No Tipping in Japan Is Delight of Tourists

(A well-known American fashion editor, Lenore Brundige of the Pittsburgh Press, has just completed a tour of Japan and the Far East. In the following dispatch for United Press International, Miss Brundige gives some of her impressions of Japan.)

BY LENORE BRUNDIGE
United Press International

Tokyo. —(UPI)— It's one of the most delightful tourist attractions imaginable. No tipping in Japan!

What a joy for the American tourist, who has probably paid for his luggage twice over in tipping bellhops from New York to San Francisco. It strikes me the Japan Travel Bureau would do well to play up this feature to the tip-weary tourist—skipping the colorful posters of Mt. Fuji (which most don't get to see anyway, since it is usually shrouded in clouds), and just say, "Come on over to see us; no tips."

In addition to the no-tipping custom, I'm all for the hot towel custom of washing your hands. Just squeeze out wash cloths from hot water, twist them so they looked like fat sausages, pile in a wicker basket and pass them around before eating. This ought to do away with the "Johnny-rush-to-bathroom-and-wash- before-dinner" routine I hear when visiting friends back home.

Think I'll adopt it at my first dinner party back in Pittsburgh. On second thought maybe not. After two martinis the guests might mistake them for hors d'oeuvers.

Taking a bath, Japanese style, is as bewildering to a tourist as trying to eat eel with chopsticks. (I tried both. Of the two, I'll take eel).

You soap; and scrub first, before getting into a tub! Then you sit in a tub the size of a small swimming pool, in boiling water, and soak—presumably for hours. I zipped in and out so fast my little Japanese maid was completely baffled and thought I was angry.

Anyway, she massaged me afterwards within an inch of my life—for about 60 cents American money.

It is no trick at all to get lost in Tokyo. The streets all go in circles (I think), and when taxi drivers don't understand English—you're in for a hard time. The trick, I learned, is to get someone at the hotel to write out the name of the place you want to get back to. Then the going is easy.

It is my observation that people never stop working in Japan. At the Imperial Hotel, where a new second addition is being built, the work went on all night long. The sound of building is different. In Pittsburgh, it is noisy and the boom-boom, bang-bang type. Here, it is a tap-tap, but it never stops.

Most of the young girls wear western type clothes.

This, I think, is too bad. The girls look so pretty in kimonos. They have the figure for them. I've tried a kimono and look like a fugitive from the hunchback of Notre Dame—with bulges all in the wrong places — not feminine and dainty as the Japanese girls do.

Tourists are a demanding lot and I marvel at the patience, courtesy and graciousness of the pretty shop girls. They show endless merchandise, wait patiently while women make up their minds, and don't show annoyance if a shoppers walks away and doesn't buy a thing.

Camp White Bridge Club Schedules Master Point Play

The regular monthly session of master point play by the Camp White Duplicate Bridge club will be held Friday, August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Berg Marten were top scorers with 57½ points at the July 25 session of Howell movement play. Mrs. John Dougherty and Thomas Randall were second with 57 points; E. K. Ricker and George Polski, third, 56½ points, and Mrs. Jack Mitchell and Mrs. Frank Baker, fourth, 54 points.

Trail Riders Hold Two Day Outing

A two day outing was held Saturday and Sunday by the Medford Trail Riders at Hamica Meadows. Thirty members participated in the event.

Saturday afternoon the group rode for three hours in the mountains, returning to camps in the evening for a potluck dinner and evening of music.

An early Sunday morning breakfast was held with the day spent riding in the hills, returning to the camp last evening for a watermelon feed prior to returning to the valley.

Two Sessions Set For League Event

Members and guests of the Medford League of Women Voters will attend the annual summer party Tuesday at the home of Mrs. John Day, Gold Rey.

Swimming is planned for the morning session from 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. with bridge scheduled from 1:30 p.m. throughout the afternoon. A tour of Mrs. Day's new home, a short comedy skit on league activities and refreshments will be held during both morning and afternoon sessions.

A one dollar charge will be made for the event.

Picnic Held

A swim and picnic were held Wednesday by International Order of Job's Daughters, Bethel 14, Medford, at Twin Plunges and Lithia park in Ashland. Approximately 40 persons attended.

Wednesday Meeting

Roxy Ann Home Economics club will meet Wednesday, July 30, at 8 p.m. at the Grange hall. Hostesses for the occasion will be Mrs. C. P. Van Ortwick and Mrs. R. D. Van Ortwick.

Royal Asparagus

Treat asparagus in a royal manner. Make a rich cream sauce using ¼ cup sherry wine as part of liquid. Stir in a little grated Parmesan cheese and spoon over hot cooked asparagus stalks; sprinkle with toasted slivered almonds.

Roman Miscellany

By Margaret Schuler

Rome — Italians have a curious aptitude for mathematics. I have never found one making a mistake — in my favor; they have a propensity for confusing their lire in making change — in their favor; and seemingly, they have a second sense in knowing how inept I am in my arithmetic. It isn't that I begrudge the little fellows a few dishonest lire. It is that I hate to be taken so continuously for a sucker.

In the U. S. if you can be sure of anyone being honest, it is our postal clerks, or our railway ticket men. They will not short change you, or sell you a 100 lire ticket for 150 lire, depending on your not knowing that the price is on the ticket. But the one who really hurts my feelings is the madonna faced girl in the little tobacco shop where I buy my stamps. She will look at me with velvet eyes, tell me how pretty my chain or dress is and short change me every time. (I will say, though, you never have to argue with anyone. You just look at the money and at them, and they will produce the remainder). I try to remember that in the U. S. we sold gold bricks and the Brooklyn bridge. At least no one has tried to pawn off the Colosseum on me yet.

Believe Americans Rich

No, here it is another matter—it is, I am certain, that the average Italian firmly believes that most tourists and all Americans are rich. A guide asked me (of all persons) if I had a Cadillac car. (Of course, I told him "no" but that I knew some one who had a Ford). With that psychology in mind, that all Americans are rolling in Cadillacs, it is easy to understand what happened (and I saw this) when a big, cigar smoking American, said to a waiter as he pulled out a wad of money, as big as an average worker's month salary.

"Here, take whatever it costs. I can't make the d—d stuff out."

Well, the Italians aren't stupid. They are only human, and they can't miss bets like that. That, and the cheerful American, who adds to the 18 per cent he is always charged for service, a tip, half as big as his bill, encourages the Italian—and discourages the poor fellow, whatever his nationality—who follows him, and can't afford to throw his lire about in such abundance.

So, from one who has learned the expensive way, may I offer a few tips to you, who are planning a first trip to Europe this year. Naturally, you expect to be gypped a little. It is part of the fun in reminiscing, to remember how you paid false customs once, or bought a gadget for eight cents at the thieves' market as one innocent did, guaranteed to cut glass. (I certainly saw the man who sold it to me cut through a big, heavy glass). But that is something again. But Rome is expensive in any man's currency, and there isn't any reason to drop more money than is necessary.

Sliding Scale

One thing, but I doubt whether it is worth mentioning as it is a game requiring patience and practice, is never to pay the asking price for anything (excepting at the ten cent stores where prices are fixed.) All of Rome is sort of a sliding scale of values with an eventual point of agreement.

For an example: You buy perfume and say, "a friend of mine, Senora so and so of the Embassy, said, that you would give me ten per cent off if I mentioned her name." Or you go to buy gloves. If you buy two pairs you get a discount, if you buy six pairs you get another reduction.

One big yardage shop is run on the discount principle. Almost everyone is eligible for up to 20 per cent discount, if he is aware of it. Often a hotel clerk tells guests to mention his name and so of course he comes in for his cut, also.

Then, here is the same sliding scale, in another business. You think it would be fun to have a ride in a fiacre —the horse and carriage. "The horse is darling, and the old driver, so cute." But the dear little old man may charge you as much as a trip to Naples on the train, if you don't bargain, in advance. This is the commonly accepted method.

"Quanta costa?" Then you huff and puff, and walk off scornfully when he gives you the ridiculous price he certainly will. Never fear—he will follow you with another offer. You still gesticulate, Italianwise, and keep going. You don't give in yet, or you lose his respect. But on his third offer, which will be half of his first (and plenty) you'd be wise to turn around and jump in. He has a certain base price, beyond which he will not budge.

So with the cameo selling man. It would be madness to pay his asking price. And, just in case you don't care to have a cameo, you will have to be fiercely definite, or he will follow you home—almost.

Taxi Drivers

Taxis too. The Italian taxi driver is different from the Frenchman, who not only cheats you, but is high and mighty about it, or the New Yorker who settles world problems with you and expects big tips. The Italian driver is quiet and humble. He has only two tricks, he will quickly flip his meter to zero or will not have change for your 1000 lire note so that you have the choice of going off after the change or letting him have the remainder, which may be far too much. It often seems less complicated to let him have it. Of course he operates on that assumption. But not all drivers of taxis are like that, and besides, taxis are reasonable in Rome. It costs less to ride the same distance here — than in Medford for instance.

"Il conto," your bill. Of the many things tending to confound you in Europe, you bill—for, say, soup, wine and spaghetti—will come first. When you have finished eating you wait and continue waiting even if it's hours, until you call the waiter. He will never come and present a bill. But after you have signalled him, he comes, and looks the situation over (but he knows full well what you have ordered.) Then he goes after a pad and returns, and starts writing and writing, until you are certain you will have to give up the extra trip you have planned. He lays the torn paper on the table, a page of mathematical sign, which will read something like this when translated.

Pane (bread) whether you have eaten it or not (in Austria the waiter counts the number of rolls and charges accordingly). Then the cover charge, then the wine, then the soup and the spaghetti. Following this, the 18 per cent service charge. Total, probably around 80 cents in our money.

Taxes and Surtaxes

It is also the same with your "camera — your bedroom." You have charges and surcharges, taxes and surtaxes. You have from 40 to 80 cents for the "bagne" bath (without soap) and if you have been injurdicious enough to order orange juice and an egg with your continental breakfast of rolls and coffe, your bill grows into great length and proportions. But again, after all is said and done, and translated from lire into dollars it will probably about equal the comparatively simple one in the States.

There is no question but that their method of doing things is different from ours, but when you are in Rome you may as well do as the Romans do, without fussing. After all, they didn't ask you to come. I know I have decided this much, lost face or not, I won't try to haggle about prices. If it's a matter of a 100 lire or two, and the cost seems reasonable by our standards I pay it. If you can't haggle in Italian you can't haggle, anyway.

But I don't buy anything in Rome that I don't need or have to have. You can save money by going to Florence for a couple of days if it is a matter of buying gifts—leather, linens or painting. Many of the things sold here come from Florence.

Superstitions Play Major Role With French Designers

By PAT HERMAN
United Press International

Paris — (UPI) — Superstitions help keep some of France's top designers on pins and needles.

They're naturally apprehensive right now about the success of their fall and winter collections, which they started showing today. But many of them are plagued with additional "nerves" because they feel their luck as couturiers is tied in with numbers, with showroom customs, even with the hour of the day in which their collections go "on".

Designer Castillo, the temperamental Spanish designer for the house of Lanvin-Castillo, insists on wearing red suspenders when he watches the final parade of his mennequins. He is equally insistent that none of them wear even a touch of green — a color he abhors — nor dare to carry an umbrella that might accidentally be opened inside the house.

Needs Sheaf of Wheat

Castillo will not begin work on a collection unless he has a sheaf of wheat under glass on his desk. He claims that this sign of fertility will make his collection "fruitful."

Another superstitious Spaniard is moody, mysterious Balenciaga. He combines talent and temperament in a one-man show. This not only means refusal to show his gowns to the press, but he will not allow his staff to help him in selecting material and cutting, sewing and pressing his top designs.

Young Pierre Balmain is said always to put his money on the gown he numbers 44; that is because it is the street number of his fashion house.

Pooh-Pooh Superstitions

But his colleagues Guy Laroche and Jacques Heim, also members of the younger generation of designers, pooh-pooh superstitions as "impractical."

So do the outstanding women of the haute couture — Gres, Maggy Rouff and Madeleine de la Rauch.

M. Barbas of the House of Jean Batou believes that if his cigaret lighter works on the first try when he lights up, before the collection, that the showing will be a success.

Designer Bernard Sagardoy would rather be caught with a fabrics shortage than use green thread for basting his creations. Nor will he ever start work on a dress on a Friday.

Tuesday is taboo for talented young Greek-born Jean Desses. He recalled that it was on a Tuesday that the Greeks suffered a serious defeat at the hands of the Turks.

Whether the influential Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne caters to his whims is something for conjecture. But it never has scheduled the opening of his collection for a Tuesday.

"M. Griffe counts on the stars for choosing the time of his showing," said a member of the staff at Griffe's. "Not only the day is important, but the hour. There are certain days when the hours from two to ten are good, but the hours from ten to two bad . . ."

Superstition is so much a part of the collection at the House of Dior that customers at the first show after his death sighed with relief when they saw his favorite flower appear on one of the dresses.

Dior considered the lily-of-the valley almost sacred. It appeared to be so regarded at the first Paris collection by his successor, young Ives St. Laurent, too.

"At least," said one old hand at the fashion business, "until St. Laurent can find a superstition of his own."

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