

46:14 United States Army Articles

86/97c

DRAFT

For N.Y. Hirokuhei Kiyo -  
+ Army.

"Courage of the Issei" -

This being the first opportunity I have had to write to and for the Issei, my first thought is to offer a tribute - a word of thanks - and an expression of sincere admiration.

In my opinion, one of the great shortcomings of we Nisei has been our failure to take the time or make the effort to really get to know the Issei. I wonder how many of us think of what our parents or grandparents have done for us; what their sacrifices have been. I wonder how many of us have ever taken the time to sit down with our parents and listen to stories of their childhood, of the families they left in Japan, of the cultural heritage that is theirs - and ours for the asking. I'm afraid too few of us have even taken the time to ask. Too many of us have become engrossed in seeking our own friends, and having our own fun. We have been caught in the frenzied search for material possessions which unfortunately characterizes our generation.

When I think of the courage of the Issei, my thought turn rather quickly to my own grandmother, who at 86 years, is today as energetic, cheerful, young in spirit, and in possession of a faith and conviction far deeper than most of her grandchildren. Her story is probably just one of many Issei, who have triumphed over the adversities of life - and I would like to tell it here not as the story of someone in my family, but as a story of a brave and courageous Issei woman.

When she was only 33, my grandmother became a widow and found herself faced with the responsibility of raising five young children - the eldest of whom was only 14 - the youngest only one. She knew that she must leave her little village and go to Kyoto where friends had said she might work at the home of an American missionary. In the quiet of evening - with only the stars to hear her sighs and the comforting darkness to hide her tears - she

made the heartbreaking decision to send her five children to the homes of her friends and relatives until she could send for them. It would be difficult to imagine the anguish with which she must have packed each child's belongings into boxes and koris, and watched each of them travel away from her in wide and separate paths ... one to an uncle, another to an aunt, another to work as a maid, and still another to the home of friends ... until at last only her baby remained. At last, with her home and treasured possessions disposed of, she took her baby to the home of her mother, where it was to be cared for until she could send for it.

The day my grandmother left for Kyoto, her mother walked with her to the edge of the village with the baby strapped to her back. They walked slowly until they came to the bridge which separated their village from the next; and there my grandmother said her farewells - to her mother, to her little baby girl, and to the village which had sheltered her from the day she was born. She walked away quickly - turning back just once - to see a figure waving a white handkerchief. The small child on her back was waving too. The breeze whipped up little swirls of dust on the road and made the handkerchiefs flutter softly. My grandmother waved quickly, and then she didn't look back again.

In Kyoto, a new world unfolded before her as she worked as a maid in the home of American missionaries. From early morning till late at night, she learned the strange new ways of a western home. She learned how to cook American dishes, how to clean and polish silver, how to wait on the table and how to set it properly. There were hundreds of small new details that she had never known in her own home. When her duties were over, she went into her tiny room, and with fingers that had grown rough and stiff from the heavy housework, she took out her thimble and sewing box and sewed for

her children. Exhausted though she was, her nights were often sleepless as she thought one by one of each of her children, wondering what they might be doing - whether they had enough to eat and enough to wear.

And so the years crept by, each day full of the work of a busy household, each night full of the longings of a lonely mother. She lived on the one hope of someday being able to call her children together to her side. Before long, she learned of the ways of Christianity from her employers and the burning conviction with which she embraced this new faith helped sustain her courage during those difficult and lonely years.

From each week's pay envelope she set aside a portion for the church and the remainder for her children. One by one, as the children grew older, she was able to send for them so they might come to Kyoto and attend Doshisha University. She was able to send one child through on her own savings, two were assisted through school by her employers, and another, her only son, worked his way through by selling milk and working as a night telephone operator. By the time the youngest child was ready for college, her son was able to send money from Hawaii where he worked as a teacher, to help his sister through school.

So after ten long and difficult years, my grandmother at last saw her dreams come true. She had seen all five children grow to become fine young people. One by one they had returned to her side at Kyoto to attend the University. How she wished that her husband might have seen them. How proud he would have been. She knew then that all those years of loneliness and deprivation - when the days had seemed endlessly long, the chores too heavy for one small woman; when her heart was heavy and she longed for home and familiar faces - had been worthwhile.

During the next few years, my grandmother came to America to join her son (my father) and a daughter (my aunt), both of whom had married and de-

cided to live in America.

I needn't go into the details of her life in the next decade. My grandmother learned then that the heartaches of life were not all behind her, for one of her young daughters in Japan died suddenly while attending the university, and her daughter in America was stricken with apoplexy to become a semi-invalid for the remainder of her life.

Somehow adversities seemed to bring out all the courage, determination, and endurance hidden in her small frame, and from the day her daughter became ill, with six young children of her own to raise, my grandmother took over their household. She washed, she cooked, she cleaned and she mended for the family of eight, and whenever she had a few spare moments, she would read her Bible or bow her head in prayer. I can remember watching her many times when I was a little girl. She would sit up-right on her bed, her legs tucked beneath her, and for as long as 30 minutes she would rock gently back and forth as her lips murmured prayers for her children, her grandchildren, and her many friends in Japan.

Because of my aunt's illness, grandma lived with her rather than with our family, accepting only material and financial support from her son. Each New Year's and many a summer, however, our family of four would descend upon the household of grandma, my aunt, uncle, and six cousins in Los Angeles, and what a happy occasion that would be. Always, grandma would be busy every minute of the day. If she wasn't bustling about in the kitchen or tending her vegetable and flower garden outside, she sat with her glasses half-way down her nose, mending from the never-empty basket of little socks that needed darning.

We found her a boon companion, always sympathetic to our craving for fun and good times. Smiling softly until her face was wreathed with wrinkles, she would tell us to have our fun because we were young only once. Perhaps it was

because her own young life was so devoid of fun and pleasure, that she wanted her grandchildren to have what she had missed. Sometimes on our way to the movies, we would ask the older folks if they would like to come along. And quite often grandma would surprise us by being the only one who would say yes.

Her energy and stamina were endless. On Sundays she attended Church regularly, on Wednesdays she would go to prayer meeting faithfully, and in between, she would make calls with my uncle to the members of the congregation who were ill or in need of friendship.

When it seemed that her life had become peaceful and comfortable at last, the war came along to destroy the secure little world in which she lived. With its disregard for the aged and the ill, the war swept grandma and her family into the Relocation Center at Heart Mt., Wyoming. There again, tragedy struck at her, this time with a triple blow. First with the death of the oldest daughter of her own daughter's family, then with the news of the death of their son in Japan - grandma lost two of the grandchildren whom she had cared for and raised as her own children. With anxiety and dread she watched the effect of this news on my invalid aunt and with even greater shock, she watched my uncle gradually lose sight of both eyes due to a cataract operation.

With the war over, grandma is back in Los Angeles, with my aunt (still a semi-invalid), my uncle (totally blind) and two of their children.

Last summer when I saw grandma, she was still as energetic as she had always been. She still bustled about the kitchen and garden, still carrying more than her full share of the household activities. During the day when the young folks are out working, she is the strength and pillar of the home. On one occasion, she even accompanied my uncle alone to church: A woman of 86 leading a blind man of 70.

It is difficult to believe that she will become 87 this July, for she

is still youthful in thought, courageous in deed, and an encouragement and inspiration to all who know her.

I know that my parents and their Issei friends also have their own stories of personal hardship and achievement. I know that many an Issei would have much to tell us of how they pioneered a new life in America; how despite the handicaps of racial discrimination and prejudice, they established fine homes, sent their children through colleges and universities, and brought up their children in such a way as to create one of the finest and most outstanding records for good citizenship of any minority group in the United States. What a great deal most of us Nisei could learn from their perseverance, their capacity for hard work, and their courage and determination to create fine homes and families in a country **once** strange and foreign to them.

I would like to quote here from a letter which one young Nisei wrote to his parents:

" We Nisei have learned from you Issei, things like honor, pride, devotion to duty, endurance and honesty: and we shall always be indebted to you for them ... We are good Americans because you taught us to be. I'm proud of my heritage, proud of the ~~things it has taught me; but I'm proudest of you because of the things you have done and sacrificed to make me a good American.~~ things it has taught me; but I'm proudest of you because of the things you have done and sacrificed to make me a good American."

I'm sure most Issei would ask for no greater tribute than such an expression of gratitude from their children, and I would hope that more Nisei would find it in their hearts to take a few minutes to tell their parents - the Issei - how much respect and admiration we truly have for them.

Yoshiko Uchida

FINAL COPY  
sent 4/20/49

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The day my grandmother left for Kyoto, her mother walked with her to the edge of the village with the baby strapped to her back. They walked slowly until they came to the bridge which separated their village from the next. There a jinrickisha was waiting, and there my grandmother said her farewells - to her mother, to her little baby girl, and to the village which had sheltered her from the day she was born. She climbed on the rickisha and as it started on its way she turned back just once to see a figure waving a white handkerchief. The small child on her back was waving too. The breeze whipped up little swirls of dust on the road and made the handkerchiefs flutter softly. My grandmother waved quickly, and then she didn't look back again.

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nights were often sleepless as she thought one by one of each of her children, wondering what they might be doing; whether they had enough to eat and enough to wear.

And so the years crept by, each day full of the work of a busy household, each night full of the longings of a lonely mother. But she had been the daughter and wife of a Samurai, and she had learned <sup>son</sup> to live courageously with head held high. She lived on the one hope of some day being able to call her children together to her side. Before long, she learned of the ways of Christianity from her employers, and the burning conviction with which she embraced this new faith helped sustain her courage during those difficult and lonely years.

From each month's pay envelope she set aside a portion for the church and the remainder for her children. One by one, <sup>as</sup> the children grew older, she was able to send for them so they might come to Kyoto and attend <sup>an</sup> Doshisha, then a mission school. She was able to send one child through on her own savings, two were assisted through school by her employers, and another, her only son, worked his way through by selling milk and working as a night telephone operator. By the time the youngest child was ready for college, her son was able to send money from Hawaii where he worked as a teacher, to help his sister through school.

So after ten long and difficult years, my grandmother at last saw her dreams come true. She had seen all five children grow <sup>low</sup> to become fine young people. One by one they had returned to her side at Kyoto to attend ~~the~~ college. How she wished that her husband might have seen them. How proud he would have been of them and of his wife's courage and devotion to her children. She knew then that all those years of loneliness and deprivation - when the days had seemed endlessly long, the chores too heavy for one small woman; when her heart was heavy and she longed for

home and familiar faces - had been worthwhile.

100 Within a few years my grandmother accompanied her eldest daughter to America<sup>1900</sup> where she had come to be married. Intending to stay only until my aunt was settled, she eventually stayed on permanently, and a year later her son (my father) came to join her, and he too remained to establish a home in America.

10 I needn't go into the details of her life in the next decade. My grandmother learned then that the heartaches of life were not all behind her, for one of her young daughters in Japan died suddenly while attending college, and a few years later, her daughter in America was stricken with apoplexy to become a semi-invalid for<sup>12</sup> the remainder of her life.

100 Somehow adversities seemed to bring out all the courage, determination, and endurance hidden in her small frame, and from the day her daughter became ill, with six young children of her own to raise, my grandmother took over their household. She washed, she cooked, she cleaned and she mended for the family of eight, and whenever she had a few spare moments, she would read her Bible or bow her head in prayer. I can remember watching her many times when I was<sup>13</sup> a little girl visiting my cousins. She would sit up-right on her bed, her legs tucked beneath her, and for as long as 30 minutes she would rock gently back and forth as her lips murmured prayers for her children, her grandchildren, and her many friends in Japan.

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We found her a boon companion, always sympathetic to our craving for fun and good times. Smiling softly until her face was wreathed with wrinkles, she would tell us to have our fun because <sup>1500</sup> we were young only once. Perhaps it was because her own young life was so devoid of fun and pleasure, that she wanted her grandchildren to have what she had missed. Sometimes on our way to the movies, we would ask the older folks if they would like to come along, and quite often grandma would surprise us by being the only one who would say yes. On one occasion she even went to a baseball game to watch her grandson play for his school!

Her energy and stamina were endless. On Sundays she attended church regularly, on <sup>1500</sup> Wednesdays she would go to prayer meeting faithfully, and in between, she would make calls with my uncle to the members of the congregation who were ill or in need of friendship.

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2175

Yoshiko Uchida

April 1949

Total: 2175

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556 West 156 St.  
New York 32, N.Y.  
April 19, 1949

Mr. H. Kitayama  
Hokubei Shinpo  
11 W. 18 St.  
New York City

Dear Mr. Kitayama:

Enclosed is the article for your paper which you requested.  
I hope it is the sort of thing you wanted.

If you feel that it is inappropriate for use in your paper,  
please feel free to tell me. I trust that when it appears  
you will indicate that it is a translation.

If you do decide to use this article, I would appreciate  
receiving a few copies of the issue in which it appears.  
Incidentally, my room number at work is 1031, instead of 131.

I enjoyed speaking to Mr. Inoue the other day, and my sister  
was glad to have news of Mrs. Inoue.

Best wishes,

Sincerely,

Encl.

Yoshiko Uchida

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HATS FOR AMERICA'S WOMEN

By  
Yoshiko Uchida

( 1520 words - approx.)

## HATS FOR AMERICA'S WOMEN

Going out to buy a new hat is considered by most American women to be one of the best and most pleasant remedies for bolstering their morale. It is a luxury in which every woman indulges some time during the year, the frequency and amount spent for each purchase depending, of course, on her economic and social status. It is safe to say, however, that the average woman buys at least two, and perhaps three new hats a year. This is a minimum number, which very definitely does not constitute a luxury, but is a vital and necessary part of every woman's wardrobe.

Although there are a few months in the heat of the summer when hats and gloves are discarded for the sake of comfort, they are ordinarily worn for all but very informal occasions as basic accessories. It would be very improper, for example, to go to church without a hat and gloves, or to attend any function such as a wedding, tea, luncheon, or reception, without them. Most women wear hats and gloves when going to work, to town for shopping, to the theater, to luncheons, or to most social functions except those attended in formal evening clothes. Once a woman steps out of the house wearing a hat, she rarely removes it until she is home again. Because it is a basic part of their outfit, adding a touch of bright color or blending into the colors of whatever they are wearing; and because they know they look more attractive wearing hats, most women leave their hats on in public. The one exception is in a theater, however, where hats are removed as a courtesy to those sitting behind.

Although the color of a woman's hat sometimes matches her gloves, handbag

and shoes, very often it may be a contrasting color to accent the clothes she is wearing. For example, it would be quite proper to wear a navy blue suit, have a bag and shoes of the same color, then add white gloves and a red hat for a touch of color. In this way, accessories may be used to compliment and accent, as well as to match one's clothes. A favorite trick of the girl who must dress on a budget, is to buy one basic simple black dress, then change its appearance by using various accessories with it. For example, a gold belt and chain might be worn with it one day, a white collar the next, or perhaps a gay colored scarf and matching belt. She might wear a black hat with it at one time and a colored hat the next. The possibilities are endless, and are limited only by one's imagination and fashion sense.

A working girl usually owns one basic hat for each season, to be worn going to and from work. Often this is utilitarian in shape, practical in color (navy, black or brown, to go with many other colors), and is purchased purely for functional purposes. Supplementing this, however, she will probably own an extra hat, perhaps in a different color, which is more dressy, frivolous, and less practical, but which will lend itself well to dates and other social functions.

I mention a hat for each season, because there are two very definite seasons in the millinery world: The spring season of straw hats trimmed with ribbons, flowers and much veiling, and the fall season, with its darker felt, velvet and feather trimmed hats. There is a third, the season of white fabric hats for summer, but this is an extra one which

many women simply overlook by wearing their spring straws right through till fall.

The extent to which this demand for hats has made its impression on the fashion market is evidenced in the amount of space devoted by all department stores and apparel shops to sections for millinery. All department stores have at least two, and sometimes three or four sections where hats are sold. Most of them have a counter on the street floor called a "hat bar" where hats which are inexpensive and currently popular in style are sold. These are mass-produced hats, duplicated in many colors, and not particularly outstanding in quality or style. It is a counter where a customer can stop by, try on one of the many hats placed on the counter without waiting for a clerk to help her, and move on without taking more than a few minutes. These hats usually run from as low as \$2.00 - \$3.00 in some of the inexpensive stores, to about \$5 and \$6.00. Many stores have economy dress and millinery departments in the basement, and there, a greater variety of similar hats are displayed for approximately the same prices.

The better hats are usually located on one of the upper floors, where more space is allotted them and they are attractively displayed on tables according to color and price. There, one can find hats ranging from \$5.00 to as high as \$25.00 in some stores; the more expensive the hat, the finer the quality of material, the finer the workmanship on it, and very important to many women, the less possibility of duplication.

In addition to the department stores, there are scores of small shops

specializing in millinery alone which are sprinkled along Fifth Avenue and along New York City's countless little side streets. Many of these are small expensive shops which cater to a fairly exclusive clientele, charging anywhere from \$20 - \$25.00 and up, for their custom made original hats. Although there are women who gladly spend such sums for the insurance against the embarrassment of ever seeing another woman wearing a hat identical to hers, the average woman, and especially the working girl, rarely likes to spend more than \$5.00 to \$8.00 for a hat. Not all small hat shops are expensive ones, however, and there are some which specialize in lower priced hats only, with large signs in their windows advertising the fact that "No hats are higher than \$5."

There is still another way in which a woman in New York can purchase a hat, and that is by searching out a side street located somewhere in the 30's. There, the entire block is lined with interesting shops selling nothing but untrimmed hats and hat trimmings. Entering one of these stores, one gets the impression of being in a wholesale rather than a retail atmosphere. The shops are not very large, and one can readily see that there is an economy of fancy fixtures of any kind. Tables and nooks along the wall are piled high with hats of all colors and sizes, all untrimmed, but blocked in various styles. From among these, one selects whatever type of hat one is searching for, and then moves on to the counters in the rear. Here, there are feathers, flowers, beads, ribbons, veiling, and anything else one might need to trim a hat. If a woman is discriminating, has a flair for color, and is clever with her hands, she can create an attractive

and original hat for approximately \$5.00. On the other hand, an amateur can produce some rather painful and disastorous results. In any case, it is interesting to trim a hat exactly to ones own taste and needs, and many women enjoy making their hats this way.

It has obviously become a common thing to trim ones own hat, or to change the trimmings on an old hat, for even the Five and Ten Cent Stores - the great American institution, which has far outgrown its original price limits - now carries counters filled with the material required in trimming hats. They also sell hat bases which can be covered with fabric, untrimmed hats of various material, and in some of the larger branches, sell ready-made hats for such small sums as \$1.79.

Perhaps Easter can be considered the zenith of the fashion year - both for millinery and for clothes in general. Aided by commercial opportunism, Easter Sunday has traditionally become the time for all women to emerge in their best spring finery. Most women will not only buy a new suit and dress for the occasion, but all the accompanying accessories with which to complete her outfit. These would include a bag, gloves, shoes, and most important of all, a new hat. Hats seem to be particularly feminine at this season of the year, and one sees straws in lovely pastel shades trimmed with quantities of frills, flowers, and veiling. It is on Easter Sunday that New Yorkers traditionally flock to Fifth Avenue to parade up and down its length in their new spring clothes. If the weather is kind, the street in the upper part of town is filled solidly with milling throngs

and there is a gay festive air not unlike that at a carnival. However ostentatious and foolishly frivolous this may seem to some of us, it is a well-established New York custom, which is undoubtedly here to stay.

So too, with hats. They have become a basic part of a woman's wardrobe, worn not only for protection, but for the fact that they enhance whatever outfit a woman may wear. Hats are very definitely here to stay as a vital part of the American fashion scene.

The End.

TRAVELING ON A BUDGET

By

Yoshiko Uchida

( 1540 words - approx.)

## TRAVELING ON A BUDGET

The arrival of summer heralds the beginning of the vacation season, and for most Americans, this means the time for travel. A great exodus takes place from the heat of the dirt-laden cities towards the open country, the seaside, and the mountains. Some leave by plane, others by train, and still others by car or bus - whichever medium can be afforded both in time and money. Though the ultimate destination and means of travel may differ, all vacationists seem to share a common restlessness - a desire to see unfamiliar sights and to be in new environments.

The average white-collar wage earner gets about two weeks vacation a year. Those fourteen days are precious. They are counted out and planned for with great detail and care. Leisure is a luxury not easily afforded, and the pattern of each non-working day is anticipated in advance so it can be savored to full capacity.

I am one of the more fortunate of the many thousands of working people who must press their way to and from work each day in the crowded subways of New York. For me, summer means a month's vacation from the routines of an office; four weeks with pay, with which I can take a trip from New York City to California to visit my family. Four weeks is not a long time when one is crossing the United States from coast to coast. Neither is a month's salary very much money when a good portion of it goes towards buying a round-trip cross-country railroad ticket, with 15% tax added. To travel at a minimum of time and economy, therefore, the streamlined coaches offered by the railroads were the best solution for me. The round-trip from New York

to California can be made for approximately \$150 (excluding meals and incidentals), and routed through Chicago, took roughly 56 hours of riding one way.

Traveling by coach means that one must sit up all the way. However, the fare is only half that of pullman (sleepers with berths) or plane fare, so it is a popular means of travel for those with low incomes but hardy constitutions. Actually, it is not quite as taxing as one might imagine, for the trip can be broken with stopovers as mine was, and the chairs are the comfortable reclining variety which can be adjusted to two or three levels. On some of the newest streamliners each seat space occupies the full length of a big broad window, and foot rests can be extended from beneath ones chair so one can lie nearly at full length. Of course, being only five feet tall, this is easier for me to accomplish than for many people, but by and large, it shouldn't be too uncomfortable for the average person. All seats must be reserved in advance so that each passenger is assured of a definite place on the train.

Once the train is on its way, the steady hum of the train wheels becomes an aural reminder that one is in a cubicle of time and space; moving, yet static, for one is limited by the very physical boundaries of the train and one has the knowledge that there lies before him a fixed period of time in which all the usual responsibilities and duties are left behind - when one is free to spend a given number of hours in which no greater demands are made than ones own personal wants. Individuals thrown together in such an atmosphere are quick to become friendly, and, protected by the aura of anonymity which cloaks all travelers, are usually eager to engage in conversation. The atmosphere is, therefore, a pleasant and easy-going one, and the railroads themselves do

their best to maintain it as such during the entire trip.

A stewardess, who, I gathered, was provided as a combination hostess and nurse came through our cars periodically, giving us her name, asking us to call on her for information or assistance, and just generally being friendly and decorative. She helped mothers get milk for their babies or sat with their infants while the mothers ate at the diner.

Porters, of course, are present to keep the cars and restrooms clean and to help people with bags, distribute pillows ( which are rented for 25¢ a night!), turn out the lights, send telegrams for passengers, and attend to a myriad other details. Incidentally, I made the entire trip without once lifting a suitcase, for ubiquitous porters in both station and train will take your bag to and from the baggage rack above your seat for a slight fee. Although porters are paid employees of the railroad, it is customary to tip them about 20 - 25 cents per piece of luggage.

Watching the antics of fellow passengers can be a good source of entertainment at times, but when one wearies of that, or of reading, or looking out the window, one can journey to the Club Car which is a sort of "recreation center" located in the middle of the train. This car carries a bar with both soft drinks and liquor, a radio, writing tables, card tables, magazines, soft chairs and innumerable other bored souls looking for company. The Club Car is especially popular at night after the lights have been turned down in all the coaches, for its lights blaze on long past midnight. On the last night of my trip west, our car was full of tired people, babies and children, The porter obligingly turned down the lights at 9:30 p.m., but by the time we

turned our watches back an hour as we passed from one time zone to another, we discovered that we would be turning in at 8:30. We were glad then, for the Club Car, where we could smoke, have something to drink, and talk until we felt sleepy enough to venture back to our own darkened car. Needless to say, and much to our distress, our fellow travelers who retired early were up and ready to conquer California at 4:30 a.m., although we were not due to arrive until 7:30!

Eating becomes a major event on a long train ride, for it provides the three opportunities during the day to do something besides just sit. And although people must sometimes stand in line for a half hour or more to obtain a seat, no one seems to mind too much, for there is no place to go after one is finished. The air is leisurely and relaxed in the dining car, with appropriate music piped in over the loudspeaker. The El Capitain, which I rode from New York to California, carried fourteen cars, with two diners near each end of the train. Each diner had a counter which seated about twenty people, and eight to ten tables which seated four people. Although train food is generally notorious for its poor quality and high prices, I found the food on the El Capitain to be quite an exception. A full course dinner - from soup to dessert - could be obtained from \$1.70 on up, and we were given excellent food and impeccable service on tables covered with white linen cloths. There are a few people who will board a train well stocked with food of various sorts, but the majority go to the diner - three times a day if they can afford it, and twice if they can't.

From time to time during the day, vendors come through the train to ply their wares, which range from candy, nuts, magazines and playing cards, to

outrageous souvenirs. It is always a revelation to see the numbers of people who will buy such things as little Indian dolls "that stand up by themselves", aprons and table cloths decorated with the map of California in strident tones of red, green and black, and souvenir folders "to send back to the folks at home." But I have discovered that just as it is in the cities and towns from which one might venture, so it is in the small mobile community gathered together on one train, there are people from all walks of life, and of many interests, and there are those who eagerly await the train vendor and gladly surrender to him a few dollars from the savings which takes them on their journey.

This trip makes my seventh crossing of the United States by train. Looking back to the war years when traveling by coach meant racing with jostling crowds to secure a seat in trains where all seats were unreserved, I marvel at the increased ease in traveling. Each year many of the railroads seem to introduce innovations which increase the comfort of traveling: Nicely framed prints of famous paintings by Van Gogh, Braque and others now hang in each car of one New York-Chicago line. Other lines are developing cars with glass topped domes along scenic routes, and some have installed loud-speaker systems for each car over which music can be played or announcements made of arrivals at stations. And, of course, in this brief account, I have not attempted to mention the improvements installed in first class or pullman accommodations.

Americans are great travelers and sightseers; many of us trying to get too far and do too much in too short a time. However, I find myself among

them each year, and already, I am looking forward to next summer when I shall probably cross the plains of our expansive country again, becoming once more a "summer migrant" , traveling on a budget.

The End

SCHOOL FOR TWOS AND THREES  
(The Nursery School)

22

Condense  
into 1500  
1750 words

By  
Yoshiko Uchida

( 2268 words - approx.)

My sister teaches the youngest of three nursery school groups in a private school in New York City. When she tells friends that her young charges are only two and three years old, they look incredulous and often ask, "But what do you teach such young children? What do you do with them all day?" Most people simply remember school as the austere place of learning replete with books, stiff wooden desks, black boards and maps. Somehow it is difficult for them to visualize the young toddler in a setting which seems so incongruous to his immediate needs.

If they could see a nursery school in action even for a day, these people would no longer ask these questions. They would soon see that a nursery school is close to an ideal setting in which a young child could spend his day, for it provides an environment created specifically with his needs in view. No longer an infant in an adult world surrounded by furniture and equipment patterned for people three times his size, the child finds himself in a room equipped especially for small growing bodies. Any chair he might choose is small and low enough for him to sit in comfortably. The tables are proportionately low and easily accessible for drawing or looking at picture books. Everything on the wall, from mirrors to colorfully mounted pictures, are hung at his eye-level. In the bathroom the toilets and wash basins are small and low. The locker for his clothes is no higher than himself. Thus, he is able to help himself and to become self-reliant and independent.

When he looks about the room for something to do, he is not enclosed by breakables he must not touch, by a radio he must not tamper with, or with the cigarettes which he must not remove from

the container. Instead, he sees shelves filled with toy cars and trucks which he can wheel around the room; he sees blocks with which to build; he sees beads to be strung, puzzles to be put together, picture books to look at, and a housekeeping corner in which to play. Wherever he turns, he finds objects that invite his touch, to be played and experimented with.

In other words, the atmosphere is one which produces a minimum of "don'ts" and frustrations, and emphasizes a maximum of freedom - within limits. The child is given the time and opportunity to investigate, explore and experiment in his own way, with children his own age. He is among trained adults whose prime purpose it is to provide every opportunity for his mental, physical, emotional and social growth and development.

Granted that the environment is a positive and favorable one, what, then, is actually taught in a nursery school?

First and foremost, the child learns good habits - both personal and social. These are not learned through formal procedures, of course, but rather, indirectly, throughout the activities of each day. For example, the child learns good habits relating to the care of his body such as going to the bath room at regular intervals, washing his hands, and eating healthful foods. He learns to be neat and careful with his belongings. He learns to hang up his clothes properly and to put away the toys when the play period is over. Socially, he learns how to share play things with other children. He learns how to wait for his turn and to control his emotions and aggressions. He learns the rights of the individual in relation to the group and to respect the rights of others. For the only child who comes to

school from a world dominated by doting adults, it is a revelation in itself to learn that he cannot always be first, but must wait for his turn. The habits a child learns in these formative and highly impressionable years are a tremendous influence in determining the extent to which he can become a well-adjusted and happy individual.

Children are creatures of habit and routine. They crave the routine and regularity which gives them the security of uniform situations, and they like to know that certain events will take place regularly each day. This knowledge gives them something stable in a world which often rocks in violent and unpredictable storms created by the psychic weather of the adults who surround them. For this reason, as well as to provide a maximum of varied and beneficial experiences and to maintain a balance between periods of quiet and of activity, a nursery school child's day is divided into rough blocks of time which are followed daily.

In most schools the program would run something like this: He arrives before 9:00, accompanied by one of his parents or perhaps by a nurse. He is greeted by his teacher and then removes his coat and hat and hangs them in his locker. This is identified for him by a small picture of an animal or some easily recognizable object. He finds the same picture hanging over his towel in the bath room. After going to the bath room, he goes to the play room for a period of free play. Here he is at liberty to pursue whatever activity he prefers. He may choose to play quietly by himself, or he may join a group of children building a house of blocks. The teacher might suggest that they expand their construction to include several houses and make a village. She might remind them of the availability

of small wooden figures to place in front of the houses and small cars to place along the streets, and a great and wonderful construction project might get under way. Other children might be playing in a small group in the housekeeping corner. There, they would probably be mimicing the adult word in the unabashed candid fashion of young children. "Mother" might be putting the babies to bed in their toy cribs, while "Father" would probably take equal delight in playing with the dolls or in setting the little table with toy dishes.

On some days, this period of free play might include more organized activity such as painting pictures at easels, finger-painting, or clay modeling. Although many of the creative works of art thus produced may be unidentifiable to the adult eye, they provide a relaxing and satisfying means of self expression for the child. The sensory pleasures of manipulating the smooth creamy texture of finger paints or the soft pliability of clay has much therapeutic value aside from the sheer enjoyment the child may derive from the experience.

In all these activities, the child is learning to work and play with other children, and is developing muscular coordination in manipulating material. It must be remembered that for a child of two or three, even the simple accomplishment of learning how to handle a pair of scissors properly is a major event.

About 10:30, the children are reminded that it is time to put their toys away. They learn to return equipment to the shelves neatly and carefully before going on to the next major activity of the day. After the bathroom routine has been observed by all

the children, a mid-morning lunch of fruit juice and crackers is served. The children sit at tables, and usually one of them will be asked to help pass the crackers or the napkins. Whenever possible the children share in responsibilities and duties, and thus grow in self-reliance and thoughtfulness.

A period of quiet normally follows the mid-morning lunch. This may take the form of a rest period where the children actually lie down and rest, or it may be time for stories - the children sitting around the teacher while she reads them a simple picture book, showing them the pictures as she goes along. Story time is always enjoyed by the children and introduces them to many good and appropriate books. On some days this might be followed by a short period of musical activity in which the children would learn some simple songs by rote, or participate in such rhythmic activities as marching, galloping, or beating sticks in time to the music. Music in the nursery school is not always a formally organized activity, and an alert teacher would probably introduce it during many activities of the day in an informal but meaningful way. For example, she might teach a little lullaby to a child rocking a doll, or she might clap rhythmically to marshal restless feet into marching lines. Similarly, a healthy curiosity in science and the world around them might be aroused among the children in an informal way, through terrariums, aquariums and pets in the nursery school room.

Weather permitting, at least an hour or more of the remainder of the morning is allotted to outdoor play. If the children are confined in a city having the size and complexity of New York, their outdoor play is apt to take place on the roof of their school

building. Oblivious to the fact that they are denied the pleasures of trees, grass and dirt, the children play happily, climbing on the jungle gyms, making pies in the sand box, and playing on the slides, wagons, and tricycles - all activities which are beneficial to the healthy growth and development of their larger muscles. The children generally stay outdoors until their parents call for them, or in the case of those who stay until 3:00 - until it is time for their dinner. For those who stay, the afternoon period is divided between a long rest and further outdoor play.

The adults involved in the child-school relationship are not many, but they are important and strategic figures. First, there is the nursery school teacher. She is never an obtrusive intruder in the children's play. She keeps in the background, but is always ready to give guidance where it is needed to keep a situation creative and positive, or to give help when a child cannot cope with a given situation alone. She must know each of her children intimately, assessing his strong points and his weak, helping him to achieve a balance between both. Through parent conferences and home visits, she secures a fairly detailed background of the child's emotional, social and physical make-up, and endeavors to guide him toward becoming a healthy, secure, independent and happy child. A child craves affection and approval from the adults around him, seeking dependable human relationships upon which to build his little world. The teacher and school try to provide this, not as a parent or home substitute, but rather as a healthy supplement to the home situation. The parents, in turn, must cooperate as fully as possible with the

teacher, lending consistency and continuity to methods and patterns of behavior established at the school.

The other adults with whom the child comes into regular contact at school are the assistants, and a school doctor or nurse who inspects the children daily for signs of illness or contagious diseases which are checked immediately. Most schools also employ a psychologist who becomes acquainted with the children and counsels both parents and teacher regarding the emotional health of each child. Thus, there is actually an interlocking network of adults, representing both school and home whose ideas and methods, ideally, would correlate and blend to give the child the maximum benefit.

In most nursery schools there are two or three age groupings: The 2-3 year group, a 3-4 year group, and a 4-5 year group. As the child moves from one age group to the next, each new teacher is helped in her understanding of the child by written records which are kept of each child. All records of parent conferences, the psychologists observations, the emotional, social and physical development of each child - how he reacted to the group, his relationship with the other children, and his general adjustment to a school situation - are placed on file in the school office.

The nursery school program I have described here is based largely on my experiences in private nursery schools and in laboratory demonstration schools. There are other types of nursery schools, however, such as the day care center (usually city or state sponsored) which provide day-long care for children of working mothers. Then there are nursery schools associated with housing projects, settlement houses, or with some large churches. Although the programs

of these various nursery schools vary in detail, basically, they are working toward a common goal - the development and growth of each child as a total and unique individual. It is their common desire to help him grow from dependence to independence; from a self-centered infant to a social~~ized~~ individual capable of cooperating and working together with his fellows, and better prepared for school and the world beyond.

SCHOOL FOR TWOS AND THREES  
(The Nursery School)

By

Yoshiko Uchida

( 1400 words - approx.)

My sister teaches the youngest nursery school group in a private school in New York City. When she tells friends that her young charges are only two and three years old, they look incredulous and often ask, "But what do you teach such young children? What do you do with them all day?"

If they could visit a nursery school even for a day, they would no longer ask these questions. They would see the young child in an environment created specifically with his needs in view. No longer in an adult world surrounded by furniture and equipment patterned for people three times his size, the child finds himself in a room equipped especially for small growing bodies. Any chair he might choose is small enough for him to sit in comfortably. The tables are proportionately low and easily accessible for drawing or looking at picture books. Everything on the wall, from mirrors to pictures, are hung at his eye-level. In the bathroom the toilets and wash basins are small and low. His clothes locker is no higher than himself. Thus, the child is able to help himself; to become self-reliant and independent.

When he looks about the room for something to do, he is not surrounded by breakables, but instead, finds objects that invite his touch. He sees shelves filled with toy cars and trucks, blocks, beads, puzzles, and picture books; or finds a housekeeping corner where he might play.

In other words, the atmosphere is one where frustrations are at a minimum, and freedom - within limits - is at a maximum. The child is given time and opportunity to investigate, explore and experiment in his own way, with children his own age, under the guidance of trained adults.

Granted that the environment is a positive and favorable one, what, then, is actually taught in a nursery school?

First and foremost, throughout the activities of each day, the child

learns good habits - both personal and social. He learns such habits relating to the care of his body as going to the bathroom at regular intervals, washing his hands, and eating healthful foods. He learns to be neat and careful with his belongings, to hang up his clothes properly and to put away the toys when the play period is over. Socially, he learns how to share play things with other children, to wait for his turn and to control his emotions and aggressions. He learns the rights of the individual in relation to the group and respects the rights of others. The habits learned in these formative and highly impressionable years are a tremendous influence in determining the extent to which the child can become a well-adjusted and happy individual.

Being creatures of habit and routine, children crave the regularity which gives them the security of uniform situations. The knowledge that certain events will take place regularly each day gives them something stable in a world often rocked in unpredictable storms created by the psychic weather of the adults who surround them. For this reason, as well as to provide a maximum of varied and beneficial experiences, a nursery school child's day is divided into rough blocks of time which are followed daily.

In most schools the program runs something like this: Accompanied by one of his parents, the child arrives about 9:00. He is greeted by his teacher, then removes his coat and hat and hangs them in his locker. This is identified for him by a small picture of an animal or some easily recognizable object. Going into the bathroom next, he finds the same picture above his towel. From there, he proceeds to the play room for a period of free play. Here he is at liberty to pursue whatever activity he prefers. He may choose to play quietly by himself, or perhaps join

a group of children building a house of blocks. The teacher might suggest that they build several houses to form a village and a great and wonderful construction project might get under way. Other children might be playing in the housekeeping corner, unabashedly mimicing the adult world in the candid fashion of young children.

On some days, this period of free play might include more organized activity such as painting at easels, finger-painting, or clay modeling. Although many of the creative works of art thus produced may be unidentifiable to the adult eye, they provide a relaxing and satisfying means of self-expression for the child. The sensory pleasures of manipulating the smooth creamy finger paints or the soft pliability of clay has much therapeutic value aside from the sheer enjoyment the child may derive from the experience.

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A period of quiet normally follows the mid-morning lunch. This may take the form of rest where the children actually lie down, or it may be time for stories - the children sitting around the teacher while

she reads them a simple picture book. On some days this might be followed by a short period of musical activity in which the children would learn simple songs by rote or participate in such rhythmic activities as marching, galloping, or beating sticks in time to the music. Music in the nursery school is not always a formally organized activity, and an alert teacher could introduce it many times during the day in an informal but meaningful way. She might teach a lullaby to a child rocking a doll, or clap rhythmically to marshal restless feet into marching lines. Similarly, a healthy curiosity in science and the world around them might be aroused among the children in an informal way through terrariums, aquariums, and pets in the classroom.

Weather permitting, the remainder of the morning is allotted to outdoor play. The children climb on jungle gyms, make pies in the sand box, or play on slides, wagons and tricycles - all activities which are beneficial to the healthy growth and development of their large muscles. The children generally stay outdoors until their parents call for them, or in the case of those who stay until 3:00, until it is time for their dinner. For those who stay, the afternoon period is divided between a long rest and further outdoor play.

The adults involved in the child-school relationship are few but important and strategic figures. First, there is the nursery school teacher, never an obtrusive intruder in the children's play, but always ready to give guidance where needed to keep a situation creative, or to give help when a child cannot cope with a given situation alone. She knows each of her children intimately, assesses his strong points and his weak, and helps him achieve a balance between both. Through parent conferences and home visits, she secures a detailed background of the

child and endeavors to guide him toward becoming a secure, independent and happy child.

A child craves affection and approval from the adults around him, seeking dependable human relationships upon which to build his little world. The teacher and school try to provide this, not as a parent or home substitute, but rather as a healthy supplement to the home situation. The parents, in turn, must cooperate as fully as possible with the teacher, lending consistency and continuity to methods and patterns of behavior established at the school.

Other adults with whom the child comes into regular contact at school are the assistants, and a school doctor or nurse who inspects the children daily for signs of illness or contagious diseases which are checked immediately. Most schools also employ a psychologist who counsels both parents and teacher regarding the emotional health of each child. Thus, there is an interlocking network of adults, representing both school and home, whose ideas and methods should correlate for the maximum benefit of the child.

In most nursery schools there are two or three age groupings; the 2-3 year group, a 3-4 year group, and a 4-5 year group. As the child moves from one age group to the next, each new teacher is helped in her understanding of the child by written records which are kept of each child. All records of parent conferences, the psychologists observations, accounts of the emotional, social and physical development of each child, are placed on file in the school office.

The nursery school program I have described here is based largely on my experiences in private nursery schools and in laboratory demonstration schools. There are other types of nursery schools, however, such

as the day care center (usually city or state sponsored) which provides day-long care for children of working mothers, and the nursery schools associated with housing projects, settlement houses, or churches. Although the programs of these nursery schools may vary in detail, essentially, they are quite similar, for they are all working toward a common goal - the development and growth of each child as a total and unique individual. It is their common desire to help him grow from dependence to independence; from a self-centered infant to a socialized individual, capable of working together with his fellows, and better prepared for school and the world beyond.

The End

APARTMENT LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY

By

Yoshiko Uchida

(1580 words - approx.)

A recent visitor to New York City expressed his utter amazement at the overwhelming number of apartment houses he saw throughout the city.

"I simply had no idea there would be so many," he confessed, "Or that every friend I visited would be living in an apartment."

Seeing the city and its dwellings through the eyes of someone from out of town, I was reminded once again of its very unique quality.

It seems utterly fantastic that 8 million people can live, work and play together on this narrow strip of land we call Manhattan, and yet this is not impossible because the city has reached upward in its expansion. It has used the vastness of the sky to stretch its soaring office buildings and to house its growing population. Thus, the streets of Manhattan are crowded with apartment houses, some of which are only five stories high, but some of which climb to fabulous heights, adding new silhouettes to New York City's famed skyline of concrete giants.

Reflecting the very intensity of the life which revolves about it, a New York apartment is compact, efficient and conducive to maximum efficiency in a minimum of time and space.

I looked at my own apartment and realized how I had come to take for granted the many unique features which had so impressed me when I first moved in.

The kitchen alone is an amazing composite in which every space has been utilized to full capacity and every item is strategically placed for a specific function. The sink, for example, stands in one corner, with the wash tub directly to its right. The metal cover over the tub serves not only as a space for preparing food, but doubles as a drain board for washing dishes. A cupboard which reaches to the cell-

ing fills the wallspace over the sink and tub. The stove is only a step behind the sink, so with almost a single motion a kettle can be filled with water and set on the stove to boil. A refrigerator, table and two chairs occupy the remainder of the kitchen, but as if that were not enough, even a part of the area overhead has been marshalled into use. A clothes rack of six rows of rope attached to a wooden frame, hangs about a foot below one end of the ceiling. A pulley lowers the rack so a wash can be hung on it, then hoisted up to dry in the warm air safely out of everyone's way. This is a clever and expedient device for drying ones laundry without exposing it to the sooty air outside

Just beyond the kitchen, in the hallway, is a small door which opens onto a long, narrow shaft running the length of the building. This is for the "dumbwaiter," a small two-shelved box about 2 by 4 feet, which the superintendent of the building operates with a set of pulleys. Each evening after supper, he rings a buzzer in each apartment indicating that the dumbwaiter is outside the small door waiting for the garbage. When my buzzer rings, I merely place my garbage on one of the shelves and call down to thank the superintendent. He then pulls the box away to the apartment below, continuing until he has covered all the apartments. This is still another ingenious device, peculiar to apartment living, whereby the garbage of an entire building can be cleared away each evening. The tenants can dispose of their waste materials without even stepping outside their own door.

The superintendent then places this garbage in large cans which are put out along the front walk to be emptied by the city sanitation department. The sharp metallic clang of the cans and the whine of the large trucks can be heard every 24 hours, collecting the litter that

spills out of the relentless rows of apartment buildings. With 25 to 30 family units living in each of the ten or more five-storied apartments that line each side of most New York streets, it is no wonder that these trucks collect as much as 4 million tons of refuse and garbage in the city during a single year.

Each apartment building has a superintendent whose task is an overall supervision of the building. He tends the furnaces in the basement to see that the tenants have hot water throughout the day, and steam in the radiators during the winter. He sweeps and mops the halls and stairways of the building and keeps the front walk clean. On dark cold wintry mornings, I can hear him shoveling the snow from the walk while I am still lying in the warmth of my bed. On such mornings I ponder happily on the luxury of living in an apartment and being free from such chores. By the time I am ready to leave for work, the walks are usually clean and safely sprinkled with ash or salt. When a fuse blows out or a pipe springs a leak, the superintendent can be summoned for help. He is the handyman of the building, and in general, does all the heavy chores that a homeowner would normally have to do for himself if he lived in a house of his own. In addition, he serves as sort of a guardian, and as such, will accept packages and deliveries for those of us who spend most of our days away from the apartment.

An especially attractive convenience which has been added to most apartment buildings during the last two or three years is the automatic washing machine in the basement. The machine in our basement will take a bucketful of laundry, wash it, change the water for three rinses, and spin dry it in just half an hour. All I need do is insert my wash, turn the adjuster to regulate the temperature of the water, pour in

some soap, and insert 20 cents. I can then spend the next 30 minutes cleaning house or marketing. When I return, my laundry is clean and ready to hang up without my having had to touch a drop of water. For those of us who work during the week, such a time-saving mechanism is a great boon, for often we try to accomplish an entire week's house-keeping on one busy Saturday morning.

I recently discovered, quite to my surprise, that the method of gaining entry into an apartment building is something else which can puzzle and perplex someone from out of town. A few weeks ago, a friend who just arrived in the city spent well over 15 minutes simply trying to get into my building to see me. Most apartment buildings have a double doors at the front entrance, the second door being locked to keep out undesirable solicitors and vagrants. To get inside, one must ring the bell opposite the name of the person one is visiting. He will then answer back with a buzzer which automatically releases the lock of the second door; the point being, that one can push open the door only while the buzzer is sounding. My friend being completely ignorant of this fact, stood ringing my bell, wondering what the buzzing was all about, and waiting for me to come down to open the front door just as one would do in a private home. It wasn't until a third party happened along and gave her instructions that my friend finally got inside and came up to my apartment! In some apartments, there are two-way phones connected between the entrance and each apartment, so one can discover who is calling before buzzing to release the lock. This is a helpful and precautionary measure, which is useful, but not available in all apartments.

There are such an infinite variety of apartments in the city, it is difficult to attempt an adequate description. There are the un-

furnished apartments and the more costly furnished apartments; there are the luxurious apartments demanding rents which begin at well over \$100 per month; there are the great housing projects containing clusters of uniform, identical apartments, the railroad apartments - so called because their rooms lead off from a single long hall, much like the compartments on a pullman train; and there are the single one-room apartments.

I know several people who live in small one room apartments - certainly the most compact, if frustrating, mode of living in the city. With ingenuity, however, such apartments can be made attractive and pleasantly livable. In most such apartments, the couch, stripped of its covers and cushions becomes a bed by night. In some, there are wall beds which are simply raised up on one end, fastened against the wall, and hidden by a pair of doors during the daytime.

The pullman kitchen is another unique feature of most one-room apartments. Here again, a set of door conceals an entire kitchen at one end of the room. Although this nook is usually only 3 or 4 feet wide and about 10 feet long, it contains a narrow sink, a two-burner stove, and a pint-sized refrigerator. With experience and adequate planning, an enterprising cook could even produce a full course dinner with its meagre facilities.

In contrast to these small compact quarters, are the lavish apartments of Park Avenue, with their uniformed doormen and elevator operators, their slick well-lighted, awning-covered entrances, and possibly an outdoor terrace for each apartment. They are a far cry from the slum-like tenements of the east side, whose corridors are dark and moldy, whose top floors must be reached by climbing a flight of steep narrow stairs, and whose walls are badly in need of paint. New York

is a city of extremes such as these, but in between are the vast numbers of apartments inhabited by the average middle-income group. Many of these have self-operating elevators to save on the expense of a hired operator; they are kept reasonably clean by the efforts of the superintendent; they are without the awnings, the bright entrances, and the doormen, but their residents are satisfied to forego these ostentatious manifestations for rents more commensurate to their incomes.

As in all things, apartment living has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, the major two being its limited space and the usual urban failing of not providing gardens and yards. For the old and the young this is a rather tragic problem which strikes me forcibly each spring as I see elderly people seeking the sun on the benches along the street and mothers with their baby carriages following the sun from corner to corner until it finally dips behind the tall buildings, leaving them in the slim shadowy fingers of dusk.

On the other hand, it is an extremely convenient and practical way of living for the young people of the city, whose lives are keyed to its bustling tempo. My own apartment is close to two subway lines, either of which will take me into the city in less than three quarters of an hour. Thus, the concerts of Carnegie Hall, the operas of the Metropolitan, the theatres of Broadway, the finest museums of art, and the shops of Fifth Avenue are all within easy reach for me. The conveniences of an apartment cut down to a minimum the time I must spend on household duties, and leave me free to pursue any number of the stimulating activities which the city has to offer.

Apartment living certainly is not the ultimate answer to good living but in Manhattan, it is certainly the best way, and I presume most of us will continue to live in and enjoy our apartments until we are ready to leave this fabulous and wonderful city.

The End.



January 5, 1950

TO: Press and Periodicals Section  
Department of the Army  
Office of the Under Secretary  
Reorientation Branch  
New York Field Office  
139 Centre Street  
New York 13, N.Y.

For sale to the U.S. Gov't the right and title to  
the following article for use in the Occupied Areas.

1 original article: "School for Twos and Threes" . . \$40.00

*Yoshiko Uchida*  
Yoshiko Uchida

556 West 156 St.  
New York 32, N.Y.



RECEIVED  
P & C DIV. FT. JAY, N.Y. JAN 19 1950

January 26, 1950

Mr. [Name] [Address] [City] [State] [Zip]

Dear Mr. [Name]:

I am pleased to inform you that...

*[Handwritten signature]*  
[Name]  
[Title]

[Address]  
[City, State, Zip]



RECEIVED  
JAN 20 1950

556 W. 156 St.  
New York 32, N.Y.  
November 5, 1949

Mr. Speyer  
Civil Affairs Division  
U.S. Army  
139 Centre Street  
New York 13, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Speyer:

Enclosed is a revised copy of my article, "School for Twos and Threes." I'm sure you'll be pleased to see that I was able to cut it to 1400 words!

I have written to Mr. Ujemura and hope to hear from him soon so I can begin work on his Profile.

All good wishes.

Sincerely,

Encl.

Yoshiko Uchida

556 West 156 St.  
New York 32, N. Y.  
October 22, 1949

Mr. John F. Graham  
Civil Affairs Division  
U.S. Army  
139 Centre Street  
New York 13, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Graham:

I am enclosing an article entitled, "School for Twos and Threes," which is a description of nursery schools and their program.

I would appreciate your letting me know whether you can use it in your orientation program in Japan.

Sincerely,

Encl.

Yoshiko Uchida

Oct 26: ltr from Graham to see Spencer.

KEN UYEMURA: CERAMIC ARTIST

By

Yoshiko Uchida

(1500 words - approx.)

Ken Uyemura recounted to me that when he entered Alfred University he fully expected to study in the field of glass research and technology. As he walked through the classrooms looking over the material and equipment he would use, however, he realized that this field was not meant for him. Throughout his school years, he had been interested in art, and in the Jerome Relocation Center from which he had come, he had enjoyed classes in painting, sculpturing and ceramics. At Alfred, he suddenly realized that his particular forte lay in the field of fine arts, and so he entered the New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred university, one of the finest schools in the country for this particular field.

,This proved to be a particularly happy choice, for now, only a year and a half after graduating Alfred University cum laude and with honors for outstanding work in his department, <sup>Ken</sup> Mr. Uyemura, <sup>(Altho' only 25 years old)</sup> is well on his way to becoming <sup>(one of the)</sup> an outstanding and highly competent <sup>(nice)</sup> ceramists <sup>in the U.S.</sup>

~~Although he is only 25,~~ he has already had various pieces of his work exhibited at the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, and he has taught ceramics both in his home town of Stamford, Conn., and in a cooperative artists' group in Norwalk. He also worked for a year with Russell Wright, one of America's top designers of dinnerware and table accessories, and a leader in introducing dinnerware in fluid modern forms to the average consumer.

Of Ken Uyemura's work with him, Russell Wright says, "Ken is a promising designer and excellent model maker ... We have found him unusually conscientious and hard working. I highly recommend him." These words of praise from Mr. Wright came after Ken Uyemura had worked with him for a year after graduating <sup>(cum laude + with honors)</sup> from Alfred University in 1948. He was employed as assistant designer in Russell Wright's New York studio

and helped design several new lines of dinnerware. These included a set of hotelware, a consumer line in plastic, and a set introducing the unique combination of glass and pottery, which will be marketed in January 1950.

Mr. Uyemura also served as draftsman and model maker on other products of the Russell Wright studio such as flatware, glassware, table linens and furniture, thus securing valuable experience in many fields closely allied to ceramics.

His days in New York were busy ones, for Russell Wright was a perfectionist and his standards were high. It was Mr. Uyemura's job to see that Mr. Wright's ideas and designs of a particular object were properly interpreted, adapted and transformed into three dimensional models from which the manufacturer would eventually work. In spite of the demands of his work at the Wright Studio, however, he found time to spend two nights a week teaching adult ceramic classes in Stamford, a suburban community within commuting distance of New York City. This came about when the owner of a large hardware store in Stamford, from whom Mr. Uyemura often bought supplies, spoke to him about the possibilities of transforming his basement into a ceramic studio. The supplies were on hand, a kiln was brought in, and Ken Uyemura was drafted as instructor. The pupils were largely housewives who needed much orientation toward an understanding of good modern art and design.

Of his teaching, he says, "I'm afraid I don't have too much patience, a fact which his personality seemed to belie, "But it's stimulating work and I enjoyed it."

His past summer experiences served him well, for he had taught both adults and children for two summers with the Silvermine Guild of

Artists, a cooperative group of artists who worked together and taught painting, sculpturing and ceramics to summer residents of Norwalk, Conn.

Early this fall, he left his work with Russell Wright to enter a training program at the Shenango Pottery Co. in Newcastle, Pa. This was one of several projects sponsored by the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Boston to bring young artists into contact with industries in the fields of textiles, silverware, glassware, furniture and pottery. Ken Uyemura's skill and ability as a ceramic designer were recognized by the Institute, for out of 100 applicants, he was one of 12 selected to go to the Shenango Pottery Co. for a final screening and interview. When six applicants were finally selected to remain for the training program, Ken Uyemura, the only Nisei of the entire group, was still among them. He eventually stayed on with four others in the group who were selected by the company to remain with them as designers. This was a signal achievement for them all, for the Shenango Pottery Co., well known for its manufacture of Haviland and Castleton China, is the world's largest manufacturer of vitreous china, and is making rapid strides in introducing new, modern designs and forms to the field of chinaware.

Mr. Uyemura was given even further recognition, when, from the five designers who were retained, he was one of two selected to design a new line of dinnerware to be sponsored by the Institute of Contemporary Design. He has submitted two designs, and should one of them be the final choice of the Institute, it will be manufactured by Shenango, and will bear his name on the back of each piece. His entries were limited by the qualification that they were to be aimed at a fairly conservative, upper income group. He says of his designs, "They are quite modern looking, but still have elements of conservatism in them."

One of the particularly favorable aspects of his work with Shenango is the fact that the company encourages its designers to experiment with individual pieces in their free time after hours and on weekends, thus giving them excellent opportunity for independent creative work.

"I'm still in the formative stage," he says of his work, "But I'm more interested in form and shape than in applied pattern." He enjoys experimenting with glazes, and hopes eventually to have more time to make individual art objects as well as the utilitarian pieces on which he is working at present.

"This is still a dream," he confided, "But someday, I'd like to have a studio shop in Stamford. I'd like to work on individual pieces of my own, and also sell the work of other craftsmen."

Knowing the difficulties that individual craftsmen have in marketing their goods, Mr. Uyemura hopes to provide an outlet for the many fine pieces which are produced but never brought to the public's attention. He feels that there are so many fine and beautiful things that should be seen by the consumer, but which often lie dormant for want of a shop in which they can be seen and purchased. He would like to have his shop away from the hustle of the main streets of Stamford, for he feels that if his products are good, interested individuals will seek him out no matter where he is located.

Although he is living at present in Newcastle, his home is in Stamford, where his parents and two sisters live in the rear of an apartment which his father recently purchased. Although the Uyemuras lived in Los Angeles, California before the war, they have superseded the difficulties of evacuation and relocation, and are now well-established in their new community.

Ken Ueymura is one of two boys in the family, and is a pleasant, soft-spoken, unassuming person. He is extremely modest about his success in the field of ceramics and speaks of his achievements only upon being questioned.

He was home for the holidays when I visited him in the new apartment which his family is now remodeling. It is a unique home, situated in a building which, I was told, had once been a stable. Upon climbing a short flight of stairs, I found myself in a large room with a sharply pitched ceiling containing a skylight. It looked as though it would make a wonderful studio, but it had been adapted very skillfully into a charming living room, with Mr. Ueymura's artistic touches evident in many corners. In front of the couch stood a large low coffee table with pleasant flowing modern lines. On it were a rich brown, rough-textured cookie jar, a heavy grey-blue ashtray, and a large platter decorated with a fish design. I surmised correctly that these lovely pieces were made by Mr. Ueymura, but was amazed to learn that his versatile talents extended to designing and making furniture, as evidenced by the coffee table and a dresser for his sister. There were many touches of modern functional decorating throughout the room, such as the row of white wooden slats built to cover a doorway - a small ivy climbing along it in tentative upward growth. There were long rows of low bookcases that held many attractive items of pottery. There was a serving window with sliding doors that opened onto the kitchen. When opened, it revealed rows of shelves lined with beautiful bowls, platters, cups, saucers, goblets and tea pots, all of which came from Mr. Ueymura's skilled hands.

I felt that most of his pieces combined the rare sensitivity to color, design and form which produce a true work of art. His colors

were rich and subtle. Many of his pieces, done in deep greens, grey-greens and warm ruddy browns, could well be described by the Japanese word, "shibui." The designs and patterns on his pieces were refreshing and well-suited to their medium, and much of his work was unique in form and shape. There were cups with an unusual line to the handle; goblets that could be used not only for drinks, but for desserts or fruit. There were square dessert plates decorated with striking abstract designs, and tea pots that combined sturdiness with fluid lines. Each piece seemed to have the combined qualities of vigor, warmth and grace, and were beautifully created and executed.

Only in the rice bowls and in two lovely grey-green tea pots with bamboo handles did I detect traces of a specifically oriental influence. Although his work must naturally be influenced by his cultural heritage, he is not exploiting its possibilities or making a deliberate attempt to bring an oriental touch to his work - the only approach, certainly, that an artist of integrity can take.

There were two paintings done by Mr. Uyemura on the walls of his home, one in oil and one in tempera. He enjoys painting and sculpturing, but they are definitely relegated to the category of hobbies. Ceramics is the medium in which he can best express his creative talents, and he will undoubtedly go far in this field.

He feels that the fine work of individual craftsmen and potters today is gradually influencing the larger chinaware and pottery industries and thereby raising the standards of the utilitarian items they are producing. It is good to know that the Nisei are beginning to take their place among the outstanding artists and craftsmen of this country, and I feel sure that Ken Uyemura will soon be one of the individual designers and craftsmen, who, by their own distinctive interpretation

of ceramics, will make their influence felt not only in industry,  
but in the tastes of the great American public.

The End

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

By  
Yoshiko Uchida

( 2000 words - approx.)

## EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

In the front hall of Washington Elementary School in Springfield, Massachusetts, hangs this sign, printed in large letters for all the children to see:

"Washington School is our school. It belongs to boys and girls, to Fathers and to Mothers, to Teachers and Principal. It belongs to our Janitors, to our Nurse and Doctor, to our Supervisors and Superintendent. It belongs to our Community."

There is more to this motto than meets the eye. It is a concise, simple statement which came from the children, but which reflects the philosophy of education of the entire school system of Springfield. This is the city which suddenly jumped into the educational limelight several years ago, with its dynamic program of intercultural education and its active effort to identify democratic theory with practice.

It was at Washington Elementary School that I spent a few weeks as a student teacher, observing and practice teaching, as partial fulfillment of my work for a Master's Degree in Education at Smith College. Those few weeks were revealing ones, and, working closely with the principal and the supervisor of the elementary school system, I was able to grasp a good deal of the philosophy behind the public school system of Springfield.

I learned that one of the basic tenets in their philosophy was their belief that democracy should be learned by living it; that it was a way of life in which cooperative living should prevail not only in every aspect of school activity, but should extend into the relationships between the school, home, and community. The motto which hung on the school wall was a reminder that the school was an integral part of the community, and that members of both school and community lived, worked, learned, and planned together, each having an important function and responsibility

respected by the other. It acknowledged the fact that the quality of their community lay in their ability to cooperate with one another.

Among themselves and in their own way, the children learned the meaning of cooperation. To them it meant sharing things together. It meant sharing a common playground, obeying common rules of behavior for the good of the school; sharing common school belongings and equipment in the music room or the library, or materials and books in the classroom. Or it might have meant the sharing of a happy experience - one class inviting another to a party, or a child bringing a basket of newly born kittens to show the other children in the school. In all of the many school activities, it simply meant working together to plan, discuss, carry out and evaluate any class or school project.

Recognizing that willingness to assume responsibilities is a major requisite of cooperative living, the school guided its children toward becoming responsible citizens with a sense of social obligation. They aroused in them the sensitivity that certain rights and privileges require responsibilities and obligations on the part of the receiver. The children learned this through participation in the many committees which were organized to contribute to the well-being of both school and community. For example, there were some children who volunteered to help in the school library, others kept the music room in good order, or had supervisory duties for the safety and behavior of the children on the playground or in the halls as members of the School Patrol. Some took charge of the school bulletin board which carried notices and items of interest to the children, while still others helped plan the program for school assemblies. A Junior Red Cross Council met to take up problems which related not only to the school, but to outside organizations which asked for assistance.

In the classrooms, children checked the attendance charts, took orders for mid-morning milke ( in the younger groups), collected money for this milk, watered the plants, and in numerous other ways accepted duties and responsibilities. There were Red Cross cans in each room, in which collections were taken for worthwhile efforts. During the period of my observation, the drive for funds was directed at buying books and records for soldiers stationed at a nearby army post. In activities such as these, the children felt they were making some contribution toward the welfare of both school and community and were developing a social awareness beyond the scope of their own personal interests.

In order to live and work together in harmony, good human relationships are necessary. The school made an effort to develop good attitudes and an awareness and appreciation of other individuals. The children were encouraged to value ability where it was found, regardless of color or creed, and there were children of many nationalities and races in the school. One manifestation of the value they placed on the culture of all groups was their Christmas program called, "The Festival of Lights", in which, quite naturally and without forcing the issue, both the Jewish and Christian celebrations were combined. Two religions were represented in the school; each was respected by the other, and it was a perfectly natural thing that they be integrated in a joint program.

I might add here that being the first student teacher as well as the first Japanese to come to the school, I was something of a novelty. A few children with perfect candor and a natural curiosity did come to ask me whether I was Japanese or Chinese. A simple forthright reply that my parents were Japanese, but that I was an American was all the answer they wanted or asked for - and this was during the recent war. The children

of the school accepted me with wholehearted affection, and the day I left, presented me with a bouquet of flowers.

Good human relationships naturally entails good social behavior such as learning to be courteous, friendly and thoughtful to others. That this school recognized this fact and made their children aware of it was gratifying, for there are some schools where the idea of progressive education has been misinterpreted to mean absolute freedom, not only from close supervision, but from manners and good behavior. Too often the fear of frustrating a child's spontaneity has precluded the kind of limits and habits we must give them so that they can enjoy freedom that is ordered, not chaotic.

The children of this school were constantly encouraged to develop initiative and good judgement; to cultivate the ability to distinguish between fact and opinion, and to make their own decisions, whether in personal, classroom, or school problems. Classroom discussion before undertaking a given activity were a common sight. For example, the question in one of the primary grades might have been which aspect of the community they would study first - the post office, the fire department or the grocery store. This would call for a discussion and an exchange of ideas, where the children learned to express themselves coherently. Usually without hesitation, they gave their opinions, voted for their choice, accepted the majority vote, and then carried on the chosen activity. Following that, committees and chairmen would be elected to carry out the various aspects of the project. The teacher directed and guided such discussion, but the final decision was made by the children themselves.

It was undeniably evident that teaching no longer consisted of hammering in the techniques of reading, writing and arithmetic to rows of stolid-faced, rebellious youngsters pinned to their seats by authority. Learning today has been made meaningful, purposeful, and interesting, so that a child can be happy and satisfied in a school situation. The basic skills are taught in such a way that they have some meaning and the children will sense the need for them. For example, one of the first grade groups with which I worked, was making a study of the community as their social studies project. They were studying in particular, the community post office. After a visit behind the scenes of one of the neighborhood branch offices, they decided that they would like to construct a small post office in a corner of their room. This was accomplished with large building blocks and cartons, and required some measuring with yardsticks to determine the space it would fill. Once the post office was constructed, they needed to make stamps and play money. When they played with the post office, the postmaster needed to know how to add the stamps and count out the change. All these steps required number concepts of the foot and yard, knowledge of monetary value, and the ability to add and subtract. If change couldn't easily be made from 50 cents for 10 cents worth of stamps, this afforded an excellent opportunity for the teacher to bring in a lesson in arithmetic. Then signs were required for the post office and for the letter slots inside, and letters needed to be written for mailing and distributing. All these activities called for reading, writing, and arithmetic, but they were merged in a pleasant experience of learning. The children could see the need for these skills, and so their learning became purposeful. Of course, additional time was allotted each day for more intensive learning of these

skills, but this, too, was meaningful for the children.

Although many of the school's activities were directed by the interest and initiative of the children, there were also patterns of guidance which were generally followed throughout the school. As the children progressed from grade to grade, there was a gradual but continual expansion in their awareness of the world. From the early studies centering around the home, school and community, they branched out to the historical development of our nation, other countries, and finally to the role of the United States in relationship to the world. By the time they reached the sixth grade, they were conscious of current events and were reaching toward the goal of becoming intelligent, thoughtful, and well-informed citizens.

Coupled with the school's awareness of the group and the individual's relationship to it, was the effort it made to provide the proper environment, opportunities, guidance and stimulus to meet the varying needs of each individual child. It was important that each child be given opportunity for self-realization along the lines of his own peculiar abilities and interests; and that he be given every opportunity to develop and use his capabilities to the fullest extent. Here, the classroom teacher played an important part, for she could learn to know each individual child intimately, and give him the kind of help he most needed. Getting to know his family background as well as his emotional makeup in order to help him maintain healthy mental and emotional attitudes, was one of the most important though difficult tasks of the teacher.

I admit this description of Washington School may sound overly idealistic. There were probably many problems and difficulties which an outsider could not readily detect, for a program of this scope is not an easy one to carry out.

It requires teachers of the highest caliber, with vision and foresight, and the enthusiasm to learn with their children. Undoubtedly, the aims and standards set forth in the philosophy of education of this school system were beyond the reach of many of the teachers employed. However, through faculty meetings and written notices, the teachers were often reminded of the goal set before them; that it was their task to educate children in a pleasant, healthy atmosphere, where they would be happy, and where they would learn to be responsible, thoughtful, intelligent and discriminating citizens, able to live in harmony with their fellow men.

The very fact that such standards were established and brought before the teachers is an encouraging thing in itself. There is much room for improvement in the schools of America, but it is good to know that there are many schools which have come a long way, and which continue to progress in the right direction.

Finis

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH OF  
NEW YORK

By

Yoshiko Uchida

(1580 words - approx.)

In the very heart of mid-town New York, just a block away from the fashionable shops of Fifth Avenue, there stands a red brick building, just a year and a half old, whose clean, simple, modern lines invites a second look. Unless one were to look carefully and read the bulletin board stating that this is the Community Church of New York, one might not realize that it was a church building.

The interior is equally eye-catching, for it is totally unlike the traditional Protestant Churches to which we have become accustomed. Instead of the usual dark chapel illuminated with candles and feeble rays of sun filtering through stained glass windows, the main hall of this church is bright with sun and daylight which streams through tall panes of clear, unfettered glass. The walls, made of the same red bricks of the exterior, are unpainted and unadorned. A single large slab of marble sets off the pulpit in front of the building and offers an interesting contrast to the texture of the brick.

This extraordinary church building, which has succeeded in breaking away from the old and the traditional, is not only representative of its times, but is an outward expression of the unusual beliefs of the church membership.

The uniqueness of this Church lies in the fact that it has succeeded in transcending a single faith or creed, and has embraced a universal religion that is world-wide in scope. Thus, Christian, Jew, Hindu or Moslem, come together and worship side by side, accepting the tenet that all historic faiths are simply a part of a greater whole. They believe, as their minister, Donald Harrington, once said, "that truth and religion

are not Christian or Jewish things, but human things to which all of the great faiths contribute . . . that religion is a universal experience."

It follows quite logically that this Church is also an inter-racial one, and this is evidenced by the number of Negroes who take part in the Sunday services as ushers, as choir members, and as members of the congregation. On a recent Sunday, a young Negro minister was installed as Minister of Education, thus establishing the unprecedented fact of inter-racial ministry in one of New York City's largest churches.

With a membership which is 20% non-Caucasian, 25% Jewish, and 1½% Hindu, this Church dares to make a living working fact of the belief in the brotherhood of man, which is given no more than lip service in so many of our churches today. It has taken the ideal of true democracy and applied them to the field of religion.

I asked Mr. Harrington what strata of society his members represented, and he answered with a smile, "I think if you took 1000 people from the subways of New York, you would have just the kind of cross section of society that come to our Church." He went on to tell me of discussion groups held in their Church, where a woman in a mink coat might sit next to an unkempt, unshaven man and exchange her ideas and thoughts with his on any one of the many current problems with which the Church keeps abreast. So too, in the congregation on Sunday mornings, one is likely to see well-dressed matrons in furs and silks, sharing hymnals with people dressed in faded and worn clothes, not able to put more than 5¢ into the offering plate.

The minister of the Community Church until a half a year ago, was the eminent John Haynes Holmes, an outstanding liberal and noted pacifist

who has been identified with many great causes seeking to uphold social justice, human welfare and civil liberties. In 1919 he reorganized the Church along its present lines as a non-denominational, non-sectarian, inter-racial church, and served as its minister for over forty years.

During those forty years, the former Community Church met with a disastrous fire which completely demolished the building, forcing the congregation to meet for three years in various Broadway theatres, deserted on Sunday mornings by the usual frivolous theatre crowds. There followed years of planning for a new church building, hampered and frustrated first by the depression and later by war-time restrictions. For seventeen years, therefore, the Community Church held its Sunday morning services in the auditorium of Town Hall, locale of concerts and lectures just a block away from the gaiety of Times Square.

Not until the fall of 1948 were the long years of planning and fundraising culminated by the erection of the present \$50,000 edifice. The membership of the Church is not a wealthy one, and the new building was erected only through the devoted efforts and contributions of its many members and friends. No unusually large sums of money were received. Only a single large gift of \$5000 was sent to the building fund, and this came from a Hindu member of the Church.

When Dr. Holmes retired from active ministry six months ago, his young associate, Donald Harrington, then only 35 years old, became minister of the Church. Well-qualified for this position, Mr. Harrington has ably succeeded in carrying forward the ideals and beliefs of his predecessor. He explained that "Each man hungers for an understanding of his relationship with all that is greater than humanity - with nature, with the cosmos, and with God," and added that he feels the Church's primary task is to help

individuals achieve such an understanding. But he does not stop there, he believes that the Church must be active in the field of social reform, and on many a Sunday will bring before his congregation the vast economic and social problems of the day, urging them to take positive and concrete actions toward their alleviation. The members respond quickly to such calls for action, and during the war, <sup>for example,</sup> established two hostels for the Japanese people who came to New York City from the Relocation Centers of the West. One was a seven room apartment on Riverside Drive which the Church rented and turned over to the care of a young Nisei couple. They in turn made it a home for eight young girls who might otherwise have had to live in the drab loneliness of small midtown rooms. The second hostel was converted from an abandoned Old People's Home, which the Church acquired upon agreeing to renovate and furnish it completely. Through these two hostels, the Church offered security, assurance, and fellowship to newly-arrived Japanese residents of the city.

Beyond its responsibilities to individuals and to society, Mr. Harrington sees the Community Church as a leader in a new point of view in religion. "We bring people of all the faiths together," he states, "asking not that they abandon the beliefs of their fathers, but rather that they blend them with the beliefs of other men of other backgrounds in the free search for truth and right."

A Sunday morning "sermon" more often than not seems to assume the characteristics of a lecture. Sometimes it is based on the thinking of great men of literature or philosophy, such as Thoreau, or on the teachings of such prophets and leaders as Gandhi. On still other Sundays, it might center around a vital national issue of particular concern. The minister

of the Community Church is a man of courage and conviction, and speaks out with eloquence and without fear. When he discusses an issue of national concern, one is never in doubt as to just where he stands. Shortly after this government declared its intention to make the Hydrogen Bomb, Mr. Harrington chose this topic for a Sunday sermon. At a time when most churches were silent and non-committal, he expressed his views clearly and firmly as a man of religion, putting forth his hope that we might strive toward more positive and constructive means of achieving world peace.

Although the members of the Church may not always agree with Mr. Harrington's way of thinking, they cherish the atmosphere of freedom which enables this give and take of opinion, and which, tempered with understanding, results in mutual growth and development.

In its educational program, the Community Church offers an innumerable variety of activities in addition to the usual young people's and women's groups established in most churches. On Sunday afternoons, there are Multiple Discussion Groups, which feature a main speaker and discussion on such pertinent topics as "What does the Welfare State Mean to America?" On Sunday evenings, the Community Forum, which attracts as many as 500 people, features leading speakers of national and world-wide fame, such as Mrs. Pandit Nehru. Each week the topics discussed are those of national concern, indicative of the Church's sensitivity to current affairs. In addition to these activities, the weekly Church Calendar announces such meetings as the following: the Child Study Group, Community Theatre Group, Esperanto Class, Class in Contemporary Design, Book Reviews and Drama Reviews, as well as periodic meetings of the Social Action or the Human Rights Committees, or the Murray Hill Chapter of the United World Federalists,

of which Mr. Harrington is an honorary chairman.

The Church School brings together 120 children of all races and creeds on Sunday mornings from 10:00 - 12:30. Even more inter-racial than the adults, 50% of the school's children are non-Caucasian. Under the leadership of the Minister of Education, the School seeks to "cultivate an increased appreciation of life, an understanding of human relationships, and a resourcefulness for living life to the full." The basic text used is that of the Unitarian Church School, whose beliefs come as close to those of the Community Church as that of any Protestant Church. These lessons, however, are implemented by the teachings of such men as Moses, Jesus, Guatama, Gandhi and other great prophets and teachers of the world.

On weekdays, the Church operates a cooperative Nursery School for 18 children in its basement rooms. The Church provides the space and facilities, while the parents pay for the teachers' salaries and for materials. There is a long list of children waiting to enter both the Church School and the Nursery School, and the Church hopes eventually to house them in a newly acquired building nearby. Although some of the children attending the Nursery School are those of Church members, many are simply children who live in the neighborhood.

A further indication of the extent to which the Church has become a true community center, is demonstrated in the Community Services provided by the Church. On specified days of each week, the following services are available free of charge: mental hygiene service, marriage consultation, legal consultation, social service (regarding problems of personal need and social adjustment), and a funeral consultation service. The doctors, psychiatrists and social workers who are on call, offer their time and services gratis, thus enabling the Church to offer these

much needed services to any who seek them. It is of interest to note that 75% of those utilizing these services come, not as members of the Church, but simply as members of the community around the Church.

As I learned of the countless valuable activities of this Church, I marvelled at its success in making an everyday, workable, living thing of democracy and religion, which most of us glibly idealize, but fail to make a part of our way of life.

In this Atomic Era, when the magnitude of the problems facing humanity seem to induce a sense of hopeless apathy, it is encouraging to see a church with the stature and vision of the Community Church. As its minister once said, "There is no field of human life - religious, economic, or political, from which (the Church) is barred. The whole world is its field. All experience is its material. All prophets and saints are its teachers."

It is devoutly to be hoped that its vigorous espousal of freedom and truth, as well as the hope and conviction which underlie its activities would somehow be emulated by more individuals and churches throughout the world.

The End.

CHILDREN OF THE UNITED NATIONS

By

Yoshiko Uchida

(1560 words - approx.)

A two hundred year old white farm house surrounded by broad lawns and enclosed with a rambling picket fence, stands not far from the sleek modern buildings of the United Nations Building at Lake Success, Long Island. This friendly home-like building houses the "Junior United Nations", which provides a nursery school, kindergarten and first grade for children of the members of the Secretariat, specialized agencies, and staff of the UN delegations.

Reflecting the same international spirit that prevails in the buildings where their parents are employed, the forty-odd children of the International School represent from sixteen to eighteen different nationalities of the world.

Here, children from France, India, England, Africa, China, Sweden, and a dozen other countries, gather each day to work, play and learn together. Some speak in French, others in English - while still others speak neither of these two official languages of this bilingual school.

One little girl from Iran has been in the school for only two weeks. She spoke no English when she arrived, but already, through the use of a picture dictionary, and by having objects about the school named for her, she knows several words, the most important of which are "What is this?"

Another child from Argentina is learning the names of the foods he eats by having the teacher name them for him. Occasionally, he bursts forth in his own native tongue, but this arouses no special interest or reaction from the other children who have long since learned to accept such differ-

ences among one another.

When I visited the International School, "Miss Maria", teacher of the five year old group, told me of various children who had come to the school without knowing a word of English. Her voice was alive with enthusiasm for her work, and there were traces of a Bulgarian accent as she spoke.

"Each child responds so differently," she said. "Some are miserable, while others manage fairly well. But there is much you can do without any language," she added.

I asked her how the other children reacted to such non-English speaking children, and her answer came quickly and without hesitation. "Oh, they are simply wonderful to them," she said. "Children are children. It is the adults who make them different."

In their own natural and effortless way, these children of the International School have achieved a world-mindedness that their elders have long tried to emulate with far less success. A child who had painted a ship flying an unidentifiable flag promptly labeled it a ship of all nations. An American child who was about to be presented with a baby brother or sister was asked one day before its arrival where the baby was. With disarming solemnity, she answered quite calmly that the baby was still in China. Then, there is the anecdote of the little white boy, who, while watching a child from Africa paint his father's picture in rich warm brown, murmured wistfully that he wished his own father had brown skin too, so he could

paint like that.

Unusual and unique though their situation may seem, the children of the school work and play together just as any other group of young children. They have the same disagreements and tensions of any group, but they also work together in perfect harmony, accepting the differences of race and background that exist among them with enviable sagacity and aplomb.

The staff of four, plus one student helper, represent as many countries, coming from England, France, Bulgaria, Switzerland and the USA. Their international background adds immeasurably to their depth of perception and understanding, both of parents and children. Several of them have been educated in both the United States and in Europe, and thus bring the best of both cultures to their work. In addition to this staff, there is a director, Miss Mary Jane Reid, who not only teaches the social sciences to the first graders, but doubles as her own secretary in conducting the administrative duties of the school. A dietician plans and prepares the one hot noon meal for the children, as well as the mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks of juice, crackers or fruit.

The day is a long and busy one for this small staff. From the moment the children arrive at 9:30, until 6:00 when the last of them go home with their parents, who themselves have just completed a day's work at the U.N., the day is bustling with activity. For the children, the afternoon is broken, however, by a period of rest after the noon dinner.

The program and philosophy of the school is much like that of any other school of similar status. It guides the social, emotional and physical development of each child, and teaches him how to live cooperatively with respect for others in the group. The subjects taught and the standards maintained in each age group are in conformity with the educational programs of the State of New York.

The school has now been granted a provisional charter of incorporation by the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, and its stated objectives are as follows:

- " 1. The harmonious development of the child in relation to his age and environment, to his national cultural characteristics, as well as to the wider community of the world.
2. A program in keeping with the spirit of the UN, that is, one making no distinction as to race, sex, language or religion, and one laying the foundations of a truly international education, selecting the best from the different school systems of the world.
3. The intelligent and comprehensive adjustment of the child to American life in which he will take part for a number of years.
4. Instruction of a kind that the child may, with a minimum of difficulty and loss of time, transfer to a school in his own country."

In addition, the school believes that the children should "have the opportunity to get an education developing in them a consciousness and understanding of international solidarity. It is important also that their education should be planned in such a way that they may rapidly and successfully adjust themselves to schools in any country and to new patterns of life

and culture."

This last is especially important to this particular group of children because of their transient status. Their parents are sent on assignments that take them from one country to another, and the children must often move from one school to another. Thus, it becomes an important function of the International School to educate the children in such a way that will enable them to adjust easily and rapidly to new situations.

A special effort is made in the first grade group to teach the French children in their native tongue and in accordance with the educational system of France, to which they may someday return. Similarly, the British children are taught by a British teacher, and are learning the metric system instead of the American system of weights and measures, so their return to schools in England can be accomplished without difficulty.

Conferences are held with all parents so that each child's program can be planned with reference to his particular language background. Chinese, Spanish, and Russian speaking teachers are available, and can be added to the staff of the school to meet the demands of a more extensive enrollment in the future.

As I talked to the Director of the School, I realized how the very differing backgrounds of these children broadened the scope of their program. When these children spoke of their homes, they talked of Paris, or London or Shanghai, and for them they were much more than strange sounding names. When they described the process of moving from England or China or France to the US, their experiences involved crossing the great Atlantic or the

Pacific Ocean, or flying over several continents. Unlike most first graders, whose experiences are limited to the immediate environment of their own home and community, these children of the International School claim the whole world as their community. To this extent, this school is different from any other in the country, and the children in it are the richer for it.

By frequent visits to the Post Office, the Cafeteria, the Fire Department or the Repair Shops of the UN, the children maintain close contact with the great international body standing close by. The children also take part in special occasions at the UN and are invited to such events as the fourth birthday party of the United Nations. They enjoyed the festivities even though one of the little girls was perplexed as to how the UN could possibly have a birthday party when it didn't have a mouth to blow out the candles on its cake.

The International School which was organized in 1947 by the Parents' Association of the UN staff members, under the chairmanship of Dr. S. T. Behanan of India, is now in its third year. It is a cooperative enterprise sponsored and financed by the parents and friends of the school. The UN does not give any outright financial aid to the school, but its staff members attend parties and dances sponsored by the school to raise funds for its program. On such fund-raising occasions, the parents cooperate by bringing special foods of their native countries, and delicious cookies from Czechoslovakia and rare Persian cakes kept on ice appear side by side with the delicacies of a host of other countries.

Through the enthusiastic cooperation of friends and parents, the school which originated as a small nursery school has grown to its present status and is now able to provide a limited bus service to nearby towns where many of the children live.

At present, when the children of the school complete their first grade they must continue their education at public schools in the communities where they live. It is the hope of the school to one day expand its facilities to encompass an entire elementary and high school, so their pupils can stay on until they are ready to enter college.

I suppose the young children of the International School of the United Nations are quite unaware of the extraordinary opportunity that is theirs in being a part of this undertaking which so closely approximates the ideal in world brotherhood. But perhaps in their very unaffected acceptance lies the true beauty of the situation, for to these children, it is not in the least unusual that children of all countries of the world should work and study and play together as one, and that is how it should be.

As I recalled the words of "Miss Maria" who said, "It is the adults who make them different," it was my hope that the adults of the world might somehow grasp the simple wisdom of childhood and, before it is too late, bring the spirit of the International School to the waiting world.

The End.

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556 West 156<sup>th</sup> St.  
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