

Jake Greenberg, an American expatriate, gets a phone call one night from the chief security officer of the American Consulate. There is a traitor, he's sure, in the Consulate. That same night the security man is murdered. With that, Jake is drawn into the world of espionage.

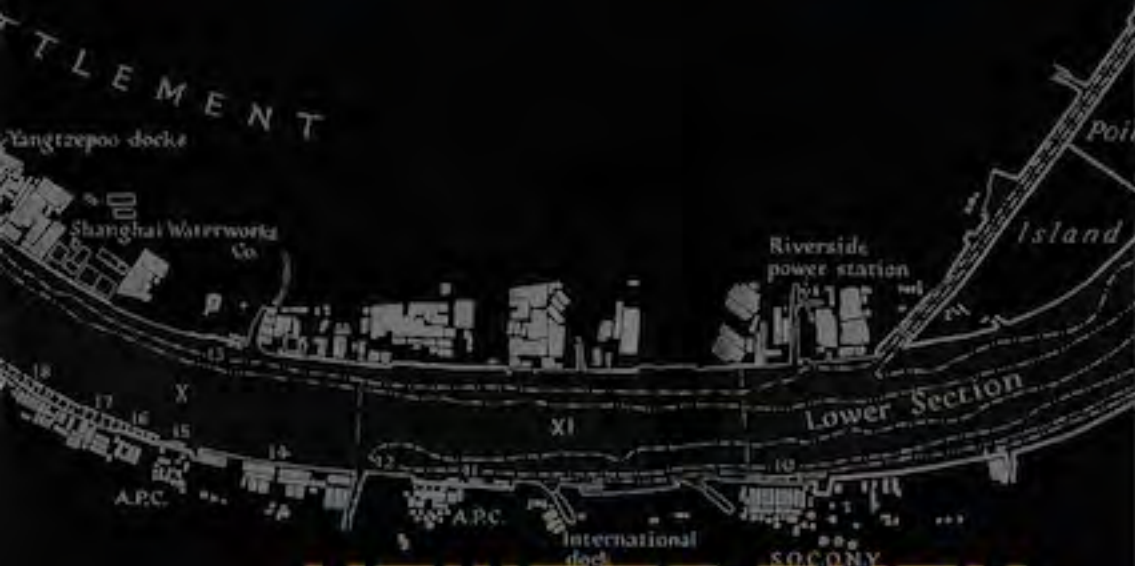
The Shanghai Spy

by Howard Turk

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THE SHANGHAI SPY



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While this book is a work of fiction and most of the characters are fictional, actual events under way in Shanghai in 1932 served as background for this story, which also includes some real people.

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It was nearly midnight when Dan Crawford limped slowly down the main hallway of the American Consulate. At the front door he shifted his briefcase to his left hand and gave the two Marine guards a casual salute.

"Have a good night, boys."

"You too, Sir." The young Marine grinned. "Catch any bad guys today?"

"Day's not quite over," Crawford said with a smile.

Crawford was the Consulate's security officer, the "Consulate's cop" was what he called himself. It was not a glamorous job like the Foreign Service. But he loved it, and the city.

He had been in Shanghai five years, the longest of any of the senior staff. Would he see year six? He didn't think so. The pain was getting worse and it had spread to his leg. It had taken every ounce of will to get through this long day.

But today it was worth it, he thought. He had begun to see a pattern to the misfiled documents. Now he had something to lay out for Anderson, the new Consul General. Would the new guy listen? That was the question that worried him. And could he trust him with the secret, really sensitive information? That was the big one, he thought.

Out on the street, Crawford glanced with distaste at the Japanese Consulate next door. They were playing a petty, not-so-subtle game of who had the biggest flag. There was a huge rising sun that flew day and night.

Silly business, he said to himself.

He slowly scanned the arc of Broadway Road. It was a wide street lined with foreign consulates on the river side and

businesses catering to foreigners across the way. But at this time of night it was quiet by Shanghai standards, only an occasional rickshaw or pedicab or automobile going by. Nothing suspicious tonight, he thought.

The night air felt wonderful and clean after a day rummaging through the Consulate's files. He decided to walk a bit. Maybe as far as his club, Crawford thought, as he turned left toward Garden Bridge.

Where are they? Crawford wondered as he walked. I might be sick, he said to himself, but I'm not stupid. He was sure he had been followed after work for at least a week.

The tail was two or three men. One was a Pox Faced, stubby Chinese he named Little Guy. The other one was a tall, swarthy European he called Dark Guy. Maybe there was a third man, but he wasn't sure.

They weren't amateurs, that was clear from their technique. They had shifted back and forth with one man behind him and one, possibly two, across the street keeping pace. Who they were and why they were following him was a puzzle. They could be anyone. The city was awash with bad guys—from gangsters to foreign types of every conceivable political color.

He had started carrying a gun after the second night. It was an old British hand cannon, a big caliber Webley Revolver that he carried in his coat pocket. If something happened, he knew from experience, it would probably be so quick he would never be able to get the revolver out in time. But he carried it anyway. It made him feel he was doing something.

On Garden Bridge, the spidery steel road over Soochow Creek, Crawford had to stop and hang on to the railing to rest. He was coughing so hard he couldn't breathe. Other walkers, almost all Chinese, glanced at him, some with pity, some with disdain, as they hurried by.

Damn, he thought, his pills were wearing off faster lately. He had given up counting how many he took each day. It didn't matter. He shook two brown ones out of a bottle and gulped them down before he pushed on.

Not far away was his club, The Durham. It was a poor man's Shanghai Club with only a modest bar, but it was one of the few that accepted all comers, including foreigners of modest means and Chinese.

The Durham was on the corner of Jin Kee Road and the Bund, the wide boulevard along the Whangpoo River. Crawford was planning to rest there and reward himself with a gin and tonic before he took a rickshaw to his apartment in the French Concession.

Off the bridge, Crawford was walking slowly past the sprawling green lawn of the British Consulate when a thought struck him. Did his tail have to do with what he was working on? My God, he said to himself, if that's so, the problems at the Consulate are far deeper than he imagined.

He stopped suddenly and looked around. It was more crowded on this side of the bridge, but no one seemed to be following him.

He pushed himself to walk faster. Yes, he thought, that could make sense. All of it could be connected. Crawford was tempted to turn around and walk back to the Consulate. No, it's too far, he decided, he might not be able to make it. The walk this far had exhausted him. He would write up his idea tomorrow.

Only a short distance to the club, Crawford thought, as he waited with a dozen people on the sidewalk for the policeman's signal to cross Peking Road.

With a roar, a large motorcycle suddenly came out of the flow of traffic on the Bund, turning on to Peking Road in front of him. His mind registered two men: a driver and a passenger

behind him. The passenger was Little Guy. Light from a street lamp flashed off a gun in his hand. It was aimed at Crawford.

Without thinking he dropped to his knees and squeezed his eyes closed, waiting for the bullet's impact. At that same moment two shots boomed out in quick succession. A large bellied Chinese man standing next to Crawford gasped, staggered, then fell face forward on the curb.

Crawford struggled to his feet, not sure his legs would support him. The motorcycle disappeared up Peking Road. The traffic policeman was rushing toward them. Crawford looked down. Dark liquid oozed out from under the Chinaman. Around him people were screaming, some running, others frozen in place.

Crawford didn't look around. He crossed Peking Road and walked away as fast as he could, his mind spinning. He needed help.

*

Jake Greenberg sat reading the late edition of the *Shanghai Daily* in the second floor office of the Wheel House Casino. His feet were up on the middle drawer of his desk, a mug of coffee was close at hand. It was his night to close. Unless there was a problem, he had nothing to do until three in the morning.

Then the telephone rang. He glanced at his watch, then at Kuan, his Chinese partner, on the other side of their large double desk. Kuan put down the ledger he was working on and nodded knowingly. It was almost one in the morning, far too late for anything but trouble. With a sigh, Jake set aside the paper and picked up the phone. "Wheel House Casino," he said, hoping it was a wrong number.

"Jake, this is Dan."

Greenberg signaled to Kuan to pick up the extension on his side of the desk. Was this a heads-up? Jake wondered. The city had vibrated with tension since the Japanese invaded Manchuria three months before. The question everyone was asking was: are they coming to Shanghai next.

"Good to hear from you, Dan. What's up?" Jake asked, keeping his voice normal. He hadn't seen his old friend in two or three weeks and they were planning to have lunch the next day. But Dan Crawford was not a man to casually call at this time of night.

Jake's once vigorous tennis partner had been reduced to a gaunt scarecrow over the last few months. Cancer, Jake and other friends speculated. Dan would admit nothing even though his clothes hung on him, looking a size or two too large. Jake knew Crawford had been working longer and longer hours at the consulate, never complaining, and never even hinting at what he was working on.

"I have to see you." His voice was raspy. Dan sounded desperate.

"We'll talk at lunch tomorrow at the American Club?"

"No. No. I have to see you tonight. Soon as you can." He coughed a deep, heavy cough. "It's real important."

Jake looked over at Kuan, his expression wordlessly saying: What the hell is happening?

Kuan shook his head.

"You call the place," Jake said.

Crawford coughed again. "Bruno's on Honan Road. They stay open late. It's a block west from the Central Police Station. You know it?"

"Sure. See you there in half an hour."

"Thank you, Jake. I really appreciate this." Crawford paused for an instant. "How are you coming?"

"Rickshaw or pedicab."

"Ah, Jake, could you get off a block or so away and walk to Bruno's? It would be better. Safer."

"Dan, what's going on?"

"I can't say more on the telephone. Just meet me there."

The phone clicked in Jake's ear and he slowly put the receiver back on its cradle. "What do you make of that?"

"Damn strange," Kuan said. "What did he mean by safer? You want me to back you up?"

Jake shook his head. "No. You close. I'll see what he wants. But, you're right. It sounds serious," Jake said as he slipped on his shoulder holster and checked his pistol, a man-stopping Army Colt .45. "Who knows, maybe he's going to tell me that Jap fleet is on its way."

"Cheery God-damned thought."

*

Jake closed the Wheel's front door and took in a deep breath of crisp January air. Traffic on Woosung Road, so busy during the day, had slowed to a calm, steady trickle. To his right was a line of polished and gleaming cars parked half way up on the sidewalk. The drivers, mostly Russian exiles, stood in groups, quietly passing the time waiting for their employers inside the Wheel.

"How is it tonight, Ali?" Jake asked the Sikh door guard. "All Hookay, Boss."

Ali, like all of the Wheel's guards, was a former Indian Army man, a Platoon Sergeant. He was a tall, beefy, very dark Indian who carried a shotgun in the crook of his arm. Ali wore the Wheel's tan military-style uniform and an emerald green turban.

"Li around?" Jake asked.

"He was earlier, Boss. Came to show off his new pedicab. Sold his rickshaw and bought himself an almost new black deluxe with pneumatic tires."

"I think Li's gone capitalist on us."

Ali just smiled and shrugged. "Can't tell with that one."

Li was Jake's usual rickshaw man. The lean, sun-darkened man was an outspoken leftist. A Communist? Jake wasn't sure. Li, he thought, was far too independent for party discipline and pretty cagey about just where he stood. But it was widely believed that many members of the Rickshaw Guild were reds or helped them out by carrying messages.

"Keep things quiet, Ali," Jake said as he went down the short flight of steps to the sidewalk. He turned left, walking down the gentle slope of Woosung Road toward Bubbling Well Road where there were always rickshaw men waiting at the corner.

Best not to think too much, he said to himself as he walked past darkened businesses. Just see what Dan has to say and play it from there. That was Kuan's mantra: Don't over think it.

Jake and Kuan were like oddly matched brothers. They had been partners for almost a decade turning an old mansion into a boutique casino and fighting off the Green Gang's attempt to take it over.

Jake was a big-shouldered man, over six feet tall, with hazel eyes, close cut dark hair, and a nose slightly off center, a souvenir of a short teen-age boxing career. He had grown up in the Jewish slums of Toronto, an area called Kensington, and fought in France, a very young sergeant with Canada's 48th Highlanders, in what was called The Great War. He still carried bits of shrapnel in his left knee and terrifying memories that came back to him now and then in sweaty nightmares.

Kuan was Jake's physical opposite. He was slim and handsome, a man of modern China. Educated in America at Columbia University, he was sought after by liberal hostesses for their dinner parties and sometimes their beds. Kuan was from an old Shanghai family. He was a bit of a gangster and had a complicated life filled with a string of girlfriends, both foreign and Chinese, and a host of Chinese mothers pursuing him, eager to have him marry their daughters.

*

Bruno's was almost empty and very quiet when Jake arrived. He looked past the bar which had a few solitary customers hunched over their drinks. At first he didn't see Dan. Then he spotted him sitting at a table in a corner deep in the back. Jake waved off the hostess, a pretty young Chinese woman in a form-fitting blue silk dress, and walked past the bar. When Jake got to Crawford, Dan's briefcase was open and he was scribbling a message. An untouched bottle of beer was off to the side. Dan hurriedly shoved the note into an envelope and sealed it. Then he sat back and looked up at Jake.

"Thanks," Crawford said as they shook hands. "I hated to drag you out this late, but it is important. Can I buy you a drink? Food maybe, if the kitchen is still open?" He coughed into his sleeve.

"Nothing, Dan," Jake said pulling out a chair and sitting down. "You're sounding very spooky. Is it war?"

Crawford closed his brief case, but left the envelope on the table in front of him. "As far as I know the Japs aren't on their way. They're still mopping up Manchuria." He sighed and told Jake about the attempt to kill him, finishing with the question: "Why would someone want to kill me? I'm 57 and dying. I know I don't have much time left. Anyone can see that. The

only thing I can think of is I'm getting close." Crawford coughed again.

Jake didn't speak for a moment wondering what to say. "Close to what, Dan?"

"I believe there is someone in the Consulate...working against us."

"A spy?"

"I don't know. Could be. But I think something is rotten." Dan put his hand on Jake's arm. "Look, a bad thing happened. I can't tell you about it. It's too secret. But a really bad thing. Now one of our clerks, a woman I trust, found a lot of messages in our most secret files are out of order. Like someone took them out and was in a hurry to put them back."

"Don't you have a registry for that stuff? That's what the Brits had in the last war. Anyone going into the room with the secret files had to sign in with a clerk."

Crawford snorted out a harsh laugh. "We have an honor system, would you believe that? And access? A lot of people can go in there. Not just senior staff."

The talk seemed to tire Crawford. To Jake he was looking worse than ever—his face was paper white with blotches of red on both cheeks, his eyes were unnaturally bright, as if he had a fever. But he was not going to play games with Dan. His friend was dying and he owed him the respect of acknowledging that. "How bad is it?"

"Pretty painful, but I have pills for that. The question is how much time I have. The doctors can't do anything for me and they can't or won't even give me a straight answer. "

"Ask a nurse with some gray in her hair," Jake said. "They know and have the balls to tell you."

Crawford smiled and nodded. "Good idea. Thanks. Enough of me."

"Okay. Are you positive the shooter was after you?"

Crawford coughed again. "Absolutely. The shooter was one of the guys who've been following me."

There was silence between them for a heartbeat or two, then Jake asked, "Are you involved with someone or some group on the side?"

Dan snorted out a grim laugh. "I can barely get through the day as it is. No, I've nothing outside of the job."

"What are you working on, Dan?"

Crawford shook his head. "I can't tell you. What I would like is for you to hold this envelope for me." He slid the envelope across the table to Jake. "Put it in that big old safe you have in your office."

"But why give it to me? There must be all kinds of secure places at the Consulate. Hell, the Shanghai Consulate is the biggest in China, bigger than the Embassy in Nanking."

Crawford smiled and nodded, then the smile quickly faded. "Jake, I don't know who to trust and that is the God's honest truth. Please take the envelope. Keep it safe." He paused. "If something happens to me, give it to Commander John Chesney. He's the head Navy guy at the Consulate. Put it into his hands. No one else. You know him?"

"No, but I'll find him, if I have to. You don't trust the new guy, Anderson?"

"Anderson is too new and he was picked for the job by that dumb son-of-a-bitch, Stimson. I think he might be okay in time, but not now."

Henry L. Stimson, Hoover's Secretary of State, had made Dan's job of protecting the consulate infinitely harder with a flood of mindless rules better suited to a private club. Stimson was famous for saying: "Gentlemen don't read each others mail," and closing down the State Department's code breaking unit. He drove Crawford wild.

Jake picked up the envelope and put it in his inside his breast pocket. "Aren't you afraid I'll open it?"

"You'd be a fool to. And I'm betting you're not a fool. Believe me, its stuff you don't want to get involved with. Just give it to Chesney. He's in the Navy Annex on the top floor of the Consulate. Get to him privately. I've talked to Anderson a little. His chief of staff gave me ten minutes last week. He seemed to be listening. Hope he was. I have more now, but not for him."

"I'll be a good boy. By the way, the new guy, Anderson, got rave reviews in the papers."

Crawford nodded.

Jake could see he was fading. "You take it easy as you can."

"Sure," Crawford said sarcastically, as he pushed himself slowly out of his chair, as if he feared breaking something by moving too fast. "Now get me a rickshaw or a taxi. This old man is done for."

*

The short, powerfully built man leaned in against the door to apartment eight at number 27 Rue Montauban in the French Concession. He had a large face with a bulbous nose, a bull neck, deep blue eyes, and wavy black hair with a touch of gray around the ears. As he worked the lock with his picks, he swore quietly in German. Finally the bolt clicked and the man stepped into the modest apartment.

Horst Werke was his birth name, but he had used so many false ones over the years it hardly mattered to him. This time he had a German passport and his name was Otto Stein. His occupation was listed as a journalist, a stringer for several obscure news magazines in the Balkans.

He thought of himself as an important man and he carried himself that way. Moscow Center had recently promoted Stein to Shanghai *Rezident*, the head of the Russian military intelligence network in the city.

Stein locked the front door and checked his watch. His man had told him that Crawford had gone to Bruno's café. He gave himself twenty minutes for a quick sweep of the apartment. He would have time to do a more complete job later.

Using a small flashlight he walked across the sparsely furnished single room that served as both a living room and a dining room. To his right was a small alcove that held the kitchen.

At the far end, by the window, were a small table and two chairs and a hotplate. There was no bathroom. That was down the hall.

Stein nodded to himself. The setup was familiar. Over the years he had stayed in such apartments from Peking to Lisbon.

Stein slipped into the tiny bedroom. He was sure there was no one there, but his long years in the business impelled him to check. The room was as Spartan-like as the front room—a small bed, neatly made, a wooden chair, one night stand, and pegs along one wall for his clothes. The apartment told Stein that Crawford was a meticulous man who cared little for comforts or luxury.

That made him the most dangerous kind, Stein thought. He much preferred working against softer men.

As he worked his light about the bedroom, he swore silently at the incompetence of the two field men. They had been recruited by the former *Rezident* and he was stuck with them. The American should be dead and he should not be doing this low level work.

Stein returned to a desk in the living room, the only good piece of furniture in the apartment, to begin his search. It was the most logical place for most people to keep their papers, but the least likely for a man like the American. Still it had to be done. Later, he was sure, he would have to go through the slow work of looking for a loose board or behind a light fixture to find papers that would hint at how much the American knew.

The desk was old-fashioned with a pull-down front that served as a writing table and pigeonholes that were crammed with paper. It took time to scan them, but Stein found nothing of interest. A sudden noise in the hall caused him to spring to his feet, his hand going to a .32 caliber automatic in his pocket. But the footsteps retreated and Stein went back to the desk.

He flashed his light on his watch. "Nearly two o'clock," he grumbled. He was running out of time. Stein turned to the four drawers under the writing table. They were locked with cheap locks that Stein opened easily with a thin strip of metal. The top two drawers were filled with more worthless paper—a will, leaving what he had to a cousin in New York City, letters tied in bundles, tax returns, and notebooks detailing travel expenses going back to the Great War.

The man never threw anything away, Stein thought. He must have...

Stein froze. He was about to open the third desk drawer when he again heard the sound of footsteps again in the hallway. This time the sound did not diminish. There was a click of a key being inserted in the door lock. Stein had misjudged the time.

Taking four quick silent steps, he positioned himself behind the apartment door and slipped his garrote out of his pocket.

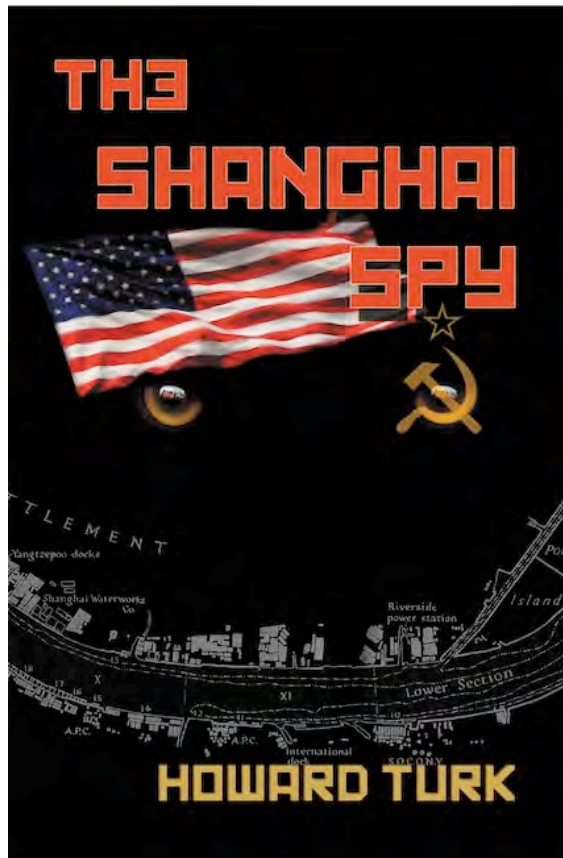
The door opened and Crawford stepped into the room, closing it behind him. He had half turned and switched on the light when Stein slipped the wire around his throat. But instead of doing what most men would do, use both hands to tear the wire away, Crawford used only his left hand. His right went to his pocket where his big revolver bulged in his jacket.

Stein saw this and knew he had to kill the American quickly. He pulled on the garrote with all his strength. But he was too late.

Crawford's hand grasped his Webley and pulled. It caught and he couldn't get it out. Instead, in a moment of stark clarity, he knew what to do. He pulled the trigger. The big revolver boomed out, like a bomb going off, and then he did it again.

Stein, breathing hard, looked down at Crawford. "You bastard," he whispered. Was he dead? He had to be sure. Stein pulled out his automatic, pressed the gun against Dan's head and pulled the trigger.

Stein knew doors would be opening any second. He cursed again and ran out the door and down the steps.



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