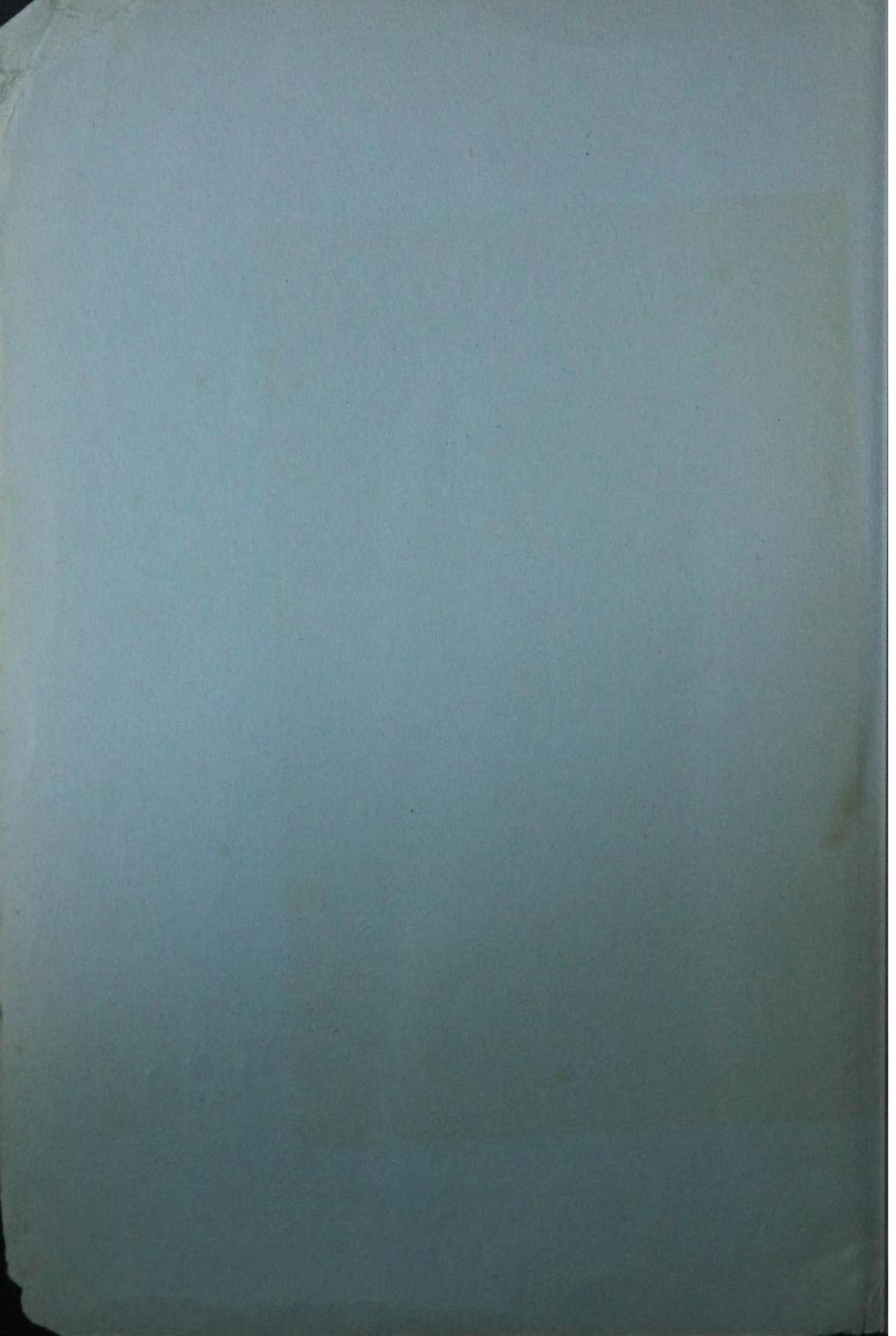


SAKURA NO KAORI

The Fragrance of Cherry Blossoms

BY

Kenzo Kai



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BY

Kenzo Kai

ILLUSTRATED

THE FOREIGN AFFAIRS ASSOCIATION
OF JAPAN

1933

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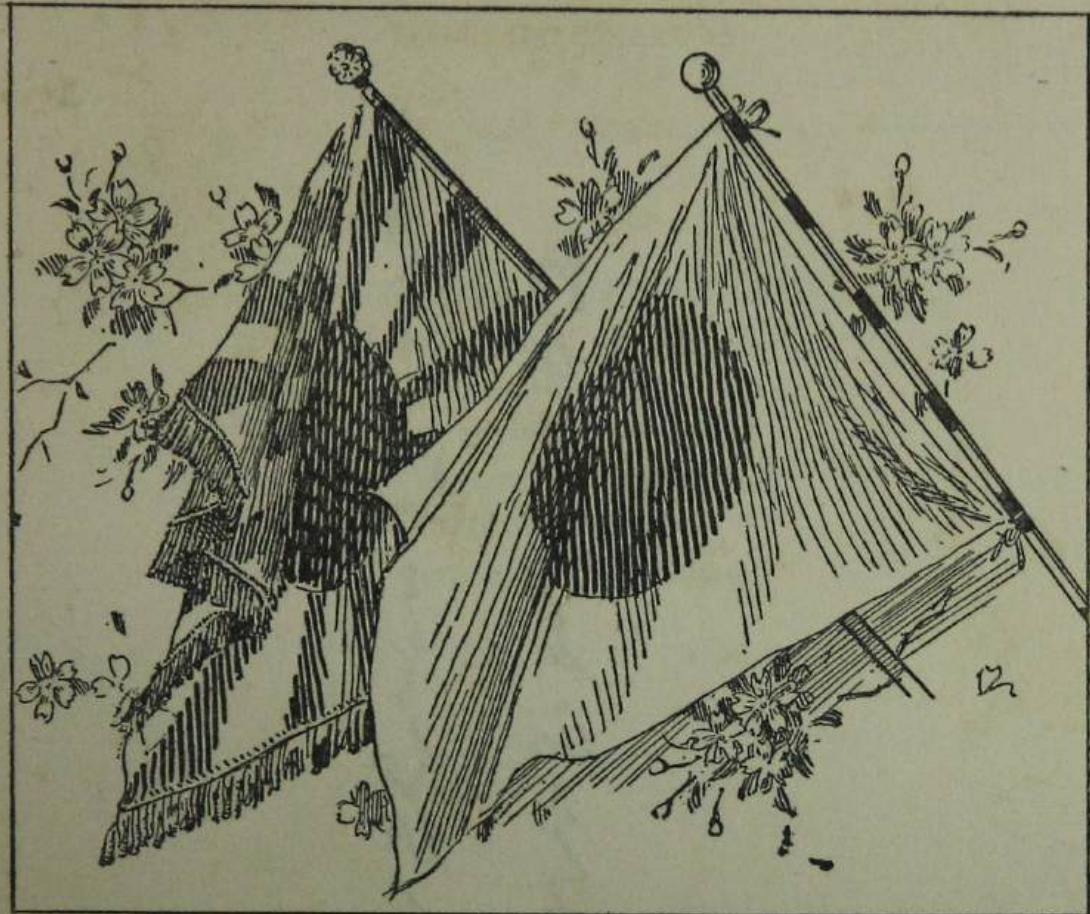
KENZO KAI

PRINTED IN JAPAN

By Kenkyūsha Printing Co.

2, Kagura-chō 1-chōmē

Ushigomé, Tōkyō



*Isles of blest Japan !
Should your Yamato Spirit
Strangers seek to scan,
Say—scenting morn's sun-lit air,
Blows the cherry wild and fair !*

—Norinaga Moto-ori

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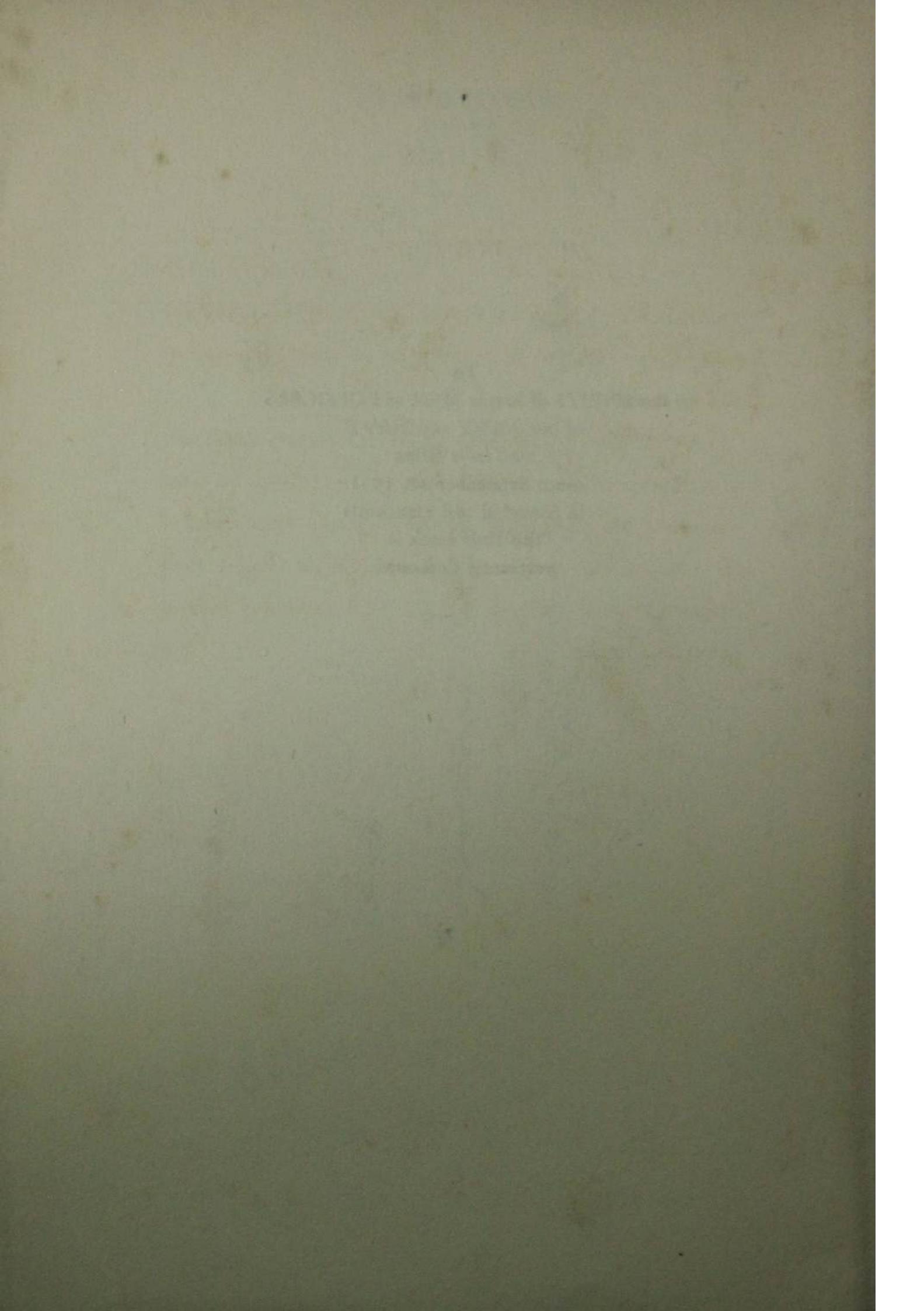
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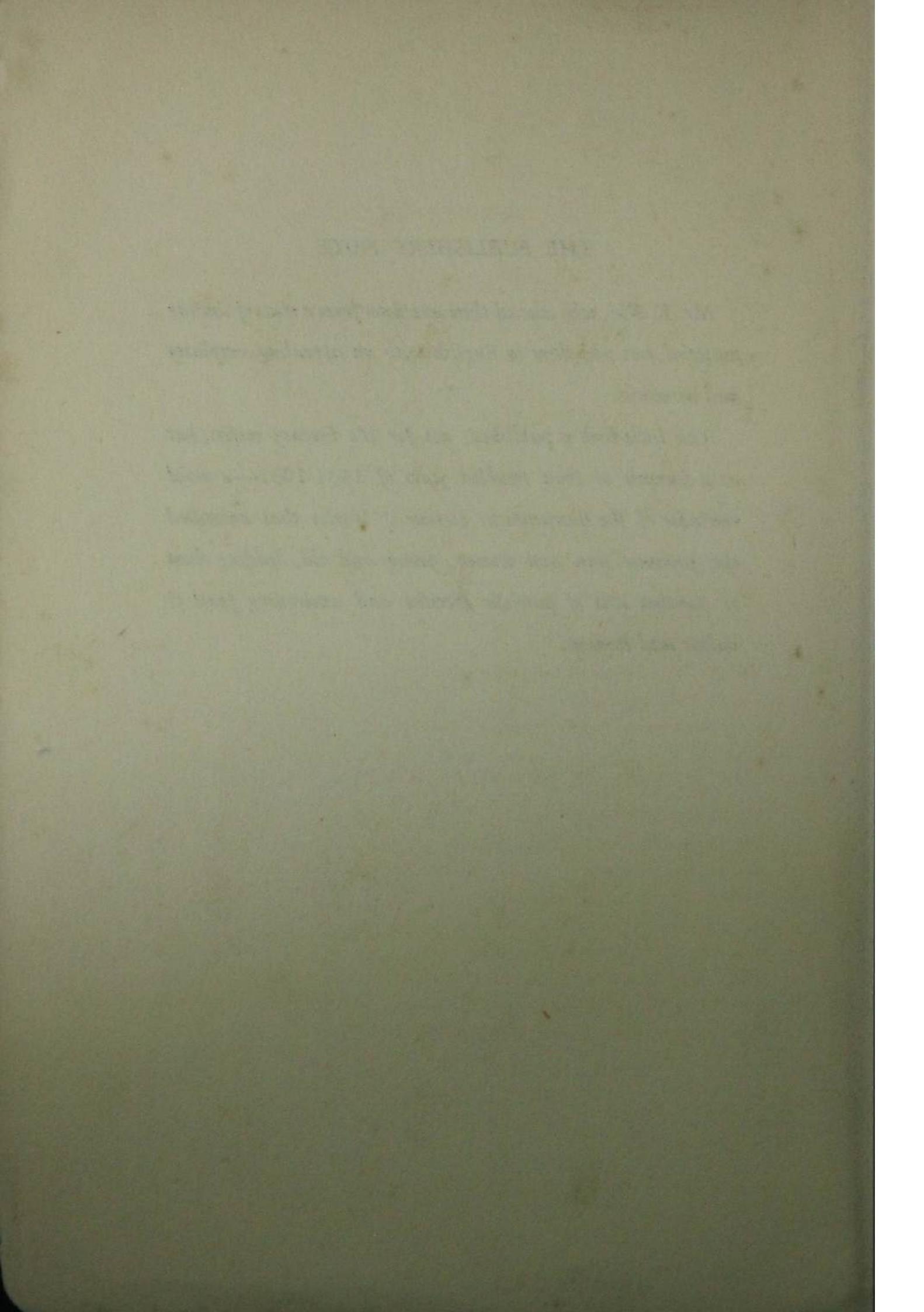
To
the SPIRITS of heroic MEN and OFFICERS
of our ARMY and NAVY
who have fallen
since September 18, 1931
in Shanghai and Manchuria
this little book is
reverently dedicated



THE PUBLISHERS' NOTE

Mr. K. Kai, who selected these anecdotes from a mass of similar material, has told them in English with an appealing simplicity and directness.

This little book is published, not for its literary merits, but as a souvenir of those troubled years of 1931-1932—a vivid reminder of the characteristic fervour of loyalty that animated the Japanese men and women, young and old, leading them to countless acts of patriotic sacrifice and astounding feats of valour and heroism.



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SAKURA NO KAORI

The Fragrance of Cherry Blossoms

PART ONE—DEPARTURE

MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENTS' BLOOD-LETTER

Everyone was busy preparing for the New Year of 1932 when, one day, the fifth year students held a class meeting in one of the rooms of the Tsuyama Middle School in Okayama Prefecture. There were twenty-seven boys in all. One of them slowly got to his feet and began to speak very gravely.

"Fellows," he said, "someone whom we have always respected from the bottom of our hearts is going to leave for Manchuria before long. He is none other than Major Jun-ichi Yamamoto. Words cannot express how much we owe him. I need not waste our time by talking on this point since you all know about it.

"It was only a little while ago that we chased after him up hill and down dale in the last Autumnal Exercises. You remember how deeply we were impressed by the lecture he gave us after the Exercises on the Manchurian Incident.

"Now that he is leaving for the front, we ought by all means to see him off. But unfortunately we shan't be able to do that on account of our studies. Yet I strongly feel that something must be done in order to convey to him our sincere

SAKURA NO KAORI

gratitude and true sentiments. Let's all try to think up something suitable for our purpose. Now what are your suggestions?"

The boys consulted among themselves for some time, and after a decision had finally been reached, the meeting was adjourned.

Finally, the day came when Major Yamamoto was to leave Okayama for the front with his regiment. Dressed in his best tunic he was just about to leave his home when a letter came for him. It was from the students in the fifth year of the Tsuyama Middle School. The major opened it to find dark red characters glaring up at him. The letter had been written in human blood. It read as follows:

"We deeply regret that we are unable to see you off on this grand occasion of your departure.

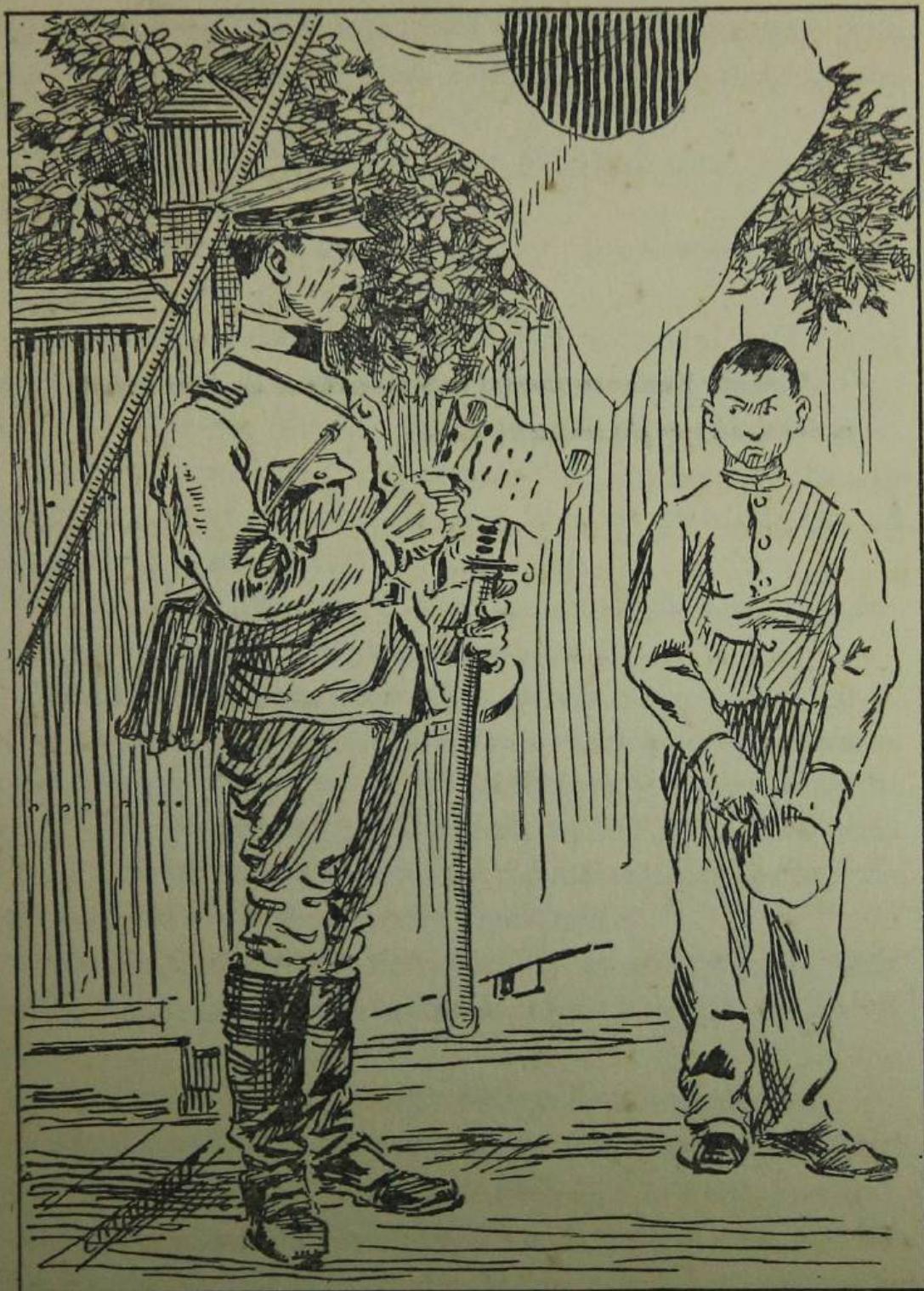
"It is our sincere wish that you will fight bravely and distinguish yourself at the front. We look forward to the day when you will come home in triumph."

As Major Yamamoto scanned each character of the letter written in blood, his eyes glistened with tears. He folded the letter with care and put it into his breast pocket, raising his hand every once in a while to press it affectionately to his heart.

THE CAP

Banzai! Banzai!

Okiba Station in Yamagata Prefecture was filled with people who had come to see off the train on which the expeditionary forces were to depart for Manchuria. Cries of *banzai* rose



*As Major Yamamoto scanned each character of the letter written
in blood, his eyes glistened with tears.*

DEPARTURE

from the crowd like a storm, and answering shouts came from the train. The station was seething with excitement and enthusiasm.

Meanwhile the train began to puff and snort under the heavy load of men in uniforms.

"Do your best for the country . . . I pray you"

"Don't worry about the family"

Such words as these were shouted to the train, here, there, and everywhere. With a sharp whistle the locomotive began to puff harder and faster as the train pulled out of the station.

One of the soldiers on the train who was waving his cap frantically out of the window, let it slip out of his hand. It dropped alongside the tracks.

"The cap! The cap!" cried the crowd in a single voice.

"The soldier's cap! Be quick, be quick!"

Several young men belonging to the village fire-brigade, who happened to be on the scene, hastily dragged out a motor-tricycle-pump out of its station, and dashed after the train, one man holding the cap high in the air. This unexpected race between the train and the motor-pump thrilled the spectators to the highest pitch of excitement.

Running at full speed, the pump-car gained little by little on the train, and at last overtook it at the next station of Yonezawa.

The young men leaped upon the platform with the cap.

"Here's your cap," they gasped, as they reached the train window and handed the head-gear back to its owner.

"Thank you," the soldier bowed, "I swear I will do my best for the country."

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Then, as the soldier and the young men shook hands, the crowd cheered lustily.

"*Banzai . . . banzai . . . banzai.*"

"Good-bye . . . good-bye."

Pensively, the crowd lingered on the station platform long after the train had disappeared in the mist of the distance.

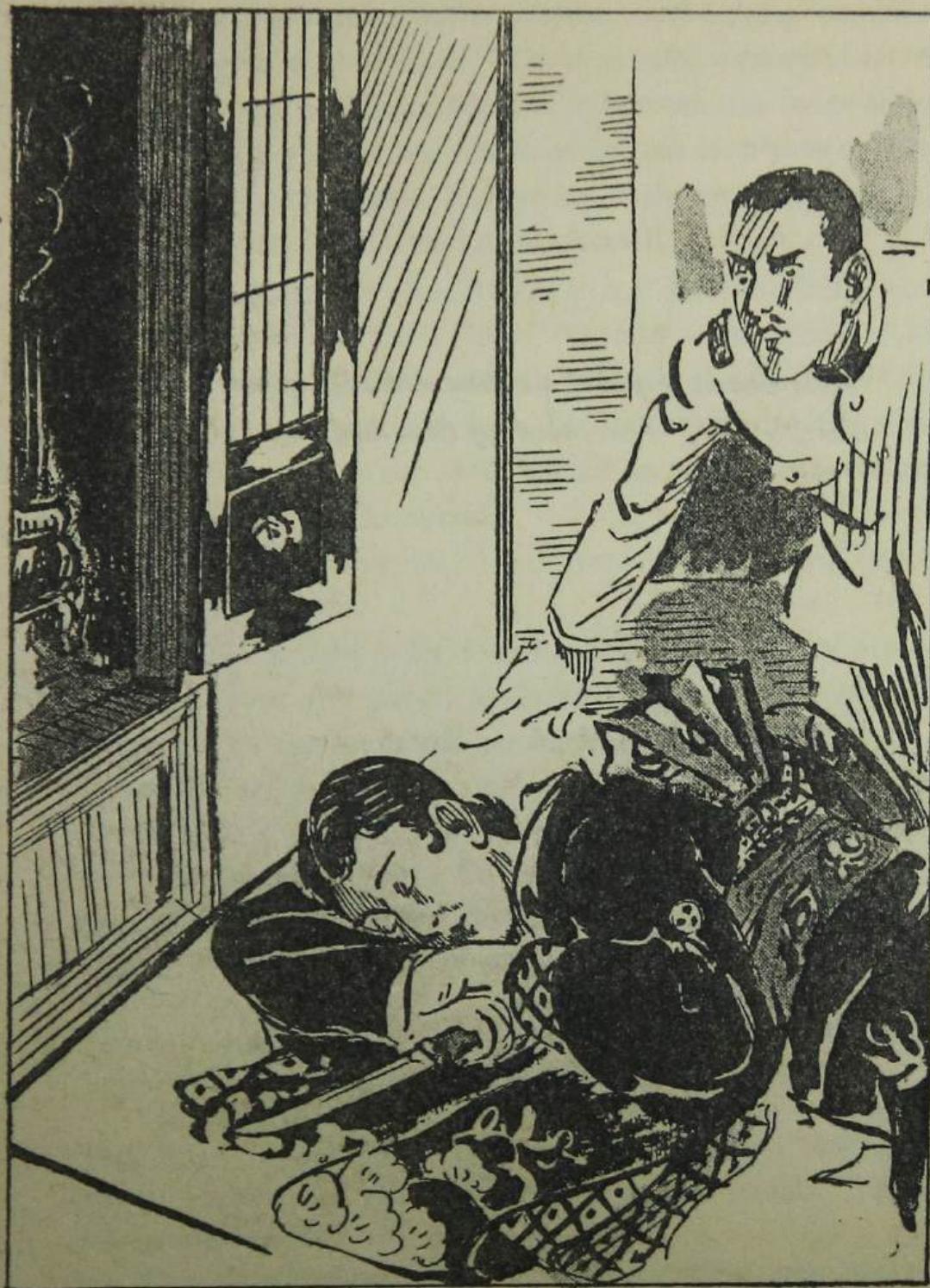
A WARRIOR'S WIFE

There are many stories of heroic deeds by the soldiers at the front and patriotic services by the women at home in connection with the Manchurian Conflict and the Shanghai Incident. Of them all, the self-sacrifice of Mrs. Chiyo Inouyé, wife of Lieut. Inouyé of the 37th Infantry Regiment, Ōsaka, made the deepest impression on the mind of the whole nation. Along with Madame Nogi, wife of General Nogi, Mrs. Inouyé has come to be regarded as a shining example of a warrior's wife.

Mrs. Chiyo Inouyé and Lieut. Inouyé were married in September, 1929, and they lived so happily together that their acquaintances admired and envied them.

In the early part of December, 1930, the medical corps of the Ōsaka Division received orders to leave for Manchuria within a few days. Lieut. Inouyé was informed that he was to go with the corps on the 13th, and that he should make himself ready for the departure. The day previous to that of his departure, he went to his office and was busy all day. When he came home at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he was surprised to find a notice on the front door.

"Lieut. Inouyé will be at the Regimental Headquarters all day. Anyone who has any business with us please see him."



*The moment he pushed the screen aside, his eye was arrested by
a terrible Scene. Mrs. Inouyé lay there, dead, in a pool of blood.*

DEPARTURE

What does this mean? he wondered, and paying no attention to it, opened the door. Through the entrance-hall he walked to the screen separating the hall from the inner room. The moment he pushed the screen aside, his eyes were arrested by a terrible scene. Mrs. Inouyé lay there on her side, dead, in a pool of blood. She had killed herself.

She was wearing her bridal dress, her face carefully powdered and her hair parted a little on one side. She had cut her throat on the right side with a 14-inch sword, which her husband had prized particularly. The cushion, on which she sat, was placed on a white sheet spread to keep the floor matting from getting bloodstained.

Obviously everything had been executed with the utmost care and calmness.

On the desk nearby were found three letters; one for her husband, one for her father, and the other for the family of her husband. The letter for her husband read:

"To My dear husband,

" My heart is filled to the brim with gladness. I cannot find words to congratulate you. Before you depart for the front to-morrow, I leave This World to-day.

" Please do not worry about your home for there is no longer anything to make you worry. Powerless as I am, I am doing what little I can so that you and your men may fight with heart and soul for the country. That is all I wish, and no more.

" Thanks to your kindness, my life has been happy. Though This World is ephemeral, it is said that the Next World is eternal. Some day you will come to join me there. I shall be waiting for you.

" They say it is very cold in Manchuria. Please take care to

SAKURA NO KAORI

keep warm.

"I enclose herewith 40 yen. When you reach the front, please, distribute it to the soldiers.

"I pray for your success.

Your wife"

* * *

In the other letters, Mrs. Inouyé thanked her father and the family of her husband for the kindnesses she had received from them, and begged them to forgive her for departing to the Next World before them.

On receiving the report of Mrs. Inouyé's suicide from her husband, the Regimental Commander dispatched Major Takeuchi, Commander of the Second Battalion, with several others to the scene. These men, though disciplined warriors, could not keep back their tears when they found in the kitchen a repast of red-beans and rice, dried chestnuts, and a sea-bream,—the customary dishes for festive occasion—all prepared by Mrs. Inouyé to be served in celebration of her husband's departure.

Mrs. Inouyé's suicide was kept secret, and Lieut. Inouyé was advised to postpone his departure in order to settle his family affairs, but he declined, saying that it would have been against the wishes of his wife to allow his private affairs to interfere with the performance of his duty.

Early in the morning on the 13th of December, thousands of men and women, young and old, came to Ōsaka Station from all directions. They were excited. They cried, shouted, and cheered. And none but a few knew that there was one departing warrior who carried, deep in his heart, a priceless farewell gift from his wife. She had given him her own life.

DEPARTURE

"COME HOME IN A CINERARY URN"

The Taga Shrine is located in Inugami County of Shiga Prefecture.

One day towards evening, an old woman came to the shrine, prostrated herself before the hall of worship, and prayed for a long while in a very earnest manner.

On her bare feet, she was wearing a pair of straw sandals, and she carried with her a bundle. She appeared a few years over seventy.

"Where have you come from?" queried the shrine keeper gently.

"I came from the town of Hisai," she informed him. "I am called Mrs. Isa Nohan, and my son, Sadakichi, is with the Ryūzan Regiment of Chōsen. He wrote home the other day that he would leave for the front soon. I want to send him a gift before he goes. I decided on a death-robe in anticipation of his death on the field of honour for the country."

She took out the white garment and asked the priest to bless it on the altar and pray for her and her son. He was so profoundly touched that he would have performed the rites if it had not been late in the afternoon. He asked her to come back the next morning.

Being a stranger in the place, Mrs. Nohan did not know where to go for the night. Fortunately, however, one of the reservists living in the village, Mr. Yasujiro Sumida by name, happened to pass by. When he heard the old woman's story from the priest, he at once offered her the shelter of his home for the night. He took her to his house, prepared a fresh bath

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for her, and gave her a good supper.

Mrs. Nohan came back to the shrine the next morning while it was still dark. When the prayer was over, she raised the death-robe reverently in both hands, feeble and unsteady from age, higher than the level of her forehead and then placed it down before her.

"Sadakichi, dear," the old mother began to address the white death-robe as if she were talking to her son in person. "I don't expect you to come home alive. Wear this robe when you go to the battle, and do your very best for our beloved land. Die a glorious death! I shall be waiting for your ashes to come home in a cinerary urn."

— 10 —

Brave sons are born of brave mothers.

PART TWO—AT HOME

THE LITTLE PILGRIM

On the morning of January 20, 1931, a lovely little girl with bobbed hair presented herself at the official residence of the War Minister. She wanted to see the Minister though she had not obtained a previous permission. When asked who she was, she introduced herself as Miss Hideko Higashimura, 12 years of age, 5th grade pupil of the 5th Primary School, Tennōji Ward, Ōsaka City.

"May I see Honourable Mr. Minister?" she asked very politely, "I want to have him send something to Commander Honjō who is fighting with our army in Manchuria where it is so cold."

She looked very intelligent, and her visit was reported to the Minister of War at once.

"Oh, indeed," said the Minister, who, being very fond of children, came as far as the front door to welcome this young visitor.

"Welcome, little lady," he greeted her, and taking her by the hand led her to his office.

"I—I have a favour to ask of you, Sir," she said after she had placed on the table a box of paulownia wood, which she was carrying with her. The box was accompanied by a letter on the outside of which was written :

SAKURA NO KAORI

" Letter of Thanks

" To His Excellency General Honjō

" Commander-in-Chief of the Kwantung Army.

" What is in it, little lady " inquired His Excellency Lieut.-General Araki.

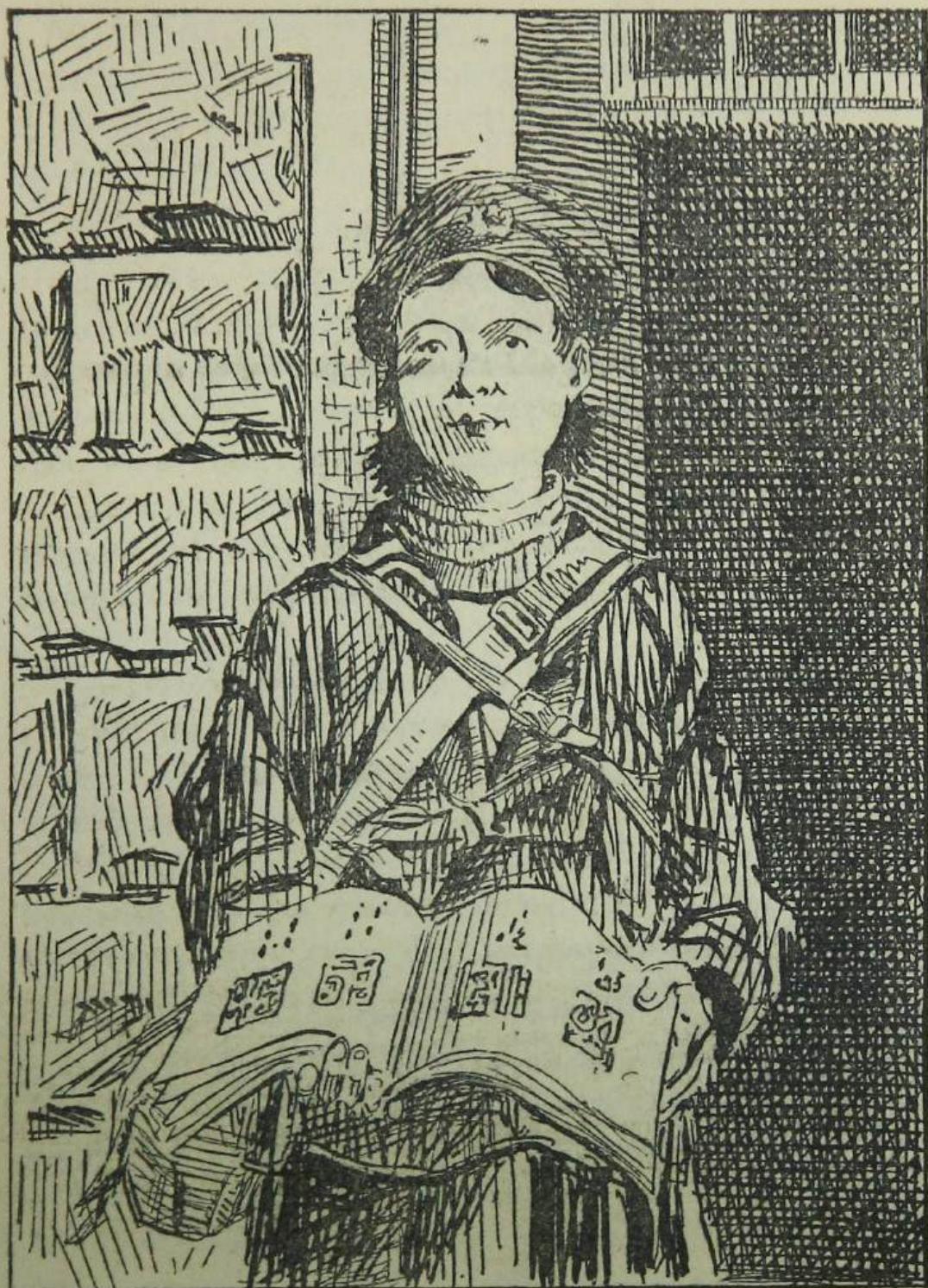
" Our teacher told us in school," the girl began in reply, " that our soldiers are now fighting bravely in Manchuria, where it is very cold, and that we children, when we are grown up, must all be good men and women and serve the country like the soldiers in Manchuria.

" But I am a girl and cannot become a soldier ; so I made up my mind to pray at least at each and every one of the Imperial Tombs so that our men at the front may be preserved safe and may not suffer from frost-bite and that they may soon return in triumph.

" I told my mother about my plan, and she gave me permission. First of all, I visited the Mausoleum of the Emperor Jimmu, the Kashiwara Shrine, on the birthday of Meiji-Tenno, November 3, last year, and prayed for our men in Manchuria. As a token of my visit to the shrine, I obtained in my book of seals a red-seal stamp. After that I made pilgrimages to one hundred and twenty-three Imperial Tombs. I visited the Meiji Shrine last of all. You will find in this book the souvenir stamps of all the places I have visited."

His Excellency Lieut.-General Araki, who had been listening in silence, rose from the chair when the girl finished her story.

" Thank you.....thank you....., little lady.....," was all he could say.



*“ You will find in this book the souvenir stamps of all the places
I have visited,” she said.*

AT HOME

The officers about the Minister were deeply moved by this touching scene. How much more deeply the men and officers at the front were moved by the thoughtfulness of this little girl one can easily imagine.

SCHOOL CHILDREN MAKE ROPES

On the floor of the large gymnasium of the Musahi Primary School of Shiki County, Nara Prefecture, boys were sitting five ranks deep, making ropes following the instruction of a teacher. All the boys of the 6th grade and upward made ropes for a week, starting on January 15.

"This is nothing," said one of them to me, "when we think of the soldiers who toil in Manchuria, risking their lives in the severe cold of 30 degrees below zero."

Their cheeks were burning with zeal.

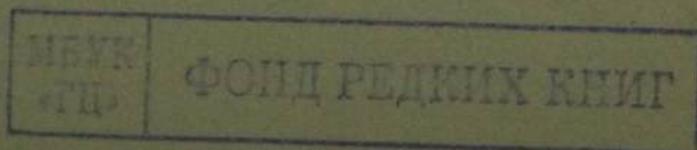
The girls could not remain idle when the boys were so busy.

"We must beat the boys," they said and went out for selling small articles such as tooth powder and brushes. They were no less zealous than the boys.

The money girls earned together with what the boys made by selling the ropes was sent to the front as a token of their sympathy with the soldiers in Shanghai and Manchuria.

THE LITTLE GLEANERS

Some seven hundred children of the Takashimizu Primary School, of Kurihara County, Mie Prefecture, wanted to turn into money something that would otherwise be wasted in order to make a contribution to the War Relief Fund. So they took to picking fallen heads of rice in frozen paddy fields. Dust makes mountains. Much to their gratification, their gleanings



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amounted to three and half bushels in polished rice, which they could sell for ten yen.

This amount was sent to the soldiers in Manchuria through the Department of War.

NATTŌ-GIRLS

It was still dark at five o'clock in the cold winter morning, and the roads were thickly covered with hoarfrost.

Two girls of tender age bravely marched through the streets in the dusk of the early morning, crying "*Nattō-nattō*." Every morning their voices could be heard through the freezing air. These girls were none other than the two little patriots whose names, for their generous deeds, were reported, to Her Imperial Majesty the Empress by the Chief of the First Garrison Hospital, Surgeon Major-General Koike, when Her Majesty visited the hospital to console the wounded and sick. The girls were daughters of Mr. Shigeru Suzuki, carpenter, who lives in Ryūsenji-machi, Shitaya Ward, Tōkyō. Ritsuko was only 14 years old, while Misako, her sister, was but 10. Both were pupils of the Ryūsenji Primary School.

The New Year vacation had already come and gone, and the pupils returned to school for the new term. Ritsuko and Misako, like the other pupils, went to school, only to find themselves without overcoats while their friends had new ones on.

On coming home from school, Ritsuko asked her father to get an overcoat for her.

"Father, please get me an overcoat," she pleaded, "All my friends have overcoats. May I not have one, father?"

Her father was silent for a time, but finally he spoke:

AT HOME

"Dear Ritsuko," he said, "I think you know that a great many soldiers are working hard for their country without any overcoats and without a word of complaint even in the Manchurian winter of 30 degrees below zero. Aren't you ashamed of yourself for asking for an overcoat to wear here in Tōkyō? Put yourself in the place of these men in Manchuria. They must feel ten times as cold as you do."

The intelligent young girl, readily understood what her father said.

"Excuse me, father," she apologized, "I shan't ask for an overcoat any more. Instead, I would like to ask you a favor."

"What is it, my child?" the father queried.

"I want to make money to cheer up our soldiers in Manchuria."

"How would you make money?"

"My sister and I," the girl explained, "will sell *nattō** before and after school. And when we have saved some money we will donate it to the Relief Fund for the soldiers in Manchuria. May we sell *nattō*, father?"

The father's eyes grew moist.

"Well said, my child," he replied approvingly. "You may begin to sell *nattō* at once."

The very next morning, Ritsuko and Misako began their new business of selling *nattō*. They got up when it was still dark and went out with a basketful of their wares, crying '*Nattō...nattō*' from street to street.

They did not sell, however, in their own district, because

* Fermented soy-beans—a favourite breakfast food of the Japanese.

SAKURA NO KAORI

they could not bear to be seen by their school-mates. Consequently, they chose the neighbourhood of Umanomichi-machi in the Ward of Asakusa to ply their trade in.

Each day the girls earned from 10 to 50 sen, which they deposited in their private bank made of a bamboo tube.

"O sister," cried Misako one day, "we now have in the bank one yen and fifty sen."

They were as happy as could be when they added their day's earnings to their savings.

Many days passed, and finally their improvised bank yielded the sum of two yen and ninety-five sen.

Then, Ritsuko and Misako could wait no longer. They went to the Department of War, taking with them the money they had saved and a Narita Fudō amulet with it.

"Sir," said Ritsuko to an officer, "we have brought with us a little money we have saved and should like to have it sent to the soldiers in Manchuria." She blushed timidly as she put the money on the table.

These girls, the officer thought, came from a poor family, and he cast a somewhat suspicious glance at the money on the table.

"What are your names?" he asked.

"Our names need not be told," the girls protested.

The officer insisted, however, and finally succeeded in drawing from them the whole story. He thanked them most heartily for the money and their sympathy for the soldiers and men.

"Good-bye, Sir," said the girls as they left the office. "We will come again when we have made some more money."

AT HOME

The officer followed them with his eye still they disappeared in the crowd in Miyake-zaka Street.

Some time later a man brought a parcel for Ritsuko and Misako. On opening it, they found a sewing box, a letter, and one yen. These presents came from the wife of an Army officer called Osamu Suzuki, a Company Commander. She had learned that her husband had received the amulet of Narita Fudō, which the two girls had sent to Manchuria, and in appreciation of their thoughtfulness, she sent them the box of presents. The letter which accompanied it read as follows:

"I thank you ever so much for sending an amulet to my husband. In appreciation of your kindness, I am sending you a sewing-box and a small amount of money. I hope you will use the sewing-box when you study sewing in school, and the money you may spend to buy candy."

Ritsuko and Misako were very much troubled, for they felt that to accept such a gift contradicted the very spirit in which they had sent their own presents to the soldiers. They had to find a good way to dispose of the money that Mrs. Suzuki had given them. Finally, they struck upon a happy idea—they would buy something to cheer up the wounded and sick in the hospital.

They bought some cakes known as *kasutera* (sponge cake) and brought them to the First Garrison Hospital in Tōkyō. The Chief of the Hospital, Surgeon Major-General Koiké was profoundly moved by this act of kindness and remarked to his subordinates, "In quantity, one yen's worth of *kasutera* is not much, but the kind-heartedness of these girls is not to be estimated in yen and sen."

SAKURA NO KAORI

The cakes were duly distributed among the inmates of the hospitals, though there was but little for each.

A few days after their visit to the hospital, Ritsuko and Misako received a present of five yen from a wounded soldier in the hospital who had been deeply touched by their kindness. He also wrote them a letter in which he said :

" Permit me to send you this money as a token of my gratitude for the nice *kasutera* you brought us the other day.

" We all hope that you will study hard and become someday fine young ladies."

The girls were again at a loss what to do, for they thought it would be wrong to keep the money sent them by a wounded soldier. Ritsuko and Misako talked the matter over and finally decided to buy flowers to take to the hospital.

The next morning they went to the hospital with their load of flowers, and asked a man in the office to distribute them to the soldiers.

Informed of their visit, the Chief of the Hospital asked them into his office.

" Thank you....." said Surgeon Major-General Koiké, tightly grasping the small, soft hands of the two little patriots.

When Her Imperial Majesty the Empress visited the First Garrison Hospital, Major-General Koiké reported to Her Majesty of Ritsuko and Misako Suzuki, calling them " Self-Appointed Bringers of Cheer " to the wounded and sick in his hospital.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

Master Kōichi Kosugi is a third year pupil, and his sister



The next morning they went to the hospital with their load of flowers, and asked a man in the office to distribute them to the soldiers.

AT HOME

Miss Hiroko Kosugi, a second year pupil, in a primary school. They were so much impressed by the stories they heard in school about the soldiers on the battle fields of Manchuria that they sent their savings to the Department of War as a contribution to the War Relief Fund. They sent five yen and fifty sen together with letters.

The letter of Master Kōichi Kosugi was as follows :

" I hear that the soldiers are suffering from wounds and illness caused by the cold. I wish to send some presents to them."

His sister wrote in the *katakana** only :

" I, too, want to send something like my dear brother."

Tears moistened the eyes of the officers who read these letters.

A SCHOOLBOY'S LETTER

The following letter was received by a soldier in Manchuria. It was from a boy in the 3rd grade and read as follows :

" Dear Honourable Soldiers,

" Our teacher told us that you are fighting for the sake of our country day and night and that you sometimes even forget to sleep. Please, take care not to catch a cold as it gets colder and colder from now on. They say that the Chinese soldiers can stand the cold climate better; I want you to take good care of yourselves and beat them.

" Shimeo Ito,

" 3rd grade, Primary School."

* One form of the Japanese syllabaries, which children learn first upon going to school.

SAKURANO NO KAORI

THE FLOWER-GIRL ON GINZA STREET

One of the girls in the first year of the Kōjimachi Higher Primary School wrote a composition one day for her school work. It was entitled "My Duty," and contained information to the effect that the girl sold *yo-yo* and flowers in the evenings on Ginza Street, and was also saving daily 2 or 3 sen, which her mother gave her each day for sweets, so that, when her savings had reached the sum of ten yen, she could send it to the expeditionary army.

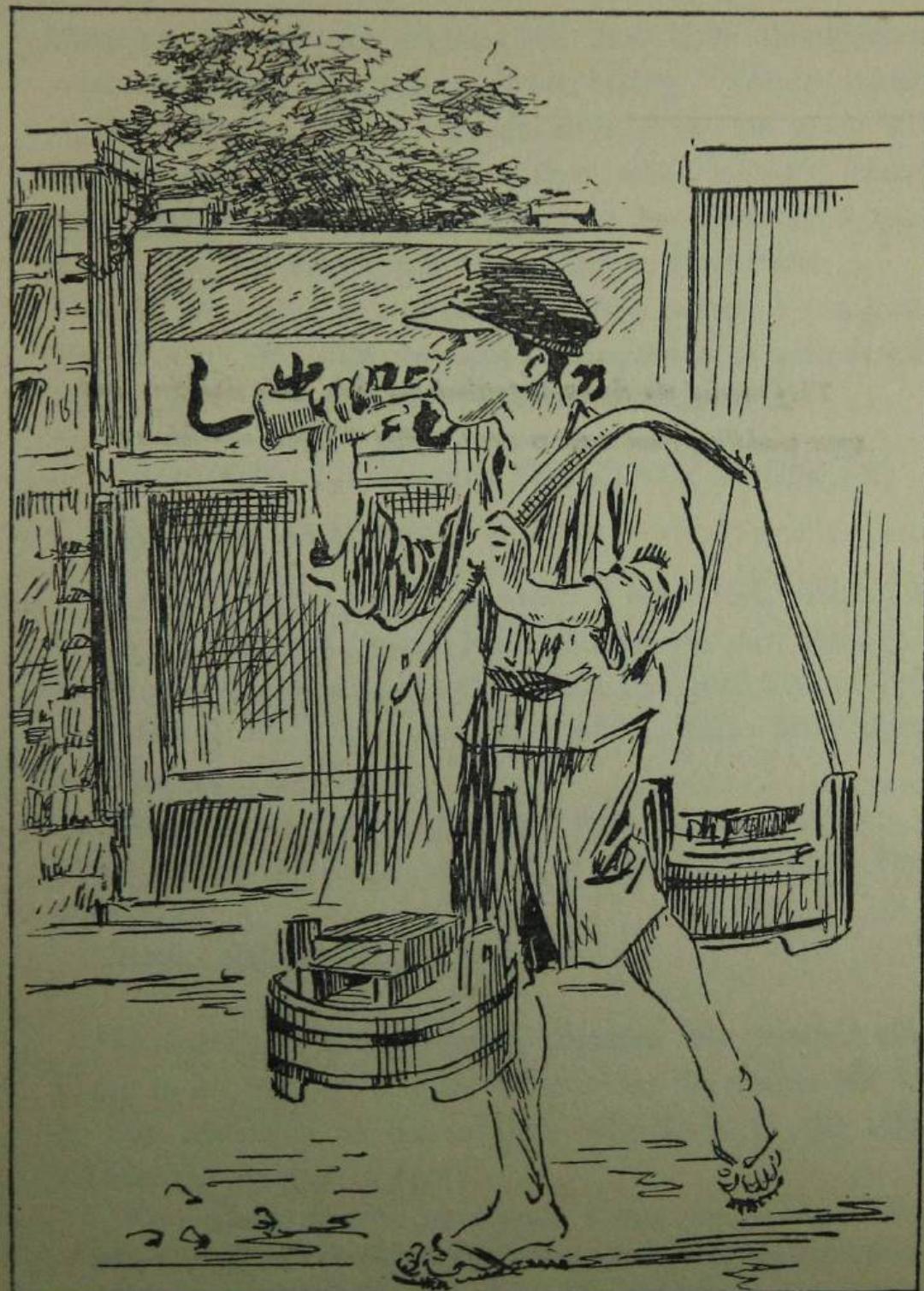
Being very much moved by the composition Mr. Tsuruta, her teacher, went one night to Ginza Street to see if the girl really did sell these things. True to her story, the little girl with bobbed hair was busy selling *yo-yo* and flowers on the side walk of Ginza Street. Chieko Yamada is her name, 13 years of age, a daughter of Mrs. Ikuyo Yamada who lives in Motozono-chō, Kōjimuchi Ward, Tōkyō.

The father of this little girl had been doing well as an engineer until he was crippled in the great earthquake of 1923. He died poor four years ago, leaving two daughters in the care of his wife.

Miss Chieko Yamada goes to Ginza Street every evening to sell *yo-yo* and flowers while her mother sews at home to earn a living. The child is given 2 or 3 sen each night out of her earnings. This she is saving, for the soldiers in Manchuria.

YOUNG TŌFU PEDDLERS

In the town of Taisha-machi, Shimane Prefecture, there appeared one day a curious band of little *tōfu* (bean curd) venders.



*They carried the *tōfu*-tubs perched on their little shoulders and
went waddling from street to street, crying " *Tōfuiie*—*tōfuiie* ! "*

AT HOME

They carried *tōfu*-tubs perched on their little shoulders and went waddling from street to street, crying "Tōfuie—tōfuie."

These young peddlers were the boys of the 5th grade of the Taisha-machi Public School. They went into the business temporarily in order to earn money to be contributed to the Relief Fund for the expeditionary force in Manchuria.

Small as each one's profit was, they earned 3 yen and 80 sen in all. This sum was sent to Manchuria, accompanied by a letter written by the class president Yamasaki.

A MOTHER CELEBRATES THE DEATH OF HER SON

"Say, Mori, oh Mori!"

The dying sailor called the name of his friend, with his eyes half-open. He was Tetsuzo Nakano who was shot through the left lung in the second general attack at Shanghai, March 3, 1932.

"Here I am. Can you see me?" Keizo Mori shouted into the ear of his friend.

"Ah, I want you.....to send word to my mother.....at home. Tell her.....I died.....a glorious death—She is worrying."

Tetsuzo Nakano breathed his last.

* * *

His friends, while gathering together his personal effects, found in his baggage a letter written one day before his death. It was addressed to his mother, who lives in the city of Kanazawa. It read in part:

"—I cannot describe how much I owe you, mother. You have brought me up by your own hand ever since my father died when I was only six years old. The only thing I can do in

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return is to die a glorious death in this war. If you get news of my death, please, do not grieve over me nor say any words of regret. Instead, make *sekihan* (red-bean and rice) and give it to every house near about our home in celebration of my death."

* * *

Upon receiving the news of her son's death, Mrs. Nakano did what her son had requested her to do. She shed not a single tear, like a true mother of a soldier.

"I am glad that my son could serve his country so well," she said to her friends. "I need not be ashamed now to join my husband in the Next World, for he will be proud to hear the news."

PART THREE—AT THE FRONT

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

At midnight on September 18, 1931, the very night on which Chinese soldiers blew up a section of the South Manchurian Railway track, the Independent Garrison stationed at Changchun received a field order from Commander Honjo.

"The main body of Company X, Battalion X, Infantry, will start at once to attack the enemy at Nanling."

Orderlies ran to each quarter in the barracks. A company of less than 200 men was to fall upon a large enemy force, with a lightning speed and the force of a thunderbolt. The enemy had to be dispersed, or destroyed, at once.

Lieut. Asakichi Kanazawa, a platoon leader of the Company, met the orderly at the door of his house and received the order. Running into his room, he slipped into this tunic, grasped his sword, and then went to his wife's room where she was till confined to her bed after having given birth to a girl only a week ago.

"War has come, dear," he said, "I have to leave this minute."

His words were brief. He looked at the little children sleeping beside his wife who was yet no better than a sick person.

Brave as he was, he could not restrain his tears at the sight

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of the little angelic faces of his children sound asleep.

For him there could be no hesitation in that hour of urgency.

"Take care of yourself, dear," he gently said to his wife, "I leave with you our children, do you understand?"

"I understand," she bravely replied in a firm voice.

Lieut. Kanazawa turned to go.

"O dear," Mrs. Kanazawa called to him just as he was crossing the threshold, "please, let none laugh at you!"

"What?" he stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"No matter what may happen to yourself," she added, "I want you, as a Warrior of the Emperor and as an Officer of the Japanese Army, to discharge your duty faithfully. I shall be happy to hear that you have done so.....

"I am the wife of a Japanese Officer. I am ready to accept whatever comes. Never will I do anything that may disgrace your name. You need not worry about me. Good-bye!"

She did not show the slightest sign of tears.

"Well said! my dear," he said. "Now, good-bye."

"Fight bravely, very bravely—die an honourable death." Her voice came, trembling.

"Of course," Lieut. Kanazawa said to himself, "I will bravely fight. I will slash the enemy with my sword as long as my strength lasts. I shall die a glorious death like a true warrior of Japan! You wait with the children for me to come home in a cinerary jar."

He ran through the dark to the office, gripping lightly the hilt of his sword.

Lieut. Kanazawa was 45 years old and a ranker.

*

*

AT THE FRONT

"Lieut. Kanazawa, you will stay in Changchun and take charge of the home guard," the Company Commander ordered him when he reached the office.

"Sir, shall I not follow you to the front?" The lieutenant was shocked by the order.

"No! Fighting at the front is indeed important, but home guarding is no less important. I am sorry," the Company Commander explained, "but I have to put you in charge of the home guard on account of your seniority. Besides, I am thinking of your family....."

The Company Commander stopped abruptly, realising that he had blundered—he should never have referred to family matters in giving an order to one of his men whose first duty is to serve his country in complete disregard of every personal consideration. But it was too late.

"Captain," the lieutenant came stiffly to attention, his lips quivering, his eyes glaring. "For twenty long years, from the time I entered the ranks as a private until to-day, I have constantly and faithfully discharged my duty in anticipation of what has come to-day.

"I may be nothing more than a mere bundle of worn-out bones, but the only reason that I permit my name to remain on the Army pay-roll is that I am confident that I can still serve my country in time of need by leading my platoon on the battle-field. The hour has now come. Captain, let me go!"

Being not a little touched by this protestation of the lieutenant, the captain was at a loss.

"I admire your spirit," he finally spoke, but I have a plan to carry out, and I want you to obey my order without any

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more words."

Lieut. Kanazawa certainly appreciated the kind attitude of the Company Commander, but it could not lessen his chagrin. He knew that he could not return to his wife without first receiving his baptism of fire on the battle-field. But for the men in the service, an order is an order ; it is absolute : it must be obeyed.

"Captain!" the lieutenant finally said in a sad voice. "Your order shall be obeyed. I will obey lest your plan should be interfered with. When, however, the fighting is over, I shall, like a true *samurai*, disembowel myself in your presence."

"What?" the captain exclaimed. "For what reason?"

"Because I am apparently of no use in battle. I am no better than a worn-out straw sandal cast onto the rubbish-heap. I am dishonestly taking the Government money. To punish myself for having swindled my pay out of our Government for so many years, I shall dispose of myself by committing *hara-kiri* under your very eyes."

"Indeed....." the captain was silent. He knew the lieutenant meant what he said.

"Lieut. Kanazawa," the captain finally said as he rose from his chair and looked at the lieutenant squarely, "I countermand my previous order. I understand you."

"May I, then, follow you to the front?" exclaimed the lieutenant, his eyes sparkling with joy.

"Yes, you will go to the front, as you wish," the Company Commander replied, "and I expect you to be an excellent platoon leader and distinguish yourself in the service of our country."



"Ah, isn't that Kawamoto?" shouted Lieutenant Kanazawa.

AT THE FRONT

* * *

The morning of September 19 had dawned. Lieut. Kanazawa and his valiant men were on the point of leaving the garrison for Nanling when a sergeant came running.

"Ah, isn't that Kawamoto?" shouted Lieut. Kanazawa. He knew that Sergeant Kawamoto had long been in the hospital.

"How could you come? Are you all right now?"

"Yes, sir," the sergeant replied, "I am quite all right. Please, take me with you to the front."

He pleaded with the greatest earnestness. His emaciated face and lanky figure, nevertheless, were more than enough to betray the fact that he had not yet regained his health.

"No," Lieut. Kanazawa objected. "You must stay here and take a good rest for your health. You are not strong yet."

The sergeant became terribly downcast upon hearing this.

"Lieut. Kanazawa, you and your men are going to Nanling to die, I know it, for the enemy is ten times as strong as your force.

"I am sick and weak, as you know, but I belong to this Company. How can I remain ignominiously in the hospital. So long as I can move my limbs, I want to go through thick and thin with you and my comrades. For that I left the hospital on a false pretext. Please, do please, take me with you!"

Lieut. Kanazawa could say nothing for he knew Sergeant Kawamoto was feeling just as he himself had felt only the night before. What earthly right had he to refuse the wish of the eager soldier?

"Sergeant Kawamoto, you will go with me," ordered

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Lieut. Kanazawa. "I will wait for you to come back in arms, ready for the march."

THE LETTERS OF CAPTAIN NOGUCHI

Captain Noguchi, one of the heroes of the Koga Regiment, who died a death of honour in the battle outside Chinhisicheng, wrote letters home from Manchuria. Though they were written in haste on the train, they indicate his deep love for his family and his firm determination to sacrifice his life for the cause of his country.

Captain Noguchi is survived by Mrs. Hisayé Noguchi, one son, Yoshihisa, 15 years old boy; and four daughters, Yukiko, Keiko, Yoshiko, and little Kazuko.

Special permission has been obtained from Mrs. Noguchi to publish these letters of her husband.

* * *

"My Feelings on the Train:

"Within an hour, we arrive at Antung Station. To be exact we arrive at noon, December 30.

"We left Lonan at 6.00 p.m., the 28th of December; in less than two days we have covered a distance of several hundred miles. I feel as if it were a dream.

"Every station on the way is filled with people that have come to see us off, even at midnight with the thermometre at 20 degrees below zero. There are men and women of all ages, and little school children, too. They give us cheers and shout "Banzai!" to encourage us. The will to die for them springs in our hearts.

* * *

"To Hisayé,

"If I should be killed, you might find yourself in difficulty

AT THE FRONT

because of the many children. It is my earnest wish that you, no matter how hard it might be, do your best for their education so that they may be worthy to bear the name of Noguchi. And let me, from the World Beyond, watch over and aid you all.

*

*

"To Yoshihisa,

"Do your best, my boy. You are a Son of Nippon. You are free to choose any profession you like, but be sure and do your best.

*

*

"To Yukiko and Keiko,

"If your mother finds herself in straitened circumstances, it would be well for you both to go to work in order to earn the money for the education of your younger brother and sisters.

*

*

"To Yoshiko,

"You must not be selfish. Be obedient to your mother, and grow up to be a woman of noble character.

*

*

"To Kazuko,

"I am sorry that you are yet too young to know your father; it cannot be helped. Try not to give much trouble to your mother and elder sisters.

BRAVE SONS OF JAPAN

A fierce battle was fought near the race course of Kiangwan in the suburbs of Shanghai, on February 9, 1932. Enami, first class seaman, was shot through the abdomen. He kept on firing his machine gun, nevertheless, paying no attention to the wound.

"No more bullets—bring some more!" he kept crying,

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savagely. No one of his crew ever suspected that he was a wounded man.

Suddenly, a tank in the yard of a paint factory near the enemy lines exploded with a tremendous shock. The Chinese then started to retreat, leaving behind them 150 dead bodies, 300 bullets, and 200 pistol shots.

"What's the matter, Enami?" cried his squad leader.

"I—I—no longer—can shoot." His lips turned dark, and he collapsed, still grasping the trigger of the gun, the barrel of which was still red hot from firing. His trousers were soaked in the blood from his wound.

He was promptly attended to by Surgeon Shunta Satō, who was fortunately able to bring him out of danger. Later he was sent back home to a hospital for treatment.

"That he kept firing for over two hours despite his wound," remarked Surgeon Satō, "was a superhuman performance."

FLOWERS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

It was immediately after the outbreak of the Shanghai Incident. Our landing party under the command of Rear-Admiral Uyematsu was desperately fighting, on the morning of February 16, 1932, when two girls in sailor suits presented themselves at the Japanese Headquarters. Standing before the Commander, the girls began to speak with the greatest earnestness.

"We cannot," they said, "sit idly by and watch your men fighting and sacrificing their lives for our country. As Japanese girls, we feel we must do our share."

"We have come this morning to ask you to allow us to serve our country at this hour of need. We would consider it



Suddenly, a tank . . . near the enemy lines exploded with a tremendous shock.

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a great privilege if we were allowed to help you and your men in anyway we can. We can at least do cleaning, washing, and cooking."

The Rear-Admiral was surprised at their request.

"Thank you for your kindness" he said gently. You are really good girls. Although I deeply appreciate your kind offer, I cannot accept it, for this is a battle-field, you know. I wish to thank you just the same."

After describing to them the horrors of the fighting, he advised them to go home. But scarcely had he finished when the girls protested vigorously.

"We are not afraid of risking our lives," they insisted. "We are willing to die, if necessary. Our parents have given us permission, and they said they should be proud if we could be of any service to the country."

Who were these girls? One of them was a daughter of Mr. Taniji Ashizawa, printer, living on Haining Road; the other, a daughter of Mr. Chūmei Tokunaga, spice manufacturer, living on Miller Road, Shanghai. They were good friends, and curiously enough, both were named Nobuko. They were in the third year of the Shanghai Girls' High School, and both seventeen years of age.

Rear-Admiral Uyematsu was too deeply impressed by their sincerity and pluck to refuse their request. The girls were allowed to work in the Headquarters of the landing party on the same day, cleaning, cooking, and what not. Sometimes they would clean the tunics of the staff officers. They toiled from early morning till late in the evening, and nothing seemed to tire them.

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One day when Rear-Admiral Uyematsu, and his staff were having a conference they heard a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" An officer queried in a sharp voice.

The door opened, revealing two innocent faces.

"Uncles," the girls asked, "how would you like to have some rice-cake soup?"

Looking up from the map on the table, the Commander and his men burst into laughter.

"Do you girls know how to make such a thing?" asked one of them in jest.

"Oh, we had a rather hard time of it, but it is done now. Would you like to try it now?"

"Fine, we'll have it right now."

When the soup was brought in the doughty, hardened old soldiers grinned from ear to ear, and gulped it down, pausing now and again to smack their lips and exclaim, "My, but it's good!"

Nobuko Ashizawa and Nobuko Tokunaga came justly to be called "Flowers of the Battle-field." They were lovely young girls bright as a spring day. To them all the men at the Headquarters, from Rear-Admiral Uyematsu down to the petty officers, were plain "Uncle" by courtesy. Sometimes they would hang on to the shoulders of His Excellency and ask if he wouldn't like a cup of tea.

"Your Uncles are very grateful to you," Rear-Admiral Uyematsu would say, running his fingers through their silken hair, as if they had been his own children.

Once, one of the officers jokingly asked the girls if they did not think it funny to address His Excellency Rear-Admiral



*When the soup was brought in the doughty, hardened old soldiers
grinned from ear to ear.*

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Uyematsu "Uncle."

"It might seem funny to you officers," they retorted, "but it would seem just as funny to us to call him 'His Excellency'. Besides, it would be terribly hard for us to distinguish all the men here by their ranks, and to call them by their names would also be impossible—we can't remember them all. So we decided to call you all 'Uncle.'"

Someone asked them if they weren't scared when they heard the roar of cannons and the bursts of shells.

"Not a bit," they replied. "What's the use of being scared! In case the Headquarters of our landing party should fall, there would be no safe place in Shanghai for us. If we must die, we shall die with our Uncle Uyematsu. That's all."

Rear-Admiral Uyematsu is reported to have said that he would mention these two dauntless girls to the Minister of the Navy on returning to Nippon, so that their services might be officially recognized.

A SINGLE SWORD FELLS TEN

On February 22, 1932 a terrible battle was fought southeast of Miaohsingchen. During the engagement, Sub-Lieut. Tsuji became enraged when he saw Sergeant-Major Mune, his subordinate, fall mortally wounded by an enemy bullet.

"Damn you, you devils!" he cried, "I'll get you for this."

Wielding his sword, he charged. His three-foot sword flashed through the air like lightning, and, in no time, ten Chinese were lying flat on the ground.

Just then, a shot lodged in his side. His strength gave way. He could fight no more; yet he would not fall. He planted his

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sword into the ground to support his body. With a smile of satisfaction on his face, he died leaning against the sword.

THE SEKI-NO-MAGOROKU CUTS WELL

"Seki-no-Magoroku" was the nickname given to Sub-Lieut. Kurihara by his comrades because he wore a wonderful sword, the work of a famous swordsmith known by that name.

"This sword cuts well," he used to boast. "You wait and see."

As he spoke, Sub-Lieut. Kurihara would caress the sheath fondly. He was very proud of it, and was itching for an opportunity to prove its worth.

In the attack on the enemy at Kiangwanchen on March 1, 1932, the sub-lieutenant got his chance. He was seen bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Corporal Imura, come with me" he said. "To-day you shall see how my *Magoroku* cuts."

"Yes, Sir."

Brandishing the blade aloft, Sub-Lieut. Kurihara broke into the enemy line like a mad bull, with Corporal Imura behind him. Our men held their breath, watching for what was to happen. Here was their opportunity to witness the sharpness of the *Magoroku*.

Three Chinese soldiers with fixed bayonets set upon the sub-lieutenant. He cut them down with a few fierce strokes. The blood-offering had now been made! Corporal Imura was no less brave. The two men fought furiously, striking, thrusting, and slashing the enemy about them. In no time, some fifteen Chinese were lying dead on the ground.



" Come on ! " cried the valiant officer.....whereupon the whole company dashed forward.....like a flood.

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"Come on," cried the valiant officer to his men behind, whereupon the whole company dashed forward with a mighty yell like a flood that sweeps everything before it. The frightened enemy scurried away *en masse*.

There is no one in the company now who doubts the excellent quality of the *Seki-no-Magoroku* and the wonderful swordsmanship of Sub-Lieut. Kurihara.

THE "MAD-LION SUB-LIEUTENANT"

"I am determined," Sub-Lieut. Wakabayashi said to Brigadier-General Mayehara, "to get revenge for the losses the Kuga Battalion suffered on the 21st. I wish, sir, that you would permit me to follow the Way of the Warrior."

He pleaded that he be sent back to the first line. He finally gained the Commander's consent, for the latter himself was a true soldier.

On the 25th of February, 1932, Sub-Lieut. Wakabayashi, starting for the attack at the head of his company said :

"Men, we're going to take Yenchiachai if we all have to perish in the attempt. We cannot satisfy the spirits of our dead comrades before we plant our flag at Yenchiachai. Be prepared to die with me. Now, here's to victory!"

The officer and his men drained their glasses of plain water. It is a custom of the Japanese to drink a cup of pure water on going to the attack when they are fully prepared for death. None of the Wakabayashi Company expected to return alive.

They stole their way to the left flank of the enemy in the

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dark and waited for an opportunity. As soon as the approaching dawn made it possible to locate the enemy trenches, the company leaped forward like a herd of infuriated lions.

At 6:20 in the morning, Yenchiachai was completely captured by the Wakabayashi Company.

"Brigadier-General," saluted Sub-Lieut. Wakabayashi on returning to the Headquarters a little later, "we wish to present this to you," and he laid a bundle of papers on the table.

It contained a war map of Shanghai and its vicinity besides some important papers belonging to the enemy.

Since this victory, Sub-Lieut. Wakabayashi has been called "Mad-Lion Sub-Lieutenant."

THE "DARE-DEVIL SERGEANT"

The enemy ran scurrying as fast as they could into the second barracks of Peitaiying and closed the gate. The Japanese had just launched their fierce attack on September 18, 1931. The top of the wall on each side of the gate, bristled with artillery and machine-guns. At the first sign of our attack, they would start firing. Unless they could be silenced, the Japanese, however brave, could not advance. Our men came to a halt, looking angrily at the enemy on the wall.

Just then a man stepped forward out of our ranks and began to walk nonchalantly towards the enemy.

"Look, where's he going?" a voice cried.

"Who that can be?" someone exclaimed.

"Is he crazy?" another asked.

He was not crazy. Sergeant Shishido of the Company X,



Meanwhile the fearless sergeant loaded the gun, aimed, and fired. The strong iron-tipped gate flew into a thousand pieces.

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cool as a cucumber, went on and on towards the enemy through a rain of bullets. What was he going to do any way?

There was a field gun a short distance off the gate, which the enemy had abandoned. Sergeant Shishido went there and dragged it to a point only twenty metres from the gate. Guessing his purpose, the enemy began to fire upon him harder than ever, but miraculously enough, he did not receive the slightest wound.

Meanwhile the fearless sergeant loaded the gun, aimed, and fired. The strong iron-studded gate flew into a thousand pieces.

Charge!

Our men leaped forward and rushed in through the gate. In no time, the second barracks were completely occupied by our army.

Isao Shishido was thereafter called the "Dare-Devil Sergeant" by the men of his machine-gun company.

THE DYING OFFICER RISES AT A BUGLE CALL

Sub-Lieut. Kitamura was leading his platoon in a charge upon the enemy at Miaohsingchen when a hissing bullet lodged in his abdomen.

"Oh—God!" he groaned through clenched teeth.

Brave as he was, he could go no farther. Nevertheless, he kept crying "Charge! charge!" waving his sword in the direction of the enemy until he fell from exhaustion and loss of blood.

After some time the bugle-call for advance was sounded. Sub-Lieut. Kitamura, who had been left for dead, regained con-

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sciousness all of a sudden as if awakened by the bugle sound. Raising himself on his elbows, he cried :

“ His Imperial Majesty, the Generalissimo—*Banzai*—*Banzai*— ”

Before he could give the third “ *Banzai* ”, he had been translated into a guardian-spirit of his land.

PART FOUR—AT THE FRONT

THE NAVY AUNTIE—THE "MAN-SURPASSING WOMAN"

In troubled Shanghai there lives a middle-aged Japanese woman known among the men of our Navy as the "Navy Auntie" and among the Japanese residents as the "Man-Surpassing Woman."

In the months following the outbreak of the Shanghai Incident, many Japanese were killed, and many more wounded in the fighting between the Chinese and Japanese forces. Our field hospital was full and badly in need of attendants. The wounded had to be cared for promptly and efficiently since many of them were in a critical condition.

The "Navy Auntie" worked side by side with the hospital orderlies from early morning till late at night. She had no time to rest. When she had no special duty to perform she went from ward to ward to see if there was anything she could, do to make the wounded comfortable.

"Are you in pain?" she would ask one.

"Don't be afraid to tell me what you want," she would say to another.

The boys of the Navy were not afraid to tell her.

"Oh, Auntie," one of them would call, please give me a cup of water.

"Say, Auntie," another would ask, "will you please rub my

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feet a little? They are numb and heavy as lead."

Whenever they saw her, they wouldn't let her go without asking her to do this or that for their own comfort. She never refused their requests and was always as cheerful as she was helpful.

"All right, my boy," she would answer, "wait just a moment—Now, here is your water—Oh, you must take your medicine if you want to get well."

"Say Auntie," one could complain, "I feel terrible. Why am I shut up in this hospital for such a slight wound? Will you ask the doctor to let me go back to the front?"

"You must keep quiet," she would soothe him, "It is very bad for your wound if you stir. I'll tell your Company Commander how eager you are to get back. Now, be quiet like a good sailor, so that you'll get well soon."

With all this, the obliging woman was as busy as a bee from morning till night, devoting every minute of her time to taking care of the sick and wounded. It was thus that the sailors affectionately nicknamed her "Navy Auntie."

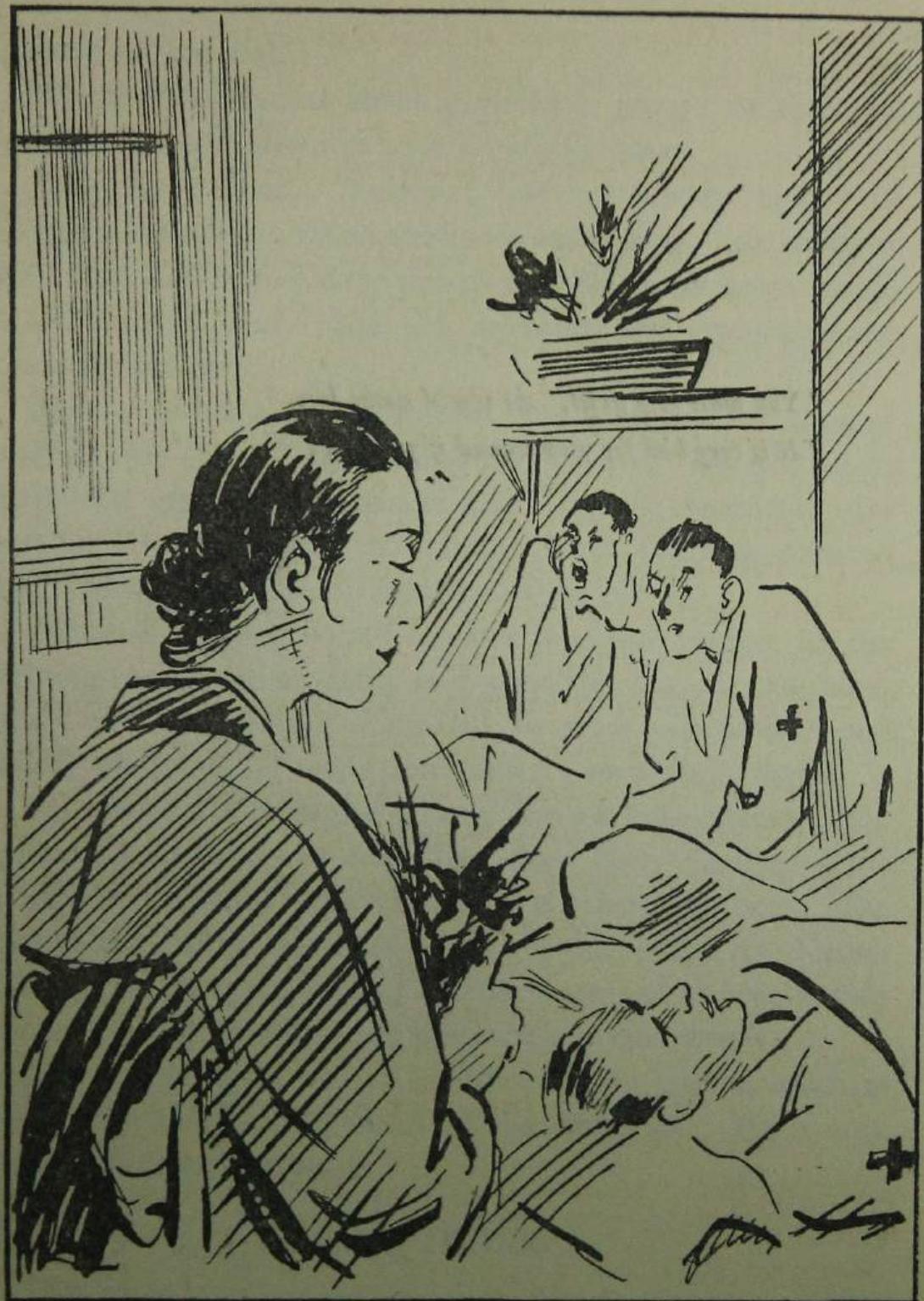
It was not uncommon to hear such conversations as the following among the convalescents:

"I owe everything to our Navy Auntie for my recovery and my being able to return to the front."

"Indeed, you, too? It's the same with me. She's certainly a brick. She doesn't think at all of herself. She just wants to help everyone else."

"You're right. To have such a woman as our Auntie is enough to make it a pleasure to go to war."

"Bravo! Bravo!" A chorus of many voices would rise



"You must keep quiet," she would soothe him.

"It is very bad for your wound if you stir."

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in the field hospital.

Wherever the convalescents gathered in groups of three or four, similar conversations were invariably heard.

The "Navy Auntie," however, was not satisfied to stay in the hospital only. When she could spare time, she went to the front and helped carry stretchers. She knelt down beside dying men to pray. She did anything and everything she could for the men.

Reports of her remarkable deeds, which earned her another unusual title of the "Man-Surpassing Woman," did not fail to reach the ears of Commander Rear-Admiral Uyematsu, who sent her an official letter of thanks. Later she also received one from Admiral Osumi, Minister of the Navy.

"I am only doing what I can as a Japanese woman in the fighting zone," she modestly said when she was congratulated. "My work is nothing compared to what our soldiers and sailors are doing. I really don't deserve such distinction."

No sooner had Shanghai quieted down a little, thanks to the splendid heroism of our men, than the "Navy Auntie" came to Japan to visit the unfortunates in the hospitals here. She visited the Navy Hospitals at Yokosuka, Saseho and Kamakawa. She recognized many familiar faces, and as usual, made the men happy by her cheery presence and kind words.

This extraordinary woman, to whom Japan owes as much, is Miss Shige Saruwatari of the Aisei Sha, Shanghai. She is now back in Shanghai again.

HOME LETTERS

The following conversation took place between a soldier

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and myself on the train going from Chichiha-Erh to Fentien on November 27, 1931.

I—I suppose it was very cold when the battle of Tahsing was fought?

He—Very cold, indeed. A machine gun—I think it belonged to the company next to ours—got frozen and couldn't discharge any more than three shots.

I—Lots of bullets came, I think. Didn't they?

He—Sure they did. Look here (He took off his helmet and pointed out a dent.), this impression in my helmet, you see it? A bullet struck here, but it was frightened away by the presence of my honourable parents.

I—What do you mean by "the presence of your honourable parents"?

He—(He removed the helmet and took out of it a package of letters.) Look at these! My folks sent them, telling me to do my best. They tell me that if I wear them on my person no bullet can harm me. (He laughed heartily, unbuttoning his shirt to show a woollen girdle bulging with letters.)

He—You see these? They all came in the consolation bags. Nothing can make us happier than these letters. We read them a hundred times over. This is from a girl of thirteen; and this from an old man. I keep them all inside my girdle. Everybody does. They show that the whole Nation stands united behind us.

He—Listen, sir. When you go back home I want you to tell the people that we will win. There's no mistake about it. When the people are thinking about us so much, we are willing to die for them many a time. (He smiled despite his

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moist eyes.)

The rattling train pulled into Taonan Station.

I—Good-bye, good luck to you !

He—Thank you !

The train left the soldier and his four comrades alighted on the platform and began to move on.

* * *

The village of Taonan became smaller and smaller each second till it entirely disappeared beyond the white expanse of snow. The sky was tinged with crimson by the large setting sun. I pressed my palms together and prayed :

“ May Heaven protect these men from harm. May the soldiers of the Imperial Army come home safe and sound in triumph.”

A BLOOD LETTER OF CONSOLATION

Nothing makes the men on the battle-fields happier than small presents from home. These presents are called “ *imon-bukuro* ” for they are sent for the purpose of “ consoling and comforting ” the men of the expeditionary army and are usually packed in bags. Through the medium of these “ comfort-bags,” the people at home conveyed their sympathy, thanks, and affection to the soldiers at the front.

The soldiers of the Shanghaikuan Garrison had just received a batch of these bags. Each man went to his quarters with a bag or two, fumbling them inquisitively like a curious child.

“ What will it be ? Candies ? Tobacco ? A book ? A letter ? ”

The imaginations of soldiers were busy till the bags were

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opened amidst exclamations of joy.

Before the excitement had died down, a soldier returned to the office with the bag he had received only a little while ago.

"Sir," he saluted, standing with his heels together, before an officer, "I have something to report."

"What's the matter?"

"I cannot accept this bag, Sir."

"What?" exclaimed the officer. "What in the world do you mean?"

The soldier silently placed the bag on the table for inspection. It was bound with a string of red and white. Evidently it had been sent by a woman of culture.

The officer untied the string to examine it. He found in it twenty-four packages of cigarettes and six caramels—very ordinary things. Upon more careful examination, however, he discovered some inscriptions on the inner wrapper.

"To a *ownerably* wounded soldier," the inscription read.

The officer stared at it for a while, repeating in his mind "a *ownerably*.....a *ownerably*....."

"Indeed," he nodded, "this is sent for an *honourably* wounded soldier."

"Yes, sir," the soldier agreed, in solemn tone. "For that very reason, I cannot possibly accept it."

"Very well, you shall have another one."

The soldier left the office. The officer was putting the gifts back into the bag when he found a piece of wrapping paper bearing some description.

"It looks like a letter," the officer murmured. Surely it was a letter—a letter written in blood. It must have been

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Surely, it was a letter—a letter written in blood

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sent by a girl of tender age, thought the officer, for the sentences were poorly constructed and the handwriting unsteady with misspelled words. He was, nevertheless, deeply moved by the contents. It finished with "To Mr. Soldier that fights for the cause of our country."

A BOTHER-SOME CANTEEN SAVES A LIFE

A soldier was charging in an attack. His canteen fastened to the back of his belt got loose and slipped around his side, hampering him at every step. It was very annoying.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" he scowled and shoved it back. In that instance a bullet struck him.

He paused to find where he was hit. Not a scratch was to be found on his body, but he discovered that the bother-some canteen had a dent in its neck. Evidently the bullet, upon hitting the canteen, had ricocheted off in a different direction.

"Ha—m—m—," the soldier muttered somewhat shame-facedly as he gazed at the fresh bullet mark on the canteen for a long minute.

HE PINCHES HIS OWN CHEEK TO FIND IF HE IS ALIVE

In the battle fought on October 5, 1931, near Mengniushao, the Kitamura Platoon was engaged in a hot skirmish with an enemy force of 200 men for two hours at the distance of 50 metres.

First Class Private Tomiji Kagawa, light machine-gunner, was shot in the right ankle. Betraying no sign of pain, he kept on firing.

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"You had better go to the field hospital," warned the platoon leader.

The gunner paid no attention to his superior and kept on firing. Another shot lodged in his left leg on which he was supporting his body on the edge of a stone wall. He fell down the wall 8 feet high and lay unconscious. But he came to himself after a few minutes, and looking round in wonder, pinched his own cheek with all his might.

"*Ouch!* Hurts me. I'm not dead yet," he said to himself.

His gun had been taken by a comrade who was busy firing it. Looking around, he found a rifle left on the ground. He picked it up, crawled up the wall, and took aim.

Bang!

"Take this! How about this!" he muttered continuing to fire.

"CAPTAIN, I HAVE ONE MORE SHOULDER LEFT"

It was in the fight at Peitaiyeng that Corporal Jutaro Suzuki was shot in one shoulder.

"You got it in the right shoulder, didn't you? exclaimed his captain.

Corporal Suzuki, grasping the bleeding joint, answered:

"Captain, I have one more shoulder left."

TWO HEROES OF THE AIR

Dawn on January 10, 1932, found a Japanese bomber plane flying high up in the morning mist above Fakumen, nine kilometres north of Mukden. In the cock-pit of the plane was seated Flight Sergeant Takahashi, and at the bomb-switch was

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Sergeant Matsuda, both well known as accomplished flyers in the Kwantung Air Forces.

"There they are, Matsuda," cried the flight sergeant when he sighted bands of Chinese soldiers resembling clusters of ants on the ground. "Be ready to drop the bombs. I'll bring down the plane."

"All right!"

The bomber nosed downward into a dive. When it came directly over the enemy, the sergeant released a bomb. Instantly, there was a tremendous explosion below. As soon as the cloud of dust and smoke, covering a wide area, cleared away, they discerned numerous men and horses lying dead, like rubbish blown about by a gale.

"Fine!" cried the flyer. "Once more."

"All right!"

The plane came over the enemy again and dropped another bomb; then several more, one after another. The panic-stricken Chinese scattered in all directions. The fliers were satisfied and turned to go back when they discovered an enemy unit hiding in a clump of trees.

"Let's finish them, too," suggested the flight sergeant.

The enemy in the grove were desperate and began to shoot at the plane.

"So, you want to fight, do you?" cried the fliers as they brought the plane down again and dropped a bomb.

The moment the plane levelled off and started to climb again, the engine sputtered strangely and all of a sudden died completely. A shot had evidently lodged in the machine. It would have fallen, had it not been for the expert handling of

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the flight sergeant, who skilfully brought the plane down in safety on a cultivated field.

As soon as the plane alighted, the Chinese ran toward it with jubilant cries. The fliers quickly drew their revolvers and shot down several men, but the odds were too great.

Flight Sergeant Takahashi saw there was little chance for them to escape. He called to Sergeant Matsuda :

“ Let’s destroy the plane. It must not be captured.”

“ You’re right,” agreed the sergeant, “ we must burn our papers and tunics, too.”

“ And save a shot in your revolver for yourself, you know ! ” advised the flight sergeant, anticipating the hour when all hope would be gone.

They quickly poured gasolene over the plane and struck a match. Instantly, the plane burst into flames. They peeled off their tunics and threw them into the flames together with their maps and papers.

The sight of the burning plane brought the enemy to a standstill for a moment. Taking advantage of this chance, the fliers ran in their underwear towards the woods near by as fast as their legs could carry them. Even as they ran for their lives, they could not help turning to look back and take a last look at the burning plane.

For two days they tramped over the country, and at last reached the Headquarters. They were half dead from exhaustion when they found themselves before the Commander, who congratulated them on their narrow escape and praised highly their heroic exploit.



Instantly, the plane burst into flames.

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THE REAL DEATH GRIP

Superior Private Tomio Satō of the First Company of the Independent Garrison bravely pressed upon the enemy in the battle of Chenchin on October 5, 1931. He fired on them vehemently from the distance of 50 metres.

His platoon was to attack the left wing of the enemy. Advancing with Superior Private Satō at the head, they had just reached the enemy ramparts when their leader was shot down. No one could help him for the fight was very hot.

When the battle was over, he was found dead, still gripping his gun firmly. The orderlies had to pry open his fingers one by one in order to take the gun away from him.

A BULLET MERELY PASSED THROUGH HIS ABDOMEN

A certain officer of the landing party in Shanghai, whose name I cannot recall just at this moment, was shot through the abdomen. The bullet entered on one side and left at the other. He was brought to the dressing station when I happened to be there.

"You must be sorry that you had to leave the line," I said to him by way of consoling him.

One week afterward, I made a trip of observation to another point of the battle-front when, to my surprise, I found the officer in tunic, walking about in front of me. I could hardly believe my eyes.

"My God, I thought you would be by this time in the Yasukuni Shrine,"* I exclaimed in jest.

"O yes," he replied playfully. "I got as far as Yotsuya

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Mitsuke,* but turned on my heel." He laughed and added, "I have been to the front line this morning and am now on my way to my quarters."

Sure enough, he was alive.

"Well," he explained calmly when I asked about his wound, "the bullet entered on the right side and took its leave on the left, passing through the abdomen very carefully."

That he had escaped death was a miracle, but it was even more remarkable that he had the courage and bodily strength to return to the front line again one week afterwards.

A CORPORAL AND HIS HORSE

On October 14, 1931, our cavalry regiment attacked a large detached force of Chang Hsueh-liang, near Chaochiawopeng, three miles north of Sanshia Station on the Peking-Mukden line.

Corporal Moriya's horse, Ryūzan, was severly wounded in three places and became unable to keep up with the others. Consequently, the corporal had to abandon Ryūzan for a Chinese horse. He proceeded with Ryūzan following, but the poor horse could not go fast enough. It fell; it struggled in vain; and whined mournfully.

The heart of the corporal was bleeding as he heard the cries of his horse behind. Yet he could do nothing. The squadron commander, however, heard Ryūzan cry and stopped. Calling over his shoulder, he ordered :

* To be in the Yasukuni Shrine means to be dead and enshrined; to go as far as Yotsuya Mitsuke implies to be nearly dead, for Yotsuya Mitsuke is about fifteen blocks from the Shrine.



The bullet entered on the right side and took its leave on the left.

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"Moriya, take the horse with you."

At this merciful command, Corporal Moriya quickly dismounted and ran to Ryūzan. He held the head of the wounded horse in his arms, rubbing his cheek against its soft muzzle. And then he helped the horse to its feet.

"I was mistaken, Ryūzan," he said in tears. "I cannot leave you alone. No, never."

Ryūzan received proper treatment at the Fentien Veterinary Hospital. Fortunately its wounds completely healed; and now Corporal Moriya and his Ryūzan are together again.

NO WORD TO LEAVE BUT DEEDS

Major Shin-ichiro Kurihara was killed while in action in the battle of Wantaifu.

Seeing that his death was near, Sergeant Katō, who had been at his side ever since the major was wounded, asked him:

"Major Kurihara, have you any words to leave?"

"I want you," the major said quietly, "to convey my apologies to the Regiment Commander for my having lost so many of my subordinates in the battle."

"Yes, Sir. But to your family?" the sergeant ventured.

The major scowled.

"You are a soldier," he said in a low but dignified voice. "A soldier ought not to ask a question like that."

ON DUTY WITH THE RECEIVER TILL THE LAST MOMENT

During the attack on Miaohsingchen, our army established a telephone post underneath the stair-way in a house that stood

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near the firing line. It was operated by Superior Private Masao Ide. He could hear the burst of shells and the barking of machine-guns near by.

"Oh, yes," he muttered to himself, "they're going at it all right."

He was coolly transmitting messages to the Headquarters in the rear when a shell crashed through the wall and exploded. Private Ide was severely wounded. He fell groaning. But his sense of duty was so strong that he endured his pain and continued to perform his duty. His bodily strength gradually gave way and his senses became vaguer every second. Finally he was heard over the telephone, muttering,

"I can stand no longer—I feel dizzy—my senses... "

* * *

The Captain of Ide's company hurried to the scene. He found Ide dead with the receivers still on his ears.

THE LAST SALUTE OF THE "DEVIL SQUAD LEADER"

On February 29, 1932, our landing party under the command of Warrant Officer Shiosaki, otherwise known as the "Devil Squad Leader," opened fire from their position at Su Ming Kung So upon the enemy at Chapei. The latter offered such a desperate resistance with machine-guns that our men were forced to make a temporary retreat. The "Devil Squad Leader" groaned out of pure chagrin. But he led his squad around the Japanese cemetery, which formed one corner of enemy's position. Without difficulty they captured the cemetery, and then, with renewed courage, made a bayonet charge



He was coolly transmitting messages to the Headquarters in the rear when a shell crashed through the wall and exploded.

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with the " Devil Squad Leader " at the head.

" Damn it," the squad leader muttered as a bullet struck him in the abdomen, " that's only one . . . "

Though he fell once, he quickly got to his feet with the aid of his sword. He made a step forward when a second bullet pierced his left shoulder. That proved too much, and he fell again.

In the heat of battle his men could not find time to help him. He was left where he had fallen until some two hours later when he was picked on a stretcher. He was unconscious, but when the stretcher approached the place where Commander Uyematsu was standing, he suddenly came to and raised his head in silence, trying to make a bow. A little farther on, when he was carried past the Navy Flag, he raised himself on one elbow and saluted with a blood-stained hand.

It was the last salute of the " Devil Squad Leader."

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES

Our forces had been fighting day and night against the Nineteenth Route Army since January 28, 1932. On February 22, three men gave their lives in the battle of Miaohsingchen in order to blow up the barbed-wire entanglements of the enemy. On February 25 and 26, there developed specially hot engagements, but the fiercest of all occurred on the 28th.

I made a tour of inspection to Miaohsingchen some days after the battle. Looking over the devastated fields with emotion, I pictured in my mind the heroic end of those three bombers whose action had won the admiration of the

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whole world.*

I was fortunate to be able to attend the memorial services held there by our men for their comrades who had been killed in the battle of Miaohsingchen. The impression I received from the scene is indescribable.

One man brought a table that he borrowed from a farmer near by to be used as an altar. Another plucked a flowering spray of plum, arranged it in an old Chinese wine bottle, and placed it on the altar. Still another produced a pint of *sake* and poured it in a cracked tea cup on the altar as an offering to the spirits of his friends. *Botamochi* (made of rice and red beans), too, was offered because one of the dead had been fond of it.

What a warm friendly feeling!

Meanwhile the improvised altar and offerings had been made ready for the rites. Candles were lighted. The chanting of the Sutras, that should have come next, was omitted because there was no one who could chant the Buddhist scriptures. Now each one was to come by turn before the altar to burn incense and pray.

The first who stepped forward was Squad Leader Higashijima. He removed his helmet. His tanned face shone as he came to the altar. He stood for a long minute in prayer, pressing his palms together before him. Then he

* At the dawn of February 22, 1932, a party of three engineers ignited their bomb, dashed with it 20 metres through a rain of bullets and hurled themselves into the barbed-wire entanglements near Miaohsingchen. As the result, a pathway of 10 metres wide was opened in the entanglements. These heroes were Susumu Kitagawa, Takeji Eshita, and Inosuke Sakuyé, all being First Class Privates that belonged to the Shimomoto Mixed Brigade of Kyūshū.

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wanted to say something. He could not. Tears rolled down his cheeks. His lips quivered nervously, and at last he uttered with difficulty.

"*Tennō-Heika* (His Majesty the Emperor) . . ."

He could not add the word *Banzai* though he made several attempts. He returned to his place and dried his tears with his fist.

No one could hold his head up, and everyone was drying his tears.

*

*

Many words are not needed for the soldier who lives constantly in the World of Non-Self. *Tennō-Heika* is more than enough. In this one word, everything is found; and from this one word, everything comes. The courage and strength of our Soldiers, the power of our Army and Navy, and the glory of our Nation, they all spring from this one word *Tennō-Heika*.

(*The End*)



昭和八年十二月十七日印
昭和八年十二月二十日發

行 刷 定價金七拾錢

版 權 所 有

東京市四谷區仲町二丁目七番地

著 者 甲斐 繁 威

印 刷 人 小酒井 吉 藏

東京市牛込區神樂町一ノ二

印 刷 所 研究社印刷所

發 行 所

東京市西區内幸町一丁目三番地
大阪ビル五五六一上號室

日本外事協會

電話銀座(57)五四六一番
振替東京一九五五番

