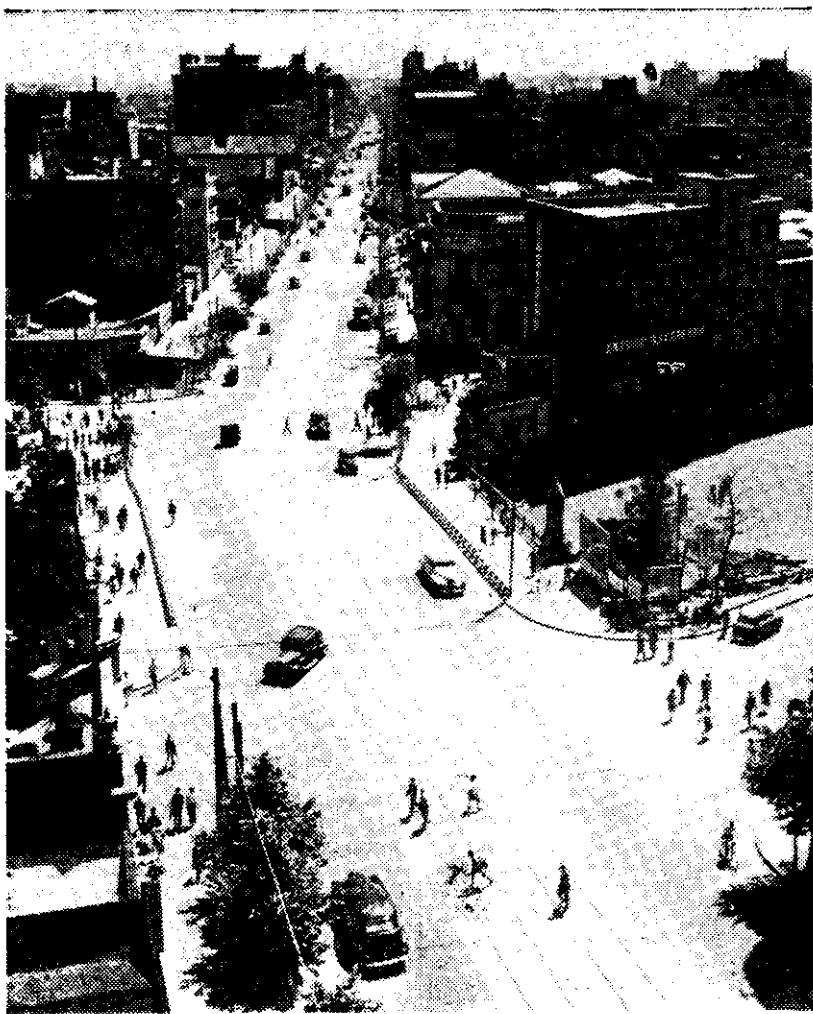




THE GINZA, TOKYO

"If we can't get the trade we want in the West, we'll just have to turn to Communist countries for it"

ones I saw the owners lounging in the back seats were not Americans, but opulent-looking Japanese.

Prosperity in the Ginza

We reached the Ginza. I paid my fare and was released, with profuse thanks.

The last time I had walked along the Ginza, the most fascinating street I know of anywhere, its appearance had been one of long-faded prosperity. Second-hand goods, army surplus supplies and black-market articles of Occupation origin were the principal wares in those days. American cigarettes used to be sold secretly at the equivalent of 10 shillings or so for a packet of twenty. This time I think I could have looked for and found anything I wanted. I could have selected my favourite brand of cigarettes and not paid more than two shillings for them. Food stores, pitifully empty before, were crammed with goods. I saw American coffee, English chocolate, Continental wines, brands of canned foods and cereals I hadn't seen since the beginning of the war, and an infinite variety of Japanese dishes in glass cases outside the inviting fronts of little eating houses.

I saw refrigerators and electric ranges, shirts, suits and gloves. I saw clockwork bears that walked, elephants that raised

their trunks and flapped their ears, and dachshunds that worried bones, at an average price of four shillings. I saw unbelievably beautiful brocades, black and red and gold lacquered boxes and cabinets that would have cost a month's pay to possess; a suit of Japanese mediaeval armour, art works in three and seven and ten mighty volumes; violins, saxophones, long-playing records colossal radiograms and tiny plastic portables; rings at several hundred pounds a time, and costume jewellery priced at a few pence for each piece.

Most of the firms I had known before were still there, but in every case their premises had been renovated and attractively modernised. The little stalls that line the pavement edges were piled high with wares.

When I went into a shop I found the old standards of behaviour had not changed. Haste was made to serve me, pains were taken to find exactly the article I required, and when it was not forthcoming I was led by one of the assistants to a rival establishment, two or three streets away, where he was sure I should be able to get what I wanted. There is no hint of servility in it all: it is courtesy, a quality long forgotten in the Western world.

I passed a group of Japanese ladies bowing deeply to one another in one

of the busiest parts of the street. They had met by chance and were now taking formal leave. To me, it is a pleasure to know that such traditions still exist. Many Japanese institutions have gone by the board, and in some cases it is just as well. But despite the attempts to ape the occupiers, and the breaking down of many traditional bonds and barriers, the respect, the courtesies, the niceties of living have survived little changed.

I spent that evening with Japanese friends in the American Club. It was half full of well-heeled Japanese and American civilians, eating together and talking quietly over French brandies and Scotch whisky.

"Well, what do you think of us now?" one of them said.

I told him I thought things were flourishing.

"It looks fine on the surface," he agreed; "but our economy's still shaky really. Production costs are high and raw materials are hard to get. If we're to compete in the world market we'll have to work harder for less money."

"Will you be glad when the Occupation ends?" I asked.

"In many ways, but not altogether. You've been a good influence on us during these few years, and we've all made some very sincere friendships."

"Do you think your people are sincere about democracy?" I said.

"Yes," said one of my friends. "We sometimes read of happenings in the West that make us wonder if you are; but when we saw a military god like MacArthur dethroned by a mere civilian we got the kind of proof we've waited for."

"We don't want Communism," said another. "It has no attraction for us and nothing to offer us. But remember we have to live by trade, as England has. If we can't get the trade we want in the West, we'll just have to turn to the Communist countries for it. And you know what that could mean."

THE NEW SOCIETY

THE NEW SOCIETY is the title of the book by E. H. Carr which Ken Scott will review on the next session of *Book Shop*, to be heard from the YA and YZ stations during the fortnight February 18 to March 2. First heard as a series of six lectures on the BBC's Third Programme last year, *The New Society* deals with the emergence of the welfare state and its author's belief in the historical inevitability of that state. Mr. Carr has many writings to his credit, and is at present engaged in his most extensive work, a history of the Bolshevik Revolution. Formerly in the Foreign Office, Mr. Carr has more recently held the position of Professor of International Politics at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. His reviewer, Mr. Scott, is a Senior Lecturer in Political Science at Victoria University College. With the review of this *Book Shop* programme will be two talks, the first by Margaret Dalziel, at present at Oxford on literary research work, and the second a report by the programme organiser, Arnold Wall, on the humorous Film-Ad Competition which he sponsored some time ago.



HEALTHY BEAUTIFUL
HAIR... she uses.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous

A daily massage with Barry's Tri-coph-erous, famous HAIR tonic, sold by all chemists and stores, will help to keep your hair fresh and beautiful. Ideal for falling hair, dandruff, premature grey-ness, brittle hair, itching scalp.

Manufactured in New Zealand for LANMAN & KEMP-BARCLAY & CO. INC., NEW YORK, and distributed by FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., Levy Building, Manners St., Wellington.



Perhaps the finest tribute paid to the world-popular De Witt's Antacid Powder is the confidence with which it is recommended by one-time sufferers to their friends and family.

The reason why De Witt's Antacid Powder brings speedy relief is because it has a three-fold action. Firstly, excess acid is quickly neutralised. Secondly, a soothing and protecting layer is spread over the inflamed and delicate stomach lining. Thirdly, special ingredients ensure relief over a protracted period.

So have a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder handy in the house and keep fit and free from digestive upsets. Price 3/-. Double Size 5/- (incl. tax). A product of E. C. De Witt & Co. (N.Z.) Ltd., 9, Herbert Street, Wellington New Zealand.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid
Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain