

被爆証言

日本語・英語

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広島には3つの顔＝「軍都広島」「被爆地広島」「平和都市広島」があります。今から約60年前、広島は軍都として栄え、戦争と共に発達した町でした。町の40%は軍の施設が使用していました。南の広島港から日中戦争などのために、たくさんの兵士が戦地に送られ、軍事物資を送り出す軍港としての役割を果たしていました。日本軍は一方的に中国を占領し、最初は「勝った」と喜んでいたのですが、太平洋戦争に突入していくと、ミッドウェイ海戦を境に追い詰められ、沖縄まで後退していったのです。1945年頃、日本の大きな都市は、ほとんどアメリカ軍機の攻撃を受けました。広島はなぜ攻撃を受けないのか不思議でしたが、今思うと、軍都である広島は原爆投下のためにとっておかれたのだと思います。1945年8月6日、アメリカの爆撃機エノラ・ゲイが広島に一発の爆弾を投下しました。これが原子爆弾です。この一発の爆弾は20数万人の命を奪い、30万人が被害を受けたのです。その時、爆心地の温度は3,000度~4,000度になったと言われています。鉄が溶ける温度が1,500度ですから、その威力はお分かりいただけると思います。爆風は風速300mだったと言われています。台風の場合でも50mで立っているのが難しいのですから……。この爆風で爆心地から3km以内の家屋は壊されてしまいました。

私は当時14歳の女学生でした。男の人たちはみんな戦争に行き、人手がなく、私たちは強制的に軍事工場で働かされました。毎日、勉強の代わりに大砲の弾を作っていました。その日、8月6日は工場が休みで、遅い朝食を済ませたところでした。私の家は爆心地から1.7kmの所にあり、家の中にいた私は突然、ピカピカッと光ったのを感じました。それは0.3秒位のことだったと思いますが、その0.3秒の熱線が外にいた人を焼いたのです。その光に続いて、ドーンと激しい音がして、家が地震のように揺れ動き、私は一度浮き上がって強く叩き付けられました。砂煙といっしょに天井と柱が落ちて、息ができなくなり、「あー、死ぬ」と思いました。しかし、木造の平屋でしたから、必死に体を動かし、どうにか外に這い出てみると、服はボロボロに破れ、ガラスの破片は体中に突き刺さり、血だらけに……。見渡す限りの家は潰れ、「助けて!」という声があちこちから聞こえました。『はだしのゲン』というマンガを見た人は分かると思いますが、家の下敷きになった人たちはそのまま火災で焼かれ、死んだのです。みんな傷つき、助けてあげる力もなく、逃げるのがやっとでした。私は母と二人で近くの公園に逃れました。次から次へと避難してくる人びとを見ると、どの人も服はボロボロで髪の毛は逆立っていました。何年か経って、「当時のことを思い出して、被爆の絵を描いてください」と広島市が募集して、描かれた絵は、激しく心を揺さぶられるものがありました。顔や手が火ぶくれでお面を被ったような人もいました。自分の垂れ下がった腸を抱(かか)えている人や片方の目が飛び出した人、耳が取れた子どもを抱いて、「かわいそうに、かわいそうに」と泣いているお母さん。火ぶくれになった肌はやがて破れ、手の皮は爪のところで止まり、ボロ布のように垂れ下がっていました。みんな大きな衝撃のため、考える力を失い、恐ろしさから逃れようと足が続くかぎり、歩いていたと言います。

そのうちに火が火をよび、壊れた家が燃え始めました。みんな負傷して、消す人がいないので、広島市は火の海になり、一晩のうちに焼け野原になりました。その時、真っ黒い重油のような大粒の雨が降り出しました。これは爆発後、数千フィートの上空まで上げられた煙と埃が雲をよび、雨となって降り出したのです。それでも私たちは「天の助けだ」と大喜びして黒い放射能を含んだ雨を浴びて、喜んでいました。その雨に濡れたため、真夏なのに高熱が出た時のようにふるえが止まりませんでした。その夜、野宿をした私たちの回りで、うめき声を上げていた負傷者は朝を待たずに死んでいました。

翌日から母と二人で父を探し歩きました。父は爆心地の近くで勤労作業に出かけていて、爆死していたのですが、そんなこととは知らず、炎天下の焼跡を毎日たずねて回りました。私は足の太ももに三角結びのようなガラスの破片が突

き刺さっていて、痛む足を引きずって歩いていました。まだ息のある人は「水！ 水！」と叫び、歩いている人の足音を聞くと、「水をちょうだい！」と訴えていました。その人たちは「痛い」とか「苦しい」ではなく「渴き」ばかりを訴えて、死んでいきました。その人たちは心も体も渴ききっていたのではないかと思いました。私にはその人の姿が私たちのために十字架上で死んでくださったキリストの姿とダブって見えることがあります。

死んだ人たちを、みんなで焼くことを考えました。枯れ枝を集めて遺体を乗せ、油をかけ、かわいらしかった隣の家の坊やも知らない人も焼きました。そうして至る所で遺体は骨になっていったのです。広島市は全体が墓地だと考えてよいかもしれません。なぜこのように多くの人が死んだのかと言いますと、広島市は空襲に備えて火災が広がらないように建物を壊し、避難する道を作っていたのです。その作業に出ていたのが中学生、女学生でした。遮（さえぎ）るものがないので、たくさんの方が死にました。軍隊が、取り壊した家の跡にさつまいもを植えていたので、生き残った人たちは、爆撃を受けたのにツルを伸ばしていたサツマイモのツルを毎日食べていました。

しかし、数週間経った頃、恐ろしいことが起こったのです。傷を受けずに元気そうにしていた人たちが、突然鼻血を出し、下痢をし、髪の毛が抜けて死んでしまうのです。これは放射能による原子病のためでした。原爆は広島を破壊しただけでなく、放射能をまき散らしていたのです。私の友人の子どもさんも原爆症による白血病に罹りました。苦しみのため、夜中5分と寝かしてくれないので、看病に疲れたお母さんが「少しは寝かせてよ」と思わず叱ったら、男の子は泣きながら「病気になったのはボクのせいじゃないんだよ。元の体にしてよ。ボクはもっと生きたかったよ」と叫び、6歳で亡くなりました。感じ易い少女時代に被爆して顔に火傷を負い、悲しみの日をすごされていた方がたがいました。当時、原爆乙女と言われていた方の一人が、「ほほえみよ、かえれ」という詩を作りました。その詩は「つめたき運命（さだめ） 身に負うて さみしく生きる 乙女ごのほほより消えし ほほえみよ ふたたび いつのひに かえる」この方たちは現在、身をもって証言したり、核廃絶を訴えたり、平和の使徒としてがんばっておられます。

私は4年後に洗礼の恵みを受け、亡くなった人のため、また平和を祈ることができ、やっと心に安らぎが与えられたのです。そしてこの日、一発の爆弾によって死んでいった人びとに代わって、広島の叫びを世界の人びとに伝えていかなければと感じたのです。

現在世界で保有されている核兵器は、広島原爆の100万発以上の破壊力と言われています。核は人類を滅ぼしてしまうことを、被爆者の立場から広島地から伝えなければならないのです。8月6日、ここで何が起こったのか、人類は何をしてきたのか。再び戦争が起これば人類は滅亡してしまうのです。戦争は全てを破壊しますが平和はこわしたものを直します。友だち関係でも憎しみ、争いで信頼は壊れますが、自分の弱さを自覚して、祈り、助け合っていく時、平和が築かれるのではないのでしょうか。平和のために何ができるか一人ひとり考え、祈り続けていきたいと思います。最後に『原爆ゆるすまじ』の歌をうたって、私の話を終わります。

ふるさとの 町焼かれ 身寄りの骨 埋めし 焼け土に 今は 白い花 咲く ああ、ゆるすまじ 原爆を
三たび ゆるすまじ 原爆を われらの町に…世界の上に

Hiroshima has had three lives: first as a military center, next as an A-bomb victim and now as a city for peace. Over sixty years ago Hiroshima was a thriving and bustling military center, fostering a growing munitions industry. Over forty per cent of the city was occupied by military facilities. From Hiroshima's port in the city's south, many soldiers and war materials were sent to the Sino-Japanese war [1930s]. Japan's military success in China and its occupation caused a great outburst of nationalistic fervor in Japan. Soon however the tide of war changed against Japan as a result of the expansion of war to the Pacific. The turning point was the Battle of Midway. From here it was a long and steady retreat that had the Imperial Japanese forces on the run and being pursued and hunted down, ending with the long, tragic and drawn out battle for the home island of Okinawa. Also from 1942 to 1945 most of the major Japanese cities were reduced to ashes by the constant firebombing raids. However during this time I wondered why Hiroshima was spared such a fate as there were no air raids. But that changed on the morning of August 8th 1945, when a lone B-29 bomber, the 'Enola Gay', dropped a single bomb on Hiroshima. It was the A-bomb. Afterwards I realized why Hiroshima was initially spared as it was to be used for this purpose. Over

250,000 people were killed and some 300,000 people were injured or maimed outright and were also exposed to deadly radiation. I heard later that the temperature at the hypocenter (ground zero) ranged from 3,000 to 4,000 degrees Celsius. In comparison we need only 1500 degrees Celsius to melt iron and so one can comprehend the severity of this explosion. The wind force of the blast was 300 meters per second. One cannot stand in a typhoon that packs winds of 50 meter per seconds. Over a radius of three kilometers all buildings were leveled and completely destroyed.

At the time of the bombing I was just a fourteen -year -old high school student. Most men had gone off to war, so we were conscripted to perform compulsory labor in the munitions factories, instead of studying everyday. My house was 1.7 kilometers from ground zero where I was on August 6th when I noticed a sudden flash [PIKKA in Japanese] of only 0.3 seconds duration (as determined by scientists later) and then I heard a crackle [DON in Japanese]. Soon the A-bomb popularly became known as the PIKKA DON bomb. The intense heat of the flash in that brief initial moment instantaneously burnt everyone who was outside of their homes. Following the flash there was a loud boom and the house shook like in a strong earthquake. First I was flung into the air and immediately onto the floor. On the floor the smoke and dust were choking me and it was difficult to breathe. Suddenly the ceiling fell and the pillars of my house collapsed all around me. It became almost impossible to breathe and thought, "Aah,.. I'm going to die for sure!" However because my house was only one storey high, I was able to escape outside but with only with great effort. (Note: people who were in multi-storey houses were crushed and burnt to death when the upper floors collapsed on them.) My clothes were badly tattered and I was bloody due to pieces of glass that were imbedded all over my body....Looking around I saw that every house was flattened and I heard many people crying out, " Help me!" Anyone who has read the comic (manga) entitled, "Barefoot Gen" (Hadashi no Gen) can visualize the scene that I saw. Many were trapped under the debris of collapsed homes, crying for help, but were unable to escape and were eventually burned to death in the ensuing fires. Because those who were still alive were all badly injured, no one could afford to help one another. All one could do was to run away. I ran away to a nearby park with my mother, all the time looking at the people who were fleeing. Their clothes were all tattered and their singed hair bristled and stood on end. Years later the Hiroshima city government requested survivors to paint or draw pictures depicting their horrific experiences and these were collected. I was greatly moved and shocked by these graphic depictions showing people with burnt and swollen hands and faces like grotesque masks. Others were shown holding their exposed intestines and bowels, trying to prevent them from falling out. Some had an eyeball hanging down from their eye socket. A mother was holding a child with a missing ear; crying, " Oh, poor baby!" The burnt skin on the arms of many people became blistered and broken hanging down like rags, so they couldn't bend their arms and had to walk zombie-like with outstretched arms. Most people lost the ability to think and they just wandered with blank stares trying to escape the fear. Stopping would only make the fear real again and so everyone just aimlessly kept on walking as much and as long possible.

Eventually initial fires spread rapidly through the city causing more destruction. There was no one to fight the fires as everyone, especially firefighters, were either dead or badly injured. Thus Hiroshima became one sea of fire and by nightfall it looked like one burnt out field. Next large, heavy and black drops of rain like oil fell on the city. They were truly black! Scientists later stated that the upward movement of dust and debris particles, up to a height of about one thousand feet(1,000 feet), and combined with moisture created this unusually black and oily rain. In the heat this cool rain we called a blessing from God for the rain also put out most of the fires. So we happily showered in it. But little did we know how much radiation was contained in those cooling drops. Being drenched to the skin (and radiation!) we began to shiver and shake as if we had a fever despite it being mid-summer. That night many slept in the fields but sadly many of the wounded and injured ceased their moaning and died by daybreak.

The following morning I wandered through the city with my mother to look for my father. Much later we learned

that my father had been doing compulsory labor near ground zero and had died instantaneously but as we searched for him we had no knowledge of his whereabouts. So we asked people who passed by whether they had seen him. While we had we had searching I had been dragging my leg. Now I noticed that there was a triangular knot in my thigh. It was embedded glass. Hearing us and seeing us many people, barely alive were calling, "Water! Give me water, please!" Soon all of them had died, not in crying in pain, but thirsty. In retrospect I believe that their thirst was not just a physical one, but also a deep thirst of the spirit - the thirst that Christ experienced on the Cross when He cried out, "I thirst!" This truly unites them with Christ's suffering on the Cross.

At that time we had an idea to burn the dead. So we gathered dry tree branches and placed them on the collected piles of bodies and poured fuel oil / kerosene oil on them.....a cute little boy who had lived next to my house and some people's bodies who I didn't know were placed in there and burned. Before long there was nothing left but charred bones. This scene was repeated all over the city. And even now Hiroshima is considered to be one huge graveyard. Why did so many people die in the A-bombing? Prior to the A-bomb attack mostly young people were busy preparing for possible fire bomb raids by tearing down flammable buildings to create fire barriers to prevent the spread of fire and making escape routes. However these workers were caught in the open and the lack of buildings led to less protection from the effects of the A-bomb. Earlier on these empty sites where the houses once stood, the Japanese military had planted sweet potatoes. Miraculously these potato plants survived the A-bombing and the people soon started to eat the vines found above ground.

Several weeks later people who had suffered no physical harm and looked fine suddenly had blood streaming from their noses and had severe diarrhea and their hair started to fall out. These effects were caused by radiation sickness. The A-bomb not only destroyed buildings but also had spread radiation throughout the city. My friend's child later developed signs and symptoms of radiation sickness. This boy couldn't sleep at nights and so kept his mother up all night. The exhausted mother unintentionally scolded the boy to go to sleep so she could get some rest. The boy crying shouted, "I didn't want this sickness! It's not my fault! Give me back my health. I want to live longer!" Sadly at six years of age this boy died. At that time there were girls whom we called "A-bomb maidens/virgins" because they had suffered horrible burns to their faces and lived sorrowful and lonely lives. One of them wrote a poem entitled, "Give me back my smile- Hohoemi yo, kaere." The poem reads as follows: Cruel destiny I carry on my back, A lonely life I live, This maiden's smile has faded. My smile I truly miss, When will it return? Nowadays these women talk about their experiences and appeal for peace in order to overcome their sorrow.

I was baptized a Catholic four years after the A-bombing and through praying for the dead and for peace, I was myself lead to experience peace in my own soul. On behalf of those who perished in the A-bombing I want to appeal to the whole world, "No more nuclear war."

Today, speaking of the power of destruction, the world has over a million nuclear weapons of the type dropped on Hiroshima. As an A-bomb survivor and witness, I angrily ask what happened in Hiroshima on that day August 6th, 1945 and so why haven't we learned. If nuclear weapons are used again on a large scale then mankind faces total destruction. War destroys everything but only peace can rebuild and restore what was destroyed. Speaking of friendship, hate and conflict destroy trust but through prayer and mutual support with the awareness of each other's weaknesses, we can help to bring about peace. I hope such efforts force us to think about what we can do for the sake of peace. Above all we must continue to pray for peace.

Finally I would like to finish my talk with this song: Our homeland was burned, In the charred ground we buried my family's bones. Now white flowers bloom there. Alas, we shall not forgive the two A-bombs, And we must oppose the third. Throughout our homeland.... and throughout the world.

PS : Mrs. Hattori is the mother of Father Daisuke Petros Hattori of Fukuyama Church.