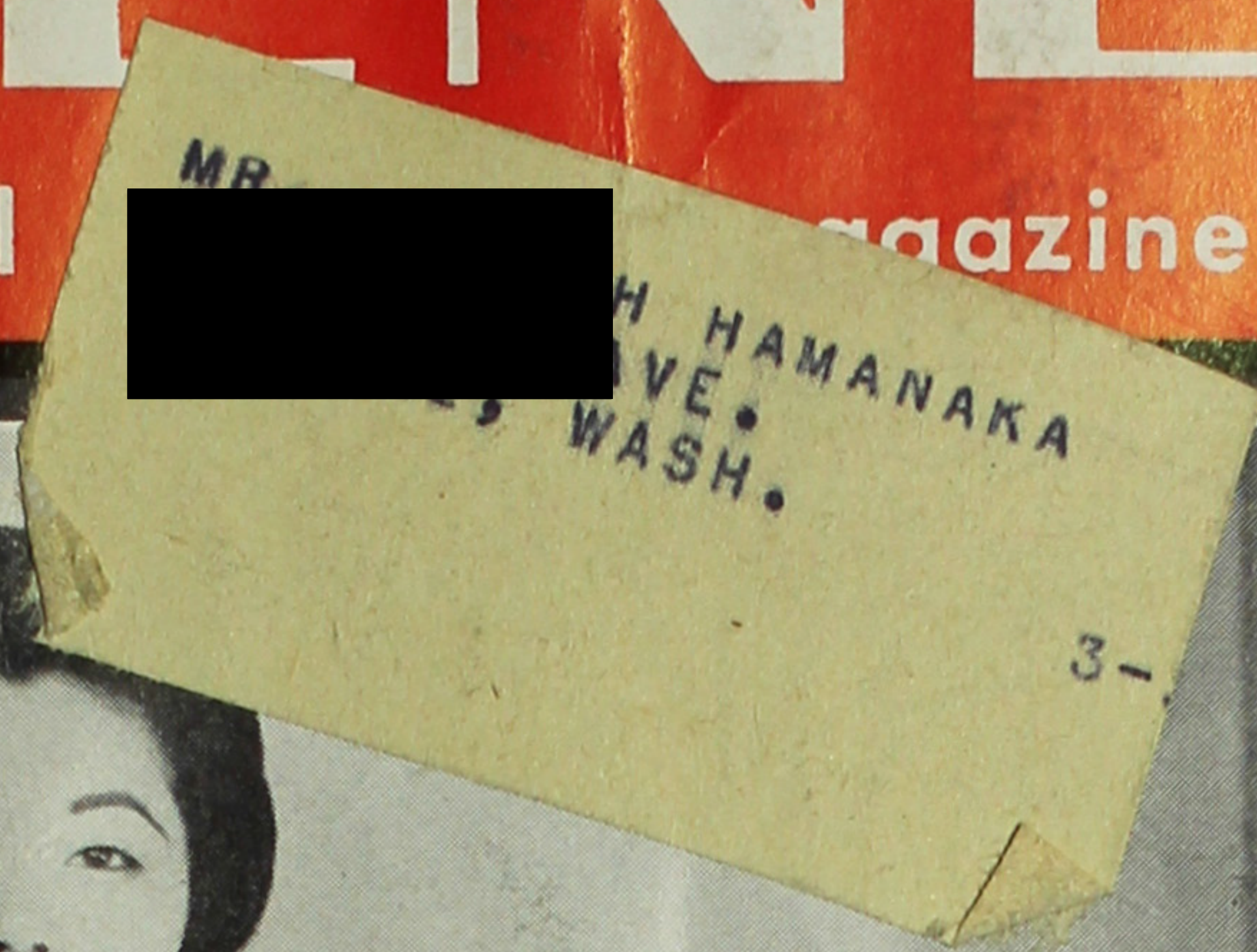


# SCENE

the International Magazine



June Aochi models at Romanoff's



Cycling the old Tokaido

**NOVEMBER  
1954**

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A country art  
few people liked

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He rode his bike  
to make friends

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They show U.S.  
how to hook rugs

---

An Army doctor  
saved her leg

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**35 CENTS**





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himself — George Taniguchi, being  
measured by Joseph."**

# Behind the SCENE

SCENE in this issue puts particular emphasis on Japan's handicrafts (folk pottery, page 25; paper-making, page 20) since they can be the seeds for rejuvenating part of that country's tired-out industrial economy.

The editors of SCENE feel that much blame can be put upon Japanese manufacturers. They have been looking so hard *outside* Japan for "good things" that they have overlooked their own talents and heritage. They are trying so hard to think of what others are thinking that they have lost the naturalness of their own thoughts.

So, in this field at least, Japanese manufacturers should do more than they have heretofore. And once they do, they should also realize another side of the same coin, *how* to sell it. This means financial support for a U. S. based institution like the Japanese Center (see pages 16, 17).

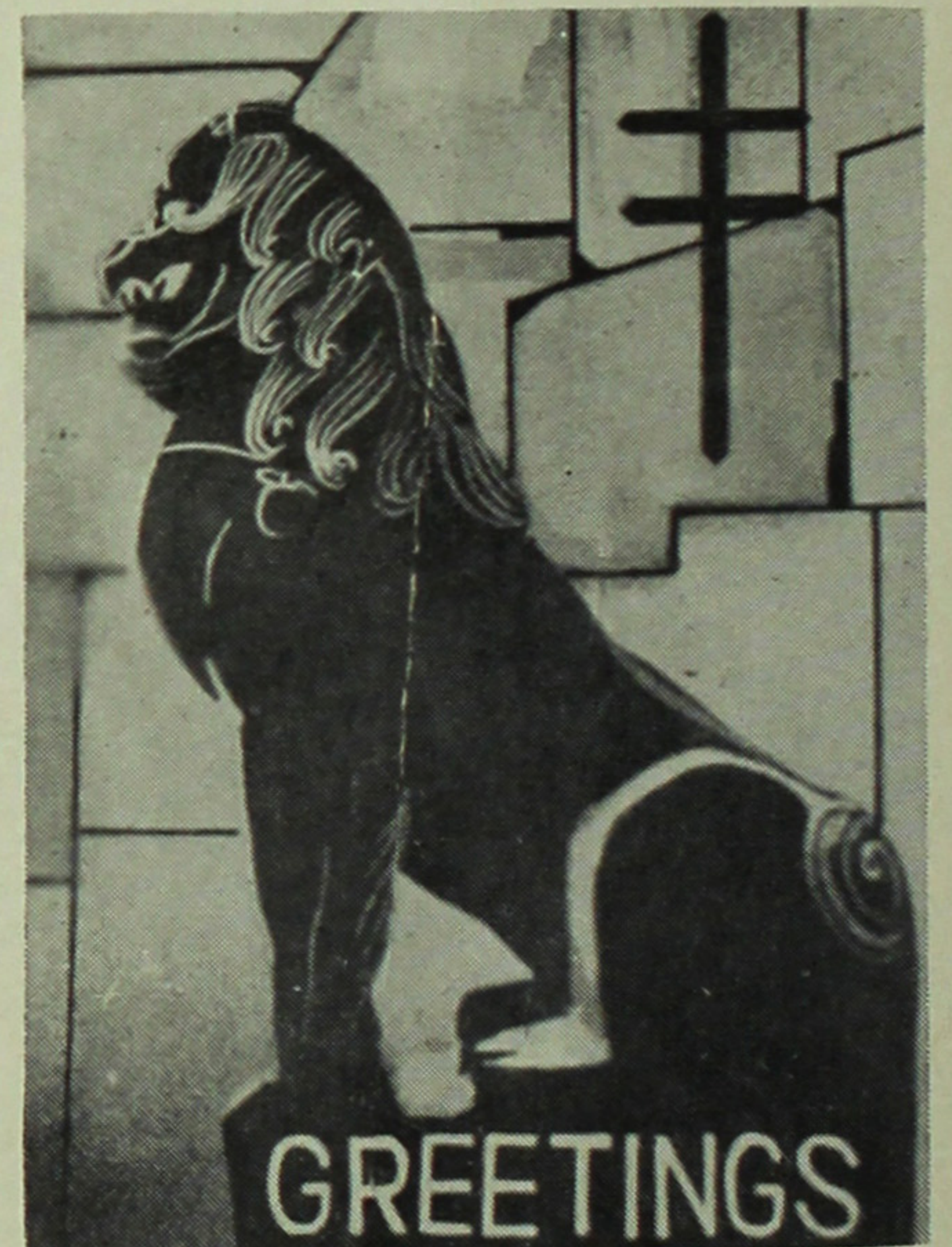
Mr. Takenaga Mitsui, coal mine expert, and member of the famous Mitsui family is a backer of The Japanese Center. He visited his friend Marque Richard, director of the Center, and the two worked out plans for the future. SCEN' saw to it that Mr. Mitsui's presence in Southern California was not wasted by conscientiously showing him all the reasons why the location of the Japanese Center should be here: the California-style homes, the expansive outdoor spirit so perfectly suited to a Japanese appreciation of nature.

THIS is a tuberculosis stamp, a 1954 Christmas Seal in Okinawa, sent us by Colonel Norman D. King. He recently read his first issue of SCENE, saw William (Kamiichi) Davis' moving role on the return of Okinawan treasures, said it was "very good." The Colonel informs us that the seal (the figure is a *Shishi*, Chinese lion) is available to collectors at \$1.00 per 100 seals plus postage by writing the Welfare Officer, USCAR, APO 719 c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

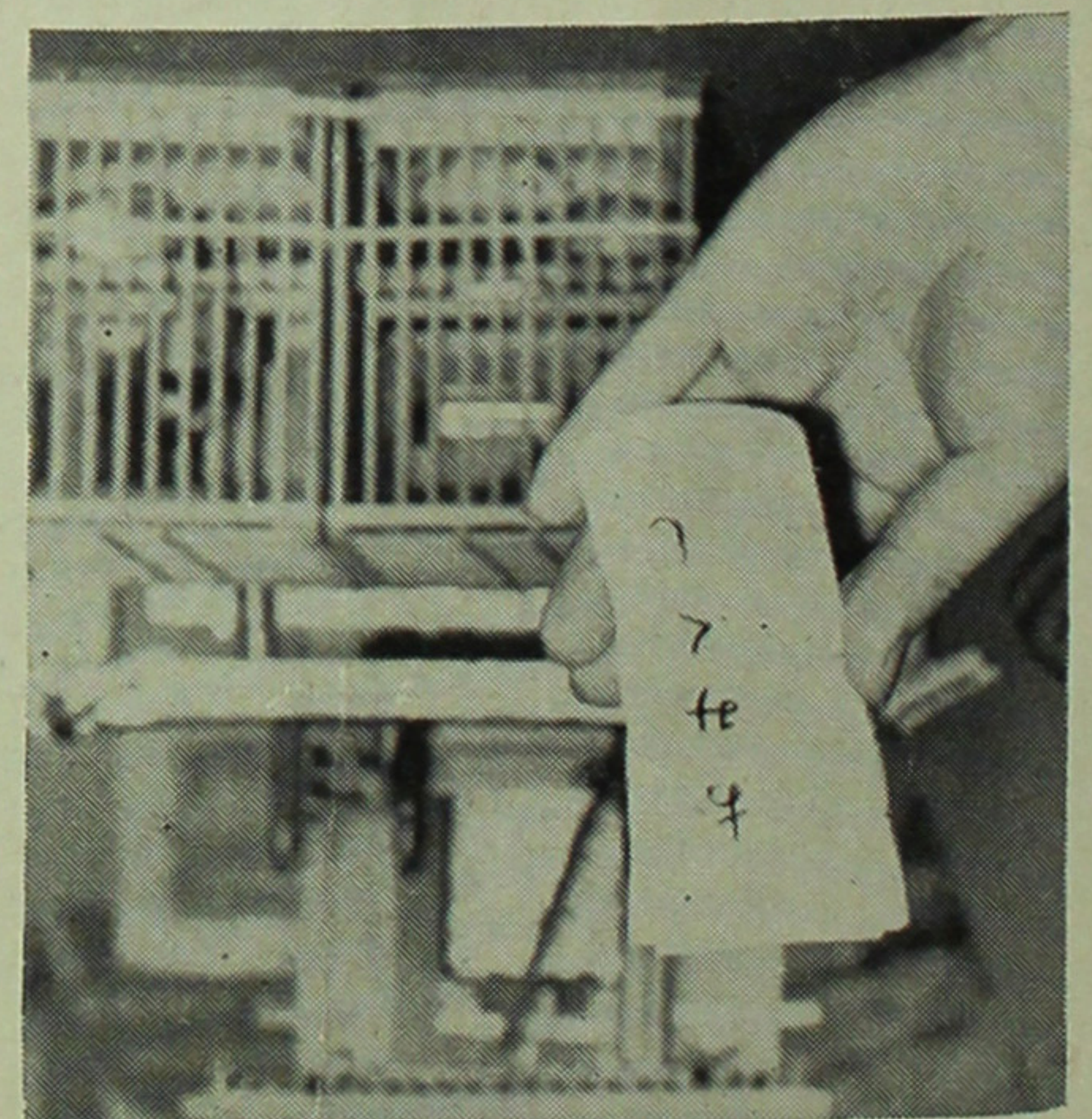
Fortune (*omikuji*) for SCENE (see page 12) was that our "present difficulties will end." We wish it had said something about the *brand new* batch we keep getting every day.



"new economic possibilities"



"figure is a *Shishi*"



"difficulties will end"

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# Letters to the Editors

Dear Sirs:

I must tell Miss Serisawa what we had for dinner last night prepared by my *husband*. Natsu's squid, sculpin, and string beans with sesame sauce! Being non-Nisei, I am learning how to prepare things other than creamed tuna—my husband's classic example of horrible food. The feast last night was a "trial run" for a dinner party next week.

The group we're entertaining are surgical associates of my husband at Mass. General Hospital. The reason we think they may like your exotic dishes is that many of the men were in Japan.

Thank you for the delicious party dishes. As we are near the coast, leaves are a bit scarce. Yesterday walking with Peter, I found a pine limb blown down by the hurricane (we've had 2 recent ones, you know). So I plucked the small branches off and filled the carriage. I shall use them as a table covering. I think it is princess pine—very lovely and fragrant.

VIRGINIA SUYAMA, Point of Pines River, Mass.

**STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Titles 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SCENE, the International East-West Magazine, published monthly at Los Angeles Terminal Annex, California for October 1, 1954.**

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Scene Magazine, Inc., 634 North San Vicente Blvd., L. A. 46, Calif.; Editor, none; Managing editor, Masamori Kojima, 1310 North Sweetzer Ave., L. A. 46, Calif.; Business Manager, Louis Rangno, 12013 Navy St., L. A. 34, Calif.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and address of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Ben Jaffe, 985 N. Alpine Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Masamori Kojima, 1310 N. Sweetzer Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only). Masamori Kojima, Managing Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1954.

(Seal)

Benj. H. Flesher

(My commission expires December 25, 1954)

## CALLIGRAPHY EXPERTS

Dear Sirs:

We the undersigned being calligraphy artists take exception to the poor workmanship of the Japanese calligraphy displayed on the cover of your magazine (SCENE, October '54) and also on the inside cover.

We feel much improvement could be made in the aforementioned in a magazine of your stature.

The Society for the Preservation of excellence in Japanese Calligraphy.

ROY H. MAYEDA, President

M. J. FUJIMOTO, Vice President

YOSHIO FUKUMA, Secretary

KUNIO KUNISAKI, Treasurer

GEORGE M. WAKIJI, Publicity

Los Angeles, Calif.

## PEN PAL WANTED

Dear Sirs:

I am writing to you, hoping you can help a lonely fellow in Korea.

I would like to write to a Hawaiian girl 16 to 19 years old who wants to write about her country.

In your July copy of SCENE which we just got over here you had many stories about Hawaii, so maybe you can help me.

CPL. ROBERT SCHAEFER

Hq. 3d Med. Bn. 3rd Inf. Div.

APO 468 c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

## BLINDFOLDED!

Dear Sirs:

I discovered something that might be interesting to you. Some chessplayers can play blindfolded, as remarkable as those in your October issue. Some people feel that blindfold chess isn't really chess—it's a memory game. This feeling has gone so far that blindfold chess is outlawed in Russia!

MAS NISHIO, Alameda, Calif.

## MURALISTS

Dear Sirs:

If only the pictures my three children drew looked remotely like those in your October issue! My children's masterpieces are likely to appear anywhere in

the house—on walls, the floor, in our books. And all of them are big, scrawly scribbles. But put them in front of a piece of paper and nothing happens. Maybe they'll all grow up to be muralists.

ALICE SHIMADA, New York, N.Y.

## WAR BRIDES

Dear Sirs:

I have enjoyed your magazine very much and so has my husband. As I am a "War Bride" the article in this month's (September) issue, I thought, was concise and preshown of erroneous conceptions and I concurred on all points except we do not yet have any children. We *are* most happy and America has presented no "racial problems" to us. We feel that maturity is always to be the final factor in marriage.

MR. & MRS. MARION E. ADAMS, Valdosta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

From time to time in reading your much appreciated magazine, I have come across mention of Japanese War Brides' Clubs in Chicago and Los Angeles.

I wonder if you or your readers could inform me of comparable groups in or around New York City?

A. T. VOLONAKIS, Englewood, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

We have an organization here in New York composed of Japanese "War Brides" and husbands, and our organization is meeting with great success. Because of the great benefits and enjoyment we derive from our organization and activities, we are desirous of contacting other War Brides and their husbands throughout the United States.

We would like to request the couples, or any one who knows any couples, to please send us their names and addresses. We would then write to them and explain our organization.

One of the many worthwhile projects we have planned will be to help a group of children who are very near and dear to practically all of the men who served in Japan and particularly those of us whose wives are Japanese. I am sure you read the article by James Michener in the March 1954 issue of Readers Digest, discussing the "GI Babies" in Ja-



NOV.  
1954

# SCENE

the International East-West magazine

Vol. 5  
No. 16

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## Contents

### NATIONAL SCENE

Fortune Telling Birds .....	12
The Japanese Center .....	16
Rug Makers Tour U. S. ....	18
JACL Sets 1955 Horizons .....	34

### INTERNATIONAL SCENE

He Rode a Bike to Win Friends .....	6
Kyoto Fabrics Return to Japan .....	10
Peace Bell Given U. N. ....	15
Paper Making at Its Finest .....	20
She Will Walk Again .....	24
Mingei: Rural Handmade Pottery .....	25
Children's Story: How Tumbler Went to the Festival .....	28

### MOVIE SCENE

Mother's Love Cancels Family Duty .....	30
---	----

### CULINARY SCENE

Delicious Picnic Chicken .....	32
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### DEPARTMENTS

Behind the Scene .....	2
Letters to the Editor .....	3
Japonica .....	5

### check fraudulent use of "scene" name

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in the United States, Japan, or anywhere else is a direct infringement upon the rights of SCENE Magazine, Inc.

Any unauthorized magazine, therefore, using the name SCENE or anything similar to it (as "Asia Scene") will be subject to legal action. *Anyone promoting or selling such magazines will also be subject to legal action.*

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**P**RETTY JUNE Aochi's first professional modeling job was at Designer Howard Greer's show recently in the penthouse of Prince Mike Romanoff's Beverly Hills restaurant. She's wearing a Kyoto fabric, a red brocade gold-embroidered dress, fashioned by Greer for evening dates. The photographers mostly had eyes only for her.

Most exciting personal result of Show: June got 5 week-trip to Japan, her first. **COVER CORNER:** Deverall and friend Hamanaka biked over a rough *Tokaido* road, Tokyo to Osaka for 8 days. At journey's end, Deverall had gained 4 pounds! In the early Occupation Period, he used to set up a great commotion in villages, clad in short trunks, sneakers, a head-band, astride a 28" *Hikari* cycle. Old men and children clustered around to examine the hair on his chest and admire the huge Villanova College gold ring on his left middle finger.

**IN THE DECEMBER SCENE,** you'll see a collection of great little children's toys that you have never seen. They're toys made in the villages of Japan by farmers in their off-seasons. Some have action, like a swordsman who can sweep his weapon over his head and down. No, this collection will not be touched by children—not if Actor Hans Conried can help it. He picked these up journeying through Japan 5 years ago; other collectors since then have found out about these treasurable pieces and have virtually denuded the country side of the best ones.

**ARCHITECT KAZUMI Adachi** is a December feature. His influence is seen in Los Angeles' great intricate Freeways. He's one of the designers of a spectacular water fall that will be up as a memorial at a key junction of the Freeway.



## LETTERS (continued from page 3)

pan. We really believe all of the couples would be willing to help the children and that is *one* reason we are so anxious to contact them. Please help us.

THE FUJIYAMA SOCIETY,  
509 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

### SKIN DIVER

Dear Sirs:

Skin diving isn't always the brutal sport you made it seem in your last issue. Many skin divers are underwater sight-seers dressed in bathing suit, mask, fins, and maybe a snorkel. Not all skin divers are interested in depopulating the ocean—some of us would rather enjoy quiet games of staring down the rock cod, or playing tag with the schools of little fish found everywhere along the shore.

I really enjoyed your article very much, but skin divers as a group are criticized so much by fishermen that I wanted to point out that not all of us are hunters.

HARUKO ARAO, Los Angeles, Calif.

### POEM

Dear Sirs:

My friend Stella Knight Ruess was so impressed by a Japanese crafts exhibit she saw in the Los Angeles Museum she wrote this poem. I think it would be nice to let SCENE readers know about her reaction.

#### *To Honor Old Craftsmen*

A craftsman learned to use blue dye  
On simple strips of white,  
Until with Nature he could vie,  
Interpreting her light  
And graceful flower-forms, and birds  
That soar beyond the power of words.

This skill of human hands preserves  
For centuries the art  
Of peasant-love of lines and curves  
Close to their life and heart:  
Furoshiki, and towels, spreads  
To decorate their lowly beds.

How precious are the things hand-made  
By clever fingers, long  
Ago — a worthy cavalcade  
Deserving of a song.  
We bless museums, far and near,  
That bring old treasures close and dear.

—SKR

MOLLY MITTWER, Los Angeles, Calif.

*Ed. Note—SCENE has received a number of letters from readers telling us of their problems. They come from war brides, people new to this country, from G. I.'s in Japan. We know many SCENE readers will be interested in them, so here, without further comment from us are some of the actual letters.*

Dear Sirs:

Right after I got out of high school I was drafted. And now I'm in the army, stationed in Japan. I've been here for almost a year. I met a girl two months ago who is sort of like me. We're both 19 and like the same things. We enjoy having fun together, but don't care much about nightclubs. My girl has a very nice family and I've spent many evenings with them. Before I met her, I just spent my evenings in the barracks. I want to get married, but my girl and her family don't think we should. What can I tell them to convince them I'm right? I think we could get along fine.

GEORGE NOMURA, Los Angeles

Dear Sirs:

We been married since a year in Tokyo. We danced and have fun in Tokyo. Then we come to San Francisco. Now he works all day in machine shop and I sew and cook in the day. He likes that I can do these things. But evenings I only read. No dancing, nothing to talk about. What can I do to keep from dull times?

SALLY GUYER, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

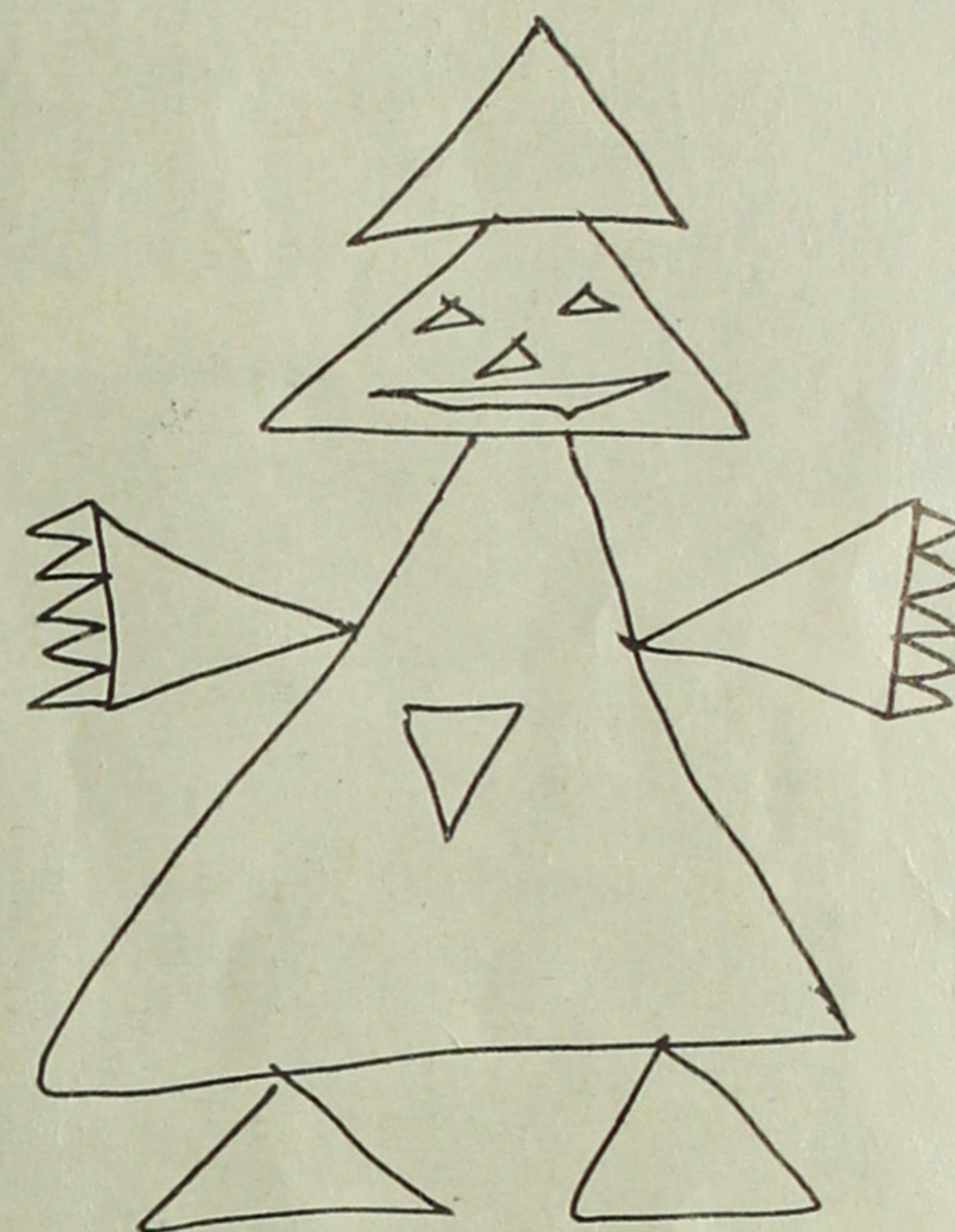
I have always believed that American-born girls are too independent. So I married in Japan because I wanted a girl who would know her place and obey me. I'm 26 and I know what I want. A man should be boss in his own home. Life outside is hard enough. When I come home in the evening, I want to have someone do as *I* say. But my wife is stubborn. She tries to tell me what to do and gives me arguments about everything. She reads things like that "Up by their ballot straps" in that last issue you had and then she thinks she shouldn't be like she was in Japan.

Maybe if she sees this in SCENE she'll believe me that I'm right.

(name withheld on request)

# JAPONICA

The **Ginbasha** is a self-styled Bachelor's Club in the heart of Tokyo's Ginza, where you can dine on spicy Mexican food prepared by the unlikely-named Pedro Caliente. This single men's club also features regular "stag parties" advertised as an "appropriate program for men only." However prospective married clients are not deterred by the club's apparent exclusiveness because the **Ginbasha's** own advertisement in the Osaka Mainichi newspaper states: "although we reserve the right of admission, it does not mean Non-Bachelors are excluded."



Sanehisa Tokudo of Japan had an angle for living—a triangle. He built himself a triangle house, ate with triangle chopsticks on triangle dishes, slept in a triangle bed with triangle quilts. He wanted everything in a triangle. His family thought all this too strange for respectability and would have nothing to do with him. But after his death, his son, moved by filial piety, erected a triangular tombstone. The late Sanehisa Tokudo would probably have been grossly insulted by American references to him as a "square."

A Nippon Times classified for a "Situation Wanted":

Infinite volumes attempt human description—and still the presses roll. Yet the word God encompasses a life of thought—while defining Good or Evil will turn any evening to morning. Then, how else should I present myself for employment at Y25 per word? Box 687 Nippon Times Yokohama.

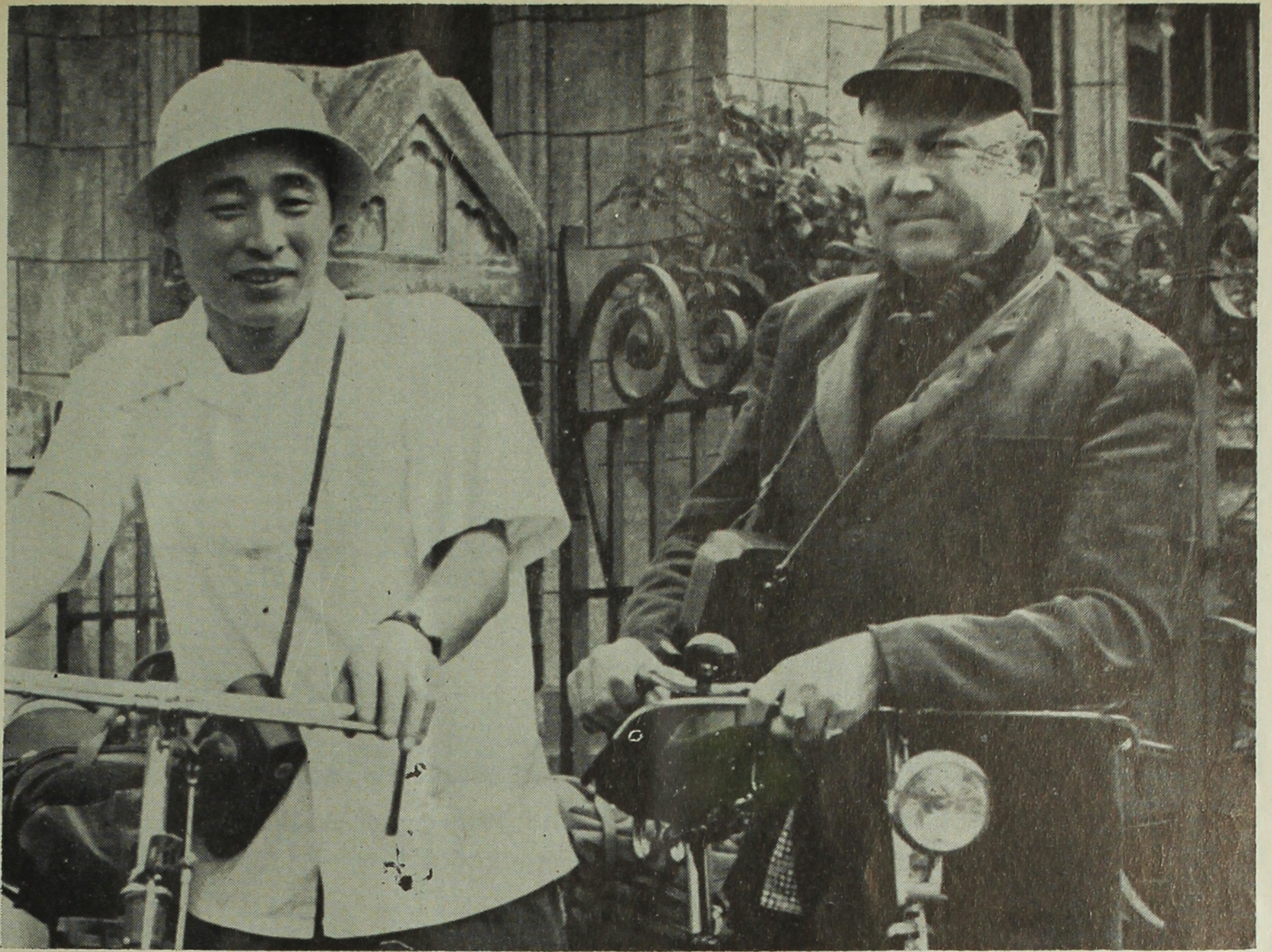




TIGHT LEGGINGS AND SPLIT-TOE boots stylish 200 years ago in big cities are worn in rural areas along the Tokaido.

東海道五十三次は今も尚膝栗毛で鬻の如く徒歩旅行をしてみゐる。現代の弥次権多！





**ADVENTUROUS CYCLISTS HAMANAKA** and Deverall packed their bikes to follow the ancient Tokaido road from Tokyo to Kyoto through farm country and country villages.

左浜中一美君とL.G.デバーロール君。京都から東京まで自轉車で「東下り」一馬で一と休み。

## He Rode a Bike to Win Friends

The Tokaido is an ancient Japanese road, over a thousand years old, stretching from Tokyo (called Yedo in an earlier period) to the city of Kyoto. In the Tokogawa Period (18th and 19th centuries), when Daniel Boone and his kind were chopping their way across Kentucky, magnificent baronial processions moved along the Tokaido. Richard L. G. Deverall, who bicycled down this route this year, says that it is a "road which has retained most of its character . . . a road which literally exudes the flavor and charm of old Tokugawa Japan."

Today, it is a road marked as "out-of-the-way." The peoples living near it seldom see a gaijin (foreigner). In one village, Deverall and his bicycle companion, Kazumi Hamanaka, entered a small rustic tea room.

"May we have some tea, please?"

Four men were sitting on chairs or re-

clining lazily on the tatami (floor cushions).

No one moved a muscle. No one looked. No one answered.

Later, Hamanaka commented "Country folks don't talk much to strangers." In the Tokugawa times, the appearance of a foreigner caused the ringing of a firebell as the townspeople fled to the

---

**THE** excerpts were from "Down the Tokaido by Cycle," with the author's permission. Copies are only \$1 each, obtainable from R. L. Deverall, No. 2, 1-chome, Nishi-Kanda, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo To, Japan.

---

hills until the "danger" had passed.

But for the most part, Deverall had a fine time, meeting the people, eating their food. In fact, the zesty relish of Deverall's appetite helped win friends. His exciting conclusion of the Tokaido bicycle trip: "relations between Japan and the United States on a personal

basis were never better."

A difficult route even for automobiles, the whole Tokaido venture from the beginning seemed on the slightly peculiar side.

We begin with Deverall, Hamanaka and their housekeeper in Tokyo. . . .

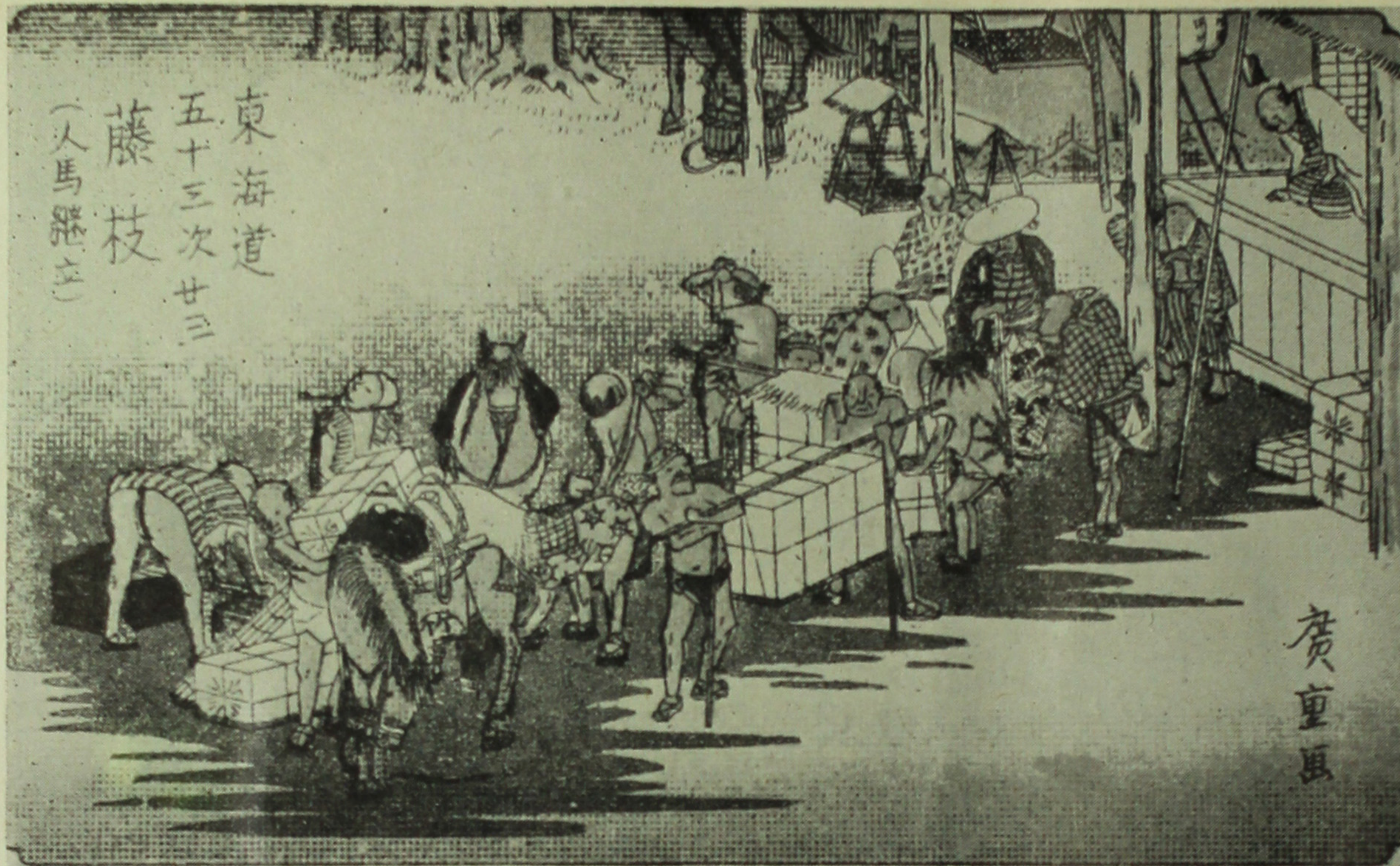
\* \* \*

"Yes, to Kobe by bicycle. Down the Tokaido!"

Our housekeeper, Mrs. Takahashi said in utter amazement: "Maah!" She just smiled again and perhaps figured that we were off on a one-day cycle hike as we usually had during the past few months when we were limbering up for the trip.

But she did become convinced when she saw the packed bags—and I imagine thought that I had suddenly been possessed by some madness, perhaps induced by my recent craving for bamboo shoots and peanut butter at breakfast every day.





TRAVELERS USING THE TOKAIDO road in the 18th and 19th centuries changed carriers and horses at each station; scenery was unchanged for modern cyclists.

廣重描く東海道五十三次口藤枝馬の人馬続立の金屏絵。徳川時代では諸大名の参勤交替があつて小説講談演劇等で治め一般に知られる。

We had a fine breakfast of hot rice, *miso shiru* and raw eggs, cold spinach with soy sauce, and a huge plate of bamboo shoots—and then off we started.

Across the Tama Gawa bridge I snapped a photo of a Tsurumi steel works in the distance that was definitely not there in the days of *Hiroshige*. A young lad with his baby brother on his back was across the street, ran over to greet the jolly foreigner on the cycle who winked at the two of them. "Where are you going?" he asked me in Japanese.

"To Kobe down the *Tokaido*," I replied.

The boy smiled broadly. I do not think he really believed me. But nevertheless there came the warm "Have a good trip"; we all bowed and waved, and off on the cycles. I looked back at the warm smile of the boy and the baby brother. It was like the morning sun—warm, real, and lasting.

That mental picture remains with me, too. That is the *real* Japan.

We stopped at a *sushiya* (raw fish store) and lunched on several bottles of milk and huge portions of delicious raw fish—*maguro sashimi*. As the girl later brought a platter of balls of rice topped with the raw fish I asked her whether it had been touched by the

Bikini Hydrogen Bomb. For weeks before I had not eaten any raw *maguro* as I read in the newspaper that radioactive raw fish could possibly remove the head hair.

I could not afford to lose one strand.

"No, no," said the jolly, sweet, smiling Japanese lass. "This fish no *gagah*." (No Geiger count!)

(And Deverall and Hamanaka were on their way, bicycling all day, relishing the deep hot baths at night, being massaged by the expert *ammanasan*.)

\* \* \*

The jolly hotel girl came bustling in after we had had our hot bath, and served us a breakfast of fine *nori* (toasted seaweed and very black), cooked *tai* (a fish), pickles, *misoshiru* into which we dropped two raw eggs each, and virtually piles of white, glutinous, absolutely delicious rice.

As the girl watched me wield the *hashi* (chopsticks) and told Hamanaka that I was very *jozu* (skillful), I was reminded that many foreigners stubbornly insist on eating western-style food while in Japan. I can understand such a peculiar attitude if you live for a long time in India, for I found after eating Indian curry and rice for about 2 years that my bowels and stomach

were almost ruined beyond repair. But in Japan, after years of living on raw fish, pickles, seaweed soup, and noodle soups, I not only have enjoyed splendid health but thrive on the diet. Indeed, a big steak dinner in downtown Tokyo usually finds Deverall spending a sleepless night. It is too oily and heavy for easy digestion.

#### Village Children

Children on the way to school waved and shouted to us as if I were their uncle. As we passed the long lines of children one would shout *Amechan* or *Americajin*—and as the word passed rapidly to the rear the little smiling faces cried out to us as waving hands indicated they hoped we would have a good ride.

As during most of the trip, the little ones were our main encouragement, their chubby faces and warm smiles exceeding, if possible, even the warmth of sun. In few countries in the world have I met so many children with such well-rounded personalities — so dignified, so graceful, and so completely natural and unaffected.

By now we had begun to pass through fishing village after fishing village. As it was now warm thanks to the sun, I bound around my head, fisherman style,





**DEVERALL WEARS** blue and white towel wrapped fisherman-style around his head as protection from hot sun.

外人デバーロール君がこんな  
派出を服装誰でも見かえる。

a white and blue Japanese towel—and as we cycled, Japanese would espie the foreigner riding Japanese style (a 28" Maruishi Premier cycle). Inevitably a broad grin would grace their faces, many bowed, others waved. And many an *obachan* talking with her neighbor would nudge the neighbour and, as I promptly winked at the two of them, the delightful ladies would roar with mirth. Doubtless we provided many homes with gossip that night.

\* \* \*

(The small village town, Deverall learned, does not have a *hoteru* (hotel); it has a *ryokan*, with diet and facilities severely limited.) The *ryokan* is entirely *tatami*-matted and once you enter the lobby your shoes come off and are checked—and there they remain until you go out into the street again. It is a most unpardonable sin in Japan to wear shoes on the *tatami*.

I recall an incident some years ago in the City of Beppu, down in the southernmost island of Kyushu. We had been playing billiards in the lounge and, later, went to the bar for a night-cap.

While we chatted with the bar girl, an obviously very drunken foreigner entered the room. The man shouted "whiskey" as the girl screamed. He was stark naked. Now obviously this man had violated the basic rules of the hotel.

Remember, when walking around in Japanese-style hotels, always wear slippers. *He didn't even wear slippers!*

One Sunday morning in Hamamatsu, around 9 o'clock, we asked where the local church was. We were given such accurate directions we were sure the man really knew. We arrived, were welcomed by a kind Japanese lady, but after we put up our bikes Hamanaka asked what time the *misa* (Mass) would be.

"Oh," she said, "This is not a Catholic Church. We are Protestants. And the Catholic Church although nearby is very difficult to find." But just then the young Japanese pastor arrived on his cycle and very kindly got back on and escorted us to the small Catholic Church.

\* \* \*

#### Journey's End

We ended our journey in Kobe, in the Yamate area where we found the fine, 3 storied new YMCA hostel. We were soon to enjoy the luxury of our first bed in several days.

We went to the public bath across the street from the Y where we soaked tired muscles and tired bodies in a beautiful new public bath which even sported radio and a musical progame for the

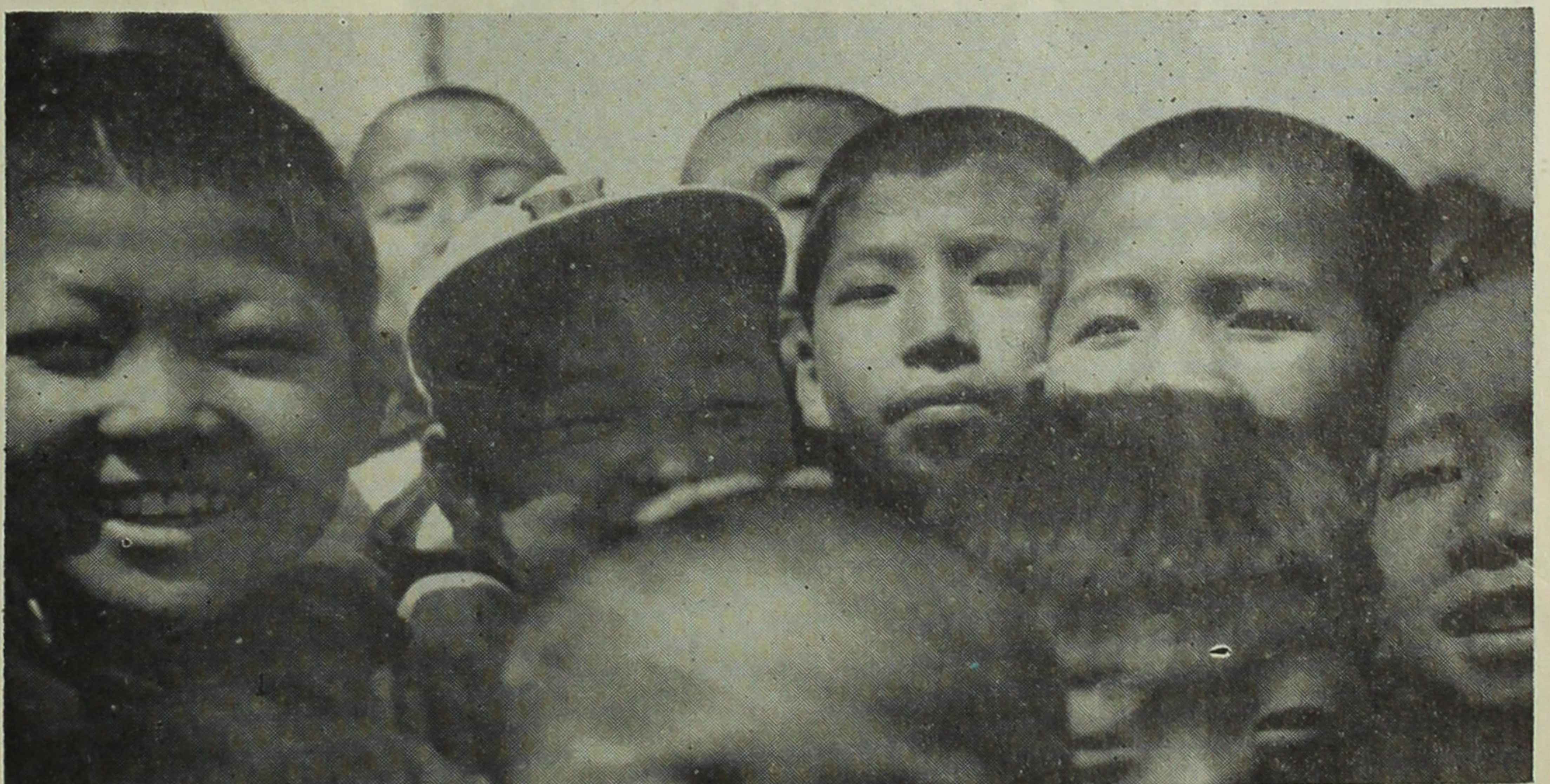
customers.

How strange it seemed now looking out of the window of the *Tsubame* train at the *Tokaido* which now and then paralleled the railway tracks. We were again reminded of the vast cleavage between city and farm in Japan, between those who play pachinko and those who caress every grain of soil with bare feet, moisten it with their sweat, and tickle the earth with loving fingers that help draw forth the abundant crops so needed by the Japanese.

Japan remains a mystery to many visitors who find it difficult to comprehend a Japanese that talks in modern terms while wearing Tokugawa-type pants and wooden *geta*. It would seem that modern industry and western thought has been superimposed on a Tokugawa base which has not yet quite caught up with the movement of time.

The further we went back the *Tokaido*, the more I was convinced that the so-called anti-American movement propelled by the extreme left and cordially promoted by the ultra-right is not really anti-American in one major and most important sense.

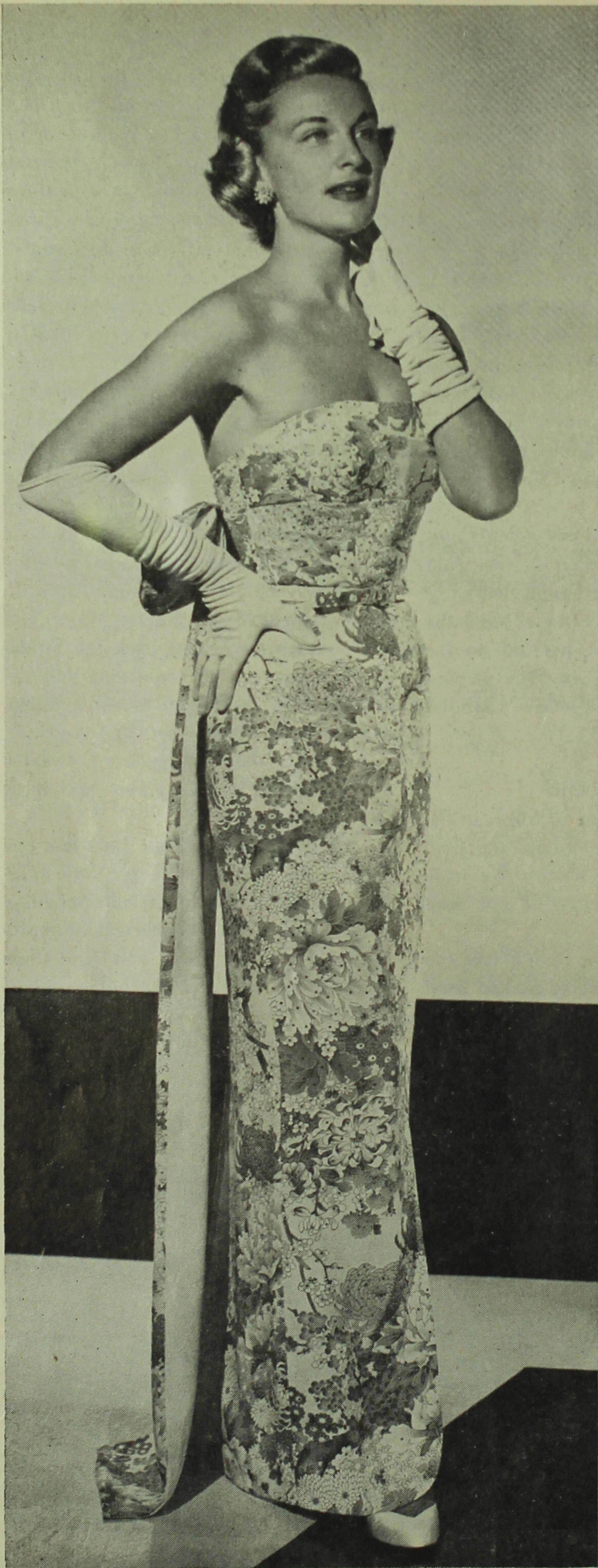
That is simply that few Japanese can really hate American people any more than American people can hate Japanese people. Japanese and Americans complement each other. When you read their comic books, such as *Fukuchan*, you find that they laugh at exactly the same points of humour which tickle the American mind.



**JAPAN'S CHILDREN**, says Deverall, always have warmth of sun.

将来日本の中堅と約束されてる少国民は到る所でこの二人の  
自転車に乗下りに無邪気を歓迎の気勢をあげてる国民交際!





# Kyoto Fabrics Return to Japan In U. S. Fashions

by Justine Brittin

photos by John Engstead

ON OCTOBER 25th, at Tokyo's Imperial Hotel, Japan's top dress designers and leading women (including Princess Takamatsu) had a point demonstrated by an American that many suspected but didn't have the courage to follow through. Designer Howard Greer showed them the advantages of Japanese fabrics in western adaptations.

This is the first American fashion show seen in Japan. (Last year, France's Christian Dior came.) It arrives at the invitation of the Bunka Fukuso Gakuin—one of the world's largest dressmaking and design schools.

The Show is a mingling of America and Japan—fabrics (many were sent to Greer from Kyoto), models (Miss Japan Kinuko Ito, 2 others from Japan, and 8 U. S. models), styles from Greer's regular winter show, and special Greer fashions taking "advantage" of Japanese fabrics.

Here, a blue and white hand-woven silk and cotton becomes a versatile ensemble for street or formal afternoon wear. As street wear, it has a flaring-sleeved, cape-like jacket; remove the jacket and you have a high-waisted, batiste-topped dress beneath for formal afternoon wear.

A formal fabric, gold-encrusted red brocade, was turned into a short evening dress, modeled at a Preview in Hollywood's Romanoff Restaurant by June Aochi, Nisei Week Queen.

Hand-painted silk (so intricate a design that Kyoto fabric makers can turn out only 7 yards a month) lined a slim, dark green evening dress, slit at the hem for walking room. Designer Greer borrowed an *obi* line, using 2 loops of silk-lined fabric high on the back, trailing train-like ends to the

**EVENING DRESS HAS** *obi* effect in back, 27 colors in jeweled, hand-painted silk brocade from Kyoto.

十月二十五日東京帝国ホテルで「ハウワード・グリーア」主催米国内初のファッション・ショーが開かれ、高松宮妃殿下も台覧された時、帯を意匠した二十七色こきませた流行服装である。



hemline. "We know," says Greer, "that this really doesn't resemble an *obi*, but because we used Japanese fabrics, everyone imagines that it does."

(The unfamiliar fabric width suited to kimonos was a painful concern to Greer seamstresses. "Heaven save us from these 14-inch fabrics.")

The Show will have a 3-week tour, going to places besides Tokyo like Osaka, Kyoto, Nagoya, and Sapporo. Greer hopes that the show will give Japanese as much pleasure as the

上はベルベットに日本絹・紅・黄金を対照した  
下は黒地にゴールド刺繍・青地女裯(女)着用。

**SHEER BLACK NET COAT** disguises gold-embroidered red brocade formal that June Aochi modeled at the preview.



**JAPANESE SILK AND** red-orange American velvet contrast color and texture in afternoon ensemble.

recent Kabuki dancers provided Americans. Since the fashions shown are only for "educational and cultural purposes," no one will be able to buy any.

Many in Japan want to know all about American dress-making methods. Howard Greer's Associate, Bruce MacIntosh, will show them how. So, all in all, the Japanese will learn much from the Greer show.

The 8 U.S. models? At the Romanoff Preview they were still too excited to pack, too confused to know what to pack, and too delighted to help give Japan a U. S. comparison with that of last year's tour by France's Christian Dior.





6 TRAINED YAMAGARAS WERE FLOWN to America by Japan Air Lines with trainer Ryozo Isobe to tell U.S. fortunes.

山から六羽。お宮。鳥居。それに糸い糸で巻いた。おみくじを擔いで「六十二翁磯部良造氏は、国際的鳥占師として飛行機で渡米。家運、縁談、全談、運勢を鳥に占わせてゐる。日米人間に好評。





TALENTED BIRDS OFFER COIN, ring bell on visit to shrine, some shoot arrows from toy horses, raise tiny flags.

上層左に麻袴で石鏡部古師は神前におみくじを献げ山がらを見つめてみる。その左は信者。

# Fortune Telling Birds

THIS WIZENED OLD man is a fortune teller—who does it with birds. It's fortune telling in the style of paper slips in rice crackers, but the marvel is in the performance of his birds. The Japanese love them.

They retrieve a folded slip tied with a red ribbon. The *omi-ku-ji* (fortune) has an oracular paragraph on an event-about-to-happen and advice on subjects like wishes, acquaintances ("one of your closest friends is still to be discovered"), travel, business ("hide your time; there is much more to learn"), employment, house, health, marriage ("do not let little things bother you. You'll be happier if you don't").

62-year-old Ryozo Isobe took his first

plane ride out of Japan when he came to this country to tour with his small birds, appearing on television shows and at various fairs. In an international gesture, he turned the proceeds of his appearances over to the March of Dimes.

He brought 6 Yamagaras, multi-colored little things the size of sparrows. (They're believed to be a woodpecker species native to the Japanese islands.)

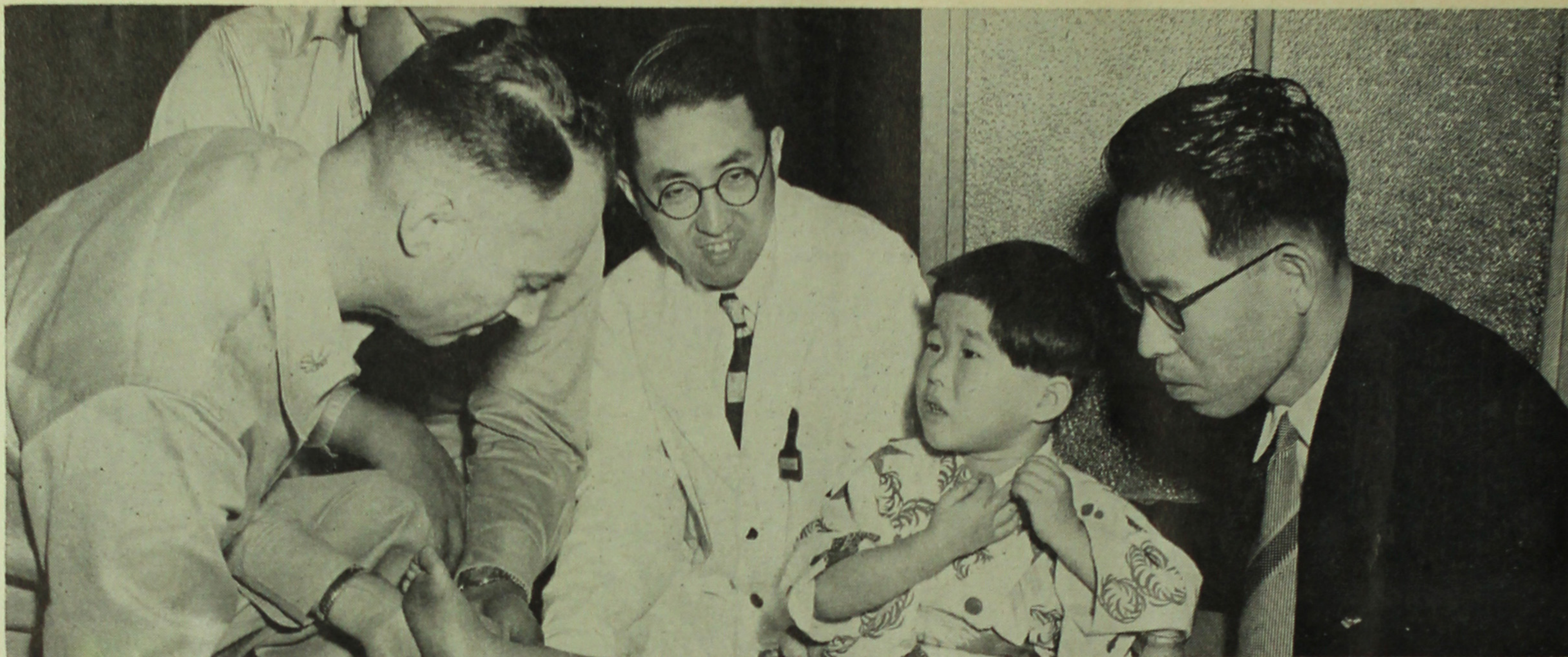
For the "fortune-telling," the birds hop through a routine roughly similar to that of people who come to shrines to have futures blessed. The bird hops through a torii (sacred gate), receives a coin from Isobe, goes to the shrine, drops the coin in the offering box, pecks at the bell (to let the "gods" know that someone is about to enter the shrine),

opens the door of the *omiya* (shrine), picks up a folded slip of fortune paper wrapped in a red ribbon, hops back to a perch on the runway, clips the ribbon with his beak, and puts a "spin" on the fortune by turning several full circles on the perch. The fortune slip is then taken from the bird and handed to a "lucky one."

The birds round out their act by hoisting miniature flags on miniature flagpoles. They also shoot arrows from toy horses.

Though no one seriously accepted them as all-seeing oracles, the birds did make one feel that it was pretty good fortune for Americans to see a tiny side of Japan heretofore unknown in the U.S.



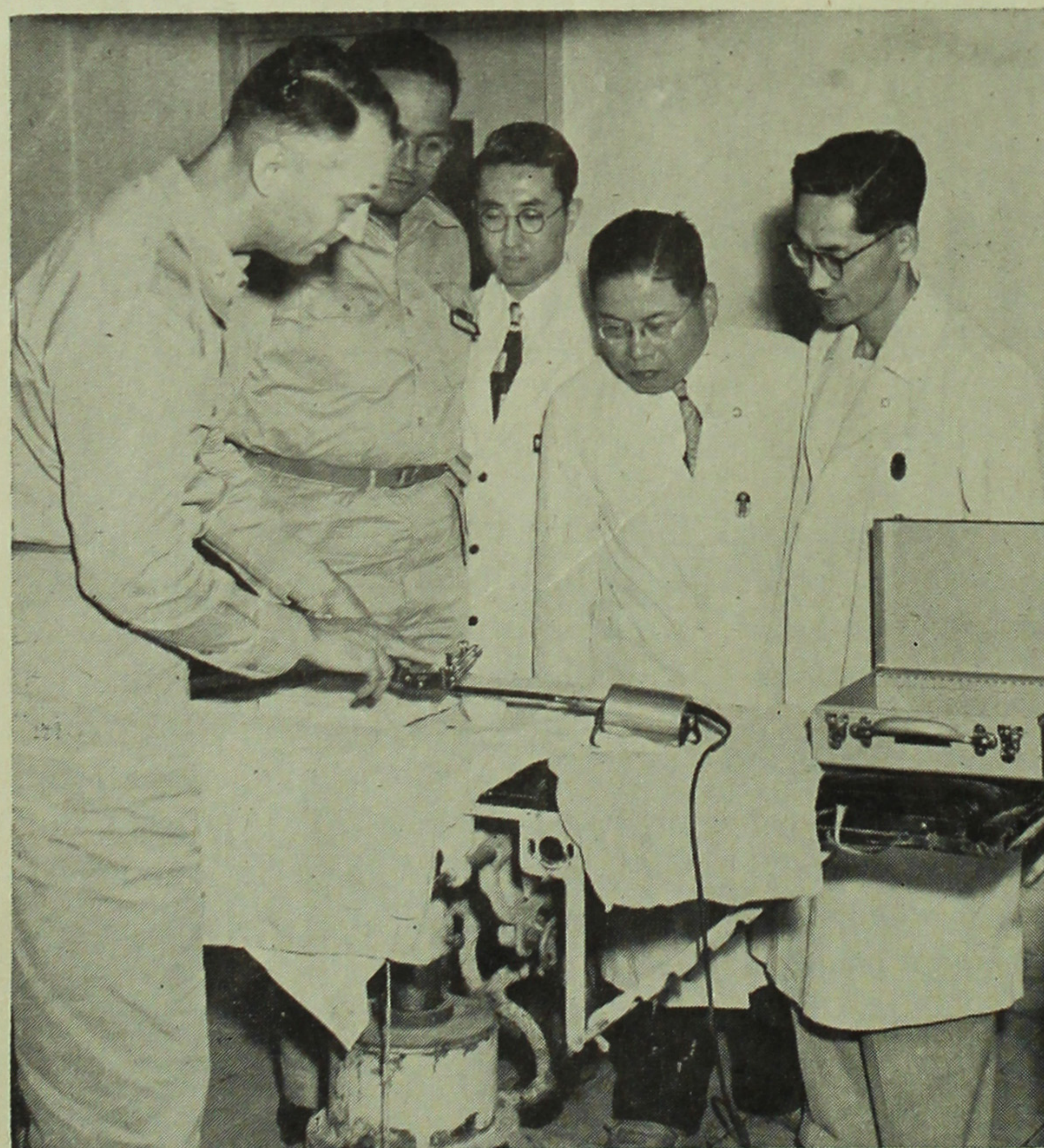


DOCTORS REMOVE LAST BANDAGES, reveal completely healed skin on Mariko's leg after 6 week grafting operation.

堺市立病院で幼女加藤マリ子の右脚の表皮移植に成功したので繃帯を除つてゐる光景。左は主治  
 医大阪米陸軍病院長C E ホーリングスワース博士。中央は院長牧野虎造氏。その右は患者マリ子嬢。

Photos by M/Sgt. Phil Nordli

# She Will Walk Again



ELECTRIC DERMATONE WILL REPLACE surgical knives once used for skin grafts in Sakai City.

加藤マリ子の手術に使つた表皮移植器械を関係  
 医員に説明してゐる光景。実験してゐるのが主治医。

A U.S. ARMY DOCTOR and a U.S.-developed surgical instrument saved the leg of Sakai City's (near Osaka) 4-year-old Mariko Kato who was struck down by a truck while standing on the corner waiting for her school bus.

All the skin from Mariko's right leg, knee to ankle, had been ground off by the truck's tires. But as she lay in the hospital, new skin would not grow. She grew thinner and thinner because she had little appetite.

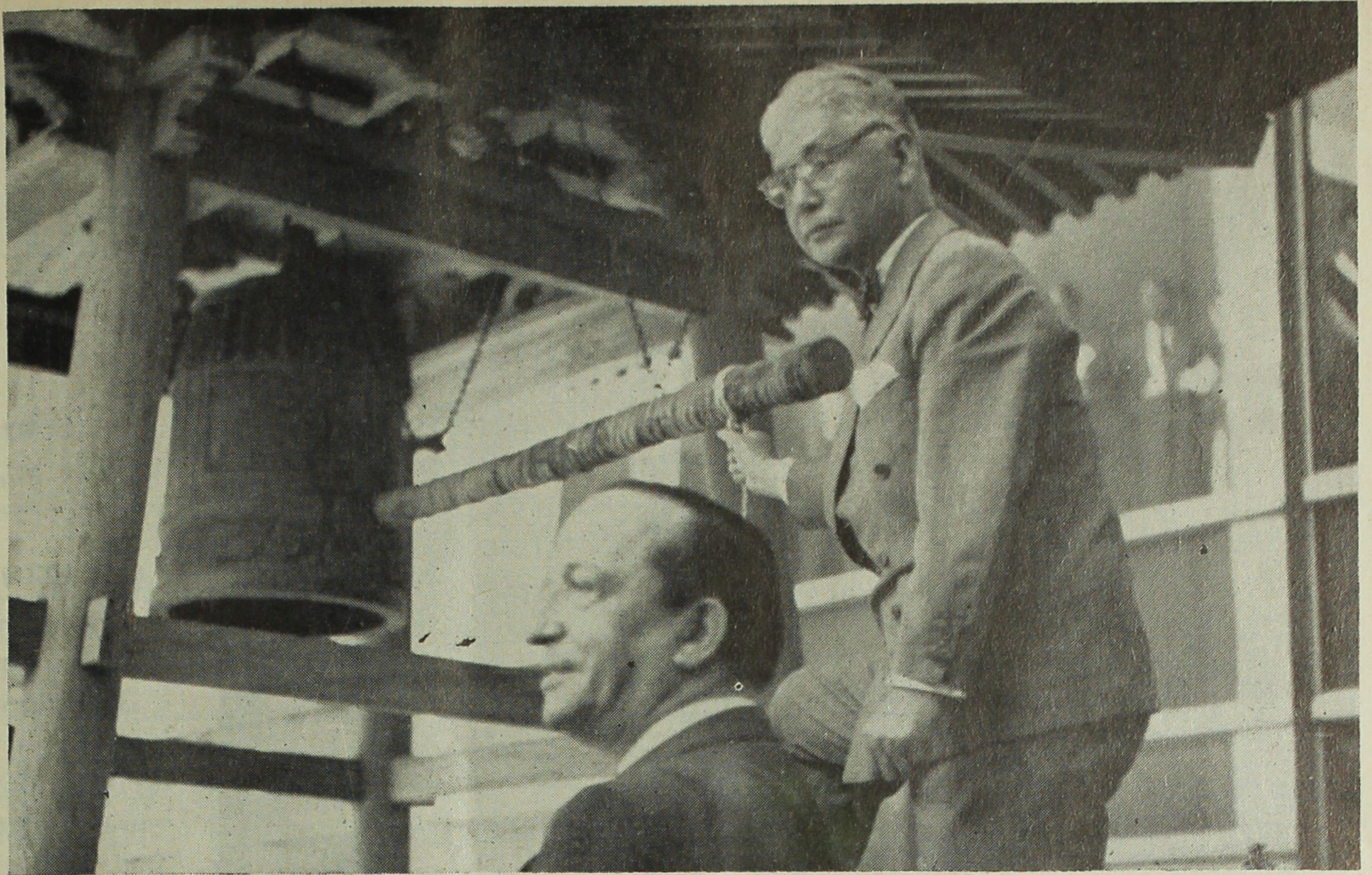
Twenty days after the accident, Lt. Col. C. E. Hollingsworth, Chief of Surgery at the Osaka Army hospital, visiting the Sakai City Hospital, was told about the little girl's condition by his friend, Dr. Torazo Makino, the hospital Director.

Lt. Col. Hollingsworth, assisted by Capt. John Green of the Osaka Army Hospital, performed a skin graft on Mariko with an instrument that cuts skin strips to 1000th of an inch thickness. With this surgical device—the Brown electric dermatone—and generous sprinklings of penicillin, the leg was covered with skin in 6 weeks. The thigh areas, from which the "new" skin was taken, healed in half that time.

Sakai City hospital doctors formerly took skin grafts with surgical knives; now they are proficient in the use of dermatone, through the instruction of Lt. Col. Hollingsworth. As for Mariko Kato and her family, when the good doctor comes visiting, it is a State Occasion of the highest order.



Photos by Josephin Sakurai



**AMBASSADOR SAWADA SOUNDS U.N. Peace Bell** with swinging wooden mallet for Benjamin Cohen who accepted the bell with thanks at U.N. presentation ceremonies.

澤田日本大使撞木を右手に、日本から国連へ贈呈した平和の鐘を鳴す光景。坐せるは国連代表ベンジャミン・コーヘン氏。鐘は幅三呎高三呎直徑二呎。

# “Peace Bell” Given U.N.

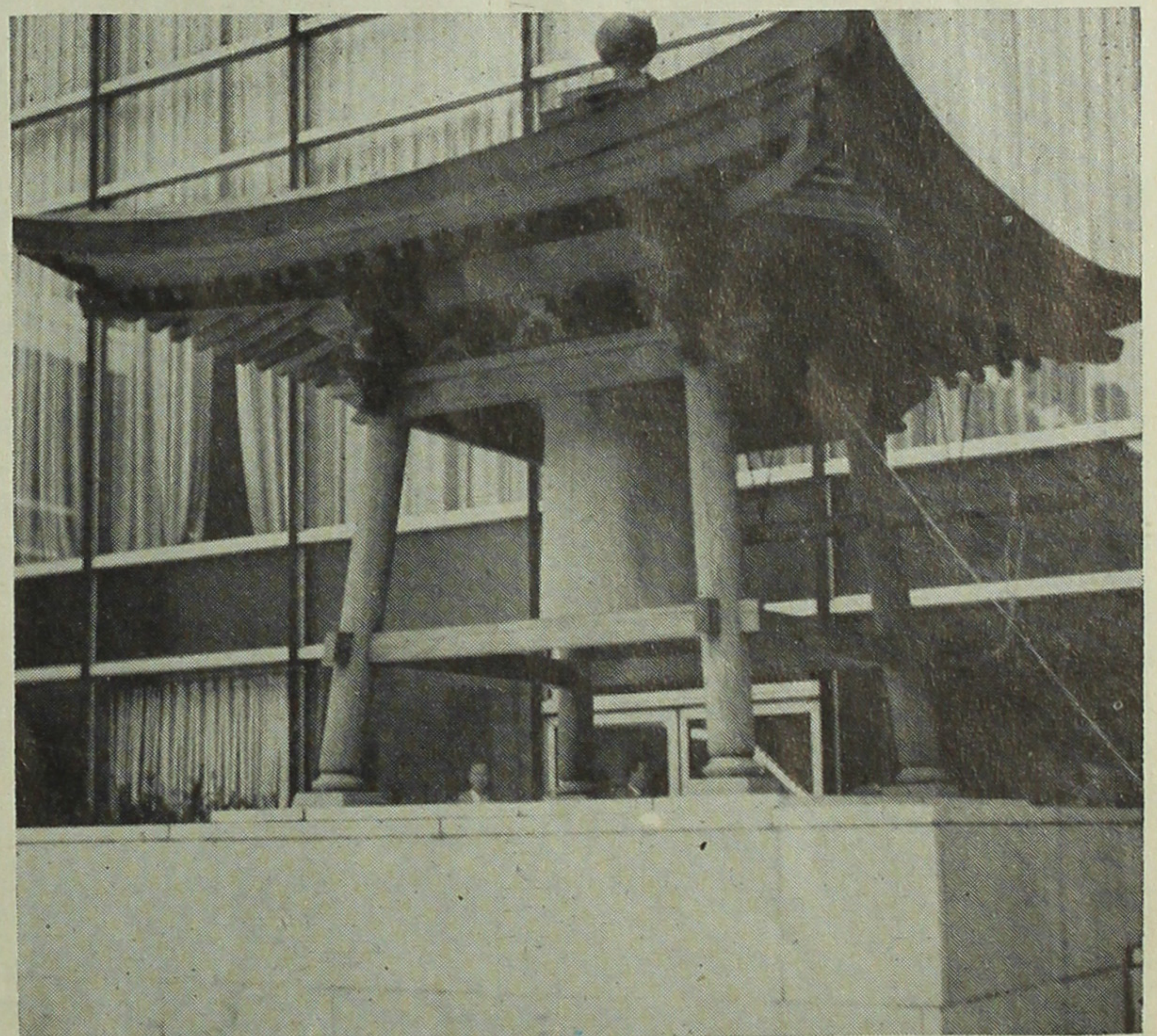
**C**HIYOJI NAKAGAWA'S family for generations has been casting bells through the artful blending of metals. He completed a bell several years ago which contained more than 200 coins of 64 countries, a plaque of Christ and Mary blessed by Pope Pius XII, numerous old coins of Japan. The day he finished was United Nations Day, October 24, 1952.

He planned it that way. As a member of the United Nations Association of Japan, he is constantly “praying for the materialization of the spirit of harmony of the United Nations.”

So, although Japan is not a member of the United Nations, the 3-foot 3-inch Bell (256 lbs., 2-foot diameter at its base) hangs in New York's United Nations garden. It is housed in a Japanese Shinto shrine-like structure of Japanese cypress wood, near cherry blossoms donated by the UN Association of Japan. The country of Israel contributed the structure's base of 800 limestone-like slabs.

Ambassador Renzo Sawada, Japan's “Permanent Observer to the United Nations,” declared in the Bell's presentation earlier this year: “The acceptance by the United Nations of this donation from a non-member nation is also in tune with its spirit of universality and augurs well for the realization of this ideal of the United Nations.”

Inscribed on one side of the bell are the words: *Sezai-zettai-heiwa-banzai no kane* (Long live absolute world peace).



**COINS AND MEDALS FROM 64 countries** were melted to cast 250-pound Peace Bell presented to U. N.

紐育の国連庭園に安置された釣鐘堂。鐘の銘に曰く  
千歳絶対平和萬歳鑄造者中川千代次氏。



# The

by Masamori Kojima

Photos by Ed Saylan

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE representative called it the "greatest thing that has happened to Los Angeles."

The place is small, looks hardly like anything at all, but here in West Hollywood at 517 N. Robertson Blvd. (temporary quarters) is the start of an idea that may give a much-needed kick in the pants to imitative sluggish Japanese manufacturers.

It is the Japanese Center, under public relations expert, Marque Richard.

"There's a tremendous interest by Americans worked up in the postwar years about Japanese handicrafts and goods. In most cases, they have no place to go where they can get either the information or the products.

"The Center's aim is to give that kind of information and directly link these Americans with the Japanese manufacturer or artist in Japan."

One measure of public interest is that with hardly a paragraph of fanfare in the local press, within the first 6 months of existence, more than 4000 people have come to the Japanese Center.

They see articles for instant use in their homes (or their friends'); they see Japanese pieces that Issei themselves have never seen or long forgotten. Many of these have been personally collected by Richard or by his friends in Japan.

That's Japan's new market potential: thousands of Americans interested in Japan's home furnishings. Richard points out that this country's Home Furnishing industry made billions last year.

Richard had this in mind when he returned to Japan shortly after the war's end. (He had been a businessman there before.) In the course of his work, a United Nations Peace Conference Sur-



MARQUE RICHARD BELIEVES there is U. S. market for Japan-produced goods.

日本人センター創立者マーク・リチャード氏が日本人製品の質を一番に調べてみる光景。米人の欲求する日本人製品の標準は斬新で良質。



# Japanese Center

vey, he met Japan's top manufacturers. He found, of course, a lot of interest in a project which suggested money would be made.

But the handicap: most of the leaders thought in terms of a U.S. market of 20 years ago (the celluloid gim-cracks, Boop-boop-a-doop dolls, tinny toys).

The Center, it is proposed, will be financed by private individuals in Japan. (Thus far, Richard has been putting forth most of the capital himself.)

Japan's manufacturers should benefit from the Center's advice since it is closer to the "customer" than they.

These are some of the points that the Japanese should do.

1. Find out precisely what the needs and likes of the American public are. This means a market research survey. Revise notions outdated by 20 years on the nature of the U.S. markets. Tastes have changed. Standards are higher.

2. Consider the basic need of a national public relations program. The good things which abound in Japan have to thread their way through a heavy network of prejudice against poor Japanese products. For example, her postwar sewing machines killed an excellent potential by their own shoddy creations.

3. Keep quality standards. Japanese manufacturers have been guilty of delivering products of considerable sec-

ond-rate quality where first-rate ones had been promised.

Unless the Japanese manufacturer can *guarantee* quality and performance, no amount of price cutting will save Japan's economy. Said Richard: "He should then *maintain* prices. Price-cutting will cause the cheaply made goods to drive out the quality ones. This is one of the worst sins. Americans are ready to pay a good price for good materials." Moreover, Japanese industry should look to things and ideas that spring out of Japan's own traditions and imaginations. When the Japanese are ready to do that much, the American public eagerly awaits through just such a channel as the Japanese Center.



FASHION DESIGNER KOW KANEKO brought Japanese fabric show to U.S., talks of her faith in them to Japan's Mitsui.

米人の好みと需要とを研究の為渡米した三井廉三氏(右)が、金子幸子嬢と日本人製品を克明に検査しみる光景。金子嬢は日本品原料を米人の意匠を加味し又は創作適合、気品等を考慮して近き将来市場に於て。





フック・ラグとして知られてゐるオリエンタルカーペットは上圖の如くフックで刺繍する。左は黒崎と子、右は藤木みはるの両嬢が作業の姿。ロスアンゼルスではブロックステアトで実演した。

# Rug Makers Tour United States

By Ernie Riesen

**P**RIOR TO THEIR tour of major U.S. cities, showing Americans the art of weaving hooked rugs, 21-year-old Miharu Kurosaki and 19-year-old Tomoko Fujiki had a world that ended at Kobe, about 2 hours from their small village in Hiyogo Prefecture.

They are typical girls from the farms who bicycle to work (about 40 minutes each way). The factory is a big roof over a vast area. Miharu, Tomoko and hundreds of others are called "hookers"; they make the color patterns on the rug with yarns in a push-pull motion. They're fast enough for 2 to make a 9 x 12 foot rug in 5 to 6 days. They're good enough to know where 22 different colors of yarn go. (They use no color charts; it's all from memory.)

The hooked rug industry came to Japan via China, though not centuries ago like so many of her present-day traditions. The industry, in fact, is a postwar transfer from places like

Tientsin because of the Communist rule in China. The owners are Americans who place these factories near farming districts. The girls not only work at hooking rugs but in the harvest season they return to their parents' farms to complete the crops.

Color combinations vary in rugs from 10 to 20. Artists first stencil and design the patterns. Spinners dye and process the materials. And the "hookers" like Miharu and Tomoko put on the finishing touches. They lay a porous cloth (Hessian cloth, it's called) on the loom, stencil the design, and apply the yarn with a push-click-pull of the needle.

Miharu and Tomoko are being taken to a major department store in each big American city. In Los Angeles, it was the Bullock's Downtown; in San Francisco, the Emporium. The sight of these pretty young ladies "hooking" drew crowds of store buyers from all over the city. They are helping the sale of rugs—and Japan.



LEFT—  
**MIHARU KUROSAKI** and Tomoko Fuji-  
 jiki's rug hooking tour is guided by  
 Bogohsian Bros., fine rug importers;  
 will include major department stores  
 in all big cities.

RIGHT—  
**ARTISTS FIRST** stencil and design the  
 patterns, then colors are chosen.

BELOW—  
**RUG HOOKERS** memorize up to 27 col-  
 or combinations for rugs, hook heavy  
 yarn on stenciled Hessian cloth.



下は製造室である。女工の群れが熱心に作業する姿。

上は意匠専門家が下絵を描く光景。この起原は印度が始まりであったが支那に傳はり  
 支那印度も赤化は關係上、米國は日本へ紹介した。







STACKS OF FINISHED PAPER are trimmed by hand with a sharp knife, packaged with straw rope, shipped to market.

第五圖 最後は鋭利な切断刀で規定の紙幅に切断する光景である。





**WOMEN CLEAN WOOD PULP** in cold running water after it is soaked and bleached, an uncomfortable, monotonous task.

第一番、楮又はみつ股の表皮を晒らして、その白色の部分と、緑色の部分とを一々手で撰り分ける。

# Paper Making at its Finest

**B**ACK IN AMONG the rugged mountains of Japan, close to a fast flowing mountain stream, is the village of Shimomaki in Gifu-ken. When the sun is out, the streets are lined with hundreds of boards — drying individual sheets of hand-made paper.

Shimomaki is one of the famous paper making villages that provide material for the badges of Japan's culture: the colorful umbrellas, lanterns, fans and *shoji* (sliding doors). In U.S.

homes, products of the hand-made paper are cropping up in the interior decor. U.S. department stores are using them in window displays.

Every inch of this Japanese paper is the labored result of hundreds of fingerings. Consider the background the next time you see and handle the paper.

Paper-makers rely mostly on 2 plants, the *kozo* and *mitsumata*. These are mostly grown in northern Honshu and Shikoku. The stems come to the village of

Shimomaki in bundles, 3 feet long.

First they're steamed over large wooden tubs of boiling water for about 2½ hours. Then women strip the barks from the stems and dry them in the sun. (The unused twigs are dried and used for kindling.)

The bark is washed for a day or two continuously in a nearby stream. Some villagers will divert mountain streams to flow through the town by means of stone lined ditches. In a cold monoton-





**WET BALL OF PULP** is tossed on bamboo screen, dipper of water is added, mixture is shaken until it spreads into sheet.

第=番上「晒らされた皮を「ぼり」上げて罫械の上に載せ、水分七割を「ぼり」上げると罫の如き一定の「紙板」が出来る。

**NEW SHEET OF WET PAPER IS** drained by raising one end of bamboo screen, tossing off excess water and wood pulp.

第=番下「如上の紙板を次の作業場に送られると板上に並び乾燥台で干す光景。







**PLANT GLUE IS ADDED** to hold fibres together, then the new sheets of paper are stacked to stand overnight.

第三番 乾燥板から取り外して之を板上に置き乾燥室へ返還する。

第三番下は乾いた紙板を圧索する。この作業は専門的<sup>ニ</sup>手加減を要す。圧しが強すぎると紙質が悪くなり、圧しが利かなければ又紙質が悪い。料理人の手加減みたいである。

**HAND OPERATED PRESS** or a stone press is used to squeeze out remaining moisture; too much pressure spoils paper.





ous task, women hand-separate the epidermis and the green parts from the bark.

Next, the bark must be bleached — either with chemicals (the new way) or in a boiling lye solution of wood or straw ashes (the old way). For the final bleach, the bark is washed thoroughly in running water (which reemphasizes why villages need to be close to strong mountain streams).

After bleaching, the wet pulpy mass is laid on hard boards (or smooth stone) and beaten with wooden paddles. Some paper mills have “mechanized,” and use what appear to be oversized Mixmasters.

The paper begins to take form at the next step. The paper maker (usually a young girl) stands over a square wooden vat mounted on a low platform. Over the vat, suspended from the ceiling, is an exceedingly fine screen of bound bamboo splints, bound together with horse hairs or silk threads. To make

a paper sheet, she will toss on the bamboo screen a ball of that pulpy bark and add a dipper of water.

The screen, pulp, and water are then shaken over and over again — now lengthwise, now breadthwise. This meshes the fibres.

At the right moment, the screen is lifted, the excess water and pulp is tossed off, and we have a sheet of paper, though very wet.

A plant glue is added to hold the fibres together.

The sheets are piled one on top of the other, and left overnight.

The next day, they're squeezed to remove excess water, sometimes with stone weights, or with hand-operated presses. The papers cannot be pressed too hard. Even after the pressing, much water remains.

And so the drying. Individual sheets are spread on a smooth board with a very fine brush, and put out in the

streets for the sun. (An automobile has no place in the village at drying time). Where the breath of modern science has touched, like the Iesogawa paper mill in Shimomaki, drying is done with copper panels heated by steam.

The drying creates two textures: smooth (side next to the board) and rough (the brushed side).

The finished paper is trimmed by hand, a man wielding a sharp knife. The sheets are bundled, tied with a straw rope, and sent off to the market.

The hardier paper comes out of the *kozo* plant. For more delicate uses such as printing the *mitsumata* paper is employed.

Paper-making is another of Japan's handicrafts which under correct guidance can be exported in greater quantities than ever before. The adornments that proceed from this paper are a delight to U.S. homemakers and interior decorators. The paper-makers of Japan should act on this.



**SMOOTH SURFACED DRYING BOARDS** dry paper in the sun; side near board is smooth; brushed side is rough.

第四圖 いよいよ仕上げの乾燥。日本は天日に日晒らすといふ。太陽熱で干すのである。





SHOJI HAMADA MADE THIS POTTERY, tells students that naturalness and good design come from making many pots.

民芸壺。良壺は五十に一つ。その五十番ぐらゐが名作と傳ふ。古雅に亙る單調。俳味、禪味横溢に満ちる。

Honolulu Academy of Arts Photo

## Mingei: Rural Handmade Pottery

“THE GOOD POT is the result of naturalness and flow that come only from making many pots. It’s like practicing scales. If you make 50 pots, the last is apt to be the best.”

An American, Janet Darnell, once of Spring Valley, New York, and presently of Mashiko, north of Tokyo, Japan, was quoting Japanese pottery maker, Shoji Hamada.

“In America,” she went on, “an artist potter will stiffly and self-consciously make one pot. It’s not considered important to make many.”

She pointed up the general difference

in pottery making approach between the 2 countries, but there was more reason for her presence in Japan, studying with Hamada. (She gave up a newly built house and pottery shop in Spring Valley, New York.) She says it is because “the Japanese are attuned to the land. Here there is a naturalness in the flow from living to work.”

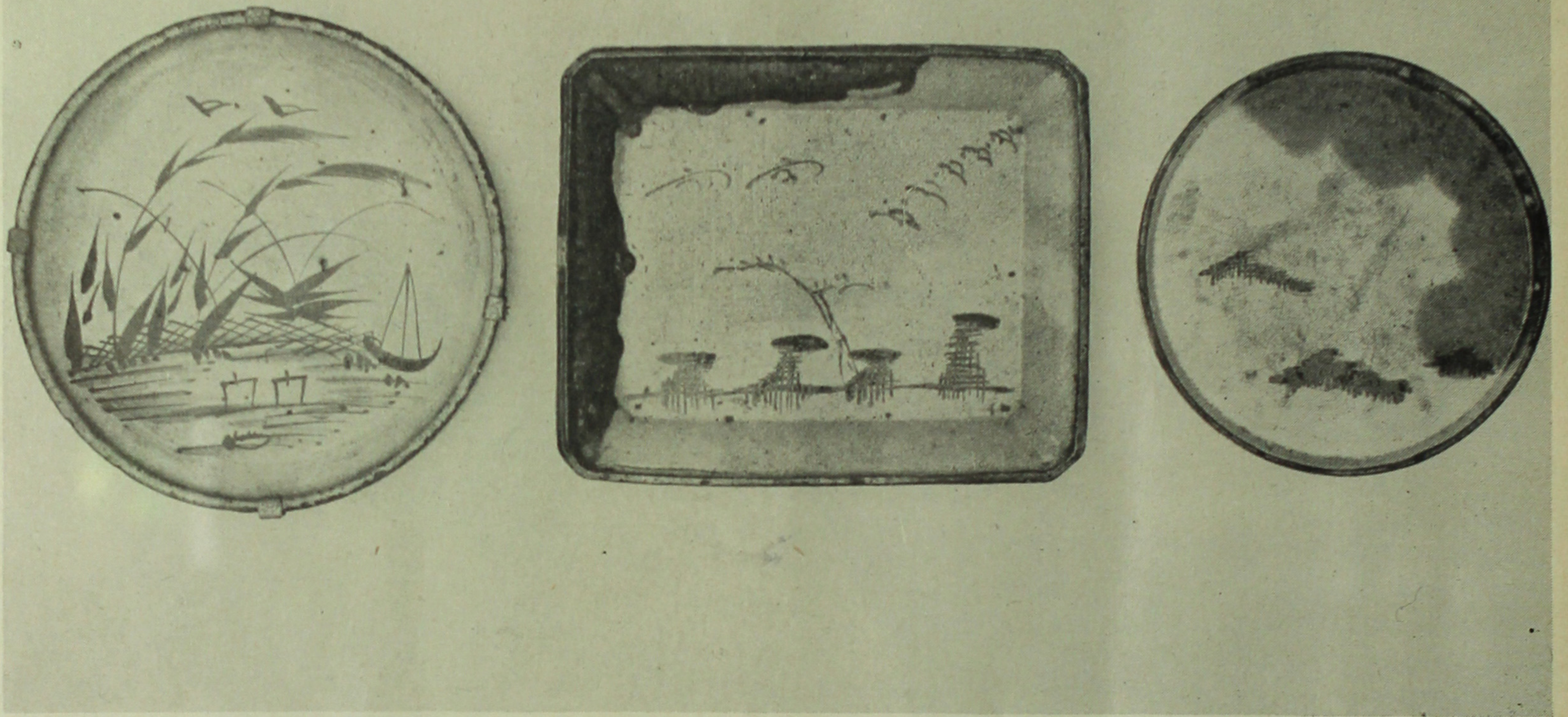
The curious aspect of Janet Darnell’s discovery is that the Japanese themselves generally did not appreciate the results of that rural kinship with the land. For 300 years, a tradition of rural pottery making had been developing in the

countryside of Japan. But as recently as 30 years ago, the Japanese dictionary did not even list the word describing this rural or folk pottery. The word is *mingei*.

Today, department stores of Japan have *mingei* sections. There are 3 *mingei* museums.

Rural folk pottery consists of ordinary articles, like kitchen plates and cups, used by the people in their homes. To an eye conditioned to delicate Korean and Chinese porcelains, *mingei* seem crude. The ceramic texture appears coarse, the edges are not well-rounded—





ROUGH EDGED KITCHEN PLATES are Oribe ware from Seto, utility designs from nature give them new kind of beauty.

民芸折部焼。利根川畔。武藏野。又は夕立と鎮守の森を想ひせる意匠の秀逸性を見よ。夏あり。冬あり。秋あり。

the whole article seems to be full of kiln faults.

But as one gets to know how the unknown country artisans conceived and fashioned these pieces, they take on a glow of uncommon beauty. If the hooks of the kiln appear in the pottery, let it be, says the folk potter. A thing to be beautiful does not have to have glossy smoothness all over. The *very steps of the making* should be unpretentiously revealed in the final product. For designs, the folk artisan abstracted from nature itself—that is, the nature he himself saw around. The materials that are used come from the area surrounding the workshop. You make the most of what you *already* have.

All must flow *naturally*. For example, a teacup with a handle can only be successfully solved by a potter who knows how it *feels* to drink from a cup with a handle. (It's possible that Japan's industrialization and inclination to imitate the West contain the germ of a

threat to Japan's true folk art.)

For Japan, her own recent discovery of treasures in her backyard is due to 3 men: Soetsu Yanagi, Kanjiro Kawai, and the already mentioned Shoji Hamada.

Their story is told by *Nippon Times* feature writer, Yoshiko Uchida, who has an extensive personal interest in *mingei*. These 3 men met one winter night about 28 years ago in an inn high atop Mt. Koya. They talked long into the winter night, excited by the knowledge that they had long shared a common love for the simple folk art of the countryside. As they talked, they felt a sudden urgency to tell the world how they had uncovered objects of uncommon beauty among the ordinary rural articles.

Though they had no money for a folk art museum, the 3 were determined that one must be established so that Japan's rural handicraft could be introduced to the public and preserved for the future.

As soon as they could, they began to collect material throughout the countryside. They were criticized for collecting cheap and common things. In their words, they searched "for the common, the useful, the beautiful." These were not hard to find, for no one had ever searched for them before. They were everywhere in the homes and shops of the small country villages.

One year later, they had enough *mingei* for a Tokyo exhibit. They believed in their "new standard of beauty—a healthy beauty." That exhibit was followed by 2 more. Gradually the public began to take interest.

Today, Japan has museums in Meguro-ku Tokyo (subsidized by the Government), another in Kurashiki, and another in Osaka. Over 5000 in Japan belong to an association with 20 branches to encourage development of leaders among the craftsmen to sustain and improve the quality of folk art.



The notion of individual leaders in a folk art movement sounds contradictory at first: their role is to keep up the spirit of folk art and exert a guiding influence among the craftsmen.

Miss Uchida comments:

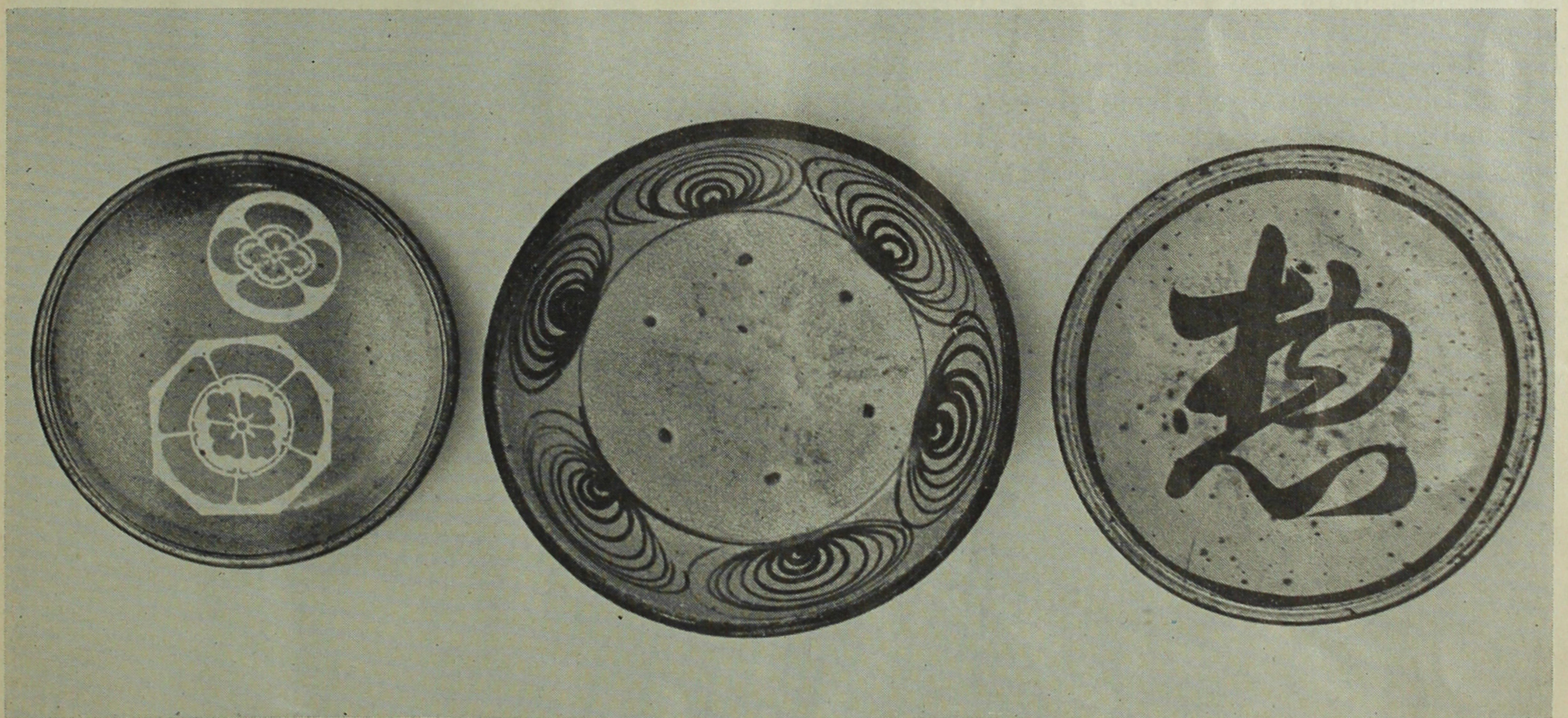
“The leaders and founders of the folk art movement are a genuinely sincere and humble group of men. They seem somehow to have kept alive among them the spirit of the nameless artisans of the countryside, and too, they share a deep faith that some greater being—not specifically called God or Buddha—is directing their work and creative energies. It is an interesting fact that the present director of the Kurashiki folk art museum was once a Protestant minister and that Soetsu Yanagi (Director of the Tokyo Museum), was once a student of religious philosophy.”

In view of the enlarging market for *mingei* in the U.S., that humble, unhurried, simple part of the Japanese culture could well become an important part of her economy.



**COUNTRY PEOPLE HAVE DESIGNED** beautiful, useful objects for hundreds of years—this cloth was woven about 1800, is probably from Kyushu province.

民芸繪がすり「松に鶴」織物意匠。起京百五十年前。九州久留米がすりか。

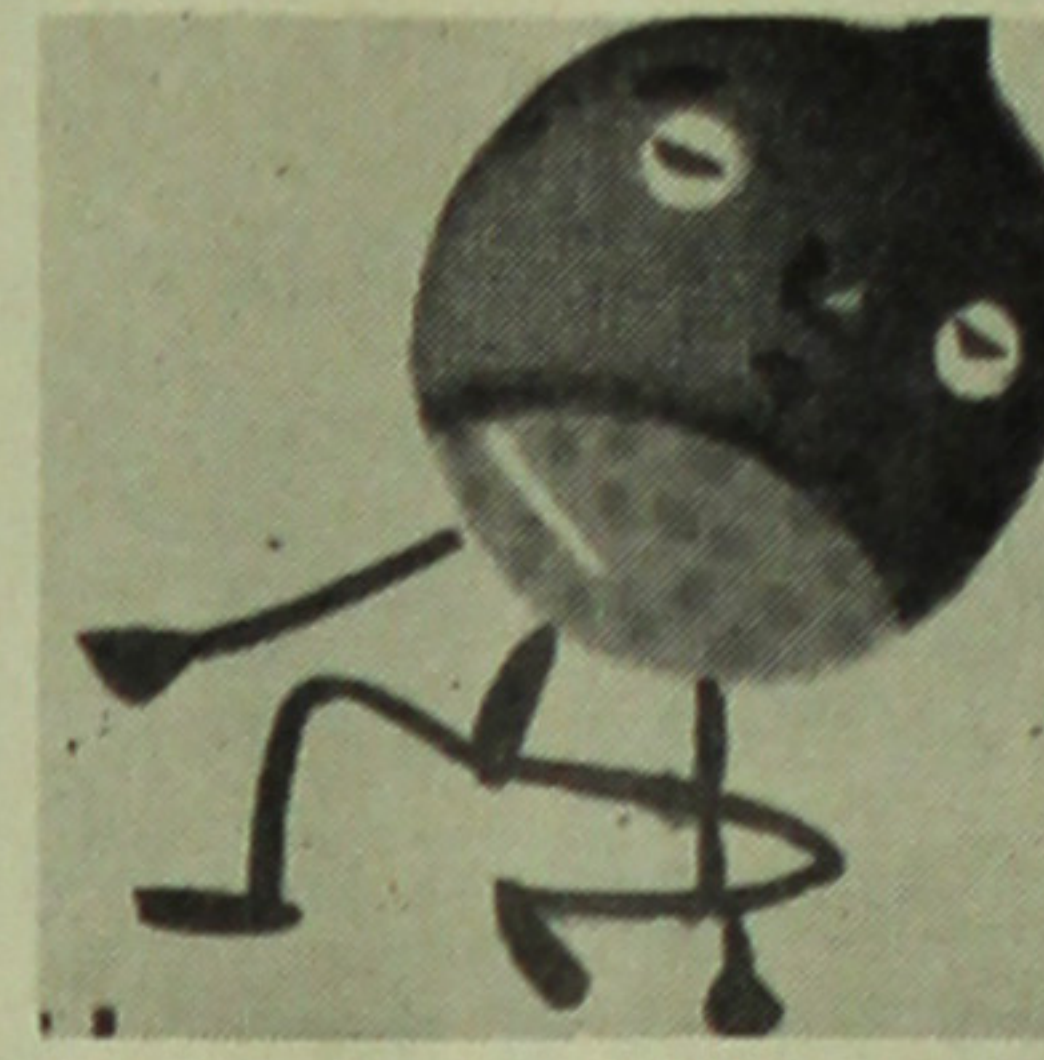


**MINGEI NEVER IMITATES CHINA'S** polished perfection—200-year-old Oribe dinner plates still show potter's tool marks.

民芸陶器皿模様。瀬戸の。桔梗とか。田螺とか。陶師の名とか。ダニエル・アレンが語る自然の美を描いた芸術。



a tale from Japan



## How Tumbler Went

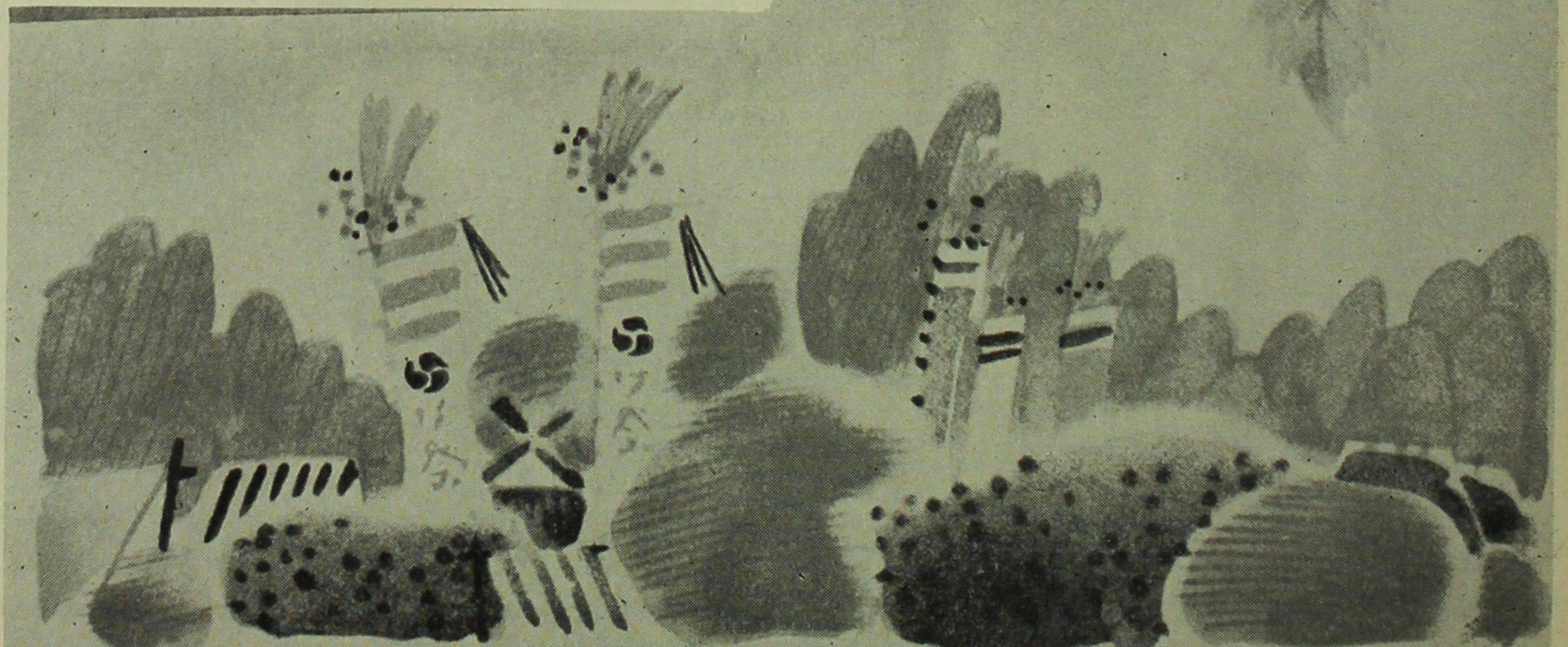
## To The Festival

by Hirosuke Hamada  
Pictures by Toshio Suzuki

Once there was a little acorn named Tumbler who was growing on a high branch of an oak tree on top of a mountain. From where he grew he could look down and see a village at the foot of the mountain. One day he saw that the Autumn Festival was being celebrated in the village.

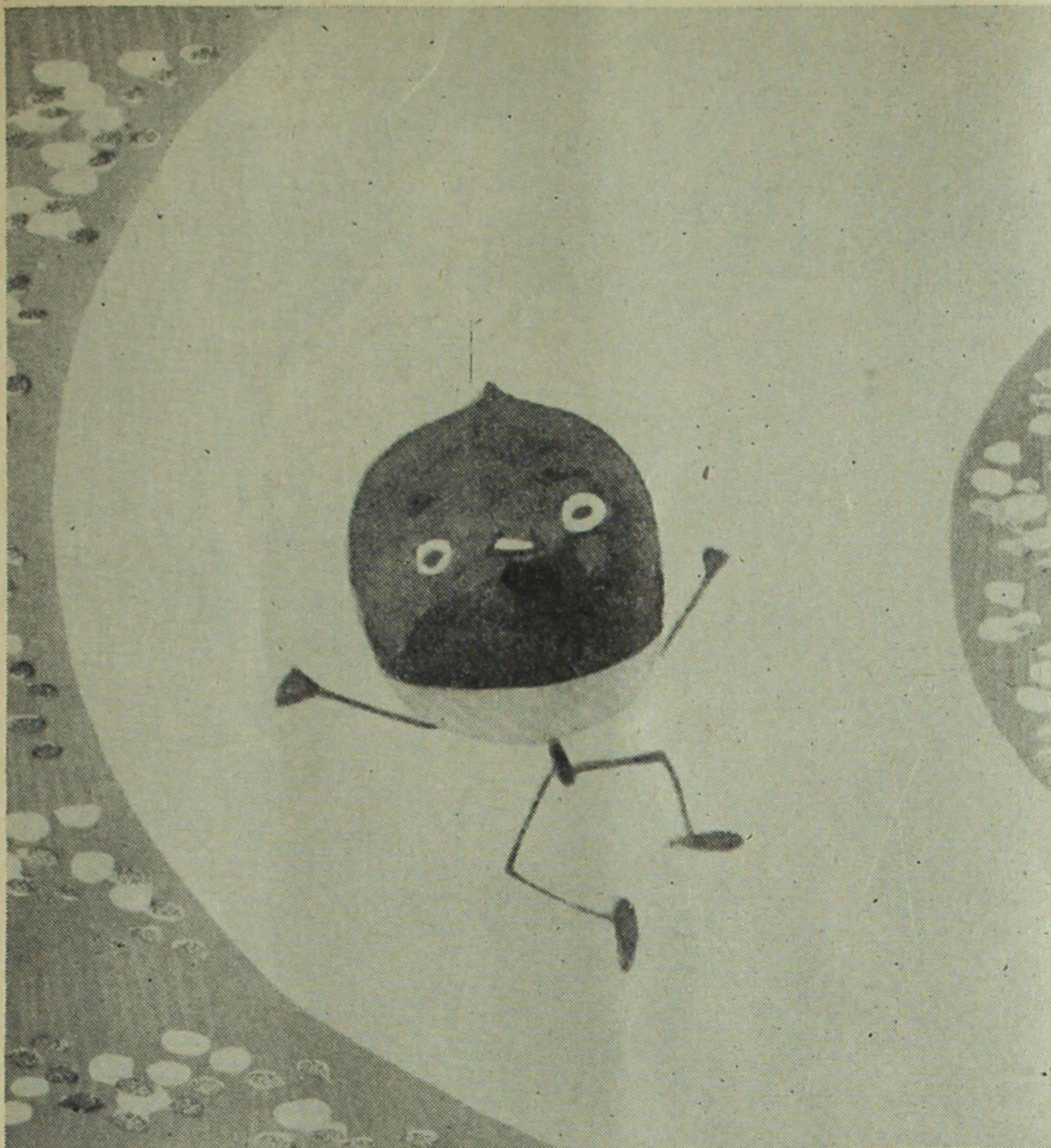
"Oh, how I wish I could go to the festival!" he said.

So Tumbler called to the wind and said, "Please blow me down, Mr. Wind." Immediately the wind began to blow, and at last Tumbler fell "Plunk!" to the ground and went tumbling and rolling down the mountain. He kept tumbling and rolling, tumbling and rolling, and just couldn't stop. Suddenly he rolled over a cliff and fell with a splash into a river. Then he went floating down the river. Finally the river brought him



"OH, HOW I WISH I could go to the festival!" said Tumbler in his oak tree.





**SUDDENLY HE FELL** with a splash into the river.

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, c/o Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A. or 1, 1-chome, Kasuga-cho, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

to a spot just behind the temple where the Festival was being held.

"Help! Help!" Tumbler cried in as loud a voice as he was able.

"Who's that? Where is he?" cried two little boys who happened to be sitting on the bank of the river.

"It's me!" cried Tumbler. "Here I am, in the river."

"Why! It's little Tumbler," the boys said, and pulled Tumbler out of the water.

"Me, I've come to see the Festival," said Tumbler.

So the two little boys took turns at carrying Tumbler on their shoulders and showed him everything there was to see at the Festival.



**SO THE LITTLE BOYS** took turns at carrying Tumbler on their shoulders and showed him all the Festival sights.





YOKO'S YOUNG BROTHER YOSHIO needs mother's care, believes mother is dead.

守川義平の長女ト子十八の時、愛弟義夫当年十才と共に伯父の河村弥八往訪の途。

film from Japan—English titles

## Love Cancels Family Duty

**A** SOAP OPERA entitled "Big Sister" never had the problems that swirl about actress Yoko Katsurage in Shochiku's *Shinjitsu Ichiro* (Love and Duty).

Only 18, she is already touched by her mother's scandal. Mother abandoned her and father for a lover shortly after the birth of a younger brother, Yoshio, now 10. (Yoshio believes that his mother died in his babyhood.) As the only woman in the family, she is also the housekeeper and must care for her

brother and father.

Yoko is engaged, however, to a seemingly forthright young man who knows about her mother. But in time this breaks up when it is revealed that her father is not really her father at all but someone who married her mother already bearing another's child.

Young brother Yoshio at an impressionable and tender age is showing painful evidence of needing real motherly care, especially because the father dies!

Yoko, for his sake, tries to persuade the real mother to return. The brother once met the real mother at the beach (he didn't know that she was his *real* mother) and showed an immediate attachment. He subsequently through slips learns that his real mother is not dead at all and that she, indeed, is the very nice woman he met at the beach.

The real mother is still in love with her lover (the same one for whom she abandoned the children) and is reluct-



ant to go back. The lover is studying to be a scientist. But he fails, and in his misery, leaves the real mother.

His leaving, coupled with a touching scene where she hears her son, Yoshio, in delirium (he had just undergone an appendix operation) call out her name, persuade her to return to her children.

But the happiness of the 3 is not for long. The real mother still loves the would-be scientist, and she goes back to see him more and more. She even takes money from her daughter's bank account to give to her lover. Eventually, she gives up the children again. She says to herself: "to become a mother is one thing; to live as a mother—ah, that is another and more difficult thing."

The lover, becoming more miserable in his own failures, mistreats her. Finally he commits suicide. She does too.

In the meanwhile, the young brother Yoshio is fast on his way to becoming a delinquent. But his school teacher, a handsome young man, encourages him to be otherwise. The teacher's interest is stimulated by the pretty sister, Yoko.

The final scene suggests that the future is going to be better for these 3. Young Yoshio, by pre-arrangement with a conniving group of fifth graders, is supposed to throw a foot-race to the sixth graders. But as he is running, he hears his mother's voice from the other-



**YOKO PERSUADES HER MOTHER** to return home to care for Yoshio after he called for her in delirium, but she cannot forget her lover and soon returns to him.

world: "Win it, my boy! Try hard! Don't lose!" He wins, faints away crying "Mother!", as he breasts the tape.

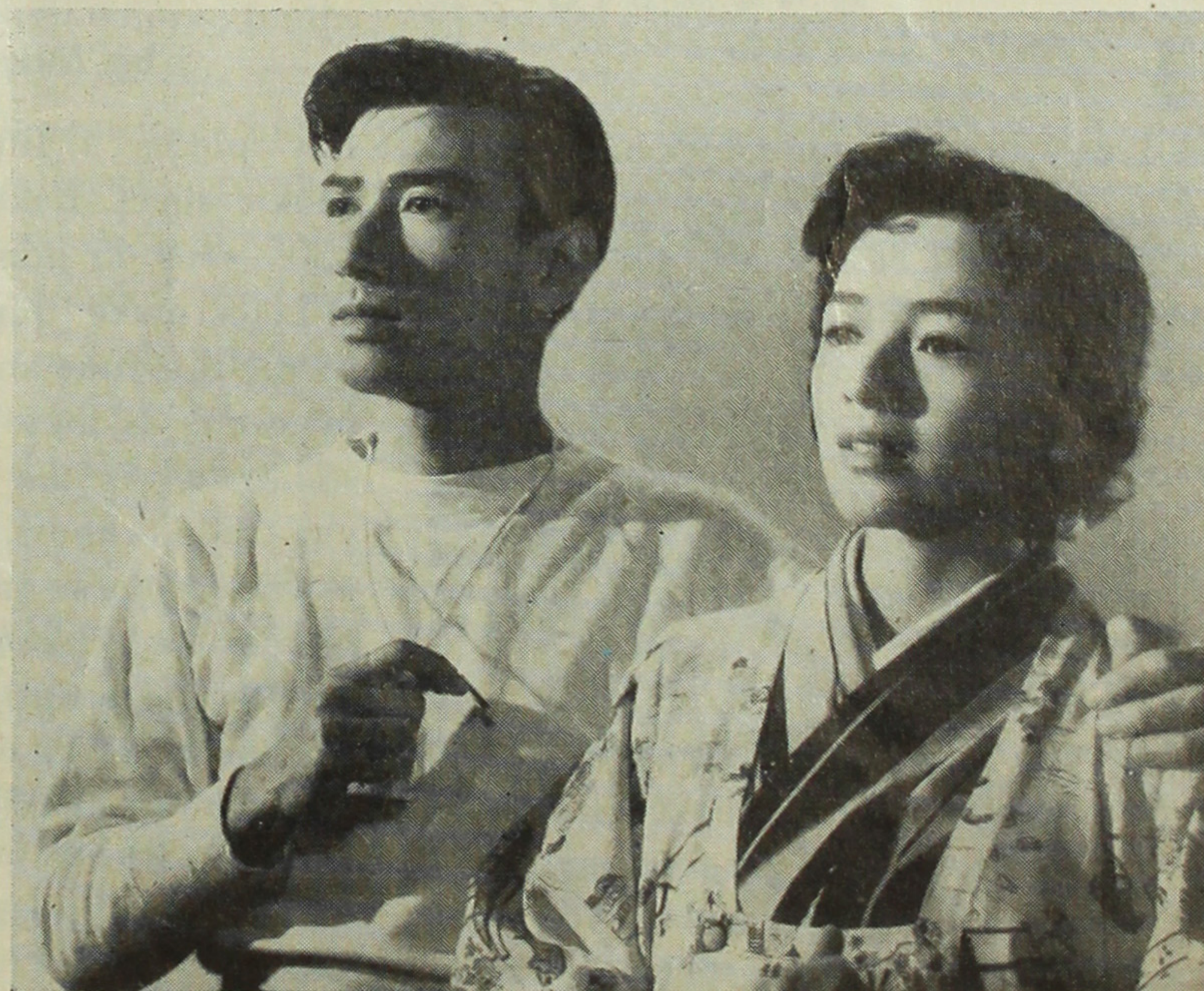
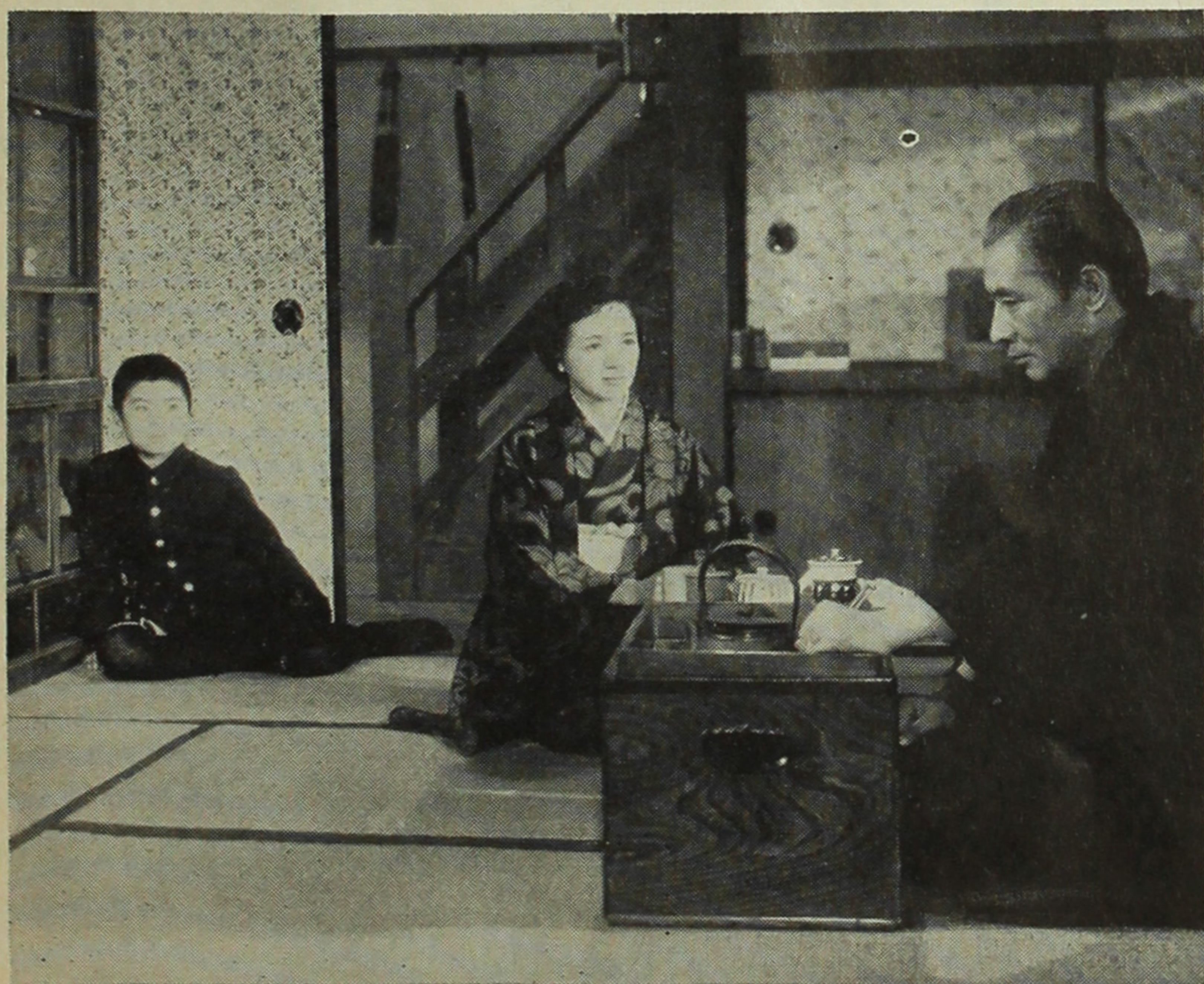
This picture is based on a popular novel by Yuzo Yamamoto. Its boxoffice

popularity in Japan reveals that filmgoers there like their stories sopping wet. The film has English titles, is currently in Hawaii and will be seen soon on the mainland.

上はしづ子と義夫が母とロウぶべき守川義平毒むつ子をしづ子が諫めてみる所。  
下は伯父を訪ねてゐるしづ子と義夫。その右はしづ子と愛人大越護。

**CARING FOR FATHER** and brother is Yoko's task; when father dies, she is responsible for her brother.

**BOY'S TEACHER** (Keiji Sata) prevents brother from joining lawless gang, becomes interested in Yoko.







PICNIC CHICKEN IS EXCELLENT for family outings, can be packed with *osushi* and pickles in pretty lacquer boxes.  
*Photo by Ikuo Serisawa*

## Delicious "Picnic Chicken"!

by Mary Serisawa

I call this "Picnic Chicken" because it is excellent for this exciting family occasion. And best of all, it's so simple to prepare when you're in a picnic mood. (It is delicious, too!)

### PICNIC CHICKEN

- 3 pound fryer, disjointed
- $\frac{1}{4}$  pound melted butter
- 1 tsp. Seasonall or mix salt, pepper, paprika
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 cup bread crumbs (not too fine)

Dip each piece of chicken in melted butter. Add and mix crushed garlic and seasonall to bread crumbs. Now, roll chicken pieces lightly in crumb mixture.

Lay pieces a little apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven—350°—for 45 minutes.

Let's make this a "Japanese" style picnic this time and take some "*osushis*" or *sushis* as they are commonly called. (The "o" is the polite form, in case you didn't know.)

The Japanese are "poetic" about their picnics too! *Osushis* are little rice sandwiches and beautiful to look at as well as delightful to eat. (Mothers used to spend hours making these dainty sandwiches.) Please—don't fret for we are only going to make the simple kinds today!

If you did not get other issues of *SCENE* for method of cooking rice, I shall repeat it. But the most important thing to remember is that rice for *osushi* must be cooked to perfection.

### STEAMED RICE WITH SWEET VINEGAR

- 3 cups rice, bulk if possible
- water—use "finger" method
- 8 tsps. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. ajinomoto (monosodium glutamate)
- 1 tsp. sake



Wash rice thoroughly 'til absolutely clean. The "native" way to measure correct amount of water is to lightly touch top of rice with middle finger, then add only enough water to cover *first* joint. Be sure to soak the rice at least 10 minutes, 2-4 hours, if possible. (Use a heavy pan with a *tight* lid and *always* the correct amount of rice for the size of the pan. For instance, use a medium size pan for 3 cups of rice, or a small pan for 2 cups of rice or less.)

If rice has been soaked a long time, you must remove  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water, because adding the extra amount of vinegar (liquid) will make the rice too soft.

Add seasonings and mix. Cover.

Cook over medium flame until cover starts dancing (about 6-8 minutes). Quickly reduce flame ever so low, placing an asbestos plate beneath it.

Steam undisturbed for 15 minutes! Turn off heat. Let stand a minute or 2 before transferring to a large moistened bowl. Try to cool rice a little, using a Japanese fan.

Now—a *sushi* press is needed! These are beautiful wooden rectangular boxes (moulds) which come in 2 sections. They are available at any Japanese food store and are made in various shapes, such as *matsu* (pine tree), *ume* (plum flower), and fans, rectangles and cylindrical shapes. Mould must be moistened and rice packed, then pressed through it. You can make your own little rice patties shaped like eggs, slightly flattened for easier eating. However, you must moisten both hands lightly before shaping the cooked, seasoned rice. This shape is wonderful for pictured

#### NAMA ZUSHI (raw fish sandwich)

For that pungent "accent" brush top of each rice patty with a dab of hot mustard (Chinese Style, see October *SCENE*) or fresh or dried moistened horseradish. Cover with a slice of *really* fresh tuna thinly cut (slantwise). Doesn't this sound daring and delicious? As good as these sandwiches are, they will not keep for long, so eat and enjoy as soon as you can. If fresh tuna is not available, you can use a slice of that beautiful, delicate pink-colored and tasty *lox* (Jewish smoked salmon) instead. I would not use hot mustard because it is much too strong for this delicate fish. Horseradish would be divine,



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however.

P.S.—They'll disappear like "mad" if you don't tell anyone they're made with "raw" fish!

#### ABALONE OSUSHI

Use canned ones packed in Japan. On top of each rice patty brush a little hot mustard or a dab of horseradish. Cut abalone in half if large. Slice thinly crosswise in large enough pieces to cover each sandwich.

P.S.—I know you'll have lots of abalone left in the can. So, why don't you make appetizers to serve later that evening or for another party with drinks or beer?

On a pretty plate arrange a bed of lettuce or greens. Cut abalone in thin, dainty slices. Stick enough colored toothpicks in them for each guest. Squeeze a few drops of lime or lemon juice and a few drops of soy sauce. Lastly, sprinkle lightly with cayenne, white pepper or paprika. Exciting and unusual, too!

P.P.S.—The liquor from the abalone is wonderful for Chinese or Japanese "poem" soups and should never be wasted.

Sweetened lima beans made from dried ones or sweetened French chestnuts (*kinton*) and pickles are usually included in a Japanese picnic as well as deliciously but delicately cooked seasoned vegetables. Hard boiled eggs cut in half or cut in circles are excellent to take on this occasion

Now—you are ready to pack the food which is always arranged most attractively and packed in elegant lacquered boxes. These come in 3 to 5 sections, which can be stacked on top of each other and covered with a beautiful lid.

Before covering, however, be sure to garnish your boxes of food with deep pink, pickled ginger slices, parsley, or stiff leaves (but *not* oleander) with tops cut in zig-zag fashion

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# JACL Sets 1955 Horizons



QUEEN JANET Fukuda and National President George Inagaki are enthused about '55 "New Horizon" program.

市民協会八十七支部を統轄する全米市協会頭稲垣讓治氏と女王。

**F**FOUNDERS OF THE Japanese American Citizens League thought they were organizing a fraternal group. Today's 87 chapters, which met for its Thirteenth Biennial Convention (September 2-6, Los Angeles' Hotel Statler), knit an organization whose presence is felt more in the courts and legislative chambers than fraternal halls. The JACL's main concern: that the rights of U.S. Japanese shall be equal to all others.

Twenty years ago, debates revealed self-conscious attempts to clear away the racial picture by labels. Meetings used to be given over to whether the word should be American-Japanese, Japanese-American, and whether a hyphen should be used at all. The JACL today is less concerned with semantics, more with mature national programs.

Sometimes criticized as being *too pri-*

*marily* centered on Japanese rights (support, for example, of the late Senator McCarran who was regarded as a racial bigot by some), the JACL nonetheless has brought a new dimension to the lives of U.S. Japanese. Its achievements are distinguished: laws permitting evacuation claims, naturalization, immigration; good court decisions on land ownership, the right to fish commercially; and countless local representations.

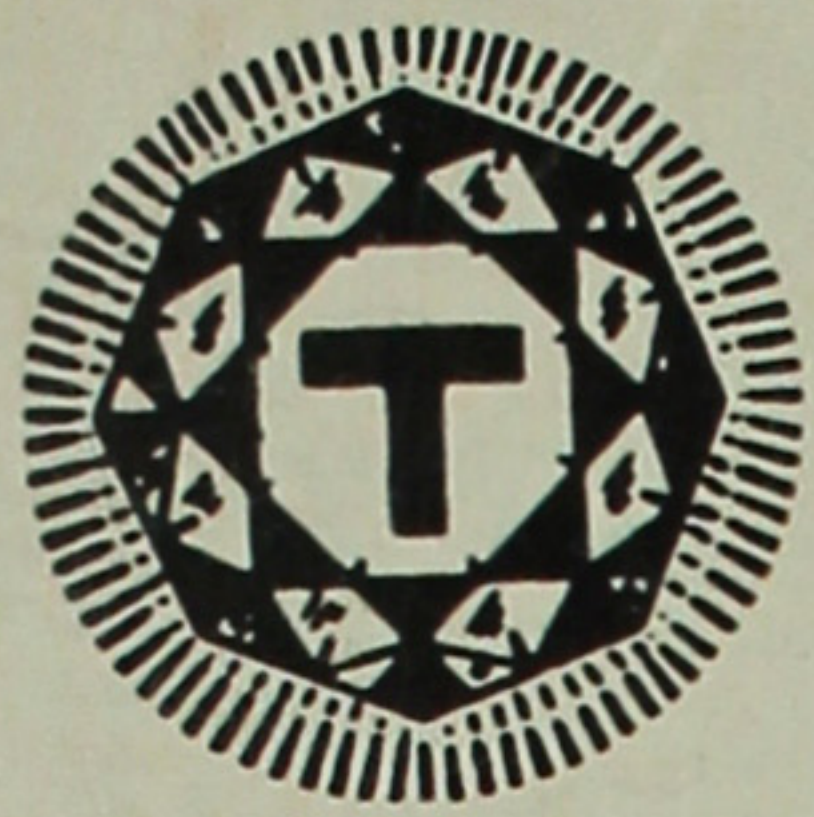
Convention's keynote address by MGM Production Chief Dore Shary re-emphasized a point that later appeared in the new JACL statement of purpose. It was a point on "heritage." Said Shary: "... lend your diversity to the American scene—to bring all that is good and bountiful of your Japanese inheritance to this, our American scene—and to take from the crucible that is America those things that are offered to you."



CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR KNIGHT congratulates Nisei of Biennium Sergeant Hersh Miyamura. Min Yasui adds his.

第十三回全米市協大会で模範二世に推薦された宮村軍曹(左)へ表彰状と記念品を授与する加州知事ナイト氏(中央)、祝賀の固き握手と感謝の握手してゐるのが大会代表安井稔氏。





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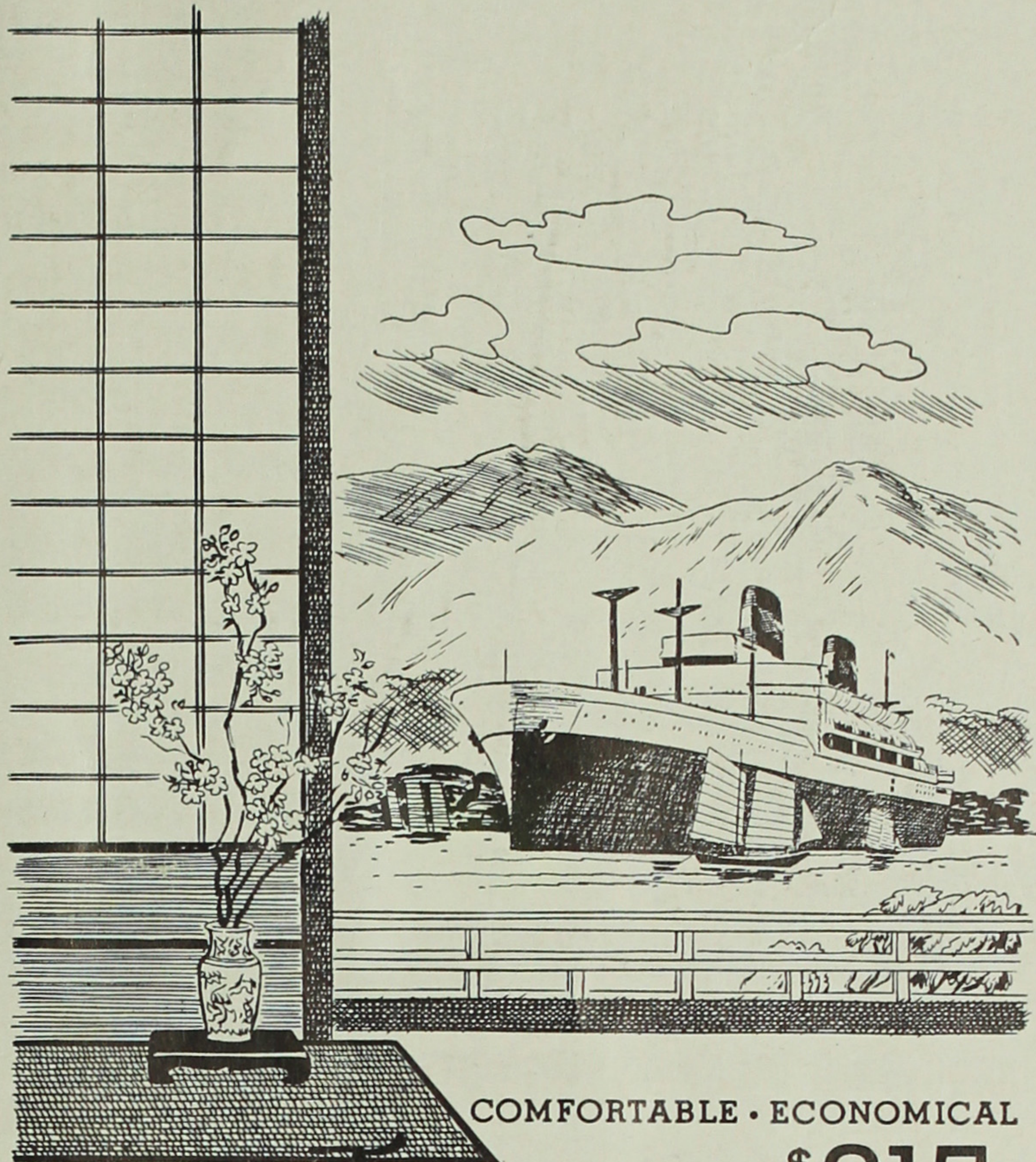
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by Roy Hoshizaki

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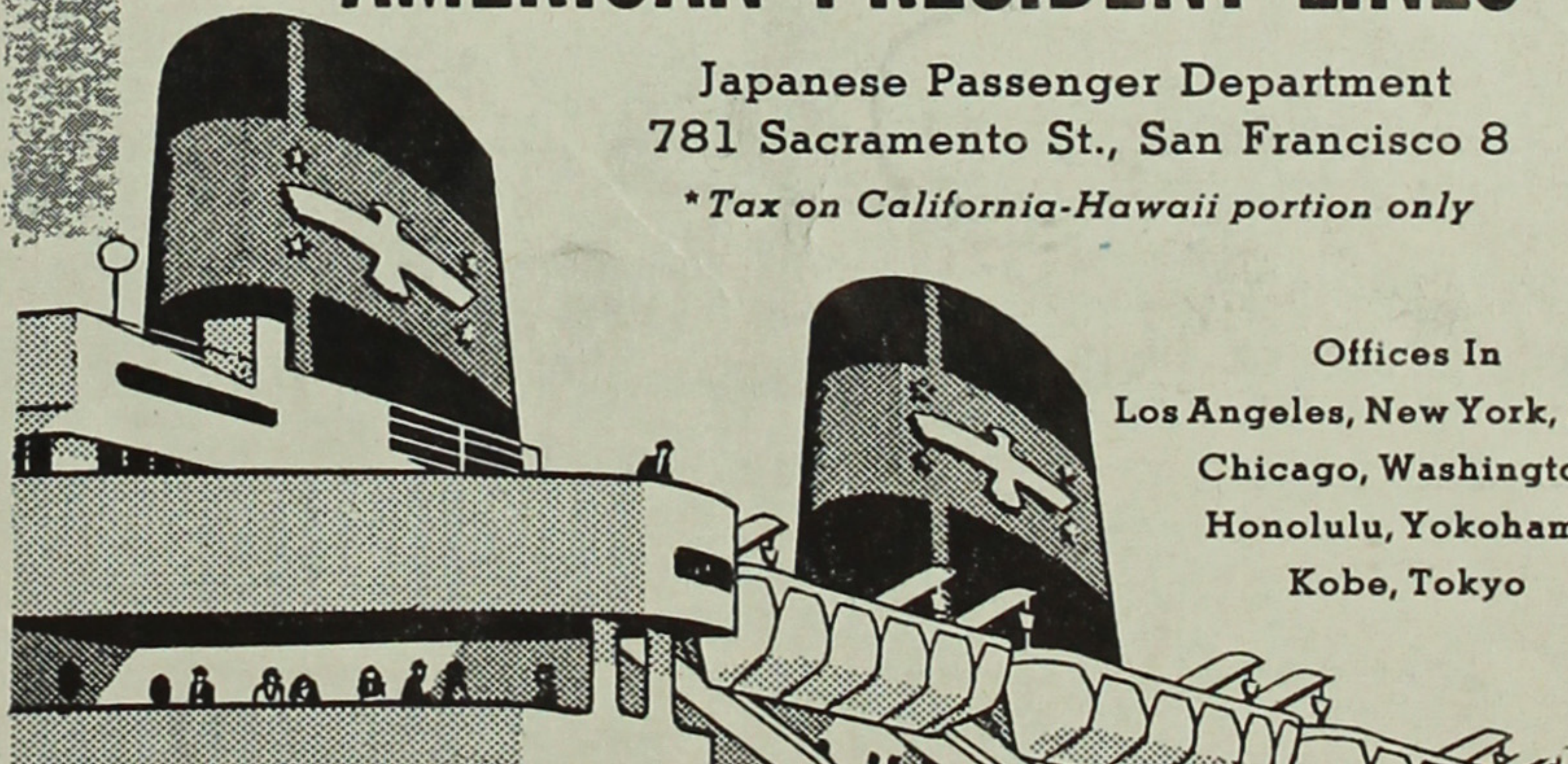
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