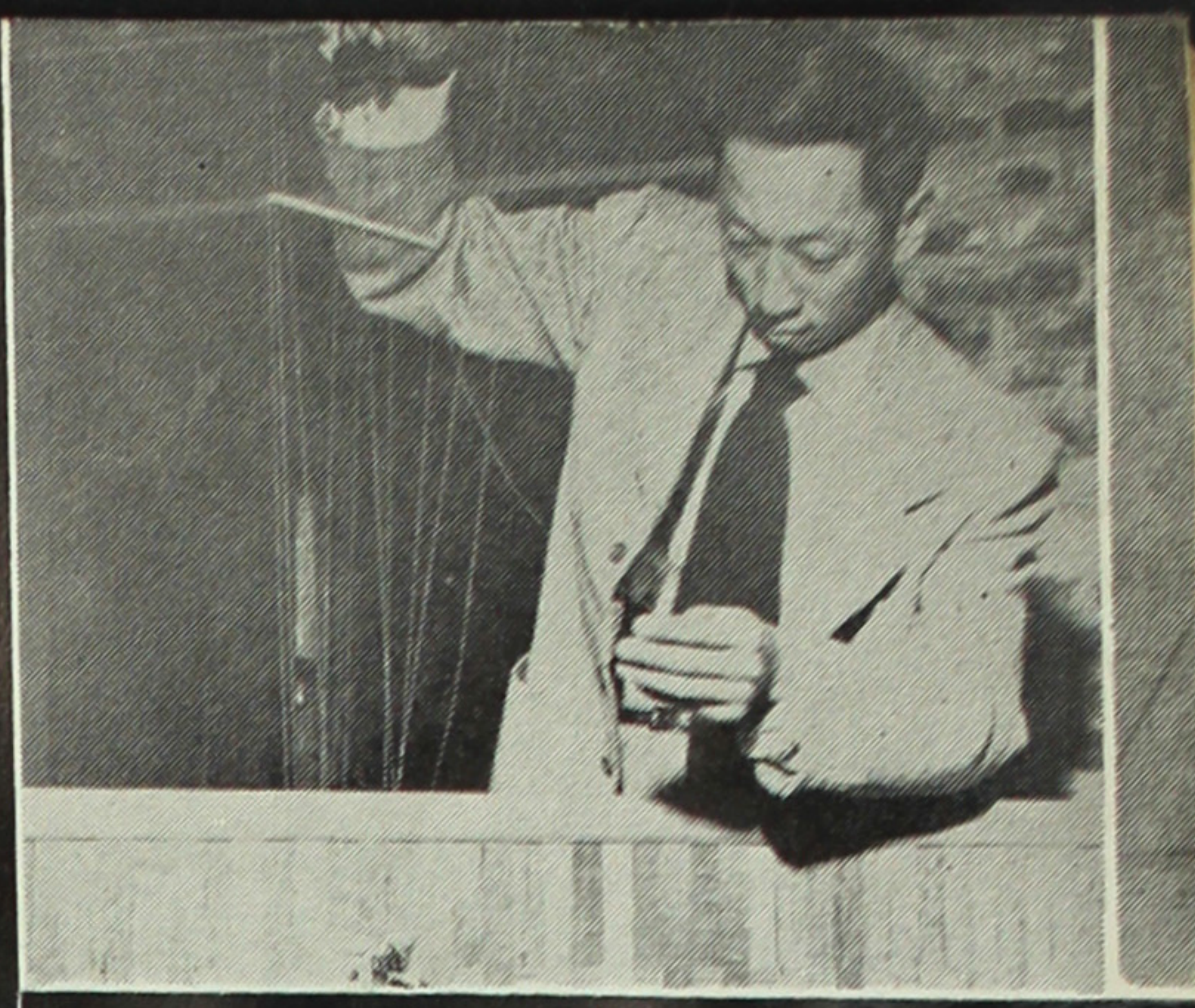


SCENE

the International East



Toy Maker

JULY
1954

Can you tell
who is Japanese?

He makes toys
that talk, move

It can cost
you \$2000

What it takes
to be an Ensign

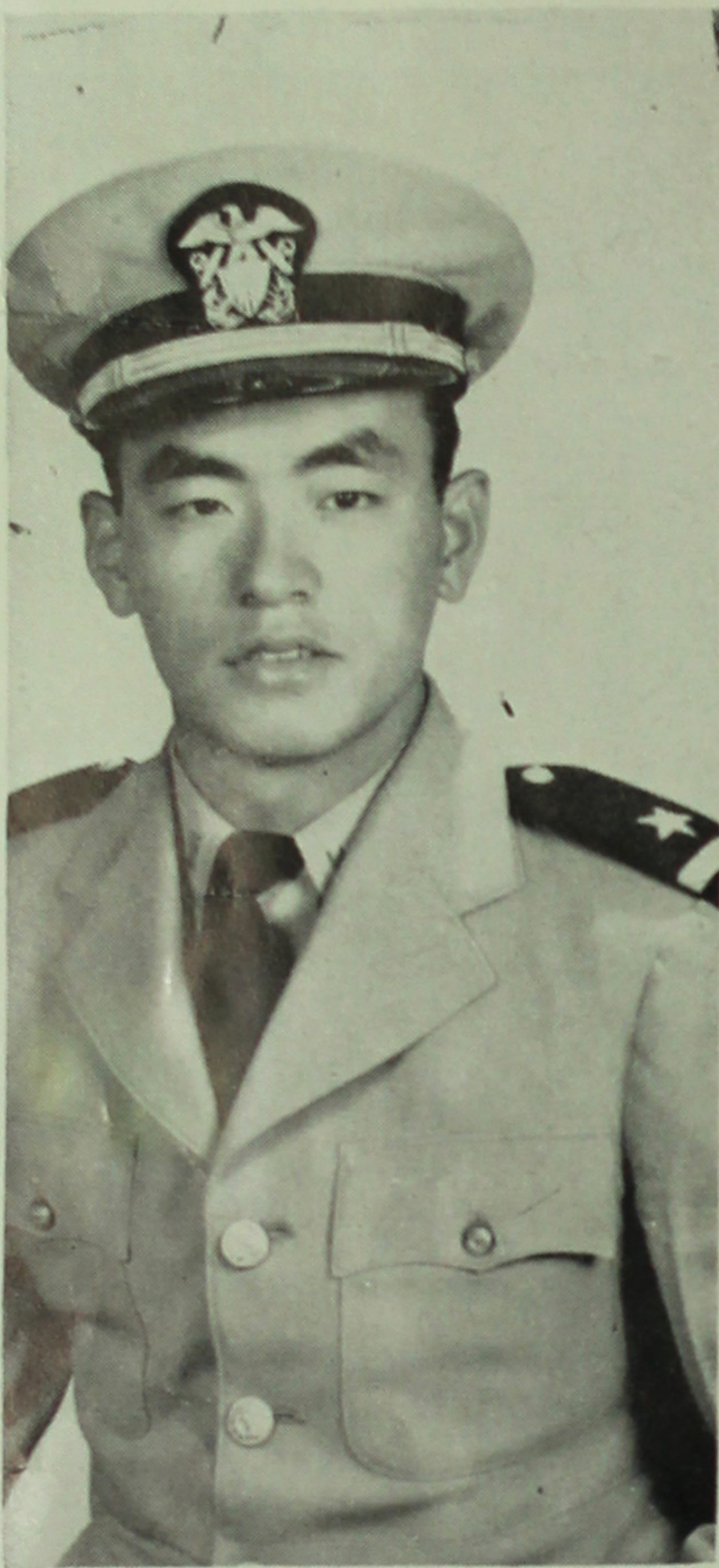
Optimists in
"Little Tokyo"

35 CENTS

El Camino College's Amy Okazaki



Behind the SCENE



Ensign Yoshihara
"routine announcement"



Scarlett Rebel
"pleased reactions"

The name of SCENE is turning up in some of the most surprising places around town (Los Angeles, that is)—in a night-club and on a TV program.

Our friend, Diane Rangno, Editor of Key magazine (Southern California's Pocket booklet of dining and entertainment), took us to the Colony Club the other night for a dandy shock. While we were enjoying the show, master of ceremonies Bob Carney started a pitch about the family picture magazine—our SCENE, no less. The magazine got pleased reactions from performers Billie Bird, Jeanne Carroll, Eve Paree, Honey Harlow, and Scarlet Rebel. Incidentally, singer Johnay Prophet is terrifically impressive.

Television prognosticator Jeron King Criswell on Channel 13, Station KCOP picked up SCENE's June Cover story on Jockey George Taniguchi who's currently whipping them in at the Hollywood Park Racetrack, and predicted that Taniguchi would bring in a red-hot winner within two days. Taniguchi did—a \$65 win on the nose.

Hawaii's Television Station KULA has been telling the islanders about SCENE.

And that's how it goes—SCENE is becoming famous all over.

* * *

Ensign T. Yoshihara's record at Annapolis was an important milepost: he was a "first", and he came through exceedingly well. He's part of the reason why the JACL sent out a *routine* announcement recently from Washington, D.C. that the Air Force will select 300 cadets for an Air Force Academy this year and that interested Nisei should contact their Congressman. Fifteen years ago, the suggestion that Nisei should apply would have been considered extraordinary. That routine JACL press release struck us as marking a high point of social growth in this nation.

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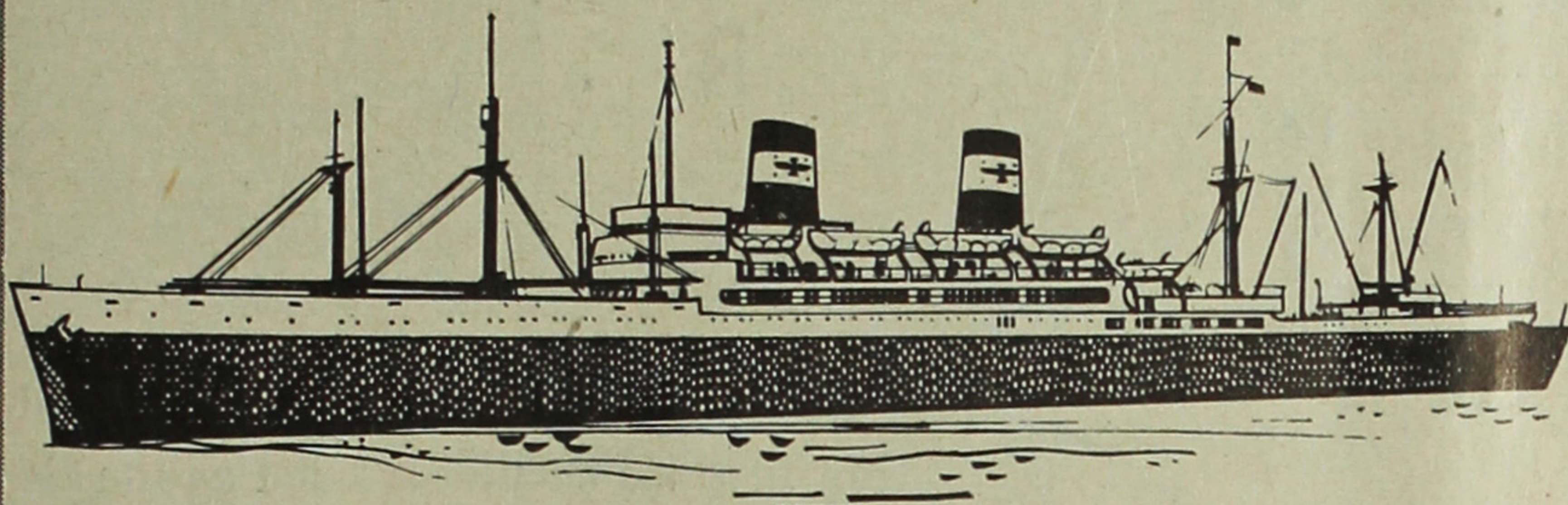
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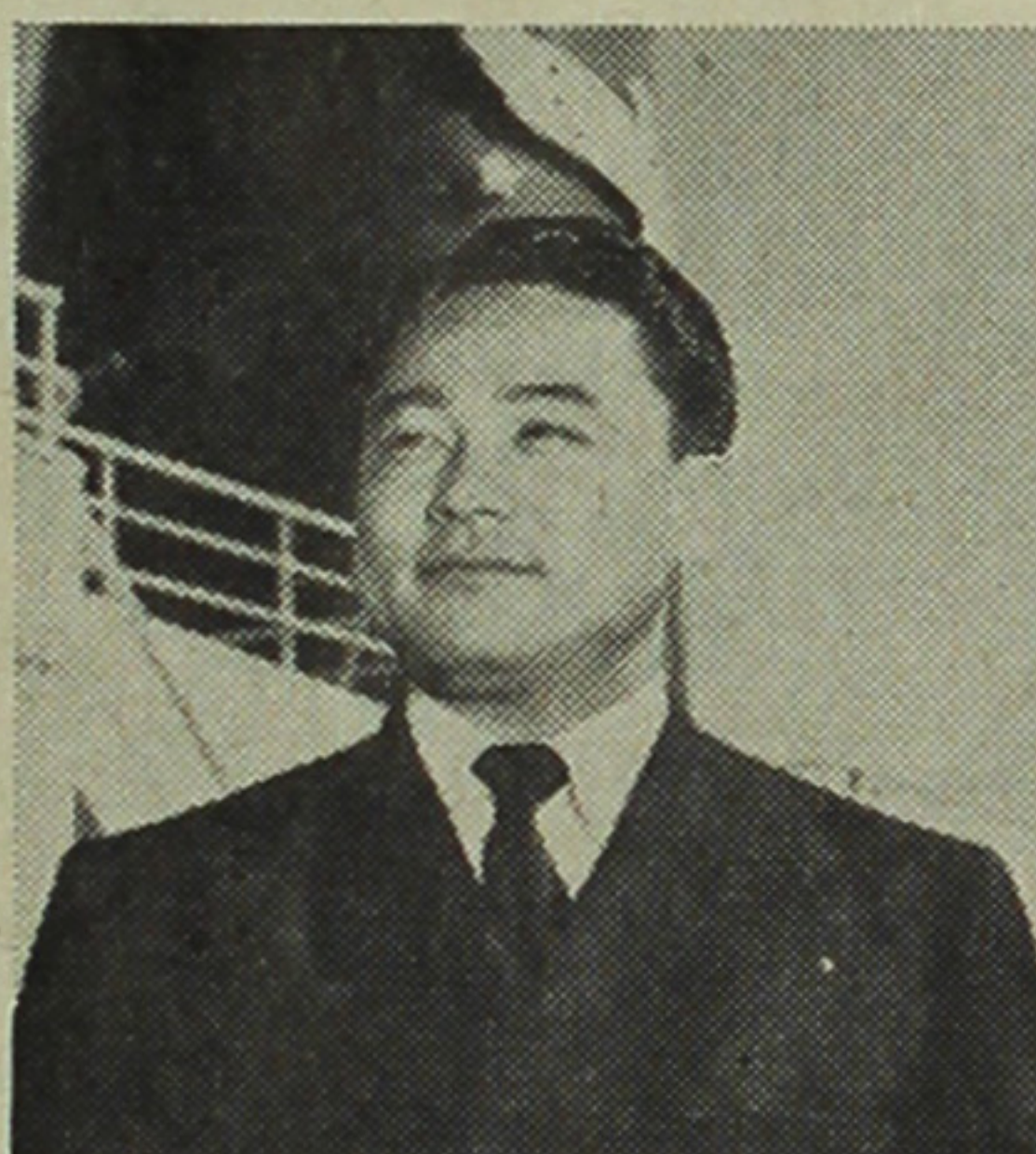
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LETTERS

SOUR GRAPES

Dear Sirs:

. . . and I want you to know I bet on Taniguchi the first three days he came to Hollywood Park. Every race he rode I bet on him. And every race I lost more money. I decided I couldn't afford to lose any more money, so I stopped betting on Taniguchi. I tell you I don't think he's any great jockey.—UNSIGNED

● *The day your letter came, Taniguchi brought in a \$65-to-win. Faith, sir, faith!—Ed.*

PRETTIER THAN OURS?

Dear Sirs:

We saw the act in Honolulu's Club Ginza before we read your article about them. It was interesting to know more about them, but we're not convinced that entertainers from Japan are any better than Hawaii's own.—

GORO TSUCHIYA, Honolulu, T.H.

MORE, MORE JUDO!

Dear Sirs:

Why don't you write more stories about *Judo*? I always enjoy them and look forward to them, but there aren't enough of them.—

SGT. TOSH HIRANO, San Antonio, Texas

● *An article on page 20 should make you happy. Canada's Frank Mortisugu sends us a report on Judo up there.—ED.*

GOURMET'S DELIGHT

Dear Sirs:

Mary Serisawa's recipe in the June SCENE, "Hot Heavenly Chicken", turned out beautifully when I tried it. I think that of all the cooks in the world, the Japanese are the most imaginative, and she proves it herself with her lovely ideas for cooking and for decorating the table.—

SALLY ELKINS, Minneapolis, Minn.

WHERE, OH WHERE?

Dear Sirs:

Our June SCENE came in the mail today, but this is the first issue we've gotten for several months. Please send us the March, April and May issues.

YOSHIKO OSHIKAWA, New York, N.Y.

● *SCENE, because of its transfer from Chicago to Los Angeles, was not published in March, April or May. All subscribers have three additional months on their subscriptions to make up for these issues.—ED.*

JULY
1954

SCENE

the International East-West magazine

Vol. 5
No. 12

SCENE MAGAZINE, INC. — Publisher

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COVER LOOK strangely different? It was not a monumental lapse of the makeup man in the print shop. The reason: to make the name SCENE stand out on magazine stands. In its former position (the upper right), the "logo", as it is called, was buried by other magazines on top. So, hereafter, get used to seeing the name SCENE in the upper left side of the cover.

C
O
V
E
R



AMY OKAZAKI IS a cool note splashing in the Pacific surf at Laguna Beach. Photographer Roy Hoshizaki rolled up his pants and waded in for this shot. Got wet too. Sansei Amy is 19, lives in Gardena, attends El Camino Junior College. She's a Gamma Phi Delta.

COVER CORNER: Toy maker Wah Chang has been performing prodigious feats with puppeteering and Hollywood stage and film settings. He has another greatness—victory over Polio. Read a SCENE exclusive on Wah, page 16.

IN THE AUGUST SCENE you will get the first full background story on Municipal Court Judge John Aiso of Los Angeles; you will follow him from Hollywood High School, through Harvard Law School, in Manchuria where Japanese military police regarded him suspiciously, and his return to Los Angeles to become "Judge Aiso."

You will get a backstage view of Sujata and Asoka, Indian dancers (they live in Sherman Oaks, Calif.) who are currently touring Japan, bringing to that country a new appreciation of India as the Kabuki dancers did for Japan in their recent American performances.

Read also about Japanese influences on San Francisco designs. Yes, read it all in the AUGUST SCENE.

check fraudulent use of "scene" name

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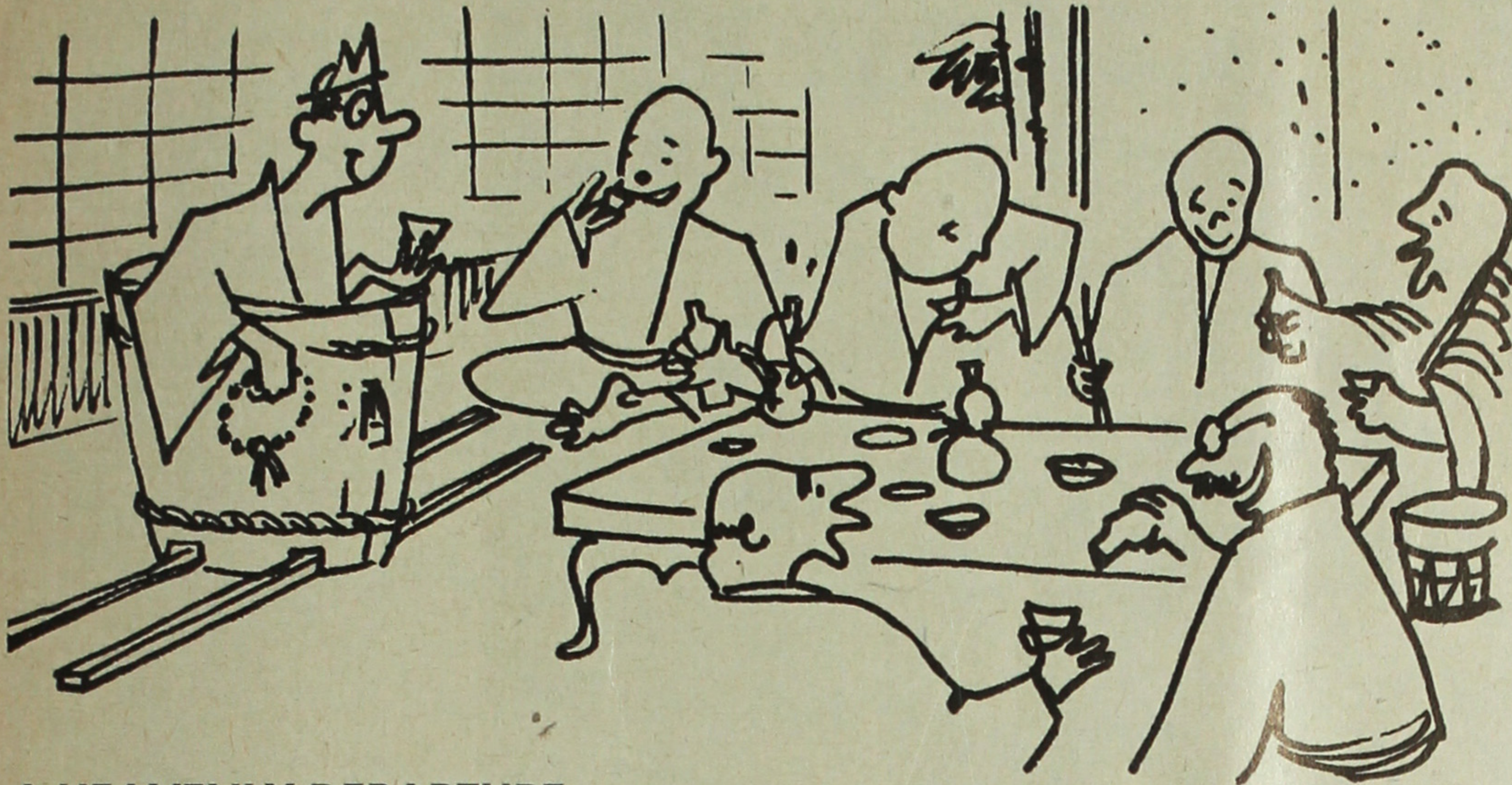
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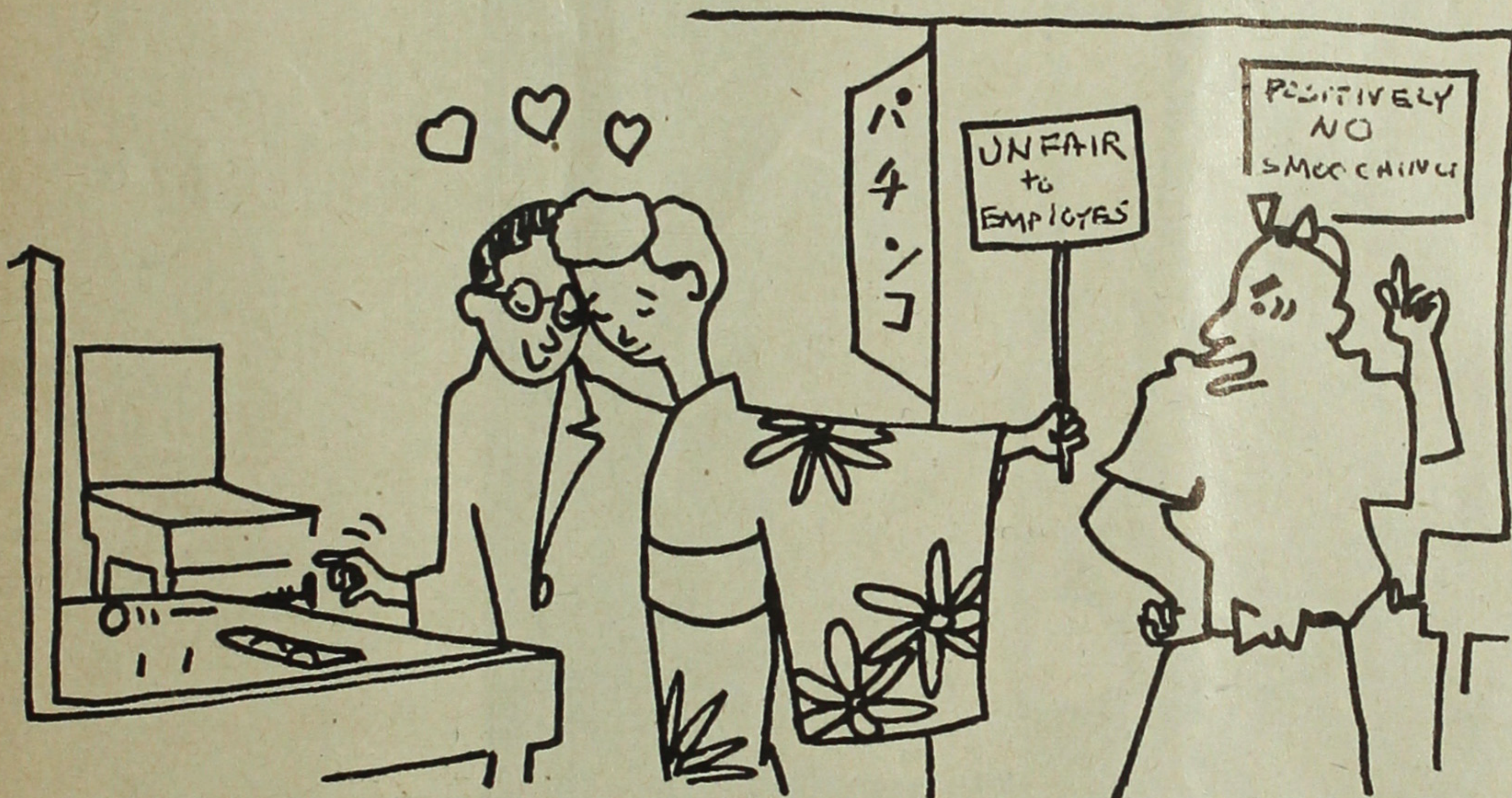
JAPONICA

Drawings by
Tom Okamoto



A HEAVENLY DEPARTURE

Yaezo Iijima, Tokyo sake connoisseur who can afford to be one, decided to try "to take it with him," by arranging his own funeral festivities. He set a date for his "departure," built a coffin from sake barrels, called friends in for the "mourning." Garbed in a white Buddhist funeral shroud he sat in his coffin, toasting himself and everything else under the heavens—in short, he "lived it up." Though he intends to stay around a while, Iijima chose a posthumous name in the Buddhist tradition. The Japanese name suffers in the translation but not by much; he's to be known as "Great Drink Lover."



T-I-L-T!

A Labor-Management dispute of a serious order has ensnared certain Tokyo pin ball parlors. The issue: the right of employees to neck on the job. The matter flared up when management fired two couples for "displaying affection." Employees did not deny the charge. Rather, they asserted that the course of true love is "bigger than us all", hence management is obliged not to interfere. Management retorted that such behavior is "detrimental to peace and order in the shop."

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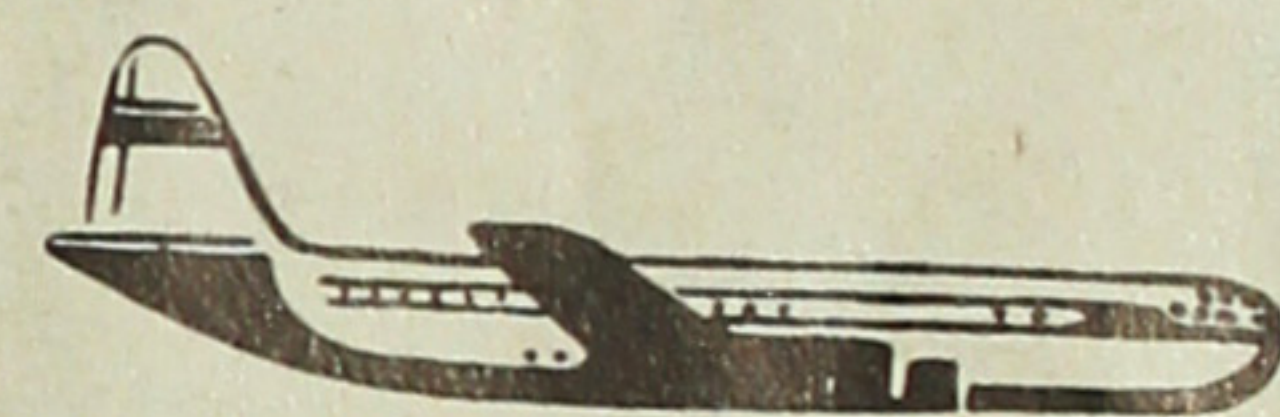
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BEFORE HE BECAME Ensign, West Pointer Takeshi Yoshihara courted Honolulu's Elva Ann Kiyo Uyeno. He evidently was graded "A" for effort; see page 9.



ORDER IN ALL things is quickly indoctrinated into first plebes as they parade to noon day meal with a "hup, hup, hup."

"Ain't No Mo' Plebes!"

By Ensign Takeshi Yoshihara

THAT day in June of '49 when I entered the gates of the United States Naval Academy, all the glory and honor of becoming a midshipman were mine. I was where Halsey, Nimitz and King had walked and lived! The grueling years ahead were furthest from my mind as I congratulated myself.

In the fall of my senior year in high school, I had taken all kinds of competitive scholarship exams in a desperate effort to get a college education I could never afford. I took the examination for Annapolis in October thinking it was for West Point! After a month of no news, I dismissed the matter from my mind. But several months later, I received a letter from my Congressman informing me that I was his principal appointee to Annapolis.

Barely a month out of high school, I was on a train heading east—my first trip away from home.

Annapolis is a quaint little city on the banks of the Severn river, which empties into Chesapeake Bay. The people seem more interested in preserving the cobblestone streets than in the complex problems of the world. Two blocks from the center of the city is a high brick fence that separates the midshipman's world from the outside community.

A person is quickly indoctrinated as a midshipman. I found out immediately that there was not one moment in the whole day which was not planned for me. And my troubles began.

I had watched men march before, and had always thought it came easily. I seemed to have two right feet. I had no idea at all about carrying a rifle. But I did learn that "Butt Right!" and "Butt Left!" had nothing to do with the way I walked.

Another shock was in store for me. In September, the plebe enters a trying period during which he must become

adjusted to having a thousand pairs of eyes scrutinizing him every minute he is out of his only haven, his room.

Plebes walk the center of the corridors in single file, double-time wherever they go, eat "braced up" on four inches of chair, answer endless questions for their mercilessly inquisitive seniors—for a whole year. The plebe is not allowed to talk to classmates outside his room, not allowed to date girls, not allowed to sit or lie on his bed during the day. He is not allowed to think—only function.

I learned that the proper reply to the question, "What time is it?" was (in 15 seconds or less):

"Sir, I am greatly embarrassed and deeply humiliated that, due to unforeseen circumstances over which I have no control, the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of my chronometer are in such inaccord



UNCERTAIN LOOKING lads are being sworn in. Thought: 'What's ahead of me?'

with the great sidereal movement with which time is commonly reckoned that I cannot with any degree of accuracy state the exact time. But without fear of being very far off, I will state that it is — minutes, — seconds and — ticks after the —th hour."

A happy day comes at the end of the first year when the proclamation, "Ain't no mo plebes!" is made atop the highest monument by the shortest plebe in the class. An overwhelming sense of relief is followed by a feeling of accomplishment and pride.

You know that you've been tested by fire and found true; that the toughest year, a year of trials during which nearly 300 of the original 1,200 have failed or resigned, is over. From now on it's going to be downhill, even though many more are to fall by the wayside in the three remaining years.

During the regular school year, the midshipman rises at 0615 (6:15 A.M.), prepares himself for breakfast formation 30 minutes later, and begins a day of study, recitation, drills and laboratory work that keep him busy until 1600 (4:00 P.M.). He is then free for extra-curricular activities and sports, until 1900 (7:00 P.M.).

After the evening meal, which is the high point of the day's "social" activity, he resumes his academic pursuits up to 2200 (10:00 P.M.). Fifteen minutes later, "taps" finds him "turned in" for the night.

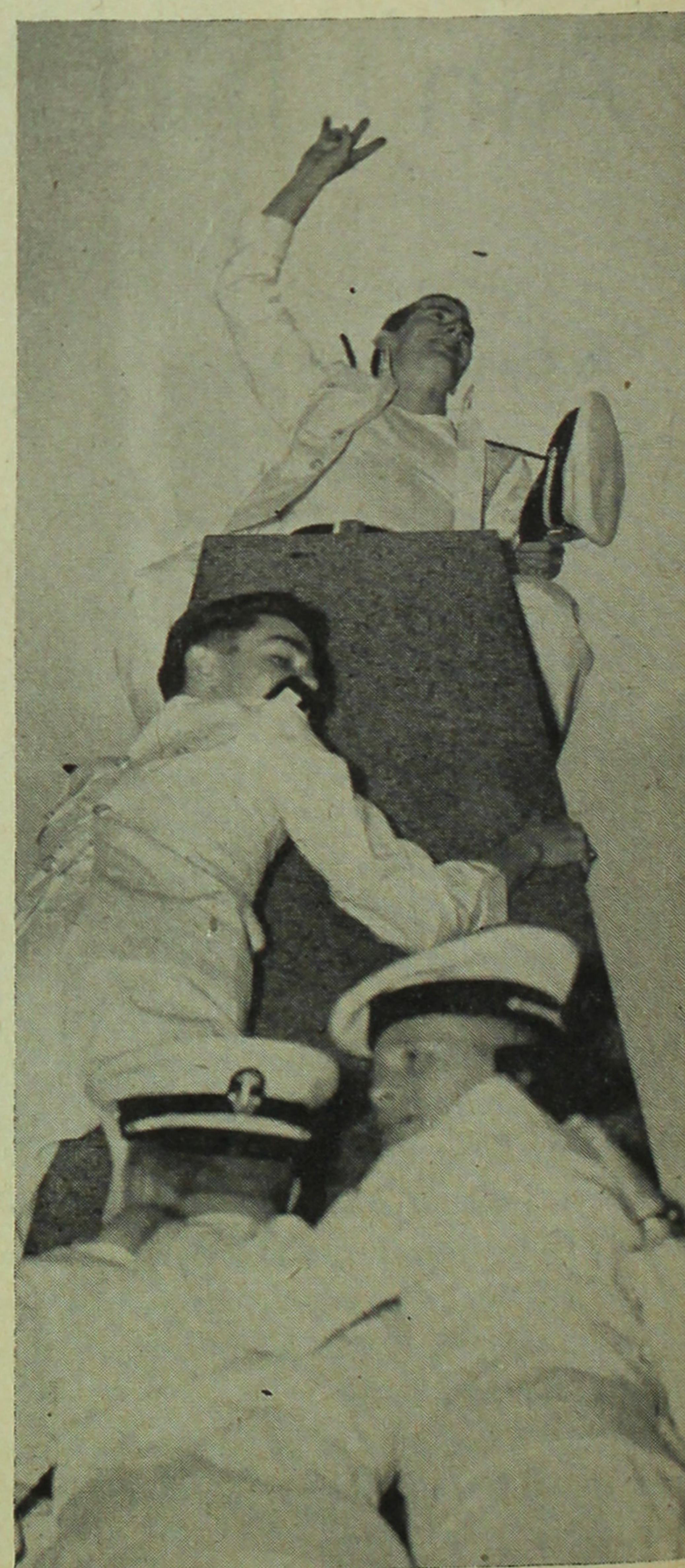
During the summers the midshipman embarks—on a carrier, battleship, cruiser, submarine or destroyer—for tours of three months' duration at sea and in foreign ports. He learns first-hand the duties of petty officers and seamen, as well as those of junior officers.

The first summer found me scrubbing



STENCILING his name is first duty.

"EEE YOW! Ain't No Mo Plebes."





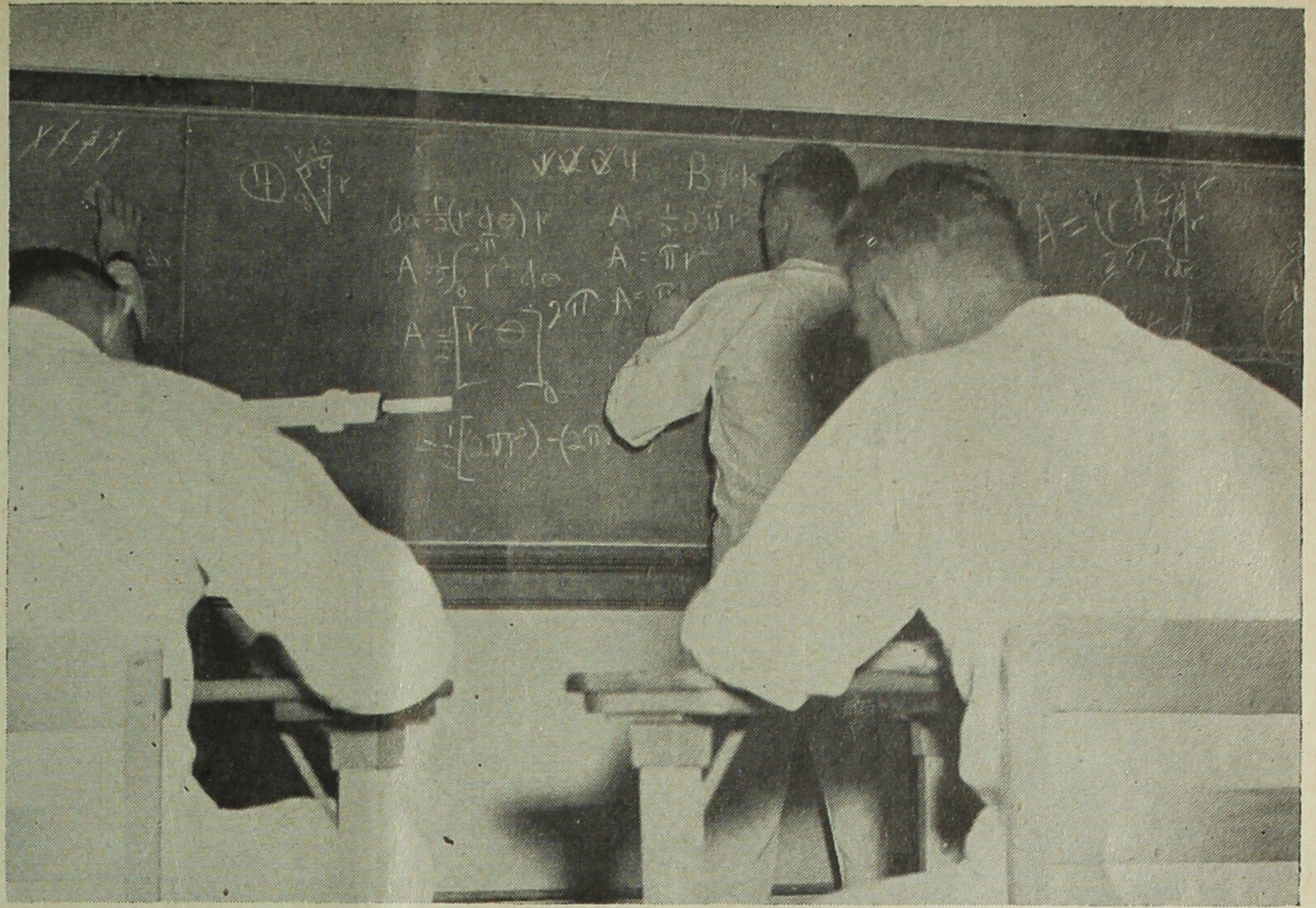
TECUMSEH, old Annapolis tradition, is campus' guardian spirit.

decks, cleaning boilers and overhauling machinery aboard the battleship "Missouri." The second summer was a little better. I was on an aircraft carrier for two weeks, and the rest of the summer was spent learning how to fly in Florida and in amphibious training with the cadets of West Point.

For my last summer, it was a destroyer cruise to France, Scotland and England. That trip was rather miserable, as I was actually found leaning over the fantail of the ship with a terrible case of seasickness. But the sightseeing in Europe almost made up for that.

After the first year, the years go by with regularity. Finally, the last exams are in, June Week with all its festivities is made a memory and the one great moment of four years' anticipation arrives—Graduation Day.

With our parents, fiances and friends sharing our joy, we proudly march into the auditorium in our glistening white uniforms. Impatiently we wait as the speaker finishes his address, diplomas are handed out and caps flung high in the air to signify the end of our college days. We embark on our last and most important "cruise" from the Naval Academy.



BRAINS GET no chance to rest during semester as study assignments are weighted down on one of nation's most select group of young men.

AH, THE HAPPIEST OF DAYS, Ensign Yoshihara graduated from Annapolis, then minutes later marched through arch of swords with brand new bride.





NINA, DAUGHTER OF CHIEF Justice, Earl Warren wears richly brocaded kimono which took Japan's Shinzo Noguchi (left) a full year to design and create.

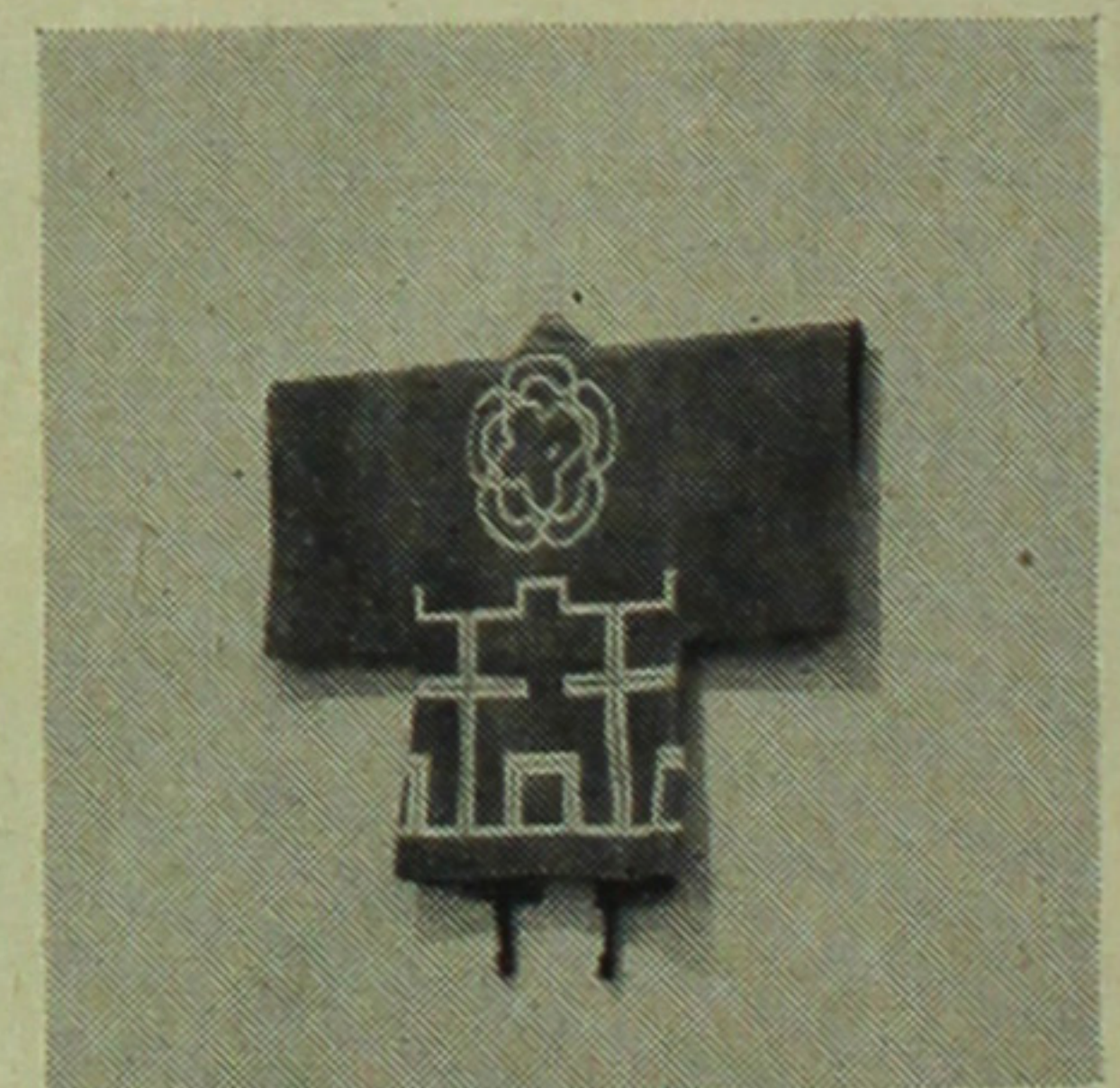
Photo by L.A. Daily News

It Can Cost You \$2000!

By Masamori Kojima

YOU MAY (if you're the type) pay up to \$1500 for an exclusive Dior dress creation, but you're paying mostly for fashion. In Japan, where more than fashion, *embroidery* and *color* are an integral part of certain dresses, you can pay \$2000.

An elaborate Japanese kimono should be likened to medieval tapestries of Europe rather than to fashion. It should be held up like a single piece of tapestry and judged for art and color ("bi-jitsu"), rather than wrapped around a human figure.



That's the view of Shinzo Noguchi, Japan's foremost kimono designer and creator, a recent visitor to Los Angeles.

Two elements besides that of fashion are brought in: 1) "*shishu*" or embroidery, 2) "*somemono*" or dyeing.

TOP RIGHT: Dying on this dress is unique to Noguchi who wades into the river to get correct "faded" effect. The blue and yellow pattern is the shimmering of moonlight on the waters. **LOWER LEFT:** Each one of the myriad dyed dots is an individual operation! **LOWER RIGHT:** Mrs. Noguchi demonstrated hand weaving gold and silk threads into kimono fabrics at Seattle trade fair.

Finger embroidering, weaving, and designing a Japanese dress may take a year's time, requiring the separate handiwork of as many as 15 different specialists. (The Imperial Household put in an order one year ahead for the wedding dress of Princess Takatsukasa Ikeda; she married Prince Higashi Kuni.)

To give one an idea of time required, heavy gold and silver braids are laid down for variously shaped designs and "stopped" at frequent intervals by nearly invisible silk threads. These threads, stitched over each point of the braid, are *separately* tied and knotted beneath the cloth, a patient and exceedingly



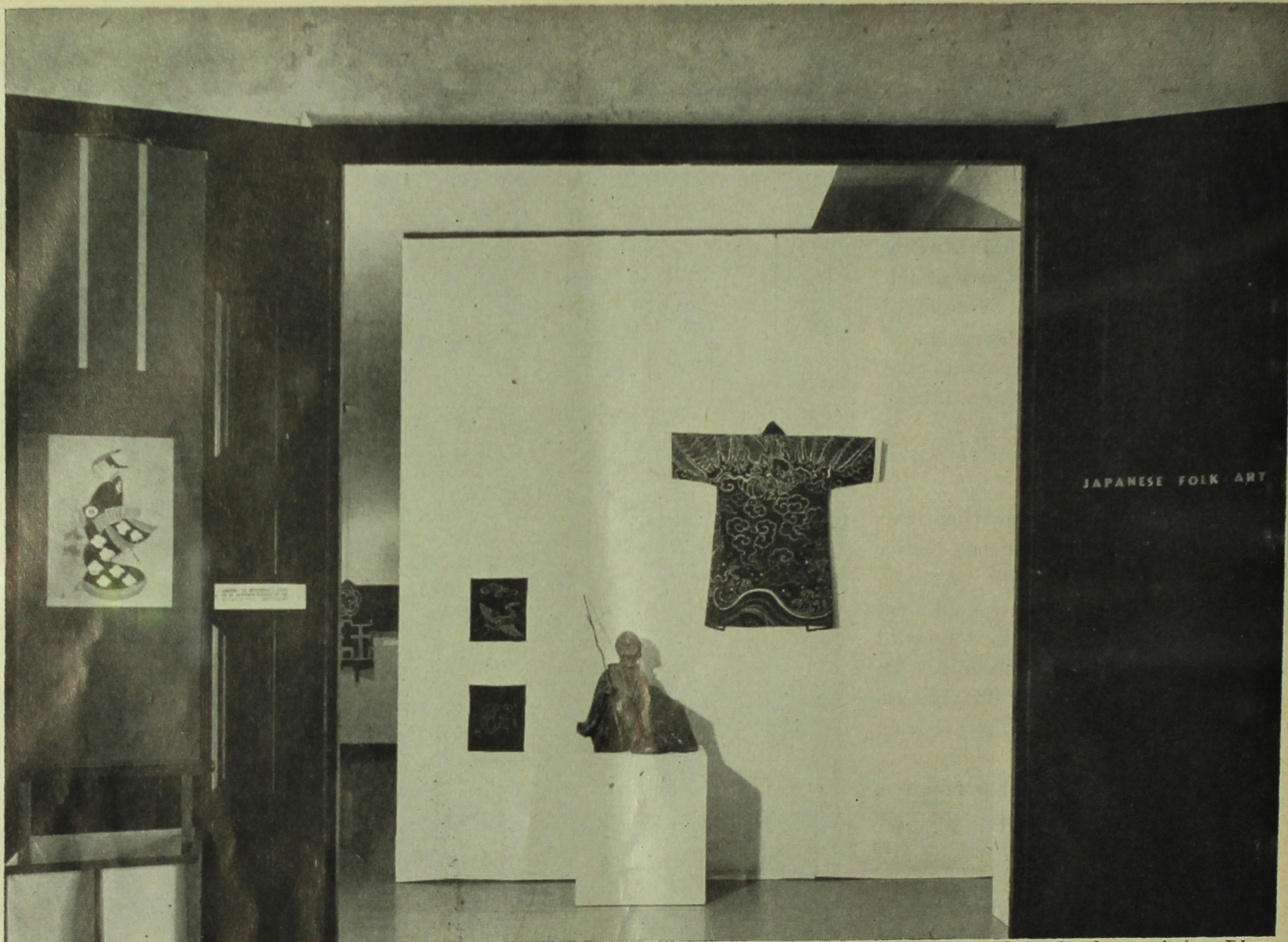
Photo by Jack Iwata

Photo by Jack Iwata



Photo by Elmer Ogawa





Honolulu Academy of Arts Photo

VIEWED AS TAPESTRY, the Japanese kimono takes on a new dimension of beauty when hung on wall.

nimble-fingered operation.

Dyeing according to Noguchi is an artistically exciting personal achievement. He created a dress for his wife, a combination of blue, white and yellow, depicting the full moon's light shimmering on moving waters. He will not be able to make another one exactly like it, no more than a painter can duplicate his own masterpiece.

It's all in the selection of the dye and the application of it on the dress design in the manner of a freely creative cook (See SCENE Cooking Section). It's a dash of this, a spot of that, etc. Exacting mathematical measurements for color cannot apply here.

The final coloring depends on the washing. The water's content of alkaline and iron has drastic effects, hence certain rivers are better than others. Noguchi himself wades into the river of his choice, tested by generations of expert dyers, and dips the dyed cloth and

checks, dips and checks, much like the master chef savoring his sauces.

In all the world there are no colors like those found in Japan. But Noguchi, in his own individualized approach to dyeing, has colors of *his* own; he prefers the "faded" effect. (By vivid contrast, to assure color *uniformity* at the Walt Disney Studios, Noguchi says that the famous brilliantly-hued colors for Donald Duck et al required microscopically accurate measuring of dyes and exactly timed dippings.)

The dye design is blocked off by rice starch pressed out onto the cloth by a special coned paper, like that used in icing a cake. Every tiny curl or dot of a design calls for an individually applied speckle of rice starch. Rice starch used in this way is unique to Japan; others use wax. For larger sweeps of design, Noguchi overlays an area with bamboo bark.

The most original Noguchi approach is in the embroidering of huge pieces like the 96-foot Kabuki curtain he once did. The design is previously worked out on paper ("*kozu*"). The fabric is hung up before a team of six specialists. Noguchi, from the other side of the cloth, stands over them. Then he directs them like an orchestra conductor: "You come up to this point. Ah, wait. Now you others work around there. Good." And so on, coordinating the various sewing specialists into a single unit.

Thirty to 40 specialists sew away in the Noguchi Studios, intent on the multitudinous details of this centuries-old art. Even as Noguchi completes certain garments, they are claimed by museums and the very, very rich. Understandably, the number of those skilled in this expensive profession is dwindling. But since the art is part of Japan's greatness, it is a field that should be re-studied by her young.

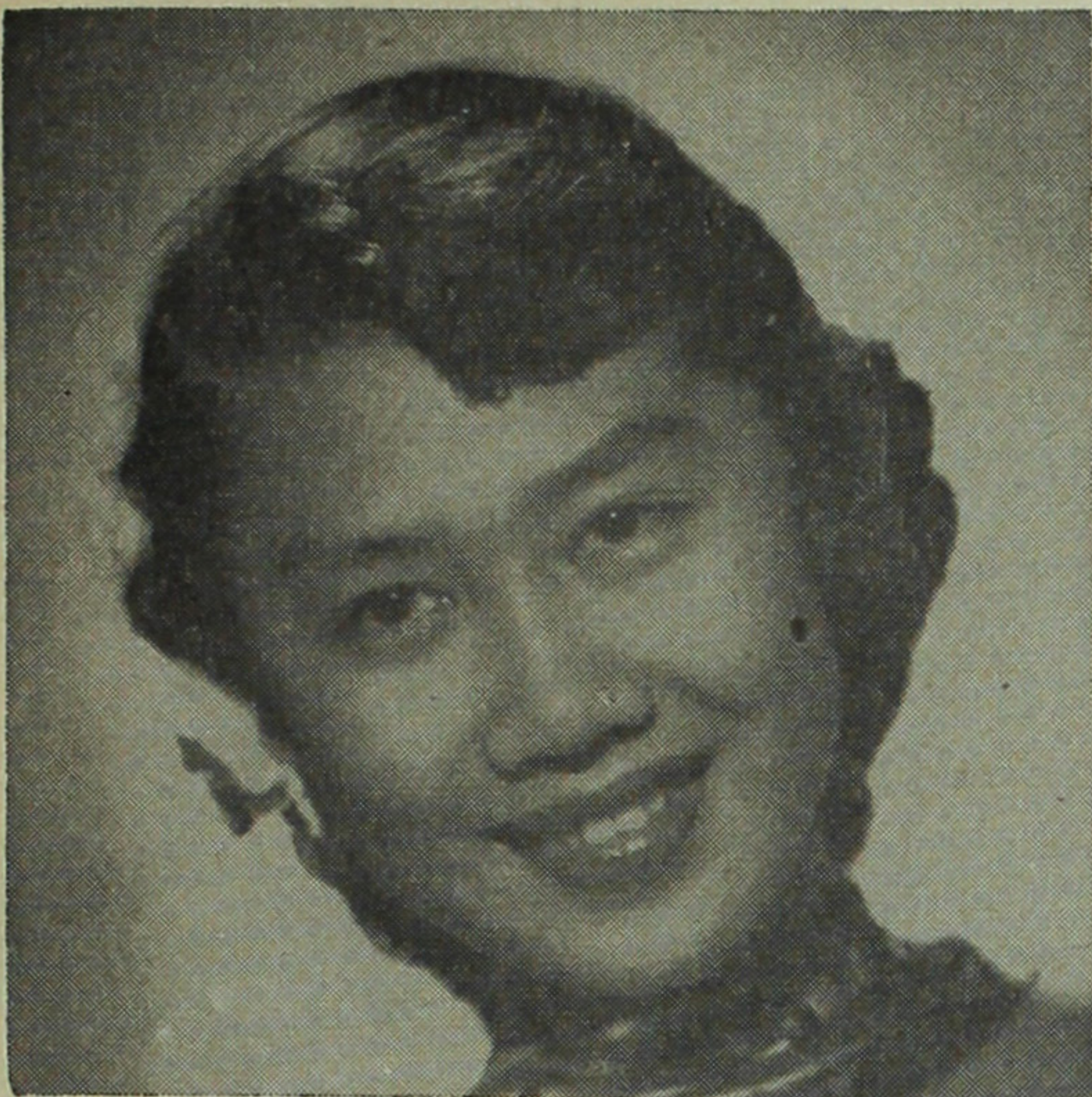
TRY TO MATCH THEM!

Are you one who thinks that he can spot a Japanese in a crowd of Orientals? Here's a challenge! In this bevy of beauties from Honolulu, 2 are Japanese. Which ones are they? To test your confidence, let's see how well you can match the others. Turn to page 31 for your answer.

If you pick 1 correctly from this group of 9, you will be *better than average*. If you can pick 2 correctly, you're very, very good! Any pickings above 3 is just plain luck!

Photos by Benny Katada

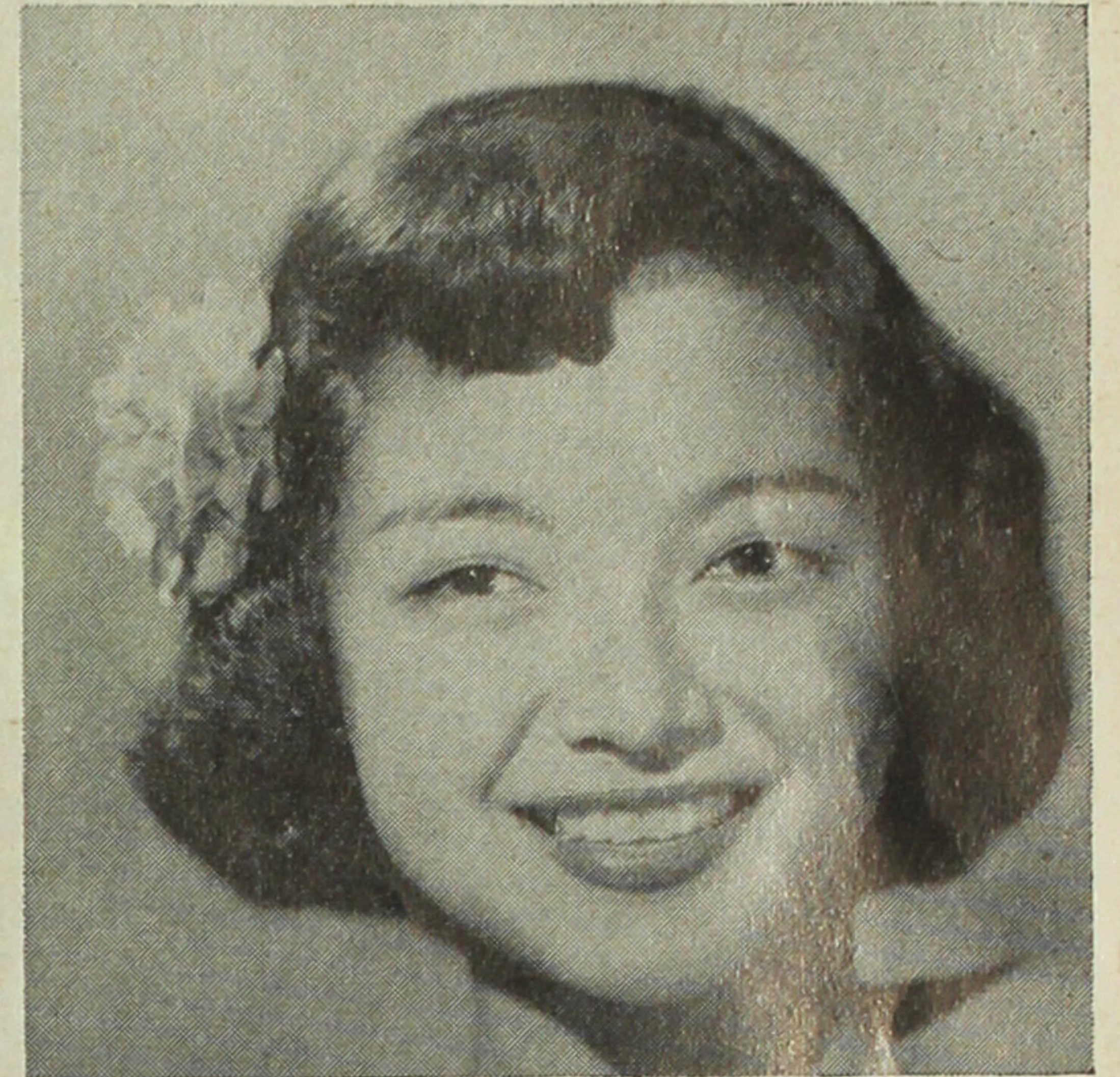
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Japanese _____ Japanese _____
Filipino _____



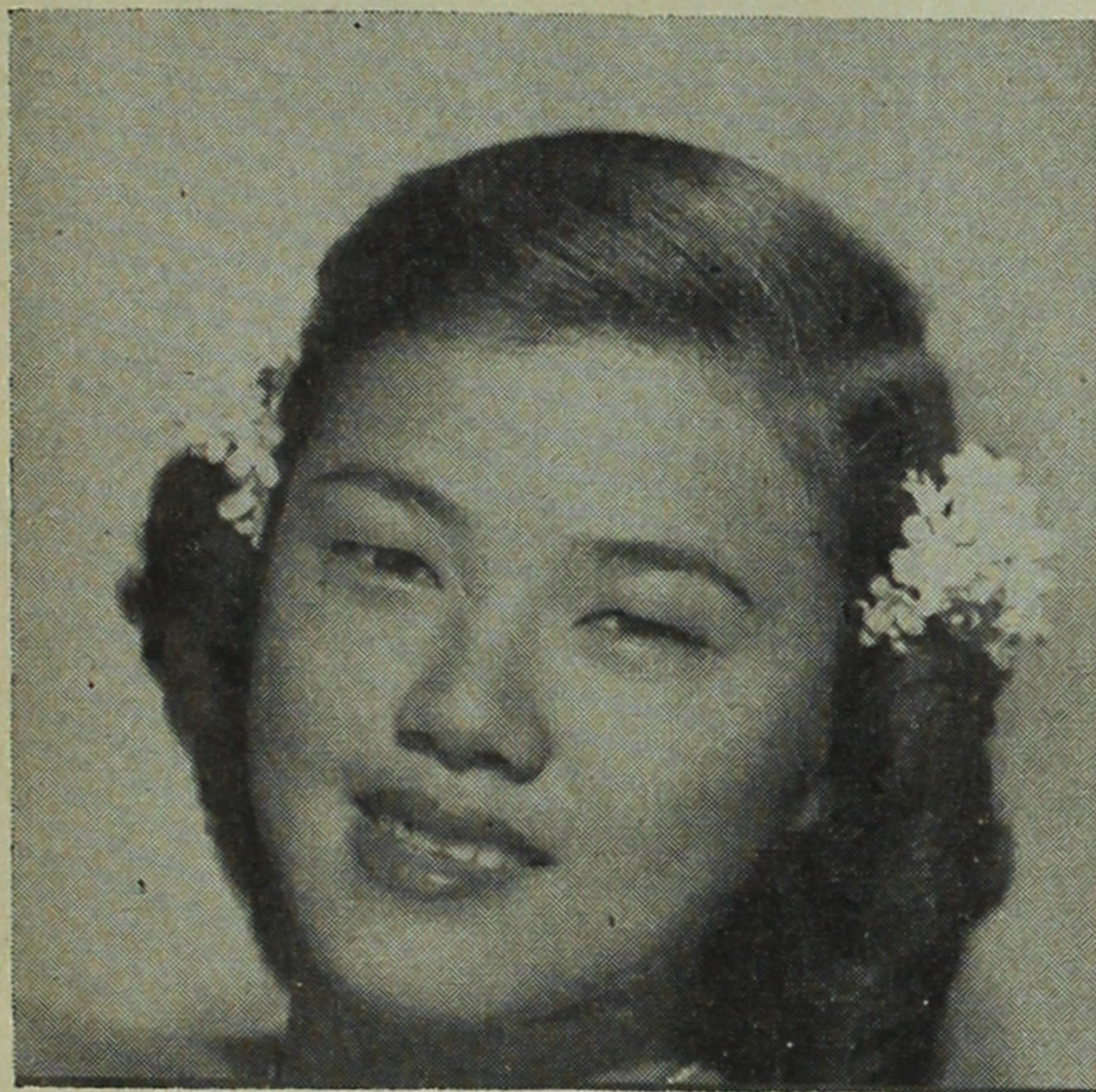
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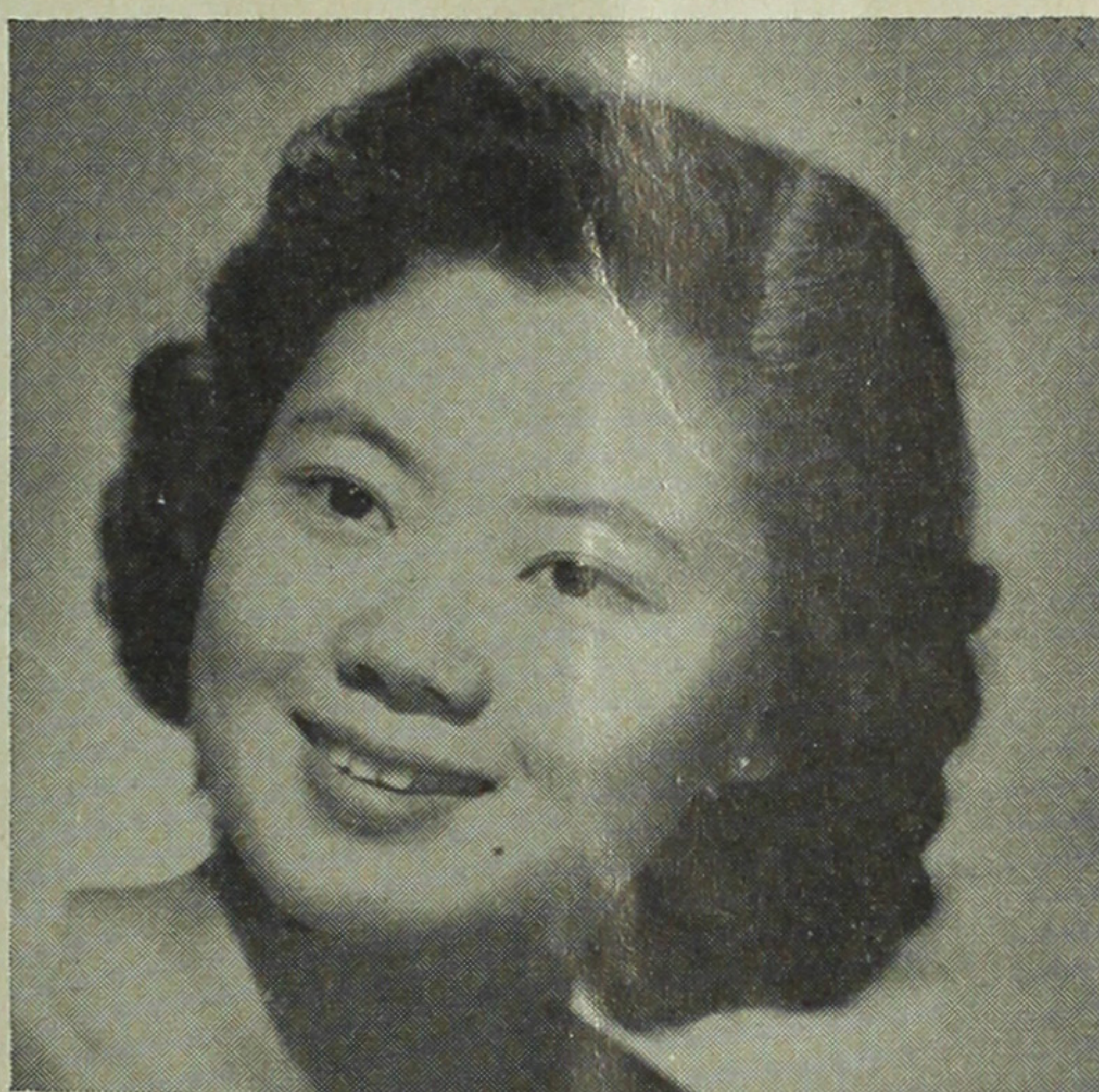
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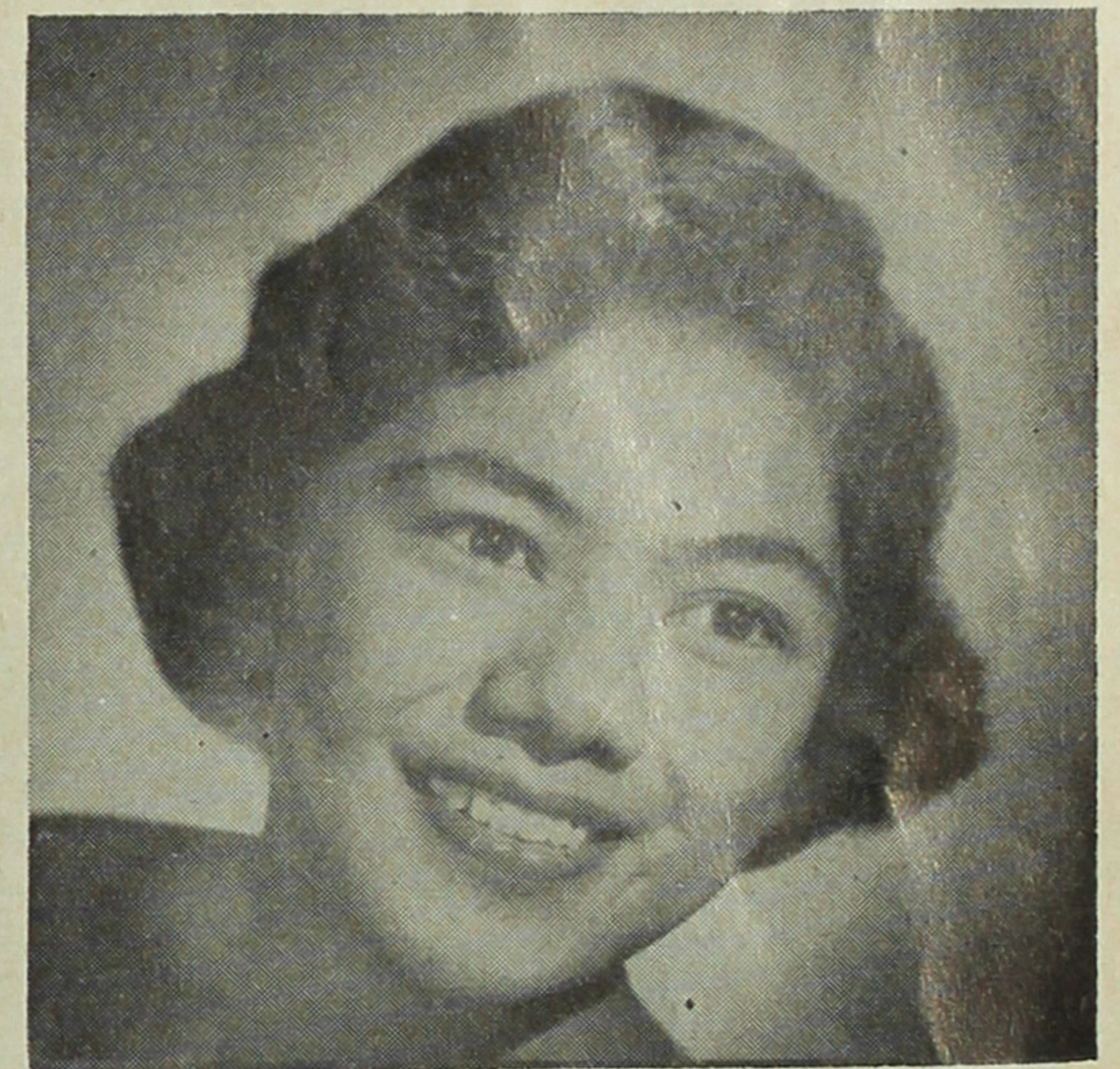
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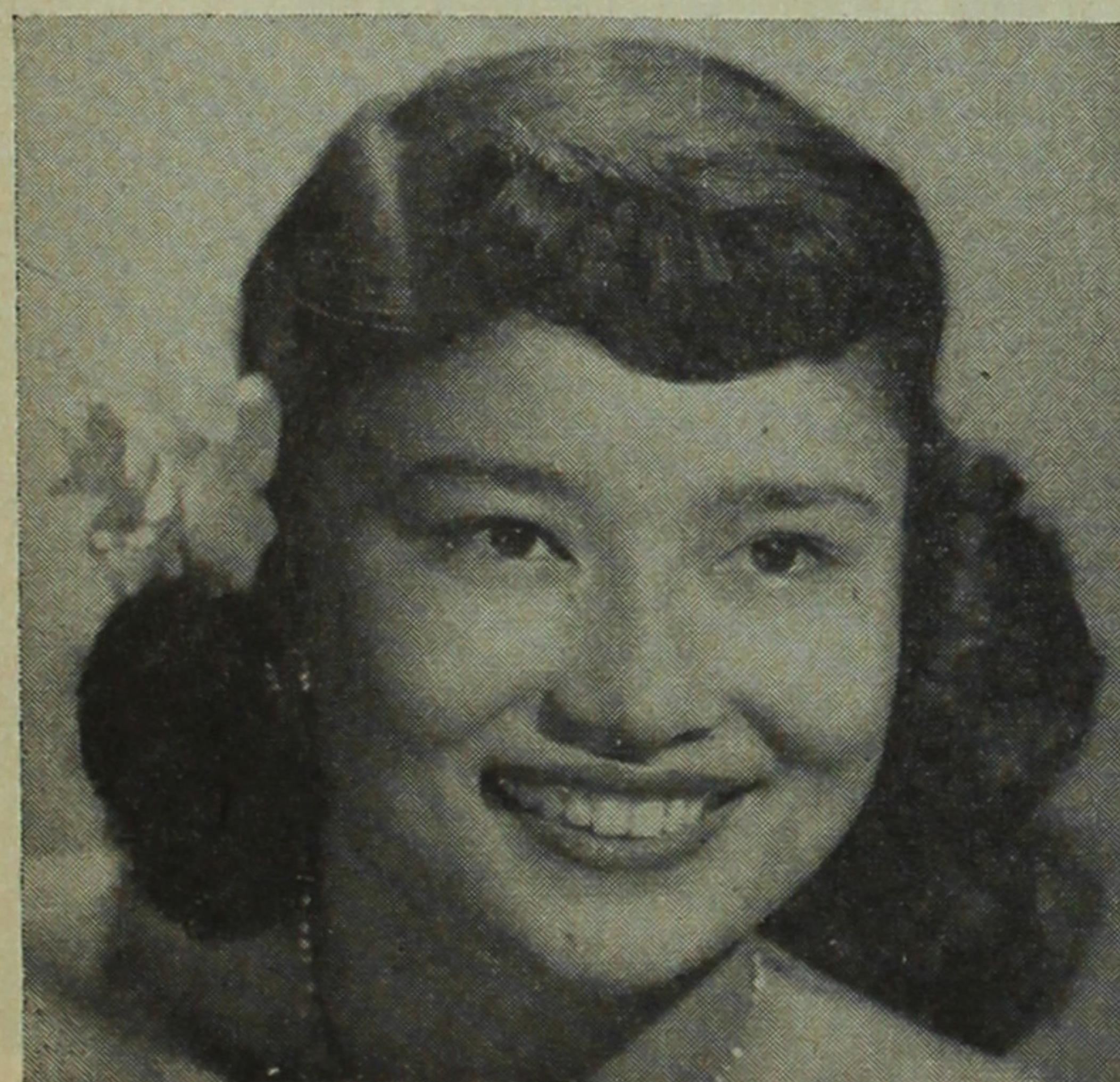
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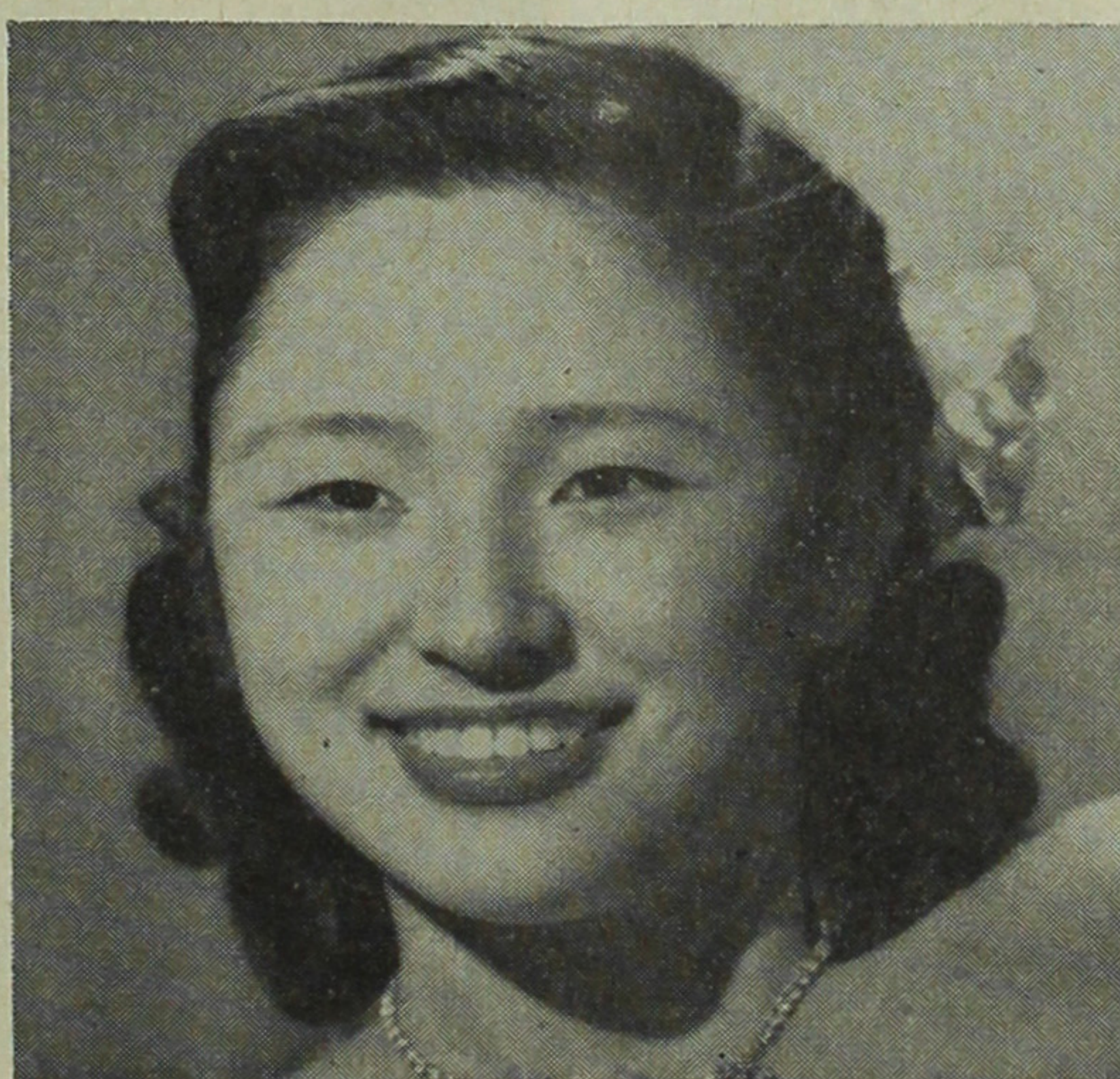
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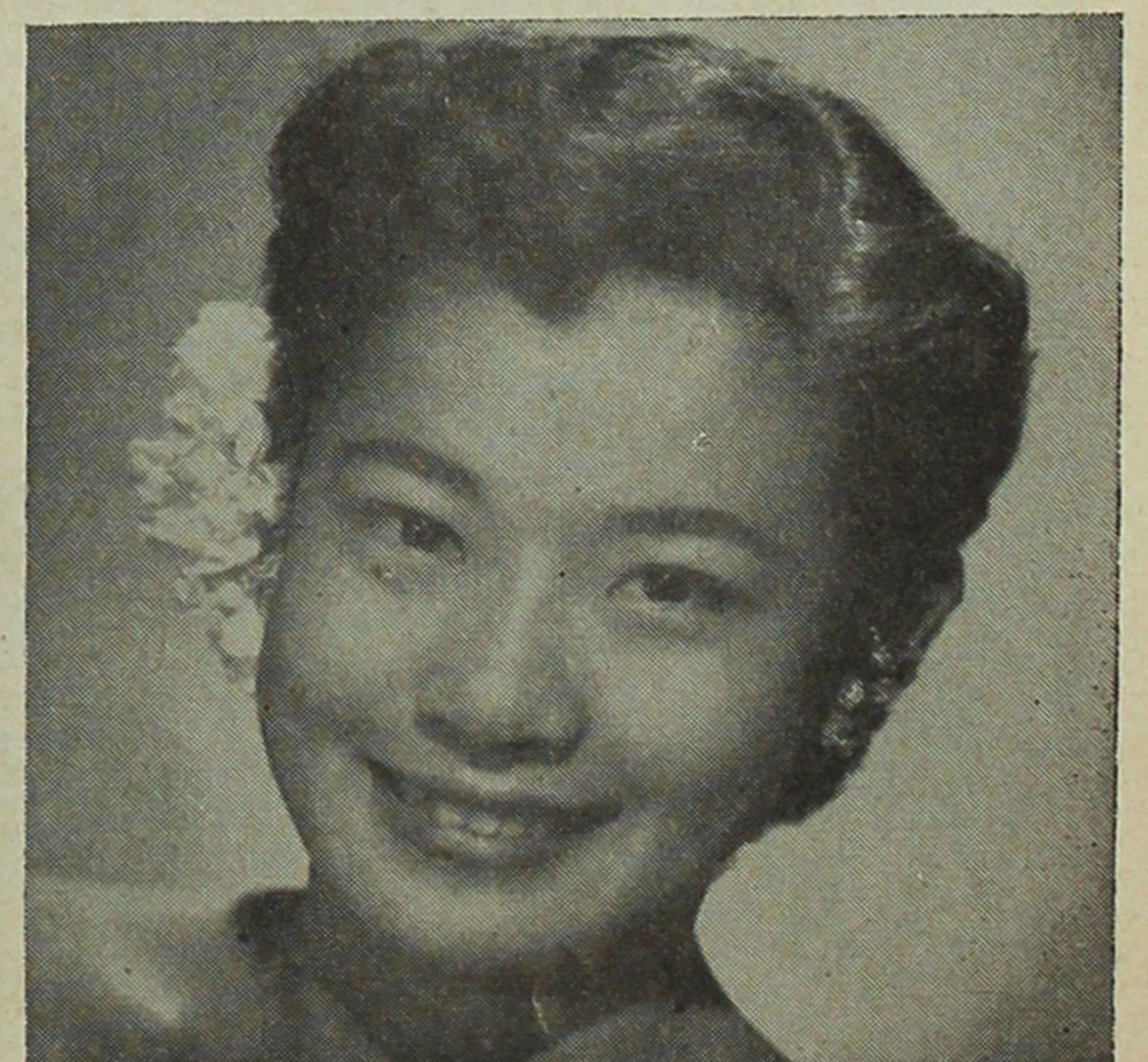
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8



9

Hilo - City of Orchids!



PRIVATE FRONTYARDS in Hawaii's Hilo flourish with Vanda orchids giving colorful title to Hilo as "city of orchids."

Photos by R. Wenkam

In Hawaii's Hilo, a heady sight is that of private front yards, abounding in *Vanda* orchids. These home planters help to produce more than 21 million orchids a year.

The flowers are marketed through cooperative arrangements like the Hilo Florist Ltd. This seems to assure fairest returns to growers who may otherwise get poorer prices bidding against each other.

Favorites of front yard private growers are *Vanda* orchids and *Anthuriums*. The Hilo *Vanda* is a hybrid developed from a species originating in India. The exotic colors of their petals enchant people all over the world.

Demand and supply sent price of flowers sky high last winter, much to the delight of 700 people in Hilo who grow flowers in their front yards.



PACKING delicate *Vanda* orchids for Los Angeles shipment are (left) Miyoko Fukuba and Nobuko Mihara.

COOPERATIVES

like Hilo Florist Ltd. bring fairest price returns on flowers. Kenzo Hamamoto (left) is President, Dr. E. M. Kuwahara is Vice-President. Both home grow flowers and orchids. The doctor is a pioneer orchid grower in Hawaii.





RATED A GENIUS from the time he was 9, Wah Chang was creating puppets professionally while he was still in school.

A TURN of a crank gives both sound and animation to Chang designed toy. He discusses production with Gene Warren, Vice-president of Centaur Toys Inc.



Wah Chang - Toy Maker

Photos by Jack Iwata

By Justine Brittin

“I’D RATHER DRAW than go fishing or anything. And when I grow up, I’m going to be an artist.”

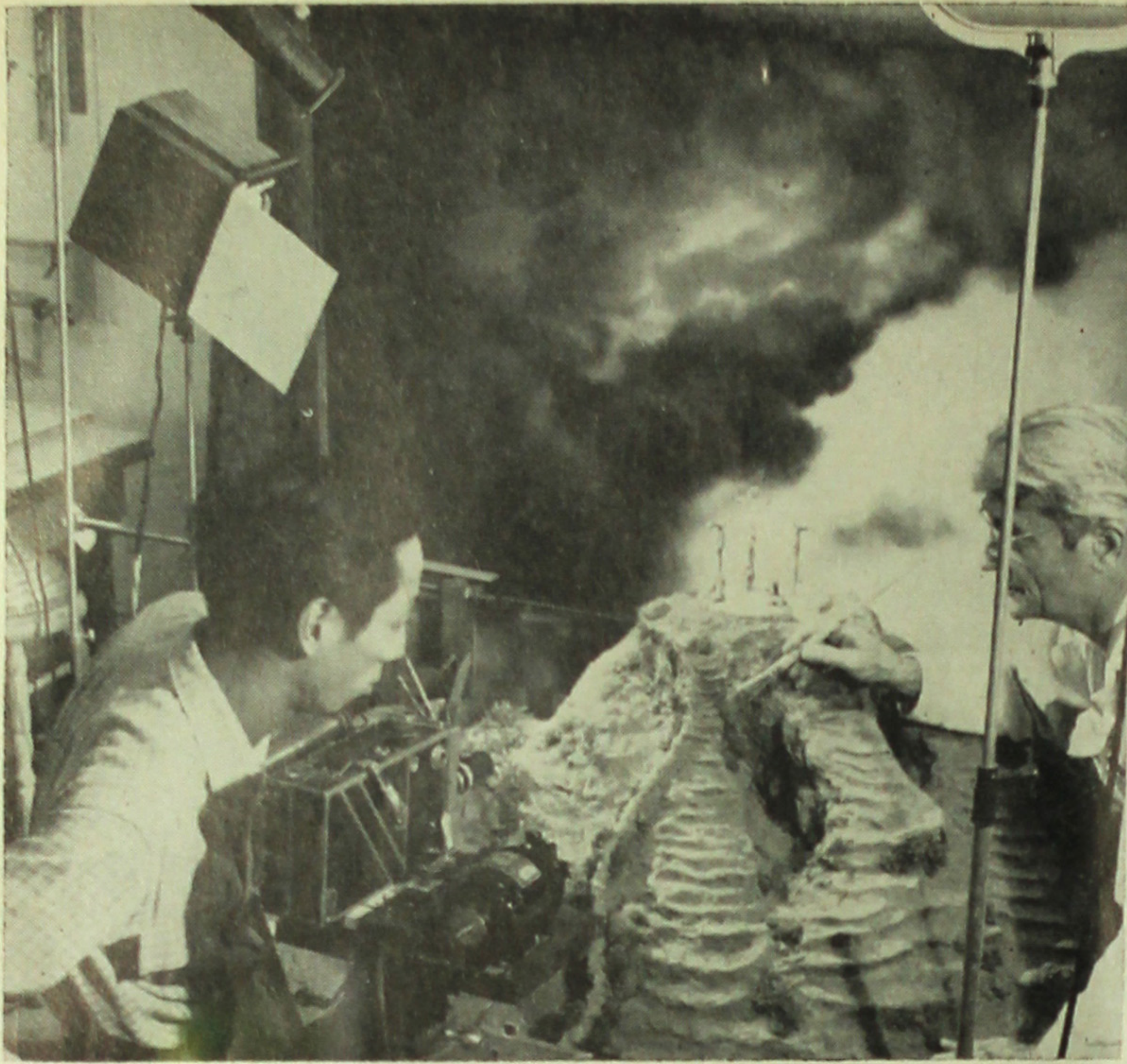
Despite the precocity with which Wah Chang said these words—he was only 8 at the time—he meant what he said. Today a designer of a completely new animated toy which actually *talks* as it moves its head, arms and body, 36-year-old Wah Chang has put the mark of his talents in movies, dimensional animation for television, movie puppets, and stage props.

Wah has brought a new dimension to the field of plastic toys. An ingeniously designed wire armature contained within a pliable plastic figure creates all sorts of wondrous animation, when a crank is turned. It’s so easy to operate that an 18-months-old child can manipulate it. A whole line of his animated creatures picked out of barnyard and jungle—Jocko the monkey, Peppy the Dog, Mr. Frog, etc.—are played with by

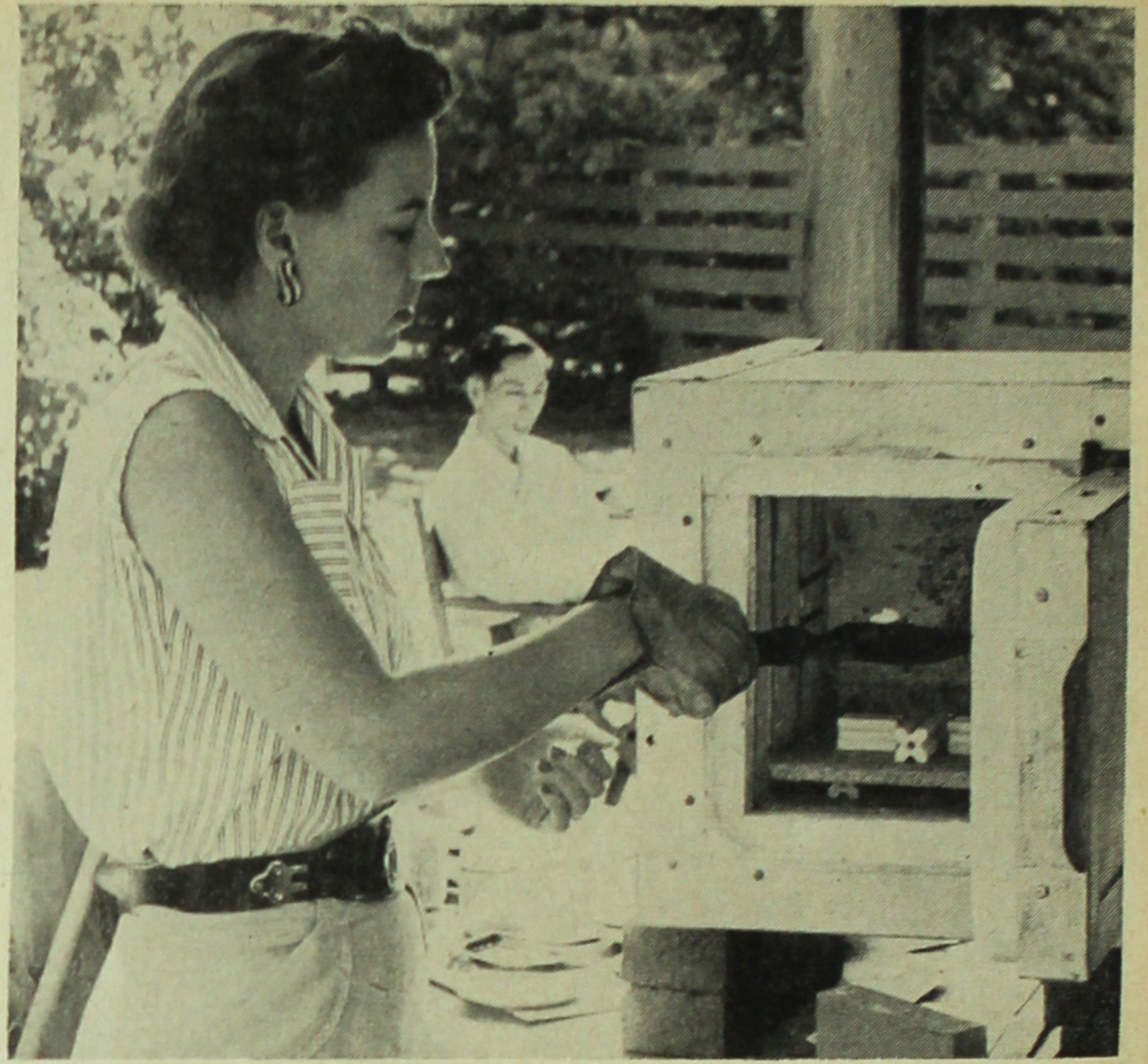
AT HOME IN SMOG-free Altadena, above Los Angeles, wife Glen Ella and “Deacon” cooperate with Wah’s favorite activity: movie-making.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"WAY OF PEACE", was title of all-puppet religious film created for Lutheran Church.



WIFE'S TALENTED too! Glen Elia designs earrings, glazes them in the outside of their home.

children all over America.

Recently he perfected a device for giving sound to pliable plastic animals. Now, with the turn of the crank, the child gets a recitation with his animation.

Child Prodigy

Everything started early for Wah; as a prodigy he was years ahead of his contemporaries. At 9, Wah designed lighters, bookends, andirons, and made block prints. He was creating puppets professionally when he was still in high school. For one Hollywood movie, he put together a curvy Mae West, the four zany Marx Brothers, and a right fearsome King Kong.

Movie-making is Wah's best joy, and that includes script preparation, production and the final showing. He's prepared puppet models for Disney artists, collaborated with George Pal ("Trip to the Moon," "Naked Jungle"). With Pal, Wah did the famous Puppetoon shorts: "500 Hats," "Tulips Shall Grow," "John Henry" and the Jasper series. He has done exacting medical photography; that is, the filming of treatments and operations. (Ordinarily a soft-stomached person about such sights, Wah used to whip that feeling by "concentrating on the camera.")

His most singular cinematic achievement was the "Way of Peace," a reli-

gious film for the national Lutheran Church, done entirely with puppets. Though, at first, the use of puppets for a religious subject seemed a bit curious, it turned out to be an excellent device. "The puppets achieved a more effective symbolic quality than people, which was the point of the picture," said the critics.

Wah and his foster father, artist Blanding Stone, did almost all of the work on the film: designing the puppets, constructing the sets, working out story ideas and shooting the entire film. It took 7 months. It was premiered in Washington, D. C., and is still shown in this country.

The animated Centaur Toys actually spring out of an earlier company, Centaur Productions in which Wah was one of the principals. Centaur Productions is a trademark seen on a number of puppet television films, produced before Centaur launched an all-out production for toys only. Wah and his partners specialized in "dimensional animation," did the popular 3-D cartoon strips for the Sawyer Viewmaster, featuring Bugs Bunny, Tom and Jerry and Woody Woodpecker.

Stage Settings Too

They used to make stage settings.

(Several years ago, a big musical extravaganza "My L. A." was a colossal flop with the public. The only thing liked by the critics were Centaur's stage settings.)

Another of the Centaur services then was "special effects for films." For one, Wah and his partners were commissioned to create an "invasion of spider-like creatures from outer space." Wood, wire, caracul fur, touched up by Wah's imagination, were all right for the long shots. But closeups called for real tarantulas, seizing upon miniature space ships. "Rough day," recalls Wah. "We counted the number of tarantulas before and after every shot. We always seemed to be missing one. At the end of that day, we *felt* as if we had been struck by an invasion."

Wah's been an actor too—once. In the Texas Centennial of 1936, between art jobs, he had a role in the big historical pageant. The nicest thing about that job was that he met actress Glen Ella who became his wife.

Live in Altadena

She and Wah live in Altadena, a smog-free section north of Los Angeles, near the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Even 9 years ago, when they moved up there, there was enough of the touch of wildness that deer used to in-

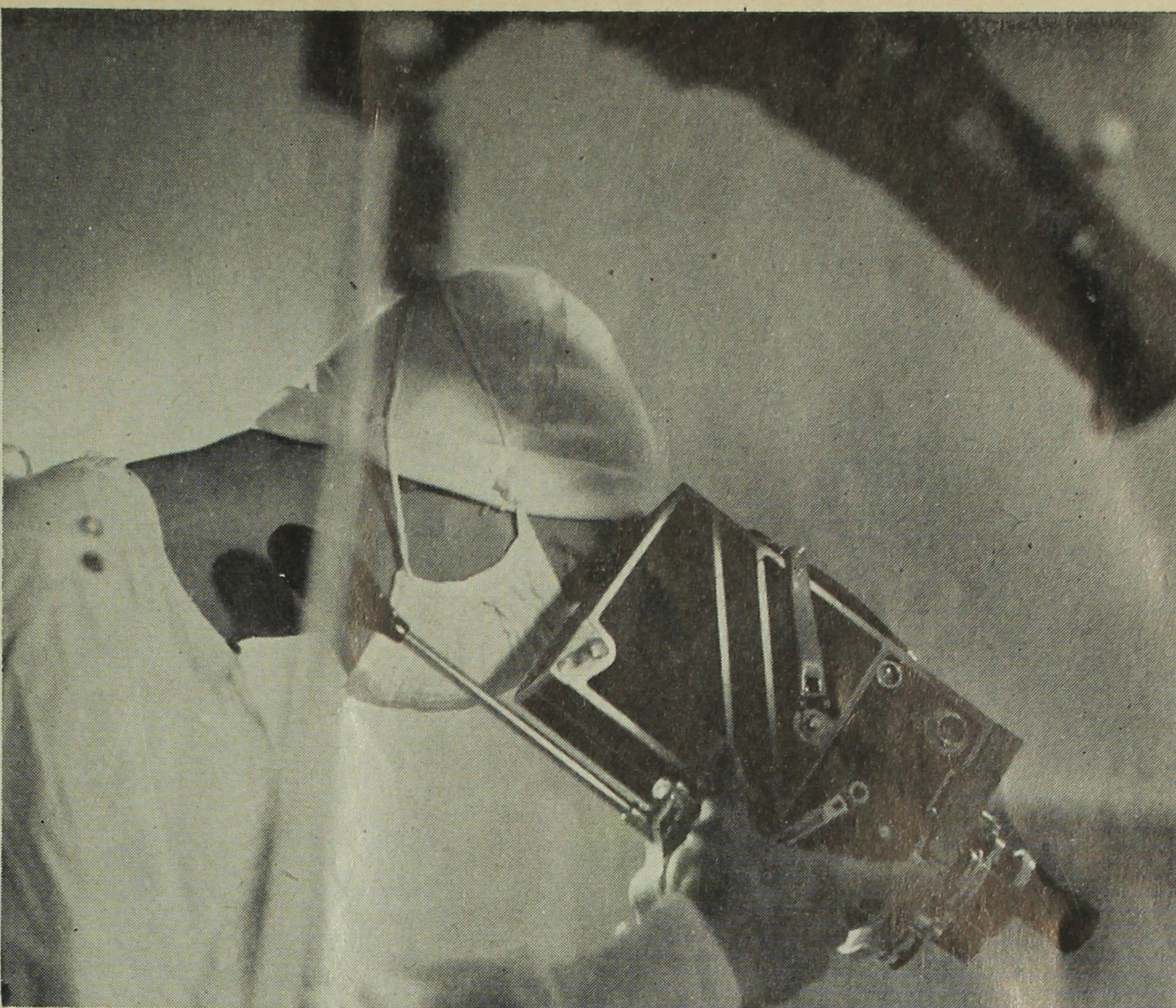
vade the Chang garden. ("We used to hear them at night munching our apricots and spitting out the seeds," said Glen Ella.)

If one peers closely behind the foliage around the house, he may notice that the house slopes off at the bottom. That's Wah's fault. When they bought the Altadena property, they arranged to have their former house moved to it. It would be simple: Wah was to lay out the foundations, and when the house was brought, it would be set down in place.

"Wah did his usual nice job, but the house was an inch short all around. The house 'fitted' after a stretching here and there," chided Glen.

Although the Changs have no children, they do have a huge Dalmatian. When they got the dog 11 years ago, it was called "Deacon," a name Wah disliked and avowed he would change. Wah succeeded in asserting himself to the point that the Dalmatian answers to one name—"Deacon."

Wah Chang is a young man who has not only the exceptional talents for creating things that make people happy, but he has also done this in periods of darkest adversity. In 1940, shortly after completing Pinocchio with Walt Disney, he was struck by Polio. In the sanitarium, he set to working in plastic wood,

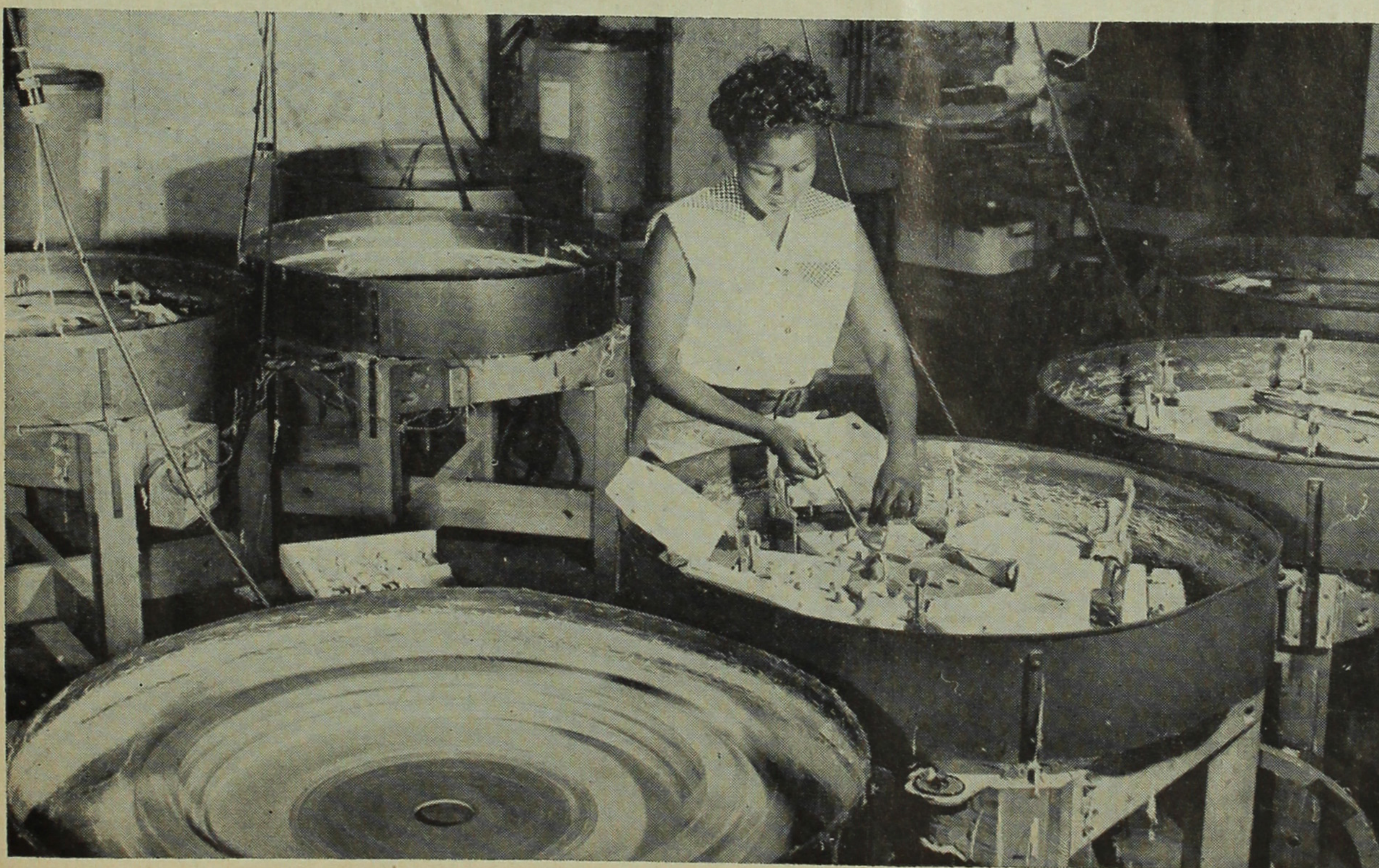


SQUEAMISH FEELINGS over filming surgical operations is avoided by "concentrating on camera," not thinking of spilling blood, torn guts.

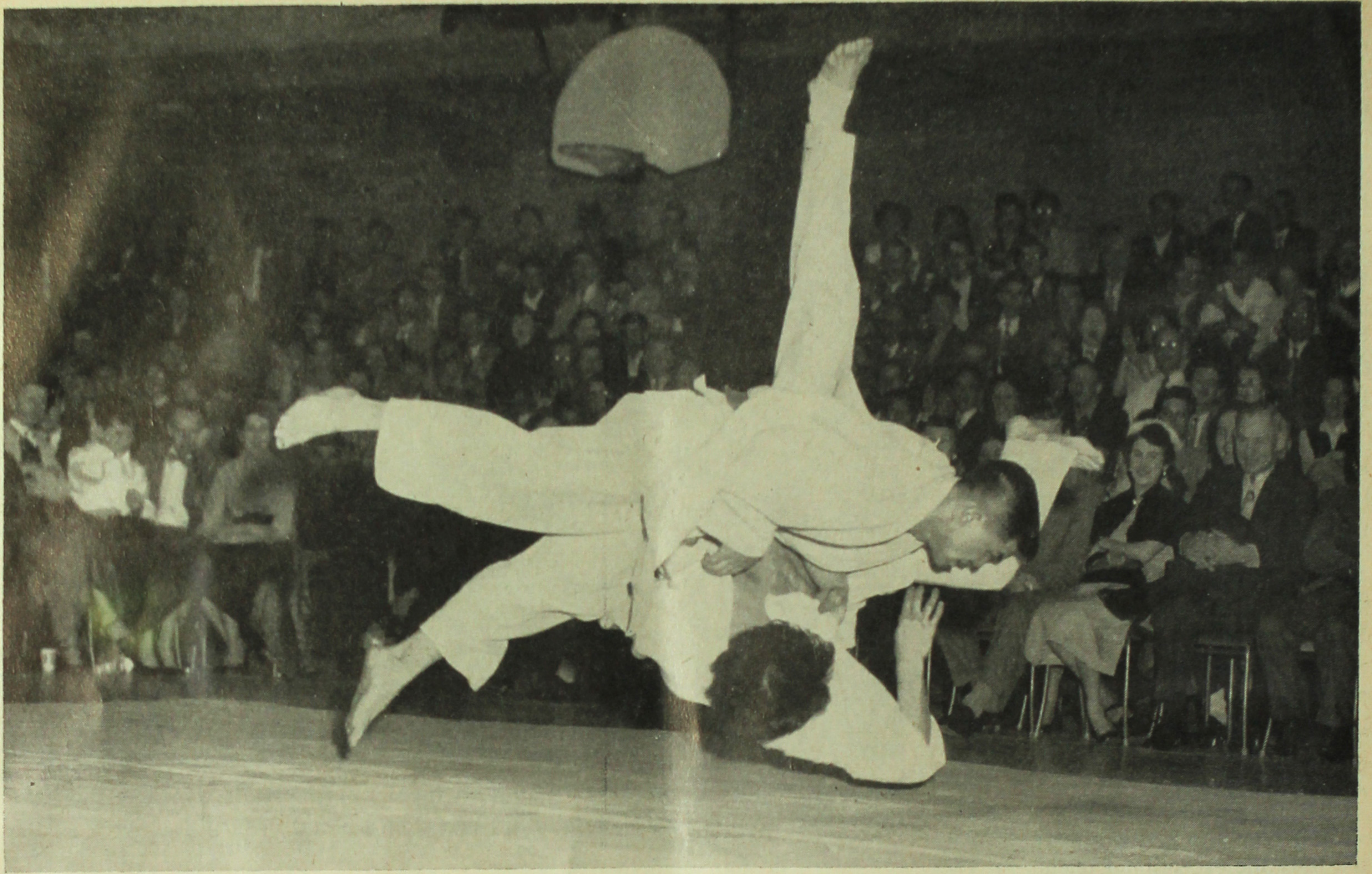
showed others how, until they themselves became adept enough to sell them in Los Angeles stores.

His soft-spoken manner belies a sense of humor that is communicated to his

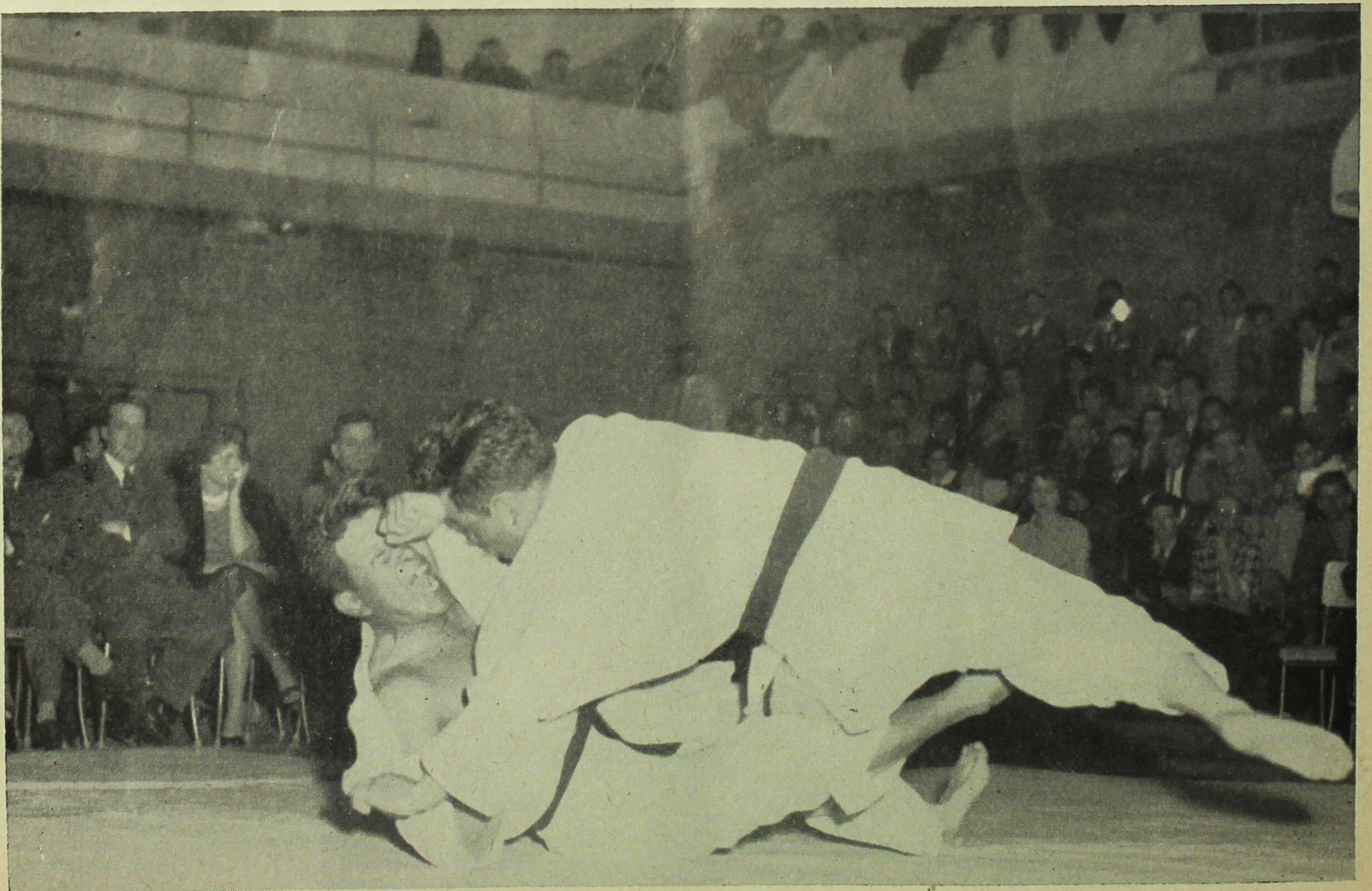
animated toys and puppets. The expressions of his toy pieces are enough to set one smiling by just looking at them. His talents are an asset to a whole nation which can use a good wholesome laugh these days.



The pliable plastic materials are swirled into Centaur molds. Molds give shape to these Chang toys. The rubber-like toys are removed after formation by simple snipping of scissors.



AND AWAY WE GO! These are moments Judo spectators live for. Shots taken at Canadian Championship Tournament.



Photos by Tom Nobuoka



CHAMPS OF ALL CANADA: the Toronto Kidokwan Club. Left (back row): Mits Kamino, Toru Tsuji, Stan Kiner; (front row) Capt. Kyoji Sakaguchi, Terry Tsuji.

"Aie! Tat-ta-ta-tow!"

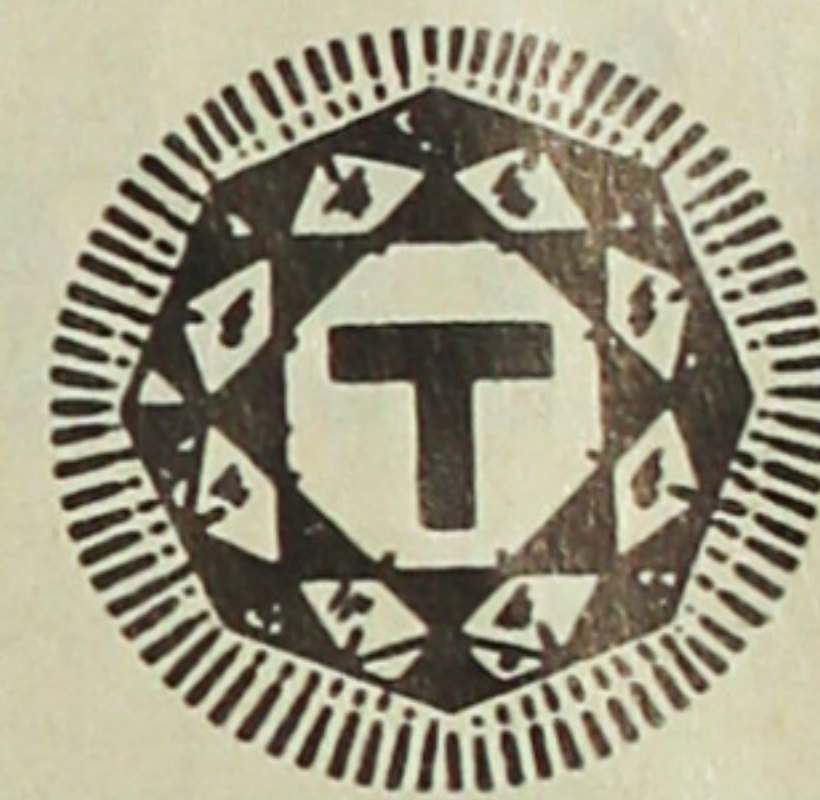
By Frank Moritsugu

What's so special about *Judo* that has enthusiasts clamoring for more SCENE news and pictures (even though SCENE gives *Judo* a play several times a year)? There *is* something about a sport in which a good little man can beat a *good* big man, and do it in a way that shocks the senses with an electrifying jolt!

Judo spectators stop breathing when they hear the sudden shout, "Aie . . .!" or "Tat-ta-ta-tow!" as the smaller man gets his opponent off balance and moves into the throw. There's a fast swirling of arms and legs and flapping *judo* clothes. Then the climax: a crashing thud-and-slap as the loser hits the mat.

Such a throw decided the Eastern Canada *Judo* Team Championships in Toronto, Ontario earlier this year.

The Toronto Kidokwan and Hamilton Ontario squads were snagged in a draw. A 3 minute sudden-death contest was to break the tie. The chosen representatives: Jack Wakabayashi for Hamilton, and Toronto's Mits Kamino, 20 pounds lighter, 4 inches shorter. Two of the three minutes went furiously by, an audience of more than 800 hanging on to every move. Then the smaller Kamino connected—a left shoulder throw. Wakabayashi flew! Spectators shook the walls, cheering and clapping, letting loose their pent-up feelings in a pandemonium.



TOWARI

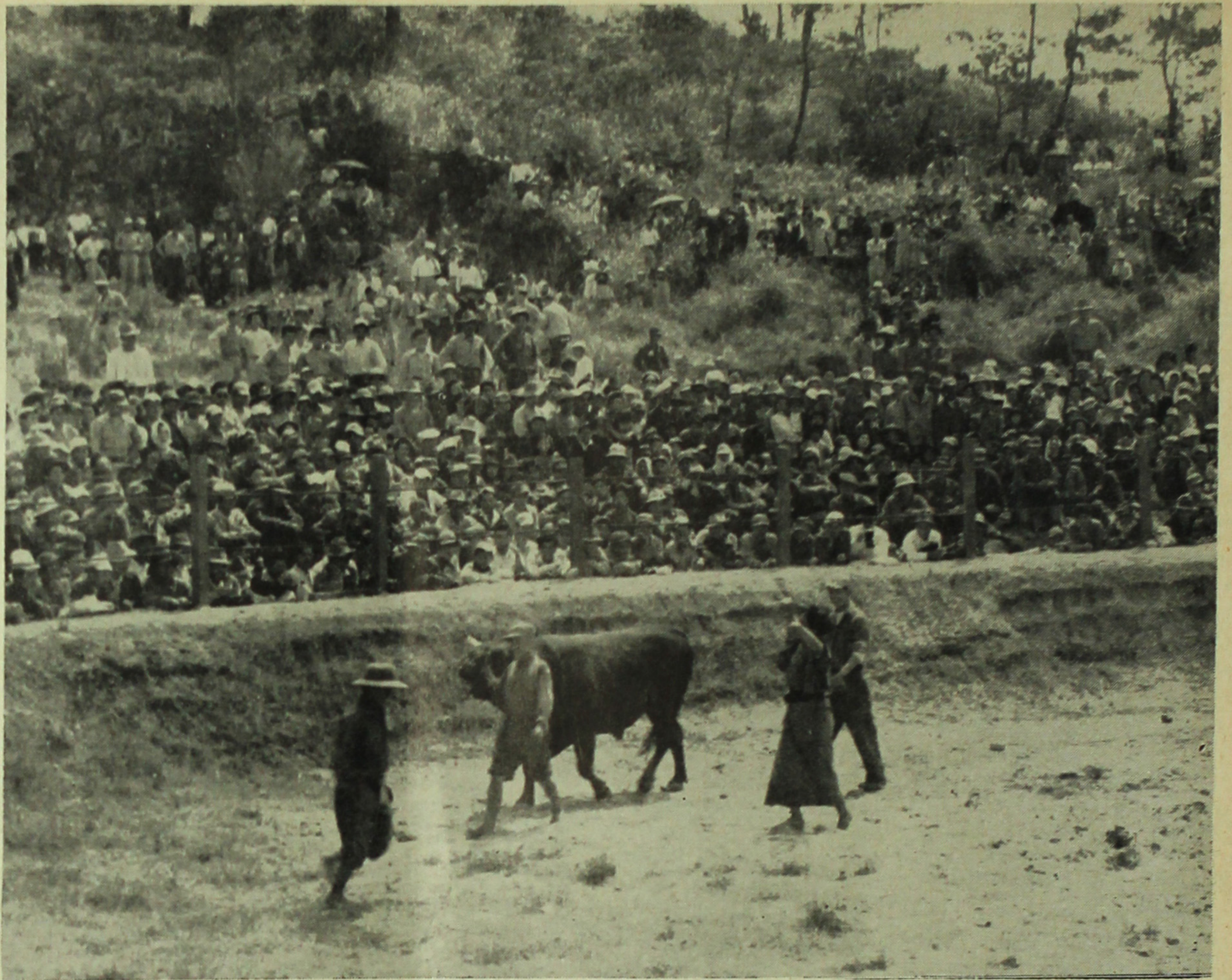
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1500 POUND BULLS butt, snort, charge each other to amuse Okinawans.

Okinawa's Brave Bulls

By Major James E. Paley

AMERICAN soldiers, now stationed in far-away places, meet many different peoples, see many different customs. All that they take in with their friendly interlopers' eyes is a constant source of wonder and surprise.

For example, a soldier stationed in Okinawa can witness a lot of things he would never see anywhere else, and one of the strangest sights of all is the local version of bull-fighting.

Unlike the more familiar Latin style of bull-fighting, which features the dashing matador showing his graceful agility in avoiding the horns, the Oki-

nawa version is a contest between two specially trained and equally matched Brahma-type fighting bulls.

These fights are not as bloody as the ones that bring out the crowds in Madrid and Mexico City. Sometimes the bulls get hurt, but they are rarely killed. A consistent loser will either be retired for breeding and work, or end up as the entree at somebody's dinner table.

Preliminary matches are held in the four main groups of the Ryukyu islands, which extend from Japan to Formosa. The winners of these local competitions are brought to the big tournament in Okinawa.

The whole thing is conducted under strict rules and codes set down by a national association. Matching two bulls for a fight is a matter that must be decided by the association. Its decision is based on a careful study of the ages, abilities and experience of the two contestants. This not only insures a good fight, but helps to keep up the interest of the fans.

The fight itself may last anywhere from five minutes to an hour, and is held against a colorful background of bright native costumes. And the bulls get a lot of cheering and noisy advice from the spectators.

If the animals represent different vil-



HANDLERS GUIDE and control bulls by means of a rope; they know every trick of sport. Fight is over when a bull quits.

lages, these villages will declare a holiday so that the local citizens may go forth and root for their entry. And trucks displaying gaily colored banners describing the qualities of the fighting bulls will tour neighboring villages to advertise the match.

The black Brahma bulls weigh about 1,500 pounds each, and are specially bred for fighting. They get expert care and individual diets. The same type of bull, famed for its ferocity, is used in American rodeos.

The bulls come into the arena with their handlers. These handlers guide and control their bulls by means of a rope, and they know every trick of the sport. The belligerent bulls butt and pound each other with their heads. The handlers keep the combatants facing each other so that there won't be any goring of the animals' flanks. The fight is over when one of the bulls turns tail and runs.

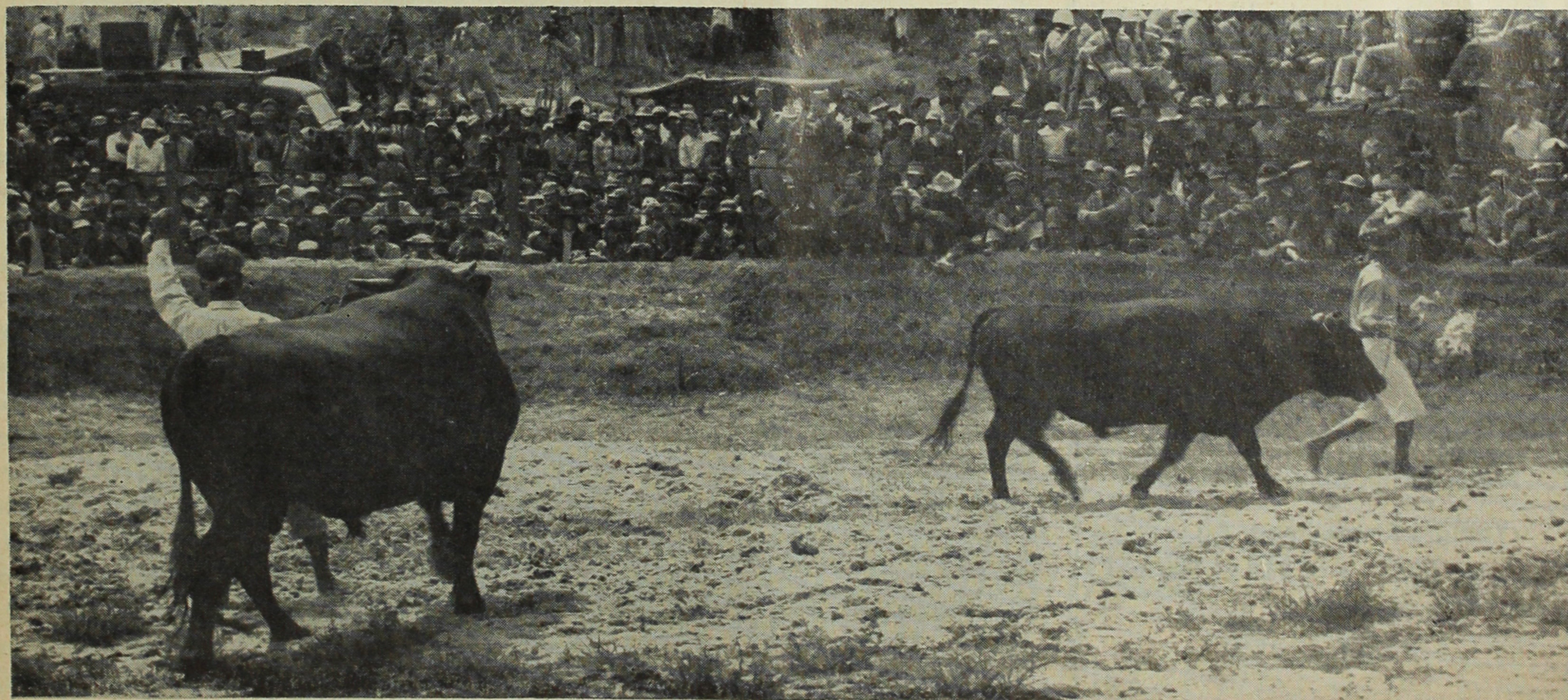
Between their head-on collisions, the bulls paw the ground and bellow with

rage while straining to throw each other off balance and force a retreat. They present a formidable picture.

When one bull finally quits, he is quietly led away while the victor is paraded around the arena in a triumphal march. The winner's supporters jump into the arena, go into a victory dance and chant out the virtues of their four-legged hero.

No part of the sport may be as elaborately ritualistic as its Latin counterpart, but it's still quite a show.

NOT AS GORY as bull fighting is in Latin countries, the defeated bull often leaves arena with only his pride injured.



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LIKE JIGGERS of whiskey, each Optimist Club keeps its spirit jacked up with a jester. Highland Park unit has one in Herman "Curley" Cohen in background.

Photos by Roy Hoshizaki

"To Be So Strong"

THE EBULLIENT good fellowship spirit, bursting within the Optimist Club's Creed, has come to Los Angeles' First and San Pedro Streets where the Japanese American Optimist Club of Los Angeles was chartered in May.

The Club set a new national record with 97 Charter members, all of whom are currently trying to memorize a 157-word-creed which begins: "To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind"; and closes: "(to be) too happy to permit the presence of trouble."



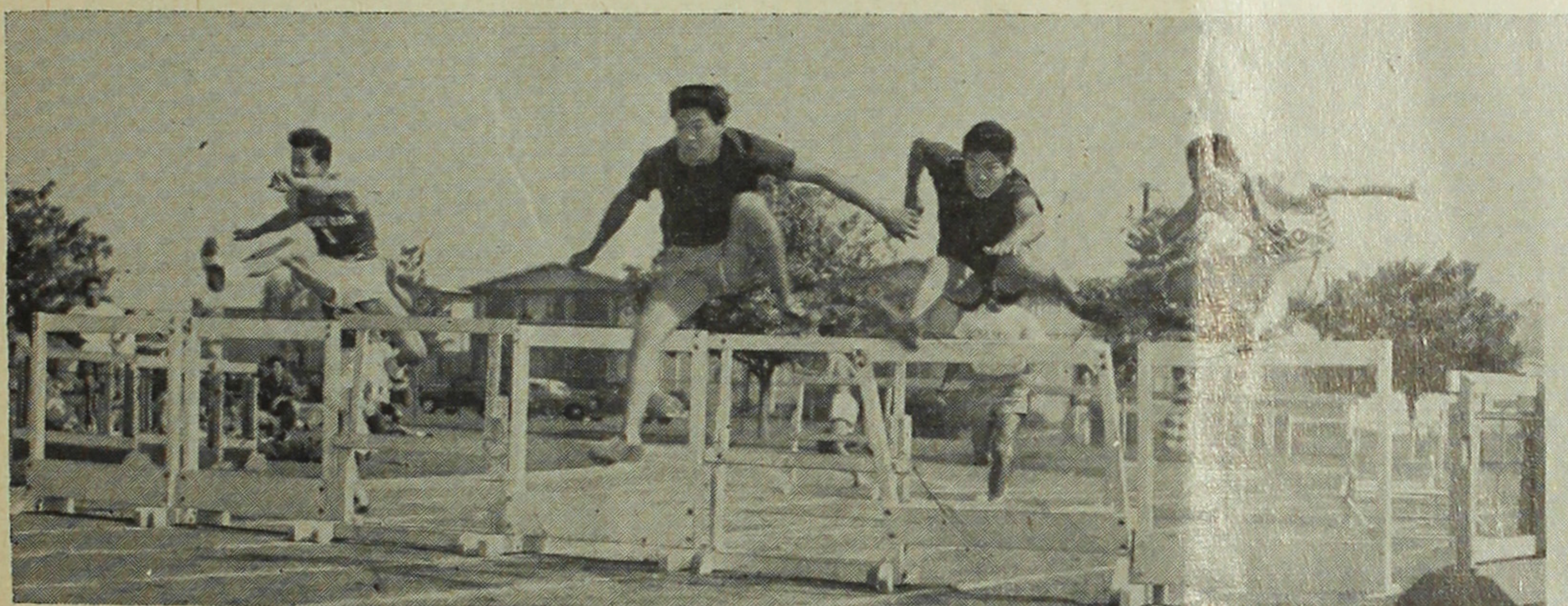
CLUB GOT start from the Highland Park unit, led by J. Kingham (left), presenting gavel to President E. Tanabe. Municipal Judge J. Aiso (next) emceed Charter ceremonies. Japanese Consul General S. Hogen holds membership charter with L. E. McKee, 14th Dist. Governor; Field Secretary A. J. Primeaux grins Optimistic smile.



"CURLEY" COHEN's counterpart in Japanese American Optimist Club is irreplaceable Real Estater F. Suzukida. Highland Park members like chopsticks.

optimists aid west coast relays

Photos by Aki Komai
courtesy Rafu Shimpo

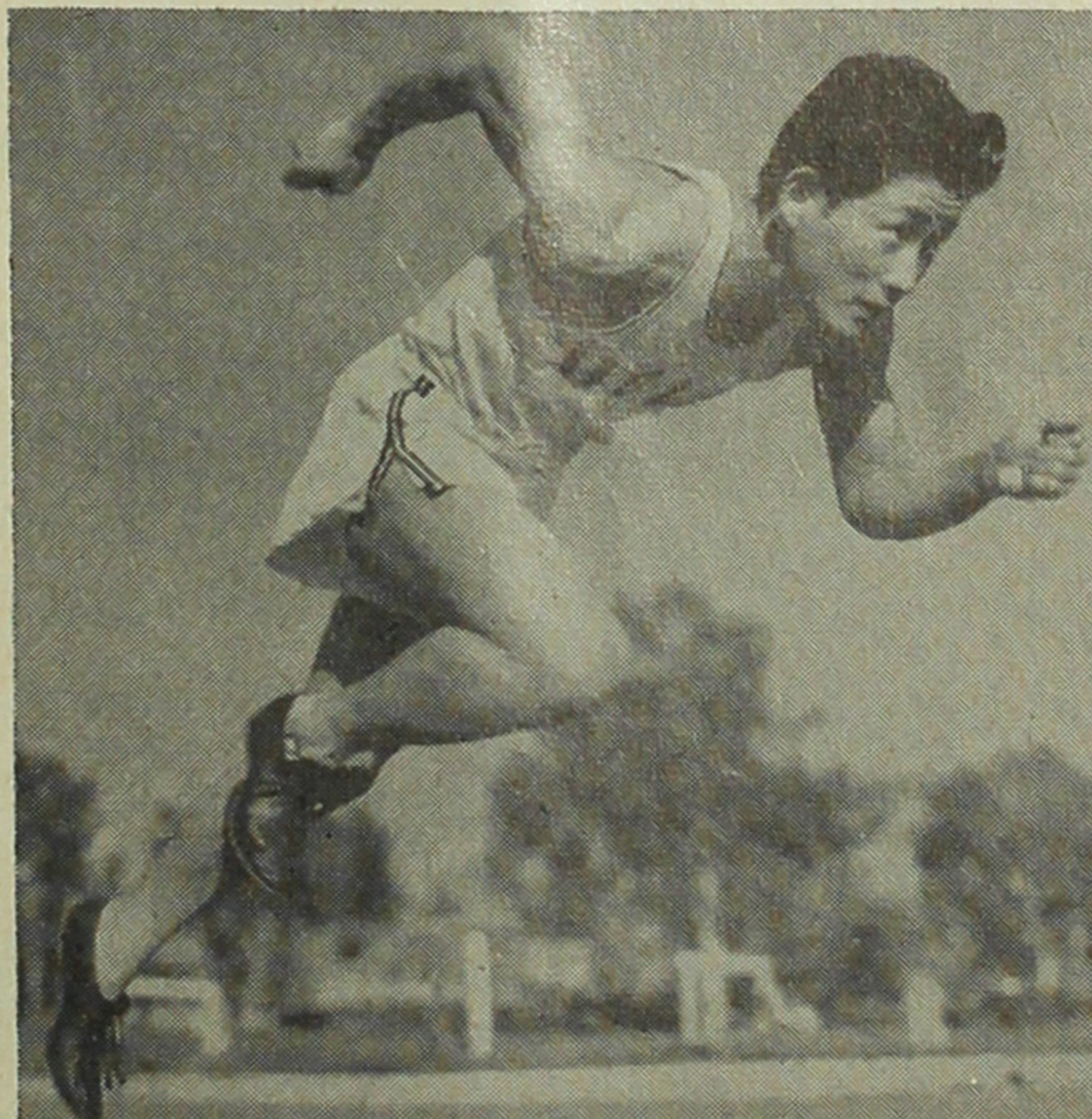


MORE THAN 90 competitors from all over California will seek Optimist medals in 3rd annual JACL meet.

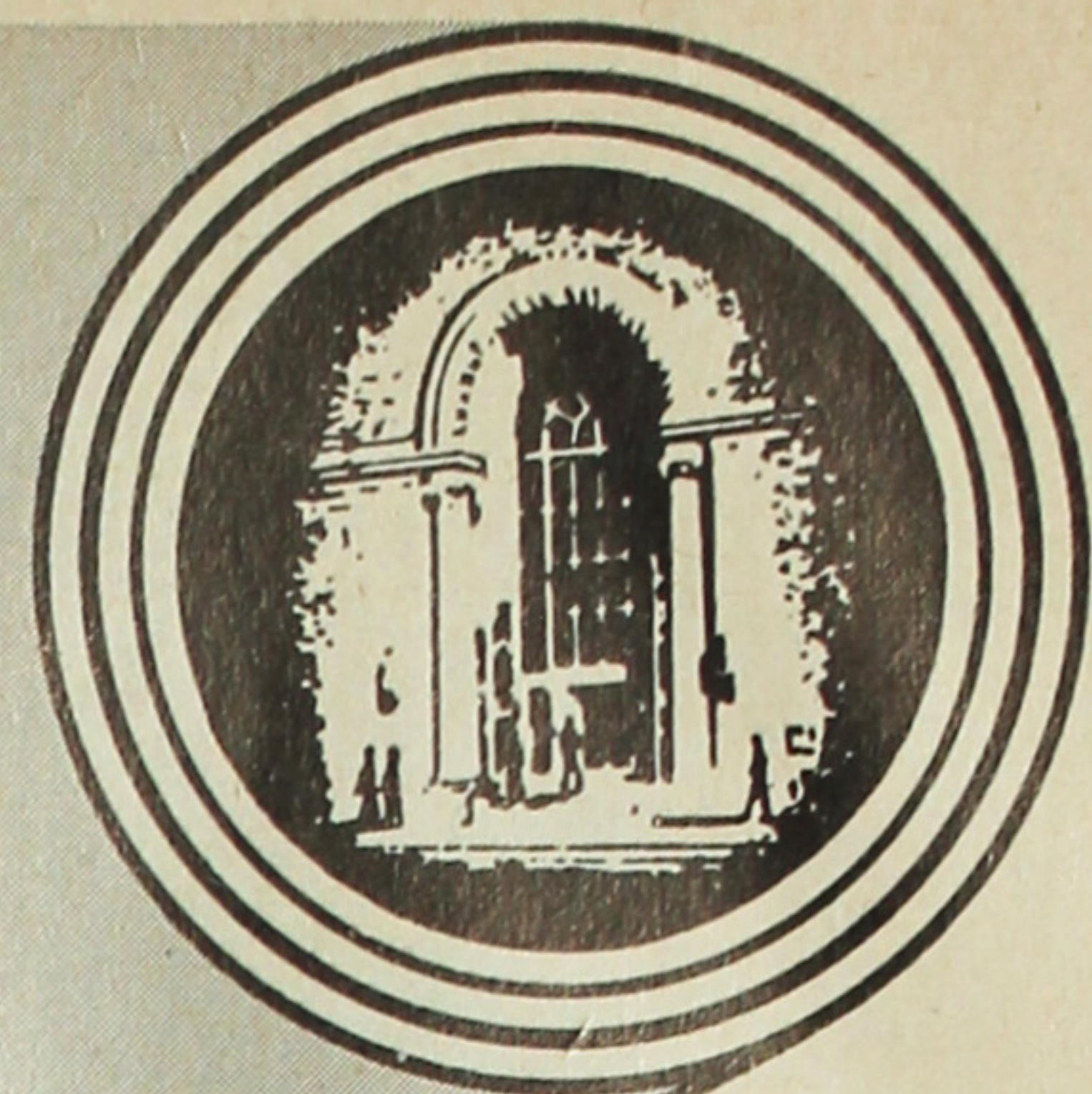
"Friend of the Boy" is Optimist Club slogan. First project selected: Junior Division medals for winners of Japanese American Citizens League's third annual West Coast relays on July 11 in Los Angeles Rancho La Cienega Stadium.

Team trophy will be given by Rafu Shimpo; Individual trophy by Town Hub club.

Track meets of this sort were once the province of Japanese language schools. Today, as evidence of changing years, they are JACL-sponsored.



COACHING TIPS by speedster Bob Watanabe will improve performances.



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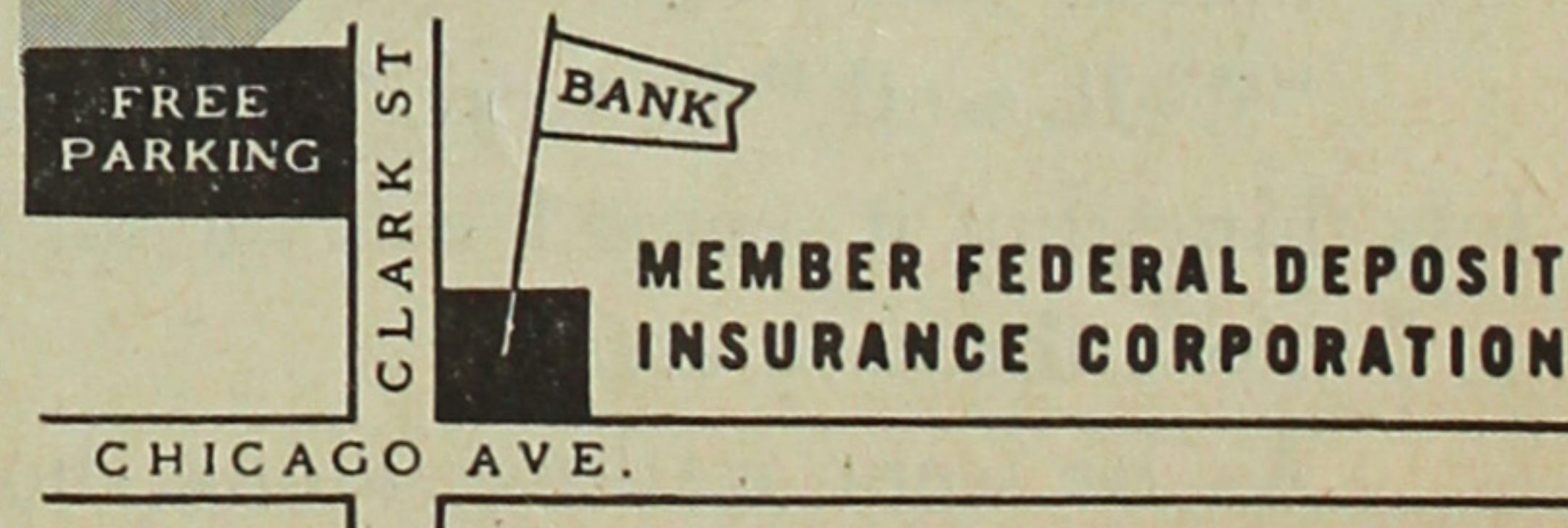
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"WHAT A PEST!" the young villager said. "I'll show this dragon not to bother me!" So he caught the dragonfly.

a tale from Japan

From a Straw To Riches

*Retold by Tamizo Shibano
Pictures by Yoshisuke Kurosaki*

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a young man named Shobei who lived in a certain farm village in Japan.

One day on his way home from working in the fields he tripped on a stone and tumbled over and over on the ground. When he stopped tumbling he discovered that he had caught a piece of straw up in his hand.

"Well, well," he said, "a piece of straw is a worthless thing, but it seems I was meant to pick this one up, so I won't throw it away."

As he went walking along, holding the straw in

his hand, a dragon-fly came flying in circles around his head.

"What a pest!" he said. "I'll show this dragon-fly not to bother me!" So he caught the dragon-fly and tied the straw around its tail.

He went on walking, holding the dragon-fly, and presently met a woman walking with her little boy.

When the little boy saw the dragon-fly, he wanted it very badly. "Mother, please get me that dragon-fly," he said. "Please, please, PLEASE!"

"Here, little boy, I'll give you the dragon-fly," Shobei said, handing the boy the straw.

To express her appreciation, the boy's mother

"MOTHER, please get me that dragon-fly," he said. "Please, please, PLEASE!"



gave Shobei three of the oranges she was carrying.

Shobei thanked her and went on his way. Before long he met a peddler who was so thirsty that he was almost fainting.

There was no water anywhere near. Shobei felt

very sorry for the peddler and gave him all the oranges, so he could drink the juice.

The peddler was very grateful, and in exchange he gave Shobei three pieces of cloth.

Shobei went on his way, carrying the cloth, and



BEFORE LONG, he met a peddler so thirsty that he was almost fainting.



"OH, WHAT a pretty cloth you have there. Please let me have it."

met a princess riding in a fine carriage guarded by many attendants.

The princess looked out of the carriage at Shobei and said, "Oh, what pretty cloth you have there. Please let me have it."

Shobei gave the princess the cloth and, to thank him, she gave him a large sum of money.

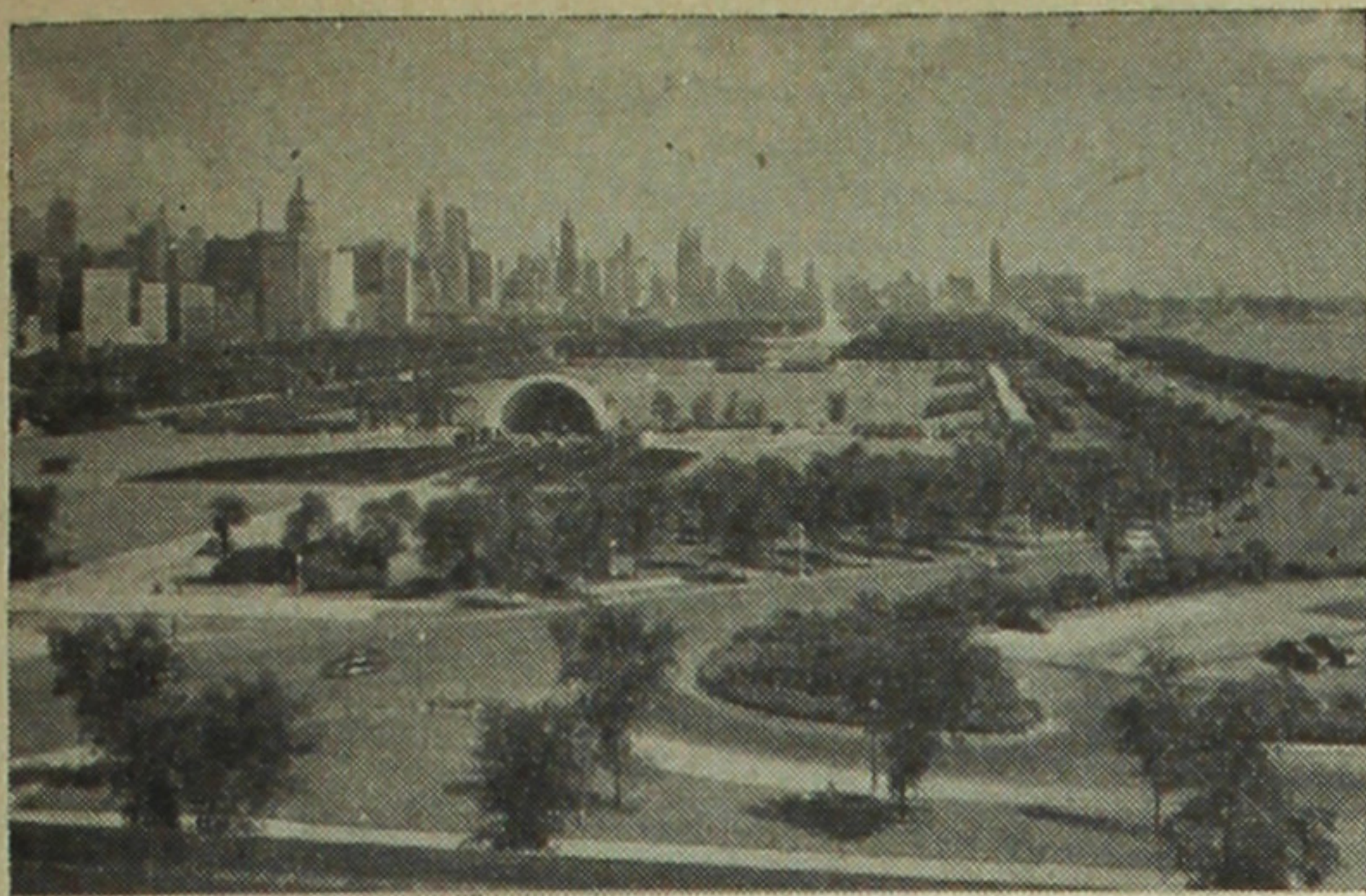
Shobei took the money and bought many fields with it. He divided the fields up among the people of his village. Thus everyone had a piece of land of his own. They all worked very hard in their fields. The village became very prosperous and many new barns and storehouses were built. Everyone was amazed when they remembered that all this wealth came from the little straw which Shobei had happened to pick up.

Shobei became the most important man in the village. Everyone respected him greatly. And as long as he lived they all called him "Mr. Lucky Straw."

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

EVERYONE had a piece of land of his own. They all worked very hard in their fields.





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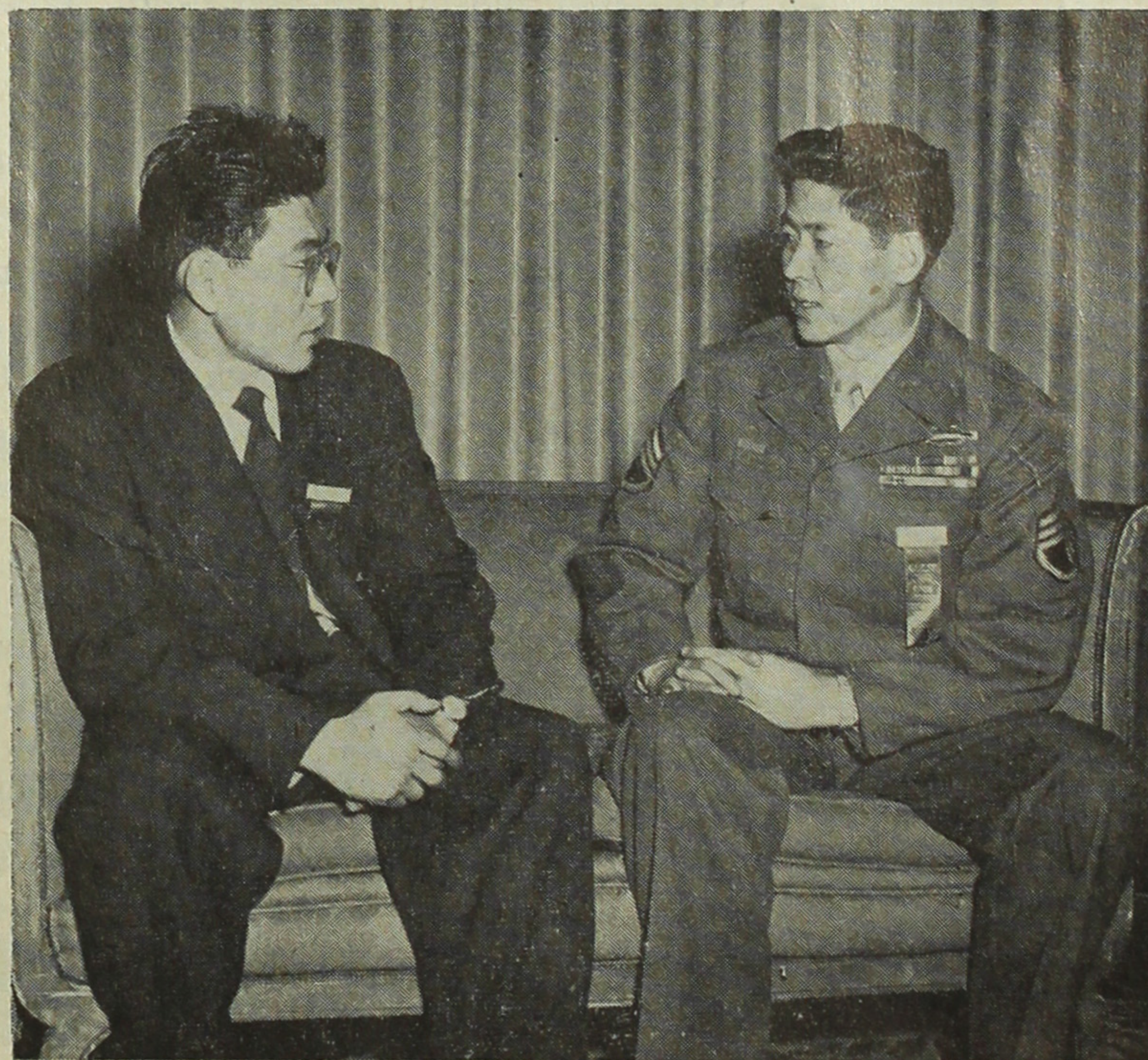
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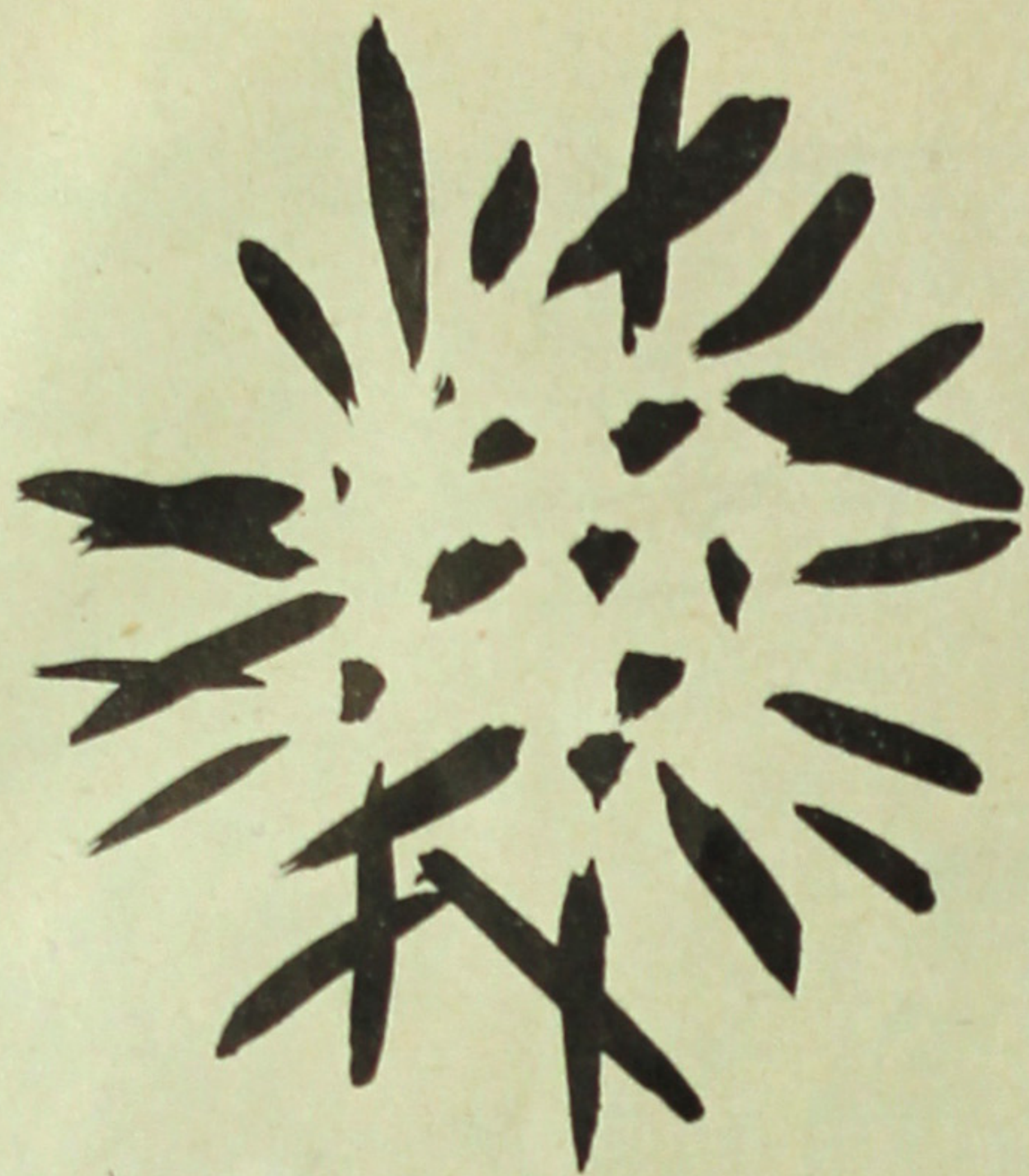
Honors for Hersh



TWENTY TWO Chicago organizations joined to honor Medal of Honor winner, Sgt. Hiroshi Miyamura at the Morrison Hotel, April 15—another in the succession of awards to the modest and valiant hero of the Korean War. Left to right: Joseph McCarthy (not the Wisconsin Senator), representing Chicago Mayor Kennelly, Sgt. Miyamura, Shig Wakamatsu, Noboru Honda, and Capt. Willard Chambers of the Fifth Army.



A MOMENT like this was impossible to visualize two years ago by these two: Cpl. Ray Hikida (33 months) and Sgt. Hiroshi Miyamura were Korean POWs.



ITS APPEARANCE
IS THAT OF A NIGHTINGALE
BUT IT'S A WREN!

—haiku

“Liver Teriyaki”



By Mary Serisawa

“Teriyaki” in Japanese means to glaze or broil. Usually equal amounts of sugar, soy sauce, *mirin* or *sake* are used in making this sauce for meat, chicken, turkey, rabbit, or seafoods. The sauce thickens as it cooks, giving your food a beautiful rich brown glaze and most heavenly flavor.

I may sound rather fussy, but I’m not really! However, a small “shina” *nabe* or a Chinese *wak* is excellent to cook with. Believe it or not, most of my meals are prepared with the *wak*, because you can “control” cooking of each slice of meat. It is made of iron and shaped very much like our wooden salad bowl with a handle at each side. Both utensils, made in China or Japan, come in several sizes and are available in most Oriental food stores. It’s very nice, too, if you can find one with a pouring spout. Because of its shape, nothing you are cooking can splatter—a wonderful help to a clean kitchen!

A “must” with this pan is a pair of

long thick chopsticks, tied together at one end. You know why? They are by far faster, more sensitive to use than any modern implement. If you fail with these, don’t worry, for forks are always handy.

Just for fun, I thought you’d like to try nutritious “Liver Teriyaki,” instead of the beef. At last, the recipe!

“Liver Teriyaki”

1 pound baby beef liver $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick

2 tbs. sugar, granulated

2 tbs. soy sauce (use imported Japanese brand)

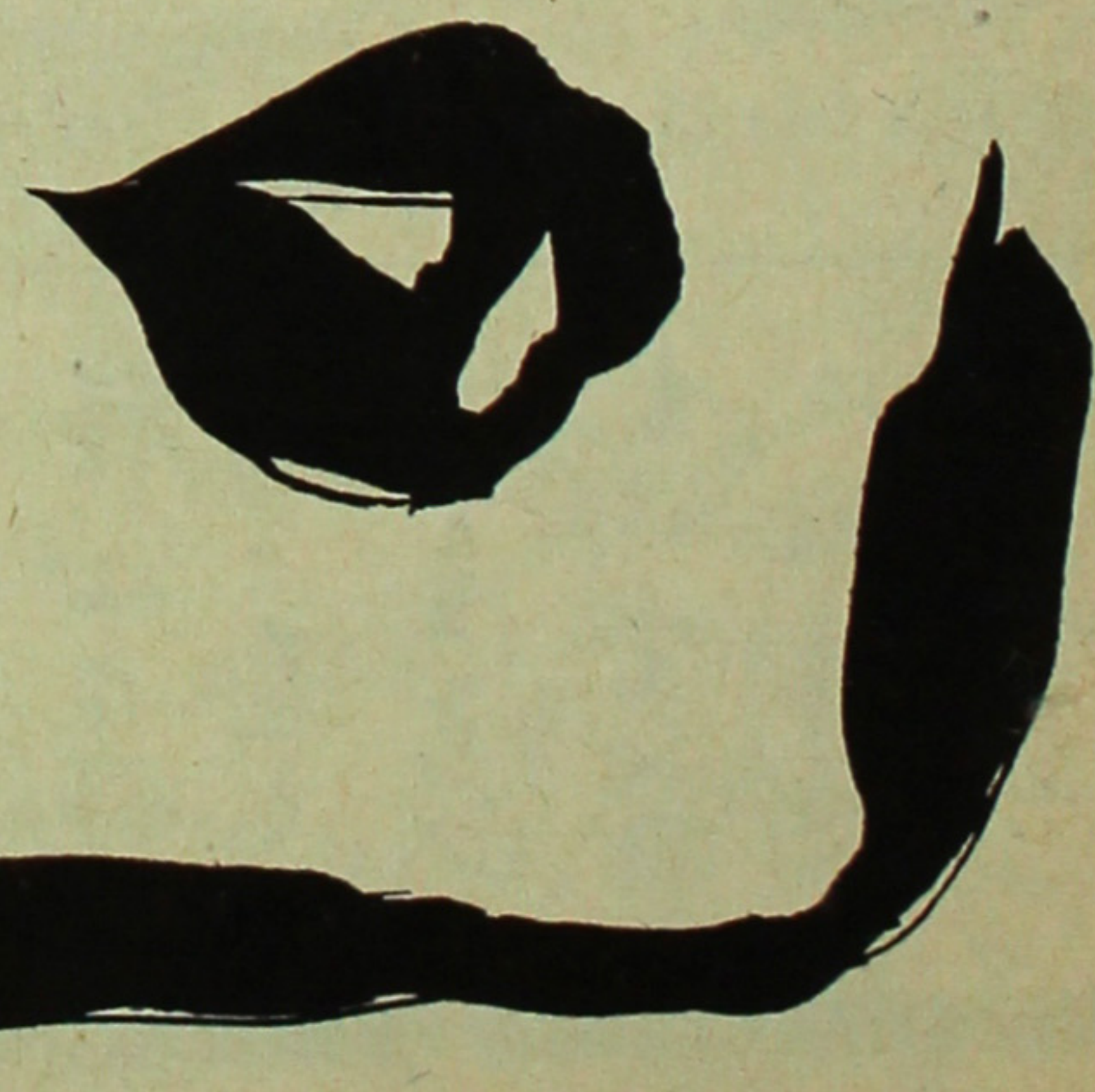
1 tbs. Sake or Sauterne (optional)

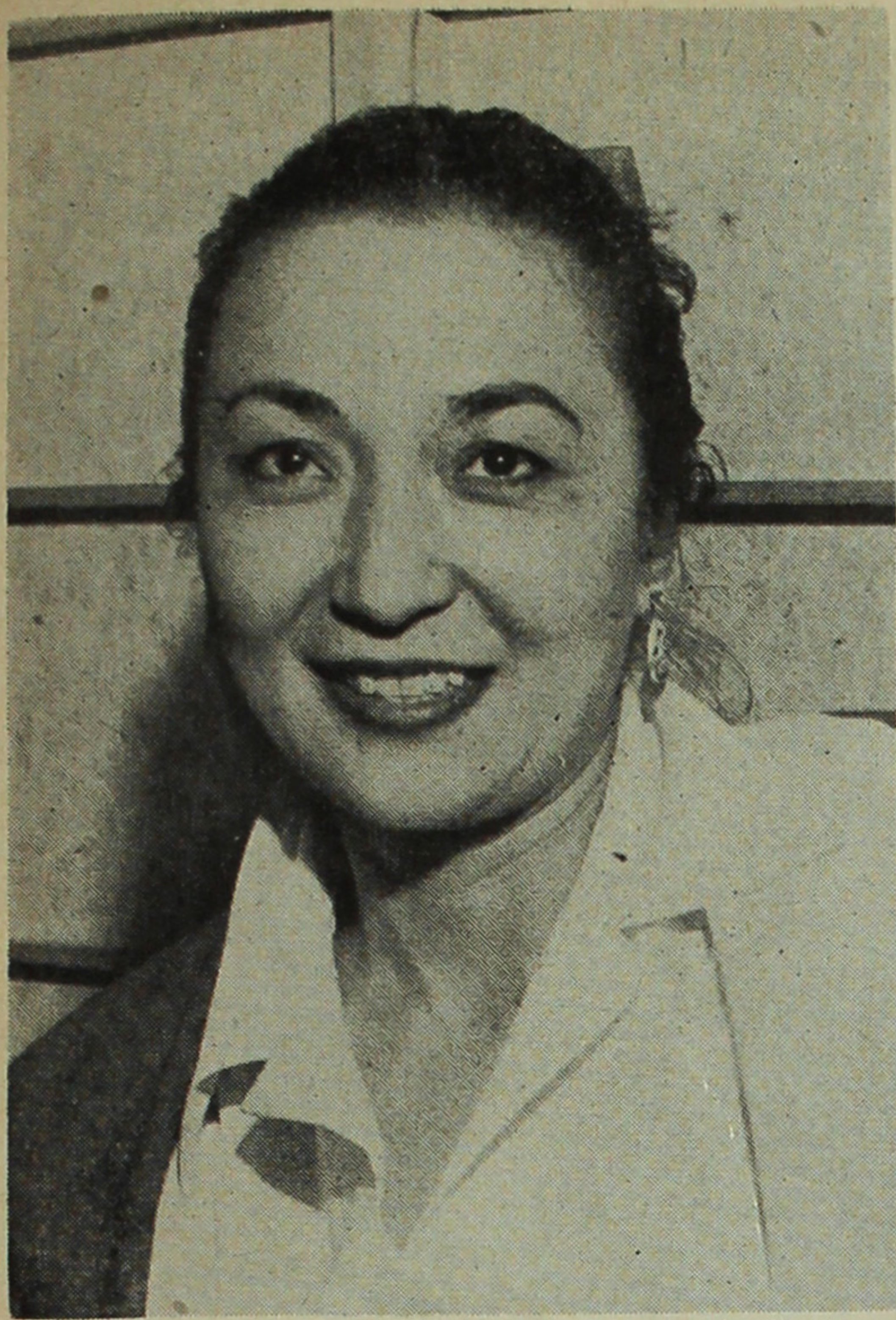
small clove garlic, or $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. fresh ginger

Remove skin and tough parts. Cut in oblong slices. Fry in hot *wak* with 1 tbs. butter or peanut oil. Lay slices of liver on sides of pan. Fry until lightly browned on both sides. Add chopped garlic or grated ginger. Add sugar and soy sauce. Cook gently until sauce thickens. Remove slices to platter. Garnish with

Menu

Sweet Chestnut Rice*
Japanese Mushroom Soup
Liver Teriyaki
Fresh cucumber salad
Strawberries,
honey and sour cream
Tea or coffee





Mary Serisawa
 "an unimaginable pale pink"

leaves, curled orange slices, or radish flowers. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon roasted sand-colored sesame seeds.

P. S.: Don't tell anyone it's liver!

And now for Sweet Chestnut Rice!

1 pound French chestnuts (if unobtainable fresh, use canned unsweetened ones packed in water —from Formosa.)

2 cups rice (fresh bulk rice, if possible)

1½ tbs. sugar

1 tsp. salt

¼ cup Sake

Wash rice thoroughly, until water is clear. The native way to measure correct amount of water is to dip your middle finger into the water lightly touching the top of the rice. Add enough water to cover *first* joint. Simple? Soak rice at least 10 minutes before cooking; 2 to 4 hours if time permits. If you do this, you'll be rewarded, I assure you! (If you use fresh chestnuts, cook in boiling salted water 25 minutes. Plunge in cold water. Squeeze gently with fingers. Cut in half and scoop out sweet part.) Add to rice chestnuts, seasonings, and mix well. Cook over medium flame in tightly covered 1½ to 2 quart aluminum pan. When cover starts "dancing", (about 6-8 minutes) turn heat down low

as possible. Place asbestos pad beneath pan; steam undisturbed for 15 minutes. Mix lightly with dampened wooden paddle—the Japanese *shamoji*. Pile lightly in moistened bowl. Garnish as desired. You will love the color of this rice when cooked, for it is an unimaginable pale pink color!

You'll like this simple exquisite "Japanese Mushroom Soup!"

1 cup fresh mushrooms (½ package)

4 cups water

1 tsp. Ajinomoto

(monosodium glutamate)

¾ - 1 tsp. salt

1 tbs. soy sauce

Soak mushrooms in salt water 5 minutes. Wash thoroughly but gently. Cut off thin slice from each stem end to remove sand. Slice and add to water in saucepan. Cover. Bring to boil; quickly add seasoning and stir. Turn off heat. Serve immediately. Add small sprig of watercress or spinach, or thin-sliced green onions and tiny sliver of lemon peel. Doesn't this sound poetic? Serve in small, most beautiful lacquered or porcelain bowls, preferably with lid.

Partaking of Japanese food is a most aesthetic experience. To fully enjoy both soups and rice, one must remember to lift the bowl from the table so the senses can respond to their delicate aroma and flavor.

Next month, "Polynesian Spareribs."



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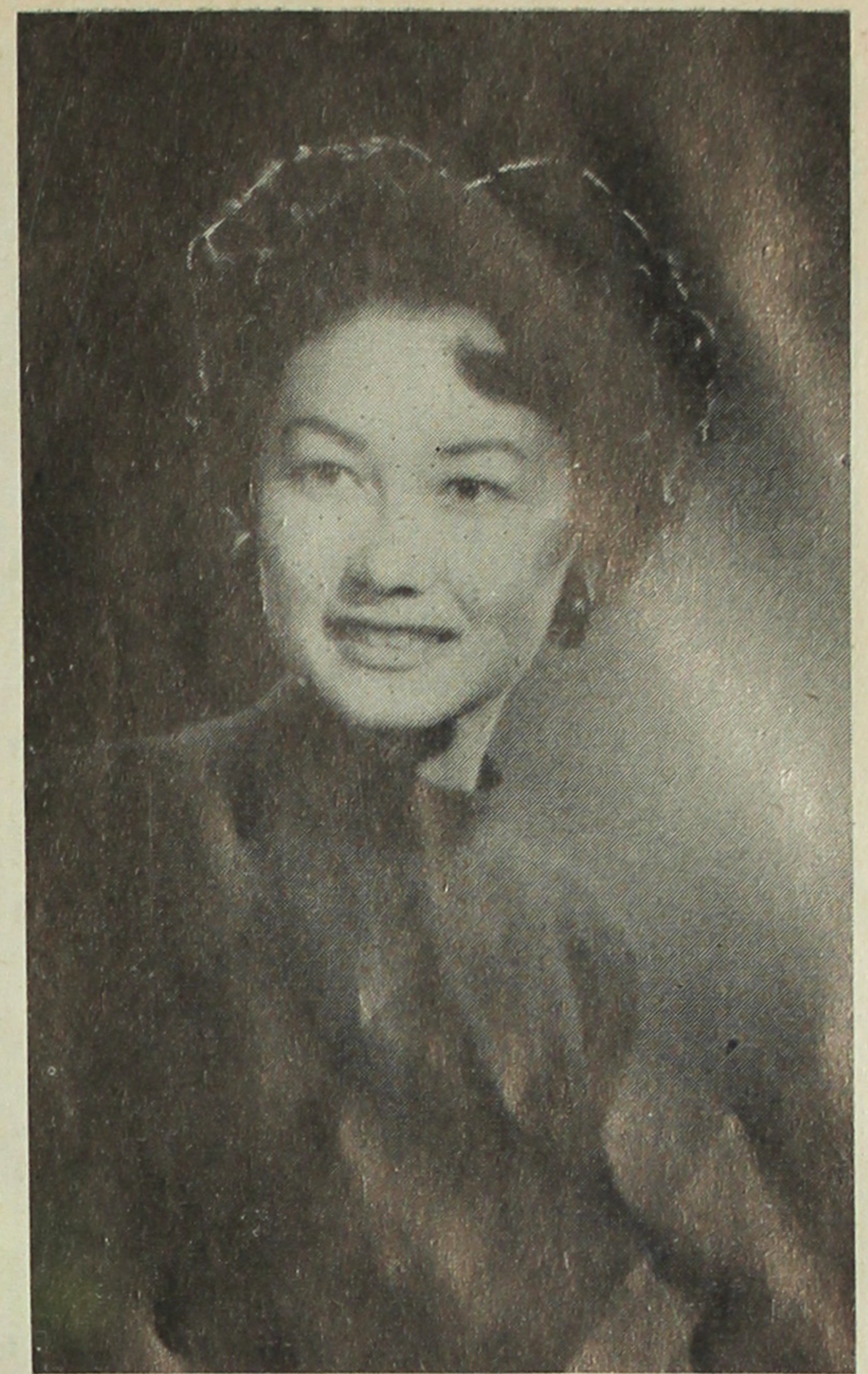
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PORTRAITS

by Roy Hoshizaki

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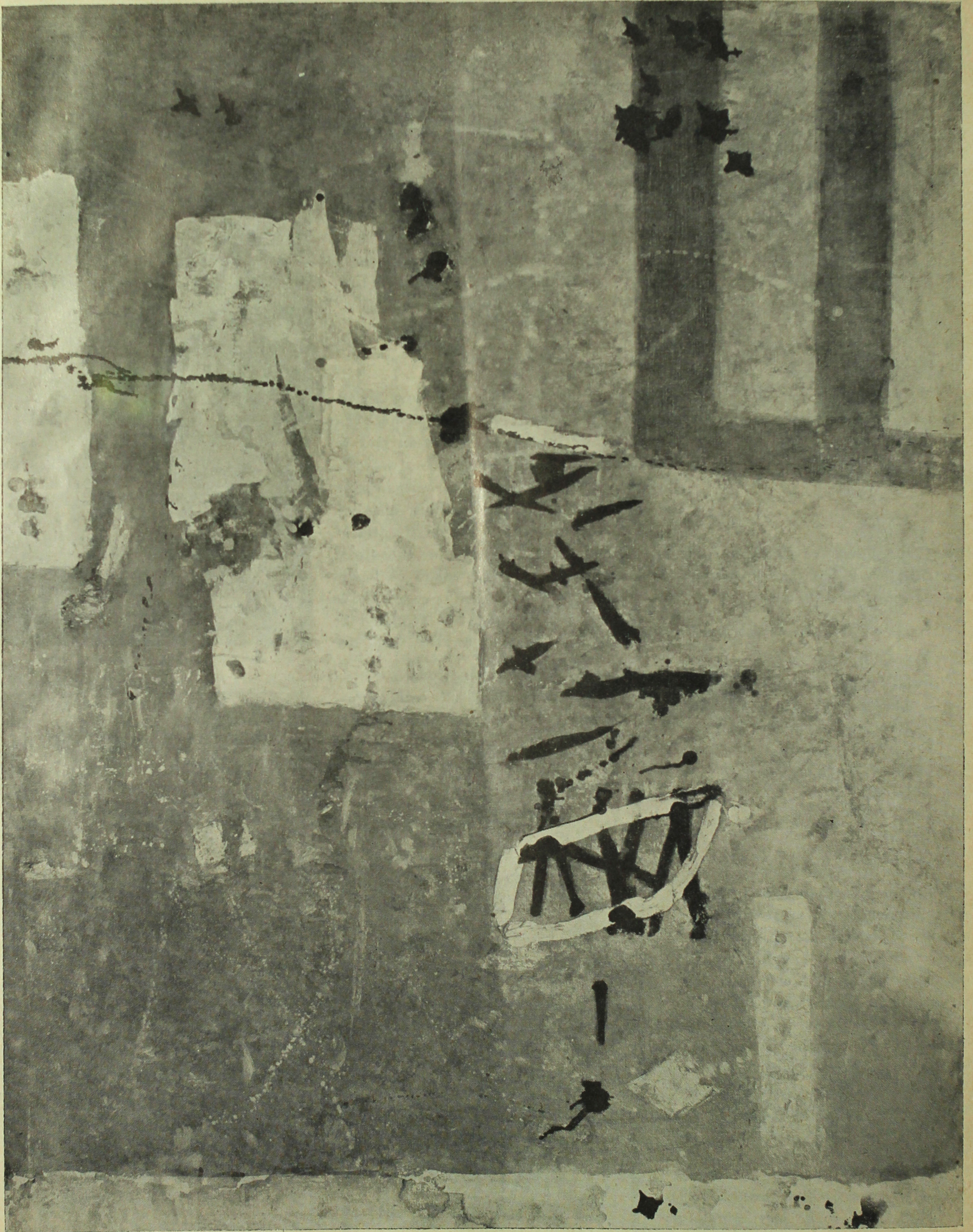
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- 7—Hawaiian, Roberta McFarline
- 8—Korean, Barbara Kim
- 9—Chinese, Rowena Sue



Painter Okada's "Number 23" is an example of his search for original free expression independent of word symbols.



WIFE KIMI and Okada take impish delight in surprising U. S. friends with incredibly tiny, beautiful seashells picked from the beaches of Japan.

Kenzo Okada: Intuitive Painter

By Josephine Sakurai

IN HIS NEW YORK apartment, Kenzo Okada, a highly adventuresome painter from Japan, was smiling as he placed a large, flat unpainted wooden box in front of me on the low table around which he, his wife and I were seated. Wonderingly, I lifted the cover and gasped at glittering multi-colored, gem-like shells on a jeweler's cotton. They were the most extraordinarily beautiful shells I'd ever seen.

Okada and his wife, Kimi, laughed at my surprise.

Some of the shells had flower-petal delicacy, barely large enough to hold a drop of dew. One small shell—a closed one—proved tempting. I touched it lightly; the cover came off—to reveal a tiny seed pearl! The compounded astonishment on my face set the Okadas to laughter again.

The Painter Okada in the style of his paintings led me, the viewer, to discover for myself the intrinsic beauties of the objects. These particular shells, he told me, were picked from the beach at the southern-most end of the Kyushu Island.

"Shells like these are usually found only one month in the year. It's according to the season—as the swallows fly," he said.

In short, to get the right qualities, one has to be in the right place at the right time.

Kenzo Okada's paintings take one to an original realm of artistic expression. He had his first one-man show in

JAPAN'S 6 year-old-child phenomenon Haruo Shimada studied under Okada. LIFE ran story on child prodigy.





ARTISTS of Japan are constantly engaged in sharp earnest conversations about Western Art.

this country last year at the internationally known Betty Parsons' Gallery of New York. New York Times' art critic, Stuart Preston, observed:

"Once accustomed to the strange new pictorial world that Okada opens up, the spectator finds it acceptable and, in its own way, beautiful . . . it bears two of traditional art's most valid credentials—magic of color and richness of paint handling . . ."

In that showing, I was especially interested in his large (6 feet by 4½ feet) canvas, entitled simply: "Number 3." (The gallery people referred to it as the "blue one" for obvious reasons.) The artist might have invented some imposing title such as "Flight Into the Infinite", but Okada's search for original, free expression is independent of word symbols or influences other than the pictorial. His large canvasses are not even framed.

As critic Preston said, seeing these pictures takes a bit of adjusting. At first, of "Number 3", I could make little meaning, if any, in the capricious spots scattered about. I held off on an "analysis" so that I could first comfortably enjoy the colors and the ingenious arrangements. On my *fourth* trip back to "Number 3", my thoughts began to take shape.

Many more colors in "Number 3" underlie the major busy blue on the surface. These take on a subtle, warm, pink glow underneath, and there is a rippling orchid hue under a fish-like shape that seems to be nosing it way out of the picture to the left. Then, I became aware that the seemingly wayward splashed about spots, the rectangles and lines all function politely as counterforces; they draw one's eyes back to the center of the picture, as they might drift away in the westerly direction of the fish-shape.

The content of the picture is described as "intuitive" painting. Painter Okada says in his quiet (sometimes mixed up English): "If too much deliberateness, intuitive painting is spoiled. How to get rid of artificial conceptions and free the

imagination is one of my work. Like food I must eat, sometimes delicious, sometimes not; sometimes without anything. If I say, it is very good for my nutrition, to take vitamin A or B, this is a conception. If I need Vitamin C medicine, but eat fresh oranges it is better."

The results have been well-received by New York art critics. The New York Herald Tribune said that Okada's work are "highly imaginative in flavor . . . restraint marks this work, and a quietude typical of a poetic philosophical mind (which) is yet instinctive with a Japanese contemporary personality."

Kenzo Okada, though he travels uncharted ways, has had sound preparation. He studied in Paris for 3 years, 1924-1927, and exhibited many one-man shows in Tokyo's Nichido Gallery. He is a member of Nikakai, the largest association of modern artists in Japan. He has won numerous prizes in Japan and a Critic's Award. He taught painting too. In August, 1950 he came to New York and had his first show this season. The New Yorker magazine appraised: "certainly he (Okada) shows a technical command of his medium that goes with complete maturity."

Okada feels that he may accomplish new goals for himself in the United States because he can release himself more easily from the restraints of "certain antiquities." In the words of the United Press, Okada "is an artist to be watched."

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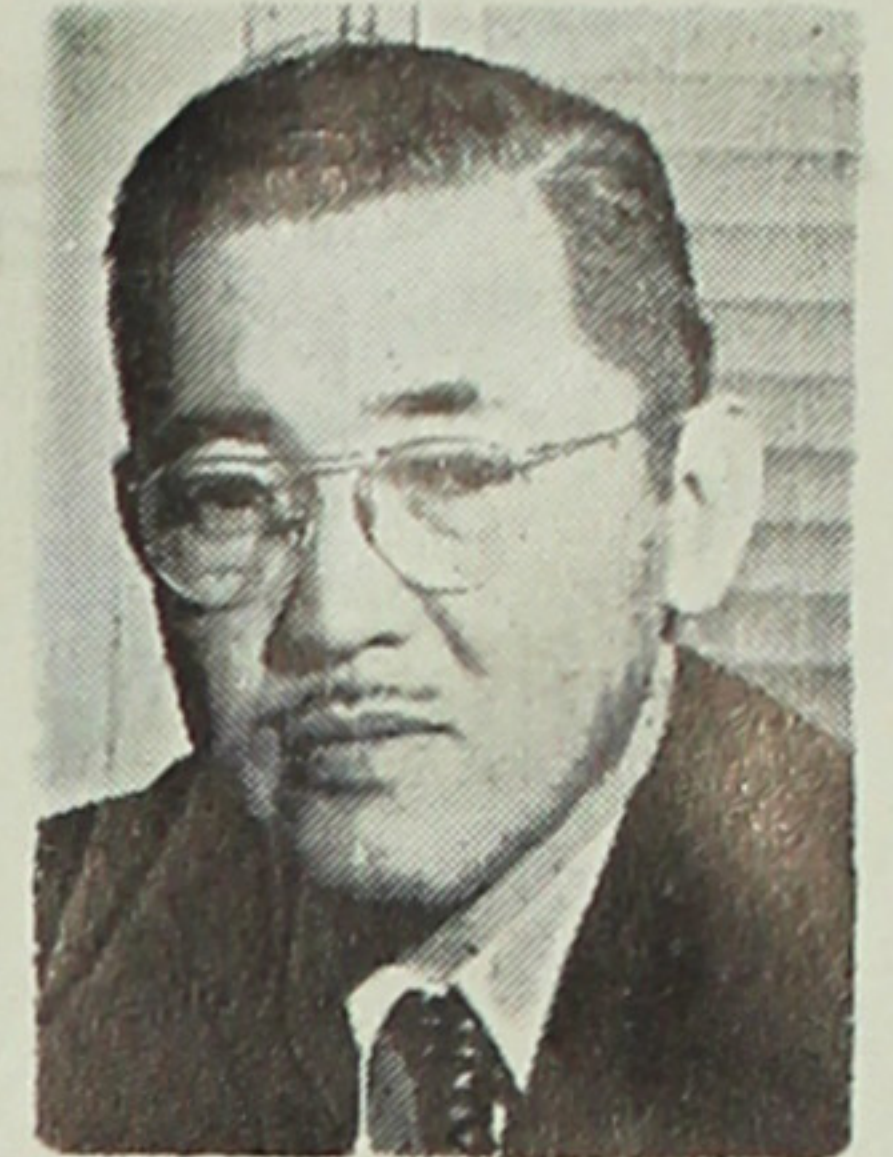
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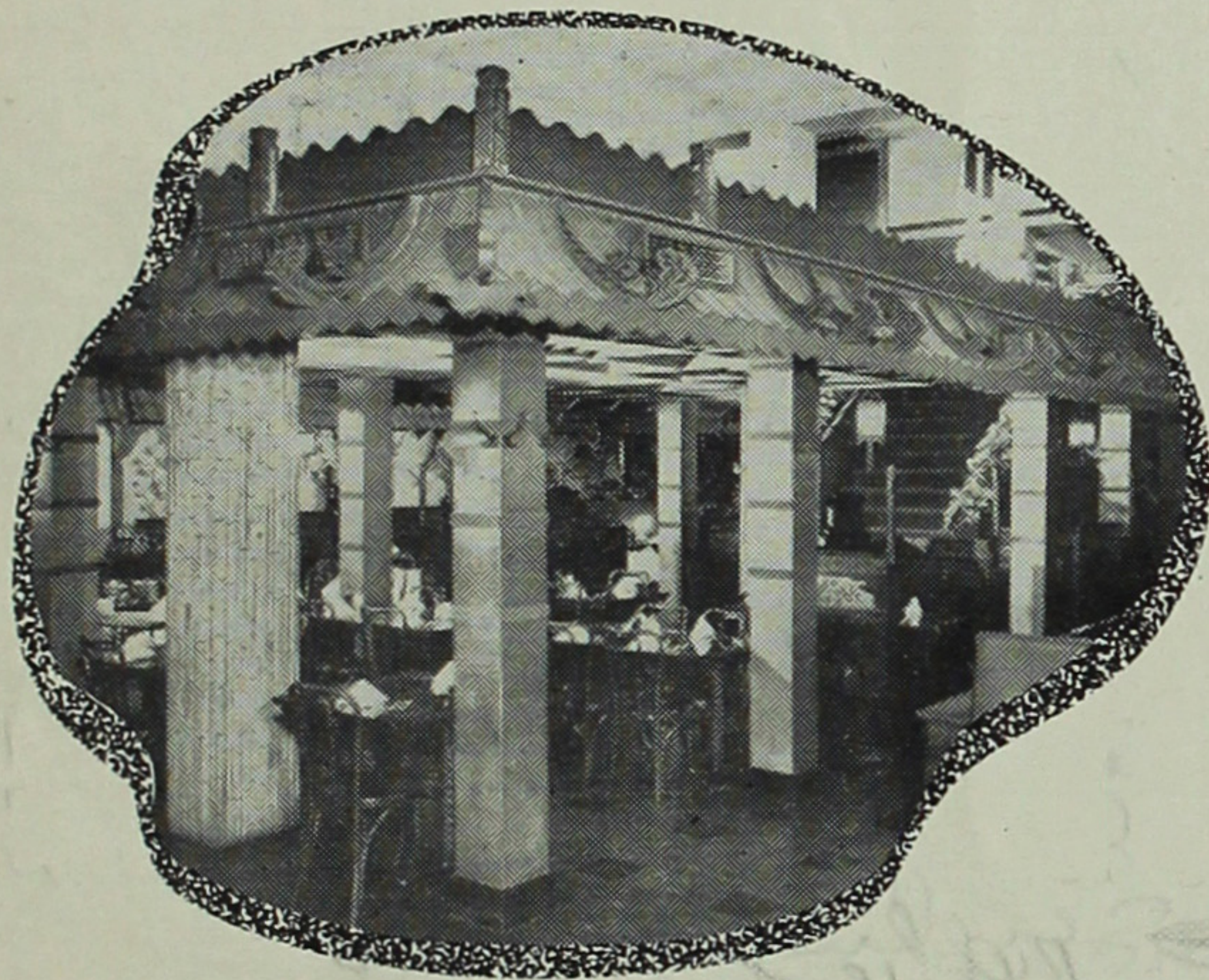


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from: the Publisher

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