

My Memory of The Great Tokyo Air Raid

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The last year was the seventy anniversary since the World War 2. When I watched a recent TV show, it seriously depressed me, because it reminded me of some dark things I had almost forgotten for a long time. It was so miserable. I couldn't stop tears falling.

I lived in Azumabashi at that time and I encountered many air raids there. We dug shelters to escape from them, but it was useless. We practiced fire drills to extinguish fire, made sand bags and attached straws to the top bamboo brooms and dipped them into water. These efforts were largely useless.

On March 9th the U.S. was going to burn downtown Tokyo with incendiary bombs. When my house was about to burn, my father said to me that we had better go back the ruins after the fire, therefore we were able to survive between Oshiage and Narihira-bashi. We saw someone walking on fire with a baby on their back burning. Lots of people were diving into Sumida River to avoid terrible heat. However the river was filled with their bodies. I've never seen such horrible scenes. It was like hell. After dawn we found all the ground was completely burned, only blackened, roasted bodies with bones sticking out remained.

A mother died holding her child in her arms. The number of deaths is estimated about one hundred thousand. Their bodies were thrown on trucks and the U.S. prisoners of war helped.

The fear of war is losing everything in a day. The Japanese were truly stupid, because they didn't think war was so serious. We learned that humans must never plunge into war absolutely.

◆The Great Tokyo Air Raid...

The indiscriminate bombing that Allied Forces performed on the early morning of March 10th 1945.

A downtown area of Tokyo was aimed at, and the estimated dead person is considered to be one hundred thousand people.