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Naoko Wake Collection of Oral Histories of US Survivors of the Atomic Bombs Collection
Title: Matsuko Hayashi Interview
Narrator: Matsuko Hayashi
Interviewer: Naoko Wake
Location: San Jose, California
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<Begin Segment 12>

NW: When were you able to confirm that you are . . .

MH: I think about a week. See . . .

NW: It took that long?

MH: I passed out at Niho and I don't know how long I . . .

NW: Mhm.

MH: Probably two to four days.

NW: Mhm. Mhm.

MH: And . . . I—I went to school and had a lot of glass taken out.

NW: Right, right.

MH: But still, after I came back and maybe a couple weeks, I had my . . . blood test.

NW: Mhm.

MH: At Hiroshima, in Hakushima-en. And my white blood cell was only half.

NW: Yeah, yeah. That's what happens. It looks like—yeah, yeah. So, you mentioned that one of your sisters . . . Who—deceased . . .

MH: Yeah.

NW: . . . three days.

MH: Third, third day she died.

NW: Right, right.

MH: Radiation . . .

NW: Illness.

MH: And . . . gosh, walking back from Niho to Ushita, it's about . . . I don't know how many miles it is. It's pretty far out.

NW: Mm.

MH: It took me half a day to come home.

NW: Right.

MH: Walk home.

NW: Yeah. Yeah.

MH: And . . . toward the evening, your . . . Ushita Nikitsujinsha?

NW: Mhm.

MH: Walking there . . . you see the gas burning and . . . and you smell like . . .

NW: Right.

MH: And you see some body in those days too.

NW: Mhm.

MH: You—I thought it was horse or something.

NW: Mm.

MH: Dark, and—and swollen. And, it—it was human—human leg.

NW: Mm.

MH: Human *no*, body.

NW: Right. Right.

MH: Right by the Ōtagawa.

NW: Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

MH: S—and sma . . . and . . . you know, my sewing teacher *nanka*, she came . . . sh . . . they were in . . . Nagarekawa, I think.

NW: Mhm.

MH: And they went back and dug the—what they buried.

NW: Mm.

MH: And, uh, I guess radiation, both they died on, on . . . one week later.

NW: Mm. Mhm.

MH: And we had to cremate them.

NW: Right.

MH: Ourselves.

NW: Right. Right. Right.

MH: My . . .

NW: Yeah.

MH: . . . cousin *demo*.

NW: Right.

MH: They keep dying.

NW: Mhm.

MH: And, you could s—peoples . . . burning . . . cremates *suru noni*. Oh, that smell is so bad.

NW: Mhm . . . Now, you said that there is something about the, uh, name-tag, or name-card that was . . .

MH: Uh-huh. My sister *no*.

NW: Yeah. But the white part was not . . .

MH: Yeah, the white part didn't—the name was on it.

NW: Uh-huh.

MH: So they know it was her.

NW: So how long did your—did it take for you parents to find her?

MH: Uh, I think it took my father a week.

NW: A week.

MH: She—she died . . . a couple, three days before. My father bicycled. He went all over looking for her.

NW: Oh, so by the time that he found her, she was already deceased?

MH: Yeah, ash *ni*.

NW: Oh.

MH: I couldn't imagine what my father went through.

NW: Yeah. Your mother too. Everybody . . .

MH: Uh-huh.

NW: . . . in the family.

MH: Yeah.

NW: Yeah.

MH: Oh, yeah.

NW: So, because of that name-tag . . .

MH: Yes.

NW: He was able to tell . . .

MH: Yeah.

NW: . . . this must be my daughter.

MH: It was her. Yeah.

NW: Yeah.

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