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y-u -

Y. UCHIDA
1685 SOLANO AVE. #102
BERKELEY, CALIF. 94707

February 8, 1984

Ms. Irene Reilly
Permissions Department
Charles Scribner's Sons
597 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10017

FEB 13 1984

Dear Ms. Reilly:

In August, 1979, you granted us permission to include in our Childcraft volume, Holidays and Birthdays, the story "New Year's Hats for the Statues" from The Sea of Gold and Other Tales from Japan, by Yoshiko Uchida 1965. A copy of the agreement is enclosed for your reference.

We have recently licensed an Indonesian version of Childcraft--The How and Why Library, and ask your permission to translate and reprint the story in this edition.

We request nonexclusive world rights in the Indonesian language and will, of course, include the credit line and copyright notice you specify.

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and
as per lib. }

As the publishing schedule for the foreign-language translation of Childcraft is tight, and as we must communicate information to Indonesia, we would appreciate your earliest attention to our request. If there are any problems, would you please notify us immediately by telephoning 800-621-8202 and asking for Janet Peterson, extension 2991, or calling me direct at 312-245-2991.

Thank you for your assistance. We look forward to your favorable reply.

Sincerely,

Janet T. Peterson

Janet T. Peterson
Permissions Editor

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Fee: Request \$300.00 payable during 1984 & a comp. copy of book on publication.

Let's copy of this letter.

6/4/84 - call from Janet Peterson

Reg. reduced fee.

Reduced to \$200

she'll send check imony

\$200 rec'd
6/30/84

Yoshiko Uchida

2-18-84

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by
to be published on or about 1981 by World Book-Childcraft International, Inc.
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in a trade/text/subscription edition with cloth/paper covers at a proposed list price of \$

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By [Signature]

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World Book, Inc.

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June 26, 1984

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Avenue, Apt. 102
Berkeley, CA 94707

Rec'd 6/30/84

Dear Ms. Uchida:

Enclosed is our check No. 017821-8, in the amount of \$200, as payment of the agreed-upon permissions fee for use of the story "New Year's Hats for the Statues" from The Sea of Gold and Other Tales from Japan. This material will appear in the Indonesian version of the Childcraft volume Holidays and Birthdays.

Also enclosed is a copy of the letter on which you noted the terms under which you granted us permission. I have dated and initialed the change in permissions fee, which was based on our telephone conversation of June 4.

Although we know you would prefer to have a translated copy of the volume in which the above selection appears, we can only offer you the enclosed photocopies of the acknowledgments page and translated text. Copies of the volume have not been made available to us in a significant quantity. If you must have a copy of the volume, please let us know and we will do our best to accommodate.

Also, we have been experiencing some communication problems, and ask that you please accept our apologies, as the credit line is not exactly as you specified. The Indonesians have picked up the credit line as it appears in the current English version of Childcraft. We can only assure you that the credit will be corrected in subsequent printings of the translated volume.

Your cooperation and understanding are appreciated, Ms. Uchida.

Sincerely,

Janet T. Peterson
Janet T. Peterson
Permissions Editor

JTP/pjm
Enclosures



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Childcraft – The How and Why Library

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Caping Tahun Baru bagi Arca Batu

Oleh Yoshiko Uchida

Pada suatu ketika hiduplah seorang lelaki dan wanita tua yang baik budi di sebuah rumah kecil di pegunungan Jepang. Walaupun baik hati, mereka sangat miskin. Si kakek mencari nafkah dengan menjual caping buluh yang biasa digunakan para petani sebagai tudung pelindung kepala terhadap terik matahari serta hujan. Namun dalam

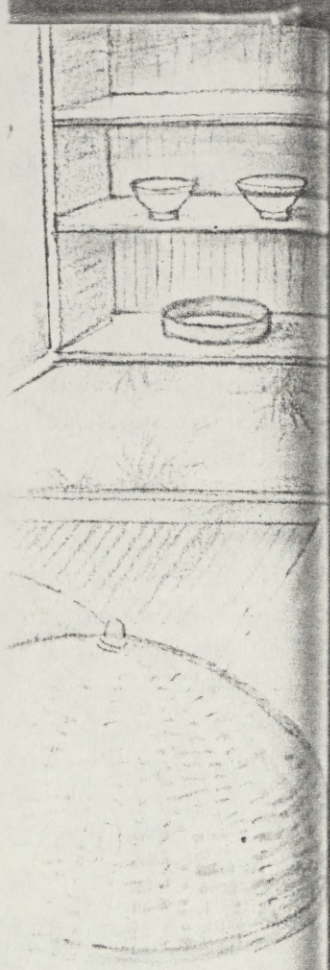
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Pada suatu hari di musim dingin menjelang akhir tahun, berkatalah si nenek kepada suaminya, "Suamiku yang baik, coba dengarkan. Beberapa hari lagi Tahun Baru akan datang, tetapi tak ada sesuatu pun di rumah ini yang dapat kita makan. Bagaimana kita berdua dapat menyambut Tahun Baru apabila sebakul nasi hangat saja kita tidak punya?" Dengan dahi yang dikerutkan nenek menghela nafas dalam-dalam, sementara memandangi lemarnya yang kosong tak berisi.

Namun kakek menepuk-nepuk bahunya seraya berkata, "Sudahlah, nek. Janganlah nenek khawatir. Janganlah masalah itu terlalu kau pikirkan. Aku akan membuat beberapa buah caping buluh dan menjajakannya nanti di desa. Lalu dengan uang yang aku peroleh dari hasil penjualan tadi akan aku beli beberapa ekor ikan dan beras untuk merayakan Tahun Baru kita."

Pada hari sebelum awal Tahun Baru, kakek berangkat menuju desa dengan membawa lima caping buluh yang telah dibuatnya. Hawa dingin terasa menusuk tulang dan sejak pagi hari salju sudah jatuh berguguran dari langit serta mengembuskan angin keras di sekeliling rumah kecil mereka. Kakek menggigil kedinginan, tetapi di depan matanya sudah terbayang nasi hangat dan ikan yang menjadi garing serta berubah menjadi coklat karena dipanggang di atas bara arang. Ia tahu bahwa ia harus memperoleh uang untuk membeli makanan yang lezat-lezat itu. Selendang wol dililitkannya lebih erat lagi di leher dan dengan susah payah ia melangkahakan kaki perlahan-lahan setapak demi setapak di jalan yang tertutup salju.

Ketika sampai di desa, kakek berjalan dengan susah payah keluar masuk jalan sempit berdesak-desakan dengan orang yang berlalu lalang.

Dengan suara lantang ia berseru, "Caping buluh! Caping buluh! Siapa mau membeli caping buluh?" Namun semua orang tampaknya terlalu sibuk. Mereka sibuk berbelanja untuk menyambut kedatangan tahun baru sehingga tidak memedulikan caping

buluhnya. Mereka bergegas-gegas mendahuluinya masuk ke toko untuk membeli ikan laut dan kacang polong merah serta telur ikan haring yang akan mereka hidangkan pada Tahun Baru. Semua orang bahkan seolah-olah tidak mempunyai waktu untuk menoleh ke arah si kakek tua atau caping buluh dagangannya.

Sementara kakek berkeliling desa mencari pembeli, salju turun makin lebat dan tak lama kemudian langit menjadi gelap. Kakek tahu bahwa tak seorang pun bakal membeli capingnya dan sia-sia sajalah menunggu lebih lama lagi. Ia menghela nafas menahan rasa inginnya ketika melewati sebuah toko ikan dan melihat ikan segar berderet-deret dari jendela toko.

"Ah, alangkah senang hatiku ini, kalau saja aku dapat membawakan pulang sepotong ikan untuk istriku," demikian pikirnya dengan sedih. Namun apa daya, sakunya lebih kosong daripada perutnya.

Tak ada yang dapat dilakukannya kecuali pulang dan membawa kembali kelima caping yang tidak laku. Dengan letih kakek balik menuju rumah kecilnya di bukit. Kepala ditundukkannya dalam-dalam agar dapat menahan serangan hawa dingin dan angin yang bertiup kencang. Kakek melanjutkan perjalanan dan dia sampai pada enam arca batu Jizo, dewa pelindung kanak-kanak. Patung-patung batu itu berdiri berjajar di pinggir jalan dan kakek melihat bahwa salju menumpuk menutupi kepala serta bahu mereka.

"Mah, mah, kasihan sekali, engkau tertutup salju," kata si kakek kepada arca itu. Ia berhenti berjalan dan diletakkannya caping-caping yang dipanggul itu di tanah, lalu dihapusnya salju yang menutupi kepala semua arca. Ketika akan berangkat lagi, tiba-tiba kakek mendapat akal yang bagus.

"Maafkan aku, dewa Jizo," kata si kakek. "Aku tidak dapat memberimu apa-apa, kecuali caping buluh yang tidak laku aku jual. Tetapi paling sedikit caping ini dapat melindungi kepalamu dari hujan salju, bukan? Terimalah capingku ini." Dengan hati-hati diikatkannya sebuah caping di kepala masing-masing arca satu demi satu.



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"Ah, kalau saja aku masih mempunyai satu
caping lagi, pasti semua arca ini dapat memakai
caping," demikian ia bergumam sambil mengawasi
deretan arca tadi. Namun si kakek tidak ragu terlalu
lama. Cepat-cepat dilepaskannya capingnya sendiri
dan dipasangnya pada kepala arca keenam.

"Nah," katanya dengan perasaan senang. "Engkau
sudah bercaping semua sekarang." Lalu sambil
membungkuk sebagai ucapan selamat tinggal, kakek
memberi salam seraya mengatakan bahwa ia harus
pulang. "Selamat Tahun Baru semua, Selamat Tahun
Baru!" serunya dan ia pun bergegas pergi dengan
perasaan puas.

Ketika sampai di rumah, istrinya telah menunggu
dengan hati cemas. "Bagaimana hasilnya, kek?
Berhasilkah engkau menjual capingmu, kek?"
tanyanya penuh harap. "Dapatkah engkau membeli
beras dan ikan untuk menyambut Tahun Baru?"

Lelaki tua itu menggelengkan kepala. "Tidak, nek.
Tak sebuah caping pun laku," demikian ucapnya,
"tetapi caping-caping tadi sudah berguna. Dengarkan
ceritaku." Kemudian berceritalah si kakek tentang
caping yang dipasangnya di kepala arca Jizo yang
berdiri di tengah jalan tertutup salju.

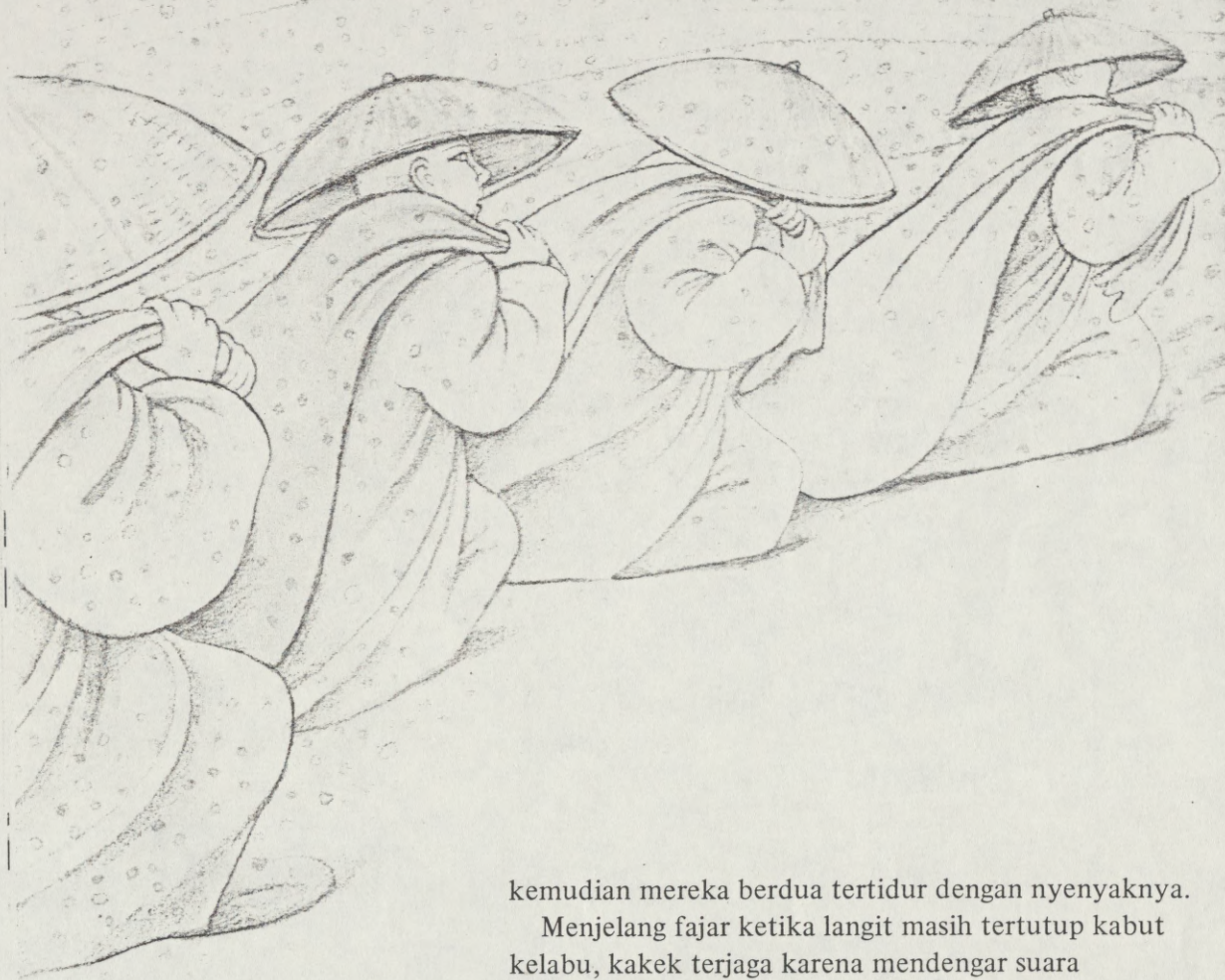
"Ah, sungguh mulia hatimu, kek, dan sungguh besar
amalmu itu," kata nenek. "Kalau aku menjadi
engkau, aku pun akan melakukannya." Nenek tidak
mengeluh sama sekali. Tidak sepatah kata
penyesalan pun diucapkannya kendati kakek tidak
membawa pulang makanan. Nenek malah cepat-cepat
membuatkan teh panas dan menambahkan arang
sedikit di anglo sehingga kakek dapat
menghangatkan badan.

Malam itu mereka cepat-cepat tidur karena
arang sudah habis dan gubuk mulai menjadi dingin.
Di luar angin terus mengembuskan salju bagaikan
tirai putih yang menyelubungi gubuk kecil tadi.
Kakek dan nenek meringkuk di bawah selimut tebal
yang diisi dengan bulu unggas dan mencoba
menghangatkan badan mereka.

"Kita beruntung karena atap di atas kepala kita
masih ada pada malam dingin ini," kata kakek.

"Benar katamu, kek," jawab nenek. Dan tak lama





kemudian mereka berdua tertidur dengan nyenyaknya.

Menjelang fajar ketika langit masih tertutup kabut kelabu, kakek terjaga karena mendengar suara banyak orang di luar.

"Dengar," bisiknya kepada nenek.

"Suara apa itu?" tanya nenek.

Mereka menahan nafas, menajamkan telinga dan berusaha untuk mendengarkan. Kedengarannya seperti ada sekelompok orang sedang menarik beban yang sangat berat.

"Yoi-sah! Hoi-sah! Yoi-sah! Hoi-sah!" demikian suara itu memanggil-manggil dan tampaknya makin lama makin mendekat.

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tanya kakek. Segera mereka mendengar suara
orang menyanyi.

"Di manakah rumah kakek budiman,
Yang menudungi kepala kami?
Di manakah rumah kakek budiman,
Yang memasang caping di kepala kami?"

Kakek serta nenek bergegas ke jendela dan
melongok keluar. Jauh di sana, di tengah-tengah
tumpukan salju, terlihat oleh mereka enam arca Jizo
berjalan tersaruk-saruk menuju gubuk. Arca tadi
masih mengenakan caping buluh pemberian kakek
dan masing-masing menyeret sebuah karung
yang tampaknya sangat berat.

"Yoi-sah! Hoi-sah! Yoi-sah! Hoi-sah!" demikian
mereka berseru bersama-sama sambil berjalan makin
lama makin mendekat.

"Mereka tampaknya menuju ke sini!" kata kakek
dengan suara terputus-putus karena keheran-heranan.
Namun nenek tidak mengucapkan apa-apa. Ia tak
dapat berbicara karena tercengang.

Sementara mereka mengawasi, masing-masing arca Jizo mendekati gubuk dan meninggalkan karungnya di anak tangga masuk.

Kakek cepat-cepat membuka pintu dan pada waktu itu enam karung besar terguling ke dalam. Di dalam karung mereka mendapati beras dan gandum, ikan dan kacang polong, anggur dan tahu serta segala macam makanan lezat yang sudah lama ingin mereka makan.

"Wah, semua ini cukup untuk berpesta setiap hari



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sepanjang tahun!" seru kakek dengan bergairah.

"Dan kita akan merayakan pesta Tahun Baru
terindah yang pernah kita alami selama hidup," seru
nenek menimpali.

"*Ojizo Sama*, terima kasih! Beribu-ribu terima
kasih!" teriak kakek keras-keras.

"*Ojizo Sama*, terima kasih! Beribu-ribu terima
kasih!" sambung nenek.

Namun keenam arca tadi sudah bergerak lagi
perlahan-lahan menghilang dalam putihnya salju di
bawah pandangan kedua orang tadi. Yang tertinggal
hanyalah tapak kaki mereka yang membuktikan
bahwa keenam arca Jizo itu benar-benar singgah di
gubuk kecil mereka.





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August 2, 1984

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Avenue, Apt. 102
Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

As you know, we are the publishers of Childcraft--The How and Why Library, a 15-volume set of hardcover books for children. These books are sold as a set, available for purchase by subscription only, at an approximate price of \$199. The size of the print run is unknown, so we are unable to provide this information.

We are currently revising the three literature volumes in Childcraft, and the scheduled publication date is January, 1985. We would like permission to include in these volumes, the following material, and are interested in acquiring world rights in the English language. Enclosed is a copy of the material for your reference.

*non
exclusive*

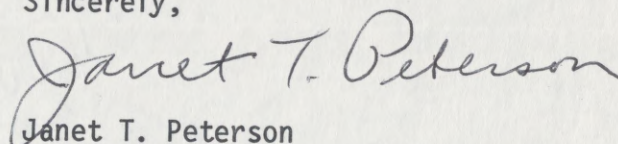
Text only for "The Old Man with the Bump" from The Dancing Kettle and Other Japanese Folk Tales, © 1949, with the enclosed concluding note. We would like to use our own illustrations, so as to maximize the use of four-color and the number of illustrations. Previously, we were granted permission by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., to include this selection in our English, German, French, and Japanese versions of Childcraft. Harcourt Brace has informed us that the rights to this title have reverted to you, the author.

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As deadlines are fast approaching, we would appreciate it if you would notify us immediately if there are any problems, or other sources we must contact. I can be reached at either 800-621-7190 (ask for Janet Peterson, extension 2991), 312-245-2991, or by telex 253328.

Thank you for your prompt attention to our request. We will look forward to your early and favorable reply.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Janet T. Peterson".

Janet T. Peterson
Permissions Editor

JTP:cnc
Enclosures

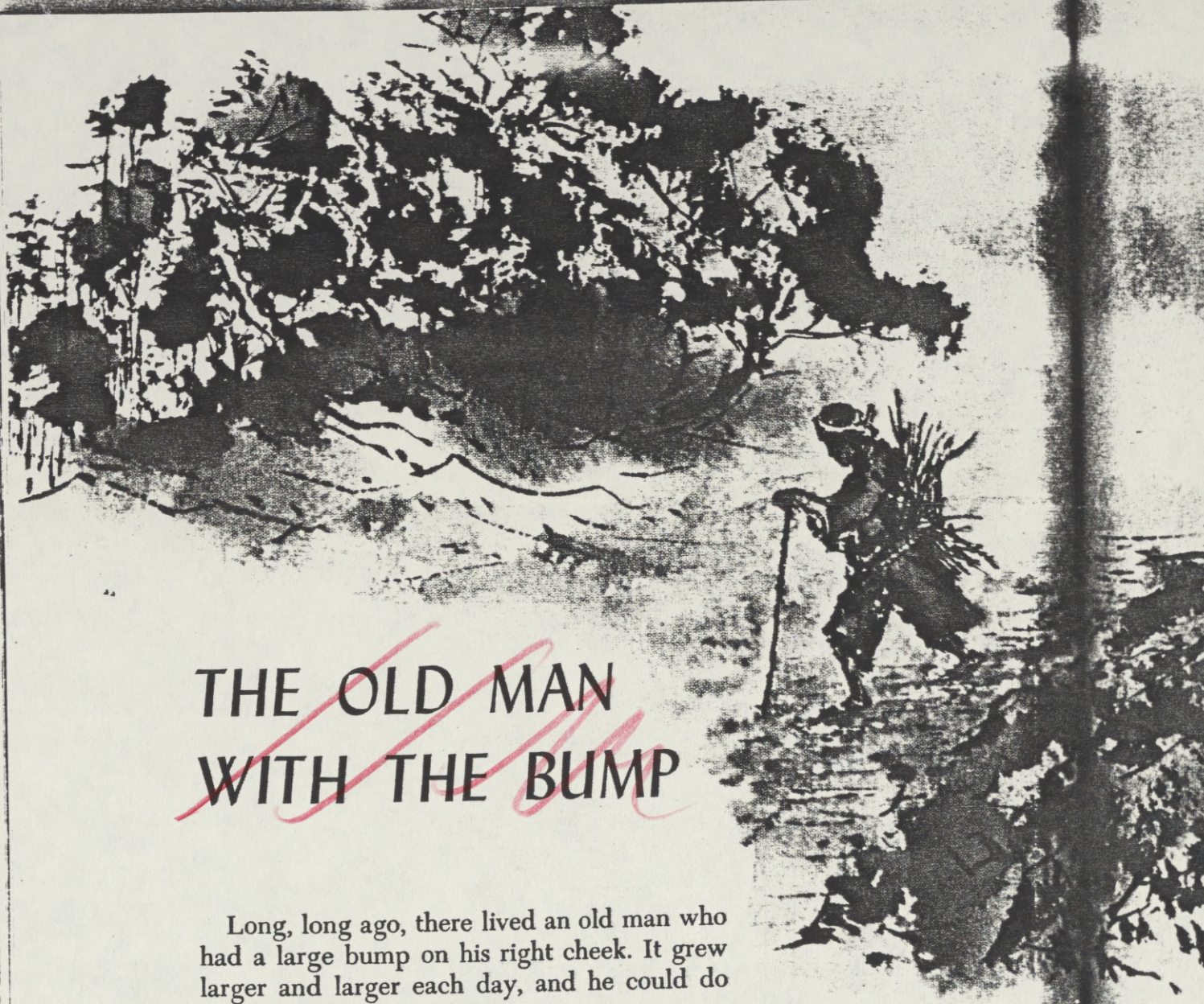
The Old Man with the Bump

from The Dancing Kettle and Other Japanese

Folk Tales retold by Yoshiko Uchida

p 227
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Because of recent
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THE OLD MAN WITH THE BUMP

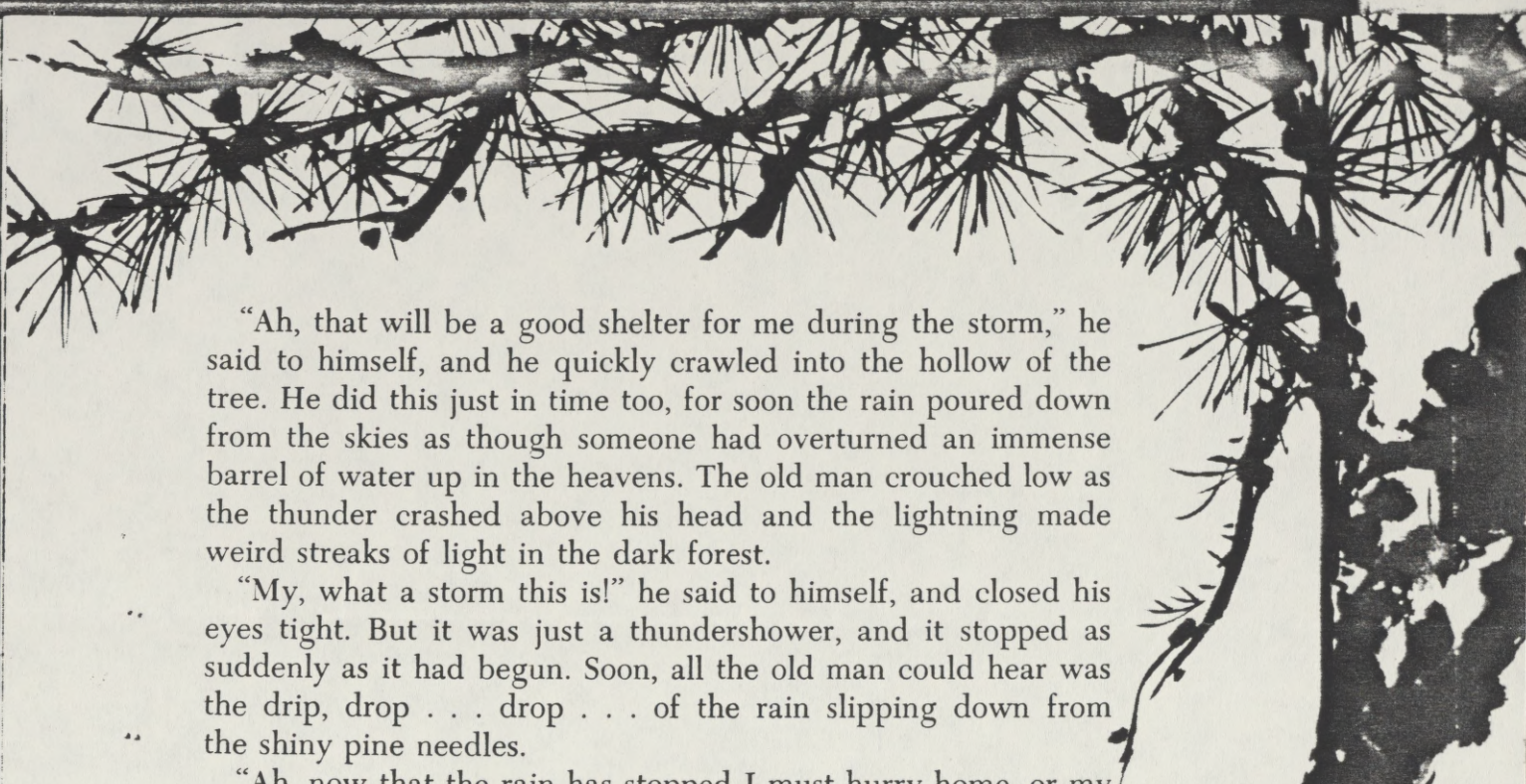
Long, long ago, there lived an old man who had a large bump on his right cheek. It grew larger and larger each day, and he could do nothing to make it go away.

"Oh, dear, how will I ever rid myself of this bump on my cheek," sighed the old man; and though he went from doctor to doctor throughout the countryside, not one of them could help him.

"You have been a good and honest man," said his wife. "Surely some day there will be someone who can help you."

And so, the old man kept hoping each day that this "someone" would come along soon.

Retold by Yoshiko Uchida



"Ah, that will be a good shelter for me during the storm," he said to himself, and he quickly crawled into the hollow of the tree. He did this just in time too, for soon the rain poured down from the skies as though someone had overturned an immense barrel of water up in the heavens. The old man crouched low as the thunder crashed above his head and the lightning made weird streaks of light in the dark forest.

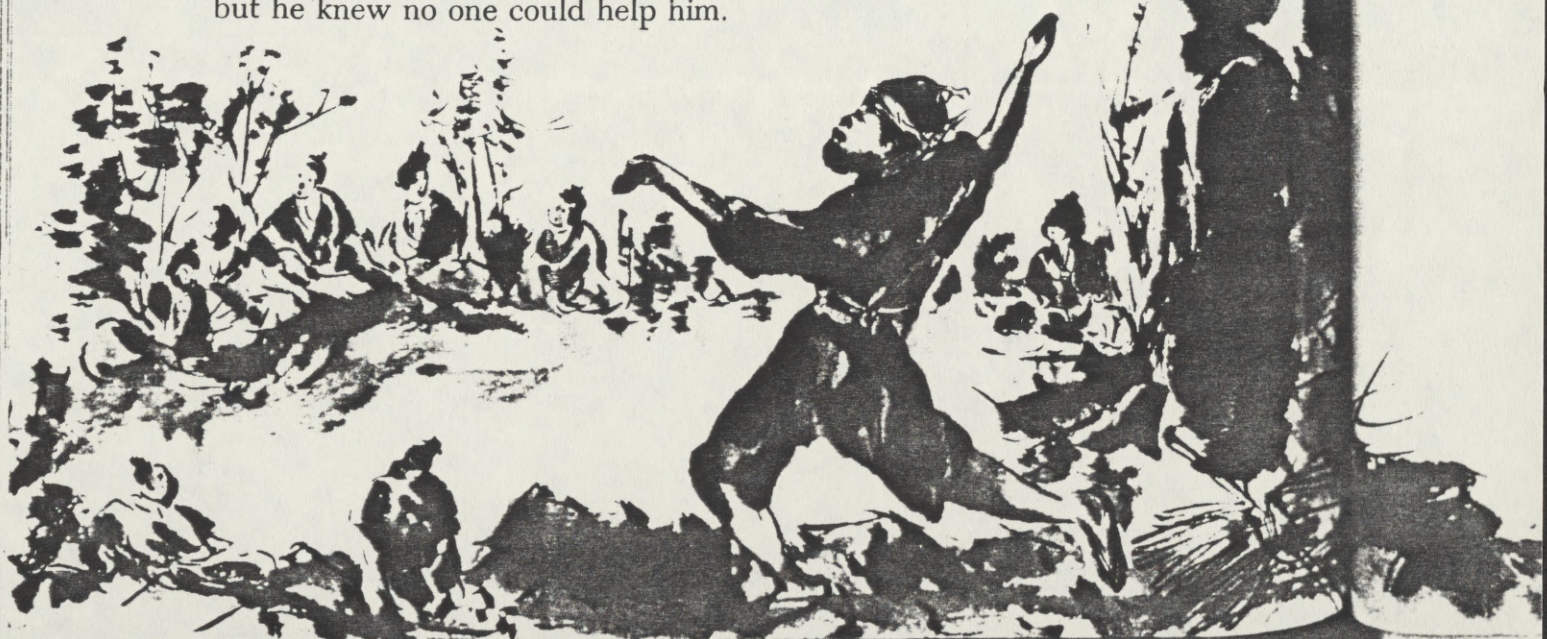
"My, what a storm this is!" he said to himself, and closed his eyes tight. But it was just a thundershower, and it stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Soon, all the old man could hear was the drip, drop . . . drop . . . of the rain slipping down from the shiny pine needles.

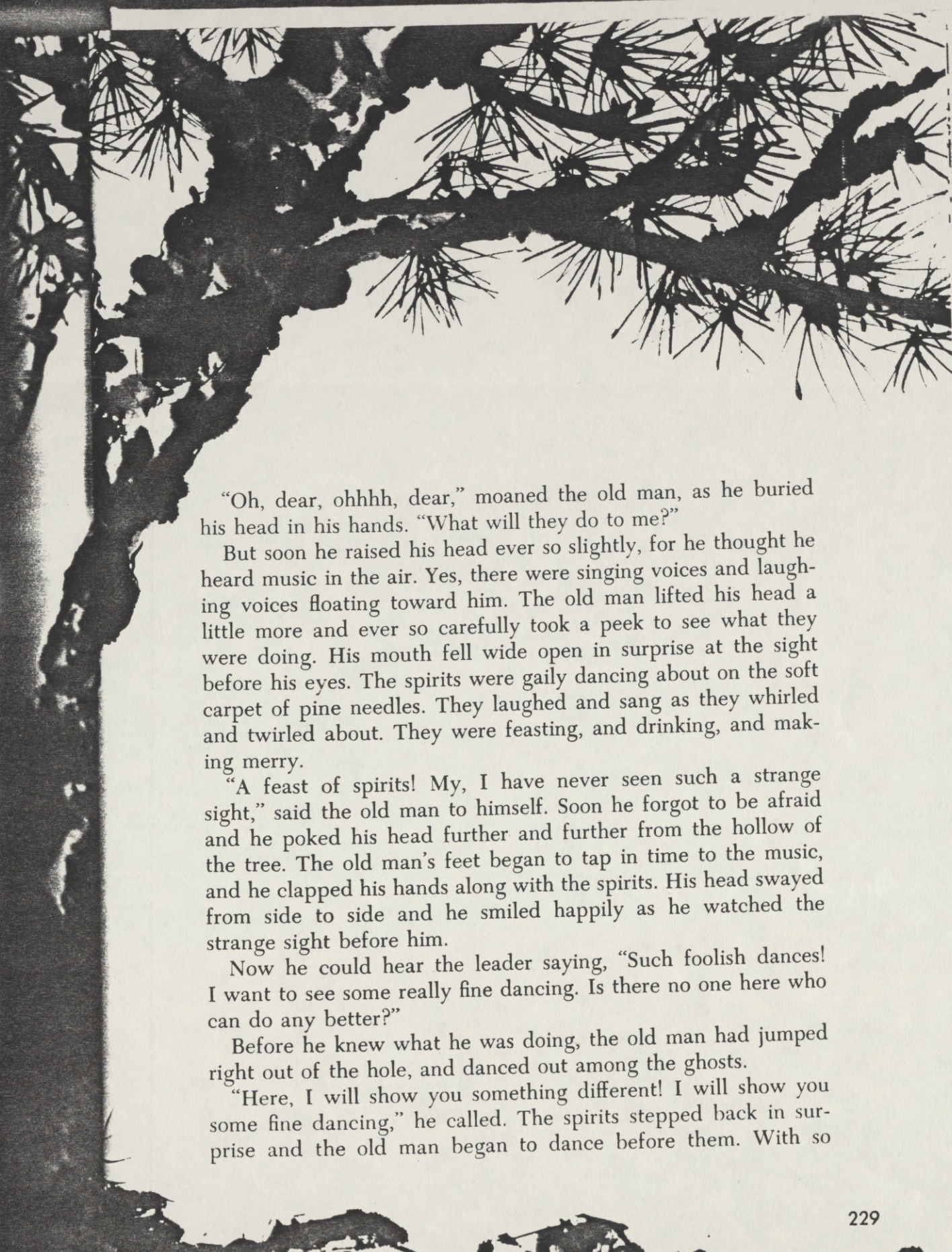
"Ah, now that the rain has stopped I must hurry home, or my wife will worry about me," said the old man.

He was about to crawl out of the hollow of the tree, when he heard a rustling like the sound of many, many people walking through the forest.

"Well, there must have been other men caught in the forest by the storm," he thought, and he waited to walk home with them. But suddenly the old man turned pale as he saw who was making the sounds he had heard. He turned with a leap, and jumped right back into the hollow of the tree. For the footsteps weren't made by men at all. They were made by many, many ghosts and spirits walking straight toward the old man.

The old man was so frightened he wanted to cry out for help, but he knew no one could help him.





"Oh, dear, ohhhh, dear," moaned the old man, as he buried his head in his hands. "What will they do to me?"

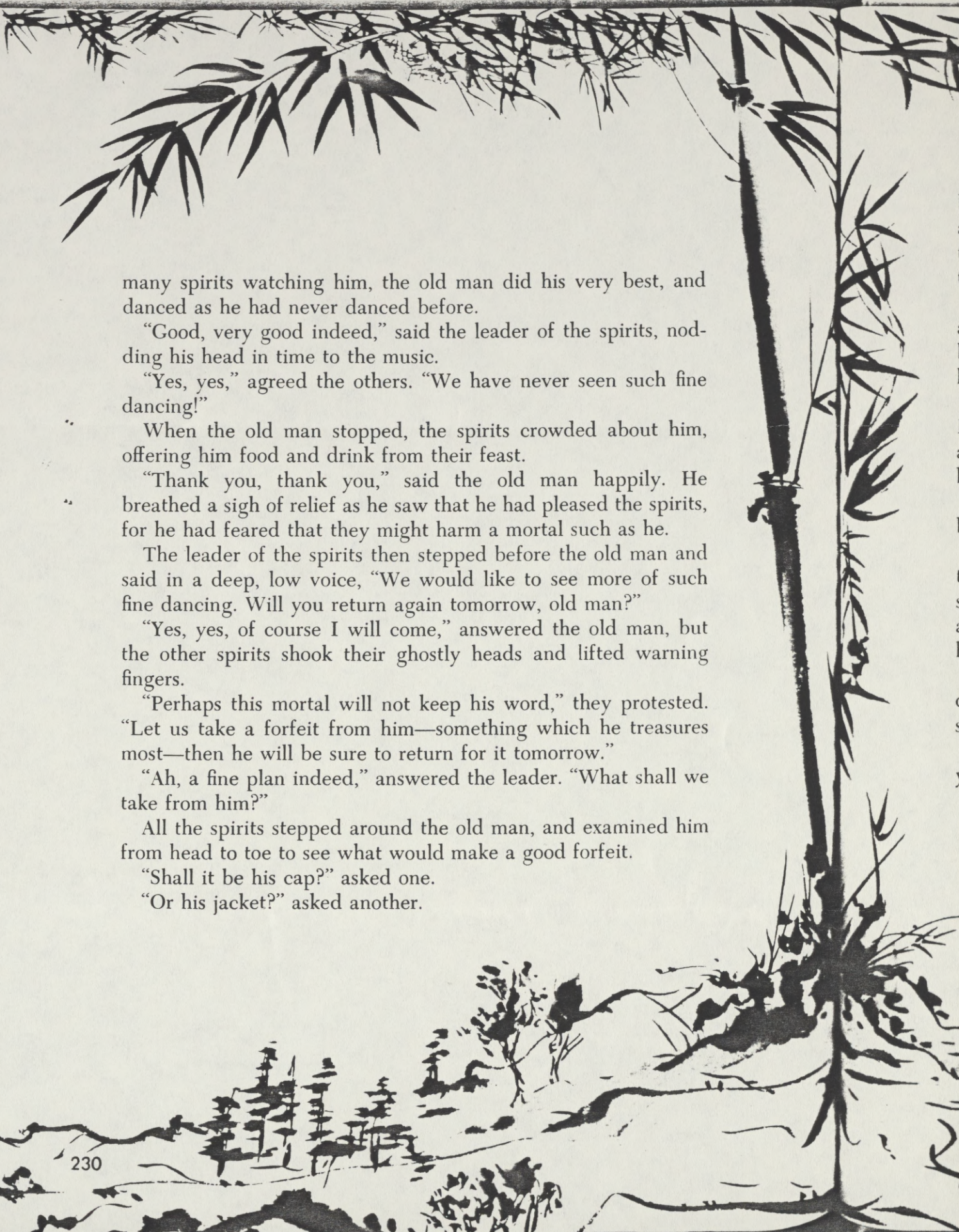
But soon he raised his head ever so slightly, for he thought he heard music in the air. Yes, there were singing voices and laughing voices floating toward him. The old man lifted his head a little more and ever so carefully took a peek to see what they were doing. His mouth fell wide open in surprise at the sight before his eyes. The spirits were gaily dancing about on the soft carpet of pine needles. They laughed and sang as they whirled and twirled about. They were feasting, and drinking, and making merry.

"A feast of spirits! My, I have never seen such a strange sight," said the old man to himself. Soon he forgot to be afraid and he poked his head further and further from the hollow of the tree. The old man's feet began to tap in time to the music, and he clapped his hands along with the spirits. His head swayed from side to side and he smiled happily as he watched the strange sight before him.

Now he could hear the leader saying, "Such foolish dances! I want to see some really fine dancing. Is there no one here who can do any better?"

Before he knew what he was doing, the old man had jumped right out of the hole, and danced out among the ghosts.

"Here, I will show you something different! I will show you some fine dancing," he called. The spirits stepped back in surprise and the old man began to dance before them. With so



many spirits watching him, the old man did his very best, and danced as he had never danced before.

"Good, very good indeed," said the leader of the spirits, nodding his head in time to the music.

"Yes, yes," agreed the others. "We have never seen such fine dancing!"

When the old man stopped, the spirits crowded about him, offering him food and drink from their feast.

"Thank you, thank you," said the old man happily. He breathed a sigh of relief as he saw that he had pleased the spirits, for he had feared that they might harm a mortal such as he.

The leader of the spirits then stepped before the old man and said in a deep, low voice, "We would like to see more of such fine dancing. Will you return again tomorrow, old man?"

"Yes, yes, of course I will come," answered the old man, but the other spirits shook their ghostly heads and lifted warning fingers.

"Perhaps this mortal will not keep his word," they protested. "Let us take a forfeit from him—something which he treasures most—then he will be sure to return for it tomorrow."

"Ah, a fine plan indeed," answered the leader. "What shall we take from him?"

All the spirits stepped around the old man, and examined him from head to toe to see what would make a good forfeit.

"Shall it be his cap?" asked one.

"Or his jacket?" asked another.

Then finally one spoke up in a loud and happy voice, "The bump on his cheek! The bump on his cheek! Take that from him and he will be sure to come for it tomorrow, for I have heard that such bumps bring good luck to human beings, and that they treasure them greatly."

"Then that shall be the forfeit we will take," said the leader, and with one flick of his ghostly finger he snatched away the bump on the old man's cheek. Before he could say Oh the spirits had all disappeared into the dusky woods.

The old man was so surprised he scarcely knew what to do. He looked at the spot where the spirits had just been standing and then rubbed the smooth, flat cheek where once the bump had been.

"My goodness! My, my," murmured the old man. Then with a big smile on his face he turned and hurried home.

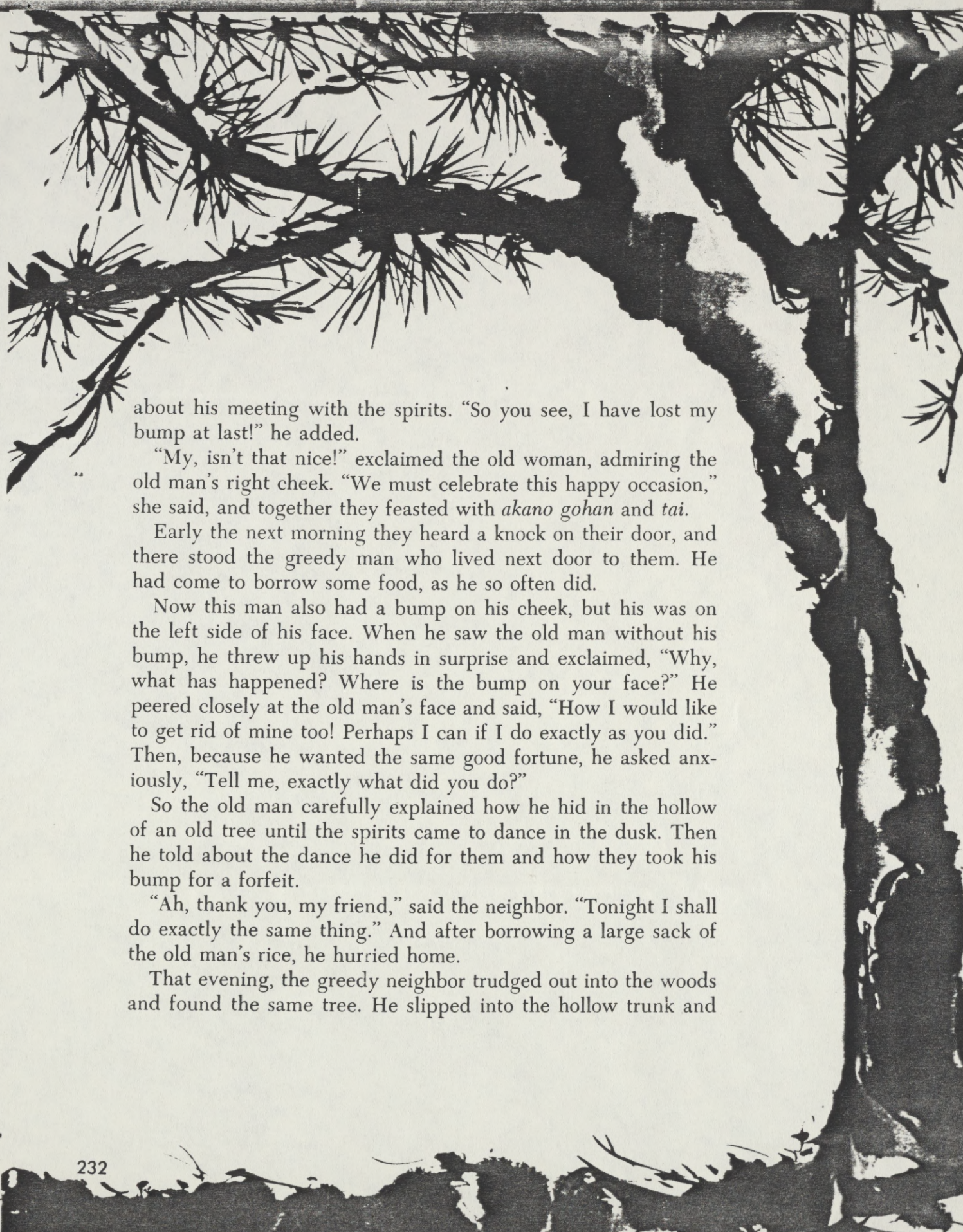
Now the old woman had been very worried, for she was afraid that the old man had met with an accident during the storm. She stood in the doorway of their cottage waiting for him to return, and when at last she saw him trudging down the road, she hastened to greet him.

"My, but I was worried about you," she said. "Did you get drenched in that thundershower?" Then suddenly the old woman stopped talking and looked carefully at the old man.

"Why, wh-hy, where is the bump on your right cheek? Surely you had it this morning when you went out into the woods!"

The old man laughed happily and told the old woman all





about his meeting with the spirits. "So you see, I have lost my bump at last!" he added.

"My, isn't that nice!" exclaimed the old woman, admiring the old man's right cheek. "We must celebrate this happy occasion," she said, and together they feasted with *akano gohan* and *tai*.

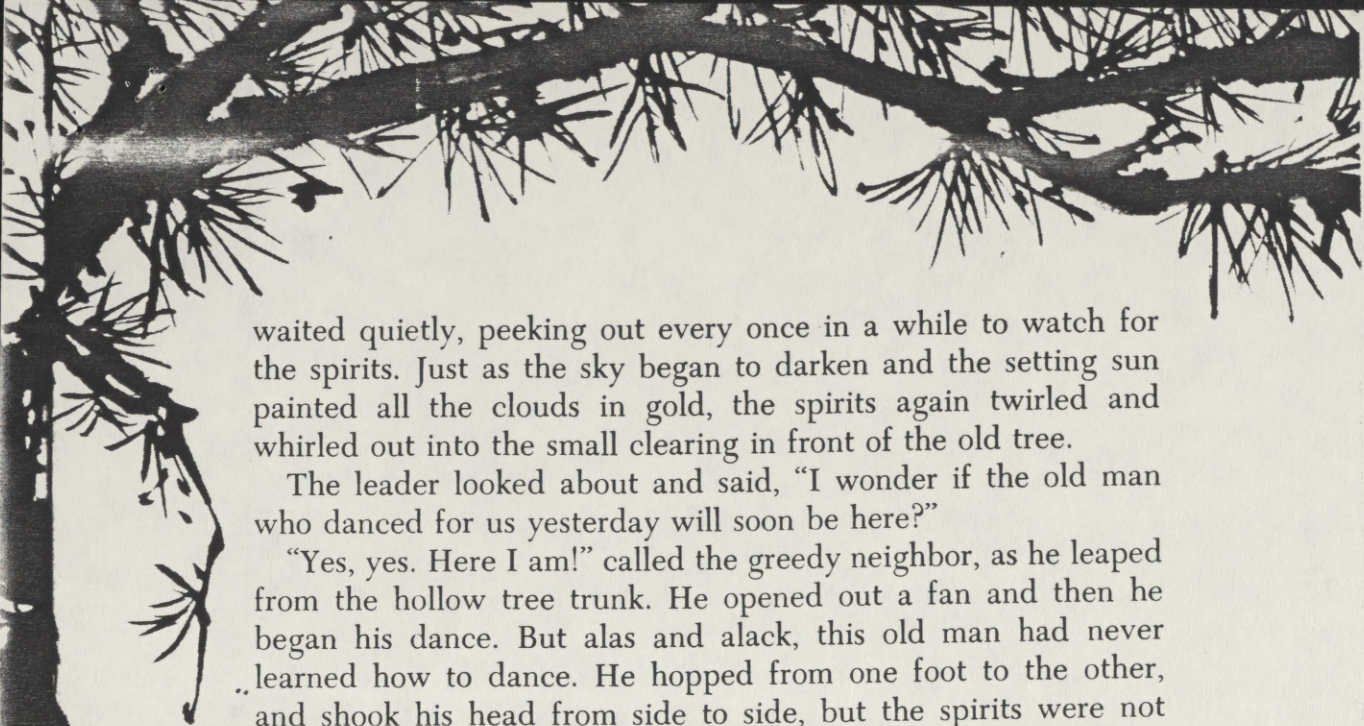
Early the next morning they heard a knock on their door, and there stood the greedy man who lived next door to them. He had come to borrow some food, as he so often did.

Now this man also had a bump on his cheek, but his was on the left side of his face. When he saw the old man without his bump, he threw up his hands in surprise and exclaimed, "Why, what has happened? Where is the bump on your face?" He peered closely at the old man's face and said, "How I would like to get rid of mine too! Perhaps I can if I do exactly as you did." Then, because he wanted the same good fortune, he asked anxiously, "Tell me, exactly what did you do?"

So the old man carefully explained how he hid in the hollow of an old tree until the spirits came to dance in the dusk. Then he told about the dance he did for them and how they took his bump for a forfeit.

"Ah, thank you, my friend," said the neighbor. "Tonight I shall do exactly the same thing." And after borrowing a large sack of the old man's rice, he hurried home.

That evening, the greedy neighbor trudged out into the woods and found the same tree. He slipped into the hollow trunk and



waited quietly, peeking out every once in a while to watch for the spirits. Just as the sky began to darken and the setting sun painted all the clouds in gold, the spirits again twirled and whirled out into the small clearing in front of the old tree.

The leader looked about and said, "I wonder if the old man who danced for us yesterday will soon be here?"

"Yes, yes. Here I am!" called the greedy neighbor, as he leaped from the hollow tree trunk. He opened out a fan and then he began his dance. But alas and alack, this old man had never learned how to dance. He hopped from one foot to the other, and shook his head from side to side, but the spirits were not smiling as they had been the day before. Instead they scowled and frowned, and called out, "This is terrible. We have no use for you, old man. Here, take back your precious bump," and with a big THUMP the leader flung the bump on the greedy man's right cheek. Then the spirits disappeared into the woods just as quickly as they had come.

"Ohhhhh!" cried the greedy man as he sadly walked home. "Never again will I try to be someone else."

Now he not only had a big bump on his left cheek, he had one on his right cheek too. And so the greedy man who had tried to copy his neighbor went home looking just like a chipmunk with both cheeks full of nuts!

(From *The Dancing Kettle and Other Japanese Folk Tales*)



In the book from which this story came, The Dancing Kettle and Other Japanese Folk Tales, there are many other fine stories. Yoshiko Uchida has also written The Magic Listening Cap: More Folk Tales from Japan and The Sea of Gold and Other Tales from Japan (a story from this book is in Volume 9 of Childcraft). Or, try The Golden Crane by Tohr Yamaguichi.

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Childcraft

Apr. Jan '85
pub date

August 14, 1984

Ms. Janet T. Peterson
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Dear Ms. Peterson:

Thank you for your letter of August 2.

I would be pleased to grant World Book, Inc. non-exclusive world rights in the English language for the use of my story, "The Old Man with the Bump" from THE DANCING KETTEE AND OTHER JAPANESE FOLK TALES, in Childcraft, as outlined in your letter of August 2, 1984.

Please make one change in the text, as per enclosed copy of page 227.

I would like to request a fee of \$750. for the above permission, payable in 1984 and a complimentary copy of the volume in which my story appears.

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I would appreciate receiving confirmation of the above and look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Encl:



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Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Avenue, No. 102
Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

Enclosed is our check No. 090781-2 for \$750, in payment of the agreed-upon fee for permission to use your story "The Old Man with the Bump." This appears in Volume 3 of Childcraft, entitled Stories and Poems.

A complimentary copy of the volume will be sent to you when it becomes available in April. We hope you will enjoy it.

Also enclosed is a form we ask you to complete for our Accounting Department. You may return it in the envelope provided.

Thank you for allowing us to use your story, Ms. Uchida.

Sincerely,

Janet T. Peterson
Janet T. Peterson
Permissions Editor

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