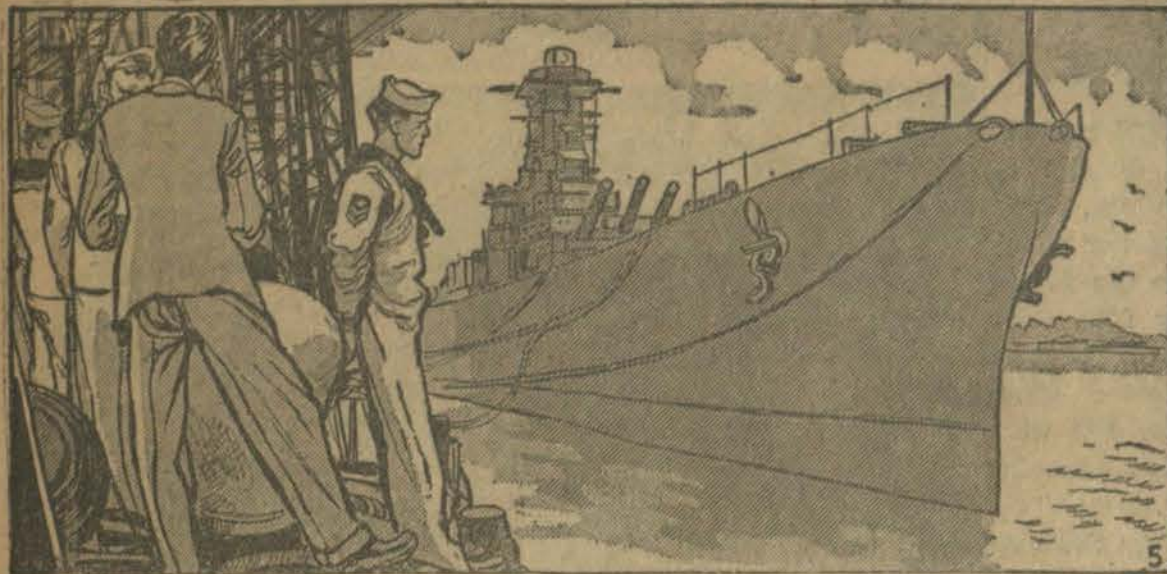


Betrayal From the East

Based on the new best-seller unmasking the Jap network of espionage and treachery in America

BY ALAN HYND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. SHARP



The ex-Yeoman haunted the navy yards, questioning sailors, seeking information.

ABOUT the time the ONI in Washington shut off all sources of Navy information to John S. Farnsworth, a similar case had developed on the West Coast. The central figure in it was Harry Thomas Thompson, formerly a yeoman in the United States Navy.

Thompson's roommate was suspicious of his friend's well-filled purse and mysterious meetings with a Japanese named T. M. Tanni. The roommate contacted the FBI and ONI and an investigation was started.

It was revealed that Thompson, who was a frequent visitor aboard battleships off San Diego and San Pedro, had been selling information to the Japanese for \$200 a month. Tanni, of course, was an assumed name. In reality Tanni was Lieutenant Commander Toshio Miyazaki of the Imperial Jap-

anese Navy—and he was a language student at Stanford. It was also learned that the source of his bank deposits was the Japanese Embassy in Washington.

Thompson was arrested, and the investigators secured enough evidence on Lieutenant Commander Miyazaki to send him to prison for espionage. But the State Department in Washington made it plain it did not want Commander Miyazaki embarrassed under any circumstances.

Had there been more two-fistedness in the State Department, which had been kept fully informed of the Farnsworth and Thompson investigations, and had Lieutenant Commander Miyazaki been imprisoned, the course of history might very well have been changed—and for the better. Shortly before Thompson's arrest Miyazaki returned to the Orient. Meanwhile in Washington, close tabs were being



Thompson was arrested.



Agents trailed Farnsworth . . .

kept on John S. Farnsworth. The news of Thompson's arrest broke in the newspapers on March 5, 1936. Agents shadowing Farnsworth were curious to see what effect, if any, the story would have on him. Apparently it had none.

Several days later Farnsworth was shadowed from Washington to Annapolis, and there he visited the home of Lieutenant Commander James E. Maher of the Navy. The Mahers, like others in Farnsworth's one-time circle, felt sorry for him and were friendly.

At the Maher home, Farnsworth was particularly solicitous about information relating to a new destroyer—the Baddlitt. Commander Maher politely, but firmly, refused to answer any questions about the ship. But when Maher was called to the phone, Farnsworth turned to Mrs. Maher and said: "Please tell me about the Baddlitt. I've GOT to know."

(Continued tomorrow)

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Hotel records were checked . . .

FARNSWORTH LEFT THE MAHERS—without the information he sought about the destroyer Baddlitt—and checked in at Carvell Hall in Annapolis. Next day the agents shadowing him checked the hotel records and learned he had called an unlisted number in Washington. This number, when traced, proved to be the private phone—in the Alban Towers—of Lieutenant Commander Josiyuki Itimiya, naval attache of the Japanese Embassy.

A check was then made at other hotels where Farnsworth had stayed, in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Norfolk. In every instance the records showed he had telephoned the Washington number. The trail went back as far as January, 1933, some three and a half years before. A more sinister development came to light when it was learned that



Japs shuttled back and forth.

Lieutenant Commander Itimiya had suddenly gone back to Japan. And it was suspected that he carried vital naval information.

The new naval attache at the Japanese Embassy—Lieutenant Commander Akira Yamaki—had moved into his predecessor's apartment. The switch had been made with typical Japanese secrecy.

By this time the agents had confirmed their suspicions that the Alban Towers apartment contained two photostat machines. They knew, too, that Farnsworth had patronized, in Washington and elsewhere, concerns making commercial photostats. And they knew that he always stayed with the work until it was finished, and took away both originals and copies. Also, a check of the records of the Washington bank, where Lieutenant Commander Itimiya did business, disclosed that in addition to his salary the Japanese



Watching agents discovered the photostat machines in Alban Towers.

official was receiving frequent large checks, some as large as \$10,000, for undisclosed purposes. And in cashing them he asked for new 100-dollar bills!

The Japanese now, since the arrest of Thompson on the Pacific Coast, seemed to regard Farnsworth as a man who could be no further use to them. This despite the fact that he had probably turned over to them naval information that might have resulted in a quick and decisive defeat for American sea forces had war with Japan come just then!

Farnsworth had shown no interest in the news about Thompson's arrest—but the news of Thompson's conviction and sentence of 15 years to McNeil Island shocked him visibly. A G-man saw him read the story avidly, then go into the hotel bar, where he proceeded to get very drunk.

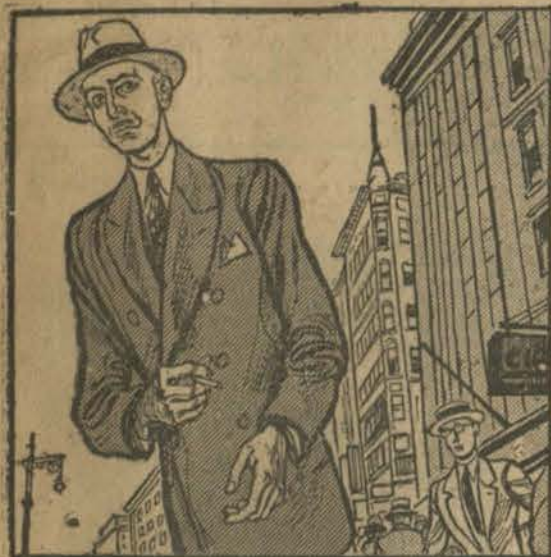
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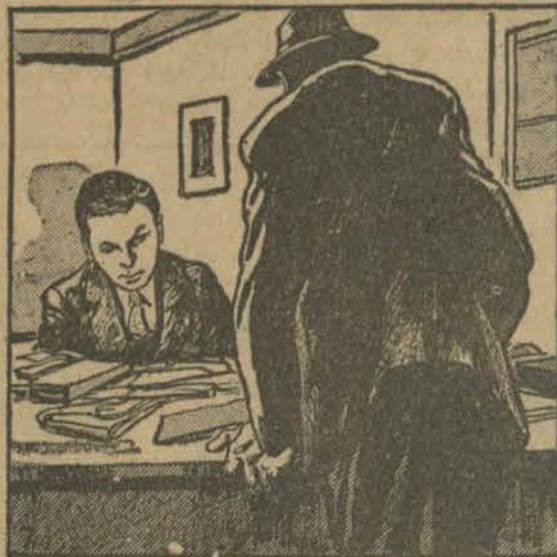
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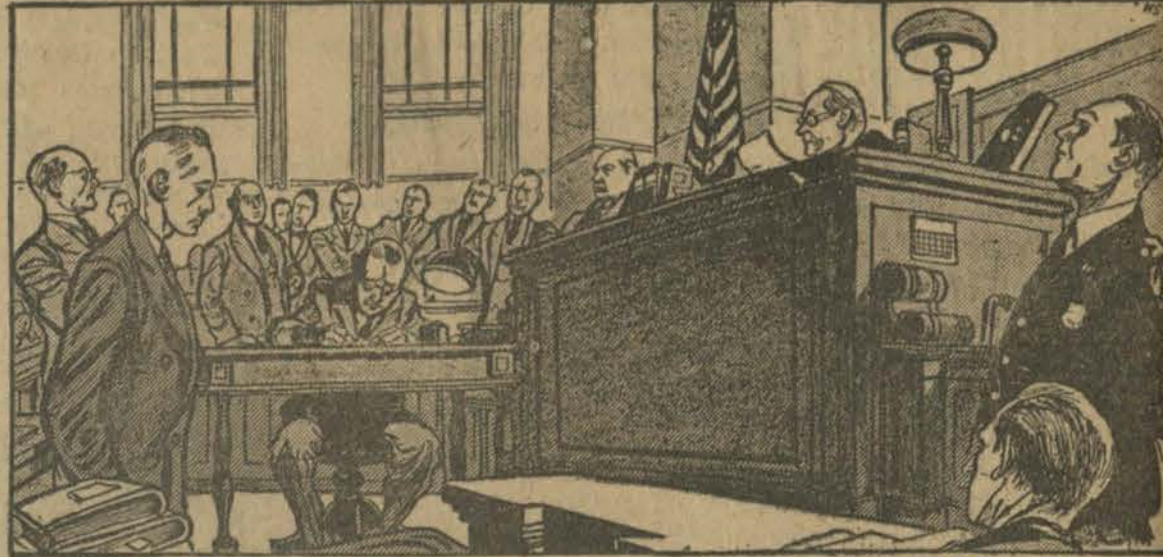
BY ALAN HYND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. SHARP



Farnsworth was trailed.



"I've been working for the Japs."



The ex-Navy man was tried, convicted and sentenced to 4-to-20 years.

OUR Intelligence services had sufficient evidence of Farnsworth's traitorous dealings with the Japanese to arrest him at any time. It is axiomatic, however, that up to a certain point a spy on the loose is more valuable than one locked up. Thus, the day after Thompson's sentence of 15 years as a spy, Farnsworth was trailed to the National Press Building in Washington. He went directly to the offices of the Universal News Service, a Hearst news-gathering organization.

There he talked with Fulton Lewis Jr., a star reporter on the U. N. S. staff, who has since become a newscaster.

"I'd like to sell you a story on Japanese spy activities here in Washington," Farnsworth began.

Lewis knew Farnsworth's Navy disgrace. He looked at the man before him, bleary-eyed and high-

ly nervous. He asked how Farnsworth came to know about Japanese espionage.

"I've been working for them," answered Farnsworth. "That is pretending to work for them." He told, then, of his meeting with Lieutenant Commander Itimiya, Naval Attache of the Japanese Embassy. He revealed how the Commander urged him to use his Navy connections to get information for the Japanese. He had agreed, he said, hoping that by successful counterespionage work he might win reinstatement in the U. S. Navy.

Lewis, one of the best informed men in the capital, interrupted: "I understand that Itimiya had three photostat machines in his Alban Towers apartment."

"No," said Farnsworth, "only two."

Convinced, now, that Farnsworth had indeed been

in close contact with the Japanese, Lewis asked the ex-Navy man what price he had in mind for the story.

"This will be an important series," said Farnsworth. "I figure about \$20,000. But there is one condition. The story is not to start running until I have reached Germany!"

Lewis stalled. "I'll have to take that up with the front office," he said. "I'll phone you." When Farnsworth left, unaware of Lewis' suspicions, the reporter immediately got in touch with Captain W. D. Puleston, chief of ONI. Puleston was certain now that the Japanese had dropped Farnsworth, and that the man was seeking a stake to flee the country. Orders went out for Farnsworth's arrest. He was brought to trial in February, 1936, convicted and sentenced to serve from four to twenty years in a Federal penitentiary. (Continued tomorrow)

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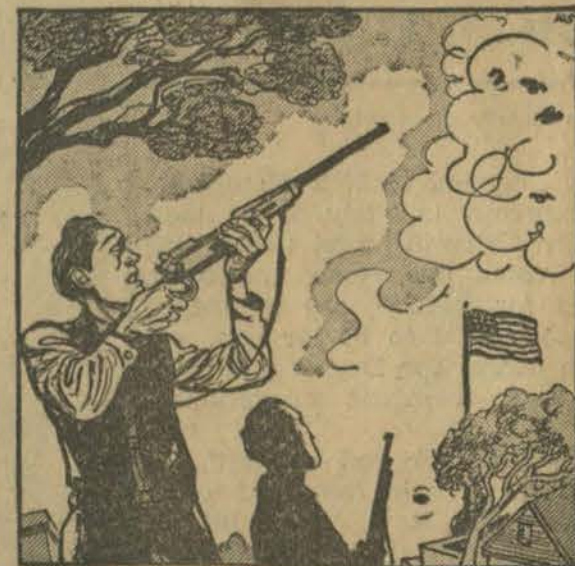
BY ALAN HYND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. SHARP



Japanese women, traveling to and from the Orient, carried messages.



They used feathered spies.



Agents bagged a bird.

THERE was a vast amount of anti-espionage work under way in 1935-36, in addition to the Farnsworth-Thompson investigations. Continual check was being kept on the activities of such men in New York as Count von Kietel; German Vice-Consul Gyssling; Roy Akagi, of the Manchuria Railway offices and "Sleepy Joe" Hagiwara, manager for Domei News Agency. On the West Coast, Dr. and Mrs. Furusawa; one Koni, an affluent ex-butler, and hundreds of others were kept under surveillance. The factual evidence gathered was so incredible that hard-boiled investigators toned down their reports to superiors so that they would not be accused of romancing.

All sorts of messages and instructions were passing between Tokyo and both American-born and alien Japanese in Pacific Coast cities. The methods

used by the Japanese to keep these messages from prying eyes were none too subtle—often childish. They were found inside toothpaste tubes, bars of soap and chocolate bars. Women travelers to and from the Orient were found in possession of strangely embroidered handkerchiefs which, when folded certain ways, reproduced maps of military importance.

And there were the Japanese fishermen operating out of California. They had long been under suspicion. But, in 1935, it had not yet been definitely established that many of them were actually high officers in the imperial navy.

Various so-called Japanese-American societies, operating under apparently innocent guises, were on the suspect list. The Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines, particularly around Los Angeles, were believed part of the Japanese espionage machinery. American counter-espionage operatives had for some

time observed carrier pigeons arriving in the rear of a Shinto shrine in the Little Tokyo section of Los Angeles. The birds always arrived about the same time—at three in the afternoon on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—and always came in from the same direction. This could mean they had flown over certain areas vital to American security. It was decided to bag one.

When a pigeon had been shot and retrieved, Naval Intelligence was astonished to find, attached to the bird's belly, a miniature camera! The device, of German origin, was something of a cross between a regular camera and a movie camera. It could be set to automatically snap a picture, through a special lens, at any given time. Our intelligence services were faced with a new problem—feathered spies!

(Continued tomorrow.)

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The "pigeon" films were examined.



Yusuda, Jap underworld-leader, was blasted to death . . .



. . . and crafty Yamamoto took over.

THE use of camera-carrying pigeons was a startling new development in the Japanese espionage network. At least it was new at the time—almost seven years before Pearl Harbor. The tiny camera fastened under the belly of a pigeon captured by ONI operatives, contained 12 films. When these were developed, two pictures clearly showed portions of large military objectives, the others were either blank or would have been of no value to espionage agents.

What the Japanese had done was obvious. They had merely worked out a route over military objectives for the birds to traverse. Distances and flying speed had been calculated and the timing device on the tiny camera adjusted to take pictures over points of interest to the Japanese. They had sufficient pigeons, cameras and film to discount blanks and

birds flying off schedule. They simply were operating on the law of averages. Counter measures adopted by our Intelligence services cannot be detailed here. But they were successful in thwarting the feathered spies.

Little by little our investigators were whittling into what undoubtedly was a gigantic Japanese spy ring.

Early in 1935, in Little Tokyo, Los Angeles, Yoshiaki Yasuda, president of the Little Tokyo Club, was shot from ambush as he entered his home. Murders in Little Tokyo were a dime a dozen to police, who saw in them mostly expressions of bad blood among bad people. But, when Yasuda's murder was quickly followed by a score of others, things began to pop. Yasuda had been an important man in the underworld of the Japanese colony.

Not because of the murders, but because of a suspicion that they might in some way have a connection with espionage, FBI agents took a hand. They learned that burial arrangements for some of the murder victims had been made by a gentleman with whom they already were acquainted—Dr. Furasawa, the medical man from Weller street. Interesting, too, was the information that Yasuda had had connections with "social" clubs in San Francisco, Portland and Seattle; and that he and the doctor were frequent visitors to the Japanese consulate in Los Angeles. Here, apparently, was evidence that the "social" clubs were somehow tied into the espionage picture.

Then a particularly evil-looking, crafty little Japanese came into new prominence. He was Kanekichi Yamamoto, known to the FBI, ONI and police as the Japanese Al Capone.

(Continued tomorrow)

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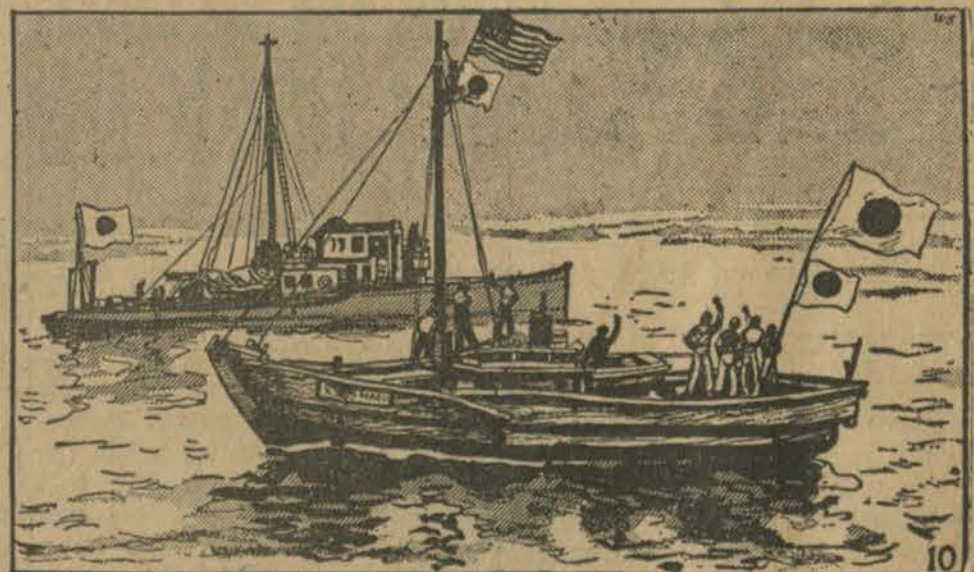
BY ALAN HYND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. SHARP



Yamamoto's henchmen filtered in.



"Big shots" arrived, too.



The Jap fishing boats became busier than ever.

COINCIDENT with the arrival of Yamamoto in Los Angeles, hundreds of his henchmen began filtering in. Yamamoto was known to our Intelligence Services and the police of West Coast cities as undisputed leader of the Japanese underworld from the Mexican border to the Canadian line.

Within a decade this ugly, evil, illiterate little man had risen from a laborer in the Washington lumber camps to a racketeer of major stature. He trafficked in women—both white and yellow—smuggled dope and in 1935 owned a string of gambling houses and resorts that stretched from Seattle to San Diego. Investigators learned that he had been paying out large sums for immunity. They learned, too, through U. S. Customs Service records and American Consular officials in Osaka, that this hoodlum was considered an important man by officials of the Japanese Government.

Yamamoto immediately tookset-up pretty well figured out. They knew that the Little Tokyo Club was only one of many similar clubs in other Pacific Coast cities. And it was apparent that the Imperial Japanese Government was in the process of integrating Yamamoto's gangster empire into the espionage machinery, if indeed it had not already been accomplished.

Japanese Consulates in Eastern and Western cities were increasing their staffs, though the bulk of legitimate business at the Consulates had not increased.

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over control of the Little Tokyo Club. There his henchmen gathered. It became the rendezvous of the Medico from Weller Street, Dr. Furasawa, and many of his "patients." Even the Japanese Consul was a visitor on occasion, as was no less a personage than Lieutenant Commander Itimiya, Naval Attache of the Japanese Embassy in Washington.

The investigators by this time had Yamamoto's relationship to the over-all Japanese espionage

The fishing boats manned by Japanese and operating out of California ports were getting bigger and better and greater in number. Shinto and Buddhist priests were seen more and more outside their religious domains with men to whom religion patently meant nothing. The various Japanese social organizations seemed to be getting more secret with the passage of each month. And, it is to be remembered, all this was happening in 1936—not 1941!

(Continued tomorrow)

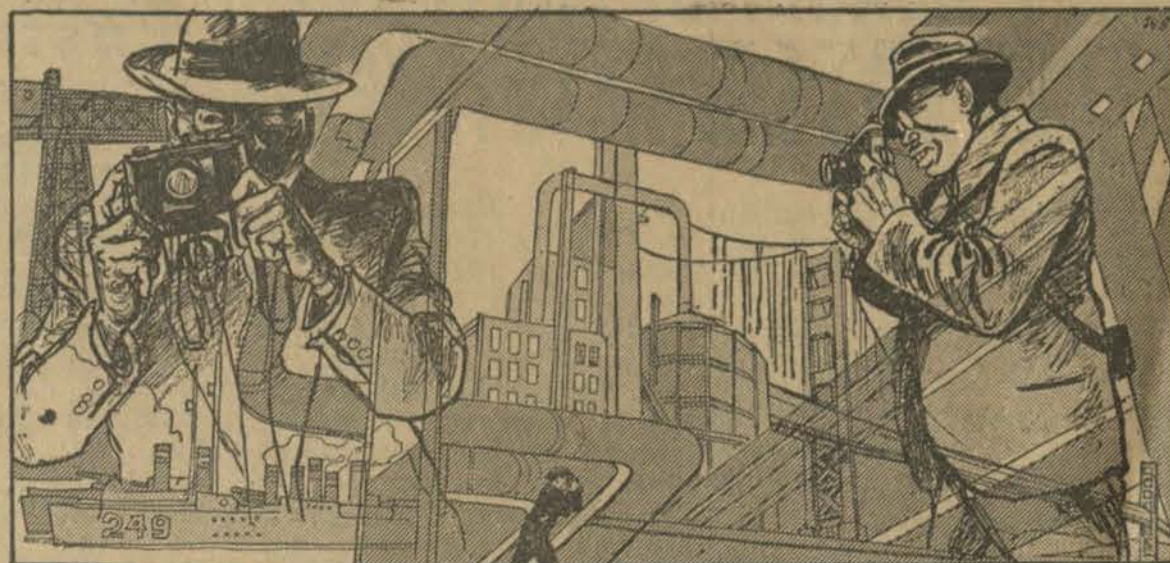
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BY ALAN HYND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. SHARP



The Korean, Haan, in Honolulu, kept his ears open.



There was a noticeable increase of Japs with cameras.

CONFIRMATION of our investigators' suspicions that the gangster, Yamamoto, was now a key figure in the Japanese espionage setup came from a Korean in Honolulu, Kilso K. Haan. The latter, an organizer of a secret anti-Japanese society called the Korean People's League, had duped attaches of the Japanese consulate in Honolulu into believing he could convert Hawaiian Koreans into loyal supporters of the Mikado. Haan, in addition to his own language, could speak Chinese and Japanese fluently. He kept his ears open. The name Yamamoto soon became a familiar one as he listened in on conversations of Japanese whom he knew to be espionage agents, either on their way to the United States or on their way from it. Then, in 1936, this startling radio message from Haan reached the American authorities

through the Korean League:

"Yamamoto and his organization about to begin course of study for purpose sabotage in California, Oregon, Washington, when war comes. Night clubs Yamamoto operates will be headquarters for this training, which includes study and construction of specially built scale models of bridges, power plants, water supply systems, railroad yards, etc. An N. Y. K. liner due San Francisco Thursday carrying two men—don't know names—who have instructions for Yamamoto."

Forty Japanese got off the liner when it docked, but the FBI and ONI were prepared. All 40 were shadowed. Two, who entrained for Seattle, proved to be the men referred to in the wireless. They were met by Yamamoto in Seattle, and he immediately took them to his hotel suite. The three remained in

Yamamoto's suite for two solid days. On emerging the visitors left for San Francisco in time to catch a liner for Japan. Then began a strange itinerary for the Japanese Capone. He went to his club in Seattle, and just before he arrived more than 50 Japanese underworld characters drifted into the place. The meeting lasted all night. The same procedure was followed in Portland, in San Francisco and in Los Angeles. In all, Yamamoto conferred with 200 or more of his men.

Immediately after these four meetings—at which Yamamoto undoubtedly issued instructions—there was an influx of Japanese with cameras around strategic military and naval locations the entire length of the Pacific Coast. And they seemed to be taking pictures with definite angles in mind.

(Continued tomorrow)

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They built sabotage models . . .

OF COURSE, the FBI and ONI could have closed in on the 200 or more Japanese agents running loose with cameras. But they were curious to find out just who would build the scale models that the Japs planned to use in their sabotage operations. Our agents didn't have long to wait. One afternoon, in April, 1937, two smart-looking Japanese showed up at Dr. Furasawa's private hospital on Weller street. Yamamoto arrived soon after.

The offices of the engineers soon hummed with activity. The two worked late into the night—every night. They notified the superintendent of the building that under no circumstances must anyone enter their offices. "We're working on something for the government," they said. But they didn't say WHAT

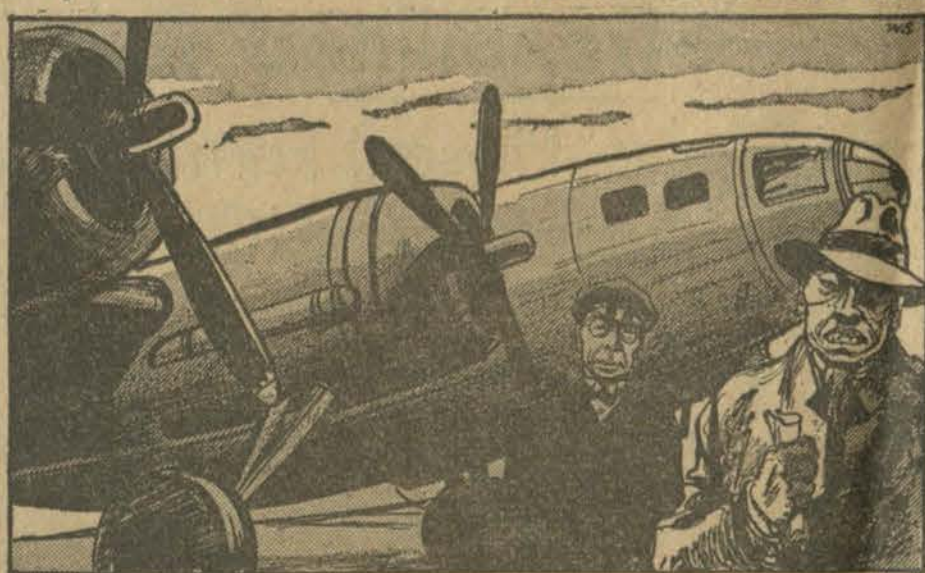


. . . delivered them at night.

government. After a week they began to have visitors. Dr. Furasawa called and so did the Japanese consul and, of course, Yamamoto.

It wasn't long before the Japanese engineers began leaving their offices at late hours of the night, carrying large suitcases. The luggage went to three places—the Consulate, the Little Tokyo Club and Dr. Furasawa's.

Meanwhile, Federal agents had assigned six American-born Japanese, whom they knew to be absolutely trustworthy, to investigate from the inside. These counterspies obtained membership in the Little Tokyo Club. The information they uncovered gave the Federal men the broad general plan of the Imperial Japanese government for sabotage on the West



Yamamoto's face twisted in rage as he read the note.

Coast when war came. The details are still secret, but we can tell that they learned Yamamoto's hoodlums were being instructed in how to sabotage important strategic points.

One day, after a Los Angeles meeting, Yamamoto took a plane to San Francisco. At the airport there, he was handed a note by a waiting chauffeur. His face twisted in rage as he read it, and he immediately returned to Los Angeles. Watching Federal men were certain something had gone amiss. They immediately sought to warn the six American-born Japanese counterspies. They did succeed in reaching four of the ter-spies. They did succeed in reaching four of the men. The other two were found next morning in Little Tokyo—murdered.

(Continued Monday)

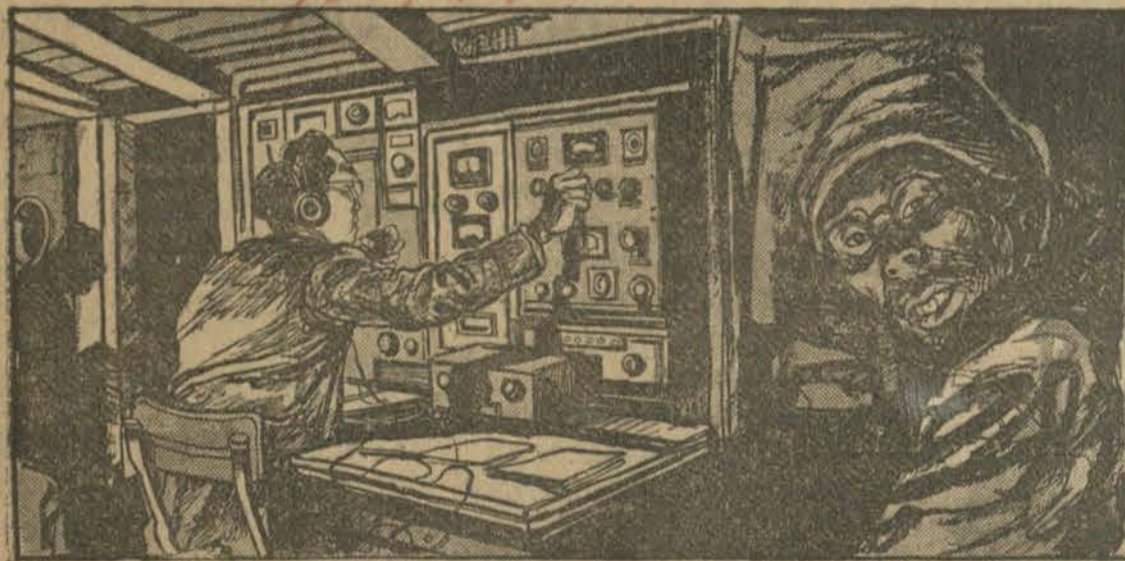
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Most Jap fishing boats were equipped with short wave radios.



An air-observer peered down as the German and Jap boats met.

FOR some time the Office of Naval Intelligence had been receiving reports from American operatives in Tokyo about the presence of German chemists in the Japanese capital. These chemists, according to the reports, were working on secret offensive devices for naval warfare.

Then, in the summer of 1937, there occurred an incident which tied in directly with these reports. Following the murder of the two counter-spies in Los Angeles, local and Government officials stepped up the probe into Japanese espionage activities on the West Coast. Particular attention was focussed on Terminal Island, at San Pedro. Five hundred Japanese fishermen operated out of Terminal Island, in boats valued at from \$20,000 to \$200,000. The largest of these boats were powered by Diesel engines and were equipped with short-wave radios and radio tele-

phones. One, at least, was known to be secretly armed.

One day, in August, a radio message from a Japanese ship somewhere in the Pacific was intercepted and decoded by the ONI. It was to the effect that a Japanese fishing boat, the Flying Cloud, was to meet a German freighter, the Edna, at a certain point 70 miles off the coast of Lower California. Plans were made to have an air observer look in at this meeting from the clouds, and to have a Coast Guard cutter in the vicinity. So, when the Flying Cloud left Terminal Island at 2 a. m. that morning—with Yamamoto aboard—the observer's plane was ready.

The takeoff time had been calculated perfectly so the plane arrived at the point of rendezvous just as the Japanese and German boats met. Through powerful glasses, the observer watched the transfer of approximately 30 large metal drums from the Ger-

man craft, which bore the name Edna, to the Flying Cloud. An odd thing about the drums was that one end of each was painted a bright yellow; the rest seemed to be dark brown or red. With the transfer completed, the Japanese vessel, with its mystery cargo, headed for Ensenada, Mex. The cutter followed.

Certain of the Flying Cloud's destination, the ONI made arrangements with the Mexican Federal police to watch for its arrival. So it was that two Mexican detectives watched as the big, yellow-tinted drums were unloaded and quickly stored in an old abandoned flour mill near the wharf. The drums safely in the mill, a guard of four armed men was stationed about the place. The Japs were taking no chances on anybody finding out what those 100-gallon drums contained! (Continued tomorrow.)

Page Part II— Tues., Mar. 21, 1944 Los Angeles Examiner

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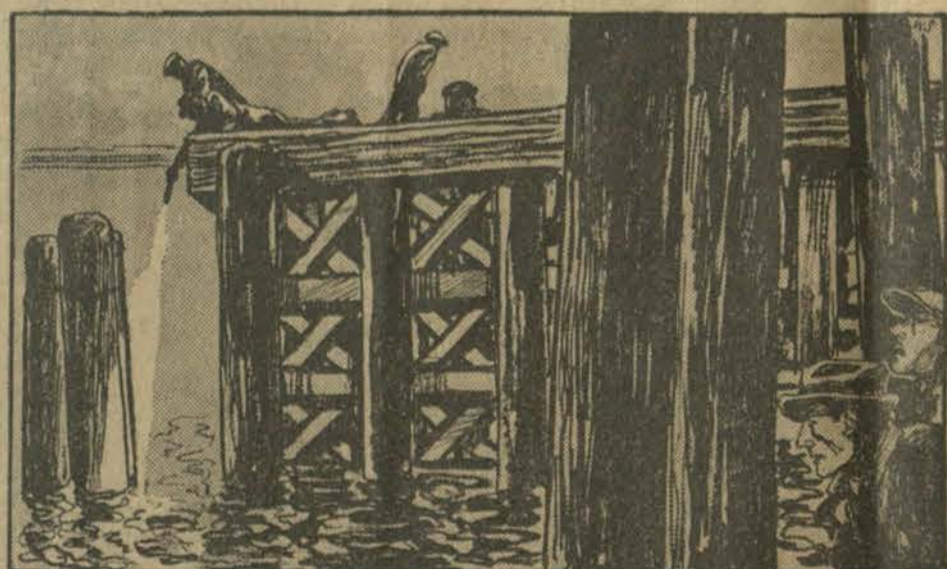
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The Japs rolled off a huge drum.



Magically the Temple doors opened.



A flashlight gleam focussed on the water near the wharf.

THE return of the Flying Cloud to Terminal Island seemed an event of some importance to certain of the Japanese there. The watching agents noticed much excitement and activity, despite the lateness of the hour—1 a. m.—as the fishing boat docked. Not many minutes after the boat had been moored to the pier a truck appeared. Quickly, men of the Flying Cloud carried off a huge drum—the

bottom was painted yellow—and loaded it on the truck. Apparently the Japanese had brought back a sample of the stuff stored in the old mill at Ensenada.

Next morning, Dr. Furasawa—the medical man from Weller street—accompanied by an attache of the Japanese consulate and a Dr. Rikita Honda, a prominent physician of Los Angeles, arrived at the Temple. Soon they left, each carrying a small package, which they seemed to handle with great care; obviously sam-

ples of the contents of the mystery drum. They separated, but that evening met again and the three drove to Terminal Island.

There, watching agents witnessed a scene, in the dark hours of the night, which would fit in well in the pages of a mystery thriller. The trio was met by two Japanese from the island and the five furtively made their way to the end of an unoccupied wharf. The ONI observers saw a flashlight gleam strike the water close to the wharf piles. Into this area

of light a liquid was poured from above and instantly the water started bubbling as if it were boiling! The light went out and the five men left the pier, adjourning to a restaurant.

Three hours later they emerged and again went to the pier. They were observed, each in turn, climbing down a short ladder to the water level. There, each one focussed a light on one of the pilings and made a close examination. There was much excited chatter in Japanese as they

grouped above the spot, and then they left the pier.

Later, when it was thought safe to do so, an ONI man made his way to the spot and climbed down the ladder. His eyes widened when he looked at what his flashlight revealed. A length of cable, running down the side of the pier and under the water, was actually eaten through for about three inches just above and below the water level!

(Continued tomorrow)

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By ALAN HYND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. SHARP



The Jap Capone met von Kietel.



Our agents filched a drum from the old mill in Mexico.



The mill was mysteriously destroyed.

THE discovery of the mysterious, steel-eating "bubbling acid" left little doubt that a hellish scheme for naval sabotage by the Japanese was under way. The German chemists in Tokyo had done their job well—and this was four years before Pearl Harbor. The O. N. I. promptly laid plans to obtain one of the drums cached at Ensenada.

Shortly after the "acid" experiment, the German agent, Count von Kietel, became a very busy man. He conferred with Yamamoto in Seattle, then flew to New York, where he met Roy Agaki, whose front was the offices of the South Manchuria Railway in that city. Agaki promptly left for Washington and the Japanese embassy, while Von Kietel returned to Los Angeles. It was obvious that Yamamoto had reported the result of the experiment to Von Kietel, who in turn reported to Agaki, who then carried the "good" news to the embassy. It was a good example of the verbal-courier method of carrying secret information.

Von Kietel next visited Dr. Furasawa and immediately left for Ensenada, where the "bubbling acid" was stored. He didn't stay there long. He was next seen conferring with crew members of the "Flying Cloud," back at Terminal Island, after which the Jap fishing boat left for Ensenada, obviously to pick up the mystery drums.

Meanwhile, intelligence operatives had been busy around the flour mill. They had succeeded—how, cannot be detailed here—in substituting a drum of gasoline for one of the drums in the old mill. Its contents were analyzed and the findings were so astounding that they seemed almost incredible.

The drum contained a substance which, when combined with salt water, produced an acid of such intensely destructive properties that it would eat right through steel plate! The conspirators planned to sow these drums like mines in waters where our fleet would operate. A warship passing over one of the drums would start an ingenious magnetic-explosive device. The drum would explode, releasing its contents. Immediately the acid would form, rise to the surface and, as a gummy substance, attach itself to the plates of the ship. Within 24 hours the acid would eat through the plates, so that the ship would be crippled beyond possible aid while far at sea!

But—when the "Flying Cloud" was only an hour out of Ensenada, somehow a "mysterious" fire and explosion destroyed the old flour mill—and the drums. . . .

(Continued tomorrow)

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BY ALAN HYND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. SHARP



They had secret "post-offices"...



... and their "Mata-Haris" were busy.



Al Blake, carnival man, had a visitor.

THERE could be no question at the beginning of 1938 as to the extent of Japanese sabotage plans for the United States, particularly on the West Coast. The bubbling acid scheme, so successfully thwarted by our intelligence men, was but one of a score of similar known diabolical plots.

Had the American public known what the FBI and other investigative agencies were aware of three years before Pearl Harbor, this nation, to put it mildly, would have had a bad case of the jitters. People of the West Coast would have been in absolute panic. But the State Department's policy was not to offend the Japanese. There it was, an enormous keg of dynamite, and all Federal agents could do was to sit on it, hoping the lid would not blow off.

The Japs, even then, were well along with their scale-model sabotage scheme for the destruction of

strategic points. The West Coast was honeycombed with their shortwave radio stations. They had their "post offices," individuals—one of them a first cousin of Ambassador Nomura—spotted in likely public places where they could receive and pass along secret information. They had their "Mata Haris," beautiful Japanese girls who sought out Army and Navy men—officers preferred. Those service men who became embroiled were often blackmailed into giving information. The Japs were thorough in preparing for war.

Shortly after the bubbling acid scheme exploded in his face, Yamamoto, the Jap Al Capone, was sent to prison. Not for espionage, but for income tax violations. This was a clever move by the Federal authorities. For in this way they were rid of Yamamoto and did not have to expose, in open court, their knowledge of Jap espionage activities.

Throughout this maze of spying and counter-spying there were many heroic and dramatic roles played by individual Americans, Federal agents and just plain citizens. But the story of Al Blake probably tops them all in stark drama.

In the fall of 1940, Blake, an alert-looking man of middle age, was part owner of an exhibit at Treasure Island during San Francisco's World Fair. He was a former vaudeville and screen performer known as "King of the Robots." He had remarkable control over his voluntary and involuntary muscles, and could stand immobile for hours alongside a dummy dressed just like him. One day that fall, he had a visitor, Torzicho Kono, one-time valet, chauffeur and general handy man for Charlie Chaplin. It was a visit that was to start Blake on a fantastic adventure.

(Continued tomorrow)

Betrayal From the East

Based on the new best-seller unmasking the Jap network of espionage and treachery in America

3/24/44
BY ALAN HYND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. SHARP



"Weren't you in the Navy, Blake?"

BLAKE, the carnival man, had first met the Japanese, Kono, at the old Chaplin studio in Hollywood. But it had been years since he had last laid eyes on the comedian's ex-chauffeur. So he was puzzled as to why Kono should seek him out. Blake, like many others on the Pacific Coast, was suspicious of all Japanese, and Kono's first words heightened this suspicion.

"Say, Blake," Kono said, "weren't you in the Navy?"

Blake nodded. "Yes, in the last war, I was a yeoman."

"Too bad you're not in the Navy now," said Kono. "You could make a lot of money."

With that Kono left and it was months later, in March, 1941, that Blake met him again in Hollywood. This time Blake was quite anxious to prolong the conversation. Since their last meeting he had made



"You can make money."

inquiries about Mr. Kono.

After a little general talk, Blake remarked: "I'm thinking of joining the Navy again, Kono." The latter showed increasing interest as Blake continued, inventing his story as he went along. "Just heard from a friend of mine in the Navy. He's stationed at Hawaii, on the Pennsylvania."

Kono's eyes bulged behind his heavy glasses. "The flagship," he said. "Look, Blake, even if you don't join up but have a friend on the flagship, maybe I can show you how to make a lot of money."

"I could use some money," said Blake, though he was actually quite solvent.

"Good," said Kono, whereupon he arranged for a luncheon meeting next day. He questioned Blake at great length as to his opinions of the war, the Japanese and the Chinese. Blake colored his answers to conform with what he thought Kono wanted to hear.



Blake and Kono quickly entered the sedan.

The latter was impressed and said he wanted Blake to meet a "big shot"—Mr. Yamoto. This meeting took place some days later. Yamoto, in a big sedan, drove up to the appointed street corner and picked up Blake and Kono. He turned the car in the direction of the Hollywood hills. Immediately after the introduction, Yamoto got down to business.

"This friend on the Pennsylvania, what's his name?"

"Campbell," Blake promptly answered. "Jimmy Campbell." The name and the person were, of course, purely fictitious, having been thought up by Blake for the occasion. But, as it was to turn out later, the fictitious man and the fictitious name were to become very real. They were to play a major role in Uncle Sam's fight against the Japanese Secret Service. . . .

(Continued tomorrow)

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Mr. Yamoto did most of the talking.

A SECOND meeting between Blake, Kono and the "big shot," Yamoto, took place the next day. This time Yamoto did most of the talking. He questioned Blake more closely about his fictitious friend, Jimmy Campbell, yeoman on the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, then at Hawaii. Blake made up his answers as best he could under the circumstances. Yamoto seemed satisfied. He startled Blake with the question: "Can you leave next week for Honolulu?"

"I'll leave for Tibet, if there's enough money in it," said Blake. "But just what am I to do? Have I got it straight that I am to get my friend on the Pennsylvania to get information for the Japanese government?"

"That is the idea," said Yamoto. "Mr. Kono here, will give you full instructions about what we want when you get there. Now how much money do you want?"



Blake noticed the two Japs drive up.

"Twenty-five hundred down and all expenses," Blake said. "And five thousand more when I deliver."

"Exactly the figure we had in mind," said Yamoto, and the "King of the Robots" had to call upon his ability to control his involuntary muscles to keep from laughing at the obvious lie.

When Blake left the car in Hollywood, Kono said, "I'll call you, Al." It was then that Blake noticed two Japanese in a car pull up on the other side of the street. He had caught glimpses of this car during the ride with Kono and Yamoto, and now he realized he was to be shadowed. Blake had had a definite program in mind when he first told Kono about his "friend Campbell." He wanted to get the O. N. I. in Los Angeles and tell his story. But he could not shake his pursuers, so he returned to his apartment.



He found the hidden dictograph.

He was there but a few moments when he noticed something different about a big easy chair. He examined it and found that a dictograph had been planted under one of the arms! The Japanese had removed the cloth covering and sewed it back on again. Blake determined he would simply have to get to the O. N. I. Outside, the Japs were still waiting. Blake took a bus to Los Angeles, his shadows trailing after him, and went into a motion picture theater. He checked to see if they had followed him into the theater. Luckily they hadn't, so Blake slipped out a back door.

At the O. N. I. offices Blake told his story to Lieutenant Leo P. Stanley, who listened attentively. When Blake had finished, Stanley said, "This sounds very important, Mr. Blake. And it also looks as if you will have to do just what the Japanese say!"

(Continued Monday)

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