

Obstetrics and Gynecology Department

The department staff at that time were: under the supervision of Professor Katsutoshi Naito, Lecturer Honda, Hayashi, Kusaba, Assistant Kikuchi, Junior Assistant Ito, Tanaka, Okisu, Wang (provisional graduate of Special Medical Vocation Department in 1945), and others were engaged in research as well as medical treatment.

Staff Katayama, Tagawa, Myoden, and Iwanaga, technical staff Kozasa, Head Nurse Tanaka, and 44 nurses were on duty. Due to the air-raid on 1 August, the Operating Theatre, Director's Office, and the library were damaged, so the inpatients who could be discharged from the hospital were discharged.

The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Naito, together with Assistant Kusaba and Dr. Hayashi, were exposed to the bombing in the corridor on the first floor of the hospital ward while sorting out the remaining books and documents, which were saved from the fire. Lecturer Honda and Dr. Wang were in the Examination Room for new patients. Assistant Kikuchi was in the Examination Room for old patients, and Dr. Okisu and Dr. Tanaka were treating patients on the second floor when they were exposed to the atomic bomb.

The body of missing Professor Naito was found a few days later in the Boiler Room on the first floor.

Assistant Kikuchi was in the Doctor's Office. Dr. Aoki was in the corridor on the first floor, Head Nurse Tanaka was near the elevator on the upper floor, and Nurse Sonoda was in the Nurse's Room on the second floor, when their bodies were found. Assistant Kusaba, Dr. Tanaka, and Dr. Okisu were seriously injured.

Biography of the late Prof. Katsutoshi Naito

Senior Sixth Rank, M.D, professor of obstetrics and gynecology

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| 17 March | 1905 | Born in Hyogo Prefecture |
| March | 1927 | Graduated from Tokyo Imperial University School of Medicine, |
| April | 1927 | Appointed Junior Assistant at the same university, specializing in Obstetrics and Gynecology |
| May | 1931 | Appointed Assistant at Tokyo Imperial University |
| August | 1939 | Appointed Assistant Professor at Tokyo Imperial University. |
| April | 1941 | Appointed Professor at Nagasaki Medical College |
| August | 1943 | Appointed Senior Official, the Fifth Order |

9 August 1945 Killed in the line of duty at the campus by the atomic bomb

Main research topics

Statistical study of cervical cancers and experimental study of their transplantation

Official position and name of the deceased

| Official Position | Name |
|--|-------------------|
| Professor | Katsutoshi Naito |
| Assistant | Hideo Kikuchi |
| Provisional graduate of the Special Medical Vocation Department | Nobuo Aoki |
| Staff | Sachiko Katayama |
| Staff | Yoshie Tagawa |
| Staff | Sayoko Myoden |
| Staff | Toshiko Iwanaga |
| Head Nurse | Yoneko Tanaka |
| Chief Midwife | Chikae Sonoda |
| Fourth-year nursing student | Sueko Iwashita |
| Fourth-year nursing student | Hisae Kanazaki |
| Fourth-year nursing student | Kanako Hashimoto |
| Fourth-year nursing student | Michiko Hashimoto |
| Fourth-year nursing student | Kimiko Mawatari |
| Fourth-year nursing student | Itsuko Mine |
| Fourth-year nursing student | Shizuyo Yoshida |
| Third-year nursing student | Tatsuyo Matsuo |
| Second-year nursing student | Shime Kawaguchi |
| Second-year nursing student | Matsue Tanaka |
| Second-year nursing student | Yoshiko Mitsunaga |
| Second-year nursing student | Satoe Muto |
| First-year nursing student | Chizuko Shiraishi |

Atomic Bomb account of the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department

Arinari Honda

Since around 1943, the number of medical staff gradually decreased, and by the year when the war ended, i.e., January 1945, there were only five members under Professor Naito, including myself (Honda), Hayashi, Kusaba, Kikuchi (all graduated in 1941), Ito (graduated in 1942), and most of the name tags of the medical staff were displayed in the “called up” column.

As we could not count on new graduates and were prepared to get by with the remaining staff somehow, in April, we were greatly encouraged by the arrival of four new graduates, Tanaka, Okisu, Wong and Aoki from the Special Medical Vocational Department.

From around that time, air-raids by the enemy aircraft suddenly became more intense day by day, and the damage to major cities was reported daily. Fortunately, Nagasaki was only occasionally visited by enemy B-29 flying over Mt. Inasa from the south, but on 1 August, they suddenly appeared over the city, flew low over the hospital buildings, and began dropping 250 kg bombs overhead intensely.

The red cross sign was supposed to be painted on the roof, but it was not to be respected. The airplanes circled over for nearly an hour, dropping bombs on various departments, including the Internal Medicine, the Surgery, the Otolaryngology, and the Obstetrics and Gynecology, causing tremendous damage. A bomb also hit the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department in the Annex Building, where the Operating Theatre, Director's Office, and a library were located, making a hole from the roof to the basement. Furthermore, the fire broke out in the library, but all the medical staff, nurses, and students, together with the support of other departments, somehow managed to extinguish the fire.

I can still hear the voice of Ueno, a student who stood alone on the roof of the Dermatology Department during this time, and reported loudly on the enemy aircraft for us.

However, the air-raid destroyed most of the valuable documents and books, and Professor Naito's disappointment was so great that I could not stand to watch him. Since then, we have tried to restore the documents, which escaped the fire, by picking up pages and putting them together. This continued for a week every day, until the day of the atomic bomb, which no one could have dreamt of.

Due to this bombing, there was a sudden order to discharge inpatients, so the patients, who had operations, had their stitches removed earlier, while patients who could leave were discharged, and in a week. The hospital rooms were suddenly left empty, with only a few inoperable cancer patients.

On 9 August, the day of the atomic bombing, the midsummer sun shone glaringly, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Everyone went to their post in their defense uniforms, then, when the

air-raid alarm was lifted, went back to the department, took off their steel helmets and hoods. After a short break, we started our daily routine of lecturing, outpatient, hospital wards, and other assignments.

On that day, we were divided into three groups for work, and I was in charge of examining new patients. I went to the new patient examination room on the second floor of the main entrance with Wang and Aoki for clinical training. Professor Naito, Hayashi, and Kusaba went to the corridor on the first floor of the hospital ward to sort out books and documents saved from the fire, while Tanaka and Okisu went to the second floor to treat inpatients.

A little after 11:00 a.m., I had just finished examining patients and was sitting across a large table from students, talking. Hayashi and Kusaba were clearing the bookshelves in the preparatory examination room next door. Suddenly, there was a flash and a gust of wind with a tremendous sound of an explosion. I have no idea how long it has been since then. When I opened my eyes, I couldn't see anything at all. It was as if I had fallen into a world of complete darkness. Only my consciousness was clear, but I imagined that a large bomb had hit the Main Building, and that the entire building had been plunged into the underground, so I made up my mind to give up facing such a situation.

I began to worry about the students I had been talking with earlier, so I opened my eyes again and called out their names in turn. Then a reply came from the side. As we gradually regained light, we finally got up, covered in blood amongst the debris of chairs, desks, cupboards, examination tables, iron window frames, glass, and everything else that had piled up on top of us. When we held each other's hands, knowing we were safe, and looked out of the window, which had been blown out and left between concrete, and saw the town of Urakami, we were simply stunned and speechless. What was there was not the town of Urakami, where we used to live, but a city of death. It was left in silence in a thick cloud of smoke. Soon, a red fire started here and there, flames spreading gradually. When we finally regained composure and gathered in the examination room, we found that our medical gowns and shirts had been torn off, our trousers were in tatters, and everyone's heads, faces, backs, hands, feet, and almost entire bodies were stained with blood. I looked around, and everyone was saying, "Are you all right?" "Are you all right?" and saw they were all fortunately safe. I could see the faces of both men, who were in the next room, and also a nurse's face.

In the meantime, the fire was gradually spreading, and without time to treat the wounds, we decided to evacuate to Mt. Anakobo behind the hospital and went outside.

Just then, Dr. Nagai came staggering out of the adjacent X-ray Room with two or three nurses covered with blood, holding his scarred face.

When I asked him, "*Sensei*, are you all right?" he said, "I'm OK. Escape to the mountain quickly." When I went downstairs to the main entrance, the students and nurses who had set up

tents and were supposed to be standing by as a relief team until now were not to be seen. Only black naked bodies lay scattered amongst a mess of trees, tents, roof tiles, telephone poles, timbers, and other objects blown up by the blast. Looking in the direction of the hill going up to Dr. Kunitomo's house from the hospital, there was not a single house, just a grey hill with the red soil exposed on its slope.

When I went around the back of the Internal Medicine ward to the area where the dog house used to be, which troubled me every night, I saw medical staff, students, and nurses covered in blood swarming out of the back doors of the Surgery, the Internal Medicine, and the Otolaryngology wards. When I looked at their faces, I could not distinguish any of it. We evacuated to the mountain behind the hospital in small groups, shoulder to shoulder, or using sticks scattered around.

When I came to the back door of the Obstetrics and Gynecology ward, and tried to step inside, I saw a corpse of a 15 or 16-year-old boy, probably a junior high school student, lying on the floor. Smoke was billowing out from inside, so it was impossible to enter, so all I could do was to go down to the North Auditorium, and shout in a loud voice in the direction of the Nurse's Room, but it was completely silent, and no one replied. Only black smoke was billowing out of the window, making an eerie sound. When I entered through the emergency exit, the corridor was covered with piles of rubbish, and there was almost nowhere to step. I went around to the X-ray Room, the former patient examination room, the Boiler Room, the laboratory, and the medical office, but I couldn't find a single person. I tried to go upstairs to the second floor, but it was a sea of fire, and there was nothing I could do, so I returned to the back entrance of the hospital. On the way, by the Pediatrics Department, a large wagon fell and was blocking the road, together with a horse. Stepping on the horse's belly, I found corpses lying continuously in a sweet potato field. I climbed the hill step by step, wiping the blood from my eyes with my hands. About 50 m up the mountain, someone was lying on the ground moaning, and when I lifted him, I saw that it was Wang from the department. I was startled and told him, "Hold on." But when I looked at him, he replied weakly, "I can't do it anymore", while holding the bleeding from the wound on his right chest with his hand. I forced him onto my shoulders, tore off a piece of the tattered shirt, applied it to the wound, and began climbing up. "What happened to others in the department?" I asked him, but he had no idea.

By the time we reached the rock pit on the mountain, his face had already turned earth-colored, but he regained some of his strength when he saw the faces of the hospital staff who had evacuated one after another. Looking in all directions, there were five or six of them on the mountain ridge, all lying down, breathing heavily. I left Wang with a group of gynecological nurses and headed along the mountain ridge towards Mt. Kompira. No matter how hard I looked, I couldn't see Professor Naito. Head Nurse Tanaka was nowhere to be seen, and as I looked for Aoki and

Kukuchi, who were also nowhere to be seen, my weary feet carried me back in the direction from which I came. Some were crying, some were begging for help, and water, some were moaning - it was like a living hell. The schoolgirls, who had been mobilized to the Mitsubishi factory, came up the mountain one after another with their black hair, which was burned and became curly, and half-naked bodies. As I was watching them, I saw some of them fall one by one on the way.

Looking down at the city, most of it was in a sea of fire, the hospital buildings seen floating faintly in the smoke. As dusk approached, the fire grew stronger and stronger, drawing closer to the mountain. When night fell, I heard the terrible sound of the Zenza Primary School on the left side down the mountain burning down, and remembered again Professor Naito's face, which no one had seen up till now. At that moment, a student informed me that President Tsuno'o was in a potato field halfway up the hillside, so I wondered if the professor and the President were together. Regaining my energy, I went down the hill alone.

On the way, I met Professor Kitamura, whose face was covered with blood, together with several students and nurses, who had evacuated. His wounds were truly painful. I further went down to the middle of the hillside, when I finally managed to find the President, who was accompanied by Head Nurse Maeda. His wounds were serious. I asked him, "*Sensei*, are you alright?" He raised his face slightly, which had been lying down until then, and asked, "Honda, what happened to Professor Naito?" I felt a sudden loss of strength in my body, thinking that the professor never made it. There, the President informed me that Professor Koyano, Professor Shirabe, Professor Hasegawa, and others had survived, and that the Basic Medicine Department had all been destroyed.

Thus, on 9 August, the College lost most of its professors, medical staff, students, and nurses in an instant, and all its functions were completely lost. As I watched the College continuing to burn throughout the night, I had an ominous feeling that Professor Naito, Aoki, Kikuchi, who were supposed to be in the hospital ward, and many of the nurses, might have shared the same fate as the College. I spent a restless night.

The following day, in the early morning of the 10th, only healthy people joined the rescue team led by Dr. Nagai. There were only about 40 staff. They were survivors in the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department: Hayashi, Kusaba, Tanaka, Okisu, Wang, and I. Of these, Tanaka, Kusaba, and Okisu were severely injured and unable to move, and only a dozen or so nurses survived. Together with Niki and Wang, who had regained their strength, we went down the mountain to look for the missing, including Professor Naito, Kikuchi, Aoki, Head Nurse Tanaka, and more than 20 nurses.

On the way, we met Professor Naito's wife, who had come to Urakami through the burning rubble. As we stood there in silence, she asked, "Where is Naito?" All of us had no words to

reply but to bow our heads. At last, I said with great difficulty, "I hope he has escaped somewhere, but we will look for him in the burnt area."

Mrs. Naito went up the hill. As I watched her from behind, I hoped that he would be alive somewhere. The next few days were spent from morning to night, searching for the corpses and cremating them continuously. Mrs. Naito also came to Urakami early every morning and searched hill after hill, river after river, field after field, and visited the relief station that had been set up in the town's burnt-out primary school for emergency, with one last hope. But no matter how hard we tried, we could not find him, and precious days passed by.

Soon, we found Kikuchi in the Medical Office, Aoki in the corridor on the first floor, Head Nurse Tanaka next to the lift on the first floor, and Nurse Sonoda, Head Nurse of the hospital ward, in the Nurse's Room on the third floor. The smoke from the burning of the now-deceased rose faintly again today, all day long. At night, I visit President Tsuno'o, who has taken refuge in an air-raid shelter built on the bank behind the Surgical Operation Theatre. When I entered, I saw the President lying on a bed, his neck and face wrapped in white bandages, turned to face me. On the bed beside him was Associate Professor Ishizaki of the Surgery Department, who was moaning in pain.

In a quiet voice, the President asked, "Is it still unknown where Naito is?" When I replied "Yes," standing, a student came from the entrance and informed us that the corpse of what appeared to be Professor Naito was in the Boiler Room on the first floor of the hospital ward. With a candle in my hand, I hurriedly went with the student to the room, thinking that I had searched the room many times before. I knew that the books saved from the fire by the bombing on 1 August had been temporarily taken to the Boiler Room to be sorted out.

Inside the room, which had been spared from the fire, there was no place to step, as there were pieces of paper, desks, chairs, wall clay, and so on. Then, surprisingly, the corpse, which the students had helped to find and pull out, was lying on top of the library books. At first glance, I recognized him as my former teacher, Professor Naito, and fell to my knees, staggering.

When I went to the President again to report the confirmation of his death, he silently handed me two apples from his bedside and said one word, "For Naito." I bowed my head. Then, I clutched the apples tightly, one in each hand, so I would not drop them, and without the energy to brush away the tears that were streaming down my face, I returned to Dr. Naito, who was lying in the hospital ward.

I recall that on that day ten years ago, the summer sky was as hot and humid as today. President Tsuno'o, who offered precious fruits, which must have been a gift to him, to the late Professor Naito, is now gone. In the blazing sun, I can only pray for the souls of the many students and nurses whose young lives were lost.

(14 July, 1955)