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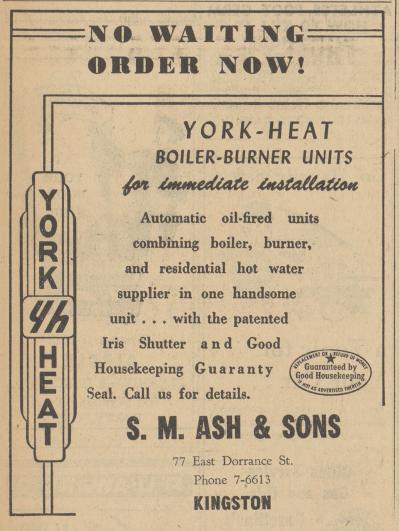
Through the courtesy of the New Yorker Magazine which some months ago devoted its entire issue to a report on the atomic bomb explosion over Hiroshima, Japan, The Post is permitted to publish here John Hershey's graphic account on the almost complete obliteration of a great city. The characters in this story are of another race but such a catastrophe might happen to any American city. If you have never read this article in its entirety we ask you to take the few extra mimutes required each week to do so. The incredible destructive power of the atomic bomb makes it necessary for all of us to take the time to consider the terrible implications of its use. Editor

(Continued from last week)

2

N

The street was cluttered with parts humor. of houses that had slid into it, and with fallen telephone poles and wires. From every second or third house came the voices of people buried and them by the shortest route, along Koi abandoned, who invariably screamed, Highway. He was the only person with formal politeness, "Tasukete kure! | making his way into the city; he met Help, if you please!" The priests recognized several ruins from which ing, and every one of them seemed these cries came as the homes of to be hurt in some way. The eyebrows friends, but because of the fire it was of some were burned off and skin too late to help. All the way, Mr. hung from their faces and hands. Fukai whimpered, "Let me stay." The Others, because of pain, held their party turned right when they came arms up as if carrying something in to a block of fallen houses that was both hands. Some were vomiting one flame. At Sakai Bridge, which as they walked. Many were naked would take them across to the East or in shreds of clothing. On some Parade Ground, they saw that the undressed bodies, the burns had made whole community on the opposite patterns-of undershirt straps and side of the river was a sheet of fire; suspenders and, on the skin of some they dared not cross and decided to women (since white repelled the heat take refuge in Asano Park, off to their from the bomb and dark clothes ableft. Father Kleinsorge, who had sorbed it and conducted it to the been weakened for a couple of days skin), the shapes of flowers they had in the water. He prayed, "Please by his bad case of diarrhea, began on their kimonas. Many, although to stagger under his protesting burden, injured themselves, supported relatives and as he tried to climb up over the who were worse off. Almost all had wreckage of several houses that blocked their heads bowed, looked straight their way to the park, he stumbled, ahead, were silent an dshowed no dropped Mr. Fukai, and plunged expression whatever.



up, he saw Mr. Fukai running away. way, Mr. Tanimoto saw, as he ap-Father Kleinsorge shouted to a dozen proached the center, that all the soldiers, who were standing by the houses had been crushed and many bridge, to stop him. As Father Kleinwere afire. Here the trees were bare sorge started back to get Mr. Fukai, and their trunks were charred. He Father LaSalle called out, "Hurry! tried at several points to penetrate Don't waste time!" So Father Kleinthe ruins, but the flames always stopsorge just requested the soldiers to ped him. Under many houses, people take care of Mr. Fukai. They said screamed for help, but no one helped; they would, but the little, broken in general, survivors that day assisted man got away from them, and the only their relatives or immediate neighlast the priests could see of him, he was running back toward the fire.

or tolerate a wider circle of misery. Father Kleinsorge began to shove The wounded limped past the screams, and haul Mr. Fukai out of the room. and Mr. Tanimoto ran past them. As Then the theological student came up a Christian he was filled with comand grabbed Mr. Fukai's feet, and passion for those who were trapped, Father Kleinsorge took his shoulders, and as a Japanese he was overwhelmed and together they carried him down by the shame of being unhurt, and he prayed as he ran, "God help them stairs and outdoors. "I can't walk!' Mr. Fukai cried. "Leave me here!" and take them out of the fire." Father Kleinsorge got his paper suit He thought he would skirt the fire, case with the money in it and took to the left. He ran back to Kannon Mr. Fukai up pickaback, and the party Bridge and followed for a distance started for the East Parade Ground, one of the rivers. He tried several their district's "safe area." As they cross streets, but all were blocked, so went out of the gate, Mr. Fukai, quite he turned far left and ran out to childlike now, beat on Father Klein-Yokogawa, a station on a railroad sorge's shoulders and said, "I won't ine that detoured the city in a wide leave. I won't leave." Irrelevantly, Father Kleinsorge turned to Father LaSalle and said, "We have lost all semicircle, and he followed the rails our possessions but not our sense of

HIROSHIMA

2 - - - The Fire

until he came to a burning train. So impressed was he by this time by the extent of the damage that he ran north two miles to Gion, a suburb in Mr. Tanimoto, fearful for his famthe foothills. All the way, he overtook dreadfully burned and lacerated ily and church, at first ran toward people, and in his guilt he turned to right and left as he hurried and said to some of them, "Excuse me for having no burden like yours. hundreds and hundreds who were flee-Near Gion, he began to meet country people going toward the city to help, and when they saw him, several ex-claimed, "Look! There is one who

> river, the Ota, and ran down it until he reached fire again. There was no fire on the other side of the river, so he threw off his shirt and shoes and plunged into it. In midstream, where the current was fairly strong exhaustion and fear finally caught up with him-he had run nearly seven miles-and he became limp and drifted God, help me to cross. It would be

oors, for they could not comprehend

I am the only uninjured one." He managed a few more strokes and fetched up on a spit downstream. Mr. Tanimoto climbed up the bank and ran along it until, near a large Shinto shrine, he came to more fire. and as he turned left to get around it, he met, by incredible luck, his wife. She was carrying their infant son. Mr. Tanimoto was now so emotionally worn out that nothing could surprise him. He did not embrace his wife; he simply said, "Oh, you are safe." She told him that she had got home from her night in Ushida just in time for the 'explosion; she had been buried under the parsonage

🗙 down, head over heels, to the edge After crossing Koi Bridge and Kan- Mr. Tanimoto said he wanted to see of the river. When he picked himself non Bridge, having run the whole his church and take care of the people brought two horribly wounded people of his Neighborhood Association. They parted as casually-as bewildered-as off and a man whose face was all they had met.

> Mr. Tanimoto's way around the fire took him across the East Parade The rain cleared and the cloudy after-Ground, which, being an evacuation area, was now the scene of a gruesome review; rank on rank of the burned and bleeding. Those who quite bad. were burned moaned, "Mizu, mizu!

Water, water!" Mr. Tanimoto found basin in a nearby street and located crushed shell of a house, and he bestrangers. When he had given drink he was taking too much time. "Excuse me," he said loudly to those nearby who were reaching out their 'I have many people to take care of.'

Then he ran away. He went to the river again, the basin in his hand, and jumped down onto a sandspit. get up to go farther from the burn- just part of the general blur of misery ing city. Whenever they saw a man them water from the river—a mistake, since it was tidal and brackish. Two or three small boats were ferrying Asano Park, and when one touched his loud, apologetic speech and jumped of flame, and the heat was terrific to the park. There, in the underbrush, he found some of his charges of the Neighborhood Association, who had come there by his previous instructions, and saw many acquaintances, is not wounded." At Gion, he bore among them Father Kleinsorge and toward the right bank of the main the other Catholics. But he missed Fukai, who had been a close friend. "Where is Fukai-san?" he asked. "He didn't want to come with us,"

Father Kleinsorge said. "He ran

of the people caught along with her grew so high that the people under in the dilapidation at the tin factory, the bridge could no longer keep their she began speaking to them. Her footing. Dr. Fujii went close to the nearest neighbor, she discovered, was shore, crouched down, and embraced nonsense for me to be drowned when a high-school girl who had been draf- a large stone with his usable arm. ted for factory work, and who said Later it became possible to wade along her back was broken. Miss Sasaki the very edge of the river, and Dr. replied, "I am lying here and I can't Fujii and his two surviving nurses nove. My left leg is cut off."

back.

Some time later, she again heard stream, to a sandspit near Asano Park. somebody walk overhead and then Many wounded were lying on the sand. nove off to one side, and whoever Dr. Machii was there with his family; it was began burrowing. The digger his daughter, who had been outdoors released several people, and when he when the bomb burst, was badly had uncovered the high-school girl, burned on her hands and legs but she found that her back was not fortunately not on her face. Although broken, after all, and she crawled out. Dr. Fujii's shoulder was by now ter-Miss Sasaki spoke to the rescuer, and ribly painful, he examined the girl's he worked toward her. He pulled burns curiously. Then he lay down. away a great number of books, until In spite of the misery all around, he he had made a tunnel to her. She was ashamed of his appearance, and could see his perspiring face as he he remarked to Dr. Machii that he said, "Come out, Miss." She tried. looked like a beggar, dressed as he with the baby in her arms. She told "I can't move," she said. The man was in nothing but torn and bloody how the wreckage had pressed down excavated some more and told her underwear. Late in the afternoon, with all her strength to get when the fire began to subside, he to try out. But books were heavy on her decided to go to his parental house, hips, and the man finally saw that in the suburb of Nagatsuka. He asked bookcase was leaning on the books Dr. Machii to join him, but the Docand that a heavy beam pressed down tor answered that he and his family on the bookcase. "Wait," he said. were going to spend the night on 'I'll get a crowbar." the spit, because of his daughter's The man was gone a long time, and injuries. Dr. Fujii, together with his when he came back, he was ill-tem- nurses, walked first to Ushida, where pered, as if her plight were all her in the partially damaged houses of "We have no men to help some relatives, he found first-aid mafault. you!" he shouted in through the tun- terials he had stored there. The two "You'll have to get out by your- nurses bandaged him and he them. nel

THE POST, FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1947.

woman said to her. "You can hop. But Miss Sasaki could not move, and she just waited in the rain. Then a man propped up a large sheet of corrugated iron as a kind of lean-to, and took her in his arms and carried her to it. She was grateful until he

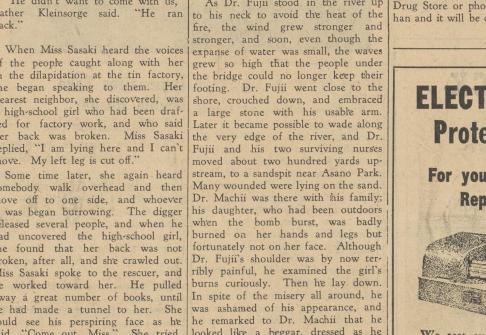
-a woman with a whole breast sheared raw from a burn-to share the simple shed with her. No one came back. noon was hot: before nightfall the three grotesques under the slanting piece of twisted iron began to smell

The former head of the Noboricho Neighborhood Association, to which a water tap that still worked in the the Catholic priests belonged, was ar energetic man named Yoshida. He gan carrying water to the suffering had boasted, when he was in charge of the district air-raid defenses, that to about thirty of them, he realized fire might eat away all of Hiroshima but it would never come to Noboricho. The bomb blew down his house and a joist pinned him by the legs, hands to him and crying their thirst. I in full view of the Jesuit mission house across the way and of the people hurrying along the street. In their confusion as they hurried past, Mrs Nakamura, with her children, and There he saw hundreds of people so Father Kleinsorge, with Mr. Fukai on badly wounded that they could not his back, hardly saw him; he was

through which they moved. His cries erect and unhurt, the chant began for help brought no response from again: "Mizu, mizu, mizu." Mr. Tan- them; there were so many people shout moto could not resist them; he carried ing for help that they could not hear nim separately. They and all the others went along. Noboricho became absolutely deserted, and the fire swept hurt people across the river from through it. Mr. Yoshida saw the wooden mission house-the only erect the spit, Mr. Tanimoto again made building in the area-go up in a lick into the boat. It took him across on his face. Then flames came along his side of the street and entered his house. In a paroxysm of terrified strength, he freed himself and ran down the alleys of Nobori-cho, hemmed

in by the fire he had said would never ome. He began at once to behave like an old man; two months later nis hair was white

As Dr. Fujii stood in the river up



SWEET VALLEY

The new house being built by George Wesley is progressing nicely, also the new plot of houses being built by Sheldon Pollock on the old Acadamy property are coming along very well.

Rev. and Mrs. Ira Button attended the installation service of their son Lewis, who has been called as pastor of the Mt. Olive Baptist Church Budd Lake, N. J. They also visited their daughter and son in law, Mr. and Mrs. Truman Stewart of East Stroudsburg. Their grandson, Philip, is summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kocher and daughter Kathryn of Lehman and Carl Brandon of Fairdale were callers at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Ira Button. The Sweet Valley Fire Company re meeting each week in the Church of Christ Hall and are having a class f instructions which is very helpful

Mrs. Willard Sutliff has returned from General Hospital where she was inder observation for several days.

Janice Bronson and Bonnie and Dennis. Dixie Piper submitted to tonsil oper ations at Nanticoke Hospital last week Miss Bess Klinetob spent Sunday with her brother and family, Rev. and Mrs. Hugh Klinetob of Moscow. This week she was guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Schmoll at East Dallas for several days.

A father and son banquet was held at Church of Christ Monday evening.

Mrs. Alfred Bronson was among those who left Wednesday to attend a D. of A. Conference in Philadelphia. There were two bus loads.

NOTICE !

Any one having a plate from the PTA bake sale or the library auction bake sale is asked to return it to Bert's Drug Store or phone Mrs . John Shee



We test every watch on the

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Lee and son

Billie of Chester spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Casterline. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Mckenna

and children Richard and Joan of Washington, D.C. spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Casterline.

Mrs. Edward Dungey of Forty Fort spent the weekend with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Iames Casterline

Donald Boice and children Donna returned home with them to spend and Harry of Dallas spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Boice.

Mrs. Mabel Mann of Kingston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Al Rinken.

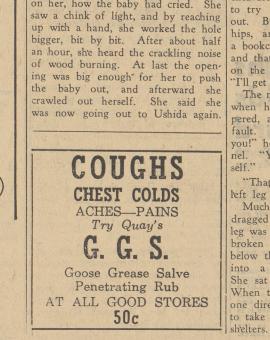
Alderson Ladies Make **Plans For Summer Tea**

W.S.C.S. of Alderson Methodist Church is making plans to hold a tea at the home of Mrs. C. B. Knarr at Alderson Wednesday, July 9 from two until five o'clock. Mrs. Gilbert Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cragle and Carpenter is general chairman and aughter, Doris, spent the weekend assistants are Mrs. Raymond Garinger, with their son and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frank Jackson, Mrs. , Hobart Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Cragle of Ferry, Mrs. Albert Armitage, Mrs. Middlesex, N.J. Joseph Rauch and Mrs. Warren



IDETOWN





They went on. Now not many people walked in the streets, but a great "That's impossible," she said. "My number sat and lay on the pavement. The man went away. vomited, waited for death, and died. Much later, several men came and dragged Miss Sasaki out. Her left The number of corpses on the way leg was not severed, but it was badly to Nagatsuka was more and more broken and cut and it hung askew puzzling. The Doctor wondered: below the knee. They took her out Could a Molotov flower basket have into a courtyard. It was raining. done all this?

Dr. Fujii reached his family's house She sat on the ground in the rain. When the downpour increased, some in the evening. It was five miles from one directed all the wounded people the center of town, but its roof had to take cover in the factory's air-raid fallen in and the windows were all sh'elters. "Come along," a torn-up | broken.

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