses.

Richard's car cost his father about \$450. Carl puts in his own labor—16 hours a week. The car motor needs to be overhauled every 4 races. Richard helps his father and is learning how to take a motor apart.

Brother Butch, 12, would rather play the accordion and sing than race cars, although he enjoys watching them. Carl's niece, Candice Takenaka, has been wide-eyed about driving, so he plans to build a car for her too.

Carl Shoji is strong for the Quarter Midget racing and is a leader in spreading the sport to surrounding communities. Hundreds of youngsters wish they had a father like him.



SIGNAL indicates he's leaving track.

Blind Vet Is Egg Rancher

By O. A. Fitzgerald

From the FARM JOURNAL.

TOMMY MIYASAKI has never seen one of his hens, although he's been producing eggs for 5 years.

He's been totally blind ever since military service in World War II.

But Tommy doesn't need anyone's sympathy. Because of his handicap, he has learned that the ears and fingertips are often as useful as eyes in the hen house. He has proven this by becoming one of the top poultrymen in Idaho.

"I can do just about everything but wash the eggs," Tommy smiles proudly. "I can't tell which ones are dirty, unless of course they're real dirty."

Tommy was farming in Madison

POULTRYMAN Tommy Miyasaki, though blind from war wounds, has sensitive ears and eyesight.



County, Idaho, with his 2 brothers, before he was drafted into the army. Returning home in 1946 without his sight, he decided to go back to college and then farm again, despite head-shaking on the part of advisers. He liked both cows and chickens, but decided on hens because of lower investment and quicker returns.

"The first year was pretty rugged," Tommy recalls. But things have gotten better since.

His sensitive fingers give him lots of information about eggs. For instance, he can tell when eggs begin to get smaller in late summer. That's his signal to cut down on grain, and feed more mash. He also keeps track of shell quality by the feel—steps up his use of Vitamin D oil when the shells get too thin.

Tommy and his wife, Mary, the eyes of the Miyasaki team, make a first rate culling team. Twice a month Mary culls by sight, judging by such things as comb color and appearance, beak and leg color, and plumage.

Even though she does a good job, Tommy often kicks out another 10 to 20 by sound and feel. "If the abdomen is hard with fat and not pliable; if the vent is dry; the pinbones down and coated with fat and stiff, out she goes!" Tommy explains. "Good layers are just the opposite of that."

First indication of a culler is the bird's reaction when Tommy swishes his hand over the roost. Good layers stay put and are quiet. "Cully" ones are easily startled, let go with a sharp scared sound and try to get away.

Tommy has a way of spotting the cockerels in a young, unsexed flock.

Standing by the roosts, he claps his hands to startle the birds. Being proud and haughty, the roosters always reveal their location. When a rooster answers with what Tommy calls a "cocky sound," he dives for it.

Tommy gets the feel of the general condition of the hens by what he hears, standing in the doorway of a pen. Healthy hens have a low-pitched sound. They sing so much "you can hardly hear yourself think," says Tommy. Sick birds are quiet.

Since it's just as easy for him to work in the dark as in full daylight, Tommy



WIFE MARY is top-rated helpmate; she culls the poultry twice a month.

sets up nests and fences after dark. At night, he says, you can do almost anything without disturbing hens.

And no poultryman with sight ever kept more complete records than those which Tommy punches out with his Braille writer. He keeps records on feed per hen and mortality, as well as income and costs.

"When I found I was blind I thought it was the end of everything," Tommy says. "But I came to realize all over again how wonderful it is to do things for yourself."

Says neighbor Calvin Davenport: "Whenever any of us are in the dumps, it's a tonic to slip over and have a chat with Tommy—maybe help him out a lit-

tle. But somehow, Tommy always manages to give more than he takes."

オノ天戦の名譽負傷者絶対失明した夕
宮崎氏は故郷アノホ州に帰還した時
を、強くと余命生活に絶望して事実上
閉居したと云う。所が人間は觸感の作
らなく、手探りで鶏を飼ふことに成功し、今
では、雌雄両性を區別し、卵の大小と、そのき
めの細か粗らさを探つて飼餌にビタミンの調和の
命令する。夜が無から夜働く。宮崎夫人
が忠実に内助し共に乳牛も飼つてゐる。

The Sergeant and the Kids



LAUGHTER AND happiness are brought to Osaka orphanage by Hollywood's Aldo Ray and Mitsuko Kimura.



"GENTLE SERGEANT" is a true story of Sgt. O'Reilly and Mrs. O'Reilly (left). They came to Japan by plane with Aldo Ray, Phil Carey and Dick York. Mitsuko met them at airport.

WHEN THE crew and players of "The Gentle Sergeant" (Columbia) returned to Hollywood from Japan, most of them were already trying to figure the angles for getting back. In its making, the film—the first to be shot entirely in Japan by a Hollywood company—had all the freshness of Americans encountering the Orient for the first time.

The noodle-man who came around late at night, tooting his wares with a 4-noted flute, kept the film people from getting to bed early. Actor Phil Carey got the vendor to reroute himself away from the hotel by giving him 36,000 yen (\$100) collected from the crew. If it hadn't been for the early morning calls demanded in a picture-making schedule, the musical notes could well have become a very pleasant memory of Japanese nights.

Art director Carl Anderson built an

entire set with the aid of a Japanese foreman who spoke no English. Anderson of course spoke no Japanese. "We got along perfectly fine with a dictionary," said Anderson. Daiei Studios provided a number of the workers.

The story located in Osaka is about one Sergeant O'Reilly. It is true. Master Sergeant O'Reilly himself on leave from West Point was a technical adviser to the film. The Sergeant started out disliking the Japanese but as the events would have it, he fell in love with a Japanese interpreter (Mitsuko Kimura), sympathized with the orphans who lived in leaky shacks, and finally roused his regiment—the famed "Wolfhounds" of the 27th—into rebuilding the orphanage.

Producer Fred Kohlmar admitted that the sound track is not perfect. The incessant horns and bells of the Osaka streets are a constant din, intruding in

木村みづ子が静かな軍曹に出演したことは聖林スターとして始めての作品であり又最後の作品であらう。彼女は塩湖の福永憲君と許婚約束五年目に結婚した。この撮影が了ると、近く母をなつて家庭を守ることになつてみるからである。この珍映画の主人公ヒュー・オ'レリーは昨日家であったが、急に怯れぬ大阪孤兒院に感じ親目轉向。

all outdoor scenes. "But even this will give a quality of realism to the film," he believes. He took the public by the horns in the first day of shooting: he had Mitsuko Kimura as the sergeant's wife emerge from Osaka's Central Rail-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



CREW WENT way down for this shot, with Director Richard Murphy giving instructions on his knees.

way Station. Before the cameras had a chance to turn, a morning rush hour crowd of many hundreds milled around the sets while hundreds more hung out of windows in nearby office buildings. Thirty policemen had to be called to direct the traffic.

For all the difficulty in controlling the outdoor crowds (no longer quelled by the mere sight of a uniform), the police kept the curious Osaka population from interfering with production. Columbia Studios wrote a warm letter of appreciation to Commissioner Tana-

ka and gave him a prized pocket-size radio.

Director Dick Murphy kept 4 interpreters on the set to make certain that orders were clearly understood. Sometimes the set was a bedlam when all 4 translated the orders at the same time.

* * * *

Twenty-two-year-old Mitsuko Kimura launched into modeling and film making by a LIFE cover (she "symbolizes the grace and beauty of Japan"), plays the lead to Aldo Ray. She has never become used to the public appearances, and though she does an excellent portrayal in "The Gentle Sergeant," she found the acting quite painful. Her voice is soft on the screen, but this strengthens her role as a shy girl who wants to move away from and yet is attracted to the Sergeant.

She wants now to be out of film making and remain a wife to Ken Fukunaga of Salt Lake City, a pharmacist whom she met in Japan. Like the "gentle sergeant," Ken had to be a very patient wooer—it took him 5 years to get her consent.



MAKEUP GIRL Kimiko Kurita applies makeup to Dick York on Osaka street.

Japan's "Smart Look"



TOKYO'S Chiyo Tanaka created "Kabuki" gown in black and gold silk faille.

THE MOST glittering display to date of Japanese fabrics and influence upon U.S. fashions took place recently in San Francisco through the joint co-operation of: The Fashion Group of San Francisco, Japan's Consulate-General, Japan Trade Center, Japan Air Lines and Japan Travel Bureau.

An audience of more than 2 million will get a brief stunning glance of this "Japanese Fashion Fantasy" in 3 international newsreels.

Japan's designers were represented through the collection of Mrs. Kow Kaneko (See January SCENE). San Francisco, a fashion center, has top U.S. designers resident there. They also created



COMMENTATOR Nerice Fugate learned 200 Japanese words for the show.

smart outfits from Japanese textiles for dinner, lounging, and play wear.

Japanese fashions of past centuries evoked applause. The brilliant colors of 1, an elaborate 4-piece dress nearly 3 centuries old, seemed undimmed by the years.

The Fashion Group of San Francisco stated its reason for the show: "Fashion represents the ideas and imagination of all the people of the world, through all periods of history . . ."

日本貿易局。日航。日本旅行案内社。桑港。總領事館。連合主催。桑港。ファッション。シヨリは。日本織物で。改良の流行を現やしたものと。日本着物の先端を見せた物で。日本三曲演義中。に日米最高のモデル。ス。奈良朝時代。国。主。も。展。覧。成。功。



TOP STARS of Los Angeles Top Notch Golf Club: (left to right) Tom Matsunaga, President Joe Kishi, Beach Morita, George Wada, Frank Onishi also President of Southern California Golf Association.

Top Notch's Tournament Tops All

NEVER HAS there been a golfing event to match the June 26 Invitational Golf Tournament put on by the Los Angeles Top Notch Club. Its bid for recognition went clear across the country to a golfer in the White House, President Eisenhower.

Fifty six low handicap players teamed with 15 local professionals on the hilly ("It's all up and down") Baldwin Hills course. Some of the amateurs fired scores better than the professionals. The professionals asserted that they never played with so many who handled each shot so well. Pro Ralph Gudahl, Jr., said the tournament was a revelation. Auto dealer Fletcher Jones was astonished at the 10.3 handicap average of the Top Notch Club. Official starter Julie Lizio moved the tees back, lengthened the course to about 6745 yards.

The Top Notch Club is 1 of 9 Nisei golf clubs in Southern California, but as

the oldest the Top Notchers chose to arrange the biggest tournament ever planned and offer \$1000 in prizes to 200 of California's best golfers. The level of play expectedly reached the standards of the best amateurs in the country.

The Tournament was the highest point of Nisei golfing since the days of the *Yoji-oki* (Rise at 4) Club of Los Angeles active in the early '30s. In that club were representatives from Japan of the old NYK and OSK lines, the Mitsui Bussan, and Yokohama Specie Bank. Good Issei golfers were men like T. Hori and Y. Fukuyama. They played on the Number 2 course of Sunset Fields out by Crenshaw Blvd. and Stocker St., now entirely taken over by the Crenshaw shopping center. (The May Company stands at the old 7th hole.) A. G. Sato shot a course record in 1936, and had his name on the Sunset Field's bronze plaque. He shot a 65 on a par 72 course. In the

Yoji-oki Club were Nisei like Fred Tayama (a Los Angeles florist now retired from active play) and Yozo Kobayashi, called the greatest Nisei golfer of all.

In 1936, the first Nisei golf club was formed—the Century (so named because no one could break 100). It had 28 members. By 1940 all of the players had improved to a "single handicap" (mean-

全米日系人ゴルフ試合史上空前の試合が六月廿六日を期してホドカンビルで催される。他地方選手ら二百名参加する。4弗賞。四時起クラブヤ百クラブその他戦前の老猛者も参加する。田山フレッドなども期待されてゐる。クラブナマゴロ。栄冠は何所の誰の頭？



ISSEI HAD "Yoji-oki" (Rise at 4) Club which used to play on old Sunset Fields course by Crenshaw Blvd. and Stocker St. Yozo Kobayashi, standing second from left, is judged as the best golfer of all time.

ing that they could probably total anywhere from 1 to 9 strokes over the course's rating). They and the others who came shortly after (Kro-flite, 1938; Market, 1938) had a dry thirst for golf on Sundays: they came to the course at dawn, played the entire day until the darkness closed them out. Not a single member ever missed a Sunday. Rain didn't stop them. In the Great Rain of 1937 when much of the golf course was under water, the Century lads were out there swinging and stroking.

Some of the golfers in the Top Notch Club Tournament took their first lessons in the relocation camps of Manzanar and Heart Mountain. Manzanar had a driving range. A course of sorts was set up. The ground rules allowed the player to level out the sand, smooth his lie and tee up every shot.

In the postwar period, the average Top Notch player exceeds his counterpart of 20 years ago. Reasons: better equipment and better instruction.

Today's Top Notch Club (1947) emerged out of the earlier Century Club. The core includes veterans like Joe Ito, Beach Morita, Fred Tayama, Ken Fuku-

naga, Shig Fukuyama, Jim Ota, Tom Kuramada and Gilbert Kuramitsu. The 34 members of the Top Notch Club have handicaps from the very good "3" to "16." Fourteen members have single

Week 1954, Southern California Golf Association 1955.

The Tournament proved the 70s was no strange mark to players like Joe Kishi (who learned his golf at Manzanar).



TOM MATSUNAGA (polka dotted cap) and John Toya holding flag are regarded the most improved players of club. Watcher Frank Harada has 7 handicap.

handicaps. They have shown the greatest strength in major tournaments like the Pebble Beach 1954 (December SCENE), National JACL 1954, Nisei

Harry Hankawa, Tats Nakase, Min Yoshizaki, Tom Matsunaga, George Wada, Fred Ikeguchi, Fred Harada, John Toya, Joe Ito, and a number of others.



FIRST NISEI golf organization was "Century Club" formed in 1937. A mark of 100 was goal since none could break it; today many shoot in low '80s, some in '70s.



SOCIAL WORKER Helen Mukoyama helped James Michener write true-life love story.

Millions read the touching LIFE magazine feature on "Pursuit of Happiness by a GI and a Japanese" by James Michener earlier this year. Frank and Sachiko Pfeiffer, their lives already deeply steeped in happiness, have caught an even greater impact of human warmth by the response of people who read their story.

Chicago Social Worker Helen Mukoyama (see *Behind the Scene*) writes this warm account of how the Pfeiffers happened to be chosen by Michener, what took place during the interviews, and what happened to their neighborhood when the LIFE article appeared on the newsstands. In the course of it she tells us also about James Michener and the great Pfeiffer neighbors—the Rawlings and Mohlmans.—The Editors.

What Happened to the Pfeiffers?

By Helen Mukoyama

IT WAS last October when the LIFE Magazine asked me if I would consider helping them do a story on American-Japanese War Bride Marriage. Why me? They then explained that they had learned that I had done research work on this subject for the University of Chicago. I replied that I would be delighted. In the interview that followed, it was explained to me that their interest regarding American-Japanese marriage was aroused following the recent tragedy of the Japanese War bride, who had attempted suicide after having killed her little two-year-old son. They, however, wanted to write about a successful and happy marriage in spite of racial and cultural barriers? Would it be possible to find material for such a story?

I heard nothing further after this interview and thought that the subject was shelved by the Magazine. Then the week before Christmas I received a call from LIFE again. They had commissioned James Michener to write the article and would I be available to him for consul-

tation? I thought I had not heard right and asked, "Did you say James Michener who wrote the Tales of the South Pacific?" Yes, it was he all right and he will fly into Chicago if I was available immediately.

When Mr. Michener met me with his gracious smile and outstretched hands, he made me feel at ease right away. He is a man about five feet ten inches tall and about one hundred sixty pounds. He is soft spoken, sensitive, and scholarly. Whenever anything interested him, his eyes would light up with a quizzical twinkle. In spite of his fame, I found him a person with humility and deep understanding of human relationships. I thought that his profound knowledge of Japanese culture and customs made him an ideal person selected to write about the Japanese War Bride. Because of his modesty, I discovered only by accident that he could speak and read Japanese quite well. He himself stated that he had a personal interest in writing about American-Japanese marriages because he had been consulted by many servicemen in Japan regarding the advisability of

GI marriages to Japanese girls. He usually advised against these marriages as he felt that the cultural gap was too great an obstacle to surmount. Therefore, he wanted to see at first hand how such marriages were faring in the United States. (You will be interested to know that he had just adopted a two-year-old Caucasian-Japanese boy from Japan.) Mr. Michener had decided that the article was to be about 1 family. The criteria he had set up were that this family preferably be a Japanese girl married to a Caucasian; wife be reasonably photogenic; have children; had had to overcome hardships and adjustment problems here in the United States; and that they were willing to be interviewed. Out of the 35 families that I had visited, I selected 2 families for Mr. Michener, pointing out to him that the families were not necessarily the so-called typical war bride families, but probably would fit the above criteria.

* * * *

We had some difficulty contacting the Pfeiffer family as they had not installed a phone. We sent a wire to



LOUIS KESSLER (right) brings greetings from Sachiko's mother in Japan.

Mrs. Pfeiffer but did not get a response. Finally we contacted Mr. Pfeiffer at the place of his employment. He was so excited about the whole idea of having his story published in *LIFE* that he gave immediate consent and said he would call his neighbor to notify his wife, Sachiko, that we were going to visit them that evening.

Enroute on the Chicago Northwestern train, as we were looking out the window, I pointed out to Mr. Michener that we were passing Oak Park, Illinois, and wondered if had read about the disturbance caused when the famous Dr. Percy Julian, a Negro chemist, moved into this suburb. Mr. Michener did remember this incident and must have made a mental note of this because he later asked me the first name of Dr. Julian and included this item in his story.

Melrose Park was blanketed in snow and the neighborhood where the Pfeiffers lived was like a Christmas postcard. Mrs. Pfeiffer greeted us and seemed surprised to see me. She was relieved to know that I had accompanied Mr. Michener as an interpreter. Yes, she had received the telegram that I had sent her, but she left it unopened on the coffee table for her husband to read when he came home. I noticed that the interior of the home had been completed since my last visit in May, 1954.

The children, Penny and Dale, were dressed attractively and looked like dolls. They took to Mr. Michener right away which seemed to delight and please him immensely. In an informal and conversational way, Mr. Michener asked Sachiko about how she first met Frank, what she thought about him and the Americans in general, etc. Sachiko spoke in a frank, uninhibited manner, interspersing Japanese words when she was at a loss for the English equivalent. She has a low pitched and expressive voice. Her speech is invariably accompanied with gestures of her hands and vibrant facial expressions. It was amazing to note that Sachiko had acquired knowledge of colloquial English in the past several months since I last saw her. She hardly spoke English then since Frank had learned to speak Japanese. I remember that I observed with wonder and admiration for Frank who spoke Japanese with the cultured and modulated tone of a native Japanese, much supe-

rior to my accented and halting "Nisei" Japanese. Sachiko used to speak in Japanese to Penny who understood her, but answered her in English; now she was speaking English to Penny. Mr. Michener had also the opportunity to observe the couple speaking Japanese to each other when Frank came home from work. Here before our eyes was a drama with all the emotional impact of an American husband who had fallen in love with a Japanese girl, and in order to communicate his thoughts had learned to speak Japanese!

It was not necessary for me to interpret for Mr. Pfeiffer. Mr. Michener talked to him privately in the kitchen. During this time, the Mohlmans and the Rawlings dropped in to see if they could help. They frankly stated that they were excited and curious to meet the world famous author whose books they had read. Mr. Michener asked them if they were willing to be interviewed. Mrs. Frances Rawlings and Mrs. Carmella Mohlman responded that they would be honored.

Mrs. Michener conducted the interview in a relaxed, unhurried manner. I noticed that he made notes on a small

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



FRANK PFEIFFER (right) with Sachiko's help is in TV.

piece of paper folded like a fan which he took out from his pocket at intervals. Later, Mr. Michener told me that during all his world-wide travels, he had talked to many people in foreign lands and in spite of language barriers he had never experienced any difficulty in securing information. He said it was amazing how one can get the feelings and thoughts by just listening and observing what the other person wanted to convey. He also commented that Sachiko was a typical "Eddoko" (urbane Tokyoite). In this light, I think that Mr. Michener really caught the essence of Sachiko's inner feelings and thoughts vividly expressed through a Japanese point of view.

Two days later we returned for another visit. Mr. Michener had already visited the other family suggested by me, and decided that his story would be on the Pfeiffers. Sachiko invited us for dinner. She proudly served us a delicious spaghetti dinner cooked in real Italian style. Carmella Mohlman had taught her how. She laughingly said that when she came to the United States she had to learn to cook from Frank. In Japan, she lived with her mother even after her marriage so she had no need to learn to cook. At first she had monotonously served fried pork chops, beans, hot dogs, etc. She now prides herself in being able to serve a variety of foods, thanks to her wonderful neighbors. Mr. Michener seemed impressed and asked if Frank appreciated her Japanese dishes. She burst out laughing, explaining that her husband never learned to care much for Japanese foods. Once she prepared some Japanese dishes and was forced to eat them for four days afterwards since her frugal nature would not permit her to throw them away.

After dinner Frank's mother and brother came for interviews as previously arranged. In my interview with Sachiko in May of 1954, she had told me that she was not on speaking terms with her mother-in-law. Her pride was still preventing her to take the initiative to make up, and she had blamed the misunder-

standing mostly on the language barrier. Therefore, it was heartwarming to see the whole family reunited again. There was a real affectionate and friendly relationship among all the family members. Mrs. Pfeiffer, Sr., impressed me as a typical mid-western middle-age woman. She had an air of quiet dignity about her. The interview with a famous writer somehow made her shy, at first, but after talking to Mr. Michener, she appeared more relaxed and at ease. Frank's younger brother, Charles, was



also interviewed. He looks somewhat like Frank, a little stouter and wears a mustache. He laughingly said that he almost brought home a Japanese bride when he went over to Japan. He thought Japan was a wonderful country. It was fun to watch him tease Sachiko that she was getting fat and should go on a diet.

After that Frank brought out his camera and took pictures with all of us posing with Mr. Michener. The one of Penny with the author was selected by LIFE. Meanwhile, Penny in her charming ways had captured Mr. Michener's affection. Penny began to recite pieces she had learned in school and was telling imaginative stories she had made up. Mr. Michener attentively listened

with the great interest that only a writer who loves children can display. Penny loved being the center of attention. Sachiko mentioned that she had not cut Dale's hair since Carmella had told her it was bad luck to cut it before he was a year old. Because he looked so cute, Mr. Michener instructed Sachiko to be sure not to cut his hair until the LIFE photographer came to take their pictures. Sachiko promised, and said that she has to keep explaining to strangers that Dale was not a girl, but a boy.

In the meantime in order to get a little background of the problems of the Japanese-American people, I arranged for Mr. Michener to visit the Japanese-American Service Club, an organization in Chicago serving the Japanese with employment, welfare and other problems. A luncheon at the Normandie Inn was held at which time Mr. Michener and the members of LIFE staff had the opportunity to meet with members of JACL and other leaders of the Japanese community. Mr. Michener was very impressed by the Nisei and their achievements and thought that LIFE would have a wonderful story to publish about them.

* * * *

In our next visit, Mr. Michener went to visit the Rawlings and Mohlmans in their homes. Mr. Michener spoke briefly with the Pfeiffers

to check some factual material. At this time I asked Sachiko if she wouldn't mind showing Mr. Michener the shirts she was making to give as Christmas presents to their friends and neighbors. She had almost completed a dozen shirts beautifully sewn with handstitched finishing touches. Frank proudly indicated that the shirt he was wearing was made also by his wife. He said that he never wears ready-made ones anymore. Sachiko has a keen sense of color combination and good taste in selecting material for dresses and shirts she makes during her spare time.

Mr. Michener returned a month later to check again on facts and gathered additional information. In the final inter-

view, Mr. Michener wanted to take the Pfeiffers out to dinner. When we went to the Pfeiffer home, Sachiko was dressed beautifully in a sophisticated black dress accented by her wearing glistening rhinestone jewelry. Frank was to drive us to the finest restaurant in Melrose Park. As we were leaving to go there, Sachiko came out wearing her mink coat and forthwith gave us the account how she happened to acquire the coat.

This was told by Mr. Michener in LIFE. When Frank first met Sachiko she was in baggy overalls and sneakers. He swore that someday she'd wear mink. The couple had saved a few thousand dollars and bought the mink in Japan—in the summertime to save some costs. The coat became more a symbol to the Pfeiffers than an item of luxury; they never thought of selling it even when they had difficult financial problems.

She said that she wears the mink everywhere, even for shopping since she could not afford a cloth coat just yet because all the money had been going toward finishing the house. Before we left, Carmella Mohlman came to baby sit with Dale.

It was a great treat for the Pfeiffers—and especially for Penny to go out to dine in a fine restaurant. Frank and Sachiko seldom went out because of the children and because they had to save every penny toward the house.

We talked about the future of the children. Penny overheard us and said she would like to become a famous writer like Mr. Michener, but she also wanted to become the wife of a nice man. She had already become a celebrity in her school as word had spread that LIFE was going to publish a story about her family. She was going to buy a whole lot of the LIFE Magazines so she would be able to distribute them to her school mates. By the glances which were directed toward our table, it was evident that the people saw how attractive the couple was and how cute Penny looked. Frank wants to go back to Japan to visit or even live there, but Sachiko said that America is her home. She said that her mother always used to say that once a woman marries, she leaves her family and old life behind like a cocoon, and makes her new life elsewhere with her husband and children.

The Pfeiffers wanted us to return to

their home since the Rawlings and Mohlmans were planning to come and visit with Mr. Michener again. The home overran with the Rawlings, Mohlmans, Pfeiffers, and their children. They came with their camera, and would Mr. Michener kindly pose with them so they could have pictures of this memorable occasion? Patiently and graciously Mr. Michener posed with each and everyone of them. Afterwards we gathered around the kitchen table and Sachiko served us coffee and the home made cake that Carmella brought over. Mr. Mohlman is rather shy, but a personable young man. The wives talked freely. It was Mr. Rawlings who kept us in stitches giving us accounts of his war time experiences. He surprised me with his droll sense of Irish humor—a comedian, somewhat of a cross between Jack Benny and Herb Shriner. Mr. Michener on our way home stated that he enjoyed this evening immensely. He had also mentioned to the LIFE staff that writing this article was one of his most enjoyable experiences as he was writing about real people who found love and enduring friendships with neighbors regardless of differences in race, culture and creed—a true story one proudly wants to tell to the people of America and the whole world. This is American Democracy in action.

Overnight the Pfeiffers became a celebrity in Melrose Park after LIFE's publication. The people in the village are mighty proud of the Pfeiffers who had put their town on the map. That evening when LIFE hit the newsstands, people from three blocks in Melrose Park where the Pfeiffers lived, dropped in. The Pfeiffers had an open house where over 100 people came and food and drinks were served.

A Chicago newspaper made comments on their story. They have been on a TV program and have even been approached by a producer for a possible movie about their love story. The Pfeiffers have received an avalanche of mail, practically all well wishers for their continued happiness. I have read some of these letters written by attorneys, physicians, school children, housewives, servicemen and women who had been in Japan, college students, preachers, and Japanese war brides themselves.

—TURN TO PAGE 31

戦争花嫁幸子ファイ
フアさんは愛人フランク
氏との間に儲けた二人の
子供の母であり近所の
信頼を受けて凡そ
幸福な米国家庭の
主婦であり自分と
同じ戦争花嫁達の
為ならフのパンを半分

に割いても慰さめ励
まして幸福に導く
ことを望んでみる。
然しながら幸子さん
今日の生活は彼女が倉
家を生れて親の生活
を助ける為、五呎にも
足らぬ短身で力仕事
を働き抜いた忍従生

活の賜である。
十年前から進駐して
たフランクファイア氏は
或日東京市内を巡
検して見た所、いざ
が五ヶ所もある米を運
んで汗いづく日焼いた
首赤赤顔に笑くほ
さえ見せし直剣に

立ち働く次女が目止ま
った所がどうした拍子か
足首を捻ぢ、痛み烈
しいのを見て事情を
聞いたが言葉が全然
通じない。手と直剣で
親の許へ送りつけたの
が縁となつて双方言
葉は通じないが相愛

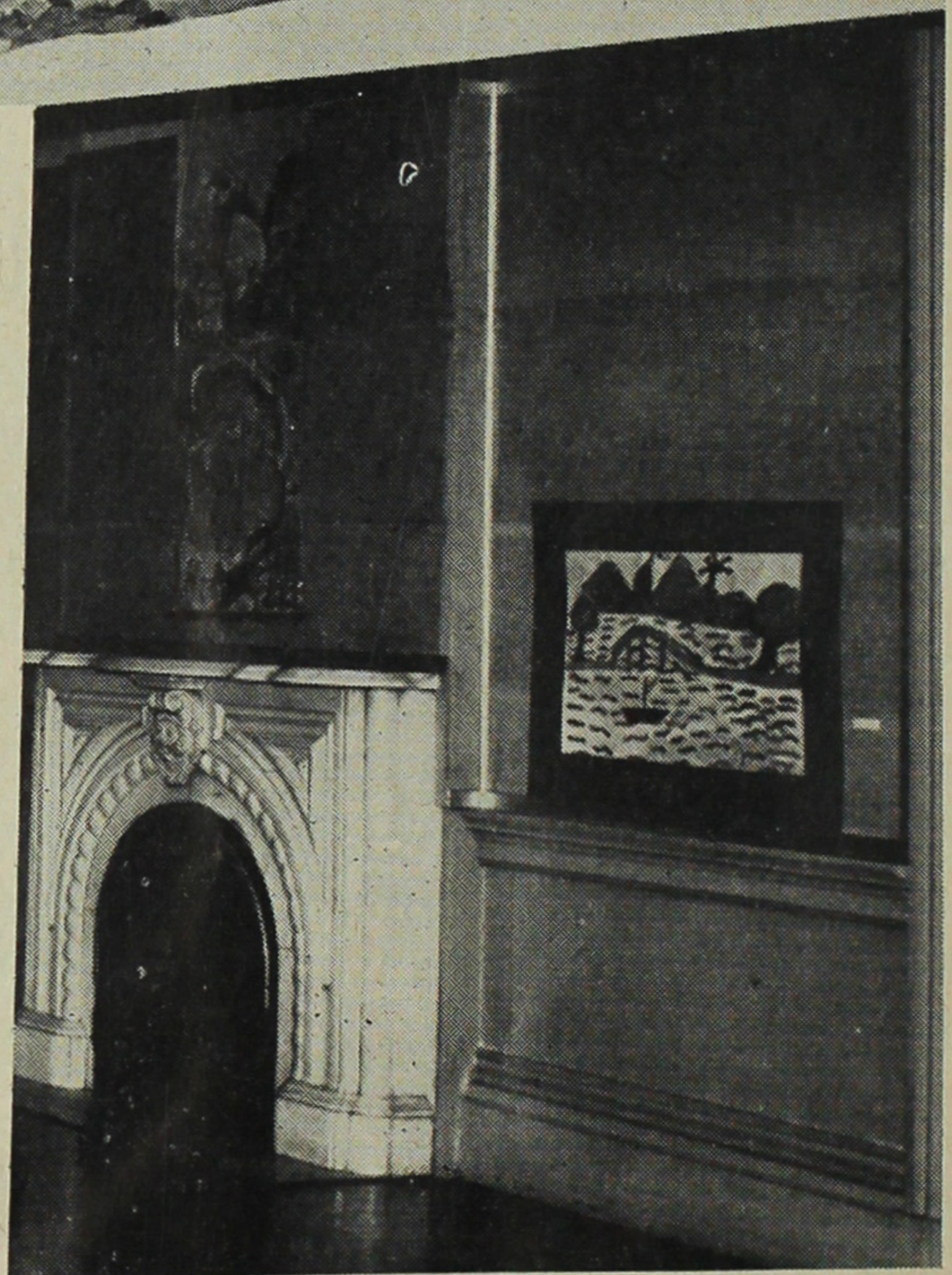
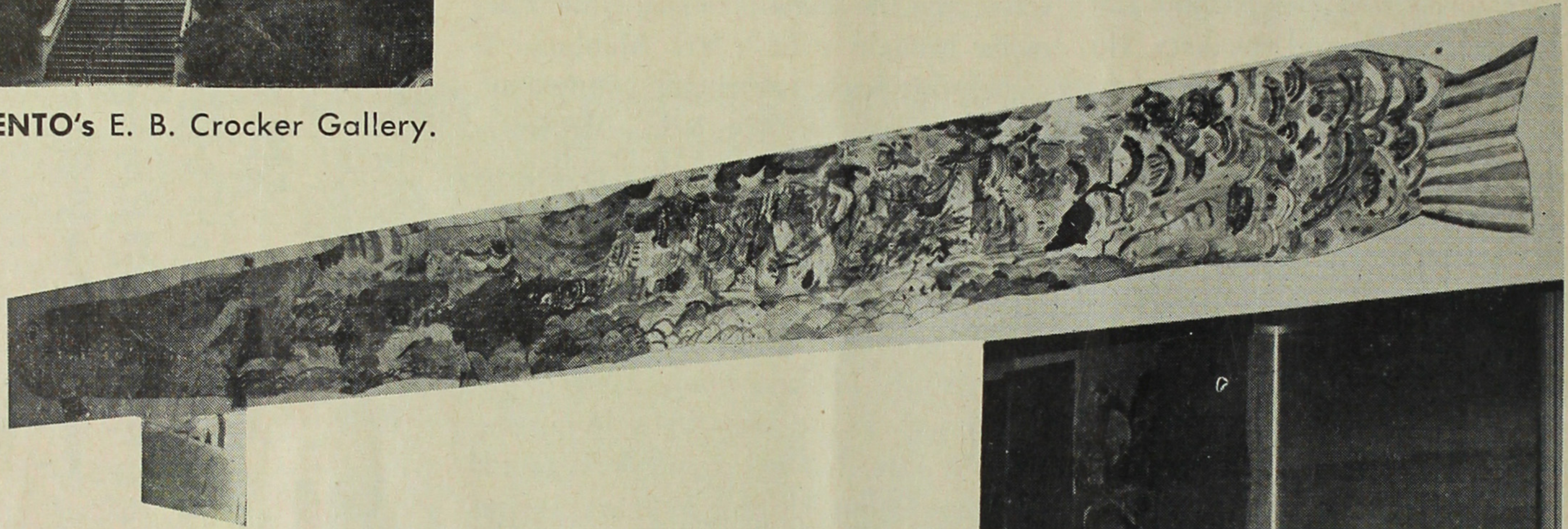
の仲となった。その頃は
進駐兵の日本婦人との
結婚は禁断だった
が日本式に三九度の
杯をいふ夫婦となり
幸子さんの家に同居
した。母親がフランクを
んといふことだけは覚
えたが殆どフランクが

日本語を覚える外は何
の会話も出来なかった。一
家庭団結の實を上げずと
ても幸福となった。
米国へ来た最初は姑
の反対や村人の排斥で
煉獄生活を続けたが
漸く社会に認められ理
想的幸福な家庭である。



SACRAMENTO'S E. B. Crocker Gallery.

Sacramento's Japanese Art



FOR 11 WEEKS, the Japanese children of Sacramento's Lincoln Grade School, hurried after school hours to the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, just around the corner at 216 'O' Street. Their assignment: to draw and paint a fish 3 feet wide and 30 feet long. They mixed their own colors, planned the head, body and tail all without any adult help. They drew fishes and lanterns for the walls in their uninhibited bright-colored childish ways. They were pointing for the Gallery's third annual Japanese Flower and Festival and Art Show held on April 25.

Outside the Gallery, the show had huge billowing carps, their bodies filled with the April breezes.

Inside, well over 3000 visitors saw impressively grouped objects from Japan which included paintings, prints, drawings, pottery, ivory carvings, suits of armor, dolls, coins, stamps, swords, posters, scrolls, flower arrangements, and dwarf trees. They relaxed in an area converted into a tea room and contemplated the titles — "Windows" and "Autumn"—in the design and color of wood block prints by Japan's Chizuko Yoshida.

Along the walls of the large ballroom, modern and traditional flower arrangements were set against a background of white corrugated paper. On the second floor, visitors saw Captain Allan Lavelle's famous suits of Japanese armor (See page 29). There were dozens of Japanese dolls authentically clothed in kimono.

Dance teachers Jumai Hanayagi and Kineya Sakurako stepped about in the "Tale of the Picture Screen" which was about 2 lovers emerging from a picture and becoming alive. Their pupils—Susan Takahashi, Keiko Komura, Diane Fukagawa, Tsuneko Nakatani, Toshiko Nakatani — danced numbers in slow

grace like "Moon Over the Castle" and "Dance of Spring."

Besides 20 of his water colors, Professor Emeritus Chiura Obata of the University of California displayed a large 4-panel gold leaf screen. The colors drawn on the panel were made from rocks collected by Professor Obata during 40 years of observation and travel in the high Sierras.

This year's show had an attendance which was 50 percent greater than last year. The 2 most responsible for this were Gallery Director Ernest Van Harlingen and Festival Chairman Peter T. Osuga.

櫻府クラッカー美術館に大きな怪
 し気な臭が飾られてる。長さ三十
 一呎幅三呎ある。それは附近の
 リンカスタイル幼年組十九名に自
 由に作らせた紙の作品。一週間に
 一時間つづ五週間かかると云ふ。
 櫻菜二世文化団の年中行事生
 花展覧会の副産であり、麦
 嶺の小畑ドクターらが牛耳た。



DOLL-LIKE SUSAN Takahashi danced for "Haru-Same," Dance of Spring.

Photos by Toyo Studio



SHOW'S ANNUAL growth is due to Director E. Van Harlingen (2nd from left) and Festival Chairman Peter Osuga (far right). Special Guest was Consul General Y. Katsuno (left).

Amerca's Great Big Heart



REV. TANIMOTO'S FAMILY was flown from Hiroshima by Ralph Edwards to surprise the Reverend on "THIS IS YOUR LIFE." Program kicked off a fund raising campaign for the scarred "Hiroshima Maidens."

WHILE THE sweat on his forehead was glistening under the extra-bright glare of television lights, one-time Army Captain Robert Lewis—the man who flew the atom-bomb B-29 plane—came face to face with 1 of his Hiroshima victims, the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto. Recalling the horror of the moment, when the single flash obliterated the city of Hiroshima, Captain Lewis apologized to the Reverend and said that he had then written in the air log: “My God, what have we done?”

A segment of what happened in Hiroshima was young girls so awfully disfigured that they would not venture out into the streets unless it was dark. Their scars were so terrible that they could not move arms, legs, or fingers. Some of them found a sympathetic refuge at the Nagarekawa Church of Rev. Tanimoto. He became their champion, looked after them, finding jobs and means of recreation. But now, most of them at the marrying age were acutely concerned about their health and looks. The future looked very dim.

Norman Cousins, editor of the THE SATURDAY REVIEW, learned about the “Hiroshima Maidens” in 1953. The Rev. Tanimoto told him that the big problem was medical treatment and admitted, “we do not have the means to go much further with plastic surgery.” Cousins said he thought efforts could be made stateside to bring the girls over for a full surgical treatment.

To which, the Reverend replied: “The American people have been just and generous to Japan in defeat. And I have great confidence in America, for I have studied there and been there since the end of the war. I am certain that if by some miracle these girls could be given the medical treatment they so badly need, it would be a wonderful thing for both countries.”

Norman Cousins found that progress was to be “dismally slow” in the U.S. Foundations were afraid of the mercy project with reasons like: What if a Maiden should die in the course of the operation? What about the politics of the girls and possible investigation by a Congressional committee? So Cousins searched out possibilities in other directions. Through the SATURDAY REVIEW doctor, William M. Hitzig, the Mt. Sinai



CAPTAIN LEWIS, pilot of B-29 which dropped the atom bomb apologized to the Reverend and Hiroshima victims, made the first contribution for Maidens' surgery.

Hospital of New York offered operating facilities and hospital bed-care free of charge. Dr. Arthur J. Barsky, prominent plastic surgeon in New York agreed to handle the operative work.

Drs. Hitzig and Barsky even agreed to fly to Japan (paying for their own fare and giving up a month's practice) to select the girls most likely to benefit from the operations.

The Rev. Tanimoto was asked to accompany the Maidens to the U.S., together with 3 Japanese doctors who will study advanced plastic surgery. The Reverend had scarcely landed in the United States when he was asked to appear on a Hollywood television show, presumably for an interview.

It turned out to be Ralph Edwards' “This Is Your Life” (NBC, Wednesdays, 10 P.M.), a program of astonishing surprises where one is confronted by people out of one's past. The Reverend met his theological classmate, Dr. Marvin Greene; Bertha Starkey who caused him to enter the Christian ministry—and Captain Robert Lewis. The Captain started a spending fund for the Hiroshima Maidens by donating \$500 on behalf of the historic B-29 personnel

and the company for which he now works. Within minutes after a New York postal address was given on the air, Americans demonstrated their generosity by donating thousands of dollars for the “Hiroshima Maidens.”

The plastic surgery has begun; the girls are entering the Mt. Sinai Hospital 2 at a time. As the months go by, they will look and feel better not only through skillful American surgeons but also from the American public's large sentimental heart.

広島原爆で負傷した少女達二十四名に対し整容外科手術をするといふアメリカ人の心遣いは、建前より心遣いである。病院ドクター、バースキー理事長として一時に二人の手術を行つてみる。この人道の世紀の大事業は日本にシフトし、谷本清氏の不断の奉仕の現われであり、この整容外科は、その一部であり、この為覚醒した米人の救恤運動の激増。



HE WAS THE smartest boy in school but he didn't want to be a priest so he wouldn't study.

Pictures by Yasuo Hara

THIS IS a story about one of the most famous men who ever lived in Japan. His name was Hideyoshi. He lived about 400 years ago and was a great general who fought many battles and came to rule all the land. He is as famous in Japan as George Washington or Abraham Lincoln in America and many stories are told about him.

When he was a little boy he was very small and had a very funny face. So everyone called him "Little Monkey." His parents wanted him to become a priest. They sent him to live at a temple and to go to the temple school. He was the smartest boy in school, but he didn't want to be a priest, so he wouldn't study at all. And he was always doing something naughty.

So the chief priest sent Little Monkey away from the temple. Little Monkey was afraid to go home. He went to his uncle's house in another town.

Little Monkey lived with his uncle for a while. But his uncle was a poor man and didn't have enough food to give Little Monkey. So Little Monkey had to go to work. His uncle found a job for Little Monkey at a place where they dyed cloth, and Little Monkey went to live at the dyer's house.

The dyer was a very kind man, but he was also very strict. "So they call you Little Monkey," he said. "You look like a very smart boy. If you want to work for me, you'll have to work very hard."

Little Monkey promised to work hard. Then the dyer showed him what he was supposed to do. His job was to stir the

blue dye which was kept in big pots. He would stand up above the pots and stir the dye with a long paddle. He would have to stir it round and round for a long time. It looked like very easy work, but Little Monkey got very tired doing nothing every day but stir the dye, round and round. Still he liked this work better than going to the temple school.

One day Little Monkey was left all alone at his work. The dyer and the other workers had all gone away to work some place else that day, and Little Monkey was stirring the dye all by himself. Suddenly some children from the neighborhood came peeping into the yard where he was working.

"Look who's come to work for the dyer," one of the children said. "He's

such a tiny little boy."

"He has a face just like a monkey's," said another.

But Little Monkey pretended not to notice them. He just kept on stirring the dye, acting as though he enjoyed the work very much. He seemed to be having such a good time that all the other children began wishing that they could stir the dye too.

When Little Monkey saw how much the other children wanted to change places with him, he acted very proud and important. He said to them, "This looks very easy, doesn't it? But it's really very hard work. I bet you couldn't even do it. And it's great fun too. See, you stir the dye round like this." Then Little Monkey began stirring the dye again, moving the paddle around very fast.

The biggest boy there was named Kumakichi. The more he watched Little Monkey stir the dye the more he wanted to do it too. At last he could stand it no longer. He said, "Please, little boy, let me stir the dye a while."

"Don't call me little boy," said Little Monkey. "My name is Little Monkey. Call me by my name."

"All right, said Kumakichi. "Please let me stir the dye, Little Monkey."

"Well, I don't know," said Little Monkey. "You might not be able to do it the right way." And he went on stirring the dye, round and round. All the other children began to beg too.

"Please, let me do it, let me do it," said one.

"Me first! Me first!" said another.

They all shouted and made a great noise. They gathered around Little Monkey. They pulled at his feet and tried to grab the paddle out of his hand. They pulled so hard that Little Monkey almost fell into the dye pot.

"Hey! Be careful!" said Little Monkey. "Let go of me!" Then he jumped down to the ground and said, "Since all of you want to stir the dye, I guess I'll let you try it. But first you must tell me who it was that said I look like a monkey."

When the children heard this they became very quiet. Nobody said a word. "What's the matter?" said Little Mon-



THEY PULLED so hard that Little Monkey fell into the dye pot.

key. "Are you deaf and dumb?"

Then Kumakichi said, "I'll tell you who it was. It was me that said it. Please forgive me. I didn't mean to make you feel bad."

"So it was you, was it?" said Little Monkey. "All right then, I'll let you stir the dye first, because I like people who tell the truth. Come on, get up on top of the pot and start stirring."

Kumakichi was very proud and happy. He took the long paddle and climbed up on top of the pot. Then he began stirring the dye, moving the paddle round and round in it, just the way he'd seen Little Monkey do.

Kumakichi stirred the dye for a while, and then Little Monkey let all the other children take turns stirring it, starting with the smallest child and going on up to the biggest. They waited in line for

their turns, and each one tried to stir the dye harder and faster than the others.

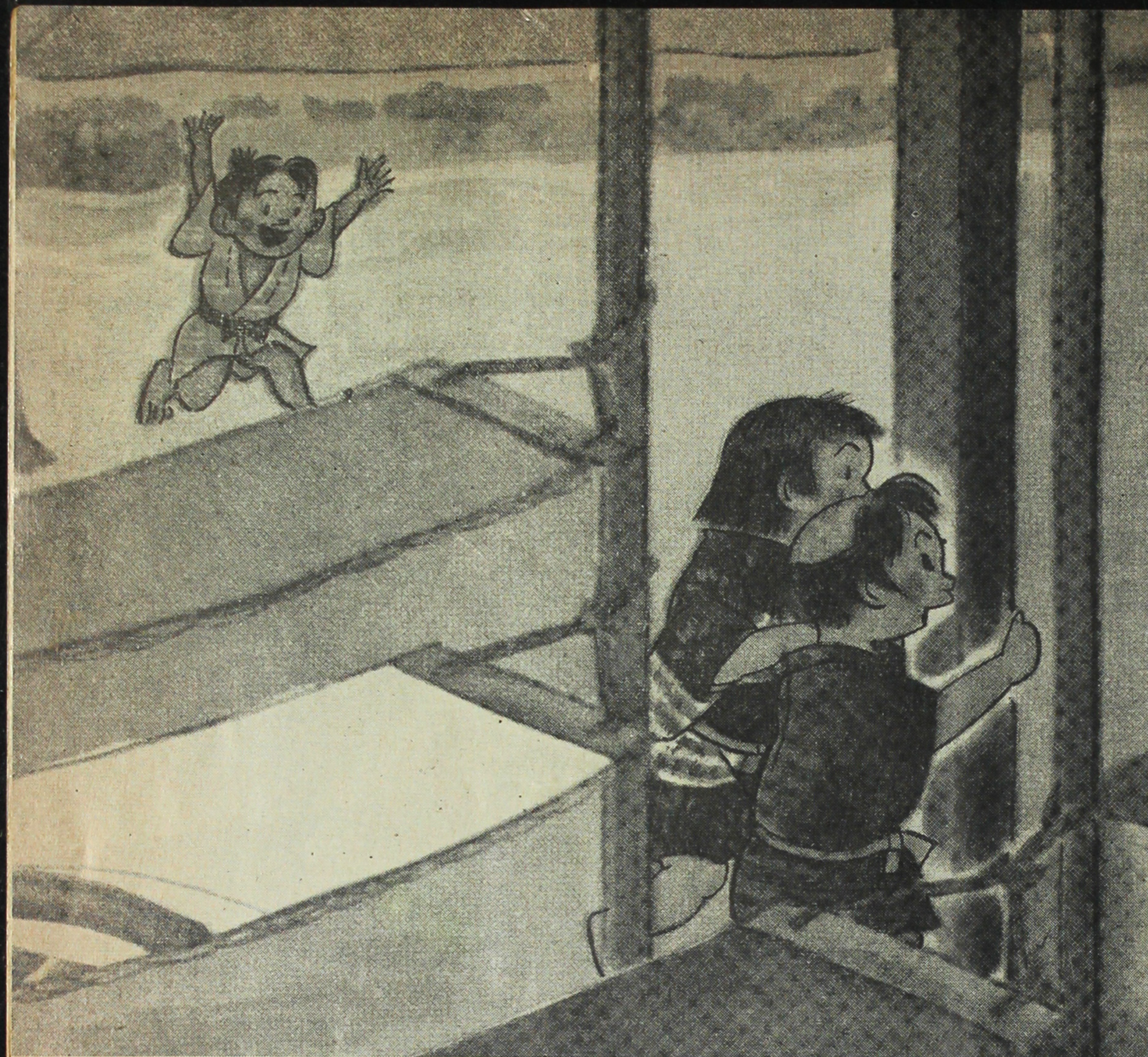
All the children were very excited. They thought this was the best game they'd ever played. And so the paddle went round and round and round, faster and faster, faster and faster. Little Monkey had become the children's leader and they were all very happy to do whatever he told them to.

So he kept them stirring the dye all day, while he just stood and watched.

In the late afternoon the dyer and the other workers returned. The dyer was very surprised when he saw how much dye had been stirred that day. He called Little Monkey and praised him very much.

"You are only a tiny little boy," the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



dyer said, "but you can do as much work as 3 grown men. I never thought you could stir so much day in 1 day. Thank you very much for working so hard while I was gone."

The dyer's wife also praised Little Monkey. "You're really a very fine little boy and I'm going to give you a prize." So she went in the house and brought Little Monkey 3 delicious little cakes.

All the other workers praised Little Monkey too. And everyone said he was sure to become a great man when he grew up.

This delightful entertaining children's tale was reprinted from "Silver Bells," a series of wonderfully drawn and well-written children's books. They can be obtained by addressing inquiries to SILVER BELLS, 5 Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A., or 1, 1-chome Kasuga-cho, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

ALL THE children were very excited about the best game they'd ever played.

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GRISLY LOOK comes from armor worn around 16th Century. Works of art, they were also worn in battle.





MILITARY UNIFORM had richly vivid coloring. **ARMOR** suspended like protective curtains.

THE JAPANESE warrior 4 centuries ago wore a grotesque face mask: the mouth was ferociously parted as if to consume the enemy and heavy mustache tufts bristled out from under the nostrils. Vivid colorings of red and blue flashed about on his military garb with festoons of gold brocaded cloth silk cords, bright lacings, and elaborate gilt work. Often the armor bore crests and decorations identifying the warrior, honoring his family name and that of his lord.

Worn for battle as well as for show, suits of armor such as these have been collected by Captain Allen J. Lavelle of the U. S. Air Force. Armor kept within family for generations and regarded as national treasures make collection an exceedingly difficult hobby. Very few men other than the good Captain could have even begun the collection.

Ex-stunt flyer Lavelle was assigned as a public relations officer to the Johnson Air Force Base, 30 miles north of Tokyo. He learned the language well enough to



HELMET HAD hole at top, **hachimanza**, to allow entry of Hachiman, war god.



LAVELLE's own uniform contrasts with another age.

米國航空大佐(今)ラ
ヴェル氏其集愛藏
する日本の鎧兜は三
百六十斗乃至四百六十
年昔の名作と函書
された珍品就中明
智光秀本能寺之變
に着用した鎧也足利
末期に傳へた黒革
威じし等は西頬に汗
ぬきの穴あり鼻下に掃
ろしき附け鬚あり。古
美術として観るべき革
金製又は漆器である。
大佐は埼玉縣人の偶像。

act as an interpreter at meetings of Japanese residents and the airmen. He went out of his way to solve the problems of the Japanese. He arranged to have some roads sprinkled with oil to settle the dust which was ruining a farmer's tea crop. He boosted Red Cross drives to thousands of dollars by allowing fund-raisers to enter the base, especially little school children who gave their "sales talk" in English.

When he was transferred back to the States, a telegram signed by some 180,000 people of the Saitama prefecture was sent to President Eisenhower asking him to keep Lavelle in Japan.

Through this kind of affection, his friends helped him locate armor suits, dating back 365 to 465 years. One is known to have belonged to Mitsuhide Aketchi who ruled Japan for about a week some 450 years ago, after killing the Shogun Oda Nobunaga. (He in turn was pursued and slain by Toyotomi Hideyoshi.) The value placed on each armor is high, but in every case the Japanese turned the armor over to Lavelle because of the confidence that Lavelle would treat it with

cultural respect. Saburo Ohtake of Nagoya said to him: "It thrills me to think that this *yoroi* (armor) will cross the seas to America and help your people and mine understand one another."

At the present Captain Lavelle is stationed in New York, hoping for the assignment that will send him back to Japan. In the meanwhile, his armors are showing another medieval aspect of Japan. They can be seen in Sacramento's E. B. Crocker Art Gallery. (See page 22.)

Behind the Pfeiffer Story

—FROM PAGE 21

The Japanese war brides writing in Japanese shared their problems with Sachiko and wished they lived near her to have her as their friend. An ex-GI married also to a Japanese war bride thanked the Pfeiffers for having their mutual story brought to the attention of the public—especially on the point that Japanese women make wonderful wives. Some people have even sent money and gifts to the children. Dale and Penny have captivated the love and affections of everyone because of their beauty and adorableness. Many dropped notes compelled by an irresistible urge to let the Pfeiffers know that they were happy to have shared their story with them.

The Rawlings and Mohlmans as well as the Pfeiffers have had visitors from all over the country. Sachiko has had

several Japanese war brides, total strangers, drop in to share their experiences. She had mailed the copy of LIFE to her mother. In the meantime, she had a visit from Mr. Louis Kessler, living in Park Ridge, Illinois. He was working for the U.S. Government and was enroute to Hawaii and Japan on an assignment. Could he get the address of her mother so he could visit her in Japan? Subsequently she received a letter from her mother that this man had visited her in Tokyo, had taken the copy of LIFE Magazine and through an interpreter had translated the entire article for her. Sachiko's mother was overflowing with happiness and said that the man reported before Sachiko's copy of LIFE ever got Japan by mail. This man again saw the Pfeiffers after his return from Japan, bringing with him pictures he had taken

of Sachiko's family. He told her that Japan had sent the best ambadress of good will to America, meaning Sachiko.

A man describing himself as white, 40 years old and giving his personal qualifications wrote the Pfeiffers that since he was lonely and a bachelor, could they help him find a Japanese wife? Perhaps they knew a Japanese girl in Japan or America, whom they could introduce for a possible spouse?

Yes, Frank had found one terrific wife in Japan. Wouldn't any man be proud and happy with one like Sachiko?



Dining Out in Tokyo

By Mary Serisawa

IT'S BEEN such "fun" to eat in Tokyo this time! Tokyo, as you already know, is the 3rd largest city in the world with a population of 9 million people. Consequently, there are many hundreds of restaurants specializing in

The picture is that of a noren, brushed in Tokyo by Mary's famous artist husband, Sueo. (See "Behind the Scene," page 2.) The Serisawas spent the month of May and half of June in Japan—the most intensively wonderful experience of their lives.—Editors.

a variety of unusual cuisine. It's exciting in a different way too because each season, a new vegetable or sea food is prepared and served in the most exquisite manner, in gorgeously shaped dishes and in elegant surroundings.

There are 2 customs practiced throughout Japan which I think would be well for us to adopt, if possible.

One is—that each guest upon entering a *ryoriya* (restaurant) must remove his or her shoes. The other custom is—you are provided with a hot but tightly wrung small towel which the Japanese call *shibori*. This is brought to you on a beautiful carved wooden leaf-type dish or roughly woven basket. (Men often wipe their faces as well as their hands, while women wipe only their hands.) Anyway, the hot steam from the towels has such a "soothing" effect on you—like after a bath or shower. What a nice way to enjoy your breakfast, lunch or dinner!

On our first day in Tokyo, we were whisked off to a beautiful restaurant called *Okahan* located in the Ginza where the finest, tastiest "massaged" beef from Matsuzaka is served. (See SCENE May, 1955 issue.)

Gourmets of Tokyo, especially, enjoy *Okahan's* delicious way of preparing *Batayaki* and *Sukiyaki* dishes. Believe

MENU

Green Tea

**Sora Mame (Fava Beans)*

Beer and Sake

Sunomono (Salad)

**Batayaki*

Suimono (Soup)

Rice

Oshinko (Pickles)

Fresh Fruit

Hoji cha (roasted tea)

it or not, *Batayaki* is similar to *Sukiyaki* for it is "tenderly" cooked at the table, and only a single layer at a time.

However, *before* dinner you will be busily sipping hot green tea. Then lots of nice cold beer and (or) hot sake and *sora mame* (fava beans) will be brought to you. These are shelled, cooked in salted boiling water until just done. Then they are drained, chilled,

and served in small interestingly shaped flower dishes. The Japanese served fava beans for hors d'oeuvres or to "tease the heart" as the Chinese say. At last, your recipe—

"BATAYAKI"

- 1 cup white wine
- 1/4 lb. butter
- 10 slices beef tenderloin or filet mignon (1/2 inch thick)
- 2 large onions (sliced across)
- 3-5 large fresh *shitake* mushrooms (cut in half or thirds)

Arrange sliced meat on a large plate in attractive fashion. Do the same for the onions and mushrooms. Garnish with parsley, green leaves, etc.

Drop a lump of butter on a quite hot *sukiyaki* griddle or skillet. Quickly dip a slice of beef in white wine, one at a time. Saute slices well on 1 side and then, the other side. While meat is cooking, add a few onion slices and lastly, add some mushrooms. Sprinkle generously with coarsely ground black pepper. Serve immediately with

"WHITE RADISH SAUCE"

- 2 tbsp. grated white radish
- 1/2 tsp. mono-sodium glutamate
- 1/4 cup imported Japanese soy sauce
- 1/4 tsp. slivered lime rind

Dip bite size pieces of meat and vegetables into delicious radish sauce. (Recipe above is enough for 1 person.)

P.S. You can use dried *shitake* mushrooms instead of the fresh — only be sure to soak awhile before cooking.

P.P.S. Allow 2 steaks per person, and possibly 3—if your guests are heavy eaters and very hungry.

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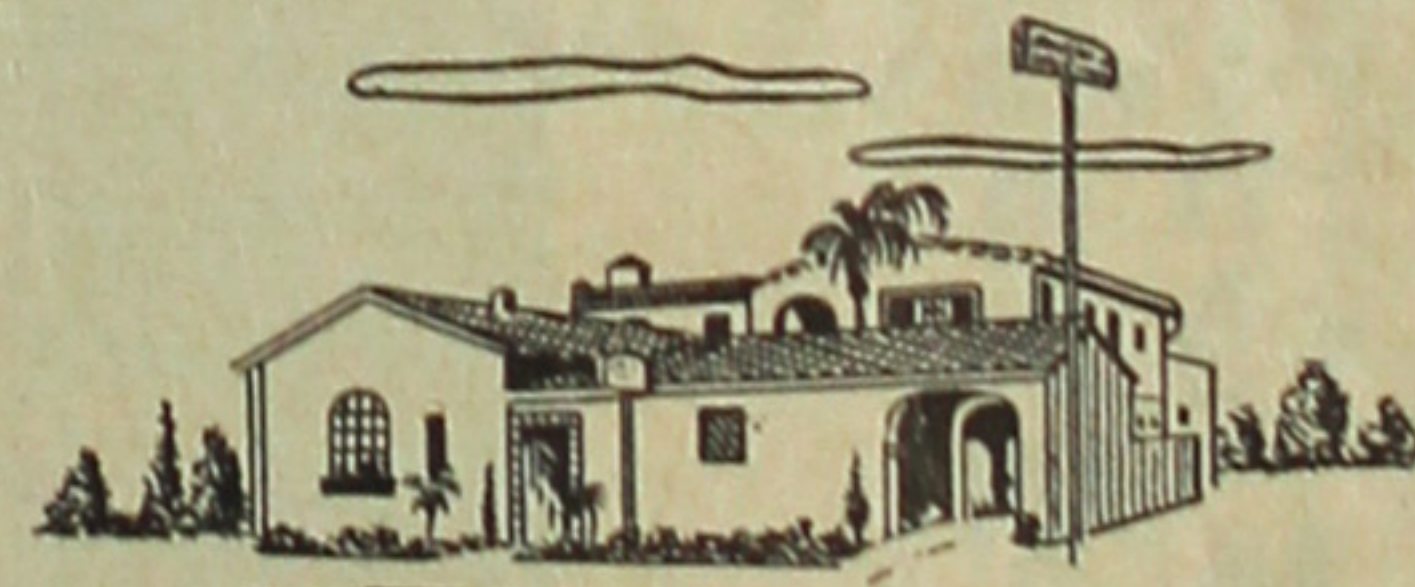
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EMPEROR YANG pays more attention to heart affair than to State.

Machiko as "Princess Yang"

MACHIKO KYO has an enlarging tribe of admirers outside of Japan through the stunning success at U.S. box-offices of 3 pictures: "Rashomon," "Ugetsu," and "Gates of Hell." Her full-cheeked beauty—a refreshing departure from the sleek models in Hollywood—is revising a number of male tastes in women.

In a change of pace, Daiei has put her in a famous Chinese story: the love of Emperor Yang Hsuan-tsun for a country girl, Yang Kuei-fei.

Masayuki Mori who has played in leads for "Rashomon" and "Ugetsu" is the Emperor.

Even with a Chinese setting, the picture is cast in the usual romantic tragedy of the Daiei films seen in this country. The Emperor pays more attention to the affairs of his heart than to those of the State. The public doesn't like Princess Yang one bit, and in time the Emperor's generals revolt and attack the palace.

The beautiful Princess Yang gets the full brunt of public indignation and is finally executed at a public hanging.

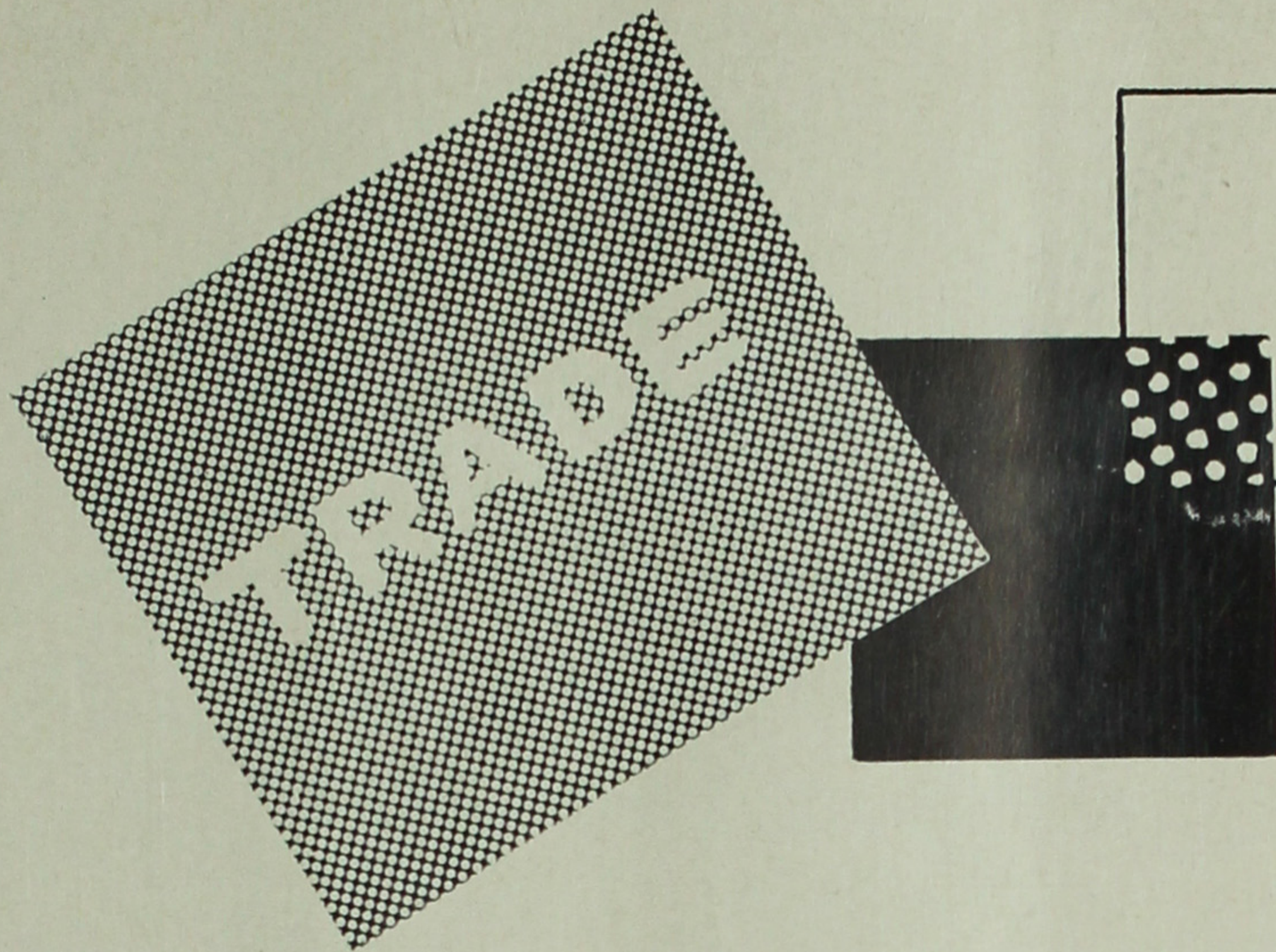
One thing stateside audiences wonder about is how successfully can a Japanese portray a Chinese? Is it to be compared with the bumbling attempts of Hollywood to put everything of the Orient into the Puccini image of "Madame Butterfly"?

The film has the usual excellent standards of Daiei photography and the remarkable achievements of Eastman Color.

MACHIKO KYO is a Chinese princess in her latest Daiei production.



中華四百余州の大皇帝と町の娘との
悲恋物語。絶世の美人楊貴妃の
生涯。後園に咲き匂ふ牡丹畑に花
び交ふ蝶と之に戯まれる黒猫を見る
にけ。楊貴妃の目に涙光る。待てど
来ぬ人。命を賭け不滅の恋を信じ
て花の生涯を献じた史実物語。
幽幻華麗な場面をから慄々と
して迫る悲恋心の極致が描かれる。



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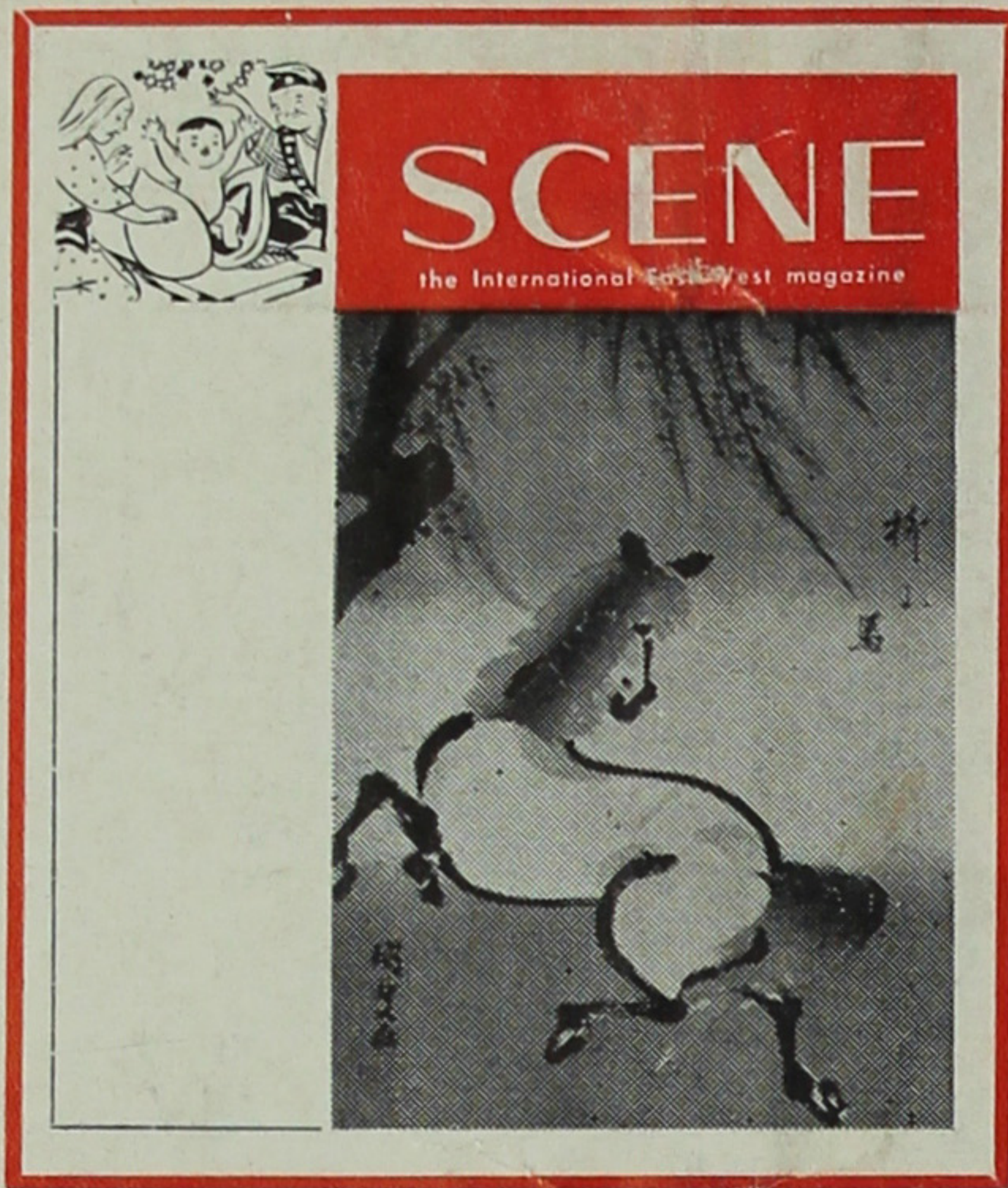
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