

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____
Japanese Internment

Excerpt 1: "The 'Ugly Abyss' of Racism"

1. Who was Fred Korematsu? Why was he detained by the police?
2. What was Korematsu prosecuted for?
3. How did the Supreme Court rule in this case?
4. How did Justice Black defend the court's decision (Use quotes from Justice Black in your response.)?
5. Why did Justice Murphy disagree with the court's decision (Use quotes from Justice Murphy in your response.)?

Excerpt 2: Yuri Kochiyama, "Then Came the War"

6. According to Yuri Kochiyama, why were certain Japanese people single out taken sooner than others?
7. What were some of the signs hysteria of war?

8. Where was Kochiyama's family taken? What was life like there?
9. How did Kochiyama's experience change her view of herself as an American?
10. Kochiyama concluded that "Americans have always been putting people behind walls." What did she mean by this? Do you think this is still true? Explain

On March 24, 1942, General DeWitt issued Public Proclamation no. 3—imposing a curfew on all enemy aliens, including Italians, Germans, and Japanese, and on American citizens of Japanese descent. With the assistance of a local legislator and the ACLU, Hirabayashi decided to challenge the curfew order by turning himself in to the FBI. He was prosecuted and convicted of violating a federal statute making it a crime for any person knowingly to disregard restrictions in a military area.³⁰⁹

In June 1943, the Supreme Court handed down its decision in *Hirabayashi v. United States*.³¹⁰ Chief Justice Stone (the same Harlan Fisk Stone who, as attorney general, had prohibited political surveillance by the FBI after the Red Scare) delivered the opinion of the Court. Although Stone observed in conference that he was shocked that “U.S. citizens were subjected to this treatment,”³¹¹ he nonetheless upheld the constitutionality of the curfew:

We cannot say that the war-making branches of the Government did not have ground for believing that in a critical hour such persons could not readily be isolated and separately dealt with, and constituted a menace to the national defense and safety, which demanded that prompt and adequate measures be taken to guard against it. . . . Distinctions between citizens solely because of their ancestry are by their very nature odious to a free people. . . . [But] it by no means follows that, in dealing with the perils of war, Congress and the Executive are wholly precluded from taking into account those facts and circumstances which are relevant to measures for our national defense. . . . and which may in fact place citizens of one ancestry in a different category from others. . . .³¹²

Justice Frank Murphy originally drafted a dissenting opinion, but Justice Frankfurter persuaded him that any disagreement within the Court would be disastrous for the nation. Murphy therefore reluctantly recast his draft as a concurring opinion, although it reads like a dissent:

It is not to be doubted that the action taken by the military commander . . . was taken in complete good faith and in the firm conviction that it was required by considerations of public safety and military security. . . . It does not follow, however, that the broad guaranties of the Bill of Rights and other provisions of the Constitution protecting essential liberties are suspended by the mere existence of a state of war. It has been frequently stated and recognized by this Court that the war power, like the other great substantive powers of government, is subject to the limitations of the Constitution. See *Ex parte Milligan*. . . . [W]e can never forget that there are constitutional boundaries which it is our duty to uphold. . . .

While this Court sits, it has the inescapable duty of seeing that the mandates of the Constitution are obeyed. That duty exists in time of war as well as in time

of peace, and in its performance we must not forget that few indeed have been the invasions upon essential liberties which have not been accompanied by pleas of urgent necessity. . . .³¹³



FRED KOREMATSU WAS BORN in 1919 in Oakland, California. After graduating from high school, he worked as a shipyard welder. In June 1941 he sought to enlist in the Navy, but was turned down because of gastric ulcers. On May 30, 1942, the police in San Leandro, California, stopped and questioned Korematsu, who was walking down the street with his girlfriend. He said his name was Clyde Sarah and claimed he was of Spanish Hawaiian origin. The police took him in for questioning, and he then admitted his real name and ethnicity. He explained that the rest of his family had been sent to the Tanforan assembly center, located in a converted racetrack, but that he had not reported, because he was trying to earn enough money to move to the Midwest with his girlfriend, who was Italian. He had even undergone plastic surgery in an effort to conceal his racial identity.

Korematsu was prosecuted for violating General DeWitt's May 9 Exclusion Order no. 34, which directed that all persons of Japanese ancestry must be excluded from the area under the supervision of the Western Command of the U.S. Army.³¹⁴ In 1944, in *Korematsu v. United States*,³¹⁵ the Supreme Court upheld Korematsu's conviction in a 6-to-3 decision. Justice Black delivered the opinion for the majority:

* In urging Murphy to change his opinion to a concurrence rather than a dissent, Frankfurter argued,

[D]o you really think it is conducive to the things you care about, including the great reputation of this Court, to suggest that everybody is out of step except Johnny, and more particularly that the Chief Justice and seven other Justices of this Court are behaving like the enemy and thereby playing into the hands of the enemy? . . . [C]an't you write your own views with such expressed tolerance that you won't make people think that when eight others disagree with you, you think their view means that they want to destroy the liberties of the United States?

Letter from Felix Frankfurter to Frank Murphy, June 10, 1943, excerpted in Fine, *Washington Years* at 445 (cited in note 18); Melvin I. Urofsky and Paul Finkelman, *A March of History: A Constitutional History of the United States: From 1877 to the Present* 743 (Oxford 2d ed 2002). See also J. Woodford Howard Jr., *Mr. Justice Murphy: A Political Biography* 306 (Princeton 1968).

We cannot reject as unfounded the judgment of the military authorities . . . that there were disloyal members of [the Japanese American] population, whose number and strength could not be precisely and quickly ascertained. . . . Like curfew, exclusion of those of Japanese origin was deemed necessary because of the presence of an unascertained number of disloyal members of the group. . . .

[W]e are not unmindful of the hardships imposed . . . upon a large group of American citizens. But hardships are part of war, and war is an aggregation of hardships. All citizens alike, both in and out of uniform, feel the impact of war in greater or lesser measure. . . .

To cast this case into outlines of racial prejudice . . . confuses the issue. Korematsu was not excluded from the [West Coast] because of hostility to . . . his race . . . [but] because the . . . military authorities . . . decided that the . . . urgency of the situation demanded that all citizens of Japanese ancestry be segregated from the [area]. . . . We cannot—by availing ourselves of the calm perspective of hindsight—now say that at that time these actions were unjustified.³¹⁶

The three dissenting justices were Owen Roberts, who had issued the report on Pearl Harbor, Frank Murphy, and Robert Jackson. Justice Roberts argued that it was patently unconstitutional for the government to insist that an individual submit “to imprisonment in a concentration camp” for no reason other than “his ancestry, without evidence or inquiry concerning his loyalty and good disposition towards the United States.”³¹⁷ Justice Jackson’s dissenting opinion took a somewhat different approach. Jackson argued, “My duties as a justice as I see them do not require me to make a military judgment as to whether General DeWitt’s evacuation and detention program was a reasonable military necessity.” Although the courts should not “interfere with the Army in carrying out its task,” they may not “be asked to execute a military expedient that has no place in law under the Constitution.” Jackson concluded, “I would . . . discharge the prisoner.”³¹⁸

Justice Murphy wrote a powerful dissent:

The judicial test of whether the Government, on a plea of military necessity, can validly deprive an individual of any of his constitutional rights is whether the deprivation is reasonably related to a public danger that is so “immediate, imminent, and impending” as not to admit of delay and not to permit the intervention of ordinary constitutional processes to alleviate the danger. Civilian Exclusion Order No. 34, banishing from a prescribed area of the Pacific Coast “all persons of Japanese ancestry,” . . . does not meet that test. . . .


No adequate reason is given for the failure to treat these Japanese Americans on an individual basis by holding investigations and hearings to separate the loyal from the disloyal, as was done in the case of persons of German and Italian ancestry. . . . It is asserted merely that the loyalties of this group “were unknown and time was of the essence.” Yet nearly four months elapsed after Pearl Harbor before the first exclusion order was issued; nearly eight months went by until the last order



Justice Frank Murphy



was issued; and the last of these "subversive" persons was not actually removed until almost eleven months had elapsed. Leisure and deliberation seem to have been more of the essence than speed. . . . Moreover, there was no adequate proof that the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the military and naval intelligence services did not have the espionage and sabotage situation well in hand during this long period. . . . I dissent, therefore, from this legalization of racism.³¹⁹




THE THIRD CASE in the trilogy, *Ex parte Endo*,³²⁰ decided on the same day as *Korematsu*, involved a petition for a writ of habeas corpus filed on behalf of Mitsuye Endo, a twenty-two-year-old clerical worker in the California Department of Motor Vehicles. Endo did not read or speak Japanese and had never visited Japan. Her brother was serving in the U.S. Army. Endo's petition alleged that she was a loyal citizen who had been unlawfully interned in a relocation center under armed guard. The government conceded that Endo was a loyal American citizen.

The Supreme Court held that Endo "should be given her liberty." The Court explained that Executive Order no. 9066 must be construed as "sensitive to and respectful of the liberties of the citizen." Because "[a] citizen who is concededly loyal presents no problem of espionage or sabotage," and because Executive Order no. 9066 had been designed to prevent such activities, the order could not be interpreted as authorizing the detention of a citizen whom the government conceded to be loyal. "Loyalty," the Court emphasized, "is a matter of the heart and mind, not of race, creed, or color." The Court therefore concluded that Endo was "entitled to an unconditional release."³²¹

The Court issued this decision on December 18, 1944—one day after the Roosevelt administration had announced that it would release the internees. The timing was no accident. There is good reason to believe that the Court intentionally delayed its decision in *Endo* to allow the president rather than the Court to end the internment.³²² Indeed, there was a lengthy struggle within the Roosevelt administration about when to end the internment. In December 1943, Biddle and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes strenuously argued for the immediate release of all loyal Japanese Americans. In May 1944, Secretary of War Stimson made clear to Roosevelt that the internment could be ended "without danger to defense considerations." Nonetheless, the president chose to postpone any such decision, explaining that "the whole problem, for the sake of internal quiet, should be handled gradually." In plain truth, Roosevelt did not want to release the internees until after the 1944 presidential election because

such a decision might upset voters on the West Coast. The president's "desire for partisan advantage in the 1944 elections provides the only explanation for the delay in ending internment."³²³

"WE NOW KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEN"



IN THE YEARS immediately after World War II, attitudes about the Japanese internment began to shift. In the Evacuation Claims Act of 1948,³²⁴ Congress authorized compensation for well-documented property losses suffered by the internees. Several factors spurred the enactment of this legislation, including a growing sense of guilt, a "moral obligation to make amends," gratitude to the Nisei fighting units that had served the nation during the war, and international condemnation. The process for obtaining compensation was agonizingly slow. By 1958, only 26,000 internees had received any compensation, at an average of \$1,400 per internee. As one critic acidly observed, the goal of the program was not to offer reparations for the moral, constitutional, reputational, and economic wrongs done to Japanese Americans but to compensate them for lost "pots and pans."³²⁵

In a series of decisions shortly after the war, the Supreme Court embraced a new approach to the constitutionality of laws discriminating against aliens. Before World War II, the Court had routinely upheld such laws.³²⁶ In *Takahashi v. Fish and Game Commission*,³²⁷ however, the Court reversed course and held unconstitutional a California law that prohibited the issuance of a commercial fishing license to any "alien Japanese." The Court held that the state lacked constitutional authority "to single out and ban its lawful alien inhabitants, and particularly certain racial and color groups within this class of inhabitants, from following a vocation."³²⁸ Shortly thereafter, in *Oyama v. California*,³²⁹ the Court unanimously held unconstitutional California's Alien Land Law, declaring that discrimination between individuals "on the basis of their racial descent" is prohibited by the Constitution except in "the most exceptional circumstances."³³⁰

The following year, in *Duncan v. Kahanamoku*,³³¹ the Court considered the wartime situation in Hawaii. Immediately after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the government had declared a state of martial law in Hawaii and set up military tribunals to take the place of ordinary courts of justice. In *Duncan*, the Court, reaffirming its 1866 decision in *Ex parte Milligan*, held that the invocation of martial law did not give military tribunals the power to supplant civil courts that were open and properly functioning.

to do, regardless of natural forces like wind and weather and psychological disruptions of purpose like boredom, terror, and self-destructiveness. At the beginning of the war it was widely believed that poison gas would be used against civilians and that it would be dropped in bombs from aircraft. That it never was indicates less that humane considerations prevailed than that aerial bombing gradually revealed its limitations, reminding the rationalists that man did not control wind direction and force. Diehards like Sir Arthur Harris, head of RAF Bomber Command, never retreated from their stubborn position that bombing alone could force the surrender of Germany. A virtual sacred text supporting this belief was Alexander Seversky's *Victory through Air Power* (1942). When the Allies bombed the Italians on the island of Pantelleria in June, 1943, General [Carl] Spaatz, of the United States Air Corps, concluded that bombing "can reduce to the point of surrender any first-class nation now in existence, within six months. . . ."

Thus one staff officer at an RAF Group Headquarters, presented with evidence that an attack had entirely missed its mark, "scrawled across it in red, 'I do not accept this report.'" It was the grave inaccuracy of the bombers that led finally to the practice of "area bombing," whose effect was, in [Winston] Churchill's memorable euphemism, to "dehouse" the enemy population. And area bombing led inevitably, as intensification overrode scruples, to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And yet it was not until the war was half over that the presumed accuracy of the bomber was abandoned as a propaganda ploy. The RAF flyer Robert Kee records in his diary in 1941: "I've now been on many raids where owing to total cloud it's been impossible to do anything but fling the bombs out somewhere near the flak and the searchlights, and yet I have invariably read the next morning of attacks on rail communications or industrial premises."

...

The Japanese-American civil rights activist, feminist, and author Yuri Kochiyama was born and raised in San Pedro, California. She and her family were among the 120,000 Japanese Americans on the West Coast who were rounded up in a wave of anti-Japanese hysteria that followed the bombing of Pearl Harbor. President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 on February 19, 1942, giving the army the power—without warrants, indictments, or hearings—to arrest all Japanese Americans (three-fourths of them children born in the United States and therefore citizens), take them from their homes, transport them to camps far into the interior, and keep them there under prison conditions. The Supreme Court upheld this on grounds of military necessity. Not until the 1980s did the federal courts concede that a wrong had been committed. Yuri Kochiyama describes here the conditions in the detention camps.

Yuri Kochiyama, "Then Came the War" (1991)²

I was red, white and blue when I was growing up. I taught Sunday school, and was very, very American. But I was also very provincial. We were just kids rooting for our high school. . . .

I was nineteen at the time of the evacuation. I had just finished junior college. I was looking for a job, and didn't realize how different the school world was from the work world. In the school world, I never felt racism. But when you got into the work world, it was very difficult. This was 1941, just before the war. I finally did get a job at a department store. But for us back then, it was a big thing, because I don't think they had ever hired an Asian in a department store before. I tried, because I saw a Mexican friend who got a job there. . . .

Everything changed for me on the day Pearl Harbor was bombed. On that very day—December 7, the FBI came and they took my father. He had just come home from the hospital the day before. For several days we didn't know where they had taken him. Then we found out that he was taken to the federal prison at Terminal Island. Overnight, things changed for us. They took all men who lived near the Pacific waters, and had anything to do with fishing. A month later, they took every fisherman from Terminal Island, sixteen and over, to places—not the regular concentration camps—but to detention centers in places like South Dakota, Montana, and New Mexico. They said that all Japanese who had given money to any kind of Japanese organization would have to be taken away. At that time, many people were giving to the Japanese Red Cross. The first group was thirteen hundred Isseis—my parent's generation. They took those who were leaders of the community, or Japanese school teachers, or were teaching martial arts, or who were Buddhist priests. Those categories which would make them very "Japanese," were picked up. This really made a tremendous impact on our lives. My twin brother was going to the University at Berkeley. He came rushing back. All of our classmates were joining up, so he volunteered to go into the service. And it seemed strange that here they had my father in prison, and there the draft board okayed my brother. He went right into the army. My other brother, who was two years older, was trying to run my father's fish market. But business was already going down, so he had to close it. He had finished college at the University of California a couple of years before.

They took my father on December 7th. The day before, he had just come home from the hospital. He had surgery for an ulcer. We only saw him once on December 13. On December 20th they said he could come home. By the time they brought him back, he couldn't talk. He made guttural sounds and we didn't know if he could hear. He was home for twelve hours. He was dying. The next morning, when we got up, they told us that he was gone. He was very sick. And I think

the interrogation was very rough. My mother kept begging the authorities to let him go to the hospital until he was well, then put him back in the prison. They did finally put him there, a week or so later. But they put him in a hospital where they were bringing back all these American Merchant Marines who were hit on Wake Island. So he was the only Japanese in that hospital, so they hung a sheet around him that said, Prisoner of War. The feeling where he was was very bad.

You could see the hysteria of war. There was a sense that war could actually come to American shores. Everybody was yelling to get the "Japs" out of California. In Congress, people were speaking out. Organizations such as the Sons and Daughters of the Golden West were screaming "Get the 'Japs' out." So were the real estate people, who wanted to get the land from the Japanese farmers. The war had whipped up such a hysteria that if there was anyone for the Japanese, you didn't hear about it. I'm sure they were afraid to speak out, because they would be considered not only just "Jap" lovers, but unpatriotic.

Just the fact that my father was taken made us suspect to people. But on the whole, the neighbors were quite nice, especially the ones adjacent to us. There was already a six a.m. to six p.m. curfew and a five mile limit on where we could go from our homes. So they offered to do our shopping for us, if we needed.

Most Japanese Americans had to give up their jobs, whatever they did, and were told they had to leave. The edict for 9066—President Roosevelt's edict for evacuation—was in February 1942. We were moved to a detention center that April. By then the Japanese on Terminal Island were just helter skelter, looking for anywhere they could go. They opened up the Japanese school and Buddhist churches, and families just crowded in. Even farmers brought along their chickens and chicken coops. They just opened up the places for people to stay until they could figure out what to do. Some people left for Colorado and Utah. Those who had relatives could do so. The idea was to evacuate all the Japanese from the coast. But all the money was frozen, so even if you knew where you wanted to go, it wasn't that simple. By then, people knew they would be going into camps, so they were selling what they could, even though they got next to nothing for it. . . .

We were sent to an assembly center in Arcadia, California, in April. It was the largest assembly center on the West Coast having nearly twenty thousand people. There were some smaller centers with about six hundred people. All along the West Coast—Washington, Oregon, California—there were many, many assembly centers, but ours was the largest. Most of the assembly centers were either fairgrounds, or race tracks. So many of us lived in stables and they said you could take what you could carry. We were there until October.

Even though we stayed in a horse stable, everything was well organized. Every unit would hold four to six people. So in some cases, families had to split up, or join others. We slept on army cots, and for mattresses they gave us muslin bags,

and told us to fill them with straw. And for chairs, everybody scrounged around for carton boxes, because they could serve as chairs. You could put two together and it could be a little table. So it was just makeshift. But I was amazed how, in a few months, some of those units really looked nice. Japanese women fixed them up. Some people had the foresight to bring material and needles and thread. But they didn't let us bring anything that could be used as weapons. They let us have spoons, but no knives. For those who had small children or babies, it was rough. They said you could take what you could carry. Well, they could only take their babies in their arms, and maybe the little children could carry something, but it was pretty limited.

I was so red, white and blue, I couldn't believe this was happening to us. America would never do a thing like this to us. This is the greatest country in the world. So I thought this is only going to be for a short while, maybe a few weeks or something, and they will let us go back. At the beginning no one realized how long this would go on. I didn't feel the anger that much because I thought maybe this was the way we could show our love for our country, and we should not make too much fuss or noise, we should abide by what they asked of us. I'm a totally different person now than I was back then. I was naive about so many things. The more I think about, the more I realize how little you learn about American history. It's just what they want you to know.

At the beginning, we didn't have any idea how temporary or permanent the situation was. We thought we would be able to leave shortly. But after several months they told us this was just temporary quarters, and they were building more permanent quarters elsewhere in the United States. All this was so unbelievable. A year before we would never have thought anything like this could have happened to us—not in this country. As time went by, the sense of frustration grew. Many families were already divided. The fathers, the heads of the households, were taken to other camps. In the beginning, there was no way for the sons to get in touch with their families. Before our group left for the detention camp, we were saying goodbye almost every day to other groups who were going to places like Arizona and Utah. Here we finally had made so many new friends—people who we met, lived with, shared the time, and gotten to know. So it was even sad on that note and the goodbyes were difficult. Here we had gotten close to these people, and now we had to separate again. I don't think we even thought about where they were going to take us, or how long we would have to stay there. When we got on the trains to leave for the camps, we didn't know where we were going. None of the groups knew. It was later on that we learned so and so ended up in Arizona, or Colorado, or some other place. We were all at these assembly centers for about seven months. Once they started pushing people out, it was done very quickly. By October, our group headed out for Jerome, Arkansas, which is on the Tex-Arkana corner. . . .

When we got to Jerome, Arkansas, we were shocked because we had never seen an area like it. There was forest all around us. And they told us to wait till the rains hit. This would not only turn into mud, but Arkansas swamp lands. That's where they put us—in swamp lands, surrounded by forests. It was nothing like California.

I'm speaking as a person of twenty who had good health. Up until then, I had lived a fairly comfortable life. But there were many others who didn't see the whole experience the same way. Especially those who were older and in poor health and had experienced racism. One more thing like this could break them. I was at an age where transitions were not hard; the point where anything new could even be considered exciting. But for people in poor health, it was hell.

There were army-type barracks, with two hundred to two hundred and five people to each block and every block had its own mess hall, facility for washing clothes, showering. It was all surrounded by barbed wire, and armed soldiers. I think they said only seven people were killed in total, though thirty were shot, because they went too close to the fence. . . .

When we first arrived, there were some things that weren't completely fixed. For instance, the roofers would come by, and everyone would hunger for information from the outside world. We wanted to know what was happening with the war. We weren't allowed to bring radios; that was contraband. And there were no televisions then. So we would ask the workers to bring us back some papers, and they would give us papers from Texas or Arkansas, so for the first time we would find out about news from the outside.

Just before we went in to the camps, we saw that being a Japanese wasn't such a good thing, because everybody was turning against the Japanese, thinking we were saboteurs, or linking us with Pearl Harbor. But when I saw the kind of work they did at camp, I felt so proud of the Japanese, and proud to be Japanese, and wondered why I was so white, white when I was outside, because I was always with white folks. Many people had brothers or sons who were in the military and Japanese American servicemen would come into the camp to visit the families, and we felt so proud of them when they came in their uniforms. We knew that it would only be a matter of time before they would be shipped overseas. . . .

We always called the camps "relocation centers" while we were there. Now we feel it is apropos to call them concentration camps. It is not the same as the concentration camps of Europe; those we feel were death camps. Concentration camps were a concentration of people placed in an area, and disempowered and disenfranchised. So it is apropos to call what I was in a concentration camp. After two years in the camp, I was released. . . .

I returned in October of 1945. It was very hard to find work, at least for me. I wasn't expecting to find anything good, just something to tie me over until my boyfriend came back from New York. The only thing I was looking for was to work

in a restaurant as a waitress. But I couldn't find anything. I would walk from one end of the town to the other, and down every main avenue. But as soon as they found out I was Japanese, they would say no. Or they would ask me if I was in the union, and of course I couldn't be in the union because I had just gotten there. Anyway, no Japanese could be in the union, so if the answer was no I'm not in the union, they would say no. So finally what I did was go into the rough area of San Pedro—there's a strip near the wharf—and I went down there. I was determined to keep the jobs as long as I could. But for a while, I could last maybe two hours, and somebody would say "Is that a 'Jap?'" And as soon as someone would ask that, the boss would say, "Sorry, you gotta go. We don't want trouble here." . . .

Historically, Americans have always been putting people behind walls. First there were the American Indians who were put on reservations, Africans in slavery, their lives on the plantations, Chicanos doing migratory work, and the kinds of camps they lived in, and even too, the Chinese when they worked on the railroad camps where they were almost isolated, dispossessed people—disempowered. And I feel those are the things we should fight against so they won't happen again. It wasn't so long ago—in 1979—that the feeling against the Iranians was so strong because of the takeover of the U.S. embassy in Iran, where they wanted to deport Iranian students. And that is when a group called Concerned Japanese Americans organized, and that was the first issue we took up, and then we connected it with what the Japanese had gone through. This whole period of what the Japanese went through is important. If we can see the connections of how often this happens in history, we can stem the tide of these things happening again by speaking out against them.

...

The United States and its allies used horrific violence in the war. The fire bombing of Dresden killed more than one hundred thousand people. The dropping of two atomic bombs on Japan in August 1945 killed two hundred thousand more. Here Yamaoka Michiko, a survivor of the bombing, describes the awful morning, August 6, 1945, when a Boeing B-29 bomber, the *Enola Gay*, dropped "Little Boy," an enriched uranium bomb, on Hiroshima. On August 9, a plutonium bomb, "Fat Boy," was dropped on Nagasaki.

Yamaoka Michiko, "Eight Hundred Meters from the Hypocenter" (1992)³

That year, on August 6 [1945], I was in the third year of girls' high school, fifteen years old. I was an operator at the telephone exchange. We had been mobilized from