

Koyano Surgery Department

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

The situation at the time of the bombing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Official position and names of the deceased

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

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

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

Terutaka Iwanaga

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dictated Letter

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

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

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

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

3 September, Koichi Owadano

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

Atomic bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki

Fujitaro Kurihara

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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