

The Witness of Those Two Days

HIROSHIMA & NAGASAKI

August 6 & 9 1945

Vol.I



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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Acknowledgments

The thousand stories recorded in the two volumes of "Witness of Those Two Days - Hiroshima & Nagasaki" are gifts to the anti-nuclear peace movements around the world from atomic bomb survivors of these two cities, who courageously tell about their painful experiences, hoping that these will be a contribution to the assets of the movements.

If the horrifying consequences of the atomic bombs, experienced by the Hibakusha are widely understood, and their desire for "No More Hiroshimas", "No More Nagasakis" and "No More Hibakusha", is shared by all by spreading this book around the world, it will help to generate the power to prevent a nuclear war and abolish all nuclear weapons. For this, every assistance from readers will be highly valued. We request your cooperation in getting this book into the hands of policy-makers, opinion leaders and many other people in your country. The translation of these volumes, or even part of them into your own language would be most welcome.

If these volumes are of help in your peace activity, the sufferings that the Hibakusha have so long endured will not have been in vain.

In publishing this English edition, over 150 volunteers, including professional translators, English professors and teachers, students from universities, high-schools and even junior high-schools, housewives, and those in many other vocations, have undertaken the difficult work of translation, typing, checking and editing. Our special thanks go to all those who helped.

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Foreword

Share The Cries of Human Hearts

Tadashi Ishida
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The Japan Confederation of A- and H- Bomb Sufferers' Organizations (Hidankyo) conducted a survey of A-bomb victims from the autumn of 1985 to the spring of 1986. Some 13,000 survivors living across the country responded to the inquiry.

This book "Witness of Those Two Days" contains in the two volumes the accounts of 1,000 Hibakusha selected from their answers to the question, "What, of that day and after, is most vividly imprinted on your memory? What makes you still feel fearful and full of regrets?"

We did not get answers from all the answerers. The conditions caused by the atomic bomb on that day are too painful to remember; it is beyond description. We must ask what does the A-bomb mean for mankind from the witness of those who were able to describe their experiences, and consider why the survivors are still suffering.

First, the A-bombs caused deaths of appalling cruelty, beyond the understanding of mankind.

What symbolizes the cruelty of the A-bomb were the sufferings of women and children, people burned alive under fallen houses and deaths caused by atomic diseases. They are too terrible to be called "death of humans". Can any reason ever justify such deaths?

Second, the Hibakusha suffer deep traumas.

The massacre and destruction caused by the bomb robbed people of all feeling, the mechanism of self-defense. It is clear that the human heart can not endure such disasters.

Moreover, Hibakusha still suffer from the "sense of

guilt" because they ran away, ignoring other people's cries, "Give me water," and leaving those who were crying, "Help me!"

The testimony of the Hibakusha shows that the hell of that day placed humans in an extreme situation which it was impossible to "accept" with calmness.

The situation was such that humans could not act as humans, their acts of that day now deeply imprinted on their minds. These scars on the heart are still burning. Even now, more than 40 years after that experience, the A-bombing still lives in their hearts as a painful experience that they cannot forget, but don't want to recall.

Why did so many survivors have the courage to give witness to their experiences in spite of their pain? Can any reason be found other than their intense desire that "this tragedy must never take place again"?

Each "account" written on one page of B5-sized inquiry form is brief, condensed and vivid. Their experiences, which for them are still filled with horror, anger, sorrow, regret, are the pillar of anti-atomic bomb thought and the movement for "No more Hibakusha!"

"Witness of Those Two Days" is published by Hibakusha and their supporters of Japan. I hope that those who read their accounts will understand the hell of the A-bomb and share these cries of their hearts.

(Member, Advisory Board, Nihon Hidankyo)

Message to Our Fellows All the World Over

Kenzaburo Oe

Japanese people, including politicians, have often said, "We experienced Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We know so much of the misery caused by the atomic bombing. For this reason we are strongly opposed to any attack with nuclear weapons in any part of the world."

Only those who were killed or injured there by the nuclear bombs experienced Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Haven't we, the Japanese people at large, rather left the A-bomb survivors isolated, discriminated, and even deserted? Have we ever been seriously united in the wishes and work of the Hibakusha for the total abolition of nuclear weapons?

But the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki who narrowly escaped death and have gone through constant hardships, keep on recording their experiences of the atomic destruction. They are aging now. The Japanese government has done nothing to ensure their living and medical care, nor responded to their earnest desire for the complete elimination of nuclear weapons. In other words, the Japanese people in general have not done enough for the sake of the A-bomb sufferers, who are getting more and more isolated and growing older, enduring their deep suffering. Nevertheless, they go on describing their experiences in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the worst ever experiences of mankind, something that must never be repeated.

This witness of the survivors is indeed their own.

"I was there at that moment on that day. I lost all my family and my dear ones. I myself was injured but escaped death. But that was the beginning of my never-ending suffering..."

In this way they describe their individual experiences in detail. But their witness has a universal message. Theirs are the voices that affect the souls of all human beings who live under the threat of nuclear weapons. The A-bomb survivors must speak to them over all national boundaries. They are our fellows who refuse to live under the nuclear structure and be killed by nuclear weapons.

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

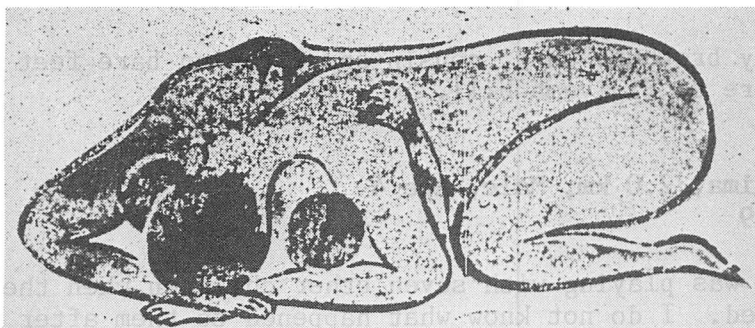
some distance from the epicenter but were affected by residual radioactivity affecting the direct sufferers. What they suffered while nursing victims or disposing of bodies.

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



A-bomb Dome still to stands at ground zero, as reminder of the catastrophe of Hiroshima caused by the atomic bombing.



The mother has died, sheltering her two babes, whose clutching fingers have cut into their mother's flesh. Painting: AKIYAMA Kazuo, aged 34 in 1945. (Hiroshima)

I. Direct Suffering

(1) Within 2.0 km

a) Male

1. Under 10 Then

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 5
34-4007

I was playing with my younger brother at home, where my mother, aunt and my cousin lived.

Suddenly, I saw a strong flash and the ceiling and walls collapsed. My brother and I were fortunate to be caught in a space between the debris and were not injured, but my mother was crushed and died there, just after loudly calling my name.

Once we slipped out of the debris, I found that the houses were burning and people shouting for help. I can never forget what I saw.

My brother, aunt, cousin and I ran on bare feet through the fire to Hijiyama Hill.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 4
44-0029

I was playing with seven other children when the bomb exploded. I do not know what happened to them after the bomb.

I wonder if I can track down my friends.

(2) 10-19 Years Old

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 11
28-0330

My mother, who had gone to work as a representative for our neighborhood, came back with all her body, hair and pantaloons burned. Even though the damage made her look like something else, she was still worried about me. I also got burned and swollen on the face and lost my sight.

My mother and I were carried to a home at Deshio-cho for medical care. On the morning of August 14, eight days after the atomic air raid, my eyesight recovered. I hugged my mother and told her I could see, but she was already dead, with blisters all over her body. I burst into tears crying and crying for her. I will never be able to forget this.

The only medicine available at that time was mercurochrome. All the burned patients looked like red monsters, crying with pain. It was like looking at the agony of hell.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 12
27-0272

I came home two days after the attack to find my sister, but I could find only her bones. The sorrow still stuck deep in my heart, but I won't recall it now.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 14
13-07-012

A. Those with peeling skins, no clothes, crying for water, impossible to tell their sex.

B. Female student in uniform crying for help.

C. People lying under the exit of a hand pump, sitting back to back, and move only when water is poured.

D. Man crushed under debris, crying for help. It was impossible for a few people, including his wife, to save him.

E. Japan Red Cross Hospital doctors, also injured, took care of casualties very well. We asked soldiers and others to give us food, shoes and shelter.

F. People lying under bridges or along the river, calling for water.

Why can I write any more? I'm saying this between my tears.

My neighbors were caught under the bomb site, crying for help. But I could not help them on my own. I must apologize to them. I am so sorry.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 14
01-0021

I cannot forget my classmate who was with me and killed instantly with the bombing.

I cannot forget another classmate who was burned on the face and hands but got no hospital care.

I sometimes recall other classmates who were running away from the disaster with me. I want to know whether they are alive, and where they are.

I always remember my friends who were burned to death and others heavily injured and died a few days later without uttering a word.

I was scared because my neighbor lost her hair after the bomb. I was afraid the same thing could happen to me, or even something terrible (death).

I cannot forget the dead bodies of people, horses, cows, with their bloated bellies like drums.

The school halls were full of casualties. In the suburbs, the crematoriums were not enough to burn all bodies, so volumes of smoke were seen everywhere.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 14
32-0133

On the evening of August 7, a boy of five or six and his sister about four were looking for their mother, calling, "Mama! Mama!....", going from one shelter to another at Ushitahara. I still hear their cries.

Why I dared not help them find their mother even though I was under the control of the army? I could walk with them! I am sorry I did not help them.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 15
35-0197

1. Remorse for my failed promise to an officer

It was in the afternoon of August 6. I was lying on the riverbed of Ota River, with both my legs seriously burned. There was an officer lying next to me with a bleeding forehead. He was crying for water.

He repeatedly called for water and cried for his children. He told me he had two children. He must have learnt that his children would be fatherless left to this world. I asked his address and promised to tell his children about his last moments. "Please tell them, please," he repeated with his blind eyes facing me.

But soon I had a high fever for several days. When I recovered, I could not remember his address. I have tried to find his house, but in vain. I must carry out the

promise before I die.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 15
40-0118

On August 6, 1945, at a quarter past eight, I heard moaning of people on the way up to Hijiyama Hill, saying "I lost my legs", "I want a drink of water", "I lost my arms", "Please help me", "Kill me", or "I feel pain"...

In an instant, an infernal scene came into sight. Not realizing a burn on myself, I took up people totally burnt whose sex was unknown. Then people around there began to crawl to me asking for help, one after another. I did not know whom I should help. When I came to myself, after falling in a faint, I found a dead body on me. I got away to the top of the mountain, leaving the injured people. Hiroshima City was full of burning fire. I still regret that I ran away leaving the injured aside.

After eight at night, when I managed to reach home, I found my mother in the next door, which was totally burnt. She burst into tears loudly the instant she saw me. How she must have been anxious waiting for my return. I could not see my father that night, or the next day. He never came back. My mother, who was delighted at my coming back, finally passed away on the 19th.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 16
31-0001

My friend, standing beside me when an inn was destroyed by the bomb, was caught under the debris and died. I told his mother about his death.

My friend was caught under the debris of an inn, lying behind the broken iron-barred door. I ran away while my friend was still alive. His parents went to Hiroshima to find him, but later he died of cancer.

When I ran away through the fire, I took a woman by the hand to go with me. But her skin peeled off like a glove. I was scared and had to leave her in the fire.

A soldier who came from my hometown helped me. I wonder if I could have survived without him.

After I came back to my hometown, I suffered from what is called A-bomb disease and was sent to hospital. My teachers and many friends offered their blood to save my life.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 16
17-0001

I still clearly remember my mother being burned to death under our collapsed house, destroyed instantly in the attack. I pulled away tiles, boards and plaster to try to get through to her, but I was stuck in the middle and could not reach my mother. But I could see her lying on her back in a narrow space between the rubble.

My mother could not even move her bloody face, but cried, "Please remove the weight off my shoulders." The fire came close us, and some 30 minutes later I had to leave her with exchanges of last words. I could hear her praying while I started escaping. It was heart-breaking.

How did my mother feel before she died, covered by the woody debris and with fire nearing in front of her face. I still regret I could not do more to help her. Maybe I could have done something if I had been ready to die with her. I believe she died because I was so helpless. I hate atomic bombs and nuclear weapons. I hate war. War cannot justify such cruelty.

My sister, in tenth grade, had been ordered by the military to scrap and clean up the buildings near Dobashi bridge when the bomb fell. No trace of her has been found. I tried to look for her for a month after the bombing, but fell ill on September 6.

She should have waited for us to help her. I feel so sorry for letting her go by herself.

The neck of a four-year-old girl living next to us was cut almost in half and her bronchi came out of the wound. I carried her to a concentration camp in Ninoshima Island, but she died three days later. I saw a person caught in the

fire and burned to death while I was running away. But all I could do was just to shake the fire off myself, and could not rescue the person. When I tried to help my mother, I asked help from neighbors passing by. But they easily answered no. A bitter feeling is still in my mind against them, but I realize that human beings are helpless. I should rather blame the inhuman nature of atomic bombing for driving them into such an extreme situation.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 16
27-0391

In a hospital room where I was sent, there were 19 other patients. Everyday someone died and was brought out, and another patient was brought in. I was the only patient in that room who survived. When the bomb fell, there were some 4,000 people around the works, but I think almost all of them are dead.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 16
27-0419

I cannot forget the tragic image of a woman who "looked like dancing" in the midst of the A-bomb fire.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 16
13-03-021

I was a ninth-grade student. I was in a square of Hiroshima Station with 30 other classmates. I was sent to the army supplies factory in Yano City, where I had regularly gone by martial mobilization order, walking through Mukainada and Kaita City.

Maggots came out of the ears of my classmate lying next to me. I also saw a woman whose skin had peeled off from head to toe, exposing her bloody flesh. She was a member of a volunteer corps nearly 20 years old. She strove to stand up, seeking for water.... How terrible she was! A week later she died in the early morning when her brother at last could meet her and called her by name.

As the rest is short for me, I want to record my

experiences after the bomb.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 17
34-1334

My friend was caught under the collapsed building. We tried to rescue him but could not remove the debris with only a few people. The fire was coming closer and finally caught him. Waving his arms for help, he was burned to death there. I can never forget his last moment.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 17
29-0014

I was in the wooden schoolhouse. Then, all equipments, beams, plaster, nails of the two-floor schoolhouse began falling on me. Immediately I saw the flash, I crept under a desk and covered the left, but shards of glass stuck to the right side of my body with sharp pain. I felt the warm blood running over my knee, pouring on martial clothes. Then I was hit on the head by something falling. I felt the pressure then lost consciousness for some minutes. (perhaps from excessive bleeding)

I recovered consciousness when I heard a voice "Brother! Wake up! It was my sister, who had already died at the age of five by the A-bombing. She must have come back to help me! I called her name and saw her smiling at me from the upper right side. To my surprise, I found myself standing up and tried to reach her, but she disappeared. I found a light coming in through a space in the midst of scrapped ceiling panels and shingles, a space to the outside world. I slipped through the space. The dead sister came to help me and guided me to the outside from under the debris. I have survived till today thanks to this miracle.

I was surprised to see what had happened out there. The schoolhouse, trees, the green grass, houses, all there a few minutes ago, had disappeared. I could see nothing but the sky-line and the mountains. I pulled out pieces of glass on my face, wiping the blood from my head and face, and put on rough bandages. The next scene was members of the special cadets of the Akatsuki marine communications

unit lying here and there on the ground, all hit and knocked down by the A-bomb, when they met in the morning. Everything was beyond my imagination even where I was. I caught the miserable scenes with excessive bleeding and losing consciousness.

Burned faces, arms and legs, clothes.

Figures scattered on the ground, unbelievable as human beings.

Corpses lying in the pool some 10 square meters, who seemed to have plunged down for water one after another.

Some people groaning for help.

Could hear "It's hot...give me water" from all over.

It was real hell.

As a sub-instructor of the special cadets, I assembled about 50 survivors to take shelter on Hijiyama Hill. We saw the destroyed buildings and houses and piles of burned corpses on and under the debris, on the street and over the river.

Others looking terrible took refuge with hair burned, skin of their faces, arms and legs peeling, bleeding.... Was this a real person? I think that any manikins of A-bomb victims displayed in the Hiroshima A-Bomb Museum can not tell us the brutality of the attack.

The above tells what happened to Senda Primary School in Senda-machi after the A-bomb attack. Only those who experienced it can understand the suffering of that day. Our bodies, eyes, minds still remember. As a patriotic junior recruit of 17 years, who narrowly escaped death at that time, I am determined that such a war tragedy must never be repeated.

All at once the people and the town disappeared. Can you visitors hear the voices of Hiroshima Peace Park -- the voices of debris and the people buried directly beneath there?

I can not explain the tragedy at 8:15 a.m. on August 6,

1945, which still 40 years later, floods my memory with vivid images.

Our "No More Hiroshimas" wish must not be betrayed. I have visited Hiroshima Peace Park, etc. 13 times since the end of the war, and still weep in prayer in front of the grave of unknown victims, because they repeat this every time.

How can I say that the war has finished? I think the post-war era will never come as long as I live.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 17
34-0941

We were attending a morning meeting at the school garden when the Atomic bomb fell. We were knocked down in a yellow fire. I could not move for some time. It looked a little dark. Then I realized I could still move. My clothes were burned, and the skin was peeling. Everybody was terribly burned. I realized we had been attacked and was determined on revenge.

We followed an order to take refuge and walked in a line, dragging our feet. Some people were lying on the ground, unable to move, but their eyes open. They were naked, grilled. I heard a call for help and found a woman under a destroyed house. She would have been burned to death.

Next day, I woke to find two people lying next to me, dead.

I could hardly open my eyes because of festering wounds. Noisy maggots in my ears hurt me. Bloody stools weakened my condition. I did not recover consciousness for several days.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 17
13-04-004

Does anybody know the tragedy of the East Parade Ground?

There were tens of thousands of festering corpses. After the attack, burned people who took refuge died there. I want to forget the scene; nor do I want to listen and watch something related to it.

But there is one thing I want to say. An officer threatened soldiers with a pistol to make them find his boots in the debris. Another officer ordered soldiers to watch his baggage. A staff chief enjoyed fishing every day in the suburb, and ordered soldiers to find bait for his fishing. All of these soldiers were too heavily injured to survive.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 17 years old
34-3529

Just after the bombing, I had no idea about what had happened. The ground quaked and a strong wind blew me into a ditch by a small house. I didn't know what time it was and what had happened, when I came to my senses. None of my friends looked sane, either.

After a while, stinking smoke began to fall from the sky all over the ground. Fragments of glass, roof tiles and various boards were scattered and I couldn't keep a sense of direction. So I thought I was finished. People didn't move. I was mad about my own business. I walked around looking for my fellows who had been engaged in tearing down buildings around Mt. Hijiyama. Trains and bicycles I saw were all deformed.

People were throwing themselves into the river one after another. Strangely, they looked all naked.

Far from identifying my acquaintances, it was even difficult to tell if they were men or women. The dead, drowning people eager for water, shouting recklessly... People who didn't see these things cannot understand me.

A was staggering with a sword used for a walking stick. A horse was lying with its stomach so swollen that it would easily split. All around me were crowds of people all burnt yellow, with their stomach terribly stiff. The west side became a sea of fire.

I took charge of rescue work with people in a factory for three days. We couldn't have water though we got thirsty, because water at the brink was burning hot.

Too much to write and all the memories are terrible. I never want to remember again. I want to forget all this.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 17 years old
34-3529

A flash of light ran and was transmitted through electric wires sparkling blue-red flame. Houses crashed with a bang. When I went to other rooms, about 5 minutes later, I saw window glass broken and floors turned to a sea of blood from the people with fragments of broken glass piercing their bodies.

Many people were heading for the front gate with their heads looking cracked. They stretched their arms in front, with their skin peeling and their flesh turned dark red. Some people had their skin peeling from their necks and hanging down, reaching their legs. A man ran toward me and said that people were trapped under a fallen house. I had to apply salve to them in haste. At lunch time, an order came that hard-tack stocked for the army be distributed. On receiving some pieces, a man fell like a stick and died. He stopped breathing and did not move any more. At that place some 150 died on the first day, another 150 on the second and 130 on the third day. We dug a ditch for them, some 1m wide, 1m deep and 100 m long.

Hiroshima, 1.5km, Male, 18 years old
11-0135

1. I was utterly convinced that there was what is called fate or destiny for each. In my case I was lucky. As a drafted student I was working at a technical section in a factory. Because my desk was better placed, with nothing hanging above it, I was able to move out relatively smoothly when the building collapsed, and thus escaped being burned to death. The people on both sides of me were killed.

2. I strongly felt the importance of education as well as its dreadful effect. At age 18, then, I was so

thoroughly crammed with militarism that I had no objection to devoting my life to His Majesty the Emperor. So when I came back to what had been my house and saw there six dead bodies of my family on August 7, the day after the bombing, I first thought that beyond grief we should revenge this on savage America and England. I feel the terrible impact of education, whenever I recall my family and other people who died believing that their death would save their divine state, without knowing the truth of the war till their last.

3. I think that even among military personnel there were few who saw more casualties than I did in only two to three days after the bombing. I think I have to leave this valuable experience in some form to our descendants.

4. I heard that the atomic bomb used then was a bomb using the nuclear reaction of uranium. At present, it is said that the present bombs using more powerful atoms (hydrogen etc.) are tens of times more destructive. What a terror!

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 18 years old
11-0151

Because I was brought up in a peasant family in Saitama prefecture and was only an 18-year-old volunteer, I had never seen the death of people. But on August the 6th, I suddenly faced the death and agonies of dozens of people in the yard of the barracks, caused by just one atomic bomb. On my way of evacuation to Mt. Hijiyama, I saw further citizens lying on one another at the Hiranobashi Bridge. It was really miserable.

I was called by numerous people, all crying, "Give me water. Soldier, please, water, please". But little water was left in my canteen, and because my unit leader told me, "Don't give your water to anyone else as it would be his last drink before death", I could not help them but simply passed by them. When I came down from Mt. Hijiyama, next day, I saw most of them had died. I still feel about their death, taking it very much to heart.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 18 years old
22-0052

1. I was engaged in the work of pulling corpses out of the Ota River. The terrible sight still stays in my memory.

2. There was a mother who fell to the ground, giving her burnt breast to her baby. Please do not make me remember.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 18 years old
34-2623

I was caught by the bombing in a train at Hiroshima Station. The roof of the platform being blown away, I escaped to the East military exercise ground. We got to our destination relatively earlier. There was a big mass of cloud in the sky. The fire broke out in a temple halfway up a mountain stretching from the ground and soon burned down.

More and more refugees came to the exercise ground. A child of four or five years old, of whom I could not tell its sex, came to escape, crying and shouting, "Mum! Dad!", barefooted and with a blistering burn on its face.

A pupil about 10 years old was running desperately with a fire on his back. I warned that his back was burning, but with a severe look he ran away without turning his face.

Big hemp sacks of soybeans piled in the exercise ground began burning here and there. My friend said "This may be a new type bomb." When I asked him why, he said, "Because no trace is left of the bombing." This reminded me that when Iwakuni was bombed, a big trace was left.

More and more people came, including a man with a bare foot dragging gaiter and with his eyes swollen and oozing and his wife in torn dark black Monpe, work trousers, who while plodding to escape often turned her face back, perhaps in anxiety if her child managed to escape.

Everyone was saying, "This is terrible. Let us hurry up to escape outside the city !" An old man with weak legs was asking someone to help him escape; a soldier, whose face was so badly burnt and swollen that his sight was apparently

lost, was crying for water. He was sitting with an empty bottle in his hand.

On my way to evacuate through Onaga, I saw a man crawling out from under a crashed house. I found that he had only one leg. The other was torn off. His look was so furious that you could ever imagine it on earth. I said to him, "Carry on!", but couldn't do anything to help him.

I stopped by a railway workers dormitory. Though the building was broken, it still stood. I looked at the city from the yard and found fires breaking out everywhere. Looking up at the sky, I found that the mass of cloud I had seen at the training ground grew into a thunderhead, covering all over the city. This is all that I can say in this limited space of paper, though many more things come to my mind intermittently. I'd like to write much more on another occasion.

Hiroshima, 1.0km, Male, 19 years old
40-0338

Around 9 a.m. on August 9, I passed a wooden bridge on my way to the Mitsubishi dormitory. One side of the bridge exposed to the heat rays was completely burned to a depth of some 1 cm. At a glance, I was surprised to see how mighty the "flash light" of that day had been.

Until August 13 from that day, I walked around the city to help my friends to look for their lost family members and dead bodies. At the time of the bombing, around 8 o'clock in the morning, street cars had been full of commuters. Near ground zero, both sides of a tram were blown away and charred corpses were still there in a mass, some stretching their hands to hold straps burned black. They were so badly burnt that it was impossible to tell men from women. It was too miserable to see without covering my eyes.

In the main streets, where rails of street cars ran, the Red Cross set up tents and laid blankets and matting to accommodate seriously burned and injured people. Under the hot summer sun they lay there, with maggots swarming on their wounds. They groaned and cried incessantly, "Ouch!" "Hot". But there was no way to help them.

I saw a black human shadow on a wall of a building, who had perhaps been waiting for a tram or a car. No clothes or ashes were left. I hope such a terrible bomb will never be used again.

Hiroshima, 1.5km, Male, 19 years old
24-0109

In front of the gate of the Senda-machi Elementary School, where I evacuated to, there were people squatting, scantily clad in tattered clothes and burnt all over their bodies. Yet more people with a look like ghosts were getting together one after another.

They wanted water, but no energy was left for them to crawl up and get water from the fire prevention water-tank. I gave them water in a bucket. I was told by my senior officer that water was no good for burns. But in retrospect, I feel it was good to give them their last water.

Witnessing dying people for the first time then, the "death of people" came deep in my heart with the reality.

I suppose that here are dead bodies of my classmates. They were certainly alive until yesterday. Now they turned to corpses...., with their faces burnt and swollen and the skin of their hands looking like water sacks hanging. No one could tell who they were, without having previous knowledge. With their faces painted with mercurochrome, their hands with spindle-oil and with their lips so swollen that they could not eat anything or drink water, they only shed tears when called and changed into cold bodies as if they had been sleeping. How mortified they felt! Now I am living upon the death of these people, feeling that I must bear this charge through the rest of my life.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 19 years old
01-0019

1. After the bombing, because of the intense fire, I could not help a person trapped under a fallen house, calling for help.

2. I regret that I could not do anything to help the

people who asked for water.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 19 years old
01-0502

I belonged to the Akatsuki Communication Unit 16710 stationed near Mt. Hijiyama. After the bombing, people rushed into our barracks through both its front and back gates in search of an evacuation site. Bleeding and looking painful, they cried and shouted. Every face, exposed to the flash light, turned black and was swelling so rapidly that no one could who they were.

Because I was caught by the bombing while taking a nap with my colleagues in a sub-group for administrative work, I could not find my glasses, which were actually blown away. Finding the stair-case was broken, I jumped down from the corridor of the 2nd floor, holding 10 rifles under my armpit. Then I escaped to Mt. Hijiyama. On my way, I saw a woman just having delivered a baby on her way to escape. Both the mother and her baby were left naked on the cart. I felt keenly that we were facing horrifying reality.

I walked up the hill. Among the bodies lying on both sides of the path, a girl student volunteer crawled up and clung to my gaiter with her hands in her full energy, wanting her last water. With a sorrowful and resentful look, she cried for water. I felt as if a dreadful spirit was creeping up on me. Though forbidden, I couldn't but give a few drops of water to her, thinking that she couldn't survive in any case. She said, "Thank you, soldier". It was her last word, and then she became quiet, with her hands on my gaiter losing strength.

I sometimes find myself in agony, questioning myself whether my deed was good or cruel for her.

For several days after the bombing I stayed in a trench. Colleagues who laid the tired bodies together were found stiff the next morning.

Witnessing many terrible sights I determined that such a dreadful war and terrible atomic bomb must never be repeated.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 19 years old
04-0427

I looked after the injured and applied castor oil to their burns twice a day. Few could receive treatment from a doctor. Whenever I found a rationed rice ball left, there was a patient already dead.

I was engaged in the work of loading dead bodies on a truck. I was so desperate that it looked as if they were "things" and not "humans".

Civilians were lying in the back farm of the barracks. Their burnt bodies were covered with soil. A few of them were still alive but they couldn't see a doctor.

Even if I tell of my experience a hundred times, it will not be understood as real.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 19 years old
07-0059

My memories are becoming uncertain but I experienced the following things.

(a) A person whose hand was lost came to get water to the water place at the back of the barracks.

(b) At the back gate of the barracks leading to the first aid station at Mt. Hijiyama, there was a pregnant woman suddenly beginning to labor from the shock of the A-bombing. She was lying on the cart. When I passed there on my way back from the air-raid shelter of Mt. Hijiyama, both she and her baby were dead and were covered with a straw mat.

(c) On my way to take a wounded first-year soldier to a temporary field hospital set up in the site of Niho Elementary School in the suburbs of Hiroshima, I saw a woman standing by the rails of the Ujina line, wearing only short pants. She was holding a dead baby in her arms. A man standing by her, perhaps her husband, was burnt black on his half body. She called me, "Soldier." Some years ago I was invited to a school festival of the Taira Technical High School. I was surprised to see there one of the pictures in

the "Genbaku-no-Zu" exhibition, which depicted a woman, wandering about with her dead baby in her arms. She was the very woman I had seen at that time.

(d) I entered a temporary field hospital in November 1945 to get treatment for my arms injured by fragments of shattered glass. There, I helped to nurse hospitalized soldiers and local people. When I was there, large numbers of people died every day. Especially the death of a young soldier who had suffered terrible burns was miserable.

(e) Civil defense volunteers collected corpses of people of all ages and of both sex in the city and threw them into the big hole dug in the corn field behind the school. Many times I saw corpses rolling out of a box placed in the hole, when they were thrown into the hole.

(f) I saw too many things to report here. These were so dreadful that I cannot explain all. Neither writing nor speaking could make people understand, unless were witnesses.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 19 years old
08-0036

We were caught by the atomic bombing in the playground of the Senda Elementary School. I cannot forget how heavily our unit leader was injured at that moment. (In the clothes torn off and burnt, he kept standing on the platform for morning call, with his face bleeding.)

After the bombing we fled to the air-raid shelter on the Hijiyama-hill. On the way there we saw a fire break out in a house along the road. Couples of people were calling on us, saying "Help me, Soldier!" But because I was also injured, and barefooted, I couldn't go to the spot. Unable to help them I passed by. I even now regret this.

Around the foot of Hijiyama hill were found many evacuees. Faces of some people lying on both sides of the road were so awfully injured that these could not even look like human faces. It was really a hell on earth. I could not even look at them but turned my face from the scene.

The Niho Elementary School was turned into a temporary

field hospital and I was taken there. Many citizens were also hospitalized there. The scene of their bodies lying on corridors and around there, heavily injured and with maggots swarming on them, even now stays in my memory.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 19 years old
12-0211

Our unit was doing rescue work in the city that night. "Water please, soldier", I heard these sorrowful cries from perhaps more than fifty people. The army doctor told us: "Don't give water to people suffering burns." A girl clung to my foot, saying "Water, Please water". Her breathing seemed to be ceasing. I opened my bottle and gave her a draft. She looked happy and in the next moment she died. In that evening I gave water to six people and they all died that day.

Was what I did bad for them? This question stays with me all through my life.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 19 years old
15-0020

I saw hell on earth: Some people with their faces burnt black and their skin peeling and falling down; others injured by fragments of glass and bleeding all over their bodies; still others already dead and lying naked; and the completely flattened and burnt city.

When the atomic bomb was dropped, I was in training as a crew member of the "Ro-62" submarine in the Sea of Akinada. Most of the drifting bodies were naked, brown and swollen up. They were so deformed that they did not look human beings. Bodies drifted all around the sea surface, moving toward the sea shore at high tide and again toward the open sea when the water was low. The odor from rotten bodies made me feel sick, causing me nausea.

Nuclear weapons must not be used, nor must war be fought any more under whatever circumstances.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 19 years old
22-0263

My fellow soldier was blown from the upper floor onto the corridor by the blast. He got a laceration on the head and was mortally wounded. I again and again asked an army doctor to give him treatment, but he could not do it. Three hours later he died.

From two days after the bombing I went out to help the rescue work for citizens. I saw something like a doll which was completely burnt and turned to char. Finding that it was a corpse of a baby and not a doll, I was appalled.

I was engaged in rescue work every day. Most of the people seen in the city on the fifth and sixth days were dead. In the middle of bridges there were groupings of two or three people under summer sunshine. They were there for water.

Hiroshima, 2.0km away, Male, 19 years old
33-0125

All my clothes were blown off by the blast, and skin of my right ear to my neck through the right cheek peeled and hung down. I couldn't turn my neck, and even my loincloth was burned off. I tried all my best to escape by myself, enduring the pain through my whole body with all my strength.

On the way to evacuate, along a street in Oshiba-cho, I saw a girl about 18 years old who, trapped under a fallen house with a lintel on her back, was moving her hands and with tears calling for help. Her intestines were bulging out of her body. I badly wanted to help her. But because I was dragging my leg, and both my hands and neck bent, all I could do was to help myself. Unable to do anything to help her, I had to leave her for evacuation. I have never failed even a day to pray for the girl and another who died since I met her at that time.

(3) In the Twenties

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 20
33-0125

I worked at the Hiroshima Daiichi Army Hospital as a soldier of the medical corps. I was in the barracks of the Army Elementary School when bombed. I was held under the barracks and got a nasty bang on the head, so I don't remember how I ran away.

A friend told me that I had been sheltered from the rain in a dugout near the fishing bridge of the engineering corps, and gone out of his sight a little while later. At that time I saw a sea of flames in the direction of Hiroshima and walked toward the fire absent-mindedly. I don't think I saw anyone on my way.

I was rescued at the main building of the Hiroshima Daiichi Army Hospital and stayed overnight in the dugout. I was taken to the Iimuro Primary School in Aki-gun on August the 7th. I still remember vividly that every day a lot of people died of mental destruction at that school.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 20
33-0135

As I was in the barracks, I escaped death. My fellow soldiers were still left in the barracks torn by the direct bombing. "Let's go. I must come to their rescue."

When I was working on the rescue and disposal of corpses, I saw the sea of flames all over the city, moaning Hibakusha in the burning fires, dead people lying on the ground, people crawling on all fours, charred people. It was a scene I hope never to be able to see again.

We had no food supply for three days, so we dug sweet potatoes into our helmets. When I was thrusting my hands into the field, I suddenly felt something strange and slippery. I looked at it closely. I was really surprised to find it the lower part of a young man's chin with teeth neatly in line. I never expected to find a lower part of chin in such a place. I dug a hole and buried the chin in the field.

Though I can recall many things, I am not good at writing things so I cannot describe them any more.

The Hiroshima Army Hospital burned and collapsed. The nurses continued to rescue patients in the midst of fire. Their white clothes smeared with blood: even now I remember the scenes clearly.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 20
01-0126

1) The two-storied building where I lived collapsed in an instant.

2) The building of the primary school which had collapsed all burned down before only half of the pupils could be rescued out of the building.

3) When I was running away, I saw some people dead and some suffering on the roadside.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 21
26-0008

I tried to save people crying for help, being crushed under the fallen building of a training squad, but I was able to save only a few of them because of my burned hands, falling sparks and my whole body in pain. In no more than five minutes fire came up nearer toward me in a semi-circle. Fire, smoke and terrible wind. I left there and stood breast-deep in the water of a castle moat to escape danger.

It's painful to remember people burnt, though still alive, to death.

I believe it was August 8 (1945), when a rescue team got to the square to set up large tents and I was taken there. There were people burned worse than I, a man with broken glass stuck in his eyes, a person unable to see anything with his eyes wide open, and others going mad, crying out something strange with the flash, and tightening and extreme terror. That was hell itself.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 21
04-0810

That was hell on earth. Man is a devil rather than a god. I saw it with my own eyes.

I knew it is in his last moment that his real worth is proved. And I keenly realized man is a poor creature - a brute. I fully realized lots of people get brutes when they face death though they behave as saints at ordinary times.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 21
32-0164

When I came out of a fallen house, I was asked by a woman to help her husband, crushed under their house. I helped her and asked others to help save him, but the debris would not move an inch. When I cried "Mr.!", a faint, painful voice "Help me!" was heard from just beneath my feet. Fire came up nearer and everyone there ran away. I left there according to the command of the captain. After that I often have night-mares on this scene. The man was burnt to death in the fire.

To the suspension bridge at Ushita innumerable charred people came to escape the blaze and waited for their turns to cross the bridge. Some began to walk in the river but soon fell down one after another and floated down the river. They all died.

An elementary school (Hesaka Elementary School?) at Kurumegi was set up as a temporary hospital, where numberless people burnt black came to take shelter and died. I stepped over people lying in the lavatory and urinated.

On August 8 I first came to Hiroshima on military duty. Around Hakushima there stood lots of notice boards saying, "So-and-so, If you are alive, come to Gion, from mother," "So-and-so, son or daughter injured, I'm going to Kumano, from father," etc. The sad notice boards moved me to tears.

Examples are too many to be cited.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
01-0015

I was held under a crushed house by the A-bombing. Some time later I was rescued out of it into the street. Then I saw a lot of people walking unsteadily and miserably on the street. They had all their skin burned black, and their hanging skin was getting longer and longer.

A big tree was torn down with its root on the ground. There was a hollow in the ground where a mother was lying dead with her baby in her arms. The baby who looked seven or eight months old was fine and sucking its mother's breast. But there was nothing I could do for them.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
01-00910

Most of the people who fled to Mt. Hijiyama were children and women, whose burns were not treated. Some were sitting under the trees and groaning with pain. Even though they wanted some water, there was no water for them. And the dead began increasing as early as that night. The scenes were those of hell.

When I saw a pregnant woman giving sudden birth to her child, maybe from the bombing shock, I felt my helplessness because I could do nothing for her. She desperately tore some rags and put them on her still unconscious child. The mother and baby were bleeding and exhausted to death. How can I get them out of my memory?

At night the enemy scout planes flew over many times. Each time I ran into a dugout. At such a time my fellow soldiers lying outside or the people who could not walk and lying under trees, cried out, "Let me go into the dugout!" But they were too many to be taken care of. I always wonder whether it was right as a human being about the fact that I myself went into the dugout.

No notice was made that it was an atomic bomb until I left Hiroshima (on August 28). If notice had been made earlier better steps could have been taken for rescue (for example, to collect some materials of the bomb and so on).

Some wisteria flowers suddenly came in bloom again. It was August 24 or 25, I think. Everyone was surprised.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
01-2022

I was mobilized to the center of the bombed area in the afternoon of August 6th, 1945 to join the rescue of the people. On the way to the center, I saw pitiful corpses one after another. And what shocked me so greatly, even now I remember, was that a pregnant woman was burned to death, and beside her was her infant, died of an abortive birth by the bomb shock, and that the navel cord still connected them.

And I found every river in the city crowded with people who wanted water, and many of them tried to satisfy their thirst, cooled their burnt bodies and passed away. The piles of those dead people, the scene, I cannot forget it even now, forty years later.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
04-0805

Wishing peace...

On August 6th, 1945, ...too horrible a day for me to recall....., about nine o'clock in the morning a flash ran and I couldn't see because of sand and smoke covering my eyes. I wondered what had taken place. I looked around absent-mindedly, and found the military barracks collapsed and houses burning. Before long I saw burned people walking unconsciously, not knowing where to go.

Among them I found a pregnant woman who had given birth to her baby because of the bomb-shock. The baby gave out the first healthy cry under her burnt body. But I do hope that such a terrible scene will never be repeated.

There was a kindergarten near the military barracks. The kindergarten was on fire, and I saw seven or eight children running here and there for help. I left the place to do my military duty without helping the children. Even now, forty years after the end of the war, I ask myself why I didn't help them out at that time.

Now I do hope that the people all over the world will struggle for the establishment of peace so that such a sad and terrible history of Hiroshima and Nagasaki will never take place again.

I, one of the Hibakusha, had a hurt on the head. But I live every day, trying very hard to keep healthy.

Wishing peace...

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
08-0023

A) Too much shock made me lose the will and feelings that I should have as a human being.

It was such a terrible scene that I was absent-minded and I couldn't know what to do, but rather deserted injured people. To tell the truth, I had no idea of giving them a helping hand.

When I ran away from the bomb center, I couldn't answer the voices or eyes of civilians lying in a heap and asking for help. To my shame I ran away stepping over them.

When I was taken to a temporary hospital from Mt. Hijiyama in the evening, the voices of "Ouch!" "Water!" "Help me, soldier!" echoed all through the mountain, which made me dark-hearted.

B) Those who were taken to the temporary hospital had no treatment but a wet compress of spindle oil. At dawn some of them went mad and passed away.

I saw corpses of civilians left alone: no one took care of them, only left under the windows of the hospital and the trees.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
12-0003

I didn't think it was an atomic bomb. I first thought it was a very terrible bomb, and since it was wartime, we could not condemn its use. Later I found it was an atomic

bomb.

1. I think it was the real feature of Japan of wartime that we could not save suffering people.

2. Bodies swollen black.

3. I regret that we could not give anything to people who wanted water or help because everything was in short supply.

4. It was really cruel.

5. Corpses I cannot describe them in words.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
27-0343

I am trying to forget all about it, so I won't write.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
27-0524

I was bombed when in bed on the second floor of the barracks of the ship logistics troop of Akatsuki Corps stationed at the foot of Mt. Hijiyama. The walls, ceiling and window-frames fell down. Some of the people had their neck crushed by beams or arm-racks which were 30 centimeters long. Some could not move, with their legs held under fallen things. Some were crawling...

To my regret, I could not give them a helping hand at that time.

I was taken to the dugout of Mt. Hijiyama, then to the temporary field hospital set up at the Niho National Elementary School, then to the imperial Ujina rayon factory and so on. Everywhere the groaning voices of "Water!" and "Ouch, ouch!"...It was hell on earth. I remember clearly even now the scenes of disposing of corpses on the Ninoshima Island. At that time I forgot myself in disposing of the work... Why did I have to do such work?

I don't have the slightest memory that I prayed with my

hands clasped for the souls of the corpses when I disposed of and buried our fellows' corpses. I feel very very sorry!

That may be why, I'm not sure, my body always trembles when I offer a silent prayer for the souls of the atomic-bomb victims at any ceremonies.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
32-0024

Many dead bodies were lying along the shade of cherry trees on the bank of the Ota River. Some of their faces were so badly burnt, swollen with water and damaged by maggots that I could not find the differences of sex. It was such a terrible scene. I thought how their relatives would feel about it. Since I was on the military duty, I could not do anything for those who reached the shade of the cherry trees and wanted some water. I acted in a very inhuman way, which makes me regret it every day. Now I wish I had given them even the last drop of water.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
32-0176

It made me irritated that I could not do anything for my fellow workers' injuries. I felt very uneasy when I heard the patients who seemed to receive slight hurts passed away one after another during the home treatment.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
33-0040

a) As I was looking at the American airplane, it suddenly dropped the bomb and knocked me down. The next moment, I was moving in the curling deep dark. As it got light, I could see the swords and guns melted and twisted by the heat of the bomb.

b) On my way to Ujina, I saw many dead bodies on the roads, in the trains and in the rivers. The bodies were being removed and piled in heaps on both sides of the roads. But in the pile of the dead, there were many people still alive with their eyes moving. I was devastated.

c) At a hospital in Ujina many flies were swarming around and there were maggots in the pus on the people's heads. The soldier next to me went mad and died because maggots got into his ears. I picked up a piece of paper and put it in my ears so I was safe from the maggots.

d) For half a month I had been in Okayama army hospital. Then I was told to recuperate at home, so I went home in Okayama. After this my temperature rose suddenly. I tried drinking a home remedy of Dokudami (bad-smelling perennial plant) or opening a loach and put it on my forehead. But the fever didn't go down. I asked the hospital to take in me again and received some treatments there. I escaped death by the skin of my teeth.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
33-0137

There were too many atomic bomb victims to help, so I lost confidence that I could take any action. I saw the hand of a woman who was under a collapsed house. She cried, "Help...!" Another woman who was looking after a dormitory for single men asked me desperately to help a boy. So I helped the boy but I don't know what happened to the first woman. Maybe...

I don't want to remember. But I can't forget.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 21
35-0200

A) People died one after another. What became of elementary pupils and babies after their mothers had died?

B) Many children in the fifth and sixth grades died, saying to me, "Mr. soldier, what bad things have we done?" "Sir, why do you have such a war?" "Sir, why do you fight? Go to hell, America!"

C) A mother took her last breath after saying, "Sir, take care of my child." The baby was not injured at all. The mother took best possible care of her child - it was beyond human power.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 22
28-0097

After the bombing, when I ran away from the fire, I passed Hakushima Elementary School. It was a big school with 2,000 pupils. Hundreds of pupils had fallen on the ground and under the debris of the collapsed school building.

I can't forget that hundreds of pupils were crying, "Mother!" "Father!" I can still hear the sounds. A part of the destroyed school building was burning. Those children inside were burnt and killed while they were still conscious. It was worse than hell.

I visited Hakushima Elementary School on August 15, 1985. I saw photo pictures kept in the school for many years. I was choked up with emotion and couldn't speak.

If I tried to write about the scene and memories, I could not finish it even with hundreds of pages.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 22
06-0003

On August 13, we were transporting the patients from Gion to Yaga Station on the Geibi railway line by truck. Because of the fires, we had to abandon the trucks on our way and we decided to walk there. As both my hands, arms and shoulders were burnt, I felt great pain when I lowered my hands. I walked holding my hands up. I was in rags and my body was very dirty. More than one hundred people were walking in the line; it was like a death march.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 22
32-0220

1. Because I had seen so many dead people, my feeling about death gradually became paralyzed. So I failed, bit by bit, to feel uncanny and horrible. Also I was one of the injured. I was only eager to be saved, therefore, the best for me was to run for my life away from the fire.

2. I could not save other people who asked for some

water and my help. I could barely follow the line of people walking to the river away from the fire. On August 6, it was dim and gloomy all day long because of the dark smoke.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 22
08-0031

After the bomb explosion, it looked like hell around Mt. Hijiya. It's very difficult for me to describe the horrible sight, but even now, after 40 years, I feel pangs of sorrow when I recall the sight. I could not help averting my eyes from all the men and the faces of those who asked for my help and clung to my legs. How much I've tried to forget my memory of roughly loosening their hands from me and hurrying to the main unit of soldiers; I won't ever forget it.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 22
25-0001

1. I was on duty as a soldier on a very hot, clear day, that is, Monday, August the 6th, 1945 when we were attacked all of a sudden at 8:15 in the morning after the alarm was over. I saw people burned, skin hanging. They were attacked by radioactivity and strong heat. I saw a medical corps coming with many pieces of cloth and a small amount of ointment in their hands. They first took care of commissioned officers, then noncommissioned, then common soldiers. Soldiers in low rank were the last to be looked after. Civilians were completely ignored even if they asked for help. Even though it was wartime when priority was put on the military, their extreme arrogance convinced me of the ruin of the nation approaching.

2. After the bombing, people were moaning with the pain of burned, sore skin. It was a scene of hell. Some people died, crying, "Water, water!" Some went mad because of high fever. Some were left lying on concrete floors without any treatment.

3. Flies came to the burned, sore skin, and then maggots began crawling all over the body. Some of the victims suffered from vomiting blood with their eyes turned up. Some were left alone with their sore skin untreated,

and when they died, they were sprinkled with gasoline, etc., burned like logs and not buried in graves. Their souls must be still hovering here and there.

4. Some students who were mobilized to scrap buildings were crying, "Mother", desperately with their bodies burnt, and died after a while.

5. The rescue party said, "Water must not given" to seriously injured people from burns and flying things. The voices of "Water, water" were thus ignored. But I wished they would be given some water because they would die soon.

6. In the corner of a school ground, a father put his burned dead child on a tin plate and cremated him on a pile of pieces of wood. He seemed to be too discouraged even to cry.

7. A lot of burned corpses were floating in the Ota River and a woman with her burnt skin exposed was staggering with her dead child in the arms, absent-mindedly.

8. Really black rain started falling. I thought that the black rain was due to dust, and that fire was often said to invite rain. So I didn't care about having myself showered with the black rain. But I heard later that it was the rain full of radioactivity. In any period of history, the truth is hidden from the people. I'm afraid it will continue.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 22 years old
32-0042

The atomic bomb caught me when I was serving in the Akatsuki Army Unit 16710. On the following morning, I saw a woman and her few-weeks-old baby on a cart on the road behind the barracks. The woman was severely burned and almost lifeless. Although her baby had no burns, wrapped in floss silk, I could do nothing for the baby.

We soldiers had water bottles with us. But because it was said that burn victims would die if they drank water, I hardly gave it to them. Next morning, they were found dead with their faces plunged into puddles. I thought I should have given much more water to them.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 22 years old
34-1302

Hearing the groans of injured people around me, I recovered consciousness in Ube Field Hospital three days after I was taken there after the bombing. Looking at a point from which a terrible stench came, I found a pile of bodies being burned. Groans getting lower and people died one after another. Soldiers carried their bodies out silently. I suddenly felt that life was dear to me. Recently, I have often had nightmares that my consciousness would not have come back. My colleagues all died. I pray for their souls.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 23 years old
32-0016

A few days after the bombing, I went into Hiroshima city to be engaged in disposing of dead bodies and other works ordered by the army. I saw a living hell there. Corpses were strewn everywhere, and even though some were still alive, they could not move. Other were so severely burned that they could not be distinguished, male or female, yet asking for water in their feeble voice. Moved by their pitiful plight, I finally gave them water from my canteen, in secret from soldiers. A few minutes later I heard a voice. The voice might be to say farewell to life, or to express satisfaction at taking water. It was too weak to catch, but I judged it was surely "thanks" from the movement of lips and facial expression. I remember the figure leaving for heaven peacefully.

I saw a hell on earth in streetcars, under fallen houses, in countless corpses all around and people calling for help. That was war.

Coming back to the barracks, I found that every corner was occupied by injured people lying on the floor. They died in rapid succession after ceasing to call for help. I did not know how I would be able to sleep that night. While I was dozing on an unfolded straw-mat on a concrete floor, I dreamed of people calling me. They were the people I had seen during day time, with those who died after taking water.

I wish everyday that war will never be repeated. "No to war!" We hope the voices of dying people we heard at that time will be handed on.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 23 years old
34-0410

Although I was trapped under the debris, I managed to get out by myself and had a narrow escape from death. I took refuge in the playground of Hiroshima University of Humanities, thinking it would be safe there. The playground had turned into an inferno, where there were a large number of sufferers with swollen faces and peeling skin.

As my injury was not too serious, I helped the army soldiers with their rescue work for survivors. Still staying in my memory is a little girl at the age of about two or three wandering in the playground calling for her mother. She was naked, with her clothes completely torn away and her skin hanging down. Taking her up in my arms, I said, "I will look for your mama for you". I walked around among many evacuees in the playground calling, "mother of this girl!", but could not find her. I decided that I would look after her. I had some pieces of cloth with me that I had torn apart from a mat sheet when I left the ruined house, thinking that these would be of some help. I dipped rags in water of the swimming pool in the playground to wrap her skin which was so dry due to the burns and by the strong sunshine, and brought vines of sweet potatoes together to lay her gently on them.

After a while, a rescue group of the army came to announce that some cars were waiting at Miko Bridge to carry the injured. Hearing this, I carried her in my arms to the bridge. She got so weak that she couldn't even sob. She had a fit on the way. Praying that she would survive I plodded to a truck and asked a soldier to take care of the girl. I parted from her praying that she would get well.

I hope that she is alive and lives happily now.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Male, 23 years old
34-2316

Getting bruises all over in the blast and fleeing out of the house in falling fragments, I was stunned to see every familiar house around ours knocked flat and fires breaking out everywhere. I thought that a big underground powder magazine had exploded. Otherwise there would not have been such awful damages in so wide an area.

I took refuge in a bamboo thicket in Mitaki, helping a seriously-injured friend. After a short time, we had black rain there. A boy at the age of about 4 approached us with a lonely smile on his face. We found his elbow bone broken and exposed through the skin. I hung a curtain and blanket for two of us and the boy to take shelter from the rain. I gave him first aid but could do nothing else, other than keeping my eyes on him. I heard the roar of a U.S. plane in the south-west. Maybe it came to see the result. I became composed by then and went in a hurry to Mitaki Army Field Hospital to get medicine. There I found a more miserable situation than I had imagined.

We spent the night in a bamboo thicket. The boy lay between myself and my colleague soldier. I felt relieved to see the boy eating with delight a rice ball provided by the army before we slept, but next morning he did not wake up. He had died silently as if he tried not to disturb us. Whenever I remember him, I regret that I didn't ask his name and address at that time.

Although I want to forget and don't want to recall it, the boy of that day always stays in my memory.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, 24 years
32-0078

With a strong flash like lightning, the city of Hiroshima in a moment turned into ruins with piles of rubble and dead bodies, a grotesque hell. My clothing was burned. I got burned on the whole of my left arm to the shoulder, the forearm of my right hand, on one side of my face through ear, neck and chest. Blisters peculiar to burns developed, the skin was burnt black, torn into pieces and hanging down, with liquid running through them.

In the dark cloud of smoke and dust from fallen walls and the ground, I couldn't see one meter ahead. The clear blue sky turned dark as if night had fallen. People under fallen houses were calling for help. Some people were injured so severely, with their clothing and hair burnt off, that no one could identify whether they were men or women. Some were in agony from pain and so exhausted that they could not flee but die, leaving their moaning. Trying to escape from the heat of fire, many jumped into the river. But the water of the river was boiling hot. Writhing in agony they died. On the river beach and vacant lots, there were many burnt people lying like dried fishes and calling for their families. I might call the situation a scorching hell. It was indeed beyond description.

I was taken to a hospital. I saw people dying there everyday. I was caught by fear that next would be my turn. Fortunately, I escaped death, and some 40 years have passed since then.

Praying for the victims, I hope that a Relief Law will be enacted as soon as possible.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 24 years old
13-11-001

1. An army doctor said, "As you have inhaled poison gas called uranium, you cannot survive". I asked him what to do. "Boil down Dokudami (Saururacede...a kind of herb) and take it", he answered.

2. I saw an infant with burns crying, clinging to its mother who also got burned. I could do nothing for them.

3. A whirlwind developed. Spreading fire, it burned a pine tree in the Sentei residence and moved further through Hiroshima City.

4. A temporary army hospital was opened in the Hesakamura Elementary School. All that I saw there was hellish.

a) A boy in a baby carriage had bruises on his back. He was in agony from disability to urinate. An army doctor simply said, "I can do nothing for him."

b) Many soldiers, all burnt, were lying on the floor. Wearing only loincloths with tags attaching to them, they went a water closet one after another, walking absent-mindedly like ghosts.

c) Mercurochrome was the only medicine available. It was miserable.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 24 years old
32-0177

Fearful air raids. Even now, a siren roars in my ears.

I felt burning heat on the skin of my face and hands when I suffered the atomic bombing in my room.

Burned bodies of victims were deep red and glossy, like stripped bark of a pine tree.

Faces of victims who had been caught by the bombing outdoors were swollen up like balls. Black and gray faces with their eyes like elephant's. In contrast, their red lips looked small. Burned and tattered military uniforms. Soon people with burns all over their bodies appeared everywhere. It was hell on earth.

All this sight makes me shudder whenever I recall it.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 25 years old
13-05-001

I regret that when asked for water I gave it to people right after the bombing. I later learned that water would kill victims in such conditions.

Even now I question myself whether what I did was good or not.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 25 years old
29-0017

1. At night on August 6, I slept in the army exercise ground with citizens taking refuge there. While thinking

that I should do something to help people in agony and moaning, I fell a sleep. Next morning, I found most of them dead. I still regret that I should at least have given words of consolation to them. Strongly printed on my memory is a boy who was sleeping with his head on his dead father beside him.

2. Large numbers of corpses were floating up and down the river for several days, according to the tidal moves.

3. We worked to pile up corpses on a sandbank of the river and burned them over many days.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 25 years old
40-1150

When the bomb was dropped, I was sheltered from direct rays by buildings. I was astonished at an intense flash light like lightning. Looking back while rushing into an air-raid shelter, I saw a thunderhead spreading in the sky, reddish and flickering. Next moment, the blast struck me and injured many parts of my face. Stained with blood and losing my sight, I could not see anything happening thereafter. Supported by a friend, I walked around all day looking for a hospital. But there was no place to give me treatment, and finally I was taken on a small boat. I began to recover my sight when the boat soon arrived at an island. It was already dark. We got off the boat and were taken to the Ninoshima quarantine. I noticed it because I had been there before and stayed one night. Every ward was so full of the seriously injured, who were placed in line like matches, there was no space left even to walk between them. Hearing injured people moaning, shouting and crying for water and help, I couldn't have a wink of sleep that night. When they became quiet, they were gone. Large numbers of them were found dead next morning. No one in such circumstances could think of others but himself. From dawn we formed a line to have medical treatment. There were so many people in lines waiting for their turn that it was not until noon that I saw a doctor at last.

People all around had their faces burnt black and wore tattered clothes. Maggots swarmed on wounds of some victims. They all looked miserable. Yet the people who could form a line were lucky. Many more people could not

even rise up and dead bodies were here and there.

This must never be repeated. We must never allow an atomic calamity to happen again.

Hiroshima, 0.5 km, Male, 26 years old
15-0056

Under a fallen house, someone was crying for help, reaching out his hands. Fire was getting closer. Unable to help him, I left there after saying that I would be back to help him. It pains me to think of how inhuman I was, when I often remember this.

A baby moving her burned arms to look for the breast of her half-dead mother.

People crowding on river banks, the uncovered parts of their bodies burned and skin stripped off. Their clothes were also burnt.

In the atomic desert of debris and rubble, I saw a lot of corpses in concrete fire-prevention water tanks. They must have been in agony from the intense heat.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 26
15-0032

I suffered from the A-bombing when I was in bed of the 10th ward of the Second Hiroshima Army Hospital. I instinctively covered my face with my hands against the strong flash. After feeling intense heat as if covered by a lot of boiling oil, all my memory was gone.

It seems that I was blown off together with window panes and beds. When I became conscious I was plodding along the bank of Ota River running behind the hospital. The tower of the Hiroshima Castle, which I used to see, was completely ruined. The buildings of the hospital had fallen down. Only a chimney of the hospital kitchen remained standing alone, giving a strange impression. In the river-bed down the river banks were found many nurses and victims trying to escape. A nurse found that my left leg was injured and bleeding terribly, and gave treatment stop it.

Fires broke out here and there. Many people ran away against the wind, but I could not walk, so I stayed on the bank with other seriously injured people.

My eyesight was getting dim. I was dazed and prepared for death, but a nurse leader who remained there to look after the injured inspired strength in me. In the meantime, someone found out medicines stored in a shelter. Getting a camphor injection, I soon recovered consciousness. I was very thirsty, and someone collected raindrops in a soap box and poured water into my mouth. I drank the water greedily without knowing that the rain was highly contaminated with radioactivity. In the afternoon rescue parties rushed into the city from many places. Tents were set up in the river-bed for first aid, and I was taken into one of them.

I was treated at that first aid station for five days. The sight I saw there was indeed like hell. There was a patient groaning next to me. When I noticed that he became calm, he was dead. His name and identity were unknown. An odor from corpses being burnt was floating incessantly. A list of patients was made in haste, registering their numbers written on their chests with mercurochrome.

In about five days I was sent to a branch of the Second Hiroshima Army Hospital in Tojo-cho, in the vicinity of the borderline between Hiroshima, Okayama and Shimane. Some 250 patients were transferred there, and a branch building, actually a gymnasium of a girl's high school, became full of them.

After the end of the war on August 15, people who had looked fine and had not appeared to be seriously injured began to suffer one after another from fever, diarrhea and other symptoms, and to die in agony. Five to ten people died every day. The number of the patients filling the gymnasium decreased rapidly, leaving a small number behind. A rumor spread that "Pika" was an A-bomb and that 95 percent of the sufferers would die. I was almost mad with fear that my turn would be next. I trembled with this fear. It was now incredible that I had calmly accepted my coming death on August 6.

Around that time my parents and younger brother and sister arrived from Niigata. I was greatly encouraged. My brother handed to the director of the branch hospital a

letter from Assistant Professor Yoshida of Niigata University. Written in the letter were the appropriate treatments for radiation injuries. Later on, my brother went back and forth between the Tojo Branch Hospital and Niigata Medical College to exchange information about the patients' symptoms and medical instructions.

In early September a sign of recovery was found about my condition which had been thought to be hopeless. At the end of September I was able to walk and left the hospital. At that time only five people remained alive in the Tojo Branch Hospital. To our surprise, ninety eight percent of the patients had died.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 26
04-0705

I experienced such distress for the first time since I joined the Army. I cannot find adequate words to describe the disaster. I was so occupied with myself that I could do nothing for others who asked me for water and help. I deeply regret this.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, 26 years old
35-0120

In those days I was called into a railway unit of the army stationed in the Sutoku Junior High School building in Kusunoki-cho, Hiroshima, as its barracks. I was caught under the ruined two-storied barracks by the atomic bombing, and fell into a swoon. But I soon recovered consciousness. My party evacuated through Gion-Furuichi to Midorii, some 6 km away, and there we saw the end of the war. Soldiers, citizens, women, children, animals and crops, everything in atomic-bombed Hiroshima was burned and literally ruined. Buildings collapsed and were burnt down by the conflagration and the city was reduced to ruins as far as the eye could see. Hiroshima City, which had been the largest city in Chugoku Region a little while before, was turned into a disastrous scene that one could not but turn his eyes away from.

There were about 50 sufferers sitting and lying absent-mindedly in a summer square, having no energy to move.

Someone entreated me in a voice which he used with much effort, "Please give me water", and I brought water in a tin pail from Ota River. But I had no sooner helped him drink than he breathed his last. Some people, with body swelling up due to serious burns and the skin of face hanging to the breast, barely managed to flee with the help of the staff to the hinterland by twos and threes. Dead bodies floated from upriver, caught by bridge girders and formed a mass. Some people pulled them up to the bridge and loaded them on trucks to carry away. No one could imagine this unearthly, infernal scene other than direct sufferers and the people who later entered the city for the rescue work. We, who experienced these shambles, want to keep crying toward people all over the world, "Never let it happen again on earth."

To say nothing of those who are still sick in bed and faced with death and those whose keloids unfortunately remain, even those who were not so heavily injured at that time, as was my case, have never been free of the fear of death since the atomic bomb was dropped, and sometimes have nightmare of unrest. All the more because of this, I have an intense desire for the complete abolition of nuclear weapons.

Hiroshima, 0.5 km, Male, 27 years old
22-0254

Houses in Hiroshima City were so badly destroyed, with roof tiles scattered all over city streets, that no space was left to walk. In water tanks, there were 3 or 4 corpses of people who had come there for water. In a collapsed house there was some one injured and lying, but I could not relieve that person. I still feel deep sorrow for him. A mother who was wandering with a child in her arms. The child was already cold. A child who was looking for parents and brothers. There is no end of sorrowful people I saw.

"Young Mother and Child"

Baby in mother's arms is cold
However tight she holds to make it warm
It remains cold
What a brief life!
It could not live even for a year

The atomic bomb deprived the baby of young life
She is still holding the dead child in her arms

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 27 years old
03-0013

I was too seriously burned to move. I could not save those who died before my eyes and could not move, pressed under fallen pillars. When I recall that day, I feel very sorry for them.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 27 years old
04-0809

On Monday August 6, I was on a truck heading for Koi with some other soldiers on public business. Just 7 or 8 minutes after our departure, there was a sudden explosion. I was almost blown off from the truck. Fortunately, all six of us narrowly escaped from death. On my way back, I saw a lot of people staggering on the road, holding their arms out with their hands dangling. Their skin looked like burned seaweed. It was hanging from their faces, bodies and arms. They were like monsters.

In sewage drains only 3 meters deep, bodies had piled up. Quite a few people were crushed to death underneath big, thick concrete panels.

After a few seconds a black rain poured down and then it became scorching hot. In the unbearable heat, a newborn baby was crying from under a iron sheet in the road. The mother was dead, she must have given birth because of the shock of death. The cruel and dreadful sight gave me gooseflesh.

It took about 7 hours to go back to our base despite the short distance. Our squadron had been wiped out. We had to rent a house for our barracks. From the day after the bombing, we delivered food all around Hiroshima. The condition of the city was horrible beyond description. A week after the bombing, I lost my appetite because of nausea. I also had a slight fever and felt dizzy. I had an operation to remove a part of my large intestine that had a benign tumor recently and still go to hospital for

treatment.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 27 years old
34-0803

I was a freight train conductor. On that day, I was getting ready to take the train of Geibi line out of Hiroshima to Miyoshi, it was scheduled to leave Hiroshima at 8:28 am. I had to delay its departure for 90 minutes because of the bombing.

On the way to Yaga Station, I remember stopping six times to pick up atomic bomb victims who were coming up to the train from everywhere. Because I couldn't keep delaying the train for the victims endlessly, I left after picking up only some of the victims. When I think about it now, my mind is filled with regret. No matter how long the train might have been delayed, I should have waited until all the victims got on.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 28 years old
02-0015

Being a health officer, I helped the atomic bomb victims. I was devastated by their terrible condition. The burns, the injuries in which countless pieces of broken glass were sticking...I can never forget the sight.

A child's head burn had festered and maggots had infested it. I was angry. I strongly felt that no human being should suffer in such a way.

Although I wanted to give them proper treatment, there was no medicine or means by which I could help them. I couldn't do anything but watch them dying. I was also helpless when I heard cries for help from the crushed air-raid shelter.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 28 years old
05-0004

I joined the army in July of 1945. At that time, Kure Military Port in Hiroshima had been bombed continuously. On

August 6 at about 8:15 am, when we were about to move our arms to a safer place, there was an extraordinary flash and a loud explosion. I lied down quickly and stayed there for 10 to 15 minutes. As I had only slight injuries, I helped in treating other soldiers who were seriously injured. Then I went out to Hiroshima city to transport injured civilians and to dispose of dead bodies. After finishing the remaining business, I went back to my hometown on August 23 because the army had been disbanded. I don't want to write any further.

I would rather keep it to myself.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 28 years old
34-1303

Unless you were actually there when the atomic bomb exploded and saw the victims with your own eyes, you can never understand what I mean. It was nothing but hell. The burned sore bodies, people who were dying one after another...It was totally beyond description. People who were fine in the morning were dead by the evening. The thought of dying in the same way distressed me day after day.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 28 years old
35-0116

I'll never forget the sight of those victims. It was living hell. There is no other way to describe the tragedy. If another word is used, then the whole thing will be a lie. It was hell.

"Please give us water, please soldier. Even just a drop." I was asked by little boys. I didn't give them any water. Every time I think of those poor little boys, I feel like crying. I should have let them drink as much water as they wanted.

An army doctor told me that if they drank water they would die. I didn't know that when I gave water to two children who I felt so sorry for. Their smile, thanking me for the water still makes me cry. Those beautiful children died at dawn the next morning.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, 29 years old
20-0058

I was a soldier then. On August 6 on my way to the barracks on my bicycle, an air-raid alert was announced. I saw a parachute being dropped from the B-29. Knowing it was a special bomb by my experience in war, I rushed into the nearest air-raid shelter. I got out of the shelter after the explosion. Then I ran through a burning field to the river and jumped into it. I swam down the river and narrowly escaped death. Furthermore, I walked in the black rain for two hours and finally managed to arrive at the barracks.

From the next day, I was commanded to conduct a rescue operation and the disposal of bodies. The state of the victims.... I couldn't believe that they were human beings. Whenever I recall it, it still keeps me up at night. It was cruel beyond description. I don't think anybody can understand. In many places, I saw more than 20 charred bodies sticking with their heads stuck into a water tank. It was awful.

More than 1,000 victims were accommodated in one first-aid station. "It hurts..." "Give me water..." "Kill me..." They were crying, groaning and howling in agony and pain. It was indeed living hell.

We must never forget the words engraved on the memorial in Peace Park in Hiroshima. "May the victims of the atomic bomb rest in peace. We will never make the same mistake again." We should remember these words as we establish a Japan as a peaceful nation.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 29 years old
13-11-002

At the time of bombing, I was in my house. Fortunately, my house wasn't destroyed by the blast. As I wasn't directly exposed to the radiation, I escaped injury and illness. But when I went outside, I saw people with swollen faces their arms hanging by their sides, and people vomiting. I wanted to help them but I was helpless.

On that day, I was fully occupied with transporting my

colleagues to field hospitals. I spent the night outdoors as fires had broken out all over Hiroshima. When I went through the city next morning to go to my relative's at Furuta-machi in a suburb of the city. I saw so many bodies lying on the road. The sight made me insensitive to the dead.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 29 years old
34-3524

I was a soldier then and was staying at Misasa Elementary School which was used as barracks.

Although I wasn't exposed to the flash, I was bloody all over because of broken pieces of glass. Still, I was able to walk. I went to a bamboo thicket which was a refuge for civilians. There I saw a few hundreds of naked victims with charred skin dangling from their bodies. When I walked into them, one naked and charred man clung to my leg and said, "Soldier, kill me with your sword, please." He didn't let me go. "The rescue party has come!" I had to lie to get away from him. In the corner of the field, with other soldiers, I was watching the victims groaning and writhing in pain. There was nothing I could do for them.

When I left the place at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, victims asked me to kill them before I left. I left them and their grotesque screaming behind. I guess nobody in the field survived.

(4) 30-39 Years Old

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, 30 years old
27-0287

On my way out of the base around noon on that day of the bombing, I saw hundreds of people. Their faces, bodies, arms, and legs were swollen to dark-red. Shivering, they had no energy left even to reply. They were just crouching at the bank of the river, I don't know if they knew that they would be washed away by the high tide or not. They had no strength to escape at all. I'm sure that they were washed away. If there were only some way to help those people, some of them might have survived. I felt so

helpless. But what I saw was just a small portion of the city, There could have been worse places. It is beyond description.

The next day of the bombing I went back to the base. The base was full of burnt dead bodies. In some places there was no room to walk. There were more than 500 dead bodies. When I thought that I could have been one of those bodies...I became speechless. Even in Hiroshima, tens of thousands dead bodies were left unclaimed by their relatives. They will never be consoled.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 30 years old
07-0046

1. I still remember someone screaming, "It's hot! Help!" And I also remember a 40-year-old mother and her daughter holding onto my legs and screaming.

2. Being a member of a rescue team, I removed maggots breeding in the wound of a young lady with tweezers. But she died the next day anyway.

3. I can't forget these people: A man who died while he served as a member of the labor service. An injured girl.

4. Unable to distinguish injured people in the emergency hospital because their faces were damaged severely. We did so by their voices.

5. Every night from the top of Mt. Futabayama, I watched the fires made to burn the dead bodies in Hiroshima city. That is and will be the most unforgettable scene.

6. I never want war again. The build up of arms in the Japanese Self-Defense Forces makes me very uneasy. I'm against it.

7. I am afraid that the atomic bomb affected my children and grandchildren.

Hiroshima, 1.5km, Male, 31 years old
32-0030

Many things happened in 10 or 15 hours after the bombing. I get very confused. Since it is hard for me to write all about it in this short summary, I would try to write about what happened a few hours after the bombing. Please accept this as my answer.

At that time I was as a soldier working in the Ono Army Hospital. On that day, I was commanded to transport injured soldiers who had been relieved from duty. I had to transport them to Ueno City in Mie prefecture, so I was waiting for the train on the platform in Hiroshima Station. Suddenly, just as I was getting on the train, a flash of light like a camera flash went off in front of my eyes. I involuntarily lied flat on the ground. At that moment, I felt a crushing blow caused by the large explosion and the blast. And that is the last thing I remember. I soon lost consciousness. Some minutes later, I crawled out from under there by myself and stood up. I realized my head was bleeding and my left hand was injured. Then I just wanted to run away from there as quick as possible. The train was bent and broken. I remember the miserable dead bodies with their heads and bodies sticking out from the windows of the broken train. Those who were standing on the platform were hurled to the ground, and some of them died on the spot spitting up blood. I also remember a piece of wood piercing someone through the shoulder out his back, and he dropped like a log. But he was still alive, barely, and was motioning his arm for help. Someone else was trying to run away, stepping over the bodies on the ground. Everyone was in confusion. It was such a miserable scene. People were screaming everywhere because the pain was more than they could stand.

It was by the wicket, I think, that a man who looked like a station employee asked me for help. He was hardly breathing. I could do nothing for him since I was almost crazy trying to run away. I can't forget this scene.

I remember the miserable scene in front of the station. I saw it just as I got out of the station. The trains were all bent, and the people were scattered all over the streets, thrown down hard as if they were "baked eggplant." It was too much. I crossed Tokiwabashi Bridge to go to

Hiroshima Army Hospital to get some treatment. Right after I started to walk, a sea of fire surrounded me, and everyone became confused. I narrowly reached the dry river bed of the Ota river. The river bed was also very crowded with victims running away. On the way to that place, I met a man asking for help, he said, "Please help me, soldier! My kid is under this house! Help him get out!" He was standing on the roof of the broken house. But I ignored him, and ran away. I guess anyone would do the same thing in this situation.

I waited a long time for the boat at the river bed, but I gave up on it since it didn't look like there was space for me. I swam to the opposite side. I almost drowned because I could only use my right hand to swim. Anyway, I tied my army clothes and gear on my back with my belt, and struggled to reach the opposite river bed. I continued walking the Miyoshi Highway to the north looking for the emergency hospital. On the street were a number of victims whose clothes were burnt and ragged. They were just about naked. It was impossible to recognize faces since their faces were swollen by their burns. Some women had a lot of clothes on, so those places were burned. Some women had some long hair left, and some other women had their hair all burnt off. All I could recognize was the women and children. Everyone was burnt badly and spitting up yellow gastric juice. They could hardly walk. A mother and child asking for help, people already dead.... It was beyond description. I think those people died soon after. I wonder how I survived. I feel like apologizing for living, but on the other hand, I am grateful to be alive, so I am often lost in deep contemplation.

I want to write more about the miserable situation that people died in at the camps everyday after the bombing, and about my suffering from atomic disease which is crueler than death. I will write about these some other time to hand down to posterity as one my duties as a survivor.

I'm sorry that this was written not to be so understandable, but please follow. I'd like to make this as an answer of (No. 4).

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, 31 years old
34-4189

When the bomb was dropped, I was naked in a factory 1.5 km from the explosion. Although the roof collapsed on my back, I managed to creep out of the factory. As far as I could see, houses were flattened and had raised clouds of dust. I wrapped some underpants around my waist because the blood from my back kept running down. I was relieved that all the workers were fine. Some of them got out from the factory by themselves and others were rescued. Then I became anxious about my wife and child who were at home in Hakushima-kyuken-cho. I started running toward my house, but I lost my bearings. It seems that I ran in the opposite direction. Then the fire was approaching me. I was scared. I stepped over houses. I saw the railroad, and found my way and started running again. Under my feet, the railroad ties were smoldering. When I saw my wife, with our 5-year-old daughter on her back, calling me from under the overpass, I was relieved. Then I moved my eyes toward my house and saw that the fire was about to consume it. As I was naked, I tried to get some clothes from my house, but I couldn't even look at it because it was completely crushed. It was in vain. Someone asked me to rescue someone trapped under the my house, but I ran to my wife and a child with great reluctance because the fire had come closer to me and my wife was worried about me. There was no time for me to rescue anyone.

We walked along the river and went to a riverbed of Tokiwabashi Bridge where only a few people were. A freight train was in flames on a bridge. During the next few hours, soldiers came to the riverbed one after the other. There was a rain, too. I started to feel pain from the wound on my back and from my bare feet.

Some of the workers who had been standing about 1.8 m away from me were exposed to the radiation from the atomic bomb lost their hair, and some got spots on their skin. (A few years later, I received a letter from Osaka asking me to give witness that they had been victims of the atomic bomb.)

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, 31 years old
24-0056

My face and both hands and arms got burned severely in the explosion of the atomic bomb. My eyelids were too swollen to open. Under such circumstances, I couldn't think of any one except myself. As a result of treatment that I got at the Nagoya University Hospital, I gradually got better, and I started to recall some scenes from the bombing. On my way out of the city, I saw an innocent girl who was bombed during her labor service. She couldn't move or see, but was feebly holding her hands out and begging for water. Even though I didn't want to, I ignored her. Whenever I remembered what I did to her, I couldn't sleep at night. I still feel the pangs of consciousness. If we all had been killed then, we would have been so relieved...

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, 32 years old
24-0030

The unforgivable atomic bomb, able to destroy everything on earth, was dropped on people. These people will forever remember that disaster, and they should never accept the atomic bomb.

Under the scorching sun, naked women and children were lying on the road. Although maggots were breeding and crawling around in their faces, they were not dead. Their eyes were still moving. There was nothing I could do except pray for them. How sad it was!

A mother had abandoned her naked child, who was just teething, on the scorching road. In spite of the baby's crying, the mother ran away. Being angry at her, I accosted her. But she said tearfully, "I know I'm going to die very soon, maybe tonight. I thought it would be better to leave my child here rather than take it with me because there's a very small chance that a kind person will save the child. I don't want to abandon it of course, but I made myself to do so." Hell on earth. What else could be ?

Once a war breaks out, we have to win. To win, we will fight by any means, fair or foul. Then, the atomic bombs come. I'm afraid of living in this world.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, 32 years old
34-1133

1. Right after the bombing, I crawled out of the barracks and treated the back of my head. (I tied the wound with a rag.) And I barely heard a voice from the collapsed barracks, "Hey! Help me! I'm here!" Although I could remove the tiles and a few shingles from the barracks, I couldn't remove the very thick wood lying under the shingles. I feel sorry that I couldn't help that person.

2. I left the broken back gate of the Second Barracks and came out on the street where the cable cars destined for Hakushima ran. The street was filled with dead bodies, some people with skin hanging off of their faces, arms, and hands like handkerchiefs, and others sitting on the street. I couldn't help even one of them.

3. Many wounded soldiers and citizens were evacuated in an open space beside the river located north of the Shukkeien Park. Even though I was a soldier, I couldn't rescue one of them either.

4. While I was in an open space, there was a blast. I barely escaped from being blowing off into the river by holding onto a nearby tree firmly, but when the blast stopped, there was no one except me on the ground; everyone had fallen into the river. Then a fire broke out and consumed collapsed houses and trees. It was heading for me so I climbed down the stone wall to the river and stayed in the water. And, in front of me, a lady holding her child in her arms was also in the river, clutching at steps between the stone wall. Both the child and the mother were burnt and their skin was hanging down. The baby forgot even to cry. I still can see their figures deep in my mind because I couldn't help them.

5. I moved to a drill ground in the east and lined up to get a treatment for my head injury. (The line was about 50 meters long.) Beside the line, a lady was lying down on the ground. Her burns discharged pus and it was all over her face, arms and legs. "Soldier! Water, please give me water..." she asked me in a very thin and sad voice. I still can't forget her voice. As I wrote this much, I have many more stories (my pathetic remembrances) to write about.

Hiroshima, 1.5km, Male, Age 32
15-0001

On the morning following the atomic bombing, when I was busy working at an emergency aid station on the riverbank near the blast center, someone walked by, saying, "Please take care of yourself, sir." It was the head nurse of a hospital ward where I made my rounds in the previous on-duty week. She accompanied me for the rounds and made reports on each patient in the roll call at night. In tattered clothes she looked pained and exhausted. There seemed to be no way to treat her injuries. The yellow color of rivanol bandage stood out on her burnt face, arms and legs. I just told her to carry on and left her.

Next day, we began to transfer the in-patients to Kabe Branch Hospital, which took us three days. Patients with lighter wounds had to walk, but most were carried on trucks gathered from neighboring towns and villages. I never could find that head nurse among them.

Although I was so busy at that time, I cannot remember the days without regretting that I could have helped her greatly by giving her much warmer encouragement.

Hiroshima, 1.5km, Male, Age 32
22-0290

As a military man, I was involved in relief work. It is impossible to fully describe in writing my anguish at that time. If I must do so, I have to write about a family of five whom I saw when I went into the center of the city. With their house blown down by the blast, they lay stripped around the breakfast table, suffering from severe burns all over their bodies. But I could not save even one of them. Many people crawled toward me, crying, "Officer, ... please give me water, please." Their pain and desperate craving for the last water are printed deeply in my mind.

Also, in the relief work, xxxxx. (Japanese text indecipherable) We carried innumerable dead people in a big boat to Ninoshima Island. About 100 bodies at a time, we threw into a large hole, sprinkled on some oil and burned them. With some dirt to cover the hole, they were buried there, treated as if they were mere potatoes or radishes. I

cannot remember these things without regretting the woes that the Hibakusha must have suffered.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 32
40-0382

I was trapped under the crushed house building, but I managed to get out, using all my strength. Difficult to stand and walk, I crawled out to the street in front of my house. (I did not know when, as my watch had stopped at 8:13.) Though I tried to go to an evacuation site, the road was scattered with all kind of broken things and I could not walk. I was just driven to the riverside by the voices, "Fire! Fire!" The river was at high tide and it was impossible to swim across it. Some with burns on their whole bodies and their skin shredded to rags, or others injured by pieces of glass or broken things, gathered there, being unable to treat their injuries or to escape to other places, just looking at each other without a word. As the fire approached, in desperate flight from heat, smoke and flames, people were forced to come closer to the water. Some of them fell into the water and were drowned, but no one had enough strength to rescue them. Everyone was barely able to support one own self. I could not stop tears streaming from my eyes.

Given no air-raid warning, everything seemed to happen so suddenly. I do not remember how long I stayed there in a dream-like state. Meanwhile I found the water shallow on the ebb and restarted my evacuation. On the way where everything was burned, I smelled something, perhaps the smell of human bodies smoldering. I had never seen nor heard of such a disastrous scene. I could not walk as far as I wished, when I was rescued by the people of relief corps around sunset and taken to the temporary office of the military building site in the neighboring town of Yaga, at about 9 o'clock. Until the end of November that year, I received treatment there, with warm encouragement and good care from the people in the community and my family. On December 2, 1945, I came back home with my family.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 32
34-2713

As I had worked on weaponry replenishment, immediately after the bombing I started to give treatment to hundreds of people every day, coming down Hijiyama hill from Hiroshima city. I also handled a large number of dead bodies. I still badly regret that I could not give enough water to the dying people, being prevented by the supervising military officers. I proposed getting the names and addresses from those seriously wounded and would-be dying and put name tags on them, but these officers rejected it, saying that deaths of such local people would not matter. We might have had less unidentified bodies if this had been done.

It is so painful and almost impossible for me to fully describe in writing or tell how the dead people looked or how the still living suffered and died, as I worked there and saw them for as long as one month.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 33
34-4133

It was hell on earth. Charred corpses, bodies swarming with maggots, people with protruding eyes or exposed bowels; numerous bodies lay around, some looked like burnt timber. Floating bodies in the river, people in desperate search for their parents and children, a heavy smell -- I could do nothing with all these, as I myself was seriously injured.

Even now, whenever I hear the sound of the ambulance, I feel that there could have been longer life for each of those people, if they had been carried on an ambulance and given good treatment.

A mother was looking for her dear child day after day. Probably her child was already dead, and the body missing. So intense was her agony and grief, she finally gave up and stopped going to Hiroshima.

People burnt black cried again and again for water. Corpses were piled up and cremated. I can never forget a single one of these things.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 33
40-0263

Around the time I joined the army, Japan was on the road to defeat. I became more and more engaged in such heavy construction work such as digging ground shelters, rather than my original work. As a result, I contracted pneumonia with a high temperature of some 40 degrees centigrade. I had been in the Army Hospital in Hiroshima for a week before the day of the atomic bombing. In an instant, the bomb destroyed the hospital building, but fortunately I did not suffer serious wounds, as the hospital was ferroconcrete and my bed was in a corner of the room. As a soldier I had to deal with corpses, in spite of my own health. A week later, I came back home to Fukuoka by train.

The situation in Hiroshima was so horrible that it is impossible to fully describe it in words. I managed to return to Fukuoka, with my body and mind torn apart. The air-raid attack of Fukuoka was indeed disastrous, but the atomic bomb was far more destructive, which burned everything burnable and tormented the people long over their lives.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 34
11-0089

Immediately after the bombing, I saw some soldiers trapped under the crushed barracks. Hearing their voices calling for help and calling for their mothers, and seeing them being burnt in the fire which soon started, I could do nothing to help them. There was a mother with burns all over her body, holding her charred baby in her arms. She was crying for water and asked for help. Having been wounded myself, I was not able to do anything for her, dying in front of me. I cannot keep these scenes from coming back vividly to my eyes.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 35
32-0205

It makes me shudder whenever my thoughts go back to that time. I clearly remember that many trucks passed in front of me carrying full of human bodies looking like the

roots of pine trees, from city center to Kabe district. I was later told they had been soldiers.

I saw someone groping his way muttering a Buddhist prayer for help, with all his skin burned and peeling off, dangling at his heels and dragging as he plodded on. I was amazed at his strong will to live.

A mother told me that she left one of her children behind in the raging fire, along with the cry, "Mama, help me!" Carrying another already dead child on her back, she cried and cried frantically, clutching at my hands. Her hands felt slimy with burns.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 37
34-4132

1. At my first evacuation place:

a) A soldier was hovering about with burns all over his upper body and his arms held forward. Peeled skin was hanging down from his arms. This extraordinary figure led me to think that Japan was doomed.

b) The place was crowded with all kind of people who fled there with burns and injuries. Fear did not leave me as I saw among them some lying already dead, or others suddenly frothing at the mouth and dying, who had been talking with anxious looks with other people just a minute ago.

c) All of a sudden, a whirlwind came. It blew up the fire-flakes and we could not breathe. Screaming, many people plunged into the river and got drowned. The tornado left only a few people alive.

2. On my flight from the evacuation spot

City streets were filled with dead people. A half-stripped woman was writhing in pain on the ground with terrible burns, calling her mother and crying for water. But since we were told by megaphone announcements not to give water to the injured, because it would bring immediate death to them, I just had to tell her to be patient, a fact I still regret even now.

3. Others

I had to go to the hospital, as I also had severe injuries. It scared me to see a number of people suddenly develop high fever, suffer loss of hair and soon die, though they looked alright without serious wounds.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Male, Age 37
33-0019

In the afternoon of the day of the bombing, I saw three people, seemingly a family of a victim, trudging away with a cart, which carried a dead body with terrible burns all over the body. It looked like a reddish frog with the skin peeled off. I can never forget the scene.

(5) Above 40 Years of Age

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Male, Age 40
13-07-024

I had a severe cut in my stomach by glass from the blast. With the blood flowing out and holding my entrails in with my own hands, I went to the hospital. But so many people were waiting for their turn I could not get treated. Meanwhile my eyes grew dim and in my fading consciousness I thought I must be dying.

When I was lying there on my back with throbbing pain, I was carried to Futsukaichi.

As I was too seriously injured myself, I could not help or do anything for other people.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 41
34-1943

I was buried under the house, collapsed by the blast. Time passed without anyone to rescue me. Soon fire broke out and I thought I could not survive. In frantic efforts, I moved the ceiling boards from on my back, tore the roof plate and got out. I barely escaped being burnt to death.

On my way by a navy-owned canning factory, I heard some women crying, "Help me!" Many women were crying for help in the basement of the destroyed factory building. Inside it was too dark to see their faces. "Just a second. I will help you." I said and tried to make the way-out with timber around there. However, it was impossible to do this by myself. Everybody already having fled, there was no one to lend help. Meanwhile the east end of the fallen building caught fire. I gave up. "I'll come back with more people to help you out. Carry on." I said to them and left the place. Later I learned that they had been high school girls in a service corp. More than twenty of them were all burned to death. Even now their cries still ring in my ears.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Male, Age 42
34-2615

1) During the year 1945, I had to go to the hospital almost every day and could hardly move about. Only in 1946, I managed to resume my work, where I was engaged in cleaning up the debris in the office. To secure food for my family, I also grew some rice and vegetables on a small piece of land. Working as a farmer for 15 days and commuting to the office for another 15 days of the month, I was barely able to support my family, with help from my two brothers who found a place to live. However, with our little savings running out and my work not easy to recover, it was financially the hardest time for my family, including small children.

2) I fled to Futabanosato on the day of the A-bombing, where I saw an indescribable hell on earth. A number of injured people, children calling their mothers and fathers, parents calling their children, all passed away as night fell, with their cries becoming fainter and fainter. Next day, when I was standing at the devastated office in Inani-cho, being at a loss what to do, my wife called my name and ran up to me. I looked at her face, feeling as if it was a dream. Nothing could have been made me happier at that time. When I was in a kind of lethargic situation, I was encouraged and rejoiced tremendously by meeting her again. How happy and inspiring it would have been for those people who narrowly escaped to Futabano-sato and were dying there, if they had been able to meet the persons they had been calling for. But it is too late to regret it, that if my

wife had not come into the city to look for me, she could still be alive.

3) When I came to the street before the railway station on my way to the first evacuation place, I saw a woman, lying dead on the street. Looking closely at her body, I found a baby, perhaps 6 or 7 months old, clinging to her breasts and sucking her nipples. How miserable! The baby seemed to have no energy to cry. But all I could do was to pray that some kind person might take care of it. I left the place, unable to help the baby. The memory has never left me.

4) My wife's death was most painful for me. Born to a farming family, she had a sturdy and healthy body, weighing about 60 kg. She entered the city on the day following of the atomic bombing and seemed to have taken in a considerable amount of radioactivity. From around 1965, she became thin and feeble, sometimes broke down from anemia. Though she went in and out of hospital, or changed hospitals several times, her health did not recover. In spite of the successive treatments at the hospital and by medicines, she continued to suffer from increasing pains in her waist. After all she died, quite unexpectedly, of cancer. It was so pitiful for her and I regret it so much.

b) Female

(1) Under Nine Years of Age

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 5
27-0536

I was appalled to see a child lying dead with its one eye open. A mother was holding a child in her arms with its head broken and hanging down only by skin.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 7
34-1609

(1) My house collapsed in an instant. Mother and her children were able to get out but my Father and my baby brother were trapped under a big pillar. All around us, except our house, was a sea of fire.

Though Father cried aloud to Mother, saying, "Leave me. Just take the children and go away. Hurry!", she would not listen. She asked other people for help but nobody stopped, running away in desperate flight. A man came, giving her a saw and went away. With all her might she sawed the big post and pulled Father out. Though we insisted on leaving immediately as the baby must already be dead, she finally dug the baby out, back in her arms and ran. Next day, my brother was brought also.

On our way to escape, my five-year-old sister was missing in a sea of fire.

(2) When my sister got lost in the fire, a kind woman helped her. She was found by a kind man in an air-raid shelter at Hijiyama Hill.

(3) A schoolgirl with her peeled skin dangling about 30 cm from her arms came near to us, crying, "Help me, help me." We could do nothing for her. Some adults were telling her to take flight quickly.

(4) Among the neighbors who survived, people fell in bed and soon died one after another. Seeing my father taking care of them and helping to deal with the corpses, we were worried that our turn might come soon. At last, my mother passed away on March 21, 1946. Death continued and bodies were piled up on a nearby ground. Day after day, they were cremated in many holes dug in the ground.

(5) I was a second-grader in an elementary school. I escaped from death because I did not go to school that day. Father later told me that those teachers and school children who had not evacuated to the countryside were all burned black to death in the school yard, and it was impossible to identify each body. He said, "If you had been to school that morning, we couldn't have found your ashes." I never have been able to trace my teachers and classmates since then. From time to time, I have dreamed of them, feeling pain.

(6) The ominous shade of the sunset sky, colored with the flares of hell on earth is imprinted on my memory, together with the sound of roaring airplanes. What came across to the mind of the people with absent-minded looks? Everything often comes vividly back and stays with me, even

if I shut my ears or pull the bed clothes over my head.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 7
27-0370

Though I was only a child, it brought tears to my eyes to see a dying soldier calling his mother and writing "Mama" on the ground.

Parents were covering their daughter gently with Yukata (bathrobe) who was suffering from heavy burns all over her body, and gave her some canned orange, at the risk of ending her life. It is heartbreaking to remember the scene and to think of the sorrow the parent must have felt.

Every night, people dug holes here and there to cremate and bury many dead bodies.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 8
27-0228

My father had burns on his face, legs and arms. White bones were showing from a very big cut on my grandmother's thigh.

As I was only seven and my memory is rather dim, I remember that my aunt suffered from burns all over her body. There were so many people dead and injured on my way for evacuation, that I almost stepped on them.

One thing imprinted on the mind of this child was that I stumbled to a corpse and fell on it, when I was walking to my grandmothers house on the night of August 7. Phosphorescence was seen here and there and I was so terrified that I felt as if my life would soon be taken.

Even now I can clearly remember a mother with heavy burns on her whole body, carrying a baby. She was near death, but she was saying to other people, "Please, please take care of this baby." She may have died, but I hope the baby could survive.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 9
40-0227

In responding to this survey even 40 years after that day, I cannot keep back my tears as I think of my family, although I know nothing can be retrieved now. What kind of life could I have led, if I had not been caught by the atomic bombing? At the age of ten, my father, mother, brother and sister were killed in an instant. Trapped under the fallen school building, I was injured on my legs and could not walk. Countless people lay on the street in their agony. It was just like hell. The cries of my friends, crushed under the school building, still sound in my ears, "Help me! Help me!"

All around me was a burnt-out field and I could hardly find the place where my house had been. As I could not walk, I was piggy-backed to the ruins of my house, where I learned of the death of my parents. Being only a ten-year-old child, I cried and cried day after day. How sad and painful it was, without having even the remains or ashes of the four families! There may be a variety of ways of living, but at the end of one's life, naturally everyone wishes to be treated equally in bed as a human being. But the atomic bomb deprived many of those wounded and suffering of gentle caring hands. My heart aches when I think of those people who had to die on the street like a dog. I bear a grudge against the Government and the atomic bomb!! Give me back my father, mother, brother and sister who were miserably killed. It is the strongest cry of my heart.

(2) Aged Ten

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, Age 10
13-03-012

After the atomic bomb blast, I ran away and laid myself down in a bamboo grove. Nearby I saw two boys who appeared to be brothers aged four or five years old, and I heard them crying for water in their suffering. Anybody, including me, who stayed near those poor boys could not give them water, though they knew that a brook was flowing just at the foot of the bamboo grove. In such a terrible situation, everybody really had no room to consider others and could not help but suffer from the distress by himself, as I did.

I could not know what happened to those boys after that, since I fainted away from heavy pain. (Or I may have fallen asleep, I do not remember.)

At dawn the next day, I awoke in the quiet to find the boys dead. Even now I clearly remember their voice asking for water, though I do not know who they were.

I have a lot of things I want to write about for everybody to know and understand. Someday, I will.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 10
15-0038

I saw many people asking for water. However, I could not do anything for them, since all I could do at that time was just to run away by myself seeking a safe place.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 10
01-0504

It was very fine that morning. As the school was closed that day, I was playing on the porch of my house (with my sister and brother). The flash suddenly struck us with a big sound. I was trapped under our collapsed house. Crying, I narrowly crawled off to the outside. I saw a neighboring woman who had been washing clothes outside, burning alive. She was asking me for help, but I could not even go near her because of the great terror and I left her. I was only ten years old and could do nothing for her. The sky was dark and the air was filled with smoke.

It was really the first and last time for me to see someone being burned alive, which struck great terror into my heart. Even now I remember how helpless I was, terrified and astonished in panic.

If only I could have given a glass of water to that woman. I am still tormented by a guilty feeling for not having helped anybody.

Everything seemed to be in chaos. My brother, sister and I were driven by terror and just ran away separately to the mountain side, leaving other people behind.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 10
04-0361

On the way when I was taken to the military air-raid shelter, I saw thousands of dead people. For a week from the afternoon of the day of the atomic bombing, I saw many corpses every day, burnt black to a cinder. This formidable weapon which killed so many people instantly struck me with terror. Day after day, I suffered from fear, hatred, and terror of war, being driven half mad.

A child who seemingly had lost his parents and unable to say a word, followed me. Though he ran after me everywhere, relying upon me, I had no food or water to share with him. I felt so depressed recognizing that I could do nothing at all for him.

Although those seriously injured (many soldiers and citizens suffering from heavy burns) asked for a last sip of water, there was not a drop of water to give them. In such an extremely terrible situation, I deeply felt that starvation and thirst would deprive human beings of reason and intelligence.

I want to appeal for the abolition of nuclear weapons as one of those who experienced the misery of war.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 10
11-0128

I lost my senses for a moment, just after the atomic bomb exploded. When I recovered consciousness, I found fires starting everywhere and many people fall dead, one on another. A number of people lay on the street here and there, groaning in pain and giving off a most offensive smell.

I had no room to consider other people, since I was desperate in taking my family and myself to the riverside, running away from this sudden terrible event. Even now I feel so terrible, just remembering anything that I experienced in those days.

Hiroshima, 1.5km, Female, 12 years old
08-0017

(1) At that time I was in the sixth grade. As I was in the classroom on the first floor with my classmate on duty during the morning I suffered from the atomic bomb, caught by falling pillars and windowpanes. I crawled out to the schoolyard. There all the students and teachers, who had gathered for the morning meeting, were lying on the ground.

Suddenly one of those lying there called out to me. The skin of his whole body was torn to rags and hanging down and his hair standing on end. As he looked like a ghost, I was afraid and ran away instinctively. But he was my teacher. I can't forget that even now.

(2) Barely alive I found refuge in the ground of the Hiroshima Second Junior High School, where we found a student crying for help, with the upper half of his body hanging out of the crumbled school building. We tried in vain to pull him out. Soon the rest of the school began to burn and fall down. As I was only a child, I couldn't do anything but pray with my hands pressed together, running away from there. I often ask myself how he was after that.

(3) I was looking for my missing brother among so many dead bodies burnt black as charcoal. I found him finally but his face had swollen up to twice its size. I could recognize him only by the name tag on his clothes. My parents, my sister and I piled up some lumber on the school yard, laid him on it and cremated him. The flame of the cremation has burnt indelibly into my mind.

Hiroshima, 2.0km, Female, 12 years old
29-0016

When I came back to the place where our house had been to try to find my family, I came across many people. But I couldn't recognize them as my neighbors till I heard their names, because each face had swollen up from burns.

In the city, I found a dead horse still standing and saw how all the passengers in a street car were burnt black. I saw several mothers being dead in water tanks in front of houses, into which they seemed to have jumped to drink

water, holding their babies in their arms. As I was walking among many lying people, dead or alive, I was caught by the leg by burnt people asking for water.

Recently I became able to talk about it to anyone. But for some twenty years after the end of the war, I couldn't and hated to talk about it because I shed tears at once.

Hiroshima, 1.0km, Female, 13 years old
34-0498

All the people were naked as their clothes were burnt off. The skin was burnt black and hanging down, hair standing on end. Several children came to me begging for water, but as there wasn't any water for them to drink, I couldn't give them even the last drop of water on their deathbed. A child said to me before he died, "Please help me. I am Yamazaki living in Kan'non-machi," but I wasn't able to do anything for him because I was also awfully hurt.

My mother gave him her yukata. He said, "Thank you. But I can't wear it because of severe pain", shaking his head. I cannot forget him.

It was the first time for me to see so many dogs, cats and horses lying dead. I thought how cruel war is. I hope war will never occur again.

The city was full of naked people as if it were a public bath. There were a number of bloody people with their hair disheveled. It was like hell.

The street was covered with a lot of broken glass. As pieces of glass stuck in my feet, they were bleeding. Some telephone poles were burning here and there. Not even a house could be seen, as all were burnt down.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 13 years old
34-4135

It all happened in an instant. I didn't know what happened.

Under the burning summer sun many school girls were running

away crying loudly. They were terribly burnt and almost naked because their clothes were burnt to rags. I followed them.

On the way, I ran away stepping aside from a lying man like a charred fish, and many severely injured, motionless people.

Once I dropped into the river, and many wounded people followed me into the water one after another.

Those who were exhausted died, falling one upon another.

On the way out of the river to Hijiyama hill, I heard a man buried under a crumbled house crying for help but I couldn't do anything for him.

Hiroshima, 0.5 km, Female, 14 years old
22-0281

Some people were crushed to death under the crumbled streets and houses. Some people came into the water to avoid the heat, only to die there. Their death reminds me of the death of my family.

A man caught by some posts of a burning house was crying for help. His face and voice are still vivid in my memory. A mother was dead in a water tank holding her child in her arms. I feel them very miserable and wretched.

I never want to see such a scene again.

Some people were crying for water. They were so severely burnt that nobody could recognize which was their front. I asked those who could say their own name whether they wanted water or not.

I walked here and there giving water into the mouths of strangers. I can't forget the sadness of those who died with no relative to give them the last drop of water.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 14 years old
20-0098

A swarm of bloody people were walking to the Yokokawa River along the street behind my house. A middle-aged man was walking in front of the crowd with his head bleeding and with nothing on. I even now remember his face clearly.

Beside a five or six year-old boy, his sister was crying for him to take her up in his arms. But her wounded brother could do nothing but stamp his foot in frustration.

A middle-aged woman happened to come to Hiroshima on that day. Her hands, feet and face were swollen enormously.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 14 years old
22-0020

a. Strange to say, a walking man and a cow disappeared, leaving only their shadows.

b. The school house where I went collapsed in a moment and the first floor was laid flat. Not only did I hear some cries asking for help here and there but also I saw flames breaking out one after another.

c. I saw so many burnt people coming to the river in order to drink water but dying there. The water of the river had turned deep red.

d. I was severely hurt and my wounds suppurated. What is worse, they was infested with maggots under the summer heat. I cried because it was so painful.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 14 years old
27-0526

A lot of people were buried under the crumbled school building. As the fire spread so fast, most of my friends couldn't escape and were burnt to death. Their lives were sacrificed. Even little children fell a sacrifice to the nation.

I left my school without saving my friend F who was

screaming for help with her head out of the crumbled school house. I feel terribly sorry for them.

A little body that seemed to be covered with oil never leaves my mind.

A soldier, who had wielded his authority arrogantly, was dead with his eyes wide open and his arms up as if he wanted to grasp something. I didn't feel sympathy for him at all.

When I was taking refuge on the Koheibashi Bridge, a rescue truck came late in the evening. But because I was severely injured and what is worse, a mere child, I couldn't get on the truck. I thought human beings were egoistic.

We are living in a movement between the second World War and a war of the future. During forty years since the A-bombing, the government has not done anything for us. I think it is waiting for the survivors to die off. We have been calling for peace in place of the dead victims. The government should listen to our cries and compensate us for health and life.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 14 years old
11-0173

Houses were destroyed by the blast. Buried under the crumbled houses, many people were crying for help. I tried to let them out, but the fire spread so fast that I ran away leaving them. I ran away hearing cries of strangers. But there are many people who could not help but leave their parents, children, brothers, and sisters, saying, "I will come back later."

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 14 years old
13-07-005

On the morning of that day, I left my house for the printing factory where I was called up. My mother saw me off till I turned the corner of the street. Her figure is still vivid in my mind, but it turned out to be my last farewell to her.

After the bomb was dropped, we rushed to a hilly place of Koi district led by our teacher. From the evening till midnight, parents and brothers of the classmates came there. They called their children's names one after another, and took them. The number of the students staying in the refuge was gradually decreasing. But nobody came for me. As my father, mother and sisters were very well, I believed any of them would come to look for me. I waited for them that night without getting any wink of sleep. Looking from the top of Koi, the entire city was a sea of flames.

As the area of my house was still burning, I walked a long distance to my relative's house, where my family had agreed to meet in case of emergency. But none of my family was there. Because I heard a rumor that the whole city seemed to be totally destroyed, I was so anxious about my family. But I couldn't believe that they might be dead, remembering them having breakfast together. I waited and waited for them. In the evening, one elder sister arrived at the house and, on the next day another elder sister showed up. My parents and the other two elder sisters, however, did not appear.

Some days later, the fire in the center of the city was finally extinguished. I could approach the ruins. I could easily recognize my house by a big stone lantern fallen in the yard and a safe and a refrigerator lying there. As white bones were scattered here and there, I gathered them in a handkerchief and brought them back to our relative's house. I wasn't sure which bones are mother's, father's and sisters'. As I didn't see their bodies, I thought they might be alive, and went to relief centers set at the ruins of schools as well as hospitals to search for them. Even some years later, when I saw persons who looked like my parents and sisters, I followed them.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 14 years old
22-0127

A horse was burnt black. It might have tried to jump at the time of bombing. It was dead in that posture. The inside of a street car was burning. Many passengers were crying for help with their bodies hanging out of the windows. The terrible sight was beyond words. I sometimes recall their screams.

I saw hands and legs sticking out of the crumbled pillars and moving. A naked soldier was running about to show us a way and means to escape. I was a freshman of junior high school (13 years old) then.

My father was working at Dai-ichi Bank and appointed to be the manager of Okayama branch. On the previous night of that day, he was staying at the bank to hand over his work. I brought a lunch box to him the next morning, and on my way back I was caught by the atomic bomb in front of the gate of Yasuda Gakuen School.

When I was escaping, I saw a junior high school student who was drugging his gaiters on the ground. What frightened me was how his burnt skin of his hands was hanging down just like a pair of gloves which were turned inside out. At the time of crossing a railway bridge, I felt that the interval between sleepers was wide. As there were fires here and there, the bridge was so hot. They often say, "A man gets one life out of nine deaths," which describes a person who narrowly escaped death. But I would say, "I got one life out of ten thousand deaths."

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 14 years old
23-0066

When I was a second year student in a girl's junior high school (14 years), I was working in a factory under the school mobilization order. Just after the opening roll call was over, there was a flash. I cannot remember what happened after that. When I came to myself, I found myself crawling on hands and knees in the ruins of the factory. I could not see around. I heard someone groaning and crying for help below the ruins. But fire was approaching me. I didn't know which way I should go. When I was wondering where to go, to the river or not, a kind man led me safely to the river. I ran away frantically. I might have wanted to be saved alone. I pity others whenever I remember that time.

On the river, there was a lot of people in rags, bleeding and wandering about with their skin hanging down. Some people were walking down to the river to get water; bodies were floating in the water. It was a real inferno.

On my way home, black rain began to fall. I took shelter from the rain in a house, where the family were kind enough to give me a rice ball.

I barely reached my house by sunset. I walked about 16 km. My parents had confirmed that the elder son was alive. But they half gave me up for dead. So they were very glad to see me.

My elder brother was brought to the house three days later, but as he was burned and severely injured, he died on the 19th in spite of good care by us. My mother died in March 1948. In April the same year my father died.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 14 years old
27-0254

It is really strange that I walked calmly in the horrible sights that a man having ordinary nerve could hardly look at squarely.

When I walked through those who were severely burnt and dying, I felt terribly sorry that I was not injured, only with burns on my face.

When I was looking for my younger sister, a kind soldier gave me some pieces of hardtack. I ate them in the scorched smell of cremating corpses. The smell of hardtack still reminds me of the foul odor like scorched soy sauce. Since then I can't eat hardtack.

The place where my younger sister had died was known twenty-odd years after the bombing. She died on the riverside. If I had been at the riverside, she could have been saved. I always regret that.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 15 years old
22-0100

Suffering about 20 cuts by glass fragments and bruises on the upper right side of my body, hands, face and head, I was ill in bed for 20 days. I wanted to get medical treatment for them, there was neither doctor nor hospital anywhere. One week after the bomb, I at last found a relief

tent in a street and was standing in a line for medical treatment. Then I saw one of my acquaintances in the queue, whose whole right arm was burnt and festered with her skin peeling off and what was worse, it stank terribly. I was very surprised to see her wound infested with maggots. I told her to take the maggots out, but she said, "Don't touch my arm. It is too painful." While I was watching her in pain, I too felt so sick that I could no longer wait my turn. I went back to my home by cart without getting medical treatment.

About three weeks after the bombing, both my uncle and cousin began to show the symptoms of the atomic disease (leukemia). At first, they suffered from high fever, then they bled at the gums and internal organs. They died in agony about four weeks later.

A wound on my face was so big that I wore a bandage around my head for three months. When I visited the sick uncle and cousin with my right arm in a triangular bandage, they were surprised to see me still alive.

They died, being unable to see a doctor, nor even to get one injection. I cannot ever forget them, wrapped in a quilt and brought to the crematorium on a large cart.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 15 years old
32-0105

I was at home with my mother and sister at that time. Suddenly I heard my mother's scream. I could no longer see my mother and sister.

I spent all night surrounded by a lot of dead and injured people. I could do nothing for them. I was very sorry to be helpless.

At that time I wandered about in confusion.

Even now I don't want to recall the horrible day.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 15
11-0114

A flash of light ran through and burned my forehead. Before I could leave my house, black rain fell. In the kitchen I was blown by the blast and trapped under a big beam and the refrigerator. Unable to set out, I just called for help. My mother came back from the work of tearing down houses. I heard her voice faintly calling my name. I was under the debris, and she didn't seem to hear me. I collected all my strength and shouted, "I am here!" She finally saw me and helped me out by moving the refrigerator, which was so heavy that she could not normally have moved it.

My hand was injured with bits of glass and bloody flesh was hanging on it. Some one used Mercurochrome for first aid and my burns were smarting. Outside the ruined house was like hell, with fires everywhere.

Some people said the black rain was from heavy oil scattered from the sky.

People were fleeing from the fires, injured and almost lifeless people carried on a cart, others asking their mothers for water; still others, burnt and swollen, plodding along with their hands stretched out. They didn't look like people of this world. Some jumped into the river for water, among the floating corpses burnt and bloated. The river was red with blood.

Some soldiers on boats were collecting corpses by pulling them with a fire-hook or tying a rope to a corpse and the boat. The corpses were piled up in a square. Because corpses were piled and burned with heavy oil at schools and squares, the city was covered with smoke and smell for more than two months.

Maggots bred and flies swarmed on the burns. We had to take meals and do other things under a mosquito net. As the water supply was destroyed, we drank water from the river, sometimes pushing aside the burnt bodies. In those days I was too confused to do anything to help. Some forty years later, I still feel guilty for this.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 15
14-1061

I had a cousin, older than I and mother of four girls. Her ankle was caught under a beam in the fallen house. My grand-mother desperately tried to move it, but she was trapped by the fire. In the smoke she said, "Please leave me. I leave my daughters to you. Go, quick!", and she was engulfed by the fire. How terrible it must have been for her.

My friend, a girl student under mobilization, was blown by the blast into a cess-pool (the house was shattered). With no help given to her, she died there. How terrible for that 15 year-old girl!

Hiroshima, 0.5 km, Female, 16 years old
32-0137

I was in the third year of a girl's school. As a mobilized student, I was working at the West Telecommunication office.

On that morning, all students were in a meeting-room waiting for morning gathering to start. Someone had gone to the toilet. Suddenly there was a flash of light and big bang, and seven of us flung ourselves under our desks. The one in the toilet could not escape because of the broken door. Nor could we help another who was trapped under a big fallen cabinet in the next room. I can never forget these two people.

Another thing. While fleeing toward West Hiroshima, I lost my slipper on a bridge, and took the wooden clogs from a person in front of me. I always feel guilty when I remember this.

In the present peaceful life, I still regret that I could do nothing for the people crying for help in the river, but had to leave to escape.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 16 years old
13-04-007

Dead bodies burnt black and lying like electric poles; Wandering people; Some had their intestines hanging out, others with their skin peeling off, hanging like an apron, others bleeding all over their bodies and crying for water.

There was no water near me. I broke an ampul of injection liquid and dropped the liquid into the mouth of one of the injured. Some other people were already dead when I returned to them with water. It is painful even just to remember them.

For the quick disposal of corpses in the summer heat, we stuck a number card on each, took hair and belongings as mementos and burned them with kerosene in a narrow empty lot in a hospital. It is unthinkable that we did this. In prayer.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 16 years old
15-0025

By the bombing, my mother, younger brother and I were caught under our fallen house. Fortunately my brother and I managed to crawl out of the ruins without injuries, but my mother was trapped under a beam. With great difficulty we at last pulled her out. Her leg was crushed and one end of broken bone sticking out with blood. In a few days her leg rotted, maggots bred on it, and she died on August 15, the day the war ended. Thinking that if there had been peace, she could have received medical treatment without delay and perhaps survived, I really sorrow for her death.

My brother next to me has never been heard of since he was mobilized for the war as a student. I sometimes think he may still be alive somewhere.

I spent many days with the smell of burning corpses everywhere. Perhaps because my senses were paralyzed, I did not feel any emotion about it.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 16
34-0027

I was then 16 years old and in fourth year of Yasuda Senior Girls School, working in a factory as a mobilized student. The blast caused the factory building to fall. Covered by debris on all over my body I could not move, and the fingers of my right hand were trapped under a fallen pole. For a while I lay there, unable to imagine what had happened. A few minutes later yellow smoke came. Choking, I could not even cry. Suddenly there was this flash of light. I can't remember whether or not a bang followed it. Perhaps I was blown off to the south. When I came to myself I saw the factory gate before me.

I saw a girl of around 2nd school year her neck caught by a beam. Her mouth was open, with her tongue out and dribbling. I do not know her name, but I can still hear her moans calling for water.

In a moment a fire broke out. A factory worker with an artificial leg came up to our teacher Matsuo, and said, "A student is trapped under a fallen chimney. Please help her!" Matsuo was a white-haired old man. Disregarding our pleas not to go, he rushed into the fire and left us to help her, saying to me, "You are a senior student. You should guide the younger!" At the riverside there was a boat. I told junior students that the only those unable to swim could use it. I waited there for the teacher to catch up with us, but the fire was coming closer. Before walking into the water, I found a boy of around three or four years old. His skin was peeling off, but he was standing on the bank without crying. I asked him if he would escape with me. He nodded. I jumped into the water from the bank, with the boy on my back. His peeled skin floated on the water. Half-drowning, I continued to swim desperately. Some people, including junior students, were drowning in the water, with a cry for help.

Strangely I saw none of my class-mates. When I later met my old class-mate in April 1960 at the Hiroshima railway station, I asked her how we had been separated from each other. She said that most of them had been blown to the north and that with four teachers and many junior students they had fled toward Kabe district. I heard this for the first time.

When I reached the Chojuen-Garden Park, a sandbank in the river, carrying the boy on my back, I was completely exhausted. The boy died next day. When I was floating with his body in the river, I had my first period. But I did not care at all. I had to swim again toward Ushita.

In the Hesaka Primary School, we picked maggots from wounds of other people and burned corpses on the playground.

On August 9, I went to the ruins of a factory, taking the same course as previous days, and worked there under the order of soldiers to clean up debris from the fire. On my way home, to Hakushima-Kuken-cho, when I swam across a river and reached Motomachi riverbank, I saw a soldier pulling floating corpses from the river with a fire-hook. He ordered me to swim again to tie a rope to a corpse and gave me three ropes, promising that he would give me a rice-ball. Though exhausted, I wanted the rice-ball. I tied ropes to three corpses and pulled them out of the river. But he did not give me a rice-ball. Instead I obtained two dry biscuits.

The teacher Matsuo, with his last words and the cries of my junior students, still remain vividly in my mind. I regret that I did not ask the name of the boy. The ashes of a teacher and younger students, who had been trapped under the debris and burned to death, were gathered on charred roofing tiles near a chimney of the ruined factory. I do not know how these were disposed of.

My father missing; my cousin, girl, dead; and my mother also died next year in my presence. She was diagnosed as having typhoid fever. That I burned corpses at the Hesaka Primary School and at the Army Hospital still remains in my mind. I don't understand why I, a sufferer directly caught in the bombing, and the people who suffered in the remote country-side and were just engaged there in relief work receive the same amount of health care allowances. Why is this?

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 16 years of age
24-0007

1. In the evening on August 6, around Mitaki-machi I met several people from my district, who on the morning had

gone to Dobashi-cho to work on tearing down buildings to make fire breaks. They were so badly wounded and burned all over their bodies, with their skin peeling off their hands and legs and their faces swollen, that although they gave me their names I could not identify them by their appearance. I can still see with my mind's eye their figures plodding on their way, crying with pain. They left me, saying that they would go to their relatives'.

2. While fleeing from the fire I saw around Yokokawa railway station a man and a woman who were holding their intestines in their hands. In agony they plucked at their wounds, crying, "Please kill me!" (The man was a neighbor and the woman a wife of my father's friend.)

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 16
26-0007

1 On my way to evacuation I was appalled to see people, burnt and naked, plodding on absent-mindedly, and also a dead body with a neck between the bridge railings. Swollen corpses were floating in the river and the dead lying on the streets. I cannot forget the countless bodies lying in the playground of the Second Middle-School, some piled up and burned and others simply thrown there.

2. I was so terrified my legs turned to rubber.

3. From fear I could not do anything to help the people crying for first-aid and water. A woman neighbor was burned all over the lower-part of her body and died downstairs of her house. Another neighbor, an old woman who had always taken care of her grand-child, was trapped under a fallen house and burned to death at a place where she used to live, trying to protect her grandchild.

In my mind I can still vividly see that hellish scene.

Hiroshima, 2 km, Female, Age 16
27-0288

At the time of the bombing, I was 16 years old. All girl students, including myself, were mobilized in those days. None of my family was exposed to the atomic bombing.

On August 6, the day the bomb was dropped, when I came home, everyone told me they thought I was dead. Even now I cannot forget the hellish scene I saw on my way home. I walked on corpses. It was so terrible that I could not watch my steps. Indeed incredulous, but I was so desperate in fleeing that I did not notice that I was trampling something soft underfoot.

Still in my memory are smoke-stained faces of people on a truck looking at me and a tram rail bent and turned up. Hiroshima was so completely destroyed and burned that beyond the ruined city I could even see sea water or river from what had been the Yokokawa railway station. In walking I heard everywhere people crying for help. I felt it was strange that I had survived.

From the next day, August 7, I went to temples, schools and a town office to help to give first-aid to victims. I felt pained because we had no medicine. In the Shoen-ji temple, corridors and a kitchen were full of people, all stained black and so badly injured that it was almost impossible to identify them. They did not look like humans but like animals. We brought the dead out one after another and piled them up in the temple garden. From there the bodies were carried to the river-bed and burned with straw. Yet more people were carried to the temple and died in rapid succession. There were people crying for water, some grabbing my leg and collecting all their energy to tell me something, but I could do nothing for them. Thinking that sooner or later all would die, I brought a bucket of water and gave it to them by a dipper. For this I was scolded by one soldier. All died within a week.

I saw maggots, white swarms, breeding in wounds in that hot summer. How could it occur in this world? Though absent-minded I always asked myself this all through the rest of my age 16. Hiroshima became another starting point of my life. Nothing is more cruel than war. Learning later that this had been caused by a new-type bomb, I felt how horrifying the atomic bomb was.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 16
32-0214

Working as a mobilized student at the Sumino-Kogyo

factory, I was caught in the bombing. On my way to escape with my friends through Misasa-cho to Gion-cho, a girl kindergarten, with her left arm hanging down, held my hand, crying, asking me to take her with me. I noticed that her left arm was deeply torn and the white flesh exposed. I was also burnt on my arm. Surprised to see her wound, I bandaged her arm and walked with her to look for a first-aid tent. Holding my hand, she said that she did not know where her teacher and friends had gone and that she wanted to go with me. I felt sorry to see the girl bearing the pain without crying. We at last found a first-aid station, around which were countless people, all injured. I explained to a nurse that the girl was seriously wounded, and then we left, asking the nurse to give her treatment before the others. She cried, "Don't leave me!", still ringing in my ears. If she is alive, she may now be around 44 or 45 years old. I feel guilty for having left her behind.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 16
34-4129

I was caught in the bombing in a train with my friend, on our way to go to the workshop of mobilized students. I fled alone from there. Next day, my friend was found dead.

The people I saw on my way to escape were plodding on their way like sleepwalkers. Though very anxious to know about the safety of my parents, I was soon unable to walk because of the wounds on my leg. I still cannot forget the fear and loneliness I felt while spending some time there.

I asked someone to remove the debris of my house, and on August 19, the ashes of my parents were found there. Knowing that my hope was shattered and that they had not been able to escape, I lost all my strength. Of course I lost the house, furniture and all other things. The children were taken separately by our relatives and had to spend uneasy days.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 17
15-0034

1. Dead and blackened bodies were so dreadful that I

could not bear to look at them.

2. I feel that it was an atrocious war, whenever I think about hundreds of thousands of the injured and deceased, including the children, students and young people I saw, many vomiting blood and dying.

3. I could not collect courage to help others, because I thought I would also die soon.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 17
33-0062

Naked, bent and burnt, the corpses in the streets looked like worms. There were soldiers on the platform of the Hiroshima railway station, They were all naked on the upper part of bodies, and because of the burns they looked not like humans but like broiled fish. I had no medicine and could do nothing to help them.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age 17
34-2617

I suffered from the atomic bombing at the nurses dormitory of the Red Cross Hospital. In waiting for rescue, loud cries and groans of my many companions were heard everywhere. Trapped under fallen pillars and walls I at first could not move. When I at last crawled out, the fire was already spreading all around. Hearing a cry of a friend, I tried to help her, but could not pull her out because she had a broken bone and there was no tool available to help her. Her voice soon faded out and a fire caught her. Cries of my friends who died there still ring in my ears.

After the bombing, the Red Cross Hospital was filled with heat and the smell of seriously injured people densely lying there, and the visitors coming one after another from the suburbs walked between them to look for their parents and relatives, covering their nostrils with towels in their hands. The wet of burns soon turned to abscesses and maggots bred in the rotten flesh. The victims, many of whom one could not identify, were groaning all the time. When I was sweeping maggots off the floor, a young man, heavily

wounded and lying half-dead in front of me, suddenly said, "Mother, I am here!". Perhaps he had heard his mother's voice among the voices of those looking for their relatives. Surprised at his loud voice, I watched him. His mother fell on his body and embraced him without caring about her clothes getting filthy. This picture of her shedding tears and crying, even now remains in my mind.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, Age 17
12-0071

The atomic bombing came two weeks after I moved to Hiroshima. I was then a student at age 17. In those days circumstances did not allow anyone to have his or her own will, nor could one think about right and wrong of the war. Nor did I get myself all worked up to "die any time". In fact, when I was caught in the bombing, I did not have any special emotion.

Friends died by me; a child, after moaning over-night from pain and calling for mother, also died the next morning. Watching all this, I was thinking that I would also die soon, and that the only problem was when and how. Preoccupied by my coming death, though I was still alive I could not afford to think about other people.

I now feel terrified to recall my youth, the days when I was dehumanized, with no emotion or any other human traits in the prevailing nationalist and totalitarian education.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 17 years old
12-0071

It was two weeks after I came to live in Hiroshima by myself as a student that I suffered from the atomic bombing. I was 17 years old. In those days, we were taught not to have our own will to do something, not even questioning the purpose of the war. Without having any strong emotional feeling, I was prepared to die at any time. I was apathetic when the atomic bomb was dropped.

My friends died beside me. A child kept on calling its mother all night long, crying with pain, and died in the morning. Watching each of them, I thought, "I will die like

them sooner or later. Now I am alive, but in what way am I going to die?" My mind was too much occupied with my own affairs to feel pity for others.

Now I am horrified to think how I passed my dehumanized youth, apathetically and impassively denying myself in the nationalism and totalitarianism.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 17 years old
28-0039

My father died in 1936 when my mother was 34 years old, I 8 years old, and my brother 6 years old. After that the three of us struggled to make a living. I managed to graduate from a girls' high school and my brother was able to go on to junior high school, thanks to an inheritance from my father. My mother worked hard, only looking forward to having my brother go on to university. But my brother, in the summer of his third year of the junior high school, was killed by the atomic bomb.

On August 6, my mother went near Tsurumi Bridge to help tear down houses to clear fire breaks, the labor service requested by the neighborhood women's association. My brother left his junior high school for Koami-cho, also to tear down houses. I was also one of the "patriotic volunteers", but happened to stay at home that day, doing laundry work. Just when the buzzing of the B29 reached my ears and I stepped into the drawing room from the laundry room, I saw the flash, and next moment I was buried under the crumbled house. I opened my eyes and found myself in something foggy like yellow smoke, and stayed still with eyes closed. A soldier helped me out, telling me to come into a bomb shelter, as military planes were circling in the sky.

One family gave me a night's lodging. Next morning, on the road to the city to inquire after my mother and brother, I saw people like lumps of meat, whose bodies were swollen huge from burns, and my knees gave way at the sight. But I regained control of myself and started to walk. I steelled myself to look at dead bodies here and there in a drill ground and at dying people asking for water, straining with their last voice, and judged whether he or she was my brother or my mother. It was a disastrous scene, never seen

or even imagined at ordinary times, but I was all eyes, looking for them. On the fifth morning, at last I was informed that my mother was in a primary school in Mukainada. She was burnt on half of her body and her arms were infested with maggots. In spite of such a condition, she worried about her son. She firmly believed that "he is alive, he is surely alive somewhere." She exerted herself to recover her strength to seek him out. It was so pitiful for her that her son was missing. She had found her life worth living only in his growth. Until she ended her days at 75 years old, she never recovered her memory and believed that her son was alive somewhere. Forgive me, brother, that I could not find you.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 17 yeas old
33-0026

Blood spurted out from all over my body and my younger brother's, and our clothes were smeared with blood. By the roadside, a two or three-year-old child was seriously burned, crying out in pain. I involuntarily soaked his body from an emergency fire tank. We took him to a school a little way from there, to have his wounds treated, but the child soon died.

We were picked up by a truck and were received in a big temple in the countryside. People died almost every day, and were cremated in a big hole dug beside the temple. It was so horrible that I wanted to go somewhere else, but I had nowhere to go. We passed our days in anxiety.

Several times we visited the devastated city, but unrest went on growing. I cannot forget that I wandered about the ruins with my younger brother, hoping the elder brother was alive somewhere.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 17 years old
34-2303

I could do nothing but protect myself from falling sparks without knowing what I was doing. I could not help people, nor give water to those who, the same as I, held on to a log floating in the river, with peeled skin hanging, clothes torn and face blackened, and sank into the river one

after another, muttering in a fainting low voice, "Water..." Soon the water sank and we were astonished to find numerous dead bodies left on the riverbed.

I now regret that I could not give them a drink of water before they passed away.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 18 years old
27-0219

A lot of posts were piled upon the breast of my friend, who was buried under a wooden lodging, and whichever post I moved, it pressed on her breast; moreover, the fire was closing in on us, so I could not rescue her. I feel sorry for it forever.

There were many people, perhaps patients gathering at Hiroshima Army Hospital nearby, who were going down to the river for water, with faces blackened with burns, or with big blisters on their arms or legs, crying, "Water, water." I could do nothing for them. Whatever I saw, all my might was occupied on how to survive myself. That situation was unearthly.

I want to work with other people in order to build genuine peace, not only lip service.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 18 years old
35-0034

A friend disappeared entirely with that flash, and left nothing, no body, no shadow.

My best friend was buried under a torn-down house and burnt alive. Her senses grew dim at that moment and remained expressionless even when she looked at me, her closest friend. The upper half of her body was burnt and peeled skin hung there.

Another friend, who collapsed and unable to move from the burned roof-tiles, asked me for water, but I did not give her any. Her voice still sounds in my ears as if it happened just yesterday.

A friend, who volunteered as a nurse of Japan Red Cross Hospital, suffered from severe burns. As it was summertime, her burnt skin had rotted and was infested with maggots. Maggots infested from the head to the scruff of the neck of a living human being! She was rotting alive. With no medicine available, she stayed under a mosquito net to avoid flies and lived for three months.

I can never forget that experience till I die. Everything comes back vividly anytime and anywhere, because it has been printed on my mind.

Human beings must never wage war in any part of the world.

**Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 18 years old
22-0385**

After I was burnt by that strong flash, keeping away from places emitting smoke, I joined long lines of grotesque people and kept walking with dragging painful feet. I can't understand why I thought so, but then 18 years old, I was reminded of power of rice when I saw a throng of people with their heads, faces, arms and legs, parts not covered with clothes, dusted with white powder. Then I noticed that my arms also had been whitened.

At last I arrived at the clothing depot, but it was in a terrible state. Enveloped in a foul smell, people were lying on the floor; some with whole body burnt and peeled skin hanging, or others unable to move because of injury. Whether they found their way there or were brought there, squatting down and groaning they muttered, "Water, give me water." To someone who occasionally gave a cry, others called out, "You are not the only one. You should bear the pain" Of course it was to encourage him, but it sounded very cold. Suffering people could not cry out as much as they wanted, separated from their families. And when they wanted water, they could not get it and would die alone in pain, because water was believed to be bad for their burns. It almost breaks my heart to remember their sufferings and deaths. I wish I could at least have let them drink as much water as they wanted. In those days when the food supplies ran short, water was the only thing available for them anyway.

Then I noticed I had heavy blisters on my arms. People who looked white were actually suffering from burns. Now, we give a cry with pain even if a tip of a finger gets burnt. I wonder how we could have kept walking at that time. We might have been out of our normal senses by the shock or too frightened to worry about the burns, by rumors afloat about air raids, which set us for frantic efforts to escape.

War is cruel. People who were burnt by nuclear weapons are the worst victims. I will never forgive those who used such weapons as an experiment, something which ought not have been used on humans, by treating us as guinea pigs.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 18 years old
27-0525

There is one scene which I can never forget. In a hospital in Eba where I was taking shelter, a young mother ran about frantically begging for help because the intestines of her 4 year old daughter were spilling out onto the floor. It was bloody, a hell on earth.

Then my relatives took me to their home, but it was crowded with aunts and uncles who were injured and burnt. There was one uncle who was burned all over his entire body. He kept asking the nurse to sit him up when it got too painful, and then he would ask her to lay him down again soon afterward, but there was nothing that the nurse could do because she couldn't touch him anywhere. But even in his pain he kept his wits about him and worried about his family until he died, suddenly, on August 8. But his family--his wife and daughter in Toka-machi--died anyway. I was in shock as I watched him die--he was right next to me.

Both of my arms and legs were burnt, and I was delirious. They said that I would die. But a nurse from next door gave me a shot and I got a little better. Later I was admitted to a hospital in Hatsukaichi. I was taken there with an injured aunt of mine by a horse-drawn cart. All the way to the hospital we screamed in pain as the cart lurched down the road. A week later the war ended and the hospital closed. I finally was able to go home in Minami-Kannon-machi. Our house was barely standing and inside was a mess. So we had to clean out the storehouse in the back

of the house so our mother who had been injured by glass could stay there. My youngest brother and father were all right, but I was very sad to find out after getting back that my other brother died on the 7th while on duty as a student-soldier in Koami-cho.

I was bedridden and unable to walk for four months. I became very worried about my future. But I began walking a little in January and became a little relieved. Both of my elbows were covered by keloidal scars, and I couldn't stretch my arms. Every time my mother saw me, she would cry. My other brother died. I thought it would be better for all of us to die, too, but my father scolded me for having such thoughts.

And then there was the nurse who took care of us—she was fine until one day she suddenly started to vomit blood and died. They say it was because she was poisoned by all the victims that she took care of. How terrible the atomic bomb was!

By August 20, 1945 nine of my relatives had died. Many of them were only children. We could not find the remains of six of them.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 18 years old
13-11-026

1. The emergency measures taken were simple—on the bank of the River Motoyasu, underwear was used as bandages. There were people burned over their entire bodies moaning in pain, and I wet my towel in the river and tried to cool their burns one by one. People thanked me, "It's cool. Feels good."

2. As I reached the banks from the riverside on my way to Hijiyama Hill, the black rain began to fall. A woman bleeding from her stomach hiding behind some tanks of water said that the rain hurt her. I found a burnt tin sheet nearby and covered her with it. She said, "Thank you."

3. Near Kokutaiji Temple looking like he had been stuck there, a young boy of about Junior High School age hung from a tree; he probably had been blown there by the wind from the atomic blast.

4. Around the faucet where everyone got their water were a large number of dead people with their mouths open, pointing toward the faucet, and one person had been holding a baby.

5. On Kanawajima they piled up a lot of dead bodies into a mountain and cremated them. I still can't forget the color of the smoke.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 18 years old
33-0032

1. I swallowed one and a half of my upper front teeth when I screamed, "Incendiary bombs!" The sky was reddish yellow.

2. My face was wounded seriously; my left eye was too swollen to see out of; under my right eye, my cheek was torn like a pomegranate and my right elbow was cut so deep that you could see the veins. Blood was thick as fish guts.

3. People were running toward the military training grounds in the east. "I don't want to die! Will Japan win?" These were the thoughts I had when I fell senselessly to the ground. At that time the complicated Chinese character "Kyo", meaning surprise, came to mind and I wrote it. It delighted me and proved that I was still alive, and I was moved.

4. Still being a young girl, I washed my face and hair using water from a burst water line in Osuga-cho. But my face was swollen twice its normal size and my hair felt just like cotton candy.

5. My right eye was getting worse and it was getting harder to see. I grabbed the arm of a child running around and tried to get help, but the child was scared of my swollen face and ran away. I am here today because a Toyo Industry worker coming home from work stopped to help me.

6. I was taken by truck to a temporary clinic run by Toyo Industry and Nippon Kogyo Steel works where I was finally given a shot and without removing the glass or getting any treatment, had my wounds bandaged.

7. There are many other things to say, but I will stop here. It is strange that I never felt any pain. One other thing, my mother's burns were healed by an astringent persimmon.

8. Since I myself was wounded seriously, I couldn't help anyone else.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 19 years old
13-11-012

On the day of the atomic bomb, 11 members of my family slept together in the air raid shelter, three small children died during the night while saying, "water, water...." The next morning, we carried their bodies out of the shelter, but their faces were so swollen and black that we couldn't tell them apart, so we laid them out on the ground according to height and decided their identities according to their size, "This is the biggest, so it must be Shige-chan," "This next one must be Yotchan...." I felt that I was in a living hell.

My older sister's family died one by one until only my niece who was in the first grade was left, but one day she found some spots on her body. "If I die there will be no one to visit the graves of my family. I don't want to die. I don't want to die....," then she died.

People with lost children and grandchildren were searching here and there and were burning the bodies they did find.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 19 years old
32-0146

My best friend was crushed underneath a building and asked me for help, so I tried desperately to help her, but my efforts meant nothing, so I ran away with another friend. I hear her voice even now; I'll never be able to forget it.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 19 years old
34-0887

I couldn't go home, so I ran toward the old military training grounds. When I arrived at the temporary emergency clinic at Onaga Elementary School, there were a number of injured people lying on the grass by the entrance gate. In the middle of the crowd a muscular, middle aged man was loudly yelling for some help. When I looked closer, I saw that he had a large hole where his stomach should have been and his intestines were hanging out and moving in wave-like motions next to that hole, and as he spoke the wave-like motions became bigger and blood would spurt out of the wound. There were so many injured that I couldn't even get close to the gate, and although I thought the man needed me, I had to get away as far as I could. Shortly after I left, the sea of fire reached the school building, and then surrounded the clinic. As I walked to my relative's home in Yaga, I kept thinking "What happened to all those injured people who couldn't move? What about that middle aged man?" I also picked up some "medicine" (only some oil, potatoes, etc.) along the way. I finally arrived at my relative's and then for a while I couldn't move.

I also happened to meet a Junior High School student on the way to Yaga. He gave me a broken straw hat saying, "You can have this because it hurts if I put it on." His whole head had been burnt and I could see the marks of where he had worn the hat. I said, "It hurts, doesn't it?" The boy answered kindly, "It hurts you more than it does me." The young boy and I walked together to Iwahana.

I saw so many tragedies that I almost forgot about my body burnt entirely and hanging down. I'll always remember the spurting blood and the sea of fire.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 21 years old
01-2015

The hay smoking under the horse for days; the mass of burnt dead bodies; the stench of the dead; the swarms of flies everywhere; the tons of debris... Hiroshima--the city turned to hell in a minute. The many faces blackened by being exposed to the atomic blast directly. Without understanding what really had happened, without even

thinking, I just helped whoever I could.

The screams of my co-worker from under the destroyed building soon stopped. There was nothing I could do, I had barely escaped myself. During the next few days as I picked up the bones, endless tears of great sorrow flowed from my eyes. I swore that I would avenge their deaths, but then a week later, the war was over. Every time I think about all this, I am more convinced of the stupidity of war. No war should be repeated.

Human beings are not born to fight in wars.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 21 years old
13-11-022

The training division of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries in Koi-machi, Hiroshima had been evacuated from the Hiroshima factory (Minami-Kannon-machi, Chizaki) so we encountered the "Pika - Don" (atomic bomb explosion). There was a "baaa" sound and a ray of yellow light as the second floor, where I was, collapsed onto the first floor, and I fell down with the stairs on top of the documents on the first floor. I rescued five or six students trapped under the debris and then looked toward Koi Station as though in a trance. I thought I saw a line of 10 or 15 people with their upper bodies bare and their arms held out from their bodies and their hands limp with fingers hanging like cords from their hands. They were like ghosts. I couldn't tell if they were walking or just standing still. I still can see them.

On August 7 just after 1 p.m., my father and I went to the entrance of the Prefecture office to look for my younger sister who had been sent to clean up in the city. But all we could find were the bronze colored bodies of the children (students from a girl's junior high school) sticking out of water tanks with their feet pointing toward the sky, and their bodies were getting stiff....

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 21 years old
18-0013

There were some with faces swollen to twice their normal size and burnt black, some screamed, "It hurts! It

hurts!" Others yelled for help, "I'm going to die! Help me!" Children curled up and died.

There were dead bodies everywhere, so we climbed out from between the bodies. It was summer, so maggots bred in the open wounds. We tried to remove them. A lot of people died because we had no medicine to give them.

We gathered the bodies into a mountain. We covered the mountain in debris and oil and burned it. At night the phosphorus from the dead bodies burned eerily in the dark. It was terrible.

Children were burned seriously. The skin of their backs had peeled off and hung loosely on their bodies. The fingers on their hands had melted together. They cried for water.

My mother was trapped under a fallen house. She cried for help but no one helped her because they were worried about their own lives.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 21 years old
19-0024

-Charred dead bodies. Ghost like people who were out of their minds.

-The train that I had just missed, now only the frame left.

-The fear of running between buildings on fire.

-The moment that I discovered that I was burned and that my skin hung loosely from my body.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 21 years old
27-0243

I'll never be able to forget it. I was suffering from a high fever and couldn't sleep well. For about three nights in a row, the sky over the mountain was red because of the fire.

Many trucks passed me as I was leaving Hiroshima to go home. They carried wounded people. It was like watching a living hell. I couldn't tell whether the wounded were men or women because their clothes were burned black. Some were crying, other screaming. Some were dying.

When I arrived home, I could hear the voices of the wounded at the elementary school crying and moaning. They called for their mothers and fathers. I heard their voices in the wind. Ten or twenty people died that day and on each day after. They were taken in a truck to the other side of the tunnel and buried. This happened day after day.

About a week later, I went back to Hiroshima to check on my office. When I stood on the platform of the station, I saw at one glance the damage done to the city during those three days and nights while the fire blazed. Hiroshima had been thoroughly destroyed. The soldiers that I saw in the railroad yard! They were in stretchers on the concrete. They were burnt so badly that they couldn't speak. Maggots crawled all over their inflamed bodies. I tried to talk to them. I couldn't tell if they were dead or alive. Tears welled in the eyes of some. I felt really nauseas, but I kept encouraging them. I just couldn't leave them. I still think about them and worry if I really helped any of them, if any of them survived.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 21 years old
37-0028

I felt like I was in hell. It was so dreadful that I lost understanding and feeling.

A man lost his sight right in front of me. I regret that I couldn't help those who couldn't stand or walk. Around the foot of the mountain there were many people lying about. Some were already dead, and some were dying. If I close my eyes, I can still sense something rising from their bodies into the air.

I was so terrified. Every time I heard airplanes overhead, I would run around in a panic screaming, even though I was in an emergency shelter. This continued for 2 or 3 days.

As I write, the tears keep flowing from my eyes.

I never want it to happen again.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 21 years old
46-0056

On August 6, that unforgettable day, with the loud roar and bright light, the earth seemed to be inverted. In the same instant, we were enveloped in a sea of fire. I crawled out from under the crushed house, and I saw my neighbor stuffing his intestines back inside as he fled across a river. Blood was everywhere.

I couldn't stand up because my legs were burned, so I had to spend the night outdoors. It rained heavily that night. I felt the life leaving my body.

I was taken to a temple in Kabe, about 10 km inland, by a Civilian Guard truck. Around the temple, there were lots of people crawling, searching for water. Some were infested with maggots. On the road, there were charred dead bodies. It was a hellish scene.

I couldn't urinate by myself, so volunteers had to help me. Even for people with fevers of 40 degrees (130 degrees Fahrenheit) or more, there was no ice. There was not medicine to treat the injured. We spent each day in uncertainty and fear.

My heart becomes heavy every time I think about all of my neighbors who died.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 22 years old
27-0450

I lived in Hirosemotomachi (0.9 km from ground zero) but I was at work when the atomic bomb exploded. Just after I saw the flash of the bomb exploding, the building collapsed. I was buried under the ruins. I managed to get out only to find that all the buildings around were flattened out.

A person living next door was buried in the debris of

his house. From under the rubble, he asked me to lift the beam of his house. "My family is also under this beam," he said. It was too heavy for me to lift by myself. I asked some people passing by to help, but they ignored me. All I could do was run to and fro in confusion. The fire kept coming closer. I had to leave. I can't forget the cries for help coming from the fallen house.

I was able to rescue the landlord. He was on the second floor, and his legs were trapped in the debris. We escaped to Furuichi Elementary School together. He was the only person that I could help.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 22 years old
24-0039

I cannot express in writing what happened. It really just can't be done.

I just can't put into words what has been driven deep into my heart.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 23 years old
01-0004

1. A big ball of fire and a flash.
2. The moment that houses were blown down by the atomic blast.
3. At that time, I had no hope of surviving.
4. The first thing I saw after I crawled out from the rubble was my brother's bloody body.
5. Someone yelled, "She is dying!" as I collapsed because of all the blood coming from my wounds.
6. A boy ran with his clothes (actually it was his burnt skin) in rags flapping in the wind. (I can still see him.)
7. I feel miserable every time I think about myself laying on the bank of the river unable to walk.

8. In this condition, I was so terrified I couldn't think of what I should do if the B-29 bombers came back.

9. I can still clearly see the faces of the three girls begging for help, "Please, take us with you, please!"

10. In my dreams, I still see the people sitting on grass, unable to move, just staring into empty space.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 23 years old
26-0029

My sister was trapped under the collapsed house. My mother and I managed to help from out under the house. We ran to the Ota River where we found many wounded who had escaped from the city. The skin of some had been stripped off and hung in strands from their faces, bodies and arms. I didn't know what had happened. I thought that there had been a bombing. I found out later that it was an atomic bomb. It was absolutely cruel.

Three days later, I went to Hiroshima. I saw a dead soldier grasping a rice ball; corpses of men and horses swollen to almost three times their normal size by the military training grounds in the east. They were burnt a shiny black. This made me realize how horrible and miserable the war really was. It was a living hell.

Forty years have passed, but I still can clearly see those bodies. Whenever I think about all those who died so tragically, I can't help but pray that it will never happen again.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 23 years old
27-0270

Even though I knew everything was destroyed, I could only worry about my own house. I believed that it some how survived.

The next day I left for home, taking a truck across the Aioi Bridge. But all I found was scorched ground, and I was in great shock.

I have to call it a living hell. My face and head were swollen because of the wounds from broken glass. I could hardly see because of the dust, and had to peer out between badly swollen eyelids.

My sister put me in a big cart and pulled me to Teishin Hospital. While I lay in the shade of the trees, a female student next to me cried out for help and begged water from my mother. She said she didn't care if she died if she could only have some water. She gave her address to my mother. Then she quietly died, unnoticed. None of us could do anything. I felt hopeless and scared when I thought that I might be the next to die quietly.

Someone cleaned my wounds with a wet handkerchief. It felt real good.

My parents and my oldest brother trapped under our fallen house and were burned alive before anyone could save them. Two of my sisters walked for a day from Midorii Station on the Kabe line to get to where our parents and brother lay dead. But when my sisters got there, it was too hot to dig out the bodies. They had to wait a day. Finally they got back with the ashes of our parents and brother, but my soul was empty and I had no more tears to shed. My youth was spent in misery.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 23 years old
33-0031

People collapsed and died; people bled profusely; people dying and a preschool age boy on the roof of a collapsed house shouting, "Somebody help! My mammy and daddy are under here!" I couldn't help anyone because I, myself, was seriously injured. My entire face and both of my hands were burnt. I went home to Midori-machi stepping over the bodies of the injured and the dead. They looked like forgotten baggage. (For more details see my memoirs of the atomic bomb "It Was the Second Birth Day")

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 23 years old
34-4131

My brother, my classmates, my neighbors—they were all

fine when we went our separate ways that morning. But that day they were erased. What happened to them? My world changed. I don't know if they are alive or dead. Almost everyone I knew just disappeared. I couldn't discuss this with someone I didn't really know. I felt so miserable and alone I felt. There have been so many times when I hoped it was all just a nightmare. But a lot of time has passed, and I've slowly come to realize that it was real. I cry for each and every one of those who died that day. I can't believe 40 years have passed.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 24 years old
28-0149

In a mere instant, we were thrust from heaven right down into hell by the atomic bomb. "Living hell," is the word which describes the world at that time. The air raid warning had just ended, and we felt safe and relieved, but then came the atomic explosion. Suddenly, everything got black, and then became bright again after a while. Our house was completely destroyed. My brother, mother and I were trapped under our collapsed house. My brother and I managed to crawl out. We were shocked when we saw each other because we were all bloody. I lost the sight in my left eye for about three days because of a piece of glass that got stuck in it. My mother didn't seem to have been injured anywhere, but when I think about it now, she was injured more deeply and seriously by the radiation. After struggling, we were finally to get our mother out. When we looked up, fires were approaching from the north, the east and the west. We had no choice but to go south. I was too upset to remember how we got away from the fires. Stepping over many dead bodies, we hurried to the south. I was half-naked. When we looked a little later, our house had completely burned up.

We spent the night at an elementary school, but the fire started to close in from all directions and the building started to burn. We had to leave and stay in the ditches of the school's potato field. We waited for the dawn there. I got real thirsty, so I went to the school to get water from a broken pipe. Someone lying on the ground grabbed my leg and pleaded, "Give me some water, please." I didn't know what to do. I wanted to give her water, but I had heard that people in such a condition would die if they

drank water. It was unbearable. There was a Junior High School boy with a crew cut crying all night long for water. "Somebody please give me water! Teacher, please give me water!" The next morning he was dead. I can still hear him crying. Every time I think about him, I cry.

The next day, we waited in a long line under the hot sun to be treated. My chest wound gaped wide open. My brother had a cut over his eye and he couldn't move his fingers. We finally got to see the doctor, but he only shouted at us, "What are you doing here? These aren't wounds!" He didn't even treat us. We were hurt and confused. We started back on the long road to the elementary school where we had left our mother alone. We cried and worried about her all the way.

We weren't allowed to stay at the school for more than a couple of days, so we left carrying our mother because she was too weak to walk. We finally arrived in Jigozen-mura, near Miyajima, but we had eaten all of our rationed food. We had been given only one paper thin blanket for the three of us. We look for our uncle who had come from Osaka three years ago to ask him for help. We didn't have any food. We couldn't find him. We found out later that he was killed in the bombing. On the afternoon of August 26, the day my mother died, we finally got some food--some hard biscuits from the army. "I wish mother could eat just one bite of this biscuit...." Even now, forty years later, I regret that I couldn't give her a bite of my biscuit. Mother died on a hard floor in a dimly lit room of an old elementary school in the country. I can't stop crying whenever I think about it.

Many of my co-workers from the prefectural office were also killed by that one atomic bomb. I cannot forgive those who were responsible for so much death, even if it was war.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 24 years old
43-0239

Only the seriously injured were allowed into the air raid shelter, so we weren't allowed to go in. But even if they had allowed us to go in, the children were too afraid to enter.

A little boy of about 4 with a swollen face was in the shelter. His older brother, a fifth or sixth grader, went to see him, but he came running out because his brother's face scared him. I felt sorry for the little brother.

A person went crazy and called out some child's name.

The air raid shelter was a miniature "hell."

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 25 years old
11-0043

The use of poisonous gases has been banned all over the world. It is hard to imagine the suffering of the people who died of radiation poisoning which is much worse than poisonous gas.

People trapped under fallen homes, slowly being burnt alive. I wonder if their whole bodies burnt, if they died without crying?

After six days without food or treatment for his injuries and burns, my father died. Without a doctor and getting no treatment my younger sister died. Just thinking about it makes my heart heavy. I often thought of letting myself die. I hate war. For me, it is not just an historical fact, it is something that happened to me only a little while ago.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 25 years old
27-0168

On the morning of August 6, I had just come in to clear the breakfast table after finishing the chores outside. I was washing the dishes when it happened. Since our house was only a one story house, it wasn't knocked down by the blast, and I got out easily. Fortunately I only got a scratch, but when I went outside, it was dark as night. Then it got brighter and brighter, and I could see burnt people crying and running about in utter confusion. It was hell.

I walked for a while and I found my neighbor trapped under a fallen concrete wall. All I could see was the hair

on the top of his head. I tried my best to pull him out, but I couldn't get him out. Only half of his face was showing. He was burned alive.

I moved through a wave of people to the west to get to a shed in Eba, I think, but when I got there the shed was already full of injured people. There was one whose face was so swollen that he couldn't see, his lips were swollen to twice their normal size, and all of the skin on his arms, from his shoulders to his fingers had been completely burned off. He wanted water, but nothing could be done. Instead, I gave him a cigarette that I got from a rescue worker. I put the cigarette in his mouth and lit for him. He could only say, "It's good." I still remember his voice. It was probably his last night.

The smell of the ground of late July and early August reminds me of the atomic bomb—a burning smell. It is very painful.

I started to look for my husband on August 7. I saw many dead bodies as I wandered around. I couldn't tell if they had been male or female. There were bodies with the eyes lying on the ground beside them, with their intestines spilling out onto the ground. I have never seen death so dreadful and terrible.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 25 years old
27-0257

The Red Cross Hospital was full of dead bodies. The death of a human is a solemn and sad thing, but I didn't have the time to think about it because I had to collect their bones and dispose of their bodies.

A naked little girl joined us. Her parents had been killed, but she didn't cry. Later, I found her on the front lawn. I had come to call her for lunch. She was white, like a doll. She was dead.

There was a Junior High School boy who was a student-soldier. He lay on the flagstone walk at the front gate. He asked me to tell his mother where he was and then he asked for some water. I told him to wait while I went to get some. When I got back with the water, he had already

died. I can still remember the name tag on his chest.

When I was walking out of the city, a soldier who I knew stopped and offered to let me ride in his truck. I accepted, but in the truck people were dying one by one. No one prayed or bowed their heads for the dead. I didn't either. When I think about it now, it seems quite strange, but at that time we had simply lost the ability to feel.

While I walked along the river bank, I saw a little girl crying as she pressed against her dead mother's breast. Later, I returned to get her because it had gotten really hot. When I got there, she was already dead.

I wonder what they thought about when they died. I can never forget carrying all those dead bodies, collecting the bones of the dead, the smell of the burning...

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 25 years old
20-0073

I can still clearly remember the charcoal bodies of children scattered all over the city.

The elementary school students who were killed when the temple collapsed.

A child of my cousin was there. He held his arms out from under a large pillar, waiting, wanting to be rescued. I tried, but the pillar was just too large. He was engulfed in flames and I watched helplessly as he died in front of me. The pain in my heart won't let me forget.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 26 years old
19-0027

People suffered from great pain. It was hell on earth. It seemed I was living in one of my own dreams. I still hear those people burnt black gasping out for water.

Every time I try to remember the bombing, I start to feel sick and it lasts 4 to 5 days. It's not easy for me to recall those days nor write about what happened or how it was.

Only victims of the bomb can understand the agonies. I remember searching for my missing husband, searching for my nephew who was a student soldier. I remember my nephew, he had just turned six, his whole body burnt, dying, I couldn't do anything for him.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 27 years old
33-0131

The voices crying for help from under crushed school buildings remain with me even now. I wanted to help, but I could find anybody.

They were my friends from work.

Just as I finally getting out, I heard more voice moaning from under the ground. It kept bothering me for years after that.

I saw people lying in the military drilling grounds. I didn't help them. When I think about it now, I regret that I didn't even ask their names.

I heard that many people died there. I should have asked their names so that I could have told their families. But, I couldn't think of anything except escaping there and protecting my friend who had been burnt.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 28 years old
34-3635

My older brother was a junior high teacher in Hiroshima. He was trapped under the school building and was badly injured. I could see his spinal cord and ribs sticking out on his back. He died 3 days later, but when I was carrying the body back home he vomited some coffee-colored stuff 2 or 3 times. I wondered if he might be alive.

I carried the body to our house (from the Army garment factory to Yaga) and on a new satin futon (Japanese mattress). The futon became filthy.

I can never forget it.

With skin hanging from them like rags, people (including myself) ran about barefoot screaming and crying....It seems like it happened only yesterday.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 29 years old
27-0244

1. Charred dead bodies scattered all over a burned-out field that once was a residential area. Bodies frozen in agony reaching up toward the sky. Unidentified bodies. Left like that for days.

2. On the second day after the bombing as I was helping in the rescue of victims, I saw something fluttering in the wind, something white. When I got closer, I could see that it was a small boy of about 2 years old tottering about in the debris. He was dressed in black muddied pajamas that once had been white, his small feet were all blood, and he was so shocked that he couldn't even cry out. It seems that he had spent about 30 hours wandering around in a burnt field searching for his parents. I was surprised and impressed by his strength and vitality. I wonder how he is now.

3. Near an air-raid shelter where I stayed temporarily, dead bodies were taken and piled up everyday. Oil was poured on those bodies and burnt just like paper. About 10 days later, two of my neighbors and I went there with straw bags to pick up the bones. As we trailed the bags behind us and thought about those unidentified bones, we began to cry.

4. I spent the night in a shelter that night of the atomic bomb. The shelter, which used to be a factory, was occupied by victims, dead or alive, male or female. I heard some crying, some moaning, some shouting, some complaining of pains, and some begging for water. But there was no doctor or no medicine. I was uneasy doing nothing.

(4) 30-39 Years Old

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 31 years old
38-0013

I was so preoccupied with my own escape that I couldn't

even help those who begged for help. It is still with me today, I regret that I didn't help them. I feel that I am still paying for my selfish unkindness. I can't get over that anger that such cruelty can happen.

I'll never be able to forget those people who begged for help. I always feel my betrayal is the cause of all of my hardships. This is always in the back of my mind.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 32 years old
19-0036

1. Running away after the atomic bomb, I was six months pregnant and holding my fifteen month old baby (unconscious with a head injury), in this state, a hand appeared from under a fallen building and a voice was crying out for help. "Forgive me, I can't help you. Please ask someone else," I said as I ran away. Until the day I die, I will always regret that I didn't help that person. I will think about my cruelty until I die.

2. When I arrived at an emergency shelter in Takasu, many other victims were arriving too; a girl without any hair and burnt; children with burnt faces and bodies; people who were not wounded but kept vomiting. There were more. I believe it was hell on earth.

Hiroshima, 1.5km, Female, 32 years old
34-2311

Our house was destroyed, my children beneath the house were trapped in the fire, we lost all our savings and property, my husband never came back, I wandered aimless about in the midst of dead bodies with my little child. It was terrible. Even now, that memory almost makes me faint. I can't write any more. It was terrible and sad.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 33 years old
24-0071

The daughter of the family we were staying with returned three days after the bombing, her scars from her burns were festering and maggots were breeding in them. I

heard she died shortly after that.

Many dying people escaped from Hiroshima and came to the house where we were staying. Some vomited blood and others lost their hair. Then, they died. I cremated the bodies. Dead bodies were piled up on wooden panels and covered by firewood, pine trees, and straw, and then were burnt. I remember that the hands and legs of the dead bodies jerked as the fire spread. We thought that we would be next to die in the same way. We didn't want to die in a strange place and wanted to go back home. So the three of us sneaked away from that house.

Although we had been evacuated from Hiroshima city before the bombing, we had to return to the city to take care of my husband who had been hospitalized in the beginning of August. That's why we were exposed to the atomic bomb. But we were lucky enough to have another place to escape to.

After the bombing, my children and I never went back to Hiroshima city. However, my husband, who worked for a university in the city, went there many times. I believe that he got sick and died because of the exposure to radiation during his visits to the university.

I feel great sorrow for people who couldn't accomplish what they wanted.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 34 years old
34-2716

I was with my husband and child. In the instant that I thought I heard the "woo" sound of a B29 wondering why I was hearing such a sound since the all clear signal had been sounded, the house collapsed and I was trapped under it and passed out. When I came to, I felt like I was in a hole, and I wasn't sure how long I had been out. Forgetting about my husband and child, I went to where I could see a little bit of light, crawling on the ground and breaking wooden plates until I got out. Fire had broken out in about three places. I ran away not knowing where I was going. When I heard my husband calling for me and our child from behind, I realized for the first time that I was holding my child tightly to me. I still can't remember how or when I took my

child up in my arms, even after 40 years. While I was running away, blood-stained people were crying out for help, but since I was bleeding myself, I couldn't do anything for them.

When I went to the south of a prison building in Yoshijima, many people had already gathered there.

The next day I went back to the place where our house had been, but there was nothing but cinders. Everything was burnt out. So from that day we slept outside looking up at the sky. In the day time I walked around the city everyday, looking for our family members, with my child riding on my back. I even walked to Itsukaichi. I saw mountains of dead bodies by the river and in the office buildings that had escaped the fire. There were bodies lined up in order in front of the Red Cross Hospital, too. Although, people asked me for water with weak voices, I couldn't give them what I didn't have.

My parent's home was located behind where the NHK TV station is now. My mother died there. One of my brothers was inside the city office when the bomb was dropped and died on August 8. My other brother actually ran to the Red Cross Hospital. Since he asked someone to find me, I found out where he was. I went to see him right away. He was lying down on the rough straw mat. Then, on August 14, he died, leaving me with his last request. In his last words, he begged me to look after his two children who were supposed to be at the Fukuro-machi Elementary School at that time.

After my brother died, I looked for his children until the end of August, but I couldn't find them. So we went back to my husband's parent's home in Tsuda. After that my husband was sick in bed for 5 years, then he died. And I still have no idea where my brother's children are today.

How many times did I cry for the people dead in those seven famous rivers? The phosphorus was burning everywhere at night. That made me think of the all the dead bodies everywhere. I felt so sorry that I couldn't help people, because there were no medicine. In 3 or 4 days, they had maggots breeding in their bodies. I can't accept any war anymore!!

My brother's family was dead, and his children's bones were never found. Although he had been working for the telephone office, no insurance money was paid, and I couldn't arrange any Buddhist funeral services. I had to raise 4 children of mine. Well, all I could do was ask the priest to pray.

What bothers me the most still is that I couldn't help those people in agony; I couldn't even give them a sip of water. I also never found the bodies of my brother's children.

I deeply feel the misery of the war. I remember my own children were bleeding from their heads or legs, but I didn't have any medicine for them.

Hiroshima, 1.0 km, Female, 35 years old
35-0029

We lived in Hiroshima city until April 1945. Then we moved to a suburb, about 8 km away from the city, because our house had been destroyed. On that day, my husband, my two daughters and I took train for Hiroshima. He was working at a bank there. I was taking our older daughter to our family doctor as she had a stomachache. I asked my friend to take care of my second daughter while I went to the hospital. As it was a little early to go to the doctor, I dropped in on another friend of mine. I was there when the atomic bomb was dropped. I was too terrified to move at first. So many dead bodies, writhing people, dead children sticking their heads into water tanks.... My elder daughter, whom I was carrying on my back, was crying. I knew she was hungry but I had nothing to feed her. In the confusion, I was so worried about my second daughter whom I left with my friend. But again, there was nothing I could do. I walked along the track as I wanted to get out of that hell as soon as possible. When I came to a bridge and looked down, I saw people and horses floating on the river. Since I was carrying my daughter on my back, I could do nothing but keep walking along the tracks. Although there were naked people and burned people around me, I couldn't think of any words to say to them. I managed to get home by evening.

My husband didn't come back on that day. I went to

Hiroshima again the next day and walked around the city and searched for him in vain. On August 10 in the evening, I was informed of his death from the town office. I went to get his body with two of my neighbors. I was told that he had died on August 7. He was said to have told his name, address to a person whom he was asking for water. His eyeballs hung about 5 cm from his eye sockets. His whole body had been burnt, and there were sores all over. I still see him in that state. He must have been in agony. His burns must have hurt him unbearably. I couldn't do anything for him. I hate the atomic bomb. My second daughter and the friend who was taking care of her are still missing.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 37 years old
34-3646

At that time, I was chatting with my second daughter in our house. The moment I saw a flash outside the east window, I cried out. I thought it was an incendiary bomb. Almost simultaneously, my daughter stood up. I think she was thinking of getting water. The next moment we were blown out to the garden and buried under the debris of tile and lumber. When I recovered consciousness, I didn't know how much time had passed since the explosion. I still had the strength to stand up but my daughter didn't. She was still on the ground. I didn't realize that our movements at the moment of the explosion would decide our destiny of "Life and Death." I learned later that she was suffering from a lacerated stomach caused by the blast because she stood up at the moment of the explosion. She was in agonizing pain because of the injury but there was no doctor available. She died seven days later. Being unable to do anything for her, I had to watch her die. She stood up just because I cried out. My fatal error killed her. I'm really sorry for what I did to her. I can never forget this fact throughout my life.

My second son, who was two years old at that time, was buried under the house by the blast and died there. I couldn't even protect my two children who were with me. I'm sorry for them, I'm brokenhearted for them and I'm distressed at my survival.

Of course my husband, who went to work on that day, and my two daughters, who went to school, never came back. When

I went out to find them, it was too late. No bodies or no bones were found. I spent three days looking for them all over Hiroshima city. I regret that I didn't go out to look for them much earlier. If I had I might have found their bones at least.

All the buildings of the city were destroyed. Hiroshima became a vast burned field. Houses of refuge were filled with groans and moans of dying people. The sight of piles of burning bodies by the roads was so horrible that I couldn't believe that it was actually happening in this world. The memory still haunts me.

Staggering along because of my injuries, I finally arrived in my hometown on August 10. I was extremely exhausted.

Now I spend my days praying for the deliverance of the souls of the atomic bomb victims.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 37 years old
34-0001

My only daughter, 17 years old at that time, was on duty at the central telephone company in Hiroshima city. On August 5 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, she began her shift. The next morning, at a quarter to eight, she was at a balcony for a roll call with 17 other telephone operators. The atomic bomb exploded and not a single body was recovered. I have been suffering from the pain and sorrow for these 40 or so years.

Our home was about 1.7 km away from the center of explosion. In the morning of August 6, I was preparing breakfast for my daughter who was supposed to come home soon. Although I didn't see any flash, I heard a great bang and fainted straightaway. When I came to my senses, I found that I was trapped under the house. Being in terrible pain, I was suffering very much. I can't express my condition at that time by words. I was the only one who narrowly escaped death.

When I crawled out of the debris, it was nothing but hell outside. "Japan is hopeless!" I cried out suddenly.

I helped to dispose of so many bodies. It is painful for me to write about the suffering and terror of that time. I wish I could have even just a piece of my daughter's bones. There are so many things that I want to write about but I just can't. Please understand my feelings. I'm sorry for my messy writing. I'm too confused to put my feelings into words.

(5) 40 Years Old or Over

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 41 years old
28-0354

Walking on the street, I saw a woman holding her two children in her arms. One child was already dead, and the other was dying. Both she and her children were bleeding from their heads. Their chests and arms were deep red with the blood. The mother asked me, "Do you think my children are still alive?" I couldn't tell her the truth. "Yes, I do. You've got to hold on for them." was all I could say to her. "But this child's body is getting colder." she replied, looking at me with vacant eyes. I myself couldn't do anything for them. I keep reliving that same scene, leaving the place as I had my things to do. It was really heartbreaking.

Hiroshima, 2.0 km, Female, 42 years old
34-3415

My husband was a teacher. My elder son was a student worker at a munitions factory. My elder daughter was a clerk for an agricultural cooperative association. Sending them off to work, I was standing in the garden with my new born baby in my arms. All of sudden, I was blinded by a lightning-like flash. When I regained consciousness, I had been blown 5 meters away. It was pitch-dark. "Where am I?" I asked to myself. I was stuck in the debris of my house and couldn't move at all. I took my baby into my arms. Suddenly, I heard my second daughter's cry. (She was off on that day.) Her stomach had been cut, and she was in agony. I was panic stricken. The municipal apartment house next door had collapsed. Fire seemed to be breaking out everywhere. One neighbor was trapped under a collapsed house. A great number of injured people, burned people and

evacuees were wandering about in confusion. It was the sight of an inferno.

As no doctor was available and it was dangerous to stay home, I decided to leave the place for Chojuen. Black rain fell for a while. My baby and I had slight injuries to our legs and the head respectively. My elder daughter came home in the evening. After being rescued, she was evacuated to Ujina once, then she walked back along the river. Together with four other people, I carried my second daughter to an army doctor. But we had to carry her back without any treatment as the doctor had no medication. I was very sad. (On my way to the doctor, I saw an injured student in my neighborhood and let his family know about it.) Two days later, carrying my baby on my back, I took my second daughter to a first-aid station at Hesaka Elementary School in a cart. There were too many injured people at the station. Not only ordinary people but more than 200 injured soldiers were lying on the floor. There seemed hardly a place to step. My second daughter was treated only perfunctory. We spend the night on the dirt floor under eaves.

We stayed there for two days. Then we moved to another first-aid station at Oda Elementary School. We had nothing to eat but a few rice balls without salt. Still they satisfied our hunger and I was grateful for that. About 20 days after the bombing, we were able to go back the place where our house used to be. I was somehow relieved.

My husband and elder son never returned. One relative had already brought some bones that seemed to my husband's. My elder daughter collected my elder son's bones. When I thought of their lonely death, my mind was torn to pieces.

Then we decided to go to my husband's hometown in Takada-gun, where his 70 year old mother was living, to bury them. Under the moonlight, we kept on walking all night. My elder daughter was holding the urns with their bones in her arms. I was carrying my baby on my back.

After their funeral, we went back to Hiroshima at where my second daughter waited for us. My second daughter died on October 29. She had never been treated satisfactory. I cremated her at Chojuen. Feeling heartbroken about leaving her alone in Chojuen, I stayed there for a while crying over

her. (Still it was consoling that all my loved ones' bones were back to us.) During that time, my baby caught the whooping cough. I went to a temple in Mitaki early in the morning and prayed for her recovery for 50 consecutive days.

The death of my husband was so sudden. I couldn't be with him in his last moments, nor could I nurse him. He left no will. He must have had worried about us and his students who had been evacuated to the country. It's so painful to think of him.

My elder son died alone on August 7 at one first-aid station. I regret that I couldn't give him enough food.

My second daughter died after struggling with illness for a long time. She was patient and she never complained. I remember her saying "Even at midnight, I will get up and go to an air-raid shelter. I want to survive no matter what."

My elder daughter shouldered all the burden by herself. Her overwork caused the lack of white blood cells. Every summer she suffers from poor health.

The lives of those of us who survived are also miserable. We've been suffering mentally, physically and financially. The bombing forced us to live in poverty. After we moved to my husband's hometown, we had to live as farmers. It was really a hard life for all of us.

Ages of my family at that time:

My elder daughter: 21 years old

third daughter: 11 years old

second son: 7 years old

forth daughter: 1 year old

mother in law: 70 years old

myself: 41 years old

I pray for the deliverance of the souls of my family.

After the bombing, I made an "onion-skin" living. I moved to the house of 70-year-old mother-in-law, located at Shimone, Yachiyo-cho, Takada-gun. Farm work was hard for my children because they were not used to it. My elder sister having lived in the next door died on August 6.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, 47 years old
27-0245

I still think about my mother who died in the atomic bomb explosion. She was on her way to the fields as the alert was canceled.

I was in my house when the atomic bomb exploded. When I came to my senses, I was in the dark. Wondering if I had become blind, I fainted. When I came to my senses again, it was already light. So I hurried to go outside to find my children.

I met a boy who seemed to be 9 years old or less. He was crying, holding a dead baby in his arms. I told him to come with me but he didn't move from the place saying that he would wait for his mother. So I had to leave him there with painful reluctance. Even now, the memory still makes me cry. The dead baby must have been his brother or sister.

Hiroshima, 1.5 km, Female, Age unknown
33-0162

The stream of the river was all black. The faces of the people were so swollen with burns. Some bodies piled up on the bank of the river had been trying to get to the water; many were dead, their heads in water tanks. On a train, some stood hanging on to a strap, their skin peeled like a wax doll.

"Oh, you're still alive! Yes, I am too! Oh, you too..." My friend and I met again but our joy didn't last long. In about a couple of days I was told of their deaths.

Even after a month, hair kept falling out, blood kept oozing on the skin, fever never fell below 40 degrees C. They suffered though clearly conscious, and died without any medicine, any treatment. They were refused even transfusion

because it would be useless.

Other people were told they had cancer of the lungs years later. The cancer wasn't ordinary but was just like a stone, and they died.

When I crawled out from the broken-down house, a little boy came and said that he was told to come and get help for his mother who was trapped but it was perfectly impossible there, at that time. I really wonder what became of his mom?



Helping this girl who is seriously wounded and bleeding from her breast, I pass through a sea of fire in desperation. Temples on both sides of Kojin-machi and Akebono-cho are in flames. Painting: MICHITSUJI Yoshiko, age 19 in 1945. (Hiroshima)

(2) 2.0 - 3.0 km

a) Male

(1) Less Than 9 Years Old

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 8
18-0019

I was playing in a connecting passage of the school before class, and fainted in the bomb blast. I think I was the first to awake, so my friends were still lying there. Fire ran so close that all I could do was to run away leaving them behind. I couldn't care about others' lives at that time, but now I wonder if they escaped from the fire.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 8
35-0214

Unbelievable heaps of corpses. The deaths of my intimate friends. The town in ruins. I wonder what happened in that frightening blank time. I still have a

scar deep down at the bottom of my heart.

There is no doubt the dropping of the atomic bomb changed my life.

(2) 10 - 19 Years Old

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 12
27-0702

The war turns the earth to a town of death.

The war wipes out the human race from the earth.

I wished in my little heart to go to a country where there would be no war.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 15
28-0036

On the afternoon of the day when we were exposed to the atomic bombing, I saw a naked boy of four or five, running away from the direction of Kogobashi Bridge, screaming for help. Around his stomach something was hanging. I looked at it closely. It was his brown bowels, sticking out of his belly. Though I knew he must be in terrible pain and felt pity for him, I could do nothing. I merely pointed my finger in the direction of a hospital. Even now, I sometimes recall that scene and wonder what became of him after that.

Hiroshima, 3,0 km, Male, Age 16
22-0322

1. After I left a war plant in Minami-kan'non-machi, I made my way home to Ushita, looking at charred bodies, people whose skin peeled off from burns, wounded persons covered thickly with blood, and dead men on the banks of a river.

2. As I walked unhurt, someone asked me to take him to a doctor. But I couldn't even give him first-aid, so I left him. I was so shocked over what had happened and what I was

seeking all around me. Besides, I had no idea where one could possibly find a doctor under those circumstances. That still remains a regret in my mind.

3. On my way home, I heard a young woman cry "Mother". But I can't bring back my memory how it was and if she was crying for help, pinned under a destroyed house or if she couldn't move because of her wounds. I remember that I went by in spite of hearing her cry, because I think, in the fourth year of middle school, I was in a hurry to reach my house as soon as I could.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19
02-0031

There had been many air-raid attacks and we could not sleep well the night before, so we soldiers were all asleep that morning. In the morning the barracks tipped with a dreadful sound. The ceiling fell and hit my head. The shelters in front and at the back of the barracks were full of people in great pain with their heads, faces, hands, or ears burnt. That scene stays in my head still.

It got dark and something that looked like ashes or dust fell from the sky. All the leaves and grasses were dead. Those not so ill were looking up into the sky with their mouths open, and the dust-like stuff fell into their mouths. We knew nothing at that time. We knew nothing about the bomb. But now I am sure it was something horrid. It was the ashes of death.

When I worked carrying bodies in the city, people who had not eaten for many days said "Give me some water." And as soon as I gave them some from my canteen, they lost their energy and died. I can never forget it. I felt really sick when I grabbed the corpse's hands and legs which were blistered and leaking water, and put them on the truck. I was beside myself at that time.

The soldiers of upper ranks did nothing after the bomb and we lower ranks did everything, cooking, cleaning and so on until we turned pale and had to go home.

I took the chief of sec. 4, Shishido, to his house. He was in great pain with burns. I heard he died after he

reached home. There is much more left I should write, but I must stop.

When I climbed Hijiyama Hill, I saw people lay their burnt bodies there. There was nothing to eat. I think their blistered bodies suffered great pain before they died.

Probably nothing can compare with the hellish death of those who died from radiation burns.

We must never allow the use of such a bomb again.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19
05-0022

40 years have passed since that day I can never forget.

When the bomb exploded, I was at the Army Weapon School (It had been Hiroshima Merchant School) in Eba-machi, Hiroshima. And I was being educated there, training to be an officer.

Soon after the explosion, I got an order to aid the wounded. Then I saw the world turned into hell in a moment. Though I was a soldier I fully realized the terror of nuclear war. I can never wipe out the great sorrow and anger that quickly welled up inside me at the time.

1. Their entire bodies were burnt and it was impossible to know if they were men or women.

2. They moved their hands and legs for help under broken buildings, but nobody could help them by hand.

3. They cried "Water, water...", but there was no water to give them.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19
06-0013

They are the things I don't want to remember any more.

The scenes still remain in my mind; flyblown dead piled along the road or some piles of burnt-black dead; each pile,

of some 200 people.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19
12-0025

Death of civilians and the way they were dealt with in war time.

I was giving aid for more than 2 months and I lived on cows and horses killed by the bomb. What little rice there was, was given to civilians and I worked hard nursing day after day. They were people suffering from radiation sickness and going to die. They were piled up on a truck and burnt on timbers that remained unburnt. Of course they must have been unidentified. Could it be right, from a humanitarian viewpoint, that people should end like this? And could it be justified just because it was wartime? When a military doctor said to me, "You can live at the most half a year," life held no meaning any more and I couldn't bring myself to look for a job. I even envied the deaths of my soldier friends.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19
13-06-016

Just after the A-bomb explosion, I saw people, with both their arms swinging before their stomachs, escape from the center of the city. Coming up closer, I found their skin entirely stripped off and hanging down. They appeared to be nothing but monsters from hell. One of them, a soldier, managed to reach the front of my house, but the next morning he was found dead there, his body swelling up like a barrel.

One of my brothers, who lived in the nearby town then, lost his 7-year-old son. He got burnt on the face and bruised all over by the crash of the house. On August 10 he died at his relatives' house, where he had been moved for safety. I went several times with my mother and/or sister, and what I saw on the way:

Bodies, nostrils and ears covered with maggots, plump, coming in and out; a countless number of bodies floating, drifting along the stream. Why should people die such a

death? And an array of bones and ashes, each put on a roof slate with a piece of paper reading how he or she was dressed, etc.

My brother's son lay in bed writhing in agony and unconsciously crying out, "Damn B!" (B means B29 fighters.) We were of no help. All his mother could do was fan him, saying, "Poor boy!".

After his death, his uncle and I put his body in a small coffin and carried it in a cart to a close hill. We dug a hole and piled up wood for cremation. When I looked around, the scene cast a shadow of darkness in my mind, the some smoke rising here and there.

In a park in our neighborhood we cremated and buried innumerable bodies of people who managed to escape but could go no further and died there. Although I am freed from the smell of those bodies now, for many years after the war I was tortured by the memory of that smell.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19
33-0004

All my friends repatriated along with me after the war died suddenly. I was very shocked when I took a look at their dead bodies: their hair all out, their skin with spots, and their bodies covered with blood they had vomited. (Five of them died at the age of 22 to 29).

In addition to their deaths, the ruins of the bomb explosion always come back to me like a nightmare I cannot for all the world forget.

As my condition became more and more like that of those friends who had died, I was terrified that I might suddenly die the next day. The fear led to my excessive taking of sleeping drugs, but I happened to survive. Then I tried to kill myself by drowning in the cold winter, only to be found floating in the ocean the following morning. Again, I failed to die. But after the attempt I lost my past. Twenty-four years later I found I was not the man I had thought myself to be.

There are many, many victims of the atomic bomb. They

have their sufferings, which no one but themselves can understand. I talked intensely with members of this association and I hope from the bottom of my heart that there will not be any more victims like us.

(3) 20 - 29 Years Old

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 20
02-0013

a) At one end of the bridge a mother was breastfeeding her newborn baby. A closer look made me realize that she had died just seconds before.

A badly burned civilian said to me on the bridge, "Soldier, I cannot bear this pain any longer. Please throw me off this bridge".

I saw many soldiers and dead people with their insides pushed out from their bodies, when I was walking around the city trying carefully not to step on the dead bodies.

b) A hostile feeling against the U.S.A. set in my mind. I thought I would join the special attack corps (the Kamikazes) as soon as possible.

c) I am afraid the suckling child whose mother had died also died soon after. This memory is what I look back on most often with the most regret.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21
01-0007

I cannot forget the day for all the world, the tragic hot day when non-soldiers, including old men and women and children got burned to death in an instant. The scene of that day is burned firmly into my mind.

Besides, I really regret that I could do nothing for those who were suffering from burns that gave off such a stench.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21
05-0025

We set up a first-aid station at the general drill site to give the injured medical care. But with the lack of necessary medicine there we could only put some white ointment on them.

I was so scared when a young woman ran after me asking for water, her hair burnt gray, her face, arms and legs all wounded by fragments of glass. She was so unbelievably disfigured that the sight made my blood run cold.

And an unremovable scene in my memory: two young children, probably brothers aged six or seven, came up to ask me for help. I realized these children were wearing nothing but underpants and that they had their whole skin burned by the explosion. Moreover, their burnt skin was hanging horribly like rags. This scene showed me clearly how disastrous an atomic bomb could be.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21
22-0019

A half-burnt child, blown away to the road, was left dead on a small heap of remains. His family were looking for him thinking he should be around there. I said to them, "Here he is," then the parents rushed up and raised him in their arms. From the pattern of his clothes, of which only a small rag had been left, they recognized him and fell into tears - a scene I cannot forget even now.

Other parents were looking for their child, one of the mobilized students who had been organized to dispose of houses in the city. When they saw a lot of children dead there, they murmured, "You cannot be so selfish as to wish for an exceptional survival of your own child". Those words still remain in my ears.

Hiroshima, 3,0 km, Male, Age 21
22-0381

I was in charge of supplying shipping materials from the field shipping factory belonging to Tachibana platoon of

the third company of the Akatsuki 6140 corps (located at Kanawajima in Ujina port) to corps fighting on the battlefield. As material storehouses were at various places, my working place changed from day to day.

After the afternoon of August the 15th, I cleaned up the material warehouse of Kanawajima Island. While I was helping out, I asked the victims who could still speak for their names and addresses and wrote them on tags and attached the tags to their hair if it had any part that survived the fire. But those who couldn't speak or were already dead were unidentifiable, and the dead were piled up at the corpse place. I don't know how they were treated after that.

All victims, men and women, especially men had no clothes on. They only wanted me to give them some water, "Give me water, officer!" But I was told by the leader not to give them water, so I didn't give them water.

Among the victims, there were some badly burned mothers who could no longer speak, holding their babies in their arms. Girl students were left with the babies and gave them liquid of crushed dry bread mixed with sugar. The mothers were carried to the corpse place.

As I said in this article, some of our platoon were ordered to serve as city guards. We set up tents in the field by the left bank of the bridge that led to Koi Station on the upper reaches of the Motoyasu River. We worked until evening of August the 15th there. The right bank at this city had many cattle slaughter houses and it was impossible to distinguish human from cattle bones. Every morning, the cow boy brought carcasses of cattle by car from the Koi direction. They dismembered the carcasses, then poured them into the Motoyasu River. In the evening, violet smoke rose from many parts.

I remember the cries that demanded water of the soldiers. I wonder how unknown corpses were treated. After August 15, when I went up the stream of Motoyasu river in a speed-boat. I saw dead bodies floating down the river but could do nothing about it. I regret...

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 22
12-0038

That incident was beyond cruelty, I thought.

I thought the United States (the Allied Forces) which committed such an act was a devil.

I wondered at my survival and I realized the preciousness of life.

I've come to think that the enemy as well as our side should never repeat such a deed.

I regret that I couldn't help the people who were agonized and died under my very nose. I cannot get over this and will never be able to the end of my life.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 23
02-0041

Many people from the city came into the broken schoolhouse and grounds of Koi National School where we stayed. They died there. Watching them, my feeling of "sympathy" and "pity" was wiped out. Instead, I sought what I could do under the order of the troops.

There were about 50 people of Akatsuki squad. They asked me to give them water. At that time I was ordered not to give water to victims because if they drank water, they would die. So I scolded them. But they all died. If they were to die one way or the other, I think I should have given them water.

Survivors of the Akatsuki squad dug holes on the school grounds. They burned some 1000 corpses a day. Corpses moved in fire so I wondered if they were still alive. Children corpses were left unburnt because their parents would come to get them. Under the heat of summer days, they quickly decomposed. I'm anxious about the bones under the school ground.

Inside, the national school was filled with groans and agony. Especially I heard girl students cry "Teacher!". After being discharged from the troop, that cry rang in my

ears for a year. I couldn't bear it, so I recited a sutra every day to escape from this torture.

I still remember the bald heads of girls who suffered from the black rain.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 24
37-0060

I pursued the transport of corpses and relief of survivors near the hypocenter. The place was a hell on earth.

In an air-raid shelter near the city office, there was a large corpse surrounded by small corpses. They were a teacher and students. The students must have taken refuge there with the teacher as their leader and they all died there. Their last moment still flashes across my mind.

And I regret that I didn't give water to survivors who wanted water because I heard that if they drank they would die.

I think that the decision of the A-bombing was a crime against all human beings.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 25
22-0096

In the street I saw the victims of the atomic air raid who were lying and suffering from bad burns. Many of them were asking for water, some who had lost their eyesight were calling for help, "Soldier! Soldier! Help me, please!" I felt deeply sorry for them, but I could not do anything because I had to hurry to where I had been called to perform other duties. I will never forget this anguish and agony forever.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 25
37-0045

I was a soldier in a party named "Akatsuki" at that time, and was bombed on the way to the head office at

Hijiyama Hill.

I saw someone who just returned home trying to rescue his family from the rubble that had been their home. I and two other soldiers helped him. Having rescued one, we were trying to find two more who the man said were there. Then a military policeman came and told us "Get out of here! You are on duty".

So we had no way but to go away leaving them with pity. I can't forget the face of their family. It is always in my heart whether the two men could be rescued safely.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 26
24-0020

I remember clearly when I saw women sink in the river while shouting it was too hot, children dying on their faces, and swollen faces, and when we carried a lot of bodies to the river by car, dug big holes on the bank, put them into the holes, poured oil over them, and burned them without them being identified. I can no longer continue to write.

Hiroshima, 3,0 km, Male, Age 26
46-0040

On August 7 in the 20th year of the Showa Era (1945), the very next day after the bomb, I was transferred to the contact office in the city office of Hiroshima by the order of the district commander (ship commander), and I served there until the day after the end of the war.

I myself heard and saw so many dead lying around the city office with their eyes open, and people with festering wounds, sitting along the road, unable to move. Even now the inhuman use of the atomic bomb makes me so furious, and I can't write exactly what I mean.

After the bombing, among the patients who crowded to the ship command office, there were two people thought to be 12 or 13 years old. They ran to us and said, "Mister, It hurts...", they all died vomiting their entrails right in front of me. I couldn't give them anything, not even water.

Also there was a little child in his mother's arms, his bowels hanging out from his mouth. His mother pleaded with the doctor there to do something for him, but there was nothing the doctor could do. At night on that day there was a large mass of wounded people straggling from the city of Hiroshima towards Kusatsu. I wonder how many of them escaped death.

I've got much more to say, but tears.....keep me from going any further.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 27
34-0257

When I went to the East Parade Ground, looking for my relatives there was a tremendous number of burned bodies all over the ground. One of them lay on his stomach groaning, whose back was deadly black like a mass of coal. The only thing I could do for him was to encourage him to take cover as a relief party would soon come to rescue him, with an overwhelming guilt-pain of telling a lie as I did not think he would live. Another man bandaged all over the body except for the eyes and mouth was crying for water. It seemed that he had no hope to survive. His peeled skin was dangling like rags from his arms and legs and face. I talked to someone passing by and we decided to give him some water. I could not bear to see him so pleased and thankful, and I hurried away.

Another time when I tried the temple at the northern tip of the town, I saw, among dead bodies, one that was swollen like a big balloon I thought he was dead, too and I was shocked when I saw his hand move faintly. Could he hear my footsteps? How many days had he been in that state? Again, there was nothing I could do for him. As long as I live, I'll never be able to forget his Dharma-doll-like figure, wrongly with legs and arms as if a big joke were played on him.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 28
12-0001

I belonged to a party to educate cadets located in the Hiroshima municipal ground, where we set up anti-aircraft

guns against the attack of American fighters. That day we got up at 8 and at 8:15, we were getting the roll-call as usual. No sooner had I seen a flash, then a mushroom-shaped cloud above, than intense heat attacked us burning our faces and hands. And we were blown 20 meters backward. The burnt skin peeled off, from which water oozed out. It smarted terribly. Unable to recognize one another because of the burns, our senses were clear enough to exchange talk with hoarse voices about the disaster we had just met. No one knew what had happened. What I'd seen at the time stuck in my mind so deeply that I can never forget it as long as I live. A party staying near ours came to rescue us and put white zinc flour on our burns. Our barracks had been blown away, so we were laid on straw mats in a row, thirsty as if heated in a pan. There was no saliva in our mouths, which made it impossible to speak. The members of the relief party shouted again and again, "Do not drink water, or you'll die".

Some days later, the families of the soldiers of our party came to Hiroshima from Osaka, Nagoya and other places to find their sons and husbands. One family came with a memorial tablet for their supposedly dead son, and they were ecstatic to see each other alive. On the 29th of September, 1945 I came back home. My family took me for another person because my face had been burned black and its shape changed, swollen. They were amazed at my appearance, but had believed in my survival. The area around Hiroshima Station had become blank, like some place in China and there was nothing to disturb our sight as far as the eye could see. Even now I sometimes see that deserted view in my dreams.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 28
14-0602

The first people I encountered (after the bombing)

One person stood with ripped pieces of skin dangling from both arms, crying out "Help me, soldier...". It seemed that he could not make out what had happened and he just stood there. Another was so badly injured and covered with blood that it was impossible for me to tell whether it was male or female. Another was a mad woman laughing, with her dead child in her arms. There were about 30 to 40 of them, but they did not ask for water.

The only thing I was able to do was to tell them where the doctor's office was. I went to what remained of the soldiers' quarters to rescue injured soldiers. After that I went to the doctor's office to see if the people that I had seen previously were all right. The doctor's office was so overcrowded that those who could not get inside lay collapsed by the entrance.

The school children by the road (4-to-5-grade primary school pupils)

On the streets several people lay wounded or dead. A group of school children lay on the ground, all facing the same direction. I went a little closer. "Water...Water", they cried. Just as I replied "All right, I'll bring you some water so hang on...", an officer passed by and said to me, "You fool, don't bother with the civilians, look for soldiers." I could not believe my ears.

Suffering woman who had given birth on a rough straw mat put on the wagon.

I went to the bomb shelter in Hijiyama Hill to look for any remaining soldiers. "Any soldiers from the materials section here?" I cried out, but there was no answer. Inside it was dark and many people were lying in pain. Just as I was walking out, I saw a young woman that had just given birth to a child. She lay on a wagon that was covered only with a coarse bamboo mat, and beside her was an old woman attending to her. The sight was so overwhelming that I cried and cried. I covered her with a blanket as I did not want other people to see her in such a state.

Helping the naval officer and his wife look for their children

On the 6th or the 7th (of August) I was ordered to collect and pile up the dead bodies. In the evening, a naval officer and his wife came to look for their children. My job was to show them around. (The area was restricted unless there were orders otherwise). As we were searching the naval officer's wife stopped in front of dead children and took them into her arms one by one, crying out the names of her own children.

At first I had thought that only our squad had been

under attack, so when I saw how badly injured the civilians were, I was horrified. If only I could have done something for those who lay so helpless in pain...I can still remember so vividly, the woman and her child on the wagon. Just the thought of it brings tears to my eyes. (When I think that the baby was brought into this world but how long he/she could survive.) The only consolation is that I was able to cover them up with a blanket.

Were the naval officer and his wife able to find their children? Are they still alive? If not, do any of their relatives live in Hiroshima now?

I have fought on battlefields. I have never feared death. I have seen people die on the battlefields, but the cruelty there cannot be compared to that of the atomic bomb.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 29
02-0024

I was in the army, so all I can tell is what had happened there.

1. On August the 6th in 1945, I was a soldier in the Akatsuki regiment No. 16710 in Hiroshima city. We had had no sleep for several nights because of continuous air-raid alarms. On the morning of that horrible day, having special permission granted to take a nap after breakfast, many of us were asleep. I had washed my clothes with one of my friends, and was putting them in the sun. At that time, the atomic bomb exploded, a terrible noise came, and I could see nothing but darkness. I went under the eaves of the warehouse waiting for the smoke to disappear. I thought the darkness was because of smoke. After several minutes, it became brighter. I could see everything was destroyed. I was lucky to survive because I hid myself in the barracks.

2. Luckily no one in our group got injured too badly and we began a rescue operation following our leader's directions. We found one soldier who couldn't get out of the barracks fast enough and had his leg caught under a big log. The log fell from the top of the barracks and his leg was smashed flat just like a piece of board. He cried "It's OK to cut off my leg to help me." We had nothing to cut such a big piece of wood with. So we sent for a soldier

from building repairs and he cut the wood and helped him out. I still remember his crying.

3. Later we found many of our army had been bombed. We had them go to the shelter at Hijiyama Hill. And we, in pairs, threw dead soldiers and civilians onto the trucks, one of us holding the head and the other, the legs. It was sad to send off the trucks full of corpses. I can never do it now. How could I then? I don't want to remember that scene. Maybe, under those chaotic circumstances, I was either too busy or too tense to think about what I was doing.

4. When I went to the shelter of Hijiyama Hill, I found so many bombed people, both soldiers and towns people. Their skin was swollen, rotten, and peeled off in the face, hands and legs. Their mouths were so swollen that even chopsticks would not get through. They were going to die without food. "Give me water! Help - help me! Please!", they cried. We were not allowed to give them water. They would soon die if they drank, so they said. I was really lucky to survive. Bombed people were terribly miserable. I don't want to think about it any more.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 29
13-11-038

Inflamed bodies, charred bodies, injured people... This tragic scene was an inferno. It is simply unforgivable that even the aged, woman and children were made to suffer.

It is unforgettable that the maggots were eating at live human bodies. If there had been more effective medicine, earlier diagnosis or some more developed facilities, many more people would have been saved.

We must not forget that, knowing nothing about the atomic bomb, many entered the city right after the bombing and this made the casualties worse.

I was asked to help. There were, however, no means or methods so I couldn't do anything for them. People were begging for water, but there wasn't any container and what was worse, it was said that they would die sooner if you gave them water. I still felt the urge, though, to give

them water if it resulted in their quicker deaths.

Around the Hiroshima Station, the railings of the concrete bridge had both collapsed. The wire of the suspension bridge which I believed to be nonflammable was burning. The thatched roofs emitted fire, the mountain also blazed up. The phenomenon which was unbelievable even after watching all this was that the rice plants, wild grass, and even the vegetables were singed under the thermic rays. By the Kanda Bridge, the river was burning. I imagine that gasoline, petroleum or heavy oil flowed into the river and it caught fire.

At the first phase of the mushroom cloud, about 3 or 5 minutes after the explosion, it looked like candy floss with the height of 100m and the width 20 to 30m (I can only guess the size). The white smoke started to ascend and gradually a brown color was interwoven, and overspread in the air. It didn't look like a mushroom from underneath. Rather, it was like a thundercloud whirling up into the sky. White, brown, black were mixed, and later this caused the black rain. Around Ushita large drops came down for about 20 minutes like a shower. The clothes were stained black where the raindrops fell.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 29
18-0018

At the time, I was living in Kokura on business. On that day I was to report to the office in Hiroshima. It was when I dropped by at my mother's in Ushita for breakfast that the bomb was dropped. Soon, the neighborhood was all aflame. Seven or eight of us, some of whom were women and elderly people, tried to put it out. At about noon, I started for the office 5 to 6 kilometers away. On the way, I came across 2 to 3 hundred people. Some of them, mostly women and children clung to my legs asking for help. I was badly wounded myself and to my regret, I could do nothing for them.

A great number of corpses were abandoned in the streets and rivers for a long time. At the time it didn't seem to affect me too gravely. But even after the passage of all these years, the whole scene still haunts me, especially when I walk on a deserted street late at night.

(4) In the Thirties

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 31
13-01-001

1. Up until one minute before the explosion, in human shape, in war time, we all took part in life through the war. But the bomb changed everything. There were many who disappeared, heads were blown off, arms were broken, clothes were torn off, the skin was ripped and torn all over and hanging on their bodies like rags, people crushed under the buildings and burnt to death. In rivers, heads with eyeballs hanging out, feet, arms, dogs, cats, bicycles and trash all in confusion. It was like the hell of hells.

2. I can't find words to describe the cruelty. I was in the artillery command office on Hijiyama Hill. I was at a carriage shop near Hiroshima High School on an official errand to ask for a cart. And I was in the front of the shop when the bomb fell. The shop collapsed, and I was buried under it. Blood flowed from my head, changing my military uniform all red. A tendon hung down ten centimeters from my finger. The whole city had turned into hell. I cried and cried all the way back to the office, holding my hand.

3. I am and will be sorry all my life that I couldn't help those people who, in their death throes, said, "Soldier, give me some water, please" whose faces were burned by thermic rays and so swollen that they could not see, whose heads were cracked up with a spilt in his head about 2 centimeters (1 inch) deep and 10 centimeters (4 inches) long looking as if they had been baptized by blood and who began labor on the cart groaning with pain.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 31
14-2026

I think it was past ten that day. The clocks were all smashed to pieces so that nobody knew the correct time. I went into the city which was engulfed in flame, from the corps across the Miyukibashi Bridge to observe the city and to see how his family was, on order of the Chief of Staff. Thousands of people were lying on the roads, burned and swollen. They did not even look like decent human beings

any more. A man was staggering close to the fire. I called out to him and he turned to me. His clothes was burned and torn, as if he were the "Deva King" whose whole body was burned and sore. Suddenly he turned to the burning house and walked right into it, as if he had not noticed the heat.

A man was dead like used charcoal, leaning out of a train window. He must have been the driver of that train. And when I approached and looked into one of the coaches, I saw many people standing or sitting. They were dead, as if they were black clay figures made by children. Probably, they didn't have any space to fall down because of the sudden thermal expansion. And in another coach which looked empty, there were some men, but I couldn't count them exactly, because their bodies were not whole. Arms and legs were scattered around. There were even bones - flesh had already been burned off. I almost fell down, because I was thirsty and had difficulty in breathing - I must have been dehydrated because of the hot wind. And I could not stop shivering at the sight. I could not believe that the bang caused all this.

I walked again, and went round a corner to find a bridge. The bridge was covered with people, groaning, all of them seriously injured. Most of them were already dead. Amongst the dead, hands and feet were moving slightly. Some were saying "Water...water..." I could do nothing for I had no water. I wondered how they had managed to reach the bridge? Wishing nothing but to live, they must have used their last strength to reach it, and there they died. I lost consciousness and fell down.

Some years later, I found out that the bridge was the Aioi bridge and that the building whose collapsing noise made me come to, was the Dome.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 31
35-0135

Under the thin sun screen more than a hundred people were lying in pain on the school playground (which was also a drill ground). Their faces, hands and other uncovered parts of their bodies were peeled and their eyes were smashed. Their clothes were also tattered. Then suddenly one of them begged in a faint voice, "Chief, help me. I

want some water. Give me some water, please". I wanted to do something for him and looked for water, but there wasn't any water around there. I told him that I would bring some water to him later and left there, because I was on my way to look for my soldier friend. About an hour later, I was delighted that I could find him but I'm very sorry at the thought of the people who asked for water and died in agony (and I never knew who the people were).

Another friend of mine wasn't bombed directly, but he walked around Hiroshima city for a couple of days to look for his family who had lived in the city. After four days or so, he fell ill and was taken to an evacuating accommodation (the building had been a school). Later I was told that he hadn't lived many days. It's a wonder that although often sick I'm still alive today.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 32
40-0134

When I burned dead people who had died from broken glass, their faces were torn like a pomegranate, their eyeballs burst and their bodies with broken pieces of glass stuck all over looked like porcupines. The mere remembrance of it makes me shudder even to this day.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 33
07-0050

1. I was directly affected by the bomb. While my friends were dying one after another, I became more and more afraid that my turn would be coming next. I was so troubled, day and night, that I became neurasthenic and it lasted a long time.

2. In 1949, my daughter was born. I worried about the influence of radioactivity, because I had the after-effects. Even now the idea that something terrible might still happen to her makes me very anxious.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 34
22-0327

Looking back, it feels very strange how I could stay so calm as if I had lost all human feelings. At first I found it abhorrent even just to touch the severely wounded people, burned people and dead bodies. But in 2 days, I could handle them as if they were objects.

I was in charge of nursing, so I accommodated the children too. As for food, we had enough.

b) Female

(1) Less Than 9 Years Old

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 9
27-0516

A wall came down in front of my house and a neighbor lay dead under it. For a while, nobody knew about it and we walked on the rubble.

My little heart wept to see, on the river bank, bodies incinerated one after another as if they were cooked fish. The smell was sickening.

(2) At Teen-Age

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 12
20-0099

Although I was 3 kilometers from the hypocenter, I felt a strong flash before my eyes. Immediately afterwards, there was a blast as strong as an 8.0 earthquake. I could not stay on my feet, so I crawled under a desk beside me and thought I had lost my eyesight. As I was looking around, I gradually regained my sight and found out I was the only one who had escaped injuries. All my friends around me had their bodies covered with glass fragments from the classroom windows. It was hell on earth. I got out to the ground helping wounded friends. Even though it was a summer morning, it was dark as if right before a summer shower, with colorful gigantic columns of clouds (atomic clouds).

From nowhere came waves of people with frizzled hair and ragged clothes in a trance, understanding or feeling nothing.

The fire continued into the night. The sky was bright red like the sunset glow. Groans from dying people were heard everywhere - the tragic final words of people bathed in the deadly heat of 6,000 degrees centigrade.

I cannot express it in words!

Only the victims know how it was. It was beyond imagination.

Every August 6, during my one minute prayer, those voices of the victims come back to me. May God let them rest in peace.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 13 years old
22-0055

When the A-bomb was dropped, I took refuge in the mountain in Koi. Next day, on returning to my home at Dote-machi walking through the center of the explosion, I was appalled to see the miserable sight. When I arrived at the site of my house, which had been completely burnt, I felt myself in danger of going mad. Finding that fortunately my mother was safe, I felt a little relieved, and was at last able to cry like a baby from the pain of burns.

I still keep deep in my heart that when I saw a boy of my age at the refuge of Hiji-yama (a cave shelter) near our house, who was out of his mind, I felt deeply sorry for him, thinking that I would have been like him if I had lost my mother.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 13 years old
34-4105

Still branded on my memory are the purple flash and the light with intense heat. Then came darkness. It soon became calm and fires broke out here and there. Looking up at the sky, I saw a mushroom cloud growing bigger and

bigger, with fire burning on its top.

On the railway bridge of Futaba-no-sato, there was a train stopped. Flames from the locomotive were sweeping it.

After a while, people, stained with blood came up from below (I was in a field on the hill, from where I could see the city). On my way home with great difficulty, I saw students and other people all seriously injured. Then I found our house completely destroyed: the roof was rolled up, the walls fallen down, glass and furniture broken to pieces. I was stunned to see it, unable to understand what had happened. As time went by, many people, burnt or injured, came fleeing from the fire. When night came, the sky over the city looked red, reflecting the fire in the city and the fires were spreading to the mountains. I was caught by fear, thinking that we would all be sandwiched by the approaching fires and burned to death.

Without directly experiencing this, you cannot imagine how terrible it was. It is beyond description.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 14 years old
13-03-014

1. Injured people were carried to a primary school and died there one after another every day. I helped to collect their bodies, by some tens, to the corner of the play-ground and burn them with oil after taking off their name plates. Their ashes were put into small bone-bottles. I do not remember who told me to do this.

2. I entered the city with my sister to look for my brother-in-law. We went to a temple of Koi, and looked into the faces of the injured one by one to try to identify him. But their faces were so badly injured that we were unable to find him. He perhaps noticed us, but he could not even call us. We would only later learn that, seriously injured, he had been carried in and stayed there. I think he died alone there, leaving his regrets behind.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 14 years old
26-0040

- On my way home, a girl student, with burns, asked for our help saying, "Please help me". But I and a friend of mine could do nothing for her. Later I regretted it, thinking that I should at least have asked her name. I still feel deeply sorry for her. So seriously burned, perhaps she could not survive.

- I went to the Hiroshima Red Cross Hospital to see my relatives, passing through the rows of dead bodies piled up all around from the front gate through the yard leading to the reception.

- I saw the dead bodies of a mother and a child embracing each other.

- Writhing with an urge to help people, I could not do anything then in those circumstances. I pray for their souls.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 14 years old
27-0295

In fleeing through corpses and the burned, at first I only shuddered at the sight of the people who, stretching their hands to grasp my ankle, asked for water. In fact I was so scared that I was almost crying. But as time went by, humans could be gradually accustomed to even such hellish conditions. I think the most dreadful is this kind of human nature.

I was so desperate to flee to a safe area that I did nothing to help others, nor could I find any means to do it.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 15 years old
14-0138

Two days after the A-bombing, my father and I went to the center of the city to look for my uncle and his wife who had been living with us. The river, once so beautiful, was now full of people burnt to death and naked, flowing down the river. Among them was a dead horse. This miserable and

dreadful scene was branded on my memory at my age of 15 as an unforgettable hellish picture.

However, my father and I, like all other people walking in the city at that time, were too much preoccupied with their families and relatives to react to this condition with anger or to maintain normal thinking. None of the people in the streets were in normal mental conditions.

At the corner of the street running from Ushita and Kandabashi Bridge to Hacchobori, there were large numbers of burnt people lying by on the street. Some one faintly called for water. But with painful reluctance we ignored the voice and left there, because the water in the canteen my father was carrying on his shoulder was the water to keep us two alive for that day.

This, my own experience of having sacrificed others only to secure our survival, this brutality, has remained as a bitter memory, torturing me all through my life.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 15 years old
27-0383

Lying on the street in a shimmer of hot air, without any mat, one figure, whose whole body was injured from burns, was begging for water, joining its palms together. I had no water to give. How thirsty he was! I was 15 years old. I had been looking for my brother for 10 days. In the smell of putrefying human bodies I saw a body whose head, hands and legs were torn apart. I instinctively covered my eyes with my hands. Parents were calling desperately for their children, and children for their parents, brothers and sisters. Worn out after walking all day in search of my brother, I went to bed. But I couldn't sleep with all the things I had seen staying in my memory and the voices calling on someone ringing in my ears. Thinking that these people might stay in agony under the starlit sky, my heart ached and I forgot about the hurt to myself.

For these 40 years, I have struggled to get over many kinds of illnesses. Not a single day did I feel well. But I feel sorry for those who died at that time crying "Help me!". Praying for their souls, I will carry on with my work.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 15 years old
28-0115

In the factory where I worked as a draftee, all were smeared with blood: one was bleeding from his head, hit by a falling machine, another was holding hard his shorn-off nose.

On the hot asphalt road which turned bumpy, as if it had been covered with fragments of glass, I desperately ran toward my house. Although I heard a voice crying for help coming from someone trapped under fallen house, I could do nothing to help him/her.

Running all my way home, I met many people who had their skin peeling and falling down like rags, until at last I arrived at our house. The house was heavily damaged, with a hole in the roof, furnitures blown off and all walls fallen down. Remembering this, I think that I did not hear any voice from the people I met, other than cries and screaming. Most of them were silent, with no emotion on their faces.

Looking back to that day, I feel that it was not a human world, and that what I saw was the hell of another world. Nevertheless, I felt nothing, no matter what I saw or I heard. I believe my nerves were paralyzed. I came to know that humans could not behave as humans in such abnormal conditions. This is really dreadful.

I am longing for peace that will let people live as humans.

About my mother

I was shocked to see my mother when she was carried back by my father. She had gone by truck with parents of other school children to the place where my sister was evacuated. My father looked for her all around and finally found her. Her whole body was swollen up like a Dharma or a balloon, and her eyes buried in her face, and she could not even open them. My father and everyone else around us thought that she could not sustain her life even a day or two. But strangely, I could not believe that she was destined to die. We, father with all his heart and I with all my heart, fought with her burns as hard as possible...

Now mother lives on at her age of 76. She has overcome many physical damages, and her keloids have become soft and pale so much that only the remains can be seen.

In the area we lived many people were burned to death. Although the most seriously injured of all, she alone survived. Can we just say that she was lucky? My heart still aches whenever I think how the families of those who died at that time are living.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 17 years old
29-0009

Our house was located some 3.0 km from the center of the explosion. At that moment when I turned back, surprised at a big bang, an orange flashlight ran in the backyard of our small house. At the next moment the walls and the Shoji, sliding paper doors, fell off and I was trapped under them. But miraculously I was not injured. As I struggled to come out and found outside that the tiles of the houses had turned to the shape of waves. I thought that a bomb had hit nearby.

Because my brother, a student draftee from the Hiroshima Municipal Junior High School, had not come back by the evening, I went out to look for him. But I could not go on due to the fire. I met people, burned and injured, coming to escape from the center of the city. I still have in my memory these people with their skin falling down just like rags, with no expression on their faces.

My brother came home barefooted in the night, with the right side of his head and face burnt except the part which had been covered by his hat. There was no medicine anywhere, and I remember that maggots bred in his burns and that he cried in agony from the pain. There was no food either, and lotus roots from the field around our house were the only thing we ate throughout that summer. I later learned that these roots might have been heavily contaminated by radioactivity.

My sister, who was working at the railway department at that time, later suffered on her whole body from eczema and could not recover for a long time.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 17 years old
35-0185

In those days I was a drafted student working at the Koi railway station in Hiroshima city.

I was off duty on August 6. But I was still in the ticket office of the station to hand over my work to a colleague when the atomic bomb struck the city at 8:15 a.m. I fled in the direction of Koikami-machi. At it started to rain on my way, I went back to the station and saw many victims laid out in lines on the platform. Many tried to make voice, which did not easily come out, wanting to say, "Give me water", "Please, water". So I brought water in a bucket and gave it to them one by one. Among them was a woman, dead, still holding a baby. The baby was crying for milk, knowing nothing. The people to whom I gave water soon died one after another.

Soon later, a military policeman came and told me not to give them water but to apply oil to their burns. But I had already given water, and everyone died. I still wonder where I should only have applied oil to them, or whether I was right in giving water to those who wanted water so much. And I wonder what happened to that baby crying for milk from the mother. As a 16-year-old girl I did not know what to do.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 19 years old
22-0198

1. When I finally got out of the fallen house I saw for the first time a world where nothing any longer existed and no sound was heard, a completely dark world. A colossal column of atomic cloud rose in front of me, with its root on the ground.

2. People I saw did not look to be human-beings of this world, their skin stripped off, their hair standing on end and their arms stretched out with the fingertips bent. They all looked absent-minded.

3. That day, humans lost humanity.

4. I could not help anyone.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 19 years old
17-0116

I stayed in the shelter for about 30 minutes after the explosion of the A-bomb, then I was called out for relief activities. Though I had been taught first aid for everyday life, it did not help. I stood motionless, holding my breath at the horrible sight. My first aid was no use and all I could do was to pour some water into the mouths of those carried away one after another by truck. They no longer seemed human beings. Our minds too went blank after the initial shock, and we came to feel neither anger, fear nor sadness. Like machines, we delivered water threading through the injured, and applied mercurochrome to those who were screaming, just to comfort them.

The people, young and old of both sexes who were so heavily damaged that it looked strange that they were still breathing, drank water with great relish and died one after another.

Then after a while memories of that time in my mind came back vividly. I still have clearly in my mind the words I exchanged with dying people, the color of their skin burnt black, pieces of ragged clothes stuck on bodies, cries and voices asking for help and their faces with no emotion due to fear and despair. It is unbearable even to remember this. I am caught by self-reproach remembering that I was of no help for them.

(3) In Their Twenties

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 21 years old
35-0007

In the army hospital I nursed a lot of patients who had burns and intestinal hemorrhage. They died one after another. I remember that short of medical care, white maggots bred all over the bodies of the injured. I could not touch them, for the tissues of their skin were destroyed. Every day I brought out some dead bodies on a stretcher and burnt them.

When I went out to nurse citizens, I saw a baby crying for milk by the mother who suffered from burns on all over

her body and was barely breathing. Even now my heart gets full of emotion whenever I remember this.

I saw bodies of people blown into the river and floating in the water. Others were caught by a fire in a shelter and burned to death with their bodies smoldering. The sky over the streets of Hiroshima was colored red when the night came. People in agony died, after saying "Nurse, help me, please give me water", or just silently. Army surgeons and my friends in the hospital headquarters were all gone, leaving no remains. I cannot stop when I start writing about these. The people I saw dying one after another, how regretful they were feeling.

I was not married then and had no family. I really feel sorry for the people who could not do anything to help their husbands and children dying before them.

I had never imagined in my life that I would experience such a bombing. I witnessed hell in this world. The Hibakusha suffer from physical and mental illness caused by losing somebody who died with deep regret in their mind. This could only be understood by those who shared the suffering. This must not happen again to the generations of our children and grandchildren. For this we must join the peace movement. This is a mission given to us.

Among the people who do not know about the atomic bombing, some speak ill of us, Hibakusha, claiming that we are lucky for we can get free medical care and we even receive an allowance. But I want to say that it would be far happier if I were free of any anxiety and could live in peace, even if I had to pay medical expenses and didn't receive an allowance.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 21 years old
40-0182

It happened suddenly and I was all at a loss then. But with the passing of time, anger and sadness gradually developed in my mind. I shed tears when I recall it.

At that time I was 21 years old and had a baby-girl. In Fukuoka I suffered an air raid that reduced the whole city to ashes, and then the A-bombing of Hiroshima. It even

seems strange to me that I survived.

It is too painful to remember about the people whom I saw, those who were caught by the atomic bombing and died one after another. But I dare to write about them.

- A child around the age of a junior high student was walking, his skin burnt black and only his eyes glittering.

- A dying mother with burns on her whole body was lying by a bridge, and a girl at the age of around 4 was sitting beside her absent-mindedly.

- A dead body without any clothes on floated in the river, bloated flabbily.

- There were a couple of dead bodies of children by a fire-prevention water tank, as though drinking water.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 23 years old
32-0175

1. There was a woman, office worker, commuting by train from the suburbs. One day she was at the Koi railway station, looking pretty in a black-lace dress.

Next day, when I went back from Niho-machi in the eastern part (an area where I lived as an evacuee), passing through rubble to Kamiya-cho crossroads, I met her standing in solitude with pieces of the torn black lace dress stuck to her body. Though I worried about her, I was more preoccupied about my mother who was left alone in our house at Kusatsu-machi, and I had to ignore her. It was still in wartime and a plane, perhaps for reconnaissance, was circling in the sky. I could not afford to look after others. I am still anxious to know what fate she followed, and if her family came to help her from the suburbs.

2. I still remember that among the people lying in lines, as if they had been so placed, on the banks of Kan'non-machi, there was a young person who, hearing our footsteps (mine and the nursery school senior teacher's), murmured, "I want to ask you..." His well-starched white trousers looked so white as contrasted with the naked upper part of his body. His face was covered with a straw hat.

We did not even know what to do for him and simply hurry on, leaving him behind.

3. Also on the left side of the bank, crouching behind an electric pole or something else which had escaped the fire, a girl heard a sound of a kettle I was carrying under my arm, and said "Water, give me water". I said to her, "There is no water in this kettle. Tomatoes... It has unripe, green and hard tomatoes." Then she said, "Tomatoes!! I like tomatoes!!" So I took one out (which was a little yellowish) and held it out. Looking at her face I was surprised. Her eyes were sealed, lips were white, swollen and sore, and the fingers of her hands held out were soggy white like a piece of rice cake. After I put a tomato on her hands, I hurried on as if I was fleeing. But now I wonder how that girl could eat that hard green tomato with that white sore mouth. I regret that it didn't occur to me that I should break it in two and give them to her so that she could at least suck some juice.

4. The lost children in the atomic bombing, were collected together in Hijiyama National School. In this temporary camp, children, whose names and ages were unidentified, were laid in lines on army blankets (they hung number plates from their necks and all were found almost dead). One of them had many swollen spots like grapes on the chest. These were perhaps lumps of blood. They died one after another and were carried away somewhere by the principal and leaders of the towns nearby who had survived. I don't know whether they buried these bodies or burned them.

5. The auditorium of the National School in Kusatsu-cho, where our house was, was full of the injured. When the war ended, members of the Women's National Defense Association stopped coming to nurse them, and there were hardly any medicines or food. In agony, one person came out of the school. Naked and leaning against the water tank in front of our house, he said, "I am from Iyo...". Some neighbors took him back to the school. Probably he also died.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 27 years old
34-1533

A girl student draftee in our neighborhood was killed by the bomb. When I went to a park nearby to burn her body, I saw many other dead bodies lying here and there. Some were covered with straw mats. Others had nothing on them. Among them was a body lying, whose big eyes were sticking out, stomach swollen like a sumo-wrestler and their legs also swollen and looking like two logs. I heard that he was the owner of a drug store in our town. He had been thin when he was alive. So much could a human body be deformed if bombed to death! His image still stays in my eyes and I cannot forget it.

I remember the straw roof of a house nearby started burning suddenly as if paper had caught fire. We tried so hard to extinguish the fire that ours was saved from being burnt.

Also in my memory is a person who was painfully having medical treatment. Wearing striped clothes (black and white), he had suffered from serious burns only on the black part.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 29 years old
18-0002

Since the second day after the A-bombing, I saw a lot of people crying and shouting. Parents walked around to look for their children, and children for their parents. Some children were injured, with the skin of their burned-out arms and feet hanging loose, barefooted and crying. I was blind but I felt this, although the story about the skin was something I later heard from someone. There was nowhere to sleep. I bore a grudge against the United States for causing this agony even to women and children. But my wound on the shoulder was minor and my three family members were safe, I thought then that we were luckier than others.

It was said then that no grass and no tree would grow in Hiroshima for 30 years to come, and we therefore decided to evacuate to Itaya in Oono city in Fukui prefecture, the domicile of my father. After we moved there, father died on October 4, 1962 and after him, mother died on July 30, 1963.

Until their death they both spent really dreadful days, losing their hair and bleeding from their gums. I was caught by horror, worrying that I would also die like them.

Even now I feel that it would have been much better for me if I died on that A-bombing day.

(4) Thirties

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 32
35-0075

When the bomb was dropped, I went to my colleague's house at Senda-machi. She worked at the day nursery of the clothes factory. She had brought her three-and five-year old children. When I reached there, her house was blown down and her two children were crushed under the staircase. She, pregnant then, was trying to help them out. Before long, the fire broke out. Thick smoke came up everywhere. A civilian guard shouted that we should leave the spot quickly. Two children, however, were crying "Smoky! Ouch! Please help us quickly !". We couldn't run away from there nor did we think we would like to. The civilian guard still hurried us to get away from there again and again. Before we knew it, we were in the rushing people. Still now, smoke vividly reminds me of the scene that happened forty years ago. She died after that. The voices, "Smoky! Ouch!" still linger in my mind and I have no words to say about that. I am sorry I'm alive - I am sorry I couldn't help them.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 36
22-0082

On my way to the school yard, I saw a dead body with a hand holding on to the strap of the bus. Another dead body was a soldier still standing on the bottom of the Honkawa River. My eldest son, an A-Bomb victim, was fourteen years old and was a first grader at the First Junior High School. Nowhere could I find the junior high school on that day. Next day, I finally reached the school. In the rubble heap, half-burned dead bodies were still smoldering with a sickening smell. I couldn't find my son anywhere. However loudly I might cry his name, no answer came back. For five

days, I kept on searching for him. At last I found his body at Ujina port. The dead bodies were about to be shipped on the boat and thrown into the sea. Alas! In war, what a feeble thing life is! I carried him to the school and cremated him. I knew that it couldn't be helped at the time of war, but I hated to burn and bury my son with my own hands. My heart almost broke with anger. No more wars! No A-bomb should be thrown on any country.

All people in the world should respect life.

However hard the U.S. may try to make up for what it had done to us, my son will never come back to me. There's no compensation for him.

c) Sex unknown

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Sex unknown, Age 10
13-12-024

When I was ten years old, my mother and sister met the A-bomb air raid while on the road near my house. As they were missing, the rest of my family walked around to search for them. Eventually mother came back by herself. Her clothes were burned, hanging, so were her arms. She was so severely burned that we could hardly recognize her face. We managed to identify her by her clothes and her manner.

As there was no medicine for her burns, we just cooled it all night on that day. Next day, I accompanied my mother to the elementary school auditorium in the neighborhood to receive medical treatment. Both sides of the road from the gate to the auditorium - it was less than one - hundred meters - were filled with people who barely breathed and others who had breathed their last. Among them, the figure of a baby who was crying to search for the breast beside a motionless mother comes back to my mind still now.

We had to wait for our turn in line for several hours. While we were waiting, so many soldiers almost overflowing from the loading platform of a truck were carried in. They were severely wounded or burned. Soon the corridor and auditorium were filled.

There is no other word but 'hell' to describe the

scene. Dying people and dead people were lying on the ground with no mat, under the blazing sun. I couldn't tell which was which. I thought I'd like to have at least some ointment applied to my mother because half of her body was burned. My mother, however, facing that dreadful sight, urged me to come back home after waiting for several hours. She said she had no right to receive treatment when there were so many severely wounded people and dead people.

After that, my mother was confined to her bed for a month at home. She went through the dying stage and happily recovered from it in the end. The confusion of the people and my family at that time was beyond description.

(3) Beyond 3.0 km Radius

a) Male

(1) Teens

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 14
14-0309**

I was in second grade of a junior high school of the former school system and worked at Toyo Kogyo Co. as a student-worker. My house was at 7-chome, Otemachi. On that day, my father was working at the munitions factory at Tenma-cho, my mother was at home, my brother worked at Mitsubishi shipyard as a student-worker, and my sister was evacuated as she was a pupil.

Next day, on August the seventh, I came back near my house and met my father, mother and brother. Mother couldn't move, father was severely wounded in his head and taken to the site of the city office. My brother and I tended my parents in vain. Mother died on August the thirteenth. Father disappeared two years later. Probably he killed himself following mother.

It was just hell at the hypocenter and the neighborhood. Hundreds and thousands of dead bodies were floating in the river. Scores of junior-high school girls were dead in a heap, several people thrust their heads into a small water tank provided for fire. Dead bodies were hanging out of street car windows. They had tried to get

away from the street car. When night came, soldiers poured oil on heaps of dead bodies and burned them. When I think back to those years, the only thing that I'm contented with is that my brother and I were able to burn my mother's body and pick up the bones.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 14
34-3820

When about thirty minutes had passed after the atomic bomb was dropped, the north upper sky viewed from Minami-kan'on-machi (Koi, Numata district) was covered with thick black clouds. Black muddy rain with chips of wood and pieces of paper was pouring down and reached the neighborhood of Kan'on-machi. The south-east sky was clear and the sun dazzled me.

Almost all people who were outside lost the right or left half of their clothes. Skin was torn and hanging down. Their flesh was smeared with blood.

In the afternoon, many people who feared another air raid gathered in the air raid shelter in the prefectural athletic ground. It was just like a hell.

In the evening, drafted Koreans cut out the flesh of a dead horse. I can't forget that scene. I spent the night with my friends giving first-aid treatment to each other on the bank of the river. I had a trunk containing valuables. It was very bright because it was over the river lighted up by the fire burning at the area east to Funairi-machi.

At dawn, scores of bodies were floating in the river.

Next day (August the seventh), I went to the Daini Junior High School to receive food and the affliction certificate about ten o'clock in the morning. A rescue party came from the Otake police station. I had a meal for the first time after suffering the bombing. The school building was packed with half-dead moaners and dead people. I was fourteen years old then.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 15
03-0140

When I came to my senses, blood was falling from my hands, arms and face, drip by drip. My body was smeared with blood. I barely stood on my knees. Broken pieces of glass - they were just like arrow heads - stuck into the floor here and there. Someone was there. Moans and cries was heard. What happened? What on earth was the matter? I was upstairs and thousands of cries were coming from downstairs. Some people cried. Others shouted. They were calling, moaning for help. I myself was smeared with blood too and didn't know at all whether I really felt pain or not. Bloody people flocked into the open space at the end of the road. It was an incomparably cruel scene. It was just like a huge slaughter-house.

There came so many people burnt black. I couldn't tell who they were, where they came from, whether they were men or woman, old or young. They were coming in crowds successively as far as the bank stretched for hundreds of meters. At last they drew so near that I could see them clearly. Eyeballs had started out of their sockets and hung down in the middle of their faces. Hair were burnt and stuck all over their faces. Skin was torn to shreds - I couldn't tell whether it was skin or strips of clothes. It came off and hung on to the arms and waist. The whole body swelled with burns, and something like steam or smoke rose from their heads, backs, legs and whole body. Flesh burned sizzling. They were no more human-beings. Huge lumps of flesh swollen red or burnt black were walking. Inflamed bodies had only two legs on which strips of clothes were stuck. They lost their arms and hands and I couldn't tell front from back. It was burning and melting thick. The huge lump of flesh giving out an offensive smell groaned. It cried and shouted lying on its stomach. "I'm burning, burning. Give me water, water. Help,... Help me. Water, give me water. Just a little water..." "Where's my daughter? My child. Please help my son. Please help him. I'm burning. Oh it hurts me." Voice and tears mixed with moans and became silent. At last it fell on its back on the road. Lumps of flesh were falling down to die one after another as if the spots were their destinations.

The series of dreadful and strange scenes before my eyes made me completely lose my senses. I cried some

meaningless things, and I ran all over the place frantically not knowing what I did. I was very thirsty and almost fainted. How many times did I tumble down and rise? At last, however, I came to my senses. What I saw was the miserable, cruel scene which unfolded a little after ten o'clock in the morning on that day. People evacuated from the town area into the shipyard one after another. It was located at the end of the sands by the sea. Sands heated by the scorching midsummer sun almost burned people's feet.

In the shipyard, the space was soon filled with dead bodies just like burned black stakes or half-burned wax dolls and they made a small heap. Finally such heaps were made here and there. Those heaps were mixtures of agonizing faces, groans, moans and cries.

I can never forget the experience, that I had lost the power to think or feel.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 15
03-0140

Just after I met the A-bomb air raid, I was in the factory of Mitsubishi in front of the present Hiroshima airport (situated five or six kilometers from the hypocenter). Two or three hours later, I came back to Nishi-kan'non-machi. There was the dormitory of my school. A fire broke out and came next to the dormitory. I fought fire with my friends.

Later we were engaged in labor service. We destroyed houses to set up fire-breaks toward the hypocenter. Juniors somehow ran back to the dormitory though they were mortally wounded. Their figures were so miserable. It was beyond description. Their energy came to an end at that moment. As soon as they reached the dormitory, they fell down on the lawn or corridor in the dormitory. Though they asked for help and water, we could do nothing for them.

There was no doctor or teacher, and we - mere junior high school students - didn't know whom we could ask for advice. Someone said potato juice was good for burns. Though it was a mere consolation, we found potatoes from the broken down dining-room and applied its juice to the burns. Juniors said mournfully "Please, seniors, please give me

water" but someone said if I gave them water, they would die and I didn't give them water at all. Now I regret not giving them water. Because they died within a week (one of them died next day). I can never forget the voice asking for water.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16
34-1922

On August the sixth, I went to the cast metal factory after a morning gathering and there I met the atomic bomb air raid. When I looked outside of the factory about half past nine, many people were walking slowly and wearily to Yasu area from Yokokawa. They were burned black or had big blisters and their clothes were burned and torn. I can never forget the sight. It was just hell.

Going to and coming back from Ujina, many people were dying or died on the roadside. Some were crying for help and water. Some bodies had completely changed and it was hard to know who they were. I didn't know how to express my feeling when I saw the sight.

Dead bodies were soon wrapped up with blankets and carried on a stretcher. While they were carried, liquid dropped and it really smelled.

At the crematory dead bodies on the stretchers were turned over on the arranged boards and put in order by shovels. A shovel once hit the largely swollen belly. Then the belly was torn and white maggots came out. I was shocked to see that sight.

I hope such a thing will never happen again.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16
04-0353

As it was after I worked on night shift, I was sleeping at the time of the atomic bomb air raid. At first I thought it was an ordinary air raid. All was covered with gray smoke outside. Suddenly heavy rain started to fall but soon it stopped and the sunny sky came back.

Those who went to wash 'the straw' were blown away. Pigs were grunting.

Some people had their faces and thighs burned. They were wandering with blisters hanging down. Some women lightly dressed were severely burned and fell down on the road.

Since everyone was a victim of the A-bomb, there was no one to depend on. If a groaning man was under a straw covering to stop the sunlight, it was better. The sight could be seen without tears. At first I was sorry to see such a scene. Gradually, however, I got accustomed to it and I thought it couldn't be helped (I wasn't burned myself). Perhaps I had lost my head then. As we were soldiers, we were supplied with food. Civilians, however, didn't eat anything for three or four days, I suppose.

Everything happened around me was just like hell and I didn't know if I was dead or alive. I couldn't believe that I survived.

(2) Twenties

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 20
01-0129

a) Soon after the A-bomb air raid, I went up the Tenma River on a Yanmar-boat with my three colleagues. We were directly ordered by commander-in-chief Saeki of the transportation department of the army.

We landed on Hatsukaichi at about one o'clock in the afternoon. We went to Koi Elementary School on foot. There we received A-bomb victims sent from the hypocenter and disposed of dead bodies.

1. At that time, the skin of A-bomb victims was shiny black and they hadn't been torn yet.

2. Voices uttered by A-bomb victims were mere sounds. They were not words. I was taken aback by the most cruel scene imaginable. I myself just moved my body like a unicellular animal with no thinking power.

3. I hated America because it dropped the A-bomb on my country. However, I hated Emperor Hirohito so much that I wanted to kill him, because he didn't stop the war.

4. Until the morning of August the fourteenth, I attended A-bomb victims by myself as I was separated from my company at Ono National Elementary School. I was busy disposing of the dead bodies, increasing in great numbers. I could do nothing for the living people. I deeply regret it all my life.

Hiroshima, 3.0km, Male, Age 20
04-0352

I stepped over the charred bodies which were like small stones. A dying man - he seemed to die the next moment - asked me for some water. An old woman who was crushed under the beam of a broken down house eagerly asked me for help. But I could do nothing for her. I politely declined and ran away from there feeling guilty.

A lot of A-bomb victims were slowly walking from leeward to windward. (I headed for the Hijiyama area along Miyuki Bridge. They, however, fled to the Ujina area.) Among them I found my friend in junior high school and encouraged him.

Next day, I found my sister in the Nigitsu Shrine. I slept with her in the weeds of East parade ground that night. Painful moans were heard from every direction and they still linger in my ears.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 20
24-0016

After the A-bomb air raid, the military went out to receive wounded people or dead bodies. I felt as if I had gone to hell. Some shouted, "How it hurts! Please kill me!"; Others just groaned, moaning. Some men were so hot from burns that they jumped into the river and swelled up and died. The river was filled with such dead bodies. My job was as follows: I put fatally wounded people or dead bodies side by side on the road instead of taking them to the hospital and carried the dead people to the open space

to cremate them. Even now I can recollect those sad and bitter things vividly and they remain in my mind persistently. I can hardly believe that I'm alive when there were men who died in the same air raid shelter.

We shouldn't connive at the delay in establishing the A-bomb victims protection law. Their deaths should not be in vain.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21
01-0025

In a word, it was hell.

There was a dead body burnt black whose eyes could hardly be seen. As far as I could see, the space was filled with dead bodies. If my family had died like this, I would have gone mad. Though it was in the time of war, it was too miserable and I thought such a thing must never happen again.

At the elementary school, which was turned into a field hospital, boy signalmen, who met the A-bomb air raid and were burnt all over the body died one after another. Before their death, they drank water from the small water tanks provided for fire. In the water tanks mosquito larvae were breeding. I cremated the bodies in the backyard field every day.

I could think only about myself and couldn't care about others. Looking back on those years, I am very sorry and feel deeply the weakness of human beings.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21
01-0058

When I came out of the air raid shelter and looked at Hiroshima city, there was nothing left.

I was ordered to go to see my superior's house and I walked along the railway line. On the way to his house, I saw many burned people. It was burning hot that day.

Some people were burned black so much that I couldn't

tell if they were men or women.

I didn't know the bomb was an A-bomb.

As there was no order, I didn't relieve them. I just looked at the disposal of dead bodies absent-mindedly.

After I stayed in Hiroshima for about a month, I came back to Hokkaido.

Now I remember the scene; salad oil was smeared with a brush on the burned people. There was a man whose eyes jutted out from their sockets. In two or three days, maggots had grown on the burned people.

Placed in such a situation, man's mind gets paralyzed. I'd come to feel nothing for them. I now feel pity for those who died with so much pain.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21
13-10-011

What I saw on that day;

So many dead bodies floating on the river that they covered almost all the surface.

So many dead bodies burned black and I couldn't tell if they were men or women.

A man walking with his burnt skin hanging down.

A man burnt black lay on his back on the road; only his hand was moving.

Only the eyes and teeth of those burned people were white.

Rows of the wounded put side by side on the road as there was no home for the first two or three days.

The scene that the dead bodies were piled up like pyramids and cremated.

At night the dead bodies gave off pale blue light.

I cannot imagine a more cruel scene than that.

The picture of the inferno I'd seen before was not so bad as the scene

I saw in Hiroshima.

I prayed that my family or relatives would not suffer such a hardship.

In those days, I was told "It's not good for the burned to drink water.

So don't give water to the burned people." Though I was asked for water

from many wounded people and I carried a water bottle, for the first two

or three days I didn't give them water at all. I never remember those

people without regretting my refusal.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, Age 22

10-0016

At the time of the A-bomb air raid, civilians (townspeople, pupils) suffered most cruel deaths.

Their faces swelled and the mouth jutted out. Skin was hanging like rags. They fell down all over the place. They shouted, "Give me water!" and they died when given water. People died here and there. Hiroshima was rich in ponds, where lotus grew.

At that moment, I didn't know that it was an A-bomb and I wondered why they were so badly burned by the fire. I thought a gas explosion had occurred somewhere.

What an inhuman act dropping the A-bomb was! Pupils rushed in shouting "Help! Soldiers, help!" I thought it difficult to help them all. But by the evening every pupil had died.

Soldiers were to die, so it couldn't be helped if they died. Townspeople or pupils, however, had no reason to suffer such a hardship. I felt hostility toward America.

I feel that human beings will perish some day.

War is a great misery.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 22 years old
24-0055

(1) Maggots

Two of us carried the dead body to a waiting truck. The skin from the body stuck to my hand. From the hole a horde of maggots came pouring out. They kept coming and coming without end.

I remember victims with keloidal scabs about 5 to 7 mm thick. I have often been burned myself, but the burns from the atomic bomb were different. The surface of the scab was purple. The patients didn't feel any pain even when the scab was removed with tweezers. Under the scab were pink flesh and maggots. Just like the corpse, maggots poured out from under the scabs.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 22 years old
27-0312

I was in the military stationed in Kanawajima. I was sent to Hiroshima the day after the bombing to help rescue the victims. Without regard to the severity of their wounds, we loaded the living, only, into a cart and took them to Kanawajima.

We laid straw mats on the ground and treated the wounded there. We used tincture of zinc and ointment to treat their wounds. Within a few days, several of them died. The dead bodies were sent to Ninoshima Island by an army boat and buried in an air raid shelter. At the pier, the bodies were thrown like cargo into the army boat 4 or 5 meters below. It was a rude way to treat the dead.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 23 years old
01-0138

The tragic scene of all those dead people.

Dead bodies in the water.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 23 years old
27-0708

The day after the explosion, I was ordered into Hiroshima by the fleet commander. I don't exactly remember where I was, but I remember debris everywhere; smoke rising into the air; dying people searching for water; thirsting people unable to move; people crying and screaming because of the pain and the heat. And I remember watching a crying man burn the body of a dead child on the bricks of a burned down house. Maybe he was the father, and I thought it was cruel that the parent had to survive and his child die. I remember the anger, the fear and the frustration I felt because even though I wanted to help, there was nothing that I could do.

The barracks in Ujina were full of the injured -- people whose faces had swollen to the size of watermelons; people whose eyes had been burned out; people whose entire bodies were coated in white ointment; people whose skin had been ripped off and their bodies swollen red with blisters; people who were dying. Night after night they kept dying. We collected the bodies into a pile, a mountain of death. The stench got to me. It was a scene from hell. My emotions were overwhelming.

I knew from the deepest part of my soul that I wanted no more war.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 23 years old
34-0534

I would say he was the king of hell. The citizens of Hiroshima injured by the atomic explosion stood in long lines that went from central Hiroshima toward Ujina and Mt. Koganeyama. Their faces were burnt and their clothes ragged. The army doctor separated them into two groups-- those who couldn't be helped and those who had some chance of living. Those who couldn't be helped were sent away to a dark and hopeless place. I'll never forget their fear as they waited for death all alone.

I've been thinking that is army doctor was really the king of hell.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 25 years old
13-10-001

Hiroshima, the city that turned into a burned out field. Many corpses floated in Ota River. Among them were people in comas, almost dead. In an air raid shelter at the East training grounds, a junior officer was found. He had wet his pants and was staring blankly into space. Wanting water but not allowed to have any water because it could cause death, one person crawled silently to a water faucet and died with the faucet in his mouth (At the provisional hospital of the shipping training division). Another died believing the rumor that Japan had beaten America and was revenged.

To tell the truth, being surrounded by more dead bodies than living, I felt I had become one of the dead, and I lost all sympathy and feeling, and I was so confused that I couldn't distinguish the dead from the living.

Time has passed, and now I have children and grandchildren. Having them around, I can see the little girl who died in front of the bank in Kokutaiji very clearly. I think that war like that should never happen again.

Although I really feel sorry for those who got killed, if I could, I'd rather forget all those terrible memories.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 25 years old
20-0009

There was a blast of bright light and I was knocked down. Shards of broken glass from the roof rained down on me. There was a mushroom cloud above me (I found what it was later). I didn't know what was happening at that time.

My duty was to aid the injured and to dispose of dead bodies, etc. I worked in a trance. People died saying "Water, water...", but I couldn't feel anything. In my trance I couldn't understand anything that was happening.

A few days later, my body became infested with maggots, it was disgusting and terrible. There wasn't anything I could do.

Some days later, I was allowed to go home. I went back stepping on the hot ground, enduring the heat. But, of course, the house and my family were gone.

The whole city smelled terrible, and dead bodies were everywhere, foam boiling out of their mouths, eyes, nose. As I think about it now, I guess it was then that I finally realized what had really happened and started to wonder what I was going to do. I started to feel again as a human being should.

Wandering around in a daze looking for my family, I saw so many dead bodies - big bodies, small bodies, charred bodies and half burnt bodies. It was so inhuman.

But I didn't think we had lost the war. And I thought that I would have to continue fighting, and in a way it gave me courage. I was also young and healthy.

When I consider it now, I think it shows the fearful power of the educational system. For those who died in front of my eyes begging, "water, give me some water," I have to do my best so that they may rest in peace.

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 26 years old
12-0012**

At 8:30 am on August 6, 1945, the new bomb (It was called "Pikadon" then) was dropped over Hiroshima city.

Under the direction of the commander of Ujina, all units were mobilized to rescue the people for all of Hiroshima city. The city was completely destroyed and burned. It was totally beyond our imagination. Dead bodies were piled everywhere. We didn't know where to start our work.

As I was in the supply unit's transportation squad, I delivered aid materials to each First Aid headquarters. On my return, I put as many wounded people in the car as possible and took them to the barracks to stay temporarily. Right after they were received by our first aid unit, I went

back to the city to bring other victims. The rescue work went on day after day until all the barracks and hospitals in Ujina were filled with wounded people. Most of them were suffering from burns. They couldn't get sufficient treatment. Only ointment or medicine made out of oil could be applied to their wounds. Five or six people died each day. About 50 people died in 10 days. (At my barracks, only) We may not be able to do anything to stop wars fought by soldiers but I'm absolutely against atomic bombs that kill without discretion.

I want this movement to become more active so that a peaceful world can be realized.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 26 years old
40-0763

She was a young mother. She came with her baby and her whole body was sore from severe burns. Her baby cried and, crawling on her mother's chest, looked for her breasts. The mother tried to hold her breasts up so her baby could suckle. I was a bachelor then but the scene made me cry. I remembered one proverb, "A woman is weak, but a mother is strong."

I realized that no one can put into words the love of a mother for her child. If that baby is still alive, he is well over forty. I wish he knew what happened then but I'm afraid he doesn't know his mother's great love. I hope this story will be taught in schools.

War, especially an atomic bomb, is the greatest sin in the world.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 27 years old
24-0012

At that time, a 18 year old office girl of the accounting section from the shipping training division was at her home in 7 chome Ujina-machi. On the very day of August 6, she came to our office cheerfully saying that she wasn't even exposed to the flash because she had been at home. But that afternoon, she became feverish and her

temperature rose gradually. As the Army Hospital and the Red Cross hospital couldn't provide treatment, our shipping training division was used as the emergency hospital. The building was in utter confusion because victims from everywhere had to be accommodated. Although a group of doctors provided the office girl with all available medical treatment, her hair kept falling out and the fever didn't go down. She died one week later.

When I think of that girl who came to our office so alive and well, I can't help but feel the fear of death. Still it haunts me, even now. It is the responsibility of our nation to comfort the spirits of all those killed by the atomic bomb and to make sure that nuclear war never happens again.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 28 years old
01-0005

I wish I could forget about the "Atomic bomb hell," but the harder I try to forget it, the clearer I remember all those who died in feverish agony, still worrying about their families.

The cries of "Please!" asking soldiers to treat their maggot infested wounds. They were too weak to do it by themselves.

The young woman who died, an urn in her arms full of her dead brothers ashes. For years, whenever I had a fever and was confined to bed, I would have dreams about that girl.

The atomic bomb killed many people in the cruelest way, but the people who have survived these 40 years have been suffering from the fear of illnesses which doctors can't diagnose and the worries of daily life. We've had enough of that agony. No more people should experience this. People who say that for the sake of the country, we must accept sacrifices don't realize the terror of the atomic bomb.

If they could only see those dead bodies floating in the Ota River many days after the bombing or the charred bodies with their heads in water tanks, hanging off the fence in Otemachi. They were left in that state for many

days. The sight still is printed on my mind.

Even 40 years after the bombing, the cries of victims asking soldiers for water changes into a roar of rage, "Damn Yankees!" Abolish nuclear bombs!

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 28 years old
27-0376

The school in Yaga, Hiroshima city was used as an emergency shelter. It was usually maintained by the Civilian Guards, but they never came back from downtown Hiroshima where they were destroying building to prevent the spread of fire in case the city were bombed. They probably were killed in the atomic blast. So, I had to manage the shelter.

The thing I remember most is the person I had been talking to normally. When I took my eyes off him, he suddenly died. And the person who had maggots growing under his scabs. There were those who complained that the scabs that formed over the burns hurt. When I peeled the scabs a little, scores of maggots poured out of it. Two brothers of about 3 and 5 years old were orphaned. From the first day when they were brought to the shelter to the day it was closed (about 2 months), I kept on encouraging them that their parents would definitely come to take them home. But their parents didn't come after all, and they were sent to an orphanage. I wonder what happened to them.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 29 years old
19-0005

a) Some people fell down in the streets, others collapsed while walking and didn't move. People cried out, "Water, water!" Some female students said "Mother, mother....water" And then died.

b) Since I was a soldier, I tried not to be discouraged by this sight and gathered up my courage to fulfill my duty. (an army accountant)

c) I wanted to give the victims water but there wasn't any. Besides, I myself was too thirsty to think about

others. I wish I could have given them water. Even now, I sometimes see them in my dreams.

(3) In Their 30's

Hiroshima, 3.0km, Male, 30 years old
24-0119

I'll never forget the pitiful sight of dead bodies that floated on the river. They were carried out to sea and then washed up on the shore. Only their bones remained.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 30 years old
34-1335

On that day at noon I left Kanawajima for the center of explosion. When I arrived at the Ujina pier, I was shocked to see a throng of atomic bomb victims taking refuge at an army facility in the inland sea. There was a long line of victims, and there were people collapsed on the road asking for help, and people crying for water. Nobody was trying to help them. Having arrived at the smoldering city, I and other soldiers laid the victims on the ground and gave them water. There were nothing else we could do.

I will never forget the feeling I had when I left the city at dusk, the cries of victims following me. At the facilities in Kanawajima, I attended on the victims who were taken to the army storehouse. Maggots were breeding in their wounds. There was a horrible stench. People died one by one and the storehouse became empty within a few days. That was the end of my duty. There wasn't enough time for me to record the victim's sex, estimated age or height as they passed away so quickly. I couldn't do anything.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 32 years old
30-0004

Day after day as if I were burning trash, I burned dead bodies which once had held beautiful life. I touched those bodies with bare hands--I was choking with the heat and the stench. In the night, there were tiny blue fires burning everywhere. How sad and heartbreaking the sight was! I

didn't have anything to offer to the deceased. All I could do was to press my palms together and pray for their deliverance. A young woman who was hardly breathing took my hand and said, "Please take revenge on the Americans, please..." Even now, I remember her face.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 32 years old
32-0021

Even though the army hospital in Eba where I worked was located 4 km from ground zero, the pillars were broken, the window glass crushed into powder, and the shards stuck out from all over the walls and pillars.

I did not get burned because I was inside the building, but all the buttons on my clothes were torn off, and my face was injured by a broken piece of glass. So, I took refuge in the air raid shelter, then a little while later, I ran into the operation room of the hospital to get treatment. But at the time, the hospital was already too busy to treat me because so many people from the country side who were hurt in the atomic bomb explosion were coming in one after another.

Their skin was badly burnt and torn by the strong blast and their clothes were ragged. And they all looked so horrible that it was impossible to say if they were male or female.

Because of the lack of medicine, tincture of zinc was the only the emergency measure available. When night came, I rushed around giving water to the many injured people asking for it. I was walking around in the dark holding a portable electric light because the electricity was out due to the bombing. Sometimes some of them were so thirsty that forcibly, that they took the pot frantically and wouldn't let go, but I took it forcibly, and kept going from one to the next.

People were crying, "Please, soldier, nurse, give me some water, water...." I still hear the voice in my head.

By the time morning came, all the people I had given water to the night before were dead. My heart choked because I felt much anger and hatred toward the enemy who

had done such cruel thing against these ordinary people, especially when I saw a dead mother holding a dead baby. And my heart was burned to defeat them and kill them.

I kept working to nurse those atomic victims who were accommodated in the hospital and even in the elementary school building which had avoided being destroyed.

At the time, because it was a hot summer, the city of Hiroshima smelled terrible from the huge amount of dead bodies, and numbers of flies started to appear. Also, the room where the victims were accommodated smelled so bad because of their burnt skin. The maggots were breeding in their burnt faces, noses, ears, mouths, and eyes, and were crawling all over. I couldn't do anything. The sight of those people were suffering was like a scene out of living hell.

These people died without their families around them, 50 - 70 people every day. The bodies were carried to an open area nearby. Then, debris would be collected into a pile and the bodies put on the top. When evening came, we would burn them. We collected their bones the next morning. That continued on for days. Also, many of those who were not attacked by the atomic bomb explosion directly but had come into Hiroshima, healthy, right after the bombing or some days later went to the hospitals because of radiation poisoning. Their white blood cell count decreased dramatically, their hair came out, they bled from their gums, and then purple spots appear all over their bodies. And they got weaker and weaker day by day. Then they would died within a week. Many died like this.

It's impossible for me to write or speak about the fear of the atomic bomb and the dreadful scenes of that time. That is beyond description. Forty years have passed since the atomic explosion, but the atomic disease is still bothering and killing people today. People who are healthy now have to live the rest of their days in fear, not knowing when they might find out they have a disease caused by the atomic explosion. This fearful atomic bomb should not be allowed to be made, or, of course, to be used. Even to be tested. The banishment of the nuclear weapons from the whole world... A peaceful world where war is not needed.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 32 years old
35-0113

1. Many people were trapped under collapsed houses, and many were crawling in destroyed houses. They were all afraid of the fire which was coming nearer. Being devoured by the fire, they died in agony. They looked as if they went mad. It was the most terrible sight.

2. Since the atomic bomb was dropped at the time most people begin working, there were a great many people in the city who were burned all over, falling or sitting on the road, unable to move. Those victims had their burned body exposed to the sun during the height of summer for a few days until they died. Being left on the scorching hot, shadeless asphalt, they kept groaning throughout the day and night until they died. It was hell on earth.

3. In the outskirts of Hiroshima, a large number of people who hadn't been injured or burned by the A-bomb died of nuclear poisoning within a month of the bombing. When they got sick with symptoms of their hair falling out and their gums bleeding, they knew the time of death as they had seen many victims die in in the same way. But many of them couldn't contact their families because the railroad (such as Kabe railroad) and telegraph had been destroyed. In the corners of empty buildings or in barns they were distressed by the thought of their own death. They were like condemned criminals waiting for execution.

4. I was stunned with the sight of people panicking, crying in pain, running around the suburbs right after the bombing. I saw so many of these unimaginably terrible scenes, and it made me insensitive. My feelings seemed to have been frozen. I could only rescue a few scores of people in my unit. Most of them were too severely burned. Having such a number of burned victims there, I couldn't rescue the others who were on the road. But now, I deeply regret it.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 34 years old
22-0266

It was on August 7 when we started our relief operation. A woman and her baby were carried on a

stretcher. They were burned all over. The mother had lost her eyesight. Her baby tried to find the mother's breasts for milk. She tried to pull her baby's hands closer to her chest even though she couldn't see anything. That was all she could do for her baby. (They died.)

Dead people were put on a boat and carried to Ninoshima Island. A mother, who had lost her three children, held on to their hands in the boat and wouldn't move from there. Although the soldier in charge of the boat tried to make her leave, he cried in sympathy in the end. But she had to let them go. The image of the mother watching in a daze as boat left is still in my mind.

I want to tell the next generation how terrible the war can be.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Male, 34 years old
30-0046

On that day, I was in the barracks preparing to deliver rations (At that time I was engaged in repairing vessels at repair section of the Kanawajima Army Shipping Factory in Ujinamachi, Hiroshima city) I immediately took a ferryboat to Ujina. On weekdays, I usually take the train to my apartment which is near Midorii Station on the Kabe line, but there was no transportation available on that day. While I was walking toward the Miyuki Bridge, I saw many injured people. They had swollen faces, and their eyes were only lines buried in their faces. They walked toward the sea. (They looked as if they were suffering from mumps.) Soon after I crossed the Miyuki Bridge, I helped pile injured people into trucks under the command of an apprentice officer in front of a building which was like a branch of the Red Cross Hospital.

The fire got a little weaker, and I was able to walk around again. When I was taking a detour in Koimachi, I met a man who was trapped under his ruined furniture. He asked me to cut his leg off. I was scared of his look and ran away. I kept on walking. Then people asked me to give them water. I gave them everything that was drinkable. Their happy faces! That was totally different from the face of the man. That night, I stayed at my apartment. On my way back to my unit the next day, I saw dead bodies with their

hands reaching out trying to get into the air raid shelter in front of Gokoku Shrine.

I still remember their faces twisted in agony. There were dead women piled one upon another on stone steps leading down to Ota River. They must have come down for the river water. The position of their bodies showed that they all had made a rush for the water. There also were countless number of people floating up and down on the river with the tide, their stomachs swollen out. They seemed to have drunk too much water. I managed to arrive at my unit to find that our barracks, where we usually slept, was filled with injured people on the floor. Cries for water were everywhere. One army surgeon told me to give them water. The moment they drank the water, they died. Together with other soldiers, I dug a hole and piled up branches in it. The countless dead bodies were put on the branches. They didn't burn well when lit. Heavy oil was poured on them. Although the oil itself burned, the bodies didn't burn completely. In order to save the heavy oil, those bodies were carried to air raid shelters and covered with earth.

Eleven years later, I learned by a newspaper article that many bleached bones were found in Kanawajima. In my heart, I apologized to the deceased for what I had done to them. I had to obey the order. If I told the whole story, it would take nearly 90 minutes. I made it much shorter to write down. Please excuse my brevity.

b) Female

(1) Teen-Agers

**Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 11 years old
29-0008**

My father was in Kamiya-cho when the atomic bomb was dropped. On August 6 at 11:30 a.m., he returned home with burns, which were treated with edible oil. He vomited green liquid from his stomach five or six times for two days after that. From August 28 to September 8 he had fever of around forty degrees. But with no doctors available, we just cooled his body with water from a fountain. From September 6 he was only in bed being unable to even go to the bathroom by himself. In the evening on September 7 he fell into a coma and died at 9:15 p.m. on September 8. I had a terrible

shock for I was only in the fifth grade in the elementary school.

I can't forget the awful burns of the people seeking refuge along the road beside my home from the center of the city to the district of Anryoku on August 6. I gave them water. I think many people, including my father died for they couldn't get medicine then.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 13 years old
27-0522

I helped with the treatment of burns of people in what is now the prefectural hospital. There were so many dead people that I had to walk with my toes between the necks of the dead. At a distance the soldiers were burning corpses. They put out fire with galvanized iron and left half-burned corpses in the mud, when now and then B29 planes came across. For all my life I can never forget the smell of burning corpses.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 16 years old
33-0106

Suddenly the city turned into a burned field. I felt I couldn't live any longer. In my office a man was standing dead on the desk, hit by the bomb blast.

On August 7 in the evening in darkness someone who was going out on the housetop of the warehouse was shouting, "Oh, I can't see." But I couldn't go to him for I was in the air-raid shelter. This event I can never forget and I suffered, feeling very sorry for him. He might have begun to suffer from sickness of the atomic bomb. (from the center of the city people were moving for shelter.)

When I treated the burned people, some cried for water which I couldn't supply. When I carried the corpses, I felt warmth on the body of a 4 or 5 year old boy who was badly hurt on his chest. As I was ordered by the officer to lay him in state, I had to do so, which I regretted very much.

The clothes of the people were torn away by the bomb blast and their bodies were almost burned naked, with only

patches of cloth on. A woman who was taking an infant with her, was wandering around, crying and murmuring something not understandable.

In the evening, in the rice field at the back of my house, people were burning the corpses gathered during the daytime, with bundles of straw. We made charnel boxes for them. We put the names on the boxes, which we had taken from the people when they came for treatment and labels on their clothes. But the ashes in the boxes did not match the names. Nobody could be seen by their families when they died.

In the train back home, I saw a woman sitting next to me carrying a white package on her lap. Knowing that it might have been rude, I asked her who it was. She said it wasn't a member of her family but a neighbor's child. She was going to carry it to her own home, for the child's parents were still missing after they went out to break down houses. This is a consoling remembrance among awful ones. I can't forget my friend crying for want of water.

-- (poem) The lesson of the dying friend calling for water was the need for the abolition of nuclear weapons --

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 16 years old
34-0838

Since August 7 my parents and I searched for my younger brother every day around Kusunoki-cho. In the evening we searched the camps of the injured people, carrying candles borrowed from the temple in Yasu-mura. The people lying there cried for water when they saw the light. We felt sorry we didn't have any water to give to them. We were so desperate trying to find my brother and walked from one camp to another, searching among the dying and the heavily hurt.

In front of the Yokokawa Station there were a lot of corpses. In the sour and sweet smell of those corpses, we had rice from the emergency food service, and potatoes taken under our burned house for lunch. It was August 8 that my brother was found at the crematory in Shinjo. I can't remember the correct time but we heard a corpse that seemed like my brother was in the crematory. People around us said that on August 6 in the evening a boy was lying on the road

crying for water. When they gave him water, he said, "Mom," and died. We recognized my brother from the clothes and his frame. But my parents couldn't give up after we burned the corpse. So we searched for my brother many times at the Ninoshima school, the orphan's camp after the war. My father died of cancer and my mother is now dying of uncertain disease.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, 16 years old
46-0061

I was saved as I had to go to school on August 6. By train I usually commuted to the factory in Yokokawa, where students worked during the war, passing by the building which is now called the A-bomb Dome. Two members of my family were killed in the explosion. I couldn't recognize their corpses and collected the bones around me on August 8. On that day, from early in the morning until evening, a tremendous number of corpses were laid in Kamiya-cho, Gokoku Shrine park, and the soldiers' training field. In the burned train there was lots of charcoal in the shape of humans. These horrible scenes are so deeply imprinted in my mind that I can never forget them.

The burned skin of my forehead was hanging over my eyes and on my left arm, skin was also hanging down from the wrist. All the people walking along the roads had their face skin hanging below their chins. Their clothes were burnt and shredded. This scene is recalled when I peel potatoes. (They are so thinly peeled when young.) On the bridges firemen and soldiers were taking up the corpses and the dying half-burned people from the surface of the river, using a long stick with a hook on the edge. Every hole of air-raid shelters was full of corpses, which were dug every 5 or 6 meters along both sides of the road in the city.

The city area was lit even in the evening and I heard that it was because people were burning corpses. I saw so many cruel corpses that my sense were paralyzed. While shedding tears with sadness, viewing the scene, I was wondering why I was alive. One of my neighbors who was working in a student labor corps, was caught in the explosion. He couldn't move and lay with his burns full of worms. I cannot forget his mother removing these worms one by one with chopsticks, shedding tears.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 19
26-0030

All four of our family were bombed. We searched for them and took them back home, but there was no medicine. We used some coarse tea leaves as a compress. I was miserable when a wound was infested with flies and maggots. I used a padded kimono as a diaper and went a long way to wash wet ones. My heart aches at those memories.

(2) In Their Twenties

Hiroshima, 3,0 km, Female, age 21
34-2315

After my two brothers had been sent to the front, I volunteered as a nurse in the Hiroshima forces to do something for Japan, though my parents opposed it.

The night before the atomic bombing, Ogoori in Yamaguchi was attacked from the air. I went to the hospital from the boarding house, Otemachi 1 chome, passing by what later became the A-bomb Dome. As the air raid warning was lifted at eight in the morning, with relief I sat on the bed in the night watchman's room. At the very moment something flashed violently a hundred meters ahead and I fainted away. When I came around, I was off the bed. The floor was covered with broken pieces of glass, the pillars were broken and most of the roofing tiles were blown off. People bombed outside were burned and came into the hospital saying, "It's hot. It's hot." One after another people came in ragged clothes with swollen faces and drooping skins. I wondered how to help them walk. In an instant the rooms and the passageways were filled with patients. Tying a band around my head I worked very hard to do my best without tidying myself.

Some people were getting too weak to ask for water, and died. Some vomited a washbowl of blood and died. Among them was one of the members of the Imperial Family, who died, crying, "Damn it!" Every morning I was busy carrying dead bodies out of the room. When a man recognized one of his family lying in the same room several days later, he cried throwing his arms around his folk. I can't remember how many times I wept in sympathy with the victims.

I remember a little girl who got a little better and left the hospital with a parcel on her back, not knowing where to go.

Last November I visited the war memorial of the main hospital and I found the names of the nurse who loved me as her daughter, of some of my good friends and of the old landlady. While I was not moving to tears, I felt chilly around my feet, at the loss of their lives.

I pray for the souls of the victims of the atomic bomb and hope that such a distressing past will never be repeated.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 25
35-0170

The most unforgettable scene I still remember is that several people were dead in a fire water tub and were boiled by the intense heat from fires. I went to the center of Hiroshima city, carrying my child on my back to look for my husband right after the atomic bombing. When I saw a man walking from Hiroshima city, I could not recognize him. His voice only reminded me that he was the master I knew well. He was burned black: the skin of his mouth and hands had peeled: the flesh was exposed. He was shoved and walked absent-mindedly with peeled skin of his hands hanging down. I still remember his appearance.

At that time I thought some dreadful bomb had been dropped and that something awful had happened. As days went by, I learned that it was an atomic bomb. Since then a lot of victims have died every day. My husband was also burned and a month later died of illnesses caused by atomic-bomb radiation. Day after day I deepened my hatred against the atomic bomb.

Hiroshima, 3.0 km, Female, Age 25
35-0206

(A) The shapes of the dead

A boy looking like a junior high school student was covered with something like a galvanized iron sheet. I took

it away and was startled by the sight. His body had swelled so much that his undershirt was on the point of bursting. His eyeballs were sticking out like those of a crab. I prayed for him and left. Only three days after the bombing, every hole of his body was filled with flies swarming on the blood. The blood was foaming.

(B) The agony of the living

The hair of the victims was like Afro hair style. Their lips were black and swelled three times as big. A person was moaning, but he seemed to be conscious. A few days later his back was infested with maggots, a couple of centimeters long. The skin of the people's bodies was peeling, looking like dried seaweed. Their appearance was unearthly. It was hell on earth in an air-raid shelter.

When I was crossing the Hijiyama Bridge, I was paralyzed with fright and could do nothing for others crying loud for help. I said, "I'm sorry. Excuse me." I prayed for them and crossed the bridge, leaving them behind.

(C) The days while Hiroshima City was on fire

It took a month to put out the fire. Every day the inner part of buildings burned down, and nobody could tell the weirdness of its sound unless one heard it.

There were a lot of bleached white skeletons of horses lying on their backs with their legs sticking up in the air.

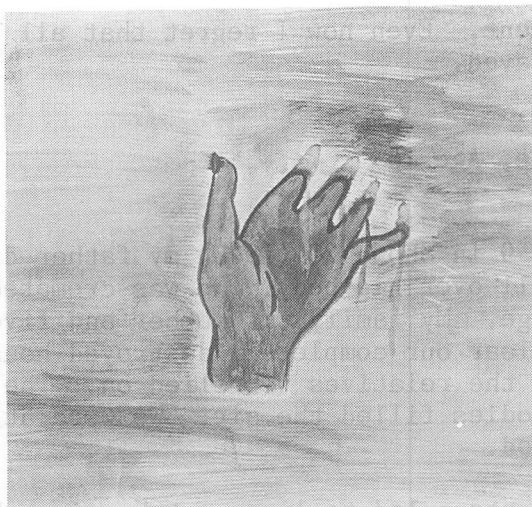
(D) The terrible experiences

1) When we were informed of the Soviet Union having taken part in the war, I with my husband and child were ready for death in a burnt-out area where there was no shelter.

2) After a month there was a rumor that the American army had made a landing at Ujina harbor. I shuddered with terror to hear it. I was also amazed to see an American soldier first time in my life.

3) I felt pity for the dead burned in the sunken places. It smelled after dark everyday, which made me feel uneasy as if I had gone to the world of death.

4) Aioi Bridge was destroyed surprisingly. I saw an American soldier stripped naked and tied down. There was a notice reading 'Spit at him when you pass by.' It seemed a lot of people would do as said in the notice. I wondered why they had done such a thing to him.



A man who died apparently on the spot lies there with one hand pointing to the sky. Blue flames rise from his fingers, and liquid in the color of Indian ink drips down. Painting: TAKAKURA Nobuko, age 18 in 1945. (Hiroshima)

II. Suffering on Entering the City

a) Male

(1) In Their Teens

Hiroshima, Male, Age 13
15-0064

One after another the survivors of my friends died every other month. A friend of mine was taken to Hijiya Hill in an ABCC (Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission) jeep, and we have never met again. When I was in junior high and high school, I was always scared I would be the next to die.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 16
01-2019

There were some who were washed away in a river calling for help. I also heard someone cry for help under the debris. With limited amount of medical supplies, only those who were thought to survive were rescued and were given

medical treatment. Even now I regret that all the people could not be saved.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 16
20-0013

On August 9 in Showa 20 (1945) my father died after being burned all over his body. He was cremated in a suburban village. My family, my mother and five children, could hardly clear our completely destroyed house. Nothing was heard from the relatives we relied on. The smell of the burning dead bodies filled the air. We were at a loss without any food.

Survivors struggled to live, not knowing what would become of them tomorrow. Nobody but people who were there could see the extreme situation: the war, the disastrous atomic bomb, and the deaths of families, friends and neighbors, devastated living. Give my parents back. Bring the victims to life. Give back my home and the happy life I had before.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 16
22-0251

The victims who suffered from terrible burns complained about cold and were shivering. They all asked for some water. I saw a few old men who seemingly had gone insane.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 16
33-0003

On the early morning of August 8 seventy students at Kamo Navy School of Health (in Kamo county Nomio-mura, the rank of the first-class medical soldiers) were ordered to go into Hiroshima city for relief activities. On the bed of a truck we passed Hiroshima Station, Hachobori, the Gokoku Shrine, the east side of Aioi Bridge, Tokaichi, and Yokokawa Station.

There were bodies reduced almost to skeletons in a destroyed streetcar, which indicated the power of the intense heat. The trunk of a big tree at the Gokoku Shrine

was split by the blast. These things made me doubt if Japan had really been a country of God as I was taught. The corpses by the roadside were rotten and scattered about. Because of the bad smell I used my towel as a mask. Nothing had been done for the corpses at the east side of Aioi Bridge; they were like roast pigs or dogs. A large number of corpses were floating on the river near the bank. I hoped I would not see such a holocaust again in my life, even in wartime.

An outward form of the Sanjo Credit Union was used for a first-aid station in front of Yokokawa Station. (That building is now Hiroshima Credit Association.) I was there for two days and helped give treatment to a lot of victims. Some of them who seemed well scrambled for balls of rice boiled with barley which the police distributed.

I do not think many of those in the waiting line to get treatment are still alive now. They said, "Please get even with this, you soldiers." "We will be sure to take revenge for everything." They were upset and hostile. I could understand their feelings. We not only treated the wounds but many time took lost children to the police forces. The two-story first-aid station was packed with severely injured people; some lay on straw mats around the building. The air was filled with the smell and sound of cremation.

It was a cool night for summer and the sky was clear on August 8. Many times, those who had been breathing just some time ago were found dead. We sat up all night with the patients. As most of them were women, we sometimes gave them something like a urine glass to have a wash. However, nearly all of them dirtied their clothes. On the second floor about ten patients, all severely wounded, were lying on the floor with very little clothes on. They were dying and were too weak to move and avoid the urine of others. Among the stench from body waste they were in agony; we could do nothing for them but watch this hell on earth. The only thing I could do for a girl lying at the entrance, seemingly in her late teens, was to put a piece of cloth on her waist. I gave a glass of water to those who said, "Water, Water." I tried to do my best, but some died by the evening of the 9th. When I was leaving the building two days later, the girl at the entrance was still alive and I tore myself from her with an aching heart, thinking that her life would not last long.

On the night of Aug. 8, I saw a mother with burns over her whole body, embracing her child crying innocently. At dawn of the following morning she died. It was really a tragedy to see the child sucking her breast in its dead mother's arms.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 16
34-3003

A 15 or 16-year-old boy was speaking aloud to a man lying next to him, probably his father, telling him to carry on. When the man told him something, the boy helped him to raise himself up and pointed to one direction. His father looked to that direction, with his hands clasped in prayer. Next moment, he collapsed and died. The boy looked at him for a while with his vacant eyes wide open, but soon fell on his father's body and passed away.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 17
25-0034

I was a young soldier working for weather observation in the upper air on a mountaintop which was on the other shore of a dockyard. A Kamikaze squad and an antiaircraft cannon unit used the weather information.

While I was working with no shirt on, on top of the mountain which looked like Mt. Wakakusa in Nara, I saw three chutes coming down. Suddenly there was a fierce explosion with light and heat. I jumped into an air-raid shelter ten meters away to avoid the unbearable heat. The moment the bomb exploded, I felt as if a bundle of needles heated red hot pierced my eyes. The feeling stayed with me for a while and I could not see anything. I thought I must have been hit by a direct bomb and that my time had come.

As the earth was shimmering like heat haze, it was difficult to run straight. Next moment the bomb blast came, destroying the barracks just like crushing a matchbox. When I came out of the shelter, the fishing boats sailing at about the same distance from the city center as from where I was, were wrapped in flames and were circling in the middle of the harbor. Maybe all the people on the boats had died and there had been no one to steer them.

Next day I was ordered to go to the area of ground zero and a railway station, which were still burning, to investigate the situation of railway traffic and the damage in the city. It is impossible to describe the horrible sight in that area.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 18
01-0003

On the night of August 6 I carried and treated the injured at the Hiroshima University of Humanities and Sciences. Without any blanket to cover them and no medicine to ease their pain, I could do nothing for them at all. I only gave some drops of water from a water bottle to those who asked for water (They were more than a few), though I thought that the water might bring them immediate death. Next day I found almost all of them had died. I still recall this with complex feeling that the drops of water could make their last supper.

At Lord Asano's second mansion called Sentei, the swollen bodies of the dead drowned in a river were collected there and mercilessly abandoned, which crosses my mind even now.

At the front yard of the prefectural government office, seven of us cremated several hundreds of the dead (Later I learned that they were in the patriotic corps) all night long. It was a horrifying experience. I still have them at heart, wondering how they were dealt with after cremation. Several of those who I worked together with that night died young, possibly because of radiation sickness caused by the atomic bomb. I do pray for the repose of their souls.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 18
28-0346

When the atomic bomb exploded, I was on the train near Koyaura Station on the Kure line. First came a glint of light. And the bomb blast. Then I saw a mushroom cloud. Soon after I arrived at Kure navy factory, I went back and walked from Kaitaichi Station to home in Mukainada. An endless line of victims fled from the devastated city of Hiroshima. Their clothes were torn and burned. Something

hanging down their arms was their burned skin peeling from their shoulders. I supposed that was in Funakoshi-machi where people gathered under the eaves. There I found a dying girl lying on a wooden door. What was worse, the skin of her body was burned and entirely peeled. I held my breath and turned away from her. It was a hellish sight.

I went to Hiroshima City to look for the family of my cousin in Showa-machi. At about six in the evening I saw a middle-aged woman lying on the roadside in Nagarekawa-machi. Suddenly she opened her eyes and stared at me. I was so startled because I thought her as one of the bombed dead lying on the street. She seemed to try to say something to me with her eyes, but her mouth would not utter a word. But I left the place abandoning her behind, which has left an unpleasant feeling since then. On August 6 I always feel my heart ache with regret. Why couldn't I say a word to her and ask what she wanted to say? Why didn't I at least give her a drink of water?

After all, I could not find my way to where my cousin used to live. It was already dark when I walked at the foot of Hijiyama Hill and went back home.

Hiroshima, Male, 18 years old
34-0915

On the morning of August the 7th, 1945, when we landed at Ujina-kanawajima, the barracks had been filled with the wounded and many people blistered from burns died one after another. It was miserable to see a baby crying weakly on its dead mother's breast until the end of its life in the yard, under the blazing sun.

On the day of the atomic bombing, when I was walking to Rakurakuen from Ujina in order to take orders from headquarters, I found a train blown far away from the track (about 10 meters) by the blast, with charred passengers hanging on to the straps. It was the scene of a gruesome review.

The road was filled with rubble and legs and hands of victims were seen between roof tiles of ruined houses still smoldering.

When I was walking along the tracks over the railway bridge in order to cross the river, I came to a place where the railway ties were burning and I almost fell off the bridge. Below the bridge, timbers were caught by the bridge girders and a great numbers of bodies, almost naked with red backs and bellies followed.

I was most shocked to see the corpses of a family on my way. Their house was blown away by the explosion probably at their breakfast time, because four of them were sitting in a circle as if they were eating breakfast around the table. An adult man, possibly a father, was leaning back with a rice bowl in his hand, burned except underneath his watch. The mother was stretching her hands toward two little children who were also stretching their hands toward their mother. All of them were burned black.

Hiroshima, Male, 19 years old
02-0045

On the following day of the A-bombing, I went to Hijiyama Hill as a member of the relief and guard squad to aid the victims and to dispose of bodies. Terribly burned people moaned, "Give me water". Maggots were crawling on their shoulders and backs. The medical orderlies were picking out maggots with tweezers and applying medicine to the affected parts, but about 2-3 persons died every night.

On the way back from carrying the corpses, I was staggered by a dreadful scene. It was the body of a middle aged woman whose eyeballs protruded and whose hands and feet were cut off from the body. With its mouth wide open, it looked as if the body would spring up, holding up its arms over me. Her face looked like the hell she had experienced.

Hiroshima, Male, 19 years old
03-0055

I was in the relief corps entering the areas burned out by the A-bomb. What we saw there were reddish and terribly burned bodies lying here and there and a large number of swollen bodies in the tank of fire-fighting water. The scene was against human nature.

When we slept on the bridge, a voice "Help me, soldier!" came from the train nearby and it remains in my mind still now.

Hiroshima, Male, 19 years old
12-0043

On the night of the bombing we came into the city, stayed at private houses along the mountains with each squad and engaged in the disposal of bodies in the river from dawn next morning. I was surprised to see vast areas of the city burned to wreckage. The terrible stench of the bodies assailed my nostrils. In the shrine grounds located on the mountain-side nearby, we found soldiers in the same military uniform groaning with burns and some citizens lying dead by the passage. Others were seeking relief crying, "Give me water!" Their faces were horribly changed by the burns. They asked us to give them water but their terrible faces prevented us from going near them. It is too late now, but I do regret not being able to share the water in my water bottle with them.

Fires were still smoldering in the burnt out city and with a round shovel and stretcher we continued to collect the bodies drowned in the river. Most of the bodies were women or old people. The bodies stopping up the bridge girder were hooked with a fire hook by shipping soldiers and towed by boats to us. We put them on a stretcher with the round shovel, brought them to the riverside and placed them in line. That was our daily work. In a few days the bodies became rotten and gave off an awful smell. Every time I am reminded of faces and images of the bodies, I tell myself that war made us take such inhuman actions, and education in war time also made us lose normal senses to engage in the work for disposal of the bodies every day. But I can't help feeling a shudder of horror on what we did, though I was forced to do it.

Under the burning summer sun we were so thirsty that after drinking a small amount of water in the water bottle, we drank the juice contained in the burned and swollen cans of mandarin oranges which we found in the ruined warehouse of a cannery, making holes in them with worn nails. We drank it (directly from the blackish cans to mouth) many times every day and quenched our thirst.

I pray that the souls of the dead people may rest in peace now, whose figures I can never forget.

Hiroshima, Male, 19 years old
34-2903

Two days after the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, we came into the city as the Futami Corps Relief Squad. Trains were running only up to Yaga Station and we had no choice but to go into the city on foot. What we saw there was nothing but an inferno. We picked up only the survivors among the soldiers and brought them to Ujina. But we were obliged to drop off the bodies of those who died on our way. It may now be unimaginable but we actually did this. At night, due to the smell from cremating the bodies it was difficult to take supper.

Hiroshima, Male, 19 years old,
34-3107

On the day after the bombing, there still remained columns of fires, smoke rising and heaped corpses in Hiroshima. I set off at mid-night as a member of the first Unit of the Fire Brigade and arrived at Nakajima-honmachi in order to engage in recovering the bodies. Our Unit was divided into several small groups and each of them was given a specific area. We heard the siren warning of a U.S. air-raid far away. Shortly after the siren, the U.S. plane appeared and flew over at a low altitude, but there was no shelter to hide ourselves in the burned ruins of the city.

We piled up and burnt 20-30 corpses at a time. They were almost naked and it was difficult to tell one from the other even for the family. A dead woman was identified by her family, from the pattern of the clothes left unburnt underneath the belt. Her family wanted to get her body back, but it was not permitted by the officers who said that it would hold up the disposal work. Crying, the family put clothes on her naked body. And when it was cremated, they took her ashes back.

When we found that there were no survivors even in air-raid shelters, we set fire and blocked the entrance of the shelter with the fire.

The body of a baby lay beside the mother, having burst out of her womb by the shock of the bomb explosion, indicating how great the blast was. There was a large cesspool in the ruins of a school, in which the bodies around there were thrown and covered with roof tiles and half-burned wooden chips. Particularly, old wells were the best places to hide the corpses.

I learned from this experience that we can take inhuman action and even get used to it, in case we are in peril of life.

Every time I remember those days, I cannot but apologize to those abandoned people and can never heal my grief even in these peaceful days.

)(2) In Their Twenties

Hiroshima, Male, 20 years old
02-0007

I was engaged in disposing of the bodies and relieving the injured. The scene of the seriously wounded suffering from pain is still clear in my mind. We brought the wounded on a stretcher to the appointed place, but in vain as they died the next day. I don't think any of them survived. They were too heavily wounded and exhausted even to have power to drink water.

As it was about the time people were on their way to work that the bomb was dropped, charred lunch boxes were scattered around the charred bodies on the street. A woman recognized one body as her elder sister. We helped her to cremate her sister with all due respect and gave her the ashes. These are just some of what we did. I wondered how the war would turn out after the bomb.

Hiroshima, Male, 20 years old
28-0299

On August the 6th, while we were working to treat the victims, three young children were brought in, heavily wounded. The eldest boy was 7, one of his sisters was 5, and the youngest sister was 3 years old. As the boy was

seriously injured in his head, I was going to give him the first treatment, but he asked us to begin with his sister. I was struck with his words. In his words, their mother was lying in the park then. I promised them to send someone there to take care of the mother. After all I was so busy taking care of the wounded brought one after another that I forgot to keep my word. I sometimes recall those days and apologize for them. I pray those three children may have survived.

Two days after the explosion of the bomb, we went through burned ruins to Hijiyama-cho to work as guards. We saw a large number of people dying and piled up on each other, especially many near the riverside. They must have worried about the safety of their families until their last moment.

When I was on guard at the riverside, I heard someone say, "Please give me water, soldier". But as soon as he heard my word, "Wait a minute" he breathed his last. I didn't know what to do, who to apologize to and how to give vent to my sorrow. I regret I didn't give him a drop of water before he died.

Hiroshima, Male, 20 years old
33-0047

The scene at that time was horrible, truly "beyond description". We met hundreds of victims walking northward along the Ota River almost naked with their torn clothes and their skin burned and sore. We could hardly look straight at them.

We reached around the engineer military base near the river and the casualties were carried by iron boats and accommodated in the village on the opposite shore. Every house was filled with casualties. The only treatment we could give was to apply rapeseed oil. Voices calling for water gradually got weaker, and then not heard, with their deaths one after another. We were very sorry having lined the bodies on the riverside, treating them just like fish.

Later we went into the city and everywhere found not only people but horses scattered about. Our ability to think was then so paralyzed that we dealt with them as

objects. I now reflect on the disrespectful attitude we took toward the dead people.

I pray from the bottom of my heart that their souls may rest in peace. That's all I can say and write now.

Hiroshima, Male, 20 years old
33-0109

Leaving Kure Station early in the morning by special train, some 1,000 members of the 23rd Kure Fighting Squad, we arrived at Kaitaichi and walked to Hiroshima, as the train was not running beyond there. I did and will long remember the scene we encountered, when we came across a group of victims plodding eastward in silence under the glaring sun with torn clothes and blisters swelled up as big as children's fists.

When we looked over the whole city from Mukainada, the sky in the west was reddish brown and the city was still covered with smoldering fires and filled with bodies. I was surprised at each of them at first, but I got used to the scene by the time we came back to Hiroshima Station. (Arriving in Hiroshima at about noon on August the 7th and leaving for Kure at 4:00 p.m. on August the 9th.)

I'm not sure of the correct date; it was August the 7th or 8th or 9th. The surface of the Ota River was covered with bodies and it was impossible to see water around them. Facing this gruesome scene, a chill struck throughout my body.

As we entered the city fairly soon after the explosion, except around the railway station, the central area of the city where only the building of the Chugoku Shimbun (newspaper company) had remained was a dead city without a soul, heaps of rubble here and there.

Hiroshima, Male, 20 years old
34-1614

That day I was on sentry duty for the Tatamigaura Powder Magazine on Miyajima Island off Hiroshima, sent from the Chugoku 104th Unit stationed in Hiroshima City. Feeling

a powerful flash, I looked toward Hiroshima and saw a huge orange fire ball over the city, as if the sun had fallen from the sky. Immediately after that, there came a strong blast with a roaring sound and the window of the guard house was blown out.

From the next day, burned wooden chips, the bodies of human beings and horses drifted ashore. Among them was a boy, naked to the waist, with gaiters on his thin legs, was seemed especially pitiful to me and I can never forget him. His abdomen was grossly swollen.

On August the 16th, other members arrived to take turns and we went back to our unit in Motomachi. As soon as we arrived in Hiroshima through Koimachi Station, we could smell a terrible stench hanging all over and it got more terrible as we moved closer to the center of the explosion. Collapsed houses, walls, etc. remained in disorder. Under them, we saw skulls and half burned arms and legs swarming with big flies.

On the evening of the same day, we arrived around the site where the building of our Unit had once been located, but there was no place to hide ourselves and rest, because the fire had burned out the whole building. I stretched my body on the concrete floor of the Chamber of Commerce near the ruins. So did my six colleagues. Next day we went to Yasu-mura in Asa County and again came back to the ruins of our Unit where we engaged in the work of disposal of the debris of the buildings and gathering up the remains of the dead. Under the water tank in the laundry, I found a decomposed swollen body of a soldier, turned black and blue in his bursting military clothes. It is supposed he had chosen this place as refuge from the fire. It made me sad to think what and how long he could have had it in his mind before his death. It really was a painful experience.

There were many soldiers in our Unit who survived without injuries from the explosion of the bomb. We felt very happy and pleased with our good luck that we could see and work together again. But on the last 10 days of August, many soldiers died, suddenly losing hair and bleeding at the nose. As a result of that, we were busy with disposal of their bodies. Those who had burned the bodies of their colleagues on the previous day were brought to the crematorium to be burned today. Given no medical care, the

soldiers who were exposed to radiation spent those days in fear of death. The circumstances at that time remain in my mind still now as one of the most tragic memories.

Hiroshima, Male, 21 years old
16-0011

In burning and disposing of many bodies, we should have recorded the name of each of them, but under the command from our superior, we could not. I regret now not recording their names, nor keeping their personal effects for their relatives. But the fact was that we could not have recorded them in any way even if our superior had permitted us to do so. Because we went into Hiroshima with nothing but clothes on our backs and had to camp out and sleep on the boards; we didn't have a sheet of paper nor a pencil to write down their names.

Hiroshima, Male, 21 years old
32-0110

The day after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, we came into the city, where there were charred bodies lying on the burned fields, on the middle of the roads, on this side and that. There were also electric wires and a miscellany of objects strewn on the road. All of this troubled us to go around Hiroshima by car. We set up a medical treatment center in the court of a shrine where the district was less damaged by the bomb and began taking care of many victims.

An old woman seemingly in her seventies came to see us, asking to give treatment to her granddaughter who was about seven years old. The little girl seemed to have walked there alright. She was quiet, or was probably too tired to cry; but she had an open wound three centimeters in diameter on her side, from which some blood was oozing and bowels were coming out a little. I asked a military doctor to treat her but his answer was that he had so many victims to take care of that it was impossible to give her enough treatment at that time. So I disinfected the wound, applied gauze and wound a belly-band on her body as an emergency measure. Then I told the old woman to go and see a doctor on the outskirts of Hiroshima which had escaped the bomb

attack. But I'm sure that the little girl would die without an operation, because of the bad transportation system which let even the lightly injured die. I am also anxious about the injured whom I took care of and wonder how they were. I can never forget the pitiful scene we experienced.

Hiroshima, Male, 22 years old
22-0107

When a man came to look for his family among the victims accommodated in our Unit barracks and finally his purpose was accomplished, he was just standing in blank surprise by his injured family without saying a word. As his attitude seemed strange to me, I spoke to him and found him already gone mad. I was convinced that we must never make such a mistake again.

The victims asked me to rub their backs to ease their pain. But I couldn't find any flesh on the backs to rub. I was and am very sorry for letting them die without easing their pain.

Hiroshima, Male, 22 years old
27-0096

I was a professional soldier. At that time, our superior ordered us not to give the victims water and we obeyed that until their last moment. We had no choice but to obey the order without questioning. If I had known that they would soon die anyway with or without drinking water, I could have given it to them. I now tell myself that what I did was right at that time, but I cannot help regretting not giving them water. With this regret, I am working now for the surviving victims, hoping to give them whatever help I can.

Hiroshima, Male, 23 years old
20-0065

In an instant, so many people died or were injured, and the once fine-looking city turned to ruins. The injured people who were writhing in pain in the city had sesame seed oil applied and were brought to the pier by trucks for

refuge on the offshore islands. The smell of blood and seed oil was nauseating in our nostrils. I worked on the pier and helped the injured on board the ships. We didn't know even the name of the bomb, which is known to everybody now as the "Atomic Bomb". We had not had the slightest idea what had brought about this tragedy. The Radio in the Navy Shipping Depot received an American broadcast calling it an "Atomic Bomb". Each of us called the bomb a death ray. I can clearly recall the voices of the injured from the bottom of the ship, "Water, water!" or "Give me water, please, soldier..." They sounded as if they were coming from the bottom of the ground. The scene of the people, men and women, adults and children, charred red and copper colored with their faces upward or downward was dreadful. I helped cremate some 1,000 people. I do not want to talk about those days, but I recite the "Amida Sutra" in my mind, whenever I talk about it. In Teramachi, I found tombstones on which names or addresses were written with white chalk by the survived who were desperately hoping that their lost families would see the messages if they are still alive. I felt their sorrow and was moved deeply.

When we put a woman on a makeshift stretcher of straw in order to burn the body dying with its face in the fire prevention water, we found a little child under her. Whenever we removed the bodies of women, we would find their children under them. I suddenly felt pity for those mothers, seeing how deep the motherly love was toward their children. I was 24 years old but I understood it.

War brings death to many people and sadness for the rest, or for the survived. I don't know if many young people can understand this; however, it's true that war is cruel and so was education at that time.

Hiroshima, Male, 23 years old
34-1305

I had seen many acquaintances in the same Unit, such as colleagues, followers and superiors, die from the explosion, the fire or crushed in a moment, one night or even one month after the explosion. Everything was so sad and gruesome to my eyes that I recognized it as hell on earth.

Many bodies were floating in the river, The bodies

were cremated here and there. It was utterly deplorable. On the night of August the 6th the only thing we did for the burned was to encourage them to endure the thirst, without giving them any water; water was considered to hasten death. It's too late to regret that now, but I still feel sorry for those who died. I would have given them water, if I had known that they would never survive.

My colleagues and juniors, who had engaged in relief work and had no injury, began to suffer from high fever, vomited and died one after another about one month after the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. There was no way to treat their diseases. We were just fearful of the atomic bomb and waiting for our turn to die.

Hiroshima, Male, 24 years old
15-0053

The bodies floating on the once beautiful rivers of Hiroshima were changed so grotesquely that they did not look like human beings. They really looked horrible. Please imagine the bodies swollen twice as big as usual size, floating in the rivers. I encouraged the soldiers staggered by the dreadful scene, to bring the bodies towed by boat to the bridge girder and tie them around the girder with a rope. These were not the deaths of human beings. Such cruelty must not be forgiven. Never.

We transported the seriously injured from Ujina to Kanawajima or Ninoshima Islands. They were breathing very faintly with a terrible look. Feeble voices calling, "Water!" "Water" came from the injured, but we didn't give them one drop of water from our water bottles hanging at our waists, because we were told that the injured would die if they drank water.

Every time I recall that scene, I can't help regretting such inhuman action, not permitting them the very last drop of water before their deaths, as though we had lost our presence of mind. How cruel I must have looked, to the eyes of the dying victims.

Hiroshima, Male, 26 years old
15-0003

Some people died plunging their heads into water, making a heap of blackened charred bodies. There was no empty water tank. The injured calling for help came one after another. It was hard to tell whether they were men or women, from their appearances. The upper parts of their bodies were naked, their skin peeling off their hands and hanging on the fingertips like black thread. They had raw burns all over the body, with their heads swollen up several times as big as usual. It was really a gruesome sight, such as we had never seen on earth.

It is not possible to describe the scene in which many victims were crying and looking for safe places to escape.

When a little child clung to me saying, "Give me water, please!" and collapsed after that, I was so struck with the scene that I immediately took him and ran, hoping to get him some water before he died. But when I found the water, he had already gone. As the gods and Buddha never allow us to kill anybody, we must not let anyone use nuclear weapons again.

Hiroshima, Male, 26 years old
27-0146

Maggots swarmed on living human bodies, giving off an offensive smell. It was really miserable for the people who died immediately after the bomb, but the lamentation of the family for the victims who had died one month after the bomb was also deep. In this case, most of the victims had nosebleeds and purple spots all over the body, vomited blood, and bled from the gums and died, due to the decaying body organs.

(These were the symptoms of my dead sister-in-law. It was said that those who died within one month were like this.)

Hiroshima, Male, 26 years old
35-0129

a) It was the morning of August the 7th, 1945 when I came into Hiroshima and saw the victims in the city. (At first, I didn't know what had happened in Hiroshima, nor what was the matter with the people.) I couldn't tell the sex difference between them, with burns all over the body and almost naked. I wondered what had happened in the city.

b) There were naked bodies with raw burns, by the roadside. The number was not clear.

c) In the square in front of Yokokawa Station many naked bodies were brought and placed in a circle, with their heads outward. People arrived there by trucks from many places in the prefecture to look for their relatives and families, and took the identified bodies back.

d) The waiting room of Yokokawa Station of Kabe Line seemed to have been crowded with people when the bomb fell, because so many ashes were found there and no flesh remained. This indicated that they had been crushed to death under the building and burned almost in a moment to ashes.

e) As we were not members of the Relief Squad but the Railroad Squad, our duty was to clean up the debris of ruined station buildings after the fire. Survivors whom we met had all come from the outskirts of the city and the dead people we saw were almost all residents of the city. The city of Hiroshima became a ruined and deserted area.

f) Three days after we had come into Hiroshima, we left Yokokawa Station for Misasa-honmachi, where the Oshiba National Elementary School was used as our Company post for Education. As far as we could see, there were no human beings among the debris of the fire but smoke from the cremation of the dead was rising. Thousands of wooden houses were all reduced to ashes and the scene was completely different from that of a usual fire.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 27
14-0605

I was exposed to radiation when I entered Hiroshima after the explosion (during August 8-12). I did not suffer distress such as the direct sufferers did, but I experienced part of that hell which still lives vividly in my memory.

I remember first of all the huge destructive power of the blast. When I got off the train at Koi Station I was astonished that I could see Ujina and Hijiyama. The streetcar before the station was derailed about 30m from the railway, with its charred wreckage. It was about four km from the station to Fukuro-machi, where my parents' house was. We had to cross three rivers to reach there but almost all bridges were broken. Fortunately, the tide was out, so we managed to cross the rivers by walking on the railings of broken bridges. There again, even the second day after the 6th (August 8), I was stunned to see bodies of men, women and children all swollen and exposed on the riverbanks and bridges, along with cats and dogs.

At last I reached my house. My parents, elder sister, younger brother and sister were already dead. (My elder brother who had entered the city on the 7th gathered up the ashes.) According to my brother, when the atomic bomb exploded, my five family members were having breakfast. They seemed to have been buried under the wrecked house at once and burned to death. He said that two of the bodies were half burnt.

The house was only half one km from the center of the explosion; I suspect they were still breathing, even if not able to move, when crushed by the timbers of the house. I wonder if they were killed by the fires from the thermal rays and pressure, when they were still alive. How can we accept such a cruel death of a human being? Isn't it indeed hell on earth?

Hiroshima, Male, Age 27
17-0062

How terrible the blast was! A streetcar was blown off and a locomotive with two carriages was thrown down on the railroad bridge over Ota River.

How high the temperature of the flames! In the suburb of Hiroshima, very far from the center of explosion, forest trees were all charred on the sides facing the city center.

Although I saw many people lying on the ground and crying for help, I could do nothing for them. I was so crazy running away from fire and heat. I am still very sorry for them.

After sunset, while I was searching roads along a riverbank, over which hot wind swept, I heard thousands of voices from the river crying, "Give me water," or "Help! Help!" So horrible was the scene that I felt as if I were looking at a picture of hell. But as we had to hurry to our assignment place, we passed by only saying a prayer in our hearts.

Our duty was as follows:

After learning how to manufacture air bombs for the special attack corps at Kawadana Shipping Industry in Nagasaki Prefecture, our staff (32 persons) were to transport the top confidential charts, specifications, special tools, process control manuals, etc. to Kanazawa in Hokuriku district in the guise of a purchasing party for their production.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 27

20-0083

a) I saw dead victims with their whole bodies burned. It was impossible to tell if they were male or female. Their skin was charred and covered with the dust caused by the blast. They looked like grilled sauries or sardines dropped on ashes.

I was especially shocked when I went to Hijiyama Hill in Hiroshima City for rescue work. A sufferer asked me for water and said, "Please kill me with your Japanese sword."

What a pity that was! Even now, when over forty years have passed, I vividly recall that scene.

b) I was engaged in putting things in order in the vicinity of Kawayo-cho in the afternoon of the first day and

the next day. The rivers and cement tanks of water (water in case of air-raids) were filled with burned and dead bodies. They must have reached there with their last efforts. In any case I was absorbed in my work all day.

c) My heart still aches: the distress when I was asked by the victim to kill him at a stroke with my short Japanese sword, and the pain of the injured when we treated them with edible oil and engine grease brought from our battalion as a substitute for medicine.

Over forty years have passed since then, but I cannot forget that I was of no use to those who were hovering between life and death, so dreadfully injured. All I could do was fan the victims with a big round fan in the barracks. Above all, women were miserable. Many of them cried, "Show me my face in a mirror." They died one after another. Some patients were so seriously injured that we could not tell man from woman.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 28
34-0810

I entered Hiroshima after the explosion to rescue A-bomb sufferers, as a member of the relief corps. I was stationed about Sakan-cho. I engaged in relief activity of almost naked sufferers without sleep or rest in a temporary aid station. The swarms of naked people, with Mercurochrome applied all over, looked just like red devils. I can never forget that in the straw-mat hut I poured water in each empty tin placed beside heads of patients who were groaning and asking for water in the dark all through the night. At dawn there were many corpses covered with straw mats here and there, which was awfully painful to see. We placed cold and unbreathing bodies on the sandbed side by side and covered them with burned galvanized iron while the eastern sky was growing gray little by little. We set them afire for cremation. White smoke floated over the river like a mist. In about a week, the hut became vacant.

Sitting among the victims was a girl whose black hair had been burned and all gone. Both her eyes were also burned blind as she ran through the blaze. When I peeled her burnt skin from her back and applied mercurochrome, I found maggots wriggling between her skin and flesh. Maggots

on the living flesh! She was such a blind and helpless girl that she could not chase away the swarming flies.

There was also a terribly burned woman who came into labor by the shock of the A-bomb and gave birth to a baby.

One week later, a rumor that the war had ended spread through Hiroshima, the scorched land. We lamented hand in hand with the naked sufferers. Our tears were also for the joy of survival.

Hiroshima, Male, age 28
34-0914

I entered Hiroshima on August 11, when almost all corpses had been cleared away. But in bath tubs and 'Kame' (stone pots) were bodies whose sex could hardly be identified. As communication soldiers, we were doing repair work, such as connecting telephone wires between the corps. There were four or five soldiers in the communication operation room when we went to work in the Regional Army Headquarters. They said that the thick window glass was broken and they were blown against the opposite wall by the blast. As they suffered bruises, they couldn't walk and have food for many days. We immediately contacted the rescue corp.

I went to Koi and Mitaki districts. There was a temporary hospital in a bamboo grove. Many patients were lying on an instant floor supported by growing bamboos. I can never forget the miserable sight.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 28
34-1403

Having got off at Yaga Station, I walked to the head office of the Agricultural Cooperative at Yokokawa, passing Hiroshima Station and Hacchobori. On the way I saw a number of sufferers laid side by side in a hut covered with galvanized iron. Most of them were dead. Maggots were wriggling on some of the corpses. Since I met nobody other than five or six rescuers on the way to the head office, I wondered what on earth had happened.

I arrived in Hiroshima at 4:30 a.m. of on August 8 by a train from Saijo Station. While traveling I met nobody. Around the head office there were naked men and women going this way and that. But all I could do was to hand them over to the rescue party because I was busy distributing relief goods. I regretted that I could do nothing else for them.

In any case I had to get rid of corpses. Although I had disastrous experiences in the China Wart, the tragedy I saw here was far beyond words. I thought it was the very picture of hell though I had not actually seen or heard of it. As far as I could see Hiroshima was nothing but a burned-out wasteland. There remained only burned electric wires, heads of water pumps and a part of the City Hall building, etc. I couldn't tell buildings from roads. On the way I had lunch in front of Fukuya Department Store, and saw about three burned corpses around me. There were a lot of burned bodies on the basement of the store. That was really a picture of hell.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 29
26-0023

When I passed through the streets in Hiroshima the heat of fires still remained and damaged my leather shoes. My feet felt the heat, too.

An indescribably bad smell and dead bodies lying everywhere. I cannot forget seeing many parents getting burned children out of debris.

A sufferer, with her hair burned and her head covered with a dirty cloth, was roaming about, looking for her relatives' bodies. This pitiful and miserable sight still gives me the shivers when I recall it.

In temporary relief camps set up at the site of schools and town halls were many sufferers whose skin was burned to sores and hanging from their bodies. Almost naked, they were too shocking to see.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 29
34-0412

One hundred members of the Labor Service Party called up from Kuha-cho were directly exposed to radiation in Koami-cho, Hiroshima. I saw the following, only one and a half hours after the explosion.

The situation was like this:

Naked men and women had no hair, as if they had been shaved. They were barefoot with their footwear blown off. They had only a string around their waists. Their bare skin looked covered all over with clammy fat and brown iodine tincture. Their faces were swollen twice normal size and their eyes narrowed like a thread, but were able to see.

Feeling unbearably cold even under the burning sun, the victims said again and again, "I am so cold." They eagerly asked for water. They were in good spirits though, and their voices calling my name were strong. I thought it would be better to give them water little by little at regular intervals, so I distributed a canteen cap of water to each. It took thirty minutes to make one round. They cheered up every time they got water. But as the rescue party didn't come at once, some of them died of stoppage of skin respiration. Every time I made the round, I found another one dead. It was too painful for me.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 29
34-1316

Since I entered Hiroshima on August 10, I did not know the situation well. I was amazed to see the sight of the city, far more terrible than what I had seen in the mid-China battle fields. Centering on the burned-out Hiroshima Station, fire-ravaged fields extended as far as the eye could see. Hiroshima, a major military city, was completely destroyed by one atomic bomb. The city was covered with smelly white smoke. Those who believed that the war was a holy war lived with resignation and irritation.

When I recall the wartime, I become angry at myself who believed in the holy war.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 29
34-2905

1) Just after the explosion (around 10:00 a.m. of that day), the sufferers took refuge one after another in Funakoshi-machi in the suburbs. I immediately called up a rescue party and sent it to the Okamoto Hospital. I gave first-aid to the refugees. We applied white medicine and bandages to the victims tortured by dreadful burns. We used up the medicine in an instant. Even bandages were soon all gone. We only gazed at crying patients without words.

I regret I could not even temporarily calm the pain of their injuries. I feel very sorry for them even after forty years have passed.

2) We cremated those who died during evacuation. We carried bodies to a paddy field of Kaitaichi and cremated them. It was a horrible picture of hell, which I had once seen in my childhood.

When we carried corpses to the crematory, we saw many people dead along the road whose sex could not be identified. Working under an urgent warning, we had no time to confirm calmly if they are living or dead. I regret that I could not do anything at all.

3)In the Thirties

Hiroshima, Male, Age 30
07-0025

I saw dreadful corpses in every corner of rooms, in rivers and every other place. It was hell on earth.

Every evening after the explosion I saw many corpses collected and cremated.

I really hate those who dropped the A-bomb, who let them do it, and who started the war.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 31
11-0145

On August 10, four days after the explosion, my uncle, my wife and I entered Hiroshima. Then we lived Kure City. We didn't know at all the bomb was an atomic bomb. There we saw people coming on trucks with their clothes burned and shredded, and their skin hanging from their bodies like rags. Their flesh underneath was stained with dark blood. I thought something disastrous had happened. Next day I heard a rumor that a new type of bomb was dropped and Hiroshima was completely destroyed. Since I had my mother and many relatives in Hiroshima I immediately inquired at Kure Station the situation of train services. But I couldn't get a clear answer on when trains run. I had no idea how to get into Hiroshima in spite of my anxiety.

When I asked the station again the next day, they said trains ran only to Kaitaichi Station, two stations before Hiroshima. With my uncle and wife I hurriedly went to Kaitaichi Station by train and walked to Hiroshima City. We went to my brother's house at Dobashi, Funairi-machi. On our way we saw no houses other than the remains of two or three burned buildings. Devastated burnt land extended as far as our eyes could see. I realized for the first time how powerful the new-type bomb was. From a bridge we saw rescuers drawing floating corpses up to the riverbank. They seemed to have jumped into the river to escape the heat. They were treated as if they were timber. We could not see the sight without tears.

Some became mad. Hugging a trash box cover, a woman was mumbling and walking as if she were dandling her child. Here and there were dead bodies and the injured calling for water. Bodies of primary school students mobilized to labor were lined up on the road. I prayed for their rest in peace, taking off my hat to them.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 31
14-2501

On the morning of August 7 or 8, I went to repair water pipes. On my way I found a boy sitting under a water tap standing on the corner of a two-meter-wide road, and catching drops of water with his mouth. He wore a striped

Kimono with a soft sash. Although not burned, his face was pale black and swollen to a perfect circle. He did not appear to be alive. I ordered the soldier who approached the boy to take the boy to the crematory, saying "He is dying. Take him away."

Just then the boy cried desperately, "I'm all right!" though the voice was weak.

I left him there because he said so. I didn't bear him in mind at that time. But since I was demobilized, I have often remembered his words "I'm all right". His voice is still echoing in my ears.

I was shamed that I said to the boy who was desperately trying to survive, "Take him away! Cremate him!"

What should I do to make up for my wrong?

Hiroshima, Male, Age 31
34-1331

I entered Hiroshima City as a member of the Tojo Squad of the Hiba Rescue Party on August 7. We got off a train at Yaga Station on the Geibi line, as it could not go any further because of the terrible breakage of the railroad. I was first astonished to see the huge city was reduced to ruins. Fire-ravaged fields extended as far as I could see. Buildings were completely destroyed. Only reinforced concrete structures remained standing. The damage was so disastrous.

The second thing I cannot forget is:

The Tojo squad was stationed at Misasa Elementary School, with its headquarters at Yokokawa Station. We lived on straw mats spread on the school ground. The crossbeam of the school building had fallen down. As the result, the wooden second floor was half-sloped. The floor was filled with many people who were half naked and burned to sores. They were moaning with pain. Among them there was a 4-or-5-year-old child who was naked and became blind. His or her body was smeared with excrement. He was crying, rolling right and left. I can never forget the sight.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 31
34-3637

On August 6 I was drafted into the Takada Corps designed to defend the hometown. We camped out in Kabe-machi for the night. The second west battalion assigned me to rescue work. I began my work early in the next morning.

On the way I saw a naked body on a tireless bicycle and leaning against a bridge railing. Its sex could not be identified. A woman was looking for something, screaming to see corpses scattered on the road.

As water pipes were broken everywhere, water was splashing like fountains. Electric light poles had fallen down and their wires tangled like nets. These things blocked our way.

At something like a guard gate a naked young woman, who seemed to be blind, was holding on fast to a large stone. She felt her way toward our voices and asked our help saying, "Are you rescuers? Are you from a rescue party?"

I vividly remember the miserable young woman though forty years have passed.

It was around noon when we reached the destination. A huge oak tree in front of the barracks gate was torn in two. We heard a whir of enemy planes circling low over our heads, but no shelter was in the large barracks garden where everything was burned out. At the entrance to the air-raid shelter the timbers were still burning. We ran away with our heads covered with galvanized iron sheets blown into the garden. We were like drowning people catching at a straw. It seemed to us who were assigned to defend our homeland that we were in the forefront.

My best friend was Mr. XX, who joined the battalion in the same year. We had played a lot in our childhood. We worked together. After we returned home we used to talk together about what we had experienced. For instance, we said: A soldier was dead in the anti-fire water tank only with his head appearing. We pulled him up, tying his neck to a stick with an iron wire. The friend of mine died in 1965 without receiving the Health Book of Hibakusha and benefits. He died, suffering from diseases caused by the

atomic bomb. I feel regret for his death.

In a moat many military horses were floating and sinking with their heads up and down. Four days later, by the time we finished clearing away corpses, all the horses were dead and floating. I remember that we completed our assignment in four days; the rice balls we ate during the time had a burned smell.

On returning home I heard that my younger brother, who had been assigned to the Second West Battalion and thought to be dead, was hospitalized in the Kushihamma Army Hospital. I immediately went there with my younger sister. The B-29s were flying east after bombing the Hikari Army Factory.

I arrived at the hospital in the evening and met my younger brother. Having received no care for several days after the explosion, his face was terribly dirty with sweat and dust. He was totally undressed. His back was just like a grilled and skinned fish from head to toe. I felt very sorry for him all the more because he was lying on a rough army blanket. He grasped our hands and burst into tears with delight that he could finally see us after his long struggle with pain. Weeping, he said the patient on his right hand had died last night and the other on his left hand died this morning. His burned body stuck to the blanket so tightly that he could not pick himself up with pain.

Big maggots were wriggling in his burns. All we could do was to pick them off with tweezers and apply Mercurochrome. There were few doctors and nurses.

We took care of wounded soldiers around us. I wrote many letters for the patients instead of them. A man asked me, weeping, to let his parents living in Kyoto know that he was here. When I came back to him after posting the letter, he was already dead.

Giving water to the patients was prohibited. Wounded soldiers, with eyeballs protruding from their sockets, have crawled over the corridor at midnight crying, "Please give me water, nurse!" Some sipped a little water in buckets for dusters and others chewed wet dusters. The scene was hell itself. Dead patients were carried to the crematory by a stretcher night and day. Disused blankets piled up day by day. The smoke rising from the crematory was constantly

seen from the hospital windows.

When the emperor's voice that Japan was defeated was broadcast on the radio, injured soldiers rose up, forgetting their pain. We were distressed. It was unbearable.

"Is Japan defeated?"

"Are we really defeated?"

The hospital was filled with mournful cries and chaotic shouts.

Losing my appetite and suffering from fever, I was taken care of in the hospital. I was lying beside my brother. But as I lost consciousness due to high fever, I didn't know when he died. He died at daybreak on August 22 and was carried away. I regret I could not take care of him till the end of his life though I was lying there.

Bidding farewell to the smoke rising from the cremation of my brother, I returned home. I had to go to hospital for three months after that.

My younger sister also struggled against diseases for four or five years, and died without receiving any allowance nor the Hibakusha Health Book.

No more war!

Hiroshima, Male, Age 33
24-0029

On my way to the depot in the city, I saw fifty or sixty people who could no more move, sitting or lying along the riversides of Ota River. They were all crying, "Give me water," but I hurried on saying, "I beg your pardon, I have to fulfill our corporate order."

I still feel deep sorrow that I passed along doing nothing for them.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 34
34-0676

In order to bring my sister-in-law, the only survivor of my relatives exposed to the A-bombing in Kako-machi, back to Kure, my relatives and I left Kure on the night of the 7th, pulling a large hand-cart. On the morning of the 8th, we reached the bomb shelter near the seashore of Eba. During that short time we saw a terrible sight developing. The faces and hands of two surviving victims who had seemed alright in the morning, had become purple and swollen by around noon. And when we were about to leave the shelter, their hair was falling from their heads, and the skin of their hands and faces coming off, dangling. There was one survivor who seemed to be still alive when we reached there in the morning, but who died before we left. People around them could do nothing but watch them suffering. It was a breathtaking, shocking sight--figures changing drastically while we were there in a matter of a few hours.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 34
34-1554

I received a call-out paper at about ten o'clock on the morning of August 6, 1945. About three in the afternoon I enlisted in the Yae Squad of Yamagata Party. My family and neighbors saw me off.

The next day, on August 7, we reached Hiroshima and joined the Second Squad of Hiroshima. On our way, along the riverside near Misasa Bridge, I saw a lot of people severely burned and piled up, almost all of whom were dead. The nearby area of the Second Squad had become a burnt-out space and it was very difficult to guess where one were. There was smoke from the smoldering hills, bodies of humans and horses--victims of the A-bombing--everywhere around us. It was a catastrophe, too terrible to look at. Our duty was to accommodate the survivors and collect the dead in the places set.

Being beside myself, I worked as I was told to, in shock, indignation, and regret: How in the world could human beings have one such a thing! We must never make war again. Who on earth made us commit such a folly?

On August 8, I was discharged from military service because the U.S.S.R. had reportedly joined the war. I returned home that day. We should not make war, especially we must never use nuclear weapons. My sister was also exposed to the A-bomb and died. I cannot but feel pity for her.

(Her name is not in the list of the war victims of my family, because she had married and changed her family name.)

Hiroshima, Male, Age 36
34-3527

At that time, I was a member of the Takadahara fire-fighting team.

On the early morning of August 7, all members met at Chitokubashi Bridge and went to Yokokawa Bridge by truck. Nothing greeted our eyes but a burnt-out wasteland. It is hard to describe the scene.

Now I'm going to tell you what I can never forget all the rest of my life.

In every direction, as far as the eye could see, all was a burnt-out waste, where I saw a lot of dead and injured people. In front of where the union office had been, at Yokokawa Bridge, I saw a woman in the agony of death. A man in army uniform came and spoke to her, "I'm glad you are alive." But the woman, who must have been his daughter, died a short time later.

I also came across a soldier searching for his wife in a burnt-down house below the bank of the Yokokawa. She was trapped under the house. He said he had come from Kyushu twenty days earlier with his wife, who was expecting a baby. I joined in the search and found her under a fallen tree. We tried to pull her out, but her belly was torn apart and the baby popped out. Unfortunately, the baby was dead.

Even now those people haunt my memory--the daughter who died in her father's presence, and the soldier who lost his wife and baby at once. I can not forget them as long as I live. We must not make war again.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 37
29-0018

Even two days after the A-bombing, there were about 20 bodies left along a 5-meter road (comparatively wide in those days), which made it difficult for me to walk through there. It showed that all activities and services of human society were disrupted and the damage I saw was beyond imagination. At that time, the papers reported that it was a special blockbuster. My feeling for the misery was paralyzed and I waded through the bodies. Now, forty years later, the scene is still branded in my memory.

Hiroshima, Male, Age 38
34-3022

At that time, I was working for the Yamagata branch office of the prefectural government, in Kakemachi, Yamagata-gun (country). The day after the A-bombing, I entered Hiroshima City with several colleagues to assist the head office (by truck from Kakemachi to Yokokawa Station and on foot from there).

1. When we passed Yokokawa Bridge, we saw that the railing on the south side of the bridge had been blown off but on the north side it remained, against which there was a dead man on a bicycle. He had been killed on the spot by the bomb. That scene showed me the power of the bomb.

2. As we were passing the West Drill Field, I heard a child crying for help from behind a collapsed building. However, an air raid warning was given just then and I could not go to help. The child must have died soon after. I still regret that I couldn't do anything to help.

3. At Hacchobori, I saw a body on hands and knees and charred over the lower half. The person must have been trying to crawl into the bomb shelter. I still feel the great pity I felt at the sight.

4. The place of refuge of the prefectural office had been fixed at the Joint Savings Bank in Yamaguchicho, and a brief meeting was held there. After the meeting we pasted up the announcements of the prefectural governor around the city. In the city, dead and brutally injured victims of the

A-bombing were laid here and there--at the vestibules or by the debris everywhere. They were left under the burning sun, and it was a hellish sight.

(4) Of Unknown Age

**Hiroshima, Male of unknown age
40-0996**

I do hate the A-bomb. That dreadful scene--I cannot forget even after many decades.

I wanted to give that person a glass of water.

b) Female

(1) Under 9

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 8
28-0139**

My family were lucky to be only slightly injured and no worse. But my sister's husband and his mother were severely burned, with pieces of glass stuck in their bodies that remained there. The after-effects of the radiation still cause us suffering. His mother died a month after the bombing. Because half of her body had been burned, they could not change the position of her body, so she had been on her back for a month when she died. When we removed her body to hold a funeral, we found maggots on her back, feeding on her decaying flesh. Her mattress and the tatami-mat under the mattress were also rotten. I am filled with sorrow and hate to recall the scene. I do hope for the peaceful future of Japan, free from such miserable tragedies.

**Hiroshima, Female, Age 9
27-0445**

I was in the third grade of elementary school. I looked for my house with my mother, wondering what had become of it. I clearly remember that we wandered around over dead bodies, and were lost because of the smoke around

us.

They were gathering bodies with something like a hoe as if they were garbage. That pitiful sight is engraved on my memory.

(2) Aged 10 to 19

Hiroshima, Female, Age 15
13-03-017

a) Many people died every day. They were burnt in heaps. I felt pity for them, but I saw too many pitiful people as I worked for a first-aid station. I did my best but I thought it my 'duty', so I didn't seem to be so upset by the scene.

b) Injured people came to our lodgings for water even in the night. They were colorless from head to foot. I remember that I felt uneasy at the sight of them.

c) Our task was to go to the city office for food with a pushcart, cook rice with soy beans in it, serve it in bowls, and pass them out to the injured every day. I did my part and have nothing to regret. I volunteered for the task with my friends. I think it was a good thing to do.

There is no knowing who died or who survived, and I've never recalled such a problem. I just served two weeks at a first-aid station.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 15
13-10-039

The mushroom cloud is engraved on my memory as I was on a spot eight kilometers from the hypocenter when the bomb was detonated. I felt not only fear for the unknown, but I also felt it was beautiful. I didn't know the miserable conditions at that time, in addition to my naivety. But I am now ashamed because I thought it beautiful.

When I was looking for my family, many exhausted people lying along the road were stretching out their hands to me for water. But we were told that they would die of shock if we gave them water. So I went past them, looking away.

They would have died soon in any case. I wanted to have let them drink as much water as they liked. I regret this too.

I wandered around, stepping over the numberless charred bodies lying on the ground. With difficulty I reached where my house had been, only to find nothing--not even debris. My house was less than one kilometer from the hypocenter. There were dry bones of several people about there. To try to identify the remains of her daughter, a mother was examining the shape of a skull, putting her hand on it. I was too shocked at the tragedy to feel fear or sorrow.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 16
11-0106

After the A-bombing, I went to the City of Hiroshima Danbara Elementary School. Windows were blown out and there was nothing in the school building, where I lived together with the surviving victims of the A-bomb, so as to take care of them. They seemed to take me for a nurse as I was in a white apron, and kept on calling me "nurse," "nurse." "Please give me water..." cried a little boy again and again until the next morning, when I found him dead. A woman continued to cry that she wanted to go to the school to meet her child. But there was a hole at her waist, which had given way to festering sores in the heat of summer. Nobody could come near her.

"My boy, my boy...I will go to meet him. Please let me go!" she cried and cried, nearly driven mad. But after several days, there was no voice from her. I don't want to recall those days. I pray that Japan will remain peaceful in future.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 16
17-0009

The makeshift first-aid station for the victims of the A-bomb didn't seem to be able to give them much medical treatment. They were still in bad shape: Burnt skin was dangling, and peeled raw flesh grew yellowish and oozy, smelling bad and swollen. There was no sign of medicine being applied. Nobody around me wore bandages.

Cries for medicine and doctors and groans were mixed with tearful voices of women. That was no place for a person in good physical condition. I was so terrified that I trembled, not knowing where to look.

When I sat up with patients at night at the first-aid station (a school building was used for that purpose), I saw dead bodies being carried out to the west side of the school ground without any relatives attending, in the order they breathed their last. The bodies were burnt in a way no better than dogs or cats. It was such a holocaust that there was no other way. However, I had the impression that Hiroshima alone was deserted, for I came to the city from another prefecture after the holocaust. What I have told you about was some ten days after the bombing.

How upset they would have felt--those people who had passed from life, knowing that the war at last had ended. And their cries and groans still ring in my ears even after these forty years.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 16
20-0035

The condition of the sufferers was too pitiful, too miserable for a girl of sixteen. Many had nothing to cover their bodies and the clothes of some people were in shreds.

People were lying on the wooden floor of a school like potatoes. There were only one doctor and one nurse for hundreds of sufferers. The only medicine available was mercurochrome and there was no other means of medical treatment. All they could do was to apply mercurochrome on burns or to pick out the pieces of glass stuck in their bodies. They died one after another, begging for water.

We girls cooked rice gruel, which contained only a few grains of rice, on a fireplace of boulders set up on the school ground. We dispensed it to the people twice a day--morning and evening--carrying it in a bucket. But the portion for each person was only a bowl of rice gruel and a pickled plum, and the receptacles were burnt empty cans. Every time we went around to serve the food, we found several people had died. Among them, I remember a man who bled profusely at the nose till he died, with no external

injury, and I also remember a little child whose back was all burnt and died alone, with no relatives around him.

In the heat of midsummer, maggots quickly bred in the burns, and when we opened sores, the maggots moved in a cluster, with a very bad smell. I still remember the stink and the dreadful scene.

There were too many sufferers for less than fifty students of tender years to help. We broke into groups of five or six each and went to each place of accommodation. Victims who could eat were the comparatively mild cases. There were many who could not eat, and we were short-handed. I regret I could do almost nothing for them. I think it was just what the word "hell" means. We must never repeat the mistake. That scene must never be reproduced.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 16
32-0049

At that time my brother-in-law roomed with Mr. Inoue, at Misasahonmachi, Hiroshima-shi. He worked for the city office and went there every day. I heard of the A-bombing but heard nothing from him, nor did he come home. We thought he might have taken refuge. Then my brother and I entered the city on August 8. The whole town had been burnt to the ground. I was wordless at the miserable sight, tearless in the stink here and there and at the sight of the smoke in the air. We got very thirsty, and almost in the state of dehydration we reached the house where he lodged, after much difficulty. However he was not there. Mr. Inoue's family were also exposed to the A-bomb. They told us that he might have been in a streetcar at the time of the detonation. We went to the first-aid accommodation in Ujina with the hope that he might be there but we could not locate him. Two days later, we also went to a place in Yoshida, however we could not even find his name. We could not accept his death for one or two years, expecting to get news of him some day.

I can not forget the suffering of my other cousins after the A-bomb: I can not forget how they died without food, medicine, nor even energy; they were simply tormented by the hardship.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 16
34-1409

In the school building half destroyed, where I went to assist with aid for the victims, I found a middle-aged naked woman among the people lying on the wooden floor. Those with mattresses were lucky. Her whole body was swollen, perhaps due to burns. The festered openings of wounds swarmed with flies. I vividly remember a sheet of newspaper covering her body, which had been put there perhaps by someone around her. I did not have a change of clothes, which was usual in the days of the war. I was one of the school girls who went to Hiroshima with an empty pocket to aid the A-bomb victims. I could have spared my yukata (light cotton kimono for summer wear) and covered her with it if I had lived near Hiroshima in those days. As I'm a woman, I felt sorry all the more for the naked woman with her swollen body with nothing to cover her lying on the floor. When I think of the A-bombing, I cannot but recall that scene. The experience of seeing many injured people with my own eyes encouraged me later when I attended on a distant relative at a hospital, who got burnt on face and arms. The way a young doctor was losing time treating the burns, all in a fluster, irritated me. The knowledge that the injuries of the A-bomb victims were much worse than this, made me feel at ease beside the injured person. Whenever I hear the word A-bomb, I remember that poor naked woman and I regret that I was unable to do anything for her.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 18
27-0086

The way those people died.
That they were conscious although dying.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 18
34-2312

I walked along a street car track from a place near an elementary school in Nakayama, a suburb of Hiroshima City, to Itsukaichi City. What I saw on my way was beyond description and fearful even to remember.

Streetcars, motor cars, coaches, horses, men, dogs,

trees, and even birds were burnt, blown down, and killed. And the people still alive were suffering and begging for water. I was shaky from the heat and could do nothing for them. I reached my destination after a long-day walk through those hellish sights.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 18
34-3409

When the life of a person comes to an end, the bereaved family and friends hold a funeral, bid him farewell, and see him off as evidence of his life on earth by lamenting his death. When I see a funeral now, I always remember that evening: Burned and seriously injured people lying suffering in the precincts of a Shinto Shrine near my house, on the outskirts of a town. Women of a ladies' society were taking care of them in shifts. Two days passed, three days passed, and I found less and less people lying there. On the fourth or fifth day after the A-bombing, I saw this; the dead people were loaded and carried away on a Daihachiguruma (a Japanese hand-cart used in those days). The bodies on the cart were jolted away on the creaking cart. Several legs were dangling, protruding from a small straw mat. Blue and black arms out of position rubbed against a wheel. Mother said that another six carts of bodies had already left that day. Can we call that a farewell ceremony for human beings?

A person cannot live and die as a human being without peace. We do not need nuclear to live in peace.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 19
27-0147

1. About the death of my sister

She was wounded in the head (needed several stitches). Black spots appeared on her body from about August 29, and a lot of her hair fell out. She became delirious because of violent fever, above 40 C, which continued for a week. She sometimes talked in a delirium, pulling me by the sleeve, "A flash, scaring, scaring, a huge flash....We've got to flee as soon as possible. I'll go and fetch valuable articles." During the week of high temperature, her nose and gums kept

on bleeding. In the end, a washbowl was filled with jelly-like blood taken from her nose with chopsticks. She died on September 7. She was conscious until almost the last moment, saying thanks to all around her. She said, "I don't want to die," "I don't want to die," "please take me to school," folding her hands in prayer. And "incense sticks, please" were her last words. She ended her short 18 years. (She was a substitute school teacher at that time.) Soon after she breathed her last, maggots appeared from the wounds and her nostrils. I got rid of them. I felt great pity for her. I reconciled myself saying that I was lucky to be with her until she breathed her last.

2. Seemingly healthy people in my neighborhood died one after another, with their hair fallen out and black spots on their bodies. It was the same in my mother's case. She had trouble with her liver and heart, and the number of her leukocytes increased to more than ten thousand. She was acknowledged as an A-bomb victim. She suffered for a long time. My nose also bleeds often, so I have been living an uneasy life. I become nervous.

3. Every time I remember the injured and the people with keloids I feel a headache.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 19
33-0033

The day after the A-bombing, my mother and I went searching for my father. There were dead cows in the river, and people whose skin was dangling were standing in back streets with a blank look on their faces. Smoke could be seen here and there. It was like hell, when we were searching for my father among the bodies lying here and there. Walking all night under a state we cannot imagine in this peaceful age, we made it to our place of refuge, covering a long distance. Owing to that, my mother suffered all kinds of illness as well as radioactive-related sickness and died in 1969. I happen to be healthy now, but I feel uneasy to think that I might fall ill at any time.

We searched for my father all over, and found him skeletonized on the ground under a fallen building a year later. He was identified by a calling card in his breast pocket. He was a doting father and was looking forward to

his two sons' going on to university. He must have regretted that he had to die.

(3) In Their Twenties

Hiroshima, Female, Age 20
24-0002

I heard that it was our train that reached Hiroshima Station for the first time after the A-bombing. It arrived about eight in the evening on August 8. It was already dark and flames could be seen here and there, illuminating an old woman crying for her son.

"Please come out, Ken'ichi. If you care for ..., please come out!" She seemed to have become insane. She cried alone, standing on a burnt area. After I got off at the station, I went to Matsubaracho, heading for the make-shift Hiroshima Police West Office at Yokokawa Station. The scene I saw soon after I entered Matsubaracho is always in my mind even after these several decades: Dead bodies were thrown into a big hole that seemed to have a diameter of about ten meters, and were burnt there. In the school building of Oshiba National School, the second floor of which had half fallen, I saw someone groaning on the floor, unable to lie on his back because hundreds of pieces of glass were sticking in his back. On the school ground I saw an old man who had been lying on the ground stagger to his feet, take several steps, only to fall down again and become motionless. I also met a girl who refused my intention of taking care of her burns, which had festered and were infested with maggots, saying that maggots were all right because they would eat up the pus.

My experience during the six days from August 8 to 13 is beyond description. How many times I heard the cry; "Give me water!"

Hiroshima, Female, Age 20
34-1126

Every time I think of that atomic bomb, I have a headache and can't stop shedding tears. I feel as if my head is bleeding unless I tie a towel around my head.

I received the news of my brother's death by the bomb from the prefectural office. At that time the prefectural governor was Mr. Kusunose. I went into Hiroshima city with my father. We didn't see any dead bodies, but Hiroshima looked like hell on earth. In this situation, I thought that for there to be survivors would be miraculous and that death was nothing strange.

I went into Hiroshima twice, on the 9th and the 14th. I was surprised, because the city was cleared up between the 9th and the 14th. As everything was burnt down and there was nothing in the city, the bones of the dead people were on the tiles still there. I often remember that in the prefectural office, there were many busy clerks who wore bandages around their heads, hands and legs. Are they in good condition now?

I try not to remember that atomic bomb now. Please do not repeat such a deed. On this August the 6th, I paid a visit to the memorial hall of the atomic bomb in Hiroshima with my two grandsons. They said that the place was full of too many tragedies to appreciate its historical significance and that they did not feel like coming there again. Although I have many topics I want to write, I have a weak constitution. I must stop writing now.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 21
13-03-011

As I was a member of a relief party, I cared for bombed people. At the same time I searched for my sister every day. Although I was extremely exhausted, I couldn't afford to care about my condition, because the situation of those injured people was so bad. As I was not a nurse, I couldn't care for them, but I wrote down many things (such as their names, messages to their families, etc.) while they were alive.

Their faces were swollen like balls, so all had the same facial features and I couldn't believe that they could speak, in spite of their severe burns.

With their impaired eyes, they tried to search for people to ask for water, but what I could do for them was only give a few drops of water from a chipped cup. I

repeated that empty deed for many of the injured.

After a week, bandages or drugs had all run out in our relief party, so when the injured with pieces of glass stuck in them came to ask for care, we could do nothing.

I couldn't fix my eyes upon those lying on the ground like logs with many maggots still living in their bodies. Even now I dislike to see the pictures about Hiroshima and to talk about it.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 21
20-0026

I went to Hiroshima Station 1 or 2 hours after the atomic bomb, in order to search for my father.

I can never forget the hellish scene of high school students falling down one after another with their last word, "Mother!". They must have gone through a hellish time just to survive the degree of burns they had. And it was a hell of a sight to face such things.

After the bomb, parents went looking for their children, but many of them didn't know even the places where their children died.

I can't forget the tragedy of the young.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 21
25-0002

The morning of August the 6th was the beginning of a hot summer day. My students and I, mobilized to work in the Chugoku Paint Factory of Itsukaichi City, went to our own post after the morning assembly. At that moment, I saw a glaring beam like a magnesium flare. I ordered the students to get under their thick desks. I heard a tremendous "Bang", and the glass was broken and I felt an instant shock. Then it was all over. I thought nothing else would happen, so I set the students to work and I went out to a hill. I saw a huge mushroom cloud and a high thick pillar of fire like burning oil. These happenings were so huge that it was as if it took place before my eyes. I got the

information that it happened in Hiroshima city so we intended to wait for the news.

About 5 o'clock, on the way to Koi I saw the place full of the injured along the road. The faces of those who evacuated from Hiroshima city were swollen up and it seemed that they had lost their eyesight. They held their arms open and their gray skin was hanging down from their bodies. They walked very slowly as if pushed by others and not of their own will. It seemed like the street was full of many ghosts.

I met my mother and sister. I was very happy to see them alive. On the 7th, I left them, intending to return to Itsukaichi City. When I came to Takanohashi Bridge, someone caught the cuffs of my trousers and said, "Give me water." But as I couldn't do anything, I told a lie that I would get a soldier to rescue him. Then he released me. I felt very bad, but there was nothing I could do. It was getting dark and the injured, who couldn't walk, crept out from Hiroshima, because the road was getting cold. In fear of being caught again if I walked near the moving injured, I strode over the injured who didn't move. Both sides of the dark road were piled with cinders. Many electric light poles were burned with the wires hanging from them. Under the pallid light from the burning electric poles, I saw figures of victims and heard faint moans which made me feel that I had come to hell. I passed through Meibi Bridge, Sumiyoshi Bridge and Kan'non Bridge in total darkness. It was hair-raising.

From the next day, I searched for the students' families and the dead bodies of my class students. Many bodies were caught at the foot of a bridge and the bodies were layered several times deep by the width of the river. They must have groaned and suffered a lot, because their fingers were curved as if to catch something. All the injured seen on the last day were dead.

From Koi to Hiroshima was a burnt-out area, but I didn't feel anything at that time. The dead bodies were covered with straw mats or sheets of zinc. The smell of those dead bodies was strong. Many flies clung to all parts of my body. I found one of my students. He had an open wound on his neck with many maggots in it. He was half naked and full of wounds on his body. He had lost his

eyesight, but could speak and cried, "Search for my mother!" After that, I found his family, but they couldn't move, because of their wounds. After two days, he was dead and wasn't at the place where I had found him. I couldn't help shedding tears.

Every night, we could see a number of fires. They were fires to burn dead bodies. I could smell it strongly, depending on the direction of the wind. I can still smell it in my memory. Even now when I see an accident or a fire like that, I feel I smell that odor. And I also feel I can smell the odor of rotting men and animals that I smelled at that time. I think the smell will stay with me all my life.

We saw a tragedy I never want to see again. I don't want anyone to see it again.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 21
32-0136

It was hell. My heart sinks when I think of Hiroshima in that devastated state. Still now I remember the ruins and the shimmer of the air in Hiroshima city at that time. It was really a miserable scene. Some skeletons were sitting there without losing their original shape inside of three trains in front of Hiroshima Station. Many bottles of beer melted like piles of candy. There were mountains of burnt salt at the wholesale salt shop. A drowned man who lay with his face upward was at the bottom of a well. His face, hands and feet were terribly swollen. I can't say anything about those scenes.

I noticed that the color of tiles burnt with people could be distinguished from ordinary burnt tiles; the former ones were oily.

On the day when the atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki city, some bombing planes like B29s came over Hiroshima city. So we took refuge in the shelter for a while.

On account of limited space, I can't write all I want to say.

It wasn't a deed that humans can do. I hope mankind is awakened. I bear peace in my mind and pray silently.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 21
34-4179

There were many injured at the side of the Taiyokan building in Matoba-cho. One of them asked me for water. So I gave him water, but he said, "This water is hot. Give me real water." Perhaps he meant cold water. I was surprised by his feeling. To tell the truth, that injured one was burnt black, so I couldn't say whether it was a man or a woman. When I passed the same place again, he seemed to be dead.

At that time, I couldn't find my brother-in-law, who had probably been bombed. I searched for him all over Hiroshima city. I must have been rather impatient, for I lost my kindness to ask names of dying people and tell their families of their loved ones' whereabouts. Now I very much regret it.

I walked along the railway to Ebisu-cho and casually I had a peep at the inside of the Kangyo Bank. The air was eerie, because of the silence there, although there were many people burnt black in the bank. They must have been adults, but their height were shortened to about a meter. As there were no children, I thought the children might have been melted, so I realized the fearfulness of the atomic bomb. Besides that I was surprised to see many horses which were all swollen like balloons, lying on the east parade ground.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 22
27-0268

I searched for my brother who was a third grade student at the First Hiroshima Junior Highschool, with my husband and mother pulling a hand cart from Minami-machi to Koi Elementary School. On the 6th, there were many dead bodies with similar bandages along the road and some who were still alive were calling for their mothers. On the 7th, I went to the same place again and noticed a man wearing a stomach band at the water system. On the surface of that band, I found the letters XX that had been sewed there as Sen-nin-bari. (Sen-nin-bari is a kind of charm. When a man is called into the armed forces, one thousand people each sew one stitch, praying for his safety. Sen-nin-bari means that

cloth.) So I held him in my arms. He was dead, bleeding from the nose. Because of that Sen-nin-bari, I recognized him one of my relatives. Even now, when I remember that scene, it gives me pain.

My youngest brother was a first grade student of the First Hiroshima Junior Highschool. He died from excessive bleeding, crying, "Ouch! Ouch!"

My father was burnt on his arms, legs, neck, face and head and these were infested with maggots. I attended to him every day.

I cannot forget the fearfulness and the terrible scene. Hiroshima at that time was a hell of a life. I can't forget it all my life.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 26
34-3525

It was unearthly, inhuman. The condition of those directly affected by the bomb was so terrible that I couldn't help putting my hands over my eyes and ears. So I don't want to remember it.

My uncle and aunt gave much assistance to my husband's enlistment on August the 2nd, so that they changed their duty schedule. As a result, they died by the atomic bomb. But I devoted myself only to search for my husband, so I couldn't get the information about my uncle and aunt, when they died from the bomb. I'm tormented by my inexcusable deeds.

Many people are troubled by diseases which resulted from the atomic bomb, even 40 years after the bomb. We fear every day that disease may attack us.

(4) In Their 30s

Hiroshima, Female, Age 30
11-0146

Many dead bodies were floating in the river. They probably dived into the river to avoid the heat or to get

water. They seemed to go into the river with the hope of being saved, but they lost their strength in the river and were exhausted, and finally drowned.

When an inhuman deed it was! At that time I involuntarily felt anger at the American brutality in attacking us. I can only to pray for the repose of their souls.

Still now I regret that I couldn't give water to the injured who called for water. Now I wonder if I couldn't have given them a drop of water, though I couldn't help them. But at that time, I was impatient and I couldn't find water. Really I am sorry for them.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 30
34-4174

My husband had been injured by the atomic bomb in the city and barely found refuge. I met him at Kaita and found him wounded in the head, and so I temporarily treated his wound. Then we went to Ebisu-cho where our parents had lived. Now I regret and apologize to him because that refuge for Kaita may have hastened his death. How painful and weary for him after being bombed!

The highway was filled with the people running run away from Hiroshima. Their clothes were torn by the bomb blast, their hair burnt to a frizzle and their skin hanging from their faces and hands. One couldn't distinguish whether male or female on account of the blood and mud.

A baby wanted to suck its mother's breast and she tried to give him the breast although she was at the point of death. I helped her to do so and I really felt sorry for them. I sometimes remember them and wonder whether they managed to live on.

The stiffened body of a girl of about 4 years old. The father lifted her in his arms and screamed at her, "Don't die". It was an awfully miserable sight.

There were people seriously wounded, crying "Give me water, please, water ". They must have felt tormented. I ought to have given them water, even though it would have

brought them earlier death. The cry for water still lingers in my ears.

My father took refuge near the Industrial Bank in Nagarekawa, and later moved to the house in Kaita with a doctor of the hospital in the neighborhood. But the doctor couldn't sleep for the sound of his child, who was crying for his parents. At last he left Kaita for home, trudging after the dawn to Ebisu-cho.

I am afraid the child and the mother had been crushed and burnt to death in their house. I've heard the doctor died soon. I now find the bond of affection between parents and children so strong.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 33
34-0691

I still shudder to recall those disastrous scenes of that day. A large number of bodies filled the corridors of the Koi Elementary School. The bodies were cremated one after another. They were buried in holes dug in a line in the school playground. An iron blue colored dead soldier lay as a "Maruwa" cut iron material in a rigid form under the tree. Those who got burnt, with white ointment applied, were walking without clothes on the road.

In the Red Cross hospital, I met a schoolboy of the second Hiroshima prefectural junior high school, to which my dead son also belonged. He was clothed only in underpants and wearing a school cap, marked with that high school. My heart went out to him as if he were my own son and I wished to attend to him. But that was not possible because I had to seek my child. I gave him a tomato and asked where his home was. He answered "Noumi", I looked for the residents of "Noumi" for an hour, but people did not listen to me. I gave up and went out to look for my own family. The next day I was worried and dropped in at the Hospital, where I found him lying dead, so I pressed my palms together in prayer, and went out to look for my son, feeling as if my heart were left behind.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 38
34-1112

Today 40 years later I still feel uncertain about whether the step I took then was correct or not; the step I took to help sufferers in Honkawa Elementary School. The strong impression I had at that time still remains in my mind and even becomes stronger year by year.

I remember it was around August 13 that 3 patients, a mother and her 2 sons, came together. She said: "I have already lost several children in the atomic bombing. One of them had died 2 days earlier. "This elder boy might be able to survive because he was out of the city, but the younger, who was within the city limits, will not survive tonight. Please give him an injection for mercy killing. I know that it's an unreasonable request. For God's sake. It is intolerable for me to see my children suffering and dying with the same symptoms as those of many children who passed away. At best he will not live to see tomorrow morning." The mother, brother and also the patient himself made a plea for it. We could do nothing but look at each other. None of us complied with the request. Next morning, the mother and her elder son came and informed us "He died at about 3 o'clock" and they said "Thank you very much for listening to our idle complaints" and bowed very politely. We said to them we could have prolonged his life. Until now, I don't know the correct answer as to whether what I did was correct or not.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 44
34-4150

The conversation from people over 40 years old at the time of the bombing.

The agonizing cries of victims in the medical tents are still printed on my mind. I could do nothing for the people seeking their family or friends dying day after day, here and there. My grandchild also died then. It really was a hell on earth. Why are we forced into such sufferings?

My home was in Kure City, where I suffered war damage and lost all household effects. It was while I was evacuated to the countryside that the A-bomb was dropped.

Hiroshima, Female, Age 53
34-2804

I had two younger brothers. One went to Hiroshima just after the atomic bombing to look for his son who had a place of employment in Hiroshima.

Another brother was called up to help clear the demolished city. As they returned home, they said to me about the devastation done by the A-bomb, "That cannot be fully expressed in words" "That was too miserable to look at. I will never forget that in my life; those tragic events often appear to me in sleep." "It seems as if I saw hell on earth".

This conversation made me have sympathy with many sufferers and their families and strongly pained me. My two brothers are gone. The post-war period has not ended for surviving sufferers and their families in Hiroshima and Nagasaki and will never end.

I lost my favorite fawn-colored horse, which I loved very much as a member of the family. I went to seek out my son in the city by a horse-drawn carriage packed with food and daily necessities. In those days people often used carriages because they had no motorcars. I managed to take up my lodging in a farmhouse. I woke up at midnight to find my horse disappeared from the stable. I immediately asked the police to help me look for the horse. At last we found the horse walking slowly toward Yokokawa. He seemed to be seeking his own stable. I was thinking of going home after dawn. I took him back to the farmhouse and went to bed. Next morning I went to the stable and found my horse lying dead. My cheerful horse was not there. I think his strength had been used up and he died from fatigue and radiation after a trip under the blazing sun, an end of a poor horse's life, which I shall never forget.

III. Others

a) Male

Hiroshima, Went for Rescue, Male, Age 17
34-0418

I want neither to remember nor write about what happened at that time. It reminds me about that, I become unable to sleep of nights for thinking of a hell on earth. Excuse me!

Hiroshima, Went for Relief, Male, Age 17
22-0092

The number of victims well exceeded that of the members of the relief party, and what is worse there was not sufficient medical care or a home for them. Because we could not immediately relieve them we felt more miserable.

For collecting and cremating dead bodies, boats pulled roped bodies in the stream and trucks carried them on the road. We were involved in this work all day long. The number of the dead bodies was so great that we could not keep a normal sense of fear.

Specially unforgettable events:

A schoolgirl died in the medical tent after sinking herself in the stream to escape from the burning heat from morning till late evening.

A schoolboy jumped off a carrying wagon looking for his parents, even though he had a broken bone projecting from his ankle.

I heard a weak cry from the dark to the clatter of military boots "Soldier, please help me!"

The feeling I received when I touched burned skin.

A mother dead with her dead baby in her arms.

People came one after another to a temporary Buddhist altar to inquire about the fate of their relatives and went

off in vain to another place. I can never accept such a tragedy again!

b) Female

**Hiroshima, Relief, Female, Age 13
34-2923**

As I was young --- a first grade student at a girls high school --- I had only to take care of people who were least injured. But their backs were burned or they had a lot of glass splinters all over their bodies. Flies gathered on the open wounds and laid their eggs. They soon hatched and a vast number of maggots made the patients itchy. What the doctors could do for them was only to put a little mercurochrome on their wounds. And we could just fan the flies away from the wounds. There was nothing they could eat but boiled potatoes. Seriously injured people could hardly take their meals. So even though some looked rather better that day, they had died by next morning.

**Hiroshima, Relief, Female, Age 19
32-0085**

How can I as long as I live ever forget the victims of atomic bomb air raid who were sent to hospital at Kure by vans on the afternoon of August 6, the day when the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

The hospital itself was burnt out, its huge red-cross sign on the roof had no meaning. Only an isolation ward was left, where patients and nurses took refuge as a temporary lodging. At night, in the dark, I gave a loud cry at the horrible sight of an A-bomb victim, and ran away from him. Remembering this, I still feel regret for what I did. He died in the early morning, a few hours later.

I hate to recollect the sight of clusters of maggots wriggling in open wounds.

There was a little child lying alone, black with heavy oil applied all over as the first treatment somewhere around Kaitaichi.

Nuclear war should be absolutely prohibited.

Hiroshima, Relief, Female, Age 19
34-4145

Seven of my family had terrible experiences; they were either exposed to the bombing, or entered the city, or were engaged in relief work. My younger brother was fifteen years old, a junior high school student, and was assigned to work at removing rows of houses in Zakoba-cho. It was then that he was bombed. On August 6, my parents, my brothers and sister looked for him all day but in vain. The next day, on the 7th, they found him lying on the grass at the entrance to the weapons factory, and carried him back home on a cart. His face had swelled up like a watermelon, and he could hardly open his eyes, which had become very thin like a piece of thread. The inside of his mouth was burnt green. Yet he was alive and wanted water and ice. At last he died about 5 o'clock on the evening of August 8.

In my neighborhood, one after another victims of the atomic air raid died, and many other were missing. How terrible!

The victims inside Hiroshima city were seriously injured; the skin of their fingers had peeled off, hanging loose and dangling. They seemed as if they were ghosts. Some were naked and charred, with their babies on their backs. We could hardly tell men from women. Such seriously injured people soon fell down here and there and died one after another. A lot of victims were lying at Myokenji Temple and Kaitaichi Primary School. I walked through across the dead bodies lying here and there to take care of those wounded people. I delivered pieces of boiled potatoes to each sufferer. Only a few of them could eat. I remember clearly even now that I applied oil to their wounds, and that so many dead bodies were burned on the bank out at Kaita. That was hell indeed. I was very astonished to see maggots cluster and wriggling on open wounds of the victims who were alive.

Hiroshima, Relief, Female, Age 21
35-0130

Two days after the atomic bomb was dropped, a lot of soldiers who were bombed were sent to the hospital one after another. As I was working in the Army Hospital, I was assigned to pick up the sufferers and to nurse them. Though they wore colored army pajamas, they got fresh burns and sores on their skin, and their soot-covered eyes were goggling.

They had high fever and red spotted wounds swelled up the next day. The mucous membrane of the nostrils and mouths was inflamed. They excreted feces with blood and felt terribly thirsty. When their ice pillows were changed, bunches of hair, about 8 millimeters long, fell off.

I took care of them with all my might, helping them taking their meals and excreting. There were no beds available for them, and they had to lie on thin mats on the floor. They died one after another. I shall never forget them. Nursing them, I was proud of serving in the war, for I was young.

Words and pens fail to describe those sights.

Hiroshima, Situation unknown, Female, Age 7
32-0184

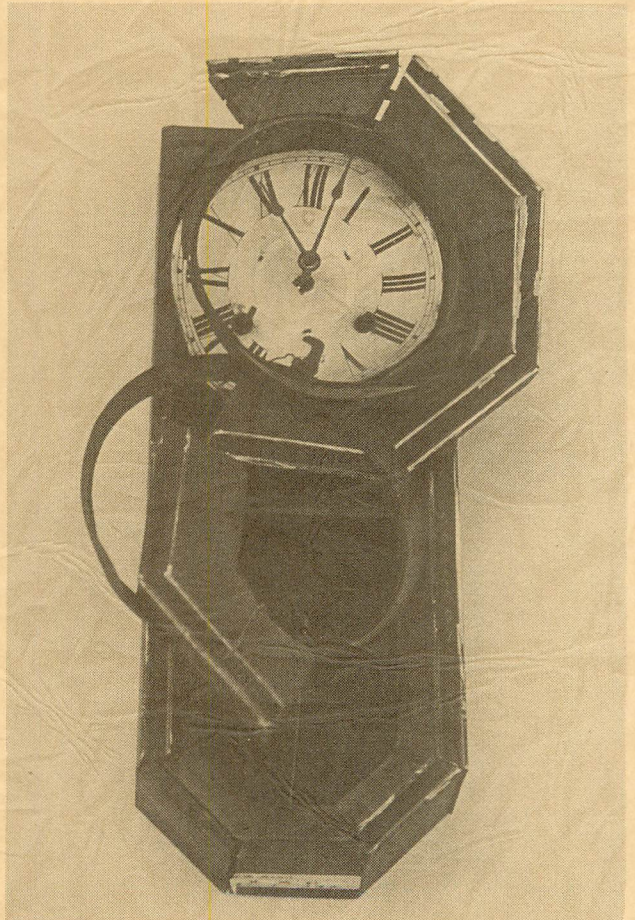
Not knowing that my father had died, I, seven years old at that time, walked and walked for three days looking for him. I saw a lot of dead bodies lying on the railroad. Many people were crying for water. They were in fact not crying but panting, and pulled me by the hands. Soldiers stood watching them and told me not to give them water because they would die if they drank water. How I wished to give water to them! Their cries are still ringing in my ears.

Besides, I couldn't see my classmates again. Looking at the pictures of our entrance ceremony of the primary school or kindergarten, I recollect them of those days.

I heard someone singing "Kimigayo" (song for the reign of the emperor) under a fallen wall. As most of the

sufferers I saw were school children, they were calling for their parents. I shall never forget that I was calling for my father in every direction. I hate war!

NAGASAKI



This broken clock shows the time
of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki:
11:02.



The charred body of a child about 4 or 5 years of age lies on the bank of the Army Nishi parade ground on August 9, his arms raised to the sky.

Painting: YAMASHITA Masato, age 20 in 1945.

(Hiroshima)

I. Direct Suffering

(1) Within 2 Kilometers

a) Male

(1) Aged Under 9

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, Age 4
14-0042

Even at night a lot of living victims were still carried on stretchers into the classrooms of Inasa Primary School. At the same time there were dying victims, who were groaning and breathed their last breath calling for water. As if they had been animals, those who died were carried out on stretchers which had just carried living victims in.

The indescribably bad smell of burned flesh, sweat, urine and feces mixed up.

In front of me, two Koreans of strong physique were

talking in their mother tongue with tears in their eyes, and they died one by one. (I saw plenty of deaths.)

In the daytime, after nursing my father who was bombed, my mother and I went out to the passage. There was a mountain of dead bodies! My mother and I could hardly watch them. We closed our eyes and pinched our noses. The dead bodies were roughly piled and laid on the passage and on the ground as if they had been charred logs. They were so crowded that I could hardly put my feet on the ground. While I was walking hanging on my mother's arm to avoid the dead bodies, I stumbled over one of them. I said to my mother, "Mom, I stepped on it !" "Doesn't matter! Already dead", she said reproachfully, and we hurried to the gate.

At that time everyone may have been living, thinking only of himself. We could see the dead coolly; everybody had no emotion at all. Even tears didn't flow. Like beasts, only the groaning sounded in the classroom.

Young as I was (just 4 years), I had no memory but the days of the atomic bombing. I don't remember other days of that year. Only those days remain in my brain like a tumor. I don't know why.

Remembering this, my heart aches.

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, Age 8
27-0341

I don't want to write.

(2) Teens

Nagasaki, 2 km, Male, Age 12
01-0055

I passed by ground zero on my way home from the factory on that day. Next day I managed to reach home and found my house and our neighbor's house were still burning. I took mother, who could walk with her injuries, to a temporary first aid station. Though it was nothing but hell, I lost my sense of fear. I walked over dead bodies. I found a person, who had been sleeping next to me in the shelter,

dead the next morning. Recollecting those sights now, I really shudder with horror. But what I feel most terrible is that I lived indifferent to them for ten days before I left the area.

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, Age 13
27-0194

I was then in the first grade of senior primary school. I believed that men would die only of sickness. I felt very sad and miserable when I learned that men might die cruel deaths like animals.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, Age 15
21-0002

1. I was blown away by the bomb blast. I narrowly escaped death because I was knocked against the inner wall of the air-raid shelter.

2. When I hit the wall, I lost consciousness. When I awoke, I was surrounded by fire. I crawled out of the shelter.

3. Under a tree, there stood a child almost burned to ashes. When I turned back again, the body was out of shape and only its bones lay like some lines of thread.

4. I went out with my sister to look for my father. At my house which was burned down, I found a charred body as if it was yelling out. Its teeth and some remains proved it to be my father. What did he call for on the verge of death?

5. Even survivors were so miserable that their bodies were infested with maggots. There were some people swollen like pigs.

6. The nearer the ground zero people lived, the severer the injuries they got. But even the people who were far from ground zero died one after another in two to six months though they had only seen the flash of the explosion (exposed to atomic radiation) and had no external wounds.

7. I saw a lot of dead bodies carried on stretchers,

piled up and burned up. That is my lasting memory.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, Age 16
40-0228

The A-bomb was dropped while I was working in an underground factory. I got out of it about thirty minutes later and tried to go to the rescue at the head office. There was a sea of fire on the main road, so I walked along the back street. I saw all farmers' houses were burning and cows and horses were half burnt. When I arrived at the main office, a woman in front of me fell down. Then her two children came to find their mother. I still remember those sights clearly. I found a guard dead but his watch still working. How fragile a man's life is! Later, I and two of my friends from my home town looked for one of my classmates. He was at the design section of the main office and exposed directly to the bomb. We looked for him calling his name. We found him, whose upper body part was burned seriously, and there was a little pool of water on the edge of his pants. We held him in our arms and carried him gently to a train. Later I heard he had died in the hospital. I saw a student worker whose leg was caught in iron bars. He was calling for help but I had no way to help him. He is still living in my brain.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, Age 17
27-0555

There was a terrible sound of the explosion and my house was almost crushed. I hurried towards ground zero to look for my father. Blown up by the blast, a dead body was dangling from the electric wire. There were some who could not move and were calling for water and help, and who had severe burns and were walking with their peeled skin dangling. If there really is hell in this world, this I think would be it. Nobody but only those who had seen them could imagine these sights.

I can hardly imagine how human beings could do such a cruel deed against human beings.

If we had treated the sufferers at that time, at least some of them might have been saved. But all we could do was

to look for our relatives. That has been my great regret.

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, Age 17
42-0652

I have a lot of memories in fragments. But I was simply at a loss what to do for those many victims who lay on the road from Urakami to Shiroyama. Maybe I was too young.

At that time I was unable to understand the circumstances. I can't describe how I feel, when I recall the sufferers who were on the way to the river near Mitsubishi Steel Co., to drink water. I remember very vividly the women and children dying with their arms holding their knees in a trench of Shiroyama. Later we carried dead bodies out and burned them together in the paddy field.

There were some who had fallen down on the way, and they wanted me to give them some water several times. But I could do nothing for them. That has been my great regret. I have a lot of other memories but they are beyond my description. (This was my experience as a relief workers.)

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, Age 18
14-1053

Suddenly, I got a shock as if magnesium had been flashed under my very nose. I wondered if there was some accident at the near-by transformer substation. At that moment I lost consciousness. My colleague woke me up, but I couldn't stand up. Looking around vacantly, I found it too dark with smoke and dust to see through. I learned that something fearful had happened. In the foundry, which had a roof of iron frames and slates, a 5 ton crane fell from the ceiling about 30 centi-meters near me, and its angle bar was stuck into the ground. Several people were caught under it. I heard groaning and crying, but we could do nothing.

We two threaded the maze helping each other, and managed to get out. Far away, someone was yelling, "Air raid! An enemy plane is coming!" We took refuge in the near-by air raid shelter. We looked at each other's wounds and found they were very serious. We had serious wounds all

over our bodies. The cut on my head was bleeding badly. The wounds on the waist were so big that two fingers could be put into it, but we had no way to treat them. Several persons were taking refuge there with us. In such a fearful state of things, there were only a few and an ominous silence.

The air-raid alert was called off and girl volunteer workers and girl students workers who had taken refuge came back to the factory. It was at that very moment that the A-bomb exploded. Some hundreds of workers must have been working there. I wondered if all of them had fled to the shelter for safety and if we had been the last group to escape. We parted from each other; my fellow workers headed for the dormitory and I headed home to Shiroyama.

Prevented from going on by smoke and flame, I sought refuge at the top of a little hill of Motohara. There I fell down in a potato field. It seemed to me that a long time had passed. I fell into a doze, but suddenly I was woken up by the whir of a fighter. Something fearful seemed about to happen again. I was afraid I might die. I felt fear and fatigue. I felt pain all over my body. I wanted some water. Nobody came to save me. I worried about my parents, my little sister and brother, who were at Shiroyama, no less than 2 km from there. I could only get up but couldn't walk. I tried to get there before dark, using a bit of stick as a walking staff. I picked up and gathered some pieces of cloth and cotton of a mattress that lay scattered on the ground, and made bandages of them and applied them to my wounds to stop the bleeding. Here and there around me were dead bodies and sufferers who were dying, who were calling for help, who wanted water...seriously wounded people around me... A young woman, whose chin was half blown off and badly bleeding, was calling for help with a look of praying. I could do nothing for them. I saw some youngsters, who, far from serving sufferers, were jumping about and robbing previous things of the dead and those who were in serious condition. That sight was as if I were in hell.

At last when I came near Ohashi Bridge, I met a relief party. They told me that Shiroyama had been completely destroyed and nothing was left, and that I should flee by the train that was coming. I waited for the train. After it got dark, the train arrived. The entrance to the train

was too high for me to get in easily. When I just got into it, an air-raid alarm sounded. There came an order that all the passengers should get off. Inside the train was quite in a mess; most of them were almost naked and their bodies were covered with blisters. There were some whose flesh was torn off and some died in the train. Groans, shouts and a strange smell. They were far beyond my imagination.

At midnight, I was taken into the Omura Naval Hospital, where I was given some water and had medical treatment by a military surgeon. But it was just a token; the treatment I got was just applying mercurochrome on my open wounds. My scars still have some dust in them even now and they look just like tattoos. Covered with mud and blood, I lay down on a bed covered with a white sheet and blanket, and soon fell asleep as if I had been dead.

It might be around noon. I woke up to find a nurse kindly putting a spoonful of porridge into my mouth. Tears streamed in a flood from my eyes when I saw her smiling warmly at me. I was surprised to find that some military surgeons and nurses, more than ten, were very kind. Severely injured patients shouted at them, and some patients had toilet accidents in their beds. But never getting angry or browned off, the nurses worked speedily with a smile. They were really worth being called "angels in white uniforms".

Even at that time, even in that era, there were so kind and gentle hospital, doctors and nurses. Though science and medicine have progressed in these 40 years, I don't know who might give us such a nice treatment. I shall never forget those angel nurses all my life.

After the meal, we received treatment. We were told that those who could walk should leave the hospital. Receiving a loincloth, a Yukata (an informal kimono for summer wear) and a pair of sandals, I left the hospital. We, five or six, went to the Isahaya Station. We stayed there all night. About noon on the 11th, I came back to the stricken area. From Ohashi Bridge along the river to Shiroyama, everything was destroyed and burnt to ashes. Dead bodies lay here and there, and countless charred bodies were piled up in the river. I narrowly reached my home.

Of course my house was completely burned down. But my

father, mother and little brothers and sisters were there, and looked well. They thought that I had died. All of them were shocked. My grandmother was killed instantly by the bomb on the road near my house and the youngest brother was missing. I was told that out of the flames my little brothers had saved mother, who had been crushed under the fallen beams. She was lying on a door. Father, who had been working at Mitsubishi Steel Co., was badly wounded on his waist, legs and hands, but got no medical treatment.

In the evening my little brother got back with some rice balls. A bucketful of white-polished rice and "Takuwan" were rationed. How long since we had had those foods last! I devoured them. At night I saw here and there blue flames of burning dead bodies. There was no place of refuge from rain and the wet. I don't remember how many nights we lay on the ground covered with straw mats. Day after day our neighbors died one after another. It was a new type bomb that was dropped. They said no trees and no grass would grow for 75 years.

On the night of the 17th, mother died. Later, my brothers and sisters, who had seemed so well, also died, and by the 25th six had died. Who would be next? No tears were shed.

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Male, Age 18
26-0028

I don't remember because I lost consciousness for about ten days.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, Age 19
45-0031

In the district where I lodged, slightly wounded adult men counted only two. (half way up the mountain)

On the first day, those who could walk, even though they were seriously wounded, climbed up the mountain. In a terraced field about half way up the mountain, we found some wilted eggplants and cucumbers. All people who ate them felt vomiting and had headaches. On arriving at the field, the seriously wounded persons died one after another calling

for water. We couldn't give them it. We two used firewood from broken houses and cremated them.

On the second day, we two went out to look for some food. We found a lot of cans of soybeans which were burnt and still cracking. We took them back and ate them together. (a canning factory)

There was a dead body which had been hit by the blast against the rail of a bridge. It was charred all over, crouching with its hands grasped tightly. On the third day, fat oozed out of the body and was glittering in the sunshine. The road was stained, as far as 2 meters from the dead body, by the fat.

Countless pieces of glass splinters were stuck all over a dead body that lay by the window of a tiled concrete building.

All houses that had fallen down were burned out by that night. Large and small pieces of bone were scattered on the ashes. There were so many at some places that we couldn't take any step forward. I took up one of the skulls and found the lower part of the body was buried in the ash. Much flesh clung around the bones.

Immediately after the explosion, I heard people screaming for help under the destroyed houses here and there. But the fires all around prevented me from going there to save them.

(3) Twenties

**Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 21 years old
40-0974**

The hands and feet wounded and burnt deep red. "Ouch, ouch"! The people crying out because of pain. The bad smell from dead bodies still burning. Looking at the people who were rushing to the river for water, I was absent minded and couldn't think about what had happened. And I could move only my arm. My thinking power was gone. Even now I wonder why I didn't try to think why...

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Male, 21 years old
43-0075

I was in the wash room downstairs. When I was about to go out, suddenly I felt the yellow flash and had a dizzy spell. The moment I stepped out, I was blown from my back. It became dark. I couldn't see anything, nor breathe. I was afraid I would die at that place. I looked for a slight light and went out of the dark. I found the fire-fighting water and took a drink of it. Then it became easier for me to breathe again. I looked around. Everything had been destroyed. In front of the factory gate there were so many people running out this way with awful faces. "xxx, xxx." I was called. Then I looked in that direction, and found that my good friend was being carried on someone's back with bloody legs. So I carried him to the foxhole in front of the street car stop. The instep of his left foot was broken. I wanted to take him to a hospital right then, but we were surrounded by fire and burnt houses. All I could do was to give him a drink of water.

The fires were burning more and more. Hot wind was blowing. On the road I could see many people crawling and dead people. At my feet was a dead girl who looked about 12 years old. Then I happened to look up at the sun. It was bloody red. It looked like the color of hell.

People said that the enemy had landed at Mogi and all of us would be killed if we were there. So only the seriously wounded and dead people were left there. When I looked at the mountain side, the fire was going up and up.

About five or six o'clock a truck came. They told us that they were going to carry only the badly wounded. So I helped my friend into the lorry and I was alone. Then I met my dormitory friend, and we moved toward our Sanno Dormitory. When we reached there somehow, it was all burnt down. The dusk was drawing near. We got to Mitsubishi Ground. The sun set completely. Some people were asking for water far away or near by. At that time I saw a kind of flare bomb thrown from a plane and it became bright like the daytime. We lay down in the gutter. After a while my friend said, "What's the matter with us?"

My head was painful, and my heart, too. The red fire was burning on the hill. I thought it was Chinzei Gakuin

School. While I was looking at the flame with my friend, I went to sleep.

In those days I was living in Sanno Dormitory. I'm not sure how many people were there but more than one hundred. I went to the ruins of the burnt dormitory. I think it was immediately after the A-bombing. I saw several lines of five skeletons lying side by side. I think they had been on night duty.

The ground under my feet was hot. So I turned over the roof tiles and found a red fire still burning.

Nagasaki, 1.5km, Male, 25 years old
22-0376

I was gathering an uncountable number of dead people around the ruins of the buildings. I have too many things that I can not forget even now. I will write about one of them. It was in a house, Matsuyama-machi in Nagasaki. I saw a mother with her child in her arms. A boy or a girl, I don't know. A rafter stuck through the hearts of the two. It was too cruel for me to forget.

Mad young girls were crying, "Oh, planes. Oh, planes," looking up at the sky. Such scenes could be seen here and there a week after the A-bombing. I saw a notice board saying, "I survived. From Sumiko to Father", at the ruins of her house. They might have been separated. From the bottom of my heart I hoped her father was still alive.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, 27 years old
40-1020

It is quite impossible for me to write and speak about those terrible and miserable scenes. Now, more than 40 years after that, it is still more difficult for me. All things I myself experienced through the living hell, and all terrible sights and voices for beyond my expression, are only a part of this incident.

Before I came back to my home town, for five days after the A-bomb, I had been roaming about without depending on anything or anybody. I bit crackers given by the city

working team while trying to nurse more badly injured people than I. Sometimes we sweated at repairing or clearing away the houses destroyed by the bomb blast.

After dark, with some rice balls distributed by citizens, we went into the air-raid shelter we made for ourselves. Soon some soldiers came in and shoved us away. So we laid ourselves in the gutter, and had cold rice balls looking up at the stars in the sky. With the tears of indignation we swallowed rice and everything and went to sleep for a while.

(4) Over 40 Years Old

Nagasaki, 0.5km, Male, 40 years old
13-10-014

I found my wife lying on the sand of the Okawa River. She was badly burned. She faintly asked me for some water. So I picked up a small aluminum kettle and gave her some river water. I laid her on a tatami mat blown from somewhere else, covered her with a shutter board, and asked the relief party to carry her to the hospital. Just then I asked her about our daughter. She replied our daughter had been playing at the neighbor's and she did not know where she was. Then I walked around my ruined house looking for my daughter. After two days I found her at last. I dug the gutter and found her 'monpe' pants that partly escaped the fire. So I picked up her bones in a small burnt bucket.

After my wife's death I carried some dead trees into the hollow of the emergency crematory, put on some petroleum and cremated her by myself. I picked up her bones in the evening.

Nagasaki, 1.5km, Male, 44 years old
40-0189

The fire burnt low in the evening of that day when the A-bomb was dropped, so I hurried home. When I was passing the road near Sanno Shrine, I heard a woman crying for help from a destroyed house. I looked into the house at once, and found a woman about 30 years-old and a 3 year-old child both lying under the house. As soon as they saw my face,

the woman reached up her hand and clung to me for help. They were squeezed between the pillars and it was impossible for me alone to take them away. I tried to draw their hands but they didn't move by an inch. The fire finally caught this house before my eyes.

The woman begged me to help her child despite her life, but I had to leave there because the fire was coming near enough to kill me. "Please rest in peace," I said, "You aren't the only ones." I steeled myself and decided to leave. It was too cruel for me to see living people burning to death. My heart was filled with great sorrow.

b) Female

(1) Under Ten Years Old

**Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 8 years old
17-0008**

It was when I was in the second grade of an elementary school.

It is awful for me to recall that day. At an instant, the accident changed my life from front to back and everything I saw was a living hell. The people didn't look like human beings. They were crying with pain, fear and so on. I was not old enough so I don't clearly remember what I was doing. Hand in hand with my elder sister, I was madly running away toward the mountain side. Every scene on the way was just like hell.

My mother was at our destroyed house crying loudly for help for my father who was pushed down under the house. Fortunately, a soldier helped him from the fire. I heard about this later.

That night Mother carried Father on a stretcher to the mountain side. Father couldn't move or speak at all. He had a scrapped face. He was just like a living dead. Though I was a child, I wondered how he had been taken care of. I felt sorry for him, completely covered with rags, and I thought he was dirty. Everybody was wearing rags like beggars. Everything was so mad and hellish, so mad that we could see off those poor dying people without a word.

"As they were human beings, let them die as human beings." This is my serious regret over those dead people.

(2) Teen-ager

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 12 years old
28-0268

In the ruins of burnt houses uncountable numbers of skeletons were seen here and there. Some people were walking with their burnt skin hanging down. Terribly burnt faces. Some people saying mad things. People with maggots on their burns and injuries. Some people piled up dead people to burn with oil. Inside the air-raid shelter I saw a living hell. Charred bodies on the streets. Burnt and torn clothes. Some were screaming for water. Some were shouting, "Please kill me. It's too painful." I saw a mother holding her dead child tightly, and work for burying ten to fifteen dead bodies into one hole.

For me, a 12-year-old girl, that was too fearful and I couldn't do anything.

Mother's death

While she was taking away weeds in the rice field, she was bombed and terribly burnt all over her back, just like the berry of grapes. She was afraid that we would worry, so she died without giving even a moan of pain.

My younger sister's death

On August 15, the end of the war, my uncle came to see us. And on our way to his house my younger sister wept saying, "I'm tired out. I can't walk." But I could not carry her on my back. The next day, the 16th of August, she died. Even now I feel very sad and tears fall when I remember my poor sister.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 13 years old
27-0560

My elder brother and I cremated our parents. I won't forget that all through my life. The internal organs of my

another elder brother were broken, and yet he was worrying about us.

A friend of mine was burnt and naked, but I couldn't do anything for her.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 14 years old
27-0461

Though my little sister said nothing, I understood that she wanted some cold water. But I could hardly find any water or anything like that around us. I could do nothing to her. That was the most regrettable and miserable thing to me.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 14 years old
22-0353

a) About my elder brother, he was burnt all over his back outdoors. He was taken to Omura, but I'm not sure of the date.

A group of maggots bred at the hollow of his burns, and then one after another to all over his body. He lived for 23 days without consciousness. He died without being nursed. In those days all they could do was to apply mercurochrome. Groaning with pain and talking in delirium, his eyes had a fierce look from agony when he was dying at last.

At that time I was 14 years old and forgot even to cry. As I grew older I felt so sad at his memory and each time I can't stop my tears falling. I don't want to remember that any more.

b) In those days I thought only about myself; I couldn't afford to think of others.

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 14 years old
42-1029

It was strange that I was still living at that time. With a high fever, over 40 degrees centigrade, my younger

brother jumped up, ran about in pain, and drank water. He drank and drank, and looked like being under water. Then soon after drinking water, he ran to the wash room with black water feces. He was just like a horse passing water. About one month had passed and I thought my brother would die. So I let him to do anything he liked.

Nagasaki, 0.5 km, Female, 15 years old
14-7020

Even remembering those days is painful. So I want to forget them all.

How was it that day? Of about 50 workers, half of them were killed instantly. The other half were burnt all over and half dead. I regained consciousness some seven hours later.

A student of Kumamoto Fifth Technical High School had his belly split and intestines out, and yet his eyes were watching me. Still now that painful scene does not leave my mind.

I can never forget a swollen dead child burnt all over, and the eyes of the people lined up for delivery of rice though faces were burnt black. Surely their eyes were crying for help.

I was badly injured but I walked and walked. As I was crawling toward my house, I saw many fearful scenes. The bridge across the river was broken. The river was filled with lots of people who had rushed for water. The water was bloody. I saw a mountain of dead bodies on the streets and a burnt black horse looking at me sadly.

It was a world of death and world of silence. People lost power and energy to speak though still alive. That was the afternoon of the day when the A-bomb was dropped.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 15 years old
35-0218

August 9, 20th year of Showa (1945)

Serious diarrhea, bleeding, dizziness, ears' ringing and repeated fainting. I was told I could live for only a few hours. I caught my breath strangely. But because of the great pain I blamed myself even for living. When I came to myself next time in the mountain of Nagasaki at night, I found myself surrounded by dead bodies. I was the only one living. The mountain side was bright like daytime by the flames of the burning town. On both sides of the mountain path there were lines of dead bodies, but I didn't feel scary at all. I went about in the mountain, dragging my painful body.

August 10-12, 20th year of Showa

At last I reached water around noon. I was too weak to draw and drink by myself. My friend gave me some water saying that it would be the last. Still I was living but repeatedly became faint with pain.

August 13, 20th year of Showa

When I was taken to Tokitsu Elementary School, I saw my face in the mirror. After that I couldn't stand in front of a mirror again. At night from August 10 to 15, I was taken to a room for patients who needed special care. Every morning only I was living; all others were dead. How vexed and painful I feel even now, 40 years later, when I think of those days. I don't know why I had to have such a miserable time. I hate the A-bomb and the war...

Nagasaki, 0.5 km, Female, 16 years old
14-0073

I was pleased when I dug and saved a few people out of the rubble immediately after the bombing. But on the way to run away, I saw a baby crying in the burning fire. I couldn't go to help. Still now I blame myself.

Tens of people with skin blistered from burns were lying on the road and crying for water. No water could I give them. They were going to die after all. I really can't forget them even now. When I think of them, I lose my appetite.

As time goes by, the scenes of those days became more and more clear and I really feel pained.

It is really tragic that we got no remains of my grandparents. Whenever I go to Shiroyama, I feel that their bones are still buried around there and want to dig them out.

My family looked for me and they cremated someone instead of me. Who was she? I would like to get to Heaven and soon find that person.

Cows and horses were lying dead here and there. When I thought of them later, I felt really sorry for them and even now, I can't stop my tears. (At that time my consciousness was dimmed and I couldn't feel sorrow.)

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 16 years old
16-0014

When my friend and I were under the destroyed house after the bombing, we were relieved, saved by a man who himself was injured. I can't forget his kindness even now. If he is still alive, I would like to see him and say "Thank you". If he had ignored our cries and passed by, I would not be here now.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, 16 years old
28-0087

I was in the factory when bombed 1.4km from the blast center and I found myself under the destroyed building. In the dark I reached out my hands and touched someone's leg. Perhaps the person was sitting next to me. I forget her name, but she might be "K". I drew her legs with my full force calling by name, but she didn't answer or move at all. I finally escaped from there, writhing with pain. I could catch sight of no body in the dark factory. (Because time passed after the others had escaped, besides a lot of smoke was going up.) I regret deeply that I couldn't pull away the destroyed house and see he was still alive or not. On the way to escape I met a lot of people crying for water, but I could give them no water. I have a lot of things to regret.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, 17 years old
40-0191

I don't want to remember that day, because about 20 to 30 people, badly injured or burnt, were dying one after another just beside me. The wounded died, crying for water. A lot of maggots were on the bodies of those burnt. They were wriggling on their bellies, hands and legs as if eating the flesh. On every person who got burnt a lot of maggots were crawling. Looking at such a scene, I thought, "If I have a pair of tweezers, I can take away those maggots."

Those who got burnt, followed with death one after another crying "Oh, Ouch! Oh, Ouch!"

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, 17 years old
09-0002

I was pressed under the destroyed factory and escaped from there. On the way I saw a person whose eyes were scooped out. He shook my hands and asked me to take him along. I was frightened and left the person there. It's hard for me to forget that. I now wonder if it is possible to be alive without eyes in such conditions?

Nagasaki, 0.5 km, Female, Age 19
11-0022

(1) A housewife in the neighborhood must have been preparing lunch in the kitchen. I saw her skeleton standing just there, with the metal frame of her purse hanging between what must have been her sashes. A week or so after that horrible day, I saw people burning the bodies of the dead by the side of the streets, as if those once human beings were nothing but so many fallen leaves scraped off the streets. Even to this day, I still clearly remember those ivory-white bones scattered here and there in the ashes along the side of the streets.

(2) One of my friends, who had been walking just in front of me, was crushed under the falling beams and seriously injured--it took three months for her injury to heal. Another one, who had been ahead of us, was crushed to death. And the other one, who was still farther ahead, was

fatally burned. I could not, and still cannot help brooding over our destinies, which made our lives so different according to the respective positions where we happened to be in those few deadly moments.

(3) All the other bridges having been smashed, I had to walk across a railroad bridge to get to the other side of the river. My downcast eyes met with uncountable charred bodies heaped over the bottom of the river up and down. Alas, their last strength must have been drained to crawl to this river to get some water. A lot of them, unimaginably many, must have lost their lives before reaching this river on their hands and knees. It was not until this moment that tears flooded my eyes, with my whole body trembling uncontrollably. It was as though until then I had been only carrying my body, with nothing to feel, with nothing to be angry at, even with the last shred of human emotions of any kind evaporated, as if I had been in some hypnotic, vacant state of mind.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 19
24-0078

(1) I remember a pond near Nagasaki University of Medicine. I discovered more than twenty victims, directly exposed to the explosion, lay dead in that pond, hardly leaving any room for all there. I also remember witnessing a woman and her just-born fetus lying lifeless close to that pond, still tied to each other with the umbilical cord. The woman must have been in the very last stage of pregnancy, I surmised, and the impact of the blast was so strong that it must have torn her baby out of its embryonic nest in its mother.

(2) Horses and cows with their bodies swollen double lay lifeless on the street. I heard several victims on the verge of death groaning for water beside those dead animals. But I did not give them any water. It was true that I could not find any water nearby. More than that, however, the true reason was that I had been told that water would do nothing but deprive them of their lives. So I did not dare to give them water. I still cannot forget having left them groaning as they were.

(3) My aunt, who was living with us after the war,

began to have very high fever and bleed from her gums one year after the bombing. Her body could not accept any food and she died. We had her body dissected by the doctors. She had had seemingly very few injuries on her body. My aunt was only one of the great many, however, who had had scarcely any wounds on their bodies and yet later died.

(3) In Their Twenties:

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, Age 20
22-0154

Some of my folks were killed and my house burned down. I was left alone with two younger sisters. I did not know what to do. But I could not be crying. So the three of us lodged with one of our relatives. There I nursed my sisters. When they died, I just put them in boxes and buried those boxes. I could not even change their clothes when they were buried. It could hardly be called a "funeral", but what else could I have done?

I do not wish to recall these things related to the Atomic Bomb. All I can do is wish from the bottom of heart that nothing like this will ever happen again to humanity.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Female, Age 20
10-0014

The whole of Kotobuki-machi had been almost completely destroyed with the strike of bomb three day before.

So some twenty of us who lost our houses were lodging at the neighboring timber merchant's house. We prepared lunch and were having lunch shortly before noon...They had by then called off the air-raid warning. No sooner had we heard the news on the radio that enemy bombers were approaching, than they were already flying low right over our heads with the thundering roar of their engines. We saw a strange lightning flash through the window. We lost no time in rushing from the window to lie down on our stomachs. For some minutes we could see nothing because of the blast. When I tried to breathe, I felt an acute pain in my throat. The air was so heated that it must have burned my throat. So I covered my nose and mouth with my hands and breathed

slowly. After a while we became able to see. When we looked around us, we found almost everything had caught fire. We ran out. Those who had been outside had their skin torn from their hands and faces, and the skin was dangling. As we ran to escape, we heard voices crying, "Help me!" from under the collapsed houses but none of us could stop to turn around toward those voices. The fire had already begun to spread, and terror caught us. All we were doing was trying to hurry away from this hell. We could not pay any attention to others.

The bridge having broken down in the previous bombing, we had to cross the suspension bridge. We hurried to the shelter allotted to us at the foot of the mountain, but when we reached there it was packed with strangers and there was no room for us. Soon danger threatened that part of the city as well, and all of the refugees began to climb up the hill known as Konpira-san. The top was full of burned people groaning in agony and asking for water. As I wandered about the mountain and looked down over the city of Nagasaki, what I saw was nothing but a sea of blazing fire.

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, Age 22
08-0004

I lived in Nishiyama in the city of Nagasaki. My elder sister lived in her husband's house very close to the center of the explosion.

The moment I saw an orange flash, I felt a big quake. The front door was blown off, with its heavy hinges wrenched apart, all the windows were broken to pieces. The big mirror by the window was blown up through the ceiling.

I suppose I owe my life to Konpira-san, the mountain.

Night came on, and we saw the other side of the mountain blazing red. We were worried about the safety of my sister on that side of the mountain.

We waited but no word came from her. The next day, my elder brother went to search for her. When he came back late that night, he was very exhausted after the whole day of searching. "Everyone was killed", was all he said.

My brother asked a few neighbors to help him, and went again the next day. It took them another whole day to have all the six members of her family cremated.

My brother does not dare to talk about it even today.

He himself fell very ill after that, and hovered between life and death, but fortunately he recovered and is still alive at the age of 65. It must be a miracle that he is still alive.

I sometimes talk about that day with some of my friends in Nagasaki, some of whom were seriously injured. Most of us had our lives severely damaged. We cannot but wonder why on the earth we had to undergo such misery in our precious life.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, Age 23
40-0226

I was aroused to myself from unconsciousness by crying voices like "Help me!", "Oh, mother!" or "Please cut off my leg!" I myself was rescued in the darkness, but it tears me apart to think how mortifying and painful it must have been to beg for his own leg to be cut off. I was taken out of the building to find the company canteens wrecked in the sea of blazing fire. All around were people in agony, some were totally naked, some were burned all over and quite stupefied. A woman, though trying to cover her baby with her own body, was moaning in great pain herself.

All around were the bodies of the dead, charred so wholly that it was impossible to tell whether they were men or women. And groaning and moaning everywhere. It was hell, a hell in this world.

I had had my body cut all over with fragments of broken glass, and I was soaked with blood. I feared that I might die from bleeding too much.

Could it be possible that my colleagues would not recognize me--my colleagues I had been working with? Even to this day, I still feel very guilty for not having done anything for those victims begging for water.

The fire was so wild, I still remember very well and it vexes me even today, that I was terror-stricken as I went through it. My blind escape led me to Koe, Fukuoka, where I met a middle aged woman. She took pity on me and fed me some rice-balls. I should have asked her name so that I could later thank her for her kindness, which I could not do. I still feel guilty about it.

Those who had helped me returned to their office, while I was still in hospital. But when I returned to the office in October, I was very shocked to learn that they had already died. How could it be possible that those people, who had had seemingly few injuries, had already gone, while I, though heavily wounded, remained still alive? I'd like to know the answer. If I had been dead together with them, I should not be experiencing all these miseries and guilt feelings.

The same was true with my own father. He came to rescue me in spite of his serious injury, and it must have quickened his death--his miserable death, which came all too soon after the war.

We had no house to live in, nor hardly anything to eat. Father feared that the American troops would invade our land. So Father and some neighbors rented a small boat to evacuate to the Goto Islands. On our evacuation, one of my relative died on the boat. I still remember how he looked when he died, his complexion very dark, and his hair fallen out. When I was saved out of the flaming building, I was laid down on the ground in the tunnel, which must have been prepared as a substitute in case of severe damage to the factory facilities. I was terrified to death, watching my colleagues lying beside me die one after another. Since then, even to this day, I cannot bear to face dead people. If only I had been taken to hospital, instead of being left alone in the midst of the dying men and women, then I would not be suffering today from all these illnesses and miseries, that torture me daily.

We mounted pieces of wood and tried in vain to cremate the dead relatives on top of it. The bodies did not catch fire, only they filled the air with that awful smell. The sufferings and difficulties of today must be by-products of these intolerable misfortunes. I wonder if the high officials of this nation know anything of our misery and

terror? If only they would try to understand what it was like to be thrown into the depths of dire poverty, without any house, any food, or any clothes.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Male, Age 25
28-0103

I cannot forget anything, anything related to that fatal day. The mere thought of it makes me lose sleep at night.

I ran to escape with all my heart. As I ran, hands were reaching out from both my right and left to catch me by the leg. Feeble voices calling for water and calling for help reached my ears. I was so terror-stricken that I could do nothing but keep on running, fending off those hands and voices. My heart still aches whenever I recall that scene.

(4) In Their Thirties:

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, Age 30
28-0013

That terrible flood of light, the thundering blast and earth-shaking thud. I still cannot believe that such a catastrophe could have befallen us. What a nightmarish, heart-rending calamity we were thrown into" Even today, my quiet sleep is from time to time interrupted by a nightmare of that day, in which I find myself praying that what I see there is nothing but pieces of illusion. When I awake from this devilish dream, I always find my whole body soaked with sweat.

I saw a great number of young factory workers--mostly commandeered students--dragging themselves with burns and wounds all over their bodies along the street leading to St. Francisco Hospital. They all were groaning and wailing with pain and dire thirst, "Oh, Mama...I want some water..." They toiled their way up the street, and what they saw there was the hospital buildings wrapped in wild fire, with tongues of flame blazing out of all the windows. It must have been more than enough to make them lose what little strength was left in them. They fell dead one upon another. If only I could have brought them a handful of water from

the nearby stream! If only I could have asked their names! As days pass, my sense of remorse only becomes more and more unbearable.

I wrote in my report what I had seen and undergone myself. The following is only some of it.

I was very thirsty. I drank water from the stream running behind the hospital. Only that, and nothing else, could I do. The water tasted good. But in the stream from which I drank were many people trying to cool the pain from their severe burns. When night came on, people tried to cremate the dead in heaps. Here and there they burned the corpses, and they made that sound you hear when you grill meat, and the air was filled with that awful smell of burning oil, right in front of my eyes. How many days was it repeated!

My brother-in-law and his five small children were instantly killed by the bomb. The remaining two were severely burned in the factories they had been assigned to. His wife gave birth to their eighth child about 10 days before it was due after the bombing. The baby did not live in this world more than an hour. After that, my sister-in-law began to suffer from mental disorder, and is still hospitalized. The daughter, who had escaped death, decided to live as a nun. She wants to devote her life to praying for her dead family.

I have more, so much more to tell you.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, Age 31
28-0345

I was trudging by the railroad tracks with my five-year-old daughter on my back, when I heard a thunderous BANG. Within a split second it was followed by innumerable thunderbolts of pale light. Then came the roaring blast--a blast strong enough to uproot trees and buildings. "Damn!" I threw myself face-down on the ground, and I lost consciousness. 3 or 4 hours may have passed before I was aroused to myself again by the feeble voice calling me, "Help me, Mom. I'm so hot. It hurts...". Looking around, I found my daughter lying about 5 meters from me in the rice paddy. I hurried to pick her up and hugged her. My poor

little darling! She used to be such a pretty thing. What I hugged then was all burned up, so wholly charred that I could hardly tell where to find her eyes and nose. I realized then that I would not be able to save her life, and resolved that all I could do was at least carry her to hospital and let her die a humane death under the doctor's care.

So I put her on my back again and ran to escape. As we ran, I saw a woman washing her face by the river. I couldn't believe my eyes, and who could believe it? Her body was ablaze! She had had all the skin of her face burned off, and her flesh was showing—just like some sort of animal being flayed. Still I kept on trying to run, but I felt as if I were on very high heels. I looked down and what I found about my legs was the peeled skin of my thighs and hips dangling and tangling there. It was not until this moment that I realized my burns. My hip bone was sticking out, and my thick-cloth pants were nothing but shriveled ashes. I was stark naked!

A man was passing water in a kettle to the injured. My daughter shouted, "I want that water". She pushed out her palm, which was the only part of her body that still had its skin unburned, saying, "Put some water on this palm and I can sip it". I could not expect anybody to give her water, though, so I told her that it was impossible. What else could I have done? Then a soldier brought us his soiled towel dipped in water. My daughter sucked at this dirty towel as if she were having the most tasteful drink in this world, and she died, with the towel still in her mouth.

Nagasaki, 1.0 km, Female, Age 31
22-0268

August 9, 1945. I was on my way with my four children to my husband's weapons factory to hand him his lunch. We passed Sumiyoshi-machi, and the five of us were just coming into Ohashi-machi. My eldest son A was seven years old, the second one B was 5. They were walking ahead of me. The third one C, whose hand I was holding, was 3. And D, our first daughter, was 1 year old and I was carrying her on my back. All of a sudden there was an explosion with dazzling light. The three of us, my third son in my arms and D on my back, were smashed to the earth. I had lost sight of my two

other children. I had both my sides and legs severely burned. My chest and back would also have been burned if it had not been for my two children in my arms and on my back. Both of them were critically burned, and were completely unconscious. The bodies of my two little children must have shielded me from the scorching heat. I took them and ran with all my strength toward the mountain, searching and calling for my two lost boys. But I could not find them. C, my third son, died around four o'clock that afternoon. My one-year-old daughter also died about midnight. So I think I owe my life to those two children. I could not find my two elder sons. Losing all my four children at once broke me down entirely, and I was nothing but a walking corpse. About a month later somebody told me that he had seen a boy about the age of my eldest son, charred all over, wandering about Sumiyoshi-machi. But it was too late.

I still cannot forget that day, day or night. How could I?

(5) In Their Forties or Older

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Female, Age 44
39-0013

The three of us were at home when the bomb exploded. My son was upstairs sitting by the window. My daughter was in the kitchen crushing ice. I was in the kitchen, peeling potatoes. Though our house was broken down completely, happily none of us seemed to have got any injuries. I hurried my son and daughter to an air-raid shelter on the mountain-side. But we had nothing to eat there. So we came back to the city, only to find it filled with dead and wounded. Since we had no house to live in and no food to eat in the city, we went to my parents' house in the countryside to survive this catastrophe.

Soon my daughter began living on her own. My son, considering our economic situation, quit school and joined the crew of a tuna boat. The fishing areas were in the Southern Pacific Ocean near the Bikini Islands and the Christmas Islands. There my son was again exposed to radioactivity caused by H-bomb experiments between 1954 and 1957. He suffered very badly from physical disorders resulted from it. He lost all hope and twice tried to

commit suicide, but was rescued. He was taken to Kurishima Hospital. He must have been thrown into the depth of despair, though, so he sneaked out of his bed and later was found drowned on August 4. Though I cannot tell exactly how he had felt, for I was not with him then, I can very well guess how deeply he had suffered and how much he had cursed the atomic bomb. His death reminds me of the innumerable many who had been deprived of their precious lives by the atomic bomb in Nagasaki just like my own son. I do not know where to turn in my indignation.

c) Sex Unknown

Nagasaki, 2.0 km, Age 18
13-11-015

I hurried to the air-raid shelter in the town of Shiroyamakita-ichijo to spend the night, because it was too dangerous to remain near the factory where I had been working at the time of the explosion. I saw one of my neighbors come into the shelter, clad in the shreds of a blanket, carrying his two babies, one 3 years old and the other only one year old, all naked. Before I could recognize him, he fell down next to me and they died.

I saw many other people dead whose sexes could not be identified and whose bellies were bulging like horses. I saw many corpses convulsing in the heaps of the wreckage. I heard dying people groaning, "Oh, Mum..." or "It hurts...". Some were crying for water.

I saw many people whose ears, noses and eyes were badly injured. I saw many corpses covered with maggots and flies.

When Japan surrendered, I was still hiding in the shelter and did not know that we had lost the war. I do not know how to tell all those things. Nor do I imagine, I am afraid, that I will be able to describe them very well to those who had not been on the scene themselves.

I suffered from leukemia and other illnesses caused by the radioactivity. More than once I suddenly lost consciousness in my room. Somebody had to hold me upside-down to bring me back to consciousness. I was very afraid of fainting, so I did not dare go out of my house many

times.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Age 19
41-0081

When I look back upon that day, I cannot describe it as anything but a devilish nightmare. What comes to my mind first, among many other things is the terror I felt when I stepped on a charred corpse of a child buried in the ashes on the road on my way back to my home town the next day. Dead bodies were scattered literally everywhere on my right and left. Could this be possible? Why in the whole world did all of us innocent citizens have to be victims of this unprecedented hell of a massacre? I was filled with rage and indignation, and did not know where to turn.

Just outside the city, I saw a woman's body. Her arms were thrust out with her hair loose under the wreck of her burnt-down house. She must have been desperately calling for help in agony, only in vain.

Not only that. I saw soldiers gathering the corpses, and among those dead bodies were some people who were not yet dead. Those dying people were so close to death and yet not completely dead. They could not even speak or move; all they did was just stare at us with hollow eyes, as if they were trying to convey something to us. There was nothing we could do for them, and we hurried on our way as if we were escaping their stares. To this day I still cannot get rid of my guilt feeling for what I did, or for what I dared not do.

We should never wage war again. We have had enough of it.

Nagasaki, 1.5 km, Age 27
42-005

11:02 a.m. August 9, 1945. I was repairing a cutting tool of a lathe at the Ohashi Torpedo Factory. All I remember is the flood of incandescent light in front of my eyes. I do not remember how long I remained unconscious. When I came to myself again, it was dark and not a soul was to be seen. "I've got to get out of here", I thought, and

tried to stand on my feet. But I could not stand up, and I found my shins broken, with flesh bulging out. I crawled on all fours and reached the iron-framework section. There I joined the other three workers and the four of us escaped to the air-raid shelter at the second gate of the factory. The shelter itself caught fire soon, however, and my companions were burned to death in it. I was the only one that survived the fire. I am very sorry for those three.

I crawled out of the shelter, and was lying just outside it when a marine and a farmer with a push-cart passed by. I was carried on the cart to the gate of the fire-arms section building, and left there. All night long, the sky over my head was filled with the flare of bombs, and I was left alone in the midst of the sea of fire. I could hardly imagine I would see another day.

The next day, a lot of people who had escaped to Michinoo districts began returning to the city of Nagasaki. Again and again I asked them to give me some water, but none of them even dared stop to approach me. I found among them at last however, one of my acquaintances. He did not seem to recognize me until I told him my name. He told me that he had to go to find his wife and left me alone. That was the last time I saw him.

I was rescued by the medical corps from Kurume and taken to Isahaya-Tatsumida Elementary School late that afternoon. There for the first time since the explosion, I was given some water and some hope to survive this catastrophe. I can never forget the gratitude I felt that day.

(2) 2.0 - 3.0 km

a) Male

1) Under 9 Years Old

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 9
17-0002

After I was exposed to the atomic burst near the Nagasaki Station, I sought refuge in the mountains (called Nihon-matsu). In the evening of August 11, two days after

the atomic bombing, I walked to the Michinoo Station, with many refugees, passing through the ground zero areas where the rubble was still smoking here and there.

What I saw at that time was people cremating the corpses of their relatives in the ruins here and there. Still now I remember clearly the little children wandering in the dark ruins looking for their parents and families.

I can't forget the smell of blood and pus, nor the stench of death.

In hell on earth, people were dying crushed under destroyed houses. Those who had scarcely escaped from immediate death were still destined to die for the atomic illnesses, vomiting blood. People were dying alone, separated from their families. Mothers were dying, leaving their infants behind. I'm still deeply worried about those people's minds, facing death.

(2) Teen-Ager

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 14
23-0324

A) After the atomic bombing, accompanied by an uninjured person, I was on the way to my home, and saw many people charred, fallen on the road and in a river.

I myself was burnt with smarting pain and could do nothing for those who asked for help under the crushed houses. I really felt I was living in hell.

B) Three or four hours later, I became blind. So I could not see, but I heard that they continued bombing until night, in spite of so much pain already inflicted by the atomic bomb. I thought deeply that it was utterly against humanity.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 14
23-0400

On that day, I was sent to work at Mitsubishi Arsenal while a student, and my elder sister at another arsenal in

Mori-machi. When the atomic bomb was dropped, fortunately for me, I was on the way home and I was safe. My sister was directly exposed to the atomic bomb and seriously injured in the factory. I was afraid she would be dead, and I left for the factory in the evening across the mountains looking for her body. On my way, I saw so many wounded and burnt people. They told me that it was impossible to get to the town. But I determined to go ahead as far as possible, hoping against hope that she could be alive. The further I went, the more terrible the damages became. There were piles of corpses and plenty of people asking for rescue. However, few people gave them help, even apparently non-wounded people; they only watched and passed by on the other side. They couldn't think about other people. Though I was a child of 14 years old, I thought a person thinks perhaps only of himself in such an extreme situation.

I found my sister stumbling along, seriously injured. She was almost naked with burns and splinters of glass stuck everywhere in her whole body. She said she had been given first aid on the way, so the big wounds had been sewn up with glass remaining in them.

In the utter darkness, we struggled to get home.

On my way home, I was seized with the fear that such a bomb would be dropped again. I can't forget it as long as I live.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 15
09-0010

My father suffered serious burns. The next day, his face swelled up dark red. I found his face deformed because of blisters, and I was afraid his wounds wouldn't heal.

The first care (coating with machine oil available) and subsequent treatment (home-made medicine) might be good for him; his burns did not become keloids and in about three years those burns were cured, even the remaining scars, which were so thin that we hardly recognized them.

But I saw survivors got piebald with their hair falling out and heard they died. So I was filled with the fear that my father and I would die next.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 16
14-7012

Two days after the atomic bombing, I went to Michinoogo passing through Urakami District, at ground zero, to look for my missing cousin. Many corpses lay scattered on the road and in the fire-devastated factories. It was a ghostly sight that the dead bodies of cows and horses were still smoldering. I felt nauseated.

Until then, I had not felt so much pain in living in an air-raid shelter. But I began to think it meaningless. Perhaps I became weary of the war.

My cousin returned to his home in Michinoogo with his head injured by glass splinters. Three or four days after the atomic burst, he fell ill, complaining of headache. He grew extremely weak for a few days and died on August 15. His gums were bleeding and his tongue swelled up like a ball. He vomited something nauseous again and again, complaining of pain in his mouth. The way he died was something like under torture.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 18
11-0032

Within three days after my cousins had been carried on a bicycle-drawn cart, they died, longing for water. No crematory operated. Their corpses were cremated with wood piled up in a playground of an elementary school. It was something like broiling a fish. Still now I am horrified to remember the scene.

(3) In Their Twenties

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 22
12-0082

On that day I was off duty. In the morning, I returned to my room and was sleeping. I was awakened by the explosion--PIKA DON. I found that my head was bleeding. It seemed I was injured by splinters of window glass. The landlady shouted, where is my child? We searched for the child (5 years old), and found it injured. I took the child

to the emergency hospital. When I got back, the house was already on fire.

All the day long, I had help from my acquaintance with nothing but the clothes on my back. On the next day, passing through the burned field, at ground zero, I went to my factory, about 1.5 km from ground zero. With the assembled workers and the fire brigade nearby, I spent about two weeks on rescue work, the cremation of my fellows' corpses and negotiations with the families of the deceased.

On August 15, the war came to an end. But after the atomic bombing, I saw so many dead people. I remember how people were dying after once being saved. I could not give any help to those many fellow countrymen and young students mobilized to the war, asking for water holding up their hands. Now only I am still living. My heart is broken.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 23
10-0026

When I was exposed by the atomic bomb, I felt the flash very strongly. Since then the lightning and thunder has always given me a terrible fright. It was only recently when the fright began to fade away.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 25
43-0070

Being painfully anxious about my family, I barely fled to Michinoo district, where there were a number of dead bodies and seriously injured people asking for water. I found my wife and child in an air-raid shelter next day, August 10. We three threw ourselves into arms for joy. This joy was but short-lived. My wife and child had been fatally exposed to radioactivity, and their lives remained only ten days. There was no way for us to know it. We three wandered in the fire ravaged region.

Everywhere there were charred bodies, including those whose sex could not be identified or whose fat bellies were about to blow out or who grasped at the air.

There was a woman who had been delivered of a baby

probably because of the blast. They were still tied by the navel cord and dead. I remember that scene vividly. Is there any more gruesome childbirth than that? I was paralyzed at the sight.

In the dormitory at Michino-o, many people were moaning in distress, raving mad and crying out for water. But they could not receive treatment and were waiting for death. The calamity drove a young woman of the volunteer corps mad. What was her later life? A woman clung to others, asking to rescue her family under the loosened thatched roof. But no one replied to her. All one could do was to think of oneself only.

My wife and child became ill soon after they narrowly arrived at her parents' home. My wife's hair fell out; her gums festered and all her teeth fell out. She suffered from high fever. I went looking for ice, but failed. Saying, "Bye, bye," my child died on August 19 and my wife the next day. She was 20 years old.

Atomic bombs must not be allowed again.

(4) Thirties

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 36
11-0098

Our home was some 100 meters from the epicenter.

On that day, I was to visit the municipal administration office to consult on distributed supplies and other matters. When I passed Ohato pier and approached a slope toward the prefectural administration office, I was suddenly knocked away 5 or 6 meters to the bottom of the slope, with a flash like lightning and an incredible noise. I found my left arm broken, and the arm was injured by a small stone or something. I also suffered burns on the left side of my body. The wound smarted as if boiling water were poured on me. The broken arm was especially painful at that time.

Fires started at various places, with the eerie sound of crackling. Billows of black smoke were seen in the direction of Urakami where my house was located. Cries and

shouting were crossing at every place. "Help!" "Mummy!" "Daddy!" "Daddy, where are you?" "Give me water! Water! Water!" It was hell.

It is beyond my ability to describe any more.

Hearing those cries, I remembered my wife and children. I was so anxious about my family that I had forgotten the pain of burns. My heart was going out to my wife and children. I cannot remember where I walked, but I found myself in front of Nagasaki Station. There were four or five burnt streetcars, in which passengers were hideously burnt to death. On my way, I saw many corpses burned black. In the middle of Konpira-san Mountain, I found an old man, whose age was about 70, under a crushed post. His arms, legs and eyes were seriously injured. I could rescue him, but he died soon. I still regret not having given him a cup of water which he wanted.

It was midnight when I arrived at my burnt house. I had told myself that my family might have been killed by the bomb. I was very glad that there was a moving shadow of someone in the backyard. My wife was still alive...But covered with ashes, she was madly calling the children's names and trying to clear the shelter of earth and sand by her wounded hands. She did not at all reply to my voice. I cannot speak about the scene without tears. The bodies of our children could not be found and are still missing. I have lived a hard life with my wife in a vegetative existence.

(5) Forties

Nagasaki, 3.0 Km, Male, Age 41
27-0250

I note down what I still remember, including part of my terrible experience of the atomic bombing.

In peace time it is said that "All is confusion as at the scene of a fire". But for me it is "calmness as at the scene of the atomic bombing". There was no one who was engaged in fire fighting though several hundred thousand houses and buildings were instantly burnt and tens of thousands of people were killed. What I saw was burning

houses and corpses untouched.

Even three hours after the bombing, only a small number of people who had narrowly escaped were seen. As for me, because the 2.5-kilometer-long road from the office to my home was completely destroyed, I bypassed it and walked some 5 or 6 kilometers to the top of a hill behind the house. I went down to my home by walking in the waterworks. It was after 2 o'clock in the afternoon that I arrived. The main house had already been burnt out, and the detached house was in the midst of fire, in which a sewing machine was seen.

My eldest son and a houseboy who had stayed at home at the time of the bombing were not found. The former was in the fourth grade of a junior-high school, and the latter had just graduated from the school in that April. Both of them had good constitutions. We had decided to go to the municipal air-raid shelter in an emergency. So I left home for the shelter, believing they were alive. After I walked some 100 meters, I met a young man whose body was covered with gray ash. He asked me to take him to Nagasaki Municipal School of Commerce. That school lay on my way to the municipal shelter, so I said to him, "OK, follow me." When I tried to take his left hand to jump over a fallen and burnt utility pole, only the skin of his wrist was left in my right hand. I felt surprise and sympathy simultaneously. This is one thing I have not forgotten. Because a U.S. Grumman fighter was strafing at that time, we were not able to move. The school was also burning. I had to leave the young man in a wayside bush. He had survived for over five hours after the atomic bombing, out of the sheer desire to go to his school. I was deeply impressed by his strong vitality and spirit which could not be judged from common sense.

Another example was that a man became mad right before my eyes. He had lost his wife and five children. He laid the bodies of his wife and the children on top of the air-raid shelter. Four or five days later, his relatives called me and asked if I knew the family because the master of the family was alive but six corpses could not be seen. When I saw six remains on the roof of the air-raid shelter, I expressed condolences to the master. Then he suddenly began to laugh. I did not think he was normal. He had already gone mad. I think the remains were thrown into the water of Nagasaki Port.

b) Female

(1) Less Than 9 Years Old

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 5
20-0048**

My father was directly exposed near the epicenter. My mother and aunt went looking for him. He suffered burns so seriously that they could not move him, and his condition was so horrible that they could not let us, five children, see him. They were crying half-madly.

I took my younger brother who was injured by glass to a relief station in a primary school, but we could not enter there because his wound was so slight (a 5-centimeter-long shallow wound in the head).

(2) Teen-Ager

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 14
22-0345**

I was near the Urakami Cathedral on August 15. A large number of burnt bodies were laid here and there. Among them, a man scrambled to me, crying "Help! Water!" Mere child as I was, I ran away with fright. He was naked. His burns broke out in sores. Even now I sometimes see the scene in a dream.

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 15
22-0339**

I worked at Nagasaki Medical College. On that day, I was at home because it was a day of food distribution. From the next day to the day of the end of the war, I went to the college and helped in treating injured people.

Almost all people said, "Give me water." We had a hard time in finding water. Then, we gave ampules of dextrose which were stocked in the basement of the college.

We could not save them from death, only watch them dying, cremating the remains and picking up their bones into empty cans. I cannot forget this.

It was a terrible scene. For those who were not on the spot at that time, it may be impossible to understand it.

It is lucky of me to be still alive today. Till the end of my life I will have feelings of regret towards those who died.

Only because of being Hibakusha, some have not been able to find work, and others have not been able to marry. Do those people who live happy lives understand such pains?

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 16 11-0046

We were students at Nagasaki prefectural Women's High School. We were mobilized to work in the Mitsubishi Arms Industry.

A friend of mine who was the only child of her family was working at the No. 1 Machinery Factory. Her left arm was pinned under a toppled crane. She could not pull her arm out. As smoke approached, she handed her wrist watch to a friend, asking her to give it to her parents as a memento. Saying to the friend, "Please escape, leaving me", she was burnt to death. Her tragic death being an emotional wound, I have not been able to speak about her. This is the first time in these forty years that I can write this story. As I became a mother, I can understand very well the feeling of her parents who reproached the friend who had left her.

It was probably August 10 when I went to the epicenter to confirm the safety of another friend. Near Nagasaki Station, I saw a naked, bloody man walking with unsteady steps like a ghost, with pieces of his flesh hanging from his body like rags. It was so pathetic that my heart almost burst. I could do nothing for him, I was frightened and returned home quickly. This also printed the dreadful atomic bomb in my mind.

**Nagasaki 3.0 km, Female, Age 18
23-0421**

It may have been the next day or 2 days after the bomb was dropped, when I was heading toward my own home, as I came close to the house, I heard a voice calling, "Miss, my

neighbor," amongst humans who were burnt and who were not identifiable whether they were alive or not beside the road. I looked in the direction from where the call came but I was not able to identify who the person was, he (she) said, "I am your neighbor, XX. Please give me a drink of water. Water, please." There was no water nearby. I said, "Take courage. I will have a civilian air-raid warden bring you some water," and left. I went home to where our house was burnt down to look for the bodies of my mother, younger brother and younger sister, but I could not find them. I looked also for XX at the place on the way back, but I was not able to find him (her). It remains a bitter memory even now, that I was not able to find him (her) again.

Later, when I went back to the burnt out house to look for corpses, I found a totally charred body (I had to look at it very carefully to make sure it was a corpse) where what seemed like the kitchen. It was probably my mother's body. Beside her body, a whole baked pumpkin remained. When I poked it with a stick, I was able to see the bright yellow color of a baked pumpkin, but my mother's body was only black ashes without a trace of my mother. When I touched it, it crumbled, and I saw the white bones. I feel bitter and sad when I remember it.

Nagasaki 3.0 km, Female, Age 18
42-0496

I ran for my life after I was exposed to the Atomic bomb because I thought we were being directly attacked with conventional bombs and escaped to an air-raid shelter. I was scared by the unusual condition of the injured in the air-raid shelter.

I was in the air-raid shelter until evening, but the surrounding area started burning. We thought we could no longer stay, and fled separately. I fled northward. My path was so filled with corpses that I scarcely knew where to walk. On the way, my legs were pulled by many people who cried out "Water, please. Water, please." So I scooped up water in a lunch box for them. When I passed Urakami Station, we heard small voices of those buried alive in the station building saying, "Help." Because we were fellow employees working for the Japanese National Railways, we tried to do something for them. But we could not do

anything. We asked for help from passers-by, but no one was in a position to help. So we had to give up, and left. At the Ohashi Bridge along the Urakami River, there was a mound of bodies of people who had come there looking for water.

I stayed in Nagayo for 1 week and was engaged in rescue work, but there was a mound of bodies in front of the station as well.

By the time I was about to go back to Nagasaki, I remembered that I had not combed my hair for a long time. When I tried combing, I was not able to comb it because it was full of plaster (from Nagasaki Station).

Nagasaki 3.0 km, Female, Age 19
26-0015

When I went to carry seriously wounded classmates, others clung to me.

I went home immediately. I wonder if I should have stayed to help rescue them.

There were some people who died without any wounds at all. It was eerie, because I did not know what caused them to die.

The only thing I was able to do in taking care of the sick was to shoo flies away. But maggots quickly hatched in the wounds.

(3) In Their 20s

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 20
27-0045

At that time, I had been trained in rescue activities in case of an emergency, as a member of the Inasa Young Women's Group. On the day the Atomic bomb was dropped, on my way back from work, I found the houses on the street half destroyed, and the people I met looked fearful. It was beyond description. I wept thinking that my father and younger sister may be burnt as they were. Although our house was half destroyed, fortunately, my father and younger

sister were not injured. We hugged each other and wept for joy.

I was surprised for the second time to see the Inasa Elementary School campus. On the great campus, I saw people who are almost naked and burnt to a reddish black color. They looked like baked sweet potatoes dumped there. I smelled a terrible smell, heard the cries in pain and people calling for relatives. It was as though it was hell on earth. I stood aghast.

My consciousness was restored when I heard the yell of a military doctor saying, "What are you doing?". I had to bring out the dead on stretchers, helping the soldiers.

Those who had been exposed to the Atomic bomb were scared at the roaring sound of airplanes. They pulled at my legs saying, "Please put me in the air-raid shelter." All I could do was to say, "Would you please wait?" It was miserable and atrocious.

We brought out people whom we thought might still be living, and brought in the injured.

We did this for several days. I started getting headaches, and felt nauseated and dizzy. I prayed and apologized to those who had been exposed to the Atomic bomb, and went home.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 21
27-0330

One after another the electricians came back from the field to the company. They ran and banged their bodies hard against the wall many times. After they had done this many times, some passed out, collapsing there and died. Some asked for water in a small voice as though talking in a delirium. Some women whose faces and bodies were cut with pieces of glass were crying with the fresh blood on them.

There were many immobile people lying in the night watchman's room, but after 2 to 3 days they were dead.

There were so many young people in their teens and 20s that it seemed a great pity. If there was hell on earth, I

thought this must be it. Tears flow even now when I think of that.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 24
14-0905

When I went home after being exposed to the Atomic bomb, I was not only surprised to see my younger sister suffering with a burnt face, but also my husband, whose Achilles tendon had been cut with a broken piece. We wanted treatment, but it was not available. Five days later we went back to Goto from Dejima by the Akatsuki troop boat.

My husband limped and could not work. A year and a half after being exposed to the Atomic bomb, he died.

The child I had on my back when I was exposed to the Atomic bomb became a human vegetable. Six years later, it too passed away. I cannot ever forget the sorrow of losing my husband and child. The fear of the Atomic bomb still lives in my memory.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 24
27-0280

(1) When I saw those who had been rescued die one after another in the air-raid shelter, I was very scared, thinking I too might die like one of them.

(2) On the way to the rest room, I felt bad not being able to do anything when I saw people crying for water.

(4) In Their 30s

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 33
40-0479

(1) I was exposed to the Atomic bomb while in a car and suffered a burn on my face. When I saw other burnt people, I was grief-stricken thinking that I looked like one of them.

(2) Because I did not know that it was an Atomic bomb

that was dropped, I felt strange seeing a naked man.

(3) I felt sorry for those who were asking for water because they were not able to get any water.

(5) Age Unknown

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age Unknown
42-0179

The fear of Atomic bomb exposure is so deeply engraved in my heart that it is beyond words or description. I am not sure what and how I should say to describe it. When we went out on the street, we saw piled up corpses burning on top of the lumber from destroyed homes and the suffering of those who were alive. I have no idea how to describe it.

c) Gender Unknown

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Gender and Age unknown
42-0515

1) While I was catching cicadas, I heard a roaring sound of an airplane. When there was a flash, I fell to the ground. I thought we (with several friends) were swept out by machine guns. When I looked around after a while, the stone fence of the shrine had fallen down. I was surprised at the intensity of the blast.

2) When I looked down at Nagasaki Station from the mountain nearby, I could not see because of darkness. I heard the sounds of people weeping and crying as though they were in hell.

3) A friend who lived next door (a boy named Shigeru, 2 years older than I), after being exposed directly to the flash of light became totally black; he came back home from the rice ration supply station in Zenza-machi. He was crying, "Ouch, ouch." A little later, he died.

4) I stayed in an air-raid shelter with my neighbors for a while. Fluid from a burn was streaming down from the face of a neighbor, an older boy (Yu-chan).

5) Immediately after exposure to the bomb, women with injured legs came up the mountain. Many people one after another came up the mountain with their hair hanging about them.

6) Approximately a week later, I walked as far as Michinoo Station, passing through the center of the city. There were many totally black bodies lying around the Ohashi Bridge over Urakami River.

(3) Beyond 3.0 km Radius

a) Male

(1) Teens

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 11
40-0244**

I did not have any family at that time. The only family member I had was my elder brother. We were actually in a protective institution. (Tenmoto Protective Institution)

I was catching cicadas with my friends at a nearby open field at that time. Suddenly there was a flash, and stones, sand and wind knocked me down where I was. I stood up thinking that I should get to the nearby air-raid shelter. However, I do not remember what happened after that. When I regained consciousness, I was in the air-raid shelter. Perhaps somebody had brought me there. I thought I should quickly go back to the institution, so I went outside. When I returned to the institution, my elder brother held my hands, saying, "You are alive." It was 6 o'clock in the evening.

The daughter of the dean of the institution did not return. She was working for Nagasaki University Hospital.

On August 10 and 11, we and our teachers went to the hospital to look for her. On the road there were dead, wounded and a cart full of bodies. Some people on the cart were alive. I could do nothing. This scene is strongly imprinted in my eyes. The daughter has never been found.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 14
22-0022

I am not able to write.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 17
11-0075

My father was exposed to the bomb at approximately 1 km from the epicenter. My younger sister was exposed to the bomb at approximately 2.5 km from the epicenter. Due to severe burns, my father was not able to work. My younger sister looked miserable with spots on her skin. As a result, our family was poor and had a terrible time.

My father stayed in bed because of burns. He suffered for 20 years and finally passed away. My younger sister is still in the hospital. The doctor told us that she might live for only about 3 months.

I do not want to remember anything that happened at that time. I heard many voices asking for water. At the Inasa Bridge, I gave some muddy water to someone. For that person, it may have been water to moisten a dying man's lips. I often wonder whether I did the right thing.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 19
42-1932

a) Horses and people had fallen on their stomachs beside the water around Urakami River and Ohashi (only a little water was there).

b) I wanted to rock them and help them, but I did not go to rescue them. Please forgive me. The backs of my feet were burning, and I could barely take care of myself.

Note) According to my recollection, it was 3 days after the dropping of the bomb.

c) Actually, I was stupefied. I could not think of the dead. This is the reality of war!! The only one I could depend on was myself. I do not know if I should be writing this. My younger sister was a member of the Women's

Volunteer Corps, working for either a weapons factory or Tomachi tunnel factory.

(2) In 20s

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 21
47-0005

Because there was so much destruction, I was at a loss.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 25
13-07-007

The next day, I walked around the center of what had been the city looking for a daughter of my neighbor. I tried not to step on corpses. Also, when someone among the corpses grabbed my leg and asked for water or told me their address, I was not able to do anything for them. I felt as if I was looking at a painting of hell. I wonder what happened to them?

It is painful for me to remember them.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 27
13-07-001

I neither want to think about it nor remember it. Because I was a drafted medical corpsman, I did not directly engage in battles. The city of Nagasaki after the bomb was dropped was full of a putrid smell and dead bodies. I could not do anything for those little ones, the elderly, women and civilians who were dying, calling for water. I lacked any ability to help. Isn't there any god or buddha on this earth?

I even thought of something that would be chilling today, such as it might be easier for them if I had resorted to euthanasia. I thought that it would be a compassionate thing to give them water when they asked for water, although we knew that they would surely die if we gave them water. I am still wondering if it was the right thing to do when I abided by the order of a military doctor not to give them any water.

War cannot be justified for any reasons.

War is nothing but the destruction of mankind.

(3) In 30s

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 32
42-0404

(1) Those who had been wandering in the shallow part of the river under water to their waist and those who had been crying for water in a small voice on the day the bomb was dropped died the next day.

I cannot help crying, thinking that I should have given them some water.

(2) An old woman in her 70s, who was sitting in front of Rokujizo (idols made of stone) of Michinoo carefully holding a raw cucumber and taking bite by bite, was dead the next day, leaving half of her unfinished cucumber.

I went looking for my wife thinking I could not bear it.

Both my mind and body were over-excited. Please bear my clumsy writing.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 34
46-0077

On the road leading to a copper plant in Akunoura, there were a turned-over cart, and a large horse that died of burns. At the estuary of the Inasa River, numerous bodies from the Atomic bomb were floating among the waves, exposed to the hot sun. There was nobody engaged in fire fighting, and both sides of the street were burning. Among them there were 3 or 4 dead people burning with the houses. The unusual smell stuck to my nose. Also near the station, there was a fully loaded train with people entirely burnt. The figure of a soldier half of whose body was out of the window, perhaps in attempt to escape, looked tragic. I could not believe that the miserable scene was of this world.

On the way from Tokitsu to Urakami Station, there were many dead bodies piled up along the railroad tracks. Perhaps they had been exposed to the bomb while trying to flee to the mountain.

The previous drills were of no use. Looking at leaders and commanders could only protect their own lives; the weakness of human beings who could not take care of others, there were only those who trusted themselves and those who were moving to and fro to try to survive.

My brother-in-law and sister-in-law's son died from the Atomic bomb. I look forward to the day when there is world peace without any Atomic bombs.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Male, Age 37
46-0074

When I returned to the lodging house that day, the old landlord was sitting on a waste basket with his bloody shirt; he had apparently lost any will to escape, and watched the house in front of him burn down, at a loss what to do. The old landlady left the landlord who was petrified with terror, and went to the town air-raid shelter with the townsmen. After moving the old landlord to a safe place, I went looking for the old landlady and left him with her the next day. The old landlady said that her daughter, who had been evacuated may be in danger, and headed in the direction of Urakami. I am wondering what happened.

I gave my bedding and clothes to the old couple who had lost everything, and came home the next day. I always think of the feeble old couple and the daughter who had been evacuated.

b) Female

(1) Less Than 9 Years of Age

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, Age 1
11-0177

I asked my mother, who is now 70 years old. She always says she almost goes crazy thinking about what had happened

at that time.

It was not a matter of helping them or doing something for them, because people were totally consumed, burnt, and could not even tell faces from bodies. She simply stood aghast. It is beyond description no matter how she tries.

She saw many people die before her eyes, and her relatives suddenly pass away. There was nothing but fear.

If I ask her too much, I may get depressed. So I cannot ask her very much. When I watch my mother's tears every time she remembers her experience, I always wish the government would give adequate aid to those who were exposed to the bomb, even if it is necessary to divide them up in age groups such as above 65 or 70.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 8 years old
42-0306

My mother, brother, and I were searching for our father for four days, but we couldn't find him. We picked up a straw mat on the street from time to time to look for him, but all we saw were bodies that did not look like human beings. The most shocking scene was dead bodies piled up being burned like "things", with wood on them. All I could do was search for my father, as I was only eight then, I went in search for him among dead bodies. Sometimes I was asked to give water to wounded people, but I could not help them as I was occupied by what I had to do. My family had been looking for father for three days without eating, but we couldn't find him. We spent a week searching for him. Meantime our house was burned, then we were at a loss. We went to a sister of my mother. Even now I think that my father, who hasn't been found, will come back.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 13 years old
27-0531

I do not want to think of the atomic bomb. That is because, I fear the voices of people asking for help, which I can never escape from.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 13 years old
43-0076

Nagasaki, the place where the atomic-bomb was dropped directly.

crossties were burned, and there were bodies lying about.

Until one or two in the afternoon of the 9th, I drew water from a well and gave it to injured people.

Hibakusha who ran away to ask for help lined up like ants, saying "water, water please." So I was drawing water from a well at Okazaki, and gave it to them. They drank it, saying "Thank you, it's good." Suddenly, I was robbed of the bucket and was told "Hey, you fool, they will die if you give them water!" A head fireman shouted at me with a megaphone then came down and pushed me away.

Many Hibakusha who did not drink water failed and finally died. They were piled up on a truck and carried to Nagayo area. I still resent that leader, who took the bucket from me and stopped me giving them water.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 14 years old
22-0047

I heard people talking who had run away on the day of the A-bomb attack, that you could not walk around because of the blaze. So although I was worried about my sister, I gave up searching for her; I started on foot for home in Hamaguchi-machi, Nagasaki, with my aunt. On a river-bank, they were piling charred bodies and burning them with oil. There was a smell of dead bodies around there all summer day. I remember going through there covering my mouth and nose with a towel. Since all we saw were horrible burnt bodies, I did not expect that my sister was alive any more. I went to the evacuation and the postal savings bureau, but I could not get a sign of her.

People having died cruelly like this, I feel pain when I imagine how painful it must have been when she was dying. On the other hand, I could not help thinking that she would come back. Now I am hoping at least to collect her bones

and to bury them in a municipal cemetery in Hamamatsu.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 15 years old
27-0089

After August the 9th, people who had been bombed ran for their lives to a shelter, groaning with pain, whose hands, feet, and bodies had been burned. Men, women and children were together. As most people did not have their usual features and their clothes were torn to shreds, I was very scared of them in my mind as a child. I could not care for them well because of fear; I was just watching them dying, groaning. I cannot remember them without feeling how painful it must have been, although they were strangers to me.

The smell of bodies was terrible inside the shelter or anywhere in the town. The smell of ashes of houses and the smell of a lot of bodies burned with oil. I can never forget the town of Nagasaki with that smell that caused a headache. It felt as if the smell has been enveloped for many years.

I also remember the vacant look of the people, who surely did not look to be living in the town where I went to get food, or in a train. The end of the war did not seem real to me yet.

If I had been somewhere as a mobilized student, I would not have lived this long. When I think of my friends who died at that moment, I firmly determine that we must not make meaningless the death of the people who died in their youth.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 16 years old
11-0096

The Nagasaki administrative department of the Railway Bureau of Moji, which had been in Dejima, was moved to Nagayo because of the fire. On the day of the atomic bombing, windows of the office were broken with a crash and a plow hanging on a wall suddenly fell. Not knowing what had happened we started to distribute boiled rice and to care for injured people who had been carried by a freight car

from Nagasaki.

At that time I lived at 13 Minamiyamate-machi; I felt anxious about my family, as I heard a false rumor of complete destruction of my town. I started for Nagasaki walking along the track next day.

Because of the bad smell and the burned people on the way, I hesitated to go ahead and thought of coming back to Nagayo, but I finally determined to keep walking. I could do nothing for the people who asked for water time after time among burnt bodies; I just kept walking as if escaping from them.

After twenty years, every time I went to Nagasaki I had a fever, so I was told by my husband not to visit Nagasaki any more.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 16 years old
14-0310

Although forty years have passed, the tragic scene of that day still comes to my mind clearly now. It haunts my memory.

In order to search for my aunt, I went to Nagasaki city. Ohato area was burnt out, bordered by the prefectural office. There was smoke here and there yet, and dead bodies spread out like beans. Some were blistered without clothes. They were so swelled up red that I was shocked at how big human bodies can be. Some were lying on their faces, some were lying on their backs and others were still burning without the shape of people. They were so terrible that I almost covered my eyes. How big was the bomb, I wondered, that could kill so many people at one moment and burn everything. What a cruel thing they have done!

When I came to a point near Zenza-machi, I met with an old man who managed to stand with the help of a stick, asking me for water. but I could not help him as there was not a bit of water and I was occupied with myself. Now I repent of having done nothing for him. I can never forget him even now.

Walking for a while, I was astonished at a plane which

suddenly flew low; I ran into an air-raid shelter. What I found there was a dead person with white dots on the skin. Being surprised again, I dashed out from the shelter forgetting about the plane flying. Although there was not enough information to know what the white spots were, I thought them a symptom of the bomb. When I reached home, I was told not to take things away because they should be kept from touching. I could not understand why.

In the temple of Hongouchi which was above a little restaurant, many people took refuge, some had their skin burned like keloids. I feel very sorry for them and it is a wonder that I survive like this even now.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 16 years old
28-0058

On August 9 when the atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, as soon as I saw the fireball, a cloud like a sea anemone emerged. I fainted, blown away by the bomb blast. Next morning while we were hurrying home, a B29 still threw bombs on us. We couldn't find any road and walked on a tremendous number of corpses. I fled, weeping over those crying for help below the houses, and others crying for water. I saw worms coming out of the ears of burned corpses. The scene was quite like hell. I could only say to the dying, "Rest in peace in heaven."

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 19 years old
11-0175

Soon after the bomb attack, I could not go out from the shelter for fear. Wounded people came and asked for water, but we were told by the people of a civilian defense corps not to give them water or they would die. They all died eventually.

I searched for my acquaintance around the hypocenter next day. On the way there, I saw dead bodies swelled up red, a dead horse, burnt people remained as if it were in a street railway, people who were carrying big dead bodies on shutters, and a mother madly looking for her child. I felt nothing toward them when I saw them at that time, which makes me shudder now. I remember smoke here and there, and

I returned as the ground was too hot to walk on.

(3) Twenties

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 20 years old
22-0183

On August 9, I was told that it was impossible for me to go home, so I stayed in a cave overnight. I was afraid of hearing what had happened.

Next day, six girls, including myself, who lived in the same area, started for home accompanied by a lieutenant. On our way to the Sanno Shrine, we met wounded people whose features were like monsters from hell and were hard to look at. A young mother was walking vacantly holding her dead child, or a man whose back skin had peeled off and fell. One was bleeding from the head, face and limbs. Dead bodies were lying about among telegraph poles, broken houses, or still burning houses. Around Nagasaki Station and Ohato, it was a burned-out area filled with brown burnt roofing tiles. There were dead bodies lying among them like clay dolls, with no distinction of sex. Some who were still alive asked for water in a feeble voice. As it was a hot season, dead people and horses had swelled up surprisingly big. I managed to reach near the Sanno Shrine, whose gateway had only one column. I was unable to go forward; I returned again. I stayed one more night in a cave, and on August 11, I came near my house again. I saw my mother there taking refuge in a cave, survived by a miracle. We then ran away to Kigitsu by train with joy. However, my mother died on August 30 of illnesses caused by atomic-bomb radiation. Seeing her agony for two weeks until she died, I felt so sorry; how more comfortable it would have been for her to have been killed instantly.

I had in reality seen hell on earth, so I became insensible for many years.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 23 years old
13-07-016

On the top of Mt. Kazagashira, there was a sanitarium-school for primary students with three classrooms and one

janitor's room. My parents, sister, brother, and my own family stayed in the janitor's room waiting for my husband to be discharged from military service.

One day, when we were having lunch before noon, earlier than usual, the sound of an explosion was heard, although an alert had been called off. The next moment there was a flash and the windows were smashed, then the classroom was half demolished. We slept outside on a mat because it was dreadful in the classroom. Since children playing outside were injured by the glass, we went down to the primary school. On the way, we found many people walking barefoot, smeared with blood, and dead cicadas and dragonflies all over.

My brother, who worked at the Mitsubishi company was injured and later died of cancer. A sister of my brother-in-law was killed when she was working at a munitions factory in the volunteer corps. My brother-in-law was saying that blood came out from his gums and would not stop. We stayed at the top of the mountain for a long time.

As we came to Tokyo right after my husband's discharge from military service, we just heard about Nagasaki from time to time after that.

The scene I can never forget was the flame burning many dead bodies rising in the night sky. It was just so cruel.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 25 years old
12-0010

I was alone when the atomic bomb was dropped because my family had been evacuated out of Nagasaki. Some people I knew were rescued, but they suffered through the night calling for water. They died before my eyes in the morning. I couldn't believe they died only because of the atomic bomb, I thought it was really the end of the world.

People with severely burnt heads. People who thirsted for water. I can never forget these suffering people all of my soul because I could do nothing for them.

(4) In Thirties

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 36 years old
40-0110

Burnt bodies. Naked bodies swollen with radioactivity. Bodies reduced to skeletons. Bodies as just a lump of flesh. The bodies were treated as if they had been worms, without human rights. Young woman with a splashed pattern burnt on her skin. A girl named Ai, a student in my neighborhood, came back after 4 days. The condition is getting worse every minute. Phlegm blocks the throat in no time. Each time they writhed in pain, they gave bloody feces, and when empty, they died, flat like a pate in human shape, like a balloon with no air in it. I could do nothing as I faced the dreadful influence of radioactivity in human bodies.

August 9, at about two o'clock, people came back to my supply point as a guide but they were indistinguishable from each other when called by name. With the skin peeled off, their sex organs exposed, they were asking for water. I carried them on my back to their home. More than ten people all died one after another. On those days, I was carrying them naked on my back without caring what other people would think. They drank water saying "It's very good." Now, however, whenever I meet their widows or their sons who are in a respectable occupation, I regret having given them water, which may have caused their death.

Ordinary people did not have knowledge of nuclear weapons. I blame the government for having suppressed the facts of atomic bombs for a long time.

To those who came to rely on me and other people of the town, May you rest in peace.

Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Female, 38 years old
42-0488

I lost my eldest daughter in August 1945, my grandmother in December, and my husband in June the next year.

On August 13, 1945, when I was searching for my eldest

daughter in Urakami, I found some buckets filled with bones from bodies burned by factory workers, and piled up on the steps.

Although we were expecting her graduation from Junshin School next year, and her help in our living, she came back as bones in a bucket due to the atomic bomb.

c) Sex unknown

**Nagasaki, 3.0 km, Sex unknown, 7 years old
40-0107**

It was summer holidays when I was a second-grade pupil. As our teacher had died on August 8, five students, including me, went to Urakami. On the way home, I was at Nagasaki Station, when the bomb fell before noon on August 9.

Later, hearing that my friends had been at Urakami, I searched for them with my sister and father; then I found that three of my friends have been killed by the bomb.

I never want to have such a hard time again. Even now I sometimes dream of playing with these three friends and suddenly I wake up. As long as I live I will remember them.

I just abhor what happened on August 9, the devilish day.



About 8:00 a.m., August 7, I set out for the ruins of my house in Nobori-cho. A few bodies could be seen in the scorched field. Then, in a water tank I saw a pile of bodies. There stood the petrified body of a woman, with one leg lifted as though running, her baby tightly clutched in her arms. Painting: YAMAGATA Yasuko, aged 17 in 1945. (Hiroshima)

II. Suffering on Entering the City

a) Male

(1) In Their Teens

Nagasaki, Male, 10 years old
13-03-007

I was in Tomachi, Nagasaki City. A strong flash and a bomb blast burst out, then after a while, people burned red and in rags ran away from the hypocenter. Although I talked to them that it must have been hard, they just passed on glaring fiercely at me without a single word.

Wounded people were carried on a stretcher into the first-aid station, and waited their turn for treatment. They were moaning in pain with ointment on their faces and limbs. A man who was standing by one of them muttered in an heartless voice that this guy would not be saved, something I can never forget.

Nagasaki, Male, 13 years old
28-0083

How my mother died.

She was seriously wounded although she escaped from the bomb, and was getting weaker day by day. From late August, purple spots came out and swollen lymph glands developed. She felt it was her last hour; she told me that my brother would also get weak and die in time, so see that all will be well after she has gone. It was like her last wish. At last, a swelling came bigger and pressed on her throat, and made breathing difficult. Asking me to cut her throat, she finally died. I sometimes think that it may have been more comfortable for her to be killed at once. But I could not commit murder. My brother, who my mother had been anxious about, had an opening in his cheeks as the flesh grew rotten, and he died one month later, on September 9.

He was a boy of thirteen who had carried dead relatives on a door and burnt them in the ruins of fire.

Everybody regrets having been unable to do anything for those who asked for help and water.

Pain of Hibakusha whose opening wound was infested with maggots.

Nagasaki, Male, 16 years old
13-01-006

1) I had been working in the city on fire for four or five hours after the bomb. As the train was burning, I was walking on a road by a river, keeping away from the fire. What I still regret now is that I could not help people who were crying, crushed under the house, nor could I give water to people who wanted it. (the reason was it is said that they would die if they drank water, and there was nothing to scoop it up with.)

2) As my eldest brother was badly burnt, I got him to a temporary hospital and cared for. Meanwhile, my mother, who had been considered free from wounds, died on August 16. She came home as bones, which made a rattling sound in a candy tin. That is what I could not bear as her son.

Nagasaki, Male, 17 years old
27-0286

I have a lot of things to write about how I felt at that time, but the following scenes I witnessed at the age of seventeen have never left my mind.

1. After heavy rain, debris from the burned houses was caught at the girders of Ohashi Bridge in Hashiguchi-machi. Among the debris were bodies of people and cattle piled on each other. (This was right beside the Ohashi streetcar station.)

2. A 4 or 5-year-old child of unidentified sex was dead on the side of the railroad track between Urakami and Michino Station. The child may have been playing there when the bomb was dropped. The child seemed to have been killed instantly. The burned body was almost in the shape of letter Y, crushed against the ground by the bomb blast. How miserable! The child probably did not even have time to cry out for its mother.

3. The sight of people crying for water and help, and searching for their relatives was nothing but an inferno. Anyone who entered the city within 3 or 4 days after the explosion of the A-bomb was forced to witness this living hell. War brings misery. The A-bomb is a devil!

Nagasaki, Male, 18 years old
27-0551

What I witnessed was an atrocious sight that I could hardly imagine it could really have happened in this world; a dead person with eye-balls popped out and the tongue lolling out from the mouth; a body with internal organs exposed; and someone squashed under a collapsed house, probably burnt alive. His whole skin was burnt and sloughed off.

I went into the city to help people; I cannot remember how many injured people I carried to the place off the railway track of Nagasaki Line.

There was no tree shade where the injured people were brought together and it was a hot summer day with the sun

scorching everyone under it. With no sign of rescue in sight, injured and exhausted people were crying, "Mr. Soldier, help me" "Oh, it hurts". I still feel pain to remember that I could do nothing for them, and for those who could have survived if they had been taken care of sooner.

Nagasaki, Male, 19 years old
47-0008

1. Remembering the sight of people crying to me for help, and of myself unable to do anything for them still makes my heart ache.

2. I envied those who died with all their family members. I sometimes wondered if I should die alone.

3. I cannot help shedding tears even now whenever I remember the dead mother who was injured all over the body, and her child crying beside her, unharmed. I could not save this child.

(2) In Their 20s

Nagasaki, Male, 23 years old
08-0026

a) Right after the bomb fell, I took the train from Isahaya Station to return to the Navy's 21st air force in Omura city. The sight of the injured people filling the train was a hell of this world.

b) On the day after the A-bomb was dropped I was sent to the city as a member of an investigation team, set up at the military command to survey the scale of damage caused by the atomic explosion, and to find any counter measure against such a bomb. We found that there were no absolute preventive measures, including a bomb raid shelter, to protect us. It surprised me that my calculation of the epicenter and the height from which the bomb was dropped was correct. During the investigation, I could not help feeling strong anger to see so many civilians killed.

c) Hibakusha treated at Nagasaki Medical University were a horrible sight. Unable to do anything for those who

cried for help, I was overwhelmed with the feeling of helplessness and the dreadfulness of nuclear war.

d) During the investigation I discovered a letter from an American scholar who helped create the atomic bomb to Professor Ryoukichi Sagane of the University of Tokyo. Its content further convinced me of a dreadfulness of this satanic weapon.

(3) In Their 30s

Nagasaki, Male, 33 years old
42-0766

1) As chief of the village's voluntary guards, I led a group of 6 or 7 voluntary members to Nagasaki Police Office at midnight on August the 9th. After we took a short nap for about 3 hours on orders, at 4 a.m. we set out for rescue work. The order was given by a Naval officer, who carried a cloth bag with a red cross mark hanging from his shoulder. The officer gave us several instructions to follow during the rescue activity. Two of the particular instructions that still remain in mind are:

- Because of a large number of the victims of the disaster, do not give water to any even if they ask for it.

- Try to help people that seem survivable.

Serving as a group leader, I was troubled by these difficult orders. How could I decide who were not going to survive? At about 6 or 7 in the morning, when we were heading for a hill of Zenza, a group of people gathered in the hollow stretched out their arms and hands to our feet, begging for water. I still feel deep regret that we had to tell them we could not give them water and left the place.

2) It was by the downstream of the river. A naked child had stuck his head into the river where the water level was lower than usual. Another person was looking up; his eyes in his injured face had a reproachful expression. Bodies of people who seemed to have used up all their energy when they reached the river were floating in the water. These sights, every time they return to my mind, depress me like anything and make me feel that 40 years ago was only

yesterday. They tell me that war is not over yet...

3) En route to Shiroyama, 5 or 6 people lay on the ground around the river and around a few pine trees. I noticed among them a security man of Kawaminami Ship-building Company. He had a company pin on his clothes. I remembered he was very proud of his mustache. They didn't have any energy even to ask for water, and we had to leave them behind, feeling that we were so cruel.

4) It was at a train stop of Hamaguchi-machi. Two train trucks were almost completely destroyed by fire, and some of 14 or 15 bodies of soldiers were piled on each other and others were thrown out of the train windows. Some of their clothes were burnt but others were left unburned. The swords they had on their waists made me feel vain. I have the strong belief that war is useless and foolish.

Nagasaki, Male, 36 years old
13-01-008

As I walked around in the city, I was stunned to see infants and school children dead and dying in such a ruthless way. But I had nothing to cover these bodies with, and all I could do was to feel sorry for them.

As I kept on walking, I realized that the scene was the same everywhere - all houses were burnt down. It was like walking through a pile of ashes. As I came close to the mountain side I saw a person asking for water; he could not move. There was a rumor that the water had been poisoned, so I told him I could not give him water. But I could not help feeling sorry for him and eventually gave him water. When I learned later that some people even drank their own urine, I was half anxious about this person I gave water to, but was also glad that I did it.

I headed for my home expecting the house would be all right because it was at the foot of the mountain. When I got there, the house was completely destroyed and I saw no one around. Everyone had taken refuge in the air raid shelter. Inside the shelter, everyone looked at each other's face and exchanged greetings, saying "We're still alive"--words hard to imagine from the normal daily life. Some faces looked like they were coated with the bark of a

pine tree; some were being eaten alive by maggots; some faces were terribly decomposed. The sight reminded me of a description in the story of "The World's End". I expected then that another new bomb would kill us all, and I was ready for it.

b) Female

(1) Under Age 9

**Nagasaki, Female, 3 years old
27-0209**

I went out with my parents, brothers and sisters to look for my older brother. (name not given) He was a student of Kaisei Junior High School recruited to work at Kawaminami Ship-building dock but did not come home on the day. But the raging fire and chaos after the explosion kept us from finding him. Still, we kept going back to the city to look for my brother for more than 10 days, with food to eat for lunch. We looked for the buckle of his belt or his aluminum lunch box for identification.

Our family had then taken refuge at 3 km from the epicenter; yet the window glass of the house where we were living was broken by the explosion — disastrousness around the epicenter must have been beyond imagination.

The dock where my brother was working was also close to the epicenter. It breaks my heart to think that my brother may have suffered greatly, if he was alive for a short while after the bomb fell. Because we could find nothing, his bones nor anything that belonged to him, sometimes I feel that he might still be alive somewhere.

**Nagasaki, Female, 9 years old
27-0537**

I saw black burned bodies of people, people with burnt sore skin and the putrid smell from both dead and living people. Their skin was all peeling off, looking sloppy.

My mother took me by the hand and we entered the city to look for my brother. I saw a train completely destroyed;

the strong smell of decaying bodies and the heat from both above and below made me very thirsty. We could do nothing there for others. We looked frantically for my brother, but we never found him.

(2) In Their Teens

Nagasaki, Female, 16 years old
27-0393

I think it was about 10 days after the bomb was dropped on Nagasaki when I entered the city. I remember seeing pure white bones of people laid open on the white board of a burned train at Ohashi Station, which was then the last stop of the train line. I also saw people who had survived the explosion come back to the bridge and lie on straw mats under the bridge.

Nagasaki, Female, 18 years old
28-0119

Even now, I get frightened and feel sorry when I remember about my aunt who was trapped under the house that collapsed over her and was burned alive by the fire.

Nagasaki, Female, 19 years old
24-0115

When I saw so many Hibakusha overflowing in hospital rooms and hallways, I was tempted to cover my eyes with my hands from such a disastrous scene, unable to believe that those in front of myself were really living people.

Who can imagine the sight of people whose limbs are charred and flesh exposed, people burned black and naked, people with dangling pieces of flesh, and people with swarms of small maggots all over their living bodies? It must be almost impossible to even come close to imagining it, unless one actually saw it. Survivors who were well the day before suddenly developed high fever, vomited blood, and suffered from nose-bleeding, diarrhea, and bloody discharge overnight. Some lost their hair which covered the surface of the pillow, also in one night. When it was a young woman

who suffered from loss of hair, we could not muster courage to say a word to her, and tears would just keep flowing from our eyes. With those symptoms, most of the people died.

Nagasaki, Female, Age 27
28-0301

I went to the fish market in the port of Nagasaki from Goto in a boat under attacks by enemy planes and walked to Ibinokuchi. There I found street-cars burned almost black and charred bodies. I shudder to remember those scenes. Numberless naked people said to me, "Give me drinking water please" while I was walking. I offered them boiled eggs or potatoes which I carried from Goto. I also saw many people sleeping; in fact they were dead apparently unscathed. Many bodies lay one upon another in the river.

Horses and persons were burned to white skeletons, as in the form they were taking a nap at the foot of the cliff of Chinzei Gakuin.

About the entrance to Takenokubo I found four members of a family burned black around the table ready for lunch and a half-burned man with a pestle by the side of a mortar. Please don't make me speak no more.

I found my husband and a daughter-in-law with difficulty. Six persons from Goto came to help me, to whom I could not offer even cold water. I don't know how to apologize to them.

I also saw a school girl, whose clothes were partially burned.

I hate war, for God's sake!

(3) In Their Thirties

Nagasaki, Female, 35 years old
02-0029

1. The scene of cremating a heap of dead bodies.
2. Of people pouring gasoline over dead bodies lying by

the road, and burning them.

3. A mother searching for her child in the pile of dead bodies, but could not find it.

4. There were only 10 nurses alive at the university hospital.

5. I felt very sorry to hear the story that a university student left his mark on the wharf as he tried to escape.

6. A horse that lost its sight by the bomb explosion was standing alone. It was a very sad sight.

7. I saw three dead people prostrate on a board that was once a door.

I wish a survey of this kind had been conducted much earlier.

III. Others

a) Female

Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, Age 19
42-0390

1) At 11 a.m. on that day, August the 9th, I was working in the credit department of the Nagata branch of the Isahaya City Agricultural Union. The office was located in front of the Nagata Station. At that time, I was recording in the National Bond account notes. A flash of light pierced the air before my eyes, then a boom was heard a few moments later. I remember that the doors of warehouses fell down with a rattle. I left the office for home with a colleague after work. The area below the Shokyuji temple was seen dim with white smoke. It was flowing east. I think it was around six o'clock that evening. I thought it was smoke caused by the blast. Though we also suffered damage here, far from the epicenter, we still think it absurd that our district was not included in the the designated area of the A-bombing.

2) August the 11th. A train fully loaded with victims

of the bomb arrived at the station. My colleagues and I stepped into the train with stretchers to help people get out. The minute that I saw them, I couldn't move but just stood for a moment. Maybe it was because I was young, but I am still ashamed of my reaction. I could hardly believe people before me were of this world. I stepped back to see the horribly injured people. The smell in the train was so bad that I could not breathe. Then I gathered courage to help carry them.

Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, Age 20
27-0184

Hibakusha were carried one after another by trucks and other vehicles. Their clothes were all torn, their skin was black from burning, and pieces of shattered glasses were stuck all over their bodies. When I saw these people, I was overwhelmed with anger and cried inside me, "Why do the innocent civilians have to suffer like this?" People were crying in pain, and for water; little children were hysterically calling and crying for their mothers. Doctors, first-aid soldiers and nurses ran around to treat the injured, hardly realizing the dawn of another day. In spite of all these efforts, many people died, unable to wait for their turn to be treated. It was hell in this living world.

I wonder if people living today can ever imagine a swarm of maggots wriggling on a living person's body a few hours after a new bandage is applied. Medicine was scarce. All we had was "Libakan", a mixed medical solution of rivanol and cod-liver oil. We soaked gauze in this solution and applied it to scars and burns. Changing gauze caused unbearable pain to patients. Every time, this made the injured parts bleed very badly. I could imagine what pain the patient must have been going through, and said in my mind "Please be patient." I could not hold back tears thinking what if my family had to endure the same agony.

Many died without any relative beside them to watch their last moments. They could not eat what they wanted before they died because there was no way to get it. I strongly feel we should make our voices heard around the world never to let such a tragedy happen again.

When a beautiful young woman combed her hair, the comb

in her hand was entangled with a bundle of hair. She would stare at the comb, then weep. Soon her head became bald, and one could not tell if she was a girl or boy. Though she did not have any external injuries, she died; the skin of her body became abnormally soft, and her skin would literally slip off if you touched it. We carried many bodies swarming with a lot of maggots on the stretcher to the cremation place, to be burned with other bodies. Day after day, we carried out the same task.

Every time I think of those people who had to die alone after suffering from hunger and agony, I feel grateful for the peace we have today, and hope that this peace will last forever.

Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, Age 27
45-0034

I was working at the Isahaya Naval Hospital, called up from the Japan Red Cross Hospital. After the news that an atomic bomb was dropped in Nagasaki, all the injured soldiers in the hospital except the seriously injured were ordered to go back to their units, and the medical staff at the hospital prepared themselves to look after the coming patients who were victims of the bomb.

I came into Nagasaki city on August 10 with soldiers in charge of sanitation. In the city I saw a number of dying people lying on the road. I wondered whom we should carry first on a stretcher. In the bad smell and the summer heat, I repeatedly carried those who raised voices and whose pulse was readable.

It was impossible for a truck to carry all the dying people. They were laid in a cargo train and sent to Isahaya Station. Temporary medical treatment was given to them in front of the station. Blazing sun. Swarming flies. Bad smell. They were asking for water, suffering from high fever. Though rescued, they died one after another, leaving no names and addresses.

Not only hospital wards but also its corridors and dining room were filled with the injured. They were suffering from fever. Some were vomiting. Some had soiled their pants. When a person died in a bed, then the person

in the next bed followed.

Burns of ears, nose and body were all over infected. Maggots bred on them. Their hair fell on the pillow. The smell was too horrible to ignore, even with triple or more masks. I think it was the smell of dead bodies.

Three or four days after they were carried into the hospital, tens of people died every day. Wrapping bodies with rags, soldiers in charge of sanitation carried them by a large cart to the mountain behind the hospital for cremation. After white brown smoke rose up for one week, I noticed that many beds became vacant one after another though they had been occupied by the wounded. Voices of groaning, crying and calling their relatives disappeared.

Though we didn't know that the bomb emitted horrible radiation, we handled many injured people with gloves. At that time, medical institutions were defenseless against the second and third exposure to radioactivity. I feel strange that I still survive, but have sometimes felt uneasy to think radiation might affect my body to some extent. I become nearly choked with emotion when I recall those who died in the hell of that day. We are strongly opposed to nuclear weapons and earnestly hope for world peace.

During my service on a hospital ship in the central part of China. I didn't see soldiers dying at the front, but now I saw Hibakusha dying one after another. Even injured soldiers who were carried backward into the hospital did not die successively like the Hibakusha. They narrowly escaped death even though they became handicapped. The atomic bomb killed a great number of people instantly. We can never permit atomic bombs. Never repeat war!

Nagasaki, Went for rescue, Female, Age 30
36-0004

I was working at Omura Army Hospital as a member of the 500th rescue team. After the atomic bomb was dropped on August 9, many injured people were carried into the hospital one after another. Their clothes were torn off. They were burned black and stuck with glass fragments. Painful groans. Calls for water and mother. It was just a living hell. Making gauze soaked in a liquid called "Libakan"

which mixed rivanol with liver oil, I put it on burns and scars after disinfection. I was so devoted to do it that I didn't realize that morning had dawned. But numbers of the injured died even before this treatment was given. They died with no one to tend them.

Though the bandage of a injured man was replaced with a new one in the morning, maggots bred in every scar, in ears, on the back and fingers in the afternoon. He said, "Nurse, ouch! maggots are biting me", crying with pain. I had never seen this dreadful situation. I did not treat him like a stranger because I thought he could be my father or brother. I picked maggots away with chopsticks and tweezers. Can people living today believe this?

A cute girl combed her hair. Her black hair fell out, entangled in the comb. All her hair fell out at last. She cried to see her head in a mirror. When I saw her crying, I cut a cotton cloth and put it on her head like a towel, saying "Be patient for a while. Hair will grow quickly."

People with less injury also died one after another. They were swollen, and their skin peeled off when touched by nurses. This cruel and awful thing must never take place again. We survivors going through the horror of the A-bombing, earnestly desire no more nuclear war, but world peace. I think I must loudly call for no nuclear weapons for the sake of those who died in Hiroshima and Nagasaki as long as I live.

Nagasaki, Went for relief, Female, Age 36
42-0398

As it's 10 kilometers from Nagasaki to Isahaya, I have nothing to answer on the questions you asked. I'll just write about question 4.

At that time I was 35 years old (76 now) and a teacher of Nagata National School. On the day of the bombing I was on duty at school. Just past 11 o'clock, I heard the whirr of B29 bombers in only a moment, a flash, an explosion...getting dizzy, I crawled under the desk in the teachers' room. A bomb was dropped. Where? Where? There was an uncanny cloud shaped like a mushroom rising up in the western sky (in the direction of Michinoo or Tokitsu) and it

grew dark all around though it was high noon. This was the atomic bomb about which we knew afterwards. From the next day victims after victims were carried into Nagata Primary School as it was located near the railroad station. Not only the school staff but also all residents of the district took care of the victims in turn. I couldn't look straight at the victims getting off the train one after another. It seemed as if the scene was a picture of hell. There were many persons whom we couldn't tell whether man or woman. They had nothing to wear, their hair was burned, their clothes torn off. Nevertheless people who could walk came there on foot as long as they were alive. Some people were laid on carriers, and some died after being carried off the train. Desperately horrible!

The first floors of all school buildings were so fully covered with Hibakusha that there were no more room to step in. We got some rice straw given by residents nearby and made pillows from it, bundling it up for victims to sleep on.

Moans of the Hibakusha came from all around, each time they saw us. "Teacher...water, please...water..." "Nurse, water...water..." Those voices at that time still linger in my ears today, even after 40 years. We hunted up plain summer kimonos all over the town and made bandages from them. Day after day, we distributed cooked rice and made rice balls for sufferers, busy as if in war-time.

On the third day after the bombing, army surgeons and officers came from Omura Army Hospital. They murmured, "How terrible...I've never seen such a scene as this even at the front."

As the 4th and 5th days passed, their pain increased. There were no medicines than just mercurochrome. When some victims became silent, then motionless, I found them dead. As it was so hot and smelled so bad that a lot of flies were gathering around living people and maggots were crawling under their skin. It was our task to pick them out with tweezers. That was an unbelievable tragedy.

It was hard work for the relatives and acquaintances of Hibakusha to search for them carrying food with them. On the 6th and 7th days, some people were found and some were dead. Every day, firemen teams buried several unknown dead

persons. Although so many suffering people were taken to the school, there were few later. All of them were eventually taken to Omura Army Hospital. Some people left the school, saying good-bye cheerfully and thanking for being taken care of. However I wonder if any of them still survive today.

August 15: I heard the Imperial Proclamation on the end of the war on the radio. If this end had come only five days earlier, we shouldn't have experienced this hateful atom bombing. Each time I saw the patients suffering and breathing hard, I couldn't find any words to soothe them. I felt as if my heart would break.

August 17: All the victims were taken to Omura Army Hospital. Thereafter, the classrooms in which patients had lain, and the two rooms for the dead were all cleaned up. School began from the second semester as usual.

The week from August 11 till August 17 in 1945, I was engaged in relieving A-bomb victims. I wrote about the memory like a nightmare. Such a thing should happen never again.

**Nagasaki, Situation unknown, Female, Age 23
27-0016**

I lost my parents, brother and sister in a moment and was left alone. It was at a place 350 meters from the explosion center. I found the remains of my parents later, but my brother and sister remained missing. On the burned ground I lived for some days with only the remains of my parents. I got weak day by day till at last I vomited blood and had fever. So I left Nagasaki on August 17 to enter Kyushu University Hospital. That was why I couldn't bury my parents, nor search for my brother and sister. I am very sorry about that.

I saw only remains all burned black around my house. The government says, "That couldn't be helped in the war. You have to bear it." But after forty years I still suffer from illness seemingly due to radioactivity. The doctor won't recognize my illness as due to the A-bombing. My symptoms are as follows:

Slight wounds are apt to suppurate.

I suffered from diarrhea for two months. I got myself examined, but the result was that they couldn't find any illness or virus. Still the diarrhea didn't stop.

I can't see because of cataracts. I stayed at the center of the explosion. However the doctor says it's due to my aging.

**Nagasaki, Relieving party, Sex and age unknown
42-0182**

On the day of the bombing, we got an order from my school to come to the station. I wondered what was the matter and hurried to the station. When I got there, I saw a lot of wounded people being taken off the train. They had their clothes torn off and bodies burned, the skin split and bleeding. I got stupefied in surprise and couldn't move, gazing at the terrible sight. While I carried the wounded to the Naval Hospital, I thought nothing could be more cruel than war, we shouldn't wage war ever again. Such a woe as the victims is really infernal. On the way carrying the sufferers, I heard voices crying "Mother, water please. Mother! please". The children seemed as young as myself. I couldn't say a word, nor shed a tear. Too cruel. I am regretful for not giving them a glass of water and leaving them. How much they were suffering, how painful! I had sleepless nights day after day. I am sorry indeed for not being able to help them at all.

