

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)