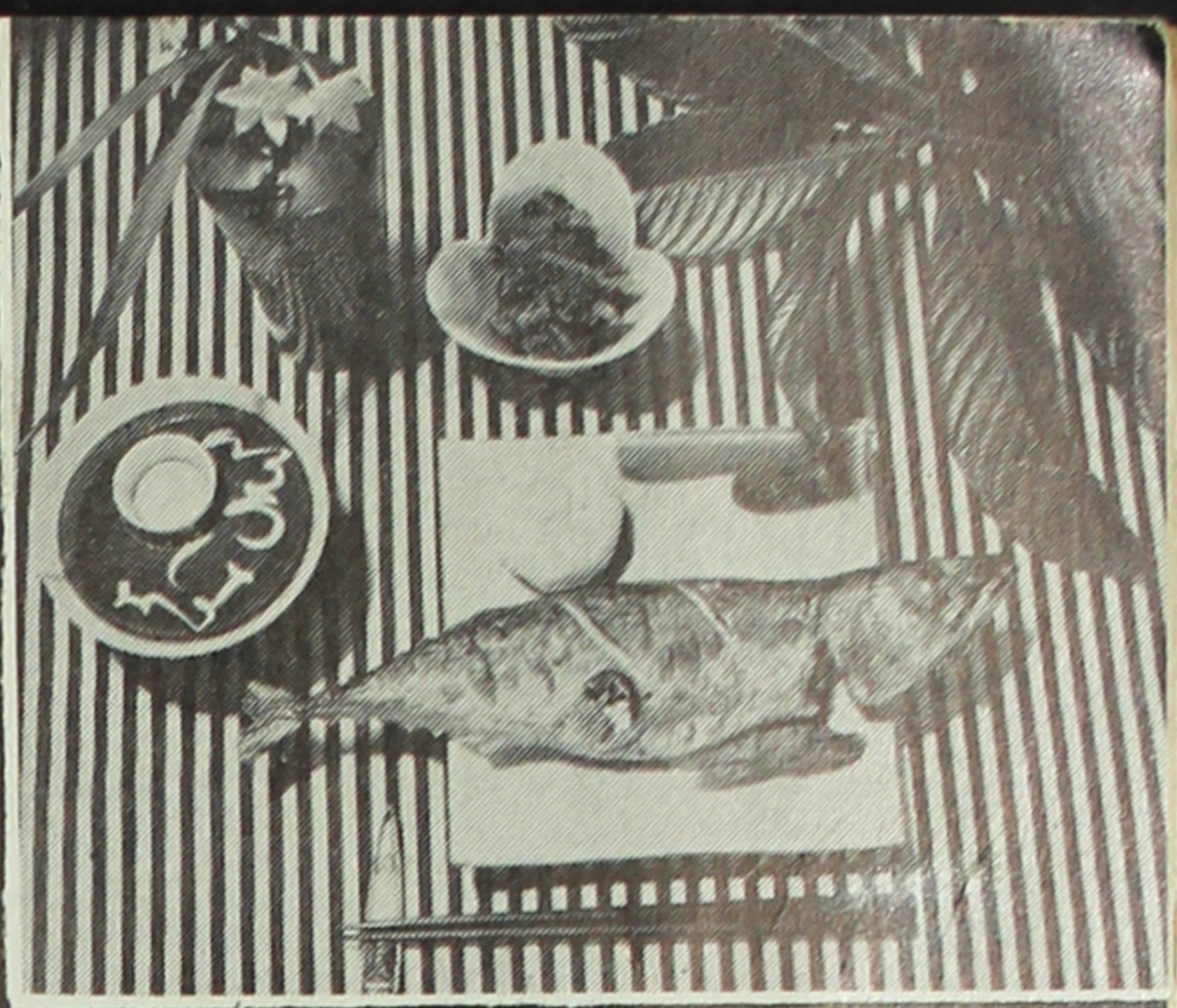


SCENE

the International East-West magazine



Yaki-Saba

**MARCH
1955**

**Where do crests
originate from?**

**Are Japan's girls
better for men?**

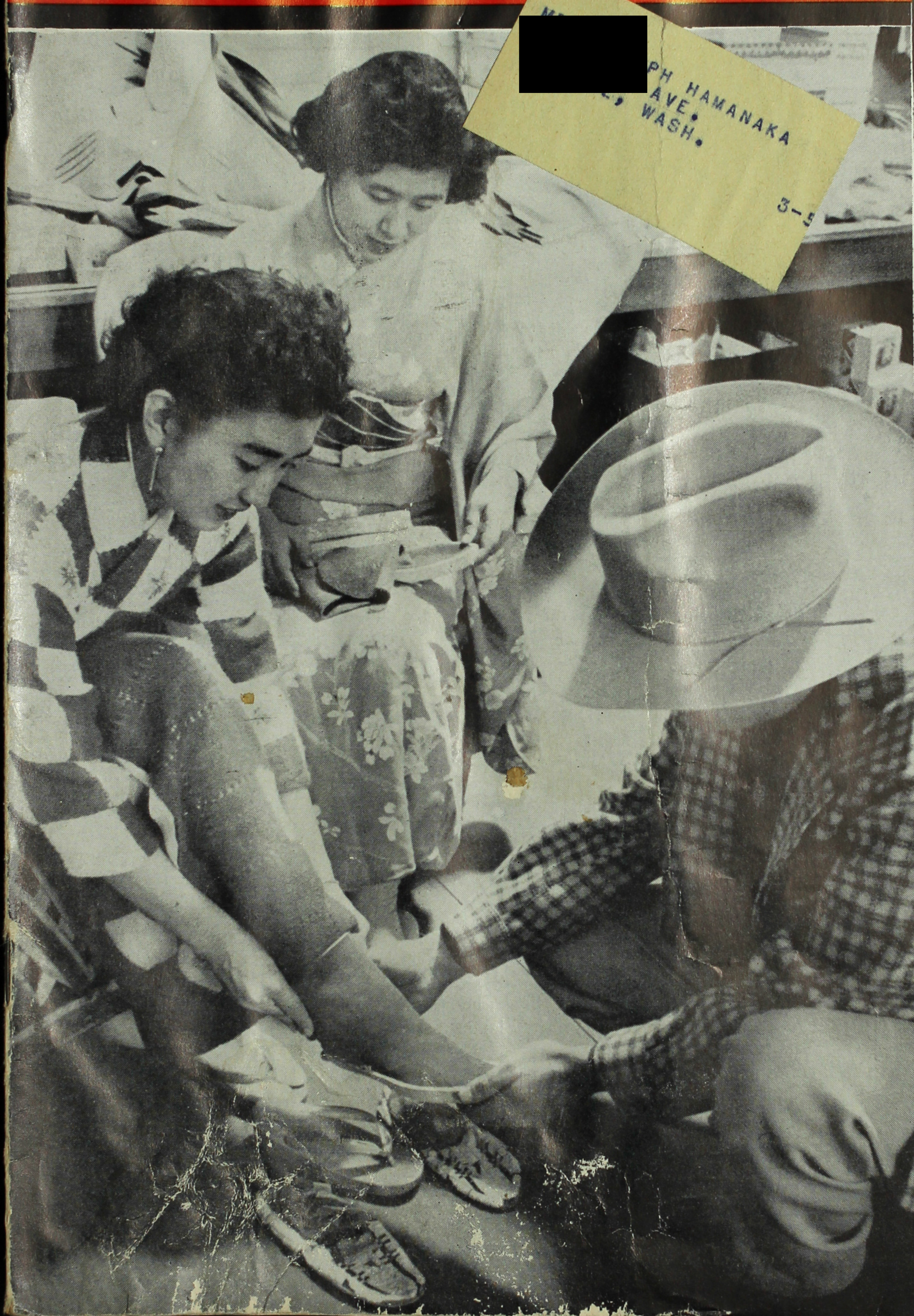
**What happens in
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**His drawings win
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Behind the SCENE



"Mercy me, the raiders are coming!"

THE EDITORS of SCENE have been often amused by the bumbling English used by Japanese translators, especially the English titles on films. The editors know also the laughter which comes from Japanese lips when an American is translating or pronouncing Japanese. Be that as it may, we hope that struggling translators of Japanese film studios will not take offense if some of their errors are used as examples here.

SCENE's part in this language-knot is checking the scripts of some films brought over for the American market so that the results will be titter-free English.

One of the chief reasons contributing to the general confusion is to treat English as a *single* language. So we get British phrases interspersed with American. Here's what happens:

In a modern family scene, the father is not getting along with his son at all. Finally, in exasperation, he shouts, according to the English title: "Fie on you!"

A *samurai*, striding along the road, gets bumped by a traveling merchant. The *samurai* whips out his sword and screams, according to the English title:

"By Jove!"

Samurai and lords address one another as "old chappies" and "dear fellows."

A very manly *samurai* is on guard outside the castle. Suddenly he sees the enemy and exclaims, according to the English title: "Mercy me, the raiders are coming."

Samurai may say: "Oh dear," "heavens," "oh my," or even "goodness gracious."

Christian expressions are apt to slip into the mouths of Buddhists. One old woman, the ground shaking from an earthquake, runs out of her tumbling house, falls to her knees and prays: "May the Lord Buddha save us sinners."

Epithets trip many translators, since the source is in the native language itself. This one took an out, word-for-word. The wife berates her husband with: "You backboneless fellow. You spiritless fellow. You ghost of atrophy."

We were most taken by the following scene. The hero *samurai*, through a misunderstanding, is being sought by the police of that medieval period. He takes refuge in the room of his favorite *geisha*. A maid opens the screen door, warns: "Scram, the dicks are coming!"

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Letters to the Editors

Missed Pretty One

Dear Sirs:

Wally Jay did a fine job of reporting Oakland *luau*. But we know that your readers would want to see a shot of Rhoda Napoleon doing a Samoan dance with Vaa Logo.

JOHN CRESSY

San Francisco, Calif.

*Here they are, in columns 2 and 3. Oakland's *Hui Kamaiina* is planning more of these South Pacific dances for former Hawaiians.—Ed.

Maryknoll Alumni

Dear Sirs:

As much as the children of Maryknoll School, adults today need more spiritual discipline and moral regimen for the "whole body."

The Sisters, Brothers and Fathers of Los Angeles' Maryknoll have through their dedication been an inspiration to thousands, both Catholics and non-Catholics.

CHARLES TATEMURA

Los Angeles, Calif.

Shirley Yamaguchi

Dear Sirs:

It is nice to know that Shirley is back with us again in the United States. While in Japan, I was a fond admirer, and shades of "China Night," I will be able to see her stateside on my little old television set.

EX-SERGEANT HUGH CONNOLLY
Chicago, Ill.

Paul Rusch

Dear Sirs:

That was an admirable article on the work of KEEP under the direction of Paul Rusch. The energy and persistence of this marvelous man has meant a world of difference between happiness and misery to so many Japanese farm people.

I trust that readers will give every bit of support possible to his excellent works.

YUJI TAKE

Seattle, Wash.

Friends Identified

Dear Sirs:

The fine picture of singer Tomiko Kanazawa taken at the Imperial Gardens included a couple identified as "visitors from Japan." You may be interested to know that they are my parents-in-law, Senator and Mrs. Tazo Irimajiri. He's a member of the House of Councilors.

They were on a world tour. What impressed them most about America was

to be able to drive all day in some sections and not see a mountain anywhere.

Incidentally, they also thought that the *Tempura* at the Imperial Gardens Restaurant "could not be beat."

KEN NAKAOKA

Los Angeles, Calif.

Moral Rearmament

Dear Sirs:

I have often wondered about the true effect of Moral Rearmament (MRA). I have seen much mention of them, but I have never had any direct contact.

I am, therefore, thankful that you did write a detailed account of one ex-

—TURN TO PAGE 23



MAR.
1955

SCENE

the International East-West magazine

Vol. 7
No. 2

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Los Angeles 46, California
Telephone BRadshaw 2-2305

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FAVORITE INDIAN pieces for these pretty girls from Japan wereoccasins. They were in Kohlberg's Indian Store of Denver. Looking into their purses, they reconsidered and decided to buy the less expensive dolls. An idea of what happens when the Far East meets the Far West, turn to page 15.

COVER CORNER: A constant choice of SCENE readers all over the country is Mary Serisawa's recipe. The thousands who read her are passing the word along to neighbors and friends that the best way in cooking is, indeed, the Serisawa's "poetic and creative" approach. This month she brings a new taste dimension to a fish that many used to fling back into the ocean if it was hooked—the mackerel.

IN THE MARCH ISSUE: Read about a young American potter who volunteered for combat duty in Korea, in the calculated hopes that he would be discharged in Japan so that he could study pottery. He made it and stayed 14 months in Okayama-ken, learning *Bizen* pottery, raw, rough, beautiful creations that should create considerable controversy in America. His works suggest that J. B. Blunk will become the most talked-about American potter in 1955.

Western hairdo has by and large taken over the heads of Japan's women. They're cutting their hair short and giving pressure to bathhouses which charge them the same as women with waist-long hair. To keep up with the very latest trends, Tokiko Into has come all the way from Tokyo to study in a Hollywood Beauty School. She'll tell you about it next month.

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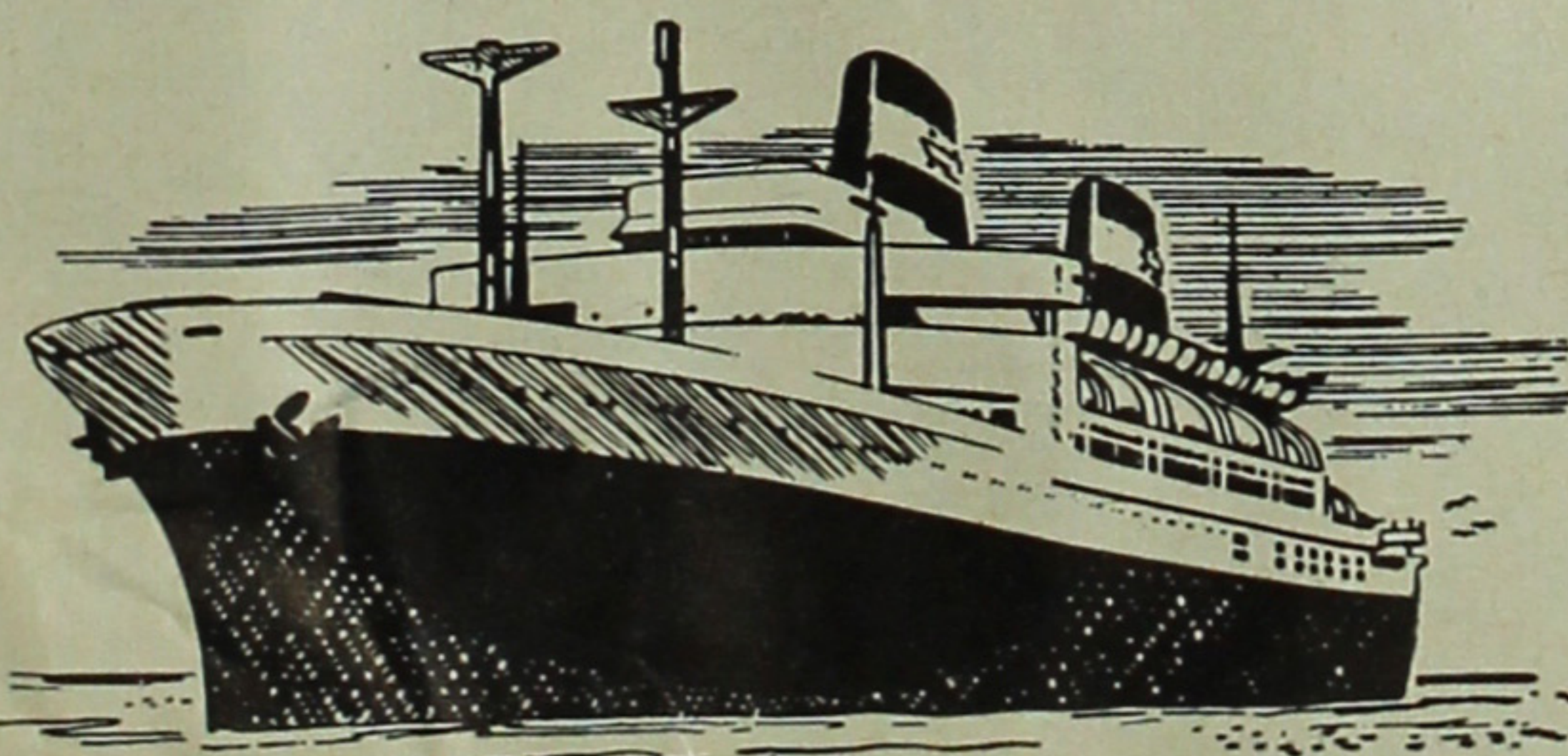
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JAPONICA

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. In the elections for Japanese governmental posts this month, college students with strong strident voices made fair pocket money. In regions often without portable loudspeaking systems, the election issues could only be put before the populace by a body young enough to stand the prolonged shouting. Collegians auditioned for speaking roles by standing on platforms and waving arms before politicians who solemnly evaluated each one on a rating sheet.

* * * *

TAX BURDENS. Our last reports from Fukuoka indicated that **samisen** playing and the titillating companionship of **geisha** girls have been virtually run out of the business by a Government Tax. We are not informed whether this was the intended end designed by the tax, but the **geisha** was willing to exchange her license for another trade when she, under her present occupation, has to pay a 100 per cent tax on her taxi fare to and from a restaurant and another total tax on the commission earned at the restaurant.

It may be added that no one seems concerned about this except those who give and attend **geisha** parties—hardly a dent in the populace.

* * * *

THE WEAKER SEX. Last year when the wrestlers from the Soviet Union came to Tokyo for the World Amateur Wrestling championships, they thought Japan had the most formidable women in the world. They mistook the **Sumo** wrestlers, thickly oiled hair tied in a knot. They should have stayed around for the International Women's Professional Wrestling in Tokyo. Top attractions: Mildred Burke, 150 muscled lbs., Mae Young, also 150 and a New York Champion.

Japan is rapidly getting caught up with what's been happening to the world in the past 15 years.

FROM HOE AND SHOVEL TO THE DRAWING BOARD

The Story of Tak Murakami





TAK FARMED 5:30 A.M. to 9 P.M.; studied art 10 P.M. to 1 or 2 A.M. Today he's Chicago artist.

by Harley W. Magee

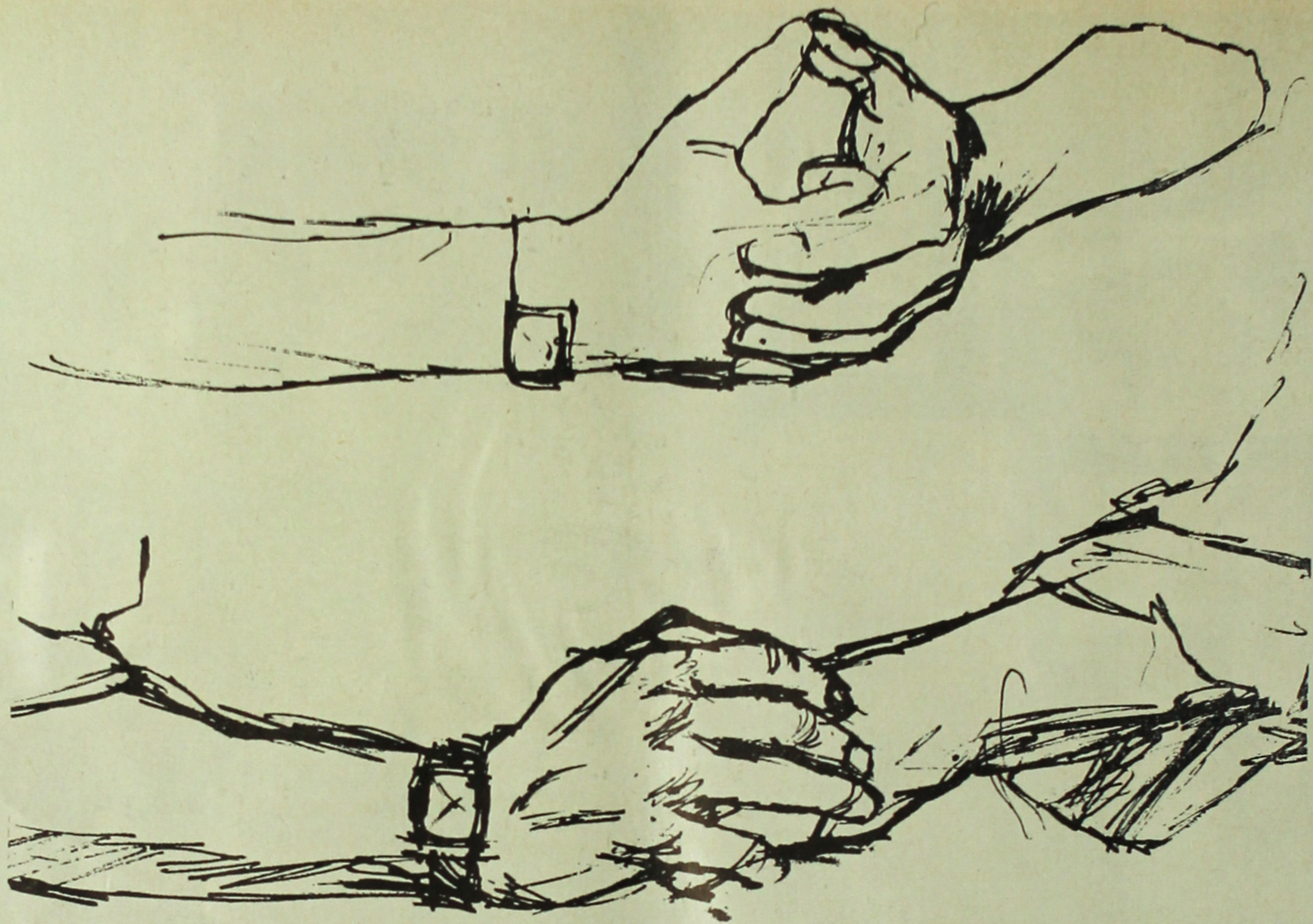
From *Famous Artists Magazine*

FOUR YEARS ago Tak Murakami was a farm boy working with his father on the family acres in Colorado. Today, at the age of 22, he is employed as an artist by one of the largest Chicago studios and also does free lance work in illustration. He made the transition from farm hand to artist through the Famous Artists Course—he has never had any other art training.

Tak's parents operated a small California farm and there were 13 children to feed, 10 boys and 3 girls. Tak was next to the youngest boy.

"When I was four I was asked to stop my 'bad habit' of drawing pictures in the air with my chop sticks at the dinner

二十歳のタク村上君は市街古のコーンシヤル
アーティストとして全米に知られ始めた。父は
加州農業家後、デムバー郊外に移つ
た十三人の子福長者の十三番目である。
四の時箸で絵を描いて此れをクリした
汽車の画が得意であつた。中学八年の
時登山右腕を傷めた時に画を
頼まれたが左手で描きあげた。十七時
通信教授で農務の隙夜十時から四
時向勉強、一九オリーシデムバー、ポスト
紙のアーティスト(遊軍)となり同、市街
古に出る彼の目的を了した。彼は際
々々あるスケッチを怠らさう。タク
村上の将来は誠に洋々たるものがある。



HE HAS habit of sketching at home, on trains, in offices, wherever he goes. Ideas are used on big jobs.

table," Tak recalls. "In grade school I tried to compensate for my patched overalls and hand-me-downs by drawing better trains than anyone else. Another boy though, to my chagrin, could draw better ships than I could. Then in 8th grade somebody asked me to draw a picture of 2 boys going up a mountain trail. I had just broken my right arm getting off our pickup truck, so I drew the picture with my left hand. Everybody thought it was terrific."

In high school, which had no art classes, Tak art-edited the year book, put on a drawing exhibition at a "teen-town talent show," took second prize in an open art competition, and won a regional award in the Scholastic Magazine Art Contest. His father wanted him to be a doctor or a lawyer but young Tak was set on art.

"My father finally told me I could take the Famous Artists Course if it didn't interfere with helping him on the farm," Tak relates, "so at 17 I enrolled. The first year I did farm work from 5:30 A.M. to 9 P.M., then from 10 P.M. to 1 or 2 A.M., I studied art. In winter the farm work was lighter, so my study periods were longer."

The second year, he wrote the School a letter. "The *Denver Post* has a supplement called 'Empire,'" he told us, "I am confident I can do better work than their artists. My opinion is based on ability, not conceit. I am 18 years old and eager to begin my career. How do I approach the art director of 'Empire' for a job?"

We advised him how to prepare and show his portfolio of samples. He could not afford to buy a portfolio, so he made one. His confidence in himself was rewarded. Soon he was doing magazine illustrations for "Empire," and he has been doing them ever since on a free lance basis.

At 19, he decided he was ready for the big city and headed for Chicago. He arrived on December 9, 1952. On December 10 he had an apprentice job at Kling Studios. He taught a Y.M.C.A. art class once a week and exhibited in the first "Y" art show.

Strangely enough, Tak decided at this point that his progress was too slow—and he took a little detour. He quit his job. After a few weeks work as a supply boy in a restaurant, he realized that, come what may, art was his life. So he was happy to return to art and Kling Studios. Soon he was associating with and being helped by more experienced artists, and today he is working as an all around studio man on many important Kling accounts.

"I wish to thank all of you people at Westport for literally 'opening the door of art' to me," writes this young man who recently graduated from the Famous Artists Course and is now enrolled in the Advanced Program. "I have learned to observe and I have faith that when I have mastered the tools of expression I will become the artist I want to be. Only 1 person stands between me and the top—Tak Murakami. And I don't intend to spare him in getting there."



PROBABLY THE oldest brother trio in the United States are the Oishis: Tokutaro 85, Seizo 83, Kotaro 81. Their combined total: 249. Tokutaro has been in U. S. since 1890. He raised the first Chrysanthemums for area in 1892.

Photos and Story by R. B. Laing

The Party was Bigger than he Thought

WHEN PIONEER florist and nurseryman Tokutaro Oishi was about to become 85 last year, he asked his son Ben to call his younger brothers Seizo Oishi, 83, and Kotaro Sakai, 81, both of Richmond, Calif., for a "China meshi" (Chinese dinner) somewhere.

Ben suggested the new Tokyo Suki-yaki restaurant at San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf.

When Tokutaro Oishi walked in, 200 friends from 27 different cities and towns surprised him, singing "Happy Birthday."

One of the most heartwarming family events of the year, it had been planned by his five children, Ben, Tatsuya, Masao, Mrs. Sadako Mori and Maryon Suzuki. Their wives and husbands helped as hosts. Son Tatsuya came all the way from Japan for the special occasion.

大徳太郎八五
 弟清藏八三同
 小太郎八一合計
 二百九歳をな
 る三氏兄弟の誕
 生祝に出席す
 ると勿論三氏
 の大パーティー。主
 催は子供五人。



AMONG 200 birthday guests was 97-year-old Matsuno Tsukamoto who turned over his San Jose nursery to Tokutaro way back in 1891.

They can Juggle with their Feet



JUST ABOUT the entire Kashiwakura family is on the stage of "The Teahouse of the August Moon," now touring the country in addition to current Broadway production. They are "villagers."

FOR THREE generations the Kashiwakura family, originally from Yamagata-ken, have been juggling one another on stages with their feet. Now, for the first time, a Kashiwakura member, 53-year-old Toyotaro is in the legitimate theatre — “The Teahouse of the August Moon’s” road company. What’s more—so is just about the entire brood of his family: wife Kiyō, son Takeo 15, Patricia 12, Mary 10, and little Ken 3. The smallest, Judy is too young; she’s 18 months.

Although “The Teahouse of the August Moon” has been playing for many months on New York’s Broadway, it wasn’t until November of last year that the Kashiwakuras had a notion that their lives would be intimately wrapped up with it.

Friend Christal Kim (also in the play), a “villager” in the original Broadway production, passed the word to them that Director Billy Mathews, forming the Teahouse road company, wanted children “to travel.”

The Kashiwakuras trooped to the director’s office and the 6 of them, right down to tiny Kenny, were hired on the spot.

In the play, Kiyō an old woman, the Mayor’s grandmother, has a line, “Tell fat old man shut up and let’s get going!”

Son Takeo lifts a goat, and Mary and Pat do some running about as children are wont to do.

Kenny is in the “Jeep” scene, but in the curtain call that he gets an applause



KIYO KASHIWAKURA (3rd from left) is among Ladies League for Democratic Action demanding same attention given to geisha girl Lotus Blossom.

equivalent to that of main star Burgess Meredith. All he does is to wear a white suit and walk on to the stage at the play’s end, holding Burgess’ hand.

In the play, Kiyō’s children are her “grandchildren.” Father Toyotaro is an aged man.

* * * *

Their performances here, of course, do not mean an abandonment of foot juggling. In fact, the daily practice continues. (“You can’t let the bones get too hard.”)

Toyotaro does the juggling. Wife Kiyō and the children are spun by sitting, laying, or standing on his feet. They’re tossed sideways, backward, and forward.

Sometimes costumes have split. Once the stage lights went out when one was being tossed in mid-air. “Our embarrassing moments are beyond count,” says Toyotaro.

He himself started at the age of 4 years, bouncing around on the feet of his father and uncles.

The family troupe left Japan, went to England, got to New York in 1923. (Besides Japan, some families in Denmark foot-juggle, in a father-to-son tradition.) It played the familiar theatre

circuits: Orpheum, “Public Theatres,” Fanchon & Marco. By 1932, Toyotaro was in an act at the Radio City Music Hall. Two years later, Kiyō whose father was a tumbler too, joined.

In the established family tradition, after marriage, it seemed most natural that the children in their turn should learn foot-tossing.

“We like best our benefit shows for crippled children. They’re the most appreciative audiences in the world.”

Though they’re on the road and living out of trunk, the Kashiwakuras have a closer family life than the average. They do things together as a unit: work, play, relax.

The older children study together 4 to 5 hours a day, usually by a fully accredited teacher assigned by a local board of education. Lessons are sent in to a correspondence school once a month for grading.

Their friend, Christal Kim, is usually along in the same hotel. Her father, Kim Yen Soo, a 78-year-old magician by profession, is in the “Teahouse” too.

The Kashiwakuras and all who act in “Teahouse” never seem to tire. “The play is very funny from the front—but it’s funnier from the back.”

コチハスオカストロ
仲秋の茶亭に相倉巡業團は米國到
戸で好評である。若くは愛嬌ある團長と
の妻、それに加ふるに長男竹雄十五才、長女バ
リシア(十三)イリー(十)ケニー(次男坊三才)までが
登場するので見ただけじゃんと大向かいの
米。それに更にクリストル金娘(韓人)が錦上
花を添えこめる。丑寅がドローで鳴らした
舞台度胸と喜劇を取扱ったサーカスの
軽業で人気を煽る。二座は義捐する。

Echoes from a Mountain School



Japan's face to us outside of that country seems to be made up of big cities, cultural centers and bright tourist spots. But she has a side that is not too well known, even to the city dwellers in Japan. It is the frugal hard life of rural areas where the young children have to contribute a daily share of time and labor towards the family income.

So big is their burden the children must struggle by Lincolnesque standards to obtain an education. From the pencils of these very mountain pupils, a group of essays has been written, entitled "Echoes From a Mountain School." SCENE selected one, a poignant demand by 15-year-old Tozaburo Sato: "We Must Have Time to Think and Study." He lives in the Yamamoto Village, Yamagata-ken.

This is printed with the permission of the publishers, Kenkyusha, Ltd., 2-1, Fujimicho, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

I have been making straw rope for thatching all morning. I worked hard, because I wanted to finish up and have a little time to read. As I twisted the last strands of straw, I sighed and said, "Now I can read." But just as I was opening my book, a voice behind me said:

"You don't think that's enough rope, do you?"

How could I read after that? I closed my book and walked slowly to the barn to get more straw for rope. There was none pounded, so there was nothing to do but pound some and get it ready to twist into rope. I pounded as hard and as fast as I could, so it didn't take very long, but by the time I began to make the rope, the noon whistle blew and I knew there would be no time to read, so I decided to work hard and put my heart into it. By the time they called me to lunch, I had finished two-thirds of the straw.

The Thatcher's Story

After lunch, I sat by the fire and talked with the man who was thatching, or rather, I listened to him tell about the farmer's union. He said that while he was in Yamagata on business for the union, he dropped in at the headquarters of the Communists. They asked him why he didn't join the party, since he often asked their advice, and he told them that he wanted to join, but feared being criticized by the neighbors. After talking about other things, he said slowly:

"After all, the Communist Party is the only reliable party in Japan. Don't you think so?"

I couldn't agree with him. Somehow, I can't believe that the Communists are so wonderful as they would like us to believe. If they are so perfect, why should this man not join them at once without fearing what the villagers might say about him? I am only a boy, and not supposed to ask questions about politics, so I just listened, but I could not help wondering at the disgusting behavior of some of the Communists in the village. I remember how some of them asked Mr. Yokoto to allow them to reclaim some waste land belonging to him, and when refused, they filed a petition with the Agrarian Department of the prefecture (Prefectural

Government), and obtained permission to reclaim all the waste land in the neighborhood. It then turned out that they did not want to reclaim all this land and had filed the petition including the extra land only to spite Mr. Yokoto. They often try this method. I don't like their high-handed methods of trampling upon the rights of others, while they say they are working for the people. I wondered if this Thatcher was as selfish as the others. How could I tell? The only thing for me is to study as hard as I can and learn as much about the world as possible, in order not to be ignorant like this poor man.

I decided not to go to the field in the afternoon, but spend the time reading. With this intention firmly in my mind, I went into the inner corridor, lay down on my side and pretended to be asleep.

Going to Amagari

In five minutes, I heard father's voice:

"Here, you, boy, where are you? Come along, we are going to Amagari."

I could hear him lifting the straw mat for drying tobacco leaves to his shoulder and telling mother to find me. I know there would be no more reading for that time. It was hard to give up my book, but there was no help for it.

Father is a hard-working, very able farmer. Among my 43 classmates, my family is well above the average, and our prosperity is due to father's ability. When he married my mother, the only child of the family, and took her name as an adopted son, the economic condition of the farm was pretty bad. Father often said how surprised he was to find the family so poor and how hard he had to work to make the farm pay even a little.

Sister Recruited

When I was a little boy, a labor recruiting agent from a spinning factory in Wakayama came to our village, looking for girls. My elder sister, who hated the wretched life on the farm, decided to go. Father and mother bitterly opposed it, but sister would not listen and almost tore herself away from home to go with the man. Another reason for her going was that she wanted to get away from our great aunt who wanted to adopt her. Poor sister had such high hopes, as she left the village, but in less than six months, she wrote home saying that she was ill, and in a short time she came back. It was the busiest time of the year. Though she was very ill with tuberculosis, she had to help, for the silkworms had just finished their fourth sleep and had begun to devour their last feast of mulberry leaves. Not a single hand could be spared, for the worms would soon begin to spin their cocoons. Sister fed the silkworms and helped clean their bamboo trays. She got worse and worse and when they finally sent her to the hospital, grandmother and great aunt had to take turns looking after her. That autumn she died. She was only 19. Before she died, I went to the hospital to see her. I was only 4 years old, but I can still remember her face, distorted with pain. Poor sister! She was the only of those who went from our village who died. Mother said that she was not as strong as the others. I remember a lot about her, even though

I was little when she died, for our parents often talk about her. Whenever we try to get out of working, they tell us how sister used to carry a baby on her back and work when she was a tiny girl.

Study to Improve

We get along very well, now, because father works day and night. Besides, the standard of living of the whole village is higher than it was when the people of 30 or 40 were children. But things must improve even more, so I must study as hard as I can, but how can I study when I have to work so hard that it is almost impossible to read one book through? If we keep on like this, the government will remain in the hands of those who have time and money to study. They know very little about how we live. We must have a part in the government; otherwise, how can we improve our society and fight against existing evils? If those in power do not know anything about us in the mountains, I fear they will think only about the rich, or, at most the factory workers. If this is the case, how can we ever improve our living conditions?

No Farmers in Japan?

When I look at children's books and magazines, I try to find articles of interest to us children in the mountains. One would think there were no farmers in Japan. Studies, games and other things seem to be planned only for city children. Who is there to lead and instruct us here in the mountains? We have to work from morning to night with no one to understand that we have got to have something besides work, if we are to improve ourselves and those around us. We are not lazy. We are not afraid to work, but we want our work to have some result. We want our children to be better off and better educated than we are.

Our teacher tells us that working and studying are the same. I wish I knew what he means. It seems to me that we must have knowledge in order to appreciate the value of work. The work of the body may be useful to a certain extent, but we must also train our minds, in order to make our physical work count for more. If we learn to make good charcoal in the most efficient way, we can raise our living standard. Then, we not only make a product that sells for more, but we master the art of producing something of high quality. Why is it that, since the war, my father and others sell their charcoal in the black market? The reason is simple. They can get more for it. If they sold it at the Government price, we would not be able to live. The other day, our teacher had us calculate how much it costs to produce charcoal. A bale of high grade charcoal costs 180 yen to produce, while the government required us to sell it at 150 yen. What is there to do but sell it in the black market where we can get 200. Even this gives us only 20 yen for our labor. But we cannot sell everything to the black market, because we are obliged to allocate a certain amount to the Government for rations. Thus, even the little profit we get is reduced.

Compulsory Education Helpful?

Our school life, too, is unsatisfactory. We want to study, but we often have to miss school to help on the farm. If there is not enough money for textbooks, the boys have to drag logs down the mountain for charcoal, until they have earned enough to pay for them. I wonder if the additional

3 years of compulsory education will do the children much good. During those years, our parents complain constantly and make us work, instead of sending us to school. Those of us who can go to school have to hurry there and back between times for chores. I don't know what is wrong, but there is something, and I am going to find out.

While I was thinking about all these things, I suddenly remembered that father was waiting for me in the field. He always calls me a dreamer, but, if we don't dream, how can we get anything done? I had just put on my straw raincoat when I saw Noboru coming up the hill. He looked as if he hadn't a care in the world, and, as he came nearer, I could hear him whistling. I know he has plenty of trouble, but he doesn't seem to mind. I don't like this irresponsible way of looking at life. I fastened up my raincoat and started out, when grandmother came out of her room.

Grandmother's Wonderful Virtue

"It is too bad," she said, "that you couldn't go to Yamagata with your sisters. Don't look so serious. When it is your turn to go, I will give you some money, if your father doesn't mind. I am always afraid of offending him, for, after all he is my adopted son and has done a lot for the family."

Poor grandmother, I felt sorry for her. It seems a pity that women always have to be subordinated to men. Grandmother never complains but it must be terrible never to act freely and do what one wants without worrying about what someone else is going to think. During his lifetime, grandfather travelled all over Japan for pleasure, but grandmother has never left home, even once. I remember hearing her say that she wanted to see the sea before she died. It seemed such a pity that such a good person had to make all the sacrifices. My eyes filled with tears as I thought of her.

I knew that the money she intended to give me would not be enough to buy anything, for she cannot get used to the present value of the currency, but her heart goes with it, and she thinks it will buy what it did before the war. I wonder why she feels so uncomfortable about father. It was the same when grandfather was alive. She did not seem to regard him as her husband, but only as the head of the family. Now it

—TURN TO PAGE 34

わらを叩いて早くして縄をなう為には朝は早く起きて根がきりに働いた。三合の位い
呉えられた仕事は掛った時に本を読め
ることを楽しんだが、あつからしく中々疲れ
てクタクタになつちまう。産主は山形市行
つた時に農業組合本部(共産系)へ
立寄つて来た話を、私も加入を誤め
られたが、横戸といふ人が官有地拂
下げで利益を食つてゐた時、父も呼ば
れて働いた。やつと学校へ入つたので級友
十三名が心を合せ勉強してゐる。私が
四ツつ時に和可山女エミーの家出たが
半歳後に肺患で死んだ。もがが姉です。

Far East Meets Far West

story material by Red Fenwick
photos by Orin A. Sealy
(Denver Post)

A JAPANESE businessman was trying to score a point regarding the superior qualities of his country's womanhood. "They make you feel so *appreciated*," he declared. "Just to give you an example, the stewardess on the Japan Air Lines on my way to flight from Tokyo made me feel right *at home!*"

Red Fenwick, writer for the Denver Post, met 2 young ladies from Japan (they were also Japan Air Lines stewardesses) and took them on a 1-day tour of Denver.

He told Bill Hosokawa, Denver editor, "If I wasn't already married, I'd be terribly tempted to marry one of those girls. Either one. All I've heard about how charming Japanese girls are didn't do justice to the real article.

"They've got a sincere, natural thoughtfulness about them that does wonders for a man's ego."

The tour had all the elements for a day-dreaming young school girl of Tokyo: to sight-see a western city, a ranch, horses, cowboys.

The day started with breakfast. The ingredients were as American as pie but the *timing* seemed a bit odd. Misses Fumiko Mizoguchi and Emiko Yoshida had a morning repast of hamburgers, pop and coffee. And with that under her *obi*, Fumiko sang "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie" for Red.

"Not a trace of accent," said Red.

They went to a polled Hereford ranch near Morrison where the girls saw their first blooded bull. To them its high value (\$10,000) was strange.

They paid their respects to the grave of Buffalo Bill whose reputation had



YOUNG LADIES from Japan met Western hospitality for first time in their lives, but left Denver Post writer Red Fenwick (right) amazed by their qualities of appreciativeness, good manners.

極東極西相通すと題してデ
 バイポスト記者レドフェンク氏
 はJAN看板娘溝口文子と
 吉田笑子三嬢の行状記を色刷
 りで紹介した。デバの古跡イン
 デアンの作品、牧羊人形をこ
 も好きだと語り、市俵よりデ
 バイが好いと激かに語ったよ
 書いこめる。東西文化交流!

long ago penetrated all sections of Ja-
 pan where youngsters know that his real
 name was William F. Cody. The retold
 exploits of this fantastic character of the
 plains impressed the gentle ladies.

Mrs. Bax whose ranch they visited
 commented:

"They're so appreciative and polite
 you just feel you haven't done all you
 would like to do for them."

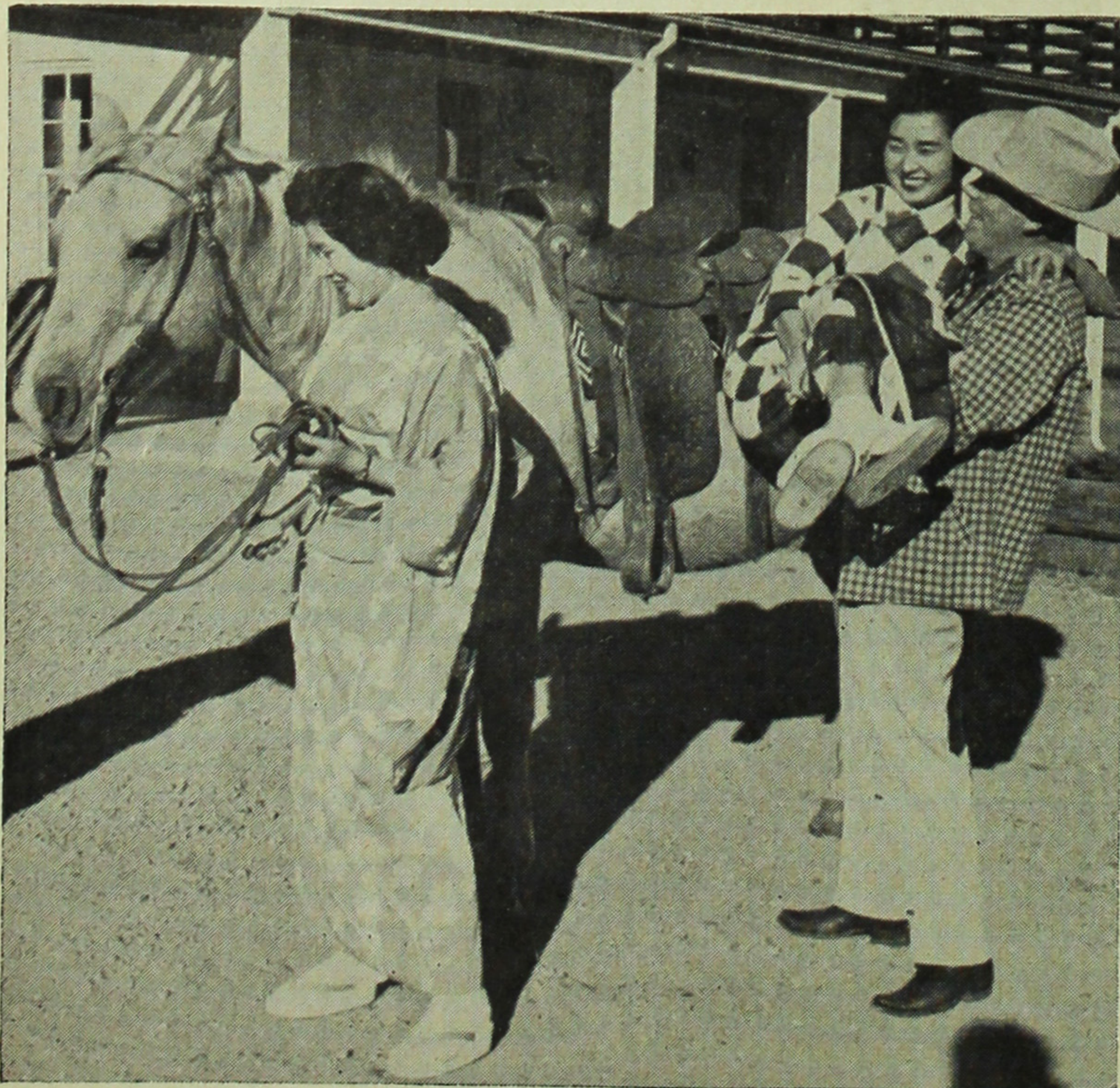
For example, atop Colorado's scenic-
 ally created Lookout Mountain, the girls,
 though visibly impressed by the view,
 had to say first:

"It was so nice of you to bring us here
 so we could see."

The Denver-loving guides felt a surge
 of civic pride when the girls confided
 that their outstanding impressions were
 the locality's color, western atmosphere



VIEW FROM Lookout Mountain seemed better than anything seen in Chicago.



FUMIKO AND Kimiko had first horse ride of life.



NAME IN kanji is now part of Amphitheatre bench.



AT DAY'S end, the girls rest well, having made number of new friends.

and friendliness.

"Much better than Chicago," Emiko said.

Emiko and Fumiko went through a real Indian store in Denver. They put on Indian headpieces, wore Indian moccasins and bought Indian Kachina dolls.

Red Fenwick will keep talking about them for a long while:

"They had such courtesy that they never talked in Japanese between themselves, always in English for our benefit.

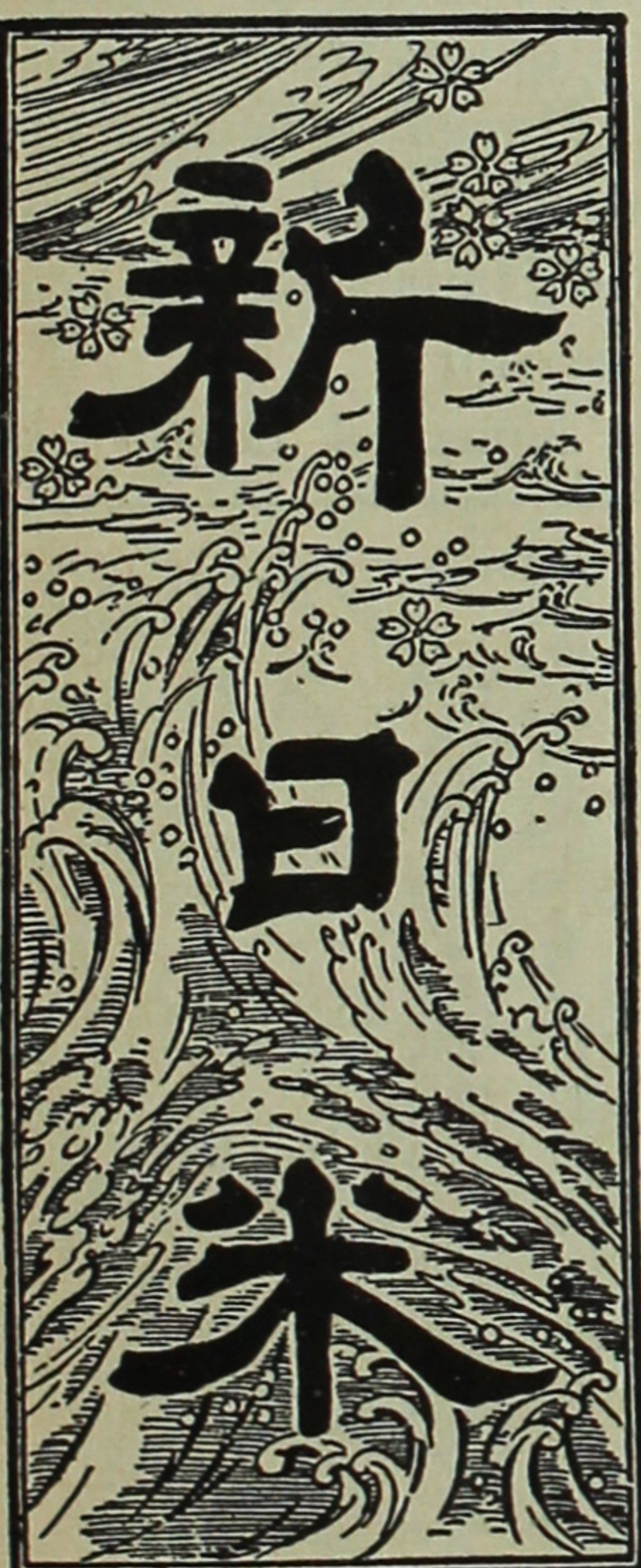
"They had an admirable shyness."

The well-mannered "admirably shy" appreciative young ladies may be acquiring a high lot of education in this country, but they in turn are educating many of us to new standards too.

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Inside A Consulate Office

JAMES JINGU is ranking Nisei of Los Angeles Consulate-General's office.



Polaroid by Maus

THE MAN announced himself to the Los Angeles Consulate staff of Japan:

"I'm the Prince of Formosa. I want to see His Imperial Highness, the Consul-General."

His "Imperial Highness" was not in. The "Prince" was without funds and was interested in an "advancement" from the Japanese Government to "facilitate" his return to the Islands.

The "Prince" did not get anymore than a little time from the Consulate.

But this careful attention given everyone who comes to the office of the Japanese Consulate General reflects the policy here: to make every effort, however small, for developing friends.

Conscientiously, Consul-General Shin-saku Hogen moves to all parts of the city, night and day, attending meetings in clubs, schools, studios, trade groups.

Consul-General Hogen specifies the two main functions of the office: to protect the nationals of Japan and to promote the flow of territory.

He directs the thousand details of

総領事法眼普作氏は赴任してまた一年経つ
かたなきにも拘らず南加日人へ況く知れ
おる。重顔の彼の人徳の然らざりし所である
が彼の精勤聰明公正誠実稀見する外
交友の天品を備えこゝろからであらう。可惜
彼の如き人は早く本省に認められ召喚される。
彼の昇進は在米日本人の損失といふ事がある。
ある。唯彼の方針を体得した神宮ゼムス君
の如き二世が居残るから僅に自ら慰めらる。

the large U. S. Japanese population from the 12th floor (Room 1204) of a downtown Building (510 West 6th Street), a half block from Los Angeles' famed landmark, Pershing Square. His territory also includes San Luis Obispo south to San Diego, all of New Mexico—and the County of El Paso, Texas.

In a very special way, Consul-General Hogen has become a prominent public figure. His serious air, fluid English, confident intelligence, and more-than-half-way-willingness to be a friend have established an important stature. It is due as much to the man himself as to the government he represents that hundreds of people respect and admire him.

The fact that he has done all this within a very short time makes it all the more remarkable. The system of rotation within the Foreign Ministry hardly gives a career official time to sink his roots before he is whisked away by orders to report back to Japan. The average period of time for these officials in a place like Los Angeles is about 1½ years. Consul-General Hogen can expect to be reassigned before 1955 is over.

The continuity of office operations moves along through the permanent staff of Nisei, like Texas-born James Jingu.

34-year-old James is the ranking senior of 7 Nisei in the office. His Texan accent has become hardened by California living. He is invaluable to the English phrasings of speeches and reports made by the Consulate-General's office. He has a knack for turning out a sentence that is crisp, clear, understandable—and diplomatic. His role, however, is completely anonymous.

"I'm an ex-GI. I want to go back to Japan to live. Can you get me a job?" "I've got a product I want to manufacture cheap in Japan. Can you help me?" "I'm a visitor from Japan. I want to see a movie studio. Can you help me?"

These questions are all in a day's work for the staff: Consul Tatsuo Iwama, Vice-Consuls Naomichi Tsukuhara and Shigenori Mochihara, George Fujii, Arao Hasegawa, Peggy Nakaki, Toshiko Yamaguma, Yutaka Matsuda, Masaharu Kuraoka and Haruo Inomata.



INFORMATION BULLETIN of Japan's trends is summarized for local business with Vice-Consul Naomichi Tsukuhara.



HE POLISHES English, straightens out sentences for staff.



JIJI PRESS' ebullient Shiro Kikuchi (right) introduces colleague Yasumoto to Consul General (center).



YAKUBU TALI, M. P. from Africa's Gold Coast and Chicago lawyer Charles Howard greet Mrs. Yasutane Sohma, former Viscountess in World Assembly for MRA in Washington, D. C., recently.

IN 1948, A member of the Australian Parliament was on the floor, bitterly denouncing the Japanese Government and the proposed peace treaty. He had, he thought, a reason for unmitigated bitterness: his brother had been killed by the Imperial Japanese Army in Burma.

G. W. A. Duthie, the Australian M. P. met Senator Takeshi Togano of Japan in Washington early in 1955, reversed his feelings.

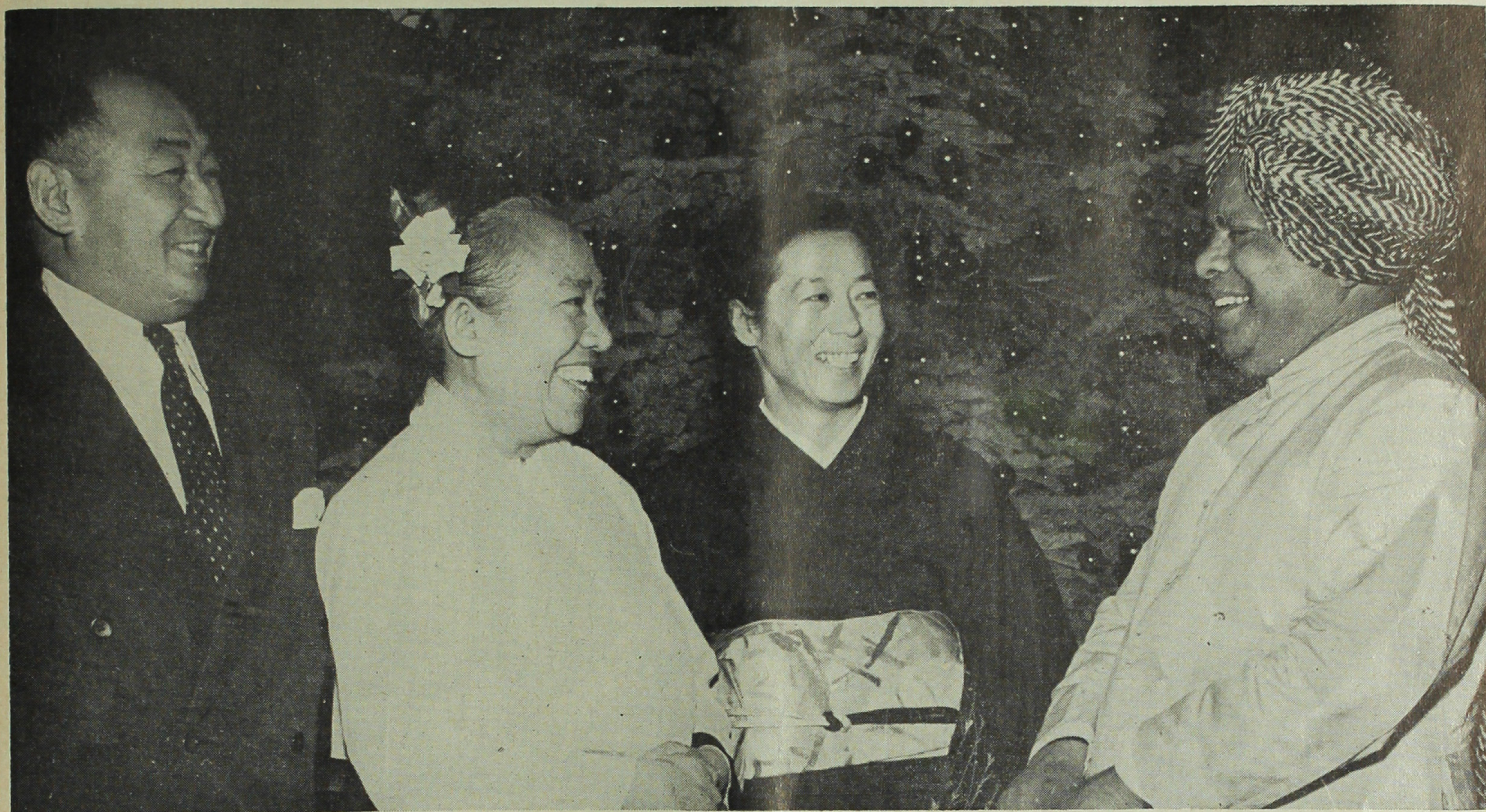
Motive: changed moral standards.

The change was produced through Moral Rearmament whose delegates were attending a World Assembly (40 nations) in the Shoreham Hotel.

Leaders from Japan included Takasumi Mitsui, chairman, Mitsui Foundation and Mrs. Yasutane Sohma, a former Viscountess and daughter of the late Yukio Ozaki, Mayor of Tokyo, donor of Cherry Trees to the nation's capital.

年末に華府で云、アル、エーの国際大会が催され
南阿印度、英佛獨等の代表者参列、日本代
表には三井財團代表、相馬前子爵、戸叶参
議ら出席、世界道徳再武装の四本柱たる
絶対正直、絶対純潔、絶対無私、絶対博愛
に基く個人々の生活を自発的に改革す
ることに依り、反共防備の前衛たるべき
ことを全幅的に賛成決議を見た。
新年になってMRAの創立者ブランクン氏
來羅一と一偕之を強調した。戸叶氏の如
きは好きな酒、煙草をフツツリ止めたが
相馬子爵も帰國次第、餉三ヶ月におろ
馬を全部売却し、と張り切つて居た。
道徳再建の十字軍は愈よ実行に入った。

They Advance the Moral Life



UNITY AMONG Asians, a new moral life for everyone in the world are topics for Takasumi Mitsui (left); Daw Neyin Tha, Burmese educator; Mrs. Sohma; P. N. Rajabhoj, Member of India's Parliament.



AUSTRALIAN M. P. Duthie disliked Japanese; changed mind through MRA; companion is Senator Takeshi Togano of Japan.



EDUCATORS meet in Caux: Mrs. Shiro Ohashi (left), Japan Women's University; Mary McLeod Bethune, Bethune-Cookman College; Mrs. Hide Inouye, Japan's Social Educational Association.



DONG KINGMAN put his canvas down anywhere in the Far East, ready to speak to natives and ready to show them techniques he learned in U.S.

A Real Ambassador.....

Water Colorist Dong Kingman



ALWAYS, GROUPS were grateful for the shows by artist Dong. Schoolchildren here are typical. All received indelible impressions about wonderful U. S.

DONG KINGMAN, 44, usually a resident of San Francisco, was up early one dawn as usual, though this time he was in Tokyo. He gathered up his art equipment and went out to the countryside to paint. Soon he had a crowd of natives, fascinated by his water colors.

He was doing what he had been doing all over Asia—Korea, Hong Kong, Philippines, Malaya, Thailand, India. (Other countries: Norway, London, Austria, Iceland.) But for all the fun he and those meeting him had, there

香港の産むた友那青斗水彩画家
 ドン・キムマン君は米国の務省から
 反共前衛として印度馬來香港
 日本等十三ヶ国巡遊を命ぜられ
 至る所に使命を果しおる。彼は
 曙光を描く特技なり。日本の奔
 放を画の傾向を賛美しおる。
 彼は字僕から自立した米風
 立志傳中に躍る一人物である。

was an urgent underlying purpose: explain America to the people of Asia.

By his own example, Dong Kingman is convincing proof that America makes the best use of talents, despite one's origins. Dong, born in San Francisco, had a Hong Kong boyhood. He matured with a brilliant original style in water color painting to become a leader in his field.

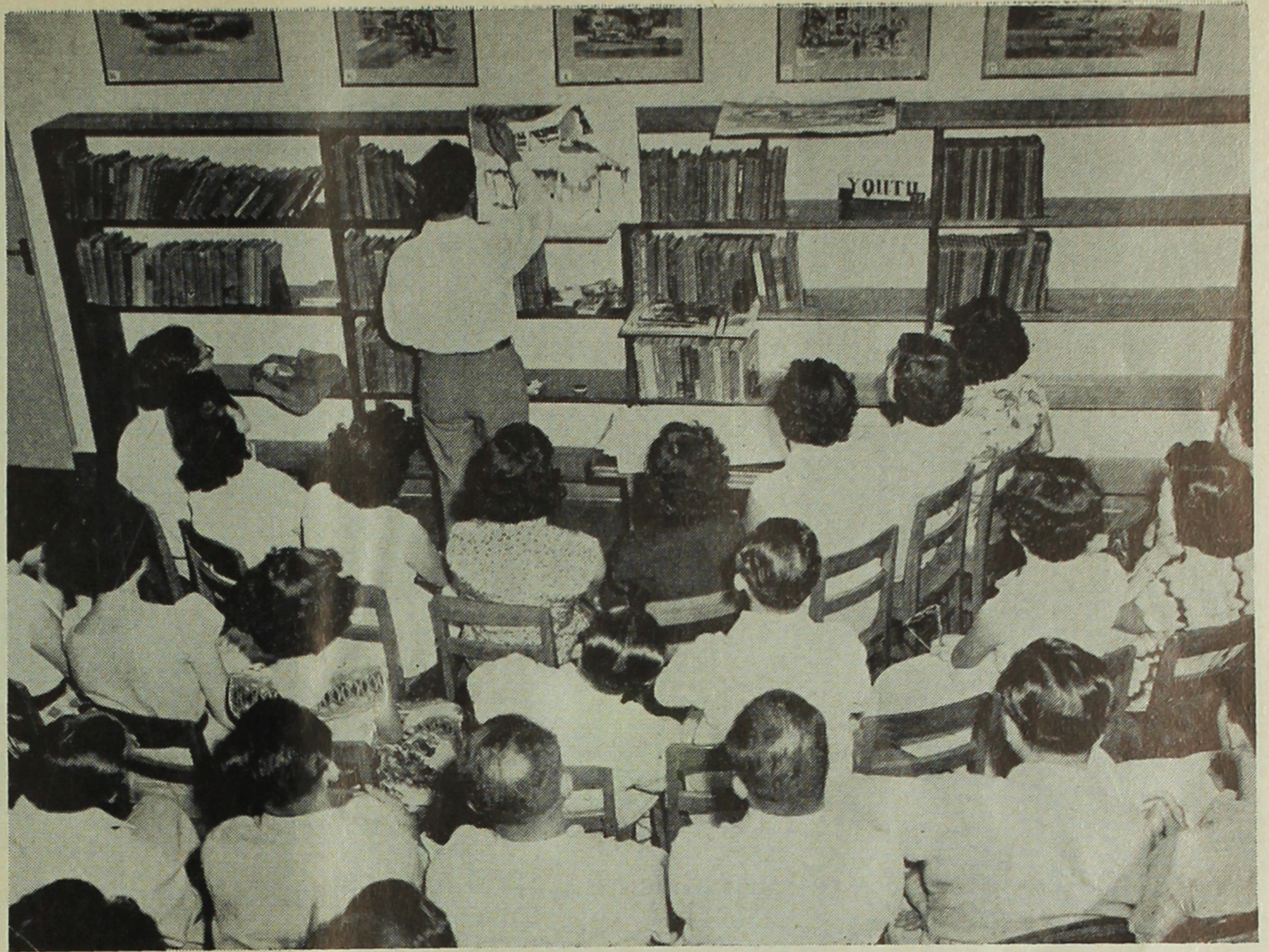
To put this point across, he visited the Far East for 6 months, through a tour arranged by the U. S. State Department.

He traveled by plane, truck and jeep. He lectured to all, giving simple art exhibitions, demonstrating what it was like to be an American. One group was that of 600 men serving time in jail for various misdemeanors.

He appears to have directly affected the drive for original expressions among the young. Art where it is as heavily imitated as in the Far East loses a vibrant dynamic quality. "All of the kids are taught to paint alike. The teachers give the pupils the same colors. This halts the creativity of the children," observed Dong. But the State Department has received a number of reports from these people, greatly awakened by the fresh technique of Dong Kingman.

He found the best creativeness and self-expression in Japan. "Artists there have developed an experimental quality in their art."

Hong Kong was a great homecoming. Not only was there the usual great crowd and brass band, but after 25 years he met his old art teacher, Sze-To Wai who was at the airport. His former classmates completed the reach back into the past when they all wondered where art was to lead them after youth.



HE GIVES a demonstration to a group of art teachers in a library in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya; they learned that pupils are better taught with free expression.

Dong Kingman is back home now, but the memories of his visit will come alive with 2 projects. One, all the early-morning sketches of that tour will be framed for a 45-picture exhibit shortly and be shown to the entire world by the State Department. The other, a motion picture, will be presented internationally in 22 different languages—it's a color film on Dong Kingman's techniques, as co-produced with Academy Award winning cameraman James Wong Howe.

His paintings, his shows, his broadcasts—and his indomitable spirit make up the American ambassadorship of Dong Kingman.

more about

LETTERS —FROM PAGE 3
 perience—that of Hideo Nakajima. It suggests that there is much here that needs to be explored by one such as me.

I am quite concerned about the confused morals of mankind today. It is, I am convinced, because most everyone lives so "relatively" and not "absolutely" as MRA declares.

TERRY OSAJIMA
 New Orleans, La.

Gasp

Dear Sirs:

I'm a California surfer grateful for

winter waves of 5 to 6 feet. So that shot of Clarence Maki taken at Makaha-Waianee in Oahu had me gasping—a wave 25-30 feet high! Can you wonder why I'm willing to take a wage cut if I can get a job over there?

By the way, I'm a chemist. Anything open in Honolulu?

BERNARD GOLVIN
 Santa Cruz, Calif.

Yuk's Appeal

Dear Sirs:

I'm 25, intelligent, somewhat pretty, and very efficient with the typewriter and systematic in office filing.

That bachelor Yuk Murakami (February SCENE) presents a real challenge. I'm ready to move to Los Angeles if you'll introduce us to each other.

(Name withheld)
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NOREN, cloth partition between 2 rooms, prominently marks entry of shop by family named Masukawa.

“MON”—Japan’s Family Crest

EACH JAPANESE family has its own family crest. There are about 3000 different varieties. The use of crests these days is not a privilege confined to persons of “high birth”—anyone may have one.

Crests had their beginnings about the 7th Century. At that time nobles had distinctive designs painted on their carriages. After several generations these came to be used as *family* crests.

Other designs originated from those used on the family wearing apparel. In other cases, they perpetuated the family head’s favorite flower, such as the peach blossom.

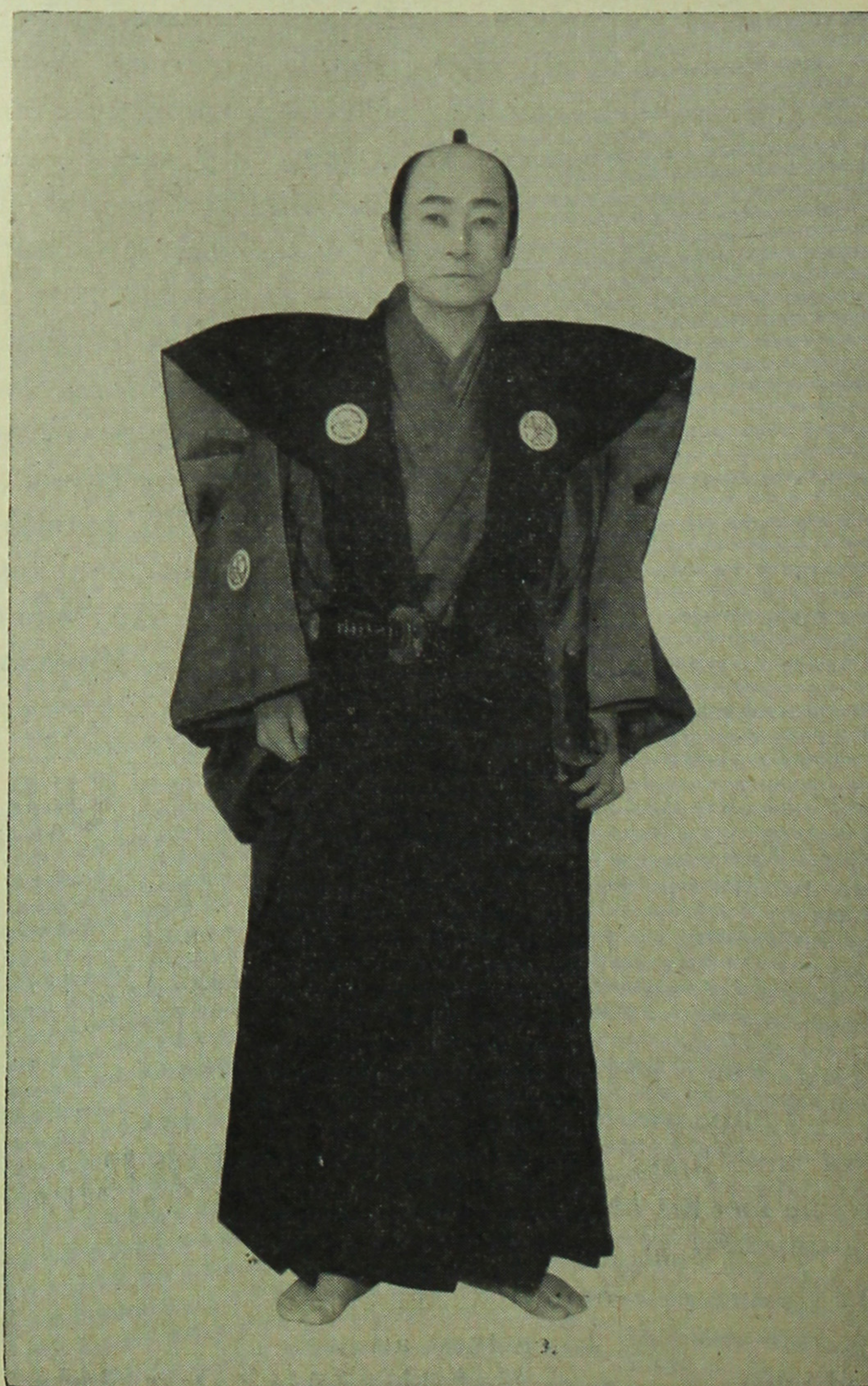
A note of snobbery came into the picture very early. The family symbol required exclusiveness; others were not allowed to use the same crests.

About the 12th Century, the *samurai* (knight) began adopting crests. These were designs used on flags and gravestones. The constant wars of the period tended to give a “permanency” to the sight of these designs. So, through persistent usage, they became family crests.

Crests in themselves did not have great significance at first. But more care went into them as time progressed. Some of these solicited protection from the gods. Some were merely picked as being “lucky” (crane, turtle, chrysanthemum). Others were derived out of the family’s calligraphy.

Still other were selected as aesthetic—for example, the shapes and forms of trees, grass, flowers, leaves. A case in point: a crest with the design of a *torii* (gate) for the family name of “Torii.”

In Japan, crests and emblems are on almost all things—clothes, furniture, windows, and even roofs.

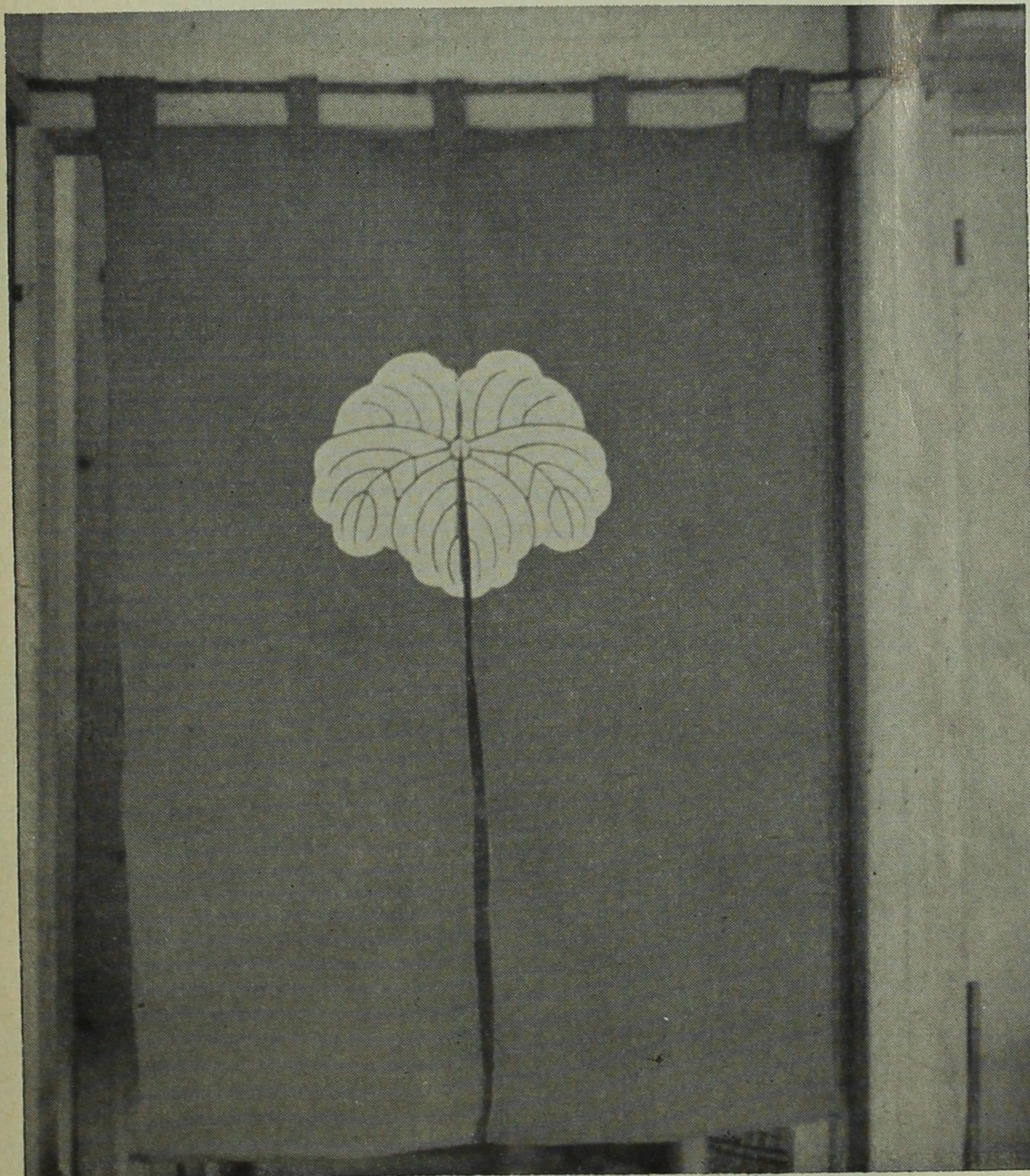


IN EDO period, samurai emblems on kamishimos.

生活を詩化する先天的國民性を持つ日本人は
 特異な日本の紋章が示こゝる。茲に掲げた四
 頁は紋章に現れた日本人固有の芸術性
 の典型である。昔は日本名門には紋帖が藏
 されこゝり、武家・商家・貴族の各々の家系
 を知る便に備えたことである。今では階級が打
 破されたので特殊な紋章の取締も怠つ
 てゐる。為に一般人が自分の好む紋章を用
 ふる如うに一種の流行を見る傾向も見える。



CEREMONIAL DRESS of woman bears family emblem.



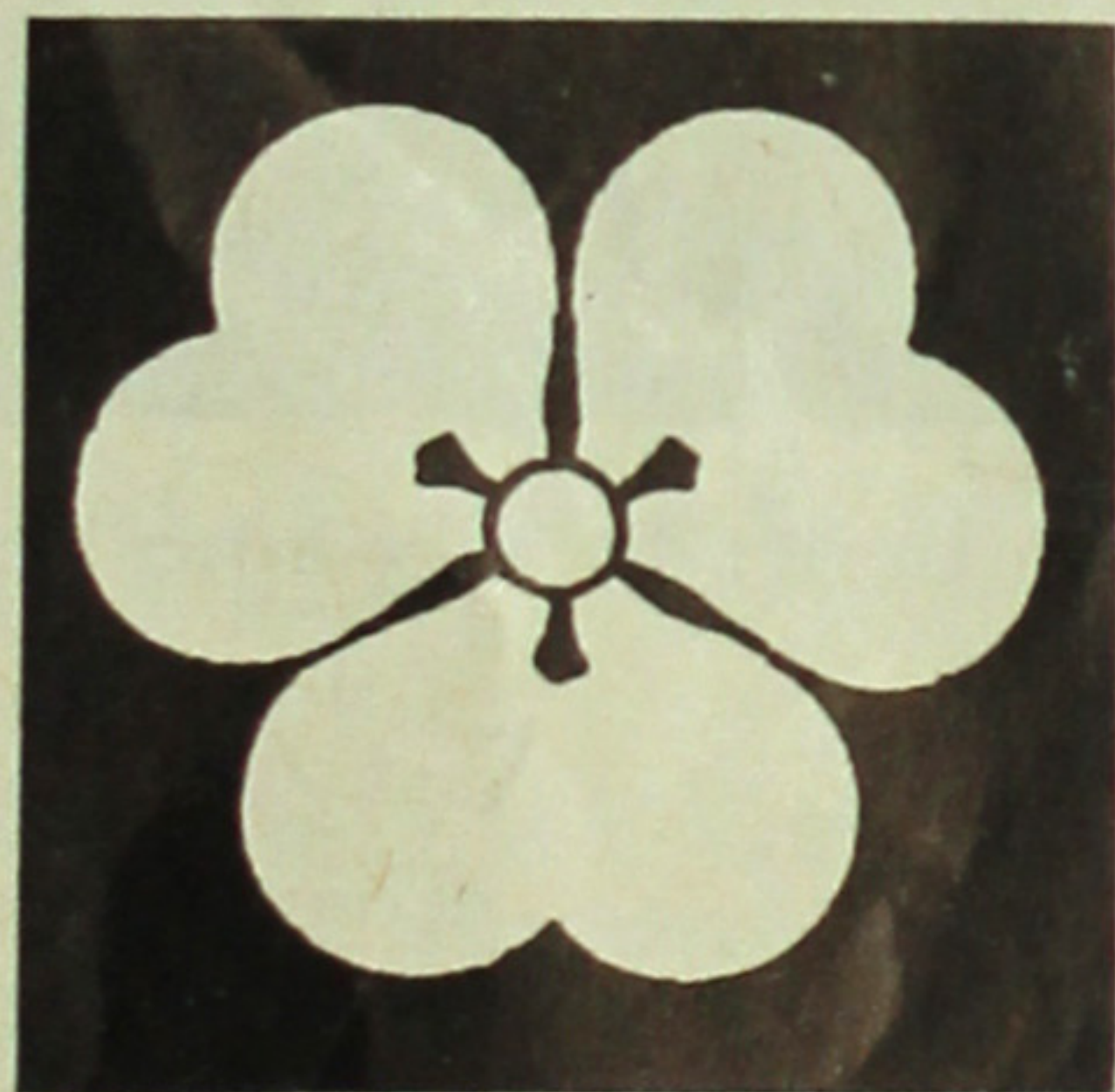
TSUTA or Ivy is this noren design based on nature's flowers, used in restaurant.



ORI-KASHIWA (Bent Oak-Leaf)



MUKAI-NAMI (Facing Waves)



KATABAMI
(Wood Sorrel)



CHIGAI-BISHI
(Crossing Lozenges)



MARUNI-KAZI
(Round Ring and Rudder)



YASUKURA-CHYO
(Butterfly)



NOBORI-FUZI
(Ascending Wistaria)

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SHE WAS very frightened and didn't know what to do. Suddenly in the distance . . .

Pictures by Bunshu Iguchi
By Takashi Kubo

ONCE UPON a time there was a pretty little girl living in a village in Japan. One day she went on a picnic in the mountains with some of her friends. But she became separated from the others and lost her way completely.

She was very frightened and didn't know what to do. Then the sun set and it began to grow dark.

Suddenly in the distance she saw a flickering light.

She ran toward the light and found it came from a house. The house belonged to some ogres. But the ogres were out in the mountains and there was only an old servant woman in the house.

"Please let me stay here at your house tonight," the little girl said to the old woman.

"No, you can't stay here. Because if you did the ogres would come back and hurt you."

"But if I go out into the mountains at night a bear or a wolf will surely eat me. Oh! whatever shall I do?" And the little girl burst into tears.

The old woman took pity on the little girl and said, "Since I can't let you stay here I'll give you a wonderful treasure instead." Then she brought out a strange raincoat made of straw and gave it to the little girl.

"This is a magic straw raincoat," she said. "If you put it on and say magic words you'll turn into an old woman or a tiny child, whichever you wish, and the coat will become invisible."

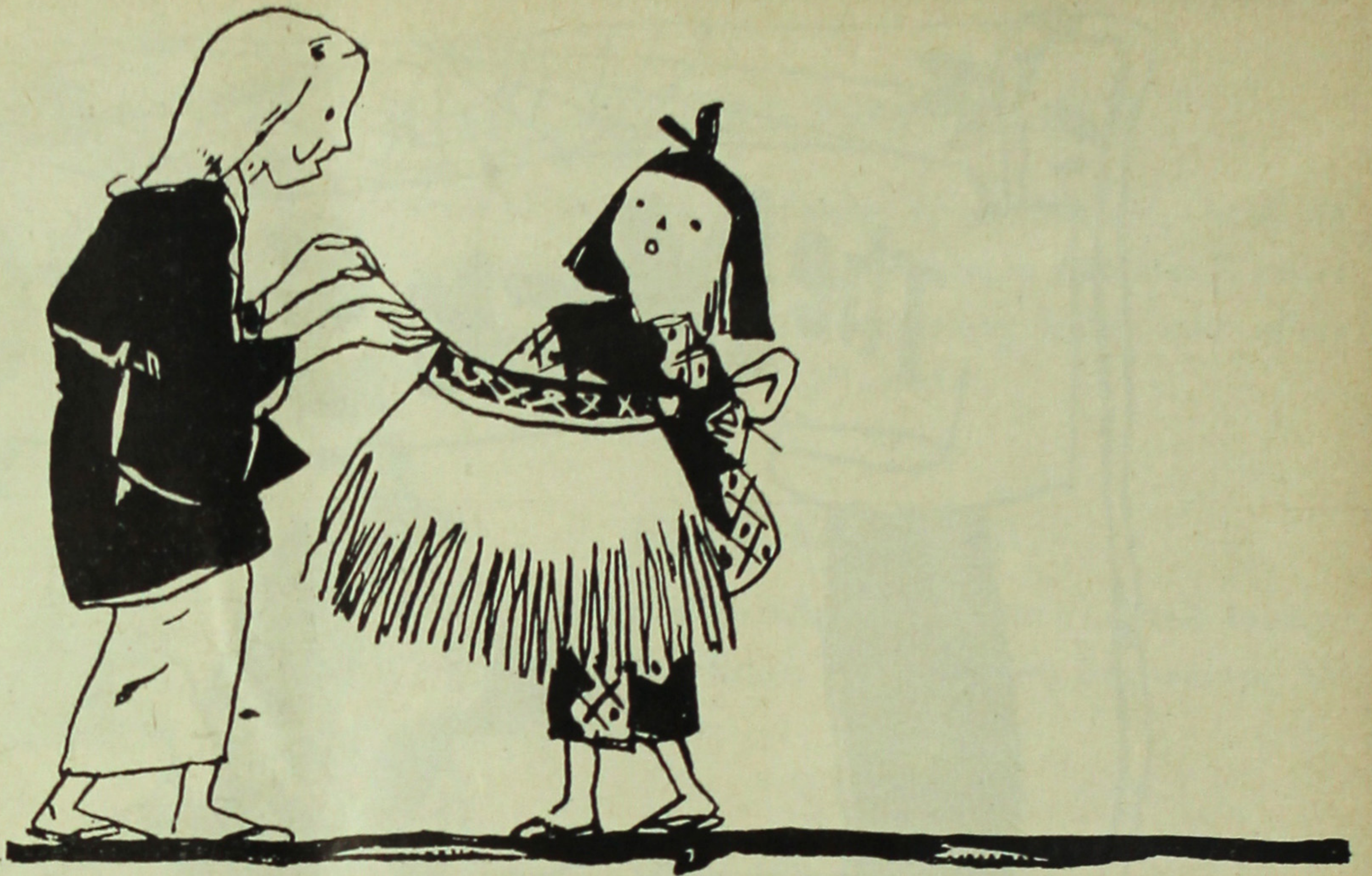
The little girl thanked the woman and put the magic

coat on. She was immediately changed into an old, old woman. Then she left the house and went walking through the mountains. Suddenly a large group of ogres came walking toward her.

"Look!" one of the ogres said, "there's a human being. Let's eat her up."

"No," said the leader of the ogres, "she's such a skinny old woman that there's no use bothering with her. So leave her alone."

Thus, thanks to the magic coat, the little girl was saved from the ogres. She kept on walking and at



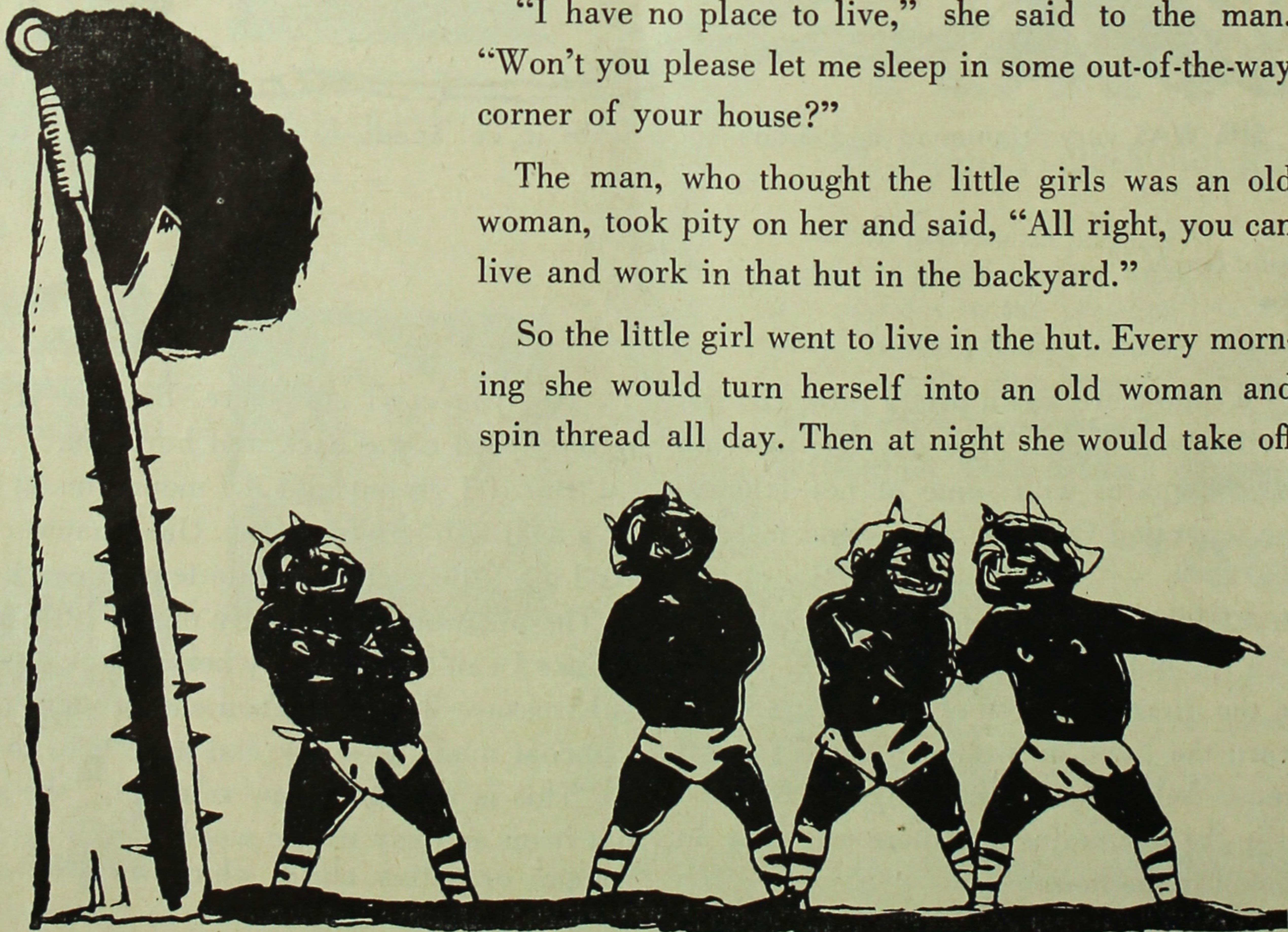
THE OLD woman said, "I'll give you a wonderful treasure instead."

last reached the house of a wealthy man.

"I have no place to live," she said to the man. "Won't you please let me sleep in some out-of-the-way corner of your house?"

The man, who thought the little girl was an old woman, took pity on her and said, "All right, you can live and work in that hut in the backyard."

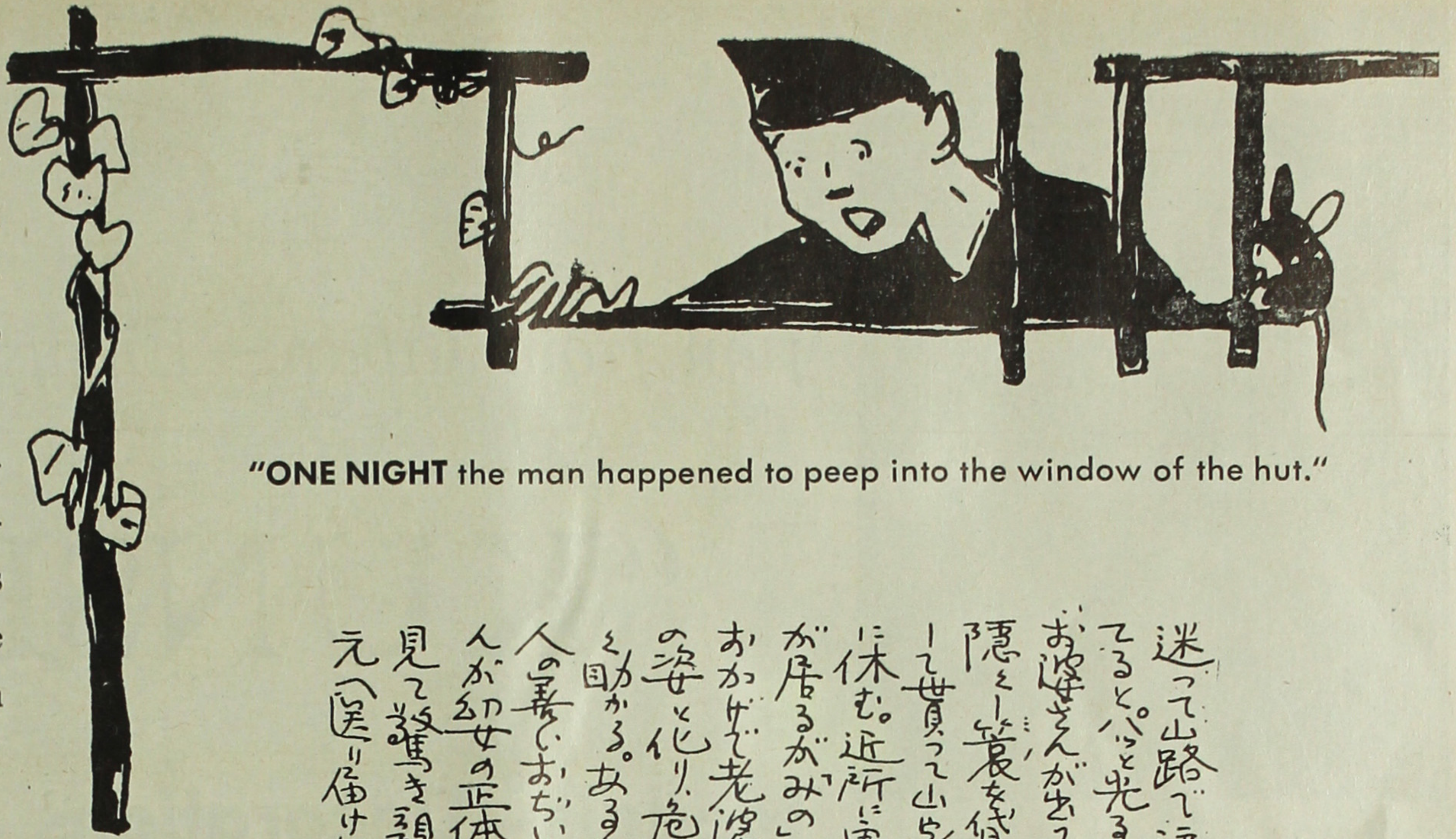
So the little girl went to live in the hut. Every morning she would turn herself into an old woman and spin thread all day. Then at night she would take off



"LOOK!" **ONE** of the ogres said, "there's a human being. Let's eat her up."

the magic coat and, turning back into a little girl again, would study by candlelight, learning how to read and write.

One night the man happened to peep into the window of the hut. He was most surprised when he saw that the old woman had become a little girl.



"ONE NIGHT the man happened to peep into the window of the hut."

迷つて山路で泣
てゐる。心と光と
おぼろげな光
隠し、長を貸
して世をこの山
に休む。近所
が居るがみの
おかげで老婆
の姿と化し、危
と助かる。ある日
人の毒いおちい
んが女の正体
見て驚き親
元へ送り届けた。

"Tell me what you really are," he said.

So the little girl told the man the whole story of her sad adventures.

"Why, what an unhappy experience," the man said.

Then, because he was a very kind man, he made a search and found the little girl's parents for her. Thus at last she was able to re-return to her own home, just as she had been longing to do for such a long time.



SHE WOULD take off the magic coat, turning back into a little girl again.

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.

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"YOU STOLE & gave her my medals!"

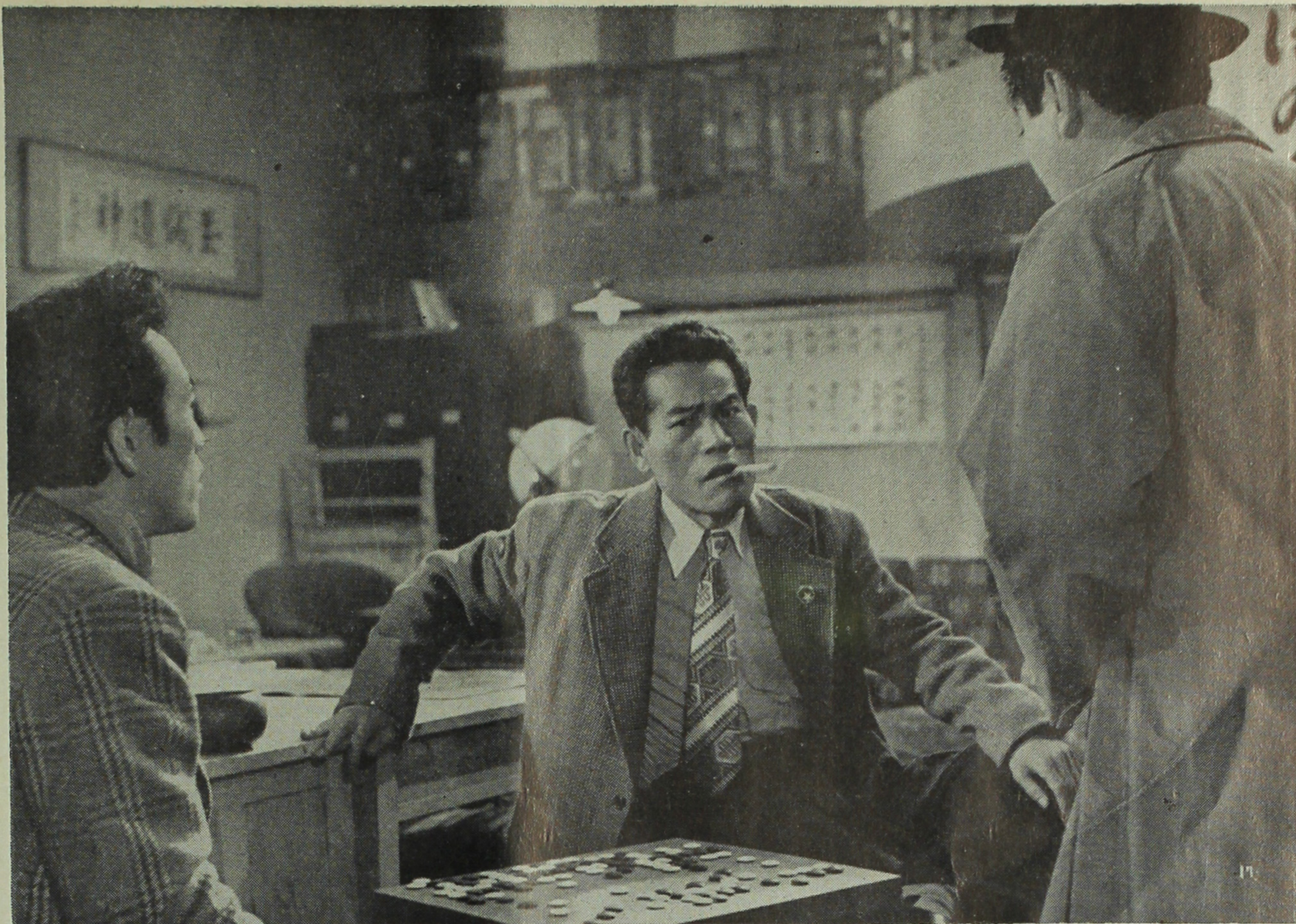
film from Japan—English titles

"KUNSHO"

**Medals—Decorations of War—
Empty Adornments in Peace**



FORMER ARMY colleague finds too much opposition from wife to join Military Party.



SHIMPEI TERA (center) wants remilitarized Japan to suit own ambitions; he's caught smuggling.

JAPAN HAD ITS brief period after World War II when no one could have had as much leisure as an ex-soldier—if he persisted in the dreams of the past. But pangs of defeat have become a fading throb these days, and ex-soldiers are bringing out the old slogans to spark up nationalistic hopes.

The chief character of "Kunsho" (Decorations) is a one-time lieutenant general, Yusaku Okabe. A "simple and honest" man, he nonetheless believes

that a rearmed Japan is necessary in a world turbulent with conflicting ideologies. So he turns a quick ear to the blandishments of his ambitious adjutant, Shimpei Terai. The 2 form an ultra-right wing political party.

Key to the future of the group is former General Kitamura, military adviser to the cabinet. Optimism is high when Kitamura indicates he will visit Okabe.

However, it turns out that Kitamura is not interested in any movement to rearm. His sole purpose was to borrow military documents from Okabe for a "History of the Pacific War."

From here to the picture's end, nothing goes right for Okabe.

- His right hand man, Shimpei Terai is caught in a smuggling ring
- His last piece of property is foreclosed
- His daughter wants to marry someone who is not his choice
- His son, instead of tending to his college work seriously, is making money on the side in show business

Worst of all, he finds that his medals, the very symbols of a life dedicated to country and Emperor, were stolen by the son and given to a disreputable slattern

who used them to decorate her room and pet dog.

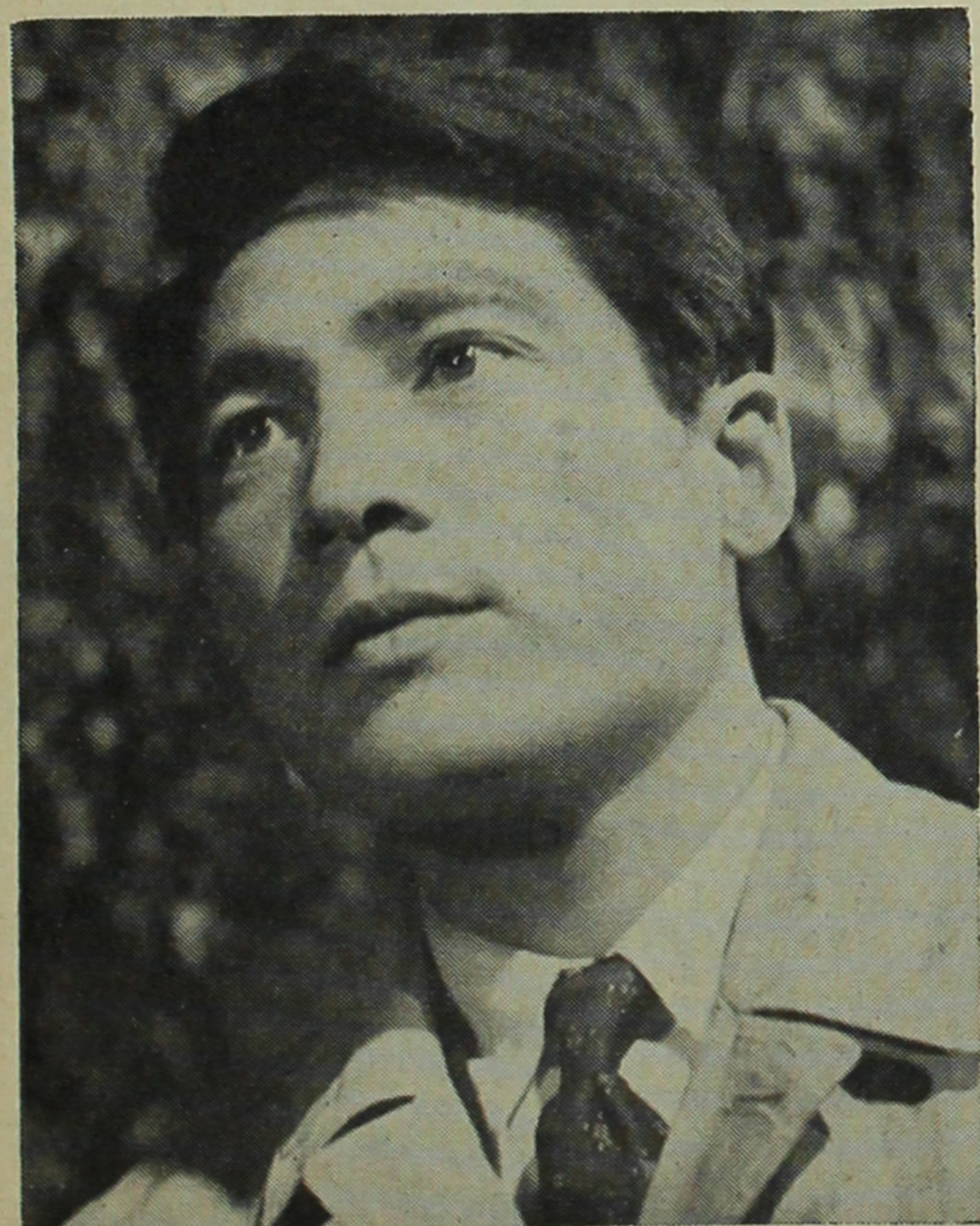
Okabe: "You stole and gave my medals to this woman."

Son: "They are worthless, anyway."

Okabe: "My entire life is in these medals."

His life, he realizes, loses all structure. His military ambitions were utterly destroyed; nothing was recoverable in the postwar period for one living by the sword.

The final result: death in a struggle over a gun with his son on the issue of —medals.



HANDSOME fiancee has problems.

帝國軍人の輝かしい功績を数ある勲章に物語るせた華やかな過去の夢をみず、旧将軍は陸軍再建を企図する。然し時代は移り変って彼の子息は愛嬢も唯命令では服従難である。こうしてテラシマに幽む将軍の身辺に陰険を思ひ分子が這いよって自己の利欲の道具に将軍を利用する。かきし再び老後の殊勲の夢破れ一家潰滅離散の悲劇。

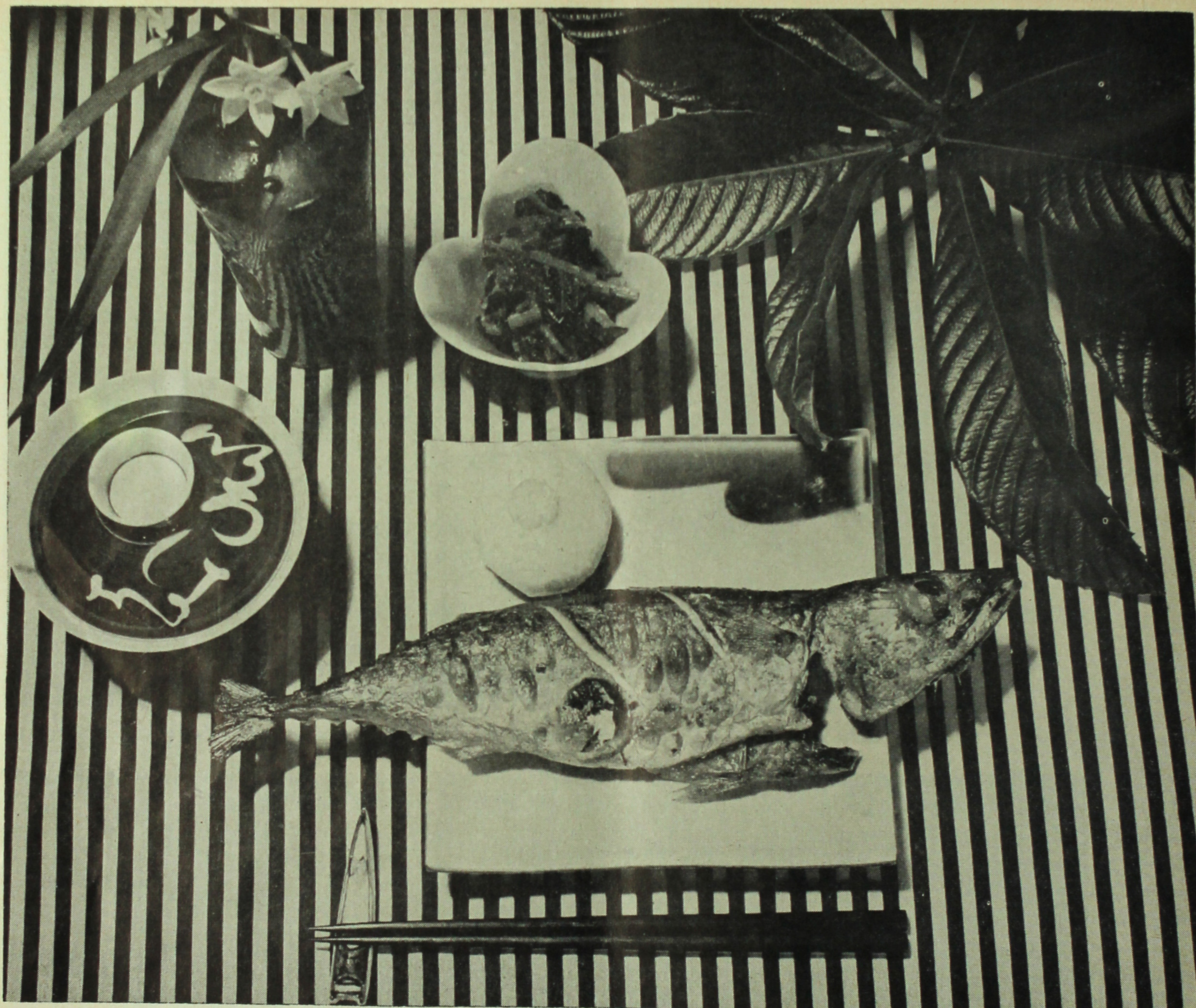


Photo by Ikuo Serisawa

Yaki-Saba

By Mary Serisawa

I HOPE you won't mind "fish" again. But if your approach is creative, it won't really matter. So—let's dine in the native Japanese way this time!

"Yaki" in Japanese means broiled, and "saba" means mackerel. I cannot think of a more exciting or interesting way to prepare this very tasty fish. And—it just couldn't be simpler!

Be sure that your fish is fresh, however. If it is—the eyes will be very bright and bulging. Its gills will be a brilliant color and it will have a pleasant odor. Also, the flesh of the fish will

be firm when touched. (The imprint of your fingers will disappear immediately.) These simple rules apply to all fish, too.

YAKI SABA

1 medium-size mackerel per person
salt

Have butcher scale and clean fish for you. Tell him to leave on the "decorative" parts, which include the head and tails, you know. Salt each fish generously, wrap in foil or wax paper. Let stand overnight in the "meatkeeper" of your refrigerator. (It's leaving the salt on the fish so long that one gets the

MENU

Miso Shiru
Hot Steamed Rice
*Yaki Saba**
Chrysanthemum Flowers*
Sweet Turnip Greens*
Pickles
Green Tea
Yokan or Sherbet

"smoky" flavor, believe it or not!) If you cannot do this, salt the fish generously and let it stand at least 1 hour before broiling.

Now—cut several gashes slantwise in the thickest part of the fish (see photograph) so the heat and flavor can penetrate. In a preheated broiler or charcoal fire, lay fish or fishes (with heads) on greased grill—or lay them on a well salted cookie sheet. You'll be amazed to know that your fish will never stick to the pan this way! Broil each side until they are nicely browned.

Gently, lay each fish on a beautiful dish with a "Chrysanthemum flower" (turnip) beside it. Garnish with a "Carrot flower."

At a Japanese dinner there is always an attractive container of soy sauce for each guest to use for whatever he wishes. You will need about a tablespoon for each person.

P.S. — Fortunately for Californians, mackerel is always available fresh or frozen. If you use the frozen ones, be sure to thaw them before salting. Otherwise proceed in the same way as you do with the fresh fish. Another suggestion: when broiling, baste occasionally with chicken or bacon fat. This will help to "replenish" the richness which is often lost during the freezing process, I think.

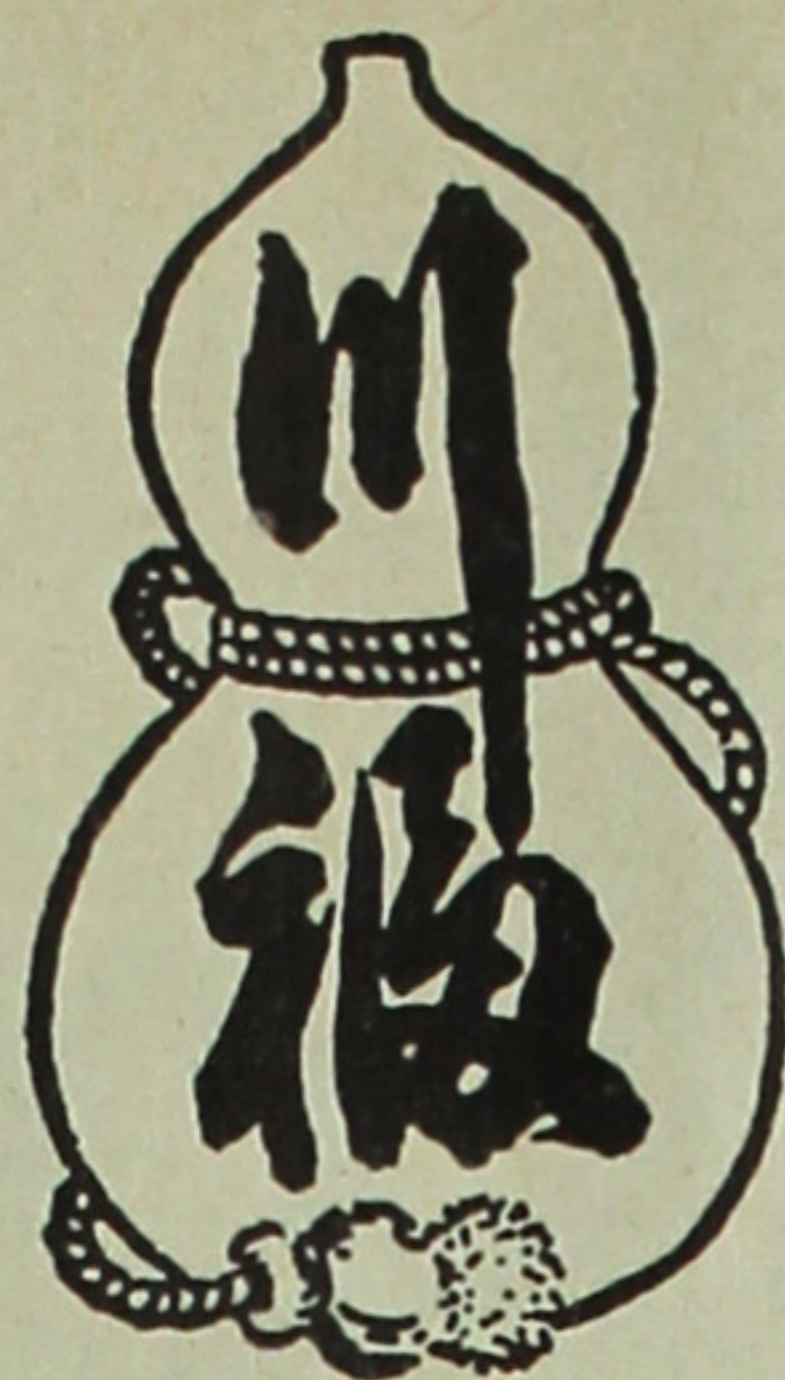
"CHRYSANTHEMUM FLOWERS"

Sounds poetic, doesn't it. Well, it is! And all you do the day before your dinner is to select beautiful fresh round turnips (medium size). Remove stem ends. Wash well. (Save the "tops" till later.) Peel each turnip. *Cut in half crosswise* (makes 2 flowers). Now, carefully round off sharp edges. With a thin blade knife slice the turnips quite fine *without cutting through the bottom*. It mustn't fall apart! A good reminder for you is to leave a chopstick on each side of the turnip you are slicing; lay it in an opposite direction from which you are cutting. In other words, you slice one way one time, and slice the opposite way the next time. The pattern is "checkered."

Sprinkle with some salt. Let stand an hour or until soft. Drain.

Make a sweet vinegar of:

1/4 cup white vinegar



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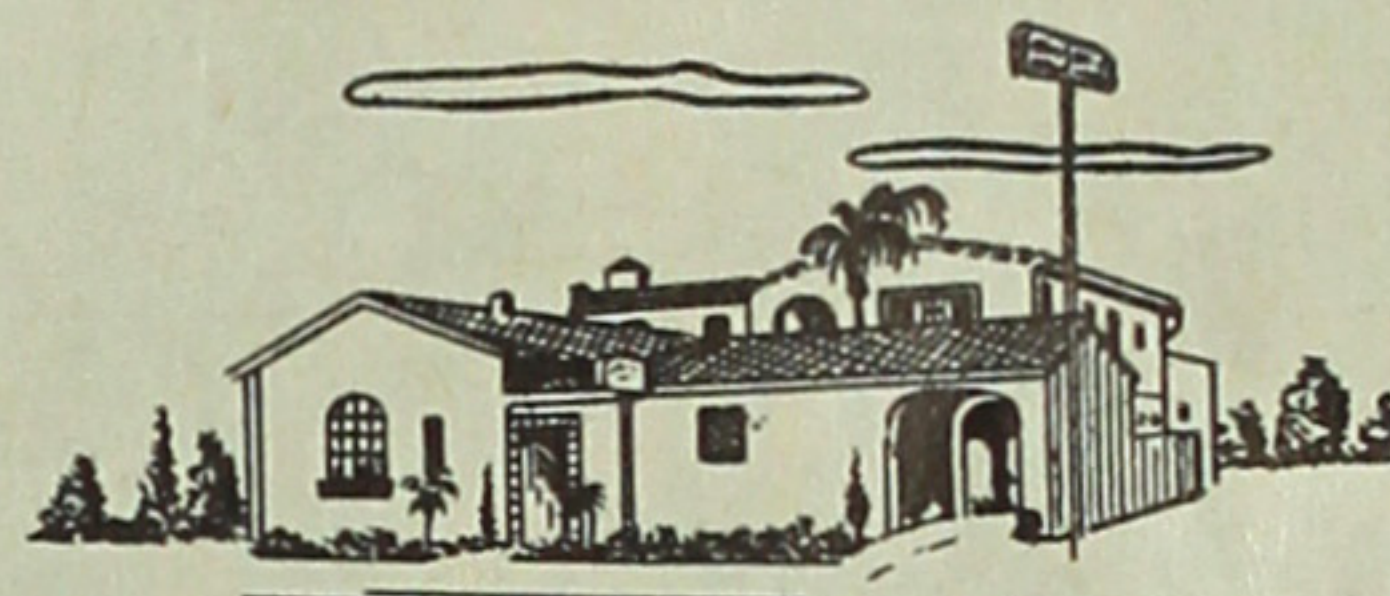
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1/4 cup water

1/3 to 1/2 cup sugar

In a deep bowl, mix turnips and carrot flowers in sauce. Cover. Let stand overnight in refrigerator so the vegetables will acquire this very delicate flavor.

"CARROT FLOWERS"

Wash and peel 1 carrot. On sides of carrot cut out 3 or 4 grooves. Slice across. Your sliced carrot should look like a flower or a plum blossom! Sprinkle with salt and add to the sweet vinegar sauce. Let stand overnight.

Simple and pretty, isn't it? Just these little "touches" make your dinner so exotic and unusual and inexpensive, too. Unless, of course, you should buy the kind of fish that is out of season!

"SWEET TURNIP GREENS"

Select and wash only the tender leaves. (Use warm water if leaves are muddy.) Cook in boiling salted water until just done with an exciting green color! Drain. Cut in 1/2-inch pieces. Add lots and lots of butter, mono-sodium glutamate, a pinch of sugar.

Serve immediately and garnish with whatever you have such as roasted sesame seeds, chopped almonds, peanuts, sliced or chopped hard cooked eggs, etc.

P.S. — You needn't tell your guests they're from turnips!

Have a delicious time!

Next month — "A Lesson in Chopsticks" and a recipe for "Chinese Abalone Soup."



DR. KINICHI Iwamoto's 30-year practice in New York City brought together patients he had cared for, and a number of babies he had delivered. They were a fine testimony to nearly a lifetime's work.

Photo by Soichi Sunami

They Sent for the Doctor

THE HAPPY brood of children in the photograph above nearly obscures the central reason for the gathering: Dr. Kinichi Iwamoto. The party in New York City celebrated his 30 years of service given in that locale.

He's holding a recent addition, tiny Barbara Tanaka, over whose head can be seen Alexandra Karafina, the very first of the good Doctor's deliveries.

Former patients got into the act by presenting him with a slide projector.

more about

ECHOES —FROM PAGE 14

is father who has taken grandfather's place, and he must be respected and obeyed. The old idea of the three obediences of a woman: the daughter must obey her father, the wife her husband, the mother her son. Besides this, he is not her flesh and blood. He is an adopted son, bearing the family name, but after all an outsider. Why should such things matter?

"Don't worry, grandmother," I said, "I don't mind at all about not being able to go today. I will work hard and do my best to help father."

Then I shouldered my mat along with unanswered questions and walked toward the field as fast as I could, helped along by the wonderful virtue of grandmother.

中央に赤ちやを
抱こぬる目がね
の紳士が若本
欣一タタキで
彼を圓心とい
て取り囲む幼
童群は彼が
過ぎ三十年間
利害を忘れて
献身的奉仕
した人々の一部
彼は三十周年祝
賀会の主賓
である。



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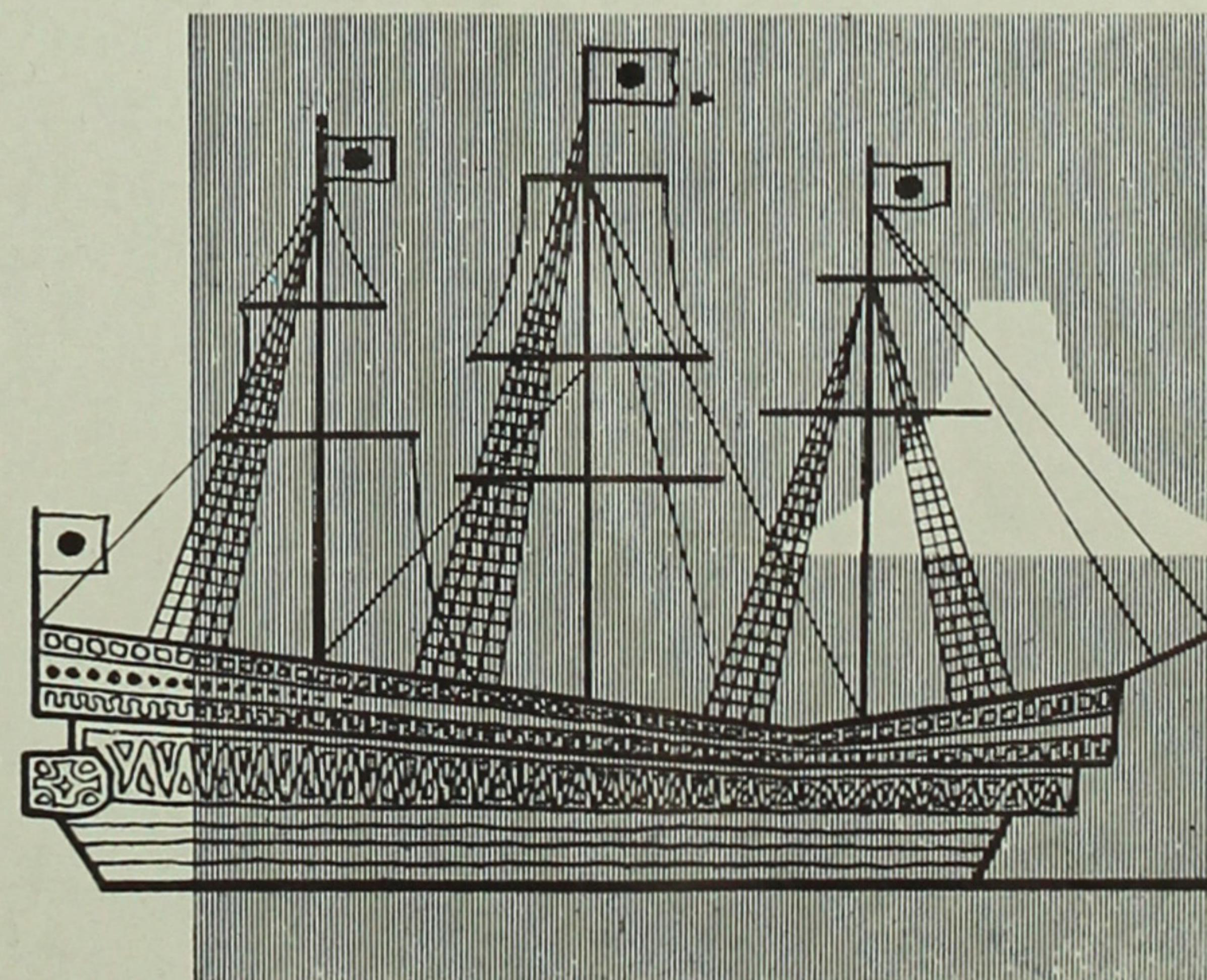
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