

HOLIDAY
ISSUE

THE ALL ENGLISH JAPANESE-
AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

CROSSROADS

10c

IN TWO PARTS

Vol. II, No. 32

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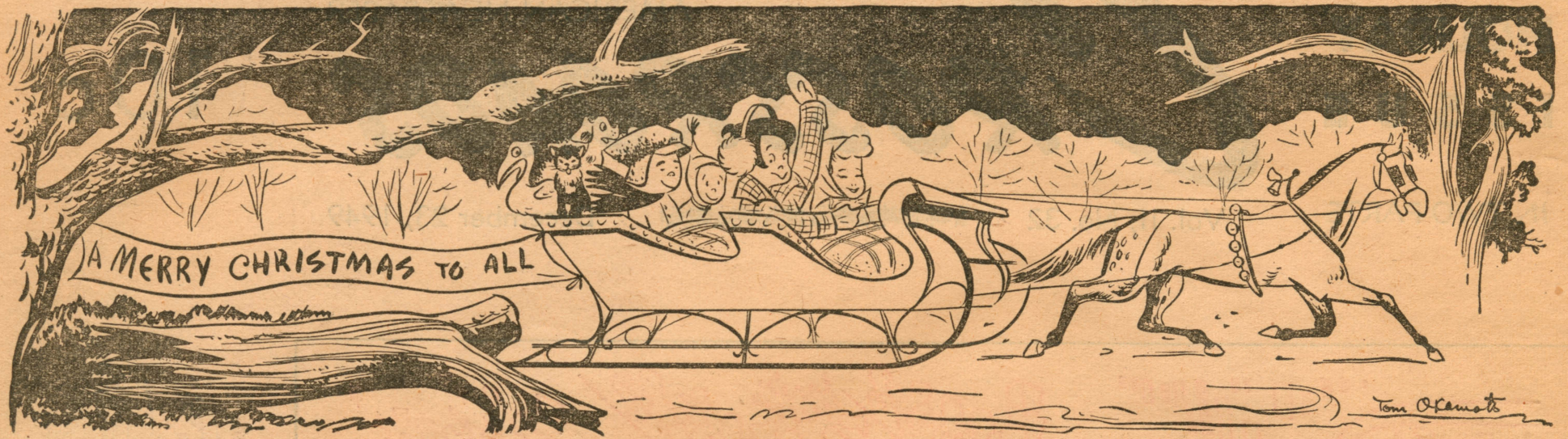
P. 13
Helen Aoki



PHOTOGRAPH

- Ruth Kodama
- Hiroshi Kashiwagi
- Helen Aoki
- Eddie Shimano
- Al Miyadi
- Roku Sugahara
- Kaz Honda
- Bill Hosokawa
- Larry Tajiri
- Carl Kondo
- Mary Oyama
- Lily Yanai
- Hisaye Yamamoto
- Taro Yashima
- Yasuo Kanayama
- Ted Tajima

Drawn Especially for CROSSROADS by Mine Oki



After the Storm..

— A Few Thoughts on the Holiday Issue and Its Contributors

Well, it's out.

With rain drops falling on my head (the roof leaks—a little) and the thought of all my Christmas cards yet to address, lick and mail, not to mention a three-week accumulation of laundry, I sit me down to write "30" to 1949. CROSSROADS' end-of-the-year, Holiday Issue is off the presses.

Jogging along at the comfortable clip of eight pages every week, this sudden spurt of 32 pages does something to one's equilibrium. For the past three weeks, Christmas shopping, gallivanting to dances and even an occasional LUNCH have gone by the boards while we went up to our necks in printer's ink and type to bring out this enlarged issue.

We couldn't have done it by ourselves, of course. A carload of orchids must go to those contributors who sent in such outstanding "ker" or "A Burial for the Yellow Peril."

Contributions have come in that we can carry in this issue. We have an interesting and incisive article on Switzerland from Neal Hurley, an article on a Nisei labor union by Stanley Weir, an article on the Hagiyaras and the Japanese Garden at Golden Gate Park by Hugh Anderson, an article on Helen Sawa and Newell Steward by John Agawa and a short story by T. Takeshi Oye—all of which we find we'll have to hold over until future issues of CROSSROADS due to lack of space.

A word must be added here about Mr. Oye's short story, "The Packet." It was the only one entered in the short story contest, which gives us a lonesome feeling about future Nisei writers.

Of those who are already practicing the craft, there seem to be plenty, thank heaven.

We are happy to hear again from Bill Hosokawa of the Denver Post—this time on the less controversial subject of his son, Mike.

On the same page, we are proud to present a charcoal and water color drawing—"the final result of understanding Mako, my son"—by Taro Yashima, which is in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Quint of New York City.

Roku Sugahara reminisces about the Nisei Press. A New Yorker now, Roku was before the war co-editor of the ambitious weekly, The Mirror, published here.

In carrying "The Boy from Nebraska" by Hisaye Yamamoto, we join the company of the illustrious Partisan Review, which has already published two of her sensitive and particularly well-written short stories. Latest reports are that Hisaye is applying for the Houghton Mifflin award to the most promising book now in the writing process.

We know readers will enjoy "Is it Jim or Hippo or Just Me?" by Hiroshi Kashiwagi, a new writer for whom there are great hopes. Mr. Kashiwagi has also sent in "The Grotesque" which we hope to print at a later date.

We certainly recommend Mary Oyama's magnificent job of reporting on the "growing pains" of the Nisei in "A Generation in Transition" and the Pacific Citizen Editor Larry Tajiri's biting burial of "The Yellow Peril."

Al Miyadi, whose works are known to CROSSROADS readers already, is represented by the polished story, "The Joker."

We are anxious to know the reader's reaction to two studies of the Nisei gentleman—"The Wolf" by Carl Kondo and "Yogore" by Kaz Honda.

A name which should be familiar to Southland readers is that of Eddie Shimano, whose "Homecoming" we carry in this issue. If we remember correctly, Eddie's pen can draw as well as write.

The poet's corner is well occupied by Helen Aoki, a regular Rafu Shimpō contributor before the war, and Ruth Kodama, who entered her "Your Shadow" in our contest—also a lone entrant in her class.

Ted Tajima, whose observations on the teenagers of today appear in this issue, speaks with authority. He teaches math at Alhambra High School.

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We are also indebted to Yasuo Kanayama, 19-year-old student at the Uenomiya Senior High School in Osaka, Japan, for the very readable article on changes in education in Japan.

Many of the feminine readers who have at one time or another tried "domestic" jobs as a quick way to make money will chuckle over Lily Yanai's account of two who "went Hollywood."

The terrific cover drawing this year is done by Mine Okubo, who has been winning prize after prize with her paintings this year and who knocked herself out to complete this for CROSSROADS amid her other activities.

"Let me know if you get any complaints from the Santa Claus Association," she writes in P.S.

Last but not least, as they say in Kiwanis speeches, we take our hats off to the clubs, God bless them, everyone.

CROSSROADS pays tribute to the clubs (not only for responding enthusiastically to our enlarged Club Notes idea) but for showing the same enthusiasm in welfare work the past year.

Whenever large-scale help was needed—for the Nisei Week carnival, for collecting canned goods for Thanksgiving, for gathering old stockings to provide work for war widows in Japan, for wrapping up gifts to the Nisei veterans at Birmingham—in fact for any benefit, the clubs have come through magnificently this year.

Come to think of it, this issue is one that we can well be proud of, and we herewith thank one and all who helped us put it out. It was worth huddling over a typewriter at 2 a.m. in the morning, getting up at 6:30 a.m. on Sunday mornings and keeling over from eyestrain for. —k. h.

Vacation! No Paper Until Jan. 6

This Holiday Issue is the last issue of CROSSROADS to come out this year.

As usual, the staff will take a week's vacation between Christmas and New Year's, to come back with renewed vigor for 1950.

The staff — Jack Matsuzaki, Kats Hirooka, Edison Uno, Roy Uno, Tom Okamoto and George Yoshinaga—and the Board of Directors wish you all a very merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years.

Watch for big doings in the 1950 CROSSROADS!

THE LOS ANGELES NISEI WEEKLY
CROSSROADS

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Editor pro tem: Kats Hirooka
Page 2

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A Generation in Transition

--by Mary Oyama

ABOUT AS YOUNG or as old as the movie industry, the history of the Nisei covers five decades beginning with the turn of the century. We might broadly describe them as follows:

1900's—The age of the Issei or the Old World, 1910—Beginning the Nisei & World War I Years, 1920 — Transition & "Prosperity," 1930 — Start of Integration and Depression, 1940 — World War II and Assimilation.

And, to look forward to the next decade, the 1950's may inaugurate the Age of Nisei Maturity and the Beginning of the Sansei, the completion of a cycle.

OUR OLDER NISEI contemporaries were born during the first decade of the 20th century when Theodore Roosevelt was president, when Emperor Meiji (the present "Tenno's" grandfather) was ruler of Japan.

The Issei were still migrating to the U. S. from Japan, getting established, starting business—some fresh with memories of Hawaiian sugar plantations and Alaskan gold rushes, others bearing scars of the Russo-Japanese war—into Seattle via Vancouver, Canada, or to San Francisco in time to be shaken down by the earthquake.

They trickled southward from these two Northern west coast centers to Los Angeles converging with the immigrant tide which flowed in from Wilmington, San Pedro harbor.

THESE WERE THE horse and buggy days, when gaslights and kerosene ("coal-oil") lamps were being replaced by electric lights, the moving picture industry still a lusty bawling infant.

Struggling Issei began small businesses which later expanded into larger enterprises, pioneered new ventures on fruit ranches, vegetable farms, or poultry sheds. Most were in extremely modest if not mighty slim economic circumstances.

Caucasians looked curiously or suspiciously at these "Japs and their large families," never dreaming that some day the little black-eyed, smooth-headed babies would become officers in the U. S. Armed Forces or even candidates for political offices.

BY THE 1900's and the beginning of World War II early agitators were already eyeing the new generation as potential perils. The inscrutable Orientals banded into Nihon-jin-kais (Japanese associations), went quietly about making good in true Horatio Alger tradition, and eventually more aggressive ones were able to purchase the first Model-T Fords about the time they craned their necks to watch their first sight of aeroplanes vanishing into the horizon.

THEIR SHINY-EYED Nisei mop-pets began to attend American schools, although many Issei had the vague idea that when they achieved certain financial success in the U. S., they would return to Japan.

While the Issei sweated over their farms and livings, worrying not too much about the younger generation because there were the more immediate problems of daily bread, the Nisei were growing like Top-sy—and a-growin'.

OVER IN EUROPE were the far echoes of War but Japan was a U. S. ally, so the din did not drown out the syncopated birth of jazz. The "kodomotachi" (children) beat time with feet in dusty rural roads or concrete pavements which replaced boardwalks, humming the tunes of the American Legionnaire's youth: "When You Wore a Tulip" and "Tipperary."

THE ISSEI worked hard. On their rare occasional holidays, they might gather together to celebrate the Tenno's (Emperor's) birthday (bow solemnly three times before his August picture, walk backwards, never turning one's back to his August presence); then sit down to a festive table of sushi, cake, fruits, and soda-pop, embellished with

grandiloquent speeches.

New Year's would allow them a whole three days respite from work, and of course they always observed the Fourth of July, and Christmas with their children. Ceded Wilson they weathered the tight days of the post-war "H.C.L." (High Cost of Living but helplessly deplored the "haiseiki" (discrimination) which culminated in the passage of the Anti-Alien Land Laws of the 1920's.

The Nisei were still mere children, too young to defend the Issei against the demagogic charges of the "Yellow Peril" crusaders.

"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" was followed by "Tripoli," "The Naughty Waltz," "Beautiful Ohio," "Margie," "Three O'Clock in the Morning," (all being revived today by movie musicals.)

THE CRAZY ERA of the Roaring Prosperous Twenties must have been ushered in by the gaga ditties characterized by such typical tunes as "Barney Google" and "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More;" the "Char-Gonna Rain No More;" the "Charleston" danced by Flaming Youth reading "The Plastic Age."

Even as the Great Earthquake levelled Japan in September 1923, the first of the Nisei youth were troubling the Issei by learning how to dance, a form of recreation which they frowned upon since it encouraged the mingling of the sexes.

MORE HEADSHAKING ensued when the older Nisei married for love, dispensing with arranged marriages by "baishakunin" (go-between) although the older Nisei girls had at first docilely married Issei men (no eligible older Nisei men of marriageable age with financial security).

The elders who deplored dancing tsk-tsked some more when the Nisei girls not only stood on street-corners talking to the boys (the height or depth of sin depending on slippers) but even made so bold as to go on dates with the opposite sex! "Otosama, Okasama" with the hor-

MAMA AND PAPA (no longer rific titles) protested feebly as their sons and daughters formed clubs and went out nights to mixed socials. Some parents tagged self-consciously along as chaperons but found themselves lost because of their linguistic block.

From simple dances at the local Japanese school hall with phonograph music, the teen-agers and collegians graduated to flossier affairs, with the beginnings of the earliest Nisei jazz orchestras. The transition was well under way.

SOON THE KIDS hired regular American orchestras, rented dance floors, bought corsages, treated their girl-friends to drive-in snacks afterwards, and the tidal wave was on. Any parent who insisted upon his daughter being home by eleven or before 12:00 a.m. sounded "old-fashioned." Old customs were tossed away.

The young people who had gathered with awed ears in school auditoriums before the coolie-hat shaped amplifiers to listen to the first national broadcast, Calvin Coolidge's inaugural address, were already graduating from colleges and universities.

BOTH LOWER and upper schools turned out salutariorians, valedictorians, suma cum laudes, by the dozens. Nisei adolescents were moving toward maturity. Japanese dailies conceded first with half-page "English sections" in their 8-page newspapers, then they gave way to a full-page section for the English-reading American-speaking Nisei.

The decade which developed neon lights, talkies, electric and gas refrigerators and streamlined cars, saw the Nisei voting for Hoover, colliding with the stock market crash along with millions of other Americans, and then forgetting "Hey-hey, we are collegiate" for the more grimmer facts of life. Prohibition, bootleg, and repeal, came and went.

...A Depression

A DEPRESSION had collapsed the world but the Nisei managed to develop civic and political consciousness. They formed the Japanese American Citizens League, a non-partisan citizenship and community service organization which developed into the national league with chapters in many states wherever older Nisei predominated in leadership.

Cultural and social organizations mushroomed by the hundreds, churches (both Protestant and Catholic) and temples (Buddhist and other sects) which had been born in the first three decades flourished and towered in community influence.

Music, drama, and lit clubs boomed about the same time as the genesis of the liberal political movement among the more social conscious Nisei.

FOR A YOUNG generation of New Americans, the majority of whom were still so young that the only U. S. president they ever knew was Franklin D. Roosevelt, the problems discussed and debated at length by the older Nisei, such as: voting, citizenship, "integration into American community life" —did not loom too seriously. The younger set Nisei were more concerned about dances and the next social—leading from the Big Apple, swing, to boogie.

UNIONS LIKE the AFL Retail Clerks Union tried almost vainly to organize some Nisei workers, who were still politically immature. Exploited Youth seemed more take nwith Nisei Weeks and Queen Contests.

So we edged closer, unsuspectingly, to December 7, 1941. War had already flared ominously in Europe, but the Nisei were holding their own, even keel.

Liberal-minded Nisei were deserting Republican parades and of-center folds. They felt the ghetto walls too constricting, and were launching out into Caucasian American groups, becoming acquainted with other fellow Americans with common minority group problems. Gleams of the Great American Dream will-o-the-wisp before their questing eyes.

THEN SUDDENLY, BANG. "Wha' hopen?" —With that chilling, nightmarish swoop, which one experiences on the initial hair-raising dive of the "Rolly-Coaster," came Pearl Harbor, Evacuation, Relocation, Resettlement, Return.

The Great Evacuation left such a profound impression upon every Nisei American so that all time is now measured "B.E." or "A.E." (Before Evacuation) "After Evacuation" 1941).

THEN THE BOOGIE-jiving kids went off to the wars. Some never returned. A number of Issei died pathetically in the relocation (barbed wire) camps without ever knowing the outcome of the war or the possible future of their children. The decade of the Atom Bomb, plastics, television, pop, and jets, tried the Nisei by fire—literally by bullets, psychologically by the term "outcasts."

But they weathered this Crisis too.

MENTION MUST BE made also of Nisei conscious objectors, who for reasons religious, moral, or legal, were brought to trial or served out prison terms in sincere conviction of their beliefs. Of the latter who objected to the evacuation and internment of American citizens without due process of law; those who refused to register and to fight were sentenced with a recommendation for executive clemency (100 from Heart Mountain), those who refused to register but were willing to fight were later (some time after the end of the war) released with token fines of one cent (101 from Poston).

In this regard we recall with poignance, the words of a volunteer



—(PHOTO BY ROY HOSHIZAKI, HOUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHY)
HEADLINES OF '49—The revival of the post-war Nisei Week Festival this year was, in our opinion, the biggest news story of 1949. Terri Hokoda, Miss Nisei of '49, in her regal robes symbolizes the degree to which Nisei have 'returned' to Southland life.

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MIKE

— A Portrait in Words —
by Bill Hosokawa

Our Mike is 9 years old, which is about the most wonderful age a boy can be.

Mike's life is uncomplicated by such adult problems as responsibility. His joys, therefore, are profound, his needs simple and inexpensively satisfied. What he lacks in material possessions, he makes up in imagination — at his age a great and rewarding asset.

mayonnaise bottles, butterflies similarly detained, or perhaps even a colony of ants.

Had we called Mike to task over the deplorable state of his house-keeping, he probably would have come up with a glib but amateurish alibi. And we would have laughed at his sorry effort and let him go his busy way.

He Got His Bike

A few nights ago we peeked into the little cabinet that serves as his catch-all. It was a veritable junk pile (treasure, he would have called it) of the paraphernalia of boyhood.

Busy hardly describes his life ever since he got his bike last September on his birthday. A bike is a simple mechanism, but it has changed Mike's outlook completely. Its great shiny wheels have opened new vistas of adventure for him. It has, in truth, added wings to his restless feet so that his horizons extend not blocks away from home, but miles.

Comic Books

There was a tattered stack of comic books, all of them too precious to be discarded. There was a plastic toy truck with dirt caked on the wheels, a cap pistol that ceased working long ago, a couple of washers, an out-sized screw. There was an empty coke bottle that he threw into his cabinet rather than make the long, tiresome 10-foot walk to the place where empty bottles are supposed to be placed. (Besides, if he took the bottle back without being told, why it'd spoil the sport of that ceaseless war that small boys wage

The night he got his bike, Mike could scarcely sleep for the anticipation in his heart and the admiration in his eyes. He insisted on bringing it into his bedroom, and he gazed on it with adoration from his bed as his lids grew heavier and heavier and finally dropped shut.

Next Morning

There was a coyote scalp, now a bit moth-eaten, that his Dad brought back for him from Wyoming, and some pieces of stale bread wrapped in wax paper that he had intended (but forgotten) to put out for the birds. In season the cabinet no doubt would have housed grasshoppers imprisoned in old

Next morning he was racing up and down the street in front of the house even before breakfast. When at last he was persuaded to come in, it was apparent life would no longer be the same for our Mike.

His face reflected sensations that he never could hope to express in words — the heart-warming thrill that the hum of tires on pavement

arouses; the breathless tug of the wind in his hair; the firm, confident feel of the grips in his hands. Mike was no longer earthbound, tied down by the speed and endurance with which his feet alone could carry him. Now he had wheels on which to ride, and he was their master. He could sweep and whirl and glide; he could almost fly, he was almost as free as a bird.

Ebullience Tempered
The ebullience of that first day has been tempered somewhat now, even as Mike's control over his bike become more sure. Soon the bike will become a simple locomotive device and Mike will relegate it to a more realistic place in his scale of values. Some day not too many years in the future, he may even relinquish the bike to his younger brother and take up a new in-

terest — a motorcycle, a hot rod, radio, television, a camera, or perhaps a bowling ball. In time too, he will discover that it's more fun to be nice to girls than to tease them and that it takes more than a bike to properly entertain a member of the opposite sex.

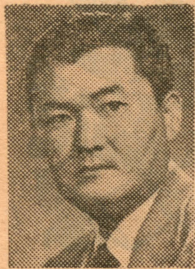
First Bike

But for a boy with Mike's lively imagination, the first bike is an experience that never can be entirely forgotten. For when a boy is nine and he has a bicycle, over yonder hill is another world that must be discovered, explored and enjoyed. Why, things might have changed since he was there yesterday.

What, then, is such an irksome matter as cleaning up when a boy's bike is waiting and adventure is fretting to be found? Orderliness and chores aren't everything. A Dad would have to be pretty inhuman not to understand.

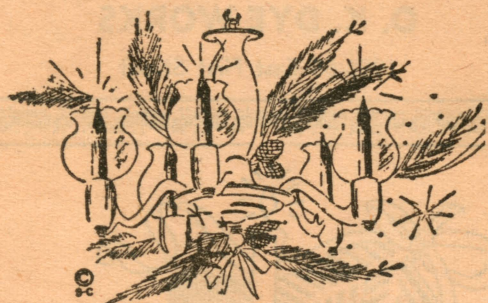


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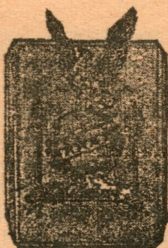
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Portrait of My Son, by Father

A father draws a portrait of his son. In words, we have the sketch of Bill Hosokawa, veteran newspaperman now with the Denver Post, of his son, Mike.

By pen and brush, above, we have the portrait of his son, Makoto, by artist Taro Yashima. The Yashimas, who were political refugees from Japan during the war years, were finally reunited with their son this year. By special act of Congress, they can now become permanent residents of the United States.

Mr. Yashima is author of the book, "Horizon is Calling," which tells of his opposition to the Japanese militarists during the last war.

A Burial for the

IT IS ABOUT TIME THAT somebody gave a decent burial to the Yellow Peril. Some future historian, in a Buck Rogers era of space ships and interplanetary transportation, fingering the dusty archives of the 20th Century, may come across a footnote about a half-century of racist intimidation practiced by political opportunists and economic special interests against persons of Japanese ancestry on the west coast of these United States.

Measured in the perspective of history, a footnote is about all the 50 years of racist agitation and restrictive legislation, climaxed by mass evacuation and detention, will receive.

BUT FOR THE JAPANESE immigrant and his American children, the Yellow Peril was a real and living thing. It affected their lives deeply, marking them out for discrimination, and it prescribed their area of education and economic opportunity, and in many urban districts, it sentenced them to residence in racial ghettos.

PERHAPS NO ONE can say just when the Yellow Peril died.

It may have been on that day in January, 1943, when an American president, whose three initials will be remembered as long as his name, set his signature to a document authorizing the formation of the Japanese American Combat Team with the comment that Americanism is not a matter of race or ancestry but of the mind and heart. (Although the death throes of the Yellow Peril continued long after.)

It may have been on a crisp autumn day in the forests of the Vosges when men from that same combat team rescued a lost battalion of men from the Texas division. Or it may have been on the day that the frock-coated statesmen of Nippon boarded a battleship called the Missouri to sign surrender documents.

The time of the patient's passing may be uncertain, but there can be no question about the fact of death.

THE YELLOW PERIL is no longer an instrument of political opportunism nor of economic advantage. In its time, the Yellow Peril was utilized to elect men to public office, pass restrictive laws and excuse local discrimination.

Its practitioners became men of power in their native state and in the halls of Congress. Its protagonists gave it a literature of its own — novels and short stories being published on the "Japanese Menace."

Its theme was captured in the aptly titled "Hymn of Hate," which was published by the Hearst press in 1916 and chanted in part:

*"They meet us with a smile
But they're working all the while,
And they're waiting just to steal our
California!
So keep your eyes on Togo,
With his pocket full of maps,
For we've found out we can't trust the
Japs!"*

THE NISEI, FOR the most part, grew up ignorant and innocent of the turmoil which had surrounded their parents. They found, however, that the Yellow Peril was to dog their very existence as the mongers of hate sought to make them pariahs in their native land.

The year 1942 was a bitter and disillusioning year for most Nisei, penned behind the watchtowers of the evacuation camps, while orators of the Yellow Peril shouted for mass deportation and permanent exclusion from the West Coast.

More than a score of organizations, flying the standards of patriotism but inspired by greed of race hatred, were formed along the Pacific Coast.

There was the Remember Pearl Harbor League in the Northwest and the Japa-



HEADLINES

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IN THE YEARS THAT

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Yellow Peril

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political life

of California.

Politicians

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tion, the Native

Sons of

the Golden

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Just Reminiscing

by Roku Sugahara

TIME AND TIDE are creeping up on me.

My only consolation is that many other Nisei are in the same boat. A gray hair here, a little pouchiness there, and wrinkles blooming all over.

Another sure sign of age and an undeniable symptom of this condition is that you begin to give way to reminiscence. You begin to think of other times, of other places and of other events along the dim corridors of yesterday.

IT USUALLY HAPPENS just about this time of the year when Christmas, Shogatsu, and the Holiday sections join the passing parade. Old dreamer that I am, my thoughts naturally turn back to Los Angeles, even though I am a couple of thousand miles away from my former stamping grounds.

You begin to wonder . . . How about the drug store cowboys riding the range at Tenshodo and Iwaki? What ever happened to that cute little waitress, Yoshichan, she of the dreamy eyes and the effervescent smile at the Nisei Grill?

WHAT EVER BECAME of Little Chief Thundercloud, the strongest little man in the world, and his whooping medicine show on Main Street? How is the gang on the Westside making out at the malt shops along Normandie Avenue? How many kinds of glittering gau-

dy manju are gracing the display at the corner okashi-ya? How did the Christmas program at the M. E. church turn out?

It is almost eight years to a day since I left the old reservation at the request of General DeWitt, following the aftermath of some shenanigans by tiny Tojo and his band of rebel samurais.

NOW, LET ME SEE . . .

What about those swank New Year dances and the parade of bright-eyed, raven-haired beauties with low-cut evening gowns?

(I can't be getting too old if my mind's eye still meanders toward such scenic directions).

So, I am reading the special holiday issue of "Crossroads" as the mid-century mark is just hovering into view.

Reaction?

I begin to think back over the years, of other such issues in the Turbulent Thirties and the Fateful Forties.

TUGGING AT the reluctant reins of my fleeting memory, I realize with a start that this is the 20th Anniversary of the English section in Li'l Tokyo.

Roll out the barrel! Blow the bugle! Hoist up the flag! This is an event. It calls for a special article about the Nisei press. 1950 will be the year 20 for the Nisei

"MISS COAST DISTRICT YBA" (Alternate) — is the title won by attractive Yoshi-ko Hirahara of Watsonville. Miss Hirahara recently became engaged to be married, too.



press in Los Angeles.

About two decades ago the phenomena of an English section in the local vernacular newspapers made its shaky debut around San Pedro and East First Streets, the crossroads of the Nisei world.

TWENT YEARS AGO . . .

That was an end of an era. The roaring twenties, accompanied by glaring headlines featuring Al Capone, Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Helen Wills, Hirohito, Bobby Jones, and Greta Garbo, was capped by the dramatic stock market crash in 1929.

1930. Tokyo Club and all of the Japanese New Year editions were in their glory and in full blossom. The depression was just setting in, apple vendors vied for choice corners along Broadway and Spring Streets, and at the same time the sound of mochi-making machines and the tinkle of sake cups could be heard up and down Li'l Tokyo as the new year of 1930 was ushered in.

The Issei were in the driver's seat for sure while the Nisei were toddling around in short pants and bobby socks.

As I said before, the first holiday English section made its appearance in 1930.

I WAS NEITHER proud father nor harassed midwife to this humble event. I did chance to be an innocent bystander and an underage witness to the occasion, a little wet behind the ears and green around the gills, and who happened to be interested in the journalistic facts of life at that time.

As I recall it, the Rafu Shimpō — with Mr. Masao Dodo, an able USC grad, at the helm — an eight-page affair, was foisted upon the children of the regular subscribers. Even the color of the paper was a grass-green, and the contents were a little on the immature and amateurish side compared with present Nisei newspaper standards.

I WAS A WISTFUL, hopeful, well-scrubbed junior at Manual Arts High School at the time. Being editor of the weekly newspaper, Mr. Dodo felt I should know something about newspaper make-up and a little bit about the traditional five Ws of journalism.

At least, I knew the difference between a linotype and a printer's devil. So, with speed and dispatch, Mr. Dodo, who is now dead, asked me to write a few dozen articles

and lay out pages of ads and type for the 1930 holiday issue.

Somehow or other, we fumbled and stumbled through galleys of type, of pages, of proofs to complete an English section for an unsuspecting youthful Nisei readership.

A SHORT TIME later, however, more talented hands and maturer minds as Louise Suski and Ken Tashiro were assigned to regular posts on the Rafu English section staff.

Well, that started the avalanche, and it has been rolling on ever since. Almost every vernacular newspaper up and down the coast started an English section; usually it was a quarter or half page. Then, about every month or so, a group of Nisei would get together and decide to start a weekly, newspaper venture.

I'VE KNOWN at least a dozen such Nisei publication hopefuls that died an early and usually a painless death. In 1938 with Bean Takeda, I struggled with the ambitious weekly, "Mirror." I guess

we and many another Nisei publication were a little early for our time. The majority of the Nisei reading public was still in the pigtail, bare feet, fifty-cents-a-month allowance stage, doing all their banking with a porcelain piggy.

I GLANCE THROUGH the contents of "Crossroads," note their stable of writers, take a look-see at their advertisers, and make a rapid, knowing calculation of their column inches of advertising. Then I come to the conclusion that, at long last, the Nisei press has come of age.

I think the Nisei press is here to stay. Twenty years from now it should completely replace the vernacular newspapers and become the standard bearer for all Nisei and Sansei. Mother and dad will have to take the rear seat while the Nisei driver moves up to the controls.

I hate to admit I am twenty years older. Brother, its painful. I better quit thumbing thru the pages of yesteryears while I am ahead.

A Generation In Transition

(Continued from page 3)

who was killed on the European front, "On my last furlough I had a long, interesting talk with my CO friend. Perhaps we're not so far apart after all — just taking different roads to the same goal."

LIKE THE BAMBOO of the Japanese proverbs that bends with the weight of the snow (Evacuation) but never breaks, the Nisei bounced back as Americans, resident and "quite wel, thank you." They come to full maturity and are integrating, having ben practically boot-ed into it by the war.

In the postwar present day, we find the Nisei filling their fathers' shoes in business and on the farms, writing for American periodicals or turning out the first Nisei book, lobbying before Congress, or getting bills passed.

Having won the right to be Young Men of Destiny, some can even afford the dubious r tgmioth afford the dubious right to mediocrity (a Nise icheck forger here, a Nisei bunco artist there) —

ASSIMILATION IS already on its way with ever-increasing intermarriages (a process which was accelerated rather than diminished during the war years), with Gardeners' unions and Garment Workers Unions cajoling for Nisei members (the labor movement will gain impetus in the coming decade), and with a whole new generation of Sansei (third generation) predominant in our schools. The turning of time's wheel was no picnic, but a cycle has been completed.

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The Joker

by Al Miyadi

"Christmas, Christmas, Christmas everywhere."

DOWN THE STREET, a group of Negro children could be heard. They were singing—and why not? It was the night before Christmas.

Silent Night . . . Holy Night . . .

The wind began to stir. It had been a cold night; now it was even colder.

Julius Brown, handy man, out of a job, walked the streets of San Francisco not knowing where he was or caring. He was a huge ugly man, his bulbous face buried within folds of repulsive fat; and while he was sound of limb, he gave the impression of one hopelessly deformed. Perhaps it was the way he walked, a dragging sort of shuffle; or, was it the way he spoke, sometimes too quickly and noisily, sometimes too thickly and slowly.

Stopping for a moment to give respite to his heavy breathing, he stood on a corner beneath a lamp post, not moving, seemingly intent upon the waning voices of the children. He bent over slightly to shelter an attempt at lighting a cigarette with an experienced snap of the fingers.

NOW, LOOKING about him, it suddenly occurred to him that these homes stood without benefit of any trees or any lawn; that in the darkness, despite the many holiday wreaths and trees silhouetted against the windows, they loomed ponderous and gloomy.

I'm hungry, too, he thought. Ain't no use'n going back to de hotel, dey's nothin dere. A drink wouldn't hurt nohow, either. But, he sighed, ain't got no money. Yes-suh sho am thirsty.

With that thought uppermost in his mind, Julius Brown shuffled on and disappeared into the shadows of the night.

The winter wind whisked swiftly about.

The distant voices of the children could still be heard.

. . . All is calm . . . all is bright.

THE HOTEL, an ancient rubble of stones, stood at the end of the street; its neon sign blinked monotonously. Off and on, off, on, and off again, and by the very repetition it brought to mind something strangely desolate.

If the officer on this particular section had not been so concerned with the cold of the night, he would have doubtlessly noticed with more than passing suspicion the figure who carefully walked the shadows.

Ha! Julius thought triumphantly to himself. Ah done made it!

He opened the door with what caution he could manage and walked in. Once inside he breathed in the warmth with a silent yet savage exultation; his whole weight sagged forward in great relief.

AT THE SUDDEN, sharp hissing of a steam radiator, his face became animal in its immobility. Then, identifying the sound, his face relaxed, and released the folds of flesh into a creased grin. Satisfied now for the moment, he walk-

ed toward the stairway. Humming softly, he climbed the stairs.

Merry Christmas, lil chillun,

Yo lil stockins we'll be fillin.

No need to be scared o' feelin

sad,

That is, if yo bin good'n ain't

bin bad.

Merry Christmas, lil chillun.

He gave a low chuckle and continued to climb the stairs.

At the head of the hallway was a smudged, hand-painted sign. It read—"Absolutely, no girls!" From a room farther down the hall, a shrill distinctly feminine voice trilled, "But, honey, I want a drink first . . ."

JULIUS CONTINUED down the hall until he came to his room. He stood for a few minutes working his head from side to side in quick jerky motions as if to try and shake off the stench of the appalling filth. Walking in he locked the door carefully behind him and then, piece by piece, he took off his' outer clothing and threw them to the floor. Now, he sat down on his bed, pulled up his trousers and examined his leg. Feeling the wound he moaned softly. The pain was finally beginning to reach him. He stood up.

Through the open window, a juke box in a cafe from across the street could be heard.

. . . Chestnuts roasting o'er an open fire . . .

The wind outside whistled in accompaniment. The distant foghorns blared forth as if blown by an unseen Gabriel joining in the symphony of the city.

He slammed the window shut. Crossing to his bed once more, he sat down. He reached for his coat and fumbled in its pockets for the bottles. There were three. Eagerly, almost impatiently, he opened them and began to drink with a lust that was frightening. His thirst seemed unquenchable. He sat there for what seemed hours.

Then, he burst forth in harsh and hysterical laughter. His whole body convulsed and quivered. As suddenly as he had begun, he stopped.

THE ROOM before him now seemed to quaver, the whole blurred picture floating, turning, spiraling; the lights began to dance, fade away, then go on again; there was one door, now there were two doors, then one door.

"You can't fool me, door. Ah knows dey's only one'o you!"

He began to laugh again. He stopped again. Then he sang softly like a little child.

Ah'm only a poor black man,

Just a poor black man who's

doing de best he can . . .

He threw his head back and screamed in laughter—an insane, hideous laughter beyond description. Again, he stopped short.

"Dey call me the 'Joker' cuz ah'm fat and ugly. Dey laff at me. Dey say, 'Hey, Joker, bang yo head gainst de wall. Make us laff,' 'dey say."

He heard voices now. They were singing.

Joker, Joker, Joker Brown.

When he's sober, dey's just ain't no sound.

Joker, Joker, Joker Brown.

When he's drunk, dey's just ain't no frown.

(This was the part he hated most.)

The voices were screaming now.

Joker, Joker, Joker Brown.

Someday soon, he's going to die,

And when he does, dey's nobody

going to cry!

Joker, Joker, Joker Brown!

The voices were gone.

The wall before him turned into a screen; the screen into a vision.

THE ENDLESS white fields of King Cotton. Distant figures toiling under the sweltering rays of the afternoon sun; the Georgia sun. Distant figures hoeing the heavy, black Earth; Georgia Earth. A skinny little black woman; Mrs. Robert R. Brown; Mamma Brown; Momma Brown. A young Negro lad running; running into the woods; running into the darkness; running and running, forever running. Fear, the night, eternal night; darkness everywhere. The deafening roar of a train in the night; miles and miles and miles; away and away; to Memphis, Denver, San Francisco; space, more space, time, time, time.

The vision was succeeded by still another.

Hunger. Thirst. Desire. A small white man. A white man with glasses with cigar-stained teeth.

A white man with a smile, a long and wary smile, a quick mechanical smile. A sharp curse. A gun, a small black gun; ugly, dangerous. A shot, sharp and cracking. Pain. Violence. A heavy oxford smashing full into the little white man's mouth. Silence. The smile was gone from the thin man's lips. Fear. The sudden swirling, ascent and descent of senses. Then, the running again. The darkness again. Silence again.

THERE WAS a sharp rapping on the door.

He awoke, his eyes frightened and searching. They blinked quickly from one side of the room to the other. There was nothing, only the archaic lamp hanging still with flies buzzing around and around it, casting wierd dancing shadows about the room. Occasionally, one would scrape its wings against the lamp in its circling, aimless flight.

The rapping had now become a pounding. The pounding stopped. His thinking mechanism before dulled and grogged by drink came alive and alert.

The door! It WAS the door! Oh, Lord, it's dem debbils again, dem debbil men!

"Come on, Joker, open up! We know you're in there. This is the Law!"

"No!" his breathing was forced and choking. He grabbed a bottle and hurled it against the door.

"No!"

"Now, look, Joker," came the voice from outside the door, "We don't want any more trouble. Be a sport. After all, it's Christmas Eve."

He grabbed the remaining bottles and shattered them.

"Okay, Joker, you're asking for it! We're coming in . . .!"

With surprising presence of mind, he barricaded the door with his bureau.

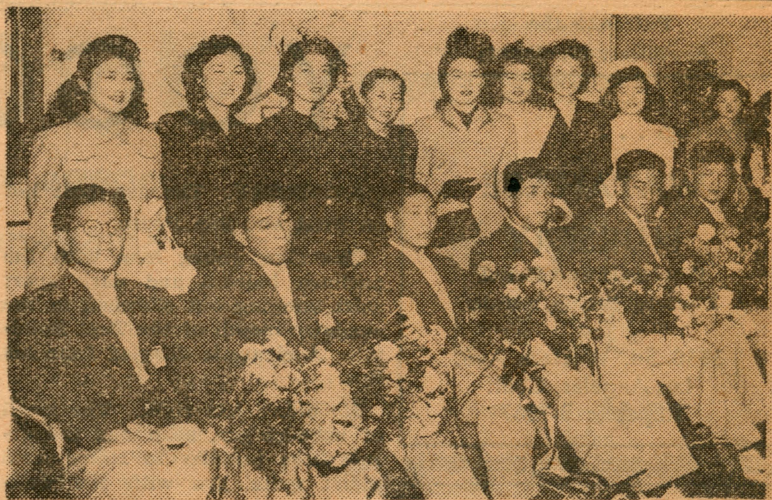
They began to pound and crash against the door.

At once, screaming and laughing and sobbing, the Joker became an animal completely possessed with fury. He threw his chair against the door, then to the window, shattering it. Disregarding the jutting pieces of glass, he thrust his head out the window and began to yell.

"Ha! Merry Christmas! Ha! Ha! Ha! Merry Christmas!"

The ranting and pounding and crashing were unceasing.

The Joker reached into his pockets and pulled out his matches. He lit them and flung them about the room. Waste paper caught afire and the wind, howling through the window, swept it to the bunk, then to the curtains until all the room turned into a crack-



—(CROSS-FOTO)

HEADLINES OF '49 — The participation and amazing record set by six swimmers from Japan in the A.A.U. meet here was a memorable event, marking the reopening of friendly rivalry in sports between the United States and Japan.

ling, billowing inferno. "Good Lord, Jack! He's set fire to his room! Out, man, out!"

Oblivious to the advancing flames, the black figure, swathed in free-running sweat, stood facing the jagged window; he presented a distorted silhouette against the leaping snapping flames. His bulbous face was mask of sudden resignation, of a total weariness, and of regret. As if conscious of a last act, his eyes swept through the broken window and over the endless rooftops of the city. The distant lights blinked and flickered forth in the Winter night as if it were a given signal; the silken ghost-like mist, barely distinguished in the darkness, crept stealthily through the night like an avenger bent upon a mission.

Then, the flames clawed forth in swift avarice to envelop him. His mouth, widening into a fleshy abyss, suddenly emitted a sharp, piercing cry of pain; a cry echoing and reechoing up and down the building and finally escaping across the rooftops. The cry abruptly subsided. The distant lights flickered no more.

A repelling smell, the smell of an over-cooked, roasting flesh, arose slowly, then, with undeterred haste, fled out the gutted window to run amuck and disgrace the night air.

The wind intensified in its fury. Within a few minutes, the sirens began to take up their wailing cry throughout the city.

It was Christmas Eve in the City of the Golden Gate.

happy holiday
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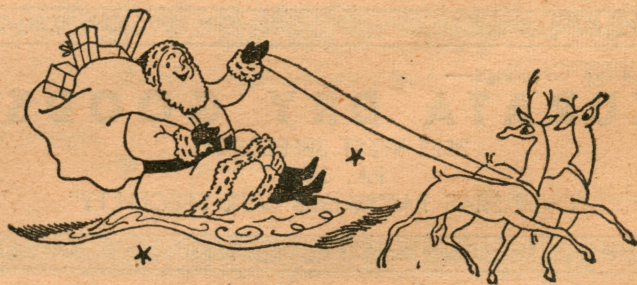


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peace, joy and
a Very Merry
Christmas!

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SATURDAY. The sun beat hot on First and San Pedro.

The slim, young man with the pachuco haircut and dark sport shirt hanging out slouched in the shadowy mouth of the Taul Building. A cigarette dangled from his lips.

He didn't feel right. The smell of exhaust gas, soap and the atmosphere peculiar to Nihonmachi didn't quite jive with the welt-schmerz that was in him.

The others with him had the same relaxed postures and cynical appearances which come from seeing life pass them by. Men, women and kids of all ages, sizes and shape idled past. The slim, young man and his companions looked on without interest, giving some of them the onceover.

A 22-CARAT-FIGURED girl, carrying a 24-carat opinion of herself on her 12-carat face, strolled by in a tight yellow sweater and a tighter green skirt. Her escort was some guy with a smug look on his pan.

The slim young man nudged his companion. "Unn-unh! Look at them cha-WANS!"

"Bet that bastard gets his lay," someone commented referring to her escort. "Some guys get all the breaks."

"I wouldn't mind shacking up with a figure like that," another guy piped.

They relaxed and wished she would pass by again.

SUNDAY. The slim, young man went to church. First time in three months. Third time this year. He wore a dark suit, over a dark sport shirt buttoned all the way up. No tie.



—(PHOTO BY CARL MYDANS)
RIGHT HAND MAN — An unsung success in Nisei journalism is Kay Tateishi, who is right hand man to Carl Mydans of Time, Life and Fortune in the Far East.

The girl that he secretly loved and someday hoped to marry was seated over on his right. He had never spoken to her, although he had seen her on the street and at the "odori" practice. They looked at each other and he thought she liked him a little.

He didn't want to get acquainted with her while he was still a bum. Time enough to get serious with her when he got a good job and could show her he was a decent guy. He gazed at her and she looked at him. He faced forward again, glad that he had come to church.

MONDAY. The slim, young man went to the employment agencies in Nihonmachi. He refused a couple of jobs. He was getting his 25 a week so he could wait for better jobs. Instead of going home he went to the Corner.

They stood around and talked about this and that and cursed the goddamn world. Then they went to the pool hall and shot a couple of games of rotation. They were good. Straight shots. Banks. Left and right english. Follow through, left, right. Draw, left, right. Curving the cue. Hell! Hoppe couldn't do better.

Then they came out and stood in the entrance of the building and people passed by. People saw them. Their reputation spread. Yogore! Yogore! Good for nothing yogore!

The slim, young man and his companions said, "Sure. I'm a goddamn yogore! You're a goddamn hypocrite! Why don't you mind your own goddamn business?" They lit a smoke and looked tough.

CHICAGO? Wanna freeze to death? Wanna roast? Wanna get your pants blown off? Naw-w-w.

Then stay in L. A. and starve.

School? Ha ha. Remind me to laugh. Too many educated jerks don't know if they're coming or going. Education is like food. Too much of it and it turns to garbage. The only way to get ahead is to work your ass off; get pull; and wait for the breaks. Or marry a rich widow.

HEARD ABOUT ICHIRO? He's shacking up with his wahini and getting it regular. Don't worry about that guy.

Where's Jiro? Oh. He found a job. If the job is lousy, he'll be back on his ass. If the work is OK . . . Well. He was a fine yogore. WAS — I said. Give the poor bastard a break. Especially you lovely ladies. That's a nice girl.

Saburo? My pal. Got hitched. You guessed it. Shotgun. Borrowed two bucks for the license. He worked. Wifey worked. Saved. Now got more of that cabbage than that dope who tried to save enough before getting hitched.

SHIRO? He's too good for us. Braaaaaack! Goes with the "better element," now. Lots of rats among them, he says. That's what he says. Sometimes you can't tell they're rats because they wear nice clothes and don't hang around First and Pedro, the poor man's paradise.

Goro went to Chicago? Move over. He'll be back.

Hey! You leaning against the building. Yeah, you. You're new here, ain'tcha? No jobs? Well. Stick around, yogore.

The slim, young man watched an old married couple playing with a child in a parked car. They were about his own age. He realized he was getting old.

Pretty soon he realized, it would be too late.

YOUR SHADOW

rippling streams
that skip along
young lovers'
courting song
comes your shadow
a haunting memory
lingering a breath
permanent for century—

autumn trees
lonely and bare
winter snow falling
but who cares
against the sun
on the moon
your shadow
falls too soon—

crumbled into ember
forming smoke clouds
of enchantment, remember?
when ember was fire
now too low
comes year's end
and your shadow—

—by ruth kodama

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Coming Along 'Swimmingly'

— A Report on Co-Education, Teachers and Chansons in Japan

by Yasuo Kanayama

After the war, the public schools in Japan have adopted the co-educational system as they do in the United States. This is the first experience for the Japanese people to have their boys and girls study together. Since long ago, they have been very particular about the companionship between boys and girls. (Even at present the elder persons tend to consider it somewhat filthy to walk with the opposite sex.)

Therefore, the problem of co-education engaged those more or less interested in education in hot, wordy warfare when it was going to be carried into effect.

Our school paper, the Uenomiya Monthly, (the Uenomiya Koto-gakko is a private boys' high school, not co-educational,) of which I am one of the editors, once conducted a student opinion poll on the question:

"What do you think about the immediate enforcement of the co-educational system which is now contemplated?"

Seventy percent of the total answered, "I agree with the immediate enforcement of it," while only 7 percent expressed not agreeable. And 10 percent said that they believed it was too early to put it into force under the present conditions, and about 12 percent remained non-committal about the question.

On the same issue of the paper, we had an opinion by a girl high school student who said:

"Very frequently we discuss the question of co-education. But, contrary to my expectation, many are of the opinion that it's not timely to carry co-education into effect because the present social conditions as a whole have not yet been prepared for it and we have to watch the chance for a while."



I KNOW THE PRINCIPLE OF THE CURVE, BUT . . .

"I think such an opinion is derived from the wrong tradition of considering women inferior to men. I believe co-education should be adopted but, I think we youth ought to try to have an eye for the opposite sex that we may respect the merits of each other before we advocate loudly the free companionship of the opposite sex."

It may be said the co-educational system has already melted in the Japanese people's own traditions. If you ask me, "What about the progress of the schools co-educational in Japan?" I'll reply, "It is going swimmingly."

Furthermore, I think there has been an evil practice, in our modern educational method, of lacking of promoting the personality of each student. And this implies the deficiency of warm-hearted instruction in the class-room.

As you know, the teachers in our country used to be very formal and strict. One day, of course it was the war time, when I was a freshman of the middle school, a teacher of Japanese history ordered us to learn by heart all the names of the Japanese emperors in the order of their successive reigns as a home work.

It was a very difficult assignment because we had 104 emperors from the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno who appeared about 2600 years ago, to the present one known at present under the name of "Hirohito."

And we had to memorize not only them, but some 20 English vocabularies a day, and in military training course, the so-called "Gunjin Chokuyu" or the Imperial Mandate for Japanese Soldiers which was very long. But, being afraid of punishment, I tried hard to memorize the book of generations of the Japanese emperors just like a guide delivered lifeless spiel he had learned by rote.

The following day was a very cold day in December, the snow was falling outdoors, and we had the lesson of history. The teacher asked us to repeat the names of all emperors by turns. And if we mistook the order or came to a standstill, he ordered us to sit straight on our legs on the floor as punishment.

No student in our class could repeat in full, so all of us were made to sit on the floor. Gradually I felt my sense leaving my legs owing to a chill which came from the stone floor. Then he began to strike us one by one on the head with his roll book . . .

But today I can see that these teachers have been changed from the days before the Occupation. Last fall when we had the annual Cultural Festival in my school, the teachers played a playlet together with some parents of the students.

It was quite smiling to see our teachers, who gave us the difficult subjects in the classroom at ordinary times, appearing on the stage, being cheered and clapped by the students, in the disguise of a grandma or dressing as a young student or else singing a ditty.

Sometimes we have a baseball match of All-Teachers vs. All-Students, and it's a delightful sight that an old-aged teacher is simply struck out by a young student pitcher.

Baseball has become much more popular in Japan than ever. We can see cheerful boys playing baseball, wherever we may go. Even on the narrow streets, I often see kids playing catch with tennis balls back and forth. I guess about 90 percent of Japanese boys are interested in watching or playing baseball.

When the San Francisco Seals visited Osaka, people began to line up in front of the Hankyu Buildings

from as early as 7:30 in the morning to buy a single ticket for the Seals vs. All-Japan baseball game which was to be sold at 10 a.m. "the next day." I heard, by midnight 5000 ball fans were in the queue, and 100 policemen were sent to the spot to keep peace.

A large number of popular songs including ditties, chansons, boogie-woogies, Hawaiian songs, and the like have been composed. Although some of them are decadent in melody or unhealthy in words, I think it is very good that popular songs make Japanese people, who are apt to feel depressed due to difficulties of living, cheerful and merry.

American motion pictures are popular among young people too, though it's rather expensive to see them in an ace run shot. Many schools have the American motion picture study club, and the students who are particularly interested in American movies appreciate and study them.

Schools in Japan have changed compared with the conditions of pre-war times and the hard time during the last war, and Japanese boys and girls are being up and doing in order to make a peaceful and democratic paradise of their nation.

But it seems not so easy to idealize their aim, and their destination looks very far, and some of them are at a loss to select their ways.

In such a stage, they are apt to make much futile troubles. But some day, they will be rewarded for their efforts, as long as they believe in God and have confidence in people in the world who love peace and human beings, so I believe and hope.

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Is It Jim or Hippo or Me?

by Hiroshi Kashiwagi

I'm passing in Plane Geometry. You may not think it so remarkable but if you've failed and failed like I have you'll agree that sixty plus is something to write about. It's passing. Plus means ten charity points for accomplishing the impossible, bless the bald-headed professor.

At last I'll be eligible for the university and all because Joe is my friend and he's a math major and you guessed it, he's a whiz in math. To be honest he does my homework. I don't know what I'll do without Joe.

But all the while I write this the damn phone keeps ringing and I can't think straight. I don't dare answer it either, not after what happened.

Come to think of it I have my doubts about Joe, even though he's such a perfect friend. That phone is driving me nuts. I can't think, I can't write. Oh, why doesn't she give up?

Enters, a woman. In every piece there is a woman, even in this one. What can we do without them? Usually they are beautiful or at least sophisticated, but unfortunately not this gal.

Of course this story wasn't meant for the Cosmopolitan so you mustn't be too choosy about characters. Well, this gal whom I shall call X until she acquires an appropriate name, comes dragging into the English class, where incidentally Joe and I are serious students.

She is always tardy but never completely absent, which keeps the class in a constant state of nervous anxiety, not that they want her to come but because, I guess she's part of the English ordeal, the way the seedy professor and his dry lectures and the long assignments are part of the same ordeal.

After X comes in she pulls up



"MISS SALT LAKE CITY JACL"—is the title won by tall and beautiful Alyce Watanebe recently. She is a University of Utah co-ed and 20 years old.

to Hippo. I could barely keep from laughing.

The bell rings and I drag Joe away from Hippo or that's what I think I'm doing, when Joe real casual-like says to me, you'll be hearing from Hippopotamus tonight, maybe.

No Joe. You couldn't. You would not, I manage to say. Joe just laughs and laughs like he just lost his mind. I don't know whether to punch him or kick him I'm so mad.

That phone is driving me nuts. I can't think, I can't write. Oh, why doesn't she give up?

a chair among a bunch of male students, and then there is a wild scramble for seats. Actually the fellow are shying away from the gal. I wondered about this. One day I found out. Frankly she smells — of cheap perfume that is.

Hippo the sofa seat which is at a premium in the student lounge. Sit here, Hippo says tapping the edge of the sofa, and Joe obviously a bit nervous from his gallant gesture does as he's told.

But that isn't all. I won't attempt to describe her but one guy claims he was in the Navy and I'm inclined to believe him on account of his girly tattoo on his arm says I've seen 'em all but she takes the cake for being the ugliest.

Another fellow while not as worldly calls her "Hippopotamus." "Hippo" as I'll call her for convenience is a relatively quiet student except for her giggles which have a disturbingly sensual quality. Only when the subject of sex is brought up does she really perk up. Then she is all hands and comments and more suggestive giggles.

More about Joe now. One day Joe and I were resting in the student lounge that is, I was resting and Joe was working on my Geometry problems when I smell something peculiarly familiar.

I look up and there is Hippo. She walks past me, lucky me, and stands in front of Joe, who is busy with my problems.

Hello Joe, Hippo says. She even knows his name. Joe looks up.

Hello, he says his voice rising pleasantly. This is going to be good, I think.

Then Joe jumps up and offers

I liked your theme Joe, Hippo says.

What theme? Joe says.

The one the instructor read in class, Hippos says.

How do you know it was mine? Joe says.

That's easy. I know you and the theme reflects your personality. The theme is you all over Joe, Hippo says.

Yeah, Joe says, warming up.

You're so audacious Joe, Hippo says.

Yeah, Joe says. I wonder if Joe knew what audacious meant. I sure don't.

I'm sitting there all comfortable and enjoying it all when there's an awkward lull in the conversation and suddenly I remember my Geometry and I ask, How about my problems Joe? Aw, I'm almost through with them, Joe tosses at me.

Another lull and this time I'm studying the hairs on Hippo's leg through the over-stretched nylon when I hear Hippo say, what's your phone number Joe?

Joe seems floored for a second but only for a second for he fishes out a piece of paper and promptly writes the number and hands it

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HOMECOMING

by Eddie Shimano

HE DOZED in the stifling heat, his head jouncing uncomfortably against the back of the seat, the bus tries humming, stickily on the hot highway. The bus swung around a curve letting the sun beat down into his closed eyes. He moved his head sluggishly trying to escape from its glare, his lower jaw hanging slackly. A drop of saliva formed at the corner of his open mouth.

From sleeping to walking was a gradual process. It seemed to him that he had always been conscious of the heat and motion. For twenty continuous hours now he had slept intermittently, now awake, now asleep, but always the heat and always the motion. He knew he was awake when he became aware that his mouth was open. He closed it, running the back of his hand over it, wiping away his drooling.

The flame of the match was invisible and he watched the sulphurous head slowly disappear and the black charring creep along the match stick towards his fingers.

A GARISH SIGNBOARD flashed by flickering against his consciousness. When he had turned his head, the first had already gone but a second and a third assaulted his smarting eyes. The bus was approaching a town. The periphery of American civilization, he said to himself, the dog identifies his telephone pole.

Hoquiam, the driver said, ten-minute rest stop.

The cessation of sound and motion was strange and when he stood in the aisle he lurched awkwardly, then shuffled woodenly toward the exit. He waited in line in the washroom, a little nauseated by the heat and the smell of disinfectant and lant. He washed his face in running cold water and his fingers explored briefly a long scar in his scalp.

HE PASSED the lunch counter and walked out into the open across the street to a beer parlor. It was dark and cool and empty and sharp with the odor of stale malt and last night's festivities. He pulled a stool up to the bar and sat down.

"Beer," he said to the bartender and flipped a half dollar across the varnished veneer bar. He took the foaming glass and watched the bartender ring up a dime on the register. Benny on duty read a sign, and when the bartender turned to him with the change, he took a big swallow, the cold drink feeling good and clean in his mouth.

"How's tricks, Mac?" Benny said.

"So,so. How's business?"

"Stinking. Come up on the bus?"

"Yeah."

"Far?"

"From Phoenix—and on up to Seattle."

"Hot as hell, I bet." Benny wiped the bar with his towel absently.

"Yeah. Another beer, Benny."

He lit a cigarette waiting and picked up his change, leaving a dime on the bar.

"Vacation trip?" Benny asked, exchanging the beer for the dime.

"No," he said. He sat his glass down nervously. "I'm going home. Going to see my wife."

"Been working in Phoenix?"

"No." He stood up. "Four years in an Army hospital."

And he walked out into the solid heat and glare of the afternoon sun and Benny's late "Sorry, Mac" drifted out to him, cut short by the slam of the screen door. He slumped down in his seat and before the bus hit the open highway he had lit another cigarette. Too many already today he thought fleetingly and then turned his face to the cooling breeze of the open window.

You see, Benny, I shouldn't smoke so much and I shouldn't have startled you out of the conventional pattern of small talk which accompanies a purchase of alcoholic drinks. But you were jarred out of your routine, Benny, because it's been a long time since you talked to a returning vet. That's what I am, Benny, though it's four years since I was shipped here from Italy. Four years in a hospital and I'm going home now. The doctors say I'm OK now.

The bunch kidded me when I left like they kid everybody that's leaving. You're going out the the hard way, they said, through the front door. Cured case, they called me. Cured case.

Yeah, I know, going out the easy way is through the back door to the morgue.

All right, I'm doing it the hard way. That's what I spent four years for. To be a cured case. Let me tell you, Benny, it's good to be a cured case but it's tough too. Here I am on this bus going back to Seattle after four years in the hospital, two years in the army, and one in a relocation camp. Seven years away from my world and life has gone on on the outside and it's a helluva big chunk out of anybody's life.

And this bus isn't traveling those seven years back for me.

Benny, I don't start where I left off. I'm broke. I'm jobless. I got a metal plate where bone should be and a lot of scar tissue where some important organs should be. I'm alone, Benny, and I'm afraid.

This is something you might understand, Benny. Woman trouble. Madeline hasn't written to me in two years. What do you know about that. My wife hasn't answered my letters in the past two years. Ever since my last big operation.

She lives in Seattle. We used to live up there. It's my home town. But she got a good job when I went in the Army and my being shipped to the hospital didn't make and difference economically. But I guess nobody wants to wait too long for anything.

But I'm out now. Of course, I'm no bargain—but I'm OK. Look, Benny, the doctors say I can resume my place in society

as a normal individual. What I mean is I can be a husband and maybe love again.

I wrote her when I left Phoenix and wired again from San Francisco. Maybe she'll be waiting for me at the bus depot. Maybe she'll be waiting. Maybe she'll be waiting.

Look, Benny there's Tacoma we just left. And there's Halfway House. Now to the right is Boeing Airport. We landed here after our honeymoon. That was six years ago and we were still young. Right out of relocation camp and I had just volunteered for the Army. When we said forever, we didn't know what it meant. In the bright lexicon of youth and lovers, Benny, there is no meaning to the word forever.

This is Second Avnue and there's Smith Tower. Long before we married we used to go up to the observation tower and look down on the world, the oyster that we were going to crack together. That's another word, Benny, for your lexicon. Together.

THE BUS turned off Second Avenue and headed up Stewart Street. He sat in his seat, tensely, the core of his entire-being a leaden ball in the pit of his stomach. The driver tooted the bus skillfully into the driveway.

I won't look, he said to himself. I won't look until the bus stops. He focused his eyes on the driver's back, and his hands, clenched, trembled in his lap. When the bus stopped, he stumbled forward along the narrow aisle, his grip bumping him with every step. Now, he thought, here's the door and I must look up. Oh God, let her be there! Let her be there!

He paused at the top of the steps—then lifted his eyes to the oblivious crowd. For a long time he stood there, then he seemed to shrivel as he stepped down into the long shows of the evening sun.

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That's Hollywood!

by Lily Yanai

You know the way things were during the first years after returning to the Coast; just plain rough all around. So the two gals set out to seek employment in a home, ("domestic," they called it), but not just any old home.

"Someplace in Hollywood where maybe we can meet some movie stars and see how they live." An ad in the paper stated two girls were needed in a "pleasant, refined home. Hollywood." This was IT.

Naturally the two young ladies, May and Lou we'll call them, start things off with a bang. They arrive about two-and-a-half hours late for the interview after getting lost and winding up in Bel-Air instead of Laurel Canyon.

The man and lady of the house actually wait for the girls. (They really must have been hard up for domestic help, and if you will kindly keep on reading, you will find out why.)

After boldly stating how much each expects to get paid, they are hired. May is all-around maid and Lou, the older of the two, is supposed to cook, wash iron, and feed the cat to begin with.

They move in the next day and immediately decide that their room should have twin Hollywood beds instead of the double bed so right away they haul in twin beds from the 12-year-old kid's room. This eliminates all floor space; all they have to do was open the door and fall on their beds.

The greater portion of the first day is spent in casing the joint, as it were. The swimming pool is the only thing that makes a hit with Lou. But, oh happy thought, they find out the lady of the house was a former movie actress and her gentle, bald-pated hubby is a writer at one of the major studios. Fine, fine. Everything is set. Or so they think.

Around 6:30 in the morning, just when the girls would be blissfully clanking around in the kitchen trying to get their breakfast, an insistent buzz (they had a regular switch-board system in the house) would indicate that madame was ready for HER breakfast.

Muttering a curse, May would

thunder up the stairs and breathlessly burst in on madame's room after knocking once, loudly.



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"Good morning! (very sing-song and poisonously sweet for such an hour) and what would you like for breakfast this beautiful morning?" This was unnecessary.

Then May would thump down, hollering, "Prune juice, coffee — make it FRESH, grapefruit with one teaspoon of honey and the morning paper! Lord, what a breakfast! She must be out of her mind."

Madame is no sooner served in her bed than boss-man wants his fortification, in HIS bed, in his own room, mind you, and HIS order is ghastly. Rye toast, chopped green olives in cream cheese, carrot juice, coffee (make it FRESH, please) and some assorted fruit.

Each tray has to be lined with a fresh doily and napkin laundered at home after each single use — oh, my aching back) and a separate coffee pot had to be pre-heated, etc. Just how annoying can things get?

Then comes headache Number Three. The Brat, 12-years-old Phyllis-Ann (what a deceiving name) in p. jd's dramatically enters the kitchen and announces, "Good-morning girls. Now here's what I want for breakfast. You can fix me some orange juice, French toast, crisp bacon, about five slices, hot chocolate, some . . ."

"Never mind, Phyllis Ann, you eat what we give you or don't eat at all. Your mother said to never

let you order your own breakfast. Now sit down and be quiet. You get on our nerves."

The movie crowd that the girls were so anxious to run into began coming to the house a little oftener than they expect. They descend upon the household for barbecue parties, midnight swim-fests, cocktails, Chinese parties (yes, even to paper lanterns) and, Lou is called upon to make such concoctions as shishkebobs, Louisiana jambalaya and French vicchysoisse, but miracle of miracles, no one suffers even a slight attack of indigestion.

May inevitably sputters towards midnight, "Oh, for crying out loud, why don't these crazy people go home? Haven't they got homes to go home to? My poor aching feet . . . ! Oh no! They're gonna start playing silly kid games in the living room! This will last till 3 or 4, d--- it, and I'm so sleepy and tired."

Parties are fun, yeah, but not "Oh, girls, please be careful with those demi-tasse cups. They cost six dollars apiece?"

And 'we'd like some more glasses."

This goes on and on, and the next morning there were glasses to be found upstairs, in the bathroom, in the library, on the porch, by the swimming pool and goodness knows where else.

Yes, this is Hollywood, and whose idea was it to get this infernal job, anyway?

And May and Lou simultaneously, "Where's the ad section of the paper?"

A girl likes to think she is admired for her intelligence as well as her good looks.

If you were the sporty type, so was Jiro. If you were the dancing type, Jiro could swing a leg with the best of them. But then, perhaps, you were forewarned and cagy. Jiro would disarm you.

SOME OF THE GUYS were mean enough to say that it was the convertible that took the young ladies but older heads declared for the smooth technique.

One of Jiro's male friends complained that he had been tagged by several of the girls taken out by Jiro and bluntly asked what kind of a man he was. They implied that he was a scoundrel stab-

middle thirties, his mother began going about with an alarmed expression of her face. Jiro H., in spite of his charming personality, his sporty convertible, his high moral standards, was doomed to that awful fate reserved for the male unable to make up his mind — bachelorhood.

WHEN JIRO MARRIED everyone was amazed except Jiro. He took to himself a sweet chick of remarkable tenderness, just palpitating with eagerness to do well to Jiro. It is true that the extent of her vocabulary consisted of the word "S'wonderful!" Every thing was wonderful. Just wonderful. Not, mind you, very wonderful, or damned wonderful, or how wonderful — but always, forever, S'won-

derful!

Bewildered friends — male, of course — asked him how come? Why her? Look at the line-up of the girls, any one of which he could possibly have married had he made an effort?

"Boy," said Jiro H. solemnly, "I married her, see, because to her I'm S'wonderful!" He meant every word of it. And that's how it was, fellas. Jiro was a wolf. And he got his lamb.

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HOLIDAY CLUB NOTES



—(PHOTO BY TOYO MIYATAKE)

JUGS—(Front row, l. to r.) Kazu Sakuma, Sumiko Yoshimoto, Sumi Fukushima, Mieko Yada. (Back row, l. to r.) Susie Yamada, Yuri Fukushima and Florence Wada.

Maharanias

A Valentine Dance in "Pastel Moods" started off the year's activities for the Maharanias, one of the earlier clubs to be organized in Los Angeles. The club, formed in June, 1946, now has 14 members. Following up their successful dance, the club had a house party in March, a mothers' tea in May, a beach party in June and installation of officers in July for a breathless schedule. Margaret Kikuchi of the club was nominated for the Nisei Week Queen Contest and won the highest number of votes in the public balloting to become one of the attendants. The club also conducted a booth in the Nisei Week Carnival. In September, the girls enjoyed a hay ride. They held their annual Halloween benefit dance in Octo-

ber, which was a lively masquerade affair. Another house party was held in November and the club wound up its 1949 activities with a progressive dinner this month and also making a Christmas gift box for wounded Nisei veterans at Birmingham. The present cabinet of the **MAHARANIAS** include: Sophie Natsuhara, pres. Sherry Tanaka, vice-pres. Margaret Kikuchi, rec. sec. Tee Maeda, corr. sec. Astor Fujikawa, treas. June Yamamoto, hist. Ruth Sakamoto, publ. Mae Natsuhara, repres. Other members include Elsie Miyamoto, Rosie Fujita, Christy Ozawa, Jill Iwamoto, Dorothy Honda and Mae Kikuta. Mrs. Jimmy Nomura is advisor of the club, which is affiliated with the Youth Council.



—(PHOTO BY ARLIN STUDIO)

ALPHAS—(First row, l. to r.) Junie Fukuda, Dorothy Fukuda, Carolyn Ando. (Back row, l. to r.) Liz Wumino, Janie Teragawa, Nancy Morikawa, Aggie Kubota.

The Season's Greetings . . .
WEST L. A. JUNIOR MATRONS CLUB

Holiday Cheer from . . .
THE LACUANAS

Joyous Greetings throughout
the New Year

BEL SHARMEERS

Chi Alpha Delta

Organized on the U.C.L.A. campus in May, 1928, Chi Alpha Delta was officially recognized and chartered as a sorority on April 5, 1929. Inactive during evacuation, it was reorganized in September, 1946. After a busy summer highlighted by a progressive dinner and an outing at Hermosa Beach, the Chis started the 1949 fall semester with the traditional Orientation Tea to honor new women students to U.C.L.A. A successful rush tea was held later, and pledges were introduced at the Pledge Presentation Banquet at Eaton's Chicken House in October. A Pledge Return was held in November by the pledges honoring the actives. The next "Big Three" on the Chi's calendar will be their annual Christmas Dance, a winter

outing at the mountains and the Initiation Formal next spring.

Present cabinet of the **CHI ALPHA DELTAS** includes: Mary Shimamoto, pres. Betty Fujimoto, first v.p. Chiyeko Taguchi, second v.p. Naomi Ota, third v.p. Mary Takayama, rec. sec. Emma Kodama, corres. sec. Lily Iguchi, treas. Masako Sugiura, hist. June Murakami, chaplain.

Other actives include Florence Kanda, Kazuko Kawakami, Sumi Nerio, Pledges include Madelan Arai, Helen Fujii, Yuri Fukushima, Midori Harada, Joyce Ishibashi, Grace Kato, Tomiko Kohno, Mey Maruya, Lee Motooka, Misao Nakagawa, Louise Nishikawa, Alice Tashima, Grayce Yano, Helen Yano and Toshiro Yoshida. Mrs. Hartshorn is advisor to the group.



DELTA CHIS—(1st row, l. to r.) Doris Morinaga, Lily Iguchi, Grace Sawahata, Lee Motooka, Fumi Yoshida. (2nd row, l. to r.) Keiko Kikuchi, Toshi Fujiwara, Frances Zaima, Teiko Akiyoshi, Masako Sugiura, Michiko Oye. (3rd row, l. to r.) Mrs. Aiko Takahashi (advisor), Mildred Iwanaka, Amie Oku, Lillian Hayashi, Lillian Sako, Michiko Masukawa.

Shiaparellis

"Since couturiere Schiaparelli is a trade name, we took the c out and named our club Shiaparellis," according to the club, which organized in April of this year, has 10 members now. Officers of the **SHIAPARELLIS** at present are: Chiz Ryono, pres. Kimiyo Toma, vice-pres. Fumi Maeda, sec. Fumi Takeuchi, treas. Other members of the club include Mitzi Hori, Fumi Hamai, Masako Kusaba, Sachi Matsumoto, Sets Mukaehata and Peachie Shimizu.

Luanans

The Sears-Roebuck Catalogue was responsible for the name of the Luanans, selected from the yardage section (Luana material). The name turned out to be quite appropriate when the girls learned that it means "good fellowship" in Hawaiian. Organized way back in 1942, the club now has 18 active and seven inactive members. It was originally formed by eight Poston teenagers as a Girl Reserves group. Now it is affiliated with the Downtown YWCA. "Y" activities take precedence in the Luanans' calendar, with such services as raising funds to send representatives to various "Y" conferences, being in charge of worship service for the World-Wide Observance Gathering and supporting the World Reconstruction Fund the year around. Traditionally its main social event has been the "Sweetheart Swing," the eighth of which will be presented in February of next year. The Luanans will, as in yesteryears, present their "Sweetheart Medley." President cabinet of the **LUANANS** includes: Chiz Akiyama, pres. Reiko Rikimaru, vice-pres. Midori Yamagawa, rec. sec. Judy Takamoto, treas. Yukie Masutani, pub. mgr.

Bel-Sharmeers

"Our first name was Belle-Char-meers—Belle, meaning girls and Charmeurs — charming. This all came out of a French dictionary. We voted unanimously for a French name and the outcome was Bel-Sharmeers," writes President Mae Fukuzawa of the club in explaining "how come" the name. The Bel-Sharmeers were organized on April 11, 1948, and have 20 members.

Present cabinet of the **BEL-SHARMEERS** include: Mae Fukuzawa, pres. Sue Hirai, vice-pres. Lillie Ishimine, sec. Frances Nishimoto, treas. Shiz Sasahara, publ. Hiroko Kawanami, hist. Sachi Tsurudome and Terry Kawaguchi, representatives.

In addition, club members also include Masako Hata, Adele Furukawa, Ruth Fujimoto, Helen Chikahisa, Tsuyako Watanabe, Lillian Yamada, Toki Kakiba, Yvonne Iwamizu, Lou Sato, Sets Sato, Jean Mura, and Joyce Ishibashi. Advisors of the club are Mr. and Mrs. Min Nakamura.

Yuletide Greetings

Quixotics

Holiday Greetings from the
VANGUARDS

Happy Holidays to Everyone
SHIAPARELLI'S

May Christmas Happiness be Yours
MAHARANIAS

have a merry christmas
and a happy new year

musically yours,
tets bessho & his nisei serenaders

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CROSSROADS

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Chiyoko Sakamoto

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Attorney at Law

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KEI RIN LOW

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Christmas Greetings

NISEI FLORIST

Flowers for every occasion

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Yuletide Greetings

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and ENTIRE STAFF**

101 South Fickett St.

Los Angeles

At the close of another year we realize how important your friendship and good will have been to our success. We appreciate the opportunity the holiday season brings to say "Thank You" and to wish you

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

MODERN CAFE & MODERN BAKERY

115 S. San Pedro St.

VAndike 4457

Riverside Nisei Club

Organized in May, 1947, the Riverside Nisei Club now numbers 26 strong.

Formed mainly as a social outlet for young Nisei in the vicinity, the club had a full year of successful activities behind it.

Starting with their New Year's Eve dance, the club held a Valentine Dance in February. On Easter Eve, another dance found many Nisei trekking up nearby Mt. Rubidoux for Riverside's famed Sunrise Service only a few hours after the dance.

The boys organized the Trico softball team which entered the Jurupa Division of the city league and won second place. An Old Men vs. Young Men game at the annual weiner bake found the "Jee-sans" victorious.

In June, the club held its most successful dance of the year—the Graduation Dance, featuring Tetsu Bessho's music. In the summer months, the club travelled to the beaches, ending up at Los Alamitos Bay most of the time.

In September, the group held its Back to School dance under the clear sky and stars atop the YWCA Building. Reorganized late this year, the club added more members and enjoyed a breakfast with the Intercultural Society.

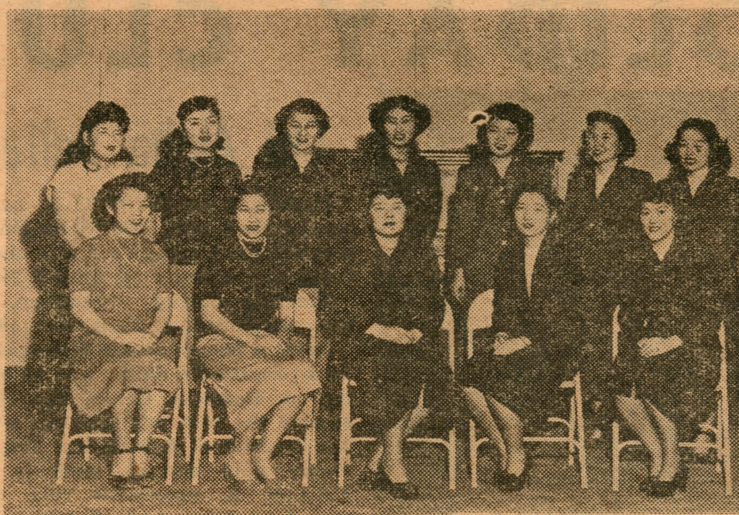
A Japanese movie was sponsored on December 4 to raise funds for a children's Christmas party. On December 17, the club held its annual Christmas dinner, complete with turkey and all the trimmings, games, two-bit presents and dancing to round out the evening.

A New Year's dance is being planned again to round out the year's activities and complete the cycle.

Present cabinet of the RIVERSIDE NISEI CLUB includes:

George Fujimoto, pres.
Robin Nakabayashi, vice-pres.
Dorothy Yamaguchi, sec.
Akira Inaba, treas.
Kho Iseda, social chrmn.
Frank Gotori, publ. chrmn.
Bob Sakaguchi, athl. mgr.

Additional members of the club are Betty Fujimoto, Eddie Gotori, William Hiroto, Mina Horikawa, Akiko Iseda, Shizuo Ishida, Leland Inabe, Dale Inaba, Dennis Inaba, Sumiko Koketsu, Sumiko Kono,



—(PHOTO BY IGARASHI STUDIO)
DOUBLE I's—(Seated, l. to r.) Yuri Tanino, Yoshiye Akada, Margaret Hamaguchi, Florence Sahara, Emie Sakakura. (Standing, l. to r.) Dorothy Tanizawa, Louisa Egami, Tamiko Akada, Betty Shiotani, Grace Shibata, Miyo Uchiyama, Sadako Ebihara.

Charlie Mayeda, Howard Okano, Yoshio Rai, Arthur Sanematsu, Kazuko Sanematsu, Bill Takeda, Bob Takeda, and Noby Yamaguchi.

Cavaliers

Organized April 11, 1947, the Cavaliers now have 25 members on its active roster.

Highlights of the club's activities during 1949 were the Intra-club Bowling Contest in January, an anniversary dinner-dance at King's in Hollywood in April.

An outing in June at Irvine Park, conducting the Dibs booth at the Nisei Week Carnival in August, conducting another game booth at the Maryknoll carnival in September, square dancing in October with the Luanans and Tri-V's as guests.

December's outstanding club events include the Game Day, a pot-luck dinner and dance.

Present cabinet of the CAVALIERS include:

Satoshi Hayashi, pres.
Al Keimi, vice-pres.
Tsuneo Hyake, sec.
Seizo Tanibata, treas.
Ike Hatchimonji, pub. mgr.
Monte Minami, ath. mgr.

In addition the following are active members of the club:

George Azuma, Henry Harada, Akira Hashimoto, Anthony Hiraoka, Tomo Kariyama, Hank Mayeda, Manabu Minami, Ichiro Murata, Bob Ogawa, Sam Ogomori, Kaz Rikimaru, Takaaki Shinto, Benjamin Shiozaki, Takeshi Shishima, Tatsuo Sumida, Joseph Suzuki, Michael Suzuki, John Takagi, Seigo Yoshinaga and Babe Fujioka.

The Cavaliers are affiliated with Maryknoll.

Chere Amis

"Chere Amis" in French means "Dear Friends" and there are 15 active Chere Amis in the club which was organized on January 23, 1947.

Its present cabinet includes:

June Tokuyama, pres.
Misao Nakamura, vice-pres.
Sachi Munekata, sec.-treas.
Amy Nomi, publ.-hist.

In addition, active CHERE AMIS include Tomi Aigaki, Miko Kimoto, Ruth Matsuda, Michi Mayemura, Mary Munekata, Rose Sasajima, Shiz Takemoto, Mitzie Tanabe, Yuki Uchida and Lily Umeda.

Honorary members include Mrs. Yoshi Arita, Mrs. Eas Hongo, Mrs. Bessie Harada, Mrs. Kimi Kawasaki, Mrs. Alvin Sato, Mrs. Thelma Suyenaga and Mrs. Ben Wada.

The Chere Amis is an independent organization without sponsors.

7 M's

A source of constant puzzlement to their curious friends is the reason for the 7 M's name, and they don't choose to reveal it now.

The club was organized in November of 1946 and has 16 active and nine associate members.

Starting the new year (1949) right, the 7 M's sponsored a successful Valentine social at the Park View Manor on February 12. In the

same month, they were hostesses to the annual Bread and Water ther, the girls weekendend at Eliza Cottage, Hermosa Beach and held a beach party at Corona Del Mar. Initiation of new members was held then too—on July 2, 3 and 4.

In August, the 7 M's inaugurated a religious education program. First speaker was the Rev. Nyogen Senzaki on Buddhism on August 3. August was a busy month, as the group painted chairs and tables in the All People's Nursery, ran a booth at the Nisei Week carnival and held farewell get-togethers for Kae Kakurai and Kimi Mori who left for Japan on Civil Service commissions.

On September 25, the girls enjoyed ice-skating at the rolar palace.

They heard a speaker on the Mormon religion on October 26 and on the 17th of this month, held their annual Christmas party at the home of their advisor, Mrs. Merjane Yokoe, when secret pals revelations were made and gifts exchanged to climax an eventful year.

Present cabinet of the 7 M's include:

Yuki Furuya, pres.
Heien Abe, vice-pres.
Mickey Meguro, sec.
Lois Yag, treas.

Florence Nemoto, hist.-pub.
The 1950 cabinet to be installed January 17 at a dinner-dance at the Palladium are:

Yaye Yamamoto, pres.



—(PHOTO BY ROY HOSHIZAKI, HOUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHY)

DEBUTAUNTES—(Front row, l. to r.) May Hirai, Keiko Yoshida, Tomi Kohno, Jean Tada. (Back row, l. to r.) Nori Sugimoto, Mary Tashima, Dorothy Takeyama, Mary Tsujiuchi, Chalkie Matsui and Rosie Shibata.

Banquet at the All People's Church.

Taking advantage of the continued snappy weather, the club ventured out for a weekend at Big Bear Lake on March 5 and 6. April found them busy with an Easter party for children living at the Shonien and children attending the nursery school at All People's Community Center.

On May 28, the club participated in the lively All People's carnival.

A unique experience was that of cherry-picking which the 7 M's had in June at Beaumont.

With the coming of warmer wea-

Mary Izumi, vice-pres.
Rosie Okahana, sec.
Yoko Sakurai, treas.
Lois Yagi, rep.-hist.

Active members include Florence Abe, Gwen Barrow, Nutsie Fujimoto, Sakae Ishino, Mary Izumi, Tami Matsumoto, Rosie Okahana, Yoko Sakurai, Hide Tokunaga and Yaye Yamamoto in addition to the cabinet members.

Associate members include Mie Iino, Fumi Kagawa, Rae Kakurai, Kimi Mori, Mas Nagayama, Mits Shimo, Ellen Suzuki, Kiku Uno and Grace Yokomizo.



Along with our Fine menus comes our greetings and best wishes this Holiday Season.

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season's
greetings

F. H. HIROHATA

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Los Angeles 12



—(PHOTO BY WESTWOOD STUDIO)

WINDSORS—(1st row, fr. l. to r.) Mrs. Terry Koyama (advisor), Tamaru Shijo, Edith Nishi, Rose Honda, Ruth Miyata, Yuki Sato, Miki Chikazawa, Sachi Tashima, Mary Yanokawa, Mrs. Sue Ono (advisor). (2nd row, fr. l. to r.) Hisako Tanji, Mary Ota, June Yamada, Bambi Nishimoto, Haru Nakata, Tayeko Isono, Miyuki Yoshimoto, Kiyo Nomura, Eileen Uchida, Elsie Hatago, Yuki Toya and Masako Deguchi.

Windsors

The Windsors, a large group of West Los Angeles girls, was organized in November, 1947. Purpose of this organization, says their constitution, "shall be to promote fellowship, happiness, initiative and to service for the betterment of mankind."

1949 was an eventful year for the group, which started it off with an installation dinner at the Beverly Hills Tropics. In February, the Windsors got together with the Quixotics for a snow party at Lake Arrowhead.

Carrying out their motto of service, an Easter party for 100 local children was given in April. A \$25 donation was made to Stevens House, interracial dormitory at U.C.L.A., in May. The girls honored their mothers with a tea on Mother's Day.

"Suddenly It's Spring," and the Windsors celebrated by sponsoring their first big dance of the year at the Fox Hills Country Club. Japanese movies were sponsored locally to raise funds for Japan relief in June.

Attired in beautiful semi-formals, the girls held their semi-annual Installation Ball at the Religious Conference Building patio under the July sky. It was also in July that a member, Isabel Watanabe, was chosen by West Los Angeles as their candidate in the Nisei Week Queen Contest.

July was a busy month, with the club participating in the JACL carnival in West L. A., too. The Quixotics, Project "X", Gakusei-kai, Lunans and Maharaniyas were invited by the Windsors for a successful joint social in September.

Service again in October, with the girls sending \$300 worth of merchandise to Japan as relief material. Also in October, the Windsors were guests of the Adelles and Maharaniyas at socials.

This month found the club wrapping Christmas gifts for the Pacific Colony Mental Institution — winding up a year of truly well-balanced fun and community-mindedness.

Present officers of the WINDSORS are:

Ruth Miyada, president
Rose Honda, vice-president
Edith Nishi, rec. sec.
Tamaru Shijo, corr. sec.
Miki Chikazawa, treas.
Mary Yanokawa, prog. chrmn.
Sachi Tashima, pub-hist.
Others members of the club include Mary Ota, June Yamada, Yuki Sato, Hisako Tanji, Mary Ota, June Yamada, Bambi

Teenorettes

A member of the Five-Club Council under the International Institute is the Teenorettes Club.

The Teenorettes recently celebrated their second anniversary with a dance at the home of their advisor, Anne Kurosuni. At their last meeting, they made yarn dolls for the Children's Hospital as their Christmas project.

Cabinet of the **TEENORETTES** include:

Keiko Shishima, pres.
Haruko Hosozawa, v. p. and hist.
Janie Okano, sec.-treas.
Meri Katayama, publicity mgr.
Other members of the club are Kay Hozaki, Emiko Kato, Fumi Kimura, Katsuko Morishita, Nancy Nakashima, Hisa Ota, Lynn Uye-taki, and Bobbie Jean Yamashita.

Backlashers

Rapid fishing enthusiasts, the Backlashers of Pasadena were organized on March 3 this year. The club now has 20 members.

Names pertaining to fishing were submitted by members, and "Backlashers" won the most votes.

Joe Kanbara heads the cabinet of the **BACKLASHERS** at the present time. Aiding him are:

Charles M. Nomura, vice-pres.
Sei Dyo, rec. sec.
Trickie Tomoyasu, treas.
Bob Fujimoto, corr. sec.
Tad Yamane, purch. agent

Other members of the club include Tom Arita, Tak Kiriya, Bob Ford, Osam Takahash, Sho Kuriyama, Frank Takayama, Kitaro Yamada, Sam Ishida, Ray Obazawa, Mas Dobashi, George Nagai, Hank Yamane, Bud Tsuboi and George Shinmoto.

Emanons

When a group of girls in Long Beach got together to form a club on October 31, 1947, they were hard put to find an appropriate name. Finally, someone suggested "No name" spelled backwards — and the club's name, Emanons, was born. There are, at present, 14 members.

The Emanons have been among the most active of clubs in the Southland the past year, with dances and skating parties sponsored, a trip taken to Buena Park, a dinner enjoyed at a chop suey, and several weiner roasts held during the summer. The club also helped out at the Nisei Week carnival.

The present cabinet of the **EMANONS** include:

Takako Uragami, pres.
Miho Sumi, vice-pres.
Ikuko Matsumoto, sec.
Kiyomi Mukai, treas.
Kay Tatsumi, pub. mgr.

Other members of the club include Yaye Marumoto, Hisaye Kubota, Tea Yamasaki, Terry Ida, Meriko Toma, Shizuko Masuda, Michi Odama, Gladys Iseri and Eiko Kusaba.

Advisor of the Emanons is Mary Endo.

Luknes

Nishimoto, Haru Nakata, Tayeko Isono, Miyuki Yoshimoto, Kiyo Nomura, Eileen Uchida, Elsie Hatago, Yuki Toya, Masako Deguchi, Mary Nishi, Mary Deguchi, Isabel Watanabe, Toshiko Tanji, Chikie Ishihara and Ruth Okabayashi.

Advisors of the Windsors are Mrs. Terry Koyama and Mrs. Sue Ono.

One of the most well-established clubs in Los Angeles, the Luknes were organized in February of 1946. At present, the club includes 15 members.

Among the outstanding events in the club's calendar for 1949 were:

The installation dinner-dance held at the All Peoples Church with dinner at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. This was held in February.

In May, the club participated in the All Peoples Church and Community Center carnival. The girls conducted two booths — basketball throw and corn on the cob.

In November, the club took part in the All Peoples Church canned goods drive for Thanksgiving.

This month, the Luknes have collected and made toys for children of all ages at the Children's Hospital as their Christmas project. The club also took part in the community-wide Christmas Cheer Project.

Present officers of the **LUKNES** are:

Fumi Sotomura, pres. pro tem
Rumi Tonai, rec. sec.
Toshie Shimizu, corr. sec.
Louise Sasano, treas.
Ruth Kosaka, hist.

Active members include Amy Araki, Fumi Endo, Ruby Kato, Sanaye Katako, Dorothy Katako, Chibbie Kato, Fran Tashiro, Rumi Tonai, Violet Takeda, Miyo Tachibana and Masako Yuge.

Inactive members include Chita Hori, Sumi Sasaki, Justine Sekiyama, Shiz Terada and Toshi Toya.

Mrs. Merijane Yokoe is advisor of the club.

Safogs

Taking the first letters of the sentence explaining the club's purpose, "Sports And Fun Our Goal," the Safogs were organized here in March of this year. At present, the club numbers 12.

Cabinet of the **SAFOGS** include:

Tom Suzuki, pres.
Joe Aiboshi, vice pres.
Jiro "Jiggs" Ikeda, sec.-treas.

Other members of the club are Minoru Tonai, Yutaka Tonai, Ichiro Tonai, Willie Suzuki, George Iseri, Kats Izumi, Satoshi Hayashi, and Tom Suzuki.

Bob Uragami.

George Isoda advises the club.

The Safogs held a dinner-dance early this year, and helped the Centenary Methodist Church clean up the children's play area.

The club also participated in the Foshay Softball League and has played two football games.

"Since we are a relatively new club, our history is not a long and glorious one—yet!" says President Tom Suzuki.



—(PHOTO BY NINOMIYA STUDIO)

FUNSTERS—(1st row, l. to r.) Rose Honda, Fumi Oiyee, Ryo Ban, Kris Kawaguchi, Flo Kimura. (2nd row, l. to r.) Kiyo Nishi, Kazie Yoshimura, Mich Itomura, Ellen Kubo, Ida Iguchi, Tachi Tsuneyoshi. (3rd row, l. to r.) Mrs. Shiz Yamato, advisor; Yo Hanzawa.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

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Matsuo Yoshida

Aihara Insurance

Luis K. Aihara
Ben Kakita

MU. 8988

Tommy K. Matsuura
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MU. 9041

Greetings



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Year!

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Season's Greeting

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and a Prosperous New Year

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MI. 7025

holiday greetings

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Modernettes

Chosen by the majority vote of its members, Modernettes has been the name of the club for 17 Pasadena working girls since 1946. The club is affiliated with the Pasadena YWCA.

Among its many 1949 activities were dancing classes in new steps, a program on hairstyling and make-up, folk dancing, tennis, miniature golf, ice-skating and badminton.

Trips were taken to the Pony Express Museum, Pasadena Progress Exhibition and Huntington Library. A lesson in ceramics and several films by club advisor, Mrs. Gladys H. Culp were also on the program.

In cooperation with the Double I's, a "Spring Frolic" dance was held earlier this year. Co-sponsored with the Pasonas, a return social for the Quixotics was held later.

As a YWCA organization, the club contributed to the World Fellowship Fund and made a Mexican pinata for use in the Christmas festivities at the Pasadena Y.

Yo Miyamoto is president of the MODERNETTES, while Mrs. Alta Stromie is their social chairman. Other members of the club are

Ethel Boquist, Mitzi Djo, Yukie Fujita, Mrs. Ruby Ishida, Haruko Imamura, Betty Iwazawa, Mrs. Sonoko Takayama, Sumi Miyamoto, Helen Nishiyama, Lilly Sera, Rose Shimoda, Betty Shiotani, Ami Tanaka, Margie Yanagisako and Mrs. Toshiko Ichino.

Jugs

Organized in Manzanar, the letters in the club name, Jugs, stand for "Just Us Girls."

Officers of the JUGS at present are:

Kazu Sakuma, pres.

Flo Wada, vice-pres.

Yuri Miyamoto, sec.

Mie Yada, treas.

Yuri Fukushima, athl. mgr.

Other members include Susie Yamada, Fumi Sano, Fumi Iketani, Sumi Fukushima and Tada Yamada.

In August, club member Fumi Iketani was nominated for the Nisei Week Queen Contest and voted in as one of the attendants. Another member, Yuri Fukushima, was awarded the Chi Alpha Delta scholarship for this year.

The Jugs are also active in WAA, participating in softball, basketball and volleyball.

Delta Chis

"Followers of Christ" is the meaning of the Greek letters, Delta Dhi, social club affiliated with the Hollywood Japanese Presbyterian Church.

The club was formed in November, 1945, by the Rev. Donald Toriumi, with Mrs. Aiko Takahashi advising it then as she is now. Club members are now "locked" at 16.

Originally, the club formed the choir of the church. Other activities of the church are wholeheartedly supported by the club.

Social highlights of the Delta Chis this year included the anniversary dinner-dance at the Palladium in November, public and private dances, skatefests, barbecue party, splash party, weiner bakes and beach parties during the summer and a Christmas party, traditionally at advisor Mrs. Takahashi's home.

The Delta Chis took part in the Nisei Week, All Peoples and their own church carnivals this year. They are also assembling gifts for wounded Nisei veterans at Birmingham this year, collecting food for Christmas Cheer and gathering old stockings for the Women's Welfare Service.

Members of the DELTA CHIS include Michiko Masukawa, Lillian Sako, Lillian Hayashi, Amie Oku, Mildred Iwanaka, Michiko Oye, Masako Sugiura, Teiko Akiyoshi, Frances Zaima, Toshi Fujiwara, Keiko Kikuchi, Fumi Yoshida, Lee Motooka, Grace Sawahata, Lily Iguchi and Doris Morinaga.



—(PHOTO BY ARNTZEN STUDIO)
HARDELLS—(Seated from left to right) Kaz Morimoto, Asako Kawasaki, Toshi Sumi, Miyoko Jinde, Dianne Endo and Toshiko Kawaratan. (Standing, left to right), Sadako Kusaba, Harumi Tanaka, Ryoko Tatsumi, Noriko Shiroishi, Sandie Marumoto, Alice Higashi and Miyoko Nakagawa.



—(PHOTO BY ROY UNO)
CHI ALPHA DELTA—(Back row, l. to r.) Madelan Arai, Sumi Nerio, Tomi Kohno, Helen Fujii, Yuri Fukushima, Mae Maruya, Florence Kanda and Chuckie Taguchi. (2nd row, l. to r.) Mary Shitamoto, Emma Kodama, June Murakami, Lee Motooka, Grace Kato, Louise Nishikawa. (Front row, l. to r.) Joyce Ishibashi, Lily Iguchi, Betty Fujimoto and Kazie Kawakami.

Alphas

Active since 1946, the Alphas now number nine members. Their present cabinet includes:

Dot Fukuda, pres.

Carolyn Ando, vice-pres.

June Fukuda, sec.

Kiyoko Masato, treas.

Other ALPHA members are Liz Wumio, Janie Teragawa, Aggie Kubota, Nancy Morikawa and Tamie Tayama.

Dardanellas

When a group of girls got together on October 25, 1948, to form a club, the inevitable question was, "What shall we name it?" As they happened to be listening to the record, "Dardanella," Dardanella the club name became.

During the past year, the club has given socials, has gone on outdoor sprees, sent relief packages to needy children in Japan, participated in counting the Nisei Week Queen Contest ballots, taken part in the Nisei Week Carnival, and sponsored by the Asahi Shoe Store, taken part in the W.A.A. Volleyball League.

Officers of the DARDANELLAS, which has nine members now, include:

Virginia Kawasaki, pres.

Shiz Yamamoto, vice-pres.

Alice Kato, rec. sec.

Jane Doi, corres. sec.

Mary Kiyohara, treasurer.

In addition, the following are members of the club: Kay Yamamoto, Yayeko Akiyama, Mio Hayashida and Emiko Nishiyama.

Double I's

Organized at the International Institute in the winter of 1946, the Double I's club name takes the initial letters of that institution. The club now has 16 members.

Busy 1949 activities started out with a snowhike to Camp Ivy, a "Y" lodge, in February. In March, the club co-sponsored the "Spring Frolic" dance in Pasadena with the Modernettes.

April and Easter came, and the Double I's prepared and delivered 15 Easter baskets to needy children in the Li'l Tokyo area. Highlighting May was the return social for the Manzaknights.

A steak bake was enjoyed at the beach in June, followed by a "Bali Ha'i" dance in Pasadena in July, co-sponsored with the Pasadena Girls' Basketball Team. Five CARE packages were sent to Japan from the proceeds.

In August, a theater party was held at the Greek Theater and the club conducted a game booth and sold refreshments at the Nisei Week carnival and talent show.

In October, the Double I's sold at the Japanese booth in the International Day Festival, presented their second annual "Autumn Sere-

nade" in Pasadena, and attended the Halloween masquerade party given by the Maharanians.

A hayride in Burbank with guests started off their November activities, which was followed by a canned goods benefit dance before Thanksgiving, (five needy Japanese families were supplied from the proceeds) and helping the Disabled American Veterans donations drive on Armistice Day.

Three weekends in December were given over to selling Christmas seals in Li'l Tokyo. Installation of officers was held at a dinner-dance at the Palladium. And a fitting close to 1949 was made with the club's participating in the Christmas Cheer Project.

The present cabinet of the DOUBLE I'S includes:

Margaret Hamaguchi, pres.

Yoshiye Akada, vice-pres.

Florence Sahara, sec.

Yuri Tanino, treas.

Misao Nimura, hist.

Emi Sakakura, publ.

Other members of the club include Tamiko Akada, Sadako Ebihara, Louisa Egami, Edith Fukaye, Rubie Kawakita, Grace Shibata, Miyo Uchiyama, Betty Iwazawa, Betty Shiotani, Dorothy Tanizawa and Grace Oguchi.

Advisor of the club is Chieko Shigekawa.

To Our Friends and Customers:
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Frank Mizukuka

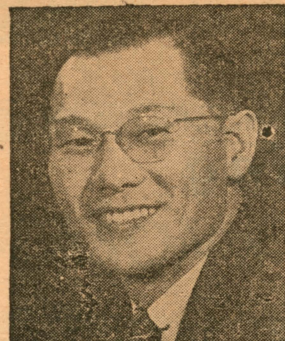
Tommy Matsuura
Richard Mimaki
Ben Murayama
Dick Nakamura
Ricardo Ritchie
West L.A.
Joe Minato
San Diego
Tatsuo Mamiya

312 East First St. Room 410

MU. 1365

Dear Friends

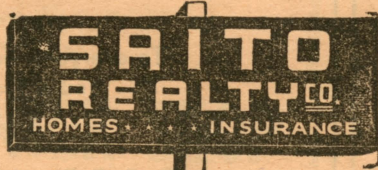
Each home, each income property we have sold during the past year has given us the happy thought that the spirit of Christmas might be shining in it at this Yuletide season. We thank you for your patronage and wish you the most prosperous of New Years . . .



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Westside 2421 West Jefferson—RE. 3-3385

Secretary—Mary Saito

Eastside 2438 E. First St. — AN. 9-2117

Secretary—Grace Morinaga



John Nishimura
RE. 25530

Merry Christmas

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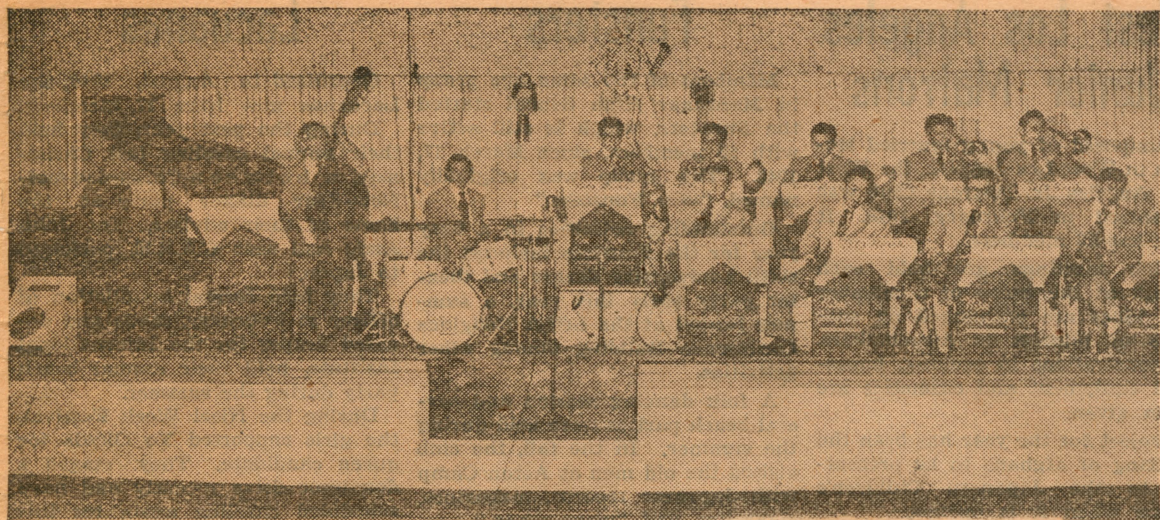
Greetings to all

JEAN'S FLOWER SHOP

George Yamamoto

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AX. 3-2841



—(PHOTO BY TOYO MIYATAKE)

TETS BESSHO AND HIS NISEI SERENADERS—(Front row, l. to r.) Jim Araki, Joe Sakai, Haruo Fujisawa, George Azuma, Tets Bessho, Kay Noda, Gordon Kato. (Back row, l. to r.) George Sumida, Walt Hayami, Bruce Kaji, George Shimizu, and Roy Nakagawa.

Real Gone Real Kicks from Up-Tempo Stuff

by ROY UNO

The only all-Nisei band in California, Tets Bessho and his Nisei Serenaders are completing their second year in the band business. The band has piled up an enviable record of dates, including the choice plum of playing for the outstanding social event of the year, the Nisei Week Coronation Ball.

Aside from providing danceable music for most Nisei dances, the band has broken into the collegiate circuit, filling an engagement at the Redlands University Spring Formal, and more recently completing a successful date at Compton College.

Tets Bessho and his men have also given their time unselfishly by donating their services for many benefit dances.

Styling his music to the desires of his dancing public, Bessho has a large and faithful following of teen-agers among his fans. The acquisition of pianist-arranger Jim Araki, who is known in Japan as "Mr. Jazz," has produced a definite new trend in the Bessho band.

As leader man, Tets is a hard-working, unassuming man and takes his music seriously. His solo work on numbers like "Man With a Horn" is a crowd pleaser but deceptive, as he gets his real kicks from up-tempo stuff. The true Bessho comes to the fore in the after-the-dance jam sessions. Incidentally, Tets is quite an eligible bachelor.

Featured vocal spot with the band goes to personable Lane Nakano. One of the original

members of the band, Lane has a vocal style all his own. His ballads and unique showmanship are a definite asset to the band.

Word has been received that the Serenaders will begin recording in the near future. This should mark another milestone among the Nisei in the music world.

Band personnel includes:

Tets Bessho—Leader and sax.
Trumpets: Bruce Kaji, George Sumida and Walt Hayami.
Trombones: George Shimizu and Roy Nakagawa.
Reeds: George Azuma, Bessho, Kay Noda and Gordon Kato.
Rhythm: Jim Araki, piano; Joe Sakai, bass, and Haruo Fujisawa, drums.
Vocal: Lane Nakano.

Alyce Nakanishi, treas.
 Kyoko Kamo, publ. mgr.
 Dot Shindo, athl. mgr.
 Sayo Sumii, sgt.-at-arms
 Other members of the former Mam'selles include Joan Akiyama, Kinuye Itano, Toki Kakiba, Nancy Young, Kimiko Horiye and Kim Yokoyama.

Stardusters

The first "Y" club to be organized in Manzanar was the Stardusters club in 1943. Reactivated here recently, the club now has 15 members. The club is now conducting a "sembei" sale, with the proceeds to go to Christmas Cheer.

Present cabinet of the Stardusters includes:
Naruye Hasegawa, pres.
Harumi Inouye, vice-pres.
Umeko Kodama, rec. sec.
Lucy Aoki, corr. sec.
Mariko Hatae, treas.

Other members of the club include Mary Hino, Yaye Matsumoto, Hisako Minabe, Kazuko Murakami, Rose Adachi, Emiko Maruki, Lilian Funakoshi, Marian Katayama, Alyce Hirata, Kiyoko Nakamura, Alice Mizuno and Deana Hanafusa.

Present officers of the DEBUTAUNTES are:

Kay Yoshida, pres.
Mary Tashima, sec.
Mary Tashima, sec.
Noriko Sugimoto, treas.
Tomi Kohno, publ.-hist.
May Hirai, ath. mgr.
 Other members of the club are Marian Matsui, Rose Shibata, Jean, Tada, Dorothy Takeyama and Bessie Yanamoto.

Mam'selles

With many new members, the Mam'selles are planning to change their name. They were organized in May, 1946, and now have 16 members.

During the past year, the Mam'selles won the W.A.A. volleyball championship for the third straight year. Except for a few socials, they have been on the inactive side during 1949, but with a new name, they plan to "start afresh," according to newest releases.

Present cabinet of the MAM'SELLES includes:
Terry Hatashita, pres.
Sumi Nakanishi, vice-pres.
Margaret Masaoka, sec.

Debutantes

Chosen as suitable to a group of 11 girls, each letter in the club name Debutantes stands for an ideal—for instance, the letter E for "Ever co-operative."

Organized November 9, 1945, the Debutantes are advised by Sue Takimoto and Linda Kuroiwa and affiliated with the International Institute.

Among their many activities during 1949 were the making of infant garments for Japan relief, sponsoring a Valentine dance, going on a snowhike, on bikerides and a hayride, co-sponsoring with the Jugs and Tri-V's, a formal dance in June, playing in the W.A.A. volleyball and basketball leagues (sponsored by Fuji Drug.)

Taking part in Nisei Week, giving a Hallowe'en party for orphans, holding a combination fourth Anniversary and an installation celebration in November, helping to wrap old stockings to Japan for the Women's Welfare Service, getting gifts for wounded Nisei veterans at Birmingham and helping with the Christmas Cheer program.

Colleens

Organized in 1946, the Colleens now number 14 members.

A theater party at the Greek Theater in July started off the club's 1949 activities. A week's trip to Yosemite followed in August. Bikeriding and ice skating were enjoyed in October, and installation dinner held at the Beachcomber in November.

During this month, the club visited Birmingham with home-made cookies, magazines and sang Christmas carols. They also went caroling to the Old Folk's Home and the Japanese Hospital and held a dance practice.

Present officers of the COLLEENS include:

Irene Noda, pres.
Frances Nishioka, vice-pres.
Kaz Yoshigai, ec.
Veronica Yamaguchi, treas.
Sandie Sunago, publ.-hist.

Other members of the club are Kiyoko Ishida, Miyo Ishigami, Lucy Nakano, Sumi Osajima, Florence Oshiro, Fumi Ozawa, Ruby Ushijima, Isabel Watanabe and Chiye Yoshii.

Mrs. Toshi Miyamoto and Mrs. Grace Yamanaka advise the club.

Taking the "Har" from harbor, since most of the club members lived near one, and adding "dells" meaning girls is the way the Hardells of Long Beach got their name. The club was organized in November last year and has 13 members.

Besides sponsoring a number of dances and skating parties, the Hardells also enjoyed their installation events—one, a dinner at Knotts Berry Farm and the other an outing at Irvine Park.

The club is putting on its annual dance on December 23.

Present officers of the HARDHELLS include:

Sandie Marumoto, pres.
Toshiko Kawaratani, vice-pres.
Ryoko Tatsumi, sec.
Sadako Kusaba, treas.
Dianne Endo, publ. mgr.
Asako Kawasaki, sgt.-at-arms

Other members of the club are Miyoko Jinde, Kaz Morimoto, Miyoko Nakagawa, Noriko Shiroishi, Toshi Sumi, Harumi Tanaka and Alice Higashi.

Advisor of the club is Mizzie Arihara.



—(PHOTO BY ROY HOSHIZAKI, HOUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHY)

ADELLES—(First row, l. to r.) Dorothee Yoshizawa, Mary Arata, Michi Uyemura, Susie Shinohara. (2nd row, l. to r.) Alice Higuchi, Eunice Itaya, Misa Tanaka, Margie Ogura, Florence Kida, Mae Doi. (3rd row, l. to r.) Shiz Yamaguchi, Terry Nakasone.

Adelles

One of the newer clubs in Los Angeles is the Adelles, organized in February this year. There are 13 girls in the club.

Highlights of 1949 for the group include the Easter basket social, with proceeds going to an orphanage; "Sophisticated Swing" dance with proceeds going to Japan relief; a Mother's Day dinner; Father's Day gifts and visit to Rancho Los Amigos; sending relief packages to Japan; and taking part in

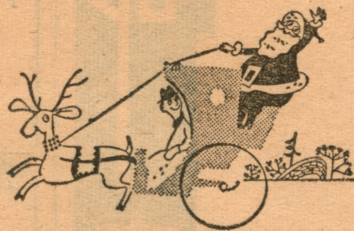
the Christmas Cheer project. Present cabinet of the ADELLES includes:

Eunice Itaya, pres.
Misako Tanaka, vice-pres.
Teri Nakasone, sec.-treas.
Marge Ogura, welf. chmn.
Florence Kida, publ.-hist.

Others members of the club include Susie Shinohara, Shiz Yamaguchi, Michi Uyemura, Alice Higuchi, Dorothee Yoshizawa, Mary Arata, Mae Doi and Jane Yoshimi. Mrs. James Masamitsu and Mrs. George Oura are advisors of the club.

GREETINGS

To one and all we send a joyous Christmas greeting...



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—(PHOTO BY IKE UYEDA)

MAHARANIAS—(seated, l. to r.) Astor Fujikawa, Margaret Kikuchi, Sophie Natsuhara, Sherry Tanaka, Tee Maeda. (standing, l. to r.) Ruthie Sakamoto, June Yamamoto, Mae Kikuta, Mae Natsuhara, Dorothy Honda. (inset) Mrs. Jim Nomura, advisor.

Centenary Junior Matrons

One of a growing number of such clubs is the Centenary Jr. Matrons Club, first organized by Mrs. Kay Takagishi and a group of interested women in March of this year.

A formal election was held in August, with Mrs. Helen Tsuchiya as chairman, with an installation held at Carl's Restaurant. The September meeting featured the making of "osushi" demonstrated by Mrs. Samuel Nagata.

The October meeting was centered around the talk by Mrs. Mary Takagaki on "Consumer Facts Before You Buy." At the November meeting, Joseph Henry, director of the Institute of Family Relations, spoke on "Teaching Sex to Children."

The club concluded the year's activities with the December meeting where the evening was spent in sewing Christmas pageant costumes and gremlin dolls for the Beginners' Sunday School class.

Present cabinet of the **CENTENARY JR. MATRONS** includes:

Mrs. Kay Takagishi, pres.
Mrs. Ellen Kishiyama, 1st v.p.
Mrs. Helen Tsuchiya, 2nd v.p.
Mrs. Haruko Tan, rec. sec.
Mrs. Mary Saito, corr. sec.
Mrs. Yaeko Kawazoye, treas.
Mrs. Michiko Muto, hospitality chrmn.

Mrs. Mary Takagaki, publ.-hist.
In addition, the following are members of the club:

The Mesdames Aiko Kaneko,

Pauline Sakata, Josephine Kawabe, Seiko Ishimaru, Helenino, Kiyo Nakazawa, Yone Yonemoto, Grace Naga, Setsu Isoda, Alice Kurimitsu, Fujie Ego, Betty Inouye.

Mary Kajii, Miriam Fukuda, Sue Uyematsu, Tomoko Kinoshita, Terry Koyama, Mary Yonemoto, Lilly Takiguchi, Toshi Miyamoto, Grace Yamanaka, Alice Nishikawa, Koto Izumo, Yuki Kamayatsu, Kay Izumo, Yoshiko Niisato, Beth Amano, Ritsuko Higo, May Shimazu, Lil Shigekuni, W. Tamura, Gladys Nishimura, Marian Manaka, T. Higashi, T. Uno, Mae Fujikawa, M. Uyemura, George Hirashima, M. Oba.

Chiye Akimoto, Satsuyo Tanaka, Haru Nozaki, Ann Hori, Dorothy Ishida, Kiyoka Kurumada, Alice Yamazaki, Hide Katayama, Chiyeo Endo, Alice Naka, Yomiko Murakami and Hayashida.

The Tri-V's

The Tri-V's — "voracious, virtuous and vivacious" — form the meaning of this club, organized on November 21, 1946. There are nine members.

Present cabinet of the Tri-V's include:

Judy Motowaki, pres.
Mary Tateoka, vice-pres.
Irene Yamaguchi, sec.
Lillian Orida, treas.
Elaine Nishi, hist.-publ.

Additional Tri-V members are Chiyo Ishino, Truckie Nakamura, Lizzie Okubayashi, Kazuko Takeda and Irene Yamaguchi.

West Los Angeles Junior Matrons

Composed of young married women in West Los Angeles, the West Los Angeles Jr. Matrons Club was organized in February, 1948. It now has 22 members.

Club meetings are held each month at the home of a member and ideas are exchanged on subjects of interest to homemakers. Demonstrations in cooking, household equipment and cosmetics are often given.

Project for the year has been the knitting of afghans to be presented to the Japanese Children's Home when it is opened.

Earlier this year, the club held an installation dinner at the Beverly Tropics with their husbands.

A Christmas party was held December 21 for the children at the West L. A. Japanese Christian Church.

Present cabinet of the West L. A. Jr. Matrons includes:

Mrs. May Saito, pres.
Mrs. Setsu Uchida, vice-pres.
Mrs. Sachi Ota, treas.
Mrs. Marion Shimazu, asst. treas.
Mrs. Jane Nitta, rec. sec.
Mrs. Yone Itow, corr. sec.
Mrs. Seiko Nakanishi, hist.

Other members of the club are the Mesdames Etsuko Andow, Toshi Ando, Mari Fertig, Takako Fujimura, Yuri Hirashima, Dorothy Ikkanda, Mattie Jeniye, Stella Kishi, Toshi Komai, Yoshiko Mitsuoka, Daisy Nomura, Sue Ohno, May Saito, Akiko Sakamoto, Alice Watanabe and Masako Yotsukura.

The T. C.'s

One of a number of International Institute teenage clubs is the T.C.'s, the former Teen Charmers. The club was organized in October of 1948 and has 17 members.

The present cabinet of the T.C.'s includes:

Masako Tsuchimori, pres.
Mary Yamashita, vice-pres.
Seiko Ishino, treas.
Nancy Shimizu, sgt.-at-arms

Other members of the club include Sachiko Goto, Dorothy Iwaki, Jean Kodama, Miyeko Machida, Emiko Matsuhara, Marcia Nishimoto, Linda Okamoto, Butch Otake, Millie Sano, Emmie Takeda, Masako Watanabe, Cecily Umezuka and Jean Zenihiro.

Funsters

Members of the same age group in Manzanar High School started the Funsters, which is still active with 15 members, since March 17, 1943. The group was originally named, "Wee Funsters."

Outstanding activities in a busy year for the Funsters included the sixth anniversary dinner and theater party early this year, a summer formal at the UCLA Religious Conference Building among other activities.

A folk dancing session and several beach parties were held during the summer. In the fall, the club visited the old men at Acton Camp with Japanese records, magazines, cigarettes and "maze-gohan."

A progressive dinner party during the holidays in December will top off the year for the club.

Present cabinet of the Funsters includes:

Ellen Kubo, pres.
Kristine Kawaguchi, vice-pres.
Ida Eguchi, sec.
Kay Takeuchi, treas.

Other members include Fumi Oiye, Yo Hanzawa, Michi Itomura, Kiyo Nishi, Ryo Ban, Tachi Tsuneyoshi, Flo Kimura, Rosie Honda, Kit Fujiwara, Mary Shitamoto, Deana Hanafusa, Icky Oiye, Kazy Yoshimura, Marian Uyematsu and Harriet Yamaka.

Turtles

Eight Nisei hotrod enthusiasts formed the Turtles hotrod racing club this year, a member of the Russetta Timing Association.

Every year, during the summer, the members meet at El Mirage dry lake 125 miles northeast of Los Angeles to time their cars.

Some of the members and their time are:

Mot Nakasako, who raced his '32 Ford coupe with a 225 cubic inch V8 engine at 102 mph; Kei Nitta, who drove his '39 Ford coupe with a 255 cubic engine at 104 mph; George Nomura, who timed his '40 Mercury convertible through the traps at 110 mph. (With a full-race engine in a '40 Ford coupe with another cam, George hopes to do better next year.)

Yoke Kumi, president of the Turtles, throttled his '29 roadster at 110 mph with a little trouble in his engine.

Lacuanas

Organized in August, 1946, the Lacuanas now have 17 members.

During the past year, they held their annual caroling last Christmas, a between-Christmas-and-New-Year dinner party at the home of their advisor, Mrs. John Ando and sent C.A.R.E. packages to Japan.

They held formal installation of officer in February, made and donated drapes for the International Institute, held their annual beach party during the summer.

During the Nisei Week Festival, the girls supported Yo Okada for queen candidate. They staged a doughnut drive recently and have scheduled caroling again for this Christmas to bring a fitting finish to an active year.

Present officers of the LACUANAS are:

Lou Hirohata, pres.
Sue Takimoto, vice-pres.
Grace Wada, sec.
Dusty Matsumoto, treas.
Helen Morita, publ.-hist.

Additional members of the club are Mrs. Mitzi Tsujimoto, Tami Koide, Yo Okada, Sandie Okura, Mrs. Toshi Aihara, Sue Yoshihara, Linda Kuroiwa, Kathleen Yoshizawa, Tomi Kasai, Julia Taniguchi, Betty Wakamatsu and Say Kobayashi.

Pasonas

The Pasonas were organized on May 16, 1946, and are now busy on their annual big dance, the "Christmas Eve Ball" to be presented at the Paddock Club this year.

Present cabinet of the Pasonas includes:

Yanie Watanabe, pres.
Grace Sato, vice-pres.
Mary Kawashima, sec.
Susie Nishikawa, treas.
Mary Takemura, hist.-publ.

Additional Pasonas members include Fusae Hamane, Ritz Matsumoto, Yuri Hayakawa, Chickie Hino, Ida Ikeda, May Ikeda, Charlotte Iwata, Mitsie Koyama, Tami Kurose, Mary Matsukawa, Esther Nishio, Tazie Ito, Sumi Tashima, Fujiko Sameshima and Mary Yusa.

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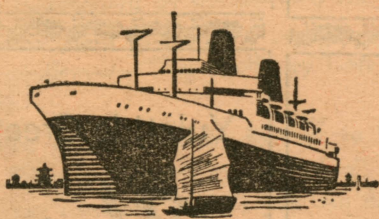
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