

"I WAS A JAPANESE SPY"
BY AL BLAKE

I think it was in 1918 that I first met the Japanese Torichi Kono. He was employed as a Chauffeur for Charlie Chaplin and I was working at the Chaplin Studio as an actor in a picture called "Shoulder Arms". Perhaps some of my readers will remember one particular sequence where Charlie, his brother Sydney and I were in the Dug-out and it rained so hard that the Dug-out began to fill up with water. Fortunately I was in an upper bunk but poor Charlie was not so lucky. As the water gradually rose higher and higher the little fellow saw that he was soon to be completely submerged. Reaching out he unscrewed the horn of an old style phonograph, placed the small end in his mouth and settled back to sleep, completely under water.

Kono, as I said was working as a Chauffeur for Charlie and the way I happened to become personally acquainted with him was at that time I owned a Baby Peugeot automobile that I was imported from France. The car had been owned by Eddie Rickenbacker and I had purchased it from him.

Kono admired the little car so much that he finally persuaded me to sell it to him. Later it became a familiar sight sailing up and down Sunset Boulevard with the wild eyed little Jap firmly grasping the steering wheel.

I worked in several pictures at the Chaplin studio but finally quit the picture game to return to my first love, "Out Door" show business. About nineteen thirty-four or five, I read in the newspapers where Kono was taking two American girl softball teams to Japan. There were over fifty people in the party and to me this seemed like quite an outlay of money for a thirty-five dollar a week Chauffeur.

In nineteen thirty-nine I was running a girl show at the San Francisco Fair. One of the girls in my show tried to organize a Soft Ball team. She told me that she had been with a team that had toured the Orient and I discovered that she had been one of Kono's party in Nineteen thirty-four.

From this young lady I learned a lot. The Champagne parties that Kono had given on the trip, the High Army and Navy Officers that he had entertained and the palatial home that he maintained just outside of Tokio. She told me that the Landscaping of his home alone had cost twenty thousand dollars. Made me wish I'd been a Chauffeur instead of following show business.

In September Nineteen forty-the Fair in San Francisco ended and I returned to my winter quarters, Hollywood.

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On the twenty fourth day of the following March, 1941, I came out of the bank at the corner of Santa Monica B'lv'd and Western Avenue and ran smack into my friend, Mr. Kono. We exchanged greetings and he asked what I had been doing since he had seen me last. I explained that I had quit the Picture business and was now in out-door show business. He said, in a joking way, "How does it happen you not in Draft?" I told him that I was a wee bit past the Draft age but that I had done my bit when I was a kid. That I had served four years in the U.S. Navy.

"too bad you not in Navy now" he replied "maybe you could make more money than in show business."

Here, I thought was a chance to verify my suspicions of the man. I decided I would concoct a little story that, if he was what I suspected, the tale I was about to give him would bring it out. I told him that I had a very good friend that was a Yoe-man on the Flagship Pennsylvania, that my friend was disgusted with the Navy and that he was going to return to civilian life as soon as his enlistment expired.

Never let anyone tell you that the Japanese are not cagy, Kono didn't go for the story, hook line and sinker, as I had expected. He immediately changed the subject but not before I had seen the look of interest in his eyes. He wound up by taking my phone number and asked me how I would like to have a real Japanese dinner with him some evening. I told him I would like it very much and I left him with the feeling that I would hear from before many days passed.

I returned home and thought over the situation. Kono, I decided was smart--plenty smart. A college graduate around fifty years of age and had lived in this country long enough to be thoroughly familiar with American people and their ways. Here was a man that had to be thoroughly convinced of ones sincerity or else he would back away from the proposition without a moments hesitation. For that reason I decided that if he should call me on the phone I would pretend that I had some other business to attend to and keep him waiting for a day or two before meeting him.

I had told him that the best time to catch me in was between five and six P.M.

The next evening at exactly five minutes past five, my phone rang. "Hello Blake, this is Kono" said a voice, "How about having dinner with me tonight?"

"No" I said, "I'm sorry Kono but I'm invited out to dinner tonight. We'll have to make it some other time."

He seemed quite a bit disappointed then asked if I could lunch with him the next day at one o'clock. This I agreed to do and we made arrangements to meet at the corner of Sunset and Bross.

I arrived at the corner a few minutes after one the following day and was greeted by Kono with the waist-line bow so typical

of the Japanese race. We crossed the street to the Cherry Blossom Restaurant and sat down to a very delicious lunch which had evidently been ordered beforehand.

Kono started in his crafty way to feel me out. He wanted very much to find out just what my attitude was toward my country. He asked me what I would do if Germany and the United States ever engaged in war and a number of questions like that to ascertain if possible just how patriotic I might be.

I guess I answered the questions to his satisfaction for after sizing me up carefully for a few minutes he lowered his voice and asked, "How would you like to make a lot of money?" I knew what was coming so I told him that I owed three weeks rent, two payments on my car and that if I didn't get hold of some money pretty quick I'd probably wind up in the penitentiary.

This statement of my desperate need of money seemed to please him greatly and his eyes fairly sparkled through his horn-rimmed glasses. "You mean that you think more of money than you do of your country?", and he looked me straight in the eyes as he asked the question. "My country" I replied, "never did anything for me. All I'm interested in right now is making money and I don't care how I make it."

Evidently this was the reply that he had been waiting for, for he reached over and patted me on the shoulder and said, "You going to make plenty money, many thousand dollars but we got be very careful, this very dangerous business."

Then Kono proceeded to ask me numerous questions regarding my friend in the navy. Of course I had to Ad Lib the answers as my "Friend" was purely imaginary.

After a few drinks of Saki we parted with the understanding that Kono was to call me the next day at noon.

It was my intention to turn the matter over to the Navy Intelligence Department but I didn't think it advisable to do so until I had something definite to give them. Although I was thoroughly convinced that Kono was not strictly Kosher, I didn't have any proof of his guilt.

Too many people nowadays are inclined to rush down to the F.B.I., or some other law enforcement agency if they see some foreigner glance over his shoulder or make a notation in a notebook. I went home and decided not to make any report until I had a little more to go on.

At noon the next day I had a phone call from Kono. He wanted to see me at once. Said he would meet me on the parking lot in back of Sears Roebuck's store on Santa Monica Blvd.

We met and he told me that he had had dinner the night before with another Japanese whom he would like to have me meet. He told me that this Jap was a Commander in the Japanese Navy and that he wanted me to be at the corner of Sunset and Wilton promptly at three o'clock that day.

At three o'clock I was at the designated spot and a couple of minutes later a Buick Sedan came around the corner. In the front seat was a Japanese man and woman. Kono sat in the rear compartment. The man in front was about thirty two years old and the Japanese woman was around eighteen or nineteen.

I got in the back seat with Kono and we immediately drove off. I noticed that the fellow in front was continually watching the rear-view mirror. After we had driven several blocks we parked in front of a Japanese Nursery.

Kono introduced the man as "Mr. Yamato" and the young lady as the man's niece, "Miss Kusada".

Kono had me repeat my story to Yamato about my "friend" in the Navy. Yamato asked me quite a number of questions and made several notations in a small memorandum book. Suddenly he asked, "What is your friend's name?"

It would have been a simple matter to say "Bill Smith" or "John Brown" but it occurred to me that maybe he might have some way of checking up on the personnel of the different ships and if he found there was no Bill Smith or John Brown aboard the Pennsylvania he would immediately know that there was something wrong. I hesitated for a fraction of a second and then smiled and said, "Mr Yamato, I don't think that is a fair question." "Why not" he inquired. "Well", I replied, "Simply because, until now we haven't reached any agreement and it wouldn't be fair to my friend to divulge his name and jeopardize his liberty until we were actually doing business." I was a bit surprised at Yamato's reaction to my statement. I thought for a moment that it might cause him to be suspicious but instead it had the opposite effect. He smiled and said, "You are absolutely right, Mr Blake. I apologize for asking the question."

There were lots of other questions he asked that I had no hesitancy in answering. How old was my friend, how long had he been in the Navy, was he married, did he drink, and among others, where was the Pennsylvania at the present time?

I told him that I didn't have the slightest idea but that as it was the Flag Ship it would be with the fleet, wherever that was.

He wanted to know if I could write to my friend and arrange a meeting and he said that he would find out where the fleet was located. He excused himself and walked down to the Drug Store on the corner and telephoned. He was back in a few minutes and informed me that the Pennsylvania was in Honolulu and suggested that I write an Air-mail letter that evening. I agreed to do this and they dropped me off at the Bowling Alley on Sunset and Bronson with the understanding that I would hear from them the next day. As the Buick drove away I made a mental note of the license number, crossed the street and waited for a Sunset bus going toward town.

It was my intention to go directly to the Navy Intelligence Department with my story but as I boarded the bus I noticed a Ford Sedan pull away from the curb about half a block down the street.

I took a seat directly behind the bus driver and in that position I could look in his rear-view mirror, getting a fairly good view of the street behind without turning my head. I could see that the Ford was stalling along without making an attempt to pass the bus and that there were two men in the front seat but from that distance it was impossible to determine the nationality of the occupants of the car. Instead of going on down town as I had intended I got a transfer and dropped off at Western Ave. When I got off I didn't look back but I noticed when the bus pulled out that the Ford was not following it. I boarded the Western Ave bus going south and purposely took one of the seats that run lengthwise so I could glance back without turning completely around. There they were, just a short distance back and now I could plainly see that they were Japanese. I figured that as long as they were going to follow me I might as well make them earn their money so I transferred again at Wilshire and rode west to La Brea where I got off and walked a block further west to the Capital Billiard room which is located on the second floor. I looked out of the front window of the Billiard room and saw my friends parked across the street. One of them was out of the car buying a newspaper on the corner. Of course the Japs didn't know that there was a back door to the Billiard room so I went down the back way, caught another bus and a short time later was ushered into the office of Lieutenant Leo P. Stanley, U.S. Navy Intelligence Department.

I will say now that I was a bit surprised at the reception that I got. I had thought that I would be possibly considered just another crank and I entered the Office with a feeling of self-consciousness. I knew that I had something important but I was afraid I might not be able to convince them of it.

Stanley immediately put me at ease. He treated me with the utmost courtesy and listened intently to my story. When I had finished he said, "Mr. Blake, your story is definitely interesting. If the things you have told me are true, there is a possibility that you have run across something big. I would suggest that you proceed as you have been doing and report your activities to me every day."

Stanley also told me that the Intelligence Department would give me full cooperation and that they would arrange to have a yeoman stationed aboard the Pennsylvania to answer the letter that I was to write. He said I could address the letter to Paul Mitchell, yeoman 1st class, U.S.S. Pennsylvania, Pearl Harbor, T.H.

I left the office with a feeling that I was going to see plenty of action before very long.

The following day I had a call from Kono and we met again in back of Sears store. He wanted to know if I had mailed the letter and I told him that I had. He said that he thought that we should have an answer back in a week or ten days. He also informed me that Mr. Yamato had gone to San Francisco on business but would return in a few days.

I had never told Kono or Yamato where I lived but evidently they had made it a point to find out for hardly a day passed that I didn't see a Jap in my neighborhood. They mowed the lawn across the street until it was almost bald.

There was nothing to do now but wait for an answer to my letter but Kono called me every day.

A week went by -- ten days -- two weeks and no answer and I was ready to believe that something had gone wrong. Yamato had returned from San Francisco for a few days and then gone back there again.

Exactly sixteen days from the day I mailed my letter the answer came. When I saw that letter with the Honolulu stamp on it I almost believed the thing was on the square myself, it looked so genuine written on the stationery of the Pennsylvania.

When Kono called me that evening and I told him that the letter had arrived he almost threw a whing-ding. He was so excited he could hardly talk. "You meet me right away, my house" he said.

I took the letter and went up there. Kono almost snatched it out of my hand. He read it, had me read it to him and then he read it again.

Evidently this fellow Mitchell knew his stuff. He wrote nothing but a casual letter but the things he said were enough to whet the interest of the Japanese. He mentioned that he was "dam sick and tired of the Navy" that if he ever got out he'd stay out. That he hadn't had a date with a girl for over three months and that he "Had a little proposition to offer me" if I came over to the Island as I had intimated I might in my letter.

Although it was after ten P.M. Kono put in a long distance call to a hotel in San Francisco and when he got them on the phone he said he would like to speak to Mr. Tatibana."

I had suspected all along that "Yamato" was a phoney name as that name is as common in Japan as Smith is in this country.

When Kono finally got the Commander on the phone they conversed in Japanese. When the conversation ended Kono told me that Tatibana, (as I shall call him from now on) would take a plane for Hollywood the next morning and for me to wait at my house for a call from him.

At ten thirty the next day Kono phoned that Tatibana had arrived and that I was to go to the Hollywood Cemetary on Santa Monica and Van Ness Ave, go in the Cemetary and walk back to the south west corner and pretend that I was interested in a grave there. That he would pick me up between eleven and eleven thirty. This I did and Kono showed up promptly on time. He was alone and driving Tatibana's car. He had on a Chauffeurs uniform and instructed me to

get in the back seat. We left the Cemetery and started circling around block after block with Kono constantly watching the rear-view mirror. After fifteen or twenty minutes of this he glanced at his wrist watch then started out Melrose Ave. At Melrose and La Brea he pulled into a service station, got out and went in the Men's rest room. I thought, a moment later, when I looked up, that I was seeing double. One Jap had gone in the rest room and now two Japs were coming out. One of them was Tatibana.

Kono got back in the drivers seat and the Commander took a seat in the back with me. We drove north on La Brea to Franklin Ave and then headed up in the Hollywood Hills.

There is a sort of observation spot up there in Hollywoodland, overlooking Mulholland Dam. At the highest point a huge water tank is located and although it is hardly a half mile from the center of the Movie Capital there is nothing there but the water tank, trees and a dense growth of shrubbery.

I might get a blast from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce for saying so, but on this particular day, the fog was rolling in from the ocean so thick you could cut it with a knife and it gave our Rendezvous a spooky appearance.

Tatibana had barely nodded to me when he got in the car and during our ride he had not spoken a word.

As the car came to a stop beside the water tank Tatibana said something to Kono in Japanese. Kono turned to me and said, "we get out and take little walk where we can talk and nobody hear us". The three of us got out of the car and Kono led the way down through the brush. We walked in single file, Kono leading, me behind him and Tatibana bringing up the rear. We proceeded about a hundred yards when Tatibana said something in Japanese. Kono stopped and said, "He say this good place to talk."

The three of us sat down on the ground and Tatibana said, "Let me see letter from your friend" I took the letter out and handed it to him. He studied it intently for several minutes.

I had been watching him as he sat there and noticed that he seemed to be uncomfortable but I was wholly unprepared for his next move. He reached in his hip pocket, took out a Colt 45 Automatic and laid it in his lap. Then he said, "These thing very useful but not for cushion to sit on."

He conversed with Kono in Japanese for a few minutes while I sat toying with a small pebble that I had picked up from the ground. I was unarmed and remember wishing that the pebble had been about fifty times its actual size.

Finally Tatibana turned to me and said, "Mr. Blake, you ~~must~~ American people have a slang expression, "Double-Cross" you understand what it means?" and as he said this his hand dropped down to the Automatic lying in his lap.

During the many years that I have knocked around the country I have at times been in some pretty tough spots. I don't suppose that I am any more brave than the average fellow while on the other hand I've never been accused of being a coward.

When Tatibana layed his hand on the Automatic in his lap and asked me if I know the meaning of the term "Double-cross" I didn't think it was his intention to shoot me in cold blood. I did think, however, that he was putting on an act for my benefit. Regardless of this thought of mine I'll admit that there was a sort of cold chill that ran up my spine. I had read somewhere an advertisement that said, "Light a cigarette and tried to appear as nonchallant as it was possible to be under the circumstances."

"Yes", I replied, "I know what it means, you're not figuring on double-crossing me are you?"

"No", he said and smiled as he returned the gun to his hip pocket, "but I want you to understand, if any double-cross in this business, you die".

"That's good enough for me", I replied, "I have only one object in mind and that is to make some money."

He seemed satisfied with my answer so he turned and asked Kono some question in Japanese. Kono started on quite a lengthy harrangue in the same language. As Kono would pause a moment, Tatibana would say, "Ha Ha" which I suppose means "yes" in Japanese. Tatibana kept repeating, "Ha, Ha, -- Ha, Ha -- Ha, Ha. What are these guys doing, I wondered, giving me the Ha, Ha.

When they finished their conversation, Tatibana asked if it would be possible for me to leave at once for Honolulu. I told him that it would and he suggested that I make reservations on the clipper. He said that he had inquired and found out that that the round trip fare was five hundred dollars and forty cents from San Francisco. Don't know yet what the "forty cents" is for.

We returned to the car with the understanding that I was to be supplied with transportation money and expenses and that I would be paid for the "material" that I brought back according to its importance.

We had barely started down the hill when Tatibana said something to Kono in Japanese and Kono stopped the car. Tatibana got out and we drove off without him. Kono explained that the Commander thought that a walk would do him good.

Kono dropped me off at Franklyn and Vine streets and said he would call me at five P.M.

I had been reporting my activities daily to the Navy Intelligence Office so I called them and explained the set up. They told me to right ahead. That when I got to Honolulu to call the Navy Base at Pearl Harbor and aske for Paul Mitchell that they were depending entirely on my judgement to put the thing over.

I next called the Pan Pacific Airlines and inquired about a reservation. They informed me that everyhthing was sold out for the next two weeks.

Promptly at five P.M. Kono called. He said that he wanted me to be at a Japanese restaurant on San Pedro street at 8 P.M. that I was to enter the restaurant, walk straight back through the kitchen, up a short flight of stairs and knock on the first door to my right. The address he had given me was in the heart of Los Angeles Little Tokio.

Shortly after seven I left the house and at eight I arrived at the dsignated address. I guess I was expected by the people that ran the place for the proprietor smiled and gave me the customary bow as I passed him in the kitchen.

I went up the short flight of steps and knocked on the first door on the right. The door was opened by a very pretty Japanese girl dressed in native costume. The room was a sort of private dinning room and Kono was seated at a very eleaborate dining table. He arose and greeted me and explained that the Commander would be with us in a few minutes.

I had hardly been seated when Tatibana entered. He bowed seated himself and said something to the Japanese girl. She left the room but returned in a few moments with two other girls each carrying a large platter of food. They set the food before us then two of them produced some sort of stringed instruments and began playing while the third girl sang a native song. I guess she was singing. Sounded to me like she was in pain.

I started to say smmething about not being able to get a reservation on the Clipper but Kono held his finger to his lips and whispered that we wouldn't talk until after the girls had left the room.

This Sukiaki dinner was tops as far as Japanese food goes but personally I prefer a generous order of Ham and Eggs.

After the dishes were cleared away the girls disappeared and again we got down to business. I explained that it would be impossible to get a reservation on the Clipper. Tatibana then said he thought it best for me to take the boat and suggested that I call up the next morning about a ticket.

He then told me that he would probably have someone contact me in Honolulu and explained how I would recognize the party. He took two ordinary picture postcards out of his pocket and handed them to me. One was a picture of the Glendale City Hall, the other a Glendale park. He said that I was to keep the post cards with me and that if I happened to be in a cocktail bar or restaurant in Honolulu and I saw a Japanese looking at two of the identical cards I would know that he was one of the organization. I was to then produce the cards that I had so that he could see them and ask him if he could direct me to the Post Office. I rehearsed the performance a couple of times until he saw that I understood the procedure and we got ready to leave the place. Instead of going out the way I came in, Kono led me down the hall, down two flights of stairs, through a sort of secret door and into a basement. At the front end of the basement was an elevator. Kono pressed the button and the car descended. He said something to the Japanese operator, bowed goodnight to me and the elevator rose to the next floor which was the Lobby of a Japanese Hotel. The boy said, "Good night sir", and I walked out on to First Street. I had entered the restaurant on San Pedro street and here I was, nearly a block away on First street. "Damn clever these Japanese."

The next morning I phoned the Matson Navigation Company regarding a ticket. They informed me that the Matsonia was sailing that day at noon. I called a cab and had him drive me to Sunset and Bronson got out and walked down to Kono's house. There was nobody home. Another boat would not leave for a week and I was mighty anxious to get going. There was nothing to do but return home and wait for a phone call. This I did.

A little past twelve, Kono called. When I explained the situation he seemed quite a bit put out. He said that he would call me back in about a half hour. A little later he called and said the ship was on its way up to San Francisco and that it would stay there about twelve hours before leaving for Honolulu. That I was to make plans to leave on the train that night for San Francisco.

At six P.M. that evening, April 23rd, Kono called and said he would be at my house in fifteen minutes. He asked where I lived, just as if he didn't know. He said that he didn't want to come in but would ring the bell three times and for me to come out to the car. A few minutes later I got the signal, went out and found Kono standing in front. He took me around the corner and Tatibana was seated in the car. "You all ready to go" he inquired, when I said that I was he told me to get my suit cases and that they would drive me to the station. I went in got my grips, came out and got in the car again. Tatibana handed me six hundred dollars and we started for the Southern Pacific Depot.

They dropped me off at the station and tore away without taking time to say good bye.

Three hours later I was curled up in my berth thinking the situation over. Wondering just what lay ahead. I was finally in the employ of the Japanese. As far as I knew I hadn't done anything

so far to cause them to be suspicious. I remembered the threat that Tatibana had made. "Any double cross, you die." Well, what the hell, we've all got to die sometime. Anyway, I was getting a big kick out of the ting and if I could do the old U.S.A. any good in exposing the Spy Ring everything would be fine and dandy.

I arrived in San Francisco at eight the next morning and phoned the Matson Navigation Company. THE MATSONIA WAS SOLD OUT. I was panicky. They wouldn't have another boat out for a week. I took a cab and went to the Empire Hotel. As I left the depot I wasn't a bit surprised to see two of the little brown men tailing my cab.

I didn't get a room but checked my bags, sat down in the lobby and picked up the morning paper. There in one corner of the page I saw an article, "PRESIDENT GARFIELD ON ROUND WORLD TOUR, SAILS AT NOON FOR HONOLULU." I called their office. Yes, they had one stateroom left. One hundred and thirty dollars. Yes, they would hold it for me.

A few minutes after twelve that day, April 24th, we sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge, headed out to sea, to Honolulu and Adventure.

The President Garfield was making her Maiden Voyage. To say that she is a beautiful ship is putting mildly. She's a floating palace and I could see at once that regardless of what happened later on I was going to have five days of real enjoyment.

The Cuisine was superb. Shuffle Board, Deck Tennis and other sports took up the day while dancing, bridge, bingo and motion pictures made the evenings very enjoyable.

The second evening out, I was in the Cocktail Bar when I noticed four young chaps sitting at a table by themselves. They were talking in a low tone of voice but I could distinguish that their conversation was carried on in German. Being able to understand a little German I would, now and then catch fragments of their talk. They talked of Aviation, of Transports and Bombers, of South America and one fellow said "Thank God we'll soon be back to the Father Land."

I thought that as long as I had developed into a Spy Catcher I might as well kill two birds with one stone, so I decided to cultivate the quartette.

The next afternoon, I found one of the four standing at the bar by himself. "Ve gates" I said, "Vat viltz due haben." "Ach, Donker sahne," he replied, "Ich Vill haben se Beer".

After buying him about a dozen bottles his tongue got a bit limbered up and I got his story.

He and the three others had been pilots for the Scatter Company in Columbia, South America. They had been flying passengers

and freight down there for the past ten or twelve years. It seems that the United States didn't like the idea of so many German Pilots working in South America so we had sent American Aviators down to replace them. This had thrown the boys out of a job and they were on their way back to Germany by way of Japan.

There was nothing that I could do about it. If the U.S. wanted to give them pass ports it was O.K. with me but I thought at the time that it was a shame to let them go back and drop bombs on England.

The next day, our fourth day out, a heavy fog layed over the ocean. I was on the upper deck standing at the rail, talking to a Mr. Goldberg who sat at the same table with me in the dinning salon. Mr. Goldberg had shown in his conversation at the table that he was a bit worried over the war situation and the fact that his firm was sending him to the orient.

Suddenly, as we stood there, the engines of the Garfield slowed down then came to a complete stop and out of the fog on our port side, scarcely a half mile away appeared the menacing shape of a Man-of-War. No flag was visible but her decks fairly bristled with guns and you could see her crew lined up at the rail.

"I wonder what's the big idea" Goldberg asked as the two ships started signaling each other with their Blinker sets.

"Guess it's one of those German Raiders", I replied, "I heard there were two of them operating here in the Pacific".

Goldberg's face was positively gastly. "Just in case" he replied, "let's slip on a couple of life perservers".

I went up forward to the bridge and talked to one of the officers who informed me that the ship was a Canadian Cruiser and that she had signaled for us to heave too as she was going to board us.

By this time there was plenty of excitement on board the Garfield. All kins of rumors were circulating. I went aft again and found my friend Goldberg. He was seated in a deck chair with a blanket wrapped around him. I noticed that he looked like he had gained quite a lot of weight. "What's the idea", I asked. He opened the blanket and gave me a peek inside. Sure enough he had donned a life perserver. "I can't swim", he said, "this is just in case".

In a few minutes the Cruiser had lowered a boat manned by an officer and sixteen men. They rowed over along-side and the crew of the Garfield lowered a ladder to them.

I could not fail to admire the precission with which these Canadian sailors worked. Being an ex-sailor myself I watched as they rowed across the approximate quarter mile distance that separated us. Not a single oarsman missed a stroke. All of them including the officer in charge, were dressed in white shorts. Each one carried side arms, a billy club and a pair of hand cuf.

The officer and four men came aboard and went immediately to the Captain's quarters. In a few minutes they came out and went below returning a while later with the four German Aviators whom I saw under arrest.

They loaded them, bag and baggage, into the cutter. As the last one, the one I had talked to was climbing over the rail he noticed me standing there, waved a hand and called, "Auf Wiederzane". A few minutes later the Cruiser had disappeared in the fog and were once again on our way.

The following morning we pulled into the beautiful harbor of Honolulu. The Royal Hawaiian band with their native singers were on the dock to greet us.

I lost no time in going ashore. As I came down the gang plank I took a casual look around to see if any of my Japanese friends were on the job. Sure enough, there was one of them leaning against a post and pretending to read a newspaper. He was peeking around the edge of the paper like a gangster in one of our silent day movies. As I climbed in to my cab I saw him take off his hat and wipe his forehead which was evidently a signal to the number two man to take over. As my cab pulled away an old delapidated Model T. Ford with a wild eyed Jap at the wheel followed us right to the door of my hotel.

I checked in at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and got a very lovely room with bath, overlooking beautiful Waikikee beach. It should have been lovely. Fourteen dollars per day.

I put in a call for Paul Mitchell at Pearl Harbor and in a few minutes, had him on the phone. We chatted a while and made arrangements to meet at the hotel that evening at six.

At six o'clock Mitchell showed up and we went up to the room for a talk. I was immediately impressed with the chaps appearance and evident intilect. He was as neat as a pin, dressed in his regulation white uniform. About twenty-six years old and was doing his second hitch in the navy.

We discussed what we thought would be the most natural way to proceed and decided that we would take in some of the Night Spots. We had dinner together at the Waikikie Tavern and then went to the wrestling matches at the Civic Auditorium. Here again the Japs were on the job. Everywhere we went we were followed. I told Mitchell to pretend that he didn't notice them and I did the same. When they found how easy it was to tail us without attracting our attention they almost stepped on our heels.

About the third night in Honolulu I suggested to Mitchell that we have dinner in a Japanese restaurant and that we would sit in a booth next to one that was vacant which I thought would give the Japs a real opportunity to do their stuff.

We went to a spot on Hotel Street in the heart of the Red

Light District. The place is on the second floor and there were a number of vacant booths. We selected one in the center that had a vacancy on either side of it. We were no more than seated than two Japs entered the booth next to us.

Now was our chance to really give them something to listen to. Mitchell started in telling me how sick he was of the Navy and how broke he had been ever since he had been in Honolulu. I told him not to worry, that he would have lots of money before long and that he could retire as soon as his enlistment was up. We kept this up all during our meal.

The next morning when I came down to the lobby of the Hotel there was a letter in my box. It was typewritten and unsigned. It said, "You doing good work but don't talk so much in public place".

I had booked passage on the President Coolidge to leave for San Francisco on the 6th of May.

The night before sailing, Mitchell came in twon with a large Manila envelope containing the "Secret Naval Information". It had been prepared by the Navy and although there was not a great deal of it, what there was looked pretty good. I felt sure that the Japs would go for it in a big way.

At noon on the sixth of May we pulled out of Honolulu. Although there was no one at the dock to see me off, with the exception of a couple of the slant eyed boys who didn't even wave, I had the same feeling that everyone else experiences when they are leaving the Islands. The band was playing Aloha and the passengers were dropping their flower Leis on the water. It really made a lump come up in my throat.

The Coolidge is a much larger boat than the Garfield and although not as new it is very luxurious. I shared a stateroom with a Mr. DeArcy Baker-Carr, an Englishman who was traveling fifteen thousand miles to get back to London to, as he put it, "Have a whack at the Huns".

To everyone that I had met going over and coming back, I explained that I was in Show Business and that I was figuring on putting a show on in Honolulu.

The trip to San Francisco was uneventful but I enjoyed every bit of it.

On the eleventh of May we sighted the Golden Gate and it looked mighty good to me. In San Francisco I sent a wire to Kono, addressing it as he had instructed, Mr. John Robinson, 1409 North Bronson Ave., Hollywood. I simply stated that I would arrive in Hollywood that afternoon. I took a cab across town to the Air Port and arrived in time to take a plane that was leaving in fifteen minutes.

As we prepared to leave and I was adjusting my safety strap I noticed the man in the seat next to me sizing me up. When we got in the air he turned to me and said, "How did you like your trip to Honolulu?" "Fine" I replied, "but how did you know I was over there?" He turned back the lapel of his coat and showed me a badge. U.S. Department of Justice, it read.

I was not sure that he was actually what he pretended to be until he showed me his credentials and explained that the F.B.I. were now working with the Navy Intelligence on the case. He was a Mr. Saunders of the Los Angeles Office and had made a special trip to San Francisco in order to meet me and discuss the matter before I got back to Los Angeles.

He told me that he would arrange for another telegram to be sent to Kono from San Francisco telling him that I had changed my plans and that I would stay over in the northern city that night and come down to Hollywood the next day. This was done in order to give the F.B.I. an opportunity to make photostatic copies of the material that I had brought back from Honolulu.

We arrived in Hollywood two hours after leaving San Francisco, seperated and I went to the Plaza Hotel on Vine Street instead of going to my house. Here I had a meeting with several of the F.B.I. men and some from the Navy Intelligence.

They decided at this meeting that they wouldn't make a pinch as yet. That if I continued on with the play there would possibly be an opportunity to implicate others in the Spy ring. I was told to keep under cover until the next day and then proceed to my house as if I had just arrived in town. This I did and the following day called Kono on the phone. He asked if I had the "package" and when I informed him that I had, he said to bring it with me. I went to his house and showed him the contents of the Manila envelope. He was all excited and said that he would get in touch with Tatibana at once and arrange a meeting that night. He wanted me to leave the material with him but I told him that I had promised my friend in Honolulu that I wouldn't let it out of my hands until I had been paid for it.

At six that evening Kono called and told me to bring the stuff to the same restaurant on San Pedro Street where we had had the Suiki yaki dinner. That I was to follow the same procedure that I did before, that is, go through the restaurant, up the stairs and knock on the first door to the right. To be there at 8 P.M. I told him that I didn't like the idea of carrying that stuff around Jap town as there was a possibility of getting picked up by the Feds. and suggested that we meet somewhere else. He said that it was too late to change our plans as he would not be able to contact Tatibana again before our meeting time. I figured that as long as Tatibana was carrying a gun I might as well make things even even up so I took a small automatic that I had in the house and dropped it in my side pocket.

Promptly at 8 P.M. I entered the restaurant, went through and up the stairs. I knocked on the door a couple of times but got no answer. I tried the knob and finding the door unlocked I entered. The room was empty. I closed the door and sat down to wait. I had waited twenty minutes and was beginning to get a little nervous when the door opened and a Japanese that I had never seen before entered the room. He bowed and said, "You come this way please". I followed him out the door, down the two flights of stairs through the secret door and again found my self in the basement of the Hotel. He rang for the elevator. When it arrived we entered and were taken to the fourth or top floor of the Hotel. As we started down the hall I noticed two other tough looking Japs duck around the corner in the direction we were going. My guide stopped in front of a door, took a key from his pocket and inserted it in the lock. As the door opened he told me to enter. I did so. The door closed behind me with the Jap on the outside and as I looked around the empty room, I heard the key stealthily turn in the lock. I WAS LOCKED IN.

End of Chapter 2.

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Chapter 3.

I'll admit, when I heard the key turn in the lock, I had a sinking feeling. The fact that I had a gun in my side coat pocket, gave me a little reassurance but if the Japanese had decided to gang up on me I felt that the gun wouldn't do me a whole lot of good.

As long as I was alone in the room, there was no immediate danger so I walked over to a chair that had its back to the wall, and sat down.

There was a connecting door leading to another room and as I glanced at it I saw the knob slowly begin to turn. The door opened and Kono and the Commander came in. They bowed, shook hands and drew up chairs.

Tatibana asked to see the papers that I had brought and I gave them to him. He spent nearly an hour going over them and finally said, "This is pretty good stuff but I thought you going to bring back much more".

I told him that I was lucky to get that much without paying out anything. That material of that kind was generally paid for when it was handed over and that I had a hard time convincing my friend in Honolulu that I would bring it over here, dispose of it and bring the money back there to him.

Tatibana said, "How much you think this stuff worth?" I told him that I had no way of telling what it was worth to him but that if he wanted it it would cost him five thousand dollars. That I had promised the boy in Honolulu twenty five hundred and that I wanted the same amount for myself.

He hit the ceiling. Said it was impossible, that the stuff was not worth anything to his country, that if he ever paid five thousand dollars for what I had, the people he represented would shoot him.

I let him rave a while then picked up the envelope, stuck it in my pocket and pretended that I thought the interview was ended. This action seemed to cool him off a bit. We argued around a while and the wind up was that he gave me three thousand dollars in nice crisp fifty dollar bills.

Tatibana then told me that he wanted me to return to Honolulu at once. That this time he expected me to bring back at least three times as much stuff and he listed the kind of information that he wanted most. He said he would arrange to have Kono bring me another six hundred dollars for expense money and that I was to take the Clipper if it was possible to make a reservation. I left the hotel with the understanding that Kono would call me at ten o'clock the next morning.

I found out on inquiring the next day that it was still impossible to get a reservation on the Clipper. They were sold out for the next three weeks. I called the Matson line and reserved a stateroom on the Mariposa, sailing on the 24th of May.

Kono called at ten and informed me that he had my expense money and that he would meet me in the rear of Sears Roebuck again. This he did and he gave me an envelope containing the six hundred dollars.

At noon on the 24th I again sailed for Honolulu. Five days of luxurious living, an ocean as smooth as glass, beautiful moonlight nights, immaculately dressed men and gorgeously gowned women. This time I had brought my Tux along. As I entered the Main Salon, the first evening out, a dance was in progress. I have always been considered a good dancer and I love it. I glanced around the Salon and noticed, sitting with an elderly gentleman, one of the most beautiful women that I have ever seen. The orchestra was playing my favorite number, "Deloris". I couldn't resist the temptation. I knew that conventions were not quite as strict aboard ship as they were a shore and counted on this as I crossed the dance floor to her table. A moment later we glided out on the floor. She proved to be one of the most beautiful dancers that I had ever met. I was in seventh heaven. This was the life. If I hadn't received a penny from the Japs I felt that this one dance amply repaid me for all my work.

As I stood at the bar alone a few minutes later the fellow at my elbow said, "She's a lovely dancer isn't she", "Who" I said, as I was still partly in a daze. "Why Miss Joan Fontaine, the Motion Picture star, that you just danced with". I think I'm still a little shakey over this experience. It was one of the biggest thrills of my three and a half months investigation.

On the fifth day out, we sighted Diamond Head and again I had the delightful experience of entering beautiful Honolulu harbor. This time Mitchell was at the dock to meet me.

We took a cab and I checked in to the Alexander Young Hotel. Again we made the night spots, Low Yee Chi's, The Waikeke Tavern and the Young Hotel Roof Garden.

I explained to Mitchell that the Japs were a bit disappointed with the material I had brought them and he said that he would give me a larger amount this time.

Again the little brown men were on the job and we were followed around practically every where we went.

The third night that I was in Honolulu, Mitchell came to the hotel and brought a large stack of "Navy Information". He told me that I was to stay close to the hotel the next day as the local Navy Intelligence or the F.B.I. might want to contact me.

The next day at two P.M. I had a phone call. I was to be packed and ready to leave the hotel in twenty minutes. A car would pick me up and take me to Pearl Harbor where I was to take the Clipper for San Francisco.

I would have to do some fast work to make it but I managed to be out front just as the car pulled up.

I have always enjoyed flying but here was something that seemed a little different. I think I had the same feeling that Lindberg must have had when he got ready to cross the Atlantic. Eighteen hours in the air and ten thousand feet up with nothing to light on but a lot of cold ocean if anything went wrong was something to think about.

I bought my ticket at the little station at the end of the Clipper dock. It cost me two hundred and seventy eight dollars. I climbed aboard and at three thirty P.M. on June 4th we taxied down the harbor and rose majestically into the air. We circled around the harbor, flew directly over Waikiki beach past Diamond Head and then took a course due east for San Francisco.

I had had a lot of thrills during a rather hectic life but sunset on the Pacific Ocean, high above the clouds, is something I'll never forget as long as I live. Positively glorious. The slight timid feeling that I had experienced as I went aboard had now completely vanished and I noticed that the rest of the eighteen or twenty passengers seemed to be enjoying the trip as much as I was.

At about six thirty, the steward served us a most delightful Chicken dinner, including soup, salad, mashed potatoes, coffee and ice cream. Quite a bit different from the first plane I rode in twenty five years ago where I had to hold on to a guy wire to keep from falling out.

There was one passenger aboard whom I couldn't fail to notice. He was about thirty eight years old, very distinguished looking and had his charming wife and private secretary with him. Before we had left the dock at Pearl Harbor I had noticed several news photographers taking shots of the trio and I judged that they were celebrities. Of course I had no way of knowing who they were. Later that evening the chap that I have mentioned asked me if I'd like to play a game of Gin Rummy. I agreed and as we sat down to play he introduced himself. Mr. Henry Luce. I immediately recognized the name. The owner and publisher of Life, Fortune and Time Magazines. A few weeks later his Time Magazine ran my photograph and a very nice article. Have wondered since if he remembered the Gin Rummy game we had coming over.

About the thirty everyone retired and I slept like a log. As a matter of fact I slept until the steward next morning woke me with the information that we would be in San Francisco in less than an hour. 2204 miles in eighteen hours and twenty minutes. We landed at my old stamping ground, Treasure Island, where the San Francisco Fair was held and one of the F.B.I. agents was on hand to meet me. I turned over the material to him and he instructed me to take the next plane

to Hollywood and on my arrival to check in to the Roosevelt Hotel there.

Modern transportation. I had had dinner the evening before just a few miles out of Honolulu, breakfast in San Francisco the next morning at nine thirty and here I was having lunch in the Roosevelt hotel in Hollywood at noon.

I was instructed to check in and keep under cover until the F.B.I. or the Navy Intelligence contacted me. This I did.

Later that day I had a phone call from the F.B.I. telling me to go to my room and wait for their arrival. A short time later they came up. With them were three men from the Navy Intelligence.

I found out now why I had received the order to return so hurriedly. It seemed that Tatibana was about to become a member of the Diplomatic Service and as this would make him exempt from arrest they were anxious to make the knock over before he made this move. Their plan was for me to find out if possible where the Japs wanted me to deliver the material. Notify them of the spot chosen, take the papers to the designated place, turn them over to Tatibana and then they would swoop down and make the arrest.

It all sounded simple and if everything worked out as they planned it ought to be a cinch but I remembered the old saying, "There's many a slip --"

I went to my house and called Kono. Told him that I had just got in and had the stuff. He said that he would call me back in an hour. In about a half hour he called back and said that Tatibana would meet me at his, Kono's house at eight thirty that evening.

I phoned this information to the Navy Intelligence and they relayed it to the F.B.I.

At eight thirty that night I entered Kono's house. There were over twenty five agents of the two branches of the Government service stationed in the immediate neighborhood. Looked very much like things were going to pop before long.

Kono asked me as soon as I had entered if I had the stuff with me. I told him that I had and asked him where Tatibana was. Just as I asked him this I happened to glance out the window and saw Tatibana going around the side of the house toward the street. Kono saw that I had seen the Commander leaving and said, "He afraid, he think maybe someone follow him here. He want you to give me papers. This I told him I would gladly do if he had the money to pay for them. I wondered as I said it if the men outside had grabbed the Commander. He told me that he didn't have the money but that if I would trust him he would take the papers to Tatibana and bring me back the money. I told him that this was impossible. That I couldn't give up the

stuff until I got the money. We had quite an argument and finally agreed that I was to go home and wait a call from him. I had hardly gotten in my house when I got a call. It was the Government men asking just what had happened in the house. I explained and they told me to phone them as soon as I got the call from Kono.

A short time later the call came, Kono told me that I was to again go to the restaurant on San Pedro Street and go through the same procedure that I had on the other occasions.

I had again placed the automatic in my coat pocket so I called a cab and a half hour later entered the restaurant. Before leaving the house I had called the G. men and told them what my plans were.

I went through the place and up the stairs to the private dining room and knocked on the door. Tatibana opened it. I entered and he locked the door behind me.

We sat down at a table and I took out the material and spread it out before him. His eyes fairly glistened as he looked it over.

"How much you want for this stuff" he asked.
"Five thousand dollars" I replied.

He didn't hesitate for a moment. "This time you got good stuff", he said, "I give you five thousand dollars and want you go back Honolulu right away".

He took a large bill fold out of his pocket and started to count out the money. I remember hoping that the G. men wouldn't break the door down until I had it in my possession. When he finished counting he found that he only had four thousand two hundred dollars in his wallet. He handed me this amount and told me that he would have Kono bring me the other eight hundred the next day. He said that this time I could go back through the restaurant instead of going out through the hotel.

As I came out on the street I bent over and brushed an imaginary speck of dust off my knee which was a signal to the agents that I had the money.

Twenty minutes after I had reached home I had a phone call from the F.B.I.

"Very good work", Mr. Hood said, "We have Tatibana and Kono under arrest".

The next morning I got the newspapers. They were full of the story. Tatibana's bail had been set at \$50000.00 and Kono's at \$25000.00.

That night the Navy Intelligence Department gave a nice little dinner for me at the Biltmore Hotel.

"What are you going to do next" Mr. Stanley asked as the meal ended.

"I don't know" I replied, "I heard there's going to be a World Fair in Mexico City next year, guess I'll see if I can put a Girl Show in down there".