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DECEMBER 23, 1955

THE LOS ANGELES NISEI WEEKLY

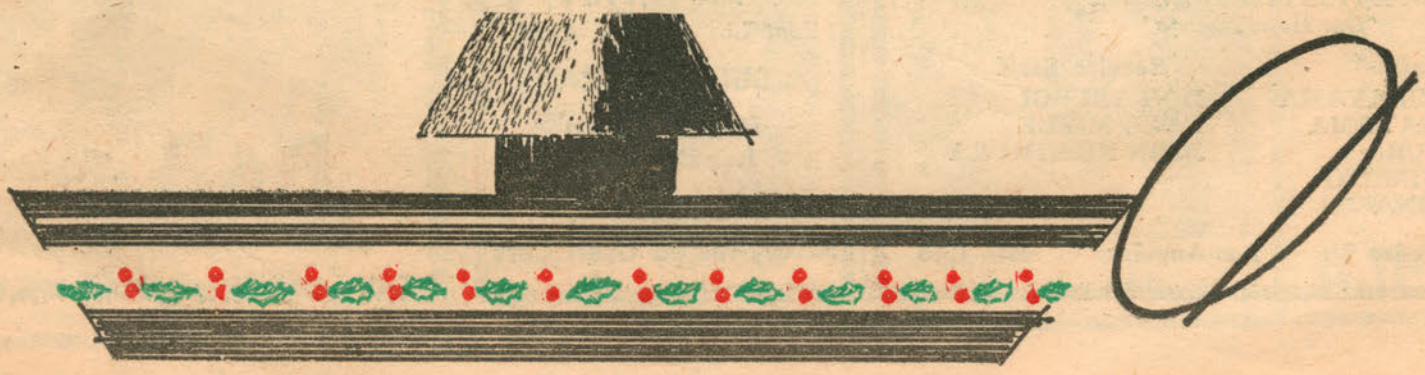
HOLIDAY ISSUE
25 CENTS

CROSSROADS



*P. 10
Shishi
Kashuagi*

Christmas Greetings



Christmas Greetings

Without undue pondering, the problem of a Christmas editorial resolved itself with the final report from Christmas Cheer Headquarters. It read as follows:

"Christmas Cheer packages will again be well filled . . . thanks to the many organizations and individuals who very generously contributed cash food, toys and other needed items.

"The cash donations of the 8th Annual Christmas Cheer Drive reached \$2374.70, announced the Cheer Committee. With more donations expected to come in before Christmas, the original goal has been exceeded by \$374.70, it was added.

"Canned goods and toys literally swamped the Christmas Cheer offices as various organizations continued the flood of "a helping hand for a neighbor in need! Special thanks were tendered to the Hollywood-Beverly Christian Church and the Centenary Methodist Church for their tremendous 'Toys for Children' Drive.

"Preliminary check of records shows that the 8th annual drive concluded with \$2374.70 in cash donations, \$708 in canned goods and staples, \$265 in toys, and more than \$140 in candy, cigarettes, etc., with complete tabulations yet to be made.

"Christmas Cheer Committee extends to the hundreds of individuals, churches, and organizations, its heartfelt thanks and the wish that the coming holiday season will be a most happy one.

To which we add a hearty second.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year . . .

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LOS ANGELES 12, CALIFORNIA

As we approach the threshold of another year our thoughts turn gratefully to those whose courtesy, good will and loyalty have helped make our progress possible.

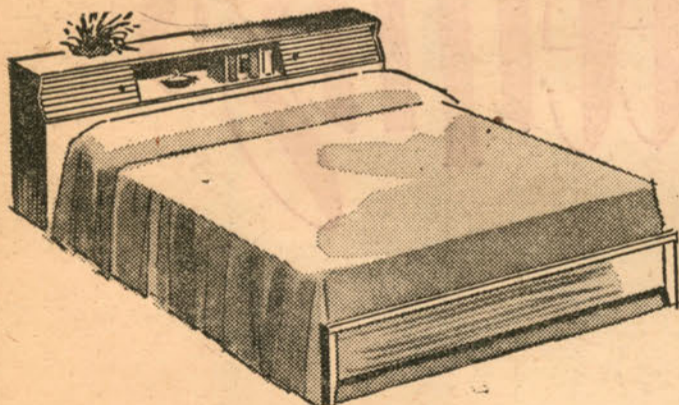
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and
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CROSSROADS

Founded May 28, 1948

Page 2

Editor: William T. Hiroto

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customers, a very Merry Christmas and
a prosperous New Year!

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Season's Best Wishes . . .



B & B Stylists for Men

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4430 So. Central



CROSSROAD to SOMEWHERE



by wimp niroto

XMAS CHEER . . .

Right smack in the middle of the Christmas hustle and bustle, it's during a moment of relaxation (?) like this that it's easy to sit back and wonder what has become of the REAL Christmas.

The answer was not long in coming.

During the course of Xmas duties, it was our enjoyable opportunity to talk to a few of our local ministers.

It was only then that we realized that these devoted men have it all over us when it comes to the two Ws . . . work and woe.

But silently and dutifully they go on their way . . . especially during the holiday season.

Each church, large and small, is having or has had a special yuletide program. The pastors, Sunday School teachers, choir directors and children have all been working hard on the various programs.

For a moment of REAL enjoyment and relaxation, why not attend one of the many, many programs scheduled? Those who set aside a day for yuletide presentations never regret it. Many experienced the comfort of Christmas last Sunday.

There is more than enough to go around . . . the doors are open.

MORE CHEER . . .

The jangling of the telephone stopped progress on this special edition for a short while last Thursday evening.

It was well worth the time lost.

Though the caller failed to identify himself, he asked your reporter for information concerning the Christmas Cheer Drive.

He wanted to know where the drive stood . . . had they reached their goal of \$2000, he asked.

When told they had, he simply answered "good" and prepared to hang up. When asked if the office could be of any service to him, he said:

"No, I just wanted to know if they reached their goal. If they hadn't, I want-

ed to contribute a little more."

Though no real servant of man in the true sense, it is moments like this that make this job worth while.

REMEMBER THIS . . .

And before we forget, may we remind you kind subscribers that this Christmas edition again marks the end of Crossroads operation for the year.

Having fulfilled our contract for 51 issues during 1955, yours truly is taking a "vacation" (earned or otherwise) until the first week of January. No. 1, Volume IX will be dated January 6, 1956.

WHAT'S NEW . . .

In the what's new? department, we have some important information.

David Lee, president of Lee Brothers, Enterprise, has announced the imminent opening of Man Jen Low's newest attraction . . .

A private banquet hall for parties and an elite dining room.

Located immediately behind the popular Man Jen Low restaurant, the schedule calls for a gala grand opening in the very, very near future.

Though parties have been held already in the spacious private banquet room, a few loose ends have to be knotted together before the operation goes into full swing.

Dave has realized the need for a large room where private parties could be held . . . and mark this writer's words . . . he's come up with a winner.

With a capacity of 200, the beautifully decorated room can be arranged to make small parties of 40 enjoyable. During the summer months, the room opens into the patio which will spaciouly hold another 100 persons.

Dave, well known among local Nisei, together with equally popular Walter and brothers Merton and Norton, have tossed together \$150,000 to form Lee Bros., Enterprises,

and come up with the double-barreled attraction.

Though the services of the best-known architects and interior decorators were available, the brothers contracted the services of talented, but little known Dike Nagano.

What Dike has come up with has to be seen to be appreciated.

Leaving the private hall, with its own kitchen and bar, we go upstairs to the lush dining room . . . located on the same level as Man Jen's present location.

There, amidst soft lights and soothing interior, one can expect excellent service and an enjoyable, unrushed dinner. Service and atmosphere promise to be the features of the dining hall . . . plus the addition of exotic tropical drinks (whatever that means) to the list of joy juice choices.

Take a peek when you get the chance. You'll be going before you know it.

YOUR NAME? . . .

Didya ever stop to wonder what you were calling someone when addressing them by name?

Nah, I don't mean unprintable names or pet monikers. **Anyone knows you're a bit to the left of friendship when you call 'em a "jerk" . . . just like you know you have found a pal when someone calls you "obnoxious" like a guy said to me the other day.**

What I mean is, your real name.

Take my wife, Margaret. (No, don't take her, but just fr' instance).

That's much better'n, "Hey, 'Child of Light,' you burned the toast this morning!" But that's what Margaret means in Greek, honest.

What about you gals who have the unenviable job of keeping track of husbands who love the scenery at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park.

The pinnacle of excuses, if required, can be given by all you fellas named "Philip." Know why?

"Because you're "a lover of horses." Again you can thank the Greeks.

And talking about horses brings us to George Taniguchi.

George, according to the erudite Greeks, means "one who amasses a fortune." Uh-huh . . . gads, in the Gootch's case it might be so, but I wonder if all the Issei parents who latched onto the name George during the early days realized the fortunes they were garnering for their newborn.

Among the other more common Buddha-head names are Tom or Thomas ("good company"), Ray or Raymond ("wise protection"), Jack and John ("given by God").

Among the fancy Sansei names we have Brian ("strong and sincere"), Bryant ("strong"), Garrett ("Mighty with the spear"), Gerald ("affectionate, jolly"), Guy, ("a leader"), Keith ("wood dweller"), Randall and Randolph ("house wolf" . . . ?), and Vaughn ("th esmall or little").

The women's names, naturally enough, reek of kindness and beauty . . . which prompts many to wonder if some acquaintances were named according to Hoyle.

You'd probably never guess it but Bessie, Beth, Betsey, Bettina and Betty are all derivatives of Elizabeth.

Our last Nisei Week Queen, Stella Nakadate, apparently was a very wise choice . . . for Stella, with a Latin origin, means "a star."

Of the more popular variety, we have Mary . . . sympathetic; Nancy . . . gracious; Dorothy . . . God's gift; Frances . . . free; Helen . . . light; June . . . with summer's sunshine; Shirley . . . from the white meadow; and Vicki . . . versatile in inspiration.

To which we can only add . . . don't name your child Halbert. Oh, tain't nothing wrong with it for it means "a gentleman" . . . but pity the poor kid growing up to be a man and saying "my name is Halbert."

To which 9 out of 10 will answer, "Well, thay now, let's thake hands."

PICK UPS . . .

It's being bantered around that a high-pressure salesman is trying to arrange charter flights that'll have blackjack games in progress to and from Las Vegas. He figures if authorities permit booze aloft, they may okay gambling.

As Herb Stein figures it, "It's 2-to-1 '21' is no dice. Then there's the couple

who've been married so often they've got the kids marked "His" and "Hers" . . .

Of course we can't forget the little boy (tearing himself away from the TV set) who was proudly reciting The Christmas Story. "And," said the little boy, "the Wise Men opened their treasures and offered Him gifts of gold and frankenstein and Murrow."

HORSE LIFE . . .

E(d.'s Note: These figures were gathered before Nashua sold for a whopping \$1,251,200 to Leslie Combs II, but undoubtedly they'll hold up).

"It's a dog's life" is a common utterance among the disgruntled. Which makes one believe the life of an animal is anything but good.

An exception to the rule is a horse . . . 'course not any ordinary horse . . . 'cus his name is Nashua.

In the current issue of Sport magazine, a rundown is given on the routine and financial load carried by the "Horse of the Year."

To care for and feed a four-year-old boy, even one with the appetite of a young mountain lion, costs about \$4 a day, states the story. To care for and feed a four-year-old horse, at least the world-famous Nashua, costs about \$40 a day.

But, of course, not every four-year-old boy goes around earning a million bucks.

Here's how they reach that \$40 figure:

1. Feed and bedding is \$1.50 a day with \$7.20 tossed in for water. Trainer "Sunny" Jim Fitzsimmons gives the thoroughbred only mountain valley water . . . from Arkansas. Which costs 72 cents a gallon . . . and he drinks 10 gallons a day.

2. His entourage consists of two special watchmen, an individual groom and exercise boy. Labor costs run \$30 a day.

3. **He gets a bath every 24 hours, rubdowns and hair-brushings daily. They also toss in a brace after the bath . . . something like a man uses after-shave lotion.**

4. When in training he has a stiff workout every four days. His stall is cleaned every morning and the manure picked pp five times daily.

As the stableboy says, "He's got it better than me."

TODAY'S THOUGHT . . .

Happy New Year!

Don't Miss the Big Celebration at the NVA's 10th Annual

★ NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE ★

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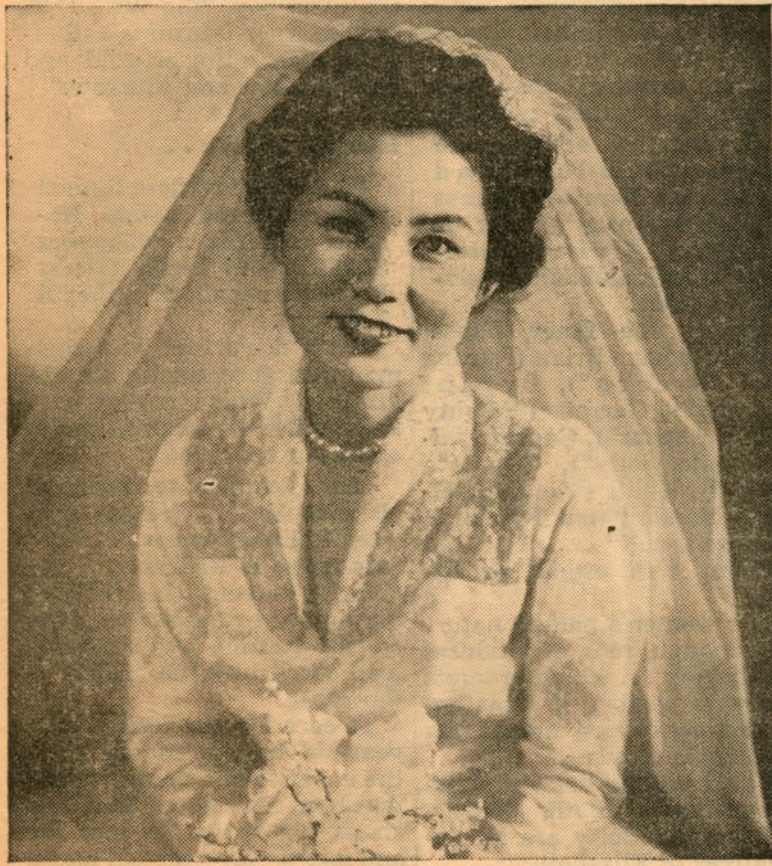
★ Sports Formal

(Tax Incl.)
★ From 9:00 p.m.

Tickets Available at: **Fuji Drugs • Joseph's Men's Wear • NVA headquarters, 114 S. San Pedro St.**



Society



-(PHOTO BY NINOMIYA STUDIOS)

Mrs. George I. Tamanaha

George Tamanahas Making Home in L.A.

Now making their home in Los Angeles are Mr. and Mrs. George Tamanaha following their return from a one week honeymoon. They were married Sunday, Dec. 10, at Higashi Hongwanji Temple in a ceremony performed by Rev. Horyu Ito.

The bride, the former Miss Florence T. Itomura, is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seii Itomura of Honolulu, T.H. The groom, a student at Los Angeles City College, is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Tamanaha, also of Honolulu.

Escorted down the aisle by her brother, Masayasu Itomura, the bride was attended by her sister, Nobuko Itomura, as maid of honor and two bridesmaids, Aiko Itomura and Alyce Y. Tamanaha.

Standing for the benedict were Harry Tamanaha, the groom's brother, as best man, and Ushers Masa Kishimoto and Iwao Tamae.

The bride chose a white satin gown of lace and net with a beautifully styled v neckline, long sleeves, lace

bodice and bouffant skirt. A fingertip illusion veil flowed from a crown of seedpearls onto a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Maid of honor wore a lavender wedding selections prior to the ceremony. They were "Because" and "I Love You Truly."

The couple was honored at a dinner reception at Nikko Low following the ceremony. ried a bouquet of vanda orchids. The bridesmaids were attired in rose gowns of similar style.

Miss Betty Azama sang two shirred v neckline. She carried taffeta gown with a

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Season's Greetings . . .

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Holiday Greetings



To the MANY members and former members, of our NISEI Dancing Classes . . . and THANKS to the J.A.C.L. and its fine officers for the cooperation this past year, in making our Nisei Ballroom Classes so successful . . . (New Basic and Advanced Groups start in January). SANSEI CLASS now, for Teen Age, Thurs. eves. 7 p.m.

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Season's Greetings



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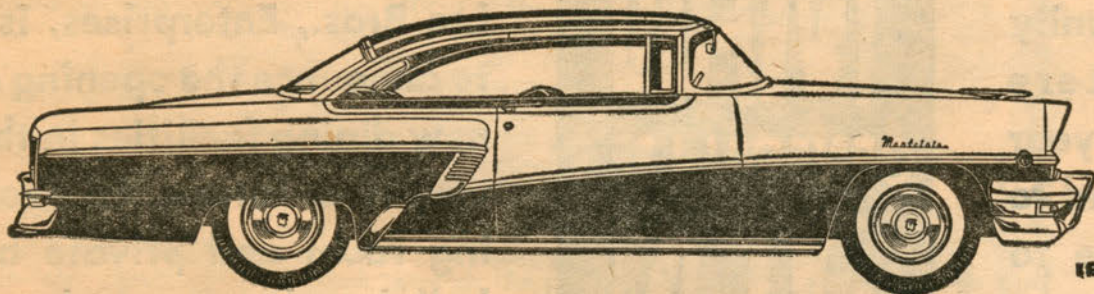
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My In-Laws and Senryu

by Kats Kunitsugu

When I married Kango, he came equipped with two brothers, a mother, a father and Senryu in the way of in-laws. (I came equipped with two sisters, a brother, a father, a mother and assorted uncles, aunts, cousins, second cousins and their wives, husbands and offsprings, but that's another story. It's a standing joke in the family now, which Kango tells with undiminished relish, that when he held a chop suey dinner for relatives to formally announce our engagement, Kango's dad got up and introduced his immediate family and that of Kango's cousin—and sat down. My dad got up, and the chop suey was stone cold before he finished introducing all of the relatives on my side who occupied the remainder of the 20-foot table).

Before I go any further, I'll wrestle down the five-pound American Edition of the Kenkyusha New Japanese-English Dictionary to quote you the definition of

Senryu, in case I have given the impression that it may be a Mongoloid child or a skelton in the closet. (It is neither. Rather, you might say that it is more like the Man Who Came to Dinner). Kenkyusha says Senryu is "a short witty (humorous) ode; a satirical poem."

Well, I mention Senryu in one breath with Kango's parents because they are inseparable. They have been inseparable for nigh onto 20 years.

Senryu has the same 17-syllable, five-seven-five beat of the traditional Japanese Hokku or Haiku, but it is an entirely different genre. Whereas Hokku is supposed to be an ode to nature, Senryu stresses the human element in nature more than does Hokku. Generally speaking, Senryu is a form of poetry with little pretension to high-flown elegance. It is more at home among people in ordinary walks of life. In other words, you don't have to be a cultured egghead in order to

write Senryu, but cultured eggheads are known to enjoy writing it.

All this was explained to me by Kango's parents when I admired the numerous two-foot trophies in their living room. In those days, I didn't know that the trophies in the living room were only the biggest and most recent of the ones they had won. Jackson, my brother-in-law, keeps complaining that the smaller loving cups and plaques are crowding him out of his closet. Indeed, Senryu is an ill-pervasive influence in Kango's family, much as PTA or golf or fishing might be in another.

My father-and-mother-in-law, together with the parents of national JAACL president George Inagaki among 30 or so other persons, belong to the Senryu Tsubame Ginsha, which is the name of the Senryu club in Los Angeles. Senryu clubs are also flourishing in San Francisco, Fresno, Seattle, Salt Lake City and Chicago.

The groups meet once a month, usually on the first Sunday of each month. I can usually tell when the club is supposed to meet at my in-laws' place because my father-in-law will feverishly mow the lawn, trim the hedges, spade the flower beds and wash off the sidewalk in front of our place (we live in a double). The curtains get washed, starched and ironed. The furniture gets polished. The windows get shined. Sticky fingerprints put on grandpa's front door by Claire and Johnny are wiped off.

In short, we all but paint and repaper the place in anticipation.

Until a few months ago, they used to hold a preliminary meeting for "gosen"—that is, members wrote Senryu about selected topics which were collected and made anonymous save for a numbered designation such as A-3 or J-5. These were published in the monthly magazine put out by the group and voted upon by the membership. Then two or three of the leading lights gathered at my father-in-law's place to tabulate the votes.

"B no 3, goten (five points)" my father-in-law would read off in his richly-timbered, well-carrying voice. "B no 3, goten. Hai," Mr. Inagaki would repeat. After about 50 "B no 2, santen" and "J no 5, itten's," Jackson would come running out of the house to take refuge in ours.

The fun really begins when they have a big meeting in conjunction with other Senryu clubs, such as the all-California meet they had on the Sunday after Thanksgiving.

Arrangements for the big meeting were carried out via airmail at first, but as the day drew nearer and no definite word was heard from Sacramento, my father-in-law decided to resort to long distance telephone.

We had Mr. Kato's address, but not his telephone number, and because each poet uses his pen name (Light on the Dew, Child of Time, etc.) we didn't even know his real first name. The operator told us she

had a Mr. Kato on "F" Street, but not at the number we had given her. We asked her to connect us anyway.

"Hello, hello," my father-in-law said, taking the receiver, "I'm trying to reach the Mr. Kato who writes Senryu..."

The voice on the other end informed my father-in-law that the Mr. Kato he wanted was listed in the telephone book as Take-Sushi, the name of the sushi store he operated.

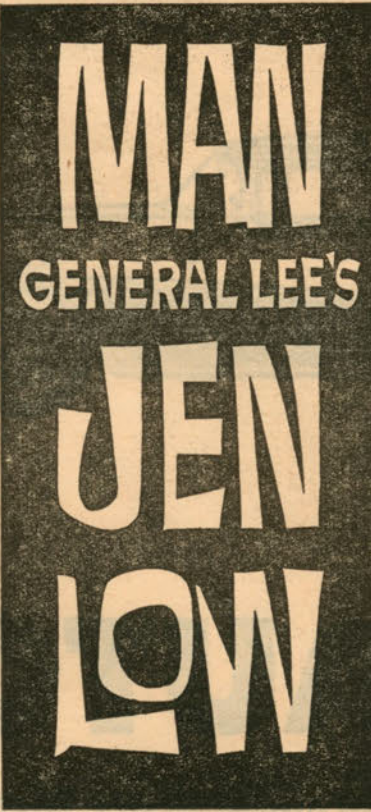
"Chotto, chotto," my father-in-law continued, and casually dropped his bombshell. "I'm calling from Los Angeles so would you...?"

"LOS ANGELES?!" replied the other Mr. Kato. Then my father-in-law could hear him calling sotto voice to his wife, "Mama-san! This man is calling from LOS ANGELES and wants to get in touch with Take-Sushi no Mr. Kato. Find me his number in the book! Hurry! No no, better yet, it's only a half a block away. Run

(Continued on page 19)

Merry Christmas

May we take this opportunity to express our most sincere thanks for making the past year a wonderful experience. And to those also whom we hope to serve during the coming year, we send Greetings and Best Wishes during the Holiday season and the coming year . . .



Lee Bros., Enterprises, is happy to announce the opening of their new dining facilities in the very, very near future. An exotic dining room and private banquet hall has been completed with plans calling for a gigantic grand opening . . . Watch for the announcement very soon . . .

475 Gin Ling Way

New Chinatown

MUtual 7850

FEATURE SECTION



Crossroads is proud to present its special feature section of the year. The annual effort to achieve "something different" has its shortcomings . . . but it is hoped that each and every reader finds something of interest in the ensuing pages.

TAK'S CASE

by Jesse Nishihata

I

Not for now the moment deliberated before nor the culmination of an incessant urge, only that the telephone, of a suddenness, rang clamorously in the blind-drawn, shadowed room. Again!

The S-figure shape uncoiled and abruptly fumbled with the receiver:

Hello—(a mumbled abstraction).

Hello—(a soft weary voice). Room 714? I'm calling you as requested; it is now five-fifteen. Is there anything else?

Yes, ahh . . . there is; could you please call me back in another half-hour?

All right.

Okay? Thanks . . . (click).

He fingered the receiver back into the crib, clunk.

Rummaging his hands thru his hair, he padded to the window and sprung the blind; through the slats the undifferentiated busyness of the city scurried, screeched, and staggered about. The sharp, taut November sky was a pallid backdrop for the etched buildings, towers, domes . . . and for the skeletal trees in the square across the way, the air seemed static, though the neon signs quivered brilliantly below. The phosphorescence of decadence . . .

A long distracting yawn uncoiled; he shook his head unconvincingly. His face bemused, knees slightly bent, he doubled over to touch his toes. Picking his way back to the bed, he stretched out with a cigarette in his mouth. The exhaled smoke blended evenly with the tenor of the cramped hotel room; it hung

enfolded, suspended on the ceiling. He felt tired as hell, sodden as week old laundry. Somehow, the very air seemed to be pressing, squeezing him; in the dreamt agony of it, his mind was keen, clear, intense. The acuteness of the anticipation furrowed his brow, tightened his eyelids. The clenched fists crumpled the cigarette. He sighed and lit another . . .

His name is Takao Tanaka. Call him Tak. He's nineteen, of medium height (5'-4")—weight, 120. Has had no need to shave . . . yet.

He was wondering why he didn't tell Bob that he was leaving; or more important, why he had dropped off seeing him these past months. He could have at least left a note, or so. But, that would have to be rapidly discounted because Bob wouldn't have understood anyway. Besides, what could have been written? Something like—Dear Bob, or else, Bob, this is it, I'm going, so long . . . ? Terse, succinct, ambiguous—so vague, without any sense of immediate reality—and as all good intentions are empty, void.

Somewhere, they had lost each other. Utterly. He . . . he had lost something intangible, and the very fact of losing

Taken from the files of the interesting New Canadian is the prize-winning short story of 1954 by Jesse Nishihata, 24, of Montreal, Quebec.

At the time of writing, Jesse was a third year psychology student at Sir George Williams College. He is an active member of the Montreal Nisei Campus Club and a prominent figure in Montreal Young Buddhist circles.

The New Canadian conducts an annual short-story writing contest at Christmastime. Nishihata's endeavour, "Tak's Case," will most certainly receive Crossroads' readers stamp of approval as an outstanding literary achievement.

had been unrelenting, unfor-giving. Need it have been so final? And yet, because of it, consciously to Tak, that had been the greatest moment of his life . . . Don't ever think of it again, Tak. I've known all along what you've wanted—what you've wanted from me—but Jesus, hell, I don't want any part of it, don't want to get mixed up in it. Cripes, sure I'll do anything for you. Haven't I? Sure, I'll try to help you, get you over the rocks, anything . . . But not this . . . Bob took the bottle and downed half the pint; his adam's apple worked convulsively. He sat rigid, eyes riveted ahead, stiff-armed, palms flat on the table. And Tak, he squatted on the floor, pensively, hugging his knees tighter. The mid-August dusk was musky and humid; a turn at the park didn't do too much, and then they were back in Bob's room. The heavy atmosphere seemed immense; the strained static be-

fore the crackles and the thunder. And from the meek came the storm, the tortured turbulence of the unknown; blurted words quavered from Tak's mouth. What did they mean? Ah! Bob, poor Bob, was he the Mother, the bulwark, the shelter? Should he have been the tower of strength, the temple of hot animal warmth? Should he have been the giver and then the taker? Strangely, there was no bitterness after; the common knowledge of this left an empty irony. It was cruel! It had to be said and done with, Bob . . . it just had to be . . .

II

And this life-song to be recanted had started long before its measured beat. That the union of his father and mother had brought him out into this world was true; yet truer still was the fusion of his father and arrogant egotism. Debauchery! Oh! Sins of our fathers . . .!

Understandably, Tanaka's friends had sent him back to Japan for a young bride, to settle, if not to curb, his wild excursions and dissipations. She was able to come in 1932, through some devious means, this silent, unblushing young woman, and in the summer of '33, Takao was born to her.

Still, the father and the husband heeded not the cares of the son and the wife, and

he continued to satisfy his wants, unscathed. During these basal years, this woman had communicated to Tak a warm and mystical sensitiveness. But, if it persisted thru-out his life, in all its vacuity, it was not because of his mother but because of himself.

When eight, his mother died of tuberculosis, leaving him alone to face the evacuation with his father. The outward life now transferred to the ghost town in Kootenay Valley was, in all soberness, the same as the existence in the lumber camps or the fishing village back on the coast.

Tak maintained a silent, secretive life, half of his being unknown. Living in the Commission bunkhouses left him apart from the rowdy fun of the town kids; he was apart, out, the quiet one. Now, more than ever, Tanaka came back to the bunkhouse drunk. His wild gesticulations and inco-

(Continued on page 9)

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SEASON'S GREETINGS . . .

LOS ANGELES Y.B.A.

TAK'S CASE

(Continued from page 8)

herent curses (gottem, gottem), was an aggravated source of fright and apprehension to Tak. Sometimes he crawled in besides the sacked figure, crying: Pa! Get up! Pa!—and then blundered off to sleep.

It wasn't until the summer of '47, a blistery Toronto summer, in a blistered house on a worn-out street, that Tak came to realize his father's uninhibited loneliness. And it came with Mrs. Yama puffing up the final flight of stairs that led to their one-room home:

Maahhh . . . Takao-san, how big you've grown, neh! He tried hard to recollect—was it in Neys? Ghost town? . . . his memory did not go back too far. He grinned fa-

tuously at her, sensing that her large maternalness conveyed some warmth, some affection, but there was his father telling him to run along and stay out for awhile.

Pressed down by the muggy heat of the strange and the woeful blanket of the stranger house he slouched by the staircase, not daring to venture out. And there, he heard the awful noises that moaned of the fundamentalness in the closed room. Tak shuddered. He didn't come home for a long time that night.

His name is Takao Tanaka. His father calls him Taka. But call him Tak.

III

That day he chose to leave was a day that carelessly rolled on its intended course. By afternoon, all precaution and necessities taken care of, Tak found a long day of waiting. He sat under the columns of Union Station and took stock—figuratively and visually. The wallet was taken out and the contents examined: the stub of fare, one five-dollar bill, four ones, name-cards, school cards, etc. Eleven-seventy spent for the one-way ticket left nine dollars plus the odd change—the lot was shovelled into his pocket.

One damnable thing is he said aloud to himself, I know what to do and what to expect. That just about cut the spirit of the occasion. Extracting the identification cards, he carefully tore them up and scattered them around. The faded picture of a woman was studiously re-scrutinized and then torn up. It was an old passport photo of his mother.

The clocks indicated one-thirty as he wandered up the deserted Saturday afternoon Bay Street. Overhead beyond the transverse cables the late autumn skies seemed high and light. The time for his train was eleven-thirty; he wondered what to do.

Some louse had puked in the bowl. The sight and the smell sickened Tak and pitched him to the next lurching car to find relief. Only the Montreal-bound travellers were in his coach and there weren't very many of them. He was able to get a whole seat to himself, lucky . . .

Now that he was on the train and getting there in the actual sense of the word, Tak felt giddy and hysterical. But he was immensely satisfied with himself. Once on board, he was convinced that the finality of the ultimate was beyond his doing, or undoing; the train was the supreme master. With conviction he had swung aboard, his bag and raincoat swinging a small arc; with this conviction, he felt damn good.

He made himself comfortable; loosened tie and shirt, jacket draped over his chest and shoulders, stockinged feet on the side-heater. He gazed through the glass into the darkness—the lightning-swift countryside was illuminated by a crisp November moon that hung crazily in the west. Tracks and wheels in clicking unison synchronized at odd intervals with the speeding telegraph poles. From the vanguard of the heedless momentum came a long mournful sound. Again! And then a railway signal changed by and faded back. The poles dipped and rose, dipped and rose . . .

IV

Almost vaguely he remembered other train-rides—night



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train-rides . . . once, he had spent four continuous nights; that was with his father when they crossed the Rockies and the Prairies to the Lakewaters. A half-remembered trip of three days and four nights in the day coaches—the awkward unfeeling sensations, dull emptiness of head, heavy tight eyes on a numb face, fuzzy tastelessness of the mouth and tongue . . .

They often had company of fat, jovial men, who boasted of their women, country, and jobs, and whose circle of friends in Regina or Winnipeg always included a few fine Japs.

Mighty fine people, they are, yes sir! Let me tell you of a fella . . . One red-faced man took an over-interest in Tak, stroking and petting him, and stirred in Tak a warm communion and thankfulness. His previous contacts with the Hakuji had been with the strait-laced teachers the fiery, yet kind, missionaries—people with realities closeted away. Their faces swam before him, faces of eager smiles and kind gestures, but they were indistinct and no one would hasten to the call to come down, come down . . . and other faces eagerly scanned, but none would come down, come down . . .

A man, a white man, stood up before him, a mountain of a man. In a loud voice, he of-

fered to give a sock in the jaw. Under his boxing stance and cocked fists, Tak grew smaller and smaller until he barely reached the man's knees. But then, he scooted in and jabbed the hulk with his knife—the man howled and doubled over . . .

Tak was high as the sky and he could feel the man under his soles, a hard rubbery cylinder, throbbing and pulsing . . . in a sudden, he was plummeting through the sky, ejected from a plane, a parachute strapped to his back. He groped for the cord. It wasn't there! Frantic! The navel was missing. And he was falling, falling . . . He thought of the warm, moist earth. How hard! How hard! . . . (A sudden lurch). Abruptly, he woke up. His forehead was pressed tightly on the cool glass. Loosening his belt and pants, he tried to modify his uncomfortableness. It was no use. He knew he wouldn't be able to sleep any more that night.

Thunderous in its violent power, the monstrous train throttled onward, a mad dash to gain another morrow. And fortune - telling—palm-reading-tea-cup-gossip—like the dreams reeled on; the wistful hesitations the indefinite prolongings, and the cold, bitter postlude to a wild, distorted prelude . . .

His name is Takao Tanaka. Call him Tak. Bob does: Tak.

V

To ask, how does one go about cursing an old man—oh, so vehemently—or to ask how does one forgive, needn't be a rhetorical question. The vents of life need not be a pure arabesque. The bas-relief stands out alone, the rain and the hail carve a niche, impose a wrinkle.

Old man Tanaka wasn't that old. The spring of '53 marked him only as a single forty-nine. The early dreams of Tak reconciled itself around an idyllic picture of a seashore, or a woodland scene,

(Continued on page 16)

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MONDAI WA AKIRA

Telephone Conversations

By Hiroshi Kashiwagi

Mr. Murata—(At television when telephone rings): Telephon! Oi, denwa da, dare ka ansa sen ka. (rings again). U-rusai na. (goes to answer): Harro!

Tommy (swallowing): Hello?

Mr. Murata: Harro!
Tommy: Is... is Jo... Joyce there?

Mr. Murata: Haan?
Tommy: Is Joyce there?
Mr. Murata: Joysu? Joysu, denwa da yo.

— THE AUTHOR —

Hiroshi Kashiwagi, a resident of Berkeley, is familiar to Crossroads readers. Kashiwagi is the talented author of "The All White Dog," one of the most well-received feature stories presented in last year's Christmas edition.

His contribution this year is a milestone in Nisei journalistic circles — and also a Crossroads' first.

"Mondai wa Akira" is a play by Kashiwagi which he wrote for a church group in Berkeley. According to his attached note the play is now in rehearsal ready for presentation.

Possessing the intangible "something" that makes the everyday life glitter in writing, Kashiwagi has taken a series of simple telephone conversations and dovetailed them into enjoyable reading.

We are sure the "switchboard of delight" will be lit up by satisfied readers.

Joyce (within): Coming daddy.

Mr. Murata: Hayaku senka.

Joyce: Just a minute.

Mr. Murata (into phone): Justo minutes. Joysu, he come. (puts down phone).

Joyce (comes in): Hello.

Tommy: Hi, where were you?

Joyce: Who is this calling?

Tommy: What? Don't you know who?

Joyce: No.

Tommy: What're you trying to pull? It's me, Tommy.

Joyce: Oh, hi Tommy.

Tommy: Hi.

Joyce: What do you want Tommy?

Tommy: Nothing.

Joyce: Why'd you call me then?

Tommy: I don't know... I just wanted to talk to you.

Joyce: You did, Tommy?

Tommy (long pause): Yeah.

Joyce: Well?

Tommy: Well what?

Joyce: I thought you wanted to talk to me.

Tommy (suddenly): Say, who was that jerk who answered the phone?

Joyce?: That was daddy and he's not a jerk. That's a mean thing to say about my daddy calling him a jerk. You better say he's not a jerk.

Tommy: Okay, okay. Your daddy's not a jerk.

Joyce: That's better. Did he shout at you?

Tommy: Who?

Joyce: Daddy.

Tommy: Oh yeah, he nearly busted my ear drum.

Joyce (Laughs): Did he really?

Tommy: What's so funny?

Joyce: I'm sorry Tommy.

Tommy Oh that's all right.

Joyce: I bet you interrupted his television program. Daddy doesn't like to be interrupted when he's watching television you know.

Tommy: Say Joyce, did you finish your homework?

Joyce: Sure, why?

Tommy: Oh nothing... just thought I'd ask.

Joyce: Oh.

Tommy: Say Joyce, are you going to the Bonenkai?

Joyce: I guess so, are you?

Tommy (pause): Maybe. Well, I better finish my homework. See you, Joyce.

Joyce: Bye, Tommy.

Mr. Murata (hearing phone ringing): Telephon!

Mrs. Murata: Wakatte imasu. Nodoguchi san kamo shiren. (goes to answer): Harro.

Joe: Hello.

Mrs. Murata: Harro, donata desu ka?

Joe: What?

Mrs. Murata: Donata desu ka?

Joe: Oh, oh boku Joe.

Mrs. Murata: Joe?

Joe: Is, I mean uh, Akira uchini home?

Mrs. Murata: Akira desu ka?

Joe: Yeah, I mean yes, I mean hai.

Mrs. Murata: Chotto matte kudasai. Akira!

Aki: Hello Joe?

Joe: Say was that your mother?

Aki: Yeah.

Joe: Boy, did she give me a bad time... I mean it's hard for me to talk Japanese all of a sudden like that... you know what I mean?

Aki: Yeah I know. It's a good thing you called though.

Joe: Why?

Aki: She was starting up that old routine again.

Joe: What routine?

Aki: Oh about why do I sit around home and why don't I go somewhere.

Joe: Go where?

Aki: I don't know. I got no place to go.

Joe: Hey, why don't we go bowling tonight. Well, you wantta?

Aki: Umm... no, not tonight.

Joe: What's the matter with you?

Aki: I don't know. It's that routine I guess.

Joe: What routine?

Aki: I just told you. My ole lady wants me to play around.

Joe: Hey that's good.

Aki: No it ain't. I'm 28 years old and I ain't gettin' any younger so I guess she thinks I oughtta get married.

Joe: Married?

Aki: Yeah, that's what I said.

Joe: But you gotta have a woman to get married.

Aki: Yeah. That's the whole trouble. (pause) Joe, you know any girls?

Joe: Do I know any girls? Why ask me?

Aki: Com' on Joe, where's that little black book of yours?

Joe: What little black book?

Aki: You know the one you keep the numbers of all the babes.

Joe: Aw Aki, I don't carry no black book with the numbers of all the babes. Jesus, I'm 28 too and I ain't gettin' any younger either. I even got grey hairs.

Joe: What?

Aki: Don't worry about your grey hairs.

Joe: Who said I did?

Aki: Nobody.

Joe: Okay.

Aki: What about that one you were telling me about?

Joe: What one?

Aki: You remember, that one.

Joe: No, I don't.

Aki: That one you saw

(Continued on page 15)

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INSURANCE IN BIRDIES

by Elmer Ogawa

The Northwest has always been justly proud of its outstanding Nisei athletes and champions in various sports who were born and bred in this ol' clam diggin' sawmill country. But perhaps the greatest is personable golfer Ervin Furukawa, who at the risk of being facetious, might be described as Hawaii's gift to the Northwest.

He came from Hawaii to make his home in Seattle, and represented the Puget Sound Golf Club in being the three times successive winner of the Pacific Coast number one Nisei Golf Tournament at Pebble Beach, California. Ervin F. is still a young fellow, only 28, but he has devoted 16 intensive years to the sport. Like many champs, he started as a caddy at age 12, and later worked in the pro shop of Alex Bell at the Oahu Country Club in Hawaii. Friendship with the old pros undoubtedly did much to shape Ervin's golfing career

for it is said that he haunted the fairways and greens of the Oahu Country Club during those formative high school years while a student at the Tolani Episcopal Boys High School.

Proficiency in golf colored Furukawa's military service while in Japan from 1946 to 1949. He played on the 25th Division team and wound up managing the Takarazuka Golf Course.

Never a man to waste time, Erv entered the University of Washington in pre-law immediately after being discharged, and earned his Big "W" three years on the golf team, including the 1951 season when the Huskies won the Northern Division Championship.

As in bowling, it was not until recent years that Nisei were eligible to compete in some golf events, but Ervin Furukawa was the first to represent Seattle in the 1954 National Public Links Championship at Dallas, Texas, and again in 1955 at Indianapolis,

Indiana. He was on the Seattle team that lost to the Miami, Florida champs in the Harding Cup event by one stroke.

The Puget Sound Golf Club claims Erv as its top ranking member. He has won the club championship four years, and the Northwest Nisei Open two years. A look at the roster will show that local competition is no pushover when we see such names as Kuni Nakamura, Sumio Nagamatsu, Min Tai, Yone Nakano, and old timers like Jim Okimoto, Frank Nagamine and "Sparky" Kono who is back in the home town after a long absence.

A review of some of the best scores is not amiss—for example: 68-68 in the 1953 Puget Sound Golf Club tournament; 8 under par. And a 66 in January, 1955, beating the field by three strokes in the Washington State Pro-Amateur. Included among the best scores should be the 75-78 for a total of 153 at Pebble Beach in 1954. In 1955 Erv's score went up 2 strokes at the Beach.

In Erv's book, he gives special credit to a couple people. One is Bob Pinnell, current pro at Sunnyside, Wash., and at Palm Springs, Calif., who adjusted his golf swing sacrificing distance for consistency, working for a fade ball on all controlled shots. And the other special appreciation goes to his glamorous everloving wife Tomi for understanding and patience in being a golf widow.

While still in school at the U. of W. Ervin made two important decisions. One was to forsake the law career and go into the insurance business, a

(Continued on page 16)

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The Miyako Trio

By WIMP HIROTO

Nineteen fifty-five was an eventful year. But for local music lovers in general and specifically three musicians, 1955 was a high water mark.

Individually the three are Jim T. Araki, George Y. Atsumo, and Paul S. Togawa. Collectively they are known as the Miyako Trio. During the summer they brought their musical talents together to form one of the hottest (and most popular) musical aggregations in Li'l Tokio history at Ginza Sukiyaki.

Right in our own backyard we had three of the finest jazz musicians in captivity. We say in captivity for they are not only "crazy," they go "wild." Let's take them one at a time—for unlike the case his- of many teams—these were drawn together by motivation—the love of music.

Jim Araki

Jim Araki, 30, is one of southern California's best known musical artists. Unlike the case history of many musicians, Jim was not weaned on a clarinet at the age of three . . . let alone six.

Though born in Salt Lake City, Jim attended Los Angeles schools until forced to relocate to Gila River after the outbreak of hostilities. It was in this rather drab (an understatement) surrounding that this musical genius fostered a love for music.

A popular figure in school, (he was student body president) Jim graduated in 1944 . . . and more important . . . had begun playing the piano, sax and clarinet.

Immediately after matriculating, Jim was drafted. As in civilian life, Jim rose to the occasion serving as a top notch language instructor at

Military Intelligence School. Transferred to Tokyo, Japan, he was commissioned in 1946 and served as a linguist until his discharge in 1948.

All through his Army career, Jim developed himself musically . . . many Fort Snelling veterans will remember him, not as a neophyte instructor, but as head of the Fort Snelling dance band.

Despite his rigorous schedule in Japan, Jim found time to hook up with an Air Force Sextet in Tokyo, playing tenor sax. This group did weekly AFRS broadcasts.

We called Jim a musical genius a few paragraphs back. Though the writer is not a music critic, a look at his accomplishments will cause all who read, to agree.

While an officer-linguist playing tenor sax for a sextet . . . he also found time (there were 34 hours a day in occupied Japan) to play lead trumpet with the Air Force band, guitar with a trio and saxophone with a 16-piece all-star band.

Discharged in 1948, Jim remained in Japan as a civilian translator for another year.

No sooner had he settled into civilian-musical life, then he was recalled to active duty this in 1951. In Korea he had very little time to interpret



JOINING HIS former sideman, Paul Togawa, in a comic bit at the "hides," is Hamp during one of his frequent visits to hear the talented Miyako Trio. Hamp says of the young drummer, "he improves all the time and there's no telling when he'll stop." An intimate view of the musical background of this talented group is recorded in the adjoining story.

music sheets as he headed a Prisoner of War interrogation team and served as a commanding general's personal interpreter-aide.

Jim is today seeking an advanced degree at the University of California graduate school. He graduated from UCLA with highest honors last year majoring in oriental languages. He hopes to achieve his personal niche as a teacher.

Jim has not relegated his many talents to performing. Behind the notes he played, Jim saw another horizon . . . composing. This he did for many Japanese bands during the postwar era.

During the summer at the Ginza Jim had an opportunity to record with one of the greatest jazz contemporaries

of our era—Lional Hampton. He sat in on Hamp's sax section when his big band recorded 12 sides for Norman (Jazz a la carte) Granz' Clef Records.

"I greatly respect Jim's thorough knowledge of music in all ways . . . playing, arranging, composing . . . Just terrific!" Hampton states.

If his academic schedule allows, Jim says he hopes to tour with Hampton on a string of one-night stands.

George Atsumo

Some 4000 miles away from Salt Lake City, in 1925, the same year Araki was born, one George Y. Atsumo was (Continued on page 18)

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With the traditional turkey holding the place of honor at the dinner table on Christmas Day, as well as Thanksgiving, family and friends will enjoy a return to "the good old standbys" during the New Year's feast.

The fowls and the hams are wonderful for the appetite as we all agree . . . but each has a special taste bud for the traditional foods such as ozoni, kuromane, kimpira, tamago naki, lobster and kazunoko.

Though maybe not as accomplished as our mothers (Bless them!), the Nisei are gradually learning the art of Japanese cooking. As is our annual custom, Crossroads presents a list of recipes of the more popular New Year's dishes for your aid and comfort. If additional help is required, call on your mother. She'll be sure to straighten matters out . . . as well as your husband's stomach.

LOBSTER

Select a lobster without broken feelers. See that the tail is curled toward the body and that it springs back into place after being straightened. This means that it was boiled alive. Separate head from body. Turn shell over, slit the soft membrane and gently remove the meat. Cut meat in bite sizes. Place lobster in large platter, so arranging it that it looks whole. Put meat in small mounds on either side. Have a small container with lemon juice, a smidgin of sugar, a pinch of Ajinomoto and shoyu mixed. Garnish the dish with parsley and radish flowers. It makes a beautiful center-piece until the children want the claws and legs where the tastiest meat is hidden.

CHICKEN TERRI-YAKI

1/3 cup shoyu
2/3 cup sugar
1/2 tsp Ajinomoto
1 tblsp mirin or sherry (if preferred)
1 fryer chicken
A sprinkling of grated fresh ginger
A tiny bit of garlic (preference)

Cut fryer chicken in small pieces easy to handle. Fry chicken quickly in salad oil. Place in pan and pour shoyu mixture over chicken. Be sure each piece is painted. Bake in

oven of 375 degrees for about a half hour, or longer, until chicken is done. Baste or turn chicken about every ten minutes. You can marinate the chicken, but I find that this makes it burn easily and also discolors the chicken. The flavor of chicken is so delicate, that it is a shame to overpower it with too much of that shoyu flavor.

If you prefer your chicken less sweet, cut your sugar down to the same amount as the shoyu.

KIN-TON

Lima beans, 1/2 lb. or large can or 2 cans—1/2 cup liquid
Sugar according to taste
Food coloring—red or green
Salt

Soak beans overnight. Boil until very soft. Peel skins. Mash beans and put through strainer. Place bean pulp, liquid and sugar, and salt in saucepan. Stir occasionally, cook slowly until mixture will form a ball or hold its shape when pressed. Mix food coloring and shape into balls, or serve in relish dish as is.

SOBA

If you are having friends in to celebrate the coming of the New Year, wish them a long and happy life by serving soba just before twelve. Boil soba as you would

noodles. Have a pot full of good rich chicken broth. Have it salted so you won't have to add too much shoyu. Shoyu is good to the taste, but it does darken the broth to the extent of making it look distasteful, just before removing broth from fire, add shoyu to taste. Put drained soba in individual bowls, pour broth, sprinkle with chopped green onions. Serve.

OZONI

New Year's morning is always begun with the partaking of Ozoni by the family together. Each province has its own way of making this dish. This is the way I was taught.

1 cup shaved katsuobushi (dried bonito)
5 or 6 pieces of dashi kombu of 4" square.
Spinach—lightly boiled and drained
Carrots—boiled
Kamaboko—one thin slice to each bowl
Mochi—1 or 2 pcs for each bowl—toasted
2 quarts water
3 tblsp shoyu
1/2 tsp Ajinomoto

The night before brush or lightly wash sand from kombu. Soak in 2 quarts clear water overnight. Add katsuobushi and cook about 7 minutes. When kombu floats to top, remove. Also remove any froth that comes to the top. Strain, discard kombu and katsuobushi. Add shoyu, salt and ajinomoto. Bundle spinach 1" thick and cut 1" long. Slice carrots thinly crosswise. Take half of dashi and place toasted mochi in and bring to a quick boil. In meantime arrange carrots, kamaboko and spinach in individual bowls. Take mochi and put one or two in each bowl. Fill half of the bowl with the dashi in which mochi was cooked. Fill the rest of the bowl with the clear dashi.

KIMPIRA

Gobo—one bundle if

you wish.
Sugar to taste
Shoyu to taste
1/4 tsp ajinomoto
Japanese chili or cayenne
2 tblsp salad oil

Scrape gobo. Shred and place in pan of water that contains 1 tblsp vinegar. Drain and dry. Heat oil in frying pan. Fry gently till tender. Stir constantly. Pour in enough shoyu and sugar to taste.

Use discretion in adding cayenne or Japanese chili. Before removing from heat add Ajinomoto.

TAMAGO MAKI

1 1/2 tsp chopped parsley
1 doz. eggs
2/3 of tofu cake
12 tblsp dashi
12 tblsp milk
1 cup sugar

1 1/2 tsp Ajinomoto
Beat eggs slightly. Drain tofu thoroughly then put thru strainer. Mix eggs, tofu, dashi, milk, sugar, salt and Ajinomoto. Grease 8"x8"x1/2" pan

(this amount of mixture makes about 3 pans). Put one third of mixture in pan and bake at 325 degrees until firm. Remove carefully from pan to bamboo mat used for sushi or heavy brown paper. If the mixture breaks, just piece together as it will adhere after it has been tied. Sprinkle parsley over mixture. Now, roll as you would sushi and tie securely; then wrap in a dish cloth. Refrigerate for 8 hours. You can use peas instead of parsley if you like.

KAZUNOKO

3 tblsp Mirin
1/2 tsp Ajinomoto
Kazunoko 1/2 lb.
Shoyu enough to completely cover Kazunoko
Either buy Kazunoko already soaked, or soak dry ones for at least two weeks, changing water daily. When ready to use, remove outer membrane and clean in clear water. Combine shoyu, mirin and Ajinomoto. Marinate kazunoko at least one day before using.

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MONDAI wa AKIRA

(Continued from page 10)

walking in front of church the other day.

Joe: Oh that one.

Aki: Yeah, that one.

Joe: Boy she got class.

Aki: Go on. You told me she was built like a truck.

Joe: Well she was wearing a hat.

Aki: So what?

Joe: So what? Tell me how girls in Berkeley wear hats? Many girls in Berkeley wear hats?

Aki: I don't know.

Joe: Not many I tell you.

Aki: But what's a hat got to do with class?

Joe: Do I have to draw you a diagram? San Francisco women got class, right?

Aki: Umm... right.

Joe: San Francisco women wear hats, right?

Aki: Right.

Joe: Okay, so this babe's got class.

Aki: Maybe she's hiding a bald spot.

Joe: Jesus, Aki, sometimes

I think you get morbid.

Aki: Hey, that's big word. Where'd you pick it up?

Joe: Aw I watch television.

Aki: Oh yeah. You know what's her name?

Joe: You mean the babe?

Aki: Yeah, I mean the classy babe with the hat.

Joe: You interested?

Aki: I just asked what's her name.

Joe: Let me see now... oh yeah it's Alice somep'n or other.

Aki: Alice somep'n or other huh?

Joe: Yeah. Hey you really interested? If you are I could dig out her phone number.

Aki: Wait a minute. Not so fast.

Joe: Well, are you interested?

Aki: I don't know. (Pause). Say Joe...

Joe: Yeah.

Aki: Maybe I'll take you up on that bowling deal.

Joe: Bowling?

Aki: Yeah. Didn't you say

you wanta go bowling tonight?

Joe: Yeah, but what about Alice?

Aki: You mean Alice somep'n or other? (Pause). Say how old are you Joe?

Joe: What's that got to do with Alice?

Aki: You're 28, aren't you?

Joe: You know damn well I'm 28.

Aki: You even got grey hairs.

Joe: Who said so?

Aki: You did yourself.

Joe: Maybe I did. But it don't sound good when you say it.

Aki: Okay. So we're both 28 and we're not gettin' any younger so we'll go bowl a couple of 300 games. What d'ya say Joe?

Joe: Okay but I don't get it.

Aki: See you Joe. (hangs up).

★

Mr. Murata: Telehon!
Mrs. Murata: Wakatteruyo.
Mr. Murata: Nanto yo telehon ga naruna.

Joyce: Hello.

Bobby: Hi Joyce.

Joyce: Oh hi, Bobby.

Bobby: What're you doing?

Joyce: Nothing much.

Bobby: The gang of us are going out for a coke.

Joyce: Gee that sounds crazy!

Bobby: You wanta come along too Joyce?

Joyce: I'd like to.

Bobby: Hey, that's great. We'll come by for you in 10 minutes.

Joyce: Wait, I better ask my mother.

Bobby: Okay.

Joyce: Can I go out for a coke, mom?

Mrs. M.: Dare to?

Joyce: Oh Bobby and the gang.

Mrs. M.: Papa ni kikinasai.

*CROSSROADS

Friday, December 23, 1955 — 15

Joyce: Papa, can I go out for a while?

Mr. Murata: Shiran. Mama ni kikinasai.

Joyce: Oh I just did. Mama can I go?

Mrs. M.: Mo osoidesho.

Joyce: It's only eight thirty. We won't be gone long, and it's just for a coke.

Mrs. M.: Kokakola nara uchi do nomemasu. Konban wa yoshinasai.

Joyce: Oh heck, I never get to go.

Mrs. M.: Joysu, iiko dakarane.

Joyce: Bobby...

Bobby: Yeah.

Joyce: I can't go.

Bobby: Oh. What's the matter?

Joyce: Oh there's a couple of wet blankets here and they won't let me go.

Bobby: Oh.

Joyce: I'm sorry Bobby.

Bobby: That's okay Joyce.

I'll see you in school tomorrow.

Joyce: Bye, Bobby.

★

Mr. Murata: Telehon!

Chiyo: Hello.

Joe: Is Aki home yet?

Chiyo: No I haven't seen him.

Joe: He's not home yet?

Chiyo: What's happened?

Joe: Boy something's happened.

Chiyo: You mean an accident?

Joe: Naw, I don't think so. Not the kind you mean.

Chiyo: I thought you were with him.

Joe: No, that is, I was but I left early. You see, we were at the bowling alley and there was this babe... I mean a girl...

Chiyo: Yes.

Joe: And Aki hit it off pretty good with her.

Chiyo: You mean Aki met a girl?

Joe: Yeah.

Chiyo: Oh I don't believe it.

Joe: But it's true. She was right there in the bowling alley and they met. It happens to every guy—sometime.

Chiyo: Who is she?

Joe: Oh Alice somep'n or other. I didn't catch her last name.

Chiyo: Oh here's Aki now. You want to speak to him?

Joe: Yeah put him on.

Aki: Hi Joe.

Joe: Well how's the new lover?

Aki: Cut it out Joe.

Joe: How'd it go?

Aki: Okay.

Joe: What you mean okay?

Aki: Oh we went for coffee and then I drove her home.

Joe: That's all?

Aki: Yeah.

Joe: She's a good kid huh?

Aki: I don't know.

Joe: Who'd think she'd be at the bowling alley and right after we were talking about her.

Aki: She's not a bad bowler. I noticed she beat you.

Joe: Aw I wasn't trying very hard. She beat you too.

Aki: I guess I wasn't paying much attention to the game.

Joe: Say Aki, I was talking to your sister and I—told her about you and this babe—I mean this girl.

Aki: Thanks Joe, thanks. You're a fine friend.

Joe: Sure. Don't forget now, I'm the best man.

Aki: Aw go to bed, will ya.

Joe: Boy oh boy.

Aki: Say Joe, there's something I got to tell you.

Joe: Yeah...

Aki: I can't go fishing with you Sunday.

Joe: What? Aw Aki not that, anything but that. I've been counting on that for a whole month.

Aki: I know, I know. My old man's been counting on it for a whole year, and I gotta tell him too.

Joe: Where you going?

Aki: To the Bonenkai.

Joe: What's that?

Aki: It's a year-end program they're having at the church.

Joe: You mean you're gonna pass up a fishing trip for that?

Aki: Yeah.

Joe: Why?

Aki: Oh...

Joe: Since when did you start going to church? Oh I get it. Alice somep'n or other's gonna be there, huh?

Aki: Yeah and her name's Alice Ogawa.

Joe: She's a pretty good kid I see. Well I'll go fishing by myself. From now on I'm fishing alone. So long Aki.

Aki: See you Joe.

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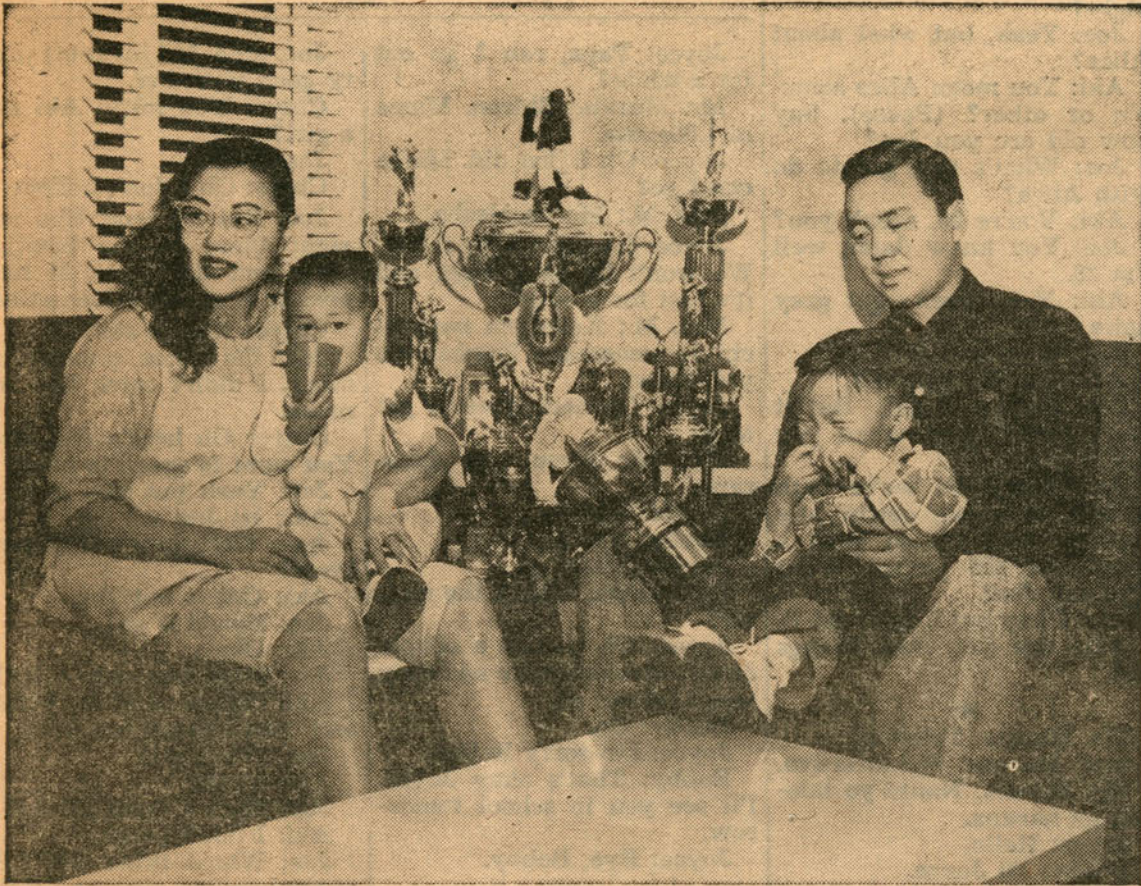
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SURROUNDED BY MORE THAN 20 lei-bedecked trophies is the Furukawa family—Tomie, Reid (1½), Dean (3½), and Erv. The transplanted Hawaiian, though only 28 years old, has been golfing for sixteen years. Erv's latest prize, the perpetual Pebble Beach trophy, is not in the picture. It was too big for him to carry, says Erv, so he left it at the Minato Restaurant in San Francisco. (Photo by Elmer Ogawa).

Erv Furukawa...

(Continued from page 11)

good choice we assume, for he is now at 28, district manager of the Sunset Life Insurance Company. The other decision came soon after meeting Tomie Fujino, a Seattle U. co-ed on a blind date. The man of action must have been powerfully impressed, for although he was twice occupied as student and insurance man, he lost no time in joining the ranks of the happily married college students.

As we approach the neat white Furukawa bungalow with spacious fenced-in backyard, just two blocks away from the Jefferson Park Golf Course, a chubby friendly little face greets the visitor through a window. That one is Dean, age 3½. Once inside, the visitor finds Reid, 1½, who just about manages to keep right on his big brother's heels. The twenty some odd cups and trophies about the house seem to be quite commonplace house ornaments to the young huskies, and there's no mistake about the youngsters being the pride and joy of their happy parents.

Which leads us to the question so many followers ask—

what of Erv's golfing future—will he turn pro? To this he says, "No, just no intention of doing so, and besides with a third youngster due in January, and the life insurance business becoming more of a challenge, competitive golfing days are just about over."

There is no doubt at all that Erv is a busy, busy insurance

exec, and competitive golf is exacting in its toll on a man's time and energy. Golfing has been enriched by the efforts and achievements of Ervin Furukawa, and altho proud followers are selfish in their demands on a champ, perhaps this is the hour when we should just leave it to dad to make the decision.

TAK'S CASE

(Continued from page 9)

and two figures entwined in heart-clasp—he and his father. The pounding of the surf and the cries of the gulls, the smell of the pines and the music of the forests...

As the days and the years mounted, the picture remained substantially the same, only a bare rock or a withered tree figured—his father. The fantasies of waking moments drifted idly, and yet at times were impelling, vivid, and all too real. It was a torture. Fascination grows on tacit misunderstandings, and often Tak would study the old man's sodden features, revealed so naked under the bruising electric bulb.

What stays you here? What fears? What hopes? Am I the festered wound, the cicatrix of unholy deeds? The generic sense of withdrawal and rejection becomes complete, final. On an itemized order, Tak might be able to list, perhaps, some of his father's in-temperate habits, or his physical features, or his occupations past and present—from millhand to gardener—or maybe... but, that was about all. Apathetically, the gulf had widened, the unconcern of abyss, deepened. And, the final need to have the done, unsaid.

Back in the hotel room, the aura of early evening's levelness suffused the atmosphere with quiet resignation. Flat, incumbent on the bed, Tak measured the intake of his

cigarette. The mirror of his mind reflected on the fact that his old man didn't know his whereabouts. Knowing that the landlady would make it understandable, an impulse to write came.

Poised upright on the bed, he deliberated, but with an indefinite sigh, he sank back amongst the pillow. The effort would be too much; besides it was too late. There had been moments before when everything could have been effected neatly, dispassionately. Tabled now, they were only moments before. When time regresses, there should be some contiguous factors, some stability, relationships... or else, there is no accounting.

Perhaps, if he had written on the morning of his all-night vigil of this city, he could have said all that he wanted to say. The crystal clarity in the morning light was the cleaning filament, the razor-sharp sword; the limit it defined was clean, coherent. And now, in the utter definiteness of time, all else dissolved. He turned over on his side and wondered what time it was...

As before, the telephone rang clamorously in the shadowed room. But it punctuated an empty, voided thought, an empty breathless room. The November chill sifted through the open window. The phone continued to ring for some time, then it stopped. The rest was silence...

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STAGETTES

OR

- The Year Is 1949 -

★
A flashback into the past is sometimes enjoyable. Tak Honda's contribution in the 1949 Crossroads Christmas edition may seem in the far distance today, in 1955, . . . but a finger-count reveals we are but six short years removed from Honda's "Koyasan Kaper."

What were you doing in 1949?

★

By KAZ HONDA

The syncopated rhythm of a Nisei orchestra filled Koyasan Hall. Dancers swayed to the beat of the music. Bodies clung to one another. Soft compliments and clever flatteries were exchanged in the romantic semi-darkness.

A tall, slim, handsome, well-dressed Nisei youth made his entrance and posed a la Gregory Peck at the door.

Making his way to an empty seat he studied the crowd with hard, cold eyes,

picking out acquaintances first and then culling out the beauties.

Nothing but the best for him, he thought. Not only did he look like the answer to a maiden's prayer; he was a college senior. Brains and beauty were what he wanted, he told himself. He was afraid people wouldn't think much of him if he were seen dancing with a plain, ordinary looking girl.

The music stopped, and the dancers returned happily to their places. The handsome youth picked out a partner. She seemed to be the loveliest girl there and one of the prettiest he had ever seen. When the music started he made his way toward her. He took it for granted she could not refuse such a man as he. A gentleman of the world, he thought, just her type.

He bowed politely, with dignity, before her and flashed his most devastating smile. "May I have the pleas-

ure . . . ?"

The girl smiled up at him and rose to her feet. Gently, he took her hand and glided her across the floor. She fitted perfectly into his arm.

She, too, was tall. Her features perfect, he thought on closer scrutiny. Shining, raven hair, large sparkling eyes, roses-and-cream complexion, a slender though warmly curved figure and a sophisticated look.

"I'm Robert," the handsome youth introduced himself. "Robert Yamasoka." He didn't call himself Bob; it sounded too juvenile.

"I'm Helen Aozora," she murmured, sizing him up.

Robert was dancing close now. His arm crept more snugly around her. Their cheeks almost touched. He could smell the pleasant scent of her hair. He wanted her to think of him as someone different a romantic personality; although he hadn't had enough experience with girls to go too far. To hide his inner fear of girls who subtly invited him to go further than he dared to venture he had learned to assume the disguise of a perfect gentleman. It had become a habit and now he actually was a gentleman in the eyes of the world, although he hated himself for it. Not strong enough to conquer the habit, he began to take a false pride in his role of what he assumed to be sophisticated gentlemanliness.

"Did anyone tell you you're beautiful Helen?"

Robert knew girls like flattery no matter how much they were used to it.

"Am I really beautiful?" she replied letting her eyes and voice twinkle. Amateur, she thought. The same old line. Supposedly so smooth and bold.

How smooth? How bold? A plan formed in her mind. She moved closer. Her arm went slowly up to and around his neck. Her nails dug in as her cheeks burned hotly against his. Arching her body in line with his she sighed ecstatically.

A glup went down Robert's

throat. His hands quaked slightly.

She felt him draw slowly away. Holding him tighter, she squeezed him intimately with her rounded arms. Carressing him.

"Y-yes," his voice trembled. "Y-you are beautiful."

"Why, thank you, Robert," she murmured into his ear. "Coming from a man like you, that's a real compliment, you know." She paused and smiled coyly at him. "Being in your arms is really exciting. You're . . ." And giving him a half wink, she said, "You do things to me. Here."

She freed her hand from his grip and placed it over her left breast. "Watch the pulse in my throat. See how fast it beats? That's what you do to me." She held her breath making the pulse beat faster.

They moved together as if they were one. The music faded into Robert's subconscious. He was aware only of Helen's utter femininity. Never before had he met a girl quite like her. His body throbbed with desiring her.

He didn't want to admit it but he knew that she was more than he could handle. It jarred his ego. Momentarily, he lost his poise.

He sensed that she was aware of his callowness. Desperately he tried to think of something brilliant to say to impress upon her his status of collegiate intellectual. To evidence his superior mind. To overpower her sophistication and bring her to his feet. To make her pay for his injured pride. His lips moved, groping for words.

Helen smiled seductively at him, her eyes dreamy, watching his mouth. She held her lips parted, moist and red, and brushed his chin. Tempting, inviting, daring him to kiss her.

Thankful that the others could not see his predicament in the darkness, he ran his tongue over his drip lips.

"Did you say something?" she whispered provocatively, snuggling against his neck which by now was beet-red. He shook his head. After a moment, she purred in a tone of complete surrender:

"Do you want to take me home? I've got an apartment all by my lonesome. And tomorrow's Sunday, too."

He kept his silence, not wanting to let her get him in so deep, he couldn't back out.

"Uuh," he almost stammered. "I—I have an appointment to keep after a couple more dances. If you'll give me your

phone number I'll call you up when I can."

She pouted but gave him her number. He congratulated himself for getting out of it so neatly. He thought he saw a flickering smile fit across her face and a lurking doubt that she didn't believe him bothered him. She wasn't easy meat or a certain kind of teaser, he figured. Then he had the answer. He credited her alarming behavior to what he thought was his irresistible charm.

With a crowd around them he knew he was safe from having his nescience of romantic savoir-faire exposed by this Nisei Cleopatra. He thought that given time, he could win her awe and admiration with his college-trained mind and his gentlemanly manners.

Looking over her head at the crowd, he pretended, for her benefit and his, that he was a gentleman and above vulgar behavior. He danced stiffly, formally.

The music stopped. She seemed to release her hold on him reluctantly. Escorting her back to her seat, he essayed a last touch, holding her by the interesting part of her arm to show her he was bold and smooth and capable of being a Don Juan if he wanted. Now that the dance was over, he felt safe in doing so.

"Thank you, Helen," he said with what he considered airy dash.

"Thank you," she cooed sweetly, looking over her shoulder into his face. "I love dancing with you. You're such a GENTLEMAN."

Back in her seat,

turned to her girl friend. "Did you see that fellow who was just dancing with?" she asked, her lips curled up in a womanly sneer.

Just then, Helen's steady boy friend, Gooch, came up with his tongue hanging, mimicking a well-spent buck. He was small, ugly and awkward.

"F'cryin' out loud, Hell!" he cried disgustedly. "Where da ding-dong-daddy ya been, huh? Ya skipped me f'da las' dances. What sa matta wit ya, huh? Doncha F'git I'm da guy what brung ya."

The music started with a crash.

Gooch yanked Helen from her seat. "Git a wiggle on!" He snapped his finger, slapped Helen in her rump and smacked his lips.

The music smoothed out. Clumsily, Gooch exaggerated the box-step. He hung to Helen like a drowning ape and pressed his puckered lips against her slender throat.

"Goddamn, baby!" he muttered. "Ya make me hotter than a son-of-a-you-know-what."

He reached around her body and tickled her. "Geez! Jane Russel ain't got nuttin' on you, baby."

Helen giggled.

As Gooch trampled and shoved her around the floor she saw Robert dancing gazelle-like with a pretty, innocent-looking girl. Helen edged closer to Gooch and whispered, "You're wonderful, Gooch. 'Ya ain't kiddin'." Gooch growled. "Ya ain't no slouch yaself, kiddo. C'mon! Shake it!"

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The Miyako Trio

3 Musicians Make a Trio

(Continued from page 12)

listed on the birth records in a Tokyo hospital.

Far removed from American Jazz, one wonders what the strange quirks of chance play. During pensive moments, George wonders where he might be today, had it not been for the war.

Though he might possibly have been tabbed "musically-inclined" during childhood days in Tokyo, the "samisen set" hadn't heard the last of George.

While attending Meiji university in Tokyo George became acquainted with a number of GIs. More specifically, George became acquainted with the syncopated conglomeration called American Jazz.

As Jerry Lewis might have said, "I liked it," George recalls.

Slaving away at his occupational duties, George managed to save enough from his meager earnings to purchase a tenor sax in 1947. In the short period of two years, he rose to such great heights that he was voted the TOP jazz tenor sax man in Japan. And despite the recent introduction of American music in Japan, there were thousands of musicians in Japan

And to prove the honor was not a hallow one, George repeated as top man in the voting in 1950.

The "script" of George's life couldn't have been written more "Hollywoodish" had a cinema scenario-writer dreamt up the major turning point in George's life.

For in 1949, as Japan's top tenor sax man, George was invited to make a recording with an all-star aggregation that included four armed forces musicians, three Japanese nationals, and two Philippine nationals.

As fate would decree, his Ginza sidekick, Jim Araki, the

much-traveled genius, was one of his recording partners.

Before coming to the United States in 1953, George headed his own combo and played in all the top clubs in Japan along the Ginza . . . Tokyo's Ginza, that is.

A quiet, reserved individual, George refuses to talk much of his accomplishments or personal life. But the writer discovered George does not spend all his charm on his beloved tenor sax.

If this were so, George wouldn't be in America today.

For he charmed a beguiling lass in Tokyo and ultimately became a Japanese war bride—with a little reverse English. Today he is the proud father of a girl.

★

Paul Togawa

Youngest in years, and last of the Miyako Trio, is Paul S. Togawa, drummer.

Paul, a youngish 23, is the effervescent leader of the trio . . . as one might expect from an individual who has the drive and energy to pound the life out of a stretched-out piece of skin.

Here is the only member of the trio that follows the romantic story line. Paul was weaned on the drum as a youngster.

Paul was knee-high to a music stand when he use to hear Hide Kawano rapping the skins a few barracks away in Poston Relocation Center.

Then and there, as a 10-year old, Paul established Kawano as his idol . . . hoping to become as great a drummer as he.

But it wasn't until he returned to Los Angeles that

Paul was united with his "first" love.

As he smilingly relates, he began at the very bottom, in "Beginners Musical Instrument Class." And this, only because his preferred elective, "Boys Food Class," was overcrowded and he had to "settle" for the music class.

The gourmets loss was music's gain.

By his senior year, the "beginner" had risen so rapidly he was head of the percussion section in both the school orchestra and band. During Togawa's reign, Roosevelt High School's percussion section was known as the best in the city.

Leaving Roosevelt as a member of the mythical all-city band, Togawa parlayed his high school know-how to top percussion man at East Los Angeles Junior College . . . where he majored in music . . . having long forgotten the cooking idea.

Paul got his first crack at the "big-time" when he grabbed a job as drummer for Joe May and his orchestra in 1948—at the age of 16! Breaking away from "the most progressive band of that time," Paul formed his own band in 1950 and for two years played for social functions of all nationalities.

Stepping out and up, Paul's next move was a recording date with Quincy Jones. Jones, with Lionel Hampton for 3½ years, is today considered the brightest composer-arranger-musician on the musical horizon.

Through these contacts, and developing his ability and reputation, Paul latched onto a spot on Hampton's touring band in 1952.

Young Paul had the musical world by the tail. Traveling with the best, the future was bright. And then, during a stop-over in New York, Paul S. Togawa received a greeting . . . from Uncle Sam.

Discouraging though this was, it led to Paul's greatest musical thrill. While in New York, Paul had the opportunity to play at President Dwight Eisenhower's Inaugural Ball . . . becoming the first Nisei to ever perform at an inaugural affair.



LIONEL HAMPTON, during a summer stop-over in Los Angeles, was almost a nightly habitue at Ginza Sukiyaki for he found in the Miyako Trio, three of the most exciting jazzmen he's known in many years. Above he is shown with George Atsumo, on tenor sax, and Jim Araki, at the piano.

As in Araki's case, Paul also continued his musical life in khaki. Following basic training in Maryland, he was transferred to Fort Lewis, Wash. From the army band at Ft. Lewis, Paul was shipped to the 6th Army Band at the Presidio of San Francisco . . . considered one of the top United States Army musical aggregations.

It wasn't until February of this year that Paul was discharged.

Next stop . . . Jimmy Itagaki's Ginza . . . where the lives of three top notch musicians were merged into one as the Miyako Trio.

Jim Araki George Atsumo, Paul Togawa. Remember their names. They haven't stopped climbing.

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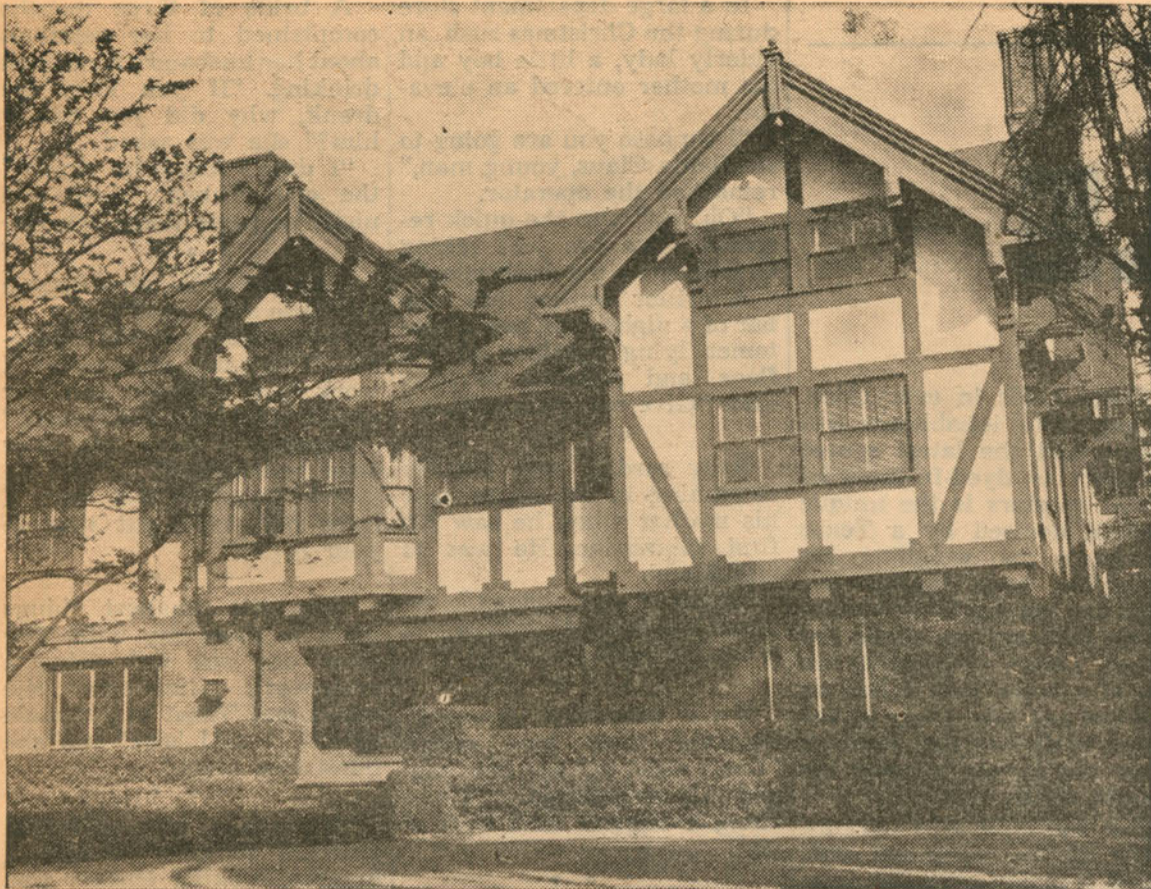


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A DREAM COME TRUE—Formerly the Los Angeles office of the Red Cross, the above building at Pico boulevard and Vermont avenue was purchased recently by the Japanese Language Schools Cooperative System. It will become a secondary school for the System as well as provide facilities for persons interested in doing research in Oriental culture. This was the dream of Yaemitsu Sugimachi, who, during internment, decided to devote his life to teaching children of his race the meaning of cooperation. —PHOTO BY TOYO MIYATAKE

A Life Devoted to Future Cooperation

A dream—or a good substantial part of a dream—has come true for Yaemitsu Sugimachi. It is a dream he has had since his internment days in Crystal City, Tex., during World War II. It is a dream which almost did not come true last year.

Yaemitsu Sugimachi's dream was built upon bitter experience and the firm conviction which was the result of the experience that the ideal community in the future must be built on a spirit of cooperation. As head of the housing department and later the Board of Education and as one of the spokesmen of those interned in Crystal City, Sugimachi was made to realize over and over again the great lack of the cooperative spirit in the Japanese.

Although he had considered going into business after the war, Sugimachi gave up the idea and decided once and for all to devote the rest of his life to teaching children of his race the meaning of cooperation. He rebuilt the First Japanese American Institute (Daichi Gakuen) in which he was an instructor before the war and became its principal. He was then instrumental in organizing the Japanese Language Schools Cooperative System which today has seven member schools.

Through the system of cooperation, the member Japanese language schools are able to effect needed economies in the purchasing equipment as well as to keep the educational level in each school on par with one another.

The reason Sugimachi resurrected the Japanese language schools following the war, when so many persons prophesied that they were

doomed with the decreasing number of Issei, was that he firmly believes that a working knowledge of the Japanese language is a necessity for Japanese Americans.

He reasons that the greatness of America was built on the diversity of its peoples, each of whom had something to contribute from his Old World cultural background. Nisei and Sansei, Sugimachi believes, can best advance America's greatness, not by denying their cultural background, but by understanding it in order to interpret it and add it to the culture of America.

Recently, the Japanese Language Schools Cooperative System purchased the former Los Angeles offices of the Red Cross, a building located near Pico Blvd. and Vermont Ave., in order to set up a secondary school for the System as well as provide facilities for persons interested in doing research in Oriental culture.

Sugimachi is especially pleased that his campaign for cooperation through the post-war years has borne fruit to

the extent that parents and supporters of the Japanese Language School System raised the necessary amount for the purchase in the short span of two weeks.

He is now busily making plans for a trip to Japan in the spring or autumn of next year to collect material for the library on Oriental culture which will occupy the entire third floor of the Japanese Art and Cultural Institute, which is the designation of the new building. The library can accommodate at least 100,000 volumes.

Besides his work in the language schools, Sugimachi conducts the American Japanese Broadcasting Society which beams an hour-and-a-half-long radio program every Sunday morning from KO-WL. He is also active in the Japan-American Society and in the Moral Rearmament Association.

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My In-Laws

by Kats Kunitsugu

(Continued from page 6)

down and tell him to come. Hurry!" Then to my father-in-law he said, "It's only half a block away. My wife just went to fetch him. Chotto matte kudasai. He'll come in a minute. He'll be here. He's coming. Here he is at the door! He's here!" The Senryu-writing Mr. Kato must have set a record in the short sprint.

It is at these large inter-Senryu club meetings that my mother-in-law really shines. She usually comes home with the largest trophy as the high point "man," although she wistfully wishes she could scale down her accomplishment just enough to win the casserole set instead.

My in-laws are polite and

seasons greetings . . .



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tactful people so that I do not often know what they really think of me; but sometimes I find out by reading the poems they write in the Senryu magazine. I bought a bright red dress last year, but did not know until I read my mother-in-law's poem that she did not approve of it.

In other ways, too, Senryu is a great help to us. Immersed as they are in composing poems, arranging meetings and putting out the monthly magazine, (printed in Japan) my in-laws are much too busy to tell us how to raise our children. I am grateful to Senryu for providing me with an ideal set of in-laws.



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SMILE

Two pretty office girls were being squashed in the crowded elevator. One of them, unable to turn her head around, whispered to her friend to look back of them and tell her if the man standing there was handsome.

Her friend, with some difficulty, managed a furtive backward glance, then whispered, "Well, honey, he's young . . ."

"Look, dearie," the first girl said with a trace of irritation in her voice, "I asked if he was handsome. I can tell he's young!"

Tommy: "Mom, is it true that we come from dust and will return to dust?"

Mom: "Yes, dear, that is what the Bible says. Why?"

Tommy: "Well, I just looked under my bed and there's somebody there, either comin' or goin'."

She was only a build in a girdled cage.

The new Sunday School class was made up mostly of three-year-olds. The teacher, testing their knowledge of the Bible, asked:

"Does anyone know who St. John was?" No response.

"Anyone ever hear of St. Mark?"

"If you must know of Peter. Who was Peter?"

"I fink," lisped a small voice, "he wath a wabbit."

Then there's the story (shaggy dog type) about the two boll weevils who grew up together. One worked hard and got to be a "Big Shot"; the other didn't, and remained the lesser of two weevils.

A young soldier called on a sixteen-year-old girl, and remarked to her parents that he was from Philadelphia.

The girl's father commented that he and his wife were married there seventeen years ago. A startled expression passed over the soldier's face.

Next morning the daughter said in disgust, "That certainly did it, father. I had told him I was eighteen; so then of course, I had to tell him I was illegitimate."

A white-haired old man approached his doctor and said: "Doctor, I'm slowly going nuts over women. Is there any way to speed it up?"

A hypochondriac told his physician that he had a fatal liver condition. "Nonsense," said the doctor, "you wouldn't know whether you had that or not. With that condition there is no discomfort whatever."

"My symptoms exactly," said the man.

From London comes the story of the three professors of literature who while returning from luncheon encountered several ladies of pleasure who were patrolling the street en masse. "What might one call such a congregation?" mused the first professor a Shakespearean specialist: "A flourish of strumpets?"

The second professor, being an authority on the novels of Anthony Trollope, naturally contributed "A chapter of trollops."

But the best description, we think, came from the youngest and least specialized of the professors. He called the ladies "an anthology of pro's."

Husband to wife: "What do you say we take this money we've been saving toward a new car and blow it on a movie?"

The case worker at the welfare agency in a small town was interviewing an applicant who asked for aid for herself and thirteen children.

"But I don't understand," said the case worker. "You say your husband deserted you ten years ago and yet eight of your children are under 10 years of age."

"Oh, I can explain that," said the applicant beaming. "You see, he comes back now and then to apologize."

The advantage of being bald is that when you expect callers, all you have to do is straighten your tie.

Texas leads in everything, as any of its inhabitants will admit, and the latest source of pride to dyed-in-the-wool Texas boosters is the unique method devised by a Texas farmer for weighing his champion hogs. Seems the hogs are too big to be weighed by ordinary scales. So the farmer places a log across the top of a fence puts a hog on one end and piles rocks on the other, until they just balance. Then the farmer guesses the weight of the rocks.

The husband was curious. "Why do you weep and snifle at a movie over the imaginary woes of people you never met?"

The wife replied "The same reason why you scream and yell when a man you don't know slides into second base."

Hobo (to housewife): "It isn't that I'm avoiding work, ma'am. There isn't much doing in my particular line. I'm a window box weeder."

A driver parked his truck along Skid Row. When he returned later, he found it blocked by a long impressive Cadillac. Seeking the owner, he stepped into the nearest saloon and asked: "Anybody here own a Cadillac?"

The most disreputable drunk in the place half-raised his head and softly asked: "What color?"

There isn't anything upsets a woman quite so much as having 'company drop in to see the mouse looking as it usually does.

Mrs.: "Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true."

Mr.: "Oh, I don't know. When I was small I used to dream about wearing long pants. And now prices are so high I have to wear pants longer than anyone else on earth."

In a large department store during the Christmas rush, an elderly lady, a little boy and his mother entered an elevator.

"I suppose you are going to see Santa Claus, young man," remarked the operator.

"Oh, no," was the quick response, "we are just taking Grandma to the bathroom."

A driller walked into the bar of a night club, saw a customer lying helpless on the floor, and pointing to him, said: "Give me some of that."

Baby sardine was happily swimming in the ocean near his mother when he saw his first submarine. He was so frightened.

"Don't worry honey," assured mama sardine, "it's just a can of people."

Two neurotics nervously discussed their love affair. "Don't fight it," the boy begged his sweetheart. "This thing is buggier than both of us."

In the divorce court the parents were disputing the custody of the child. The mother reminded every one that she had brought the child into the world.

"Your honor," protested the father, "When I put a dime in a candy machine and a candy bar comes out, whom does it belong to—me or the machine?"

French lawyer pleading for an attractive transgressor: "Gentlemen of the jury. Shall this charming young lady be cast into a lonely cell, or shall she return to her beautiful little apartment at 33 Rue Neuve, Telephone 883954?"

A bride of three months complained to her relatives about her husband's continued drinking. "If you knew he drank, why did you marry him?" she was asked.

"I didn't know he drank," the girl replied, "until one night he came home sober."

Reporter—"To what do you attribute your age?"

Ninety-five-year-old woman—"I've eaten moderately. I work hard. I do not drink or smoke and I keep good hours."

Reporter—"Have you ever been bedridden?"

Old woman—"Yes sure I have but don't put that in your paper."

"Yes, the smallest things seem to upset my wife. The other day she was doing a cross-word puzzle and she asked me, 'What is a female sheep?' I said 'ewe' and she burst into tears."

"Have you any abnormal children in your class?" a harassed-looking teacher was asked.

"Yes," she replied, "two of them have good manners."

The patient thought he was a dog. The psychiatrist worked on him for a month before treatment was completed. A friend met the patient on the street. "How do you feel?"

"Fine," said the man, "feel my nose."

"Did you follow my advice about kissing your girl when she least expected it?"

"That explains everything," said the lad with the swollen eye, "I didn't know you said WHEN, I thought you said WHERE."

Holiday Wishes . . .

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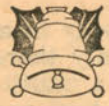
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The Christmas Story



There is a young woman who shall bear a son and call His name "Immanuel" (God is with us). (Isaiah 7:14).

For a child has been born to us, a son has been given to us; the royal dignity He wears, and this the title that He bears—

"A wonder of a counselor, a divine hero, a father for all time, a peaceful prince!" Great is His authority, endless is His peace, over David's throne and His dominion to base it firm and stable, on justice and good order, from henceforth and for ever.

—(Isaiah 9:6-7)

In the six month the angel Gabriel was sent from God to a city of Galilee named Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David and the virgin's name was Mary. And he came to her and said, "Hail, O favored one, the Lord is with you!" But she was greatly troubled at the saying, and considered in her mind what sort of greeting this might be. And the angel said to her, "Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have found favor with God. And behold, you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you shall call His name Jesus.

He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God will give to Him the throne of His father David, and He will reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there will be no end."

And Mary said to the angel, "How can this be, since I have no husband?" And the angel said to her.

The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you; therefore the child to be born, will be called holy, the Son of God.

And behold, your kinswo-

man Elizabeth in her old age has also conceived a son; and this is the sixth month with her who was called barren. For with God nothing will be impossible." And Mary said, "Behold I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it be to be according to your word." And the angel departed from her. (Luke 1:26-38).

Now the birth of Jesus Christ took place in this way. When His mother, Mary had been betrothed to Joseph, before they came together she was found to be with child of the Holy Spirit; and her husband Joseph, being a just man and unwilling to put her to shame, resolved to divorce her quietly. But as he considered this, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, saying, "Joseph, son of David, do not fear to take Mary your wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit; she will bear a son, and you shall call His name Jesus, for He will save His people from their sins." All this took place to fulfill what the Lord had spoken by the prophet:

"Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called 'Emmanuel.'" (which means God is with us.)

And Joseph arose from his sleep, and did as the angel of the Lord commanded him, and took unto him his wife. (Matt. 1:18-25).

In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment when Quirinius was governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled each to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. And while they were there, the time came for her to be delivered. And she gave birth

to her first-born son and wrapped Him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

And in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths

(Continued on next page)

Season's Best Wishes . . .



Centenary Methodist Church

3500 S. Normandie

Church Program

FRIDAY, DEC. 23

Church School Program—7:30 p.m.

Merry Christmas

From

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Season's Best Wishes . . .

ST. MARY'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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Christmas Day Services

10:30 a.m.—Children Christmas Services and Assembly with St. Mary's Girls Choir

11:00 a.m.—Christmas Choral Eucharist
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Christmas Greetings from EVERGREEN BAPTIST CHURCH

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Rev. Harry Y. Hashimoto, Pastor
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Church Notices

(Churches are reminded to either send or phone in their news by 3 p.m. Wednesday of the week of publication. Any special news which the churches wish Crossroads to print from their bulletins should be noted.)

Hollywood Presbyterian

Christ Presbyterian Church of Hollywood 4011 Clinton St., will hold its Christmas party Thursday, Dec. 22, at 7 p.m. in the church. Children will receive gifts and candy. All church and Sunday School families and friends are cordially invited.

On Christmas Day, the Sacrament of Baptism will be administered. Parents who plan to have their children baptized are requested to contact the pastor.

Pasadena Presby

Christmas Day will be opened by the Christmas morning service at 11. The joint service will be led in worship by Reverends Donald Toriumi and J. Kokubun. New members will be received at that time.

Christmas program will be presented at 7 p.m. The Sunday School children will present a program under the leadership of Mr. Bart Buell. The Christmas play will be the highlight of the evening and this year will present "The King's Christmas Tree" under Miss Helen Nishi and her committee.

Co-chairmen for the entire Christmas season activity program are Mrs. Toki Matsumoto and Mr. Yukio Ogawa assisted by Messrs. Masao Sugano and Satomi.

Young people will go Christmas Carolling on Christmas Eve.

Christmas Day falls on Sunday this year, and the Board has set the service time so that all congregations may have their worship and yet not disrupt their schedule.

There will be an early Holy Communion at 7:30 a.m. Then at 10:30 there will be the children's Christmas Day service, to be followed by Christmas assembly in Parish Hall. At 11, the Christmas Choral Euchrist will be held for the adult congregation. Issei congregation is planning to take the early hour of 9 a.m.

The Altar Guild is making preparations for decorating and beautifying the Altar on Saturday, Dec. 24. Margaret Masuoka, director of the Guild, has asked all those who can offer poinsettias from their garden of potted poinsettias to notify the Church office at DUnkirk 5-2037 or her home, GRanite 7-7376.

All Peoples

Please note the change of time schedule on Christmas Sunday. There will be Church School only through the Kindergarten department at that time. The Christian Education Committee would like for the families to come together in the Sanctuary at 10:30. So children from the primary department and beyond are asked to sit with their families during the worship service.

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Christmas Story

(Continued from page 21)

and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased!"

When the angels went away from them in heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us." And they went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they saw it they made known the saying which had been told them concerning this child; and all who heard it wondered at what the shepherds told them. But Mary kept all these things, pondering them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them. (Luke 2:1-20).

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is He who has been born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and have come to worship Him." When Herod the king heard this, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him; and assembling all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ was to be born. They told him, "In Bethlehem of Judea; for so it is written by the prophet:

"And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art by no means least among the rulers of Judah; who will govern my people Israel."

Then Herod summoned the wise men secretly and ascertained from them what time the star appeared; and he sent them to Bethlehem, saying, "Go and search diligently for the child, and when you have found Him bring me word, that I too may come and worship Him." When they had heard the King they went their way; and lo, the star which they had seen in the East went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy; and going into the house they saw the child with Mary His mother, and they fell down and worshipped Him. Then, opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. And being warned in a dream not to return to Herod, they departed to their own country by another way. (Matt. 2:1-12).

Centenary Methodist

A cordial invitation is extended to Centenary Methodist Church's Sunday School presentation, "Christ's Birthday" Friday, Dec. 23, at 7:30 p.m. The program will be held in the Main Sanctuary with the Junior choir.

Superintendent Yae Kawazoye especially invited the parents of participating school children. A tea will follow the program in the social hall.

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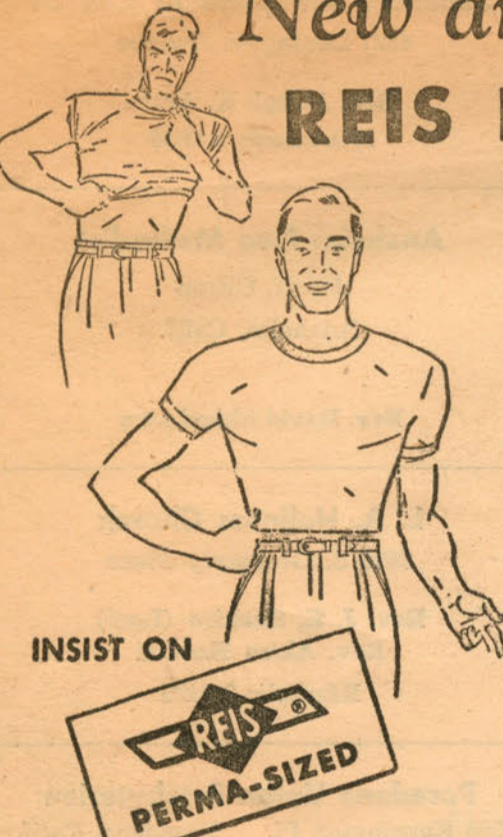


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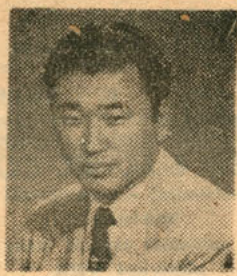
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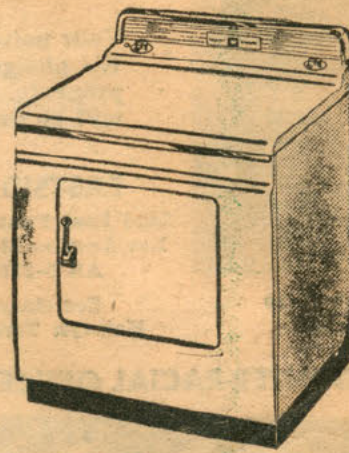
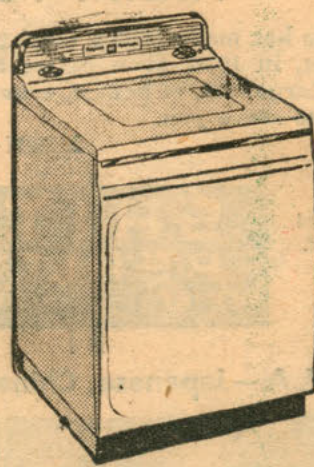
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