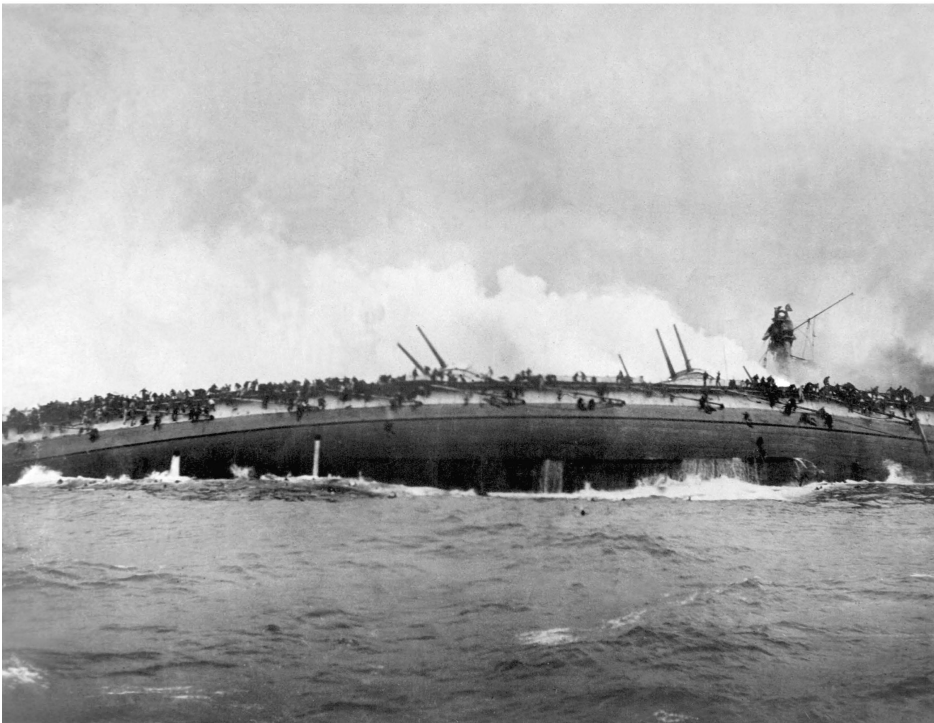
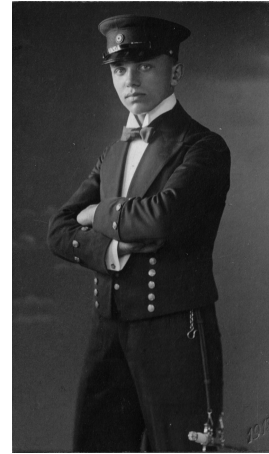




TOP LEFT: Kuehn family photo on the Baltic coast of Germany. Otto is sitting on the sand with his younger brother, Bernard, to his left.

TOP RIGHT: Seventeen-year-old Otto shortly after joining the German navy after graduating from gymnasium (eleventh and twelfth grades).

BOTTOM: *Blücher* capsized, shortly before sinking, sailors clinging to the hull, others sliding into the water. Among them, somewhere, my nineteen-year-old grandfather.



I saw this wedding photo of my grandfather and grandmother when I met my aunt Ruth for the first time in 1987. She wouldn't tell me anything about them.



One of the last photos of Ruth and Leopold together before the family moved to Hawaii, leaving Leopold in Berlin.



A family photo captured my father flanked by Otto and Leopold on his right and Friedel and Ruth on his left, just about the time they were all swept up in the Nazi mania and joined the party, an event that would change all their lives.



Leopold (right) early in his Nazi career as a Brownshirt, responsible for intimidating their political opponents and the Jewish population during the party's rise.



ABOVE LEFT: Eberhard posing with Otto and Friedel just after they joined the Nazi party in 1930.



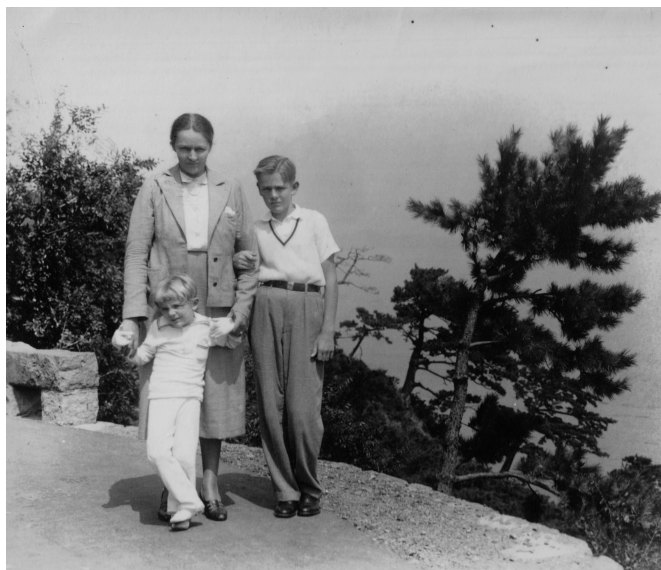
ABOVE RIGHT: Otto and Friedel aboard the SS *Stuttgart* shortly after leaving the family behind in Germany on their way to the United States in 1935. They would stop in New York, California, and Oahu before making their way to Japan to meet with their espionage contacts.



TOP: Not shy about flaunting their wealth, the family owned several automobiles, including a ritzy convertible that Ruth used to ferry contacts from Japan across the island. Ruth poses in the new car, circa 1936.

BOTTOM: Ruth in her early twenties at the Kalama family estate and stables, where she loved to ride horses through the acres of farmland behind their property.

My twelve-year-old father; his six-year-old brother, Hans; and Friedel posing for a photo overlooking the ocean.



ABOVE LEFT: Dad and his younger brother, Hans, enjoying a normal day riding bikes outside their home, clueless of the nefarious affairs of their parents.

ABOVE RIGHT: Eberhard, Friedel, Ruth, and Hans at their Hawaii home in 1940 following Ruth's day of riding horses on the family property. Handwritten note on the back of the picture reads, "Coffee hour with Mutti." Servants would serve the traditional German afternoon pastries for the family on fine china and antique tea carts.



LEFT: Otto (on left without hat), Friedel (center with hat), and Ruth host officers from a German ship docked at Pearl Harbor. My father, eleven years old, clad in a bathing suit, chats innocently with the group while playing in the front yard. These meetings at the Kuehn home would become commonplace in the years that followed. (National Archives)

BELOW: Friedel poses with German naval officers, the Pacific sparkling in the background. The family would also host Japanese intelligence agents and U.S. naval officers at their home during their espionage mission. (National Archives)





ABOVE: Ruth, posing by a palm tree around 1937, became an integral part of the family's mission, dating naval officers as a means to discreetly pump them for information. Her exploits would later land her in the book *The World's 30 Greatest Women Spies*.

LEFT: Ruth's dalliances with military officers perked the interest of army and navy intelligence units. Just twenty-two years old, she would soon capture the attention of the FBI. (National Archives)

RIGHT: Ruth during one of her many trips to Japan. The man on her left is undoubtedly the mysterious Dr. Homberg, the man the FBI surmised was the family's espionage contact for Japan. (National Archives)

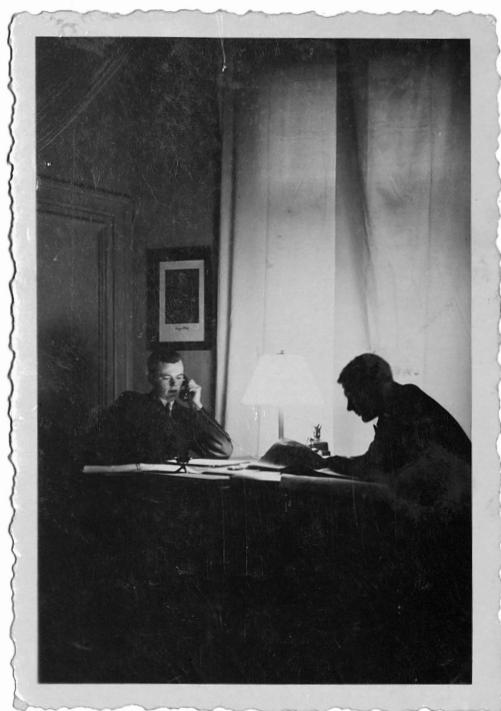
BELOW: My father lived a privileged childhood, surrounded by the best that money could buy. Not long after this photo was taken, the world he knew came crashing down around him.





LEFT: Leopold dressed in his Nazi uniform, posing next to his bride, Ursel, on their wedding day in 1937. They would raise two sons through the rise of the Third Reich, with Leopold firmly entrenched in Joseph Goebbels's Ministry of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda.

BELOW: Haunting shot of Leopold (left) sitting at his desk in the propaganda office in Berlin. (National Archives)



RIGHT: A typical day in Hawaii. All smiles as my dad (middle) spends an afternoon with his friends, unaware of the events to come.

BELOW: Leopold surveying the sites at Spandau, a concentration camp outside Berlin. Handwritten on the back of the photo: "1940—Spandau."

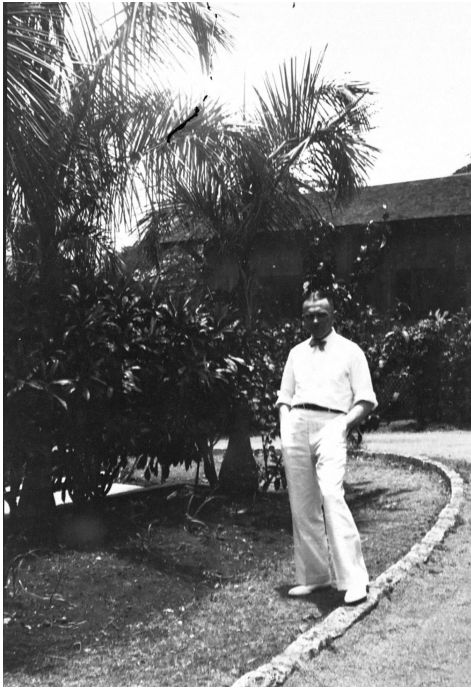


The infamous Kuehn house in Kalama. The dormer window was built by Otto to signal Japanese subs lurking off the windward coast of Oahu. It would be a linchpin in connecting them to spying for Japan. (National Archives)



TOP: My father lived on Sand Island in tents like these, exposed to the elements and surrounded by strangers for months. A far cry from the life he had led as a child growing up in Hawaii.

BOTTOM: Barbed wire strewn across Waikiki Beach following the Pearl Harbor attack as a precaution against a Japanese invasion. Note the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in the background. (U.S. Army National Archives)



LEFT: Otto poses in front of their Kalama home. The Japanese spy Takeo Yoshikawa would walk that same path shortly thereafter with a satchel full of cash and a cryptic note activating their German spy Otto. (National Archives)

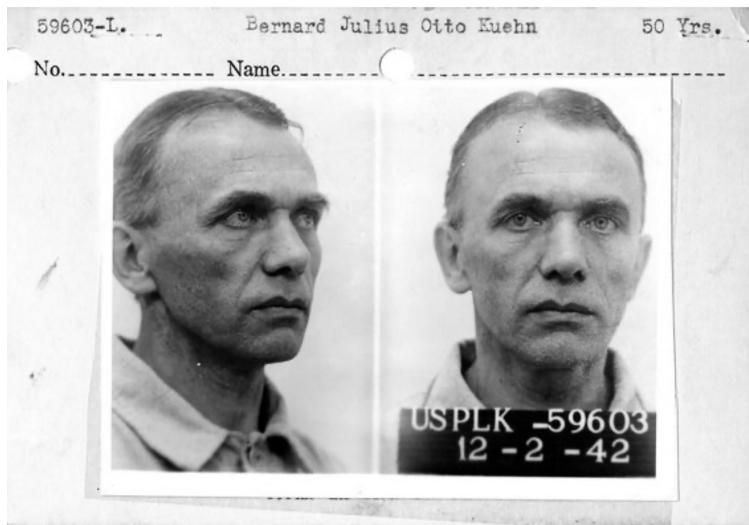
BELOW: Picture of the Japanese consulate, taken by Otto. His constant visits there made staff very nervous as X-Day approached. (National Archives)





ABOVE: Photo taken by Otto Kuehn of U.S. planes parked wing to wing—sitting ducks if ever attacked. The FBI discovered the picture at the Kuehn house during his arrest. (National Archives)

BELOW: Otto's mug shot taken upon arrival at the maximum-security federal penitentiary in Leavenworth to serve his sentence of fifty years hard labor.

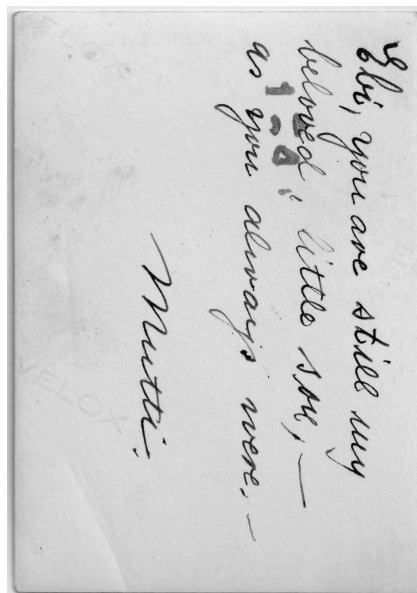




ABOVE: Kuehn family reunited after the war in Tirschenreuth. Pictured left to right: Hans, Ruth, Friedel, Aunt Lis (Otto's brother's wife), Ursel, and Leopold's children, Hans Jurgen and Klaus Dieter.



LEFT: My dad (left) shortly after becoming an American citizen and joining the army in 1944.



TOP: My father and Friedel. Friedel sent many letters to my father, including photos like this one begging him to return to Germany.

RIGHT: Friedel staring outside her tenement apartment in Tirschenreuth shortly before she died.





ABOVE: My father and Ruth during one of his business trips to New York City in 1975, when I was twelve years old and oblivious to my family's past.

BELOW LEFT: My father and me at a sorority event in 1983, his smiling face disguising the carnage of his past. He would hold on to the family secrets for another decade.

BELOW RIGHT: Aunt Ruth and Uncle Hans during our visit in Charleston, South Carolina. We were all a little nervous and anxious, but I now know for very different reasons.

