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Beware, Honorable Spy!

By Alice Leone Moats

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL BERRY

Spies, foreigners, Christians, English words and baseball are things the Mikado's subjects must remember to hate nowadays

THE day after the signing of the alliance between Japan, Germany and Italy, Tokyo newspapers reported that Premier Konoye had spent a tearful, sleepless night. As well he might. Perhaps he foresaw that his new partners would shortly put him on the spot by leaping for Russia's throat, perhaps he even envisioned the downfall of his own cabinet which followed. In any event, he wept freely during the celebration of the signing of the pact that made Japan an Axis partner. He had managed to make his own statement calmly enough; it was the reading of the Imperial Rescript that undid him. One commentator ascribed this breakdown to the manner in which the emperor had been pleased to permit a change in foreign policy and the way in which His Majesty's interest in the affairs of government had been displayed.

In public the alliance was hailed as the dawn of a new world over which hope, promise, joy and happiness would sweep like a tide.

Apparently, few countries were considered to come under that heading, for immediately the antiforeign campaign begun at the start of the China Incident was renewed with increased vigor and still continues with unabated ferocity. The spy phobia possesses all inhabitants of Nippon. No one believes a foreigner can possibly be living in or visiting Japan for any simple reason such as business or pleasure. He must be in the pay of a foreign government. This entails a counterespionage system in which every Japanese joins with enthusiasm.

One reason why service is so bad in the Imperial Hotel is that the room boys and waiters are too busy keeping an eye on "spies" to have time for their regular duties. Even school children are offered rewards for turning in suspicious characters. One tattletale tot at a summer resort rushed to the police with the report that he had seen two Europeans photographing a fortified zone. The guilty pair—a German couple—

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were promptly taken into custody and held until the films were developed. It turned out that the "fortified zone" was themselves romping over the beach. They were released, but the officious child was given ten yen, a pat on the head and the admonition to keep on with the good work.

The military-secrets law makes it a crime to take pictures from any height above twenty yards. The penalty is a year's imprisonment or a 1,000-yen fine. If the pictures are shown to the public or published, it means two years' imprisonment and a 2,000-yen fine. Exportation of the films brings on seven years' imprisonment or a 3,000-yen fine. It's wise never to produce a camera in Japan. Even staying on the ground and training a lens on Aunt Minnie may incur difficulties with the police. They might admit that Minnie is no fortified zone, but they are sure to insist that the background—whether bank, department store or wind-swept beach—is one. In total warfare, it seems everything must be kept a secret from the enemy.

To keep the public awake to the spy menace, posters have been put up warning against foreign agents. Most of them show a man in evening dress peeping furtively through the illuminated window of a Japanese dwelling. Match boxes bear such slogans as "Beware of Spies," "Let No Spy Escape," and some have reproductions of the posters. The national broadcasting system puts on a program to teach listeners the words and music of an antispy march with innumerable verses repeating that there are spies everywhere and that friendly smiles are dangerous.

Villagers are warned against fishermen who arrive with rod and reel and ask the depth of the ocean. They are not interested in fishing; what they really want to know is whether the water is sufficiently deep for an attacking submarine or battleship.

A short keeps reappearing in all movies, giving a graphic picture of how foreigners go about their dastardly designs. The sequences are interspersed with terrifying pictures of a rolling eye, a hand with clawlike fingers, and bloodcurdling cries of "Supy! Supy!" All the deceitful methods used by spies are illustrated: dictaphones, invisible ink, hollow heels, cameras strapped around ankles, the purchase of wastepaper from the garbage man making collections in factories and shipyards. In the final sequence, a Russian is seen sitting in a train compartment, reading a newspaper. He gets a Japanese lady into conversation and asks her the distance between Kobe and Nagasaki. When in her innocence she tells him he promptly jots it down in a notebook. Then he points to an island in the dis-

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tance between Kobe and Nagasaki. When in her innocence she tells him he promptly jots it down in a notebook. Then he points to an island in the distance and asks what that is. She replies that she doesn't know but she thinks it's a fortified zone. That also goes down. Finally, he draws a map of the coastline as the train proceeds. It seems Russians don't have access to maps.

A great point is made that the agent got his information from a woman. The Japanese lady is amiable and far too willing to be helpful. Therefore every effort is made to prevent her meeting strangers. The authorities prefer foreigners to talk with men. But even that isn't encouraged. The result is that Japanese are afraid to be seen with foreigners, particularly diplomats, and ask their Occidental friends never to write or telephone them.

A foreigner in Japan does well not to have too much to do with his embassy or legation. That is considered suspicious. A young American studying pottery-making in Kyoto had to leave because he made life difficult for his teacher, who was accused of harboring a spy. By chance, the American was able to see his police dossier and found charges on three counts: He had been seen walking on the main street in his undershirt (actually, it was a sports shirt with short sleeves); he had lunched with American tourists; he was on too-good terms with one of the secretaries at the embassy in Tokyo.

This sort of thing makes life unpleasant for foreigners. They never know what action is going to tag them as dangerous spies. Strangely enough, in such a regimented country, each policeman has his own idea of the law and reigns supreme in his bailiwick. Embassies can't help much. They are usually the last to know that one of their people is in jail.

Since the Japanese have grown wary of being seen with foreigners, members of the different colonies have to depend on one another for company and, what with the evacuation, there aren't many of them left. The diplomatic corps has divided into cliques—none of the Allies speak to the Germans or Italians. These two, although their countries are partners, seldom meet except at official functions. The French and the British don't quite know what to do about each other. With no restaurants, no night clubs, few theaters and movies, fun must be organized at home. And that had better not be too riotous lest the noise of laughter and phonograph music attract some policeman who will knock on the door and point out that levity is not in keeping with the spirit of the times.

The Too-Honest Houseboy

Servants in every household report luncheon and dinner parties with a list of guests. The wife of an American attaché was approached after a luncheon by her Number One Boy who said: "There is a policeman in the kitchen who wants to know the names of the

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people here today." He was unusually naïve; apparently too much so for his own good since, about a week later, he gave notice, sobbing and leaving a garbled letter giving reasons which made no sense.

Persecution of Christian churches is to stamp out foreign influence which, through missionaries operating with money sent from abroad, has been exerted over Christian Japanese. Christians in Japan were advised to quit, for Christianity, it seems, runs against the guiding spirit of the national structure. Christian schools were ordered reorganized to conform to fundamental policies based on the Imperial Way.

The first shot was fired at the Salvation Army. It was to reorganize completely, changing its name (the word "army" grates on the ears of a militaristic nation), severing ties with the world headquarters in London, and abolishing its military structure. When all that didn't take place overnight, immediate dissolution was demanded as well as "complete repentance." Its social and welfare activities were transferred to the Japanese government. Then, to make sure it couldn't operate, the leaders were accused of espionage for the British. The Army, it was announced, was nothing but a blind to cover British spying and if it was not put out of existence a victory would result for the pro-British groups.

Sixty thousand Korean Christians have been brought into a group of a completely Nipponized nature. Christian schools in Korea were reorganized. New doctrines condemn Communism, individualism and democracy. Christian principles of self-sacrifice, being in conformity with the Japanese spirit, have been allowed to remain.

Soon after the anti-Christian campaign started, forty-eight Protestant families in a village gave an example of the "right" spirit. They built god shelves in their houses on which to place newly acquired Shinto sacred objects. Until then, they had made a point of maintaining no accommodation for Shinto gods and had forbidden their children to attend shrine festivals. Then, suddenly, the light broke and they allowed the spirit of the times to prevail.

The Religious Organizations law is bringing about revolutionary changes not only in the Christian churches but also in the Buddhist and Shinto organizations. The various Buddhist and Shinto sects have amalgamated. The same type of amalgamation was demanded of the Christians. The Japanese knew very well that Methodists, Presbyterians and Catholics would never be able to join into one loving group. Various foreign missions have recalled most of their missionaries. Once they are all gone, and the Japanese have completely taken over, the amalgamation may take place and there will be but one Christian church in Nippon.

Having disposed of Christianity, the government moved on to do away with all English words in the language. It was announced that English station

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signs would disappear. Not only would such directions as "Way Out," "Entrance," "Station Master" and so on be removed, but also the name of the station in Roman letters. Just before the officials began to tear down signs, some practical soul pointed out that it might be a rather expensive proposition, since the Japanese characters are on the same boards with the Roman letters and it would mean putting up new signs in some four thousand stations. Regretfully, the plan was abandoned but every time a sign is replaced, there will be no English word on it.

Baseball—but Dignified

Baseball has been remodeled to conform to the New Structure. The fundamentals have been left fairly intact but American phrases, scoreboards, caps and uniforms have been discarded. However, the officials struck a snag when it came to baseball jargon. They found a phrase to replace "Prei boru" (play ball) but were stumped to find substitutes for "out" and "safe."

The newspaper Nichi Nichi went to bat for the preservation of baseball as played and spoken in Japan. "The type of baseball played in the United States," it pointed out, "is slightly different from the Japanese adaptation which is more dignified and refined. Is it not our duty to do our best to instill baseball with the true Japanese spirit and so make it one of the national games rather than condemn it because of its foreign origin?" To drive home the point, reference was made to the foreign root of Confucianism. "Should we not be proud of the manner in which our forefathers adapted foreign culture to fit our ideals?" the writer went on to ask. The final word on this habit of adapting foreign culture, inventions and customs to Japanese use was spoken by a Japanese statesman making a speech in English—a language of which he either had a firm or very slight grasp. He said, "We Japanese have always been able to borrow the best things from other countries and adapt them to our own needs through a process of indigestion."

The Nichi Nichi also urged people to be broad-minded about the use of foreign words, and deplored the fact that a police station had taken upon itself to eliminate foreign words from speech in its area. These cops insisted that coffee be called "foreign tea." That confused people who used the word "kocha" to differentiate the imported tea from the native product. The paper likewise criticized those who would rule out such words as "stopu" (stop) and "orai" (all right), since they should be acted on immediately when issued as commands. Just to show how disastrous cutting them out of the language could be, an imaginary incident was thought up: Suppose a sight-seeing bus was turning around on a narrow road. It is the custom for the conductress to keep her head out of the window and call to the driver when it is time to apply the brakes and she usually cries "Stopu!" If, on the other hand, she has to use the Japanese

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"tomare," it will take her longer and the extra syllable might prove to be the fatal split second between safety and disaster.

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Just to be prepared against any foreign menace, practice black-out periods of five days each are held for two succeeding months with an interval of three months before the next periods. Alarms sound several times during the day and night as signals for air-raid wardens and their assistants to rush about the streets, for fire engines and ambulances to start clanging into "bombed" areas, for traffic to stop and for pedestrians to squat on the pavements. The ones who don't squat promptly are pushed down by wardens. There are no air-raid shelters in Tokyo, so squatting (not lying flat) under trees or the eaves of buildings has been devised as the best means of gaining immunity from bombs.

A Touch of Realism

Before the black-out periods, newspapers instruct inhabitants what precautions to take. All households must keep on hand at least 20 gallons of water for fighting fires and a hose ready to attach to a water pipe. Besides water there must be at least three bushels of sand outside the front door for sprinkling on incendiary bombs. Inflammable materials must be put in fireproof places. Black curtains have to be hung over every window, dark shades fitted over lamps. As many members of the household as possible are to stay outside to watch for falling bombs and sound a warning on the nearest tin pan or teakettle.

Everyone with no duties at home is to report to the nearest fire-fighting unit when the warning sounds. Women are included. They pull on shapeless, baggy pants over their clothes and fall to with a will. Ladies who send their maids get an official reprimand and receive severe criticism in the newspapers, which refer to them as "sitting home in this moment of dire peril, fanning with a light hand."

During maneuvers each time an alarm sounds the keepers make the rounds of the zoo carrying rifles and clocking themselves to figure how long it would take to kill all of their charges in a real raid. Cardboard dummy bombs of different colors are dropped from "enemy" planes—red indicates an incendiary bomb; blue, a 20-pound incendiary; white, an ordinary explosive bomb; yellow, poison gas; black, poison gas time bomb, and so on. When these fall, per-

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sons living in the vicinity are expected to fling water and sand about as if combating a real bomb.

Accounts of the "raids" are published in the papers. A great play was given to the heroism of a man working with the ARP who was sent for during an imaginary raid to go to the deathbed of his child. He refused on the ground that he couldn't leave his post and was awarded a decoration. Dramatic accounts are given of how hostile aircraft have dumped time bombs on Tokyo. One of these told of direct hits on the Metropolitan Police headquarters and the Home Office. Suicide squads were promptly organized to place sandbags around the 200-pound bombs that fell in the courtyard of the police station; the bombs went off at exactly 10:30 A.M., starting fires of such magnitude that the building was declared unsafe and the headquarters were transferred to another station. Even prisoners were hastily rushed to other prisons.

Another time it was announced that the bombs dropped on Haneda Racecourse were from enemy planes who had mistaken it for Haneda Airport. Realism was carried to the ultimate degree. One day no alarms sounded. It explained that, partly owing to bad weather and partly to the fact that most of their planes had been destroyed the day before, the enemy had not flown over the city.

Excuse It, Please

Spy scares started when reports came in that foreigners had been seen walking near a factory or some other equally inviting target during a raid. The air-raid defense and fire-prevention corps of a village near Tokyo were thrown into an uproar when, after a "bombing," hundreds of ten-thousand-yen notes were found scattered recklessly over the countryside. Putting their heads together, the officials came to the conclusion they had been scattered by an enemy plane in an effort to create economic confusion and chaos. It came as something of a letdown when it was found that the notes were make-believe money which had been dropped by a panic-stricken toy merchant.

During one of the alarms an American went to the Tokyo station and bought a ticket for Yokohama. Just as he got his ticket, a man handed him a red card and, thinking the card was necessary for getting on the train, he presented it at the barrier. The ticket-taker refused to let him through. He went back a second time, a third and a fourth with no more success. Finally, he found a passer-by who spoke English and asked him to find out why everyone else could go to Yokohama and only he had to stay in Tokyo. The Japanese explained that the red card meant that he had been wounded during the raid. He must take it to the nearest hospital and have it stamped before proceeding on his way.

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However much inconvenience the maneuvers cause individuals, officials are always pleased and announce that they have been highly satisfied with the way in which the people have co-operated.

Figures are published at the end of each of the five-day periods. After the first, the following communiqué was issued by the Home Office: "Twenty-eight thousand casualties have been inflicted. These included 10,278 imaginary fatalities, 17,691 injured, 356 missing. A total of 8,391 houses were demolished and 2,593 damaged. The damage caused to railway bridges, waterworks and communications was imagined to have been frightful."

All of these goings-on don't make really good sense to an Occidental mind. But then, very little in the Japan of today does. In the end, it is probably best to proceed from the premise established by a French priest who has spent many years in Nippon: "This is a country," he says, "where two and two never make four and don't *always* make five."

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