

被爆者救護 使命感だけ

広島セルフ養護の会

竹 島 直 枝

〈当時17歳、広島市千田町在住〉

原爆が広島を破壊したあの日、私は、広島赤十字病院に設けられた救護所で、看護学生として必死の救護に当たりました。自分自身も被爆し、左足は動きませんでした。しかし、目の前には治療を待つ人達の長い列があり、自分のことは気にしてられません。頭にあるのは、「何とか助けなきゃ」という使命感だけでした。

3歳の時に満州事変が起きて以来、日本が相次いで戦争をする中で育ちました。

「戦地に行って、お国の役に立ちたい」と従軍看護婦になる目標を立て、広島県上下町（現府中市）の県立高等女学校（現上下高校）を卒業し、親元を離れて、同病院に併設された「日本赤十字社広島支部甲種救護看護婦養成部」に進みました。2年生で17歳だったあの日、爆心地から約1.5キロ離れた病院の隣の寮で、友だちと話していた時、カメラのフラッシュのような光に包まれ、思わず「焼夷弾」と叫び目と耳を抑えて伏せました。しかし、崩れてきた建物の下敷きになり「助けて」という隣にいた下級生の声で意識を取り戻しました。

体が木材に挟まれ動けませんでした。助けにきた入院中の兵隊に引っ張り出されました。しかし、足は紫になり、力が入りません。それでも「表で救護しなさい」という看護婦長の指示が出て、玄関前の仮救護所へ棒をつきながら移動しました。目に入ってきたのは、電車通り沿いに続く被爆者の行列、北は市役所、南は御幸橋から並んでいました。前に突き出た腕からは、やけどで皮膚が垂れ下がっています。救護とはいえ、ガーゼもピンセットもない状況の中で、器に入れたやけど治療用のチンク油に手のひらを浸し、患者の傷に付けました。飲まず食わずでも看護できたのは、喜怒哀楽がなくなっていたから、と振り返ります。かわいそうと思っていたら助けられなかったでしょう。無意識に感情を押し殺し、目の前のけが人に向き合っていた心中だったと思います。胸膜の炎症にかかり11日に帰郷するまで、看護を続けました。

戦後は、上下町や広島市内の養護教諭として働きました。定年後も短大に勤め、1994年まで48年間、学びの場で子どもと過ごしました。

平和教育では、自分の被爆体験を話し、「戦争をするとこうなる、命は大切にしなければならぬ」と語りかけました。その中で、子どもの変化を感じることがありました。他人を思いやる気持ちが薄らいできたのでは、と。

自分だけでなく相手の立場に立つことは、命を尊重し平和を築くことにつながります。しかし、自由な社会になり、自分のことしか考えていないような子どもが目につくようになりました。

高度経済成長を機に増えた核家族、朝食をとらずに登校する児童や、親子の会話が少ない家庭などが目立ち始めました。

戦争の恐ろしさを直接知らない戦後生まれの親が増え、我が子に伝える機会も減っています。

「家庭でも平和の大切さについて、話し合ってもらいたい」と願っています。

A mission was only to help people who were exposed to radiation

By Naoe Takeshima

At the time that the atomic bomb destroyed Hiroshima, I helped people as a nurse student at an aid station designated in Hiroshima Sekijuji hospital. I was also exposed to radiation and I wasn't able to move my left leg. However, I couldn't able to care about my condition since I saw the line waiting for treatment in front of me. All I thought about is that I had to help them.

I grew up in wars after Japan started Manshu incident at my three- year-old. I set my goal that I became a nurse and went to front to contribute to our country.

I graduated prefectural senior women school (now is Jyoge high school) at Jyoge town, Hiroshima (now is Futyu city) and I went to first aid and nursing department established in Hiroshima branch of Nihon Sekijuji(Japanese Red Cross Society) hospital When I was 17years old, I was surrounded light like flash of camera when I was talking with my friend at a dorm next to hospital, which had1.5kilo meter distance from the center of explosion. I shouted "Shouidan" and covered my eyes and ears.

However, I was trapped under broken building and I was conscious by the voice from a lower grade student who was next to me. I couldn't move anymore, but I was rescued by a solder who was hospitalized. However, my legs turned to purple and I couldn't move at all. Despite of this condition, our boss gave a instruction that you had to aid other people, so I walked to temporary aid station in front of the entrance with a stick.

I saw a line who are exposed to radiation along train track. The line started from the city hall to Miyuki bridge. Skins was hanging from their arms because of burn. We didn't have gaze and pin set, so I sank my hands into a pod filled with zinc ointment for, then I put it to patient's wound for their treatment. I recalled that the reason that I helped them without food and drink was I had no feelings.

If I was so sorry for them, I wasn't able to help them.

I think I treated patients seriously with no feeling. I continued to help until I went back to my hometown at 11th because of inflammation in my pleura. I worked as a school nurse in Jyoge town and Hiroshima city after war. I told children that war caused tragedy, we must care about our life for peace education.

I felt that the children change during that time. It seemed they were losing of respect for others. It leads respect for life and peace to put us into other viewpoints.

However, we got freedom, which causes the number of children who think about only themselves was increasing.

Also, the number of nuclear families, children who go to school without having breakfast, families that parents and their children don't have conversation with each other too much.

Most of parents were born after the war and don't know the fears of it. There are few opportunities that they talk to their children about the war.

I hope that they talk about the importance of peace in their house.

Translation by Taichiro Tanaka, (Shimonoseki)

昭和19年、20年の学童疎開の記憶

広島セルフ養護の会

小早川 由美子

〈当時12歳、三原市在住〉

昭和19年、吹田市に家族6人で暮らしていましたが、戦局は次第に厳しく、多くの男性が召集されて女性が留守家庭を守り、本土空襲に備えて防空演習があり、防空壕や防火用水が家ごとに作られていました。夜は灯火管制で灯を暗くして、学童は集団疎開や縁故疎開が始まり、私は6年生になり4月から母の郷里の能美島に疎開をしました。この頃は軍国主義による厳しい教練の時間があり、体育の時間には薙刀や竹槍の練習が多くなり、一般教科も音楽など軍歌で戦意を鼓舞する教育でした。10月には三原小学校に疎開児童として転校し、12月8日の大詔奉戴日には、日暮まで馴れない植樹の勤労奉仕をしました。

20年3月、B29の空襲で東京は焼け野原となり、その後地方都市も次々と空爆を受け、三原から燃え続ける今治の火を見て、空爆が身近に迫り恐怖心を覚えました。更に農作業をしている人がグラマン戦闘機の機銃掃射を受けたり、瀬戸内海に浮かぶ機雷爆発の無惨さなど、戦争の被害は都市のみならず農山村まで及びました。4月、三原女学校に入学した私たち1年生は教室で授業を受けながら、グラウンドを耕し甘薯を植えたり防空壕を造る作業をしていました。上級生は校内が工場化して軍服の釦付けなど縫製作業を、卒業生は学徒挺身隊として「花の蕾の若桜五尺の命引っさげて国の大事に殉ずるはわれら学徒の…」と、神風と書いた鉢巻をして軍需工場で働く毎日でした。男子は兵役を避けることは非国民とされ、中学生の健民修練所も開設され「7つボタンは櫻に錨」と予科練に憧れ、誰もが軍人になることを誉れとする教育がされました。国全体で食料や物資も配給制で「欲しがりません、勝つまでは」と我慢生活でした。戦局は玉砕や戦死者の広報が次々と報じられ沖縄の本土決戦もはじまり敗戦色が濃くなりましたが、軍隊の下で敗戦を口にすることは出来ませんでした。

8月6日の朝、警報が解除となり、1年生は近くの海岸で水泳をしていました。広島に新型爆弾が投下され、街は壊滅し怪我人が続出、学校からも救護班が広島に向かい、また一時帰省した上級生から、広島の街は70年間は草木も生えないと聞きました。倉庫の床に大勢の人が収容され、焼け爛れた皮膚に蛆が湧き、死者が次々に出て、さながら地獄絵だと聞きました。9日には長崎に原爆が投下されました。そして15日、玉音のラジオで敗戦が知らされました。焼け跡には闇市ができ、戦災孤児や復員者の姿が溢れ、混沌とした日々が過ぎました。

私は、10月から大阪の女学校に編入し、教科書を墨で塗りつぶす戦後の教育に戸惑いながらも学習は再開されました。間もなく母が倒れ翌21年4月に死亡、能美島の学校に転校し、教育制度も6・3・3制となり、私は看護の道に進みました。

その現場では原爆乙女のケロイドの植皮や、原爆症で眼球が飛び出す子供が「ノーモアシック」と泣き叫ぶなど、罪のない人々の無言の叫びを耳にしました。その中で80才を超えて平和を願い、手づくりの紙人形を携え、国連に訴えるなど「広島のことを世界にと」晩年を過ごした竹内チヨさんとの出会いもあり、平和の有難さ、それを次の世代に継承する大切さを学びました。今は、「我等人間家族」の写真展などをきっかけとして、ボランティア活動をしています。

My memory about group evacuation in 1944 and 1945

By Yumiko Kobayakawa

I lived in Suita city with six person of my family. The situation was gradually getting worse. Many men were called for war and only women were at their house to protect. We practiced air-raid drills to prepare air raid. Shelters and water spots for fire prevention were build at every houses.

Blackout were carried out in night. Group evacuation and evacuation to their relatives was started. When I was 6th grade elementary school students, I moved to Nozumi Shima islands that is my mother's home town.

We had strict classes for fight influenced by militarism. Also, we practiced Japanese halberds and spear made by bamboo many times. In addition, we boosted our motivation by singing military songs in music lessons. We had such kind of education during the war.

I transferred to Mihara elementary school as a evacuation student in October, I planted trees as a volunteer until sunset on December 8th which is the day to develop our motivation for the war.

Tokyo were burned because of air raids by B29 in March 1920. After this incident, other cites also got damages . I saw the fire at Imabari city from Mihara city and I felt fear that air raid was coming.

Furthermore, the farmer got guns from graman fighter and undermine water exploded in Inside sea. Damage were spread to countryside as well as urban area.

We who entered Mihara women school in April took classes, planted sweet potatoes and made shelters.

The school changed to like a factory. Upper classes attached buttons to military clothes and graduates worked for a military factory wearing headbands with the word that the only thing for to do is working for our country and divine power.

Boys who avoided to being solders were recognized as a unpatriotic person. Training centers were made for junioir high school students. we were taught that being a solder was honor

The government carried out ration system and we stood until we won.

We heard honourable death and the war dead. The fight in Okinawa started and It was getting apparent that we lost the war, but we were not allowed to mention about it.

We 1th grade students swam in the sea near the school because the warning was clear in August 8th.

The new bomb was launched to Hiroshima, after that the town was destroyed, many people were injured. We went there to help them from the school. I heard Hiroshima wouldn't have any plant during 70 years from my senior friend who came back here.

Many people were sheltered in the warehouse. Their wound was full of maggots and many people were dead. I head it is like hell. The atomic bomb was launched to Nagasaki on 9th.

August 15th, the emperor informed us about lose by radio. There were many black markets in ruin of fire and they were so crowded with orphans and repatriates. I transferred to another women school in Osaka from October and we started classes.

However, I was confused the fact that the contents related to war in textbooks were smeared with black.

Soon after this, my mother got sick and died in April 1946. I transferred to the school in Nomijima island. Our education system was changed. I decided learning nursing.

I saw a girl who had skin grafts due to keloids caused by radiation and child with his/ her eyes protruded saying " no more sick". I encountered innocent people with grief.

I met Takeyama Chiyo who hopes peace and appeal to UN with doles made from paper at 80 year -old. I learned the importance of peace and passing it to next generation from her.

The Photo Exhibition gave a start to join volunteer activity.

Translation by Taichiro Tanaka, (Shimonoseki)

1945年北京に生まれて

家庭教育を考える会

品川 俊子

〈昭和20年生まれ〉

昭和10年代、私の父は今「原爆ドーム」と呼ばれている、広島県産業奨励館の中にあった貿易会社に勤務していました。父と母は元安川に浮かぶボートが縁で知り合いました。母が乗っていたボートが流され、父が助けに行ったのが馴れ初めと、戦時中には、ロマンティックな出会いでした。貿易のため北京に渡り、広島特産の針や鍋、釜等の取り引きで、モンゴルの国境近くまで出かけていました。仕事は順調で、クーニャンも6人いて、母は万頭や水餃子を一緒に作ったり、使用人さん達を家族同様に大切にしていました。

しかし1945年8月15日の敗戦を境に、日本人は敗戦国民と呼ばれ、外を歩くと石を投げられる人もいたそうです。そんな状況の中でも、勤めていた従業員さんが、夜中に母に代わって買い物に行き、食料を運んでくれるなど、信義を重んじ支えてくださったそうです。

私は料亭を改装した北京の臨時産院で、敗戦の年の10月に生まれました。退院した数日後の深夜、我が家に4人の強盗が押し入りました。強盗は、生まれたばかりの私の頭にピストルを当て「金を全部出せ！出さないとこの子を殺すぞ！」と脅したのです。母はあちこちに隠していたお金を出し、「これが全部です」と気丈にも強盗と渡り合いました。タンスの二重底に隠してあった、日本へ引き揚げのためのお金は、例え殺されても渡さないと決めていたそうです。幼い私を連れ、厳しい苦難に負けず、翌1946年4月、やっと引き揚げ船に乗ることができました。船の中で与えられたスペースは大人が畳半畳。荷物は両手で持てるだけ。母は着物の全てを私のオムツに変え、一日に支給されるポット半分のお湯も、殆ど自分は飲まず、私の体を拭いて清潔に努めてくれました。おかげで、肺炎にも罹らず生きて帰れたのです。船底は、空気が悪く、新生児が肺炎で次々死んでいきます。船の中で死んだ子は、油紙で包んだだけで、水葬にされるのです。船は汽笛を鳴らし、遺体の周りを一周。遺体に鯨が群がってくる。子どもを亡くした母の絶叫！切れ切れに父や母から聞いてきた、1945年前後の日々は、敵も味方もない、戦争に翻弄された悲惨の歴史です。命がけで帰還した日本でも、ふるさとの広島は、焼け野原で父の母と弟が被爆死していました。

色々な困難を乗り越えてきた両親は、晩年、北京の話を楽しそうにしていました。「北京の秋は世界一よ。空が澄み切って、満天の星が綺麗だった。冬は寒いから、熟柿を外に出すとシャーベットになるの。それをストーブの前で、スプーンで掬って食べるのが最高だったね」等々。

今この一文を書きながら思うのです。私は星空が大好きです。宇宙から見た地球は、蒼く輝いていて国境線はありません。私達はみんな宇宙船地球号に乗り合わせた家族です。争いの無い、子ども達の笑顔輝く社会実現のために、生涯行動し続けようと思います。

Born in Beijing in 1945

Toshiko Shinagawa

Meeting to think about home education

(Born in 1945)

In the 10s of the Showa era, my father worked for a trading company in the Hiroshima Prefectural Industrial Promotion Hall, which is now called the "Atomic Bomb Dome."

It was a romantic encounter during the war, when the boat his mother was on was washed away and his father went to help.

I went to Beijing for trade and went to the vicinity of the Mongolian border by trading Hiroshima's specialty needles, pots, and kettles.

The work is going well, there are 6 Konyans, and her mother makes buns called 'Mantou' and dumplings together, and has servants.

I cherished them as much as my family.

However, after the defeat on August 15, 1945, the Japanese were called defeated people, and some people were thrown stones when they walked outside.

Even in such a situation, the employee who was working went shopping on behalf of her mother in the middle of the night and carried food, and it seems that they respected her faith.

I was born in October of the year of the defeat at a temporary maternity hospital in Beijing, which was a renovated restaurant.

At midnight, a few days after being discharged, four robbers broke into our house.

The robber put a pistol on my head and threatened, 'Give me all the money! If I don't, I'll kill this child!'

My mother gave them the money she was hiding here and there, and said, "This is all," and stubbornly crossed over with the robber.

She had decided not to give the money to be raised to Japan, which was hidden in the double bottom of the chest, even if she was killed.

With a little baby, we were able to finally board the salvage boat in April 1946, despite the severe hardships.

The space given on board the ship is half tatami mats for adults.

You can only carry your luggage with both hands.

My mother changed all of her kimono into my diapers, and she wiped my body and tried to keep it clean, almost never drinking half the hot water in the pot that was provided each day.

Thanks to that, I was able to return alive without suffering from pneumonia.

The air on the bottom of the ship is bad, and newborn babies die one after another due to pneumonia.

A child who died in a ship is simply wrapped in oil paper and put into the sea. The ship whistled and circled around the body. Sharks flock to the body. Screaming of a mother who lost her child! The days around 1945, which I heard from my father and mother, are a tragic history of war, with no enemies or allies. In Hiroshima, my hometown in Japan, where I returned at the risk of my life, my father's mother and younger brother were killed in a burnt field. After overcoming various difficulties, his parents enjoyed talking about Beijing in his later years. "Autumn in Beijing is the best in the world. The sky was clear and the stars were beautiful. It's cold in winter, so if you take the ripe persimmon out, it becomes sherbet. Scoop it with a spoon in front of the stove and eat it. It was the best." I'm thinking while writing this sentence now. I love the starry sky. The earth seen from space is shining blue and has no borders. We are all a family on board the Spaceship Earth. I will continue to act for the rest of my life in order to realize a society where children can smile and shine without conflict.

English translation Mayu Tateno, living in Tokyo, Gordon Heights USA

母の願いを永遠に

ひろしま女性大学福山校同窓会

後 藤 道 恵

〈昭和24年生まれ〉

94歳になる母が、年をとる毎に「被爆して死んだ弟のことを皆伝えなければ…」と言うようになりました。

母は23歳の時、原爆投下直後、西部2部隊に所属していた弟を探して入市しました。広島
の街を何日もさがし回り、宇品でもう諦めようと思っていたところ、「似島に沢山渡ってお
られますよ。これが終便です。行って見られては」と言われ、40分程かかって似島に渡りま
した。

受付で「高橋克己という者が居りますか」と尋ねると「おられますよ。5病棟です」と言
われ、はやる思いを抑えながら着くと、20～30名全員裸で、小さいハンカチの両端に紐を付
け腰に括りつけてあるだけ。どれが弟だろうかとさがしていると、「この人ですよ」と言わ
れ、母はその場に立ちすくみ、「克己…」と呼んだら「姉さん…」と応えました。あの美青
年であった顔が跡形もなく真っ黒に焼け焦げ見る影もなく、母は思わずその頬にはおずりを
し、顔を胸にうずめて泣き崩れました。「食べる物は、食べてるの」「もう、ぼつぼつ夕食の
時間だよ」やがて、兵隊さんが竹の筒に米が少し入った湯の様な物を持って来て黙って置い
て行きました。今までこんな物を食べていたのかと腹立たしく思いました。弟の耳から、う
じがころころと出てきて臭いました。

「姉さん」突然弟が弱々しいがはっきりした言葉で、「僕がここへ来たまでの事を全部話す
から皆に話してやって」と言ってぼつぼつと話し出しました。

「僕は、6日の8時15分、丁度点呼の時間で兵舎の外に出ていた。ピカッと光った。何だ
と思って光の方を見た。灼熱が顔に来た。思わず顔を手で押さえ後ろを向いた。手の甲も焼
けている。後頭も焼け、首は前後焼けていた。そのうち、ドンと大きな音がして飛ばされ
た。あたりは、真っ暗。あっ。目をやられたなと思って手で顔をなげた。トロツとした物が
手と一緒にズルッと垂れ下がった。人が走っていく方へついて行くと、西練兵場で皆転んで
いた。自分も横になっていると、ヤカンから水を口に流し込んでくれた。2日程すると、大
きなトラックに、まるでゴミでも積む様に山積みにし、下になった人は死んだと思う。宇品
から、今度は舟に山積みしてここへ連れてこられたんだ。色々検査をしてみると温風呂、
薬湯と風呂に入れられ、心臓が悪い様なんだ」と話してくれました。

24日には、熱が高くなり「苦しいか？」と言っても「苦しくはないよ。姉さん、僕が死ぬ
と思うのか。僕は今死なれない。もう一度元気になって御奉公しなくては」と言いました。
それから30分位後、弟は息絶えました。

似島には、1万人もの負傷者が運ばれたと言われています。

被爆後すぐに亡くなった人、母の弟の様に暫くして亡くなった人、母の様に今なお後遺症
で苦しんでいる人、沢山の尊い犠牲のもとに、私達は今生かされていると思うとき、戦争・
原爆での犠牲を無駄にしてはいけないと強く思います。

Make my mother's wish come true

By Michie Goto,
(Born 1949)

Hiroshima woman university Fukuyama reunion

My mother who will soon turn to be 94 start saying "I need to tell my brother's story who was killed by atomic bomb..." Right after the atomic bomb was exploded, my mother, when she was 23 years old, came into Hiroshima City to look for her brother who belonged to the West 2 Troop at that time. Finding one person was not easy after the big disaster and she was about to give up to find him after walking around the city for many days. When she entered Ujina city, a person told her that "People crossed to Nino Island. Why don't you try to go there? That is the last ship of today." So she decided to take the ship to go to that island as her last chance by taking 40 min.

After she arrived at the island, she entered the one building and asked at the reception "Is there any person named Katsumi Takahashi here?" and the receptionist said "Yes, he is here. He is in the 5 wards." She was running to that room and what she saw there was that 20-30 people were lying naked on the bed and only covered their waist by the small cloth. She was walking in the room to look for him and the nurse pointed one person and said "he is here". There was badly burned guy and she transfixed in front of that tragedy. She said "Are you Katasumi..." and he answered "Sister..." His handsome face was blackened and mere shadow of his former self. She run to him and cried. She asked "Can you eat here?" and he said "it's almost time for the supper." In time, one man came into the room and brought the hot water with little rice to him without saying anything. Even the warms came out from his ears and stunk. She said all this terrible situation made her sincerely upset.

After a while, he started to talk with weak but clear voice. He said "Sis, I will explain what happened to me to you, so please tell it to everyone."

"8:15 am on 16th August, I went out from the base camp to attend the morning roll call. And saw the flash light. I wondered what was it and turned my face to that light and felt burning on my cheek. I could not stand it and covered my face with my hands and turned back. The back of my hands also burned, even back of my head and both sides of my neck, too. After a minute, I heard the big sound of "Bomb" and blew off. I saw black

around me and found my eyes injured. Touching my face and felt something melting and drooping down. I followed people running toward to somewhere, and everyone fall down at the west square. I also got lying down there and someone funneled water by the kettle. 2 days later, big truck arrived and loaded bunch of people as if they were cargoes. I thought people at the bottom may have died. We were transferred to here from Ujina. I was medical-checked and put in hot medical bath here and told my heart injured."

On 24th, he got high fever. I asked "Do you feel hurt?" but he said "No, sis. Do you think I am going to die? No, I cannot die now. I have to recover and take care of parents." But after 30min, he passed away.

I heard that more than 10,000 people got taken away to Nino Island.

Some people died right after the bomb, some people died some days after the bomb just like my brother, and some people have been suffering still now from the secondary disease like my mother. I am lived by those victims and strongly believed that we should not waste their lives and never have war again.

Translation by Ayako Uehara (Tokyo)

『戦後70年』 というけれど

ひろしま女性大学福山校同窓会

中 村 博 子

〈当時14歳、福山市在住〉

私は、地元の小・中・保育所で14年間、読み聞かせの活動を続けています。『戦後70年』ということで子どもたちに何かを伝えたいと思い、終戦時から戦後にかけての様子を話しています。

太平洋戦争は、1941年12月8日に、アメリカ・イギリス・オランダ・中国などを相手に日本が始めた戦争です。それから約3年半、1945年8月15日、昭和天皇自らが「戦争が終わった」ということをラジオで放送され、全国民に知らされました。戦場での戦闘員200万人、非戦闘員100万人もの多くの犠牲者を出しました。連日の空襲では、215の都市、645平方km、964万人の罹災者を出し、鉄道を始めとするインフラ・工場・家屋・家財道具の一切を焼失しました。勿論福山もその中に入っています。

7月31日夜10時ごろ、私の家から3軒北寄りのお家の中庭に不発弾が突然落ちました。アメリカのB29と言われる飛行機が毎日のように昼間1機で偵察に来ており、この日は夜でした。幸いなことに不発弾でしたが、直ちに警察と憲兵が来て誰も入れないように縄を張り巡らしました。この不発弾の中に空襲予告のビラが入っており、誰にも見せないようにしたのですが、先に地元の警防団が行っており他の都市にもビラを撒いたのでその内容はすぐに知れ渡り、12の都市の名前が書いてあったようです。8月6日には広島に原爆が落ち、8日には福山空襲、9日には長崎に又原爆が落ち、その上に「不可侵条約」を結んでいたはずのソ連が日本の陣地に攻め込み、こうした中で8月15日の敗戦となりました。

9月になると「連合国軍最高司令官総司令部」が組織化され日本を占領し、総司令官としてアメリカのダグラス・マッカーサー元帥が43万人の軍人と共に来ました。まず、国内の軍事施設を解体しました。福山41連隊も同様ですが、校舎が焼けてしまった私たちは、校舎ができるまで兵舎を借りて授業をしました。戦争指導者とみなされた数十名の人達は逮捕され、極東軍事法廷で裁かれ、7人が死刑になりました。そのほか公職追放令に遭った人も沢山いました。国民には、色々と民主化の政策も始まりました。私たちの戦後の生活はとにかく「何もなかった」の一言に尽きます。戦争中、国家の一般予算の2.5倍が戦費として使われ、ただでさえ貧しかったのに、空襲で鉄道を始めとするインフラ・工場・民家も焼け、衣・食・住、皆無かったのです。田んぼも機械は毛頭なく、肥料も人手もなかったので収穫量は今の半分位です。若い人がたくさん戦死され、女性も結婚相手がいなくなり、幼子連れられた若い未亡人が多く、苦勞の毎日でした。物資が乏しくインフレとなり、それを押さえるために貯金の引出を制限され、新札を作り古いお金を使えなくなりました。とにかくみんな必死で働きました。

私達はこれからも平和な時代を続けるために何が大事か、それを学ばなければなりません。

People say "70 years after the war"...

By Hiroko Nakamura

Hiroshima woman university Fukuyama reunion
(At the time 14 years old, Living in Fukuyama City)

I have been doing "Storytelling" at a local nursery, elementary and junior high school since 2003. I wanted to tell them something about the pacific war and after the war in Japan.

The Pacific War was a war that Japan started against the United States, the UK, the Netherlands and China, etc. on December 8 1941.

Three and a half years later, on August 15, 1945, the Emperor Showa announced to all Japanese people on the radio that "the war ended".

In that war, there were many victims of 2 million combatants and 1 million noncombatants.

In the air raid every day, 215 cities, 645 square kilometers, 9.64 million people suffered from burning down infrastructure including railroads, factories, houses, household goods, and of course Fukuyama city was included.

Around 10pm on July 30, the unexploded bomb was suddenly fell in the garden which is three houses away from my house.

A bomber called B29 from the United States came to the reconnaissance during the day as every day and that day was night.

Fortunately it was the unexploded bomb, but immediately the police came and got a rope around so that no one could enter.

There was a memo in the unexpected bomb and it said that the names of 12 cities were written on that.

The United States dropped the atomic bomb in Hiroshima city on August 6, then the Fukuyama air raid on the 8th and The United States dropped the atomic bomb in Nagasaki city again on August 9.

After the atomic bomb was dropped in Nagasaki. The Soviet Union attacked Japan even though Japan and The Soviet Union have had a Non-aggression treaty.

Then Japan surrendered and ended war.

In September 1945, Mr. Douglas MacArthur was appointed as General Commander of the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers and came to Japan with 430,000 soldiers.

The thing that he has done first in Japan was to dismantle domestic military facilities.

Our local army "Fukuyama 41regiment was no exceptional.

Our school building was completely destroyed and we had taken a class in the barracks till new school building was built.

A dozen people who were considered Class A war criminals were arrested and judged in the Far East military court and seven of them were sentenced to death.

Apart from that, there were many people who were purged from public service.

Democratisation policy in Japan began gradually, but our life after the war is just "Nothing" .

Japanese government spent 2.5 times the national general budget on the war expenditure.

As a result, our life was really miserable as infrastructure, factories, houses were destroyed.

As for the rice field, there are no machines to cultivate the field, no fertilizer and no manpower, so the harvest volume was about half compared to the now.

A lot of women lost their marriage partner and there were many widows with young children.

The Japanese government restricted the withdrawal amount of savings and made new bills and made old money unusable because of inflation, so everyone worked desperately.

To keep peaceful times, we must learn what the important thing is.

Translation by Yuji Ouchi. (Tokyo)

平和の尊さを継承

ユニバーサル社会をめざす会

松 浦 悦 子

〈当時7歳、広島市己斐東本町在住〉

昭和20年4月、私は7才。己斐国民学校初等科1年生だった。学校ではあまり勉強せず、空襲に備えて耳と目を押さえ机の下に潜る練習ばかりしていた。兄と姉は縁故・学童疎開していた。

母が出産のため、東広島市高屋町に行くので私もついて行った。弟が誕生し1ヶ月後の8月5日父が迎えに来た。当時、汽車の乗車券は発売制限があり、父が荷物と私を連れて1日早く帰ることになった。発車間際、私は「明日、お母さんと帰る」と飛び降りた。

翌6日、“広島に新型爆弾が落ちたので汽車は来ません”と高屋駅に貼り紙があった。夕方、父が棒を杖にして血で染まり破れた上着で足を引きづって現れた。

父の話によると、8月6日8時15分、木造2階建てがぐらりと揺れ、崩壊。父は下敷きになった。必死に這い出ると、向かいの家が燃えていた。父の左腕は肉がえぐられ、全身にガラスの破片が刺さり血が吹き出していた。瓦礫を踏み越え、高屋町まで歩いて来た。

途中、「水、水」「痛いよう」との呻き声。髪の毛が逆立ち、両手を前に指し出してノロノロ歩く人。この世で地獄を見たとの事。

3日後、向洋駅まで汽車が通るので、歩いて己斐駅まで帰って来た。広島中すべて燃え、宇品まで見渡された。己斐東本町の我が家は、屋号「油屋」で油の販給所になっており床の下には、油が埋蔵されていた。土地が燃え、1ヶ月間は熱くて足を踏み入れることができず、近所に間借りして住むことができた。

父母に連れられ、何日も父の弟を捜しに市内を歩き回った。夜、焼け野原の地面が、ぽっぽと燃え、遺体から出たリン油が、緑、橙、紫色に燃えている。私は怖くて母の手を握りしめ、目をつぶって歩いた。

その後、私の両足に吹出物ができ、蠅がたかり卵を産みつけた。おできの中からウジがわき、はい出してくるウジを箸でつかんで取るのが日課であった。包帯をはがす時は、痛くて泣いた。現在も傷跡が残っている。

小学校は火葬場になり、大きな骨は“大人”小さな骨は“子供”と書いた新聞紙の袋が下駄箱に並んでいた。空いた処に下駄を入れた。担任の先生と数人の友だちが死んだという。私はいつ原爆症が発症するのかと不安感がつきまとった。「放射能はうつる」「被爆者と結婚するな」「就職は無理」等差別された。

そんな私に、人生の師、池田大作先生が励ましの本を送って下さった。“大思想は原爆を恐れじ”勢のある筆跡が刻まれていた。心に希望の灯が点り、私の生きている限り、平和を祈り、核廃絶の運動をしようと決意した。

父が亡くなり火葬すると、黒い固まりのガラスがあった。父は最期まで原爆の恐ろしさを伝える使命を担っていたのだ。平和の尊さを語っていた父。その心を私が継承しようと願っている。

Inheriting the importance of peace

Etsuko Matsuura

Group Seeking a Universal Society

(7 years old at that time, residing in Koihigashi-honmachi, Hiroshima City at present)

In April, 1945, I was seven years old in the first grade of Koi National Elementary School. We didn't study much at school. Instead, we always practiced hiding under a desk with our mouths and eyes covered in case of air raids. My elder brother and sister were evacuated to rural areas.

My mother went to a town called Takaya in Higashi-hiroshima City for delivery. I was with her, too. On August 5th, a month after my younger brother was born, my father came to take me home. At that time, train ticket sales were limited in number, so he decided to go home with me and luggage one day earlier. At the last minute of departure, however, I jumped off the train, saying "I'll go home with my mother."

On the following day, August 6th, at Takaya Station, there was a notice that read "No train services because a new type of bomb was dropped on Hiroshima." On that evening my father came back to meet us. He dragged his feet, using a wood stick as a cane. His clothes were torn and dyed with blood.

He told us what happened in Hiroshima. At 8:15 a.m. on August 6th, our two story wooden house was swayed and collapsed. He became crushed under the collapsed house. He struggled and crawled out of the debris to find a house opposite on fire. He had a big injury, the flesh of his left arm was ripped and gouged, and a lot of glass fragments got in his whole body. He was bled from these wounds. He walked on piles of debris, finally got to Takaya.

On his way, he heard people's groan for water and moan in pain. They walked slowly, putting their arms in front of their bodies. He saw a hell on earth.

Three days later, we took a train to Mukainada Station and then walked to Koi Station. As far as we could see, there was nothing but burnt-out ruins, so we could see as far as Ujina. Our family lived in Koi-honmachi. My father was an oil seller, and his store served as a distributing station of oil, so a lot of oil was stored under the floor of our house. The ground was burned and too hot to step in for a month. We lived in a room in our neighbor's house.

My parents and I walked around the city to find my father's younger brother for many days. At night, I saw phosphorated oil from dead bodies burning with green, orange and purple flame on the ground. I was so scared that I walked holding my

mother's hand with my eyes closed.

In time, I got swellings on my both legs. Fries gathered on the swelling and laid their eggs. Soon the swellings were infested with maggots, so I picked them up with chopsticks. It was my daily routine. When a bandage was changed, I cried with pain. I still have a scar from that.

The elementary school was turned to a crematory. Bones were divided by their size. Bigger ones were put into bags marked "Adult", and smaller ones were put into bags marked "Child." The newspaper bags were placed in the shoe lockers. We put our shoes in available space. I heard that my home room teacher and some students in my class were dead. Fear of developing an atomic bomb disease haunted me all the time. People said: Because radiation is contagious, don't come close.; Don't marry to a-bomb survivors.; Atomic bomb survivors won't be employed. Discrimination prevailed back in those days.

In the meantime, Mr. Ikeda Daisaku, who is my mentor in my life, sent his book to me. In the book, it was written that "With high ambition, we are not afraid of atomic bombs." He wrote it with his powerful handwriting. It ignited a flare of hope in my mind, and I decided to pray for world peace and campaign for the elimination of nuclear weapons as long as I live.

When my father died and his body was cremated, we found a black lump of glass in his ashes. I thought he assumed a mission to convey the horror of atomic bombs until the last minute. He always told us the importance of peace. I am determined to inherit his spirit.

8月6日に想う

ユニバーサル社会をめざす会

畑 佐知子

〈当時5歳、佐伯郡八幡村保井田在住〉

昭和20年8月6日、私は5才と1日目、運命の8時15分、一人座敷で寝ていた私に突然襖が倒れてきて、驚いて飛び起き庭に飛び下り、しばらく茫然と何が起こったのか解らず空を見ていた私に、祖母が、3才の妹を抱いて「早よう家に入りんさい」と必死に言っていた事を覚えています。それでもしばらく外にいて空を見ていたら、暑い日差しがさしていたのが、たちまち空が暗くなり、焼けただれた布切れ、紙切れ、いろんなものが雨の如く、止むことなく降ってきました。

そして、あの黒い雨も色んなものと一緒に降ってきて、祖母が慌てて、「佐知子、雨じゃけえ早よう中に入りんさい」と大声で叫んでいたことを覚えています。祖母、妹と3人で見たその光景は今も忘れられません。

我が家は父、祖母、5歳上の姉、妹の5人家族。母は八幡小学校の教員でしたが、前年、腎臓結核で32才で亡くなっていました。

父は大方の男の人達が戦地へ行った後、田畑を守る婦人会の方達のための県の農業技術指導員として従事していました。現在も当時の記録、写真等が八幡公民館に保存され展示してあります。姉は学徒動員として毎日いろいろな場所に行っており、父も姉も出先で黒い雨にしっかり濡れています。

原爆投下当時、我が家は佐伯郡八幡村保井田（現在の佐伯区）にあり、裏が八幡小学校だったので、市内各地より避難先である八幡小学校目指して、資料館に展示してある通り、みな同じように両手を前にし、皮膚がたれ下がった状態で「水を下さい、水を下さい」と毎日何人もの人が我が家にも来られました。

祖母は井戸水をヤカンに入れ、盆にコップをたくさん置き、泣きながら「かわいいのう（かわいそう）、かわいいのう」と水を必死にあげていました。貪るように飲んでおられる姿も忘れられません。

その内、回覧板が回ってきて、「水を飲むと死んでしまうので水をあげないように」とのこと。祖母は、「どうせ死んでんなら、一口でも」と泣いていました。悲しい、悲しいことでした。私も5才ながら祖母にすがって泣いていたそうです。それでも毎日、毎日、水を求めてたくさんの方が来られました。

八幡小学校の講堂にはたくさんの方が避難しておられ、いっぱいでした。皆真っ黒い顔に目だけ（白目）がしっかり見開かれた姿。一生忘れないと思います。

運動場の隅に大きな穴が掘られ、亡くなった方を焼いていました。毎日毎日です。講堂では、婦人会の方が白いエプロンかけで面倒を見ておられました。

昨日まで家族揃って幸せに暮らしていた方達と思うと本当に残酷です。

8月6日、一瞬にして全てを失い、そして苦しみながら亡くなられた方達、心より悔しくてたまりません。許せません。すべての尊い生命を心より大切にしていくことが私たちの使命と思います。

Recollection on the 6th of August

By Sachiko Hata

Association for Realizing Universal Society

(At that time, five year old and lived in Hoida, Yahata Village, Saeki District)

August 6th, 1945 was a day after my fifth birthday. I was sleeping alone in a tatami room. I was suddenly awoken by a fusuma sliding door falling on top of me. The time was 08:15. I was so surprised that I jumped out of my futon bed and rushed into the yard. I stood there looking up into the sky in amazement. I had no idea what was happening.

My grandmother, who was holding my three-year-old little sister, called to me. "Hurry, come back into the house!" she shouted. Still I stood outside for a while continuing to look up into the sky. Then I saw the clear blue sky of that hot day instantly turn dark. Burned pieces of cloth, paper, and many other things started falling from the sky.

I remember a black rain began to fall along with the debris. My grandmother frantically shouted to me, "Sachiko, it is raining now. Come back into the house quickly!" I cannot forget the sight my grandmother, sister, and I saw on that faithful day.

My family had five members, my grandmother, father, older sister and younger sisters, and me. My mother had been a teacher of Yahata Elementary School. She had passed away the year before from Nephrophthisis at the age of thirty-two.

My father served the women's association as a prefectural farming technical advisor. These women tended the rice and other crops because most of men had gone to the battlefield.

Today records of those days are documented and displayed at Yahata Community Center. Students, including my older sister, had been mobilized in support of the war effort. She had to go to a different place every day. On that day, black rain drenched both my father and sister. They both had been out for duty.

My family lived in Hoida, Yahata Village, Saeki district (now Saeki ward) when the atomic bomb was dropped. Yahata Elementary School was just behind our house. Evacuees from many places in Hiroshima city headed to the school, which had been designated as a shelter. Every day, many came to our house too. These times are well documented in the school library records. The bomb victims extended their arms toward us with peeling skin hanging from their arms. They pleaded for water.

My grandmother placed many cups on a tray. She filled a kettle with well water and served the evacuees. She wept in deep sorrow. I will never forget the sight of them desperately drinking water.

After some days, a community notice board told us that we should not give water to the evacuees. The notice said that the evacuees would immediately die from drinking water. My grandmother pleaded for mercy. She said, "If they would die any way, can't we give them a little water?" The deep sadness I felt then was beyond description. I was later told that, despite my age of five, I held on to my grandmother and cried really hard. Still, day after day, many evacuees kept coming to our house asking for water.

Evacuees seeking refuge packed the lecture hall of Yahata Elementary School. Their faces were as black as ink. We could clearly see the whites of their wide-open eyes. I will never forget that horrible sight.

A big hole was dug at a corner of the school playground. The deceased were burnt there every single day. In the lecture hall, members of women's association wearing white aprons tended to the evacuees with devotion.

The cruelty of those times even more dramatic when you realize that just the day before everyone was happily leading an ordinary family life.

On August 6th, everything was lost and many people passed away in agony. My heart aches unbearably and this event (???) is absolutely unforgiving. I believe it is our everlasting mission to cherish all those precious lives from the bottom of our hearts.

Translation by Kazuhiro Asaga, Live in Fukuoka

〃ヒロシマの原爆、に学ぶべき

ユニバーサル社会をめざす会

山下 清香

〈昭和21年生まれ〉

私の母は3年前92才で亡くなりました。母の生家は世羅郡で原爆の時は三和町（現三次市）に嫁いでいたため逃れましたが、妹ツルミは広島市内中区に嫁いでいたため被爆しました。家族全員いなくなり自分だけ生き残ったものの、火傷とガラスの破片がささったままの体で世羅まで帰りましたが、苦しみながら約3ヵ月後に亡くなったそうです。また母の弟は吉舎町の日彰館中学（後に高校）3年生で、学徒動員で呉の広の工場で働いていましたが、原爆投下で全てが終わったので皆で帰郷することになり、呉からやっと広島駅に着いても芸備線は動かず、5時間くらい立ち往生している時目にしたのは、四方を遠くまで見渡せる焼け野原とあちこち煙があがり鼻を突く臭いが充満していたと言います。途中まで歩き向原あたりからやっと列車に乗り家までたどり着きました。現在86才で生存していますが、あの時の光景は、終生忘れることはできないと言ひ、母はこれらの話を、折に触れてしてくれましたが、終戦後に生まれた自分には、原爆とは無縁だと思っていました。

ところが結婚した主人が体内被爆者だったのです。主人の母は、西区己斐町で被爆し黒い雨にも打たれ原爆症で洗面器一杯血を吐いて38才で亡くなりました。

そのうちに自分が身につまされたのは、2人の出産の時でした。五体満足に生まれてくるだろうかとの不安がよぎりましたが、無事に生まれてくれたものの小さい娘は、ぜんそくやひきつけ等、原爆のせいではないかと、人知れず思っていました。

主人は未熟児として生まれ、若い頃からよく病気を患って肺気腫や60代になって肝臓ガンも発症し、何度も手術をし認定被爆者となりました。50才を迎えられて祝い、60才で祝い、今年11月70才を迎えましたが、いつ何が起ころのか、我が家の人生は綱渡りの様であり、崖の淵を歩く様なものです。

この精神的不安は、放射能と同じ目には見えませんが、家族として生きる者にも厳然と背負わされるものなのです。

こんな悪魔のような兵器による被害を二度と未来を生きる人々や子供達に会わせてはなりません。二度とこんな悲惨なことが、あつてはなりません。

従っていま存在する核の兵器は即刻廃止すべきです。造らせてもいけないし使ってもいけないのです。

人間は一人ひとりかけがえのない使命と生存する権利をもって生まれています。それを奪う権利は誰にもないはずで、人類が生き続けようとするなら一番に〃ヒロシマの原爆、に学ぶべきです。

何故なら、人間は、〃生きる、ことが一番大事なことだからだと思ひますが、このことは生ある限り叫び続けて行きたいと思ひます。

We should learn from the atomic bombing of Hiroshima

Kiyoka Yamashita

Group Seeking a Universal Society

(Born in 1946)

My mother passed away at the age of 92 three years ago. She was born in Sera County. At the time of the bombing, she was married and lived in Miwa Town (currently Miyoshi City), so she escaped from the disaster. Her sister Tsurumi, however, had married into a family in Naka Ward, Hiroshima City, so she became victim to the bombing. The entire family were destroyed, except her. Though she managed to go back to Sera with serious burns and numerous pieces of broken glass pierced into her body, she died a painful death about 3 months later. My mother's younger brother, who was a third-year student at Nisshokan Middle School (later became high school) in Kisa Town, worked at a factory in Hiro Town in Kure as a mobilized student. After the atomic bombing, everything was over, so all of the mobilized students there came home together. When they finally arrived at Hiroshima Station from Kure, Geibi Line was stopped, and what he saw while waiting for a train for 5 hours was an expanse of burnt field. He also saw smoke rising everywhere and smelled an acrid offensive odor. He walked to Mukaihara and finally got a train to home. He is currently 86 years old and still alive. He says that he will never forget the scene he saw that day. My mother told me his stories from time to time, but I thought that the atomic bombing was something that had nothing with me because I was born after the war.

Much later, however, the man who I got married to was a survivor who was exposed to the atomic bomb in his mother's womb. His mother was a-bombed in Koi Town, Nishi Ward and also got caught in black rain. Soon she developed an atomic bomb sickness and eventually passed away after vomiting large amounts of blood. She was 38 years old at that time.

It was at the time of the delivery of my two children that I concerned about the effect of the atomic bombing. I was apprehensive that they might not be healthy and normal. Although both of them were eventually born with no physical defects, my younger daughter often caused asthma and convulsions, and I was privately worried that the atomic bombing might have been causally related to her poor health.

My husband was born premature and often got sick from his youth. He developed emphysema and, in his 60s, liver cancer. He underwent operations several times and was officially certified as an a-bomb survivor. When he turned 50, we celebrated the

occasion, and when he reached 60 years of age, we congratulated him. Though he became 70 years old in November this year, we never know what is going to happen in the future. Our family's life has been like a tightrope walk and walking the edge of a cliff.

This kind of psychological fear cannot be seen with our eyes like radioactivity. Not only a-bomb survivors but also their families have been forced to live with anxiety about their future.

We should never make our children and our future generations experience suffering caused by demonic weapons. Such a tragedy should not be repeated again.

Nuclear weapons which exist currently should be abolished immediately. We must not permit to produce and use them.

All human beings are born with an irreplaceable mission and the right to exist. Nobody has a right to deprive others of them. If the humankind try to exist, the first thing they have to do is to learn from the tragedy of Hiroshima.

The reason I say so is that "being alive" is the most important for human beings. I will advocate this message as long as I live.

私の昭和20年

NPO法人ひろしま女性NPOセンター未来

天 部 テ ル ミ

〈当時3歳、広島市天満町在住〉

8月6日、広島は前夜の空襲警報の発令や解除で安眠を妨げられ、寝苦しかった夜明けを迎えた。午前7時9分またもや警戒警報のサイレンが鳴り響いたが、1機のアメリカ軍機がはるか上空を通過して行っただけで警報は7時31分に解除された。人々は防空壕や避難所から出て戦時下のいつもの1日が始まろうとしていた。当時、空襲による被害から軍事施設などを守るため、消防道路や防火地帯をつくる建物疎開作業が市内各地で進められており、私の母も動員されて今の広島市中区の土橋付近で作業に従事していた。そこではほかにも市内や郡部からお年寄りが中心の地域・職域国民義勇隊、国民学校高等科や中学校・高等女学校の1・2年生（12～13歳）の学徒隊といった多くの非戦闘員が朝早くから作業に取り掛かっていた。

瞬時に無差別に大量殺戮、大量破壊を引き起こし、後には放射線による障害で長く人々を苦しめる原子爆弾は、8時15分無事の市民の上に投下された。

地上600メートルの上空で炸裂した火球の中心温度は100万度を超え、爆心地周辺の地表面の温度は3,000度から4,000度にも達した。この小型の太陽ともいえる灼熱の火球によって人々は木の葉のように焼かれ、住みなれた街は原子爆弾の炸裂が引き起こした衝撃波、爆風、異常な高熱火災などによって一瞬にして壊滅的な被害をこうむった。

片目を失明していたため兵役に就いていなかった父は、夕方火勢がやや衰えるのを見計らって母を探しに行き、瀕死の母を大八車に乗せて古田町の親戚に避難した。その時3歳だった私は原爆で無惨に焼けただれた母を見て「あんな犬みたいなのはお母ちゃんじゃない」と恐れて近づこうとしなかった、というのが私と実母をつなぐ唯一のエピソードである。しかしそれすら長じて周りの大人から聞いた話であって、私自身の記憶ではない。私にとって生みの母は写真の人でしかないのだ。

子どものいない遠い親戚に引き取られ、豊かではなかったが心やさしい養親に育てられて、今私は満ち足りた人生を享受している。“引き取り手がなくて原爆孤児になっていたら、大人でさえ生きるのがやっとだったあの時代を生き延びて今の私はいなかったかもしれないなあ”と感慨にふけることがある。

あの大戦から70年、その間わが国が戦火を交えることはなかったが世界は決して平和ではない。今なお戦火に追われ容赦なく命を奪われる人々がいる。

広島で生まれ、ヒロシマを学んだ者として被爆の実相、平和の希求を次代に伝える義務があり権利がある、目をそらすのは止めようと、被爆70年を迎えるのを機に一昨年初、広島市の「被爆体験伝承者研修」に応募した。被爆体験証言者の高齢化が進む中、被爆者の体験や平和への心からの願いを微力ながら語り継いでいきたいと思っている。

My year 1945

Terumi Amabe

Hiroshima Women's NPO Center Future

3 years old at that time, residing in Tenma-cho, Hiroshima City at present)

On August 6th in Hiroshima, we woke to a new dawn after the restless night. We couldn't sleep well the night before because of repeated issuance and cancellation of air-raid alerts. At 7:09 a.m. an air-raid siren wailed again, but an American military aircraft only passed far up in the sky, so the alert was cancelled at 7:31. We got out of the air-raid shelters and were about to start a usual day. In those days, building evacuations were implemented in various places within the city to make fire prevention zones or roads for firefighting. The purpose was to protect military facilities from air raids. My mother was mobilized and engaged in work near the present Dobashi, Naka Ward, Hiroshima City. Among other mobilized people working there were many noncombatants, including elderly people from the city and neighboring counties, called volunteer fighting corps (Kokumin Giyutai), and 1st- and 2nd-year students (12 to 13 years of age) from national secondary schools, junior high schools and girls' high schools. They had started working early in the morning.

At 8:15 a.m., an atomic bomb was dropped on innocent citizens of Hiroshima. It caused indiscriminately slaughter and mass destruction instantly. After a while it tormented many people with damage by radiation.

The central temperature of the fireball that exploded at 600 meters above the ground exceeded 1 million degrees. The temperature of the surface around the hypocenter reached 3,000 to 4,000 degrees. People were burned like leaves by the burning fireball like a small sun. The city where we had lived for many years suffered devastating damage in an instant because of shock waves, blasts and extraordinary high temperature fires caused by the explosion of the atomic bomb.

My father wasn't drafted into military service because he lost sight in one eye. He waited until the fire subsided a little in the evening and went to look for my mother. He found her on the verge of death and carried her back on a cart, and then we took refuge in our relative's house in Furuta. At that time I was 3 years old. When I saw my badly burned mother, I was scared to come close to her, saying "That's not my mother, it's like a dog." This is the only episode that connects me and my biological mother. Even this was the story I heard from adults around me, and I don't remember it at all. For me, my

biological mother is someone in a photograph.

I was put up for adoption to our distant relatives who had no children. Brought up by my foster parents who were not rich but kindhearted, I am enjoying a satisfying life now. If no one had adopted me, which had eventually made me a war orphan, I might not have survived and "I of today" would not have existed. In those days, it was difficult for even adults to survive.

It is 70 years since the end of World War II. Japan has not fought a war since then, but the world has never been at peace. Still now, there are many people who lost their lives in war.

As a person who was born and learn in Hiroshima, I thought I am responsible to hand down the realities of the atomic bombing as well as the importance of peace to the next generation. I decided to stop turning my eyes. On the occasion of the 70th anniversary of the atomic bombing, I applied for a project to inherit the memory of A-bomb survivors as a memory keeper. As the a-bomb witnesses are aging rapidly, I would like to pass down atomic bomb victims' experiences and prayer for peace to younger generations.

平和への道は男女共同参画社会が切り拓く

NPO法人キャリアネット広島

坂 東 素 子

〈当時10歳、佐伯郡大柿町在住〉

広島に原爆が投下されたとき、私は瀬戸内海の島に住んでいました。ピカッと光った激しい閃光のあと、あれよあれよという間に大きな「きのこ雲」が出来て、遠くからでもはっきり見ることが出来ました。

しかし何が起きたのか、当時小学生の私には知るよしもなく、空襲になるのではないかと、びくびくしていたのを覚えています。

そして次の日、日赤の看護婦をしていた年上の従姉妹が、命からがら島に帰って来ました。広島は焼け野原になり、多くの死体が街にあふれ、生きた心地がしなかったと話していました。ほっとしたのも束の間、その従姉妹は、1週間後に亡くなってしまいました。

原子爆弾が広島と長崎に投下され、多くの死者が出るとともに、被爆した人たちが苦しんでいることを知ったのは、もっと後になってからのことです。

原爆の悲劇を二度と繰り返してはなりません。戦争は絶対反対です。恒久平和を祈念するのみです。そのためには、国連の力をもっと強化して恒久平和の理念を広げるべきです。

1975年、国連は「国際婦人年」を提唱し、「平等・開発・平和」のスローガンのもと、第1回世界婦人会議をメキシコで開催しました。

当時私は、広島県教育委員会の職員として文部科学省の担当者会議に参加し、国連の一連の動きや活動を県内に広報するとともに、「女性リーダー研修」等を企画・実践する役割を担っておりました。その研修会には、当然、被爆者も参加されており、生の声で悲惨な状況をつぶさに語っていただく機会も設けていました。涙なしには聞くことが出来ない内容を皆で共有し、改めて平和の大切さを誓い合いました。

1995年北京で開かれた第4回世界女性会議へは、広島県からも代表8名を選出し、派遣しました。私もその一人として引率を兼ねて参加しました。広島からは「平和のリボン」と「原爆の写真」を持参して反戦を呼びかけました。そこでは、「平等・開発・平和への行動」をテーマに話し合いが行われ、「北京宣言及び行動綱領」が採択され、各国が目指すべきガイドラインが示されたのです。

男女が社会の対等な構成員として、自らの意思によって社会のあらゆる分野の活動に参画し、もって男女が均等に政治的・経済的・社会的及び文化的利益を享受する男女共同参画社会の実現が求められています。

女性にとっては、権利と共に責任も担いながら、自らに力をつけていくエンパワーメントが重要になります。

やがて女性が、エンパワーメントを持った存在になり、男女共同参画が実現出来れば、さらにその輪が広がって、戦争のない平和な社会が構築できると信じています。

A gender-equal society will pave the path for peace

Motoko Bando

NPO Carrier Net Hiroshima

(10 years old at that time, residing in Ogaki Town, Saeki County at present)

When the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, I lived in an inland on Seto Inland Sea. Immediately after the sharp flash, I saw a huge mushroom cloud developing instantly, even though I was far from there.

As I was only ten years old then, I never knew what happened. I only remember that I was scared in fear of another air raid.

The next day, my elder cousin who worked in the Red Cross Hospital as a nurse came back to the island, barely escaping alive from the devastated city of Hiroshima. She told us that Hiroshima was reduced to burnt ruins and overflowing with numerous dead bodies everywhere, making her feel more dead than alive. We were so glad and relieved that she was back, but she died a week later.

It took me a long time to learn that an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and then Nagasaki and that the bombings caused numerous casualties and many survivors were suffering.

We should never repeat the tragedy of the atomic bombing. I strongly oppose any war. All my hope is that this world will be peaceful forever. To realize this, I think the United Nations should strengthen its power and spread the idea of permanent peace.

In 1975, the United Nations proposed "International Women's Year," and under the slogan of "equality, development and peace," the first World Conference for Women was held in Mexico.

At that time, as an official of Hiroshima Municipal Board of Education, I participated in the working-level meeting of the Ministry of Education and played a role in publicizing in Hiroshima Prefecture a series of movements and activities of the United Nations and organized leadership seminars for women and other meetings. Of course, the seminars were attended by some atomic bomb survivors and provided them with an opportunity to tell their tragic experience in detail. The stories they shared with us couldn't be heard without tears, and we realized anew the importance of peace.

In 1995, the Fourth World Conference for Women was held in Beijing, for which eight women were selected and dispatched from Hiroshima Prefecture. I was one of them and served as the group leader. We brought "peace ribbon" and the photographs of the atomic bombing from Hiroshima and protested war. In the conference, actions for

equality, development, and peace were discussed, the Beijing Declaration and Platform for Action was adopted, and the guidelines for each country to follow were issued.

There is a compelling need for a gender-equal society in which both men and women, as equal members, have the opportunity to participate in all kinds of social activities and equally enjoy political, economical and cultural benefits.

For women, empowerment is important; they should empower themselves, asserting their rights and fulfilling their responsibilities at the same time.

I believe that if women empowerment and a gender-equal society are realized, its circle will be expanded, and then we can create a peaceful society without war.

母国の土を踏むまでは

新日本婦人の会広島県本部

伊 原 敏 子

〈当時19歳、満州国羅南在住〉

1932年3月1日、日本政府は満州国建設宣言を行い、新京（現長春）に宮廷府並びに関東軍を置き、3,000万人の五族協和、日本への同化を計りながら領土拡張主義の目標を推し進めた。父は1938年新京の満系の女学校副校長として赴任、翌年私たち家族も新京へ向かった。私が女学校2年生の2学期であった。

私は、1945年4月から羅南国民学校に勤めていた。8月9日、ソ連は日ソ中立条約を無視して日本に宣戦布告し、8月13日未明不意の攻撃で迫った。山道を逃げる私たちに空から機銃掃射の雨。昼も夜も南へ南へと必死で歩いた。歩行困難となった老人を松の木にくくりつけて行く人など生地獄であった。8月15日、城津まで辿り着き2日振りで昼食を食べた正午、終戦の詔勅をラジオで聞いた。これで我が家に帰られるかと思ったのも束の間、無蓋貨車に乗せられて咸興へ。寺の境内に収容され全くの避難民となった。しかし全員元の居住地へ帰れとの命令で父から「もしもの時は元山女学校長の塩崎先生を尋ねなさい」と言われていたので、急救袋から取り出した名刺を頼りに無我夢中で飛び込んだのが「日本人世話会」であった。10月半ば、満州にいた父が、学校の天皇の御真影を間島省庁に届け、何千キロもの道程を南下して私の前に現れ、奇跡の対面となった。12月半ばには、私も発疹チフスに罹った。その時半数以上の方が発疹チフスで命を落とした。1946年7月日本へ帰れとのソ連の命令で、朝鮮の漁船を買い、海から38度線を越えようと、約3日間、1日1個の高梁むすびで皆一生懸命頑張った。南朝鮮注文津の浜に無事上陸できたのも束の間、翌夜アメリカの軍医が、私ともう一人の若い女性を名指しで出せと迫って来た。「もしの場合は、薪で私の頭を殴り殺し、自分もともに死ぬ覚悟であった」と命がけで守ってくれた父。93歳で亡くなったが、70年経った今でも思い出すたびに涙が止まらない。

日本への引き揚げ船に乗ることができ、仙崎港へ上陸できた。母の故郷の広島市は余りにも悲惨な原爆焼土と化していた。かろうじて生き残った伯母の家（段原）に身を寄せて、1年ぶりにやっと一緒になれた親子5人は、共に無事を心から喜び合ったのである。しかし、元満州の黒龍江省などの奥地に残された老人、女性、子供などは自決、飢え、寒さ、発疹チフス等悲惨な状況下で約18万人が死亡と聞く。アジアの人々3千万人の命を奪い、8千万人の日本国民も苦しませ、悲しませた15年戦争は何のための誰のための戦争であったのか。「海ゆかば」の歌をピアノで弾きながら感動し、教育勅語を忠実に教えていた私であった。教育で洗脳され、目、口、耳を塞がれ、天皇、国のためにと散って逝った多くの若者たち。私たち戦争体験者は再び戦争への道は絶対に許す事は出来ない。戦後「教え子を再び戦場へ送るな」と力を合わせてきた。今こそ私たちは、世界に誇れる憲法第9条「国際平和を誠実に願い、戦争はしない。国の交戦権は認めない」という素晴らしい憲法を生かし守る運動を、多くの人々と力を合わせてすすめることが急がれる。

Until I Stepped Foot on My Motherland's Soil

By Toshiko Ihara

New Japan Women's Association, Hiroshima Head Office
(19 at the time, living in Ranam, Manchukuo)

On March 1, 1932, the Japanese government declared the establishment of the Manchukuo state. There, along with an Imperial government office, the Kwantung army was installed in Shinkyo (now Changchun) as part of the plan to expand the territory and assimilate 30 million people into the Japanese empire. In 1938, my father was appointed to the position of deputy principal of the all girl's high school in Shinkyo and the following year, our family followed him to Shinkyo. I was in the second semester of my second year of high school.

From April of 1945, I worked at Ranam National high school. On August 9th of that year, the Soviet Army broke the terms of the Soviet Japanese Neutrality Pact and declared war on Japan, launching an early morning surprise attack on the 13th. We ran through the mountains to escape, all while a hail of machine gun bullets came down on us from the sky. Day and night, on foot, we desperately headed south. It was truly a living hell; people who couldn't keep up, like the elderly were tied to pine trees and just left behind. On August 15th, we finally made it to Tianjin City and had our first meal in two days. On the radio, we heard the Imperial Edict on the termination of the war. And with that, for a brief moment, we thought we could finally return home. We were given a ride on an open top freight train car to Hamhung. We were given shelter at a temple that was completely full of other refugees. However, everyone was ordered to return to where they came from and I recalled the words from my father, "If worst comes to worst, contact Principal Shiozaki at Wonsan Girls' High School" and so I ran for my life depending only on a name card from The Japan Care Association that I had pulled out of my first aid bag. Around mid-October, my father who was in Manchuria, was sent to deliver the school's copy of the Imperial portrait of the Emperor to the Gando government offices and so thousands of kilometers away to the south, he appeared in front of me, like a miracle. In mid-December, I contracted typhus. At that time, more than half of the people who contracted typhus died. In July of 1946, we were ordered to return to Japan by the Soviet army and so, we bought a Korean fishing boat and over three days, crossed the 38th parallel, working as hard as could with only one sorghum rice ball per day as sustenance. We landed safely.

for the time being, on the shores of Jumunjin in South Korea but on the next evening, an American military doctor came at me and another young woman, singling us out by name. My father, who risked his own life to protect us from the doctor, said "If the worst came and I was beaten and killed by a log to the head, it didn't matter, I was I was already prepared to die." My father died when he was 93. Even more than 70 years after that incident, whenever I remember it, I can't stop crying.

I was able to get on a boat back to Japan and landed at Senzaki Port. My mother's hometown of Hiroshima city was in a miserable state, having been completely burnt by the atomic bomb. We made our way to Danbara, to an aunt's home, she herself was just barely alive, and there, finally, after a year apart, the 5 of us, parents and children were together again. It was a joy to be safe together. However, in provinces such as Heilongjiang in former Manchuria, we heard about the elderly that were left behind, the women, the children that committed suicide, starved, froze to death, caught typhus; the over 180,000 people who died in those miserable circumstances. Of the Asian people, over 30 million lives were taken. In Japan, 80 million people were forced to suffer for a sorrowful 15 year war and for what purpose, for whose sake? As the song Umi Yukaba* (If I Go Away to the Sea) was played on the piano, I was moved to tears. It had been me who had faithfully taught the Imperial Rescript on Education*. And brainwashed by education, their eyes, mouths and ears covered, so many young people were scattered to the four winds for the Emperor's sake, the Country's sake, only to lose their lives. We, those who have experienced the war, will absolutely not allow war to happen again. After the war, we rallied around the expression, "Never again will our students be sent to the battlefield". It's especially important now, for all of us, to join forces to promote the spirit of our wonderful Constitution and to protect our Constitution's Article 9, held in high regard all around the world. "We sincerely wish for world peace. We will not go to war. The right of a country to engage in war will not be recognized".

*A Japanese patriotic song popular during and also after World War II. *Umi Yukaba* was sung before takeoff by many Kamikaze suicide attack pilots in the final stages of World War II (Wikipedia)

*The Rescript requested of the people that they "furthermore advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth". (Wikipedia)

Translated by Colleen Mathieu

ひもじかった集団疎開

新日本婦人の会広島県本部

鷹尾 伏 佳 子

〈当時12歳、広島県在住〉

「さようなら」「行ってきます」…。みんな涙声でした。広島駅のホームで家族の見送りを受けて、列車は庄原へ向かって出発しました。これが、私にとって2人の兄との最後の別れになるとは夢にも思わなかったのです。

1945（昭和20）年4月、青崎国民学校の3年生から6年生までの児童たちは、家族と離れての生活に不安を抱きながら、広々とした田園に囲まれた比婆郡の庄原駅に降り立ちました。父母が準備してくれた荷物を持ち、これからの生活の場となる金光教会へと向かいました。

私は、前年に空襲がひどくなった東京から、父の郷里である広島に疎開してきたばかりでした。仕事のある父だけは東京に残り、母と子ども5人で乗り込んだ列車は私たちと同様に地方へ疎開する人で超満員でした。疎開につぐ疎開なので母が心配し、残留組を希望したのですが、お国の方針だからと先生が家まで説得に来られ参加せざるを得ませんでした。

教会の2階の広間で集団生活が始まりました。夜になると低学年が「お母さんに会いたいよう」「早く家に帰りたいよう」と泣くのです。6年生の私たちも悲しくなって何度ももらい泣きしました。食事は量が少ないので、みんなちょっぴりずつゆっくり食べました。6年生は、びくを背負って食料の配給を受け取りに行くのが役目でした。7月頃からはお米の代わりに大豆だけの配給となり、毎食、大豆の七分挽きのものを丸めてお汁に浮かしたもののだけ。おやつも大豆を煎ったものが盃に一杯ずつ。これでは全くおなかの足しになりません。薬をおやつ代わりに食べたり、草や木の根など口に入るものは何でも食べました。食料増産ということで、小学生も授業をやめて、上野公園に芋のつるを植えに通いました。学校から鋤を担いでの道のりは遠く、その上開墾、芋のつるの植え付けは空腹に一層こたえました。

痩せこけて弱っていく私たちに比べて元気なのは「ノミ」と「シラミ」です。刺されたところが化膿し皮膚病が蔓延し悲惨なものでした。先生はD・D・Tを頭にふりかけてシラミ退治をして下さったりしましたが、戦争がもっと長引いていたら、ほとんどの子どもが栄養失調で倒れていたでしょう。

8月6日の夕方、火傷や怪我をした人たちが次々と庄原に来られましたが、広島のこととは全く分かりませんでした。15日、正座をして聴いたラジオの言葉もよくわからず、先生から「戦争が終わったのですよ」と言われても、ひもじいばかりの私たちには何も考える余裕はありませんでした。18日に、「お家の方が大変だから、私が迎えに来た」という隣家のおじさんに連れられて我が家に帰りました。待っていたのは悲しい知らせでした。4月に別れたきりのあの優しかった兄2人が、原爆で亡くなっていたのです。「どうせ死ぬのなら思う存分水を飲ませてやりたかった」というのが母の口癖でした。

大人は子どもたちを戦争の犠牲にはしてはいけません。そんな思いでいっぱいです。

Group evacuation with hunger

Yoshiko Takaobushi

New Japan Women's Association Hiroshima Headquarters

<12 years old, living in Hiroshima prefecture at the time>

"Good-Bye.", "See you." We all said in tearful voice. Being seen off by families we departed Hiroshima station for Shobara by train. I little knew that I could never see two of my older brothers again.

on April 1945,Aosaki National School's students from third grade to sixth grade arrived to Shobara station in Hiba county where was surrounded by open view of the countryside with fear of living away from families. We left for the Konko Church where we were going to start our new lives holding baggage our parents had prepared for us.

I had just moved to Hiroshima,my father's hometown,from Tokyo the previous year in order to avoid heavy air raid. My father had to stay in Tokyo for his job, and my mother and her five children rode on the train crammed with many evacuees who were under the same circumstances as us. My mother worried about my repeated evacuations and wanted to stay in Tokyo,but my school teacher came to my house to persuade us to obey the national policy. So I had to join the group of evacuation at that time.

We started to live in a group at the hall located upstairs of church. Night came and students in the lower grades began to cry saying "I miss mom",or "I wanna go home soon". Then We sixth grader also became sad and cried in sympathy lots of times. A small quantity of meals were served,so every student ate it slowly and little by little.The sixth grade student's role was to receive food distribution shouldering creel. But since July,we could get only soybeans instead of rice, so we ground them 70 percent into flour to make dough and rolled it into balls to float in soup. That soup was only meal we could take every day. We also ate a small cup of roast soybeans for snack. But it didn't satisfy our hunger. So we ate medicines instead of snacks and anything we can eat such as plants and roots. Elementary school students went to Ueno park to plant sweet potato vines instead of going to school in order to increase yield of food. It was far from school to the park carrying hoe. Cultivating and planting sweet potato vines were very heavy work for starving students.

As we were getting skinny and weak, "fleas" and "lice" were getting healthy by contrast. It was terrible that the bite festered and skin disease spreaded. If the war had dragged on, almost of all students might have collapsed from malnutrition, though teachers tried to get rid of lice by spraying D.D.T to student's head.

On August 6th evening, injured people and burnt people came to Shobara one after another, but we couldn't understand what had happened in Hiroshima. On August 15th, we listened to the Emperor's announcement on the radio kneeling formally, but we couldn't understand what it meant. Our teacher explained to us that the war had ended, but we couldn't afford to accept it because of hunger. On August 18th, I returned home with my neighbor who came to pick me up. He told me that he came to bring me back home because my family were in trouble. I knew sad news at the time. My kind two brothers whom I separated in April had died of the atomic bombing. My mother had the habit of saying that she should've given enough water to them because they had been going to die.

Adult should not sacrifice children in the war.

That is what I think from the bottom of my heart.

Translation by Miho Horie, (Tokyo)

終戦前後の暮らし

新日本婦人の会広島県本部

青 木 英 子

〈当時3歳、愛知県→岡山県在住〉

＜1945年8月15日まで＞

私は1942年2月1日名古屋市の柴田というところで生まれました。

当時父は、大同製鋼所に勤務のまま、1月初めの応召で台湾に着任していたので、母（27歳）、兄（6歳）と私の3人が電車通り前の借家で暮らしていました。

この年の夏、近くで「たばことお茶」の店を営んでいた父方の祖父母の勧めで、愛知県常滑市に移住しました。

私が3歳7ヵ月で終戦となるのですが、常滑での記憶が3つあります。知り合いのお宅（私と同年くらいの女児がいたと思う）に向かうため、母に手をひかれて細い坂道を下っていた時「地震っ」と母が叫び一緒に滑ったこと。それは、空襲警報発令のたびに、防空壕に駆け込んだその一コマだったのかも知れません。防空壕の入り口で、兄が大きな声で「麦飯はもういらん。オイシイものを食べたい」と言ってワーワー泣いたこと。夜の部屋で、母が「あっB29」と言って電球の傘に風呂敷を結んだりしていたこと。

＜終戦後＞

父は台湾で食糧倉庫の要員だったようです。9月に帰国して、代用教員として働くことになりましたが、食糧が無い、ことでは祖父母と私達合わせて6人家族が困り果てました。

これはほとんどの家庭の大問題でもありました。大人4人は相談を重ねた結果、郷里岡山県の神目村（地図で見ると、県の真ん中あたりに位置します。現在の久米南町）への帰郷を決断しました。そこには本家に委ねている田んぼ2枚があるから「コメは確保可能となり、ごはんを食べれば生きられる」というわけで、10月に引っ越しました。

祖父母も両親も百姓の生まれでしたが、成人してからは農作業を離れていたので体力が馴染みません。それでも本家の助けを借りて、翌年には収穫が叶ったようでした。私達は本家に間借りの生活です。やがて、祖父母は玄関の側でせんべいを焼き、売り始めました。機械を調達して「サツマイモとメリケン粉を丸めて、熱い鉄板に並べて上から熱した鉄板で押さえて焼き上げる」というものです。一方、父は2km余り離れた津山線の神目駅近くにある役場に就職出来ましたが、母は妊娠とひどい貧血で臥せってしまいました。

なにせ急な仮住まいのため、一階の祖父母の部屋は辛うじて畳でしたが、母の薄い布団の下は筵（むしろ）を敷きつめた板の間でした。私は、せんべいの焼きクズ、を祖母にもらって、母と一緒にポリポリと食べたものです。

その後妹が生まれ、母の回復は2年ほどかかり、私が小学2年生の頃、駅の近くに家を持ち、新しい生活が始まりましたが、翌年には祖父が亡くなり、父は家に継ぎ足して食料品店を開始しました。

でも、いつも順風満帆ではありませんでした。

祖母は孫の私に「名古屋であの時3ヵ月の辛抱が出来ていたら、こんなバタバタは無かったな。戦争は惨いもんじゃ」と繰り返し言を聞かせました。

A Life Before and After the War

By Hideko Aoki

New Japan Women's Association, Hiroshima Head Office

(Three years old at the time, going from Aichi Prefecture to Okayama to live)

Until the 15th of August 1945

I was born in Nagoya City, in an area called Shibata, on February 1, 1942. My father was working for a steel company, Daidoseikosho, then. In the beginning of January, he was drafted for military service and left us to take up a new post in Taiwan. We three, my mother (27), my older brother (6) and I, lived in a rental house on a street that a train passed in front of.

In the summer of that year, the three of us moved to Tokoname city in Aichi Prefecture on the advice of my grandparents on my father's side. They ran a shop selling cigarettes and tea.

When I was 3 years and 7 months old, the war ended. I have three memories of Tokoname during that time. The first was when my mother and I were going to visit the home of an acquaintance (I think there was a girl about my age living there). I was holding my mother's hand as we went down a narrow path when my mother cried out, "Earthquake!" and we dove for cover together. It must have looked like the times when everyone rushed into the air-raid shelters at every alarm. The second was my brother saying in a loud voice, "I don't want boiled barley rice! I want to eat something delicious!" and wailing at the entrance of an air-raid shelter. The third was when my mother shouted, "Ah, B-52" and covered the lampshade of our electric light with a large cloth.

After the war

My father seemed to be an employee of a provisions warehouse in Taiwan. In September, he returned to Japan and began work as an assistant teacher. However, there was no food to be had anywhere and with my grandparents, the six of us were at our wits' end. This was a problem for most families. So the four adults of our family discussed the situation and it was decided that we would return to our hometown, Natsume village in

Okayama. (If we look at a map, it's around the center of the prefecture. It's Kumenancho now.)

There were two rice field lots what had been entrusted to the head family. If we lived there, we were guaranteed rice to eat and for this reason, we moved there in October.

My parents and grandparents were born into farming, but once they'd become adults they left working on the farm. As a result, they were no longer familiar with the strength needed for the work. Despite that, in the following year, their harvest seemed to come through with the aid of the head family. We were living in rooms we rented from the head family. By and by, my grandparents began baking senbei (crackers) and selling them outside of our front door. They had acquired a machine that would press and bake a sweet potato and flour mix on hot iron plates. Meanwhile, my father had found a job working at a public office near Kome station, a little more than two kilometers away, on the Tsuyama line. And my mother was sick in bed due to her pregnancy and the subsequent anemia.

Because we had suddenly moved to this temporary rental house, my grandparent's room on the first floor had only bare tatami mats and in my mothers room, rush mats were spread over the wooden floor, upon which she had only a thin futon. I would get broken senbei from my grandmother and my mother and I would munch on them together.

After this, my sister was born. It took my mother two years to recover and by that time, I was in my second year of elementary school. We had a house near the station and were beginning our new life. The following year, my grandfather passed away and my father opened a grocery shop attached to our house.

However, things didn't always go smoothly.

My grandmother would say to me again and again, "If only we'd been more patient for those three months in Nagoya. We wouldn't have needed to struggle so much now. War is a miserable thing."

Translated by Hiroko Yamashita

Proofread by Colleen Mathieu

白い太陽

伊 藤 笙 子

〈当時8歳、東京都→群馬県〉

昭和20年を迎える頃、私は両親と妹と弟、祖母とで暮らしていた。小学2年生だった私の胸の内は、死への恐怖でいっぱいだった。死が何であるか全く理解できない2歳の弟が、うらやましかった。当時東京では空襲は日常で、1月1日には3回の空襲があったという。

「勝ち抜く僕等少国民、天皇陛下の御為に死ねと教えた父母の赤い血汐を受け継いで、心に決死の白襷掛けて結んで突撃だ」と学校では毎朝歌っていた。

19年の秋頃だったか、夜更けに鰯の配給があった。祖母は「今夜死ぬかもしれない、子ども達に鰯を食べさせてやりたい」と言い、ほんの3口ずつ位の大豆かすや麦のご飯を炊いて、夜中に食事をしたことがあった。

2学期も終わる頃、先生から欠席の友人宅にお手紙を届けるように言われ、その帰り、鳴りわたる警報サイレンの中を、必死に歩いていた私は、警戒の人に無理やり防空壕に入れられ、暗がりに見知らぬ人ばかりの中で、外の音も恐ろしく急に涙がこぼれた。涙だけではなく、下の方も濡れていた。自覚もなく突然お漏らしをしてしまったショックで、その後のことは覚えていない。外に出た時、石垣にからむ蔦の葉に夕陽が当たり真っ赤だったことだけを覚えている。

年が明けて3月9日、栃木県に学童疎開をしていた兄が中学受験のため、半年ぶりに帰ってきた。兄は友人達と、明日受ける中学校を見に行った。久しぶりの一家団欒の夕食は記憶にないが、楽しいものだっただろう。疲れた兄と2階で寝た。何時頃かわからないが、空襲が始まっていた。当時私達は、寝る時も昼間のままの装いで、枕元には靴を置き、畳には土足で歩けるように、縦横に板が敷いてあった。またかと私は思ったが、兄にとっては生まれて初めての空襲で、全く混乱していて、まるで頼りにならなかった。とにかく、庭の防空壕へと兄を導き、庭に出たあたりは真っ赤で昼のよう。家の屋根の上では、父が箒を振り回して、舞い落ちる火の粉を叩いているのがシルエットで見えた。空を行くB29の数に驚き、焼夷弾がザーっという音と共に降るのに足がふるえて、転げるように防空壕に入ったまでは良く覚えている。次に気がついたのは、布団にくるまって目覚めたこと、終わったんだ、生きていたと思ったことだった。

しかし、この3月10日の夜はいつまでも明けなかった。大空襲は東京の下町の殆どを焼き尽くし、なお延焼し続ける煙のために太陽は隠され、夜のように暗い空に私が見たのは、正午頃の高い位置に真っ白な丸い天体。月でなくそれが太陽と気が付くには、少し間があった。光芒もなくただ白く浮かんでいる太陽は、夢の中の出来事のように体が震えた。この空襲では、下町だけで10万人の死者が出たという。我が家は高台なので焼け残ったが、兄の受験する中学校は焼失した。

大空襲はその後4月、5月と繰り返され、我が家は5月25日の山手大空襲で焼けた。その時は家族で群馬県に疎開をして、父だけが東京で猛火をくぐり抜けて疎開先にたどり着いた。父は全身が焦げ臭かった。

終戦後も続く疎開生活は、さらに厳しかった。

White sun

Shoko Ito

<8 years old at that time, Tokyo → Gunma Prefecture>

Around 1945, I lived with my parents, sister, younger brother, and grandmother. When I was in the second grade of elementary school, my heart was full of fear of death. I was envious of my two-year-old brother, who had no idea what death was. At that time, air raids were common in Tokyo, and it was said that there were three air raids on January 1.

"We inherited the red blood of our parents who told us to die for His Majesty the Emperor, our small people who survived, and tied them with a deadly white sash in their hearts," he sang every morning at school.

Sardines were distributed late at night, probably in the fall of 19th.

Her grandmother said, "I might die tonight, I want my children to eat sardines," and once cooked only three mouthfuls of soybean meal and wheat rice and ate in the middle of the night.

At the end of the second semester, my teacher told me to deliver a letter to my absent friend's house, and on the way back, I was desperately walking through the ringing alarm siren, and I was forced into an air raid shelter by a guard.

In the darkness, all the strangers spilled tears suddenly and terrifyingly outside. Not only the tears, but also the lower part was wet.

I was shocked that I leaked it without being aware of it, and I don't remember what happened after that.

When I went outside, I just remember that the setting sun hit the vine leaves entwined in the stone wall and it was bright red.

On March 9th, the new year, my brother, who had been evacuating school children to Tochigi prefecture, returned for the first time in half a year to take the junior high school exam.

His brother went to see the junior high school tomorrow with his friends.

I don't remember the family-friendly supper after a long time, but it would have been fun.

I slept upstairs with my tired brother.

I don't know when, but the air raid had begun.

At that time, we were dressed as daytime when we went to bed, with shoes on the bedside and tatami mats with vertical and horizontal boards so that we could walk on the tatami

mats.

I thought again, but it was the first air raid for my brother in my life, and it was totally confusing and totally unreliable.

Anyway, I led his brother to the air raid shelter in the garden and went out to the garden, but it was bright red and it was like noon.

On the roof of the house, I saw his father wielding a broom and beating the falling sparks in silhouette.

He was amazed at the number of B-29s flying in the sky, and remembers well until he shook his feet as the incendiary fell with a rustling sound and entered the air raid shelter to roll.

The next thing I noticed was that I was wrapped up in a futon and woke up, I was done, I was alive.

However, the night of March 10 never dawned.

The bombing burned down most of downtown Tokyo, the sun was hidden to keep the fire spreading, and what I saw in the dark sky like night was a white round celestial body at a high position around noon.

It was a short while before I realized that it was the sun, not the moon.

The sun, which was just floating white without a ray of light, trembled like an event in a dream.

The air raid killed 100,000 people in downtown alone.

Since my house is on a hill, it was left unburned, but my brother's junior high school was burned down.

The air raids were repeated in April and May, and my home was burnt in the Yamate air raid on May 25.

At that time, my family evacuated to Gunma prefecture, and only my father passed through a fierce fire in Tokyo and arrived at the evacuated destination.

His father had a burning odor all over his body.

The evacuated life that continued after the end of the war was even more difficult.

昭和20年(1945年)のわたし

廿日出 富貴子

〈当時11歳、広島県安佐郡狩小川村在住〉

昭和16年船越国民学校に入学した年に戦争が始まった。パンを買うにも並ばなければならぬなどで、食糧不足になることを懸念した母は、広島市から十数キロ離れた親戚に行くことを決め、昭和17年春、祖母を残して、父母私の3人で安佐郡狩小川村小河原に行き、親戚の離れに住まわせてもらった。

4年生になったころ、一軒が空き家になったので移り住んだ。築200年以上の藁葺屋根の家で、柱は虫食いの穴だらけ、山かげなので大きなムカデがたびたび出てきた。そこで農業を始め、牛や鶏を飼い、米・麦・野菜を作った。庭には柿の木が数本あり、吊るし柿が沢山出来た。秋になると裏山の栗の実が屋根伝いに落ち、毎朝一升ますに一杯とれた。

米は作っても供出するため十分に食べられなかったが、麦・野菜・卵などで補った。

昭和20年4月、集団疎開の舟入国民学校の児童を迎えた。集団疎開の友達の弁当は少量で、中身が弁当箱の隅に片寄っていた。一口食べては、箸を置き、手を膝に置いて幾度も噛んでいたのが印象に残っている。

8月6日の朝、全校生徒が運動場で朝礼をしていた時、晴れ上がった上空を、音もなくB29が飛んで行くのが見えた。見上げていると広島市の上空あたりで、箱のようなものを3個落とした。何だろうと思う間もなく、閃光が走り、ドンと音がして炎をつつんだ黒い大きな雲がぐんぐん盛り上がっていった。先生の指示で、5年生は村役場の裏の竹藪に避難した。あの黒い雲の下で、人々はどうなったか、会社に行った父は、叔父の見舞いにと今朝船越に出かけた母は、と心配しながらうずくまっていると、あの晴れ上がっていた空から大粒の雨が降ってきた。雨はブラウスを通して肌に伝わりとても冷たかった。大火の後には大雨が降ると聞いたが、この雨はあの爆弾のせいだと思った。

その日の午後3時ごろから、被爆した人たちが近くの説教場や学校に避難してきた。狩小川国民学校には、計700人以上の人が収容されたと聞いている。私も被災者救護の手伝いのため友達と一緒に数日学校に行った。

爆弾投下の日には実家に帰っていた縁故疎開の友達が、無傷で帰ってきて、その状況を詳しく話してくれたが、一週間後に亡くなったことで、爆弾の今後の影響を思い怖くなった。あちこちの河原で死者を焼く炎や煙を見ることに慣れて怖いとも思わなくなったことはまた怖いことだと思った。

8月15日、戦争が終わったと聞いた時は、全身を縛っていた縄が解かれたように緊張感がほぐれるのを感じた。もう空襲警報もない。裸電球を覆っていた黒い布を取り、明るい夜が帰って来た。

あれから70年。続く平和を永遠に保ち、子どもたちに辛い時代がこないように力を尽くさなければならないと思う。

My time of 1945

By Fukiko Hatsukade

11 years old at that time,

lived in Ogawara, Kakogawa village, Aki district

World War II began on the same year I entered Funakoshi citizen elementary school in 1941. My mother worried about a food shortage because she had to wait in a line to get bread. She decided to go to visit a relative who lived dozens of miles away from Hiroshima City. Leaving grandmother behind at home. My father, mother and I went to Ogawara (Kakogawa village, Aki district). Our relatives let us move into their guest room, during the spring of 1944.

When I was in the 4th grade, we moved into a house that had become vacant. The house had a straw roof house and was over 200 years old. The support posts were full of wormholes. Frequently large centipedes appeared.

We began farming. We kept cattle and chickens, and grew rice, wheat and vegetables. Our garden had several persimmon trees. We hung many persimmons to dry. In autumn chestnuts trees in backyard produced a bountiful harvest. Many chestnuts fell along the roof. We collected a gallon bottle of chestnuts every morning.

We also grew rice, but were unable to eat our harvest. Food needed to be shared. We augmented our personal food supplies with wheat, vegetables, eggs etc.

In April 1945, we greeted children from the Funairi national elementary school. They had come because of a group evacuation. Our guests had tiny amounts of food in their lunch boxes. The tiny meals filled only a corner of their container. I clearly remember that after our new friends took a bite they would put down their chopsticks. Then with their hands on their knees they chewed over and over again.

On the morning of August 6 the students were in the playground for morning gathering. I saw a B-29 bomber moving through the clear sky without sound. I remember seeing the bomber drop three items. They looked like boxes. They fell toward Hiroshima City from the sky above. Soon thereafter a flash of light filled the sky and there was a loud

boom. A big black cloud rose from the place from which bright light had come. Teachers guided their fifth grade children into the bamboo thicket behind the village office.

I worried what had happened beneath the black cloud. I wondered what had happened to the people of Hiroshima. I wondered what had happened to my father. He had gone to his office. I worried about my mother. She had gone to Funakoshi in the morning to visit my uncle. I crouched and watched as the clear sunny sky darkened. Large drops of rain began to fall. Very cold rain soaked my blouse. I had heard that heavy rain falls after a big fire. I thought the bomb had caused the rain.

Around 3 pm on that day, the atomic bomb victims began arriving at nearby schools and public places. Prayers were being said. More than 700 victims were brought to Kakogawa national elementary school. I went to the school to help the victims. My friends and I worked for a couple of days.

On the day of the bomb some of our friends, who were part of the group evacuation, had returned home to see their parents. They came back safe and talked about the situation in detail. My friend, who seemed fine, passed away a week later. I became frightened by what the bomb might bring to our future. I saw burned bodies in the rivers and on the beaches, here and there. I thought that I never would become accustomed to seeing flames and smoke again. Just being afraid was a scary matter.

I heard that the war was over on August 15. I felt a conscious relaxation of tension as if the rope that bound my whole body had been unraveled. There were no more air-raid warnings. I removed the black cloth that covered the bare light bulb during the war. A brightness at night returned.

Now, 70 years since then, I think that we must keep peace for all forever. We must do our best not to have painful times for children.

Translation by Kazuya Murakami, Live in Tokyo

昭和20年の私

うら べ
ト 部 和 子

〈当時15歳、広島県府中市須町在住〉

私は昭和5年生まれで、昭和20年は15才でした。福山市内の女学校へ福塩線で通学していました。当時学徒動員として福山三菱電機工場で数日間作業の見習いをしました。生徒数は1クラス40名位でした。指導員さんは女の人2人です。登校日に全員で自分の机と椅子を外へ出し疎開先の家へ運びました。今思えば想像もつかない様子です。学校の教室はほとんど空になりました。各教室に機械が入り学校工場となりました。数名ずつで流れ作業です。一組の教室で出来たものを次の教室へ運び次の作業と、爆弾投下機に使用される部品だと聞いていました。私は細いエナメル線を機械を使ってコイルに巻く作業をしていました。今思えば、よくあの仕事が出来たなあと思います。今の私では考えられないです。

戦争の嵐も身近に、度々の空襲警報もありました。福山市は、8月8日の夜から9日の朝にB29の爆撃で全滅。夜だったので学生の被害は少なかったと思います。8月9日は定休日になっていたので「今日は学校へは行かなくてよい」と安心しながらも「学校はどうなっているか」と一日中心配した思いは忘れられません。8月10日は通学、福塩線も福山駅まで着くとの事で胸はドキドキしながら、電車から降りました。駅のホームはそのまま残っていましたが、近くは、まだ燃えており、煙が立っていました。

山陽本線の線路沿いに数人の友人と学校へ向かい途中から道路へ、見渡す限りの焼け野原とは。この光景、所々で立ち上る煙と鼻を突く様な何とも言えない悪臭は今でも私の脳から去る事はありません。心配していた学校も焼けて見る影もなく、立ち止まり、流れ出る涙と汗を拭くのみでした。登校した生徒は少なく先生の姿も記憶に残っていません。同じ電車で登校した数名の同級生と話す言葉も少なく駅方面へと歩きました。焼跡には、家族の行く先を書いた立札があちらこちらと立ててありました。一人がアッと急に高い声を出しました。路より少し奥側に入った所へ真っ黒い焼ゴミか灰か、その上に下向きに倒れた大人がいました。頭から足先まで真っ黒で頭髮も焼け衣服も焼け、全身がぱんぱんにふくれていた死体が2ヶ所で目に入り、戦争の怖さが身に染み込みました。

真夏の炎天下、登校した生徒で学校工場の焼跡の整理、曲がりくねった釘、ビー玉の変型になったガラス玉等々の整理をしていた時、焼け残った家の庭先でラジオの音声を聞きました。はっきりと聞き取れませんでしたでしたが、「戦争が終わった」とわかりました。言葉少なに下校しました。福山で焼失を逃れた東小学校で、小学生と交代で授業を受けました。終戦後は、空になった福山連隊の兵舎での授業でした。思い出せば授業は少ない、4年間の女学校生活でした。現代では考えられない、昭和20年でした。

What my life was like in 1945

Kazuko Urabe

(15 years old at that time, residing in Nakasu-cho, Fuchu City,
Hiroshima Prefecture at present)

As I was born in 1930, I was 15 years old in 1945. At that time, I commuted to a girls' school in Fukuyama, using Fukuen Line. I remember working in Fukuyama Mitsubishi Electric Factory as a mobilized student for a few days. In my class, there were about 40 students. Two women served as instructors for us. On one school day, we moved all of our desks and chairs out of the classrooms and carried them to the houses for evacuation. Such situations are unimaginable today. The classrooms became almost empty. Machines were brought in each classroom, and the entire school became a factory. We were engaged in parts production in small groups. We heard that the parts would be used for bombing machines. Parts finished in one classroom were sent to the next classroom one after another. In this way, we continued the work. I did the coiling of a thin enamel wire around the coil by using a machine. When I look back on that time, I can't believe that I could manage to do it.

The influence of war was close to us, and air-raid alerts were issued from time to time. Fukuyama City was completely destroyed by the bombings by B29 from the night of August 8th until the morning of the 9th. I guess not many students were victimized because the attack happened at night. I can't forget how I felt on August 9th. I was pleased that I didn't have to go to school because August 9th was a school holiday, but at the same time, I was worried all day about what happened to the school. On August 10th, I went to school, using Fukuen Line to Fukuyama Station. I got off the train with a pounding heart. Though the platform remained as it was, the surrounding area was still burning and smoldering.

I walked to our school with my friends along the Sanyo Main Line. As far as we could see, there was nothing but burned ruins. I can't forget this scene with black smoke rising everywhere and stinking and nasty smell. Then, we found that our school buildings were completely burned down beyond recognition. All we could do was to just stand there and wipe away tears and sweat. There were only a few students there. I don't remember whether the teachers were there or not. Together with classmates who came to school with me on the same train, I walked to the station with no words. We found many notice boards were put up in the ruins, showing the families' whereabouts. Suddenly, one student gasped in surprise. We saw an adult falling facedown into dark

burnt rubbish or ashes in the space, short distance back from the road. I found a swollen dead body in two places. They were badly charred from head to toes with hair and clothes burned away. They made me realize the horror and misery of war.

It was on the day under the hot sun that we listened to the radio broadcast of the voice of the then Emperor. The students, including myself, were at the school yard to clean up the ruins of the school factory, collecting twisted nails, glass balls melted and stuck together like deformed marbles, and so on. I couldn't listen to the radio well, but I understood one thing. "The war was over." We went home with few words. We took classes at Higashi Elementary School in Fukuyama in rotation with elementary school children. The school buildings escaped fires. After the war, we studied at the barracks of Fukuyama Regiment. Looking back on those days, we took almost no classes for four years at our girls' school. That was the memories of my school days back in 1945, which seems to someone now as unimaginable.

生き残ったことへの後ろめたさが 私を貝にしてしまった70年

竹 下 時 美

〈当時16歳、広島市荒神町在住〉

生き残ったことへの後ろめたさは何年経っても消せるものではなく、いつしか70年が経ってしまいました。

純粹だった16歳時の学生生活。紺のモンペに防空頭巾を肩にかけ荒神町の下宿から水主町への通学。戦況は日々厳しさを増し空襲警報の度に防空壕に駆け込んで身を潜める生活。呉の空襲の夜は、頭の上をビュンビュン敵機が飛び交い、防空壕に入り切れなかった私は真っ暗な近くの東練兵場の芋畑の畝間に身を隠し解除を待ちました。呉の空が赤々と燃え盛るのを半身でこわごわと眺めました。解除のサイレンで下宿に帰り、なにもなかった如く普通の生活に戻ります。夜の勉強です。明かりを漏らさない為、頭からすっぽり布団を被り電気スタンドを引き込んでのお決まりのスタイルです。こうした生活に誰一人不満や愚痴をこぼす者もなく、楽しい学校生活を送っていました。7月も下旬に入った日曜日のある日、突然田舎から父が「今度は広島がやられる番だから一緒に帰ろう」と迎えに来たのです。期末試験前の一番大事な時、帰れる訳がない。絶対帰らないからと言い張りしましたが、下宿の小母さんにまで拝み倒され仕方なくしぶしぶと汽車に乗りました。3時間半の車中、一言も父と口を利きませんでした。頭の中は、無断欠席の事、期末試験の事、友達への思いで一杯だったのです。

数日経って、古江から通っていた大の仲良しから便りが届きました。美味しいビワがとれたから県北育ちの私に食べさせたくて、月曜日に学校に持って行ったけど、一度も欠席したことのない私の姿が見えず、「明日は来るだろう、明日は来るだろうと3日持って通ったけど姿が見えず寂しいよ」と言う便り。涙が出る程嬉しくて折り返し、お礼と無断欠席のお詫びを書いて投函しました。「早く帰るから待っててよ」と約束したのに。数日後、一瞬にして大事な友達も学校も奪われてしまいました。

矢も楯もたまらず一日でも早く広島へと父に頼み入市しました。すべてが焼土と化し何一つない広島。目標物もなくただ電車の線路と川を頼りに爆心地の学校の跡地にたどり着きました。思わず「みんなご免、卑怯者の私は生きているの、と心で叫び瓦礫の中に崩れ号泣しました。

その日を境に卑怯者の生き残りというレッテルを自ら貼り付け、貝になって生き続けてしまいました。亡くなった多くの友達への償いは、友達の分まで一生懸命生きることだと決意しました。その決意から半世紀、仕事一筋完全燃焼し、現在は孫子に囲まれ穏やかに追悼させてもらっています。

心優しい古江の友達に送り続けたメッセージ、届いているよね。「2人で美味しいビワが食べられるまでお預けしているよ」の約束。あと少しで実現ね…。古江産を持って行くよ。

いろいろあった70年の人生行路。

卑怯者の生き残りの烙印を自ら押し、かたくなに閉じ続けた貝が初めて口を開きました。

70 years of being a "clam" with the feeling of guilt for surviving

by Tokimi Takeshita

<16 years old at the time, resident of Kojin-cho, Hiroshima-city>

Even 70 years has passed after the atomic bombing of Hiroshima my guilty feeling never disappears.

When I was 16 years old, pure student, was spending at boarding house in Kojin-cho to go to school Kako-machi wearing Monpe (woman's work pants) and Boukuzukin (air defense hood) over the shoulder. I had spent good time at the school.

However, the complexion of the war got worse day to day and many battle planes were flying over the head. We had to go air raid shelter as the air raid alarm rang almost every day. When I could not enter the shelter, I hid myself dark potato field's furrows and was terrified of seeing the Kure city with red sky with fires.

Once the air raid alarm stopped, we returned our ordinary life. We needed to get wrapped the lamp in a comforter not to leak the light of the lamp when we studied at night. That was the way of our school life though nobody complains in those days.

One Sunday, the end of July, my father came to my boarding house without notice and said "Let's leave here, Hiroshima is in danger."

I said "I won't because I have to take my term examination at school".

The examination was very important and I didn't want to miss it. I refused to leave the boarding house. But my boarding house's mother forced me to leave Hiroshima so I grudgingly decided to leave Hiroshima. My father didn't talk a single word for 3.5 hours on the train when we left my boarding house. I was wondering about school absence without notice, about term examination and about friends all the way to my house.

A few days later, I got a letter from my best friend who lived in Furue-city. She brought me some loquats which she gathered in the neighborhood. She thought that the loquats from Furue-city is special for me since I lived Northern part of the prefecture. But she couldn't find me at school so she wrote me a letter. In the

letter she said "I thought I could see you at school today or tomorrow and waited for 3days though I never see you at school. I miss you so much."

When I read the letter from her, I nearly wept for joy and wrote her back thanks letter. I also wrote about the reason of the school absence without notice and I promised her that I would be back soon so we would eat loquats together.

Right after I promised her to get together soon and eat loquats, I lost everything, my friends and school in the moment by the atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

I asked my father to take me to Hiroshima-city as soon as possible. The city had burned to the ground. I needed to follow a river or railway track to find the direction to my school since there were no buildings or houses as landmarks and nothing but burnt-out ruins.

Once I got to my school, I sobbed out an apology to friends with feeling of guilt for surviving. Since then, I have lived like a clam. I have stayed in my shell as a coward survivor that the only way for me to make up to my friends who died so young. I have decided to live this way and determined to live for my friends who died in the war.

Now I live peacefully with grandchildren around and remember the dead of war. I have continued to send the letter to my best friend of Furue-city and I believe that the message has reached my friend.

"We would eat loquat together soon, I would bring Furue loquat there. It would be soon....."

I have named myself coward survivor and stubbornly shut my mind like a clam and the clam just started to open the course of my life of 70 years for the first time.