“We have discovered the most terrible bomb in the history of the world. It may be the fire destruction prophesied in the Euphrates Valley Era, after Noah and his fabulous Ark…. This weapon is to be used against Japan … [We] will use it so that military objectives and soldiers and sailors are the target and not women and children. Even if the Japs are savages, ruthless, merciless and fanatic, we as the leader of the world for the common welfare cannot drop that terrible bomb on the old capital or the new. … The target will be a purely military one… It seems to be the most terrible thing ever discovered, but it can be made the most useful.” (Harry S. Truman (1884-1972), 33rd U.S. President, (Diary, July 25, 1945)

“The World will note that the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima a military base. That was because we wished in this first attack to avoid, insofar as possible, the killing of civilians.” (Harry S. Truman (1884-1972), 33rd U.S. President, (radio speech to the Nation, August 9, 1945)

“… In [July] 1945… Secretary of War [Henry L.] Stimson, visiting my headquarters in Germany, informed me that our government was preparing to drop an atomic bomb on Japan. I was one of those who felt that there were a number of cogent reasons to question the wisdom of such an act. …The Secretary, upon giving me the news of the successful bomb test in New Mexico, and of the plan for using it, asked for my reaction, apparently expecting a vigorous assent. …During his recitation of the relevant facts, I had been conscious of a feeling of depression and so I voiced to him my grave misgivings, first on the basis of my belief that Japan was already defeated and that dropping the bomb was completely unnecessary, and secondly because I thought that our country should avoid shocking world opinion by the use of a weapon whose employment was, I thought, no longer mandatory as a measure to save American lives.
It was my belief that Japan was, at that very moment, seeking some way to surrender with a minimum loss of ‘face’. The Secretary was deeply perturbed by my attitude.”  
(General Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe and 34th U.S. President from 1952 to 1960, (Mandate For Change, p. 380)

“Mechanized civilization has just reached the ultimate stage of barbarism. In a near future, we will have to choose between mass suicide and intelligent use of scientific conquests [...] This can no longer be simply a prayer; it must become an order which goes upward from the peoples to the governments, an order to make a definitive choice between hell and reason.” (Albert Camus (1913-1960), French philosopher and author, August 8, 1945)

"As American Christians, we are deeply penitent for the irresponsible use already made of the atomic bomb. We are agreed that, whatever be one’s judgment of the war in principle, the surprise bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are morally indefensible.” (The American Federal Council of Churches‘ Report on Atomic Warfare and the Christian Faith, 1946)

“It is my opinion that the use of this barbarous weapon at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was of no material assistance in our war against Japan. ” – “The lethal possibilities of atomic warfare in the future are frightening. My own feeling was that in being the first to use it, we had adopted an ethical standard common to the barbarians of the Dark Ages.” (William Leahy, Chief of Staff to Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman (“I Was There”, p. 441)

“Completely in charge in their marble homes and granite banks from which they rob the people of the world under the pretense of bringing them culture, Watch out, for … they’ll send you out to protect their gold in wars whose weapons, rapidly developed by servile scientists, will become more and more deadly until they can with a flick of the finger tear a million of you to pieces.”(Jean Paul Marat (1743-1793), Swiss-born scientist and physician and actor in the French Revolution)

When U.S. President Harry S. Truman decided on his own to use the atom bomb, a barbarous weapon of mass destruction, against the Japanese civilian populations of the cities of Hiroshima and of Nagasaki on August 6 and on August 9, 1945, the United States sided officially on the wrong side of history. General Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe and 34th U.S. President from 1952 to 1960, said it in so many words: “…the Japanese were ready to surrender and it wasn’t necessary to hit them with that awful thing.” (Newsweek, November 11, 1963). Between 90,000 and 120,000 people died in Hiroshima and between 60,000 and 80,000 died in Nagasaki, for a grand total of between 150,000 and 200,000 most cruel deaths.

It seems that military man Eisenhower was more ethical than Freemason small-town politician Harry S. Truman regarding the fateful decision.

In being the first country to use nuclear weapons against civilian populations, the United States was then in direct violation of internationally accepted principles of war with respect to the wholesale and indiscriminate destruction of populations. Thus, August 1945 is a most dangerous and ominous precedent that marked a new dismal beginning in the history of humanity, a big moral step backward.

In future generations, it most certainly will be considered that the use of the atom bomb against the Japanese civilian populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a historic crime against humanity that will stain the reputation of the United States for centuries to come. It can also be said that President Harry S. Truman, besides lying to the American people about the whole sordid affair (see official
quotes above), has left behind him a terrible moral legacy of incalculable consequences to future generations of Americans.

Many self-serving reasons have been advanced for justifying Truman’s decision, such as the objective of saving the lives of American soldiers by shortening the war in the Pacific and avoiding a military invasion of Japan with a quick Japanese surrender. That surrender came on August 15, 1945 and it was made official on September 2 with the signing of the Japanese Instrument of Surrender, nearly one month after the bombing of the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Nazi Germany had capitulated on May 8, 1945 and World War II was already over in Europe. There was also the diplomatic fear that the Soviet Red Army could have invaded Japan, as they had done in Berlin, thus depriving the United States of a hard fought clear-cut victory against Japan.

But by the end of July 1945, according to military experts, the Japanese military apparatus had de facto been defeated. It is also true that the militarist Japanese Supreme Council for the Direction of the War was stalling with the aim of getting better capitulation terms hoping for a negotiated settlement, especially regarding the future role of their Emperor Hirohito as formal head of state.

In Europe, the allies had caused a recalcitrant Nazi Germany to accept an unconditional surrender and there were other military means to force the Japanese government to surrender. The convenient pretext of rushing a surrender carries no weight compared to the enormity of using the nuclear weapon on two civilian targets. And even if President Truman was anxious to demonstrate the power of the atom bomb and impress his Soviet friends—and possibly also assert himself as a political figure vis-à-vis previous President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had died a few months earlier, on April 12, 1945—this could have been done while targeting remote Japanese military targets, not on targeting entire cities. It seems that there were no moral considerations in this most inhuman decision.

Since that fateful month of August 1945, humanity has embarked upon a disastrous nuclear arms race and is rushing toward oblivion with its eyes open and its mind closed.

Rodrique Tremblay is professor emeritus of economics at the University of Montreal and can be reached at rodrigue.tremblay@yahoo.com. He is the author of the book “The Code for Global Ethics” at: www.TheCodeForGlobalEthics.com/

The book “The Code for Global Ethics, Ten Humanist Principles”, by Dr. Rodrique Tremblay, prefaced by Dr. Paul Kurtz, has just been released by Prometheus Books.

Please visit the book site at: www.TheCodeForGlobalEthics.com/

See it on Amazon USA:
See it on Amazon Canada:
See it on Amazon UK:
or, in Australia at:

or on Amazon Canada

Articles by: Prof Rodrigue Tremblay

Related content:

Flashback: U.S. propaganda in the run up to the nuclear bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki
“The human race stands on the verge of nuclear self-extinction as a species, and with it will die most, if not all, forms of intelligent life on the planet earth. Any attempt to dispel the ideology of nuclearism and its…”

Hiroshima and Nagasaki: American High School Textbooks Perpetuate The Big Lie
This summer the world will pause to commemorate the 68th anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Most Americans are still supportive of Truman’s decision despite overwhelming historical evidence the bomb had “nothing to do…”

August 6, 1945: The Moral Legacy of Hiroshima and Nagasaki

Dellinger on Hiroshima and Nagasaki
David Dellinger, the great American militant pacifist, was one of the most prominent opponents of the U.S. government’s involvement in World War II. Dellinger spent more than three years in prison in the 1940s because of his opposition to the…”
Remember Hiroshima! August 6, 1945

By Global Research
Global Research, August 06, 2004
6 August 2004
Region: Asia
Theme: Crimes against Humanity

The first atomic bomb actually used in war time was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945 killing between 130,000 and 150,000 people by the end of that year. Those who survived the bombing are rapidly aging now after struggling for many years. The Hiroshima Peace and Culture Foundation has decided to newly videotape the testimonies of 100 A-bomb victims to commemorate the International Year of Peace 1986 to record the precious experiences of these survivors to be handed down to the future generations.

“Nothing will grow for 75 years.” Fifty-nine years have passed since the August sixth when Hiroshima was so thoroughly obliterated that many succumbed to such doom. Dozens of corpses still bearing the agony of that day, souls torn abruptly from their loved ones and their hopes for the future, have recently re-surfaced on Ninoshima Island, warning us to beware the utter inhumanity of the atomic bombing and the gruesome horror of war.

Unfortunately, the human race still lacks both a lexicon capable of fully expressing that disaster and sufficient imagination to fill the gap. Thus, most of us float idly in the current of the day, clouding with self-indulgence the lens of reason through which we should be studying the future, blithely turning our backs on the courageous few.

As a result, the egocentric worldview of the U.S. government is reaching extremes. Ignoring the United Nations and its foundation of international law, the U.S. has resumed research to make nuclear weapons smaller and more “usable.” Elsewhere, the chains of violence and retaliation know no end: reliance on violence-amplifying terror and North Korea, among others, buying into the worthless policy of “nuclear insurance” are salient symbols of our times.

We must perceive and tackle this human crisis within the context of human history. In the year leading up to the 60th anniversary, which begins a new cycle of rhythms in the interwoven fabric that binds humankind and nature, we must return to our point of departure, the unprecedented A-bomb experience. In the coming year, we must sow the seeds of new hope and cultivate a strong future-oriented movement.

To that end, the city of Hiroshima, along with the Mayors for Peace and our 611 member cities in 109 countries and regions, hereby declares the period beginning today and lasting until August 9, 2005, to be a Year of Remembrance and Action for a Nuclear-Free World. Our goal is to bring forth a beautiful “flower” for the 75th anniversary of the atomic bombings, namely, the total elimination of all nuclear weapons from the face of the Earth by the year 2020. Only then will we have truly resurrected hope for life on this “nothing will grow” planet.
The seeds we sow today will sprout in May 2005. At the Review Conference for the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons (NPT) to be held in New York, the Emergency Campaign to Ban Nuclear Weapons will bring together cities, citizens, and NGOs from around the world to work with like-minded nations toward adoption of an action program that incorporates, as an interim goal, the signing in 2010 of a Nuclear Weapons Convention to serve as the framework for eliminating nuclear weapons by 2020.

Around the world, this Emergency Campaign is generating waves of support. This past February, the European Parliament passed by overwhelming majority a resolution specifically supporting the Mayors for Peace campaign. At its general assembly in June, the U.S. Conference of Mayors, representing 1183 U.S. cities, passed by acclamation an even stronger resolution.

We anticipate that Americans, a people of conscience, will follow the lead of their mayors and form the mainstream of support for the Emergency Campaign as an expression of their love for humanity and desire to discharge their duty as the lone superpower to eliminate nuclear weapons.

We are striving to communicate the message of the hibakusha around the world and promote the Hiroshima-Nagasaki Peace Study Course to ensure, especially, that future generations will understand the inhumanity of nuclear weapons and the cruelty of war. In addition, during the coming year, we will implement a project that will mobilize adults to read eyewitness accounts of the atomic bombings to children everywhere.

The Japanese government, as our representative, should defend the Peace Constitution, of which all Japanese should be proud, and work diligently to rectify the trend toward open acceptance of war and nuclear weapons increasingly prevalent at home and abroad. We demand that our government act on its obligation as the only A-bombed nation and become the world leader for nuclear weapons abolition, generating an anti-nuclear tsunami by fully and enthusiastically supporting the Emergency Campaign led by the Mayors for Peace. We further demand more generous relief measures to meet the needs of our aging hibakusha, including those living overseas and those exposed in black rain areas.

Rekindling the memory of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we pledge to do everything in our power during the coming year to ensure that the 60th anniversary of the atomic bombings will see a budding of hope for the total abolition of nuclear weapons. We humbly offer this pledge for the peaceful repose of all atomic bomb victims.

August 6, 2004

Tadatoshi Akiba Mayor The City of Hiroshima

His Excellency George W. Bush, The President, The White House, The United States of America

Letter of Protest

I have received a report that your administration has submitted to Congress a 2004 Defense Authorization Bill that requests funds for the development of small nuclear weapons with a yield of five kilotons or less, which development has been prohibited since 1993, and that would repeal the Furse-Spratt prohibition on the development of such weapons.

This clear indication that the United States intends to develop small nuclear weapons raises the horrifying spectre that nuclear weapons will actually be used. As mayor of the A-bombed city Hiroshima I am outraged by the barbarism that has led you not only to attack Iraq, killing or injuring thousands of innocent Iraqi citizens, but also to develop new nuclear weapons. You are trampling viciously on the hopes of the vast majority of people around the world who seek peace and, on behalf of the residents of Hiroshima, I vehemently protest.

Coming as it does on the eve of the UN NPT Review Conference Preparatory Committee, this announcement, together with statements regarding the necessity of resuming underground testing
and rapidly developing new tactical nuclear weapons, represents an extremely regrettable frontal attack on the process of nuclear disarmament.

I demand that you immediately begin demonstrating a willingness to implement the “unequivocal undertaking” to eliminate your nuclear arsenal promised at the previous NPT Review Conference, take a clear decision to terminate all nuclear testing, and devote the full strength of your great country to achieving a genuinely peaceful 21st century free from nuclear weapons.

April 21, 2003
Tadatoshi Akiba Mayor of Hiroshima

- Testimony of Hiroshi Sawachika
- Testimony of Yosaku Mikami
- Testimony of Isao Kita
- Testimony of Akira Onogi
- Testimony of Hiroko Fukuda
- Testimony of Akihiro Takahashi
- Testimony of Kinjiro Tomoyasu
- Testimony of Yoshitaka Kawamoto
- Testimony of Toshiko Saeki
- Testimony of Akiko Takakura
- Testimony of Mamoru Yukihiro
- Testimony of Taeko Teramae
- Testimony of Takehiko Sakai
- Testimony of Hatchobori Streetcar Survivors
- Testimony of Yoshito Matsushige
- Peace Declaration

Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific Day
Monday, 1 March 2004

On Monday it is the 50th anniversary of the day the US ‘Bravo’ nuclear bomb was detonated close to the surface of Bikini Atoll, Marshall Islands. The explosion created a fireball four miles wide that vaporized the entire ‘test’ island and parts of two others, leaving a hole in Bikini’s lagoon one mile wide and 200 feet deep. The fireball contained huge quantities of radioactive coral and water particles, which were sucked up with the force of the blast and distributed far and wide across the Pacific – the nuclear fallout covered an area of 7,000 square miles.

The island of Rongelap (100 miles away) was dusted with powdery radioactive particles to a depth of one and a half inches, and Utrik (300 miles away) was swathed in radioactive mist. The people of Rongelap and Utrik lived on their newly radioactive islands for three days, inhaling, touching and ingesting the fallout particles, until the US navy belatedly sent ships to evacuate them.

Just four months later the Utrik people were returned to their island, and in 1957 the Rongelap people were returned to theirs, after the US government claimed it had ‘cleaned up’ the radioactivity – subsequently proved to continue to persist at a high level.

Fifty years after ‘Bravo’, people whose parents and grandparents were directly exposed to the initial radioactive contamination continue to have radiation-linked health problems and genetic damage; and those who were not themselves directly exposed, but have lived on the contaminated islands, experience similar harm.

Classified US government documents released in 1994 indicate this radioactive contamination of
the people and their environment was deliberate. For more information about ‘Bravo’ and Project 4.1, the project to study humans exposed to nuclear radiation, see this speech by Rongelap Mayor James Matayoshi.

This is but one example of the horrific racist experiments that colonising governments have inflicted on the peoples of the Pacific, used as human guinea pigs in the insane and pointless pursuit of nuclear weapons supremacy.

Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific Day is a day to remember that the arrogant colonialist mindset which allowed, indeed encouraged, the devastation mentioned above continues today – the Pacific is still neither nuclear free nor independent.

Pacific peoples have been, and continue to be, displaced from their homes and lands to make way for nuclear bomb explosions, missile testing ranges, military training, bombing ranges, strip mining, clear felling, factories, roads, hydro schemes, marinas, settlers and sheep … dispossession, displacement, desecration of land and spirit, despair.

The cycle of destruction is clear – yet there is little willingness on the part of the settler peoples nor of the governments within (and outside) the Pacific to acknowledge it, let alone to work for positive solutions. Even were that willingness to be found, it is no longer clear that Pacific governments are in a position to exercise their, or acknowledge indigenous peoples, sovereignty because of the stranglehold of the TNCs and international financial institutions.

Monday is the day to acknowledge and remember those who have suffered and died in the struggle for independence around the Pacific; those who have opposed colonialism in its many forms and paid for their opposition with their health and life; and those who have suffered and died as a result of the nuclear weapons states’ use of the Pacific for nuclear experimentation, uranium mining, nuclear weapons testing and nuclear waste dumping.

Monday is the day to celebrate the strength and endurance of Pacific peoples who have maintained and taken back control of their lives, languages and lands to ensure the ways of living and being handed down from their ancestors are passed on to future generations.

Monday is the day to pledge your support to continue the struggle for a nuclear free and independent Pacific – not just on Monday, but on every day of the year. As the theme of the 1999 Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific conference said:

No Te Parau Tia, No Te Parau Mau, No Te Tiamaraa – E Tu … E Tu …
For justice, for truth and for independence – wake up, stand up!"

Kia manawanui, kia u, kia kaha to all who are working for a nuclear free and independent Pacific.

If you are interested in more information about the Marshall Islands, see the Marshall Islands index. For an update on the impact of the ‘Bravo’ and other nuclear bomb detonations, see Marshall Islands Women’s Health Issues. In addition to the horror of nuclear weapons ‘testing’, the US government continues to use Kwajalein (Marshall Islands) for ballistic missile ‘testing’, for more information see Weapons in space: the impact on the Pacific. If you are interested in finding out more about the Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific movement, see the 9th Triennial Conference Communique. Other index pages on this site relating to the Pacific can be reached via the Indigenous rights (Pacific) index page

Articles by: Global Research

Related content:

Remember the 1991 Gulf War: The Massacre of Withdrawing Soldiers on “The Highway of Death”

I want to give testimony on what are called the “highways of death.” These are the two Kuwaiti
roadways, littered with remains of 2,000 mangled Iraqi military vehicles, and the charred and dismembered bodies of tens of thousands of Iraqi…

Testimony of Hiroshi Sawachika

Mr. Hiroshi Sawachika was 28 years old when the bomb was dropped. He was an army doctor stationed at the army headquarters in Ujina. When he was exposed, he was inside the building at the headquarters, 4.1 km from the hypocenter. Being rather far from the hypocenter, he was not seriously injured. Afterwards, he was very busy getting medical treatment to the survivors.

MR. SAWACHIKA: I was in my office. I had just entered the room and said "Good morning," to colleagues and I was about to approach my desk when outside it suddenly turned bright red. I felt very hot on my cheeks. Being the chief of the room, I shouted to the young men and women in the room that they should evacuate. As soon as I cried, I felt weightless as if I were an astronaut. I was then unconscious for 20 or 30 seconds. When I came to, I realized that everybody including myself was lying at one side of the room. Nobody was standing. The desks and chairs had also blown off to one side. At the windows, there was no window glass and the window frames had been blown out as well. I went to the windows to find out where the bombing had taken place. And I saw the mushroom cloud over the gas company. The sound and shock somehow suggested that the bomb had been dropped right over the gas company. I still had no idea what had happened. And I kept looking towards the gas company. After a while, I realized that my white shirt was red all over. I thought it was funny because I was not injured at all. I looked around and then realized that the girl lying near by was heavily injured, with lots of broken glass stuck all over her body. Her blood had splashed and made stains on my shirt. In a few minutes, I heard my name called. I was told to go to the headquarters where there were lots of injured persons waiting. I went there and I started to give treatment with the help of nurses and medical course men. We first treated the office personnel for their injuries. Most of them had broken glass and pieces of wood stuck into them. We treated them one after another. Afterwards, we heard the strange noise. It sounded as if a large flock of mosquitoes were coming from a distance. We looked out of the window to find out what was happening. We saw that citizens from the town were marching towards us. They looked unusual. We understood that the injured citizens were coming towards us for treatment. But while, we thought that there should be Red Cross Hospitals and another big hospital in the center of the town. So why should they come here, I wondered, instead of going there. At that time, I did not know that the center of the town had been so heavily damaged. After a while, with the guide of the hospital personnel, the injured persons reached our headquarters. With lots of injured people arriving, we realized just how serious the matter was. We decided that we should treat them also. Soon afterwards, we learned that many of them had badly burned. As they came to us, they held their hands aloft. They looked like they were ghosts. We made the tincture for that treatment by mixing edible peanut oil and something. We had to work in a mechanical manner in order to treat so many patients. We provided one room for the heavily injured and another for the slightly injured. A treatment was limited to the first aid because there were no facilities for the patients to be hospitalized. Later on, when I felt that I could leave the work to other staff for a moment, I walked out of the treatment room and went into the another room to see what had happened. When I stepped inside, I found the room filled with the smell that was quite similar to the smell of dried squid when it has been grilled. The smell was quite strong. It's a sad reality that the smell human beings produce when they are burned is the same as that of the dried squid when it is grilled. The squid - we like so much to eat. It was a strange feeling, a feeling that I had never had before. I can still remember that smell quite clearly. Afterwards, I came back to the treatment room and walked through the roads of people who were either seriously injured or waiting to be treated. When I felt someone touch my leg, it was a pregnant woman. She said that she was about to die in a few hours. She said, "I know that I am going to die. But I can feel that my baby is moving inside. It does not have to
die with me. Please help my baby live." There were no obstetricians there. There was no delivery room. There was no time to take care of her baby. All I could do was to tell her that I would come back later when everything was ready for her and her baby. Thus I cheered her up and she looks so happy. But I have to return to the treatment work. So I resumed to work taking care of the injured one by one. There were so many patients. I felt as if I was fighting against the limited time. It was late in the afternoon towards the evening. And image of that pregnant woman never left my mind. Later, I went to the place where I had found her before, she was still there lying in the same place. I patted her on the shoulder, but she said nothing. The person lying next to her said that a short while ago, she had become silent. I still recalled this incident partly because I was not able to fulfill the last wish of this dying young woman. I also remember her because I had a chance to talk with her however short it was.

INTERVIEWER: How many patients did you treat on August 6?

ANSWER: Well, at least 2 or 3 thousand on that very day if you include those patients whom I gave directions to. I felt that as if once that day started, it never ended. I had to keep on and on treating the patients forever. It was the longest day of my life. Later on, when I had time to reflect on that day, I came to realize that we, doctors learned a lot through the experience, through the suffering of all those people. It's true that the lack of medical knowledge, medical facilities, integrated organization and so on prevented us from giving sufficient medical treatment. Still there was a lot for us, medical doctors to learn on that day. I learned that the nuclear weapons which gnaw the minds and bodies of human beings should never be used. Even the slightest idea using nuclear arms should be completely extirminated the minds of human beings. Otherwise, we will repeat the same tragedy. And we will never stop being ashamed of ourselves.

Testimony of Yosaku Mikami

Next is Mr. Yosaku Mikami. He was 32 years old when he was exposed. When the bomb was exploded, he was on a streetcar which was running in Sendamachi, 1.9 km from the hypocenter. He was a fireman. On the morning of August 6, he was on his way back from the night duty to Ujina going to his home in Sakaemachi. The rest of his family was all evacuated one day before.

I was stationed at Ujina fire station. Our duty was to work 24 hours from 8 o'clock in the morning to 8 o'clock in the following morning. We were divided into 2 groups for the shifts. On that day, August 6, I was just about to leave work and go home at 8 o'clock in the morning. Shortly before it, the all clear was sounded. So I started to go home to Sakaemachi. When I reached the streetcar stop, I found out that I had missed the car by just a few minutes. So I had to wait about ten minutes more before I got on the next car. The car passed through Miyuki Bashi and was approaching the train office, when I saw the blue flash from the window. At the same time, smoke filled the car which prevented me even from seeing person standing directly in front of me. In about half an hour, I went out of the car. I noticed that the fire was burning everywhere. The sky was dull as it covered by clouds. I decided to go back to work and I ran back to the fire station. There was nothing to drink at all. Can you see there is a streetcar over there near the fire station? When I reached that corner, I jumped onto the fire truck with my colleagues who were on duty on that day. I joined them. We drove along the trouble way but we had to return to the fire station soon because there was too much fire and we couldn't do anything at all. When we were on our way back to the station, and approaching the office of the Tobacco and Salt Public Corporation, we found that the warehouse was on fire. So we stopped there and went inside to put out the fire. When the fire had come down, we decided to go to the main fire station to find out what had happened. We passed by the Miyuki Bridge. It was so hot as the result of the heat produced by the fire. The electric-light poles burned down. All of us wore raincoats to protect us from the fire. We also wore caps for the same purpose. Using buckets, we threw water over ourselves when we reached the water tanks. Finally, we reached the main fire station. I guess that about 5 or 6 of my coworkers were there already. Then we
were told to take care of the seriously injured. We drove a chief to a hospital and then we drove towards Miyuki Bridge and Takano Bridge, where we found a lot of people dying. There were about 4 or 5 firemen on the fire truck. The men in good condition were clinging to the side of the car. We heard many people swearing, screaming, shouting, asking for help. Since our order was to help the most heavily injured, we searched for them. We tried to open the eyes of the injured and we found out they were still alive. We tried to carry them by their arms and legs and to place them onto the fire truck. But this was difficult because their skin was peeled off as we tried to move them. They were all heavily burned. But they never complained but they felt pain even when their skin was peeling off. We carried the victims to the prefectural hospital. Soon afterwards, the hospital was full, so then we carried the injured to the Akatsuki Military Hospital. On the following day, we decided to visit the small fire stations throughout the town. I believe there were about 20 or 30 small stations with only 7 or 8 firemen each. Those small stations were temporary place near police stations and city halls during war time. The workers stationed at the important places were all killed. I visited one of the fire stations and inside the burned fire engine, I found a man who was scorched to death. He looked as if he was about to start the fire engine to fight the fire. Inside the broken building, I also found several dead men. I guess they were trapped inside the building. Many of my colleagues who survived on that day died one month later. Some of them lost their hair before their death. Yes. There were lots of firemen who died one or one and half months later. I feel very sorry for them. I also feel deeply sorry for those who lost their families. I sincerely hope that there would be no more nuclear war.

Testimony of Isao Kita

Next is Mr. Isao Kita. He was 33 years old when the bomb fell. He was working for the Hiroshima District Weather Bureau 3.7 km from the hypocenter. He was the chief weather man and his shift fell on August 5 to 6. He kept observing the weather even after he was exposed.

MR. KITA: Well, at that time, I happened to be receiving the transmission over the wireless. I was in the receiving room and I was facing northward. I noticed the flashing light. It was not really a big flash. But still it drew my attention. In a few seconds, the heat wave arrived. After I noticed the flash, white clouds spread over the blue sky. It was amazing. It was as if blue morning-glories had suddenly bloomed up in the sky. It was funny, I thought. Then came the heat wave. It was very very hot. Even though there was a window glass in front of me, I felt really hot. It was as if I was looking directly into a kitchen oven. I couldn't bear the heat for a long time. Then I heard the cracking sound. I don't know what made that sound, but probably it came from the air which suddenly expanded in the room. By that time, I realized that the bomb had been dropped. As I had been instructed, I pushed aside the chair and lay with my face on the floor. Also as I had been instructed during the frequent emergency exercises, I covered my eyes and ears with hands like this. And I started to count. You may feel that I was rather heartless just to start counting. But for us, who observed the weather, it is a duty to record the process of time, of various phenomena. So I started counting with the light flash. When I counted to 5 seconds, I heard the groaning sound. At the same time, the window glass was blown off and the building shook from the bomb blast. So the blast reached that place about 5 seconds after the explosion. We later measured the distance between the hypocenter and our place. And with these two figures, we calculated that the speed of the blast was about 700 meters per second. The speed of sound is about 330 meters per second, which means that the speed of the blast was about twice as fast as the speed of sound. It didn't move as fast as the speed of light but it moved quite rapidly. There is a path which leads by here over there. And on that day, a large number of injured persons walked this way along the path toward the Omi Hospital. They were bleeding all over and some of them had no clothes. Many of them were carrying people on their shoulders. Looking at the injured, I realized how seriously the town had been damaged. The fire was its peak at around that time. It thundered 10 times between 10 and 11 o'clock. The sound of thunder itself was not so great but still I could see the lightning over the fire. When I looked down
on the town from the top of that hill, I could see that the city was completely lost. The city turned into a yellow sand. It turned yellow, the color of the yellow desert.

INTERVIEWER: Was this before the fire broke out?

ANSWER: Yes. The town looked yellowish. The smoke was so thick that it covered the entire town. After about 5 minutes, fire broke out here and there. The fire gradually grew bigger and there were smoke everywhere and so we could no longer see towards the town. The cloud of the smoke was very tall, but it didn't come in this direction at all. The cloud moved in that direction from the ocean towards Hiroshima Station. It moved towards the north. The smoke from the fire, it was like a screen dividing the city into two parts. The sun was shining brightly just like it was a middle of the summer over here on this side. And behind the cloud on the other side, it was completely dark. The contrast was very much. So about 60 or 70 % of the sky was covered by the cloud and the other 30 % was completely clear. It was a bright clear blue sky. The condition had remained like this for some time. From Koi, looking towards Hiroshima Station, you could see the black rain falling. But from here, I couldn't judge how much rain was falling. But based on the information I heard later, it seems that the rain fell quite heavy over a period of several hours. It was a black and sticky rain. It stuck everything. When it fell on trees and leaves, it stayed and turned everything black. When it fell on people's clothing, the clothing turned black. It also stuck on people's hands and feet. And it couldn't be washed off. I couldn't see what was taking place inside the burning area. But I was able to see the extent of the area which was on fire. Based on the information which came later, it seems that the center of the town suffered the worst damage. The atomic bomb does not discriminate. Of course, those who were fighting may have to suffer. But the atomic bomb kills everyone from little babies to old people. And it's not an easy death. It's a very cruel and very painful way to die. I think that this cannot be allowed to happen again anywhere in the world. I don't say this just because I'm a Japanese atomic bomb survivor. I feel that people all over the world must speak out.

Testimony of Akira Onogi

Mr. Akira Onogi was 16 years old when the bomb was dropped. He was at home 1.2 km away from center of explosion. The house was under the shade of the warehouse, which protected him from the first blast. All five members of the Onogi family miraculously survived the immediate fire at their house.

MR. ONOGI: I was in the second year of junior high school and was mobilized work with my classmates at the Eba Plant, Mitsubishi shipbuilding. On the day when A-bomb was dropped, I happened to be taking the day off and I was staying at home. I was reading lying on the floor with a friend of mine. Under the eaves I saw blue flash of light just like a spark made by a train or some short circuit. Next, a steamlike blast came.

INTERVIEWER: From which direction?

ANSWER: Well, I'm not sure, anyway, when the blast came, my friend and I were blown into another room. I was unconscious for a while, and when I came to, I found myself in the dark. Thinking my house was directly hit by a bomb, I removed red soil and roof tiles covering me by hand and for the first time I saw the sky. I managed to go out to open space and I looked around wondering what my family were doing. I found that all the houses around there had collapsed for as far as I could see.

INTERVIEWER: All the houses?

ANSWER: Yes, well, I couldn't see anyone around me but I heard somebody shouting `Help! Help!' from somewhere. The cries were actually from underground as I was walking on. Since no choose were available, I'd just dug out red soil and roof tiles by hand to help my family; my mother, my three sisters and a child of one of my sisters. Then, I looked next door and I saw the father of
neighboring family standing almost naked. His skin was peeling off all over his body and was
hanging from finger tips. I talked to him but he was too exhausted to give me a reply. He was
looking for his family desperately. The person in this picture was a neighbor of us. I think the
family's name was the Matsumotos. When we were escaping from the edge of the bridge, we found
this small girl crying and she asked us to help her mother. Just beside the girl, her mother was
trapped by a fallen beam on top of the lower half of her body. Together with neighbors, we tried
good to remove the beam, but it was impossible without any tools. Finally a fire broke out
ever dangering us. So we had no choice but to leave her. She was conscious and we deeply bowed to
her with clasped hands to apologize to her and then we left. About one hour later, it started raining
heavily. There were large drops of black rain. I was wearing a short sleeve shirt and shorts and it
was freezing. Everybody was shivering. We warmed ourselves up around the burning fire in the
middle of the summer.

INTERVIEWER: You mean the fire did not extinguish by the rain?

ANSWER: That's right. The fire didn't subside it at all. What impressed my very strongly was a 5 or
6 year-old-boy with his right leg cut at the thigh. He was hopping on his left foot to cross over the
bridge. I can still record this scene very clearly. The water of the river we looking at now is very
clean and clear, but on the day of bombing, all the houses along this river were blown by the blast
with their pillars, beams and pieces of furniture blown into the river or hanging off the bridges. The
river was also filled with dead people blown by the blast and with survivors who came here to seek
water. Anyway I could not see the surface of the water at all. Many injured people with peeled skin
were crying out for help. Obviously they were looking at us and we could hardly turn our eyes
toward the river.

INTERVIEWER: Wasn't it possible to help them?

ANSWER: No, there were too many people. We took care of the people around us by using the
clothes of dead people as bandages, especially for those who were terribly wounded. By that time
we somehow became insensible all those awful things. After a while, the fire reached the river bank
and we decided to leave the river. We crossed over this railway bridge and escaped in the direction
along the railway. The houses on both sides of the railroad were burning and railway was the hollow
in the fire. I thought I was going to die here. It was such an awful experience. You know for about
10 years after bombing I always felt paralyzed we never saw the sparks made by trains or lightning.
Also even at home, I could not sit beside the windows because I had seen so many people badly
wounded by pieces of glass. So I always sat with the wall behind me for about 10 years. It was
some sort of instinct to self-preservation.

Testimony of Hiroko Fukada

Ms. Hiroko Fukada was 18 years old when the bomb was dropped. She was inside the Bureau of
Post Communications, then it located in Hakushima 1 km away from the center of explosion. She
lost her parents and one sister and never since the war ended. She has been working taking care of
her two younger brothers who survived.

MS. FUKADA: This is my first time to come back this place you know in 41 years since the A-
bomb was dropped. I don't know what to say really. The memory of that day seems to be gradually
coming back to be though. At the moment when I sat down at my desk and took out my notebooks
and pens, I suddenly saw a very strong flash of light. Then it was tremendous impact. The atomic
bomb is often described as Pika-don or spark and bang and that's a very good description, I think.

INTERVIEWER: What was the color of the light?

ANSWER: I remember it was yellow. I clearly remember it now and despite the shower of glass,
fortunately I didn't have any major injuries. I thought it was hopeless because I thought the
buildings directly head and I went out of the building because I thought it would be dangerous to
stay inside. Soon I found soldiers walking in this direction. I was with my friends and we thought it would be safe to go with soldiers, and so we came here.

INTERVIEWER: What were the conditions outside the building?

ANSWER: Everybody was terribly injured. We were even embarrassed because we were not injured. I have no words to describe the scene. A flood of people went down this cliff just like dominoes down.

INTERVIEWER: So you were also pushed forward, weren't you?

ANSWER: Yes, Yes. I was almost crashed and it was very hard to stay on this side. And the other side was burning and a tremendous heat attached us on this side, too. And more and more people came from behind me crashing us and crashing us. And since it was so hot, I dipped my face under the water so many times.

INTERVIEWER: So you jumped into the river right here?

ANSWER: Yeah. I was pushed into the river with many other people. And since I thought it would be dangerous to stay on this side, I swam over to the other side. It was so frightening.

INTERVIEWER: What happened when you were swimming across the river?

ANSWER: Well an awful thing happened when I reached the other side, and was relieved. I was suddenly spun around by the current. And then large pieces of hail begin to fall and my face started hurting. So to avoid that I again plunged my face into the water time and time again. And then I spun around again and again. It just didn't stop.

INTERVIEWER: What actually happened in the water?

ANSWER: The water was swirling around me and later I learned that was a tornado. And my friends somehow managed to survive it.

INTERVIEWER: Did you think you were going to die?

ANSWER: Yes. The faces of my family came to my mind one after another. And I really thought I was dying because I drank a lot of water, too.

INTERVIEWER: This is a picture which you drew describing the moment, isn't it? Would you explain this again? Do you remember this picture? How many years ago did you last see this picture?

ANSWER: Well, I'm not really sure. I really thought I was dying because I drank so much water, too. I don't know how many minutes have passed but anyway I found something like a piece of wood which is very soft and sticky and I touched it. That was actually my friend's leg. And she was alive and we were so glad to see each other. Then I began to wonder what my family were doing. Since we lived in Takaramachi, I thought that they went to Ujina rather than in this direction. And I also thought they might have already been killed by the bomb. I just didn't know what was going on.

INTERVIEWER: How your mother and brothers?

ANSWER: Well, my mother was at the first aid center in Ninoshima. And she died on August 10.

INTERVIEWER: How about your brothers?

ANSWER: Although the small one was together with my mother since they had been mobilized to do tear down houses to make streets wider for the military purposes. He survived because he happened to be standing just by chance under the eaves of the building and the younger brother was at his elementary school. He was stuck under the collapsed school building but he managed to get out. He escaped to Hijiyama Bridge and survived.

INTERVIEWER: How was your younger sister?
**Testimony of Akihiro Takahashi**

_Mr. Akihiro Takahashi was 14 years old, when the bomb was dropped. He was standing in line with other students of his junior high school, waiting for the morning meeting 1.4 km away from the center. He was under medical treatment for about year and half. And even today black nail grows at his finger tip, where a piece of glass was stuck._

**Mr. TAKAHASHI:** We were about to fall in on the ground the Hiroshima Municipal Junior High School on this spot. The position of the school building was not so different from what it is today and the platform was not positioned, too. We were about to form lines facing the front, we saw a B-29 approaching and about fly over us. All of us were looking up the sky, pointing out the aircraft. Then the teachers came out from the school building and the class leaders gave the command to fall in. Our faces were all shifted from the direction of the sky to that of the platform. That was the moment when the blast came. And then the tremendous noise came and we were left in the dark. I couldn't see anything at the moment of explosion just like in this picture. We had been blown by the blast. Of course, I couldn't realize this until the darkness disappeared. I was actually blown about 10 m. My friends were all marked down on the ground by the blast just like this. Everything collapsed for as far as I could see. I felt the city of Hiroshima had disappeared all of a sudden. Then I looked at myself and found my clothes had turned into rags due to the heat. I was probably burned at the back of the head, on my back, on both arms and both legs. My skin was peeling and hanging like this. Automatically I began to walk heading west because that was the direction of my home. After a while, I noticed somebody calling my name. I looked around and found a friend of mine who lived in my town and was studying at the same school. His name was Yamamoto. He was badly burnt just like myself. We walked toward the river. And on the way we saw many victims. I saw a man whose skin was completely peeled off the upper half of his body and a woman whose eye balls were sticking out. Her whole baby was bleeding. A mother and her baby were lying with a skin completely peeled off. We desperately made a way crawling. And finally we reached the river bank. At the same moment, a fire broke out. We made a narrow escape from the fire. If we had been slower by even one second, we would have been killed by the fire. Fire was blowing into the sky becoming 4 or even 5m high. There was a small wooden bridge left, which had not been destroyed by the blast. I went over to the other side of the river using that bridge. But Yamamoto was not with me any more. He was lost somewhere. I remember I crossed the river by myself and on the other side, I purged myself into the water three times. The heat was tremendous. And I felt like my body was burning all over. For my burning body the cold water of the river was as precious as the treasure. Then I left the river, and I walked along the railroad tracks in the direction of my home. On the way, I ran into another friend of mine, Tokujiro Hatta. I wondered why the soles of his feet were badly burnt. It was unthinkable to get burnt there. But it was undeniable fact the soles were peeling and red muscle was exposed. Even I myself was terribly burnt, I could not go home ignoring him. I made him crawl using his arms and knees. Next, I made him stand on his heels and I supported him. We walked heading toward my home repeating the two methods. When we were resting because we were so exhausted, I found my grandfather's brother and his wife, in other words, great uncle and great aunt, coming toward us. That was quite coincidence. As you know, we have a proverb about meeting Buddha in Hell. My encounter with my relatives at that time was just like that. They seem to be the Buddha to me wandering in the living hell.

Afterwards I was under medical treatment for one year and half and I miraculously recovered. Out
of sixty of junior high school classmates, only ten of us are alive today. Yamamoto and Hatta soon died from the acute radiation disease. The radiation corroded the bodies and killed them. I myself am still alive on this earth suffering after-effect of the bomb. I have to see regularly an ear doctor, an eye doctor, a dermatologist and a surgeon. I feel uneasy about my health every day. Further, on both of my hands, I have keloids. My injury was most serious on my right hand and I used to have terrible keloids at right here. I had it removed by surgery in 1954, which enabled me to move my wrist a little bit like this. For my four fingers are fixed just like this, and my elbow is fixed at one hundred twenty degrees and doesn't move. The muscle and bones are attached each other. Also the fourth finger of my right hand doesn't have a normal nail. It has a black nail. A piece of glass which was blown by the blast stuck here and destroyed the cells of the base of the finger now. That is why a black nail continues to grow and from now on, too, it will continue to be black and never become normal. Anyway I'm alive today together with nine of my classmates for this forty years. I've been living believing that we can never waste the depth of the victims. I've been living on dragging my body full of sickness and from time to time I question myself I wonder if it is worth living in such hardship and pain and I become desperate. But it's time I manage to pull myself together and I tell myself once my life was saved, I should fulfill my mission as a survivor in other words it has been and it is my belief that those who survived must continue to talk about our experiences. The hand down the awful memories to future generations representing the silent voices of those who had to die in misery. Throughout my life, I would like to fulfill this mission by talking about my experience both here in Japan and overseas.

Testimony of Kinue Tomoyasu

Ms. Kinue Tomoyasu was 44 years old at the time of the A-bomb attack. She was at home, 5 kilometers from the hypocenter. She then entered Hiroshima City to search for her daughter. Previously her husband had died of illness and her only son was sent to a battle field. She was living with her only daughter. Ms. Tomoyasu was admitted to the Hiroshima Atomic Bomb Victims Nursing Home thirteen years ago.

TOMOYASU: That morning I left home with my daughter. She was working at the industrial Research Institute. Then an air-raid warning was issued. I went back home, but my daughter insisted, "I'm going to the office." even though the air-raid warning had been issued. She reached the train station. The trains were always late in the morning, but they were on time that day. She took the train and when she got off at the station, she was hit by the A-bomb. I went inside my home since the warning was still on. I tucked myself in bed and waited for the warning to be lifted. After the warning was lifted, I got up and folded the bedding, put it back into the closet, and opened the window. As I opened the window, there came the flash. it was so bright, a ten or hundred or thousand times brighter than a camera flash bulb. The flash was piercing my eyes and my mind went blank. The glass from the windows was shattered all over the floor. I was lying on the floor, too. When I came to, I was anxious to know what happened to my daughter, Yatchan. I looked outside the window and saw one of my neighbors. He was standing out there. I called, "Mr. Okamoto, what was that flash?" He said, "That was a killer beam." I became more anxious. I thought, "I must go, I must go and find her." I swept up the pieces of glass, put my shoes on, and took my air-raid hood with me. I made my way to a train station near Hiroshima. I saw a young girl coming my way. Her skin was dangling all over and she was naked. She was muttering, "Mother, water,mother,water." I took a look at her. I thought she might be my daughter, but she wasn't. I didn't give her any water. I am sorry that I didn't. But my mind was full, worrying about my daughter. I ran all the way to Hiroshima Station. Hiroshima Station was full of people. Some of them were dead, and many of them were lying on the ground, calling for their mothers and asking for water. I went to Tokiwa Bridge. I had to cross the bridge to get to my daughter's office. But there was a rope for tote across the bridge. And the people there told me, "You can't go beyond here today." I protested, "My daughter's office is over there. Please let me go through." They told me,
\"No.\" Some men were daring to make the way through, but I couldn't go beyond it. I thought she might be on a way back home. I returned home, but my daughter was not back yet.

INTERVIEWER: Did you see the large cloud?

TOMOYASU: No, I didn't see the cloud.

INTERVIEWER: You didn't see the mushroom cloud?

TOMOYASU: I didn't see the Mushroom cloud. I was trying to find my daughter. They told me I couldn't go beyond the bridge. I thought she might be back home, so I went back as far as Nikitsu Shrine. Then, the black rain started falling from the sky. And I wondered what it was. And it was what's called the black rain.

INTERVIEWER: Can you tell us what was the black rain like?

TOMOYASU: It was like a heavy rain. And I had my air-raid hood on, so I didn't get it on my head fortunately, but it fell on my hands. And I ran and ran. I waited for her with the windows open. I stayed awake all night waiting and waiting for her, but she didn't come back. About six thirty on the morning of the 7th, Mr. Ishido, whose daughter was working at the same office with my daughter, came around. He called out asking for the Tomoyasu's house. I went outside calling to him, \"It's here, over here!\" Mr.Ishido came up to me and said, \"Quick! Get some clothes and go for her. Your daughter is at the bank of the Ota River.\" I said, \"Thank you, thank you very much. Is she still alive?\" He said, \"She is alive,\" and added, \"I'll show you the way.\" I took a yukata with me. My neighbors offered me a stretcher. And I started running at full speed. People followed me and said, \"Slow down! Be careful not to hurt yourself!\" But still, I hurried as fast as I could. When I reached the Tokiwa Bridge, there were soldiers lying on the ground. Around Hiroshima Station, I saw more people lying dead, more on the morning of the 7th than on the 6th. When I reached the river bank, I couldn't tell who was who. I kept wondering where my daughter was. But then, she cried for me, \"Mother!\" I recognized her voice. I found her in a horrible condition. Her face looked terrible. And she still appears in my dreams like that sometimes. When I met her, she said, \"There shouldn't be any war.\" The first thing she said to me was \"Mother, it took you so I couldn't do anything for her. My neighbors went back home. They had wounded family members as well. I was all by myself, and I didn't know what to do. There were maggots in her wounds and a sticky yellowish pus, a white watery liquid coming out her wounds and a sticky yellowish liquid. I didn't know what was going on.

INTERVIEWER: So you tried to remove the maggots from your daughter's body?

TOMOYASU: Yes. But her skin was just peeling right off. The maggots were coming out all over. I couldn't wipe them off. I thought it would be too painful. I picked off some maggots, though. She asked me what I was doing and I told her, \"Oh, it's nothing.\" She nodded at my words. And nine hours later, she died.

INTERVIEWER: You were holding her in your arms all that time?

TOMOYASU: Yes, on my lap. I had had bedding and folded on the floor, but I held her in my arms. when I held her on my lap, she said, \"I don't want to die.\" I told her, \"Hang on Hang on.\" She said, \"I won't die before my brother comes home.\" But she was in pain and she kept crying, \"Brother. Mother.\" On August 15th, I held her funeral. And around early October, my hair started to come out. I wondered what was happening to me, but all my hair was disappearing. In November, I become bald. Then, purple spots started to appear around my neck, my body and my arms, and on the inner parts of my thighs, a lot of them, all over, the purple spots all over my body. I had a high fever of forty degrees. I was shivering and I couldn't consult the doctor. I still had a fever when I was admitted here for a while, but now I don't have a fever so often.

INTERVIEWER: After your son returned home from the war, what did he do?

TOMOYASU: He came back in February of 1946, and he took care of me. When he heard how his
sister died, he said he felt so sorry for her. He told me he hated war. I understand. Many of his friends had died in the war. He told me he felt sorry that he survived. He was just filled with regret. My son got malaria during the war, also. He suffered a lot. I don't know why, but he became neurotic and killed himself, finally, by jumping in front of a train in October. I was left alone. I had to go through hardships, living alone. I have no family. I joined the white chrysanthemum organization at Hiroshima University, pledging to donate my body upon death for medical education and research. My registration number is number 1200 I'm ready. I'm ready now to be summoned by God at any moment. But God doesn't allow me to come his side yet. If it were not for the war, my two children would not have died. If it were not for the war, I wouldn't have to stay at an institution like this. I suppose the three of us would have been living together in happiness. Ah, it is so hard on me.

Testimony of Yoshitaka Kawamoto

Mr. Yoshitaka Kawamoto was thirteen years old. He was in the classroom at Zakoba-cho, 0.8 kilometers away from the hypocenter. He is now working as the director of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, telling visitors from all over the world what the atomic bomb did to the people of Hiroshima.

KAwAMOTO: One of my classmates, I think his name is Fujimoto, he muttered something and pointed outside the window, saying, "A B-29 is coming." He pointed outside with his finger. So I began to get up from my chair and asked him, "Where is it?" Looking in the direction that he was pointing towards, I got up on my feet, but I was not yet in an upright position when it happened. All I can remember was a pale lightening flash for two or three seconds. Then, I collapsed. I don't know much time passed before I came to. It was awful, awful. The smoke was coming in from somewhere above the debris. Sandy dust was flying around. I was trapped under the debris and I was in terrible pain and that's probably why I came to. I couldn't move, not even an inch. Then, I heard about ten of my surviving classmates singing our school song. I remember that. I could hear sobs. Someone was calling his mother. But those who were still alive were singing the school song for as long as they could. I think I joined the chorus. We thought that someone would come and help us out. That's why we were singing a school song so loud. But nobody came to help, and we stopped singing one by one. In the end, I was singing alone. Then I started to feel fear creeping in. I started to feel my way out pushing the debris away little by little, using all my strength. Finally I cleared the things around my head. And with my head sticking our of the debris, I realized the scale of the damage. The sky over Hiroshima was dark. Something like a tornado or a big fire ball was storming throughout the city. I was only injured around my mouth and around my arms. But I lost a good deal of blood from my mouth, otherwise I was OK. I thought I could make my way out. But I was afraid at the thought of escaping alone. We had been going through military drills everyday, and they had told us that running away by oneself is an act of cowardice, so I thought I must take somebody along with me. I crawled over the debris, trying to find someone who were still alive. Then, I found one of my classmates lying alive. I held him up in my arms. It is hard to tell, his skull was cracked open, his flesh was dangling out from his head. He had only one eye left, and it was looking right at me. First, he was mumbling something but I couldn't understand him. He started to bite off his finger nail. I took his finger out from his mouth. And then, I held his hand, then he started to reach for his notebook in his chest pocket, so I asked him, I said, "You want me to take this along to hand it over to your mother?" He nodded. He was going to faint. But still I could hear him crying out, saying "Mother, Mother" I thought I could take him along. I guess that his body below the waist was crashed. The lower part of his body was trapped, buried inside of the debris. He just adhered to go, he told me to go away. And by that time, another wing of the school building, or what used to be the school building, had caught on fire. I tried to get to the playground. Smoke was filling in the air, but I could see the white sandy earth beneath. I thought this must be the playground, then I started to run in that direction. I turned back and I saw my classmates Wada
looking at me. I still remember the situation and is still appears in my dreams. I felt sorry for him, but it was the last time I ever saw him. I, so, was running, hands were trying to grab my ankles, they were asking me to take them along. I was only a child then. And I was horrified at so many hands trying to grab me. I was in pain, too. So all I could do was to get rid of them, it's terrible to say, but I kicked their hands away. I still feel bad about that. I went to Miyuki Bridge to get some water. At the river bank, I saw so many people collapsed there. And the small steps to the river were jammed, filled with people pushing their way to the water. I was small, so I pushed on the river along the small steps. The water was dead people. I had to push the bodies aside to drink the muddy water. We didn't know anything about radioactivity that time. I stood up in the water and so many bodies were floating away along the stream. I can't find the words to describe it. It was horrible. I felt fear. Instead of going into the water, I climbed up the river bank. I couldn't move. I couldn't find my shadow. I looked up. I saw the cloud, the mushroom cloud growing in the sky. It was very bright. It had so much heat inside. It caught the light and it showed every color of the rainbow. Reflecting on the past, it's strange, but I could say that it was beautiful. Looking at the cloud, I thought I would never be able to see my mother again, I wouldn't be able to see my younger brother again. And then, I lost consciousness. When I came to, it was about seven in the evening. I was the transportation bureau at Ujina. I found myself lying on the floor of the warehouse. And an old soldier was looking in my face. He gave me a light slap on the cheek and he said, "You are a lucky boy." He told me that he had gone with one of the few trucks left to collect the dead bodies at Miyuki Bridge. They were loading bodies, treating them like sacks. They picked me up from the river bank and then, threw me on top of the pile. My body slid off and when they grabbed my by the arm to put me back onto the truck, they felt that my pulse was still beating, so they reloaded me onto the truck, carrying the survivors. I was really lucky. But I couldn't stand for about a year. I was so weak. My hair came off, even the hair in my nose fell out. My hair, it started to come off about two weeks later. I became completely bald. My eyes, I lost my eye sight, probably not because of the radioactivity, but because I became so weak. I couldn't see for about three months. But I was only thirteen, I was still young, and I was still growing when I was hit by the A-bomb. So about one year later. I regained my health. I recovered good health. Today I am still working as you can see. As the director of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, today, I am handing my message over to the children who visit. I want them to learn about Hiroshima. And when they grow up, I want them to hand down the message to the next generation with accurate information. I'd like to see him conveying the right sense of judgment so that we will not lead mankind to annihilation. That is our responsibility.

Testimony of Toshiko Saeki

Ms. Toshiko Saeki was 26 at the time of the bombing. She was at her parents home in Yasufuruichi with her children. Returning to Hiroshima on the afternoon of August 6th, she searched for her other relatives for many days, but wasn't able to find them. Ms. Saeki lost thirteen members of her family in the A-bomb attack.

SAEKI: I remember an airplane appeared from behind the mountains on my left. I thought it was strange to see an airplane flying that time all by itself. I looked at it and it was a B-29. It seemed very strange since there were on anti aircraft guns firing at it. I watched it for a while, then it disappeared. As soon as it disappeared, another airplane appeared from the same direction. It seemed very, very strange. I was still wondering what would happen. Then, suddenly there came a flash of light. I can't describe what it was like. And then, I felt some hot mask attacking me all of a sudden. I felt hot. I lay flat on the ground, trying to escape from the heat. I forgot all about my children for a moment. Then, there came a big sound, sliding wooden doors and window were blown off into the air. I turned around to see what had happened to the house, and at one part of the ceiling, it was hanging in the air. At some parts, the ceiling was caved in, burying my sister's child and my child as well. When I saw what the blast had done to my house which was far away from Hiroshima, I thought that Hiroshima too must have been hit very hard. I begged my sister to let me
go back to Hiroshima to rescue my family. But by that time, things and flames were falling from the sky. I was scared because I thought that the debris might start fires in the mountains. By the time, I managed to prepare lunch to take along. It has started to rain, but I was glad to have some rain. I went out to the main road, about five or six people were coming the direction of Hiroshima. And they were in a horrible condition. They looked much worse than the actual exhibits today at the Peace Memorial Museum. They were helping each other. But they were barely making their way. I cried, "Which part of Hiroshima attacked?" Everyone of them was only muttering, "Hiroshima was attacked. Hiroshima was badly hit." I began to run towards Hiroshima at full speed. As I was running, I saw a mad naked man running from the opposite direction. This man held a piece of iron over his head as if to hide his face since he had nothing on his body, I felt embarrassed. And I turned my back to him. The man was passing by me, then, I don't know why, But I ran after him and I asked him to stop for a moment. I asked him, "Which part of Hiroshima was attacked?" Then the man put down the piece of iron and he started at me. He said, "You're Toshiko, aren't you?" He said, "Toshiko!"

INTERVIEWER: Who was this man?

SAEKI: Oh, I couldn't tell who he was right away. His face was so swollen I couldn't even tell whether his eyes were open. He called me, he said, "It's me! It's me, Toshiko! You can't tell?" Then I recognized him. He was my second eldest brother. He was heavily wounded.

INTERVIEWER: His body was covered with burns?

SAEKI: Yes, and he looked awful. He told me he'd been engulfed by flames and barely made his way out. He said that mother had woken him up in that morning, and that he was washing up when it happened. He told me that mother was on the third floor, and might have been blown away with the blast. He told me he thought that she must have died. I finally reached Hiroshima, well, afternoon I supposed.

INTERVIEWER: What was it like then in Hiroshima?

SAEKI: The whole town of Hiroshima was just in a mess. People were trying to find shelter, shelter elementary school building, anywhere. When I reached the local elementary school, people were even jammed in the hallways. Everywhere was filled with mourns and groans and sobs and cries. Those of us who could move around were not treated the injured, but we were carrying dead bodies out of the building. I couldn't identify people by their faces. Trying to find my family, I had to take a look at their clothing, the clothes of the people who were still in the building. I couldn't find any of my family, so I went out to the playground. There were four piles of bodies and I stood in front of them. I just didn't know what to do. How could I find the bodies of my beloved ones. When I was going through the classrooms, I could take a look at each person, but these were mounds. If I tried to find my beloved ones, I would have to remove the bodies one by one. It just wasn't possible. I really felt sad. There were all kinds of bodies in the mounds. Not only human bodies but bodies of birds, cats and dogs and even that of a cow. It looked horrible. I can't find words to describe it. They were burned, just like human bodies, and some of them were half burnt. There was even a swollen horse. Just everything was there, everything.

INTERVIEWER: Ms. Saeki, how long did you search for your kin?

SAEKI: I went to Hiroshima to search on the 6th and the 7th, but on the 8th, they told me that there would be a big air-raid, so I didn't go on the 8th. And I didn't go on the 15th, but I went out almost everyday. I searched for mother for a long time. But I couldn't find her. I just couldn't find her. And finally on September 6th, my elder brother told us together in a living room. He called all the family members there together. He put something wrapped in a cloth. And he put it on the table which we used to take meals. My brother said, "Toshiko, unwrap Mother yourself. You've been out there looking for her everyday." So, I did as he told me and undid the wrapping expecting to find pieces of her bones. But it was the half of the burnt head of my mother. No eyes, no teeth, only a small portion of flesh was left on the back with some hair. And there were also her glasses. The glasses
are exhibited near the exit of the Peace Memorial Museum as if to tell something to the people now.

INTERVIEWER: Your older brother, he also passed away?

SAEKI: Yes, after seeing the half burned head of our mother, my brother started to say funny things. He told us to bandage him well to cover the pores of his skin with white cloths. I asked what for and he said he was going to try to do some experiment to extract the radioactivity built up in his body. He told us to bandage him well, except for his eyes and his mouth. So even his nose was covered. Before he started the experiment, he drank a lot of water. He drank more than he could actually take, so, water was dripping from his nose and from his mouth. Then he said he was ready. He told us just to leave him alone and not to enter the room unless he cried out for help. He told us to go away and to keep away from him. And after a while, I peeped in the room. My brother was completely naked. He had stripped all the bandage cloths away. He was just lying still in the corner. I didn't know what was wrong with him. I thought he was dead. I banged at the door and I cried, "Brother! Brother, don't die!" He woke up and sat on the floor. He told me that the experiment had failed. He cried that it was a pity." He looked all right, but he was going crazy. He said, "I've grown bigger. Make an opening in the ceiling. This room is too small and I can't even stand up." After the horrible bomb hit Hiroshima, my brother's mind was shattered into pieces. War does not only destroy things, killing people, but shatters the hearts of people as well. This is war. And during the course of my life, I learned this on many various occasions. I know this now.

INTERVIEWER: Ms. Saeki, have you experienced any trouble concerning your health?

SAEKI: Yes, I have. By the end of August, maybe around, oh, the 28th or so, my hair started to fall out, I vomited blood. My teeth were coming out. And I had a fever of about 40 degrees. Nuclear war has nothing good. Whether you win or lose, it leaves your feeling futile with only your rage and with fear about the aftereffects of a radioactivity. The survivors have to live with this fear. At times I have thought I should have died then, it would have been better. But I must live for the sake of the people, all the people who lost their lives then. So I relate my experiences hoping that my talk would discourage people from making war. Our experience must not be forgotten. What we believed in during the war turned out to be worth nothing. We don't know to whom we should turn our rage. I went through hell on earth of Hiroshima should not be repeated again. That is why I keep telling the same old story over and over again. And I'll keep repeating it.

Testimony of Akiko Takakura

Ms. Akiko Takakura was 20 years old when the bomb fell. She was in the Bank of Hiroshima, 300 meters away from the hypocenter. Ms. Takakura miraculously escaped death despite over 100 lacerated wounds on her back. She is one of the few survivors who was within 300 meters of the hypocenter. She now runs a kindergarten and she relates her experience of the atomic bombing to children.

TAKAKURA: After the air-raid the alarm was called off, I walked from Hatchobori to the Bank of Hiroshima in Kamiya-cho. I arrived at the bank some time around 8:15 or so, and signed my name in the attendance book. When I was doing my morning routine, dusting the desks and things like that, the A-bomb was dropped. All I remember was that I saw something flash suddenly.

INTERVIEWER: Can you explain the flash?

TAKAKURA: Well, it was like a white magnesium flash. I lost consciousness right after or almost at the same time I saw the flash. When I regained consciousness, I found myself in the dark. I heard my friends, Ms. Asami, crying for her mother. Soon after, I found out that we actually had been attacked. Afraid of being caught by a fire, I told Ms. Asami to run out of the building. Ms. Asami, however, just told me to leave her and to try to escape by myself because she thought that she couldn't make it anywhere. She said she couldn't move. I said to her that I couldn't leave her, but she said that she couldn't even stand up. While we were talking, the sky started to grow lighter. Then, I
heard water running in the lavatory. Apparently the water pipes had exploded. So I drew water with my helmet to pour over Ms. Asami's head again and again. She finally regained consciousness fully and went out of the building with me. We first thought to escape to the parade grounds, but we couldn't because there was a huge sheet of fire in front of us. So instead, we squatted down in the street next to a big water pool for fighting fires, which was about the size of this table. Since Hiroshima was completely enveloped in flames, we felt terribly hot and could not breathe well at all. After a while, a whirlpool of fire approached us from the south. It was like a big tornado of fire spreading over the full width of the street. Whenever the fire touched, wherever the fire touched, it burned. It burned my ear and leg, I didn't realize that I had burned myself at that moment, but I noticed it later.

INTERVIEWER: So the fire came towards you?

TAKAKURA: Yes, it did. The whirlpool of fire that was covering the entire street approached us from Ote-machi. So, everyone just tried so hard to keep away from the fire. It was just like a living hell. After a while, it began to rain. The fire and the smoke made us so thirsty and there was nothing to drink, no water, and the smoke even disturbed our eyes. As it began to rain, people opened their mouths and turned their faces towards the sky and try to drink the rain, but it wasn't easy to catch the rain drops in our mouths. It was a black rain with big drops.

INTERVIEWER: How big were the rain drops?

TAKAKURA: They were so big that we even felt pain when they dropped onto us. We opened our mouths just like this, as wide as possible in an effort to quench our thirst. Everybody did the same thing. But it just wasn't enough. Someone, someone found an empty can and held it to catch the rain.

INTERVIEWER: I see. Did the black rain actually quench your thirst?

TAKAKURA: No, no it didn't. Maybe I didn't catch enough rain, but I still felt very thirsty and there was nothing I could do about it. What I felt at that moment was that Hiroshima was entirely covered with only three colors. I remember red, black and brown, but, but, nothing else. Many people on the street were killed almost instantly. The fingertips of those dead bodies caught fire and the fire gradually spread over their entire bodies from their fingers. A light gray liquid dripped down their hands, scorching their fingers. I, I was so shocked to know that fingers and bodies could be burned and deformed like that. I just couldn't believe it. It was horrible. And looking at it, it was more than painful for me to think how the fingers were burned, hands and fingers that would hold babies or turn pages, they just, they just burned away. For a few years after the A-bomb was dropped, I was terribly afraid of fire. I wasn't even able to get close to fire because all my senses remembered how fearful and horrible the fire was, how hot the blaze was, and how hard it was to breathe the hot air. It was really hard to breathe. Maybe because the fire burned all the oxygen, I don't know. I could not open my eyes enough because of the smoke, which was everywhere. Not only me but everyone felt the same. And my parts were covered with holes.

Testimony of Mamoru Yukihiro

Mr. Mamoru Yukihiro was 36 years old when the bomb fell. He was at the agricultural office of Hiroshima prefecture, one kilometer away from the general affairs section at that time, rescued many people who were caught under the crumbled buildings. He lost two of his children because of the A-bomb.

YUKIHIRO: When the bomb struck, we were all in the big room. We've just finished the morning gathering of all the employees at around 8:05 a.m. And while we were putting the papers in order and cleaning up, we saw a yellow ray of light from the north of the city hall and we heard a big noise. The next moment, our office was totally destroyed. I was standing when the blast hit. Right away, I was thrown about 3 yards together with the desks, the chairs, and even parts of the ceiling.
The next moment, it was pitch black. I couldn't see anything.

INTERVIEWER: Uh....how was it when you saw the ray?

YUKIHIRO: Immediately after I saw the strange yellow ray, the office was totally destroyed almost instantly, without any warning. It was as if a box of matches has suddenly been struck by a hammer and crushed to pieces. I didn't even hear any sound. I sat still for a while, and then, I saw the sun ray come in above me. So I managed to get up, but I couldn't find any of the 200 employees. Even though I myself had 3 wounds on my head and one on my back, I was so surprised that I walked out, I walked out onto the street with the blood running down my body. In the street, all I found were wounded people and destroyed houses. My house was located about one kilometer away from there, I thought that if I had rushed back to my home, I might have been able to rescue my own family, who were caught under the crumbled house, by myself. But I just couldn't do it, I couldn't leave those 200 people who had all worked so hard at the bank. I convinced myself somehow that if I had helped those people, God would help my family. So I went back to the office to try and rescue my colleagues. It took me about an hour to break through a 7 centimeter thick board under which some of my colleagues were trapped. I hammered at the board with a piece of stone and finally broke through. Finally I pulled out Officer Takashina and then one woman,and then after that Mr. Yamamura, another section chief. Seventy-four of the employees of the bank died including those who were on their way to the office. Some died in trains, some died in the street. It was such a terrible tragedy. For one some after the A-bomb fell, I was terrible busy. I had to settle all the business of the bank since I was the only one with the authority to draw up the papers, on which all the renewed credit agreements were based. Just a month later, I found many red spots all over my body. My friend said, my friends told me that there must be something wrong with me. I checked these red spots with my fingers. I thought they might be mosquito bites, but they weren't. So, I went to see the doctor at the social welfare hospital in Ujina. This doctor was the director of the internal medicine department and he used to be our company doctor. He told me I should take a white corpuscle examination because I was not in good shape. He found out that my white corpuscle account was only 1200, compared to account of 6000 for a healthy man. Then, I went to Yoshida Hospital and I recovered. But my wife got uterine cancer in 1949. It was detected early and so she underwent an operation. My daughter who was bombed when she was four years old lived in Hiroshima with us for a long time after the A-bomb fell. She went to a local elementary school attached to the university. When she was in the fourth grade, she began to lose weight. By the second term of her sixth grade year, she became very skinny.. She had to stay in bed and she couldn't go to school. I was afraid that my daughter had some illness caused by the A-bomb radiation. But the local doctor said that she just caught a cold, then I went to another doctor at Mizuno Clinic, west of the Kokusai Hotel. This doctor said that she was suffering from a serious case of anemia, not just a cold, and that she needed to be hospitalized. So she was hospitalized. When she was given a blood transfusion, she felt relief immediately. Her pillow was covered with three or four towels each night and these towels became bloody each morning because she was bleeding from her gums during the night. But she washed the towels by herself each morning to hide them from me. I think she was embarrassed. Since she was suffering from an illness caused by the atomic bomb radiation, the media including the television, the newspapers, NHK, Chugoku Broadcasting and many others came to interview her. At first she refused to meet the press because she didn't want other people to see her miserable condition. I told her that she was the first A-bomb survivor who suffered from an internal disease caused by the A-bomb radiation. Many other survivors had already died, hiding themselves from the public. I also said that she was the only person who could show the disease and help the other victims in the future. She understood what I'm at and she decided to talk and to let them take pictures. Finally, at the beginning of February of 1954, she died. If one country drops a nuclear bomb, the other ones would do the same for sure. This is the fact. It will eventually destroy the entire world. I hope that the nations of the world stop nuclear war now and forever.
Ms. Taeko Teramae was 15 years old when the bomb was dropped. She was in the central telephone office, 0.5 kilometers away from the hypocenter. Many mobilized students were working in the central telephone center that day. Some 7000 mobilized students were killed by the A-bomb in the city of Hiroshima.

TERAMAE: When the bomb fell, I was 15 years old. I was a third grader at the girls' junior high school. I saw something shining in the clear blue sky. I wondered what it was, so I stared at it. As the light grew bigger, the shining thing got bigger as well. And at the moment when I spoke to my friend, there was a flash, far brighter than one used for a camera. It exploded right in front of my eyes. There was a tremendous noise when all the buildings around me collapsed. I also heard people crying for help and for their mothers. I was caught under something which prevented me from moving freely. I was so shocked that I couldn't believe what had happened. I thought maybe I was having some kind of nightmare, but of course, I wasn't. I felt pain when I pinched myself to see if it was real. I thought the bomb had been dropped on the central telephone office. The dust was rising and something sandy and slimy entered my mouth. I couldn't figure out what it was since I couldn't move or see. I couldn't see anything in the dark. A little later, I smelt something like sulfur. It smelt like the volcano, Mt. Aso and I threw up. I heard more voices calling "Mother! Mother!" But when our class teacher, Mr. Wakita, told us to behave like good students and stop crying, all the cries for help and for Mother stopped all of a sudden. We began to calm down and try to behave as Mr. Wakita told us to. I tried very hard to move my arms and my legs and finally I was able to move a little. I was so surprised to see the dark sky with all the red flames through the window because it was only a few minutes before when the sky was blue and clear. It was all quiet and the city was wrapped, enveloped in red flames. Mr. Wakita came to help me. He asked me if I wanted to swim across the river. The bridge was burning and the river was very high. I had no choice. I could barely see by then, though. And Mr. Wakita took my arms and told me to swim across the river together with him, so together we went into the river and began to swim. When we reached the middle of the river, I could no longer see anything and I was starting to feel faint. And as I began to feel faint, I also began to lose control. Mr. Wakita encouraged me and helped me to reach the other side of the river. Finally, we reached the other side. What surprised me so much was that all the cries of the students for help and for their mothers. It just didn't stop. I couldn't see anything. All I could do was listen to their cries. I asked my teacher, I asked him what was going on. Mr. Wakita explained to me how the high school students were burnt and crouching in pain in the streets. I couldn't see anything. There were many students who were mobilized to destroy buildings to widen the streets and the area of Tsurumi Bridge, City Hall and the Chugoku Newspaper on that day. And since they were outside, they were directly exposed to the bomb. Many of them died, many of them died right there. Someone called for help in vain, and some jumped into the river and drown to death. If my teacher, Mr. Wakita had not come to help me, I would have died in the river.

INTERVIEWER: How were your wounds?

TERAMAE: If my wounds had been on my arms or my legs, I would have known it was, but my wounds were on my face, so I had no idea for some time. I just didn't know. I asked my parents how I looked, but they just said that I had only minor wounds. They didn't tell me the truth. After I got better, I found a piece of mirror and looked into it. I was so surprised I found my left eye looked just like a pomegranate, and I also found cuts on my right eye and on my nose and on my lower jaw. It was horrible. I was very shocked to find myself looking like a monster. I even wished I had died with my sisters. I was just overcome with apprehension when I thought about it.

INTERVIEWER: What is your biggest hope or dream now that you want to realize?

TERAMAE: Well, my hope is to have a comprehensive meeting of A-bomb survivors. That's what I want. We had such a meeting the other day and in that meeting, both male and female A-bomb survivors repeatedly said that they wanted their health back again, even for just one day. They said
they can't even wear short sleeve shirts because of the scars on their arms left from the bomb. Lonely A-bomb survivors include those who lost their families and also the mobilized students who have remained single because of the wounds caused by the A-bomb. There are great many of them. So, I do hope to do something to support always lonely people.

Testimony of Takehiko Sakai

Mr. Takehiko Sakai, 21 years old at that time, was at the west drill ground when the atomic bomb was dropped. He did not lose consciousness and remembers his military uniform catching fire. The bomb fell two days after Mr. Sakai had arrived in Hiroshima from his regiment in Yamaguchi.

SAKAI: Around the time of the bombing I heard a voice shout, "A parachute is coming down." I was coming out of the passageway from the lavatory and looked for the parachute, but could not find it. Putting it out of mind, I turned back when there was an intense flash like the magnesium light used for photographing. By reflex, I crouched or rather, I felt down. And that was when I was jolted and knocked down by an immense force. The force and my fall all took place at the same time, all in one moment. When the blow came, I closed my eyes but I could still feel the extreme heat. To say the least, it was like being roasted alive many times over. It was terribly hot, much worse than the pain which one must endure when an incision is made during surgery. While trying to withstand the terrible heat, I moved my hand, but there was no feeling in it. I also tried to move my feet, but I couldn't tell whether they were still connected to my body. I was completely numb from my knees down to my feet and from my elbows to my shoulders. I looked out and it was pitch black. It was stifling. The heat was terrible. I took a deep breath and then mud and sand was sucked into my mouth. Thinking again, I held my breath for a few seconds. A little while later, I noticed that the side of my body was very hot. It was on fire. And I tried to put it out. But it wouldn't go out so easily. Here are the scars, these are my burns. I threw away my shirt and I sat down cross-legged, and glanced in front of me. I could see people running in the dark. Some of them were on fire, and some of them were just rolling around on the ground. Gradually it became lighter. And just then, the sun ray broke through the clouds. The light appeared to be in many different colors, red and yellow, purple and also white. At that time, I was a cadet in active service. So I couldn't just run away. My institution told me that the bridges in the city would all be destroyed in an attack of this magnitude and that therefore would be impossible to get away. I thought that surely something could be done since the entire army couldn't have all been wiped out completely. Besides, running away seemed like a cowardly thing to do and that's why I stayed put and persevered. After a while, perhaps an hour or so later, I realized that my face had become swollen. You could hardly recognize me, my lips and my face were all popped up like this and my eyes, I had to force my eyes open with my fingers in order to see. It must have been a little after nine when the fire got bigger, in the beginning it hadn't been so bad, but later after the fire started. We wanted to rescue the people who were trapped inside. But most of the people who actually escaped managed to get up by themselves. Though we could hear their voices from inside, we were too weak to lift up a big house with its tiled roof because of our injuries. Really, there was nothing much that we could do. Then, after some time, it started to rain heavily like the sudden storm. I suppose that's what's known as the black rain. It was about ten o'clock and I thought where it lasted, the rain would extinguish the fire. Actually, though, it made very little difference and the fire raged on. Later on in the evening when we were sitting around without having much to do, most of the people had already fled and the city was still burning. We could hear voices calling ``Help!'' or ``It's, it's so hot. Help us!'' The voices, they weren't from nearby but from a far away. We didn't know just where those voices came from, but it became quiet by midnight. The bomb fell on the the sixth and we remained here until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the tenth. Then, on the evening of August 15, we heard that the war was over. I was happy, I was really happy that the war had ended. But I was also worried, I was worried about what would happen next. I didn't know if I could be useful to society or not, but I wanted to do something constructive and so I decided to become a teacher. The situation in Japan
those days quite pitiful. There was very little to eat. Everyone was very poor. During the period immediately after the bombing, because of my injuries, people had to look after me and it was through their care that I was able to get better. So I tried to repay this dept. by teaching my students to be kind and consider it whenever I had the opportunity to do so. Consequently, I think it was a good thing that I became a teacher and in this way to somehow pay back society for what had happened.

Testimony of Hatchobori Streetcar Survivors

Seven hundred and fifty meters from ground zero, these are the testimonies of the passengers who were on the same streetcar in a Hatchobori area when the atomic bomb fell. A little after eight in the morning on August 6, the streetcar for Koi left Hiroshima Station. And at 8:15 it approached Hatchobori Station, 780 meters from the hypocenter and an intense flash and blast engulfed the car, instantly setting it on fire. It is said that seventy cars were running in the city at the same time. They were an important means of transportation for the citizens, and all the trains were packed with people since it was the morning rush hour. Nearly 100 passengers are said to have been on board on the streetcar which was near Hatchobori. But the survival of only ten have been confirmed to date. Seven out of ten have recorded their testimonies on this video tape.

Tomiko Sasaki, 17 on that day, was on her way to her friend's house in Funairi with two classmates as it was their holiday from student mobilization labor. Approximately two weeks after the bombing, her two classmates died.

INTERVIEWER: Were three of you on the same part of the car?

SASAKI: Yes. I was standing in front here and the others were next to me. There was the flash and darkness. I think I was unconscious for a while. We came to and called each other's names. My friends complained of the heat and terrible pain. I saw that one side of her body had been badly burned. There was a water tank for fire prevention, but the water wasn't clear due to all the dust. I put my handkerchief in the water and I put it over her burns, but she went on crying in pain. Both of my friends were burned. As for myself, flesh was hanging from my whole face was bloody. Fortunately I escaped from being burnt. I think it made a big difference that I was not burned. In fact, I think that saved my life.

Eiko Taoka, then 21, was heading for Funairi with her one year old son to secure wagon in preparation for her move out of the building which was to be evacuated. Her son died of radiation sickness on August 28.

TAOKA: When we were near in Hatchobori and since I had been holding my son in my arms, the young woman in front of me said, "I will be getting off here. Please take this seat." We were just changing places when there was a strange smell and sound. It suddenly became dark and before I knew it, I had jumped outside.

INTERVIEWER: What about your son?

TAOKA: I held him firmly and looked down on him. He had been standing by the window and I think fragments of glass had pierced his head. His face was a mess because of the blood flowing from his head. But he looked at my face and smiled. His smile has remained glued in my memory. He did not comprehend what had happened. And so he looked at me and smiled at my face which was all bloody. I had plenty of milk which he drank all throughout that day. I think my child sucked the poison right out of my body. And soon after that he died. Yes, I think that he died for me.

Tsutaichi Matsuzaka, then a 37 years old factory worker in Mukaihara, was on his way to the main office of his company in Hatsukaichi to get woodwork materials with three of his coworkers. His three coworkers died one after another within two or three weeks after the bombing.

MATSUZAKA: My hair fell off. I had a fever and spots appeared on my body. I heard all kinds of
talk in those days, for instance, that the one was doomed if these spots appeared. So I was in constant fear for my life.

INTERVIEWER: Two out of your three coworkers died?

MATSUZAKA: No, No. three.

INTERVIEWER: All three?

MATSUZAKA: Yes, Hayashi died the following week. The next man died two weeks later and the third, a little after that. I pray that there never be another nuclear war like that. It was a living hell.

Shizuno Tochiki, 23 at that time, was on her way to her office in Kogo. Immediately after the bombing, she had a high fever which lasted for ten days. She's suffered the symptoms of radiation sickness, the purple spots appeared all over her body and her hair fell out. It was only after one month that she was finally able to get up.

TOCHIKI: I think the air-raid warning had been lifted, so I left for Hatchobori without worrying. Then, there was a flash and a big sound which is known as "Pika-don". The train shock and it seemed to me as if a flash had directly entered my eyes. It was extremely hot. Because of the jolt, people fell right on top of each other. I think I was at a very bottom. I thought I would be crushed to death in a little while because I was so small and had the weight of all those people on top of me. But one by the people on top finally left the car. They ran with all their might along the railroad tracks. I could hear someone shout, "Another hit and we're finished." But I could only see people's shadows. When I gained consciousness, I was in a bed. I don't remember how many days it took until I could walk again. One day I asked for a cane, but I couldn't walk straight since my legs were so thin and so shaky. I staggered towards a mirror and I fell utterly, completely miserable as I had no hair, all my hair was gone. But just being able to walk to the next room made me so happy.

Keiko Matsuda, then 14, on her way to Miyajima with two friends since they had no mobilized labor on that day. One of her friends who had been closest to the front and received the worst burns died in the first-aid station in Nukushina.

MATSUDA: It was very, very hot. I touched my skin and it just peeled right off. The driver of the streetcar was not in sight. I thought he had been quick to run away but now I think that he was probably hurled outside in the blast. It was around August 25 that a pile of my hair just fell off all at once. I had a high fever and maggots infested in my eyes.

INTERVIEWER: In your eyes?

MATSUDA: Yes. I was afflicted with erysipelas as well. I had two children, but I had not told them about this experience. And I don't want to talk about it. But this time many people are testifying together and since I've been asked, I will talk. But I have tried to avoid it until now.

Takeo Watanabe, 16 at that time, was working in a telephone office and he was heading toward the Chugoku Newspaper Office. He has speech difficulties since he has cerebral thrombosis. His wife is together with him today.

WATANABE: How, how can I say it? Well, I, I don't know just what to say. I got off the car and, and then, (His wife speaks for him.) it was dark so he groped his way toward an air-raid shelter he knew nearby. You know when I married him, I didn't know that my husband was a victim of A-bomb until I read a diary that he had kept at that time. He would not tell me about experience himself. He just didn't want to talk about it. Every year from the end of July to the beginning of August, he would have a fever or become ill.

INTERVIEWER: So you do not want to talk about your experience?

WATANABE: Hmm...Those day, it was, it was a burden, it was tough, but I guess now I just, I just have no more choice.

INTERVIEWER: And you finally decided to speak out?
WATANABE: Yeah.

Akira Ishida, then a 17 year old junior air man in the army, had the day off and was going to Miyajima with his elder brother to pray for good luck in the war. His elder brother died in September 1945 of radiation sickness.

ISHIDA: Several months later, I can remember, I remember a cold morning, I don't know why but my mother always kept a round hand mirror by my pillow, which I picked up without thinking. I looked at my face and I saw something so shiny on the corner of my head. Using all my energy, I called out to my mother who was in the kitchen, and I said, "Mother! My hair is growing back!"

She was so happy that she held me and she cried. I'll never forget that day and the feel of the tears that my mother shed for me while she held me in her arms. It still comes back to me even though the people here are of different ages, we are also all of the same age. On August 6th, 1945, all of us died once and then, we were brought back to life. We were all born again. And we're in our second life now. Everyone gathered here today is now 41 years old if you count the number the years from the bombing. It's like a class reunion. I feel that we must testify in the hope that our experience will help to keep mankind from perishing.

Testimony of Yoshito Matsushige

Yoshito Matsushige was a 32 year old cameraman for the Chugoku Newspaper at that time. He was at his home in Midori-cho, 2.7 kilometers from the hypocenter when the A-bomb was dropped. He walked around the city right after the bombing and took five photographs which have become important historical documents.

MATSUMIGE: I had finished breakfast and was getting ready to go to the newspaper when it happened. There was a flash from the indoor wires as if lightening had struck. I didn't hear any sound, how shall I say, the world around me turned bright white. And I was momentarily blinded as if a magnesium light had lit up in front of my eyes. Immediately after that, the blast came. I was bare from the waist up, and the blast was so intense, it felt like hundreds of needles were stabbing me all at once. The blast grew large holes in the walls of the first and second floor. I could barely see the room because of all the dirt. I pulled my camera and the clothes issued by the military headquarters out from under the mound of the debris, and I got dressed. I thought I would go to either either the newspaper or to the headquarters. That was about 40 minutes after the blast. Near the Miyuki Bridge, there was a police box. Most of the victims who had gathered there were junior high school girls from the Hiroshima Girls Business School and the Hiroshima Junior High School No.1. they had been mobilized to evacuate buildings and they were outside when the bomb fell. Having been directly exposed to the heat rays, they were covered with blisters, the size of balls, on their backs, their faces, their shoulders and their arms. The blisters were starting to burst open and their skin hung down like rugs. Some of the children even have burns on the soles of their feet. They'd lost their shoes and run barefoot through the burning fire. When I saw this, I thought I would take a picture and I picked up my camera. But I couldn't push the shutter because the sight was so pathetic. Even though I too was a victim of the same bomb, I only had minor injuries from glass fragments, whereas these people were dying. It was such a cruel sight that I couldn't bring myself to press the shutter. Perhaps I hesitated there for about 20 minutes, but I finally summoned up the courage to take one picture. Then, I moved 4 or 5 meters forward to take the second picture. Even today, I clearly remember how the view finder was clouded over with my tears. I felt that everyone was looking at me and thinking angrily, "He's taking our picture and will bring us no help at all."

Still, I had to press the shutter, so I harden my heart and finally I took the second shot. Those people must have thought me duly cold-hearted. Then, I saw a burnt streetcar which had just turned the corner at Kamiya-cho. There were passengers still in the car. I put my foot onto the steps of the car and I looked inside. There were perhaps 15 or 16 people in front of the car. They laid dead one on top of another. Kamiya-cho was very close to the hypocenter, about 200 meters away. The...
passengers had stripped them of all their clothes. They say that when you are terrified, you tremble and your hair stands on end. And I felt just this tremble when I saw this scene. I stepped down to take a picture and I put my hand on my camera. But I felt so sorry for these dead and naked people whose photo would be left to posterity that I couldn't take the shot. Also, in those days we weren't allowed to publish the photographs of corpses in the newspapers. After that, I walked around, I walked through the section of town which had been hit hardest. I walked for close to three hours. But I couldn't take even one picture of that central area. There were other cameramen in the army shipping group and also at the newspaper as well. But the fact that not a single one of them was able to take pictures seems to indicate just how brutal the bombing actually was. I don't pride myself on it, but it's a small consolation that I was able to take at least five pictures. During the war, air-raids took place practically every night. And after the war began, there were many foods shortages. Those of us who experienced all these hardships, we hope that such suffering will never be experienced again by our children and our grandchildren. Not only our children and grandchildren, but all future generations should not have to go through this tragedy. That is why I want young people to listen to our testimonies and to choose the right path, the path which leads to peace.

Peace Declaration

August 6, 1990

A summer day, a solitary bomb, a single instant; and Hiroshima was transformed into a raging inferno and a hell on earth.

Countless precious lives were tragically lost, and even those who somehow managed to survive have lived in constant fear of radioactivity's grim after effects.

Over the last 45 years, Hiroshima has risen from the agony of its bombing and, firm in the determination that the evil never be repeated, has constantly pressed for lasting world peace and called for the abolition of nuclear weapons and the renunciation of war. Today, Hiroshima's prayer has become the world's prayer.

The long history of distrust and discord is drawing to a close, and there are finally signs of a new era of trust and cooperation.

Long the symbol of East-West discord, even the Berlin Wall has come down, the Cold War structures are fated to end, the quest is on for a new world order of peace, and mankind is taking the first steps toward altering its history.

The leaders of United States and the Soviet Union concurred this June on the first real reduction ever in their nuclear arsenals, and agreement has been reached on negotiating further nuclear disarmament. Protocols have also been signed toward the abolition of chemical weapons and there is promise of an early agreement on reductions in conventional forces as well. Hiroshima has the highest regard for this tide of disarmament changing the fate of mankind from one of annihilation to one of survival. All of the nuclear powers should heed this global call and move immediately to ban all nuclear tests and to abolish nuclear weapons, and all countries everywhere should make greater efforts for total disarmament across the board.

In line with the relaxation of world tensions, it is incumbent upon the government of Japan, in keeping with the pacifist ideals underpinning its Constitution, to curtail military spending, to pass the three non-nuclear principles into law so as to prevent the mooting of these national tenets, and to take the initiative in making the Asia-Pacific region a nuclear-free zone of disarmament, as well as to undertake vigorous diplomatic efforts for the building of a world order of peace.

This March, the renovation of the Atomic Bomb Dome was completed with the generous contributions and the fervent wishes for peace from all over the world. Annual admissions to the
Peace Memorial Museum topped 1.5 million last year. And the number of cities sympathizing with the Program to Promote the Solidarity of Cities towards the Total Abolition of Nuclear Weapons has grown to 287 cities in 50 countries worldwide. All of this is testimony to the depths of the popular longing for peace.

Today, we will host the 1990 Women's International Peace Symposium in Hiroshima with its vigorous discussions of what women can do to bring about peace and the abolition of nuclear weapons.

Hiroshima will continue to lay the grim realities of nuclear attack before the world, and we are promoting the establishment here of an international peace research institute to make the world more aware of the need for nuclear disarmament.

Hiroshima renews its appeal:

For an immediate and complete end to nuclear testing and the abolition of nuclear arms.

For the United States, the Soviet Union, and the other nuclear countries to reveal the full truth of the harm caused by their obstinate nuclear testing over the last forty-plus years and to promptly implement restitution measures for the environment and the people.

For the world leaders and those young people who will guide future generations to visit Hiroshima and to see for themselves the horror of nuclear war.

Hiroshima's heart also goes out to all of the oppressed people everywhere who are victims of starvation, poverty, the suppression of human rights, refugee status, regional conflicts, global environmental devastation, and other problems, and we earnestly hope that the international community will cooperate for the earliest possible solution of these problems.

Today, in this Peace Memorial Ceremony to commemorate the 45th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, we express our heartfelt condolences to all of the victims of that bombing. We strongly appeal to the government of Japan to use the Survey of Atomic Bomb Victims in promptly instituting a systematic program of support for the hibakusha grounded upon the principle of national indemnification. At the same time, we earnestly hope that positive efforts will be made to promote support for those hibakusha resident on the Korean Peninsula, in the United States, and elsewhere, and we rededicate ourselves to the cause of peace.

_Delivered by Takeshi Araki, Mayor of Hiroshima City_
Flashback: U.S. propaganda in the run up to the nuclear bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki

Propaganda alert compiled by Cem Ertür

By Cem Ertür
Global Research, August 05, 2012
5 August 2012

“The human race stands on the verge of nuclear self-extinction as a species, and with it will die most, if not all, forms of intelligent life on the planet earth. Any attempt to dispel the ideology of nuclearism and its attendant myth propounding the legality of nuclear weapons and nuclear deterrence must directly come to grips with the fact that the nuclear age was conceived in the original sins of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6 and 9, 1945.” Prof. Francis A. Boyle’s article entitled ‘The criminality of nuclear deterrence. Hiroshima Day, August 6, 1945 link: http://www.globalresearch.ca/index.php?context=va&aid=32214
...we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain...

REMEMBER DEC. 7th!

U.S. Office of War Information poster (1942) about the Pearl Harbor attack on December 7th, 1941
"We'll lick 'em—JUST GIVE US THE STUFF!"

U.S. Army poster (1943)
What are you going to do about it?

5200 Yank Prisoners Killed by Jap Torture in Philippines; Cruel ‘March of Death’ Described

Stay on the Job Until Every Murdering Jap Is Wiped Out!

U.S. Army poster (1944)
U.S. Treasury poster (1944)
“Ground Zero”: Hiroshima (left) and Nagasaki (right) before and after the nuclear bombings in August 1945

Articles by: Cem Ertür

Related content:

**Dellinger on Hiroshima and Nagasaki**

David Dellinger, the great American militant pacifist, was one of the most prominent opponents of the U.S. government’s involvement in World War II. Dellinger spent more than three years in prison in the 1940s because of his opposition to the…

**HIROSHIMA DAY 2003: Secret Meeting on the Privatization of Nuclear War**

At no point since the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945, has humanity been closer to the unthinkable – a nuclear holocaust which could potentially spread in terms of radioactive fallout over a large part…
Radioactive Ammunition Fired in Middle East May Claim More Lives Than Hiroshima and Nagasaki

By firing radioactive ammunition, the U.S., U.K., and Israel may have triggered a nuclear holocaust in the Middle East that, over time, will prove deadlier than the U.S. atomic bombing of Japan. So much ammunition containing depleted uranium(DU) has been…