

NOT *Every* JAP'S a SPY



BY

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HE WAS a thoroughly respectable-looking little man with a Panama hat, horn-rimmed glasses, and a neatly-tailored linen suit. He beamed apologetically at the detectives when they asked him to come with them. So sorry to be a nuisance. Surely a few snapshots of the romantic waterfront could break no law. But Chief of Detectives E. E. Lippard was pretty unimaginative when it came to romance, and he gave Mr. Yoshio Matsuda, thirty-six-year-old Japanese "student," the once-over none too lightly. After some hours of grilling, Mr. Matsuda decided to give and then it all came out.

He was a lieutenant commander of the Japanese Navy. He was being financed by Nippon to take pictures of the principal Atlantic seaports. He had entered the United States at San Francisco, moved presently from there to Detroit where he conducted "some business," and then went to New York to study English during the summer of 1934. He liked Columbia University, yes, very much, please.

In Matsuda's brief-case, Mr. Lippard found a German camera with a powerful telescopic lens capable of shooting a mile. Along with this was a motion-picture camera and two rolls of film which carried thirty-two pictures of the Florida seacoast including very good views of the *U. S. S. Trenton*, flagship of the special naval service squadron anchored near the coast-guard station. Matsuda insisted, for a time, that he had taken these pictures simply for his own pleasure, but as the detective chief bore down on him a bit, he hastily admitted that the films were to be sent to New York for development and shipped from there to Tokyo. Captain Tadatka Sakurai, in charge of the inspection office of the Im-



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perial Japanese Navy at One Madison Avenue, New York, secured Matsuda's release because no known law in the United States had been violated. "It was a mistake," said Captain Sakurai, blandly. "Last summer Matsuda studied English, but apparently he did not learn enough to make himself understood in Florida."

The captain to the contrary, Lt. Commander Matsuda had made himself and his mission so well understood that seventy-two hours after the case had come to the attention of the highest strategical authority in the country—the joint Army and Navy Board—a law was introduced into Congress which had, for the first time, a few teeth in it to nip such espionage. Now it is illegal, without permission, to sketch, map, or photograph from the ground or air any one of the twenty-four Army and Navy reservations including the government flying fields.

That was early in 1935. Mr. Matsuda has not been seen since in the United States. If anyone thinks, however, that he is out of circulation, let him visit one

of the dozen barber shops on Avenida Central and vicinity in Panama. There, spruce in a well-starched white coat, Matsuda, who now calls himself Shoichi Asama, will give you a haircut. That is, if he is not busy with his camera over at Colon, or whispering in the corner with Tetsuo Umimoto, the Japanese Consul, at the Sunday afternoon meeting of the Barbers' Association. It's probably a lot more fun for Matsuda in Panama, anyway. He doesn't have to be so sly there and nobody worries about that wretched English of his.



Back in the early 1900's, talk about Japanese spies—usually dubbed "the Yellow Peril"—was scoffed at as jingoism. So it was, to a great extent. Japan's Intelligence Service was only in second gear at that time. Today irrefutable evidence on every hand indicates that Nippon now has its machine in high and has ordered its drivers to step on it. The examples are legion. When Representative Sirovich of New York testified in February 1936 before the House Merchant Marine Committee in Washington that Japan was engaged in extensive espionage in Alaska, conducting it from vessels disguised as fishing craft "spotting possible airplane fields and submarine bases . . . taking soundings, exploring water depths, photographing the shorelines," the question was why?

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Mr. Sirovich declared that in the event of war Japan will "grab Alaska and thus provide a food supply for the fish-eating Japanese people."

Representative Thomas of New Jersey, of the House Military Affairs Committee, also urged military and naval authorities to take precautions against the widespread Japanese espionage going on in the Panama Canal Zone and in Costa Rica. He said that "agents of the Japanese Government are now engaged in a long-range study of the Canal, photographing strategic points and charting the naval and military defenses operated by the United States." Why should Japan do this? Mr. Thomas replied that Nippon's purpose "is to locate suitable landing places on the Pacific side of Central America to aid Japan in landing troops there in the event of war. Sharp attention also should be paid to Japan's latest move of planning the erection of canning factories in both Panama and Costa Rica. I suspect that these factories will be used as a base from which Japanese agents will be afforded an easy opportunity to further study our canal defenses."

The year before this, in 1935, Representative Dockweiler of California had told the House Military Affairs Committee in Washington that "there are 150 Japanese fishing boats in Los Angeles—at least they appear to be fishing boats — which have been fitted with air tubes capable of launching torpedoes; also their framework has been braced to permit the mounting of small cannon and machine guns. These boats were built under Japanese government subsidies . . . They put out into the Pacific at intervals, ostensibly to fish, but in reality to meet Japanese war vessels on the high seas. At these contacts the reserve officers in command are relieved after their tour of duty is ended. When the United States fleet went through the Panama Canal last spring (1934), these same fishing vessels appeared off the coast at Panama. The vessels have a cruising radius of eight thousand miles and are powered by Diesel engines . . ." A blueprint taken by a government marine surveyor for the Congressional committee, showed "powerful steel clippers with a 500 horse-power engine, high-powered electric searchlights, wireless . . . with the tanks and bins for fish so constructed that they can be readily converted into mine magazines and torpedo tubes." Some 250 of these Japanese boats were reported officially, and were



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discovered to be manned by Japanese reserve officers. Shortly after this report, Samuel Dickstein charged in Congress that Japanese ships were haunting the Aleutian Islands where our military forces were making important surveys.

Is Japan really planning to attack the United States? Is this why she has been so diligently ferreting out all our weaknesses and strengths? Can we believe that the twenty thousand-odd known Japanese agents assigned to duty in North and Central America are scheming to undermine our important military defenses.

That in the event of war they will be on hand to direct the taking over of the plants, factories, and stations they have been so thoughtfully snapshotting throughout the Twentieth Century sounds pretty incredible, you say. But look what happened during the World War! Germany had organized a thoroughly-efficient espionage system in the United States many years before she needed it in 1917. To



be sure, Germany had no idea of attacking America, but a smartly-conducted sabotage program by her spies kept us in a permanent state of jitters. It actually put us far more on the defensive than the average person realizes and cost us many millions of dollars before the Armistice was signed. Japan learned a great deal from our reaction to the work of the German spies. And since 1920, Nippon's conspirators in yellow have perfected an intelligence department that makes the German machine, at its cleverest, appear like the invention of a yokel. It is fast, silent, accurate, and is engineered by the best brains in Japan. Times have changed a lot since we first ran across the Japanese back in 1853.

Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was our international ambassador in those days. When he came steaming into the bay at Yedo (now Tokyo) that fine spring morning in the middle of the last century, he found Japan a singularly backward nation. It knew nothing of spies, but it did hold suspect any foreign visitors, for whom it made life very uncomfortable indeed. This was precisely the situation Perry had come to correct. He explained to All-Highest, Tokugowa, the Shogun

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dictator, that the United States would no longer tolerate the inhuman treatment Japan was dealing out to shipwrecked American sailors and other temporary guests of Nippon. In fact, he said that if it happened just once more, America would return with its fleet and blow Japan's mud huts into the China Sea. But come now, he went on, we wish Japan well, and how about a commercial treaty? Civilization has grown apace in the rest of the world, your highness, while the Land of the Rising Sun, by its policy of exclusiveness and isolation, still clings to its ignorance and barbarism. Look at America, said Perry. There's progress for you!

Apparently the Commodore was the first of our high-pressure salesmen, for he sold Japan the "Open Door" idea and made her like it. The following year the treaty was signed and Japan began to stir out of her ancient sleep. Western progress seemed to Nippon to have been achieved by conquest, and, before long, a group of eager young radicals made ready a revolution which, in 1868, overthrew the peaceful Shogun dictatorship and replaced it with the autocratic rule of a militaristic *(Continued on page 39)* emperor. Japan has stuck to that militaristic policy ever since. Today its program of aggression follows, almost to the letter, the outline of action laid down by the Nipponese war-lords of three-score years ago.

In January of 1939, Japan tossed aside some of her traditional diplomacy and threatened the destruction of our Pacific fleet if the United States persisted in its plan to fortify the island of Guam. "An unfriendly gesture," the Japanese high authority declared. "One which does not show good faith and suggests that America plans the conquest of Asia." Ridiculous as this statement is, Japan's challenge still holds, and certain students of world affairs, including Hugh Johnson, declare that since Guam is called a "military salient"—or as General Johnson puts it, "a thumb to be bitten or a nose to be tweaked"—the United States had better not make too much of an issue of the matter.

It has been known since 1891 that Japan wishes her "sphere of influence" in the Pacific to include Hawaii. At that date, when she learned that Hawaii was about to request official annexation by the United States Japan's secret agents at Washington and Honolulu checked the situation. At Washington they found that the United States would almost certainly accede to the Hawaiians' request.

At Honolulu the under-cover agents of the Mikado were pretty much embarrassed when they found that the plan had advanced too far for Japanese intervention or bargaining. Obviously, the next best thing to do was to have

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“adequate representation” in Hawaii; so Japan, the following year, exported some eighteen hundred “farmers” who were to pick up all the valuable property they could near the principal harbors and other strategic points.

Japan was equally chagrined when America took over the Philippines from Spain. The Spanish government had always been a feeble one, and it seems not to have occurred to Japan that a major nation might get hold of the islands before she herself was ready to acquire them. Japan did not know, until a few years later, that Germany had been eyeing the Philippines for a decade or more and, if the United States had stayed out of the picture, was planning to annex them for the Fatherland. Japan said nothing and sawed wood. It shipped a large delegation of “workers” in 1899 to Manila and has kept adding a few thousand annually ever since. “Sometimes emergencies arise,” explains Nippon cryptically. “A nation should always be well represented abroad.”

She overdid it a trifle, though, in the early 1900's when she sent thousands of Japanese immigrants flooding into the United States by way of the West Coast. California felt the pressure first. The Japanese, buying up large tracts of land, had begun to farm it with coolie labor. This had introduced such low standards of living that California white-workers were being forced to accept starvation wages to compete. As the pinch of this competition spread to American shopkeepers and businessmen, a slogan, once applied to the Chinese, was adapted to the new threat: “The Japanese must go.” In October 1905, the San Francisco school board passed a rule that Japanese and other Mongolians must be segregated from white youngsters. Since this automatically nullified our treaty with Japan which guaranteed her citizens equal rights with our own, a terrific to-do resulted. The “Yellow Peril” boys whooped it up in the press and many a Californian got so that he peeped under his bed before retiring to see if a Japanese spy were crouching there. Millions of our citizens expected war momentarily.

Just then, however, Japan was in no position to threaten war, and Theodore Roosevelt—his Big Stick not having matured—merely spoke softly. He persuaded the California legislature not to pass certain proposed anti-Japanese laws, and he wheedled the San Francisco school board into withdrawing its segregation order. After much talk, he arranged a gentleman's agreement with the Mikado, who promised thereafter not to grant passports to laborers. Students would be welcomed. So Japan began sending “students” and other well-sponsored representatives at a rate which made some persons wonder whether all Nipponese were not

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university graduates. Today Japan is not contented with her immigration quota. She is smuggling five to ten thousand "settlers" annually from Mexico into our southwestern States. The fact is checked this way. Nearly one hundred thousand Japanese have entered Mexico during the past six years. They have not returned to Japan, yet thousands are no longer to be found in Mexico. They have not gone to South America—(there are already more than a quarter of a million of them in Brazil alone)—most of them are here in the United States.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT sent the Atlantic Fleet of sixteen battleships and a flotilla of destroyers around the world in 1907, the object being to impress on Japan that we could and would fight if our vital interests were attacked. Japan avowed that her feelings were hurt, but had to accept the situation, putting on the best possible face about it.

When the American fleet arrived at Yokohama, the Nipponese came graciously out to greet Rear Admiral Sperry and his staff. Each ship was given an escort of honor into the harbor and profusely-friendly Japanese officers were piped aboard our vessels and permitted complete freedom to inspect everybody and everything. Note-books in hand, these military observers found out much more about us than we learned from the banquets and excursions in Yokohama.

As our fleet started back on its homeward voyage, two Japanese stowaways were discovered hiding on Sperry's flagship. They identified themselves as Fumi Arita and Taiyo Miacho, naval cadets. They had come to love the United States so much, they said, that they just had to return with the fleet. The two were put ashore affably as our ships passed through the Suez Canal. The next morning it was discovered that the Admiral's desk had been rifled and a number of important military papers were missing. Japan was desperately regretful. The two men were impostors. There were no Japanese naval cadets by the names of Arita and Miacho. Probably they were really Chinese. And, after all, you know you can't trust a Chinese, said Nippon, solemnly. "Yes," said our officials, "we'll keep our eyes open from now on, thanks."

The Japanese who come here may not be spies, but it is a very curious fact that all Japanese leaving Nippon must first report to the Foreign Department, where they are instructed to get information about the people they meet abroad and to whom to direct this information.

The Japanese propaganda unit is an integral part of its Intelligence Service and some of Nippon's most famous statesmen have, in their younger days, worked both as propagandists and spies.

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Hirota, the former Japanese premier, admits that he entered the espionage service in 1904 first as a propagandist, later as a spy. Hirota's "eyes" have missed very little during the last decade or so. They followed our fleet in 1925 when it went to Hawaii for its war games. Several Japanese naval tankers manned by officers and reservists of the Japanese Navy "hovered on the flank of the Blue fleet all the way across the Pacific from San Francisco . . . and Japanese observers in civilian clothes have been in Oahu gathering all data possible relative to the campaign just concluded between the Blues and Blacks," *The New York Times* announced. Two Japanese vessels carrying suspected spies were seized in 1927 on the north coast of Luzon, mapping, making soundings, and taking pictures. The Japanese Foreign Office disclaimed all knowledge of these ships and men and suggested they were Chinese. One of these suspects, a woman, escaped.

Someone looking very like her, Chiyo Morasawa, long known to be a Japanese secret agent, turned up in Panama in 1929. She is still there and pretends to be running a shirt shop. Her husband, a Japanese naval reservist, helps her with her business—apparently by strolling around with a camera. He makes trips back and forth to Japan, probably to buy more shirts, although no one seems to be interested in the dusty stock displayed in the Morasawa shop. Also in Panama is Katarino Kubayama, a high-ranking officer in the Japanese Navy. He pretends to be a fisherman and explains his prompt visit to all Japanese ships, along with the Japanese consul, as his attempt to sell the captains supplies.

THERE are dozens of other Nipponese spies honeycombing the Panama Canal zone where they masquerade as merchants, barbers, errand boys, farmers, and small tradesmen. They meet regularly, exchange information and orders, and are the principal reason that the United States early in January decided to send additional troops to the number of some sixty-five thousand to police the Canal more efficiently and rout out these "travelers." High Army and Navy officials naturally realize that Panama is a vital communication link in our whole coastal defense scheme. From Panama up through Central America to Mexico and on into the United States sift the operatives of Japan. No screen seems fine enough to hold them; no threat strong enough to keep them back.

IF OUR naval activities are watched by Japanese agents, so are those of our Army, of our munitions plants, of our public utilities, of our factories, and farms. Whenever we catch a spy, we learn virtually nothing. Japan disclaims

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all knowledge of him, or denies the charge, laughs at our naiveté, and straightway puts another "observer" in his place. When former Lt. Commander Farnsworth, cashiered from the Navy after a 1927 court martial, was arrested in July 1936 for selling an extremely confidential naval manual to an agent of the Japanese Imperial Navy, Japan looked thoughtfully the other way.

The culprit implicated two Japanese Naval officers, Yosiyuki Itimiya and Akiri Yamaki, one time attaches of the embassy in Washington. Japan would not permit Itimiya and Yamaki to testify, and the Japanese Navy Minister, Osami Nagano, said suavely, "In America, as in other countries, there are a few worthless individuals who always try to obtain money from foreigners for supposedly valuable secret information. But we can't believe that any Japanese officer attempted to use such persons."

Shortly before that, Harry T. Thompson, a former yeoman, had been convicted of selling naval secrets to Japan and made news as the first person to be penalized under the limited spy law enacted during the World War. This combined with the Farnsworth case suggested that Japan be a bit more cautious. The result was that the entire personnel of Japanese agents in the San Diego area underwent a tremendous shakeup, and twelve were immediately transferred—five to Mexico and Panama, four to the Middle West, one to the Alaska unit, and two to New York. Then Japan got ready a fresh group of answers for her next important jam.

This occurred in 1938 on the first of December when Karl Allen Drummond, aged 21, an aircraft worker, was apprehended while trying to sell American military secrets to Japan, for \$2000. The Federal indictment alleged that Drummond had stolen 150 photographs and fifteen blueprints of a new naval plane from the Northrup plant in Los Angeles and had attempted to sell them to various Japanese officials. The captain of a Japanese freighter where Drummond had gone to dispose of his wares told him to "come back later when a Japanese officer would be there and would be interested." Somehow, things went wrong. Drummond missed his appointment and fell into the hands of our naval authorities. Japan scoffed at the whole affair. "The story is obviously intended to embarrass our nation. We do not buy military secrets. Americans are astonishingly nervous these days."

However loudly Japan denounces these incidents, her "representatives" *are* at work in and about America. They listen and look and ask. They buy what they can't get otherwise. The network is tight and slick. It has camera men, reporters, and observers from coast to

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coast. The totals of Nippon's important official workers in each of our cities are amazing. At the end of last year, for example, our authorities had discovered that there were nearly one hundred Japanese "leg men" in New England reporting to the Boston office. More than five hundred were in the New York area; two hundred in Washington; something above two hundred in Chicago; twenty-five in Cleveland; thirty-eight in Detroit; eighty-odd in Florida, and so on out to the West Coast where around three thousand Japanese are "on duty" from San Diego to Port Washington.

We know too that Panama is full; that Nicaragua, since rumors of a new canal through that territory, has been visited by hundreds of Nipponese, many of whom have settled there now and are talking about opening canning factories and so on; we realize that Mexico has flung wide its doors to thousands of Japanese some of whom, late last year, began to take charge of the United States' oil concessions Cardenas had expropriated a few months before. Yes, our Intelligence Service has found out these things—but only comparatively recently.

We trusting Americans with our understaffed, red-taped, and necessarily inefficient operatives, are trying, with a piddling budget of little more than a half of a million dollars, to counter the activities of a nation spending fifty times as much to insure our failure. It's a cheery prospect we face, watching the walls crumble as we sit thoughtfully with our finger stuck in one of the smallest holes in the dike. The newspaper reports during the past five years alone should give us the willies and make us rush to our Congressmen for a little action. Here are a few separate items picked at random:

Five Japanese, including a professor, two employees of the Imperial Government and two silk merchants were held for half an hour by the Jersey City police today (September 2, 1935) for taking photographs while crossing from New York to New Jersey via the Holland Tunnel. They were released.

* * *

The *American* today (October 3, 1937) named two Japanese, Tutani Takadi and Tsumi Handa, as having photographed the Pacific locks at Madden Dam and Gold Hill in the Panama Canal. The pictures would be of the greatest value to an enemy of the United States.

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President Roosevelt noted (October 8, 1938) that there has been a considerable increase in foreign spy activities throughout the country in recent years and said that it unquestionably presented a serious problem to the nation.

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Mr. Hillshire tells us (says Senator Bone in Washington, 1938) of so-called Japanese 'fishermen' in uniform and fully armed—landing on Babuyan Island in

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the northern Philippines and resisting arrest by local law officers who objected to this armed landing.

HUNDREDS of significant items like these, representing, as does the exposed part of an iceberg, but a fraction of the true, hidden bulk, pass monthly over the desks of our frantic intelligence services—the Navy's ONI and the Army's G2. They know all too well that there are enough Japanese "farmers" stationed in Colombia and in Panama to equal the normal garrison of the Canal Zone. They know that there are enough Japanese "fishermen" living on the shores of Alaska and the nearby islands to seize our holdings there before we could muster proper defense. They realize that the West Coast needs more protection; that Florida is easy flying or sailing distance from Mexico, that the Gulf of Mexico is, at this moment, aswarm with boats disguised as fishing smacks and manned by Japanese reservists. They do not kid themselves about the comparative ease with which a foreign foe, which has charted the land for years, could, through a few clever saboteurs, put out of commission most of our public utilities in the principal cities of the United States.

And knowing these possibilities, our intelligence service is forced to try ladling out the ocean with a spoon while an unaroused public and a politically-preoccupied Government argues about domestic affairs. Yes, nazism, fascism, and communism all give us headaches along with our political controversies. But if we do not soon swing into vigorous action and smash foreign espionage—especially that from the Far East—we may find ourselves suddenly without any heads to ache.

The American **LEGION**

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