

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.