

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.

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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.

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“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?

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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)