

D.J.'s CAFÉ

is a superb spot for early morning muffins, hearty lunches and tempting afternoon desserts.

Spring Garden Rd., Halifax
(next to Mills Bros.)
Now open 'till 11 p.m.

*Hungry for Good Food?
Thirsty for a Great Time?*

Then You Need

SAM'S

BEVERAGE ROOM
1560 HOLLIS ST.

**Your Downtown
Meeting Place
with
Dining Room Food
at
Tavern Prices**

Downtown **BUT**
Loads of Parking Nightly.

OVER 19 ADMITTED. NSLLB I.D. REQUIRED

KNITTERS!! KNITTERS!!

So you thought we only sold Lopi Yarn - Come and see what we have now

CHINOOK - The six ply wool for Cowichan Sweaters \$6.95 per 8 oz.

JULIETTE - The softest blend in quick to knit styles \$2.59 per 50 g.

BOUQUET FLOSS - A luxurious Mohair in vibrant colours \$2.59 per 25 g.

ALSO...BABY YARN, SPECIAL CANADIAN, POLAR GROUSEMOOR, ARANMORE, TIVOLI DOUBLE KNITTING!

SAMBAND LOPI - 6 new fall colours makes 29 colours to choose from! \$3.95 per 100 g.

SAMBAND SAGA - The light weight Lopi with great yardage \$2.15 per 50 g.

A NEW Lopi Pattern Book & Other Patterns Galore!!

15 % September Discount for Students and Senior Citizens

ICELANDIC WOOLENS
LORD NELSON ARCADE
HALIFAX, N.S., B3J 1H1
Phone 902-425-6048

Hibakushan summer

by Martin Tomlinson

Sitting next to me my friend stared, hunch-shouldered, off into the nothingness seeing sights of I know not what. The tears steamed in tight embarrassed silence down his hot flushed cheeks. Others, too, were crying, and the second film had not yet begun.

When Makoto Nagawara woke on the morning of August 8, 1945, he contemplated playing hookey instead of going to school. You see Makoto was 18 and soon to be drafted into the army, a prospect he did not relish. But for some reason, no particular one really, he decided not to go. So it was that at 8:15 am he was standing outside and just to the southwest of the school, one of the few brick buildings in the city of Hiroshima, when the flash came from the other side of the building, to the northeast.

To Makoto the flash lasted from ten to fifteen minutes. It was many different colours, an omni-present kaleidoscope. The actual flash was a microsecond of light, and heat, and...radiation.

Then came the blast. The equivalent sound of fourteen thousand tonnes of explosive all going off at once, 600 metres up in the air and a paltry 2.8 kilometres away. Two point eight kilometres away from the epicentre of the detonation of a 14 kilotonne atomic weapon - the first such weapon to be invented by humanity and the first such weapon to be used by inhumanity to eradicate the people of an entire city.

How many died? Was it tens of thousands? I do not know.

One death is a catastrophe, an individual holocaust. Tens of thousands of deaths is a meaningless number; a statistic, a bigger number, a more meaningful statistic.

Then, in the telling of the tale came a sacreligious question: "SO YOU WERE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES?"

Externally Makoto Nagawara bears no apparent physical scars. He was one of a family of eight. He and another brother survived. His father? He had left that morning to teach at the university. The university was located almost directly under the epicenter of

the blast. He died instantly.

Makoto's mother? She was not so lucky, she was at home, slightly under two km from the epicenter of the blast. It would have been a busy day for her and at 8:15 she was sweeping in the backyard, standing just to the southeast of the only concrete structure which was a part of the house. While the rest of the house was blown away by hundred kph winds she remained, seemingly unharmed. For three weeks she held the remnants of a family together, then she was stricken with the mysterious and incurable sickness that may others had "contracted". It was like leukemia, yet more than in leukemia, all the cells in her body were dying, ripped apart by energy, bombarded by neutrons and gamma rays alike. After the initial three weeks, it took four days for her to die.

Then there was the sister. She, like others of her age, had been pressed into working in the centre of the city on this particular day. Five minutes after the blast found her running, as her mother and brothers also did, towards one of Hiroshima's seven rivers, while hell emerged on earth around her. She was terribly thirsty, unaware of the hurt, of the feel of herself, clothes blown off by a wall of moving air, skin stripped from her flesh, flesh burnt and boiled on her living back by a temperature which was, at its origin, hotter than the surface of the sun. And in that flesh were imbedded fragments of her former environment, driven into the parboiled, microwaved, multicoloured flesh.

In her flight to escape the inescapable she was barely aware of the bodies that she stepped upon. These were no victims of Pompei, no mute testimony. Some of the bodies were alive, bones exposed, eyeballs melted, bubbling out of their sockets. They screamed first the air and then the life out of their lungs.

Perhaps the lucky ones were the ones that died without knowing their death, or the deaths of others.

Makoto's sister was found alive by an army rescue patrol and

then taken to a makeshift hospital on a delta island. Over 90 per cent of the doctors of Hiroshima were incapacitated. Those that survived had to tend to the dying of an entire city, without knowing what ailed them or how they could begin curing those who would die of the leukemia-like sickness. Later, by accident, Makoto came across a list that had his sister's name on it. The next day when he and his mother went to look for her, she had been moved to another camp. They never saw her again.

When Makoto's mother became ill, Makoto and his brother managed to convince a kindly but harried doctor to come from several miles away. At 3 am, after he had dealt with his several thousand patients, he came. With helpless eyes he looked at the woman who had contracted the same mysterious sickness that many were dying from. He told them that she should eat plenty of meat and fresh vegetables. In the non-Hiroshima of post-August 8, 1945, they could barely find enough food in the rubble to keep themselves alive.

Now, despite the fact that many Japanese are afraid to marry survivors of Hiroshima or Nagasaki, for fear of deformity, sterility or genetic defects, the Hibakushan Makoto is married to Mitsumo. She is small, frail, slightly stooped, quiet, and graying. While he wrestles with this thing called English language, she, speaking no English, looks on with a patient smile. He is a professor of English Literature at Kyoto University and chair of the Kyoto Hibakusha. He came to North America in October, first to Berkely, and now briefly, to Halifax. He brought with him two films, one of which had been shown to the United Nations at the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament II. He left without them.

They are for us here in North America. They are to present the emotionally tangible to all, to present the glaringly obvious in a manner we could not hope to and should not hope to forget. Peace is our only shelter, our only security. We cannot achieve it with weapons.



●Nagasaki; Afternoon, 10, Aug. 1945