

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.

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