

RADIO KEY STATIONS

WABC-RED NETWORK... WJZ-Blue Network... WJZ-News... WJZ-Play...

Whenever there is no listing for a station, the preceding program of that station is still on the air.

TONIGHT'S PROGRAM... WABC-Basic Orchestra... WJZ-Play...

DINOSAUR EGGS first were discovered in 1922, in Mongolia. Until that time it was not known definitely that dinosaurs laid eggs...

DIAL 1400 TODAY... 12:30-Harry, Ed and Jack... 1:00-Your Requests...

SUNDAY RADIO FEATURES... 12:30-WJZ-University of Chicago... 1:00-WABC-Play, Dr. Christian...

MONDAY... 7:00-Breakfast Club... 7:30-Drapel of the Air... 8:00-News and Features...

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS... Your Questions Answered... Q. What are the dimensions of a convex lens of 5-inch focus?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS... Q. Do cows often produce multiple offspring at a single birth? A. The American Genetic Association in Washington says that quadruple calves occur in one birth...

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS... Q. How many churches are now open in Russia compared with the close of the Czarist regime? A. About 60 per cent.

Mrs. Maddox... Talks On "Eats" NUTRIMENT WITHOUT COST OF STEAKS AND CHOPS... (This is the fourth of twelve articles on "Slashing the Cost of Living" by Mrs. Gaynor Maddox.)

BEVEN DAYS DINNER MENU SUNDAY... Grapefruit, roast leg of lamb (pounds), mint jelly, brown potatoes, creamed carrots, pineapple and cream cheese salad, Neapolitan ice cream.

TUESDAY... Consomme (canned), bean and nut soup, tomato sauce, baked potatoes, fresh fried eggplant, fresh fruit gelatin with whipped cream.

FRED'S FURNITURE CO. Hold Everything!... The bed salesman was showing a customer how springy that mattress is. I expect him back any minute.

SKEFFINGTON: THE MEASURE OF A MAN... Geneva, N. Y., has a mosquito problem which has been brought under control. Dr. P. J. Parrott was placed in charge of the project...

Intelligent Children Victims of Hay Fever... ST. LOUIS—Children with hay fever and other allergies are more intelligent than children not so afflicted, according to Dr. J. Harvey Black, professor of preventive medicine at Baylor University, Dallas, Tex.

"DINING ON PEARLS" with Japan's famed Oyster "Surgeon"

By Rose McKee

PEARL ISLAND, TOBA, JAPAN. VERY American who visits the famous Mikimoto Pearl Farm on this semi-tropical and entrancing green island in deep blue Toba bay, hopes he will be asked to stay for dinner.

It isn't that he wants to see his name in the social columns as having been the guest of Japan's famed Pearl King Kokichi Mikimoto. Nor is it, exactly, the food, which, though tasty, is plain and simple—with the exception of one course. This, the oyster course, makes Mr. Mikimoto's "company" dinners glamorous functions.

The oysters are fresh from Mr. Mikimoto's pearl "fields" out in the bay and they have not been "harvested." This means that every oyster contains a pearl! Every guest knows as he sits down to the table that he is going to find pearls in his oysters and that the pearls will be his.

Americans who have "dined on pearls," so to speak, in Mr. Mikimoto's home include Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, widow of the wartime president. King Edward of England was a dinner guest of the Pearl King when, as the Prince of Wales, he visited Japan. The globe-trotting royalty and ex-royalty of Europe have at one time or another been Mr. Mikimoto's guests—and have added pearls which they themselves took from oysters to their jewel collections.

But a title or a big name is not a prerequisite for a dinner invitation from Mr. Mikimoto. Such an invitation may come to any ordinary American visiting the Pearl Farm. This I know, for today I was the Pearl King's dinner guest—and I hadn't let myself expect although I had hoped for the invitation.

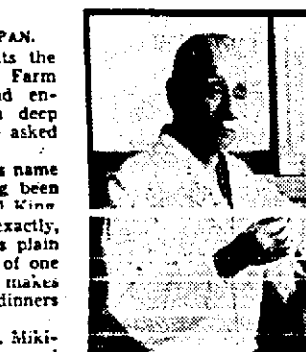
At the big railway station in the little town of Toba, girl guides from the Pearl Farm met the train from which



I alighted, the one through train a day from Tokyo and the one on which tourists always arrive. It was raining, the face slanting rain of Japan.

"Mr. Mikimoto sent this for you," said the well-dressed, English speaking guide, holding a huge oiled paper umbrella over me. Mr. Mikimoto, I knew, could hardly have known of my coming; but, like the other tourists, I liked the intimation.

As I wandered along the shore, looking out at the rafts from which dangle cages containing three-year-old oysters which are left to grow for seven years and develop pearls, I began a conversation, with one of the guides. This was a lucky move on my part. I realize now, I was taken to the opposite side of



Kokichi Mikimoto, famous pearl king, photographed in his laboratory.

The island where young girls with wooden tubs in their hands were diving for baby oysters. Their bodies glistening through their wet, clinging and thin white suits made them look not unlike giant pearls. I understood why Japanese call these diving girls the "mother of pearls." It is on the baby oysters which these girls bring up that operations are performed which lead to the creation of pearls.

The guide was friendly. After about an hour of strolling, she took me to the guest house. Presently Mr. Mikimoto entered—so quietly I did not hear him—and we talked a few minutes about the farm. He left abruptly, as quietly as he had entered—without extending the hoped for invitation.

By and by I heard giggles from two girls who were busy at a table in the corner. One of the girls approached me. "Mr. Mikimoto gives you this," she said, pointing to something on the table in the corner.

There were two baskets of oysters,

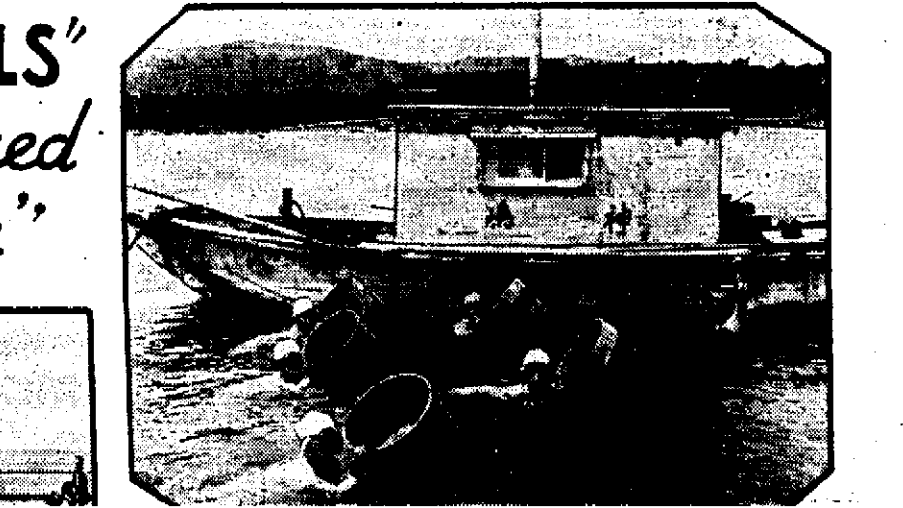


At right, sorting the pearls according to size, preliminary to stringing them.

shells and all, still wet and slimy from the sea. I was to choose one basket, open the oysters, and the pearls I found would be mine! The girls wanted to help but they didn't get the chance. These were my oysters and I wasn't diluting the thrill.

THERE were six oysters and each of them gave me a large, perfectly formed, lustrous pearl—and one of them gave me two pearls!

I knew, or thought I did, that after this gift there would of course be no dinner invitation. Not that I cared any



Diving girls, above, starting out for a day's work. At right, a Mikimoto oyster opened to show the pearl which has been formed.

more. But while I was still rolling the pearls in my hand and admiring them, one of the girls who had left the room returned and said, "Mr. Mikimoto invites you to dinner."

There was no time to powder. The Pearl King was waiting downstairs. He nodded and walked on in advance, a straight, sturdy figure in dark kimono, 78 years old.

We took a launch and then a taxi to Mr. Mikimoto's home on the mainland. Little more than a stone's throw away. His home, an unpainted wooden structure with a tile roof, sat atop a green cliff overlooking the sprawling farm of bay, islands and rafts.

We went immediately in to dinner. I was motioned to a cushion on the matted floor beside him. The low, rectangular table was covered with white damask. The centerpiece was a bowl of California oranges which we later had for dessert—a real treat for the American residing in Japan. At each place were two 10-inch square wooden boxes, linen napkins, paper napkins, silverware and chopsticks.

Removing the cover of one box I saw that it contained nicely shaped molds of rice and sandwiches—what kind I do not know, for I preferred the Japanese food in the other box. This food, which included young abalone on the shell and a small lobster, was temptingly arranged in squares, cylinders and ovals with thought to color contrast. During the dinner, a kimono-clad waitress knelt motionless on the floor in the background when she was not serving.

I do not know when she placed the dish at my side but half-way through the dinner I discovered a plate on which were two oysters and a slice of lemon—the famed "pearl course." Smiling, Mr. Mikimoto advised me to cut into the oysters carefully. I cut into them nervously—and a large and beautiful pearl rolled out from each oyster.

The only guest, I was the only one I served with oysters but members of the household shared my pleasure, exclaiming over the pearls as they were passed around the table and back to me.

He attributed this remarkable record to the detail with which every pearl is registered, every oyster numbered. The Pearl King ended our dinner conversation with an account of the Mikimoto pearl, largest pearl produced on his farms, second largest pearl in the world. It weighs 264 1/2 grains, 73 1/2 grains less than the largest pearl in the world, is valued at 100,000 yen (\$30,000), and is not for sale. It is treasured in the Mikimoto vault. Mr. Mikimoto does not allow photographs of it to be published—he does not want to arouse in anyone a desire for its possession.

WEDNESDAY... Baked sea bass, scalloped potatoes, string beans, beet and celery salad, baked bananas with lemon sauce.

THURSDAY... Surprise scrambled eggs, buttered broccoli, parsley potatoes, orange and prune salad, Washington pie.

FRIDAY... Fish chowder, pilot crackers, whole tomato stuffed with Wal-

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SATURDAY... Fruit cup, spaghetti Italian with parmesan cheese, green salad, chocolate blanc mange.

Bean and Peanut Roast (4 to 6 servings) One and one-half cups shelled peanuts, 2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes, 2 1-2 cups canned lima beans, 1-4 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon paprika, 1 1-2 teaspoon onion juice. Grind the peanuts very fine. Butter a baking dish and lay first a layer of potatoes, then a layer

Fish Chowder (6 servings) Three pounds haddock, 1-2 cup salt port, 1 onion, 4 cups cold water, 3 cups potatoes, 2 teaspoons salt, 1-4 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 4 cups hot milk, 6 pilot crackers. Have skin and bones removed at market but have them delivered with fish head. Dice salt pork and cook with onion for ten minutes; add fish head, skin and bones. Cook until water is strained; cook twenty minutes and strain into a large kettle. Add fish cut in two inch pieces, sliced potatoes and seasonings. Cook twenty minutes, melt butter, add flour and milk, stir until thick, add to fish mixture. Add crackers.

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MRS. EVA TRUBY at the Chapel organ

MISS EDITH KLING Mezzo-Soprano

THOMAS R. ADAMS Baritone

SUNDAY 4:45 p. m. Station WJZL Third Year HALWIG PROGRAM OF SACRED MUSIC