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two of cargo. A four-wheeler carriage with four high-stepping matched blacks clip-clips past; you catch a glimpse of a young woman in traditional kimono fanning herself, eyes lowered.

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ON the pavements the pedestrians and the dress they wear are as varied as the traffic. Probably at least half of those who pass wear European clothes: the men, suits, hats, collars and ties; the women, costumes or frocks. Fashions vary from those of 20 years ago to ties and shirts and hats which are obviously the latest American patterns and so colourful and flowing that in New Zealand the wearer would be looked at with a blink. And although so many have forsaken the traditional Nippon dress, they have not lost a habit that goes with its wearing: the habit with both men and women of carrying umbrellas. If the weather is at all doubtful or the season unsettled they are carried by nine persons out of ten, and not the drab "brollies" we know so well, but gaily-coloured umbrellas bright enough, it seems, to relieve the dullness of even the wettest day.

And as though to show that the mere introduction of western architecture and modern subways is not enough to uproot the customs evolved through 2,500 years, many of those people in Tokyo streets are wearing their traditional dress—the kimono (the women in bright colours, the men in dull), no hat, umbrella, and the clackety-clackety *geta* (wooden sandals, raised by wooden cross-bars to keep Japanese feet out of Japanese mud and puddles). The noise of those *geta* is most peculiar. I'll never forget my surprise when about 70 schoolgirls came trooping from a temple they had been visiting and into their wooden shoes which had been left outside. First I knew of them was the sound of 140 clip-clops on the paved path, a noise I thought, momentarily, was a hail storm let loose on an iron roof.



The Face of Tokyo to-day from the outer moat of the Imperial Palace.

It is in the cities, in Tokyo particularly, that you see signs of a hunger which is not apparent in the rural areas (where, of course, the food is produced). The morning I caught that early train from the suburban station there were three corpses huddled, apparently unnoticed, in the back entrance. In Japan, railway stations are the homes of the homeless, and here too some of these unfortunate people die. Tokyo Grand Central Station, however, is an exception. Apparently because of its constant use by Allied administrators the civil police have a "keep moving, you-must-be-alive here" policy.

In the streets, too, you see the people who are obviously hungry; their bones seem too big for the skin that covers them, like yard-length sticks in a sack; you notice the eagerness with which they pick up anything that can be eaten (apple cores in the dust), or anything that can be bartered for food (cigarette butts, an inch long).

Throughout Japan black market prices are high, in Tokyo higher. Rice, for which the market price is fixed at about 25 yen for 1lb. (it varies from time to time), is cheap at 100 yen. With fish and vegetables the position is similar. For people with money there is no hunger, and for those without money there are furniture and family treasures that can be sold, or more often bartered. At present Japanese railroads are working with double overload. Every carriage that leaves Tokyo for the country is jammed with people who are travelling only to buy rice and vegetables at black market rates direct from the farmer. With the value of the yen so depreciated, it is only rarely that money is used; kimonos, silk and other valuables are the currency. Food brought back to the cities is kept for family use and any extra sold for even higher prices to others in need. Tokyo shops and stalls are filled with cameras, binoculars, china, furniture, and antiques. In Tokyo to-day, an empty shelf is not as worrying as an empty stomach.

But to suggest that the nation, or even a large percentage of the nation, is starving is far from true. There is rationing

of staple foods that is usually efficient even if the ration is scanty. Added to this ration is a small distribution of tinned foods by the occupation authorities. Most of those who are really and consistently hungry are people who for some reason are without papers—Koreans who have been smuggled into Japan or who have escaped from repatriation centres, or Japanese who are wanted by either civil or military police.

Rather than widespread hunger, there is a widespread shortage of ample food; the balance is somewhere between "too little" and "just enough." And this difference is enough to have promoted and sustained a black market which is centred in the cities and which has more or less the whole of Japan in its cruel clutch.

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