

# 昭和20年の私について

井 上 広 子

〈当時10歳、集団疎開先、比婆郡山内西村〉

先生から広島に爆弾が投下されたと聞かされた時、6年男子は「台屋町はひどい」と節をつけて言った。数日後母から集団疎開先へはがきが来た。「裸一貫焼け出されました。ついては目録を送って…」原爆が落ちた時母(36)、姉(12)、妹(1)は表の間にいて、梁が洋服筆筒にひっかかり、辛うじて隙間があり助かる。枕元の非常持ち出しは爆風で飛んで見つからぬ。弟(7)も専光寺でお寺の柱と並行に倒れて無事。逃げる先は馬木。東京高等商船(現海洋大)を出て船長だった父は徴用で南方に物資運び、擬装して停泊中爆撃を受け海中に投げ出され泳ぐ。切り株に腰を下ろして敵機をやりすごす合間に小用に立って戻ってくると、切り株は弾丸で蜂の巣のように穴が開いていた。デッキに出たとたんクレーンで胸を強打。起き上がれず帰国途中、水柱が上がったかと思うと併走の船は跡形ない。

敗色濃いことを実感しているのに母から疎開の相談を受けると「死なば諸共。疎開させんでよろしい」やがて戦況も厳しくなり母はどうでも危ないと妹を乳母車に乗せ、へりに少しの物も乗せて訪ね歩き、やっと見つけたのが馬木。お願いして一度も荷を送らぬまゝ被爆。逃げる途中、中山で女の子が「おばさん、その布団貸して」「この子(姉)が病気なのでいるんよ」「あゝ、もう目が見えんようになった」(いつもこのくんだりでは母は遠くを見つめる様子であった。)私達はお寺で先生から「誰一人敗戦と書いたものはいなかった」と妙なほめられ方をした。手紙の検閲をされていたので。お寺を引き上げる時、台風の後歩いていると姉が私を見つけてくれ馬木の納屋に行けた。私は開口一番「孝昭がやせとるー」母は一から揃えていかねばならぬので辛かったと言った。

父は帰国後、陸軍病院に入院していたが、終戦の年の2月会社命令で韓国京城に陸上勤務。原爆死は免れる。引揚直前に父はパイロットとして、進駐軍の何万トンの船を2度仁川港に導いた。これは船乗りとして父の最後の仕事となった。引き揚げ後、一家は母の長姉の嫁ぎ先古江を頼った。伯母宅も広島一中の従兄が被爆死していたが、遺品として時計を渡され、不審に思っていたが後に生き残った方の証言で先生から託されたのだとわかった。古江はガラスがこわれたりしたが、家はそのまま。何もかもなくし雨が降っても傘もないというみじめさはこたえた。

父は乗る船もなく「機雷は嫌いじゃ」といって進駐軍の通訳となったが、戦時中の無理が祟って長期療養を余儀なくされ、窮乏生活は続いた。私達も辛かったが、比較的裕福な生活をしていた両親は私達以上に辛かったろうと今にして思う。

今あれよあれよという間にまた昔の恐ろしい方向につき進んでいるように思えてならない。どうか平和で労わり合える世の中であってほしいと切望する。

## A story of myself in 1945

Hiroko Inoue

<10 years old at the time, resident of Yamauchi-Nishimura,Hiba-gun>

When our teacher told us an atomic bomb detonated over Hiroshima, a 6<sup>th</sup> grader boy stressed that Daiya-cho area was devastating. A few days later, I got a postcard in my place of refuge from my mother. It said "we were burned out and penniless. Please send us some goods". My mother (36 years old) and sisters (12 years old and 1 year old) were in a spare room at the moment of detonation. They barely escaped death owing to the space near the beam stuck in the drawers. But their bug-out bags were blown away by the bomb blast and couldn't be found. My younger brother (7 years old) survived for falling parallel to the pillar of Senko-ji temple. They headed to Umaki for evacuation. My father, a graduate of Tokyo Nautical College (current University of Marine Science and Technology), was drafted as a captain. After carrying military supplies to the south, he was thrown out in the sea by bombing while his camouflaged vessel was at anchor. He managed to swim back onto the vessel and sat on a stump and waited for the enemy aircrafts to go way. When he got back to the stump from the call of nature, it was pierced by bullets and looked just like a honeycomb. A crane hit his chest hard and knocked him down at the very moment he got out to the deck. On his way back to Japan, he saw a huge column of water and found the other vessels disappeared momentarily.

My mother asked my father where to evacuate. But he said, "we will die together, nobody needs to run anywhere." even if he knew that we were losing the war. The situation was getting worse. My mother walked around with my baby sister in the carriage with some belongings on it in the hope of finding safe area. Umaki was the region she finally found for evacuation. On their way to Umaki, a poor girl asked my mother if she could borrow my sister's blanket. My mother turned her favor down, with as apologetic look on her face, because the blanket was necessary for my sick sister. We, evacuated students, were unexpectedly praised by the priest for nobody mentioned in a letter that we had lost the war. To tell the truth, we didn't mention it just because we knew that all the letters were quarantined. When I left there after a typhoon had passed, my older sister found me on my way, so I could make it to the shed in Umaki. "Takaaki got so thin" was my first talk when I reunited with my family. My mom told me it was very hard to collect the necessary items from scratch.

My father was hospitalized in the military hospital after his return to Japan. Then, after he got out, he was ordered to work on the ground in Seoul, Korea in February, 1945. As a result, he could escape death from A-bomb. Right before he left there, he guided hundreds of thousands of vessels of the Occupation Navy to Incheon Port twice as a captain. After post-war reunion, my family started to leave Umaki for Furue where my mother's married oldest sister lived. The uncle's junior-high student cousin was dead by the A-bomb. His watch was left to her, but she was wondering how he got it. Later, some surviving witnesses told her that his teacher left it to him at the scene. The windows in the house in Furue were left unrepaired. There was no roof or even an umbrella to escape from rain. The life was so hard there.

My father became a translator for General Headquarters because he didn't have any vessel to get on, and hated underwater mines. After a little while, he became sick and hospitalized as a result of his harsh work at war. My siblings and I had a hard life. But now, I figure that our parents who had wealthy families had more difficult time because they hadn't got used to being so poor.

I can't stop thinking that a war might repeat itself. I truly hope that we live in the caring and peaceful world for good.

# 昭和20年の私

谷 本 ト ミ コ

〈当時16歳、呉市在住〉

戦後70年の節目には、各地で戦争で亡くなった人の慰霊祭が行われました。戦争の悲劇を知らない平和の中で育った子供達に、この平和は多くの尊い命の犠牲の上になり立っている事を伝え、忘れてはならないと思います。

昭和4年、軍都呉市で生まれ、空襲で焼け出されるまで過ごした16年間、平和だった戦前、戦時中、戦後と目まぐるしく暮らした思いは、今も忘れる時はありません。

女学校3年の私たちは、学徒動員として海軍工廠で必勝の鉢巻をしめ、軍歌を歌いながら、衛門を通り勝利の日まで頑張ろうと、全員必死に働きました。

市内は灯火管制下で電灯に黒いカバーをかけ、窓も二重で黒幕をして、外に光がもれない様にと、厳しいおふれが出ていました。薄暗い中で枕元に防空頭巾、救急袋を置きモンペをはいて、いつ空襲になっても活動できる様、緊迫の毎日でした。

軍港、海軍工廠と軍事施設があるため、敵の爆撃目標にされ、毎日の様に空襲のサイレンが鳴り響き、飛び起きる日々が続きました。7月1日焼夷弾による無差別爆撃で一夜にして全市が焼野原と化しました。祖父母は早くから安全と指定された和庄の防空壕に兄に連れられて避難しましたが、翌日死体となって運び出されました。母、私、妹、3人は焼夷弾で燃えさかる中、近くの堺川にとびこみ助かりました。ガード下で腰まで水に浸かりながらも助かり、くすぶる煙の市中を防空壕に急ぎました。中から次から次と運び出される死体は前の広場に積まれ、その光景はこの世の地獄でした。何一つ持たず飛び出たので、裸一貫なすすべもなく、父の里に帰りました。

戦争はまだまだ悲惨で8月6日広島市に原子爆弾が投下され、15日に終戦となりました。

戦後は食料難で米の配給は乏しく、母は着物、洋服を米に替えての竹の子生活で、3人の子供の腹を満たしてくれました。

現在当り前に食べている御飯は、「銀めし」と呼ばれ、手の届かない食べものでした。わずかな米に大根、大豆、ふすま（小麦粉のかす）と混ぜ、量を多くしたり、野草も色々と工夫して食べました。卵は最上級の栄養源でしたが、中々食べられませんでした。

11月に父が復員して、ゼロからの出発に皆元気が湧きました。

父は裏山の竹藪を切り開き、宅地とし小さな家を建てました。今私達が住んでいるところです。家族揃って食卓を囲む幸せ、平和の素晴らしさに感謝の毎日です。

二度と戦争はしてはいけません。そして、一日一日を大切に、「今を生きる」事に、夫92歳、私86歳、健康に気をつけ、地域の人達、子供、孫、ひ孫と共に楽しく明るく、長寿に感謝して過ごしたいと思います。

## My experience in 1945

Tomiko Tanimoto

<16 years old at the time, resident of Kure City>

The memorial services for the war victims were held nationwide after seven decades since the war ended. The war took a tons of precious lives. The stories of tragic war must be passed down to younger generations living in peace.

I was born in military city of Kure in 1929. I had lived there for 16 years until I was burned out in the air raids. I would never forget the hectic days I spent there before, during and after the war.

The female 9<sup>th</sup> graders like us worked our tails off at the naval arsenal due to the order of student mobilization. We were determined to hang on in the hope of winning the war, putting on headbands with the rising sun motif and the slogan "victory". We proudly passed through the naval gate everyday, singing the martial songs.

Due to the strict blackout regulations, we had to cover all our indoor lights with blacksheets and to double-cover the windows in order to prevent the escape of any glimmer of light. In a highly stressful daily situation, we wore work pants and put air-raid hoods along with bug-out bags by the pillows so that we could move quickly when air bombing attacks occurred.

Our city was mainly targetted by bombers because it had a naval port, arsenal and military facilities. The sounds of air-raid sirens made us jump out of beds almost everyday. The indiscriminate attack on July 1<sup>st</sup> burned out the whole city in one night. My groundparents evacuated under the guidance of my brother to the designated safe air-raid shelter in Washo, but they were found dead the next day. In the fire caused by incendiary bombs, my mother, younger sister and I made it out alive by jumping into Sakai-gawa River nearby. Soaked wet around to our waists, we hurried to an air-raid shelter in the smoldering city. The bodies were piled up one after another on the ground. It was like a living hell. We ran away without carrying our belongings, so we had no choice but to go to my father's hometown with empty pockets.

The disastrous situation continued after our survival. The Atomic bomb detonated over Hiroshima City on August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1945. The war ended on 15<sup>th</sup> of the same month.

There wasn't enough supply of rice due to food shortage even after the war. My mother exchanged her kimono and clothes one by one for rice to fill our stomachs.

Rice which we normally eat today was called "Gin-meshi(silver rice)". We couldn't afford to eat it fully. So we added white radishes, beans and brans into a little amount of rice and arranged recipes using wild grasses. We could rarely get eggs which were considered as the most nutritious food at that time.

We came to start over our new life with joy after my father had been discharged and sent back home.

My father turned a bamboo grove into a residential area, and built a small house. It's been my home since then. I appreciate for these peaceful days and happiness with family members around the table.

A war should never happen again. My husband, 92 years old, and I, 86 years old, are grateful to our long, bright and joyful life together with our children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren as well as the people of the region. And we will keep adorning these ordinary days.

# 戦争はむごい

有 本 よし江

〈当時30歳、満州東安省斐徳在住〉

結婚して1ヵ月ぐらいした頃、義母さんから北満にいる妹の所へ手伝いに行ってくれと言われて主人と2人でいくことになる。奉天・新京（今の長春）・ハルピン・東安と、ここから一本線路で終点が虎頭という汽車に乗る。終点の虎頭で下車すると橋を渡ったらソ連と聞いている。東安で乗車してしばらくして斐徳と云う所<sup>あんまき</sup>に下車する。駅舎も駅名もない広野の身丈ほどある草の中に飛び降りる。斐徳は関東軍が駐屯して関係する人のみの所で、先ず軍人倶楽部と言って将校さん達の遊ぶ場所でパンパンさん（慰安婦）も7、8人おられると聞く。主は久保さんという。他には兵隊さんが行かれるパンパン屋が2、3軒ある事務所・開拓団の事務所ぐらいで後はわからない。主人と私は軍の御用で部隊の中でうどんとぜんざい<sup>あんまき</sup>を売り、又指令があると家で兵隊さんの小夜食の餡巻・砂糖餅などを何百と作った。現地人を5、6人使っていた。昭和20年8月6日の朝、突然まだ薄暗い頃に起こされて、事務所の人が主人を伴って行った。しばらくして、帰ってきて、女、子供は訓練に集会所に集まるように、男は軍と一緒に行動をすることになったという。主人が残るのならと、いろいろな物のあり場所を伝えて、自分の支度にとりかかった。その時、私は9ヵ月の身重の体で、出産したと思う物を詰めて一番強いカスリのモンペを着て集会所に行く。汽車に乗ると裸足に野良着という人の姿を見てこれは唯ごとではないと気づく。汽車は牡丹江の駅で下車して宿に入る。しばらく落ち着いてから久保さんは、「ここまで一緒に来たけどこれからは自由行動にして下さい」と言われた。みんな北満の知らない土地で西も東もわからない所で啞然としていた。そこへ主人たちが来た。主人たちの話では、部隊に行ってみるとも抜けの空だった。最後の汽車と言うのにぶら下がりて来た。斐徳は汽車が出るとすぐに爆破された。駅にはたくさんの人がいた。ソ連に利用されると困るので虎頭線は全部爆破されたと聞く。

定かではないが、ニュースで天皇の玉音を聞き、私共はここも危ないと暗くなって出発する。じゃがいも畑の暗い中を鉄砲の弾の音も聞きながら、転びながら歩いた。この畑の中で出産された方は母子ともに亡くなられたと聞いた。油をかけて始末されたと聞き、いずれ私もと思い、深々と御参りする。

ようやくハルピンに辿り着く。ここは国際都市だけあって悠々としている。桃山小学校と言って鉄筋コンクリートの3階建てがあった。北からの難民が入っておられると聞き、早速運よく2階の1室が空いていて入れてもらうことになった。学校の廻りにはいろいろな出店が出ていた。

いろいろな話が流れてきた。友達が前の駅で迷っておられたので連れてきたとか、足手まといになる子供を一軒の家の中にとじこめて爆破して来たなど。また突然ある日ソ連兵が来て使役に使うのだと言って男達を全員連れて帰った。そして、私たちの部屋にジフテリヤが流行して5才以下の子供さんはみんな亡くなられた。

泥水を飲み、広野に眠る。戦争はむごい。



# War Is Cruel

By Yoshie Arimoto

30 years old at that time, living in Itoku, Toan-sho, Manchuria

About one month after we got married, my mother-in-law asked us to go to North Manchuria to help her sister. So I visited her together with my husband. We passed Houten, Shinkyo (presently Choshun), Ha'erbin, Toan, and then changed to a train, which led directly to Koto, the terminal. We had heard that the area across the river from Koto was the USSR. We were on the train from Toan to Itoku. There was no station building, nor a sign showing the name of the station. We jumped off the train into the field filled with tall grasses which were almost as tall as me. In Itoku, only people related to the Kanton troop resided there. There was a military club for officers to consort with Panpan (comfort women). It had seven or eight Panpan, and the owner of the club was Mr. Kubo. All we were told was that there were two or three Panpan houses for soldiers and an office for the troop in Itoku. We didn't know about anything else. My husband and I sold Udon noodles and Zenzai (sweet made of beans), patronized by the army. When we were ordered, we also made several hundreds of Anmaki (a kind of Japanese sweet) and Sato-Mochi (sweet rice cakes) for soldiers' evening snacks. We made these at home, employing several local people.

On the early morning of August 6th, 1945, we were woken abruptly, and the people in the office took my husband away from home. It was still dark. Soon my husband came home, informing us of the order from the army: Women and children should gather at the meeting place, and men should stay with the army. As my husband was to stay home, I showed him the places where I had stored the items for our life. And then, I started getting ready myself. I was in the ninth month of my pregnancy, and I packed what I needed for the childbirth. I put on an ikat pattern Monpe (woman's cotton loose trousers), which was considered to be the strongest wear, and went to the meeting place.

When we got on a train, we noticed something extraordinary must have happened because we saw some people were barefoot and wearing farmer's working clothes. We got off the train at Botan-koh and went into an inn. A little after we settled, Mr. Kubo told us, "We came here in a group so far, but from now on, you're on your own." Everyone was astonished to hear that, because it was quite an unfamiliar place in North Manchuria. And then, my husband and the other men joined us. They told us as follows: They went to the corps building, but found nobody there. They hung on to the



train which was said to be the last one. The town of Itoku was exploded as soon as the train left. The station had been crowded with a lot of people. We were told that everything along the Koto Line was exploded so that the USSR army wouldn't use anything.

Although the sound was not clear, we heard the Emperor's declaration of Japan's surrender on the radio. We judged this place was also dangerous and decided to escape from there after it got dark. Listening to the gunshots in the dark potato fields, we walked falling down. A woman who gave birth to a baby in the field passed away with her newborn baby, that's what I heard. It was said that they had oil poured on them and they were cremated. I thought it might be my turn next time, and bowed deeply to them.

Finally we arrived at Ha'erbin. It was an international city and looked peaceful. There was a three-storied ferroconcrete building in Momoyama Elementary School. I heard refugees from the north were taking shelter there, and we were lucky enough to settle in a vacant room on the second floor. There were many small shops around the school.

We heard various rumors around us: Someone brought his friend in there as he had been lost at the former station; someone confined children in a house and exploded it because children were a burden to them; one day, soldiers of the USSR army appeared suddenly and they took all men to make them work. Diphtheria became prevalent in our room and every child under five died off.

We drank muddy water and slept in the field. War is cruel.

Translated by Masako Kihara

Member of Translation Group of World Friendship Center

# 父と母との思い出はつらくとも楽しかった

福 岡 <sup>うた</sup> 頌 <sup>こ</sup> 子

〈当時4歳、千葉県在住〉

母の「洗濯物を早く取り込んで!!」と言う声と同時に、飛行機の爆音が聞こえ急いで家に入り布団をかぶり音が遠くなるのを待った。白いものは目につくからだ。母と祖母と私は、裏山の防空壕の中にも何度となくかけ込んだ。千葉県松戸市、工兵学校の教官だった父との官舎での生活はわずか2年、17年には再度「中支廣、7318部隊長大命を拝す」との出征記念の写真を残して戦地に向かった。主のいなくなった家には居られず父の実家に母と帰り祖母との生活が始まった。母は父の留守を守り、祖母と農作業をしながら、母の実家の魚屋にも手伝いに行き、帰宅時には魚のあらをもらって遅く帰ってきた。歩いて1時間半位はかかっていた。私はまだ幼いので近くにお友達も出来て母の帰りを待った。もちろん空襲はあって海上の方では黒煙の上に火柱を見たこともある。そんな中でも母は欠かさず鎮守の森の守り神様、神社へのお百度参りを欠かさなかった。父と共に戦っている兵隊さんのご無事を祈りに。時には祖母、私もお供した。武運長久を願った。

20年3月東京大空襲、房総半島にいても遠い東京のはずがぼんやり赤い火が見えた。臭いまでも流れてきたと言われるほどだった。8月15日の敗戦のラジオ放送、十畳の座敷の真ん中にラジオを置いて天皇のお言葉を聞いた。

お父ちゃまは勝つために戦いに行ったのだ。誰よりも先頭を歩き橋や道を築いて行く工兵隊、地雷を踏んで脚の内股が大きくえぐられた父の状態はしっかり目に焼き付いている、こんなに頑張ったのに。でもお父ちゃまは生きて帰って来た。嬉しかった。命を落とされた多くの方々を思えば申し訳ないとの思いもあった。

その後、父は仙崎に帰港、千葉の実家に翌年の21年6月に無事復員できたのだ。駅に迎えに行った私は5才半、「頌子だね」と父に抱かれ大きくうなずき「お帰りなさいませ」と言葉が出たかどうか。それからの父はがむしゃらに働いた。農作業の傍ら消防団、町役場、教育委員から長へ、団塊の世代で第2人誕生、兄の方は栄養失調、赤痢と生死の境をさまよい7才ちがいだった私も懸命に看病し一命をとりとめた。よくうつらなかつたとぞっとする。母も乳が出ず山羊のお乳で育ててくれた話も聞いた。乳牛も飼ったこともあった。その牛乳は私が自転車にのせて集乳所まで運んだ。かなり大きくなってからの事、女の子がよくやったと思うが皆で生きる為に頑張ったのだ。高校までは実家の千葉（房総）で短大は東京まで行かせてもらった。松戸の工兵学校跡も見に行った。門兵さんの立っていた門柱がまだ残されている。

母は戦地からの父の手紙を94才でなくなるまでいつも布団の間にしのばせていた。

母は自宅から出て特養に入る前に、いくつかの施設をうつる間も大切に持っていた。小さな字でびっしり書かれ検閲を受けて朱肉の印を押された手紙。私が読み切れないまま今は保管している。「宝物です」。

## Hard but Happy memories for My Father and Mother

By Utako Fukuoka

(4 years old at that time, Lives in Chiba)

I remember my mother shouting "Take in all laundry, now!!" We were told that our white colored clothing made us easy to catch the eye. We ran into the house and hid under blankets until the roar of the airplane became faint. My mother, grandmother and I had fled to that bomb shelter many times.

My father was a professor at the Army technical training school, Rikugun Kohei Gakko in Matsue, Chiba. We were able to join him at the official residence for 2 years. He left for the battlefield leaving a single picture. The inscription on the photo said that in 1942 he was to be the commanding officer of the 7318 unit based in Chushi.

We were no longer able to stay in the official residence after my father left to the battlefield. Our new family consisted of my mother, grandmother, and me. We all lived in my father's parent's house.

My mother took care of the family and the vegetable farm with my grandmother. My mother also worked at her family business, a fish store. She would come home late with some bony parts of fish for us to eat. It took about an hour and a half on foot for her to return from the store.

I was a child. I would wait for her while playing with friends in the neighborhood. We frequently heard the air raid warnings. I saw some pillars of fire and black smoke out on the sea. Even these difficult situations, my mother never missed paying visits to the god of the forest, shrine. Those visits were very important to her. She would pray for safety of all soldiers fighting alongside my father. My grandmother and I frequently joined her on her visits to the shrine.

March 9, 1945 the day of the Great Tokyo Air Raids, we saw a red flames rising from the Tokyo area. We even saw smoke coming from the Boso peninsula. Later we could smell that distant horror. That odor traveled to us from so many miles away.

We learned that Japan had lost the war on August fifteenth 1945. We sat in the room and listen to the radio messages from the emperor. It was sad because my father had gone to war to win. I will never forget the sight of the returning soldiers. My father lead a unit

that built bridges and roads. I also remember my father's the condition when he returned. His legs were gouged and scared. He had stepped on a land mine. I couldn't stop looking at his legs. I tried hard. These brave men don't deserve this...! My father came home alive. That is all that was important. I was so glad to see him. At the same time I felt sad for those who didn't return.

My father came home to his parent's house in Chiba on June 1946 a year after his return to Senzaki port. I was five and half years old when we went to pick him up at the station. He said, "You must be Utako, right?". I nod deeply and We hugged each other. I can not remember clearly if I even managed to say "Okaeri-nasai-mase/Welcome back home"

. My father worked so hard for the family. He took care of the vegetable farm, worked at the volunteer fire department, and was in charge of educational committee which he started. My two other brothers were part of the Baby boom generation. The eldest who is 7 years younger than I hovered between life and death. They both suffered from malnutrition and dysentery. I desperately nursed them through these difficult times. I was so lucky to not have gotten sick myself.

My mother didn't have enough breast milk so we grew up drinking goat milk. We had some milk cows as well. I delivered that milk to a consolidating station by bicycle. It was a lot of work for a little girl but we were struggling to stay alive at that time. I stayed in our house in Boso, Chiba until I graduate high school. My parents worked hard to allow me go to a junior college in Tokyo.

While in Junior College I visited the site of army technical training Matsudo Engineering School. The gate where a guard stood continuous duty during the war was all that remained.

Until she passed away at 94 years of age my mother kept the letters from my father in her Futon. As she moved from retirement home to retirement home she always treasured my father's letters. My father wrote in very small script so more could be packed into the allotted space. His tiny writing was covered red stamps from the censors. They remain "Our Family Treasure".

Translation by Risa Toyoda, Live in Fukuoka

# 私の小学生時代

三 村 速 美

〈当時8歳、佐伯郡原村在住〉

戦中戦後の小学生時代、食べ物も着る物も充分なかった。麦飯さえ満足になかった時代、不満の心など一切なく一生懸命に生きた。戦争が唯の殺し合いだとも知らずに。一度帰還し二度目に招集された兄は、5師団の師団司令部の参謀にいた。小さい兄は満州の航空隊に。2人の戦う兄達と共に贅沢は敵と、私達姉妹は父母に厳しい我慢を強いられた。

私が10才の誕生日、8月6日、あの忌まわしい「ピカドン」が落とされ何もかも一変した。空襲も止み、B29も来なくなり終戦となる。国中が貧乏のどん底から、つかみ処のない平和への一步を踏み出した。勉強道具等めっちゃくちゃで、鉛筆はボキボキ折れる、ノートは書けば破れる悲しい授業の日々であった。教科書もお下がり、日本国らしい教科のページは、アメリカの指導だったのだろう、墨を塗らされた。本のページはほとんど真黒になった。教科の修身と歴史はスッパリ中止となった。登下校の時に身を正して礼をした奉安殿も二宮尊徳像への礼も中止となり不思議であった。5年生、6年生の頃ぼろぼろの西洋紙に先生が書いて下った教科を自分たちで本にした。あの頃一体私達は何を教わったのか、全く頭に浮かばない。子供なりに極度に頭が混乱していたのだと思う。

日は流れ廿日市市原には物乞いの人達が沢山来るようになった。皆悲しい人ばかり。母は一緒に涙を流しながら、少しでもと、貧しい中から何かをあげていた。何時の間にか私達子供の間にシラミがわいた。私は母がすき櫛ですいてくれたので白い卵まで取れた。学校で虱が見つかった人は頭にDDTをまかれた。弁当時間には、進駐軍から買ったのであろう、ドラム缶に入った粉ミルクを沸かしていただき飲んだ。一度も美味しいと思った記憶はない。

食生活も厳しい戦中戦後は特に米を大切にした。釜の飯は一粒を大切にした。「戦争に勝つまでは」と言っていた精神が、私は今も日常に出る。子供の時に叩き込まれた食の事が頭にこびりついているのだ。今自分でも不思議だし、悲しくさえ思う時がある。ふっと思い返すと私達の子供時代は何と惨めな日々であった事か。お菓子もなく、また欲しいとも思わず、ただ戦争一筋、他に心を動かす事はなかった。戦死した人の白木の箱を見て泣く以外に。あー思い出せばきりが無い。書きつくせない。当時の事をゆっくり振り返ってみると、悔しい心でいっぱいになり涙が静かに流れる。あの時は学びの場を遮られ、老いたら年金を削られる。私のように、同じ人間が国政の波に二度も出くわすとは不思議というかなんとも面白い人生だ。

子供の教育は小さいうちにとられるが、その柔らかい脳にしっかり埋めて欲しい。戦争はただの殺し合いで一番悲しい事だと。続く時代を守って行く人達に戦を強いる事のない様に。罪惡限りない戦は絶対してはいけないと。70年続いた今の平和と幸せをどうか守り抜いて!!と強く強く願っている昨今である。

## My elementary school days

Hayami Mimura

During and after the war, when I was in elementary school, I didn't have enough food to eat or wear.

When I wasn't satisfied with barley rice, I lived hard without any dissatisfaction.

Without knowing that war is just killing each other.

The elder brother, who was once convened for the second time in the bulletin, was a staff member of the division headquarters of the five divisions.

My little brother is in the Manchurian Air Corps.

Luxury was an enemy with the two fighting brothers, and our sisters were forced to put up with their parents.

On my 10th birthday, August 6th, that abominable "Pikadon" was dropped and everything changed.

The air raids stopped, and the B29 stopped coming, ending the war.

From the bottom of poverty, the whole country has taken a step toward peace without a grasp.

There were days of sad lessons where study tools were messed up, pencils broke, and notebooks broke when I wrote them.

The textbooks have also been dropped, and the pages of Japanese subjects have been inked, probably because they were taught by the United States.

The pages of the book are almost black.

The subject's morals and history have been completely canceled.

It was strange that the Hoanden and the statue of Sontoku Ninomiya, who corrected themselves when they went to and from school, were canceled.

When I was in the 5th and 6th grades, I made a book of the subjects that the teacher wrote on the shabby Western paper.

I have no idea what we were taught at that time.

I think I was extremely confused as a child.

As the days went by, many beggars came to Hatsukaichi Ichihara.

All are sad people.

Her mother wept with her, and she was giving something out of the poor.

Before I knew it, there was a louse among us children.

I even got a white egg because her mother scooped me up with a plow comb.

The person who found the louse at school had DDT sprinkled on his head.  
During lunch time, he boiled and drank powdered milk in drums, which he probably bought from the expeditionary forces.  
I remember thinking it was delicious even once.  
During and after the war, when eating habits were harsh, rice was especially important.  
I cherished one grain of rice in the kettle.  
The spirit of saying "until I win the war" still appears in my daily life.  
The food that was struck when I was a kid is stuck in my head.  
There are times when I am wondering and even sad  
Looking back, how miserable our childhood was!  
I didn't have any sweets, I didn't want it again, I just went to war, and nothing else moved me.  
Besides crying at the white wooden box of the warrior.  
Ah, there is no end to remembering.  
I can't write it down.  
When I look back on those days slowly, I am filled with regretful hearts and tears flow quietly.  
t that time, the place of learning is blocked, and when I get old, my pension is cut.  
It's a strange and interesting life for the same person like me to come across the wave of national affairs twice.  
It is said that children's education is small, but I want them to be firmly buried in their soft brain.  
War is the saddest thing about just killing each other.  
Don't force the people who keep the era to fight.  
You must never fight without guilt.  
Nowadays, I strongly hope to protect the peace and happiness that has lasted for 70 years.



# 待ち焦がれる父帰らず

伏見 瑠璃子

〈当時14歳、佐伯郡深江村在住〉

昭和16年9月、誰よりも父親っ子だった私が学校から帰ってみると、大好きな父の姿が、家の中のどこにも見当たらなかった。

母に聞いてみると、今日白い封筒の手紙が来て、極秘で西練兵場の門の所に来てくれとのこと、本文は子供の私には見せてくれなかったが、父は用事がすんだらすぐ帰ってくると言っ

て、一人で沖の栈橋まで出て行ったそうだ。それから何日経っても、父は帰ってこなかった。

私は当時小学校5年生だったが、学校へ行ってもただぼんやりしていた。父に会いたい一念で、くる日もくる日もひたすら待ち続けたが、父はとうとう帰ってこなかった。

後で聞いたところによると、その村で尉官級以上の者は、皆白い封筒で呼び出されたとのことだった。当時父は村でただ一人の少尉だった。

その頃日本の上層部の人は、極秘のうちに戦争へとかじを切り、軍隊を強化し、海軍はハワイの真珠湾を攻撃すべく、戦力を集結していた。

日本は神風が吹いて、絶対に負けることはないという信念を、兵隊たちに吹き込んでいった。今考えると「そんな馬鹿なことが、日本より何倍も広い国を相手に勝つわけがない」と思う。途中1回ほど父に会う日があり、面会を許されて家族皆で指定された場所に行った。お互い元気を喜び合い、1時間ばかり上司のいる応接室で話をする機会があった。「元気で勉強頑張りんさいよ」と父に背中を撫でてもらい嬉しかったことは、忘れられない思い出となった。「いつ帰るんね」という問いには上司の手前、父からの返事はなく、その時本当は、父はどんなにか悲しかったのかと思った。

昭和16年12月8日の開戦布告後、しばらくして突然父からハガキが届いた。それはビルマからのものだった。その後家族あてに何通ものハガキが配達されてきたが、いつも子供のこと、家のことが書いてあった。泣き言は書けないので、母には「子供たちをよろしく頼む」子供らには「みんな仲良く元気で頑張りなさい」としたためてあった。

父からの手紙には必ず「お父さんは元気で毎日お国のために奉公しています」と書いてあった。父はどんな気持ちでこのハガキを書いたのだろうか、子煩悩だった父の心中を思いながら、父親っ子の私は、くる日もくる日も耐えられない気持ちで、毎日を過ごしていた。

昭和17年10月9日、突然、父の戦死の広報が届いた。とうてい信じられない知らせで、その後の私は「父に会いたい」の気持ちばかりが強くなって、蟬の抜け殻のようになり、何をする気にもならず、悲しみばかりが大きくなった。

そんな中で一番困ったのは、お金のことと食べることであった。非農家への食糧はすべて配給で、肥料にでもした方がよいのではないかと思われるようなものばかりだった。道路端に生えている雑草で食べられそうなものを採って帰り、ゆでて海水で味付けをして食べたりした。生きていくのがやっとで、何回も「もうがまんできない、皆で死のう」と仏壇の前で泣いたことであった。

## I miss my father

Ruriko Fushimi

(14 years old at the time, living in Fukae Village, Saeki District)

When I, very much daddy's girl, returned from the school on a day in September, 1941, I was not able to see a figure of my favorite father anywhere in the house.

According to my mother, my father got a letter in a white envelope, which told him to come to the gate of the West Parade Ground in strict secrecy. I was a small child and wasn't allowed to see the letter. My father left alone for the pier offshore, saying that he would get home soon after he has done. A few days passed, but my father did not come back.

I was a 5<sup>th</sup> grader at an elementary school, and only spent idly in most of the school days. With a sheer desire to see my father, I kept waiting day after day. He never returned.

I heard later that the army officers higher than lieutenant were summoned by the white envelope. At that time, my father was the only second lieutenant in the village.

By that time, the decision-makers of Japan secretly decided to go to war, strengthening and gathering the armed forces, in preparation for the Pearl Harbor Attack.

They inspired soldiers with the wrong belief that with the help of the divine wind Japan would never be defeated in the war. Thinking calmly now, the belief would turn out to be stupid. Japan could never win against the country which is many times larger than Japan. We had only one day to meet him. All the family members were allowed to meet him at the designated place. Sharing the joy of being fine with each other, we talked

with him for about an hour at the reception room, where there was his superior with us. My father said, "Take care and study hard," and he gently stroked my back. I will never forget that happy moment with him. I asked my father when he would be back. He couldn't answer my question in the monitored setting. How sad he really was!

The war broke out on December 8, 1941, and after a while, a postcard arrived from my father. It was sent from Burma. After that, many postcards were delivered to my family. On them, my father always wrote about us children, and about our home. He never made complaints. He just wrote to my mother, "Take good care of children." To us children, "Get along with each other, and try hard."

In his letters my father always said, "I'm fine and devote myself to my country everyday." Wondering how he, a doting father, felt when he wrote those postcards, I spent every day with unbearable feelings because I loved my father so much.

Suddenly on October 9, 1942, we were informed that my father had been killed in action. I couldn't believe the news, and gradually, my desire to see my father grew. Discouraged as if I was a cicada shell, I felt deep sorrow.

It was money and food that we had difficulty in getting. We non-farmers only got food by distribution. But the food was terrible; all of them seemed more suitable for fertilizers. We even got edible-looking weeds on the roadside, boiled and seasoned with salt water, and ate them. We had enough to do to live. We often wept in front of our family Buddhist altar, saying, "Can't stand any more. Die together."

# 昭和20年の私

村 田 敬 子

〈当時10歳、山口県在住〉

昭和20年といえば、私は小学校4年生。山口県の山間部の田舎に祖母と母と3人で暮らしていました。父は兵隊に行き北支にいたようです。

戦争中のことで記憶にあることと言えば、通学の途中飛行機が空に来るとB29が来たと言いながら友達と一緒に木の陰に隠れていました。学校近くには防空壕もあったけどあまり入った記憶はありません。

家にいるときは警戒警報のサイレンが鳴ると電球に風呂敷をかぶせて暗くし、空襲警報のサイレンが鳴ると電気を消して食事は縁側で月の明かりを頼りに肩を寄せ合って食べていました。学校のグラウンドを耕してさつまいもを植えたり、稲わらを学校へ持って行き藁草履を作ったりしました。戦死された方のお墓参りをすることも学校の行事でした。

終戦直前になって金属のものは供出するようにとのことでお弁当箱も全部出しました。お弁当箱の代用品は木製の御膳を壊して親戚のおじさんに小さなお弁当箱を作ってもらいましたが、水気が漏って悲しかった思い出があります。田んぼの畦道に咲く彼岸花の根を堀り集めて出しました。小学生の私たちがしたことが何らかの役に立ったのでしょうか。その時聞いた話では、落下傘の糊に使うとか。その後田んぼの畦道に赤い曼珠沙華の花を見ることは、長い間ありませんでした。終戦になった時、私たちの出した弁当箱は、駅に積み上げてあったそうです。父の無事を祈り、母と2人正座して毎日のように神様、仏様にお祈りし、時として氏神様にはお百度参りをしておりました。

その日は15日だったので家から4キロほど離れた八幡宮へお参りに行きました。お参りが終わり参道を下って行き近くのお店に寄ると、今ラジオで天皇陛下のお言葉があり戦争は終わったとのこと。子供心に何かほっとしたような嬉しかったような気がします。母の方が私よりも嬉しかったと思います。

何故かその日、写真館へ私を連れて行き私一人を写真に撮ってくれています。紺のもんぺにブラウスも着物の生地で作ってくれています。祖母が呉服の商売をしていたので着物の生地はあったのだと思います。洋服も靴も食べるものも売ってはいなくて配給で時々買うことができたように思います。米も野菜も作ってはいましたが規制があり麦の入ったごはん、キビの入ったお餅などをお弁当に持って行きましたが、お腹が空いて困った記憶はありません。

都会に出ていた人や満州からとか、兄弟や親戚を頼り家族連れで引き揚げてきて食糧もないなか苦労されたと思います。広島で原爆にあった人が治療されている姿を見かけることもありました。

父は、終戦の翌年に帰ってきました。10歳の子供のことなので父について記憶していることは強く記憶に残っていることだけです。父は2回も戦争に行き、いろいろなことを経験していたと思います。その話を聞いておきたかったと、今私が80歳になってとても強く思います。

1945 I

Keiko MURATA

(10 years old, then. Yamaguchi Prefecture)

I was fourth grade at elementary school in the 20th year of Showa. I lived in a rural mountainous region in Yamaguchi with my grandmother and mother. I heard my father was drafted into the army and served in the northern China.

I remember a time during the war on the way to school. When an airplane came by I hid behind a tree with my friend, saying, "a B-29 plane is coming." There were some shelters by my school, but I don't remember using it. When we were at home and the warning alarm siren rang, we wrapped the light bulb in wrapping cloth to darken it. When the air-raid warning siren rang, we turned off the lights and ate under the moonlight together on the Japanese style wooden deck. We students cultivated the school ground and planted sweet potatoes. Also, we brought rice straws to school and made straw sandals. We also visited people's graves who died in war as a school event.

Right before the war was about to end, we were told that we must offer metal objects so we offered all of our metal products, even our lunchboxes. My uncle reformed wooden trays with legs into small lunchboxes for me. But I was disappointed when it leaked. We dug to gather roots of red spider lilies blooming along footpath between rice fields. But I wondered if the things we as elementary students did were helpful. I heard they were used for glues to make parachutes. After that, I didn't see any red spider lilies there for a long time. When the war ended, I heard our lunch boxes were piled up at the station. For my father's safety, my mother and I would sit down to pray to God and Buddha every day, and sometimes we would pray to our local god a hundred times.

That day was 15th so we visited the Hachiman-gu shrine which was about 4 kilometers away from our house. When we went down the approach to the shrine and stopped by the store nearby, we heard that the Emperor had announced through the radio that the war was over. Even to my child's mind, I felt like relieved and happy. But I think my mother was happier than I was.

For some reason, my mother took me to a photo studio and only my picture was taken on that day. In the picture, we can see that my mother had made splashed-

pattern loose work trousers and a blouse with kimono fabric for me. I think my mother had kimono material because my grandmother was running a kimono fabric shop. Clothes, shoes, and foods were not sold, so we had to buy them from the distribution stores. We grew rice and vegetables but there was a rule, so we had to bring rice mixed with barley and millet rice cakes for lunch. However, as far as I remember, we did not have any problem with food.

I think people who moved to the city or Manchuria and came back to rely on their brothers and relatives suffered from food shortage. I sometimes saw atomic bomb victims from Hiroshima getting rested.

My father came back one year after the end of the war. I was 10yearsold then, so the only thing that I remember about my father was a few impressive memories. He went to war twice and probably saw and experienced many things. Now that I'm 80 years old, I really regret not talking with him about his experiences.

# 幼い記憶から

久保田 靖子

〈当時8歳、佐伯郡津田在住〉

その冬が昭和19年か20年か、当時国民学校2年生の私は覚えていなく、あちこち資料を探したが、分からなかった。だが、分からない事が、戦争そのものだったことを50年も経って知ることになる。

所は旧佐伯郡津田（現廿日市市）の国民学校に隣接していた教員官舎。時は休日の午前中、突然、敵機が来襲した。戦闘服にモップを持った父は学校へ。母、兄、私、弟は隣家の防空壕へ。飛行機の中の人の顔が見えた。校庭への激しい爆撃音が止むと、私は父を心配して学校へ。奉安殿は無数の疵跡、バケツ2杯に葉莖を入れた父に、周りの5校からも同じことが起こったとの報告。父は、「あの者たちはこの中に何が入っていると教えられて、命懸けで来たのであろうか」と言った。私は、父さんは敵のことより、奉安殿の無事を思えばいいのにと考えた。でも、襲撃する物とはなんだろうと思った。3月、50歳の父は校長を自ら辞めた。

この件を同人誌に発表したのは50年後だった。するとすぐ戦争研究家が「そんな片田舎に敵機が来た記録なんかありませんよ」と抗議してきた。この人は、日本の戦争記述を信じず米軍資料を訳していたのだ。日本人の心の拠り所さえ攻撃すれば、降伏すると考えたが、軍部は報道管制をしていたので国民は何も知らなかった、と書いてあった。

8月6日、私は転校した五日市国民学校で、原爆の閃光と轟音を受けた。その時、中学1年の兄は300余名の友と原爆ドーム近くで建物撤去作業の説明を聞いていた。そして、兄はそのまま帰らなかった。どこでどんな最期だったのだろうか。母は兄の枕に兄の寝巻を着せて抱きしめて泣き喚く。「どこにいるか教えて。地の果てでも迎えに行くから」と言いつつ。

8月の終わり、残してあった兄の爪と髪を白木の箱に入れた葬式の時、母は「まだ生きております。葬式はしないで」と叫んだ。私の学校の講堂は被災者で溢れ、裏山で火葬が行われた。私は津田に来た敵機は平然と飛んだが、人は殺さなかった。あの時、日本の大将が国民を救うことを考えたら、原爆は落ちなかったのに、と考えながら過ごした。

3年がたち、学校には疎開中に原爆で両親を亡くした友人が、町に出来た「戦災孤児育成所」から通ってきた。ここを設立したのは山下さんという個人であった。国は人を助けてくれない、と知った。

私は戦争をずっと覚えておいて、人に伝えねばと、文を書き、話した。また、兄や多くの人達の血と涙で生まれた「平和憲法」を守る事が、亡くなった人々への供養とも思った。兄の名は「憲」。父母が兄に進んで欲しい道を名に込めたのだが、叶わず逝った悲しみを父は墓の裏に親の思いとして刻んだ。「身はたとひ武蔵の野辺に朽ちぬとも留め置かまし大和魂」父は、松蔭の句に、兄も魂だけでも国を守っているとやってやりたかったのだろう。

兄の死が私に戦争の虚しさと平和の尊さを教え、伝え続けてもう70年になる。



## From young memory

Yasuko Kubota

<8 years old at that time, living in Tsuda, Saeki-gun>

I didn't remember whether the winter was 1944 or 1945, when I was a second year student at a national school, and I searched for materials here and there, but I couldn't find out.

However, after 50 years, he learned that what he did not understand was the war itself. The place is the official residence of the teacher who was adjacent to the national school in Tsuda, Saeki-gun (currently Hatukaichi City).

Of course, enemy planes struck in the morning of the holidays.

His father, who had a mop in his combat uniform, went to school.

My mother, brother, me, and younger brother went to the air raid shelter next door.

I saw the face of a person on the plane.

When the violent bombing of the schoolyard stopped, I was worried about my father and went to school.

Houanden reported to his father, who had innumerable flaws and two buckets of cartridge cases, that the same thing had happened from the five schools around him.

My father said, "Why did they come at the risk of being taught what was in it?"

I thought that my father should think of Hoanden's safety rather than his enemies.

But he wondered what the attack was.

In March, his 50-year-old father resigned himself as the principal.

He published the matter in a doujinshi 50 years later.

Immediately after that, a war researcher protested, "There is no record of an enemy plane coming to such a countryside."

This person was translating US military materials without believing in Japan's description of victory.

He thought he would surrender if he attacked the hearts of the Japanese, but he wrote that the public knew nothing because the military was in blackout.

On August 6, I received the flash and roar of the atomic bomb at the Gokaichi National School where I transferred.

At that time, my older brother in the first year of junior high school was listening to an explanation of the building removal work near the Atomic Bomb Dome with more than 300 friends.

And my brother didn't go home.

Where and what was the end?

Her mother puts her sleepwear on her brother's pillow, hugs her and cries.

She said, "Tell me where you are. I'll pick you up at the end of my knowledge."

At the end of August, at the funeral, when I put my brother's nails and hair in a white wooden box, my mother shouted, "I'm still alive. Don't do the funeral."

The auditorium of my school was full of victims and was cremated in the back mountains.

The enemy plane that came to Tsuda flew calmly, but I didn't kill anyone.

At that time, when the Japanese general thought about saving the people, he spent his time thinking that the atomic bomb had not fallen.

Three years later, a friend who lost his parents to the atomic bomb during the evacuation came to the school from the "war orphan training center" in the town.

It was an individual named Mr. Yamashita who founded this place.

He knew that the country wouldn't help people.

I wrote and spoke that I had to remember the war and tell others.

I also thought that keeping the "Peace Constitution" born from the blood and tears of his brother and many people was a memorial service for those who died.

# 12才の戦争の記憶

清 川 紀 子

〈当時12歳、福岡県飯塚市在住〉

私は、昭和8年生まれで太平洋戦争が終わったのは12才の時です。府中市の山村に4人兄弟の長女として成長しました。5才の時、九州の炭鉱が抗夫を募集しているとの話を聞き、生活が苦しかった我が家は一家で福岡県飯塚市に移りました。父は炭鉱で真っ黒になって働き、全国から多くの人が集まり石炭を掘っていました。朝鮮からも多くの人が働きに来ていました。大変賑やかでした。母は、そこで和裁を教えて国防婦人会として、タスキをかけて、銃後の守りのため活発に活動もしていました。

忙しい母の代わりに、ご飯の用意は私がしていました。戦争が始まり、だんだんと食料や物資が無くなってきました。配給が始まり、米が豆に変わりました。爆撃で沈没した貨物船に積まれていた大豆です。臭くてとても食べれるようなものではありませんでした。黄ザラや豆かすになることもありました。母は大切な着物と食料を交換し、食べる物をかき集めていました。

空襲も激しくなりました。近くに飛行場があり、通学路は、米機が毎日爆弾を落として帰るルートだったのです。そんな時、父が肺炎で高熱を出し入院しました。薬もないので熱さましに効くと聞いたミミズを煎じて瓶に入れ、病院まで妹を連れて届けることになりました。線路伝いが近いので2人で歩いていると、空襲警報も鳴らないのに、グラマンがキーンという高い音を響かせ頭上から、バリバリと撃ってきました。無我夢中で妹を抱えて、線路際の橋の下にもぐりこみました。すぐ近くを機銃掃射の銃弾が通って行きました。何回も執拗に撃ってきました。やっと、米機がいなくなり病院に着き、瓶をみると煎じ薬はほとんど残っていませんでした。

通学時も、途中一度は空襲を避けるために、防空壕に逃げ込み敵機が去ってから学校に行くことが多くなりました。寝る時も、カバンに必要な物を入れて枕元に置き、すぐ逃げられるように寝巻ではなく服を着て布団に入っていました。

昭和20年8月、広島と長崎に新しい爆弾が落ちたことをラジオで聞きました。

8月15日、天皇陛下のお話があるということで皆で聞いていました。「無条件降伏だ」と大人が叫んで泣き崩れたのを覚えています。しばらくは、進駐軍がひどいことをするらしいという噂で、女の人や子どもは防空壕に潜んで暮らしていました。

父の病気が少し良くなり、ここでは食べるものもないので田舎に帰り、預けていた田畑を返してもらって百姓をしようと、空襲を免れた荷物を貨物列車で送り、家族で府中に帰ってきました。途中、原爆が投下された広島に停車し、2日ほど駅で止まりました。広島は一面の焼け野原で忘れられない嫌な臭いがしました。

府中に帰ると、貨車で送った荷物は紛失して分からなくなっており、預けていた田畑は、農地改革で返してもらえなくなっていました。編入した学校では、「引き上げもん」と馬鹿にされ、食べる物にも事欠く悲惨な日々でした。

戦争が我が家の暮らしを大きく変えてしまいました。それは、他の人も同じでした。

## Memory of the 12-year-old war

Noriko Kiyokawa

<12 years old at that time, living in Iizuka City, Fukuoka Prefecture>

I was born in 1933 and the Pacific War ended when I was 12 years old. She grew up in a mountain village in Fuchu City as the eldest daughter of four siblings. When she was five years old, she heard that a coal mine in Kyushu was looking for an anti-husband, and her family, who had a hard time living, moved to Iizuka City, Fukuoka Prefecture. Her father worked black in a coal mine, and many people from all over the country gathered to dig coal. Many people came to work from Korea, and he was there. It was very lively. Her mother taught Japanese dressing there, and as the National Defense Women's Association, she sashed her and was active in protecting her after the gun. I was preparing rice for her busy mother. The war has begun, and food and supplies are gradually running out. Distribution began and rice turned into beans. Soybeans loaded on a cargo ship that sank in the bombing. It was smelly and not very edible. It could also be yellow zara or bean dregs.

My mother exchanged food for her precious kimono and gathered food to eat.

The air raids have also become fierce.

There was an airfield nearby, and the school route was a route for US planes to drop bombs every day and return.

At that time, her father had a high fever due to pneumonia and was hospitalized.

He had to decoct the earthworms, which he heard would work better for her because he had no medicine, and took his sister to the hospital.

When we were walking together because the railroad tracks were close, Grumman made a high-pitched sound and shot from above, even though the air raid warning did not sound.

I was absorbed in holding my sister and sneaked under the bridge near the railroad tracks.

Strafing bullets passed by in the immediate vicinity.

Strafing bullets passed by in the immediate vicinity.

I have shot relentlessly many times.

Finally, the rice machine was gone and I arrived at the hospital, and when I looked at the bottle, there was almost no decoction left.

Even when commuting to school, in order to avoid air raids once on the way, I often fled

to the air raid shelter and went to school after the enemy plane left.

When I went to bed, I put what I needed in my bag and put it on my bedside, and I wore clothes instead of nightwear so that I could escape immediately

In August 1945, I heard on the radio that new bombs had fallen on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

On August 15th, we all heard that there was a story about His Majesty the Emperor.

I remember an adult screaming and crying, "It's unconditional surrender."

For a while, women and children lived in air raid shelters, with rumors that the expeditionary forces would do terrible things.

My father's illness got a little better and I had nothing to eat here, so I went back to the countryside, sent the luggage that escaped the air raid by freight train, and returned to Fuchu with my family to return the fields I had left and try to be a farmer.

I got it.

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On the way, we stopped at Hiroshima, where the atomic bomb was dropped, and stopped at the station for about two days.

Hiroshima was a burnt field and had an unforgettable smell.

When I returned to Fuchu, the luggage I sent by freight car was lost and I couldn't understand it, and the fields I had deposited could not be returned due to the land reform.

At the school I transferred to, I was ridiculed as "raising mon", and it was a miserable day when I was short of food.

The war has changed the way we live.

It was the same for others.

# 昭和20年7月1日、呉大空襲 和庄地区の横穴防空壕で1,000人死ぬ

宮 本 澄 枝

〈当時21歳、呉市寺西町在住〉

昭和20年4月呉市役所から本通り6,7,8丁目、寺西町、和庄町1丁目の6,000人を収容する防空壕を作るようにと命令があり、突貫工事が始まり、朝鮮から徴用された人たちが穴を掘りました。各町内から当番で女の人達も掘り出された土を、赤ん坊を背負い幼子連れて作業しました。男の人達は、休山に飛行機の油集めのため松根堀の毎日でした。連日の突貫工事で5つ目の壕が完成しないまま7月1日を迎えました。

人いっぱいの壕の中で、やっと父母や妹を探して「離れないように」と手を繋いだとき、近所の人息を弾ませて近づき「原田さん、今お宅が焼夷弾の直撃を受けて燃えているぞ」と知らせてくれました。父は「もう焼けたか、早かったのう」母は「もう焼けたかね」という声を打ち消すようにシュルシュル、ドカンと壕を揺がすような大きな音が響き気が付いた時には父も母も妹も姿が見えませんでした。壕の中の電気も消え身動きならぬまま立っていました。ろうそくの火をつけてもすぐ消えてしまいました。「私は寺西町の国民学校の教師です。もう、ろうそくの灯がつかぬほど酸素が欠乏してきました。息苦しくなるでしょうから出来るだけ地肌に顔を近づけてください。少しは楽になります」この声で私は地肌に顔を近づけようとしたのですが、その途端、目の下をひどくひっかかれました。生きようとみんな必死で地肌に顔を近づけようとしていたのです。煙が猛烈に壕に入ってきて、息苦しくなってきました。

「水を、水をください。子どもが、子どもが死んでしまいます」母親の号泣を聞いてもどうすることもできません。そのうち、号泣していた人たちも静かになりました。「皆さん、もうだめです。最後の時が来ました。日本人らしく立派に死にましょう。〈海ゆかば〉を歌い、万歳を三唱してください」すすり泣きの中で、期せずして歌声が起きました。「海ゆかば水づくかばね、山ゆかば草むすかばね」重く低い声でしたがこれがこの世の最期とばかりに大合唱となりました。「天皇陛下万歳」絞り出すような声で三唱するや次々と倒れて行きました。私も「眠い、このまま眠れば死んでしまう」とわかっているのに、どうすることもできませんでした。「生きている人は出てきてください」力強い男の人の声が聞こえ目を開けたらずっと先にポツンと明かりが見えました。「私は生きていた」早く外に出なければ。一步踏み出した途端、ぎょっとしました。死体がいっぱいあるのです。まちは見渡す限り一軒の家も一本の木も電柱も何もないのです。道路には数多くの死体がずらりと並んで頭のほとりに小さな白米のおにぎりが一つ、水と共に供えてありました。幼子の母が供えたものでした。

壕付近は、強制疎開でしたが、1軒、呉市役所幹部の家は立ち退かず、それがB29の直撃を受け、煙が壕の中に入り込み被害が甚大になったのです。

## July 1, 1945: Great air raid on Kure

### 1,000 people die in a horizontal hole air raid shelter in the Washo area

Sumie Miyamoto

(21 years old at that time, living in Teranishi Town, Kure City)

In April 1945, the Kure City Office ordered the construction of an air raid shelter that could accommodate 6,000 people on the main streets 6, 7, and 8-chome, Teranishi-cho, and Washo-cho 1-chome.

The recruited people dug a hole.

Women also worked on the soil excavated from each neighborhood association on duty with their babies on their backs.

The men were digging Matsune every day to collect oil from the plane during the holidays. July 1st was reached without the completion of the fifth Australia due to the daily rush work.

When I finally searched for my parents and sister and held hands to "keep my hands on" in a crowd of Australians, my neighbors breathed and approached me, "Mr. Harada, now your house is hit by an incendiary.

I'm burning after receiving it. "

My father said, "Is it already burnt? It was too early." My mother said, "Isn't it burnt?"

I couldn't see him.

The electricity in Australia disappeared and I stood still.

Even if I lit a candle, it went out immediately.

"I'm a teacher at a national school in Teranishi-cho. I'm running out of oxygen so much that the candles don't light up. I'll be suffocating, so keep my face as close to the skin as possible. It will be a little easier."

With my voice, I tried to bring my face closer to the skin, but at the moment I was terribly scratched.

Everyone was desperately trying to bring their faces closer to the skin in order to live.

Smoke rushed into Australia and I was suffocating.



"Give me water, water. My child will die." I can't help hearing her mother's crying.

Eventually, those who were crying became quiet.

"Everyone, it's no good. The last time has come. Let's die like a Japanese person. Sing <Umi Yukaba> and hurray three times." In the sobbing, a singing voice happened unexpectedly.

"Umi Yukaba Mizutsukabane, Yamayukaba Kusakabane" Although it was a heavy and low voice, it became a big chorus just at the end of the world.

"Hurra the Emperor" I sang three songs with a squeezing voice and fell down one after another.

I knew that I was sleepy, and if I slept like this, I would die, but I couldn't do anything about it.

"Please come out if you are alive." When I heard the voice of a powerful man and opened my eyes, I could see the light steadily.

"I was alive" must be outside early.

As soon as I took a step, I was scared.

There are a lot of corpses.

As far as the eye can see, there is no house, no tree, no utility pole.

Many corpses were lined up on the road, and a small white rice ball was offered with water by the head.

It was offered by the mother of a young child.

Although the area around Australia was forcibly evacuated, one of the Kure City Office executives' homes did not evict, and it was hit directly by the B29, causing smoke to spill into the pit and cause great damage.