

Part 2
A-bomb led me as an independent technician
(1)
Back to home in Hiroshima

Some three months evacuation life in our aunt's home came to an end when our family moved back to Hiroshima. My brother-in-law, Yukio Taketa, the husband of the eldest sister, Hatsue, opened a lumber company. He recommended us to live with him in their home together.

Yukio had a small sawmill in the midst of the city, only a few block from the zero ground of a-bomb. He gradually spread the business to manage three sawmills under the contract of the big construction company in the city.

My father was asked by Yukio to help him in his sawmill operation. One day my father's partner worker made a mistake in handling the lumber while cutting, which caused the piece of lumber hitting my father in his abdomen to terrible internal bleeding.

He was taken to the Red Cross Hospital for emergency operation but too late. The top director of the hospital was our relative Dr. Shigetou, but he could not save his life with poor medical instruments and treatments right after the a-bomb devastation. When I dashed to his bed, my father watched me with sorrow smile in his face tapping the wall with his clenched fist slowly one, two three as if he mortified.

He was 46. If it were not an a-bomb, he would have lived much longer. All the fortune-tellers he ever had to tell his future said the same thing that he lives over a hundred years old. If that ever happened to his life, there would never have been what I am.

I need to have a few stories about him. He was the type of a man who has good capacity for living. In his youth, he opened a taxi business because he liked car. He was known as the first man ever got the drivers license in Hiroshima prefecture. Our childhood memory of him is that he used to show people a photo of him behind the wheel in a fashionable Ford open car, the most modern up to date car in those days and now the valuable classic car. He wore a helmet with colored spectacles as if an airplane pilot. He used tell us his romantic stories for fun about things happened over his top fashioned car. Girls gathered surrounding the car to say nothing of the man driving such beautiful car.

The mayor of Hiroshima in his days hired his taxi quite often and it continued for some three terms each time the mayor changes by election. The last mayor advised or asked the independent taxi operator to be employed as a special driver for the mayor. This later years led him to be free to do

whatever he likes after retirement. When he came to the retirement age to leave the government employee, He invested the retirement money for opening the before mentioned “coffee saloon with classical music”, which was managed by our mother. He was a sort of a man who at this age could be so called “a man of excellent of way of life after retirement”. He made good enough money by doing whatever he likes and could do anyhow.

An interesting thing about our father is that, because of his strong ability for living, he used to say, “I’ll have to take care of my crippled son Yuuki throughout his life...”. What a man of confidence! He thought he could live longer than his son could, you know. Behind that big word of his is, as mentioned before, he was supposed to live more than a hundred years old good enough to take care of me until I die. Who knows! He died earlier leaving his crippled son behind him to make me oblige to work from that early age! Man’s life is mysterious nobody knows.

On the contrary, his wife, my mother, lived and died at 102. She lived as if she took over her husband’s life. An interesting thing about her such long life is that she never worked, or better say never had to, since I began to work at the age of fourteen. I began to earn the money far much more than ordinary working people. This is the beginning of a long and very important and significant stories about my life that is continuing up to this day.