

8月6日広島に新型爆弾が落ちたそう

国際ソロプチミスト広島

田 中 祝

〈当時20歳、中華民国河北省天津市ロシア租界在住〉

広島に新型爆弾が落ちたらしいと、8月7日、中華民国河北省天津市ロシア租界の社宅で、会社からの連絡で知った。広島の惨状は伝わってこなかった。8月15日敗戦と決まった途端社会は一変した。9月初め身につけるだけの荷物で日本租界へ早急に移動するよう命令があり、妊娠7ヶ月の私は優雅な洋館暮らしから、主人と2人、新生児衣料を入れた大きなリュックと風呂敷のみで移動した。外は2千名位の人民に囲まれており、丸腰の兵隊さんに助けられ、社宅の者は全員乗車。振り返れば何もかも持ち去られ、美しい洋館が外形のみ残っていた。

日本租界に着くと各方面より集まった家族でござった返し、割当ての家の中は襖で仕切られただけの集団生活だった。私は11月末に大変な難産で男子を産んだが母子共身体不良であった。厳寒の夜にもらい風呂に行ったのが原因か、生後3ヶ月の長男は高熱で肺炎となり、医者も薬も無く治療方法もわからず心細かった。引揚船が来る度に大勢の人達は帰国した。私達も帰りたいけれど帰れない。主人が買い物に出た街中でばったり幼友達に会い子どもの重病を話すと、翌日小さな白い錠剤を3ヶ、進駐軍から入手したと言ってくださった。直ちに砕き母乳と一緒に吞ませたところ1日で熱が下がり、私は泣いて喜び感謝した。予後も呼吸困難があり、グズグズしている間に5月となり、「これが最後の引揚船だ。残留したらもう日本には帰れない」と言われ、生後5ヶ月の病気のこの子かと思うと頭の中は混乱した。近所の人達から「帰ろう、大丈夫」と励まされ、港行きの貨物列車に乗り到着した所は収容所だった。1週間入所し、相談所で帰省先を広島市と告げると70年草木も生えぬ壊滅状態の町だから行き先の変更をと注意され、山口県の私の実家へ帰る事にした。乗船すると長男を見た医師から、船中で死亡の場合は水葬となると告げられた。佐世保港に着いた時、長男は無事だったが、横のベッドにいた女の子は亡くなりお母さんがだっこして下船された。

入国手続諸事すべて終了後、大人1人千円を頂き、各々の故郷へ向かった。駅に下りたら大八車をひいた母が待っていた。ボロボロの服で痩せた私達を見てお互いに言葉は無いが、気持ちは通じ合っていた。翌日の早朝主人と二人で広島へ向かい、横川駅に下車すると一望の焼野原。トタン板で囲った小屋を探し回り、やっと弟と再会できたのも束の間、夫の両親と弟の死、学生の妹は行方不明と聞いた。

悲しみの中から一刻も早く生活の復興をと主人は広島、私は山口と別居し、22年夏、板張り畳無しの住宅だったが、引揚後初めて家族と一緒に住んだ。家の横の瓦礫を除きトマト、胡瓜、茄子を植えたら大きく育ち食糧難の折喜んで食べ、自慢したら、近所の人々が「水だけでこんなによく出来るのは放射能があるからよ、ピカドンの後、黒い雨が降りそれを浴びた人は次々に死なれた。早うやめんさい」と言われびっくり、家族全員が死ぬという恐怖からか、夢の中でも死んでいた。

あれから激動の70年を駆け抜けた。今長男は古来稀なる年を迎え、一家の舵取りをした主人は9年前に旅立った。卒寿を超えた私は命の尊さを噛みしめ報恩感謝し、自分のすべき事、出来る事、役立つ事を考えながら毎日を送っている。

It's said that a new bomb was dropped on Hiroshima

By Iwai Tanaka,

International Soroptimist Hiroshima

(Twenty years old at the time of the bombing Lived in a Russian concession in Tienchin City,
Herbei State, China.)

It's Said That a New Bomb was Dropped on Hiroshima

On August 7, I heard the news of a new bomb dropped on Hiroshima from my husband's company at our company house. It didn't tell about the disastrous situation in Hiroshima. Japan surrendered on August 15 and our community's life completely changed.

In the beginning of September, we were ordered to move to a Japanese concession. Even though I was seven months pregnant at that time, my husband and I had to leave our beautiful western style house. We were allowed to take only minimal belongings and clothes for our new baby in a large backpack and furoshiki (wrapping cloth). Our housing compound was surrounded by some 2000 Chinese people. Unarmed Japanese soldiers assisted all company housing residents to get into cars. When I looked back from the car, I saw everything in our houses was being taken away and only the empty beautiful western style buildings remained there.

The Japanese concession was crowded with many Japanese families from various places in China. Several families shared a house which was partitioned into small parts. At the end of November, I gave birth to a boy after a very difficult labor. Both my baby and I were in bad condition. My three-month-old boy had pneumonia with a high fever after going out to take a bath on a cold winter night. There were no doctors or medicine. I had no idea about treatment and I was so helpless. Every time a repatriation ship came, many people around me returned to Japan except for my family. One day, my husband went shopping and came across his childhood friend in town. My husband told him about our son's disease. On the next day, this friend gave us three small white tablets which he obtained from the American Occupation Army. Immediately, I crushed the tablets and gave them to my son with my breast milk. His fever went down in one day. I cried with joy and thanked my husband's friend. However, my son's breathing difficulty lingered into May. We were told, "This is the last repatriation ship. If you miss this chance, you won't be able to go back to Japan forever." Thinking about taking a sick five-month-old boy on a long journey, I was nervous and I couldn't decide to go home. My neighbors encouraged me, saying, "Let's go home, it's going to be OK." We took a freight train to the port and arrived at a relocation center. We stayed there for one week. We intended to go to Hiroshima, but we were advised

to change the destination because Hiroshima was so severely damaged that no plants would grow for some 70 years. We decided to go to my parents' house in Yamaguchi prefecture. After we got on board, the ship doctor who examined my son told us that if my son died on the ship, his body would be buried at sea. When we arrived at Sasebo Port, my son was still alive, but a girl in the next bed was dead. Her mother held her girl in her arms and got off the ship.

After going through the immigration procedure, every adult returnee received 1000 yen and headed to his hometown. At the railway station, my mother was waiting for us with a two-wheeled handcart. My mother saw us thin and wearing tattered clothes. We understood each other without words. In the early morning of the next day, my husband and I headed for Hiroshima and got off at Yokogawa station where only burned fields were stretched out as far as we could see. We searched for tin-roofed shacks and found my brother. He told us that my husband's parents and brother died and his sister was missing. She was still a student.

In order to forget our grief and regain normal life as soon as possible, my husband lived in Hiroshima and I lived in Yamaguchi. In the summer of 1947, for the first time after we returned to Japan, our family started to live together in Hiroshima in a house with a wooden floor instead of tatami mats. There was a small vacant ground adjacent to our house. We removed bricks from the ground and planted tomatoes, cucumbers, and eggplants. They grew very well and we appreciated eating them in the midst of a food shortage. When we boasted about it, one of my neighbors said, "It's strange that vegetables grow this big with only water. It must be due to radiation. After Pika-Don, the black rain fell and many people who were exposed to the rain died. So you should stop eating those vegetables immediately." I was threatened by this suggestion and I had a nightmare in which my entire family was dead.

Since then, we have run through a turbulent 70 years. Now my eldest son has become 70 years old, and my husband who steered our family's life died 9 years ago. I myself am now over 90 years old and very thankful for my life. I spend every day thinking what I should do or what I can do for society.

Translation by Akiko Awa, Member of Translation Group of World Friendship Center

私の青春

(一社)大学女性協会広島支部

望 月 ミヨコ

〈当時17歳、高田郡向原町在住〉

私は、戦前・戦後を生かされて今年87歳になった。

思えば長い年月であり、過ぎてしまえばあつと言う間である。

太平洋戦争が激しくなっていく中、私達の生活は苦しくなった。働き手は少なく、物資も無くなっていった。私が女学校の2年生頃には勤労奉仕に出る毎日で、草刈り・植林・暗渠排水・水害の片付け等よく働いたものである。遂には学校が工場となり、被服廠の仕事をすることになった。やがてその仕事も下級生に譲り、私達は呉海軍工廠に出勤した。厳しい訓練を受けて工員となり、挺身隊と共に働いた。

昭和20年3月19日突然の空襲を受け、敵機を遥か遠くに見ながらの避難で、生きた心地はしなかった。呉空襲の被害の光景は今も忘れられない。防空壕に避難する事が多くなり、仕事は捗らなくなった。

終戦と同時に勤労働員は解除となり、翌8月16日には帰校したが、休む暇はなく、8月19日に広島の被災地に出勤した。本川小学校に配属され救護を手伝った。全身火傷で座ったまま寝ることも出来ない人、顔が焼けただけ、目も口も分からない人、火傷でガーゼだけかけられている人、小学生くらいの子が私にしがみつ「お母さんをここへ連れてきて」と泣いていた姿は今でも苦しい思い出である。

校庭で大鍋に「オジヤ」を作り、枕元まで運ぶ事が私達の仕事であった。焼け残った手押しポンプは水を汲んでも汲んでもウジが出た。ハエがうるさく付きまとう中での炊事だった。毎朝枕元に「オジヤ」を運んでも、亡くなっている人が毎日いた。校庭で火葬もされていた。私達は窓の無い教室でムシロを敷き寝ていたが、青い火が見え、さびしかった。本川小学校の救護活動は一生忘れることはないだろう。

私の父は姉を探して、何日も広島を歩き回ったが見出せなかった。沢山の遺体が皆黒こげで、性別すらも分からなかったと言っていた。その父もしばらくして亡くなった。

その後、私は勤労奉仕で勉強をまともにしていないことを何とかしたいと思い、日本女子大学の通信教育を受けた。多くの方に支えられ、養護教諭として長年努めてきた。

私達は多くの命の犠牲の上に今日があることを感謝して、「原爆反対」を訴えなければならない。

人類が生きるためにも、広島は、日本は、世界に訴える責任があると思う。

My Youth

By Miyoko Mochizuki

Japanese Association of University Women, Hiroshima Branch

(17 years old at that time, lived in Mukaihara-town, Takata-gun, Hiroshima prefecture)

I appreciate being alive both before and after the war. This year, I turned 87 years old. It has been a long time, but when I think back over it, I feel like it was just a moment.

As the Pacific War got fierce, our life became hard. We had a small workforce and goods were getting scarce. When I was in the second year in girls' middle school, students worked in the labor service every day. We would work hard, cutting grass, planting trees, burying water pipes for rice to grow well and clearing things after floods. At the end, our school changed into a clothing factory, and we worked there. Then underclass students took over our work, and we started working in the Kure Naval Arsenal. We had a hard time training to learn job skills and worked together with the volunteer corps.

All of a sudden, we were bombed on March 19, 1945. While we were evacuating, seeing enemy planes far away, I did not feel like I was alive. I still cannot forget the sight of the damage by the Kure Air Raid. We often had to go to air raid shelters for safety, which made our work slow.

When the war ended, the labor service ended as well. We returned to school but we did not have time to rest. We went to work in a disaster area in Hiroshima on August 19. We were sent to Honkawa Elementary School for relief activities. I saw people such as a person who could not lie down to sleep because he was burned all over his body, a person whose face was burned so badly that I couldn't tell where his eyes and mouth were, and a person who was covered only with gauze. It is a bitter memory that an elementary school child clung to me and said crying, "Bring my mom here."

Our job was to make porridge of rice with some other ingredients in big pots and carry it to the victims. There were maggots in the water from the pump that had survived the fire, no matter how many times we pumped up water. Flies were always flying around us. However, we carried the porridge to them every morning and we found someone dead every day. Their bodies were cremated on the school grounds. We slept on straw mats in a room with no

window, but we saw blue flames and felt lonely. I will not forget the relief activities at Honkawa Elementary School for my whole life.

My father walked around Hiroshima for many days to look for my elder sister but he could not find her. He said that many bodies had been burned black and he could not even tell whether they were male or female. He also died after a while.

I did not get a proper education because of the labor service and I wanted to do something about it, so I took a correspondence course from Japan Women's University. Then I worked as a school nurse for many years, supported by many people.

We appreciate that we exist today at the sacrifice of so many lives and we should appeal for "No more A-bombs."

I think we, Hiroshima and Japan, have a responsibility to make appeals to the world in order for human beings to survive.

Translation by Satoko Ishibashi, Member of Translation Group of World Friendship Center

命ある限り平和を訴え続ける

女性会議

片 山 春 子

〈当時15歳、安芸郡府中町在住〉

尋常高等小学校を卒業して15歳の時、東洋工業（現在のマツダ）の木型工場に徴用され、寮生活で毎日、ノミとカンナの刃を研いでいた。

8月6日は鶴見町に建物疎開に行っていた。8時10分から点呼があり、直後、いきなり数メートル吹き飛ばされた。あたりは真っ暗で何も見えなくなり、人の声のする方へ必死に走った。

東洋工業まで帰ってみると、土間には、跨ぐか踏むかしないと進めないくらい人が横たわっていた。この時、大変な爆弾が落ちたのだと思った。翌朝からは毎日、負傷した人の看護をした。

8月13日に社長から帰還命令が出て、友人と一緒に家路に向かう道で、前か後ろかもわからないほど火傷をした人に何人も出会った。怖いので一列になって手をつないで必死で歩き、三滝から電車に乗って、更に山越えをして家まで歩いて帰った。家では私の消息がつかめず、半ば諦めていたらしく、たどり着いた私をみて「幽霊では…」と思ったそうだ。帰る途中、道路脇の民家のおばさんが「食べんさい」と言って差し出してくれたおむすびの美味しかったことは今も忘れられない。

8月末に再び工場に呼び出されて、徴用解除になった。

私は、建物の陰にいたから火傷などはしていなかったが、家に帰ってから体のあちこちにブツブツが出て、秋ごろからはなにもする気が起こらず、翌年の4月ごろまでブラブラしていた。近所の人から「若いのに何もしない」と陰口を言われていた。

翌年5月、日本医療団の看護婦養成所に入ったが、「原爆に遭っていないか」と面接で問われた。1年間は休んだり出たりの繰り返し。鉄道病院に入るときも「原爆に遭っていないよな」と問われた。病弱で休みがちになるからだろう。

被爆者ということは何十年も隠し続け、結婚の時も黙っていた。子どもが生まれたが、耳の形に異常があり、生後40日も経たない時に手術をした。病院通いも辛かったが、罪をつくったと思った。当時は相談する人もなく、また、話してもわかってもらえない悲しさを味わった。

私たちは子どもだから知らないことばかりだった。たまたまそこにいたから原爆に遭い、そのために差別されてきた。戦争の犠牲者はたくさんいるが、被爆者が差別される。

私は被爆者であることを長い間、黙してきた。被爆者の海外派遣団に医療担当として随行した時、「今、（原爆のことを）話さないと、話すことができなくなる」と後押しされて、重く、辛いことだが被爆体験を話すようになった。

どんなことがあっても戦争をしてはならない。

命ある限り、平和を求めて頑張りたい。

子どもたちに残す財産はお金ではなく、平和な社会のみだ。

I Will Appeal for Peace As Long As I Live

By Haruko Katayama

Member of the Women's Council

(15 years old, living at Fuchu-town, Aki-gun, Hiroshima Prefecture at the time of the A-bombing)

When I was 15 years old, after graduation from elementary school, I was mobilized by Toyo Industrial Company (presently Mazda) and worked for the wooden model factory, sharpening chisels and planes every day. I lived in the dormitory of the company.

On August 6, I went to Tsurumi Town to work at demolishing houses to prevent spreading fires. There was a roll call at 8:10 am. Just after that, I was suddenly blown several meters away. It was pitch-dark and I could not see anything. I ran toward the place where I heard someone's voice.

I came back to the factory and found the earth floor was filled with so many people lying down that I could not go forward without striding over or stepping on them. At that time, I thought a terrible bomb must have been dropped. From the next morning, I took care of the injured people every day.

On August 13, we were told to return home by the company president. On our way home with my friends, we saw a lot of people whose burns were so terrible that we could not recognize which sides were their fronts or their backs. We were so scared that we held hands and desperately walked. We took a train from Mitaki. Then I walked over the hill and came home. My family did not know what had happened to me and had almost given up on me. So when they saw me, they thought I was a ghost. On the way home, a woman living along the road gave me a rice ball, saying, "Eat it." It was very tasty and I cannot forget it even now.

At the end of August, I was told to come to the company, and I was released from mobilization.

When I was exposed, I was in the shade of a building. So I had no burns. However, after returning home, many rashes came out all over my body. In the fall of the year, I did not feel like doing anything. I did nothing until April the next year. The neighbors spoke ill of me, saying, "She is young but does nothing."

In May, I entered a training school for nurses managed by Japan Medical Group. During the job interview for the school, I was asked whether I was exposed to the A-bomb. I continued going to and being absent from school for a year. When I applied for the Railroad Hospital, I was also asked whether I was exposed to the A-bomb. Maybe the people who were

exposed to the A-bomb were in poor health and tended to be absent from work.

I hid that I was an A-bomb survivor for many decades. I kept silent when I got married. My baby's ear had an abnormal shape and he had an operation when he was less than 40 days old. Taking him to see his doctor was hard work but, more than that, I felt guilty toward him. I had no one to consult at that time and felt sorrow that no one could understand my feelings even if I consulted someone.

We were children at the time of the A-bombing so there were a lot of things we did not know. We happened to be there, so we were exposed to the A-bomb. Being A-bomb survivors, we were discriminated against. Although there were many victims of war, we were discriminated against just because we were A-bomb survivors.

I kept silent that I was an A-bomb survivor for a long time. However, when I accompanied the A-bomb survivors delegation abroad as a medical staff in-charge, someone pushed me, saying, "If you do not tell about your experience of the A-bombing now, you will lose the opportunity." So I started to talk about my experience even though it was a heavy burden and hard work for me.

We must not start wars no matter what may happen.

I will do my best for peace as long as I live.

The treasure we should leave for our children is not money but only a peaceful world.

Translated by Hisano Hatamoto, Member of Translation Group of World Friendship Center

おぞましき夏

女性会議

河田 和子

〈当時13歳、広島市大手町在住〉

人生の最終章を生きていく今、この世に残された体験者として、記憶を語り継ぐ使命を感じ、閉ざしていた心をようやく開く決意をした。そのきっかけは中国新聞社のジュニアライターの中高生と語り合うチャンスがあり、その時の熱心な質問に引き込まれ、心が解かされたと言っても過言ではない。この若い人たちが後世に伝えるために活動されている姿に感動し、動かされた私である。

私は当時13歳、旧制女学校2年生。度重なる警戒警報や空襲警報に授業は中断され、敵国語である英語は廃止、授業時間も校庭を開墾しての農作業で勉学など程遠く体育は薙刀を使つての軍事訓練だった。広島は大本営も移設され、「軍都広島」であった。国策により私たち女学生にも学徒動員令が下り、2年生の7月、私は高須にあった広島7264航空機工場に動員に出た。8月6日の8時頃は作業待機していた。暑い真夏の朝、太陽が照りわたる真っ青な空に真っ白い飛行機雲を引いて敵機B29が飛んでいた。空襲警報が解除になっているのにみんな不審に思い、窓辺から離れた途端、オレンジ色の閃光が走り、工場内は忽ち揺らぎ、私たちは机の下にもぐり込んでいたと思うが、その時どのように逃げたのか確かな記憶はないが山中に逃げた。ただ黒い雨に晒されながら枇杷の木の下でうずくまっていた。

私の自宅は爆心地から500m地点にあり、燃え盛る火炎の中を帰る術もなく夜空を焦がす市街地を茫然と見ていた。迎えに来られた友人のお父上に連れられて、まさかの時の疎開先の地御前へと向かった。その道すがら一緒に歩いた被災者の群れの余りにすごい姿、全身焼け爛れ、頭も顔も背中も胸も手も大腿も火脹れ、むけた皮膚がだらりと垂れて、眸は下がり唇はむけて突き出した人間の形相とは思えぬ被災者が「水、水を」「助けてください」と断末魔の声。それ以外は声なき阿鼻叫喚の中を彷徨う如き行列であった。焼けただれ息絶えた赤子を抱きかかえ、あやしながら必死に行列に付いて歩いていた母親。やがて力尽きた母親は路傍にうずくまり取り残された。

13歳の少女には余りにも無残無比異様な衝撃的出来事であり、それは私を完全に無感覚、意識のない世界に追い込み、思考力も恐怖心も悲しみも何も感じない空白の時であった。

翌7日、父と市中や緑井方面など身内を捜し歩いた。市街地は見ると無残な屍、大きな軍馬が転がり、川には筏の如く死体が浮かんでいた。大手町の我が家は跡形もなかった。8日には紙屋町交差点の所で軍隊が転がっている死体を集めて茶毘に付す光景に立ちすくんだ。父も家にいた身内も多く、多くの友も師も母校もみんな失い、私は昨日までの日常生活の全てを喪失した。「いのち」だけが残った。幸い母は6日の早朝、所用で出かけていて生き残った。9月半ば、喉からの出血に始まり、吐血、下血、高熱、脱毛と3か月間の闘病。医薬がない当時、母は「どくだみ草」を採りまわり、煎じて一心不乱に祈り信じて毎日毎日服用させた。初夏、路地にさりげなく咲く白い花「どくだみ草」を見ると「命」を感じ、愛おしさを覚える。のちに「原爆症」と診断された。

中高生が、核兵器の酷さを後世に繋いでくださる確信を得た。戦争も災害も風化させないことは、この世を生きていく人たちの、平和を守り命の尊厳を守る義務と責任である。

Horrible summer

Kazuko Kawada

<13 years old at the time, living in Otemachi, Hiroshima City>

As she lives through the final chapters of her life, she feels the mission to pass on her memories as a survivor of the world, and finally decides to open her heart.

It was no exaggeration to say that she had a chance to talk with a junior and senior high school students of the Chugoku Shimbun, and she was drawn into her enthusiastic questions at that time, and her heart was released.

I was impressed and moved by the way these young people were working to pass on to posterity.

I was 13 years old at the time and was a second year student at an old school for girls. Classes were interrupted by repeated warnings and air raid warnings, English which was the enemy language was abolished, and the class hours were far from studying by clearing the schoolyard and physical education was military training using a naginata. The Imperial Headquarters was also relocated to Hiroshima, which was the "military city of Hiroshima."

Due to national policy, the decree to mobilize students was lowered for us female students, and in July of the second grade, I was mobilized to the Hiroshima 7264 aircraft factory in Takasu.

I was waiting for work around 8 o'clock on August 6th.

On a hot midsummer morning, the enemy plane B29 was flying in the deep blue sky where the sun was shining, pulling a pure white contrail.

Everyone was suspicious even though the air raid warning had been canceled, and as soon as they left the window, an orange flash ran, the factory shook, and I think we were sneaking under the desk.

I don't remember exactly how I escaped, but I escaped into the mountains.

I was just crouching under the loquat tree while being exposed to the black rain.

My house was 500 meters from the hypocenter, and I was stunned to see the city that scorched the night sky without any way to return to the burning flames.

Taken by my friend's father who came to pick me up, I headed to the land of the evacuation destination in a rainy day.

The crowd of victims who walked along the way was so amazing

The appearance, a novel burn, the head, face, back, chest, and thighs swelled, the peeled skin hung down, the lips fell, and the lips protruded.

"Water, water" "Please help me", the voice of the devil

Other than that, it was a procession like wandering in a voiceless scream.

A mother who was desperately walking in a procession while holding a burnt and breathless baby.

Eventually her exhausted mother was crouched by the roadside and left behind.

It was a shocking event that was too brutal and extraordinary for a 13 years old girl, a blank time that pushed me into a completely numb, unconscious world, with no thought, fear, or sadness.

The next day, on the 7th, I searched for my father and relatives in the city and in the direction of Midorii.

A corpse, a large war horse, was rolling in the city, and a corpse was floating in the river like a raft.

My home in Otemachi had no trace.

On the 8th, at the Kamiyacho intersection, the army gathered the rolling corpses and stood at the cremation site.

My father, my relatives at home, many friends, teachers, and my alma mater were all lost, and I lost all of my daily life.

Only "life" remained.

Fortunately, my mother went out for her job early in the morning of the 6th and survived. Beginning with bleeding from her throat in mid-September, hematemesis, melena, high fever, hair loss and three months of fighting illness.

In the absence of her medicine, her mother hunted for "Houttuynia cordata", she attended and prayed and believed, and she took it every day.

In early summer, when she sees the white flower "Houttuynia cordata" that blooms casually in the alley, she feels "life" and adorableness.

She was later diagnosed with "atomic bomb disease".

I was convinced that junior and senior high school students would pass on the terribleness of nuclear weapons to posterity.

It is the duty and responsibility of those who live in this world to protect peace and the dignity of life so that neither war nor disaster will be weathered.

被爆者の思いを受け継ぎ 戦争のない平和な社会を

女性会議

佐藤 奈保子

〈昭和21年生まれ〉

「あの日」から70年が過ぎました。

被爆者は高齢化し、数も減少してきましたが、被爆者から「あの日」が消えることはなく、今も「あの日」を背負って懸命に生きておられます。

被爆者団体のお手伝いをするようになって7年余りになります。健康手帳や各種手当の申請手続き、介護や施設の入所などの相談が多くあります。相談を受けて当時のこと、それからのことなど聞かせていただきながら胸が痛くなります。

「働き手の父親が被爆死。母は子どもを育てるために必死で働いた。幼い妹や弟の面倒をみるために学校には行けなかった」「父母はあの日、建物疎開に出たまま、帰ってこなかった。親戚で育ったが、いつか父母が迎えに来てくれると思って毎日、外で待っていた。今も父母のお骨も何もない」そして「ひどいケロイドが残って死のうと思ったこともあった」家の下敷きになって自分の目の前で炎にまかれたたていった家族。何もできなかった自分を責めながらの日々…などなど心の内を語られます。

そして被爆者へのさまざまな差別。それぞれ事情があってこれまで被爆者健康手帳を申請していない被爆者はまだまだたくさんおられます。被爆者への差別を感じていた母親がわが子を守るために自分の手帳申請に「1人で市内に入った」と書いておられたために、のちにA子さんが行った健康手帳の申請は『却下』されました。A子さんは諦めずルーツをたどり、自分の足でしっかりした証言を得て『交付』となりました。

B子さんが、「夫に被爆していることは言っていないので、手帳はとらないでいた」と。

一人で葛藤してこられた重さが感じられます。「差別」が被爆者手帳を持ってない被爆者をつくり出してきました。

さらに被爆者は常に健康に不安を感じながら生きておられます。「戦争がなかったら、原爆は落とされなかった」と多くの被爆者は言われます。

「戦争がなかったら」「原爆が落とされなかったら」それぞれの生き方は違っていただろうと思います。

70年間、口を閉ざして生きてこられた被爆者が「今、語らなかつたら…」と「あの日」のこと、「あの日」からのことを語り、そして文章に表される方もいらっしゃると思います。「こんなことがあってはならない」という思いで。

私たちはその思いに応えるようしっかりと耳を傾け、「戦前のような」と言われる今の情勢を変え、次の世代に平和な社会を引継ぐために力を尽くさなければならないと思います。

Inheriting the thoughts of the A-bomb survivors, creating a peaceful society without war

J Women's Conference

Nahoko Sato
(Born in 1946)

7 years have passed since "that day".

Although the number of A-bomb survivors has been aging and decreasing, "that day" has not disappeared from the A-bomb survivors, and they are still living hard with "that day" on their backs.

It has been more than seven years since I started helping the A-bomb survivor groups. There are many consultations such as application procedures for health notebooks and various allowances, nursing care and admission to facilities.

My heart hurts when I receive a consultation and tell about what happened at that time and what happened after that.

"The worker's father died from the bombing. My mother worked desperately to help her child. I couldn't go to school to take care of my little sister and younger brother."

I didn't come back. I grew up with a relative, but I waited outside every day thinking that my parents would come to pick me up someday. I still have no bones for my parents. I had thought about it. "A family who was entwined with flames in front of her under the house.

She talks about her heart, such as the days of blaming herself for not being able to do anything.

And various discrimination against A-bomb survivors.

There are still many A-bomb survivors who have not applied for the A-bomb survivor health handbook due to their own circumstances.

Her mother, who was feeling discriminated against the A-bomb survivors, wrote in her notebook application that she had "entered the city alone" in order to protect her child. The application was "rejected".

Ako did not give up and traced her roots, and she got a solid testimony with her own feet and became a "delivery".

Mr. B said, "I didn't take a notebook because I didn't tell my husband that I was exposed to radiation." You can feel the weight of struggling alone. "Discrimination" has created

A-bomb survivors who do not have A-bomb survivor notebooks. In addition, A-bomb survivors are always living with anxiety about their health. "Without the war, the atomic bomb would not have been dropped," says many hibakusha. "If there was no war" and "if the atomic bomb was not dropped," I think each way of life would have been different. A-bomb survivors who have lived with their mouths closed for 70 years talk about "if I didn't talk now ...", "that day", and "that day", and some of them are expressed in sentences. ... With the thought that "this should not happen". I think we must listen carefully to respond to that desire, change the current situation that is said to be "prewar," and work hard to pass on a peaceful society to the next generation.

7歳のころ

(一社)広島県歯科衛生士会

阿 川 真 澄

〈当時7歳、佐伯郡厳島町在住〉

宮島小学校2年生の夏、当時の子供達は少国民と言われ、兵隊さんはお国のために戦っている時に、夏休みなどもってのほかと、炎天下のもと毎日の登校が求められていました。8月6日、私は休んで井戸水をタンクに汲み上げていました。突然の閃光と轟音に驚いて物陰に隠れましたが気になり、表へ出て音のした方を見ると、何と広島方面の空に白い入道雲の中にキラキラと七色に光るそれは美しい光景が空一面に広がっていました。あとでそれが原爆のキノコ雲であると知ったのですが、この状況を人に話してはいけないのではと子供心に感じ誰にも打ち明けませんでした。暫くして国道2号線には大勢の被災者を乗せた軍用トラックが次々とやって来て、道路沿いにある松林に降ろして行きました。国防婦人会のタスキをかけた女性たちが、被災者の手当てをしようにも医薬品もなく、胡瓜をすったり輪切りしたものを貼りつけるくらいで、炎天下の草の上に寝かされ苦しんでいる人達に何も出来ず、ウロウロしているばかりでした。その後被災者の方々はお寺や大竹の軍用病院へ移されたと聞きました。それから海岸には火脹れた遺体が次々と流されて来て、消防団の方々が鳶口で引っかけては、まるで丸太を扱うように引き上げていました。

8月15日、終戦の玉音放送は自宅のラジオで聞き取りにくい中、戦争が終わった事を知り子供心にもホッとしたのと、これからどうなるのかと不安になりました。8月末には宮島の状況は一変しました。それまでは宇品から出征して行く兵隊さんが家族と最後の別れのために参詣に来ていたのが、日本の敗戦で宮島ホテルは進駐軍に接収され将校クラブになり、多くの軍人とジープが参道を我が物顔で闊歩するようになりました。私は連絡船で通学していたのですが、進駐軍の兵隊さんには随分可愛がられて、食べたこともなかったチョコレートやガムをたくさん貰い、近所の子供達にお裾分けして喜ばれました。

9月には大型台風が来て、もみじ谷が土砂崩れになり、厳島神社も甚大な被害が出ましたが、私の住まいも裏山2か所で土石流が発生し、一瞬にして3軒あった住宅を押し流し、少し高台にあった我が家を飲み込み、枕元に押し寄せてきました。辛うじて一家は無事でしたが、悲しい事に裏の夫婦が犠牲になられ、土砂の中から遺体を掘り出すのを見てしまい、命のはかなさが子供心に焼きつきました。その時の光景は今だにフラッシュバックして写真を見るように鮮明に覚えています。

12月24日、世の中は食糧不足で、ヤミ米すら手に入れるのが困難なほど困窮していたにも拘わらず、この日は進駐軍主催で、初めての空前絶後の大クリスマスパーティが小学校の講堂で開かれ、私もしっかり楽しみ、連絡船の終便に間に合わなくなり、船通学していた友人達と校長先生のお宅に泊めて頂いた事も懐かしい思い出です。終戦前後の大人の態度の急変は、子供心に強い不信感を持ち、その後の人生に大きく影響していると感じています。

When I was Seven Years Old

By Masumi Agawa

In summer when I was in Grade 2 at Miyajima Elementary School, Japanese children in those days were called "syokokumin." We were forced to go to school everyday in the blazing sun, because soldiers were fighting for the country and taking summer vacation was absolutely unthinkable. Being absent from school, I was bucketing well water into a tank on August 6th. I was appalled by a sudden flash and roar, and I hid under the shade. But I got uneasy. Then, I went out of the shade and looked toward the roar. Oh, gosh! A beautiful view was spreading in front of me. That was twinkling and shining seven-colored in the thunderhead of the Hiroshima sky. Later on, I learned that it was a mushroom cloud from the atomic bomb. However, I felt like no one should see this circumstance. So I, as a seven-year-old girl, kept it a secret. For the time being, military trucks loading lots of casualties came one after another on National Highway 2. Those military trucks dropped them off by the pine trees along the road. Women with "tasuki" from "kokubohujinkai" took care of them, but there was no medicine available. All they did was to mash up melons or slice them round and attach them to the wounded people. Those people were just lying down on the grass under the broiling sun. So those women couldn't do anything but wander about and watch people moaning. In the meantime, I heard that the casualties were moved to temples and a military hospital in Otake. I saw blistered dead bodies float on the seashore. Firefighters caught them with firemen's hooks. They pulled up dead bodies as if they were handling logs.

On August 15th, "Gyokuon" broadcast called an end to the war, although our radio at home was a little hard to listen to. I realized then that the war ended and I, as a child, felt secure. But I was worried about what would happen from then on. At the end of August, the situation of Miyajima completely changed. Before the summer, the soldiers of Japan going to war from Ujina came to Miyajima for the last farewell to their families. After the war, however, Miyajima Hotel was condemned by the Allied Occupation forces because of the defeat of Japan. The hotel turned into an officer's club. Many soldiers and jeeps from the forces swaggered about at the approach to the shrine at Miyajima. At that time, I used to commute to school by ferry. I got all the attention from the soldiers of the Allied Occupation forces and they gave me chocolate and chewing gum that I had never had before. I shared them with my neighbors and they thanked me for that.

A large typhoon hit Miyajima in September. The Momijidani Valley was caught in a landslide and Itsukushima Shrine suffered serious damage. Two landslides hit on a mountain behind our house and the slide washed away three houses in no time. Although our house

stayed on the hill, the slide swallowed up our house and the mud flocked to us. Our family barely survived, but, unfortunately, one of our neighbors died from the landslide. I saw a rescue team digging out dead bodies. I still flash back to that incident. The transience of human life remained strong in my seven-year-old mind.

On December 24th in 1945, despite the fact that Japan was short of food and people were too poor to get black market rice, the biggest Christmas party ever was held at an auditorium of my elementary school. I had a great time and I even missed my ferry. My friends and I, commuting by ferry together, stayed one night at the principal's house. This is a good memory. Nevertheless, I found the attitude and behavior of grown-ups around me changed after the war, compared to before the war. I, as a seven-year-old girl, had a strong distrust towards them. That has strongly influenced my life ever since.

Translation by Hinano Kochi, Marii Saito, Kana Sakashita

Edited by Jun Sasaki

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1 In those days, children were treated in the same way as grown-ups. "Sho" means small, and "kokumin" means citizen. So children were considered to be "small" citizens. They were also required to support grown-ups for the war.

2 Cloth sash

3 "Kokubohujinkai" is the precursor of the current Women's Society. The association was founded for the national defense in those days.

4 A broadcast of the voice of Japan's Emperor Hirohito

5 Miyajima Hotel was built in 1917 and burned down in 1952.

県女連のあゆみから「戦後70年」を考える

広島県地域女性団体連絡協議会

市 川 幸 子

〈昭和34年生まれ〉

1948年、広島県婦人連合会として発足、広島県地域婦人団体連絡協議会（県婦協）、広島県地域女性団体連絡協議会（県女連）と二度の改称を経て、今年結成68周年を迎える県女連のあゆみについて振り返るとともに、「戦後70年」について考えていきたい。

第二次世界大戦後、婦人解放に伴い、婦人会においても民主主義の学習に始まり、自らの向上発展をめざすための活動が開始されるようになった。「その活動の拠点は会館の建設にあり」と、会員の「1円募金」と広島県の補助とで資金を確保、1951年、まだ原子爆弾の影響が残り荒涼とした焼野原だった広島市中区富士見町に婦人会館が落成した。これを契機に、県婦協奨学資金制度が発足し、結婚相談所、生活センター等が開設され、併せて県内各地に結成された単位婦人会が生活に根ざした学習を行うなど、活動は活発化していった。

高度経済成長で物は豊かになり、「消費者は王様」といわれる時代、会員も22万人と膨らみ、1964年には広島市民球場で県内24,000人の会員が大集合し体育大会が開催されるなど、婦人会の活動はさらに活発化、内職斡旋所の開設、暮らしの苦情相談所の設置、業者・行政・消費者の3者懇談会など、その活動は社会からも大きな反響を呼んだ。また、児童文庫を開設し、子供に良い本を読ませる母親のつどい、県内巡回消費生活講座、賢い暮らしを身につける婦人研修の集いなども開催された。

1975年、国連が「国際婦人年」を提唱し、平等・発展・平和のスローガンのもと世界行動計画が採択され、それに伴い、婦人会においても婦人の地位向上と社会参加に向けてのとり組みをさらに進めていくことになる。

1985年、老朽化により婦人会館を閉館し、解体、その地に新たに国内で初めての公設民営型の広島県女性総合センター「エソール広島」がオープンし、現在はここに活動拠点を設けている。

エソール広島の建設の際には、「広島県の女性の地位向上と社会参加をすすめる会」（現在「広島県の男女共同参画をすすめる会」）と協働し県女連の寄付額は1,000万円、すすめる会2,100万円、合計3,100万円を拠出、その他多くの関係者からも多額の寄付を集め、女性たちの活動拠点づくりに必死の思いで行動を起こした。この場所は原爆により壊滅的な打撃を受けながらも、女性たちがたくましく立ち上がった女性活動の原点であるだけに、エソール広島の女性センターとしての存在は意義深い。このことを行政も私たち女性たちも決して忘れず、次の世代に伝えていきたいと思っている。

現在、県女連は少子高齢化社会の中でノーマライゼーションの理念に基づき、誰もが住みよい地域づくり、さらに地球に優しい環境づくりのための生涯学習に取り組み、今後さらにその活動の幅を広げたいと思っている。

A study about "70 years after the war" from the progress of Prefectural Women's Committee

By Ichikawa Sachiko
The Hiroshima Prefecture Regional Women's Group Coordinating Committee
(Born in 1959)

In 1948 our group started as The Hiroshima Prefecture Women's Committee. After that it changed its name twice. And it has been 68 years since we started the committee. I would like to look back at our progress and think about "The 70 year period after the war"

After the Second World War, along with the emancipation of women, our women's club started to study democracy and to promote the activity for our advancement and development.

We thought that we had to build our assembly hall for our activity. And we got funds through "one yen donation " by our member and with the assistance of Hiroshima Prefecture. In 1951 our Ladies Hall was completed in Hiroshima shi Nakaku Fujimicho which was desolate burned field still after the atomic bomb. On this occasion, the system of Prefectural Women's Committee scholarship funds started and a matrimonial agency and a consumer affairs center were opened. Also in various regions of Hiroshima Prefecture, women's associations were established. At those places we learn many things about the integral part of people's life. Our activities became more and more energetic.

With the rapid economic growth, our society became affluent. And it was a time when it was said that "the customer is always right" The number of our members had increased to 220 thousand people. In 1964 24000 people gathered and a big athletic meet was hold in Hiroshima Ball Park. In this way activities of our women's club became more animated and opened an introduction center for side jobs and complaints counter

for daily life, and had a tripartite round table conference among suppliers, administration and consumers. They created a great sensation in our society. At the same time, we opened a children's literature library, mothers' meeting which let children read good books, a round lecture for consumer's life, and held a women's training in order to get a better way of living.

In 1975 the United Nations advocated "International Women's Year". And under the slogan of equality development and peace, World Plan of Behavior was adopted. Accordingly lady's club also accelerated to tackle the improvement of women's social status and participation for society.

In 1985 due to deterioration, the Ladies Hall was closed and dismantled. At the same place, Hiroshima Prefecture women's comprehensive center "Essor Hiroshima" was built, which is public-made and private

operated. This is the first system in Japan. It is our active base now.

When Essor Hiroshima was built we cooperated with "The Conference to Improve Women's Social Status and Accelerate to Take Part in Social Activities in Hiroshima". The donation from Prefecture Women's Committee was 10 million yen and "The Conference to..." was 21 million yen. The total amount was

31 million yen. And lots of concerned people made a large donation. We acted very hard to build our active base. Although this place was devastated by an atomic bomb, we stood up again bravely. So existence of Essor Hiroshima is significant as Hiroshima women's center. Administration and we women will never forget this and we will want to hand down this to the next generation.

Our society is now suffering from declining birth rate and an aging society. So Prefecture Women's Committee will base their activities on the principal of normalization in the society and aim to produce comfortable regions where everyone can live happily. And we will tackle the life long study to bring about earth friendly environment. From now on we would like to expand our activities further.

Translation by Kajiyam Yoko in Shimonosekisi

昭和20年の私

(一財)広島県母子寡婦福祉連合会

北 本 チ カ エ

〈当時16歳、安芸郡坂町在住〉

忘れようとしても、忘れる事の出来ない昭和20年8月6日、当時、私は16歳、高等科第1学年でした。村には若い人は余りおらず、私達は学徒として当時の安芸郡大屋村の万年筆工場に通勤し、私は手榴弾の薬を入れる検査場で働きました。

8月6日、私達学徒は丁度小屋浦駅で車中にいました。ピカッ、ドーンと物凄い音に驚いて椅子の下に頭を突っ込み、しばらく其の儘でいました。駅長さんは「学校から連絡がある迄待って下さい」と云われましたが、みんな泣き乍ら5キロ余りの道を歩いて帰りました。学徒は3日後の10日8時に学校へ集合との命令が出て、久し振りに行きました。大きな講堂に被爆者の方達がびっしりと寝かされてクラスの人達は怖い怖いと言い乍らも、医師の言い付け通り婦人会の人達と共に救護活動に従事しました。

「熱いよー、水をくれ!」「父ちゃん、母ちゃん」身内の名前を叫び、34～35度もある暑い天候の中、時間が経つにつれて、やけどには膿がたまり、鼻から耳から口からウジ虫が動き出し、警防隊の人達が青竹を切って作ったにわかピンセットを使って水を入れた空き缶に1匹ずつ入れていくのが、私達に課せられた仕事となり、手際よくお手伝いしました。母さん、母さんと泣き叫ぶ3歳余りの女の子に、医師から母さんになってやれと言われ16歳の私達は「母ちゃんはここにいるヨ」と言って、づるづるに焼けた手を握ってあげましたが、気づけばもう仏になっていました。男子はスコップ持ち寄りで運動場に大きな穴を掘り、学校の戸板に乗せ、仏になった人を穴に投げ込み、重油を掛けて焼いていく。死体がまるでいらぬ物の様に投げ込まれ、それは此の世の生き地獄でした。医師は「水をくれと叫ぶ人には水をあげなさい」と云うが、口は膿を持って腫れ上がり自分で飲める人はおらず、麦藁で水を吸ってから患者さんの口に少しずつ入れてあげたが1日に100人～150人位の人がバタバタ仏になっていきました。痛い、熱いと叫ぶ声は一日中講堂の中に鳴り響き、新しく入って来る人は2日後には仏になる。私達は怖い恐ろしいは最初だけで、亡くなっていく人達の父母や兄弟姉妹になって一時の心の支えとなるよう一生懸命に救護活動に従事しました。

原爆が投下され、もたえ苦しむ方々の惨状、仏となった方々を捨てるように焼いた地獄の有様は今でもはっきり私の胸に焼きついており生涯忘れることはありません。こんな辛い、悲しい事は二度とあってはいけません。

私は、時折男の孫を連れて平和公園に行き、当時の話を何十回も聞かせました。

現在、其の孫も小学校の教員になり、私から聞いた事を3年生の生徒に話し、分ってほしいと一生懸命取り組んでいる様子です。それを誇りに思っています。

あの時の医師の心に残る言葉です。「私は動くことが出来る、だけど相手の人は狂気の如く苦しんでいる。見ての通り、怖くても辛くても、もっと頑張るんだ。此の人の為に」

What I saw in 1945

By Chikae Kitamoto

I cannot forget the date August 6, 1945, no matter how hard I try to forget. At that time, I was 16 years old and I was in my first year in high school. There were few young people in the village, and we commuted to a factory of fountain pens in Aki-gun Oya-mura. My job was to put ammunition into hand grenades in the laboratory..

On August 6, I was in a car just around Koyaura Station. I was surprised to hear the strong and sharp sound, and I hid pushing my head under the chair. The station manager said "You should wait here until you get in touch with your school." But we all walked 5km to go home as we were crying. We were told to go to school at 8a.m. on 10th, so we went there for the first time after the atomic bomb was dropped. So many Hibakusha were lying in the big auditorium, and then I and my classmates engaged in rescue activities with people of women's association, as a doctor asked us, although we were scared of it..

"It's burning hot. Give me some water." "Dad" "Mom" People were calling out their relatives names for help. As time passed, pus came out of the burns in scorching hot days around 34°C to 35°C, and then maggots were crawling out of their noses or ears. We helped to get rid of them and put them into empty cans using a pair of tweezers just made by the civil defense unit. There was a three-year-old girl who cried looking for her mother. The doctor told me to be like her mother, so I said to the girl, "Your mother is here." Although we hold her burnt hands, she passed away soon after that.

Boys dug a big hole in the school ground using their own shovels. They put the bodies on a door plate and threw them into the hole and burned them with heavy oil. Bodies were thrown away like what we didn't need. The situation was like hell of this world. Doctors said, "Give some water to the suffering people who want to drink." But none of them could drink by themselves, because their mouths swelled up with pus. So we put straw into the water and gave some water little by little. Nonetheless, about 100 to 150 people were dying one after another every day.

Shouting voice for the pain and the heat vibrated, and new comers passed away in two days. We felt scary at first, but we engaged in the work as hard as possible to help them, behaving like their own parents, brothers and sisters. I remember clearly the terrible situation after the atomic bomb was dropped that many people were suffering and dead people were burnt as they were thrown away. I'll never forget the scene through my life. Such a terrible and sad tragedy should never happen again.

I sometimes went to Hiroshima Peace Memorial Park with my grandson, and told him the story of those days many times. Now he is an elementary school teacher and he tells what he heard from me to the third grade students, trying to hand down the story. I'm proud of his efforts.

This is the doctor's words remaining in my heart. "I can work, but people in front of me are suffering like going crazy. As you see, no matter how scary or how painful it is, do your best for the people in front of you."

Translation by Yasuko Sakata (kitakyushu)

原爆は悪の塊

広島県紅葉会

笠岡 貞江

〈当時13歳、広島市江波町在住〉

1945年8月6日、広島町の町に世界で初めて原子爆弾が投下されました。私は爆心地から3.5キロの南側の海に近い江波町に両親、祖母と4人で暮らしていました。被爆した時、私は女学校1年生でした。前日まで爆心地近くで建物疎開の作業に出ていましたが、8月6日は休みで家にいました。両親は知人宅の建物疎開の作業を手伝いに出かけ、家にいませんでした。

8時15分、部屋の前面のガラス窓が突然、一面が真っ赤になりました。瞬間、ドーンと大きな音と同時にガラスが割れ、粉々になって私の方に飛んできました。頭にガラスで傷を受けていました。外に出ると、家が傾き、瓦も壁土も落ち散乱していました。9時過ぎた頃に、市内に出ていた近所のおじさんが大やけどをして戻ってこられました。その姿を見て両親のことが心配になりました。

神戸にいた兄が休暇で夕方家に帰ってきて、大河町の親戚に逃れている父を荷車に乗せて連れ帰りました。その姿は生きた人とは思えません。顔は腫れ、目は見開いたまま、唇が反り返り、ヒビ割れ、ざくろの様でした。何も着ていません。体は絵具の黒チューブをそのまま塗った様に真っ黒に光っていました。薬はなく、胡瓜やジャガイモ等すりおろし、湿布にしました。水を欲しがりましたが、火傷の人に水を飲ませると死ぬ、と聞いて、水を飲ませてあげなかったのが心残りです。父の火傷にハエがたかり、ウジムシが傷口から出たり入ったりしています。ウジムシが人間の体をエサにして、大きくなりハエになるのです。これが戦争なのです。戦争だからこんなことが起きるのです。父は2日後に死亡しました。海岸の砂浜に穴を掘って、家族で火葬しました。近くで多くの遺体を火葬していました。夕暮れに、青い火の玉が流れていきました。心を残して死んでいった人の魂だと思いました。母は似島の救護所で既に8日に死亡しており、少しのお骨と髪の毛が入った小袋を受け取りました。

翌年に私は体中に吹き出物ができ、半年以上治らず困りました。

原子爆弾も、放射線の影響も、全てあとから知ったことです。その後、貧血も続き生理の始まったのも、高校1年生でした。両親を亡くし、その後の生活は悲惨でした。兄は学業を断念し職に就き、姉が嫁ぎ先から手伝いに戻って来てくれました。祖母や兄姉に支えられて生きてきました。私も弟も家事を手伝い、近所の海岸で不揃いの牡蠣を拾ってむき身にし、店に買ってもらったりしました。

高校だけは卒業させてもらいましたが、原爆を受けていることで、就職と結婚の差別を受けた様な気がします。

焼け野原の広島町の町に草木が芽を出したときには皆、自然から勇気をもらいました。元の広島に戻したい目標を持ち努力し徐々に復興が進んだのです。戦争はいりません。私たちと同じような辛い思い、苦しみ、悲しみは誰にもしてほしくない、その思いで世界中から核兵器がなくなるように願い祈り、体験を証言しております。

A-BOMB IS THE SOUL OF EVIL

By Sadae Kasaoka (Kouyoukai, Hiroshima)

A 13-year girl living in Hiroshima then

It was August 6, 1945 that an atomic bomb was dropped in Hiroshima for the first time in the world.

On that day, I lived in Enami-Cho, which was 3.5 kilometers away from the center of the blast, with my parents and grandmother. When I got exposed to radiation, I was in the first grade in an exclusive girls' school. I went out for demolishing building to check the spread of a fire the day before but we didn't have class on that day, August 6 and I was at home. My parents were out to help other people with demolishing the buildings, so they were not with me.

At 8:15 on the morning, suddenly I saw a red huge flash outside of the window, Boom! the moment I heard the explosion, pieces of broken glass were flying towards my direction. I got injured with the pieces of glass. I went out only to see that our house had almost fallen into pieces with roof tiles and wall mud scattered around.

After around 9 am, a man in the neighborhood came back from downtown who got burns all over his body. His pitiful appearance made me worry about my parents who were also out there.

My brother who lived in Kobe came back home on holiday on that evening and took our father with him. He evacuated and went to his relatives in Oga. He was brought home by my brother on a wagon. He nearly looked like dead. His face was swollen, with his eyes opened and his swollen and chapped lips looked like a pomegranate. His clothes were almost completely burnt because of explosion. His body glistened as if he was painted black. It was impossible to provide appropriate medical attention, there was no way but to apply a compress of ground cucumbers or potatoes.

He wanted water but we didn't give any because someone said giving water to the burned victims would cause them to die. I feel really sorry I did not give him any water. Flies swarmed over his wounds and maggots were around there. Maggots fed on his body and became flies. This is the war.

If the war hadn't transpired, those cruel things wouldn't have happened.

My father passed away two days later. We dug a hole in the beach and cremated his body in the presence of all our family members. A lot of bodies were cremated here and there. Blue balls of fire were floating and embers were flying at dusk. I thought they were souls of people who couldn't die and leave things that way. My mother had already died in Nijima shelter 8 days before that moment. We got a pouch which had some bones and hair of our mother.

The following year, I had rashes all over my body and I hadn't gotten over these rashes for about half a year. Everything about the atomic bomb and effect of radiation was told to us after a period of time. I had suffered from anemia and began to have my period during my first year in high school.

Our family went through many hardships after our parents passed away. My brother gave up going to school and started to work. My sister who was already married went to our house to take care of us. My grandmother managed to live with her grandchildren's support. My younger brother and I helped housework and often picked up odd oysters at the beach, shelled them and sold them.

I somehow graduated from high school but I felt discriminated because I was an atomic bomb victim.

When plants began to put out new leaves and shoots in burned ruins, Hiroshima even after the merciless explosion, people in Hiroshima were encouraged by the power of nature. We had strong will to return Hiroshima to what it had be. We made every effort to reconstruct Hiroshima.

We never need war. We never want anyone to experience those hardships so I told my experience as a atomic bomb victim.

I hope and pray that nuclear weapons will disappear all over the world.

Translation by Keiko Tatsuguchi, Kitakyushu

戦後70年を経て私の思い

広島県紅葉会

村 上 郁 子

〈昭和20年4月、山県郡大朝町生まれ〉

私は戦前生まれ・原爆投下前の誕生ですが、当時の記憶は何もありませんから応募する資格はありません。周囲には戦争や原爆で親を失くした人がとても多くその人生がどれほど大変であったかを訴える義務があると思い、手記を記します。

まず、昭和19年10月生まれの夫の生育歴を紹介します。

夫の母親には5歳と3歳の男の子がいてお腹にも8ヶ月の赤ちゃん(夫)が宿っていました。昭和19年8月に教員だった父親に召集令状が届きます。通信兵としての訓練を経て、昭和19年12月呉港から東南アジアの戦場へと出港します。3男の誕生を知らされても一度も逢うこともなく、出発後数日で兵士3,000人を乗せた戦艦は魚雷の攻撃を受け瞬時に東シナ海に沈んでしまいました。100人くらいの兵隊が救助されたそうです。父親の遺骨はなく死亡通知書だけがに入った箱が届きます。兄2人は父方の祖父や親戚へ、誕生間もない3男はお里で育てられます。失意の母親は間もなく結核にかかり、お乳もあげられず1年後、夫の命日に死亡します。罪もない幼子3人は戦争で父を失い、病気で母を失い兄弟はバラバラになってしまいます。しかし当時は家族の絆が強く、3家庭で育てられます。夏休みには実家の祖父の家に集まり農業などを手伝ったそうです。祖父からは親代わりとして厳しいしつけを受けました。3人が立派に育つことが出来たのは祖父のお陰かもしれません。「理不尽な許せない戦争の悲劇を決して許してはならない」と強く思うのはこうした夫の生育歴を知ったからです。

そのほか昭和20年生まれの同級生には戦死や原爆などで、父親を亡くし母親だけに育てられた人も多くいます。山田洋次監督の「母と暮らせば」の映画が封切りされています。吉永小百合演じる母と、長崎の原爆で即死した医学生の子男が生きていた頃の思い出を繰り広げる映画です。多くの場面で親子が対話を楽しむ姿を見ると、とても安堵できます。

夫の場合には「家族との思い出が一切無い」という事実が私には大変悲しくていつも涙が出ます。

記載したことは個人的な戦争の被害例です。

もっと悲惨な出来事も数多くあると思いますが、現代の家族のもろさを感じる時、戦前戦後生き抜いた人達から『強さ、逞しさを見習うこと』『戦後の歴史を学ぶこと』が大切だと思います。『些細なことで悩まない』『自分だけを中心に考えない』『経済の発展に甘えない』『厳しい生き方も知る』なども重要です。

田舎で育った私の原風景は可能な限り自然な生活スタイルを目指すことです。母が田舎の寒く厳しい環境で懸命に生きた姿を思い出します。大正・昭和・平成の時代を駆けぬけ、早春の3月99歳でお布団の中で目を覚ますことなく静かに旅立ちました。

『昔の母は強かった』と過去を振り返りながら、誕生70年の思いを綴りました。

My thought through 70 years after the war

By Ikuko Murakami, Hiroshima Momiji association
(born in Osa town ,Yamagata county)

I was born before the war, before the atomic bombing in Hiroshima, but I have no memories at that time. So I thought I wasn't proper to apply for this memoir. But there are lots of people who have lost their parents in the war or from atomic bombing around me. And I was beginning to think that I have a duty to appeal how hard their lives have been. That's why I decided to write this memoir.

First I write about history of my husband who was born on October 1944.

My husband's mother had two sons. One was three and the other was five years old , and was eight months pregnant my husband at that time. My husband's father who was a school teacher got call-up paper on August 1944. After he was trained as a correspondent soldier, he left the port of Kure for the battlefield in Southeast Asia. Soon after he left, his battleship which had 3000 soldiers on board sank in the East China Sea by submarine attack. He had never had a chance to see his third son, my husband, even though he had known the baby was born. I've heard that around 100 soldiers had been saved . His family received only a box with a notification of their father's death , but no ash.

His two brothers were left in their paternal grandfather and relatives and my husband, the third son, who was only a few days after birth was brought up by his mother's side. His mother who was in despair contracted tuberculosis. She couldn't breast-feed her son and passed away on the anniversary of her husband's death. It was only one year from the infection. Three innocent infant lost their father in the war and lost their mother from a disease. So they had to live separately. But ties between families was strong at that time and each of them were brought up by three different relatives. During summer vacation they gathered together at their grandfather's house and helped him with his farming. I've

heard that they were rigorously disciplined by their grandfather instead of their parents. Probably because of their grandfather, they have been well brought up. When I knew such stories about my husband, I strongly thought that "we should not forgive the tragedy of unreasonable war."

Besides I have a lot of classmates who have lost their fathers in the war or from the atomic bomb, and brought up by their mothers. Recently a film "Hahato Kuraseba, Living with mother" directed by Yoji Yamada was released. In the film Sayuri Yoshinag plays a mother who has lost her second son reminisces about the good old days with him. The son was a medical student and was killed outright from the atomic bombing in Nagasaki. I was relieved to see them enjoy talking in lots of scenes. In my husband's case, he didn't have any memories with his own family. The fact is so sad and I was always moved to tears.

The above fact was only one example of personal damage from the war.

I think there must be a lot more tragic events in the world.

Thinking about fragility of family as a unit, It's important to learn the postwar history and model on those who have survived the pre and postwar period. There are other important things such as, "Don't trouble about small matters." "Don't be selfish." "Don't content with economical development. "Know the way to live strictly."

Raised in rural area, my mental image through my experience is trying to live as naturally as possible. I remember my mother was striving to live under cold and harsh environment. She ran through three era, Taisho, Showa and Heisei, and she passed away peacefully at the age of 99 without waking up from her bed in this early March.

Looking back the past and I thought "Women were strong in the old days" and I conclude my 70 years-long thought in this essay.

Translation by Michiyo Kawai(kitakyushu)

母はその時…、そして父は…

広島県紅葉会

宮 本 幸 子

〈当時4歳、和歌山県在住〉

「広島に、どれくらい爆弾が落とされ、広島の街は全滅したらしい」というニュースが、私達母娘5人が身を寄せていた母の実家、和歌山県の九度山の山間に届いたのは、私が4歳の時であった。九度山というのは、NHKの大河ドラマ「真田丸」の主人公真田幸村のゆかりの土地で、私の名前「幸子」の由来もそこにある。

4歳の私には、その「どれくらい爆弾」というのが原子爆弾であり、その被爆の惨状を知る由もなかった。

私の父は、職業軍人であった。私の生まれた昭和16年の太平洋戦争開戦前から、満州を拠点に、中国東北部を転戦し、家族の私たちさえ、その所在はわからなかった。父は終戦間際に関東軍から南方へ転属になり、そのままインドネシア領モロタイ島で終戦を迎え、戦犯として抑留されたと聞いている。

広島に原爆が落とされ、全滅ということから、父の故郷はなくなってしまったのではないかと、父の生死もわからない状況下で非常に不安になり、大人たちのひそひそ話に耳を傾けていたのを断片的に思い出すが、原爆投下とそれに続く敗戦の実感はほとんど記憶にない。

このニュース以降、九度山の山間の生活も一変した。つい先ごろまで、紀伊水道を越えて大阪や神戸を爆撃していたB29や戦闘機が来なくなり、空襲警報もなく、防空壕に逃げ込むこともなくなったのだ。サイレンの音とともに被っていた防空ズキンもいらなくなった。

戦時中の私の母は、空襲警報が鳴っても、防空壕に逃げ込むことはしなかった。後に、母から聞いた祖母の言によると「満州くんだりまで行く女（母のこと）は、ど肝が据わっていて手がつけられない」と嘆きつつも、頼もしさを喜んでいる様子だったという。母は「九度山のような田舎に爆弾を落とすことは絶対ない」という信念から、毅然たる態度をとっているに過ぎなかったのだ。

当時やんちゃでいたずら盛りの私の居候としての態度、行動が著しく悪かったため、父の生死がわからないまま、九度山生活もあっけなく終わった。

今にして思えば、4歳の私にとって、従兄弟との軋轢や貧困生活は我慢の限界を超えていたらしく、ずいぶんと母やまわりの者をこずらせていたという。

母は「信心深い父は、絶対生きて日本に帰ってくる」と信じていたため、父の故郷の広島県三次市で待つのが当然と判断したようだ。

昭和21年6月、待ちに待った父が、私達母娘5人の元にモロタイ島から復員した。

帰還した父は、夢に見ていたものとは程遠く、長い戦闘生活、抑留生活に身も心も蝕まれていた。そのうえ、追い打ちをかけるように公職追放となり、お決まりの戦後の生活苦が始まった。

農業については、ずぶの素人に等しい父母は、開拓村に入植したものの、体調を崩し、しばらくしてそこを離れた。父はその後、長年の夢であった仏門に入ったが、48歳の若さで病没した。母は、97歳で天寿を全うし、昨年夏7回忌法要を催した。父母の戦中・戦後の境涯を思うにつけ、戦争は絶対あってはならぬもので、平和社会実現のため、わたしたち女性がもっと積極的に努力しなければと痛感したところである。

At that time, my mother..., and my father...

By Miyamoto Sachiko,
Hiroshimaken Momijikai

The news that in Hiroshima, a huge bomb was dropped and Hiroshima city was destroyed came to my parent's house where my mother and my 4 sisters lived together. It's in the mountains of Kudoyama, Wakayama Prefecture. I was 4 years old then. Kudoyama is closely connected with Sanada Yukimura who is a hero of "Sanadamaru", one of the long-running historical drama series on NHK TV. My name "Sachiko"

originated from it.

Only 4 year-old girl could not know that the huge bomb was an atomic bomb and the situation of the city exposed to radiation was really terrible. My father was a career soldier. I was born in Sowa 16 when The Pacific war broke out. Before the war my father was transferred to one place after another in North Eastern China, based in Manchuria. Even his family couldn't know where he was. Just before the end of the war, he was transferred to the southern area from Kwantung Army. When he was in Morotai Island, Indonesia the war ended. He was said to have been detained as a war criminal.

I wondered why my father's home town was destroyed because an atomic bomb was dropped in Hiroshima and had also destroyed the city. I was worrying whether my father was alive or dead. I fragmentarily remember I was listening to adults' whispering. I scarcely remember the feeling of defeat in the war.

After this news our life in Kudosan mountains changed completely. Although until quite recently B29 and fighter aircrafts were bombing Osaka and Kobe, going beyond Kii channel, they stopped coming. Air-raid alarms were not raised and we didn't have to jump into air-raid shelters. We didn't need to put air-raid hood when the siren rang.

During the war my mother never went into an air raid shelter when an alarm rang. My grandmother said, "A woman (my mother) who goes to Manchuria has nerves of steel and she is out of control". Lamenting like this, she seemed to be proud of her braveness. Later my mother told me this story. Her belief that no one drops a bomb on the country like Kudosan just made her keep a stiff upper lip.

At that time I was a naughty child. My attitude and behavior were terrible as a freeloader. And we still didn't know if my father was alive or dead. The life of Kudosan ended all too soon.

Now I think for me, 4 year old girl, the friction with my cousins and the life in poverty seemed to exceed my amount of patience. My mother and people around me seemed to have a hard time because of me.

My mother believed that her husband was religious and he would come back alive to Japan. She decided to wait for him in Miyoshishish, Hiroshioma, which was his hometown.

In July Sowa 21, my father was demobilized from Morotai to us.

My father was quite different from what I dreamt. Long combat life and the life as a detainee made his body and mind undermined. What was worse, as if to make a further attack, he was removed from public service.

As is usual with the time our poor life started after the war.

My father and mother knew nothing about agriculture but they settled in reclaimed village. Their physical condition became worse. A little later we left the village. After that my father entered the Buddhist priesthood. It was his dream of many years. But he got sick and passed away when he was 48 years old.

My mother lived to be 97 years old .Last summer we held Buddhist memorial service for the 7th anniversary for my mother. When I think about the condition in life of my father and mother during the war and after the war, I feel keenly that we shouldn't do a war and we women have to make more positive efforts in order to realize a peaceful society.

Translated by Kajiyama Yoko in ShimonoSekishi

長崎－運命の8月

婦人民主クラブ広島支部

浅川 晴 恵

〈当時10歳、長崎市在住〉

私は、2歳の時母が病死し、父が出征中だったため、生後4ヶ月の弟と2人、母方の祖母に引き取られた。長崎港の出口あたりの長崎市戸町というところだった。祖父はタクシー業を営んでいたが、開戦後は車を軍用車として手放すことになり、従業員も次々に招集されて失業した。それでも地域の警防団の運転手を引き受けて「お国のため」と張り切っていたように思う。無収入になっていたはずだが、あまり不自由な思いをした記憶がないので、当時は少しは蓄えがあったのだろう。

昭和20年8月、私は国民学校4年生、弟は2年生になっていた。前年の7月に父の「外地にて戦死」との公報が届き、しばらくして20年8月9日に遺骨を引き渡すとの知らせが来た。父は養子であったから、父方の親族の希望で、退役後は再婚し新生活に入るとされ、私たちの処には戻らないと聞かされていて、私は悲しみと絶望感を胸に閉じ込めていた。そこにこの知らせである。私のところに戻ってくるということがただ無性に嬉しくて、ひとりはいやだことを覚えている。生きて帰ってくる訳ではないのに…

10年位後に、サンデー毎日の特集記事により、父があゝの無謀なインパール作戦に参戦していたこと、ビルマ（現ミャンマー）のジャングルの中で、幾万もの兵士たちが飢餓と疫病で無念の死をとげ、今も「白骨街道」と呼ばれていること、その中の一人が私の父であることを知った。

8月9日は、朝から近所のおばさんが総出で父の葬儀の準備にかかった。「早めに昼食を済ませよう」と祖母が台所から声をかけたとき、オレンジ色の光が走り、四方から渦巻くような強風とともに、並べられていた座布団は跡形もなく消えた。しばらくすると、恐ろしい形相をした負傷者の群れが、我が家に助けを求めて押し寄せ、祖母はありったけの布団を広げて介抱し始めた。そこへ、知人の警防団の方の「この家の英霊が戻られました」との声。消防車の運転席から父の遺骨を抱えて降りた祖父は、「ご仏壇に」と言って、それを私の胸に押しつけた。しかし、やけどした人の呻き声がいつぱいの仏間には納められなかった。その晩、防空壕の中で、私は遺骨を抱いて一睡も出来なかった。この日、長崎上空で炸裂したプルトニウム原爆は、7万人余の長崎市民の命を奪い、その後も、現在に至るまで、幾万の人々を息絶えさせ、また苦しめ続けている。私にとってこの日がその後の人生～介護と生活苦の中に先の見えない道のりの第1日目でもあった。29歳になった年に、夫の転勤で広島に移り住んだが、7年目にその夫が病死、一馬力での子育てに、自身の病魔との闘い、祖父母たち世話になった親族の介護のための長崎通いは72歳まで続いた。

今、我が身の介護に不安を覚える暮らしの中で、それでも生きている限り「核も戦争もない世界」を求め続けたい。

Nagasaki – August of Destiny

When I was two, my mother passed away. At that time, my father was away for war, so my grandparents on my mother's side took my four-month-old brother and me in charge. Their house was in Tomachi, Nagasaki City, near Nagasaki port. My grandfather had run a taxi business, but after the war started, he lost his job; his cars were taken as a military use and his employees were taken to the war. In spite of that, he looked full of energy doing as a driver of a civil defense volunteer, saying "for our country." Even though he had no income, I never felt misery at that time. He may have had some savings.

In August, 1945, I was in the fourth grade in elementary school, and my brother was in the second grade. The year before, in July, we had received notice of my father's death at war. On August 9, we were informed that his remains would come back home. Actually, he was an adopted husband, so I had heard that he would get remarried and not come back to our place because of his relatives' request. I had felt devastated about it. Then I got this notice. I remember that I was so glad to hear he would come back to me; he was not coming alive, though.

About ten years later, I knew that my father had been at that raging Battle of Imphal and he had been one of the tens of thousands of soldiers who died of hunger or illness. I heard that even now the place was called "*hakkotsu kaido*"; a skeleton road.

On August 9, all women in the neighborhood got ready for my father's funeral. When my grandmother said, "let's have lunch earlier", there was an orange flash of light, a strong wind came from all sides and all the cushions disappeared. After a while, lots of people with a terrible look poured down to our house for help and my grandmother started to take care of them. Just then, I heard the voice of the defense volunteer that my father's remains got back. My grandfather got out of the fire engine with the remains in his arms, telling me to put it on the Buddhist altar. However I could not put it in the room where lots of people who burned were groaning of pain. At that night, I could never sleep with my father's remains in the bomb shelter. The plutonium bomb that exploded in the sky of Nagasaki took the lives of approximately 70,000 people in Nagasaki. Since then many people have been taken away their lives and been suffering from an aftereffect. For me, that day was the start of my struggle with hardship and nursing care that cast a shadow of uncertainty. When I became twenty nine, my husband was transferred to Hiroshima and we moved there, but seven years later, he passed away from illness. I had to raise my child by myself, I struggled with my illness. And I repeatedly went to Nagasaki to take care

of my grandparents and other relatives who had been kind and helpful to me. It lasted until I was seventy two.

Now I am worried about the nursing care of myself, but as long as I live, I want to ask for "a world free of nuclear weapons and wars."

Translation by Sachiko Kikuchi, (Kitakyushu)

被爆70年を迎えて

ひろしま女性大学広島校同窓会

香 川 一 枝

〈当時9カ月、佐伯郡高田村在住〉

私は幼い頃、夏が来るのが嫌だった。夏服になると首から胸、腕や足などに傷を負った被爆した人が大勢いた。当時の私は、原爆については何も知らず、ただ夏の訪れを恐れていた。私が6、7歳の頃、祖母や母が世界で初めて広島と長崎に原子爆弾が投下され、大勢の人が亡くなり、今もその後遺症で苦しんでいる人がいることを教えてくれた。長男の父がシベリアに抑留されていたため、私と母は祖父母や独身だった父の弟や妹と能美で同居していた。跡取り娘として大切にされ、何不自由なく大家族で賑やかに暮らしていた。大好きな家族を奪ってしまう原爆とは、一体何だろうと思った。かけがえのない生命を奪う原爆について、詳しく知りたいと思い、折に触れ、家族から原爆の話を聞いた。私の年齢を考慮し、過酷極まりない壮絶な事実を、オブレードに包むかのように配慮しながら話してくれた。その内容は強烈で重苦しく、受け止められなかったせいか、時には夢にまで見たことは、今も忘れられない。

幼いながらも私は、原爆が人間の身体のみならず、心にももたらす深い傷を見たように思う。今にして思うと、理不尽極まりない原爆の話を聞いたことが、平和問題に関心を寄せ、その活動に取り組む契機になったといえる。

私が卒業した高校では、平和公園内にある広島県立第二中学校の慰霊碑のお参りと清掃を、在校生が当番制で行っていた。原爆記念日が近づくと心を込め、とりわけ丁寧に清掃した。碑は職員・生徒352名を慰霊するために建てられ、碑の裏面にその全員の名前が刻まれている。爆心地から600m、建物疎開作業に従事していた生徒と職員は、本川河岸に整列し、訓示中に被爆した。殆どが即死、その多くは遺骨の判別もできない状況だった。碑の横には、元二中校長の古田先生の「なぐさめの言葉しらねばただ泣かむ汝がおもかげといさをしのびて」という追悼歌碑が建てられている。

原爆記念日には、碑の前に集合し、お参りをする。近年は二中の先輩の姿が目に見えて少なくなり、70年という歳月の経過を否応なく認識させられる。

被爆70年の節目を迎え、8月には広島市でCTBTの賢人会合、国連軍縮会議など軍縮関連の国際会議が相次いで開催された。2016年5月には広島市で、主要国首脳会議（伊勢志摩サミット）に先立つ外相会合が開催される。被爆地広島で国際会議を開く以上、核軍縮・核不拡散に加え、NPT再検討会議で議論が深まらなかった核廃絶の道筋を話し合う場としてはほしい。被爆者の悲願である「核兵器廃絶」の進展を心より願う。

戦争は、それ自体が終結し、社会が平和を取り戻した後も長い年月に渡り、個人のかけがえのない人生に影を落とす。しかも、取り返しのつかない形で、人間の運命さえも大きく変えてしまう。

私は被爆地広島で生まれ、育った市民の一人として、被爆者のこれまでの状況や切実な願いに共感し、学生時代から続けている平和活動を今後とも地道に続けなければとあらためて思う。

Face to 70th anniversary of A-bomb

By Kazue Kagawa, Hiroshima Women's College Alumni
9 months then, lived in Takada, Saeki

When I was a child, I hated summer. There were many people injured from A-bomb. I used to see burned necks, arms, legs which came out of summer clothes. At that time, I didn't know anything about atomic bomb. I was just afraid of the arrival of summer.

When I was 6 or 7 years old, my grandmother and mother told me that A-bomb fell on the city of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Many people died and still now some people are suffering from the aftereffect of the A-bomb. My father was detained in Siberia. My father was the oldest son, so I used to live with my mother and father's sides grandparents, uncle and aunt in Nomi. I was brought up carefully as a successor and felt no inconvenience with my big family.

I wanted to know more about A-bomb that killed some of my beloved family. Once in a while, I've heard about A-bomb from my family. I was little so they didn't tell brutal facts.

But it gave me a strong and oppressive impression. I could not accept it and sometimes I dreamed about cruel stories which I never forget.

I think A-bomb gave us big damage not only our bodies but also our minds. This is the reason why I wanted to be involved in this peace keeping activity.

The students of the high school that I graduated from paid a visit to a Hiroshima Daini Junior High School memorial monument inside the Peace Memorial Park to clean the place in turn.

Coming up the Memorial Day, they cleaned there extremely carefully.

The memorial monument was built for console the souls of the 352 A-bomb's victims, including teachers and students. Their names are carved in the back of the monument.

The place where they were killed was 600 meters away from the epicenter of an A-bomb.

They were demolishing the buildings to check the spread of a fire along the Hongawa river.

Most of them were killed instantly and we could not tell one from the other.

There is a monument inscribed with the poem written by a former Daini Junior High School principal, Mr. Furuta.

On the Memorial-Day, they gather in front of the monument and mourn the dead. Recent years, the number of seniors are fewer and fewer. That reminds me 70 years have passed.

In August, in Hiroshima, CTBT conference of Wise Men, United Nations Conference on Disarmament, and related nuclear disarmament conference were held. In advance of Iseshima Summit, Foreign Ministers' Conference will be held in Hiroshima, in May 2016.

I hope Foreign Ministers' Conference had an opportunity to discuss the abolition of nuclear weapons. Even after the war and peace comes to our society, the damage lasts forever.

I was born and raised in Hiroshima, the A-bomb city. I have to tell hibakusha's situation and earnest wishes. I need to keep this peace keeping activity.

Translation by Noriko Matsuura, (Kitakyushu)

戦後を生きる

ひろしま女性大学広島校同窓会

増 田 さか代

〈当時17歳、呉市広町在住〉

小学校当時、学校の校門の二宮金次郎の像と天皇の御真影に一礼して入校、週1回の朝礼で全校生徒が集合。朝礼台に立たれた校長先生に向かって、「目に見えぬ 神に向いて 恥ざるは 人の心の 誠なりけり」（2回繰り返し）この様な教育を受けた私は、近年の男女共同参画にはなじまなかった。

昭和30年、母子福祉資金を借用し洋裁教室を開いた。恩返しにと思って母子会の世話係になった。

平成7年呉市職員の声掛けでエソール広島のひろしま女性大学同窓会大学に入学、6期生として卒業、皆勤賞を頂いた。卒業論文は「幸せな結婚へのアドバイス」。自分に自信をもって相手を信じるのが幸せな結婚に踏み切るための第一ステップであるとしている。その後呉市の女性大学卒業生「ウイカメリア」のグループ活動に参加。講演を開いたり、寸劇に参加するうちに女性の生き方を深く考える方向に傾いていった。振り返ってみれば共働きを続けて来た私はその時なりの男女共同参画生活をしていたように思う。

昭和20年、銀行員だった私は和服の世界は洋服の世界になると感じて、なけなしのお金をはたいて洋裁学校へ入学。2年後師範科を卒業した。縁あって上蒲刈の洋裁学校に就職。開校当時20名だった生徒が90名に増加。藁草履を履いた生徒が靴を履いて通学するようになり、少しずつ豊かになり時代の流れが早かった。友人が後を引継ぎ帰広。長男出産。主人経営の石灰会社の倒産。多額の負債を抱えて4年後離婚。昼夜働くこととなった。昼は事務所へ、夜は呉の洋裁学校の教師として働き負債を返した。そのころ湯川博士の講演「井の中の蛙が大海を知った時」のお話を聞き感動。田舎育ちの私は、大海を知りたいと思い、教養としての茶道、華道、書道を習い始めた。自分の仕事としても高度な技術を身に着けるため広島の洋裁学校師範科に入学した。洋裁講習会で「デザインは、ポイントの一つ、大文字の夜は、一時街の灯が全部消され「大の明かりを心に留める」との講習に感動、現在もデザインの指導には参考にしている。習字の川北春江先生の講義も感動の一つ、「美の第一原則は不等辺（黄金比）」。

昭和42年、大学進学を目指して高校の通信教育へ入学。在学中、東京杉野ドレスメーカーの第14回フランス研究会に参加。49年無事高校を卒業。51年呉天応公民館からの声で週1回洋裁講師として勤務。年1回の文化祭出展を楽しんだ。平成4年地元広公民館へ重ねて勤務。広公民館は現在でも続いている。

平成3年日本洋装協会のコンクールで厚生大臣賞受賞、以後毎年チャレンジ、今年はデザイン賞だった。次のステップ総理大臣賞へ向かって頑張りたいと思っている。

現在の私があるのは素晴らしい友や生徒さんの出逢いがあるからこそ思う。

輝いて生きると誓う 米寿かな

I've living after the war

Ms. Sakayo Masuda

When I was a elementary student, I bowed to the statue of "Ninomiya Kinjiro " and the portrait of "emperor". Then, I entered the school gate. All students at the school gathered at morning assembly once a week.

We said that " we should always be honesty for God" to the principal who mounted a platform for a morning assembly. I didn't get used to ensuring gender equality because I had such kind of education.

I held the sowing class by borrowing money from fund for welfare of single parents . I took a role of manager at Maternal and Child association to return the favor. I entered the Hiroshima Women Reunion University at Essor Hiroshima because a city officer at Kure city invited me in 1995. I graduated as a member of the 6th graduating class and received the prize for perfect attendance.

My graduation thesis was "advice for happy married life" I wrote that the first step for happy marriage life is to believe eace other in the thesis.

After this, I joined uicamellia which was organized by graduates from Women university at Kure site. I started deeply thinking how to live as women by holding lectures and joining short plays. It seemed that I spend my life with ensuring gender equality at that time.

When I worked as a bank officer in 1945,I noticed that we would wear Western clothes not wearing Kimono. I entered the sowing school with what a little money. I graduated and worked for other sowing school at Kamigamakari.

The school had had only 20 students at foundation year, but 70 students entered finally.

A student, who had wearied straw sandals, got to go to school with shoes. We were getting rich and I felt Time passed so fast

A friend of mine came to Hiroshima to take over the school. I gave birth to a boy. The lime company which my husband had run went bankrupt. I divorced with amount of debt after going bankrupt. I had to work all day and all night.

I worked at a office in the day and worked as a teacher at a sewing school. Finally, I payed off all debt. At that time I was moved to listen to lecture "The time that frog in well know the ocean" from Dr.Yukawa. I started learning Sadou, Kadou and carigrapy as liberal arts because I wanted to know many things. I entered a sewing school at Hiroshima to get high skills for my work .

I was impressed by the lecture that design is only one point and putting our minds Daimonji at night . I also was impressed by the lecture that the first principle of beauty is scale(golden ratio)from calligrapher Mrs. Kawakita Harue.

I joined 14th society for study of French at Tokyo Sugino dress manufacture during school. I graduated in 1974.

I worked as a teacher for dressmaking once a week since I was requested by staff from Kure ten nou community center. I enjoyed a display in cultural festival. I worked for Hiro community center in 1992 and that center is still remaining.

I recieved the Mister of Health, Labor and Welfare award at Japan dressing association and I have been trying it every year. I got the design award in this year. My great friends and students make what I am today. I promise I will live with being energetic at eight-eighth celebrity.

Translation by Taichiro Tanaka,(Shimonoseki)