

The A-bomb That  
I Experienced

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## How we were in those days

My family numbered five including my parents and three brothers. I was the youngest of the three brothers and was born in 1929, and was 16 years old at the time of the bombing. We ran a small stationary and tobacco store at the east side of Hiroshima City, but we didn't have anything to sell during the war except for some rationed tobacco.



My father was a salaried man and used to work in an insurance company while mother worked at home. The New Year of 1945 was not a happy one for the three of us – Dad, Mom, and me. My brothers were navy officers away at war. Most of the big cities, one after another, had already been bombed, burnt, and destroyed. Dad had been ill since the preceding year of 1944. The doctors had run out of medicine, and he became weaker and weaker as his illness became progressively worse. In March, we decided to evacuate to Father's home village in the country, about 40 kilometers north-east of the city. Father's condition was already at its worst when we arrived at the old house in the country, and he died on April 16, 1945, never knowing that the war was coming to an end soon. Only four months after that, his two sons would come return home safely.

I graduated from the middle school in March, passed the entrance exam to the Hiroshima Technical College, and entered college in April. The new students still had to continue working in a factory being mobilized until the end of July. Beginning on the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, we were told to return to school for part time schooling, so we began commuting to school by street car from our dorm near Hiroshima Station. Hiroshima was bombed 6 days after we started to go to school.

Though I can't remember Mom complaining about anything in those days, she must have had terrible worries about her family. She just believed in Amitabha's salvation and used to say prayers to Amitabha Buddha over and over in a small voice. She had understood the world to be a place in which there is nothing we can really rely upon. Now I can imagine how sad and helpless she must have been, but I was too young to sense her distress. She cultivated small fields around the house and was waiting for me to return, the only son who had been left in Hiroshima.

Each of the five members in my family were in their separate places with their lives being controlled by fate. Dad wasn't alive any more, Mom was in the country, and my two brothers were in the war, while I was at school in Hiroshima.

## Fright of Death

August 6<sup>th</sup> was a quiet morning on the campus. Regular classes at school had started from the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, and we the first grade students of the college were enjoying the first campus life, which any student in peace time would experience as a



matter-of-course. We were to be mobilized to work in a factory again soon after the part time schooling was over beginning sometime in the middle of August. All the first-grade students were staying at the dormitory of the factory in the east side of the city, and used to commute to school by streetcar in those days. Life at the dorm was not easy. Food was so scarce, and we were always hungry. Most of the young boys, however, were not bothered so much by the poor conditions.

On the morning of August 6<sup>th</sup>, it began as a sunny and beautiful day, with another hot and humid summer day to follow. "Was the alert warning announced? I am not sure if we heard the siren," I said to myself.

Even the math lecture, which had usually been a boring class for me, somehow felt fresh and interesting that morning, so I was concentrating hard. The class had started at 8:00 a.m. sharp. Later, I thought if school had started at 8:30 instead; I may have been in a street-car and have been broiled to death.

My seat was located in the front row directly beside the window facing to the south. The teacher was explaining a difficult problem of differential and integral calculus. I happened to look out of the window, and saw two B-29 bombers flying very high above in the sky. They were shining silver-white while glimmering and were just as beautiful as ice cakes. "What? We didn't hear the air-raid alarm?"

"Why are B-29 bombers that have been sighted no longer a big problem?" I wondered. "Maybe it is true that they have already bombed so many cities in Japan and now they are so familiar to us that it isn't a problem?" I said to myself.

It was at the very next instant that an orange red flash jumped into my eyes and a hot searing heat shock waved blew into my face. I can remember a pine tree beside the window silhouetted against the orange red world just like a sunset. At the same time, I jumped under my desk, pressing my ears with both thumbs and my eyes with the other fingers unconsciously because had been told to do so in the case of a bombing.

Then I heard the huge noise of the blast. I still have no idea if it was the sound of the bomb explosion or of collapsing buildings. Perhaps it was both. It became a very pitch dark world! Crawling around on the floor in the darkness as though I was blind, I discovered that my hands, head, shirt and trousers were stained with blood. Chanting Buddhist prayers, 'Amitabha Buddha,' over and over, I honestly feared death and thought of Mom.

I was not sure how much time had passed – perhaps one or two minutes or perhaps longer, but gradually dim light came in among the debris. Fortunately, my seat had been located close to the door, and the staircase of the old-fashioned strong wooden building was still intact. Small cuts on my head and several places on my body were still bleeding, but my wounds were not serious. I noticed that the small cuts were caused by tiny pieces of shattered glass from the broken window panes. I didn't feel much pain any more – was I that tense and in shock? Soon I felt fortunate to have escaped death and began to believe that I would survive.



The situation just after the bombing has already been told by many people including the staggering casualties and how the entire city had been destroyed.

When I was in the classroom during the explosion, I was certain that a single conventional bomb must have been dropped just outside the school next to the window. How could I have possibly known anything about such a monstrous bomb when it happened? I learned later that my others, all over the city, had similar recollections.

As I began my slow escape from the building, managing somehow to go down the staircase, I was horrified to see so many wounded students sitting and lying on the grass or the ground, and buildings everywhere that had been smashed and destroyed. I was increasingly bewildered how only a single bomb could produce such extensive damage in an instant. My nerves might have put me in numbness and shock as I was no longer paralyzed when viewing the wounded people everywhere.

One of my friends leaned on my shoulder for help. He also had several cuts, which I cannot remember exactly now, but one deep cut above his right eye is still in my memory. I bandaged his head with a towel and thought of taking him to the Red Cross Hospital near our school, located about 300 meters to the north. Later I discovered that our school was located only 2 kilometers south of the hypocenter of the A-bomb blast.

As we started slowly walking through the school gate, I was again shocked to see the severe destruction of destroyed homes and a great many injured people - mostly burnt people who looked like smoked and broiled pigs. I cannot even remember if they were crying or sobbing. Their faces were all damaged, swollen up, and disfigured so badly. Without exceptions, they had thrust out both of their arms, perhaps so that their wounds would not touch their bodies. Their smoked bodies had swollen and the skin was nearly peeling off. All of them were marching along the street-car railroad from the center of the city toward the south where fires had not yet spread. Processions of ghosts walking toward the suburbs were seen everywhere in the city all day long. Among them I can never forget a girl streetcar conductor, whose clothes were almost burned off leaving only small pieces of singed pants with her ticket-bag hanging from her fore-waist. She was heavily burned like many others, and was walking slowly. She must have been one of the mobilized schoolgirls about 15 or 16 years old and many have died after a few days later. Even for me, who was such a young and thoughtless boy, it was such a painful incident to see those helpless children wandering about in the street strewn with death.

The Hiroshima Red Cross Hospital, which later became well-known as one of the few remaining buildings was also in total chaos. Doors and windows had been blown off leaving only twisted frames. Wounded soldiers who had once been sent back from the front for treatment were heavily injured again, and a few doctors and nurses, who had also been injured, were trying to treat hundreds of people coming into the hospital with very little emergency medicine available. I thought that we would have to wait for a long time. Not being sure if they could give sufficient treatment for my friend, I decided to take him back to school. When we went back near the school, an army rescue truck came across Miyuki-bashi Bridge. This may have been



the first rescue vehicle from the army transportation corps stationing in Ujina harbor district, and my friend was really lucky to get picked up by the vehicle. Later I heard that he was sent to Ninoshima Island, which is about 2 kilometers from the harbor, and that he would survive.

### What a Weapon?

When I came into the school gate, I found that the situation there was getting worse with a great number of miserable people everywhere. Though the students in better conditions were told to work for restoration, I was very weary of the happenings that morning, and decided to escape. With some books, notebooks, and my valuable lunch under my arm, I went out the gate. Dazed and confused, I still can't remember where and when I ate lunch that day.

When I crossed the bridge named Miyuki-bashi, there were a lot of people in line crowding around the faucet near a police station and drinking water. It was very fortunate that the supply was still functioning. At that time, most of the wounded were young schoolboys and girls who had narrowly escaped from the center of the city. They had been mobilized to work demolishing houses and setting aside logs, beams, and roof-tiles in order to make empty spaces to prevent fire spreading after fire-bombings. Most of the young children were smoked, burnt, bare-footed, with messy hair. When I remember those young boys and girls only 12 or 13 years old, equivalent to 7<sup>th</sup> grade children now, I cannot stop myself from crying tears. If they had been born today, they could have had a much better future. Why were they to be tortured in such a brutal and inhuman way?

Now I can understand how those burned people wanted fresh water. It was not just because it was a very hot summer day but because they were heavily burned.

Crossing the bridge, I gazed at both sides of the river, which were burning violently like burning weeds in the fields during early spring. Great fires were flaring up an up! Hiroshima, the whole city was consumed in fiercely burning flames.

All the handrail stones of that bridge had fallen in one direction. Those of the northern side were lying in line on the side-walk of the bridge, and those of the southern side had fallen straight to the bottom of the river. This phenomenon demonstrated to many that the shock wave must have come from one direction - the center of the city which meant that the destruction was not brought numerous bombs, but by a single huge one. A gigantic explosion in a moment, from one direction! My eyes were overwhelmed and consumed by just one strong dizzy flash, and I heard just one big blast. One regular bomb can never make such terrible damage. Then I remembered a piece of simple information about an atomic bomb that I had once read in a magazine for boys a couple of years before that day. The article had said something such as a small bomb contained in a match-box size could destroy even a mammoth battleship some day in the future, and its material was produced release atomic energy. So I understood that the U.S. had succeeded to invent such an atomic bomb, and I thought it would be very hard for us to win the war. However, even if I had some small knowledge then, it did not make any sense to explain why

what happened did happen.

Thinking of this and that, I was looking at the burning city where I was born and brought up, the river where I used to swim in, and the small mountain HIJIYAMA where I used to play, now shrouded completely in gray smoke. I think that I was a little sentimental then, and I murmured, "Hiroshima is dying." When I started to walk across the bridge, it was supposedly almost high noon.

### The Way Out of the City

The buildings of the Hiroshima Tobacco Monopoly Corporation at the east side of the river were burning and the street-car road had been full of smoke when I walked through. Taking the course to the south-east district of the city, I walked around the east foot of a small hilly mountain named HIJIYAMA, and finally to our dorm near Hiroshima Station. In these districts, some of the wooden houses had been completely destroyed while others had become inhabitable.

I saw yet another sad scene DAMBARA district where my family used to live. Among the debris, there was a dusty naked body of baby boy abandoned carelessly beside the street. Even today, I still cannot understand why he had been left there in such a miserable way without even being covered with a blanket or something. Might the people have been too busy in their own business to pay attention to others? I feel so ashamed of so many others, including myself, who had lost some human sense of respect and consideration to others.

When I passed by another half-destroyed police station near TAISHO-BASHI bridge, a bulletin announced by Hiroshima Army Headquarter was on the board of the wall. It said something similar to : "The cowardly enemy bombed the city with a new type of bomb and we sustained some damage. You the citizens, however, should never be scared of such attacks. Final victory is in our hands. Make your resolution to fight this holy war until the last day. Japan, our country of God shall never be conquered. You must do your best for reconstruction and continue the war."

I don't know how many adults believed this announcement, but I did. In a country that is fighting a big war ; young people are always taught to be courageous and to be ready to die for their country. Certainly, I saw the terrible damages with my own eyes and felt that it would be very difficult to beat the enemy that possessed such a strong powerful destructive weapon. Still, I never considered surrender. We had been educated to not accept defeat.

The buildings of our dorm were mostly heavily damaged, and again in our room, all the ceiling and floor were broken, and futon beddings and most of my belongings were unusable. Then I headed in the direction of KAITAICHI located about 4 kilometers east of the city, two railway stations apart from Hiroshima Station. Again the road was full of wounded people walking slowly like ghosts, some sitting on hand-carts pulled by other people, and some people lying or sitting helplessly on the sidewalks. I can tell that many of those heavily burnt or bandaged people, whom I saw that day, could not have lived long afterward.



A small pack of dried bread that I received, which was given for emergency food at another police station, was such a delicacy in my empty stomach. I cannot remember where and when I took lunch that day.

At KAITAICHI Station of the SANYO Main Line, I had to wait in a coach for a while until the first rescue train left the station in the evening. Strange to say, I don't remember if that coach was full of refugees. It might have been because many of the wounded people could not have readily reached the station after walking many miles.

The nearest station to our house was three stations away from KAITAICHI, and I had to walk through the mountain path in the dark for a couple of miles after I got off the train. You can understand how overjoyed Mother was to see me alive!

The villagers and she saw a lot of miserable wounded and burnt walking all the way into the village late that afternoon. People said that Hiroshima disappeared, with many citizens dying due to the great bombing. Mother felt the strong flash, saw the huge mushroom cloud rising above the mountains, and heard the big noise while she was working in the rice paddy. She believed that I too must have been killed, and thought of going to Hiroshima to look for me the next day. Having had my body washed in the tub, not knowing of tens thousands of those with no place to sleep, I fell fast asleep that night. How happy I was to have a home to go back while here were a lot of people who had no places to go that night! But I didn't worry about others then. I often regret that I was such an inconsiderate and selfish youngster at that time.

### Fever and Diarrhea

I did not see the most horrible scenes from hell in the central area of the city including piles and piles of bodies, many floating bodies moving in and out with the river tides, cremation of bodies day after day, and people who were almost dead asking for water on the floors of gyms and school classrooms. Fortunately our school was just a little outside of the worst area being showered by radiation, and the students that were inside the building were not burnt, and I myself could walk away, and leave the city, immediately after the bombing. I went back to the city to pick up some of my possessions and to visit some of our relatives in the city a few days later.

Nothing more in the city remained. Getting off the train at Hiroshima Station on the east side of the city, I could see some houses at the foot of the mountains on the other side of the city. Just a gray ash desert! Looking to the south, I could see the islands clearly in the Seto Inland Sea. You can understand how I was easily shocked by the view that had earlier included a city.

For several days after August 6<sup>th</sup>, I was sick and feverish in bed. I was bothered by bloody diarrhea, which may have been good for me as my body ridded itself of some radioactive poison.

Though it was such a ridiculous story, people said, "Don't let the burned people drink water. If you do, they will die very soon. Water isn't good for burned people."

But those wounded or burned people asked and asked for water, as you can imagine.

There were people who could not keep rejecting their strong desire for water and gave water as much as the victims wanted for the 'last water.' Later I heard that some of the burned people vomited yellowish liquid, and they were able to somehow recover. It seems very strange.

I was an energetic young boy who was inside the building which was removed slightly from direct exposure to radiation, and perhaps even more importantly, immediately after the bombing, I soon left the city that was tainted with high concentrations of radiation. These key conditions all worked in my favor. Now I understand as follows :

As you realize, I did not see the worst situation in the central area of the city, because the location of our schools was about 2 kilo-meters from the center and I was in bed for several days after I left the city. Still I could easily understand what horrible things really happened there, having seen the numerous victims and the heavy damage to Hiroshima.

Wounded and burned people died one after another around us after that. People who were seemingly all right after the bombing, suddenly became ill and were soon dead without any specific cause being known. Some say that approximately 140,000 people were dead from the A-bomb by the end of that year. Doctors could not determine how to treat patients. I don't think that they had enough knowledge about diseases caused by radiation at the time. Again, I say that such an inhuman bomb must never be used on any people in the world.

What life did I live after that?

Being a student of the technical college, I was going to be an engineer. After the war, however, I changed my course and became a student of another normal college in another city for several reasons. My two brothers in the navy also survived and returned home safely, and we were very fortunate.

It was in April 1949 that I became a teacher of a junior high school in Hiroshima City. Our lives were still not easy. I used to teach English as a foreign language because I liked English. After all, I worked at several junior high schools in Hiroshima for 40 years, and retired from being the principal of a school in the south side of the city. Though I worked at a private senior high school for an additional 6 years, I retired again and am living my retired days now.

Did I talk to students about the A-bomb when I was working at schools? No, not very much. A lot of families in Hiroshima used to have someone that shared A-bomb stories in their homes, and such topics did not seem to be so urgent for our students at school. The problems of the A-bomb and the need for World Peace were already very familiar to them.

Time has passed, however, and even the parents and relatives do not know much about the A-bomb and more. Peace education is becoming necessary for younger generations today. Survivors become older and pass away, though we still have



much to do.

### How I have been these days

A long time has passed since the bombing, and it is very peaceful without a war here in Japan. The younger generations do not seem to pay much attention to the disgusting memories of the past any more, and are just enjoying momentary pleasure and make-believe happy days. It is like a cat which is taking a nap, forgetting to catch a mouse, and enjoying a warm and comfortable spring day afternoon.

Certainly, peace is very good. I am such a happy person, being able to live 63 years after that day. I often remember those burned helpless young boys and girls, who were all walking slowly, and I feel that I still have a lot to do for them. Each of them must have wanted to live a long and enjoyable and happy life. It is my mission to tell more people of the world what those children wanted to say.

Amitabha Buddha still tells me to work hard, and to continue to talk to more people of the world about the horrible disaster which happened here. I ask them to cooperate and for their help to prevent another use of a nuclear bomb on earth again.

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### Questions that I am often asked by foreign guests :

Q. : How do the citizens of Hiroshima feel about Americans? We hear that the citizens do not show persistent hostility toward Americans, who are the people of the country which dropped the A-bomb. Aren't you angry?

A. : We of course have deep anger and resentment against the A-bomb itself, but I don't think there are many citizens who have violent anger or hostility toward American people because of the A-bomb. Why?

As a matter of fact, I don't remember if I have heard someone argue about this particular question, asking for instance, "Do you have deep anger or hostility toward Americans?"

There may be many reasons, I think. First, I don't think that we have enough reasons to have deep anger toward Americans. People are all the same. Certainly we had determined hostility against the enemy Americans during the war.

However, once the war was over and a lot of American soldiers came in, we noticed that they were never the "monsters" but just the same people like us. Their manner was not bad, and they were mostly moderate, friendly, and pleasant people. I am not certain that it was always the case, but they usually gave good impressions.

(Later, I once heard that cautious American Occupation Forces did not send the combatants who had experienced the bloody actions against Japanese forces on the islands in the Pacific Ocean.)

Also, we cannot forget about a few kind Americans who dedicated themselves so much to help the reconstruction of Hiroshima and to heal the pain of the citizens of Hiroshima. Ms. Barbara Reynolds, for instance, lived much of the latter half of her life in this city and offered her entire savings for peace activities. Her respectable ideal is still embodied in the peace organization, World Friendship Center([www.wfchiroshima.net/](http://www.wfchiroshima.net/)) based in Hiroshima. I think that all the citizens should keep her decent and generous goodwill deep in our mind, and that there is no reasons necessary for to hate the American people.

We know that there are many Americans who believe that the A-bombing in Hiroshima and Nagasaki accelerated the end of the war and saved countless lives of not only American soldiers but also of the Japanese people. They are convinced that the decision to use the A-bomb was a good choice and was the right decision.

How do we respond to this explanation? Again, I have not heard this kind of discussion among us. Usually we Japanese consider it immature or of poor taste to express our feelings so openly. This may be a national character of Japanese people. But some citizens — those who lost their loved ones and still have been living sad days might say that the reasons, which Americans state, are somewhat “self-centered” and convenient excuse. We cannot accept the use of such inhuman cruelty, while others may reluctantly admit that they accept such explanations.

When I think of the extreme situation of WWII from either side, I myself feel that I will have to admit some acceptance of their explanation. The Japanese government and some aggressive leaders had stubbornly insisted to continue the war. The U.S. was growing weary of the war, which had continued for such a long time and caused very heavy casualties. President Truman could not hesitate to take a short cut when the U.S. had obtained that horrible, but effective weapon. I never think that he paid any attention to Japanese casualties. Pandora’s box was opened.

It is also said that the U.S. aimed to have a better position in Asia than U.S.S.R. by demonstrating the huge power of the A-bomb. It may be true. And because of such reasons, the U.S. took the leadership role with occupation policies after the war. Many say that it was so fortunate for Japan that Hokkaido was not divided into two parts — North and South, like Korea as Russia wanted to. That is true. However, I cannot feel even to say “thank you” to the U.S. because of that historical outcome. There are many citizens who have already learned about such explanations and try to accept the mainstream historical conclusions.

We, the human race invented this devil’s weapon, wanted to use it, used it in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and learned what it was like with an enormous sacrifice — hundreds thousands of lives of men and women, young and old including children and babies. Now, we can never admit the next use nuclear weapons for any reason. The human race has already learned the horrible reality of the A-bomb’s inhumanity.

There have been many differing opinions about the A-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as stated earlier. But I can say that most of the citizens are not so



interested in such controversy any more. Whatsoever the truth may be, our loved ones who were killed in brutal ways cannot come back to us anymore. We just want to mourn the victims, pray that their spirits may sleep in peace, and pledge to work for world peace. And all the citizens can agree together on behalf — that such a bomb must never be used on any people in the world again. We should work to bring about complete agreement in world-wide public opinion to oppose the use of nuclear weapons.

I don't feel that there are many citizens who have a deep hatred toward Americans. Does it sound strange if I say that we Japanese are usually friendly and moderate to others? Even so, I don't feel it appropriate if some Americans proudly say, "We were right!" Then I would say, "Can you say that you were right to your God? We cannot be perfectly right every time." If Americans say, "We want to mourn the spirits of the victims Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But we thought at that time it was necessary to use those bombs to end the war sooner. Let's co-operate to stop any further use of the A-bomb in this world," we can perfectly understand them and be good friends. I know that there are a lot of American friends who have such an opinion and express those sentiments.

I met two American veterans on the Island of Tinian on August 6<sup>th</sup> in 2005, during the Peace Memorial Ceremony in remembrance of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. They represented the contrasts of two distinct personalities. One was a member of the crew of B-29 bombers, which attacked Hiroshima. The other was a sailor of the USS cruiser "Indianapolis" which carried the bombs to Tinian, where they were unloaded on the island. Later, the Indianapolis was torpedoed and sunk by a Japanese submarine while the crews were headed back toward Frisco. The sailor I met had to swim in the sea for hours before he was rescued. It was a dramatic meeting of the people who were connected to the A-bombing, and I shook hands with them to express our feeling of reconciliation.

One of the B-29 bomber members told me the stereotypical words of the bombing, say, "It was necessary to end the war sooner, to save more lives. We did our duty because we were soldiers. We had to carry on the operation. If I am told to do the same thing again, I will obey the order at any time." I don't think I heard even a word to mourn the victims of ours who were under the mushroom cloud which they made. He also referred to the Hiroshima A-bomb Memorial Peace Museum, which he has once visited, and said that the exhibitions of the museum were so one-sided exaggerated, and kind of disgusting. He also pointed out angrily that the museum did not tell anything about Japanese crimes of Nanjing or Pearl Harbor. I just responded with that mysterious Japanese smile. "Ah, so. Yes, you were a faithful soldier, and it was quite natural that you obeyed orders. I see." The shaking of hands was just a formality.

Later another veteran sailor said to me that he felt so sorry about the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki who perished in such a brutal way, and we have to do our best to stop any further use of A-bombs — the same ideal as ours. He hugged me and said those words in tears. I said to him, "That is all right. You just did your

job as a soldier of the U.S. and had a hard time swimming in the ocean. We can understand each other, and we can be good friends. Let's co-operate for the same purpose from now on." The shaking of hands was truly a sincere and meaningful friendly one and came naturally.

I learned a lot from those two brave American veterans. Which was a real warrior or SAMURAI?

I know that there are many different attitudes of people in any country. We cannot comprehend whatsoever he or she thinks in their minds. For the peaceful future of the world, however, we should learn from the past and co-operate to abolish such outrageous and destructive weapons. And it is the most important of all.

I hope that you can understand the idea of my answer and some opinions regarding these commonly asked questions.

Q : How did the citizens learn that the bomb dropped on Hiroshima was an atomic bomb?

A. : The radio announced the report from our government saying that the enemy dropped a new type bomb in Hiroshima and that some damage had occurred. We were not told about an atomic bomb. Three days after Hiroshima, the radio said that Nagasaki was bombed another new type bomb and again the city got some damage. We were told to rise up again and do our best to continue the war. On August 15th one week after the second A-bomb, Japan surrendered and we learned about atomic bombs soon after that.

Q : What about the impact of radiation and the reconstruction of the city? And how were the people affected by radiation after the bombing?

A. : We heard that we would not be able to live in the city for at least 70 years and that even weeds would not be able to grow. People, however did not have enough composure to care about that news nor had any other choice. They came back to the city very soon, and started to resettle by building tiny shacks. People were tough in a sense, I think. We were so poor and still had the will to survive. There was no choice. People could not really be concerned about possible radioactive damage. Soon, even weeds started to grow.

I really don't know fully about the radioactive influence over the health of people. There must have been many negative effects, but we cannot estimate fully without any convincing data. The Hiroshima type bomb exploded at 500 meters altitude. The radioactive influence may have dissipated fairly quickly after the explosion(?). We do know, however, that people have been continually tortured by many strange lingering symptoms induced by persistent illnesses believed to be caused by radioactive exposure.

People worked hard for the reconstruction of the city. It is well-known that the street-car started to run in a certain section only a couple of days after the bombing.



I sense that it took at least over 10 years until a certain acceptable level of reconstruction in the city had taken shape.



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