



Takeo Yoshikawa and part of the havoc wrought at Pearl Harbor. Supposedly an underling at the Japanese consulate in Honolulu, he turned out to be a master spy. Data he fed Tokyo helped insure the success of the sneak at-

tack. Photo shows bombed Battleship Arizona on which 1102 men were lost. "A date that will live in infamy": 18 American ships were sunk or damaged, about 170 aircraft destroyed, another 102 damaged, with a death toll of 2402.

Takeo Yoshikawa

The Japanese Spy Who Fingered Pearl Harbor

by Lloyd Shearer

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago this morning, precisely at 7:40, a Japanese air armada of 353 planes bombed into shambles U.S. military and naval installations on the island of Oahu.

It was a military feat so daring, so brilliant, so audaciously conceived and so successfully executed as to deserve a special volume in the annals of warfare.

As bombs exploded on Pearl Harbor, a small, wiry, fawn-eyed Japanese, 29, with the cover-name — Tadashi Morimura — and the cover-job — fourth secretary, bounded out of the Japanese consulate, in Honolulu. He ran into the courtyard, glared into the sky, and smilingly identified the attacking aircraft as Japanese.

He then raced back into the building and quickly shook hands with Consul General Nagao Kita, both celebrating the accomplishment of their mission. Next, Morimura proceeded to burn his code books and all other intelligence data so that when the FBI agents arrived later, they found nothing incriminating and entertained not the slightest suspicion that in this wisp of a black-haired, boyish-looking young man with

the first joint of his left index finger missing, they had in hand the master spy of Pearl Harbor: real name—Takeo Yoshikawa; true employer: the Imperial Navy of Japan.

Several weeks ago I spent a weekend at the Miyako Hotel here discussing with Mr. Yoshikawa, now 57, the great, unforgettable adventure of his life.

A Hollywood motion picture company, 20th Century-Fox, had brought him to Kyoto from Matsuyama in the interest of accuracy to work as technical adviser on *Tora, Tora, Tora* (Tiger, Tiger, Tiger); the Japanese code words for the successful surprise attack on Pearl Harbor and the title of the company's \$20 million production.

'A big success'

With his wife beside him, Yoshikawa, whose English is more than adequate, waxed poignantly autobiographical.

"At my age," he began, "a man should know if he's a success in life or a failure. I have two children, a son of 22 and a daughter of 24, and, of course, they say I'm a big success, that what I accomplished in Hawaii will live in history. But only a few months ago, I applied to our government for a pension.

"Do you know what they said to me? They said, 'We've never heard of you. I thought for a minute they were joking, but they were absolutely serious.

"I explained that in 1945 when you Americans came into Tokyo, I went into hiding. The day after the war ended I made haste to send my family to live with my parents in Matsuyama, and I disappeared. I lived with friends. I lived in the forest. Many days I starved. I was afraid that if the Americans got hold of me they would kill me. For a while I even became an apprentice Zen Buddhist monk. I made and sold candy. I sold tea.

"For years I lived in fear that my colleagues in the navy would inform on me. There were seven officers in naval general staff headquarters who were involved in spying on America. All those seven were sentenced to from eight to 20 years in jail. I didn't want that to happen to me. So I stayed in no one place very long.

"I was in flight for years. I explained this to one of our government officials. I said that after what I had done for my country, surely I was entitled to some small consideration, some small credit, some small pension.

"You know what they said to me? They said, 'You must be some kind of child to think that we will ever acknowledge your activities in Honolulu. The government of Japan never spied on anyone.' They wouldn't even give me a medal or a citation. The only reward I got from anyone was a letter of appreciation from Adolf Hitler. And that was for intercepting a short-wave English broadcast from Australia late in 1939. It advised that 19 troop transports were heading for Great Britain."

Civilian frustrations

Yoshikawa's experiences in civilian life have been similarly frustrating. In 1950 when the U.S. authorities were no longer so zealous in searching out former enemies in Japan, he returned to his family in Matsuyama.

"Quietly," he says, "to support my wife and children I went into the candy business. Then I opened a filling station on the outskirts of our city. By then the authorities no longer were searching for me, and I was a free man. People who knew of my past said I was a very great patriot, or they avoided me. A funny thing about a spy. No one seems to trust him, not even in his own country.

"Anyway, none of these people who

said I was such a great patriot, a true son of Japan—none of them offered me any kind of a job. So after a while, in 1960, I wrote a book on my Pearl Harbor experiences. It's called *East Wind, Rain*. And I made some television appearances in connection with it. Then, since I was known as a master spy, I began giving courses in Tokyo on the art of industrial spying."

At \$7 per hour

For four years Yoshikawa lectured to small groups on the theory and history of espionage, explaining techniques and devices adaptable to the industrial world. For this he was paid \$7 an hour. Since then he has managed by taking whatever jobs came along and by writing.

Takeo Yoshikawa was born in a small town near Matsuyama, the son of a baker. Only son in the family—he has two sisters—he was graduated from Matsuyama middle school and then enrolled in Eta Jima (Japan's naval academy) where he became a swimming champion. After graduating in 1933 he was sent to France on his training voyage, later was appointed secret code officer of the cruiser Ura. In April, 1935, he became an ensign and while on a cruise through the Red Sea, suffered an appendicitis attack. He also developed ulcers, further abdominal complications, and was hospitalized for months.

The navy thereupon discharged him as a regular line officer but placed him in the reserve.

"One afternoon," he recalled, "when I was very depressed, because I just could not get used to life as a civilian, I was called upon by a navy officer.

"He suggested that I work for the general staff office in Tokyo as a civilian. I would be given ensign's pay (about \$250 a month) and assigned to intelligence work. I loved the navy with my whole heart and jumped at the opportunity."

For the next three years Yoshikawa concentrated on the English language and the U.S. Navy. He read and studied every word, every photograph, every manual he could find on the U.S. Pacific Fleet. He studied and memorized the shapes, silhouettes, and characteristics of U.S. aircraft, battleships, cruisers, submarines. He studied the traditions of the U.S. Navy, its heroes, its battles. Endowed with a photographic memory, he retained everything.

After Yoshikawa passed the Foreign Office English-language examination, his chief, Commander Muchaku, called him in.

New job, new name

"We are sending you to Honolulu," he announced, "supposedly as a junior diplomat. You will be given a new name. Only one man in our consulate will know who you really are. He is Nagao Kita, our consul general. Your job is to transmit back to us through our diplomatic code every last shred of information on the American forces in and

around the Hawaiian islands. From now on your name is Tadashi Morimura."

A Honolulu newspaper dated Aug. 28, 1941 reported: "Tadashi Morimura, recently appointed secretary to the Japanese consulate in Honolulu, arrived Thursday morning aboard the Nitta Maru from Japan.

"Mr. Morimura was transferred from the Tokyo Foreign Office to assist in handling expatriation applications of Americans of Japanese ancestry here.

"He is the fourth member of the secretarial staff of the consulate here."

In Honolulu, Yoshikawa, within two weeks of his arrival, became a regular customer at Shuncho-Ro, a Japanese teahouse located at the summit of Aiea Heights, overlooking Pearl Harbor.

"Day after day," he recalled, "I would take sightseeing trips. I would fly over Oahu in tourist planes and observe the location and movement of ships. I never took notes. I never took photographs. I never used binoculars. Back in the consulate at night, in the secrecy of my room, I would write it all down, then code it, and once a week transmit it back to Tokyo.

"I would list the battleships, the cruisers, their positions, their maneuvers, the depth of the channels. I would scout air patrols, listen to sailors in bars, study Honolulu weather charts, reports of troop movements.

"When the general staff in Tokyo wanted to know if there was an anti-submarine net across the Pearl Harbor entrance, I went swimming underwater. I discovered none, but later wired that while I had seen none, perhaps some existed. When they wanted to find out if bad weather would possibly prove an obstacle to an air attack, I consulted the weather history of the islands and decided that bad weather would never halt an air attack.

"When they asked if the Pacific Fleet was ever berthed in the other islands—they were particularly interested in

Lahaina Roads in Maui, I visited the other islands, and reported that the Americans did not divert their fleet but concentrated almost everything in what they called Battleship Row off Ford Island, Oahu.

"I was extremely careful, because the FBI had a very good special agent in Honolulu. Robert Shivers was his name, I think. There was also a special espionage section in the Honolulu Police Department, to say nothing of the U.S. Navy's intelligence section and the Army's G-2. I was lucky, I guess, because not once was I stopped or questioned, and I was never followed."

On Nov. 1, 1941, a month and a week before bombs rained down on Pearl Harbor, Lt. Comdr. Suguri Suzuki, disguised as the steward aboard the S.S. Taiyo Maru, arrived in Honolulu. He drove to the Japanese consulate and delivered to Yoshikawa a sheet of rice paper on which were written some 90-odd questions. Before he returned to Japan, Suzuki needed to know how many airplanes defended Oahu, on what day of the week most ships were anchored in Pearl Harbor, the possibility of balloon interceptions, the number of Army personnel in Hawaii, the schedule of patrol planes, etc., etc.

Data supplied

Yoshikawa supplied the information, and Suzuki returned to Japan with it. According to Yoshikawa, the Japanese had some suspicion that the U.S. might possibly have broken their diplomatic code (which was true although we used our intelligence badly) and therefore were taking no chances on the radio transmission of intelligence. They used Suzuki as a courier.

In retrospect, Yoshikawa believes, "The most valuable intelligence I supplied to our general staff was that the best day for an attack on Pearl Harbor was Sunday. I reported that on Saturday nights many sailors went out drinking

and that on Sunday morning many of them went to church. Also most important was the information I provided on American ship locations. With this information, our attacking aircraft could concentrate on Pearl Harbor, Hickam and Wheeler and not worry about reinforcements from other sources.

"I remember how difficult it was for our general staff to believe that the U.S. Navy was not dispersing its ships throughout all the Hawaiian islands and that the Army was not dispersing its aircraft and its men on islands other than Oahu. Yes, that was extremely valuable intelligence I sent."

Yoshikawa maintains that the exact date of the Pearl Harbor attack was not known to him. "On the morning of Dec. 7th, after the bombing had begun, I listened for a few moments to the Tokyo weather broadcast on the short-wave radio we had in the consulate. I heard the code words, 'East Wind, Rain.' Translated that meant, 'Japan is now at war with the United States.'"

Following the successful enemy attack, the FBI took control of the Japanese consulate staff in Honolulu. Unfortunately the agents regarded Yoshikawa as little more than a lowly secretary. In March, 1942, they shipped him and other staffers to San Diego. Here they were placed on a train to Tucson, Ariz., and moved into the Triangle T Ranch. They occupied comfortable quarters until August when they were shipped back to Japan on the liner Gripsholm.

Chooses a bride

In Tokyo Yoshikawa again went to work for the general staff, this time compiling information and statistics on the number of Japanese and U.S. ships which were being sunk. "By the end of 1943," he says, "I knew Japan could not win the war. We had lost Admiral Yamamoto, much of our shipping. The future looked dark. Even so I decided to get married." His mother arranged the marriage by allowing him to choose his bride from one of three photos.

"I chose the first one she showed me."

Takeo Yoshikawa last visited Hawaii in 1961 to appear with Walter Cronkite on a TV special commemorating the 20th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. "I found Hawaii a most beautiful place," he says. "It also made me want to see the rest of the United States. Do you think I would be received favorably in the United States? Do you think I could obtain a good job there?"

I hesitated, groping for a diplomatic reply. "That's hard to tell," I explained. "You see, Mr. Yoshikawa, there are a lot of people in my country who are still very sensitive about Pearl Harbor. Our history books describe it as a sneak attack."

Takeo Yoshikawa nodded. "I know. I know," he agreed hopelessly. "Nobody likes a spy."



Lloyd Shearer, author of this article, interviewing Yoshikawa in Kyoto.