

# The Witness of Those Two Days

HIROSHIMA & NAGASAKI

August 6 & 9, 1945

Vol. II



English Translation Group of  
"The Witness of Those Two Days"

c/o NIHON HIDANKYO (Japan Confederation of A-and H-Bomb Sufferers Organizations)  
Gable Bldg. #902, 1-3-5 Shiba Daimon Minato-ku, Tokyo 105 JAPAN





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**Photo on the front cover:**

**Statue of Mother and Child in the Storm (bronze): August 1960  
by Shin Hongo, in front of Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum**

**The statue appeals to every visitor to Hiroshima that mothers  
be strong to protect peace and children against storms.  
(Photo: Yasuo Otsuji)**



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## EXPLANATORY NOTES

1. The statements of the Hibakusha recorded in this book are in response to the following question:

Question 4: Do you have anything unforgettable, terrifying or regrettable in your memory about your experiences on the day when the atomic-bomb was dropped and immediately after? If you have, what is it? Please describe what happened, what were the circumstances and what you felt, in keeping with following guidelines:

### Guidelines:

- a: How people died or were dying. What the victims suffered.
- b: What you felt in witnessing it.
- c: If you could not do anything for those crying for help or water, what regrets do you feel?

2. The 1,000 cases recorded in these two volumes of "Witness of Those Two Days - Hiroshima & Nagasaki" are selected at random from the replies to question 4 (above), which explain the human consequences of the atomic bombing.

3. The 1,000 cases are classified according to the place where they suffered from the bombing, the approximate distance from the epicenter, their sex and age (at the time of the bombing). These are indicated at the top of each record in the following order:

Place (Hiroshima or Nagasaki), distance, sex, age. The figure added to each record is the number given to the reply form.

The cases in which people suffered from the A-bombing are classified into the following four categories:

**Direct suffering:** People who were in Hiroshima or Nagasaki at the time of the atomic bombing and were directly affected by any of the effects of the A-bomb explosion.

**Suffering on entering the city:** People who entered either of the two cities from outside within two weeks from the explosion and were affected by residual radioactivity.

**Suffering through relief activity:** People who lived

some distance from the epicenter but were affected by residual radioactivity affecting the direct sufferers. What they suffered while nursing victims or disposing of bodies.

Exposure in Utero: People belonging to either of the above three categories who were in their mother's womb at the time of the bombing.





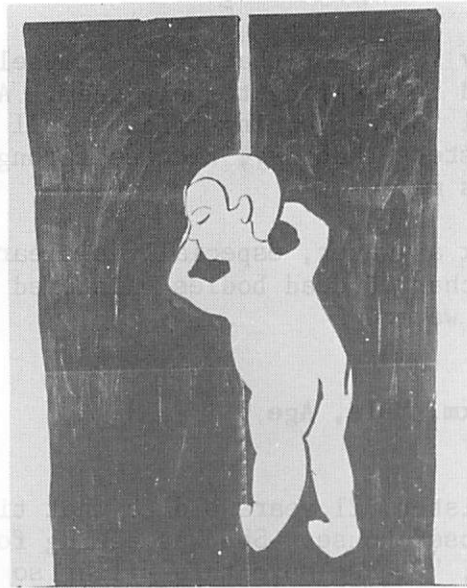
# HIROSHIMA



Monument of the A-bombed Teacher  
and Pupil of National Elementary School







Walking around the back gate of Shukkei-en (garden), Hakushima-cho, I saw a child leaning against the gate, apparently in tears. When I touched him, I found he was dead. My heart aches to think he could have been my son. Painting: Anonymous. (Hiroshima)

### I. Direct Suffering

#### (1) Within 2.0 km (From the Blast Center)

##### a) Male

#### (1) Under 9 Years of Age

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 8  
13-23-041

My mother, sisters, and I were in the same room at the time of the explosion. Although I was trapped under the ruins, I wasn't injured at all. My sisters burned to death. My mother survived in spite of her serious injuries.

Today, 40 years later, I feel like I'm being choked when I'm in an overcrowded train or when I sit or stand in a room facing a wall. At such a time, my mind is filled with that choking feeling I had when I was under the ruins as if it were only yesterday.

I couldn't help my sisters out of the ruins because the

fire spread very fast. At that time, I myself (8 years old) was too occupied in escaping to help them. As time passed the guilt I feel for neglecting to do what I had to do and deserting my sisters that day, becomes stronger, and it still distresses me.

When I look at water, especially a clear flowing river, suddenly I see charred dead bodies blistered all over floating in the water.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 9**  
**34-5493**

My elder sister, 21 years old at that time, was trapped under the collapsed house. She was asking for help from under the house, "Please move this pillar so I can get out. My legs are trapped. Give me a saw." But it was impossible to find a saw under such circumstances. My mother who was trapped under the rubble nearby, crawled out when she heard my voice. Her knees were deeply injured. My other sister, 15 years old at that time, was groaning, her intestines hanging out. She was crying, "Give me water. Stab my throat and kill me." She sounded like a man. I, 9 years old at that time, picked up a broken tile and scooped up dirty water from a fire prevention tank. By the time I gave it to my mother, most of the water had spilled out.

I felt how helpless man could be. Pulling me by the hand, my mother ran away, leaving her two daughters to die. She said to me, "If I hadn't had you, I wouldn't have left your sisters and would have died with them."

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 9**  
**11-0124**

1. "Please give me water....." A boy asked with a faint voice. I gave him water. Most of his body was burned. When I went to give him water for the second time, he was dead. I burnt incense and cried.

2. I escaped to a river bank. Scream-like cries of mothers looking for their children echoed in the night. Crying out their children's names, mothers were coming from and going to the other side of the river with babies tied on

their backs. Their cries were heard all through the night.

3. I never want to hear those screams cries of agony again. I hope this world will be peaceful.

## (2) In Their Teens

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 10**  
**28-0077**

On that day, I was too frantic to think and act by myself. I was in a stupor and confused. All I could do was to follow others. I can't forget that.

The most frightening thing (I later thought) was that young people and children who were alive and healthy in the morning died cruelly, and became nothing more than ashes.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 10**  
**34-7197**

My sister (14 years old, in the eighth grade of a girls' school at that time) and I (10 years old, fifth grade of an elementary school) were seriously injured and couldn't move at all. Lying on the floor for days, maggots breeding in our bodies, but I felt secure because my mother took care of me even though she was injured.

On the evening of Aug. 17, I heard my sister asking my mother, "Please take care of Ta-chan (my name) I won't live much longer." And she asked mother to help her up even though she was seriously injured with a big hole in her head. She wanted to see me. She gave me a very tender look, she might have been smiling, but it was hard to tell because her face was smashed completely. She said to me, "Mother will help you." On that night she died at the age of 14. I'll never forget her nor what she said that night. I can't stop crying as I write this.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 12**  
**34-5177**

At that time, I was a boy in the 6th grade of



elementary school. I couldn't do anything and felt helpless listening to the groans of people trapped under ruins and the cries for help.

While escaping, I gave water in rusty empty cans to people in agony at the river bank. When I heard them say, "Thank you," to me, I was filled with emotion that I just can't put into words.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 13**  
**13-35-002**

Danbara Elementary School located 1.7 km from the center of the explosion was destroyed immediately. Thirty of my school mates who just arrived at school were crushed under the school building, and twenty of them could not escape because it was made of cement and mortar. The twenty burned alive screaming, "Get me out! Help me!" I still hear their voices.

When I came to a street lined with street car tracks in Matoba, I saw charred faces, hair standing on end, and people running here and there with their mouths wide open screaming. Everyone was almost naked with only a few rags on their shoulders and arms. They looked terrified, and they were white. Something dangled from their dark-red faces and arms. It took me a while to recognize that it was burnt skin.

Many people jumped into a river near Taisho Bridge to soothe their burns. They were washed away by the stream.

I couldn't understand why people were burned so severely because the fires weren't that serious.

I escaped from the city to a temple in Akinakano where nearly 20 burnt people were howling with pain, and because of the howling, I couldn't sleep all night long.

There was a doctor, but there wasn't any medicine to treat their burns, so Mercurochrome and boric acid was put on the burns. The next morning ten or so dead bodies were lined up in the temple yard.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 14**  
**13-15-036**

- On August 6, 1945, I felt something strange from the sudden change of my neighbors and I rushed to school. But because of the raging fire in the city, I couldn't get through, and I was forced to go back.

- I saw people whose skin was torn into pieces and people with pieces of wood piercing their eyes. I saw people tottering to shelters covering their stomachs to keep their guts from falling out from the gaping holes in their stomachs.

- Bloody people begging for water as they lie in barns where they went after the evacuation, dying.

- I searched the emergency shelters one after another to find my friends.

- After some soldiers and I put dead bodies into a pile and poured oil on them, we lit them. But suddenly one of bodies got up and pushed away the tin plate covering it. I was scared to death and ran away.

After 40 years, it seems like only yesterday that I went through that hellish experience.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 14 years old**  
**34-4414**

On my way to Takasu in Nishi-Hiroshima from Hiroshima Station on the day of bombing, the whole city seemed to be filled with the dead and crying, screaming people. I still remember that there was nothing I could do for those people.

I can't explain how sickening and frustrating it was to pass by those people moaning, "Give me water!" or "Help me!"

The day after the bombing, every river was filled with blistered dead bodies. I was speechless.

All I could think of as I walked suffering from the burns on my cheeks, left arm and left leg, was to go home as soon as possible.

**Hiroshima, 0.5 km, Male, Age 15**  
**34-7275**

1) Unable to lie himself due to the burns all over his back, an old man was sitting on his knees supporting his body by leaning his forehead on the wall. Next morning, I found him dead in the same posture.

2) A man came toward me on all fours, being unable to walk. He had heavy burns on his arms and the soles of his feet had big blisters.

3) I saw a woman plodding slowly with her right arm up. She was in a great pain from a piece of wood stuck in her right eye, which she could not take out.

4) In the morning, I saw some MPs carrying and piling up the bodies in the square, which they burned after sprinkling some oil. I can still recall the stench from the burning of bodies.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 15**  
**13-17-013**

Wounds of victims burnt all over were festering and surfaces of the wounds became yellow scabs with pus. Maggots hatched there. I cannot forget the scene, which was hell on earth with an offensive stink. (My father and mother were also in such conditions)

I cannot wipe out fear caused by such an extraordinary situation in which human life was not treated as such (including treatment of victims and dead bodies).

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 15**  
**34-5626**

That I thought only of my own escape and left those calling for help to their fate still weighs heavily on my mind.

When I was crossing a bridge, I could not help but step on a person lying there, still alive. He cried "Help" and seized my foot, only to die.

Atomic-bomb victims are surely victims but I was an assailant. This causes my heart to ache still now.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 16**  
13-12-068

A huge crowd of people were escaping wearily like sleep-walkers from the center of the explosion. Their clothes were scorched and their bodies burned. Still they were covering their private parts with unburnt fragments. It was such a tragic sight that even a young girl could not be distinguished from an old person.

I went to the Ota River to wash away dust stuffed in my ears, nostrils and everywhere on my body. Numerous dead bodies were floating down the river. Soon they would be carried out to sea and there would be no way to find them any more.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 16**  
13-27-036

The substation building of the former Chugoku Power Distribution Co. was destroyed, near the eastern foot of Aioi Bridge where there is now the building of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry. I cannot forget that a man was crushed to death under a pile of bricks (more than one cubic meter) and that he was left there for more than two months after the bombing.

Dozens of dead bodies of A-bomb victims were piled up at the Mitakiyama Crematorium and left as they were in the mountains because the crematories could not meet the demand. I can not forget those people.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 16**  
27-0356

a) I was buried under a fallen wooden house and could not move even after I recovered consciousness. My eyes were stuck with dust and pricked too much for me to open them. When I heard the sound of blazing fire and my face got hot,

I thought there was no hope for me to survive and I could not stop my tears. I was then a fifteen-year-old boy.

b) After I was rescued, I rested on the bank of a powder magazine cave. Masses of something black that looked like smoke or cloud were rising one after another above Hiroshima. Soon the sky turned entirely black. I can not forget the fear I felt then.

c) A procession of bare girl students. Blood was running from their blackened bodies. Their hair was frizzled and the skin could be seen. They were covering their private parts with fragments of cloth, tiles or boards. Only their teeth were white, seen when they asked for water. They were so pathetic and pitiful that I even felt holiness in seeing them.

d) On August 17, stray dogs made a night attack to eat dead bodies and people who could not move. I saw this horrible scene of hell in the morning light. Later I heard in the asylum at the south-east corner of the arsenal that those dogs were army dogs.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 17**  
**13-14-019**

With my father, mother, brother and sister, I arrived at the home of my father's parents at Ishihara, Futami-gun, Hiroshima prefecture. On September 1, both my brother and sister died of atomic bomb disease. On the next day, father and on the sixth, mother died. Four of my family died and I became alone in one week.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 18**  
**34-4316**

1) I was behind the barracks when the atomic bomb exploded. Those who were under the desks, unable to get away, asked me to help them. But to my regret, the fire spread so quickly that I could do nothing. I feel a little relief because I could save five or six lives later.

2) I walked through Shukkei-en and took a rest on an island in the Kyobashi River, a little down from Tokiwa

Bridge. While I was sitting there, huge pillars of fire appeared suddenly, the first in the direction of Hiroshima Station and the second at the lower reaches of Kyobashi River. A great number of people who had been on the bank of the river disappeared. Soon after that it began to rain. So I took refuge under the bridge. The rain was black and I felt cold.

3) At the temple where I stayed for the night, the man who had gone to sleep beside me was found dead the next morning.

4) When I was lying exhausted in a box on the roadside, I was mistaken for a corpse.

5) I can't understand even now why I felt neither pity nor horror to see a lot of dead bodies floating down the river.

6) The next day I met by chance a man from Saka-machi in front of the Nigitsu Shrine.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 18**  
**34-5277**

Having been working for the Hiroshima Prefectural Office as an accountant, I was on my way to the office on that fatal moment. The streetcar I took at Nishi-Hiroshima was running between Tenma-cho and Dobashi when the A-bomb exploded. Because by chance I wanted to stay at the entrance in spite of the conductor urging me to move in, I could fortunately get out of the car at once when there was a sudden flash. It became dark all around. Nothing was to be seen. After some time, when my colleague from Koi came out of the car, we embraced each other and cried. Then I saw a man I thought was an officer of the Prefectural Office. He looked relieved to find me uninjured. Patting me on the shoulder, he asked me about my parents and advised me to go home at once. Soon after that he suddenly fell down and died. I should have helped him up, but I was thinking only of my own safety at that time.

Beside a water tank there was a naked woman with a baby in her arms. All her skin except around the nipples was stripped off. The baby was also burnt all over. Crying



loudly, the woman took my hand and begged me to take her away with me, but I tore myself from her grasp and ran away. My colleague and I ran and ran along a railway bridge jumping over the burning ties. Though we heard someone calling for help under a collapsed house on the way, we kept on running with our ears covered by our hands. At one place I saw a corpse with eyes extruded and another one without a head. But I felt nothing. I was only fighting to get out of that hell.

When we came to Fukushima-cho, black rain started falling. What was worse, we were nearly machine-gunned from a plane above. We dashed to the shade of a large machine in a boat near by and stayed there hugging each other until the plane left. We saw even burnt and wounded people shot to death at that time.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 19**  
**13-27-014**

At that time, I was summoned for two days to engage in clearing an area that day, having been exempted from military service on the ground that I was a student in the science and engineering faculty of a university. It was the first day and we were at Zakoba-cho, back of the City Hall, taking away debris after the soldiers pulled down the houses. I was directly exposed to the flash of light of the A-bomb at 8:15 a.m. All at once it turned dark all around and the shining sun looked like a moon. I thought I had gone blind. Some time later, moans were heard here and there when the sun was getting yellower and yellower. Fortunately I didn't die. Of about 90 students of two classes who had been working with me there, only four or five lived on. Soon fire started in several places and crying for help came from inside the destroyed houses. I tried hard with four or five colleagues to rescue the people from the burning houses, until a soldier told us to quit the place at once and go to the airport in Yoshijima. We went there by way of Takano Bridge and Sumiyoshi Bridge and stayed in the air-raid shelter till it got dark. As the fire was still spreading further and wider, I wanted to go home. I went out unobserved and set out for my house in Danbara. I didn't know where I was walking. I walked on and on drinking water at the hydrants on the way. I crossed Mt. Hijiyama and at last got home. Luckily my house, which

stood at the foot of a mountain, remained unburnt though it was leaning. I felt relieved and sank to my knees. Mother was shocked to find me burnt and covered with blood, but warmly took care of me.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 19**  
**34-7106**

1) A soldier who had been with me in the same building was buried under it when the building collapsed. I tried to help him out but in vain. In the meantime it caught fire and he was burned to death before my eyes. I saw his legs, arms and head flaming up in succession. It was hell.

2) We kept horses in the stable. I saw them wrapped in flames with their reins tied there. The sight was too cruel to see. I can never forget it.

3) I was hurt in the legs and it was hard to walk then. So I thought only of myself.

4) I took refuge in a river with one of my fellow soldiers. I thought he was swimming behind me all right. But nearly ten days later, I heard he had drowned there. He was too exhausted to go on swimming. I was very sorry that I couldn't help him because I had been too selfish to think of him.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 19**  
**13-40-001**

At that time I was in the first grade of Hiroshima Technical College and worked in a factory of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries. At the time of the atomic bombing, I had just finished putting on gaiters and was about to leave my house at Nishi-kan'on-machi in Hiroshima City. If the A-bomb had been dropped one second later, I might have been killed on the spot. The walls and windows were gone in a moment and the beam above, which was only one foot behind me had come down. It seemed a miracle that I had escaped. The following is what I still repent of.

My mother staying at Kaitaichi-machi, Funakoshi, with her relatives on account of illness, I lived only with my

father who was a teacher at Daini Junior High School in Hiroshima Prefecture.

A housewife who lived in our neighborhood and whose name I forget cooked meals for us every morning and evening. She was about thirty years old. Her husband was killed in the war and her two children were evacuated.

That morning, I found her cooking in our kitchen earlier than usual. When I said good-morning to her, she told me that she was to go to Dobashi that morning to do some clearing work which was her duty as a member of the Women's Association.

It was about one hour later that the A-bomb exploded. As she didn't come back that night, I felt uneasy and went to look for her around Dobashi the next morning. There were heaps of dead bodies along the riverside. At Dobashi all the houses were burnt down and a lot of corpses were lying around. They were so burnt that I couldn't tell men from women. I gave up trying to find her and went back home.

I wonder what has become of her two children. I am afraid they have been unable to confirm the death of their parents, father killed in battle and mother also killed while they were evacuating. Some time ago, I heard they were living somewhere in Saitama Prefecture but I'm not sure.

After two days I walked about in the ruins again, but I couldn't find her. The dead bodies were being carried away one after another. They were beginning to decay and maggots had bred in them.

A great number of people were killed in a flash and many tragedies happened in Hiroshima. But I can't help feeling sorry for such a tragic death as the housewife's. I couldn't get in touch with her children even now.

### (3) In Their Twenties

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 20  
34-5713

It was hell itself. Both the dead and the living

didn't look like human beings. I shuddered at the sight.

I heard a woman in the forties calling for help from inside a house though I could not see her. I couldn't do anything to help her. Her voice still lingers in my ears.

When the victims were going to be carried to Ujina by truck, a man like a soldier cried, "The truck is only for young men. Neither for women, children nor the old. We need young men on the battle field." I can't ever forget those words. They made me realize what war brought about.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 20**  
**13-17-054**

1) The paintings on the A-bombing show what I saw with my own eyes on that day. To recollect it makes me shudder. It was horrible beyond description.

2) It doesn't seem we had any human feelings then, as we were all in an abnormal state of mind.

3) At that time I was a new conscript only three months after enlistment. I could do nothing but follow my fellow soldiers. On our way to the workings in Ushita for taking refuge, a burnt woman with no clothes on asked me, "Help me, soldier!" But as a soldier I couldn't do anything for civilians. So I left her behind reluctantly. It still pains me to think of her.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21**  
**01-0009**

At the foot of Mt. Hijiyama, there were a lot of caves dug by the soldiers of the Akatsuki Division, in which were stored food, instruments, materials and so on. When the A-bomb exploded, the mouths of the caves were blocked with mud and the people staying there were buried.

At the riverside I saw people piling up corpses with dead trees. They sprinkled them with petrol and set fire. Later they threw the ashes into the river.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21**  
**23-0297**

I was hit by the atomic bomb in front of the Station, and took refuge from the city to the suburbs. When I went into the shelter nearby on the way, a young woman whose leg had been entirely cut off asked me to staunch the bleeding. But I didn't know what to do. The bleeding was too much for me to stop. I had to leave her to her fate. I was very sorry for her.

I saw dozens of people, dead and living, lying one upon another on a bridge. Their faces were all red like boiled octopus. Even those who were breathing faintly couldn't move. They were only gazing at the sky. Though I thought for a moment I should try to help them, after all, I left them quickly, considering my safety.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21**  
**26-0016**

It was a catastrophe too terrible to be true. Luckily, as I was able to walk, I helped and took care of wounded fellow soldiers who couldn't move. We had neither medicine nor bandages. We ripped our shirts, saturated them with oil and treated their wounds. We also wiped their faces. They all thanked us with tears for the utmost aid.

Before the next day dawned, most of them had died. I couldn't understand it. It was too cruel. I cried bitterly, shaking their cold bodies. After three days, I also fell down with a high fever. I was afraid I'd not live another day. I will never forget that experience as long as I live.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 22**  
**34-4952**

I saw many people sitting under Aioi Bridge and feared what would become of them when the tide was rising.

When I passed by a woman lying on the roadside, she stopped me and said, "Will you please help my baby, soldier?" I saw a little baby on her breast and felt pity

for them. But I walked away, not knowing what to do. I can't forget her voice.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 22**  
**13-52-001**

When I went to visit a friend, I found her dead in the room, hanging from the ceiling. Even today I dream of the scene.

I saw a lot of burnt bodies that looked like fried chicken. I fell asleep exhausted that night and awoke to find myself lying on dead bodies. A man was shouting, "Water, please." The voice was somewhat familiar to me. He turned out to be an acquaintance. Only by sight, I couldn't have recognized him. My house dog swelled till it got four times as big as its usual size and all its hair fell out.

For nearly ten years after that, I was troubled with nightmares in summer.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male Age 22**  
**10-0005**

I was working at that time in the Hijiyama Joint Communication Center which was situated in an air-raid shelter. At that moment, I was in a tent in front of the establishment, when the blast came with a flash of light and the tent was blown away, I dashed into the shelter.

After a while I came out and looked below. I saw fires blazing all over the city. Wounded people were coming up Mt. Hijiyama. Some of them had already fallen on the way. Most of them had no clothes on and were burnt all over. They were crying for water. But my senior officer told me not to give them any water because they would die. Among them were some kindergarten children with bags on their shoulders. I felt especially sorry for them.

But they all died before long around the Communications Center. The ground was covered with bodies.

As correspondents, we weren't permitted to leave our place of duty. But I'm ashamed of myself for having done



nothing to save them.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 22**  
**13-21-001**

I went into the area near the hypocenter soon after the A-bomb explosion.

I saw a streetcar wrapped in flames. It dropped the dead and wounded passengers one after another on both sides along the line. I had never seen such a terrible sight even on the battlefield. I was at a loss what to do. All I could do was tell the people in the fire to get away quickly. I was a stranger there and didn't know which way to go for safety. The fire was small at first but soon it spread in all directions. I saw a carbonized body without water still moving in the fire. Even American napalm bombs couldn't destroy an area so totally on the battlefield in the Philippines.

I was able to walk along the streetcar track around the center of the explosion. The castle and the university buildings were in flames. The fire seemed to have spread first toward the center of the explosion and later in opposite directions.

The next day I could get in touch with the General Staff Office I belonged to. Soon after that I was sent to Formosa on a special defense mission to make the best use of my experience of the A-bombing. Perhaps, I was one of the last to leave Japan before the end of the war. But this is not well-known.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 26**  
**13-23-052**

Many people were so badly burnt that they couldn't walk. They were hovering between life and death with their hair and clothes utterly burned off.

I saw a man who was absent-mindedly watching a small black-burnt body that seemed to be his own child. After some time he went somewhere and came back with a sheet of burnt zinc. He scooped the body carefully on to it so as

not to break it into pieces. I can't drive the scene from my mind even now.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 26**  
**13-23-020**

I carried wounded people to Fukagawa Primary School at Fukagawa-mura, Asa-gun in Hiroshima Prefecture. Hundreds of people were lying not only in the classrooms but in the playground with only straw mats under them. The glaring sun was beating down on them. Those indoors were crying for water. A man I thought was an army surgeon said, "They won't live long. Give them water." But those in the playground were too weak even to ask for water.

Among the people in the playground, I saw a boy and asked him "How old are you?" He answered, "I am ten years old". "How are your parents?" "I don't know what has become of them." When I was going to leave him, he asked me, "Are you going back to your corps now, soldier?" "Yes, I am," I answered. "But I'll come to see you tomorrow without fail. So be cheerful."

"Thank you. I'll try," he answered but he looked lonely.

That night we slept in a temporary hut in the mountains. I couldn't sleep well. The whole city of Hiroshima was burning all night. The next morning on taking a hasty breakfast after roll call, I hurried to Fukagawa Primary School. I expected to hear the boy greet me delightedly. But the people lying in the playground were all gone. All of them had died during the night. The boy, too, had been carried away. He must have gone, while looking at the burning sky and calling his parents and brothers. I regretted that I hadn't asked him his name or his address the day before.

Every summer I float a lantern on the river, praying for the repose of his soul. On the lantern, I write these words:

"Dedicated to an unknown boy who was killed by the A-bomb."

Watching the lantern drifting away, I always shed tears of resentment and say, "It was the Japanese and American governments that killed you". But neither of the governments have reflected on what they did. They were making a wild rush to the way of nuclear war, acting against the three non-nuclear principles and the Constitution of Japan. I wonder if they know the affliction of the atomic bomb victims. Or are they pretending not to notice it? It is often said that we are only three minutes to midnight, nuclear war. The atomic bomb victims are the people who experienced the horrors of nuclear weapons themselves and were afflicted. It is we who are most concerned about the future of the world. Human beings should never make such a disastrous nuclear war again. Protect the earth! We must not exterminate the living things on the earth. "Yasuhiro Nakasone, you are a second Hitler. Open your eyes! The structure of common destiny be hanged! Don't flatter yourself too much! The souls of A-bomb victims, do not rest in peace! Let your curses rise and end him! I want to kill him." Why don't you listen to our bloody call for peace? Though you call yourself an atomic-bomb victim, a real atomic victim would advocate banning nuclear weapons and try to enact a law to aid atomic bomb victims. You are not eligible to be prime minister of Japan. I'll keep reproaching you, ambitious weathercock, as long as I live.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 28**  
**13-40-010**

As I was on duty till late the previous night, I was not in the morning gathering but sleeping by permission of my senior officer. Thanks to staying indoors, I escaped the flash from the A-bomb. When I came to myself, I was caught under a beam of our barracks. I couldn't understand what had happened. Nothing could be seen through the dust. I was unaware who had saved my life or even when I had been helped out of the debris. I was carried into the cave dug by the soldiers of Hijiyama Company. On our way there, I saw a young woman who had just given birth to a baby on a cart. Beside her, an old woman was crying, who looked like her mother. I noticed the navel-string exposed. We felt sorry for them but we didn't know what to do. In the meantime the victims were put on the cart one after another and we lost sight of them among the people. I'll never forget the scene.

As soon as we got into the cave, I lost consciousness. I was seriously injured. Luckily I was carried to the civil hospital in Ujina by truck right away. Later I was sent to the military hospital in Okayama. I saw hell in both of the hospitals. The scenes were dreadful beyond words. One person nearly every hour each day breathed his last. More than once I thought my turn would come next.

Fortunately, I didn't die. But I have been suffering from the pain of my twisted spine. I can't talk or write easily. My hands are always trembling. Some day I'd like to tell more about what I saw that day. I pray the victims may rest in peace.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 28**  
**34-4410**

After the atomic bombing a neighbor came and asked me to come to the rescue of her father who had been buried under the fallen house. But to my regret, I couldn't go with her. At that time we were upset because our three-year-old boy was missing. Blown away by the blast. We were looking for him restlessly all around the house. Before long the crumbled houses caught fire and with our child left behind we had to get away. I'm sorry I was of no help to our neighbors.

While running to the river which was only 100 or 200 meters from our house, I saw a number of people caught alive under the fallen pillars or roofs. But to my shame, I didn't give them a helping hand.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Koi Primary School which had become a first-aid station. The school building was full of wounded people burnt and swollen all over. In every corridor they were lying side by side like railway ties. They were moaning and sometimes asked for water.

Four or five days later, I went back to the ruins of my house to search for my lost child. At last I found him at the foot of a large basin that lay about seven or eight meters from my house. He had been turned into a small black lump.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 28 years old**  
**13-22-036**

While barely escaping to the mountain on that day, I saw a soldier pinned under the barracks calling for help. Wounded as I was, I didn't rescue him. I hurried to pass by, accompanied by another soldier. I still feel sorry for him and I worry about his safety.

After getting settled at home, detonations and gigantic columns of clouds continued to terrify me for about half a year. Such terror faded away at last after 1947 came.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 28 years old**  
**13-23-029**

For 3 days and nights, Hiroshima, after being hit by the atomic bomb, was in conflagration.

Injured by a collapsed barracks, I was suffering all-over pain in a tent pitched earlier by the corps on the riverbank of Ota River.

The sky had turned an indescribable color. On the bank of Ota River, there were files of people coming for refuge.

Next morning, It was suggested by my superior I go to a temporary relief station. I went there accompanied by a friend. It was a gym, on the floor of which the wounded were lying about. They said that severely wounded people were accommodated in another place surrounded by blankets. I heard groans of pain here and there. In the meantime, an army surgeon, whom I had known, along with 2 medical orderlies looked around the injured hastily, grasping the hilt of his sword. He looked pale and his eyes were bloodshot. He stood in front of me and asked, "where is your injury?" Just as I looked up at him to answer, he had already stepped forward to the next patient. I knew what he thought at once. My injury was out of question for him who was working in the ghastly situation.

That night, a severely-injured probationary soldier died. They said he called for his mother at the last moment.

On the third morning, the corps began moving. I stayed at a farmer's house near the mountain. On August 15 the war ended. (It was a painful experience I don't like to write or tell about.)

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 28 years old**  
**27-0707**

I was pinned under the fallen barracks. After losing consciousness for a while, I found myself under the barracks. I tried to move but in vain because wooden crossbeams pressed on my body. I felt something burning near me.

I called for help for about 30 minutes but no one came. What I felt was beyond description when I thought I would be burned to death. Fortunately, I was rescued by my friend. We climbed on to the roof and saw there was no house throughout Hiroshima City, and fires everywhere. We saw some soldiers writhing in a garden in front of the barracks due to serious burns. It was very cruel. We tried to rescue the injured colleagues, taking one to a square about 300 to 400 meters away. Leaving him there, we went back to help another comrade. Coming back to the square, however, we saw that the former one was dead.

I don't want to remember what happened at that time.

#### (4) In Their Thirties

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 30 years old**  
**34-4616**

I was in the barracks in Hakushima-machi.

I was having a late breakfast because I couldn't sleep at all in the night (August 5) due to an air raid in the Naka-Kure area and got up late that morning (August 6). With a tremendous blast, black smoke and yellow rays of light, the large barracks were broken down in a moment. Almost all the soldiers died, blown away by the blast and pinned under the barracks. I had difficulty in getting out of the collapsed barracks but I escaped death fortunately. When I got out of the barracks, it was burning. In that



morning those who had newly joined the army and came to see them off were in front of the barracks. The garden was filled with dead bodies. The injured were writhing. The scene was beyond words. It was hell.

I was relentless in shaking off people's hands who were asking me for help. I was not able to do anything for them. I am still sorry for them.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 30 years old**  
**34-7146**

I remember over a hundred dead bodies, dying people asking for water, bodies floating on the river, naked and burned people, people whose sex could not be identified.

I still recall little children asking for water with empty bottles. I couldn't do anything but encourage them.

I walked around in the mountain with a burned soldier, but I couldn't grasp anything of him but his belt.

I moistened my dry throat with some drops of black rain on leaves.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, 31 years old**  
**23-0069**

The bombing at 8:15 of August 6 still terrifies me. On my way to the suburbs after the bombing, I saw many people running away from the city. They were almost naked with their skin hanging down like rags. I could not tell male from female. A woman pinned under a fallen house was shouting, "Help my child. He was also pinned under broken pieces behind me." But I couldn't help them. I was injured and the fire was coming closer. If I had helped them, I might have died.

I barely reached the ground of our company in the suburbs. After being given temporary treatment by a doctor and coming to myself, I saw a lot of victims lying on the ground. Their skin was hanging down like rags. They vomited something black. The doctor, himself injured, too, was applying

something like cooking oil to their burns. They died one after another, asking for water and crying for their families. I felt sorry for them as I had slight injury. But after a while, my hair began falling out; I had pain in injuries on my head, back and legs. At last I became bedridden. A doctor told me that I would not live long. But thanks to God and the Buddha, I recovered after 3 years of treatment. During the period of treatment, I made contact with other Hibakusha and consulting on my health with them. However, the tremendous flash of red, yellow and black, detonation, and shower of black rain were something ominous.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, 31 years old**  
**34-4236**

I was with a party of 30 school children who were mobilized to labor service. They ran away to their houses. I heard that they had arrived at their homes but all of them died. I am the only one who could survive.

I still shudder to remember what happened at that time.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, 32 years old**  
**13-31-020**

I was buried under fallen walls. I had difficulty in breathing because plaster covered my body. After crawling out of the debris in desperation, I heard a neighbor crying for help from under the collapsed central pillar of his house. Unfortunately, a threatening fire prevented me from helping him. I couldn't do anything but feel sorry for him.

In a hospital in Ujina where I took refuge, a child at age of 5 or 6 was tottering among the injured people in intolerable pain. He sometimes stumbled. Every time he fell down, he skinned his body. It was hell.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 32 years old**  
**13-12-025**

My wife's mother was pinned under the collapsed house. As my wife, my first son (8 months old then) and I were all injured and the fire was coming close to us, it was

impossible for us to help her.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 32 years old**  
**34-3533**

1. It was so frightful that I lost all feeling of pain.
2. I could neither hold nor take my friend by the hand due to his severe injury. I don't want to remember it at all.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 33 years old**  
**13-15-001**

I remember that three little children were crying, clinging to their dead mother. I got away to the bank of the Ota River, passing by people groaning with serious burns. I didn't help a naked child of about 12 years with an infant on his back though he cried for help. I sometimes see this again in a dream.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, 34 years old**  
**11-0055**

I belonged to the cavalry. At the time of the bombing I had just put on my left boot. My right foot wore a sock. On my way trying to help contact with the corps in the rear, I saw some 3-meter trail on the sand. It was the trail of a burnt person creeping. The burnt body was there, whose sex was hardly identifiable. I think the most miserable people were those who died about 4 days after the bombing. Their faces became the size of Japanese pumpkins in a day and 20-30 mm blisters appeared all over their bodies. The second day, the blisters broke; greasy sweat oozed out; red flesh was showing. The third day, their wounds festered. Only the nails of their hands, the soles of their feet and the male symbol doubly protected were left as they were. Their infected fingers open like maple leaves. All of them looked alike. Lying on the ground from fatigue, they suddenly stood up with a scream because stones cut into their flesh. Their skin was red-pink. Greasy sweat was streaming down their bodies. Is there anything more hell-like than this in

the world? 4 days after the bombing, they died. This person was seriously burned, but crept 3 meters. They suffered from pains for four days. But they were staggering along. Their internal organs might have been strong. Can you imagine a crowd of people like them staggering around? Writing this, I could not stop shedding tears.

If I had moved 3 seconds faster, I would have finished putting on both boots and have stepped a couple of meters forward, and would have suffered like them.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, 35 years old**  
**23-0339**

It all occurred in a moment: a flash, a sound and blinding smoke or a cloud of dust. After clearing up, what came into view was a sea of flame covering all Hiroshima city. Burned people were running about. A crowd of injured people were staggering toward me, screaming in pain and crying for help.

The injured were accommodated at a site where there had been a school. But there was no medicine to cure their severe injuries. Given not enough treatment, they died one after another. Their screams were beyond description. Such pathetic deaths were repeated every day.

One month later, 10 soldiers came to us. Their hair on pulling it began falling out without pain. They died one after another, and at last, after a week no one was alive. Each of them was in his right mind till his last moment, asking people to take care of his family or children. Seeing their deaths, I have always been concerned about my hair falling out every day. Who knows my anxiety about it?

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 35 years old**  
**40-0692**

When I was thinking it would be hot today, a blue flash almost blinded me. I don't know how long I was unconscious. Coming to myself, I looked at my direction, and found tremendous flames rising up.

I went home as if I trailed my painful body. On my way,

I saw people lying here and there on the road. I was not sure if they were alive or dead. Among them, there were some writhing with splinters of glass sticking all over their bodies.

I tried to sleep on a tatami mat under the eaves, but the sun was too strong. I didn't know what type of bomb had hit us. I thought I would die soon.

Suddenly, the shadow of a person came into view. His arm came to my canteen. The skin of his hands rolled down from the wrist and was twisted around his fingertips. His bloated face was like a watermelon. It was no longer a human face. As he begged, I gave him water. He took a few sip of water and with a low bow, he began staggering. Then he fell down and stopped moving. He looked dead.

As time went by, I saw many people like him walking around. They seemed to be increasing. Many of them fell down in front of me. But I couldn't do anything for them. I tried to put some water into his mouth; he was just gazing at a point without moving his mouth. Though I realized that their falling down meant instant death, I didn't know what to do for them. A dreadful scene like hell was before my eyes... Tears filled my eyes and fell on my cheeks. I hardly felt my own pain. Innocent people were losing their lives in the name of war. How cruel it was!

I felt relieved to find my family alive though injured.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 35 years old  
40-0739**

I was in a commuter train at that moment. My face was injured with splinters of glass. After taking refuge in the air-raid shelter of a farmer's house for a while, I became very anxious about my children's safety. I went home in Misasa-machi, and found nobody there. My wife with our second son (three years old) had taken part in labor service. They didn't return home that day. Next day, I went looking for them with my neighbors. I went to schools in every direction every day where victims took refuge, but in vain. My first son and daughter were in a temple in Gion-cho, but my wife and our second son did not return



home.

As I was looking for them, I saw many bodies and injured people lying on the banks of a river, asking for water and groaning with pain. I could do nothing for them. It was hell indeed.

Later I found that my wife and child died at Dobashi with our neighbors. A joint cremation was conducted. I received part of the bones and submitted their death notice to the city office. Then I went to a friend's house in Kurume, Kyushu, with my little children. We boarded with him and worked there. We often missed my wife with tears. I want to shout, "Give me back my wife and son".

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 37 years old**  
**34-8908**

a) I saw 3 dead bodies of lower officers swirling in the river. I saw a couple in tears carrying a washtub. I found the burned body of their child in it. Even now, I cannot forget these scenes.

c) Many injured people gathered one after another at a square at the back of Hiroshima Station. "Please give me some water, soldier." I heard a very feeble voice begging for water. But I didn't give her water. I had been told by my superior not to give them water. The superior said that if water is given to them, they would die. I should have given her as much water as she liked, because in any case she couldn't live long. I am still sorry for her.

## **(5) Over Forties**

**Hiroshima, 0.5 km, Male, 40 years old**  
**13-29-002**

I was hit by the bomb blast - about 0.5 km from ground zero and I lost consciousness. (for more than a week.) I'm not sure what happened after that.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, 42 years old**  
**13-31-018**

1. My wife was seriously injured by splinters from the front door glass. Bleeding from her head did not stop. She sweated much. Blood was streaming down on her pale face. I was at a loss to see her terrible face.

2. On my way to find a refuge in the University of Humanities and Science, I was asked for help by the wife of a neighbor who was a close friend of mine. As she had worked outdoors for building evacuation, she was burned seriously. Her clothes were burned and turned into rags. Her skin had turned into a running sore and was hanging down like icicles. Though I managed to take her to the ground, I can't forget that I shuddered to touch her greasy skin.

**b) Female**

**(1) Under 10 Years of Age**

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 1 year old**  
**13-23-059**

I'm sorry that I was only a baby at that time and have no memory about it. My mother, who was seriously injured, would have something to tell you but has been dead for 13 years.

Thanks to Mother's protection, I had no injury. But she was seriously injured on her face and right side of the body.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 1 year old**  
**34-9014**

I was too young to remember it, but Father told me about it. Mother died at that time. Father escaped to the Jigozen Shrine, holding me in his arms. We spent a night there and came home to Mukainada in the morning, walking on the tracks. He told me that he sometimes asked people living along the track for water because I wanted it. On his way to Jigozen, he found twin crying babies left wrapped in wadded cloth. He could not afford to take them with him.

He sometimes told me his regret in tears, saying "I could have taken them with me." He died in July last year and now I can't be told about it by him.

The atomic bomb deprived me of my mother. I don't remember her at all. According to what Father said, she was pregnant. The atomic bomb also deprived me of my sister and brother. If the bomb had not been dropped, my life would be far different from what it has been.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 2 years old**  
34-7132

Many injured people were in the air-raid shelter. A lot of bodies were thrown into the shelter. I was about to be thrown into the shelter as a dead body. I almost lost my life. Fortunately, a neighbor found me alive and took me out. I was only 2 years old.

My brother was 5 years old and happened to be there. He looked for Mother with me. Mother was in the river with a lot of other people. But I couldn't recognize her because the skin of her face was peeled off. I howled, saying "She is not my mother."

2-year-old child couldn't remember what happened at that time. But strangely enough, I clearly bear this in my memory.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 3 years old**  
34-6212

I was three years old. I was on my mother's back and being evacuated in the direction of Ushita from Kanaya-cho. My memories of the day have faded and it is very difficult to remember details but what I can recall now is of seeing.

Women with their unkempt hair and blood all over their bodies who were either lying down flat, sitting on the dirt or crying on tatami mats in Ushita. There were even some women who were breast-feeding their babies, with blood streaming down from their breast.

My mother and I finally took a short break there.

August 6 was the most horrifying day in my entire 43 years. It was an inferno actually taking place in front of my eyes. After the war, we watched movies of the atomic bomb at school, but nothing was more horrifying than the actual event we experienced.

My mother told me that I badly wanted water at the evacuation camp, but being in the mountain after the bomb, water was very scarce. However a woman kindly offered me some with her trembling hands, saying "Children are treasures of Japan's future..."

I am sorry but I cannot go on any more. It is too painful to think of it.

**Hiroshima, 0.5 km, Female, 4 years old**  
**03-5903**

On the day the bomb was dropped I was on my way to my friend's house to play. Suddenly, the whole world flashed, and when I regained consciousness, I was lying on the ground. As I looked round, I could see all the houses burning and I was very scared. When I ran into my burning house to look for my family, I met my grandmother. We just escaped from the house while roof tiles and pillars of our house began to crash down. But I don't remember how we managed to get out of the mess.

The next incident I remember is while I was escaping into the mountains of Koi with my mother. I happened to notice a baby sleeping on futon in a house on fire. I wanted to rescue the baby, but my mother pulled my arm strongly to her side and did not let me go to the baby. We both ran to the mountains. I do not recall exactly what she told me, but I suppose my mother scolded me for risking my own life to save that poor baby.

In the mountains of Koi, there were many refugees. All of them were shivering in the rain. I cannot remember even a single incident as to how we came back from the mountain area to our house. Finally we came back to our shelter, which was full of strangers and we had to live outside our own shelter.

There were many sick and injured people, who lay mostly

on the ground. I was small and felt very scared.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 7 years old**  
**04-0370**

I was in second grade then. It was one of the days during summer vacation when we had to go to school. A friend and I were in a temple near our house.

My friend came near the window as he heard an airplane and looked up at the sky. No sooner had he said, "It's a B29" than we heard a tremendous explosion, and the house began to crash with even bigger sound. My friend was blown on top of the roof and was crying in despair. The road was filled with crying people roaming around. I heard many voices under the demolished houses calling for help. Not being able to go home, we began to go into the mountain in the rain. As the rain began to subside, we somehow managed to reach our homes. By that time, my friend's face was swollen like a monster, and I felt sorry for him. Although luckily I found both of my parents alive, his parents were killed by the bomb. Two days later, my friend also followed his parents to heaven.

There were many people with severe burns, and every day many died, crying, "Water, water." Day after day, people cremated the dead, and I can never forget the stench of it.

There were hundreds, thousands of half-charred bodies all over the streets. We walked around the city looking for my brother. It is a miracle that we are still alive.

I never want my children to go through what I went through.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 7 years old**  
**40-0540**

When I was sleeping in a field after the bombing, I saw a girl student who had been mobilized, as my neighbor. She lay next to me. Because of the burns on her head, the skin of her head was peeling off, and she began to pull my hair saying, "Ouch, ouch!" which kept me awake all night. Before the bomb, she had been extremely nice to me, and I still

think of her even now. Eventually, that girl died.

Every time I see lightning, the dreadful nightmarish day of August 6 haunts me. Sometimes I wonder that I may be going insane, and even try to make an appointment with a psychiatrist.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 8 years old**  
**34-6228**

The most horrifying thing I can remember about the incident is how I escaped from the city by walking over many dead bodies. There were people with severe burns or people grabbing my legs asking for water, and I escaped by deserting these people just because I wanted to live. I ran away from those people who were held under some objects and were asking for my assistance but I deserted them without giving even a lift to help them out. My life has been miserable since then. I have been ill and unable to succeed in anything I try. Then I feel, it is all because of my selfishness for not having helped people or of the bad deeds I did when I was trying to run away trampling on the bodies.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 8 years old**  
**13-53-031**

As I was evacuated to my grandmother's parents' house, I was not directly exposed to the bomb. My father, who was out in the city on business that day, was bombed, but he managed to get home because he was worried about his family. On his way back, his thought was on the rest of the family. It turned out that my grandmother was bombed in the home where she was married. The following day, nine of us (my parents and seven brothers and sisters) went to look for Grandma.

The entire city was demolished--leaving only space enough for people to walk. On both sides of those narrow pathways, there were corpses. There were some who were still alive, making every effort to make some sound, "Give me water." As the river was also filled with dead bodies, we could not get any water from the river. Although grandmother was found, my father told us not to go to see her. He was probably afraid to frighten his children by the

look of a once lovely old lady. But children being very curious even under such circumstances, we went to peep at her. All her body except where her skirt would have been, was burnt black (more than 80% burns) and the face did not look like her at all.

Everyday, my older brothers and sisters went to help cremate the bodies in the school yard. Trucks would bring in so many bodies to cremate, the smoke rising in the air.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 9 years old**  
**13-23-103**

I was at home with my mother at that time. I found myself blown to a room where we kept chests and a Buddhist altar, so I was practically blown across two rooms. My mother was stuck between pillars, and a man helped me pull her out. I spent two nights under a bridge over the Fukushima River and met my father on the second day. I went to search for my sisters with my father. The elementary school of my younger sister (who was 8 years old at the time) was totally burnt down. The skeletons of those pupils were neatly aligned to show that they were killed as they were sitting in their class rooms. We could not make out which of them were my sister's.

My elder sister, who at that time was 13 years old, had been working on student mobilization. She dragged herself to a man who had been a servant at the head house and asked for help, saying, "I am the daughter of so and so from a branch family." When the man brought water for my sister, she had ceased to breathe. The corpse, which was laid beneath a pine tree of the head house, had scarcely any clothes on. She had only a few strands of hair on her head and her face was awfully contorted, swollen and burned.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 10 years old**  
**34-4511**

a) Blackened corpses that you could not imagine had once been human beings;

b) Bodies with no clothes on and all hair standing up;

c) Rotten body with maggots all over the flesh;

d) All hair fallen out, abscesses all over the body and no one to go near them.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 11 years old**  
**34-7229**

I was in fifth grade at elementary school. I was not evacuated to another part of the country. I was standing at the entrance of our house when the the bomb was dropped, and when I came to myself, I was buried underneath the house, and my mother helped me out, and all that time, the house was blazing. When we were escaping, I lost sight of my parents and brothers. My parents thought that one of my elder brothers had taken me with him. I slept outside the Higashi Parade Ground on the night of August 6. As I had burn injuries on the face, I was losing my eyesight. On the following day, I went to Yaga.

A week later, my father came to look for me after one of our neighbors reported my whereabouts. With my burns distorting my face terribly, my father did not recognize me even though he passed in front of me several times. The neighbor said to him, "This is your daughter", but my father could not believe it. I tried desperately to say, "Daddy", and only after that did he finally recognize me as his daughter. Then I was taken to the arsenal. The following day, my father took me to our relatives in Happonmatsu, where I stayed for a month. Since I was injured then, I do not have a clear memory or picture of the scene.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 12 years old**  
**34-7102**

When the atomic bomb exploded, I was on the second floor of a wooden building of Hakushima National Elementary School. I was buried under the fallen building, and my head, face, right eye, back and arms were injured with broken glass. I somehow managed to get out of the debris and went outside. The devastated city was full of corpses. People wandering about had their bodies burnt black and their hair standing up and frizzled by the heat. Some had their eye-balls hanging down from the sockets and others had



the skin of their heads injured open. Their skin were hanging down from their faces. It was impossible to tell whether they were men or women. It was a chaotic scene.

There was no road leading to home. Fires broke out everywhere. Splashing water on my body from a water basin, I tried to escape between fires to the windward, toward the place where the present Yasuda Gakuin School stands. I leaned against a tree, feeling thirsty, sick and fainting while trying to think what had happened to us. Then someone shouted, "Be strong! If you fall asleep, you will die here." This person tore his towel and checked my bleeding. I did not have a chance to say "Thank you", though my life was saved by this person. This still pains me. I gathered my last strength and kept on walking. When I reached the reservoir, a Grumman made a sudden dive and started to fire at us as if to give us the final shot. Some people fell down on the ground. I stooped down in the bush and was watching this horrifying scene. How cruel it was! I will never be able to forget this. Then I reached a place of the present Hesaka Elementary School. There I fell into a coma and slept for 4-5 days perhaps because of the shock from the sight of the mountains of dead bodies I saw and because I felt relieved of having reached there.

While I was unable to go back home for 2 weeks, my parents visited numerous refugee centers to search for me. Finally they concluded that I was dead somewhere. They brought some ashes from the site of my burnt school and prayed for my soul, offering some food to them. Two weeks later, when I finally met with my parents and brothers, all alive, it was a moment like a dream. But although it was so wonderful to be reunited with my own family, I could not trace my close school mates. I feel sorry for them.

There are many other heart-breaking things that I can recall, but I do not know how to describe them in words. Though some 40 years have passed since that hideous day, I still think of it like something that happened only yesterday and cannot eradicate all this from my mind. Both my heart and body are still full of damages.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 12 years old**  
**04-0405**

- Half of her body - exactly just one side of her whole body from the toes to the head - was burnt black. A girl of about two years old was sitting on the ground with a rice ball in her hand, which was distributed in emergency, and was wildly crying. Nobody dared to soothe her. It was too miserable to bear. What caused this?

- Bodies of soldiers, who had been directly hit by the bomb explosion while they were in field training, were laid out neatly like rotten white silkworms or chrysanthemums at Koi National School, and they were still alive.

- I struggled to get free from debris covering me. Then I found that the city of Hiroshima was completely blasted and what remained was just plain ground with nothing in sight.

- In my escape, there was a person ahead of me who turned around to see the city. That person had only one eye on its white and pinkish plain face. Moving that eye, that person looked in the direction of the city. Was that person, unrecognizable whether male or female, preoccupied about the family? The body of that person was also a white and pink lump.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 12 years old**  
**13-22-028**

Caught by the bombing, people were crying for help, bleeding from their heads and faces. Others fell and were groaning in pain. It was beyond description.

When my mother and I began to escape, we took water from a well into a large kettle. People lying flat on the street asked for a drink of water. My mother and I gave a sip from the kettle to them one by one, but as there were countless people wanting to drink, we could not give enough to each. There were some who would not let go of the kettle and my mother said to them gently, "There are many others who want a drink, so please let it go."

Many people were severely burnt and fell on the ground.

But not having any medications, we could not do anything for them. All we could do was to escape ourselves to a safer place.

I still remember that we at least gave a little water to people from the kettle, with regret that we could not give them water as much as they wanted. Under the circumstance, we could not do otherwise. It was indeed a hell on earth.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 12 years old**  
**34-7235**

Under the hell-like circumstances, I fled with my friend. She had the whole of her upper body burnt, with her nipples disappearing in the charcoal burns. I gave her the last water and then she died. This terrible scene does not fade from my memory.

An elderly woman extending her arms cried out, "Water, please give me water," but nobody took any notice of her and just ran away. A week after the bombing, when on my mother's back I went to the East-exercise Ground to get medical treatment, I saw many injured people sitting on the ground and begging for water. When my mother and I were to go home after treatment, most of them had already died. It was really a hellish sight. There are many other things I could recall, but it is too painful to think of them. Please let me stop here.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 13 years old**  
**13-20-095**

Caught in the bombing, I escaped toward Eba, upwind from the fire, taking my little brother who had burn injuries. Many people with terrible burns just squatted on the street as if exhausted and all they could do was to moan, "Water, water!" I cannot forget that sight. The skin of their bodies was hanging down from their extended arms like sea-weed and their faces were all swollen and unrecognizable even to their loved ones.

Above the bunch of us fleeing, merciless machine guns were firing from planes from a warship. My brother, who was

already very feeble, lay on his face in a hollow about 10 cm deep, and I put my body over him to protect him. We waited for the planes to finish their low-altitude flight. I saw hell.

We spent that night in a pumpkin field at Eba, in a daze watching the city in a blaze.

The following day, I went across the totally burnt city and walked to our relative's house in Hesaka with my family. On our way, we saw hundreds, thousands of burnt bodies. There were also many bodies of charred horses. This was the first bombing I had ever experienced, and I was astounded by the magnitude of destructive power of a bomb.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 13 years old**  
**13-35-011**

My father was on a bridge when the bomb exploded over Hiroshima. He was burnt on the left side of his body. On that hot summer day, under the scorching sun, my father walked to escape from Kan'non-machi, Hiroshima City, to Hatsukaichi, along the Miyajima Line. It would have been a tremendous effort even for a healthy person, still more for my father with his entire left side burnt, it must have been beyond imagination.

Despite his efforts to get home, he died in the Jigozen Shrine at 8 p.m. on August 8.

He was not given any medical treatment for his burn wounds, nor was he able to swallow any food. He was just left to die. It was so heart-breaking, even for a child, to see one's parents die with no hope.

I can never lose this feeling.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 13 years old**  
**34-5003**

I saw a dead body reaching out his charred arms. A man whose body was burnt red-black and looked like a Deva king, jumping into the river. He came to the surface several times before being swept away by the current. I also wanted

to dive into the water to get away from the heat and to cool my burns, but I kept on walking, saying to myself, "You will die like hundreds of others if you jump into the river."

My memory of the day comes up like a kaleidoscope: seeing a mother, with an infant in her hands, crying so intensely as if she had gone mad, saying, "Open your little eyes once more and have some milk from Mother's breasts."

At first I thought that a bomb had exploded right over us. Then, as no contact was possible with any of my family members, my second thought was that it was an explosion of the earth. The heat rays have forever left a huge scar in my memory. I still feel horrified by lightning and thunder.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 13 years old**  
**34-7219**

To check if soldiers were dead or alive, people tapped their bodies with bayonets. When the death was confirmed, their bodies were carried on a zinc plate and, like potatoes, thrown into a hole. When bodies were piled up high enough, they were burned.

With a curiosity of a child, I watched this on our way to go to get a rationed rice ball. Though I was terrible hungry and I had a rice ball, I could not get myself to eat anything after seeing this sight. Later my parents told me not to look at such scenes any more.

As I was warned not to give water to dying soldiers who asked for water, for the water would induce quick death to people in that state, I did not give water. But now I think that if they were to die sooner or later I ought to have given them what they wanted when they were still able to drink.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 14 years old**  
**13-23-076**

Every single thing that happened on that day was a nightmare and cannot be explained by word. It makes me so sad and terrified that by my disposition I cannot tell you anything. I am sorry.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 14 years old**  
**34-5450**

Although I was still a kid, I can remember that day so clearly. But I cannot find any word to explain this. Fear and pain are all mixed together. It was a sight of hell. I loath the people who started this war.

I spent the first couple of days following the bombing with the dead and injured. I was not allowed to go back to my parents' house. People told me the city was on fire and I would not be able to get home anyway. But as I wanted to go home so desperately, I walked along the railroad, stepping over countless dead bodies. Crying in pain, but wanting to go back home to meet my mother, I did my best to continue to walk, forgetting the terror and pain and preoccupied about my mother. Suddenly all my vision was darkened. Mountains of dead bodies dimly came in my sight, but these merely looked like a sculpture of charred human bodies.

How was it possible to do such a thing?

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 14**  
**34-6173**

I arrived at Yokokawa Station and was about to walk to the shoe-making workshop at Mitaki-Ohashi as a called-out worker. I saw a truck with other workers on it coming near me, when there was a flash. I was a child small enough to be behind the truck. But at the next moment I was blown across a nearby road toward one of the houses. I lost consciousness.

When I came to, I found myself under a broken house. I crept out frantically. They say there was a "Flash-Bang" but after the flash I only heard the rattling of things breaking down. So there was the Flash-Rattling, I would say.

I can never forget the horrible scene I saw on my way to escape. There were injured people walking here and there--those with skin hanging down--those whose faces were torn to the bone--a mother with a baby completely burned black--they were in a panic. I can never find words for the

scene. Anyway I could not but be frightened. I was also wet with the black rain.

At Mitaki workshop, the first, second and third grade students of Yasuda Girls High-School, had just begun to work at the moment when the bomb exploded. They were all under the broken building. Beams were so heavy for us to pull away that we could not help them. Teachers told us to escape from the place because it was very dangerous to be there. We went to the dress-making workshop at Gion-cho, where we stayed for about a week because our teacher told us that it was very dangerous to go back home soon.

Later we went to the site of the Mitaki workshop and found all the students turned completely to bones. We made clear their names but could not tell who was who.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 14 years old  
40-0830**

I was a fresh student of Hiroshima Commerce Girls High School. On August the 6th, on the fourth floor of the Post Office. Students had been called to work there. Just after the morning meeting, there was a strong flash. Then, sheer darkness. The strong blast struck my head and face. I could not get up. I could not move. I saw the people run away, leaving me alone. About three hours later, I was carried out on a stretcher covered with blood. The fire was spreading outside. Hotter and hotter. They put a blanket over me. The Red-cross Hospital was full of burned and injured people. Soldiers took me to Ujina on a truck. Four solders fixed me by my hands and feet, and sewed up the wounds on my head and face, with no anesthesia. I tried stand the pain but cried for water. They said "Water will kill you", but still I was given a fifth of a glass of water. "You really can survive. Stop drinking water for your sake", so I stopped drinking water.

That night I was carried from Ujina to the Otake primary school by boat. The classrooms of the school were full of people with various kinds of wounds. Those without sight, those burnt, those who cried with the pain, those who had drunk their own urine because of thirst, those who had maggots on their backs but could not get them off, people who died one after another. Being unable to walk, I could

only creep like a cat. About 20 days after the A-bomb, I finally met my parents.

In September my mother took me to an American military doctor on a cart.

Three years later, fragments of glass came out of the wounds on my face.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 14 years old**  
**13-14-013**

On the way seeking refuge from Kannon-cho to Mt. Koi, I saw fire spreading over the city. Loudly-crying naked people ran past us. Victims gathered at the Koi Primary School. People were crying for water on the street. Almost all of them were found dead next morning. From Tsuchihashi to around Toka-city, I walked back home, often stepping over dead bodies.

By August the 15th I was 14 years old; I became nihilistic as I didn't think I could survive.

I saw more injured people, later as well...terribly burned people and people whose backs were full of maggots. Since then, I can never say the word "maggots".

I have long been oppressed by sadness and regret that I could not do anything to help those who died.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 14 years old**  
**23-0389**

I don't want to remember anything.

There was a dead woman lying on her face in the river. Her long hair was floating and swaying in the water. She must have been terribly thirsty.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 14 years old**  
**27-0061**

I was only a young student. All I could do was walk



behind others. I only wanted to get home. Maybe I was absent-minded and just wandered about. Even if I saw people dead, I could not even feel terrible.

Repeating "What happened?" "What's the matter?" in a grumbling tone, I went on walking.

I will never forget what I saw, as long as I live.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 14 years old**  
**34-4417**

I was a child, then. Thinking that our school (Shintoku Girls High-School) would be there still, I went back to find the school. But there was no school there. I just found many students and teachers dead inside the air-raid shelter in the school yard.

I wandered around the completely burnt out city and walked after strangers through places where a lot of the dead were seen here and there.

I walked back to Kurahashi from Hiroshima three days later.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 14 years old**  
**34-5812**

Hordes of naked injured people were walking toward the Ujina port all day long. Their skin was torn to shreds like seaweed. Those who could not walk any more were lying along the streets, asking for help.

One of the Shinto Shrines was my home. Those who could barely arrive at the shrine and settle down were told by the military to leave for Ninoshima island for fear of further danger. We walked again toward the port. It took much time to walk even one kilometer. As there were so many injured people to be carried, the carriers also become exhausted. At Ujina port, a lot were lying along the streets.

My acquaintance, a junior high-school student, asked me to take him to his home, but I could not help him because I was carrying the injured. All I could do for him then was

to tell him that I would let his family know about him. When his family arrived there, they found him already dead.

The situation was so terrible and still people believed that it was disrespectful toward the gods to let people die in front of the shrine sanctuary. So the dying injured and burnt had to be carried to the next-door nursery. (This was our thinking during the war, but wasn't it terrible that people thought that gods were more important than living human beings?)

In the shrine building, those slightly injured were gathered. But even those who seemingly were not injured, vomiting blood, died one after another.

A nursery child was carried by a burned nursery teacher. The teacher died soon, leaving the child helpless. I remember the child innocently singing a song, leaning on the railing of the shrine corridor. The words of her song were, "Opening baby hands are as pretty as little maple leaves," which stays in my ears even now.

The shrine camp was closed in September. I often think of the child as well as her song, wondering, "How has she been?"

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**13-14-106**

1. We four students picked up some boards and made a rain-shelter in the Nagaregawa River (500 meters from the hypocenter). While we stayed inside the shelter, a woman in her thirties came to us and asked us if she could share the shelter. It was a little before 11 o'clock in the morning. She, seemingly not injured, talked about what the bomb was like around her for about an hour. Soon she vomited. Her condition became worse and worse. About three o'clock in the afternoon, we heard our workshop superior call us to assemble. When we got out of the shelter she seemed not to be able to move. We took her near the river-side and left her there. She told us her name, but I'm very sorry I don't remember it. About three o'clock in the afternoon, a lot of powerless people gathered under the cliff along the river-side.

2. I was impressed by two burned people. They were burnt black on the street track. One was standing and the other was lying. I asked the standing one if he was alive, then he seemed to move a little. I felt so sorry for them that I cannot forget them. I should have asked his name. In those days, students of junior high-schools, both boys and girls, were called out to engage in pulling down houses. I'm sure they must have been among them.

3. A small child seemed to be at home with his mother even if the mother was dying. The mother was worrying about her child. The scene made me feel how cruel war could be for human beings.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**13-53-021**

Suddenly the house fell down over us. If it had not been for my elder brother's help, we would have died. On escaping, we saw so many people in shreds and tatters, with their face skin peeling from burns (at that time I did not know what they were).

At the river-side we wanted to get into the river but we found the river turn to dark brown and dead fish floating on the surface, because the bomb had gone deep to the bottom of the river. So we could hardly get into the river. We did not have strength enough to worry about others. Taking my two-year brother, three- and six-year sisters, my mother and I ran frantically away from there. We missed my elder brother and sister on the way. Our injuries were rather light, but we were full of terror. Losing first-aid kits on the way, with nothing but the clothes on our backs, we did not know what to do.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**23-0404**

We were transferred to the primary school at Eba from the airport of Yoshijima. We stayed there until September 14, 1945 when my mother died. My memories are from there.

We lived in a classroom with a lot of people. A family of five members lived there. All members but one young man

got sick. But soon the young man also got sick. A teacup-sized swelling formed on his waist and maggots had bred in the swelling. He cried in pain but we didn't know what to do for him. Meanwhile he was taken to another place, where he died.

My mother had burns all over her back. Without medical care, she died. Some others in the room also died, but all of them were left there for several days. I remember so many things I saw there.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 15 years old  
40-0740**

At 8:15 a.m. on August the 6th, 1945, the A-bomb was dropped. As it exploded high in the air, damage was wide and immense. The heat was said to be some million degree at the moment of the explosion. Iron melts in 1530 degrees. Glass bottles at around 700 to 800 degrees. So the heat was far greater than what melts iron. In the place 280 meters from the hypocenter, the heat was about 5000 degrees. A customer who was waiting for the bank to open evaporated and only his (or her?) shadow was left imprinted there. Hiroshima's population was 400 thousand at the time. 370 thousand of them were affected by the A-bomb. Among them, 200 thousand were killed. More than 6000 students who were called out for various works were included. For one week or ten days after the explosion, acute symptoms appeared on victims, both men and women. Their hair fell out. Blood and pus came out of their noses, mouths and ears. They had blue spots all over. High fever, diarrhea, bowel bleeding, specks and the like were acute symptoms of radiation diseases, from which a lot of victims soon died.

I myself lost my hair and had serious diarrhea and bowel bleeding. Specks appeared all over and I suffered from purulence for a long time. For three days and nights we stayed outside, while the sky was burning red. We were very thirsty, but as water was said to kill the injured, no water was given.

When I was 15 years old, a third-grade high-school student, I was exposed to the A-bomb at 1.5 kilometers from the hypocenter. I felt as if I had had a very hot bath. The next moment came a deafening blast and I was blown off,

one or two meters. Coming out of the broken house, I found the outside covered with rubble. No road was there. Even big buildings had cracked and collapsed. Fires broke out here and there and cries of "help! help!" were heard out of the fire. A mother's sad voice, "Please help at least my child!" was heard under the broken house, but even if we found her there, we girl students could not move the beams. So, saying, "we will call someone to help", we tried to ask passers-by for some help. We could not get any help for a while but one soldier came to help us. But then the fire prevented us from helping her. She was burnt alive with her child in our sight.

The innocent were burnt alive. They were cremated alive. The sorrow, grief, sadness and regret that we could not help them made me feel at a loss for a while. At the call, "Hurry up and run away from fire!", I came to myself and tearing myself away, I ran, putting hands over my ears to keep from hellish cries. Tears overflowed on my cheeks.

As burning papers and wood chips remind me of that scene and those who were burnt alive, I cannot burn anything even now. I am also annoyed by sirens even today, forty years since then.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**01-0047**

Several hours after the blast there was thunder and black rain. The black rain fell like an evening shower. The river swelled and thunder was heard like blasts. We were afraid that another raid from the enemy would come, and we ran about to take shelter under trees. I was still a child, and frightened very much.

We stayed one night in a bamboo grove. Many came there to take refuge. All of them vomited.

Even those who seemed to be only slightly injured or burned died one after another within a few days, which made me wonder.

They all wanted to drink water. But as it was said that water would kill the injured, I could not give them any water, which seemed pitiless to me. I was sad very much.

When I found them dead, I regretted that I should have given them some water however bitterly I would have been scolded. I cannot forget the regret I felt at the time though I was still very young then.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**11-0166**

1. I saw many people burned alive under broken houses.

2. A ghost-like mother with a keloid face repeatedly getting up and falling down, with her small baby on her knees. That hellish scene has been haunting me ever since, though I was only a child then.

How has the baby been? I wonder if the baby is alive or not.

I saw a dead person with his eyes jutting out 20 centimeters on their muscles. Human bodies and horses were left with only their trunks found.

3. I was looking for my younger brother around the city with my father for three days and at last found him dead at the classroom of Koi Primary School in the evening.

In the yard of the school, there were so many dead bodies that we could hardly walk around. In the dead silence of the night, weird sounds made by dogs biting the bones of the dead reached me. I was so frightened that I cried, holding on to my father. That horrible picture shocked me, only a small child, very much.

I wonder how such hellish and cruel matters could have happened in this world.

4. How miserable it was that my father buried my younger brother in the school yard by himself! I can never forget it as long as I live.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 16 years old**  
**13-35-019**

The blast of the A-bomb came just after the air-raid

warning had been cleared. A worker on the telephone pole was found dead just as he was there.

Our neighbors were under the broken house, and we were too powerless to help them. We had a narrow escape from the spreading fire.

The sudden hell of the A-bomb seemed to drive a beautiful woman of about twenty years old mad. She got naked and clapped hands at the flaring fire, saying "Oh, how beautiful it is!"

We escaped to the Nagatsuka district across the river. Next day I found the river full of the dead, which makes me sick even today.

My mother was under the broken house, but she pulled away roof tiles etc. and was helped.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 16 years old**  
**34-4387**

As a student, I was called out to work at the Hiroshima district post office. After the A-bomb, on my way to escape, I found a three-year-old girl injured on a stairway. She had been with her mother who was a cleaner. Her bowels came out in a coil. She called me "Hello!" with her eyes open. I did not know what to do for her. In fear that helping her there would deprive me of escaping time, so I left there worrying about her. Her silvery coil-like bowels have clung to my memory ever since. I cannot but feel regret for her.

Around the Miyuki Bridge, cows on their way a slaughterhouse at Ujina, were burnt to death. This scene itself was like hell.

The students who had been called out to pull down houses were found to be burnt to death. Why had these innocent students been killed that way? I cried for them in vexation. I made up my mind I would surely avenge them. But now, I think that it is not human beings but war that is wrong. So we must never let another war break out.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female 16 years old**  
**34-5427**

When I was injured and running away, I saw one young mother carrying her baby, with no head, on her back running away crying. I could not help pitying her and we cried together.

This happened in the river below Yokokawa Bridge: an elementary school girl in the 3rd or 4th grade, trying to cross the river, could not reach the other bank as it was so deep. I saw her floating and sinking, crying for help again and again, and at last she was carried away. I could do nothing at all for her. I still have her voice in the depth of my ears now.

At the Tokiwarou Tower in Nigitsu Shrine, someone, so seriously burnt that I couldn't tell whether it was a man or woman, saw me and begged many times, "Girl, give me water, please." I, too, was seriously injured but pumped out water there and gave it to the man in something like a lunch box nearby. Then saying, "How nice!", the man drank the water quickly. As I was watching the man, he died. I was standing shuddering for a while, not knowing what to say.

I was in the 4th grade in the girls' school and we students were mobilized before the bomb fell. After I went over Ouchikoshi Pass and returned to a house at Nakayama-cho, I happened to see myself in a mirror in front of the house. I was very much astonished to see my pitiful figure and cried bitterly. My hair was disheveled and my white shirt turned brown with blood. My 'monpe' (Japanese-style women's pantaloons) had lost the lower half and the upper half was ragged and coming down. My face was injured in 32 places (I knew later) and I almost lost one eye.

I was dressed at Fuchu Elementary School. At about 7 o'clock in the evening, Father and Mother came to see me. I was too happy to speak. (Mother was not herself for sometime after a glance at me.)

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 16 years old**  
**34-7190**

I caught only the light. When I became conscious, I



was buried under a rubble heap. As there was the blaze of fire and it came nearer, I went desperately toward Enkou River. I cannot remember what had become of my friends working with me and how I struggled along to the river. I dropped into the river and was being carried away, pressed by the surging people heavily pursued by the fire. Many many dead bodies and wounded people were floating there. The fever of the fire whirled above our heads.

When I was almost drowned, clinging to a tree, a young man whose arm was being torn off and his mother (I guess) kept fast hold of my hand. I don't know what happened to them after that.

As I was good at swimming a little, I managed to reach the opposite side and went back to my home at Misasa. I do not know how I got there. But what I saw there was only a wide stretch of burnt ruins. My house was lost and nothing could be seen on the ground. There I fortunately met my mother who had been looking for me with anxiety. We two were very glad, for we had been thinking that we could never meet each other again.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 16 years old**  
**13-21-004**

After the bombing, no one came to help us, that is, my father and his daughter (me), for all people had to mind their own family and look to their own interests. Later he lost one eye. Blood dripped from his badly wounded left eyelid. There was no bandage and we were without shoes. As the fire burnt down our house, I was fanned by the hot blast. My skin peeled off and hung down.

We were upstairs and mother and sister downstairs. As father was going to help them I frantically stopped him.

When we began walking to Hiroshima Station, the flames surrounded us and we could not go ahead any more. So we ran away to the Higashi Drill Ground, making a long circuit. Many people were there. Father could no longer walk and lay motionless with his eyes shut.

I wanted to go to our place of refuge but I didn't know about the train. When I went toward Hiroshima Station, I

heard that the Geibi line would start moving. If I took the train, I could go there. I wanted to get on the train with my father, but Father couldn't move. When I was standing without knowing what to do, some stretcher-bearers happened to pass by. I asked them as many times as possible to let my father get on. Though one of them stopped, the man walking ahead passed hurriedly and saved another person. Nevertheless I went along with them to the place.

"Save my father. He cannot walk any more." I followed them to Hiroshima Station though I was told, "Wait. We will not fail to come."

I was a child. When I was standing till dark, the train on the Geibi line left the station puffing out white smoke. As I saw it off, I could not keep back my tears and stood vacantly. My father and I began to walk helplessly. He bandaged his eye with a piece of his Yukata (unlined cotton garment worn in summer) and tied my hand to his, with another piece in order not to part from me. We headed toward our place of refuge slowly, little by little, like sleepwalkers. When we found our way to Hesaka Elementary School, it was about 2 a.m. rather than midnight. How we wished to drink water! We were so thirsty! Now, writing down this statement, I cannot help my tears falling.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 16 years old**  
**13-23-094**

On that day, I was mobilized to the monopoly bureau at Minami-machi from the girls' high school. It was a tremendously bright flash. We thought all the electricity at the monopoly bureau had suddenly shorted at one time. There was a dull sound, sputtering. The next moment I felt knocked down flat by something. I don't know how much time passed from then. When I noticed, it was pitch-dark around there. No one seemed stirring. I began to grope my way. Boxes were scattered about so it wasn't easy to take a step forward. In the light brown darkness, people began to appear, walking, by twos and threes. It grew pretty light around, and people's faces were beginning to appear.

Beside the broken houses, a voice reached my ear, "Give me water," then I said, "Water comes out here." He was drinking water heavily. I saw him closely, and found he was

a soldier. All his body was gray. What kind of ash was he covered with? He had no clothes on. At several places on his leather belt, something shabby hung. On his leather strip crossed from his shoulder, too, was something twisted. When I looked closely at it unintentionally, it was not a part of the military uniform but his skin peeling off and hanging down twisted. From his big boots and the belongings around his waist, I knew that he was a soldier.

**Hiroshima, 1 km, Female, 17 years old  
13-27-046**

When I was scampering away chased by the flame, I saw the skin of almost naked people peeled off as if rags were hanging down.

The way blocked by the fire, I was compelled to go down to the river, and there many wounded or burnt soldiers were crying for water and a young officer, also wounded, was walking encouraging them with his saber for a stick.

Toward evening, a charred body lying on his face as if he had grasped the earth at a riverside house which was finally burnt up.

As I myself bled badly from pieces of broken glass, it was all I could do to make a narrow escape with the help of my friend. To my great regret, I was quite powerless then. I will never forget these dreadful sights deep in my mind until my death.

**Hiroshima, 1 km, Female, 17 years old  
34-5887**

I suffered from the bombing while in the toilet. Anyway I crawled out, half unconscious. When I came out, a sheet of fire spread before my eyes. I ran away with some of my friends toward Hesaka. We found our friends were dead, though seeming uninjured, but all of us could do nothing for them.

The intestines of one of my comrades protruded; another lay down on her back with her head broken and another went mad and was talking in a delirium. We talked to none of

them and all I could do was run away.

Thinking of it now, I don't know where their ashes went. I think it regrettable not to let their families know this. But I was powerless at that time.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 17 years old  
13-19-025**

I am hesitating as to whether to write in this space or not, to the last extremity. Though I have finished other spaces, I don't feel like writing. If I were able to write this page smoothly, I could have easily written like a memorandum of 5 or 6 pieces of manuscript during the past 40 years. But I feel sorry for leaving this space blank as it is the widest one. So I will try to write something following the examples of A to C.

A) The attitudes of people's deaths were infinitely various. As far as I saw the agony of living people, none of them tossed themselves about in great pain. They all seemed quiet and half-dead. The infants who could cry were crying. But when the cries stopped, they seemed to have passed away.

B) I was apathetic when I saw dead bodies and that people were dying right and left one after another.

C) Those who came to escape in a line found my kettle without a lid, which was my only property. They took it quickly and drank directly and passed it from hand to hand. Watching my kettle, I followed it unsteadily. When it became empty, I felt pity for them. So, forgetting my wounded leg and burns, in order to draw water I lightly jumped into the river in good form but became all limp. I tried to crawl up with a cry, clinging to a fence, but in vain. Then an injured soldier in a white robe pulled me up. Possibly I may owe my life to him. But he himself would have died within a week. May he rest in peace!

I must always keep him in mind. I shall never forget what he did for me.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 Km, Female, 17 years old**  
**13-40-006**

My family lived on an island in the Inland Sea and only I came to Hiroshima when I was 16 years old.

Just after the bombing, I crossed a burning bridge to run away. It fell down as soon as I crossed it. For a few minutes later (I don't know exactly), at Inari-machi I saw a mother with a child in her arms crying on the roof of a burning house. "I'll throw this baby. Please catch it!" I cried to her, "The baby will die. Come down with the baby." But as the fire came, I could not help her and ran away.... I am sure that the mother and the baby died. When I remember that, I always feel miserable, painful and sad. I cannot tell anyone about that still now. When I think of it, it sticks so sharply in my memory like a bur that I cannot bear anymore. The moans and the groans, mingled with the cries, remain in my mind even now.

I worked in a hospital and was a member of a relief party. I was wearing some monpe, jackets and so on but the girls running away were no better than naked. I took off my clothes little by little and gave them to some of them. I was crying, doing this.

cf. On August 5 I went to see a movie with three of my friends. When we returned to the hospital, the director cried in anger, "From the 5th day to the 6th, Hiroshima will suffer water or fire torture. Where have you been in such an emergency?"

As we had been told to prepare our clothes, we were ready to put them on one over another on to the 6th morning. The director said that he had heard about that from a military policeman.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 17 years old**  
**40-0245**

Though I am requested to write, I can write only one example on that day, as there were too many various tragic accidents that are bloodcurdling, beyond description, even when I remember them now.

Hearing the voice, "Escape quickly," we ran away madly from within the city trailing smoke burnt to tatters, in the direction of Ushita in the suburbs, in great numbers, sometimes tripping, without noticing the pain and the blood from our wounds.

On the way the entirely-burnt dangling electric wire of a train was giving off fire. But we passed under it. When we heard a voice for help under the crushed houses beside the road, we could do nothing. We still went on and saw a cow with its hair on fire gone wild; a horse (for a cart) began to lash out and a dog rushed out. In such a terrible state, we only ran and ran without fear.

After we left the city streets, we went to the bank of Ota River. As the opposite bank across the bridge was a sea of fire, we could neither go forward nor return. So we went down to the sands of the river beach, crowded with refugees. When we looked carefully at the black faces, we could not tell whether they were male or female, and people who barely struggled along to the river beach fell down, their lips turned over and noses becoming big and burnt. The moans of the soldiers. A man who dived into the river asking frantically for water, never to return. A man lying beside me cried, "Give me your hand, please." So I clasped his hand and soon it became cold. Though I was told not give water to those who suffered burns, unable to stand by any longer, I gave them water out of my hands. I regret it now. How painful it is!

After such two or three dreadful hours had passed, the enemy planes again came to attack and a formation of ship-based airplanes circled in the lower sky and shot scatteringly at us. The people who could move (I could, too) were waist-deep in the water and every time the enemy attacked, we dived under the water to hide our heads. At last the attacks came to an end. I found the opposite bank was entirely burnt. After the fire had calmed down in the evening, a military policeman kindly took me to the country. I passed through the hot air, and every time I walked on the ruins, the melting smell of rubber came up. It was really hell on earth.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 17 years old**  
**34-6161**

The moment the bomb was dropped, the sky got dark as if the electricity had been cut off. When I ran to the outskirts of Koi-machi, I was caught in the black rain. My house was at Furue. I didn't know what on earth had happened and all I could do then was to scamper away with my friends. I can never forget the scene, that cows and horses, together with the people, were floating in the river.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 17 years old**  
**34-6270**

I am sorry but I want to answer in the form of "tanka"  
(a Japanese verse).

I wandered about Hiroshima  
Stumbling and stumbling  
Over the burnt dead bodies  
In my 17-year-old summer

Floating corpses fully burnt  
Of soldiers and girl students  
Floating away under the bridge  
But I only passed by

Dared to eat it  
Rice ball in my mouth  
Beside the mortuary  
Gathered and burnt

I saw a devilish woman  
Digging up the rubble heap  
With bare hands  
And mother crying for father's name

Pushing aside the dead bodies  
And the living with maggots  
I cried strolling about  
The name of my father

Even now  
I am still with the odor

Of a great many dead bodies burning  
Of Hiroshima

Don't ask me  
Why I don't like anything like  
Smoked fish and meat  
And the vinegary oysters

**Hiroshima, 1 km, Female, 18 years old  
27-0523**

I was studying as a second-term student nurse at the Second Hiroshima Army Hospital. I suffered from the bombing when I was studying with my close friend, xx, sitting side by side. I was crushed under the broken building and became unconscious so I couldn't tell what had happened. But I heard all the friends had rescued me and xx, one of the students, had taken the trouble to run away with me. When my friends were handing me over to the next friends and came into the delta, I felt sharp pain as if I had been stuck with red-hot tongs. Then I recovered consciousness. I found that I could not walk even one step. I was dragged to the bamboo-grove, and laid there.

I tried to raise my head to see where it was but I could not move. I got thirsty in the throat, and asked a neighbor for some water, but she could not move. In the river many dead people were floating. The sky was very red and all was burning in Hiroshima.

Though there was water, I could not drink even a drop. I felt I was lying alone in the desert. Then the sky got very dark and large drops of rain began to fall. I did not know it was terrible radioactive rain, so I thought that heaven would help me. I tried hard to open my mouth to drink the rain, but in vain. Only my body got wet. Toward evening, the chief nurse, and three my friends passed me in a small boat over to the other bank though they themselves crossed in the water. Then I was laid on the bank beside a big bridge and three days later I was accommodated in Hesaka camp. The hospital was full of the wounded. Those who could move a little were sent to other places and only the seriously wounded remained. Maggots hatched in the wounds, and they begged nurses for water but they didn't give it. Some of them found it unbearable and crawled out at night.



They were found dead with their heads thrust into the rice fields.

It is said my good friend xx had her abdomen torn, an intestine came out about 10 cm and she died on the 3rd day. People lying next to me died one after another. I also hovered between life and death, but was saved by my mother's desperate nursing.

Thanks to everybody's help, I live today. I can never forget that the parents of xx visited me and wished me to get well soon and live long. I am sorry that against my dream I could not become a nurse, as I am weak in my body.

**Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, 18 years old**  
**13-12-050**

"Ittekimasu (See you)" On August 6, at 7:30 a.m. was the last voice. Since then, I could not meet my parents again. At that time, I was 18 years old and working at Mitsubishi Hiroshima Dockyard belonging to the volunteer corps. Though I don't know whether it was lucky or unlucky, only I was saved by a time lag.

I, an only daughter, didn't know what had happened and whether I lived or not. Thinking of it now, I was making frantic efforts to recover myself anyway.

Into the dockyard, the wounded, the burnt and those who were gasping from breath were carried one after another. The scene was like hell on earth.

I had been anxious about my parents and on the third day I managed to come into the city streets. My house was at 3 chome-st. Otemachi, about 0.5 km from the blast center. Asphalted roads are soft and hot, hard to walk on for these wearing rubber shoes, and wooden clogs were almost caught. I put on straw sandals from the company. On the way I saw everywhere the burnt, the dead and people burnt black in scores and I couldn't tell mouths from faces. A big black stone, I thought, was a cow lying dead on its back with its eyes open and a horse was standing still. I could not know whether it was alive or dead. The roads were full of dead bodies.

I don't know how many people begged me saying, "Sister! Give me a cup of water!" with moans of pain, stretching their red, skinless arms. But I could not grant their last wishes. I trod on not a few dead bodies, saying in my mind, "I am sorry." I had to look for my parents. Otherwise, I couldn't go toward my house.

A lot of dead bodies, burnt red hot, sore and swelling like balloons, were floating in every river. The city was full of a filthy smell, and maggots were crawling on the bodies of the dead and the wounded.

On the fifth day, at last I could find my parents' bodies. They had turned to charcoal so I could do nothing for them. Both lost their heads and there were something like arms and legs. Mother was dead at a place like the kitchen, lying on her back with one foot up. Father was dead in the air-raid shelter in the garden.

I have a mountain of things to write. But every time I remember them, my regret and anger increase. Every year the 6th of August rolls around. But I don't want to remember that day.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**34-7240**

Our house was already going up in flames when I got out. With a man helping me, I managed to run under the flames which formed like a tunnel. He had been playing at a billiard parlor attached to my house since that morning. I vomited something yellow at the foot of Hijiyama hill.

We had to leave my mother pinned down under the ruins. She was still alive to speak then. We tried for dear life to help her out, but we heard her say clearly, "I will die here, and you just run and join your father." Later on I told my father how we had to leave her behind. Then he said, "If I had been there, I could have helped her out." It made me feel very terrible. Right after the bomb Mr. xx, was shouting at me, "The fire is catching us up; we must hurry away." I must have been too upset to think or do anything at that time and fled here following that man, I don't want to talk or remember that.

We joined a girl who used to live in our flat downstairs, somewhere in Hijiyama. She was of my age and had been with me when the A-bomb explosion took place. In the evening, we were each given a rice ball; but she was too weak to eat it and I had hers as well as mine. The girl died in September. I feel ever so sorry for her. She and I were fellow sufferers in having been A-bombed under similar circumstances.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**34-7241**

On the morning of August 6 I set about my work on the ground floor of the city hall. Just then I was blown down by a sudden blast in the room and I found pieces of broken glass stuck on my back. I fled into the courtyard, where crowds of seriously injured people were gathering. Some of them had their clothes on fire. A soldier-like man told us to get out of the yard which could be exposed to yet another danger. Again I started to run away, heading for Yoshijima Airport with five other girls. Every one of us had fragments of glass stuck in our bodies. We were so desperate to flee that we took every risk without a sense of horror, such as running across a burning bridge. At the airport we took shelter under an airplane to stay until it got dark. Then we left there and once more made for Miyuki Bridge.

I went back to my house in Danbaraohata-machi, where I found my house totally destroyed. Having no place to stay, I made my way to Nio to a friend's place. She let me stay overnight on the grapery covered with a mosquito net for the time being.

I was back to work at the city hall in September or October that year, and after a while, I quit there in order to get married. We five girls were able to survive the calamity. I wonder what happened to those numerous injured people crying for help while we were running away. It was beyond our strength to give them a helping hand, and yet I feel guilty whenever I think of them.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 19**  
**13-23-036**

Some people were still alive, dragging their intestines. Others gasped their last, swollen and red all over with bad burns. What a cruel death!

As mobilized students, our classmates were working in the needle industry at a plant called, "Kowa-Mishinbari" in Yokogawa; they were to make shoes for soldiers there. With that fatal explosion, countless needles were blown up and fell over us. Many of our classmates were burnt to death or perished cruelly with hundreds of needles stuck into their faces and bodies. I can never forget how miserable their last moments were.

The following is what I was told later and also what I can never put out of my mind.

My father made a daily visit to the plant and tried to find my body among the other girls, laid out side by side and all alike, being burnt black. There he met a mother, who was able to identify a body as her daughter by the design on the slacks the girl had worn, part of which remained unburnt. She went back carrying the charcoal-like body on her back.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**13-21-040**

I cannot forget about my child, who was missing when I gave up as lost. It was only me that was rescued there. I once dashed back to my house in Senda-machi and found it not yet burnt. I kept hearing those desperate cries from demolished houses. Those desperate voices still linger in my ears and make me feel remorse.

Looking round at that time, I saw raging flames running after me at furious speed.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**34-8212**

I was inside the Hiroshima Station when the A-bomb

exploded. Coming round, I found myself in pitch-darkness. It gradually lightened in a while. Before I got to the exist, I saw a great many victims, already dead or in the throes of death lying on the ground. Strangely, those victims didn't appeal to my slightest feeling, nor did I feel happy about my having escaped from death. We wandered about the streets thronged with injured people in want of water and in death agonies. None of us uttered any words or could help them in any way.

Afterward I knew a friend of mine was missing. It grieved me more than anything else, even more than the fact of myself having been a victim of the A-bomb explosion. She and I were together inside the station then. My survival made her family all the more sorrowful. I have been - will be for the rest of my life - stung with remorse all the time.

Forty years have passed since then. During that time I have undergone all kinds of hardships. It has been such a long and trying period of my life with that matter on my mind. I can never confide it to anyone. It is not without a shudder that I remember it. That long space of time, however, seems to have been easing my mind gradually. I seemed to be thought of as a funny kind of woman for sometime after that catastrophe.

### (3) In Their 20s

**Hiroshima, 1 km, Female, Age 20**  
**13-33-007**

At the instant of A-bomb explosion I fell unconscious, pinned under the desk on the fourth floor of Fukuya, - a department store. I was working at the office of the Administrative Munitions Bureau of Chugoku district there. On coming to my senses, I plunged down the stairs with my colleagues to get out of the building. While running away we saw numerous people badly burnt gathering at the river front. They looked as if painted with mercurochrome all over the surface of their bodies. Hundreds of bodies were almost carbonized and piled up in trams. I can still visualize those scenes.

I remember how desperate I was in taking the leap of

three meters from Sentei to the river front ground, and in clinging to a log while swimming across the river, - I couldn't swim at that time. After crossing a long railway bridge step by step at Yokogawa, we managed to come near the Koi station. There we met a woman wearing a lace blouse. She was burnt just on the spots exposed through the open fabric. It really frightened us.

My little brother, a municipal school-boy in seventh grade, was carrying on the work of building removal when that explosion took place. He was rescued by the army next day and got home in Itsukaichi on the 8th, but his misery ended two days later. Though quite conscious to the last, he had many serious burns on his arms and legs and his face was awfully swollen, - a miserable sight indeed. He had sung the national anthem with some friends right after the explosion, we heard.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 20**  
**33-0153**

The A-bomb explosion took place after a precautionary air raid alarm had been canceled. It made the city of Hiroshima a hell on earth in a moment. All of a sudden, it got dark and at that instant thinking it must be a bomb explosion or something, I lay on my face. Then in another second I ran out of the place to find my daughter had gone. She should have been waiting for me there.

Everyone walking along the street looked stupefied. So many people fell and lay on the ground. Their faces were swollen all alike and you couldn't tell them apart. They were crying for help or water. I couldn't help them though, being almost driven mad by my missing daughter. I wandered about all day long trying to find her, but in vain. Our house was destroyed by fire. I waited for the dawn at Higashi military drill field, seeing houses in flames.

The next morning I went to the station again, clinging to the only remaining hope. And there I found a notice board at the very spot where I had left her. It said, "Your daughter, xx, is safe. Come to the Japan Oil Mill. 2nd Lt. xx." What an immense relief! I was so overjoyed that I felt as if I was walking in air. We wished to thank the Lieut. in person, but we couldn't find him. It has been on

my mind. We spent the postwar time in much confusion, owing him thanks. I feel heartily sorry for those badly injured in need of help, but I was too anxious about my missing family to give them a helping hand at that time.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 20**  
**34-9025**

It was too late for us, about 30 fellow sufferers, to flee from the fire. We were getting enveloped in flames, and had no choice but to put our bodies under the water in a nearby ditch. As the water heated up enough to boil, about 10 fellows perished. "Hot! Hot!" was the last word they uttered. I can never forget how painful it was to lie in the ditch till the fire passed over us. After that we were caught in a downpour of rain. The rain washed down my bloody body and I remember, about 15 survivors recited a Sutra for me. They thought I would die then, so I was told later.

My brother carried me on his back to Oshiba Park, where a great many people met a harsh death in want of water. I was blinded and often nearly dead. But I kept praying in my mind, "At any cost, I must survive." Thanks to my mother and brother, I have been healthy so far. The groans of those in great agony still sound in my ears.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 21**  
**13-12-200**

I got hurt in the shoulder and feet by the A-bomb explosion at the office of a town block association, where I was working. Dashing back to my house, I found the whole neighborhood was totally destroyed and could not tell where it had been. Meantime, fires broke out here and there around me. While running about looking for my mother, I came upon her with a next-door aunt, both badly burnt. Taking them with me I crossed a river and fled in the direction of no fire. I took the two to the Army Hospital, but they refused to let us in. We had to shelter in a dugout outside the hospital. Soon after we were caught in the black rain. I had to carry them to a clothing depot on a cart which I found nearby. The place was full of people seriously injured or burnt. Mother had severe burns on the

face, neck and arms. She also had bloody excretions and became unconscious from that day. I would have liked her to be given a shot or something, but she didn't get any treatment. We had no food and I myself was unable to move due to fever. Three days later the next-door aunt gasped her last without getting any treatment. Her burns looked like charcoal. The other injured around us also died one after another. There was a girl found dead one morning in spite of having looked well the evening before. With so many shocking death-bed scenes like that, I seemed to be growing callous to death. I was worrying about my father, too. But the fever prevented me from going out to look for him. We have never learned how he breathed his last.

I went back to our block and put up a signboard at the ruin of my house to make known where we were. I wanted mother to get some vitamin shots and went about hunting for the injection. On my way back to the depot in the evening, I could see so many corpses gathered and burnt to ashes everywhere. Scenes like that made me think there could be nothing more horrible and distressing than that calamity.

Mother escaped death by a miracle. She suffered from cancer, but has been breathing up till now. I haven't told anyone this story; I didn't want to. It isn't what I can readily talk about either. I felt quite reluctant even to put it down here.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 21**  
**13-27-002**

I fled to the hill of Koi with a friend. On our way we saw a man applying some oil to his burns in a doorway of someone's house, where he was given the oil. I went back to my father's home town the next day, where lots of bodies were seen everywhere. Some of them showed that they had been seized with death while putting their heads into a water tank from thirst. Others were piled up, indicating they had been blown to death one on top of the other. Those scenes still remain vividly in my mind.

How miserable we were, to be estranged by ignorant people in the countryside, being suspected of having an infection!



**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 21**  
**34-5133**

On that morning I was inside the office and escaped from being burnt by the A-bomb explosion. After that I left the office for Yokogawa to go home on foot. Although blood was running from my cuts from glass fragments, I was not so seriously harmed as others, whom I came upon on the streets. With frequent stumbles and falls over those bodies laid everywhere, I seemed to be getting stupefied and not feeling dreadful or sickened. To keep away from fires raging this way and that, I made a detour and got home after a long way, walking like a sleepwalker. I don't remember how and which paths I took to get home then. On my way back I kept hearing badly wounded victims gasping, "Water, give me water," with their sore hands held out to us, passers-by. "You can get it soon." How many times I repeated that lip service to push my way through a crowd of them! "What else could I do?" I asked and consoled myself standing on a bridge ready to collapse in flames.

My sister was missing from our family circle; but I couldn't think much about her in my distraction. There were lots of sore hearts gathering in a canebrake. I stood utterly at a loss how to take care of them without any medicine or other things that might help, though I myself was able to move. While in the downpour of black rain I tried to shelter some kids from that rain by exposing my body to it. They were felling more irritated when it touched them on their burns. That was all I could do to help them.

**Hiroshima, 1 km, Female, Age 22**  
**34-4944**

When I barely crawled out from the ruins of the house, it was at dusk that day and a fire was blazing high into the air beyond the backyard. Some people were running away with their charred skin peeling off and hanging down. Corpses and carcasses were everywhere. Some breathed their last on the point of escaping into a water tank. It was as if we were in hell. Those fallen on the ground were crying out for help or water, - their voices still sound in my ears. How could I help them? Excusing myself in my heart and closing my eyes, I just fled, heading for Yoshijima Airport.

I was naked to the waist, barefooted and was helping my seriously injured mother to follow me.

The airport was thronged with corpses and groaning victims, too. Their skin was burnt black and greasy with oil all over. Lots of the injured were waiting in line for further treatment; but medical officers and corps members were only a few there. Beside, drugs and water had to be conveyed by plane - far from meeting the demand. Dying of thirst, we drank out of a stagnant water tank with wrigglers in it - I cannot remember it without shudders. At night we would hear a creaky sound of sculling a boat loaded with corpses. The air raid sirens were also sounding from time to time. How many sleepless nights we had to spend in fear, with no other place to escape to!

There was a delivery in such chaos. What a terrible time the new mother had to bear all by herself without any relatives or acquaintances in attendance! I cannot forget that she kept weeping day in day out holding the baby's remains in her arms. It filled my heart with emotion; but I didn't have the courage to give her a word of consolation. I myself had just lost a child of my own. Everything is too full of horrors and sorrowful to remember. I hate to recall it and can no longer put it here. Please excuse me.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 22**  
13-17-009

Countless miserable people I remember having seen.

A man was burnt black to death, holding on to a strap in a tram car, and only the stomach band he was wearing was left unburnt.

A soldier wearing nothing but military trousers lost his mind and was dashing along the river bank opposite with his hands held up.

A mother lost her mind, having had her baby blown out of her arms with the bomb blast. She was singing a lullaby all the time without noticing she herself was hurt. (She was a relative of mine.)

A school girl, turned the color of claret and glazed

all over, was just tottering about like a ghost. She was stretching out her arms and crying for her mother.

A new-born baby still in the afterbirth was uttering a feeble cry, with its mother already dead.

A man had his eyes blown out and his eye sockets looked deeply hollowed out.

One-handed people had a wrinkled skin like potatoes fresh from the garden.

Some sufferers barely reached the river front with their peeled finger skin hanging down from the tips. The skin looked like rags.

Quite a few of those sitting or lying on the river front were swept away by the rising tide.

Along the river banks too, there were so many injured people laid side by side that we could hardly go along the bank, stepping across each of them.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 23**  
**34-6120**

Although I found it hard to move because of pain, I tried to drag myself, scooping up some water with a broken saucer and moistening the lips of a woman. She lay beside me and died, purple all over. I still think that was a good action.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 23**  
**13-32-041**

There were thousands drowned in the river, though they had narrowly survived the terrible explosion. At the sight of the river water they plunged into it just as if being pushed down, one after another, - so impatient of the thirst, heat and pain. A group of sufferers at the riverside wouldn't stop their plunge but just watched them go in a stupor of shock, or more correctly, they were too weak to come closer to the water, and just stayed there. Burnt people lying on the ground kept gasping out, "Pass

water at me. Your piss will do." I ran away and reached the construction battalion, where I saw wounded soldiers laid out just like matches in a row. While wandering the streets looking for a friend, I came across a graveyard where dead bodies lay in piles. They seemed to have fled into that spacious yard. Those bodies were burnt black, all alike, and barely distinguishable between man and woman. We used to tell them a part by the length of hair.

A woman in my neighborhood had changed so much in looks that I could scarcely recognize her. She was among those who had survived the explosion in an air raid shelter, where she was so terrified that her hair turned white in just a day. I also met someone with maggots wriggling under the healing skin.

A neighbor woman and I fled to Kabe helping each other. Her elder son, a secondary school boy, got badly burnt and came home to seek his parents, but there he ended his days. A next-door young woman working at the Bank of Japan was blown off and knocked against the roof top of a building adjacent to the Bank. It was some days later that her death was known by a piece of cloth, which was identified as part of what she was wearing then. People found it hard to leave the ruins of their houses, as they were hoping their missing family members might come home at any time. Meanwhile, we gathered up bodies scattered in the neighboring area to cremate them. That smell of burning and the blue flames can never be put out of my mind.

I have endless thoughts on that calamity and always feel sorry for having been too stupefied then to be of any help to people in agony. I think those who invented such a dreadful A-bomb and those who had the cruelty to put it to use have the most merciless minds. At the same time I keenly feel how important education is, thinking of my whole generation and our parents' being inculcated with patriotism. It's our part to make known what painful sacrifices we had to suffer in the past to win the peace of today.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 23**  
**34-5286**

On our way to a refuge we came across a school girl

thrown out on the roadside. She was crying in agony, "Kill me! Kill me!" I couldn't lend any help to her; I myself was helping an elder escape with me.

A mother was pulling her children out of an air raid shelter. Another one, who ran up to us along a national road in Gion, kept saying, "I have killed three of my children." When she was trying to help her children out of a dugout her clothes caught fire, she had to flee. She said repeatedly, "Forgive Mummy, please."

While running away we were caught in oily rain and took shelter from it under the bridge in Mitaki. And there some fellows washed their hands and feet in the river while some others drank the water running down from there. In the playground of Misasa Primary School we saw poor children who had blisters all over their faces. We sheltered there for a while.

Among us escapees, there were those who had mercurochrome applied to their wounds. They looked awfully unnatural like red devils, which are ever present in my mind.

I thought hell on earth would be like that. So dreadful indeed. It must never happen again. We don't want our offspring to suffer a war calamity.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 23  
34-5940**

Coming round, I found myself in smoldering bomb ruins, which had brought distant buildings, such as Fukuya, the dome or over the station, into plain view. Someone tried to help me get out, but he couldn't lift up a pillar, under which I was pinned down. Folding his hands, he chanted a Sutra right before me and fled away. Then the flames were spreading toward my feet. There seemed little hope of my escaping death. In a little while though, the pillar started loosening up somehow. I barely got out of there and ran off toward Koi Bridge.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 24**  
**09-0005**

To get to my house in Takata-gun, I left Senda-machi, crossed Miyuki Bridge and walked north along the foot of Hiji-yama hill. When I found my way to Midorii in the suburbs of Hiroshima, I called at a first-aid station to get treatment. The station was pitched in the precinct of a temple, which was thronged with seriously injured people brought by truck, in succession. There were only two doctors on duty there though. While waiting their turn for treatment, the injured laid on the ground died one after another. There was a crowd of flies on those fresh dead bodies, which were carried to a nearby field on a stretcher. And there volunteer guards seized each of the bodies by the limbs to throw it into the fire. For every throw, more black smoke would rise up in the blue sky. A woman who had fallen to the ground right before me became motionless. Then stretcher men came up to her; but just when they lifted her body up she said in a feeble voice, "I am still breathing." "This one is yet alive", they said indifferently and laid her back to the ground and went off without a word of sympathy. It made me think that some who had been too weak to give voice must have been treated as corpses and thrown into the fire alive one after another.

Although forty years have passed since then, I still recall this in tears.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 24 years old**  
**13-47-003**

On that disaster, no words written or spoken can describe what took place. Movie films and TV programs are only counterfeit. What the disaster really was cannot be realized by anyone but the Hibakusha.

It was when people felt relieved to hear the air-raid alert called off that suddenly the sun exploded and blasted Hiroshima completely. I cannot think of it in other way.

Seeing people in tatters writhing in agony from their injuries, all I could think of was my own life. Such as I was, even today I feel overwhelmed with resentment at those people and cannot be calm. This is because I am still

alive.

Even now, 40 years later, I cannot forget the sight of Korean people in the neighborhood, suffering discrimination in those days, screaming out in their mother tongue, twisting and rolling in agony at the moment of death.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 24 years old]**  
13-52-002

Without thinking of saving my mother, I fled alone to my relatives in Hesaka. People, with the skin dangling down, were stumbling along and collapsing with a thud one after another, falling down to die.

Staying indoors at home, I had no burns but I did not remember my mother, who must have been buried under the collapsed house. Later I went back to look for her, but in vain. I could not find even her body. In punishment for this behavior, I thought, I had to marry my cousin against my will, and had been resigned to my fate for 15 years.

Surrounded by terribly injured people, I felt even ashamed because I had no burns. What I did for them, I cannot remember. Doing nothing, I am afraid, I made my way stepping over their bodies.

Still now I often have nightmares about this, and people say, "It's neurosis".

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 26 years old]**  
13-14-005

I wriggled out of the collapsed building, and when the blue sky came in sight how deeply impressed I was, I cannot forget all my life. Worried about my family but I was scared to see the burning with flames nearby. I hastened as soon as possible to where buildings or houses had been cleared. On the way, there were some people asking for help but I was so desperate with my own life that I could not lend them a hand; I now repent for that.

Arriving at a square I saw lines of people covered with burns and sores, or hanging skin. It was just like a

picture of hell. As I fortunately escaped without injuries, I could not believe what I saw around me and wondered why and how it happened.

At Hijiyama there were many secondary school girl students, whose faces were swelled red and it seemed that even their parents could not recognize their own daughters. They were begging for water, all in the same way. This still remains in my mind so vividly.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 26 years old**  
**34-5924**

At that time I was at Yokokawa Station. A piercing flash and a thunderous roar brought complete darkness. I thought I was hit directly by a bomb. Worried about my mother and my child at home (Higashi-Kan'non-machi), I made my way against the flow of people fleeing toward the countryside. On the way I heard some calls for help from under fallen houses, but it was beyond me. I saw many bloodstained men under mattresses, which were used to escape the danger, who exhausted themselves just going down the steps to the river.

A woman, apparently a mother, was breathing faintly and was dying, to whose breast an unclothed infant was clinging. I wanted to save the infant. The instant I touched him, he burst out crying and it was impossible to separate him from his mother. Even now I cannot forget the infant, asking myself whether I should have taken him with me in any case; I still cannot forget.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 26 years old**  
**34-5873**

I was on my way home from my uncle's on the street of Misasa 1-chome, holding my eldest son 41 days after his birth when the atomic bomb fell.

Even though I was holding a parasol to shelter from the sun I got burned in the front and so did my son, on half of his body. Back to my home at Mitaki right away, we took refuge in a clump of bamboo nearby for 24 hours or so. After that we stayed at home for 3 days. Because I was



given no medical treatment, I went to Oshiba Primary School, leaving my son at home, where I stayed for about 40 days. During that time my mother brought my son with her, because he was dying. He died beside me.

Soon my husband was demobilized and came home. Although my mother gave him food and other necessities, he did not care for me at all, nor any sincerity, only using offensive words. I divorced him at the end of 1945.

After that I was in bed for about a year. My mother took care of me, making and giving me a medical decoction.

#### (4) In Their Thirties

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 31 years old  
23-0328**

With my back exposed to the radiation flash while outdoors, I fled to the Artillery Bridge at Hijiyama hill and received medical treatment in the air-raid shelter. On both sides of the street were burned people bent over and soldiers applying cooking oil to burns. I heard that those who got burned over a third of the body could not survive. But after more than a week unconscious, I just escaped death, and 4 months later I was able to return to my native place.

Looking down at burning Hiroshima from Hijiyama hill, I thought of the sufferings inflicted on ordinary people by the war and that we must never allow a war to recur. All the stories of those who fled to Hijiyama were frightful and hair-raising; flames almost devouring a woman under a fallen house; people pulling her out to find a headless baby on her back. Another story was about people whose faces were terribly burned, so terrible that it was impossible to recognize eyes or mouth. They were lying moaning with pain. I heard many stories of this kind.

Lying face down because of the burns on my back, I was confined to bed for about 50 days. I could not walk around to see the devastated city by myself. Nevertheless, their stories were enough to understand how cruel the war was.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 31 years old**  
**34-7242**

I lost consciousness and when I came to myself it was gloomy, dark with clouds. I looked around and the sight was like a scene from hell. Wanting to die as I was, I cried out, "Let it be now, let it be now". But after a few moments, I was moved by a sudden strong desire to live and ran to an air-raid shelter, but in vain, it was full of people squirming.

With the feeling of my body burning I could not stay still. Soon burns prevented my walking and I stooped down. Around me was hell.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 31 years old**  
**34-5874**

31 years old when the atomic bomb fell.

A member of the Mitsubishi anti-aircraft battery unit, seriously burned on the upper part of his body from the waist, asked for some water, which I gave him. In the instant he drank it, he fell down with a thud and died. Those who had been at work were all burned or injured and our clothing, even underwear, was tattered. Among them, I think I was the worst.

People in tatters using a mattress for cover or wearing a sheet came to an aid station. At the athletic ground they spread straw mats and pitched tents, which were used as an emergency aid station. There poured in such a great number of people that many of them were unable to be taken in, and the overflowing injured were lying under the burning sun without any shade.

A cask of white liniment was provided; the liniment was thrown over the wounded by a dipper or smeared on with a brush and they were then turned over for treatment on their other side. I think that among them some were already dead. It was a tragedy that many youth who should have had their hopeful future were injured and lying there.

There was a line of hairless boy student-workers aged between 12 and 14 or 15, whose caps might have been blown

off by the blast.

Another pitiful sight at the aid station were the voices of children, looking for their families or relatives. They were mixed with the pain of my own wounds, preventing me from falling asleep.

When I was asked for water, I gave it without hesitation. Now I think that the water I gave them was contaminated by radioactivity; which I regret; I did wrong and feel sorry for them.

There was a lotus field near where I was hit, with green leaves withered and dried up.

**Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 33 years old**  
13-33-021

1. Bodies burned to bones or black, it was impossible to recognize their sex. The fat of their faces was exposed.

2. The sight of a dead soldier, standing alone, looking up at the sky in front of the moat at the Western Drill Ground.

3. A person, with running green snivel had lost his sight. But he wanted to eat a tomato, saying, "I will die for it."

4. In a burned streetcar at the Kamiya-cho Cross a burnt body was left alone.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 33 years old**  
34-5919

Terribly frightened I fled to the Eastern Drill Ground. I had to take my children (three children, one soon after birth). The four year old one on my back, the youngest in my arms, I made my way to the spot, now called Nakayama (the road was not so good as it is now).

On the third day I came back and was frightened to see the soldiers' bodies, a half body or without a head in a vacant field of the city.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 34 years old**  
**28-0029**

My husband was at home 0.5 km from the hypocenter (practicing as a dentist, unable to evacuate because of his duty as leader of the Nishi-Shinmachi Air-raid Defense Civilian Relief Team, working at the aid station when the alert sounded). We, five children and I, were hit when we evacuated to our relative's place at Koi-machi, 2 km from home.

Close to Koi Primary School, which was turned into an emergency aid station, the terrible sight of those who had fled from the main districts of the city with their upper half unclothed and burned or bloody, lines of those with faces swollen, or skin dangling in gray strips from their fingertips, or people shuffling in silence.

In the following morning, along the roadside were piles of corpses, covered with many maggots in the eyes and nostrils.

On August the 7th we struggled to make our way home in the devastated city. In the burned debris of our house I found my husband's ashes, two pieces of whose skull I picked up and returned. We, a woman and children, had to leave his body as it was, which I still regret. probably it was cleared up with other unidentified corpses.

On the way looking for my husband, I saw a great number of bodies of student-workers, secondary school boys or girls. There was a girl moaning, "Give some water, water, water". Many died alone one after another without care or attention. Whenever I recall it I cannot control myself.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 34 years old**  
**34-4519**

On an overcrowded train on the Hakushima Line I fainted for a while, holding in my arms my eldest daughter of 1 year and 6 months. I regained my senses at her cries and found no one else was on the train.

When I got off, such a lot of people surged toward me from the center that I could not move. I fled to Nigitsu

Shrine and there I saw many injured people under the Red Cross flag. One of them cried out to a soldier for some water again and again before he lost consciousness. Some crawled to the leak of a broken water pipe and died there with a mouthful of water.

A woman standing behind me, looking at the baby in my arms, said that her child under the fallen posts of the house had been almost burnt to death, crying out for help, "Mother, Mother". She said, "I could do nothing and had to leave him there".

This was truly a living hell, I thought, and the cruel sights still stay in my mind.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 35 years old**  
**34-7223**

I fled to Eba, taking my husband, who had been buried under the collapsed house. The skin of his face was peeling with burns and he lost his sight. His injuries were so terrible that his ribs were exposed. Calling me by name, my neighbors cried out, "Auntie, help me", or "Give me some water". However, at the thought of my husband first, I answered them, "I'll be back soon" and made my way to Eba. There I had my husband treated and took refuge for him in an air-raid shelter. I returned home and found that of the children or my neighbors who asked for help or water, some were dead and the others had all gone. I regret even now that I could not do anything for them when they needed it.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 35 years old**  
**34-6163**

Since a young house-wife in my neighborhood got burned on the lower half of her body, I took her to her home in Hatsukaichi with her two children, one on my back and the other by hand. I heard that she died after three days. That man died, this woman died; everyday I heard this news.

On my way back from Hatsukaichi, on the road of Ogouchi was a bloody corpse of a big cow hugely swollen lying there. Out of the debris of fallen houses were hands, legs or heads of dead people, which frightened me and I tried to walk away

from those houses.

A soldier came running from the Army Hospital at Mitaki, looked like a running man in tatters because of his peeling skin dangling. Women were pitiful; almost naked, with only tatters hanging in front like a diaper.

In the air-raid shelter at Tenjin-yama my neighbors died. An old woman, who had saved a little money in her daily life, asked, "Give me a glass of water for some money". Told not to give water, nobody did so.

On the way to Mitaki, lines of people were dead as if someone had come and laid them out in order.

Bodies floating in the river were pulled up by fire-hooks and burned on fields here and there every day.

An infant, unable to understand his mother's death, was crying furiously. Some people died without any injuries, probably because they breathed in the gas. Student-workers were dying every second or third day. It was a hell of a life.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 35 years old**  
**34-7221**

When I was waiting for a streetcar in front of Hiroshima Station, a yellow flash of light struck me and I was blown over by the blast. Burned on my neck and back, I felt I was all right and fled to Nigitsu Shrine.

Injured people were brought there one after another. Among them there was a secondary student girl, who was almost naked. I put some of my clothes on her.

As many people were eager for water, I gave it to one of them. On drinking, she blew it out. We were told not to give water to them and after that I stopped doing so. But now I regret that I did not give them even a mouthful. In any case they had to die.

After a while there was an increase of those with loose bowels; all those lying had loose bowels and I ran about taking care of them. I did not know the cause, and wondered

why.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 36 years old  
13-23-019**

I was hit when I was with my children (three of them, the eldest son, the second and third, daughters). Buried under the collapsed house, the eldest son was safe and without injuries, though I was bruised and injured from head to foot, bleeding badly. My daughters were surrounded with flames and I could not help them out.

My son and I took refuge in the cellar of the Red Cross Building, and after that I could not move any more.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 38 years old  
13-20-046**

On and after the explosion:

Summoned at eight o'clock together with members of my Neighborhood Association, we had been carrying roof tiles in demolition work to create firebreaks in case of bombing among tight-ranked houses from hand to hand in a line of all of us. Quite abruptly it fell dark with no flash of light or thunderous roar. Feeling heat on the face and surrounded by groans from here and there, I thought that something had happened to the earth itself, and that I was going to die in those awful circumstances, which distressed me.

Not knowing what to do, I stooped down. After a while it grew light little by little, and what a surprise when it became as it had been. What and how did it happen? All the houses and buildings had collapsed so flat that I could see far away.

I wondered where my cousin was, who had been at work with me. Many people who had been in the lines were buried in the ruins of houses and only a few were left absent-minded and in tatters. A housewife, one of my neighbors, was sighted in tatters and looked like she clothed herself with little seaweed; she sat on the ground in a daze and said to me, "Madame, terribly awful, wasn't it?" I was in a daze, too. "Hell on earth is what I see now", I thought.

I came back home walking on the tiles of fallen houses. My next-door neighbors, the housewife was trapped under the crushed house and could not get out. Her husband (leader of the Neighborhood Association) was hit directly outside the house, his head injured. Saying, "It hurts, hurts", he was telling her "I'll get you out now", "How are the children?" The talking was between outside and under the crushed house. I cannot forget her voice.

Here and there was smoke and seemed to be on fire. She must have died as she was trapped under the fallen house. I myself felt a tingling pain in my face, which began swelling, so that I had to open my eyes with my hand. I hastened to a safe district in some way. Seeing dead and injured on my way, I barely arrived at Kusuna Primary School at Ujina, where I was taken into a room upstairs for the seriously injured. After that, for seven days or so I could not move an inch; high fever, delirious talk, loss of sight. That was another time when I had a sense of about to die. It seemed that the seriously injured died one after another around me.

Following days:

Two months and a half I stayed at my old home in the country. Still I was ill, lying in bed or sitting up. After that, every summer I felt enervated. In 1955 it was severest from May to August and proved to be radiation sickness, which was quite new to me.

Present:

Since about 1966, after such a long time, I was getting better. These days I feel pain in the loins from time to time. On account of many days of high fever and sudden loss of hearing I had to stay in hospital, or the pain of hemorrhoids and inflammation of the bladder took me to the doctors.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 38 years old**  
**13-12-218**

I thought it was hell on earth. I can tell only a few examples.



At the primary school it was before the morning meeting in the athletic ground, where many children had been playing and they were all struck by the bomb. In an instant their hair turned gray. By the time they went back home on their parents' backs, their faces swelled, and they had lost their sight. They died without any voices. They were the children who could not leave the city for group-evacuation or evacuation to relatives.

A part of the school buildings was left unburned (used for billets, soldiers fought the fire), and it was turned into an improvised hospital, where Hibakusha were brought in for medical treatment. I saw a person who was in a doctor's care. His back was burned, skin peeled off to expose his red muscles, covered with maggots and flies. The treatment was no more than smearing on mercurochrome, but many wounded people were left untreated even with mercurochrome which soon ran out.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 38 years old**  
**34-5019**

There exploded something just under my nose, it seemed.

On the way fleeing to Koi there were lines of bodies that frightened me.

The food supply was poor and I had difficulty to get enough food. I was very worried about my child.

There was this incident: Going to a field for something to eat and digging in the ground, a hand of a man came out.

My child fell into a fit of convulsions and I wished to take him to a doctor. However, there were neither medical appliances nor doctors; all were dead. As a result, I had to let my child go.

#### (5) Over Their Forties

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 42 years old]**  
**34-5026**

I found one of my children missing, but luckily I was

able to meet him, when he was so close to death that he could not speak a word. The next day about 3 o'clock he died with only the word, 'Mother', although he had no visible wounds at all.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 45 years old**  
**34-5017**

I made my way, trying not to stumble over corpses lying here and there. I heard the voice calling for help by my name; I ran away because I was so frightened and desperate.

I thought it was hell on earth. Someone clung to me with tears.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 50 years old**  
**13-12-099**

While I was in bed in Kyosai (Benefit Society) Hospital, where I was brought, a girl, naked on her upper half came in alone, stamping on the floor. She laid herself on a vacant bed and after a while she died, only murmuring 'Mother' two or three times.

#### (6) Age Unknown

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female**  
**34-4528**

(1) Some were still breathing faintly, but we dragged them out, poured oil on them and burned them.

(2) I heard so many cries for water, but I didn't give anyone any water. I regret I didn't relieve the thirst of the dying.

#### c) Gender Unknown

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Age 14**  
**34-5739**

1. A man who found maggots moving about in the muscle

of his arm and cried, "Take these maggots out!" He died there.

2. My sister' condition from her treatment to her death.

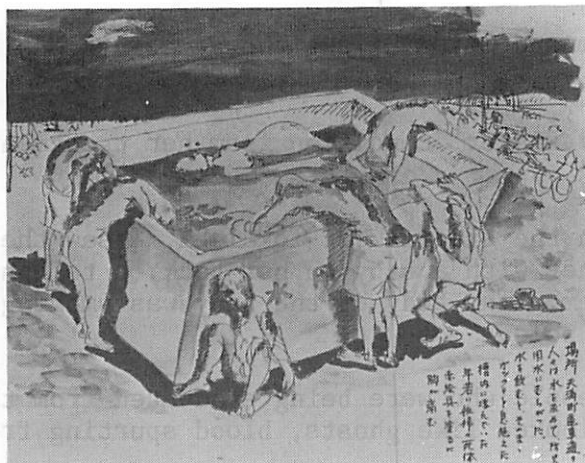
3. On the sidewalk of Tokaichi, I saw the body of a young mother with a baby on her back, a telephone pole on top of them. The body of the baby was smoking just like the telephone pole.

4. People who were being evacuated from the Railway Hospital looked like ghosts, blood spurting from their bodies.

5. I saw a sparrow trying to fly away, but its wings were burnt and it was unable to fly. It must have been on an electric wire or on a tree.

**Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Age 22**  
**09-0032**

"It's cold, terribly cold. Give me water." One third of the person's body was burnt. I knew if I gave him water, he would die. But I gave him some water anyway because I just wanted to help him. After one gulp, the person said, "Good" and was silent. He died.



Seeking water, people swarmed about the water tank near Tenma-cho, and died there even as they drank. The body of a young pregnant woman was floating there. Painting: ONO Kiaki, age 16 in 1945. (Hiroshima)

(2) 2.0 km - 3.0 km (From the Blast Center)

a) Male

(1) 10-19 Years Old

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 16  
23-0378

Though I was in Hiroshima only on August 6, I saw hundreds of dead and dying people. It is impossible to forget the sight. Even now, it lives in my memory. What else does after 40 years?

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16  
34-4416

1. Dying people asked for water. Then they died about three minutes after drinking water. Before we started a rescue operation, we were ordered by the military not to give water to any young people, but we were allowed to give water to anyone else, so we did. I am sorry that we didn't

give water to the young people as well.

2. The victims were walking like sleep walkers. Their bodies were soaked (with white blood cells?) The skin from their arms was dangling from their fingernails down to the ground. Women had no hair. Men had some hair but only on the upper half of their heads that had been covered with hats.

3. A teen-age girl who had fallen on the street said something, but at first I didn't get what she was saying. Her face was burned and her lips were swollen. At last I understood that she was the daughter of a pharmacist in Funairi-machi. She asked me to take her home. But because I was working in a team, I had to leave her. I regret I couldn't help her.

4. During the rescue operation, I took cans of mandarin oranges from a packing factory and gave them to the victims. How thankful they were! I think I did the right thing. At any rate all those cans were to be burnt. Some of them had exploded.

That is what I experienced from the afternoon of August 6 to the evening of the next day.

5. The all city rescue operation lasted for four days. The OJT factory at the school was used as a substitute hospital. A woman delivered a baby in the drum-can factory in front of the school. Lt. Ito, an army doctor, helped with the delivery.

I cannot write down all my experiences.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 17**  
**13-12-043**

I was told to go to division headquarters from Danbara-cho. I reached the Hijiyama Bridge at about ten o'clock and headed for the center of the city, where I stayed until about two in the afternoon.

I saw so many wounded, burnt, dying, or already dead people.

I didn't feel much emotional pain. Rather I accepted the scene as inevitable. I saw the victims as if they were mere objects. This lack of human emotions must have begun long before that day.

As I regained my humanity little by little after the war, I came to realize the misery and horror of the scene I had witnessed.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 18**  
**13-12-156**

I entered the city the next day. Many soldiers and other citizens were up to their shoulders in the water of the moat of Hiroshima Castle. They were asking for help, but there was nothing I could do.

A few weeks later, I saw dozens of victims dying in the concrete warehouse of the Hiroshima Army Clothing Factory. Their bodies were covered with maggots and excrement. I could not attend to them because I was busy treating other injured people and doing other duties.

In Nigitsu Park, there was a tea stall run by an old woman, she had to give up serving sweet sake because of the war. She was making a meager living by selling mosquito powders. At the stall, there was an ad written awkwardly by her. I guess she was killed by the bomb. The innocent old woman was killed by the military, the group of mad people.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 18**  
**13-27-021**

a) The whole city was on fire.

b) I went to Sanyobofu to help fight the fire. On my way back, I saw two people coming out of a river. All of their skin had peeled off.

c) As I returned to Eba, the chief of the Funairi police station, his head bandaged, told me to go to the Funairi Bridge and help rescue the wounded with a stretcher. I hesitated. I asked some people to go with me, but without response. So I had to go only with the help of an electric

car in the factory. Finding safe routes, I went to the bridge and back three times. I rescued several people. A young woman asked me to carry her little brother who had an injured back. She was also injured. A bone in her arm was exposed. The boy was crying in pain, and his sister told him to be strong.

d) On the evening of August 7, I delivered a message to the Hiroshima Fire Department. On my way back I passed the Chugoku Daily and Fukuya. There was not a soul in the street. In the distance I saw bodies being cremated in a red fire. I cannot describe how I felt at that sight.

This is only little of what I remember.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 18**  
**40-1089**

Because I was only slightly injured, immediately after the explosion I headed for downtown. On my way, I saw many people leaving the town for the suburbs. They were almost naked and their skin inflamed.

At the foot of a bridge, two people, a parent and child, were standing absent-mindedly. The fire consumed them. It all happened in a matter of seconds, so I couldn't help them.

At night, by the bank of the river lit by the moonlight, wounded people staggered to the river with a keen thirst. We were paralyzed at the horrific sight.

We had to gather dead, putrefied bodies and cremate them all together. The relatives picked up the bones before they were completely burnt.

It was a real horror. It is beyond my power of description.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19**  
**34-5294**

What I felt was fearful:

The burnt bodies were piled up and cremated. I was there, with no pain, with no feelings, just empty. What I regret:

At the treatment facility for burnt people, I was surrounded by cries for water. But believing that they would die if I let them drink water, I did not give them any water. I regret this because they died anyway, their thirst unsatisfied.

## (2) 20-29 Years Old

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 20**  
**13-31-041**

Burnt people were walking with their skin dangling and their hands raised like ghosts.

Charred bodies.

Thousands of drowned bodies that looked like white pigs.

Burnt bodies on the street.

A friend of mine, all of his hair fallen out.

Through a hole in the chest of a victim I saw grape-like air cells expand and contract alternately.

I vividly recall these sights even now.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 20**  
**23-0419**

I was ordered to work at headquarters soon after the explosion. Patients were carried in. Some arrived on their own supporting each other. We had only small buildings and a shortage of medicines. In the afternoon we worked to restore the communication lines. In the garden, in the corridors, patients were everywhere, on the ground, gasping for water. I didn't give them water. I feel deep sorrow even now.



The next night, we dug a hole in the sand beach, piled in bodies, poured on heavy oil and burned them. For firewood, we used the wood of houses torn down for compulsory evacuation. We put out the fire during air-raid alarms and started them again after "All clear." I witnessed this every day until I left Hiroshima. One moonlit night, trying to escape from the unbearable smell of burning bodies, we sailed out on a small boat to Ujina Bay. From the sea, we saw numerous pillars of fire in Hiroshima.

I saw the American film "The Day After." I think the reality of Hiroshima was too much for the film medium. But any film with the aim of telling the misery to those ignorant of it is better than no film at all.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 23 years old**  
**13-17-056**

(a) About 10 meters (30 feet) from me, a station employee while he was supplying water to an engine shrieked at the explosion of the bomb and collapsed on the ground as if some terrible force had thrown his body in the air and smashed it onto the ground.

(b) Large drops of rain started to fall. I gradually opened my eyes in fear. It was pitch-dark. After a while, the glimpse I had between the debris of demolished building of Hiroshima Station was dim. The famous night mist of London could have been like that.

(c) The numerous workers who had been in Hiroshima to help evacuate buildings and at that time were working in front of the Station were all blown to the northeast side of the station plaza. Some of them had their heads blown off from bodies. Streetcars were thrown off the track and rammed against crushed houses.

(d) The central part of Hiroshima, viewed from Enkoubashi Bridge, was under the enormous mushroom cloud, showing an inferno indeed. Then I realized for the first time that it was not Hiroshima Station that was bombed but the city center of Hiroshima.

(e) As I could not cross Enkoubashi Bridge, I swam southward along Matsubara-cho in the direction of Shinonome-

cho. All the way, the river was filled with corpses. I had to thrust my way through the bodies as I swam. Between Shinonome-cho and Deshio-cho, I helped the Army salvaging people with severe burns, rescuing a woman who was underneath a house on fire or giving water to the injured who were seated or laid down on the ground. It was hell!

(f) On the fourth day, I finally reached headquarters, located at the former meeting place of a bank on Ote-machi, 3-chome. Bodies of people I found there on each floor were all naked. Except for the eyes and mouth, the entire bodies of those were blackened as if they had painted their bodies with ink—I cannot describe the condition any further... The 403 soldiers stationed at the headquarters were all killed. There were only some 10 bodies that were identified.

(g) My folks washed the clothes and underwear I wore on the day of the bomb. A week later, when I tried to put them on again, they literally fell to pieces in my hands.

(h) A man who took over the rescue duties on the fourth day and had been engaged in rescue operations for a week gradually lost his appetite on the seventh day, and a week later he died, vomiting blood. (At the time of the bombing, he was near Miyajima and not directly exposed to the radiation.)

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 25 years old**  
**11-0070**

I cannot forget a boy standing by the bridge, with the body of a small boy in his arms, which seemed like his younger brother. He was gazing into the distance, looking quite at a loss while the rest of the world was filled with hustling and bustling evacuation people.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 26 years old**  
**13-23-089**

As a hygiene soldier, I was involved in relief work after the bomb. Patients were all laid side by side. When one of them tried to move his body in pain, his body touched the person next to him, which triggered a sort of chain

reaction to the next persons in the line. The unfortunate last person on the line was forced to fall into the gutter.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 28 years old  
01-0133**

As far as I could see, it was full of debris. When I stepped on it, the layer of rubbish was still hot and smoke still came out of the burnt stuff. Even without that smoking debris, it was an exceptionally hot August day. My feet soon perspired and my army-ration shoes were wet with sweat.

There were numerous injured people unable to move their bodies who called for water. People would ask for help, but I was not in a position to assist. Without any first aid supplies for them, we could not attend to every person in the desperate situation. But deep in my heart, I was begging forgiveness of each of them for not being able to do anything. Was I the only one who felt truly sorry for them? No; I am sure that all 20 staff members of my rescue squad felt the same.

Though we were called a Rescue Squad, we did not even possess stretchers to carry out the injured to safer places. Now in this peaceful time, my regret at not having been able to hear their last words still haunts me.

I saw many people dying in a matter of a few hours for causes unknown, though they appeared to have no serious injuries. Since I was originally from Hokkaido, I did not have any acquaintances in Hiroshima nor was I familiar with the city itself. After the bomb, I found that people in Hiroshima, even those who were badly injured and with disfigured bodies, were very strong-minded. Even when death was approaching, their minds were on their loved ones, worrying about their parents or friends whom they would be leaving behind. A man was dying in front of me. Just before his time was up, he told me gaspingly, "My name is so and so. If you should meet my parents or friends, please tell them that I was worrying about them." What I could do to soothe him was just to nod and assure him that I would do it, though I have never come across his family after that. As I saw his desperate plea, I found myself crying too. Circumstances were so hectic. Shortly after he told me what

he had to say, he gasped his life away and I carried his body out to a pit with tears in my eyes.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 28 years old**  
**11-0153**

I felt ashamed of myself being in my military uniform. As soldiers, we were supposed to help civilians, but we just ran away from the city among other people and were unable to do anything for them.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 29 years old**  
**23-0241**

On the street, people were screaming and crying for help. They were in tattered clothes and writhing in pain, stained with blood all over their bodies. When a man spotted me, he made every effort to utter, "Water, water, water..." Immediately I ran to a water pool to dip a piece of cloth into it, and wet the man's lips. He nodded approvingly and soon passed away. He seemed to be in his forties, whose name I never knew.

I lost my wife and children in the bomb. That is enough. People who died on battlefields and people who were killed by the bombs were all the same Japanese. Was there any other incident that killed as many people as those two bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Has the Government of Japan done anything for those killed by the A-bombs? Please let us Hibakusha be the last victims of the atomic bombs.

### (3) In Their Thirties

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 30 years old**  
**11-22-001**

"Do something please. Help me!", my little brother with serious burns cried out. Not being able to do anything (perhaps I was too scared to touch him), I ran to my cousins' place in Takasho-machi for help.

I ran and ran away, ignoring all those in pain and

avoiding bodies that were abandoned mercilessly out on the ground. I did not even stop to pray with my hands clasped for the deceased who were left in a totally burnt streetcar with only its skeleton frame. In fear of fire coming toward me from the distance, I must have been out of my mind. I do not recall which streets I took. The bodies of my cousins, all four of them, must have been among the bodies I saw. It is so painful to recall what I saw.

August 6 and 7 are days which I can never forget, and have given me a heavy burden. Still now, I wake up in the middle of the night and repent that I might have done something gravely wrong in abandoning many who could have been saved from death. Please forgive me. Oh, please forgive all my sins.

On the morning of August 8, I finally made it to be with my brother in his last moment. He body was terribly burnt and bloated with maggots swarming. Brother, please forgive your older brother who deserted you even though you begged and pleaded for help. Forgive me.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 33 years**  
**34-7085**

1) A mother held her baby to her bosom to shield the infant. The mother was dead, so I picked up the baby and took it to the army camp. But my superior was infuriated with me. I wrapped the baby in a blanket and hid it in the Omiya Shrine. On the following day (August 7), I had a person whom I did not know take care of the baby. While I had the baby with me, I used to chew rice in my mouth to make it soft and give it to the baby.

2) I saw a young woman carrying a baby on her back, but the baby's head was missing.

3) A soldier was caught by his leg under a beam of a collapsed house. I tried to set him free by chopping his leg with a dagger but could not cut the bone. Next day (August 7) I found him dead, with his body all burnt black.

I still wonder what happened to the baby I entrusted to the stranger.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 35 years old**  
**13-30-001**

I do not want to think about or recall anything about that time.

**(4) Over Forties**

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 40 years old**  
**13-29-003**

There were several hundred people accommodated at a temporary relief station within the Ninoshima Army Quarantine Station. There were some ten doctors and other personnel on duty; however, all that was done at the relief station was to apply tincture to burns. Many of them called out in a pitiful voice, "Please, Soldier, kindly give me some water." But it was impossible even to give water to all of them.

Death was hovering all around us, taking one after another. In entering our medical records, we could only record what they had on them, instead of their names, since there were many who could not even speak when they were brought in. Some had only black pants as the entry in the record.

Several days after the bomb, I walked to my house in Itsukaichi City, passing the city center of Hiroshima. I went past a large wired fence of a factory which, I believe, was located at the heart of the city. There I saw a body of a naked young woman whose hair was tangled up against the wired fence. Her eyes were wide open and one of her arms held high as if she were still alive. But alas, she was dead. I bowed to her and left that place. Even after 40 years, I still cannot forget the look on her face.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 41 years old**  
**34-5308**

On August 7, I went around to see my relatives who had lived in the city. In the totally burnt down house, all I found were white bones. I could not recognize whose body it was.

On my way back, I saw soldiers cremating bodies by piling them high and splashing petroleum over them at the foot of Honkawabashi Bridge. Then one of them shouted as he found one body still moving among the corpses. "This one is still alive. Take him out of that heap." I was astounded at the scene. When people are in the middle of a disaster of such tremendous magnitude, they lose control of ordinary humanity.

## b) Female

### (1) In Their Teens

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 11 years old  
34-5629**

We evacuated to Nakayama through Ouchigo Pass. On that night, I heard a voluminous spooky chorus coming over the mountain. I asked my mother what it was. She told me that what sounded like a chorus were the groans of people exhausted at the foot of the mountain and could not come up to this place. It was the voices of people calling out "Mother" and "Water". That sound still lingers in my ears.

On the following morning, when we were descending the mountain to go home, we saw many corpses at the foot of the mountain. We saw soldiers marching in procession near the Sakaebashi Bridge. The coordinated footsteps of the soldiers marching into town in their army boots sounded. They carried bodies in heaps on wooden boards and transported them somewhere.

There were many people lying at the foot of bridges. Once in a while, the big toe of some of them lying there jerked, but after a few hours, those people were no longer breathing nor the toes moving.

Every time I see the skin of fish peeling off when grilled, I recall the people on the run, scratching the burned skin on their backs, and others groaning in pain, jumping in and out of a water tank.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 11 years old**  
**34-5882**

A girl, one of my relatives brought up with me like two sisters, was in the school ground during the morning gathering when the A-bomb was dropped. A neighbor rescued her from school, but she had her entire back terribly burnt. In her dim consciousness, she just repeated, "Water. Please give me some water." But I did not give her any, because people said that it would bring her immediate death. On August 12, she passed away. I still regret that I should have given her water.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 14 years old**  
**13-12-069**

Many people, whose bodies had turned red, with the skin peeling off, were talking, sitting on the bridge. They must have suffered cruel pain because of utter consciousness. When we were about to pass the bamboo bushes at Koi, I looked back at a woman's cry "help! help!"; a naked woman whose skin had turned a chocolate color lay there. As we knew that we could not do anything to help her, we passed hurriedly, pretending that we did not see anything.

In running away from the city, I passed by a junior high school student who was unable to move and a girl about five years old with eyes pleading for help, sitting on the road-side.

Today, we can call for an ambulance even for a slight injury. I now tell myself that I will not complain whatever miserable or awful death comes to me.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, age 15**  
**23-0230**

In every direction there were numbers of people who had critical burns on many parts of their bodies, walking with both hands held out in front of them. Watching carefully, I noticed that the outer skin of their arms hung down and if hands touched it a little it peeled off, which made me very scared. Jumping into a shelter again at a sign of an air raid, I saw many such people (mostly junior high school



students) there, and I felt very sorry for them. When I barely arrived home, my family were all shocked to see me bloody, which I had not noticed at all.

I saw that mushroom-like cloud when the atomic bomb burst over the city, and the rays also, I still have strong fear of what I saw. I am sometimes asked about the incident, but I do not want to recall that scene any more. I want to keep silent.

Though I cannot clearly express my feelings, I am extraordinarily scared with lightning. I was shocked to hear someone say that my fear of lightning could be attributed to the "pika-don", the rays and the bombing, on that day. This troubles me, and people often laugh to see me scared with lightning.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 17 years old**  
**13-53-006**

In those days, I was working at the weapons manufacturing company located at Kan'non-machi as a member of the volunteer corps when the bomb fell. All members at the company were told to leave. On the way back crossing the bridge Minami-Kan'non-Ohashi, I saw many people who had been directly affected by the bomb. They were almost naked with fragments of cloth, their clothes blown-off by the blast from the atomic bomb. Many of them, burned and wounded, were walking towards the Prefectural High School of Commerce, just like a procession of the dead. I could not walk there without looking away from that horrific scene.

I was living then with my elder sister at Kako-machi, and I tried to find my sister who was missing. On that evening I had a lodging at my friend's house at Ujina, and on the following day, I started searching for her. On the way to Mizumo-machi from Ujina, I saw many people pleading for water and help, really like hell on earth. I was 17 years old, and since then I have been worrying about my sister, for which I now feel somewhat guilty for other people who died.

At the time of the bombing, I was in the office, where I felt it was just like a short-circuit of an electric fuse. So it was quite shocking for me to see the disastrous state

of the badly damaged city. The faces of the people exposed directly to the rays of the atomic bomb had swollen like a volleyball, and could hardly be recognized as to who he/she was. As the turmoil was such as hell on earth, I could not find words to describe that state.

I have seen many films on the atom bombing, but none of them appealed on that miserable state and horror. I earnestly hope that nowhere in the world the atomic bomb will ever be used again.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 18 years old**  
**13-19-051**

This is the last part of my writing, which I am rather reluctant to describe as I feel very uneasy in writing about it. Since that day, we have never regained that happy life in our family as before, having encountered miserable and horrifying experiences, and the only consolation to me was that, thanks to God, I could get together with my younger sister and father after that morning when we separated. Since that day we were obliged to stay outside or under humble shelter day after day, and I cannot describe by any words what I saw and experienced.

Though I am often told it is our mission to relay our experiences to our descendants, I often wonder to what degree I can convey even a part of that horrible scene by my words and writing.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 18 years old**  
**13-37-003**

Because of the water supply being cut, we were obliged to drink water from the water-tank in front of a burnt-out house. When we, five or six of us, were drinking water deeply from that tank, we were shocked to find bodies lying in it but we had no choice if we were to survive. Looking back on those days, I now realize that the water must have contained a great deal of radiation. It is incredible that I still survive.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 19 years old**  
**13-23-099**

At the time of the bombing I was working at the regiment of Akatsuki No. 6140 in Ujina block, where I was engaged in nursing atomic victims.

All I could do for them was nursing them with my best; nothing could save those victims suffering crucially and dying day after day before me. In the festering parts of flesh caused by the burns, maggots were breeding, which made tunnel-like holes in the body. It was horrifying to see that such terrible things could happen to human bodies.

Though my family dispersed when our house was burned, it seemed that they, except myself, could get together three days later. But they couldn't come to me; my mother could not move because my younger brother (then in 2nd year of elementary school) had a serious injury. It was a day before the surrender (day the War ended) that I could meet my mother. On that day I was sent to Hatsuka-ichi by boat, as I was unable to work, suffering from diarrhea with bloody feces.

My brother had wounds all over his head with several pieces of glass fragments stuck in his body and head, and he looked pitiful. I was also told that my sister's whereabouts was unknown. At the end of September when I had recovered just enough to walk, I had been to many places in search for my sister, and finally I found her name in the list of the dead. When I think that my sister died in the same condition as those school-girl victims I nursed, I feel very upset and heart broken.

Though I have tried not to think or recall that scene, I now realize that it is my duty to tell the facts, and so I write this note.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 19 years old**  
**13-27-044**

1. Walked around in search of my sister and pulled out carbon black burnt bodies to find any thing to identify my sister.

2. On the Motoyasugawa River, the center hit by the bomb, a number of corpses with swollen faces soaked in water, were floating, piled up.

3. Casualties and sick people overflowing in the front garden of the Nisseki Hospital (Japan Red Cross Hospital) were moaning with pain.

4. On the night of August 6, wretched people in ragged clothes, looking almost dead, muddy and bloody, were making their ways from the bombed area towards the Gaisenkan "Triumphant Hall" at Ujina, crying and moaning with the pain. While I was assisting the treatment for bleeding, I was resisting giving them water, with my tears repressed, or they would die. Now I greatly regret that I did not give them water.

5. I cannot describe these scenes or my experience in any words.

### In their Twenties

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 22 years old  
23-0040

When the rays hit me on the road, 3 km from the center of the bombing, I uttered a cry for the terrible heat, as if a 100W bulb had directly touched my face. Later, I thought the heat must have been awful at the center of the bombing.

I saw an old man whose skin at the back of his ears peeled off in blood and dust. When I told him that his ears must be hurting terribly, he asked me what I meant. It appeared that until he was told, he was unaware of his wounds and burns, as he had lost all feeling, preoccupied with just running away. As I was on my way home and had no means to help him, I could only feel sorry for him.

It makes me cry even now, when I recall an old woman, stopping, dragging her bloody leg, to make her way aimlessly towards the west, begging for help.

On or around August 9, two or three days after the bombing

I met a child about 10 years old, whose face was black

and swollen so terribly that his/her eyes could hardly be seen. He/she could speak clearly and it seemed that the he/she had missed his/her parents. So we took him/her to the hospital.

An old man with only underpants, and bleeding, almost naked, was living under the bridge, and his only possession was the family altar (Buddhist). Though I wondered if he had anything to eat, I was sorry that I did not have anything to offer him.

I really saw hell on earth.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 23 years old**  
**34-2019**

I saw ten or more school girls, who had burns in many places on their bodies, trying to climb up Hijiyama Hill from the path beside the Girls' High School of Commerce, which was then used as a temporary arsenal. They then strayed off into the back yard of the office, where several civilians came as well, begging "water, water". At first, about 10 people were given water from the hand-pump well, but the senior officer ordered us not to give them any water, and we stopped giving it to them. However, people, coming one after the other, also begged for water, and there was a girl student who asked us "please contact xx at Yokokawa, so that my mother can come to me", then she lost her eyesight, and her voice died down. I wanted to give water to those who died at the arsenal.

I still remember many incidents with regret, such as that I could not save a baby delivered alive by an unconscious woman at the arsenal, and so on.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 26 years old**  
**13-20-100**

I felt unknown horror about the scale of the material damage caused by only one atomic bomb.

Witnessing our neighbors and acquaintances dying one after the other, or suffering from the effects of radiation, I felt strong anger and horror at the fact that the

radiation effects are said to last for some 70 years.

I was then living in Tokyo, and I often experienced B-29 air-raids before August 6 and knew the degree of damage caused. However, the disaster caused by the one atomic bomb that hit Hiroshima was so dreadful, beyond my imagination, that I felt it was quite natural that Japan lost the War. (What I thought in those days)

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 28 years old**  
**13-22-041**

I was then engaged in work at headquarters of the ship-building bureau. On August 6, I took sick leave as I had a headache. Around 8:15 am, I was still in bed (in bedclothes), and thanks to my sickness, I survived without any injury.

My cousin around my age, who was living in my neighborhood, was on the way to work at the Hiroshima Prefectural Office. At noon that day, a stranger visited my aunt and said "Is this Ms. xx's residence? Could I see her mother? Ms. xx has a serious injury and is waiting at the Sumiyoshi-Bridge for her mother to meet her. Please go there immediately to take care of her." He then left the house. Upon hearing this, father and my aunt fetched a bicycle-drawn cart with towels, and yukata (cotton kimono), and my father left hurriedly for the Sumiyoshi Bridge with my aunt on the cart. When they arrived at the Sumiyoshi Bridge, they could not find their daughter anywhere. When they asked one of the soldiers handling the corpses about their daughter, he said all the people who had died were taken to the management center for the dead. As my father felt so sorry for my aunt, he just took my aunt back home in silence. Every time I visit my aunt, she still talks about that sad story, staring at my face, regretting that they could not go there earlier.

My aunt is now 88 years old.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 28 years old**  
**34-7236**

As my eldest son, then four years old, was playing

outside, I was trying to take him inside the house, and that second while I stepped on the platform in the porch decided our fates, myself and my younger son (then one year and six months old), which I regret a great deal.

With wooden fragments stuck into my eyes, I lost my eyesight, and the son with the wooden fragments also stuck in his head lost consciousness, and lingered on the verge of death for about a year. (The door to the porch was blown to pieces by the blast.)

Until that happened, the younger son had been quite normal, starting to say some words then. But because of this injury, his intellectual growth was retarded by the after-effect and is afflicted with ataxia.

### In Their Thirties

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 30 years old  
34-5131**

Looking for my husband, I called at several aid-stations in the city. Tens of injured people were laid there, where I looked to find my husband. The injured, holding my ankle, were pleading for water, saying "please give me water, let me have water". Though I had some tea with me, I did not give it to them as there was not enough to go around. In addition to this, people around me said that it would be better not to give them water; that they would die if they drank water. However, begging for water, they died without having a drop of water. I still deeply regret that I did not give them even a drop of water.

At the intersection of Kamiya-cho, tens of bodies were gathered and cremated with oil. Among them were some with tongues out, some with eyes popped out, and others with their hands held up, like hell on earth to my eyes.

We must never allow such an awful and cruel feature on earth again. (My husband was evacuated at Ninoshima.)

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 34 years old**  
**13-37-001**

In the relocation center at Hijiyama, I was nursing my father over four days. It was really a cruel and agonizing experience that I was not allowed to give any water to people moaning with pain and crying "Water, water, ...." On the 2nd day we were told that we may give water to a person who wants it, and I now can't remember the number to whom I gave water. Some uttered thanks, some were unable to utter a word, and some were crying in pain.

Though my father had a serious burn in his body, and could not even open his eyes, he never complained about his pain. Before he knew the type of bomb, he died on the 4th day, having endured the pain believing that this was for the sake of our country.

Some patients were crying and wailing. When we noticed that they had stopped struggling and wailing and had calmed down, we found they had died. There were many girl students; some of them were asking me to raise their stiff bodies, and some asking about their families at home. I was very sad that I could not answer any of them, and I told myself that a disaster like this must never occur again. Later I thought that if there were a hell anywhere, what I had experienced was exactly that hell. I also wonder how I could tolerate staying in such a horrifying state for four days.

Though I am trying not to think about those days, it comes back to me on the anniversary of my father's death. I still regret that I could not do anything to save him and those who died there.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 35**  
**13-12-126**

It was immediately after my parents and I had finished breakfast when the atom bomb was dropped. Being in the house, we did not suffer burns but everything around seemed to collapse with the terrible flash. With pieces of broken glass and walls, my parents were injured on their faces and backs, but somehow I was not. Together with my old parents we hurried to the shelter at the back of the house, and as



we fled, we found our whole neighborhood damaged as well.

Meanwhile, the fire spread very quickly all over the town. About 10 o'clock Hiroshima Station was in flames. Past noon, a crowd of surging evacuees filled the large drill ground nearby and our house. Burned and tattered, some were tottering, others squatted. The eye-balls of some protruded. All of them wanted water. The water service having stopped, we drew water from a well and gave it to them. We also gave clothes to those who had no clothes on.

As night fell, broken pieces of red-hot galvanized sheet flew overhead. We heard air-raid wardens warning us against fire-brands but how could we escape from that? Neighboring thatch-roofed houses caught fire and were burnt down, and green leaves of a grove were charred. Most of the atom-bomb victims died without proper care. The indescribable bad smell of dead bodies hung in the air. For a couple of days, there were no flies nor mosquitoes around, but maggots soon hatched in the dead bodies, which soldiers came to cremate in the drill ground. The corpses of our neighbors were also cremated there.

Our house was used for soldiers as their lodging house. With no electricity, nor newspapers, nor radio, August 15 went by without our knowing that the war had ended. I hate to remember those hellish days.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 35**  
**13-22-042**

1) On August 6, 1945, a little after 4 in the afternoon, I saw the husband of one of my neighbors rush home from his place of work in a tattered undershirt. Even now I vividly remember the sight of this atom-bomb victim. That night, lying in the shelter, he was seen with his whole body badly swollen, which was too horrible to look at.

2) On an earlier occasion, I had an official report of my husband's death in battle. On August 8, I finally decided to evacuate, together with my son, one and a half years old, and my daughter, 4 and a half years old, I escaped from the town that day to my hometown in Kyushu. On the 8th I left the dormitory and went to Koi Station treading on the heaps of rubble. On the way, on the river

side I saw a lot of corpses thrown down from carts.

Most of our fellow passengers were injured or maimed. The air raid on the night of the 8th pinned our train overnight at Tokuyama Station on the way. Only on the morning of the 9th, when local passengers came aboard at Ube Station, did I know from the banner headline of their newspapers that Hiroshima had been "atom-bombed."

Soon after our return home to Kyushu, I got a letter from Mrs. A, whose husband was atom-bombed at Hiroshima. Informing me of her family's evacuation to Isahaya, Nagasaki, the letter said that the husband, with maggoty toes and fingers, had been in bed for only three days before he died. He was survived by a son, a sixth grader, a daughter, a second grader, and elderly Mrs. A, but nothing had been heard of them since.

Weeks of life away from Hiroshima added to my concern about the city. With my son strapped on my back, I soon left for the ill-fated city, Hiroshima. How dumfounded I was when I found myself standing before Hiroshima Station. I was almost speechless as my eyes traveled over a limitless expanse of burnt ruins! When I got out of the local single-track line, I was shocked again to find that a great amount of dead bodies had been heaped up in the station in less than 2 months after the atom bombing. The maggots that had hatched in the heaps were so widespread that there was no counting the dead bodies. My sorrow gradually grew to anger, with which I was burning at what the human race had done on the same human race. Can such an infernal disaster be allowed to be repeated?

Four decades have passed and I still fear that some bad symptoms may develop in my body. As a war-bereaved wife and an atom bomb victim as well, I cry for anti-war and anti-nuclear weapons.

#### (4) Aged Over 40

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 45  
34-7228

Many people, including my relatives and neighbors, were wounded and sick, but I could not be of as much help to them

as I wished. I was sorry I could not do anything for their pain and agony. As I was told that the seriously wounded should be brought to Hijiyama Elementary School, four of us carried them one by one on a window shutter instead of a stretcher. The classrooms and corridors were already full of the injured. The new wounded persons were laid side by side in the playground. Under the scorching sun, my cousin suffered from high fever of 42 degrees centigrade (107.6 degrees F.) for hours and died at last. We dug a hole in the bank, made fire with pieces of wood and burned her dead body. How can I forget this horrible experience?

A girl of my neighbors suffered a serious burn. It was so serious that her body was inflamed and blistered all over under her tattered clothes and her face swelled up.

Narrowly escaped from death, she trudged alone toward home. It was not until the little one uttered a word "Mother" that the mother (my neighbor) recognized her as her own dear daughter. In surprise, she tried to lift her daughter up in her arms only to find her skin peel off.

### (3) Beyond 3.0 km Radius (From the Blast Center)

#### a) Male

##### (1) Aged 9 And Below

Hiroshima, 3.0 km. Male, Age 4  
34-5800

I was playing outdoors, when a few airplanes flew overhead. Then suddenly there was a flash, followed by pitch darkness. Astounded at the horrible and strange atmosphere, I ran home to find myself bleeding all over.

In the nearby shelter I saw Koreans being barred from getting into it by townsmen.

On the third day, on our way out of town to the country for safety, we got into a shelter by order of a soldier. There we saw a lot of people with clusters of maggots wriggling all over. Giving out a stench and mal-odor, it was indeed a dreadful sight.

In front of the Army Hospital (now prefectural hospital), there were long lines of people whose skin peeled off and was dangling in shreds. From thereabout towards Tanna were strings of damaged electric trains covered with red rust.

Even today, the noon siren reminds me of the air-raid sirens of those days and it makes me shudder.

These experiences which I had at age of four were so shocking and vivid that i still remember them very clearly.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 6**  
**13-12-158**

A young, badly burned mother, with a baby in her arms, came and asked me for water to drink. I gave her a cupful and went out to play. On my return after a while, I was surprised to find the young mother dead on the spot. Very vividly I still remember the horror that I experienced then.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 6**  
**34-5997**

On August 6, I saw a multitude of injured people. Among them was a mother, who, hugging a little girl in her arms, asked me, "How can I get to hospital?" She said she wanted to have her child examined by a doctor as soon as possible. At that moment the girl (aged about 3), who had serious injuries on her head, died. Not knowing this, the mother, herself also wounded, was desperately holding her child in her arms. --- I can never forget the sight.

## (2) Aged Teens

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 10**  
**34-5503**

Cries for help from under collapsed houses are still ringing in my ears.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 15**  
**34-5413**

On Miyuki Bridge, a throng of burned people were groaning. Among them there lay a dead mother whose body was burned and swelled up, and her baby, also burned and swelled, tried to suck milk at the mother's breast. I cannot forget this scene.

Though dead, the mother held the baby firmly in her left arm.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16**  
**13-15-081**

On August 7, I entered the city (center) in a dreamlike frame of mind. All of a sudden, I heard a cry, "Give me water!" I soon noticed someone lying on a pile of debris with his face upward. The upper half of his body was scalded white like bean curd (Tofu). The face was so badly decomposed that it seemed to get out of shape very easily with a touch of fingers. It reminded me of Tofu. No sooner had I looked at the sight than I lost my mind. I cannot recall what I saw, what else I did and in what part of the city I was then.

The two friends of mine, who accompanied me, told me that I had been walking around the center part of the city all day.

Even now I can hear him cry "Give me water."

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16**  
**34-5797**

For several days after the atom bombing, I stayed at my friend's house near Yokokawa Bridge. As the fire in the city burned itself out, I went to Nishihiki-midou-cho where my house used to be before the atom-bombing, in order to look for my parents, accompanied by my friend and his grandfather. We dug out some pieces of bones which seemed to be my father's. They were identified by the shape of the teeth. Sandwiched between slabs of concrete, my mother was found in a mummified state, which looked so horrible that we

denied that the body was that of my mother. We left the ruins, taking with us my father's bones and ashes. When we went back to the same place after a few days, all the dead bodies had already been disposed of, and my mother's body also couldn't be seen. The image of my mother still sticks in my mind. I can never forget it ever. Because of this, I have been in deep distress alone. As her death has never been officially confirmed, however, my mother is still alive as far as the census register is concerned.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 17**  
**13-14-001**

a) Rows of charred bodies lying out in a place like a large schoolyard, cries for water, myself being at a loss what to do...I often suffer from this nightmare on a hot sweltering summer night.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 17**  
**13-36-006**

In a neighboring elementary school, crowds of people, old women and children, all burned and tattered thronged from nowhere. Some innocent people met an instant death without a cry, and others who had escaped from an instant death died a few hours or a few days later crying for water. Even the water they begged for they could not drink but only suck it from water-filled absorbent cotton. Their hideous plight branded an unforgettable memory on my mind.

After hovering in agony between life and death, the people died and were cremated before my eyes, without leaving a clue to their names and addresses. That was more than my innocent mind could bear. Let me pray.

After the city had been burning for three days and nights, and swept away by flames, heavy rain fell. About a week later, on a bike, I went downtown near the atom-bombed dome at the epicenter and called on my friends to ask after their conditions.

To my great sorrow, I found a lot of dead bodies lying everywhere. I could do nothing but pray for the souls of my dead friends and their families and relatives. I feel a

great sorrow and indignation against the fact that all those kind women and old women are alive no more and even their dead bodies could be found nowhere. Let me pray.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 18**  
**17-0032**

a) As a soldier, my job was to clear away dead bodies after Hiroshima had been bombed. I spent about 10 days on the job with corpses, burning some thousands of them. I experienced countless things that I cannot write about.

b) At that time I was on an island about 5 km from the hypocenter, when that direct flash came. At about 1:00 o'clock I went into Hiroshima. In my nose was the smell of death. I slept on roof tiles laid on a place from which we cleared away corpses. By the time I arrived, the city was already burnt down.

c) At that time I adapted myself to the situation, dealing with the reality quietly without feeling horror, sadness or any sentiment. Still now I wonder how I came to be so unemotional then.

d) When burning corpses, it was not until we threw them into the fire that we noticed that some were still alive, something awful to say.

e) Cremated completely, about 50 corpses made one small bucket of bones. About 100 buckets were piled up in various places.

f) Human feelings lasted me only about 3 hours; after that, I became a robot working quietly without any feeling of sorrow, terrible, dirty or anything at all.

g) Now I think that I was just a robot working with a memory in hell.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19**  
**23-0033**

The 6th of August

A momentary terror and resignation when I watched the flash and heard the sound of explosion.

The cloud of fire over my head when I rushed out from my house.

People flowing into a factory later.

People burnt black and their groans.

A great number of people lying down. The swarms of flies flying around.

The voices of the people asking for water.

After the 7th of August

The scene I saw in the town.

Whiteness of rice balls put on shelves set up along the roads.

Unmoving, burnt streetcars.

Human bodies floating in the river.

Vast spread of burnt town.

My acquaintance's house unburnt but crushed by the blast.

### (3) In Their 20s

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 20  
03-0141

Having heard the voice of a soldier asking for water, I gave him water from my canteen. The soldier who drank it died instantly. It was an unbearable sight.

It is as if I am still hearing an agonizing call for "water".



**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21**  
**01-0059**

I surely saw for myself all the conditions of being bombed, which many people have told us about from their own experiences and which have been expressed in pictures and the like.

When the air raid warning was called-off, I saw enemy planes in the sky, then the flash and explosion, and a deep-black mushroom cloud began to rise, until the cloud reached the sky.

What I cannot forget is the sight of students in labor services coming back with their skin ripped off, the sight of people getting bombed, school children upset because of the terror inside a place surrounded by tatami mats, the sight of people losing their hair every day, the sight of many people living around their family tomb, and the sight of people having more and more fear from false rumors. Many of the bombed and hospitalized people died one after another every day. Among those that have not been publicized much, what is especially unforgettable to me is that together we burnt the bodies of those who died from morning to dusk on each day and the smell of burning bodies floating out to sea far away in the hot windless evening of Hiroshima. It is unforgettable.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21**  
**01-0106**

On that day, when I entered Hiroshima city from Ujina as a rescuer, I saw the disaster of dead bodies burnt black by the bomb. Surviving people stepped over the dead without a word and fled to the suburbs with their faces burnt, their hands hanging down in front, quietly like wriggling.

I heard the people crying desperately for help everywhere, but I could not do anything to help them.

In an air raid shelter crushed by the bomb blast, I found with a lot of other people a young mother was dead with her baby on her back in the muddy water.

Innumerable dead bodies were floating in the river.

There was no space left for walking around the army division because of dead soldiers.

We took bombed people to a temporary hospital. Most of them were dying from burns. We cut their ragged clothes off with scissors and treated them. People being treated over their whole bodies groaned with the pain and gave out a scream, breathing with difficulty. When we gave them water as they wanted it, they all died. It was hell on earth.

I rescued a woman crying for help from a manhole near the atomic bombed dome. She was burnt on the whole body, with little on and was anxious about her inflamed face.

About a 5 or 6 years old boy whose body was burned and who could not see anything, because his face was inflamed and body burned, spent all night talking about his parents, brothers, things and food that had been in his house and other various stories. As he asked me for water at dawn, I gave him water, but he soon died. All the soldiers who had been listening to his stories cried. Every time I see a boy of 5 or 6 years old, he reminds me of that boy.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21  
13-16-040

I stayed in Gion-cho as a member of the independent guard unit of the army. After the bomb was dropped, I went into the hypocenter for search under the military command, but I was told not to do any relief work for the citizens, the wounded or the like. Having seen many people injured by the atomic bomb, I could not do anything.

I saw and experienced extremely shocking things.

(2) Though I could not act as an individual, with a few fellow soldiers I carried two seriously burnt children (about 4 or 5 years old and about 6 or 7 years old) on a zinc sheet to keep them away from the flames and left them on an open space after praying for them. This still remains in my heart now.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 22**  
**01-2026**

Thousands of people were crying for help, "Soldier, help me!" I was a soldier, but I could not do anything.

A woman with her hair in disorder, wearing only a chemise.

People holding their dead babies. People walking with their skin hanging down. These are sights too painful to remember.

We threw the dead "one, two, three" to pile up and burnt them like throwing grass into a cow hut. We burnt them with kerosene, as if they had been logs. Into the river we kicked them. We carried them on a boat and pulled them up to a place for burning.

As we were soldiers, we had food and water, but some Hiroshima people who were seriously burnt were left lying there. Even though they begged for water, saying "Soldier, Give me water!", a senior officer shouted, "Don't give them water". I cried and found no word to say. That was the most regrettable thing and something that I don't want even to talk about.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 22**  
**13-17-055**

We set up a temporary first aid station in Okawa Elementary School. I was engaged in treating the wounded and burning corpses.

We placed rush mat sacks in the school ground and covered them with sheets. The only medicines we had were cooking oil, or something like that. People asked for water. In the morning, we found a lot of people fallen down and dying around a drinking fountain. Some were crying for help to take off maggots from their bodies because they were hurt.

With poor light of candles, we tried to do what we could as far as possible, but every moment they were dying and their bodies were rotting. We could not help but reduce

them to ashes and dispose of them unidentified. The voice crying, "Soldier, give me water" still lingers in my ears very clearly.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 23**  
**01-2023**

People in rags wandering about soon after being bombed. People were running for water. People died and piled up around a drinking fountain.

People with blisters on burns, inflamed and festering.

A mother walking with her child whom she found among the bodies which had been placed in an air raid shelter.

The state of a relief station in which not enough medicines were available, may be thinking about the future...

We have a lot to regret.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 24**  
**13-23-053**

Our unit became a field hospital and about 1500 bombed people were housed there. I worked as a nursing soldier for the wounded. They cried with aches and pains. Thirsty because of burns, they all kept crying loudly for water. An army surgeon instructed us to give water to those who couldn't survive. When we gave the wounded water from a big kettle, they drank it up in one draught and went to sleep, forgetting the pains and crying. After several hours, they fell asleep never to wake.

When I got up in the morning, I found around the lavatory about 40 to 50 people dead, having tried to reach a drinking fountain. We kept the unidentified bodies in a warehouse, but they decayed from the high temperature of summer and the smell stuck to our noses, as if they had been beasts.

Maggots bred on the people surviving and got into their ears and noses. The sight was beyond description.

Even now when I think of that day, my heart becomes full of sorrow and misery, thinking that there must never be war again.

We burnt corpses with firewood, unidentified and with nobody in charge. We could not burn them at night for fear of further air raids. The smell of dead bodies that could not be burned came into our billet and this added to the difficulties.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 25**  
**01-0054**

On the 6th of August, 1945, I was working in a classroom of Koi Elementary School, the place of refuge, as a civilian employee in the Hiroshima Army.

"Pikadon", is the word that all Hiroshima people used then. We learned the word "Atomic Bomb" more than one month later. The flash ("Pika" in Japanese) and heavy bomb blast ("Don") blew out not only our windows but the whole window frames. The captain in the same room had his spinal cord fractured by a pillar behind him, broken by the bomb blast and he died one week later.

Almost all of about 32 people in the same room got fragments of glass stuck in their faces, hands, bodies or somewhere and crawled out to the school ground on their hands and knees, crying terribly through the dark caused by the dust of the ceiling which had collapsed.

How many minutes passed, 10 or 15? The bombed people crowded one after another into the place of refuge (Koi Elementary School) which had been designated. Everybody was swollen up and had their burnt skin hanging from their faces and hands. They asked "Where is a remedy station?" and the like. They totaled about 800. All of these people died.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 25**  
**13-16-029**

We carried dying people from the center of Hiroshima to barracks and when we gave them water, one by one they died after a few hours. (Giving water was prohibited by senior

officers)

They couldn't be saved. Even now I don't think that what I did was awful and a bad thing, giving them water in secret, those who craved so much for water, if they were doomed to die, because they enjoyed it and at least died satisfied.

## b) Female

### (1) Under 9 Years Old

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 5**  
13-21-009

Since I was little, I didn't see the state of things in detail, but I remember that when my grand-parents were talking about what they saw as they searched for my missing father in Kamiya-cho every day, I tried not to hear them talking, because of fear.

They said that dying people were reaching out their hands for water. They also said that it was very painful because people had asked them to take them on a cart, but there were so many that my grand-parents couldn't help. They kept on walking, ignoring them.

### (2) In Their Teens

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 13**  
01-0130

Everything was terrifying, since I saw it by myself. A man who bled on his shoulder, running while crying "Help me!" Full of people on a truck with their skin torn. People died suddenly after drinking water for which they asked.

I remember many scenes. Mere child as I was (13 years old), it was printed on my mind how terrifying the atomic bomb was.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 15**  
**13-12-181**

On that day nearly 500 people were housed on Kanawajima Island, but one third or half of them had died by the next day.

We inquired the name of each and put on a name tag. Among them I found a neighbor, but I couldn't do anything for the girl student.

I was astonished when I saw a young woman asking for help with the eyeballs in her hands. I led her to a first aid station.

The nightmare I can't forget is that I walked alone passing by burned people through the town which was still burning, to my house in Chiyoda-cho on the next day and to Oshiba on the day after.

Dead people filling a fire prevention water tub.

A river full of the dead, with horses and cows.

For the first time in 40 years, in which I have been trying not to remember all those things, I write my experience.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 15**  
**13-32-003**

At dusk on the 6th of August, bombed people were transported on boats one after another to Kanawajima Island where I worked in labor service, and we girls students were instructed to take care of them. We stopped our work and went to help, but taking a glance at the unearthly burnt black figures, I could not approach them and came running back crying loudly. Now I regret not having treated them well, but for a girl of 15 years, the figures of the bombed were too terrible to be seen as human beings.

The next day, on the 7th of August, having permission to go home, when I came back to my house in Fujimi-cho (1.5 km from the epicenter), I saw a lot of corpses along the roads, but day by day I felt less and less shocked. I am

not sure that the reason was because I was stunned by the unearthly situation, or because I got used to it by a person's adaptability. If the latter is the reason, it is terrifying.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**13-34-008**

Our house having been burnt down and not knowing where my father, sister (the second daughter) and my nephew had gone, I stayed at the house (in Gion-cho) of my eldest sister and her husband and went out looking for them every day.

At first, on the 7th in the evening, I found my mother with difficulty. She alone was saved, though she was also in the city when the bomb was dropped.

After going to and fro for about a week, at last I met the family of the house where my father had stayed, and heard that he had died there. I came home with the bones, which seemed to be of my father, which I found in the ruins of the house.

My sister and my nephew were found at the site of our house. Until they were found, I had been to various places, such as aid stations for the wounded. It was so indescribable and terrible that I will always remember it.

My brother-in-law with whom I had stayed died of the atomic disease one month later. My sister with whom I had been to the city had a baby after her husband died, but her baby died 100 days after its birth. My sister died of cancer in 1949. The saddest thing is that only the grandmother and my nephew were alive. If their family had died in battle, they could have received a survivor's pension and the like...

My sister also died after spending a lot of money because the certificate system for Hibakusha was yet to be established.



**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**13-53-047**

(1) When I saw wounded people for the first time, I was so scared, but soon I was taking it for granted even when I saw the wounded and the dead.

(2) I took care of a student of Hiroshima Girls Commercial High School lying on a burnt cart, but I cannot remember when, from whom or how I got her because of lack of memory. I felt very sorry for her bereaved family (she died ten days later). I lost some of my memory and was very confused.

(3) After the bombing, I became insensible to "death" and even now I am moved very little by the death of a person. I think the biggest evil of war is "destruction of humanity".

### (3) In Their Twenties

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 20**  
**13-32-029**

The whole town was destroyed. Skin had been torn off, and pieces of glass stuck into the flesh. Young and old, even animals. Only a few survived. There was a terrible heat and smoke. I was in desperate fear. This new type bomb (what we called it then) not only killed the people outside with the heat, but also knocked over buildings and killed those inside. The government propaganda kept telling us that Japan was winning the war. The desperation, watching countless people dying one after the other, the numbness after seeing too much. Only someone who has experienced such things can understand them.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 21**  
**34-5912**

I was one of some one hundred students at the national railway school in those days. All of us were having breakfast at the time of the bomb. Only three of us, including myself, were free of injuries. The three of us stayed nursing other victims throughout the night. We could

do nothing but watch others die despite our efforts.

The air-raid siren sounded while we were crushing and tearing tatami (Japanese mats) in pieces, gathering burnt timber of the school building, and cremating dead bodies. I put out the fire in a hurry, and covered it with tin. It was a terrifying experience. Once, just as I struck a match to burn a dead body, an elderly lady rushed to me, screaming and asked me about someone. I hurried to extinguish the fire and handed over the body to her. The scene is deeply impressed on my mind.

I even thought it would be better if I myself had been wounded. I don't like to remember those bad days now. Two days later, the troops in Kaitaichi came to help us. I became ill a month later.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 22**  
13-32-037

Camera flashes make my blood freeze.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 24**  
13-16-014

Half naked people seriously burnt walked toward Nagatsuka in a mindless state. Their only desire was to get home by any means and get away from the center of the A-bombed area. They died asking for water. The scene was terrible and like hell on earth. I regret that I could do nothing to treat them.

The weather was so clear and the sun shining so bright until the A-bomb was dropped, and then, suddenly, the sky became overcast and black rain began to fall heavily. I still remember clearly the horrible experience of staying overnight in a bamboo clump because my house was destroyed and I couldn't even go in. Many people in the bamboo clump died one after another.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 26**  
**40-0737**

Although my body ached all over, I felt anxious about my house, so I went back three days later but only found a wide stretch of burnt ruins--only burnt bricks and stones remained and the glass was melted into jelly. Grain and vegetables hidden in an air-raid shelter were roasted.

My husband was away from home for four days to pick up dead bodies. They allowed us to change war-time bonds into cash, so I rode on a large cart and went to Hatcho-bori to change my bond into cash. On the way, I went to the Shirakami Shrine and Kamiya-cho. It is an unforgettable thing for me that the sunshine and its reflection on the earth made me so thirsty that I lost my voice.

Many people who found refuge in primary school buildings died every day, one after another. Watching people collect dead bodies and cremate them filled my heart with cruelty, misery, and anger. The horrible sight was beyond expression and only those who actually saw it could know the misery. I strongly hope that we will never see such a miserable and cruel sight again.

I have much more to say, but I must stop writing as I can hardly keep back my tears. Although the external wounds on my legs festered, there was not enough medicine to treat them. I went to hospital far away riding in an old-fashioned cart for a long time. I've written too much, so I'll stop here.

#### **(4) In Their Thirties**

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 30**  
**13-12-203**

I was sitting in the living room after breakfast on the morning when the A-bomb was dropped. The whole house shook so heavily and things on the shelf fell to the floor. I rushed out of the house and saw the orange colored flash.

I had labor pains that night and gave birth to a stillborn baby. I had been six months pregnant and was staying in bed. I did not see other dead bodies, but saw

many injured people.

(5) Over 40 Years Old

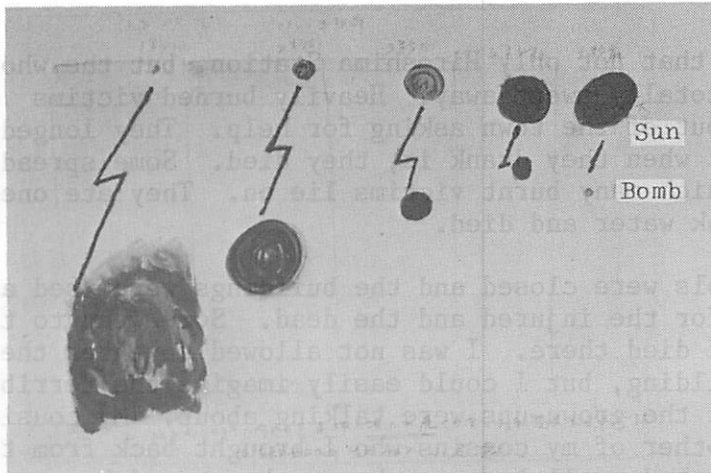
Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 44  
34-5069

My eldest daughter pleaded for water driven by torturous thirst, but people around held me back, saying that she would die if she drank water. She said, "I won't drink water until my brother comes back from Nakashi." She was troubled by her bad odor and all the maggots on her body. "Mom, I smell bad, don't I?" Those words remain on my mind all the time.

I wish, every day, that the war had not happened. I really hate war.

My son, demobilized in February 1946 was surprised to see me with my hair falling out and so tired. He asked me how his sister was doing, and I told him about her condition.

My son committed suicide on October 23 that year. He threw himself in front of a train. I also tried to kill myself in 1948 but a pastor saved me. After that he found a job for me, but I got sicker.



Memory from when he was 5. From right to left are five pictures of the sun (top) and the "nucleus" or atom bomb (bottom), representing in seconds, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1 before the detonation. The bomb grows overwhelmingly bigger than the sun in those five seconds. This is what was seen from Hatsukaichi-machi, about 12 kilometers from the hypocenter. Painting: OJIRI Tsutomu, aged 5 in 1945. (Hiroshima)

## II. Suffering on Entering the City

### a) Male

#### (1) Under 9 Years Old

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 9**  
13-20-085

I was in the third grade of Kaitaichi National Elementary School at that time. I stayed home from school because I had a cold. I went upstairs and was in bed listening to the radio. Suddenly, there was a flash and my radio gave a loud sound and died. After a few seconds, the radio fell from the shelf with a terrific sound and I heard glass breaking. I was surprised. I went downstairs and rushed out of my house. Volumes of smoke rose above Funakoshi and its neighborhood. I thought it must have been a huge bomb. Someone said that a large fire bomb was dropped on Funakoshi.

Around noon I heard someone say that Hiroshima Station was completely destroyed. At about three in the afternoon,

they said that not only Hiroshima Station, but the whole city was totally swept away. Heavily burned victims streamed out of the town asking for help. They longed for water, but when they drank it, they died. Some spread straw mats on which many burnt victims lie on. They ate one rice-ball, drank water and died.

Schools were closed and the buildings were used as shelters for the injured and the dead. Some went to the toilet and died there. I was not allowed to enter the school building, but I could easily imagine the terrible sight that the grown-ups were talking about. My cousin also died. Another of my cousins who I brought back from town gave off a bad smell because she was burnt and her wounds had festered. My father couldn't find a doctor to examine her. There were only a few doctors. He had a hard time looking after his family (an aunt, two elder cousins, and one younger cousin).

A friend of mine, a year older than me, came back to Hiroshima City and was indirectly exposed to the radiation. He said, "When I grow up, I am going to get them," and then died.

My father was a teacher, and some of his private math students did not come back from the city. Others who did come back had lost their teeth and hair and died one after another.

Many tragedies happened all at once.

## (2) In Their Teens

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 15**  
34-5032

I still remember people who were heavily burned over half of their bodies by the A-bomb and their clothing torn, reeling along streets and squares, or lying by the roadside.

On the way back from school, I helped carry a woman on a stretcher. It was very heavy. Some of the victims called for water, but could not get any. People could not afford to feel for others, nor could they tell good from evil, when all of them suffered from such a disaster. It was natural

that they thought only of themselves.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 18**  
**13-32-019**

Only a few hours after the bomb, some ten colleagues and I started to cremate bodies in various part of the city. I especially recall such places as, Hiroshima Woman's Vocational School and the Prefectural Hospital. We burned several hundreds of dead bodies. We could hardly recognize them as male or female, let alone find any clues to their names. We dug holes and buried the bones temporarily. When we could read their names on the plates on their chests, we wrote them on pieces of paper and handed them to the higher officers of the army. I wonder how they were treated and where they are now. Never will I forget that terrible experience.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 18**  
**13-32-051**

1. I engaged in rescue operations, wading through the wounded and dead.
2. The first person that I rescued was about a 50 year old woman with the skin of her face, hands and legs hanging down from burns.
3. A boy with his eyes crushed was crying for help in a shelter.
4. I remember a mother who was weeping and pressing her cheek to her little child in the Industrial Promotion Hall.
5. Someone was moving under a straw mat and he cried, "Help me, soldier." Apparently he had been presumed dead.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 19**  
**13-21-005**

With the order from the main force we started for Hiroshima to rescue the people there 10 hours after the bombing. The hot summer sun sunk over the mountains, and it was getting dark when our bus was swinging along the

national road to Hiroshima City.

Suddenly I saw an illusion of a beautiful night unfolding in front of our eyes as the eastern sky was getting brighter with flames and smoke as we were coming near the city.

Great numbers of people whose clothes were torn and whose faces and hands were dirty were walking toward us and passing us with packages on their shoulders. They had no words to utter. We wondered what had happened to them. Unfortunately we had been given no information in advance by the main force.

We got off the bus in the dark. Something was moving at my feet. It said something in a human voice. I understood the seriousness of the matter at last.

"Water." "Painful." "Help" were said in faint voices. A martial song was heard in the distance. Nothing seemed real.

We were soldiers. We had to obey orders. "Help only the persons who are likely to live on" was the order. We rescued only such persons as the order said. My ears got numb after hearing such pleas as "Give me water" so, so many times. What could I do with so many people wanting water? But they must have wanted water to moisten their dying lips. Then I should have given them water. I regret this, but... what could I have done?

All that I recall makes me feel sad and gives me pain. What should I do with this regret? I have to follow them someday to the world where they have gone.

We must not have any more war. I was left alone with sorrow and regrets. It is imperative that we maintain peace in this world. I cannot write any more as emotion has overcome me. May they sleep peacefully.

**Hiroshima, Male, age 19**  
**23-0244**

I was a member of the first-aid team at Kure maritime corps and went straight to Hiroshima in an ambulance car,



about 40 minutes after the bomb. At that time only a few fires had broken out. I stayed there to observe the entire city burn down to ashes. I must be one of the few witnesses who can say how the city was transformed, from the time of the bombing until it was completely burnt out.

1. A lot of soldiers in army uniforms lay dead.

2. The iron posts for streetcars had fallen down. Dead bodies lay along the streets. It was unable to say whether they were male or female.

3. The bank of the river that runs near the present Atomic Bomb Memorial Dome was covered with dead bodies, and we could not go about without stepping on them.

4. On the playground of the school near the blast center, people lay fallen over like a lot of ninepins.

5. A woman was vacantly sitting by half burnt boards which carried dead bodies on them.

6. A young woman in a torn chemise was dragging her way with the skins of her hands hanging down.

7. I walked around the city of Hiroshima for a long time. I saw many people whose houses were burnt or whose families had been killed. But I found no one with tears in his eyes in spite of the great loss.

These are the scenes that come to my mind as I think of the days after the bomb.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 19**  
**34-4235**

I entered Hiroshima on August 7 as a soldier to help clear up the city.

On our way we were asked for water by many people. They said, "Soldier, give me water." I couldn't pass them without giving them water, though I was told that they would die if they drank water. I don't know if what I did was good or not. But now I am relieved to think that at least they died with their lips moistened. There could not be

more miserable deaths than those who lost their lives by the bombs. No one can imagine how terrible and miserable they were without actually seeing them.

A lot of dead bodies lay on the banks of the river at Hakushima. We burned and buried them. We worked until the end of August.

I really felt it must never happen again.

### (3) In Their Twenties

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 20**  
04-0108

Dead bodies of citizens burnt black and sore were seen everywhere in the ruins, rivers and cisterns on the streets.

In an air-raid shelter a dying old woman refused to be rescued, pointing to her two grandsons, who were already dead, and asked us to care for them first.

A school boy who looked to be in the second grade of primary school was taken to the lodgings of the army because his parents and brothers were lost. On the morning of the fifth day he called me to his side. I went to him and found he had no strength to stand up. He wanted water and took my hands. He looked relieved and died.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 20**  
04-0110

While I was engaged in the clearing of dead bodies, I found a dead and charcoaled woman with her hands on her lap at the kitchen sink and another dead woman with her children, one under each arm at the entrance of their house.

Five members of a family were suffocated to death in a shelter by a road. I can't say exactly where it was. Their clothes were all burnt to tatters.

Dead bodies were floating down the rivers.

For several days we gathered dead bodies and burned

them. When we could recognize their names, we put the bones of one person on a piece of burnt tile with a piece of newspaper on which names were written, in cases we managed to find out, to show to passers-by. But nobody came to claim those bones.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 20**  
**13-53-037**

I did not suffer directly from the atomic bomb. When Hiroshima was bombed, I was in the suburb at the foot of a mountain with my troops. In the evening of August 6, the day of the bombing, all my troops were ordered to start for Hiroshima to commence rescue work in the city.

We arrived there at dawn on August 7.

The station compound was completely burnt down, and the roofs of the platforms were still burning. We could not keep standing there because of the heat. When we reached the city, it had been completely burnt down. Smoke was all around. I felt those things too terrible to be real.

We worked every day from that day on. Our principle task was moving and burning dead bodies. While working, we came across a grotesque-looking group of burnt people. They all were crying, "Help!", "Painful", or "Hot". They must have been on their way to an aid station. There were many dead bodies lying along the street. Some were burnt black. Some were half-burnt. I can not forget the terrible scenes.

I can't tell the details due to the prohibition in the army code.

On August 11, our troops entered Nagasaki. In a church were mountains of dead bodies. We burned and buried them. We went back to Hiroshima again.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 20**  
**23-0390**

In that hellish state, I was stopped by painful faint voices, "Soldier, help me" and "Soldier, please" from all

around. I regret I could not answer them at all.

Tincture and mercurochrome had run out.

I could not give even water to those who were going to die. I could only watch them die, helplessly. That terrible scene never goes out of my mind.

I will never be relieved of these regrets till I die. Although we were at the war I would never forgive myself for not being able to do anything.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 21**  
01-0096

I think it was the morning of the 7th when I arrived in Hiroshima and I stayed at the station square until day-break. To my surprise, as the day broke I couldn't find anyone except some injured railroad workers at the station. Dead bodies were everywhere. I went to the town called Shimonaka-cho, near an elementary school. On the ground, there were not thousands of bodies but heaps of ashes of elementary school children, burned to death.

I often recall this even now.

I can't take war any more.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 21**  
13-23-071

I was on a ship when the heat rays came.

When I went into a burned out field, I saw a man with a bucket of ashes. I couldn't see at first what he had, but he said it was his family's ashes. I was shocked to hear that.

I thought that the family that had taken us, the army, into their home were all fine. But a week later, all the hair of the older sister fell out and she died. I was asked to burn the body by her younger sister. I remember all of this clearly.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 21**  
**23-0031**

(1) On August 11, I arrived in Hiroshima by train about seven in the morning. When I looked around the city from the station, it was all brown colored and I could see far-off mountains in Koi and Ujina Port from there. I could not help but be frightened by this new bomb.

(2) I was on my way home with my friend who had gotten on the train with me in Kyoto. I felt my knees shaking. I was worried about the safety of my family on my way to Shinonome-cho where our house was located. I couldn't look straight at the people's grotesque faces and bodies as I went.

(3) My friend's house was in Takeya-cho, but the town looked like a burnt out area when we saw it from Hiroshima Station. There was no possibility that his house still stood, so we started towards my house because we heard that Shinonome-cho was not burned out.

(4) My younger sister died on August 7 and my parents were injured. Soon after lunch we walked to ground zero to search for my friend's family.

(5) I thought that his family may have been sent to city hall. People were lying on straw mats in a big room and in the corridor in the burned-out city hall like so many fish. There was no way to tell if they were alive or dead. I felt sick to see black flies swarming on their bodies. They couldn't even chase the flies away. I think there were about 500 people lying there.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 23**  
**27-0166**

1. A two-story building in front of Hiroshima Station had been destroyed, but all of the roof tiles were intact.

2. A man was killed by the bomb at the entrance of Dobashi Bridge riding a bicycle. To the side of the man four or five horses were lying with their hair all burned and their skin torn off of one side. The meat under the skin was exposed to the air. They were barely alive.

3. Rescued people's eyes were swollen, their clothes torn and burned off, their flesh torn and exposed. The people were staggering with sticks or lying on the street. People died crying for water and dead bodies were piled up in heaps or scattered around in the river and on riverside.

4. Around Koi Station, a mother was carrying her child on her back. The child seemed as old as a junior high school student. Although the child's eyes were swollen, clothes torn off and the flesh exposed, the child was still breathing. The mother said, "I have been looking for my child since yesterday and I have found her at last. I will go back with her. My child is alive. How lucky!" They went off full of hope to the west. I remember it was around four o'clock in the afternoon.

5. I also saw a farmer killed in a field. His body was bent double, and he was supporting himself with a hoe. I can remember it even now. The dreadful scene was like hell and beyond description. This was my tragic and terrifying experience of the bomb.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 24**  
**01-0006**

Contact with the correspondent unit stationed in Hiroshima had stopped, so I went to Hiroshima to scout the situation. I got off a train at Mihara Station. I walked to a garrison town and to Hiroshima Castle (military headquarters) which still existed at that time. I saw countless dead and injured on the way. It was a terrible situation in the hot summer of August. Words cannot describe it. It was like hell. There were dead bodies lying one upon another in the river. A streetcar was overturned and burned bodies were lying on the road. Injured people were looking for shade or just sitting there asking for help. There was nothing but rotten food. Although it was war, I could not contain my anger at the brutal measure that caused pain to so many ordinary people who had neither weapons nor means to fight.

I worked at temporary repairs, such as communication lines, and communication facilities under the order of my senior officer. While repairing Hiroshima Post Office and a school, I saw dead bodies in the burned area and heads

caught by electric wires. There was no medicine for injured people. One can never imagine that situation, so different than the peace at present.

I want to teach the tragedy of war to my children and to their children so we can maintain peace and prevent war. Dropping the atomic bomb on Hiroshima caused a hell on earth.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 24**  
01-0057

I came to help in the rescue effort. I used a truck and took the wounded to barracks. Their burns were treated, but most of them died the next day.

I was told that it was useless to give water to them because they would soon die if they drank it. But I gave them water anyway, because they were going to die even without water.

I saw a woman whose body and face were hideously burned. She looked about 80. I asked her age, but to my surprise, she was only about 20.

Elementary school students appeared to be all right, but they all died the next day crying for water. This was really strange, and left a strong impression on me.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 24**  
23-0245

The whole city was filled with a bad smell. It was weird that countless flies followed me around. It may safely be said that there were no people in Hiroshima City (maybe it was August 14). Many burned people were lying in the waiting room and on the platform of Hiroshima Station. They had vacant eyes.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 24**  
34-5946

I was called up on June 17, and moved to Yamaguchi City

for military operations. I became a secretary at army headquarters of the transport corps. At 11:20 there was a telephone call in code from the division that "A special bomb has been dropped on Hiroshima and no traces of the city can be found." On August 9, I left Yamaguchi City and came to Hiroshima City around 8 o'clock at night. Four of us joined the western army control division and Akatsuki Corps. I returned to Yamaguchi that day and came back to Hiroshima in the morning of the 14th. I stayed at City Hall and helped the injured every day. I have a lot of memories I don't want to recall. A woman had been crushed by a pillar in the Bank of Japan. Her face was distorted. Not only dead bodies but also the injured who were in critical condition were dumped like garbage. They were piled up and burned. This left a scar that remains deep in my heart.

War is really merciless, but I don't think I was afraid at that time.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 25**  
13-12-205

The men killed by the bomb were lying face down, the women had died looking up at the sky. Some people were still living although their faces were badly injured. They lapped up the water as I poured it into their mouths. I was speechless.

On August 6, 1945, I got an order to join the 11th Western Corps (linked with headquarters of the Hiroshima division) to aid in the operation of anti-aircraft artillery, but I was in Kudarimatsu City in Yamaguchi Prefecture at that time (to help in the transport of fuel from the fueling station. I was sent from 110th Western Corps in Yamaguchi City.) So I returned to Yamaguchi City get my military uniform and started from Yamaguchi Station at 6 p.m. for Hiroshima City. It took time because the train often had to slow down and stop. I couldn't go to Hiroshima Station and had to get off at Koi Station (the name of the station has been changed) on the 7th late in the morning because the train couldn't go any further. Badly injured people and dead bodies were lying in and around the station. I can remember injured people (civilians) and mobilized students were wearing ragged clothes, bloodstained triangular bandages etc. They were just wandering around.



It was my first visit to Hiroshima so I didn't know where the 111th Western Corps were. Following the group leader's map, I approached ground zero passing a big road and a river. As we approached the site, we saw more badly burned bodies. They were red, blistered, naked bodies that were half burned. Dead people and horses were lying here and there. On the way, we saw a young slim red-headed soldier in a burned out field. He was tied to a charred pillar with a burned wire. He had been stabbed with bamboo spears and burned sticks from all sides. It was a very shocking scene. Living things were burned black, and there were no telling whether they were dogs or humans. Big pine trees on the bank of a canal were uprooted and had fallen down, and some were blown off from the tracks. The barracks of the 111th Western Corps were not at the site.

There was a pile of round stones. In the pile was a skull, a human skull. As I blew on it, I could see ashes (calcium powder), it had been completely reduced to inorganic matter because of the high temperature. Behind a bank, a dead war horse lay, its skin had been ripped off by the bomb blast. Dead bodies were floating in the moat. The whole situation didn't seem to be of this world. I can still see the scene in my mind.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 25**  
23-0406

On August the 7th (or 8th), I managed to arrive at the Takano Bridge. I intended to visit a lady friend at Yoshikawa Inn, Ote-machi, 3-chome. But the heat and flames blocked the way. All around me was a sea of fire. Under such circumstances I saw a woman carrying a crying baby on her back staggering along on her bare feet. The sight is always in my mind.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 25**  
34-5283

A person whom I met a week after the bomb was happy to have been lucky enough to escape injury. Ten days later that person died from fever, loss of hair, bloody stools, etc. I was filled with ominous fear. (Mandai Bridge east office)

A young mother, who couldn't lie on her back because it was burned seriously, was almost dead, naked, on top of a wooden box in the first-aid station. Her baby wouldn't let go of her breast. (Kabe-cho)

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 26**  
**13-37-006**

On that day, I couldn't help closing my eyes at the sight of the ghost-like crowd seeking refuge. (Beside the road leading to Kaita)

Almost naked and bare footed, a wave of marchers, silent and absent-minded; their skin burned with water blisters, their arms hanging down; they reminded me of spirits in a ghost story. I saw hell in this world. This terrible scene still haunts me when I close my eyes.

A couple of days later, several bodies lying in a reservoir had turned black, twice as big and shining. I turned my face away. I couldn't help placing my hands over my ears to shut out the groans of the dying along the river bank, trying to survive.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 26**  
**34-4549**

On the night of August the 7th, I went to Hiroshima from Nishi-Hiroshima. It was very hard to go forward as there were so many obstacles. Dawn came around Kamiya-cho. I was shocked to see the numbers of bodies in the tanks of each house, more bodies in a burnt street car at Kamiya-cho crossing, and still more bodies on the bank of the river. All but the modern buildings and the ancient warehouses made of mud were burnt and had fallen. The view was so vast, we could see the distant mountains.

I helped receive the suffering at a makeshift hospital. It was hard to separate the dead from the living. It smelled of blood and pus. I heard the sounds of children crying, asking for water and the groaning of the injured. It was beyond expression to see bodies being carried through this hell-like place.

On the 6th, one military policeman had visited the hospital and asked the doctor about the injured. The MP declared that it must have been an atomic bomb. The head people of the Japanese military must already have had information that an atomic bomb would be dropped. As for us, we got to know the fearfulness of the bomb through the real destruction and damage we suffered.

I experienced so many tragic things. I can never forget them.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 26**  
**34-5252**

When I went to Hiroshima on August the 14th, I found only a burnt field from which I could for miles around. Wherever I went, tiles were lying about, knocked off by the blast. Electric wires were also lying about, transformed into wire nets. I didn't come across any dead bodies at all.

I was 25 years old and was in good health, so I carried bodies from the school to a crematory in a hand cart several times a day. Sometimes, I carried three or four bodies at a time. There were too many bodies for the crematory to burn. We carried them roughly.

Under the hot summer sunlight, we were sent to Kushiya to pick up the bodies and carry them on stretchers through the narrow mountain path to the crematory. Because of the war, we were short of men, so women assisted and pushed the carts. It took more than one hour to carry them to the crematory. Everyday I did many kinds of different jobs, carrying the bodies and burning them. Maggots from the bodies were plentiful, and they fell on the ground every time we moved the bodies. Until I became accustomed to it, I trembled at the sight. On the way, we sometimes took a rest under the trees, but I couldn't help looking at the bodies, and once I glanced at them, I was captured by the image of the maggots. Then I would start going again.

At first we had only one makeshift crematory, but later we had another one, where we burned bodies with oil. We put six or seven bodies on a board, placed chopped wood and straw on them, and then burned them. After that, we put the

remains of each one in a pot before they got cold and arranged them. The smell of burning bodies made me feel as if the saliva in my mouth had become some thick thing. When the fire was burning powerfully, with fat from the bodies, we heard the bodies crack in the pale flame. I felt like a demon in this hell-like world.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 27**  
**12-0017**

I've never seen such a weird shape as the mushroom cloud of the atomic bomb. It rose high in the sky, winding and twisting with colorful light--violet, red black and orange, backed by the sunlight. It was hellish.

Hiroshima was smashed to the ground in a moment. The elderly, women, little children--innocent people who didn't fight--lost their lives, burnt like logs or potatoes. They were like insects.

Those who survived crept out of the city, groaning and dragging their feet as they walked, helping one another in a long line along the railroad tracks. No medicine to treat their injuries. Every day, funerals in every town. How cruel it is! Too inhuman to express. The worst war in the world.

Japan is the only nation in the world that suffered from this disaster. For as long as I live, I want to tell this story and to work for a peaceful world. Our having to suffer the bomb was too cruel. It is enough. No more.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 27**  
**13-14-110**

I was working as a rescuer then. I still remember one man. His entire body was wrapped in bandages. He was suffering terribly from his burns and every time he passed a water tank, he would get into it. Then he would walk to the next tank and get into it.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 27**  
**34-5010**

I am a atomic bomb victim who entered the city of Hiroshima on August the 8th. On the way from the suburbs to the city, I came across numerous dead, injured and burnt. I'll describe some people I can never forget.

On the 7th, a woman on bare feet managed to get to Myohoji Temple in Kawai, Kuchi village, Asa-gun, where I had been evacuated. She had burns around her whole body and her husband was nursing her. The wish to see her son once more before she died made her come to the temple over 28 km of mountain road from the suffering town of Kojin-machi. She was the first bomb victim I saw and she impressed me so much. "Your burns! What happened?", her son asked. "I don't know...", she answered, "When I was hanging out the washing, something flashed behind me and I had no time to move. I didn't know what was happening then. I've managed to come here with daddy's help. Our house was destroyed." She said this with all her strength. After that she only groaned.

On the 8th, on the way to Hiroshima when I came to Gion-cho, there were a lot of injured, burnt and dead people at the temple site. The closer I came to Hiroshima, the more I saw of this. It gave me a great shock.

At the east end of Misasa Bridge, I saw two sentries with black burnt faces. They died in the same pose, crouching with bayonets in their hands.

In the playground of the Kojin-machi National Elementary School, I saw my student, a third grade boy, his head smashed, killed in the air-raid shelter. I had often told my students to play an active part in the war. I myself was still alive, while the students who listened to me had died. There was nothing I could say.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 28**  
**01-0131**

My entire family was killed by the bomb.

On the evening of the 6th, just after the atomic bomb

was dropped, I came to Hiroshima from Mihara City. I walked and walked looking for my family. I slept outside in the safety of a streetcar with the suffering citizens. One after another they died. Almost everywhere we had sights like that. I don't like to remember now.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 29**  
27-0046

On August 7, I saw about 50 people begging for water in Hiroshima City. I've been very sorry ever since that I was not able to do anything for them. The eyes of those victims were injured and they couldn't move. Even today I'm living in agony over this.

I think now that I was just like a robot obeying commands then. I will never become that robot again, I will walk down the path of humanity.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 29**  
34-4708

I entered the city on August 8. All was burnt to ashes. Many corpses lay on both sides of the road. Their eyes had been forced out of their sockets, their bodies swollen and naked as if they were "Niou" (a guardian god standing at a temple gate, they look very fierce), which was a very miserable sight. I went into the city to find my aunt. She was rescued in Fukuro-machi. Her lips were cruelly swollen up, and face almost burnt red, with no power to live. She was taken care of at her acquaintance's in Gion and died toward the evening of the 12th. I gave her water before her death. The water passed through her belly with the sound of a clatter and quickly went out of her body. On the 9th, I had already realized that she wouldn't be able to survive.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 29**  
34-5904

On that day when the atomic bomb was dropped, I was at the second shipbuilding factory of Ujina at Futsukaichi in Saeki county. A few hours after the atomic explosion, I

went home to Fukushima-cho (2 kilometers from the epicenter).

The whole city was smothered by huge flames. People changed into something like rags were lying everywhere, some dead, some groaning with pain and struggling. Everywhere I heard people asking for "water, water." It was a living hell. I was looking for my wife, my two children, my elder brother and sister and my younger sister.

I have a lot of things to write but especially I have to tell you about the junior high school students.

They were in the city as student workers and were killed. Some emerged from the center of the city exhausted, fell and died. Some asked for their last sip of water and died. Their bodies could be found scattered in the marsh. You could see arms stretched to embrace heaven, fingers bent (grasping at the air). I can't forget the cruel sight.

The most important and unforgettable thing is atomic disease. I have already lost 6 relatives because of acute atomic disease. Those who were only slightly injured were covered with black spots, their hair falling out. They coughed up blood and finally died. Some died within a week or a month. With each relative death, I burned the corpse to ashes on wooden boards.

#### (4) 30-39 Years Old

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 31**  
**13-31-021**

I looked for corpses along the roads, especially along the road leading from Showa-machi to the clothing factory.

I couldn't recognize the faces of the corpses because they all were swollen up, and smoke-stained black. I couldn't even recognize my own mother because all victims wore black-burnt "monpe" (Japanese-style trousers). (I had heard that she went out for working service, so I thought she must have worn "monpe".)

I encouraged myself by remembering the experience of the battlefield during my military days, and I had courage

to open those corpses' mouths in the hope that I might be able to confirm my mother among the victims to some degree by finding some gold teeth. (From my history)

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 35**  
13-20-049

Many soldiers , burned and swollen up, lay suffering and asking for water on the luggage platform of Hiroshima Station. I felt very, very sorry that I couldn't do anything for them because I was told that they would die sooner if I gave them water.

It was beyond description: the heads of the victims of the atomic raid covered with ashes, mercurochrome all over their bodies, their skin hanging down off their bodies, loaded into a truck and taken to hospitals in Ujina from the center of the city.

A teacher came to help with the evacuation. He was burned, his skin hanging down, covered with mercurochrome, and walking unsteadily in the direction of the hilly sections (Okawa housing). I was left speechless.

I belonged to the military, so I went out to the town, where I found trains burned and corpses lying in Kamiya-cho, and saw many naked women walking unsteadily in a daze, the elastic band from "monpe" around their ankles (maybe their clothes were blown off) and their heads covered with ashes.

I had many other experiences, but for about ten years, everytime I smelled something burning, I was reminded of "that" nauseating smell.

**Hiroshima, Male, Age 35**  
40-1075

A few hours after the atomic explosion, many parts of the city were still burning. I took part in the rescue work centering on Kamiya-cho. In some places the pavement was burning, so we couldn't pass. There was no water to extinguish it with. Our work was making little progress. It was a living hell.



In the vacant lands there were crowds of atomic victims. They would scream and groan, like goblins in haunted house in the movies. It terrified me beyond description.

A mother seriously injured from the bombing, her eyes hanging out, was trying to nurse her dead baby held tight to her breast. And another mother who died trying to protect her baby. The baby lay on her mother's chest unable to make any sound because she had cried for so long, her mouth open and her tongue moving feebly, searching for her mother's breast. People sitting in their own waste because they couldn't move crying out for help. Those who clung to soldiers' feet and pleaded for water. I didn't have any water, but put my dry drinking flask to their lips. They would move their mouths right before they died.

During the morning gathering at a school, 700 people fell and died on the spot from the atomic explosion. It still now wrings my heart to remember all that misery, all those people with their faces buried in their hands. But I was in the army then. Today, I wonder how I continued to work for 14 days in the midst of all that misery and death.

### (5) Over 40 Years Old

Hiroshima, Male, Age 41  
13-16-037

Things I can not forget. (I was drafted as a soldier in charge of sanitation.)

(I was in the educational section of the marine corps. There were many vacant working places where we took many atomic bomb victims.)

The victims were divided into groups according to the seriousness of their injuries. The seriously injured died one after another. Medical treatment was insufficient, there were 2 army surgeons, 3 noncommissioned officers and 18 medical orderlies. The victims kept dying one after another. The young people (junior-high students at that time) began to sing a military song. As they sang their faces began to swell. Their faces were like featureless balloons--no eyes, no noses, no mouths. Just before they

died, their faces looked like watermelons with eyes and noses drawn on them. Most women died calling for their families.

An air-raid alarm - the lights were extinguished. (Nothing could be done.) Later, the all clear signal was given, and the lights turned on. There were several people lying dead (in one room).

Can I ever forget this scene?

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 48**  
13-22-012

I was living in Funairi-honmachi. On August 3, I went to my relative's house in the country to talk about leaving the city. I heard about the atomic explosion in Hiroshima City and went there on August 8. I found everything burned. I could find neither my house nor household belongings.

I got anxious about my younger sister, who was living at Jisenji Temple, Nakashima-honmachi. I went there, but I couldn't find anything. I asked one her neighbors about my sister. He told me she was missing. So I couldn't do anything and was completely at a loss. I continued to inquire at every likely place.

Several months later, I got a call telling me to look for her downstairs in the telephone room because the other party had been talking to my sister on the phone at the time of the bombing. I went right away and started to search for her, but I only found her purse. I proved that she had been there and was killed in the fire. She died so tragically.

b) Female

(1) 10-19 Years Old

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 13**  
34-5838

I was in the seventh grade. I was watching the dead floating on the Ozu River on boards in groups of five or six. They were being taken to places to be burned. I had

become emotionally numb. I kept staring at the scene.

The emotions I have now are different from those I had then. The fact that I didn't feel horror at the scene, makes me feel terrible today.

My classmates went to a junior high school in the city and more than half of them were killed. They had just finished elementary school in April and then spent four months working in the city cleaning up and destroying buildings. They didn't even have enough food. Then they were killed by the atomic bomb. What poor things. I also felt sad when I thought about their parents. I feel I have no excuse to be alive.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 16**  
**13-36-018**

The scene I saw when I was looking for my younger brother at the debris. A dead person, almost naked with burns all over his body, and a straw rope wrapped around his waist. He was hanging on a pole carried by two men. The dead person was bent like a bow swaying from side to side. I went to look for my younger brother, but in vain.

On my way home on foot, I was picked up by an army truck. The truck was already full of people. At my feet lay a wounded person, all his body bandaged. There was no room for me to put my legs down, so I put one of my legs up on the luggage rack, but a woman who was with the man told me to put my legs on the man because he was already dead. But I couldn't do it.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 16**  
**13-40-002**

A few days after the explosion, I was scared every day, because I heard that those who entered the city after the explosion (even if they had no direct burns or wounds) were going to die with their hair and eyebrows falling out, vomiting blood.

I still vividly remember my father secretly checking to

see if we were sick by plucking out our eyebrows after he thought we were asleep.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 16**

**34-5796**

When I got off at the platform in Hiroshima Station. I was surprised that I had a complete view of the whole city, including the foot of the mountains in the west.

I think three days had already passed after the atomic explosion, but a big pine tree in front of the station was still smoking. I was walking along the train track and found that a train burnt black lay fallen on its side. On burnt tiles, burnt bones to be crushed into pieces were piled, and on a burnt gatepost the following notice was written: "Please take the remains of your loved ones." I still can't forget these scenes.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 17**

**11-0097**

So many dead and injured persons, in miserable conditions, were lying in the roads. It was hell. They asked me to give them water, but there was nothing I could do for them. It almost drove me mad.

I still remember that my elder sister, a victim of the atomic bomb, was lying the fire. I wanted to get her bones as soon as I could, but I couldn't touch them because they were too hot. My thoughts at that time are beyond description.

Two employees in the factory came to my house to report about the explosion. The head and body of one of them, a woman, was covered with pieces of broken glass. I was crying, absorbed in removing those pieces with my trembling hands. I felt so sorry for her. There was some black stuff all over her. It look as if she was covered with tar. I still don't know whether it blood mixed with dust or something else. I still wonder about it.

My elder sister was talking with the other employee, a man. His tongue was split like a pomegranate, and the soles

of his feet were also cut. He had a high fever of about 104 and a very bad case of diarrhea just as though his bowels had melted and came out. A nearby community hospital said that it was dysentery because of his bloody feces. Without seeing him and giving us medicine, the staff in the hospital told us to separate him from others. Feeling regret, we quarantined him in my house. The neighbors wouldn't sell food to us because we had a man with a contagious disease. Under these horrible conditions, the man went mad. He defecated in the room and walked around. He tried to hang himself with an electric cord. He also tried to wrench open the shutter and jump in the well. He finally died in this state of madness. I can't forget his fierce look even now. I took his corpse to the burning place in the village in a wagon, and collected his bones.

Even today I am still afraid to enter that room.

For a long time, my heart was so heavy with so much death and guilt, I couldn't even sleep at night.

I, myself, barely missed the atomic bombing. But when I think about my sister, my missing grandmother, my employees of the factory...I'm in such agony.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 17**  
13-20-008

Even though I've been asked to describe my experiences and emotions from that time, just thinking about it makes me uncomfortable.

Someone, a stranger, begged me, "Hey sister, won't you give me some water?" He wasn't able to drink.... There were white things moving all over his side. On everyone's side. Maggots. It was a living hell. I can still remember picking off the maggots one by one with chopsticks.

My cousin was brought up as a member of our family. He was a good brother. He was working in the city evacuating buildings when the bomb was dropped. He must have worn his cap, because there was still some hair above his ears. He was burnt black all over, the skin of his face had peeled off. He called my name and said in a feeble voice, "Ma-chan, Sister, I feel very terrible. I don't want to die. I

want to live. I want to beat America". His tears flowed along his burnt skin. When I remember the hand I stroked over his hands and my involuntary words, "You've got to make it," my heart gets heavy.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 17**  
**13-40-014**

I especially can't forget the bodies of those little children's corpses. The body of a 4 year old girl , one big water blister, floating in the fire fighting water left a deep impression on my soul.

I remember many bodies in the former Asano Library. I also remember the cries of agony I heard from the first-aid station made of straw mats near Yokokawa Bridge.

I felt keenly that hell and paradise were on this earth, not in the after life. I felt very sorry for those innocent people who were raised in a militaristic society because they had to suffer as victims in hell. Especially, I felt sorry for the little children.

At that time I was in shock and wasn't able to do anything. When I look back, I feel ashamed and guilty.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 18**  
**23-0110**

In those days I was in charge of 10th and 11th grade students of a girls' high school, a national school. It was located in Kawauchi village, Asa-county, Hiroshima Prefecture (Now Kawauchi, Sato-machi, Minami Ward, Asa).

The day after the explosion, on August 7, young teachers from the lower counties came to the city.

Along National Highway 54, there were many people running toward the country. They had black peeling faces, skin from both hands hanging down in strips, and clothes worn to tatters. Many people, tired out, fell down on the roads and died without being treated. First I was amazed at this sight. The city was still in flames. There was a smell of dead people, burnt cows and horses. Many people

who jumped into water cisterns were dead and floating, their bodies like water blisters. I couldn't stop shivering. That was a real hell on earth.

From that day each classroom of the school was filled with victims, and there was no where to stand. We had only basic medicine. I had put some medicine on a person's wounds, the next day the wound was infested with maggots and gave off a strange smell. The victims died one after another, suffering from diarrhea and vomiting, just suffering, asking for water. I couldn't do anything from them but give some water. All I could do was pray for them.

Teachers themselves died from the bomb explosion. My teacher's husband and father and others died, so we suffered from a shortage of help. I took care of the victims, having students in higher grades help me with the work. Of course, temples, meeting places, big houses were full of victims. The corpses were cremated on the banks of river, at the foot of bridges, etc. with doors and other wood. Every day, every night, people were cremated. And one of the two villages in Kawauchi district, one member of each family had gone to the city in volunteer parties to pull down buildings, and all of them died in the explosion. The village office and their families were in utter confusion. The young men had been sent to the front, so the women and children left behind went to Hiroshima to look for corpses every day.

Many people came to my school many people came to look for their relatives. Some were able to find the relatives and take them home. Among all of the victims, a 7 year old girl touched my heart. She lay on her side and couldn't move. Her father came and gave her some chocolate and sugar. As he was leaving, he asked me to take care of her and left with tears in his eyes. I thought that maybe he had to return to his military duty. After that she died. I don't know what happened to him, but I'll never forget them.

A middle-aged-woman had a serious wound in her side as if a rafter of a house had dug into it. I could only put some mercurochrome on and bandage it. The next day maggots were already deep in the wound. We had only one old doctor in our village, so at the beginning we couldn't do much for the victims.

I was in charge of one girl, whose father was killed in the war and whose mother was killed when she worked in a volunteer party. She and her two sisters were left behind. Her family were farmers, so everybody in my class went to help her in the farming. It is hard to describe now.

A while after this, I was asked by some school students to help them in making a notebook about the atomic bomb. I gave them my experiences to use.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 19**  
**13-19-041**

A boy about seven or eight was burned and his skin was hanging down, but he was still alive. Some maggots were crawling on his face. He was still walking, but with empty eyes, his skin peeled and his eyes red after the peeling. I thought, "I can't live any more," and "That is hell on earth." I can't ever forget this young boy I saw. Maybe he was walking, looking for his parents.

**(2) 20-29 Years Old**

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 20**  
**23-0384**

The suffering people! Their clothes ripped, bleeding, their flesh and meat sticking out. I couldn't tell if they were dead or alive. They couldn't see. They just slumped down and crouched on the ground.

In the fields eggplants had been burnt in place. All over I heard children calling for their parents. There were burned people barely alive that we couldn't tell if they were young or old, male or female. There was nothing I could do.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 20**  
**40-1165**

On the burnt out ruins of the platform of Hiroshima Station, I was just sitting waiting for the train to Kyushu to come. I was in the seventh month of pregnancy.



I was with about 20 elementary school students who had been sent to the mountains for safety, separated from their parents. I heard that their teacher told them to go home quickly because Hiroshima had been bombed. So the students were just on their way home. In the station, water continued to flow from the only water pipe. We drank the water, but had nothing to eat.

At night fire burst out here and there. The children went to see the fire and told me that a pile of corpses were burned by using trees. At night that were no flies or mosquitoes; all we had was that strange smell. They said one after another, "I can't tell what has become of my house".

After walking a little from there, I could see only one burned hand and the end of a leg on a brick. A boy told me not to look. What has become of these children after getting separated from their parents? Are these people, who suffered the same fate as me, now living well? We had nothing to eat, so they got some lunch boxes visitors brought back from Satsuma no Mori, and gave us some. Where are they and what are they doing now? If they have survived, I'd like to know about them.

The rails of trains were twisted. Glass ice containers in an ice dealer's had beautiful wave patterns.

I spent a week there. I felt shivers down my spine at what I saw and heard.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 21**  
11-0161

In the afternoon of August 6, the trains were stopped, so I got off at the Kaitaichi Station and began to walk toward Hiroshima. Every time I met someone coming out of Hiroshima, I found them in burned, ripped clothes and their faces all black, dazed, and with blank stares. However often I asked them what had happened, all they said was, "Flash!" "Loud sound!" and sometimes "A sea of fire!"

After passing Mukainada, I was near Hiroshima, where I found the sky of Hiroshima flaming red and more crowds of people. More and more people, exhausted, lay here and there

along roads. I felt very shocked and surprised.

I couldn't do anything for these victims. I didn't remember which way to my house in Ushita. Toward evening I found my house burned to ashes and my mother crouching at the corner of the garden.

Forty years have passed since then, but I can't forget those empty eyes I met on the road. I'm wondering if most of them died.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 21**  
**27-0180**

On the 9th of August, three days after the bombing attack, I walked to Hiroshima City from Kaitaichi Station of the Sanyo Line, so I could ask after my married sister and her family, and my relatives, too. On the way, in the vicinity of Mukainada I saw a board near some remains and a note that said these remains belonged to xx, a student of Hiroshima First Junior High School and that they wanted his family to take charge of the remains and take him home.

When I came close to Hijiyama Hill, stretched before my eyes was burnt ground of a reddish brown color and the city completely destroyed by fire as far as the eye could see. Only the frames of buildings remained intact, and when I saw the street-cars and buses, which must have been running till the explosion, still on the spot, turned rust-red from the flames, I stood in shock as if I had seen their corpses.

All the people passing me were wounded, in ragged clothes, with their bodies in bandages, a very pitiful sight to look at. They were turning over straw mats or burnt galvanized iron sheets, which had been the roofs of houses, looking for their relatives. Some bombed people were dead, leaning against the water tanks (for fire protection at the roadside) they had been passing near the heart of the bombed area on their way to the Koi district. A great many dead people wore name cards on their chests, and horses and cows were being carried away in the river.

Drawing near the Koi district, I found my whole house was leaning to one side from the bomb blast, though it had been saved from the fire. My sister's house had also the

second floor destroyed, only the first floor remained unsteadily supported with props. My sister's husband was died of burns the night before (the 8th of August) at Furue Primary School where he had been taken care of. Her third son, a four-month-old baby, was killed instantly, as he was blown by the force of explosion and his head smashed against a pole (the 6th of August).

All of my relatives suffered many dead and wounded in their household. Even now, though forty years have passed, I remember vividly what I heard and saw on that day of August. To the end of my life, never can I forget that day.

We called the atomic bomb a new kind of bomb or 'Pika Don' at that time, totally ignorant of its power. I think no one could realize how terrible this atomic bomb was except those who had experienced first hand.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 23**  
**34-4550**

Though a long 40 years have passed I can never forget the memory of those dreadful sights. A man without hair; a lot of dead people piled up in a heap; a man crying and yelling in tears; a man whose body was black with burns; a naked man crying bitterly. Looking at these horrible sights, I was trembling all over and couldn't find my voice. As I was walking in bare feet, the soles of my feet became swollen. Crying with the pain, I felt more dead than alive.

I can never forget the eyes of a dead person glaring at me as if he were suffering from hell.

At that time I was big with child, wandering about for three days. Even now the mere thought of those days makes me shudder. I prayed to God that the baby might be born safely, without trouble.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 23**  
**34-5093**

What I remembered most clearly was that I threaded my way through dead people. In this world one could never have had such dreadful experience as this, as to walk through so

many dead people! This is what I will always remember, right up to the day I die.

My mother also got burnt on the back, half of the face and both hands and all her hair fell out. She died of lung cancer in 1955, though she had never smoked tobacco.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 24**  
**23-0383**

On that day, lots of dead or wounded people were carried to our town on the same train that we took. I never want to remember what happened at that time.

As I was anxious to find out about my cousin (a soldier), I went to the neighborhood of Aioi Bridge on the 7th of August. But I gave it up because I thought it impossible to inquire after him under the circumstances, and I went to my parents' home in Hiro-machi.

On the 14th, on my way home to Iwakuni, I saw some dead people along the rail-way and others who were still alive but whose faces, hands and feet were already infested with maggots. Some were lucky enough to lie on newspapers, but many others were lying on the bare ground. The scene was so pitiful that I dared not look at it.

I saw some people whose skin was dangling from their bodies, the red raw flesh with the skin off. What a pitiable sight it was!

I never want to remember what happened at that time. This thought will never change. With all my heart I hope that such a tragic thing will never happen again.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 29**  
**13-11-030**

It was as if I were in hell. There were some people whose bodies were burnt like charcoal. They must have got into the water tank beside the road. So the part of their bodies over the water were carbonized but the part under the water was still human-like.

Many bodies were floating down the river; people more dead than alive. Some were begging water of the soldiers. One woman was calling, "Mother, mother!" feebly in a broken voice. A man was burnt alive with his skin dark-red. Why must these ordinary people be killed? I was so sorry for them that I wanted to give them water. But I was on my way with my little children trying hard to pass through the town, which was filled with the smell of death, under the blazing sun. I could have given water to only one or two people, but everywhere in the whole town there were a great many people lying on the road, dying. With two children besides me I could do nothing. It was a most pitiable sight. I wish I could dismiss from my mind.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 29**  
13-29-004

My father was working in a pharmaceutical factory, situated at the center of the bombed area. He was burnt all over his body, and trapped under the fallen building but crawled out by himself and just managed to get home in Itsukaichi.

That factory had been burnt down but a temporary building was built in Itsukaichi, where he started to work again as head of the factory. The burns covering his body had almost healed, and he seemed to have recovered his health. On the night of the 21st of October, however, death took my father suddenly on the road to Itsukaichi Highway, on his way home after working overtime. No one knew when and how he got sick. But the doctor told us definitely that it was from the effect of the bomb.

### (3) 30-39 Years Old

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 30**  
13-20-092

Many dead people had thrust their heads into the water tanks trying to get water. Some people had drowned going into the river for water. When I went to see one of my acquaintances, he said only one thing, that he was done for! His skin was hanging down from his body like rags. I didn't know what to say nor what to do for him. I was very sorry

because I could do nothing for him. I was doing my utmost to find where my father and my husband were, with my baby on my back.

At last I found out that my father had died on the 9th of August. But my husband was still missing. When I was looking for him at refuge shelter, I was very shocked to see the burns on some people's bodies, infested with maggots. The shock was so great that I lost the power of speech.

It was on the 19th of August, that I gave up searching for my husband. I'll never forget him for as long as I live.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 32**  
**04-0357**

At that time I had fled to a place for safety in the country, but I was very worried about my father, my elder brother and his family who lived at Takara-machi in Hiroshima City. As I wanted to know if they were safe, I went into the city. The Hiroshima I had known was gone. It had been reduced to a wide area burnt flat by the fire, and there were no proper roads to go through. I couldn't understand why things had come to this terrible state. There were only few people around, but many dead bodies. Here and there something was smoldering, giving off an offensive smell all around.

I walked about and tried to find out what had become of my family, praying to God that they might have escaped somewhere and be safe. While walking around, I found only the framework of the building of the Japanese Red Cross Society still standing. Entering the building, I saw many injured people lying in rows on the concrete floor. I looked for my family, walking through them. They all looked alike to me and I couldn't tell women from men. "Please give me water," "Water, please," many said, touching my feet. But they were so many that I couldn't help them. In a short time some of them fell silent. Perhaps they had died.

I went to the ruins of my house after the fire but it was too hot to go near. I couldn't find where my family had gone. I walked and walked.

A lot of bodies were seen floating down the river. A truck was at a stop near the river. People were gathering up the dead and loading them on the truck. After it was filled, it left the riverside and the next truck came. The corpses were gathered and put into many stacks, where they could be incinerated. The disgusting smell and smoke sent out from burning bodies seemed to blow directly into my face. I looked at this horrible scene as a living hell. What a ghastly spectacle it was!

At that time I believed that my family had fled somewhere to safety and I hoped that they would come back and turn up soon.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 32**  
**23-0068**

At the sight of the dead bodies, I thought they must be real monsters, though I know one shouldn't use such an expression. I couldn't distinguish burnt men from burnt women. Innocent children, too. They had all been burnt to death. There was a dead child with a large piece of glass in his head. In Motoyasu River there were many bodies piled up as if they were Japanese radishes preserved in salt in a tub.

A mother in tattered clothes and badly hurt was calling her child's name in a loud voice, crying bitterly. At last she fell on the ground to die. I want to ask, "Who caused these tragedies?"

A neighboring woman, whose daughter was mobilized to work in a munitions factory, fell down and died. Until she died, the poor woman had kept on calling her daughter's name for a whole day, as she heard that her daughter had been seen running toward the west after the bomb. Whenever I remember her voice calling her daughter, I am moved to tears. Perhaps her poor daughter who fled toward the west was caught in black rain and died. What had become of her was never known. She never came back.

**Hiroshima, Female, 33 years old**  
**34-4555**

There were dead bodies on the roads and bridges.

People couldn't move because they were badly burned and injured. They were just groaning, and asking for water, "Give me... water!" I was walking in such an opening and couldn't do anything for them. When I come to think of this, I still cannot bear my feelings.

That is not all. I was looking for my daughter, a second grader of Yamanaka Girls High School. I heard she was in Kanawajima Island, and on August 9, some relatives and I hired a boat to go and find her. My daughter, however, had passed away on the 7th, calling for mother, me. Since she had mentioned her own name, the city office left us only a little of her hair, but no bones. Nothing else were left. She was cremated together with others. If I had found her a little earlier, I could have seen her before she passed away.

I cannot remember her without tears. If it had not been A-bombs dropped... This is what I feel now.

**Hiroshima, Female, 34 years old**  
**34-4434**

On the early morning of August 6, we were plowing the potato fields. At the moment the A-bomb fell, the sharp point of my hoe flashed. I wondered why...oh, no, something bad... then we stopped working and headed home. On the way home we saw the cloud in the sky toward Hiroshima City. It was like a nice spun sugar in white and pink, rising higher into the sky just as a thunderhead. It looked very pretty.

Immediately I went to Hiroshima City, walking from Ujina to Minami-kan'on. Mother, brother and sisters were all suffering with severe burns on faces, chests and hands.

The district of Koi was still terrible, on and on. Many corpses were floating and flowing in the river. Straw mats covered many dead bodies on the roads. As far as we went, we found bodies. The abdomen of a pregnant woman looked as heavy as a barrel, 73 liters. Her legs had swollen bigger than one 1.8 liter bottle. How poor! How painful it was! I couldn't stop my tears falling as I felt sorry, pity for her.

The atomic bomb is horrifying. I hate war. From now on we must never have war. I still remember clearly that



day of Hiroshima showed real hell in this world.

**Hiroshima, Female, 37 years old**  
**40-0738**

Our family lived between Tokuyama City and Iwakuni City. A few minutes past 8 a.m. on August 6, "Look", said my brother-in-law. And he pointed to the east sky. As I heard an explosion, I looked up as he said. A black cloud was spreading and growing high in the sky like a demon. That was a bomb. When a bomb was dropped on the factories in Hikari, the other day, its smoke flowed like a black belt. This cloud was different. Dropped on Iwakuni? No, maybe on Hiroshima. Suddenly I thought of my husband and felt uneasy.

Meanwhile a little after noon, I saw many people walking and coming home from the station. Their clothes were tattered. The skin was peeling from their arms and legs. There, a relative who lived nearby came running to ask us to give some medicine for someone who had been hurt seriously in Hiroshima. We gave him as much as we had; olive oil, mercurochrome, absorbent cotton, gauze, disinfection and so on. Every day he came over and said, "Not enough," "Hiroshima is something really terrible." After a while, it was said the bomb had been cobalt. Also that Hiroshima was completely destroyed. I couldn't help just waiting from him to come back. I couldn't hear anything from him.

Then a doctor who had his clinic in Fukukawa telephoned me, saying "Today we managed to get a lorry and went to Hiroshima. Since the house has fallen down, one of our family members was injured and sent to Shimane Prefecture. We will leave tomorrow again. At that time, I decided I would go, too. At last I got train tickets. My brother-in-law was well acquainted with Hiroshima City. So he, Mother-in-law and I got on a train with someone helping to push us through the window. My daughter, ten-months old was on my back.

As we passed Iwakuni, I found that the more we approached Hiroshima, the more roof tiles of the houses on the east side were damaged, slipped and changed to the shape of waves. Around Itsukaichi we could see the most terrible

collapse. A strong stink of rotten fish, burned houses. Some places were still smoking. Hiroshima Station was ruined with only walls left. Everything looked too cruel and horrible beyond description. I can't tell without feeling pain in my chest.

I searched for my husband, following my brother. Around where a hospital used to be, where troops had practiced, and in the river, there were many bodies. Some places were still burning. I easily got tired because I was a stranger here in Hiroshima. In the survivors' list I looked for my husband's name. I thought I found it, but one Chinese character was wrong. Though I thought it might be his, the next day I found it was wrong. Again the same thing. All horrible, terrible surroundings made us feel exhausted and completely down.

After that I was wondering if there any groups had got away from Hiroshima, even a group of doctors whose ages were 40-45 years and who were practitioners. I have been wondering why they could not come home sooner. That neighbor I mentioned earlier, was nursed at home. That person's head, face, neck, hands and legs were almost all covered with keloids; he had some hope of recovery. The other day he died at the age of eighty or so. My husband, however, was taken to a temporary hospital and had to die without enough treatment. I know nobody was sure about how to nurse at that time, but I can not feel sorry and poor for him. Although he wasn't saved, I would have felt better if I had a possibility to nurse him. I could have accepted his fate.

There were more, more people burned to death, whose bodies were not found, who cried out for water I could not give them, who asked me to help underneath a pile of a collapsed house. They died in my sight while I couldn't do anything to help them. Thinking of those people always makes me join my hands together in prayer.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age unknown**  
**34-7165**

A lot of people who had suffered directly from the A-bomb were almost naked. Their clothes were burned and torn. Their bodies were also burned and charred. Their deaths showed clearly the really cruel, brutal scenes of the war.

How terrible! I don't know how to tell it or express it.

There were people killed on the spot, but also people who died several days later. When they came home or back to a school or a temple for shelter, they looked all right. After a while they were dying one after another. Some people were hurt and infected badly, so that maggots bred on their bodies. It is beyond expression to tell how these injured people and their families suffered.

At that time we could not get medicine for injuries. We just used mercurochrome, and all the cucumbers we had. That was all we could do for the people to ease their minds.

Later we were informed about the A-bomb. I felt pity more than anger about what had been done. I heard some handbills had been distributed from planes before the bombing. We had wholly believed in the Emperor. Was this a disadvantage for ourselves or not. I don't know. All that I'm sure of is that we must get rid of atomic bombs and such things. We must never have them again.

### III. Others

#### a) Male

**Hiroshima, Went for rescue, Male, 42 years old  
34-5279**

I was a staff of an union then. Day after day, I burned dead bodies. The experience still makes me shudder and I don't want to think about it. I piled up five or six of the maggots bred, burned sore bodies whose skin were all ripped off on a cart and carried them to a crematory. Then I poured gasoline over them and lighted. I repeated this for five to six times a day. In the sizzling hot summer, I had to do such an inhumane thing everyday. At that time, I thought that I would never want to face a tragedy like this, I would never let it happen. Being filled with anger and indignation, I pressed my palms together in prayer and burned bodies. It was an absolute hell. When the bereaved came to take the bodies, they couldn't tell their loved ones from others.

**Hiroshima, Situation unknown, Male, 8 years old**  
**34-6068**

My sister died a few days after our parents died. Being in agonizing pain, she was calling our grandmother, "Grandma, it hurts.... But at the moment of her death, she called our mother though she already knew that she was dead. "Mom, Mom, it hurts me..." I still hear her voice.

**Entered Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Male, 37 years old**  
**13-22-037**

I don't want to write anything as I saw too many terrible scenes both in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

**b) Female**

**Hiroshima, Situation unknown, Female, 14 years old**  
**14-0074**

I can't forget the burned and charred bodies. Fortunately, I was inside of a building at the time of bombing. Being paralyzed with fear, I crawled out of the building. My family were all apart and I couldn't find their whereabouts.

**Entered Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Female, 17 years old**  
**13-44-001**

I went to Hiroshima and Nagasaki within a few hours after the bombings. I was stunned at the horrible situation of the cities. I knew the bombs were powerful ones but the damage that they caused was much worse than I thought. I entered Nagasaki on August 10. Being posted at a rescue team, I walked around the city to gather the atomic bomb victims for a week, putting two of them on a wooden board at one time. It was a living hell. Groans, stench, naked people being ripped off their skin all over, maggots and lice... "Water...water!" People died one after another. People staggered around without knowing where to go...with their hair fallen off. I tried as hard as possible to write this far. I don't want to remember any more. I

hate to do so. I won't be able to sleep at night.

Shooting an injection of nutriment to myself, I helped the victims. But I still have the keloid-scars. The fear of the bombings still sticks in my mind. I calmed myself with medicine to write this.

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# NAGASAKI



Burnt Statue at Urakami Cathedral







The faces of sisters who are about to be cremated were carefully made up. Painting: MATSUZOE Hiroshi, age 14 in 1945. (Nagasaki)

## I. Direct Suffering

### (1) Within 2.0 km (From the Blast Center)

#### a) Male

#### (1) Under 9 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 0.5 km, Male, 6 years old**  
42-1630

My friend and I were playing hide-and-seek. As soon as I got into an air-raid shelter, I heard a piercing explosion and the way in the shelter was stopped up to the size of a bead. When I got out from the shelter, I couldn't find my friend with whom I played and houses were destroyed. It was a devastating situation. My mother was trapped under the house and I helped her out.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 6 years old**  
**23-0359**

- People who were writhing in a flame.

- People being in agony were all over - not only on the roads and fields but also on dried river beds.

- When I met my mother after the bombing, she looked completely different. I was surprised and so sad. She died three days after she was exposed to the atomic bomb. My grandmother and I cremated her by ourselves.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 7 years old**  
**42-2338**

It happened many times; people, who were very fine in the morning, suddenly vomited a vast amount of blood and died within a few hours. I remember that I, still a young boy at that time, was frightened every time when I thought if it might happen to me.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 8 years old**  
**42-1733**

My indignation against the bombing was much stronger than the terror. Drank water in the vase at the graveyard of Iwakawa-machi. All I could do was to catch up with my mother and brother. Being told that we would be infected with "Pikadon-disease," valuables and other objects which were exposed to the radioactivity were all burned up. I covered my head with a towel because my hair fell off completely and I was as bald as an egg. And I wore a kimono with family crest, traditional Japanese ceremonial costume, as that was the only clothes I got. I must looked odd. Letters on a document turned white, being burned to ashes and the rest of it were charred.

## (2) In Their Teens

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 10 years old**  
13-23-035

Fortunately, I didn't get hurt at all and I went back home in the evening of Aug. 9. On my way home, I heard many voices from anywhere, from under crushed houses or from rivers, begging and crying for help; "Help!", "I feel awful...", "Give me water!", but there was nothing I could do for them. I saw a head whose body was completely trapped under a house but I couldn't help the person either. When I think of the day, I still feel pain deep in my heart. On that night, my uncle came back hanging his skin under his chin ripped off. He died a few days later. For me, not a single day passes without thinking about the day, people begging for help, and people who died in agonizing pain.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 11 years old**  
42-059

1. That was about 30-40 minutes after the bombing.

I remember watching people dying right before my own eyes with their whole bodies burnt severely and their skins hanging down like rags, sticking their heads into water tanks, struggling for water.

2. One of my cousins came to my house with miserable look just like others. And he told me that he had left his mother, younger sister, and his wife in the air-raid shelter at Sakamoto-machi. Although the air-raid warning has been issued, he and my neighbors took me to the shelter narrowly escaping the bombing. When I saw my cousin's mother, sister, and his wife, I thought what happened was nothing but just cruel even it was the war period. Also, the scene that those people were dying, calling all kinds of names in the agony is still living in my memory.

3. Three day after the bombing, my cousin's younger brother (as old as I was) and I left for his house because we were anxious about the rest of his family. On our way to his house, we found a dead body, leaning against a big stone on Anakoubou, whose arms and legs were swollen three to five times as big as usual. I remember the spread-eagled

spot on the stone, where the person had been leaned against, has been covered with ivy for some 30 years. I don't know when the ivy died, but it seems that it's all gone by today. Sad, relieved but somehow complicated---that's what I feel now as my remembrance of the bombing disappears one by one.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 12 years old**  
**42-2345**

I remember about my mother and older brother so clearly. On that day, my mother was trapped under the building and she crawled out of it. She got burned on her bottom lip at that time. About a week before she died, she told me that her hips hurt, so I took a look. There I found a hole around coccyx above her anus which size was about a finger could be stuck in. I really feel sorry for her.

My older brother had a same kind of hole as my mother had. He got burned very seriously all through his thigh to his toes, and had the maggots bred in both legs. He also had a hole under his nostrils which penetrated his mouth, and his whole body smelled terrible. Just before he died, he vomited a blood lump just about cow's liver, colored black and purple. My mother died on Aug. 25, 11:30 a.m. My older brother died Oct. 1, 4:00 p.m. Both at home. (located Motohara-machi, Nagasaki City)

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 12 years old**  
**04-0802**

Whenever I hear or talk about that day, I always lose my composure and I would be choked with my heart-rending. When I force myself to talk, I feel as if I am going to be insane so that it's impossible for me to talk about it. The scene of my younger brothers' death is printed on my memory. I called his name (to wake him up), but he didn't answer. So I ran away from there. I still wonder what if he wasn't dead, only losing his consciousness then. And I'm shaken with the thought, feeling heartbreaking.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 12 years old**  
**42-2186**

I was trapped under the house. My uncle rescued me. When I reached to the place where I could see my house, there I saw a number of injured people who ran away from somewhere. They asked me for water. I made a quick decision to whom I should give it. I gave water to the people who were dying. For those who seemed to survive, I didn't give it saying "A sip of water would kill you." I hope they actually survived. It always makes me regret that I didn't let them drink water anyway, whenever I get worried about the case that they died.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 14 years old**  
**13-23-013**

Being exposed to the atomic bomb, I went home located in Hiradogoya-machi. Then my father and I left for our hometown in Mie Prefecture on foot. On our way, we saw many victims and bodies, who supposedly went to drink water, were lying on Urakami River bed. We wanted to be some help to them, but we had nothing to offer but only our clothes we were wearing. We had no choice but to keep on walking, leaving the victims behind us. On the next morning, when we finally arrived in our hometown, we were relieved and realized that we had survived. But at the same moment, I also felt great sorrow for the victims who were suffering at the river. I don't know what to say. I can't think of any words. I still apologize to them for being unable to help them.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 14 years old**  
**41-0031**

My house was in Sakamoto-machi, about 800m from the center of the explosion. My mother and sister were trapped under the collapsed house. They managed to crawl out of the burning house and took refuge in an air-raid shelter. My mother was burned and injured. My sister, 4 years old, was near death as she had been caught in beams. I came back from work to find nothing remained of my house.

The shelter in Sakamoto-machi was filled with dead or

injured people. There were charred bodies everywhere. Bodies of half naked people with swollen faces fell on one upon another. Their skin were sore and their eyeballs were burned out. I saw a dead woman holding her baby in her arms tightly. Her three other children, who were also dead, were lying beside her. It was a pitiful sight.

People trapped under the ruins were crying for help. "Water!" "Please give me water." Naked people with sore bodies writhing in agony. I felt helpless at the sight. Cries of pain and death throes were heard all night. My father scooped up water from a river with a burned saucepan and gave it to the injured people. They literally jumped at the saucepan and gulped the water. After a while, they died.

On the next day, August 10, there wasn't death throes any more. Most of them were dead. It was the living hell, the world of death. The river was filled with dead bodies. My sister died early morning on that day.

My parents and I went to my mother's hometown, leaving my sister's body in the ruins. When my mother left the place, she talked to my sister with tears trickling down her cheeks in big drops, "Please forgive me, my dear. I have to go. Come back to us as a soul." On August 17, she died too. My brother and I were taking her back from a hospital. We were carrying her in a cart. Being in agony, she was trying to breath, but it suddenly stopped and she was dead. My father went back to Nagasaki on August 11 to find my sister's body. He couldn't find it as there were bleached bones being heaped up everywhere. The army was said to have poured oil over the bodies and burned them. In June 1957, my father died of stomach cancer accompanied with weariness and other disease.

**Nagasaki, 0.5 km, Male, 15 years old**  
**40-1160**

I was 14 years old at the time of bombing. Just before I fainted away, I saw the flash light of the explosion through a window on the first floor of a three-story ferroconcrete school building in Takenokubo-machi, Nagasaki City. When I became conscious, I found myself under the debris. Although I managed to get out from there,

all of some ten classmates with whom I was on the first floor were still trapped under the debris. Some of them were dead, some were twitching, and others were crying for help. But I couldn't do anything by myself.

I wandered to the schoolyard. I was all alone. It was so hot that I felt dizzy and collapsed. I tried to go back home as I worried about my parents and my little brothers and sisters. Being in rags and barefoot, I wandered around looking for my house without knowing the direction.

There were bodies all over. People who were burned and injured grabbed me by the leg with their half festered hands, asking for water. Half-dead people were swarming around a well. In the well, bodies were floating. I managed to draw water from the well and let the people drink it. I remember drinking the water myself, too. At that time, I thought hell must be like this.

The war might be unavoidable. However, I hate the people who invented the atomic bombs and the people who actually dropped them.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 15 years old**  
**23-0220**

Even now I remember that day clearly. I will probably never forget it until my life ends. How many innocent people lost their lives after suffering! It is too painful for me to write the memory on this white paper now. I cannot see the words I have just written because of tears and deep sorrow.

I lost ten of my family at one time. But I have managed to survive. There were many times when I lost all will to live, because I was alone suddenly at the age of 15. Soon I hope to put up a tomb in their memory, but at the moment all I can do is to support my family and save for my children's education.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 15 years old**  
**13-47-010**

At that time, I was a student and was exposed to the

atomic bomb when I was working in a factory for torpedo parts by mobilization orders. A fragment stuck in my left eye and cut the iris and pupil for more than 1 cm. I picked it out in a hurry. And although blinded by the injury, I managed to escape from the factory. But I feel regret now that I was not able to help other seriously injured people lying there.

The foot of the hill near the factory was filled with injured people lying on the road. I sat there and saw many people die, saying that they wanted water to drink. The pity is that mobilized girl students died singing "Kimigayo" (song for the reign of the emperor) and "Umi Yukaba" (Death Beneath Sea Waves).

Fortunately I was carried into a hospital at Omura Village by relief train and my life was saved. When the war ended, I thought it was so strange that the human race, which invented the bomb that kills a hundred thousand people in an instant cannot save a hundred thousand lives. And I decided to devote my life to peace when the danger of war comes again in the future. However, for 40 years after that, I have been accustomed to a peaceful life and idled away my time. I apologize to all the victims.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 15 years old  
42-1384**

The whole of my face and half of my body was burned and my mind was confused. The next day I returned to my home in Nagayo passing through Urakami (turned out to be the blast center). I cannot describe the pathetic scene of injured people I saw near Ohashi on the way home. There was a person who clung to my foot asking for water. A standing man with what I took for torn clothes, turned out to be a man with torn skin. It was a very piteous scene. There is one thing I can never forget even now, 40 years after that. That is how I moved from Urakami Station to Hamaguchi-machi (near the Peace Hall today).

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, Age 16  
13-12-106**

Around 7:30, shortly before 8 o'clock, I arrived at the



Mitsubishi dockyard in Nagasaki. Before leaving to go home, a lieutenant colonel told me that on his way home he would call on his cousin at Urakami. Taking him there by motorbike, I took a rest outside his cousin's house. Four or five boys were playing there, and one of them gave me a beautiful shell. A boy about 5 years old said, "I have a pretty shell at home, too... I will go and fetch it", and started running. In the direction he ran, there was an air-raid shelter, and a woman with an anti-air raid hood just came out, with a baby on her back and holding the hand of a child about 3 years old. As she approached me and passed the boy who was running home, some 10 meters from me, an orange flash, like the flash light of a camera, burst over our heads. I sought refuge behind a brick wall some 4 meters high around a warehouse. At that moment, the woman with her baby and her child and the boy who passed with them, all disappeared. They just evaporated. I saw vapor, not smoke, coming from their bodies, and they were no longer there.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 16 years old**  
**13-53-002**

I roomed with my uncle in Mizunoura-machi when the atomic bomb was dropped, so 3 days after that, my cousin (16 years old) and I (14 years old) went to my parents house in Mie Village passing through Urakami, Matsuyama, Ohashi and Michinoo, not knowing these towns were in the blast center.

When I got to Urakami, we saw all the town had been burnt to the smoking ground. And we were surprised at the iron frame of a steel mill bending like wire work. There was a horse that had pulled the carriage on the road lying with its abdomen expanded. An intolerable odor. We both put towels over our noses. When we came near Matsuyama-machi, there were many people on both sides of the road. People who had been burnt were lying or sitting, and some of them were unable to move even slightly. All the people who were able to speak cried out, "Give me water!" We could not do anything for them. So we walked in the middle of the road as far from them as possible. Charred bodies of two children and their mother who were perhaps sleeping together at the time of the bombing. I averted my eyes.

On the stream near the road, there were so many dead

bodies who had probably wanted water and were exhausted lying there one on top of another that we could not see the surface of the water. It is very painful for me to write these memories when just remembering them is hair-raising.

Sometimes I have a chance to go to an exhibition of the atomic bomb photos, but I cannot bear to look at them. I saw the actual scenes of most of those pictures with my own eyes. I cannot stop the "smell" of the scenes coming clearly from the pictures.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 16 years old**  
**42-2329**

Although I saw people who cried their names and addresses and suffering men who wanted water and help, I was not able to do anything for them. I regret even now that I should have listened to them and remembered their names and addresses.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 17 years old**  
**13-20-044**

Instantaneous death:

- A little boy whose head was split by a flying brick with his brain exposed.

- Charred mother and child with something like dumplings in their mouths.

- A burnt carriage horse with its legs destroyed and its guts out.

- A bed-ridden person who had been blown to the river still on his tatami floor mat.

Death by emaciation:

- Burnt skin infested with lice and oozing pus.

- Wounds by glass, millions of pieces of glass stuck into the body.

These people were not my family nor my acquaintances so I have not suffered severely from these memories.

Death with agony:

I carried a charred body on a stretcher to the medical relief station because I was told to help with the relief action by the fire service. It was too heavy for me, 16 years old at that time, so I dropped the stretcher on the way. Can you imagine my surprise when the body I believed already dead said, "Ouch,...!" I felt deeply sorry and carried him again with full strength, but even now I regret that it may have hastened his death.

I want to appeal with vivid impact.

Right after the bombing, many people escaping to the hills near the town with a blank look were like a crowd of ghosts. The reappearance of such scenes in movie films has no impact on me because I saw the actual scenes. Although many pitiful scenes have been reproduced in movies and no matter how much they try to exaggerate, they can't even come close to reality. That is the atomic bomb! The message of "No more Hiroshimas" and world peace cannot truly be heard unless the present world feels the same impact that the people felt when the bomb was dropped.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 17 years old**  
**42-1081**

A friend of mine who I had been with was killed, and his mother took the trouble to bring me to Isahaya City by train. I was accommodated in an elementary school in the city where I was laid on a straw mat and many people around me died one after another talking in delirium. I felt sad to see maggots falling from the bandage of my treated arm. When seriously wounded people had all died and some beds had become vacant in the Naval Hospital, I and other people whose condition had worsened in the meantime were brought to the hospital and given full treatment.

In my room in the hospital, there were, I think, 40 or 50 people at first but they became feverish and delirious and died one after another. My mother nursing me was so worried that the same fate might fall upon me next that on

some nights she kept on rocking me and would not let me sleep.

When the Naval Hospital was taken over by the occupation army (1 or 2 months after the bombing), the number of the survived patients was only 7.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 17 years old  
42-1266**

We feel a heavy pain even when we get a slight burn. When the upper part of my body was burned by the atomic bomb, I felt an infinite interval of time had passed before the heat beam had gone and I suffered as if I was dying.

I managed to escape out of the back yard and found the town had become a ghost town in which I could see nobody at first sight. On my way to evacuation, I was not able to help people who were buried alive in their houses or shelters and asked for help. I feel pain even now to imagine those people may have died. Then I escaped to the mountain side and there lay many and many burnt people who had escaped from the foothills desperately and exhausted their last strength on the narrow mountain road. Almost all of these people were dead with their faces thrust in narrow gutters by the side of the road. Perhaps they had wanted the last drop of water, suffering from severe thirst. But there were only a few puddles of muddy water in the water courses. Those corpses were burnt and swollen up. Besides, they emitted an unbearable odor. Among them there were some corpses whose sex couldn't be distinguished. Seeing such a scene, I felt as if I were in hell and felt pity for those poor people.

After that I was brought to a relief station at Ohashi on a carriage and there I felt sick to smell many corpses being cremated in the open space without being identified. I dare say the atomic bomb deprived all people of their sacred dignity of life.

When I was moved to a relief station at Mogi-machi, I saw a person go mad by the intolerable pain of his injury. I myself was dying of radioactive damage and lost my strong hold on life. Every time when a patient in the room died and his space was filled by someone else, I thought next

would be my turn. However, luckily or unluckily, I pulled through.

But then for all these years I have suffered from the results of my radioactive damage. Now, 40 years after the bombing, I am still ill and suffer day and night. Who should be blamed for this pain? Our pain is enough. To avoid the ruin of the human race, I desire from the bottom of my heart the abolition of nuclear weapons and the realization of peace without war.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 18 years old**  
**42-1579**

Exposed to the atomic bomb in a train (1.2 km from the blast center), I started to walk on the rubble toward my home after the smoke and dust had faded away. All people I came across had their skin dangling from their body.

After a while, I heard a voice calling: "Young man ,Young man!" I looked around and found a woman pressed to the ground by a beam of a destroyed house. She held her baby tightly in her bosom and kept it from being crushed, pushing up the beam with her back. I tried to move the beam with my hands but it didn't yield an inch. So I used a piece of wood near at hand as a lever to lift the beam and helped them. The mother's arm was dangling. The bone of her arm must have been broken. Her baby looked all right. She said thank you and went somewhere. I wonder if that baby is healthy now.

I say to myself that I couldn't do anything for them at that time though if it were now I could call an ambulance for them.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 18 years old**  
**13-32-018**

I experienced all the items from a) to b) directly, and I could give millions of examples.

Even these days when I burn garbage and look at the smoke, I feel oppressed in the chest remembering the smell at that time. I will not forget this feeling until the day

I die. Although I didn't get burnt or injured directly, and I am now healthy enough, I can never forget the memories. It is hard to imagine the inside of the mind of those who have suffered from severe keloid burns and poor health for over 40 years.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 19 years old**  
**13-23-061**

On my way home, I came to a bridge over the Inasa River and found there some dead people. I was not able to distinguish whether they had died of injury or were burnt to death. I didn't want to nor could I afford to check it. But there was one body I am never able to forget even today. That was a woman's body with her baby in her right arm leaning against the rail. The body didn't have a head. When I saw her, I felt nothing but I can never forget it even now.

In the terminal of the streetcar at Ohashi, a few streetcars were burning. All passengers were dead at the entrance of the car lying one upon another.

The cars had burned so quickly that although they had rushed toward the entrance, it didn't give them any time to get out. And hurrying to my home, I thought how small a human body becomes when it is burnt.

Because I had to go through the blast center from one end to the other to my house in Oura-Motomachi, I thought of going through places without fire and ran along the Inasa River. In the river there were many corpses blown there by the blast or who had jumped in by themselves. What I felt then was nothing a word could describe, like sorrow or pain. But I was 18 years old and having passed the aptitude test for military service, I was waiting for a call-up paper. It was my only consolation to mutter that I would revenge them when I became a soldier.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 19 years old**  
**23-0239**

We had worked in a can factory of Akunoura shipyard (Mitsubishi-Nagasaki) but the factory had been destroyed by

the large aerial attack of July 29 that year, and we had moved to Saiwai-machi factory. I went to the factory on that day following the instruction to start producing on the 9th. As an aerial attack warning was given about 10 in the morning, we took shelter temporarily in a tunnel. Then we went back to the factory and heard the whir (a few minutes past 11). I turned around to Mt. Konpira. At that moment, I felt a flash and as soon as I turned to the light intuitively, I was blown off by the terrific blast (about 8 meters) and fainted for a while, pressed under the factory. I stood up but nothing could be seen in the utter darkness. After a while, something like a black cloud went up and I found all buildings in my sight had been smashed. I came to myself wondering what had happened. There were a few underclassmen with bloody faces and bleeding heads around me. I stopped their bleeding with towels and told them to go to a nearby medical relief station. As I myself was about to start running to escape, I found I was bleeding on the right eye and there was something wrong with my left hand with its elbow joint sticking out.

I bent the elbow to find I had not dislocated it. I put a wooden plate to the elbow and fixed it with a towel. On my way to the shelter, I saw a person, perhaps a middle aged woman whose face was bloody, hair curled by heat and the shoulder of her clothes burnt, standing blankly with naked feet holding her baby in her arms. I heard her weeping voice but I could not see her tears.

Near the woman a horse hitched to a telegraph pole was jumping with its saddle burning. On its side, a soldier stood leaning on his rifle. He asked me to help him. I asked him what was wrong with him, and he said he was not able to move with his waist broken. I said I could not help him because of my injury and arrived at the shelter to find it full of moans of pain (maybe burned people). Not having enough time to feel relieved, the sawmill in front of the shelter started burning. I thought I had to escape from the smoke coming inside and stood to go to another place when my classmate xx (from Tsushima) saw me and asked me to take him along. I asked about his condition but he said he didn't know, sitting with his head down. So I checked his body to find no wound but a little hole, like a hole pierced by a chopstick, behind his ear (Later I heard that he was dead in the same posture).

That night I had a severe pain in my left arm and could not get any sleep. So I went to the hospital in the shipyard the next day but in the corridors and waiting rooms there were so many moaning patients that there was hardly any space for me to walk. Most of them had severe burns. I was aghast to see that their backs were blistered and swollen to about 20 mm. I also noticed the uncontrollable trembling of the patients' hands. I was shocked at that sight. After all, I was not able to be medically treated until the 15th, and my arm swelled up all the way down to the wrist because internal bleeding was so bad that I couldn't put my arm through the sleeve. I went home on the 15th to Fukuoka and my injury recovered fully after 3 months. The bone of my arm had been cracked for 3cm.

### (3) In Their Twenties

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 20 years old  
42-1413**

I was seriously wounded on the right leg while I was working; it made a pool of blood and I was still lying, barely aware of my surroundings when my colleagues A, B and C came to help me, putting me on a stretcher. I was very happy to see them. I was brought under a nettle tree on the right bank of the Urakami River. Injured and burnt people were waling toward Kawahira one after another along the right bank. There still bleeding and suffering in half-consciousness, I came across Dr. Urakawa who was a surgeon of the clinic of Ohashi Ordnance at that time. Although he himself was injured so badly that he couldn't afford to think of others, he treated my injury and advised me what to do with the wound temporarily. When we heard the news that a relief train was coming, the 3 people (there may have been one more) carried me to the front of the general office of the Ordnance. There were hundreds of corpses lying one upon another. On the way, a mother, one of whose eyes had fallen onto her chest (it dangled by blood veins and optic nerves from the socket.) left her dead baby on my stretcher. She had held on to her life until she left her baby to us and died without noticing her baby's death. Pitiful love and chagrin of the mother!

A woman lying left of me on the floor of the relief train died without struggling, suffering or crying as the



train neared Isahaya City. I could not do anything for her because I myself was in a serious condition.

I want to say thank you to a policeman named Inamura who said that he was a policeman at the police substation of Ohashi and knew me and took me pickaback off the train at Matsubara Station to feed me a big rice ball( His house happened to be near Matsubara Elementary School of Omura City which was used as a temporary hospital. I was about 19 years old at that time).

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 20 years old**  
**40-1091**

After all, nobody can understand the people exposed to the atomic bomb.

Piteous people. I don't know what to write. My fear and hatred are not describable.

**Nagasaki, 0.5 km, Male, 21 years old**  
**13-47-021**

I was a junior student of the pharmaceutical department in Nagasaki Medical School. I was working in the herbarium of medical plants at the time of the bombing.

a) I escaped toward the top of the mountain where many soldiers were dead and some alive. But I only thought, "Oh, I have survived." and kept running down toward a village on the other side of the mountain. I couldn't afford to even glance at them.

b) As I said in a) I just ran away on that day, but the next day in the afternoon (I don't know what time it was, because I didn't have a watch.), I felt uneasy about the college and students and tried to go to my school.

There was no road and I remember sanitation soldiers from Kurume treating patients and making roads. Because I couldn't know the direction at all and there were fires here and there, I gave up the idea of going to my college. I slept in the open under the eaves of a house near Suwa Shrine. Rice balls, radish and pickled plums were given to me by the neighborhood association on the authority of the

city or the army.

The day after the next day, I thought I could not go yet and slept through. And I am not sure but perhaps it was the fourth day after the bombing that I arrived at the college where I found all my classmates dead and held a funeral for them with Prof. Shimizu and other survivors, and I decided to go home after that. The conditions of the corpses were as follows: Hands, arms or legs were torn off, eyeballs or viscera were out, or bodies were blown more than 10 meters to crash into trees and remain stuck.

c) I remember the cry: "Open my eyes!" (maybe hearing my footsteps) more vividly than the cries wanting water or help.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 23 years old**  
**40-0308**

A pumpkin and me

We have a custom of eating pumpkins on the winter solstice to wish for good health. But now pumpkins bring back terrible memories, so I can't eat them anymore. The atomic bomb changed my life and even now it makes me shudder. Now, I'll tell you of my experience so that you'll know why I dislike pumpkins.

On August 9, it was about 7 o'clock in the evening when I, brushing off sparks of fire, reached my boarding house in Matsuyama-machi. The boarding house was already burnt down and the landlady was standing in a confused state of mind. The dead bodies of her husband and granddaughter, Michiko, were lying there. We pulled ourselves together and decided to spend the night in a pumpkin field near the house. My pillow was a pumpkin.

The moonlight was bright, fires were smoldering here and there. I could see many injured and heartbroken people. When I fell into a light sleep, a young lady crawled over to ask me for some water. "I want a drink of water. Please give me water." In the moonlight I could see broken pieces of glass on her back that glistened as she moved. This dying person was desperately asking me for water. I warned her that if she drank water, she would die. But she didn't listen to me and kept pressing me to give her water.

Without medicine, there was no help for her. Her breath soon grew fainter and fainter. I cried and asked the lady sleeping beside me what I should do. She said, "Let her drink water, if there's no hope for her." I drew water from a nearby spring with an iron helmet. When I said, "Here is some water," she sat up abruptly, grasped my hand, and drank the water in big swallows without pausing to breathe. She only said, "It tasted good. Thank you." and lay down again. The water only moistened her dying lips. At the first gray of dawn, I talked to her. There was no reply. She had died. I could do nothing but pray for the repose of her soul that died without any medical treatment. Ever since then whenever I see a pumpkin, it reminds me of that miserable scene. My landlady also died a month later.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 23 years old**  
42-1358

I can never forget the appearance burnt people coming out of the factory like ghosts. I regret that I ran away and neglected the people who asked me for water. I was terrified when my wounded hand became infested with maggots.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 29 years old**  
40-1092

After the atomic explosion, I rescued some young female students wounded in the destruction of a factory. But then the fire became greater. I couldn't help the many people whose hands or legs were caught in big machinery.

Even now the scenes of people dying in pain are engraved in my memory. If only the fire had not broken out, I would have been able to rescue them. Whenever I think of it, I become overwhelmed with regret.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, 29 years old**  
42-2092

My family all died. I can't forget that cruel experience. Now I hope for a world without war and I pray for peace on earth.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 30 years old**  
**13-15-130**

At that time I was in the hospital connected to the medical university. Suddenly there was a deafening roar, and it soon got dark; I couldn't see anything. The ceiling had fallen, walls had crumbled, the windows had broken and chairs and tables had been completely destroyed. Soon it got brighter and I could see around me. But I couldn't see anyone. I went outside. Yellow dust had been blown into the air. The city and hill in the back had burst into flames. I saw dead bodies of nurses. Their uniforms were blown away, so their bodies were almost naked. I took refuge on a hill in the back, and on the way I helped a wounded student of the special medical college. The Red Cannas in bloom had all been stripped off. In the pumpkin fields, all the stalks and leaves were gone, and there were only some pumpkins on the ground. All the gravestones in the cemetery were completely destroyed. As I walked on the mountain path, I saw many people: wounded people who couldn't walk, begging for water; dead people burnt so severely that they looked like peeled frogs... It was hell on earth.

At night I saw a big fire in the city on the hill of the Suwa Shrine. I spent that night in the air-raid shelter at the Suwa Shrine. The next day I went to my friend's boarding house in Uwa-machi and found five or six wounded survivors lying there. I went back to the stricken area again to search for my friends alone. The city was burnt out and strewn with charred bodies. I couldn't find my friends.

They never came back.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 30 years old**  
**42-1623**

I don't want to remember, but I can never forget the hellish scene that is in my mind.

After the flash of the explosion, people ran about all scorched black and shedding blood from their blackened skin. There wasn't anyone without some physical injury. I could hardly distinguish between male and female.

After the explosion, all impressions are colored in black and red: black-burnt houses wrapped in red flames; black rain; trees stripped of their leaves by the bomb blast.... Nature had lost its greenness.

Under a Japanese persimmon tree a woman was sitting without expression on a straw mat. Her face was burnt black and bloodstained. At her side was an infant covered with blood. It is tragic that even innocent children were sacrificed; they had nothing to do with the war.

The ghost-like bomb victims relieved their pain a little by languidly raising their arms. All the bomb victims whose burnt skin dangled from their bodies stayed in this position.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 31 years old  
40-0843**

I was one of the necessary personnel for the headquarters of the internal railway. On that day, I was ordered to go on an official tour to Nagasaki to check on the management of transportation by the Goto detachment and the condition of conveyance of military freight trains. I arrived at Nagasaki Station at about 8 o'clock, earlier than the Goto detachment. I spent the time checking the condition of conveyance of military freight trains in the station yard. During the bombing I took shelter under a freight train. Probably because I was in military uniform, miraculously I was unhurt.

Right after the bombing everything was so abnormal that I couldn't understand anything, to say nothing of the management of transportation. I couldn't help wondering why I was not wounded. I thought that I should go back to headquarters. I couldn't go in the direction of Urakami Station, so I went to an inlet from the back of Nagasaki Station. I thought that I should go across to Inasa from the inlet and cross the mountain. Fortunately I could cross to Inasa by boat. The town of Inasa was also completely destroyed. I walked on ruined houses and climbed up the mountain. On the way I heard someone asking me for help from under the houses but I didn't know what to do. Even now I recollect it all as a series of unbelievable events.

Now I'll try to remember some facts of that time. By some miracle, I was unhurt because I had on a military uniform. A lady and her 15 or 16 year old son asked me for help. Half of his back was naked and a piece of wood about 5 or 6 cm long stuck out of it, blood flowed out from the wound. He looked pale. But I thought that if I pulled out the piece of wood, the bleeding would get worse. All I could do was to tear his mother's sleeve and tie it around the wood on his back. Half of his mother's face was burnt and sore. I told them to consult a doctor though I knew it would be impossible. Then I left them.

On the street for Shiroyama, a woman called for help from under a half-destroyed house. I found a pole nearby and used it as a lever. When I held her hands, the skin slipped and peeled off. I rescued her with difficulty. She said that three children were under the house, but there was no answer when I called. One of them was charred and tossed out in front of the house like a log. I tried to sheltered a mother and child from the sun, but they were already dead. And then I went down a mountain toward Shiroyama. I came across still more people and things. But I can't talk or write about that. I reached a railway line between Michinoo Station and Urakami Station. I can't remember what I did after that.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 34 years old**  
**13-23-017**

Everyday I am confronted by the death of that day. The shadow of death remains on my soul. At that time I realized that all living things must die. At that time I thought it was the end of all life.

**b) Female**

**(1) Less Than 9 Years Old**

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 4 years old**  
**23-0027**

The following are things that my father told me. My younger sister was killed instantly by the atomic bomb. My mother was seriously injured, so it took her many days to go back to her parents' family in Kagoshima. Just after that,

she got ill, never to recover; she died. I think she regretted leaving my older sister and me.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 6 years old**  
**13-22-007**

I was in the bathroom when it suddenly got brighter. When I looked outside through the window, I saw seven colors of light running from corner to corner. I was very surprised, but I couldn't stop peeing, so I put on monpe (Japanese-style pantaloons) after finishing in a hurry. When I went out of the room, I found things in our house were all in a mess, glass was scattered everywhere; my mother, younger sister, brother and three neighborhood children were lying face down together in a corner of the room. My mother had been cut between the eyes with a piece of a glass. Junko was already in the house with us, but her mother and two older sisters were on the way. Being outside, their entire bodies were burnt; we could recognize her mother and younger sister, but not her older sister: her eyes had come out of their sockets down onto her cheeks, and her nose had melted out of shape. She had been a beautiful and gentle woman only some time ago, but now I was afraid to go near her. She was laid on a straw mat near the entrance to the shelter. It was so pitiful that I can never forget it even now.

From the next day on, I helped collect rubble and cremate dead bodies.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 7 years old**  
**13-32-048**

Being told not to go out of the shelter, I spent three days there with my grandmother, younger brother and sister. I was seven years old. I didn't know what had happened. With fear and hunger, I stayed still, forgetting to cry. I remember that I sensed a strange smell and a stir outside. I also remember that the first time I went out of the shelter, I couldn't see any houses as far as I could see.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 7 years old**  
**13-53-005**

Fortunately none of my family died. But my father was burnt over almost all of his body except his face and stomach; he had been expecting to die at any time, lying on his stomach under a mosquito net. Even now I sometimes remember that his body was infested with maggots and that my mother took them out with tweezers.

It was reported that the Occupation Army would make a landing, and all our neighbors escaped to the mountains with their belongings in bicycles trailers. My father said that we should run away and leave him, but my mother would not. Maybe only my family stayed in the neighborhood. The Occupation Army really did come in, and they walked around on tatami with their shoes on and looked at everything. All of us children and our mother holding the baby took refuge in Mizuimo field, and we held our breath as we took silent steps. It was such a terrible experience that I will never be able to forget it all my life.

(By the way do you know "Mizuimo field"? It is a potato field with water like a rice field, where big leaves like taros grow.)

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 8 years old**  
**23-0323**

Survivors had a hard time for lack of food.

Many people lay dead in a pile in the river. They probably died after crying for water.

My parents and older brother suffered heavy burns and after a week they vomited something green and died.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 8 years old**  
**42-2320**

There was a mountain near my house, so all our family escaped to the mountain. Many people came to the mountain one after another. But everyone who came collapsed, and everyone that cried out for water would die. Now I regret



that I could not talk to them nor help them.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 8 years old**  
**42-2129**

My relatives lived in our neighborhood, and I was talking with my friends by the window in their house. There was a flash of strange light. I thought I should go out of the house and started to run toward the entrance. But the house was destroyed faster than I could run, and I was caught under it. In the evening my father returned anxiously from his office and rescued me.

My house was also destroyed, so the next day my father took my sister and me (I was on his back) to our aunt's house in Tokitsu to stay for a while. On the way charred dead bodies lay in the river, on the streets and everywhere. Many burnt people were on the other side of the mountain, saying "Please give me water, help me." Even now I can remember those cruel scenes.

When we reached the house in Tokitsu, the rooms were filled with injured and burnt people. My father was working at the Mitsubishi shipyard at that time. Though he wasn't wounded or burnt he passed away about three weeks later. I'm sure he felt sorry to die and leave us, my heart aches for his death.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 9 years old**  
**42-0594**

At that time I was nine years old in the third grade. I went to the house down from my house which is located in Aburagi-machi, Nagasaki City. The house was made of wheat straw, so although I was inside when I saw the pillar of fire, the blast knocked me 4 or 5 meters further into the house. Mud from the roof and the walls fell down on me. Beside me were flames like red tongues, so I quickly went outside and put my legs into the Etsuridake made of bamboo. Having had a narrow escape, I followed everyone toward the mountain. When I looked back at my house, roof tiles were falling down like snow. So I thought it was dangerous to go back to the house, and took refuge in the mountain. I was convinced that I should be alone and was uneasy until I saw

my parents at nightfall.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 10 years old**  
**42-2128**

At that time I was in the shelter in my town, because of the warning. With buzzing near the entrance, at the moment I looked up in the sky, a flash!... and I was blown to the inner part of the shelter by the bomb blast. When I came to, I was very surprised that many wounded people had come in. Though I couldn't understand what had happened, I followed everyone to the mountain. At night my father, older brother and younger sister also came, and I felt relieved and was able to sleep.

The next day we walked to my aunt's house in Tokitsu along the Urakami River. Many black-burnt dead bodies were lying in the river and on the roadside. I met people whose eyes were out of their sockets and whose skin was burnt and dangling. Indeed it was hell on earth.

From the next day on, my father went on rescue missions to the Mitsubishi arms factory, where he worked. Two weeks later his hair began to fall out. He said "I will die soon." Though he came back unhurt, he died from his rescue activities. Before death, he said, "Please take care of my children." I think he, a fond parent, felt very sorry to die and leave us.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 11 years old**  
**42-2133**

I lost my parents, sister and others all at once. When someone asks me how many, I can't answer. I must count on my fingers. I have tried hard to avoid remembering anything from those days. I have two daughters, but I don't talk to them about those events. Merely thinking about it makes the tears stream from my eyes and I can't talk.

Though I was only confused, other people died--my relatives died. The last member of my family to die was my mother, it is my hardest and most bitter memory. She had already gone mad, and she kept holding me tightly and repeating, "Go with me. Now it's raining, so let's go after

it stops raining." I fell asleep, and when I woke up, my mother had died. Then I woke up my older brother. The next day we collected timber from destroyed houses, made a pile, put my mother on it and ignited the lower part to cremate her. I wanted to plunge into the fire then. As I cried loudly, my brother thundered, "Don't cry!" At that time I thought "how cold-hearted he is," and I felt all the more sad. But now that I have grown up, I understand him, and how he must have felt more pain because of being older than me.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 11 years old**  
42-2336

I'll never forget that people who had been in good spirits the night before died when I woke up the next day. I feel sorry that I couldn't find my brothers' dead bodies.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 14 years old**  
42-0823

There were dead bodies everywhere on the roadside. Hands and legs of people who died near the river, swollen to two or three times their normal size. I couldn't possibly distinguish them. I remember that I couldn't look straight at burnt people; their skin peeled off and dangling just like a woman's loose stockings. They were stark-naked.

People who had been living died in the end crying, "Water! Water!"

I was too afraid to help the suffering people.

If they were going to die anyway, I wanted to give them all the water that they wanted.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 14 years old**  
40-0303

As a student-soldier, I was drafting in the construction technology class of the Mitsubishi arms factory in Ohashi. I ran outside at the same time the bomb exploded.

A college student asked me, "Am I wounded anywhere?" But his white shirt was unstained. "No," I answered. Then he turned his back on me and began to run. The flesh of his back dangled and was covered with blood. I'm sure that he thought he was injured somewhere but couldn't keep his composure long enough to find out where.

I thought to take refuge in the river and tried to cross over the railroad tracks, but the ties were burning. A little girl of about 4 or 5 and burnt pink over her whole body said "Help me sister," and clung to me. I ran away in fear. I wonder what became of her after that.

In the river a man in his forties was beside me, he looked like a factory worker. Suddenly he stood up and began to sing. He strained to sing half of his song and then lay down in the water to die. I didn't know his address. I wonder if his family ever found him.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**42-1411**

I saw people and horses burnt black in the neighborhood of Ohashi-machi.

In the evening I reached Ohashi-machi, which is now the neighborhood of Miyoshi-cho, but I could not go home to Takenokubo where Fuchi Junior High School was because the districts of Shiroyama and Takenokubo were still on fire. That day I rested in a shelter around Eri-machi. The next morning when I woke up, I found burnt or wounded people out in the rice fields looking for water and dying there.

I was wounded, and someone advised me to get on the rescue train, but I didn't, because I was anxious about my mother in Takenokubo-machi. Then I went back to my home, but my house had been destroyed and burnt out, and I couldn't find her. After a week my relatives found her under the ruins of the fire.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**13-29-015**

There were so many kinds of ... I can't talk about it.

To tell the truth, I don't want to remember.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**42-0882**

We stood in a line in the factory. At the moment of the flash, the roof fell in. A man with only eyes and teeth, covered with blood, stumbled along and fell down. I ran with only one of a pair of geta (Japanese wooden clogs) on.

In the shelter a burnt horse ran around neighing, hated by everyone.

Then on the way to the dormitory in Sumiyoshi, I followed someone else, running as though the burnt and wounded were throwing stones at me.

The experience is engraved on my mind, and even now I can remember the sight at that time, though I was only fourteen years old and couldn't have known what was happening.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**42-2327**

My grandmother, father, mother, younger sister and younger brother...ten of my family died one after another within two weeks after the bombing and I was left alone.

Such a awful atomic bomb was used to end the war at the sacrifice of old people, women and children who had nothing to do with it! Really I think man is terrible.

Now in Japan we live in peace. But I think this peace is brief and at the sacrifice of the dead from the bombing, so I wonder how long it will continue. I want to remove all atomic bombs from the earth.

**Nagasaki, 0.5 km, Female, Age 16**  
**40-1097**

In those days I lived in Hamaguchi-machi with my

parents and brother. As air-raids were becoming more frequent and more violent, on the morning of the A-bombing, my father and I were on our way to the countryside, looking for a house for evacuation. While walking along the lane near Yamazato-machi, the bomb fell.

At that moment everything around us was pitch dark, as though it were already night. We, daughter and father, desperately rushed into the house nearby, but only to be held under the collapsing walls of the house. Maybe both of us were lying unconscious for some time. After we came to ourselves, we walked around trying to escape. The streets were filled with corpses. We finally climbed Mt. Anakobo. On the way, we met a girl from the Student Service Corps who was almost naked with heavy burns and breathing feebly. My father carried her on his back, but soon she died, singing a song. I felt so sad and scared that I hardly knew how to describe the scene. I could not eat anything for three days because of the experience.

On the railway track behind our house, my mother was found dead, her arms and legs burnt black. But we could not find my brother's body anywhere.

While we were walking here and there, looking for a safe place, we saw a lot of people pressed under ruined houses. As if they were in an oven, the fire of the burning houses was spreading toward them, but we only ran about without knowing how to help them. It was just like hell on earth.

In the air-raid shelter near our house in cinders and ashes, a small child, who was still alive, was left alone with the bones in his legs broken. I remember my father bring the child to the first-aid station. Then we dragged our feet as far as Michinoo, where we got on a train. Suffering from frequent air-raids on the way, we at last arrived at the place where we now live.

We shall never forget the horror and cruelty of this hell caused by the atomic bomb all through our lives.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 16 years old  
40-0783**

I was in the Navy Hospital in Isahaya. A girl who had her whole body burnt was brought next to me. She was bandaged from head to foot. All she could do was to lay herself there motionless. Tears swelled up in my eyes. I hoped to do anything I could for the girl. She badly wanted to drink water. I asked a nurse if it was OK., but she said, "Definitely no. If you give her water, she will die soon." The only thing left to me was to keep saying, "Carry on. Be patient."

After some time a doctor came in to see her, but he went out without saying a word. In the meantime she continued asking for water in a faint voice. "Give me water. Give me a drop of water, please." I ran to the nurse again. This time she said yes. I hurried to fill my cup with cold water, and dropped some into her mouth. She was so much pleased and gave me her thanks again and again moving her fingers a little as she could not move even her hands.

I didn't know how many hours had passed. I had fallen asleep as I had been too tired. When I awoke, she had passed away. How sore and miserable she must have been! Her name was Hiroko Kitajima.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 16  
23-0293**

I had been told that my close friend and classmate at a nurses' training school had died, but that her body had not been found and that her family had been lamenting for that. 30 years later a person who was near her told me this.

On the day of the atomic-bomb explosion a girl was seen covered with blocks of concrete. She was asking for help only holding her hand up. But it was impossible to save her. She herself was my close friend. The very place was also burned up. That is why her body was not found.

Hearing her family's story 30 years later, I was very shocked. Now she lies under the epitaph with the inscription "May souls of our friends rest here", placed in

the campus of Nagasaki University.

I saw a mother and her child, who managed to escape to the hill at the back of the University Hospital, writhing in agony in the sweet potato field. Soon they became quiet and ceased to stir. Beside the mother was the child lying dead. Everywhere we saw scenes like this, but we could not do anything. I remember we were totally at a loss.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 16**  
**40-1032**

In those days, I felt as if my own survival were only a dream, so I could not afford to think what had happened to others. I was in an absent state of mind and had no special feelings at that time.

I believe we all cannot feel anything until we calm ourselves down. I think it possible to talk, but when it comes to writing, I don't know where to begin and how to describe anything.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 16**  
**42-1136**

After the A-bomb was dropped, when I became conscious, all the houses around had been flattened, those wandering were all bloodstained and the bodies of others who had been burnt were swelled double, and it was impossible to tell who they were. And at our feet were dead people scattered about, whose brains had gushed out and limbs severed. It was really hell itself. Those dreadful figures!

I heard a voice calling for help from under the destroyed house. Though I was also bleeding from the back of my ears, I tried hard to pull the beams away. But it was in vain. All I could do was to tell the person to be patient till the rescuers came. While I was walking away not knowing where to go, I met one of my friends and we fled together. But at last I could not move an inch, and laid myself beside St. Francisco Hospital. After some time I was rescued. Even now, I shudder, remembering the sight, imaging the hell before my eyes.



I hope that the dropping of A-bombs or nuclear explosion tests will never be allowed again.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 17**  
**42-1221**

We students were made to work at a weapons factory. When the bomb was dropped, I was talking with a close friend of mine. The instant I saw the flash, I was blown over by the blast of the bomb and was held under the building. Luckily I was able to creep out from beneath the debris but could not find my friend anywhere, though I could hear her voice asking for help. Outside, I found people all scorched black, their skin peeling off here and there. There were no people who would come to help my friend left under the collapsed building. Ordered to take refuge quickly, I sought shelter across the railroad line. On the way, a B-29 plane flew back over the city and I hid myself in the river.

That evening I was taken to Isahaya Navy Hospital by the earliest rescue train. My friend must have been killed unable to crawl out of the pile of debris. Even now her voice crying for help rings in my ears.

My father had been bombed at home in Yahata-machi. That night he came over the mountain to search for me around the weapons factory. Finally on the third day, he found out that I had been taken to the Navy Hospital and came to take me. Twenty six years later he died of cancer, after he suffered for a long time from the after-effect of the A-bomb.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 18**  
**42-0743**

By that single A-bomb dropped on August 9, 1945, my life has been completely changed. The incident will stay in my memory all my life. Between Aug. 9 and Sept. 10, I lost my parents, sister, brother and relatives. Now I am all alone in the world. There is no way whatever to express my feelings.

Looking after the injured, cremating the dead by my own hands--'hell' is the only word to describe these tasks. As

there was nothing at hand that I could use for the cremation, I walked about to pick things up to make a fire to burn the bodies. There was nothing proper to put the ashes in. Picking up kettles and pans from the bomb-ravaged district, I buried the ashes in them. The graveyard was located next to the hospital attached to the university. The tombstones were blown down by the A-bomb blast and fences around them had collapsed. Not one house in my town survived the bomb and fires that followed.

For a month or so I lived in an air-raid shelter. Depending on my relatives I headed for Isahaya taking my father, sister and grandmother. I sent them to a hospital in the city, where all of them died later. When they died, all of them had suffered from fever which distorted and swelled their faces. Their gums became very dark and bled. They had purple spots all over their bodies. And their stools were really black.

At present I am physically weak and have always been seeing the doctor. The sorrow and agony I had during the past 40 years are beyond description. In order to get rid of such miseries from our world, we must abolish nuclear weapons, or we cannot achieve genuine peace on earth.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 19**  
**46-0072**

At the moment of the explosion, my parents and brother were in the house. My parents were buried under the house destroyed by the blast. My father managed to escape, while my mother could do nothing but cry for help, with her right thigh trapped between the beams of the broken house.

Even now I cannot keep back my tears when I remember the terrible sight of my mother, being helplessly burned to death. My brother was blown away by the blast and found dead, completely charred.

### (3) In Their Twenties

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 20 years old  
42-1486**

I was at the office of material-study department of Mitsubishi weapons factory, which was located in the second floor of a three-storied building. It was the only building made of concrete in the whole of the factory complex. After some time following the flash and blast -- I don't have a clear idea how long -- I went out of the room to find fire coming out of the room about five meters ahead. Together with the three people in the office I ran out. The front building with the general affairs department in it was made of wood, so people were in a worse situation. "Help!", "Help!"-- the cries came to us from far and near. We were unable to offer any helping hand. The four of us were all burnt and injured. All we could do was run away. We only followed the people who walked ahead of us through the streets scattered with dead bodies. The mere thought of the scene makes me terrified. A lot of people must have been killed under that flattened wooden building of the general affairs department. I feel really sorry for not having been able to rescue them. This is what I shall never forget after the passage of 40 years or 50 years, as long as I live. My grief deepens with the passing of time.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 24 years old  
42-2126**

All of a sudden, everything on the ground was blown off and destroyed into pieces and the world was thrown into utter confusion. This was the end of the world, I thought. Looking around, I found people all naked, and wounded all over their bodies. They were stripped of their clothes by the blast, and I even could not tell if they were male or female. There came cries for help from all over, but I didn't have any energy to help them. I myself barely managed to get on my feet.

The dead bodies covered the streets. Avoiding stepping on them, I ran around this way and that, striding over one body after another. The sight I saw then was beyond description; it was indeed an inferno.

Soon I lost my eyesight. Besides, because of fever from burns all over my body, I had been hovering between life and death for more than a month. It was after three months that I came to walk by myself again. Then, all I saw in the city was ruins.

Having nothing to place the bodies of their family in, people wrapped them with straw mats or rags and buried them without any burial service. The number of the dead was so great that many were completely at a loss where to bury the bodies.

"Give me some water! A drop of water, please," they cried, but without any water, they died. How I wish I could have given them as much water as they wanted before they died! Most of them became insane and died in agony of pain one by one.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 25 years old**  
**42-0806**

a) I was in the Sumiyoshi dormitory of Mitsubishi ordnance factory when bombed. I was crushed under the building and lost consciousness for some time. When I came to myself, I crawled out and found the straw-roofed houses around there were in flames. One of my friends called my name and came up to me. She had her flesh plucked from her right arm and I could see her bone. Broken pieces of glass stuck in her face and it was hard to recognize who she was, but I barely could, by her voice. We went to the factory further up in the hill with a futon mattress over our heads. It was dark inside the factory and it gave out a strong smell of blood. I knew the smell of blood for the first time.

b) In the evening of August 9, I stayed in the mountain further up the factory. Many people died, crying, "Water! Water!". Even when someone took my hand and asked me for water, I couldn't do anything. After a while I found the person dead.

c) My youngest brother died two hours after he was bombed. He was five years old. He was in the outdoors then, and was burned all over his body. It was hard to hold him in my arms because his skin peeled off everywhere, so I

tucked him in cotton wool. He died, saying, "Mummy! Mummy!"

My mother was also bombed outdoors, near Ohashi Bridge. She managed to come home, but died on August 18. She may have been lucky because she was able to reach home, while many people with her were missing. She kept saying till she died, "Kill me at once. Kill me! If you are thoughtful to me, kill me now!" She seemed to have been in great pain. Her internal organs may have become sore and rotten. Her body gave off the smell of the dead and her gums became purple. She must have been in hell.

d) Five (Mother, two younger brothers, two younger sisters) out of eleven of my whole family died. Sometimes I wanted to die, thinking it would have been better if I had died then.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 27 years old**  
**42-1353**

I was in the field when bombed. I was lying on my stomach there. Red and blue flames coming in my nose and mouth stifled my breath and I was afraid thinking that I would die, which I can never forget even now. I think it went on for about two minutes.

I saw many naked people whose skin was inflamed and peeled, coming by one after another. Some of them wanted water but I could not give any to them. All around me was a sea of fire as far as I could see. I was struck by great sorrow at the death of my family who had no burns or injuries.

I regret I could not even put any clothes on the bodies of my parents and brothers before they died.

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 27 years old**  
**42-2158**

We were on our way back from an air-raid shelter. It was where we have now the Sumiyoshi branch of the city office. One of the burned people I saw was a boy of about fourteen, whose legs were burned pitch-black. I wonder if

he lived for about a week after then.

Another was a young man, who was wandering about with skin hanging from his shins.

A person was wandering with his arms swollen with rashes. It looked just like Nigauri (bitter cucumber grown in Okinawa). I heard he died soon.

My brother-in-law had a six year-old boy. He was burned by the heat rays when he was playing in the rice field. It was hard to apply ointment to his injuries because flies would not leave the wounded parts on his body. The wounds became sore, looking like the scum of tempura.

#### (4) In Their Thirties

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 30 years old  
42-1049**

Just as I finally reached the shelter in front of Mitsubishi sawmill in Takenokubo, I collapsed to the ground and lost consciousness. I came to myself when a man wearing a short coat from an air-defense corps, spoke to me. He told me to go out and follow other people, because if I fell asleep, I might be engulfed in a fire from the sawmill. However, I stayed crouching in the shelter, feeling too weak to walk. Then a woman who was about as old as I was came up to me and poured something down my throat. She said to me, "Let's go together with me. Keep up your spirits and hold on to my shoulders. Sudden strength came to me when I heard her kind words. I came out of the shelter and had a lucky escape.

Later I missed that kind woman somewhere I do not remember, but I'm very grateful to her. I still can remember her image I saw from the back. She might have been a Goddess.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 31 years old  
11-0099**

My house was located about 100 meters from the center of the blast. At that time I had left my four children (one

of them had been adopted by another family, but visiting home on that day) in the house and went to my acquaintance in Inasa to arrange my family's evacuation. On my way back home, when I was near the stone-pit along the Urakami River in Takenokubo-machi, I saw the flash. With a huge sound, I was blown by the bomb blast to the shade of the stone-pit. After some time, as I was very anxious about my children, I managed to stand up, feeling dizzy, as if my head had been hit by a blunt weapon. I cannot recall how I got home.

I found Urakami district burned to ruins from one end to the other. Needless to say, my house, which was near the blast center, was completely destroyed by fire.

The air-raid shelter dug in the cliff behind my house was also completely destroyed. With burned hands, I frantically cleared away the earth over the shelter, together with my husband who had just come home from work. We looked and looked around there but could not find any trace of our children. We could not even find any ashes or remains of them.

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 32 years old**  
**42-1660**

I saw a body of a woman with her womb burst out. Her fetus lay there still on the umbilical cord. It was only one of so many horrible sights I witnessed. After all, I could not think or feel anything.

### (5) Over Forties

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 41 years old**  
**42-0820**

At last, four days later, I found the body of my son, who had died on the day of the bombing. I regret not being able to give him a last sip of water before he died. My husband also passed away four of five days later.

I walked here and there looking for my son every day. My neighbors told me that a body lying in a ditch, about 500 meters away from our house, might be my son's. Finally I found him. I identified the body by the belt he was

wearing.

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 46**  
**13-12-121**

The feeling I had was beyond description. I had been soaked in the river for several hours while dead bodies were drifting by me. The scene was unspeakably cruel.

When I was running away to our shelter which had been determined among us with my daughter, father and nephew, my legs were very hot because of the heat from the ground, so I bound whatever was available to my legs at any rate.

Soon after the alarm was clear, my husband went to the toilet. Then the atomic bomb exploded, and our house was blown down at once. He was buried under it. I could hear his voice at first, so I tried to help him out. But the fire was coming toward me rapidly, and his voice couldn't be heard anymore. I wasn't able to do anything to help him and had to run away in deep grief. Even now the scene haunts my memory.

#### (6) Age Unknown

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, Age unknown**  
**42-0582**

My father and husband were said to be engaged in a medical team at Zenza Primary School. Their dead bodies couldn't be confirmed, and I still haven't found out how to confirm them.

When I think of how they might have been killed in such a terrible sight, I feel I might become insane because of fear.

#### c) Sex Unknown

**Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Sex unknown, Age 18**  
**42-2328**

I think we survivors should not let such a hell on



earth happen and must make every effort to keep peace, when I think of the numerous people who were buried under houses and burned to death.

I can't forget the cases when I wasn't able to help the people who got jammed in by a girder or lumber.

I can recall very vividly a young girl who was stripped of her clothes, with no sense of shame was vaguely asking for help.

My brother was hit by a piece of wood and his brains could be seen from the skull. He died while drinking water. All those horrible scenes come across my mind even now.

## (2) 2.0 - 3.0 km (From the Blast Center)

### a) Male

#### (1) Younger Than 9 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 6  
42-2317**

I was told that soon after being bombed I was brought to my house by our neighbors; at that time I was running around the same place in the factory of Mitsubishi Electronic Company in a semi-coma.

After that, my mother soaked me in a water basin because I said I couldn't stand the heat. (I don't remember saying it.) I had stayed in an air raid shelter without receiving any medical treatment. I recovered consciousness little by little, but I didn't know why I had gotten burnt in the first place.

I had laid in the air-raid shelter for many days. My mother would cut the blister with a razor a few times a day, and this was the only medical treatment I received there. If she hadn't done this, the joints of my right arm and feet would have stuck to each other, and I would not be able to extend my arms and feet. Several days later, I went to Hokkou-yue. By then the right half of my hair had disappeared, the right half of my face, hands, and feet were covered with pus and infested with maggots. Neighbors

spread a rumor that I was a "monster".

### (3) In The Teens

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 11**  
13-23-079

The bridge was fully broken, so I went home by a roundabout way. My mother applied something to the blisters. Through the night it was a sea of flames. Even after August 15, although we knew the war was over, we would go into the air-raid shelter, at the sound of thunder. Four of my cousins were killed by the bomb. As there wasn't a crematory, we put together a turret to cremate them.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 11**  
42-0555

In those days, my mother, younger sister and brother had been evacuated to the country side. My father and elder brothers, including myself, who were at that time junior high school students, lived in Nagasaki.

On August 9, our father didn't come home. My brother and I left a message on the gate of our house, "To my father. We will be waiting for you in the air-raid shelter."

But he didn't turn up. Next day two brothers and I visited my father's office in Iwakawa-machi. We saw a lot of dead bodies near the Inasa Bridge. In his company, we found our father's dead body, guided by a person in the office. My father finally came home with us in the bone pot. At the end of August we took the remains of our father to mother in the country-side she had been staying. She had been ill in bed with peritonitis.

Our house in Nagasaki was burnt down. We were only in junior high school. Could we live in Nagasaki again? We felt nothing but worry.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 12**  
**13-27-051**

A victim of the atomic bomb, whose skin dangling down, was walking, all drained of energy.

Roaring flames covered the northern part of the city encompassing the prefectural office - the city office - Nakamachi Public Hall.

My brother came home too tired on the night of the bomb and he was talking about the devastated damage in the district of Urakami.

People burnt the dead bodies at the ground of Irabayashi Primary School.

My elder brother suffered from the effects of the atomic bomb and was on the verge of death several times.

After it took him, the ABCC declared that my elder brother would become blind. So he began abandoning himself in despair.

After a year he hadn't become blind, but his health had deteriorated. He became consumptive and entered hospital for an operation. Even now he has some mental problems.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 12**  
**13-53-041**

I was in my house, 2 to 3 km from the center of the explosion, and was having lunch. Suddenly the air turned pure yellow, and a violent bomb blast blew away. I lay down with my head under the table at once. A few minutes later, when I stood up, tiles had dropped and many things were scattered around in the house. Innumerable glass fragments were stuck into my arms and feet. Hurriedly I went into the air-raid shelter in the garden. My elder brother and I pulled out the fragments from each other there. I was surprised to see such fragments stuck in the pillars of my house like slugs.

After two days, when I went to Nagasaki factory as a foundry worker of Mitsubishi Electronic Company, which was

close to the hypocenter to look for my father, I saw countless dead bodies -- all burnt and sore; a boy who was dead with his belly swollen like a balloon, a body reclined on the pole of the bridge leaving his shadow clearly on it, people who went down to the Urakami River for water and died, and other people were alive yet who were moaning to die. Then I saw the corpse of horse, with its feet stretched upward.

Unlike the devastated state of the day of the bomb, what I saw two days later was a completely different view of the city. A huge iron bridge, possibly as a result of the explosion, was entirely destroyed and a big factory was bent like a candy cane leaving only skeleton frames. I was in sixth grade of primary school then and since forty years have passed, even now the scene of the demolished city is so clearly printed in my mind and never ceases to disappear. It all comes back to me, from time to time, as a scene of hell.

Looking at the broken big bridge and the big factory of which steel frames were broken and piled up like wire-work, I walked over the dead bodies on the river-side road covered with many dead bodies. Like this, as two days had passed, the scene was different from the ghastly one soon after the explosion. When I saw the scene, I was in 6th grade in primary school. Since then, forty years passed. But even now the scene is printed on my mind as if I looked at hell.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 12**  
**42-0825**

1) On the night of the explosion, I heard screams here and there, but the next morning I found them all dead.

2) Within one week, all of my five brothers were dead.

3) My friends and his three brothers were burned in the house, and they were piled up one upon the other.

4) When my younger brother died, I (then 12 years old) cremated him by myself, because the other remaining family members were very busy looking after my elder sister, younger sister and younger brothers.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 15**  
**13-27-003**

Then I was the youngest crewman of a passenger boat. I was called the chief cook, but my work was merely to cook. Mr. T, who was one-year senior in the crew training school, often cooked instead of me, so I could work as a deckhand. I can't forget the day when Mr. T went to buy food for the crew on behalf of me and was bombed near the center of the explosion. Fortunately, I didn't get injured so seriously. But he was burnt badly on half of his body, so he stayed in the hospital for a long time. Huge keloid scars were left, and I heard that he finally passed away. A big burden of regret stays with me, and it will remain with me as long as I live. A sudden gleam dividing the life and death of many, we mustn't tolerate cold-hearted atomic bombs ever again.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 16 years old**  
**13-53-019**

Looking back to that day, the blood curdling hell-like tragedy suddenly appeared with a flash from the atomic bomb. This will be branded for ever on the memory of humans as a blemish left on one page of history by the absurdity of humans. It burned out many completely innocent little lives, and forced others to die in lingering and tortuous death.

A charred body I saw in the burnt city had its drum-like swollen legs held up and its head plunging into the ground. A mother madly ran away somewhere, her headless child on her back, putting her hands in the blood tricking down onto her face. One old man was pressing his hands together in prayer to some direction in the burnt area of the city, his face covered with blood. A body of a high school girl, only 15 to 16 years old, who in a volunteer corps had probably worked at a machine with oily hands, was in the ruins of her school near the epicenter. I heard a groan of some people still alive. Approaching there, I found a girl student, whose body was swollen like a balloon, and her seniors and classmates.

Without going out to search for food and feeling hungry, we carried them to a dim room in a elementary school used as a temporary hospital. There was no time to lose to

save their lives. But our desperate efforts for some 30 minutes were in vain, and lives of people lying around us ended one after another.

With their resentment to the insane weapon of atomic bomb, they closed their young lives, and their bodies turned into smoke and then a cloud in the sky. Even a million words cannot make people understand this, other than those who shared the experience.

Someone called me on my way to the blast center. I found a sore face with a scar. He was asking for something. I said one word and left him. Why did not I give him, my class-mate, a word of encouragement? I heard that he died soon after.

Without world peace, there can be no peace for individuals.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 16 years old  
42-1225**

I suffered the bombing in a building still under construction in Shin-Daiku-machi to accommodate temporarily a telephone and telegram office. (The site was later used as the headquarters of the Atomic Bomb Casualties Commission - ABCC, after the end of the war) There were a lot of window panes and most people were injured by fragments of broken glass. Some were bleeding from their heads, and others were trapped under doors. There was a sound of houses collapsing nearby. The sky over the station was burning red.

I was engaged in work, with the upper part of my body naked. My shirt, lunch box and other belongings were blown away by the blast. I came back home, half naked. My classmates were working in the factories of Mitsubishi Steel and Mitsubishi Ordnance as mobilized students, and most of them died.

In my school, which later became Nagasaki Nishi High School, many teachers and students died. I feel sorry that I am still alive.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 17 years old**  
**13-32-038**

(1) Escaping the bombing, I kicked a woman who clung to me, to run away.

(2) 54 classmates of my Normal School died. I was engaged in rescue work for them. One of them died after strong convulsions while being carried on a stretcher. I do not remember who he was and how his body was disposed of. So much was I inhuman, with my sense of fear of death paralyzed.

(3) That night I had to sleep with hundreds of people in the gymnasium of a nearby elementary school. Hearing people crying from pain, murmuring in delirium and dying, I was almost clinging to devoted nurses.

(4) When the war ended, I was in the Navy Hospital. Many patients had maggots in their wounds. We picked them off one by one. One cannot see nor pinch one if it is still small.

(5) I returned to school three months later.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 17 years old**  
**13-36-001**

- I did nothing to help a woman of 30 or 40 years old who asked for help in the mountain between the Medical College and Urakami Cathedral.

- Oka-machi, my residential area, was full of half bleached bones. I walked among them to look for my mother, with her gold tooth as a guide. I searched and searched, but I could not find her. This despair stays in my mind even now.

- I trembled with anger when I saw the Asahi Shimbun stuck on a bulletin board near Katsuyama Elementary School a few days after the bombing, whose headline on the first page said, "Slight damage".

- The area around Oka-machi was a "silent hell". All living things, worms, morning glories, not to speak of

humans, were dead.

- The gymnasium of Shinkouzen Elementary School was a "noisy hell" filled with moans of the injured in agony.

### 3) In Their 20s

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 28 years old**  
**41-0837**

I suffered from the bombing at the Mitsubishi Ship-building Factory at Mizunoura. Around 3 o'clock, I left for my house near Yamazato School at Hashiguchi-machi. Because of burning houses and other things along the streets I could not pass Inasa-machi and thereabouts. Detouring, I walked up Mt. Inasa-yama, and at a point which divided fields and hilly section I saw a boy of about 3 years old crying, "Mother, mother...". His mother was heavily burnt and dead. She must have fled to this place and died.

Coming back home I found no trace of my house and 10 family members dead. Even though my sister had no external injuries, she had a sore throat three days after the bombing, and could not eat nor drink for a week and died 10 days after the bombing. I found next day that her face swelled so terribly, twice in size and turned purple, that one could not even identify her. I could do nothing for her until her death.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 28 years old**  
**42-2216**

1. I cannot forget the wretched death of the wife of my fellow soldier, whose body was found in the ruins of a fire in Zenza-machi, when I went there to see how his folks were.

2. I saw an English POW around Yaoya-machi, who, in tattered clothes, was taken by a Japanese non-commissioned officer for evacuation from the Saiwai-machi factory. He also looked miserable.



#### 4) In Their 30s

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 30 years old**  
42-2214

1. I saw a mother and a child dead in their movement of getting out through the window of the streetcar. That was something horrible to see. I passed there joining my palms together. It was a sight of an inferno.

2. I helped my friend to meet his son at the Euchi Shrine. His son was terribly injured from burns. He did not know what to say to his son. Told by me, he called his son's name. Then, his son clung to him, saying, "Father..." I cannot forget this sight. The boy died later.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 32 years old**  
42-2333

I had been in many rounds of combat in two years while I was in China, and used to see corpses and casualties. But the death and injuries from the atomic bombing and heavy bombing of populated cities in their degree and dimensions could not be compared with this. Even the people who directly saw these do not know how to describe these. It was beyond description.

I met many surviving victims wherever I went on that day. But so appalled, all that I did was to give some words of encouragement to them. I admit that I could not think of anything but my survival.

Of my 6 family members, only my niece was missing while she was working in the factory. All the others except me had evacuated to Iwaya-yama hill, some 3 km away, and were there when the bomb was dropped, and therefore they were safe, except slight injuries to a few of them.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, 33 years old**  
13-23-062

All bodies lying one on top of another were so completely burnt black that people in search for their relatives could not tell even the difference of their sex.

Preoccupied with themselves, people could not afford giving help to a person whose leg was trapped under a fallen beam and who could not move, or another who was asking for water. It was hellish. Indeed it was hell, because after the death there would be no hell or heaven. Could humans be like that? I saw a real inferno while I was alive.

## b) Female

### 1) Less Than 9 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 3 years old  
07-0032**

a) For me, 2 years and 10 months old at that time, only a flash remains in my memory.

b) My aunt (on my mother's side) who had been working at the Mitsubishi Ordnance in Ohashi-machi was taken to the gymnasium in Isahaya City. My mother visited there to attend to her with me. I remember that I cried and cried by her, who died 18 days later. Hit by the bombing, many other people were lying in that big gymnasium. In illness, she must have been annoyed by my cries. On every August 9, I apologize for this in my mind.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 5 years old  
13-23-063**

I was 4 years old at the time of the bombing. Though little as I was, I clearly remember about the people who, caught by the bombing at Urakami and burnt black, plodded like ants, moving through Konpira-san Mountain toward Nishiyama, where we lived. It was in the evening on August 9.

My elder sister, 10 years old then, was showered with broken glass. My mother carried her on her back to look for an aid station in the destroyed city. The sister is said to have cried all the way, saying "Let's go home", as she was scared with terrible sights, even forgetting her pain.

My father had already been killed by the air-raid in front of the railway station, in April of the same year.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 9 years old**  
**13-21-011**

Some were crying for help rolling about here and there. Some had no arms and no legs, they were like tumblers. A person hopping along asked me for water. What a horde of people! They had no eyes, no noses, even no faces. I was not able to tell men from women. I was so scared that I wanted to go home as quickly as possible. But there were no roads, there were just huge piles of demolished houses. A kind fireman found me crying and took me home.

My house was a sheet of fire. My mother took out some of our belongings and we all managed to reach the air-raid shelter at Nishizaka-machi.

Whenever I remember the day, I feel goose flesh.

## 2) In the Teens

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 10 years old**  
**42-0561**

On the evening of the 9th, I saw burned people coming down Mt. Konpira. Though I was only a child I knew that something terrible had happened on the opposite side of the mountain. I still clearly remember that I was not able to stop trembling with fear.

The people I saw there were half-burnt black. All I remember is just fear. I still tremble with fear when the scene comes back to my mind. We must not repeat war ever.

I was playing with a friend of mine outdoors. I noticed something twinkling in the eastern sky. At the same time I felt a hot blast on my body. The wooden side walls on the second floor of a house in our neighborhood fell down with clouds of dust. I did not realize what had happened and rushed into my house in a fright. I was shocked to see my mother bleeding on the head and breast. I was so scared that I ran into the air-raid shelter. As my mother's bleeding would not stop, my elder sister took her to some hospital and found no people there.

A few days later my elder brother came home after the work of cleaning up the debris at Urakami area. He told us what he saw there. My parents who were engaged in business told my younger brother and me to take refuge in the warehouse in the mountain of Nagayo. The warehouse was owned by the company where my older brother worked. My parents gave us three sho of rice (1.431 U.S. gallon). I remember that we felt so lonely as we walked sobbing in the mountain path. The parting from parents was really a wrench and is still vivid in my memory. We must not have our children experience such a hardship.

My older brother died at the age of 25 years. At that time, we did not know about illnesses caused by atomic-bomb radiation. He did not receive enough medical treatment. Having a high fever, he talked in delirium, saying repeatedly, "I want to live!" I feel great regret at the loss of my brother.

My older sister is still unmarried and takes care of our old mother at the hospital every day. Our mother is 88 years old and my sister is 60. Their future is uncertain. How hard it is for me to think of what my sister may feel. If we had had no atomic bomb dropped, my older brother could have lived. I cannot but recall the late brother. How vexatious!

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 11 years old  
40-0235**

That was really hell on earth. We were eating rice balls delivered by the municipal staff in the open space. Before us dead bodies were cremated on the piled up wood. We were totally absent-minded. Many badly burnt people asked us if they were all right with their arms down. Having said this they took a few steps, fell down on the ground and died.

It took a long time for me to realize that I had to help someone. At first, I was just running away. Even in the daytime everything was in earth-like color. Our house was burnt down. But we had nothing to desire. We were all in blank surprise. I cannot forget that many people were burnt to death, caught in demolished houses. I offered prayers for them while running away.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 11 years old**  
**42-1517**

That lightning along with the flash of the atomic bomb has been an unforgettable terror for forty years. Whenever I think of the scene, I cover my eyes and ears with my hands even now.

On that day, I was buried under the steel frame of a munitions factory and saved. We were taken to the air-raid shelter near-by. In that shelter, lots of wounded people were laid on straw mats. Some were groaning with many pieces of glass and slate stuck all over their bodies and some were calling for their family members with their intestines sticking out. They died one after another. I cannot get rid of that memory.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 13 years old**  
**13-15-180**

On that day, my teachers and seniors wore headbands as usual. There was a slogan on each headband saying, "Devote ourselves to the nation" They were all killed by the atomic bomb at a munitions factory in Urakami.

On the morning of that day, my sister left home to dig an air-raid shelter in our neighborhood. Just before noon, I took her place. At first, I thought I heard something explode. In that moment, the flash along with the blast like thunder made me cover my eyes with both hands and lie down on the ground at the mouth of the shelter. I was blown into the shelter. I felt pain in my elbow and found it was burnt and blistered. The roofs of houses were blown away and the houses themselves were leaning to one side. I did not know where my parents and sisters were. Then I happened to see the woman who was our next-door neighbor and said to her, "Don't leave me alone!" I felt so lonely, but after a few hours, I was able to meet my family again.

The whole sky of Nagasaki became so dark that it seemed as if it was midnight. In the city, people were running about in confusion. Some were screaming and some were very quiet. People escaping from the mountain area were all burnt black and under their burnt clothes, I saw their red-burnt skin. It was impossible to tell men from women. The

scene was too miserable to look at.

We were homeless and took refuge in a safer side of the mountain area. There we found many wounded people groaning in tents. Some were really dying.

After a few days, many dead bodies were cremated here and there and at night those places were phosphorescent. I remember that I was horrified at the scene though I was a child, and prayed that the war would soon end.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 14 years old  
13-53-014**

My house was at the base of the mountain, which was the opposite side from the hypocenter. Many atomic bomb sufferers went over the mountain one after another and visited our house asking for water. But our town's self-defense group had been saying by megaphone, "Do not give water to them. They seem to have been injured by the new bomb. If they drink water, their internal organs will be damaged by it and they will soon die." We were just keeping silent and trembling with fear in the closet of our damaged house.

After a while, we went into a cave-type air raid shelter. Some people had been crouching at the mouth of the shelter. When I put my hand on their back urging them to go into the shelter, they said, "Ouch!" and became motionless. I imagined that their skin under their clothes had been burnt by the flash.

Fires broke out here and there in the city. Our shelter became so hot that we escaped from it. We headed for the suburbs. On the way we met many absent-minded people. They were naked and badly burned. I did not know what to do and had no words to say to them. We just continued walking.

I feel sorry for those sufferers who were dying with no medical treatment. Many people are still suffering from aftereffects of the bombing. I myself feel uneasy about my health. Honestly, I would like to forget all the miserable memories and in fact I am trying to do so. I hope that we will have no more atomic bomb sufferers on earth.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**13-29-006**

Brimming with youth and a sense of responsibility, I was a member of the rescue party of our girls' high school.

I did not know that the bomb was atomic and hurried to school to take care of the wounded people. My friends were gathering in the school ground. They were all absent-minded. Their faces were dirty and their work pants had some pieces of flesh on them. Their legs and arms were also dirty and bloody. The smell made me feel like vomiting.

I stayed overnight at school. On the next day, I went to the epicenter with my parents to look for my aunt's family. The epicenter was unbelievably miserable. Not only people but also cows and horses were burnt to death, and they gave off a bad smell. We did not know whether those dead bodies were men or woman. They had probably breathed their last there, having been asking for water and looking for a place where the water was flowing. I cannot forget the flash of the bomb and the bad smell even now.

That night, the city was a sheet of fire. I think it was because the gas tank had exploded. At least it seemed so from the place where I was. 7 percent of Nagasaki City was completely destroyed. There was a rumor afloat that survivors would also be killed by poison gas.

My aunt's family were all killed by the bomb. We found no remains where they had been. In extreme grief, I had no more tears to shed. The only thing I remember as a child is extreme fear. That was really a hell on earth.

I thought at first those burnt people were clad in rags. But those rags were actually their skin.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 15 years old**  
**42-1717**

When the atomic bomb exploded, I was in the schoolhouse of Kami-Nagasaki Elementary School. After a while, my classmates and office workers came to the playground of the school. They had crossed over a mountain from Urakami. But I was not able to tell who was who. I stayed there until

half past five to care for wounded people and went home.

When I passed beneath the Fuki-ro (Fuki-tower), I met a person who seemed to have crossed over the mountain. He was scorched black all over. On his left side of the body from abdomen to knee, his skin had peeled off and was hanging down. Even now I cannot forget the color of his inner skin - vivid pink.

Two of my friends from the same village were killed by the bomb. One was killed on the spot. A charred body was identified by her badge of class-chairperson. Her funeral was held about a month later. Her grandmother opened the funeral urn sobbing and saying, "Please meet my grandchild on parting." When I looked into the urn, her bones were like powdered pumice.

The other one's skin became pale yellow like the color of chicken fat. She had many little purple spots all over the body. Her hair fell out and she finally died.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 16 years old**  
**13-27-001**

I have so many things to say that I am not sure whether I can finish telling them all. I know well that only the survivors of the bombing can tell or write true stories, but it is so difficult where to begin. I wish my eyes and head could tell on behalf of me.

In those days garbage boxes of the city were large carts, with four sides boarded up. The sufferers who were taken to school were dying one after another. The dead bodies were thrown into a large cart as if they were rotten fish. It was really a tragedy.

I helped army surgeons with their medical treatment. When I tore off the gauze of wounded people, I found many maggots which were 2 or 3 millimeters long. Some were dropping from the wounds. We had few medicines and our treatment was far from enough. We even left those in a critical condition as they were. They were dying one after another.



**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 16 years old  
42-2215**

It was my father. At Shiroyama-machi. He was killed on the spot, lying on his back outdoors. His body was burnt black all over. His arms and his one leg were stretched out and the other leg was bent in. He looked as if he were a worm. Whenever I remember the scene, I feel very regretful and sorry. I shed tears. He was ordered to work on industrial mobilization those days. I can still vividly recall his image on that morning of August.

We identified one dead body among the four as our father by wrenching open their mouths and seeing their teeth. After that we took him home.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 17  
23-0314**

I'm very sorry that I forsook those who clung to me, asking for water, though I could not afford to help others in such a desperate situation.

More than anything else, I can never forget the woman who asked for water, holding up a little baby to me.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 18  
42-1359**

Just after that we walked to Sumiyoshi. On the way we saw a lot of burnt dead bodies lying here and there. Even now I can't forget their bare bones and blistered skin. As we passed, flies on those dead bodies swarmed on our backs until we felt as if we were carrying flies on our backs. I would hate to have such an experience again.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 19  
42-2229**

A few hours after the bomb, I climbed the mountain in front of the station to take refuge. There I saw a lot of victims coming one after another. Some of them were sooty black all over except for their goggling eyes, and groaning. Their companions were desperately trying to cheer them on.

I also saw two men, maybe brothers, flayed like fish and their skin trailing, looking for a hospital, encouraging each other. It was such a horrible sight that I hated to remember it when I was young, but it still haunts my memory.

I was anxious for my younger brother's safety. I was impatient to search for him, but I couldn't go in the direction of the Ohashi Bridge. My father went to look for him by himself but could not find him. So we gave him up for dead. But then about four days later, he came back and his whole body was fully bandaged. All my family welcomed him in complete amazement and congratulated each other. We were as happy as could be! Although we were so lucky, I'm sorry I hadn't done anything for the A-bomb victims, consoled them, nor prayed for the dead. That was because I hated to remember the terrible experience. But Prof. Shinji Takahashi's lecture made me aware that we, the witnesses of the atomic bomb, have to live in order to hand down the experience to the next generation and do away with nuclear weapons all over the world.

### (3) 20-29 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 20  
13-19-036**

What I regret most is that I could not be with my parents at the time of their deaths nor find their ashes, but I saw a lot of people suffering or dying, which made me sick. I dug at the site of our burnt house by myself and also searched for them all over Urakami day after day. But I could not find them. Perhaps they had been blown apart or burnt to ashes. I regret it beyond words.

On the ninth of August I stayed overnight at my colleague's. (That night Urakami area was a sea of fire, and I could not go back.) The next day, without any place to stay, I walked to the bomb shelter at 2-chome Iwakawamachi. There I stood petrified to see six charred bodies of children with their eyeballs sticking out of their sockets. I guessed they had got out of the dugout after the all clear sounded and been playing with joy in front of the shelter when the atomic bomb was dropped. I was overwhelmed by that sad scene.

Just as I entered the shelter, a dreadful groaning from the inner part caught my ears. People with no place to go had come there. They told me that the groaning woman had been badly burnt and one of her relatives had just come and applied oil all over her body. The moaning (really a death scream too dreadful to hear) lasted all night. The victim was a very beautiful woman who had lived in my neighborhood. Her groans sounded horrible to me all the more for her beauty. As she became quiet the next morning, I asked to my neighbor, "Oh she has become quiet, hasn't she? Her pain might have eased off". He said, "No, she was dead when I went to see her early this morning". Then I also went to her and prayed for her.

Day after day I wandered around looking for my family. One day I saw a badly burnt boy, about seven years old, lying on the ground. He said to me, "Water! Please, Miss, give me water," and tried to sit up. His burns were so serious that I told him, "Be patient. You must bear it." For I thought that water would kill him. A man near him made a sign with his eye to me saying, "There isn't any hope for him, so let him drink water." I drew some water nearby and let him drink it. He drank it with relish and fell down again in a heap. I should have looked after him more. But as I was anxious to look for my own family, I left him. I don't know why he was there alone nor if his family found him, but I think he probably died afterwards.

In the Urakami River, which passed in front of the bomb shelter, a lot of dead people and animals were being carried away. That was a frightening sight.

That terrible spectacle is printed on my mind and can never be erased as long as I live.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 20**  
**13-20-102**

When the bomb fell, I was in the school dormitory located two stations from my parents' house in Sasebo. Since the railway service had been stopped after the explosion, I had to walk home. On the way I took time to cross a mountain and came to a hill near the center of the explosion when night fell. So I had to sleep in the open on the hill with my friends. We passed a sleepless night in

fear and anxiety. Those who were seriously injured by the A-bomb were lying around us and crying for water. Even now I cannot get their cries out of my ears. Children's cries for their parents and parents' for their children were also heard throughout the night. In such a situation, I saw a shooting star in the sleepless night sky, which remains vividly impressed on my memory.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 21**  
**13-12-044**

A member of the women's volunteer corps

A friend of mine from the same province hurt her leg and couldn't walk. So I took her on my back and left our workshop to escape to our dormitory. We got barely back there with our lives. We found the dormitory completely destroyed and couldn't see our teachers or the other students boarding there. I took her again on my back and walked around to look for the Mitsubishi dormitory where I guessed our teachers were. It was really dreadful going. I saw many people lying dead in a line on the road. I saw people who had stumbled over dead bodies using the bodies as a lever to stand up, and thirsty people swarming on the water sprouting from a broken pipe. I wandered after the refugees who were going towards the Biwa park in Mogi district after getting lost in a fire--what a fearful experience!

Owing to the injured friend on my back, I could not search about. So I tied her to a tree with a string from my monpe (women's Japanese-style pantaloons) telling her over and over again not to move until I got back, because I would be back whether I found the teachers or not. Then I walked through the town until at last I got to the dormitory where our teachers were. We were delighted to go and get my friend.

This memory still comes to mind even now and then though my memories of that time are gradually fading. My friend died two years later.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 22  
23-0229

Immediately after the bombing, the auditorium of Katsuyama School became a first-aid station. Without the time to tidy up the large hall, A-bomb victims were brought in. In an instant the hall was crowded with more than a thousand victims, leaving no space to walk or stand. Some of them had their skin hanging down, some were with eyeballs hanging out, some dying with blood streaming out, and others crying for water, their voice were growing weaker. It was hell. Women teachers became improvised nurses. But far from nursing others, I lost consciousness.

Three days after the bomb (on August 12) our school principal called us to go to the center of Urakami to dig out the vice principal's family. We went there every day for three days (from August 12 to 14).

Because the roads were closed in front of Nagasaki Station, we went along the hills from Honkawachi to Motohara-machi, where we took the whole city in one view. There I saw some concrete buildings such as schools and factories still standing but starting to crumble, and wooden houses burning here and there. As we got near the center of the city, we saw a lot of dead bodies of people and horses half-burnt and infested with maggots. I wanted to turn my eyes away.

The surface of the Urakami River was covered with floating dead bodies. They must have rushed into the river for water to cool their burning bodies. The sight made me imagine their tragic last moments.

When we got to the vice-principal's house, we found it had collapsed. We carried the bodies of his wife and children and cremated them with broken boards and pillars gathered from far and near. I felt a great sorrow. I will never forget as long as I live.

On the way a naked woman crawled out of a dugout on a little mound. I took off one of my two monpes and gave it to her. But she was unable to take it because she had lost her senses. What a pity! I wept aloud uncontrollably.

For three days we dealt with dead bodies in the same

way.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 28**  
**13-32-004**

When the bomb fell, I was inside a house. Its walls and roof were blown off by the force of the explosion. And what is more, the north side of the prefectural office burst into flames and the fire spread to the building where I was. I ran with fear this way and that to escape. When my husband's elder brother came, I was at a loss as there was no place to take refuge. His family had evacuated to Hinami, beyond Tokitsu. So we headed for it. On the way I was frightened again. For the area from the Nagasaki Station to Urakami was a sea of fire. I had not expected such an awful condition. Because we could not find the roads, we ran along the railway track. On the way a bomb victim clung to me asking for water. But we left him and went on to Hinami because we had no water and we were also wavering between life and death. When we got there, we were dead tired.

(4) 30-39 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 31**  
**13-15-040**

My father was a retired navy surgeon at that time, but many of the wounded came to him for medical care because the doctors at the center of explosion were all killed. All of our family treated the wounded. My father was surrounded by us untrained helpers.

The shelves where he kept the medicine had fallen down and was destroyed by the blast. There was only a little medicine, carbolic acid left. Fragments of concrete and glass were stuck into the bodies of the victims. We pulled them out one by one with tweezers, disinfected with the carbolic acid, and then applied bandages made of Yukata or sheets. Their wounds were of such extreme cruelty that no one except a witness could imagine it. Their burns were also too miserable to be described. There was only an ointment brought from somewhere else to use on the wounds. The wounded were lying not only in our large yard but also

in our house which had been damaged in the blast, waiting for their turn to get help. There were only a few of us and so many of them! We couldn't attend to so many. A person waiting for his turn died in pain crying, "It hurts!" A woman covered with mud was lying down in the shade of the back door waiting for her turn, asking me breathlessly, "Shall I be saved?". The woman is still engraved on my memory. The burnt skin of the wounded was hanging in strips from their bodies, and because their bodies and ears were infested with maggots, they complained about difficulty in hearing. I can never forget the sight of such patients tottering around in red and yellow bandages, made out of flags used for lack of cloth bandages in the house.

Some people asked me for water in faint voices. I held their heads as I poured water into their mouths, but they could have only one drink. We did our best. But we felt great regret we couldn't do more.

I hope that such a terrible war will never happen again.

I deeply appreciate the help of our relatives and the people of the town.

### c) Gender Unknown

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Age 16  
46-0065

I was in Nagasaki City when the bomb was dropped. The atomic bomb destroyed our house in an instant. When I stood up to look around, I couldn't see anything because of the dust. After a while, the dust settled and I could see. I regained my senses and started to feel the pain of my burns, and blood flowing from wounds. There wasn't any medicine so I wrapped my wounds up in a towel. I spent that night just sitting in a shelter. It was a hot summer night, so many people were stripped to the waist. It was hard to see them. The upper half of their bodies were burnt and left untreated.

The next morning, about twenty slightly wounded people planned to move to the shelter in Isahaya. Passing through Nagasaki to Urakami presenting a horrible spectacle. I saw

dead persons of indistinguishable sex piled one upon another everywhere; passengers on the electric train burnt to death. People had stuck their heads into the sewage drain under the train tracks to get water. The dead lined both banks of the drain. Two or three days later, the bodies were piled into a cart and taken away for cremation. I thought to myself that I really hated war.

I want to write in more detail, but I will stop here.

### (3) Beyond 3.0 km Radius (From the Blast Center)

#### a) Male

##### (1) Under 9 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 2**  
42-1600

I was two years old at that time. There was an air-raid alarm given, but soon the all-clear was given, and we went home. My mother had difficulty in walking because her lower body had been burnt in her youth. When the second air-raid alarm sounded, we had no time to run to the shelter. Mother was hurrying my brother, my senior by four years, and leading me by the hand. Then she lay on top of me on the road. The incident still sticks in my mind.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 8**  
42-0673

I was in the third grade at that time. My mother was at work and my elder brothers were out, so I was at home by myself. There was an air raid shelter for each town: the shelter of Aburaya-machi was located up on Mt. Kazagashira; the shelter of the neighboring town was in Yasaka-machi.

I jumped out of the house in bare feet and ran to the shelter in Yasaka-machi over broken glass, ignoring the neighbor's warnings. When I got there, the adults of Yasaka-machi stood at the entrance and said outsiders could go in, so I couldn't enter the shelter.

As I stood at the entrance, I saw people bleeding,



people whose skin was peeling off of their faces, people with burnt clothing passing by. I still remember my terror.

I can't forget that I cried when I found my mother at the shelter of Aburaya-machi because it was getting dark.

Mother borrowed a large hand-cart, and traveled all through the night to get to Miyazuri, her home town (about 10 km).

Even from Miyazuri, I could see the sky burning red over Nagasaki.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 8**  
42-1606

On the seventh day after the atomic bomb, I went through the center of the explosion with my mother and sister to move to Shimabara for safety. We saw people, horses and dogs that had died cruelly. Some people who were still alive wanted water, and I wanted to give them some from a canteen, but my mother stopped me from doing this. I still can never forget them.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 9**  
13-23-034

I went into the city to look for my elder sister. People were asking for my help hanging onto my leg. Dead bodies had fallen on the road here and there. I still regret that I couldn't do anything for them. I hope that such a cruel war will never happen again. People's skin was burnt, their eyes protruded, hanging down. Dead bodies were floating on the river, and the river turned red. People were carried away alive. I could do nothing but look at this terrible sight.

People were buried alive under fallen houses, and I heard them crying out, "Give me some water!" "Help me!" everywhere. It was hell on earth, beyond my description. Hundreds of thousands of people were killed. I wondered what has happened to Nagasaki since then.

## (2) 10-19 Years Old

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 12  
13-15-004

After the dropping of the atomic bomb, mothers from the neighborhood were recruited by the Women's Association to help take care of the injured who had been taken to Irabayashi Elementary School at the back of our house. At that time, I was suffering from chest burns, and a doctor was asked for some medicine. The doctor said he didn't have medicine for it, and advised her to apply mercurochrome, and baby powder on it as the remedy. Thanks to the doctor's advice, I was cured of the burns in about ten days.

In the upper half of the school, patients had overfilled the lecture hall, and the other patients lay down on mats on the ground. When I walked among them, there were people with half of their bodies burnt black, people with only their faces burnt black, people with wounds infested with flies, people eating rice balls, people, people, people! There was one person breathing hard. But when I returned, he had already breathed his last. Naturally, the people with skin burnt black must have died within a few days.

At that time, I was in the fifth grade. And though I saw such miserable scenes, I remained calm and just watched. I felt I could do nothing for them and understood vaguely that Japan was defeated in this war. I think the whole nation had become numb then.

There were a lot of dead bodies on the ground. In a small air raid shelter (3.6m x 1.8m) twenty or so dead bodies were piled in, lumber (posts of broken houses) were thrown in, and gasoline was poured over it all. The gasoline was lit and the bodies burnt. In spite of such a miserable sight, I don't think anyone prayed for them.

The ashes and smell from the cremation drifted to our house during lunch. I made me feel unpleasant, and I didn't want to have lunch. I remember some sugar I had never seen before being delivered because of the trouble.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 12**  
**23-0394**

I was in the sixth grade. There were children who were burnt and blistered all over their bodies, moaning. They were carried out. In spite of their parent's loving and careful care, I heard they died three days later. I also saw a person whose hair was falling out because of the atomic bomb damage. These are incidents of the atomic bomb.

I myself saw the plutonium bomb dropped from a B-29 strategic bomber and the flash. The instant I dove into my house, the glass was smashed to pieces and the house destroyed.

I remember I felt more dead than alive.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 13**  
**13-20-108**

The air-raid shelter on the hillside where I was hiding became filled with a terrible smell, and I was forced to get out. I saw burned bodies thrown about on the playground of an elementary school below the hill. The number of corpses increased day after day.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 13**  
**13-018**

I can never forget the face of my old friend covered with keloids. He and I were both in the seventh grade of Kaisei Junior High School (under the old school system) then. After the war, when the school building was seized by the U.S. Army and classes were reopened in another school, he was seen again but he soon disappeared again. Did he move? Did he die? The teachers said nothing about him.

I can't forget what I saw when I entered the city of Shiroyama with my aunt right after the A-bomb; corpses piled up like fire-wood, burning.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 13**  
**42-2007**

As I saw a B-29 approaching, I called for my mother in the house. No sooner had I pointed a finger at a falling parachute and cried out, "What's that?" than there was a big flash. In the flash, I fell down, and my mother was blown down by the bomb blast. She had been hit directly in the face by the flash. She complained of pain in her eyes until the day she died.

Three days later with some of our neighbors, we pulled a bicycle trailer to Mitsubishi Ordnance Factory to find a relative. Being so young, I couldn't go further than the station. It was terrible! Burnt, injured and half-dead, people were groaning. Those who came to rescue them were calling their names.

My aunt who I brought home on the trailer couldn't be recognized because of her swollen face. She could barely speak. Her body swelled up, and she groaned for five days, then she died.

A neighborhood friend of mine had been in Hiroshima when it was A-bombed. He barely escaped from there, running away from the dead in an air-raid shelter, only to experience it all over again.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 14**  
**13-15-133**

I was at Nagasaki Station just before the explosion. While standing in line to buy tickets, the air-raid warning sounded and everyone took shelter. After the warning had ended, I was able to get near the front of the line and buy a ticket, so I was able to leave the station. If we had returned to the same order as before the warning, I would have probably still been at the station when the bomb was dropped. I would have been killed.

I often think that someone else might have been in the station waiting in line in my place when the bomb exploded. Some one else might have died in my place. This thought burns deep in my heart.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 14**  
**13-23-057**

I lived just above the beach in Kogakure and I had gone swimming in the sea with a friend on that day. The bomb blast blew us about 2 meters. I still can't forget it, even now. I saw a B-29 bomber and then right after there was a tremendous flash. I wasn't injured then.

Now, I suffer from cataracts and have to go to Komagome Hospital every month. I have lost the sight in my left eye and have to take medicine every day.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 14**  
**42-2236**

Various things come to mind. All of them are bits of hell.

There were six members in my family. My father was seriously injured and missing for a while. But, everyone else was without injury or only slightly injured. We were together and happy that we were all still alive, but within two weeks after that short period everyone except my father and I died one after another. My father lived on in hardship. He had to live with his scars and his deep grief over losing his family. He lived that way for sixteen years, and finally he died. He never seemed to have had any joy of living.

I have looked into the heart of nuclear weapons. I saw an instrument that incinerates some and tortures others to death. To forgive is utterly impossible.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16**  
**13-23-048**

The next day, I went to find my older brother who worked at an office at the hypocenter. But when I got there, a sea of fire covered everything. Home were burnt down and dead bodies lay exposed on the ground, their skin blistered from burns.

I became discouraged and started to lose hope that he

was alive. Three days later he barely made it back home. His clothes were burnt and ragged and shards of glass stuck out from all over his back.

A lot of the seriously wounded were brought from the hypocenter to one of our neighbor's house. They all had blistered skin and many maggots were breeding in them. They suffered terribly. Everyday one or two would die, and finally they all had died. All we could do was wring our hands and watch hopelessly. We couldn't treat them. They all died.

Many died after suffering so much. We survivors who somehow escaped death are still suffering from physical disorders caused by the radiation. Our uneasiness will continue as long as we live.

We are also worried about the health of the next generation.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16**  
**07-0042**

1) Little boys laying down were burnt over their whole bodies. Beside them a lady, their mother?, was using a fan to shoo flies away. Their open wounds were attracting flies. Each cried, "It's hot, it's hot!" The sights I saw at the first-aid station near the hypocenter were so harrowing, I'll never be able to forget them.

2) Under a bridge, there was a mountain of charred bodies. When I went back a little later, they had been reduced to a pile of white bones. I think because no one knew who they were, the bodies just laid there under the weather. When I think about their families looking for them, I feel very sad.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16**  
**42-0843**

I felt as if I'd been pierced by hot swords of light. The moment I rushed into the house furniture and some other things fell down on me. I was lying on my face for a while and nothing more happened. When I went out to the air-raid

shelter only 10 meters away from my house, my brothers and sisters, who had been playing outside the house, were shivering with fear in it.

Though I walked around to search for where the bomb had been dropped, but all I could see were clouds. When I reached the top of the mountain, I could see black smoke ascending in the sky above Urakami city and the red flames of fire here and there.

I returned home once and tried clean things up, but it was in vain. Later at about 4 o'clock in the evening I went to my office. It was in total ruin and a few people were there. I became scared ran back home.

On the following day, August 10th, I went to Goto-machi in a mail car. Beyond it there was nothing but a black burnt out area. The railroad station was littered with what seemed to be baggage. The 11:11 train was at the platform, totally destroyed. As I was thinking it had also been bombed in the last attack, we entered Ibinokuchi and saw a train car piled on another, burning. The northern part of the Mori-machi factory was half destroyed. The steel supports for the train tracks were bent. On the right was a burnt out field. The Torii Gate to Sanno Shrine stood on with one leg destroyed. The University Hospital was completely ruined, the chimney stuck out at a right angle from the ruins.

Driving was not easy because of the broken road. When we arrived to Matsuyama-machi, the top half of the telephone poles were burnt off. When we got close to Ohashi the telephones poles had been knocked over.

There were many people floating in the river. Some were dead, and the others were screaming. Firemen were taking the lives ones out. Rice fields were burning. I didn't want to see anymore. I just cowered down on the car seat.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 17  
23-0181**

1) On the day after the atomic bombing, I went to the center of the explosion, Urakami. I saw the trees and

leaves turned gray, which made me feel strange.

2) On the way, I met an all girl-volunteer party. The skin of the girls was all smudged, and they were in ragged clothes. Led by their teacher, they staggered along leaning on sticks.

3) I was surprised to see a lot of seriously injured people on both sides of the road. Some were already dead, and others were sitting down with their eyes wide open.

4) I wondered why the isolated houses in the countryside were all burnt down.

5) I was astonished to see charred bodies scattered here and there.

6) A horse was dead still standing.

7) A child around five years old was digging into his burnt house with a shovel, crying, "Mommy! Daddy!"

8) A woman in the air-raid shelter asked me for water, but I was at a loss, because there was no water to be found.

9) I saw an old woman washing rice, crying that her family had all been killed.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 17**  
**23-0183**

On the day after the atomic bombing, I went out to Urakami River to look for my company colleagues and neighbors. There, I saw people pleading for water in agony. There was an unborn baby moving in its dead mother's body. Many people asked me for water, but I couldn't do anything for them.

I carried some of them to a nearby school, because there was no hospital. Most of them died, with no medicine.

One of my friends, who didn't suffer any serious injuries except for a small scar on his face, died full of anxiety about his face. Ironically, those who suffered serious injuries survived for five or six years longer.



I saw a Korean on a bicycle-drawn cart. His skin was purple and at just a touch one centimeter thick pieces of skin would peel off. I also saw some holes the size of a thumb on his back infested with maggots. Without medical care, he smelled really bad. It was just like hell and I can't forget the scene. At that time I thought we had no choice but to accept it when at war. Now, however, I believe, strongly, that we should never have terrible things like this.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 17**  
**42-0505**

On August 9, 1945, I was in Akunoura-machi with the A-bomb was dropped. On that day I managed to pass through burning fire to find my superior in Saiwai-machi. I took him to the Mitsubishi Hospital for medical treatment and took him back to his home.

When I came home about 8 p.m., I found that my younger brother had not come back from school yet. Early the next morning I left home for Nagasaki City Commercial High School in Aburagi-machi to look for my brother, but I couldn't find him. After that I walked around Urakami, searching for him. In the River Urakami I saw a pile of the dead bodies of people who came there looking for water. At Shimo-Ohashi Bridge a headless body was leaning against the bridge girder, and at Kami-Ohashi Bridge I saw a fetus coming out of a pregnant woman's body. I also saw a girl of about two trying to scoop water with a piece of a rice bowl at the riverside to give to her mother. She was kept trying, but the water was taken away each time by a fire-fighting team. It was sad to watch.

There are too many thing to put into this small space.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 18**  
**42-0507**

Because my aunt lived near the hypocenter, the day after the A-bombing, I went into the city to search for her family or to collect their bones. I stayed there for three days. Floating in the Urakami River I saw so many dead bodies of men and women of all ages. They were burnt by the

heat shock wave and came to the river for water. Their bodies had become pink and swollen like inflatable dolls that have been over-inflated. It was a scene straight from hell. Even now I remember this hellish scene clearly whenever I walk along the Urakami River, although it has been cleaned out.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 18**  
42-0531

At the moment of the A-bomb explosion, a huge cloud of sand and dust flew up into the sky, and after a while trees and destroyed houses burst into flames. A huge tree thick with leaves in Sanno Shrine was stripped bare, and I saw nurses, doctors and patients jumping out of the windows of the University Hospital. They were just like tiny parachutes falling down: white figures dropping down flashing in the black smoke.

I noticed someone trapped in a destroyed house, but I couldn't rescue him from that broken house in flames. I escaped by dragging myself to the mountain road in Mt. Konpira and covering my ears to their cries for help.

The girl students mobilized from the Amami Archipelago were crawling along the mountain road almost naked. Their 'monpes' (Japanese-style pantaloons) were torn apart and their shirts were burnt off. They died one after another in front of me. 'The black rain' was falling in drops on their faces...

The black rain was spoiling their white faces as if it were a servant of hell.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19**  
42-1803

\* My younger brother (11 years old) was playing at a nearby shrine when the atom bomb was dropped. His skin had been all peeled off and he was indistinguishable from the others. (He died on August 10th.)

\* When I passed on the side of the road with a lot of dead bodies, I was asked by the injured for water, but I passed

without giving them water, for I was much more terrified by the airplane flying above me. (I was not afraid of the dead.)

### (3) 20-29 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 23**  
**13-12-066**

Atomic bombs are the enemy of all life.

On August 9, 1945, at 8:00 p.m., I was in a party with other 62 members sent to the Ohashi Bridge at Urakami, a little way from the hypocenter, where we collected dead bodies in a vacant lot on near the bridge. It was cruel enough to make me think that it was war! It was such a terrible scene that I couldn't believe I myself was alive and doing this job.

First we gathered in front of the Nagasaki Police Station, where a bag of crackers and a canned meat were rationed out, and then we listened to the marshal's address of instructions. After managing to reach the Nagasaki Station, we followed the railroad to the Ohashi Bridge in Urakami. On the way to Urakami, we saw many dead bodies lying in the darkness.

Seriously injured people were pleading, "Give me water! I want a drink..." But I knew that drinking water would kill them, so I passed them without answering their demands. Now, however, reflecting on that situation, I can't stop feeling bad for not giving them water. I really felt sorry for them.

We found a body in a fire cistern, too. It was swollen so big that it looked like a Japanese wrestler, and we couldn't get him out of it even though a few of us tried hard. The cistern was made of concrete, so we broke it to take the body out and then took him to the vacant lot. It is so cruel that I can't describe it.

We did our best to gather the dead bodies around Urakami in one vacant place, but we couldn't finish the job. Around 6 o'clock next morning a fire-fighting team came to take over, so we went back to the Nagasaki Police Station to

report. On the way back, I saw an air-raid shelter. I looked inside carefully and was astonished to find a person dead, sitting up. Both of his wrists and ankles were burnt and I could see the bones. On one of his wrists there was a metal watchband left. His black clothes were burnt, while the white clothes escaped being burnt.

I can't write any more. It was too cruel. On August 10 and 11, we all were busy burying the bodies of our friends and families. I clearly remember that they looked just like coal from the coal mines.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 29**  
**42-0761**

The most unforgettable sight I remember was on August 10th around 7.a.m. on my way to Mitsubishi Ordnance Factory to look for my sister. I saw a private air-raid shelter on the edge of the road, maybe in Iwakawa-machi, about a meter inside of the shelter there was a dead woman. In her left arm she held a baby, her right arm rested on a small child of about 2 or 3 years old as if to keep the child from leaving. The woman's body was burnt black. The sight is still burnt into my eyes.

#### (4) 30-39 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 32**  
**42-1261**

On August 9, after 11 o'clock, I saw a flash and wondered what it was. After about 10 seconds, I decided that it was a bomb. Then a fire broke out in the direction of Urakami. After a while I heard that all parts of the city were ruined. Worried about my family, I hurried to Urakami and found the electric company at Inasa Bridge burning. Passers-by told me that all houses in Urakami were burnt down to the ground.

Because we lived in Iwakawa-machi, I lost my wife and two of my children due to this A-bombing. All I found were some bones near where the kitchen was which seemed to be my wife's. I couldn't find my children's bones anywhere. I still can't find them even now. I can't be at peace until I

find their bones. I feel sorry for them.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 36**  
**42-0815**

(A) On August the 9th, on the way back from my office at Mitsubishi Shipyard, I saw a large number of A-bomb survivors in the Urakami River. Their bodies were seriously burnt, and they had come to the river for water. Some were dipping their burnt bodies into the river and others were drinking the water to quench their thirst. It was a really pitiful sight.

(B) There was also a pile of dead bodies on the road. One of them was a body without a head, and another was one without legs or arms. It was just like a living hell.

(C) I got home in the evening and found that all of my family had suffered seriously from the bombing. After trying to put out the house that was on fire, the family members who were instantly killed in the bombing were dragged out. The family members who survived were all hiding in the air-raid shelter. There were only four; the rest of the thirteen family members were all dead or missing.

(D) We spent our time busily searching for the missing family members, taking the injured to a make-shift hospital for treatment, preparing meals, helping our neighbors, etc.

(E) We had to take the survivors to the ordnance factory, because it became a make-shift hospital.

(F) We collected wood and put the dead bodies of my family who died in the air-raid shelter on it. The five dead bodies were cremated like sardines being broiled. Their bones were put in a broken chest of drawers and left in the rain for about three months.

(G) Two of my family who were taken to the make-shift hospital in the ordnance factory died one month later, and I got a notice to come take their bones in Mitsubishi Hall. When I got there, I was surprised to see tens of thousands of boxes of the remains of the dead piled mountain-high. I was ordered to get whichever I liked. They said they

couldn't tell who was who. So I picked out some suitable ones and I still keep them at the altar believing that they were theirs.

(H) I felt pity for those who died from the atomic bombing, but those who could survive also had been through a lot. Sometimes they wish that they had died, too.

## b) Female

### (1) Under 9 years old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 6**  
23-0373

On August 9, just after the air-raid warning had been lifted, I was on my way to a nearby elementary school on an errand. At the time of the blast, a man took me under his arm and hurried to a big house nearby. Blood was running on my face though I didn't know when and where I got injured. I don't remember how I managed to get home.

On August 11, while walking from Tachigami to Urakami, I saw piles of dead bodies here and there. I'll never be able to forget the dead bodies in the Urakami River.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 7**  
42-0912

I entered primary school in April 1945. But I cannot remember anything about school except taking refuge in air-raid shelters.

On August 9, the day the atomic bomb was dropped, I was swimming in the brook near my house with some of my friends. When we heard the noise of a plane, there was a crack and then a shock, like a crash of thunder.

A little later I went home. Sliding doors and other things were toppled. I saw my 6-month-old sister caught under a fallen shoji (sliding paper door). She looked dead. In haste I lifted the shoji. Thank God, she was alive!

After a while I went out toward the road. Many people

were coming up the slope, with the faces of most of them burnt black so badly that their features were disfigured. Some asked me for water, but six years old as I was, I was scared and ran away from them.

Now I regret that I didn't give them water they wanted so much.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 9**  
**13-23-014**

Early in the morning on that day, I went to the air-raid shelter of our block and played in the neighboring graveyard.

Before noon, when I was going to eat rice balls for lunch, a "B29" came flying over and an air-raid warning sounded. I began to run toward the shelter, when a bright light flashed and the world turned yellow. Eyesight temporarily failing, I managed to take refuge in the shelter. But as soon as I was in, the thick door of the shelter was violently blown shut by the blast.

The sky that night, colored blood-red, was so weird that I could not eat anything. Worrying about my parents, I didn't stop crying, I remember, until they came at last.

A few days after that, all the school children were forced to evacuate. I went to the house of our maid with my mother. We went there on foot. On entering the Himi Tunnel, we became aware of strange smells and peculiar groans. We strained our eyes and saw the tunnel was filled with people crouching, burnt or injured, many asking for water and help. But, little as I was, I felt scared instead of feeling pity for them.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 9**  
**13-23-050**

That summer I was nine years old. I was playing outdoors wearing only a slip, when there came an unspeakable flash. My elder sister, who was lying idly in a room, dashed out, grabbed me by the hand, and took me to lie prostrate under a holly tree.

Most of the house fittings were thrown down, glass doors broken, ceilings blown away and the showcases of shops smashed to pieces.

The auditorium of the primary school was turned into a hospital, and people suffering from burns were carried in one after another. Since there was no absorbent cotton, their wounds were wiped with old newspapers. Soon there appeared maggots in their wounds, and they looked pleased when the maggots were scooped out with rice cups. The desks in the classrooms were used as beds.

I remember that some months afterwards we washed in the stream the desks that were stained with pus and blood.

## (2) In Their Teens

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 10**  
13-15-123

I saw people who had one side of their bodies burned but the other side (which had not got the rays) unburned; who had their burnt skin hanging; who craved for help, crawling and crying, "Water! Water!"

My father managed to come near home with fire on his body. He got burned all over his body and it was hard for us to identify him as our father.

It was indeed hell on earth!

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 12**  
42-1011

I was in the sixth grade. Mother took me to Takeno-Kubo to search for her sister's family. The burnt fields stank terribly and I could barely follow Mother. When we arrived at Takeno-Kubo, Grandmother from Shikimi was already there picking up ashes to put them into a bucket. She said that the five of them -- the parents and the children -- were found dead together.

I can still recall the people crying here and there, "Water!" "Water!" or "It hurts!" "It pains!"



**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 12**  
**42-1961**

I was still in primary school, but I remember those days clearly.

Since my house was in the neighborhood of the Red Cross, I saw many people coming and going. Around four o'clock in the evening they began to pile logs in the vacant lot to cremate bodies. And voices were heard reciting sutras until 11 o'clock at night so that I could not fall asleep till late. In the morning, on my way to Togiya Primary School, I passed the lot feeling sad, smelling the stench of death and seeing the ashes of the logs.

My grandparents, who were ill in bed, began to lose their hair and their gums bled. I was sad to see them weakening day by day. It is my deep regret that they died without proper treatment. In fact, we had a hard time in those days, my mother being the only one to take care of them. She was their only child; we had not relatives around, our home town being in Ishikawa Prefecture; and my father had gone to war and been away at the front for six years.

Still today we have conflicts between countries, or internal disturbances, around the world. Always it is females and children that suffer most from them. I pray for peace all over the world; we must bear in mind that we are given precious life, which is not infinite.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 13**  
**13-53-024**

At that time I was 12 years old and lived in the suburbs.

After the A-bomb was dropped, there came many people having walked for hours escaping from the center of the explosion. They were luckily neither wounded nor burned. In a few days, however, they began to die. It was depressing to see people who had no wounds or burns, die one after another. Still staying deep in my memory is the dismay I felt at that time.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 13**  
**40-0842**

Since my house was situated within 0.5 km from the epicenter, my mother and my two brothers were crushed and burned to death, so that we could not even see their bodies.

At first Father and I could not give them up for dead, and we searched for them thinking they might have escaped somewhere. Three days later, however, we finally stood at the ruins of our house, and began to look for their ashes. We found near the surface the white bones of my brothers. Bones, which seemed to be mother's, were not burnt completely so that we gathered sticks and burned them.

Since we didn't see the dead bodies of my mother and brothers, we still cannot accept the fact that they are dead. And when I see on TV or something, people meeting each other after long years' absence, I begin to have a hope, after 40 years, that I might meet my mother and brothers some day.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 14**  
**13-32-023**

An infant, who was beside me, had his face burned by the rays, and died a few years later.

About three months later, I went to the epicenter. It was oppressing to see in the ruins around the Urakami Cathedral, lumber and stones with legs or hair stuck on them.

I saw stone steps burnt black; and furniture turned black or stained with blood.

Along the Urakami River filled with muddy water, you could see places where the dead bodies had been cremated.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 14**  
**42-0506**

My aunt, who lived in Hamaguchi-machi, died with her child. My parents found both of them turned into skeletons.

Since no urns were available in those days, my parents put the ashes in a bucket, and took the ashes to the country to lay them in the tomb.

After the war, I went to the site of my aunt's house with my cousin and my sister. The roof-tiles had gone to ashes and when we trod on them, they crumbled under our feet. Bottles had been melted and bent like candies.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 15**  
**13-47-019**

Our relatives were caught by the bombing near the epicenter. Two boys escaped and came to our house but they died within a week.

When they arrived with the aid of a stick, they had some strength to talk about what had happened. But probably because they felt relieved in our house, they lost strength, weakened, and finally died, which I could hardly believe. Though I was dumbfounded by the bombing, I can still remember the expressions on their faces.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 15**  
**42-1969**

- My cousin, who was a student at the Girls' Commercial High School, was bombed. She had maggots in her face and lived only three days. She was just as old as I -- 15 years.

- At the moment of the bombing, a baby carried in its mother's arms swelled up like a blister before her eyes. It was so pitiful.

- After the bombing, some people stayed in the shelter lest another air-raid be made. They passed away in the shelter, not at home.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 16**  
**13-17-029**

It is impossible to express how terrible the burns

were.

People tried to treat the burns. But maggots appeared in the burns, and pus seemed to have sprung out of them.

The inhalation of the gas caused inflammation inside the mouth, and then affected internal organs. In such a condition, they could hardly eat or drink for a week, and then died, saying, "I don't want to die!" with clear consciousness to the end.

I wished to let them die painlessly, if possible.

At such a terrible sight, I wished to live myself by all means.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 16**  
**42-2163**

a. I saw countless people -- thousands of dead bodies and those who lay on the ground still alive. The dead bodies were swollen about three times larger than normal, and maggots crawled on those who were still alive. They asked for water. But I did not know where water was. Besides, it was said that they would die at once if you gave them water. But I think they probably died anyway. If so, I wish I could have given them a mouthful of water at least.

b. Somewhere near the Medical College, I saw bodies piled up like firewood. At the sight, I became numb and could not move, trembling with bloodcurdling horror.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 16**  
**42-2306**

On August 9, having a cold, I did not go to the factory (We were mobilized into a Patriotic Student Corps to work in an arsenal) and stayed in bed at the school dormitory. The matron of the dormitory, going around to oversee us students working in factories, met the atomic raid at the Gokoku Shrine for the War Dead. She crawled to the aid station in Komaba-machi. Hearing she was there, some of us went to the aid station to fetch her on a stretcher. She was suffering from terrible burns, one arm dislocated, the other arm

having got some splinter in it, and a splinter sticking out of a finger. She looked like a very ghost, both hands dangling, with stinking burns and stench of death while still alive. She died about 7 o'clock in the evening on August 11, suffering greatly, with eyes rolled back. She did not have any doctor to treat her nor any priest to chant a sutra for her. She was cremated by us girls who were just 13 to 16 years old. It makes me shudder to recollect those days.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**13-50-002**

Black burnt bodies were lying about, which you could not tell whether male or female. Hastening to escape to Mogi, I fell onto them or stumbled over them. But I did not feel any fear when I fell to clutch dead bodies in my arms.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**23-0122**

Just when I was about to take a nap, there came an explosion and soot fell off from the ceiling. Not knowing what had happened, I dashed out and saw a mushroom-shaped cloud toward Urakami. My grandmother and the family of my uncle lived near the Medical College. I waited for my mother to return from food-hunting and we went to Urakami to search for them.

Near the Nakashima River (in Dejima) we saw a burnt street car.

How terrible it was to see many people roasted in the car. Since we could not pass through that day, we went to Sakamoto-machi two days later. On the way we saw dead bodies lying around frightfully disfigured, some half burnt, some completely burnt. Groans around, faint cries for water — it was indeed a hell on earth.

We arrived at Sakamoto-machi. Everything burnt to ashes and nothing around, we couldn't figure out where we were. When we stood where we thought the house had stood, we found the water pipe. Close to it we found my grandmother completely burned and holding her grandchild in

her arms. The aunt was found a little away by the kitchen.

In the neighborhood was the Medical College. There were many dead, and those who were still alive were carried in on stretchers. There were many who managed to get to the hospital only to die there, with breathing stopped on arrival. It was indeed an inferno. I would not let children see such a terrible sight!

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**42-0631**

Since I was working as a nursing helper at a doctor's, I went to help at the aid station of Irabayashi Primary School.

It was frightful to see people who could hardly breathe with their whole body burnt or others who could not feel pain any longer though lying a hard straw mat. When they saw, or felt, us coming near, they whispered with a faint voice, "Water! Water, please." but we were told not to give them water even if they were to die in any case. The doctors said, "If you give them water, they will die at once. It's pitiful but we want them to keep alive as long as possible till they can meet their family."

The doctor was bereaved of his two married daughters. They died with their family, and the ashes of them, eight in all, were laid upstairs in his house.

I can still hear in my ears, after 40 years, the voices begging for water, and I will continue to hear them until I die.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 19**  
**42-1711**

Living rather far from the epicenter, both Mother and I were all right. But mother's father was bombed to death at this work at Hamaguchi-machi. Though they said, "He cannot be alive", Mother searched for him madly around the epicenter, taking me by hand. We walked and walked till we could find his dead body.

Usually I forget, but when "that day" comes near or when I see related date or pictures, the red flames cremating my grandfather come back wavering in my memory.

It was three days later, on August 12, that we found his body on the spot where he died at Hamaguchi. But I knew it later when Mother told me. In my memory there continued just nights, following the night we cremated his body, and then suddenly -- the deep blue sky and strange quiet on August 15.

### (3) In Their Twenties

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 20**  
13-33-005

"Flash" That's all.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 20**  
40-1099

My father was bombed to death. Though his face was burned black, with holes, where eyes had been, and black bones, which had been his hands, there remained, I remember, some fabric of his clothes on his stomach which was not exposed to the rays. Blood came oozing out of his body all through the night with puffing sound.

The hands of his watch had stopped some time after the bombing.

One neighbor came home walking all the way from the neighborhood of the epicenter with his whole body burned black, and died after suffering for three days. While alive, he gave off the stench of death and had flies and maggots festering on him.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 20**  
42-1372

I got bombed when I was twenty years old. I went to the Hill Ana-Kobo as a member of a relief squad. On the way to and from I met people on the brink of death, who clung to

me begging for water. But we were told not to give them water, since it would cause instant death. Their looks were unspeakable. On the way back, feeling anxious about their state and praying that they might be still alive, I took the same route. When I saw them again, they were already dead with their hands clutching at the ground. Day after day, I poured water from my canteen on their mouth, begging their pardon and wishing I had let them drink when alive, closed their eyes gently and departed crying from them. Still now, I remember their faces one after another and pray that their souls may rest in peace.

In their wounds, which had been disinfected the day before, there appeared large crawling maggots. Yet they didn't complain of any pain nor itch but just lay with a blank face. I cannot bear to remember any more or to continue writing further. I don't know what I have written above but these are what come to my mind now.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 21 years old  
01-0117**

Early that morning Mother and I came back from our place of refuge to attend to our household affairs and were taking out some clothes left in a hut on a hill, when the bell began to ring telling us that enemy planes were coming; at the same time the buzzing of the plane was heard. We hurried into the air raid shelter, when everything was at once thrown into pitch darkness with a gigantic explosion, big earthquake and volumes of smoke. We thought there had been a big bombing very near us. Looking worried, Mother got out of the shelter, to find a queer cloud.

That night as our house was flattened we went back to the hill and in great fear we were gazing at our town, Urakami, in furious flames.

On the arrival of the dawn we climbed down the hill. We couldn't get back to Nameshi-machi without going through the bombed center. From a little this side of Nagasaki Station as far as the long distance beyond Urakami Station was a boundless expanse of rubble. We were trembling with fear to see swollen, burnt black bodies, ghostly-looking wounded people and dead horses standing. Even the faintest recollection of the atrocity still scares me. We felt as if



we were in hell, too hot and hungry with nothing to eat since the previous morning.

I have lots and lots more to speak of, but I'm too horrified to write about it.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 22 years old**  
**13-53-028**

Burnt people came back to our air raid shelter. The shelter was filled with shrieks and cries for water. Within twenty days after the bombing, being restless and half curious about it, I loitered around Nagasaki Station. Dead bodies were scattered here and there almost skeletonized or burnt black; a fishy smell all over.

On my way home I was scared thinking what would become of me or of us. All my friends were mobilized and were working in some factory or other. As my brother was a high official at the employment office, he kept me from working in such a factory. So I was safe. All my friends were killed, while working.

I have been suffering from eye trouble ever since I was exposed to the flash.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 23 years old**  
**13-23-045**

The next day I walked about Kamikoshima and Mori-machi, where everything was still in flames, to look for my uncle, who had gone to Hamaguchi-machi Factory. I often stumbled over dead bodies. A Grumman plane came flying low, strafing. Startled, I jumped into an air raid shelter near at hand and found it filled with the dead. I might have been horrified, but at that time I was too tense to feel scared. I saw some people go mad with all their children dead. In the river around Ohashi hundreds of people were floating, burnt black or bleeding.

Along the railroads there were many patriotic student soldiers crying for water, "Water, please. Water, please." When I approached them to give them water, I was scolded and told not to give them water. I still regret not having

given them any water.

My father fell off a chimney and was seriously injured on the head. He died in agony at the age of 73. The doctor told us that the A-bomb disease was fatal to him.

No more such miseries! I feel uneasy about the policy of expansion of armaments of the Liberal Democratic Party.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 23 years old**  
**42-1055**

I don't feel like speaking even a word when I remember taking A-bomb victims out of a rubbish box and burning them on the wood of a wrecked house.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 23 years old**  
**42-1213**

On the tenth of August I intended to go to Ueno-machi to look for my husband's sister and her family. As I went to the primary school at Kawahira, I saw innumerable people crying for help, most of whom had no clothes on. Some people had their skin hanging down from their ankles as if they had their clothes taken off and down to their ankles. Some had their heads half cut off and were crying for water. The memory of the sight still scares me.

I could not get to Ueno-machi that day. The next day I went through the field in front of the Ship Model Experiment Station of today (Those days they were making something with coal tar) and managed to get to Ueno-machi, only to find none of her family and her house burnt down and smoking. Then I searched for my aunt's daughter around the Municipal Commercial High School, where my husband's brother-in-law was teaching and my aunt's daughter was also working in the volunteer corps. We found corpses swollen with no clothes on. How miserable! What an unseemly death! I hate to remember the sight. The terrible scene deprives me of my power of description.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 24 years old**  
**42-2159**

My father, aged 46 at that time, was working at Mitsubishi Weapon Works at Ohashi. Shaken by the gigantic explosion he had small pieces of glass stuck all over and was burnt almost black. He was found lying faint near Tokitsu and received in the Army Hospital at Omura. Worrying about his not coming home, I went searching for him around Urakami for about a week. Word from the hospital came to our home at Isahaya, where my mother found refuge, and Mother walked all the way to Nagasaki to inform me of it. I went to the hospital at once. Father was still conscious and although he was in great pain and agony, he told me what had happened that day. I felt as if it were the first time for us to have such a quiet talk together. Every word of his is still vivid in my memory.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 25 years old**  
**42-2308**

Of my family, my father-in-law, my mother, my sister and my husband, all four were killed. About 80% of our house was destroyed. So I could do nothing for others.

From the 9th to the 15th we saw some enemy planes flying about. Protecting ourselves from them, we all had to continue our work. Being fearful that in a few days we would be killed in the same way, we felt uneasy until the 15th, not knowing what to do.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 26 years old**  
**13-23-049**

My husband was at the front, so my two children and I were living at Mitsuyama-machi (Aze Betto-machi), Nagasaki, with my parents and brother. My brother was working with the municipal electric railway.

My sister-in-law and niece at Oka-machi, my cousin with his three children at Yamazato-machi, my aunt and cousin at Mori-machi, my uncle, aunt and cousin at Motohara-machi, my aunt and cousin at Funagura-machi, thirteen relatives in all. My father, brother and I searched desperately for

them.

My brother died of heart failure caused by liver trouble in October 1945, at the age of 27 and Father died of hardened and enlarged liver in 1947 at the age of 66. As for our relatives we looked for, we could not find even their bones. My father and brother died feeling sorry about that.

Though I saw this hell on earth, I never said anything to anyone about the A-bomb suffering until my two daughters were married while I was working in Tokyo.

In 1972 I was persuaded by my younger brother to get the A-bomb pocketbook (registration).

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 27 years old**  
42-1914

1) I felt almost dead when we suddenly had a flash, a big bang and then a violent blast like a big typhoon on my way to getting a ration.

2) A girl in my neighborhood who was a student of Nagasaki Prefectural Girls' High School was mobilized to work at Mitsubishi Weapon Works (Mitsubishi Seisaku-sho). She came home on the evening of August 10th ragged like a beggar. Later she had a high fever, lapsed into delirium, had diarrhea and vomited. As I had experience as a nurse, I attended to her as hard as I could. She finally pulled through, but lost all her hair.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 29 years old**  
13-35-008

My late husband was burnt and was groaning with pain. I just didn't know what to do and felt oppressed and more dead than alive. I could do nothing for the equally miserable people around me. As I'm writing about it now, my heart throbs and my body is beginning to tremble. I hate to remember that day.

#### (4) In Their Thirties

**Nagasaki, 3.0km, Female, 31 years old**  
42-2146

I was inside my house. I went into the side-cave air-raid shelter. Those working in the city got burnt and were crying for water. I thought water would drive them to death. Their voices asking for water, any water, even the water in the trough on the street, are still ringing in my ears.

When I went to the west of the station, I found swollen dead bodies. People were burning the dead. Horses were lying there. My mind was hollow and none of these scared me at the time. I was conscious only of myself. But now I tremble at the remembrance of it.

I walked as far as Isahaya. When going to Shimabara by train, I could load my luggage, but we, women, children and the old could hardly get in. It came home to my heart that one thinks only of oneself.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 32 years old**  
42-0928

My father had his hair burnt off and his face skin hanging down. He was left voiceless and died on the 10th.

My mother had her eyes swollen and bursting out of the eye sockets. She complained of her sore throat and died in agony on the 21st.

My 19-year-old sister got burnt on the right side of her body. Her wound soon got infested with maggots. Her moans of pain still linger with me. She died on the 25th.

My 12-year-old sister had her nose bleed for three days until her death. She had all her hair fall out. When she crept out of the collapsed house, she got her right breast vertically cut in two and it looked crimson like a pomegranate cut in two. She took Dr. Nagai's medical advice, when he seemed anxious about her life. This impressed itself on my memory.

My sister and her friend who was working with Nagasaki University Hospital came to us on the third day. She was from Taino-ura in Kami Goto. She had trouble in the intestines and suffered badly from diarrhea. In the end, we took care of her with a bed-pan.

**(5) Over Forty**

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 43 years old  
42-2344**

We burned A-bomb victims in the open space. The scene is still vivid in my mind. It's unforgettable that our acquaintances and friends died of A-bomb diseases one after another.

**(6) Age Unknown**

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age unknown  
42-2222**

Our house was almost completely destroyed. My brother died on the 10th. Mother survived until October but she got badly burnt and spent her last days in indescribable agony.

Just before she died, she got a small hole in her right armpit the size of a ten-yen coin and soy-sauce like liquid with a terrible smell flowed out. With no medicine available, she died in October, leaving four children, including me. I shudder to think of it.



A girl. Painting by KIMURA Sadako,  
age 45 in 1945. (Hiroshima)

## II. Suffering on Entering the City

### a) Male

#### (1) In Their Teens

**Nagasaki, Male, 15 years old**  
**40-0578**

On that day I lost no time in going to Isahaya Station to take part in the rescue work. We got onto the trains from Nagasaki and first carried the living to the hospitals, leaving the dead (but they were alive in Nagasaki) in the carriage. Later we took the dead out of the carriage and laid them on the platform. Soon there were piles of dead bodies. When the platform was full, the train ran on to Omura Station, to put some bodies down, then to the next station and so on until it came to Haiki Station.

We spent two or three days doing the same things repeatedly. When we came back to Isahaya Station, we were told to take care of the injured in the hospital. For three or four days we tweezed out the maggots in the wounds with

tweezers (made of bamboo). After that we had to cremate the dead for three days. Then we were again rounded up to do rescue work in Nagasaki for a week, when we could at last go back to school. As soon as the war came to an end I was injured and went to the school gymnasium used as a hospital, where I did some relief work.

**Nagasaki, Male, 17 years old**  
**42-0675**

It was soon after the bombing, but I entered the city only on August the 21st. Those days as there were no good facilities for travel in Tekuma-cho, except Shikimi steamers, we often walked as far as Nagasaki City to work, by way of Aburagizaka. Even at the end of August, I found piles of dead bodies in the corner of the playground of the Municipal Commercial School or in the vegetable garden. And I saw some people cremating them again and again. As I lost my mother in the A-bomb explosion, the tragic sight of people burning the dead was simply appalling. The painful feeling of the people who couldn't even bear to see their loved ones' dead bodies and yet had to burn them may have been harder to bear and more complex than what we usually have at the crematory. On one hand I wanted to see the sight but on the other I was afraid to. I was demobilized and came home the day after my mother died, when her funeral had already been finished. How miserable those people must have been who were killed in the A-bomb explosion and cremated in the field. The sight of the awful smoke with the terrible smell is still vivid in my mind as if I were seeing a film. It must have been ghastly, as one night have experienced at the front.

It's not fair that I, who was to be killed in the 'special attack' corps, survived and civilians (including my mother) died such a terrible death. Among the former Special Attackers I was one of the relatively happier ones. Some of us lost everything: family, house, and land, everything was burned leaving nothing to them. They were called delinquent attackers, as some of you may remember, but I think it couldn't be helped. Their indignation lost its way and made them as they were. I can understand very well how they must have felt. I would rather attack the block-headed on our side than attack our enemy.



**Nagasaki, Male, 17 years old**  
**42-1410**

On the 11th of August (It is recorded as August 10 in my A-bomb Pocketbook.) I went to Hamaguchi-machi, the center of the bombing, to remove the dead bodies. I had to pick up some bones around Iwakawa-machi, but it was not so painful for me. On coming to Hamaguchi-machi, I was greatly shocked to find a dead body sunk in a ditch. I wanted to run away...but...I thought I had to do something about it. The body was swollen twice as big, with its long hair disheveled and its face swollen. When I grabbed the body by the limb to hold it up, its skin fell off and stuck to my gloves. I put the shovel under its waist. Then its abdomen broke and yellow liquid poured out. At last we managed to put it on a stretcher and I held the rear grips. It gave off a terrible smell. I kept my head as far away as possible. Now I can't remember where we carried it. I ran off there and came to Urakami, where dozens of the dead, all naked, were floating. I tried to encourage myself to do something for them, but in vain. The number and brutal inhumanity drove me away from the sight. (I could hardly find any people doing rescue work around there. I could do nothing but run away.)

A few days or a few months later my juniors at school, direct victims, (I clearly remember their names) had maggots all over their skin. They had no remedy to take. I remember picking off the maggots one by one in deep anguish.

**Nagasaki, Male, 17 years old**  
**42-1602**

On August the 11th 1945 we, members of the Young Men's Association, went to the Mitsubishi Weapons Works at Ohashi-machi to search for a girl living in our neighborhood. On our way just beyond the station we were given two or three rice balls by the Women's Society members. Then near Urakami Station we met a woman with her monpe trousers burnt and her skin below her knees hanging down. She was taking her five-or-six-year-old boy by the hand. The boy had his skin over his face and hands and legs all hanging down. We offered them the rice balls but they said, "No rice ball but water, please." We had no water. We offered the rice balls to everyone we met but all of them were anxious for water.

In the river near Matsuyama-machi we found a wrecked tram car and a horse, swollen twice as large, with its legs thrust out of the water.

Near the factory gate we heard a B29 come whirling and we jumped into the trench near by. I happened to put my hand on one of the dead. Then his skin peeled off... At last we went through the gate into the factory site. There were many dead bodies here and there, one upon another. Their wrist watches all indicated 11:02. We could not find the girl we were looking for. She came home at dawn on the 12th with her hair and body burnt...

Later we were asked by our corporation to burn the dead. We piled half-burnt logs crosswise and put five or six bodies on top and burned them, twice a day for three days.

**Nagasaki, Male, 19 years old**  
42-2319

Tears dried in my eyes when I saw dead bodies lying here and there like logs. Approaching them I found reddish-brown spots all over their bodies and a kind of poison with terrible smell pouring out of their noses and mouths.

I can never forget it.

## (2) In Twenties

**Nagasaki, Male, 20 years old**  
13-19-012

On August the 20th when I entered the city on my way home along the rail-road from Michino Station (It may have been around Oka-machi). I found many dead bodies piled up one upon another and rotten. Near Urakami Station bodies were still smoldering. I saw a lot of cattle (and human bodies, too) lying rotten here and there with maggots all over. Dead bodies were left untouched.

There were many people alive with maggots on their backs. They could not take them off.

**Nagasaki, Male, 21 years old**  
**13-14-027**

a) When I stepped into the city for rescue work, I found really black-burnt bodies bleeding and some women and children wandering with their long hair disheveled and with no clothes on. I was greatly shocked at the sight, which was far more terrible than I had expected.

b) I found many people buried alive beneath the broken houses. I could not rescue them but left them as they were. The sight and my feeling then are still vivid in my mind.

c) The situation of the dead bodies was terrible. One of the most impressive of all is that because it was summer there were many bodies with no clothes on and no wounds.

d) I found some bodies burnt all black like black balloon dolls with no distinction of sex. I fully realized the brutality and inhumanity of the A-bomb.

**Nagasaki, Male, 22 years old**  
**11-0082**

The ashes of my cremated father, mother and younger brother were put in purple Shiso and miso jars (soybean paste).

My sister's family had also been burned to death along with all their goods and furniture. I was looking for father and mother for 8 days with no spare clothes. My sister and I met on the evening of the day when the cremation was held. When she found me, she cried holding on to me dressed in naval uniform.

Next day I carried a rucksack containing a big ash pot on my back, and another pot in my hand.

From Ohashi Bridge over the Urakami River, we saw piles of dead bodies with hands sticking out, dead oxen and horses lying along the shallow stream. Mountains far away burned red. Stinking charred bodies were here and there on the road.

My sister said, "Brother was dead here, Mother here,

Father in a ditch with only his ear showing. The ear was the clue to identify him.

Before my eyes was the station square of Ekinomaru Street. A dead conductor was standing in the windowless streetcar. A man may have been trying to step down to the entrance with his head high. He held on to the rail of the streetcar with both hands. There were two legs turned upside down. Five or six bodies tangled with one another. They were all dead.

I gulped and could not move to see them. I stood on the crisp skull of a horse. I got to the tomb in a little while. Then I found the tomb stone scattered separately three or four meters away.

**Nagasaki, Male, 24 years old**  
**13-15-157**

Three days after the A-bomb, on Aug. 12, in front of Michinoo Station on the Nagasaki line the creek was filled with sorely burnt people. Many people had fallen down and squatted by the roadside under the scorching sun. The smell was very bad. They may have tried to reach the station with all their might to catch a train.

The closer I came to the blast center, the more bodies were reduced to skeletons. Among them were a pair of small and large skeletons embracing each other. They seemed to be mother and child. Dead horses were burned dark purple. Some were swollen like a small flying ship, and some seemed to have been reduced to skeletons instantly. All these were like a picture of hell.

A road was made from Michinoo Station to Nagasaki Station, putting aside bodies and skeletons. Dead bodies and skeletons were lying as far as I could see. At some places concrete towers had collapsed.

I felt strong indignation and fright at the new type of bomb whose flash has strong power enough to annihilate humankind.

**Nagasaki, Male, 25 years old**  
**40-0396**

I was working at Kurume Army Hospital as a medical corpsman. I left for Nagasaki on August 9, the day the atom bomb was dropped, to rescue victims. I started treating victims at Ohashi district on the morning of the 10th, and continued until the 15th, when the war was ended and we were commanded to stop our duty and leave there. During my work, I walked about the blast center, 1 km to the north, 3.7 km to the south. What I saw there had an impact strong enough to change my view of life.

I was astounded to see the bowels of a half-burnt infant dragged out through the anus, and a naked old lady boiled to death in a water tank. Space is not enough to write all my experiences.

Now 40 years have passed, but I still feel guilty for having been unable to give enough nursing and treatment in such a poor relief camp. A 4-or-5-year-old boy was left alone. A scar was behind his penis and urine leaked from there. It caused him great pain. When he looked at me with painful and uneasy face, I felt helpless. A girl became feeble as she had discharged bloody excrement. I cannot forget her cries for mother. A mother, whose daughter died on the truck, crying bitterly, "Help my daughter, soldier!" I felt chilled to hear that. A technical student with brain disease, was unconsciously drawing a circle with his foot, making his head a pivot. I couldn't do anything but held him tight. A middle-aged worker whose back was burnt all over died talking in delirium for four days. An old lady with brain dragged out, was lying side by side with her grandchild. Though it was an order, we left Nagasaki on the evening of the 15th, leaving them as they were. I keenly felt the mercilessness of the national system in wartime.

War is a crime we must never commit again.

### (3) In Their Thirties

**Nagasaki, Male, 30 years old**  
**42-0870**

I was working at the electric appliances planning

division of Mitsubishi Nagasaki Shipyard as an engineer in charge of naval vessels. On August 7 of that year, I was sent to Tokyo to get machinery for the special submarine which was under construction at Nagasaki Shipyard. On August 9 Nagasaki was bombed and in confusion. I was ordered to go back to Nagasaki immediately. I left Tokyo for Nagasaki at once by train. But as the train couldn't go beyond Michinoo Station, I walked to Urakami Station. On my way, I saw human bodies and horses burned to death, rows of houses ruined, and neighboring hills burned off. It was as if I were in hell, not in this world.

I became so afraid of what had happened to my family that I hastened home at Takenokubo-machi. My house was completely burned down. But I could find my wife and son (6 months old) alive in the shelter. It was unbearable to have the sight of them. I walked to Fukahori-machi with them, where my sister-in-law lived. I got there via Nagasaki Station and Ohato. On my way I saw a lot of dead bodies and horses lying here and there. I can not forget the scenes I saw.

My wife and son appeared to be in good condition for a while after we reached Fukahori. But on the tenth day, my wife's hair began to fall out, and spots appeared on her skin. The symptoms of the so-called atomic disease appeared. She soon began to bleed and she died on September the 9th. I cremated my wife on the riversand nearby and I had my sister-in-law keep her ashes. I walked the distance of ten-ri (24.4 miles) to the house of my mother and sisters at Yukiura, Oseto-cho, Nishisonogi-gun, holding my son in my arms and a rucksack on my back containing rationed milk.

I have tried to forget this, but cannot.

**Nagasaki, Male, 31 years old**  
**42-0694**

I remember faces of dead people, faces suffering from pain, cries of injured children for water, a dead horse, etc. These are what I saw on the way from Ohato to Ueno-machi. When I reached home, I found my wife crushed under the fallen house. I tried to pull her out with my full strength. I finally managed to do that and laid her on a board. But She was already dead.

My mother died in agony on the 14th.

I can never forget this awful experience all my life.

**Nagasaki, Male, 33 years old**  
**40-1042**

1. All six family members of my neighbor Mr. X were reduced to ashes. Their bones were left side by side. As for Mr. Y's family, all seven members, including grandmother, wife, and children, were reduced to white bones. They were lying in a row. I could tell by the shape whose bones each were. (Seeing them, I could imagine how extreme the temperature of the flash was.)

2. I happened to meet Dr. Takashi Nagai on the street. (He is the author of the "Bell of Nagasaki".) He asked me to help rescue victims at the University Hospital. I was engaged in carrying the wounded out on a stretcher with Mr. Tagawa for three days. But he didn't come on the third day. He was already dead that last night. I was so shocked to hear of his sudden death, because he often said boastfully that he had no injury. The rescue work came to nothing quite often, because the wounded who were carried out from the hospital and laid temporarily on the terraced fields at the back of the building, were found dead when I brought other injured people there next time. Even now I clearly remember the groans of those who were suffering and dying under the ruined hospital building.

3. The skeleton of my sister was lying in exact shape in the place which I supposed to be the center of the guest room. The bombing was such an instant happening that she could not move an inch. I tried in vain to pick up her ribs with sticks, but they broke into pieces with a clatter. This made my heart full of grief and I burst out crying. In my neighborhood a half-burnt dead horse was lying. It smelled worse day by day.

4. There was a bridge on the way from Matsuyama-machi to Urakami Church (We called it Matsuyama Bridge). It was about 3-meters high above the river. But after the bombing, a pile of bodies reached up to the bridge girder. Limbs of some people were moving. They seemed to have jumped into the river to drink water though the river was shallow.

A woman was walking, trailing her belt behind. I was shocked to look at it carefully and find what looked like a belt was the skin of her back and legs, peeled off. I looked away from her.

5. I lived in a shelter for some days; I often remember the groans for water and cries for help of those who fell into a ditch. It was like a picture scroll of hell. I used up the goods in my relief bag. I ran away, pushing away a wounded man who held on to my trousers. I vividly remember that I felt a great deal of guilt at my act and could not sleep for some following days.

6. On August the 10th, I tried to enter the city but could not get in as the whole of Urakami was in flames. I climbed up Mt. Konpira and at the top I waited for the fire to go out. On the evening of the 10th, I stepped into my home at Hamaguchi-machi. While I was there for a week, I was lucky to be able to drink only lukewarm tank-water bursting from the pipe, not well-water. I knew later that the well-water was much contaminated by radioactivity. (A cat was floating dead on the well water.)

(Described out of order)

#### (4) More Than Forty Years Old

**Nagasaki, Male, 40 years old**  
23-0418

All 150 municipal apartment houses, located at Shiroyama-machi within 30 minutes' walk from Nagasaki City, were burned down with nothing left. I was surprised to see everything burned off and roofing tiles broken into pieces, only with electric poles and trees remaining. Of the burned houses there was the house of my colleague. All 8 members of his family were burned to death. Only he survived because he was behind the concrete-built factory at that time. He had stood blankly. I felt sorry for him.

Some people were lying near the river. Others were dead with the upper half of the body in the fire water pool. They may have tried to drink water.

Some farmers rejoiced that they were spared, saying



"We were safe because we had done farming outside of the city. But unfortunately they died one after another one week, two weeks, and even 35 days later. It may be because they went on farming.

All 150 girl students, who were on labor service at the neighboring turbine plant of the shipyard, were burned to death.

One month before the bombing, a new manager of the weapon factory came from Tokyo head office to Nagasaki. At the time of A-bombing, he was inspecting the factory. He was carried to Omura Naval Hospital, but died 5 days later. I got an order to take his body. I kept vigil during the night of the 14th, and cremated him at a crematory of the village on the 15th, the day of the end of the War. When I brought his ashes to the ruins of the plant, I saw a lot of abandoned bodies with a dreadful stench.

I really took pity on the number of dead bodies left as they were for many weeks, and gathered and cremated without any funeral or recital of sutras.

## b) Female

### (1) Less Than 9 Years Old

**Nagasaki, Female, 8 years old**  
13-29-020

I was not caught by the A-bomb directly, but my elder sister (15 years old at that time) suffered it when she was working at Mitsubishi Weapons Factory in Mori-machi, Nagasaki City as a mobilized worker. After a moment of darkness, she found herself buried under the fallen iron roof of the factory. She called the names of friends, but few of them answered.

Tei-chan, her close friend, screamed, "Help, Help me!" My sister could get out from the narrow space between the iron sheets. She tried to help Tei-chan get out in desperation by pulling her hands, but failed. With the fire coming close to her, Tei-chan cried out, "Shii-chan, run away, Shii-chan, hurry up to run away!" She says the last words of her best friend are still ringing in her ears and

make her feel guilty.

**Nagasaki, Female, 9 years old**  
**13-23-044**

My uncle was taking a cart with horse when the atomic bomb was dropped. As it was very hot on that day, he had made his breast bare. He found himself pressed under the cart, and the horse dead. But his face, breast and hands were burned and the red flesh was bare.

As there was no bandage, my mother rolled his body up with cloths of Yukata by tearing and tying them together. I still can't forget him wearing bandages around the whole body. Whenever I saw him come out from the toilet, I was really scared.

He liked Japanese sake. He drank a 1.8-liter bottle of sake as he thought he would die soon. But he survived for two years.

## (2) In Their Teens

**Nagasaki, Female, 13 years old**  
**23-0366**

I still can't forget people who are very thin, nothing but skin and bone with their hair fallen out; their faces pale; they could not move; they just breathed, their eyes blank.

**Nagasaki, Female, 15 years old**  
**13-19-044**

My cousin was near the blast center in Urakami when the bomb was dropped. He managed to come back to Shimabara. The flesh of his back was hollowed out from his neck, where maggots were wriggling. He died in pain on the 16th of August. I still cannot forget him.

On that day, I was working as a mobilized student worker. I ran away among bodies with no heads, internal organs out, and those stuck with many pieces of glass.

**Nagasaki, Female, 15 years old**  
**42-1781**

I was working at the Nagasaki railway administrative department in Nagayo. A little while after the explosion, I looked up into the sky and saw the sun, clear orange like a persimmon. I thought the earth would be destroyed. The mid-summer sun is usually too dazzling to be seen, but it looked like a full moon.

On my way home at Junin-machi via the blast center, I saw carbonized bodies and dead horses. I took pity on a child who could not die in its mother's arms. I clearly remember its small body.

What I can do to create a world free of war and nuclear weapons is to tell the respect of life and the horror of nuclear weapons to people around me.

**Nagasaki, Female, 18 years old**  
**42-2080**

On the second day of the bombing, I went to the University Hospital to look for my younger sister. On my way to Urakami from Michinoo, I saw dead horses swollen with blisters and a child burned to death. Those who I met on the way were also burned. Some people were carrying the injured on their backs. They looked like ghosts stained with blood and mud. To my surprise, there were piles of dead bodies in front of the hospital.

With difficulty I found my sister. When I tried to leave there with her, someone next to her said, "She is lucky to be able to go back home". Encouraging the victims with compassion, I said "You are soon received. Cheer up." I felt guilty at taking only my sister home.

Such deaths, wounds and burns can not be expressed but as a living hell. I regret that I couldn't get them to drink as much water as they wanted.

We must never repeat war again.

**Nagasaki, Female, 19 years old**  
**42-0798**

At 7:00 a.m. of August 10, we sailed into the city on board the Nisshin-maru (a ship of Kawaminami Industrial Co.). I was surprised to dumbness at the terrible sights. When I got to Taikoji Temple where a rescue camp was set up, I covered my eyes with my hands. I could barely see the terrible sight though I was a nurse. I felt like being in a living hell. People lying there were seriously burnt and injured. Cries for water were raised from all directions. When I heard no more cries, they were already dead. How miserable and woeful they were! I felt bitterly sorry I couldn't do anything for them.

I drove a truck around the blast center, looking for my sister, and rescuing victims. Along Urakami River people lay dead. Horses and oxen were dead, too. It was more horrible than hell. Someone was walking whose skin was torn off, fluttering in the wind as if it were a piece of torn shirt. As its face was black, I couldn't identify its sex.

We kept on going back and forth between Taikoji and the city with a full truck of victims. A woman breathed her last, saying "We are one parent and child. Be sure to take revenge on the enemy." I was very sorry I couldn't get them to drink water or get their pain eased. Even now when 40 years have passed, I still regret being unable to do anything for them. My regret will continue to the end of my life. I think those who took care of the victims must have the same feeling as I have.

No more nuclear weapons! Hibakusha of Hiroshima and Nagasaki should be the last victims of nuclear weapons.

### (3) In Their Twenties

**Nagasaki, Female, 20 years old**  
**23-0094**

The whole body of my mother was painfully purple. As the skin came off at a touch when I tried to massage it, I couldn't do anything. I regret I could not do any service for my mother who died weeping over the pains of injuries.

**Nagasaki, Female, 20 years old**  
**42-2221**

My husband was caught by the A-bombing when he was working at Mitsubishi farming field in Nishi-machi. He was seriously burned. After much suffering, he died miserably on the 25th, with inner sides of his legs infested with maggots.

My mother and sister also suffered the A-bomb while weeding rice fields in Nishi-machi. Their eyes popped out. Flesh and skin were hanging loose. They died on the evening of the 9th and the 10th.

My memory is so vivid, like it happened yesterday.

**Nagasaki, Female, 21 years old**  
**13-35-006**

The patients of the Naval Hospital nearby would often come and get into the air-raid shelter in the school ground of Kassui Women's Technical College at Higashi-yamate-machi, when an air raid alarm sounded. On August the 9th, as the alarm was given early in the morning, the patients were in the shelter and medical soldiers were working outside. They became purple, blown instantly with the dropped A-bomb. They died in agony one after another.

On the fourth day after the bombing, I went to the center of Yamazato-machi and Ueno-machi to look for my friends, teachers, and relatives, carrying a hoe on my shoulder. On the way from Nagasaki Station to Urakami Station, I saw the crooked iron frame of a factory, many corpses, some skeletons, half-burnt bodies, dead horses, mother with a child in her arms and so on. I had no words to express seeing their faces who seemed to clench their teeth with regret.

These terrible things were caused by one atomic bomb. It was hell. It cannot be too much to say that.

War cost the life of many people. I hate war. I wish world peace to last forever.

**Nagasaki, Female, Age 21**  
**13-52-004**

a) It was such a horrifying sight that nobody but those who were there can believe it was real. A body burned black, a human skeleton, a body floating in big a water tank distended like a balloon, and a head, severed from its body, lying about with only a little hair remaining.

None of those on their feet was whole. Their clothes were in shreds and their hair was all gone and they staggered along as if crawling. Their sex was indistinguishable. I can never get over that terrible sight.

b) I was filled with anger at war because nobody was able to reason with me as to why we, the general public, who had no part or responsibility for the making of the war, had to suffer such cruelties.

c) That I could not even offer a rice ball to the injured crouched in the dug-out.

**Nagasaki, Female, Age 21**  
**23-0231**

a) My neighbor's wife's sister was found and brought home from the epicenter. The next day she began to show symptoms of acute A-bomb illness and after two days of much pain and agony, which was inexpressible, she died, singing a women's military song. It is unforgivable. It was too pitiful.

b) The third day after the bombing, a Korean man who seemed to have been forcibly brought there asked me for water. Although it was simply because I did not want him to die that I did not give him water, it still disturbs me that I did not answer his request. I pray.

**Nagasaki, Female, Age 21**  
**42-1916**

The fear of the atomic bomb did not leave me and I was terrified every time there was thunder and lightning until

years after the war.

Some of those who had narrowly survived the first few days began emitting a foul smell as their burns became infested with maggots and they died, groaning, on straw mats on the roadside. Some who looked fine, unaffected by the bomb, died suddenly. My family and I lived day after day in the constant fear that we might be next.

War seems a living hell which ravages the human mind to the extent that it tramples on sincerity and brotherly love. I am now thankful for the peace.

I was aghast to see how beastly we humans can become in an extreme situation. Those who were already in a dugout would not let in any more people. They said that they would more easily be spotted by the enemy if there was a commotion at the entrance.

**Nagasaki, Female, Age 26**  
**23-0197**

Late on the night of August 9 my brother arrived at the place I had moved to for safety, with news about the destroyed city of Nagasaki. Mother had died instantly. My brother said that he could not go near the house because of the heat. Father, whom we had worried about, arrived the next day. He was wounded in the head, but to our relief it was not so serious.

On August 11 Father and I went into the city to look for Mother's body. An unfamiliar, powerful smell permeated the whole place so that it was hard to breathe. From Matsuyama-machi, we took a short-cut (that must have been right by the epicenter) up the hill to Yamazato-machi where my parents' house had been. On the way we came across burnt bodies whose sex was indistinguishable. The nearer we got to the house, the more of them there were, which wrung my heart. At long last we got there. All we could see was ruins and ruins as far as our eyes could see. Bodies lay everywhere, all burned black. Mother's could not be found on our lot but we discovered among the seven bodies at our neighbor's (a family of three) what we strongly believed was Mother. No tears came. Perhaps the sorrow was so acute that tears did not know how to react.

How cruel atomic bombs are! All that happened then, 44 years ago, is still vivid in my mind. I can not imagine I will ever forget it as long as I live.

I strongly believe in the abolition of all nuclear weapons to secure peace for the whole of mankind.

**Nagasaki, Female, Age 26**  
**42-0704**

At the time I was working at a distribution center on the premises of Kawanami Industries. Toward noon there was a terrific explosion and the windows shattered. My brother was living in Tokitsu-machi then and I went there to see how he was.

On August 11 I walked in the direction of Urakami. There was nothing to see but ruins that stretched for miles and miles. I saw some people carrying dead bodies and others burning corpses on makeshift funeral pyres. Cows and horses were reduced to bones. On both sides of the street people were trying to reconstruct the floor plan of their houses in smoke, saying "This must be the kitchen" and "This could be the bath room". Some were crying, covering their eyes. I walked through all this, trying to tolerate the horrible smell.

I walked back and forth through this terrible spectacle, and yet there was nothing I could do for them.

**Nagasaki, Female, Age 29**  
**42-0801**

Was I so upset as not to be able to give even water to the people who had crawled out to the entrance of the dugout at Shiroyama Elementary School and were asking for water and help? I told them to hold on and that someone would be there soon to rescue them. I could offer nothing but those empty words.

There were also people trying to find their families, relatives and friends - a seemingly old man calling out a man's name while he thrust his body halfway into the dugout, some running about crying and others lifting up straw mats



to see the dead bodies. I did the same. On the bank of River Urakami there was a dying man still sitting.

I still now recall these terrible sights, shuddering all over and freezing.

#### (4) In Their Thirties

**Nagasaki, Female, Age 30**  
**13-27-023**

I walked 16 kilometers pulling a hand cart to bring home my husband who was only 1.2 kilometers from the epicenter at the time of the explosion. All the way it looked like hell.

Many of the people at the company were so disfigured that none of them could be recognized as man or woman. No human language can ever describe that horrible spectacle. No tears would come. I was simply overwhelmed by sorrow and horror and the unreasonableness of the whole event.

I realized that tears had no part in such an extreme situation.

My husband is enshrined as a bomb victim.

But his brother, my brother-in-law, is not, that makes me sad. At that time my family and I had no real understanding of what had happened. We regret it very much.

**Nagasaki, Female, Age 32**  
**13-36-007**

a) They were burned so badly, even those parts covered with their kimono and monpe, that we did not know how we could possibly touch them or hold them even to take care of their basic needs. These people were brought to school buildings and hospitals, and the following day they all started to give off a foul smell. Maggots had hatched in their burns. Their sufferings were beyond description. I thought I would rather have been killed on the spot than go through so much pain and agony.

b) I pray that it will never happen again.

c) The best I could do was to give them water. I could not make it any easier for them as there was no medicine to treat their wounds.

**Nagasaki, Female, 37 years old  
13-50-001**

Corpses everywhere. Were they cows or horses or...?

Everywhere I looked there were children being burnt. It was so sad. I burst into tears.

The woman who lived across the street, Hiroko (22 years old, a volunteer). How dreadfully she died! Even when I think about it now, I just can't put it into words. I really felt so sorry for her.

Her eyeballs had come out. Her mouth and nose had also come off. I've never seen anything like it. She said to me, "Please take care of my mother." Then she said, "Please put on a handkerchief in my face. Good-bye..." That was the last I saw of her.

### III. Others

#### a)Female

##### (1) 10-19 Years Old

**Nagasaki, Female, Special designated area, 15 years old  
42-0674**

I usually went to work in the steel mill in the city, but on that day there was a meeting at the young adults school located in an elementary school. Everyone who commuted from my town attended the meeting and was absent from the mill. But the employees from other places went to work. Because the mill was near where the bomb exploded, more than half the people at the mill were killed. There were very few survivors, and they were all suffering from burns and injuries. Although my house was not near the blast center (5.5 km away) I was knocked down by the force. Fortunately, I wasn't injured or burned. When I think about

this, when I think about the people who died and that only one day separated them from me, when I think about my friends who were lost, there is a lingering regret that I can't do anything about.

It has been more than 40 years since the war, but when I see those people suffering from the after effects of the bomb, I feel that we must continue to support the elimination of nuclear weapons.

Note: Special Designated Area for Physical Check-up: The area neighboring the zone directly hit by the atomic bombing, where the residents had a possibility of being affected by radiation effect. The residents regularly have a medical check-up, and if any symptom of A-bomb disease is found, they are classified as Hibakusha.

**Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, 17 years old  
13-23-102**

Many burnt people got off the freight train one after another, suddenly the front of the station was crowded and no one could walk. People burnt black were crying out at us students, "Give me water!" They kept asking us one after the other. We were scared of them coming near us. We were really scared. We started to move as though in a dream. We put the people who couldn't move on stretchers in groups of four and took them to the Navy Hospital as fast as we could.

In front of the hospital and the school gymnasium, there were mountains of people burnt black. I lost all sense of what was going on. It was just like a dream filled with fear and sadness.

**Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, 17 years old  
42-2065**

Although 40 years have passed since the war, I can still remember those days clearly.

It was around 3 o'clock in the afternoon two days after the atomic bomb was dropped, on Aug. 11. The atomic bomb victims were taken to a nearby station by train. Just a glance at them would have shocked anyone. A horrible dead

body, weird groaning and screaming. It was a living hell. Some people were burnt and the clothing was torn to rags, and swollen with water blisters. There was a person with his legs cut open by glass and flesh split like a pomegranate.... He was about the same age as we were, but he was already dead.

We gave a shoulder to the people who could walk, and put those who couldn't on doors and carried them to the elementary school. While we were doing this, the people breathing faintly were dying. There wasn't much we could do for them. We put Mercurochrome on their faces and opened their eyes, noses, mouths and wounds to apply plaster.

I spent 2 or 3 days transporting and treating victims. At that time I was feeling all right, but from the fourth or fifth day, every night I thought I heard people groaning in pain, I saw ghosts standing by the head of my bed.... I was really scared of the night. I couldn't sleep at night. For a month I felt as though I were half dead.

**Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, 18 years old  
42-2089**

1) The atomic-bomb victims were laid on wooden boards and concrete. Their burns were inflamed, fat was coming out, their bodies were black as charcoal. Flies settled on them, but they couldn't shoo them away. They couldn't even express their pain. They could only move their eyes.

2) I thought, "How could such a thing be happening?" I couldn't describe my feelings in words, but I was hoping that this war would come to an end soon. I cannot forgive war. War is terrible.

3) All I could do for the victims at that time was just to give them water and to wave flies away from them. I can't help thinking that I could have helped them more if I had been an adult. Every time I recall carrying dead bodies, I feel a pain in my heart.

## (2) In Their Twenties

**Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, 27 years old  
42-1937**

These are my feelings when I saw atomic-bomb victims being carried to a first-aid station.

1) The lack of medical supplies, especially medicine for burns.... What was that pitch black medicine in the bucket? Everyone was putting it on themselves.

2) Even the people who seemed uninjured were dead the next day.

3) Most of the people were suffering from diarrhea and vomiting, so we were busy dealing with their discharges. We were told to pay attention to disinfecting their bodies when in doubt of infection.

4) An old woman asked me to scratch her legs and back because she felt itchy. When I looked, I saw something glittering white in a 5 cm circle. I wondered what it was and looked closer. I found that the glittering was caused by the heads of the maggots under her skin. The doctor who visited us once a day picked out the maggots with tweezers.

5) There was a group of people from Korea among the victims. And in the midst of people groaning in pain, far away from their homes, they were crying out in loud sad voices "Aigo, aigo." This especially left an impression on me.

6) When the air-raid siren went off, all the victims asked to be taken to an air-raid shelter. I was surprised at their strong desire to survive. I thought that their desire was keen because they had been through so much.

7) At lunch, I was feeling too sick to eat.

8) Firemen were bringing victims one after another and then putting dead bodies in a wooden cart one after the other and taking them someplace. The sight was like a scene from hell.

### **(3) In Their Thirties**

**Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, 32 years old  
42-2119**

Since the atomic bomb victims were taken from Nagasaki to our elementary school, I was shocked when I went to help them. I was petrified when I saw what the bomb had done to them. They kept asking me for water and for help. I ran to get some water for them, but I was told not to give them water. When I returned that person had already died. I regret that I didn't give him even a little water.

I hate war. I want peace without war.

**Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, 33 years old  
42-2064**

I'll never forget rescuing victims at the National School in Isahaya.

Victims were lying close to each other in the hall. I cannot forget the voice of a man sobbing in front of the stage with his head in his hands and his face on the floor crying in Korean "Aigo, aigo." I could feel his despair and it broke my heart.

Maggots were creeping out of the wounded leg of a man in his thirties who was near the south entrance. I took the maggots out by patting the wound with paper I had softened. Then I dressed his wound with bandage made of yukata (summer kimono) coated with medicine to keep the flies out. The man seemed to feel bad and didn't move and kept his eyes closed.

While I was taking a rest, a woman in twenties fainted forward on the stairs in the hall entrance. Two or three of us went over to her and asked what had happened. She said that she wanted to go to the bathroom. It didn't seem like she could go by herself, so she leaned on my shoulder and took the hand of another person and we went slowly to the bathroom. On the way back to the hall, she asked us to check her back. Just under her shoulders was a blister that was red and swollen and looked painful. We put some medicine on it and covered it with a bandage made of a

sheet. Her face looked like it had been burnt black, too. She nodded at us and then closed her eyes again.

I strongly felt that we should never have war again.

Everywhere I looked there were seriously injured people. I once helped civilian guards put a man in his thirties groaning in pain on a stretcher.

The patient's bathroom was filthy with diarrhea and blood covered feces. We sometimes threw ashes over them and then covered everything with creosol.

On August 31, we cleaned the bloodstains and dirt out of classrooms with scrub brushes made of rope. The only thing that I can do is to pray to God that there will never be war again.

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