

*Chapter One***Honolulu**

1938. Honolulu. Almost two years old, Finis Jhung is poised to spend the rest of his life with ankles crossed in fifth position and arms rounded.

1937-1955

1931

My parents have just eloped, and neither has any money. He is twenty-seven, and dependent on his parents. She is sixteen, and just out of high school in Chicago.

My father, from Hawaii, has been “on the mainland” (Continental US) for several years, working both as a traveling salesman for Wear-Ever Aluminum Cooking Utensils, and acting as a business manager and banjo player with a Hawaiian musical troupe. Strange, but true . . .

My mother is Korean-Scottish-English—her Father Korean and her mother Scottish-English.

To my regret, I never learn the complete story of her life. She has intimated that she was abused as a youngster and consequently placed in foster homes. This may explain why she marries my father in great haste without her father’s permission, and appears to be very happily married to a gadabout whom she barely knows and who is without a solid profession or money.

For someone so young, Mom is remarkably adaptive, ready and willing to comfortably live among the Koreans in Honolulu. Although she looks like a “haole” (Caucasian), she can eat with chopsticks like any experienced islander!



1931. Finis Jhung’s newlywed parents, Walter and Caroline Jhung, on the boat to Honolulu

1931

My parents, Walter and Caroline Jhung, arrive in Honolulu and are greeted by his parents, Woon Sur Chung and Shin Sil Lee. Grandfather (Halabeoji is the Korean term, which we will use) and Grandmother (Halmeoni) have been living in Hawaii since 1903.

My grandparents have been brought from Korea to labor in what they thought was “The Land of Gold”—but which they find really means breaking your back working all day in the sugar cane and pineapple fields of Hawaii.

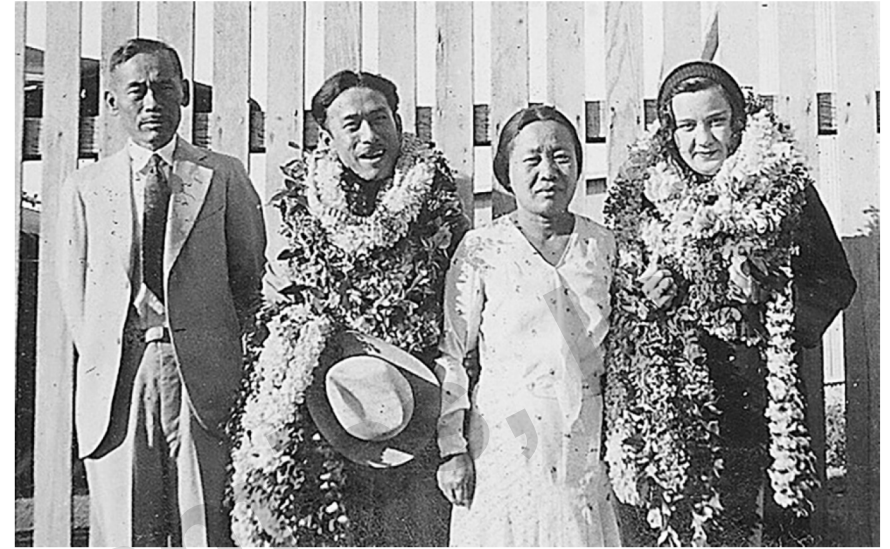
In 1907, tired of scrimping and subsisting on their meager earnings, they quit working on the plantations and decide to work for themselves with their own businesses: first, growing and selling flowers, and then, running a Korean rice cake shop. Despite working very hard at it, both attempts fail.

Halabeoji begins to find work at various military bases, slowly working his way up the ladder to better jobs: first hauling bags of wet cement (which weigh almost as much as he does) up flights of stairs; then laundering and pressing uniforms for the soldiers; and finally, after a time, he owns and operates his own tailor and cleaning shop at one of the military bases.

While my father, Walter, is living in Chicago, Halabeoji sends him money and instructs him to take a course in military tailoring so he can work at the shop when he returns to Honolulu.

The prodigal son is to start life anew as a dutiful son, loving husband, caring father, and tailor for the armed forces.

My father will also change the spelling of the family name from “Chung” to “Jhung” so as to further distinguish us from others with same name. And, it will make an excellent stage name for me!



1931. Honolulu. Woon Sur Chung (Walter's father), Walter Jhung, Shin Sil Lee Chung (Walter's mother), and Caroline Jhung

1939

My parents have three sons: Bryson (July 27, 1932), Grafton (September 30, 1935), and me—Finis (May 28, 1937).

We are raised as Korean Methodists. We attend church every Sunday, are taught to obey our parents, and study hard in school. My father now works daily at our family-owned tailor shop at Hickam Air Force Base, and has a red leather strap hanging on his doorknob which he does not hesitate to use when his sons disobey.

Halabeoji and Halmeoni are living with us. Halabeoji does all the household repairs and the yardwork. Halmeoni teaches Mom how to cook delicious Korean and Island dishes.

After high school and college, Bryson will join the U.S. Army. He will attend Airborne School, become a paratrooper, and a ranger. He will be an infantry instructor with two tours in Vietnam. After that, he will receive an MBA from the University of Hawaii, and eventually become Comptroller, US Army Western Command. He will retire as a full colonel.

Grafton will become the first American of Korean ancestry to attend West Point Military Academy. He will receive an MBA from Harvard and become a prosperous and supportive brother, helping me through financial difficulties and offering advice on a range of other topics.

Because I am always fidgeting and can't sit still, everyone calls me "Keko," which is the Hawaiian word for monkey. All this fidgeting and wanting to stand up and move portends my future. The monkey is going to become a dancer.



1939. Honolulu. Left to right, Grafton Chawold Jhung, Caroline Jhung, Shin Sil Lee Chung, Finis Jhung, Woon Sur Chung, Bryson Hawold Jhung, and Walter Jhung

1941

On December 7, just before 8 a.m., hundreds of Japanese fighter planes fly over the mountains of Oahu and attack the American naval base at Pearl Harbor. In just two hours, the Japanese destroy nearly twenty American naval vessels, including eight enormous battleships, and three hundred airplanes. More than two thousand American soldiers and sailors are killed, and another one thousand are wounded.

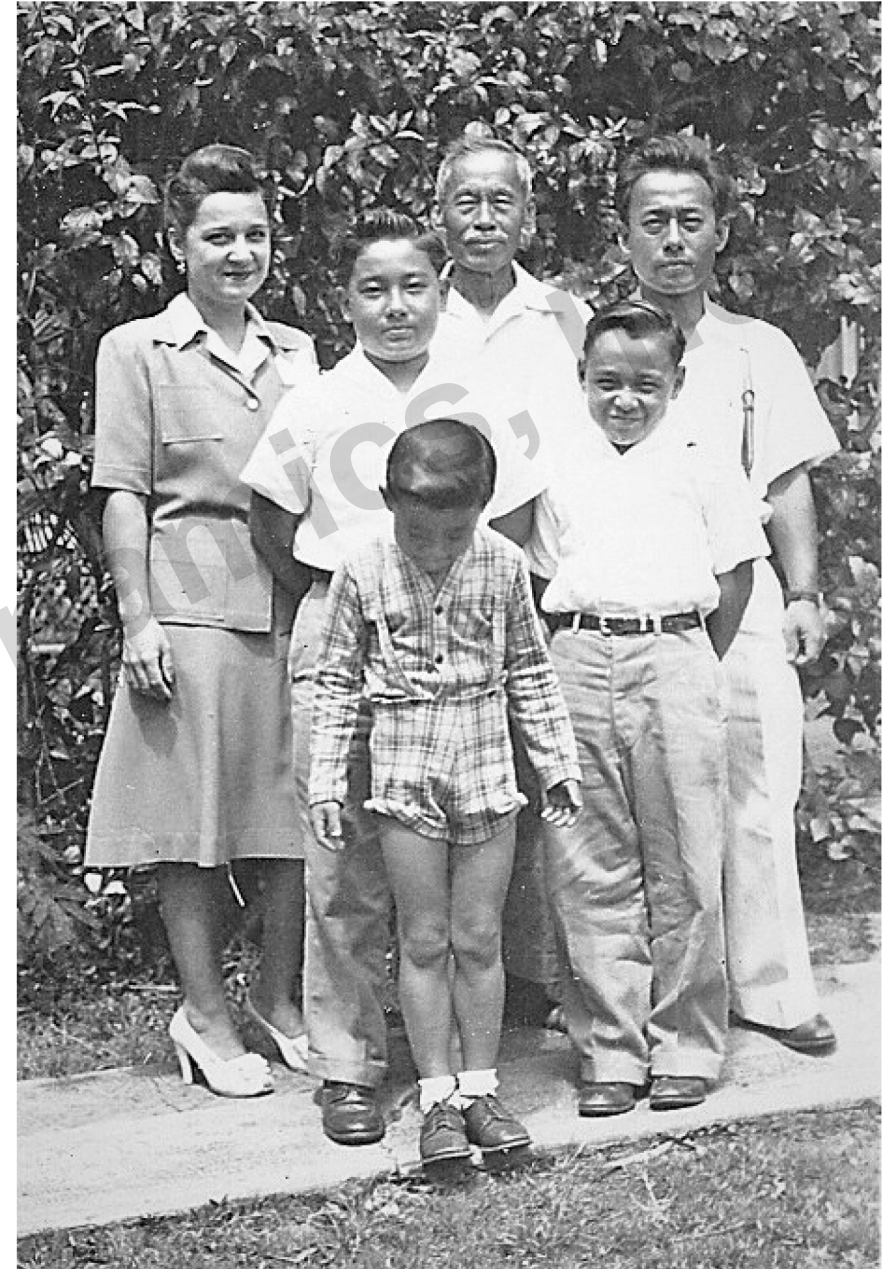
The next day, President Franklin D. Roosevelt asks Congress to declare war on Japan. Congress approves. America is at war with Japan. Three days later, Germany and Italy declare war on the United States. America is at war with Japan, Germany, and Italy.

Luckily for our family, December 7 is a Sunday, and no one is working at our tailor shop which is located at Hickam Air Force Base, one of Japan's primary targets during the attack on Pearl Harbor. Hickam suffers extensive damage, aircraft losses, and loss of life with 189 people killed and 303 wounded. Our tailor shop is strafed, but operable.

Honolulu is now under martial law, and life changes for all of us there.

Curfew is established: we must all remain indoors between specified hours, especially at night. Blackouts are enforced. Gas masks are issued: we all gain an extra arm—the masks are kept in bags that hang from our shoulders and must be worn wherever we go. Halabeoji builds a bomb shelter in the backyard, and stocks it with water, canned goods, pillows, blankets, dishes, and a kerosene lamp. During air raid drills, we sit in the shelter with bated breath until the all-clear sounds. We are also growing vegetables in our victory garden.

By 1943, I am already imagining I am going to be a ballet dancer. In the photo, I want everyone to see what nice legs I have for dancing in the movies and on Broadway. At this point, I can only dream about it since I haven't the courage to ask my parents to let me learn how to dance.



1943. Honolulu. Caroline Jhung, Bryson Jhung, Finis Jhung, Woon Sur Chung, Grafton Jhung, and Walter Jhung

1944

Since my parents work at Hickam Air Force Field, altering the soldiers' uniforms, they are on friendly terms with some of the celebrated 7th Army Air Force major league baseball players, like Joe DiMaggio of the New York Yankees, Mike McCormick of the Cincinnati Reds, Dario Lodigiani of the Chicago White Sox, Walt Judnich of the St. Louis Browns, and Gerry Priddy of the Washington Senators.

Among the minor leaguers (on the way to majors) are Ferris Fain (Philadelphia), Charlie Silvera (Yankees), and Bob Dillinger (Browns). All these baseball players are ground-based airmen without wings who are in the Special Services section and receive special treatment, which includes no kitchen patrol.

They are housed in the barracks at Hickam Field, and are a fun-loving gang who take the islands by storm. In their first game against players from the Navy, DiMaggio slams a home run over the left-center-field wall before a crowd of twenty thousand at the Honolulu Stadium and the crowd goes wild.

My parents hold parties for the baseball players, feeding them Halmeoni's Korean BBQ ribs and Mom's shrimp curry with mango chutney. The players arrive noisily in a big army truck, tell us boys to get in, and take us on a full-throttled, hair-raising ride zooming up and down hilly streets. For a moment, we are the island's elite: we are the only kids in Honolulu riding in an army truck with major league baseball players! Joe Dimaggio autographs a baseball, presents it to my older brother Bryson, who, forty years later, will give it to my son, Jason.

Although they don't know it, these celebrated ball players have influenced my thinking: in sharp contrast to the Korean friends of my father who are quiet and retiring as local Asians tend to be, these ballplayers are outgoing, personable, and exude confidence. They are at the top of their game. When I grow up, I want to be just like them. The way I'm going to do that will soon appear.



1944. Honolulu. Front row, left to right: Dario Lodigiani and Jerry Priddy. Back row, left to right: Walt Judnich, Mike McCormick, and Joe DiMaggio (Photo courtesy Gary Bedingfield, *Baseball in Wartime*)

1945

The war is over, most of the soldiers have left Hickam and returned home, and the tailor shop is struggling. My father does not like this, so he packs up and leaves for the mainland. He moves first to California, and then New York, where he will work on behalf of Korean immigrants. Eventually he moves to Korea, where he becomes a special assistant to the prime minister, and accompanies Korean athletes to the 1948 St. Moritz Winter Olympics.

Mom files for and receives an uncontested divorce. She is bequeathed the debt-ridden tailor shop; an old house that needs repairs; an aging grandfather; miscellaneous bills our extravagant father has amassed; and three young “oriental” boys who don’t look like they belong to her.

From now on, Mom is our be-all, the center of our lives. I love her dearly. I think she looks like a movie star (Linda Darnell?). On the weekends, she and some of her unmarried Korean girlfriends go to night clubs where they are wined and dined by servicemen. Right now, she has a handsome live-in boyfriend named Dee Moore, a Marine who looks like Randolph Scott. He takes us to nice restaurants. I’d like him to be my new dad. But, it’s not going to happen.



1946. Honolulu. Caroline Jhung, thirty-three years old

1946

I am nine years old, and announce to my mom, “When I grow up, I am going to be a famous dancer in New York and Hollywood.”

I’ve been going to the movies, and all the singing, dancing, and New York backstage dramas excite me. I want to do what I see on the big screen. Amazingly, Mom approves and finds a haole dance teacher from the mainland named Dorothy Hellis Moots to teach me dancing.

The studio is clean and airy, with windows on both sides and barres running along the walls. There is a large mirror and an upright Victrola, on which she plays large vinyl records.

Mrs. Moots is an elegant, well-dressed, well-mannered woman. She looks like a ballerina—hair up, always topped with a fragrant plumeria blossom. She wears a one-piece dance outfit with a short skirt. She is an islander: her long, lovely legs are bare. She wears black ballet slippers or black tap shoes.

I join an on-going class of older girls. There are no other boys or men. Each lesson is a little of this, a little of that: we dance to *The Blue Danube* waltz with ballet steps called “1-2-3 kick-land” (grand jeté entrelacé) and “Perch-flat” (piqué-plié); put on tap shoes and waltz-clog to *School Days*; limber up with splits and backbends; and perform acrobatics where we hop, swing a leg backward and kick the backs of our heads.

The class includes Eloise Orso, who will later become Wisa D’Orso, and dance on Broadway and television. She is beautiful, drives an open jeep, and gives me rides home from class.

When Mom runs out of money, Mrs. Moots gives me free classes. She even gives me a pair of pointe shoes which are meant to strengthen my feet.

Twenty years later, in 1966, Alvin Ailey will choreograph *Macumba* for the Harkness Ballet. On the steeply-raked stage of the Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona, he will have three of us male dancers perform piqué turns and strut on pointe while twirling parasols.

What goes around, comes around.



1949. Honolulu airport. Dorothy Hellis and Russell J. Moots

1946

Besides ballet, I am also studying the hula, along with Barry Yap. We are taking lessons from Louise Beamer, who is motherly and soft-spoken and considered to be the island's expert hula teacher. She lives just two blocks away, and has a large studio in the basement of her house. In time, she will be recognized as a *kumu hula* (Hula Master.)

Her daughter, Winona Beamer, will become a songwriter, hula teacher, and Hawaiian cultural authority. Winona's sons, Keola and Kapono, will achieve musical history and fame as composers and slack-key guitarists.

We dance to popular Hawaiian songs, sometimes using hula instruments like the feathered gourd rattle with seeds in it ('Uli'uli); bamboo sticks with slits which are either rattled or rustled or hit against each other (Pu'ili); and polished stones which are struck together like castanets (Puniu).

One of my favorite hulas is *Manuela Boy*, which is about a poor homeless local boy who's down on his luck: "Manuela Boy, my dear boy, you no more hila hila (you have no shame), no more five cents (no money), no more poi (no food), go Aala Park and hia moe (so you sleep in the park at night). Another favorite, *Holo Holo Kaa*, is about trying to take your girlfriend on a romantic ride in a broken down jalopy: "I worry about the clanking sound; Springs broken top to bottom . . . We are on the heights up here; But turn and go back; Sing your song my beloved; We go home; Breathing gasoline . . ."

Hula is fun, and it develops my musicality and performing skills. I am asked to hula at the opening of a new store on Waikiki Beach. At the end of each number, the crowd claps and throws money my way.

It's the first time I've been paid to dance. I'm a very happy little boy.



1947. Honolulu. Finis Jhung, Barry Yap, and hula students of Louise Beamer



1947. Honolulu. Finis Jhung and Barry Yap

1947

I am ten, Carol Ohta is seven. As you can see, we are having the time of our lives. She's not quite on her toe, but she has lovely hands, can hold her leg up, and is very expressive.

Mrs. Moots has made us partners, and choreographed Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*, which we will perform at several venues, including a beauty contest at the University of Hawaii.

We have lots of different poses to strike, and this is one of our favorites.

We laugh a lot as we learn to do simple lifts. Mrs. Moots is very patient with us, and never gets angry. She has beautiful "port de bras"—the carriage of her arms—and creates steps that seem to go perfectly with the music.

The swan dive takes a lot of practice and involves a lot of giggling. I lift Carol off the floor—she extends both legs with ankles crossed, arches her back, and reaches both arms forward with wrists crossed—and then, holding her at the waist, I tilt her downward to the floor and lift her back up and put her on her feet.

We are the precocious child ballet stars who are in the newspapers of Honolulu 1947.

At the beauty contest, as soon as I make my grand leap onstage to that stupendous music that accompanied Nijinsky's famed leap, all the lights go out. The house is pitch black. The audience gasps. I totter and almost fall off the stage.

But then, the lights come on, and we begin again. Far from being unnerved, I am energized and emboldened.

I am a dancer and can do anything!



1947. Honolulu. Carol Ohta and Finis Jhung: Honolulu's youngest ballet stars (Photo by Bob Brooks, University of Hawaii)

1948

I am dancing at a party in our rented house up on Pacific Heights Road. Up here, it is windy, rainy, and chilly. Hence, the un-hula-like long sleeved shirt and long pants. Older brother Bryson is standing in the hall, probably wondering why his young brother likes to do the hula.

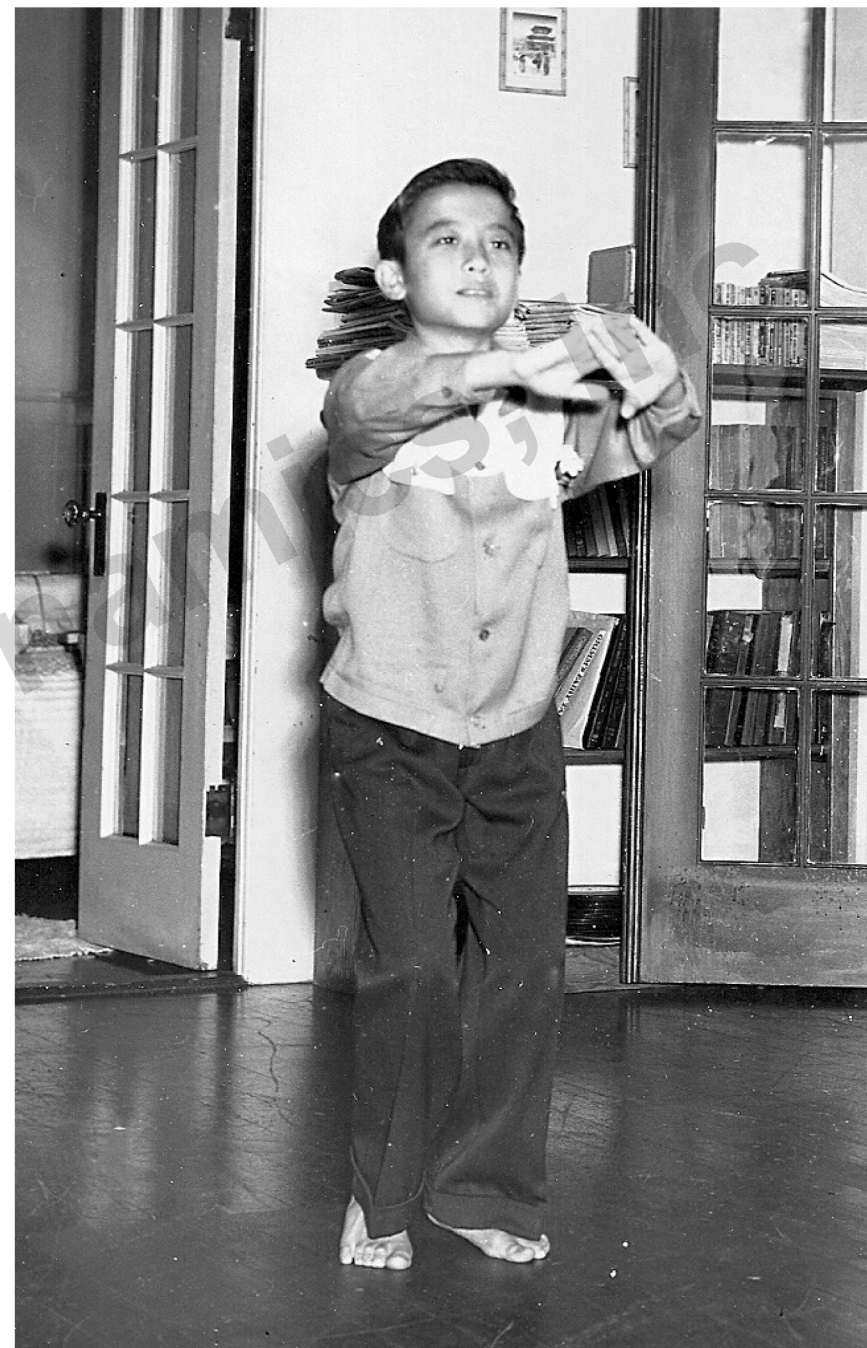
If you look through the doorway behind me, you can see a wrapped gift on the bed. Could we be celebrating my mom's wedding? This is the year she marries Matsuo Higuchi, a Japanese man from Pearl City (next to Pearl Harbor) who fought in Europe with the famed 442nd Regimental Combat Team. (Their famous motto was "Go for Broke!")

Matsuo is "Lefty" because he is an amateur baseball player (more baseball in our lives!) and pitches with his left hand. He works at the gas station near Mom's Tailor Shop at Hickam, which is how they meet. Bryson, behind the door, is also a baseball player, so he and Lefty get along especially well.

Each night, Mom (with Lefty helping) lugs home bundles of uniforms which must be ripped apart for altering the next day. Mom takes on this extra work because since the war is over, she has few customers, and has lost her seamstresses who would normally have done this work. Lefty helps.

Each night, after dinner, they sit, have a drink, listen to the radio, and rip open the seams of the uniforms which will be sewn the next day.

We three boys are being taught to be responsible and to work hard when it's needed.



1948. Honolulu. Finis Jhung practicing hula at home

1948

Mrs. Moots takes me to see Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, the world's greatest exponents of classical ballet. Their repertoire includes *The Dying Swan*, excerpts from *Les Sylphides*, the pas deux from *Don Quixote*, the pas de deux from *The Nutcracker*, and several solos and duets choreographed by Mr. Dolin.

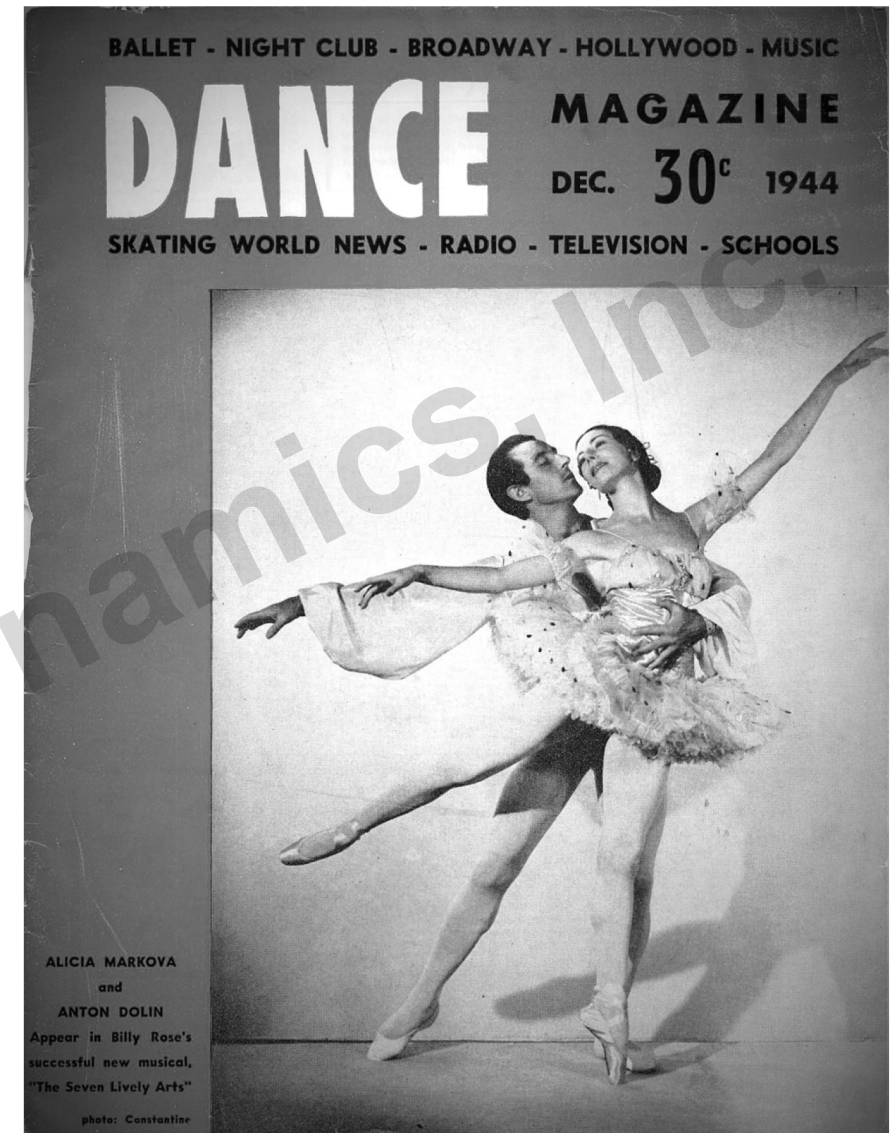
In 1955, when I am studying with Mr. C (Willam F. Christensen) at the University of Utah, he tells us that "Markova used to do a barre that would kill a horse." He also tells us her dancing always appeared effortless when she was with a partner because it was. She would strike a beautiful pose with arms softly moving and not budge an inch—her partner had to lift her dead-weight.

Dolin performs *Hymn to the Sun* to the music of Rimsky-Korsakov. The program note reads: "*Hymn to the Sun* is an adagio, an unusual dance for a man; but one of a strange beauty that today has been acclaimed all over the United States as it has been all over Europe."

This is the first time I see a male dancer perform a ballet adagio, bare-chested and bare-legged, wearing gold metallic shorts. Months later, I choreograph my own adagio to Liszt's *Liebenstraum*, which I perform when asked to dance at parties. First, I do the ballet adagio wearing a white blouse, white shorts, a black sash, and black shoes. Then, I change into an aloha shirt and long white pants, put on a lei, and do a hula with the feathered gourd and bamboo sticks. The audiences "ooh and ah" and love it.

Mrs. Moots arranges an audition for me with Dolin at the theater. I show him my arabesque, and some turns and leaps. He says, "Come and see me when you grow up."

Nineteen years later, in 1967, Dolin will come to see me—in New York. I am a newly-made principal of The Harkness Ballet. He stages *Variations for Four*, which is his famous quartet for male dancers. He gives me the third variation, which has big pas de chats that hang in the air. Fred Fehl takes a photograph of me in performance, which he publishes in his book, *Stars of Ballet and Dance*. This photo is included in my chapter on the Harkness Ballet.



Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, *Dance Magazine* cover, December, 1944
(Reprinted with permission from *Dance Magazine*)

1948

This is Reiko Takakuwa at the Dorothy Hellis Moots Dance Studio. She is the first local dancer I meet who has gone to New York (Barnard) and informs me that in New York, dancers take ballet class every day. I am astounded, since I am only taking one class a week.

One class a week—no wonder it takes months for Mrs. Moots to choreograph our dances!

Reiko will never be a professional dancer, but she will become a trailblazer for dance in Hawaii. She founds the Oda Ballet School (1957-2001), applying core values of confidence, discipline, motivation, and enjoyment.

Through the years, each time I visit Honolulu, first as a performer and then as a teacher, Reiko arranges classes for me to teach, both at her studio and at the University of Hawaii. She will connect me with the local powers-that-be, who will secure funding from the legislature so that my Chamber Ballet USA performs in the Hawaiian Islands in 1985.

In her twenty-fifth year of teaching, Reiko writes: “One weekly dance lesson will not produce a dancer, but this lesson can be an enriching experience physically, mentally, emotionally, socially, and spiritually.”

Reiko becomes a founding member and executive board member of the Hawaii State Dance Council, founding member of the State Foundation of Culture and the Arts, regional correspondent for *Dance Magazine*, and founding member of the Hawaii Chapter of Dance Masters of America. She also launches the Artists-in-the-Schools Project for the Department of Education, and initiates an injury prevention ballet class for the University of Hawaii’s football team.

Reiko’s oldest daughter, Bonnie Oda Homsey, will graduate from Juilliard, become a principal with the Martha Graham Dance Company, Director of Los Angeles Dance Foundation, and Chair of Dance for The Princess Grace Foundation USA.



1948. Honolulu. Reiko Takakuwa Oda

1948

I'm at the beach, but my mind is elsewhere. I have just seen *The Red Shoes*. It is the most beautiful film I have ever seen—and will ever see. I can't stop thinking about it. How will it be possible for me ever to reach the level of professionalism and live the glamorous life the dancers portray in the film?

As the critic Roger Ebert describes it on January 1, 2005, "The film is voluptuous in its beauty and passionate in its storytelling. You don't watch it, you bathe in it. . . . It's the Hans Christian Andersen fable about a young girl who puts on a pair of red slippers that will not allow her to stop dancing; she must dance and dance, in a grotesque mockery of happiness, until she is dead."

Further, Mr. Ebert says, "No film had ever interrupted its story for an extended ballet before *The Red Shoes*, although its success made that a fashion . . . None ever looked as fantastical as the one in *The Red Shoes*, where the little shoemaker puts the fatal slippers on the girl. The physical stage is seamlessly transformed into a surreal space, where Shearer glides and flies, enters unreal landscapes and even does a pas de deux with a newspaper that takes the form of a dancer, turns into the dancer, and then into a newspaper again."

I'm only eleven, but I take the movie to heart. I must do as Vicki does in the film: dedicate myself to my art and work as hard as I can. Unfortunately, the financially limited circumstances of our family coupled with the lack of recognition of ballet as a valid part of cultural life in Honolulu leaves me more of a dreamer than a doer. All I can do for now is take my weekly free class with Mrs. Moots, hope for more inspiration from seeing professional ballet dancers perform when they pass through town, and dance around the house when no one is there to watch.

Twenty years from now, I will be living and working in Monte Carlo, performing on the very stage where the fantasy ballet scene in the movie takes place—the Grand Theatre de Monte Carlo—and sunning on the casino balcony where Vicki Page leaps to her death in *The Red Shoes*.



1948. Finis Jhung looking to the future

1950

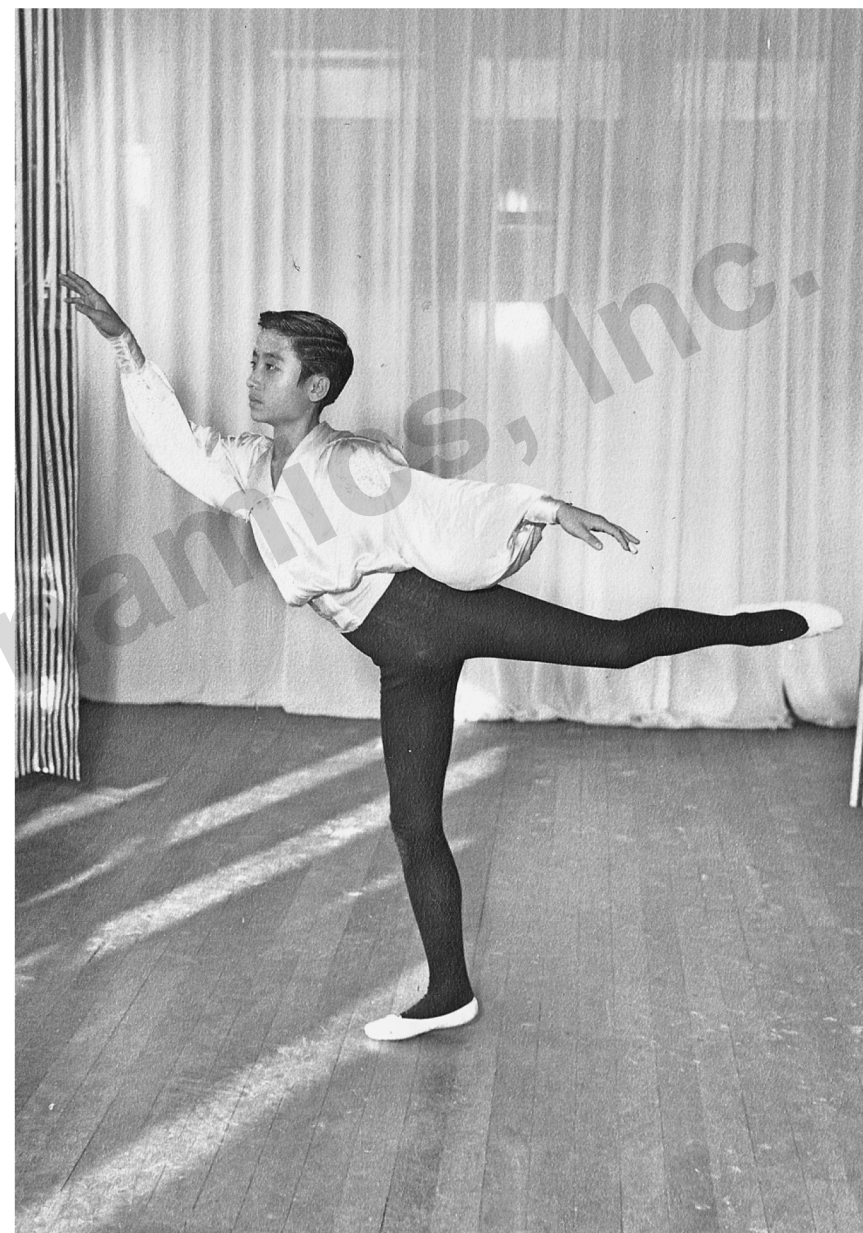
I've just danced a duet with Carol Ohta in the studio of Dorothy Hellis Moots. During my intermediate and high school years, ballet class with Mrs. Moots—about forty-five minutes long—consists of a very short, rapid warm-up for me, and then dancing with Carol to music from *Gaite Parisienne* or *The Story of Three Loves*.

My warm-up is to do a couple of grand pliés at the barre, and then grasp an ankle, lift that leg as high as possible in second position, and then, holding the leg up, hop across the room on one foot. I repeat it to the other side.

Mom is still struggling and working hard at the Tailor Shop. Since Lefty is a veteran, he is entitled to live in low-income housing. We move from the city to Manana Housing, which is in Pearl City (next to Pearl Harbor).

Our apartment is in a long, two-storied wooden building which was formerly a military barracks. It's cheaply made, with walls and ceilings made of canec, a building material made from the remnants of sugar cane processing. You can easily punch a hole in it. Mom and Lefty sleep downstairs in the living room. Upstairs is the bathroom, and a small bedroom for each of us boys.

On most days, when I return from school, I am the only one home since Grafton has swimming practice, Bryson has baseball, and Mom and Lefty are working. These are my *Billy Elliot* days: I play records of *Swan Lake* and *Rhapsody in Blue* and dance for hours without stopping. Fifty-eight years later, I will teach and coach the young boys who play Billy on Broadway in *Billy Elliot: The Musical*. In the show, there is a dream ballet where the young Billy dances with the older Billy he will grow up to be, and flies high above the stage to the same music from *Swan Lake* that now inspires me to dance through our apartment. More on this later . . .



1950. Finis Jhung striving for a beautiful arabesque

1953

Mom takes me to see Darvas and Julia, the sensational acrobatic dance team who are performing in a nightclub. He is exceptionally strong—as you see in the photo—while she is an acrobatic daredevil.

The climax of their acrobatic dance act takes place on a platform about fifteen inches higher than the dance floor. Standing on it, he swings her up above his head where she poses, upside down in a handstand on his hands, which are high above his head. The platform slowly revolves, with her upside down above his head, and then they release hands and he throws her up in the air. She flips herself upright, and lands down on the dance floor in a split. From Darvas and Julia, I learn that if you want to become a star, you must learn how to do what has never been done before.

We are still living in Pearl City. The Pearl City Tavern has a restaurant, a monkey bar, and night club. The night club features talent from the mainland (a female band, a singer, and a comic) and Japan (the “Moshi-Moshi” girls who perform both as traditional Japanese dancers and Broadway babes in feathers, spangles, and tap shoes).

The owners allow me to sneak into the nightclub and watch the shows. Their beautiful daughter Mae is my age and loves to dance. We are allowed on the dance floor with the adults and swing, boogie-woogie, and Lindy Hop like crazy. We are probably the only Asian teens in Hawaii who spend weekend nights dancing in a nightclub to live music. Living in the country has its moments.

I am starting to think about what I will do after I graduate from high school. Am I good enough to be a professional ballet dancer? I plan to find a university that offers ballet, journalism, and art. Commercial art and journalism will be my fallbacks should I find that ballet is an impossible dream. I aim for the University of Utah because its dance program is directed by Willam F. Christensen, the founder of the San Francisco Ballet. I apply to the University of Utah.

I don't realize it now, but this is a momentous decision that will affect the rest of my life.



1953. Darvas and Julia (Photo by Walter Saunders. Courtesy Arts Centre Melbourne)

1954

Mom and Lefty divorce. She is on her own without financial help from him. We move back to Honolulu. She still has the Tailor Shop, and each night continues to bring home bundles of uniforms to be ripped apart for alternations.

During the summer, I work on Saturdays inserting supplements into the newspapers as they come off the presses at the printing plant of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

Money is still very tight—so much so that we are unable to pay my fourteen dollar high school registration fee when it is due.

In May 1955, I graduate from Roosevelt High School with High Honors, and as one of the editors of the school newspaper. I have been accepted at the University of Utah, with reduced tuition and a \$160 scholarship from The Samuel Rosenfeld Memorial Fund.

How am I going to get there, and how will we pay for my room and board? Mom says she will find the money to pay for my flight. It will be up to me to find a job that will pay for my room and board.

From June to September, I am a temporary reporter in the News Department of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*. I receive my first weekly paychecks. I even get my first front-page byline for my interview with the man who plays Tonto on *The Lone Ranger*. The opening sentence is: "The Lone Ranger's right-hand man is more than an Indian who grunts." I get a second byline for another front-page story about a cat who swims.

In the photo, I'm with Mom at the Honolulu airport. I'm about ready to board the Pan American clipper which will take me to the mainland for college. Many teachers and classmates have come to see me off, which is why I'm wearing so many leis. Underneath those leis, I am wearing a suit, complete with tie and cufflinks.

I won't see Mom for another three years.



1955. Honolulu airport. Finis Jhung and Caroline Jhung