WHAT I HEARD AND SAW AT THE TOKYO PALACE

By Michio Kinoshita

Foreword

I was not a true-born official of the Imperial Household Ministry. It was in the summer of 1924, at the age of thirty-seven, that I was transferred from a government post to His Highness the Crown Prince's Household ; and because I entered the Imperial Household late, many of the things its members took for granted seemed unique and fascinating to me.

I was at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo for more than twenty years, and enjoyed a fairly wide range of observation there. Although my role at the Palace was a minor one, I often had an opportunity to see and hear His Majesty the Emperor, both as a member of the Board of the Crown Prince's Affairs and of the Board of Chamberlains, and I would like to leave for future generations some tokens of his voice and appearance.

At the same time, however, I hope that the reader will realize that my account is a subjective one and is naturally limited by my memory ; and it is because of these limitations that I feel I must qualify my impression in much the same way as the disciples of the Buddha qualified theirs. After the Buddha passed away his disciples met together to compile his teachings, and as they stood up in turn to announce to the audience the words of the master with which they had been instructed,

they introduced their contributions by the expression, "Thus I heard," thereby assuming full responsibility for interpreting the words of the master.

The successive Emperors, who have established firmly the racial history peculiar to Japan, have been guided in their traditional philosophy by a spirit of disinterestedness. In this one point they seem to be living in a dimension quite different from that of lesser people; so I can describe things in the way that I heard and saw them. If I should stray in the following statement from the right path, I beg to apologize for my shortcomings as an ordinary man.

The Imperial Library of the Kyoto Palace Higashiyama Bunko

His Highness the Crown Prince was twenty-two years old and the Crown Princess was twenty when I entered their service in 1924. It was just after their marriage, and two years had elapsed since his assumption of the office of Prince Regent. The Kasumigaseki Detached Palace had been damaged beyond repair by the Great Kanto Earthquake of the previous year, and their Highnesses were living at the Akasaka Detached Palace, the left wing of which was used for formal occasions and the right wing for private purposes.

The couple were waited upon by a group of court officials, such as Count Sutemi Chinda, Lord Steward to the Crown Prince; Viscount Tamemori Irie, Chief Chamberlain to the Prince; the Chief Lady-in-waiting was Haruko Shimazu; and Baron General Takeji Nara was the Chief Aide-de-camp. These functionaries were helped by seven chamberlains, five

ladies-in-waiting, two officers each from the Army and the Navy, and four physicians. From each of these groups of men one was always chosen for night duty, so at least three persons were on duty at the Palace day and night, and the Prince would often come down to chat with us or to spend a pleasant evening.

As I became accustomed to these visits, it occurred to me that the Prince, who was usually surrounded by more than ten male officials, had never been known to show the least partiality towards any one of them. Ordinary people are too often swayed by partiality — a weakness that may occur even in men of the highest sagacity who were born of noble families and brought up from the tenderest years among numerous attendants. To what then did His Highness owe his exemption from this common weakness? It was well known that Admiral Heihachirō Tōgō, General Maresuke Nogi, and Dr. Jugō Sugiura, who had been entrusted with the education of the Prince, had each put his heart and soul into the task. I wondered if this achievement of the Prince should be attributed to the best efforts of these able men, or to the moral legacy bequeathed to the Imperial line of this country.

I received a clue to the cause of the Prince's disinterestedness in the autumn of that first year, when the Prince travelled to Kyoto, staying there for a week at the Imperial Palace. Within the Palace grounds there stood four storehouses all of which looked very much like ordinary storehouses; but one of them was the Imperial Library Higashiyama Bunko, which is of great importance to the Imperial family. On its doors is stamped the Imperial seal. Letters and old documents written

by successive Emperors are stored there, and every year in the autumn, an Imperial messenger is sent from Tokyo to open the Library and air the articles for a month.

Because the Prince's sojourn at the Palace fell during this airing period, he decided one day to visit the Library, and thus it was that I had the occasion to see a letter of the Emperor Kōhaku, the third Emperor before the Emperor Meiji.

The Emperor Kōhaku, who ascended the throne in his early years, was instructed with unusual care by his grandmother, the ex-Empress Gosakuramachi, and this letter was written by the Emperor to his grandmother when he was twenty-nine. Here is a passage I came across in reading it:

> "I entirely agree with you. For any person who ascends the Throne, his first duty should always be to desire (an attitude) of disinterestedness towards himself, and benevolence towards the whole nation, etc. ..."

In those days the Tokugawa Shoguns were the virtual rulers of the whole country with the great castle of Edo as their base of operations. Yet even then, at his calm and serene Palace in Kyoto, which the thirty-six peaks of the surrounding mountains secluded from the nation, the pulse of the Imperial spirit continued to beat quietly and unnoticed, but firmly as it always had done through the unbroken Imperial line. I could not but feel myself awed at the recollection of such long years of devotion. Having read the above Imperial letter and various poems, I perceived that the atmosphere that filled the whole Library could be explained by the words, "disinterestedness toward self coupled with devotion to the nation."

That night, the City of Kyoto entertained the Prince hand-

somely with a large citizens' lantern procession. Some tens of thousands of people in group after group passed by the gate of the Prince's lodging, the Sento Gosho Palace, shouting, "Banzai" ("May you live ten thousand years!"). The air resounded far and wide with his praise, as he stood at the entrance, a lantern in hand, acknowledging the loyal greeting of the crowds. I was standing close to him, scarcely able to control my emotion. In spite of myself, hot tears of gratitude ran down my cheeks unceasingly and ashamed to stay any longer in the presence of others, I secretly passed through the procession to the deserted lawn on the opposite side, and wept there in the dark.

As I imagined the feelings with which the Prince was hearing the cries of "Banzai," the tears, too strong to be restrained, streamed endlessly down my cheeks. The sweet fragrance which had wafted about the Library must have been embracing him closely and warmly. The loud cheers we had just heard seemed to be the nation's cry of grateful happiness for the benefits transmitted by the merit of his ancestors.

At last the lantern procession ended, and the Prince went inside, but not wanting to be seen with my face covered with tears, I stole into the dimly-lit Palace corridor, and I tried to arrange my thoughts with a pencil and a torn piece of letter paper. Then I withdrew to my lodging, requesting that my message be presented to the Prince by Hachirō Saionji, a senior official in the Prince's service who had sought me out, anxious about my disappearance. I tried to cool my excitement by lying on the bed, but in vain. I was sorry to have been so long a stranger to the existence of the noble Library Higashiyama

Bunko, and I felt great regret to think that I had lived to that day without due appreciation of this Imperial spirit of disinterestedness which had come down through the ages.

On my appearance at the Palace the next morning, Saionji reproved me saying that I had acted wrongly to present to the Prince a sudden scribble with a pencil, and that he had delivered the message verbally. Later, when I saw the Prince, he showed no sign of displeasure, and even said that he was glad to hear from me. I shed no tears. That moment I thought I had found a satisfactory answer to the question I had been asking myself for a long time. The Prince seemed to have inherited the quality of disinterestedness from his ancestors. The Lords Tōgō, Nogi and Sugiura gave a final touch to that quality already his own. This unshakable belief I have entertained ever since.

His Majesty's Wardrobe

How did home products rank in the nation's esteem some forty years ago? Foreign articles, any consumer-goods such as cloth, hats, shoes, razors, or knives, were thought to be superior to our own. As a result those who had money to spare or those anxious to adorn themselves vied with one another in using foreign goods, sometimes raising money for them with difficulty.

To counteract this social tendency campaigns began to appear to encourage and promote national industries, and for the enlightenment of the general public it was decided to hold an exhibition in Osaka, center of Japan's industry, at which foreign and domestic goods would be compared. The purpose,

of course, was to lead people to appreciate home articles by displaying Japanese and foreign products side by side.

Then a bright idea crossed the promoter's minds. The highest personage, the Emperor, no doubt possessed a few personal items made in his own country, so why not display such articles. It would help a great deal to convince people of the error of preferring foreign goods. Mr. Kiyoshi Nakarai, Chief of the Department of Internal Affairs of Osaka Prefecture, visited me at the Board of Chamberlains one day to acquaint me with the scheme and ask our active cooperation.

At that time the Imperial Household Ministry had already begun to encourage the purchase of domestic articles. They had decided to use only domestically produced articles, such as silver watches, as gifts to be given by the Emperor on various occasions. So I quite agreed with Mr. Nakarai. However, if we were to arrange to have the Emperor's personal articles on display, we felt obliged to let him know beforehand, and he most graciously complied with our request with the following statement:

> "I wonder whether any personal articles of mine were made abroad. Hats, undergarments, clothes and shoes, none of mine are imported. Only some woollen materials may have been obtained from abroad, for few sheep are found here in Japan...."

There were six articles in the Emperor's wardrobe suitable for exhibit, and of these only two or three were sent to Osaka.

About that time, when His Majesty staying at the Army Club in Nagoya during the special grand military manoeuvres

that were being conducted in that district, some thirty persons were invited to attend a dinner party one evening after the manoeuvres as a reward for their services to the state. After dinner, while they drank coffee and were engaged in free conversation with the Emperor in a separate room, because His Majesty had inspected the Aichi Watch Factory of Nagoya in the afternoon, the theme of their conversation naturally centered about the subject of watches. While they discussed whether home manufactured watches could be accurate, one of the gentlemen, displaying a glittering chain, took out his gold watch deliberately, and declared : " This is an imported watch, Sire. It indeed keeps correct time. Japanese watches are not correct. They can never equal those made abroad." At which the Emperor casually took a watch out of the right-hand pocket of his trousers and said that his watch was a domestic product, costing him six dollars, but even so it kept exact time. On account of the Emperor's loud tone, sixty eyes in the room were all at once concentrated on the silver watch in his palm. It was the first time I had ever heard him talk about the price of a commodity.

This watch was, in fact, one I had bought for him at the Citizen Watch Maker's. He must have remembered the price because I had indicated to him the cost in comparison with that of a foreign watch. To the Emperor it did not matter at all whether the watch was gold or nickel. He did not care a straw what it was made of. He was just extremely happy to find a reliable watch made by Japanese technicians.

The Wealth of the Imperial House

When floods once fell upon a certain region in the country, the Emperor donated from his private purse the sum of several million yen toward the relief of the sufferers. In accordance with the regular procedures, the necessary documents came to the Board of Chamberlains from the Minister's secretariate. Holding one of these documents, I knocked at the door of the Emperor's room to show it to him, and no sooner had he looked through the papers than he gave his assent. During the pre-war years, several million yen were equivalent to two or three billion yen at present; but he took little notice of it. He wholly trusted the Minister's judgement.

Leaving his desk with the papers, I chanced to find on his desk a French-Japanese dictionary which he seemed to have been using. The book was in tatters, so I asked whether I should obtain a new one for him. He asked me in an anxious tone if he could afford to buy it. Of course, I replied in the affirmative and at once placed an order with a store. The price was less than twenty yen.

The relief fund and a French-Japanese dictionary, both were paid for from the same Imperial funds. In those days the Imperial wealth was enormous. For instance, the Imperial forests and woods ranged over 3,185,000 acres, most of which were situated at the source of great rivers and in the heart of the mountains. The annual income from these woods, which were to come to market according to a certain cutting plan, was very great. Therefore, the Imperial House was considered by some to be a great plutocracy. Among some this vast wealth

excited considerable criticism. In the Imperial Household Ministry we had conferences on this matter. I still remember insisting that the Imperial wealth was a reserve for the nation, and that, however large it might be, we need not question it. I could adopt such a determined attitude because I had been deeply stirred by the Ruler's feeling when he had asked if he could afford to buy the dictionary.

After the termination of the war, almost all the Imperial property was transferred to the government; but for the Emperor, it was as if the nation itself had been in need of money and had withdrawn their own from the bank; for he had never intended to possess it privately.

The Parade in a Terrible Storm

The second year of Shōwa (1927), which had been one of national mourning for the late Emperor Taishō, was over and, as the third year opened calmly, the nation hastened to remove the mourning bands from their left sleeves to greet the New Year in which the great festival of the enthronement was to be held in Kyoto. The enthronement program was announced, the celebrations after the Imperial return from Kyoto were arranged to be held one after the other in close succession, and the dates of the grand military and naval reviews were published. Throughout the country the people, their faces beaming with joy, expressed to each other their heartfelt rejoicing. The whole country was quite carried away by the buoyancy of the happy events.

The Imperial Household also began to busy itself in preparation for the glorious event; but from that time on we

often found His Majesty sunk deep in unknown thoughts. And because he said nothing, we tried to read his thoughts. For the five years of his Regency and for more than a year since his Accession, he had been engrossed in delicate matters of administration. As he grew experienced in the affairs of state we felt that he became increasingly concerned with his country's role in international affairs.

At the Peace Conference in Paris after World War I, Japan had proposed a racial equality resolution, the rejection of which was truly a serious cause of international discord. In 1924, the anti-Japanese immigration laws were enforced in the United States ; in China a boycott against Japanese goods and an anti-Japanese propaganda campaign instigated by some Americans and Europeans grew more intense during 1927 and 1928 ; the Disarmament Conference in Geneva between America, Britain and Japan ended in a rupture ; Japanese and Chinese troops had an encounter at Tsinan ; and General Chang Tso-lin was bombed in Manchuria. The Emperor was quick to react to these gloomy events which threatened the national way in both the East and the West. One wondered whether any good statesmen existed that could face the situation creditably. At the rise of the military that considered the national Diet unworthy of trust, the people all seemed to raise a joyous shout. The Emperor seemed to sense that a national storm was close at hand, and seemed to be ready, after many days and nights of spiritual conflict, to share his travail with his people.

The Tokyo prefectural authorities had in mind a number of observances for the celebration, the most gigantic of which was to be held at the Yoyogi Parade Ground and was to con-

sist of a girls' commemorative chorus and a men's parade consisting of about fifty thousand students of unversities, higher schools, secondary schools, young men's training institutes, and ex-soldiers of the prefecture. The four neighboring prefectures, hearing of the event, sent an additional thirty thousand, making the total eighty thousand in all.

Such a large number of people were participating that postponement of the event on account of rain was out of the question, because Tokyo had no quarters sufficient to accommodate that number for one night. Moreover, because the young men's training school students were working students who had only the 15th of the month off, no other day would be possible. Furthermore, if the celebration were to be marred by rain the Yoyogi Ground would be too muddy. Therefore, the Imperial Plaza seemed the only place possible for the event. And thus it was that the Tokyo authorities decided to hold the parade and chorus at the Imperial Plaza, at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of December 15.

When the decision was made and the Imperial Household was notified and the honour of the Emperor's presence was requested for the occasion, the Ministry held a conference and expressed unanimous disapproval. His Majesty would be much fatigued after various functions extending for nearly one month. In addition, we all feared it would injure his health if he were to stand for more than an hour in the open in the chilly season of the middle of December. If the ceremony were to be carried out in the rain, it would be especially difficult. Minister Ichiki, who was very anxious about this, named me at the conference to sound out the Emperor's opinion. The time, I remember,

was towards the end of summer.

I went at once and explained to the Emperor about the particulars of the ceremony, asking his opinion. He told me that he had no objection to the program, so long as the service for that night could be well performed. By the service for the night he meant the divine service at the Imperial Sanctuary with the *kagura* rite held annually on the night of December 15. That night he would go to bed after midnight.

At the end the Emperor approved the program with two provisions — one was, if the day were rainy, the young men should be free to wear rainwear; the other was that his reviewing platform must never, though it rain in torrents, be protected by a tent. He obviously intended that on a rainy day the young men must not be alone in getting wet. Their Emperor would run the same risk as they.

With the Emperor's sanction preparations for the ceremony went on steadily through the good offices of the Tokyo authorities, and as the responsible official of the Household Ministry, I was ordered to maintain liaison with the Tokyo officials. The hardest problem in the scheme was how to assemble skillfully at the Imperial Plaza the great mass of more than thirty thousand young people who would arrive at the Capital by special trains from various parts from midnight of December 14 until the following morning, and then how to have them join the Review and the Celebration Chorus of eighty thousand in an orderly manner. The Army, acceding to the request of the prefecture, chose Lieutenant Colonel Hitoshi Imamura and some other officers, by dint of whose efforts the proceedings were well planned. The Imperial platform some six feet square

and four feet high, was to be erected at the middle of the slope of the Imperial Plaza. Clearly and firmly I ordered those in charge not to erect a tent over the platform.

December 14 came at last and everything was ready; but the weather occasioned much anxiety. No one forecast that it would be fine the next day. I walked around the scene before dark. No tent stood over the Imperial seat. White bunting merely covered the wooden part. Returning home, full of anxiety about the weather, I went to bed. The sound of pouring rain aroused me early on the morning of the 15th. A torrential rain was falling in sheets. It was the heaviest that we had had for some years. Under the strong northwest wind, our sliding doors could not be opened. Outside it was violently stormy. Ill at ease, I hurried to the Ministry, passing the plaza on the way, and I was amazed to see a tent pitched over the Imperial seat, bearing the dazzling Imperial Golden Chrysanthemum Crest. "What next!" I thought; but I reflected, they could not help pitching a tent in such a tempest. Without a word, I hurried on to the Board of Chamberlains.

The rain fell harder. There was no sign of its clearing up. About ten o'clock I walked by myself near the bronze statue of Kusunoki Masashige. The place had been allotted for the girls to gather en masse, and I saw them taking an early lunch, standing in the rain with no shelter whatever available. Some had umbrellas with them, others did not. I thought of how they must have left home early yesterday and arrived in Tokyo by train. Immediately after returning, I reported the sight to the Emperor. About half past eleven, Kitokurō Ichiki, Minister of the Imperial Household, accompanied by Teisaburō Sekiya,

Vice-Minister, both overcome with anxiety, made their appearance in the room of Sutemi Chinda, Chief Chamberlain, where they also called me. The Minister asked me whether the Review was to be held as arranged and I answered him in the affirmative. The Minister said to me, "You have erected a tent, haven't you?" "Yes, sir, we have," I said. "Do you think the Emperor will be in the tent?" asked the Minister, with a look of anxiety. "No, I don't think he will, sir," I replied objectively. The Minister shook his head, saying that this would not do at all, and that he would proceed to the Emperor to ask the favor of his being sure to enter the tent. And he added, "Is a mackintosh ready for him?" "Yes, it is, sir," I replied.

Later, I learned that the Minister earnestly entreated the Emperor to hold his inspection from under the tent, but the Emperor would not hear of this. Then the Minister offered the example of an army, saying that a commander-in-chief, although soldiers might stand under a rain of shells, does not go to the front line. Rather, his duty is to command the whole army from afar. Because His Majesty must be very tired with the many events of the enthronement, would it not be wrong, if he were to stand in the rain just because the young people did so? With that, he again urged His Majesty to stand under a shelter. The Emperor, however, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. He replied that any commander-in-chief sometimes proceeds to the front line because of time or circumstance, and as he meant to meet the uncommon circumstances that day, he ordered the Minister to remove the tent. The Minister was at a loss for a reply. After getting the Emperor's

agreement to wear a machintosh, the Minister withdrew from the presence to the Chief Chamberlain's room, directing me to remove the tent at once.

About one o'clock in the afternoon I got to the tent with those in charge of removing it. At the visitors' seats by the Imperial platform, many guests, including the diplomatic corps, the premier and other members of the Cabinet, the presidents and members of the Diet, the generals and admirals, had been invited to view that day's Review in the company of the Emperor. Some sixty per cent of them had already taken their places with umbrellas, or khaki and clock mantles. To their amazement we began removing the tent. Some of them came to me to ask about this. They were afraid the ceremony would be called off, or it would be at some different place. I answered each time that we were taking it away according to the Emperor's instructions. Meanwhile, an officer from the Army administrative section came rushing up to me to ask the same question. I answered as I did before, and he understood me well, deeply moved. The instant he disappeared, several cavalry orderlies were seen flying away from the administrative headquarters to each young men's corps to report from horseback that the tent was being removed at the Emperor's orders. How this report affected the young men, I need not tell. The armed mass of those forty thousand young men had been long waiting for the ceremony to begin, standing on the concrete pavement from the Ōtemon Gate to the foot of the Kudan Hill, exposed to the heavy rain and the bitter wind. Sleepiness was creeping over them, hunger staring them in the face, their drenched bodies chilled to the bone. Perhaps many of them were

grumbling. Then there came the report. It was as if the Emperor wished to say, " If you are to be wet, so will I."

A fiery spirit seemed to run through their bodies ; immediately they took off their overcoats in the rain. Thus, at the ceremony, the whole body of youths marched past in review in the best of spirits looking proudly up at the Imperial figure. The sound of marching feet was loud enough to crush the ground, and as each marcher shouldered his rifle on his right side while holding an overcoat on the left, each face flushed with pride and emotion. The sight will be ever in my mind.

Fortunately it was raining less, yet the piercing northwesterly wind raged as violently as ever. At a little before two, a chamberlain, Akira Noguchi, who carried the Emperor's cloak, and I arrived at the scene, and waited for the sovereign's entry. At two o'clock, the Emperor appeared at the place by car, having crossed the Nijūbashi Bridge. Chamberlain Noguchi lost no time in placing a mantle over His Majesty's shoulders as he walked a few steps forward and went up the four steps on to the stand, but no sooner did he stand on the platform than he cast aside the mantle. Below, General Takeji Hara, Chief Aide-de-camp, was in attendance and managed to catch it. Nothing could induce the Emperor to put it on again. As he stood, the military band played the national anthem and the cry of " Present arms" rang across the grounds. It was a moment of deep solemnity.

Then, for an hour and twenty minutes, we stood below behind his seat. During the period I could not help shivering with cold. I could bear it only by secretly tramping the ground. The Emperor stood erect on the high stand and as firm as a

rock.

Later, when I asked the reason for his taking off the mantle, he replied, "Because they were not so dressed." If it rained, he had intended to get those participating to wear raincoats and planned himself to wear one. But the moment he went up the steps, he found that all had taken off their overcoats. Therefore, he too cast off his mackintosh. It seemed to me as if the Emperor had been really showing us his readiness to share any and all difficulties with his people.

At last, the ceremony came successfully to a close with the Commemorative Chorus by a throng of seven thousand young women, and the Emperor, with a passionate send-off by all present, started homeward by car to the Palace. I had been deeply moved, and could hardly leave the spot where the Emperor had been standing. As I stood there, people came up to me asking to have a look at the platform. After they had looked, they went away nodding their heads as if understanding something. I could not make head nor tail of it. On the following day, Count Yoshinori Futaara came to see me at the Board of Chamberlains, and begged on behalf of the Federation of All Japanese Boy Scouts, over which he presided, to be presented with the rug spread the previous day over the Imperial stand. Many boys had worked that day as messengers of the ceremony and performing other miscellaneous services. Therefore the Federation wished to have the rug as a memento of the day. I could not understand the Federation's interest in the rug, however, until Count Futaara explained it to me. "Naturally you do not know how it was," said the Count, "for you stood at the back of the stand. From afar, we were

conscious that the Emperor did not move in the least except when he saluted, in spite of the intense cold and the rigorous wind. Awe-struck, we approached the stand after the ceremony and found his shoe-prints at the exact angle of sixty degrees left undisturbed on the rug." The President of the Federation expressed his desire to preserve and bequeath to the Federation these footprints by fixing them on the rug with some chemicals. Upon investigation, however, and to our great regret, we found that the rug had been brushed. I felt myself worthy of much blame to have lost through negligence one of the noble remembrances of the day.

On the evening of that day, about two hundred of the persons concerned with the ceremony met for a party in recognition of their services. At that time, all those present were deeply inspired by the Emperor's gracious words to the Minister that morning, which we heard from Yahachi Kawai, Vice Chief Chamberlain. Perhaps there were none but were grateful for the stormy weather of that morning, though it had stirred up anxiety.

An account of this ceremony would not be complete without a record of the personal reactions of some of the people involved. I have chosen two people most typical of the participants.

(A)—A pupil of a certain girls' vocational high school

"Will you please shut the umbrella?"

At the sound of the reverent voice, the black umbrella smoothly grew smaller. The icy rain fell on the visors of school caps and on the white ribbons of neighbors. Then we heard a soldier's manly voice from horseback.

" According to the Imperial order, the tent over the Emperor's stand has just been removed."

We stiffened in surprise.

To think of the Emperor suffering through the same cold rain which pelted us.

I cried to myself.

" Oh, rain, continue falling more heavily, and stop at his departure ! "

(B) — A high school student

" What a noble will the Emperor has ! Looking up from afar at his stand, I saw the tent had been taken away, and the white stand covered with cloth exposed to the pelting rain. How high our feelings soared. I was moved to tears."

The True Picture of Japan

The late Mr. Shōtarō Miyake, judge of the Supreme Court, wrote a book entitled *Where Are the Lies Gone ?* This seemed a collection of his various experiences in the cases he had treated as a judge. I have not read the book through, but I came across a chapter in it, entitled " Before the Imperial Palace."

To be brief, an old German judge with whom Mr. Miyake had become acquainted during his study in Germany, once came to visit Japan on a tour through the Orient. One day, in order to show him the sights of the city, Mr. Miyake led his friend first to the Nijūbashi Bridge of the Palace. It chanced to be in the period just after the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict. At the bridge many mobilized soldiers bowed piously toward the Palace as if they were bidding

cordial farewells to Their Majesties prior to hastening back to their own regiments. Each young man carried a band of cloth suspended across one shoulder showing that he had been mobilized. The youths, some accompanied by their parents and brothers and others by friends, came and went in many groups, sometimes with streaming flags and sometimes led by bands. The Imperial Plaza was thronged with crowds of people. Mr. Miyake and his friend were watching, absorbed in this unusual sight which would never be seen again. Then, from afar, an approaching group of three people apparently from the country came into sight. An aged father, his mobilized son, and a young lady, probably his sister, had apparently just arrived at Tokyo Station. The father held a traveling bag in his hand. The trio in their modest way went up to the fence near the bridge. While the old judge was wondering what they would do there, they, placing the bag down, prayed a very earnest and devout prayer. Seeing this, the old German, looking upward to the Fushimi turret above the bridge, whispered to his friend asking whether His Majesty was watching the people's movements out of that castle window. The Japanese friend, therefore, conjectured that the German imagined that, except in the presence of the Highest, such behavior could not be expected. The German expected an autocrat with angry eyes and violent gestures, shouting to the surrounding multitude and stimulating their martial spirit. Mr. Miyake gave him a terse reply of "No," sensing a wide difference in the national ideals between a country where the ruler, without such autocratic methods, could not control the mind of his nation, and the country of Japan.

After reading the story I realized that I owned something I would like to show to Mr. Miyake. I am sorry to have missed the opportunity. It is a picture, a night-view, which admirably complements Mr. Miyake's terse reply of "No."

In the autumn of 1931, special grand military manoeuvres were held in Kumamoto and its neighborhood. After them the Emperor called at Kagoshima and there boarded the warship "Haruna." Thence he started on a voyage to Yokosuka. At that time I had an order to attend the Emperor as the chief of the general affairs section of the Minister's secretariate to superintend the business of the Imperial progress.

I can not forget the day, November 19. At sunset, the "Haruna," with four escort destroyers, headed southward out of Kagoshima Bay, leaving behind Sakurajima Island with its smoke plume. The Emperor's standard fluttered high on the masthead of the huge ship. The sailors busily worked in high spirits. To them it must have been an incomparable delight to raise the Imperial standard on their own ship. Since the time when their warship had been selected for His Majesty's cruise, the crew had been forbidden liberty ashore in order to prevent infectious diseases, and they had been working day and night to give the inside a thorough cleaning. Because all this was in preparation for this auspicious day, it had given them infinite pleasure.

The life His Majesty lived aboard the warship was pleasant and free. On land, go where he may, he was usually watched and escorted. This may not have been unreasonable, but it severely restricted his actions. But once he went aboard, there were no policemen on guard. He walked in delightful freedom

among happy sailors.

The room designed for his use on the "Haruna" was that of the Commander-in-chief, situated just below the quarter-deck. Very near the entrance of his room, there was a private stairway, so the Emperor could go out on the quarter-deck any time he wished. This deck was his favorite place aboard. The whole deck was under canvas, proof against rain, and at night its width was dimly lighted by only one electric lamp at the center. Several light canvas folding chairs and two or three big brass ashpots with a match-cord, though His Majesty did not smoke, were the only things laid there. It was entirely devoid of ornament. Tripod telescopes were arranged here and there on the port and starboard sides, and there was a chart desk, on which an officer in charge would trace the course of the vessel with a pencil.

By the chart we saw that Kagoshima Bay was twenty kilometers wide and the city of Kagoshima lay some sixty kilometers up from the mouth of the bay. The warship was right in the center of the bay, steering a course due south toward the mouth, and then for Yokosuka through the Pacific with the Black Current. Back in the distance, both the land of Ōsumi Peninsula to port side and the mountains on Kagoshima Peninsula to starboard, were dimly fading away into the mists of gathering darkness more than ten kilometers off.

At six o'clock, we sat at the table in the dining room for supper. During the vogage the Emperor was to share supper with the Captain and several officials, one at a time. That evening, however, as it was just after the vessel had left port all were occupied with various duties, and the Emperor dined

by himself.

At about 6 : 30 o'clock, while I was dining, the memory of several years previous came back to me. It was in the summer of 1925, when the Emperor, then Crown Prince, went on a journey to Saghalien on board the warship "Nagato." One day during the voyage from Ōtomari to Honto and Maoka on the west coast, the warship was to anchor for a while in the shade of a solitary island, Kaibatō, in the far-swept seas. After supper, while enjoying on the quarter-deck the pleasant smell of the ocean on the cool breeze, we gazed with curiosity at the darkish approaching low hills of Kaibatō Island. That evening the waves were high. In search of a place to cast anchor under the lee of hills, the warship was sailing round the island at slow speed, when all of a sudden we heard some loud voices shouting something or wailing near our vessel. By the light through the portholes, we could see a little boat rowed hard by six young men, tossed about by the waves. They were trying to run side by side with the warship. The man commanding at the stern, holding the oar in his left hand, proved to be an old man of sixty or seventy years. He was clad in the best ceremonial dress, and with a derby held high up in his right hand he was shouting something. Although the cry was carried away by a gust of wind, he seemed to be weeping for joy.

A month before I had visited the island. The islet had been for many years before inhabited by more than one hundred Japanese who supported themselves by fishing the nearby waters. They had been previously informed that the Prince's warship would make a short stay near their island. All the

inhabitants were going to come out to the ship to welcome him. After sunset one of the boats managed to discover the warship on the dark raging sea. They were working with might and main to make the nearest approach to their Prince. Although the warship ran slowly, the speed of the two was quite unequal, and we were parted in a moment. For the natives, the Prince's visit to their island must have been a golden opportunity. If the sea had only been calm, all of them might have wished to stay all night by the side of his warship.

Haunted with this memory, I realized that since we were in Kagoshima Bay, some inhabitants might come by ship to meet the Emperor. One could not say that such a thing was impossible. Because the Emperor was dining, all the crew were at table, and not a man was on deck, I became uneasy. Finishing my meal quicker than the others and running up the ladder at a bound, I found myself on the quarter-deck.

Though the inside of the warship was brilliantly lit, the deck was very dark. I could see something under a light, but a little way off, enveloped in thick darkness. Looking steadily for a time, I could discern someone with his back to me looking out over the sea with the telescope by the railing on the starboard side. I drew closer. Heavens, the Emperor himself! He had let go of the telescope, and was making a cordial hand-salute towards the land.

Feeling sure that a ship had come at last to give a warm welcome to His Majesty, I ran to the gunwale to look below. I could see nothing at all. Wondering what he had seen, I looked through a telescope towards the west, the direction of

Kagoshima Peninsula. Nothing could be seen for a time, because my eyes were not yet used to the dark. Soon, however, I was able to tell the color of the sky from that of the land, and then the shapes of the peninsula mountains began to emerge. Judging from the hour, I thought that the warship was sailing off the Ibusuki coast. Meanwhile I became conscious of the color of the water. Then I saw something like a long red cord extending for twenty or thirty kilometers all over the coast on the border between water and land. A careful examination with the glass enabled me to see that this red cord was made up of burning watchfires lighted at intervals of some blocks along the whole coast.

At ten miles' distance, all the villagers on Kagoshima Peninsula, thinking at the hour of the Emperor passing off their own coast, were out seeing him off, with lanterns or torches lighted on the beach, while others were burning watchfires on the hills, His Majesty discovered their loyalty with the aid of a telescope, and was returning his grateful acknowledement to their loyal fires from this obscure platform. And I chanced upon the honor of seeing his impressive salute.

I could not but utter a word of appreciation. How sacred the moment! The quarter-deck of the warship "Haruna," in the dusk of the evening, was deserted except for the saluting Emperor. It was an exchange between the ruler and his subjects of very evident sincerity in utter darkness.

I looked up at the hull of the "Haruna." The warship was silently continuing her course under the moonless sky. The Emperor's response could not be seen at all by the villagers. Was there no thread of communication with them?

I ardently desired to let them know that His Majesty was now greeting them from the warship. A wireless telegram would fail to transmit this moment to those giving signal fires on the hills. Then I had an idea. Quickly I flew into the Captain's room. With a brief explanation, I requested him to light all the searchlights on board. When I returned to the deck, all six searchlights were already at their brightest, feeling about over the coast and the sky above the peninsulas of Ōsumi on the left and of Kagoshima on the right. Realizing how ecstatic the people must have been because of their Emperor's recognition, I said to myself, "Oh, how much happier I am. I have just been able to see the true picture of Japan, never to be changed."

I am sometimes lost in reverie, absorbed in this thought. I was born in this country; and none but I saw that sacred moment. While this body of mine wears out rapidly, bearing within this secret treasure, can I not prevent the hidden picture from fading away? Surely some able painter might come forward to preserve it for future generations!

The True Feeling of an Unknown Man: The Story of the Earliest Labor Service for the Tokyo Palace

On a day in 1526, the reign of the Emperor Gokashiwabara, sixty years after the termination of the wars of the Ōnin era, a traveller from some remote eastern province arrived at the Awataguchi gate of the capital, which was then Kyoto. On a height near by he was thinking of the far-off prosperous days of the town, when his eyes chanced to fall on the Imperial Palace in the distance and the wheat fields lying before him

in endless desolation. The traveller, with a deep sigh, wrote this down in his diary :

> Behold from a distance the burnt city of Kyoto ; there remains even less than ten per cent of the houses, north and south, which were there long ago. Nothing makes me feel sadder than to see the Imperial Palace amid the wheat fields in the month of May.

In those days wars and rebellions arose one after another, disturbing the national equilibrium. The Imperial Palace, though laid in desolate waste, had to wait for its restoration for another half century when Nobunaga Oda came into power and reconstructed it. During those hundred years before the restoration, had there been anyone who dared to go to repair the Palace, I asked myself in wonder. Unfortunately history shows nothing but the labor service rendered by the villagers of Yase to the north of the capital.

Immediately after the Pacific War, Tokyo was as devastated as the Kyoto at the time of the Ōnin civil wars, and I am going to pick up a story out of the ruins. The *dramatis personae* were a group of young men, accustomed to hard daily work, who came from a remote area one hundred miles north-east of the metropolis. They may talk modestly, theirs being the work of unknown people ; but in my eyes this very work of theirs was the noblest picture of forgotten folk, a tutelary body of the state at the time when the peace and good order of society had been utterly lost and the people's life had reached the depths of poverty.

The story dates back to the year which saw the end of World War II. The nation, defeated, did not know what to do. The whole country, under Occupation Forces who were quite dif-

ferent in language and custom, seemed for some time too languid to act. The conditions around the Palace were unsettled. At each and every gate guards had been posted by the Occupation Forces. Although this was done with the good will of the General Headquarters to check any obtrusive foreign soldiers from entering through curiosity, to the Japanese, not acquainted with the circumstances, the guards looked as if they were saying, "No Japanese are allowed to come near." And it may have been reasonable for the people to think that way.

The Imperial Plaza, which covers about 330,000 square meters, had suffered from the ravages of the postwar demoralisation because of poor management. Not one of the illuminating lamps remained unbroken; the roads had been badly damaged; the grass had been mercilessly trodden down; and the estate was unthinkably dirty. In addition, two sets of grand stands had been built just in front of the Nijūbashi Bridge for the General Headquarters to be used for the reviews that were sometimes held there.

Though the Palace, surrounded by the moats and groves, might have kept up its old graceful appearance outwardly, inside almost all the wooden buildings had been burned to the ground. On the site of the Emperor's residence, elegant and magnificent at it used to be, the foundation stones, precious stones, brick and the like were left lying scattered and disregarded. I could not help being deeply depressed remembering the gloomy condition of the Kyoto Palace in the old Ōnin era.

Soon after the month of December set in, however, a group of about sixty young men appeared outside the Sakashita gate. They seemed to have come straight from some station where

they had alighted, because each was carrying light luggage in his hand. They presented themselves before the Imperial police on guard at the gate to offer us their service.

"We, sir," the young people explained, "have come from Kurihara-gun, Miyagi prefecture. We heard that the Imperial Plaza is overgrown with tall weeds. May we not clean and weed it? People also say, that foodstuffs and fuel are running short here in the capital, so we have brought with us the necessary articles for a few days' sojourn, lest we should put you to trouble. Do allow us to help clean and mow the area."

At that time the Outer Gardens were managed by the Imperial Household Ministry, so we met the young people personally. The group proved to be all in their twenties and thirties, among them were several bashful maidens in close-fitting work trousers. They each carried a small sickle as well as bags of food and some fuel. A few moments before, with no sign of fear or a mark of rudeness, they had made their way toward the gate past tall, strange soldiers who stood on guard.

"An elder from our native place, one Takeshi Hasegawa, was once a secretary to Taketora Ogata, Minister of State. Hasegawa, visiting at home, lamented over the ruined state of the Imperial Plaza. We felt very sorry about this neglect. We sat together for a consultation as to what to do, and the decision was unanimous that we all go and lend a hand in cleaning and weeding the gardens. This would be easy work, a piece of daily routine, not worthy of special mention. But we feared that, if we were found working for the Emperor, General MacArthur might arrest us. Prepared for the worst,

a second corps is on hand at home. We should have visited the prefectural governor to bid him farewell, but it was feared that this might give him some kind of trouble in the future. So we stole into Tokyo. Some of the girls left home, exchanging cups of water with their families in token of parting for ever."

In this way the motive and purpose of their visiting Tokyo was fully explained, and while listening to them, we could not but feel awkward. With words of thanks for their single-mindedness, we suggested that they clear away the piles of fragments of stone and brick from the burnt region inside the Palace grounds, setting aside the work on the Plaza for the present.

At this unexpected proposal, the joy of those young people knew no bounds. They made unusual efforts every day, roused by the request to work inside the castle, something they had not in the least expected.

In recent years, on New Year's day and the Emperor's birthday, scores of thousands of people are directed through the front gate by the Nijūbashi Bridge into the clean grass plot called the Palace Wide Garden, where they greet Their Majesties and shout, "Banzai." This Wide Garden itself occupies the site of the palace buildings burnt down during the war. The former buildings stood on two levels; on the lower was the Official Palace.

Those sixty young people worked in this garden for three days. I remember they stayed near the Yokuonkan Hall in the suburbs hard by Koganei, for not a house could be obtained near the Palace for them. They worked from sunrise to sunset

every day without pay, covering the distance between their lodgings and the Palace at that confused period when transportation facilities were not yet fully restored. By the end of three days countless pieces of broken brick and stone had been beautifully piled up at the stone wall on the boundary between the upper and the lower levels. The piled row, in perfect harmony with the surrounding turrets, stone fence, artificial hill and grove, was geometrical and picturesque.

I looked on in wonder. What on earth, I thought, can the village of Kurihara be like? I found on the map that Kurihara, in a remote region northeast of Tokyo situated in the northern part of Miyagi prefecture, lies in the tributary valley of the Kitakami River running southeast from Mt. Kurikoma on the borders of the prefectures of Miyagi, Iwate and Akita. It was beyond my imagination to understand how such an artistic sense could have developed in those young people living all their days in that interior region of Japan.

It had already been brought to the ears of Their Majesties that a body of young men and women from the far northeastern part of the country were in Tokyo to help us with the cleaning work inside the castle. On the morning of December 8, when they were about to begin work, the Emperor asked to see them before they started. This was what I had secretly hoped for. I begged him to appear about noon at the scene of labor. He came with a small retinue. While following him I tried to read what was in his mind as he walked toward the burnt ground. At the sound of gravel crunching under his shoes, I thought of the grating of the toothed wheel of history and the great changes it had brought to Japan.

From the time of the enthronement the Emperor had been determined to taste the bitterness of life, to share with his countrymen their sorrow as well as their joy. And in those days of national ruin, miraculously he had the chance. Perhaps he was not even sorry to have his Palace destroyed. The only feeling that clung to him night and day concerned his countrymen, the un-demobilized officers, soldiers and others who were still stranded abroad, and the miseries and hardship suffered by the people at home in their domestic lives. The young men from the inmost recesses of the mountains of Sendai, who had come to clean the castle, represented perhaps the finest example of the people about whom the Emperor worried. Our history showed no precedent of an occasion in which such common people were granted an audience with the Emperor within the Palace. I thought of how refreshed they would feel actually to meet the symbol of royalty.

The sixty alert lads finding the Emperor approaching from afar, stopped working and flocked together to meet him. He talked with them for about ten minutes, thanking them cordially for coming so far, and making inquiries about such conditions at their native villages as the rice-crop and fertilizer distribution. In conclusion he wished them to work hard for the reconstruction of the country. Then he said good-bye and departed, but he had hardly walked twenty or thirty steps homeward, when all of a sudden the young men broke into a chorus of the national anthem, *Kimigayo.*

At that time *Kimigayo* was a delicate subject, and people throughout the country refrained from singing it. At the singing of *Kimigayo,* His Majesty came to a sudden stop and

listened. They perhaps had begun the anthem to see him off, but they felt sorry to see him halt. The more they hurried, the more their voices faltered. At last they began to sob. Some of them covered their faces with old towels. A thousand emotions seemed to have crowded on their minds, finally welling over into tears. I too was grieved. Everyone was grieved. It was a grief full of unknown energy and national sorrow.

They finished singing with great difficulty. The Emperor went homeward. Because I stayed behind for a time, they came to me with an unusual request. Each wanted a bunch of grass from the Palace.

"What for?" I asked.

"We are peasants," answered the young ones. "We make barnyard manure for the farm with cut grass. We should be happy if each could carry home his bunch of grass. (So saying they held the bunches firmly, tears in their eyes.) We wish to have the Palace grass to be the parent of our manure and the direct line of connection between our farms and the Palace." How bright and hopeful the young men looked when they stood at the station to make the homeward journey after the three days' service, each holding a bunch of grass firmly! There was none of the uneasiness seen upon their arrival in Tokyo. When they arrived at Sendai, they visited the prefectural office to offer greetings and make an apology to the governor, for they had dared to go to the Palace without his permission. At the report that the young men's corps had safely returned, the refectural assembly halted its proceedings abruptly. The Governor and the assemblymen received the young people with cheers of thanks for their spirit and devotion.

The news of these young people's devotion spread throughout the country and touched the emotions of the people who had been heartbroken. From the Kurihara district came up a second, a third, and then a fourth corps. Then those from the neighboring district and then its neighbors followed in rapid succession. The whole country from Hokkaidō in the north to Kyūshū in the south offered its services. By today the number of those who have worked may have reached several hundred thousands. They had never been urged or encouraged by any government authorities. This was a spontaneous expression of the natural feeling of the people.

The Emperor and His Sense of Responsibility

Irrespective of the existence of the Constitution, and no matter what the literary expression may be found in it to discribe the social status of the Emperor of Japan, he is the person, it seems to me, who is most responsible under Heaven for the fate of his nation. I am not sure whether this point of view is only my own, or whether it can arouse the sympathy of many persons. But I myself, who have served the Emperor for some years, cannot avoid thinking so. His sense of responsibility has come down from his remote ancestors. It is not a product of the Constitution, nor does it become extinct in accordance with any legistation.

Some twenty or thirty years ago, at the close of a day when as a Chamberlain I was attending on the Emperor, a member of the Cabinet secretariat came hurriedly to the Board of Chamberlains holding the box used for the documents to go to the Throne. He said it was a hasty memorial to the Throne

from the Prime Minister, asking for an Imperial sanction. I received the box and brought it to the Emperor's chamber where he was reading something. With the key kept in the key-box on his desk I opened the lock. This box for Cabinet memorials was so made that it could not be opened without this key. The document that time dealt with but one matter.

A certain leading political figure who was charged with a crime, was going to be indicted and arrested. The news had been published with large headlines, and had attracted public attention as to whether the Minister of Justice could really indict this politician with unshaken conviction. A glance at the heading made me think of the final resolution the Prime Minister had come to show. I submitted it to the Emperor.

Nothing is more detestable to the Emperor than a case of corruption. Consequently, I was sure that he would immediately sign his name to the paper, but contrary to my expectation, the moment he glanced over it he became gloomy. He sadly read again and again the several pages of reasons for the indictment, advanced by the Minister of Justice and backed by memorials.

At first, I was happy to see the politician accused, but when the Emperor began to brood, I too could not but think the matter over. He had been earnestly praying that the question which was causing a deal of excitement in the press might be proved a mere rumor. But when he realized that the case had been authenticated by the judicial authorities, he looked too depressed for words. The Emperor clearly harbored bitter hatred towards corruption itself, but not at all towards the person who had been corupted it appeared. In comparison

with the Emperor, I felt very small. I myself, older by more than ten years, until a few minutes previous had been highly elateded to see a man's weakness disclosed, but when I reflected on my reaction, a wave of shame swept over me.

He took a long time to read the argument and then at last he took a pen and signed the sanction. The indictment was in effect. I received the papers, put them into the box, locked it and was on the point of taking a step backward from his presence, when I was called by His Majesty. I stepped up to him thinking that he wanted something of me, but he merely said only a few words, "I am to blame," and then fell into meditation. Then rising from his chair suddenly, he went out on the veranda. I followed silently. It was a very clear autumn day, with the setting sun casting a glow on the pine trees in the garden. Looking high up at the blue sky, he drew a deep sigh, as if wondering what he was to do.

I could not give him an answer, for I felt I had proved my unworthiness a few moments before when I had felt pleasure at the fact that the final decision had been reached in regard to a corrupt person. At last I withdrew from his presence, the head low, my heart full of feeling and tears in my eyes. I remember that day, whenever I gaze up at the clear evening sky in autumn.

On the morning of September 14, 1955, the tenth year after hostilities ceased, I casually took a copy of the newspaper, *The Yomiuri*, and opened the second page. What was my surprise to read in it a contribution with a catching headline, "General MacArthur Praises the Emperor," by Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu! While I was reading my heart beat fast,

for, I found there the answer to the riddle that I had been unable to solve since the war's end. I would like to reprint here the more striking sections of Shigemitsu's article:

I would like to share with you some of my impressive memories of the hours I passed with General MacArthur. During those hours I learned more important facts than I did during my entire last stay in the United States.

On September 2, at 10:30 a.m., remembering that day ten years ago, I arrived accompanied by Mr. Toshikazu Kase, Japanese Ambassador to the United Nations, at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York, where General MacArthur was staying. We were first received by General Whitney, former aide to the General, and Mr. Roy Howard, owner of the Scripps Howard News Agency. Then we were shown up to the General's apartment.

The General's apartment was in the tower of the wellknown Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Meeting us at the entrance of the apartment, MacArthur firmly grasped my hand. He then led me inside, motioned me to a seat on the sofa, and took a seat himself on a chair nearby.

Shigemitsu: "When I was granted an audience with the Emperor at the Nasu Detached Palace before my departure from Tokyo, he gave me a cordial message for you. If I had an occasion to see General MacArthur, His Majesty said, I must not fail to tell him that the Emperor had never forgotten what kindness the American people had shown toward Japan, that the Emperor prized friendliness with the United States more than anything else, and especially that the Empesor had always felt a sense of gratitude towards General MacArthur, together with hearty best wishes for the General's health."

MacArthur: "I rejoice to hear the Emperor of Japan's message. I have believed since I first saw the Emperor that he is the person

who has contributed most to the welfare of postwar Japan. Notwithstanding this, the Emperor's contribution has never been known to the public. Since the return of world peace ten years ago, Europe has often been praised, but the Emperor's effort to bring peace to his country has not been fully understood. This is a matter of great regret. Yet, when the time comes to rewrite properly the history of Japan, the Emperor will be looked upon as the father of the New Japan.

"I had no chance to see His Majesty before the War. I saw him first at the American Embassy, Tokyo, at his request. I learned at this interview that he actually assumed the whole responsibility of the War, stating that he was utterly responsible for any losses and damage Japan had inflicted upon us in carrying out the fighting, that his was the direct responsibility for any statesman's conduct as well as any soldier's command, Moreover, whatever our judgement might be concerning his own fate, he hoped we would carry out our plans without thinking of him, for all the fault was at his own door. All these were his words. He swore he would gladly submit to being sent to the scaffold, if it could atone for the deeds of his country. As the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers, my respect for the Sovereign of Japan rises higher and higher as time goes on.

"The Emperor never degraded himself or impaired his dignity by courting any special favor for himself. I shall be grateful if you will tell His Majesty when you return to Japan that I desire to convey to him my sincere compliments and real friendship, and at the same time my profound respect."

Shigemitsu: "I shall surely tell him."

The above was checked against the record taken down in shorthand by Mr. Roy Howard. At the end of the war, quite a fuss was made over the question of the purge as well as of war crimes. Amid that atmosphere the Emperor never sought to protect him-

self, to say the least, and besides he declared himself to the enemy's Commander-in-chief completely responsible for all the country and the nation had done to bring on the war. The Emperor's heart could be compared to the sun which shines over the earth. I am not saying this from merely old-fashioned sentimentalism, but from a heartfelt appreciation of a historic fact. The above fact has never been revealed to this day by the Emperor, or by any member of the Imperial Court. Today, after just ten years, the fact was brought to light by the former enemy's Supreme Commander. The fact was of great importance, it seemed to me. It was still living in the tradition of our race. We have still retained the old phrases of the concert between ruler and ruled, one monarch and a myriad of subjects. Now, filled with high feeling that a fine aspect of our race could be disclosed by General MacArthur, we left the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. It was nearly noon.

The Japanese Sovereign met General MacArthur there times in all. The above story concerned the first interview which took place on September 27, 1945, in the immediate postwar days. For this interview the Sovereign himself undertook to visit the General at the American Embassy in spite of the traditional Imperial practice. The Commander-in-chief was unwilling to welcome him at the veranda, and only met him sitting in his room. But when His Majesty left, the General, assuming an entirely different attitude, led the Emperor with the utmost respect and reverence to the front door. His views must have been deeply affected by the meeting. Thus, the General constantly opposed proposals to bring the Emperor to the war-crime trials. Otherwise, he reported, reinforcements one million strong would be needed. These protests of his made

to his home government are indicative of his firm faith in the Emperor.

The Emperor entered the office of General MacArthur accompanied by only one interpreter. There he directly faced the General. The talk was carried out under an agreement that nothing said would be made public. Such being the case, there were naturally numerous conjectures about the matters discussed; but the Emperor has kept a strict guard on his tongue. The fact that the General revealed the truth to Mr. Shigemitsu ten years later, was, I fully believe, caused by his view of the world situation, his deep irresistible feeling for the Emperor himself, and his very kind intentions toward him. But setting aside the question of whether the General's action was correct or not, my joy was beyond comparison when I first learned through the article what those two talked about.

For more than ten years prior to the war, I had been kept from the presence of the Emperor; but after the War I was reappointed Vice Grand Chamberlain to wait upon him. The state of national affairs at that time was so pressing that I had my bed carried into the office room and passed many nights there. Therefore, each night I had a chance to learn from the Emperor what he was thinking, but he never mentioned a word about his responsibility for the War. I, having enshrined in my heart the serious memory of that autumn evening more than ten years before, used to think myself fully aware of his attitude toward the national situation. I thought he must have refrained from confiding in me for some reason. Now after ten years, the truth was unexpectedly brought to light by General MacArthur. The news made me very happy.

A perfect man of his word, the Emperor remained absolutely silent regarding this problem, since he had made a solemn promise to the General. How he must have hated in his heart to hear the extensive public discussion of his responsibility.

After the War, when the Emperor visited many ruined sections of the country, what a wild and genial welcome the countryfolk gave him! Of course they were doubtless unaware of his noble intention of taking all the responsibility for the War solely upon himself. But I sometimes feel that the people may have sensed it.

Here I am going to lay down my pen after writing my "What I Heard and Saw in the Tokyo Palace," a booklet in which I made notes for future reference. Indeed, this is but a collection of my experiences, and I am not sure that I have made no mistakes in hearing and seeing. An ordinary man, I have only set down what I remember. All the mistakes I fear I may have made are due to my own insufficiencies, and none to our unselfish Emperor.

"How beautiful the Milky Way
Seen through the holes of the paper door."

(By Issa, translated by Prof. Asatarō Miyamori)

(Translated by Shinji Murao)