

## Tie Your Bad Luck To A Tree!

Tokyo has been the capital of Japan for less than a hundred years. It has grown to its vast size within that short time and is now linked completely with Yokohama, Japan's biggest seaport, which is seventeen miles from the centre of Tokyo.

Previously, for more than a thousand years, the capital of the country was Kyoto, right in the heart of the main island. The journey by air from Tokyo took more than three hours. It is, in fact, half as far again as Paris is from London.

This ancient capital is today full of priests and pagodas and shrines. There are 1,540 Buddhist temples and 231 Shinto shrines. Shintoism is a secondary religion, but an extremely active one.

It should not, however, be supposed that Kyoto is now a dead city—a museum piece. It is the second largest city in Japan, ranking next to Tokyo, with a population of a million and a quarter and has a great many industries, such as lacquer ware, porcelain, silk-weaving, brocades and bronze. Most of the loveliest kimonos of Japan are made there.

The town is surrounded by hills which are dotted by chalets very much like those you see in Switzerland. In fact, but for the pagodas which lift their many-tiered roofs above the trees, you might think you were in Europe.

When I was there John Wayne, the American film actor, was in the same hotel, with a company of thirty artists and about fifty film technicians. They were making a film about an American consul-general who, a hundred years ago, fell in love with a geisha girl. It is called "The Barbarian and the Geisha."

In addition to this enormous American invasion there were large numbers of American tourists in the town, most of them elderly women, writes R. J. Minney in "Tit-Bits."

A wonderful sight is the mountain of Fujiyama, only sixty miles outside Tokyo, which is quite awe-inspiring from the air. It is nearly 12,500 feet high, the highest mountain in Japan. It is almost a perfectly symmetrical cone and the people regard it as sacred. They make pilgrimages to its top when it is free of snow, which is for only two months of the summer.

It is in fact an extinct volcano; the crater is 2,000 feet across, but you get no hint of this from the drawings of the mountain which are put out in pictures and are used also to decorate many articles manufactured in Japan.

You can see too many shrines and temples. Your mind gets muddled with it all, so I refused to do the full escorted tour by bus. I selected instead the four most interesting places and went to them by myself.

One of them was the house of a nobleman, built of wood and paper 800 years ago, with a most all round it. Very few private houses of that age survive in Europe; there was a perfect example and I could visualize exactly how people lived at that time.

About an hour away by bus is a still earlier capital of Japan called Nara. This is a place where shrines and temples, and has the atmosphere of one of our smaller cathedral towns. Right in the middle of it is a vast unfenced deer park stretching for 13,000 acres. The

deer come out of it and roam through the streets, nuzzling against you, hoping to be fed. You can crack your neck in Nara by gazing up at the largest bronze Buddha in the world. It is seventy-one feet high. The face is three times as tall as the average man's height—seventeen feet: each eye is nearly four feet wide; the thumb is 3 ft. 3 in. long. The devotee who lights the joss sticks and setting them up in front of the Buddha, much as one lights candles in France and Italy.

But the Shinto shrines are the most picturesque. Each is approached through at least one saffron-coloured wooden archway, about ten feet high, made not circular but of cross bars.

One of the shrines has a thousand such arches, each put up by a man hoping to acquire merit. The arches are called Torii and the vista provided by them is most attractive and colourful.

All the Shinto shrines, which are in fact temples, have girls who sing and dance as part of the service. Some of the girls are extremely pretty; they accompany themselves by beating on drums and cymbals.

All round, on bushes and trees, one can see little knots of paper—they look like the twists of paper some women in England use for curling their hair. All these papers represent bad luck.

The people of the East are extremely superstitious; they frequently consult astrologers, and they are told of some ill fortune that is likely to befall them, they instantly write out the evil tidings go to a temple and tie the paper on to a tree or a bush. That is their way of getting rid of it.

Japanese pronunciation of our language differs from the Chinese in a curious way. The Chinese turn all our 'r's into 'l's. The Japanese do the opposite. They turn all the 'l's into 'r's. A cloakroom becomes a "Croakroom."

An assistant in the BOAC office was talking to me about my "Fright." As I wasn't nervous I wondered what he meant and then realized he was talking about the time of my flight! At the camera shop I was offered "A wide surrection"—meaning selection. But the word "grassess" puzzled me in the plane. The Japanese sitting beside me meant he had to put on his glasses to read the menu.

The Japanese language is apt to puzzle a foreigner. I picked up a few essential words so that I could order a meal in a restaurant, but the words I learnt were inadequate. They required an "O" to be stuck in front of them. "What's the 'O' for?" I asked a friend. "Oh, that's for 'Honourable'." You can't just order an egg or a plate of ham. You have to say "Bring me an honourable egg and an honourable plate of ham."

From this journey into the interior I returned to Tokyo by train. I found the train extremely clean (as in China) and superbly comfortable. All the attendants were girls. They were dressed in sky-blue uniforms, close fitting, with white overlapping collars and cuffs. They were served, for there was one attendant for each passenger in the dining car. As a result they got three services in within the hour. A slow eater seated beside me had his plate snatched away before he was finished; they could not afford to wait!

Then there's the student who changed his major from dentistry to real estate. He still wants to drill—but for oil.

Many are the tempting ways that artichokes may be served: in salads, soups, stuffed with meat, poultry, or shellfish, with scrambled eggs, crisp fried, or pickled. Individuals have even made desserts of this remarkable vegetable.

After having cooked a number of the small chokes, one may make the leaves into a pulp, then make a pie by following a simple recipe, as for pumpkin pie. Using the pulp in a cake mixture results in a moist, delicately flavoured cake.

The Central California Artichoke Growers Association suggests:

**Stuffed Artichokes, Baked**  
6 medium-sized or large artichokes  
1/2 pound ground lean beef  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
Oil (olive or salad oil)  
2 tablespoons chopped parsley  
1 egg  
Salt  
Pepper  
Dash of allspice  
1 tomato  
2 tablespoons lemon juice

After trimming and washing, spread artichokes open by placing upside down on table and pressing stem ends firmly. With teaspoon, dig out centre leaves and fuzzy portions. Brown beef and onion in about 2 tablespoons olive or other cooking oil. Remove from heat, stir in parsley, bread crumbs, egg, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper, and allspice. Fill

WASH DAY—A tree grows in Brooklyn, all right, but it's almost swallowed up by the little of clotheslines on wash day. Helping out the lady of the house, a husband hangs out a few things to dry from the fire escape of a house on McDonough St.

REAL ROLE—Suzanne Voyda, 17, in a Toronto play, takes the role of a Hungarian refugee trying to adjust to life in Canada. It should be a cinch—she's a refugee from the 19's! Hungarian revolt.

Broken Leg Brought Romance  
Bells of the ivy-clad church chimed cheerfully and the August sun shone fiercely as the bride emerged on the arm of her groom and walked to their waiting car.

On the fringe of the boisterous crowd was a pale-faced, lovely girl of twenty-four. She was the car idled away in the direction of the railway station, but the couple, engrossed in each other, did not see her.

For a few moments the girl gazed wistfully at the car, then she walked slowly back towards her cottage home at the other end of the French village. As she walked in the intense heat she reflected that but for her mother's ill health, she might have been the bride of the wealthy market gardener who was now on his way with his wife to the French Riviera for a fortnight's honeymoon.

The girl could not help thinking that fate had been rather hard on her. She had lost a husband because of her mother's illness—and everybody in the little French village knew it.

Crede was amazed to find that the underside of the girl's dress was never a simple matter. She was never a simple matter. She was never a simple matter.



**SUMMER TRAGEDY AVERTED**—Another in the annual long list of summer drowning tragedies was averted when six young swimmers went to the aid of Judy McKenna in Boston. The South Boston girl is lifted over a fence into the waiting arms of police.



**TABLE TALKS**  
by Jane Andrews

Castroville, a small community situated in Monterey County, Calif., has a truly significant claim to fame—it's called "The Artichoke Centre of the World." Only two places are known to grow this rich, delicately flavored vegetable, commercially: Italy and Central California.

In Castroville, 20 feet above sea level, within a few miles of the Pacific Ocean, are found ideal climatic conditions—fresh, gentle, soft sea breezes, and rich coastal soil.

It is the choke or French artichoke, a thistle-like perennial that covers almost 6,000 acres of this fertile land in 1922 the first plants were introduced. Today three picking houses are needed to pack and ship the abundant crop. The harvesting season begins about Sept. 1, and continues until about April 15, with two main crops during these months—one about Oct. 1, another near Jan. 1.

The fresh vegetable is often passed by for, to many, it seems difficult to prepare, when actually the preparation is very simple. Trim the top third with a sharp knife (or scissors), which will remove the thorny tips. Then remove the outer coarse leaves and stem to within an inch of the cluster.

Wash thoroughly in cold, salted water, then place in a full kettle of boiling, salted water. Cook the large artichokes from 30 to 45 minutes, smaller ones 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from water. Turn upside down to drain. Serve either hot or cold.

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Simas were as different as night and day. The Yankee secretary was a big, burly fellow, while the Yankee player was a small, wiry fellow. The Yankee secretary was a big, burly fellow, while the Yankee player was a small, wiry fellow.

Woodling's eyes twinkled as he said "I don't think he'll wait for this afternoon."

What did the ocean say to her? "I don't think he'll wait for this afternoon."

Younger Set Fashion Hint

Western Salad Bowl  
8 small cooked artichokes  
1 small head lettuce  
1 bunch Romaine  
1/2 cup salad oil  
2 tomatoes  
2 tablespoons garlic-flavored vinegar  
Salt  
Pepper  
1 hard-cooked egg

After trimming and washing, cut artichokes into thin lengthwise slices. Melt butter and cook slowly until tender, about 15 minutes. Stir frequently to prevent browning. Add onion and cook until tender. Remove from heat. Beat eggs with salt and milk and pour over artichokes. Cook slowly until set, stirring from the bottom as mixture cooks. Serves 3 to 4.

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week when a rotten plank broke away and she broke a leg. Then her luck began to change. The young doctor who treated the leg was a substitute for the usual village doctor who was on holiday. He fell in love with his fair-haired patient.

He proposed a week later when the girl explained that she could not marry him because of her mother, he merely said "I love you, Marie," he said "and I will wait until you are free, if necessary, but I can persuade your mother to alter her mind and come and live with us. My sister, a nurse, will look after her."

And so it was that the girl who seemed to be always plagued by misfortune found happiness in love and marriage. The mother of three children, she declares she's the happiest woman in France. And her mother, well cared for, is contented, too, although still a little ridden.

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## Art Of Grinding A Scythe

Comes now a letter from a fellow black who asks what I know about a scythe. I have been sharpening scythes. I have been sharpening scythes. I have been sharpening scythes.

He proposed a week later when the girl explained that she could not marry him because of her mother, he merely said "I love you, Marie," he said "and I will wait until you are free, if necessary, but I can persuade your mother to alter her mind and come and live with us. My sister, a nurse, will look after her."

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and the thing is clearly ridiculous. But that's what all good scythemens use.

The grindstone should be turned away from the edge. Some said so, that you had to turn into the edge—but they could never get a decent "wire edge" that way, so they were wrong. You must remember that a grindstone, big as it is, still is round and cuts in a concave manner. You don't get a V-edge, but a kind of a V that has a bevelled in a little. If the little boy holds out, you can eventually get this pinch-in V along the entire scythe, equal and unvarying.

Then you run the stone gently along one whole side, from point to heel, and the thin-thin edge will naturally turn slightly away from this action until you get this "wire-edge". It is turned-up edge, less than tissue-thin, and you scratch your thumb, and on it you can feel it. You can't see it. If you feel the edge with your thumb you find it just a shade less than sharp, because of this wire edge. Don't feel too frisky, or you will have two thumbs where one bloomed before. Now you "bang" the blade to the sheath, and this is as delicate an instrument as setting a turret lathe.

The handles and harness on the sheath are adjustable, and you want to blade so