

Recollections and Memoirs

Dedicated to the souls of the Nagasaki Medical College atomic bombing victims

追憶

Translated by Michiko Yokoyama

Edited by

Executive Committee for the 80th Anniversary of the Atomic Bomb Reconstruction

“Recollections and Memoirs” - English edition of “Tuioku”

Copyright © 2025 by Executive Committee for the 80th Anniversary of the Atomic Bomb
Reconstruction

Translated by
Michiko Yokoyama

Edited by
Executive Committee for the 80th Anniversary of the Atomic Bomb Reconstruction
1-12-4, Sakamoto, Nagasaki 852-8523, Japan

Online publishing by Executive Committee for the 80th Anniversary of the Atomic Bomb
Reconstruction

Originally published in Japanese by
the Publication Committee on the 10th Anniversary of the Atomic Bombing in 1955

Translation note

1. For names with unclear pronunciation, the most commonly used pronunciations are applied.
2. Foreign names are translated using translation software.
3. If any corrections are needed for place names, name readings, etc., we will correct them.

Preface

On the Publication of the English Translation of “Recollections and Memoirs”

On August 9, 2025, Nagasaki marked the 80th anniversary of the atomic bombing. For Nagasaki University School of Medicine, it was a solemn day. We extended our deepest condolences to the 898 students and faculty members of Nagasaki Medical College who were affected. Our alma mater has a proud history dating back to the founding of Western medical education in 1857. On the day of the bombing, it faced imminent closure. Thanks to the dedicated efforts of its alumni and other supporters, the school achieved a remarkable recovery and continues to thrive today. Marking this milestone year, Nagasaki University has designated it as a year of “Inheritance and Action” toward realizing a peaceful world. We established the “Nagasaki University School of Medicine Atomic Bomb Recovery 80th Anniversary Commemorative Project Executive Committee” and planned several commemorative events. These projects are being carried out by Nagasaki University under the direction of the President. The School of Medicine’s four main initiatives are: a commemorative lecture; an exhibition of disaster photographs and atomic bomb materials; the English translation of the 10th anniversary commemorative publication of the former Nagasaki Medical College, “Recollections and Memoirs”; and a project to preserve Nagasaki University's historical atomic bomb materials for the future.

“Recollections and Memoirs” was published in October 1955 by Nagasaki University School of Medicine, on the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing. It was created under the initiative of then-President Kohei Koyano. This publication is the former Nagasaki Medical College's atomic bomb memorial and bears the inscription: “Dedicated to the Spirits of the Nagasaki Medical College Atomic Bomb Victims.”

The materials were collected from various departments, students, nurses, and others, and compiled under the leadership of Professor Shiro Osajima of the Second Internal Medicine Department. Although it was once out of print, it was republished as a commemorative project of the alumni association for the 30th anniversary of the atomic bombing. By translating and publishing this commemorative book into English, we hope to provide an opportunity for people around the world to understand the actual circumstances of the damage caused by nuclear weapons and to reconsider their inhumanity, especially in today's tense international situation. It is our sincere hope that the English version of “Recollections and Memoirs” will be shared with many people worldwide, as Nagasaki Medical University's “memories of the atomic bombing” serves as a catalyst for action toward the ideal of nuclear abolition.

October 2025

Joint Representative, Executive Committee for the 80th Anniversary of the Atomic Bomb
Reconstruction

Kazuya Ikematsu

Dean

Nagasaki University School of Medicine

Masahiro Nakashima

Director

Atomic Bomb Disease Institute, Nagasaki University



Cenotaph

The cenotaph was erected on 12 November 1947, on the anniversary of Nagasaki Medical College, in the former meeting room, with donations from staffs, students and others. The granite column at the entrance of the former Main Auditorium was used.



The late President Tsuno'o



The late Prof. Ikeda (First Anatomy Department)



The late Prof. Takagi (Second Anatomy Department)



The late Prof. Kiyohara (Physiology Department)



The late Prof. Uchino (Biochemistry Department)



The late Prof. Tatsuo Naito (Bacteriology Department)



The late Prof. Sobue (Pharmacology Department)



The late Prof. Okura (Hygiene Department)



The late Prof. Kaneko (The East Asia Research Institute of Endemics)



The late Prof. Umeda (Second Pathology Department)



The late Prof. Takeuchi (First Pathology Department)



The late Prof. Kunifusa (Forensic Medicine Department)



The late Prof. Yamane (Ophthalmology Department)



The late Prof. Katsutoshi Naito (Obstetrics and
Gynecology Department)



The late Prof. Nagai (Radiology Department)



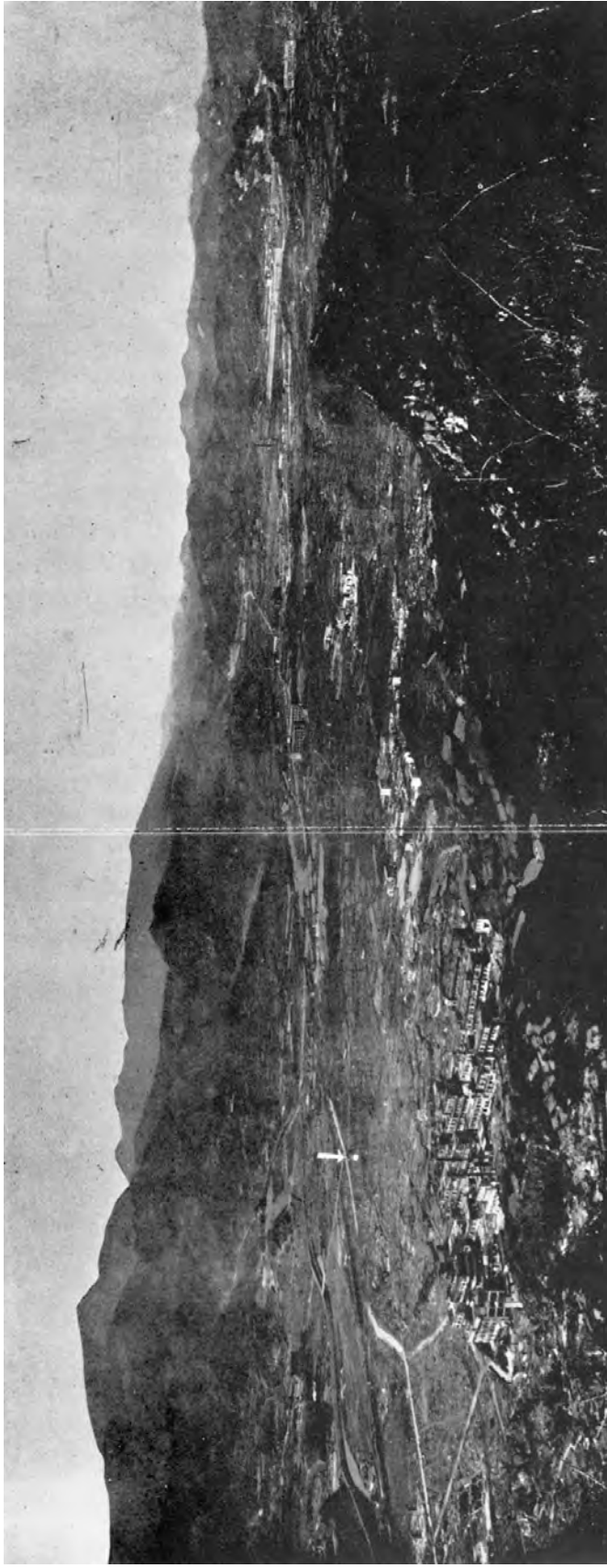
The late Administrator Yamaki



View of former Nagasaki Medical College and the hypocenter from Mt. Inasa immediately after the atomic bombing (courtesy of Asahi Shimbun)



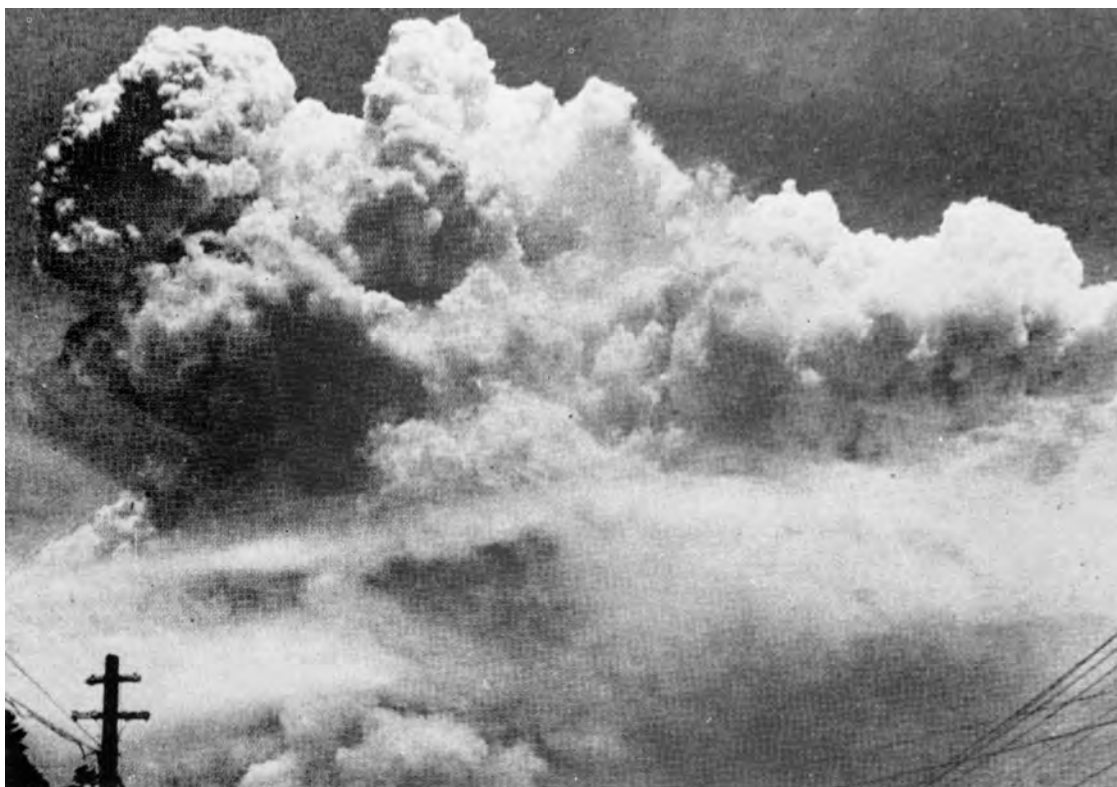
View of former Nagasaki Medical College and the hypocenter from Mt. Inasa (1955)



Nagasaki Medical College immediately after the atomic bombing (view from Mt. Anakobo)



Panoramic view of Nagasaki University School of Medicine under reconstruction (view from Mt. Anakobo, 1955)



Atomic cloud over Nagasaki



Front of the former Nagasaki Medical College Main Building



Stone pavement up to the hospital ("Daigaku-zaka") before the atomic bombing



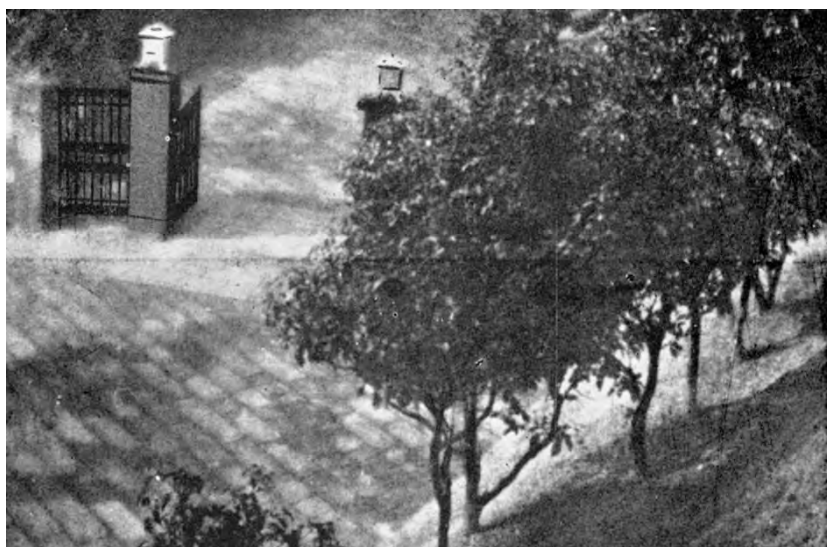
Front of the former Nagasaki Medical College main building



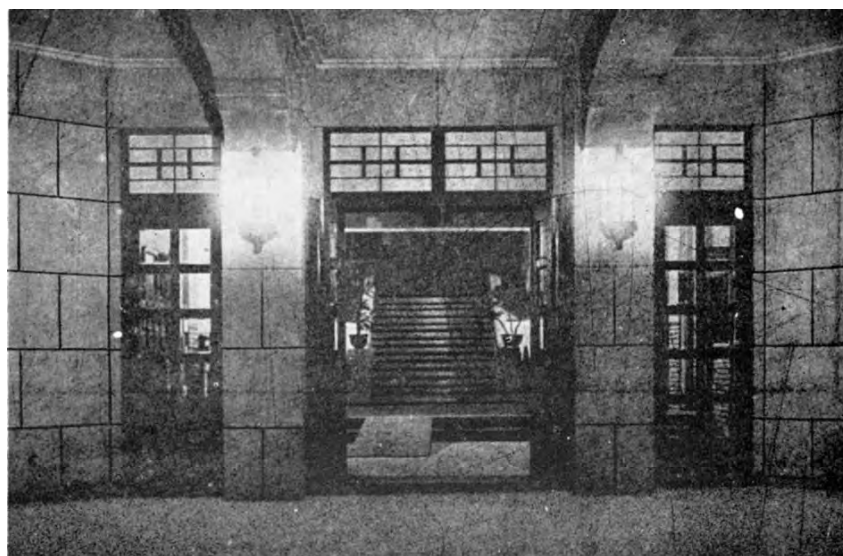
Former Nagasaki Medical College affiliated hospital



Former Nagasaki Medical College Main Auditorium



Main gate of the former Nagasaki Medical College



Entrance of the former Nagasaki Medical College hospital



Sports field of the former Nagasaki Medical College
and the former Urakami Cathedral



Nagasaki Medical College affiliated hospital immediately after the atomic bombing



Nagasaki Medical College affiliated hospital immediately after the atomic bombing

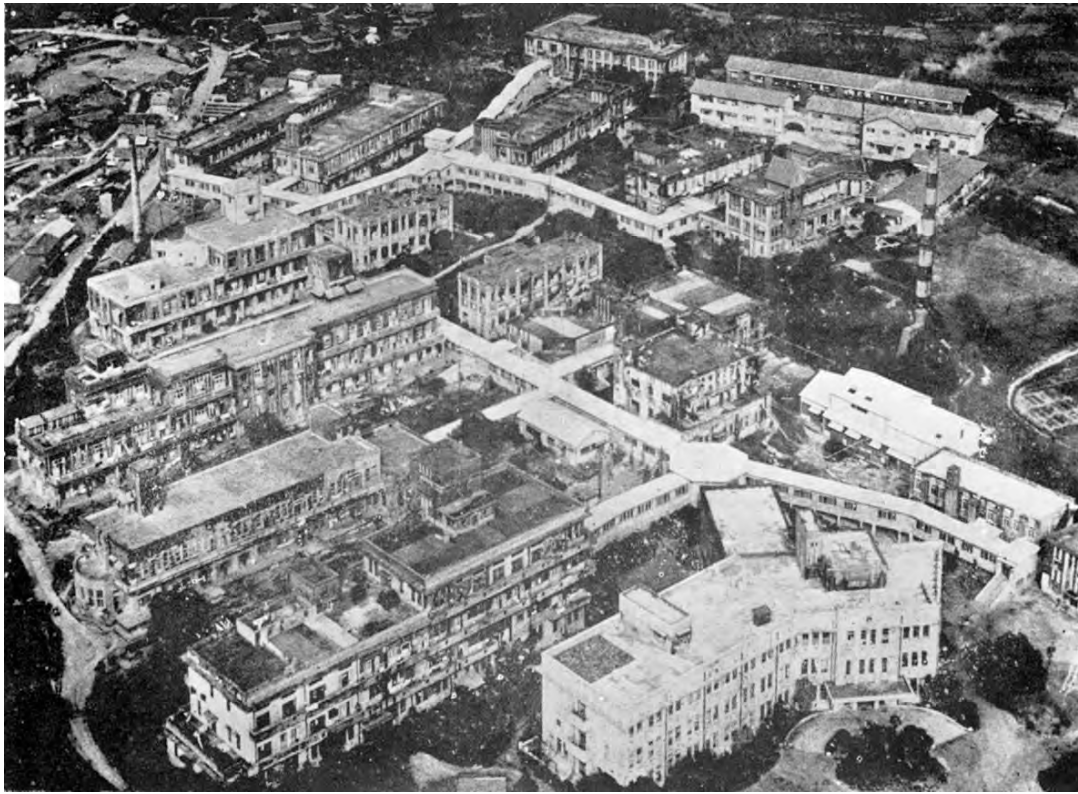


Sports field and Basic Science Department immediately after the atomic bombing

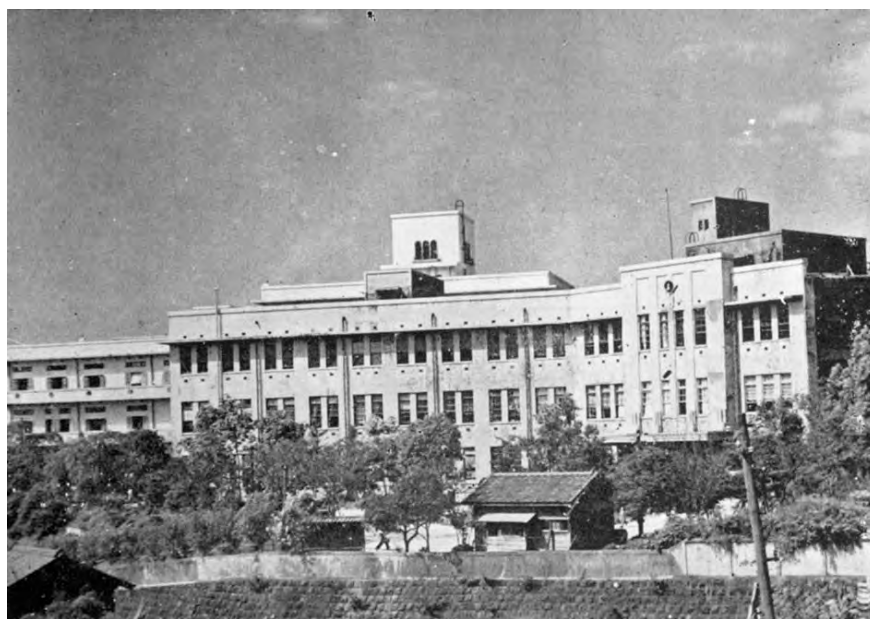


Treatment of victims at Shinkouzen Primary School

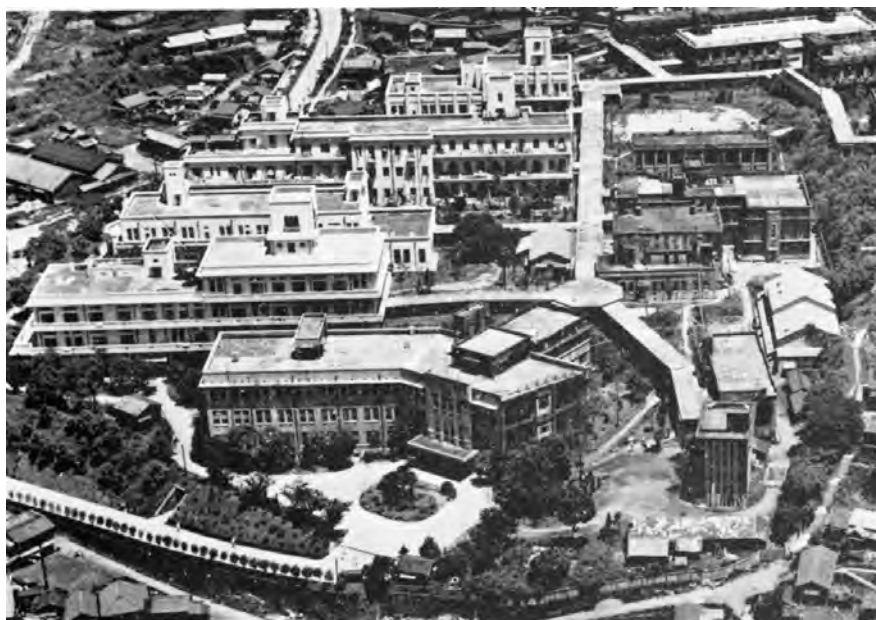




Panoramic view of Nagasaki Medical College affiliated hospital under reconstruction (1953)



Nagasaki University School of Medicine affiliated hospital under reconstruction



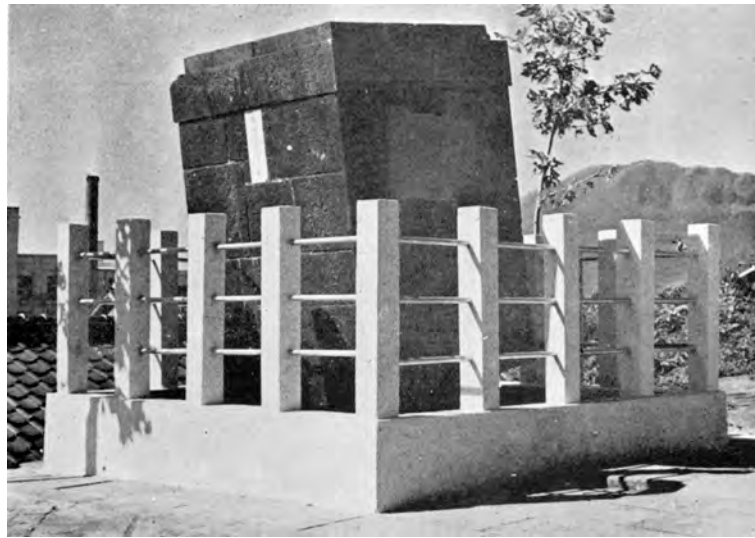
Nagasaki University School of Medicine affiliated hospital under reconstruction
(courtesy of Mainichi Newspaper, 1955)



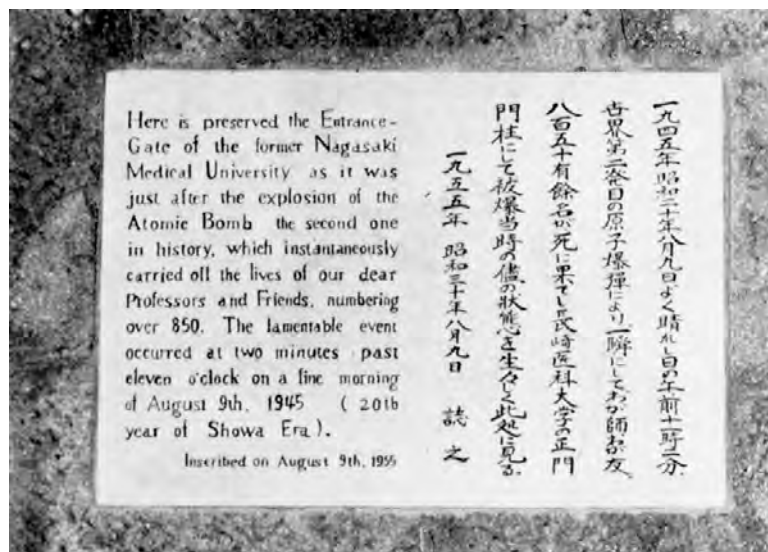
Nagasaki University School of Medicine Basic Science Department
under reconstruction (1955)



Nagasaki University School of Medicine Basic Science Department
under reconstruction (1955)



Former main gate of Nagasaki Medical College (facing left, 1955)



Inscription on the gatepost at the main gate of former Nagasaki Medical College

Ten years after the atomic bombing



Bereaved family praying at the site of the former Nagasaki Medical College Basic Science Department



Ceremony commemorating the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing

(August 9, 1955)



Cenotaph lid plate

You jumped into the fire looking for your friend but never came back.

Takashi Nagai

Brief history

Nagasaki Medical College

Nagasaki Medical College was established on April 1, 1923, as one of the six government medical colleges, reorganised by Nagasaki Technical College of Medicine. Its origins date back to November 12, 1857, when J.L.C. Pompe Van Meerdervoot, a Dutch Navy doctor, began lecturing on medicine to 11 students, including Ryojun Matsumoto, a medical officer of the Shogunate, at the Shogunate Medical Training School (now Omura-machi). This was the first medical school in Japan and holds significant importance in the history of early modern culture. In 1860, following Pompe's recommendations, the Shogunate decided to establish a *Yojosho* (modern western-style hospital and medical school) in Koshimago-aza-Inaridake to assist the local villagers. The construction was completed the following year. Within this *Yojosho*, a pharmacy, a library, and a dissecting room were also established, where lectures on clinical medicine were conducted. In 1865, the Nagasaki *Bugyosho* Magistrate renamed *Yojosho* to “*Seitokukan*” and equipped it with a chemistry classroom.

In 1868, Monta Inoue (Marquis Kaoru), a judge at the time, inspected *Seitokukan*, reported on its condition to the government, and proposed further improvements. Consequently, the government renamed it Nagasaki Prefectural Hospital School of Medicine, and Sensai Nagayo became its headmaster. In 1870, the school was placed under the jurisdiction of the University. In the following year, the school was placed under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Education and renamed National Nagasaki Medical School. In 1874, following the government's Taiwan expedition, the school was abolished and became a foreign land secretariat hospital. The following year, the hospital facilities came under prefectural jurisdiction, and Nagasaki Hospital was established. In 1876, a medical training school was established in the hospital, which was renamed Nagasaki Medical School in 1878, then Nagasaki Prefectural Medical School in 1879, and Nagasaki Prefectural “*Kou* (first)” class Medical School in 1883. The school was abolished in March 1887 as the subsidy from local taxes was terminated following the imperial edict. The government therefore decided to establish the Department of Medicine of the National 5th Higher School in Nagasaki in August. In other words, in March 1888, the then-Nagasaki “*Kou*” Class Medical School Director, Kenko Yoshida, was appointed Dean of the Department of Medicine, and the first entrance ceremony was held in September. In June 1890, the Division of Pharmaceutical Sciences was established. In September 1891, a new school building was built at the present School of Medicine site (former Urakami Yamazato Village Satogo). In September 1894, the name was changed to the 5th Higher School Department of Medicine. The name was changed to Nagasaki Technical College of Medicine in 1901, and Tadashi Tashiro was appointed the first headmaster in June of the same year.

On 31 March 1923, Nagasaki Technical College of Medicine was abolished, and Nagasaki Medical College was established on 1 April, with Motoi Yamada appointed as the first President.

Construction of a new reinforced concrete ward for the affiliated hospital began in 1925. 19 graduated as the first class student in March 1927. In 1939, a temporary annex Special Medical Vocational Department was newly established. In 1941, the East Asia Research Institute of Endemics was founded and attached to the College. On 9 August 1945, an atomic bomb was dropped. A temporary relief station was immediately set up in Shinkozen Primary School in Nagasaki City. In September, it was decided to rebuild the College, and in October, lectures began at the former Naval Hospital in Omura City. In 1946, the College moved to the site of the Isahaya Naval Hospital. The attached medical school was abolished, and Nagasaki Special High School was established. In 1947, repair work started on the outpatient Main Building of the attached hospital, and the Basic Science Department returned, followed by a return ceremony in November and the return of the Administration Section.

In 1949, the school was included in the new Nagasaki University. In 1950, the clinical departments returned from Shinkouzen Primary School. In 1953, construction of the first building of the Basic Science Department was partially completed, the Management section was restored, and the Physiology Department moved in. In March 1954, the last graduation ceremony of the Medical College was held.

On the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing

Kohei Koyano

Ten years have already passed since the atomic bomb, an appalling surprise of the century which exploded over our Nagasaki, for the second time as an offensive weapon on earth on 9 August 1945. Since then, our nation has regained its independence and order. Today, as the world's tensions have eased forward peace, it has become easier to talk about the disasters of the atomic bombings. If we miss this opportunity, our memories will soon fade, and it will be difficult to trace, as an old saying goes, "Ten years seems an ancient history." This is why we discussed it together and decided to compile a memoir based on the records, mainly written by those who survived the disaster.

Firstly, we hope that this memoir will serve as an offering to the precious victims, namely our deceased colleagues, professors, and friends, and secondly, to serve as a part of the reference materials of Nagasaki University's pre-war history, and to be a consolation to bereaved families, friends, and former classmates.

Once this proposal was first put forward, staff from the School of Medicine, the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences, East Asia Research Institute of Endemics, and the Bereaved Families Association contributed materials and financial support for this project. Additionally, the committee members made a concerted effort to make this happen. I am so grateful and greatly moved to see the completion of this memoir. I believe that the more than 850 souls will gladly receive this memoir and the university's reconstruction status as our offering to them.

Reflecting on 9 August, a refreshing, sunny morning, an air-raid alert followed by an air-raid alarm occurred just after 7:00 a.m. Then, at 9:00 a.m., the siren sounded to inform us that the alarm had been lifted, so we returned to our routine work in classrooms, the hospital, and offices. At 11:02 a.m., with a sudden, strange flash of light followed by a roar - I think the expression "Pika-don (a bright flash of lightning and boom)" explains exactly what we experienced. The northwestern part of Nagasaki was destroyed. Nagasaki Medical College, located within 600 to 800 meters of the hypocenter, was no exception. Along with its affiliated hospital, Special Pharmaceutic Department, the East Asia Research Institute of Endemics, nurses' dormitory, and other buildings were gone, with more than 850 staff and students.

August is normally a summer holiday month, but back then, classes continued without a holiday to train students in a very short period. To supply medical doctors to the so-called Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere, the affiliated Special Medical Vocational Department was established around 1940, headed by Professor Takagi, thus doubling the number of student

victims.

The College administration and the Basic Science Department, together with the Special Pharmaceutics Department, were built of wood and were on a hill closer to the hypocenter than the affiliated hospital. The nurses' dormitory was on the premises of the affiliated hospital and was a two-story wooden building. These wooden buildings collapsed instantly when the bomb exploded and were then set ablaze by the extraordinarily high thermal energy of the atom, so that even the administration, including Administrator Yamaki and staff, were reduced to ashes along with all the documents and account records. (Incidentally, Yamaki had his seat in front of a big safe, so it seems that he was able to avoid being crushed to death temporarily, and Professor Kunifusa heard his voice calling for help.)

By the belongings accompanying the remains, we confirmed that Professor of the Basic Science, Tatsuo Naito (bacteriology) in the corridor of the department, Professor Okura (hygiene) in his professor's room, and Professor Kiyohara (physiology) in a classroom were all crushed to death. Four professors, Ikeda, Kiyohara, Nagai, Kaneko, and Associate Professor Nakamura, lost their entire families.

At the time, lectures were held in the five auditoriums of the Basic Science building, so Professor Ono (anatomy, Special Medical Vocational Department), Associate Professor Ashizuka (physiology), Professor Umeda (pathology), Professor Saito (biochemistry, Special Medical Vocational Department), Professor Fukuda (hygiene, Special Medical Vocational Department) were found at pulpits while the remains of the students were all found orderly sitting in their seat facing front. I have heard a story about French troops during the First World War, being buried in line in a bunker at Verdun, killed by German bombs, with only their gunpoint visible. But I am not aware of any other stories of students who were studying peacefully in a college auditorium dying like this.

Fortunately, at that time, first- and second-year students from the Special Pharmaceutics Department were mobilized to Minamata in Kumamoto Prefecture, Onoda in Yamaguchi Prefecture, and other factories. Third-year students were digging air-raid shelters on campus, and most of them were in the tunnel, so there were fewer victims. However, Professor Sugiura (hygienic chemistry) was killed in a bombing in the herb garden.

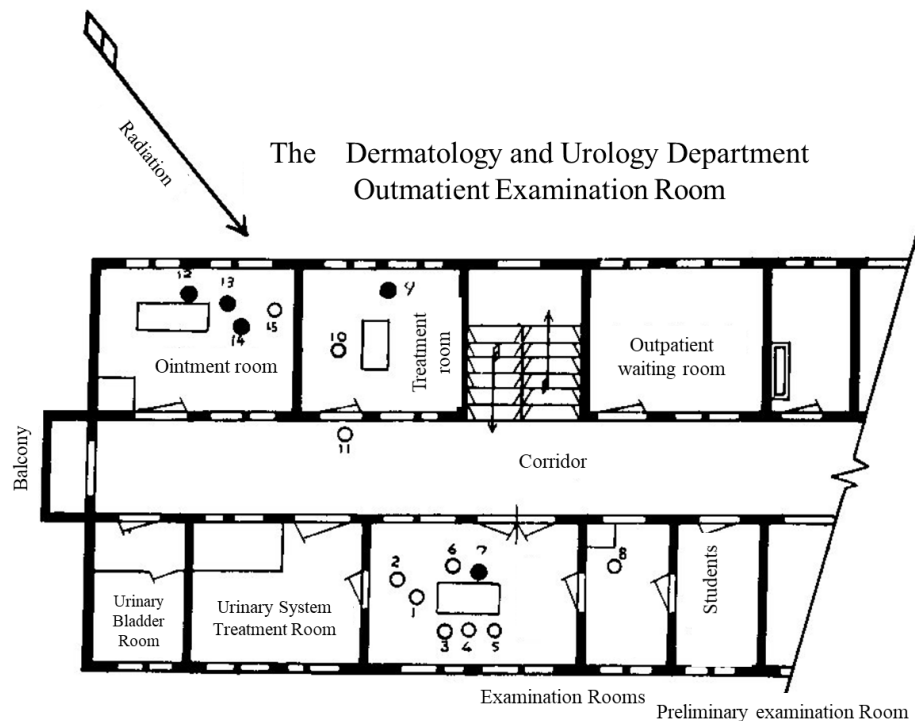
The East Asia Research Institute of Endemics was established in 1942 by Director Tsuno'o and other staff members' efforts and was attached to the College. More than 200,000 yen in private donations were collected. Although materials were limited during the war, we were able to gather construction materials. They were all gone just before the construction was to begin.

The Clinical Department (affiliated hospital) was located on a slightly lower hill across a 100 m valley. It was a three-story reinforced concrete building facing south. The rooms were lined on both sides of the building, separated by a central corridor, located to the south and north. The

hypocenter was on the northwestern side. Thus, those in the rooms on the north side were exposed to radiation directly and suffered more deaths than those on the south side. There were no cases of death by crush due to the collapse of wooden buildings on this side, and only a few cases, such as Professor Naito (Obstetrics and Gynecology Department), who was buried under bookshelves, or Professor Yamane (Ophthalmology Department), who was heavily wounded by falling objects, were reported. Professor Kitamura (Dermatology and Urology Department), Professor Shirabe (Surgery Department), Professor Hasegawa (Otorhinolaryngology Department), Professor Koyano (Surgery Department), Associate Professor Nagai (Radiology Department), and others who were in the hospital on the day and survived the bomb were all on the south side. The rooms of President Tsuno'o (Internal Medicine Department), Associate Professor Ishizaki (Surgery Department), Lecturer Owadano (Surgery Department), and others who died due to damage caused by the radiation were on the north side with windows open towards the hypocenter.

Although some who were lecturing in the Basic Science building escaped and were temporarily saved, Professor Takagi passed away in agony on 11 August while repeatedly throwing up after drinking water. Neither Professor Tsuno'o, who was lying next to him in a tunnel shelter where the professors were accommodated, nor we who examined him had any idea what actuary caused his death. We buried his body on the tennis court. Professor Kunifusa (forensic medicine) passed away on the 15th at home. Professor Sobue (pharmacology) was carried to the house of Professor Sano and suffered from severe stomatitis and respiratory distress to the extent that he tried to perform a tracheotomy himself, then passed away on the 16th. Professor Yamane (Clinical Department) developed symptoms of tetanus on the 15th and passed away. Professor Tsuno'o suffered bloody diarrhea, which he suspected to be dysentery, and a high fever of over 40 degrees Celsius, and finally passed away on the 22nd. Everyone piled wood on the hospital premises and cremated their bodies.

When I look back on those days since the atomic bombing disaster to the reconstruction, the memories continue to spring up with tears.



1. Professor Kitamura injured
2. Student Nishimori injured
3. Assistant Kuroki not injured
4. Dr. Higashioka injured
5. Lecturer Kaneko injured
6. Nurse Ushiroda hair loss
7. Nurse Hashimoto hair loss, had a fever and died on August 26th.
8. Nurse Tsuchihashi injured
9. Assistant Nakayama injured and died at the end of August.
10. Nurse Yamazaki injured
11. Nurse Hamasaki injured
12. Nurse Hijiguro died on August 10th.
13. Nurse Wakamatsu injured and died of fever on September 1st.
14. Nurse Hayashi, injured, had a fever and died on September 6th.
15. Nurse Fukushima burns

Contents

Photography section	i
---------------------------	---

On the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing Kohei Koyano	3
--	---

Record of the atomic bombing exposure

1. Medical College section

Record of the atomic bomb disaster Raisuke Shirabe	9
--	---

Department relations

First Anatomy Department	22
Second Anatomy Department	28
Physiology Department	31
Biochemistry Department	39
Bacteriology Department	44
Pharmacology Department	52
First Pathology Department	60
Second Pathology Department	62
Forensic Medicine Department	71
Hygiene Department	79
East Asia Research Institute of Endemics	84
Tsuno'o Internal Medicine Department	86
Kageura Internal Medicine Department	103
Koyano Surgery Department	110
Shirabe Surgery Department	121
Obstetrics and Gynecology Department	124
Pediatrics Department	131
Dermatology Department	140
Ophthalmology Department	148
Otolaryngology Department	155

Psychiatry Department	160
Radiology Department	164
Pharmacy	175
Student relations	179
Nursing School relations	234
2. Special Medical Vocational Department	238
3. Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals	258
History	261
Before and after the atomic bombing	263
Accounts of the atomic bombing	277
4. Administration section	320

Record of the reconstruction

Reconstruction chronology (Medical College)	333
Progress of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals and		
School of Pharmacy in the decade after the atomic bombings	336
Postscript	344

Record of the atomic bombing exposure

1. Medical College section

Record of the atomic bomb disaster

Surgery Department, Raisuuke Shirabe

9 August 1945. Today, we had yet another fine morning, which we call “Japanese sunny day.” Not a cloud in the sky as far as the eye can see. Yesterday, I spent a night at the hospital on a night shift of air defense duty, but fortunately, the night passed without any incident.

Feeling relieved and refreshed, I woke up at 6 a.m. and had breakfast at 6:30 a.m. on the second floor of the kitchen with Professor Tatsu Naito, Professor Umeda, Professor Kido of the Special Medical Vocational Department, and Professor Sugiura of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, who were also on duty.

Without time for a chat, an air-raid alarm was announced soon after 7:00 a.m. We immediately assembled students on duty in front of the Main Building and conducted a quick roll call on behalf of the absent Professor Takase, and then we were sent to our respective places. We did not hear any sound of enemy planes. At 9:00 a.m., the air-aid warning was lifted, but the alert continued. I finished my lecture for the third-year students of the Special Medical Vocational Department in the Second Middle Auditorium. On my way back to my room, I passed by the Middle Auditorium and saw President Tsuno'o still passionately in the middle of his lecture, even though it was after 10:00 a.m.

It was when I returned to my office and was writing a thesis on Tokunaga (he was killed by the atomic bomb in Hiroshima) that I heard a noisy bombing sound. I looked at my watch. It was exactly 11:00 a.m. I got up immediately and changed my white coat into clothes and was about to leave the room without taking anything when I saw a blue, white light at the door that gleamed in my eyes. Intuitively, I thought “they got me!” and crouched in the corner of the room in front of a sink. Simultaneously, I heard a low, unclear sound, then a violent, loud sound shaking the compound, and a rattle, the sound of things breaking. Something was falling on and hitting my body indiscriminately from my head to my back. Without a chance to shout, I was completely buried. However, the debris on my back was unexpectedly light. I took a chance to stand up gently and without difficulty, and was able to stand up. When I opened my eyes, it was pitch black and I could not see a thing. I crouched down again. There is a sound like heavy rain. It was probably the sound of falling soil and sand which were being blown up. I stayed

still for a while, then stood up again and opened my eyes once it became quieter. This time, I was in dim light like dawn. I looked around and saw that the desk, cabinets, bed, and screens had all fallen over on their sides, the ceiling covering them and leaving no place to step. I went to my desk. The manuscript I had been writing just before, my bag, watch, and books were all gone, and I had no idea where they had been blown away. I found my pocketbook with its cover torn off at my feet, pushed it into my pocket, and hurried out of the room. The corridor and the downstairs were cluttered with fallen objects. Fortunately, I was able to descend to the downstairs without difficulty. When I came to the east exit, a woman who had just had an appendicitis operation two or three days ago was staggering, being supported by a man. When I looked, I saw that she was not injured. "It's all right, follow me," I shouted at them as I ran to an air-raid shelter behind the kitchen. The Boiler Room had been crushed, and I heard a hissing sound of steam leaking. There were two or three people who fell motionless on the "*tataki* (earthen floor)" in front of the room. A dead body was hanging from a window frame. I did not understand what was going on.

I met Professor Koyano at the corner of the kitchen. I could see a streak of blood on his forehead, but he was smiling as usual. "You were safe," I greeted him and jumped into the air-raid shelter. The inside was filled with people, and when I looked carefully, I could see Nurse Araki from Shirabe Surgery. She had a big wound on her left forearm, so I took out a handkerchief and bandaged the wound.

I went out of the shelter and headed towards the Main Building. People were rushing out, and it seemed impossible to go in. When I stood in front of the building, hesitating, Sato (provisional graduate from Shirabe Surgery) came out with a cane in one hand and supporting Nurse Sato in the other. I asked him about the safety of others, and was relieved to hear his reply informing me that they had evacuated earlier. I encouraged the two and climbed the mountain behind.

The first person I met on the tennis court was Professor Hasegawa. He was walking unsteadily in his white coat. He had a wound between his eye and his eyebrow, but it was not serious. Next came Associate Professor Ishizaki of Koyano Surgery, who had burns all over his face and arms and was crawling. "Dr. Shirabe." He called me in a sad voice. "Where were you?" When I asked him, he replied powerlessly: "I was in my room." I heard his powerless reply. I told him to wait with Professor Hasegawa and ran further towards the East Ward. When I approached the Konan ward, Kido came up with a vigorous smile: "You made it." When we were celebrating each other's safety, Head Nurse Murayama came running up to me crying, "Shirabe *sensei*." She had burns on her face and forearms, but not as bad as Ishizaki's. "Oh, good, good. Let's all go up together." I assisted Murayama and returned to the tennis court, but I could no longer find Professor Hasegawa or Ishizaki.

Evacuees were flooding and climbing up the slopes of Mt. Kompira. The sweet-potato fields, which had been lush and green until yesterday, are bare with soil exposed; their stems and leaves

were blown away somewhere. Trees were broken at the foot of the trunks, with not a single leaf on them. The Reformatory that had been built halfway up the mountain had collapsed and was already partly on fire. Looking behind, I saw the hospital, houses, the Basic Science Department, and all the wooden buildings were crushed and were already enveloped in thick smoke. The area had turned into a gruesome scene, like hell with voices calling out for friends, groaning, and shouting, begging for help. Some were naked; their bodies were burnt and inflamed. Others had faces blackened by smoke, their eyes rolling. Some had their clothes torn to shreds and looked like a monk in an ancient tale who was exiled to a lonely island. Some were covered in dark red blood. It was like seeing a picture of hell.

Halfway up the hill, I heard someone calling my name from the field below to my right. It seemed that President Tsuno'o had been injured and was coming up the mountain. I instructed Nurse Murayama and others to go ahead and run across the terraced fields, relying only on the voice I heard. The President was lying on his back in the lowest field nursed by Associate Professor Osajima, Lecturer Takahashi, Head Nurse Maeda, and others, but his face was pale and his shirt was stained with fresh blood. When I asked him, "Where are your injuries?" he answered: "Yes, my left arm and left leg are a little injured." His voice was weak. I told him, "Please get hold of yourself," to which he returned, "I am fine." The wound on his left thigh was a cut caused by a shard of glass, which was bleeding a little, so I bandaged it with a triangular sling which I made from whatever I could get. He seemed to be uncomfortable with the bloody shirt, so I tore off my clothes and quickly changed him.

Meanwhile, the fire was getting stronger, and fire sparks blown by the wind were flying towards us. For the time being, we decided to move the President to the top of the hill, so Takahashi, who seemed to be in the best of health, carried the President on his back. I led the way, and we climbed up the hill. On the way to the hill, survivors who were going back and forth were asking for our help. We covered our ears from voices calling "Mother," "Please give me water," "Help", etc. We walked up, passing through the ridges of fields. "I want to throw up when I move because of cerebral anemia." The President threw up several times on the way. Our procession was not easy. It was probably around 1:00 p.m. when we reached the top of the hill, bypassing the reformatory, which was on fire. I had no idea what time it was since I lost my watch.

When we reached the top of the hill, we laid the President on a bare field. The wind was strong, and the president looked cold. Someone brought a *futon*, so we folded it in two and moved the President onto it. Soon, Okura of Tsuno'o Internal Medicine came in good spirits and camouflaged the president with potato vines.

Around this time, the wind changed and started to blow from the top of the mountain downwards. Since the smoke had stopped coming up, the view below could be seen clearly.

The nurse's dormitory, hospital corridors, the Basic Science Department, and the College Headquarters are burning, enveloped by fire. Flames were blowing out from the windows of the hospital wards. Sometimes we could hear the sound of gunpowder exploding when the fire hit the Ohashi Arms Factory. The entire city was a sea of fire on all sides, and a burning and crackling sound was echoing up to the top of the hill. The sun's color was unpleasant reddish-brown, and people's faces were also dark red-grey, as if they were stained by sunset. Someone brought us a first aid bag. I found an ampoule of iodine tincture, so I treated the President's wounds with it. He had two cut wounds on his head, four on his left thigh, and two on his hands, which were quite large. His back was covered by glass wounds. I asked him to bear with the pain and applied iodine tincture to every part. The wound did not seem to worry. He no longer vomited, felt better, and his complexion gradually regained its luster.

At around 3:00 p.m., the wind changed again, and a drizzle started. The injured on the mountain were all shivering with cold from the rain and the wind. Finding some free time, I left the place and crossed the valley heading towards a hill on the other side to look for Koji, my second son. I met Ishizaki, who was wrapped in a white *futon* and lying in the shade of the mountain, but I could not move him alone. There were numerous severely injured people on the way, but there was nothing I could do. Many did not even have any energy left to speak. There was someone who appeared to be a fourth-year undergraduate, Oku, lying at the foot of the cliff, but when I called him, I assumed that he had fainted. Raindrops were dripping on his face, but he was doing nothing about it. He would soon be gone. Ueno, a third-year student of the Special Medical Vocational Department, had a bandage on his head and did not look energetic as usual, but was busy caring for his friends. I called out my son's name, "Koji," and wandered around the mountain behind the Psychiatry Department, but there was no reply. A provisional graduate of Shirabe Surgery, Hidaka helped me to look for my son, but in vain. I assumed that my son was buried under the Auditorium and burned to death.

Soon, I heard a voice calling out my name from the upper side of the hill where the President was. "Please come. Dr. Nagai's bleeding won't stop." I ran back and saw Associate Professor Nagai lying in the field, numerous Kochel (hemostatic forceps) in front of his left ear. I took over Shi (an assistant of the Radiology Department) and tried to stop the bleeding, but the blood vessels were too deep, and I could not catch them. I had no choice but to use a tampon for compression and sew over the wound to stop the bleeding. I was impressed by the patience of Nagai, who did not change his face at all while I was carrying out the operation without an anesthetic. As soon as the surgery was over, I got up and went down the hill with an army of assistants and nurses. When I returned to the President, it seemed that there was no change in his condition. Someone had brought pieces of ice in a bowl made from a broken pumpkin. The President must also have been thirsty like others, and ate it happily.

It was around 4:00 p.m., Kouda, a third-year student of the Special Medical Vocational Department, climbed up the hill with Professor Takagi on his back. The professor did not have any injuries anywhere, but his face was pale, and he was not well at all. When I asked what happened, and learned that he was in the anatomy professor's room when the disaster struck, but luckily escaped and went across the tennis court, then crawled in the direction of Urakami Cathedral. When he reached the riverside, he ran out of strength, and Kouda rescued him. We made him lie down next to the President. Next, Professor Seiki of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department came up with a cane and was wearing only his underwear. He was digging a shelter when the bomb hit, and luckily escaped death by bombing as he was inside, but his waist was hit by a flying timber. Indeed, he did not have any burns or cut wounds, but seemed in great pain. In the early evening, Egami (Associate Professor of Otorhinolaryngology) and Kawamoto (pharmacy) came in suites. They had both escaped the disaster since they were in Nameshi and told us that they made their way through the fire and finally arrived. They had brought first aid equipment with them and treated two or three people, but soon disappeared.

The rain had stopped, and the area was beginning to be shrouded by evening haze. The wind seemed to become a little milder. Down below, the fire was becoming fiercer. Its red color was getting brighter as the night approached, and as far as one could see, it was a sea of fire. People crossing Mt. Kompira had now ceased, and those who decided to spend a night on the hill settled down too in their respective positions. The President, Professor Takagi, and others would spend a night on the hill above the Reformatory, surrounded by college staff and the injured. Others, including Associate Professor Nagai, were in a shed under the cliff. Nurse Yokojima from the Dermatology Department and her group stayed in a field to the lower right of Anakoboji Temple. A group of nurses was in the front yard of Anakoboji Temple, while students and other nurses stayed in a collapsed house below Anakoboji Temple. We made groups and spent a dark and desolate night encouraging each other.

By night, the wind became completely calm, and the sky became clear, full of twinkling stars. There was no moon, and as the area was in complete darkness, I was not able to know the situation. I was in total astonishment and tension that I had forgotten about meals, but suddenly my stomach started to growl as I had not had lunch. I felt sorry for everyone who must have been hungry too.

Just then, a box of hardtacks arrived from relief headquarters in the town, so I held it in my arms and went around to each station to distribute them. I could only rely on the paths I had spotted during the day, looking for the shadows of people to hand out the package one by one, but seeing people sitting or lying in the dark open-air despondently, my heart wrenched, and I had no words to console them. Sharing information whenever asked about their friends, I finally arrived at a house under Anakoboji Temple, where Ando, a fourth-year student as a leader, was

cooking white rice. Four or five vigorous young ladies in *kimonos* were helping him. I heard that they were members of the Mitsubishi Volunteer Corps, and I was spontaneously moved. This was the only place I felt warmth and brightness because of the cooking fire.

While I was sharing about the disaster with the students, I found out that Professor Sobue was alone in a nearby field since he could not move. I went out to search for him, calling his name, and brought him on my shoulder to where the students stayed. His wounds were minor, but he was in great pain, like Professor Takagi. I put a grass mat and laid him on top of it by the fire, and asked students to look after him.

When the rice was cooked, we made rice balls and put them in a box of hardtacks, and together with Ando, I went back to the President while distributing them. The path was darker and darker, and I think it took us more than thirty minutes to walk 500 to 650 m. It was probably already after 10:00 p.m. Everyone was silent but seemed to struggle to fall asleep. When we gave rice balls to the President, he ate one or two gladly, so I was relieved that he would be all right. The fire below had subsided considerably, but the red fire coming through the remaining window flames was beautiful, as I could imagine the city of Nagasaki when it was in its glory, a long time ago.

When the supper was over, all those who were fine gathered in the field under the cliff, surrounded a bonfire, and discussed what needed to be done the next day. We could hardly finish our talk, but now the night is deep, so we finished the meeting. I followed Dr. Nagai's advice and lay down on straws inside a temporary hut shelter for the Radiology Department.

I looked up at the sky and reflected on today, which seemed like a dream. With a flash of light, the world fell into chaos in an instant, and numerous people were injured, fell, or were left to die. We escaped the disaster somehow and ran up to this mountain, but the hospital and the city were burned to the ground, and we had no workplace to return to. What should we do tomorrow? Apart from the President, Professor Koyano, Professor Takagi, Professor Hasegawa, and Professor Sobue, whom I met today, are the other professors safe? Koji must have been in class at the Basic Science Department. Did he escape well? My eldest son, Seiichi, must have gone to Ohashi Arms Factory, but how is he? I pray he is safe. My family in Nameshi, where they were evacuated a little while ago, must be worrying about us. My head was going on and on with thoughts which were flashing before my eyes, and it was difficult to fall into sleep.

In the meantime, an enemy airplane came and dropped a bomb in the direction of Michino'o. I assumed that it was a small bomb. Another small bomb, which exploded in mid-air, was dropped, but nothing happened. I listened carefully for a while, but after that, there were no more attacks by enemy airplanes, and the night passed quietly. Not knowing, I fell into a sleep. It was probably around 1:00 a.m.

These are some of the written accounts about my atomic bomb experience, which I wrote down at the time. The diary continues, but as it will be redundant to share every detail, I will only share

a summary in this memoir.

The following day, we advised the President to go back to his house in Nishiyama by a stretcher, but as he did not agree, we reluctantly took him to the burnt ruins of the College hospital. Fortunately, at that time, Professor Koyano appeared in good health, so the President appointed him as a Substitute President and entrusted him with the reconstruction. He spent the next two or three days in an air-raid tunnel shelter behind Koyano Surgery with Professor Takagi, Professor Yamane, and Associate Professor Ishizaki. However, since we could not provide adequate treatment here, upon the advice of Professor Koyano, I returned to Nameshi, where my family had evacuated in the afternoon of the 10th, and negotiated with the town chairman for approval to use the relief station (within Nameshi Daijingu Shrine and the Iwaya Club). In the evening of the 12th, we brought in the President and Professor Yamane to the shrine's worship hall and more than thirty students and nurses to the Iwaya Club. The prognosis of the injured was extremely poor. Professor Yamane suffered a case of tetanus on the 15th and passed away, while half of the students and nurses died one by one.

At the time, there were several hundred injured who were brought to Nameshi town, and I made the rounds and treated them with Associate Professor Kido, nine nurses from Shirabe Surgery, and several third-year students from the Special Medical Vocational Department. We were extremely busy for a while, but within one week or so, most of the patients passed away. My eldest son got burned in the Ohashi Arms Factory but returned home fine. However, he passed away at noon on the 16th.

The President temporarily recovered on the *tatami* floor of the Nameshi Daijingu Shrine but from around the 10th day, so-called atomic bomb sickness worsened, and at 10:00 a.m. on the 22nd, he passed away as if he was sleeping while his wife (living in Nishiyama), his brother (Shigeru Tsuno'o, currently professor of Showa Medical College), Professor Koyano and other staffs were looking after him. "A giant star had fallen (someone who made a great achievement has passed away)." This was my honest impression as I was present at his deathbed. The President was undoubtedly both a gifted scholar with humility and a shrewd politician. Nagasaki Medical College was on his shoulders, and he was much respected in academia. It is not only I who believe that if the President had survived, he would have played an even greater role in the reconstruction of Nagasaki Medical College.

As the rescue work for the injured settled down for the time being, I visited with my family to the burnt ruins of the Anatomy Department in Urakami campus and picked up the remains of my second son. I was about to take part in the important project for the recovery of the College in early September when atomic bomb sickness caught me, and I had to suffer in my sickbed. I was on the edge of death and life for about a month, but while I was not fully recovered, I could finally carry myself to Omura Naval Hospital on 26 September. With the

kind support of Captain Horn, the U.S. Army Medical Officer, we received the former Shinkouzen Primary School, and on 4 October, the construction of the Nagasaki Medical College-affiliated hospital started. Under the leadership of the new President, Professor Koyano, we all worked together to move forward with the reconstruction of the College, and fortunately, we continue to make great achievements to date.

It has been four years since then, and today, on top of Gubiroga hill, a marble cenotaph engraved with graceful calligraphy by Professor Koyano rises. Today, we can see small and shabby but new buildings lining up, traffic of cars and horses, and the movement of people in Sakamoto-machi, Iwakawa-machi, Hamaguchi-machi, and other parts of once scorched Urakami. There is no trace of devastation from four years ago, and the recovery of Japan is moving forward vigorously, along with the reconstruction of our College.

I would like to conclude my atomic bomb memoirs praying for: “eternal good luck to our university.” (23 November 1949, on the day of a meeting of the Atomic Bomb Bereaved Families Association)

* * *

I believe the above account of the atomic bombing will give the readers a general idea of the damage, but I will try to add the points that I omitted as much as I know.

The total number of staff and students at Nagasaki Medical College at the time is not confirmed, but the death toll of the atomic bomb reached as high as 850, as engraved in the cenotaph on Gubiroga Hill. Of those, the mortality rate of those who were present at the Basic Science Department was almost 100% and only about three staff members survived as they were working inside the tunnel shelter behind the outdoor gym. On the contrary, according to my research, the mortality rate of the hospital is 42.3% meaning half of the people survived. I think it is fair to say that this is entirely thanks to concrete buildings.

At that time, 9 professors at the Medical College were in the Basic Science building (except for a biochemistry position which was vacant), 10 in the Clinical Department, and 1 in Endemic Disease Research, making a total of 20. As for the Basic Science Department, 9 became victims except for Professor Takeuchi who was on recuperate leave in his house in Narutaki and the Clinical Department, among 7 staffs who were working, 3 of them, President Tsuno'o (internal medicine), Professor Katsutoshi Naito (obstetrics and gynecology), Professor Yamane (ophthalmology) died while 4 staffs, Koyano, Kitamura (currently professor of dermatology at Tokyo University), Hasegawa (currently professor of Osaka Medical College), Shirabe got a life in a nick of a time. Professor Takase was in Kita Takaki in Yue, Professor Kageura was in Isahaya, and Professor Sano was in Hotarujaya and escaped the bombing. Following is a brief description of the deceased professors and their accounts at the time.

President Tsuno'o (Internal Medicine)

He was lecturing in the Middle Auditorium until after 10:00 a.m., then went to the outpatient to examine a new patient (female, who was killed incidentally) when he was exposed to the atomic bomb. He had suffered cut wounds with glass shards on his head, entire back, left thigh, and left arm. Assistant Huang, the Radiology Department technician Tomokiyo, and Junior Assistant Shi helped him to move to the terraced field behind the laundry, and he was lying down when Associate Professor Osajima, Lecturer Takahashi, and Head Nurse Maeda ran to assist them. I was also called in to examine his wounds. Afterwards, he spent a night on the hill of the reformatory, then moved down to the burnt ruins of the College hospital on the morning of the 10th and was taken into a tunnel shelter behind the operation theatre of Koyano Surgery. On the evening of the 12th, he was carried by a truck to Iwaya Club in Nameshi and was moved to the worship hall of Nameshi Daijingu Shrine by a wheeled cart early in the morning on the 13th. Since then,

On the 13th, the back of his left hand developed suppuration and lymphangitis, accompanied by a temperature of 38.8 degrees Celsius.

On the 14th, the lymphangitis became slightly better due to treatment, but the fever did not go down, and he suffered from light diarrhea.

On the 15th, a fever rose to 39 degrees Celsius, and diarrhea continued.

On the 16th, diarrhea stopped, but fever remained, and he complained about pain in his throat.

Due to pain caused by stomatitis, food intake became difficult.

On the 17th, the cut wounds dried and became dark in color, and his skin lost its glow.

On the 18th, the fever was 40.5 degrees Celsius, and his appetite was gradually decreasing.

On the 19th, the fever was 41 degrees Celsius, and stomatitis worsened.

On the 20th, subcutaneous hemorrhage appeared all over the body, and he felt severe exhaustion in every part, while the fever did not go down.

On the 21st, at about 5 p.m., he started to lose consciousness and complained of severe pain in his chest.

On the 22nd, consciousness remained unclear, and his general condition worsened. At 10:00 a.m., he passed away.

We moved his body to Urakami in the afternoon of the same day and laid him to rest on the entrance stairs of the outpatient main building, where we had a wake, and after the funeral the next day, we cremated his body on the tennis court.

While he was lying ill at the Nameshi Daijingu Shrine, he said something like: "If I could perspire, my fever may go down, but I am troubled that there is no a drop of a sweat" or "This bomb had something different from normal ones, I call it bomb plus X." He also told his wife

with deep emotion: “If I ever be cured, let us move back to Ibaraki and open a clinic.” These words still sound in my ears, and I can never forget them. Leaving aside himself, he was concerned about the condition of Professor Yamane, who was also lying beside him, and gave us instructions constantly. I was deeply impressed by his caring and compassionate character, which one can never acquire.

Professor Yamane (Ophthalmology)

I learned that he was exposed to the atomic bomb when he came out of the toilet and into the corridor of the Ophthalmology Department. The first time I saw him was at around 10:00 a.m. on the 10th when he was lying in the narrow air-raid shelter below the Psychiatry Department. I took the professor out with the students and found that his face from the lower chin was bandaged with a torn *kimono* with strips. When I took off the bandage, there was a large laceration on the lower chin. I treated the wound with simple sterilization, the bandage was changed, and a cardio tonic agent was applied.

Since then, he was accommodated in the air-raid shelter behind the Surgery Department for three days and was moved to Iwaya Club together with President Tsuno'o on the evening of the 12th. In the early morning of the 13th, he was moved into the worship hall of Nameshi Daijingu Shrine.

On the 13th, he was conscious and had no fever nor hardly any suppuration, and his general condition was on the way to recovery, but in the afternoon of the same day, he started to suffer from light grinding trismus.

On the 14th, grinding trismus became high, and he had a convulsive seizure. Following the instruction of President Tsuno'o, I injected 40 mg of tetanus serum.

On the 15th, convulsions and seizures occurred frequently, and he was unable to eat. He lost consciousness gradually and finally passed away after 7:00 p.m.

It was probably on the 14th. Knowing that death is approaching, he asked us for the *sake*, but since it was during the war, and it was not available, I had no choice but to make 5% alcohol at the instruction of the professor. However, due to laryngospasm, he could not get it down his throat. He asked Head Nurse Maeda to insert a Nelaton catheter into his oesophagus, but this also caused convulsions, so he removed the catheter by himself and asked us in a weak voice: “We can't do anything, right?” It was extremely painful. In the evening, when the villagers came to the shrine, but every time they rang the bell, he suffered from convulsive seizures. This is another painful memory.

Professor Katsuotshi Naito (Obstetrics and Gynecology)

For two or three days, rumors were spreading about him and we had no idea about whether he

was alive or dead but on the afternoon of the 11th, while I was in an administrative meeting with Professor Koyano in the East Ward of the Surgery Department (current Radiology Department), Matsuse, a student came in and informed us: “There is a dead body appeared to be Dr. Naito in Gynecology Ward.” The student also brought us a fountain pen, pocketbook, cigar case, and other items, and as I looked at the pocketbook, it was a train pass with a name “Katsutoshi Naito” clearly written on it, so it seemed certain that they belonged to the professor. We hurried to the first floor of the Gynecology Department, which was spared from the fire, but a huge beam fell from the ceiling. Among them was a corpse, which bent like a lobster with a jacket and gaiters. When I looked closer, the skin was turned black and expanded to the point that we could not imagine that it was the same professor who had been thin. We also saw a bloodstain in the shape of a palm on the white wall just next to it. He was probably killed by a beam that fell on top of his head, causing a cranial fracture and brain contusion, and he fainted while he was walking to flee from the scene. His whole body was swollen and expanded, probably because it had been two days since the bombing.

Professor Takagi (Anatomy)

I wrote about most of the account about him in my atomic bomb testimony, but he spent a night of the 9th on the hill of the Reformatory, then the next day on the 10th, he was carried down to the ruins of the College together with President Tsuno'o and was accommodated in an air-raid shelter behind Koyano Surgery's operation theatre. On the afternoon of the 11th, at his request, we tried to send him back on a stretcher carried by the students to his house, but his general condition was bad, and we assumed that he would not bear to be transported, so we asked Professor Sano to take care of him in the shelter. He passed away on the evening of the 11th after suffering from conditions as follows.

The 9th at 3:00 p.m., when I examined him, he complained of chest pain, his pulse rate was weak, and his face was pale, but he had no fever.

The 10th, general condition was still poor with no sign of recovery, no appetite, and no fluid taken.

On the 11th, in the afternoon, his condition became unstable, and he could not lie down or sit as usual. His pulse rate became increasingly weak, and breathing became shallower. However, he never lost consciousness. Despite the admission of cardio tonic agent and other various treatments, he finally passed away at 7:00 p.m.

Professor Ikeda (Anatomy)

After being missing for some time and almost forgotten, in November, the professor's mummified head and belt of trousers were strangely brought into the College on the day when

the College's memorial service at Nagasaki Economic Vocational School was held. We could see his image on the head, and read the three Japanese characters “*Ikeda*” in *katakana* on the belt. The corpse was reported to be found on the hill near Yamazato Primary School, and according to the neighbors, he told them that he was from the Medical College. What an odd connection that he came back as a corpse on the day of the memorial service, three months after the bombing.

Professor Umeda (Pathology)

The professor had also been missing for some time, but a few days later, a can of cigarettes was found beside a half-burnt corpse near the pulpit of the Pathology Auditorium. Since the professor usually had his Madros pipe and a can of cigarettes, we confirmed that it was his body. This could be another strange incident.

Professor Kunifusa (Forensic medicine)

During a patrol in the burnt ruins of the Basic Science Department in the morning of the 10th, I found a half-burnt corpse lying in the burnt remains of what appeared to be the forensic medicine professor's office. I was confident that it must be Professor Kunifusa, so I put my palms together for prayer and left, but on the 11th, when I went to the College, I heard that the professor was accommodated in the basement of the Dermatology Department, so I hurried to see him. He had bruises but no cut wounds anywhere. His wife was with him and trying to cool down his head with water from a food can. As I was told that he had a fever, which was burning hot, I brought clean water in a large bucket. Seeing him looking a little better, we said goodbye and parted on the same day, and he was taken home in the evening on a stretcher carried by students, but passed away on the 16th while receiving treatment from Professor Sano.

I was later told that he visited the court in the morning of the 9th, then returned to the College at around 10:30 a.m. He was bombed when he was talking in Administrator Yamaki's office and was trapped under the debris of the building, but crawled out and escaped death by fire.

Professor Sobue (Pharmacology)

I have already written about him on the day of the atomic bombing, but I heard later that he was taken to the house of Professor Sano in Hotarujaya and died on the evening of the 16th while receiving good care. What I heard was that the professor was supposed to return to Tokyo with a student by the night train on the 8th, but since the train station did not sell the tickets due to the atomic bombing in Hiroshima, they had no choice but to leave the next day. Although the student took the 10:00 a.m. train on the 8th, the professor was planning to leave on night train alone and was resting on the sofa of his room when the bomb hit. I also heard that a telegram was sent by the professor on the 8th, so his bereaved family could not believe his death for a long time.

Professor Kaneko (Endemic disease)

On the morning of the 10th, I was informed that he had collapsed on the side of a road near the seminary in Motohara-machi, so I asked a youth group from Arie-machi in Nankou (Minami Takaki) to run to him and bring him back to the College, but they returned as they could not locate him. Since then, the professor's whereabouts are not known at all.

Professor Kiyohara (Physiology)

Professor Tatsuo Naito (Bacteriology)

Professor Okura (Hygiene)

The above three professors were all exposed to the atomic bomb in the department buildings, and as they were burned to death, their remains were not identified. We are truly sorry for them.

* * *

Today, as the damage to the buildings has been mostly repaired and demolished, it is difficult to identify the details of the damage, but all wooden structures, including the Basic Science Department and the hospital building, collapsed and were burned to ashes. The Radiology Department, which was located between the Internal Medicine Department and the Otorhinolaryngology Department, was dismantled and evacuated to the countryside, and its timbers were piled up aside, but they were completely burnt.

As for the concrete buildings, some were burnt internally, and some were damaged but remained after the fire. At the Basic Science Department, some concrete-built sections remained standing in places, but everything, except a part of the biochemistry laboratory, was burned completely from the inside to the outside. Most of these buildings have already been demolished, and today only two remain: the library archive and the biochemistry training laboratory. Although we hoped that the archive would survive and bring in all the books from the departments, since the windows were open, they were all burned to ashes.

Since the hospital was largely built of concrete, it escaped collapse, but the interior was mostly burnt, leaving some parts which were destroyed but spared from the fire. The Ophthalmology and Psychiatry Departments were least damaged by fire, and fortunately, most of the books and other assets were safe. However, the microscopes and other equipment disappeared at some point, and not a single usable piece of equipment was left, so it is no exaggeration to say that the entire Nagasaki Medical College was lost.

(3 September 1955)

Department relations

First Anatomy Department

At the time of the bombing, the staff included Professor Emeritus Kunitomo, Professor Ikeda, Associate Professor Sato, Associate Professor Nakamura (on temporary leave), graduate student Ohara, Junior Assistant Takagi, Technician Ogawa, Research Assistant Oda, Staff Manose, Matsumoto, and Fukai.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Ikeda, Ogawa, Manose, Matsuo, and Fukai were in the department. Associate Professor Nakamura was in his house in Yamazato-machi, and Takagi was in his house in Takenokubo-machi when they were exposed to the atomic bomb. Professor Emeritus Kunitomo, Associate Professor Sato, graduate student Ohara, and Assistant Staff Oda were absent on the day due to business. Professor Ikeda's body was found in a cemetery above Yamazato Primary School on the day of the memorial service at Nagasaki, Nagasaki Economic Vocational School in November. Fukai's remains were also confirmed. Other staff members also died in the line of duty inside the department building.

Biography of late Professor Yoshito Ikeda

Senior Fourth Rank, the Third Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., professor of anatomy

17 October	1900	Born in Hyogo Prefecture
March	1925	Graduated from Tohoku Imperial University School of Medicine
April	1925	Appointed Assistant at the same university, specializing in anatomy
April	1926	Appointed Assistant Professor of Tohoku Imperial University
March	1928	Studied in Europe and the U.S. for anatomical research and returned to Japan in November 1930
August	1937	Appointed Professor at Nagasaki Medical College
	1943	Appointed Senior Official, the First Order
9 August	1945	Killed on campus in line of duty by the atomic bomb

Main research topics

Ontogenic study associating regeneration of lens

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Yoshito Ikeda
Associate Professor	Johachi Nakamura
Junior Assistant	Naoya Takagi
Technician	Sakuro Ogawa
Staff	Tsutae Manose
Staff	Hatsu Fukai

Remembering the late professor

Junichiro Sato, First Anatomy Department

1. Preface

9 August will soon come back.

It is a memorial day of the cursed atomic bomb, which reduced my teacher, colleagues, students, tens of thousands of citizens, and everything else to ashes.

Many years have passed, and this year marks the 10th anniversary. I was told that they are composing a commemorative memoir. They want me to write down my memories of the department.

Although I was anxious about the deadline, I could not start writing.

I feel as if I have nothing to write about, but also there were too many things to write about, and more than that, just remembering the day makes my old wounds in my heart ache.

The shock was too strong, and the sorrow was too deep.

2. Exposed by the atomic bomb

On that cursed day, I was in the countryside of Isahaya to receive my younger brother's remains, who had died from a disease on the battlefield, and to attend his funeral.

Since I was so used to air-raids, I didn't pay much attention to the enemy aircraft that flew away high in the sky, thinking, "Not again...," but that enemy aircraft was a messenger of the devil.

When I rushed into the College, what I found was ruins with nothing left but the department building, which turned into rubble.

I could only stare and was lost in the smoke of the archive, which was still burning.

The burnt and inflamed victims were wriggling, and their fresh cuts and torn skin looked as if they were wearing rags. The swarms of burnt corpses, which seemed to be steamed and burned to death, reminded me of roast pigs.

Dead bodies filled the ditches, and there were dying people, and corpse after corpse that were kicked silently in the field of the back mountain.

I looked for my professor like a madman, but he was gone, and the only thing left in the department was bones and ashes, which crumbled without a sound when I touched them.

I recall with deep sorrow.

The time when I crawled under the floor of the hospital, which turned into a ruin, lay down next to the students who were in pain, but all I could do was give water and watch as they died one after another.

I remember nurses singing hymns to forget about their pain, but the voices became weaker and eventually faded away.

And also the cries of agony as they drew their last breath.

How many people were on the campus who experienced the sorrow of that day, lost their families, and were injured, yet did not spare sincere devotion towards the others?

When I recall that day, it is sad to say that only four or five people, including Professor Koyano, former President Takase, and Professor Sano, can be mentioned to whom I offer my awe from my heart.

3. Staff in the department

Before the disaster, staff were called up for military service one by one, as our department was no exception, and there were only a few left.

They were Professor Emeritus Kunitomo, Professor Ikeda, Professor Nakamura, who was on leave, I as an Associate Professor, Takagi, who had just returned after being injured in the war, student Ohara, and Technician Ogawa, department assistants Manose, Matsuto, Assistant Oda, and Staff Fukai. Among those, Dr. Kunitomo, Ohara, Oda, and I were the only ones who escaped the atomic bomb as we were not on the campus on the day.

It is a consolation, at least, that we had confirmed and recovered remains of Professor Ikeda and Fukai at a later date, but, sadly, we could not find out anything about the others, let alone any news of them. I wonder if their families were also all killed in the atomic bombing.

4. Professor Ikeda

Professor Ikeda was a cheerful teacher who succeeded Professor Emeritus Kunitomo in 1937, when he was transferred from Tohoku University.

I was one of the first students to attend the professor's lecture, and right after I graduated, I

joined his department. I had the honor to be educated by him for eight years, including my training period.

It was a continuation of days with tears, preparing for the trainings and lectures. The professor's training method was strict, which came naturally as he was a favorite disciple of late Professor Gennosuke Fuse, and it seemed that he intentionally chose his manner based on his own experience. I had never been fat, but in a very short period, I rapidly lost weight and failed the conscription test the previous year with the result "exemption from military duty," which surprised everyone around me.

In the department, I was in charge of all the housekeeping, a caretaker of cadavers, the laboratory, lectures, and everything else. "You are someone who will remain in this department in the future" was the professor's favorite phrase, and I believed in the word "for the future" while working day and night doing miscellaneous tasks.

How many times did we have a scene when the professor did not like laboratory microscope slides, which I had prepared during the night, and threw them out of the window as if they could never be used, which made me furious and the assistant cry.

Today, as a head of the department, I am deeply grateful for the strict disciplinary measures of teaching. I think about how much it helped me and remember his training nostalgically.

The *Sensei* was also a compassionate and kind person. *Sensei* carried buckets of rations of water at 2:00 or 3:00 a.m., or delivered rations of *sake* to my father-in-law, who loved to drink.

By the end of the war, when we had to stay in the College every night, *the sensei's* job was to make overnight cucumber pickles, and my role was to eat them.

At such times, under the dim and dark controlled light, he shared with me about the prospects of his research and instructed me about the staff's work as well as entrusted me with how to deal with them, saying: "If I ever die."

It has already been eight years since I succeeded my late mentor, and I am ashamed of myself as I have not been able to further develop any of his research in the field of experimental embryology, which was *the sensei's* specialty. I am consoling myself, imagining *the sensei's* wry smile in his grave as he watches me, who finally started the anatomy of the Taiwanese monkey recently.

There is an image of the *sensei* in my room who is protecting my daily life and his ashes, who does not talk but guides me. He is sending silent encouragement constantly to his parentless child, who lost his teacher right after stepping into a specialized field. By losing my mentor, I realized how much I appreciate my teacher. How many times have I experienced the pain and loneliness of not having a mentor? Each time, my consolation was to talk to the teacher's remains and look up at his portrait.

Today, I am wondering when I will be able to live up to the name of my late teacher. It is

indeed a heavy burden on my shoulders.

5. Associate Professor Nakamura

The doctor was known as an eccentric person, but a true scholar. As I was his junior, he was kind enough to train me, but about two years after I joined the department and was appointed as a lecturer, he took a leave from the College and began his training to become a surgeon. I will not share the story behind his decision, but I had great respect for him as he was unbowed by the authority and lived by his convictions. For those of us from the College, who are often criticized for the scarcity of the talented, his death, along with those of Associate Professors Ono and Lu of the Second Anatomy Department, was a great loss.

A few days before the bombing, I happened to meet him right outside the College and was told, “I am moving back to my hometown to open a clinic and have already finished sending my belongings. You should not be lingering in Nagasaki too. Do not hesitate...” This became our goodbye as we talked on the road.

Last year, when I was invited to Taiwan, I heard a tragic story from our college graduate Mr. Kang in the countryside near Pingtung that after the atomic bombing, the *sensei* spent few days in a tunnel near the Cathedral and was seen giving a raw rice which he chewed in his mouth to a small child’s mouth so the child could eat. Hearing these stories, I could not stop sinking into a deep thought.

6. Conclusion.

The atomic bomb obliterated the old. Everything has changed. If I say, “Those who are academics should be...,” it only sounds like a complaint. Even so, I miss the greatness of our late professors and their dignified character. They are figures of my seniors who have devoted themselves to a single-minded passion for research with no regret.

What I remember fondly are the old wooden department building amongst the deep trees, and the bells of the Cathedral, which I used to listen to while lying on the lawn.

Perished are beautiful.

If reminiscing nostalgically about the days passed is a sign of old age that has started to catch me, I have nothing to say. Now, I should put my pen down.

(Written on 1 June 1955)

Remains of Professor Yoshito Ikeda

On 2 November, while the tears of the atomic bombing had not yet dried, a memorial service for the victims of the Medical College was finally held in the auditorium of the current School of Economics. At the same time, Associate Professor Takashi Nagai brought a large white wooden box into the staff waiting room. According to him, these remains were found in the cemetery above Yamazato Primary School, which neighbors told him belonged to a victim from the College, so he picked them up and brought them with him. When we gathered together and opened the box, there was a mostly skeletonized skull exposed by wind and rain, with fragments of a cloth, but we could not identify who this was. Soon, we found out that the skull had complete dentures in the upper jaw, and Professor Kageura remembered Professor Ikeda, who had full dentures. Then, we identified part of the writing “ke-da” on a piece of what we assumed was a handkerchief written by a laundry shop. When we looked at the skull again, an image of Professor Ikeda indeed appeared without a doubt.

The day after the atomic bombing, just past noon, when I was at the temporary headquarters in the ruins of the College hospital, I received a message from the schoolyard of Yamazato Primary School: “I am Ikeda from the Medical College. I am injured, so please come and rescue me.” Several students immediately went to Yamazato School with a stretcher, but they returned in the early evening and informed me that although they searched for the professor in the neighborhood, including inside air-raid shelters, they could not find him.

As there were no clues after that, we thought that he was carried somewhere by the emergency rescue team, but passed away before he could contact them by himself, as there were many such missing people at the time. According to the circumstances of the remains, which were accidentally found on the day of the memorial service, it seems that after the professor sent a message requesting a rescue in the schoolyard of Yamazato Primary School, he carried himself to the cemetery behind the school and finally died there with all his strength. We assume that the reason he headed to the cemetery was that it was a point from which he could see his house far into the distance.

Tragically, at the same time, his house had already collapsed, killing his wife and a baby. He had 11 years old daughter who was brought to Professor Junichiro Sato’s house on 10 August, but she passed away in a week.

(Written by Koyano)

Second Anatomy Department

At the time, those who were working on the campus were Professor Takagi, Associate Professor Ono, and Associate Professor Lu.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Takagi was in the laboratory, Associate Professor Ono was lecturing on anatomy, and Associate Professor Lu was in the laboratory when they were exposed to the atomic bomb.

Professor Takagi was rescued and treated inside the tunnel shelter of the Surgery Department, but died in the evening of the 11th in a state of excitement.

The remains of Associate Professor Ono were confirmed on the pulpit of the Anatomy Department Auditorium, and Associate Professor Lu also died in line of duty in the laboratory.

Biography of late Professor Jungoro Takagi

Senior Fourth Rank, the Third Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., professor of anatomy

31 May	1896	Born in Okayama Prefecture
July	1926	Graduated from Tokyo Imperial University School of Medicine
April	1923	Appointed Associate Professor at Nagasaki Medical College
May	1923	Studied in Europe and the U.S. for anatomical research, returned in October 1925
December	1925	Appointed Professor at Nagasaki Medical College
May	1935	Ordered an official trip to several countries in Europe and the U.S.
April	1941	Appointed Senior Official, the First Order
9August	1945	Bombed by an atomic bomb in the College while on duty and passed away on the 11th.

Main research topics

Cytoskeletal research on spinal cord

Official position and name of the deceased

Official Position	Name
Professor	Jungoro Takagi
Associate Professor	Naoji Ono
Associate Professor	Yunlong Lu

The situation of the other staff is unknown.

Memories

Toshiko Ono

Back then, my husband was working as an Associate Professor at Nagasaki Medical College, Professor of the Special Medical Vocational Department, and Director of Student Affairs.

On the day of the bombing, it looks like he was giving a lecture on anatomy to about 200 first-year students of the Special Medical Vocational Department. A mother of one of the students who was in the class (his name was Hara-san from Kanzaki-machi, Saga Prefecture) but survived miraculously for a few days before returning to his hometown and dying, shared with me the following story.

At 11:02 a.m., Dr. Ono looked at the window, shining from a flash of light coming through it. After that, everything was destroyed in an instant, including probably the professor and friends in the same palace. I (Hara) was thrown out of the window and escaped towards the direction of the mountain. He met his brother there, who carried him to his home in Saga on a stretcher.

Later, my husband's colleagues found two or three fragments of bones near the pulpit and assumed it was his, and put them in an envelope. A cousin who was working at the Mitsubishi Shipyard received the envelope and delivered it to Shikoku, where we had been evacuated during the war.

I have been wishing to visit my husband's final resting place, but since I have been too busy to look after our children's education, I have not yet been able to do so. Time passes so quickly, and it is already the 10th anniversary. Fortunately, I and our three children and I are doing well. I moved to Tokyo in 1953 for our children's education.

(Excerpt from a letter)

Memories of Dr. Ono

Issei Nishimori

We no longer have them in the current Basic Science Department, but before the atomic bombing, a wall was built around the premises, and there was a back gate at the southwest corner of the sports field. I heard that Dr. Ono always waited while he was reading books outside the gate to open. Dr. Ono's manner in the laboratory or at the pulpit was solemn, and there was something unapproachable. However, on a personal level, he was a very open person, and I would sometimes intentionally choose dinner time to visit him and join him in drinking. Since he did not smoke, his wife often obtained *sake* in exchange for rationed cigarettes.

He was the first director of Student Affairs at the Special Medical Vocational Department since its establishment, and I heard that he had a hard time because of the huge amount of work, while he was a real scary presence for students. There used to be a lot of aggressive graffiti in the school bathrooms, but he was calm and just laughed about it.

I think these are familiar memories for most people, but I would like to write two or three memories that not so many people know about. The first-year graduates at any newly established high school are often quite distinguished, and there were many impressive and talented ones in Dr. Ono's school as well. Indeed, when I found out that a leader of a cheering squad clothed like an outlaw was the young Ono *sensei*, I could never imagine a sincere and honest *sensei* being one of them. However, I can vaguely understand why he sometimes told me, "It is hard to restrict rough young people because of the current situation."

Towards the end of the war, he was invited from Kyushu University to be in charge of the anatomy course, but as the President of the College promised him about opening the Third Anatomy Department (anthropology), he decided to stay. Preparations for the anthropology course were steadily underway, and I remember that "Introduction to the Artificial Deformed Cranium," which I now have in my possession, was printed for the lecture.

He was collecting a vast amount of anthropological research data while travelling to Korea and China. I was just a student back then and had no idea about its contents, but I was amazed by its sheer volume. He was about to submit a dissertation (numerology) to the School of Science of Tokyo University, but I assume it was lost too in *the sensei's* hands.

Since I was from a small village in Tosa, Dr. Ono and his wife took care of me when I was a student. It has already been 10 years since we parted. These are a few glimpses of his image written through my renewed memories.

(Pathology Department)

Physiology Department

The staff members at the time of the bombing were Professor Kiyohara, Associate Professor Ashizuka, Assistant Sakimoto, and commissioned staff Hashida, staff Nishimura, and Sakita.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Kiyohara, Associate Professor Ashizuka, and commissioned staff Hashida, Sakita, mmissioned staff Hashida, Sakita, and Nishimura were killed in the department. Assistant Sakimoto was exposed to the atomic bomb in his lodging in Ieno-machi, was injured, and later admitted to Omura Naval Hospital.

Biography of late Professor Kanichi Kiyohara

Junior Fourth Rank, M.D, Ph.D., professor of physiology

15 February	1905	Born in Fukuoka Prefecture
March	1928	Graduated from Nagasaki Medical College
In the same month		Appointed Assistant at Nagasaki Medical College, specializing in physiology
October	1933	Appointed Associate Professor of Nagasaki Medical College
July	1939	ordered an official trip to Manchuria and the Republic of China
October	1939	Appointed Professor at Nagasaki Medical College
March	1943	Appointed Senior Officer, the Third Order
9 August	1945	killed instantly by an atomic bomb while on duty in the College

Main research topics

Research on photodynamic action

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Kanichi Kiyohara
Associate Professor	Akira Ashizuka
Commissioned Staff	Kazuami Hashida
Staff	Yuki Nishimura
Staff	Kanichi Sakita

In memory of the Physiology Department staff who perished in the atomic bombing

Yukio Sakimoto

At the beginning of 1945, we had five staff members in the Physiology Department: Professor Kiyohara, Associate Professor Ashizuka, Hashida (the author), staff member Sakita, and although we had nameplates of Noma, Tamai, and Sudou, who were serving in the military, the number was not small compared to other departments. At the time, since we had to give lectures to 100 medical students and 200 students in Special Medical Vocational Department, Professor Kiyohara was lecturing about four hours almost everyday. Although Ashizuka and I supported the lectures for Special Medical Vocational Department, we divided the class into two groups and gave the same lecture twice, so it is no exaggerating to say that the Auditorium was used fully by replacing a class to the another. However, the professor and all the staff still found time in the evenings, after the air-raid alarm was lifted, and we often shared handmade cigars, drank homemade alcohol, and talked. One day, someone gave us a basket of great size loquats from Mogi, so five of us gathered in the staff room and filled ourselves eating. At that time, Hashida said: "This may be the last time we eat such wonderful loquats." For a moment, an ominous feeling surrounded us, but it was a bold statement, just like Hashida, who always pretended as if he were a prophet. Hashida recommended that I visit a palm reading fortune teller in Shianbashi, who he said, was really good. He was such an innocent and good-natured person who was completely amazed at how accurate the fortune teller was. He was a rare talent who would be difficult to find these days. Associate Professor Ashizuka, who was walking the corridor in a free and easy manner, was a healthy man at the time and had finished training as a reserve military doctor. "My lungs have large cavities on both sides, but I am all right," he used to tell us proudly, making circular cavities with his hands in front of both sides of his chest. The staff, Mr. Sakita, looked to be in his 60s and appeared to be a tobacco enthusiast who used to smoke a handmade double portion of a mixture of half wild berry leaves and leaves of rationed tobacco.

Although there were only a few department staff, the friendliness was exceptional, and there was no hesitation or formality between us. This atmosphere was allowed because of Professor Kiyohara's openness and big-brother type character. He was living happily with his family in his house in Shiroyama-machi with his son in kindergarten, a daughter who was about three years old, and his wife, who appeared to be in good health at that time. On New Year's Day, Hashida and I were invited to his house and enjoyed everything cooked by his wife, including delicious "zoni" and aromatic *sake*. However, only God could have known that this would be the last memorable visit.

The professor and the rest of us who had to prepare for the lectures were extremely busy and

worked until late every day, but when I heard the sound of the professor's footsteps coming down the hall, he would stop in front of my office to invite me to walk home together. We would walk through the College courtyard to the back gate, down the main street of Yamazato. After we passed Yamazato Primary School, we parted ways at Ohashi, with the *sensei* going back to Shiroyama-machi and I to Ieno-machi.

On the way, he talked about the war situation, let alone small talk, and even about what was discussed in the faculty meetings within the range of acceptable limits, so I enjoyed the time, which made me forget about the fatigue of the long road home. One day, when we were approaching the side of the primary school, he said to me as follows. "I always tell my wife that we should not die leaving children alone and that we should be together when we die." As his words, three members of his family were killed at home, and the *sensei* became a victim on campus. What a tragedy. One day, he also told me: "Why don't you call your family to come and live together. I will take care of the housing and food." The conversation took place a few days before the atomic bombing, when many were evacuating to the outskirts of the town and countryside, so in hindsight, I now think he must have made up his mind. In the College, it has been decided to remove the corridors connecting buildings as "fire preventive measure," so in line with the private sector and the Physiology Department, about 10 students who were assigned to the defense team and demolished the roof and walls of the corridor connecting classrooms in the south to the laboratory in the north. We also evacuated important laboratory equipment and books to Saga Prefecture by sending them in makeshift boxes. The professor's opinion was to evacuate only unnecessary items. It was heart-wrenching to see how determined he was not to leave the College, important equipment, and books, even if he were to die.

In mid-June, on a doctor's recommendation, I took a week's leave as a final holiday and went back to my hometown, but the day before my return, my house had been burnt down. When I told him that the items buried about 30 cm below the ground were safe from fire, he immediately decided to bury some of the important chemicals in the basement of Physiology Auditorium. At the professor's instruction, we re-wrote the labels with Chinese ink and coated them with liquid paraffin to protect the labels on glass jars from warm water, and I was amazed by *sensei's* foresight when I and Associate Professor Tokugawa from Forensic Medicine Department dug the ground in May the following and found the jars of chemicals buried in the water were all perfectly safe including labels and their contents.

Six of us managed to carry the safe in the library on the second floor to the animal holding room downstairs. As the department staff were allowed to use the safe for personal use, we also put our academic writings, cash, and other items in it. However, when I returned to the College in February the following year after fully recovered, I was aghast to find the safe had been opened without permission and its contents had been vandalized, leaving only lecture

transcripts. I kept some of the professor's manuscripts as a memento, and I feel as if I see the *sensei*'s image with his beautiful and distinctive handwriting.

While disaster prevention measures were being taken in our department, all the staff in the College started to dig a tunnel behind the library, taking turns. As the war situation was getting increasingly tense, everyone worked hard and the shelter was quickly completed. It was probably on 1 August, when Nagasaki was air-raided for the first time, that we stayed inside the shelter in fear while chanting the Buddhist prayer. On that day, a huge hole about 1 m was created in the ceiling of the chemistry laboratory in the department, and we examined fearfully to see if it was an unexploded bomb. The alcohol in the laboratory was at high risk of theft, so we labelled it "methyl alcohol" to prevent it from being stolen, and we also hid an 18-liter can of alcohol in the back of the laboratory.

As there was a shortage of Ringer's solution in the town, we provided it two or three times in response to the emergent treatment of patients. We had enough chemicals for experiments, and we had a lot of toads and frogs in the courtyard's breeding pond, but there was a shortage of rabbits. It was around July when two or three students came and asked us if they could have about 20 frogs for their research. They visited us twice after that, but each time, I gladly provided frogs to them. It was because my instinct told me that they were the only source of animal protein for the students at that time. I believe that today's students studying after the war probably do not know about such tragic food shortages. At that time, Nagasaki Medical College students were so destitute that we were forced to eat toads and frogs out of necessity. In the end, almost all the students fell victim to the atomic bomb while starving. Not only the students but also the staff suffered a shortage of food, and I had often received a phone call from a Taiwanese researcher from Ophthalmology, who was asking for donations of toads and frogs after experiments. We, in the Physiology Department, also ate roasted skeletal muscles and livers of toads and frogs with salt, but the liver was rough, as if I were chewing sand, and was creepy. Hashida made a medicine from toads and put it on my desk to use as a regular nutritional supplement. In other words, he produced the supplement by impaling toads with twigs from the courtyard, dried thoroughly, and put them in a grinder to make a stimulant, which I also drank after every meal. He also made frozen jelly from fresh cow blood, but it was not to my taste.

Even in such a grave war situation, we could often hear the beautiful sound of a piano from the Main Auditorium melting into eerie quietness. We felt that it brought life back to even in such a grave war situation. The hope and joy which we lost for long sprang up brightly and brought back life to my battle-weary body, so I listened with almost intoxicated emotion.

There were about three first-year students who played piano well at the time, and they seemed to prefer playing "Turkish March," Weber's "Invitation to a Dance," Chopin's "Funeral March," and other pieces. Since August, there were air-raid alarms constantly, and lectures were suspended

each time, and each of us had to be immediately on duty at our posts. Smiles were gone from all the staff and students, cheeks sunken, and faces showed seriousness and tragic determination as if we were frightened of foreseeing a great crisis.

I have unforgettable memories of Associate Professor Fukuda's wife running into an air-raid shelter in the College with her child on her back and Professor Kaneko carrying timbers for air-raid shelters towards the back mountain. The last time I saw Professor Kiyohara was in the evening of the day before the atomic bombing, and he was healthy as ever, as were Hashida and Sakita. Associate Professor Ashizuka had taken a day off to visit Isahaya, and I took a leave on the day of the bombing, which became our crossroads of fate.

While Professor Kiyohara, Associate Professor Ashizuka, Hashida, and Sakita perished tragically in the department, I met the disaster at my lodging in Ieno-machi, and fortunately, I was able to crawl out from under the rubble of a collapsed house about 10 minutes later. However, it seemed that a large blood vessel in my groin was cut, and I was bleeding heavily, so I sat down on the road for about half an hour, holding the bleeding area frantically to save my life. I finally escaped from the surrounding sea of fire, crossed the railway at right angles to the shooting range, then made a further detour and headed to the house of Professor Kiyohara in Shiroyama-machi. I overcame desperately with bleeding and losing consciousness, then finally made it to the back of Shiroyama-machi in the early evening, but was stunned when I found out that the entire Shiroyama-machi was completely reduced to ashes and staggered to the ground on the hillside.

A kind, unnamed acquaintance of Dr. Moriiji from the Ophthalmology Department offered me a bucket of water and a plate for sweets used for a tea ceremony, with which I drank water to keep my eyes open. I had to fight when sleepiness attacked me by biting my tongue. I struggled for life alone several times when my hand, which was pressing the wound, was released because of sleepiness, and every time it became difficult to stop bleeding with my blood-stained and slippery fingers. Just when I fell into despair and closed my eyes, a strong desire for life resurrected. I wanted to go to someone I know, anyone, and if I had to die, at least I wanted to die in the company of someone I knew. A dim image of people from my hometown appeared, but I could not do anything with my powerlessness. I became desperate, thinking, "Let it be." Then, the desire to survive came back. In the meantime, I could feel myself gradually regaining consciousness. I heard someone shouting. "Get down the mountain, the relief train is coming."

I picked up a stick on the ground, and clinging to my walking stick, I went down to the railway line step by step, and waited until the relief train stopped in front of me. I was overjoyed, but once I was allowed to get on the train, I could not stop yawning and felt sleepy, probably as the sense of relief came over me. However, I shall not loosen my hand on the groin. In the

midst of this, nausea came. Patients were crying, shouting, and throwing up here and there. When the train arrived at Omura station late at night, I was transferred to a truck waiting at the station and finally admitted to the Naval Hospital under extremely clear and bright moonlight, which I have never forgotten. I was immediately stripped naked, cleansed entirely by cresol solution, and given two injections of what appeared to be tetanus serum.

I had long been informed that Suyama, a military doctor with whom the professor had a particularly close relationship with, was working in the hospital, so right after I was hospitalized, I requested to be in touch with him, but I was not given a chance. A few days later, I made an acquaintance with Second Flight Lieutenant Kurihara, and thanks to his kindness, I was able to see Dr. Suyama without any problem. From then on, the staff at the ward became especially attentive to me. I had a fever of 37.5 degrees Celsius to 38 degrees Celsius every day and had no appetite, but I will never forget the kindness and care of Dr. Suyama, Second Flight Lieutenant Kurihara, who was also hospitalized for treatment, and Captain Shiba, a military doctor. The situation in Nagasaki was brought to us daily by the rescue team, but I was told that it was out of the question to return to Nagasaki, so I decided to return to my hometown. On the way, I was taken care of by Dr. Matsuo (Dr. Suyama's brother-in-law), who had a clinic in Omura City, and also helped me to take a train to Hitoyoshi City. I took a rest in Hitoyoshi for three months during which I became severely ill and gave up in despair, but somehow I managed to get through. An Ophthalmologist, Dr. Ogasawara from Nagasaki Medical College, happened to be assigned to the Hitoyoshi Army Hospital, and I was indebted to his care for my condition, which improved day by day. I finally returned to Kagoshima in November, when the autumn wind started to blow, but I had to take a rest again for another four months.

At the end of February 1946, I returned to the College in Omura City, where I met Professor of hygiene Hara, Professor of pathology Wakahara, and Professor of forensic medicine Tokugawa, who had already resumed working, but we had almost no equipment or books. Soon, we were told to relocate to Isahaya, and when we left Omura on a train in the rain, I felt sadness and disappointment that I could not describe. We should never forget the efforts taken by Professor Hara from the Hygiene Department, who worked tirelessly and devotedly to re-establish the Basic Science Department through his naval background. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank Okano, a student at the time, for his assistance in various ways throughout the rebuilding of the department.

When I unpacked and sorted out evacuated goods with my trembling hands enduring painful thoughts and remembering my colleagues who had suffered together busily in the disaster prevention and packing goods for evacuation under air-raids, every time I came across a familiar kymograph, induction coil and equipment for anatomy, memories associated with them resurfaced clearly in front of my eyes, and I was sobbing with tears of sorrow. I was eager to do my

best to reorganize the remaining work with respect to the will of those who had deceased in the department, but I regret that I could not do so satisfactorily.

At the end of May, a memorial service was held in Tenyuji Temple in Isahaya City to mourn the souls of Professor Kiyohara and other victims from the department. It was a consolation that the service was also held with great respect for the daughter of the priest of the temple, who had also met a courageous death while working as a laboratory assistant in the Biochemistry Department. On the day, the widow of Associate Professor Ashizuka and his child, the widow of Hashida, Izawa, participants from the Matsuo Department, Associate Professor Saito, Professor Tokugawa, Associate Professor Wakahara, and student volunteers gathered together. After the service, we ate rice balls and potatoes, which were contributed by volunteers, and we lost track of time as we consoled each other and shared memories nostalgically in the lecture room of the temple. As the event was planned in a very short time, we may have missed some of you in our invitation, so I would like to take this opportunity to express my deepest apologies to those who did not know about the ceremony.

On the following day, I quit the department and went back to my hometown. I could not help but feel pleased to learn that Ikuro Tanaka came back a few days later, which I am sure pleased Professor Kiyohara from the grave with satisfaction.

In conclusion, I would like to offer my heartfelt prayers for the repose of the souls of Professor Kiyohara and other victims of the department, and pray that they will always be our guardian angels of the Physiology Department and guide junior colleagues.

(Kagoshima City Hospital)

Reminiscences of Dr. Kiyohara

Shozo Izawa

I knew the late Professor Kiyohara well since he was my senior in Saga High School, taught me physiology practical training at the College, and was also a senior in a music club. I was elated when I was accepted to join the Physiology Department with Takai and Kametani after graduation. The reason was that I was able to research under Professor Ogata and Associate Professor Kiyohara, whom I respected from my heart and worshiped. As soon as the course was completed, I started to work on tissue respiration under the supervision of Dr. Kiyohara. The things I particularly noticed while working with Dr. Kiyohara were, first and foremost, his brightness and clear insights, as well as his tireless effort, which was truly astonishing and was not something a common man could do. The professor submitted several research papers in physiology throughout his assistant and Associate Professor days, but since he became the first

professor who graduated from the Nagasaki Medical College in 1939, he tackled the enormous subject of research theme on physiological search for various ions, which seemed to steadily achieve its results step by step. His untimely death was a great loss for the physiological academic community and the Nagasaki Medical College.

He was not only a scholar but also a man of outstanding character and knowledge with a rare combination of political skills and executive ability. If he had survived, he would certainly have become the College President and would not have spared his strong-willed, defeatless effort for the reconstruction of the College.

A few days after the atomic bombing, I arrived in Nagasaki from Sasebo as a member of the relief team, but the Physiology Department where I had spent seven happy years had been reduced to ashes, with buildings and people all together. Today, 10 years after that day, and when I close my eyes and remember those days, surprisingly, I see Professor Kiyohara's little, comical, warm, and friendly smile, rather than the memory of the last day of the earth, a hell like picture of the atomic bombing.

(Resident of Yamada-machi, Kami-gun, Kochi Prefecture)

Biochemistry Department

Professor Toyo'o Uchino died suddenly in the spring of 1945 while enlisted as a reserve military doctor.

At the time of the bombing, the department was headed by Associate Professor Saito. The department staff were Assistant Yano, staff Okuhira, Fukuda, Kubo, Noma, and Kurokawa.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Associate Professor Saito was lecturing at the Special Medical Vocational Department. Assistant Yano, staff members Okuhira, Fukuda, Kubo, Noma, and Kurokawa were killed by the bombing in the department building.

Biography of late Professor Toyo'o Uchino

Junior Fourth Rank, the Fourth Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., professor of biochemistry

15 March	1901	Born in Kumamoto Prefecture
March	1925	Graduated Tokyo Imperial University School of Medicine
March	1926	Appointed Assistant at same university, specializing in medical chemistry
September	1934	Appointed Associate Professor of Kyushu Imperial University
August	1935	Appointed Associate Professor of Tokyo Imperial University
June	1938	Appointed Professor of Nagasaki Medical College
July	1939	Ordered official trip to Manchuria and the Republic of China
March	1945	Appointed Senior Official, the Second Order
3 March	1945	Died due to illness

Main research topics

Research into the chemical structure of proteins

Biography of late Associate Professor Keiichi Saito

Senior Seventh Rank, professor of the Special Medical Vocational Department and associate professor of biochemistry

1 May	1909	Born in Miyazaki Prefecture
October	1940	Graduated from Nagasaki Medical College
December	1940	Appointed assistant at the same college, specializing in biochemistry
June	1943	Appointed Associate Professor of Nagasaki Medical College

July 1945 Appointed Professor at Special Medical Vocational Department and
Associate Professor at Nagasaki Medical College

9 August 1945 Killed instantly in the line of duty by an atomic bomb on campus

Main research topics

Research on aminopeptidase

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Associate Professor	Keiichi Saito
Assistant	Akira Yano
Staff	Ikuyo Okuhira
Staff	Fumiko Fukuda
Staff	Mariko Kubo
Staff	Hajime Noma
Staff	Sakuichi Kurokawa

Memories of the department

Shigeru Ito

Time passes so quickly, as it has already been ten years since the atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, and that day is approaching again soon. Each time, I am reminded of the experience of the disaster at that time vividly. I was working in the Gynecology Department at the time, so I had no way of knowing about the situation of the biochemistry on the day of the bombing, but when I ran to the department later, our old building was gone completely. All I could see was a part of a familiar concrete library in the midst of the blackened and blown-away field, and guess this was indeed where the biochemistry used to be. The only remnants of the past were the tunnel air-raid shelter in front of the department and the basement of the library. Except for a few stones of pedestals left here and there, it was difficult to even walk because of the tremendous damage in the ruins of the building.

I recall the days when I studied in this building together with Associate Professor Saito, Assistant Amano, and others under our supervisor, Professor Uchino, from 1942 to August 1944. I can not forget these days when the situation became more intense, and as the number of staff became smaller and smaller, and under controlled light during nights, I was on duty once every

three days in the laboratory with windows covered by black curtains.

In the spring of 1945, Professor Uchino passed away suddenly while enlisted in the 148th unit in Kurume as a reserve military doctor, and Associate Professor Saito took charge of the department in the absence of a successor. Together with Assistant Yano, they worked hard researching and training students.

These two had the same destiny with the department, and both of them are no longer with us.

On 1 August, there was an air-raid on Nagasaki, and as the hospital was targeted, several bombs were dropped. I was also injured at that time, but Associate Professor Saito came and informed us that the Basic Science Department was safe, so they did not even go into the air-raid shelter and were looking in the direction of the enemy plane. He said that the Basic Science Department would not be a target and would be safe, but a few days later, the fateful atomic bomb was dropped.

At that time, several students were assigned to their positions during the alarm in biochemistry, but I believe every single person, including all the staff, was killed.

Today, after ten years, remembering the days back then, I pray for every victim of the atomic bomb to rest in peace.

(Mitsubishi Industries Hospital, Sakito-machi, outside Sasebo Port)

Recalling those days

Ayako Masuda

Ten years ago in August, I was Yano's wife.

When I married him, my husband just joined the Biochemistry Department after graduating earlier due to the wartime emergency system, and there were only four members in the department: Professor Uchino, Associate Professor Keiichi Saito, Dr. Takeo Saito, and Dr. Shigeru Ito, which made the department small compared to today.

In 1944, Dr. Tatsuo Saito's dissertation was accepted, and he left the department, followed by Dr. Ito, who joined the Gynecology Department. In 1945, Professor Uchino passed away from sudden sickness while he was enlisted as a reserve military doctor. Dr. Uchino was said to have been an ardent student of research and made many achievements in his work. As the war situation intensified and life became difficult for them, his family moved back to Tokyo a month after his funeral, which was hosted by the College. Dr. Keiichi Saito was living in Irabayashi, but after having a small child, he sent his wife and two children to their hometown because it would be too much work as he would be busy travelling between the College for air-defense duty and his home, and he was living on campus.

During that time, the two staff, Assistant Professor Saito and Yano, were on duty every other day. There were frequent air-raids at night that, even when my husband returned home, once the air-raid siren went off, he had to get up even in the middle of the night and go back to patrol the College. However, there were no air-raids to worry about, except for an occasion when the Gynecology Department was hit by a direct bomb, resulting in casualties. I was worried about him on that day, but since he came back fine, I did not think too seriously about air-raids.

On the morning of the 9th, after eating a poor breakfast, he told me about Dr. Tsuno'o's story about the new bomb he had seen in Hiroshima, and that the College would be evacuating, etc., and left home at around 9:00 a.m. That damned thing was dropped when I put the brown rice in a jar and was crushing it with a stick. It was around 11:00 a.m., so he must have already arrived at the College. I was not worried because the College air-defense facility was better than our house, but when he did not return home that night, I hurried to the College the next morning. I hurried through the town, still burning like hell from around Nagasaki station, but it was only my heart trying to hurry. It was nearly 1:00 p.m. when I finally arrived, even though I departed home when the hot sun was just beginning to rise. I do not even want to remember anything about that day once more.

Because of air-raids, I could not prepare meals on time, and since my husband often stayed overnight on duty, he used to bring a lunch box with him to the College almost every day.

Sometimes, I worked in the first laboratory; sometimes I had an errand and travelled around the city to purchase chemicals for experiments and drugs. I often went to the black market slaughterhouse to buy beef for protein. It made me happy when I could get any leftovers so that I could use them for our meals. On the way back home, I carried pumpkins and potatoes made by the staff in the College garden. As the war situation intensified, we heard that people were being evacuated here and there, and we were relieved after sending my mother-in-law to the countryside. We kept three pieces of luggage in the basement of the Biochemistry Department.

As most of the buildings in the Basic Science Department were wooden western-style buildings, they were all turned into ashes and difficult to distinguish, even the base stones. When I found out the department and the room where my husband had been, my head became blank and I lost all my strength and sat down dizzy, unable to stand for a while. "I am afraid. What should I do now?" I thought that I had lost my mind, and my body was polarized. Later, I finally got myself together and went back home. Then, together with my family members, I looked for my husband everywhere.

I visited the families of the department staff, but as no one survived, we had no idea what happened. According to a student whom I met that day, Associate Professor Saito was in the middle of lecturing and collapsed on the pulpit right after they saw a flash of light.

There was a small staff room at the entrance of the department. There, we found two half-burnt

bodies. I felt like one of them was my husband, but I wanted to think that he was just injured and survived somewhere else, so I continued to search for him. However, when twenty days had passed, Dr. Ito gave me some advice, and finally, I went back to pick up his bones. After Dr. Naito, Dr. Yoritaka had just been appointed but had not yet been posted at the College, so Yano appeared to be very busy helping Dr. Saito by lecturing in the Special Medical Vocational Department, while continuing his studies and experiments. When my husband's bones, which my father picked up, clinked in an urn, tears of grief streamed down all at once. I believe it was grief only known by the bereaved. Later, when I went to the basement of the library to pick up our belongings, I saw that the chemical, emergency bags, and other things were all damaged and were difficult to find. I heard that the wife of late Professor Uchino had kept his research papers in an emergency bag when she told: "You should have stayed close and kept them too," and to this day, I regret not being careful at all and feel sorry for my husband.

This summer marks the 10th anniversary of that day. Thankfully, I returned to the College to work again, so I live a very busy life every day. I sometimes wonder how Dr. Saito's two children, his wife, and family members of the department staff are doing. I pray for the repose of the souls of the deceased and hope that such a horrific event will never happen again.

(Currently working at the outpatient clinic in the College Hospital)

Bacteriology Department

At that time, under the supervision of Professor Tatsuo Naito, there were Assistant Mitani, two Junior Assistants, Ye and Yamada, who were engaged in research, Staff, Hara, Fukai, Inoue (classroom assistant), Watanabe, and Itoyanagi.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Naito, together with Assistant Mitani, Junior Assistant Yamada, and two others, were exposed to the bombing in the department. Professor Naito and Assistant Mitani were killed, while Associate Yamada went back to her lodging in Katafuchi and died there.

Other staff were also exposed to the bombing in the department, and both Fukai and Watanabe died.

Biography of late Professor Tatsuo Naito

Senior Fourth Rank, the Fourth Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., professor of bacteriology

1 September	1897	Born in Tokushima Prefecture
June	1923	Graduated Kyoto Imperial University School of Medicine
January	1926	Appointed Assistant at the same university, specializing in bacteriology
April	1930	Appointed Associate Professor of Kyoto at the same university
June	1932	Appointed Professor of Nagasaki Medical College
March	1935	Studied in Europe and the U.S. for bacteriological research, returned to Japan in November 1936
July	1942	Ordered official trip to Manchuria and the Republic of China.
January	1943	Appointed Senior Officer, First Order
9 August	1945	Died in the line of duty by an atomic bomb on campus

Main research topics

Mechanism of infection and the immune system from the point of view of antigen/antibody analyses

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Tatsuo Naito
Assistant	Hideo Mitani

Junior Assistant	Eiko Yamada
Staff	Mitsuko Fukai
Staff	Naomichi Watanabe
Staff	Kawaguchi (first name unknown)

Memories of those days

Yoshio Aoki

Just as Professor Katamine's Institute of Endemics laboratory is co-located with the Dermatology Department today, the Division of Bacteriology at East Asia Research Institute of Endemics, which I was in charge of as Associate Professor at that time, was located in the Department of Bacteriology. My supervisor and the director of the Bacteriology Department, Professor Tatsuo Naito, was killed in the line of duty that day, along with Assistant Hideo Mitani, Associate Hideko Yamada, and two other staff members. Ms. Yamada escaped from under the collapsed building and, despite the burns and injuries all over her body, crossed over a mountain and arrived at her lodging in Katafuchi before she passed away. Associate Professor Shosiro Takahashi of the department was transferred to the Endemic Prevention Division of the West Military District in Mizuki outside of Fukuoka after a long military service. As I joined there in April in the same year after receiving a draft paper, we both survived.

Under an understandable order to investigate the cause of a rapid increase in diarrhea patients in Nagasaki after the atomic bombing, a trainee Aoki (me) arrived with several hygiene soldiers on the morning of 13 August. I immediately visited the large number of victims, lying in the entrance, kitchen, and arms factory in the main building of our College hospital, and started to collect stool samples, but our medical equipment boxes quickly became empty due to the treatment required. On the 14th, with new medicines supplemented, we carried out relief work, and on the 15th I met the management staff of the College for the first time in a room downstairs of the Radiology Department, and heard from Professor Koyano about what happened on the day of the bombing. Hearing his voice shaking and his eyes filled with tears, we all cried and made an oath to work together for the reconstruction of the College.

It was not until the evening of two or three days later that I visited the horrible ruins of the department. I saw a flower placed among the ashes of books, which was mounted high, and assumed that it must be where the body of Professor Naito was found, so I stood there for a while and prayed for the repose of his soul. My mentor was a compassionate and sincere person who was born to be an academic. Since 1932, when he was transferred from Kyoto Imperial University, where he was an associate professor, Dr. Naito silently guided me when I began to

show signs of my wild and reckless nature. Professor Naito was humble in all matters, but when it came to official matters, he was a determined leader. I just met him at the Medical Department of West Military District in Fukuoka on 5 August. I also thought about his bereaved family and other matters, and was deeply moved that I did not even notice that it was already sunset.

Mitani with his beard, Ms. Yamada, who was a strong-minded like man, Sui Ogawa who had worked for more than twenty years and was in the Gynecology Department as a midwife at that time was injured that day and passed away in the temporary hospital established within the Nagasaki Economic Vocational School, Yoshio Shibahara, a former lecturer and then professor at Kagoshima Medical College, who became a war victim in Kagoshima before the atomic bombing, those who died in the battlefields, Norio Ueda, Yoshitaka Yanagida and others. My memories are endless.

Professor Sunao Kaneko in the Division of Pathology in the East Asia Research Institute of Endemics also died in the line of duty. My lab associate, Yoshio Saitsu, was on his way from Megami quarantine station, where he walked to the College, and was probably killed somewhere near the College. Our next door was the Hygiene Department, where Professor Okura, Associate Professor Fukuda, and Associate Professor Uchida died. Not only did we lose the pillars of the Basic Science Department at the time, but also those who were to lead the next generation were wiped out.

In September, I was relieved from my military duty and began the first step in rebuilding the Institute of Endemics alone, while Associate Professor Takahashi worked alone in the Bacteriology Department. By the time the College was relocated from Omura Hospital to Isahaya, some demobilized members joined the Institute of Endemics in the laundry room, and together with the Bacteriology Department in the traditional Japanese room, both departments gradually became more active.

I remember nostalgically about the days when I still had the strength to commute from Nagasaki to Isahaya every day with a centrifuge in my hands.

In the autumn of 1922, I was put in charge of the Bacteriology Department, and Associate Professor Takahashi was transferred to the Institute of Endemics. Soon, we will be returning to the long-awaited Urakami. For several years, I concentrated everything on the two words “*Fukkou* (reconstruction).” How quickly the months and days passed when you live intently. Still, I am amazed that it has been ten years already.

(Bacteriology Department)

In memory of my father

Kumiko Naito

It was as if tens of thousands of light bulbs had been hit, and the inside of the factory shone in an instant flash. The next moment, while not knowing what had happened, I crouched under a large beam of the factory. I felt as if the entire factory was squished. However, I did not know when the building collapsed since it seemed like I was temporarily unconscious.

“Naito-san, why don't you come out? Naito-san, Naito-san.” One of the mobilized workers, Urabe-san's voice brought me back. I crawled up the collapsed ceiling without difficulty and hurried up the mountain behind, which was assigned as an evacuation place.

The glaring midsummer sun, which had existed a few moments earlier, had disappeared, and it was bleeding and clad in torn clothing under an ink-black sky as if before a storm.

The cries of the people! I can still see in my eyes a half-naked mother with red skin peeled off, running and holding her crying baby tightly in her arms. Large trees in the nearby mountain were mercilessly broken from the roots, the green leaves became reddish brown, and the field was completely desolate. It was strange to see that the eggplants and cucumbers, which had been shining a moment ago, were completely inflamed and had lost their life.

When I finally sat down, I realized for the first time that my face was slippery with warm, fresh blood running on it. My friend, Takushima-san, was also covered in blood and was crying, “It hurts, it hurts.” All I could see far from the mountain was a red brick building, which appeared to be St. Francisco Hospital. Fire was staring everywhere.

* * *

My wish to go back home was so strong, so I begged my colleagues at the factory, repeating “I want to go home,” and hurried home. I walked silently on the railway tracks. The whole area was a burnt field, and I could see the College buildings in the distance standing strangely like a castle of illusion.

My thought went to my father for a moment, but all I had in my mind was to go back.

It was so hot around the Urakami Stadium that I would be burned at any moment from the burning heat in the area. I reached Iwakawa-machi. A factory foreman said, “My house and everything have gone. I wonder if everyone has died. I will go back to the factory again,” and went back weakly all alone.

We went out to the Urakami River behind the steelworks and walked along the muddy riverside. People with burnt red skin who were undistinguishable whether they were men or women begged: “Water, water.”

When I arrived at Saiwai-machi at last, I could see Oura Cathedral on the other side of the

river. Ah, my house is there.

I can go back to my mother. How happy I was at the moment.

* * *

“Mum,” once I said the word, tears fell. “I am not going back tomorrow,” I said for the first time. Up to that time, I had walked to Ohashi wearing “*geta*” sandals every day, no matter if I had diarrhea or fever, as I told myself, “I shouldn’t be defeated.” “Your father must be having a more difficult time; they must have been holding a faculty meeting. He will be late tonight,” mother said.

I said: “There was nothing left at the direction of the College.” When I told her, it seemed that my mother started to be concerned about my father for the first time. I had no idea what was happening in the Urakami area since, after an instant flash of light, I was cut off from communication like a deaf and blind person. How long I have waited anxiously for the sound of my father’s distinctive footsteps since then. But who could have imagined back then that we would never hear the sound of footsteps again?

* * *

Since that day, we spent every night in the air-raid shelter in fear.

On the night of the 10th, when we went back home as the alarm was lifted, we saw shoes in our entrance in the dim light. Father! However, they were not his shoes. Someone was sleeping in the mosquito net in the eight-mat room at the back. A thief! No, it was my older brother, who returned from Saga, worrying about us.

* * *

Since the next day, my brother ran around to shelters accommodating the injured, the municipal, and prefectural offices. We could not get any clues. We ran about and searched the Anakobo area in the upper side of the College with my friends and my piano teacher.

One day, we heard a rumor that someone had met Dr. Naito on the hilltop of Anakobo. We were all excited. Since that day, I have been lying in bed most of the time since I suffered from wounds and diarrhea, which have continued since then.

None of the three of us had any idea that my father had died. We continued expecting his sudden return tomorrow, if not today. My brother’s friend Ogawa-san came with his lunch box and offered support to search with us, but since we were told about an important announcement to be made at noon, we gathered in front of a radio. The broadcasting was full of noise with a mumbling voice that could not be understood at all. However, we knew that we were defeated. Later, we heard about General Anami’s suicide. That afternoon, Ozaki san, now Associate Professor of physiology, visited our home wearing his student’s cap.

“We have found *the sensei*’s remains. Please come.”

We were all surprised. How terrible. Father had passed away.

* * *

On the morning of the 16th, four of us - my mother, my brother, I, and a lady, whom we knew- headed for Urakami. There were few people on the streets in the city after the destruction. A military policeman rode on horseback. He was spreading rumors that yesterday's broadcast was a hoax.

The long journey was not at all difficult. The whole area was a scorched land. We could only guess and talk about what was around here.

A horse fell on a slope to the Medical College with a terrible smell. Its decaying body was inflamed and red. A city of death with no green colors at all.

Finally, we arrived at the College Station, where the X-ray room used to be. Dr. Koyano also had wounds on his cheek. Professor Takase took us to the Basic Science Department area. President Koyano and Professor Sato were fine and busy running about.

There was a swollen, red, dead body standing near the Gubiroga Hill, stretching its arms and legs grotesquely like a statue.

As I stepped over many corpses, the horror and gruesomeness became numb, and all I could feel was "Ah, the corpse again." A complete ruin. We came out near the Bacteriology Department. The ivory tower, which until recently had been surrounded by thick trees, was now turned into a wasteland covered by ashes and mud.

We were told that a set of bones in the thick ashes in the library next to the professor's office was my father's! I did not feel it was real. We put as many bones as we could into a box we prepared. Is this my father? No, it shouldn't be. For the first time, tears were pouring from my eyes. What must my mother's feelings have been like? The books of ashes had burnt completely, leaving a trace of the words as they were.

"I wonder if he died at once," mother said.

"I am sure he was thinking about us when he was buried under these books. That's father," I replied.

Indeed, he cared about my mother and his children dearly, so if he had been conscious before his death, he would have hoped to survive for us.

* * *

The smell of burning oil was here and there in many places where people evacuated. That time, the smell of people being burned was in the air. We talked about who was burning whom today. We talked about "Father became ashes so that we do not have to go through burning his body." We called a Buddhist monk and received a posthumous name for my father, but I still could not believe his death.

One day, again with a scoop, the three of us visited the hill in the Urakami campus where the Basic Science Department used to be. The body of the man we saw before was in the same

position, with his eyes gouged out, as if they had been pecked out by birds.

We dug the place where my father perished. I prayed that we would not find anything that belonged to him while searching, but we found his favorite watch with broken glass and needles. The watch, the key, the lenses of the glasses. We kept on digging father's mementos with tears as they came out one after another, and knowing these were the confirmation of his death, three of us were still hoping for a miracle.

* * *

At the time, most of the College staff had gone off to war, and the number of staff was very small. Those left were sick or female doctors, so my father, who had a strong sense of responsibility, stayed overnight on duty every three days. When there was an alarm in the middle of the night, he left home, telling us that he had a responsibility and went along a road about 4 km wearing gaiters, a hood made by my mother, and a steel helmet with him, and returned only after the alarm was lifted. He also traveled several times on duty to Tokyo, where few people wanted to go. Once, he could not find a place for a night and slept on a bench in Tokyo station, but fell from it while sleeping. He shared with us the episode, laughing, "Expression about fire coming out of your eyes is so true."

On the evening of 8 August, he was on duty again and left home in the morning as usual.

In the afternoon of the 8th, a staff member on an errand dropped by our home with a letter from my father. He wrote: "It is reported that there is a higher risk today or tomorrow, so be careful. We always thought about escaping to the front, but considered the behind too."

Later, we learned that President Tsuno'o had reported about what he saw in Hiroshima, and that there had also been flyers distributed by the U.S. plane about dropping a new type of bomb. However, danger did not stop my father, who would never abandon his department. Even if he had been away from the department for some business and escaped death, he would be tormented with guilt and would have lost peace, so being buried under the ashes of the library as a scholar seems to be an appropriate death for my father.

We heard that in the morning, a student called Izumi-san, who used to come to the Bacteriology Department, delivered milk and a peach to my father. Did he eat them before he died? I think he may have kept it since peach was rare back then, and to share with us once he returned home. This is why my mother offers peaches on the memorial day of his death every year.

* * *

I have no memory of my father scolding me unless it was extremely serious. However, my father detested anything unjust. I never saw him in a bad mood. He was always warm-hearted. Like my grandfather, his head was bald, and he looked older, but his complexion showed that he was in the prime of his life. When he had any spare time, he would go upstairs to his study and read books written in a foreign language. On the other hand, he enjoyed talking with his family,

so we used to share about our day after meals, and my father would also share with me many things.

It was my father who taught me about the basics of atomic physics, electrons, and protons. He was glad when I asked him questions. On Sundays and other days, four of us in the family often visited the outskirts of the city for a walk.

I have endless happy memories. My father used to tell us: "A person's face can be made beautiful through effort and intelligence. How ugly the face is, there is nothing more beautiful than the face that shows an inspiration of wisdom."

I wonder if his words were concerning my future?

Once the dinner was ready, we waited for Father's return. Listening to the sound of the train, my brother and I often said to each other, "This train must be the one," or "The next train." When we heard the distinctive sound of footsteps, which was a little leaning on one side, my brother and I rushed to the entrance. On extremely hot days, it was my proud job to make a cold towel in the fridge and put it on my father's head when he returned home. Of course, my father was glad and showed his usual warm smile on his face.

After his death, I kept on studying with all my heart since I did not want to change anything because my father was gone.

It is with great support and kindness of many that I am here today, and I am sure my father was protecting me, so I made visits to his grave in Osaka every time I was enrolled in school and at graduations. On the day of my graduation from the university, I stood on the top of Gubiroga hill and reported to him that, because of his protection and my mother's hard work, I had made it to this point. All three of us worked part-time and had some difficult times, but perhaps we stayed in this city; we were blessed by my father's acquaintances, who offered us kind support, with which we could come this far today. But how I wish my father were still alive. After losing my father, my mother devoted her life to raising two of us, and I believe that we must give back to her. It is also filial piety for my father, but I may have been an ungrateful daughter, as I feel that both my parents have been worrying about me all these years.

(August 1955, Osajima Internal Medicine Department)

Pharmacology Department

The department staff at that time was Professor Sobue, Assistant Iga, Research Assistant Hashimoto, Yamanaka, Maeda, and staff Yoshii, Urata, Igasaki, and Maeda.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Sobue was exposed to the bombing in the laboratory. He was taken to the hospital corridor, then moved to Professor Sano's house on the 11th and received further treatment, but died about 1:00 p.m. on the 16th. Other department staff were also exposed to the atomic bomb in the department building and died.

Biography of late Professor Kanbun Sobue

Junior Fifth Rank, M.D, Ph.D., professor of pharmacology

24 December	1895	Born in Tokyo
March	1926	Graduated from Tokyo Imperial University School of Medicine
April	1922	Appointed Assistant at Tokyo Imperial University, specializing in internal medicine
July	1925	Appointed Assistant at the same university, specializing in pharmacology
April	1945	Appointed professor at Nagasaki Medical College
9 August	1945	Exposed to the atomic bomb on campus and died in the line of duty on the 16th.

Main research topics

Research to clarify roles of quinine and its derivative involving proliferative activity of transplantable cancer with rats

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Kanbun Sobue
Assistant	Yukitomo Iga
Chemistry research assistant	Yoneko Hashimoto
Chemistry research assistant	Fujiko Yamanaka
Chemistry research assistant	Maeda (first name unknown)

Staff	Shoko Urata
Staff	Asataro Yoshii
Staff	Masako Maeda

Memories

Tatsuko Sobue

My husband left Tokyo for Nagasaki on 3 May 1945. He was born in Tokyo and had never left the city, so he must have been very worried to leave his family behind, especially when the city was under air-raids as Japan's defeat was near at the time. After it was confirmed that he was going to Nagasaki, we thought about moving together as a family, but as we did not have a house in Nagasaki and for the air-defense reasons in Tokyo, the community group did not allow us to easily leave our house empty. My husband said that he would later ask one of his former students in Isahaya about a house. Nonetheless, Nagasaki was still quiet compared to Tokyo, and I heard that people laughed at my husband's protective hood and gaiters, which he wore on his commute to his department. After he returned once in mid-June and stayed for a week, the situation in Nagasaki gradually became serious, and as air-raid shelters were dug, my husband wrote to us, "It seems like I had come all the way to Nagasaki just to supervise the digging." The corridors and the other parts were demolished and disconnected to prevent the College buildings from further damage once another disaster occurred.

In July, I was told that my husband would be back in Tokyo on the 18th, but his schedule gradually changed, and he was finally confirmed that he would teach during the summer holiday and leave Nagasaki on 8 August. He had earlier decided that he would return one month from the day he left Tokyo. Back then, it took ten to fifteen days even for express mail, so when we heard the change of schedule often, I was afraid that even if I sent him a letter, it would arrive after his departure, so I refrained from replying to him. My husband was always the one to send letters to us as his only consolation was communication with us, but there were times when I did not send anything, and I regret that to this day.

Since it was decided that he would leave Nagasaki on 8 August, we were just waiting for the day, when a new type of bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, followed by Nagasaki but the newspapers reported only about Hiroshima and not a word about Nagasaki, so while we were concerned, we gradually came to understand that my husband, who had left Nagasaki, must have been helping victims of the bombing in Hiroshima on his way as a medical doctor. In the midst of the worry, we tried to find peace of mind. However, one day, a friend of my son visited us from far away bringing a newspaper reporting about the Nagasaki bombing in detail. We were surprised by a picture of Nagasaki, which became a scorched land, but not knowing the

name of the area in Nagasaki or places where major buildings were, we did not know whether my husband had also become a victim or whether the College had been damaged. I visited Dr. Ryutaro Azuma, professor of pharmacology at Tokyo University, who lived nearby, and asked about many things. Days passed while worrying, when around 25 August, a research manuscript in my husband's handwriting arrived from Nagasaki postmarked on 16 August with our address written by him as well, so all our long distress was gone at once. The postmark was the day after the end of the war. As both the envelope and paper inside were in my husband's handwriting, it seemed certain that he was alive. Since then, the family became completely cheerful, so that even when a telegram informing "Father passed away. The details will be in the following letter" arrived on 2 September, I jumped and ran to our entrance expecting some kind of good news. Upon receiving the telegram, we were instantly thrown into despair. An hour or two later, my husband returned home with a piece of bone in a flower base carried by Dr. Sano. The professor sent the telegram ten days ago, but it took ten days to arrive. It was then that I heard from Dr. Sano the story about how my husband met the disaster in Nagasaki, leading to his death.

President Tsuno'o traveled through Hiroshima on the way back from Tokyo and witnessed the devastation caused by a new type of bomb, so on 8 August, he summoned everyone and told them to be extra vigilant, but on the following day, the same type of bomb was dropped in Nagasaki.

My husband was supposed to leave Nagasaki in the afternoon of the 8th, but when he went to the station, he was told that there was a derailment of a freight car in Kokura and it would take time to recover, so he postponed his departure to the next day. At 11:00 a.m. on the 9th, after the air-raid alarm was lifted, the bomb was dropped, and Nagasaki turned into a city of death instantly. Students attending the lectures became skeletons in the same sitting position as before; some of the teachers who had gone out due to some business were still missing. My husband was lying on a couch in his laboratory as he was waiting for the time to return to Tokyo, and he struggled through beams that fell on top of him but went outside, then spent two nights in a back mountain. Dr. Sano, who had a visitor from the countryside, luckily took a leave on that day and stayed at his house, and escaped the disaster. When he went to rescue doctors, he was informed that Sobue was in the mountain behind, so he went to search for him and eventually found my husband lying on a straw mat in the corridor of the concrete ward (assuming Obstetrics and Gynecology Department, which was saved from the fire). He immediately carried my husband to his home on a stretcher.

The stretcher was prepared for the President, but his condition was already so bad that there was a high risk of moving him to his home, so they continued treating him in a tunnel shelter. On the other hand, my husband was given very good care at Dr. Sano's house and became much better by the third day. His wounds were not too serious. There were bigger wounds on his forehead and on his wrist, which were about 2 cm, but others were small cuts, and I remember hearing that they

were all over his body.

It was hot season, so he was only wearing a shirt and trousers. So when he slept outside for two nights, someone gave him a “*haori* (short coat for *kimono*).” There was no food, but he could drink water, and he suffered from severe diarrhea.

When he got better on the third day, he sent a letter to us in Tokyo. Of course, this letter was delivered much later than his bones were returned, but the contents showed that he had never dreamt of his death and wanted to return to Tokyo as soon as possible, that he was grateful for the care provided by the family of Dr. Sano, and that the new bomb was very powerful so we should be careful and evacuate to an air-raid shelter under any circumstances.

The next day, on the 14th, when Dr. Sano returned home, his wife came running out saying, “Hurry up,” because my husband was having trouble breathing and giving the doctor's wife a hard time asking her to lend a knife so that he could operate on himself. I forgot to mention that a little while ago, his lips became dry, and inside of his mouth was swollen, which were the common symptoms of everyone at that time. Dr. Sano immediately went to my husband, and told him that he needed to disinfect anyway if the incision was to be made, and gave him some kind of injection, so the lonely sick man's mood was calmed with the doctor beside him, and the incision was forgotten. However, my husband's condition gradually deteriorated, and he passed away around 1:00 p.m. on the 16th. At that time, Dr. Sano was taking care of yet another professor whose symptoms were almost the same as my husband's, and he passed away around the same time.

I have forgotten his name, but he had a house and family in Nagasaki, and he died at his home.

Both this doctor and my husband were cremated by Dr. Sano in a vacant field next to the College, and as there was not even an urn, the doctor stored the bones in a flower base and carried them to us.

Thus, on 2 September 1945, we lost all hope for my husband's return, but what we did not understand was his manuscript postmarked on the 16th, which had temporarily brought us great relief. As we could not get the answer, I finally shared the story with the post office, requested an investigation later, and received a reply shortly afterwards. According to the reply, there was a young woman working in the laboratory for my husband, and she lived in a boarding house at that time. On the morning of the 9th, her parents asked her to take a day off since they thought that the risk was high on that day, but she told them that she had to go as it was the day of the professor's departure to Tokyo. She asked her parents to post a package with the manuscript inside as she left for College, so her parents posted it on the 16th. Unfortunately, that young lady also became a victim.

(Resident of 1289, 2-chrome Shimoshakujii, Nerima-ku, Tokyo)

Recollections of the late Dr. Kanbun Sobue

Yoshito Kobayashi

He joined the Internal Medicine Department led by Professor Inada after graduating from Tokyo University School of Medicine in 1926, and then the Pharmacology Department in 1926. I joined the Pharmacology Department in October in the same year, so it was almost as if we started studying pharmacology at the same time. Later, he had to suspend his research temporarily. I do not know the circumstances at that time, but I have heard that there was an economic reason. Once the doctor opened his practice in Asakusa, his outstanding reputation as a field medical practitioner was confirmed by the fact that there were always crowds of patients in front of his clinic and that he did not have enough time for house calls, even if he drove around in his car. It was also said that he was one of the most successful practitioners in Tokyo in terms of income.

It was 1934 when he reappeared in the Pharmacology Department. He wanted to resume research in his spare time. He chose “Chemotherapy of malignant tumors” as his research topic. One might think that it would be challenging to tackle this huge research topic when your body and mind were exhausted from treating patients, but the doctor was vigorous with joy as his long-held hope came true. Since then, a luxury car has been parked at the entrance of the Pharmacology Department all day long. The number of days the car was parked gradually increased. As the number of days the doctor left his practice to others increased, the number of days he came to the department increased. His research gradually progressed, and his presentations stood out at the Pharmacological Society Conference.

As he gradually moved from a treatment room to the laboratory, there was a discussion about a successor to Nagasaki Medical College's professor of pharmacology. Dr. Sobue was a primary candidate. This recruitment must have been a big deal for the doctor. It was at this point that the doctor made the decision to give up all his work as a medical practitioner and concentrate his life on research. In 1945, when air-raid attacks were intense in Tokyo, the President of Nagasaki Medical College, Dr. Susumu Tsuno'o, visited me and I asked about Dr. Sobue's intent. As a result, in the spring of the same year, he was appointed to Nagasaki. From around May, the doctor went to Nagasaki and started to organize the laboratory. Back then, travelling from Tokyo to Nagasaki was not easy. We were exposed to a constant risk of air-raids. One can guess the doctor's determination.

On 9 August, when the atomic bomb was dropped in Nagasaki, I heard that the doctor was in his laboratory in the College. I also heard that he was not seriously injured at that time. He passed away on 16 August from subacute atomic bomb symptoms. I was later told that he had a ticket to Tokyo departing on 8 August, but it appeared that he had to postpone the departure by a day for

some reason. It was a truly unfortunate day for him.

Unfortunately, the doctor's life work on chemotherapy of malignant tumors was terminated, but there are 19 research papers in a foreign language and in Japanese, including a recently published posthumous article. 19 papers reported by him brilliantly pointed out that the issues were steadily making progress toward a solution.

His appointment to Nagasaki was a step toward the completion of his research, and an extraordinary achievement was expected in the future. Today, after ten years, I feel deeply emotional recalling those days.

(Pharmacology Department, Tokyo University School of Medicine)

Achievements and memories of the late Professor Kanbun Sobue

Yoshiro Nakazawa

Professor Sobue's first paper was on a process of bilirubin reaction, which was published in 1928, but his research presented at the Japanese Pharmacology Society for several years was research to clarify the roles of quinine and its derivatives involving proliferative activity of transplantable cancer in rats, and was probably continued after he was appointed to Nagasaki Medical College.

Professor Sobue devised a new method to measure tumor growth rates and discovered that quinine is one of the elements that suppresses the growth. If this research had been completed, a new field in tumor therapy would have developed, so his untimely death was a truly regrettable loss for academia.

I happened to be Professor Sobue's successor, but I only met him once a year at the Pharmacology Society conference and did not know him personally. So I am not the right person to write Professor Sobue's memoir. Nonetheless, I have decided to write because he left me with a strong impression which are seared into my memory in our short encounter at the Society conferences. Sobue-san was a princely looking young man with fair skin and a beautiful beard, and his casual wear with a hunting cap stood out in conferences. He impressed the audience by explaining with great clarity using his Leica projector and color slide films, which were rare back then. This was probably the impression everyone had, including not only me but all the participants at that time.

The first time I spoke with him was when I was waiting for a train on the underground platform after the Pharmacology Society conference in Tokyo in the autumn of 1943. I asked him for the directions to my destination, and we exchanged two or three words, but his calm manner of speaking with a quiet voice was quite different from high pitched and slightly

intimidating manner he had at the podium. I was surprised, but at the same time, I felt as if I saw the warm side of him. Moreover, this was the last talk with Sobue-san.

In 1950, after the war, Professor Emeritus Haruo Hayashi traveled all the way from Tokyo to participate in the Pharmacology Society Southwest District meeting held at Nagasaki University. Suddenly, the professor requested a visit to pay respect at the grave of the victims of the atomic bombing, and as we did not have much time before the next appointment, I hurriedly led him to Gubioga Hill. The elderly Dr. Hayashi walked with a long stride on an uncleaned path with rubble to the top of the hill all at once. He was so energetic that Professor Kumagaya of Tokyo University, who accompanied him, and I were both out of breath and barely managed to follow him. Dr. Hayashi offered a long, silent prayer in front of the cenotaph. I also bowed and thought about Professor Sobue. At that moment, I realized that the reason why the doctor carried his old body to Nagasaki despite various post-war inconveniences was to pray for the repose of the soul of his beloved disciple, Dr. Kanbun Sobue, who lay in the ground of Urakami. I thought about how much Dr. Hayashi had expected Sobue-san's distinguishing brightness and saw a beautiful love of a master towards his student. That energetic Dr. Haruo Hayashi also passed away last year. I can not help imagining that he is talking about Nagasaki with Sobue-san in heaven.

(Written on 8 August 1955, Pharmacology Department)

Yukitomo

Hisako Iga

Oh, 9 August, the anniversary of the atomic bombing, the day I try to forget but can not, is again approaching.

As this year marks the 10th anniversary, my memories are especially emotional. Ten years ago on that day, I was far away in Matsuyama, Shikoku, unable to focus on any work due to the daily air-raids and thinking only about escaping. We sent our old mother away to the countryside for evacuation, and as my husband also stayed out of the city most of the time, as he was sick, I was the only one who stayed to look after our house. So I thought I could be killed any day, but I never dreamt that my son would die. I heard about the news that a new type of bomb was dropped in Nagasaki without any serious damage due to cloudy weather, but I had more concerns for myself, so I did not have time to worry about my son. Soon, the war ended on the 15th, and suddenly I started to be anxious, so I did my best asking for information. At first, I had no information, but then I heard that Nagasaki Medical College had been totally destroyed, so I made a painstaking effort to get a train ticket and left on the morning of 21 August. I arrived in Nagasaki on the following day and saw brutal devastation beyond imagination. Yukitomo's death was confirmed,

and I received his remains. I was taken by such a surprise at first that I could not shed a drop of tear, but after receiving the bones and a short rest, I regained my composure and began to cry. Then, holding the bones in the heat, I went to the city office and police to complete the necessary procedures and immediately jumped on a train back home, as I did not want to stay in such an unpleasant place even for an hour. Suffering and sorrow during the coming and going back on the train can not be described by someone like me. When I returned home and held the funeral, my husband became bedridden out of despair and passed away in the spring of 1946, followed by our old mother's death in 1947, and now I am all alone. Because of the misfortunes followed by another, I was emotionally confused, and I did not know what was happening, but today, I regained peace and am looking forward to visiting Nagasaki for the memorial day as if I had seen the deceased when he was alive. I will visit again in the future, as it is a consolation in my old age.

(Resident of Minami Tachibana-cho, Matsuyama city)

First Pathology Department

Staff members at the time included Professor Takeuchi, Associate Professor Yasuno, commissioned artist Nakamura, commissioned technician Takatani, staff members Ideguchi, Tagawa, Ikeda, Ono, and Okada.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Takeuchi escaped the disaster as he was recuperating from tuberculosis at home in Narutaki. Associate Professor Yasuno was killed in the bombing at his lodging (the house of Associate Professor Takashi Nagai). Nakamura, Takatani, Ikeda, Ono, and Okada were exposed to the bomb in front of the department entrance near an air-raid shelter, while Ideguchi and Tagawa were exposed to the bomb in the field as they were relocating the staff room to the foot of Mt. Kompira. Ideguchi died a week later. Nakamura died at his home in Ofunagura-machi a few days later. Takatani is missing.

Biography of late Professor Kiyoshi Takeuchi

Junior Third Rank, the Second Order, M.D, Ph.D., professor of pathology

16 July	1894	Born in Hyogo Prefecture
December	1915	Graduated from Kyushu Imperial University School of Medicine
January	1917	Appointed Assistant at Kyushu Imperial University
June	1919	Appointed Associate Professor at Kyushu Imperial University
June	1923	Appointed Associate Professor in Nagasaki Medical College, and studied in Europe and the U.S for pathology and pathological anatomy research
December	1925	Returned to Japan
March	1926	Appointed Professor at Nagasaki Medical College
May	1936	Ordered an official trip to various countries in Europe and the U.S., returning to Japan in January 1937
January	1937	Appointed Senior Officer, the First Order
February	1939	Ordered an official trip to Manchuria and the Republic of China, returning to Japan in March
19 April	1946	Died from illness

Main research topics

Research into histopathogenesis of tuberculous lesion

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Associate Professor	Masayuki Yasuno
Commissioned artist	Shigeharu Nakamura
Commissioned Technician	Shigeo Takatani
Staff	Sadaichi Ideguchi
Staff	Teruko Ono
Staff	Hitoshi Ikeda
Staff	Ayako Okada

Second Pathology Department

The staff at that time were Professor Umeda, staff member Fukahori, and Tsunoda.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Umeda was killed in the bombing while lecturing the second-year students in the Pathology Department Auditorium. Tsunoda was killed in the bombing outside the air-raid shelter in front of the building. Fukahori escaped the disaster because she was away in the countryside, evacuating her younger brother who was ill.

Biography of late Professor Umeda

Senior Fifth Rank, the Sixth Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., professor of pathology

February	1903	Born in Tokyo
March	1925	Graduated from Tokyo Imperial University School of Medicine
April	1925	Appointed assistant professor at Gyeongseong Imperial University, specializing in pathology.
October	1929	Appointed associate professor at the same university.
May	1936	Studied in Europe and the U. S. for pathological anatomy research
July	1938	Returned to Japan
August	1941	Became a professor of medicine at Nihon University
July	1944	Appointed professor at Nagasaki Medical College, appointed Senior Officer
9 August	1945	Killed in the line of duty by an atomic bomb at the College

Main research topics

Morphological study associating iron metabolism

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Kaoru Umeda
Staff	Seki Tsunoda

The Pathology Department at the time of the bombing

Takeo Wakahara

Ten years have already passed while I kept myself busy as if I were in a dream. All the people working in the department that day were gone, along with the building. I, the writer of this memoir, fortunately or unfortunately, was drafted three and a half months earlier, and was sent to the front line of Kyushu on the west coast of the Satsuma Peninsula. As a miserable apprentice officer in the military, I was busy at quarantine, treating dysentery which spread in the camp beyond my control. One can never guess his destiny. I am still alive today, as my family (our house was at the riverside of Shiroyama at the time). Upon the secretary's order, I began writing, but my daily practice hardly allows me any time to consider the structure of the content. I ask for your understanding and apologize in advance that it may not be very coherent. Let me also remind you that since I was away at the time of the atomic bombing and returned to the College later, descriptions about what happened on that day are based on the hearings from many others, especially the widow of the late Professor Takeuchi (Pathology).

Before writing about that time, I would like to go back a little earlier and share about our department back then. The Pathology Department was located in the middle of the westernmost building in the Basic Science Department, which consisted of three buildings standing south to north, and was a wooden building between the Anatomy Department in the north and Forensic Medicine in the south. It was a partly two-story concrete building, the Auditorium at the southern end, which is now the entrance and administration of the Basic Science Department. In these buildings, which were connected by corridors, the First and Second Pathology Departments, the Division of Pathology of the former Continent Medicine Research Institute, renamed to the Institute of Endemic (current Institute of Endemic), cohabited. Until around two years before the atomic bombing, there were ten staff members in the First and Second Departments led by the late Professor Takeuchi and Professor Yoshida (now a professor at the University of Tokyo), and the staff were all actively engaged in their part-time jobs and sports. It was also around this time that Yoshida Sarcoma was discovered. However, by the end of 1943, the number of members in both departments had dropped by half or less, as some were summoned to the military one by one, and others left the department after completing their research. By that time, many Koreans had also gone back to their country.

The East Asia Research Institute of Endemics was yet to be established the Clinical Department at the time, and there was only the Pathology Department (headed by Professor Kaneko of Pathology) within which the Division of Pathology and the Division of Bacteriology (rented a room within the Bacteriology Department headed by Professor Aoki who was an associate professor back then) existed. In the Division of Pathology, Mr. Maruyoshi was the

only assistant, but after he was drafted, the Division became quiet as there were only Professor Kaneko and two assistants.

In 1944, Professor Yoshida was appointed to the Pathology Department at Tohoku Imperial University, which was vacant as Professor Kimura was summoned as a military commissioned officer to the South Seas. At that time, there were only two staff members in the Second Pathology Department, Jinichi Sasaki (now practicing in Yamagata City) and I. Another staff member, Yoshio Muta (now practicing in Yagami-machi), had already joined the military and was waiting in the Kurume unit before being dispatched to the continent. After discussing, it was decided that Sasaki would accompany Professor Yoshida to Sendai, and I would remain in Nagasaki, but Sasaki was drafted a month before Professor Yoshida's transfer. Professor Yoshida took up his post in July 1944, and the College welcomed Professor Umeda from Nihon University School of Medicine in August. The Pathology Department at that time had a rich collection of hardcover books and journals. If Professor Umeda wanted to look for references in Tokyo, he had to go to Keio University School of Medicine in Yotsuya or Tokyo University in Hongo, so he was very satisfied to see enough reference materials at hand, and immediately after his arrival, he started occupying himself with his research from early morning until late at night, enthusiastically.

In November, I was appointed Associate Professor of Second Pathology as the position was vacant. As time passed, the situation of war became more and more intense, and B-29 formations were frequently observed flying over Nagasaki on the way to Omura and back. We were forced to evacuate to shelters every time an air-raid alarm was issued. However, until 1 August 1945, Nagasaki City had air-raids, which were not so heavy, and days passed without any major incident.

The military started to train women to fight with bamboo spears, which seemed like a last cry before its death, and they also encouraged us to join as reserve doctors so that they could send as many doctors as possible to the front. To be role models, professors at the College volunteered to join a 25-day educational training for reserve military doctors around this time. (Professors were summoned on a volunteer basis, but others were compelled to join the training and were subsequently called up.) In the fifth training (there were five training sessions in the same year), Professor Kunifusa from the Forensic Medicine Department and Professor Kiyohara of the Physiology Department participated from September to October. The first session, which was implemented in February 1945, was attended by young professors (I remember that there were five of them), including Professor Umeda (Pathology), Professor Uchino (Biochemistry), Professor Naito (Obstetrics), and others. Among them, Professor Uchino contracted bacterial meningitis while he was serving in the camp, and was administered penicillin (which President Tsuno'o had obtained from a certain source), which was developed only by the military and was not known to most of the Japanese at the time. Unfortunately, it did not work, and Professor Uchino finally passed away.

This was how the year 1945 started. On the night of 15 April, I received a draft paper, joined the unit in Fukuoka, and the Second Pathology Department was left with only Professor Umeda and two assistants (Ms. Fukahori and Ms. Tsunoda). At the time, Lecturer Tsutsui of the First Pathology Department was working at Mitsubishi Hospital. Lecturer Tada left for Koyano Surgery, Machida, and others were drafted, and the last remaining member, Harada, joined the military three days after me, leaving only Professor Takeuchi, Associate Professor Yasuno, and two assistants (Ms. Ono and Ms. Okada). Other staff who belonged to both departments were photography technician Shigeo Takatani, painter Shunko Shigeharu Nakata, who was in charge of creating medical drawings and specimens, anatomy assistants Sadaichi Ideguchi and Jinzo Tagawa, staff member Suesaburo Yamaguchi (he was an old man), and young Hitoshi Ikeda, who was also a student of a night school. In the Institute, there were Professor Kaneko and two assistants (Ms. Hirayama and Ms. Kusano), and that was all in the Pathology Department before the atomic bombing. There were not enough staff to conduct daily lectures and research.

Soon, air-raids on the mainland from Okinawa and the South Sea Islands increased, so that hardly a day went by without an alarm. So, while the alert was on, everyone had to leave their duties and evacuate to the air-raid shelters. Lectures for students (the fourth-year students of the Special Medical Vocational Department and the third-year students of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department) were almost suspended. However, Nagasaki City was almost unharmed as there were only light air-raid attacks. This was why the risk of air-raid attacks was perhaps underestimated, and I heard that the classes continued during the alert. Meanwhile, the College relocated its property, especially books and research materials, and some of them were taken to the Kashima area in Saga Prefecture.

On the other hand, to minimize the risk of fire, the buildings were demolished. In the Pathology Department, the corridors were disconnected, and the staff room was dismantled and removed. It seems that the evacuation of goods almost did not take place in the Pathology Department. (When the war ended, all we had were two or three microscopes returned in a baggage that had been evacuated.) As mentioned before, there was a two-story reinforced concrete building in the Pathology Department, and on the upper floor, there were Professor Takeuchi's room, a library, and a separate room, while the first floor consisted of two rooms, which were a storage for microscope specimens and a laboratory for animals with tuberculosis. So, instead of relocation, various goods were brought into this building, and all the windows were covered with tin sheets from outside and coated with red clay. This should have been enough to prevent the building from burning down under normal circumstances.

In parallel with this, people gradually evacuated too. Professor Umeda's family moved to Okusa from a hill of Hamaguchi-machi, so the professor appeared to be staying in the department most of the time, and returned to Okusa from time to time. Associate Professor

Yasuno lived in Shiroyama-machi, but he travelled back and forth to Shimane Prefecture to send his mother, then his wife and daughters. Perhaps because these travels were hard for him, his lung, which he had been treated for a while, worsened, so he had to take rest and recuperate from time to time. Professor Takeuchi's house was near Siebold's residence in Narutaki, but he seemed not to care about evacuation. However, since the number of department staff has been decreasing, he occasionally visited and stayed overnight in Saga Sanatorium for wounded veterans (now the National Saga Sanatorium) in Nakahara, Saga Prefecture, for further research on tuberculosis, which he had been working on for a long time. He carried out pathological autopsies and experiments, but perhaps due to hard work, combined with the lack of nutrition during wartime, as well as handling bacteria directly, he himself contracted tuberculosis, so at the time of the bombing, he was lying at his home in Narutaki. Professor Kaneko did not evacuate people, but was relocating the staff room, which was removed from the Pathology Department to the foot of Mt. Kompira deep in Moto'o-machi.

On 1 August, Nagasaki City was under air-raid attacks, and Ohato and other areas were bombed as well as the College, which was hit by a direct bomb. The surgical operation theatre, Obstetrics Department professor's office, library, and operation theatre were destroyed, and one or two students who were in charge of the patients were killed. Since then, the College discharged patients with minor conditions, so that there were not many patients remaining in the hospital.

This is what the department was like, and then the fateful 9 August came. Those who were working in the department were Professor Umeda, Takatani, Nakamura, staff Yamaguchi, Ikeda, five assistants, Ono, Okada, Tsunoda, Hirayama, and Kusano. When the atomic bomb was dropped, Professor Umeda was lecturing second-year students in the Pathology Auditorium and was killed instantly together with his students.

Others were in air-raid shelter in front of the department entrance or outside, and I heard that Nakamura was making assistants laugh in his usual funny way. Then came the flash of the atomic bomb, and everything was crushed by the tremendous blast, pushed by the vacuum, and the buildings collapsed. The reinforced concrete building, which the Pathology Department trusted, was also damaged with cracks in the building itself and dents on the ceiling and walls. The red clay and tin sheets, which covered the windows, were instantly blown away, followed by simultaneous fires in many places in the wooden building, eventually burning down the Pathology Department completely. Of course, the same was true of the inside of the concrete building with the remains of unburnable materials such as metals, porcelains, and glasses scattered around, but completely altered and became fragile since they were exposed to the scorching of a few thousand degrees. The position of the objects was also completely changed by the blast from their original state. The collection of books in the library turned into a mountain of ashes 90 to 120 cm high, and Professor Takeuchi's rare collection suffered the same fate.

On that day, Professor Takeuchi was in his sickbed at home and was saved, but when he took Professor Kaneko's son (the second son, around 5 or 6 years old) later, the cries of the boy throughout the night affected the professor's sleep, and his condition deteriorated. Later, when the College was a facility of Omura Naval Hospital, he was admitted there. However, as it was just after the end of the war, advanced treatment was not available as it is today, so he passed away in the hospital room on 19 April 1946.

Just four days earlier, on the 15th, Colonel Sams from GHQ came to Omura, and based on one-sided information, cruelly ordered the expulsion and relocation of the Medical College from Omura Hospital to Isahaya (current branch hospital). We were only given 15 days to move out, so we submitted to this order with tears, and started to prepare to move while busying ourselves going to Isahaya to submit an English list of equipment, medicines, and other items needed for research, treatment, and lectures to GHQ in a hurry. For Professor Takeuchi, it must have been a lonely time to be left alone in Omura after the College was gone. I believe that this event could have been a psychological shock and shortened his life.

As previously mentioned, Professor Kaneko was given a staff room in the department, which was being removed due to building evacuation. He was moving goods to the foot of Mt. Kompira. On that day, he was at the site with his youngest son (who was later taken to Professor Takeuchi's house), and together with staff Ideguchi and Tagawa, as well as neighbors, they were finishing the relocation. They were exposed to the atomic bombing while they were working, and each of them was wounded. So, Professor Kaneko, who was still fine at the time, left his team, saying that he would bring a rescue team from the College, but he never returned. Later, Professor Emeritus Kunitomo, who was evacuating on his way from the halfway of Mt. Kompira to the upper side of Nishiyama reservoir area along a mountain path, met Professor Kaneko. Professor Kaneko, who had run out of all his strength, was asking for water, but when they searched him later, he could not be found anywhere. It is unclear where he passed away. His son was soon taken into Professor Takeuchi's house, where he cried day and night because of his burns. He later recovered and was taken to Professor Kaneko's brother in Sasebo, but the boy passed away from pneumonia at the beginning of 1946. The professor's house was on the way up the hill of Hamaguchi-machi, overlooking what is now the Atomic Bomb Park, so of course, the entire family was killed. Ideguchi, who was with the professor, died soon, but Tagawa miraculously survived. He was in the shade between the roof and the house, and probably due to the good care he received afterwards from former lecturer, Dr. Tsutsui (then at Mitsubishi Hospital). Although he was unable to get up for a while, he gradually regained health, and today he is working as a head engineer in the carpentry section at Nagasaki University headquarters. He lost all his family in the atomic bombing, and was concerned about his fertility, but he is now a happy man; his health had been proven as he celebrated the birth of an offspring.

However, he still suffers from atomic bomb symptoms.

Another lucky survivor was Assistant Fukahori from the Second Pathology Department, who was out in the countryside accompanying her cousin (a former assistant in the Second Pathology Department). Her cousin was sending her sick younger brother for evacuation. Associate Professor Yasuno took up lodging in the late Professor Nagai's (Head of the Radiology Department, then Associate Professor) house in Ueno-machi, after sending his family to Shimane Prefecture, and it seems that he was sleeping in his room on the day, as his dead body in a sleeping position was found later. The atomic bomb is indeed a troublesome weapon, as its symptoms did not appear for some time if the person was not immediately killed. Therefore, the victims moved around as they wished. Some of them died soon, while others took a longer time before the symptoms appeared, and eventually died somewhere in a completely different location from where they were exposed to the atomic bomb. Furthermore, most of the people who were around at the time, i.e., witnesses to each other's identities, are almost all no longer alive, so there were no clues for searching the remains for the families, who came from other places. Even those who were killed instantly were blown to different locations by the fierce blast, which made the situation even worse. For these reasons, despite many stories I have heard, I could not find out any details about people who had no connections. I have not heard anything about old Takatani, assistants Yamaguchi and Ikeda. I have little information about Shunko Nakamura as his wife survived. That it, after he was exposed to the atomic bombing, Mr. Shunkou went to pick up his wife who had gone to get groceries in Nagayo (on the same day, his wife asked him to go with her as she had train tickets but he declined. However, as his wife was sickly and a weak woman, he became worried and went to pick her up). They met on the way and returned together to their home in Ofunagura-machi. When they arrived, they saw that their son, who had escaped from the College, was moaning in a trench as he had fallen ill. Soon, Mr. Shunko also developed the symptoms, and within a few days, two of them passed away. Fortunately, the families of Professor Takeuchi and Professor Umeda were all safe.

Among those who were related to the department and experienced the atomic bomb, Mr. Okuda, who worked for the prefectural government office at the time, and who used to come to the First Pathology Department, lived in Shiroyama-machi. He lost his family, but today, he has a practice in Hamaguchi-machi right under our College. Mr. Junshiro Okabe (First Pathology), who worked at Nagasaki Hospital in Takenokubo, left the hospital and temporarily returned to his hometown with his family. However, he was killed by the atomic bomb as he was visiting Nagasaki alone to fetch his belongings. Former lecturer, Tsutsui, moved to a place under a primary school in Shiroyama-machi due to the mandatory relocation for road expansion. He was safe since he was working in the hospital, but his family was not, and I heard a sad story about his severely wounded wife telling him in distress, "Can't you cure my illness?" in the air-raid shelter. Former lecturer

Tada survived as he moved to Koyano Surgery. These are the summaries of the atomic bomb victims on that day who were related to the department.

I heard many stories about people outside of my department, but nearly a decade later, my memory is slowly fading. One can never imagine that houses that had collapsed in the blast would catch fire at once, not immediately, but after a short while, from places that had no fire. I also heard a story about Professor Kunifusa from the Forensic Medicine Department, and Administrator Yamaki were both buried under timbers that fell by blast wind, so they promised each other that if one of them could escape from the debris, the person would surely rescue the other. Soon, Professor Kunifusa managed to crawl out, but he lost all his strength and was unable to do anything, while the timbers started to burn, killing the Administrator. Then the professor was carried to his house in Kozen-machi on a stretcher, but later passed away. Another story was that at the home of the atomic bomb survivors in Moto'o-machi, everyone slept side by side. When the condition deteriorated, the patients would suddenly get up on the floor and then fall down with a bump, as if a pillow had fallen. When the patients repeated this action, there was nothing you could do, and they died shortly thereafter. There is nothing that can be done when many family members are dying one by one in such a way. How did the remaining family feel when they were forced to see such a death? What a cruel weapon the atomic bomb is when you think about it. The atomic bomb gives a gradual death to the non-combatants, and I think it would be better to have a weapon that can kill people instantly. I am truly sorry for the deceased to say such a thing, while I did not experience the suffering at that time, but I believe that it is the duty of those who have survived to write down as faithfully as possible, although they are not first-hand accounts, but based on what I have heard later. This is why I am sharing my unworthy writing. As I live in the countryside away from Nagasaki, and have almost no documents, I have no way to confirm the facts, but I tried my best to write as much as I can about the people from the department, tracing my memory.

I returned to the College at the end of 1945, then spent more than five years, first at the Omura Naval Hospital, then in Isahaya and Nagasaki. While the College was in Omura and Isahaya, we had almost no equipment, and our budget was only about one-tenth of what it had been before the end of the war, so we worried about when the department would go back to the state it had been before. During that time, we welcomed Professor Hayashi and Professor Matsuoka, and I was running about to deal with issues such as the closure of the Special Medical Vocational Department, the transfer of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals to Kyushu University, negotiation on candidates for the first President of the University, collection of the donations for the alumni association, and gathering materials for lectures and research. It was a series of joy, sadness, and suffering. Nevertheless, as the years passed, reconstruction progressed step by step, and today, marking the 10th year, I am very happy to see the College

and the Department resurrected almost completely. Although the library and other things can not be compared to what we had before the atomic bombing, in other respects, we can say that the University is better today due to modernization. In the next five or ten years, I believe that the University will welcome the age of prosperity when no one would be able to imagine the immediate aftermath of the end of the war in their wildest dreams. However, when I look around the campus, people who suffered together back then have left one by one, and now only a few remain, which makes me feel a little lonely. On the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, I recollected about the victims of the disaster with my poor writing, and as a conclusion, I pray for the repose of their souls, as well as the remarkable progress of the University in the future with the marks of reconstruction.

(27 May 1955, at Sechibaru)

A Memory

Sei Okamoto

According to Takeda, a second-year student who shared the story with Takatsu, who is now in the Pathology Department, on 9 August, Professor Umeda gave a lecture on the pathology specifics to the third-year students. The Pathology Auditorium was full, and the professor explained that “in general, the size of the human heart is about the size of a person's fist.”

At that moment, a glint of light came in, and all the students gazed at the professor's face. The professor looked around at his students. Instantly, the fire protection wall behind the professor fell, and the entire Auditorium collapsed, so the students hid under their desks. The room caught fire, and some students escaped through the cracks in the boards of the side walls. This is believed to be the last time Professor Umeda was seen, but his whereabouts since then are unknown. Furthermore, Takeda also passed away suffering typical atomic bomb symptoms.

Forensic Medicine Department

By the air-raid attacks on 1 August, the department was damaged by a falling rock. The department staff at the time included Professor Kunifusa, Associate Professor Tokugawa (he was drafted and was in a unit in Japan), technical contractor Yamaguchi, staff Kurokawa, and Yoshida.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Kunifusa was exposed to the atomic bomb in the department and was rescued the next day and accommodated in the basement of the Pediatrics Department, but passed away in the early morning of the 16th while receiving treatment at his home in Sakurababa-machi.

Other department staff were also killed in the department building.

Biography of the late Professor Jiso Kunifusa

Senior Fourth Rank, the Fourth Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., professor of forensic medicine

16 May	1901	Born in Fukuoka Prefecture
March	1929	Graduated from Tokyo Imperial University School of Medicine
April	1929	Appointed assistant at Gyeongseong Imperial University, specializing in forensic medicine
May	1931	Appointed associate professor at Gyeongseong Imperial University
July	1940	Appointed professor at Nagasaki Medical College
May	1945	Appointed Senior Officer, the Second Order
9 August	1945	Exposed by an atomic bomb at the college and died on duty on the 16 th

Main research topics

Study on subtype of ABO blood group

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Jiso Kunifusa
Technical contractor	Yosaku Yamaguchi
Staff	Matsuko Kurokawa
Staff	Masae Yoshida

Memories of Professor Kunifusa

Takeo Sato

I was requested by Professor Tomonaga to share “Memories of Professor Kunifusa” to commemorate the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing. When I think about the bombing, it brings back many memories, having lost many friends and colleagues. Among them, the memory of Professor Kunifusa is especially painful. It was in April 1929, when I was appointed at Gyeongseong Imperial University with an assignment to establish the Forensic Medicine Department. Of course, it was difficult to find department staff in Gyeongseong, so I visited my alma mater, Tokyo University, and looked for staff. At that time, Kunifusa did not prefer clinical work, and as I heard that he was joining Japan Red Cross Central Hospital, I asked him if he could come to Gyeongseong immediately, which he gladly did. Since then, my life in Gyeongseong had been connected to Kunifusa for more than years until he left the Forensic Medicine Department of Gyeongseong Imperial University, and was welcomed as a professor in Nagasaki. I can not share the numerous memories during this period in the limited pages of this memoir. So, I would like to write down one or two memories and pray for the repose of Kunifusa's soul.

Kunifusa was posted to Gyeongseong at almost the same time as I. At the time in Gyeongseong University, as there were no graduates yet, life at the department continued only with Kunifusa and me for a year.

At the time, I was carrying out research on “sedimentation rate and sedimentation value,” and we used to work together in the department until late into the night. When I observed his work, I saw him working steadily, and as he was also smart, our work progressed steadily. Sometimes, he would come to my house and we had dinner together, then went back to the department. When we shared a meal, he ate a plate of vegetables, and after finishing it, he moved to another plate, but never touched the other plates, so I was watching him. So I asked him: “Don't you like that food?” to which he returned: “Oh no, I will eat once I finish this.” It was indeed a quite peculiar way of eating.

Back then, in Gyeongseong and the rest of Korea, another doctor was in charge of forensic autopsies, so the number of autopsies we performed was small, but later, as opportunities gradually increased, the area of our work also became wider, and two of us would often travel to the interior regions of Korea to perform autopsies. One time, we went to a remote place where it would take a week to travel and did a single autopsy. Kunifusa looked older than his age, while I looked relatively younger, and probably because we were both quiet people, when we were invited, Kunifusa was led to the upper seat, and he was always embarrassed. He would later tell me about it secretly and say, “*Sensei*, could you please go to the upper seat quickly?” with his unique smile.

When I went abroad in 1931, and while I was away, he looked after all the assignments of the

department for about two years. There were no major problems during my absence until I returned in May 1933, but I encountered a major challenge in April 1933. That was, a head of a child was found abandoned by the roadside, but the body was never found, and Kunifusa examined the child's head. The torso had been found coincidentally on my first day after returning and was under examination at the University. The problem was that regarding the estimated time passed since the death, Kunifusa concluded when he examined the head only. Kunifusa's judgement was not in the least bit wrong. However, as the process by which the head had been cut off from the corpse, which was being exhumed and dumped on the roadside, was not clarified, some people judged based on their amateur point of view and claimed that the fact was different. It would be too long to share the details of the process, although it is an interesting story. It should be all about memoirs, so I will omit the story here. The point was that while Kunifusa's judgement was never wrong, some corrupt judicial police, with malicious intention, publicized it as if the doctor had made a mistake and used it for a political purpose. Furthermore, a newspaper reporter who was manipulated by the police blamed Kunifusa, so Kunifusa told me that he no longer wishes to work as a forensic doctor. I could fully understand that Kunifusa was not at peace at the time. I consoled him: "It is clear that your judgement is not wrong from a forensic point of view. No matter how you face their conspiracy, I will stand up for you and take care of everything, so do not be timid. There is nothing more frightening than idiots, so you should not fight with the fools." So he changed his mind again and devoted himself to forensic medicine.

Many memories come and go like a revolving lantern when I remember the cases, including mass murder known as "*Haku-hakukyou* incident," which shocked Korea in 1935. Kunifusa really took good care of the department after I was appointed director of the School of Medicine of Gyeongseong Imperial University, and I had less time to take care of the department. It was difficult for me to let him go, but when he was promoted as a professor in Nagasaki, I gladly sent him, thinking about his future. With his brilliance, he was paving a new way in his work in Nagasaki, but when the war situation became intense, he was unable to carry out his research with his great talent as he wished; in the end, he was killed by the atomic bomb. He must have been feeling sorry, and I am still in sorrow for losing such a good man. I was stunned to learn about Kunifusa's death later in my hometown. When I think about it, he was an unlucky man. He lost his talented and beautiful wife right soon after he was posted in Nagasaki, and then followed her by becoming a victim of the atomic bomb himself. If he had been alive to continue his research to this day, he would probably have achieved a breakthrough in research. On the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, while I am also thinking about what happened to his sons, I would like to conclude this memoir.

(President, Shinshu University)

A tribute to Professor Jiso Kunifusa

Tokuro Tomonaga

9 August 1955, as the memorial day for the atomic bomb victims comes again for the tenth time, the burning sun in the clear sky is shining over our heads as it did on this day ten years ago, while we offer silent prayer in front of the cenotaph on the hill of Gubiroga. Ten years' time is short and long. At this occasion, I would like to remember the late Professor Jiso Kunifusa, and pray for the repose of his soul by writing as my pen freely dictates.

Professor Kunifusa was appointed professor of forensic medicine in Nagasaki in July 1940. He was an associate professor in Gyeongseong under the supervision of Professor Takeo Sato and succeeded Professor Houjo, following his transfer to Kyushu University. My former supervisor, Dr. Kagaya in Chiba, and Professor Sato were very close friends, so I shared some kind of affinity with Mr. Kunifusa. However, before Kunifusa's arrival in Nagasaki, he did not appear very often at the annual conference due to the geographical location of Gyeongseong. This is probably why I can not recollect any particular memories before his days in Nagasaki.

In April 1941, following Kunifusa's appointment in Nagasaki, the Forensic Medicine Conference was held in Taipei. On the way to the conference, I happened to board the same ship, *Katori-maru*, as Kunifusa, and we were even assigned to the same table. Of the four at the table, two others were the ship's director of administration and an executive from a company in Aomori Prefecture. At the table, there was a disagreement regarding the apples served between Kunifusa and "Mr. Aomori." Kunifusa claimed that the Korean apples were good, while "Mr. Aomori" said that the apples from Aomori were better, and as both were quite stubborn, they did not give up on their opinion. They argued again in the next meal and I and the director of administration smiled with amusement but had no choice other than listening to them. For the first time, I felt as if I had seen a very serious character of Kunifusa. He would not compromise at all, and with his heavy and little hoarse voice, he was talking almost with foam at his mouth. Soon, Kunifusa asked: "Where did you eat a Korean apple?" Mr. Aomori: "I ate them in Tokyo." Kunifusa: "It is not good. You cannot understand the true taste of Korean apples unless you eat them in Korea," Mr. Aomori. "So, where did you eat the apples from Aomori?" Kunifusa: "Of course, in Tokyo." Mr. Aomori: "Then you won't know the true taste. You have to eat them in Aomori." At that moment, I interrupted them and said, "Let me judge which is better. Please send me the best apples from both areas." This finally resolved the controversy over apples, which ended in roaring laughter. (By the end of that year, the Pacific War broke out, and the *Katori-maru* was soon sunk.)

At the conference in Taipei, I saw the seriousness of Kunifusa once more. One of the professors who substituted for his department colleague reported on the diagnosis of death by drowning, which I had reported twice before at the conference for several years. In response, Kunifusa

questioned: “Regarding the diagnosis of death by drowning, Dr. Tomonaga has reported in the previous conference, but have you read the abstract?” The professor: “I have not read it yet.” At this point, Kunifusa indignantly scolded: “What is the matter with a person who is about to present a research report at an academic conference, but he has not read the report of the previous conference?” silencing the presenter. I was just taken aback by his sudden response, so I simply listened in blank amazement, but respected him again in my heart for paying attention to my modest report. Surprisingly, I started researching death by drowning when I succeeded him in Nagasaki, and suddenly remembered the episode at the conference, and thought it was a strange coincidence.

After the conference in Taipei, I also accompanied him on an excursion, and some of us climbed to the top of the mountain in the early morning to see sunrise at a lodge in Mt. Alishan. I still have a photograph taken by Kage from Professor Kunifusa's laboratory, in which Professor Kagaya stands in the center, Professor Kunifusa and I on either side, a huge root of a cypress, and the sky in the back. The photograph also makes me feel another strange connection.

Another episode about which I find strange coincidence is that Professor Kunifusa appeared to devote himself to research: “Subtype of blood types” since he was appointed and in 1943, at Forensic Medicine Conference, he proposed to use “1, 2, 3. . .” for subtypes and “I, II, III” for partial antigens, thus unifying the previously somewhat different symbols. He was scheduled to share an assigned research: “Research on ABO blood group subtypes” at the conference in 1945, but the war situation was gradually becoming intense, and although the 1944 conference was held on 5 November, only a dozen or so people attended. The conference was held in the basement of the auditorium in Tokyo University to avoid air-raids, and it finally became impossible to hold in 1945. Moreover, Professor Kunifusa was killed by the atomic bombing, and his assigned research, “Research on subtypes of ABO blood groups,” was left. Ten years since then, in 1956, a Forensic Medicine Conference was to be held in Nagasaki, and the title of the symposium was to be “Problems of blood group subtyping.”

Professor Kunifusa lost his wife right after arriving in Nagasaki, and later remarried but had the misfortune to die in the bombing. His wife went back to her parents in Sendai, and his three sons, Kai, Toru, and Hisasi, were taken by the relatives in Tokyo, where, I believe, they are all grown up to be fine young men.

(Forensic Medicine Department)

The Forensic Medicine Department during wartime

Takeo Tokugawa

My relationship with the Forensic Medicine Department began after I joined the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department after graduation.

At the time, I was given a research theme related to serology by late Professor Shimizu and asked Dr. Taniguchi in the department for supervision in the preparation of a standard serum. In August 1937, I joined the military when the Second Sino-Japanese War broke out, and returned to the department in 1940. Around September of the same year, Professor Kunifusa was appointed from Gyeongseong University. In the following year, March 1941, Professor Shimizu retired, and through the professor's recommendation, I joined the Forensic Medicine Department in April. At that time, I think Uemura, Kage, Tokunaga, Furukawa, Sekimoto, and others were in the department. Back then, it appeared that we were able to work freely since there was still an abundance of experimental materials. I was again drafted in July of the same year and came back to the department two years later.

According to my memory, the department staff at that time were Uemura, Kikuchi, Kagawa from Korea, international student Zhang from Beijing University, and Maekawa. As the war situation became serious, there were calls for digging air-raid shelters and increasing food production, so every unused space turned into vegetable gardens, and in the Forensic Medicine department, we too cultivated all the vacant land and made potatoes and other vegetables to be self-sufficient. Professor Kunifusa also ploughed the fields himself with a hoe.

A little earlier, right after I was drafted for the second time, he lost his wife to a minor illness. Since then, he raised his three children by himself while engaging in research and supervision, which I believe must have been a lot of work. At the time, his main task in the department was assigned research on blood group subtypes, and he was making steady progress. They were Tokugawa's A₁, A₂ blood types, Kagawa's B₁, B₂ blood types, Maekawa's O₁, O₂ blood types, and my M and N blood types. Other research which were purely related to forensic medicine was Uemura's research on sudden underwater death and Kikuchi's asphyxiation research.

Meanwhile, the professor advocated blood type testing of the citizens in Nagasaki City, which was carried out by the entire college. All the department staff were involved in the preparation of the standard sera required for this, as well as the supervision of the coordination and guidance of the tests.

Forensic autopsies were also carried out steadily during this period, and a celebration was held in the department when Professor Kunifusa achieved 500 autopsies.

There were moments of fun too, when we had a small party in the spacious first laboratory, which no longer exists. With the students who donated their blood, we served chickens and rabbits

after antiserum was prepared, which were the only source of protein for the department during times of protein deficiency.

At the beginning of 1945, Kagawa, who was from Korea, probably thought Japan's defeat was certain, and he suddenly left in the middle of his work. The number of staff in the department gradually decreased, leaving the department empty. However, research continued.

All that research, including joint research, became ashes with the atomic bomb with Professor Kunifusa. Prior to this, in June 1945, I was drafted to serve in the Nagasaki military headquarters.

On 9 August, the day of the atomic bombing, I was away from Nagasaki due to official duty, but I still remember clearly the surprise when I saw Nagasaki from a distance when I returned the next day. I immediately went to the College. As far as I could see, in the ashes, only parts of the concrete remained. Of course, the Forensic Medicine Department was blown away by the blast, and most of it was burned. The books in the library were scattered far away to near the College gate, and everything in the semi-ground basement anatomy room, which was believed to be safe, so we stored all the important items, was burnt to the ground, leaving nothing except for the shapes of experiment equipment, glass equipment, and books. Yamaguchi, a technician, another staff member, and Ms. Kurokawa were found in the rubble of the laboratory.

Professor Kunifusa was blown by the blast to near the road, which was on the east side of the Department and spent the night in a nearby air-raid shelter. When I arrived, he was lying on a straw mat in a semi-ground basement of the Pediatrics Department and was suffering from high fever, burns, loss of appetite, and persistent diarrhea, but he maintained consciousness. The first thing he asked about was whether the basement of the anatomy room was safe. He lost his voice in sadness when I told him that everything was gone, and in hindsight, I regret sharing that. President Tsuno'o and Professor Yamane were also severely wounded and were lying in the air-raid tunnel under the basement of the former Konan Ward.

While on military duty, I often visited my professor, who had returned to his house in Sakurababa-machi to rest. He was still struggling with high fever, diarrhea, lack of appetite, and external wounds. In the early morning before dawn on 15 August, he said, "There is no airplane today. I feel a little lonely," and finally passed away as a victim of the atomic bomb, never losing his consciousness, and without the knowledge of the end of the war. The following day, on the 16th, I accompanied his body to the College and cremated him in the tennis court next to the former Konan Ward with the lonesome presence of his wife, Professor Sano, myself, and a few others.

For about a year afterwards, I was in charge of the Forensic Medicine Department until Professor Tomonaga's arrival, and I left the College for personal reasons.

Now, when I recollect the years I have spent with my *sensei*, many memories appear and fade like a lantern, and the only thing that remains is that he was a good *sensei*. May his soul rest in peace forever.

Hygiene Department

The department staff working at that time were Professor Okura, Associate Professor Fukuda, Associate Professor Uchida, two research assistants (names unknown), and a staff member, Kinoshita.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Okura was in the professor's office, and Associate Professor was in Laboratory 5 when they were exposed to the atomic bombing, and their bodies were identified.

Associate Professor Fukuda was killed by the atomic bomb in the Auditorium of the Special Medical Vocational Department. Other staff were also killed in the bombing in the department.

Biography of late Professor Okura

Senior Fourth Rank, the Third Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., professor of hygiene

1 November	1893	Born in Okayama Prefecture
March	1920	Graduated from Kyushu Imperial University School of Medicine
June	1922	Appointed Assistant at Kyushu Imperial University, specializing in hygiene.
December	1924	Appointed Associate Professor at Kyushu Imperial University.
May	1931	Studied in Europe and the U.S. for hygiene research.
December	1934	Returned to Japan.
11 June	1934	Appointed Professor at Nagasaki Medical College
November	1942	Appointed Senior Officer, the First Order
9 August	1945	Killed in line of duty by an atomic bomb explosion on campus

Main research topics

Study associating subtype and hemolysin of *Streptococcus pneumoniae*

Official position and names of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Genichi Okura
Associate Professor	Hidenobu Fukuda
Associate Professor	Nobuhisa Uchida
Staff	Daikichi Kinoshita

Professor Okura, the mice, and his cigars

Tomoyoshi Nagata

Professor Okura was appointed from Kyushu University as professor of hygiene in the summer of 1934. He never left his professor's office, not even taking a single step out of the room, and was always reading, while his cigar never left his mouth. He commuted in a taxi. Some may have found him a luxurious and snobbish man, but the truth was that if he used a train, he would meet someone and had to talk. He seemed to think it was a hassle. As this was his way in the department, he insisted that we not talk about anything outside of research-related topics. So, unless we brought something to talk about, we would not see each other for days. This also meant that the staff of the department were guaranteed freedom of research. With only a few staff, there was no shortage of research funds.

However, there was one thing that I could never understand. I can not forget about this particular incident, as the professor was not an insensitive person. That was, one day, four of us - Lecturer Fukuda, Nagayama, Kayano, and I - were assigned to work on pneumococcus, but the professor was vociferous about saving money when we used mice. The relationship between pneumococcus and mice was inextricably linked, and the research could not proceed without using mice. I was especially struck by his order as I was in charge of an epidemiological survey. A mouse cost 15 *sen* back then. Even if we used 1,000 mice, it cost only 150 *yen*. Why saving? Four of us gathered like pigeons and discussed, but could not figure it out. Besides, there was absolutely no other method to substitute for mice. If we could not find a solution, there was no choice! Let's use whatever I can get! So, as I started experiments, I ended up killing 200 or 300 mice soon. When Professor Okura found out about it from the bill from the animal dealer, his eyes changed and became angry like thunder. We gathered again like pigeons. What was going on? It only meant that I should quit my epidemiological survey. However, the professor had no such idea. I was in a desperate situation. So I was absorbed in experiments to find out an alternative method instead of using mice to isolate *pneumonia diplococcus*, thinking seriously and forgetting to eat and sleep.

Eventually, I came up with a new method in two months. I brought the results to the professor's office and told him, "*Sensei*, please check this!" I repeated this dozens of times. Indeed, we could open a new field of research because of Professor Okura's stubborn attachment to sweet mice. When the war situation became serious, I visited the professor's room and saw his cigar had been changed to "Golden bird" brand cigarettes.

"It must be difficult since cigarettes have been rationed." "Not really. My stomach and intestines are stronger, thanks to it." Indeed, his complexion seemed to be improved, and he gained weight.

In the afternoon of 10 August, the day after the atomic bombing, I was on the way home after being released from the military due to sickness. I got off the train at Michino'o station and wandered around Ohashi, Okamachi, Matsuyama, Yamazato, and Hamaguchi-machi area for three hours before I walked into the hypocenter area unexpectedly. Although I was very much concerned about the College in front of me, I was overwhelmed by the scenes in the hypocenter, so by the time dusk was approaching, I crossed a mountain and retreated to the countryside. Once again, on 4 September, I stood in the burnt ruins of the Hygiene Department in the heavy rain. Where is Professor Okura? Associate Professor Fukuda? Where is Uchida? I could not see a single person in the ghastly place, and had no way of asking anyone. In the evening of the same day, I could finally meet Dr. Koyano, who was evacuated to Takagi Hospital in Hirobaba. His wife passed away three days ago. President Tsuno'o died on the 22nd. They found a skeleton and confirmed that it was Professor Okura in his professor's room, but could never find Dr. Fukuda's remains. For the first time, I was informed about the day of the catastrophe and afterwards. I lost my words.

The victims of the atomic bomb from the department when I was working were: Professor Okura, Associate Professor Fukuda, and Associate Professor Uchida. Uchida was much younger than I, but we had a hard time together serving in a regiment in Kurume as reserve military doctors in the summer of 1944. He was an associate professor when he met the tragedy. Dr. Fukuda was three years my senior, and I spent six years in the department with this man of an unparalleled benevolent mind wrapped in a huge body, sharing all the sufferings and joys. His lecture was a legend, and his radio announcement was well-prepared and masterful. As Professor Okura was outside of the worldly issues, many tasks were redirected towards Dr. Fukuda. He had no spare time as he was extremely busy throughout the year, but he was always joyful at work. I talked with Dr. Koyano about him, who may have been out of the department on some business on 9 August. Ten years have already passed. In order to write this memoir, I made an effort to search for the addresses of the two daughters of Professor Okura. They were six and eight years old when the professor was appointed, and I have a sole memory of them as we used to collect the professor's family's saliva once a week, and continued the streptococcus pneumoniae survey. I can not imagine what fine ladies they become. I was informed that their mother (the professor's wife) passed away from sickness in May 1952. I believe she passed away in the hardship caused by the atomic bomb, and I have no words to apologize for not sending a word of sympathy sooner.

(Written on 31st August 1955)

Memories of Dr. Okura and Dr. Fukuda

Shinichi Kayano

I was in the Hygiene Department led by Professor Okura and Associate Professor Fukuda during the time of the Sino-Japanese War, which had just started before the Pacific War. The general public who were yet to realize the difference in national power between Japan and Europe and the U.S, were still proud of Japan as a first-rank country, but among the staff in the College, the question of whether to volunteer as a reserve military doctor was discussed, and the majority believed in Japan's defeat. Today, all the memories are surrounded by the mist of the past and have become vague, but there are a few clear and nostalgic episodes in my mind like a mountain peak standing out from a sea of clouds. When it came to cigars, I could say that Professor Okura was an addict. As soon as he arrived at the College and entered his room in the morning, he immediately had his cigar and did not let it go until he went back home in the evening. He was an extremely quiet man, mostly shutting himself in his room and reading, never letting go of his cigar even for a moment. We had never seen him without a cigar, even in the corridors on the way to our experimental site. One Sunday afternoon, when I was alone in the laboratory after everyone had gone home, as I had to keep up with my experiment, which was behind, he came over to me. "Kayano-kun, you like Cherry (a tobacco brand), don't you? As everyone knows, I have been smoking cigars since I started overseas, but it is too strong and not really good for one's health. It is also not economical, so I bought these, but I don't really like them." So he gave me several boxes of "Cherry."

Fukuda-san was a huge man with a great physique whose size was larger than that of a regular big person. He was a man who could forget to eat or sleep, and busy himself for a friend's sake. He was a good man who became sad when his fellow men were not as innocent as he was. He loved writing on Japanese traditional paper "*washi*" with Chinese ink and often helped others to write down their CVs. He had extensive knowledge in many fields, and events that no one knew about. I was impressed by him who memorized every single athletic sports record. However, there is an episode that happened under knowledgeable Fukuda-san's nose. It was an evening of a celebration of Japanese troops entering Nanjing, and in the commercial area of Nagasaki, there was a lantern procession. At Fukuda-san's proposal, all the staff except for Professor Okura gathered for a *sukiyaki* party in the staff room. Since no one gave Fukuda-san an answer whether 375 grams of beef for each one was enough, he bought the same amount for each, but the meat was far too much for us, and we could not even eat half of it. It was the first time that Fukuda-san learned that the human appetite had a limit in relation to *sukiyaki*.

It has been twenty years since then. Okura *sensei* and Fukuda *sensei* were perished instantly with experimental equipment, specimens, books, and others, so today, we have not a single

memento.

However, the Hygiene Department in Nagasaki University School of Medicine revived on the ruins, and I am in great joy seeing the School advance with many precious achievements.

As I was told that a memoir will be compiled, I shared a few episodes, believing it is my responsibility.

The East Asia Research Institute of Endemics

The Institute was divided into two departments at that time. In the Pathology Department, there were Professor Kaneko and Junior Assistant Takayama, and in the Bacteriology Department, there were Associate Professor Aoki (in the military) and Associate Saitsu. Other department staff were Hirayama, Iwanaga, Kusano, Sanada, and Yamaguchi.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Kaneko was killed in the bombing while relocating a staff room, and was on the foot of Mt. Kompira. Assistant Saitsu was killed on a road near the College, and Staff Hirayama, Kusano, Sanada, and Yamaguchi were killed inside the department building.

Biography of late Professor Sunao Kaneko

Junior Fifth Rank, the Fourth Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., Staff member of the East Asia Research Institute of Endemics (professor)

30 September	1900	Born in Nagasaki Prefecture
March	1925	Graduated from Kyushu Imperial University School of Medicine
March	1926	Appointed Assistant Professor at the same university, specializing in pathology.
February	1930	Appointed Professor in Nagasaki Medical College
March	1937	Studied in Europe and the U.S. for pathological research, returning to Japan in July 1939.
February	1941	Appointed Professor in Nagasaki Medical College
October	1942	Appointed Senior Officer, Second Order
9 August	1945	Killed in the atomic bombing on the line of duty at the College

Main research topics

Study associating subtype and hemolysin of *Streptococcus pneumoniae*

Official position and names of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Sunao Kaneko
Junior Assistant	Yoshio Saitsu
Staff	Fujiko Hirayama

Staff	Chiyoka Kusano
Staff	Atsuko Sanada
Staff	Suezaburo Yamaguchi

Professor Kaneko on the day of the bombing

Hearing from Jinzo Tagawa

On that day, I was helping with the relocation of a house for the department to Ebira-machi at the foot of Mt. Kompira, and was hit by the atomic bomb. I crawled out from under the house, but my head was severely injured. On the same day, there were Professor Kaneko's family, a few hired men and women, and a staff member, Ideguchi. Ideguchi got burned and died a week later. Fortunately, Professor Kaneko was not injured, but he was very pale. He headed in the direction of the hospital carrying his injured child, but he was lost after that. His wife went to Yamazato-machi before the atomic bomb to receive rationed *sake*, but she has also been missing since. My family members who lived in the neighborhood of the College sports field were all killed.

Afterwards, my hairs fell, and I was at the brink of death and life for sometime but fortunately through Professor Takeuchi's (he was on sick leave at his house in Narutaki, and passed away a year later) arrangement, I received a treatment from a doctor who was the professor's former student, and was working in Mitsubishi hospital. I had to take a break for about a year for treatment, but I am now working in the Facility Section of the Administration.

(Former employee at the Pathology Department,
Currently working at the Facility Division, Department of Administration)

Tsuno'o Internal Medicine Department

At that time, under the supervision of Professor Tsuno'o, the department staff included Associate Professor Osajima, Lecturer Takahashi, Assistant Nakamura, Junior Assistant Ushijima, Ke-den Huang, Okura, Tsuchiyama, Yongcho Huang, Yoshizaki, Fukami, Ozaki, and Inoue. There were also provisional graduates, including Murata, Murakami, and Suzuki, as well as provisional graduates from the Special Medical Vocational Department: Kidahashi, Kiyota, and Hiwatari. Head Nurse Eshita and 27 nurses, along with Staff Matsuo, were also on duty.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Tsuno'o was exposed to the atomic bomb in the Outpatient Examination Room located on the north side of the 3rd floor of the Main Building's western end. Associate Professor Osajima, Lecturer Takahashi, and Assistant Nakamura were in the Nurse's Room of the Tsuno'o Internal Medicine Department (south side) on the 3rd floor of the Internal Medicine Ward, and most of the other department staff and nurses were treating in the Outpatient Room on the 3rd floor of the Main Building. Head Nurse Maeda and two or three nurses were exposed to the atomic bomb in the Treatment Room. Professor Tsuno'o was treating a patient with his back facing the hypocenter, so his back received numerous wounds from glass shards of the window, and his wounds on his thigh were deep, making it difficult for him to walk. He was rescued, carried to the mountain behind, and later treated by Professor Shirabe. He stayed outside for a night together with others. On the following day, he was moved on the back of others to an air-raid shelter next to the Surgery Department and received further treatment. On the 12th, he was carried by a military bus to Michino'o, then to Daijingu Shrine for care, since a week before his death, he suffered from symptoms of radiation such as high fever, subcutaneous extravasation, stomatitis, and passed away in the morning of the 22nd.

Takahashi developed fever and mouth ulcers around a week after exposure to the atomic bomb, but he was cured as a result of treatment.

We were unable to find the body of Junior Assistant Murakami (1945 provisional graduate of the Medical College). He was probably in the wooden corridor between the Internal Medicine Ward and the Outpatient Ward.

Junior Assistant Murata (1945 provisional graduate of the Medical College) was injured in the 2nd New Patient Room and was carried to the mountain behind, but died shortly after.

Junior Assistant Suzuki (1945 provisional graduate of the Medical College), Kiyota (1945 provisional graduate of the Special Medical Vocational Department), and Kidahashi (1945 provisional graduate of the Special Medical Vocational Department) returned home and died while being treated.

Junior Assistant Hiwatari (1945 provisional graduate of the Special Medical Vocational Department) was exposed to the atomic bomb while hospitalized in Kohoku Ward and received treatment for a few days, but finally died.

Junior Assistant Huang also died while receiving treatment.

Head Nurse Maeda nursed President Tsuno'o for days, but later fell ill, so she returned home to rest and recover.

Nurse Uchio was wounded, unable to stand, and died a month later in her hometown.

Nurse Kato and Nurse Ohyama just arrived at the dormitory, and their bodies are missing.

Nurse Miyamoto and Nurse Yoshimoto were in the Stool Examination Room, mortally injured, and later died.

Nurse Ogata was wounded in the Outpatient Room and later died.

Nurse Nakayama was killed instantly in the bathroom of Kohoku Ward.

Head Nurse Eshita was killed in Konan Ward.

Biography of late Professor Susumu Tsuno'o

Junior Third Rank, the Second Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., President, professor of internal medicine

20 December	1892	Born in Toyama Prefecture
March	1917	Graduated from Tokyo Imperial University School of Medicine, specializing in internal medicine as Junior Assistant at the same university until November 1922.
June	1922	Studied in Europe and the U. S. for research on internal medicine, returning to Japan in February 1925
April	1923	Appointed Associate Professor of Nagasaki Medical College
March	1925	Appointed as Professor of Nagasaki Medical College
May	1933	Ordered official trip to various countries in Europe and the U.S., returning to Japan in January 1934
July	1936	Appointed President of Nagasaki Medical College, where he was also professor of internal medicine.
November	1936	Appointed Senior Official, the First Order
July 1937 and June	1938	Ordered an official trip to Manchuria and the Republic of China
9 August	1945	Injured by an atomic bomb while lecturing in Nagasaki Medical College, and died on duty on the 22nd.

Main research topics

Experimental and clinical study on jaundice

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Professor	Susumu Tsuno'o
Junior Assistant	Kaden Huang
Staff	Masano Matsuo
Provisional graduate of the Medical College	Chiaki Murata
Provisional graduate of the Medical College	Yosaku Murakami
Provisional graduate of the Medical College	Shiro Suzuki
Provisional graduate of the Special Medical Vocational Department	Yoshimichi Kidahashi
Provisional graduate of the Special Medical Vocational Department	Kazuyuki Kiyota
Provisional graduate of the Special Medical Vocational Department	Toshio Hiwatari
Head Nurse	Sumu Eshita
Fourth-year nursing student	Fumiko Uchio
Fourth-year nursing student	Hisaka Ogata
Fourth-year nursing student	Toshiko Kato
Fourth-year nursing student	Yoshie Nakayama
Third-year nursing student	Toshiko Honda
Second-year nursing student	Harue Miyamoto
Second-year nursing student	Fuyoko Ohyama
Second-year nursing student	Mishie Yoshimoto
First-year nursing student	Setuko Maeda

Remembering Dr. Tsuno'o

Shiro Osajima

It has been 10 years since our beloved old Nagasaki Medical College was completely reduced to ashes by a dreadful atomic bomb, and when I think back to those days, I can not hold back my tears. I sometimes dream of Dr. Tsuno'o making the hospital rounds. When I feel relieved, I come back to reality. Today, upon publishing this memoir, I would like to share my speech made at the first memorial ceremony a year after the atomic bombing, which I addressed as a representative of the medical staff at a church in Uma-machi. When I reread it today, I find parts that seem naïve, but I think it effectively expresses my feelings towards my teacher, as I wrote it while serving as the head of the First Internal Medicine Department for more than a year after the *sensei* had passed away.

Memorial address

Today marks one year since we lost our guide, pillar, and supervisor, Dr. Tsuno'o. A year seems to pass so quickly, but it was also the longest year. We have experienced so much during this time, and when I look back, I realize again the greatness of our *sensei*, deeply, even after all this time.

Looking back, upon returning from Tokyo on his business trip at the end of July to early August last year, he happened to pass through Hiroshima right after an atomic bomb had been dropped. He walked the town with a heavy rucksack on his back and saw the tragic situation first hand, so immediately after returning to Nagasaki on 8 August, he went to school and reported that it was like a living hell. He shared with us many scenes he saw, but we could hardly comprehend his story fully at the time. However, on the following day, 9 August, we were destined to experience the same fate.

As far as one could see, the land was devastated, no living creatures to be seen, a dark red frame was rising into the heavens, and occasionally, we saw horrific tornadoes scroll as if it were the last day of this world. I believe that humans will eventually be extinguished someday by our own hands.

On that day, Dr. Tsuno'o was injured during an outpatient consultation, and we immediately carried him to a small hill next to the hospital, but he looked extremely pale and nauseous, so we were concerned. However, he started to feel better on the following day, and we were all relieved, believing that he would be all right. On the contrary, from around the 18th, he started to have a high fever over 39 degrees Celsius and showed so-called radiation symptoms such as mouth ulcers and subcutaneous hemorrhages, and finally, he passed away at 10 a.m. on 22 August. On the night of the 21st, knowing his death was near, *the sensei* passed on his last will

on the issues to follow up calmly and clearly despite the physical pain he was suffering, and left one word, “*Sayonara*,” to us as his last words, and parted from this world. In contrast to his ordinary self, who used to be busy, a vigorous and passionate debater, taking care of many assignments single-handedly, his last hour was simple and quiet. I can still picture what he was like at that time.

Please allow me to take a moment and share with you what he was like back then. It is an undeniable fact that he was one of the leading clinicians and a researcher of jaundice in modern Japan. He had extensive knowledge and distinctive opinions not only in his expertise on internal medicine but also in all areas of the general field of medicine.

He believed that medical treatment was his vocation and never missed a single day without seeing patients, even after he was appointed as President. Upon his medical treatment, he never neglected a single detail, and devoted his energy, and even in seemingly simple cases, he never cut corners but responded extremely attentively, sometimes taking long hours. The outpatient treatment often started in the morning until 3:00 p.m. The doctor's rounds sometimes ended at 9:00 p.m. He used to visit patients with a lantern when the lights went out. These are the memories that will never return. The *Sensei* told us to always examine the patients with a new perspective as if seeing a new patient, even if the patient has been examined before, and demonstrated this silently. Such an attitude to medical treatment with his extensive knowledge made him stand on an almost different level, where no one else could ever hope to reach. Indeed, he lived and fell for medical practice. He was truly a leading clinical expert who could not be found anywhere else. On the other hand, in the field of research, he specialized for many years in experimental and clinical study of jaundice, and was widely recognized as an authority in the field, so everyone with concerns about jaundice visited him and sought his advice. He was extremely strict when it came to treatment and research, and many of us had our shoulders tapped during his rounds. He hated it if someone gave up, and always instructed us to make an effort to overcome challenges by devising various ways. He also did not like seeing anyone miss the lecture or other activities, even for an hour.

When he was not in the administration, examination room or laboratory, he was always studying in the professor's room, and even when he travelled to Tokyo on his business trip and returned in the early morning, he came to school right away and started his rounds, so he never rested, and I am ashamed of myself every time I remember him.

On the other hand, he always cared for his students deeply, and the gathering of Tsuno'o Internal Medicine with the *sensei* in the center was harmonious and fun. His specialty, a Japanese folk song, “*Hamabushi*,” is now an unforgettable memory.

Thinking about challenges in rebuilding Nagasaki Medical College which was destroyed, and about him who is no longer able to walk as a great President, I remember the *sensei* who fought

tirelessly, who in Tokyo, lead Malaria Committee of Academic Research Conference as a chairman, who compiled new curriculum for internal medicine at Special Medical Vocational Department throughout Japan and became an authority in the area, who was in his prime, and who during the war, made great effort for the victory for our country as President but also shared his grievances over the military who were ignorant about how to treat scientists. Now is the time he could use all his strength without regret, and I wish he could demonstrate his footwork in every field, but Heaven did not allow him to live longer, and we are no longer able to see him in this world.

However, the great inspiration he left behind will remain with us for a long time, and we will never forget it. Although our ability is still poor, we hereby pledge in front of *the sensei's* grave that we will continue to follow his silent instruction and will work on the promotion of science, which is an urgent task for the revival of Japan. Please rest in peace, *sensei*, as you were too busy during your lifetime.

(22 August 1946, Representative of Tsuno'o Internal Medicine Department,
Shiro Osajima)

Memory of the time of the atomic bombing

Hiroshi Takahashi

Shortly before 11:00 a.m. on 9 August 1945, the early morning air-raid alarm was finally lifted. After taking a late breakfast at my lodging, I was talking with Associate Professor Osajima (now Professor), Assistant Nakamura, and others in the Nurses' Room on the third floor of Tsuno'o Internal Medicine. Professor Tsuno'o had already started his outpatient treatment and was in the western corner of the north side of the third floor of the Main Building, which was facing the hypocenter. Dr. Osajima was waiting for medical records prepared by students for the graduation exam of the Special Medical Vocational Department.

Suddenly, there was a loud explosive sound like a low-altitude flight. Instinctively, we lie down. At that moment, we heard a tremendous sound of an explosion as if a bomb had burst in the garden in front of the building. With the blast wind, we were in complete darkness. It seemed like a very long time. I could hear nurses' voices, but I could not guess whether they were crying or groaning. The darkness gradually turned red and faded. Somebody was shouting "fire." I saw that the former X-ray Room area was slightly ablaze. Cabinets in the room have collapsed, the ceiling has fallen, and the windows have shattered, leaving no trace of their original form. Every single house we could see from the hospital had collapsed, and they looked like scattered axes of matches. I had never imagined before that we were destroyed to this level by a single bomb. I thought that this must be a new type of bomb.

Dr. Osajima and Nakamura were safe. Dr. Osajima was stroking his head, saying something hard had hit it. I had a slight wound on my hand, but nothing serious. Some nurses were wounded by glass shards. Their hair was disheveled, and their faces were dirty with dust. Although we were 600 to 700 m from the hypocenter, the damage was at this level, and there were no deaths. It was probably because we had an elevator next to the Nurses' Room on the hypocenter side, and its thick walls shielded blast and radiation. We thought that the blast came from the south, opposite the hypocenter.

I was worried about Dr. Tsuno'o, the staff, and the patients. We split up to check the safety of others. Soon, we heard from the outpatient that Dr. Tsuno'o was injured but fine, so we were all relieved. At that time, there were a total of 18 inpatients as the hospital admissions were kept to a minimum since the air-raid attacks were intensifying day by day. A patient in Room 11 seemed to have gone home, and we could not find the patient despite our search, but all the other patients were safe. There was a patient with severe pneumonia, but the patient was also safe. This patient received treatment of penicillin ("*Denken*" prototype, 500 units of 5 cc), which was rare back then, but Dr. Tsuno'o obtained it and administered it, so the patient gradually started to recover. An old lady who came for outpatient treatment was severely wounded and seemed unable to move. Students ran for her rescue but struggled to move her out on a stretcher, since they were troubled by her, who was asking them to collect ten-yen notes which were scattered around. An unknown lady was lying in the corridor. Dr. Osajima and I carried her frantically to the basement, but she was already dying. Someone told us that although he tried to go to see the Outpatient Ward, the corridor had collapsed and he could not reach it. The fire in the direction of the X-ray and the pharmacy gradually started to grow. The fire also started to catch slowly inside the Internal Medicine Ward and the corridor in front of the pantry, but Dr. Osajima recognized and immediately extinguished it. However, as flames were getting stronger around us, we decided to evacuate to a mountain behind us.

First, we asked the nurses to accompany the patients who could walk. Students carried the outpatients who could not walk on the stretchers. Dr. Osajima and I decided to carry the pneumonia patient. The basement was buried under piles of wood chips, and the corridor was impassable. I passed through the corridor where there were 2 or 3 dead bodies of patients from the Kageura Internal Medicine to the back of the Otorhinolaryngology Department to find a way, where Dr. Osajima was already carrying a patient on his back, tottering over a pile of wood chips. We took turns carrying the patient on our backs, while breathing a hot wind burning our throats, and finally managed to get out from the hospital entrance to the mountainside.

At last, we managed to evacuate the patients to a safe place on the hill.

Somehow, I was exhausted. I felt tired when I moved. We went after Dr. Tsuno'o. He was being carried by a student on his back. He was glad to see us safe. We were also relieved to see the

sensei, who was injured but appeared not to be in a threatening condition. We took turns to carry him on our backs, while taking caution not to touch the wounds on his buttocks. On the way, I heard a voice from the lying people on the roadside: "This is Ishizaki. Ishizaki, it's me." Surprised, I looked at the face, which was swollen and had become round, and although his physiognomy had been changed, indeed it was Associate Professor Ishizaki. As he told me that he was cold, I covered him with a *futon* which we found nearby. (I had no idea why a *futon* was there, but perhaps someone brought it there and abandoned it on the way.) He did not appear to be severely injured, but his face was very swollen, probably from burns.

We put down Dr. Tsuno'o in a potato field on top of a small hill. Nakamura, Okura (Junior Assistant), and others brought a *futon* from somewhere and made a temporary bed. Since the enemy planes would fly overhead occasionally, we camouflaged the doctor by covering with sweet potato vines with no leaves, as they were blown away by the blast wind.

Junior Assistant Huang, Kidabashi, Kiyota, and Nurse Takeshita also gathered. Dr. Tsuno'o and all of them complained of chillness and thirst. Some were throwing up. We took off our coats or found something, and covered them. Head Nurse Maeda was caring for them briskly. Okura and Nakamura went to fetch water from down the hill repeatedly, and gave everyone, working superhumanly. Back then, we had no idea why they were complaining of chills and nausea. I thought that it was a strange condition, but I thought that they came from the shock of the bombing.

The entire Urakami area was burning with flames, which were reaching the sky. The fire had already spread to the Internal Medicine Ward. The sky is darkened by smoke, and dark rain arrows attacked us when there was a rain shower. It is a gruesome scene that seems like hell on earth.

At that time, Professor Shirabe arrived and treated Dr. Tsuno'o's wounds. The professor has taken care of the doctor several times since then. I was deeply moved by the professor who worked passionately, never showing his grief, after losing his son.

Nurses and patients who evacuated earlier were further up. Everyone was safe, but some were severely burned. I was deeply sad since there were no materials for treatment.

Hearing that President Tsuno'o was here, Professor Takagi came with a student carrying him on his back. The doctor is usually vigorous, but somehow he had lost his energy completely. The doctor suffered not a single injury, so I was confused. Dr. Tsuno'o was also perplexed. He said that the symptoms are very similar to cardiac beriberi.

Someone posted a College flag so others could see where the headquarters were, but as enemy planes came occasionally, we had to take it down.

What happened to others? Did they evacuate over the mountain? Where is Suzuki, who was in the Outpatient Ward? What about the students? It seemed that there were numerous victims

in the Basic Medicine Department.

Early evening, we received hardtacks. We ate them as if we were chewing sand.

The world below continued to burn without abating. Our beloved classrooms were also burning. We were in distress as if our bodies were being cut.

We nibbled still-small raw potatoes. We also nibbled cucumbers that someone brought. Somehow, we felt we had regained some of our energy.

I received information that Hiwatari, who had been admitted to the Kohoku Ward, was on a nearby hill. I immediately went to look for him. He had been hospitalized for typhus, but escaped here all by himself. It was decided that we would spend a night on the mountain. I decided to stay in the potato field near him, who was utterly exhausted. He said he was cold, so I covered him with my jacket. Looking down, the world continued to be on fire, as if it were burning the sky. Enemy planes were flying over occasionally, and the flare bomb exploded.

After a painful night, on the 10th, both Kidahashi and Kiyota got in touch with their families and headed to their homes over the mountain. However, they did not look well. Both died shortly in their home.

On the day, we decided to move Dr. Tsuno'o, Dr. Takagi, and Ishizaki to an air-raid shelter next to the Surgery Department for further treatment. Hiwatari was moved to the bathroom of Konan Ward. Dr. Osajima and the Head Nurse devoted themselves to the treatment of Dr. Tsuno'o and others. Nakamura, Okura, and I busied ourselves with the treatment and nursing of the students who were accommodated in the basement of the Ophthalmology and the Dermatology, as well as in the tunnel of Konan Ward. We gathered, used injections and hygiene materials from the unmanned pharmacy and an emergency box stored in the basements of each department. The first-year and the second-year students barely crawled out of the collapsed classrooms and managed to reach here with great difficulty. Every single one of them suffered from chills, vomiting, and thirst. At the time, there were only staff from the Internal Medicine, so many of us worked for everyone in spite of our suffering.

Professor Takagi passed away on the 11th, and Ishizaki on the 12th, while suffering painfully. Professor Takagi was in excitement all the time, and Ishizaki was also delirious and constantly talking about the operation.

It was about the 11th, when we heard about Professor Yamane, who was injured, was in the air-raid shelter next to the Ophthalmology Department all by himself, so we brought him to our shelter.

Around this time, Professor Koyano was injured on the forehead and wearing a headband, became Acting President, and started to take command of the College. A rescue team from the army and the navy arrived and helped treat. We could get back in communication with the town and learned that patients who had crossed the mountain were accommodated in Shinkozen Primary School.

Dr. Tsuno'o was the least wounded patient in the air-raid shelter. He calmly instructed us about the treatment of Professor Takagi, Professor Yamane, and others. He encouraged us, saying that you, who are young folks, need to take care of your bodies, but do not worry about an old man with a short time left. He never complained about his pain and was lying quietly. We were determined to make such a good father figure well again as soon as possible.

As the rescue team arrived, we let them take care of the students, and on the evening of the 12th, Dr. Osajima, Nakamura, I, and Head Nurse carried Dr. Tsuno'o and Dr. Yamane to Michino'o by a bus kindly provided by the army. This was because they could receive treatment from Dr. Shirabe. At the time, Dr. Shirabe was evacuated to Michino'o and Nameshi.

On the same evening, Dr. Tsuno'o took a rest on the wooden floor of Michino'o Iwaya Club without complaint. The following day, on the 13th, we moved him again to the worship hall of Nameshi Daijingu Shrine, where the doctor could sleep on the *tatami* floor and the *futon* borrowed from Professor Shirabe for the first time since the atomic bombing.

The next day, on the 14th, I returned with Nakamura to contact the College. Around this time, I also started to have a fever and mouth ulcers. On the 15th, all of us heard from the Acting President Koyano about the imperial edict about the end of the war, and together with the dying students, we wept tears of grief. Around this time, the students started to die one by one. On the 15th, Hiwatari passed away in the Patient Room of Shirabe Surgery (now the X-ray Department), which was allocated as a hospital ward.

Although I was treated by Yoshizaki and Okura, as there was no sign of improvement, I decided to go back to my hometown for further treatment and stopped by Michino'o again on the 17th to say goodbye to Professor Tsuno'o.

Professor Yamane had finally passed away on the 15th due to tetanus. The condition of Dr. Tsuno'o was not good. Symptoms such as fever, subcutaneous hemorrhage, and mouth ulcers showed up.

When I reported about my condition and requested a leave, the *sensei* told me to stay here and take a good rest. On the same night, I suffered several times from a high fever. Finally, in the early morning on the following day, I made a decision and slipped out of the place while the doctor was still sleeping.

When I learned that he had finally passed away on 22 August at the place where I was recuperating, I deeply apologized to him in my heart for not saying one last goodbye.

(Yokota Internal Medicine Department)

Memories

Harue Maeda

On the morning of the 9th, when the air-raid started, I said goodbye to my roommate in the dormitory, Pediatrics Head Nurse Nakao, wishing each other a safe day as we parted on opposite sides of the corridor. The air-raid alarm was soon lifted, and we were in an alert state. With a sigh of relief, I took off my “*monpe*” trousers and put on one, then everyone started their day's work.

At 10 a.m., Professor Tsuno's clinical medicine class was over. Immediately, the professor entered the Outpatient Treatment Room, as it was a day for outpatient consultation. While drinking tea, I told him that I would visit him later with the documents and invoice of some goods which needed his signature stamp. He instructed me to bring his jacket and hat there as he had to run to the headquarters (he was the President at that time) once there was an air-raid, so I immediately returned to the patient's room, got his jacket and hat in the Director's Room (4th floor), and went downstairs. In front of the Nurses' Room, Dr. Nakamura asked me if I could write down the name tags of the junior doctors in the department, which he had asked me before, as we were now on alert. As I had forgotten about the task, I stopped and walked five or six steps to the treatment room and was ready to take name tags.

I think what people describe as “quick as lightning” exactly happened. It was at that moment, something I'd say in an extremely short time, a strong light, which blinds one's eyes, and a huge sound struck me. I sensed that my ears and body were blown off, felt a strong blast at my back, then I was slammed. This was so far I remember well, but I had no idea how long it passed after that. When I opened my eyes, only complete darkness surrounded me, and I could not see a thing. I didn't know whether I was still breathing, and I thought that I might be dead. Soon, it started to become bright, and I knew I was still alive. When I looked around, I saw the wooden panels and walls fall, and things on the shelves were blown off. I could barely move and was sitting barefoot in the opposite position to when I was about to take the nameplates. Standing up, I saw my “*monpe*” trousers were torn, my hair was like a bird's nest, and my face and hands were as if I had just finished clearing a chimney. The patient's rooms and corridors were littered with the ceiling panels, which fell or objects which appeared to be blown off from somewhere else, and there was no place to put your foot.

Four doctors, Osajima, Takahashi, Nakamura, and Tsuchiyama, were also in the Nurses' Room, and Dr. Takahashi received the most severe wounds. I was not injured at all, but blood was all over my white coat from wherever it had come. I am still amazed by the incident of the blood.

I looked around the patients' rooms with a doctor, but there were no patients left. 10 beds were intact, and there was no death, just spaciousness. We all went down to the basement (laboratory). I was concerned about the outpatient, but as the corridor collapsed, we could not contact them.

As airplanes were flying, the doctors told us to take shelter just in case. I took a large parcel and a cushion, which I was instructed by the director to take with me in the event of an air-raid, and came out to the back of the pharmacy through the basement. There, I met Dr. Nagai, who informed me that Dr. Tsuno'o had been injured and that the doctors from the department had rescued him to the top of the mountain.

I was told the way by Dr. Nagai, who tied my thigh and lower leg with a towel as my torn trousers made it difficult to walk, and with a heavy parcel and cushion, I finally arrived. On the way, there were naked dead bodies scattered around, and I wanted to close my eyes. Some had eyes that came out of their sockets. Some had lips exposed and looked like a black man. Even today, when I see someone disguised as a black person in a costume parade, I become sad, remembering back then.

Dr. Tsuno'o was wounded, but looked unexpectedly fine, so I was relieved. He was very grateful that I had taken out the large parcel, so I was glad to carry something with such important documents. He asked about it so much, even when he traveled to Tokyo, so I managed to bring it out, and as I was so pleased to have fulfilled my duty, I asked him later about it and found out that it was writing materials for his doctoral thesis.

By the time we reached the top of the mountain, Dr. Osajima had given a raincoat to a woman who was naked and shivering. He also rescued a person on his back, tied with his gaiters. On top of the mountain, there were sweet potato fields, but all the leaves were gone, and only vines were left. The surrounding mountains on all sides were burnt out, leaving no green but scorched mountains. Dr. Tsuno'o, who had seen the situation of Hiroshima on that day, told us that it was an atomic bomb.

When I was on the hill, I could hear the voices of people looking for friends, children looking for a parent, cries for help, and groaning before death, as if it were hell. Dr. Nagai said that he had never seen such a terrible scene even in the war zone. Students brought a *futon* from somewhere. Professor Shirabe, Dr. Kido, and others immediately cared for the wounded and left them elsewhere. Afterwards, Dr. Nagai made a flag with red blood on a sheet and put it up, saying that all the injured should gather here.

At that time, Dr. Seiki from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals arrived with two or three students. He was naked, had a big log as a cane, and looked like a demon, and said: "President *sensei*, I would like to make a report. The school was wiped out. We were saved since we were digging an air-raid shelter, but those who were at the entrance were all killed instantly." Then, he went to the top of the mountain again. X-ray's Head Nurse, Hisamatsu-san, called me, but as I looked at her, I did not reply; she thought that I was in a state of absentmindedness. I do not even remember meeting her.

Dr. Tsuno'o's wounds were on the back of his head, his back, and his thigh. Dr. Huang, who

was in the New Patient Room, did not have serious wounds but seemed to be absent-minded and could not stay calm. Dr. Murata, who was in charge of the records, had burns and died when we carried him up the hill. The nurses were scattered, and Uchino-san, who was in charge of the new patient, was injured and was carried to the basement of Kohoku Ward. Kato-san and Ohyama-san were about to arrive at the dormitory, and their bodies were missing. Morishita-san and Tachikawa-san were carrying luggage together to the station and were at the front entrance. One was injured, but another wasn't. Those who were in the Stool Test Room were Miyamoto-san and Yoshimoto-san, and one's face was damaged and became like a pomegranate, while the other was injured and barely able to walk. Ogawa-san was also wounded, and Nakayama-san was probably about to take a bath after night shift in Kohoku Ward. We could not even cry when we heard that she was instantly killed in the bathroom.

Dr. Kidahashi and Dr. Kiyota were also injured and were staying with Dr. Tsuno'o. There, Professor Takagi of the Basic Science Department was brought in, rescued. He had no injuries and had only little concern with his head as he could not stay calm and was restless without a word.

Soon, it began to rain. Dr. Tsuno'o said that it always rains at times like this. I do not know how long it passed or whether it was hot or not, but soon it was evening, and Professor Shirabe delivered us hardtacks and rice balls. I was worried about wounded nurses, so Dr. Tsuno'o said to me: "The Head Nurse should take care of other nurses, but I am sorry that you are attending me," but Dr. Osajima and the other department doctors told me: "We will take care of the nurses, so the Head Nurse can watch the Director *sensei*," so I stayed with Dr. Tsuno'o. The injured Dr. Kidahashi and Dr. Kiyota were shivering from chills, but there were nothing to wear, so they put straw bags, but in the end, they could not take it anymore, and asked "Director *sensei*, could you please cover us with your *futon* a little?" to which the doctor responded: "Do it. No need to hesitate." So the three of them put their feet on a *futon*. When Dr. Okura vigorously brought a pumpkin from somewhere, Dr. Tsuno'o gladly said, "It is *tou-nasu* (pumpkin). Where did you find it?" Evening came, and eventually it was night. It became cold, but since there was nothing to wear, we spent a night on the ground wearing potato vines.

In the middle of the night, someone who was injured was crying, "It's cold, it's cold," and came into the *futon*, so there were about six people in one *futon*. They could only put their legs into *the futon*, but it seemed that the coldness was mitigated. They pulled here and there, and those who were wounded complained of pain. When anyone wanted water, Dr. Okura would go to fetch water in a bucket, saying, "Let me get water," but they drank it right away, so the doctor went to fetch water again. One of them drank but immediately vomited everything, and died in the morning.

Dr. Tsuno'o never mentioned water, but when someone whose name I did not know brought tap

water in a beer bottle, the doctor said: "I can take it," and drank a little. Dr. Takagi was recommended to take it, too, but he was not too pleased. I was neither hungry nor did I want any water. When I saw the hospital looking down from the hill, the flames were spreading every time the direction of the wind changed, and the building was on fire one by one. At last, those thick volumes of books in the Internal Medicine library were burned to the ground. We could not do anything but watch.

A night passed while we stayed on the ground. We decided to carry the Director *sensei* inside the air-raid shelter before the planes came. We moved Professor Takagi with him to a tunnel behind the Surgical Operation Theatre, and put them on a high bunk. Professor Yamane from the Ophthalmology was also brought into another tunnel, but as there was no platform, we put a wooden board on the ground and a *futon* on it, while we laid Associate Professor of Surgery Ishizaki on a stone.

Professor Takagi did not eat anything, was restless, and jumped from a high platform, so Professor Tsuno'o instructed the doctors to call Professor Kageura to see Professor Takagi, but he passed away on the evening of the 11th.

Professor Yamane was severely injured, and it was an amazement that he was still alive. He had a huge gash on his forehead, making his face indistinguishable, and only recognizable by his voice, but he must have been a very patient man, as he did not complain much. No one came from the Ophthalmology Department, so it was reasonable that Dr. Tsuno'o said, "At least someone would have survived." Associate Professor Ishizaki was also badly injured, especially on his face, where the skin was peeled off like a pomegranate. He had fever, and was losing consciousness, and said: "Head Nurse, please give me a hot one," so I gave him a hot drink, cautioning, "This is hot." Then he said, "Please give me something hotter." When Dr. Koyano came to see Dr. Yamane, he asked: "Please give fruit to Koyano *sensei* with a knife," although there was nothing at his place. When I told Dr. Koyano about this, Dr. Koyano said to him, "Ishizaki, please do not worry about me, but you have to do your best." Dr. Ishizaki could not help crying and said, "Thank you, thank you." He passed away on the 12th, the following day.

Planes would fly, so when I was boiling water in front of the trench, I had to put out the fire and hurried into the trench. The area had completely changed, and I did not know where it was. When I finally managed to go out to the main gate, the town below the hospital was like a desert as far as the eye could see, with nothing but a single water pipe where many people gathered to fetch water. The basement of Konan Ward looked like a stable with straw pulled out from beds, and we could hardly walk as the room was packed with injured people. Some students asked me one after another, "Head Nurse-san, it's me, please give me an injection," but I felt sorry as I could not even distinguish their faces. I met Head Nurse Mitsujima from the Dermatology Department, who was uninjured, but with a pale face, telling me that she was

hurt severely. I heard that she passed away later at home.

There was a dead boy who looked like 15 or 16 years old in front of an air-raid shelter, and about three days later, his mother came looking for him, and said in deep sorrow: "He was perfectly fine when he went to work, but he turned like this. No wonder I would not recognize him even when I looked for him." He appeared to come to the College for electricity construction.

My family was waiting for me as my younger brother's joint funeral in the village was expected on 10 August, but since I did not return, they assumed that I was already dead, and held a wake for me. At that time, Yoshimoto-san (a nurse's father) from the neighboring village showed up, and told my family that I was fine and delivered my request to bring clothes and shoes to change into, as I had none. My family was delighted to know that I was alive, and upon my advice, they made a huge effort to get a train ticket and left home at 5:00 a.m. The train waited in the Nagayo tunnel for three hours, and they arrived in the morning.

Since Dr. Tsuno'o told my father that "I am grateful for your daughter's care," my father was moved, and could not force me to return home, so he left, promising his next visit.

On the early evening of the 12th, Dr. Matsunaga, who was a military doctor, asked for a military truck to finally carry the President to the mountain of Michino'o, and it was decided to take advantage of the night. The members were Dr. Tsuno'o, Dr. Yamane, students, and two nurses.

Among them was Nurse Miyamoto, whose face had been damaged, and although she said that she could see, her face was not distinguishable as the skin peeled off, making her face look like a pomegranate. Only her voice was recognizable. "Is that hard to recognize me?" she cried, and I felt sorry for her, but she left for her home the next day, taken by her family.

The road to Michino'o was bad and bumpy, and although we tied Dr. Yamane with a band, it was shaken and torn.

I did not know how long it had passed. When I heard a rustling sound and looked up, it was a mountain with bamboo trees, and as I had not seen anything green since the bombing, I suddenly had an indescribable feeling as if I was alive again. Dr. Tsuno'o also said, "I want to see it too." He also craved for green. Dr. Yamane seemed to be in pain and asked, "Haven't we arrived yet?" I felt increasingly sorry for him.

When we had put our flashlight on, we were scolded by the village guards. "How dare you put a light? This place will be a target of another air-raid," they shouted. I felt miserable and could not help but cry.

We arrived at a house in the middle of the rice field, and inside the house, there was a *tatami* mat. We tried to lay Dr. Tsuno'o, but finding a student sleeping on it, the doctor told us that the wooden floor was fine, so we moved two doctors there. When we carried others, they all craved for water. As there was a well nearby, some drank a lot. Such people died the next morning. They suffered diarrhea, probably because they drank water. One by one, they died with diarrhea

symptoms. In the morning, as we found the neighborhood was unclean, we thought the inside of the forest would be safer, so again we carried the wounded to a worship hall of Daijingu Shrine in the forest. We went on a bumpy road with a rear car, and put a parasol over the patients to prevent sunshine, then entered a quiet forest. I thought that this place would be safe even when planes came. Professor Shirabe provided us with bedding and other items from his home, together with his wife, who took care of many things, and finally, the doctors could lie down on the *futon*. Professor Shirabe appeared to be busy as he lost two of his children. Although Dr. Shirabe was not used to working in the mountains, he made rounds during the day with surgeons and two nurses. They came back in the evening to sleep in the shrine. Dr. Osajima, Dr. Ushijima, Dr. Nakamura, Dr. Tsuchiyama, and other doctors came too. Dr. Tsuno'o was glad and said, "Thank you all for coming." There were no injections, so they treated only his wounds.

As there was a water reservoir near the rice field, we bathed in turn while hiding under trees when planes came. I felt refreshed to wash my face, hands, and feet for the first time since we were exposed to the atomic bomb.

There was another house in the forest, where about 20 soldiers were stationed. They were enthusiastic about attacking the enemies' landing sites with bamboo spears. On the same evening, I was recommended to take a bath at the soldiers' house. Dr. Tsuno'o also told me, "You should respond to their kindness and take a bath," so I took a bath there. I will never forget the experience as the hot water only covered my legs, and I felt uncomfortable. The doctor said to me enviously: "Head Nurse, you must have refreshed after the bath." The doctor ate nothing, and as I could not leave two doctors to go to the emergency food distribution place, there were days I did not eat, too.

Clostridium tetani entered Dr. Yamane's wounds, and even a small sound triggered convulsions. He had convulsions when there was a prayer in the shrine or the sound of a drum beat, so Dr. Tsuno'o asked: "Can you not do anything?" but since we are borrowing the shrine, we could not insist. Dr. Yamane suffered more convulsions and was no longer able to drink water. He asked Dr. Kido for *sake* which he wanted to take from his nose, as he must have been a *sake* lover. However, because of a convulsion, he could not get it. The doctor begged that he wanted at least to sniff the alcohol gaze, so the doctor did. The doctor could not even have a bite while his condition worsened further. He requested an injection of Pantopon to mitigate his pain, but as his pain was so strong, I prepared it in a syringe. Dr. Tsuno'o instructed me that it would be better to wait for Dr. Kido, so I followed, but finally, Dr. Yamane passed away just before the announcement of the defeat. Dr. Tsuno'o said, "Yamane was lucky not to hear this news." Those of us who were left, the doctor and I, cried in the moonlight of the worship hall. *Sensei* told me not to cry anymore while he was crying himself, and told me about the stories of the countries that were defeated in the war.

The following day, the doctor started to have diarrhea, so I contacted Dr. Osajima, who came immediately. The doctors discussed the condition of the stool. The stools were slightly different from those of dysentery patients, and there was no bad smell or blood. Its color was grey and white, and the doctor suffered from frequent diarrhea.

There were enough injections of glucose and vitamins, which the doctor received. His wound on the head was better, so we took off the bandages, but the doctor claimed that he saw something in two, so he put a piece of paper on one of the eyeglasses and made it one glass. Even after the announcement of the defeat, the planes came in low altitude flight, so the transportation was difficult, and as the communication had stopped, we were in trouble getting food. Then Yoshida-san, who was hospitalized a few years ago, came to see, so Dr. Tsuno'o asked him if there was anything he could give to me. Since then, Yoshida-san transported food and charcoal, saying that he was just returning thanks.

The narrow path to the water reservoir was a slope, and I would not have found this challenging when I was healthy, but it became difficult to go and return to fetch water. I started to worry about myself, that if I kept doing this, I might fall too, but I was also concerned about who would take care of the doctor if I stayed here and collapsed. At that time, Dr. Tsuno'o's wife arrived, so I asked her to take over, and decided to go home. Once I got better, I would return to take care of the doctor. Reluctantly, I said goodbye to the doctor and left behind the shrine in the forest. To say goodbye to me, the doctor took an effort to get up and put on his glasses. I felt sorry as this was our final goodbye, which I learned later.

On the way, I met Dr. Osajima, and felt strongly about turning back, but I could not get enough strength, so I went to Michino'o Station. I met Dr. Tomizaki from the Dentistry Department, who told me that I needed a certificate to get on the train. I asked him what I should do, and was told that I could consult the station master about my situation, then he would let me take the train, so I asked the station master, and finally could get on the train. The train was a cargo train, and I was with the wounded people who were leaving Nagasaki. I had no word to say, and was in a heavy thought as I was leaving. Since I was thirsty, I thought of getting off at a station and catching the next one, but it was not possible to get off the train. I finally arrived home at around 10:00 a.m. I remembered up till this event, but I lost track of time for a while. I was told that I was in a state of shock for two or three days.

There are many more things I would like to write down, but I am stopping now as I reported the events up to 22 August. As a conclusion, I pray for peace, hoping that we will never see the horrors of the atomic bomb again.

(Yokota Internal Medicine Department)

Kageura Internal Medicine Department

The department staff back then were: Professor Kageura, Associate Professor Kikuno, Assistants Furukawa, Wu, Junior Assistants Morisawa, Koga, a provisional graduate of the Medical College Shibata, provisional graduates of the Special Medical Vocational Department Yoshikawa, Hayashi, Staff Kondou, Tagawa, Head Nurse Nagashima, and 24 nurses.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Kageura was on a business trip to Isahaya, and escaped the disaster while Associate Professor Kikuno was killed by the atomic bombing as he returned home in Takenokubo-machi after work. Assistant Furukawa was exposed to the atomic bomb and died after being rescued. Assistant Wu was killed in his lodging by the bombing.

Junior Assistant Morisawa and six nurses, including Head Nurse Nagashima, were in the Nurses' Room and were exposed to the atomic bomb, but had almost no injury. Others who were in the same room were also safe. Provisional graduate of the Medical College, Koga was exposed to the atomic bomb in Kohoku Ward. Provisional graduates of the Special Medical Vocational Department, Yoshikawa and Hayashi, were absent.

Kondo was killed in the Institute, and Tagawa was killed in the department building by the bombing.

Nurse Fukuda and Hara were off duty and were exposed to the bombing at the dormitory. Nurse Hara was killed instantly, and Nurse Fukuda died a few days later in her house in Takashima. Nurse Yamashita was exposed to the atomic bomb while taking a bath in Kohoku Ward, and died about a month later in her house in Oura. Nurse Matsumoto was exposed to the bombing in Konan Ward and died about a month later. Nurse Yukawa and Nurse Kashiya were exposed to the atomic bomb in the department building and died later, one after the other.

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Associate Professor	Seijiro Kikuno
Assistant	Ichiro Furukawa
Assistant	Wu Fushun
Tentative graduate of the Medical College	Kiyoshi Shibata
Staff	Tsuguyoshi Kondou
Staff	Kiku Tagawa

Nurses

Fourth-year nursing student	Tsuyako Fukuda
Fourth-year nursing student	Eiko Yamashita
Fourth-year nursing student	Eiko Hara
Third-year nursing student	Riki Matsumoto
Second-year nursing student	Akiko Yukawa
Second-year nursing student	Fusae Kashiya

Recalling the time of the atomic bombing

Naomi Kageura

On 9 August 1945, shortly after 11:00 a.m., our Nagasaki Medical College was annihilated in an instant, and at the same time, more than 850 lives became victims.

President Tsuno'o passed Hiroshima on the way back from Tokyo three days ago on the 7th (right after the bomb hit Hiroshima) and immediately came to work after he arrived in Urakami at 8:00 a.m. on the 8th (Imperial Rescript Acceptance Day), summoned everyone, and gave an instruction and speech. That is to say, it was night when he passed Hiroshima, but the damage caused by the new weapon was truly horrific. Summarizing what he heard from those who were relatively less injured about the incident at the time, there was a flashing light, then houses were crushed down by the blast winds, followed by fire, but the bomb did not hit the earth, and some saw a singular-shaped or strange colored cloud while others saw a parachute. They will soon come to Nagasaki. When we watch the sky for defense, it is not enough to take caution only from the explosive sound. He insisted that everyone should therefore make their best effort to be even more vigilant. In the emergency professor's meeting in the afternoon, it was decided that all the classes will be cancelled from the 10th. If this had been done a day earlier, on the 9th, the number of student victims and others would have been significantly less.

Since November 1944, I held a dual position including Director of the Prefectural Teachers Sanatorium, so I traveled once a week on Thursdays to Isahaya. On Thursday, 9 August, I went to Isahaya as usual, gathered staff and patients, and requested to be on special alert, sharing about the new weapon.

When I was treating a few patients while hearing an explosive sound of the B-29 overhead, I saw a flash of purple light (alike flame of magnesium with small amount of yellow color combined), so we lay down immediately on the corridor at the same time when we heard a huge sound of an explosion, then the hospital trembled terribly. The sound was made by an air defense canon on the mountain top nearby, which targeted the B-29, and considering the time, they

targeted the B-29 returning after dropping the atomic bomb in Nagasaki.

When I went out to the pine forest outside of the hospital, I saw a strange cloud far above the sky of Nagasaki, followed by a grotesque figure of extraordinary colored smoke rising. Soon, I saw two parachutes going down slowly. As we feared that another bomb was to be dropped, we evacuated to an air-raid shelter, but the parachutes were dropped as they had already finished dropping the bomb, so they were dropped in the direction of Enoura.

Fortunately, there was no damage in the Sanatorium. However, the transportation between Isahaya and Nagasaki was completely lost. In addition, the situation was extremely dangerous during the day, even if I walked back to Nagasaki, so I started my journey in the evening. Luckily, by a rickshaw driver's kindness, I arrived in Nagasaki at midnight. When I arrived, the Ima-machi area was already in hell on fire, and I saw Keika Kinder Garden burnt down. The following morning, I waited for the dawn and crossed over Mt. Kompira. Once I reached the College, I searched for President Tsuno'o first. He was lying on a cart in a tunnel outside the hospital with a national uniform stained with fresh blood. He said: "I am fine. Takagi seems to be in pain. With Koyano as a new President, please make your effort for the recovery of the College." When I looked, I saw Professor Takagi lying on a cart with the President next to him, complaining about severe pain in his chest. (He died two days later.) I was astonished to hear that most of the professors had already fallen victim. What we found out later was that 12 of the 16 professors, which was three-quarters, died. So one can imagine how serious the damage was. Those who were on the mountain top, where the Basic Science Department was located, literally lost 100% of their lives. It was because of some unlucky circumstances, such as the building being close to the hypocenter, and it was a wooden structure, as well as the fact that the lectures were held at that time. The air-raid alarm was lifted at that time. Most of those who were in the hospital survived as the building was concrete and was relatively far from the hypocenter. In the end, we lost two-thirds of the entire College staff in total, including immediate and later deaths.

President Tsuno'o was moved to a shrine in Nameshi village in the Togitsu direction in the next few days. This was probably because his attending physician, Professor Shirabe, was in the area as his family was evacuated, and it was convenient to get his treatment. Food was more available, and the area was much cooler as the shrine was in a forest.

Professor Tsuno'o was treating patients when he was exposed to the atomic bomb, but the room was in the most unfavorable location as it was at the corner of the building with a huge glass window facing the hypocenter. At a glance, there were only wounds from glass sherds on his back and buttocks, so it was initially considered non-life-threatening. We did not have any knowledge about his bone marrow, which was damaged.

A strange thing was that we did not see any suppuration of his wounds. The condition of the

granulation was extremely bad. Back then, disinfection was far from perfect. It was impossible to count white blood cells at the time, but as we did not see suppuration, it must have been damage to the bone marrow. He had severe mouth ulcers, and there was no salivation. He suffered severely as the inside of his mouth was dry. By the time he was dying, he had no appetite but anemia and emaciation. He went into cachexia, but his consciousness remained clear until the evening a day before his death.

What we should note in the process above is that there was no suppuration; there was extreme dysfunction of salivation and consciousness, which was clear until almost the end. President Tsuno'o finally died 13 days after the bombing on the morning of 22 August. It was truly regrettable.

However, if he sees the full reconstruction of Nagasaki Medical College today, despite the challenges that it was once in danger of not being rebuilt, he will be satisfied.

Memories of those days

Kazuko Nagashima

After the air-raid of radiation, many years have passed, and this year marks the 10th year with the Peace Statue constructed and a Cultural Center established, pointing high into the sky on the hill. I feel like a messenger of peace is approaching us.

10 years ago, 9 August at 11:02 a.m. As a citizen of Nagasaki, the memory is engraved as a memory I will never forget. When I look back on those days, I feel like I have been pushed into a pit of sorrow, and I am still filled with an indescribable anger and sadness today. The other day, a messenger came from the Medical College to my house and asked me to write about the atomic bomb memories incident back then, even if it would be only a part of what I have experienced. I felt it would be wrong to decline, so I decided to write about some of my memories of that time.

Right after 11:00 a.m., I took down my emergency bag and hood as the air-raid alarm was lifted. In order to write name tags of the inpatients and hang them in Dr. Kageura's room, I had an enamel brush in my hand. Nurse Ikei came to my side and said, "Head Nurse, let me clean the tag," and stood beside me, wiping. Next to us, I remember that Dr. Morisawa, Nurse Yamada, Uchikawa, Fujinaga, and two or three nurses were deep in conversation. At that moment, there was a bang, which sounded like an explosion. At the same time, the area suddenly became pitch-black, and I could not see anything. I heard someone's voice calling "Dr. Morisawa!" I instinctively thought that a big bomb had been dropped.

I was sitting in a chair in the darkness, but stood up immediately and covered my face with my hands. Oh, I felt that I was still alive. I thought that I should get out by any means, so I went down

to the basement in the dark, guessing the way, but there was no one in the room.

I thought that there was a direct hit in the Internal Medicine Ward, and I was sitting alone in the basement. I remember people all covered in blood, and they were crying as they came down. Dr. Nakamura of Tsuno'o Internal Medicine Department also came and told: "Head Nurse, we were attacked. If we go out now, we may be shot by the machine guns, so it is better to go out after a while." While waiting, everyone started to come down one by one. As the basement was used by the Radiology Department, which was relocated, I met Head Nurse Hisamatsu there, and we were glad to see each other, then parted. Soon, the fire started in the area, so I told people in the basement to escape in the direction of the mountain. I was the last person to pass in front of the Main Building, then went to Anakobo and in the direction of Nishiyama. Dr. Morisawa, Okano-san, Uchikawa-san, Fujinaga-san, Anemoto-san, and others were also with me. On the way, we met Dr. Shirabe and Dr. Koyano with others, who were all fine. When I rested for a while on the mountain, I looked up at the sun, which looked just like the moon. It was the first time I saw the sun like that when it was usually bright and shining.

Here, Dr. Ohwadano of the Koyano Surgery Department was sitting. "Doctor, you were safe." When I talked to him, he replied: "I don't know anything." I did not see any serious injuries on him, but as he walked towards Isahaya, he became sick, and I heard later that he passed away. I also met Head Nurse Uchida of the Ophthalmology Department there. I spent the night in an air-raid shelter in a house in Nishiyama. The plane was flying in until late at night and scattered leaflets.

On the following day, Dr. Morisawa asked a few of us who were fine to go down to the Medical College, so we went as far as Anakobo, while planes were flying over us. There, Dr. Iwanaga of the Koyano Surgery told us to help him as he was at least trying to help those related to the College. He took out things needed for the treatment, such as tincture of iodine, cotton wool, and tweezers, and I helped him the entire day under the planes buzzing, and spent a night near Anakobo, where dead people were lying around. It was burning hot during the day, but the evening was cold, and we could not sleep. Everyone woke up and spent the night stretching at midnight.

The next day, Dr. Kageura visited us. He was away on a business trip to Isahaya on the day of the atomic bombing. He was the Director of Teacher's Sanatorium back then, and traveled every Thursday. When I saw his face, I could not help but cry and cry.

When he was away, I always evacuated with an emergency bag of diabetic patients' records and other items during air-raids, but it was a pity that I could not bring any of them out this time. . .

At Anakobo, I also met Dr. Sobue of the Pharmacology Department. He asked: "I don't have any money. Could you please tell Dr. Kageura if I could borrow from him?" When I went back

later, someone from his lodging came to pick him up and carried him away on a wooden shutter. I heard that he finally passed away later. It had not been a long time since he was appointed in Nagasaki, so I felt sorry for him, as if he had come here to be killed by the atomic bomb.

I also met Oura *sensei*, who was a dormitory superintendent. He had just been admitted to the Kohoku Ward because of dysentery. His eldest son was killed at home by the bombing, and his second son, who was a student of the Special Medical Vocational Department, rescued him on his back. They both died later.

Three of us, I, Head Nurse Kawaguchi, and Head Nurse Sakamoto, went to visit their graves in Hirado. His wife cried and shared about that day, saying that she wished that at least one of the three of them had lived. I did not have any words to console her.

On the early evening of the third day, the father of Nurse Yamada came to pick her up. He said: "Although you have luckily survived and are fine, if you do not eat anything for three days, you will soon become ill too. So please come with us." I decided to accept his kind words and left Nagasaki with Dr. Morisawa, Nurse Yamada, Hirose, Uchikawa, Kitamura, Ohguro, Shinozaki, and those who survived. While taking shelter from the airplanes flying, we walked to Michino'o. Since Dr. Hayashi was in the dormitory of Mitsubishi, we stayed overnight in Michino'o. Although I was worried, I could wash my face and sleep on a *tatami* mat protected by a mosquito net for the first time in three days. On the following day, Nurse Shinozaki and I stayed in Yamada-san's house for a while, and the others parted as they went back to their home.

I did not have many wounds and was bored every day, so Shinozaki-san and I went to Oura-san's house in Ikiriki, covering our heads with towels and walking in the mountains. As we met Oura-san, we cried spontaneously in joy seeing each other in good health. Oura-san was a little injured and was taken back by the defense guards. Her family was also glad, so we stayed for two or three nights. On the day the war ended, but as there was no radio or newspaper, we evacuated when the planes were flying low, which we mistook as air-raid. Then, the defense guard informed us that the war had ended.

On the way back to Nagayo, we met people saying, "The enemy is landing, and they are right there at this moment. There is an order to evacuate ahead," and running away with their food and other goods. We continued to head to Nagayo with anxiety. On 31 August, since I did not hear anything, I went back to my hometown. I did not think Nagasaki Medical College would ever be reconstructed, and I was just glad to be alive.

Then, the Nagasaki Medical College moved to the former Shinkouzen Primary School site. In December 1947, when the College was on the way to reconstruction at the Naval Hospital in Isahaya, I resigned without contributing to the recovery of the College.

Finally, I would like to conclude this memoir with my prayer for those young girls in white coats with many dreams who passed away because of the atomic bombing, and the restoration of

Nagasaki Medical College.

(Former Head Nurse of Kageura Internal Medicine Department)

Koyano Surgery Department

The department staff included Professor Koyano, Associate Professor Ishizaki, Lecturer Owadano, Assistant Kanetake, Junior Assistant Tada, provisional graduates of the Special Medical Vocation Department, Iwanaga, Tanabe, Matsumoto, Nakamura, Classroom Assistant Mizoguchi, Technical Contractor Nakaoka, Technician Tagawa, staff Inomata and Komatsu, Fukahori, and 22 nurses, including Head Nurse Yamaguchi.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Koyano, Lecturer Owadano, Assistant Kanetake, Dr. Matsumoto, and several nurses were in the Outpatient Clinic, Associate Professor Ishizaki was in the Associate Professor's office, and Dr. Iwanaga, Dr. Tanabe, and other department staff were in the hospital wards and the medical office when they were exposed to the atomic bomb.

The department staff evacuated to the middle of Mt. Anakobo. Those who were not present at the time were Associate Professor Ishizaki, Technical Contractor Nakaoka, Technician Tagawa, staff Fukahori, nurses Matsuoka, Otsubo, Kawasaki, Muto, and Tara. The staff went up to a house near Kompira Shrine, where they treated and nursed each other.

Professor Koyano went down to Shinkozen for an emergency relief meeting. Dr. Kanetake and Dr. Matsumoto accompanied him.

Associate Professor Ishizaki was severely burned, and received treatment where President Tsuno'o was, then was moved to a tunnel of the Surgery Department, and died on the 12th.

Lecturer Owadano returned home on the night of the 11th and died on 6 September.

Three nurses, including the Head Nurse, who were severely injured, died in Dr. Iwanaga's house, where they had been evacuated.

On 18 August, a poster of the missing members was posted. The death toll was 12 out of the 37 members on duty at the time. On the same day, the corpses of Nurse Matsuoka and other department staff were cremated.

Official position and names of the deceased

Official position	Name
Associate Professor	Shigeru Ishizaki
Lecturer	Koichi Ohwadano
Technical Contractor	Shigezo Nakaoka
X-ray Technician	Gen Tagawa
Staff	Kenichi Inomata

Staff	Fumiko Komatsu
Staff	Akinori Fukahori
Staff	Toshie Matsuoka
Staff	Haruyo Suga
Fifth-year nursing student	Kazuko Otsubo
Fourth-year nursing student	Chiyomi Atogawa
Third-year nursing student	Nobuko Kawasaki
Third-year nursing student	Misae Muto

On the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing

Terutaka Iwanaga

The days and years go by quickly. I once thought I would die tomorrow, but by the devil's luck, I have lived for ten years. It seems that there was still a mission left to me.

I would like to dedicate this record from a letter I sent to a friend describing the situation at the time, while at the verge of death, to the spirits of the 14 deceased members. The following are the deceased teachers, department staff, and their families.

Professor Koyano's wife, Associate Professor Ishizaki, and his wife, Lecturer Owadano, staff Tagawa, Nakaoka, Fukahori, Suga, Matsuoka, Otsubo, Atogawa, Kawasaki, Muto, and Komatsu.

"Dying man's words are pure and true," is an old saying. I still wonder how I had survived for 10 weeks after the air-raid started on 9 August. I cannot help but be thankful for the depth of God's grace. I think back to that time and reflect on what has happened since then. I can say that it was a series of miracles. Soon, I realized that the power of an atomic bomb appeared in my body. On 13 September, with 2.7 million red blood cells and 2,800 white blood cells, I knew that I was at the crossroads between life and death. Facing death probably in about 10 days, I would like to reflect on the more than 20 years I have been given, and with a grateful heart, I would like to conclude it.

9 August 1945 was a truly awful day. One can talk about it as tragic or hell, but no matter how much I exaggerate the horror of that day, I cannot even begin to describe one-tenth of what it was. On that day, I woke up in the night shift room around 6:00 a.m. I felt slightly tired, having stayed overnight at the hospital continuously since the end of last month. As everyone was aware, Thursday was a day for medical checkups.

However, at the time of the air-raid attack on 1 August, a 250 kg bomb was dropped near the bathroom of the Surgery Ward, so the Operation Theatre was no longer in use. Dr. Owadano

and I talked about air-raids in Hiroshima and made plans for the day. The morning air-raid alert, which was issued regularly every day, was also issued today. Around 10 a.m., Dr. Koyano appeared at the bandage exchange room on the second floor and performed a clinical examination of only the seriously ill patients. Immediately after that, he went to the outpatient treatment.

I ordered urinary catheterization for the air-raid victims of 1 August and returned to the Medical Office. When I came down to change my clothes and went for the outpatient treatment, Morita came to inform me that urinary catheterization was ready. It is amazing how close the difference between life and death was. If I had not been called at that moment, I would have probably died from being crushed to death in the corridor. Even if I had survived, I would have been directly exposed to the radiation and would have died within a few days.

When I was about to administer catheterization in Room 16 on the first floor of the hospital ward, I felt a sudden white light as if I saw a big shot of magnesium. After that, I was completely unconscious. With a sudden and instantaneous slam, I was thrown between the two beds. The concrete ceiling fell from above onto my head, back, and waist. Indeed, I thought I was dead at that time. Strangely enough, the room became pitch black. It seemed to last about 30 seconds, or maybe longer.

Unintentionally, I felt my breath on my hand. I was temporarily absent-minded, then I gently moved my hand. It moved. My body was pinned down, and I couldn't get up. However, I could somehow move. There were no particularly painful parts. I felt that I was alive. But it was still dark, and there was no sound. My intuition told me that I might have been buried alive. I called out the names of the nurses: "Ozaki, Morita." There was no answer. So I shouted again, this time louder. For the first time, I heard a weak voice, so in order to cheer them up and to give myself courage, I shouted: "Hang in there" several times. "*Sensei*, are you all right?" "Yes, I'm fine, I'm buried alive, so find a way out, but it's not on my side." Around that time, the area began to brighten vaguely. I intuitively knew there was a fire. "Find a way out before it burns up." "Ozaki, how are you okay?" "I am fine, "Morita. Are you okay?" "Yes." I looked for a hole here and there for a while. As the brightness came back, I noticed that there seemed to be a way out in the direction of my head. Ozaki said in a rather tearful voice, "*Sensei*, there is a way out this way. It's this way. It's this way." I went out from under the bed toward the voice. Then, I was astonished at the force of the destruction.

The entire ceiling had fallen, and it seemed impossible to walk on it. Besides, there may be another bombing. I can't even begin to tell you how painful it was to have your life threatened. The poor patients were pushed down by the ceiling. "My legs are bleeding. Doctor, I can't walk. Please take me away," Ozaki started to cry. I carried Ozaki as she cried on my back into the corridor. Then, I was utterly surprised by the outside view for the first time.

I wondered if this was the color of death. The air was gray. As far as I could see, nothing was

standing. The huge camphor trees, which were as big as two people's arms joined together, and had been growing thickly on the campus, were all broken from the root. "A new type of bomb, Hiroshima," I thought instantly. Anyway, I was afraid of what was to follow. I hurriedly staggered out to the entrance of the hospital ward, trying to get into a tunnel or escape to the mountains. The central corridor was crushed, and many people trapped under it were calling out for help. But there was nothing I could do. Those gathered there were Ozaki, Morita, Yamashita, Sakaue, Mitsui, Dr. Tanabe, and I, and not one of us was uninjured. Dr. Tanabe was also bleeding from the head. I immediately tore my white coat and provided first aid to all.

Around that time, a fire was already raging near Associate Professor Ishizaki's office on the second floor of the Surgery Ward. A tall man with blood all over his face came in. I immediately called him in and treated him. When I looked at the person carefully, it was Professor Hasegawa of the Otolaryngology Department. The nurses begin to cry. Dr. Tanabe and I scolded them and shouted to run in any direction toward the direction of Anakobo before the fire engulfed us. The fire was already surrounding the professor's office and the Medical Office. As a member of the committee, I wanted to save the class albums, rather than my belongings, but it was almost impossible to get close to them. I had no choice but to walk through the devastated Shirabe Surgery Department and go up to the high ground of the Konan Ward. Looking back, the city was already in a sea of fire and smoke, and the Surgery Department was in dark red flame from the Medical Office and the library on the third floor of the ward. The Koyano Surgery, which held many memories, was about to be reduced to ashes. I couldn't hold back my tears, feeling emotionally attached to the building.

I instructed the Surgery Department staff not to be separated from each other as much as possible, and reached the middle of Anakobo. I was relieved when I found Dr. Koyano in the valley. Dr. Owadano, Dr. Kanetake, Dr. Tanabe, and Dr. Matsumoto were all fine, and there were several surgical nurses too. Dr. Koyano was injured in the frontal area and the elbow joint, but the injury was minor, so I was relieved while Dr. Koyano told: "Take care of the Head Nurse." When I examined, Suga had injuries on her entire body, including her face, upper arm, and back. Her pulse was weak. I had nothing for treatment. Compression hemostasis was the only treatment. Komatsu was also heavily injured. Her burns were severe. Of course, there was no ointment to apply. All I could do was bandage her wound up to keep it out of the air.

Black smoke rose from the direction of the Mitsubishi Arms Factory. The sky was pitch black, and the underside was glowing in a shining red. A gust of wind arose. Galvanized iron was flying up. In the distance, a drum exploded with a tremendous sound. People were crying, indeed, this must be what it means the earth will weep. The big trees around the Anakobo area had all collapsed. Stones were falling, and grass after grass was scorched.

The members of the Koyano Surgery Department who were not seen here were Dr. Ishizaki

(I was relieved as someone told us that he was being treated for burns at Under the Hill), Nakaoka, Tagawa, Fukahori, Matsuoka, Otsubo, Kawaba, Mutoh, and Tara. Otsubo seemed to be seriously injured and was in front of the Examination Room in the Main Building. She would probably be amputated of all her arms and legs, so I was worried about her. We all decided to go over Mt. Kompira to receive medical treatment, and climbed up the mountain. However, Suga and the other seriously injured told me that they were unable to walk. We laid them down in one place and ran after Dr. Koyano.

They all settled down in a private house near Kompira Shrine. Here, I obtained medicine. Dr. Owadano was seriously ill. I wondered why, as he had been in good health until we climbed the mountain. He was very nauseous, and his pulse was weak. Under Dr. Koyano's instruction, he was treated with mercurochrome, cardio tonic drugs, morphine, and other drugs. Dr. Owadano was concerned that he might be suffering from retroperitoneal hemorrhage. The symptoms were quite similar to those of the patients at the time of the air-raids on 1 August. However, in retrospect, they were all due to radiation. Dr. Koyano went down to Katsuyama National School for an emergency rescue meeting. Dr. Matsumoto and Dr. Kanatake accompanied him to receive treatment, while I decided to stay as I was entrusted with the responsibility of taking care of the rest.

As I received a request from the Kompira military camp, where there was no medical doctor, I treated around 50 soldiers. Almost all of them had second-degree burns on their upper bodies from the hot air as they were fighting shirtless. After treating them, I tried to go back to Anakobo, but the soldiers would not let me through. I spoke to a superior, but he did not permit me, so I was angry and made my way down the mountain, taking a chance when the soldiers were not watching. After about an hour of walking through roadless areas, I finally arrived at Anakobo. The area was filled with moaning and groaning here and there. Most of them have not yet been treated at all. Forgetting my tired body, I treated them and gathered them together as much as possible.

I finally saw the flag of Nagasaki Medical College headquarters on the hill on the opposite side. I crossed the valley to get there. On the way, someone called out, "Iwanaga." I looked and saw that it was my former classmate Hiwatari (Tsuno'o Internal Medicine). "That was terrible, wasn't it? Are you all right?" "Yes, the wound is not serious, but it is getting a little cold, so I was worried that I might die of cold tonight," he said. When I looked, he was wearing only a *yukata*, as he had just been admitted to the Kohoku Ward a few days earlier with suspected typhoid. I tried to take him to a warmer place, but he was in low spirits and tired after a short walk. It got dark. Finally, I contacted Dr. Takahashi of the Tsuno'o Internal Medicine Department and asked him to take care of him. (Unfortunately, he, too, despite a fight with his illness, passed away on 15 August, while his mother was beside him. His younger brother, Koji, who was a second-year student of the Medical College, was killed instantly. I can only imagine their mother's sorrow.)

President Tsuno'o lay wounded at the headquarters. Professor Shirabe and staff from the Internal Medicine Department were attending to him all the time. He seemed to be in a very serious condition. I heard that Dr. Ishizaki was also at the headquarters, so I looked for him, but it was too dark and difficult to find him. I shouted: "Ishizaki *sensei*," two or three times. Then there was a reply: "Hey," and I found him sitting right in front of me, fighting with pain. He was in his Associate Professor's office that day, looking at an X-ray film near the window, so the film in his hand caught fire at the same time the atomic bomb fell, and he suffered severe burns all over his head and face. There was no trace of his handsome face as the skin on his face was completely burned, and his face was twice as swollen as before, and the pain appeared to be intense. However, since there was no medicine, I was not able to treat him.

He told me to bring him some glucose from the tunnel of the Surgery Department, but the surgery building was still burning, and it seemed impossible to get close. He was disappointed to hear that, but there was nothing I could do. After asking Dr. Shirabe to take care of the doctor, I received hardtacks at the headquarters, and climbed up again to the Anakobo Shrine, dragging my heavy feet.

Urakami Cathedral, which had not been burning until then, finally began to burn. This old building, which had been built on great sacrifices, was reduced to ruins overnight. At the arms factory, the sound of explosions continued. Both the seminary and Yamazato Primary School were engulfed in flames. Mt. Inasa, on the opposite side, was also burning halfway up the mountain. Because of the fire, it was also as bright as day on this mountain. I wonder what time it was when we gathered straw from the surrounding area, and put everyone to sleep. After we had been sleeping for a while, we heard a booming explosion. The injured, who had become sensitive, were terrified that it might be an enemy airplane. As it was a low, training-plane-like sound, someone told not to worry about the friendly plane, but at the same moment, the sound was followed by a thud and explosion. It was a complete surprise. Everyone was terrified. What could be crueler than this? We had barely escaped with our lives when the bomb rained down on us again, and the only word that slipped out of my mouth was "Damn." The explosive sound still did not go away. It was still coming and going over our heads. Severely injured people, who had been unable to move until now, ran into the mountains, clinging to the ground. They would not listen to our words, even if we scolded them. Then some people died in the thicket. Poor people who passed away without a single person besides them. Thus passed the night of 9 August. The night, when I was in fear of death, and felt as if my life was shrinking by ten years, finally became brighter from the east. I wonder if I ever slept. While rubbing my feet and waist to ease pain, I went down to the hospital with the third-year Special Medical Department student Fukayama to get some medicine. (Fukayama, who worked very hard while he was injured in his head and arm, worked with us from start to finish for the emergency

treatment. However, to my horror, he suddenly became a victim of the atomic bomb on 1 September, even though he was in such good health.) We went down to the hospital. Utter brutality! Not a single part of the building was left in its original state. Even the Surgery Ward, which I remembered fondly, was in ruins. I was surprised at how it had burned down so much, but fortunately, only the third floor and a part of the first floor of the hospital ward had burned down, so I went to the Outpatient. The Main Building had burned down to the basement. There was nothing left of the treatment and examination rooms. There was only one burnt corpse in the treatment room and five in front of the corridor, almost all of which had become bones. I could not even distinguish the sex of the bodies. I thought that one of them might be Otsubo, but there was nothing I could do. We returned to the mountain with as much medicine as we could carry, thinking of the injured who were waiting for us patiently.

We spent the entire day treating the injured. Those who helped me the entire time were Iwakiri, a fourth-year Medical College student, Fukayama, a third-year student of the Special Medical Vocational Department, a few nurses, including Head Nurse Nagashima of the Kageura Internal Medicine Department. Unlike the April air-raid, there were few major injuries such as broken bones and cutting wounds. There were only a large number of cut wounds from glass and wood fragments, but even so, there were more burns from radiation. The only medicines we had were alcohol, tincture of iodine, and other medicines, which I had already used up most of them. There was no food. We helped our hunger by eating pumpkins and sweet potatoes lying around in the fields, while we went up and down the mountains and valleys to treat the wounded.

At night, we wore vines of sweet potatoes and lay between the ridges of the fields to keep out the cold. We can't leave the wounded lying in the mountains. Their condition would get worse because of hunger and cold.

The four doctors, President Tsuno'o, Professor Takagi, Professor Yamane, and Associate Professor Ishizaki, were admitted into the tunnel of the Surgery Department where Dr. Koyano. Dr. Shirabe and others treated them. All four appeared to be seriously injured, and several staff, including Head Nurse Maeda, were attending to them all the time.

No hands for help were extended to us. So they told those of us with minor injuries to go home as much as possible. On the night of the 11th, I too took six injured, including Suga, who was seriously injured and was unlikely to make it to her home, and returned to my home in Sonogi. However, after several days of a painful fight, Suga and three others finally passed away. On the 17th, after following up on their death, I went to Nagasaki again. When I arrived, I found corpses still lying here and there. The smell was extremely intensified by the hot weather.

When I went to the hospital, I found Dr. Koyano, with his undefeated old body, had left his wife in a serious condition at home, and came to the burnt ruins every day to take charge of every assignment as the Acting President. Unfortunately, his family moved to Shiroyama-machi in early

July due to the forced evacuation in Rokasu-machi where their house was, and it was a pity that his family fell into death by moving. He lost his only daughter to dysentery last year, his third son, Kenzo, was offered on the island of Guam, and now he has lost his beloved wife too, due to the atomic bombing. I couldn't help but bow to his back with respect, seeing him in such a tragedy, but continuing to work silently with huge responsibility on his shoulders.

On 18 August, upon the orders of Dr. Koyano, we posted a missing staff poster for the Koyano Surgery Department and cremated the corpses of Nurse Matsuoka and other department staff. At the time, there were 7 confirmed deaths and 5 missing out of 37 staff on duty, but later the number of deaths increased one after another due to damage caused by the radiation, finally reaching 12 deaths.

Dr. Ishizaki was severely burned, had radiation-induced damage, and despite the efforts of many, including Dr. Koyano, he passed away on the 12th. His wife also appeared to have been killed at their home in Yamazato-machi.

Dr. Owadano spent three days in the mountain after being injured, and went to Nagayo on the shoulders of others, returning to his home in Sonogi on the night of the 11th. He was highly radiation-affected and suffered from mouth ulcers, bleeding from the gums, melena, high fever, and hair loss, all of which were new to us, and despite various treatments we offered, his condition never got better. Blood transfusion caused the injected part to fester, and after a hard and painful fight, he passed away on 6 September. I would like to end this memoir by re-recording a letter he wrote me three days before his death.

Dictated Letter

I received your express mail dated 29 August. When you left Nagasaki, my hair was falling out a little, but after a few days, most of them were lost, followed by high fever (around 38.5 degrees Celsius) and a sore throat. On the following day, in addition to the sore throat, lumps were all over inside my mouth, gum swelling, and the tooth became unstable, while there were black, soft, bloody stools, as you know. The temperature was over 40 degrees Celsius, and I made up my mind that I had only a few days to live, just as the doctors had been saying, and that was something that was going to happen. However, it still doesn't feel good!

Someone came for a blood transfusion from Kawatana as the things we had were not enough, and I was admitted to the Kyousaikai Hospital here on 1 September, the following day. By the day after my admission, my fever was getting higher and higher, and I was suffering from a headache, oral pain, and complete inability to take food due to these conditions, but I was somewhat impressed by the stable condition. Today seems to be somewhat better. I believe that the hospital will inform me about the condition later.

The people who have been in perfect health have all disappeared, and the Nagasaki Medical

College temporary headquarters, which was set up under a handful of professors, with a few students and pupils. When we have only a few staff left, this kind of situation may be inevitable, but truly, I can not think about it without tears. (Omission of the text) I apologize for my outbursts. When a person is about to die, he has said the truth. I wish you well.

3 September, Koichi Owadano

Finally, I would like to express my sincere gratitude to Dr. Matsumoto and Nurse Yamashita, who, despite their injuries and exhaustion, helped Dr. Koyano from beginning to end, and daily, during rescue work as well as cleaning the burnt ruins of the department.

Atomic bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki

Fujitaro Kurihara

I think I am not qualified to write about the atomic bombing of Nagasaki, as I did not directly experience the disaster, but for the following reasons, and as one of the lucky few who escaped the disaster, I have special memories, so I am writing about it with fresh memory. I was in the Koyano Internal Medicine Department until May before the bombing, but when Dr. Yamane (the Second Department of Anatomy, he was on a business trip to Shikoku as a military doctor on the day of the atomic bombing in Hiroshima, and was one of the lucky ones who survived) was seconded to Onomichi City Kosei Hospital as a director, and then responded to the draft to serve in the military in May, Dr. Inoue, the hospital director himself came to Nagasaki to persuade me, and Professor Koyano also asked me to go as I was not in the military service. Fearing the situation of the war back then, and the possibility of not being able to come back once I crossed the Kanmon Channel, I initially declined the offer. Later, I took the position reluctantly while beating myself up.

Thanks to this, I escaped an 80 to 90% chance of being exposed to the atomic bombing if I had remained at the College. Even today, I feel that human beings are at a crossroads in their destinies.

When I arrived in Onomichi, the town located in the coastal area of Chugoku, which was relatively regarded as safe from enemy airplanes, had almost no air-raid shelters, and even in the City General Hospital, the only water available for fire protection was a spring and a small, concrete box-type water tank for household use. The air-defense system was relaxed, and I wondered what kind of country I was in, where fire drills and light control were operated in front of the scenic inland sea of Seto. Because of this situation, I too have become carefree. The only problem was a lack of food, so I planted tomatoes, eggplants, cucumbers, and other vegetables in the backyard of my rented house, creating a vegetable garden, and was happy to decorate my

lonely dining table with a modest harvest. Looking at the spindly vegetables growing, I remembered with nostalgia that in the past, during my anatomy school days in Nagasaki, I planted seedlings in a vacant lot of the Department with my former instructor, Dr. Takagi, and left remains from anatomy practice in a huge water vase, so when the rainwater was collected and filled the vase, we used the rotten remains as fertilizer but the leaves grew so thick and black that they looked like monsters, none of the fruit grew. I wrote letters to the doctor, remembering these events, and also shared my achievements in my vegetable garden. Back then, he was known to be the most “Thunderer Father” in the entire College, and the students were afraid of him once they enrolled in the department, but in his letters, he always wrote about the department's elegant vegetable garden, how he had cultivated many pumpkins and other reports, which I still remember fondly.

Although life in the Seto inland coastal area was carefree, soon after, Okayama, then Kure, Innoshima Shipyard were burnt to the ground, and it was then that we started rushing to evacuate our houses and to hold evacuation drills. “*Pikadon*” (flash of light and bang) of Hiroshima happened. That day, just after breakfast and before going to work, I heard an announcement on the radio that one (or two?) enemy aircraft had entered Hiroshima and dropped a bomb, but caused very little damage, so I left without paying much attention. The next morning, the rumors, which were quite different from those on the radio, speaking about the unimaginable damage in Hiroshima, began to spread. Meanwhile, minor injured victims started to show up at the outpatient clinic, and when I saw them, the shape of the tank top remained vividly on a patient's body. Followed by these patients, more severely injured people gradually arrived. According to them, there was a flash of light in the sky far away, and with a bang, their bodies became burning hot, and as the entire city was destroyed, they were burned all over their bodies. I thought that such a thing could not be true and was ridiculous, so I did not take it seriously, but the symptoms of the evacuees were getting worse and worse. The patient came to the outpatient complaining of diarrhea, bleeding from the gums, subcutaneous hemorrhage with purpura, and without knowing what was happening, they died abruptly one by one in the waiting room. For the first time, I realized that this was something out of the ordinary, and as I heard more and more about it, later, I gradually began to understand the horrors that I had read about in various books and other sources. Although there had been no announcement of an atomic bomb by the military yet, Director Inoue and I had an amateur's intuition, or perhaps a leap of speculation that it was no ordinary bomb, but something called the atomic bomb we had heard about (back then, we were rejoicing in the hopeful hoax that a bomb the size of a matchbox had been built in our country, which would blow up a battleship) and unexpectedly, we were right.

The day after the bombing, I went to Hiroshima on the orders of the prefectural government

to join the rescue operation. When I walked from a station before the city station, and came to the point where I could see the city for the first time, I realized its damage at first glance, and was temporarily lost in the indescribable surprise. I can still clearly remember how my fighting spirit against the U.S. and Europe was blown away, and I cried: "We can't fight a war in this state," and then, for no apparent reason at all, I had a gut feeling that Nagasaki would be the next. After giving emergency medical treatment, while everything was inadequate, I slept in the atomic field, then returned to Onomichi the next day. What I did immediately was to write to Dr. Takagi and Dr. Koyano.

I wrote about the situation in Hiroshima, several things I had heard from the victims, the situation when the bomb was dropped, how the burns were less severe in areas with white clothing, and that if you see a flash, you should get behind something solid and close at hand, whatever it may be. However, in hindsight, this letter reached Nagasaki later than the atomic bombing of Nagasaki. Indeed, it never arrived.

Soon after, I heard on the radio about the bombing of Nagasaki, but the damage was expected to be slight, as usual. As early as the next day, victims from Nagasaki came to the hospital, and when I asked about it, they told me the story just like Hiroshima. However, I could not find out any details. However, they were injured at a factory near Urakami Station, and in conjunction with Hiroshima, I could only imagine that the College could not have escaped, and I felt gloomy.

Soon, a Taiwanese man, probably in the Ophthalmology Department, dropped by with his wife's and child's ashes, and I shared more details, including that my wife's younger brother, who was in the first-year of the Medical College, was exposed to the atomic bomb in the Second Anatomy Auditorium during Dr. Takagi's lecture. Fortunately, he was only slightly injured, but about 10 days later, he died with symptoms of the atomic bombing, including diarrhea, bleeding, and high fever. As his sisters dropped by on the way to bring his remains to Nara, their hometown for burial, it gradually revealed the unexpectedly terrible condition of the College.

After the bombing, I visited Hiroshima several times for the rescue operation, and became angry and saddened at the sight of the horrible site, and mourned the powerlessness of medicine. In November of the following year, I stood on the burnt ruins of the College for the first time, and walked around the ruins of the Basic Science Department, finding only concrete walls and a tank of corpses in the anatomy laboratory still standing, a corpse in formalin left as if it was before. When I saw the empty, open eye sockets of the skulls scattered on the concrete floor of the laboratory exposed by rain and sun, I thought that Hiroshima and Nagasaki alone were enough of this human tragedy, which must never be repeated, and prayed to the gods alone in the atomic field, which I will never forget.

Shirabe Surgery Department

The department staff were drafted one by one, and at the time, there were Professor Shirabe, Associate Professor Kido, provisional graduate Sato, provisional graduates of the Special Medical Vocational Department Hidaka, Taiwanese Wu, Research Assistants Mizota and Aoki, Technician Kaneko, Head Nurse Murayama, and 21 nurses on duty.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Shirabe was in professor's room (currently a room on the second floor of the Radiation Department), Associate Professor Kido and Dr. Hidaka were changing bandages with few nurses in the basement, Dr. Sato and three nurses were in the Outpatient Examination Room, Research Assistant Mizota was in the laboratory, Head Nurse Murayama was on the second floor of the hospital ward, and other staffs were in the hospital wards and the Medical Office when they were exposed to the bombing.

Taiwanese Wu and Nurse Futagawa were outside Nagasaki City and escaped the bombing.

The two people killed in the bombing were Research Assistant Mizota, in the laboratory, and Nurse Kawada in the Gibbs Room (now the Surgical Operation theatre).

Department staff evacuated to the mountain behind the campus and spent a night there.

On the 12th, a rescue team led by Shirabe Surgery was organized to attend to President Tsuno'o, Professor Yamane, other department members, students, and nurses at the Nameshi Daijingu Shrine's worship hall and the Iwaya Club in Michino'o. The rescue team was disbanded on the 18th, so the students and nurses returned home.

Official position and names of the deceased

Official Position	Name
Research Assistant	Teruo Mizota
Second-year nursing student	Hisae Kawada

Recollections of the Shirabe Surgery Department at the time of the atomic bombing

Raisuke Shirabe

In August 1945, when the war was at its height, nearly 20 members of the department were called up one after another, and those who remained at the time were only four: Kido (currently director of Tagawa City Hospital,) a professor at Special Medical Vocational Department, Sato

(currently practicing in Arima Village, Minami Takaki,) a provisional graduate of the Medical College, Hidaka (currently practicing in Tanegashima Island, Kagoshima Prefecture,) a provisional graduate of Special Medical Vocational Department, and a Taiwanese staff (returned to his country immediately after the war). The nurses were Head Nurse Murayama (now Head Nurse of the Isahaya Branch Hospital), Sato, Kida, Honda, Abe, Sakai, Futagawa, Sasayama, Tanaka, Yaguchi, Deguchi, several nursing students, and the other staff member was Research Assistant Mizota in the laboratory. About 20 staff members were working at Shirabe Surgery.

Most of the inpatients had been discharged after the bombing on 1 August, so only a very few remained, but there were still a few in the East Ward (now the Radiology Department,) and West Ward (now the eastern half of the Surgical Ward), as well as several seriously ill patients in the Surgical Ward basement, so we could not evacuate when the air-raid alarm was issued, and all of us were working hard in the hospital. The nurses were not fully happy about the situation, but on the contrary, it seemed to have brought about a better aftermath.

At 11:02 a.m. on 9 August when the atomic bomb was dropped, I was in the Professor's Office (currently a room on the second floor of the Radiology Department,) Head Nurse Murayama was in the corridor on the second floor of the East Ward, Kido, Hidaka and several nurses were changing bandages in the basement, Professor Sato and nurses Sato, Abe and Deguchi were in the Outpatient Examination Room (currently the room to the south of the Anatomy Department) treating outpatients, Taiwanese Wu and Nurse Futagawa were out of the Nagasaki City, so escaped the atomic bombing. In the end, the only victims of the atomic bombing were Mizota in the laboratory, and two student nurses who happened to be working in the Gibbs Room (now the Surgical Operation Theatre).

Later, we organized a relief team, mainly consisting of Shirabe Surgery staff, and negotiated with the Chairman of Nameshi Town, Mr. Kataoka, to rent the Nameshi Daijingu Shrine worship hall and the Iwaya Club. President Tsuno'o and Professor Yamane were accommodated at the Shrine while about 30 injured people, including the department staff, nurses, and students, were accommodated at the Iwaya Club to be treated daily. At the same time, several hundred injured people who were carried into a private house in the neighborhood were also treated on house calls. Those who gathered at the time were: Kido, nurses Kida, Honda, Abe, Sakai, Futagawa, Sasayama, Yaguchi, Tanaka, Deguchi, and 67 other third-year students from the Special Medical Vocational Department. They took lodging at a house where my family had been evacuated, which was owned by a local man, and started the medical treatment on 12 August. We went around treating patients, moving about in confusion in the scorching heat for a week until the 18th, when a panic started by the rumors of the U.S. military's landing. When I look back, I am amazed at how everyone's body could continue to work under such conditions.

On the 18th, the nurses requested to go home for fear of the U.S. landing, so unfortunately, we

decided to close the Iwaya Relief Station. After transferring the remaining patients to Togitsu, Isahaya, and other places, we sent the nurses home. On the same night, I drank sake for a farewell with the students who helped us in a house where nobody remained, as the entire village fled for evacuation. However, Kido and two students (Ueno and Katayama) stayed with me until after Professor Tsuno'o's death on the 22nd, the farewell ceremony on the 23rd, and then returned to their hometowns on the 24th. Until they left, I could somehow distract myself, but after they left, I became suddenly lonely, and could not stop thinking about my two boys who died in the bombing.

Kido and I started to suffer atomic bomb symptoms in early September, but thankfully, we both survived. But it was around this time when I received a report that Head Nurse Murayama lost all her hair, her entire body was weak, and she was in a critical condition. She was once on the brink of death, but it is no exaggeration to say that her recovery today is nothing but a miracle.

I was able to reunite with all the people in my department who had bid farewell after the war. Today, there is no one left in my department, but many of the nurses were blessed to be married, and those one or two who had health problems have been hospitalized in Shirabe Surgery, and they seem to be now completely healed. While the aftereffects of the atomic bombing are still being talked about today, I pray that all the surviving members will live happily in good health for a long time to come.

Obstetrics and Gynecology Department

The department staff at that time were: under the supervision of Professor Katsutoshi Naito, Lecturer Honda, Hayashi, Kusaba, Assistant Kikuchi, Junior Assistant Ito, Tanaka, Okisu, Wang (provisional graduate of Special Medical Vocation Department in 1945), and others were engaged in research as well as medical treatment.

Staff Katayama, Tagawa, Myoden, and Iwanaga, technical staff Kozasa, Head Nurse Tanaka, and 44 nurses were on duty. Due to the air-raid on 1 August, the Operating Theatre, Director's Office, and the library were damaged, so the inpatients who could be discharged from the hospital were discharged.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Naito, together with Assistant Kusaba and Dr. Hayashi, were exposed to the bombing in the corridor on the first floor of the hospital ward while sorting out the remaining books and documents, which were saved from the fire. Lecturer Honda and Dr. Wang were in the Examination Room for new patients. Assistant Kikuchi was in the Examination Room for old patients, and Dr. Okisu and Dr. Tanaka were treating patients on the second floor when they were exposed to the atomic bomb.

The body of missing Professor Naito was found a few days later in the Boiler Room on the first floor.

Assistant Kikuchi was in the Doctor's Office. Dr. Aoki was in the corridor on the first floor, Head Nurse Tanaka was near the elevator on the upper floor, and Nurse Sonoda was in the Nurse's Room on the second floor, when their bodies were found. Assistant Kusaba, Dr. Tanaka, and Dr. Okisu were seriously injured.

Biography of the late Prof. Katsutoshi Naito

Senior Sixth Rank, M.D, professor of obstetrics and gynecology

17 March	1905	Born in Hyogo Prefecture
March	1927	Graduated from Tokyo Imperial University School of Medicine,
April	1927	Appointed Junior Assistant at the same university, specializing in Obstetrics and Gynecology
May	1931	Appointed Assistant at Tokyo Imperial University
August	1939	Appointed Assistant Professor at Tokyo Imperial University.
April	1941	Appointed Professor at Nagasaki Medical College
August	1943	Appointed Senior Official, the Fifth Order

9 August 1945 Killed in the line of duty at the campus by the atomic bomb

Main research topics

Statistical study of cervical cancers and experimental study of their transplantation

Official position and name of the deceased

Official Position	Name
Professor	Katsutoshi Naito
Assistant	Hideo Kikuchi
Provisional graduate of the Special Medical Vocation Department	Nobuo Aoki
Staff	Sachiko Katayama
Staff	Yoshie Tagawa
Staff	Sayoko Myoden
Staff	Toshiko Iwanaga
Head Nurse	Yoneko Tanaka
Chief Midwife	Chikae Sonoda
Fourth-year nursing student	Sueko Iwashita
Fourth-year nursing student	Hisae Kanazaki
Fourth-year nursing student	Kanako Hashimoto
Fourth-year nursing student	Michiko Hashimoto
Fourth-year nursing student	Kimiko Mawatari
Fourth-year nursing student	Itsuko Mine
Fourth-year nursing student	Shizuyo Yoshida
Third-year nursing student	Tatsuyo Matsuo
Second-year nursing student	Shime Kawaguchi
Second-year nursing student	Matsue Tanaka
Second-year nursing student	Yoshiko Mitsunaga
Second-year nursing student	Satoe Muto
First-year nursing student	Chizuko Shiraishi

Atomic Bomb account of the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department

Arinari Honda

Since around 1943, the number of medical staff gradually decreased, and by the year when the war ended, i.e., January 1945, there were only five members under Professor Naito, including myself (Honda), Hayashi, Kusaba, Kikuchi (all graduated in 1941), Ito (graduated in 1942), and most of the name tags of the medical staff were displayed in the “called up” column.

As we could not count on new graduates and were prepared to get by with the remaining staff somehow, in April, we were greatly encouraged by the arrival of four new graduates, Tanaka, Okisu, Wong and Aoki from the Special Medical Vocational Department.

From around that time, air-raids by the enemy aircraft suddenly became more intense day by day, and the damage to major cities was reported daily. Fortunately, Nagasaki was only occasionally visited by enemy B-29 flying over Mt. Inasa from the south, but on 1 August, they suddenly appeared over the city, flew low over the hospital buildings, and began dropping 250 kg bombs overhead intensely.

The red cross sign was supposed to be painted on the roof, but it was not to be respected. The airplanes circled over for nearly an hour, dropping bombs on various departments, including the Internal Medicine, the Surgery, the Otolaryngology, and the Obstetrics and Gynecology, causing tremendous damage. A bomb also hit the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department in the Annex Building, where the Operating Theatre, Director's Office, and a library were located, making a hole from the roof to the basement. Furthermore, the fire broke out in the library, but all the medical staff, nurses, and students, together with the support of other departments, somehow managed to extinguish the fire.

I can still hear the voice of Ueno, a student who stood alone on the roof of the Dermatology Department during this time, and reported loudly on the enemy aircraft for us.

However, the air-raid destroyed most of the valuable documents and books, and Professor Naito's disappointment was so great that I could not stand to watch him. Since then, we have tried to restore the documents, which escaped the fire, by picking up pages and putting them together. This continued for a week every day, until the day of the atomic bomb, which no one could have dreamt of.

Due to this bombing, there was a sudden order to discharge inpatients, so the patients, who had operations, had their stitches removed earlier, while patients who could leave were discharged, and in a week. The hospital rooms were suddenly left empty, with only a few inoperable cancer patients.

On 9 August, the day of the atomic bombing, the midsummer sun shone glaringly, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Everyone went to their post in their defense uniforms, then, when the

air-raid alarm was lifted, went back to the department, took off their steel helmets and hoods. After a short break, we started our daily routine of lecturing, outpatient, hospital wards, and other assignments.

On that day, we were divided into three groups for work, and I was in charge of examining new patients. I went to the new patient examination room on the second floor of the main entrance with Wang and Aoki for clinical training. Professor Naito, Hayashi, and Kusaba went to the corridor on the first floor of the hospital ward to sort out books and documents saved from the fire, while Tanaka and Okisu went to the second floor to treat inpatients.

A little after 11:00 a.m., I had just finished examining patients and was sitting across a large table from students, talking. Hayashi and Kusaba were clearing the bookshelves in the preparatory examination room next door. Suddenly, there was a flash and a gust of wind with a tremendous sound of an explosion. I have no idea how long it has been since then. When I opened my eyes, I couldn't see anything at all. It was as if I had fallen into a world of complete darkness. Only my consciousness was clear, but I imagined that a large bomb had hit the Main Building, and that the entire building had been plunged into the underground, so I made up my mind to give up facing such a situation.

I began to worry about the students I had been talking with earlier, so I opened my eyes again and called out their names in turn. Then a reply came from the side. As we gradually regained light, we finally got up, covered in blood amongst the debris of chairs, desks, cupboards, examination tables, iron window frames, glass, and everything else that had piled up on top of us. When we held each other's hands, knowing we were safe, and looked out of the window, which had been blown out and left between concrete, and saw the town of Urakami, we were simply stunned and speechless. What was there was not the town of Urakami, where we used to live, but a city of death. It was left in silence in a thick cloud of smoke. Soon, a red fire started here and there, flames spreading gradually. When we finally regained composure and gathered in the examination room, we found that our medical gowns and shirts had been torn off, our trousers were in tatters, and everyone's heads, faces, backs, hands, feet, and almost entire bodies were stained with blood. I looked around, and everyone was saying, "Are you all right?" "Are you all right?" and saw they were all fortunately safe. I could see the faces of both men, who were in the next room, and also a nurse's face.

In the meantime, the fire was gradually spreading, and without time to treat the wounds, we decided to evacuate to Mt. Anakobo behind the hospital and went outside.

Just then, Dr. Nagai came staggering out of the adjacent X-ray Room with two or three nurses covered with blood, holding his scarred face.

When I asked him, "*Sensei*, are you all right?" he said, "I'm OK. Escape to the mountain quickly." When I went downstairs to the main entrance, the students and nurses who had set up

tents and were supposed to be standing by as a relief team until now were not to be seen. Only black naked bodies lay scattered amongst a mess of trees, tents, roof tiles, telephone poles, timbers, and other objects blown up by the blast. Looking in the direction of the hill going up to Dr. Kunitomo's house from the hospital, there was not a single house, just a grey hill with the red soil exposed on its slope.

When I went around the back of the Internal Medicine ward to the area where the dog house used to be, which troubled me every night, I saw medical staff, students, and nurses covered in blood swarming out of the back doors of the Surgery, the Internal Medicine, and the Otolaryngology wards. When I looked at their faces, I could not distinguish any of it. We evacuated to the mountain behind the hospital in small groups, shoulder to shoulder, or using sticks scattered around.

When I came to the back door of the Obstetrics and Gynecology ward, and tried to step inside, I saw a corpse of a 15 or 16-year-old boy, probably a junior high school student, lying on the floor. Smoke was billowing out from inside, so it was impossible to enter, so all I could do was to go down to the North Auditorium, and shout in a loud voice in the direction of the Nurse's Room, but it was completely silent, and no one replied. Only black smoke was billowing out of the window, making an eerie sound. When I entered through the emergency exit, the corridor was covered with piles of rubbish, and there was almost nowhere to step. I went around to the X-ray Room, the former patient examination room, the Boiler Room, the laboratory, and the medical office, but I couldn't find a single person. I tried to go upstairs to the second floor, but it was a sea of fire, and there was nothing I could do, so I returned to the back entrance of the hospital. On the way, by the Pediatrics Department, a large wagon fell and was blocking the road, together with a horse. Stepping on the horse's belly, I found corpses lying continuously in a sweet potato field. I climbed the hill step by step, wiping the blood from my eyes with my hands. About 50 m up the mountain, someone was lying on the ground moaning, and when I lifted him, I saw that it was Wang from the department. I was startled and told him, "Hold on." But when I looked at him, he replied weakly, "I can't do it anymore", while holding the bleeding from the wound on his right chest with his hand. I forced him onto my shoulders, tore off a piece of the tattered shirt, applied it to the wound, and began climbing up. "What happened to others in the department?" I asked him, but he had no idea.

By the time we reached the rock pit on the mountain, his face had already turned earth-colored, but he regained some of his strength when he saw the faces of the hospital staff who had evacuated one after another. Looking in all directions, there were five or six of them on the mountain ridge, all lying down, breathing heavily. I left Wang with a group of gynecological nurses and headed along the mountain ridge towards Mt. Kompira. No matter how hard I looked, I couldn't see Professor Naito. Head Nurse Tanaka was nowhere to be seen, and as I looked for Aoki and

Kukuchi, who were also nowhere to be seen, my weary feet carried me back in the direction from which I came. Some were crying, some were begging for help, and water, some were moaning - it was like a living hell. The schoolgirls, who had been mobilized to the Mitsubishi factory, came up the mountain one after another with their black hair, which was burned and became curly, and half-naked bodies. As I was watching them, I saw some of them fall one by one on the way.

Looking down at the city, most of it was in a sea of fire, the hospital buildings seen floating faintly in the smoke. As dusk approached, the fire grew stronger and stronger, drawing closer to the mountain. When night fell, I heard the terrible sound of the Zenza Primary School on the left side down the mountain burning down, and remembered again Professor Naito's face, which no one had seen up till now. At that moment, a student informed me that President Tsuno'o was in a potato field halfway up the hillside, so I wondered if the professor and the President were together. Regaining my energy, I went down the hill alone.

On the way, I met Professor Kitamura, whose face was covered with blood, together with several students and nurses, who had evacuated. His wounds were truly painful. I further went down to the middle of the hillside, when I finally managed to find the President, who was accompanied by Head Nurse Maeda. His wounds were serious. I asked him, "*Sensei*, are you alright?" He raised his face slightly, which had been lying down until then, and asked, "Honda, what happened to Professor Naito?" I felt a sudden loss of strength in my body, thinking that the professor never made it. There, the President informed me that Professor Koyano, Professor Shirabe, Professor Hasegawa, and others had survived, and that the Basic Medicine Department had all been destroyed.

Thus, on 9 August, the College lost most of its professors, medical staff, students, and nurses in an instant, and all its functions were completely lost. As I watched the College continuing to burn throughout the night, I had an ominous feeling that Professor Naito, Aoki, Kikuchi, who were supposed to be in the hospital ward, and many of the nurses, might have shared the same fate as the College. I spent a restless night.

The following day, in the early morning of the 10th, only healthy people joined the rescue team led by Dr. Nagai. There were only about 40 staff. They were survivors in the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department: Hayashi, Kusaba, Tanaka, Okisu, Wang, and I. Of these, Tanaka, Kusaba, and Okisu were severely injured and unable to move, and only a dozen or so nurses survived. Together with Niki and Wang, who had regained their strength, we went down the mountain to look for the missing, including Professor Naito, Kikuchi, Aoki, Head Nurse Tanaka, and more than 20 nurses.

On the way, we met Professor Naito's wife, who had come to Urakami through the burning rubble. As we stood there in silence, she asked, "Where is Naito?" All of us had no words to

reply but to bow our heads. At last, I said with great difficulty, "I hope he has escaped somewhere, but we will look for him in the burnt area."

Mrs. Naito went up the hill. As I watched her from behind, I hoped that he would be alive somewhere. The next few days were spent from morning to night, searching for the corpses and cremating them continuously. Mrs. Naito also came to Urakami early every morning and searched hill after hill, river after river, field after field, and visited the relief station that had been set up in the town's burnt-out primary school for emergency, with one last hope. But no matter how hard we tried, we could not find him, and precious days passed by.

Soon, we found Kikuchi in the Medical Office, Aoki in the corridor on the first floor, Head Nurse Tanaka next to the lift on the first floor, and Nurse Sonoda, Head Nurse of the hospital ward, in the Nurse's Room on the third floor. The smoke from the burning of the now-deceased rose faintly again today, all day long. At night, I visit President Tsuno'o, who has taken refuge in an air-raid shelter built on the bank behind the Surgical Operation Theatre. When I entered, I saw the President lying on a bed, his neck and face wrapped in white bandages, turned to face me. On the bed beside him was Associate Professor Ishizaki of the Surgery Department, who was moaning in pain.

In a quiet voice, the President asked, "Is it still unknown where Naito is?" When I replied "Yes," standing, a student came from the entrance and informed us that the corpse of what appeared to be Professor Naito was in the Boiler Room on the first floor of the hospital ward. With a candle in my hand, I hurriedly went with the student to the room, thinking that I had searched the room many times before. I knew that the books saved from the fire by the bombing on 1 August had been temporarily taken to the Boiler Room to be sorted out.

Inside the room, which had been spared from the fire, there was no place to step, as there were pieces of paper, desks, chairs, wall clay, and so on. Then, surprisingly, the corpse, which the students had helped to find and pull out, was lying on top of the library books. At first glance, I recognized him as my former teacher, Professor Naito, and fell to my knees, staggering.

When I went to the President again to report the confirmation of his death, he silently handed me two apples from his bedside and said one word, "For Naito." I bowed my head. Then, I clutched the apples tightly, one in each hand, so I would not drop them, and without the energy to brush away the tears that were streaming down my face, I returned to Dr. Naito, who was lying in the hospital ward.

I recall that on that day ten years ago, the summer sky was as hot and humid as today. President Tsuno'o, who offered precious fruits, which must have been a gift to him, to the late Professor Naito, is now gone. In the blazing sun, I can only pray for the souls of the many students and nurses whose young lives were lost.

(14 July, 1955)

Pediatrics Department

The department staff included Professor Sano, Associate Professor (Professor of Special Medical Vocational Department) Hamada, Associate Professor Mori, Assistant Sato, Junior Assistant Hirano, Nomura, Iwasaki, Research Assistant Hirata, and Yamada, Staff Tomigami, Head Nurse Nakao, and 19 nurses.

At the time, there were no inpatients in order to prepare for the expected the air-raids, but three infants without families were in the hospital.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Sano was at home in Hongouchi to see a visitor, and Associate Professor Hamada was lying ill in Taira, where he evacuated.

Associate Professor Mori, Junior Assistants Hirano, Nomura, and Nurse Oyake were exposed to the atomic bombing in the Outpatient Examination Room. Nomura was severely injured and died in the Dermatology ward at midnight on the 12th.

Assistant Sato returned to his home in Yamazato-machi for evacuation, and Junior Assistant Iwasaki was at his home in Shiroyama-machi for recovery from tuberculosis. They were both killed in the bombing.

Other members of the department were also exposed to the atomic bombing in the laboratory and the department building. No one was killed instantly, but Head Nurse Nakao and 8 nurses died later, one after the other.

Official position and name of the deceased

Official Position	Name
Assistant	Noboru Sato
Temporary graduate	Masahiko Iwasaki
Temporary graduate	Nakanori Nomura
Head Nurse	Natsu Nakao
Fourth-year nursing student	Mitsuko Inoue
Third-year nursing student	Kazuyo Fujita
Third-year nursing student	Sueya Noguchi
Second-year nursing student	Fumiko Toki
Second-year nursing student	Nobuko Araki
First-year nursing student	Asae Kawakami
First-year nursing student	Suzuko Kawano

A look at the atomic hell

Shigetaka Mori

At around 7:30 a.m. on 9 August 1945, on my way to work at the College hospital, I heard an air-raid alarm, rushed into my room, where I quickly wrapped my gaiters and put on my steel cap close to me, then listened to the report from a nurse on duty about the previous night. An air-raid alarm was issued at around 8:30 a.m., so I evacuated together with the medical staff, nurses, and children into an air-raid shelter tunnel next to the Pediatrics Department, which could accommodate about 15 people. In the blistering sky, explosive sound of several aircrafts, which I did not know whether they were enemy or friendly ones moved in the direction of Mt. Inasa from Mt. Iwaya. When we got out of the air-raid shelter and hid near the fence of tangerine, I saw the movement of the airplanes, feeling my iron cap burning with the summer sun unusually heavy on my back. The air-raid alarm was lifted at around 9:40 a.m.

There were five or six outpatients, so I started the outpatient clinical training of third- and fourth-year students of the Special Medical Vocational Department at around 10:30 a.m. In normal times, students would have been on a summer holiday by now, but during the war, the academic period was shortened and lectures could not be given properly due to the daily air-raids, so the holiday was cancelled and lectures continued. The first patient brought in by a student after preliminary examination was a 6-year-old child who was the youngest of Mrs. Oura, the prefect of the nurses' dormitory. The child showed signs of typhoid, so I promised the patient to be admitted for treatment. A medical staff member, Hirano, wrote down a notification of disease, and I briefly explained to the students the symptoms of typhoid fever in children. The next patient was the eldest daughter of a fourth-year student, Fujii's younger sister, who was 3 years old. She came in with whooping cough, so I examined her in the Special Examination Room. A medical staff member, Nomura, recorded, and Head Nurse Oyake assisted with the examination.

It was 11:00 a.m. when I took out a pocket watch from a small pocket in my trousers after finishing the examination. I was then washing my hands by the window when I noticed the explosive sound of an aircraft. At the moment, there was a huge boom sound, and a shock knocked my body, and the mud wall of the examination room fell on top of me. However, I brushed away the soil when I crawled and was able to stand up. I could open my eyes, but in a world of pitch blackness where I could see nothing, my body was wandering about while my head was aching. I felt the air heavy. Breathing became difficult, so I took small breaths. Exhalation was difficult. A lukewarm substance gushed from my forehead, ran down my cheeks, and dripped from my chin. I coughed, and sticky substance filled my mouth and poured from the corner of my mouth.

A fear of death engulfed my mind. "I'm having trouble breathing. Will I stop breathing? Will I die without seeing my wife and children again?" My body was shaking as I was losing balance

from the bumpy and uneven footing, and I rushed forward a couple of steps. I lost my footing under the floor, which was 90-120 cm high, and crashed into the outer garden, and was chilled to the bone. After standing for a while, the area gradually brightened. I was standing in a garden facing the Ophthalmology Ward. When I realized Mt. Anakobo, as I was scared to look back at where I had just been, without looking back, I staggered towards the mountain, pressing the bleeding on my left upper eyelid with a piece of cloth torn from my medical gown. At the back gate of the hospital, Nurse Yamazaki was covered in fresh blood on her face, with glass stuck in her eyeballs. Her lower limbs were injured. She was trembling and screaming that she could not walk.

Beside her, a nursing student called Kawakami, who had come for the pediatric clinical training, had a thigh injury with severe arterial bleeding, and was crying out loudly, "Help, help." I ripped open my doctor's gown, which I was wearing, and bandaged her upper thigh tightly. I carried her, who had lost her energy and was exhausted, on my back. I climbed halfway up Mt. Anakobo. Near the back gate, I met Nurse Nakata and Oyake, who were with me at the patient examination. Noda was covered in blood from her face to her neck, her "*monpe*" trousers were torn, and her shins were sticking out, covered in fresh blood. Blood was gushing out from Oyake's face with numerous glass shard wounds. A medical staff member, Hirano, was holding the bleeding on his left cheek, encouraging the wounded nurses, and followed us up the mountain. I laid Kawakami in a field halfway up the mountain, and searched for stones so that it would stop the bleeding better. Unfortunately, perhaps because she had already lost too much blood, her energy was so weakened, her body trembled, her pulse became weak, and before we could do anything about it, she died in the evening.

Around noon, a strong west wind came, and large drops of rain began to fall. The College burned with a tremendous sound, and the library was engulfed in a terrific whirlwind of flames. The whole area from Yamazato-machi to Hamaguchi, Takenokubo, and Ibinokuchi-machi was a sea of fire, and the flames were burning the sky. By the time the College hospital was burning, the smoke started to hurt my eyes. Crops, grass, and trees in the fields were all broken and burnt black, and the soil had a garlic-like odor. Pumpkins without vines and leaves were blackened and scattered around.

There was a shop near the College Hospital street car station, which used to sell regulated milk, but the owner was shouting in a loud voice: "My wife, daughter-in-law, and grandchild are all dead." A 35 or 36-year-old woman ran around with disheveled hair and dragging a band, shouting, "I'm scared, someone hold me!" Some were climbing up the mountain, some groaning on the ground, others were lying on their backs pressing the wounds on their faces. A mother with scorched hair running from the smoke of the town carrying her baby, a naked young man groaning as he came up the hill, Numerous wounded people were wriggling and

suffering on the mountain. The sounds of flames, moans, and the roar of the strong winds intermingle, all mixed to resemble a picture of hell as seen in religious paintings.

A staff member from Internal Medicine (name unknown), who was strangely unharmed and his clothes undisturbed, approached me with a first-aid bag over his shoulder, sprinkled iodine tincture on the wound on my left upper eyelid, applied gauze, tore my gown, and bandaged the wound. At around 3:30 p.m., I asked a medical staff member, Hirano, to keep an eye and decided to return to my home in Motohara 1-chome.

Our house was located 700 m from the hypocenter and had been completely collapsed, and became a terrible spectacle with the *tatami* mats and pillars on the torn roof. My wife and two children were buried under the house, but fortunately escaped instant death. We spent the night in a side-hole air-raid shelter with our neighbors, but I could hardly sleep because of the moans of the burnt and injured people in the shelter. Since the next day I was busy treating the neighbors, and again on the 11th, I was called in by many people.

On 12 August, the children finally regained peace, and my wife gathered up dishes and boxes. I left my house around 8:30 a.m. and headed to the College. On the way, a woman appeared from an air-raid shelter in Motohara-machi, stopped me, and begged to examine a girl of about 10 years old with a high fever and bloody stools who had become suddenly ill. She had already lost her energy, her pulse was weak, and she died shortly afterwards. The College headquarters and the Basic Science Department buildings all collapsed and burned down, including the solid concrete buildings, and white bones lay in piles in what appeared to be the department building. 1 metre square stone gateposts collapsed on one side and sloped down about 15 cm off the base on the other side. The College hospital, which was built entirely of reinforced concrete, had its outer corridor remain intact, but the window frames were blown out. Most of the interior was burnt down, and became empty. In the remaining area, ceilings fell and materials were scattered, or buried on top of each other. It was a tragic sight.

I could see the Ophthalmology Ward from the back gate through the Pediatric Treatment Room, and a messy accumulation of books and specimens could be seen from the windows of the library and Specimen Room. The Pediatrics Department was the closest of all the Clinical Departments to the hypocenter, so the damage was bigger, and although no one was killed instantly, no one escaped injury. Near the pediatric air-raid shelter, a department staff member, Hirano, was boiling water in a fire pit made by heaped soil. He shouted to let the pediatric nurses know that I was alive and well. The Head Nurse had third-degree burns on her neck, her face was blue-black and swollen, several shards of glass were stuck in her back, and her left earlobe was pierced and became a round hole. Almost all the nurses had wounds on their faces and limbs and were heavily bandaged. In the same shelter, an ophthalmology nurse was groaning and shouting from what was probably subcutaneous cellulitis in her right lower limb, which caused a swelling, a high fever,

and difficulty in urinating. An ophthalmologist was attending to her, but it seemed that there was nothing he could do but be beside her.

Ms. Tomigami, a pediatric staff lay next to the water motor for the hospital water tank near the air-raid shelter, her face gouged out on both cheeks and her eyeballs visible, her right forearm bone was fractured in both ulna and hyoid, and her lower limbs showed no external injuries, but one side could not be moved, probably due to nerve damage. After injecting her with morphine hydrochloride, she fell asleep for a while, then called out to me in a loud voice, and pleaded sorrowfully, "Please administer the same injection again." In the same place, three or four first-year students were moaning and screaming, one of whom had a sudden change in condition and passed away at nightfall on the same day. The father of the student searched for his son for three days but could find no trace of him. In the morning of the same day, he had visited Kannon shrine in Koga Village, and was grateful to have been reunited with his son by the grace. It was about 2 hours after I saw the father and the son embracing each other when the student suddenly died. We took the corpse to a grassy area 7 to 9 meters away and covered it with a glass mat.

At around 2:00 p.m., rice balls and pickled plums were brought in from the Women's Association in the city. Hirano and I tied buckets with ropes and fetched water from the water tank. When we had finished, we boiled water and ate the rice balls. The Head Nurse broke off rice balls to make porridge and served it to the seriously injured. The tangerine hedge surrounding the Pediatrics Department garden was uprooted, and the green paulownia trees near the Annex Building were all felled as well, but sasanqua camellia near a small monument with the words from the "Book of Rites" were standing resolutely undamaged. The tree was in the shadow ("*kage*"), so it was as the word "*Okage-sama* (thank you)" implies, seemed to be protected by the shadow, but it could have been thanks to the power of Buddha. On the stairs at the entrance to the professor's office, a student was lying dead.

From the professor's office to the corridor, Dr. Sano's carefully preserved x-ray films and vast amount of documents passed on by the senior department were scattered, and near the stairs down to the basement, where the milk preparation room was, a large red cow was moaning and barely breathing. Together with Hirado, I thought we could enter the basement from the animal shelter, to distribute ampoules of glucose and nourishing sugar that we had stored in the darkroom to make everyone feel better.

The dismal state of the laboratory bordering the darkroom was beyond description. The incubator, which was used exclusively to nurture TB bacteria, the incubator for the culture of intestinal bacteria, the centrifugal precipitator, the fluorescent lamp, glassware, and other equipment were so badly vandalized that there was not even room to step on them. Hirata, a research assistant who met the disaster in this room, had amazingly managed to escape from

here. All the changing shelves for the department staff had collapsed, and the shelves, which stored reagents, large desks, and other furniture, were also piled up. I could not enter the milk preparation room as a Shimadzu-manufactured fridge, the large desk in the center, and a washing sink had been turned upside down. In the evening, upon hearing about a medical staff member, Nomura, who had been suffering from acute peritonitis caused by a strong blast to the abdomen and was in the basement of the Dermatology Department, I went to see him. He was examined by Professor Shirabe from the Surgery Department, but as there was nothing that could be done, he complained of severe thirst and abdominal pain in agony. It was pitiful to hear his words begging for water as he knew he was facing death.

I passed through the eerie campus after dark and headed home through the College grounds. Each department had been assigned to cultivate a potato field on the north side of the ground, but several X-ray nurses were weeding when the disaster hit them. They were so swollen up that no one was recognizable and black as if they were painted by oil lying on the ground, without a stitch of clothing on them.

On 13 August, after rewinding the bandaged nurses in the air-raid shelter, I walked around the garden between the Pediatrics and Ophthalmology Departments and entered the Outpatient Examination Room and found that the area from the Reception Room to the Examination Room had been completely burnt, and the partition wall of the Special Examination Room had been completely crushed. From the Head Nurse's Office on the north side to the Preliminary Examination Room for students, the Weighing Room, the Old Patient Examination Room and the Treatment Rooms were completely burnt down, and the patient diaries and childcare records in the Preliminary Examination Room, which had been recorded with great care and dedication by the senior staffs, were destroyed. The rooms to the east of the Reagent Specimen Room on the north side, and to the east of the doctor's office on the south side, were destroyed by the falling ceilings, including all the tools, but it was a great relief that they did not burn down. In particular, books were blown to various places, some of which had their covers removed or torn off, but thankfully, most of them survived. The big cow that had been panting in the corridor yesterday seemed to have been moved to the basement last night and was lying dead in the entrance to the milk preparation room. The ceiling of the professor's office was falling in, and various items were piled up in a messy heap. My summer outfit was on top of it, a piece of paper with the words "belongings of Assistant Professor Mori" written on it, and it was nailed to it. I was supposed to be missing. The College headquarters were set up at Shirabe Surgery, and on the wall, there was a note about the updates of the staff.

Professor Sano: alive. Associate Professor Mori: missing.

Noboru Sato: dead. Masahiko Iwasaki: dead.

Yoneo Hirano: alive. Nakanori Nomura: seriously injured.

I still remember today how moved I was when I was able to meet Dr. Sano at around 10 a.m. He shook my hand firmly and shed tears of joy. Medical staff, Nomura died the previous night. Three of us, Dr. Sano, Hirano, and I, placed his body on the door which came off from the Dermatology Department, and carried him into the garden, gathered stones to make a burning place, picked up timbers and placed them on top of the corpse, and set fire. Three of us pressed our hands in prayer for the repose of his soul. My heart was full of emotions, and tears fell. When I looked at the fire, I saw his feet burning between the few sticks of firewood. During the cremation, an aircraft flew over, and Hirano and I hid in a half-collapsed air-raid shelter.

In the evening, we picked up the bones, put them in a vase, and placed them on the desk in the Medical Office with a paper on which we wrote late Nomura's name as "*Eiryō* (the heroic spirit of the dead in war)." At that time, Dr. Sano came and told us that the part of Professor Takagi's ashes would be placed in the professor's office, so that we should keep it with care. From that day onwards, the relief teams from all over the area began to work, and seriously injured staff were given priority to be transported to Isahaya. Mitsuno, a seriously injured staff member, was taken away in the light of day. The nurses under the Pediatric Head Nurse were to go the next morning.

Around noon on the 13th, Professor Hamada of Special Medical Vocational Department, who had been lying in bed due to illness at the evacuation site in Yue came, and told us that he had received a naval summons to enlist at a place called Kame in Hiroshima Prefecture by the 15th, but that he was unable to go due to the destruction of the railway line beyond Orio, and about the newspaper article that the Soviet Union entered the war on 9 August at midnight. I don't remember who told me, but I also heard a rumor that 23 Japanese aircraft had air-raided New York, inflicting heavy damage and shaking the American people to their core. In the early afternoon, Watanabe, a third-year student, gave me a piece of sweet potato cake. I will never forget the delicious taste of it and the gratitude. At night, we spread straw at the entrance to the Pediatric air-raid shelter and slept under a single blanket shared by Head Nurse Nakao, a woman called Matsunaga from the animal shop, and me. The sky was clear, and countless stars were fluttering in the sky as if they were falling. It was difficult to fall asleep as faces after faces came to mind like a running lamp while thinking about President Tsuno'o, Professor Yamane, Associate Professor Matsushita, and others who were in critical condition, and the acquaintances, whose safety I was concerned about. The next day, early in the morning, my shirt was damp with dew, and I felt cold, and with a dripping nose, I gathered up the broken boards in the corridor of the Psychiatry Department, lit a fire, boiled water, and made porridge from the leftover rice by loosening the rice ball from last night. Nurse Ohyake and Nurse Taniguchi fetched water from only one tap on the hospital premises, which was still running.

When the morning sun was shining softly on the hospital campus, I decided to go back home.

I managed to walk through the stone pavement on the campus. Burnt corpses were still piled up in the Auditorium of the Hygiene 1 classroom, and several skulls with black pieces of flesh were still lying in the Anatomy Department. The stone walls of the sports field's stands were crashed, The huge trees were all broken and split, and two or three birds were singing as if they were starving, reminding me of the Chinese poem "*Kanzanji* (The Temple of Cold Mountain)": "The moon falling, night crow crying as the signs of frost filled the sky, the coldness approached." In the neighborhood of the church in Yamazato, a rescue team was busy removing burnt corpses. The bodies were tied hand to hand, foot to foot, and carried on poles like carrying a deer caught on a hunting trip. The corpses were collected near the prison and in front of the church gate, where several dozen of them were piled on top of wooden logs. The legs were placed as far out as possible, with the head in the center. I saw some heads and torsos in pieces.

On the afternoon of the 15th, I went to Yamazato National School to obtain a war damage certificate. I joined long lines of people in the schoolyard, where the concrete buildings had collapsed and were devastated, then received war damage certificates, four kilograms of rice, and a handful of dried sardines from the city officials. It was there that I heard about Dr. Nagai. He had been injured near the carotid artery, but instead of a great risk, he had picked up his wife's bones from the ruins of the fire in Yamazato, and then came to the school to get his war damage certificate. On the same day, a relief team was also in the area of Motohara-machi to collect the bodies, and the bodies in the pumpkin fields had been taken away somewhere else. In the evening, I had a sudden visit from my nephew, who was a student of Kyushu University. He said that he had come to Nagasaki as a member of the Kyushu University medical team. Was this the joy of seeing the light in hell? At night, we lay down on the board and slept while talking with joy. During the night, it suddenly began to rain, but we used the door boards we had collected during the day as a ceiling, and put up torn mosquito nets on all sides to keep out the rain spray, so we didn't get too wet. The next morning, the rain had cleared up, and a fresh sunny day began, but I had a hard time lighting the fire in the wet furnace. Although the food was poor, consisting of warm rice with a side dish of dried fish, I enjoyed the meal with guests from far away. My nephew went out to rescue work, promising me that he would visit again in the evening. Around 10 a.m., I too went to work at the College, and on the way, I was surprised to see an enemy aircraft swooping down as fast as it could. The Pediatric air-raid shelter no longer had anyone. At the back of the shelter, there were two corpses of a mother and her child, rotting away. They seemed to pass away while mother was breastfeeding. I met Hirano in the Pediatric Department corridor and heard the sad news of the unconditional surrender. I was told that yesterday, in the afternoon of the 15th, President Koyano had gathered everyone together at the headquarters of the Surgery Department, and read the imperial edict of the ceasefire. President Tsuno'o was said to be in critical condition in the precincts of a shrine in Nameshi. Professor Yamane was said to have

contracted tetanus, was in extremely critical condition, and was confined to the Ophthalmology Ward. When I was clearing the Medical Office, Professor Sano arrived, so I accompanied him on a tour of the wards. The cover of the latrine pumping outlet in the basement had been removed, and a body in a black “*monpe*” trousers was floating in it. The body was lying on its back, but the face was black and swollen, so it was difficult to tell whether she was a man or a woman. However, as the body was floating on its back, it should be assumed to be a woman. In the area, there were scattered CVs of a woman named Matsuoka who worked at the Pharmacy. In a dark room in the basement, there were two or three oil cans of nourishing sugar preparation, but these had already been broken into by someone, and the contents had been completely stolen. The unrefined nourishing sugar became liquid and was sticky all over the place, uselessly. Professor Sano searched the Milk Preparation Room for a tin containing 1,200-1,800 grams of white sugar and ordered: “Keep such valuables in a safe place,” so Hirano and I hid it behind a shabby tea shelf in the Medical Office.

When I went to the headquarters in the afternoon, I saw several dozen medical staff and student nurses busy working, for the treatment of patients and corpses, administrative communication, and other assignments. Those who were admitted here were all severely injured students and nurses. A young girl with encephalitic symptoms was turning over in agony, completely naked, and it was such a pity to see that every single one of them was mourning and shouting. I climbed the bank behind and entered a garden in Kohoku Ward. They were burning corpses there. I heard that just a few days ago, a student called Hiwatari was also cremated.

I was extremely tired from the psychological blow of the defeat and the all-day labor, so I headed home at nightfall. On the way, a group of Koreans was celebrating around a bonfire in Motohara-machi, shouting repeatedly “*banzai*.” It was frustrating. The war was over. We were defeated. Men must be prepared to commit suicide. The night passed while they talked about how women and children had to flee to the mountains and hide.

Since then, on the 35th day after the bombing, my wife died of atomic illness, and during the same time, I suffered from cold sweats and attacks caused by seeing floaters in my eye for about 40 days. My white blood cell count had dropped to 4,000.

Dermatology Department

At the time, the department staff included Professor Kitamura, Associate Professor Ichinose, Lecturer Kaneko, Assistant Nakayama, Assistant Xiao, Junior Assistant Yang and Kuroki, Commissioned Technicians Machida and Mano, Staff Nakamura, Haruko Yamada and Yaeko Yamada, Ichinose and Sakita, and Head Nurse Mitsushima, and 21 other nurses were on duty.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Kitamura, Lecturer Kaneko, Assistant Xiao, Junior Assistant Yang, and Kuroki were exposed to the bombing in the Outpatient Examination Room together with several nurses. Associate Professor Ichinose was exposed to the atomic bomb on his way to work. Assistant Nakayama received burns in the treatment room and died a week later in Imafuku, Hokusyou (Kita-Matsura Country).

Junior Assistant Kuroki died of atomic disease early next year, despite no external injuries.

Machida was killed on the road on his way to work.

Nakamura died instantly in the corridor of the Medical Office.

Head Nurse Mitsushima was exposed to the atomic bomb, was injured in the corridor on the first floor, and died at her home in Togitsu on 28 August.

Nurses Nozoe and Hamabe were burned to death in the first-floor laboratory.

Nurse Hijiguro was exposed to the atomic bomb in the Outpatient Treatment Room, suffered burns on her upper body, and died the next day in the trench next to the Dermatology Department.

Nurse Hirayama died instantly in the corridor on the first floor.

Nurse Kawatani was killed while lying ill in the dormitory.

Three nurses, Hashimoto, Hayashi, and Wakamatsu, were exposed to the atomic bombing in the Outpatient, and Hashimoto and Hayashi died a month later in Imafuku, Hokusyou (Kita-Matsura County). Nurse Wakamatsu also died.

Mano, Yamada, and Ichinose were exposed to the atomic bomb in the laboratory, while Sakita was exposed in the corridor on the first floor and suffered a broken upper limb.

Yamada was on leave.

Other nurses were exposed to the atomic bomb in the outpatient and the Nurses' Room, most of them receiving glass shard wounds.

Official position and name of the deceased

Official Position	Name
Assistant	Yoshitoshi Nakayama
Junior Assistant	Shigenori Kuroki
Commissioned Technician	Shinji Machida
Staff	Harue Nakamura
Head Nurse	Yuri Mitsushima
Fourth-year nursing student	Kumi Nozoe
Fourth-year nursing student	Sae Hijikuro
Second-year nursing student	Yukino Hashimoto
Second-year nursing student	Yoshi Hamabe
Second-year nursing student	Sueko Hayashi
Second-year nursing student	Tazuko Hirayama
Second-year nursing student	Mike Kawatani
Second-year nursing student	Yoshiko Wakamatsu

The year of the atomic bomb and defeat

Kanehiko Kitamura

Today, ten years later, when I recall the day I escaped from the atomic bombing while injured, the beginning and end of what I thought at the time I would never forget, have, in some places, created a blank space in my memory. Moreover, while fragmentary, sensory, and momentary details are vividly recalled, before and after the complex events are rather vague.

The fall of the atomic bomb happened near noon on a scorching hot day. Suddenly, there was a disturbance in the air, a kind of metallic sound, and a flash of light outside the window. I did not know how much time had passed since then, but when I realized, I was lying face down at the bottom of a thick cloud of smoke. Propped up on my elbows, head drooping, vaguely aware of the blood pouring out of my head and lapping at the edges of my eyes, I stayed like that for a long time.

A woman in farmer's clothes fell in a sweet potato field behind the College, where the blast had dug up the soil, cut the vines, and scattered the leaves. The sky was cloudy at the time. The brick bell tower of Urakami Cathedral had been burned down, and was glowing red like a large charcoal flame. Suddenly, large drops of rain fell, but soon stopped, the clouds parted, and strong sunshine came back. The sun was hot again. People were scattered on the mountain

terraces and moved slowly.

Professor Shirabe's two sons were killed. The older son was burned on his back at the Mitsubishi Factory but was able to return to his house in Nameshi, near the evacuation site, which was rented by the professor. He was treated immediately, but died a week later. A few days later, the wounded President Tsuno'o and Professor Yamane were brought to the Nameshi Daijingu Shrine in the damp cedar grove, and my wife took me by the hand to visit them. It was that time when I read a newspaper article describing the Soviet Union's entry into the war at a rice mill just outside Nameshi's mountain pocket. Prof Yamane, who was seriously wounded, appeared to be in a lot of pain and died shortly afterwards. President Tsuno'o died later, on the 22nd, according to my memory, and at that time, the war was already over. Tamon Maeda became Minister of Education in the Higashikuni Cabinet. The President said that he knew him and said that he wondered how education would change in the future. Soon, he started to suffer from a fever continuously, and Prof. Koyano, who came to see him, also started to be concerned about the President's condition. Professor Koyano was only slightly injured on his forehead, but his whole body seemed to be fatigued, and he endured the grief of losing his wife. Everyone had lost a friend, if not a family member. People returned to an element instantly when the atomic bomb fell, and others suffered and died alone in mostly dispersed places. This made me feel as if my connection with them was forced to cut off abruptly and instantly, and this feeling continues to this day.

The war ended a few days after the bombing. The old man of the house where we had evacuated had heard a rumor from somewhere that this was likely to be the case. It was hot, and it was almost dusk, and I was immersed in a sadness in intense heat as I looked out over the darkening garden. There was no electricity since then, and I was lost in the darkness for a long time, unable to hear the radio.

I had the shards of glass from my forehead and eyelids, which were removed by Dr. Ichinose, but eventually I began to have a slight fever every day, and when I looked in the mirror, I saw one or two small bleeding spots on my soft palate.

By then, we were beginning to understand more and more about the atomic bomb sickness. I had my blood checked by the Kyushu University relief team, and found that my white blood cell count had not decreased too much.

What day was it when the streets of Nagasaki were flooded with American sailors dressed in white? They went sightseeing in the hypocenter area in jeeps and large vehicles. The chimney of the College's Boiler Room loomed crooked, and the stone "*tori'i*" gate of the Sanno Shrine stood on one leg.

I got a little better, but the extension of a vertical laceration on my right upper eyelid seemed to have damaged the cornea as well, so I saw things hazy. I went up to former Professor Asanuma's house to have it examined. A short time later, Professor Shirabe and I were told to go with students

to the Omura Naval Hospital to work and for rest and recuperation, where we found that an American medical team had come to investigate atomic bomb patients, accompanied by Professor Tsuzuki in surgery and Associate Professor Miyake of pathology from Tokyo. Through Professor Tsuzuki, I found out that Professor Ota of the Dermatology Department of the University of Tokyo had passed away.

While good autumn weather continued, a part of the hospital building on a cosmos-filled hilltop has been turned into a College classroom, where lectures had gradually begun, although they were not fully returned to the past. Connecting with American medicine, which had become active at a rapid pace after the war, started here with contacting the Military Medical Association. Today, in Tokyo, I still see Director, Dr. Ysuyama, who used to support us greatly in Omura, and have recently been shown the manuscript of a long account of the Nagasaki atomic bombing written in English, which was sent to an American magazine.

When the Shinkouzen Primary School became the College building in the city, and was Yasuyama connected to Omura by bus, I communed with Professor Shirabe from Nameshi, where we had settled after being evacuated to Omura and then to Nagasaki. The long autumn finally became winter, and the wind blew through the broken glass of the Shinkouzen Primary School building, in which we ate our cold lunches. Before this happened, Taiwanese students, Seng and Yang, returned to their home countries, and instead, Associate Professor Araki and other members gradually returned as they were discharged from the military. The lectures for the students somehow managed to continue, but the shortage of goods became more serious day by day, and life became increasingly difficult. However, on New Year's Day 1946, when we all listened to President Koyano's address in the temporary auditorium of Shinkouzen Primary School, I felt a sense of renewal.

Ten years have passed since then. This year's exceptionally hot summer in Tokyo reminded me of that scorching day in Nagasaki. I pray for the peaceful rest of those whom I have parted forever, and for the prosperity of Nagasaki University.

(6 August 1955)

A thought on the atomic bomb, Memorial Day

Fusako Dobashi

Today, the clouds are flying overhead, just as they did on that day.

Ten years have passed in tears and anger, but the horror of that day will probably never disappear from our minds as long as we live.

In 1945, day after day, night after night, the enemy aircraft attacked with increasing intensity,

and in the tense atmosphere, we nursed the sick day and night, believing only in victory.

The ceiling panels were used to prepare for the evacuation of important documents and goods, and patient evacuation drills and air defense exercises were carried out. Also, there were times when operations were carried out under attack by enemy aircraft, and treatment of critically ill patients was continued by candlelight. However, I was surrounded by the warm love and affection of the Director, the doctors, the Head Nurse, and others, and despite the hardships, I spent my days in high spirits. One of my memories from back then was the day we all rejoiced when our vegetable garden, which we had cultivated, yielded potatoes and vegetables. Then, on 1 August, our hospital received the ordeal of bombing for the first time.

At that time, we evacuated to the basement, so nothing happened, and although we held back our tears at the sight of the collapsed Surgery and Gynecology buildings, we rejoiced in our safety.

Then the day of destiny, 9 August, came. On that day, the evacuation order was issued early in the morning. Since 1 August, the hospital was especially quick to evacuate patients outside for safety, but as the order was soon lifted, everyone immediately returned to the hospital and went back to their work. It was just when I had regained my peace of mind that I suddenly felt an intense heat and turned around in surprise. For a moment, I was blinded by a flash of light. Instinctively, I thought: "Is it bombing?" It was too late. I thought I couldn't escape. Then, it seemed that I had lost consciousness.

I don't know how long it had been, but suddenly came back to myself when I heard a voice saying, "I'm in pain, *sensei*, I'm in pain." I found myself stumbling along with Hayashi-san (a nurse), hanging on to the hem of Dr. Nakayama's white coat as we walked through the fields that extend a little higher than the hospital. But with each step, my strength drained away. I felt as if I were going to fall and sit down if I continued. "Cheer up, it's not safe here, climb a little higher." The doctor kept encouraging us, but I finally let go of my hand and threw my exhausted body out into the field.

The towns below were in a sea of fire. I was covered in hot air and smoke, and my suffering increased. I felt intense nausea, and as breathing became painful, I thought that I couldn't stay still, and didn't care what happened. I rolled in agony on the field.

The hospital, the College, and the town were all blowing fire from their windows, and flames were scorching the sky.

Only the sun was in a blackened sky, tilting westwards in an eerie bright red. I closed my eyes, struck by the horror of it.

Large drops of rain began to fall.

I did not know when she had arrived, but there was a nurse, Takeya-san, standing and shivering completely naked, mumbling: "It's cold, it's cold." I also wondered where I had taken off my shoes, which I was supposed to be wearing. They were gone, and I had a big wound on my foot

with blood running down it. Fortunately, I realized that I was wearing a protective coat, and immediately undressed and gave it to Takeya-san. She almost snatched the white coat and put it on her chest, then fell and stood up, seemingly unable to stay still due to the pain, but gradually she lost her energy and became silent.

I also lost consciousness, but when I came to, it was already night, and only black shadows floating in the flames were moving disorderly. People begging for water, mothers protecting and seeking help for their children, children wandering in search of their parents, people calling out for friends, many voices echoed through the valley of corpses.

Soon, these voices gradually faded away. I wonder if the people died one by one. Then, I spent a night of agony. The midsummer sun started to blaze down.

I raised my body and looked around. What a sight. The piles of corpses as far as the eye could see, just like a scene from hell, with people dying in agony, their eyes unclosed, and their hair in disarray. Some had their internal organs and eyes popping out, some were naked and blackened from burns all over their bodies, some had fallen on their backs with big, bloated bodies and were dead, but others were still rolling over, breathing faintly, or continuing their last groans.

The joy of having survived together was short-lived, and the nurse Takeya, after fighting against agony, died painfully. I wondered how the people who were my mentors and friends until yesterday were doing, and could not wait to see them, but I felt a severe fatigue all over my body, and my legs were wobbly, so I could not walk at all. However, I was determined to go down from there, even if I had to crawl on the ground.

I walked along, clinging to the side of the field. Then, there was someone who was shouting repeatedly: "Help me. Where are you going? Please come here." I looked up and saw a young nurse, with whom I had been living together until yesterday, staring at me with a completely changed figure.

A friend who could not even move was calling me. She was lying in front of me, her face exhausted and in pain. I wanted to do something for her, and to go near her, but I couldn't move my body as I wanted to, and my throat was so dry that I could not speak. I left her pleading eyes behind with sadness, as I was not able to do anything for her.

The area was full of people who became motionless and could not move. I wanted water, but no one could give me water. Those who were fine all went somewhere.

When I reached a field at the bottom, I saw Hijiguro-san. Dr. Kitamura, who was lying but seemed to hear my conversation with the otolaryngology nurse Usumoto, approached: "Dobashi-kun, you are also injured. Hijiguro-san is also here." However, I lost my voice, and was overwhelmed when I saw her figure. Her face was so badly burned that it was blackened and swollen, and her eyes and mouth were unrecognizable.

She was later carried to the air-raid shelter on a stretcher, but that evening she suddenly woke up and died while swallowing water that had been left there.

When I was helped to the ground by a passer-by, I saw figures standing there. The figures had changed miserably, but there were Dr. Nakayama and five nurses. When I finally saw them, I forgot myself and hurried towards them.

I walked to the back of the kitchen to go to the hospital first. Here, the injured were being brought in one by one and crowded. At the entrance, a student was struggling for breath with burns on his back.

I also received injections of cardio tonic and analgesic drugs and waited for everyone to gather.

After a while, Head Nurse Mitsushima arrived. Her face was pale and appeared to be absent-minded, and there were several traces of blood on her face; her hair was disheveled miserably. When I tried to talk to her, she seemed to have lost her energy and her face moved only faintly with a painful expression. . . She was usually in good health, but back then, she sometimes complained of stomach pains and had to rest. I heard that she was exposed to the atomic bomb yesterday when she went down the corridor on the first floor to go to the outpatient.

That night, I moved to the air-raid shelter of the Dermatology Department and spent the night there. The next day was 11 August, and enemy aircraft were still circling over Nagasaki.

On that day, I decided to go home. Supported by my father with a cane in one hand and dragging my blood-stained leg, I walked through the town of ash under the blazing sun, where there was a strange smell of corpses. Since the Urakami area was close to the hypocenter, the damage was beyond description.

Those who tried but failed to escape the fire became lumps of ashes, rolling one there, two there, three there. Until yesterday, they were housewives and children, but now they looked completely different. A mother who appeared to be holding her crying child in her arms was burned to death as she struggled to escape the fire. Passersby were in tears seeing a huge lump of ash holding small bones.

I finally reached my home in the evening.

Afterwards, my abdomen gradually became swollen, and I was unable to take in food or even water, and was bedridden for days on end. As it was difficult to receive proper treatment in the countryside, I was admitted to Fukuda Hospital. My condition, which had been going back and forth at first, started to improve from mid-September, and by the beginning of October, I recovered well enough to be discharged. In this hospital, they took care of me well, but I was worried every day as I had bleeding, diarrhea, tiredness, and other symptoms while seeing patients dying one by one.

In October, the persimmons had already changed their color, and autumn was deep. One day, I received a letter from the Director of the Department. As I received the unexpected letter from

the doctor, I did not know how many times I read it, clutching it in my hands with nostalgia and emotion.

After learning that the doctor was working tirelessly for the hospital despite his injured body, although I was still not well nourished, and it would be some time before my health returned, I was eager to return to the hospital as soon as possible, so I started to make preparations.

When I finally entered the doorway, and saw the faces of surviving friends, we were speechless with joy at being reunited, and for a while we just stared at each other. . .

In an instant, the hospital was in ruins, and I lost many teachers and friends. Now there was no more Dr. Nakayama's voice I used to hear all the time, the Head Nurse's kind smile, a face I miss, a cheerful face of Hijiguro-san, the fat and always smiling Nozoe-san, 6 classmates who became victims of the atomic bomb within a year, and a few months of joining the Nursing School, Nakamura-san, the classroom assistant, and Machida-san, technician, who used to made joke quietly but humorously. I stood there, dumbfounded in the classroom, which seemed to have lost all its energy.

However, I could not stay sad. The destroyed classrooms must be rebuilt by those of us who survived.

The new step towards the next ten years began on that day.

* * *

Ten years later, atomic bomb survivors are still constantly exposed to the fear of developing atomic bomb disease.

As one of the survivors of the atomic bomb who got a life in the nick of time, I feel we must tell the people of the world about the horror and great sin of the atomic bomb, and strive to eliminate war and the atomic bomb from this world to create true peace. The atomic field has now been remarkably recovered, and the bell of peace rings out high. On the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, I look at Nagasaki of that day once more and conclude, praying that the souls of the victims may rest in peace.

(Department of Dermatology)

Ophthalmology Department

At that time, the medical staff were called up one after another, and apart from Professor Yamane, there were only two assistants, Lin and Yang. The staff who were working outside the department were Dr. Nakashima, Dr. Sakimoto, and Dr. Moriji. There were 15 nurses under the supervision of Head Nurse Uchida, and others were research assistants Kazuko Chikagawa, staff members Mizoguchi, and Maeda.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Yamane was exposed to the atomic bomb in the lavatory on the second floor of the Ophthalmology Department and suffered severe injuries to his face and thighs from shards of glass. Later, he was carried to Nameshi outside the city, but died on the 15th while receiving treatment due to tetanus infection.

Lin and Yang appeared to be absent.

Other department members were also exposed to the atomic bomb in the hospital ward. Mizoguchi, Maeda, and five nurses, including Head Nurse Uchida, died.

As we have made most of the inpatients return home, there were only a few remaining, some of whom were killed instantly.

Biography of the late Prof. Dr. Hiroshi Yamane

Senior Fourth Rank, The Fourth Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., Professor of Ophthalmology

25 March	1895	Born in Shimane Prefecture
July	1921	Graduated from Kyoto Imperial University School of Medicine
September	1922	Appointed assistant at Kyoto Imperial University
September	1926	Appointed assistant professor at Kyoto Imperial University
Mar	1931	Appointed Associate Professor at Nagasaki Medical College
November	1936	Studied in Europe and the U.S. for ophthalmology research, returning to Japan in October of the following year
March	1942	Appointed professor at Nagasaki Medical College
June	1942	Appointed Senior Official, the Second Order
9 August	1945	exposed to the atomic bombing at the College, died in the line of duty on 15 August 1945

Main subject of the research

A few clinical and microscopic studies of corneal pannus with trachomatous inflammation

Official position and name of the deceased

Official Position	Name
Professor	Hiroshi Yamane
Staff	Asano Mizoguchi
Staff	Isuzu Maeda
Head Nurse	Toshiko Uchida
Fourth-year nursing student	Takeno Ozaki
Fourth-year nursing student	Sachiko Matsumoto
Third-year nursing student	Miyo Nishishita
Third-year nursing student	Hiro Yamaguchi

Memories of my father

Takao Yamane

Ten years ago, on 9 August, my father returned to his professor's office after his morning lecture, and was going to the lavatory on the west side of the second floor of the Ophthalmology Department, and it was at that time when the atomic bomb was dropped. He received shards of glass all over his body, spent the night in an underground air-raid shelter, and the next day, as the air-raids continued and most of the hospital buildings were destroyed, he was evacuated to a nearby air-raid shelter. At that time, my father was in fairly good health, and he encouraged the late Professor Nagai and told him to “cheer up.” I do not know the details of how he was transported to the Daijingu Shrine in Nameshi later, but I have heard that he and President Tsuno'o received care from Professor Shirabe there. But on 14 August, his condition suddenly deteriorated with symptoms of tetanus, and he died.

I heard that as he loved *sake*, when he thought that there was no hope for him, he put some alcohol in his mouth, but it did not go down his throat anymore.

At the time of the atomic bombing, none of the family members were in Nagasaki and my father was staying with a fellow countryman, Professor Nagai, so we had no way of knowing anything other than that a new type of bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, and the newspapers reported only that “minimum damage done,” but in few days, some students from our hometown who have been studying in the College returned and we gradually started to lean about the situation of Nagasaki. However, my family was not worried so much as we received information that my father had only a minor injury and was all right. On the 20th, Mr. Miyata, who used to live near our house in Nagasaki, suddenly brought my father's ashes to our house,

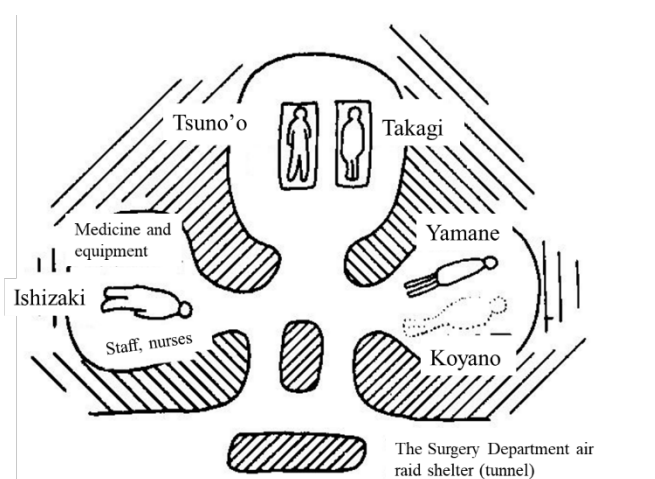
and everyone in the house in the countryside was surprised to learn about his death. Fortunately, thanks to Mr. Miyata, who cremated my father's body amid all those deaths and confusion and carried the ashes to the countryside of Shimane Prefecture, we were able to bury his remains in a rural cemetery.

On 21 August, a funeral was held at my home. On that morning, I returned from Edajima after serving in the military and, without knowing about my father's death, arrived at Izumo Imaichi Station and was waiting for the bus to take me back to my village, when the conductor greeted me saying, "my condolences." I asked: "Did anyone die?" and upon learning about my father's death, I borrowed a bicycle in a hurry and finally made it home in time for the funeral. I was fortunate to at least make it home in time for the funeral in the chaos at the end of the war.

Professor Hiroshi Yamane

Written by Koyano

Professor Hiroshi Yamane, a poet of the Araragi school, had been busy since before the war as he was writing about vitreous diseases in the Japanese Journal of Ophthalmology, but when he finally finished submitting the article, he became even busier as his staff had been called for military service. When the war was getting worse, he evacuated his family to his hometown of Shimane and commuted with Associate Professor Yasuno (Pathology) from the home of Associate Professor Nagai, who was also from Shimane. Yasuno was in somewhat poor health and was lying on the second floor of Nagai's house on the day of the atomic bombing when he was killed by the explosion.



Professor Yamane was in the lavatory in the Ophthalmology ward when he met the disaster, and was injured with severe split wounds and lacerations on his face and thighs. He spent the

night of the 9th in a shelter under the Psychiatric Department, and on the following day, the 10th, was accommodated in an air-raid tunnel shelter next to the Surgery Department together with Tsuno'o, Takagi, and others. We laid Tsuno'o and Takagi on surgical beds, but as Yamane was carried in later, we laid him on a wooden floorboard in the corridor, which we placed on the ground. We couldn't leave them outside because there was still the possibility of an air-raid. That night, I slept with Yamane by my side. The board was narrow, but Yamane would be in pain if I moved, so I could not move freely. I wanted to treat Yamane's wound, but as we had neither the tools nor the materials, I could only apply red tincture and bandage the wounds. That night, we didn't talk much to each other, except for the occasional moaning and asking, "Are you in pain?" "Do you want water?" Two days later, we appealed to the Mitsubishi Relief Team to move Tsuno'o and Yamane to the Iwaya Club in Nameshi, five kilometers away from where Professor Shirabe had been evacuated. Then we accommodated them in a worship hall of a shrine. During these days, Yamane, along with Tsuno'o, could receive relatively good care for their injuries from Professor Shirabe. However, on the 14th, he suddenly developed tetanus and was given a serum by Tsuno'o. They did everything they could do. He was in such a miserable and helpless condition that he developed convulsions at the sound of drums being beaten by the worshippers in the shrine early in the morning. He passed away without his family or his department staff, but under the care of Professor Shirabe.

However, he must be relieved now as his family is safe and his eldest son graduated from the School of Medicine at Nagasaki University this year.

Reminiscent of Dr. Yamane

Shinroku Murata

He has been friendly since I was in College simply because I graduated from the same high school as him. In four years of our clinical study, it was said that there were three most difficult places where you want to avoid. They were Hirai's Pediatrics, Shimizu's Gynecology, and Ophthalmology. Even so, Dr. Yamane examined patients every other day, so we were all able to get little rest and occasionally could find time for casual conversation with the doctor. After becoming a professor, I heard that Dr. Yamane has become quite strict.

One day, he visited Xinjing with Dr. Kitamura from Dermatology. I still have the photograph of the welcome party at a traditional Japanese restaurant, and the contrast between Dr. Kitamura's beer company poster-like smile and Dr. Yamane's long-faced, wry smile cannot help but make one smile. As I was the youngest person in Xinjing, I was entrusted with the task of gathering information about where to visit on the following day, but I think it would not have

been so impressive for Dr. Yamane, who had travelled around Europe in the good old days. We had dinner at a small restaurant, and went from place to place, but the number of glasses of alcohol was five to one, and of course, five was for the doctor. By the time we visited our last café, it became 10 to 1, and finally 10 to 0. I was forced to wake up from my snoring position leaning against a desk and taken not by a car but by a carriage to the home of the late Hiroshi Nagayama while the doctor looked as if he had just had a cup of tea. Even now, I feel like I can still hear the sound of the carriage bell.

I visited the department for about 10 days during an academic conference in Okayama, when he hosted a grand (?) welcome party for me with sake, which was already hard to get at that time, but he was able to obtain two bottles, which were specially distributed to the late Dr. Sumitaka Goto for his wedding. This was the last drink I had with him.

It was deep into the autumn of 1944 when I received a very unlikely, polite thank-you letter from the sensei for the extra-large bottle of Genghis Khan whisky I delivered to him through my senior Dr. Kakiyama, who returned to Nagasaki as I heard about back home that the war was going against us and that the same was true for alcohol.

After returning to Japan, I heard from Dr. Asanuma about Dr. Yamane's final days and the situation caused by the atomic bombing. I was somehow relieved as he shared with me that the doctor requested a glass of sake for his final water, which was customarily given to those dying.

Aftermath

Nagaaki Ogasawara

Soon after, I heard from a military doctor who had passed through Hiroshima at the treatment room of the Army Hospital in Hitoyoshi City, about a detailed account of the horrific conditions immediately after the Hiroshima paratrooper bombing, news of the Nagasaki bombing came in. My colleague, military doctor Muraoka, had often told us that the atomic bomb would determine the future of this war, and he was right. The prediction of Dr. Muraoka (Isahaya City), a warm-hearted, sincere pacifist and competent military doctor, came true.

With a strong desire to go back immediately and quickly, in early September, I took four days' leave to visit Nagasaki. I visited a temporary residence of Toryo Junior High School where Dr. Kunitomo, my father-in-law, was staying when he was about to move to Professor Kunifusa's house in Sakurababa. Fortunately, at the same time, Rear Admiral Yasuyama, Director of the Omura Naval Hospital, brought relief supplies to Dr. Kunitomo in an ambulance, and I was allowed to ride together to his residence. The next morning, I visited the Urakami area while I got caught in an electric wire, stepping over the debris. There were still electric poles, wires, and

timber scattered about, and even a dead horse was rolled on the slope to the College. I went into the department, getting under the debris, but could not pass through the corridors, and I was so lost that I had no choice but to turn back. In the evening, I prayed for the victims and returned to Hitoyoshi Military Hospital.

In mid-September, immediately after being discharged from Hitoyoshi Military Hospital, I visited the headquarters of Nagasaki Medical College, which was a temporary setup in Nagasaki Commercial High School, where I was asked by Professor Kageura to take charge of the clean-up work at the site.

Fortunately, I had the support of Takagi, Morita, Jinnai, and others who had just been discharged from the Navy and were in high spirits, as well as Chikagawa, a research assistant in the Ophthalmology Department, and nurses and staff, and we started to clean up the Ophthalmology Department first. Books were transported to the morgue while we rented a room at the high school for storage. Back then, we walked to Urakami every day, and the nurses would serve us baked potatoes from the fields for lunch. Later, the traffic department of the prefectural government rented us a truck. I wonder how many times we went back and forth carrying beds and other equipment, which can be used in Shinkouzen. The College administrative officer at the time was very kind to inform me that the College wanted to give us a commendation, and encouraged me to continue the cleaning work, saying that they would make it possible for us to have a meal, but I remember that we only received potatoes one time.

It was at this time that we found the body of Professor Okura in the Hygiene Department, and one day, the Occupation Forces informed us that there were several dozen microscopes and spectrometers in the basement of the Biochemistry Department. The interpreter for our group was Soichiro Takagi, a.k.a. Mr. Tall (*taka*) - tree (*gi*). I remember Takagi, who was very proud when he received a bottle of 100 Diazine tablets from an American military doctor. We carried away the safe of the Physiology Department, or opened the safe of the Forensic Medicine in the presence of the bereaved family, but only one gold ring was found.

When the Occupation Forces established the Jikei Hospital, we had to help them with conscripted laborers from various towns and cities to carry electric refrigerators for the ophthalmology laboratory, centrifugal sedimentation equipment for the Dermatology Department, and incubators for eggs. Once the cleaning of the Ophthalmology Department came to an end, after a month of cleaning work, I started to have a fever of around 38.5 degrees Celsius of unknown origin in mid-October and had to return home because the fever continued.

After two weeks of bed rest in my hometown, I returned to Nagasaki in early November.

It was not until much later that I learned that it was atomic bomb sickness caused by working in the radiated area.

While I was lying in bed back home, Takagi and others continued to clean up, and almost all

the beds at Shinkozen were carried by their hands.

Most of the College staff had moved to the Omura Naval Hospital, but Director, Dr. Shirabe, became acting chief of Ophthalmology, and I alone was in charge of ophthalmology treatment at Shinkozen Elementary School. In December, Kuma-san came as a Head Nurse, and students such as Goto and Oshima helped with ophthalmological treatment, which was a great help. In April, I was requested to submit students' grades, and I was dumbfounded.

There was no one in charge of ophthalmology at Omura Hospital, and I was repeatedly advised to take charge of the Ophthalmology Department, but I was determined to start the College reconstruction in Urakami, so I did not comply. Soon, Dr. Goto returned from Kawatana Hospital and took charge of the Ophthalmology Department at Omura Hospital. The mainstream opinion back then was that there could be no reconstruction of the College if Omura was abandoned, and this opinion was strongly opposed by Dr. Mori and the rest of us in Shinkouzen. As you all know, the reconstruction of the College was largely delayed while relocating from Omura to Isahaya.

It was fortunate that by the end of 1945, Professor Yamane's son came and packed the books as Professor's relics, and then the managing director of a fisheries company who a patient of Professor Yamane's cataract operation on one eye, kindly made several boxes for us and we were able to send all the books that had been evacuated to professor's office by around June the following year (1946.)

In June 1946, Take, a graduate of the Gyeongseong Special Medical Vocational Department who had been demobilized from the military in China, joined the department, and the Ophthalmology clinic became more and more active. By the hand of a capable and strong Take, we could finish painting, setting up desks, and bookshelves. We were also able to raise rabbits. My brother-in-law, Dr. Kunitomo, who returned from Taiwan at the end of March 1946 and is currently Professor of Ophthalmology at the Nihon University School of Medicine, also assisted me in ophthalmic surgery from April until his transfer to Tokyo in July.

I am deeply grateful for the support of all, which enabled me to take charge of the Ophthalmology Department for almost a year until Professor Hirose's appointment in October of the same year.

It is regrettable that, as Dr. Yang and Dr. Hayashi were evacuated to Nagata, I did not know when they returned to Taiwan, and did not have a chance to meet them.

Professor Yamane received extensive medical treatment after the atomic bombing, but died of tetanus at Michino'o, and Associate Professor Tsuchie was killed in the atomic bombing in Hiroshima while serving in an army hospital. I pray for the repose of their souls from afar. I regret that this is a rough recollection, with the submission of insurance claims just around the corner. I join my hands in prayer.

(Written on 2 September 1955)

Otolaryngology Department

At the time, in the department, there were Professor Hasegawa, Associate Professor Egami, Lecturer Shibata, Assistant Maeda, Junior Assistant Tanaka, Hayashi, a provisional graduate, Technician Kitaoka, staff Tamaya, Sato, and Yamaguchi, and 22 nurses under Head Nurse Kashiya on duty.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Hasegawa was exposed to the atomic bomb in the lavatory on the second floor and injured by shattered glass, and later developed radiation disease, but recovered after about a year.

As Associate Professor Egami was at his home in Michino'o Nameshi, and Lecturer Shibata was in Nishiuwa-machi, they had survived the bombing.

Assistant Maeda and Head Nurse Kashiya were in the hospital room and received numerous glass shard wounds.

Junior Assistant Tanaka and tentative graduate Hayashi, together with nurse Oura, were exposed to the atomic bombing in the outpatient room and received numerous shrapnel wounds from the glass.

Kitaoka, Sato, and Yamaguchi were exposed to the atomic bomb in the classroom, and Tamaya was killed in the laboratory on the 2nd floor (north side, west end).

Nurses Nakano, Uchino, Kurahashi, and Hamada, along with several first-year nurse students (names unknown), were all killed in the bombing while removing nails from a vacant lot between the department and the Radiology Department.

Nurse Shimokawa was on sick leave and was killed in the bombing at her home in Yamazato-machi. Nurses Hashikawa, Nagahama, Mine, and Hoke were also killed in the bombing of the department building.

Official position and name of the deceased

Official Position	Name
Staff	Kikue Tamaya
Fourth-year nursing student	Kikuno Nakano
Fourth-year nursing student	Asano Shimokawa
Fourth-year nursing student	Yasuno Hashikawa
Third-year nursing student	Kazuyo Uchino
Third-year nursing student	Masuko Kurahashi

Third-year nursing student	Miyuki Hamada
Third-year nursing student	Ito Nagahama
Second-year nursing student	Yori Mine
Second-year nursing student	Nobue Hoke

Record of the atomic bombing experience

Takatoshi Hasegawa

I finished preparing for my afternoon lecture and stood in the latrine. There, in the entrance corridor, I collapsed. I later went to the same spot and saw that a thick, bent steel pipe had dangled from the ceiling, and learned that I had collapsed in the narrow gap between it and the wall. All I can clearly remember is the gurgling and roaring sound of something falling. Other things I vaguely remember were that there seemed to be a strong flash of light. Since I was still in the latrine at the time, I was probably blown through the entrance into the corridor due to wind pressure. I think I then lost consciousness. When I realized it, I found myself lying on the floor, but I could not see. The reason why I could not see on all sides was not because of the smoke. It was a world of nothingness, with no sight at all. Deeply sad and frustrated, I rubbed my clenched fists over and over again against my eyelids. I felt the urge not to stay still, but I could not move. Fortunately, after a while, I could suddenly see all sides at once. The corridor was filled with a thick cloud of smoke. So I immediately got up and escaped to the outside. I wondered if the reason why I was blinded was due to the strong sting of the light.

I was blown away by the blast and fell into the gap between the corridor wall and the fallen steel pipe, but I had no major injuries. I received numerous small cuts on my back from shards of glass, small lacerations on my head and arms, and a sprained leg. However, it seemed like I had been exposed to heat rays and had several burnt holes of about 1 mm diameter on the thighs of my trousers, where the skin became reddish-black. This did not cause oedema or ulceration. The lacerations festered and did not heal, but interestingly, many hairs of about two millimeters grew around the edges of the lacerations on my arms, which gradually disappeared as the wounds healed.

After the bombing, I felt drained extremely quickly. I became skin and bones. I was surprised to see my face in the mirror, dry and black like black earth. Although hot days continued, my skin was dry without sweat oozing out, unlike before. However, I did not always have a sweat secretion disorder, but I always perspired when I moved. For about 10 days from 14 August, the day before the end of the war, I took a rest in Nameshi Village, where then-President Tsuno'o was carried in for rest, and when I heard that his condition was not good, I remember rushing a few hundred

meters along a green field. I wore “*tabi*” Japanese socks on my sprained leg, limped along the grassy path with the aid of a walking stick, and wiped off the sweat.

A little more than half a month after the bombing, I began to have a slight fever, which was a little over 38 degrees Celsius. Then purpura began to appear. I was told that it was a bad sign when these appeared, so every morning I watched in disgust as they gradually spread to my forearms, upper arms, and thighs. I also felt dizzy, my head was heavy, my chest was painful, and I was feeling gloomy. About that time, I moved from Nameshi and was staying at Egami's birthplace in Takahama in Amakusa, where I received good care from his mother and others, and my symptoms gradually disappeared. From mid-September, I was taken to Shimoda *onsen* (hot spring) for rest, where I noticed bloody stools. The stools lost their yellow color and turned bluish-white, and were covered with mucus and blood. This continued for quite some time, probably more than a month. I stayed there until mid-October, when I finally felt better and did some oil painting.

During this time, I received injections of vitamin B at Egami's for about a week, and also had my festering wounds wiped clean. Around the time the purpura appeared, Egami and my wife were constantly urging me to have a blood transfusion, but I did not agree. A person working with the U.S. research team had broadcast the benefits of blood transfusions, and it was my sense of justice that turned against them. What I think worked best for me was the fresh fish and meat from Amakusa, which I received morning, noon, and night in abundance.

As I conclude, I pray for the souls of those who died and wish for the recovery of the University.

The day of the Atomic Bomb

Satoshi Tanaka

I was standing in a patient room on the south side of the third floor of the Outpatient, treating several patients. The front window seemed to light up. Instantly, I was knocked to the floor. I thought I heard a dry sound in mid-air. It was pitch black and I couldn't see at all, so I thought I'd been hit and got down in the tiny space between debris. I thought I was buried alive. After a while, I noticed that a square object was faintly visible. My vision became clearer, and I recognized it was the front window. I crawled out towards it. The surroundings were dim, but somehow I could see it. “*Sensei!*” Someone shouted and clung onto me. There were blood streaks on her face and in her hair, but I recognized her voice as Nurse Oura. I shouted something, but no one else was there. I carefully climbed the stairs and escaped through the front door. Both the building and the broken standing trees looked grey and dull. The garage

was on fire. On the way to the hill behind the College, I saw several people crouched by the roadside, hands clasped as I crawled up. They were begging me to take them with me. When I looked around the area, I saw that the house had been reduced to a pile of timber, and was told that an old man was still inside. Some parents could not find one of their children, but were still holding their remaining child, saying that they were thankful to have at least one child. All of these people could not have escaped death, as I had seen radiation damage appear on people later.

After I returned home, people who came to me for head injuries and bruises died one after another while we were rejoicing over our safety.

While dizzy on the hill, I happened to meet Professor Hasegawa and Assistant Maeda, and sat down on the ground. Around that time, a fire broke out in a corner of the hospital rooms. Most of the houses in the town had collapsed in the place where they were standing, so from a distance, everything looked uniformly organized. Smoke began to come out of these houses, eventually becoming a flame, which gradually spread. The whole city did not start burning from the beginning. Therefore, some people were buried under piles of roof tiles and timber, and these people were burned alive. At the College headquarters, some people heard Administrator Yamaki shouting for help from inside the collapsed building. The College headquarters were burned to the ground.

By the time the fire and smoke covered the whole field of Urakami, it was midday but dark as dusk, and the sun was red. It started to rain a little, and an enemy aircraft was flying. I had an idea that I had to get to the other side of the mountain anyway, or I would be in danger, so I finally climbed over the mountain with a walking stick. Dr. Hasegawa went to his house in Katafuchi, and Assistant Maeda and I went back to my house in Nishiyama. That night, I developed a slight fever, but the next day the fever was gone, so I decided to go to Urakami. It was a fine day. The sound of a piano echoed from a house. It sounded strangely harmonious in the quietness of the town, which was almost empty of people.

Turning the corner at Ibinokuchi, the Urakami plains opened up into a panoramic view. It was a world of hot wind, red burnt soil, and charred corpses. The air itself had the smell of death. When I fled back over the mountains, the trees I saw still had slightly green leaves on their broken trunks, but now they are brown and dead to the mountain tops.

I went to the Otorhinolaryngology Ward. The bathrooms and the tiled flooring of the operating theatre were the only remains from the fire. Pipes were hanging down from the ceiling. Nurse Hamada was found dead under the pipe in the center below. The pipe probably fell off at the moment of the atomic bombing. It took a lot of strength to remove the pipe. The body of Nonaka was in the large patient room. Since he was a large man, although he was almost completely burned, I could recognize him immediately. The entire room was burned. Nurse Uchino and Nurse Kurahashi were lying near the west end of the ward, near a large tree that had broken off at the

base. They were not burnt. It made them more pitiful under the blazing sun. We cremated three of them on the timbers, which were saved from fire.

There were piles of timber, which were dismantled from the former Radiation Department building between our department and the Internal Medicine, but they were all burned and became flat.

The beautiful flower beds were also no longer there. Indeed, everything changed instantly. While I could do nothing about it, I pressed my hands in prayer for the deceased and left the hospital ward.

(Former staff of the Otorhinolaryngology Department at the time of the bombing)

Psychiatry Department

The department staff who were on duty at the time were Professor Takase, Associate Professor Matsushita, provisional graduate from the Medical College Terada, staffs Ito and Kurata, and 14 nurses under the supervision of Head Nurse Arimura.

The situation at the time of bombing

Professor Takase was on a business trip to Kashima, and escaped the atomic bombing. Associate Professor Matsushita was exposed to the bombing in the Psychiatric Department's associate professor's office, and Dr. Terada in the hospital room. Ito and Kurata were also in the department building, and both were killed by the atomic bomb. 6 other nurses were killed in the hospital ward.

Associate Professor Matsushita evacuated to a mountain behind the hospital, and returned home to recuperate.

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Tentative graduate	Fumihiko Terada
Staff	Mitsuo Ito
Staff	Otsuichi Kurata
Head Nurse	Shigeko Arimura
Fourth-year nursing student	Ruriko Hamazaki
Third-year nursing student	Matsuko Iwasaki
Third-year nursing student	Yoshiko Takeya
Second-year nursing student	Chiyoko Isoda
Second-year nursing student	Yoko Ido

The atomic bomb and the Psychiatric Department

Kanetomo Matsushita

Shortly after 11 a.m. on 8 August 1945, a single enemy aircraft circled over Urakami with high speed leaving behind a contrail. While I was looking up, a contrail drew a cross shape in a circle, and rapidly disappeared without dropping a bomb. The late Professor Takagi of the Anatomy Department, bending his neck up at the sky, smiled, "It's a strange plane." At noon, we had

Imperial Proclamation of War, and the late President Tsuno'o shared us in his instruction that "A bomb which explode in the mid-air without hitting on the earth was dropped in Hiroshima, and the city was lost in fire. We walked about 15 km to take a train and finally came home." The late Professor Kunifusa, from the Forensic Medicine, heard this story, said with deep emotion that Japan's fate was imminent and his voice still rings in my ears. In retrospect, the irony of fate, it seems, was already at our feet.

On the following day, the 9th, as I was a head of the planning group at the headquarters of the civil defense duty, we gathered at the College headquarters early in the morning for various meetings for defense, discussed the imminence of defeat with the military officers assigned to us, and the late Associate Professor Fukuda, envisaged whether the enemy ground forces would land from the Nomo Peninsula or from the direction of Yagami, and formulated the strategy we would take. However, no good ideas came to our mind. We ended up proposing a naive strategy to hide in the trenches or the air-raid shelters, and offset enemy soldiers with Japanese swords as our last resort. The defense of the college was the only plan we had in mind and nothing else.

Then the god of fate called me back to the Psychiatry Department building. I think it was at around 10:50 a.m., when I received a phone call about an outpatient who came in to see me for treatment. I had a strange feeling about the visit when no one knew what would happen tomorrow but I ran down to the hospital with my steel helmet and gaiters still on, and entered the Psychiatric Department's associate professor's office. I was about to put on a white surgical gown when I pulled off my iron helmet. "Rattle rattle rattle. . ." The strange sound seemed to have lasted for more than a dozen seconds. I listened for a moment. It was a window on the north side. A bomb must be falling at my feet. What should I do. I walked around panic-stricken in the associate professor's office for a while. Then a starlight-like flash flashed in the north sky. Immediately, the mud wall fell down with a huge sound. It was an instantaneous event. Strangely, I was conscious. Am I alive? Is this the moment of my death? I had time to think. Time passed. Ah, I intuited that I had been saved. My intuition told me that the shrapnel from the bomb had missed my blind spot, and that my position must have been outside of it.

Something cold ran from my head and down my cheeks, so I wiped it off with my hand. I assumed it was blood. I opened my eyes and looked. Thick drop of ashes crowded inside the room. I could not see. Oh, both of my eyes were damaged. Soon, I started to see space filled with dim light on the east side. I could see flower beds of the department. Oh, I regained my sight. At that time, my entire body was buried under mud wall, board or wardrobe. I touched the gas pipe. It had fallen under the floor. Putting forth my strength, I was able to get out. I heard voice groaning: "It hurts, it hurts," from a narrow corridor. A nurse came running to me asking "*Sensei*, are you all right?" My back hurt, it was bleeding. I took off my gaiter and covered my whole body.

Immediately, my mind was on the image of the emperor in the College headquarters. It was my job to protect it.

I abandoned the department and went outside. The road was destroyed and lost. I slid down the cliff. Two or three College students were jumping around between the Pediatrics Department and the guard house, shaking and screaming "it hurts." I met Pediatrics Department Head Nurse. She was going here and there in my white surgical coat.

I went out of the College back gate. There were no houses around. I had no idea about the place. I climbed up the bank to the right, and came out on top of the gymnasium. There were no houses at all in the neighborhood. There were no people, and the houses were just pillars stacked on top of each other like piles of wood. It rapidly started to burn here and there by spontaneous combustion, even though no one lit a match. A student from the Special Medical Vocational Department came running. "Cheer up," I shouted. At that moment, he fell forward with a thud. He spat out a mouthful of white foam and died. I went into the bunker where the emperor's image was enshrined. The depth of the bunker was around 500 to 700 cm. There, several students and administrative staffs were groaning.

I thought that this was the end. I went up the mountain behind the bunker. The place was surrounded by big camphor trees originally, and was our place of relaxation. The big trees fell radially, in east and south directions without a leaf left on them. We came to a graveyard with crosses when we climbed up the mountain. There, for the first time, two or three dozen people from the College who escaped the death were sitting. Lecturer Mori, from the Pediatric was also sitting there with a headband. Tombstones were blown right and left. Mr. Nemoto (?) of the Academic Affairs persuaded us to leave the site together. I concentrated on climbing the mountain. I came to a path. There, I suddenly lost consciousness.

I did not know what happened after that for a while. I heard someone calling me. I opened my eyes. Did I stumbled on the legs of Professor Kitamura? He told me there was no other way but to leave here, and to cheer up. I dragged my feet and followed him. Mr. Yoshimura from the Boiler Room supported me on his shoulder. I was desperately thirsty. I drank water from the well. I vomited with huge sound. It tasted like lead-sugar water.

Naked men and women, were scorched and turned brownish-brown color, swollen and writhing. A girl's voice was heard saying: "My father is buried alive in the shelter, please help."

The chapel of Urakami Cathedral fell in an instant, as if a bomb had fallen with a thud. Moat dust whirled up the sky. Light rain started to fall. A pig was lying dead on the way.

Numerous naked men and women are moaning. There was a sound of boom of an enemy aircraft. I lost my energy again. I was not sure what happened since then. When I woke up, I was lying on the grass of a temple in Michino'o.

I spent a night. The next morning, I was taken by train from Michino'o to Isahaya, and after

treated by a military doctor, taken by the Shimabara Railway to Shimabara, where my family had been evacuated.

For the next three weeks, I was ill with a typhus-like symptoms and was treated by Dr. Toku and Dr. Osajima (then Associate Professor.) I had 23 blood transfusions, and had less than 3,000 white blood cells and was later told that I was counted as one of the patients soon to be dead.

My hair fell out completely, and bleeding spots appeared on my palms. I received daily injections from Dr. Fukuda in Taira (Shimabara), and incisional surgery (in which glass fragments were removed.) I will not describe my condition in detail. Later, I was hospitalized for two to three years at the Medical College with a diagnosis of a liver tumor. I still wonder whether this was caused by the atomic bomb.

Professor Takase (who evacuated to the Kashima area at the time) told me that at the time of the bombing there were 33 staffs in the department, and three of them survived. There were seven or eight staffs in the Medical Office. Thirteen or fourteen students in clinical training, five or six nurses and two attendants, Ito and Kurata. Lecturer Nakae, Assistant Segawa, Tanaka, Sakaue, Kaburaki, Zeng and Iki had already been called up as military medical reservists and were away.

Today, I have erected a stone statue of the Kuwannon in the countryside of Dayang, and am praying for the repose of the souls of the late President Tsuno'o, the staffs, nurses, students of the Medical College and Special Medical Vocational Department who have died.

(15th May, 1955)

Radiology Department

At the time, the department was a wooden building between the Internal Medicine Department and the Otolaryngology Department, so around June (1945) it was relocated separately for safety to the second floor of the Main Building, and a room in the basement of the Internal Medicine.

Associate Professor Nagai was working as the Director of the department with Associate Shi, and was engaged in education and medical treatment.

Technical staff included Shi, Tomokiyo, Umezu, Kozasa and Kozasa. There were 13 nurses under Head Nurse Hisamatsu.

The situation at the time of bombing

Associate Professor Nagai was exposed to the atomic bomb on the second floor of the Main Building, and received facial injuries while Junior Assistant Shi engaged in rescue work with those who were safe.

The bodies of missing five of the eight missing nurses, Yamashita, Hama, Inoue, Yoshida and Oyanagi, were found on the sports field immediately after the atomic bombing on the 10th. A wake was held that night with the surviving staffs of the department. One of the employer, Kozasa, was on leave that day, was killed in a the explosion at her home in Ieno-machi. Later, the department staffs formed a medical team under Associate Professor Nagai to treat “*hibakushas* (atomic-bomb survivors)” in Nishi-Urakami, Mitsuyama. The team was disbanded on 22 August.

Biography of the late Associate Professor Takashi Nagai

Junior Fifth Rank, The Fourth Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., Professor of Radiology

3 February	1908	Born in Shimane Prefecture
March	1932	Graduated from Nagasaki Medical College
June	1932	Appointed Assistant at the same College
April	1939	Appointed Associate Professor at the same College
January	1946	Appointed Professor at the same College
September	1949	Retired from the Collage
1 May	1951	Died due to illness

Main subject of the research

Study for X-ray microstructure of urinary tract stones

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Associate Professor	Takashi Nagai
Staff	Hatsue Kozasa
Fourth-year nursing student	Hideko Yamashita
Fourth-year nursing student	Tomoe Hama
Third-year nursing student	Mitsune Inoue
Second-year nursing student	Kiyoko Yoshida
Second-year nursing student	Tsuyo Oyanagi
First-year nursing student	Fujie Fuchino
First-year nursing student	Chizuko Taniguchi
First-year nursing student	Setsu Tanimura

Record of the atomic bomb experience

Masako Kaneko

As I face the tenth anniversary since that day which was like a nightmare, I am filled with a renewed and indescribable feeling.

The Radiology Department was the oldest, and a significant wooden building between the Otorhinolaryngology Department and the Internal Medicine Department in the hospital, but it was suddenly decided to be evacuated due to the possibility of it burning down. It was soon after we dispersed the building to a part of Outpatient in the hospital main entrance and the basement of the Internal Medicine.

After the morning meeting, we wave to each other, and separate to our respective work stations. I hurried to the X-ray Room of the Professor Shirabe's Surgery Department. It was on the second floor, across the corridor from the operating theatre, overlooking the main corridor past a kiosk.

By this time, the doctors and technicians in the medical office had already left for war one after another, and the autumn had arrived before our eyes, when women should fight by replacing the men as they went to the battlefield.

Department staff, Dr. Yamamoto, Dr. Hamasato, Technicians Hiroshima, Kishikawa, Tanaka, Tsuruyama in X-ray Room of Dermatology Department, Nagasawa in X-ray room in Shirabe Surgery. Dr. Nagai, the Director of the department and Dr. Shi were busy day and night engaging in lectures, x-ray examination, medical treatment, air-defense training, and

instructing for the rescue operation training.

The sharp sound of air-raid alarm was lifted and, everyone went out from the air-raid shelter of the Shirabe Surgery Department to the Outpatient, so I passed through the deserted operating theatre, returned to the X-ray Room, breathed a sigh of relief, took off my thick air-raid hood, put my first-aid bag on the desk, and sat down to face the main corridor directly opposite. That moment, I saw a woman walking the corridor shouted “Ah!” raising her hand in the air, and at the same time, with a flash of light and a tremendous sound, it became pitch-black. I felt like I was crushed down together with the ceiling, film cabinets and filming equipment.

After a while, it became brighter although it was dim. Oh, it seemed that I was still alive. I gently opened my eyes and fearfully stroked my face from the neck with my hand, and found that blood was oozing out.

A direct hit had just been dropped on the operating theatre of the adjoining Professor Koyano’s Surgery Department about a week ago, so I thought it was Shirabe Surgery this time. How are Dr. Shirabe, the Director and everyone else? The people in the Radiology Department? Unable to move, struggling to breathe, I closed my eyes. After a while, there was a wild, guttural cry. I opened my eyes as if I was awoken. “No one is here?” Ah, someone came to rescue me! I tried to make my presence known as quickly as possible, but my voice did not come out. I tried desperately to move my body, but it was no use. I wanted to get out to upward direction but I couldn’t move since I was caught between so many things. I left my luck to the heaven, and closed my eyes in vain. I did not know at the time but later learned that the Head Nurse Murayama, was buried in the Nurse’s Room across the corridor.

How much time had passed since then? I heard cracking sound of burning. The fire already seems to have spread from room to room. Soon afterwards, a strange, hot, stifling smell and smoke began to pour in. I started to get impatient as I thought that I did not have time.

I do not remember how I got out, but when I came to, I was out in the corridor. My tightly knotted shoes had not blown off. My “*monpe*” trousers were torn and blood was dripping down my leg. In any case, I had to escape outside. I unconsciously grabbed one of the scattered “*geta*” sandal in the operation theatre, and rolled down the narrow staircase to the outside, where I bumped into Dr. Kido, whose head was stained with blood. I tried to say, “Oh, *sensei*, you are safe,” but I lost my words, and just stared blankly at him.

When I moved my eyes, I saw a terrible scene unfolding. It was like the scream of *Ashura*, demon god! The fire was raging and groaning, the people after people who had barely escaped the flames, their clothes ripped off, naked and bloodied, staggered, stumbled, gasped, were climbing up the mountain one after another. I saw a black body running through with he or her hair burnt off and skin peeled off. This is an extremely serious situation. We must rescue as many people as possible. I picked up and wore a lace-up boots for a male on a bare foot and dragged

frantically a breathless student, whose hand had been ripped off to the hill behind the Konan Ward. The student worn out of his strength as soon as he arrived, and kept asking my name. I only replied, "I am from the hospital."

Still, I had not met anyone from the Radiology Department yet. How is Dr. Nagai? What about the people in the department? While listening to the cries of those who had barely escaped, calling out for their parents and friends, I kept looking for them, until I found Dr. Nagai, who was already up on the mountain, in good health and actively rescuing others. When I met Head Nurse Hisamatsu, Hashimoto, Tsubakiyama and others, I sat down speechless, then the doctor clapped me on my shoulder and said: "Oh, Kaneko-kun, you're alive, thank goodness." I did not see Moriuchi-san, Sakita-san from the Dermatology Department and Ozasa-san from the Gynecology Department. It was after they had gone looking for me. Sakita-san was taken to the Dermatology air-raid shelter with a broken femur, while Dr. Shi and Tomokiyo-san were busy rescuing Dr. Tsuno'o. The seriously injured Umezu-san was carried in by Shi-san. However, we did not know anything about the nurses Hama, Yamashita, Yoshida, Inoue and Oyanagi. At that time, we made the large playgrounds into fields for each departments in between the air-raids, and it seems that they were outside to take care of the field. We had no idea about the three first-year nursing students' where about.

After much time had passed, the evening showers poured down mercilessly on the burnt and sore people who took refuge. The joy of the people who had been screaming for water was short-lived as their wounds began to sting and ache, and they began to shiver with coldness. What could I do for them? We had already lost the clothes to cover them with. Instinctively, I took potato vines with only the stem left, and gently placed it on top of the people. In any case, at least we, the healthy staffs must organize a rescue team. Dr. Nagai suddenly stood up, and draw a large "*Hino-maru* (Rising Sun)" with his dripping blood on a sheet that someone had taken from the hospital room, then attached it to a bamboo pole, and pushed it up high. Those who were fine, injured and breathless gathered together as if they were crawling. This was how the rescue operation began.

When Dr. Nagai started to walk in hurry, he suddenly collapsed. Blood was spurting from near his ears. We were startled and wandered aimlessly. While Dr. Shi was hurriedly working on first aid and clattering some equipment, Dr. Shirabe, who had been actively treating with the medical staffs and students from early on, rushed to us.

Then, the men gathered wood boards to build a temporary rescue shelter, while the women finally found water from rocks and began to prepare food for the evening by boiling pumpkins that were lying around in iron helmets. Together with Professor Shirabe and others, we poked at the boiled pumpkins with bamboo sticks, without appetite but scolded to eat them as we must continue to work. As I was thirsty, I bit raw sweet potatoes the size of my thumb and cucumbers.

Someone said, "If I had known this was going to happen, I would have eaten my lunch earlier." Dr. Nagai said "I was so happy to see Kaneko-kun's long face" which made everyone who were depressed laugh sadly. We regained our spirits a little but the thought of the nurses who never returned made us quiet again.

At that moment, Dr. Seiki of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, who was a close friend of the Radiology Department, came with a cane supporting his large body, gasping and saying "Help us" "All the students were dying. I am the only one who had survived," in tears. It was like a dream that he had escaped from the Basic Science building, which had been completely wiped out. I gazed at him intently. The sun was completely down, and the reddish-black sky was glowing eerily. Enemy airplane still flew low. Houses are burning like they don't even know they are burning out completely.

From nowhere I heard that the Soviet Union had entered the war. I had never felt so tragic as I did at that time. The battle for the mainland was about to begin. Who will pick up our bones the next time we are defeated? I envied those who died instantly.

Dr. Nagai and Umezu-san remained in the temporary hut, while Dr. Shi and other healthy people supported Dr. Seiki. On the way, we encouraged Sakita-san in the air-raid shelter of the Dermatology Department, and then moved quickly to the air-raid shelter of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department.

We went and saw that most of them had been blown away, and even those who were faintly breathing turned their eyes into the air and died one by one in front of us. Shovels and pickaxes were buried deep in the earth. We spent that night in the bunker, dead and wounded, shoulder to shoulder. Most of the people had their home burnt and did not know whether their families were safe or not. We did not say much, and were quiet deep in the thoughts. I stayed my eyes closed.

As soon as the dawn came, together with Dr. Nagai, we carried students who had fallen in the midst of their studies, gathered up the soil and marked their names on pieces of wood. From around that time on, families came looking for their children like madmen, anxious about their children's safety. Today, we must find a nurse no matter what. While searching here and there in the sports field, where there were many dead bodies rolling, Yamashita and others were found dead, and I was petrified. Why did they go to the field? With sympathy for those who would not come back, we gently placed them on tin plates and murmured, "they must have been in pain," as we wept and burned them with smoke which burnt weakly.

Today, rescue teams from the military were deployed and began to take an active part. Food was also brought to the hospital in the form of rice balls. I went to the hospital, dodging many corpses, on the roadless road, through the fire, and walked for nearly an hour to get everyone else's food.

While spending days like this, I bumped into my sister, who had been looking for me for several

days, and without saying goodbye to everyone, I was dragged off to my relatives place in the countryside where I spent several days as if I was in a hazy dream.

I stand on the Gubiroga Hill with summer grasses, where the Basic Science building surrounded by trees, and herb garden of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department which was rare back then are quiet now and no voices are heard but only the sound of insects.

In conclusion, I pray from the bottom of my heart for the repose of the souls of the dead, and for the progress of our beloved Nagasaki Medical College, and cry out for the eternal peace so that this tragedy will never be repeated.

(Working in the Shirabe Surgery Radiology Department at the time)

Record of the atomic bomb disaster

Shisono Hisamatsu

It was around the time when the war intensified, and the attacks by enemy aircraft became heavier day by day, the department staffs were called up one by one, leaving only the Director of the department, Dr. Nagai, Dr. Shi and three male technicians, with all the rest being women guarding each sections. Our department, which was the only old wooden structure in the hospital, was to be relocated to the second floor of the main entrance and the basement of the Internal Medicine Department. It was little after about two months of work of X-ray system reinstallation which was considered the most difficult task, had been completed.

On that fateful day, 9 August, we gathered in one room as usual, finished our morning meeting, and went to work. Fearing for eerie alerts which was issued continuously, after a few breathless hours of anxiety and impatience, we looked up at the sky, and were relieved to hear the sirens went off. The midsummer sun was scorching and it was hot and humid. I took off my iron helmet, hood, layers of clothing "*monpe*" trousers, etc. and started to organize paperwork. Suddenly, there was a tremendous flash and in an instant, I was hit on the floor. I looked intensely but could not see anything. I thought my eyes were damaged. I could faintly hear Tsubakiyama-san calling my name repeatedly. I wanted to reply, but my throat was choking and I could not speak. Am I hit by a direct bomb? Is this my last moment? I put my hand over my heart while lying on my stomach on the floor. I touched my pulse. I pinched the skin. I guessed I was still alive. I knew I was blinded! In this eerie state of uncertainty about life or death, I clasped my hands together with the feeling as if "the drowning man clutches at straws." I think it was after two or three minutes, when the area gradually became brighter. I regained a strange calmness. No one was nearby. I finally got out of the collapsed ceiling, shelves and doors which were on top of each other. The moment I stood up, I saw that the water was

splashing from a water pipe. Feeling saved, I clang to the tap, devoured the water, then rinsed my mouth, washed my face with splashing water, and ran out into the corridor. Sanitary materials, medical equipment, and medical records were scattered all over the place from the shelves as they were knocked over and fell on the sides, making it hard to find a place to step. These were terrible bombs. The canvas shoes I had been wearing were gone, and I could not find them. Trying to calm down from excitement, I picked up a warped iron helmet and put it on my head, then put on a “*geta*” sandal and a straw sandal, one on each side, to get myself ready. With trembling hands, I gathered up the sanitary materials, and attached them to my weakened waist while dropping them again and again. There, Hashimoto-san came running towards me, gasping for breath saying “The Director *sensei* is buried alive, help, quick, quick.” Covering our eyes at the utter devastation, the two ran towards the Main Building our bodies almost tangling each other. What on earth happened? The wooden corridor connecting the Internal Medicine Department to the Main Building had been blown away without a trace. While trying to calm down, I turned back and climbed over the high wall of the Pharmacy. The doctor was already giving instructions for patient rescue, his face stained with fresh blood. I was quickly surrounded by several naked wounded people, and was unable to move. *Kimonos* of both men and women are ripped in a mess, and hang down on the floor with tails, their faces and bodies blackened and stained, with streaks of red blood running over them. Women's hair stood in a single strand, and their feature looked like as if they were not human. “Help me, help me.” The injured were clinging to me but I was helpless. However, we had to carry them out to a safe place before the fire catches us. Using a stretcher as a sole device, Tsubakiyama-san and I frantically made our way to the main entrance more than a dozen times. Soon, the wood at the evacuated site of the old Radiology Department was set on fire. Three or four of us went through four or five times with buckets of water and tried to extinguish the fire, but there was nothing we could do, so we finally had to stop.

Looking back, I can't help but laugh bitterly.

The city was quickly transformed into a sea of fire. The flames spreading from Mt. Inasa with a bizarre sound were so terrible that I was almost petrified. Where shall we escape now? I was worried.

After the rescue operation, a mountain of injured was in front of the entrance. Joining Dr. Nagai, students Tsutsumi, Tatsuki and Nagai showed up, and the faces of the department staff who were fine appeared one after another. “Good, good”. Everyone rejoiced deeply. However, five nurses and three nursing students never showed up. Umezu-san was seriously wounded and was evacuated to the mountain with the help of Shi-san and others. Dr. Nagai was deeply wounded in the face, his face and military uniform were stained with fresh blood gashing out from the wound eerily. With one hand holding the wound on his face, he shouted: “It's a war field, it's worse than a war zone. Cheer up everybody, we're going to burn to death if we do not hurry.” Finally, the

hospital building, which had been camouflaged for defense, caught the fire. The fire spread viciously on a brand new transmitter, films, tubes, machines, and other equipment. We, the department staffs, were sobbing, but headed to the potato fields behind the hospital, helping the injured as instructed by the doctor. Naked and injured, people were sprawled all over the road. Some were shivering, saying: "I'm cold, I'm cold." Some were asking for water. Some fainted and died despite being unharmed. Some bleed profusely and suddenly turn cold. Some wandered around absent minded, calling out the name of their child. An innocent baby was clinging and searching for the breast of lifeless mother who died instantly. Some were crouching down and dying with their long sloppy tongues hanging out. Some had their intestines popped out. I do not know the words to explain such a cruel sight. Among these overflowing wounded, both men and women tore their clothes, and applied them to the wounds, used gaiters, wrapping cloth, towels, and etc., all for bandages, but they were all used up in a moment. We had nothing to clothe the wounded who claimed they were cold. When I looked, some wrapped potato vines, which were now only stalks.

Rain began to sprinkle from time to time. When I looked up at the sky to see what would happen, I saw the sun had turned bright red which struck me with the eerie feeling that it was about to fall onto the earth. It made me shiver. The President, who was injured during a medical examination, was evacuated to this potato field on the back of his department staff Tomokiyo-san, and was lying in a miserable state. Head Nurse Maeda, was accompanying by his side, expressionless when I called out to her. Dr. Nagai who arrived there, suddenly shouted loudly. "The President is here. College Headquarters is here, come everyone. Students and staff, gather here!" Then, on a sheet which Dr. Okura of the Internal Medicine Department had managed to retrieve from the flames in the hospital room, he drew "*Hino-maru* (the Rising Sun)" with the blood of the wounded, and Nagai-san, a student, waved it high into the eerie sky. Meanwhile, Dr. Nagai, who was in command, finally collapsed in a field due to severe bleeding. The blood did not stop. Fortunately, the bleeding was treated by Professor Shirabe who was treating people in the mountains. After a while, Dr. Nagai, who had regained some of his strength, staggered to his feet, and shouted in a trembling voice: "Come on, everyone, cheer up. Men, build a hut to accommodate the wounded. Women, take care of the cooking." Everyone was absorbed in working. We built a hearth with stones in the corner of the field, collected the iron helmets we were wearing, made them into pots, picked up pumpkins and winter melons lying around, carefully scooped out the water from the ditch where the bodies were lying, and boiled them in the water. While they simmered, everyone was frustrated, and ate them on their own hands. We nibbled on cucumbers from the fields. I hadn't eaten since this morning. Ah, that taste. . .

We served pumpkin boiled in water in a bowl made from a raw pumpkin with a gouged out

hole, and gave it to the President as well.

Two or three prisoners in blue uniforms, who said they had narrowly escaped from Urakami Prison, joined us for dinner with happy smiles on their faces. The scene was etched in my mind.

After filling our stomach a little, when everyone stood up to accommodate the patients in the temporary huts built by the men, a plaintive cry was heard: "Help me, please." Dr. Seiki of the Special Pharmaceutical Department approached, panting and wheezing in a miserable state, clinging to a large stick, and suddenly asked for help from Dr. Nagai. He shared us that he was hit when he was digging an air-raid shelter with his students, and that the most of the students were killed. We followed Dr. Seiki, who was returning to the air-raid shelter. "The bombs are going to fall on the mountain next time," everyone said and believed so, and I was afraid to move around. I crawled on my stomach in the dark, surprised, and afraid every time I heard sound of explosion. On the way, I stumbled and fell over corpses, or was caught in the feet by the injured who were desperately asking for help, and finally reached the bunker, while tending to the wounded in darkness as I was requested. The entrance to the tunnel shelter was a scene of unimaginable devastation. Rather than burns all over their bodies, charred students were rolling around beside several corpses, with their last strength. There was absolutely nothing that could be done. Then, out of breath, they were calling each other's names. "Oi, Okamoto-kun, are you alright?" "Oi, hang in there," "Oi." Finally, one person died, then two, and suddenly there was an eerie silence. . . What a cruel sight it was. It is still vividly etched in my mind. We covered the corpses of the students which changed completely with soil with a crooked shovel, and marked the graves with pieces of wood, remembering the names we had heard them calling each other, and repeated this until sunset. That night, I spent a night in the shelter with the wounded without a sleep.

The next day, the 10th. Today, we have to find the missing nurses no matter what. Everyone ran out of the shelter as if they were waiting for the dawn. I picked up a leaflet that had probably been dropped by an enemy aircraft, and this was the first time I learnt that it was a terrible atomic bomb. Despite the ominous feeling of foreboding, I kept praying that they were alive in vain, as five of them, Yamashita, Hama, Inoue, Oyanagi and Yoshida were killed instantly on the sports field. Naked, their faces and bodies swollen and expanded, their mud-covered skin turned purple from blood congestion, and they are all but unrecognizable. Fortunately, we could distinguish each of them by the few remaining jacket patterns around their necks.

The sound of enemy aircraft explosions continued without rest. If one more bomb was dropped next time, we would be annihilated. As we survived this long, we felt sorry if we failed to deliver the remains to the bereaved families no matter what happened. Although we were all at a loss, we encouraged each other, and stood up. Then, we separated five bodies as we collected the scattered pieces of wood and straw, piled them up, and with trembling hands I set the corpses on fire. What

a sight. "It's a battle, it's war," I told over and over again towards myself on the verge of fainting, but I couldn't do anything about the tears that were pouring out. I picked up the bones, stored them in an emergency bags, wrote their names and put the bag on my shoulder. I vowed that I would never let go of the bag under any circumstances. That night, the surviving members gathered in the shelter, and held a wake with the bones on their shoulders. Then came the eerie morning after a sad night. Soon, the long-awaited bereaved family members came to inquire about the safety of their children. Although it was fate, with an unbearable feeling of being one of the survivors, I handed over the remains of my deceased friends to the bereaved family. However, I could take the burden off my shoulders once I fulfilled my hope to hand over their remains.

We had sent the injured who had been cared for up to now to the relief station in the Main Building, and a medical team of ten department staffs (including three students), led by Dr. Nagai, began treatment in Nishi-Urakami and Mitsuyama. As far as the eye could see, the area had been reduced to a burnt field, where families who escaped were tearfully burning their corpses. There was abnormal smell in the boiling heat, and the corpses were lying on the ground with no place to step. Whipping myself at a state of near-collapse, I set off with a shopping basket of nominal medical supplies.

On the way, we stopped at Dr. Nagai's house in Ueno-machi. Mrs. Nagai, whom we had all been worried about, was found burnt to death near the kitchen. Or rather, she had been cremated alive. She was lying on her knees on the blackened soil, with only her yellow bones lying. "I knew it was as my instinct told me." The doctor murmured with low voice, and carefully picked up the bones one by one and placed them in a burnt bucket. I could only imagine how concerned he must have been for her safety. Until today, the doctor concentrated on the rescue of patients. When we asked our concern for his wife's safety, he only replied: "I'm sure she's dead. If she were alive, she would have come looking for me, no matter what the difficulties." The eerie sound of explosions continued incessantly. Hiding in the mountains and cowering behind rocks, we continued towards our destination. We saw people fled in search of a safe place but died along the way, or people suffering in agony. While the tragic sight never ceased, we finally reached Mitsuyama treating people on the way. The water in the creeks far from the hypocenter was indeed clear. I washed my dusty body and tattered clothes stained with blood and, for the first time, I felt the joy of being alive. For the first time in a long time, everyone slept like the dead, stretching our limbs freely on the *tatami* floor. Our team had regained the strength (but were still very tired,) began a day-and-night round of treatment at Dr. Nagai's children's lodging as our headquarters with nothing but clothes we were wearing. The number of injured people evacuated in search of safe place gradually increased. However, as medicines and sanitary materials were not available, only first aid could be provided. Deep wounds with a foul smell.

People with shards of glass pocked all over their bodies. Painful figures with festering burns all over the bodies. It was a painful and sad sight to see a burnt patient in such agony that the person jumps into the rice paddy and smears mud all over his body to try to escape, even temporarily, from the suffering. As the days went by, the uninjured “*hibakushas* (atomic bomb survivors)” suffered and died in agony, with symptoms such as bleeding, hair loss, fatigue and diarrhea, and were unable to drink even water, complaining “why we are the only ones who have to suffer so much?” As I watched them die, I was made aware of how cruel the atomic bombing was, and I could not help but feel an ominous sense of foreboding for myself.

15 August. As the few medical supplies we had were quickly gone, I went to Urakami to replenish our supplies. . .

The hospital was now in ruins mercilessly. There, unexpectedly, the Acting President of the College, Professor Koyano told us that the imperial edict of defeat had been issued. There were only a dozen or so staffs and students gathered there, all holding hands, and cried. Defeated! How could I listen to it obediently? My enthusiasm ran out of energy in an instant. So, whipping myself up, I went back to Mitsuyama where patients were waiting for me. We waited until daybreak while finding it difficult to sleep, and went back to treat the patients. In the meantime, patients were dying one by one. The Mitsuyama medical team was disbanded on 22 August, and we returned to our hometowns at the end of August, worrying about the patients who had suffered together with us.

It has been already ten years since we received the first ordeal of the atomic bombs as human beings. The city was once said to be a city of death, but the hypocenter was transformed into a green park, and a peace memorial statue was completed on the atomic bomb hill. The atomic field of that unspeakable catastrophe have been rebuilt brightly and vigorously, and the horrific scenes of those days are nowhere to be seen, but they are still vividly etched in my mind like a picture of hell.

On the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb, together with 300,000 citizens who genuinely wish for the coming of world peace, I am keenly aware of that I have a great mission for world peace as one of those who had an ordeal of the cruel fact of the atomic bomb.

I believe that I have stand up to ensure that the horrific and cruel atomic and hydrogen bombs are never used again anywhere in the world for the sake of my friends who died in agony!

(working in the Radiology Department at the time)

Pharmacy

Under the supervision of Pharmacy Director Tani, pharmacy staff who were on duty included pharmacists Mano, Taga, Kawamoto and Kaneko, assistant pharmacists Tanaka, Kikuno, Haraoka and Tanaka, staffs Matsuoka, Nonaka, Matsunaga, Inoguchi, Noguchi, Nishida, Yoshioka, Matsuda, and the then two mobilized students, Amamoto (Kobe Women's College of Pharmacy) and Mitome (Showa Women's College of Pharmacy.)

The situation at the time of the bombing

The Director of Pharmacy Tani, pharmacists Taga and Kawamoto were on leave, and escaped the disaster.

Matsuoka and Nonaka were in the administration office, Tanaka (Hikaru), assistant pharmacist Kikuno and Matsunaga, Mitome and Amamoto in the dispensing room, assistant pharmacists Mano, Kaneko and Tanaka (Megumi) in the pharmacy staff room, Inoguchi in the injection room, Noguchi and Matsuda in the formulation room, Nishida and Yoshioka were in the pharmacy when they were exposed to the atomic bomb.

Pharmacists Mano, Kaneko and assistant pharmacist Tanaka (Hikaru) were severely injured by glass shards.

Assistant pharmacist Tanaka (Megumi) and Amamoto died instantly, and their bodies were confirmed.

Inoguchi's body was not confirmed.

Matsuoka and Matsuda died in Mt. Anakobo after exposed by the atomic bombing.

Matsunaga is missing.

Nonaka was taken to the Irabayashi Relief Station on the 9th, and died at his relative's house in Kamikoshima on or around the 17th.

The staffs were injured by shards of glass but none suffered from burns.

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Assistant pharmacist	Emiko Tanaka
Staff	Suna Matsuoka
Staff	Tomiko Nonaka
Staff	Chiyono Matsunaga
Staff	Inoguchi (name unknown)
Staff	Hikohichi Matsuda
Mobilized student	Takako Amamoto

The events of the past

Shared by Mitsukiyo Tanaka

I was in the middle of the dispensary. Hearing the sound of an airplane flying by, I went close to the window, and said to Kikuno: "I can't see a shadow not shape, it must be a friendly plane." It was just after I left the window and came back where I was. I thought I saw a flash, and immediately there was a huge sound, and then something hit me on the head with a rattling sound. I thought that a bomb must have hit directly somewhere very close. When I realized, I found myself in a prone position without knowing it. I had been practicing the prone posture regularly so that I think I unintentionally lay down. In my hazy, dark field of vision, I could only make out a ray of light shining from under the dispensing table towards me. I recognized a ray of light. At that moment, I thought that I heard someone calling my name in the distance. Then it seemed like something was touching my waist, so I extended my hand. There was someone's hand. I turned around, and saw it was Kikuno. Only then did I realize that it was Kikuno who was calling my name. He had been shaking me, but since there had been no reaction until then, he seemed to have thought that I was dead. When I think back, I was temporary deaf. Kikuno said, "Let's get out of here quickly." I said: "Kikuno, wait a little longer, we are lying down facing this way towards the entrance, so come this way," and crawled. On the way, I went out the window with Kikuno, but as a direct bomb might have fallen nearby, we thought that bombs would be dropped one after another, and decided to escape to the second floor. Kikuno tried his best to find the stairs, but said, "I can not find it in any direction," and went out from the back of the building.

I had a frontal wound. At first I walked with Kikuno, but it was as if we were going along a shore or a field of pebbles on the riverbank, and there were stones everywhere. I stumbled there. We had decided to go to the mountain behind, but my condition could not follow Kikuno energetic steps. Then, when we finally reached the mountain path, Kikuno and I were separated.

I only wanted to get out as quickly as possible, and left the Pharmacy with Kikuno, so I did not know much about the others who remained inside the Pharmacy. As I parted ways with Kikuno, with whom we had shared escape till now, everyone had to take their own actions.

Tanaka-san was supposed to leave because she was going to get married and go to Saga, but her letter of resignation had not yet been given. She went to Saga once but was visiting the Pharmacy just that day. She was talking with Kaneko-san in the Pharmacy staff room on the second floor. Mano, who was also in the staff room to chat, was blown up as he was leaving the room, crushed against some kind of material of the corridor railing, and hit his waist severely. I heard that Tanaka-san's body was found near the stairs, but Kaneko-san lost herself, and wandered from place to place. Some people saw Kaneko-san wandering around in the dark, with everything covered in dust. I heard that Kaneko-san regained good health later, but she must have hit her

head, and did not know anything for a while. Mano later reached the mountain where he stayed unable to move for two or three days before his family came and took him home.

Both Amamoto-san and Mitome-san had come to the dispensing exercise as they wished, and Mitome seemed to be standing by the dispensing table near the reception desk and appears to have been considerably injured by shards of bottles. Most of the people in the Pharmacy, including but not limited to Mitome-san and others, did not seem to have been exposed to radiation but those who died were being trapped under objects or from being blown away and struck. An old man, Mr. Matsuda, was always adjusting the steam and was appeared to meet the disaster near the dispensary.

Haraoka-san, like Tani and others, seems to have taken leave, but I don't remember for sure anymore.

I thought I had climbed up to Anakobo quite quickly, but the area was already full of people. I thought everyone was fast on the run. I met Dr. Koyano at the foot of Anakobo. He had just ripped open his own operating gown with a knife, and was bandaging the wounded. I was very moved. I stayed with the doctor for a while, thinking that if I stayed with him, I might be able to find out some information. Since before a medical team was organized at the College. When Associate Professor Kido came up the mountain, I said to him, "What about the medical team?" Associate Professor asked: "You have no time for that. Where is your home?" When I replied "It is in Nishiyama," he said, "If it is so, you should quickly pass over this mountain and return home. My house is in Shiroyama, so I can't go home."

I did not go back over the mountain, but I stopped by Nishiyama then went back to my father, who had been evacuated to the countryside. I was fortunate that I left Urakami soon, which is highly radioactive, so I did not suffer from any symptoms later.

The events of that day

Shared by Isamu Kawamoto

I took leave and went back to my house at about 9:00 a.m. That was why I was not at the scene and was saved. So I don't know what happened in the Pharmacy at the time. Around three o'clock in the afternoon or so, I went back to the College. The College had completely changed, and when I went up the mountain, the only thing I learnt from Tanaka was that among the Pharmacy staffs, Kikuno-san and Kaneko-san escaped.

Mano had been hit in the waist and couldn't move, but I was not able to get detailed information. Tanaka-san had come all the way from Saga that day, and we were making fun of her, saying how glad we were that she found a good groom. She was killed in the bombing, so

she was a bride who just saw the face of the groom. She didn't have to come out all the way, but she did, which was a pity and unfortunate.

When I went to ruins of the Pharmacy, there were three dead bodies, but I didn't know who they were.

When I went to the mountain, Dr. Shirabe was there so I helped him responding to the after mass. The wounded who were dying one after the other were being treated by Dr. Shirabe and Dr. Kido, Ueno, a student from the Special Medical Vocational Department and another person were helping them. I helped them too in way ways, and one of which was disposing of the corpses. We were always responsible for carrying and burning corpses or digging holes. So we talked together about it and decided to let Dr. Shirabe carry the corpse once. When a Korean died, I said to Dr. Shirabe, "Let's not burn him this time, let's bury him in the ground." He replied, "Yes, it will take longer if we burn him, so let's do that." So I asked him, "We are digging a hole, please come and carry." He immediately said he would do so. At last he carried a corpse. Dr. Shirabe may have forgotten about such an event.

I helped them for two or three days afterwards, but I had diarrhea and stayed at home in bed for a long time, so I don't know what happened afterwards.

(Pharmacy)

Student relations

-Record of reminiscences-

Remembering that time

Motokazu Odachi

I am still surprised that it has been 10 years since then. Back then, people said that the fields of Urakami would never grow anything green for the next 75 years, but they were now covered with wheat and vegetables. Our Nagasaki Medical College turned into ruins, but today, the hospital has been restored to its former state, and two buildings of the Basic Science Department are now standing on the hill of Hamaguchi ten years later. When I see the students working hard on their research and studies as they used to do, I am deeply moved by how our school has recovered so far.

The 8th, exactly the day before that day, was a day of the Imperial Proclamation of War. President Tsuno'o, who had just returned from Tokyo, told the College staff and students gathered in the sports field about the situation of the bombing in Hiroshima. He talked about the unspeakable devastation and the incredible destructive power of the new bomb. We had never imagined that Nagasaki would face the ordeal of the second bomb in two days. On the night of the 8th, our class was on air-raid duty, so we slept in the classrooms we were in charge of, fighting with mosquito bites.

The next day was the fateful day, 9 August. An air-raid alert had been issued since around 8 a.m. that morning. The air-raid alert had been in force frequently, so we were not able to have a lecture. In order to continue even during the alert, the rule had just been amended that we would be in our assigned places when the air-raid alarm was issued. Most of us went to the clinical training after Professor Tsuno'o's internal medicine clinical lecture, which started at 8:00 a.m. I, myself, remained at the medical team headquarters (then the patient section of the main building) to be in charge of the telephone. I wore a black uniform and a gaiter, even though it was the height of the hot season. I placed a precious lunch box on the desk and a school hat on top of it. I think I was reading "Love and Marriage," published by Iwanami Bunko, to comfort my desolate heart. It was probably around 10:00 a.m. when I asked the headquarters if the alert had been lifted yet, but they said it was ongoing, and I never heard from them again.

It must have been around 11:00 a.m. Suddenly, there was a strong flash of blueish light like a bolt of lightning, and then a tremendous roar of sound came like a raging wave. Instinctively, I ducked under my desk. My intuition told me that it was a direct hit, as I had been exposed to a bomb attack in the same location on 1 August. When I cautiously opened my eyes, it was

pitch black. I gave up completely as I stayed still, then it soon became bright, as if the fog had lifted. In front of me, there are many large pieces of timber piled up in a messy heap, such as ceiling beams or something else, and I wondered where this stuff had been. I made it through them to get out. An old man who was sitting next to me and doing paperwork had collapsed, so I helped him to get up, but he was not well. I grabbed him and let him go down through the window towards the front door, but he lost all his energy, and I remember that was the last time I saw him. I suddenly realized that I had forgotten my precious meal, so I went back to the room, but there was no trace of the lunch box, which had blown up. Fortunately, it seemed that the other people in the room had escaped through the exit.

I took the telephone receiver to get in touch with the headquarters, but the operator didn't pick up. By that time, the operator lady must have already died with her hand on the lever - I had a feeling that the situation was serious.

I went out to the corridor of the outpatient. There were not many people walking around. A student in a white coat is crouching in the middle of the corridor, covered in blood. I run up to him and see that it was Kitago, a student representative of the Special Medical Vocational Department. I said to him, "It's nothing serious, cheer up," but he said in a weak voice that he couldn't do anything. I left him and ran out of the entrance. Nishimori and two or three others are standing there absent-minded. I just called out, "Oh." I looked suddenly towards the city below and wondered what was going on. It's a total sea of fire. I can't see any forms of houses. There are no shadows or voices, and in an eerie kind of silence, just fire, fire that continues to burn fiercely. When I saw this scene, I thought for the first time that this must be a new type of bomb.

Anyway, I ran from the Main Building through the Internal Medicine and the Otolaryngology buildings to contact the headquarters. I don't know which ward it was, but I think some of the wards were on fire, but most of the wards had not yet caught fire. The fire was successfully extinguished during the previous bombing, and I regret to say that the hospital would not have been burned down if only we had the manpower to put it out.

The hill of Hamaguchi, where the Basic Science Department is located, was likewise in the sea of fire, and I thought that there was nothing to be done. Strangely enough, there was no sign of anyone who was supposed to escape from the fire. In hindsight, this is not surprising, as they were instantly trapped under the building and were consumed by the fire, which ran on top of them. The first-year or second-year students were supposedly attending a lecture, but they didn't look very likely to survive. When I went to the burnt ruins later, I found dozens of charred corpses, still neatly lined up, in the ruins of the Auditorium. I don't know if there has been such a disgusting sight seen. Suddenly, I was outraged. Very few people were lucky enough to escape, but it seemed the Basic Science Department was wiped out in the end. Those who had escaped the perilous situation would have thought they had been saved, which was all the more pitiful. A cow had

collapsed next to the Ophthalmology Department. That is where I met Tadashi. I remember that he shouted at me that he was going to help someone or a teacher who had fallen, but when I asked him about it later, he said he had no idea. It seems that everyone was acting in a state of unconsciousness. Forming small groups, the bloodied people took refuge shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand with each other towards the mountains behind. The blood on their white coats makes them look even more gruesome. It seemed that I had gone up the cliff near the Psychiatric Department several times, carrying on my back or holding the hand of someone who appeared to be a nurse, but I don't know her face, her name, or whether she survived or not.

Students in my year were going around the Psychiatry Department for the final exams, so I was worried about them and ran to the department, but the wooden annex building that was the main base of the students had been smashed to pieces. I was relieved that everyone seemed to have escaped, as there were no human voices, but on closer inspection, there was a person underneath. He was not moving. I brushed away a piece of wood and saw that it was my classmate Kubo. Blood from his nose and mouth - he was already dead. I felt sorry for him because he had a wife and child and was looking forward to the completion of his graduation exams so much. The night before, on the 8th, our group had taken Professor Shirabe's graduation examination in surgery. We were asked mainly about head injuries, but an air-raid alarm was issued on the way, so it was considered that we had passed the exam. Fate was also too mischievous as Kubo died of a fracture of the base of the skull the day after. There seemed to be more than a dozen people from the Special Medical Vocational Department in this Psychiatric building, but most of them died later.

I met the student representative Hisano at the upper field. His hand is injured, and his face is covered in blood. He said, "I will die on top of the mountain. I want to write a will, do you have anything?" I said yes and handed him a fountain pen. I wondered later what his last will might have been when I heard that he survived, who was ready to die. Someone asked me to put a bandage on him, so I undid my gaiter and wrapped it around him. I lent a student a jacket, who was shivering in the summer, so I became half-naked myself.

In the fields, people were lying down and moaning, and others were sitting down and looking at the hellish picture of the world below as if they had lost their minds. Here and there, the painful cries of "please give me water, please give me" can be heard. People are queuing up at Anakobo for a sip of water. Among them, some women were wearing nothing and were naked. Their clothes must have been blown off or they have torn off as they caught fire. The wind was blowing towards Anakobo Mountain, but the fire was unlikely to reach here. However, I wonder how terrified and anxious many people who spent the night there must have been in front of the raging fire.

I climbed further up the mountain. On the way, it seemed that there had been a sudden shower. The blue fields have turned completely grey. All the leaves are blown off, and pumpkins and other plants are smoldering. There was a story that some people died from bumps on their lips after eating such things out of hunger. Large pine trees in the mountains are snapped off here and there at a height of about 1.8 m above the ground. I was amazed at the tremendous blast, but I had never thought that even such a high mountain would be destroyed. When I look down from here, I have no idea where I am, as the whole area is covered in flames. The only thing recognizable is the vicinity of the Mitsubishi Arms Factory, which is sparsely lit. It is indeed a scene that reminds us of the hell of this world or the end of the world.

I passed by the flattened barracks and came out onto a mountain pass. There is no fire at all in the direction of the Nishiyama. Across one mountain, the other side is almost completely calm. I was relieved and at the same time felt a kind of strange feeling. It was here that I met my classmate Koga. We congratulated each other on our safety, but he died later. It was probably around 2:00 p.m. when I arrived back at my lodgings in Narutaki. No one had returned yet.

The area had only the windowpanes that were blown out, so they didn't think the situation was serious for the time being. I was immediately served rice balls. Perhaps because I forced myself to cross the mountain to report the information, they tasted especially delicious. I later heard that most people couldn't eat, so after all, I, who could eat right away, was probably one of those who were destined to survive.

I heard that the relief station headquarters were at Katsuyama Primary School, so I went out where I met Oshima. Professor Koyano was there with a bandage on his head, carrying a stretcher. He told us that he was going to bring Professor Owadano to the top of Mt. Kompira, so we decided to go by ourselves and climb up to the hut on the mountain. A large number of people from the College are accommodated here. These are the people who escaped from the back of the kitchen. Dr. Owadano was lying on the ground, so we told him what Dr. Koyano told us, but he said it was too hard on his body, so we left him there and carried a blistered patient with burns who looked like a schoolchild on a stretcher down the mountain. This was the last time I saw Dr. Owadano.

After returning home, I told the house owner that at least one of the three students staying with us would not make it, but Yasuhi, a third-year student, returned safely that day. My classmate Hidaka-san finally returned the next day, but he had a hole in his throat and was struggling to breathe. A few days later, he went back to his hometown. At the time of his death, he thanked the people around him and went to his death in peace.

On the following day, I went to Irabayashi Primary School as I heard that a camp had been opened there. I was told that Imamura and Nishi had already been taken to the Naval Hospital in Isahaya. It was probably because they had been commissioned students of the hospital. Mr. Imamura had suffered severe trauma. I recall that he always had a camera strapped to his waist,

never leaving it. He was a fighter, and it was a shame to lose him. Higo had finally made it here, but it was reported that he was found dead in a corner of the sports field.

I went to the College through a still-smoldering fire in places. However, most of the inside has been burned down. I was told that Professors Tsuno'o, Takagi, Yamane, and others were being accommodated in an air-raid shelter. Around noon, a lot of rice balls and pickled radishes arrived by truck from Isahaya. Normally, we would have cheered and jumped at the chance to eat them, but there was hardly anyone to eat them, so we let them rot, which was a shame.

Family members began to come looking for their loved ones out of concern, so we decided to find out if the students were alive or dead first. There were only a few survivors. As information came in, the number of survivors grew, but at the same time, the number of deaths also increased. It was probably around evening when the trains opened and the minor injured began to return to their hometowns. Therefore, the number of healthy people who could work became even smaller.

At that time, the Kurume Medical Corps came to the rescue, bringing some relief to everyone's faces. In any case, the hospital was destroyed, and there was not even any first-aid equipment, although I don't think there would have been anything at all to deal with the radiation hazards. In the meantime, the news came through that Professor Takagi had died. The severely injured were dying one after another. It was indescribably heartbreaking. Fujiwara was sick to death with a badly broken bone, so I stayed in the air-raid shelter that night, listening to his moans.

Around the third day, it was decided to admit the people on the mountain to a building on the burnt ruins. Oku came down, wandering around like a somnambulist, but later died. I heard that Harada had been taken to the basement of the Ophthalmology Department, so I went there to see him, but he was already cold. Someone told me that Niina, who seemed to be mostly uninjured, wanted to see me, but I could not see him alive at last.

Later, I heard that he had died on the second floor of the Main Building, so I rushed over to see him, at least to see the face of the dead Niina. His wife, who had just gotten married, was sitting by his side absent-mindedly. I heard that he died while requesting cigarettes. This is why I offer cigarettes to him every year on the anniversary of the atomic bombing. We gathered some lumber in the square in front of the main entrance, placed his corpse on it, and cremated him with his wife, but I was so shocked that I could not even shed a tear. I am horrified even now when I think back on the scene.

He used to say that he was the only son and that he had married to have a successor, and I believe his wife was pregnant. I wonder how his wife and the child are doing today. Dr. Nagai was actively working with a bandage over his face. As might be expected from a recipient of the Order of the Golden Kite, he was working quickly and efficiently. On the doctor's

instructions, chemicals were pulled out of the air-raid shelter and stored in one place. I had heard that Professor Yamane liked to drink, so upon Dr. Kido's instruction, I brought him some diluted alcohol, which was used for disinfection, adding dextrose solution for injections. The doctor was completely covered in bandages, so that I could hardly recognize his face. He said, "Thank you, I'll take it later," but the usually noisy doctor looked very weak. I think he probably passed away without being able to drink this instant drink. Upon an order, we carried Professor Subdue of pharmacology, on a stretcher, to Professor Sano's house in Hongouchi. On the way down, he went down by himself to urinate, but when I heard that he had later died, I was unsure who was going to die and who was going to live.

As the days went by, the rescue system was somewhat improved, but the number of deaths continued to increase. When Professor Shirabe opened a relief station in Nameshi, many College staff were sent there. I wonder what was in the doctor's mind who concentrated on medical treatment while losing two of his sons. The days continued, and every morning, I walked from Hotarujaya to the College, and at night, I would return home along the road glowing with phosphorescence, tripping over the corpses. My main task was physical labour, such as disposing of corpses. One day, I visited my classmate Sonoda in Katafuchi. He seemed to have many regrets, but finally he died, leaving behind his beloved new wife.

I had prepared myself for one more bomb to bring my end, but when the war was over, I suddenly became homesick. It took me four days and three nights to reach my home in Kagoshima, carrying my beloved sword on my shoulder. My mother had given up as she thought that I was dead, and put my photograph on the altar. My father had left for Nagasaki to pick up the remains.

Although I was concerned about my friends, school, etc., I was in a state of mental and physical collapse, so I stayed at home. Finally, in October, I turned up for the resumption of classes in Omura and found out what had happened to my classmates. The death toll was 35, with only 32 survivors. Imanishi was later found in an air-raid shelter. Iwakiri died in Togitsu at the end of August under the care of Goto; he was a big baseball fan. There is a story that during the war, he secretly played baseball, which was forbidden, and was scolded by Assistant Professor Matsushita, the head of student affairs at the time.

When I go out onto the sports field today, I see a lot of baseball being played, but every time I see it, I think of Iwakiri's black face. I can't help but feel sorry for him, thinking how happy he would be to play baseball if he were still alive.

I have recounted the tragedy of exactly ten years ago from memory, but I may have been somewhat inaccurate in terms of time. I still find it strange that I am still alive when I think that if the explosion had occurred a few seconds earlier, I would have been in a different position, alive or dead. I cannot help but pray for the souls of the deceased.

(Fourth-year student at the time, Tsujimura Surgery Department)

In retrospect of the atomic bombing

Bunjiro Hisano

Looking back, we were in our last year at Nagasaki Medical College at the time and were due to graduate provisionally in September and go to military medical school. About 70 members of our class were divided into groups and, like today's interns, we went around to different departments and took the graduation examinations. I was assigned to the Shirabe Surgery Department.

On 9 August 1945, the day of the atomic bombing, although it was mid-summer, lectures and practical training were being held, even giving up our summer holidays. On the morning of that day, I was on air-raid duty and woke up at the College. It was hot since morning. It was probably around 9:00 a.m. when the air-raid alert was lifted, and I went to our waiting room in the Surgery and found Higo, Hirai, and others. I hadn't seen Higo for a long time. He had just returned home after more than a month because his house had been damaged in an air-raid in Kagoshima City, and his father and sister had died as a result. I then went to the Surgical Ward to suck blood from a patient's earlobe with a device, as I was in charge of a myositis patient who was scheduled for surgery that afternoon, and I needed to do a blood test. At this time, Associate Professor Kido's group appeared for a round and eventually went to the basement. I was waving a melangeur.

Just then, I heard an explosion sound like an airplane swooping down, which made me think it might be a friendly aircraft, since it was after the air-raid alarm had been lifted. Next, I saw that well-known intense white light. I saw this light and, after all, I had never experienced anything like this at all, so the next moment I thought, "Well, what is it?" but at the moment, a fierce blast came, and I felt like I had been hit all over, especially in the neck, and I was blown away. Then, it seems that I had lost consciousness for a while. When I suddenly came to myself, it was in a state of total transformation, not just inside the room, but also outside it, and was in a state of utter destructive confusion. I looked at my hands and saw that the third and fourth fingers of my left hand were barely hanging on, with only one layer of epidermis left, and the bone was protruding and bleeding badly. My head, the back of my head, in particular, seems to have been hit pretty badly, and when I put my hand on it, sticky blood comes on it. I don't have a clear recollection of what happened to the patient from whom I was taking blood. (I later heard that the patient died.)

Anyway, I couldn't even sit down because there was nowhere to stand on my feet. I managed to get out into the corridor. I sat there and thought that my life would end here. It was a bitter thought that I would die in this way in the middle of my studies. But the bleeding, especially from the head, was so severe that I thought I would surely die. Picking up scraps of paper

scattered around, I dipped my fingers in the flowing blood and wrote my will.

When I looked outside, I saw that the town of Urakami and even the mountains had lost all their greenery and had been transformed, so I felt that this was a new type of bomb, the same as the one dropped on Hiroshima.

As I sat there, a fire was burning nearby with flames. It became obvious that if I stayed here, I would be charred, so I used all my strength and walked to the mountain behind me. Many people were walking, heading to the mountain. A hot wind was blowing up from the city of Urakami, probably because the entire town was on fire. I met Odachi next to the Psychiatric Department and Kaieda, who was one year below me.

I climbed up the mountain, watching the College burn, with a strong death wish. The sky turned an ominous red, and soon it was dusk. There was a sudden shower, and enemy aircraft flew in the sky incessantly. Many people have taken refuge in the area, but it is too dark to be certain. One after another, infants die. I was in a tunnel shelter by a field, listening to the cries of mothers and the cries of prayers. My bleeding has stopped since midnight, so clearly the obsession with life that had previously been given up has begun.

I began to think, "I might live." The night passed without sleep due to the pain of the wound. My left hand was squeezed at the wrist to prevent bleeding, and my fingers were only wrapped with a cloth, which I had torn. I wanted water desperately. "Water! Water!" I shouted. At a time like this, the kindness of those who stood and worked so selflessly touched me deeply.

The next day was 10 August, the sun was shining on the completely changed Urakami. The mountains and buildings are all scorched, and everywhere there are corpses and injured; it is truly a valley of hell. Since I could walk somehow, I managed to walk down the mountain towards the College. I met President Tsuno'o, who was surrounded by Assistant Professor Osajima, Lecturer Takahashi, and others. He had hardly suffered any external injuries, but seemed to lack his usual vigour. He instructed others, "Give Hisano some injection," so I received an injection of glucose or something similar. They offered me rice balls and other food, but I had no appetite and could not eat them. I arrived at the tunnel shelter by the Boiler Room. Here, I was examined by Dr. Shirabe and Assistant Professor Kido. Assistant Professor Kido took the glass from my head and treated my left hand. At this time, the second and fourth fingers of my left hand, which were hanging by a piece of skin, were permanently removed from my body.

Inside this shelter, my colleagues Aoki, Miyagi, and others were lying with devastated faces and sores from burns. I never saw them again. We didn't even know in our dreams that we were saying goodbye to each other for the last time. Here I heard that the Soviet Union had entered the war and that yesterday's bomb was an atomic bomb.

I returned from desolate Urakami to my lodgings in Sakurababa at around three or four in the afternoon. Two or three people stopped me, but I wanted to go back to the tatami floor at any cost.

In places, water pipes had burst and were spewing water. I drank them. . .

After a few days, I was taken care of at a relief station at Nameshi for a week. Here, I was with Kitago and Fujiwara, who suffered severely from broken limbs and were in pain. As the patients in the same room were dying from bloody stools, we were told that it was dysentery, and there was a fuss when we had to quarantine them.

My parents came all the way to see me. It was hard to see my parents like this. I wept for the depth of their love. I read the whole of the Imperial Rescript of the end of the war in a newspaper that my mother had bought.

On 18 August, I returned to my hometown, Saga. It was because the relief station had to be disbanded, as there were rumors of the landing of the U.S. troops. In Saga, I was admitted to the Prefectural Hospital, where several patients who were injured by the atomic bomb in the same room also died. Life is like dew, which may disappear tomorrow. I wondered when that time would come for me. However, my fate did not end, and it was on 25 October that my trauma was largely healed. Higo, whom I have mentioned before, was not given a fate to survive, and is said to have died at Irabayashi Primary School on 10 August. It was as if he had come back from Kagoshima to die. In the end, only 30 of the around 70 classmates remained alive.

How my friends ended their lives is not known in detail because of the circumstances.

Strangely, I was saved, and when I think back to that time, it was like a nightmare. But even if I tried to talk to my friends, they would not answer, and there is no way of restoring my left hand to its former state. What I have felt and lived with because of this hand is a story for another time.

Ten years is a long time ago. Indeed, after ten years, the historic event of the atomic bombings seems a little distant. Fortunately, the atomic bombs were not used on the battlefield thereafter. The world situation after the end of the Second World War shows how significant the explosion of the atomic bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki was.

Instead of proceeding by trying to stop wars through moral improvement, humanity feared the greatness of the extremely destructive atomic weapons it had created, and fundamentally sought to avoid war. However, whatever the reason, it should be celebrated that war is not used as a method of solving international problems, and mankind must succeed in this supreme task at all costs. Success is glory, failure is destruction. This is now common knowledge for all.

The tragedies of Nagasaki and Hiroshima will live forever in the hearts of mankind as great sacrifices if mankind takes this as a turning point and succeeds in exterminating war. I pray to God with all my heart that this may be so.

(Fourth-year undergraduate at the time, currently working at the Department of Pediatrics)

Fragments of that day

Issei Nishimori

Whenever I am asked why I survived while I was in the hospital or if there were any physical problems afterwards, I blame the atomic bombing for my natural stupidity, saying that I have become completely demented since the bombing. However, it is not only because of my head. It has already been ten years since then. Various memories are gradually becoming more like fragments.

The train stopped at Ohato because of an air-raid alarm. When I got off the train and was walking along, I somehow found myself together with Professor Okura of the Department of Hygiene. As the doctor was the head of the martial arts club and I was also helping the club, I sometimes had the opportunity to talk to him, but I think most of my classmates probably never heard his voice other than in lectures and oral examinations. It is strange to think back about it now, because only that morning, that mild-mannered, taciturn doctor walked from Ohato to the College while talking eloquently and cheerfully. The main topic of his talk was why the authorities did not evacuate the students who are the most precious in this emergency situation. When the long-awaited martial arts hall was completed and the opening ceremony was held, I asked the professor to deliver the address as the head of the club. I was told to write a draft, so I submitted my poor writing. I was ashamed when the doctor read the draft without any change, and also stunned by his indifference.

I remember that it was just before 10:00 a.m. when I parted with him at the main gate of the hospital that morning. When I arrived at the school, all the classmates from my group had gathered except for Hashimoto. The graduation examinations were being conducted by the Dermatology Department, and only the Pediatrics Department was left. The seven members of our group occupied a room in the Dermatology Department lab and were chatting as usual, mainly about the report by President Tsuno'o, who had returned to the College after seeing the devastation in Hiroshima.

"I think it's a special kind of bomb that uses the sun." "No, it's a kind of parasol-type bomb." One of us insisted, "It's an atomic bomb by all means." We agreed that it would be an end anyway if a flash of light came and we forgot about our notebooks and reference books aside and became absorbed in the discussion of the bomb. The chatting should have continued further. The reason why I say "should have" is because when Professor Kitamura left for the clinical training of the Special Medical Vocational Department, I, who had not studied much daily, went along to see what was going on. This is why I was the only one to survive, but everyone else in my group probably met a moment of doom in that room.

I was standing right behind Professor Kitamura, looking at the clinical training, when I saw

that flash of light was blown away by the blast without any time to lay down, but I think it was the moment I actually realized I was going to be blown across the room, and the thought that I was going to leave this world behind me made me think of the fun I had. The next time I regained consciousness, I was slammed into the corner of a pitch-black room, my hands covered in sticky blood of a wounded human, and my body crushed by something that had been destroyed, and I could not move. It was hard to breathe, so I finally made it onto the roof. Although the rooftop was covered in falling debris that I couldn't stand, the air was never as good as it was at that moment. I couldn't see clearly since I lost my glasses in the blast and due to the smoke from the explosion, but the view from the roof of the main building of the outpatient was simply horrendous. I was looking down for a while as if I were in a dream, but then I was astonished when I realized that this was a reality.

I met Professor Kitamura in front of the main building of the outpatient. He instructed me to form a rescue team immediately, but I had no idea where to start. The doctor's face was bleeding. I later thought that, considering that I had more than 30 wounds on my back, I must have taken a lot of the shrapnel, which Professor Kitamura was to receive, since I was blown away flying right behind the professor, covering him at that time.

While pulling out the severely wounded, fires started to break out in places, so gradually we had to retreat towards the mountain behind. When I went to get emergency alcohol, which was stored in the air-raid shelter behind the building, I met Noboru from my group. He was relatively healthy with minimal trauma and followed me into the hole. We found a few bottles of alcohol amongst the almost broken ones, put them in both our pockets, also carried them in our hands, and climbed up the mountain.

The mountain slopes were already filled with seriously injured people, their hair burnt off, their clothes ripped, and they had almost nothing to cover themselves with, and it was impossible to distinguish who they were. One of the severely injured, who had one leg blown off, suddenly jumped on me, snatched the alcohol from my hand, and drank it down in a gulp without me stopping him. Of course, he was not a patient with any hope of survival. . .

By the time we arrived at Anakobo, the fire in the Basic Science Department had reached its peak as if it was scorching the heavens. Tears of regret streamed down my wounds, and I was just stunned.

When I met Odachi at the bottom of the Main Building, I showed him the wound, and he cheered me up, saying it was nothing serious, but the wound on the side of my head had reached the bone, and the bleeding from there was difficult to stop. Finally, I collapsed at the bottom of Anakobo. Koga and one other person, whoever it was, took me up to the top of the mountain. They were in good health with only minor injuries, but a few days after arriving at their lodge, they passed away.

The teachers, whom I respected very much, among them Associate Professor Ono, who brought me to this College, were a senior colleague from my hometown and the person who helped me with whatever I needed advice on. The faces of those classmates who enjoyed their youth so cheerfully, even in these pressing times, are now far behind them.

Some of those who continue to study diligently at this school are the son of my former mentor and the younger brothers of former classmates. Their faces and body language are so similar to those of the deceased that tears often well up in my eyes with nostalgia and pain of the days passed.

(Fourth-year undergraduate student at the time,
currently working at the Pathology Department)

Memories

Taro Ito

In late July 1945, when I took a night train from Michino'o Station to visit my parents, from whom I had not heard since the air-raid, I thought that the next time I returned to Nagasaki, the city I thought fondly of would be reduced to ashes by incendiary bombs.

On the way home, I stayed overnight at an acquaintance's house in Hiroshima, grateful for his kindness, promised to visit again on my way home, and, while seeing the river view where children were swimming happily, I left Hiroshima.

On 9 August, around noon, I was in my hometown, praying in front of my mother's grave.

On 11 August, I visited Hiroshima again and saw wounded civilians, soldiers, and those who had escaped death crying hand in hand at the station.

It was not until the train had passed Saga as the train entered Kyushu that I learnt that Nagasaki had been hit by the bomb as well,

On 12 August, I saw a great many dead, wounded, and smoldering corpses in a burnt field of the city of Nagasaki.

In the burnt ruins of classrooms, numerous skulls, reduced to ashes that seemed to crumble into shape in one's hands, remained orderly, which were completely changed figures of the people who I had been close to until a few days ago.

Afterwards, with some hope, I walked through the buildings where the injured were being accommodated, looking for my friends, but I was never able to see them.

A friend who went back to his hometown, who was grateful about his minor injuries, also never showed up in Nagasaki.

In mid-August, just after the end of the war, I got off at a small station on a private railway line and met a middle-aged woman who eagerly asked me about the College.

The eldest son of this lady was also at the College at the time, and the family members were searching day after day for him in Nagasaki, Isahaya, and other places where the wounded were being admitted, in search of him.

“Every day when it is getting darker, I feel as if my child will come home and say, 'Mother, I'm home,' as he has done every holiday so far, so I feel like he is coming back, and every day I wait for it,” the lady told me. Ten years since then, having become a parent myself, I know the sorrow of being a parent, and I have come to truly understand the sorrow of the lady at that time, and of the parents of the students who passed away.

When I think back about the people who were searching for their children and parents in the burnt field of Urakami at that time, I still feel deep sorrow and strong resentment today.

Ten years later, flowers have blossomed in the burnt fields, houses have been built one after another, and the College has been rebuilt and renewed, but when I stand in Urakami, I still feel like hearing the vigorous voices of my mentor, senior colleagues, and my best friends, whom I remember so fondly.

I can also feel the inextinguishable grief of their families.

(Third-year student at the time, currently working at the Sasebo Quarantine Station)

Memories of the atomic bomb - In memory of Michio Katayama

Yoshiharu Kaieda

Even now, ten years have already passed, every time I hear the voice of the atomic bomb, many incidents come back to my mind in vivid detail.

Even in our class, which was the least affected among the students, there were nearly 20 deaths, but most of the bodies were never found, and even their last moments were unknown.

As I happened to treat the body of Katayama, I would like to write down about the situation at that time in a limited number of pages. At the time, there were five members in my group - Oshima, Katayama, Kaku, Kajiwara, and I. That morning, after the air-raid alarm had been lifted and President Tsuno'o's clinical lecture was over, it was probably a little after 10:30 a.m. when we went to the Preliminary Examination Room of the Surgery Department, where we had our clinical training. I had started to take a preliminary examination of a woman who had hurt herself with a needle in her leg at the time of the alert the night before. I don't remember exactly what the other people in my group were doing, but I can recall Katayama leaning against the window. Or maybe it was a figure of Katayama, whom I saw when I reflexively looked out of the window after the terrible noise and the violent blast.

The blast and noise were tremendous. I was down, as if halfway blown. After a moment of

blast and noise, there was darkness and silence. I thought I was buried alive by a direct hit bomb, so I tried to move my body. My body moved. I called out, "Is everyone OK?" to which several people said, "Yes," and at the same time, some people seemed to have started moving through the darkness. Someone is crawling over my body. While being conscience about this, for some reason I had time to think that there was nothing I could do about it in this darkness.

When the seemingly long darkness gradually dawned, I looked around and was surprised at the extent of the damage, but my surprise was doubled when I ran out of the building with my shoes, which were scattered around. Everything up to Mt. Inasa in the distance had been completely crushed and turned into a bare field. President Tsuno'o's speech, in which he described his observations of the new bomb in Hiroshima on the previous day of the Imperial Proclamation of War, came to my mind. The sight of people moving around in panic was a complete picture of hell.

I looked at the Sports Field, which had already started to fire, and as I took shelter in the mountain behind the hospital, I turned to examine my clothes and noticed that the back of my lab coat was stained bright red with blood, but when I checked myself to make sure I had no injuries on my back, I remembered about the person who had crawled over me in the darkness. However, the white coat had to be hung over the wounded in the field, who complained of cold, probably due to bleeding. The area was full of wounded and burned people.

When I finally reached the mountains behind Anakobo, I was relieved to find healthy people from my class. It was at that time that I saw Kaku-san in good health, but I also heard that Katayama had been injured. Katayama went to the Examination Room of the Surgery Department in the dark and jumped out of the window without hearing any words of warning from Kaku. He had already sustained an abdominal injury at the time. The blood on my back was Katayama's.

Later, as I learned about more than 30 shrapnel wounds on both my thighs, I had to rest for a while, but one day after the war, I think it was 18 August, I was walking along the road to the College. After passing Nagasaki Station, a College student spoke to me, and I was surprised to learn that he was Katayama's older brother. He said he had come from Kyushu University to ask about his brother's safety.

The road we walked was long, thinking that he had not made it home yet. When we arrived at the College, we immediately looked at the stairs to the basement outside the Surgery Examination Room, but they were already empty. As we were told that the bodies were collected next to the Main Building, we decided to search there. As days have passed, bodies that were burned entirely have been difficult to identify. However, it was his brother who spotted Katayama in his uniform and gaiters, as if by a hunch. After a search, it was determined that the hand towel with the Fifth High School oak symbol found in his trouser pocket was his. He had brought it back with him when he last returned home in early August, according to his brother.

After the discussion, we decided to follow many others and burn the body. I think it was after 1:00 p.m. when we placed the body in a vacant lot up on the high ground of the Konan Ward, gathered the wood scattered around it, and set it on fire. I spent time with his older brother remembering about Tetsu Katayama in his prime, until around 5:00 p.m., when he became completely bones.

I couldn't bear to think how heavy the brother's heart must have been when he went home with Katayama, who was in a can of petrol, in his arms.

Of the deaths in the class, apart from Katayama, we only heard that Michio Oike had died in a hospital in Isahaya, but all other information was uncertain. As the number of pages has exceeded the limit, I conclude this memoir and pray for the repose of the souls of those who are no longer with us.

(Third-year student at the time, now working in the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department
at Osaka University School of Medicine)

The Atomic bomb

Masashichi Kawano

Details of the damage caused to students by the atomic bombs are still unknown. This is not surprising, since most of the documents from that time have been lost. The list of names appended at the end of this memoir still needs to be revised. However, the situation at the time of the damage can be speculated from the records and stories of the survivors.

Fourth-year students, who at the time were in the highest year of the Medical College, had already completed their final examinations and were in the middle of practical training in various departments, like interns. The extent of damage, therefore, varied depending on the location of the department, but in total, 36 people were killed. The total number of people present at the hospital on the day is unknown, but about half of them are thought to have died.

The third-year students also suffered the same fate as the fourth-year students, as they were all split into groups and were in clinical training, but the number of deaths was much lower, with only 15 known deaths. This was not because of the small number of attendees on the day, but because many of them were in the Outpatient Ward furthest away from the atomic bomb, as it was an outpatient examination time. As the ward was in the shadow of other concrete wards, the people suffered less radiation damage and were mainly injured by the blast. However, in places such as the outpatient ward of the Internal Medicine Department, which was located relatively high up with the windows facing the hypocenter, there was a small amount of radiation damage. As the building was made of reinforced concrete, the fire started late, and

there were few deaths from burns.

In contrast, all but a few of the buildings in the Basic Science Department were wooden structures, which collapsed instantly after the explosion, immediately catching fire and turning the entire Basic Science building into a pillar of fire rising into the sky in less than five minutes. The first and second-year students were both in class. Most of them were cremated alive under the buildings, and the few students who managed to escape died within a few days after they had evacuated. Not a single survivor was left among those who attended school that day.

The first and second years of the Special Medical Vocational Department also suffered the same fate. The second year was spared total annihilation because the hygiene lectures were cancelled, but still had 110 deaths, while the first year was in the middle of a biochemistry lecture and saw the tragic fate of all the attendees, along with the department staff. The total number of survivors reaches 166 as far as it is known.

The third-year students of the Special Medical Vocation Department were in the hospital for their graduation examinations, so their exposure to the atomic bomb was the same as that of the fourth and third-year students. The death toll is reported to be 23.

As can be understood from the above, the fact that 499 of the 797 medical students who were learning to save lives were killed by a single bomb is unprecedented in history, and speaks well about the horror of the atomic bomb and the cruelty of war. I am inclined to curse the direct perpetrators, the U.S. (or rather the parties involved), the indirect perpetrators, the Japanese military leaders, and even the war itself, but when one asks whether such sacrifices had to be made, one can hardly help but wonder. Firstly, 9 August is normally during the summer holiday. It is clear from the example of Kyushu University that even if the policy had been to continue the classes for the summer holidays, the President could have closed the College or evacuated the classes to minimize the loss of life, depending on his decision.

President Tsuno'o, who had witnessed the devastation of Hiroshima first-hand, was aware of the power of the new bombs, and instead of taking immediate response, he encouraged a "100-million honorable death" spirit and urged "students to be prepared," which may have reflected the atmosphere of the time, but he cannot avoid being accused of disregarding human life and must be held responsible as the President. However, now that the President has died in the line of duty, it is hard to blame him. However, the College was hit by a direct bomb a week before the atomic bombing, which even resulted in some deaths, and just a day before, on the 8th, all the students were given an eyewitness account of Hiroshima. "Nagasaki, the city of flowers, the city of ashes on 9 August." At that time, an eerie song was even sung. It is more than ironic, but unjustified, that the students who had judged the urgency of the situation and evacuated on their own decisions were all spared, while those who had faithfully attended met the disaster. It is not surprising that the parents whose beloved children were taken away from them resented the school authorities.

The only students who had a narrow escape were those in the concrete hospital. Is it a useless complaint to wish that the Basic Science Department building had been built in the same fire-resistant and earthquake-proof method? I am deeply moved by the new concrete school building that is currently being constructed.

We have a responsibility to fulfil on our classmates' behalf the service through medicine that they wanted to do but were unable to do. No one knows better than we do the regret of the students who had to struggle to obtain even one medical book, chew soybeans and survive hunger on bean lees, have no Sundays or holidays, and even give up our summer holidays to study and experience hardship, only to fall victim to the atomic bombing. If we do not carry on their legacy and fulfil their wishes, it would be pointless to pray for their repose. Forgive us for our laziness, my dear departed college friends. Please encourage and pray for us so that we can perform well in research and treatment of others for your sake. That should be our funeral battle.

(Third-year student at the time, now working at the Tsujimura Surgery Department)

Atomic bomb diary

Takashi Sasaki

Every time a piece of glass the size of a grain of rice pops out of my head, memories of that time come flooding back to me, but upon writing about it this time, I took out a memo that was too crude to be a diary from ten years ago, and which was drenched by the flooding in Kumamoto in June last year.

20 April: Documents for postponement of enlistment sent by registered mail.

22 April: Postponed due to the meeting of the Fifth High School at Mogi due to air-raid alarm.

23 April: Ceiling removal work

26 April: A Bomb hit Nagasaki Station at 11:00 a.m.

9 May: No alarms today, not once a day

22 June: Start of the duty system by staff and students

1 July: Civil Volunteer Group formation ceremony (9:00 a.m.)

4 July: Roof of the corridor scraping work

12 July: Lectures continue from today during air-raid warnings.

1 August: At 11:40 a.m., bombs hit the Gynecology, Otolaryngology, Koyano Surgery, and Biochemistry departments.

6 August: Trains start from today. Lectures resume from today; funerals for three killed in the line of duty at the Special Medical Vocational Department in the afternoon..

It was under these circumstances, with the atmosphere becoming more and more urgent by

the day, that, in hindsight, we had the last day of the Imperial Proclamation of War.

On the 8th, the President returns to the College from Tokyo. The whole College listens to the story of the strange bombing of Hiroshima in the schoolyard.

Who could have foreseen that the schoolyard where we stand, and as far as the eye can see from there, would suffer the same fate 22 hours later?

Right after 11:00 a.m. (?) on the 9th, the new type of bomb. I went around Nishiyama and returned home in the evening.

Flashes, hot winds, and darkness at the Koyano Surgery's outpatient. Everyone scatters in the direction of their choice. I was walking aimlessly and silently, like a sleepwalker, when a female student came up from behind and warned me that my forehead was bleeding, and I felt as if I was back in the real world for the first time. She was a member of the Volunteer Corps and was at the Mitsubishi factory. As she told me to rest at a house where her mother stayed alone in Anakobo, I followed her up the hill, gasping for breath, but there was not a trace of the house. Even though I was blown out of my glasses for my extreme shortsightedness, I was sure I should see the house, so I looked around, but there was not a single house, just a series of brown hills. Fire was seen in the direction from as far away as Shiroyama to Yamazato-machi. When I looked down at the hospital, I saw that nothing had happened. Oh, that's good. I looked for the Basic Science, but unfortunately, with my eyes, I couldn't see the location. The watch was working: it is 12:10 a.m.

Four or five of the lodgers at Katafuchi go out behind the seminary in Urakami in a group where a fire is raging. Black rain has started to fall. Handkerchiefs, hand towels, and gaiters were all gone as they had been used to stop the bleeding of those seeking help. The nurse gave us all a pair of their "*monpe*" trousers, so we made up bandages and triangular bandages and as we went out to the main road leading to the water reservoir in the Nishiyama, we met students from Nagasaki Junior High school, Keiho, and Commercial School shouting continuously as they are coming down from the slope one after another, "How is Shiroyama?" "Ohashi?" caring about their families. We also asked back with the same feeling, "How is Nishiyama?" "Katafuchi?" We were getting extremely thirsty, but we encouraged each other not to drink water, and arrived at our lodgings in the evening. In the evening, I inquired about Professor Takagi, Professor Kunifusa, and Fujiwara, who is one year senior to me, but none of them have been heard from. I can neither lie on my back nor sleep on a pillow because pieces of glass are stuck in me. I leaned back in the corner of the room and slept.

On the 10th, 37.8 degrees Celsius. In the morning, Mrs. Takagi and then Mrs. Fujiwara came, and I went to look for Fujiwara. The prefectural fire brigade comes to the College to assist.

When I woke up, I had a slight fever and was thinking of resting for the day, when Fujiwara's wife asked me to take her to look for him, so I took a water bottle and went back to the College on the road I took yesterday. Under the intense August sunshine, it is completely silent, except for

a series of calls for the whereabouts of acquaintances echoing through the mountains, and the silence of the factory, which was working until yesterday, adds to the eeriness of the place, along with its huge body. Suddenly, "Behold, the sky of the East Sea has dawned," an out-of-tune voice sings from the hillside behind the Psychiatry Department. Low moans here and there. White ointment all over the exposed backs. After several dozen times of calling out "Fujiwara-san, Fujiwara-san" while encouraging the injured, there was finally a response from the valley below. His wife shouted something, but I don't know what it was because it was in the dialect of the Kagoshima region. She went down running. I immediately turned back to the hospital and went to pick him up with Ishikawa-san from the horse riding club, who happened to be there with a stretcher to fetch Fujiwara-san. Fujiwara-san, who was not able to use his hands and eyes, asked us to take Iwanaga, a nurse at Kageura Internal Medicine who had been taking care of him since last night and whose leg had been injured, first, but she insisted on taking the seriously injured one first, so we left her behind and carried the stretcher together, but although the footing was poor due to the collapsed house and crumbling stone walls, but I was surprised at how unsteady my waist was and how much grip strength I had lost.

On the 11th, I went to the College with Tsuno'o, Takagi, and Mrs. Kunifusa in the afternoon. The army is there to support the clean-up. I was exhausted. Dr. Tsuno'o and Dr. Takagi moved into the air-raid shelter under the cliff to the east of the Surgery Department. Dr. Kunifusa is in the basement of the Dermatology Department, and Fujiwara-san is also in the air-raid shelter under the cliff. Patients' suffering was getting stronger and stronger, and those who care for them became nervous because of their busyness and fatigue. The Pharmacology assistant is insistent on asking me for a drink of water, which is noisy and extremely annoying to other patients. There was a suggestion to quarantine him somewhere else, but as he is at the far end of the air-raid shelter, there was nothing we could do. The situation was so uncontrollable that a doctor had to tell others, "All of you may find it noisy, but please be patient a while longer. He will be quiet by tonight." Vigorous mosquitoes have started to appear in this death-fighting area. No flies yet.

On the 12th, I took a rest for a day.

On the 13th, I visited Dr. Takagi's home. I was informed of the doctor's death (7:00 p.m. on the 11th), and went to the College Branch Hospital in Michino'o. I returned home after midnight.

The College patient center has been established in Michino'o, and we had intended to go there in the early evening and stay the night, but the patients alone were already too many to accommodate, so we had no choice but to trudge back to Katafuchi by night. The smell of the fires burning corpses can be seen here and there along the road from Ohashi to Ogawa-machi, but I have become accustomed to the smell of them.

On the 14th, I had 39.2 degrees Celsius in the morning, 37.4 degrees Celsius at night, and the death of Dr. Takagi was reported to the city hall.

On the 15th, unconditional surrender? Dr. Kunifusa is seriously ill. I dropped in at Kawano's house. He is in good health and is engaging in others' treatment.

At 4:00 a.m. on the 16th, Dr. Kunifusa died. We went to Daionji Temple to ask for a funeral service. Sonoda died at 6:40 p.m. I departed on the last train.

Doctors and friends who were nursed with mundane treatments such as disinfection, ointment application, antipyretic, cardio tonic, analgesic, and vitamins, died one after the other. I had diarrhea in the morning, too, so I hurriedly boarded the last train at 11:00 p.m. to return to Kumamoto, even though I still had a lot of regret in Nagasaki, lest I should get dysentery and take up even fewer people's time.

(Third-year student at the time, currently working at Kumamoto University, Physical Medicine Research, Physiology and Hygiene Research Department)

Letters of Kazuo Hidaka

Takao Setoguchi

1. Foreword

Kazuo Hidaka and I had a short friendship of less than three years from September 1942, when we entered Nagasaki Medical College, but we hit it off with each other, and we were friends as the old sayings say, “connected with deep friendship, shared closely what we have in our hearts”, and “to the point where we can give our neck to die for each other.”

In times of hardship, in times of grief, in anything, the memories of my friendship with him inspire me, encourage me, and comfort me. Moreover, some of his philosophy and attitudes to life are completely idealized by me; his spirit, like the food of a beautiful spirit, nourishes my spirit and continues to beat in my life. He is an eternal friend to me.

The three letters introduced here are part of those he has sent me since November 1944, when he returned home after an illness. The poem by Kōrner mentioned in the text is a selection from a collection of poems edited by Hans Wohlhardt, which I had been sent to him in February the following year as a thank-you for sending me a book of Hakuin, “*Yofune Kanwa*,” which he said he had read during his illness and had tried as a form of psychotherapy. He has introduced the part of my translation through his editing. The air raids of the time, which intensified day by day, also hampered the transport network between the west and south of Kyushu; as a result, the letter

dated 23rd April was the last to arrive from him.

As you can observe everywhere in his letters, he had a deep love of nature and a high ideal of being at one with nature, immersing his life in it. He was a man who constantly strove to achieve this ideal and put it into practice. Nature was thus the only thing that could give him hope and ideals, breathe courage and life into his sickly body, and awaken his spirit. He started his life, art, medicine, and everything else from the relationship between nature and man.

"I'm trying to live so that I can get better day by day. I don't like going out on the streets these days. I would like to go to a temple deep in the mountains or somewhere else, cook for myself, and live more thoroughly." He shared this idea seriously once, as he was always yearning for higher things, and his spiritual devotion to greater things was the basis of his life. For this reason, he had little attachment to worldly, and therefore practical, matters. A shining ideal world opened up in the depths of his spirit. It was not simply a metaphysical world, which was conceptually free of reality. It was the so-called Oriental state of nothingness, in which the self is thoroughly absorbed in reality and then tries to transcend reality in a dialectic manner. This was his ideal world. This is why, while he always liked to chat and appeared to be vivacious, he also sought out silence and solitude, and became familiar with poets like Basho, Ryōkan, and Issa. In this sense, he was neither a mere idealist nor a romantic, but rather an oriental poet who did not compose.

Finally, I would like to add one more memory from among the many of my associations with him. In the autumn of 1944, the defeat in the war was gradually coming to reality, and as air-raid alarms were constantly issued without time to relax, one fine day, he, Takeshi Aoki, and I climbed up to Koshikiwa with cooking utensils from Aoki's house. On the way, we cooked at the rapid current of the valley river, followed a narrow path through a grove of wild chrysanthemums, and eventually reached the top of the plateau, where the whole area was rippling like the white waves of Japanese pampas grass. Standing under the glaring rays of the unobstructed, cloudless, incandescent sun, looking down on the azure sea, which seemed to melt into the clear autumn air, and the white, clear strip of coastline beneath the lush, overgrown mountains, we forgot the harshness of war and savored to our hearts' content the magnificent and stunning view which the nature held. At the moment, Hidaka sang his alma mater's dormitory song at the top of his voice while lying on the grass and exclaimed the words, "Oh, if there were a woman here who was opening and reading the poetry books of Goethe or Byron, I would propose to her unconditionally." which have left an impression on my heart as a emotional moment of my youth that I will never forget.

In hindsight, however, it was the only memory of pleasure to emerge from the unhappy memories of our school days.

2. His letters

Dated 8 December 1944.

The cold winter has arrived in the warm, citrus-scented city of Nagasaki. The hand holding the pen to take notes has become so numb. Steam is now available for temporary lectures. Imagine how cold the outside air is.

I was grateful for your recent postcard and was glad, as I felt like I had been able to know the greatness of your attitude to life. What has been the progress since then? It is foolish to ask this. I think it is too soon for your condition to leave after only about 10 days of homecoming. What I want to ask is whether or not you have truly integrated into the life of the mountains and rivers of your homeland and are living a life of mind-body unity. (omission)

The examinations are from 22 to 26 January, after which we have a holiday until 7 January. This holiday may be cancelled at any time if the situation becomes tense and there is a major air-raid. The 22nd and the 23rd are Forensic Medicine, and the 26th is Medical Psychology. I am finally getting my notes organised. I think it would be better for you to postpone the upcoming exams. You can take exams at any time. I believe that coming all the way to take the exam in the cold winter is against the fundamental spirit of the rest. The moment you return to your hometown and finally get settled into life, I believe that you will remember your life in Nagasaki like a flashback. However, at the same time, I think you, who was born in the south, where the spirit of Saigou is so strong, would not have felt a strong sense of loneliness at being “ill,” for an infinite longing for your schoolmates and the studies, and a strong desire for them. I believe that greatness is born in the experience of the wave tone of various ways of life. I don't think it is necessary at all to contemplate pleasure to dare to extinguish suffering. Suffering is suffering, pleasure is pleasure, and I think here is the true human form, the true beauty and truth.

I would recommend that you see your “*bakterien tuberkulose* (tuberculosis bacteria)” as just “*bakterien* (bacteria).” You don't have to deny it. When you look at the nature of the condition, not bacteriologically, but as an entity that also occupies time and space, don't you feel a certain inspiration that transcends science? There must be a human loneliness in loving that “*koji*” mould of amazake (sweet *sake*) and hating “*bakterien* (bacteria)?” During my illness, I had the opportunity to read books by Ryokan, Issa, Hakuin, and others. I think it is important for us, the students of science, especially medical students, to look into the lives of these people. I am not very good at stating theories. I am a medical student who seeks the true meaning of life in the blowing white clouds, in the blue sky, and in simple nature.

I had clinical training in Internal Medicine this week. Dr. T trained us hard. Dr. K's way of instruction seems more human and ambiguous. Dr. T's mechanistic method can only be established from the standpoint of man's oppositional consideration of nature. But in this way, I

think that the medicine will be mocked by “*bakterien* (bacteria).”

One step better, this is what I am striving for every day. How do you think, my brother?

I conclude to pray for my friend's recovery on the 8th of December, the anniversary of the Imperial Proclamation of War, while praying for the development of the Imperial Kingdom.

Letter dated 3 March 1945

It has been a long time since I have received a letter from you telling me that you are doing fine, and I am imagining your activity and great reputation.

I took up a pen after the December examinations and wrote a letter to you, who appeared to be distressed by the contradiction between the “current situation” and “rest for medical treatment.” I wrote a purely medical, not philosophical, critique of the book “Nostalgia” by Masatoshi Sugi, “Absolute rest is rest for the body and mind,” as the mind and body are the same and therefore must be simultaneous, thus “Nostalgia” is medically understood as something which can keep the body at rest, but since the mind is not at rest rather causes heartache, and nostalgic therapy is not medically acceptable, but after self-reflection, I left the letter as it was and instead sent you “*Yofune-Kanwa*” which I thought would tell what I meant more clearly.

I am pleased to hear that you have gained weight lately. I also went home for 10 days from 20 February and returned to Nagasaki on 2 March. I had a cold and my body was somewhat weak, so I went home for a while to rest and recuperate, and returned to Nagasaki. Your letter was on my desk at the time of my return, and I immediately read it.

There are no changes at the College. Lectures will end at the end of March, and graduation exams are scheduled to start in April. Today, the dates and groupings for the examinations have been decided. I still can't organise my notes, and I can't even understand the periphery, let alone the depths of knowledge, if I'm being chased around so busily by the College exam. However, the days when knowledge existed for the sake of the studies themselves were a thing of the past. Now I feel that learning can only be revitalized as “*methode* (method)” to destroy the ugly enemy. Moreover, I believe this is the right thing to do.

Do you read the College newspaper, which makes us nostalgic? You can taste from this newspaper the ambiguity that somehow flows deep inside in the midst of a harsh current situation. The memoirs of students who went off to war, apricots, Risaku Daimu, and Kenjuro Yanagida, and other articles, whatever the life is, it can only touch people's heartstrings if they are committed to it. I believe that we are suffering from complaints and dissatisfaction because we are lacking in this commitment. It is the state of nothingness. It is a world of form is emptiness, all things are vanity, and emptiness is form. This is the ideal world. This world was only made possible by the Orientals.

The plum trees near the window of the boarding house have started to bloom. I look at nature as a beautiful world without falsehood while reflecting on the poem by Kōrner in mind.

I have read your excellent translation again and again. The conclusion is that Western poetry is best appreciated in the Western language. This is because the beautiful rhyme is easily destroyed. His poetry, which belongs to Romanticism, is beautiful. For those of us who spend our days busy with secular affairs, his poems seem to reveal the unfolding of a beautiful world separate from our own. I thought about this as I held the strap of a crowded train. I also recalled the saying, “The country is destroyed, but the mountains and rivers remain.” The affirmation of Kōrner’s poetry is immediately linked to patriotic love. I believe that the profundity of the poem also has its alpha and omega here. Please read my humble translation.

(1) Dazzlingly, thou goest to the arms of thy lover

How lucky the man is.

I am going alone, yet I am with you.

And I find myself a happy man.

(2) The sky is azure and holy,

In a wild field of a hundred flowers blooming.

A lonesome nightingale sings.

In a forest of the midnight.

(3) Clouds are coming slowly from far above.

The murmur of spring water,

green shoots forming waves,

and a bird that dances lightly.

(4) In the arms of a fragile and elegant lady,

Thou rest on the lips of a fragrant rose.

I go alone in the cool twilight breeze,

My cloak was swaying.

(5) Not a soul to be seen on the road,

When the birds are at rest in the shadow of the tree.

I am on my way to a night's journey,

while following a bright dream path.

Finally, I wish you take care of yourself well for a speedy return to Nagasaki:(omission)

Letter dated 27 April

I am really sorry that the previous letter was so rushed and full of business matters. Please forgive me as I was just about to sit for a difficult pediatric examination.

How is your health since then? The weather has improved, so I believe you will regain your health day by day. The young leaves of the camphor tree standing in the corner of the College sports field have begun to sprout with unlimited hope. The clear blue sky shines with a golden colour that only nature - and only the god of creation - can produce. On the playground, the clover is growing on the green floor. Nature quietly preserves its beauty amidst the air-raids that intensify day and night. And it seems to embrace infinite things for the struggling human beings. The young leaves of a camphor tree in a corner of the College, hidden from the eyes of others, quietly and probably imprinting the history of the College on its annual rings, reminded me of this phrase: "The country is broken and there is no mountain river." At the same time, these young leaves offer unlimited hope. Amid the process of yearning for the infinite, there seems to be truth, goodness, and beauty. I believe the same is true of medicine. When we see that there are treatment limits, there is only regression. The discovery is found when we see beyond limits and continue working diligently, seeking the infinite. Nature wants to be held in the bosom of humans. At the same time, human also wants to lie in the bosom of nature. Thus, the mystery seems to be revealed in man's unbending devotion, in his activity towards the infinite. Whether Koch or Ehrlich, these are all people who could be included in such a type. Of course, I am trying to be a part of this category, but I think it is not good as there is an inclination in me that "*tat* (deed)" tends to go ahead before "*denken* (thinking)." (omission)

* * *

I have introduced you to abbreviated versions of the three letters. According to graphic accounts from the time of the atomic bombing, he profusely thanked his parents and all those who had looked after him, and then passed away in peace. This shows his sincerity in the face of death.

May your spirit rest in peace, far away in heaven.

(Third-year student at that time, currently working in the First Anatomy Department)

The person I met that day

Tetsuro Takahashi

The inscription on the memorial to the atomic bomb victims in Hiroshima reads: "Rest in peace, for our mistakes will never be repeated." I do not understand at all who is saying these words to whom. Even if I concede and accept that it is difficult to know who and what kind of mistakes were made, at least one can make clarification on when and where they happened. The more I think about the 100,000 souls that were instantly gone that day, the more I think,

“They will not rest in peace,” the more I cannot suppress the rush of emotions. The fact that something as ridiculous as this could not be done in Nagasaki is at least a consolation to me.

There were about 20 people I witnessed their last moment on that day, and among them there were a few who I most hated to remember and who came back to my mind first, but if it were not a novel or a screenplay, it would be too cruel to write further, so only thing I can do is to close my eyes and pray for.

* * *

Today, on the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, I would like to write about some of the memories of the three or four people on campus whom I met that day but never saw again, as well as some of what I saw.

As I was not on campus from about 20 minutes before the bombing, I regret that I was not able to meet many of my teachers, seniors, and friends after the bombing, and I am unable to give a detailed report to the bereaved families.

The first period on 9 August 1945 was the late Dr. Tsuno'o's clinical lecture, which became his last lecture. Since I was taught by the President of the College, who was wearing no clothes and a loincloth, the way to study on a midsummer's evening in the past, it has been more than ten years, but it passed lazily as if I were in a dream.

After that, my group was supposed to attend the Outpatient of Dr. Kitamura of the Dermatology Department until noon, but just that day, I think it was because of the examinations of the students of the Special Medical Vocational Department, we became half free and during this time, until 2:00 p.m., so I used the opportunity and went out into the mountains from Nagayo, which lead to an unexpected escape.

The 10:37 a.m. or so train from Nagasaki left Urakami Station a little late, perhaps after 10:45 a.m. I was exposed to the bombing between a little past Michino'o and Nagayo. I remember that about one second after the white flash that hit my eyes, the blast blew, the window shades flew, the latrine door blew down, the seats tilted, and people were crawling around on the floor. People did not know about the atomic bomb and assumed that the train had been bombed. The now universally recognised atomic cloud was rising at a tremendous pace, glinting and glowing above the clear sky near midday in midsummer. People are looking absentmindedly. Nothing happened until three or four minutes later, when black smoke, mixed with sparks of fire, came pouring in from the edge of the mountain to the south-east, as if at twilight, covering the sunshine.

At this time, I heard someone saying that Nagasaki was attacked, and it was most likely a new type of bomb for the first time, but I did not feel it was real and had no idea what it was. Almost an hour later, the first evacuees appeared on the road in a Mitsubishi truck, but there were only four or five people in it, all burnt-out mobilized students, who escaped and were probably saved by the driver. The driver was badly burned as well. Everyone seemed to have difficulty even

talking, but through them, I learned most of what was going on and rushed back to Nagasaki.

From where I was people said it was much closer if I go over the mountains than back on the railway, so I went into the mountains and had trouble as I got lost but it was on that mountain road where I met College-related person who was a good painter with small beard under his nose, who had often told us interesting stories in the Pathology Department since I was a first or second-year student. He used green bamboo as a walking stick, which seemed to have been broken on the way; his usual long, untidy hair was covered with ashes, while he was injured from shoulder to cheek, and part of his clothes were in tatters. "Everything was savagely destroyed. I am feeling heavy," I remember him saying as he was tottering away. Since that time, the injured evacuees have continued to arrive, and I learned that most of Nagasaki was instantly crushed.

It was already 2:00 p.m. when I crossed the pass and came to a point where I thought a village called Kawabira, but the old road of Michino'o was strictly guarded for seemingly counter-intelligence reasons and did not allow any traffic, so it is not clear what route I took, from then on, it's an utter hellscape, and I can't even write about it for the sake of lost souls. But I saw them with my own eyes, pulled them out with my own hands, carried them on my own back, and spent the longest time of the day around that area.

The next people I met from the College were two students from the Special Medical Vocational Department, one of whom was relatively healthy, but the other was already unable to stand. I met them a little north of the current Motohara 3-chome, and they were from Hotarujaya. The only words the students, especially the bad ones, said were "I want to get home before I die," until he said "I can't go anymore" afterwards. I untied my gaiter, strapped it firmly to my back, supported one person, and went back the way they had fled, but at a frustratingly slow speed, like a worm crawling. I stuffed my stomach with pumpkin that had been burnt in the field and went back with all my heart, but the sun was already setting when I reached the hill behind Urakami Cathedral. Finally, the person had exhausted all the effort of being tied to my back, so I let him down.

Just then, I noticed a baby crying somewhere close. It was a mother and child who had been exposed to the atomic bomb while tending a field in the area. The mother had already died, and the baby was crying on her breast. I walked through many bodies, but I felt indescribable, and probably everyone felt the same way, so we sat down there one by one.

However, by then, we could see uninjured working for rescue teams with stretchers moving here and there, so I parted from them with a sense of mutual relief, but I think that the pulse of the people I held as we parted probably did not fulfill their wish to go back to Hotarujaya.

Then I went down the slope of a hill, where the dusk was gradually darkening, and I saw seven or eight people on the other side of the College sports ground, who were constantly

calling for someone. As I got closer, I realised that they were looking for Dr. Takagi. As I descended further, I heard the professor's voice saying, "Oi, here I am, Takagi is here." But while I, on the hill, could hear it, the people in the sports field could not. The doctor was lying at the bottom of the stream that runs under the cliffs to the south of the Cathedral. I was called from the spot to the sports field at the top of my voice. It finally got through, and when I saw the doctor being carried on the back of one of them, I headed for Anakobo. Afterwards, I detoured eastwards from the foreign cemetery via the Nishizaka mountainside and entered the city from Mt. Suwa, just after 9:00 p.m., while the fire emanating from the Prefectural Office was being desperately defended across the Nakashima River. Then, for the next month, the burnt ruins were used to burn the victims of the atomic disease every day, with the remaining timber piled on top of them.

"Ja, meinem Herzen am nächsten sind jetzt die Verlorenen, die von denen ich Weiss, dass ich sie nicht retten werde (Yes, closest to my heart now are the lost, those whom I know I will not save)" (Hans Carossa)

(Third-year student at the time, currently working in the Anatomy Department)

9 August

Minoru Tanaka

Time flies, and it's been ten years now since I barely escaped death from that merciless living hell. At the time, the tropical city of Nagasaki was under the dazzling summer sun, the sea was azure, the mountains were deep green, and oleanders, canna lilies, and other plants were in bloom at the height of their glory.

9 August 1945. The air-raid alarm issued early in the morning had been lifted, and the alert was now in place, so we were relieved temporarily and engaged in our respective assignments. At the College, lectures and medical treatment at the hospital began. I was a third-year medical student and after President Tsuno'o's lecture, it was Dr. Nagai's time for radiology, but the lecture was cancelled due to a power distribution failure caused by the bombing a week earlier, so I was in the South Auditorium smoking a hand-rolled cigarette and talking about the bombing of Hiroshima on the 6th with my best friends Imafuku and Nunobiki.

"I heard that the new bomb had tremendous power. It is said that the whole city of Hiroshima was blown up in an instant."

"Did they complete the construction of the atomic bomb?"

"I hope that Nagasaki will be the next."

It was a little early to go back to my lodging for lunch, so we were having this conversation when suddenly we heard a roaring sound like an airplane approaching in a dive. "It is coming,

everybody get down,” I shouted. At that moment, with a loud explosion, everything around me went dark, and I realised that something heavy was piled on my back.

Barely raising my head, I stroke my face with my left hand and feel something slimy. Intuitively, I thought, “Blood, I’ve been hit, this must be a close-range bullet.” At the same time, I reminded myself that I still had life and that I would have to face burning to death if I did not escape quickly. I tried with all my might to escape, but I could not get my left foot out, so I finally sacrificed my shoe and crawled out. The area gradually regained dim light. My watch stopped at 11:02 a.m. I couldn’t see my best friends, who had been talking to me right beside me until now. I called them, but there was no reply. I dashed outdoors, worrying about whether they had been hit or had escaped before me.

Everywhere, not just in the Auditorium and corridors, the white walls have fallen, floors have collapsed, windowpanes are all shattered, desks and chairs have been completely dismantled, and the beautiful cream-coloured Medical College Hospital, which until just now had stood tall on the hill of Urakami, has been reduced to a mere pitiful, reinforced-concrete exterior.

While getting up and falling repeatedly, I went out into the backyard to look, but could not see the surroundings well, similar to that of the Mongolian yellow dust storm. The grass, lawns, and fields that had been lush and green earlier had all been blown away, exposing the red soil. Wooden buildings were crushed, stone walls were knocked down, cries of “help” were heard from everywhere, and people escaped covered in blood, some were skinned and became like red-frogs from burns, clothing blown off and dying naked, countless corpses were strewn everywhere, as a brutal, eye-covering scene of hell was disclosed.

While lending a shoulder to a medical student, I climbed the mountain behind and escaped in the direction of Hotarujaya, but there were forest fires in several places on the way. The path along the mountainside was lined with long lines of people, many of whom looked like defeated soldiers, both in front of us and behind. Looking down on the city, fires were everywhere, gas tanks exploded, red and blue fires were reaching the sky, and it turned it into a huge melting pot. The high tower of Urakami Cathedral was viciously broken in the middle, and Ueno-machi, where my lodging was, was already engulfed in a raging fire.

On that night, as I was watching the flames blaze from the heights of Suwa Shrine and the city of Nagasaki, which I did not know when the fire would be extinguished, I was filled with strong emotions. Fortunately, I did not suffer the terrible burns, but I received a total of more than ten glass wounds on my head, face, and left forearm, which I had bandaged with a white cloth I had. The second night of the atomic bombing was spent in an air-raid shelter on the grounds of Suwa Shrine, but I could not sleep as the faces of my teachers and schoolmates who had supported me in so many ways haunted my thoughts.

(Third-year student at the time, currently working at Akashi Hospital,
Tokyo Prefectural Government)

Phoenix

Ichiro Nitta

10 years since then. I still shudder when I recall that day, which was too painful to be a nightmare.

It was a bolt out of the blue, when a sudden flash of light, and a huge explosion pressure came, then, the whole Urakami area burned all night like a cursed hell fire.

9 August 1945, 11:02 a.m.

I was chatting and laughing with my schoolmates in the Middle Auditorium, as there was no training session of the Psychiatric Department. Then, I heard a strange sound of an explosion. It is dangerous. The moment I tried to get down, a sharp flash of light shone into my eyes, which were covered with my hands. Without a moment to think, a tremendous, invisible force slammed my whole body to the floor. At the same time, the reinforced building itself vibrated violently with a pounding sound. After the sound of a mountain rumbling echoed through the air, the eardrums were deafened, and nothing could be heard for a while.

How many minutes had passed? Probably not more than 10 minutes have passed. I finally escaped, ran up the hill behind, turned around, and was stunned. Instantly, my beloved College, teachers, and schoolmates have been transformed into a single flame in front of my eyes.

I looked up at the huge cloud, which was later named the atomic cloud, watched the red flame that covered the whole area of Urakami, then collapsed halfway up Mt. Kompira in despair, as if I had been plunged into an abyss.

In hindsight, it was the last days of the cursed Second World War. A great sacrifice flared up in the holy place of Urakami in Nagasaki. It was all too painful to see. It was too heavy to be put down to the word "sacrifice."

Too few people know this fact. Those of us who were fortunate enough to barely escape death must speak out more and more about the horrors of the atomic bombing. As not only the atomic bomb but also the hydrogen bombs are being talked about today, I would like to advocate that the misuse of science will lead to the destruction of humanity. I hope that the atomic bomb that exploded in the sky above Nagasaki's Urakami will be the permanent end.

I pray that the phoenix fly away from the once completely ruined field of Nagasaki Urakami with our own hands.

(Third-year student at the time, currently working at the Obstetrics and Gynecology

Department at Osaka City University, School of Medicine)

A memoir

Shigeru Hatano

This year, as in previous years, many people gathered on that Gubiloga Hill to offer flowers, bow their heads to pray, and shed tears as they reminisced about that time.

Ten years have already passed, and although the number of people who gather on the same 9 August year after year may change, the feelings remain the same; the cenotaph on a hill overlooking the university also seems to speak silently of the countless emotions of the thousand people who perished in the hellfire of fate.

My memories of those days have faded considerably over the past ten years, but as strangely, I was able to leave Nagasaki that morning, be spared that horrendous hellscape, and perhaps because I was not involved in the chaos myself, the scenes of that time are even more vividly etched in my mind, and I will never forget them for as long as I live.

On 9 August 1945, I was asleep with my gaiter on and my training uniform on, as usual, when I awoke at around 6:00 a.m. A warning alert was issued at around 7:00 a.m. The weather was good, but I felt reproachful as the sun was scorching. For some reason, I decided to evacuate my clothes and medical documents, which I had been unable to do for some time. On the day before, 8 August, the day of Imperial Proclamation of War, we heard from President Tsuno'o about the situation in Hiroshima, and that the College would soon be evacuated to Kashima Junior High School, and that the students should organise themselves so that they could move at any time. The President's story was certainly at the bottom of my mind at the time when I thought about the evacuation.

I dug the items out of a uncompleted air-raid shelter in a corner of the garden, where I had buried them, and as my parents home was a pharmacy, I repacked vita camphor, and other chemicals that had been brought along into two oil boxes, and loaded onto a bicycle that had also brought along for shopping, and in hindsight, strangely I hanged all my shoes, including shorts and socks, hanging from the handlebars of my bicycle, Then, left my lodgings in the northern part of Yamazato-machi at around 7:30 a.m. I was pushing my bicycle past the Ohashi and just before the Rokujizo statues before the Michino'o, which is still there, when the air-raid alarm went off.

I put my bike up on the side of the road and sat down beside the Jizo statues and thought. What am I going to do now? The air-raid warnings were issued almost every day. I had to get

to my post immediately, but even if I went back now, it would take 40 minutes to get to the hospital, while the alarm could be lifted immediately. Besides, even if the clinical training started at 10:00 a.m., without the preliminary examinations of the fourth-year students in Pediatrics, we would not be able to conduct our preliminary examinations of the new patients. After filling my rationed tobacco into a pipe and smoking, somehow I decided to skip school, prioritizing my feeling that I had come this far already, and pushed my bicycle forcibly towards the destination, Togitsu village.

This was a crossroads of my fate, and who could have foreseen but God that less than a few hours later, the horrific scene would unfold?

I think it was around 10:00 a.m. when I arrived in Togitsu village, which is about 4 km away to the north-east of Nagasaki. When the atomic bomb fell, I was outside the door of a house of someone who is called Mr. Horiguchi, where I had left the key to the College boatyard and had visited from time to time.

The midday sky, almost cloudless, suddenly shone brightly for a moment, like a flash of lightning. With overwhelming premonition that I didn't know what it was, I involuntarily got down on the ground. Nothing happened. No sound of explosions. After a few seconds or ten seconds, I was about to look up when I heard a tremendous sky-tearing explosion, as if lightning had struck my ear out of the blue, and a wind blew over my head with a sound like a wave.

The boatyard was crushed in front of our eyes, and the fertilizer sheds in the fields flopped down on top of Nagayo Village one by one with a flapping sound.

Suddenly, I noticed that in the sky over Nagasaki, I could see the pure white cumulonimbus clouds expanding and growing larger as I looked up. There was a faint sound of an explosion, and a B-29 was seen overhead, like a silvery dot high in the sky.

People gather and talk noisily. No one has any idea what is going on. In any case, something must have happened in Nagasaki, because the wind came from the direction of Nagasaki, and all the windows facing Nagasaki were smashed. I decided to return to Nagasaki immediately after eating lunch. As I was getting ready to leave, a villager came to call me. A truck is carrying injured people to the house of a doctor, and he asked me to come immediately. When I went there, I saw that there were injured people stacked on top of each other like a load of tuna, moaning and screaming on top of the truck. When asked, they said they were from the Mitsubishi Arms Factory.

The doctor was away on a house call in Michino'o, but returned shortly afterwards, so Dr. Kamei from Koyano Field Department, who had just returned to his home, also rushed to the clinic, and I helped and worked together on the treatment, forgetting the time passing. As the injured were brought in one after another, I could not return to Nagasaki.

Many of them have skin peeled off, burned, and blistered. Some were indistinguishable whether they were men or women, and they all said that a direct bomb had hit the gas tank in Urakami and

caused it to burst. Of course, some of them had already died, and those that were still breathing were, without exception, shouting, "Water. Give me water."

The white clouds over Nagasaki turned yellow and then brown, and soon the whole sky was blackened, giving the city a strange, dusk-like appearance.

I think it was around 7:00 p.m., I decided to go to the College anyway, so I moved some of the injured to a temple called Mangyoji and jumped out on my bicycle. By the time I reached Michino'o, I saw many skinned, their faces disfigured and injured, coming by, some clinging to canes, others staggering about. When asked, they said that from Sumiyoshi onwards, houses had collapsed and blocked the roads, and the roads were unrecognizable, making it impossible to go to Nagasaki. I told the injured to go to Mangyoji Temple in Togitsu Village, as I passed Michino'o Station, and was surprised.

A valley appeared from Mt. Inasa on the right to Mt. Anakobo on the left. The whole area from Shiroyama to Urakami is a sea of fire. A blackish-brown smoke covers the entire sky above Nagasaki, and the scene is indescribable. I gave up the idea to go to Nagasaki as I would have to go through the mountain top of Mt. Inasa to get into Nagasaki, so I returned to Togitsu and worked all night treating the wounded. There were no electric lights, so stitches were made and a wooden splint was applied under a lantern.

On the morning of the 10th, after waiting for the dawn, I took the mountain road from near the railway station in Nagayo Village to the Urakami Water Reservoir, came out near what is now Showa-machi, and went down from the old seminary towards the Urakami Cathedral. The mountain road from Nagayo was a road I used to take for a long ride as a member of the horse riding club, but when I looked over the entire Urakami area in the city of Nagasaki on the way there, I was stunned beyond words. The Cathedral, which is supposed to be visible directly ahead, is not there. The Basic Science Department buildings of the College are not there at all. Just a whole area of burnt fields. . . There is nothing to block the port of Nagasaki.

Passing the Urakami Cathedral, I passed the College sports field and met the late Professor Nagai by the water tanks of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. He had a bandage on his head and reported that the Soviet Union had entered the war. There were also some students. On the road to the College and after arriving at the College, I saw that burnt corpses were strewn about. Strangely, I did not shed any tears.

I took the materials out of my first-aid bag, treated the people in the area, and went to the hospital.

When I was coming down from the seminary, I saw countless white objects were visible in the fields, dotted in numerous spots, from the hill behind the College to Anakobo, but when I got closer, I saw that they were all medical staff, students, and nurses lying in the potato fields. Five or six students had also collapsed at the rear entrance to the Pediatric Department, and

Professor Sano was taking care of them. Professor Takase was also running around in good spirits. When I went to the back of the Surgery Department, Professor Koyano was there and told us to take down the injured people in the mountain behind, so we first found and took down Assistant Professor Ishizaki, who had burns all over his head and face, on a stretcher together with Professor Egami of the Otolaryngology Department, who happened to be there. I don't know how many times I have gone up and down the mountain since then. Before I knew it, it was dark, and that night I slept in a building near the Surgery Department, but I could hardly sleep because of the mosquitoes and the excitement. The next day, the 11th, I spent my time doing the same thing, and while carrying injured people and water, I met Ishikawa, a fourth-year student, and accompanied him to Togitsu village. Ishigami also arrived and joined us in Togitsu village.

After that, I went back and forth between Togitsu and the College, until Tsuwa, a second-year student who was staying with me in the same lodging, contacted us from Nagayo, so we went to bring him back to us, but he started to have bloody stools afterwards and passed away on the 17th. He crawled out of the Pathology Department through the roof and seemed to be in good health for a time, but he went to eternal sleep in a corner of the worship hall, without the benefit of rhodionin, camphor, or other treatment.

Patients who filled the worship hall of Mangyoji Temple were so many that they could not even be treated once a day, and in the middle of the night, in the light of the lanterns, they developed encephalopathy due to the high fever, groaning, screaming, and eventually, with their bloody bandages still on, their skinned faces treated with oil gauze with only their eyes, nose and mouth open, two or three of them wandering around dazed, and to see them crawling was so gruesome that it was hard to believe that this was this world. In the mornings, several corpses would be laid out under the belfry, one after another. Most of the nights continued without sleep, and it was hard for the living too.

There was no radio, no newspapers came, rumors were flying, and it was not until the 17th that I found out about the end of the war with certainty.

Sometime after the 20th, I heard from someone that President Tsuno'o, who was at the Iwaya Club in Michino'o, had passed away. I felt as if my tense spirits had been rattled and collapsed, as if I'd removed the tag from a bucket. I boarded the train with sadness.

With a desire to get as close as possible to my hometown of Sendai, I went down to the deck and climbed onto the front of the locomotive, and besides, I was treated to a rice ball by the soldiers in Odawara. I hardly ate or drank, and reached home after four nights and five days' travel. Late on the fifth night of the fourth night. My shoes were torn and rolled up with rope, my shirt was sleeveless, and I was dressed like a student beggar, with uncorked bottles hanging with a mesh rope.

After a week or ten days back home, when I felt a little more peaceful, I thought about a lot of

things and lost all hope and light for the future, thinking I would never go back to College again. I was not ready to give up. I spent several weeks in my hometown, absent-minded and despondent.

Until around November, I had no idea about the situation of the College, partly because it was so far away. Around that time, I received news from my classmate Matsuzaki that lectures had begun, and I immediately came to Nagasaki and learned more about what had happened to my classmates. While I was in Nagasaki immediately after the bombing, I didn't know who or what had happened to anyone. However, not even half of my classmates had turned up. In December, I went home on holiday. Then, in February 1946, the following year, I moved west again after learning that the College had moved to the Omura Naval Hospital.

Before that, a newspaper article was published that allowed students to transfer between universities on the grounds of food situation at the time, and people around me recommended that I transfer to the nearby Tohoku University, but unless the school had been closed down, and as my old school was still there, I did not feel like changing school. This was probably another crossroads in my destiny.

Soon after, my student life in Omura began. All the survivors gathered. Lectures, clinical trainings, and a new, hopeful life began. The environment was great, as it seemed to be like an all-dormitory system. How many times have the reminiscences of dead classmates been repeated in the evening? Peaceful days followed, and in April it was time for a holiday. Most students went home, but I remained in the dormitory because my hometown was far away.

Then, as if by accident, the problem of moving to the Isahaya Naval Hospital suddenly arose. We students didn't know the situation, but we were sure that we were going to be kicked out. The students who were there at the time were only Kamoda and I, while it was decided that we would move reluctantly. On 18 April, we borrowed rice, tatami mats, blankets, etc. from the Omura Hospital and came to the Isahaya Naval Hospital for the first time together with members of the medical staff of the various departments as a preliminary inspection and preparation, and were surprised to see them.

It is a hospital in name only, but a haunted house. There are sleeping quarters, but the mats are torn out and only straw is scattered about, and there are no light cords or glasses at all. As the environmental facilities in Omura were relatively good, everyone was sad and angry. However, as we had no choice but to set up and organise, and from that night onwards, I stayed overnight on the tatami mats on the wooden floor. It was decided that each department would take turns to come and clean, and about 20 people came to tidy up and organise people, but in the beginning, there were no kettles or pots, and rice was cooked in a large navy kettle. Later, old man Sugita came and did it for us, but it was not an easy task until then.

Professors Kido, Araki, Hara, Associate Professor Shibata, Professor Yokoyama of the

Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, and Professor Nakazawa, who had just been appointed to the post, also stayed overnight and gave instructions.

Our work was spurred on by the decision to start medical treatment on 11 May. Four or fifty workers from nearby villages came every day, but no one in charge of the administrative authorities came, and when it came time to pay wages in the evening, we had to call Nagasaki, we also had to negotiate with the employment agency, and we were worried about a lot of things, but somehow we managed to arrange for the start of the medical treatment, in a poor, dirty hospital, but it was happy to be in some shape anyway, by washing the floors down with water to make the place better.

We created a student headquarters to look after the students who were gathering and the accommodation for new students, many of whom at that time came back from the Army and Marines, so without a time to rest, they made five or six round trips by truck every day to the Omura Hospital and the former air force site to transport desks, chairs and other items for the various departments, working hard together with the current students. At that time, all the students worked together as one and cooperated wholeheartedly under the direction of the medical officers of the various departments. As I recall, on 2 May, I drafted the attached proclamation with my late classmate Watanabe and put it up at the entrance of the Isahaya Branch Hospital, hoping for the students' encouragement and cooperation. The tragic enthusiasm of those days is still remembered today.

After that, the burnt ruins of Urakami were cleared every year by student volunteers, and finally, in 1950, we could make the long-awaited return to Urakami, and today, ten years after the atomic bombing, the university has finally regained its original reputation, and the truly bright future it once longed for is certainly closer to reality. It is simply overwhelming to think that we are now spending our days with even more hope.

At the time, when I survived without a single injury and was running around the hill behind the College with a stretcher, I felt sorry for the people who were moaning and screaming that I was safe, but looking back on what has happened since then, I know that I survived and that I have some remaining duties to perform, and that I will continue to do so in the future.

I pray from the bottom of my heart for the souls of my seniors and alumni who have lost their young souls with a future in vain, dying on the fields of Urakami with their red blood, and would like to conclude this remembrance in the hope of eternal peace.

(Written 15 August 1955, third-year student at the time, currently working in the Shirabe
Surgery Department)

Appeal

All newly enrolled and currently enrolled students.

Our beloved alma mater, Nagasaki Medical College, at 11:02 a.m. on 9 August last year, with the brief flash of the unforgettable atomic bomb, was reduced to desolate ruins, with the loss of nearly 1,000 professors, students, and other precious lives, including former President Tsuno'o.

A heartbreaking defeat of the war came amid a desponding despair, and the ongoing social upheaval, which we wandered about, but our alma mater has dared to continue its rebuilding efforts.

Since February this year, we have found a temporary home in the city of Omura, and only two months have passed since our studies, which were filled with hope, due to inflexible bureaucratic obstinacy and a few personal feelings, we were suddenly ordered and forced to relocate to this hospital, which was then uninhabited and abandoned, by the end of April. A sad fate still befalls us, where rationality breaks down and emotion overpowers reason.

Today, in the wake of our country's defeat, no matter how great the deprivations of defeat and how many obstacles to rebuilding may be, our duty is to let our phoenix fly in a higher spirit than that terrible inferno that we saw with our own eyes and heard with our ears. We who have been defeated by barbarism in spirit and body, based on each person's moral awareness, to seek the joy of creation in the suffering of founding, and to strive voluntarily to create a college that is bright, beautiful and full of righteous freedom, is our only offering and responsibility to our seniors and alumni who have died.

No matter how deprived and confusing the times, no matter how ever-changing the world may be, whether wartime or post-war, the truth is the truth at last, and not one bit of it is different from another.

If selfless integrity is precious in human society, let us dedicate ours to the College. If hard work and devotion are precious, let us dedicate ours to the College. Let us bring together the best and most beautiful things in our spirit and our body, each of us, to our College, and make it more splendid than in the past as soon as possible. Just as we gave all our youthful enthusiasm and strength to our country during the war, let us find a haven here for a while and give it again to the rebuilding of our alma mater, which is rising with renewed hope. Of course, the student's main task is to study. Furthermore, that study is a lifelong, all-around human endeavor and must be pursued with diligence. Especially our student life, aimed at becoming doctors, is the original first and primary course, not mere passive auditors or candidates for qualifications.

As the most important members of the College, I would like to remind you of the importance of our responsibility and awareness to fulfill the original functions of the College to the fullest extent. In particular, newly enrolled students may feel disappointed and discouraged by the current state of the College. However sad the present state of our country's defeat may be, it is equally a severe fact that our College is currently standing amid the most unfortunate reality.

How much work was done by the beautiful cooperation and great sacrificial spirit of the entire College just to get us to this point in the difficult task of reconstruction? On this occasion, we expect the cooperation of the newly enrolled students.

The College is a hall of fame for the search for truth, and there is much to be done in front of us. Dear students of all the departments, let us join our hearts and hands together to learn and work together. For the construction of our Nagasaki Medical College, which is beautiful, righteous, and full of freedom.

2 May 1946, Nagasaki Medical College,
Head of Student Headquarters, Fourth-year, Shigeru Hatano

Dedicated to the spirit of Yoshiaki

Azusa Kato (Mother)

Ten years have already passed since the atomic bomb fell, and today, 9 August, my thoughts are fresh and new, and I am filled with deep emotion as I remember those tragic times. On the morning of the 9th ten years ago, the alarm was issued, and as Yoshiaki left home at about 10 a.m., I saw him off at the entrance, particularly that morning. "I am going." "Be careful." We waved at each other and then I turned around and sent him off again with a smile, not knowing that this would be our farewell in this life. . . In an hour, he would be nothing but a lump of black ashes because of that dreadful atomic bomb, and I was so stunned that I did not even shed a tear for the dead body of my dear Yoshiaki, but after a while, when I finally turned back to myself, I couldn't even move in the face of this tragedy. After his father's death, Yoshiaki, who had been my support like a walking stick, passed away at the age of 24, and I am filled with sadness when I think about his short and fragile life, while his mother can not forget about him forever, and prays for the souls of the dead. As a conclusion, now that I have faced this cruelty, I can only pray for peace and join with the people of the world in crying out for the prohibition of the atomic bomb, so that we will not see the horrific devastation three times.

9 August, on the occasion of the 10th anniversary
Late Yoshiaki Kato (then a second-year student).

Account of my eldest son, Junichi

Atsunao Tanaka (Father)

In the ten years since then, not a single day has gone by when I haven't thought of Junichi, but

how few times have I had dreams of him?

Several skulls were found amongst the roof tiles at the atomic bombed burnt ruins of the Pathology Department, The tragic sight of burnt remains of students with large skeletons and scattered papers of burnt notebooks with pen marks which can be still read, people who died instantly by the bombing, people trapped under collapsed building, and others still struggled to escape after suffering the pain. When I imagined the cruelty and heartbreaking situation until the fire approached and was eventually extinguished, all I could do was to pray for the repose of their souls, received my son's ashes, visited the cenotaph on the mountain, got off that crowded train at Sonogi, and it was 2:30 a.m. when my wife and I arrived at our house, dragging our heavy, painfully exhausted legs on foot along nearly 12 km road.

However, as soon as the second semester began, Mr. Matsuda, a second-year medical student at Kyushu University, who was Junichi's best friend from his days at Saga High School, told us that on that day, Junichi, together with Mr. Momosaki and Mr. Fujii, escaped from the department building immediately after the atomic bombing. While evacuating in some direction, first, Mr. Momosaki lost his hearing and told the other two to leave him alone and run away, then as they continued on their way, it seems that Junichi was in his last hours, and suddenly collapsed and when Mr. Goto was startled and rushed to him, he had already breathed his last.

Mr. Goto returned to his home in Arita and died, and although details about Mr. Fujii are not known, it seems that he suffered the same fate. This is according to Mr. Tanaka from Nagasaki Medical College, and I have received a letter mentioning that, as he has been in the same class since high school, I can trust his story. When Mr. Tanaka heard about the atomic bombing at the College, he left Nagasaki and then fled to an air-raid shelter of the hospital after the fire had died down. After hearing the above facts, he was the one who sent Mr. Goto to Arita Station.

A few days later, when I sent my second son to Junichi's lodgings to pick up his luggage, we were notified by the defense guards that in fact, Junichi had been cremated at his lodgings and that I was asked to come immediately to a house of Yamanaka in Motohara-machi, to receive his remains, but I had not been able to go since I was unwell, and when I went to Nagasaki and searched again in the area of Motohara-machi, I could not find the person, which was a great pity. It still seems like yesterday, but ten years have passed, and the world situation has changed markedly in that time.

The horror of the devastation caused by this hated atomic bomb, and in addition, hydrogen bombs, is so horrendous that even the extinction of the entire human race became a possibility, and as the world's interest in atomic and hydrogen bombs is growing, today there are calls for a total ban on them. If this were to be achieved, and if eternal world peace could be brought about, there would be no greater joy for all mankind.

We were victims of the cruelty of the atomic bomb, the first of its kind ever to be dropped, and near the end of the war, together with other benevolent professors, the many students and pupils dared to die in that quiet campus at such a young age, while holding out hope for the future. To comfort their souls, I sincerely hope that the day will soon come when we will see the full restoration of the university by the further efforts of the professors who are now in charge of teaching the younger generation at our university, and the support of the state.

Late Junichi Tanaka (Second-year student at that time)

On the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing

Mitsuko Haramaki

It is said that the world is a place where the living must die, but what could be sadder than to be predeceased by one's child?

My second son, Katsuyuki's, precious life was robbed in an instant by the atomic bomb. Moreover, I fainted when I saw the gruesome, indescribable manner in which he died. He was a young man who had not been ill, was well-fed, full of vitality, and was studying and was about to graduate next month. (Since it was during the war, they were to graduate a semester early.)

It was a living hell in this world where tens of thousands of corpses piled up in an instant.

On the third day of the disaster, I took my third son, Kiyoshi, to Urakami, where the hypocenter was, but there was not a single house, and the Medical College where Katsuyuki studied had disappeared. I and Mrs. Itoyama searched wondering about frantically for my child and finally found Katsuyuki, who was still alive and lying on the warm earth in the cellar around noon, and I was so happy that I could not help but burst into tears, but it was short-lived, as he began to weaken and finally stopped moving and became cold.

Grief turned to resentment, and then to indignation, so much so that I wanted to stab the Americans who dropped the atomic bombs and tear them to pieces, so that I too could die. Furthermore, when I think that we would not be dead if it had not been for the war, I felt reproachful towards the soldiers and even the Emperor, and drowned myself in deep thinking as if in the sea.

Katsuyuki is sleeping peacefully and calmly beside me, who is out of my mind, as if nothing had happened. Even the Great Sage *Sakyamuni* Buddha was teaching me quietly that one cannot escape the law of life and death.

I suddenly thought of talks of Sadakane *sensei*, whom I always listen to. "Suffering comes from greed, and it worries the body..." I remember *the sensei* reading in the presence of the altar. I am drowning in the desire of my child, which is why I am sinking into a sea of suffering. If this were

a child of a stranger, I could not feel so sad in pain. How deeply lost I was, and before I knew it, I was praying.

There must be many people who lost parents, children, and homes because of the atomic bombing, and I am sure they are suffering even more than I am. It is a result of a long-standing fate that Japan is the only country in the world to have been bombed twice by the atomic bomb and even to have suffered a hydrogen bomb.

The world peace movement has recently been held in many places as if it were a festival, but there are various complexities hidden in its content, and I believe that the people who have experienced this bitter reality should unite to create a new cause that will prevent such a catastrophe from happening again to mankind.

Indeed, in this world, we have a mysterious karma between parent and child, and the pain of separation from love was so deep, and I was resentful of those who bear our grudge. Knowing I should not grieve for myself but in sorrow, and am the one who sinks into the sea of suffering because of the bonds of gratitude and love.

Confucius, too, when he parted from his son Kog Li, kindled a fire of sorrow in his heart, and Bai Le Tian, too, lost his three-year-old infant during his illness, and when he saw the medicine left on his bedside table, it is said that he grieved and was saddened.

To think not of the world and suffer is also to feel bound to it, but it still troubles me with suffering. (A medieval poem from *Gyokuyoshu*)

Seeing you in the darkness was not greater than the daydream (The Tale of Genji)

Let me not think about it, but my tears never stop on my sleeves. (Medieval poem from *Shin-Senzaishu*)

Indeed, the pain of separation from a loved one is a common thought for all mankind.

The people who dropped the atomic bombs were not demons, and even though they were Westerners, they must still be people with a Buddha nature. No matter what reason you give, they cannot think they did a good thing. The day must surely come when we must reap what we have sown, so that we may suffer the pangs of remorse. Ten years have passed, and it has already been ten years since. According to reports, one of the American soldiers, who dropped the bomb, is now living in a monastery as a penitent.

What a noble thing it is to repent for one's wrongdoings and to ask forgiveness before God, and Buddha, and I feel like I can see before my eyes a religious figure. I was resentful of that nobleman, and I was ashamed of myself. Killing and being killed are only possible if there is karma. Those who thought they were enemies were, as it were, friends of the law. We should forgive and encourage each other and strive to ensure that the world will live in peace forever.

Katsuyuki was born in September 1923, during the Great Kanto Earthquake, and died in August 1945 from the atomic bomb.

He was in good health from his birth, and the brothers got on well with each other and never had a single fight. They always pleased their parents when they went to school or competitions.

As well as the debt of gratitude for my parents, the gratitude for my children was also very great to me. It may be gratitude that one can find when having a child.

He progressed smoothly through Murakumo Kindergarten, Saga Normal School Affiliated Primary School, Saga Junior High School, Saga Senior High School, and Nagasaki Medical School. He wanted to go to Kyoto University to study philosophy after graduating from Saga High School, but his father was against it and made him study at the Medical School. I found out from his diary after his death that he admired Prof. Nishida of Kyoto University. If he loved philosophy so much, why didn't we send him to Kyoto as he wished? It is a sadness of human nature to complain that Kyoto was not hit by the atomic bomb and was a truly peaceful place even during the war.

At the time, air-raids continued every day. Although we heard that a new type of bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on 6 August, there were only radio reports of "minor damage," so those who were far away had no way of knowing the actual situation in detail.

However, on the 9th, they dropped the same bomb on Nagasaki as well. At about 11:00 a.m. on that day, I was leaning against a pillar on the south side porch, casually looking out towards the garden, when I suddenly remembered Katsuyuki. At the moment, I heard a terrible noise, like a bolt of lightning, followed by a glass window or something being smashed and falling. I was so astonished, I did not know what was happening as if I was in a daydream, and I wondered if it was a dream or not. I asked family members about it, but they could only reply, "What was it?" and no one knew what happened. I wondered if a car hit the corner of a road, thinking alone about the strange incident.

I later heard that at the same time, Mr. Yonekura, who had been Katsuyuki's teacher for six years at the affiliated primary school, was looking direction of west through a telescope as it was his turn to watch, a mushroom-shaped white cloud had appeared so he reported that "A new type of bomb was dropped," but he was scolded and was told that "you should not mention such a thing carelessly." However, his report came to be true.

When I heard that the bomb had fallen into Nagasaki, of all places, I was so surprised that I immediately contacted Saga High School about it. (It was two days after pupils of Saga High School returned from Nagasaki after student mobilization.)

"I understand that the damage was minor according to the radio reports, but what was it like?" When I asked the teacher about it, he just said, "Come at once" and never gave me any details. When I said, "But it's almost sunset, so I can come tomorrow," he insisted, "Don't say that, come

out now.”

I was somewhat worried, but after consulting with the wife of my neighbour, Mrs. Itoyama, I quickly packed a lunch and took my third son, Kiyoshi, out of the last train. My heart was in a hurry, but the train ran sluggishly as if crawling through the warning alarm.

When we arrived at Michino'o Station, we were told by the station staff: “Everyone, please get off here. We could only go as far as here,” and we all got off. It was dark in the middle of the night, and I got off the train by groping. There was a lot of straw scattered all over the road in front of the station. Through the darkness, I could faintly see that the house in front of me had a straw thatch roof. “The wind must have been very strong here,” I asked the people near me, but no one answered. It was the time when we were not allowed to tell the truth.

Unable to wake up unfamiliar house members in the middle of the night, we decided to spend the night on a pile of timber on the side of the road or sitting on the side path of a rice field. It was a beautiful, starry night. I couldn't wait for the night to dawn. I was still dozing off, probably due to fatigue, when I noticed that my monpe trousers were wet with night dew. We washed our faces in a stream of a small river near us and hurried to Urakami on an unfamiliar road.

I could gradually see clearly into the distance. Not a single person passes. I looked in all directions and was surprised to see that the landscape was completely different from the Nagasaki I knew. The Urakami Cathedral, which could be seen from afar, was destroyed; not a single house could be seen in the town, the mountains had turned brown, all the trees had their branches split cruelly, with not a leaf. The town was burned to the ground.

There is a black thing sleeping on the road near the Ohashi bridge. As I approached, I saw that the cart had turned over on its side with the baggage for evacuation being pulled by a horse, the horse had bared their teeth and was dead while tied to the cart, and the driver was holding the reins looking sorry for his loss, his toe was sticking out of a torn “*tabi*” socks, and his big toe was blackened and swollen. I couldn't help but think, “Oh, who is this uncle from?” but recited the Buddha's prayer. The houses in the area had half fallen, and an emaciated stray dog wandered amongst the shredded futons and broken chests. As we approached the town, the dead became more and more numerous, and there was nowhere to step. Babies and mothers, old people, young people and children, running on their hands and feet, all blackened and bloated, some of them not even recognisable as men or women, some had their abdominal organs protruding from their bellies, while others died in various states of agony, and all there told the last suffering before their death.

I was so astonished that my body and soul were almost extinguished. Then I became like a madman and said, “I'm sorry. I'm sorry,” as I walked over the corpses, hopping and jumping over them in search of my child. I decided to go to the department first, but the College was

nowhere to be seen. I remembered that the mountain behind the school was a rocky hill and started to climb up the rocky hill. From somewhere, I suddenly heard the sound of chickens. It was very creepy. I wondered how the chickens could be alive when even the people were dead.

When I climbed up near the main gate of the College, only the cobblestones were left in their original state, but the wooden buildings of the College were reduced to a wilderness, with not a single roof tile left standing, so was the affiliated hospital which was left with its framework, not a single window glasses survived but all shattered. Two large concrete chimneys, one of which was bent in the shape of a Japanese alphabet, “*Ku*”. Someone had kindly placed straw mats over the corpses, but there were few and a lot of corpses, and the feet of small children, here are feet in “*tabi*” socks, feet in gaiters, women's feet, men's feet, and hands sticking out in all directions. I don't even know what to call it, the living hell of this world.

I met a man who seemed to be a soldier, who said: “I have never seen so many dead people on a real battlefield. You are lucky that you did not turn up yesterday. Until yesterday, most of them were in sheer agony, squirming and pulling on our trousers from both sides, saying “give me water, give me water”. So I could not get through. What a terrible state of sight! “He said. I can still hear his painful voice in the depths of my ears. I thought that in a few hours we too might have to die like this, and felt as if I was in a dream, but I started climbing again with the sole hope of seeing Katsuyuki. A little further on, I met a middle-aged lady who appeared to be a mother. She was accompanied by another, who was searching for her child by turning each corpse sideways and upside down while ripping out the straw mats. A little before the gate, I met a man who appeared to be a student in a gaiter with a student hat. “Do you know Katsuyuki Haramaki?” I asked him, and he replied: “Haramaki is alive, I don't know the extent of his injuries, but I believe he is being held in the basement of the Ophthalmology.” How glad I was and murmured “He is alive, he is alive. . . “ but the words “He is wounded” were on my mind. “Thank you very much,” I said to him.

There were several injured people around with bandages on their heads and hands; some were perched on stones, while others were walking with a bamboo cane, limping dangerously. I met people in fire brigade uniforms carrying stretchers through the streets, but they were all in low spirits, and everyone looked exhausted and weak, and on top of that, they were all very dirty. A young student with a bandage on his head and a scratch on his cheek, holding a list of survivors, showed us the Ophthalmology building where Katsuyuki was accommodated. Mrs. Itoyama was very happy because Itoyama-san was also mentioned among the survivors.

We made our way through the heaps of broken pieces of wood to the Ophthalmology Department, where we were told to go. Mrs. Itoyama went to look for her son in the mountains above, but after a while, told us tearfully that “Hayato had collapsed and died on top of the mountain. A little dog was playing on top of his corpse,” and I couldn't even say a word of

consolation. A young woman was at the entrance to the Ophthalmology Department's basement, and when I said "Haramaki..." she said "Oh!" in surprise and immediately took me inside. It was midday, but it was pitch black, and from the darkness, I couldn't see anything. Someone shouted, Oh, this way, this way! When I looked closely, I saw two people lying side by side, and one on the opposite side was waving at me.

"Ah, it's Katsuyuki," we ran up to him.

"Oh, Katsuyuki!" "Oh, Mother," "Kiyoshi, you are also here." Tears flowed down my face, and I couldn't even say where to start. When I looked closely with my eyes, which had started to get used to the darkness, I saw that they had put him in beautiful, lacy curtains and placed a white blanket underneath. I was so grateful for such a precious item that I was moved to tears.

The basement was just a name, and it was under the floor of the Ophthalmology Department with soil and bumps. He rolled up his school uniform and used it as a pillow. Katsuyuki was breathing painfully, but he introduced someone beside him. The one sleeping there was a classmate, and the young woman was his wife. "She kindly took care of me till now. There are three or four more classmates, and she also kindly nursed them well." When I thanked her politely, she bowed her head quietly, but in the dimly lit basement, she looked like a black sculpture. Blood oozed from the dressing on his head, and he appeared to be in agony. The most energetic person was a friend of his called Odachi, who was a very solid young man, and I thought he might be a monk at a temple somewhere. He was very calm and took care of everyone well.

Katsuyuki spoke in agony from his halting breathing. "The bomb fell at around 11:00 a.m. on the 9th, when the air-raid alarm was lifted and changed to alert, so classes had started. I was on watch under a big chimney. Suddenly, there was a huge flash of light. 'It's a strange light. Look out for each other.' I told others." His friend also told us that he heard Katsuyuki's voice clearly. "I thought I had lain down but lost consciousness, and after a while I came to my senses and looked to the side and saw Aoki (a classmate and a relative) lying there. I called 'Aoki, Aoki,' but there was no reply. With a sound that seemed to split the sky and earth, the fire quickly became so big that I ran to the mountain behind and spent the night on a rocky hill called Anakobo, where a great monk, Kobo-Daishi, is enshrined. Bloodied faces and faces, burnt school uniforms, some fell with a thud, schoolmates dragging exhausted friends around on their backs, some held by friends on both sides, a friend dying from exhaustion while trying to climb a mountain, it is difficult to describe the horror of that sight. Oh, my back and buttocks are in pain as if they were stung. The moment I lay down, it felt like a scorch on my back," he said. On closer inspection, the backs of the clothes are burnt and there is no cloth, and the trousers are both burnt off on the outside. His hair was also burnt and curled, as if it had been burnt by a candle flame. Katsuyuki continued to talk. "The next evening, I was rescued by a

classmate and taken here with him, but I was not able to move and slept in a dark cellar for a long, long night, waiting for the dawn. Harada died yesterday evening. He was sleeping alongside me, but he died, so he was moved there.” I looked in the direction he pointed, and saw a body covered by a red blanket.

I could see him often coming to visit our house when he was healthy, and I couldn't help but say a prayer for him. He was a good friend of Katsuyuki. Katsuyuki spoke up so far despite the pain, and became seemingly relaxed and wanted water, so Kiyoshi went to the bottom of the main gate to get water from the tap and saw gruesome corpses on the way, and told the following story. “It was a bizarre corpse. The lower half of his body is hidden between the black timber, his burnt-out hands are wide open, and his head, without a single hair, is severed from the jaw and hangs between the hands, the cut surface being pure white. I thought it was odd, so I timidly approached and took a closer look, and what I thought were his hands were his feet, and what I saw as his head were his testicles, which were swollen, as if they were about to burst. Intestine protruding outwards. The man was lying on his stomach, with his upper body pinned to the timber. To the left, about 10 m away, the hand of a corpse lying dead moved. He was lying on his back, barefoot, his upper body naked, wearing defense uniform trousers, with no burns or signs of trauma, and his skin colour was not different from that of a normal living person. Oh! I wondered if he was alive, but he's still not moving. However, his hand did move earlier.”

The midsummer sun shines glaringly. The area was covered with a thousand broken roof tiles and pieces of wood, and the bodies were piled up in heaps. Heaven and earth are quiet and still. I was terrified, blood-chilled, and both my legs began to tremble. It seemed as if the man would rise at any moment and come flying at me for help. I walked under the main gate, stepping firmly on my shaking legs, and found water mysteriously coming out of the broken tap. Not a soul to be seen in the area either. A sense of dread came over me again. The frustration of filling a water bottle for less than 30 seconds, and then running several tens meters at a stretch, with a glance to the side to see that he is still lying in the same position he was in earlier. It looks as if he is about to grab my clothes and pull them back on. I wanted to throw out my water bottle and scream with all my might. Then, fortunately, I saw a shadow of a person and finally calmed down. Sweat poured out of me. Then, I was finally able to give my older brother a drink of water.”

I didn't know how bad the damage was and came out with nothing but what I had, thinking that if I found Katsuyuki, I would take him back to Saga by hired car or train, but there was no taxi, not even something to eat or drink. I wanted to return to Saga as soon as possible to help him recover, so I said to him, “Katsuyuki-san, let's go back to Saga,” but he said, “I can't go all the way to Saga.” “Then, how about going to Yanohira?” I asked him, and he said, “I may be able to go there,” so I told Kiyoshi, who was tired, “Please go and see if your aunt's house in Yanohira is safe, and report to her about Katsuyuki,” so he went immediately. There were air-raids several

times on the way. When he reached the Prefectural Office, he could finally see the place (Yanohira is on the opposite side of Mt. Kompira, so the mountains blocked the bomb and there was little damage), and saw that the windows and walls had fallen and the house was warped and ruined, but still standing, so he was relieved. When he arrived, he told them about Katsuyuki's condition in detail, and they said they were about to pick him up.

Yesterday and again today, Uncle Isamu went out to the hypocenter, shouting with all his might, looking for Shozo-san (his uncle's only son) and Katsuyuki, but at last he could not find them, and when he came across President Tsuno'o in the mountains behind the College, he was encouraging the surviving students despite being badly injured all over his body. I was very happy when, along with Kiyoshi, Aunt Akiko, and Ichiro-san, too, came to get us upon hearing Katsuyuki was being held in the basement of the Ophthalmology Department, with important items and a stretcher loaded into a car. Today, too, the sun was already setting.

Hisano-san, who entered the College from Saga high school with my son, and others came to visit us with bandages on their heads and limbs. "Haramaki, hang in there, you can't die!" They cheered him up. Katsuyuki said thank you, but he was in pain, so they gave him an injection, but he had a convulsion. I called "Katsuyuki-san, Katsuyuki-san," but he seemed to be unconscious. This time, he was given a series of camphor shots, and he huffed and puffed and regained consciousness, so we rushed him onto a stretcher. The fever was over 40 degrees Celsius. His friend said, "These are Katsuyuki's shoes and bag." his friends brought us his belongings. It was strange that the shoes were completely discoloured and burnt, but the bag was left clean and was in the original condition. When I opened it up, I found the Buddhist scriptures, emergency supplies, school supplies, and rice that I had given him when he returned home the other day.

We received them with great gratitude, thanked them for their kindness, and parted with them, hurrying to Yanohira. On the way, I checked his temperature, which had dropped to 38 degrees Celsius. I wanted to scream several times because I was probably tired, he was so heavy, and though how heavy one person is, there was no one to take my place, so I had to be patient and finally arrived safely at night after four hours on a several-kilometer road. I immediately laid out a clean futon and rested him quietly. Katsuyuki was very happy to be allowed to sleep in the fluffy futon, having previously slept on the lumpy soil, and thanked everyone for their kindness. The grandmother of the Aoki family also came and took care of many things. He had a little dinner, but the fever was rising and getting worse every second, and I could see it was getting worse, as he couldn't stay still.

"I wish I could be your place, if I could," said I unconsciously, but Katsuyuki said, "No, the mother is still responsible for Kiyoshi and others. It would be better for me to die." He said in a nasal voice, which sounded sad. Suddenly he put his right hand in front of him and said, "My

hand still works, quick, paper and pencil,” so I was going to make him write, but Aoki's grandmother stopped him and said: “Don't write as you are in such a pain, everyone knows how you feel, so don't force yourself.” The external burns improved, but he suffered from urinary incontinence. That night, Kiyoshi and I rested beside him, but Kiyoshi snored louder than usual, probably because he was tired. Katsuyuki said that Kiyoshi snored like a B-29, for which Kiyoshi was very sorry.

The night dawned. Kiyoshi went to Saga to pick up food and medicine and to report on Katsuyuki's condition, but in his absence, Katsuyuki lost his energy and stopped talking.

I didn't know that the atomic bomb was a terrible thing, not only for burns, but also for damaging the internal organs and bones, down to the marrow. It seemed to strangle my son slowly and gradually, finally strangling him to death. The hardest thing of all was having to witness the cruelty as a parent besides him, with no way to help.

In Saga, we were fortunate as we were doctors, and we had prepared many medicines and food, and my eldest sons Yasumasa and Kiyoshi ran back, but it was a pity that they could not make it in time.

The Fukamachi family even brought out some of their treasured medicines and took good care of my son in various ways, but no matter how expensive the medicines were, they had no effect on the atomic bomb, and he finally passed away. We had no choice but to cremate him, but the crematorium was burnt to ashes, so we went to the schoolyard of a nearby primary school, where Yasumasa, I, and Kiyoshi gathered wood and repeatedly recited the prayer, tearfully setting it alight and taking a handful of bones with us back to Saga.

Indeed, as the teacher says, “In the morning you had a fair and young face, but in the evening you are white bones,” and I was forced to experience the harsh, impermanent nature of life and could only recite the Buddha's prayer.

The late Katsuyuki Haramaki was born on 3 September 1923,
graduated from Saga High School in 1943 (Third-year student at the time)

A kind child

Yosuke Mizoguchi.

I think it was in 1944, when I (his father) was resting from a cold, Tetsuro came home.

He said, “I'm back,” sat down by my bedside with a thud, and offered me about eight or ninety cigarettes, saying, “Here you are.” “I am so happy,” I said instantly, and felt my eyes burning. You can't imagine how valuable cigarettes were to smokers in those days.

Then he said, "I'm going to give half of this to Yonezawa Sensei at the Yamaguchi High School, because I'm sorry to see his little boy queuing up at the tobacco shop early on a cold winter morning."

"Bring them as you wish," I replied, and so a couple of days later, he went to Yamaguchi. This kind-hearted child will live with me forever, more than any great child I have ever known.

The late Tetsuro Mizoguchi, a graduate of Yamaguchi High School
(Second-year student at the time)

Diary

Kinichi Momosaki

9 August 1945

Mr. Fuchida visited our home in the morning.

In the afternoon, I brought the radio to the broadcasting station for inspection. Nurse Haramaki came. Early in the morning, Yoshiko went to get a ticket for Momonokawa, which she obtained.

Sumako (my eldest daughter) and four others went to Takagise.

The Police and Defence Division brought materials and chemicals.

10 August

I went to Momonokawa on the Karatsu Line train.

Arrived at Hiwatari's house at night.

Hama was already awake.

I injected her with glucose.

Recognised on commemorative "tanzaku (strip of paper with a wish)."

During the train ride, Tsunoda, a section chief of the Sanitary Section, who was headed to Hamasaki, accompanied me. Since the bombing in Nagasaki the day before (the 9th) was serious, early in the morning, three relief teams were sent from Nagasaki Prefecture at the request of the Governor of Nagasaki Prefecture. Trucks from Kashima, Shiroishi, and Takeo were sent to Nagasaki City.

11 August

Returned home early in the morning. In the car, Mr. Kakuta is present again, and told me that Nagasaki needed relief efforts again. I stopped at the Medical Association and returned home. Following that, a request for the dispatch of three relief teams came. Teams from Kanzaki,

Nishimatsuura, and Ogi are dispatched. Tomojiro's whereabouts are completely unknown, and my anxiety is becoming worse and worse. Nakanokoji Itoyama is going to Nagasaki today with his family.

12 August

Early in the morning, Yoshiko bought a ticket to Nagasaki, which they sell up to Michino'o.

I went to Nagasaki in search of Tomojiro.

While waiting at Saga Station, gunfire is heard, and the sound of bullets is close.

No train departure at 11:14 a.m. Departed after 1:00 p.m. The Saga Iron Works side of Ushizu Homa-machi was destroyed by a bomb. The train waited for safety once. The train arrived at the Nagasaki Station before 7:00 p.m. I visited Matsuo's house, Tomojiro's lodging in Katafuchi-machi, on foot. I heard that Tomojiro had not returned. Ah, I had lost my last hope.

At night, I met Matsunaga in Nogami's house and heard about the situation from other students. The devastation is unimaginable. I stayed that night at Matsuo's house.

13 August

Matsunaga is concerned about and requests that my son's classmate, Nagata, guide me to the College. While taking shelter in a roadside tunnel several times, we arrived at the ruins of the College at 1:30 p.m. There was a vastness without end, with not a single thing left.

Standing on the ruins of the Pathology Department, burning incense sticks, and picking up black and white burnt skulls with tears. Tomojiro must be among them. No trees in the vicinity. I opened my lunchbox and ate with students in the blazing sun. On the way back, I stopped at the College Hospital to ask at the headquarters about future actions. I was told that they will inform after the deaths of the missing are confirmed. I parted with the student and went alone to the Nagasaki temporary station to ask for a ticket. No ticket available. I received a certificate. After several more stops, I returned to my lodging. For the time being, I sorted out Tomojiro's belongings. Mashima's brother came to Nagasaki before me, so he will return to Saga this evening.

I visited Urakawa at night. He was safe.

14 August

I asked the ladies of the Nogami and Matsuo household to organise clothes, bedding, packing, and books, and troubled student Nagata to carry the luggage to Nagasaki station by a cart. Hand luggage was accepted as first aid materials.

Boarded the train with a heavy suitcase in hand. The train departed at around 1:00 p.m., out of Nagasaki, the last place of Tomojiro, and in memory of the College, I pressed my hands together for prayer.

Ah, Tomojiro never returned. What a lovely boy he was. A pure child who cared about his mother and his sister, innocent, clean, and without evil thoughts, a child who hates to be pedantic, a child who is too good to be true for me. Then what a lonely life I shall lead from today.

Returned home at around 6:00 p.m. As all the family gathered together, I reported the news, only to weep aloud. However, Tomojiro does not return. But Tomojiro did not die in vain. When students die in school, attending lectures, and share their destiny for a moment with their professors and colleagues, they are fulfilling their duty. My daily precept is the same as this. When I returned home, I found my house had been hit by machine-gun fire at 11:00 a.m. on the 12th, and the window glass of the three tatami mats room on the second floor was broken, one bullet fell on a roof tile, and one on the patio, where it remained as it was. Three policemen, including the head of the department, were killed in the line of duty at the Prefectural Police Headquarters, due to an attack by six B-25s.

Last poem by the late Touro Momosaki.

I searched for my child in the late summer scorched-earth with my lunchbox.

My wife, in sorrow, plucks a tangerine for the late child's friend.

Stalls selling flowers were also set up on the anniversary of the atomic bombing.

Bells of Christian, bells of Buddhist ring on the anniversary of the atomic bombing.

Offering rice with beans instead of flowers for my child's grave.

Late Tomojiro Momosaki, Born 22 July 1924, graduated from Saga High School in 1944
(Second-year student at the time)

The account of that day

Yoshio Yamada (Father)

On 8 August, the day before the bombing, he went to school in the evening as he was on duty. He told his sister, "The new bomb dropped on Hiroshima was a terrible one, and if they bombed the city, I had all my books in one place, so please take them out," as he went, but he was attacked by an atomic bomb.

In the evening of the 10th, a student informed us that Toshio had survived, but he did not

return home that day. The next day, unable to wait any longer, his sister Yuriko and I went looking for him in the direction of Anakobo and finally found him undergoing treatment at the College, where I experienced the joy of having a dead child back. According to his account, during the lecture, at the same time, there was a flash of light with a “dong” sound, the roof fell, the exit was closed, and he crawled on a beam and jumped out from a split in the roof and escaped to Anakobo. He said he was not badly injured, but he was very tired and had no appetite, and that diarrhea would not stop, so he pulled out his medical book and diagnosed himself. He was wondering about this diarrhea as a strange condition and said he would go to Kazusa, where his sister, who was married to Dr. Kurihara, was.

Fever began on the 13th, and despite blood transfusions, camphor, and other treatment, he was unable to recover and was disheartened to learn of Japan's defeat when the war was broadcast on the 15th.

At 9:35 p.m. on the 16th, his breath became heavy, and he passed away at his home at 69, Shin Nakagawa-machi, while nodding his head repeatedly to his family members who were watching over him, saying: “I can't go on any longer.” He died at the age of 22. He ascended to heaven in a thunderstorm from the garden of the Irabayashi Primary School.

On the 11th, the day after he came home, I thought he would be better soon, as he was talking and smoking with his visiting friends. Was it his fate? Ah, the living must die. I should take peace in thinking that at least his death will be a cornerstone of world peace, as it can be his long-cherished dream as a student who aspires to become a doctor.

The late Toshio Yamada (First-year student at the time)

List of deceased (Medical College)

(a) Provisional graduates

Masahiko Iwasaki, Otoy Ohtake, Kiyoshi Shibata
Shiro Suzuki, Fumihiko Terada, Yoshisaku Murakami
Chiaki Murata

(b) Fourth-year student

Kiyosumi Aikawa, Tadashi Aiba, Takeshi Aoki
Akira Imanishi, Yoshito Imamura, Tatsu Iwakiri
Toshiyuki Uehara, Masamiki Umehara, Norihisa Otsu
Kazuo Oku, Masahide Onizuka, Hiroyuki Kiyosaki
Tetsuo Kubo, Tsuneshi Koga, Su Baiyo
Tetsuro Sonoda, Dai Whiting, Makoto Taniguchi
Tatsuichi Doi, Tatsuto Tokuyama, Morio Nakao
Toshiki Nagami, Kiyotaka Niina, Kenji Nishi
Masao Nobori, Kiyomi Harada, Katsuyuki Haramaki
Kazuo Hidaka, Minoru Higo, Tatsuya Hirai
Junichi Hosaka, Mitsuji Miyagi, Seiichi Miyamoto
Mototsugu Mouri, Zhong Lin, Kyouichi Wakigawa

(c) Third-year student

Masahiro Akamatsu, Tetsuro Izumi, Susumu Usui
Michio Ohike, Yutaka Oura, Mitsuo Okuda
Michio Katayama, Kojiro Kamiki, Kaoru Takiguchi
Chen Kezhen, Osamu Noguchi, Osamu Hanada
Ichiro Furukawa, Toshio Mishima, Shizuo Yamazaki

(d) Second-year student

Muneo Araki, Kunito Igarashi, Shinsuke Ikoma
Kiyoshi Ikenishi, Hayato Itoyama, Akihiko Inagaki
Hiroshi Eguchi, Saburo Ogawa, Jiro Ohba
Hiroshi Ootou, Yuji Ohta, Koichiro Okuda
Iwao Okumura, Yoshiaki Kato, Ho Chun Yum
Tetsuro Kazahaya, Heizo Kawakami, Kenji Kibe
Kenichiro Kiriara, Michiya Kubo, Shosaku Kuroda
Jun Konishi, Yoichiro Koga, Yusuke Goto

Katsuji Sakai, Yoshimi Sakanaka, Kozo Jimura
 Kiyoshi Shirakawa, Tanehiro Shinkai, Shunkichi Suzawa
 Michiyuki Suga, Toshio Suzuki, Kihachiro Tanaka
 Junichi Tanaka, Hiroshi Taira, Ryuichiro Takagi
 Minoru Takeda, Shinjiro Tanimura, Keikichi Tsuwa
 Kanji Tobisawa, Masamichi Toyota, Toshiyuki Nakao
 Kenkichi Nakayama, Toshio Hadate, Ma Zu
 Yoshiyasu Hayashi, Koji Hiwatari, Hideaki Higashi
 Hisaichi Fukae, Iori Fujii, Jun Horike
 Ken Horibe, Hiroshi Mimura, Tetsuro Mizoguchi
 Masakatsu Minoda, Tsukasa Murada, Tomojiro Momosaki
 Yoshinobu Mori, Kaoru Moriuchi, Kuniyasa Yamada
 Takio Yamada, Katsuhiko Yamamoto, Kenji Yonezawa

(e) First-year student

Kenji Aoyama, Akira Asai, Akio Asayama
 Hiroo Ito, Nobuyasu Inomata, Kazunori Ishii
 Hitoshi Ishizuka, Tadashi Ishibashi, Wakazuki Ishibashi
 Sachio Ichikawa, Taisuke Ueda, Hiroo Ueno
 Kinji Ohnishi, Toshio Ohnishi, Ken Ohara
 Noboru Katayama, Kenji Kanemiya, Tadahiro Kanayama
 Kenichi Kawaguchi, Masayuki Kawasaki, Nobuaki Kira
 Masakatsu Kiriyama, Hajime Kusano, Hirotsugu Koga
 Mitsutake Koga, Nozomu Kodama, Hideo Takazuma
 Akio Saga, Kunio Shinohara, Hidesaburo Shimada
 Ryouji Sugawara, Morio Suzuki, Tsuneo Seguchi
 Koji Takahashi, Fumisuke Takemoto, Kazuo Tateishi
 Tetsuo Taniyama, Testuo Chikaishi, Toshio Tsuruta
 Jiro Nakagawa, Hiroshi Nakase, Kazuo Nakatsukasa
 Seichi Nakamura, Eiji Nishida, Shigeru Nishitani
 Sumio Nitta, Kenichi Noguchi, Yasushi Nozu
 Yoshikiyo Hakota, Eichiro Hida, Hideo Momono
 Eichi Hirakawa, Noboru Fujita, Yuichi Fujino
 Mitsutake Furusaka, Yutaka Maebashi, Hideo Matsui
 Shigenobu Matsuura, Susumu Matsuura, Joichi Mizoguchi
 Hideo Minewaki, Nobuyoshi Miyaji, Shusaku Murada

Keitaro Momohara, Kiyotsu Yamada, Toshio Yamada
 Shigeru Yamane, Yoshio Yokoyama, Tadayuki Yoshioka
 Ryo Yoshinaga, Noboru Yonetani, Long Touji
 Masato Wada

Taiwanese students who were using a Japanese name

Year	Japanese Name	Taiwanese name
Fourth-year	Tatsuto Tokuyama	Lao Shi-da
Third-year	Tetuo Izumi	Ynag Bing-deng
Second-year	Koujiro Kamiki	Li Diao-Guang

Nursing School relations

History of Nagasaki University School of Medicine Affiliated Nursing School

Founded as a nursing school attached to Nagasaki Prefectural Hospital, with a two-year training period and Nursing and Midwifery Department (the date of foundation is not known as the documents were destroyed by fire due to the atomic bombing).

- | | | |
|-----------|------|--|
| April | 1922 | Renamed Nagasaki Medical College Hospital Affiliated Nursing School |
| April | 1923 | Renamed Nagasaki Medical College Hospital Affiliated Nursing School.
Since then, there have been graduates for 24 terms. |
| April | 1945 | Became the Nagasaki Medical College Affiliated Hospital became the Health and Welfare Women's Department and enrolled its first 100 students. |
| 1 October | 1945 | By a notification from the Director-General of the Ministry of Education Bureau of Education of People, graduates of the Health and Welfare Women's Department were designated as having academic ability equivalent or superior to graduates of high schools for women by Article 11 of the Entrance Examination. |
| December | 1945 | The hospital was transferred to the Omura National Hospital after suffering damage from the atomic bomb. |
| | 1946 | Moved to the old naval hospital in Eisho-machi, Isahaya, during which time the training of nurses continued, and the duration of training was extended to three years to expand the educational content. |
| March | 1948 | Based on the reorganisation guidelines of the Faculty of Health and Welfare Women attached to the Government Medical College, the school was reorganised into two classes, and with Regular Course (Second Class) and the Special Course (First Class), and the training of nurses under the new system began by the Order on Public Health Nurses, Midwives and Nurses. |
| June | 1948 | The Health and Welfare Women's Department Special Course (First Class Nursing) training period of three years. Number of students: 40. The Health and Welfare Women's Department Regular Course (Second Class Nursing) training period is three years. Number of students: 60 |
| March | 1951 | 38 students graduated as the last graduates from the Health and Welfare Women's Department Regular Course. |
| February | 1951 | When the school was applying for designation as Nagasaki University Nursing School, it was approved as a Nursing School, and has graduated 106 students under the new system five times to date. |

(Supplementary note)

- 30 July 1948 With Law No. 203, the Act on Public Health Nurses, Midwives, and Nurses was enacted. By this act, two types of nurses (First Class and Second Class) were established.
- 14 April 1951 With Law No. 147, the First and Second Class nurse was abolished and renamed to nurse and assistant nurse.

Originally, the nursing school was a two-year system, and students were obliged to work in a college-affiliated hospital for two years after graduation. In April 1945, the existing nursing school was transformed into the Health and Welfare Women's Department, which had just welcomed the first 100 students. The first 100 first-year students who enrolled in April were made into a group of 7 or 8 students, and were assigned to the various clinical departments for practical training in the morning, and then joined together for lectures in the afternoon.

For the second year, 80 students entered the school in April 1944, and at that time, they received education in fixed assignments in different departments, with only one or two hours a week of lectures in one place. Apart from the students of the Health and Welfare Women's Department, there were about 180 nurses on duty at the Affiliated Hospital, some of whom were deployed as members of civil defense duty on an ad hoc basis.

The situation at the time of the bombing

The first-year students were exposed to the atomic bomb during clinical training in their respective departments. 32 out of 100 students graduated at the graduation ceremony in March 1948, and most of the remaining more than 60 students are thought to have been killed in the bombing, but the details are unknown since it was an early date of enrolment and the documents were lost in the fire. 44 out of 80 second-year students graduated, and most of the others are believed to have died in the department wards or dormitories. Out of more than 180 nurses, about 50 nurses were killed in the bombing, excluding students.

List of the deceased (nurses)

(a) Head Nurse

Toshiko Uchida, Sumu Eshita, Yoneko Tanaka
Natsu Nakao, Yuri Mitsushima

(b) Commissioned Head Nurse

Shigeko Arimura

(c) Chief Midwife

Chikae Sonoda

(d) Deputy Head Nurse

Haruyo Suga, Toshie Matsuoka

(e) Fifth-year student

Kazuko Otsubo

(f) Fourth-year student

Mitsuko Inoue, Sueko Iwashita, Fumiko Uchio

Hisaka Ogata, Toshiko Kato, Hisae Kanesaki

Takeno Ozaki, Asano Shimokawa, Chiyomi Atogawa

Kikuno Nakano, Yoshie Nakayama, Kumi Nozoe

Kimiko Baba, Yasuno Hashikawa, Kanako Hashimoto

Michiko Hashimoto, Tomoe Hama, Ruriko Hamasaki

Eiko Hara, Sae Hijiguro, Tsuyako Fukuda

Sachiko Matsumoto, Itsuko Mine, Eiko Yamashita

Hideko Yamashita, Shizuyo Yoshida

(g) Third-year student

Mitsune Inoue, Matsuko Iwasaki, Kazuyo Uchino

Nobuko Kawasaki, Mitsuko Kurahashi, Yoshiko Takeya

Ito Nagahama, Miyo Nishishita, Sueya Noguchi

Miyuki Hamada, Kazuyo Fujita, Toshiko Honda

Tatsuyo Matsuo, Riki Matsumoto, Misae Muto

Hiro Yamaguchi

(h) Second-year Nursing Vocational School student

Nobuko Araki, Yoko Ido, Chiyoko Isoda

Tsuyo Oyanagi, Fuyoko Oyama, Fusae Kashiya

Shime Kawaguchi, Michi Kawatani, Hisae Kawada

Matsue Tanaka, Fumiko Toki, Yukino Hashimoto

Yoshi Hamabe, Sueko Hayashi, Tazuko Hirayama

Nobue Hoke, Yoshiko Mitsunaga, Yori Mine

Harue Miyamoto, Satoe Muto, Akiko Yukawa

Kiyoko Yoshida, Mishie Yoshimoto, Yoshiko Wakamatsu

(i) First-year Health and Welfare Women's Department student

Kimie Iwanaga, Kyono Ebayashi, Kazuko Ogawa

Natsue Okubo, Asae Kawakami, Suzuko Kono

Machiko Goto, Jitsue Shinagawa, Chizuko Shiraishi
Takae Hayata, Chizuko Taniguchi, Setsu Tanimura
Hideko Tsukamoto, Rokue Nakamura, Tsukiko Noda
Masae Noda, Hamako Handomari, Sugie Fukushima
Setsuko Fujii, Haruno Fujiyama, Mikie Fujiyama
Fujie Fuchino, Hisako Furusu, Setsuko Maeda
Sadako Masuyama, Setsuko Matsuzono, Masa Matsufuji
Ayaka Matsumoto, Chiyoru Mitsui, Eiko Yamashita
Haru Yamashita, Kimie Yoshimoto

2. Special Medical Vocational Department

Standing on a hill - atomic bomb experience-

Michio Nagai

Intense! 9 August 1945, 11:02 a.m.

The second atomic bomb, which signaled the end of the Japanese tragedy, exploded 500 meters above Nagasaki, instantly killing two-thirds of the professors, most of the nurses and students at Nagasaki Medical College, and the great white hall of medical science lost its function. Ten years have passed since then, and we are now facing our 10th anniversary with renewed emotion. Today, I close my eyelids quietly, look back over the past ten years, trace the memories and describe the horrific scenes, and hope for world peace so that mass killings like this will never happen again in the future, forever and ever.

1. That day

We, the third-year students at the Special Medical Vocational Department, were in the third week of our graduation examinations as the date was brought forward, and were divided into groups of seven or eight and assigned to respected departments. The air-raid alert had been issued since early that morning, but it was lifted shortly afterwards. And after reviewing information on enemy aircraft at the Medical Corps Headquarters under the air-raid alert, the evacuation was lifted, and it was around 10:00 a.m. when all students were ordered to attend lectures. After being released from the tension, the students scattered to their classrooms and departments and returned to their daily student life. I, too, left the Medical Corps Headquarters (Main Building) for Kageura Internal Medicine with a sense of relief. Then, together with classmates Tsutsumi, Nagata, Nakashima, Koto'o and Tajiri, we entered the corridor on the first floor of the Internal Medicine Department, took an iron horseshoes, removed gas masks then entered the Kageura Internal Medicine student waiting room on the second floor, with an empty sense of amusement that came from a kind of deflated tension. The next day, the 10th, was the day of the graduation examination in Internal Medicine, so everyone opened their reference books and busied themselves guessing about exam questions. While fussing over this or that, there were even those who spread out their lunch before the exam time, which is peculiar to students, and we were returning to our normal, unremarkable student life. It was just after 11:00 a.m. For a moment, with an explosion sounding as if we had been hit by a direct bomb and an eerie bluish flash, our bodies were smashed hard against the south wall. At the same time, the ceiling fell, and my classmates and a couple of nurses were trapped under it. After 20 or 30 minutes, the sound of the explosion died away, and

for a moment we were overcome by a silence that seemed out of this world. I couldn't bear the silence, so, so just for the hell of it, I shouted out "Oi" twice, not calling out to a specific person. A reply came immediately from the corridor next to the waiting room, saying "Oi". It sounded like Tsutsumi's voice. I thought so and called out "Tsutsumi."

Then, he immediately responded, "Nagai?" We loudly informed each other that we were both unharmed, pushed aside materials covering us, and ran to each other, holding hands. We decided to escape and were surprised to find ourselves in the pitch-dark, garbage-strewn hallway leading to the main building. The corridor was crushed cruelly, and not a trace of its former self remained. I decided to leave the first floor with Tsutsumi and went down the stairs to be surprised again. Patients covered in wounds were crawling out of their wards and writhing in the corridors, and most of the nurses were unable to move. Every single window glass was torn out, and the windows on the north side were all bent inwards. The sky seen from that window was dark as night with a thick layer of rubbish, and it was gurgling and twisting and whirling. For the first time, I remembered the new bomb in Hiroshima, which President Tsuno'o had told us about just the day before on the day of Imperial Proclamation of War, and I felt a shiver. I ran downstairs. When I turned the west corner of the main building, I was surprised twice. The entire area of Sakamoto-machi and Iwakawa-machi, overlooked from the College, is a sea of fire, and the hot air and the swirling aftermath of the explosion are gurgling. At that moment, I came to my senses for the first time and heard the voices of people calling out for help, painfully calling out for their children, parents, and siblings. I saw two or three people on the hill in front of the entrance to the main building, and I started running. They were Assistant Professor Nagai of the X-ray Department, Head Nurse Hisamatsu, Nurse Tsubakiyama, Technician Tomokiyo, and Junior Assistant Okura of the Tsuno'o Internal Medicine. Assistant Professor Nagai appeared to have been injured and is bleeding from the area near his face. He wrapped it with thin, dirty cloth. He then looked at me, smiled, and asked me, "Are you injured?" I replied that I was completely unharmed. And we all rejoiced at each other as we were unharmed. Meanwhile, from all over the place, there are people in good health, walking alone with a cane, carrying injured people on their backs, crawling because they can no longer walk, and even falling because they have lost all their energy, who all looked like they had lost themselves, no expression on their faces, and quiet. I was ordered by Assistant Professor Nagai to stay and do my best to get the patients out, and as we did not know when the air-raid would take place again, I was ordered to keep an anti-aircraft watch, and together with Tsutsumi, I turned back to the Internal Medicine Department and ran up to the roof. At last, the swirling rubbish-like substance must have gone. It seemed to have lightened up a little, but there were still the same strange, earth-sucking whirlpools and the same heavy rain. From time to time, I would be on air surveillance, while informing the people racing around below that there was

nothing unusual going on. The Basic Science Department building had been crushed to the point where no trace of it could be seen, and only the hospital's outer corridors were exposed in the whirlwind as a whitewashed wreckage. The chimney on the east side of the Konan Ward was bent to the south from its center, and the roof of the Boiler Room below it was torn off, leaving only the steel frame. Looking behind, the entire Urakami area, including Shiroyama, Yamazato, and Iwakawa-machi, was being turned into a sea of fire. The hospital was soon set on fire in the South Auditorium area, as the fire gradually spread. Roughly around 12:00 p.m. or 1:00 p.m., I think, when I saw the fire spreading, I decided to turn back to the rescue team in front of the main building. At that time, I met Assistant Professor Osajima, who was working hard to save the patients on his back, but we just looked at each other silently and made eye contact. Assistant Professor Osajima also seemed to be in good health. I helped Nurse Iwanaga and Nurse Fujinaga, and climbed over the wall of the Pharmacy and went out the main entrance. By that time, the fire was spreading widely, and it was deemed difficult to remove the patients. For the time being, once the injured had been carried out in front of the entrance, it was now decided to carry each of them to the hill behind the hospital. At first, we started to go to the precincts of Sanno Shrine, but this too was on fire and became dangerous, so they turned back and in the end all the injured were carried up to the mountain behind. Most of the trees have been blown down and the sweet potato leaves in the fields have been exposed to high heat and have shriveled up. Injured and dead people are piled up in groups everywhere, begging for water. We searched for water to give them, but were only able to locate water with mosquito larvae in the tank in front of the main building. We had no choice but to tap the surface of the water and pump the water after the mosquito larvae had sunk into the iron helmet and distribute it. President Tsuno'o also lay injured on the hillside, accompanied by Professor Shirabe, Assistant Professor Nagai, Dr. Okura, and Head Nurse Maeda. Together with Nurse Tsubakiyama, Technician Tomokiyo, and my classmates Kobayashi and Tsutsumi, I fetched water and ran around among the wounded.

Meanwhile, I wanted to let everyone know that the President was alive and well, and at the same time encourage them, so I made a blood-stained flag of white cloth about the size of two tatami mats and put it on the hillside, where the President was sitting. Then I continued shouting aloud with Associate Professor Nagai to gather those in good health who were able to work together under the Rising Sun. In the meantime, many lines of people, each carrying a wounded person on their back or shoulder to shoulder, were evacuating over Mt. Kompira. At around 4:00 p.m., my classmate Kobayashi and I left to request a meal for tonight for the injured from the Prefectural Headquarters. Of course, the town was on fire, so we ran across the mountains to Prefectural Headquarters, which was in the air-raid shelter in Tateyama-machi. We ran, passing countless dead and injured along the way, shouting for people to cheer up. When my throat dried up, I jumped into a nearby field and nibbled on a cucumber. At the Prefectural Headquarters, as I

had been in the General Staff Office as a liaison officer from the Medical College, I met Section Chief Mizogoshi (now the chairperson of the municipal election commission), reported on the situation at the Medical College, and asked him for food for 500 people. As a result, I received 500 hardtacks and returned to the Medical College with the support of policemen. I delivered the hardtacks starting about 5:00 p.m. On the other hand, Professor Shirabe made rice balls at the temple in Anakobo and distributed them. By that time, the hospital had become almost a sea of fire. The medical staff, students, and nurses who had gathered under Assistant Professor Nagai built huts for the night and prepared small potatoes and pumpkins in iron helmets with salt, which Head Nurse Hisamatsu had. It was not until after dark that those who had finished distributing the food gathered together.

We sat or fell on the edges of the fields and other places and ate salt-cooked potatoes and pumpkins in the darkness as large drops of rain fell. We sang “*Umi yukaba*” and “*Mitamiware*” to the accompaniment of Assistant Professor Nagai, and continued singing as loudly as we could, trying not to be defeated by our tears as we cried. All the while, here and there, voices calling out for friends and teachers echoed sadly through the darkness. About 50 m from where we were, in the shadow of the mountain, lay Associate Professor Ishizaki, with burns over most of his body. Assistant Professor Nagai was nursing others in a very caring manner, as if he had forgotten his wounds. Together with my classmates Kobayashi, Tsutsumi, and Tajima, we talked about other classmates who had separated into different departments. Hamasaki seemed to be in the area with a broken femur, and Nogami was also injured, but they appeared to be in good health. Aso, Asakura, Ito, Aritomi, and others were in the Psychiatric Department, but this group seems to have hardly survived. Fukayama seemed to be OK, as some saw him being carried up the mountain on Takagi's back (later found out that both of them died). By the looks of it, there was concern that maybe half of us did not make it. We were still on our guard when we saw occasional lightning flashes going up in the direction of Michino'o. Everyone was tired, but they were rolling around, probably unable to sleep. Thus, like a dream, or perhaps not a dream at all, the night of terror dawned from Mt. Kompira at the rear. The sea of fire had consumed everything during one night, leaving nothing but purple-white smoke rising straight up from all directions. It is quiet. It is eerily quiet, but in the sunshine, each one, both the healthy and the wounded, has started to move.

President Tsuno'o, Professor Yamane, and Professor Takagi were moved to an air-raid shelter under the Konan Ward, where they were treated by Professor Shirabe. However, even the slightest noise was dangerous, as Professors Yamane and Takagi were in a state of convulsions. We set up Shirabe Surgery and brought the injured to it, including the College medical staff, students, and nurses. As far as I remember, the following people were accommodated in this room prepared by Shirabe Surgery.

One of my classmates, Aso, received a 15cm cut on his head and was already in a half-crazy state, miserably rolling around without a stitch of clothing on his body. When I call out "Aso," he responds with an odd "Oh." He passed away at the end of the war. Nagai, one grade below me, was there too. He, too, ascended to heaven the day before the end of the war, although no external injuries of any kind were observed. Among the medical staff, Dr. Murakami and Hirano-san (a senior student at the Special Medical Vocational School) are in my memory. Dr. Murakami had never heard of the end of the war, called out his wife's name, and spoke as if she were beside him, asking her to take care of the children, before passing away. Among nurses, Horie, Shoumi, Tajima, Nishishita, Iwanaga, Fujinaga, Pediatric Department staff, and others are remembered.

On the same day, I went to the air-raid shelter of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals in the afternoon, but the shelter, where there were puddles, and in the midst of it, there were Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals students, and most of them were burned and in pain. Most of these people were also taken to Shirabe Surgery. The stretchers were hastily prepared, but they were very useful. The second and first year of the Special Medical Vocational Department were still at their desks in the Physiology and Anatomy classes, respectively, in the same position as they had been during the lecture, and had been cruelly reduced to bones. Probably during the lecture, the tremendous pressure and high heat crushed the wooden Auditorium at once, making it impossible to escape, and the dry summer timbers became fire all together.

After all this time, I am still amazed at the power of the new bomb and curse its use.

(Third-year student at the time)

Yo-chan

Kiku Shuto

Yo-chan. Ten years have passed since then. I thought it was just yesterday, but ten years have passed since 9 August, while I have been crying and crying over and over again. But I, your mother, still feel like it happened just yesterday.

When I was walking town and saw someone who looked like you, I wondered if it was you and hurried to pass the person, only to find that he was a stranger. How many times have I been disappointed? When I saw someone of your age, I cried as I walked down the street. Since then, your mother has been crying all the time. You are now 30 years old. If you are still alive, you are old enough to have one or two children. Did you see the photo of the bride's doll that I gently placed inside the cenotaph yesterday? And the letter on the back.

In January this year, I finally managed to build a grave for you in your hometown, Mt. Morioka. The bones we received from the College, and a photo of the bride's doll, we buried with your

calligraphy from junior high school. I knew that you might complain about the photo, as you were so shy when you were still alive. But that incident brought such sadness in an instant, and it may be a silly mother's wish, but I only wish that in your next life, you will have a longer life and live happily with someone like a doll. Please take what your mother intends and extend your hand to receive it. When you were a little boy, I remember how proud I was as a mother of you who was so kind and gentle, and how I waited for you at the inn when you came to take the entrance examination 12 years ago, wondering if you were safe and sound. "I did it, Mother, I did it." I can still remember in my eyes the time you came back with a smile on your proud face.

Only tears flow down my face as I reminisce.

This year is the 10th anniversary. I am sad to say that your mother is getting old and can no longer visit the shrine as she is far away from the mountains and rivers, but . . . I have come here for the last meeting for soul and heart. Yesterday, I spent the whole day floundering through the schoolyard of memories, the path I walked with you. When I saw the devastation of those days exhibited at the Cultural Centre, I, your mother, was so disgusted, so indignant and angry that I had no one to appeal to but to cry. . .

Although the war ended with your great sacrifice, your mother will never forget you. I only pray that such cruelty will never be repeated.

Yo-chan! I used to say that I would come back here again, but from now on, I will not be able to visit you, but my heart will fly to see you here.

Yozo-san, please rest in peace with your friends. Farewell, Yo-chan, I leave Nagasaki with my memories in tears, and I can only pray for the repose of your soul.

The late Yozo Shuto (Second-year student at the time)

The atomic bomb

Shiro Murata

Another bitter day is approaching. I hope that everyone is gathering again this year. Some of you who were here last year may not be here this year. I would like to visit Nagasaki once more before I die, but I do not have the courage to see it again.

I would be most grateful if you could at least share this piece of writing with those gathered here as my offering for those deceased.

I thought I would forget you as the years went by, but there is no day when the tears of the old man dried.

“Let all the souls here rest in peace; For we shall not repeat the evil.” This is the text of the Atomic Bomb Monument in Hiroshima. I protested indignantly at the time because I thought it was written by a mindless person who had nothing to do with the atomic bombing.

I have recently acquired a postcard of the place.

“Atomic Bomb Hypocenter.”

What a way to describe it. I was surprised again and again.

Why isn't it written “Atomic Bomb Hypocenter created by the U.S. military, who dropped the bombs twice?” It can be said that the bombing of Hiroshima was unavoidable to break the Japanese military's lost dream. However, the fact that the bomb was dropped on Nagasaki in a few days, without waiting for the repercussions, was an act unforgivable by both heaven and man. How do the people of Nagasaki understand this?

”Hate the sin, love the sinner.”

This holy language has deceived mankind, and it is precisely because we respect such a holy language that there is no end to crime in this world. If such a word is true, then when we are indebted to others, we should be grateful for their love, but not for the person.

It is no wonder that the idea of reciprocating the kindness is lost.

What reservation does one need to have with a country that detains people who repent for their previous wrongs by unconditional surrender as war criminals for another 10 years after the war? Please campaign to rewrite the word on the monument.

I know the sorrow of today's bitterness, of an old who buries the young

I will never be able to stop thinking about it.

The late Yoshiyuki Murata (a Second-year student at that time)

Memories

Kuni Kawakami

My husband died when my child was in the fourth grade of primary school, and we were left with only one parent and one child. He was a child full of affection towards his parent.

The most unforgettable thing was when the announcement of his acceptance to the College was posted in the newspaper, he jumped into my arms, and both the parent and the child were full of joy, and I was also filled with happiness when I saw that square student hat.

I will never forget the way he thanked me when he was leaving for Nagasaki, saying that although his father died and was not with us, I had allowed him to go to the College of his choice without any inconvenience and that he would have no regrets even if he died at any time.

Words cannot describe how I felt when I went to Nagasaki on 13 August and looked for my child in the burnt ruins of that large, spacious College building.

Now, as I spend lonely days alone, all I can think about is my child. Especially when I am ill, as I am now, I am with tears all the more when I remember.

The late Makoto Kawakami (First-year student at the time. Born on 9 March 1927, graduated from Chikushi Junior High School in 1944.)

Memories of Koji

Raisuke Shirabe

“Koji,” “Ko-Ji.” My call echoed high and clear over the Anakobo hills, but all I could hear was the noise from the surrounding area, and there was no response from anywhere. I searched everywhere, over hills and across valleys, but the only faces I saw were Koji's schoolmates or the miserable-looking nurses. He was supposed to have been attending a lecture in the Basic Science Department, so if he escaped, it must have been to this hill or the back of the Cathedral, but I turned back to the hill again, hoping that he might have made it to Nameshi safely.

I spent the night with Associate Professor Nagai, whom I had treated during the day, and carried President Tsuno'o and the other wounded who had camped on the hill of the hospital burnt ruins, and then, just to be sure, I made one more round from the remains of the Basic Science Department to the sports field before heading to Nameshi on foot in the afternoon of the 10th to find out my families safety who had evacuated before. On the way, I heard from Mr. Wada of the Juhachi Bank that one of my two boys had returned home, but the other had not yet done so. I arrived at my home feeling depressed, wondering which one of my boys had not returned yet, but upon arrival, I learned that it was Koji.

After that, I had no time to look for Koji due to treatment of injured, and when neighbours kindly asked me if they can help inquiring about him, I refused, saying that if he was still alive, he would have received extensive medical treatment somewhere and spent next dozens of days in extremely busy state. The students were worried and searched various places not only in Nagasaki City but also in Isahaya and Omura, but even on the 16th, when my eldest son Seiichi who came home with burns on his back died with unknown cause, or on the 22nd, when President Tsuno'o passed away at the worship hall of Nameshi Daijingu Shrine, we did not hear Koji's name including any rumor.

On 28 August, after the chaos of the immediate aftermath of the atomic bombing had calmed down, I took my family (my wife and three girls) to the burnt ruins of the Basic Science Department to pick up Koji's bones. I was told that an anatomy lecture was in session that day,

so we went to the Auditorium, chasing away a flock of birds that were scavenging rotten remains. There was no trace of the magnificent old Auditorium with a staircase, only a few stone pedestals and a heap of white bones in various places. Probably because they were trapped under the collapsed roof and burned to death, forming groups of a dozen or so to ease their anxiety.

We looked at them in amazement for a while, and were picking up two or three white bones from each pile, brushing away our tears, when suddenly we heard Junko's voice calling from the center of the Auditorium: "Come here for a moment, there's something strange here." My wife, who immediately rushed over, exclaimed, "Oh, these are Koji's clothes." When I looked, I found only the front part of his black trousers, about 10 cm in length and 15 cm in width, burned and stuck to the metal door that had fallen in the middle of the Auditorium. The white cloth, which was inside the trousers, was topped with the word "Yamamoto", which was written in black ink. Yamamoto is the family my sister married into, and after my nephew graduated from Kyushu University School of Medicine and was commissioned as a naval doctor, Koji was given his school uniform and wore it, and was proud to be the only one wearing black amongst all the defense military clothes at the time. My wife was happy that this must have been a Buddha leading us, but my empty hope that he might one day return in good health disappeared, and I was mourning with a heavy heart, a burnt cloth in my hand for a while.

Ten years have passed since then, and Koji, of course, will not be able to show us that healthy figure forever. If he were alive today, he would be 26 years and 10 months old this year, and would have become a fine young medical student with respect.

The late Koji Shirabe (First-year student at that time, born on 15 October 1928, graduated from Nagasaki Prefectural Keiho Junior High School in March 1945.)

Reflections on the 7th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki Medical College

Hanako Sekiya

9 August 1945, at 11:02 a.m., was a day of deep resentment, when the atomic bomb was dropped on Urakami, Nagasaki, turning the precious lives of countless civilians and more than 850 medical students into ashes in an instant.

Since I learned my child had experienced the war devastation in Nagasaki, I waited for his letters, hoping to receive them today or the next day, but the communication had stopped, and I was never able to receive them.

After about a month, my husband, my brother, and I went to the Medical College. The damage caused by Hiroshima only left white bones. Masatoshi's friend, Mr. Shoji (a second-year student one level above him), instructed us to go to the place where he died. The place was the Anatomy

Auditorium between the first and second Anatomy Departments, and he was in the wooden building to the west of the building where Professor Emeritus Kunitomo was located, so most of the students were instantly killed.

Masatoshi was the 4th squad leader of the 1st Platoon, so it was particularly easy to find his seat, and we picked up the remains in that area and returned home.

We received an invitation from the Medical College for a grand memorial service at Daionji Temple, which was to be held on 5 August 1951, at 1:00 p.m. Three of us attended, including Mrs. Hisako Iga from Matsuyama, my husband, and I. The altar was especially solemn, welcoming the souls of the victims of the atomic bombing. The voices of sutra chanting were solemn, and the bereaved family members gathered in the main hall were immobile, with a sadness in the air, as offerings of vividly colored flowers were arranged and a tablet with the inscription "Souls of 850-odd martyrs of the Medical College" was enshrined. Japan, which had never known the sorrows of defeat with its "*Yamato-damashii* (Japanese spirit)," was helpless in the face of the atomic bombs.

The Emperor was concerned about another atomic bombing, and was far more worried about the people's situation: "I cannot bear to see my people die, no matter what happens to me, so my children bow down to the ground and apologize deeply." (From the Osaka Shimbun, 16 August 1945) The surrender was finally decided by the words given at the Imperial Conference. The pledge of the parents in tears to renew their vows in front of the noble spirits of the victims of the war is indeed the reconstruction of peace and Nagasaki Medical College.

1.5-hour memorial service, which ends at 2:50 p.m. Afterwards, we had a talk with teachers, who are bereaved families, and who told us their stories of the time, and we sympathized and consoled each other.

Guided by Assistant Professor Wakahara, we went to the burnt ruins of the Medical College. The creepy, vague wasteland greeted us in silence. Here and there, the original reinforced concrete buildings remained like baskets, testifying to bygone days.

First, we went to the cemetery on Gubiloga Hill to pay our respects. The monument is inscribed "Cenotaph."

"More than 850 of our teachers and friends died on this hill as pioneers of peace.

All our thoughts are far beyond the hill, while bells are calling for mass ringing at the bottom of this hill" (Seiyō)

The teacher's heartfelt poem is inscribed. A stone was also laid behind the stone, inscribed with a small knife by a surviving friend with the words "Friend sleep here."

I was so lonely that I made a poem: "When the evening sun turns the cenotaph red, from nowhere a grasshopper chirps." I was deeply moved and lost in contemplation for a while.

After that, I always look forward to visiting the place on 9 August every year, even though it is a long way away. What kind of world would be created if mankind were destroyed, no matter how advanced science has become? The campaign against atomic and hydrogen bombs is currently active.

(Resident of 145 Miyuki-cho, Matsuyama, Japan)

Thoughts

Kimiko Sekiya

“Light,” “*Hikari* (light),” “Light.”

It is shining with glory, like a clear crystal ball. The sun's rays reflected on the summer grass and the roofs of houses in Urakami at 11:02 a.m. on 9 August 1945.

There was light instantly.

What was it that was so suddenly spreading on the ground? Too suddenly, it ravaged the world below. The airplane left behind a reaction so sudden and so cruel that there was no room for tears. Ten years have passed since then. . .

The same summer grass is thick around the monument on Gubiloga Hill. When there were occasional air-raid alerts in the Matsuyama area, I can still clearly see the eyes that quickly said, “It is suspicious, take cover quickly,” when they saw the clouds that were mysteriously floating in the blue sky.

My brother, who wrote to me a few days before his death that he didn't want to die a dog's death, and who was sensitive to the clouds that floated mysteriously, died like a mystery. From Nagasaki, across the sea, he has written in detail about his joy on the day of the anatomy lecture, saying that “the human body is very complex and quite well made.” Around that Anatomy Department, covered with twisted iron, huge stones, and timber, students were determined to die with no way to get through,” disappeared into the raging fire with a chorus of “*Umi yukaba*” and “*Kimigayo*.” When I read the article, I was impressed and respectful.

In the words of Buddha to *Kisa Gautami*, “Death comes to all living,” and indeed they do die. However, there is no future anywhere after the life of a young man with a great dream has been crushed so violently. As I reflect on the deaths of so many young people, telling myself “Living things die,” I am still filled with a sense of uncontrollable emotion. When my brother left, we parted without wanting to say anything to each other. What words? Certainly, “Take care of your health.” I don't know for sure if the second thing I'm going to say is this or that word. It just remains opaque. . . Finally, I did not even say “Do you have everything?” and he left in the pale afternoon sunlight, when everything seemed to stand still. The image of him carrying a rucksack

on his back and heading to Nagasaki was lively. No one thought he would die, but this year marks the 10th anniversary of his death, which we write in black ink on the Bon lantern. . .

I think it was the year before last. After visiting the graves for some time, I slowly descended the stone steps of a temple in the mountain, which was coloured in the evening glow, and found the word “resurrection” on a still new gravestone in the cemetery in front of the temple. Although they could not be seen on the earth, they are alive in a different world from us who live in this world. The words “the war is over” and “we have lost” have left people powerless. The whole nation's dreams and beliefs of victory have been destroyed, and we became like sleepwalkers, wondering what on earth we were walking towards. The world has become a wobbly, lurching, anxiety-filled place, flowing irresistibly with the daily flow, and now that we have finally regained our composure. While sprinkling words of peace, the secret talks on atomic and hydrogen bombs are actively forming somewhere. It is human beings who are threatening each other with the destruction of humanity, or rather, the destruction of the planet. In memory of those victims of the atomic bombing and their deaths, I hope that everyone will learn about the horror of atomic and hydrogen bombs and sincerely join hands for world peace.

I join my hands in prayer.

Poem: When I open my book of photos of my brother, who died in the atomic bombing, the blank spaces penetrate loneliness into my eyes.

Poem: With no way of being seen, his figure, once again, appears as a border of this world separating us. I have come to the grave between Vernal Equinox and Autumnal Equinox, when a reflection meets the evening glow.

I think about the various things that come to me with increasing density, so I reflect with my eyes fixed.

“Hometown” was my late brother's favorite song, so it has changed to a duet before I became aware of it.

Latte Masatoshi Sekiya (First-year student at the time, born on 2 April 1926,
graduated from Matsuyama Prefectural Junior High School in March 1944)

Memories of that day

Masataka Takasugi

It seems only recently that an atomic bomb, the most brutal event in the history of the world, exploded in the skies above Urakami, but it has been ten years since then, as an old saying goes, “Time and life pass so quickly like a white horse passing through a narrow gate without a watch.” As a bereaved family member of a family member who fell victim to the inhumanity

of those bullets and was reduced to a single white bone, I cannot forget even a single day of the war, and on the occasion of today's anniversary, I am filled with sorrow as I can still see vividly the tragic sight of that time which causes pain in my heart. On the day of the disaster, I went under heavy fire at night, and the following day in the blazing sun, while avoiding enemy aircraft, I searched for my child in a burning field of corpses for several days. At that time, I was probably in a state of absentmindedness and it was not difficult nor I was sad as the disaster was so great and it was filled with the victims and evacuees, but as the days went by, my mind regained its poise, and a mixture of feelings came to my mind, and the nights continued to be difficult to sleep. I couldn't help but cry deep in my heart as I tried to soothe my old wife's complaints on rainy days and windy days.

The years went by, and on this day, the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, a grand memorial service was held at Gubiloga Hill, thanks to the efforts of many kind people, and I am grateful that this old man could attend the ceremony to pray for the repose of the souls. On the way back home, I visited the site of the demise of my late child, and remembered the days when he was still with us, childhood. I couldn't bear to leave the place, so I composed my humble poem and spent some time there.

Every year brings more feelings for the departed child

How haunting the atomic weapon

Grasshoppers chirp in the bushes of summer grass

(Resident of 314 Yanohira-cho, Nagasaki City)

Late Goro Takasugi (First-year student at the time, born on 25 September 1928,
Graduated from Nagasaki Prefectural Nagasaki Junior High School in March 1945.)

Shigeru

Hase Koto

Shigeru was the best student of the five of my children and showed great promise for the future. We wanted him to serve his country to the best of his ability through medicine. When I said that day that I was sick of war and wished for peace, he told me that my mother should not say such a thing, that she would continue to encourage us, that the war was just beginning and would inevitably end in victory. He left home saying he was going now with a good spirit and would like to order a student hat when he came home. About three hours after arriving at school, the atomic bomb was dropped. He must have gone to paradise with his teachers and his friends

together. His sister went to buy a square student hat to offer to his grave, but she couldn't find one, and our house was burnt down, so we have nothing of Shigeru's left. I sometimes visit the cenotaph on Gubiloga Hill as a small consolation.

The temple's priest gave him the commandment name "*Gankyuin Igaku Seibou Jishi*." I offer my prayer for him day and night.

The late Shigeru Hase (First-year student at the time)

Instead of a CV

Kayo Machiyama

9 August 1945. Shun, who had gone out in high spirits that day, finally did not return home because of the terrible atomic bomb. Shun graduated from Nagasaki Prefectural Junior High School, and because of the situation at that time, his parents, as well as he, wanted to go to a local college, and on 1 July, he entered the Nagasaki Special Medical Vocational Department. Our joy was short-lived, and we as parents will never forget what happened. However, it was not all about ourselves, so I imagine the people who lost their entire family or those deceased together with their siblings. Shun, in particular, was born on 9 August 1928, and as it was exactly on his birthday, he was just turned 17 years old. I resign myself to his short life and fate.

The late Shun Machiyama (First-year student at the time, born on 9 August 1928, graduated from Nagasaki Junior High School, 1945)

About Shuya

Yae Murabe

I remember 9 August 10 years ago, the cursed day of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki, which I will never forget even if I try. Shuya was born in Okayama City in March 1923, moved to Hiroshima when my husband was transferred, and lost his father when he was five months old, so he had the misfortune since he was a child. He grew up healthy and entered Nagasaki Special Medical Vocational Department after attending Omura Primary School and Omura Junior High School, and commuted from Nagasaki City, but due to illness, he had to take some time off, and due to the food situation and other factors, he was evacuated to Omura, where he was commuting from as a first-year student at the time. Some might say that I am a doting parent,

but Shuya was an earnest, with a research mindset and truly respectable child, who was very affectionate towards his parents and older siblings. In hindsight, it may seem like an omen, but my eldest son, who was a student at Kyoto University, returned home four or five days ago, and as I watched the brothers talking amiably with each other, it was a most enjoyable day for me, as if no one in the world could make me happier than I was. On the morning of the 9th, when the night was over, Shuya said before going to the College that he could stay at home as long as his brother went back, but as his brother didn't want to go back, Shuya went out as usual. However, as the first train was delayed for two hours, he returned home once, and the three of us had a pleasant time together. At the time, my eldest son told him to skip school for a day, but I can still see him smiling as he went back to the College, saying that he was going because it was before exams. Who could ever know that it was the last time I could see him but God? Ten years later, my eldest son and I can still see it in our minds' eye, and it is still heart-wrenching. At around 11:02 a.m., the atomic bomb was dropped, and the shock shook even the house in Omura. I was worried and thought it might be a new type of bomb, but I didn't know how powerful it was, and I told myself that my son was fine. It was a hair-raising experience when I went to the station to get him and saw hell on earth. I stood at the station all night and spent a day wandering around Nagasaki Medical College and other shelters, as well as other places where survivors of the atomic bomb were accommodated, for five or six days, but there was no sign of Shuya. I spent my days just waiting for Shuya's return, with my ears concentrating on even the sound of wind and tree leaves every day. I also saw my eldest son, who was consoling me, weeping with disappointment, saying that Shuya would not have died if he had left Omura on the 9th, which made me cry with brotherly compassion. The loneliness of living alone without Shuya after sending his brother back to Kyoto for the new term at the university was indescribable. Later, I received a call from the Medical College, and was requested in November that the ashes be divided, and I finished the laying of the ashes together with my deceased husband. Some unfortunate people lost parents and siblings in war, and cried in loneliness, and I saw my eldest son suffering as if the death of Shuya was his fault when I was depressed, so I reigned myself in, and lived. Thanks to the help of others, my eldest son was able to graduate and find a job. Today, he is with his wife, who has been very kind to me, and I think she may be the second coming of the late Shuya. I live with my eldest son and his wife, praying for the repose of the souls of Shuya and the other victims of the atomic bomb.

Late Shuya Tomonaga (First-year student at the time,
born in March 1923, graduated from Omura Junior High School)

Mass bells ringing

Seiyo Aritomi

All the things I think about are far, far away on this hill.

Mass bells ring at the foot of the hill.

The late Shigeyasu Aritomi (Third-year student at the time)

List of deceased (The Special Medical Vocational Department)

(a) Professor.

Naoharu Ono, Masayuki Yasuno, Kyoya Matsuo

(b) Provisional graduates

Nobuo Aoki, Yoshimichi Kidahashi, Kazuyuki Kiyota

Nakanori Nomura, Toshio Hiwatari

(c) Third-year student

Shigeru Aoki, Takehisa Asakura, Katsutaka Asada

Noboru Asada, Hiroshi Aso, Yukio Adachi

Shigeyasu Aritomi, Kunimitsu Ito, Tatsuo Iwanaga

Osamu Oura, Kihachiro Oshima, Ken Katsuki

Kinichi Kondo, Chikao Shimada, Kuninori Takagi

Tsunenobu Takagi, Shigezumi Takahara, Yukio Nagami

Hisashi Haga, Takashi Fukayama, Teiei Yokote

Lee Chit Cheung, Yuzo Watanabe

(d) Second-year student

Chiharu Mano, Yasutaka Akasaki, Sakae Akizuki

Masanori Ashizawa, Teruo Azuma, Takatoshi Aramaki

Yoshiteru Anraku, Nobuo Imizu, Hirozane Ikeda

Hajime Ikenoko, Tatsuo Ishii, Ataru Ishizuka

Kazuyoshi Ishimoto, Kyoji Inuzuka, Michitoshi Imozuka

Ataru Iwase, Chibiki Iwanaga, Toshiyuki Usuzuka

Hisakuni Eto, Yukio Odeishi, Toyoharu Otani

Hideo Otsuki, Akira Ohno, Youichi Okamoto

Isao Oki, Kiyomi Ochiai, Ushio Kaku

Kuo Fang Hui, Tatsumi Kajiwara, Isao Katakabe

Yukio Kaneko, Ichiro Kaneuji, Hiroshi Kamei

Takashi Kawadoko, Masaaki Kawano, Masayuki Kawazoe

Makio Kawamura, Matao Kimoto, Takeshi Kuramoto

Kei Kuroi, Seishiro Kuwasaki, Junichi Kojima

Yoshitaka Koga, Taiji Komori, Susumu Kodama

Masayoshi Kodama, Tadatoshi Kondo, Joichi Sato

Naokata Sato, Hiroyuki Sakamoto, Eijiro Satozaki

Toshimizu Shimosaki, Xie Xunying, Ikuo Ikushima

Yozo Shuto, Mitsuyoshi Sugawara, Kazuo Suzuki

Sei Tanaka, Hideo Tanaka, Akio Tanaka
 Kiyotaka Tanabe, Hiroshi Takanaga, Kiyoshi Takahashi
 Shigeru Takahashi, Jiro Takahashi, Shingo Takahira
 Ken Takeuchi, Masashichi Takeshita, Yoshikazu Takehama
 Akihiro Tamasaki, Takamitsu Tsukamoto, Shigeharu Terada
 Soji Toki, Masayuki Tominaga, Kazuo Tomonaga
 Taketo Nakao, Yukihiko Nakashima, Shizuo Nakashima
 Masatake Nakashima, Yoshiaki Nakayama, Shoichi Nagai
 Tamotsu Nagai, Junzo Nagashima, Nobuo Nagata
 Teruo Namiki, Hideaki Narimatsu, Sadaichi Nishikawa
 Yutaka Nishida, Shouji Noboru, Mutsuo Hatabara
 Hiromi Hara, Shoichi Higuchi, Susumu Fukahori
 Shoichi Fukuda, Hiroyuki Fukuda, Shigefumi Fujikawa
 Shiro Honda, Yasunari Maekawa, Yoshikazu Masuda
 Hiroshi Matsuo, Noboru Matsuoka, Takenori Matsumoto
 Harunobu Miyake, Haruhide Murata, Yoshiyuki Murata
 Takeshi Mori, Tetsu Morimura, Ken Yokota
 Lin Yingzhu, Hiroyuki Wada, Masamori Watanabe

(e) First-year student

Takuma Abe, Shozo Aoki, Akemi Akiguchi
 Toshiro Akiyoshi, Noriaki Asada, Kanichi Araki
 Toshimitsu Ando, Seiji Inoue, Seiji Ida
 Masahiro Ikezaki, Toshio Isonaga, Shojiro Ideta
 Hikoo Inuzuka, Yoshinori Imamura, Akio Iwata
 Isao Iwanaga, Yasu Iwanaga, Tamenori Iwanaga
 Teruto Uemura, Toshiro Umeki, Yasunori Urakami
 Yukihiro Urakawa, Mamoru Ebihara, Masao Ozaki
 Akira Okubo, Yasumasa Oogusu, Akira Okuma
 Kazuo Ota, Akira Okuno, Yasutoshi Kai
 Tetsuo Kataoka, Tetsuo Katano, Hajime Kadokawa
 Toshiya Kanao, Mitsuyo Kanenobu, Shizuo Kamohara
 Noboru Kawakami, Katsujiro Kawasaki, Takuma Kawatou
 Shungo Kawahara, Akira Kawano, Masayuki Kido
 Shigehiko Kimura, Yoichi Kitano, Masaomi Kitamura
 Iemichi Kusano, Yuji Kusano, Shinji Kuwahara
 Masaaki Kodama, Iwao Komori, Fusao Komi

Kazuo Sagara, Hiromichi Sagara, Tetsuo Sakinaga
Hajime Shigematsu, Hyoe Shinozaki, Noboru Shinohara.
Katsuzou Shibata, Masato Shibata, Takasuke Shibuya
Hiroyuki Shimada, Osamu Shimomura, Hirokazu Shimogaki
Hitoshi Shiraishi, Koji Shirabe, Katsunari Sugimoto
Katsumi Sugiyama, Masatoshi Sekiya, Sadaaki Settsu
Akiyoshi Tagawa, Tadashi Tashiro, Tatsuro Tajiri
Kiyomi Tanaka, Toshimichi Tamoto, Masahide Tayoshi
Masayuki Tada, Goro Takasugi, Junsuke Takasaki
Hiroshi Takatsuki, Kimiaki Takahira, Fusao Takahira
Masuichi Takigawa, Yutaka Takehara, Mareo Tateishi
Taketoshi Tsuru, Motohisa Tetsuo, Hiroki Dobashi
Naoyuki Dobashi, Masao Tonai, Daijiro Tokizawa
Hiroshi Todoroki, Yuizo Tobinaga, Shuya Tomonaga
Taizo Nakao, Kinichi Nakashima, Teizo Nakashima
Masaaki Nakamura, Akiyuki Nakayama, Saburo Nakayama
Yoshimizu Nagata, Shigeru Nagatani, Daiun Nishi
Akiharu Nishimura, Hiroshi Nishimura, Yoichi Noguchi
Takemitsu Noda, Osamu Hasegawa, Ryohei Hashimoto
Kyoza Hamaguchi, Sugao Hamasaki, Shintaro Hayashida
Noboru Hara, Yasutaka Hidaka, Tsuruichi Hisamatsu
Katsumi Hidejima, Katsuyasu Hirayama, Masayuki Hirayama
Mitsugu Hirayama, Hiroo Fukae, Takemaro Fukuda
Masayoshi Fujita, Motosuke Fujiwara, Eiji Fujimoto
Hirohisa Furuta, Takanori Majima, Shigeki Maekawa
Shinya Maeda, Usho Matsuu, Fujisuke Matsuda
Hisaichi Matsunaga, Kameto Matsumoto, Tsuneo Matsuyama
Shun Machiyama, Shuzo Maruta, Shuzo Miura
Toshio Mie, Kiyokazu Mishima, Norio Miyake
Hajime Mizuta, Wataru Mizoguchi, Kiichiro Mitsuoka
Hiromi Mitsunaga, Hiroshi Mine, Yukihiro Miyamoto
Isoo Murota, Shigeyoshi Murozono, Toshiyuki Mori
Katsumaro Morio, Kouji Moriyama, Akitsugu Yamaguchi
Yamasaki Kunio, Sumiharu Yamasaki, Shigeru Yamashita
Masayuki Yamashita, Yoshikazu Yamashita, Masanobu Yamanouchi
Masao Yamamine, Kaoru Yoshioka, Kazuro Yoshida

Katsumi Yoshino, Tatsuo Yoshimura, Seichi Yone
 Toyokazu Rikitake, Hiroshi Wada, Tadashi Wakasugi
 Yoichi Watanabe

Taiwanese students who used Japanese names

Year	Japanese name	Taiwanese name
Provisional graduates	Nakanori Nomura	Liu Youde
Third-year	Shigemi Takahara	Pao Cheng Ju
First-year student	Yoshimizu Nagata	Lau Ka Shui

Three were killed in the bombing of 1 August 1945.

Third-year student	Yukio Nagami
Second-year student	Akira Oono, Yoshikazu Masuda



Entrance of the former Special Pharmaceuticals Department



Main gate of the former Special Pharmaceuticals Department building



Classroom of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department immediately after the bombing



Nagasaki University School of Pharmacy under reconstruction (1955)

3. Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals

History

The Nagasaki Medical College Special Pharmaceuticals Department has its roots in the affiliated Pharmaceuticals Department of Fifth Junior High School Medical College, which was established on 18 June 1890, by the Imperial Order No. 7. In September 1894. It was renamed the Fifth Junior High School Medical College Department of Pharmaceuticals and again changed to Nagasaki Medical College Affiliated Special Pharmaceuticals Department when the National Nagasaki Medical College was established on 31 March 1923. The department was renamed four times before becoming the Pharmacy Department with the establishment of the new university in 1949.

On 1 April 1923, Shizuo Kato, Professor of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, was appointed as the first Director. In April 1925, Professor Tokiji Kawakami was appointed as Director following the resignation of Professor Kato. In December 1927, Professor Kiyoshi Takabatake was appointed as the new Director following the resignation of Professor Kawakami. In April 1932, Professor Kawakami was reassigned to the post of director following the resignation of Professor Takabatake. In March 1936, Professor Kawakami was discharged, and Professor Okura was appointed as Director. In March 1939, he was replaced by Professor Kozo Ueda. In March 1942, Professor Ueda was relieved of his duties, and Professor Torasaburo Eguchi was appointed to the post of Director. On 1 April 1944, he was appointed Director of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department. On 9 August 1945, the entire school building collapsed in flames in the atomic bombing, leaving everything in ashes along with the precious sacrifices of more than 40 staff and students. In October 1945, evacuated classes began at the site of a former youth school in Tabuse-cho, Saga City. In January 1947, the school moved to the site of a former aircrew training school in Onojima-machi, Isahaya City. In March of the same year, due to the illness of Professor Eguchi, Professor Ichibangase became Acting Director of the Department. In November 1948, Tokiji Kawakami, an instructor at the Ministry of Education, was appointed as Director. On 31 May 1949, Nagasaki University School of Pharmaceutical Sciences was established. In the same month, Tokiji Kawakami was appointed as the first Director of the School. In August of the same year, Kichijiro Hirai, an instructor of the Ministry of Education, was ordered to become the administrative director. In May 1950, part of the School of Economics, Nagasaki University, Katafuchi-machi, Nagasaki, was rented to accommodate the first students of the new School, and classes were held there.

In late December of the same year, it was decided to use the former Nagasaki Normal School building in Showa-machi, Nagasaki, and repair work was begun on the east side of the main building (about 950 sq. m) With the completion of the first phase of construction at the end of

February 1951, the school was relocated from Isahaya City and in March of the same year, the last graduation ceremony of the former Special Pharmaceuticals Department was held at the school building, followed by the completion of the relocation from the School of Economics in Katafuchi-machi in April. In December 1951, construction began on the west side of the main building (about 1,088 sq. m) as the second phase and was completed in March 1952. In July of the same year, Professor Jisuke Takatori was appointed as acting Director following the retirement of Tokiji Kawakami. In July of the same year, the third phase of the construction began on the west side (about 843 sq. m) from the main entrance of the main building. In September of the same year, Professor Takatori was relieved of his duties and appointed Dean of the School. In the same month, work on the gas line (1,200 m from Sumiyoshi) was started and completed. The third phase of construction was completed in October of the same year. In September 1954, Professor Takatori's dual position was ended, and Professor Koji Yanai was appointed Dean of the School. After the transfer of an instructor of the Ministry of Education, Hirai, Junji Nishiyama, an instructor from the Ministry of Education, was appointed as the head of the administrative office. In October of the same year, work began as the fourth phase of construction on the east side of the main building (about 893 sq. m) from the main entrance, and it was completed on March 30 the following year.

General situation at the time

The Special Pharmaceuticals Department was headed by Director Torasaburo Eguchi and staffed by Professors Seiki, Tanaka, Wakabayashi, Yokoyama, Yamashita, Sugiura, and Ichibangase, Assistant Professors Kono and Akiyama, and Lecturer Oshima, of whom Professors Wakabayashi and Lecturer Oshima were on leave and Assistant Professor Kono was serving in the military. In addition, several other lecturers from the medical college and the commercial high school were working as guest speakers. The number of students registered was 201. 92 first-year students who enrolled in school in July were mobilised at the Mitsubishi Electric Works in Akunoura in Nagasaki city, while 60 second-year students were being mobilised at the Nichitsu Plant in Minamata, Ashibita County, Kumamoto Prefecture. 49 third-year students were to graduate in September, so they returned to school at the end of July to spend their days until graduation concentrating on their studies after being mobilised to Takeda Pharmaceutical Yoshitomi Plant in Yoshitomi Town, Chikujo-gun, Fukuoka Prefecture, and Tanabe Pharmaceutical Onoda Plant in Onoda, Yamaguchi Prefecture. The administrative staff included Michio Kono, Takiko Matsuo, Teruko Uchino, Atsuko Ide, Michiko Sakai, Hisako Masaki, Kyoko Nonaka, the staff Iwamoto, Yamamoto, and Yokose.

Situation at the time of the bombing

On that day, Director Eguchi, Professor Tanaka, Professor Yokoyama, Professor Ichibangase, and Assistant Professor Akiyama were on a business trip and survived the disaster. Professor Seiki, who was at the school, was injured in an air-raid shelter while instructing air-raid shelter digging, and Professor Sugiura was killed instantly in a medicinal herb garden. Professor Yamashita was exposed to the atomic bomb and died while hospitalized at the Medical College Hospital.

23 third-year students at the school died while working on the reinforcement of air-raid shelters. 9 second-year students who remained at the school because their health would not allow them to be mobilised were killed in the atomic bombing while organising the books in the library. 4 first-year students were also killed in the atomic bombing.

Administrator Kono was on leave that day and escaped the bombing. Matsuo was killed in the bombing at home. Uchino and Ide were exposed to the atomic bomb and died on campus. Sakai, Masaki, and Nonaka were in the school, but details are unknown. Staff Iwamoto, Yamamoto, and Yokose were also killed in the atomic bombing on campus. Thus, a total of 44 people were killed, including 2 professors, 36 students, and 6 administrative staff, while the school buildings, books, and equipment were all reduced to ashes.

Before and after the atomic bombing

Chronicles up to the atomic bombing

Tsuneo Akiyama

It has been ten years since 9 August, the fateful day that no one could have dreamt of, but fortunately, I have some brief notes from that time at hand, so I will try to trace the records of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department. On 24 March 1945, at 1:00 p.m., there was a meeting to determine the first-year students' passing the examination. 4 students were determined to pass. At around 5:30 p.m., Professor Kinji Tanaka, who was in Tokyo as a wartime researcher at the Tokyo Otuo Research Institute, suddenly arrived at the school, and we heard about the air-raids and food situation in Tokyo. (Professor Tanaka died suddenly on 3 September in the chaos right after the end of the war in Tokyo, so this became his last day at the school.)

On 27 March, 50 first-year students assemble at the Ohashi train station at 9:00 a.m. I joined a tour of the Urakami water supply system together with Sugiura and Soejima. At 11:00 a.m., an alarm was issued and the tour was cancelled, and together with the students, we rushed back to the College. On the way back, there was an attack by the enemy airplanes. On 10 April, at

9:00 a.m., Assistant Professor Soejima gave a farewell speech to the students in the second-year classroom. He will be enrolling in the Department of Chemistry of Hiroshima Literature and Science College. As Director Eguchi was away as he went back to Saga Prefecture, Professor Seiki introduced him. The third-year students were not present as they were being mobilised for the factory, and with the 50-odd second-year students in attendance, he made a lonely farewell address to the students.

On 9 May, a meeting of instructors was held in the afternoon to discuss various matters concerning the commissioning of research personnel to secure domestic pharmaceutical resources at the request of the military. (On 8 August, the first meeting was held in Fukuoka City by order of the Western Army on this matter. To attend the meeting, Director Eguchi, Professor Ichibangase, and others were absent from the school on 9 August and were spared the disaster of the atomic bombing.

On 25 May, Professor Sugiura travelled to Onoda City today to supervise the third-year students mobilised at the Tanabe Pharmaceutical Onoda Factory. Half of the students are also mobilised to Takeda Pharmaceutical's Yoshitomi Plant.

On 7 June, I took the 9:30 a.m. train from Nagasaki Station to Onoda to change shifts with Professor Sugiura. At the station, I met former fellow student Masahiro Honda (he was now working at the National Saga Sanatorium) and accompanied him to Nakahara. Although it started to rain in the Tosu area, by the time I arrived in Onoda, it stopped. On 8 June, I arrived at work from the dormitory at 8:00 a.m. and met Mr. Ito of the factory to discuss the termination of the mobilisation of students. Later that day, I visited to monitor the phenol synthesis plant where the students are working.

On 14 June, a B-29 attacked the factory before dawn. Although I had a consultation with the factory about the date and time of the leaving ceremony with Mr. Ito, he insisted on the 21st. After consulting with the group leader, Mr. Tasaki, I sent a telegram to Mr. Eguchi, the director of the department, asking him if he or the student council could come.

On 18 June, Mr. Soejima visited my lodging early in the morning, and together we went to the factory and finished our breakfast. A short time later, Director Eguchi also arrived. He arrived last night and stayed at Sakurai Ryokan (inn). In the afternoon, after discussions with the factory, it was decided that the leaving ceremony would be held on the 20th.

After we had dinner at Sakurai Ryokan, all students gathered to discuss employment opportunities after graduation in September. On 20 June, 11:00 a.m., a leaving ceremony was held in the factory canteen. I made a speech on behalf of the school. After the ceremony, all the students dispersed to this location. I returned by the train from Onoda Station, leaving at 6:50 a.m. On the way, I changed the train at Moji, passed through Hakata at midnight, and saw the area near the station on fire because of the air-raid. On 27 June, as air-raids on various cities indicated that an

attack on our area was inevitable, all the students were mobilised to prepare for the evacuation of some of the school's books, equipment, etc. We used the ceiling of the school building as materials for packing and made 14 packages. On 1 July, there is an entrance ceremony for new students. After the ceremony, a formation ceremony for the student corps was held on the Sports Field in light rain. The ceremony is cancelled due to an air-raid warning, and after it is lifted at 11:00 a.m., a formation ceremony is held under President Tsuno'o.

On 11, 12, and 13 July, second-year students were directed to a storage shed in the herb garden to disperse and evacuate all books, chemicals, glassware, etc., except those in constant use on campus.

On 1 August, an air-raid alarm was issued at around 11:00 a.m., and everyone took shelter in a side-hole air-raid shelter. About 30 minutes later, enemy airplanes attacked. The sound of explosions and machine-gun fire was heard close at hand, and the lights in the shelter went out. Several bombs were dropped on the Obstetrics and Gynaecology Department of the affiliated hospital, making a large hole, killing two second-year students from the Special Medical Vocational Department and a third-year medical student.

On 7 August, I travelled to Minamata to replace Professor Yokoyama, who was supervising second-year students mobilised to the Japan Nitrogen Minamata Plant. Air-raids on Nagasaki began constantly around this time. I left Nagasaki Station on the 5:20 p.m. train. I met Director Eguchi on the train when it passed near the Tosu area. On 8 August, due to several enemy aircraft attacks on the train, the train stopped at Kumamoto, Hinagu, Tanoura, etc., and arrived at Minamata at 3:00 p.m., a 12-hour delay, while the train was supposed to arrive at 3:00 a.m.

I went to the Nitrogen Plant to meet Professor Yokoyama, made contact, and finished handing over administrative issues, etc. The plant also stopped its operation due to air-raids in late July, and on the 7th, the previous day, the Showa Dormitory, where the students are staying, was completely destroyed by air-raids on the 7th, leaving only a small portion of its buildings. The students are currently in the process of digging out their belongings, so from today, their lodging will be moved to the Shonan Kan in Yunoko Onsen. At 6:00 p.m., we arrived and rested at the accommodation in Yunoko Onsen, about 4 km from Minamata City. This is a small, relaxed hot spring town near the coast, considering the air-raids, where the islands of Amakusa can be seen very close at hand.

On 9 August, at 8:00 a.m. I got on a truck with students, separating them into several groups to their dormitory destroyed by air-raids the day before yesterday, and began digging work. At 9:30 a.m., due to an alarm, work was halted, and we were dispersed to shelters near the coast for evacuation.

At 12:30 p.m., the alarm was lifted, and some students reported seeing a huge mushroom-shaped cloud of smoke in the direction of Nagasaki at around 11:00 a.m. In the afternoon, I

contacted the factory headquarters and found out that a new type of bomb had fallen on Nagasaki. The students were worried about the safety of their families and lodgings. On 10 August, all students went to the factory by truck, but an alarm was issued at 9:00 a.m., so the work was stopped in the morning. In the afternoon, incendiary bombs fell on the factory, so all students were mobilised to extinguish the fire. After dinner, we learnt from the radio news in our accommodation that Japan and the Soviet Union had entered a state of war. On 11 August, from today, I am stationed at the factory headquarters. At 9:30 a.m., we took refuge in the shelter. Inside, I was surprised at the excellent facilities, including telephone communication with the watchtower on the mountain and broadcasting within the shelter. Professor Yokoyama, who was due to return to the College yesterday, returned by the train departing this evening. On 13 August, due to several air-raids, the factory was unable to operate, and it was decided to send the mobilised students home temporarily. On 14 August, after going to the factory in the morning and consulting with them, it was decided that we would depart tomorrow evening. As the Kyushu Main Train Line was closed in many places due to the air-raids, the plan was to take the factory's steamer to Tanoura and use a train from Tanoura. In the evening, Mr. Misawa, who took good care of the students from the factory side, also arrived, and a farewell party was held. Alcohol raised the spirits of the students. On 15 August, together with the students' representative, I visited the factory to say goodbye to the factory manager and deputy manager. After 11:00 a.m., the radio announces several times that a major announcement is to be made. At noon, after the broadcast of the national anthem "Kimigayo", we heard the imperial rescript in the emperor's voice. All listened solemnly without hats under the blazing sun. We could not hear it very well, but after a while we found out that the war was over. In the afternoon, we returned to their lodging in Yunoko and asked the lodgings master for lunch boxes for the return journey, but he did not agree, so I dispatched Sakamoto to the factory and also requested that the ship scheduled to embark for Tanoura be extended to Shimabara.

Sakamoto returns to the lodging at 5:00 p.m., which made me relieved that all was going well. At 7:00 p.m., 39 students boarded the Minamata Maru No. 2 and left Yunoko in the dusk, except for Fukui, who was returning to Kagoshima. Windless, waves calm, port call at Misumi at about 10:00 a.m., while seeing fire in the dotted firelight in the town of Misumi. On 16 August, we changed the plan and headed for Omuta. We arrived at the port around midnight and temporarily stayed overnight outside the port. Waiting for daybreak, the ship made a port call, and 18 people (students from Saga and the Fukuoka area) disembarked, except for Itoyama. We parted while singing the College song loudly. We arrived at Yue at 7:30 a.m., thanked the captain for his help since the night before, and disembarked. Here, the damage caused by the atomic bomb in Nagasaki is finally revealed, and we learned that the area around the Medical College seems to be the center of the damage. At 11:00 a.m., we boarded the Shimabara Line train from Fukae

Station. At Isahaya Station, I happened to meet Professor Sugiura's wife, who told me about the damage to the Pharmacy Department and about Sugiura's exposure to the atomic bomb, and I knew of no way to comfort her. I was also informed that Dr. Seiki was in the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals' tunnel shelter and had a narrow escape from death. I arrived at Michino'o at 2:00 p.m. and saw the surrounding mountains and trees turning brown and green. The power of the atomic bomb from the vicinity of the Mitsubishi weapon was striking. The whole area around the College was burnt to the ground, and the huge chimney of the Medical College Hospital was bent, making the situation extremely miserable. After passing the platform-only Urakami Station, the train arrived at Nagasaki Station, which had been destroyed by fire. Compared to the time of departure, Nagasaki has changed so much that I felt depressed. They were transcribed from a memo I found. A few days after returning to Nagasaki, I went to the Medical College headquarters to attend to the bereaved family members of the students who had arrived from all over the country, but I couldn't tell you how many times I turned my face away from the families not to see their grief. The bodies of several Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals students who had been temporarily buried by Seiki sensei, Tomita and others were carried by Ito, Tasaki (currently living in Nagasaki) and others to the vicinity of the tunnel shelter, and since nothing was as it should be at the time, they were placed on a burnt-out iron bed and burnt while praying for their repose, but I remember that their abdomen did not burn easily. It took all day to collect the ashes, but of course, there were no urns, and after hearing the names of the students, they were placed in oil cans, buried with a wooden plaque, and we could not even offer a field flower in a burnt field.

From around 20 August, the Medical College headquarters rented part of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry in Sakura-machi and took the first steps towards reconstruction. At the end of August, I went up to Unzen on foot from Aino with Tomita, Ikeda, Kikuno from the pharmacy, three students from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, and others, in order to get medicines and medical supplies from the Naval Hospital stored in Unzen. We took lodgings at the Miyazaki Ryokan (inn) and borrowed a wheeled cart from the Ryokan to collect ex-naval hospital medicines and other supplies, which had been dispersed to several hotels in Unzen, at the dormitory of the Mitsubishi Shipyard, located near the Ariake Hotel. The work was completed in just over two weeks, and the supplies were transported to Nagasaki in several trucks. The medicines and medical supplies were of great use in the reopening of the Medical College Hospital after the atomic bombing. In September, students living in Nagasaki began to gather together one by one, so we started to transport books such as Bilestein, which had survived the fire, to the basement of the former chemical storeroom in the burnt ruins of the Medical College but as the College campus was filled with the remains of burnt buildings and trees, we could not bring in the vehicle into school yard and had a hard time to bring them out.

At the same time, the chemistry-related reference materials, such as *Berichte* magazines, which had been left in the basement of the biochemistry laboratory as it was and scattered about, were also taken out together. Of course, these books belonged to the Chemistry Department of the Medical College, but if we had not transported them and left them as they were, they would probably have been scattered without being able to use any of them. When we entered the basement, we found many books had been trampled underfoot, and we couldn't bear to look at them, so we carried them out. At the end of September, the graduation ceremony for the class of 1945 took place in a room of the Shinkouzen Primary School but half of the graduates, 23 of them, became victims of the atomic bombing, and only about 20 people were able to attend the ceremony, so it was a sad and lonely graduation ceremony, although such a graduation ceremony will never happen again. I would like to add that special awards were given to Tsuneo Tomita, who remained in the tunnel shelter with Dr. Seiki and took good care of his alumni friends until the end of their lives, who were eventually killed by the atomic bombing.

I have written the above in a rambling way, but my memory may have faded, and there may be some errors in the timeline.

(National Hyogo Sanatorium)

Unforgettable things

Torasaburo Eguchi

Today, I received a letter from Dean Yanai of the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences, Nagasaki University. I immediately opened the letter and found that 9 August marks the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki. Therefore, it was decided to compile a record as part of the 10th anniversary commemoration of the atomic bombing, and they asked me to write about the historical facts of the time of the bombing. As I was the Director of Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals at the time, I believe that they made this request to me, and I consider it my duty to respond to their request. However, I was away on official business at the time of the atomic bombing (as I will explain later) and returned to Nagasaki at 2:00 a.m. on the 12th, so I was not able to learn about the situation at the time of the atomic bombing or immediately afterwards. I was not present for the farewells of my dear students, and this is still a cause of regret for me today, ten years later.

Therefore, I would like to describe the situation of the school and my actions before and after based on what I heard and saw after I returned to Nagasaki on the 12th. The inexpressible memory of that horrific hellscape is still fresh in my mind and will grieve me for the rest of my life. The China Incident, which broke out in July 1937, led to World War II on 8 August 1941, with Japan

entering the war against the United States and Britain, and the war situation became more intense by the day. Students and pupils (excluding medical students) were also to play a part in the national defence of the country and were deployed to various factories in the name of student mobilization, but the war was becoming more and more against us by the day, and enemy aircraft were coming in more and more frequently. Almost all of the country's major cities were on the verge of ruin, and by the beginning of 1945, sadly, our country's defeat became more and more imminent. At that time, I was the Director of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals under Medical College President Tsuno'o, with Professors Seiki, Yokoyama, Ichibangase, and Sugiura, and Associate Professors Kono and Akiyama. There were also guest lecturers from the departments of Pathology, Anatomy, Physiology, Bacteriology, Hygiene of the Medical College, as well as an ethics teacher from the Commercial High School. The first-year students were mobilised to the Mitsubishi Electric Works in Akunoura, Nagasaki. The second-year students were mobilised to the Nichitsu Plant in Minamata, Ashikita County, Kumamoto Prefecture. The third-year students were divided into two groups, half of whom were mobilised at Takeda Pharmaceutical's Yoshitomi plant in Yoshitomi-machi, Chikujō-county, Fukuoka Prefecture, and the other half at Tanabe Pharmaceutical's Onoda plant in Onoda, Yamaguchi Prefecture, but as the graduation was scheduled in September, they returned to the school in the end of July and concentrated on the wrap up of their studies for few weeks before the graduation. My heart breaks for these third-year students. They could not concentrate on their studies during the two and a half years they spent at the school, which was in the middle of an intensifying war situation, and they had to be mobilised to work in the factories, where they had to suffer as hard as the factory workers.

Even so, those who were just about to graduate and were busy sorting out their notebooks and other things back in their happy learning place had probably a happy memory of the hardships that had passed. Even though their student life was short, they must have had dreams after graduation. Who could have imagined that after a few weeks, they would have to face a life-threatening situation? Tears flowed down my face without stopping. The attacks by the enemy airplanes became more and more frequent, and Nagasaki was hit by dozens of bombs by B-29 on 1 August. Several 250 kg bombs fell on the College Hospital at this time, killing four or five medical students. Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals has been digging an air-raid shelter facing the center of the mountain, with entrances at the narrow shooting range target in the opposite side of the entrance and to the right of it, but as the bomb attack made us more anxious and asking some experts, we were told that our bunkers were inadequate even for a 250 kg bomb, so the third-year students at the school were ordered to dig the air-raid shelters with day-and-night, starting with the most urgent areas.

At the time, I was assigned as a military researcher together with Professors Ichibangase and

Yokoyama. I was notified that the first meeting would be held on 8 August at the Western Military District Headquarters in Fukuoka, and as it was to be the first meeting, I decided to attend together with the above two professors.

Professor Ichibangase was at the school, so I informed him about it and also informed Professor Yokoyama, who was accompanying the second-year students to the Nichitsu Plant in Minamata, by telegram, and as it was the time of replacement, I decided to have Assistant Professor Akiyama go to the plant.

I asked both Professors Seiki and Sugiura to take care of school duties while I was away, as well as digging air-raid shelters, and left Nagasaki for Fukuoka on the 6th. On the 8th at 8:00 a.m., I immediately met Professor Ichibangase at the Western Military District Headquarters, but Professor Yokoyama finally did not attend. We imagined that something had gone wrong that prevented him from coming. The meeting on the same day was not only about research matters, but also about mobilising students. The military asked us if they could direct students to salt production due to the great shortage of salt, and we accepted their request, as at that time we heard a rumour that Mr. Kusaba (a graduate of 1931) from Karatsu had started a salt manufacturing business. If so, we wanted to send students to his factory in Karatsu, and I have obtained the army's approval on this matter. I remember that the meeting on the same day was continued until around 7:00 p.m. I left Fukuoka immediately after the meeting, went back to my house in Mitagawa, and stayed at my father's for one night.

On the following day, the 9th, we needed to know quickly about the situation at Kusaba's place with regard to the mobilisation of the students to the salt factory, which we discussed at yesterday's meeting. I decided to go to the Saga Prefectural Office to check it out. It was probably around 10:20 a.m. when I was about to put on my shoes.

At that time, small enemy aircraft often came out unexpectedly and shot at trains, so it was not safe to go to Saga by train. Just as I was putting on my shoes, the radio started loudly, and I heard it say, "in Nagasaki," so I stopped and listened. The citizens of Nagasaki were told to evacuate quickly, and those in the vicinity of Nagasaki were also told to evacuate repeatedly, with a great sense of urgency. When I heard this, I suddenly thought that Nagasaki was now under naval fire. However, the radio reported that the enemy was now attacking Nagasaki with an atomic bomb, followed by a call for the citizens of Nagasaki to quickly prevent fire. A few days earlier, on 6 August, Hiroshima was destroyed by an atomic bomb, but at the time, the military and the government did not announce what an atomic bomb was; they seemed to be busy hiding it from the public. The devastation of Hiroshima was not made public at all. The enemy dropped a new type of bomb on Hiroshima, but we needn't be afraid. If you dig a shelter, get in it and cover yourself with a damp cloth or a towel; it will be OK. This is what I remember the authorities said in the newspapers at the time. Therefore, we didn't know what an atomic bomb was at the time,

and believed that since the radio station had warned us about it, the citizens of Nagasaki must have completely evacuated this time. I firmly believed that the students, my eldest son, Hiroshi (in his second year of Medical College), and four members of my younger sisters and their children (of whom the eldest son, Kazuma, was in his second year of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals) must be safe. Wherever I went, when the radio announced that an air-raid warning had been issued in Nagasaki, I used to rush back from worrying, but this time, as the radio station's words "Nagasaki citizens must evacuate quickly" sounded different and stronger than usual, so I assumed that everyone had been evacuated completely and did not return to Nagasaki immediately as I had business at the Saga Prefectural Government Office.

The next day, on the 10th, they did not sell the train ticket, so I obtained a ticket to Michino'o on the 11th and took the train to Nagasaki a little after 5:00 p.m. According to the timetable, it was supposed to leave at 5:00 p.m., but Tosu Station was bombed on the 10th, the day before, and trains had to turn back from Nakahara Station on that day, so the timetable was delayed, and I remember that the train departed after 7:00 p.m., about two hours late. On the way, the train was delayed again, but as a man boarded the train at Yue Station and sat down next to me, I immediately asked him about the situation in Nagasaki. He said that he has not gone to Nagasaki yet, but the Urakami area was said to be in an unspeakable state of destruction, with nothing to be found there. I had an icy shiver all over my body when I was told that all the people who had been there were dead. I had been convinced that everything was fine, but this one word plunged me into the abyss in an instant. I arrived at Isahaya Station, lost in thought, wondering whether the school had been wiped out, whether all the teachers and students were gone, etc. Here, a woman boarded and sat down next to me, so I immediately asked her about it, and she told me that she was from Takenokubo and was lucky enough to be in an air-raid shelter that was being dug when the atomic bombs exploded. However, when she saw a flash of light and heard a deafening noise, she thought a bomb had fallen around the entrance of the shelter, so she went to the entrance, but there was no sign of it, and she could not see as it was black. Soon after, fire broke out all over the Urakami area, and she had to flee from place to place, but at that time, she really thought that hell had come. Upon hearing this, I thought that everything was ruined. The College must have been burned, too. I was sadly forced to believe that the teacher, the students, Hiroshi, my sister, and her family were all dead. It must have been around 1:00 a.m. when I arrived at Michino'o. I tried to get my bag from the overhead rack to get into the car, but it was not there (the lights were off and it was dark inside the car), so I borrowed a lamp from the station staff to look for it, but finally I could not find it. I always had this bag with me as it contained all the necessary documents that should not be lost in a fire. The incident made me feel further disappointed and, not to bring good luck, even more gloomy. There was nothing I could do, so I left Michino'o Station at around 1:30 a.m. and

headed for Nagasaki slowly. Looking towards Nagasaki, it appears that the city is still burning here and there. Evacuees come from the Nagasaki area in groups, carrying nightclothes and other items on carts. When I got to the Nishi-Urakami area, the remains of the bombing are still visible: no houses, debris strewn along the road, fallen telephone poles, burnt ruins of houses, and blue fire spewing out of the debris accumulation can be seen here and there. The smell of burning people comes to the nose. There are still burning places in the direction of Shiroyama. I crossed over the Ohashi bridge. I came to Matsuyama Street, where I used to live. Of course, the whole area is a burnt field, with blue fires popping up here and there. I feel as if my sister and her family (they also live with me) are being burned in those fires, so I pressed my hands to pray. I was planning to go from Matsuyama Street towards the church in Urakami to reach the College, but the situation was not that easy, and there were no roads. When I reached the Shimono-kawa bridge, four or five people were talking, so I asked for a fire to light a cigarette and listened for a while to what had happened at the time of the explosion. On the 8th, just before 11:00 a.m., the air-raid warning had been lifted, and the alert was in force; and those who had taken shelter in air-raid shelters were just about to go outside. However, there was the sound of a few planes buzzing in the sky. Not only the radio broadcasts I heard in Saga, but also the fact that the air-raid warning was lifted and the civilians were out of their dugouts, and it was soon after they had wiped the sweat off their faces, when a flash of yellowish-purple light came, and in no time at all, all the houses were crushed and the area of destruction stretched almost from near Michino'o in the north to near Nagasaki Station in the south. The houses that were knocked down soon caught fire and turned into a sea of flames. Many people were exposed to the high heat of the explosion, which reached several thousand degrees Celsius, and died instantly. They said that there was no other way to describe it than to say that it was a living hell, with dead and half-dead people crawling to the riverside in search of water and begging for help from everywhere. These people told me that there is a soup kitchen at the hospital. So, I decided to go to the hospital and went to the Hamaguchi stop, where I saw four or five people carrying stretchers and talking. As I went there, they asked, "Where are you going?" to which I replied that I was going to the hospital. One of them said that these people were from Shimabara and that their child was injured, was reported to be lying around the back gate of the hospital and asked me if I could take these people to the location. I said that I could accompany them and headed to the hospital. I went to the hospital in the dark, but did not stumble over anything on the cobblestone path up to the hospital, and arrived at the entrance. (When I went down from the hospital to wash my face that morning, I was surprised to find five or six human corpses and one large horse corpse lying on the pavement.) I woke up to find some students sleeping on a bed of grass mat in front of the entrance, but it turned out to be soldiers from Kurume, who had come for aid. I had to take the Shimabara people to the back gate first, so I asked the soldiers if I could go to the back gate, and they said that they had

cleared the way and that I could go, so I suddenly thought it must be the path under the cliff that used to be a passageway and led the way in that direction, but it was not a passable path. It was not passable at all, with debris scattered about, telephone poles and wires are convoluted, and there was an awful smell of decaying animals, so, feeling very sorry for the people of Shimabara, I somehow made it to the Ophthalmology Department office and finally got to the back gate. Moaning is heard in the neighbourhood. We called for the name of the child whom the people of Shimabara were looking for, but there was no answer. After calling several times, a woman's voice said, "There is a College student who died in the air-raid shelter right there, and there are people there, so go there and ask them." It was pitch-dark, and I didn't know where I was, so I decided to wait for daybreak and lie down on the ground to rest for a while. It was probably around 2:30 a.m. I think I fell asleep. The sky in the east seemed to lighten a little, and then I heard the voice of what sounded like a student talking. I immediately got up and went towards the voice and found it was indeed a student from the College. So, I asked him if he knew how Hiroshi Eguchi, a second-year student, was doing, but he said he didn't know and that several students were lying here, so come and see. The place he took me was the basement of the Ophthalmology Department. A couple of dozen students were accommodated here, but I think some had already passed away. Severely wounded, moaning in agony. They were not distinguishable. I lit a candle and examined them one by one, but there was no Hiroshi. Unexpectedly, Associate Professor (now Professor) Sato of Anatomy was present. I immediately asked him about Hiroshi, and he said, "Eguchi is safe and sound, he's around the entrance." I don't know how much his words have pleased and cheered me up. As far as Hiroshi is concerned, I felt completely at ease, so I waited for dawn to break and decided to go to the entrance, talked to Dr. Sato for a while, and went to the entrance when it became brighter. Here I again unexpectedly met Matsunaga. After graduating from the School of Pharmacy in 1940, he continued his studies in the Medical College, became a military doctor after graduation, and served in Kurume, where he is now leading soldiers in relief work. He said to me immediately, "You are worried about him, doctor." I felt as if I had been hit by an electric shock and asked why, as Mr. Sato had just told me that Eguchi was safe and sound around the entrance, and I thought he was looking after the wounded. I said, "I'm looking for him," to which Matsunaga replied, "Unfortunately." I followed him, asking him to take me to wherever he was, which was in the basement of the Kohoku Ward. Two or three dozen wounded were accommodated here as well. Some of them had already died. Others had burns all over their bodies, so they were indistinguishable, others were sprawled out in agony, screaming half-crazed, and it was like a hell of agonizing cries of pain. Hiroshi was laid here, and from what I could see, there wasn't a scratch on him, and I was relieved to know that he would be okay. Then I thought it was unusual because he seemed to have difficulty standing, even for going to the bathroom, and I had to

support him and take him with me, but his whole body was shaking. I was worried in my heart that this might be serious. I wanted to ask him about the situation of the College immediately after the bombing, but I did not, because I wanted to wait until Hiroshi had recovered. Hiroshi just told me, "Hey, Dad, it just came without a second." Mano from the hospital pharmacy was also lying here. There was also a student by my side with severe burns all over his body, and I couldn't tell who he was. When he heard me talking to Hiroshi, this wounded man said to me: "Aren't you Dr. Eguchi?" I suddenly realized by his voice and said, "You're Noguchi, aren't you?" Then, I could not stop crying. He graduated from the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, continued his studies at the Medical College, and was in the third year. I will never forget the last words he said to me. "*Sensei*, I will not die, I will not die without striking my enemy," he exclaimed. I also encouraged him, wishing him a speedy recovery and saying, "Yes, cheer up," but I think he soon became a victim of the atomic bomb. A student from Hiroshi's class was sleeping right next to Hiroshi. He called out to Hiroshi, "Eguchi, Eguchi," but failed to give his name. What was Hiroshi's state of mind amid this scene? The thought of it is unbearable for me.

Would he not have been saddened by the transience of the same fate that would soon befall him? I had to report my return to the College to the President. The President was lying wounded in the air-raid shelter on the side of the surgical ward, with his face, hands, and feet covered with bandages stained with a little blood, but he did not appear to be badly injured. When I told him I was sorry for being late to return to school, not knowing about the situation, he told me about the horror of the atomic bombing and said, "The school is completely gone. Let's try to find a temporary school building as soon as possible and resume classes. As for you, your Hiroshi has been injured, so you should take good care of him." I said to him, "Please cheer up and get better as soon as possible," and I left, but this was the last goodbye with the President.

The President was moved to a shrine in Michino'o in the evening of the same day by a military bus. These are the accounts concerning the President, while all the students who were in the Basic Science Department became victims along with the destruction of the school. Dr. Koyano was in charge on behalf of the President, but the situation was completely out of control due to the unexpected events. On the 13th, Hiroshi was moved from the basement of the Kohoku Ward to the basement of the Pediatric Ward. His condition deteriorated rapidly, and he developed a high fever followed by severe diarrhea. He finally passed away at 9:50 p.m. on the 14th, saying, "I'm sorry I've worried you so much, father." I was stunned as I lost my eldest son, whom I had relied on as my walking stick and my pillar, in a sudden and unexpected death, and I spent the night clinging to and embracing the corpse of my child, as if my soul had been drained from me. On the morning of the 15th, Dr. Kaieda and his son helped me with the cremation of my son, and I returned home with his ashes. When Hiroshi's remains suddenly returned, his grandfather, wife, children, and others were so shocked that his grandfather fainted.

After laying Hiroshi's remains to rest, and after a few days of nourishing my exhausted body, I returned to Nagasaki, where I heard that President Tsuno'o had passed away. When I returned to school previously on the morning of the 12th, Professor Sugiura, whom I had asked to take care of the school during my absence, appeared to have been killed in the explosion, and Professor Seiki seemed to have been wounded and left Nagasaki. None of those accommodated in the hospital were students from Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, and I couldn't get in touch with the teachers, while Hiroshi's life was coming to an end, so I was not able to grasp the situation of Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals despite of my anxiety. According to the information I gathered after I returned to Nagasaki this time, the third-year students were also digging air-raid shelters under the supervision of Professors Seiki and Sugiura on 9 August, following my instruction from a few days earlier. Due to the number of people, they were divided into two groups, and their working time was set, with one group digging while the second group took a break.

The atomic bomb exploded at exactly 11:02 a.m., and those who were outside resting at the time unfortunately received a direct hit from the bomb and were either killed instantly or mortally wounded and all of them soon lost their lives. Those who were inside the shelters and working were fortunate to escape. Professor Seiki was also working in the bunker and sustained only minor injuries. Those who unfortunately lost their young lives were 23 third-year students who were soon to graduate, and four or five second-year students who, due to illness or weakness, were not mobilised to work at the factory but stayed at school to help with research. I am truly heartbroken when I think of them. These cherry blossoms are still in bud, and they would have dreamt of the day when they would have completed their studies, and would have drawn their respective ideals in their hearts before flying heroically into society. I also had the privilege of entrusting the beloved sons of families, and coincidentally, a master-disciple love relationship was formed, and although with my poor ability, we shared our daily life as if they were my children, hoping and expecting that they would grow up to be fine members of society.

My nephew (my younger sister's child) was also in the second year and was not mobilised to the factory due to illness, but stayed at school to help with research and died in the atomic bombing. We could not even identify this body. I called my eldest son Hiroshi and this nephew when the war was becoming more and more unfavorable, and told them that I thought that the war was going to have serious consequences and that we would lose, when the time comes, the students would be sent to the front, and if they do, they will not know whether they will live or die. I say it is for the good of the country, but you, the youth, may well die before this old man, so it is vital to be prepared to be steadfast. However, who would have imagined such a way of dying? I regret having told them such a thing. My heart breaks for the 20-odd students I love, and for Hiroshi, who must have felt nothing but regret.

As for professors, Professor Yamashita was ill and in the hospital in the Psychiatric Department, but he passed away in the patient ward. Professor Sugiura was reportedly digging an air-raid shelter with the students, but had visitors and showed them around the greenhouse. No one knows what his business was, but it seems that he had intended to open the window from outside the greenhouse and put his hand in to take something out, at which time he was exposed to the atomic bomb and died with his hand caught in the window frame. I heard that people later tried to remove his hand from the window, but they could not get it off, so he was left there to be cremated. One person who worked in the office of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals for a long time was Takiko Matsuo. On the morning of the 9th, she drove some materials for evacuation to Togitsu and was killed by the atomic bombing just before arriving at her home. Two staff members died in the office. I was so stunned that I could not believe that it was an event in this world, but only a dream. Then again, looking at it from the other side, we may have still been lucky. Under the circumstances of that day, even if we had not dug air-raid shelters, I don't think all of us would have been evacuated into the tunnel. They must all have been outside, I imagine. Also, if there had been no conference in Fukuoka, the professors' situations would have been different, and the overall damage would have been much greater. A tour of the campus revealed that there was nothing left of the buildings except a half-destroyed chemical storehouse, and the burnt remains were covered with a crystalline substance that looked like pure white snow. When I stepped in, I could hear a thud. What were they? This side of the air-raid shelter was a resting place for the students during the digging of the shelter, and sadly, also a place of death, and here they were cremated and taken back home by their parents. A small wooden grave marker was erected in the center with a small amount of earth raised. I could only offer incense and flowers and pray for the repose of their souls. The imperial rescript of the end of the war was announced at noon on the 15th. We could not remain in grief. Third-year students will graduate in September. Although the school has gone without a trace, there are still students in the first and second years. What we should do with the school was a major challenge for us. All remaining professors and associate professors gathered to discuss this issue. Some of the professors thought that the Special Pharmaceuticals Department had to be disbanded and the students would have to be split up and enrolled in other pharmacy colleges, but I disagreed with that opinion and have decided to set up temporary school buildings as soon as possible and to work towards the goal of reopening classes. The College also agreed with the policy, and an office was set up in Sakura-machi City Hall, where frequent discussions were held under the leadership of acting President Koyano. After some detours, it was 1 October of the same year when the Special Pharmaceuticals Department resumed classes in a temporary building set up in Saga.

Accounts of the atomic bombing

Experiences under the mushroom clouds

Yoshinori Seiki

The year 1945 was the fourth year since World War II began. As the war was becoming more and more serious, radio broadcasts began to share more and more anxiety by day.

This year is the year of the rooster, so on New Year's Day, I hung up Tanyu's painting of bamboo and chicken on a scroll, but looking at this Japanese antiquity, I am very worried about what will happen this year, and I have a frightening feeling about it. As the month progresses, the uncertainty only increases. Our days are dizzyingly busy, but nothing is reassuring about defence, and if things continue as they are, 100 members of the College will be waiting to be bombed to death. As a principal in charge of students and school defence, I found it an intolerable responsibility. Yes, let us determine and use our strength to build an evacuation shelter. I thought about it and proposed it to the Faculty Council, where all the professors readily agreed. But it was early February, the frost was severe, and we had a hard time digging shelters in icy puddles covered in mud.

The location was four 10 m horizontal holes from the bottom of a narrow-shooting supervisory target shelter under a small hill of pine trees next to the library, and two at right angles from its tip, also about 10 m, to pass behind the target on the archery range. Professors and students worked well together. One day, while working with the students in the mud, a telegram was delivered. It was the news of the death of my brother, who had been ill for some time. I could not stay upon hearing about the death of my brother, with whom I had shared so many years of hardship and joy. However, the thought of a day's work being delayed is difficult. It was with this feeling that I returned home and left the house as soon as the coffin was sent away. While waiting for the train, which was running late often, I saw smoke from a nearby crematorium.

By June, the bombing was getting more and more intense, but by then, the shelters were almost complete, and the President was very happy to inspect them. So, at last, the second phase of construction was confirmed.

There were three air-raids on Nagasaki: one around April, one on 31 July (on this occasion, I was saved in a shelter in Kawanami), and one on 1 August. On 1 August, considerable damage was done, with homes and hospitals bombed and students killed. I went to see the mobilized students at Mitsubishi Electric on that day, but on the way there, there were large holes in places, and the train rails around Takenokubo were bent. The bodies of women covered in dirt and

other things were brought to the hospital one after another, and students treated them one by one.

Thursday, 9 August 1945. That day, the weather was fine since morning, with thin white clouds floating in the sky, and the temperature was about 27 or 28 degrees Celsius, which was quite hot. The sound of cicadas is deafening to the old camphor trees, Japanese beech trees, and cherry trees on the College campus. At around 9:00 a.m., Professor Sugiura appeared from the tunnel of green leaves of cherry blossoms on the cobbled road leading to the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, wearing his national uniform and carrying a lunch box. Today, he is a leader of a digging assignment with the third-year students. Part of the work for three-year students was organising foreign books in the medicine cellar, another group was caring for the herb garden, and the rest of the work was all shelter digging. Professors Eguchi, Ichibangase, and Yokoyama were on a business trip to Fukuoka City for a research meeting with the military, leaving me and Mr. Sugiura at the College. The first-year students were mobilised to the Mitsubishi Electric factory, and the second-year students were mobilised to the Nippon Nitrogen Plant in Minamata and were absent.

In addition, there were only two other staff members at the school. Yamamoto and Yokose were both old men, and Matsuo, who was in charge of clerical work, had not yet arrived at work. I later heard that he had evacuated a sewing machine to Michino'o, but immediately after returning home, and was entering the house, he was exposed to the atomic bombing and died after 10 days.

At 9:00 a.m., the third-year students assembled in a two-line formation in the yard in front of the school building, and the class leader, Araki, reported to Professor Sugiura that there were 29 students, who saluted together. The professor replied by raising his short hand in a slight gesture. Next came the allocation of students: those who could not dig shelters were ordered to come forward, and six - Shigemoto, Matsumoto (Tadashi), Takeda, Iwamoto, Kawanami, and Usui came to the front, then they were assigned to sort out the books in the medicine storeroom. A small number went to the herb garden, and the rest to dig shelters.

Some of the members in groups in the library and shelter diggers survived the bombing, but in this way, the dead and the living were unwittingly separated from each other.

These scenes were visible from my laboratory. On that day, I gave a lecture in the new Auditorium from 9:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m., wearing yellow linen clothes, during the mathematics class for group 1 of the first year of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. During class, an alert went off.

My laboratory, which is 20 sq. m to the left of the entrance, was redecorated yesterday by third-year students, so it feels somehow unusually spacious. A large 100,000-volt transformer was raised on top of a high desk, and a bed was brought in. An electric stove was set up on a concrete weighing table about 1 sq. m, where I prepared lunch. It would be ready in half an hour. After completing these tasks, I decided to go out to dig a shelter, which was my biggest concern. If

possible, I wanted to dig a little with everyone else, so I took off my clothes except for a pair of underpants. I don't know what I was thinking at the time, but I went out with a first-aid kit and an iron helmet, containing medicines and a bank book, even though I was not evacuating.

In this way, as usual, I waited for my turn to dig shelters at the far end of shelter number one. There was a bench where, from left to right, Terado, Seiki, Shiina, Tomita, and Ikeda sat down and talked about a special bomb being dropped on Hiroshima, doubting the truth of the story. The digger was Kashiwa, and before that, it was Tanaka. Earlier, Kashiwa went to the water tap in front of the gun storehouse to drink water. There, Iwamoto, a firearms caretaker, was sharpening a sickle. When he saw Kashiwa, he said as a courtesy, "You are taking a tough job." This is probably the last of Iwamoto's decades of apprenticeship in the College, which has risen and fallen. On the way back to the bunker, two schoolmates, one of whom was naked above the waist, passed by Kashiwa and entered the school building through the Main Entrance, but regrettably, he could not remember the names of the two. This is because, as will be explained later, after the atomic bombing, one of them appeared in the Reception Room at the end of the corridor, and the other was found burned to death at the exit of the office.

After spending about five minutes drinking water, Kashiwa returned to the shelter naked and took over with Tanaka, who waved the hoe two or three times. Just as Tanaka finally left the shelter, I could hear the sound of the airplane buzzing in the distance become even clearer, so I stopped everyone from talking. At the same time, the sound of falling could be heard. "Everybody bend over," I ordered. All left the bench and lay down. Kashiwa and Tomita felt a strange, strong light with a yellowish colour. At that moment, a thud sound like the earth crumbling down at once echoed through the shelter. Everyone seemed to let out a strange, loud cry at once. The light bulbs in the shelter exploded, it was pitch-dark, and I banged my head hard on the boards of the shelter's lining. Dirt rains down like falling rocks, and my glasses became pitch black with mud, but strangely, they didn't blow off. Ikeda is on top of Tomita, who was lying on the floor. Kashiwa stands absent-mindedly. (Of course, none of these events were visible, but it was later found out.)

At that point, Tomita and Ikeda shouted, "*Sensei*, the exit is open." When I looked, the exit was dimly visible in the yellowish-brown dust. Kashiwa and I ran towards the drainage shelter, which was the exit. At this point, Matsumoto (Noboru) came stumbling in, saying, "I had been attacked." He clung to Tomita, who was at the far end of the shelter. Tomita notices and sees in the twilight that Matsumoto, who has burns all over his body, has a completely different face. He was immediately taken to the passageway of the shelter on the firing range side and laid on a paving board.

He said, "Ouch. Please move me slowly."

Looking out of the shelter, students who were outside carrying dirt threw their legs out, their

hair and eyebrows burnt and covered in mud, and the skin on their feet peeling off like cherry trees which had been burnt, the skins stuck only to the soles of their feet, making them look like they were wearing straw sandals.

Everyone is dumbfounded, saying, “We've been hit, *sensei*.” Across the way, the daughter of the head of the Pharmacy, Mr. Tani, with her hair in shreds and blood coming out of her mouth, is in a truly miserable state. The College buildings have been stripped of their pillars and have fallen to the ground, smoke is rising here and there, and all the trees in the pine forests behind have fallen. The atmosphere was eclipse-dark and the temperature must be below 20 degrees Celsius. Kashiwa hurried towards the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals through the side of the broken-down staircase classroom of the Chemistry Department. In the classroom, students are reported to be lying dead in a row on the stairs with their heads leaning back. I called out, “Oi,” but no one answered or even moved.

As I stood at the exit of the shelter, I realised that the situation was not good. “We must get inside the shelter quickly, quickly, you will burn to death, let's go quickly.” You shouted at them. Still, not a single student stood up. They seemed to be blind. I had no choice but to carry them one by one into the bunker. At the entrance of the shelter, the blast carried many boards with nails in them, which stuck in my bare feet for an inch or so, but it didn't hurt a bit. I pulled out several nails from my feet. When it seemed that most of them had been carried out in this way, the fire spread to the collapsed building, and because of it, hot air came in through the entrance. It was as if the shelter was under attack from a flame shower. Thus, those who were outside the shelter fled towards the mountains, and others were accommodated in the shelter. Unfortunately, the location of the evacuation in the mountain was unknown, and subsequently, the victims died.

The wounded in the shelters cried out, “Water,” “The wounds hurt,” “Cold, cold”. But there was no other water to give them than muddy water. The five students who survived in the shelter all gave their clothes to their wounded schoolmates, some without a piece of cloth. I was grabbing wood that was blowing in with the swirling flames inside the shelter and throwing it back out of the shelter, but the fire was getting worse and worse.

At this time, I felt as if my body had been struck with a wooden object and suddenly lost my strength. There was nothing that could be done, so I lay naked in the corner of the shelter to avoid the fire running along the ceiling. I also covered my entire body with mud to protect myself from the fire. Nothing else could be heard in the shelter except the groaning of injuries and the crackling of the fire outside. The outside world, which until now had been coloured with sound, sinks into the depths of death like a silent film. I looked for my watch to check this heartbreaking transition of time with it, but it was in the trousers I had just taken off and given to a student, so I looked for it, but the student was holding it tightly, so I gave up.

After what seemed like hours, the fire gradually waned. The wounded were getting very tired

and became quiet, so Tomita and I decided to go to the headquarters shelter behind the Main Auditorium to seek help. This is also because I was concerned about one or two liaison students, whom I had just sent out, but did not return.

The forests of pine trees, thickets, and thorns along the way, which were so thick before the bombing that it was impossible to even step on them, are now bare mountains covered with ash. When I stepped in by mistake, hot ashes mixed with fire sparks filled my shins. After much effort, I went to the headquarters shelter and found it dark, and no one was inside, with only the vault visible. When I went outside and looked around the area, I saw a man in an iron helmet on the slope in front of the canteen, who had not been burned. He looked like Matsuo, a manager of student affairs. A person was killed on the stone steps, head split open. The blood is still red and fresh.

When I climbed up the mountain where the headquarters shelter was and looked towards the hospital, I saw that the town and the hospital were burning silently, and not a single human voice could be heard. Sometimes we hear the sound of explosions. We both called out two or three times, "Oi." Then a woman's cry for help was heard from the direction of the hospital.

A large flag of "*Hino-maru* (the Rising Sun)" was flying on the mountain below Anakobo. When I asked the injured near me, they told me that it was the College headquarters. To get closer to it, I went down to a channel first. There were piles of timber there, with many wounded lying between them. As I approached, they all asked for water, stared at me with vacant eyes, and whispered in a weak voice, "Are you the doctor?" Ah, this miserable, beggar-like man must have been a medical student with a student hat until recently. I can't even cry anymore in this situation. I left, saying, "If you drink water, you will die. Cheer up, go to the shelter." Nails are mercilessly stuck into my bare feet. I had no choice but to pick up a pair of torn shoes, which had been stripped beside a dead man, and put one on. I used a square piece of rafter timber full of nails as a walking stick. On the winding, narrow paths, there were men and women in rags, nodding their heads, their faces covered in blood and dust, like Dante's picture of hell, walking aimlessly along the paths. The sweet potato fields in the area turned a reddish color, with leaves torn off or burned.

When I got close to the flag, I could not get close to the fire, but rescuing the students did not allow us to wait for the fire to be extinguished. Alas, we must turn back. When we returned, I found that the students' condition was even more serious, and there was nothing I could do, so I decided to turn back to the big flag again to ask for help. This time, I was physically tired, but I finally made it to the big flag, as more time had passed than the previous time. The large flag was "*Hino-maru* (the Rising Sun)" that Assistant Professor Takashi Nagai had drawn in his blood on the tablecloth. Professor Shirabe was also there, and we instinctively took each other's hands. The professor was focusing on digging and eating raw potatoes. In a slightly

hollow place, there is someone from the Nagai X-ray Department. Nagai-san was lying down, very tired after having cut his artery. “Oh, *sensei*, you are alive,” I threw away my square rafter and sat down. Nagai-san looked at me wearing only underpants for a while, but then tried to give me his black trousers, saying, “That's not good, I'll give you these.” I said, “No worries, you will be in trouble,” but he took off his trousers saying “No, I can give you a pair as I am wearing two.” It was a pair of black trousers with blood, sticky around the belly. The head nurse lent me someone's shirt. Nagai-san told me that President Tsuno'o was sleeping down the road ahead. I immediately approached him and reported on the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals and the safe where the picture of the emperor was stored. Thus, I completed one mission, but there was still the big problem of the students left in the bunker. When I consulted Nagai-san, he said that there was nothing we could do about it. Of course, there is no nursing staff in the area. While we are talking about this, I am still worried about my students. When I returned in a great hurry, I found that the situation was even worse than before. However, I couldn't sit still. So, although it seemed almost hopeless, I decided to go to seek help for the third time. It was less than a kilometer to the big flag, but it would take an hour to get there. Tomita and I went out together again. It was getting dark. When I went there, I found that the situation had changed considerably: the big flag had been moved to a valley under the mountain, straw had been collected there, and some people were boiling pumpkins in water with iron helmets. The number of people has increased considerably, too. When I asked Nagai-san for help, he said, “Well, eat some pumpkin.” I also received some hardtacks, but I could hardly get any down my throat. He told me that I should not be so tired and that I should rest for a while. There was no point in struggling now. I did as I was told and fell on the straw, but the next thing that came into my mind was the bunker. It looked like they could rescue the students, so I asked Nagai-san to do something to rescue my students. He approved and, from his small relief team, he chose a head nurse and three or four other nurses. My heart was flying back, but as it was already dark, we jumped off fields and tripped over grave stone crosses, which were blown off as we made our way down the mountain.

The Head Nurse went around in the dark bunker with Camper, injecting students with camphor. A doctor also came, but he said that almost everyone was hopeless. When I heard this, I was relaxed from tension for a moment, and couldn't help but feel sleepy from the fatigue of the day. I provided the students with the last treatment, and slept in the shelter with the injured and the students who were saved in the shelter; even though it was early August, it was cold as night fell. Naked and shirtless men lay hugging each other on the wooden board for the treadmill. From the end of the shelter, groans can be heard mixed with the distant sound of burning houses. When it seems to be past midnight, the voices of the wounded have disappeared, but Tanaka beside me feels a cold body, as if he is dead.

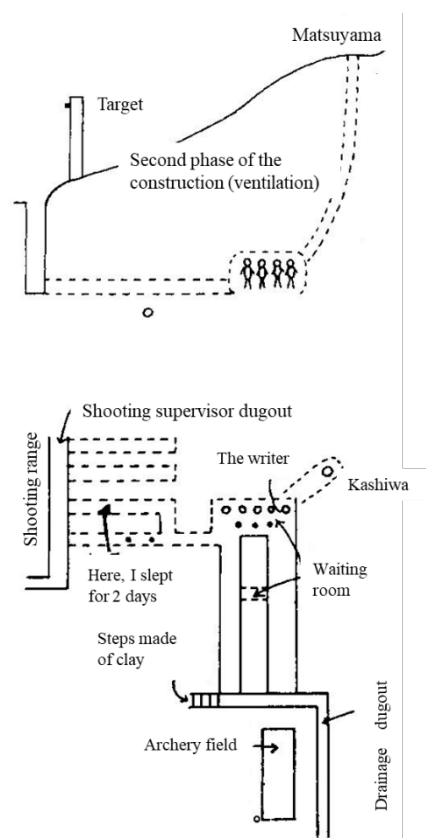
Thus dawned the night of 9 August. Sadly, most of the injured have died, but the others come

from all places. Today, we decided to collect the leftover wood from the burnt ruins and build a temporary hut in the archery range in front of us. The living were collected in the hut while the dead were buried in the sand of the archery range. Some parents of the wounded also came running to see them off before they died, while others cremated the bodies on burnt guinea-pig cages. After last night's cold experience, everyone went out to pick up their clothing. Looking at the mountainside, women's kimonos and obi belts were caught in the burned-out trees, and men's clothes in the ditches, and as soon as they found them, everyone put them on. Some were wearing long kimonos hanging down, some had women's broad obi belts wrapped around their bodies, and some were bare-chested and wearing summer robes. Eventually, Nagai's group came down from the mountain and helped us treat the injured. Every time an enemy airplane came, we hid in the shelter. During one of the several evacuations, a student stood in front of the shelter. I shouted, "We will be in trouble if you are spotted by a low-flying enemy aircraft", and when I looked closer, I saw that it was Eguchi with bloodshot eyes. He said he had been exposed to the bomb during a lecture and narrowly escaped death. I slept in a bunker with Nagai's group that night. However, it was not easy to stretch my legs and roll over, but it was still somewhat warmer than at school. It must have rained during the night. The next day, 11 August, the local fire brigades and relief teams began to arrive slowly. I also heard that a train had resumed going to the Urakami hypocenter area, and that the whistle was heard and the injured were transported by the train. It was then decided to transport the survivors to the burnt-out area of the hospital. However, by this time, most of the students of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals had died, and there were only a few people from the Medical College. But there were no roads and not enough stretchers to get through the cobwebs of burnt timber and disordered power lines, so I had no choice but to yell. "We will leave here. We would like to take you with us, but we have no tools to carry you now, so we have no choice but to ask those who can walk to walk, and those who cannot move to stop, but we do not know when help will come."

Then, step by step, a line of people about to die began to move, tripping over pebbles and falling. What a tragic figure, this was how we parted, with whom we had shared many years of hardship and joy. The most seriously injured were carried on hastily constructed stretchers, some of whom had only a few tens of minutes of life left, so we asked them for their names, but some died without telling us. Those who survived in the shelters and while sorting through the books in the medicine storeroom sent wounded schoolmates to the headquarters, which had been moved to the burnt-out ruins of the hospital, and gave temporary burials to those who had died. I picked up scraps of wood and wrote their names on them with charcoal and used them as grave markers. The names of the dead were written on the cement walls of the water storage tanks for those who came asking for the dead.

Now the work was done, and the students were exhausted. I didn't know what would happen if I kept them here, and I can imagine the worry of their families. There we all gathered for a final "*Kimigayo*" chorus and parted, saying that we who remain alive should realise that we have an even greater destiny to fulfil, and worshipped in the East. When it was over, Kashiwa told me that my belongings were left unburnt in the medicine storage. When I went there, thinking there might be some students left as well, I found that some of my luggage was still there, but there were no students in sight. I then went down to the herb garden, and someone told me that there was the body of Professor Sugiura. I rushed over and found him dead, naked, probably talking to a newspaper reporter in front of the greenhouse, with his hand caught between the bricks of the greenhouse. As I was unable to pull his hand out, he was buried with the journalist in the ground. There were dead students too, but no survivors. I decided to turn

around and go to the hospital where I had just sent the injured. On the way, three or four students from the Kawanami High School came to visit me and said they wanted to help, so I gave them a small package from the medicine storage. The hospital was so crowded that there were no students responsible for patients, and no one knew where to find the injured from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. Everyone said they had done everything they could but could do no more, and as no one had collapsed on the way to the hospital, I assumed my students were somewhere among many patients. Here, I visited Professor Takagi in the shelter with a student. There was nothing I could do but go around the burnt ruins of my house and look for students in the only shelter in the Sakamoto area. When I returned to the hospital, Nagai-san was picking up an unglazed earthenware jar. When I asked him why, he replied that he had gone to the potato fields on the sports field to put the bones of the nurses who had been exposed to bombing, and his wife, who had died at home. Here, I parted ways, promising to meet him again in Mitsuyama, where some of Nagai's family members had been evacuated. This was to take food and rest. I then looked at the burnt remains of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department and found the charred bodies of two children and two students. The table where a scale was placed in my room had been pulled out and had been blown away for a few meters, and long-used research equipment and materials had been burned to a crisp. The mountains in all directions were red and withered. The wildfires were visible from all directions, and looking out over the desolate sports field, I saw a professor



of pharmacology in a nightgown, about to take out the evacuated items from the pharmacology basement, but he was exhausted and stunned, so I called out to him but was unable to approach him.

I finally excused myself and started to walk up the hill, passing under Urakami Cathedral, which had been burning for three days and three nights. Hungry and thirsty, I looked into a nearby well and found water, but no bucket. As I looked sadly, a man in a military uniform said, "Water? There is water at my place." There, I received water and a rice ball. When they even offered me miso soup, I wondered if such a thing still existed in this world. As I left the house after thanking them, a woman appeared out of the smoke, fully wounded, and asked me if she could go to Inasa, where she had left several children. Perhaps this lady is unlikely to arrive due to road difficulties and fatigue. The sun had set by this time, and all that could be seen were the fire, the smell of the old clay wall mixed with the fishy smell of the burning corpses, and I also stumbled over the blackened corpses. I walked 50 steps and then 100 steps heading to my destination, but used all my energy, so I stayed in a stranger's house for a night and arrived at the temporary lodging of Nagai-san the next morning.

Today, 12 August, I was concerned about the whereabouts of the students. I went down the mountain when I met Nagai-san and his group on the way, so I turned back to the house, and we all washed up in the river in the valley. The village is a Christian village with an old church, but many wounded people are said to have flowed into the village, some of them probably students. All of us were prepared for the treatment and took care of the injured in an old house without light, while I visited some places, but there were few students.

On 13 August, I treated the wounded again in the morning and went down to the town in the afternoon. At the entrance to the town, there are many corpses, probably from seriously injured families who died from exhaustion trying to build a temporary home. Five or six of them, large and small, clutching blackened timbers, are a sight to behold. The corpses under the blazing sun also smelled terrible. I have now decided to go into town and look for students. In a bunker in the Sakamoto area, I treated many wounded people and took them to the hospital. I spent the night in a shelter in this area. On 14 August, I decided to look for students in the Honmachi, which was not burnt, after treating the injured in the morning. When I got there, I went to the town's bank to get some money, as I would have trouble without money for anything, and the bank gave me money generously without any problem. But the student was nowhere to be found. My appetite, which is getting weaker, is almost gone. I must leave this place as soon as possible. I need a disaster certificate to do so. I heard about a branch office of the city in Ibinokuchi, so I went there and found foreign prisoners of war from the nearby arsenal were having a meal while enjoying themselves. However, the branch office said that people from Hamaguchi-machi need paperwork at Shiroyama Primary School. I had no choice but to head

for Shiroyama via the river below the hypocenter. The road is filled with scattered utility poles, electric cables, and timber, making walking difficult. In Hamaguchi-machi, among the many corpses, I saw a baby that had come out from the womb with a long placenta trailing behind. Near Matsuyama station, there was a tragically burnt corpse carrying an elderly man on its back. There are especially many corpses at the railway crossing. Along the riverside from Shiroyama Bridge to the school, people were busy pulling out numerous blackened and drowned bodies. At the school, policemen from Isahaya in support were busy distributing food, and told me that the certificates would be issued at the Yamazato School.

I went from the side of the burnt train garage heading to Yamazato and finally obtained a certificate. From now on, the road through the village to the hospital was filled with corpses inside the shelter or on top of the broken walls. At the hospital, I visited Eguchi, who was facing death, and Professor Kunifusa, who was in relatively good health. I left Nagasaki that night and went on foot to Tosu, then Kurume the next day. When I heard about the end of the war in Kurume that afternoon, I was so stunned and tired all at once that I could not even walk.

(Professor of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department at that time,
now Professor at Hiroshima University)

Unforgettable day

Tsuneo Tomita

Human reason will always find a way through, even if it faces difficulties
The reality of now grieves me,
but human love encourages human reason, which is superior,
and is sure to pave a wonderful way

-From "A Dark Day" by Takeya Mitsuo

It seems that social unrest caused by the disaster of war can frighten a person's childlike spirit. I want a time of forgetfulness, even if only temporarily, to get away from this anxiety. This was the dream of everyone at the time. The melody of destiny has come and gone ten times. Even in the cruel emptiness of Nagasaki, the land of memories, quiet life flows based on the sacrifices of more than 100,000 men and women, but at this time, I would like to once again look at the record of before and after 11:02 a.m. on 9 August from the memories that I am forgetting. Suddenly, I wake up in a mosquito net. In the night sky, enemy airplanes are attacking again today. One, two. . . I no longer even have the energy to count them. The radio buzzer was reporting about the enemy

airplanes' movements night and day, but in the hearts of the people, there was already a feeling of a defeated person who was about to run away from fear. Occasional warship marches gave a temporary rest to the pathetic eyes of the bloodshot people, but the nation had already reached the point of utter exhaustion. At the end of 1944, I was helping with the assignment of the new synthesis of stimulant amines at my alma mater with my eight classmates, while other friends were mobilised to work day and night at Tanabe Pharmaceuticals in Onoda, Yamaguchi Prefecture, and Takeda Chemical in Nakatsu, Oita Prefecture, doing hard labour all night. The new year came, and the war was in its last days, but we were demobilised in June because early graduation was to be held, and we were to leave the school in September, so we all returned shortly after in high spirits. While we had been away from study for a while, we had already forgotten our original reflection and had picked up on society's bad influences, but we had not lost our youthful high spirits. We were noisy in our school first, but soon returned to the quiet, serious students we used to be, and as if we were trying to absorb as much knowledge as possible, we attended lectures seriously. Faculty meetings were held every day under Director Eguchi to discuss whether lectures should continue or whether the evacuation of books and medicines should be completed, and the decisions were steadily being put into action. Meanwhile, a big air-raid shelter for the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals had been constructed over nearly six months steadily. It was dug out from a trench in a narrow shooting range to a hill in the southeast, and the circular dugout, which was 10 m deep and 1.5 m high at the time, had two entrances that extended and met inside the hill, which was considerably strong. And after lectures, or during lunch breaks, or in the spare time between research, someone would grab a shovel, hoe, or pickaxe and tackle with a rock. Dr. Seiki was always silently dealing with the shelter digging. He was like a bulldozer, and he was constantly setting the example for the completion of the shelter. Some on campus spoke behind his back, and even some of the staff spoke ill about him, but he continued to work seriously, with a smile in his naturally mild eyes, as if he had anticipated the coming disaster. During this time, not once were we forced to dig, but one by one, the comrades gathered and shared mutual trust in the safety of our lives in this shelter. The Faculty Meeting finally decided to discontinue lectures for the third-year students at the end of June and concentrate on the construction of the shelters. At the time, the campus was truly deserted due to the mobilisation of the first and second-year students, and apart from us third-year students, there were only a few sickly students left. The herb garden was an oasis with beautiful lawns and herbs at the time of our enrollment, so after lectures or after being kicked out by the German language, we would lie down on the lawn and chat and have a lot of laughs. However, the garden was left without tending, and as its name suggests, it became a weed garden. Furthermore, the whole area had been turned into a potato field. Urakami Cathedral was always showing its beautiful old figure in the shade of the herbs.

The bells of the Angelus ringing from that peculiarly made red brick tower gave us both a kind of comfort, but they became even more pitiful as the war became more intense. The entire hill overlooking the Cathedral, potato fields were made to the top of the mountain, and the white funeral procession of believers walking across the hill was growing in number day by day. They were long funeral processions, but it went on and on, with white silk over their heads and Bible verses in their mouths. As the western sun shines over Mt. Inasa, sunlight through the purple-tinted mountain range turned the church cross at dusk into a glittering golden colour, and then disappeared, as Urakami, a place of peace itself. The image had already disappeared from our minds, and we could hardly afford to enjoy the ancient Nagasaki atmosphere. This feeling of emptiness was not in the slightest bit satisfied by the daily labour of digging shelters from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Like clowns who have forgotten how to laugh, we just worked silently, covered in sweat and mud, but we could not do anything about our impatience to get into the battlefield as soon as possible. One by one, the students left as army cadets or navy reserve students, but their farewell parties had to be held separately because of the air-raids, while there were festivities of desperation everywhere in the city. In the meantime, one by one, my colleagues skipped out and took leave, so the total of 49 people in the third year was down to 30 or so by August. Cities across the country had been bombed daily since the beginning of the year, and there were only five cities left unscathed, but Nagasaki was one of the last to escape the air-raids.

It was on 1 August that Nagasaki was attacked by enemy aircraft for the first time, but when the bombing of the shipyard temporarily stopped around noon, I climbed up the hill behind the shelter with Suenaga to watch. Just then, suddenly, seven B-17s flying ultra-low came slipping noiselessly from the top of the Anakobo to the east, heading for the hospital and dropping black material on it at the same time. In an instant, the hospital was on fire, hidden in smoke, and I rushed head-first into the grass. For the first time, I felt the prospect of death. Suenaga, are you alive?" "Tomita, are you OK?"

The two of us fled at one and returned almost rolling, sheltered in the forest, and fled back. "Who is it? The one who came in just now," Sugiura-san's scolding voice said. "Akiyama-san's voice said: "Well, they must be Tomita and Suenaga." "You idiots, who would enter a bunker under attack by enemy aircraft without thinking about the lives of the others?" the voice of the director Eguchi, who was wearing a hood, said. This day marked the beginning of a series of days when students were required to stay on duty every day, as there were a considerable number of casualties at the hospital that day. There are too many mosquitoes to sleep. I used to sleep on the couch in the big laboratory. This was because the smell of the chemicals in this room kept mosquitoes away. Also, many slept on the podium. The higher platform meant that the mosquitoes were less likely to bite them. In those days, I used to come and go to Suenaga's house often. He was very skillful and particularly good at analysis. He also had a great taste for painting and was

a relative of Kon Shimizu, who was not so famous at the time, so I once received one or two of Kon's cartoons. On 8 August, President Tsuno'o gathered all the College staff and students in the sports field and, for several hours, gave a very strict warning from a medical standpoint about the new bomb in Hiroshima, how to deal with it, and what we should do in the future, but the devastation was almost unimaginable. On the evening of the day I heard the President's address, Nagasaki was humid and there was evening calm, when my brother (who was a student at Kumamoto Medical College at the time, but had been back home for a while) and I were invited to Suenaga's house. Five of us including Narasaki and Tada drank sake and had a wild party but as we were parting at 11:30 p.m., Tada said, "I have a feeling I'm going to die tomorrow. I feel lonely, so please don't abandon me and stay with me," he fell asleep in front of the entrance of Nagasaki Kaikan. My brother and I forced him to wake up and put him on the last train, but the following day, as fate would have it, they all died, leaving my brother and me. The following morning of the 9th was cloudless with a somewhat dry summer sky. The day was as usual. Last night's heavy drinking made my morning a refreshing one. On this day, I was feeling better than ever, so I got up early and went to the College, and only two people had arrived yet! I was usually 15 minutes late at work, so carrying the earth was usually relatively easy, but on this day, I was in the third back row from the right wing of a two-row. At 9:00 a.m. Araki, as usual, nominated a team from the right wing and passed a pickaxe to me. However, Professors Seiki and Sugiura suggested that we "give it a bit more hard work today," so a total of six men, including those in my row, went into the bunker. Apart from myself, the other five members were Ikeda, Narasaki, Tanaka, Kashiwa, and Shiina. In the row to my left were Yamazaki and Ejima, but who could have imagined that, with my row as a border, we would later live or die in two hours? I took a hoe and a colander and went into the bunker, inwardly disgusted, thinking, "Well, today, I've had a pretty hard work." Everyone was naked, wearing only a loincloth. Work began at 9:20 a.m., with Dr. Seiki and Sugiura joining us, making a total of eight workers. In order, Ikeda, Narasaki, Shiina, Tanaka, and I took turns swinging the pickaxes for about 15 minutes. Kashiwa was digging while I stopped and had a smoke on a bench made by planks at the far end of the shelter. The morning's work had progressed so far that Kashiwa was no longer visible from where the bare bulb was hung, with a large bend. At the time, Narasaki and Tanaka had left the shelter and gone out to drink water, and Dr. Sugiura was away giving a tour of the herb garden upon a visit from a reporter from the Nishi-Nippon Newspaper. I was resting with Dr. Seiki, Ikeda, and Shiina, lining up and chatting with each other. Just as the clock hands were pointing to 11:00 a.m., Dr. Seiki suddenly shouted, "That sound! Quiet!" The faint metallic sound of a B-29 echoed through the air. "Someone go outside the shelter and tell everyone to rest for a while in the shade," he said, and Ikeda jumped out and came back immediately. I hoped that Tanaka and Narasaki would

return soon, and we were all listening without speaking. With a sudden thunder, a rumbling of the earth, and a violent tremor, a blinding flash of light pierced through my mind, and I was pulled down and knocked to the ground. There were no doctors or students. There was no living or inanimate object. I hit the doctor's body and was blown away for about 2 m. My ears were ringing, I couldn't hear anything, my breathing was heavy, I couldn't remember anything for a few seconds, and my face was burning as it was difficult to breathe." A B-29 fell on the entrance to the bunker. The entrance is blocked. I thought that we were buried alive and felt that death by suffocation was approaching. The doctor was the first to notice and shouted, "Hey, is everyone alright? Are there any wounds? We have to take the hoe and dig out the entrance. If we don't do anything, we'll be buried alive." Ikeda and Kashiwa both jump out. I took my hands off my head slowly. Then a cold air flowed from somewhere." "*Sensei*, we have been saved. There must be an exit open somewhere." We cheered. When we looked in the direction of what looked like the entrance, it became brighter and brighter, and the entrance was open." "We are saved." Then Ikeda's voice came from outside. "*Sensei*! It's terrible outside. Everyone is unrecognisable. There is no building left. Please hurry." "What, are you saying there is nothing left?" The doctor ran out. When I was about to get out, too, a dark figure jumped in from the entrance." "I was attacked. I regret." As I lifted him in my hands and looked at his face, I was horrified. Is this the face of a human or even an animal? His whole body is slick with blood, his hair and eyebrows are burnt off, his face is scorched and inflamed, indeed his features were those of a clay figure, how can we say that he is of this world?" "Who are you?" I had to ask, even if I thought it was rude. "Noboru Matsumoto." Oh, who can imagine the handsome guy now? I let him hold my shoulder and lay him down at the back of the shelter. "I regret that when I saw three coloured paratroopers from one of the B-29, I thought they looked a bit different from normal paratroopers, and instinctively imagined that they were the same ones as the ones who had fallen on Hiroshima, so ran to the entrance of the shelter, but when I looked up again, I was hit instantly. I am in pain. Do something." His consciousness was clear, but he was excited. Meanwhile, Dr. Seiki and Shiina carried badly burned friends to the shelter. I led them one by one inside and laid them down on their sides, but I had to ask each one's name to be able to recognise them." "Who are you?" "Ikeda." "Tomita, you are not hurt at all. What do I look like? My eyelids are burnt and I can't open my eyes. . . " What on earth. When I looked back at my uninjured body, I felt sorry for everyone. In the meantime, I deceived them, but it did not help. My colleagues were all enduring the pain from the burns with their hands raised in front of them, and the skin hanging down from their wrists. I could not sit still when I saw them looking up at me, so I would go around with the doctor, Shiina, and others to encourage them. Araki was hit squarely on the penis, and the sight of his agony was unbearable to watch. Miyamoto cries out, as his internal esophagus has already been damaged, "Tomita, go to my lodgings and get me *seirogan* medicine." I moved about 12 or 3 friends into

the shelter. During this time, it was reported that outside the shelter, 11 of my friends followed Ikeda and Shiina up the Anakobo mountainside. It is believed that they have met a tragic end on their way to pain in their entire bodies and burn wounds. Sometime about fifteen or twenty minutes after the explosion, a gust of warm wind began to blow. The wind invited another wind, and the outside of the shelter quickly became a swirl of flame. A heap of timber flew in with the wind, and the strong wind and the fire were getting closer around the shelter every minute. Shiina said, "Tomita, if we stay here, we're going to be steamed and burnt. Let's escape to the mountain." He advised us to evacuate, but I could not leave with more than a dozen of my friends by my side. I sat down at the back of the shelter and said, "My house must have already gone, I'm alone, I can die here." He hesitated for a moment, but then, with the words, "Well, take care," after we clasped our hands tightly together, he disappeared into the smoke. As soon as he jumped out, the shelter was engulfed in flames completely: trees as tall as 3 m flew through the air, and tin sheets as thick as three tatami mats danced and fell like pieces of paper. Smoked pieces of wood filled the entrance of the shelter, and hot air rushed inside. The shelter was so completely smothered in smoke that I could not see more than 30 cm ahead. I took my loincloth, soaked it in muddy water, and covered my mouth. What can I and the doctor do for my injured friends when I see them crying and shouting? As we were throwing the wood buried at the entrance up out of the shelter, a large piece of burnt wood fell on Dr. Seiki's back and he fainted for a moment." "I cannot go on anymore. Please take care of the rest. If you can, go to the hospital to seek assistance. Rescue as many people as possible." The doctor was about to go into a coma. "Sensei, don't sleep. Are you going to let us all just die?" I shook him, but the doctor was only nodding and couldn't speak. For a time, I feared that I was the only living one left, but he was soon revived, so I laid him on his side. From the back of the shelter, Watanabe called out in a broken voice: "Sensei. People don't die easily, do they? It is quite difficult to be able to die." It is a wonder how such beautiful words could have come out of the thin Watanabe. When I turned my eyes, I saw that Tanaka had already died at the entrance to the shelter. He was a baseball pitcher, and he was holding a stone in his hand. It seemed that he was too late to return to the shelter by a few seconds. Murayama was lying face down at the entrance to the shelter, putting his mouth and nose in the groundwater, but was already unconscious. Yoneda and Ejima, two huge guys, were lying on chairs at the far end of the shelter, but did not say anything about suffering. I just felt sorry to see them enduring pain on their peaceful faces.

After two hours of bitter pain, a wind blew away, and there was not a single living thing in the burnt-out remains, which gradually drifted away in the flames. When I saw the doctor, he was even without his trousers. Ikeda (Toshi) started to convulse furiously next to him, so he put his trousers on him. "Tomita, my watch is missing. Look for it," the doctor called me. I was a little disappointed, wondering why he was insisting on his watch, but as I searched under the

red pool of water, I found a Longines watch covered in mud under Ikeda's body. It was still ticking. In hindsight, it was valuable to know how much time had passed thanks to the watch. "It appears that the fire has subsided. We must report to the hospital as soon as possible. I sent Kashiwa out as a messenger a while ago, but he hasn't returned. I am worried that he may have been caught in the fire on the way. Let's go," said the doctor, standing up unsteadily. Both the doctor and I were covered in mud to protect ourselves from the raging fire earlier, so we were both the colour of mud. It was not until two hours after the atomic bombing that I saw the disastrous change in the outside of the shelter. I was more than shocked, I was horrified. The mountains of Inasa were scorched beyond the ruins of Yamazato, Shiroyama, and Matsuyama as far as I could see. The beautiful forest that surrounded the shelter was devoid of a single tree. The forest was made up of large trees, each 30 cm in diameter, but all had been felled from their roots, 60 cm above the ground, and burned out. The sun hung like a black wheel far away in the dust. It was like a Gauguin painting. Dr. Seiki only wept, supported by a 150 cm stick of burnt-out wood as a walking stick. I pushed him from behind as we walked. We could not stop as the soil was burned. We were both barefoot, so there was no limit to the number of times we tripped over glass and nails. The biochemistry library was blowing fire with a ferocious intensity. The numerous books that my father had collected with great effort were also burning and fluttering away, one by one. In the flames, each department's classrooms fell one after the other. We crawled up the side of the Biochemistry Department and down to headquarters. Next to the headquarters, distorted iron helmets and the white shoes of the female clerks were scattered about, testifying to the devastation of the time. There was not a single survivor. Of course, the headquarters' air-raid shelter did not contain any photo of the emperor. When the two of us looked down at the hospital and saw that wards No. 1, 2, and 3 were engulfed in flames and the compound was a pile of debris, we lost all hope of rescue. By then, the doctor was wearing a distorted iron helmet, half-burnt *tabi* socks on one foot, and shoes on the other. I picked up a pair of torn gaiters and a *tabi* sock, which were torn in a potato field on top of a hill. "Tomita, I don't think anyone at the hospital survived. We are in trouble. Who should we ask for help?" He appeared to be thinking only about the faces of the students he had left in the shelter. At that moment, a naked man who seemed to be in his 40s came down from the top of the bank. "Oh, hello, have you seen the doctors and nurses from the College Hospital?" The doctor promptly asked. "Oh, yes. People from the hospital have taken refuge on the hillside three fields over here with a Red Cross flag." "Oh, great. Thank you very much." We are saved. We hurriedly trudged up the bank and up the mountainside with Anakobo on our left. When we reached the middle of the potato field, I stood paralyzed. The thousands of naked men and women were shivering, a mother protecting her child and feeding from her breast with glass sherds piercing it without knowing the infant was already gone, figures calling out to their mothers, husbands, parents, and friends. It was truly out of this world. Here and there, young

men, probably students, are flailing about, shaking their fists at the heavens, and falling in a heap. "Water. Water," countless people screamed and gasped for breath. When we passed by, they would say, "Doctor. Water, please. I am a student at the College. I have heard your lectures." "Please seek relief from the Surgery Department." The voice squeezed out of their stomach becomes a cough, choked in their throat, and inaudible. "All right. I know you're in pain, but wait a while. I will call for help immediately." Both the doctor and I had to answer this way to get away from the dozens of people crawling around us. Our mission is for the lives of the 13 people we left behind in our shelter. Finally, the Red Cross was seen. Under the flag was a black mountain of people. When I looked closely, I saw that it was a blood-stained Red Cross. One student, whose head had been considerably injured, was heroically holding the flag. Finding the President amongst the group of professors lying, Dr. Seiki reported on the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. The President was pale, his head was bleeding, but he appeared calm. He also said to me, "Thank you for your hard work. Look after the students well." Next, we found the Nagai Group in the X-ray Department. As might be expected, this group surrounded Dr. Nagai, who was giving orders one after another. "Nagai-san," "Oh, Dr. Seiki, is that you? I'm glad to see that you are also safe." A firm handshake was exchanged. "No. I left the pharmacy students in the bunker. Don't worry about me. Can someone please help us?" he pleaded with his palms pressed together. As far as I could see, there were no professors or assistant professors who were in good health. I collapsed on the grass, exhausted. As I was dozing off, the doctor said, "Tomita, this is not the time to sleep. We'll be going immediately. On the way back, we'll look for the mountain water." I jumped and woke up. On the way back, we walked in search of water, but we couldn't find it anywhere. When we finally found water in the valley, it was filled with hundreds of dead people. When we were halfway down the mountain, we met Mr. Tsutsui, the College administrative officer, standing with his precious water in a 1.8-liter *sake* bottle. They told him what had happened and, thanks to his kindness, we were able to receive it immediately. We rushed back to the shelter impatiently with tears in our eyes, thinking that we could now make a little amends to our classmates. Inside the bunker, there were voices crying and shouting. However, some of our friends seemed to have already stopped breathing, so there were few voices. A small amount of water was poured from the mouth of Tanaka, who was already dead, into the mouths of the 13 friends in turn. It was a small service before their parting to these beloved friends, who were about to draw their last breath. Still, I saw smiles on my friends' faces as they lay back down again, utterly content with a mouthful of water. My empty head could only think of how much more water I could give them. At that moment, Dr. Seiki said, "I remember now. What were we doing? There must have been a tank next to this shelter. There must be water in there." Until that moment, we had completely forgotten about it due to the strong shock. We rushed to the tank. The lid had already

been opened, and two drowned dead bodies, apparently undergraduate students, were floating, but the water was full. Without hesitation, I pumped up the water with an iron helmet on the side and gave it to my shelter mates, one by one, to drink to their heart's content. It was the only solace Heaven had given us. Friends wept. They were overjoyed and drank in one breath. Most of them drank water twice. Water was forbidden for severe burns, but what else could I do now? It could only give them unsurpassed joy and satisfaction and let them die in peace. The friends who sought life and death in the water died contentedly. The friends with a vigorous life force would call out to their mother, their brothers, and sisters, trying to avoid suffering. The sun was setting, and it must have been around 4:00 p.m. The doctor and I ran again under the flag of the medical team. We had to go and get a doctor and a nurse, no matter what. We wanted to give them at least an injection if possible. Thanks to the efforts of Dr. Seiki and Dr. Nagai, an assistant professor of surgery, four nurses were able to accompany us. The return to the bunker was frustrating, but I was happy. On the way, we met with low-level fire from an enemy airplane in the potato fields and had to get down in the fields several times. "If a bomb falls again, it's over. Kill me if you have to," I was once prepared to die. When we returned to the shelter, it was already dark and we needed light. A nurse lit a bundle of pieces of paper. The kind assistant professor and the nurses diagnosed each of them one by one, but more than half of our friends had already been declared untreatable, and the rest were injected with camphor. There was no anesthetic, and the injection was considered to increase suffering, but in this case, it was the best treatment we could provide. Thirteen of our friends, who had already been lying in the cold earth for more than five hours after being hit, began to tremble from the groundwater coming through their skin. "Cold. It's cold," they shouted. With the help of the nurses, we got the wounded, who were still alive and well, out of the shelter. Matsumoto (Noboru) said, "Oh, the air tastes good. It is refreshing. If I had beautiful water on top of this, clean water, I wouldn't want for anything else," he said with content. Indeed, the wind was blowing gently outside the shelter, and that big fire was now crawling upwards to the top of Anakobo. We thanked the assistant professor and the nurses deeply before they left. When the evening sun was setting in the west, we were also getting cold and thought of the shelter, where the temperature would not be changing and would be protected from the wind, and took our friends inside again. The sun was setting in the west, about to close in a pale violet evening haze. The sky was turning dark red and raining a reddish-brown ash. On a small hill standing out in Urakami was the burning, crimson-hued Cathedral. The red bricks scattered with a loud noise, and the stained glass windows were seen glinting in the flames and then faded away, sadly.

As night fell, we felt the need to meet up with the Nagai Department group for some communication convenience, so we went up the mountain for the third time. As I made my way through the dark field, the bloody wind almost stopping me from breathing, suddenly, a woman stood in front of me. Her skin was burned, and she was covered in cotton waste. "Can someone

please call a doctor?" she asked feebly. The doctor and I followed the woman into a stone chamber. At first, we could smell blood, but as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we could see dozens of white eyeballs staring at us. No one made a sound. There were dozens of men and women standing. What a crowd of the dead would look like. We felt a chill on our skin, so we silently went outside. Outside, the wind began to blow, and between the winds, tens of thousands of voices, far and near, calling out for their parents and children, were echoed, making the scene more and more tragic. A woman's voice, sounding like a mother, came on the wind from the top of the mountain. I had never felt such a clear sense of kinship. By this time, I had already given up and made up my mind that I had lost my home. I had given up on my mother, brother, and younger brother as dead. A chorus of "*Umi yukaba mizuuku kabane...*" was heard. The doctor said, "It must be the voice of the Nagai Group", and he was right. I thought, "Oh, we are saved finally." When I received a packet of hardtack from Dr. Nagai, I was so happy I could cry. Shigemoto and Matsumoto (Tadashi) were supposed to be in the basement of the chemical storage at the time of the bombing. Dr. Seiki said that they might have survived, and that they might have followed the fire to this area. I called out loudly from one side to the other and looked. After some time, a ghostly voice called out, "Seiki *sensei*." "Who is it?" Then it becomes silent and dark again. "It's Shigemoto." Oh, he's alive. Matsumoto (Tadashi) was lying injured. We were to return to the shelter with the Nagai group just in case. It was already quiet in the shelter, but as the doctor and I lay down side by side, it was too cold to sleep, and we could only doze off. I was longing for the dawn. Strangely, not even a single mosquito flew over. I wonder if the swarms of mosquitoes flying in the evening calm, famous in Nagasaki, were also knocked off their wings. The next morning on the 10th, it dawned clear and cobalt-coloured, as if we had forgotten yesterday's nightmare. We let the few friends who were still alive out of the shelter. This morning, there were only a few of them left alive. Yoneda, Ejima, Murayama, Watanabe, and others had already died. It was still around 6:00 a.m. A couple came from far away, shouting "Matsumoto-san" "Matsumoto-san" and crying. They were Matsumoto's landlord, who had a basket full of rice, fruit, fresh aubergines, cucumbers, and potatoes, probably rushed over like parents to feed Matsumoto with these fresh vegetables. I listened to Matsumoto's ramblings as he wandered between life and death, and yet I could not help but burst into tears at the sight of his wholehearted landlord nursing him. He too recognised the landlord and his wife, smiled and shook hands in gratitude. Around 10:30 a.m., he shouted, "Mother. Mother. *Banzai!*" and drew his last breath. By this time, Shozo Okamoto was the only survivor. He was walking around aimlessly, trying to find somewhere to die. Perhaps he was remembering his parents and seeking the warmest place. Suddenly, he came up to me and said, "Hey Tomita, stay by my side until I die. I feel lonely if I die like a dog in waste like this... Ah, I'm tired. Let me lie down," he whispered weakly. I was sorry that I had no clothes to cover

him. The only compensation I could make as a friend was a union of hearts. I put his head on my left arm and lay him down, hoping that it would serve as a soft pillow. He was becoming increasingly fatigued. I had no choice but to shade him with my body to keep him out of the direct sun as much as possible. He couldn't stay still and moved from left to right. Eventually, as if he had a hunch, he said, "Hey, Tomita. Where are you? My eyes are so blurry that I can't see anything. I can only faintly make out the shape of your face. It seems I'm not going to make it. I want to see my mother and father before I die. I'm sure my mother will come looking for me. If you see her then, give her this watch. Give her this watch. Give it to her." Ah. His head stopped moving. His eyes remained open, as if he were searching for his parents in the void, and he even had a smile on his face, until finally, at 12:45 p.m., he sadly passed away. Now that I had lost the last of my friends, with whom I had learnt and worked together, I had no sense of excitement. Seeing so many young men's lives perish so short, I couldn't help but question what youth was all about. In the evening, troops were mobilised from the Kurume Division and began to collect the wounded. At that time, our shelter was the most solid in the College, so several dozen surviving students from the College departments were lying around the shelter in a uniformly miserable state. Soldiers came and informed us to carry the seriously wounded to the main building of the College Hospital. I shouldered the less injured students and carried one by one back and forth across the piles of broken trees, utility poles, and a mountain of hospital ward concrete, which was destroyed. Indeed, it was hard work, but I didn't even want to eat. The sight of a rice ball made me nauseous. The soldiers were amazed to see how I was, and one officer even comforted me. After I had finished carrying the son of manager Eguchi (second-year student), I quietly entered the hospital pharmacy and saw that there were no medicines, just a pile of ashes. On the stairs from the second to the third floor, five or six burnt corpses lay dead, some embracing each other, some leaning against the railing, in the same gruesome state they were in at the time. When I touched their heads, they turned to ash and scattered. It was not even possible to distinguish between men and women. That night, I slept on the ashes of the dead bodies at the entrance to the main hospital building, as the shelter was cold. It was suitably damp, and at the time, it was a far better sleeping place. On the third day, the 11th, thousands of citizens crowded into the hospital headquarters from the morning and were filled, so the seriously injured were accommodated in the main building, which had cooled down somewhat. My colleagues who were lucky enough to be absent that day arrived one after another. I was especially grateful that Honda came back from Kumamoto. Everyone was stunned to hear from me about the devastation at the time. When I was liaising with the hospital headquarters, I unexpectedly met my brother in front of the hospital canteen, and I was feeling much more relaxed as I found out about the situation at home and that my mother was safe. While with the help of my colleagues, Dr. Seiki and I were moving the remains of my deceased friends from the shelter, my older brother was looking for me across the

mountains for Anakobo. When he reached the shelter and discovered that I was alive, my brother, as expected, burst into tears and cried. Together with everyone, I buried our friends' bodies outside the shelter, wrote their names on a piece of wood with charcoal in place of their memorial tablets, and erected them on top. Thus, after the burial of all the victims had finished, Dr. Seiki suggested that we disperse. We all lined up in front of our deceased friends and said our final farewells under the doctor's command, before I headed home on the third day. There was a laundry shop where Hashimoto lodged in Shindaiku-machi, who was a good friend of my landlord, so I dropped in to see him, but he had not returned. I told his landlord that he was carrying earth from the shelter, so I told him that he had probably gone over the mountain with 11 comrades to escape, but that he might have gotten stuck on the way. At home, my mother fainted when she saw me, but even after sleeping for a few days, I was anxious to sort out the rest, so I left for the College again from around 15 August. By late August, bereaved families from all over the country came, and every day I showed my deceased colleagues' families around, and collected the bones together. Besides 13 who died in the shelter, 11 were still missing, and I was so sorry for the families, as I did not know what to say to comfort them.

An account of the atomic bombing

Toshio Terado

This is a recollection from 10 years ago, so there may be some memory gaps in terms of time.

The atomic bombing was preceded by a bombing a few days prior, and one of the bombs hit part of the hospital, resulting in the deaths of several patients, nurses, and others. Given this situation, an air-raid shelter was built on a small hill on the archery range at the time. The shelter was dug down from the surface to the underground and built in a cellar style. The depth of this shelter was shallow, so work to make it deeper was carried out by the school of medicine and pharmacy, taking shifts. It was we, third-year students of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, who had been working there since 8 August, the day before the bombing. The shelter was too small to accommodate a large number of people, so generally four or five of us went inside and dug. I had been assigned to carry the dug-out soil the day before, but on the day of the bombing, we decided to take it in turns, so I volunteered to join several other friends (Ikeda, Shiina, Tanaka, Tomita, Kashiwa?) and went into the shelter. God only knows if the replacement would have turned out to be a fateful crossroads in hindsight. It was hot, and everyone was naked from the waist down. It was just when the air-raid warning had been lifted and the alert had been issued, so the medical students and students from the Special Medical Vocational Department were attending the lectures. However, when we heard the explosive

sound immediately afterwards, we were taking it easy, thinking that it was nothing serious. At that moment, at the far end of the shelter, I felt a flash and heard loud bangs. At the same time, the light that had been pulled into the shelter went out, and as I was hit by a fierce blast, my ears were ringing, and I lost my sight. . . Oh no! A bomb fell near the entrance of the bunker, blocking the shelter, and we are buried alive. This is the end! The deathly intuition flashed through my head. The time was 11:02 a.m., as I later found out. It is hard to describe the feeling I had at that moment, as I believe it was the same feeling that soldiers had facing death on the battlefield. I leave it to the literary scholars to describe the words encountered in such circumstances. After a while, the light smoke in the shelter cleared, and I felt somewhat relieved to see that my friends were all right. We discussed the urgency of somehow getting out of the hole and grabbed picks, shovels, and other tools. However, something is dimly lit ahead of us. Well, the hole isn't closed. Great. We called out to the outside, and there was an answer. We rushed to the exit and found that the hole was as usual. Contrary to our earlier feelings, we rejoiced and said to each other, "Oh, great. We are saved," but were astonished once we stepped outside. Our schoolmates waiting outside did not appear to have been killed instantly, but probably due to radiant heat and the blast, their skin was blackened and thick skins peeled off exposing the redness underneath, and the way they stood and walked, like beggars with tattered rags hanging down, was like an exiled monk in an old tale, wandering around so cruel and so unbearable to look at. We could still hear the sound of explosions in the sky, and were aware of the danger, so we took the injured into the shelter first. Most of them seemed strong enough to walk into the shelter by themselves. The wounded complained of thirst due to severe burns and cried out for water, but there was none, and those who could move drank the muddy water in the shelter themselves. They also seemed to chill and now shouted "It's cold, cold, cold," or "Give me something to wear," but we were almost naked as well, and there was nothing we could do. Regarding the outside, the wooden school building that had collapsed began to burn with radiant heat as soon as it fell, and when the direction of the blast changed, the hot air blew into the shelter, which was unbearable. Each time, we had to run here and there inside the shelter. As the fire gradually subsided, I looked at the situation of the surroundings and was again surprised. If not unlimited, but almost the entire area where I could see was burnt field, the College buildings, of course, but also houses and trees were all painfully burnt to the ground. The bamboo groves are all lying flat on the ground, and there is not a trace of the majestic Urakami Cathedral, which is still the same today since then. We collected burnt-out and wind-blown rags for wounded soldiers sleeping in the shelters, and they were complaining about the cold. We distributed a little of it to each one, but it was only a comfort. The hospital is made of reinforced concrete, so I thought it would be okay, but it may not be, because even the Cathedral was in such a state. The hospital itself has been damaged, and each of us, as students of pharmacy, became victims. How shameful it is. Medicine and the hospital are leaving us so far

behind, but we cannot do anything about it. This has made me realise that medicine can only fully demonstrate its functions from a third-party standpoint in the treatment of patients.

I was with the wounded inside the shelter, encouraging them, but there was nothing I could do to help them. Some of them uttered the last words of “*Banzai* to the Emperor” over there, while others shouted weakly “Help me, mother” over here, and their voices gradually rose higher and higher until the shadow of death was gradually enveloping everyone.

I remember that it was roughly 3:00 or 4:00 p.m. at this time. Four or five hours had passed since the atomic bombing. Tanaka, who was also working in the shelter, did not appear to have any visible wounds, but he was very weak. Later, Tanaka became one of the dead.

Indeed, there were more wounded than survivors, so they were not being treated. We were at our wits end, but as time went by, we were feeling a little more relaxed, and we survivors suddenly felt hungry. We knew that we would only end up killing everyone, so as we agreed on calling for help at the relief station and started to climb up Mt. Kompira after digging sweet potatoes and ate them. Tomita, or maybe it was the two of us, stayed behind.

However, it's not until you start climbing that it becomes a real challenge. Some of our schoolmates who could not be fully accommodated in the shelter climbed up the mountain to find their way out, many were missing, and countless others, including patients, nurses and ordinary people, were rolling all over the mountainside near the entrance to the mountain. There was a middle-aged woman with large packages on her back, trying to stand up and died as it is; some were young mothers lying on the ground with their children firmly in their arms; some were men gripping the sky and looking furious; all were either killed instantly or died within a short time after the atomic bombing.

As we were naked but had not received a scratch on our bodies, countless people pleaded with us for help and water when they saw us, and I wondered how much easier it would have been if we had been similarly injured and felt restless. This is the hell of this world, and even on the battlefield, you probably wouldn't be able to see such a horrific scene.

The view of the mountain as I start to climb it is disastrous. Needless to say, the small trees, but also large pine trees with a circumference of 60 to 120 cm, were broken down from about 90-120 cm above the ground, and were piled up so high that there was no way to climb them. The sheer force of the impact is truly frightening. You can go on and on and on along the roadless paths, but countless people are lying on the ground. When we had almost reached the top, we found a school friend, Matsuno, who had collapsed, so we helped him to his feet and, with a shoulder to lean on, we reached the top.

Looking down from there, the factory areas in the direction of Urakami and Michino'o were burning intently fuming black and white smoke, and smoke could be seen in the direction of Nagasaki Station too, giving the view from the top of the mountain an even deeper sense of the

horror leaving the shape of the land while every burnable things were completely burnt down. There were only embers standing here and there.

On the mountain tops, a cicada perched on trees flapped down, turned over, moved its limbs, and mingled, chirping. Animals and insects were nothing in the face of the power of the atomic bomb. However, the aubergines in the fields had not fallen over and were still bearing fruit. As Matsuno complained of thirst, I took the aubergine and gave it to him, but it didn't seem to cure his thirst much.

Among the people were the wounded who could walk, mobilised students, women and girls of all kinds, all of whom, as you know, were coming up the road dressed in such a way that they could not bear to see twice at all. Here, I parted from other schoolmates because my home was in a different direction, but Matsuno was going in the same direction as me, as we stayed in the same lodging, so I helped him, and we finally reached our lodgings after several breaks. After administering first aid to Matsuno immediately after returning and requesting the people of the lodging to take care of him, as I was worried about my mother, who was waiting for me at home, I rushed home.

Unfortunately, Matsuno had passed away. My house was considerably damaged, the most so in the neighborhood. This may have been because the house was large, and it was exposed to strong winds. The situation was pathetic, but my mother took refuge in a shelter with our neighbor and was not slightly injured and was perfectly safe. What a miracle! I cannot help but thank God that both mother and child were unharmed.

My house was located on the opposite side of the bombed area of Mt. Kompira, which may be about 3000 meters away from the area in a straight line. In Nagasaki, the damage was less severe because the mountains were higher. Air-raid shelters dug inside houses or side holes drilled into the ground were of no use. In my experience, it seems to be possible to avoid some dangers if the tunnel has been dug deep and an underground passage has been created, or, of course, if a long and deep way out has been provided. Remembering back, my schoolmates Tadashi Matsumoto, Shigemoto, Kawanami, and Takeda, who could not dig shelters like us because of their poor health, and who were sorting out documents in the basement of the school's medicine storeroom, were also safe.

On the following day, when we survivors together to the College over the mountain, we found that most of the wounded lying on the mountain had all died within about 10 to 15 hours, and as the summer sun made us feel a deep sense of pity and endless anger towards the enemy country.

I was determined to avenge them. As I went to the school, most of the healthy ones were already there, but there was nothing to be done. We were immediately disbanded, and those who had come from far away went back to their hometowns. We, too, were due to graduate in September, but the survivors went back to their homes to await the day until the graduation ceremony.

I heard that among the many people who came from all over the country to handle the dead and support the wounded, many died of atomic diseases just because they had come to the disaster area, while I survived in the hypocenter area, entered and left the disaster area, and helped the wounded, and yet I did not show any symptoms. I thought it was a blessing anyhow, but then, on a day I can't remember exactly, diarrhea started. Many people suffered the same symptoms at the time, so I thought I was in the same condition and went to see a doctor at a city hospital, but after about a week, the diarrhea gradually stopped. After about a week, the diarrhea gradually stopped. As there was nothing wrong with me afterwards, I thought that I was OK.

Once again, I was saved. Unlike me, my mother did not seem to have any abnormal condition at all. The weather was very wet for a month or two after the end of the war, and my house leaked badly and was badly sloped, making it very difficult to repair, and we were very worried. Fortunately, when I told my relatives living in Karatsu City about our situation, they suggested that we come there, so I decided to accept their support, and we left Nagasaki, where I had lived for many years, and moved to Karatsu. The time was around 10 October 1945.

Since then, I have been living here, and there is no problem with my health. Thinking that I would be all right, I married in December 1952 and had a daughter in November the following year, but my child does not seem to show any signs of illness. I had heard a lot of things about the children of atomic bomb survivors being born with deformities, or in the case of boys, losing their reproductive capacity, or in the case of girls, becoming infertile, so I was afraid of that, but fortunately, I didn't seem to have to worry about that.

However, very recently (since around May 1955), I have been feeling somewhat anaemic and have been taking Mastigen B12 tablets, which seems to have helped a little, possibly it gave me comfort mentally, but not completely. It also seems to be free of duodenal worms, though.

I suspected that it might be a sign of the atomic bomb as there is decrease in white blood cell count, also worried about osteomyelitis, etc., and I began to feel a strange pressure in my abdomen and a strange pain in my liver area, so I decided that I had cirrhosis, ulcer, sarcoma or cancer, although I do not smoke at all and drink only a little alcohol. At the moment, I am taking glucuronic acid, methionine, and other medicines, but I have not seen any clear effects. Whenever I feel something is wrong, I always want to link it to an atomic disease, so I don't feel at ease. At present, I still have an appetite.

The newspapers and other media report that there are still victims among the survivors in Hiroshima, even after 10 years have passed, and that Takeda, a school friend from Nara Prefecture who survived the disaster died of a gastrointestinal illness four or five years ago, so I think it is my turn next although it may be a worry for nothing.

Atomic diseases are more worrying because they do not surface and invade internal organ functions. I have taken the liberty of making this request because I think that a comprehensive diagnosis of the atomic disease by the professors of my alma mater, who are authorities on the subject, would make me understand better.

I have written this article as I recall it, and I would be very happy if this article could be of some help to you.

I pray for the souls of the many alumni who have lost their young lives. . .

About Murayama and others

Masatoshi Muramatsu

That morning was clear and sunny. As a student at the Kamo Naval Medical School, I was lined up with my colleagues on the square in front of the dispensing practice room, waiting for the signal to “begin our duties.” The school was built in the mountains of Hiroshima Prefecture, far from the navy's name, and I, as well as Matsuo, Matsubara, Takatori, Okuno, and Terada, from Choyaku from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, were living at the school. Suddenly, I felt light pressure from behind me on my right. I don't know if there is such a word as light pressure, but that's how I felt it. It was like being hit directly by a photographic flash. We all turned round at once, but in that direction there was only a blue morning summer sky, and we paid no attention to what we thought was a silly lightning trick. “Hey, what's that?” one of us asked, and when we turned to look again, our eyes were met by a huge, light pink pumpkin-like cloud that we did not know when it had formed. It was rising into the blue sky while swelling, and everyone had different opinions as to what it was, but all agreed that it must have been some kind of explosion, as a sound came through the ground. It was nearly evening when we found out that this was the first atomic bomb that mankind had ever received in Hiroshima. “Hiroshima disappeared in an instant. They say, and the corpses were scattered around.” “Anyway, the sight is tragic beyond description,” I remember that the calm and collected naval officer candidate was so excited that he could not sleep that night, even after the lights had gone out.

At the same time, in Nagasaki, my classmates who had left Onoda, where we had been mobilised, were returning to their old schools to finish their final studies. It is reported that half of their time was spent digging air-raid shelters, and on 9 August, since the weather was clear and sunny, they were working hard since the morning. It was a side-hole air-raid shelter, so it was fortunate that a few survived. The shelter was so deep that several teams took turns digging the dugout.

Dr. Seiki, a science and mathematics teacher, dug the earth at the far end, while Tomita and

several others were in charge of carrying the soil. As Tomita took a few steps towards the outside, filling the colander with soil, his body was thrust backwards, and he collapsed on top of Dr. Seiki. “What happened?” Dr. Seiki scolded. (We used to fear his scolding in science and math class.) He crawled out of the smoke and dust and saw that the roof of the collapsed school building was already on fire in the dusk-like darkness.

Classmates who had been working together until now were lying here and there. Okamoto's stomach was ripped open, and he had already died, while Murayama was panting and saying, “Water, water.” Takeda and Matsumoto were not feeling well that day and were in charge of organising the library on the basement floor. Takeda felt a tremendous pressure and was barely able to save himself as the bookshelves rattled and collapsed, but he was stunned by the dust and could not find his way out. But seeing Matsumoto well, he was encouraged and narrowly escaped death by crawling out through a crack which he found on the ceiling. I learned later that Takeda also died a few years later in his hometown of Nara.

Naoyuki Murayama was just after me on the list of names, so we often did everything together, and the fact that our hometowns were both in Fukuoka Prefecture added to our friendship. He was the only son in the family and was a bit selfish due to his upbringing, but on the other hand, he was very friendly, and we often did things together. He loved literature not only reading, but also used to be very emphatic that he would write a great work. He said he would let me read it to me when he finished writing one on the subject of Princess Sen, but I never got the chance. We were also in the same room when we were mobilised to work at Tanabe Pharmaceutical's Onoda plant. When I went to Fukuoka to take the exam for the position of apprentice pharmacy lieutenant of the navy, I was at a loss because I was not familiar with the city and there were few inns at the time, which was near the end of the war, and I was at my wits' end as I was rejected everywhere. I called him up when I remembered that he was on his way home, but it was almost time for him to return to Onoda, and we ran around the town of Hakata together until we finally found an inn. When I entered the naval medical college, he asked me for a memento, so I found a book of American novels, which at that time were not allowed to read openly, and wrote on the back cover, “This is for my brother Murayama, given as a gift from Muramatsu of the naval pharmacy lieutenant.” Even though at that time there was little distinction between battlefield and home front, those of us who were prepared to die and joined the military, and for this reason, we escaped the disaster of the atomic bombing and survived, which makes me feel the mystery of human fate. O soul of my friend who perished young, I pray that you guide the people of the world so that we will never again see that tragedy on earth.

Postscript

I am very grateful for this project, and I have written this memoir without thinking of my

lack of talent, but I did not experience the atomic bombing of Nagasaki, and I only remember hearing about it from my friends who survived. However, we are keeping a record. I thought it would be better if there were many contributions, even if it is only a small matter, so I wrote this, fearing that there may be some misunderstandings in my memory. If there are any factual inaccuracies, please correct them accordingly.

(Graduate of 1945) Muramatsu

The experience of the atomic bomb

Tsukasa Kashiwa

When I think back on what happened ten years ago, only one scene comes back to me in a strangely vivid way, but the events before and after it are hazy, as if they are enveloped in a fog.

On 9 August 1945, at about 11:00 a.m., I was digging with my pickaxe at the far end of the shelter. Rather, just a few minutes ago, Narasaki and I went out to drink water at break, and after drinking together, he went towards the classroom, and I went back. (I had just replaced Tanaka, who had been digging until now.) When I took the pickaxe and hit the soil once or twice, Dr. Seiki said in a loud voice, "Oh, be quiet!" so I stopped and listened carefully. I heard the sound of an airplane descending with a pressuring and metallic sound of explosion, and while I was thinking that it was different from the Japanese airplanes, a blinding flash of light shot into my eyes through many curves in the tunnel, reaching the far end. "Ah," and after a pause of about two seconds, I was shocked as if I had been slapped on the top of my left ear, at the same time, a naked light bulb was smashed with a long-tailed sound. There was a squeaking and ringing in my ears, but it almost didn't come to my consciousness at the time. Suddenly, darkness enveloped me, and my first thought was that a bomb must have fallen near the entrance to the shelter. I wonder if I was buried alive. I was still standing there for a while, stupefied, but as the pickaxe gave me comfort, I clutched it in my hand. After a while, Ikeda said, "Oh, the entrance is open!" When I heard his voice, I thought that I had been saved. I groped the damp clay walls and moved fearfully towards the entrance while sliding on the ground with my feet. I touched someone's palm. We clasped each other's hands and proceeded silently to the entrance. From the entrance comes a dim, strangely reddish-brown, forked, poisonous-looking yellow light. The wall clay, or dry clay, is rolled up by the blast and stands like a fog, so I could not see. I was also confused coming out of the dark place, so I was blinking my eyes for a while. As I gradually got to know the situation of all the directions surrounding me, I was almost overwhelmed by astonishment.

There were bushes with 30 to 40 cm, but they turned into a mere reddish-blown hill. The high concrete walls that we used to describe as prison-like have been blown away, leaving an

unfamiliar landscape leading directly into the mountains and hills beyond. Trees, houses, utility poles, and the like had fallen to the ground and were in a mess. Blocked by two fallen vertebrae, I looked towards the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals classrooms. In the smoke, which was formed neither by dust nor fire, our school building was seen flattened, as if it had been crushed like a matchbox.

When I looked down at my feet, I saw my classmates, their eyes and noses covered in a thick layer of dust and looking like mud dolls, dancing with their legs thrown out and their upper bodies supported by their hands. The transformation was so drastic that I couldn't help but ask if they were the same classmates I had been joking around with earlier. The first person to speak was Ejima. "We were attacked. Paratrooper bomb. Ouch," he spoke disconnectedly. "Pull yourself together. You'll be all right." I encouraged him at least with words. He nodded, "Yes," and then fell silent, as if he were in pain. Ohgi, Watanabe, and others talk to each other in rather cheerful voices. I can't remember what they said to me at all now, but at any rate, I felt very reassured that they were conscience. We began to carry the wounded into the shelters. When we tried to pick them up by their arms, the skin on their upper arms, which had been burnt off, peeled off. "Ouch, ouch," I involuntarily let go and stared down at my classmates in dismay. The thought of Dr. Sugiura, who was in the medicinal herb garden, came to me, so I tried to go there, but the sheer barriers that were collapsed cruelly made me reconsider, and I turned back towards the shelter. A bright red flame and black smoke were coming from the Auditorium behind the shelter.

The daughter of the Director of the Medical College pharmacy, Ms. Nagartani, came running up from the other side of the smoke, covered in blood and with her hair in disarray, and suddenly clung to Dr. Seiki and began to cry. The doctor was patting her on the back as if to soothe a child, saying something like, "Alright, alright," but then turned around and shouted, "Is anyone going to the hospital?" I knew that I was probably the most uninjured person, so I immediately went to the hospital to make contact. The usual path to the Auditorium was impassable because of the fire, so we had to make a big detour from the upper part of the gun storehouse, across the fields, and towards the hill behind the Gubiroga hill, to get out to the side of the hospital. The hospital was already hazy with smoke, and a few bloodstained nurses and students could be seen. As we walked up from the porch, I saw Dr. Nagai (or I may have confused the day with the next day) with a bandage on his head, and asked him to send someone to help us, as there were many injured in the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, then immediately returned. On the way, I stepped on a nail sticking from a board about 3 cm long, so I suffered mild pain. We made a large detour to get out into the valley between hills heading towards the College, avoiding collapsed objects. A boy of about 14 or 15, who was trying his best to lift a pillar, saw me, his face was filled with intense emotion, flew to me, grabbed me by the arm,

pulling hard, ranted and raved, and pointed towards the collapsed house, pulling hard. An old farm woman with half-white hair was trapped under a pillar and was struggling. The boy and I tried to lift the pillar, but it was too heavy. We had no choice but to remove the tiles and other objects one by one, and finally, we were able to pull the woman out from under the pillar.

As soon as I got the woman out, I started running towards the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. I had never walked in this area before and was barefoot, so I walked cautiously, avoiding obstacles, which prevented me from returning to school soon. When I finally managed to come to the vicinity of the school building, they were surrounded by thick smoke and vigorous red flame, making it impossible to get close at all. The fire spread gradually, and the smoke hurt my eyes. I wondered what had happened to Dr. Seiki and the others, but I didn't know what to do, so I wandered around the fire. Eventually, I noticed people staggering up the mountain in groups. If I were foolish, I might end up in the fire myself. Let's run away to the mountains like others.

First, let's go over the mountain to Katafuchi, where the house I was lodging is located. I made up my mind and started walking. When I had peace of mind to look at myself, I realised that as I was working, I was wearing only short trousers, barefoot and naked from the waist, which was not very good. I walked up the mountain path, picking up half a pair of sandals, a coat, and a walking stick which appeared to belong to an old lady, and walked while my right leg was becoming more and more painful.

On the way, I saw a second-year student, Yoshida, sitting on the side of the road with a bottle, which used to contain sake, in his hand, resting with bloodshot eyes, so I called out to him, but he did not reply and just stared blankly into space.

I saw a bunch of trees blown down from about 30 cm above the ground, and walked wearily, feeling threatened by what I assumed was a new type of bomb. Four or five sturdy-bodied people who look like farmers' wives are walking hand in hand, crying loudly like children, dripping with blood. Three children, boys and girls, followed silently, as if they had forgotten how to cry from the sheer terror. There in the bush, here on the roadside, the bloodied people are moaning, sometimes weakly saying "Water, water." I was walking around, surrounded by the disgusting fresh smell of blood, repeating in my mind, "Damn it, damn it" like a Buddhist chant. The higher up the mountain I climbed, the wider the smoke and fire of the disaster came into view, and more often than not, I stopped astonished, as if I were looking at a picture of hell.

Near the top, there was an anti-aircraft battery bunker, where soldiers wearing bandages were taking in the wounded who were coming up one after another, only those who were seriously injured, and treating them in various ways. They asked for "Water, water." I, too, had a burning thirst. Of course, there was no way I could find any extra water, so I went over the mountain slowly. I turned onto a road where I could have seen the city and prayed desperately to God. Again and again, I prayed to God in my heart that my lodging would be OK, while at the same time

scolding myself so that my disappointment would not be too great because of wishful thinking.

And when I first saw the lush potato fields and trees on the other side of the mountain, and the roofs glimmering between them, I was so happy that I sat there and couldn't move.

There was a field of summer radishes next to me. I rushed madly to it and pulled one out and even saved to wipe the mud off it as it was frustrating, but I bit it greedily. It was the first time in my life, and probably the last, that I had bitten a raw radish through when it was muddy and crunchy.

As I rested, two or three female students and others who appeared to be members of the Volunteer Corps in white headbands passed by silently.

Their summer shirts were missing, leaving a double layer of fabric at the seam, exposing their white skin, and blood dripped from their jet-black hair as they passed by, expressionless. I shudder as if I had seen a midday ghost. What a cruel beauty.

When I returned to my lodgings, I found that the ceiling had been torn down, the clothes I had hung in my room had been blown away by the blast, and the window frames had been torn off. After a short break, I visited three of my friends, Tomita, Terado, and Matsuno, at their homes and lodgings. Tomita was still at school, Terado was absent, and Matsuno had escaped. Now I have decided to take food with me and go back to school over the mountains. The night sky is eerily bright as the raging fire burns up to the City Office area. Voices calling out to each other in the distance, calling names, or "Father!" can be heard, and it overwhelmed my heart. I set out on a dark mountain road towards the College, but perhaps because I was upset, I got lost and had no idea where I was. Eventually, the foot I had stepped on a nail swelled up and began to be painful, making it impossible for me to walk. When I returned to my lodgings, it was almost morning.

On the following day, my foot was so painful that I could not move at all.

On the 11th (or 12th), I went to school again from the mountain behind Suwa Shrine. On the way down, I saw a dead boy clinging to a tree root. His eyes remain open. Reeking of rottenness was already coming from him under the hot sun.

When I reached the shelter, I met Dr. Seiki, Tomita, Shigemoto, Tatsuo Tomita, and others. I was told that all the wounded who remained in the shelter died. Then, I also heard many accounts from Tomita.

(Graduated in 1945)

Atomic calamity

Toshio Amano

On 9 August 1945, Nagasaki, once called a foreign country in the south, was instantly reduced to ashes by the weapon of the century, the atomic bomb, and three flowers, ironically smiled. As the peach-coloured paratroopers were dropped, the city and human life were instantly slaughtered, taking away all life of all living things, and the spirits of 70,000 citizens of Nagasaki ascended to heaven with the flames and permeated the earth with the rain of radiation.

Our fate and encounters, which have miraculously stood amid the fierce radiation. The heroic figures of my late teachers and classmates have scattered and left no trace like flowers, and the dewdrops which have vanished. I feel as if I can still hear nostalgically their voices here and now, but when I think of them, I am even more disturbed by my thoughts. I feel as if they have passed into the past of this world where the water that has passed away cannot return, and the stars in the night sky that have been passing away for 10 years, dream or reality, have become the empty dream of the past. The summer sun reflecting the streams from rivers has not changed this year, but the midsummer sun reminds me of those days again.

While knowing I have limited space for this account, I am writing this humble memory as an offering to the spirits of my late schoolmates and to pray for lasting peace in the world. (Excerpt from "My Memories of the Atomic Disaster")

The midsummer sun shone dazzlingly in the grassy breath of the clovers, and I had to endure the heat that burned my body as I stood still and attended the Imperial Proclamation of War. At 12:45 p.m., President Tsuno'o began his address and spoke about the new bomb. On his way back from a business trip to Tokyo, the train was stopped in Hiroshima, and as he had to walk to the next station while carrying a large rucksack, he saw countless fresh corpses lying around the city, and even a house at the bottom of a valley was exposed to the bomb without any shrapnel or large holes. The story was that we should not relax even for a moment in such a situation.

After returning to the classroom, there was a lot of talk amongst schoolmates about it. Some people had already fled back to Nagasaki from Hiroshima, so the extent of the damage was immediately known. When Usui met Murayama yesterday, he told him that on his way back from Hakata, he rode the train with the victims who told him all about the situation. The classroom was noisy as we discussed, and there was no end to the talk of Hiroshima. Who amongst the young students, who amongst the murmurs, could have foreseen the fate of tomorrow but God? On the 9th, in order to prepare perfectly, the school had been working for several days on a shelter for complete evacuation under the direction of Dr. Seiki, and lectures were cancelled. On that day, we in the sickly team (those who had been sick due to mobilisation) were organising and drying books that had been evacuated to the medicine storehouse. The members were I, Usui, Kawanami,

Iwamoto, Takeda, Yamada, and Matsumoto (Tadashi). The work was all done under the guidance of Dr. Sugiura. Most of our schoolmates were doing shelter digging work in two groups under Araki's command. When it was probably after 11:00 a.m., we heard the sound of an airplane rapidly descending. I clucked my tongue, thinking that another enemy aircraft was coming, and around the same time, I felt a tremendous blast and heat, along with a loud bang. I got down instantly, but it was already too late. I lifted my head as I heard a voice telling me to get out, but I couldn't see at all. I crawled up, groping in the dark. A huge cloud of yellow dust was rising in the pitch-darkness, and a small bluish-purple flame was burning in what appeared to be the main building of the College. I looked around, but there was nothing standing within sight. Streams of people began to flow from all over the place. I followed the flow of people, unconscious, in a half-fainting state, without knowing where I was going. When I came to myself, I was in the sports ground. The area began to burn intensely, and there was even wind mixed with smoke and sand, and with nowhere to stay, I, Matsumoto (Tadashi), took refuge on Gubiroga Hill. The people disappeared gradually, and the entire area was left only to burn naturally in the city. The clouds above us changed into a multitude of colors of white, black, red, yellow, and purple. Alone and hit by the rain, I came to myself and went down to the river that runs beneath a church. On the tatami mats lay Director Takagi, head of the Special Medical Vocational Department. It would have been after 5:00 p.m., I was planning to go to the remains of the school building, to make contact with the schoolmates, but half of them who were fine until this morning were dead and lying in the shelter. Araki was still conscious. When I heard that a temporary headquarters had been set up under Anakobo, I walked through the fire with the intention of organising a rescue team. After making contact with Dr. Seiki, I spent six days in the shelter rescuing all the school friends, placed the deceased in the shooting range, handed over the map of the buried to Director Eguchi, then went to Tacitus and Nagaimo area to search for the missing.

(Graduated in 1945)

Looking up at the atomic cloud

Shisei Hiroshima

I was asked to write my story for the publication of a memoir on 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, but I declined, as I had no direct experience of the atomic bombing, but I was told that it would be meaningful to describe how those of us who had left Nagasaki knew about the bombing and how much damage we imagined it would cause, so I took my pen.

The material in this text is based on notes and memories of classmates living in Nagasaki at

the time.

One day in June 1945, when the war was becoming more and more intense, we, the second-year students of the former Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, were assembled. And then, at the same time, a mobilisation order was issued for students to go to Plant No. 7042 in Kumamoto Prefecture (now the New Japan Nitrogen Minamata Plant in Minamata City, Kumamoto Prefecture,) and on the spot, the following students were mobilised as wartime student researcher: Gunge, Tanaka, Tamura, Ichibangase, Yasumoto, Kazuma Yoshida, Isao Yoshida, Okabe, Nakaoka, Itami, Hirayu, Nakagawara, Fukuda, Aoki, and Otani were decided to be sent.

On that day, some shared joy holding hands together while some envied others, so the sadness and joy were mixed, but who could have imagined that after 55 days, some of them would be parted forever, and this was a sentence of death for them?

We, 38 members who gathered in front of Minamata Station at 5:00 p.m. on 20 June, then on we believed in the victory of our country and devoted ourselves to the work day after day with the passion of youth.

But on the other hand, I was driven by nostalgia when I looked at the evening primrose blooming under the dormitory window. The head teacher, Dr. Sugiura, who lived with us from the beginning, said, "I will tell your friends in Nagasaki about your life. Please endure until the end," as he returned to Nagasaki, and these words were the last we had heard from him. As the air raids became more and more severe, our spirits rose even higher.

Two of our schoolmates were wounded in the attack on 7 August, and at the sight of their blood, we said to each other in indignation: "This is directly connected to the front line, and our deaths are no different from the deaths of the war." The reason was that the factory where we were mobilised was a gunpowder raw materials factory, and in this respect, we considered our place to be more dangerous than Nagasaki.

There are the following stories. A good friend of one of the students who remained at the College asked his schoolmate who had gone home on holiday at Nagasaki Station as they parted. "Who will die first?" "It will be me at the factory, you take care of the rest if I die." "Okay, I've got it."

This would confirm that our remaining friends in the laboratory were also of the same opinion. When we heard the news that a new type of bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima, I could only feel that it had happened far away over the mountains, as we were busy every day restoring the factory, cleaning up the collapsed dormitories, or digging up the personal belongings buried. At 11:02 a.m. on 9 August 1945, we were sheltering from an air-raid when suddenly we heard a thunder-like sound in the distance. When we turned around to see what was going on, we saw a ray of white cloud like a dragon rising straight up over the Ariake Sea, breaking through the clouds over Amakusa. Eventually, the cloud spread its head, but the cloud's legs snapped off halfway

through. In a moment, it rose quickly and formed a mass, colouring the blue sky red, blue, yellow, and green, like a rainbow in a dream, shining in the midday sun as it passed over our heads. Oh, to think that a hellscape was unfolding under this beautiful rainbow. Soon after the air-raid was over, we gathered one by one, and the topic of conversation was this strange cloud. Some said, "It was an eruption in Unzen," others said, "It was a test of Japan's new aerial mines." However, a schoolmate who had been evacuated somewhere came back at the end and shared with us that the broadcast had said that "All Nagasaki citizens should take shelter" and that "They should all work to extinguish the fire." When we from Nagasaki heard this, we were surprised and excited. Further information came in that "Nagasaki is totally deserted everywhere." "It's a hoax, even our factories have been completely wiped out, here we are, alive and well." "A bomb cannot destroy entire humanity." We couldn't have imagined this at the time, and even if we had imagined it, it would have been only 1/10,000 or 1/100,000 of the reality of Nagasaki. But when I thought that we were fighting in a moment of national crisis, I had to give up my hope to see my former teachers, classmates, and family, even if only for a moment, with my own eyes. The factory manager must have been aware of our feelings as we worked day in and day out, worrying about the safety of Nagasaki, and eventually granted us special leave.

However, the war's end decree was issued following the incident, so they were demobilised and had to leave the factory. The war, to which we had devoted all our youthful enthusiasm, was over, and we parted from the sea of Minamata with tears in our eyes as we sang "*Umi yukaba*." When the sun had already passed over the Shiranui (Yastushiro) Sea and the shadows of the islands were fading into the evening fog, what were our thoughts and feelings on deck? The following day, on the 16th, early in the morning, we left 18 friends at the Port of Miike, and it was a little after 9:00 a.m. when 19 of us landed at Yue in Shimabara. There, we were shown a glimpse of the tragic situation of Nagasaki. A boy with one arm burnt off, and even pus was overflowing. Where is he trying to go? He just wanted to get away from Nagasaki as soon as possible. The only thing he could tell me about Nagasaki was that it was "in ruins" and "a shambles." That alone should not be enough for us. We tried relentlessly to find out from anyone who had the slightest information about Nagasaki, whether they were a local or a passenger in a train. But the conclusion was that the facts were greater than the stories. We imagined the actual situation in Nagasaki in many different ways. But that was only half of the reality. When the train finally passed Michino'o, we couldn't sit still and leaned out of the window to stare at the car. Oh, what a tragedy. How cruel. Is this the beautiful green Nagasaki, or all this brownish-brown place as far as we could see? The steel frame of a factory was bent and broken like candy, and was that painful figure left in the ashes of the College? Hospital. I could not see my school. It had disappeared. What happened to the teachers and my classmates?

Are they one of those who pick up the bones or those who seek a piece of the remains of the household goods? They looked like ants.

Ah, this was the Nagasaki I had dreamt of. The train proceeded quietly and calmly to Urakami and then Nagasaki, probably to wake up the white bones lying on the side of the tracks.

(Graduated in 1947)

Remembering deceased schoolmates from the same hometown

Masaharu Okuno

Time flies, and the world has changed dramatically. It is often said that a decade is a decade. It has been already ten years since the tragic atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, when I instantly lost half of my classmates who shared the hardships and joys under a terrible environment during the war, a truly regrettable and mournful event which never leaves my mind. I was especially shocked when I heard of the deaths of Noboru Matsumoto and Shozo Okamoto, both from Yamaguchi Prefecture, who went to study together in Nagasaki away from home, and had been good friends with me since before their deaths. I was full of anxiety and unreliability when I went alone to the unknown city of Nagasaki to study pharmacy in 1943, but I met other seniors and colleagues from the same prefecture, and the support I received helped to dispel my fears and allowed me to concentrate on my studies. Their lodgings were not too far from mine, so when we returned home after our training, we would get together for a chat, often singing songs along with Matsumoto's guitar, and the nights would pass by quickly. Their humor and harmonious character made my days fun and fruitful. In the autumn of our second year, as the war intensified, students were mobilised, and Okamoto and I were sent to work at the Tanabe Pharmaceutical Factory in Onoda City, while Matsumoto remained in the laboratory, so we lost the opportunity to talk and laugh together, which was regrettable. When I was going to Onoda, Matsumoto came to my lodgings and helped me pack my luggage and carry it to the station. We encouraged each other for our future, which still moves me with a deep emotion. Also, Okamoto and I worked together at the Tanabe factory and shared the same room in the dormitory, where we shared our wartime material and emotional deprivations by encouraging each other, but in April 1945, I entered the Naval Hygiene School, and the day finally came when we parted. Even now, I can clearly recall the image of Okamoto, who sent me waving the Rising Sun flag at Onoda Station. The more than two years I spent as a student were also the years I spent with Matsumoto and Okamoto. When I look back on the years, many things flash back to mind, just like a running lantern. It is utterly impossible to describe them on a piece of paper. I pray for the repose of both their souls as I conclude this memoir. May my late school friends Noboru Matsumoto and Shozo

Okamoto rest in peace.

(Graduated in 1946)

Ms. Teruko Uchino

Kuwasaki Sawa (Maiden name Ueki)

Recollections of working with Teruko Uchino

Upon the student mobilisation, we both served as scientific research assistants under the supervision of Dr. Yokoyama (Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals), who was a lecturer at the time, in the form of mobilisation for his work. We were both admirers of science, so we walked down that green alleyway to the far left of the Pharmacology Department at the end of the building. I don't remember the details of my assignment today, but in spite of standing on my feet all day synthesizing and precisely measuring the chemicals that the doctor had thought of, I continued to work seriously and with joy. Teruko-san, in particular, was very fond of learning, and when she was in school, I saw that she never stopped pursuing her studies. In addition to the two of us, there were two pharmacy students and one person from a pharmaceutical company in the laboratory, and even outsiders such as ourselves helped out. The doctor's research was always shared with Dr. Terasaka and sent for animal experiments. At that time, the Pharmacology Department was also short of staff due to the departure of faculty to the war, so I moved from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals to the Pharmacology Department and became an assistant in the animal (canary, chicken) experiments. Teruko-san worked on synthesis, melting point measurements, and microbalances every day, under the doctor's guidance, and sometimes even assisted him with research on pigments. I assume it was April. I stopped working for a while for family reasons, so I don't know what happened after that, but I can still see her working hard, sweating, and working with drugs while short-handed. I would like to conclude this memoir while praying for the repose of Teruko-san's soul. I also wish I had the time to do so.

Remembering my child

Masaji Gunge

The years have flown by so quickly that it feels like a dream that ten full years have passed since the tragic disaster of the atomic bombing.

This year, not only in Japan but also in many other countries, people have been discussing the damage caused by the atomic bombs and the use of the bombs from various perspectives,

and the consequences of such anomalies on the life and culture of all mankind in the future are to be considered. But for those of us who were directly affected by the atomic bombings, we have particularly painful memories and thoughts filling our minds like clouds.

The University is also commemorating its 10th anniversary this year, and we were encouraged to write something about what we thought of the incident. Even if I have no such ability, I would be very grateful if you could mention what I write at the end of this memoir, if there is any space left.

I would say that I am generally insensitive or indifferent, so during the war, I felt that there was no such thing as an air-raid where bullets would fall directly on my head, which would happen only once in a million. I didn't build an air-raid shelter in my house and didn't evacuate because I thought it was better than worrying about one thing in ten million. However, one day Yoshio, my child who died by an atomic bombing, told his father, me, that he had been designated as an air-defence member or something, and that he was prepared for his death by an air-raid at any time.

On the 8th, the day before the bombing, I happened to be on the train with my child as he went to his College. I stopped at a related factory in Omura from Nagasaki Station and stayed at a brewery in Karatsu, where I had lunch on the 9th, when I heard on the radio that Nagasaki had been hit by air raids and that all citizens had to evacuate. I thought it was nothing serious, so the next day, the 10th, I visited Dr. Yamazaki at the Department of Agriculture, Fukuoka University. I didn't get to meet him because he was away on a business trip, but the way I met Mr. Suzuki, the former president of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry in Nagasaki, was that he told me about the enormous damage caused by the atomic bomb in Hiroshima, but he did not talk about the damage in Nagasaki. I then went to Jojima in Fukuoka Prefecture, stayed overnight at Nakamura's house at the Seiriki Sake Brewery, and was to return to Nagasaki the next morning, but the train did not run due to the air-raid in Kurume, and as the train started in the late afternoon, I stayed at Kashima where I reached by the last train. The next day, on the 12th, I left by train to Michino'o and entered Nagasaki, where I was surprised to see the extent of the damage.

On the 13th and 14th, Norio, my second son, and I searched the laboratory of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals and Gubiloga Hill to search for the corpses or anything left, but we found nothing, so we prayed the Heart Sutra at the burnt remains of the library. It was a great consolation to see Dr. Yokoyama, who was particularly helpful to Yoshio at school, on the way.

So, as for me, I will be too emotional when I mourn my late child; whenever I remember my child, I immediately recite the Heart Sutra or the Diamond Sutra in remembrance of him. I spend my time thinking that my child is not dead but just sleeping.

I console myself by making the poems as follows.

How was the moment when the atomic bomb fell?

My child must have been awakened in surprise

The souls of my child were awakened by the atomic bomb
 Whatever the blooming flower may look like, his soul
 All that is old is gone, and the new
 The rock gate of the Goddess will open
 The heavens and the earth were opened at the beginning of time

These days, when I wonder as I read the ancient history of “*Kojiki* (ancient Japanese myth and chronicle).”

Whenever I read “*Kojiki*” or the Diamond Sutra, I believe that my child is not dead, but is always resurrected when he comes to our minds. Rather than grieve and feel bitter at the thought of a child's death, if we offer a memorial and pray for our children and use our memories of the atomic bombing in a positive way, I think that we can believe that they are still alive in spirit.

I don't even want to think of him as a victim of the atomic bomb age.

He who falls on the earth shall rise from the earth. I believe that those who fell by the atomic bomb must rise from the atomic bomb. As the damage was tremendous at the Nagasaki Medical College, which instantly returned to the void, I would like to see it revived with a new worldview and as a new cultural centre, focused on the victims and the area that met the disaster.

I believe that Buddhism teaches the way of death, while the Japanese “*Kojiki*” teaches the way of life.

There is a saying in Buddhism that one enters the “*Hokke* (Lotus Sutra)” by embodying wisdom, and it means to see the world of the various Dharma realities of the Lotus Sutra with the wisdom of emptiness. The view of the Lotus Sutra's realities of the Dharma is not so different from the view of the “*Kojiki*.”

In the 23rd chapter of the Lotus Sutra, in the *Yakuo Bosatsu* (Medicine King *Bodhisattva*) story, *Kimi Bosatsu* (*Bodhisattva*) said to *Nichigetukeimei Nyorai* (*Tathagata*), “Rather than making offerings to the Buddha through my divine power, I must renounce my beloved body and make offerings to the Buddha.” This *Bodhisattva* is supposed to be reborn as the “*Yakuo* (Medicine King)” *Bodhisattva* by burning his body with oil. I believe that the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, which was burnt to the ground in the atomic bombing, is the *Kimi Bodhisattva* and the *Soin Bodhisattva*. How should Nagasaki Medical College and the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals appear in the world in the future? The 16th *Muryojukyo* Sutra of the Lotus Sutra explains in detail that the life of the Buddha is eternal. Recently, it has been confirmed that life can transcend time and space due to radioactivity.

Therefore, I hope that the Nagasaki Medical College, as the centre of the atomic bombing, will lead to something like permanent life research in the world of academia. And if they were to plan to install something like a research plan, it would be of great significance to those

directly affected by the atomic bombing, such as ourselves, and we would be able to find joy in it. Indeed, this is a very abrupt intention, but for someone like me who have been discussing the followings of the Lotus Sutra and the *Muryojyukyo* preaching and who are becoming aware of the truth of the significance of the renunciation and burning of the *Yakuo Bodhisattva*, I am expressing my opinion because I believe that there is a mysterious relationship between the Medical College and the atomic bombing.

Or perhaps you could symbolise the *Yakuo Bodhisattva* with a monument of some kind.

In addition, there is a book called “*Ryoin Hisho*,” which may have some connection with the Medical College and Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, and a poem in it praises as follows in the category of *Juryo*’s preaching.

The eight volumes of the Lotus Sutra are only a part of it, and among them, there is nothing more precious than the *Juryojohin*, which is recited and explained.

The Buddha is in the Paradise of Kozan, which does not change, and the body does not change; it is a place far away, and there is no end. Nevertheless, they are all enough of the Lotus Sutra.

When we think that a smoke standing in a shala forest, it was an illusion since the Buddha is always present and is reaching the Dharma at a Mountain.

Preaching regarding “*Yakuo*,” Medicine King Bodhisattva. He changed his body and came into the world twice, after the death of the Buddha, and burned his two arms, which shine a light on many countries.

While seeking the Dharma and serving it by burning his arms as a sign, he has been ranked as a *Bodhisattva* for having shattered the marrow of his own body.

There are strange medicines in this world. It is the Lotus Sutra, Medicine King *Bodhisattva*, who is immortal, who will treat well all who listen to it.

The deceased (Affiliated Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals)

Professor Jiro Yamashita, Takashi Sugiura

Administration:

Sadakichi Iwamoto, Hisayoshi Yokose

Toshiyoshi Yamamoto, Atsuko Ide

Teruko Uchino, Takiko Matsuo

(a) Third-year student

Kazuo Araki, Toshiaki Ikeda, Noritaka Ishida

Osamu Ejima, Hideo Ohki, Syozou Okamoto

Kunihiro Kozone, Kei Suyama, Takayuki Suenaga

Hiroshi Tanaka, Tetsuo Tada, Kazuki Narazaki

Keiji Hashimoto, Toyohiro Fujita, Yoshiteru Matsuno

Noboru Matsumoto, Yasuhiko Miyamoto, Naoyuki Murayama

Tomohisa Yatomi, Takeshi Yamasaki, Yasuo Yamada

Ryohei Yoneda, Hisashi Watanabe

(b) Second-year student

Shigeki Aoki, Tadamasa Ichibangase, Yoshio Gunge

Tokio Tamura, Tukasa Hirayu, Noboru Fukuda

Michio Yasumoto, Isao Yoshida, Kazuma Yoshida

(c) First-year student

Norikuni Takemoto, Shigeru Nakao, Tetsuo Nakagawahara

Mitsuo Nakakura

Memories of Tatsuichi

Tora Dohi

I heard that during the air-raid on Nagasaki on 1 August, the Medical College was hit and his hat and glasses were blown off as the bombs fell, and he slipped into an air-raid shelter. Those who came afterwards were blown away by the blast and hit against the wall, crushed and killed instantly. Since the air-raids were getting worse, I urged him several times to go to Mie Village in Seihi (Nishisonogi-gun), where his parents had been evacuated, but he said he would graduate in a week and that he would be fine, so we parted.

At 11:02 a.m. on 9 August, an atomic bomb fell and I (Tatsuichi's older sister) lived in Tateyama, which is opposite side over the mountain from Urakami, and when I tried to enter the air-raid shelter under the floor seeing a flash, the partitions of the house flew in the room, suffered several wounds from shards of glass and had to have a 1 cm 5 mm square glass removed from under my chin, and had to be cleaned with Mercurochrome over and over again, I went to look for my two children, aged four and two, who were playing in the neighbourhood, and was relieved to find them safe as they were taken into the air-raid shelter in the garden because they saw a flash.

Well, how is my younger brother in the Medical College? I was extremely worried. The sky in the Urakami area was dark like during a total eclipse, and the smell was terrible and suffocating.

Around dusk, injured people who went in the direction of Urakami started to come down. Their kimonos were bloody and torn to shreds, and their faces and bodies were red and swollen from burns, but no one looked like they came from the Medical College. I stood there for a very long time and finally asked two or three students from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, who said there was nothing to worry about, so I was a little relieved and thought he was somewhere else under care, so I kept waiting to see when he would come, but after all, he did not return. I became so worried as the rain fell during the night. I couldn't go looking for him because I have small children, and all I could do was pray for my brother's safety.

On the morning of the third day after the atomic bomb fell, our older brother, who had been evacuated to Togitsu, and our older sister, who had been evacuated to Mie, came to inform me that they had found the body of Tatsuichi. I fought back the tears that were streaming down my face and decided to bury his body where it was, as the air-raids were so bad that we couldn't even carry him. Lying in a grassy area about 3.3 sq. m. on the roadside a little higher up the mountain above Anakobo, he sustained a large piercing wound on his upper left hand, just below the shoulder, probably from a flying medical instrument, also a wound on his head measuring about 10 cm, all well bandaged to stop bleeding, but he must have lost a lot of blood and collapsed. At that time, he was in training at the Kageura Internal Medicine Department before graduation. He was the fifth of six siblings and had good grades since primary school, and both parents and

siblings had high hopes for his future and were looking forward to it, but we had no choice but to give up thinking he was unlucky.

Late Tatsuichi Dohi (Fourth-year student at that time)

Born on 8th April 1919, entered Nagasaki Medical College in 1941

(As the manuscript was submitted later, it is included here.)

4. Administration section

Yamaki Administration Officer

Biography of late Taketoshi Yamaki

The Sixth Order of Merit, Bachelor of Law, Nagasaki Medical College Administration Officer

26 May	1903	Born in Yamagata Prefecture
March	1927	Graduated from the Faculty of Law, Meiji University
March of the same year		commissioned as an administrative assistant in the Accounting Division of the Education Minister's Secretariat
July	1929	Appointed staff at the Ministry of Education
April	1939	Ordered to Section Chief of the Audit Section, Accounts Division, Minister's Secretariat
February	1940	Appointed to an additional post as Section Chief of the Accounts Section's Accounts Department
June	1941	Appointed as an Administrator at Nagasaki Medical College, Senior Official
February	1943	Senior Official, the Seventh Order
August of the same year		Senior Official, the Sixth Order
February	1944	The Sixth Order of Merit and was conferred with the Order of the Sacred Treasure
9 August	1945	killed in the line of duty by the atomic bombing in the office of the administrative officer in the main building of the College

Talking with the dead

Late Takatoshi Yamaki's wife, Setsuko Yamaki

9 August, a day of painful memories, comes again. Exactly 10 years since the day. I, a weak woman, am still alive.

At the time, I told you that "If I were to lose you on the front line of defence, I would have no choice but to kill myself."

When we saw each other the other day, you told me about your transfer, and you would like to transfer as the College was a school that supported you before. You told me that you would come here (evacuation place) on the 12th, and leave for a new position on the 15th at the latest.

It was just after the conversation that the atomic bomb of 9 August hit! I heard about the terrible situation in Nagasaki from evacuees, and when I finally arrived at Urakami with our eldest daughter on the first train on the morning of the 13th, I thought, “Oh, I knew he was not safe!” I thought. As far as the eye could see, it was a burnt field, a disaster beyond imagination. I went to the hospital reception to see if I could at least get some ashes, but there were only several students there, and I had no idea about the situation, so I was pondering what to do, when I met Dr. Shuku who offered me a kind support to see Dr. Kunifusa, who was injured and burned, and heard a lot about you. Then Dr. Takase, who came to visit us, gave me you, who had completely transformed into bones. Then I went back to Koe, where we had been evacuated, and after that, there was nothing to do but to remember you, and I spent all my days in tears.

One day, I was looking out over our large garden from the main building of our house when I saw four newborn chicks walking along, guarded by their mother. The sight of the hen following behind, protecting her children, appealed strongly to my emotional mind at the time. Since then, I started to concentrate on our eldest daughter in the second year of girls' school, second daughter in the fifth year of primary school, eldest son in the first year, and third daughter in the fourth year, and could say.

“Today, in your protection, four of our children have received a full meal and tonight they sleep peacefully. . .”

Fortunately, thanks to the efforts of the people at the Ministry of Education at the time and the Nagasaki Medical College, I did not have to live a miserable life even after the death of my father, and everyone was in good spirits and able to go their own way.

Today, our eldest daughter is the wife of a technical officer at the Ministry of Education and the mother of a baby girl.

The second daughter is preparing for higher education.

The eldest son is in his second year of high school.

The third daughter is in her first year of junior high school.

And we continue to enjoy life with your mother and sister.

I am just concerned about the unresolved “house problem” that you know about and the fact that my body is a bit weak because of the tumor, but when I think about what you suffered at that time, it is nothing. Until the day I see you again, I will do my utmost to serve your mother and to bring up our children, so let me remember you with a smile on your face.

I am also very grateful to Secretary Shirakata and Mr. Sato for their help. I'm again indebted to Dr. Kitamura, who is at the University of Tokyo.

Please don't worry about us, may you always and forever be at peace - *Sayonara*.

Setsuko

Situation before and immediately after the fall of the atomic bombing

Since the spring of 1945, major cities and munitions factories on the mainland have been frequently bombed, with air control almost entirely in enemy hands. Those involved in military service were summoned to serve one by one daily, and the administrative structure of the College was finally consolidated into a hospital, with women guarding the home front instead of the men. At the time, there were 245 administration staff, of whom 118 were women and 22 were called up for service.

Enemy aircraft bombed the air arsenal at Omura daily. At that time, Nagasaki citizens were indifferent. Finally, however, the B-29s struck Nagasaki City, and Mitsubishi, Nagasaki Station, Ohato, the College Hospital, and other factories were heavily damaged one after another, and the citizens worked together to defend themselves. The rumor that a new type of bomb had been dropped on the city of Hiroshima on 6 August, and the possibility of defeat increased.

President Tsuno'o, who witnessed the devastation in Hiroshima while returning from Tokyo, gathered the staff and students on 8 August and reported on the details. The military, however, did not inform the public of the details in anticipation of a decisive battle on the mainland, and the accursed 9 August arrived.

On that day, an air-raid warning was issued since morning, and a large formation of several dozen enemy B-29s passed over the city. The warning was lifted after 10:00 a.m., and people returned to their workplaces. The sun was exactly overhead. It must have been around 11:00 a.m. when suddenly the sound of explosions was heard. Two enemy aircraft were entering the city from the direction of Nomo. Everyone underestimated that it was only one aircraft. Suddenly, something like a paratrooper was dropped over Matsuyama-machi, and at the same moment, there was a flashing column of fire, and an earth tremor, like a lightning strike. After two or three seconds, a tremendous blast crushed everything in sight, and the area was covered in a cloud of dust and suddenly darkened. The wooden buildings tilted at an angle as if a matchbox had been pressed from above, and all the trees were instantly uprooted and fallen. The room windows were shattered like dust, filing cabinets, desks, chairs, and other furniture were destroyed into pieces, documents flew up like leaves, and the rooms were filled with various debris to the point where there was nowhere to step, and the beams were falling to our heads with a crackling sound. Cries for help and groans were heard from everywhere under the beams. People frantically tried to escape.

Thus, in a few hours, everything was burnt to the ground, and those who managed to escape the crisis fell one after another, finally claiming the precious lives of 147 administrative staff (70 men and 77 women).

Accounts of the disaster of the College staff

School affairs staff, Tachikawa (died at home on 15 August), Morino (died a few days later at home), supply unit staff, Aikawa (died a few days later at home), and Honda (cashier), crawled out of the collapsed main building. After escaping from the Forensic Medicine Department, Professor Kunifusa, disabled by wounds and burns, took refuge in a shelter set up between the main building and the main gate of the College. Suddenly, a shrill cry of “Help me!” was heard. It was the administrator Yamaki, who was a tall man, calling out for help from the window of the Administrator's Office. Professor Kunifusa was also disabled himself and had no way to rescue the Administration Officer in front of him. Soon, fire broke out in various parts of the main building. The Administrator's office also began to burn vigorously. The screams of the Administrator, who was being engulfed alive by the flames, soon faded into the sound of the building burning with a crackling sound. Honda, the cashier, escaped from the main building and reached the hill in front of the College main gate, where he lay on his back leaning against a stone and breathed his last as if in peaceful sleep. The stone gateposts on one side of the main gate, which may have been hundreds of kg, were leaning about 15 degrees away from the base due to the blast.

On that day, Yoshimura, Yajima and Yamaguchi (all still alive) of the machine shop were working under a temporary light in the shelter to repair the key of a safe by the instruction of Yamamoto (later died) from the supply unit when suddenly a flash of light came in and the three men were blown unconscious on the spot by the blast. They don't know how many minutes have passed since then. Soon after, both Yoshimura and Yajima woke up to Yamaguchi's moan of “Oh, ouch” and looked around, but it was completely dark. The entrance to the shelter appeared to be buried, and they could not get out. The three desperately looked for the exit.

”Oi. There's a hole in the dugout, so follow my voice and crawl in here.” It seems to have suddenly brightened up. They came out exactly behind the library archive (concrete structure). By then, the library office, the Main Auditorium, the Gymnasium for the rainy days, the student assembly hall, and the main building had all been burnt to the ground. Several corpses, including women, were charred black in the burnt remains of the library. Probably they were Shizuo Yamaguchi, Mitsu Ezaki, Mizokoshi Chikako, Setsuko Baba, Hiroshi Sato, Kumataro Nagata, and others. The corpses of Etsuko Fukushima, Sadako Kawaguchi, Hisae Fukahori, and others lie in the dining room of the assembly hall, and the body of Somo Inao and several others, who were probably staff of the administration, lie in front of the main building. Paint-peeling safes of various sizes were left behind in the ruins of the main building, and lunchboxes, teacups, and other items were scattered around. The body under the safe in the student affairs

may have been that of Hara, and in front of the cashier's safe was a corpse that appeared to be that of Katsura. What happened to Setoguchi, Fukayama, Matsuo, Fukumaru and Honda of the general affairs staffs, Tatsuki and Tanaka of the the general affairs staffs, Hiraishi of the academic affairs, Yamamoto, Akano, Ogawa, Murayama, Maekawa, Hayashida, Shigyo, Doi, Hayata of the supply unit, Maruse, Nakashima, Koyama, Higa, Koyanagi of the audit unit, Kozasa and Tomi Yamada of the cashier's unit, Umekichi Umezu and Yamano, Professor Matsuo of the Special Medical Vocation Department, Assistant Professor Fukui (Fukui died at his home in Goto on 18 August) and others, who were digging shelters together with Professor Seiki of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, Professor Sugiura and other pharmaceutical students. 12 or 13 charred corpses were lying there, indistinguishably blackened, whether they had died instantly on the spot or some had escaped in one way or another. Nagao and Fukahori were lying in front of the destroyed switchboard, with the receiver still on them. Ohno and Yamaguchi of the machine shop, who had been discussing the air-raid until about an hour ago with Yoshimura, Yajima, Yamaguchi and others who survived in the air-raid shelter, were found at the entrance to the machine shop, Tsuji and Ogawa's completely changed bodies were found in the room, and the corpses of Honda and Kuroda were lying in the guard room. Near the machine shop, the hospital staff, Shinozaki, was lying on the ground with his intestines exposed. (He died a few days later.)

In the former archery range behind the Physiology Department, numerous corpses of Special Pharmaceuticals Department students who were digging shelters were found lying on the ground. A couple of corpses were also found in the burnt remains of the stationed officer's room, which was located between the water tank and the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, and the figure still holding the command sword was probably third lieutenant Tanimoto. He commuted to work from Omura, but was absent on sick leave until the 8th, and it was a pity that he had to come all the way to work to die. The employees, Okada and Yamano, are also thought to have died instantly.

The two-story wooden Special Pharmaceuticals Department building had already burned down, but was still smoldering in places. Destroyed machinery was strewn about, and charred corpses lay here and there. Did Yamamoto, Yokose, Iwamoto, Uchino, and Ide escape safely? Other staff, Matsuo, was either digging shelters or absent from work on the day, although it is not clear, nor was she seen in any way. It was presumed that she had escaped. (Matsuo died a few days later under the care of her family.)

Yoshimura and two others met a student with burns all over his body in front of the burned-out Main Auditorium. "I am a second-year student at the Special Medical Vocational Department and a Navy commissioned officer. I am sorry, but can you take me to the hospital?" he pleaded, so they took the student in the direction of the hospital, where the wards of the hospital were on fire, turning the city into a sea of fire. Those with burns all over their bodies, those with tattered clothing, those walking unsteadily like sleepwalkers, those in good health carrying the injured on

their backs, these people moved towards Anakobo mountain as if they were taking refuge from the scorching hell.

Accounts of the disaster by the hospital staff

A tremendous blast with a huge sound stirred up the whole room. Various sizes of pieces of wood covered the people. Some were hit hard in the back or hips, others were poked in the back of the head with shards of glass, and at the moment the blast hit, they all crawled under their desks. These all took place instantly. "I can't see," someone screamed as he ran off. Tomonari, the patient attendant, immediately opened his eyes but could not see anything. "I've been injured," he thought, closing his eyes for a while and waiting for the time to pass. After a while, the area became dimly visible. "Good, really good." When he looked closely, everything in the room had been turned upside down by the blast, and a cloud of wall clay and dust from the rubbish was filling the room. Soon after, three or four people in white-coats ran in through the patient relations office entrance and escaped through the right window facing outside. If he looked closely, it was Dr. Koyano at the front. He was wearing a bandage, presumably with a head injury. From the Outpatient clinic of the Koyano surgery in the next room, there were probably patients awaiting, under heavy objects such as cupboards, and heartbreaking cries for help were heard. Some people stood stunned, their clothes in tatters from the blast. Others were covered in blood from head injuries, while others had their faces burnt black and charred. Some didn't look like anyone from this world. It was a horrific view, just like a cruel picture of hell. Staff, students, nurses, attendants, and patients, mixed with the injured, escaped from the hospital entrance in the direction of the mountain like an avalanche, one after another. What happened to the colleagues Yamanami, Aoki, Matsuda, and several others? He looked around, but he couldn't see anyone. Tomonari crawled into the revenue officer's room in the next room and found Nagata (alive and well today) lying unconscious with a head injury between the art metal at the entrance and the desk of the admission and discharge desk clerk, so he immediately tried to carry her out to the square in front of the entrance, but he was unable to do so, probably because of the bruise he had sustained on his back earlier, and fought off the pain and finally got her out. The driver, Sato, who was repairing a car in the garage in front of the entrance, was seen injured and fleeing towards the mountain. Yamanami, who was in pain in front of the entrance holding his head, bleeding heavily from a shard of glass lodged in the back of his head which dyed his shirt in red, and barely escaped to the potato field above the kitchen after Dr. Nagai, passing by, applied a bandage to stop the bleeding using Yamanami's gaiters. Matsuura, who was just receiving payment from a patient at the counter, must have been very shocked,

because he came to the entrance shouting “Help me, help me,” but collapsed. Tomonari, concerned about the revenue officer at the back of the building, turned back to the entrance and found Matsuura. He tried to lift him, but his heavy weight and sore back prevented him from doing anything about it. As there was no one to be seen close by, after he put Matsuura in the room, he held his hands together in prayer. (Matsuura was later carried up the mountain on a stretcher and died in great pain that night, watched over by Aoki.) Tomonari went upstairs to have a look, but the octagonal corridor fell in and he could not go any further.

Fire was churning up in three places from the timbers of the evacuated site of the former X-ray room. He thought that the situation was not good, so he turned back to the room and tried to go around the outer road from the entrance with a bucket, but the houses below the hospital were already engulfed in flames, and the scorching hot air blew up. Standing trees had fallen and were blocking the narrow path. He finally reached the room through the Internal Medicine and Otolaryngology wards. The fire was not strong yet. However, crucial water is not found in the vicinity. A stranger from the Otolaryngology Ward came to support him. They tried hard to sprinkle water here and there using 3 or 4 buckets they found, but it never seemed to extinguish. He had no choice but to turn back to the main entrance. Just then, in the square in front of the laundry, Dr. Nagai was leading students and nurses to rescue the injured. Tomonari joined them. There, Suzuta of the laundry had collapsed, but was already dead. Otomo of the laundry appeared to be injured and was being treated by the first-aid team (she died on the mountain that night, watched over by Aoki). Injured people from houses down the mountain came up one after another. The situation is truly deplorable: swollen and deformed faces, burnt and inflamed arms and legs, tattered and torn clothing. Many people who had exhausted their strength were lying on the cobbled slope to the guardroom at the front.

Soon, the main building was also on fire, and the fire began to burn with ferocious intensity. They started to sense the risk of being in front of the laundry room. Under the instruction of Dr. Nagai, they moved the wounded to a small hill behind the kitchen one by one. The relentless midsummer sun. In addition, it is hard work to climb up the mountain with the injured while struggling in the hot wind on his back. On the way, Dr. Mano suffered from a bruise on his waist, so Tomonari carried him on his back up to the top. There, he saw Yamanami with a bandage on his head, Sato, the driver, whose face was swollen and in pain, and Hara, the guard, whose face was deformed. The place was hell, with nothing but groans from all directions. In the midst of all this, the sight of Dr. Nagai, his military uniform dyed in blood and commanding with a long tree branch as a walking stick, was truly sublime. Above all, only 20 to 30 students and nurses are under the doctor's leadership. This makes it impossible to rescue a large number of people. The red flame that attacked soon after had to be left to burn, and it would be regrettable to leave the injured stranded in the room to die. The ferocity of the firestorms that spew out of the reinforced

concrete windows is so intense that it's almost unmanageable. The wounded on the mountain all pleaded, "Give me water, give me water." Dr. Nagai thought about it for a while, but eventually said, "We can not do anything about it. Let them drink." Tomonari found a broken sake bottle and went down to look for water, but could not find any clean water. But he finally found it somewhere and gave them a little water to drink. Everyone joined hands and rejoiced.

In the kitchen, iron windows were blown out by the blast, and the wall between the office and the field staff lounge collapsed, with Sugita trapped under it. Ichikawa, who was on the wooden floor of the kitchen, was hit by a blown-out iron window and lost consciousness, covered in blood. Fukahori tried to escape through the exit of the kitchen, but it was blocked, she jumped down from the back window and escaped with a wound to her forehead and while covered in blood, escaped to the mountain behind (after evacuating to Anakobo, an acquaintance carried her back home in Kawabira and a week later she developed atomic bomb symptoms and died in Fukahori Hospital.) Kawawaki (later died at her home in Shiroyama), Yamashita (later died in the Orthopedic Surgery basement), Nakata (later died at her home in Kawabira), Shiimoto (later died), and others escaped the kitchen. Onoe and Takatsuka met the disaster in the kitchen of the nurses' boarding house; Takatsuka died instantly, while Onoe escaped to the bottom of the chimney of the boiler room and died. The guard at the back gate of the hospital, Kamemoto, was in good health despite the fall of concrete; his head hair was peeled off and bloodied. (He died in Togitsu on 16 August.)

Kami of the laundry was very active in rescuing the injured, despite his head injury. Together with two or three people, he tried to rescue Sugita (still alive and well), who was suffering under a wall that had collapsed due to the blast when he went to the kitchen, but the wall was too heavy for them to do what they wanted. The office next door was actively burning. Kami picked up a log pole from somewhere and, with all his strength, finally lifted the wall and rescued Sugita. (Kami died at his home in Togitsu on 12 September.)

Engineering and maintenance unit staff, Nishida (died 20 days later at the naval hospital in Isahaya), Ichihara (died later,) Masunaga (died later in Togitsu), and others escaped wounded, Hamasaki was found dead at the site of a pot-cooking and Fukahori was found dead after his upper body was plunged into a bath room.

In the wooden-built building, Tsutsumi and Jimoto died instantly in the office, while Kai, Hayabuchi, and Tsuneda each died on site, and Hirata escaped from the site and died under the laundry, with her family looking after her. Tsuji met the disaster in a pickle shop in front of the hospital and died after he reached home. Emi Matsuo (died 17 August), Reiko Matsuo (died 14 August), and others were injured and escaped the crisis, respectively. Yamaguchi (who died 10 days later) and Matsunaga, who were transporting ice, met the disaster in front of the front guard room; Matsunaga died instantly, while Yamaguchi escaped with the injured to

somewhere.

Sato of the kitchen, who was on an official trip in the direction of Oura that day, turned back to Nagasaki Station, but a thick black smoke was rising in the Urakami direction and covering the sky, and many people were coming from the Urakami direction, while others were trying to go that way as well. It's a wave of people from the bottom, where the AG is today, to the front of the station. If you look at the people coming from the Urakami direction, they're all cruelly wounded. Ragged clothes, burnt and inflamed skin, skin peeling and flapping from back to belly, looking like a tear in a shirt. The hair on their heads is all burnt. It's gruesome; there are no words to describe it right now. They all say, "Urakami is destroyed." When he asked that he wanted to somehow get to the College through the wave of crowds and along the back roads of Iwakawa-machi, they replied that it was "totally impassable." While he was caught in the crowd and halted, someone shouted, "The gas tank is about to explode." "Watch out, watch out," the crowd shouted, and it scattered in all directions like a tide. The emergency line was set up in such dangerous situation that it was impossible to know when the bomb would explode, but he barely made it through the emergency line and walked along the mountain to the hospital and arrived at around 1:30 p.m., where the guard room at the bottom of the hospital's long hill was crushed by the blast, and guardsman Hara (died 18 August in Togitsu) was buried under the building and barely breathing. Sato carried Hara on his back to the field above the kitchen and hurried down towards the kitchen. White smoke was billowing out of the kitchen office. He entered the office as if he were jumping in. The timber outside was actively burning, and the papers on the desk were also burning intensely and out of control, perhaps because of this flying fire. Ichikawa was found covered in blood and suffering on a wooden floor in the kitchen, so he encouraged her, saying, "Pull yourself together," and tried to get her up and walk out into the corridor. However, the fire had spread there too and was actively burning, so he tried to extinguish it using buckets. He looked over and saw Ichikawa leaning against the railing of the basement. Some minutes later, Ichikawa was nowhere to be seen. He looked down at the railing. The basement was already on fire. He descended through the raging fire to the basement and looked around. He found Hayata and Ichikawa of the Engineering and Maintenance unit, but they were already dead. At that time, he noticed that the rice cellar was on fire and tried desperately to extinguish it, but it did not seem to go out, so he turned around and escaped behind the kitchen into the mountains. He had lost himself until now, but when he finally calmed down, he felt a pain in his leg. This is probably a burn sustained from sticking his foot in burnt soya beans while extinguishing the fire.

It was probably after 3:00 p.m. that Sato suddenly became worried about his family and wanted to go home, but the whole area of Iwakawa-machi was on fire, and it seemed impassable. He turned back to the kitchen, filled the medicine cans with sugar water, and took shelter on the mountain again. The place was full of wounded. Among them was Matsuoka from the pharmacy.

When she saw Sato, she complained of abdominal pain and asked for painkillers, but there was nothing he could do, so he gave him a little water to drink. But she died shortly afterwards. On the mountain, he met Aoki, a procurement staff member. He had a bandage on his head and was holding his waist with his hand, saying that a piece of glass had gone into his body. The staff, Otaguro, helped Sato well, and together they gave the wounded a drink of sugary water. Everyone was extremely happy and seemed to have regained their energy. Yamanami also seemed to feel much better, perhaps because the bandage he received from Dr. Nagai had stopped the bleeding.

Soon, the night fell. The city is a burnt-out field. However, some parts of the city were still burning, and the night sky had turned red. Suddenly, he thought he heard an airplane's explosive sound, and then an enemy aircraft opened fire overhead at low altitude in the direction of the Sanno Shrine. Fortunately, our location escaped being hit, but it is thought that there were considerable casualties because of this, and we could only feel the pain pierce to the bones, and resentment towards their inhumanity cannot be forgotten to this day.

Situation after 10 August

Eventually, night fell. The surrounding area was full of injured people. Among them was President Tsuno'o, who was injured and resting on a stretcher, with Dr. Osajima and Dr. Nagai accompanying him. Sato from the kitchen was ordered by the President to start a soup kitchen in cooperation with Dr. Nagai. Relief teams from the neighbourhood brought in food supplies one after another.

A temporary headquarters was set up in front of the air-raid shelter behind the kitchen on the 10th, and the President was moved here. From the following day, the office was moved to the burnt ruins of the Shirabe Surgery Department, and together with Professor Koyano as Acting President, Professors Takase, Kageura, Shirabe, Sano, and Seiki, Associate Professors, Kido, Sato, and Ichinose, and students, nurses, administrators Tomonari, Onizuka, Ichinose, Sato, and Sugita formed an office of more than a dozen staff.

Doctors treated the injured, while administrative staff worked until late at night, until they were exhausted, to post notices on utility poles in the city about the establishment of a temporary headquarters, to organise the survivors and the deceased, to receive the bereaved families, and to prepare for the soup kitchen. On the third day, a medical team from the army hospital in Kurume came in support and treated patients for about a week in the burnt ruins of the main building. On the fourth or fifth day, enough relief food arrived from the countryside, and it was even difficult to consume all, but then the relief stopped, and rice and seasonings

began to run out. After various discussions at headquarters, it was decided that Professor Sano of the Paediatrics Department would go to the City Office to negotiate for the reception of supplies, and after hearing the receipt procedures from Sato, he returned with five bales of rice, a barrel of miso, and a barrel of soy sauce.

The number of wounded who subsequently died without medical attention increased daily. Here and there, piles of scrap wood were piled up, and smoke was rising from the burning corpses.

On the day the war ended, 15 August, when the Acting President assembled everyone at the temporary headquarters and read the Imperial Rescript of the end of the war, someone started to cry, then everyone cried silently, and a feeling of resignation overcame all. On 22 August, news was brought of the death of President Tsuno'o. His body, accompanied by Assistant Professor Osajima and nurses, soon arrived and was laid to rest at the front entrance of the hospital. That night, the doctor spent a sad first night in ruins, protected by members of the Tsuno'o Internal Medicine Department.

The headquarters were moved to the Chamber of Commerce and Industry in Sakura-machi around 24 August and then to the Nagasaki Economic Vocational School in late September. By that time, returning and demobilised staff were beginning to come back to work, and the school welcomed an administrator from the Ministry, Mr. Shirakata, as the successor to the late Mr. Yamaki.

In early November, the College moved to Shinkouzen Primary School, which had been a temporary clinic for the injured, and the College finally got back on track for reconstruction.

Written by Tazuru and Tanaka

List of deceased (Administration)

(a) Administrative officer

Taketoshi Yamaki

(b) General Affairs

Kunihisa Setoguchi, Yoshimiki Fukayama, Tsuneji Nanri

Haruko Matsuo, Kimiko Fukumaru, Yasuko Honda

Terumi Sato, Matsugoro Matsuda, Fumi Hamada

(c) Student Affairs

Kumeichi Fukui, Hidenoshin Miyamoto, Michiko Komura

Akiko Tachiki, Kazuko Tanaka

(d) Academic Affairs

Mitake Hara, Kouhachiro Tachikawa, Chizuko Morino

Kimiko Hiraishi

(e) Procurement section

Shotaro Yamamoto, Takeo Aikawa, Yoshisuke Akano
Suchi Ogawa, Toshie Murakami, Kimie Maekawa
Shizuko Hayashida, Nobuko Shigyo, Yukie Doi
Matsuko Hayata, Yoshie Otsuka, Ayako Muramatsu
Sayoko Iwanaga, Akio Obiya

(f) Audit section

Tokuji Maruse, Masako Nakashima, Sachiko Oyama
Yoshiko Higa

(g) Treasurer

Shigetoshi Honda, Kazushichi Katsura, Sadatsugu Ishibashi
Chieko Kosasa, Tomiko Yamada, Kunie Koyanagi
Yasuko Suga

(h) Document section

Shizuo Yamaguchi, Mitsu Ezaki, Chikako Mizokoshi
Setsuko Baba, Hiroshi Sato, Kumataro Nagata

(i) Patient relations

Umata Matsuura, Toraichi Sato, Takeo Yamaguchi

(j) Kitchen

Kamejiro Onoue, Sayoko Ichikawa, Eki Fukahori
Shizuno Fukagawa, Kikue Yamamura, Riku Kawawaki
Mie Yamashita, Haruno Nakata, Kimiyo Shiimoto
Tei Nakaji, Asano Takatsuka

(k) Engineering section

Hatsuichi Kataoka, Katsuyoshi Nakamura, Shukichi Okabayashi

(l) Mechanical Field

Tasaku Ohno, Tomehachi Ogawa, Tadao Miura
Eisaku Tsuji, Hiroshi Masunaga, Sakutarō Yamaguchi

(m) Machinery section

Kazuichiro Nishida, Kazuki Hayata, Konpei Yamada
Kihachi Hayata, Kunitatsu Ikei, Tetsuji Ichihara
Rikita Hamasaki, Ukishiro Kubo, Tatsunosuke Fukahori

(n) Guard

Ukichi Haneda, Toraichi Hara, Gosaburo Honda
Takeshiro Doizoe, Kinroku Kamemoto, Fukuma Kuroda
Hidetoshi Matsushima

(o) Telephone operator

Sueno Nagao, Kimiko Fukahori

(p) Housekeeper

Yasuichiro Shinozaki, Umekichi Umezu, Genjiro Yamano
Kikutaro Kawaguchi, Hisayoshi Yoko'o, Miyo Matsuzaka

q) Hojinkai

Yoshikichi Tsutsumi, Tsurumatsu Chimoto, Matsuno Hirata
Etsuko Fukushima, Nobuko Kozasa, Sadako Kawaguchi
Yuriko Hayashida, Tsuji Yoshio, Yasutaro Kai
Kei Hayabuchi, Kiyoko Hamaoka, Chiyoko Tsuneda
Masae Nagano, Emi Matsuo, Hisaeri Fukahori
Reiko Matsuo, Haruko Hirayama, Shizuka Akabae
Eiichi Yamaguchi, Kiyoshi Matsunaga, Fujiyuki Nishida
Toshiko Nishida

(r) Laundry

Sadatsugu Ue, Kan Suzuta, Fujie Sakamoto
Hisae Hamasaki, Sayo Yoshimoto, Michie Komiya
Hatsu Ootomo, Kane Nakayama

(s) Cleaners

Sami Igarashi, Somo Inao, Asano Yamazaki
Aki Kataoka, Tsuruyo Inao, Yoshi Nishimoto
Matsumi Ishikawa, Tatsu Yamamoto

(s) Nagasaki Office, Architectural Division, Ministry of Education

Kazuji Nishiura, Isaku Nakano

(u) Commissioned officers assigned to an office

Juzaburo Tanimoto, Atsuko Okada, Sigeko Yamano

Record of the reconstruction

Reconstruction chronology

Medical College

On 9 August 1945, the College President Susumu Tsunoo, more than 850 staff and students died in the line of duty, due to the attack of an atomic bomb. The College buildings collapsed and were burned. All facilities, documents, machinery, and equipment were also burned to ashes. The treatment of the patients restarted in Shinkouzen Primary School in Kouzen-machi as a temporary shelter. In the same month, Professor Kohei Koyano was appointed Acting President, Professor Raisuke Shirabe was appointed Director of the affiliated Medical College Hospital, and Professor Kiyoshi Takase was appointed Director of the affiliated College Library, respectively. In late September, the College's headquarters were temporarily set up in the Chamber of Commerce and Industry, and subsequently moved to the Nagasaki Economic Vocational School building to begin administrative procedures for reconstruction. On 4 September, the Imperial envoy Hisamatsu visited the College, and we were given the word from him to "Make every effort to rebuild." In the same month, a former deputy secretary-general of the Ministry of Education, Mr. Shirakata, took the post. 5 October, through the mediation of the U.S. Navy and Army medics stationed in Japan as well as the cooperation of the then Director of the hospital, Dr. Yasuyama, began medical treatment and lectures at the former Omura Naval Hospital. 2 November, the joint College memorial service was held, with the eulogy from Minister of Education, Tamon Maeda. In the same month, the headquarters were moved to the Shinkouzen Primary School building. At the same time, the affiliated College Hospital in the vicinity treated the remaining atomic bomb patients and others on behalf of the Medical Association. On 22 December, Professor Kohei Koyano was appointed the President of the College.

In May 1946, the College started to move from Omura City to the site of the stationed army (former Naval Hospital) in Eisho-machi, Isahaya City. We started to treat patients in July with Shinkouzen as the first and Isahaya as the second affiliated clinic. In September, work started on clearing the burnt ruins of the affiliated Hospital. In the same year, emergency repair work was carried out on the kitchen and the infectious disease ward (about 1520 sq. m in total) to be used as a student dormitory, and to accommodate students. Work started on the repair of the main outpatients' building.

On 31 March 1947, the affiliated Special Medical Vocational Department was closed. The Special Nagasaki High School was established on 1 April. On 3 May, the Ophthalmology ward was cleaned, and a celebration ceremony was held to commemorate the promulgation of the

Constitution. On 5 July, Professor Kiyoshi Takase was relieved of his post as director of the affiliated Library, and Professor Yasuo Yoko'o was appointed as his successor. In September, part of the headquarters, including the General Affairs Section and the Procurement Section, was moved from Shinkouzen and returned to the former outpatients' main building of the Basic Medicine Department. A return ceremony was held on 25 October. On 12 November, a ceremony was held to unveil the Gubiloga Hill Cenotaph. In the same fiscal year, the construction of the Middle Auditorium and the North Auditorium in the outpatient building of the Hospital's main building (about 3,760 sq. m) was completed.

On 23 January 1948, President Kohei Koyano retired, and Professor Kiyoshi Takase was appointed Acting President. In September, Professor Yasuo Yoko'o was relieved of his post as director of the library at the request, and Professor Toyoji Yoritaka was appointed director of the library. The Headquarters Accounting unit was transferred from Shinkouzen Primary School. The founding ceremony to mark the 90th anniversary was held on 12 November. On 6 December, Professor Kiyoshi Takase is relieved of his duties as Acting President and appointed President. On the 28th of the same month, Professor Raisuke Shirabe was relieved of his post as director of the affiliated College Hospital, and Professor Kinnosuke Hirose was appointed as the director. In the same year, the restoration and repair work of the Internal Medicine Department building (3,157 sq. m), Dermatology building (1,398 sq. m), Ophthalmology Department building (1,435 sq. m), and Pediatrics Department building (1,464 sq. m), as well as the new construction of the dormitory for nurses building (1,246 sq. m), were completed.

On 27 May 1949, the emperor visited and inspected the reconstruction from the roof of the Internal Medicine Ward. On 31 May 1949, Nagasaki National University was established. Kiyoshi Takase was appointed Dean of the School of Medicine as well. On 29 June, Kiyoshi Takase was appointed the President of Nagasaki University and was relieved of his post as Dean of the School of Medicine, followed by the appointment of Naomi Kageura as Dean of the School of Medicine. In June, Administrative Officer Mototsugu Shirakata was transferred to Osaka University. During the same fiscal year, the restoration of the tuberculosis ward (853 sq. m), psychiatric ward (1,147 sq. m), and boiler room of the affiliated hospital was completed.

On 31 March 1950, Special Nagasaki High School was abolished; the last entrance ceremony of the old system was held in April. In May, Terashima, Secretary General, was appointed, and Kiyoshi Takase was relieved of his post as Dean of the Medical College and the President, followed by the appointment of Kageura as the Dean of the school and the President. In October, the administrative office and Clinical Departments of the affiliated hospital (including respective departments of the hospital) were relocated from the Shinkouzen Elementary School building, and the building became an outpatient clinic. On 31 December, Professor Kinnosuke Hirose was relieved of his post as Director of the hospital, and Professor Shigeyuki Izumi was appointed

Director. In the same fiscal year, restoration and repair works were completed in the Otorhinolaryngology ward (1,511 sq. m), Surgical ward (2,757 sq. m), and the Obstetrics and Gynaecology ward (1,458 sq. m).

In April 1951, the first entrance ceremony for the new School of Medicine (specialised course) was held. Work begins with organising the burnt remains of the Basic Science Department. On 1 October, Professor Kageura was relieved of his duties as Dean of the School and the President and was replaced by Professor Izumi Shigeyuki as Dean and President. On the same day, Professor Shigeyuki Izumi was relieved of his post as Director of the College Hospital and was replaced by Professor Yasushi Mitani. During the year, the nurses' dormitory building (959 sq. m) and the hospital annex building were completed.

On 31 December 1952, Professor Yasushi Mitani's concurrent appointment as Director of the affiliated hospital ended. During this year, part of the first building of the Basic Science Department (over 1,094 sq. m) was newly constructed. New construction of the central corridor of the hospital (over 1,762 sq. m) has been completed. The installation of an escalator in the Psychiatric ward was also completed.

On 1 January 1953, Professor Hideo Tsujimura was appointed Director of the affiliated hospital. On 31 March, Professor Shigeyuki Izumi, Dean of the School of Medicine, and the President ended his concurrent appointment, and on 1 April, Professor Seiichi Kitamura was appointed concurrently. On 30 April, Professor Toyoji Yoritaka was relieved as Director of the Library, and on 1 May, Professor Tomonaga Tokuro was appointed Director of the Library. The relocation of the Physiology Department and the Management Office (Administrative Office) of the Basic Science Department from the Outpatient to the newly constructed Building 1 is completed. In the same fiscal year, construction of the first building of the Basic Medicine Department (1,881 sq. m) was completed.

On 6 March 1954, the 29th graduation ceremony was held to send off the last 88 graduates of Nagasaki Medical College. Since the first graduation ceremony in 1927, approximately 1,630 students have graduated, and as of 31 March, Nagasaki Medical College (research division remained for the time being) was abolished and replaced entirely by the new University School of Medicine. On 28 February, Secretary General Terashima retired, and Hideto Ichinose, Administrator from the Ministry of Education, was appointed Acting Secretary General. On 1 October, Hideto Ichinose was relieved of his duties, and Atsushi Ariura from the Ministry of Education was ordered to take the post of Secretary General. The Basic Science Department, the Biochemistry Department, and the Pharmacology Department completed relocation from the Outpatient Main Building. During the same year, the new construction of part of the second building of the Basic Science Department (2,436 sq. m) was completed.

On 1 January 1955, Professor Hideo Tsujimura was relieved from his concurrent appointment as Director of the University Hospital, and Professor Shigeyuki Izumi was appointed. On 10 March, the School of Medicine held its first graduation ceremony and awarded diplomas to 88 students. On 1 April, Professor Seiichi Kitamura was re-elected Dean of the School of Medicine and concurrently President of Nagasaki Medical College. Among the Basic Science Department, Bacteriology, Hygiene, Public Health, and Forensic Medicine departments were relocated from the main outpatient building. On 9 August, a ceremony was held to commemorate the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing and the unveiling of a memorial monument (the old main gate column). This year, the new construction work of the Third Ward of the Basic Medicine Department (about 3,306 sq. m) is planned.

Progress of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals and School of Pharmacy in the decade after the atomic bombings

Naosuke Takatori, Professor, School of Pharmacy

On 9 August 1945, following Hiroshima, a second atomic bomb, unfortunately, exploded in the sky over the Urakami area. Our alma mater, the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, which was located 1 km away, was reduced to ashes with a flash of light and the blood of several dozen young students, Professor Sugiura, and staff. Professor Torasaburo Eguchi, the Director of the School at the time, had his eldest son, Hiroshi, a medical student, sacrificed in the atomic bombing, and, in a moment of grief and pain, he transferred the school to Saga City as an emergency measure. However, since it was in time of confusion after the end of the war and despite of Director Eguchi's efforts and pain which were beyond description, the result was not successful, so the school was temporarily relocated to the site of the former Aircraft Crew Training School in Ono Village, outside Isahaya City, in January 1947, in the hope that the school would return to Nagasaki. I worked at the School of Pharmacy, Jakarta Medical University, until the end of the war, and finally demobilised on 1 February of the same year after another year and a half of service with the British and Dutch forces. When I was still in the field, there was a brief report that most of the 60,000 Nagasaki residents were killed in the atomic bombing north of Urakami Station, and that the ruins were being used as an airfield called "Atom Field," so I had imagined in advance how great the damage would be. However, I was struck by the sight of the devastation at that time when I saw the tragic view which still remained a burned field from the train window, when I passed the Michino'o area just before dawn on 2 February a year later. On 5 February, I visited the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals in Onomura for the first time, with Director

Eguchi, who visited me on the news of my demobilization. The Ono school building was not a school at all, and there was no equipment or facilities, so the 200 students were just spending their days idly. Fortunately, we were allowed to return to our alma mater, and together with the Acting Director Ichibangase, who had taken over from Director Eguchi, I appealed to Professor Koyano, the then President of the Medical College, about our plight. We pleaded for the provision of materials and facilities, but the reality was that the College was also in an extremely difficult situation, trying to reconstruct the College from the destruction. With the inauguration of the new school system, the Ministry of Education decided to conduct nationwide inspections of the qualifications of vocational schools on the assumption that they would be upgraded to universities in the future. The first to be inspected was the Special Medical Vocational Department, which had been established during the war. As a result, the Nagasaki Medical College Affiliated Special Medical Vocational Department and one other school were unfortunately abolished in April. We were forced to face the sight of the students from the Special Medical Vocational School, who were scattered without a place of refuge, and we were deeply distressed to think that if we continued as this, my fate would be the same tomorrow. The student finally realised that they had nothing to rely on, so they took this opportunity to stand up for themselves. Thus, they asked for a month's holiday in May, so that they could "at least collect our training fund with their own hands", called out to the public on the streets and in cars, and collected about 270,000 yen with sweat and hardship. The first and second-year students, who had collected this precious money with the help of all the grades, expressed their truly moving friendship by saying, "We can manage later, but please use this money for one or two practical training sessions of the third-year, who are very close to graduation." With this, the third-year students were able to undertake a little practice in qualitative analysis, the first step in pharmaceutical education. You can imagine how unspeakable the poverty of those days must have been. Even as I write this text, my eyelids still tear up when I think back to those days.

Despite all efforts, disadvantageous as an affiliated school, the war damage caused by the atomic bombs, the inconvenience of a remote village where even getting to Nagasaki City took a whole day, and the social depression that increased with each day after the war, we were forced to conclude that no one could reconstruct the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences.

We have now seriously considered "the path of life for students" in preparation for the closure of the school.

Thus, on 5 August, a meeting of all faculty and students was held to discuss and deliberate on the situation. It was agreed that, as we had previously heard of the planned establishment of the Kyushu University School of Pharmacy, although the intentions of the Kyushu University authorities were of course unknown, if we would be fortunate to gain their sympathy towards

the plight of School of Pharmaceutical Sciences and allow our students to be accommodated, this would be the only way left. We, the faculty, agreed that we would not consider our future and were ready to sacrifice ourselves for “the way for the students to live,” so we would not request any conditions regarding our post. This decision was agreed and encouraged by the students' families and the alumni association, and we started intense advocacy on “Integration of Nagasaki School of Pharmaceutical Sciences to Kyushu University” towards the Pharmacy Council at the Ministry of Education and the authority of Kyushu University.

On 29 November, Dr. Sunao Uei, an official of the Ministry of Education, visited Nagasaki School of Pharmaceutical Sciences to inspect, and after an investigation into the school's situation, the school was finally judged to be a level “B” school.

He warned us that the school would be closed if it continued as it was. Since then, the issue of the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences became the focus of public attention, and the parent Medical College and the Nagasaki prefectural and municipal authorities launched a campaign to keep the school in existence.

In the following year, on 7 February 1948, the Ministry of Education dispatched a delegation from the Council of Pharmaceutical Sciences, consisting of Dr. Sugasawa (University of Tokyo), Dr. Shinohara (Yamanouchi Pharmaceutical), Mr. Uei, and Mr. Usui, the Ministry of Education, to re-examine the situation of the School of Medicine of Kyushu University, the Nagasaki Medical College and the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences. The results were reported to the Council of Pharmaceutical Sciences in March, which, by an absolute majority of 15 to 2, reported to the Ministry of Education that it supported the annexation of Nagasaki Pharmaceutical College to Kyushu University. Around the same time, the Nagasaki Prefectural Assembly held a meeting of all members and approved a donation and expenditure of 10 million yen for the reconstruction of the Medical College, including the maintenance of the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences. The movement to keep the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences became more and more active.

Although in March, the progress towards the final stage was as such, the decision of the Ministry of Education was delayed. Finally, on 13 April, upon the request of P.H.W., the Ministry of Education summoned the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences, the Medical College, Nagasaki Prefecture and the inspector and decided on “Emergency Measures Concerning the Nagasaki Medical College School of Pharmaceutical Sciences,” allowing the school to remain temporarily on the site until 15 August on the condition that the minimum reconstruction plan presented by the Ministry of Education was implemented. However, if the conditions were not fulfilled by the August inspection, the school would be closed immediately, and no consideration would be given to the annexation of Kyushu University. During these four hectic months, thanks to the efforts of the Nagasaki Prefectural authorities, the experimental table was installed, the chemicals were ready, and the test tubes were restored. After four months of rapid construction, on 18 August, the

school received its third inspector, Dr. Minato (Chiba University), Dr. Hirano (Meiji University), Dr. Kuwata (Takenaga), and Mr. Takeuchi. Through the inspection by the four members of the expert committee, we managed to avoid the tragedy of the school being abolished, as it satisfied the minimum standards for a school of pharmaceutical sciences.

However, the challenges were yet to be overcome, and the next issue was to be upgraded to the university's new system.

On 20 November, we welcomed Dr. Tokiji Kawakami from Shizuoka Women's College of Pharmacy as the Director, and began preparations steadily according to his plans.

On 29 December, Dr. Kariyone (Kyoto University), a member of the committee for the establishment of the universities, inspected the school and, as a result of Dr. Kawakami's efforts, the school was unofficially accepted, with several conditions.

On 31 May 1949, upon the establishment of Nagasaki University, along with the schools of Medicine, Economics, Fisheries, and Liberal Arts, the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences was independently established as the School of Pharmacy by breaking a long-standing tie as an affiliate of Nagasaki Medical College.

New universities were organizationally required to take liberal arts courses in the first year, so the first enrolled students were divided in half and studied at the Liberal Arts Department in Omura and Nagasaki.

This was a great opportunity for the School of Pharmacy, which had long hoped to return to Nagasaki City from the remote Ono Village. As the former Boys Normal College building in Nishi-Urakami was incorporated into the School of Liberal Arts of Nagasaki University, the school building naturally was in charge of Nagasaki University, but was almost forgotten after the war since the Normal College moved to a former ruins of the regiment in Omura and construction of Nishi-Urakami Junior High School was under way in the new school system. The university authorities only became aware of this when Nagasaki City applied to the Ministry of Education for the school to be disposed of, and it was a confusing time that would be unthinkable today.

The usage of the building was discussed in the Director's meeting of the five departments when the university was taken by surprise by hearing from the Ministry that they would sell the place to the city if the university did not need it.

Director Kawakami shared about the current situation of the School of Pharmacy and enthusiastically talked about the place, which is indeed a great place for returning to Nagasaki. Gaining unanimous approval, and in June, the grand project of the relocation of the School of Pharmacy was officially launched. This was a great opportunity for the School of Pharmacy, as we had long hoped to return to Nagasaki city from Ohmura village. The school building of the former Boys Normal College was under the management of Nagasaki University at the time

due to the inclusion of the Normal School into the School of Liberal Arts of Nagasaki University. It was when Nagasaki City applied to the Ministry of Education for the abolition of the school that the university found out about it, a chaos that is unimaginable today. We would like to thank Director Kawakami for his efforts.

Although we received the school building, there was no place to relocate Nishiurakami Junior High School, which was located inside. Here, with the support of President Takase, Director Fukui, and Treasurer Moriya, we persuaded local Nishiurakami volunteers to cooperate further, and together with the Nagasaki City authorities and the Board of Education, we launched a campaign for the construction of Nishiurakami Junior High School.

After a year of several site inspections by the Ministry and repeated lobbying by the local prefectural, municipal, local community and university authorities, in June 1950 a decision was finally made on the budget for the six-three system, which resulted in half of the construction costs of the junior high school being subsidized by the government, followed in July by the city assembly passing a municipal bond issue for another half construction costs, thus giving the junior high school a prospect.

Since then, the first-year students who had completed their first year of education were to be taken to their respective schools from May, but the School of Pharmacy, which had no base in Nagasaki City, had no choice but to accommodate them in the Ono School building. I advised Director Kawakami that I would like the new School of Pharmacy to be established in Nagasaki City separately from the old Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, even if we had to rent a place elsewhere. Fortunately, he agreed, and we appealed to the School of Economics, which had a relatively spacious school building and with the sympathy of Director Ito and understanding of Professor Aasano, the new School of Pharmaceutical Science was finally started on 25 May from 4 classrooms and 1 training room in a block in the School of Economics of Nagasaki University in Katafuchi-machi.

In the Ono school building, the last year students were studying before the graduation but at the end of November, the Mayor of Isahaya City, Taro Nakashima, requested that he was working on the Police Reserve Corps to be established after the closure of the Ono School, and that it could not wait until March next year, and that the school should be vacated by January.

We prepared to hand over the school at the end of January 1950 in response to the request of Isahaya City. But the city's plan did not progress, and the third-year students of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals finished their specified course in Ono in March while remaining in the school.

The graduation ceremony for these students was planned to be held at the Ono school building. I thought that the 58 students, who would be the last to graduate from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, would have a deep meaning as alumni, as they would be the link to the students

of the new School of Pharmaceutical Sciences that would follow. I wished that they would see their alma mater continue to prosper forever as the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences in Nishi-Urakami, so I advised Director Kawakami to hold at least the graduation ceremony in Nishi-Urakami. On 2 March, in the presence of President Takase and President Kageura of the Medical School, the new School of Pharmacy students gave their farewell speeches, and the graduates of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals gave their acknowledgements, thus solidifying the connection between the old and the new.

Since then, construction work began in December 1950 on the east side of the Nishiurakami school building. The first phase of the 826 sq. m repair work was completed at the end of February, with three practical training rooms for pharmacy hygiene analysis.

The construction of a new concrete school building for Nishiurakami Junior High School, which was started on 25 August a year before on an adjoining site, was due to be completed in March, but it has been so hugely delayed that we don't even know when it will be completed.

We decided not to wait for the junior high school to relocate to the new building, and for some time, we would be willing to be under the same roof with the junior high school. However, we decided to take the completion of the first stage of repairs as an opportunity to move the School of Pharmacy Sciences from the School of Economics, as was our default policy. We worked with various counterparts, and on 7 April, we relocated to the Nishi-Urakami school building.

In retrospect, it was the first haven for our alma mater where we could insist on staying after going through the painful way since the atomic bombing, followed by the relocation to Saga, Isahaya, and Katafuchi.

On 9 April, the first opening ceremony was held in Nishiurakami, welcoming the second class of students who had completed liberal arts courses.

Meanwhile, the new building of the Nishiurakami Junior High School was finally completed on 23 November after long delays. This was eight months behind schedule.

The joint use of the building with the junior high school was dissolved, and the second phase of repair work was immediately carried out on the site where the junior high school had left the building. It was a 992 sq. m area on one side of the west side of the main building, with laboratories for pharmaceutical chemistry on the first floor, biochemistry on the second floor, and herbal medicine on the third floor. This work was completed the following year in March 1952.

Director Kawakami has been sharing his intention to be replaced, and on 26 June, the mutual selection of the successor was held in the faculty meeting, and it was decided that I, Takatori, was to be appointed as the second director.

On 10 July, just as the summer holiday started, the third phase of repair work on the right

half of the main building (777 sq. m) was started.

Meanwhile, the issue of installing a 1,200 m gas pipe between Sumiyoshi and the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences, which had been negotiated continuously for over two years since 1949, was finally agreed on 4 August, and construction was completed on 13 October. The third repair was completed almost at the same time, bringing the total area repaired to 2,909 sq. m.

When one considers that the pre-war Urakami affiliated Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals building was 2,479 sq. m, this is practically an even larger pharmacy school than before the war. Fortunately, in 1954, we were able to repair a 145 sq. m Auditorium in a separate building through the kindness of the City of Nagasaki.

The last remaining part was the left half of the main building, which was the most difficult part to repair, as the place was hugely damaged, with the flooring on the second and third floors having been blown away by a direct hit from a bomb, and the main pillar was bent. The Ministry of Education had been reluctant to start work on this difficult fourth phase of the repair work, as it was expected to be quite expensive, unlike the previous phases.

However, after two years of persistent lobbying, on 14 June, Hirai, director of the secretariat and I went to Tokyo to directly talk with the Ministry, and with the support of three members of the congress, Honda, Nakashima and Baba, but Nagasaki University was already fully committed the work on the foundation of the School of Medicine and relocate its branch schools in 1953. The Ministry said that although they understood the situation at the School of Pharmacy all too well, they asked us to be patient for a year, but in return, they promised us to repair the remaining area, which was hugely damaged by a bomb in 1954.

On 25 August, Takatori resigned as the term of the Director expired and was replaced by Professor Yanai, who became the third Director of the School.

5 October, as promised, work began on the fourth phase of repairs to the 893 sq. m of the main building, which was completed on 25 March 1955. Some ancillary work remains to be completed, but this too is scheduled to start around August this year.

As we celebrate our 10th anniversary here after the war and recollect the way we walked since, I have mixed feelings of nostalgia, as it seems both long and short.

I am deeply grateful that we have been able to dedicate the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences, which has somehow managed to recover to this point thanks to our effort, to the spirits of the young students who were victims of the atomic bombing and left us at a young age.

However, no matter how well equipped the buildings and facilities are, they are secondary to the university, and the main body of the university is the faculty. The strength or weakness of this primary faculty is what determines the value of the university. I believe that this is where the true recovery of the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences lies.

We have now established a tentative structure, but it is my hope that the efforts and diligence

of our faculty will further strengthen this aspect of the university and make it as good as any other school in the future.

3 August 1955

(We thank Mr. Fujiyama, Director of the General Affairs Section, School of Pharmaceutical Sciences, for compiling the text.)

Postscript

Shiro Osajima

In the flash of the atomic bomb on 9 August 1945, the summer view full of green leaves was completely lost, and as far as the eye could see there was only the colour of withered leaves, with Nagasaki Medical College, which in many respects had the oldest history of medicine in our country, was destroyed in an instant. Even though the exterior might be reconstructed as it was in the old days, restoring what it used to contain can not be done overnight, and no regret can compare with this.

Today, ten years later, upon the initiation of Dr. Koyano, it is decided to record the memories of those days, and I, together with other members of the committee, was assigned to the work, but was also frustrated as the manuscripts were not submitted easily. However, we could gather enough writings, so for the time being, we will be printing these and making them into a book. I am truly sorry that my effort was not enough. There are probably a number of people whose requests have been missed. We would like to ask anyone with memories to continue to send manuscripts to the school. We would also like to point out any errors. I hope that many of these will be gathered together to produce something splendid in the future. I would be more than happy if this book could be the cornerstone.

I would like to express my sincere thanks to all those who contributed to this project despite their busy schedules.

Finally, I would like to express my gratitude for the efforts made by the members of the editorial board as with the list their names below.

School of Medicine

Ikuro Tanaka (First Physiology)

Bunjiro Hisano (Paediatrics)

Toshiyuki Ozaki (Second Physiology)

Masashichi Kawano (Tsujimura Surgery)

Shigeru Hatano (Shirabe Surgery)

Taketeru Kitago (Yokota Internal Medicine)

School of Pharmacy,

Kimihiko Kono

Administration

Sumio Taduru

Masayuki Tanaka

Hajime Nagai

Nurse

Shisono Hisamatsu

Bereaved family association

Seitaro Kuwasaki

We would like to thank four third-year students at the Faculty of Medicine, Shogo Hirakawa, Shigeyuki Onishi, Makoto Akizuki, and Kei Nakanishi, for their invaluable assistance.

Printed 15 October 1955

Published 22 October 1955

All rights reserved.

Recollections and Memoirs

Edited and published by the Publication Committee on the 10th Anniversary of the Atomic Bombing

Representative Shiro Osajima

Printing company

7 Enokizu-cho, Nagasaki City

Fujiki Hakueisha

On the republication of “Recollections and Memoirs”

Issei Nishimori

It was in 1955 when “Recollections and Memoirs” was published as one of the commemorative projects for the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, containing several memories and records.

Due to the financial circumstances of that time, the printing was limited to 500 copies, which were sold out immediately after publication.

In recent years, there have been many requests for the republication of “Recollections and Memoirs” from people associated with the University.

There was a strong request from Professor Emeritus Osajima and Professor Emeritus Shirabe, who had worked so hard on the compilation of “Recollections and Memoirs,” to reprint the book as a commemorative project of the Alumni Association, after discussions with President Takizu and Vice President Abe, as this year also marks the 30th anniversary of the atomic bombing.

Upon the republication, we have decided not to alter the text and have only corrected typographical errors, but the names of those who were killed and have since been identified have been added to the list of victims.

Also, we added some pictures with the kind support of Mr. Hachiro Kouzu.

As there was a deadline for completion before the anniversary of the atomic bombing on 9 August, we have decided to use the photo printing method.

Emeritus Professor Shirabe personally took care of most of the corrections of typographical errors and the entry of the list of victims. We would like to express our sincere gratitude.

We believe that if this “Recollections and Memoirs” were to reach the hands of many alumni and students who have never known war, they would feel as if they were seeing the devastation of our college at the time, and would also come into contact with the origins of the atomic bombing.

We would like to thank the following people for their kind support in the republication of this book.

Shirabe Raisuke, Professor Emeritus

Shiro Osajima, Professor Emeritus

Yoshiatsu Naito (Second Anatomy)

Kei Nakanishi (National Nagasaki Sanatorium)

Shisono Hisamatsu, Deputy Head Nurse, Hospital

July 1975 Reissue.

Recollections and Memoirs

Issued by Nagasaki Medical Alumni Association

Alumni Association Headquarters Office
12-4 Sakamoto-machi, Nagasaki City
Nagasaki University School of Medicine
Tel: 047-2111 ext. 212

Printing Company
6-3 Saiwaicho, Nagasaki City
Daido Printing & Packaging Co.

On the reprinting of “Recollections and Memoirs”

Executive Committee for the 75th Anniversary of the Atomic Bomb Reconstruction

Co-chairman Koji Maemura, Yasuji Miyazaki

“Recollections and Memoirs” was published by the Nagasaki University School of Medicine in October 1955, on the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, and was initiated by Dr. Koyano, then President of Nagasaki University, and under the leadership of Professor Osajima, they collected materials from each department, students, nurses, and others. It is a valuable commemorative journal of the former Nagasaki Medical College, which was compiled by their continuous effort over a long period. On the front cover, in the beautiful handwriting of Dr. Koyano, there are two words, “Reminiscences” and an inscription, “Dedicated to the spirits of the atomic bombing victims of the Nagasaki Medical College”. As there were only 500 copies, and today, we have no extra books, it is out of print. It was reprinted on the 30th anniversary of the atomic bombing (1975) as a commemorative project of the Alumni Association. Under Professor Kazumasa Nishimori, Professor Emeritus Raisuke Shirabe, Professor Emeritus Shiro Osajima, Professor Yoshikuni Naito, Dr. Kei Nakanishi, and Shisono Hisamatsu worked hard on this project. Today, this edition is no longer available and, at the bereaved families' strong requests, we have decided to reprint and republish the book on the occasion of its 75th anniversary.

3 January 2021

Recollections and Memoirs

Issued by: Executive Committee for the 75th Anniversary of the Atomic Bomb
Reconstruction

1-12-4 Sakamoto, Nagasaki 852-8523

Telephone: 095-819-7004

Printing Press INTEx Co.

6-3, Saiwai-machi, Nagasaki 850-0046

Phone: 095-826-2200