3. The Disgrace and Glory of the Nippon Seikokai

For those who wonder why the Seikokai could not join the Amalgamated Church, let me say briefly here that Bishop Yashiro was not in sympathy with the Tojo Government which he accused of being unpatriotic, acting against the wishes of the Emperor.

The Anglican Church of all the Christian denominations is the keenest on Re-union. So much so that in 1910 the Lambeth sent an invitation to all denominations to consider ways and means for Re-union. To show the seriousness of her invitation she made her own first preparation to this end and she studied at this conference what the Anglican Church can sacrifice in order to regain Church unity and the essentials which she could not abandon, the essentials which to sacrifice would have been a betrayal of the Church of Christ. Bishops from all over the world brought their suggestions and the result was the famous Lambeth Quadrilateral, drawn up originally in Chicago and adopted by the whole Anglican Communion. This Quadrilateral, so called because of its 4 essential tenets, is its sine qua non. The Anglican Church sent out its invitation to all denominations. 39 years have passed and the majority of Churches gave no reply. But the result of this invitation is now intercommunion with the Old Catholics in Holland and with the Russian Orthodox Church, and discussions have been carried on with the Lutheran Church in Sweden.

The Anglican Church is interested in Re-union; but not in Federation or Amalgamation, the first being a blind alley and the second a surrender of the Lambeth Quadrilateral, which is the minimum that an Anglican Christian believes and therefore cannot be surrendered.

The Amalgamated Church of Japan demanded coming in “naked”, i.e. sacrificing everything with the intention of taking its time over the formation of a creed and the election of officers or ministers. There was need for haste,
political, strategical haste as war was to break out in December. But the reason of the haste at that time was not known by the religious leaders who sponsored the Amalgamation. Was it known by the Minister of Education with whom they worked? The very slogan "to come in naked" should have been enough to warn any Christian of whatever denomination, let alone the Anglicans. Such an amalgamation had never been proposed in Church History; it was unique; it was more than schism; it was tantamount to apostasy. No religious excuse can be made on behalf of the religious leaders. And what struck one at that time was not the quick response these leaders gave to Government wishes but the way in which they even went so far as to anticipate its wishes and make spontaneous suggestions in conformity with the trend of militaristic thought, whereas they might have held back till they were forced by the Government. In this way the religious leaders got into the graces of the Cabinet and drew on their own heads the responsibility for a Protestant Amalgamation, desired by the Government but never expressly ordered.

The Amalgamated Church of Japan was formed for political reasons and might at the end of the war disintegrate again for political reasons.

As the Lambeth Quadrilateral is the minimum an Anglican Christian believes, no one whether high or low Church could surrender it to go "naked" into the Amalgamation without cutting himself off from the Anglican Church. This cutting off is called schism. If ever a body of Christians went into schism it was that group of men of the Anglican Church who went into the Amalgamated Church.

The Seikokai finally finished its remodelled constitution: into the two order system made by the Government she managed somehow to drag in Bishops by the hair between the Torisha and priests, but deacons were sacrificed and this was the more easily done because of the modern tendency of the diaconate as a preliminary step to the priesthood rather than an order which is a be-all and end-all in itself. The pendulum in some countries is swinging again to the recognition of the diaconate as an office of dignity with a mission of its own, but the tutelage of the missionaries in Japan up to date has not been in this direction.

Meanwhile Bishop Naide of Osaka continued to try to persuade Bishop Yashiro to join the Amalgamated Church. On the surface he was friendly. He would come to visit Bishop Yashiro from Osaka, a journey of about one hour and stay talking about three hours. There was no quarrelling. There were
no arguments concerning the theology of joining; theology did not come in. It was only the expediency of joining. Bishop Yashiro did not argue theologically against joining; he knew it was not a matter of theology at all—it was ultimately fear. He showed how even Churches which joined the Amalgamation were still under the suspicion of the Government because of their foreign connections originally. Even missionaries of denominations which had gone into the Amalgamation were followed as spies.

Meantime many clergy in Tokyo had joined the Amalgamation early and were giving information to the Central Committee as to how to "get" other clergy of the Nippon Seikokai. Bishops Naide, Matsui and Yanagihara continued to join and unjoin. It was never clear whether they had joined or not till Osaka diocese got "fed up" and as its Bishop, Bp. Naide decided once for all. The Christians in Osaka did not know where they were. The Osaka clergy being far from the Amalgamation Central Committee kept with their Bishop — but in Tokyo while Bishop Matsui was vacillating, several of his clergy had committed themselves completely and by the decisive attitude gained themselves positions in the Centre of the important new Church.

In each diocese of the Nippon Seikokai where the foreign Bishops had retired, elections were held for Bishops to succeed them. These were somewhat late; the interim was long in some cases. The Rev. J. Sasaki became Bishop of Kyoto after Bishop Nichols. The Rev. Makita became Bishop of North Kanto, Sugai became Bishop of South Tokyo, Maekawa of Hokkaido, Nakamura of Tohoku. Many men of calibre were not chosen. This was disappointing for them and according to the interpretation of one layman, it was because there was little hope of good positions in the Nippon Seikokai that they joined the Amalgamation — specially in Tokyo where they could be of use to the Central Committee.

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The amalgamated churches began first to work at a creed. This took long. Finally they got one. The first clause of which thanked God for allowing them all be born Japanese. To this Presbyterians objected. So the heated discussion began all over again. The Virgin Birth was a problem — the uniqueness of Jesus as the Son of God might interfere with the new theories concerning the Emperor, of whom it had recently been said that he was the representative of God on earth and in whom the Japanese lived and moved and had their being. Proofs of the fact that the divinity of the Emperor is
of recent making lies in the fact that they are couched in Christian terms, borrowed since Protestant missionaries first came to Japan 90 years ago. It was a theory born of the necessity to unite the country once Commodore Perry forced her to open her doors to foreigners.

Before that there had been periods when the country was divided for and against the Emperor. This couldn’t have taken place if he were divine. Both for and against were Japanese and both sides were loyal to their country, but only one side loyal to the Emperor. There were periods too when the Emperor was made to retire and his son set up in his stead. And once when the son was also forced to retire and his son set up so that there were three Emperors, one reigning and two retired. This couldn’t have been done if the reigning Emperor was divine. There were periods when the Shogun were so strong that the will of the Emperor was nothing at all. They did not do away with the Emperor and his family because that would have increased the number of their enemies; they brought them out for show like dolls in a glass case, just to prove their loyalty to them and care for them. In the childhood of Bishop Yashiro’s father’s father, the family of Yashiro had supported the restoration to power of the Emperor Meiji in 1868. They lived in Akita Prefecture in the North of the main island. They were in a part of the country where the majority of the Japanese were against the restoration of an emperor to power; this does not sound as if they thought him divine. Nor was the restoration advocated by those who thought him divine. The idea did not exist. An old Japanese lady of 81 still living said 12 years ago, “The Emperor was not divine in my childhood. I wonder why they’ve made him so.”

The Emperor does not have a crown; he has a priest’s hat. In full dress he is the first priest of the land and at his enthronement he is seen in full regalia and at other times. If he is a priest, he cannot be the God. He cannot be the propitiator and the propitiated at the same time. It doesn’t make sense.

It is the writer’s own personal theory not yet thoroughly worked out that the divinity of the Emperor was the influence of Christianity added to the necessity for some ideology to unite the nation for the first time face to face with the world full of nations. The necessity for unity was great. And the Japanese are quick to copy and adopt and adapt. There was no need for the Japanese nation to lose their national unity by letting their nationals go a-whoring after a foreign Son of God when Japan could with a little adjustment
produce one at home. It was all in keeping with the general trend when Buddhists tried wearing surplices for a while (though this was soon given up) and opened Sunday schools which had not been heard of before.

To revert to the creed the Amalgamated Church was working on. This creed was not formulated. The writer wanted daily to hear of this accomplishment; it was so long in the forming. — to the consciences of good Christians in the Amalgamated Church, no unworthy creed could attain the general consent. The war ended and the Occupation troops came in and missionaries began to return. If the Amalgamated Church had said, “We couldn’t get a creed to satisfy all — finally” — what a glorious statement that would have been — glorious because it revealed a live conscience, glorious because it was the truth.

But the return of the missionaries at the end of the war was feared like the day of Judgment. It was only a matter of time and they would all be back. The Amalgamated Church must have a creed to show to them. So it was that one was made, and it takes but one look at this creed for any one to see that it is not a single creed but a conglomeration of all the creeds of the denominations concerned, so that some clauses are repeated and there is no system in it. With this creed they faced the missionaries, who had perforce to accept it.

The commission of four sent out in May, 1946 by England, Canada and U.S.A. to investigate the history of the Church during the war, was presented with this creed. This would have been accepted by this commission as having been made during the war, had it not been for the timely warning by the writer. Finally the report published by the Commission tactfully put that some say the creed was made during the war and some say not, and for reference a copy of the creed presented to them was printed as an appendix. Mr. Baker, a Methodist journalist, ignorant of this report, went to Japan and made his own investigations and says in his book, “Darkness of the Sun”, that no creed was formulated during the war, which corroborates the knowledge of the present writer. The return of the missionaries including Bishop Heaslett and the Rev. T.P. Symonds, marked a new stage in the history of the Church.

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All hope of course of the Nippon Seikokai being recognized as a “Kyodan” were gone. But this negative attitude had no real effect on the Church, so the Government decided to take a positive attitude. It declared
that as the Seikokai would not join the Amalgamation, every church belonging
to it should be an independent “tanritsu” (singly-standing) church, with its
own constitution and its own priest responsible to no one but the Japanese
Government. This would eliminate Bishops, they thought — an indirect way of
bringing Bishop Yashiro to heel. But it did not move him. Let the world see
if the existence of a Bishop depends on the edict of any government!
The clergy got busy drawing up a constitution. It was impossible for the
Bishops to oversee this. The name Nippon Seikokai now officially meant
nothing. Some clergy however alive to the situation incorporated the words
Nippon Seikokai cleverly into their constitutions. It was at this time that
the Rev. G, originally of an church in Tokyo, who was working with
the Central Amalgamation Committee, drew up a constitution which he
presented to the House of Bishops. In this way he appeared to be suffering
with those who had not gone into the Amalgamated Church and bowing to
the inevitable had drawn up a constitution as a suggestion to the Bishops.
It was not his business to do this and no one asked him to do it, but
the Bishops were caught in a way for G was working with the Central
Committee that was working with the Government. They accepted his
constitution therefore with the proviso that the priest of any church was free
to act as he wished to.

One by one churches of the Seikokai began to join the Amalgamation.
Bishop Naide had so repeatedly said he was going to join and he was the
Presiding Bishop so that several clergy felt it was inevitable that they would
all go. Food was also getting scarcer and scarcer. The wives of the clergy
were having a terrible time getting food. The churches were becoming emptier
and emptier and the clergy and their families were pointed at as belonging to
the unpatriotic party of Anglicans who would not join the Amalgamated
Church. It was often thought that conditions would be better if they joined
the Amalgamation. Many did so, but the churches were just as empty. No
church during the war, whether it joined or did not join, whether of the
Anglican persuasion or of other denominations, had as large a congregation
as Bishop Yashiro had at St. Michael’s Church where he had been priest-in-
charge ever since before the war and continued to be because no provision
had been made for a Bishop’s stipend either by the missionaries or the
Japanese. This church provided a priest’s salary which was only a drop in the
bucket of all his expenses.
Manewhile the Japanese Government aimed another blow at Bishop Yashiro. They found that not recognizing Bishops did not cause him to stop existing. The church was knit together by some unity which an edict of the Government had not killed. They therefore ordered that no dioceses should exist, that all diocesan funds of any kind were to be divided among the churches of the diocese. There were to be henceforth no clergy funds, no Bishop’s fund, no pension funds, no funds for travelling of a Bishop, no discretionary funds. This surely would reduce Bishop Yashiro to such a plight that he would be glad to join the Amalgamation.

In compliance with orders Bishop Yashiro called a Synod of his diocese. He was going to show the world that a Bishop and a diocese do not depend for their existence on any government. He pooled all the diocesan funds. Many people thought he had a large secret fund given him by the missionaries. What else would account for the fact that he was cheerful all through. Murata had revealed the fact that he was protecting missionary money. It was probably known that it was the stabilization fund, namely the fund made up of changing sterling into yen when the rate was good and putting by what was over par and giving up to par to the Japanese Church. The use of this stabilization fund in South Tokyo diocese and Kobe had been different. South Tokyo had considered it as at any rate money ultimately to be used for the Church in Japan. Kobe had taken it as sacred money to be returned on demand to the S.P.G. That it was the money sent by the S.P.G. for the Church in Japan must have been known. At any rate Bishop Yashiro had no choice. If it was not his personal money he had to divide it, for this fund and the pension fund were practically all there was left to divide and the future of the churches depended on it. It meant however not a very large amount to each Church. That was all they would ever get and now it was up to the clergy to use it carefully or recklessly as they wished, for no one had any thing to say in the matter. This division was made on Jan. 27, 1943.

Then the authority in Tokyo called all the Bishops and to their faces this time ordered them to divide their funds. Bishop Yashiro said he had already done so on their first order. This was an intense surprise to the Government. Had they failed again to force this man into the Amalgamation? There were no Bishops, no dioceses, no funds, yet this man was calmly carrying on. He hadn’t wavered an inch. The other Bishops had not yet divided their funds. They too were equally surprised to hear that Bishop
Yashiro had done so. They were in great fear for if they had to do so, how could they have made a living? But it was soon obvious that the Government had lost interest in the matter for it had not succeeded in bringing Yashiro into the Amalgamation, which had been the only motive for the order. Hence no officials noticed that the other Bishops had not divided nor ordered them to do so. So under cover of being very troubled over it, they procrastinated till the war was over. They did not have to divide their property. But much of it had dwindled. How were they going to account for this to the missionaries when they came back? They told the missionaries that they had had to divide it among the clergy of their diocese. That covered many sins. If they could only have said, "We were so hungry, we thought you wouldn't mind, so we used if for food, etc. to help ourselves keep alive and people around us". — If they had said this all our hearts would have gone out to them. It was what they did do and there was nothing to be ashamed of — but they must make out to the missionaries that they were forced to divide it among their churches.

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Kobe however was now officially without a Bishop, without a diocese and without funds. Yet there was a Bishop, there was a diocese and the clergy were able to live to the end of the war and after. The diocese was one part of the Body of Christ; it was flesh and blood, the visible Body without organization. Nothing could kill it, if there was faith enough. It was like the days of early persecutions. It was not merely a spiritual, intangible unity (the unity talked of by other Protestant denominations) but the tangible, visible unity of flesh and blood. Christ was God made manifest in flesh and blood. Christ is the Head and we are His Body — and we are only truly His Body if we are visible in flesh and blood. While we are human we cannot avoid organization or creeds, but to do away with these does not mean to do away with the Church.

Fr. Kelley of Kelham in writing to Bishop Yashiro after the war congratulated him. And he said the Church of Japan was fortunate to have this experience, an experience which the Church of England would never be able to have.

The Church of Japan with all her faults; the Church of England with all her faults, the Episcopal Church of America with all her faults — we judge each other, but with every judgment we can say, "But one must remember — ".
The Church of Japan has her faults and weaknesses but one must remember that she stood the test of the battle between Church and State — she won because the State could not break her for she bore in her that life that no power on earth can quench. In the empty streets of Japan, with hungry stomachs and aching backs, in crowded dirty trains, in the police examination rooms, in the office of the Ministry of Education, Bishop Yashiro who refused to succumb to military and political policies proved that nothing could separate them from the love of Christ — neither principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come.

The force of the words "things to come" was brought home vividly to me. How well St. Paul knew that it was the fear of things to come that was so powerful a weapon in the hands of the Devil in his effort to separate us from the love of Christ. I read the Epistle to the Romans over and over again during the war. Every word was an actuality. Who would have missed this for all the security in this world?

I ask you, my reader, to imagine the elation of the writer at the privilege of being a witness of all this. Bishop Yashiro came at the beginning of the war to see me about once a week. Later he came every other day — towards the end everyday. Could anyone be so fortunate as I was to be in the very heart of the Church — not actively — but just as a witness and sometimes a commentary. "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see." Truly so. I wanted to write or make notes each day. I dared not. What if they were discovered? The Church was at stake. I prayed that the Holy Spirit would bring to mind in later years what God wished to be remembered.

Every visit of Bishop Yashiro's left me with food for a long meditation. In my three rooms upstairs I was alone for hours when my day's work was done. Since the war ended I have had little time for meditation. I had three years of prayer and fasting while privileged to witness the struggle of the Church. Every minute of the time I knew that this is what I had been left in Japan for even though my presence complicated matters for the Church.

Ever since I became a missionary, thanks to the teaching of my father, former Bishop of Kyushu, Japan, I have always been interested in the Church as the Body of Christ — a living visible organism — in the Church as a whole. I wondered why I had not been born a man so that I could take a part right in the centre of the Church. As a woman I even couldn't be secretary in the central office. I was always willing to give up any of my missionary
work at a local place if I could work for the Church as a whole. It was not till years later that I understood the mystery of the connection between work for each individual and work for the whole. Bishop Yashiroyears later taught me that if one member of the Church is in trouble and all the other members go to their help and sacrifice everything for that individual, the Church will grow. It will turn out to be for the good of the Church as whole. It is because the members will not throw themselves with faith and wholeheartedly into the trouble of one member but will calculate to what extent they can help in each case that the Church is weak. The life of the Church is the solution of individual problems and the life of the individuals is the solution of the problems of the Church.

But this came afterwards. I had always wanted to live with my father and be his secretary, but that was not to be. I often wondered why it was not to be. Various obstacles occurred all the time. The C.M.S. could not take me at that time and besides were not in favour of relations working together. The S.P.G. invited me. I took God’s leading.

I felt if I were to be with my father I would be as near the centre of the Church as possible. But my father retired soon after I came out. I was working under the Rev. H. Yashiroyears and within a few years he became Assistant Bishop, Diocesan and then Presiding Bishop. I found myself right in the centre.

I longed to have an active part in the centre of the Church, but this was not to be. I have often thought I would like to be in some work about which I could say “This is the work for which I was born.” But no work carried me away like that — I began to doubt whether I would ever feel like that.

But during the war as I sat in a chair listening to Bishop Yashiroy’s daily adventures — I was only a pair of ears, but for good or for bad, I knew that hungry or not hungry, cold or hot, in rags or in clothes, that this was what I was born for. I was ready for internment at any moment. My suit cases were there ready to take with me at a moment’s notice, my every word was being reported to the Japanese authorities; my actions were being watched by foreign as well as Japanese detectives — but even if I died, this was what I was born for.
IV. Life in War-Time Japan

1. War Begins

France had fallen that summer (1940) into German hands. By full moon the world was expecting a Blitzkrieg on England. It didn’t come. Meanwhile the relationships between Japan and America was worsening — sufficiently so to force the British and American Embassies to give warnings to their nationals in Japan to leave the country while the leaving was good. At this warning most of the Kobe missionaries began to pack. I didn’t. Never before or since have I felt such a hypocrite. I was glad the missionaries were leaving as I saw nothing but a hindrance by our presence in Japan, specially in Kobe. Bishop Yashiro had gone surety for us; he had arranged it so that no missionaries need resign; he had not mentioned a word to Bishop Basil about resigning; but because he was kind to missionaries and because he refused to join the Amalgamation it was concluded that he was surreptiously receiving large sums of money from our Mission. Therefore we were hanging like a mill-stone round his neck. I was glad therefore when everyone began to pack. But I couldn’t pack myself. To be consistent I knew I ought to. I knew if I stayed I would be a great hindrance to Bishop Yashiro and that was the one thing in the world I didn’t want to be. Yet I knew in my bones I would not be leaving Japan whether I packed or unpacked.

I went to Shimoniseki to help Miss Voules pack.

“Are you packing?” she asked me.

“No, I’m not.”

“Why aren’t you?”

“Because I’m not going.”

“Don’t you realize that you are unpatriotic not to obey your Ambassador?”

“Vouley, I can’t explain why I can’t pack.”

“Nonsense. The thing is simple. Besides Bishop Basil would wish us to leave the country.”

“I very much doubt that. He didn’t even resign when the Japanese Bishops asked him to.”

I continued to help her pack and get her things sent to Kobe where she came to stay till her boat was settled.
As most of the missionaries were packing, when writing to Bishop Basil at the Mayo Clinic in the States, I said, "Having been warned by the British Consul most of us are packing to leave". I did not say I wasn’t.

In November we suddenly got a cable to say that Bishop Basil was returning to Japan. He had not had an operation as it was too late; he was under treatment. Yet in the midst of it he was to return. What was the meaning of it? Miss Voules said, "You’ll see; he’s coming back to make us all pack up and leave." I replied, "He is coming back to prevent us from leaving." "Nonsense." "Well we would wait and see."

But just in case I should be right the missionaries began to unpack; it would be easy to pack again if necessary.

Bishop Basil arrived, just able to walk, but a very sick man. There was little hope for him. When he and I were alone he said to me, "It was your letter which brought me back. You said you were all packing to leave. I see no sign of it." I was unable to answer him a word. Bishop Basil said he had only two months in Kobe; he would spend Christmass with us and then leave possibly for ever.

Those two months were months of marking time. We could do little real missionary work; missionaries were a burden to the Church; people friendly to them were suspected. It was a time of merely standing still and waiting. After Bishop Basil had gone, would the missionaries leave? Bishop Basil was still with us. One thing hopeful was that he would have to clear up the finances, to tell us what to do and most of all leave money for Bishop Yashiro who was still drawing only ¥150 a month as priest-in-charge of St. Michael’s Church. He had received no money to pay his travelling expenses to Tokyo for the Amalgamation problem or to attend the Bishops’ meetings. Bishop Yashiro would not beg for it either. Other men would come and weep or pour out their difficulties but Bishop Yashiro never could bring himself to that.

The days drew on and it was nearing the time for Bishop Basil to return to the States. Yes, he finally called a meeting of all the missionaries. I promised Bishop Yashiro to go round and tell him the result of the meeting afterwards.

Bishop Basil began the meeting by saying, "Every word of this meeting is confidential. If one word of it gets out I shall know through whom it has got out."
After the meeting was over I went straight to Bishop Yashiro and said, "Bishop Basil told us that every word of it was confidential; I am awfully sorry I cannot tell you about it."

Bishop Yashiro was silent for a moment and then said, "Then for you to tell me would be a sin. But remember one thing. I shall know all the happened at that meeting within two days for N and M will come and discuss it with me having got all the facts from other missionaries. It is hard for me that they should know the facts before I do, but that can't be helped. Don't worry. You can't tell me." Sure enough two days later he knew everything.

One point of great secrecy was the decision of Bishop Basil to put the ¥40,000 stabilization fund into Bishop Yashiro's name. It was of utmost importance to Bishop Yashiro that no other Japanese should know that he was keeping this safe for foreigners. But M knew and kept the secret for a later date.

Another decision at that conference was to ratify the allotment of one year's salaries to the diocese. After that they should find their own means of support in accordance with their own decision on Aug. 14, 1940.

It was decided that a large sum which Bishop Basil held at his own discretion be given to the Pension Fund.

Funds should still be kept by the Rev. E. Allen and there were also two funds from which missionary salaries were drawn. No mention whatsoever was made of an adequate Bishop's stipend for Bishop Yashiro nor for expenses for travel around the diocese or up to Bishop's meetings nor for correspondence or for clothes. It was quite incomprehensible — this attitude not only of Bishop Basil's but of the whole mission. All respected Bishop Yashiro, all loved him, all thought he was the most suitable person to be Bishop — all with a single exception rejoiced at his election, yet not one sen was given to him. The clergy and women workers of the diocese passed round the hat at his consecration and asked the missionaries to join. They each made their contribution and the whole sum came a little over a hundred yen.

Was it possible that Bishop Basil would leave Bishop Yashiro like that — with literally nothing? During this time Bishop Yashiro got ill and he was confined to bed. I took him food; he had no money to buy medicine or call a doctor. I was desperate and hinted to Bishop Basil that Bishop Yashiro needed assistance. Bishop Basil was very displeased with me for sending him food. When he got up his face was grey. I took no notice whatsoever.

The time came for the boat to leave. This was Jan. 1941. I went to ask
Bishop Yashiro if Bishop Basil had made any arrangements for him financially. He hadn’t. I took Bishop Yashiro to a restaurant to get a good meal. Over our meal we both wept — wept at the tragedy of it all. If one hadn’t known that Bishop Basil loved Bishop Yashiro above anyone else, one could only have interpreted the facts to mean that Bishop Basil disapproved of the election of Bishop Yashiro. What had occurred? How could he expect Bishop Yashiro to continue his work as Bishop without clothes and without money. What was the mission thinking of to allow it to happen? If Bishop Basil was in an awkward situation couldn’t we missionaries suggest giving some money and so relieve Bishop Basil? How would the Japanese clergy of the whole diocese interpret it all?

We went down to the boat and waved till Bishop Basil was out of sight. I cried in anguish. I gave Bishop Yashiro a little money I had and on his way home he took his children and bought a few things to look as if Basil had given him something for no one would believe that he hadn’t.

The situation was so abnormal and so desperate that just as Bishop Basil’s boat neared America, I sent him a cable begging him to arrange for Bishop Yashiro to have some money. I did this without Bishop Yashiro knowing. I confessed to Bishop Yashiro that I had cabled to Bishop Basil asking him for financial assistance. It was a time of great suffering for Bishop Yashiro. The ¥10,000 for a Bishop’s Fund was given to the treasurer of the diocese. Presumably it was meant to be the beginnings of a fund to which the Japanese should add regularly until the interest could be of some use to the Bishop. As it was it was a dead fund where present needs were concerned. In the meantime Bishop Yashiro had no money he could use.

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From this time on Bishop Yashiro had meetings of the missionaries from time to time and gave a report of the situation in the Church. The missionaries sat quietly listening to him and occasionally asking questions. The attitude of the missionaries was all that could be desired. They took for granted that he told the truth; they approved of his handling of situations. They were quiet and at peace in his presence. They were sure of his loyalty and protection. Yet never a word was mentioned about his living and travelling expenses. Finally I put it to the mission at one meeting when it seemed that people’s emotions were somewhat quieter. And the Rev. S suggested that
a lump sum be given to Bishop Yashiro for travelling. This eased the situation slightly for a time but the gift was never repeated.

We spent the spring seeing other missionaries off at the wharf. The American Bishops, Bishops Mann and Walsh all went and with them all the American missionaries and all the Canadian missionaries except the Rev. J.G. Waller of Nagano.

Bishop Basil having left without resigning from the Chairmanship of the Board of Directors of the Shoin Girls' High School, we were obliged at a meeting of the Board to appoint Bishop Yashiro to take his place. All institutions were no longer able to have foreign nationals at their head. At the suggestion of Bishop Yashiro Mr. Walker and I resigned from the Board, so leaving a completely Japanese Board in charge of the School. This we could do without anxiety with Bishop Yashiro as Chairman.

The Shoin School was originally an S.P.G. mission school built by Bishop Foss. About the year 1925 the school was made a juridical body with a board of Trustees owning the school and consisting of a small body of people elected from our Advisory Board. The Chairman of this Board was Bishop Basil. Mr. Asano was chosen to be head-master of the school. The piece of land on which stood the boarding house and the house of the lady missionaries still belonged to the S.P.G.

In 1928 the school and the S.P.G. property were sold to a hospital and a large piece of land bought at Aotani, where a new school was built, and the S.P.G. received a proportioned piece of land on which to build a missionaries' house and a boarding home.

Now while Bishop Basil was still in Japan it had been arranged that the S.P.G. should sell these two houses and the land to the school. Mrs. Radford and I were the only remaining missionaries there and we decided to look for two little houses as near as possible to the school from which we could attend the school.

Again came a warning from the British and American consulates warning us to leave the country. This was to be the last call for dinner.

The sisters of the Epiphany were undecided whether to leave or not and no word came from the Mother House in Truro. There were two houses; one in Tokyo, and one in Kobe. No word came and it was important to make their decision one way or the other. They decided to pray to God to reveal His will for them. It was revealed that His will was that they should stay.
A few days later a letter finally came from Truro telling them to leave and go to Australia. So they packed up and left. They left behind them three Japanese sisters who had hitherto been dependent on the English sisters for their living. There was little to leave them to carry on with and there was little prospect that the Church of Japan would support them. The sisters in Kobe packed their furniture, books, linen and tableware in boxes which they put for safe keeping into the rectory of All Saints’ Church in the care of the Rev. O. Brooks. They returned their house to their landlady.

Failing to find a house near the Shoin I wanted to get this house of the sisters to live in. I heard it was already taken. But one morning — a Thursday morning when we were having breakfast as we usually did after the celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 a.m. in Bishop Basil’s house where the Rev. S had come to live I was told by the Rev. A that there was a “To let” notice hanging outside the sisters’ house. I immediately excused myself and got to the house just as the landlady was leaving. In five minutes it was settled that I should take the house for 75 a month. It was actually two houses. I let one of the women catechists, Miss Takeda live in the smaller house, and moved myself into the bigger house with Miss Yoshiko Hirose, a K.G. teacher, and my servant Haruko Ozaki and her husband. This was the last day in July. It was a very noisy place at night till 1 or 2 a.m. as the foreigners in the surrounding houses were a gay lot and their servants played with their masters over the way.

It was the custom of missionaries to go away into the cool mountains for six weeks in the summer. But this year one had to get a permit to do so from the Japanese authorities. My permit failed to come through and I was not sorry as it was a time when anything might happen.

In July, suddenly all the assets of the allies were frozen over night, or rather over a weekend. This meant that an application had to be made for any money we wished to draw from our own or from mission accounts. That meant too that probably no money could come from England and we had to depend on what we had in banks in Kobe. This was a serious situation the mission had to face, for so far we had not been accustomed to living by faith. Convents and missionary societies offer a form of security in this world which the man in the street envies. The missionary societies at home rather than we individual missionaries live by faith.

There was a fair amount of money in our accounts, so faith was not yet
necessary; we had enough to draw on for sometime and so the Rev. E. Allen drew our salaries at the usual rate. Miss Voules who was an honorary missionary and was unable to get any money from home finally had to make arrangements to leave Japan. She went to Australia in October of 1941 in the famous “Hukui” who took the last of the people leaving before war started.

2. Missionaries Interned

Then came the war — as unexpected as the Hiroshima bomb. It was Dec. 8th, 1941. I went to St. Michael’s Church about 8 o’clock to see Bishop Yashiro. He told me about Pearl Harbour but in such vague terms I could scarcely take it in. He said, “Don’t go to school.” As I walked home I saw people whispering in the road; others looked at me in silence. There was tension in the atmosphere.

Kobe diocese extends from Shimonoseki to Kobe but the majority of our missionaries were stationed in or around Kobe city itself.

Kobe is surrounded by the mountains on the north and the sea on the south. All expansion is east and west. To the west of Kobe lies the city of Akashi about 3/4 hour by electric train. Here on a compound of three small houses and a small Church lived the Rev. Kinnojo Yashiro, the Bishop’s father and his step-mother in one house, Miss Cornwall-Legh, famous for her work among the lepers in Kusatsu, now very aged, in another, and Miss Simeon and Miss Shepherd in another. Miss Shepherd was interned because she had been watched by the police for some years. It is not clear why but it may have connection with some pamphlets which she had sent to all the clergy in Japan at one time. Probably rather than the contents of the pamphlets it was the fact that she was a woman capable of sending literature to all the Church which had made her conspicuous at a time when the police were on the look out for both “red” ideas and pacifist teaching. Missionary societies in general were suspect because should the British Government at any time send an order to all missionaries to send in what information they had, it might add up to a considerable amount and be very useful. The fact that missionaries were everywhere from Hokkaido to Formosa gave them a potentiality of being the most effective, cheap and innocent-looking episonage system in the world. If among such any particular person was considered active beyond the rest she was watched. Miss Shepherd was interned in the Indian Lodge, a club
house five minutes walk from my house. Miss Simeon was interned in her own house, Miss Cornwall-Legh was an invalid and died about Christmas time. She escaped much suffering.

Coming eastward from the Church of the Ascension, the next was St. Michael’s Church where I had worked under Bishop Yashiro, though most of my time was given to the school. I refrained from going both to the Church and the school. I would not be examined if I went, but the Christians would leave and I should have emptied the Church.

The Christians of the Church were frightened of having any connection with the missionaries and of going to church if there was any thought or possibility even of the missionary going, too. Had this been frankly explained to the missionaries, it would have cleared matters in various places. If there was one message I would wish to leave to the Japanese nation it is just merely to say that to an American or an European the cruelest thing you can do is to leave them to find out later. We can forgive enemies for doing that but not friends. If I am doing harm, O Friend, tell me now. I would rather suffer now for a little while than find out and suffer for ever.

Round the corner from St. Michael’s Church where Bishop Yashiro lived was the house of Bishop Basil, or rather of the Bishops of Kobe, where the Rev. S lived now alone with two servants. He had gone to Holy Communion in the morning of the 8th at St. Michael’s and on his return was told that the police wished to see him. He ate his breakfast calmly and got the police to wait and handed the maid some account books which he told her to hand to Bishop Yashiro. The Police told him he was to be interned and gave him a few minute to collect some things. It was not certain whether he would ever see the house or his things again. He had no time to arrange anything but with amazing calm under the shock he kept his head, did what he could and went with the police who took him — would it be to prison? — no it was to the Canadian Academy, the high school for Canadian and American children up on the hill at the east of the city. This was a great relief; it was not imprisonment but civilian internment, and one after another friends were brought up to the same place to be there for the duration of the war. He was allowed to take his bedding and the maid was told she could come backwards and forwards with things he needed. This again was a great relief; it gave endless scope.

Just as the S.P.G. Mission had put its stabilization fund into the
name of Bishop Yashiro for protection, so the Rev. S had asked if he could put other money in Bishop Yashiro’s name. Bishop Yashiro gave him his signet with which to open the account. This signet (han) is the curse of Japan. No one can withdraw money without impress of his signet. Signatures are no good. The signets are usually 1 1/2 inch to 2 inches long and as thick as one’s little finger. If they are lost any one can pick them up and use them. They are borrowed and lent and stolen and are utterly useless for the purpose for which they are made. Mr. S, when he wanted to draw money out of his account, had to ask Bishop Yashiro to lend him his signet, which he did. When war broke out Mr. S sent to Bishop Yashiro his signet and bankbooks of accounts opened in Bishop Yashiro’s name for just such an emergency. It was very dangerous for Bishop Yashiro to protect enemy money. It would be a great handicap if found out. In fact several people were put into prison for looking after the money or furniture of missionaries.

The maid had a good look at the books. She sized up the situation; she had a valuable piece of information; material for blackmail. Later she went to Bishop Yashiro and said she was hard up. That in plain language was, “Hand over or I’ll let the police know you are looking after enemy money.” Bishop Yashiro said he would see what he could do. He went to the internment camp to see Mr. S who agreed to give her some money. When pointed out to us we missionaries can understand blackmail, but unless it is pointed out we never suspect it and unwittingly give all the information to the waiting sharks. And why shouldn’t they be sharks? They aren’t Christians. The only motive in life is to feather one’s own nest. The innocent-looking trusted maid servant is a born blackmailer. Why shouldn’t she be? She is a heathen, or a recently converted Christian.

Next house about 7 minutes walk was the English Mission School and the house of Mr. and Mrs. F.B. Walker. When they heard that Mr. S and Mr. A had been interned, they expected Mr. Walker to be interned also. It was a tense week, but he was not interned.

About three minutes walk down the road to the south was All Saints’ Church and the vicarage of the Rev. O.E. Brooks, Chaplain to the English and Americans in Kobe city. He was not interned till about a week later. Still further down near the harbour and slightly to the east was the building of the Missions to Seamen where the Rev. E. Allen and his wife lived, looking after this institute as well as St. Peter’s Japanese Church to the N.E. of them.
Mr. Allen was taken by the police early on the 8th and interned with Mr. S. Mrs. Allen was allowed to occupy two rooms in the Missions to Seamen and the rest of the building was prepared to accommodate civilian internees from Guam. Mrs. Allen could not speak Japanese; she was surrounded by Japanese police. She went to see her husband everyday and took him what he needed. Of all the missionaries she had the hardest time, not knowing the language.

To the east of Mr. Walker’s School about 5 minutes walk was my house, the one the sisters had. I remained in the house unable to go to Church or to school. I wondered whether my servant would run away. She didn’t. She was a faithful country woman and had stayed with her husband. They had not thought of running away. The kindergarten teacher, Miss Hirose, I sent to live near the Church of Ascension where she was teaching the kindergarten. She certainly would be suspected if she lived with me.

Five minutes to the east of me was the Indian Lodge where Miss Shepherd was interned. Fifteen minutes’ walk to east was St. Peter’s Church where the Rev. Uemura was priest-in-charge. From there a half hour’s walk brought one to the Shoin Girls’ High School near which Mrs. Radford lived. Bishop Yashiro asked her to refrain from going to teach in the school. But she went. The headmaster and all the staff got frightened and the Bishop had to order her to stop going.

The first instinct when Mr. S and Mr. Allen and Miss Shepherd were interned, was to go to visit them, but the situation was very dangerous. In the two internment camps were a group of police. These police were very kind and allowed relatives and friends to come freely to see their people. Deceived by the easy atmosphere, the internees talked volubly to their visitors. The police listened in and had detectives in the camps and got all the information they wanted. They gathered the names of friends which they mentioned in careless conversation. The situation for Bishop Yashiro was so dangerous that I dared not go to see my friends. Bishop Yashiro and I agreed that for the sake of the Church in Japan I must refrain for a while. My friends misunderstood me at the time. When finally Bishop Yashiro and I agreed that we might risk a visit we went separately to visit Mr. S and Mr. Allen. They asked me why I hadn’t been and assured me that if it had been the other way round they would have visited me at once. I asked them to trust me, as what we were all here for was the good of the Church of Japan. Then they began to argue that it would do the Church no harm if I came to visit my fellow
missionaries, but I couldn’t explain further because detectives were listening and I couldn’t tell them detectives were listening. The missionaries were so innocent of the methods of the Japanese.

Miss Shepherd too could not understand why I had left her for so long.

Unable to go to my school or to Church, I stayed most of the time in my house. It was winter and a cold one. I heard that Bishop Heaslett had been imprisoned. It seemed wicked under these circumstances to light my stove and keep warm. I went from time to time to see Mr. S and Mr. Allen and I went daily to see Miss Shepherd from then on. I was free myself to go anywhere within Hyogo Prefecture. I could walk about the streets and shop. There were so many foreigners in Kobe that we were quite inconspicuous. If I smiled, people said, “She’s German.” If I looked solemn, they said, “Spy.” But otherwise in international Kobe I was unmolested by people in the street. For three months I had a life of leisure physically. I had all my meals brought to my upstairs room. I studied Church History to my heart’s content and had endless time to pray. Bishop Yashiro came to see me from time to time to tell me how the Amalgamation question was going.

In a week after war began the police cars visited house after house. Who was to be interned next? If Miss Shepherd was interned, it seemed to me my own internment was a matter of time only. I prepared myself. But when the police came it was to go through my house. Shepherd was interned, it seemed to me my own internment was a matter of time only. I prepared myself. But when the police came it was to go through my house.

“We’ve come and get all your maps, cameras and pistols. Will you get them out?”

“I have a detailed map of Edinburgh and one or two maps of Japan and an atlas or two.”

“Get them all out—honestly. You might as well as we are going through your cupboards anyway.”

Then they walked through my house. I was using only the three rooms upstairs as my maid had one downstairs and the K.G. teacher who was leaving was in the other.

“What’s in this box?”

“Nothing.”

They opened it; there was nothing. Pray God, that Bishop Yashiro would not
come to see me while the police were here.

"What's in this drawer?"

"Clothes."

They opened it; it was clothes.

"I think that's enough. Now we will give you a receipt for your maps."

I hoped my map of Edinburgh would not get into German hands and help them bomb Edinburgh!

The next to come was a young man from the Finance Office in Tokyo. He was very gentlemanly; he asked me all about my finances and asked for no proofs; he wrote just what I said. I was getting ¥275 a month from my Mission of which ¥75 was rent for the house. My servant was asked no question. I wondered how she would fare if she were asked. I told her she might leave me if she wished. She said she would not think of it as the police couldn't possibly think I was out here for political reasons. I refrained however from going out with her to get bread, meat and eggs. We went separately as I did not want the servants of other houses to see that we were connected.

Mrs. Allen continued to attend St. Peter's Church. I went up one day to see Mr. S in the camp.

"Why have you stopped going to St. Michael's Church?"

"Because if I go there, not I but all the Japanese Christians will be examined by the police."

"It will do them good. Why don't you give them the opportunity to stand up for their faith?"

"If it were a matter of faith, it would be different. I don't mind how much testing of their faith they have. The more the better. But when it's a matter of nationality, not faith, I think the Christian thing for me is to refrain from going to Church out of consideration for them, so that their services may not be marred by fear. As it is they have enough fear as they are on the side of Bishop Yashiro who refuses to go into the Amalgamated Church."

"But Mrs. Allen goes to St. Peter's and she is welcomed by the Rev. Uemura."

"Yes, he is bound out of courtesy to welcome her. That's only Christian. But there is no one else in the Church."

"More fools they; if they cannot go to Mass together with a Christian enemy national, then it only shows how weak they are."
"Yes, it's because they are weak yet that we should stay away. They are going to have a hard time keeping their faith all through the war without us deliberately making it more difficult for them at the outset."

"I disagree with you. I think you are letting us missionaries down by not going and depriving the Church here of an opportunity of witnessing."

"I'm sorry but I believe I am doing right. I am not judging Mrs. Allen. If she thinks it her duty before God to go to Church and empty the Church, let her do so. I am sincere. You must realize also that St. Michael's Church is under particular suspicion because of the Amalgamation question."

"I think you are entirely wrong and you are making a great mistake."

So a somewhat heated argument of 40 minutes came to an end.

After the internment of the Rev. O.E. Brooks, Bishop Yashiro came over to All Saints' Church between his two Japanese services at St. Michael's at 7 and 10 o'clock and gave us a Holy Communion service at 8 o'clock. These services were held in the Chapel of All Saints.

As soon as war broke out the Japanese Government appointed certain ministers of the Amalgamated Church to act as guardians of all enemy property connected with Churches and Mission Schools. The Rev. Toku was made custodian in Kobe. He allowed Bishop Yashiro to celebrate for us in All Saints Church for the time being warning us that he did not know how long it would last. The people attending the Church at this time were Mrs. Allen (who went sometimes to St. Peter's), Mr and Mrs Walker, Mrs. Radford, Miss Moore, Mr. Punnett, Mr. Curtis, Mrs. Coy, Mrs. Evans, a few others and myself. Presently a warning came that soldiers were going to occupy the Church. After consultation with Mr. and Mrs. Walker I hurriedly packed all the vestments, linen, vessels, etc. and sent them as inconspicuously as possible to Bishop Yashiro's house for protection.

Two days later I was called before a meeting of Mrs. Allen, Mrs. X, Mr. and Mrs. Walker who upbraided me for taking the things. I looked at Mr. Walker.

"Yes, I agreed with you then, but now I think you were wrong." Mrs. Allen said, "We are fetching them back and disposing of them as we think best." I did not know what had happened — nor why the authority of the Walkers and myself should be less than that of Mrs. Allen and Mrs. X. The fact was no one had any authority to do anything; it was
the expediency of the moment — anything to save the things. No doubt if there had been time to consult all together we should have decided on sending the things all to Bishop Yashiro. I discovered several days later that Mrs. Allen sent all the things to the Rev. Uemura at St. Peter’s Church.

3. Food Centres for Enemy Nationals

To return to the beginning of the war. In March the Japanese Government began to organize all foreign nationals into several food centres according to our political colouring. There was the German Food Centre, for Kobe had 700 to 900 Germans — some old stagers, some Hitler Jugend without uniform and some German refugee women from Java. Then there was the Food Centre for neutral communities. Switzerland figured large in this. Then there was the Russian Food Centre. In Kobe there were about 170 Russians of whom 4 were Soviets, the rest white Russians. Then besides several others there was the Enemy Food Centre for nationals of England and her colonies, America, Belgium and Holland, who had not been interned.

It was a new world, — a world of foreigners of all nationalities left behind by the arrival of war. I got to know new people, rich and poor, good and bad, all who spoke English. My work in Church and School was gone and no Japanese could come to see me. There were at first about 200 of us but this dwindled to 150 after the exchange boats had gone. Among us were Japanese women married to English or Americans, Portuguese born in Hongkong, Egyptians, Indians. Many had never been to England or America in their lives. Into this group were put about eight people with no nationality.

All those of us who were not interned received orders to get our food rations from the same place, namely the other half of Mr. Walker’s house which was on the site of the English Mission School. The prefectural officers selected a committee of foreigners to supervise the distribution of the food. From the prefectural office came food for 200 enemy nationals and stateless men and women. On the Committee were appointed: Mr. Roy Smith, U.S.A. convener; Mr. and Mrs. Walker, British; Mr. Brandligh, Dutch; Mrs. Crane, British; Mrs. Evans, British.

Mr. Roy Smith was given a Japanese man to help him organize the centre, namely Mr. Shimizu, the cook at the Mission House in the Tor Road, nearly opposite All Saints’ Church. He was a Christian, had been to the States
and could speak and understand a considerable amount of English.

Mr. Roy Smith had a brain-wave. He ordered 200 rough wooden trays to be made to hold individual rations. He ordered trestles to be made against the walls of the double room used for the purpose, on which to lay the trays side by side. It was decided that the uninterned 200 enemy nationals, or a representative from each family should come three times a week to get the rations.

An abundance of food was brought in sack, bales and boxes and it was obvious that the Committee needed help. Mrs. Walker asked me to help for one. The Japanese authorities agreed and we got two or three other women to help. The amount of food brought in those early days was such that it took the committee the whole of the previous day to arrange the food on the trays. Food was plenty until the "Exchange Boats" had come and gone taking with them many of those who had been imprisoned or interned as well as 50 of our 200 loose people in Kobe area. Those who returned to England and America were expected to report that despite the war all enemy nationals were given enough to eat. The quantity dropped conspicuously after the last boat left and continued to drop until it reached the same level as the Japanese were getting.

No businessmen could carry on their work and were at a loose end for nearly 4 years. I was not able to teach at the Shoin School, but I had plenty to do, since I had been co-opted on the Committee and there were many people in a state of extreme anxiety.

Mr. Roy Smith was among those who departed in an exchange boat for America, but many and many a time we blessed him for those trays. Towards the end of the war there was almost nothing to put on them for the allowance dwindled severely. For the 150 people left sometimes there would be 100 apples and 50 pears and 80 carrots and 70 potatoes. This was often all people received to eat for the next two days. The committee carefully put 100 apples along on the trays and then the pears. Then we put 60 of the carrots on trays with apples and 20 on trays with pears. We put 40 potatoes on trays with apples and 30 on trays with pears, thereby making four kinds of trays.

From 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. the next day people came to get their portions. For a family of 5 the mother might choose 1 tray of each kind and 2 of one. Or she might choose 3 of one and 2 of another, or 5 all of one kind. The choice was of the utmost importance for people who had so little to eat and nothing
to do. If father got annoyed at mother’s choice, she sent him to choose the next time. Sometimes he would dilly dally for an hour wondering which to choose to please his wife. The committee saleswomen let them take their time, for time was nothing. The psychology of giving people a choice was amazingly clever. It was the only choice they now had and it was precious beyond rubies.

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In the meantime, the English Mission School had been sold to the Japanese prefectural authorities for the sum of ¥5,000. The Japanese forced Mr. Walker and Bishop Yashiro to sign their papers. That meant that the enemy Food Centre had to move out and a building was found on the tramline not far away. Mr. Roy Smith had left in the exchange boat; the Japanese authorities had appointed Mr. Braudigt, the Dutchman, Chairman of the Committee. He was a nice man but not a strong man and it was the support of the Committee for three years that kept trouble away. A certain elderly man who came to get his food at the Food Centre, who spoke English with a slightly cockney accent but had no nationality, was determined to oust Mr. Braudigt as chairman on the excuse of some small default. His efforts lasted for over a year and a half and he spent his time trying to argue us into ousting him. He also insisted that he be co-opted on the committee. The trouble he caused was such that finally we on the Committee resigned en bloc. But the Japanese prefectural authorities refused to accept our resignation saying we were enemy nationals and had not the right to resign. They wanted to know what the difficulty was. We did not wish them to know there was any difficulty and said merely that some of the people felt they were not represented on the Committee. They then told us that we might elect two more if we wished but on two conditions: one was that we did not hold a meeting for the election and (the other was) that certain two people were not to be elected. As it was impossible to advertise the fact that these two were not eligible, we had to give up the election altogether and carry on. This Mr. M. was very angry and told me that he was “committed” to getting on to the Committee. What this meant no one knew, but if it was true that he was “committed” to any person or any body that he was to get on, then that finished it. No, I would oppose him to the end. The war came to an end without him getting on, but it was unpleasant business. The struggle had been an unhappy one because it was between friends, but the Committee finally
showed up well in its loyalty to Mr. Braudligt, who also appreciated its friendship.

There were one or two problem people among our group. An old man — shall we call him Mr. Jones — was receiving an allowance from the British Government through the Swiss Consul. He was very deaf, tall and dirty. He walked into the Food Centre like a ghost, bought his things and walked out again like a ghost.

There was another problem person, Mrs. F, who had started drinking at the age of 16 according to herself, had married and had one daughter called Nora, who was somewhere in China. Her husband had left her.

"It doesn’t surprise me." said Mrs. F, "I don’t blame a man for leaving me the way I used to drink." Mrs. F could speak French and Japanese as fluently as English. She had had good jobs as an interpreter in Japanese boats or as a teacher in Japanese schools, but the drink was the curse of her life.

Mr. Casal, of the Swiss Consulate, said, to me once, "What are you missionaries doing in Japan. Do you propose to teach the Japanese? They are just as good as we are — sometimes better."

"Missionaries don’t come to make people good. They come to tell them about the One God and His Son. Being good or not good is up to them — That’s not our main business."

"There is a lot you could learn from the Japanese."

"Certainly, I’m learning it."

"I can walk without a stick to lean on; I can be good without Christianity."

"Then you’re certainly fortunate. For without Christianity I would be a rotter."

"It’s just the same as any other religion — a mere walking stick some of us don’t need."

But we became friends, Mr. Casal and I, and when the Swiss Consulate wanted some one to go across the city to see how Mr. Jones and Mrs. F were getting on he said to me,

"You’re a missionary. Don’t you want to do some missionary work?"

"Delighted, what is it?"

"Keep your eye on Mr. Jones and Mrs. F and one or two others and let us know what you think of them."

He was not above using a missionary whose profession he despised, When
I was very hungry and hard up and didn’t know which way to look for every next meal I went to see him and talked to him for a while with an aching back. I could hardly stand, I wanted to ask him to help me but he didn’t notice that I was so weak. I wanted to ask for a little money, but, as I was on the verge of tears from sheer weakness, I couldn’t open my mouth to ask and none of the three Swiss men sitting there noticed. The Swiss Consulate wanted to keep in with the British Government by giving as little financial help to people as possible. We were allowed up to ¥300 a month. I received this amount, but Mr. Jones and Mrs. F, Mrs. Collines, Miss Dacorta did not. When I saw that they could not manage I had to ask that their allowance be increased. The Swiss were reluctant. I argued however that they would be taken to task if one Britisher died of starvation if he was not given the full allowance he was entitled to.

Mrs. F went to live with Mr. Jones in two rooms upstairs in some Japanese house. She had two dogs which she loved and fed. Mrs. F came to me one day and said.

"I have no more clothes left —, or bedding. Can you help me?" I knew they had all been sold to get her drink. I told her that everyone had advised me not to have anything to do with her as she drank everything away. But I warned her that we were all on the verge of starvation now and she had one last chance. I would ask people for clothes for her on the condition that she did not sell them. She promised me firmly that she wouldn’t and after a meal in my house I managed to get five dresses for her. Three months later she asked me for more clothes.

"But you promised you would not sell your clothes."
"I did not; I pawned them and the time had run out."

She was the most generous-hearted woman I know; she would give away anything and everything, specially to Japanese Children. She was despicable and lovable.

"What church do you belong to?"
"Oh, I’m Church of England. I used to be Roman Catholic and once was Protestant but I’m Church of England now. You know, I baptise people. Mr. So-and-so said I could. He was very glad if I would anytime when I saw people about to die. I baptize them about 5 minutes, no 4 minutes before they die. I can always tell and this I tell Piere — and he is glad and writes his name down. It does me good, too. The more I baptize the better for me too,
so I'm always on the look for dying people. I'd be glad, Miss Lea, if you'd let me know of any you know. I'll come right away. I've got special permission to do it, you see — and it makes up for a lot they say.” — This edifying ramble went on and on.

Our food situation grew so serious that we could expect nothing from the Food Centre except our two buns a day and they were often mouldy. Even when they were fresh they had only 10% flour and 90% was anyman’s guess. One ingredient we did know was shell fish. The bread was a dark brownish grey, often uncooked in the middle. It was not lacking in interest as it frequently contained sticks, string, stones and odd foreign bodies.

Every one bought on the black market. We bought flour, sugar, butter, cream, cheese, meat, anything we could get we shared with others. Mrs. F turned up with goods which she got from the Koreans. She alone was not afraid to be seen. English though she was, walking in the Korean community, she carried large bundles of stuff and was never caught.

I took her one day to the Swiss Consulate and the three men there were only too glad to buy her wares.

One day she came to me and said, “Mr. Jones is very sick. He wants to die in a bed.”

I went to see him. He was lying on the floor with a small quilt under him. He had one shirt and a pair of trousers on. It was deathly cold. There was no furniture in the room at all. I asked Mrs. F where she slept. She showed me a cupboard on the floor in which were two quilts and a pillow. “I’m lovely and warm in here.”

Why had Mr. Jones so little on? Had Mrs. F pawned them? Or had he? But she was nursing him. Could I get him into the International Hospital, I wondered. He was covered with lice. I went to see Dr. Hudecsek, the Hungarian doctor. He came and put his stethoscope to him without touching him. He went to the International Hospital and the matron, a Swiss woman and the sister, a German missionary, agreed to take him in. We got a Korean to bring a two-wheeled cart and we put Mr. Jones on it and pulled the cart to the Hospital. The sisters put him into a bath and secluded him personally and tacked him into a beautiful bed,

Then I went to the Swiss Consulate to get his monthly allowance. “Get him to sign this receipt first and when you bring this receipt we will give you the money.”

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“That would mean two journeys for me. Wasn’t it you who asked me to look after him?”

“Oh, all right, here is the money.”

I took the money.

“Mr. Jones, here is your money from the Consulate.”

He took it, counted it out slowly and gave me some.

“For the Food Centre.” and then some more.

“For so-and so.”

Thus he paid his debts. He put the change in silence under his pillow, and looked at me and said, “Thank you.” He put his head back on the pillow. I took his hand—a nice, clean hand and looked at him. “Are you comfortable?” “Yes.” He closed his eyes and I slipped out of the room. He never opened his eyes; he died in a bed.

A Mr. Hicks in the next bed with the voice of the canon of a cathedral—and an English internee who had become ill and been brought to hospital said to me,

“Whoever you are I would like you to know that Matron and Sister Louise got up five times last night to attend to him and were so kind to him. People ought to know it.”

“Thank you.” I couldn’t talk longer to him because he was an internee and I was supposed to be a spy in collaboration with Bishop Yashiro for England. And there were detectives in the hospital all the time. It was an international no man’s land, so to speak, and the matron, a Swiss woman, could scarcely bear the atmosphere of suspicion. The Japanese were all the more on the guard when Mr. and Mrs. Archer and their two sons from the British Consulate in Manchuria, were brought in and interned in rooms in the hospital. I longed to go to see them but was unable to. Mr. Hicks, too, died not much later.

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It was a surprise to find that no police ever came to the Food Centre, nor anyone we did not know who might have been detectives. There were only the 150 of us including men, wives and children. It was quite impossible to know why some of the young men were not interned and why some of the harmless old men had been interned. The only one who was not an enemy national was Mr. Shimizu who helped us distribute the food. Naturally one could not but wonder whether he was a detective.
What was there to detect? could well be asked. Nothing we thought, but then it would have been very careless of the Japanese not to watch us. After some time — a long time — I came to the conclusion that Mr. Shimizu was not being used.

But one of our stateless men was taken off to prison towards the end of the war. After 4 months he was released and I was told by the police to be sponsor for him. Of this more elsewhere, but he told me that someone in our group of 150 was reporting everything we said about the fall of Hongkong, of Singapore, etc. because the police questioned him about what every one was saying at the Centre. Who were these people among us that the police were getting at? I am positive that there were a few British nationals whom the Japanese authorities made it worth their while to tell. There was also another group, the Japanese wives of British and American. Many of the husbands were interned. The wives came to get the rations for themselves and their children. They had British or American citizenship.

One such charming Japanese wife of a British internee with 2 children asked me to visit her. I asked why. She said, "When I go home after getting my rations three times a week, there is a detective sitting in my house waiting for my return. He is such a nice man and I've been telling him about you and about Bishop Yashiro. He would like to meet you." My blood froze. It felt like a trap.

She went on to say, "When I go to visit my husband in internment camp, the detective is there when I come back. He asks me all about my husband. He is so nice."

I froze still more. Obviously she was not aware of his purpose, but being a pretty woman, I think she was distinctly embarrassed and frightened by the detective for other reasons.

After she had begged me to go several times, I felt she was in need of help. So I went. I had tea with her and the detective. He asked me nothing about Bishop Yashiro. This was a relief in one way, but also his silence proved that he knew all about Bishop Yashiro. He didn't need to ask anything, but now he knew the face of the woman missionary Bishop Yashiro frequently came to see.

We had a pleasant tea and I returned home. I hoped he could see in my face that I was not a spy for Britain getting information out of Bishop Yashiro to send secretly to the British Government, of which we had been accused by
one of the clergy of Kobe diocese and of which we were suspected for months and years.

In fact a popular film shown at that time was one of just that theme. In it the Japanese Christian priest gives information to a missionary who relays it by a shortwave transmitter hidden behind a pipe organ in a church. The pipe organ in the film was the one in the Roman Catholic Church near my house, and one of the American villains in the story was a young White Russian man living next-door to me, who had no means of making a living except by accepting such roles given to him by the Japanese film makers.

In the middle of the war one of the 150 nationals who got their food at our Centre, an Indian and a gentleman, was put in prison for a few days. When he came out he told me that he was put into a cell with others. They were taken out of the cell in turn and given several lashings and then sent back. He did not know why he was imprisoned but when he was called out, the police shut the cell-door behind him. They said, “We are supposed to lash you like the others, but we aren’t going to touch you. We are going to lash the wall instead, but we want you to groan after every lash, so that the other inmates of the cell think you have been lashed as they were.” So he did that and was released in a few days. I asked him why he had been put in prison in the first place. He said he didn’t know. I asked why he hadn’t been lashed. He said he didn’t know. Whether he did know or not I have never found out. He had a very beautiful wife and was well-to-do. What his crime was is anyone’s guess.

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Among us were stateless people. One of them, a man of 55 or so, good-looking with a beard and a slight cockney accent, used to come regularly to get his food. Having nothing to do he used to mend people’s kettles and pans, sitting quietly in a corner. He was a quiet-spoken man and good fun. He was a Christian-Scientist. I asked him to lend me Mrs. Eddy’s book. Knowing that I was an Anglican missionary he was reluctant to do so. Then he suddenly lent it to me on the condition that I read it from cover to cover. It was tedious reading for the words of the Bible were taken and twisted in the most haphazard, irresponsible and yet intricate way. When finally she speaks about the “death (seeming) of Jesus Christ on the Cross,” I got angry and interested. Here was heresy if there ever was any. Strangely enough I found two books in a bookshop on the subject and bought them. One was written by a
businessman and enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Eddy. The other was written by a lawyer who had been asked by the American Government to investigate the truth about Mrs. Eddy, her husbands, child, house and the sale of her books. The lawyer published his findings in a tirade against "the hoax of the century."

"I have a cold to-day," said my friend who lent me the first book.
"No, you haven't," said I. "There are no such things as colds."
He looked at me suspiciously, and said no more.
While our food centre was still in the English Mission School residence, before the bombing, he one day said to me, "I want you to co-opt me on the committee."
This astonished me a little. I told him only the Japanese authorities could decide. He asked me to take it up with them. I was still more astonished.
"I can't do it for you only. There are others who might like to be on. But what the advantage is of being on I can't see — between us that is; you can always help us."
"No, I've got to be on the committee. Only you can get me on."
I asked the Japanese man in charge at the prefectural office if we could have an election of a new committee. He finally said, "Yes, on condition that you have no meeting." I told my friend. He insisted that I could get him on to the committee without a meeting.
"But why are you so insistent?" I asked.
"Because I am committed."
"Committed? To whom?"
"That would be telling."
"Then that settles it. You can help us if want to and we would be glad. But I won't do another thing to help you on to the committee if you are committed to get getting on for some purpose."
"I must get on before the war ends," said he.
I suddenly thought of Spain and saw in my mind's eye a vision of things that might happen in the wake of the war. Henceforward I became cautious of him.
He told me that he had money and some old masters paintings in a vault in the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank in Hongkong and wondered what had become of them. Many months after the war he told me that the bank had put all their valuables into strong metal boxes and dumped them into the sea before the Japanese entered, and that after the fall of Hongkong back again
into Allied hands, they had all been retrieved. He was full of admiration of the bank.

One day after the bombing of Japan started my friend ceased to come to the Food Centre. He had been imprisoned. It was the time when the civilian police were being criticized by the military for not being strict enough and the police stepped up their activities to show that they were really patriotic. After the spectacular successes of Japan at the beginning of the war and the equally sensational losses as the Allies approached, the war had a disastrous effect on the morale of the nation. People started blaming each other for lack of patriotism, for lack of war-fever, for lack of hatred of the enemy.

Presently a policeman came to me about this man. I asked them about his Japanese wife.

"Wife? He has no wife. That's his woman. She was imprisoned too for a while. Then we let her out. She brought him his lunch everyday. But she is fed up and is returning to her home in the country. Mr. M. has no one to bring him his lunch. We asked him if he had a friend whom we could ask to bring his lunch. He suggested we should ask you." This was the time when our food ration was at its lowest. Often we had only our two rolls a day. I told them that.

"Then bring that," he said and walked off.

So from the next day I managed to get a bit of butter or jam and a thermos of tea with milk and sugar in it and took it at noon every day to the Sannomiya Police Station, now known as the Ikuta.

I was not allowed to see him, but only to deposit the food on a certain desk. This I did for some weeks, hoping the food, such as it was, eventually did get to him.

Then came the raid of central Kobe on June 5th. The Food Centre was bombed and we had moved. All the houses between me and the police station were in ashes and the overhead railway stood out stark the whole length of the city. For 5 days no rolls were delivered and there was no milk or sugar — only tea left and a little charcoal in my house. I lit the charcoal with paper and picture frames and made the tea. I walked down to the police station with the flask of tea. Through the rubble of the burnt houses, over telegraph wires, between dead bodies piled up yet unclaimed by relatives, past a stationary tram or two into which people had put dead bodies to get them off the street. I found that the police station was intact but the basement had been flooded
with water, so that the inmates of the cell who had been locked in during the raid had to sit on a narrow stone ledge round the wall till the water could run off. I did not know whether my friend was alive or not and the police were in no mood to answer any questions an enemy asked. I deposited the flask and made my way home through the debris and the smell. The next day when I went again the flask of the previous day had not been delivered. I feared the man might have died. The police grunted apologetically and promised to deliver it without fail. Still I was uncertain.

I had been taking a flask of tea only for a few days and then a little bread. I wondered what they gave him for his evening meal. I was one day waylaid by a policeman who said, “Come upstairs. Mr. M. is being released to-day.”

I went with him. Mr. M. appeared. He looked like a ghost. His face was white and translucent, his white hair and beard were long and standing on end. But he held himself erect. He showed no surprise on seeing me. I smiled at him wanly not knowing what to say; the eyes of 6 Japanese were on us.

A tall courteous policeman said to me in English, “Please sign this.” I looked at it. It was a guarantee that Mr. M. would behave himself in a law-abiding fashion in future and that I would bring him to the police station again anytime the police wanted me to.

“What was his crime?” I asked.

“It’s just a formality. We can’t release him unless you do sign.”

“But how can I a small woman bring a big man to a police station when you want him.”

“Oh, it’s only a formality.”

 Somehow I felt that it was a case when the police wanted to show the military they were not idle. They picked on a stateless man because later he would have no government to tell the story to. I truly believed it was a formality. Nevertheless remembering that Mr. M. was “committeed” as he said to some body or group of people to get on to our food committee before the end of the war and might be a Communist agent and for that reason he had been jailed, I had qualms at becoming his guarantor. I took the paper and walked over to Mr. M. and asked him to read it. I wanted him to see what I was promising to do with regard to him.

He stared at the paper and said nothing. I came to the conclusion he was too dazed after 3 1/2 months in prison that he couldn’t see the words. I took
the paper back to the table and signed the paper.

To my surprise the spokesman said, "Thank you. You are a great woman." I looked at him. He looked as if he were pleading to me to trust them. I think he had been abroad; his accent was excellent. It was a risk for him to speak to me like that before the other police. Any one with a grudge against him could use it.

This was one of the heart-warming moments of the war. I walked towards Mr. M. Someone brought two somewhat large suitcases, his luggage. He was too weak to carry them. They gave them to me to carry. Mr. M. put his hand on my shoulder; he was afraid of falling. Slowly we made our way down two flights of stairs, out of the entrance, up the road and along to Sannomiya Station. I bought tickets. We then climbed the stairs to the platform and got a train to Ashiya. The walk to his house was up a steep hill. We stopped half way and sat beside the road and drank the tea in the flask. He was silent all the way. When we got to the house he spoke for the first time and said, "Wait a minute." I sat on the doorstep. Presently he came with 1/2lb of sugar as a present and said, "Thank you very much." I didn't know whether there was anyone in the house who could look after him. He had lice in his clothing and needed care. But it was obvious that he did not want me to go in. So I returned to my home. There had not been any food shops open for 2 years so it was probably hunger and loneliness that drove him 4 days later to make his way to my house. He was washed and had had his hair cut but was still weak and tottering. The Food Centre in my house was in full swing and I couldn't pay attention to him, so he went up to my bedroom and lay on my bed. A Mrs. E. took care of him. It was obvious his "wife" had not returned and he was alone. Mrs. E's husband was interned. On account of illness he was released and went home. He took a dislike to Mr. M. who kept coming to see his wife and shut the door on him. Mr. E. eventually died just before the war ended. Mr. M. made a good recovery after the war and like most foreign men in Japan, he made the most of the hiatus between the surrender and General MacArthur's arrival, a period of about a month. He acquired a house and lovely grounds and two girls to wait on him. I saw him from time to time; he was stout and well.

Just before I left for England in 1949 he came to me and showed me a few £5 notes and said, "Can you use these? I'll give them to you for half price." As he held them out to me, his hand trembled. Without taking them
I said, "Are they fakes?" After a moment he said, "Possibly." I looked at him straight and said, "Mr. M. how can you offer me fakes?"

"Well, I thought you being a missionary might get way with it in England if you were found out."
"Thanks. Sayonara."

It was some years later that I read about the genuine 5 notes that the Germans had had printed on the same (press) as the limited number England had ordered them to make before the war. They were not fakes; they were genuine. Germany printed thousands of them and gave them to the Hitler Jugend who came to Japan, so much of Germany's business done abroad at that time was entirely free. The Bank of England could not distinguish them from those they had ordered and decided it was policy to accept them all. England lost a great deal. Things could be brought under control only by printing a new 5 note.

Later Mr. M. died. His lawyer wondered why that atheist as he called him left $1,000 to a missionary.

A word here must be said about the White Russians. They too were stateless. It is a miracle how any of them survived the four years. We enemy were allowed to draw our own money and S.P.G. money at the rate of ¥300 a month. When our funds ran out, we could ask the Swiss Consul to arrange for the British Government to send money. This amount was limited to ¥300 per person by the Japanese Government. At the beginning of the war it was 33% more than a British missionary's salary. At the end of the war it paid for my rent ¥75 and 1 lb of sugar ¥225. The White Russians had no government to get money from when their private funds ran out. In Kobe there were 150 of them. They were rounded up in one food centre, just as we were and they got about the same quantity given them at the market price (Kotei nedan) which was cheaper than the black market price (Yami no nedan). Those who had no money had to live by their wits. The meat-shops and dress-shops they had had, had now to close and there was no other source of income. Needless to say jobs offered them by Japanese or Germans were difficult to refuse. I was always aware that the men standing at the corner near the Roman Catholic Church watching people go by and those standing at my corner watching who came and went to my front-door were driven to earning a pittance this way for any information they could give on enemy movements or of people visiting them.
The prefectural authorities told Bishop Yashiro that they took their hats off to the White Russians for courage, not having the privileges that even the enemy nationals had.

I could not visit them during the war; it would have brought suspicion on them, but I have made friends with many after the war. 50 years ago they escaped eastward from Russia and many of them lived years in Harbin. Eventually Japan proved a good country to emigrate to. They prospered when Japan prospered during World War I. They struck rock-bottom in the Second War. Those who escaped at 30 are 80 now and are dying one by one barely holding on to life. There is a house where they can live free. The International Committee of Kobe gives them £9 a month for their food.

When the war ended Soviet Russia offered them citizenship. The older ones refused but many of their children accepted and went to Russia. Others have married and settled down in cosmopolitan Kobe.

The daughter of a Russian aristocrat, born soon after the Revolution, lost her parents and grew up in Kobe. She had no means of making a living during and immediately after the war. We have helped to educate two of her three children born of different fathers. — a colonel’s wife making a penny by selling artificial flowers, another as a seamstress or as a piano teacher — all in a small way compared with their successful business before.

On June 5th Kobe was badly bombed and the English Mission School and the food centre went up in flames. We were moved to a building on the tramline just east of Yamate 1 chome stop. When this was bombed only one thirds of Kobe was left. The authorities ordered me to turn my house into a food centre.

Fortunately I had 11 refugees in my house and because the trains were not running, the committee members could not get to my house. These refugees helped me divide the food. Alas the trays had all been burnt and the division of food into 150 portions in a small house and small garden was almost impossible. We had to guess and dole out potato by potato from the sacks and guess the weight of things that had to be weighed. Again the quantity of food began to increase, as Singapore and Hongkong and Okinawa fell to the Allied and the great Day of Reckoning approached. The more the food increased the more difficult it was to divide. To add to this because of the lack of traffic, people frequently got into the centre only once a week. They expected us to have saved their back portions for them. The lack of space and
receptacles made this difficult. Each person had two rolls of bread a day. These got stacked up in the hall way awaiting their owners. The bread was 30% flour and 70% something else. “70% tatami,” said one man jokingly. From June 5th to August 15th the heat increased and the bread went green with mildew.

But vegetable mildew and vegetable rot never hurt anyone we were told. So we were grateful when the people took their green bread home. Our trouble was the smell of mildew bread which saturated the house all that last summer before the surrender.

4. Exchange Boats

Finally came news of an American exchange boat. Nearly all the Americans applied to go in her. The boat came in July, four months after the Food Centre was organized. It caused much excitement. We were sorry to lose Mr. Roy Smith, Mrs. McIlwaine and others whom we had got to know so well.

Then came rumours of a British exchange boat. The people in charge of arrangements for both these boats were the Swiss Consulate authorities. They were looking after British and American interests in Japan. In Kobe three business people were co-opted to look after the American and British people in Kobe area alone. Mr. Herzog was in charge of the internees, Mr Casal was in charge of us who were free and Mr. Lambert was in charge of finances.

After the American exchange boat had gone there were only a few American missionaries left — none Episcoplians.

At the time of preparations for the British boat discussions arose as to who was leaving. Fr. Arnold and Fr. Drake had been brought over from Korea and interned in Kobe. It was very dangerous to go to see them, but Bishop Yashiro felt he ought to. If he went as an ordinary visitor, the police would be sure to think there was some connection between Fr. Arnold and the Amalgamation question. It was dangerous and I urged Bishop Yashiro to let them go; I assured him they would understand later if not now. But Bishop Yashiro desired to take the bull by the horns. He went straight to Mr. Kawase of the detective department of the police and explained that Fr. Drake was from Kelham, his old school in England. He was an old man and there might
not be a chance of seeing him again. Mr. Kawase agreed to make an arrangement for them to meet, with himself in attendance. I was horrified to find that Fr. Drake and Bishop Yashiro had embraced in Mr. Kawase’s presence. It seemed hardly necessary to go to that extreme under the circumstances. I well remember Bishop Yashiro’s face afterwards; he was so happy, yet well aware of the danger.

These two gentlemen were removed to the Indian Lodge where Miss Shepherd was. Bishop Yashiro did not go to see them again. I saw them for a moment when I went to see Miss Shepherd and there was Mr. Kawase sitting on Fr. Arnold’s bed, talking to him and doing some investigation on his own.

Mr. Kawase often came to see me. He had been set on to watch Bishop Yashiro and me and also Dr. Meyers who was in prison. Mr. Kawase’s admiration for Dr. Meyers increased as he got to know him. He said, “He is a missionary who really lives on faith.” What a witness it was. Mrs. Meyers belonged to our Food Centre. She was allowed to see her husband once in prison. It would have been better if she hadn’t. After sometime she got a post card from him saying that he was now allowed to do some work. He had a job to do daily which kept him occupied. Would Dr. Meyers be allowed to go in the exchange ship? That was the great anguish for her. We knew those who were interned would be allowed to go but were uncertain about those who had been imprisoned. We shall never know why he was interned. Some people said it was because he had once been somewhat outspoken but I think it was because he was an important missionary like Bishop Heaslett and they had decided to imprison a few here and there.

Of the English people Mr. S, Mr and Mrs. Walker, Mr. Brooks, Miss Shepherd and Miss Simeon wanted to go. Mrs. Radford, the Allens and I wanted to stay. The Japanese authorities ordered the Allens to go. Again Mr. S tackled me when I went to see him. He said he was sure Bishop Basil would order me to go if he were here. I was convinced he wouldn’t. He said I would be a burden to the Church. I knew too I would be, but in spite of that I knew that come what would, I should stay in Japan even if I died in the process.

I went to see Miss Shepherd. She too spent a long time urging me to go. “It is so easy to confuse God’s will and one’s own desire.”
“I have no desire to stay.”
“Do you feel it is your duty to stay?”
“No, I don’t feel any desire or sense of duty — only some fear and the conviction that whether I desire it or not I shall be here. I believe it is God’s will.”

“Think it over well. There is such a thing as pig-headness, I know it so well myself and have often made a mistake.”

“I will think it over, but I’m afraid it will make no difference to the feeling that I am going to be here. It won’t make any difference even if I apply to go.”

A few days after this I had a note from Bishop Yashiro in which he said something to this effect.

“I have changed my mind. I have been talking things over with so and so. He says it is a very dangerous time. I know you will not like it but for the Church’s sake and for your own sake I want you to go back to England. I will see you day after to-morrow and explain. I have something for you to do for me in England.”

It was a terrific blow — not because he wanted me to go; that was reasonable, but because I still knew I would be staying but now it would be despite his permission. And a vision of all the trouble I would be to the Church came so clearly to my mind. I had had enough taste of what was to come.

I immediately went to the Swiss Consulate to put my application. The boat was not for another month. I had a right to go in it as a Britisher. I got a certificate from our treasurer Mr. Allen to show that I belonged to the S.P.G. I heard that Bishop Heaslett had been released from prison and was in his own home pending departure. I wrote to him and asked him to arrange for me to go in the British boat. I went to the Japanese authorities and begged them to get me on. Having done all I could to get on I had to await my fate.

Miss Rosalind Simeon had been interned in her own house except for being allowed to go into town to buy food. She was getting very thin. Miss Cornwall-Leigh had died soon after the outbreak of war; Miss Shepherd had been interned and she was alone. The Rev. Kinnojo Yashiro, the Bishop’s father, lived two doors from her and was under constant vigilance by the police because of Miss Simeon’s vicinity and Miss Shepherd’s internment. Bishop Yashiro finally took it upon himself to allow Miss Simeon to come into the city of Kobe. She came to see me and I was able to give her a little food at the Food Centre. She came to see me often and the people around her began
to feel anxious again. She came to stay with me for the last few days before the British boat left. We had some good talks then.

Hoping that a permit would come anytime for me to go I made arrangements about my furniture and clothes so that I could go at an hour’s notice and leave my servant to take my possessions to the Church for distribution where it was needed. I went frequently to Mr. Casal at the Swiss Consulate but he said there was little hope of my going as I was born in Canada. However, I hoped till the last moment. Three days before the boat left when it was obvious that I would never get a permit, Mr. Allen began to make arrangements for me to be treasurer of the Mission in his stead. I spent three days going up and down between him and the bank. I shall never forget that heat of those days. Finally everything was handed over into my name. He told me I might raise my own salary to ¥200. We were allowed by the Japanese authorities to draw up to ¥300. I never could understand why he would not draw the full amount for his missionaries so that we could have the money. Anything might happen at any moment and we would not be allowed to draw at all. However that is what I did when I got the finances of the Mission in my hand. Already half the year had passed and the Japanese Church was to face a situation where no money was coming in. Some of the Mission money was K.G. funds and some for repairs. This was money that had been sent for the Japanese Church and not for the use of missionaries for their own living, so I tried to see if I could get permission to hand this over to Bishop Yashiro. I succeeded. It was very small money but it was better than nothing. I could never understand why the mission had not handed it over before.

Finally the day and the hour, July 31, 1942, came for the departure of the train which took all the English people to Yokahama to get the boat. I said good-bye to them all at the station. Tears were in Mr. Allen’s eyes. This affected me much. I was sorry to see them go. I went home to await the second American exchange boat, so that I could go to Canada.

Mrs. Radford went also. There was a great feeling of relief when they had gone. No more internees to visit; no more possible slips of speech; no more people carrying messages to Bishop Yashiro asking him to look after this and that piece of luggage. The boat went taking Bishop Heaslett, Fr. Symonds, Fr. Strong, Fr. and Mrs. Allen, Miss Shepherd, Mrs. Radford, F Arnold and Fr. Drake.

Rumours arose of a second American exchange boat. This was to be
my boat. There was talk too of a second English boat. It was September.
I went to the Consulate to see that my name was down for certain. Presently
the Japanese police authorities sent for me and said, "Get ready to go. The
train leaves on Tuesday morning for Yokahama. This time you are only allowed
to take two suitcases of luggage — all the rest you must dispose of."

I sold my furniture and books to get a little cash and put all my oldest
clothes in 2 suitcases as I would be in Canada in a fortnight and sent all
I had except two suitcases of things to bishop Yashiro for distribution for
those who needed them. I kept two beds and my iron stove because I had
promised them to my servant. I next looked for a job for my servant. She got
one as a caretaker in a primary school about five minutes walk from my
house. She packed ready to go on Monday morning, the day before I was to
start. She took her luggage over to her new house. While she was out, a taxi
from the Swiss Consulate came for me.

"Show me your passport."
I did so.

"This is British — This is an English passport. You ought to have gone
on that British boat."

"That was what I have argued all along; but you said we had to go to
the countries where we were born and as I was born in Canada I had to
wait till the next American boat came."

"I'm sorry but you can't go on this American boat."

A heated argument ensued, for they had refused to put me on the British boat.
I still knew this was the leading of God and that I would stay in Japan — but
Bishop Yashiro had asked me to go, I was not going to stay if I could help it.
I told the consul that it was due to him that I had not been able to get on to
the British boat and it was up to him to get me out of this country somehow.
That I had a right and so on. But it was of no avail. It was like trying to swim
up Niagara Falls. I went to the Japanese authorities and told them that as
they had ordered me to get ready and as I had nothing left but two suitcases
it was their duty to order me on to this boat. They could do nothing.

The truth was that there were so many neutrals who wanted to leave
the country that they were looking for excuses by which to leave even Allied
nationals behind. A woman born in Canada hand't the ghost of chance of
getting aboard when in competition with men of neutral countries. The boats
were for Allied nationals and it was a disgrace to the authorities in charge that
they did not get me off. But their action was being used by God I hadn’t the slightest doubt. Elated with a strange awe at the Almighty power of God I walked home. It was all in accordance with that inner feeling of mine that I would be left behind. But what would Bishop Yashiro say or feel? I was desperately sorry for him. He came round to see me – to say good-bye. He saw my house empty and my two suitcases. But I had to break the news to him. At once he said,

“Miss Lea, you mustn’t worry at all. This is the will of God. It is for something we don’t understand yet. Let’s work together for the Nippon Seikokai.”

I was simply amazed. Any other Japanese would have been polite and wouldn’t have come again. Interned or not interned I was the most dangerous missionary in Kobe as I knew Japanese and had been working under Bishop Yashiro at his Church. Bishop Yashiro would have given a sigh of relief for the Church if I had gone. He could have fought for the Church without having to be kind to a missionary all through the war. It would have lessened his burden considerably. And for me to remain would be and was interpreted by others as deliberate on his part. Very few knew that he had asked me to leave. What could I do to be of use at such a time to the Christian gentleman and Bishop? I prayed God that He would not allow me to make too many mistakes. I prayed that He would overrule my mistakes for good. I had just had the experience of God overruling my mistakes. I did not know that two missionaries in Kobe had not been on speaking terms for two years. A farewell party was arranged for one of them. Owing to a serious breach of etiquette on my part these two became friends that night. “Not unto us but unto the Lord ascribe the glory.”

Before I became a missionary once my mother told me a story. A woman missionary was speaking to a group of people about the feeding of the five thousand. Her Japanese was not good and she said by mistake “Christ told the disciples to take baskets and gather up all the shoes.” In Japanese shoe is “kutsu”; crumbs are “kuzu”. One man in the audience wondered why the Jews left thier shoes on the ground after a picnic like that. He thought they must be straw sandals like the Japanese wear. The question intrigued him and he went to a shop to buy a N.T. He began at St. Matthew, Chapter one and read till he came to the feeding of the 5,000 and found it was crumbs not shoes that Jesus told them to gather up. But he had got so interested in the life of Jesus by that time that he went on studying and finally became a Christian.
God used the missionary's mistake in pronunciation to further His kingdom. This story has stuck to me all through my missionary life.

“For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.” (Rom. viii:18)

Life was certainly simplified; two suitcases, two beds and a stove and some kitchen utensils comprised all my possessions. I lived in these two suitcases till the end of the war. That was for three years. When I had almost nothing to wear, a woman of our community died and her daughter gave me two or three of her dresses. These saw me through to the end. I made a pair of trousers out of the brown cotton curtain that was in All Saints' Church basement, and in these I lived and slept all through the raids when it was important to be able to move quickly and with my hands free.

Food got less and less. If a shop had jam to sell, the news spread like wild fire; people lined up with empty pots and it was sold out in no time. Our only duty at that time was to tell other people whenever we heard things were for sale. Gradually these shops too closed and for three years only string shops were open. We walked down the ghostly streets with empty windows. The only thing to admire was the reflection in the glass of our slimming figures.

The Rev. Waller returned to Canada in the 2nd American boat and that left 5 women missionaries in the country. Miss Bagley who was in Tokyo stayed on for sometime at the Gyoseiryo-boarding house for college students. She became so weak with hunger at the end that she was prostrate and had finally to be interned with the others to save her life, so she might get some food. I did not know this till the war was over. Miss Baggs at Fukuyama and Miss Nash were taken to Tokyo and interned with American missionaries of other denominations. Miss Nettleton at the leper settlement in Kusatsu was interned with some American missionaries. Later they were set free and she took the two missionaties back to Kusatsu to live with her for the duration. Kusatsu was so far in the country that news was scarce.

5. Ordinary People

After war broke out (Dec. 8, 1941) and before my maid, Mrs. Haru Ozaki, had left me, I went to throw something in my dustbin beside the front gate. There stood a little Japanese woman, about 4ft. 6in. in height with an
unusually square heavy face peering into my dust bin which was empty.

On seeing me she shook her head and said, “Dust bins aren’t what they were. I can’t make a living out of them now. No one throws anything away.” We talked a bit.

“Both my sons have been called up to fight. The government gives me ¥19 a month to live on. It doesn’t go far. I’m all alone with no one to support me. That’s why I go the rounds of dustbins.”

I gave her a little money. She put her hands together and, as far as I could see, worshipped me. She rubbed them together as if she had a rosary between. She murmured, “Namu Amida-butsu!” several times. I was relieved that it was Amida whom she was worshipping.

My maid, hearing voices, looked out and saw this square-jawed little woman, rather dirty and possibly a bit blind, shuffle away down the road.

“I’d be careful if I were you. You never know these people who come round ostensibly to look in dustbins. She had a frightening face.”

Then I told her about the poor woman’s pathetic plight – two sons at the war and ¥19 to live on. My maid got ¥40. She was reassured.

She came back a few days later and asked if I’d like to buy some eggs. Would I! My maid and I for months had lined up early in the morning in a queue and got 2 eggs each about 10 o’clock.

This was the beginning of a friendship between old Mrs. Nishikawa and me which lasted for more than four years. I owe her my life.

Throughout the war she kept coming at an interval of a few days. Each day she brought something to sell. Food led on to underwear, stockings, etc. What I didn’t want she left for me to sell at the enemy food centre where 150 English, Indian, American and stateless people came to get their food ration. Among them were wealthy men and women. I sold them the things for the price she asked, gave her the money and my commission was an egg or two, a carrot, 3 potatoes or whatever she could spare.

Then tables turned the other way. Her sources of commodities ran dry and she was at her wits end. People who bought from me began to wonder if I could not sell for them. Now most of the enemy nationals were in their own houses, which had been unmolested by the police or gendarmes unless they were suspected of epionage. They gave me things and this time I gave them to her. Delighted, she made her visits to me more frequent. She brought back the money and I gave her the settled commission in cash.
Thus Mrs. Nishikawa and I began a life-long friendship and a quiet black-market trade which helped to keep the wolf from the door.

Once she didn’t come for a week. Then she appeared extremely unwashed but cheerful.

“I expect you were anxious about me.”
“Yes, I was. Were you caught?”
“Yes,” she said and put the insides of her wrists together to indicate handcuffs.

“Three days in there. But they were kind to me. Told me it wasn’t every woman who had 2 sons fighting. They let me out early because of that.”
“What were you selling?”
“Rice.”
“That was dangerous, wasn’t it?”
“No, they really like us to do it.”
“Like you to?”
“Yes, they see us go by with empty sacks. They lie in wait for us. The police do, on the way back, when the bags are full. They need rice as much as anybody. So they just take it. That’s our punishment but their gain.”
“Then why do they put you in prison.”
“Oh, they have to make out to their superiors that they are doing their duty. So they pop us in once in a while. It looks better that way. Don’t you worry about me if I’m missing, from time to time. I soon get out because of my sons, and the police wouldn’t want us to stop going into the country for rice. So they deal gently with us. More often than not they look the other way when we pass. We are all hungry.”

As the war dragged on Mrs. Nishikawa and I got very thin. Trade was at an all time low between us. I had nothing to give the Bishop to eat when he came to see me. I knew he was taking great pride in keeping the luggage of the missionaries who had returned to England, so that he could give it to them when the war was over.

Finally I said to him, “Bishop, I know you want to keep those things for the missionaries, especially Bishop Basil’s things, but do let me have some to sell. Our rations are down to almost nothing.”
“Wait a little longer.”

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At my third appeal, he agreed and at night some things were brought — sheets, old clothes, trinkets, books, everything that they had used. Many of the things had rotted in the damp trunks and were useless, but cutting here and sorting there I salvaged a few things to give to Mrs. Nishikawa. With the money she sold them for she bought me horse-meat or seaweed and once a pound of butter. Then the Bishop had horse-meat stew the next time he came.

The clothes of the missionaries kept us going for a few weeks. We had one meal every other day, sometimes together, sometimes he alone, which is quite normal in the care of a guest in Japan.

Then this supply ran out. The raids on Japan began in January 1945. The shops which had closed two years previously showed only dirty window-panes all the way down the streets.

Then suddenly the "fat lady" appeared, of whom I shall write more later. What a true-God-send she was! I sold part of her things directly to the British and Americans among us who could offer to pay. For though like me they were allowed to draw only ¥300 per month from the bank, many had hidden money and many had put their money in the names of their Japanese wives. It pained me to sell a whole leg of ham for a fabulous price to a Britisher and not be able to buy even once slice of it. Fortunately my commission when I handed the money to the "fat lady" was in kind and she gave me a chunk of another ham equal to 10% of the one I had sold.

After the war, many missionaries criticized me for black-marketing but I think I should have received a medal for sabotage and underground resistance activities! I was however only interested in survival, the survival of myself and of Bishop Yashiro who was leading the Church in its historical struggle for survival as a Church.

The "fat lady's" almost daily and unconscious contribution to this survival brightened the last days of the war. The deathly silence of the streets with no traffic, the empty shops, the clusters of people talking quietly — the mighty noise of air-raids and sirens — all this was amazingly relieved by the goods the "fat woman" brought.

I kept what I could for Mrs. Nishikawa, who untiringly walked the streets and sold my goods unfailing. We depended on each other.

Then came June 5th, the second bombing of Kobe, when two thirds of the houses were reduced to ashes, and ten foreigners came to take refuge in my house. Mrs. Nishikawa did not come. I was afraid she had been killed.
The district where she lived had been entirely burnt.

Then she appeared more dead than alive.

"Can I sleep in your coal-shed?"

A human being sleeping in my coal-shed! But I had 10 people already sleeping on my floor — 10 foreigners and this old woman was so dirty, in shreds and unwashed, shaking with fear and bewilderment. It might mean disease for my 10 friends, British and American. But I could not sabotage the enemy to the extent of refusing a destitute old woman a place to lie down. So unbeknown to the 10, I said, "Yes." She spread a straw mat over the coal dust and lay down exhausted. My heart went out to her. No sons to support her. Now nowhere to live — Ythis woman who had repeatedly saved me from starvation, my boon companion all through the war.

She continued to live with me and in order to get her portion of rice, she registered with the local community (tonarigumi). The head man came round to see where she was living. A coal shed! It was a residential part of the town and the man did not want beggars (runpen) demanding their share of rice. He tackled me.

"What nationality are you?"

"British."

"Then you are an enemy."

"Yes, it's funny that she should come to me an enemy, but she's old, has 2 sons in the war and only ¥19."

"That's the trouble — only ¥19. What did you do a thing like that for?"

"Like what?"

"Welcome an enemy."

"Well," — Then I had to be careful what I said. I couldn't tell him she had helped me so much. He might have betrayed her to the police for aiding the enemy, and so got rid of her from this community, so I merely said, "she's old and pathetic. How could I turn her away?"

He was very angry. "You're an enemy. Only an enemy would do a thing like that!" And he went off in a great huff. I was left to try and fathom his logic. But stay Mrs. Nishikawa did — in my coalshed, which was cool in the evenings and she could sleep despite the mosquitoes.

But alas the day came when many of the lice upon her person migrated through the crannies of the wall in the coalshed into my house and took lodging upon the persons of two American women, refugees, in my house.
How an English woman, also a refugee in my house, waged war upon these lice for one whole month and won is a story told elsewhere.

The lice came to an end. Presently the war came to an end. And just as suddenly Mrs. Nishikawa disappeared. It was my turn to help her but there was no way to trace her down. I did not know when or where she had gone.

Suddenly food upon food was brought in bales and boxes and dumped in my garden for the enemy nationals. I was weak from hunger, but there was not a moment to rest. People came daily for their rations. The two American women were ill and dying. There was no time even to think of Mrs. Nishikawa.

One day a young Japanese boy of 15, her grandson, came and said, "Grandmother has died. We wanted you to know."

This brings me to the end of what I know of dear old Mrs. Nishikawa, who when she received anything from me, without fail rubbed her hands and said, "Namu Amida-butsu."

"She has done what she could."

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As the distribution of food was insufficient for people's needs, partly due to much skimming off at higher levels, the people engaged in extensive blackmarketing.

Trains and buses were full in the mornings with people with little luggage going into the country and in the evenings with people laden down with parcels and packages in bags and rucksacks and futoshiki returning from the country.

It was difficult for the police to prevent this wholesale traffic particularly in rice, simply because they were out-numbered.

One day many people got out of a train at Himeji to change for another train. The police took advantage of this wait to tackle the people on the platform. One policeman saw Bishop Yashiro with a suspicious looking suitcase.

"What's in that?"
"My church robes."
"You have rice?"
"I haven't."
"I don't believe you."
"I have only my church clothes as I was visiting a church down the line."
"Open the case."
"There is no need to as I have no rice."
“Open it!”

“Open it yourself, if you doubt me.”

The policeman was very angry and said, “Come with me,” and started to lead him to a police box in the station.

Bishop Yashiro whispered to a man near him, “make yourselves scarce.” He had the satisfaction of seeing all the other people on the platform jump over the fence and disappear into the town, while the police concentrated on him.

“Come in here!” It was a very cold day and Bishop Yashiro found it nice and warm in the police box. There were three policemen now.

“What do you mean by not opening the case?”

“I would open it if there were rice in it. But as there isn’t I see no point in opening it.”

“Liar! Open it. You are a highly suspicious character.”

“Very well,” said the Bishop and opened the case.

The policemen’s hands went in and searched among the clothes. To their chagrin there was nothing but the clothes.

“Have some tea.” said one policeman to Bishop Yashiro. So they all sat down around the brazier and drank tea and talked. The police themselves were not loath to do this on such a cold day.

The whistle blew. The train approached and drew up.

“There’s your train. You’d better go. Christianity is interesting. Thanks for telling us about it.”

So Bishop Yashiro went on the platform. Over the fence came all the people back again and boarded the train. The whistle blew and the train pulled out.

“Thank you, thank you,” the people shouted. “That was wonderful. You didn’t have anything, did you? What fun.”

There was no other way for the Japanese populace to get enough to eat, save by weekly trips into the country.

∗

That little street where I lived was full of strange characters. There was the little silent man who loved plants. He had to make a dugout like everybody else in front of his house. These were about 4 feet deep and two feet, the roof, so to speak, stuck 2 feet above ground and people had to crawl in a small hole at one end. They were about 6 to 8 feet long and a whole family would be able
to squeeze into it. Needless to say they were death traps for many. But this little man had the top planted with plants and flowered of all kinds. It was attractive. He worked at his carpentry out on the road beside the plants.

There was the fat little woman. Presumably bottles were profitable. She bought our bottle when we wanted a little money to buy food. She sold my bottles when we wanted them to get out. She had beer bottles, milk bottles, medicine bottles, vinegar bottles, scent bottles, whisky bottles reminiscent of Kobe’s better days.

Across from her was another silent man with a cart who moved things for people. He listened and obeyed in silence and answered only when we said, “How much.” He was honest and reliable.

A little further down the road was an American woman—a drug-addict who lived in a big house all by herself. She cooked for herself—or she didn’t cook for herself. I found her eating a piece of meat raw to save the bother of cooking it. She held it in her hand to save knives and forks and plates. One day her cat brought in a cooked chicken all ready for her to eat. There was no way of finding out where the cat had got it from, but also no one would come looking for it, for anyone who had roast chicken at that stage in the war kept it secret from his neighbours.

Talking of chickens—it was generally I who looked for food for Bishop Yashiro, but one day the front door bell rang and there stood the Bishop and a Sumitomo Bank man called Mr. Kimura with a chicken in their hands. This Mr. Kimura had got to know Bishop Yashiro and to hear of my existence. He admired Bishop Yashiro very much and began to like Christianity. One day he said, “Bishop, I’ve brought a chicken for Miss Lea. Let’s take it to her.”

“That would be nice. Let’s go after dusk.”

“No, God will protect us.”

They came in broad daylight. They did not stay but it was the first time I had met Mr. Kimura. After the war was over, Mr. Kimura became a Christian. Never was the Bishop so moved at any one’s baptism. Both he and Mr. Kimura were in tears, No one thought this day would come.

I hadn’t plucked a chicken in my life but managed well. But it had no flesh whatsoever; a thin skin was drawn over the boney carcass. I made soup and when the Bishop next came to see me we had it together. It was good.

To get my monthly money of ¥300 which the Japanese Government
allowed me to draw from S.P.G. funds I had to fill in 4 copies of a certain form, and take it to the Bank of Japan. It took 2 weeks for the permit to come from Tokyo. If we asked first to go on in advance we were turned back. The walk down to the bank grew longer and wearier as we got weaker with hunger. There were no shops to look at — only empty windows on both sides with dead flies and dust. The bank clerks were not unkind. They were hungry themselves and cold and did their work perfunctorily. I took down the forms of some aged women at the same time as mine. Usually there was a mistake somewhere and I was hurried back to rewrite it all again with no money in the house to buy food and two weeks to wait before I got any, and almost overcome with weakness. These were times when it would have been a relief to collapse on the pavement. When the S.P.G. funds ran out I was allowed to draw money from the British Government through the Swiss Consulate. At the time of this transition I had to wait over a month for money. The Swiss Consulate did not see its way to advancing me some money though it was a foregone conclusion that the British Government would be willing to pay back and, back aching with hunger I stated my case to the Swiss Consul. I asked for an advance. They refused. Mute I walked out of the Consulate. I said to Bishop Yashiro, “I want you to give me some of the missionaries baggage that you have stored. I want to sell it.”

“I do so want to preserve this luggage in tact for them when they return. Let’s not touch it till we are desperate.”

I did not want him to know how desperate I already was, so I said nothing. Mrs. Nishikawa, the beggar woman, came with some horse meat. I told her I couldn’t pay for it. She said she would wait. But it would take 1/5th of my month’s salary — what should I do? I took it and gave her my last but one sheet to sell. I doubled the last sheet and slept in it.

There was a knock at the door. A very fat Japanese woman, Mrs. A, the mistress of an American man who had recently died, arrived. She said, “I lived with Mr. X in the Philippines. He was ordered to Japan by the doctor for his health. Not knowing whether he would recover or not I brought with me enough alluminum pots and pans and kettle to stock a large hotel, intending if anything should happen to Mr. X I should make my living somewhere running a hotel. I have also all Mr. X’s clothes and a large stock of canned goods. I want to sell some gradually to keep my relatives to the end of the war. I went to the Swiss Consul and asked a Japanese man, Mr. Okudaira,
whom he could suggest that could be trusted to sell the goods. He told me that you might do it for me. So I have brought samples of what I have.” She brought out of her bag of bacon, canned tomato juice, maple syrup, sausages, butter, corned beef, sugar— I could hardly believe my eyes. The colour of the label on the tomato can, I remember, was so red. I had not seen anything red for months, for the government had forbidden the women to use any colours and all were dressed in dark brown and navy blue. I hadn’t seen a magazine for 3 years. These good things made me gasp. Like the wolf in Aesop’s fables by Al Fontaine when he saw the house dog’s big dish of food. “Il pleurat de tendresse.”

What would she want for them? Could I possibly buy some and have a lovely meal tomorrow with Bishop Yashiro.

The next day armed with a suitcase and my black-market good, I went to the Food Centre and picking out trustworthy friends I opened my suitcase before them. In no time they were sold. I gave the money the next day to Mrs. A when she came and to my utter joy she presented me with a bit of bacon and a tin of sausages. She came every few days after that and invariably gave me a commission in goods. Truly God was good. I got about two or three articles from her a week that way. Once she gave me cash and I did not hesitate to take it for she could well afford it and it could pay my debts. Once I had some cash to spare and bought 3 tins of tomato juice myself from her.

Coming back hot and hungry and thirsty one day with nothing but bread for my lunch, I decided to open a can of tomatoe juice. I drank it all off. That night I was taken ill with ptomaine poisoning. There was no one in the house. I got out of bed and couldn’t get back and lay on the floor. A Japanese lady came to see me the next morning and found me on the floor. She heaved me into bed and went to call a Japanese doctor. He gave me an injection that pulled me round and I lay in bed for three days. “You were in a bad way.” He said afterwards.

My servant who had been so faithful left me. Her husband who was an electrician and responsible for the telegraph poles in a certain section of the city had an accident while up a pole he touched a live wire, lost his foothold and wrenched himself free from the wire and fell on his bicycle propped up at the foot of the poles. He was taken to hospital and it was found that he had broken 2 ribs, cut his knee and his mouth. A clever German doctor sewed him up and he was back home in a few days but was not fit to do the same
work. He took his wife, my faithful Haruko, back to his home in the country and I said goodbye. Just at this time a Caucasian girl came to live in the downstairs of my house. Her father was American. We lived separately but she was a delightful companion. I was a little anxious because I was afraid she would see Bishop Yashiro arrive in my house and begin to wonder. But she had Japanese friends and so I dismissed the thought of the danger.

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My house stands at one corner of crossroads and I lived upstairs. The rooms downstairs were empty. At night during the war there was strict black-out and the streets were almost empty. We not only had our windows heavily curtained but sat at a table with a small light directly over our work. There was an alley running along a third side of my house and a ditch along the 4th, so that I could be spied on from all angles. Around me lived many foreigners, some of whom were White Russians and others who were unable to make a living. Some gladly accepted any money the Japanese authorities offered them to act in movies impersonating English and American spies, or to spy on English and Americans still living in Japan. For this they received a mere pittance to keep body and soul together.

One dark evening at 9 p.m. Bishop Yashiro rang my front door bell. He opened the door and he came in and up to my sitting room. "Whew! he said sitting in a chair, "I've been walking outside for an hour."

"I only heard the bell once."

"I nearly gave it up."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I arrived at this corner an hour ago but a very suspicious and unpleasant looking foreigner was watching your house."

"What did you do?"

"I stood at another corner and watched him."

I laughed imagining the two men keeping an eye on each other.

"He wouldn't move and I was just about to give up and go home when I had an idea. I got out a cigarette and walked across the road and asked him for a light. He struck a match for me and in the light of it I glared at his face. He blew the match out and walked off down the road and out of sight. So I came in."

He was hungry. I had been able to collect enough during two days to make a dish for him. I produced this and he ate. He seemed very jovial.
I said, "You seem happy today."
"Um! I've had a wonderful day."
"Wonderful? How can you have a wonderful day when you are in such danger and dozens of spies are on your tracks and you haven't enough to eat? Where have you been?"
"I've been at the police station all day."
"Whatever were you doing there?"
Two men came to see me. I knew them — detectives. I asked them in and they said they were in a quandary. Orders had come from Tokyo to put me in prison. I reached for my hat and said I'd come along. But they stopped me and said it would be a disgrace for the country to put someone like me in prison and they wanted me to think of a solution for them. So I asked them what I was supposed to be put in prison for and they said to be cross-examined for my lack of patriotism, my connection with the Church of Korea, my protection of missionaries, etc."
"What did you do?"
"I thought for a while and suggested I should go down for the cross-examination to the police office and come back when they finished. I would go as often as they wanted. They jumped at this and so this morning I went at eight and they finished with me for today just before eight. Then I came to see you."
"What have you had to eat?"
"They gave me two rice-balls at noon."
"Why did you come here when you know it is so dangerous. I should have thought this was the last place you should come to."
"Miss Lea, it's so dangerous that it doesn't matter where I am. I may be caught at any time and be put to death. We are entirely in God's hands. Besides which the detectives don't know how to examine me properly; they don't really know what Tokyo wants to know. So I told them what questions they ought to ask me and they were terribly grateful — funny fellows! I said they wanted to know about me and Christianity, so I talked about Christianity for nearly 12 hours today! Never had such an opportunity in peace time. It was wonderful!"
It turned out that Bishop Yashiro had to go for a whole week to the police-office. His wife and children knew nothing about it; they thought he was
visiting the people of St. Michael's Church.

The result of the examination was a whole tome of his answers which the police wrote word for word.

Not long after this detectives visited the Koran School in Tokyo to take the principal to task for his friendly attitude towards English people. They were interviewed by the Second in command. Mr. Suzuki made out that it was he who was responsible for the special incident in question. He was taken to prison, examined and flogged. During one examination he noticed that the police kept referring to a manuscript for their questions, but he couldn't see what it was. However he was alone for a second once and he read "The Examination of Hinsuke Yashiro." He was overwhelmed with a sense of great strengthening, for he was not alone in his ordeal. He was released presently and sent Bishop Yashiro a card telling him about this and saying also, "Now that I've come through it, I feel a man."

The Japanese Detective

The detective was at the Bishop's back-door again. Fortunately for him the Bishop was away and he had a chance of getting at his wife. You can frequently get at men through their women-folk, even in Japan.

"Is your husband in?"
"No, he's away."
"Why hasn't he joined the Protestant Amlgamated Church?"
"He thinks it is not time for Re-union yet."
"But that's unpatriotic when the Japanese Government wants amalgamation and so do most of the Christians. It will be worse for you and your children if your husband doesn't come in."
"My husband is different from other people; if he thinks a thing is not right, he won't do it at any cost."
"That's all right for him but it's your children who will suffer. You and they may be put into prison."
"We are not anxious; we'd rather he did what he thought was right."
"But you have brothers yourself, high-ranking officers in the Army. What will they think of you marrying such an unpatriotic man? They will be ashamed of you."
"They only ask that I should be a real Japanese wife, that is to be loyal to my husband."
“Well, it’s up to you to bring him to a right frame of mind and we are going to keep on until we get him into the Amalgamated Church.”

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This was one of many visits that the detective paid to the Bishop’s wife for he was thus aiding the Government and other Christians to weave a net for drawing the Bishop into the Amalgamation. When not on his rounds this agent of the police sat at his desk in the Police Section of the Prefectural Office in the city of Kobe. One day he looked up from his desk and saw at the end of the room the Bishop himself, coming in with a clerical collar round his neck and a smile on his face, looking for all one could see as if he believed that “God’s in His Heaven and all’s right with the world.” Strange that the man they were plotting against should have a face like that at a time like this! Curious to know why the Bishop should of his own accord, beard the lion’s den, he wandered up casually and got within hearing distance of the conversation between the Bishop and the Chief of the Detective Section.

“I’ve come to say that I want to hold a Christian service for the British and American enemy nationals next Sunday, if there’s no objection.”

“Where?”

“In the house of a lady missionary in Yamamoto Dori.”

“How many people will be there?”

“About fifteen”

“What time?”

“8 a.m.”

“Why do you want to do it?”

“They have no Christian priest to do it for them.”

The Chief thought a moment. This was just the kind of thing he was looking for — Japanese people doing a kindness to enemy nationals, specially this notoriously unpatriotic man. Better let him do it, and watch. He’d probably do it anyway and in some secret place, if refused.

“No objection”, he answered aloud.

“Thank you”, said the Bishop and went out. The eaves-dropping detective made a note of the time, day and place. He rather expected to be detailed off to do the watching, but he wasn’t. That meant that someone else would be.
A few months later the war was over. The Bishop, as thin as a rake, from months of hunger in the Army, to which he had been called up, though he saw no fighting, came to see the lady missionary.

"I've got a request to make of you. Under General MacArthur all the detectives have lost their jobs. Two of them have come to ask for work. One of them used to come to badger my wife during the war."

"That man? I'm glad he lost his job."

"I want you to help him get another."

"Me? Get him another job? Why do you bother with a man like that when you have enough Christians on your hands to find work for?"

"But do you know what this detective did? When my wife got ill two days after the end of the war, he called to enquire after her every day of her illness till she died. He said he'd never met such a courageous woman."

"What do you want me to do for him?"

"There's a new police set-up at the Prefectural Office. If you as a British lady could go to the new Chief and ask him, to give this man a job, he might do it."

The missionary went to the Chief of Police who was amazed at such a request from a person once an enemy but he said he doubted whether, new as he was, in his position he could reinstate a man "purged" by General MacArthur."

With the end of the War the British and American prisoners-of-war were suddenly free, but they remained in their camps until the American aeroplanes came to evacuate them. Such a day of rejoicing was never exceeded in history! Bishop Yashiro offered to hold a Holy Communion service of thanksgiving for the prisoners-of-war in the Kobe camp. Three British Officers, among them Major C.M.M. Man fetched the Bishop in a Japanese truck. They laid a white parachute across a table and there the Bishop celebrated their first post-war Communion, Japanese Bishop and British officers together on their knees before Almighty God.

After the Service the officers gave the Bishop his first taste of coffee, bacon and eggs for four years, and then, stacking up the truck with old timber scrounged from the premises, they drove him to the site of the burnt-out
St. Michael’s Church. With this timber the Bishop made what he called his Kobe Cathedral—a shack twelve feet by seven, made of poles and planks tied with rope or wire found among the debris and a crooked nail or two found in the timbers.

As he contemplated his handiwork our friend the detective came along, as he frequently did in those days.

“I’ll get the Altar from the missionary’s house now.” said the Bishop. “No, not that,” said the detective. “It would be a shame to take it from there.”

The astonished Bishop looked at him and said, “You’re talking like a Christian. What do you know about the Altar in that house? Have you ever seen it?”

“No, but I know exactly where it is; it’s in the southwest room upstairs.”

“That’s right. But how do you know?”

“Well, you used to come and ask permission from the Chief of our Section to have a service in that house, didn’t you?”

“Yes, did you know about that too?”

“Yes, I used to overhear him giving you permission to have the service. But I rather suspected him of giving you permission in order to send a detective to catch you red-handed doing a kindness to the enemy. You see, that was what we were really after. But, actually, I thought it would be pretty mean if he did that, so without saying anything to him, I went on guard around that house while you were taking the services every time, to prevent other detectives catching you.”

“Well, that’s news to me!”

“I used to hear your voice droning the prayers as I walked round and round the house. That’s the only good thing I did, so I have a sort of sentimental attachment to that Altar and I don’t want it moved.”

The detective did not get his wish, but it might have been a good thing if he had. So thoroughly had the major part of Kobe city been burnt that there was no wood to be had and it was imperative to take that Alter for the use of the four Churches which had been burnt out, so it was moved to the miniature Cathedral.

But alas one night when the Bishop was up in Tokyo, the Cathedral
disappeared with the Alter. On the Bishop's return a respectable man came to him and said,

"I'm a school-teacher but my school was burnt and I had no means of making a living, so while you were away I stole your place of worship and made a macaroni stall lower down in the town and I'm selling noodles to make a little money for my family. Knowing the kind of man you are, I was sure you wouldn't mind. After all food comes before religion!"

The Bishop being the man he was, gaped, snorted, chuckled and walked away with his God's-in-His-Heaven smile.

* *

In the raid of June the 5th 1945 out of six Anglican Churches four had been burnt with their vicarages and of the two schools one and a half had been burnt. The city was a sea of debris. With not a board or a nail in the city, not a cent in his pocket and the smallest possible quantity of rice coming to feed the people, what was the Bishop to do? Amazingly, out of the unburnt houses came parents of every nationality trailing their children and begging the missionary to give their children some education for they had roamed the streets for three years.

The Bishop and some thirty Japanese Christians turned to and cleared the debris from the land of the old English Mission School in the hopes that the way would open if they did what they could to build a school which would give the children their education and provide a means of livelihood for people on the verge of starvation.

A truck drove up to the missionary's house full of apples and pears, and the detective jumped off and said,

"Here they are! We'd better carry the bags into your garden."

And so they did

"I told the Bishop I thought if these were sold, it would help to make a little money for the building of the school."

"Splendid."

"Here's the price list and this is the total weight."

"It's very kind of you."

"Not at all..." and he looked as if he wanted to say much more.

"Have you got a job yet?"

"No... but if there's anything I can do to help, let me know."

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The missionary and some Japanese Christian young women took bags of apples and pears and went down among the debris of the town till they found the crossbeam of a temple made of cement lying by the side of a road. People were passing up and down this road looking for the dead bodies of their relatives and friends in the ruins. These ruins stretched half a mile in three directions and two miles in the fourth. The pears and apples were set in piles on the temple beam and the self-conscious sales folk sat on stones behind them. This and the noodle-vendor’s shop were among the first shops to be opened in Kobe for over three years. The fruit was bought in no time by the starving populace. But alas there had been no scales to weigh the fruit before the calculations were made and neither the missionary nor the detective had suspected that they had been served a load that was under-weight and so the whole transaction ended in total loss.

The Bishop borrowed money and built St. Michael’s International School.

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The detective came less frequently because the Municipal Office had given him work. He had moved into a barrack-like building which the City had hurriedly built and he went around collecting homeless people, beggars and tramps and offered them rooms. The organising of this tenement took all his time.

But about the time that St. Michael’s School was enlarged and a wing built with a Chapel which accomodated the increasing number of Christians more adequately, the detective found leisure to come again. After havering for weeks he finally dared to enter the Chapel and sat down and watched. A Japanese lady catechist showed him how to use the Prayer Book and he learnt by watching when to stand, sit or kneel and what words to repeat with the congregation.

One day the Bishop said to the missionary, “Ask him if he would not like to be baptised.”

She did so, but the detective smiled a sheepish smile and slightly shook his head. But he did bring his wife and family to tea and felt more and more at home. Seven years went by but there was never a word from him about becoming a Christian.

After the seven years were over the detective met the Bishop one day and said, “I’d like to become a Christian.” This was the year 1952. So he was prepared and was baptised with great rejoicing.
Why had he waited so long? No one knows. One can, however, in his case make one conjecture. During the “Occupation of Japan” by the American and British Forces many became Christians, most of them in all sincerity but a few in order that they might please the powers that were or for possible benefits they might receive. Our friend the detective was a sincere man and possibly rather than be mistaken for someone who had become a Christian in order to curry favour with people who might help him, he had waited until he had a job of his own and until the official “Occupation” had come to an end and no one could accuse him of having succumbed to the pressure of the times or been baptised for ulterior motives.

But the sotry does not end here, for the detective now brings his deaughter to Church.

Nor does the story end here, for the Chief of the Detective Section in 1954 had no job. Such had been the character of the Bishop all through the war when he was interrogated by the police for days on end, that when his very examiners found it difficult to live they could come to him and ask for work. The Bishop has given the Chief work in St. Micheel’s School. As the Chief looked into the Chapel one Sunday there stood the detective with his daughter singing a hymn. The Chief crept in quietly. . . and later he too was baptised. And he is bringing his daughter.

Will the story ever end? (It won’t while every Christian goes out and brings in someone who isn’t.)

The Bishop said the periods of examination at the Police Office were some of the best opportunities he ever had of preaching the Gospel, and though he was dizzy with hunger, he thought it the greatest fun in the world. He found it great fun to speak about Christ the Son of God when every word he said might land him in prison. It was joy unspeakable for him when these same men knelt before God in St. Michael’s Church many years later.

6. War Comes to an End

The Japanese Government was hard put to it to keep the country’s antagonism to the Allies up to a high level. If the government did not get up some stunt, the people fell into apathy and only longed for the miserable war to be over. No government ever fought so hard to keep the good will of the people. Tojo was not a great presonality. He hadn’t the gift of Hitler to rouse
the people. He was far more the mouthpiece of a group of men than Hitler, though undoubtedly he was the strongest of the group.

The papers had a headline one day to the effect that an American soldier had made a paper knife out of the skull of a Japanese soldier and sent it home to his sweetheart. The resentment caused by this story kept the country angry at the Allies for about three months. Even Dr. Kagawa wrote articles against the Americans and broadcasted against them, mentioning this paper knife. This made most Christians believe it, too. Incidents such as these were quoted from time to time to keep the country up to fever heat. The great stunt was to get men known to be internationally minded to say things against the Allies.

One day when the Government was hard put and looking for a well known name, a newspaper man turned up to see Bishop Yashiro. He was ushered into the vicarage room. Bishop Yashiro knew at once it was a trap for him; he was going to try and get him to say something against the Allies. There were one or two young Christian men in the room who intended going into the church. They listened while the newspaper man plied Bishop Yashiro with questions about England. It was a terrible ordeal. The Bishop was spoken of as lacking in patriotism because he refused to join the Amalgamated Church. Here was a chance to clear himself of this charge by saying something bad about England. It was a chance to ease his own situation. But here too was a chance to show the young men there how a Christian can be loyal to his country without saying bad things of the enemy country to which the Japanese Church owed so much. The chance to show them that personal safety must be sacrificed to loyalty to friends, church and truth. He got through the questioning without falling into one trap. The young men listened intently but few were aware of the significance of the questioning. The next morning the newspaper said that Bishop Yashiro had said on being questioned that British people are cruel and primitive; that they were so low that they boiled their babies and ate them. The young men who had been at the interview were astonished at what had been put into the mouth of the Bishop in the paper. They knew then that all the newspaperman had wanted was a well known name to stick on to stories. They had made up themselves. This opened their eyes to the tricks of the Government and the unscrupulousness of papers. One woman said, “I shall never believe the papers again.”

But unfortunately there were hundreds who did believe this article, even though they knew Bishop Yashiro so well. If the paper said it, then it must be
true. Those who were most upset were the Japanese women who were married to Englishmen and had British nationality. They could not get over this. Their position was a delicate one. They were Japanese by birth and were much persecuted by other Japanese for having married enemy nationals. Therefore, Bishop Yashiro's kindness to enemy nationals meant everything to them. He looked after these women and allowed them to come to his church as usual. This was a source of great comfort to them. But to have him slander the English like this, as they supposed, in the newspaper, was a shock they could not overcome. This article was also believed by other nationals in Kobe who never ceased to quote from it whenever the Bishop's name was mentioned.

Mr. Alfred Curtis was an elderly gentleman of over eighty when I first heard him read the lessons in All Saints' Church. He attended the church regularly even when it moved to my house. His wife lived separately from him, but they both came to our Food Centre to get their food. A greater contrast in character could not be found. "You must be tired after weighing out those potatoes," he would say. "What! An apple today! How nice." He was grateful everything.

But Mrs. Curtis was a by-wind for disagreeableness. Never once was she pleased or satisfied; never once did she thank anyone or enquires after anyone, though all the work done at the Centre was voluntary. It was due to her sour face that we became life-long friends — life which lasted for three and a half years more.

Mr. Curtis had a Japanese unofficially adopted daughter whose parents lived in Awaji. She was 23 and worked in Dunlops. An old servant cooked for them both.

I went to see Mr. Curtis very often. I loved him. And he used to come and see his wife after war began in case she should be in need. He brought her butter, creamcheese and sugar which he bought on the blackmarket. She accepted them with never a thankyou, though it often meant a great sacrifice to him to bring them. Mr. Curtis had done a great deal of drinking. Everyone would say it was the coldness of his wife that drove him to it. But suddenly he stopped it altogether and began to prepare himself for death. He read a lot and wrote comments on all he read. He liked me to visit him as he loved to talk. His daughter, Yoshie, sold her clothes in order to get extra food for him. This went on month after month and as the food distribution got down to almost nil, so she had to feed him on what she could sell. I longed to tell
Mr. Curtis about the situation in the Japanese Church. He would understand up to a certain point. But I dare not try. He was too simpleminded and if interrogated by the police would have given them quite unnecessary information quite innocently. His servant and Yoshie were amazingly faithful to him at a time when it was so difficult to be so. I had to keep my mouth shut about the Church, about the danger it was in, about the betrayals and tricks, for it would have been unwise to talk and I often sat beside Mr. Curtis in silence longing to tell him.

One day when I was selling vegetables at the Food Centre, Yoshie came. "Father's collapsed. It was lunch time. He was eating upstairs alone, when I heard a thud. He seems to be unconscious but he is talking. Can you help me get Dr. Zirn?"

I left immediately and slept with Yoshie beside Mr. Curtis every night for one week. Mr. Curtis never quite regained consciousness but he saw things in a dream. He heard Yoshie's voice and answered indistinctly. The Doctor's help was of no avail. Finally he died. We managed to get a coffin, but no hearse. We asked Bishop Yashiro to take the funeral service. With a group of men to help we put the coffin on a two wheel cart and pulled it up the hill to the cemetery. The chapel there was full of people — nearly all the foreigners in Kobe except Indians and Chinese. Bishop Yashiro preached a wonderful sermon about the Resurrection and we buried the dear old man.

As we all came away, one foreigner said to another, "That Yashiro is a hypocrite; you didn't see what he said about the English in the paper, did you? He said horrible things about them, then he fakes a beautiful burial like this!"

Time after time this same man, who could read Japanese, spread this about the city and time after time it spoilt friendships newly formed.

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The Japanese Government was hard put to it to keep up the fighting morale of the Japanese public. No one wanted the war.

Week after week men were conscripted to fight in the Pacific. This continued all through the war and as the shops grew emptier and the streets quieter and the cars fewer, the departure of the conscripted men became more and more obvious.

The sending off of these men usually entailed a great demonstration. The use of the word "nikudan" was common. It meant "flesh bullets", for the
military method of sending men where they could not come back was well known. It was the method of total sacrifice of thousands for the sake of those coming after. But this was never expressed. The greater the feeling of pity and the greater the feeling of thankfulness that they still had been spared made those who saw them off make a tremendous demonstration. After the young men had been dined and wined they were escorted to the stations with the waving of the civic and military flags. The platforms were black with friends and as the train steamed out hundreds of men frenzied with fear and thoroughly drunk shouted, "Banzai! Banzai!" Tears bleared no eyes; only crocodile smiles wreathed the faces of the going and left. Having buried their "good-as-dead" in the trains the women crawled home.

These departures were usually late at night, a strategy to prevent foreigners from calculating how many were being sent. It was equally important that neutrals should not know the numbers, for the neutral countries profitted much by giving information both ways and are responsible for the prolongation of every war. I used to hear the shouting at midnight from my house in the centre of Kobe. Towards the end of it when the Allies were gaining ground it was necessary for Japan to send more troops. It became important for their own people also not to know how many were being sent. Yet the quietness of the streets made the sound of the shouting heard at a greater distance through the city and thus the sending at night eventually defeated its own purpose. This was offset by the lessening of the shouts as the hungry populace became grim at the fruitlessness of sending more. No one said, "Oh, if we would only surrender" but one woman voiced the feeling of the populace when she sighed, "Oh, if they'd only come quicker if they're coming" and with her hands she indicated the American planes overhead. The Americans crept up too slowly. If a few thousand had been parachuted at different places in Japan, specially at the waist of Japan west of Nagoya, it would have been a walk-over for the Americans. The country was ripe for surrender long before Hiroshima and the fortifications were negligible as General MacArthur soon found on his arrival. Russia need not have been in on it at all.

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One street-cleaner in America was drafted during the war, and became eventually a colonel. After the war, he returned to his street-cleaning. This was an extreme case, no doubt, and his picture was in the American papers. Towards
the end of the war the opposite occurred in Japan. Doctors, big businessmen and scientists had been spared and lesser men drafted first, but in 1945 the drafting became reckless and even doctors were enlisted as Tommies in the war and sent to the front with almost no training. To be able to shoot a rifle was all that was necessary, besides making just one more dot in the ranks that faced the enemy. Several of our Japanese clergy had been drafted at different times during the war, as they were of no economic or technical value to the country. Those who were healthy and of age were called up. When would Bishop Yashiro's turn be? Even in 1939 Bishop Yashiro was sent the first red paper to prepare. He had been in the Officers' Training Corps during his military service in his youth and was a 1st lieutenant with a badge for good conduct. He promptly bought his uniform, a costly business for a priest receiving a salary of ¥150 with which he had to feed his large family. With this uniform ready he waited, and he waited for 6 years, for the second paper did not come; it hung like a Damocles's sword over his head all those years. Why he was not called up is a mystery. The only conjecture is that he was invaluable to the local government in dealing with riots in the factories, which he was frequently called upon to deal with. But in 1945 along with the doctors and scientists he received his second paper.

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On June the 5th I was alone in my house. I awoke that morning, got up and broke up a picture-frame and put it in my "kanteki" and boiled some rice. I had a little milk and some tea-leaves and that was all that there was in the house except two little iwashi which some unknown Japanese friend had brought the day before and put on my kitchen table when I was not. I did not know whether it was him or her, but I felt so thankful. I was not expecting Bishop Yashiro that day because he was in Korea. Japan without Bishop Yashiro was a strange place.

Suddenly the siren sounded "keikai keiho"; this was our third raid and this time the B29's aimed at bombing the centre of Kobe. Then came "kushu" and then "taihi", but we had no air-raid shelters. The bombers came diagonally across the city of Kobe beginning in the west, and coming in formation about ten minutes apart. It was early morning but broad dayninght. The antiaircraft guns began to roar from the hills behind the house; they were the koshaho. Across from my house was the boarding house for the boys of the Osaka Kisen boats. The boys climbed up on the roof and with their "tataki" they began to
beat out the fallings sparks which rained down on the roof. They hit with energy, shouting as they hit. Suddenly a B29 was hit by a shot from a cannon in the hills and began to dive down in to the sea. The boys put down their tataki and began to clap and shout “Banzai! Banzai!” Then they seized their tataki again and hit at the sparks on the roof. Another B29 was hit and this one dived into the woods in the hills behind Kobe. I prayed for the men in these planes for they were my allies and in great danger. But I could understand the spirit of the boys and was greatly encouraged by it.

In the west the sky was red with the glow of the flames. The flames approached bit by bit and a west wind began to blow. I went into the garden and looked up into the sky; all around were flames. Suddenly I saw smoke coming out of one of my windows. I went in and found that a bomb had fallen through my roof, through the upstairs floor then through the ground floor of my yanushi san’s room. The bomb had burst under the floor and there was a hole through which came flames. Standing by the hole was a lady whom I had never seen before; she was my neighbour and she was pouring water into the hole to put out the fire. She and I put the fire out fifteen times and it flamed up again. At last it was out, thanks to her. Then a bomb fell on a German doctor’s house, two houses west of her house. The doctor had gone away to the hills and locked the door, so no one could go in and put out the fire. The fire spread to the house of the kind lady and she alas was burnt out and had to flee. Her house was so close to mine that I thought mine would catch fire from the outside, but the west wind was kind and blew all the burning wood and sparks away from my house. I was sorry I could not help the lady. I would have gladly have had her to live with me but I was an enemy and it was not safe for her.

Then the two-storied house to the south of mine went up in flames and the roads were becoming blocked. A foreign man came to me and said, “Don’t forget to take the last road to escape by”.

The bombing began to subside and just when I thought it was finished about 11 o’clock in the morning, the French consulate caught fire to the west of me, and the west wind now began to pour the sparks of burning wood straight down on my house like a Kegon fall of fire. My water had stopped and so I decided to abandon my house. I took a suitcase and went up the only road left up to the house of a friend. There I met in front of the house, Miss Uno, Mrs Willoughby’s maid, who said to me, “Come quickly, Mrs Willoughby
has fallen out of the window of the burning house and is lying on the ground. I went at once with her and found her on a futon in the garden of a hotel. I told Miss Uno that I would look for a tanka to carry her to my house. I saw a soldier standing in front of a school and asked him for a tanka for a Japanese lady. I thought he was going to refuse because I was a foreigner. He looked at me for a long time and then said, “Chotto matte” and went in and got one.

I took it to the hotel garden and Miss Uno and two maids from the hotel and I carried Mrs Willoyghby from the hotel towards the Tor Road. When we got to the corner, I could not walk any more. Miss Uno went up to Mrs Newton’s house and the nurse who was nursing Mr Newton came to carry the tanka instead of me. We reached my house safely. That night was a terrible night for it was a sea of hot black ashes from in front of my house right down to the railway.

The heat was terrible and sudden gusts of wind came and blew the sparks up into the sky. I do not know how my house escaped. I walked around the house half the night with a few pails of water from the well ready to throw it over the fire I could see. The next morning three American women, two stateless women and their two children and a Japanese woman who had saved my life many times by bringing me food all came to sleep in my house, and the Japanese police made my house the haikyujo for the enemy nationals from that day.

I went straight to St. Michael’s Church. There was no Church and no Yashihiro family anywhere to be seen. My heart sank with fear. I suddenly noticed a man looking at the ruins with the same anxiety in his face. It was Mr. Seichi Miura, whom I had not seen for many years. He exclaimed, “Ma, Lea san, go back to your house. You will be killed!” I said, “I’m all right; I am in boro, too” Then I said, “Are they all right?” “I don’t know where they are”. With a heavy heart I turned away and went to a nearby school to borrow a tanka for Mrs Willoughy by;

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Early in August a thin man of 45 years of age with a long “goatee beard” appeared at my door. It was Bishop Yashihiro back from Korea just a few days before the war ended. The Sanbo Honbu had called him back.

After the surrender there was a month’s gap before General MacArthur arrived. Our rations were increased so that my garden was full of bales. But with the surrender came great fear of retribution. What would the Allies do
when they arrived. During this month when I walked in the streets people gave me a wide berth and stared at me as if I were Mrs. MacArthur herself. All foreign nationals could walk about freely, and with each day there was less necessity for the enemy nationals to come to my house to get food.

The American planes dropped drumcans of food and clothing into the school ground where British and American prisoners of war were encamped at Wakinohama on the highway to Osaka. Though now free the men did not disperse for there was nowhere to go and they knew it would not be long before they were air-lifted home and they awaited orders. There was more food than they needed and they distributed freely to all who came.

Two men of our Food Centre came to tell me this and escorted me to the camp to speak to the British Officer in charge, a colonel and his other officers. The thrill of meeting these Britishers is indescribable. The next day they sent 3 truck-loads of food to my house and dumped them in my garden. There was no way to distribute them fairly; we gave them out to the people as they came in reasonable portions, specially to the little old women who had no means of their own.

As soon as MacArthur arrived, a military command was set up in all cities. In Kobe the prefectural building was taken over for this purpose. The military command kept the Japanese continuing to bring the food to my house. A few Britishers in the country around Kobe came in and were added to our numbers.

A pretty American woman, the wife of a Japanese, came to my door and demanded to have a share of the food. Demanded — because she had stuck it out all through the war. I told her I couldn’t give her the food because she was a Japanese citizen. She went to the military command. The military command sent for me. A colonel was in command.

“I’ve heard of you,” he said to me. “You’re the person who won’t give the Americans food. Is it because you are British?” I started to explain that I could not on my own take the food from the real Britishers and Americans and give it to Britishers and Americans who had elected by marriage to become Japanese.

He became very angry. He told me I was to give food to that Mrs. So and So who had come to see him.

Finally I got angry and demanded that he listen to what I said. Little did he know how happy I was to see his clean American face and upright bearing.

“Of course I will give her food if you send me an extra portion.”
"That’s what I’m saying."

"No, you haven’t heard me out. Of course I’ll give her food if you send me her portion, but on the condition that you send me food for all the Americans and British who come to ask me, whether they are pretty or not."

"Why, of course."

"All right. Then you must send someone to help me cope with it. Already I’m serving 150 people in my small house."

"How many wives do you expect?"

"If you let one wife get food from my house, it will get round and there will be about 300 coming. Are you prepared to give me food for that many?"

"Now, you’re talking! O.K. That settles that. We’ll drop the matter."

For this I was thankful and still more thankful when in the October following the August surrender, a group of men formed an international committee and took over from me the distribution of food. I had started as a co-opted member of our food centre committee but ended up fully in charge of it because it was at my house and the other members had no transportation to bring them in to help me. I was desperate for lack of help on the financial side. I had to pay for the food when brought, but not all the members came regularly to get their portions and pay. Fortunately the 10 refugees in my house helped with the actual dividing. A certain Dutch family spread it round that I was cheating with the finances. As their house had been burnt out on June 5th and they were in a house near me and had nothing to do all day, I realized they could help me. I asked one of the men to take over the finance. He refused.

Finally as the Food Centre closed down, one woman said to me, "Tomorrow somebody is going to make a speech of thanks to you in the garden."

To my surprise it was the elderly Scotchman with whom I had had most of the wordy battles that these wretched men enjoyed from lack of anything else to do. He stood up and held up a paper and addressed me. I don’t remember what he said except one clause, "who kept her temper most of the time."

My lady friend winked at me. I was on the verge of tears to see this Scotchman take all the trouble to write out this speech for me. The Dutch
family, six of them, were conspicuous by their absence that day. They had reason to think ill of me because I was connected with Bishop Yashiro, whom a certain newspaper had been ordered to misquote in order to get the Japanese populace further worked up in anger against the Allies.