

## Otolaryngology Department

At the time, in the department, there were Professor Hasegawa, Associate Professor Egami, Lecturer Shibata, Assistant Maeda, Junior Assistant Tanaka, Hayashi, a provisional graduate, Technician Kitaoka, staff Tamaya, Sato, and Yamaguchi, and 22 nurses under Head Nurse Kashiya on duty.

### The situation at the time of the bombing

Professor Hasegawa was exposed to the atomic bomb in the lavatory on the second floor and injured by shattered glass, and later developed radiation disease, but recovered after about a year.

As Associate Professor Egami was at his home in Michino'o Nameshi, and Lecturer Shibata was in Nishiuwa-machi, they had survived the bombing.

Assistant Maeda and Head Nurse Kashiya were in the hospital room and received numerous glass shard wounds.

Junior Assistant Tanaka and tentative graduate Hayashi, together with nurse Oura, were exposed to the atomic bombing in the outpatient room and received numerous shrapnel wounds from the glass.

Kitaoka, Sato, and Yamaguchi were exposed to the atomic bomb in the classroom, and Tamaya was killed in the laboratory on the 2nd floor (north side, west end).

Nurses Nakano, Uchino, Kurahashi, and Hamada, along with several first-year nurse students (names unknown), were all killed in the bombing while removing nails from a vacant lot between the department and the Radiology Department.

Nurse Shimokawa was on sick leave and was killed in the bombing at her home in Yamazato-machi. Nurses Hashikawa, Nagahama, Mine, and Hoke were also killed in the bombing of the department building.

### Official position and name of the deceased

Official Position	Name
Staff	Kikue Tamaya
Fourth-year nursing student	Kikuno Nakano
Fourth-year nursing student	Asano Shimokawa
Fourth-year nursing student	Yasuno Hashikawa
Third-year nursing student	Kazuyo Uchino
Third-year nursing student	Masuko Kurahashi

Third-year nursing student	Miyuki Hamada
Third-year nursing student	Ito Nagahama
Second-year nursing student	Yori Mine
Second-year nursing student	Nobue Hoke

## Record of the atomic bombing experience

Takatoshi Hasegawa

I finished preparing for my afternoon lecture and stood in the latrine. There, in the entrance corridor, I collapsed. I later went to the same spot and saw that a thick, bent steel pipe had dangled from the ceiling, and learned that I had collapsed in the narrow gap between it and the wall. All I can clearly remember is the gurgling and roaring sound of something falling. Other things I vaguely remember were that there seemed to be a strong flash of light. Since I was still in the latrine at the time, I was probably blown through the entrance into the corridor due to wind pressure. I think I then lost consciousness. When I realized it, I found myself lying on the floor, but I could not see. The reason why I could not see on all sides was not because of the smoke. It was a world of nothingness, with no sight at all. Deeply sad and frustrated, I rubbed my clenched fists over and over again against my eyelids. I felt the urge not to stay still, but I could not move. Fortunately, after a while, I could suddenly see all sides at once. The corridor was filled with a thick cloud of smoke. So I immediately got up and escaped to the outside. I wondered if the reason why I was blinded was due to the strong sting of the light.

I was blown away by the blast and fell into the gap between the corridor wall and the fallen steel pipe, but I had no major injuries. I received numerous small cuts on my back from shards of glass, small lacerations on my head and arms, and a sprained leg. However, it seemed like I had been exposed to heat rays and had several burnt holes of about 1 mm diameter on the thighs of my trousers, where the skin became reddish-black. This did not cause oedema or ulceration. The lacerations festered and did not heal, but interestingly, many hairs of about two millimeters grew around the edges of the lacerations on my arms, which gradually disappeared as the wounds healed.

After the bombing, I felt drained extremely quickly. I became skin and bones. I was surprised to see my face in the mirror, dry and black like black earth. Although hot days continued, my skin was dry without sweat oozing out, unlike before. However, I did not always have a sweat secretion disorder, but I always perspired when I moved. For about 10 days from 14 August, the day before the end of the war, I took a rest in Nameshi Village, where then-President Tsuno'o was carried in for rest, and when I heard that his condition was not good, I remember rushing a few hundred

meters along a green field. I wore “*tabi*” Japanese socks on my sprained leg, limped along the grassy path with the aid of a walking stick, and wiped off the sweat.

A little more than half a month after the bombing, I began to have a slight fever, which was a little over 38 degrees Celsius. Then purpura began to appear. I was told that it was a bad sign when these appeared, so every morning I watched in disgust as they gradually spread to my forearms, upper arms, and thighs. I also felt dizzy, my head was heavy, my chest was painful, and I was feeling gloomy. About that time, I moved from Nameshi and was staying at Egami's birthplace in Takahama in Amakusa, where I received good care from his mother and others, and my symptoms gradually disappeared. From mid-September, I was taken to Shimoda *onsen* (hot spring) for rest, where I noticed bloody stools. The stools lost their yellow color and turned bluish-white, and were covered with mucus and blood. This continued for quite some time, probably more than a month. I stayed there until mid-October, when I finally felt better and did some oil painting.

During this time, I received injections of vitamin B at Egami's for about a week, and also had my festering wounds wiped clean. Around the time the purpura appeared, Egami and my wife were constantly urging me to have a blood transfusion, but I did not agree. A person working with the U.S. research team had broadcast the benefits of blood transfusions, and it was my sense of justice that turned against them. What I think worked best for me was the fresh fish and meat from Amakusa, which I received morning, noon, and night in abundance.

As I conclude, I pray for the souls of those who died and wish for the recovery of the University.

## The day of the Atomic Bomb

Satoshi Tanaka

I was standing in a patient room on the south side of the third floor of the Outpatient, treating several patients. The front window seemed to light up. Instantly, I was knocked to the floor. I thought I heard a dry sound in mid-air. It was pitch black and I couldn't see at all, so I thought I'd been hit and got down in the tiny space between debris. I thought I was buried alive. After a while, I noticed that a square object was faintly visible. My vision became clearer, and I recognized it was the front window. I crawled out towards it. The surroundings were dim, but somehow I could see it. “*Sensei!*” Someone shouted and clung onto me. There were blood streaks on her face and in her hair, but I recognized her voice as Nurse Oura. I shouted something, but no one else was there. I carefully climbed the stairs and escaped through the front door. Both the building and the broken standing trees looked grey and dull. The garage

was on fire. On the way to the hill behind the College, I saw several people crouched by the roadside, hands clasped as I crawled up. They were begging me to take them with me. When I looked around the area, I saw that the house had been reduced to a pile of timber, and was told that an old man was still inside. Some parents could not find one of their children, but were still holding their remaining child, saying that they were thankful to have at least one child. All of these people could not have escaped death, as I had seen radiation damage appear on people later.

After I returned home, people who came to me for head injuries and bruises died one after another while we were rejoicing over our safety.

While dizzy on the hill, I happened to meet Professor Hasegawa and Assistant Maeda, and sat down on the ground. Around that time, a fire broke out in a corner of the hospital rooms. Most of the houses in the town had collapsed in the place where they were standing, so from a distance, everything looked uniformly organized. Smoke began to come out of these houses, eventually becoming a flame, which gradually spread. The whole city did not start burning from the beginning. Therefore, some people were buried under piles of roof tiles and timber, and these people were burned alive. At the College headquarters, some people heard Administrator Yamaki shouting for help from inside the collapsed building. The College headquarters were burned to the ground.

By the time the fire and smoke covered the whole field of Urakami, it was midday but dark as dusk, and the sun was red. It started to rain a little, and an enemy aircraft was flying. I had an idea that I had to get to the other side of the mountain anyway, or I would be in danger, so I finally climbed over the mountain with a walking stick. Dr. Hasegawa went to his house in Katafuchi, and Assistant Maeda and I went back to my house in Nishiyama. That night, I developed a slight fever, but the next day the fever was gone, so I decided to go to Urakami. It was a fine day. The sound of a piano echoed from a house. It sounded strangely harmonious in the quietness of the town, which was almost empty of people.

Turning the corner at Ibinokuchi, the Urakami plains opened up into a panoramic view. It was a world of hot wind, red burnt soil, and charred corpses. The air itself had the smell of death. When I fled back over the mountains, the trees I saw still had slightly green leaves on their broken trunks, but now they are brown and dead to the mountain tops.

I went to the Otorhinolaryngology Ward. The bathrooms and the tiled flooring of the operating theatre were the only remains from the fire. Pipes were hanging down from the ceiling. Nurse Hamada was found dead under the pipe in the center below. The pipe probably fell off at the moment of the atomic bombing. It took a lot of strength to remove the pipe. The body of Nonaka was in the large patient room. Since he was a large man, although he was almost completely burned, I could recognize him immediately. The entire room was burned. Nurse Uchino and Nurse Kurahashi were lying near the west end of the ward, near a large tree that had broken off at the

base. They were not burnt. It made them more pitiful under the blazing sun. We cremated three of them on the timbers, which were saved from fire.

There were piles of timber, which were dismantled from the former Radiation Department building between our department and the Internal Medicine, but they were all burned and became flat.

The beautiful flower beds were also no longer there. Indeed, everything changed instantly. While I could do nothing about it, I pressed my hands in prayer for the deceased and left the hospital ward.

(Former staff of the Otorhinolaryngology Department at the time of the bombing)