

46:2 "On With the Show": Typescripts, Printed Version

Article for The Star Cart

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A STICK OF CANDY AND A PAPER SHOW

By

Yoshiko Uchida

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Every afternoon along about the time school is over, the clomp-clomp of the Kami Shibai or paper show man's sticks can be heard down the narrow winding neighborhood streets of Kyoto. When the children hear this sound, they will run to their mothers, beg for anything from one to five yen (less than a penny to two cents), and dash toward the paper show man's bicycle.

"Sah, sah, what will you have today?" he calls to them. "A stick of candy? A piece of cuttlefish?"

The children crowd around, thrusting their money toward him as he opens the drawers of the wooden box on the back of his bicycle. They peer eagerly into the drawers to look over the paper show man's supplies. In the top drawer are the big 10 x 20 colored pictures he will use to tell his tales. In the next two drawers are tins of hard candy, soft rice candy that can be twirled on tiny sticks, small paper-thin squares of dried cuttlefish, and a box full of the coins and ragged yen notes the children give him.

They buy their candy and tug at the paper show man's sleeves. "Hurry, Os-san, start the story!" they beg.

They are anxious to hear what happened to the little girl in the story he began yesterday, or to know what happened to the brave samurai warrior who was trapped in the enemy castle. The Kami Shibai man knows what will please his young audience, and there are plenty of sword fights in his tales of long ago. He knows too, how to keep them coming back each day, and will leave his heroes in perilous

predicaments calling, "What will happen to Kichisaburo?!! To be continued tomorrow!" And tomorrow, the children will be back to see what does happen to Kichisaburo with the same eagerness of American children following the adventures of The Lone Ranger.

The paper show man will not disappoint them. He will be back tomorrow, and each day after that, at the same corner and the same time of day, and with a rhythmic clapping of his sticks, he will let the children know he has come.

When a child has bought something from the paper show man, he has paid for the right to watch the show. He can then take his place among the children who have lined up in neat rows facing the wooden box on the bicycle, which is the paper show man's supply box and theatre all rolled into one. The smallest ones stand in front, the big children, and sometimes a sprinkling of adults in back.

When all the children have been supplied with something to eat, the Kami Shibai man slides in a set of pictures at the back of his box, and the show is on. Now the paper show man really comes to life. He usually has about four stories to tell, and he takes the parts of all the characters who will appear in them. He will become the brave samurai charging with his sword, or he will become the gentle young maiden who weaves at home. He becomes a laughing old woman or a cross old man. He shouts and laughs and cries and scolds, and sometimes it is more fun to watch him than to watch the pictures on his stage. If he is a good story teller, the characters painted on the cardboard will almost seem to move and talk.

As soon as his stories are over, the paper show man puts his pictures away, closes his drawers, and gets ready to go on to another

neighborhood. "See you tomorrow!" he calls to the children. Then he rides away quickly, for he has a fixed routine and must keep on schedule. He is only one of many, many Kami Shibai men who roam the streets of Kyoto, and his own special following in fixed neighborhoods wait for him each day.

In all of Japan, from the biggest cities to the smallest country villages, wherever there are children, there are usually Kami Shibai men. But it is probably only in Kyoto where one can see a paper show man who makes his rounds in a wheel chair drawn by two dogs. Kumami-san is a 72 year old cripple, with long graying hair and a flowing beard. Almost a story book character himself, he has been a familiar figure on Kyoto streets for almost 45 years. The children to whom he told his tales long ago now have grandchildren of their own, who are being entertained in their turn by the aged story teller. Wearing an old pith helmet and a white kimono, he wheels his way over most of the city, stopping here and there to entertain eager groups of children. He was one of Kyoto's first Kami Shibai men, and is probably still the only one who sells no candy and takes no money. He tells his tales simply because he likes being with children and wants them to hear his stories.

For the other Kami Shibai men, telling tales is a business proposition, and they must earn their living from the bits of candy and cuttlefish they can sell. However, theirs is a business with an ever-present market, for Japan is a land that abounds in children, and there probably isn't one that hasn't at some time, stood wide-eyed in front of a Kami Shibai theatre watching a show with a mouth full of candy. And any child will tell you, it's still one of the best shows you can see in all of Japan, for just the price of a stick of candy.

A PAPER SHOW FOR A STICK OF CANDY

The children of Japan are ^{content} quite happy without T.V., for they have a special form of live entertainment almost as good as a movie, and costing no more than the price of a stick of candy.

Every afternoon, in the narrow winding neighborhood streets of Kyoto, there is a sound that will lure children away from the best games of hopscotch or top spinning. When the clop-clop clop of the Kamishibai or paper show man's sticks are heard, children will beg for ~~anything~~ ~~from 1 to 5 yen~~ ~~anything~~ ~~from 1 to 5 yen~~ anything from 1 to 5 yen (less than a penny to about 2¢) and run toward the paper show man's bicycle.

"Sah, sah, what will you have today?" he asks, as ~~the~~ children crowd around him. He opens the drawers in the box which he has strapped onto the back of his bicycle. This wooden box is his theatre, store and cash box rolled into one, and from it ~~some all sorts of things~~ he can produce all kinds of things to delight the hearts of his young audience. The top drawer contains the big 10 x 20 inch ^{slab} pictures which he uses to tell his tales. The next two contain tins of hard candy, soft sticky rice candy that can be twirled on tiny sticks, or small square paper-thin slices of dried, sweet cuttlefish. Then, there is the box into which he tosses the coins and ragged 1 yen notes the children bring him, shouting "Candy, Oss-san, candy!" or "Give me a piece of cuttlefish."

The children pull at his sleeves, they jump on his bicycle, ~~and~~ they play games with him ^{very} ~~for~~ an extra piece of cuttlefish if they win. He is an old friend, and he doesn't ~~disappoint~~ ~~the~~ ever disappoint them. He comes every afternoon, to the same corner at the very same hour each day, and ~~if they are~~ ^{those who} some ~~one~~ ^{will} occasionally ~~let them~~ ^{get to} ~~clap~~ his sticks for him.

^{The children} They can scarcely wait to see what happened to Hanako in the story the paper show man began yesterday, or to know what happened to the brave

5. "Look, Ojii-san and Obaa-san," she said, holding up the cloth, "This is what I have been weaving behind the screen."

The old man and woman took the cloth beneath the lamp so they could see it more clearly. It was a beautiful piece of ^{brocade} brade in which silver and white birds seemed to be flying everywhere, their wings flecked with sunlight.

"Why this is the most beautiful cloth I have ever seen!" the old woman said.

"And to think you wove it all byyourself," added the old man.

And the two old people stroked the cloth with their hands and gapped at the loveliness of it.

"Will you take it into the village tomorrow and sell it for me?" the young girl ^{asked} said to the old man.

"Why, of course, of course," the old man answered, "Although it seems almost too beautiful to sell to anyone."

"Never mind," the young girl said smiling. "I want you to buy me more thread with the money you get for it, and I will soon weave you another one even more beautiful."

And so, early the next morning, the old man went to town, carrying the piece of brocade under his arm. "I have a piece of brocade for sale!" he shouted as he walked down the street, "A beautiful piece of brocade."

Just then, a lord from the town nearby was riding thru the streets. He stopped the chair in which he was riding and leaned out of the window. "Say there, old man!" he called. "Let's see the brocade you have for sale."

And so the old man unfolded the piece of cloth and held it up for the lord to see. The great lord stroked his chin and looked at it carefully.

"Hmmm," he said. "This is the finest piece of brocade I have seen in a long while. It glistens like a thousand snowflakes in the sun." Then, he took out a bag full of gold and handed it to the old man, "Take this," he said, "I have ~~xxxxx~~ Your piece of brocade is sold."

The old man was so happy, he bought more ~~xxxx~~ beautiful thread and many wonderful presents for the old woman and the young girl, and hurried home.

"Look what I've bro't home!" he called happily, and he emptied all the gold

samurai warrior who was trapped ~~behind the enemy's~~ in the enemy's castle. The stories are exciting, and the children look forward to each installment with ~~the eagerness that~~ ^{an} same eagerness ^{that native that} of the American children who follow the adventures of The Lone Ranger.

As soon as a child has bought a stick of candy or a piece of cuttlefish, he has paid his admission. He can take his place among the neat rows of children who have lined up ~~in front of~~ ^{facing} the wooden box theatre - the smallest in front, the big children and often a sprinkling of adults ~~when the picture is shown~~ at the back ~~fringe~~. ~~Here the~~

^{When} As soon as the business of buying is over, the paper show man slides ~~his~~ a set of bright colored pictures into slots at the rear of his box, the children quiet down, and the show is on!

Sometimes, it is almost as much fun to watch the paper show man ^{himself} as to watch the pictures, for during his show he often becomes 10 different people. He is the fierce enemy warrior charging with his long sword, as he tells a tale of long ago, or he is the sweet young girl who weeps beside her ailing mother. He ^{can} lowers his voice or

throws it into a falsetto; he laughs and shouts and weeps as ~~soon~~ he takes the parts of all the characters that appear in the four stories he will tell. If he is a good story teller, the characters are real flesh and blood; if he isn't, they ^{will} simply remain characters ~~simply~~ painted on a piece of cardboard.

There are ^{many} dozens of paper show men in Kyoto, and each has a specific area he covers each day, going from one street corner to another, to seek out his own special following. He is careful to keep a fixed routine and schedule, for otherwise his young customers will drift away. He takes a few minutes to talk and play with each group of children after he has told his stories, but, soon, he calls, "See you tomorrow!" and hides quickly to his next neighborhood, for he mustn't keep the next group waiting too long. The more shows he can put on, the more he can earn, so the paper show man has little time to waste.

2. "Goodbye stork! Good luck!" the old man called, and he stood and watched, until it became just a small black speck in the sky. Then, he picked up his kindling and hurried on toward the village. It was bitterly cold, but inside the old man felt a warm happy glow. Somehow, the stork seemed to be a good omen, and he felt glad to have helped it get away.

The old man walked up and down the village roads calling, "Kindling for sale Wood for your fire!" and before long, he had sold all his kindling. He hurried home, and then, sat beside the charcoal braizer and told the old woman how he had saved a beautiful stork that had been caught in a trap.

"Ah, you did a good thing," my husband," the old woman said, nodding her head. And the two old people felt happy for the stork that had been freed and had gone flying home into the hills.

Snow still fell outside, piling up along the sides of the house. "How good it is to be inside on a night like this," the old man said happily, ^{as} ~~and~~ he waited for his wife to make their supper. He could hear the rice sputtering in the kitchen and the smell of bean soup ^{the soup} ~~began to fill the house.~~ ^{was filling the house.}

Just then, there was a soft rap-rap-rap on the door. "Now who could be out on a cold night like this?" they said. But before they could open the door, they heard a gentle voice calling, "Gomen Kudasai. Excuse me."

The old woman hurried to the door. "Who is it?" she called, and as she slid open the wooden door, she saw a white figure covered with snow, standing in the doorway. "Come in, come in," the old woman urged ~~to the stranger.~~ "You must be terribly cold."

"Thank you yes," it is bitterly cold out," the stranger said, and she came in shaking the snow from her shoulders. Then, the old man and woman saw that she was just a young girl of about 17 or 18. Her cheeks were ^{red} ~~pink~~ from the cold ~~but~~ she had a beautiful face.

"Dear child, where were you going on such a terrible night?" they asked.

"I was going to visit some friends in the next village," the young girl explained, "But it began to grow dark, and I can no longer follow the road. Will you be good enough to let me sleep here just for tonight?"

The old man and woman wanted to help her, but they knew there were no extra

the community for
These Kami-shibai men can be found in any town of Japan, from the busiest cities to the smallest country villages. But perhaps it is only in Kyoto where there is a paper show man who makes his rounds on a wheel chair drawn by two dogs. Kumami-san is a 72 year old cripple with long graying hair and a flowing beard. Almost a story book character himself, he has been a familiar figure on Kyoto streets for almost 45 years, and the first groups of children to whom he told his tales, now have grandchildren who in their turn are ~~still now~~ being entertained by the aged story teller. Wearing an old pith helmet and a white kimono, he wheels his way over most ^{of} the city, stopping here and there to tell stories to a group ^{can} of children. He was one of Kyoto's first Paper show men, and is still perhaps its most unique, not only because of his wheel chair, but because he makes no money from his trade. He sells no candy, and tells his stories, using illustrations he has drawn himself, merely because he likes being with children and wants them to hear his fairy tales.

However, Kumami-san is getting old, and he does not get about as much as he used to. Not all of Kyoto's children ~~have~~ today have had a chance to hear him, but there probably isn't a child in the whole city who hasn't at one time or other run to the sound of some paper man's sticks.

He~~x~~ is perhaps the only Kami-shibai man, however, who maintains such lofty ideals. The others must earn a living from the 1 and 5 yen notes that dribble in from the children, ~~and xxxxxxxx~~ For them, it is a ^{business} business, and the 200,000 odd children in Kyoto are their clientele. ~~Sheskskskskthaksbbaykelankeiktkohskukhokakagkskikshingsk;kbuk~~ As long as they are out on the streets, they never have to look far for an audience, for there is probably no child in the city who hasn't at one time or another stood wide-eyed in front of a kamishibai man's theatre ^{it's well} watching him ^{with rummy face} unfold a story, and ~~whenanshaxnanxgonxsee thereisnothingatkenin~~ it is still one of the best shows you can see ^{all?} ~~Mapbnxbibbbibxbnkbabgbobxbn~~ in Japan for ^{just} the price of a penny stick of penny-candy.

THE GRATEFUL STORK: TSURU NO ON GAYESHI

II 4/20

Once long ago, there lived a kind old man and woman who were very, very poor. Each day the old man went out to cut wood in the forest nearby, and then took bundles of kindling into town to sell. The old man went out even when snow fell or great icicles dangled from the roof, for if he didn't sell any wood, there would be ~~nothing to eat that day~~ money for their food.

Now one cold snowy day, the old man set out as usual for the village, with a bundle of kindling strapped to his back. Great soft snow flakes were swirling down from the gray sky, making shapeless white heaps everywhere.

"Ah, how nice it would be to be home by the glowing charcoals today," the old man said with a sigh. But he knew that he could not turn back, and he trudged on down the snow-covered road, beating his hands to keep them warm. "My how peaceful and still everything is," he thought, as he looked about at the fields and trees buried under the whiteness of snow.

Suddenly, he saw something fluttering in the middle of a field. There seemed to be great white wings beating and churning up a flurry of snow. "What am I seeing?" the old man thought, rubbing his eyes. "It looks like a little snow-storm in the middle of the field."

The old man moved closer, and saw that it was a beautiful white stork that had been caught in a trap. The bird was fluttering wildly as it tried to get away, but the more it struggled, the ~~more secure~~ tighter the rope became around its leg.

"Ah, poor bird," thought the old man, and even though he was shivering from the cold and anxious to get to town, he stopped to help the stork.

"Here, here," he called, "Wait a minute now, You're just getting all tangled in the rope. And bending down, he loosened the rope around the stork's leg. "Let me untie you quickly, before someone comes along and wants to take you home."

When the rope was undone, the stork beat its great white wings and flew off into the sky. The old man heard it crying into the wind as it soared higher and higher. Then, it circled over the old man's head 3 times, and flew off toward the mountains.

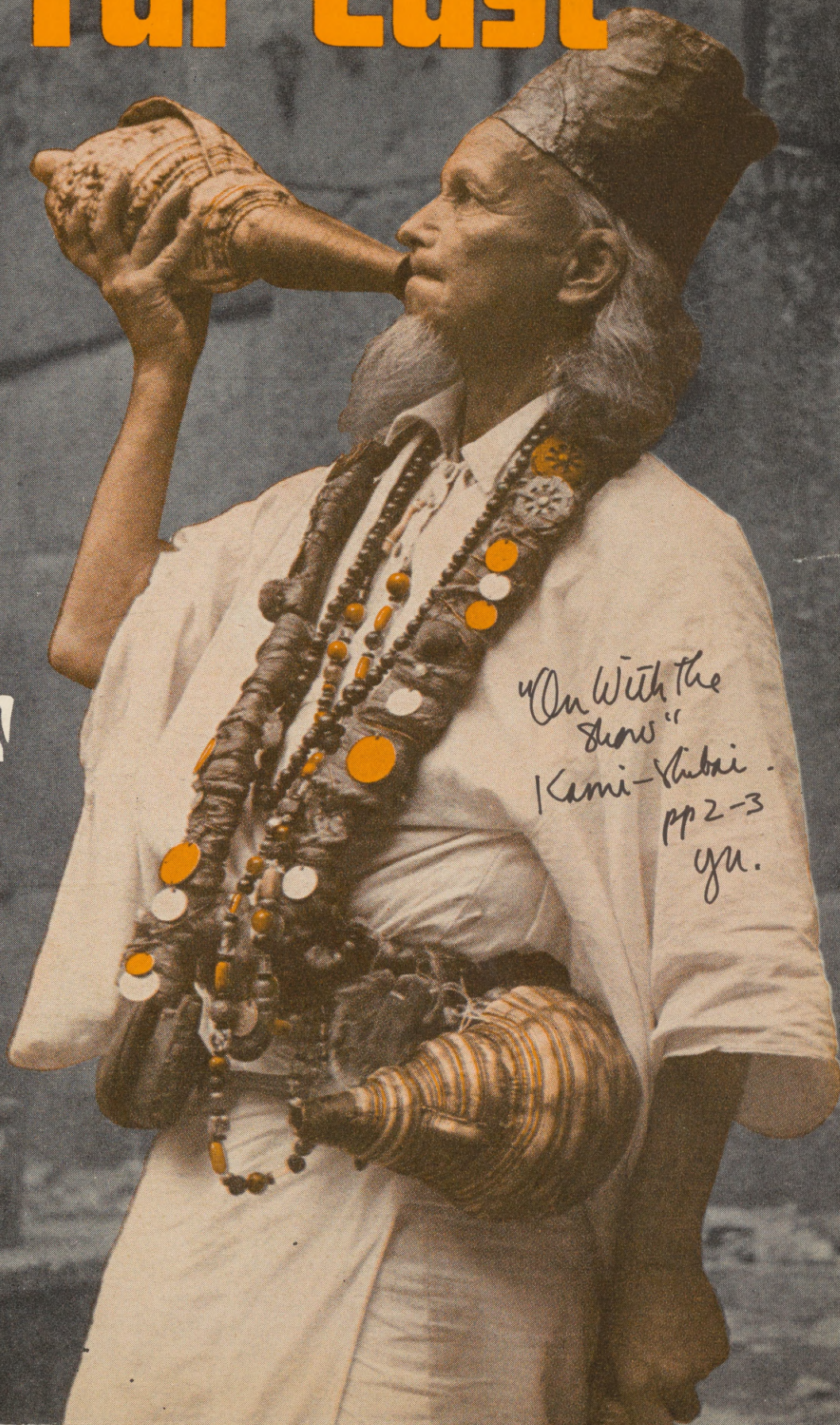
THE COLUMBAN FATHERS • FEBRUARY, 1957

The Far East

JAPAN

The Temple Guardian
blows his shell horn.

"On With the
Show"
Kemi-Kubai
pp 2-3
yu.



Feb., 1957



St. Columbans, Nebraska

the Fijis and in three countries in South America. Columban houses of study, besides those in the United States, are in Rome, Ireland, Australia and New Zealand. The Society depends entirely on charity for its work. American Columban Houses: St. Columbans, Nebr.; Silver Creek, N. Y.; 869 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bristol, R. I.; Milton, Mass.; West Chester, Pa.; 1017 Elden Ave., Los Angeles; 2444 Congress St., San Diego; 115 Presidio Ave., San Francisco, Calif.; 5714 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.; 1344 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society of secular priests, known popularly as the Columban Fathers, was founded in 1918 by Bishop Edward J. Galvin. At the present time, there are over 900 members in the Society which has three missions in China, two in Korea and four in Japan. In addition, the Columbans work on four islands in the Philippines, in several parishes in

PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

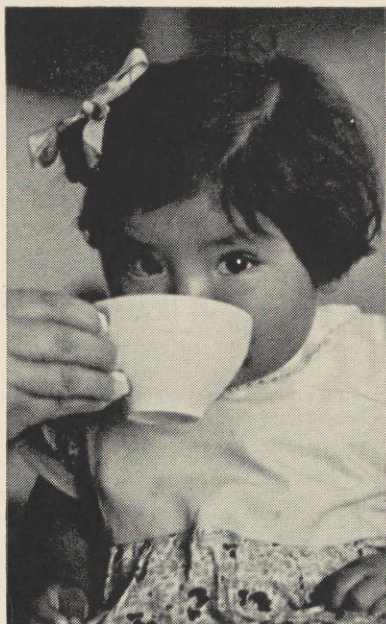
In response to numerous requests, reprints suitable for framing have been made of the December cover which carried the Prayer of St. Francis. Now available at 20 cents each. Mail orders to: Rev. Francis Whelan, The Far East, St. Columbans, Nebr.

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SMALL CHANGE DEPARTMENT



This bright-eyed little miss is getting a helping hand from a friend. Youngsters everywhere need a helping hand, but we want you to meet this little lady because she lives in Peru. We have five Columban Fathers in Peru, taking care of a huge parish in Lima. A lot of the little folks in their parish need a helping hand. Lots of big folks, too—for there are more than 70,000 people in the parish. Lots of people—and lots of poverty. No rectory, just a small rented house. No church either, just permission to use a library. Can they depend on you for "a coin a day" to get them started on a parish hall for Mass?

SEND THEM YOUR SMALL CHANGE TODAY

Very Rev. Peter McPartland
St. Columbans, Nebraska

Dear Father,

Enclosed is my small-change offering of.....to help your missionaries care for the little ones.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

**A COIN A DAY
FOR THE MISSIONS**

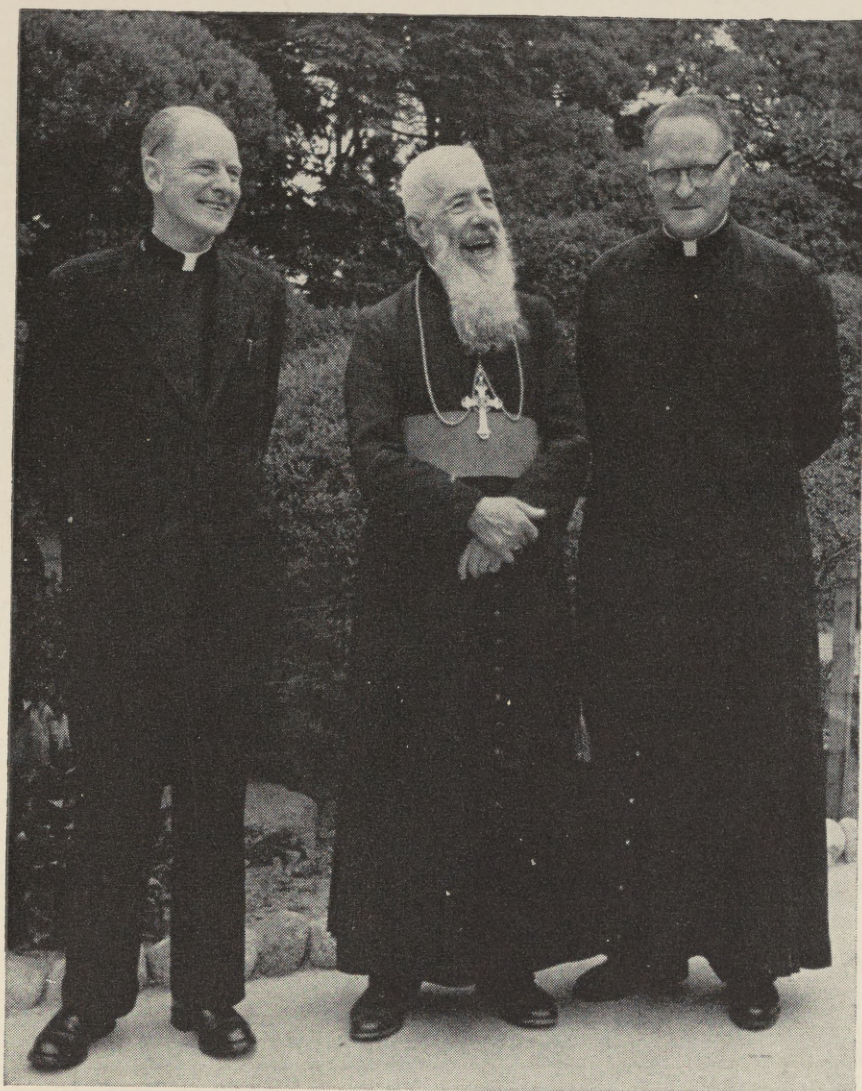
What about YOU!



There is no limit to the number of Sisters needed in the missions and here at home. More schools, more hospitals, more dispensaries could be opened if there were enough Sisters to staff them.

The Columban Sisters are looking for girls who are willing to serve God as teachers, cooks, nurses, doctors, typists, technicians and in any other field in which they are needed. If you are interested in becoming a missionary Sister, why hesitate. Write today.

For information, write to:
The Columban Sisters
950 Metropolitan Avenue
Hyde Park 36, Mass.



With Columban Fathers Timothy Connolly (left) and Brian Geraghty. Bishop Mousset was in Korea before they were born.

KOREA'S 'IRON MAN'

Bishop's birthday was a national event.

THE CELEBRATION of the 80th birthday of the "Iron Man of the Korean Missions," Bishop Germain Mousset, was a national event that had the warmth of a family reunion.

Seoul, the capital, made the aged but still active missionary an honorary citizen. National newspapers splashed his story across their front pages. Over the radio the nation heard tributes to the venerable Frenchman.

Prominent Koreans from all walks in life gathered at the reception in his

honor in the Cathedral grounds in Seoul.

Among those present were Bishop Thomas Quinlan, Regent of the Apostolic Delegation, the entire Korean Hierarchy, two Anglican bishops, the American, French, Chinese and Vietnamese ambassadors. Vice President Chang sent a gift of flowers, the Minister of Education presented Korea's "Bene Merenti" award.

Loved both for himself and for what he represents, Bishop Mousset occupies

a unique place in the life and history of his adopted country.

Formerly Vicar Apostolic of Taegu and now Regional Superior of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, Bishop Mousset came to Korea from France 57 years ago, in 1900, the year of his ordination. He likes to talk about those early years.

"There were only 35 priests and two dioceses (Seoul and Taegu) in the entire peninsula when I and my five companions—all since dead—arrived. The Boer War was on, and shortly after I arrived trouble started on Cheju Island, off the southern coast. Some 500 Catholics were murdered. I might have been a casualty, also, were it not for a French gunboat taking me off the island.

"The first parish I was given, Mokpo, is now divided into twelve. You had to be a good walker in the old days!"

He is still a great traveler, and thinks nothing of a 10-hour truck ride back to his "beloved Taegu," 170 miles south of Seoul.

He enjoys the reputation of being the greatest church-builder in Korea. There is hardly a church in the diocese of Taegu that he did not either build or repair, in addition to establishing five educational institutions and five orphanages.

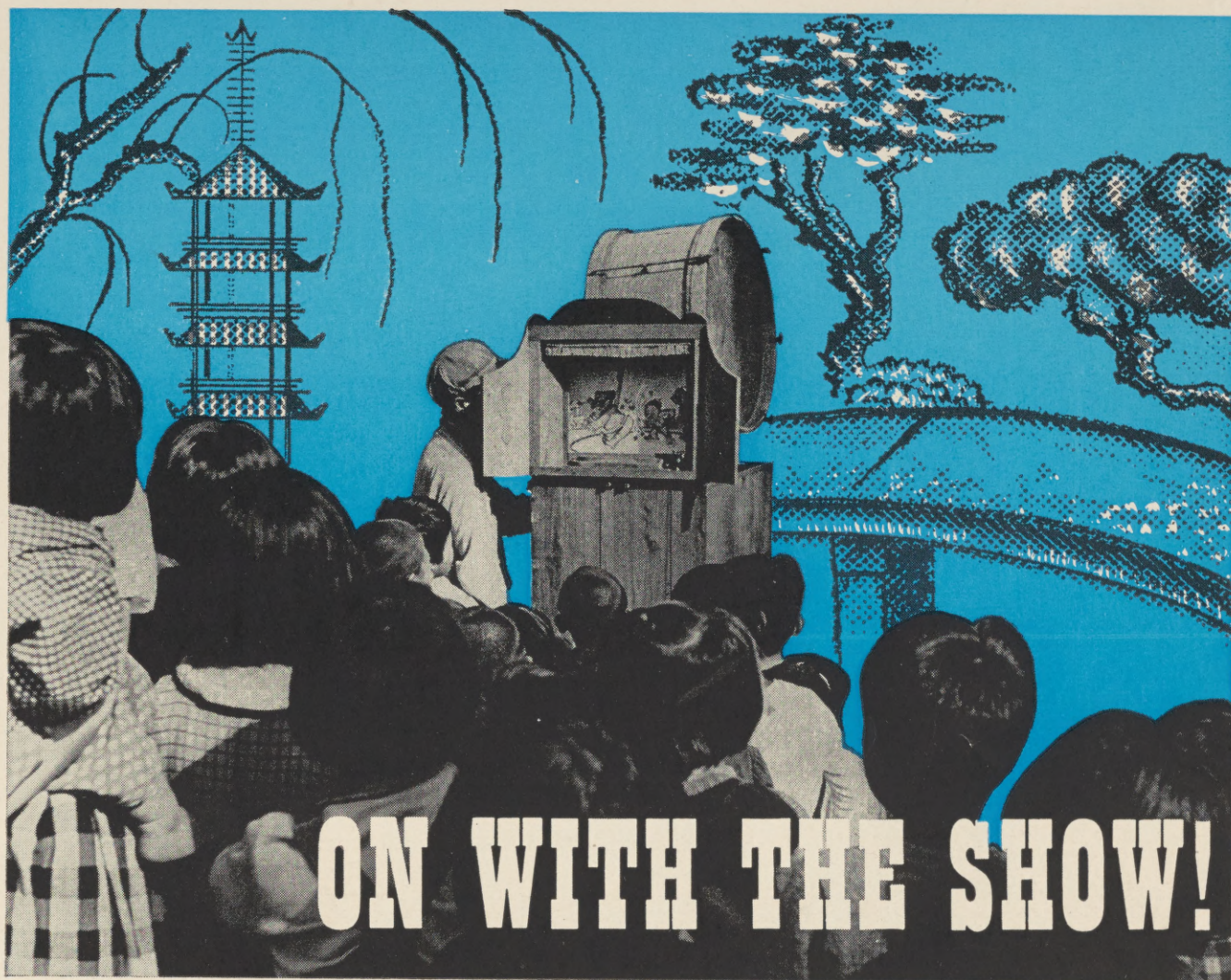
During the Korean War, Bishop Mousset was in Pohang, one of the pivotal cities of the Pusan beachhead. He remained with his orphans even as the city was being fought over.

Columban missionaries owe Bishop Mousset a debt of gratitude that cannot be repaid. Among the first to welcome our priests to Korea in 1933, he was, as procurator of the Taegu mission headquarters, responsible for their welfare. "No one could have done more to make us feel at home," recalled one of that first group. "He was ever kind and ever solicitous about our smallest needs."

Today, some 30 Columban missionaries have the honor of staffing the two parishes, Cheju and Mokpo, that were the scene of Bishop Mousset's first missionary exploits in Korea. The district is now the equivalent of a diocese.

With an affection that has grown with the years, THE FAR EAST salutes one of the great veterans of the missions and one of St. Columban's most beloved friends.

The Columban Fathers |



ON WITH THE SHOW!

by Yoshiko Uchida

Step right up folks, and enjoy the thrill of a lifetime for just one cent.

EVERY AFTERNOON along about the time school is over, the clomp-clomp of the *Kami Shibai* or paper show man's sticks can be heard down the narrow winding neighborhood streets of Kyoto. When the children hear this sound, they will run to their mothers, beg for anything from one to five yen (less than a penny to two cents), and dash toward the paper show man's bicycle.

"*Sah, sah*, what will you have today?" he calls to them. "A stick of candy? A piece of cuttlefish?"

The children crowd around, thrusting their money toward him as he opens the drawers of the wooden box

on the back of his bicycle. They peer eagerly into the drawers to look over the paper show man's supplies. In the top drawer are the big 10 x 20 colored pictures he will use to tell his tales. In the next two drawers are tins of hard candy, soft rice candy that can be twirled on tiny sticks, small paper-thin squares of dried cuttlefish, and a box full of the coins and ragged yen notes the children give him.

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pened to the brave *samurai* warrior who was trapped in the enemy castle. The *Kami Shibai* man knows what will please his young audience, and there are plenty of sword fights in his tales of long ago. He knows, too, how to keep them coming back each day, and will leave his heroes in perilous predicaments calling, "What will happen to Kichisaburo? To be continued tomorrow!" And tomorrow, the children will be back to see what does happen to Kichisaburo with the same eagerness of American children following the adventures of the Lone Ranger.

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When a child has bought something from the paper show man, he has paid for the right to watch the show. He can then take his place among the children who have lined up in neat rows facing the wooden box on the bicycle, which is the paper show man's supply box and theatre all rolled into one. The smallest ones stand in front, the big children (and sometimes a sprinkling of adults) in back.

When all the children have been supplied with something to eat, the *Kami Shibai* man slides in a set of pictures at the back of his box, and the show is on. Now the paper show man really comes to life. He usually has about four stories to tell, and he takes the parts of all the characters who will appear in them. He will become the brave *samurai* charging with his sword, or he will become the gentle young maiden who weaves at home. He becomes a laughing old woman or a cross

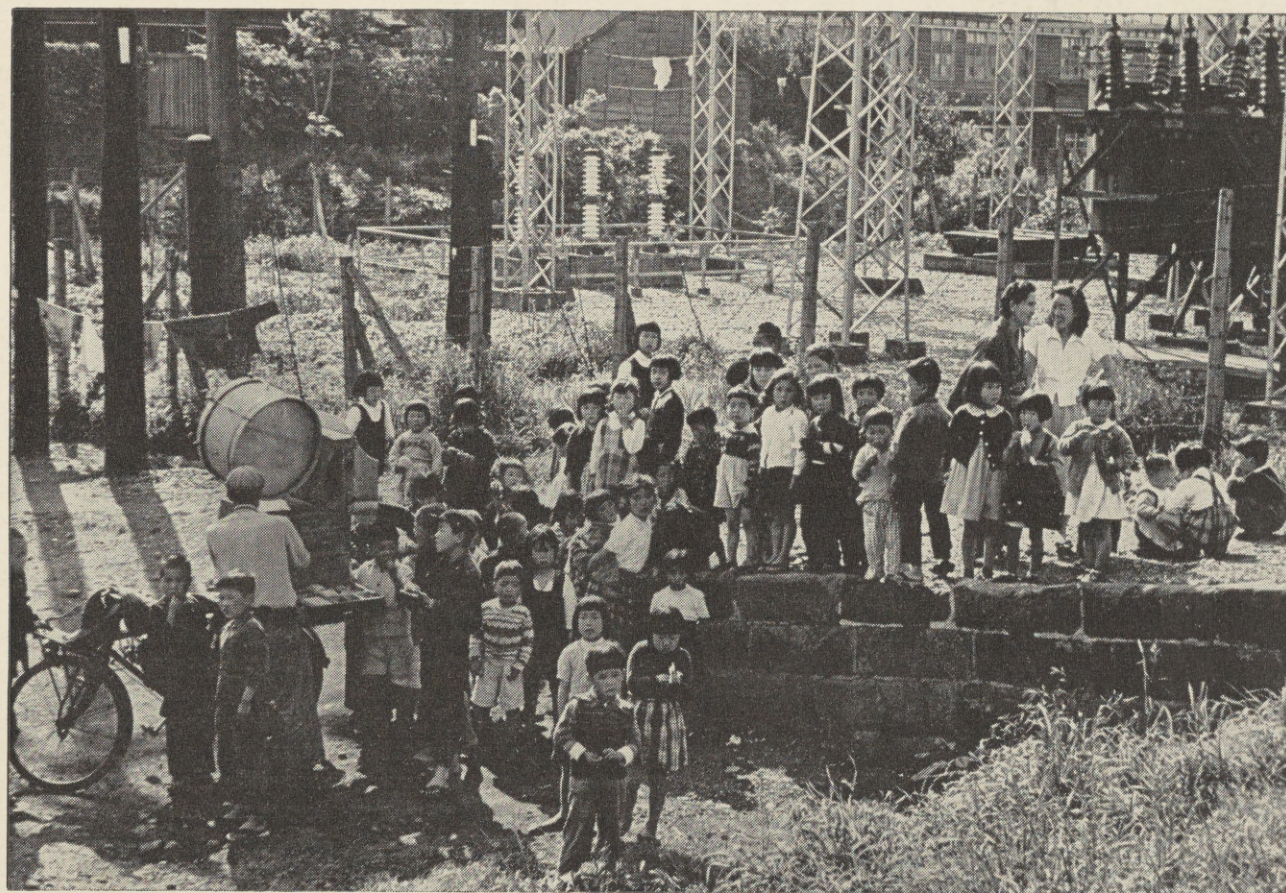
old man. He shouts and laughs and cries and scolds, and sometimes it is more fun to watch him than to watch the pictures on his stage. If he is a good storyteller, the characters painted on the cardboard will almost seem to move and talk.

As soon as his stories are over, the paper show man puts the pictures away, closes the drawers, and gets ready to go on to another neighborhood. "See you tomorrow!" he calls to the children. Then he rides away quickly, for he has a fixed routine and must keep on schedule. He is only one of many, many *Kami Shibai* men who roam the streets of Kyoto, and his own special following in fixed neighborhoods wait for him each day.

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For the other *Kami Shibai* men, telling tales is a business proposition, and they must earn their living from the bits of candy and cuttlefish they can sell. However, theirs is a business with an ever-present market, for Japan is a land that abounds in children, and there probably isn't one that hasn't at some time, stood wide-eyed in front of a *Kami Shibai* theatre watching a show with a mouth full of candy. And any child will tell you, it's still one of the best shows you can see in all of Japan.



In a land full of children the "Kami Shibai" draws a crowd at every performance.

Mission News

Mission Views

Better Fishing Now

TJANG-DO ISLAND, one of a cluster of little islands called the Huk San group, hugs the Southwest coast of Korea. The islanders earn a little money by diving for shell fish and seaweed along the rocky shores, but the principal source of income is fishing.

A co-operative fishing plan is making life a bit easier for the fishermen from Tjang-do. The idea was first proposed by Monsignor Harold Henry, Columban Prefect Apostolic of Kwangju, but lack of capital prevented it from being put into operation until a grant of \$4,000 was made by the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Through funds donated by American Catholics, a Diesel motor boat and modern fishing gear were purchased by the co-op. The 12 horsepower boat can make the run to Mokpo with the combined catch of the community in a third of the time that the sail and paddle boats used to take.

Catches are larger and the fish are marketed in bulk. Formerly all the boats made the trip to the market in Mokpo and the fish were sold in individual lots. This system made it easy for the dealers to beat down the price of fish.

Thanks to the better prices they are receiving for the catches, the people of Tjang-do are eating better than they ever could in the old days. Except for seafood, most food items have to be brought from the mainland as vegetation is scanty on these rocky islands and very little rice can be grown. Now more rice and fresh vegetables are seen on family tables.

On Huk San, a neighboring island, the Tjang-do co-operative plan is being watched with great interest. "When Tjang-do pays back the \$4,000 outlay on their co-operative fishing, the money will be used to launch a similar venture on Huk San," says Monsignor Henry. "Eventually, we hope to have

a chain of co-ops all through these islands."

The money is being paid back by pooling one third of the profits of each catch. One third is divided among widowed and sickly members of the co-op who cannot take part in the actual fishing. They help with the care of the fishing gear and with the packing of the fish.

The Huk San group of islands has a population of 12,000 souls. The Catholics are served from Holy Rosary Parish in Mokpo, 65 miles away. A Columban Father visits the islands as often as possible to say Mass and administer the sacraments.

The first Catholic family came to Huk San in 1950 to escape from the Communists. Now Huk San has 34 Catholic families. Tjang-do has 24 Catholic families and many more families are under instruction.

'As You're Here'

FATHER WILLIAM ADAMS, a Columban missionary stationed in Iligan in the Philippines, was asked to come to an outmission where an old man of 80 was reported dying.

When Father Adams had finished giving him the Last Sacraments, the old man said: "Now that you are here, Father, you might as well anoint my father also. He is in bed in the next room."

The father was 120 years old!

Record Enrollment

THE COLUMBAN FATHERS, with the largest number of schools of any missionary society in the Philippine Islands, report a record enrollment this year of 18,115 students.

They now have six colleges, 57 high schools and 13 grade schools under their direction. In 1945 they had only

two high schools and five grade schools. Today, they direct approximately one out of every nine Catholic schools registered with the Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines.

During the past year, with the help of catechists drawn mainly from their parochial schools, Columban missionaries were able to give regular religious instruction to about 100,000 students in the Philippine public schools.

There are 170 Columban Fathers assigned to the missions in the Philippines, the fourth largest group of the 25 missionary societies in the islands.

Limit to Democracy

COLUMBAN Father Michael Donohue was trying to organize men's Catholic Action in his parish in Molave in the Philippines. He decided to call a meeting of the leading Catholic men in the area and explain what was necessary for good Catholic Actionists.

After Father Donohue had spoken, a discussion was held and some resolutions were proposed.

One of the speakers proposed that their organization should be a democratic one. Father Donohue agreed, and the resolution was passed unanimously. Then another member of the group proposed that this Catholic Action Club be non-sectarian.

At this stage, the Columban missionary decided that "democracy" had gone far enough. There were no more resolutions.

Kitchen Revolution

A COOKING SCHOOL conducted by the Columban Sisters in Mokpo, Korea, for priests' housekeepers has brought about a revolution in the kitchen. Missionaries who had despaired of any improvement are most enthusiastic over the results of the course.

Father Charles Cooper, whose cook has just returned from the school, remarked: "The Sisters have accomplished in a few weeks something that has defeated a whole generation of missionaries. I wish someone had thought of it sooner."

Explaining how the cooking school started, Mother Mary Enda, M.D., superior of the Columban Sisters, said, "After one particularly long session