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aircraft, and it explodes when it comes into contact with the direct wires of the city's electrical system. That is to say, Dr. Fujii, completely satisfied, since after all the information comes from a journalist, that it can only be dropped into major cities and only in the daytime, when tram lines and so on are active. After five days of service to the wounded in the park, Mr Tanimoto returned home and dug in the rubble on August 11. He took some of the diary and church records that had been kept in the book and were only burned around the edges, as well as some cooking utensils and pottery. While he was working, a Ms. Tanaka came and said that her father had asked him. Mr. Tanimoto had reason to hate his father, a retired shipping company official, even though he had done a major program about his charity, notoriously selfish and ruthless, and just days before the bombing, had told some publicity that Mr. Tanimoto was a spy for the Americans. At the time of the bombing, Mr. Tanaka was walking in the streets in front of the city's radio station. He suffered severe flash burns, but he was able to walk home. He took refuge in his Neighborhood Association shelter and has since tried his best to get medical aid. He expected all of Hiroshima's doctors to come to him, because he was very wealthy and very famous for giving his money away. When none of them came, he angrily set out to search for them; leaning on his daughter's arm, he walked from the private hospital to the private hospital, but it was all in ruins, and he came back and lay down in the shelter again. Now he was very weak and knew he was going to die. He is willing to be comforted by any religion. Mr. Tanimoto came to help you. He went down to the tomb as a shelter and, when his eyes were adjusted to darkness, saw Mr. Tanaka, his face and arms bulging and covered with pus and blood, and his swollen eyes closed. The old man smelled very bad, and he groaned constantly. He seemed to recognize Mr. Tanimoto's voice. Standing in the stairwell of shelter to get light, Mr. Tanimoto read aloud from a pocket Bible in Japanese: For a thousand years in His sight, but as yesterday when it was over, and as a clock in the night. He carried the children of man away as with a flood; they are like a sleep; in the morning they resemble sprouting grass. In the morning it thrives and grows; in the evening it is cut, and defeated. For we are consumed by The Anger of Those and your wrath that we are in trouble. You've put our ininess before You, our secret sin in the light of Your face. For all the days of I have passed away in His wrath: we spend our many years as a story told... Mr. Tanaka died when Mr. Tanimoto read the celestial book. On August 11, 8, to Ninoshima Military Hospital that a large number of military casualties from chugoku regional military command arrived on the island that day, and it was deemed necessary to evacuate all civilian patients. Ms Sasaki, still alarmingly high fever, was placed on a large ship. She lay on the deck, with a pillow at her feet. There was an awning on the deck, but the ship's course caused her to sink in the sun. She felt as if she was under a magnifying glass in the sun. Pus flows out of her wound, and soon the entire pillow is covered with it. She was brought ashore at Hatsuakaichi, a town a few miles southwest of Hiroshima, and taken to Goddess of Mercy Primary School, which was converted into a hospital. She lay there for several days before a fracture specialist came from Kobe. At that time her legs were red and swollen to her hips. The doctor decided he couldn't set the breaks. He made an incision and put in a rubber tube to get out of putrescence. At Novitate. Kataoka children without a mother are in no consolation. Father Cieslik worked hard to keep them distracted. He set riddles for them. He asked, "What is the smartest animal in the world?, and after the thirteen-year-old girl had guessed monkeys, elephants, horses, he said, No, it must be hippos, because in Japanese that animal is kaba, the back of baka, stupid. He told bible stories, started, in the order of things, with creation. He showed them a souvenir book of snapshots taken in Europe. However, they cried most of the time for their mother. A few days later, Father Cieslik began hunting down the families of the children. First, he learned through the police that an uncle had gone to the authorities in Kure, a city not far away, to ask for children. He later heard that an older brother had tried to track them down by mail in Ujina, a suburb of Hiroshima. Still afterwards, he heard that the mother was alive and was on Goto Island, off Nagasaki. And finally, by keeping a check on the Ujina post office, he contacted his brother and returned the children to their mother. About a week after the bomb fell, an ambiguous, indegrable rumor came to Hiroshima, that the city was destroyed by energy released when the atoms were somehow split in two. This weapon is referred to in this oral report as genshi bakudan - the original characters can be translated as the original child bomb. No one understands the idea or puts any more trust in it than in magnesium powder and such things. Newspapers have been brought in from other cities, but they still limit themselves to extremely generic statements, such as Dome's assertion on August 12: There is nothing to do, but acknowledge the tremendous power of this in humanity bomb. Earlier, Japanese scientists entered the city with the Lauritsen telescope and Neher electrometer; they understand the idea all too well. On the 12th Nakamura, all of them still quite ill, went to the nearby town of Kabe and moved in with Ms. Nakamura's sister-in-law. The next day, Ms. Nakamura, although she was too ill to walk much, returned to Hiroshima alone, by tram to the suburbs, by walking from there. All week, in Novitate, she was worried about her mother, brother and sister, who lived in a part of the town called Fukuro, and besides, she felt attracted by some passion, just as Father Kleinsorge was. She discovers that her family is dead. She returned to Kabe surprised and depressed by what she had seen and learned in the city that she could not speak that evening. A comparative order, at least, began to be established at the Red Cross Hospital. Dr. Sasaki, returning from the rest of himself, has committed to classifying his patients (who are still scattered everywhere, even on the stairs). The staff gradually swept up the debris. Best of all, the nurses and flight crew began to remove the corpses. Handling the dead, by cremation and decent worship, is a greater moral responsibility for the Japanese than taking full care of the living. Relatives identified most of the first days had died in and around the hospital. Starting on Monday, whenever a patient appeared to be moribund, a piece of paper with his name on it was fastened to his clothes. The corpse details carry the bodies to an external clearing, put them on wooden pyres from crumbling houses, burn them, put some ashes in envelopes intended for contact X-ray plates, mark envelopes with the names of the dead, and pile them up, neatly and respectfully, in the stack in the main office. In a few days, the envelopes filled one side of the temple improvised. In Kabe, on the morning of 15 August, ten-year-old Toshio Nakamura had an airplane. He runs outdoors and identifies it with a professional eye as a B29. There's Mr. Bl he contracted X-ray. One of his relatives called him: He didn't have enough of Mr. B? The question has a kind of symbol. At that time, the dull, dispirited voice of Hirohito, Emperor Tenth, spoke for the first time in history via radio: After deeply pondering the general trends of the world and the actual conditions that have been in our Empire today, We have decided to make a resolution of the current situation using to a measure extraordinary . . . Ms. Nakamura went to the city again, to dig up some of the rice she had buried in the neighborhood of the shelter airstrike association. She had it and started coming back for Kabe. On the tram, quiet by chance, she met her sister, who was not in Hiroshima on the day of the bombing. Have you heard the news? Her elder sister asked. What news? The war is over. Don't say such a foolish thing, sister... But I heard it on the radio. And there, in a whisper, it was the voice of the Emperor. Oh, Mrs. Nakamura said (she needs nothing more than to make her give up although there are atomic bombs, that Japan still has a chance to win the war), in that case . . . Some time later, in a letter to an American, Mr. Tanimoto described the events of that morning. In the post-war era, the magic of our history happened. On August 15, we were told that some news is of great importance, he can listen ∓ we should all listen to it. So I went to Hiroshima train station. There's a big loudspeaker in the wreckage of the station. Many civilians, all of them were within limits, some helped by their daughter's shoulders, some sustained their injured feet with sticks, they listened to the broadcast and when they came to realize the fact that this was the Emperor, they cried with full tears in their eyes. What a wonderful blessing it is that the Tennesse themselves call us and we can hear our own voice in person. We are completely satisfied in such a great sacrifice. When they learned that the war was over—meaning that Japan had been defeated, of course, they were deeply disappointed, but obeyed the Emperor's commandments in the spirit of calm, sacrificing wholeheartedly for the eternal peace of the world—and Japan began its new path. IV—Panic Grass and Fever!On August 18, twelve days after the bomb exploded, Father Kleinsorge set off on a walk to Hiroshima from Novitate with a paper-mâché suitcase in his hand. He began to think that his bag, in which he kept his valuables, had the quality of the amulet, because of the way he had found it after the explosion, standing by the handle at the door of his house, while the desk he had previously hid it in debris on the floor. Now he has used it to bring the saddle belonging to Jesus' society to the Hiroshima branch of Yokohama Specie Bank, which has reopened in its half-ruined building. On his way, he felt pretty good that morning. It is true that the small cuts he received had not been healed in three or four days, as the principal of Novitate, who examined them, had actively promised them, but Father Kleinsorge had rested well for a week and considered that he was ready for the hard work. By now he was accustomed to the horrific scene through which he walked on his way into the city: large rice paddies near Novitate, streaked with brown; houses on the outskirts of the city, standing but crumbling, with broken windows and disheveled bricks; and then, quite suddenly, the beginning of four square miles of reddish-brown scars, where almost everything was buffeted down and burned; range across the range of collapsed city blocks, with here and there a rough sign erected on a pile of ashes and bricks (Sister, where are you? or All safe and we live in naked trees and canted telephone poles; few standing, gutted buildings that only highlight the horizontality of everything else (the Science Museum and and with its dome stripped into its steel frame, as if for an autopsy). The modern Chamber of Commerce building, its tower is cold, rigid and can not attack after the blow as before; giant, low, camouflaged town hall; rows of dowdy banks, caricaturing a shaky economic system; and on the streets, a creepy traffic—hundreds of crumpled bikes, shells of street cars and cars, all stopping in the middle of motion. The whole way, Father Kleinsorge was oppressed by the thought that all the damage he saw was done in an instant by a bomb. By the time he arrived at the town center, the day had become very hot. He walked to Yokohama Bank, was trading in a makeshift wooden booth on the ground floor of the building, sent money, followed the mission complex just to get another view of the wreckage, and then began returning to Novitate. About halfway there, he began to feel special. The more or less magical sunlight, now empty, suddenly seemed terribly heavy. His knees became weak. He felt extremely tired. With a significant expenditure of morale, he managed to achieve Novitate. He did not think his weaknesses were worth mentioning with other Cysies. But a few days later, while trying to say Mass, he had a start of fainting and even after three attempts was unable to go through with the service, and the next morning the principal, who examined Father Kleinsorge's cuts seemed insignificant but did not heal daily. ask in surprise. What did you do with your wound? They were suddenly more enlarged and swollen and inflamed. When she got dressed on the morning of August 20, in her sister-in-law's house in Kabe, not far from Nagatsuka, Ms. Nakamura, who had not suffered any cuts or burns at all, although she was quite nauseous throughout the week, she and her children spent as guests of Father Kleinsorge and other Catholics in Novitate. began to repair her hair and noticed, after a stroke, her comb carried a handful of hair; the second time, the same thing happened, so she stopped combing at the same time. But over the next three or four days, her hair continued to fall out of her own suit, until she was quite bald. She began to lose the hair, practically staying hidden. On August 26, both she and her young daughter, Myeko, woke up feeling extremely flat and tired, and they stayed in their beds. Her other son and daughter, who shared every experience with her during and after the bombing, felt fine. Around that time, he had lost track of the days, so difficult that he worked to establish a temporary place of worship in a private house he had rented in the suburbs- Mr. Tanimoto fell suddenly ill with a general state of discomfort, fatigue, and fever, and he, too, came his bedroll on the floor of a half-wrecked friend in the suburb of Ushida. These four did not realize it, but they went down with the strange, erratic disease that came later called illness. Ms. Sasaki was in steady pain at Goddess of Mercy Elementary School, at Hatsuakaichi, the fourth station southwest of Hiroshima on the train. An internal infection still prevents the proper setting of compound fractures of her left wrist. A young man in the same hospital and seems to have become liked her despite her relentless preoccupation with her suffering, or else just pitying her for it, lending her a Japanese translation of de Maupassant, and she tried to read the story, but she can concentrate just four or five minutes at a time. Hospitals and aid stations around Hiroshima were so crowded in the first weeks after the bombing, and their staff were so changed, depending on their health and the unpredictable appearance of outside help, that patients must constantly be transferred from place to place. Ms. Sasaki, who has been moved three times, twice by train, was taken in late August to an engineering school, also at Hatsuakaichi. As her leg did not improve but swelled more and more, doctors at the school tied it with a coarse brace and took her by car, on September 9, to the Red Cross Hospital in Hiroshima. This was her first chance to look at the ruins of Hiroshima; The last time she was taken through the streets of the city, she was hovering on the edge of unconsciousness. Although the wreckage has been described to her, and although she is still in pain, the spectacle is horrifying and astonishing, and there is something she noticed about it that especially gave her creeps. On everything- up through the ruins of the city, in the gutter, along the riverbank, tangled between bricks and tin roofs, climbing on charred trunks- is a blanket of fresh, vivid, lush, optimistic green: the verdancy rises even from the foundation of the crumbling house. Weeds hid the ash, and wildflowers bloom among the city's bones. The bomb not only left the underground bodies of plants intact, but they also grew. Everywhere are spanish bluets and bayonets, goosefoot, morning glory and day lilies, left feathered beans, purslane and clobur and sesame and panic grass and feverfew. Especially in a circle in the center, senna tires have grown in extraordinary regeneration, not only standing among the burnt remnants of the same tree, but also pushing up in new places, between the bricks and through cracks in the asphalt. It really seems like a load of i sickle-seeds have been dropped along with the bomb. At the Red Cross Hospital, Ms. Sasaki is cared for by Dr. Sasaki. Now, a month after the explosion, something like order has been re-established in the hospital; it is to say that the patient is still lying in the corridor at least having carpets to sleep on and that the supply of the drug, which was launched in the first few days, has been replaced, albeit incompletely, by donations from other cities. Dr. Sasaki, a seventeen hours of sleep at his home on Tuesday night, since then ever rested only about six hours a night, on a rug at the hospital; he lost 20 pounds from his very small body; he still wears the unsym fit glasses he borrowed from an injured nurse. Since Ms. Sasaki was such a sick woman (and perhaps, he later admitted, just a little because she was named Sasaki). Dr. Sasaki placed her on a rug in a semi-private room, which at the time had only eight people in it. He asked her and put down on her recording card, in exactly, scrunched-up German, in which he wrote all his records: Mittelgroesse Patient in gutem Ernährungszustand. Fraktur am linken Unterschenkelknochen mit Wunde; Anschwellung in der linken Unterschenkelgegend. Haut und sichtbare Schleimhäute massig durchblutet und kein Odema, noting that she is a medium-sized female patient in good general health; that she suffered a fracture of her left tibia, swelling of her left shin; that her visible skin and mucous membranes have been discovered a lot with petechiae, which is hemorrhagic in size of fine grains, or even as large as soy; and, in addition, her head, eyes, throat, lungs and heart seemed normal; And she has a fever. He'd put his fractures and put his foot in an actor, but he ran off the plaster of Paris long ago, so he just stretched her out on a rug and prescribed aspirin for his fever, and glucose intravenously and oral diastase for her malnutrition (which he didn't enter on his profile because everyone suffered from it). She only exhibited one of the intoxicating symptoms so many of his patients had only then started showing-hemorrhaging in place. Dr. Fujii is still pursued by bad luck, which is still connected to the river. Now he is living in Mr. Okuma's summer house, in Fukawa. This house clings to the steep banks of the Ota River. Here his injuries seemed to progress well, and he even began treating the refugees who came to him from the neighborhood, using medical equipment he had taken from a cache in the suburbs. He noticed in some of his patients a curious syndrome of symptoms that cut out in the third and fourth weeks, but he was unable to do more than swathe cuts and burns. In early September, it began to rain, steady and heavy. The river's coming up. On September 17, there is cloudy, rainy places, then some rain, morning where there is hot sun, and evening and night rain in some places. The rain is open again. As soon as he started to feel good, he enjoyed himself very much. In Hiroshima, he was one of thousands of sufferers; in Tokyo, he was a curious man. Young U. S. military doctors approached dozens of people to observe him. Japanese experts have questioned him. A newspaper interviewed him. Once, the confused doctor came to shake his head and said, Confusing cases, these atomic bomb people. Ms. Nakamura is in the house with Myeko. They both continue to get sick, and although Ms. Nakamura vaguely feels that their trouble is caused by the bomb, she is too poor to see a doctor and so never knows exactly what the problem is. Without any treatment at all, but merely resting, they begin to gradually feel better. Some of Myeko's hair fell out, and she suffered minor burns on her arm that took months to heal. The boy, Toshio, and the older girl, Yaeko, seem to be well enough, although they also lose some hair and sometimes suffer from severe headaches. Toshio still has nightmares, always about the nineteen-year-old me me me mer, Hideo Osaki, his hero, who was killed by the bomb. On his back with a fever of 104, Mr. Tanimoto worried about all the funerals he could be conducting for the late of his church. He thought he was just overtired from the hard work he had done since the bombing, but after fever had existed for a few days, he sent it to a doctor. Doctors were too busy to visit him in Ushida, but he sent a nurse, who recognized his symptoms as those of mild radiation disease and returned from time to time to give him vitamin B1 injections. A Buddhist priest whom Mr. Tanimoto was accustomed to called him and suggested that moxibustion could give him relief; The priest shows the pastor how to give himself ancient Japanese treatment, by burning a twist of moxa herb stimulant placed on the wrist pulse. Mr Tanimoto found that each moxa treatment temporarily reduced his fever to one degree. The nurse told him to eat as much as possible, and every few days his mother-in-law brought vegetables and fish from Tsuzo, twenty miles away, where she lived. He spent a month in bed, and then traveled ten hours by train to his father's house in There, he rested for another month. Dr. Sasaki and his colleagues at the Red Cross Hospital monitored the unprecedented opened and eventually developed a theory of its nature. It was there, they decided, three stages. The first stage is over before doctors even know they are dealing with a new disease; it was a direct response to the bombardment of the body, at the time the bomb exploded, by neutrons, beta particles and gamma rays. Those who did not appear to be injured mysteriously died in the first few hours or days who died during this first period. It has killed ninety-five percent of people within half a mile of the center, and thousands more. Doctors realized in a look back that although most of these dead had also suffered burns and blast effects, they had absorbed enough radiation to kill them. The rays simply destroy the body cells causing their nucleus to degenerate and break down their walls. Many people who do not die immediately go down with nausea, headache, diarrhea, discomfort, and fever, lasting several days. Doctors can not be sure whether some of these symptoms are the result of radiation or nerve shock. The second phase took place in the 10 or 15 days after the bombing. The main symptom is hair loss. Diarrhea and fever, which in some cases went as high as 106, came next. Twenty-five to thirty days after the explosion, blood disorders appear: bleeding gums, a sharp decrease in the number of white blood cells, and petechiae appear on the skin and mucous membranes. The decrease in the number of white blood corpuscles reduces the patient's ability to fight infection, so open wounds are abnormally slow in healing and many patients develop sepsis and septicemia. The two main symptoms, on which doctors come to base their forecast, are fever and the number of leukocytes decreases. If the fever remains stable and high, the patient's chances of survival are very poor. The number of whites almost always drops below four thousand; a patient with a reduced number of less than a thousand has little hope of living. At the end of the second stage, if the patient survives, anemia, or a decrease in the number of red blood, also puts in. The third stage is the reaction until the body struggles to compensate for its diseases - when, for example, the white number not only returns to normal, but also increases much higher than normal. During this period, many patients died from complications, such as infection in the chest cavity. Most burns are healed by deep layers of pink, rubber scar tissue, called keloid scar tumors. The duration of the disease varies, depending on the patient's constitution and the amount of radiation he has received. Some victims recover in a week; with others the disease lasts for months. When the symptoms reveal themselves, it becomes clear that many of them resemble the effects of an overdose of X-rays, and doctors rely on their treatment on it the same way. They gave victims liver extracts, blood transfusions, and vitamins, especially B1. Shortages of supplies and tools have hampered Allied Allied those who came after surrender found plasma and penicillin very effective. Because of blood disorders, in the long run, the main factor in the disease, some Japanese doctors have developed a theory about the seating of delayed diseases. They think that perhaps gamma rays, which entered the body at the time of the explosion, make phosphorus in the bones of the victim radioactive, and they in turn release beta particles, although they can not penetrate far through the flesh, can penetrate into the bone marrow, where the blood is produced, and gradually tear it down. Whatever its origin, the disease has had some confusing tricks. Not all patients exhibit all the main symptoms. People with flash burns have been protected, to a considerable extent, from radiation disease. Those who had been lying quietly for days or even hours after the bombing were far less responsible than those who were active. Gray hair rarely falls out. And, as if nature were protecting man against his own ingenuity, the processes of reproduction have been affected for some time; men become sterile, women suffer miscarriages, menstruation stops. For ten days after the flood, Dr. Fujii lived in the farmer's house on the mountain above Ota. He then heard about a vacant private clinic in Kaitachi, a suburb east of Hiroshima. He bought it at the same time, moved there, and hung out a sign in English, in honor of the conquerors.M. FUJII, M.D.MEDICAL & VENEREAL. Quite recovered from his wounds, he soon built a strong practice, and he was delighted, in the evening, to receive members of the occupying force, with whom he lavished whiskey and practiced English. Giving Miss Sasaki a local anesthetic of procaine. Dr. Sasaki made an incision in her leg on October 23, to escape the infection, which still lingered over eleven weeks after the injury. In the following days, so much pus formed that he had to dress open every morning and evening. A week later, she complained of great pain, so he made another incision; he cut still a third, on November 9, and expanded it on November 26. During this time, Ms. Sasaki became weaker and weaker, her spirits diminished. One day, the young man lent her a translation de Maupassant at Hatsuakaichi to visit her; he told her that he was going to Kyushu but when he returned, he wanted to see her again. She doesn't care. Her leg was so swollen and painful that doctors didn't even try to establish a fracture, and although X-rays in November showed the bone was repairing, she could see under the plate that her left leg was nearly three inches shorter than her right leg and her left leg was spinning in. She often thinks of the man she was engaged to. Someone told her he had returned from abroad. She wondered what he had heard about his injuries that made him stay away. Father Kleinsorge was discharged from hospital in Tokyo on December 19 take the train On a way, two days later, at Yokogawa, a stop just before Hiroshima, Dr. Fujii boarded the ship. It was the first time the two had met since before the bombing. They sat together. Dr Fujii said he would go to his family's annual meeting, on the anniversary of his father's death. When they started talking about their experiences, the doctor was quite interesting when he told how his residence kept falling into the river. He then asked Father Kleinsorge how, and the Cymed spoke of his time in the hospital. The doctors told me to be cautious, he said. They ordered me to take a two-hour nap every afternoon. Dr. Fujii said, It's hard to be cautious in Hiroshima these days. People seem to be very busy. A new city government, formed under the direction of the Allied Army Government, eventually went to work in the town hall. Citizens who had recovered from varying degrees of radiation disease were back by november 1, the population, mostly crowded into the suburbs, was 137,000, more than a third of the war-era peak and the government set in motion all sorts of projects to put them to work rebuilding the city. It hired men to clear the streets, and others to collect scrap iron, which they arranged and piled up in the mountains opposite the town hall. Some returning residents built shanties and huts of their own, and planted small squares of winter wheat next to them, but the city also allowed and built four hundred a family barracks. Utilities were repaired- electric lights were shining again, trams started running, and employees of waterworks fixed seventy thousand leaks in power supplies and plumbing. A Planning Conference, with an enthusiastic young military government officer, Lt. John D. Montgomery, of Kalamazoo, as its adviser, began considering what kind of new Hiroshima should be. The dilapidated city has flourished and is an inviting target - mainly because it is one of the most important military command and communications centers in Japan, and will become imperial headquarters if the islands are invaded and Tokyo is captured. Now there will be no major military facilities to help revive the city. The planning conference, at a loss as to just what importance Hiroshima might have, fell back on rather vague and paved culture projects. It drew maps with roads in hundreds of meters wide and thought seriously about preserving the more or less ruined Museum of Science and Industry as before, as a monument to the disaster, and named it the International Amity Institute. Statistical workers have collected the numbers they can on the bomb. They reported that 78,150 people were killed, 13,983 missing and 37,425 injured. No one in the city government pretends that these numbers are correct- although Americans accept them as official and as the months go by and more and more and more hundreds more corpses have been dug up slowly ruins, and as the number of unincorporated un at Zempoji Shrine in Koi increased to thousands, statisticians began to say that at least one hundred thousand people were killed in the bombing. Since many died of a combination of causes, it has been impossible to figure out exactly how many people were killed by each cause, but statisticians calculate that about twenty-five percent have died from burns directly from the bomb, about fifty percent from other injuries, and about twenty percent as a result of radiation impact. The statistics on property damage are more reliable: sixty-two thousand of the ninety thousand buildings were destroyed, and six thousand others were damaged I can not repair. In the city center, they found only five modern buildings that could be used again without major repairs. In fact, since the 1923 earthquake, Japanese building regulations have required that the roof of each large building be subject to a minimum load of seventy pounds per square foot, while U.S. regulations generally do not regulate more than forty pounds per square foot. Scientists spilled into the city. Some of them measured the force needed to change marble headstones in the cemetery, to knock over twenty-two of the forty-seven train carriages in the yards at Hiroshima station, to lift and move concrete roads on one of the bridges, and to perform other notable acts of strength , and concluded that the pressure caused by the explosion varies from 5.3 to 8.0 tons per square meter. Others found that mica, of which the melting point was 900 ° C., rested on granite headstones three hundred and eighty meters from the center; that the telephone poles of Cryptomeria japonica, with a carbonization temperature of 240 ° C., were burned at a distance of forty-four hundred meters from the center; and that the surface of gray clay tiles of the type used in Hiroshima, which has a melting point of 1,300 ° C., has dissolved at six hundred meters; and, after examining other significant ash and melting bits, they concluded that the heat of the bomb on the ground in the center should be 6,000 ° C. And from the next radiation measurements, involving, among other things, the scraping of fissile debris from the roof chutney and drainage pipes as far away as the suburb of Takasu , 3300 meters from the center, they learned some much more important facts about the nature of the bomb. General MacArthur's headquarters systematically censored all mention of the bomb in Japanese scientific publications. The island's calculations of scientists became popular knowledge among 200 scientists, doctors, oligists , journalists, professors, and, without a doubt, politicians and many permanent still circulating. Long before the American public was told, most scientists and a lot of non-scientists in Japan knew, from the calculations of nuclear scientists claim that the uranium bomb exploded in Hiroshima and a more powerful one, of plutonium, in Nagasaki. They also know that theoretically a ten times as powerful or twenty times can be developed. Japanese scientists think they know exactly the height at which the bomb in Hiroshima exploded and the approximate weight of uranium used. They estimate that, even with the original bomb used in Hiroshima, it would require a 50-inch-thick concrete shelter to protect humans completely from radiation. Scientists have had these and other details that remain subject to security in the United States printed and mimeographed and bound to the book. The Americans knew about the existence of these details, but tracing them and finding that they did not fall into the hands of bad guys would force the occupying authorities to establish, solely for this purpose, a huge police system in Japan. In late February 1946, a friend of Ms. Sasaki appealed to Father Kleinsorge and asked him to visit her in the hospital. She was growing increasingly depressed and ill; she seemed less interested in life. Father Kleinsorge has visited her many times. During his first visit, he kept the conversation general, formal, but vaguely sympathetic, and made no mention of religion. Ms. Sasaki brought it up the second time he dropped on her. Obviously she had some talks with a Catholic. She asked bluntly, if your God is so good and kind, how can he let people suffer like this? She made a gesture taking her miniature legs, other patients in her room and Hiroshima in general. My son, Father Kleinsorge said, my son is not now in the condition that God intended. He fell from grace through sin. And he went on to explain all the reasons for everything. Ms. Nakamura noted that a carpenter from Kabe is building some wooden shanties in Hiroshima that he rents for fifty yen a month - \$3.33, according to fixed exchange rates. Ms. Nakamura lost her certificate for her bond and other war-time savings, but fortunately, she copied all the numbers just days before the bombing and took the list to Kabe, and so, when her hair was enough for her to be present , she went to her bank in Hiroshima, and a saleswoman there told her that after checking her phone number for records the bank would give her. As soon as she received it, she hired one of the carpenter's svs. It was in Nobori-cho, near the location of her old house, and although its floor was dirt and it was dark inside, it was at least a house in Hiroshima, and she no longer depended on her and her husband's charity. In the spring, she cleans up some clutter nearby and plant a vegetable garden. She cooks with utensils and eats plates she scavenges slowly She sent Myeko to the kindergarten where the Order reopened, and two older children attending Nobori-cho Elementary School, wanting buildings, held classes outside the door. Toshio wants to learn to become a mechanic, like his hero, Hideo Osaki. High prices; by midsummer, Ms. Nakamura's savings were gone. She sold some of her clothes to get food. She used to have a few expensive kimonos, but during the war she donated a kimono to a sister who had been bombed in Tokuyama, and now she has sold her last kimono. It brings only a hundred yen, which does not last long. In June, she went to see Father Kleinsorge for advice on how to get along, and in early August she was still considering two alternatives he proposed- working as a domestic person for some Allied occupation forces, or borrowing from her relatives enough money, about five hundred yen, or more than thirty dollars, to repair her rusty sewing machine and continue the work of a tailor. When Mr. Tanimoto returned from Shikoku, he erected a tent he owned on the roof of the badly damaged house he had rented in Ushida. The roof was still leaking, but he conducted services in the wet living room. He began thinking about raising money to restore his church in the city. He became quite friendly with Father Kleinsorge and regularly saw the Cymed. He envious them of the wealth of the Church; they seem to be able to do whatever they want. He had nothing to work with except his own energy, and that's not what it was. The Jesus Society was the first organization to build a relatively permanent shanty in the ruins of Hiroshima. That happened while Father Kleinsorge was in the hospital. Shortly after his return, he began living in slings, and he and another priest, Father Laderman, who had joined him in the mission, arranged to buy three of the standardized barracks that the city was selling for seven thousand yen each. They put the two together, finished to the end, and made a beautiful chapel of them; they eat in the third. When the material was available, they commissioned a contractor to build a three-story missionary house identical to the one that was destroyed in the fire. In compounds, carpenters cut wood, gouged mortises, shaped tenons, whittled points of wooden pegs and boreholes for them, until all parts for the house were in a neat pile; Then, for three days, they put the whole thing together, like an Oriental puzzle, without any nails at all. Father Kleinsorge has found it difficult, as Dr. Fujii has suggested he will, to be cautious and to take his nap. He went out every day walking to appeal to Japanese Catholics and potential converts. As the days passed, he became increasingly tired. In June, he an article in Hiroshima Chugoku wants survivors not to work too hard - but what can he do? By July, he was exhausted, and in early August, almost exactly on the anniversary the bombing, he returned to the Catholic International Hospital, in Tokyo, for a month's rest. Whether or not Father Kleinsorge's answer to Ms. Sasaki's question about life is the ultimate and absolute truth she seems to quickly draw physical strength from them. Dr. Sasaki noticed it and congratulated Father Kleinsorge. By April 15, her temperature and white quantity were normal and the infection in the wound began to clear. On the 20th, there was almost no pus, and for the first time she jerked along a corridor on crutches. Five days later, the wound began to heal, and on the last day of the month she was discharged from the hospital. In early summer, she prepared herself for the transition to Catholicism. During that period, she had ups and downs. Her depression is profound. She knew she would always be a cripple. Her fiancé never came to see her. There is nothing for her to do except read and look out, from her home on a hillside in Koi, on the ruins of the city where her parents and brother died. She was devout, and any unusual noise made her put her hand quickly into her throat. Her leg was still sore; she rubbed it regularly and patted it, as if to comfort it. It took six months for the Red Cross Hospital, and even longer for Dr. Sasaki, to return to normal. Until the city restored power, the hospital had to limp along with the aid of a Japanese military generator in its backyard. Operating tables, X-ray machines, dentist chairs, everything that is complex and necessary comes from a charity from other cities. In Japan, the face is important even for organizations, and long before the Red Cross Hospital returned on par with basic medical equipment, its directors built a new yellow brick building earlier, so the hospital became the most handsome building in Hiroshima - from the street. For the first four months, Dr. Sasaki was the only surgeon on the staff and she almost never left the building; then, gradually, he began to care about his own life again. He married in March. He gained some weight back he lost, but his appetite was still only fair, before the bombing, he usually ate four balls of rice balls at each meal, but a year later he could only manage two. He felt tired all the time. But I have to realize, he says, that the whole community is tired. A year after the bomb was dropped, Ms. Sasaki was disabled; Poor Nakamura; Father Kleinsorge has returned to the hospital; Dr. Sasaki was incapable of doing the work he could ever do; Dr. Fujii has lost thirty hospital rooms that take years to get, and there is no prospect of rebuilding it; Mr Tanimoto's church has been ruined and he no longer has his special vitality. The lives of these six people, the luckiest in Hiroshima, will never be the same. what they think of their experience and the use of atomic bombs, of course, is not unanimous. A feeling they seem to share, however, is a curious kind of exhilarating, exhilarating community spirit, like that of Londoners after their blitz- a pride in the way they and their fellow-survivors have stood up to a terrible ordeal. Just before the celebration, Mr. Tanimoto wrote in a letter to an American some words that expressed this feeling: What a heartbreaking scene this is the first night! Around midnight I landed on the riverbank. So many wounded people lie on the ground that I like my way by striding on them. Repeating 'Sorry, 'I forwarded and carried a water bath with me and gave a glass of water to each of them. They lifted up on their bodies slowly and accepted a glass of water with a bow and drunkenly quietly and, pouring any remnants, came back to a cup with hearty expressions of their gratitude, and said, 'I can't help my sister, who was buried under the house , because I had to take care of my mother had a deep wound on her eyes and our house soon burned and we barely escaped. Look, I've lost my home, my family, and I'm finally badly injured. But now I have got my mind to devote what I have and to finish the war for the good of our country. So they are committed to me, even women and children do the same. Being completely tired I lie down on the ground among them, but can not sleep at all. The next morning I saw many dead men and women, whom I gave water to last night. But, to my great surprise, I never heard anyone crying in disorder, even though they suffered in great pain. They die in silence, without grudges, put their teeth to endure it. All for the country! Dr. Y. Hirawa, a professor at the Hiroshima University of Literature and Science, and one of my church members, were buried by the bomb under the two-story house with his son, a student at the University of Tokyo. Both were unable to move an inch under very heavy pressure. And the house caught fire. His son said, 'Father, there is nothing we can do but decide to dedicate our lives to the country. Let us give Banzai to our Emperor.' Then the father followed his son, 'Tanno-heika, Banzai, Banzai, Banzai!' As a result, Dr. Hirawa said, 'It is strange to say, I feel calm and bright and peaceful spirit in my heart, when I chant Banzai to the Tanno.' Then his son got out and dug down and pulled out his father and so they were saved. When thinking about their experience of that time Dr. Hirawa repeated, 'What a blessing that we are Japanese! Kayoko Nobutoki, a student of girls' high school, Hiroshima Jazabuin, and the daughter of my church member, is resting with friends next to the heavy fence of the Buddhist Temple. In the point where the atomic bombs are dropped, the fence falls on them. They can not move a little under such a heavy fence and then smoke enters even a crack and their suffocation. One of the girls began singing Kimi ga yo, the national anthem, and others followed in the chorus and died. Meanwhile one of them found a crack Struggle hard to get out. When she was taken to the Red Cross Hospital, she told how her friends had died, tracing back in her memory to sing in our national anthem. They were only 13 years old. Yes, the people of Hiroshima died masculinely in the atomic bombing, believed that it was for the benefit of the Emperor. A surprising number of Hiroshima residents remain more or less indifferent to the morality of bomb use. Maybe they were too scared because he wanted to think about it at all. Not many of them even bothered to learn much about what it was like. Ms. Nakamura's conception of it - and the amazement of it - is typical. The atomic bomb, she will say when asked about it, is the size of a matchbox. Its heat is 6,000 times that of the sun. It exploded in the air. There's some radium in there. I don't know how it works, but when the radium is put together, it explodes. As for the use of the bomb, she would say, It's war and we have to expect it. And then she will add, Shikata ga deer, a common Japanese expression as, and corresponding to, the Russian word nichevo: it can not be helped. Oh, that's fine. That's too bad. Dr. Fujii said approximately the same thing about using bombs to Father Kleinsorge one evening, in German: Da ist nichts zu machen. There's nothing to do about it. Many citizens of Hiroshima, however, continue to feel a hatred for Americans that nothing could be erased. I see, Dr. Sasaki once said, that they are holding a trial for war criminals in Tokyo right now. I think they should try the men who decided to use the bomb and they should hang them all. Father Kleinsorge and other German Cymed priests, who, as foreigners, can be expected to take a relatively separate view, often discussing the ethics of using the bomb. One of them, Father Siemes, who was out in Nagatsuka at the time of the attack, wrote in a report to the Holy See in Rome, some of us consider the bomb in the same category as poison gas and have resisted its use as a civilian. Others argue that time out war, as carried out in Japan, there is no difference between civilians and soldiers, and that the bomb itself is an effective force that tends to end bloodshed, warning Japan to surrender and thus avoid total destruction. It seems reasonable that advocates of all-out war in principle cannot complain about a war against civilians. The bottom line of the matter is whether total warfare in its current form is justifi, even if it serves a fair purpose. Does it have no material and spiritual evil as its consequences that far beyond anything good can lead to? When will our followers give us a clear answer to this question? Won't be able to say what the horror was embedded in the minds of the children who lived through the day of the bombing in Hiroshima. On the surface their recollections, months after the disaster, is an exhilarating adventure. Nakamura Toshio, who was 10 years old at the time was soon able to talk freely, even gaily, about experience, and a few weeks before the anniversary, he wrote the following practical problem essay for his teacher at Nobori-for Elementary School: The day before the bomb, I went swimming. In the morning I ate peanuts. I set a light. I was knocked to my sister's sleeping place. When we were rescued, I could only see as far as the tram. My mother and I started packing up our things. The neighbors who were walking around burned and bleeding, Hatayasa san told me to run away with her. I said I wanted to wait for my mother. We went to the park. A whirlwind has arrived. At night a gas tank burned and I saw the reflection on the river. We stayed in the park for one night. The next day, I went to Taiko Bridge and met my girlfriend Kikuki and Murakami. They're looking for their mother. But Kikuki's mother was injured and Murakami's mother, alas, died. ♦ ♦

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